



Saint Ignatius' College  
RIVERVIEW

# The Kircher Collection

MAJOR WORKS FROM THE CLASS OF 2020



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# The Kircher Collection

MAJOR WORKS FROM THE CLASS OF 2020

The Kircher Collection

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**Saint Ignatius' College Riverview**

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DR PAUL A HINE, PRINCIPAL

# Foreword

John O'Malley SJ, one of the foremost authorities on Jesuit history, asserts that “Ignatius and his companions from the very beginning advocated and exemplified a learned ministry”<sup>1</sup>. Because of this, the Society of Jesus grew from its foundational days to embrace reason and scholarship of all forms with a reflective and constructively critical impulse to learn. Indeed, the earliest Jesuits such as Matteo Ricci, who travelled to the Far East in the mid 16th century, were among the finest scholars of their day, schooled in cartography, astronomy, mathematics and linguistics. A brief glance at Jesuit history across the centuries will reveal that it is enamoured with those who have made great discoveries and explored contemporary fields of research, from 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”<sup>2</sup>, and because of this, “the schools set demanding standards for both students and faculty”<sup>3</sup>. It is this ethic that drives the education program at Saint Ignatius' College Riverview and generates the quality of work contained in this publication.

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

As you read this publication, it is my hope that you will enjoy the sophistication of the work, remembering that these young men are still of a tender age with so much potential in their chosen fields. Who knows, they may reach some of the lofty heights of illustrious alumni such as Robert Hughes, Alex Seton and the 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.

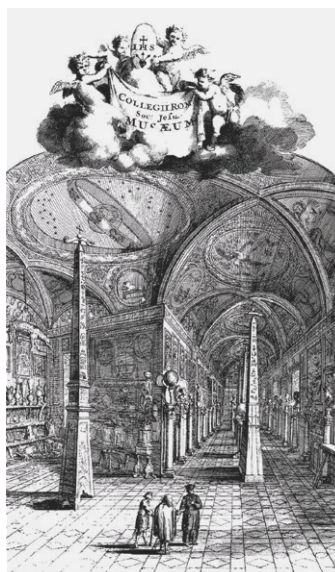
Kircher wrote over thirty separate works dealing with the widest range of subjects. He invented a universal language scheme, attacked the possibility of alchemical transmutation and devised a host of remarkable pneumatic, hydraulic, optic and

“

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.

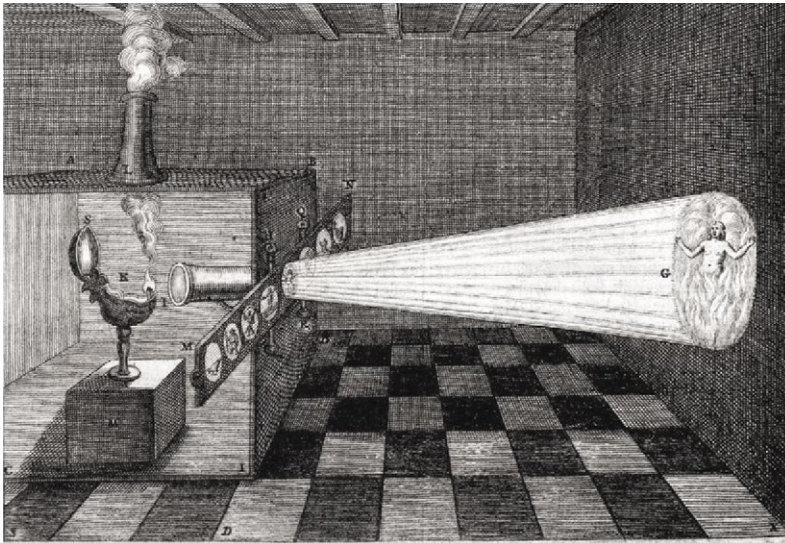
Kircher invented calculators, wrote on symbolic logic, and devised mathematical tables. He understood the evolutionary process and hinted at the germ theory of disease—he attributed the plague to tiny animals which he had observed under a microscope.

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

# Matthew Dardis

## His Voiceless Songbird

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

*“Every sign by itself seems dead. What gives it life? – In use it is alive. Is life breathed into it there? – Or is the use its life?”*<sup>1</sup> (Ludwig Wittgenstein)

As a child of eleven, I unknowingly parodied Wittgenstein’s internal conflict: pondering, no doubt with less eloquence, a more perfect form of language (still allusive), my biological narrative (luck), my death (–in bed, at eighty, I concluded) and the story of my life (denial, cheerfully). Through studying English, my childhood desire for these objective answers led me not to Wittgenstein’s single meaning, but an appreciation of its multiplicity. As a post-modern short-literary-fiction, *His Voiceless Songbird*, reevaluates the role of language in the dialogue between the voice of one’s present and the characters of one’s youth. Through the creative writing process as a self-reflexive conversation with the philosophy of Ludwig Wittgenstein and my childhood experience, I attempt to characterise the distinct voices of a lingual persona. Thus, in the short-story’s plot, my piece portrays the authorial voice’s response to questioning, loss, and long-eluded healing.

As an extension of my interest in language, I engaged in a semiotic study of Ludwig Wittgenstein that provided both a conceptual and allegorical framework for my protagonist’s growth. The conflict inherent in Wittgenstein’s *Philosophicus*,<sup>2</sup> where he desires unattainable linguistic perfection: “Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent”,<sup>3</sup> contrasted with his posthumous, *Philosophical investigations*<sup>4</sup> (which reveals Wittgenstein’s acceptance of imperfect expression), provided multiple frameworks that mirrored my protagonist’s own growth.

---

1 Wittgenstein, L., *Tractatus logico-philosophicus*, London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1922 pg. 159

2 Wittgenstein, L., *Tractatus logico-philosophicus*, London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1922

3 *Ibid.* Pg. 2

4 Wittgenstein, L., *philosophical investigations*, London: Routledge & Kegan Paul, 1953



His Voiceless Songbird attempts to disclose the difficulty of perceiving language as a means of expressing interior life, while revealing the potential for hope or fear to govern how we attribute meaning to the outer world; specifically in the relationships with our past. As Lud's judgment of language is governed by experience, just as Wittgenstein's changed with age, the symbolic manuscript enables three estranged versions of an individual's personal dialect to coalesce and communicate. The epigraphs from Wittgenstein signpost these two distinct and contradictory stages of Wittgenstein's linguistic and semiotic appreciation, which also differentiate Lud's personal growth; rife with phenomenological tensions.

---

## NARRATIVE

### PROLOGUE

#### *Childhood recollection of 1922: Rewritten.*

Whereof one cannot speak. Thereof one must remain silent.

*- From Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*

Papa's favourite bar is silent until the sun goes down and the red-rock earth lets the coal-miners free. Held above the fireplace, something dead makes the size and shape of a songbird. *Taxidermied*, Papa said once.

Lyrebird ruffles his feathers in the rafters. He's often there because he tells me he likes the echoes and *-not at all-* because he's scared of his stuffed cousin they'd put up on the wall as a decoration.

The dead bird's button eyes are glazed over like they're looking beyond the room. It's got pretty feathers, light and blue-blacks bounded by yellow. Even though it's beautiful, I know that it's dead. And I know that means something deep and quiet and scary as hell. Lyrebird does too, but he just makes sounds of kookaburras laughing when I say the word's name.

Papa is at his table with half-moons under his eyes. Mr Pastor is with him. A circle mirror hangs behind them on the wall like a huge saint's halo that's been thrown away. It's over by the pinned moths and beetles that have crumbled into small heaps of pretty dust at the bottom of their glass display cases. The tacks that impaled them now only hold their hollow shells, pale in the box.

Lyrebird begins speaking very slowly, very quietly, from the beams. I catch echoes—little mimics of Papa's conversation. It's not long before Papa and Mr Pastor have great slack frowns on their faces, wet with foam and sorrow and other passions I can't quite tell.

Papa's voice is loud, and he keeps laugh-crying and saying NO and TRUTH and LEFT AT ALL. Then I know its thick-tar-black-bad, not the regular kind. Lyrebird starts flitting from rafter to rafter, singing startled: "*now go to sleep, in valley deep...*"

My hands try to catch the lullaby's far off ceiling of words,  
"*...With shadows all around you...*"

And I can't see him anymore.  
"*...Though stone and dread...*"

Can't see Papa.  
"*...may be your bed...*"

There's a crowd of people by the door calling his name.  
"*...so sleep my little bird.*"

Papa?

Sinking into the sawdust floor, Mr Pastor kneels beside me. In his air, a sweep of sadness and rest came to drown. He's milky eyed and distant like the rain on the high tin roof. He grabs at my hand –tight, and I flinch. He breathes deep but I get up to run.

The door to the bar hangs open. From the rafters, all puffed up and rasping, Lyrebird said in Papa's voice:

ONE LAST TIME, LITTLE BIRD,  
I'M FREE AGAIN.

---

1967, Bendigo

*I am, with blood burgeoning at my typewriter, rebirthing this;  
the voice of my childhood*

*after my passage through the weir this August,  
in the hope of some long-desired closure.*

*This night is a paroxysm of my childhood memory,  
one I have often dreamt of writing:*

*I recall that night, when I am eleven years of age, in the Stoneborough, a  
single roomed bar in the heart of Goulburn Weir, Victoria.*

*Its high ceilings are made of beaten tin, and there's a colonial  
fireplace*

that a taxidermy bird lorded over, seeing all, but aphonic.  
One of the wooden tables by the mantle was my father's. When he wasn't scribbling  
in books on the verandah,  
he would hold court there.

And I use the phrase not as an empty metaphor  
but to describe the dignity by which he would wait for his adherents to  
appear. As a middle-aged man now, myself,  
I desire for people to hang, with reverence, upon my words, as they did to his.  
In the early years, it was people from the town who visited him there.

Stockman who wanted advice,  
letters written to the old country, others, reserved colliers, with  
soot-dusted hands, in collared shirts seated around his table, wanting to hear a  
story by someone who was self-taught in their language and skilled in the  
art of narration.

Paterson, Lawson, Kendall; in the summer of father's life, before they stopped  
coming, and father's speech went cold.

He would invoke the breath of a rain-starved drover's  
country.

The townsfolk had liked that.

Stories, poems, repeated characters and intricate rhetorical questions  
to the listeners, who, like children, would mumble an answer  
then shyly laugh.

They all knew the bush ballads by heart:

'Loaded Dog' 'Clancy of the overflow' 'the Drover's wife'  
but only he had the skill, or the right

to tell them. Listening

at the edge of the circle with my chin resting on the  
bent back of a cane chair; I'd sit, silent as I watched him drinking from a glass and  
wetting his drooping moustache,  
or when he felt the rim of his akubra, considering a  
move on the cribbage board.

He had a public dignity that was disproportionate there,  
with the bar's country comings and goings.

but I can see myself still, at the edge of the circle, at the Stoneborough.

I would get so lost in the telling that I almost understood,  
not the words, but the tune.



*His metaphysical contemplations were unpalatable, in a town where  
 tongues are marred by dust and coal.  
 So the people left him, and he withdrew himself into the  
 backwaters of his skull. He remained unknowable since I could not  
 find the elaborate lipping pronunciations that wrought connection;  
 close, even compassionate at times, when we read together on the verandah,  
 but a mystery.*

*At last, when the season came, the water-birds upped and left the weir;  
 flew off in groups, or in couples or alone,  
 to where they came from and lived in the other part of the year,  
 far out over the rim of the valley.  
 Like the birds, my Papa migrated to another place, another world;  
 How hard a thing it is to write but his song so sweet and wild it  
 pained me to see it caged.  
 But still, I remember trying to retain in my small eye some image  
 of the larger world so that my father and the birds could stay.*

---

**1967, train to Goulburn**

It was one of those sovereign days that never seemed intended for nightfall. A prematurely-aged prodigal son slouched home again on a train seat patterned with fleur-de-lys. It was Lud's forty-fifth year. The NorthWest train ran Axedale to Bailieston, smelling of dust and musty kapok; then rattled across the Kirwan to the Weir.

The station stood as he remembered; heaped earth, sandstone archway, the horizon gored by pillars of sand and coal-refuse from the abandoned mine. Lud swelled with bodily heat, still an intruder in his birthplace. His Papa's Akubra was pegged to the breeze as he stooped to rub orange earth into his paper-white hands. Sulphur-crested cockatoos heckled him from the eucalypts.

The street was boot grated-dirt and flagstones, and as Lud took his first steps onto its surface, bound for his childhood home, he imagined that the flannel flowers – it must be August– had come around, mosaic whites dappling each street down from the station. Once the town had been filled with rhythmic clouds of starlings that parted amidst mountain-bred buckskin horses and wives in cotton bodices waving the Barcoo salute. The boys with talent were picked off before Lud's eyes, to swing a pickaxe and chisel or else colour a wall a full-bodied red.

Now, a slat ribbed dog picked its way through the eaves of empty shop-fronts. Nothing raised Goulburn's head: no spark of the old, or sun-dark sheilas, no miners to fossick slowly through conversation on their barstools.

## Chapter II

### *1967, Goulburn – Meeting Ma again*

My difficulty is an – enormous – difficulty of expression...

I am most inclined to give up all my efforts.

- *Journal entry, 1st November 19314 p. 21*

Lud's childhood home had the improvised air of a house; a hidden industry of senses bounded by a one-story weatherboard. It stood on low stilts at the front, higher at the back; spreading as a nest of open rooms, unbroken by doorways. Thick foliage broke in at window level. The timber creaked as the day's heat seeped away, a gradual adjustment in all its parts, like a vast instrument being tuned.

His mother's room in Goulburn Weir lay silent; and it was a silence in two parts. The most obvious part was a hollow quiet, made by an absence of things. If there was a breeze, it would have sighed through the wind chimes made of bottle caps and brass bells Lud had erected as a child, and caressed his face as he rested at the foot of the bed.

The second silence was Lud's Ma. She lay in bed; fragile, sun-dark and leather-faced beneath the sheet. Lud's authorial life gave him no power to rewrite the prime cause of corruption in her. Lud had told the Medicos he'd have it straight: *there's not much to be done, but she'd be better off in Bendigo, in the spare room overlooking the camellias*. Lud picked at an ink stain on his thumb. *That'd be right*.

Ma opened her eyes, fluid and misty. She focused on him, and began to hum. Some long-forgotten rhythm from the span of his boyhood;

*"...Now comes the storm, but you'll be warm, the wind will rock your manger, As rivers march through valley's arch, so sleep my little bird..."*

...

*Childhood recollection; two days before Papa's funeral, 1922, Rewritten.*

Ma hums a lullaby with sun-tight arms lithe in dishwater. She smells like buffalo grass. I bob atop a kitchen stool, and *Lyrebird* picks at the peas dropped from my plate. He's speaking very slowly, very steadily, and he sounds like the time the Pastor talked to Ma. He says TRAUMA. He says a word I don't



know, *in-duced*. He coughs and spits and tries again: INDUCED. He says SOCIAL TRAUMA INDUCED REGRESSION OF THE VOCAL STATE. I try to block out the words. I breathe, and *Lyrebird* changes his tune.

Why did Robinson Crusoe leave the island, Ma?

The island?

Oh. It's from Papa's book. The yellow one.

You need to stop reading those, okay?

Okay.

Now eat your peas, Kiddo.

My fork pierces the greens and it drips and hits the plate with the tiniest sound imaginable. And I imagine that sound is me. A speck on the surface of the roaring weir.

Unhearable.

Papa's gone, isn't he?

Ma pauses at the sink. Then turns and stares at me like the songbird in the bar.

Yes. Out of the valley and far away.

How far is out of the valley?

Far. Clean your plate, Kiddo.

Okay.

---

*Bendigo, 1967*

*My mother had always struggled to get me inside something; into  
shirts and shoes, into bed, the house, the valley. .*

*But I was a child then, and all mouth, trying in vain to collect and  
swallow the images of the world and make them part of my anatomy:*

*a tiny bower-bird on the track of the ungraspable.*

*Until I perceived at last that in naming and handling things with  
words, I had power over them.*

*Then, I wanted to be inside books: inside the words themselves.*

*The ones my father had read to*

*me on the verandah, or in dying lamplight.  
Ma, like the town, encouraged normality –of course.  
She dragged me away.  
But without the prospect of living within those words, I was struck  
by a terrible insignificance. It drove me to fury.*

*My mother, thus, was always struggling for me to get out; out of the sun or rain,  
the weir, the books, out of the story of the world itself, it often seemed  
to me. Then my mother locked my father's books away. And for a long time my  
consciousness was limited to the full poor cell of my body.  
It was largely due to her that as a young man  
I believed  
there was no story, no events that prove anything – no middle,  
no end.*

*And then more than ever I longed to get out,  
into the story of the world. That  
afternoon I wrote a letter to my mother; fingers straining  
over the errant, self-willed pencil,  
and I left the Weir on a train to Bendigo.  
Looking at my mother, as she lay in her bed, somehow I realised  
my mother did all it to protect me. Shielding the patterns of  
my developing life from the half of me bent  
on seeking menace: the books, the imaginings, my  
father– all of it.*

*Lud stole a glance at his desk mirror: the face of his teenage years stared back.  
This has been the process of my deepest and most familial  
Education.*

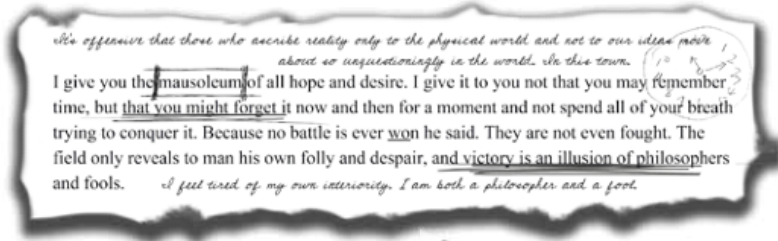
### **Chapter III**

#### **1967, Goulburn – Papa's word-wrought Mausoleum**

There are, indeed, things that cannot be put into words.  
They make themselves manifest. They are what is mystical. -  
*From Tractatus Logico-Philosophicus*

The wooden crate lay before Lud from another age, just where Ma had banished it in his youth. Hunched inside the lumber shed, he prized off the sharp lid on the crate, revealing piles of his Papa's books. The first one was small, the size of a prayer book,

and with a cover the cockroaches had eaten; red, blotched with white. Inside, the margins were packed with familiar, neat annotations that inspired awe in his childhood. He remembered evenings on the verandah with his Papa, where time itself had a different consistency and they moved through it at a different pace:



A small bookmark lay within Faulkner's pages. Lud could see his Papa's grapple with the author, debating his own fight with time, in a world he understood only in abstract ideas and not in material existence. Lud placed the book back into the pile. He felt, too, his Papa's misplaced desire to conquer, through language and thought, what should forever remain unknowable.

---

#### **Bendigo, 1967**

*Death, in the town, was a commonplace but solitary occurrence:*

*the black edged notices appeared in the Stoneborough bar beside the daily headlines.*

*The bell tolled. Everyone heard and knew. But they don't acknowledge it; the same was true for my father.*

*The town was its own world, complete and self enclosed. Its months only measured by the work that was appropriate to its occupants.*

*Even now, whenever the Bendigo church bells toll I still feel such creeping shame.*

*Years of boyhood bewilderment had, when I was old enough to see it, become a decade of fear and trembling.*

*How my mother suffered.*

*My father's fall from Goulburn Weir was so slow as to be imperceptible.*

*A long and cryptic decline. He was never rough or deliberately unkind.*

*If he had been, I would find it easier to make my peace with him.*

*After the war he just disappeared by degrees before our eyes, regressing*

*into a secret disillusionment*  
*I could never understand.*  
*My mother hid the drink from me out of fear I would lose respect for him,*  
*turning herself inside out to protect him and then me.*  
*And then father left us, and I grew up*  
*in a hurry.*

---

***Childhood recollection; the funeral, 1922, Rewritten.***

**I stand. I am eleven years old, in a small ring of faces at the chapel. I can't read their eyes with words. Peeking out from behind black trousers at knee height, I look only to the sky. My Lyrebird is gone. A wind whips at a lack of leaves, and I am immeasurably, unbearably, voiceless.**

**Chapter IV**

***1967, Goulburn, -the Clergy house***

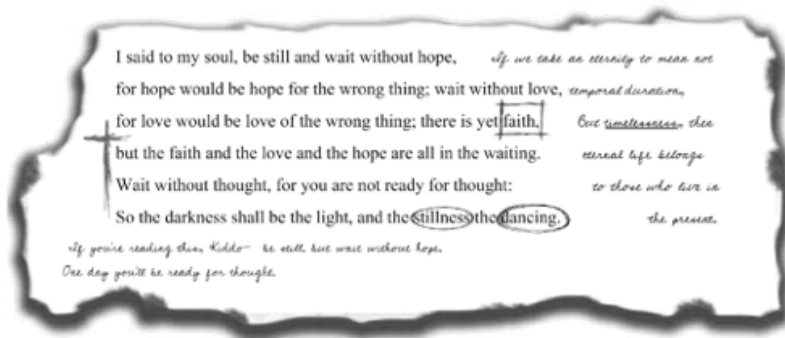
*The logic of the world is prior to all truth and falsehood*

*- Ludwig Wittgenstein*

At the mouth of the weir, Lud met *the Pastor*: it wasn't that his name was ill remembered, he simply embodied his occupation so fully that he himself became his title. He'd lived out of town since the war and emerged only on Sundays. The Pastor's shack, he called the clergy house, was built beside a boggy inlet in the granite that was fed by runoff from the Nagambie river. He had a clicker boat and some nets, a woodshed, a fish smoker and a handsome sunflower in front of his brightly painted tin house. He was cheerily inclined to company.

It was an overcast mid-morning, spitting with rain. The Pastor's immaculate compound was almost invisible in the lonely landscape of heathland and scribbly-gum extrusions. He was dredging in his yabby pots on a weed bank, trousers rolled up and wearing his clerical collar. Lud had seen his life as an ideal, although he had never seen him with a book; other than his red-letter Bible.

The pair came to sit, comfortably avoiding lines of sight on cast iron Coalbrookdale chairs, white paint flaking. A plastic tarpaulin above them sunk under the rain, streams of it hissing down to break the scrubby horizon. Lud slid a book across the table. The Pastor's deep-set eyes darkened, as he flicked through the pages.



The Pastor set the book down and took a dignified pause. Then he rolled his sleeves bare to the elbow, balling a filleting-knife in his fist. He reached into the tin bucket and pulled a yabby into the air; it's tiny pincers cracking with melancholy. He cleared his throat:

It's hard sometimes, Son. To tell what's really true.

Lud sat with steepled fingers as the Pastor held the yabby down and split it under the knife. A minute passed.

Your father found it difficult to see through the dark and we spoke many times; I told you that when you were young.

Fleshy shell split again under the knife. He broke off the gritty tail and threw it into a bucket of clear water. Once. Twice: it was slow. Mechanical.

If you're asking why- it's the wrong question-'keep you sinking into the swamp of it all.

Another few minutes passed, in which the rain beat slower.

I used to remind your father that he was only a man; and you shouldn't hide within yourself.

He stood, and began to wash the lucid blue blood from his hands.

He was my sad, sweet, unfinished friend, and it was okay for him to not be so alright. But I'm glad that you haven't been bogged down with what you can't understand. If I could reach through, n' give you something to believe in I would.

Cause son, you're only human.

He picked up the tin yabby-bucket and turned towards the clergy-house.

I only say this to affirm our time is short, but we've the will to carry on.





write, to tell myself now,  
that his steadfast fate  
cannot be  
yours.

## Chapter V

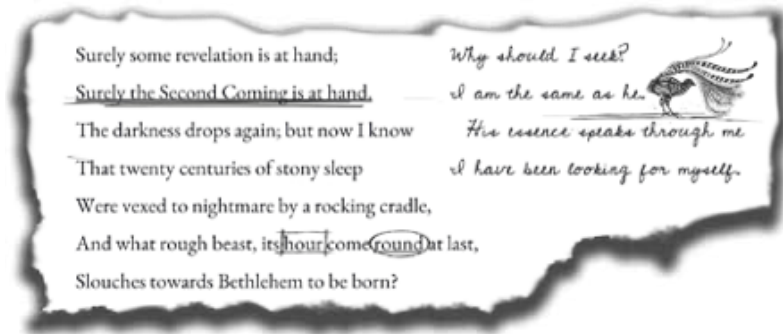
### 1967, clearing out the house

An entire bloodied and red symphony is stored within our language.  
This is my conclusion. I have reached the bedrock of my life and my spade is turned.

-Wittgenstein's stream of consciousness, February 22nd, 1947

Lud sat on the tiles in a space dimly remembered as an arid kitchen with a rat-green cabriole lounge facing a sink and AGA. A shelf was raised full of whiskey miniatures and discarded bonnet ornaments: none of which were worth packing. Lud rose with a plastic carrier bag half full of exaggerated sentimentality he found he didn't need. The only thing of value was the found copy of

W.B. Yeats's poetry he'd hidden behind the jarrah bench as a child.



Flicking through the pages, his childhood self experienced something beyond desolation: lacking the words with which to express and interpret it, catching the sour tune of his father's loss.

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### 1967, Bendigo

My youth Passes  
Come closer now. Listen.  
I can feel it's breath:

The product of my writing life.  
 I pick over the water line, the weir of words that is  
 my past  
 with grim and calculated fascination.  
 Thus, you are reading the phantom rhyme of Ludwig.  
 Expressed, now, in the public dialect.  
 At my typewriter now There is a silence.  
 Save for his heartbeat, I'm sure I can hear it,  
 the faintest pulsing, its varying tempo  
 a metric modulation that falls with the beating of the typewriter keys.

Rain crawls down my window unto a quiet Bendigo street  
 And it's inhuman breath mists in the sinuous rain-streaked glow; flowing into  
 some pattern, some depth of sound and syllable I recognise from afar.  
 Lacking language as a child, in my years of mutism  
 I had begun to listen for a different meaning

I reach out a hand. I touch it. And something comes from the depths of my thoughts  
 towards this point,  
 and we stand to face one another. A bisection of two worlds; physical and internal.  
 It stands there. Inside me, a stranger. A friend.  
 And something in the child that is my reflection  
 has risen up to  
 meet it.

## Chapter VI

### **1967, Goulburn –the last conversation with my Papa.**

You do not immortalize the lost by writing about them.

Language buries, but does not resurrect

- Journal entry, 24 July 1948, p. 77

Beset by his Papa's annotations, Lud sat at a well-remembered table, lit red by an  
 oil lamp hung from the beams. The bar lay empty, save for the songbird above the  
 mantle, an image preserved as part of his pale sinew. In the palps of his fingers he held  
 one of his Papa's half-formed poems, scratched into the last page of Wittgenstein's  
 Philosophicus:

*There's a taxidermy songbird  
 on the wall at the Stoneborough bar,  
 is an ambivalent part of the town.*

*I know, Papa. I was there.  
 I saw into the great void of your soul;  
 And as I piece together your words,  
 you see into mine.*

Through the symbolic aperture of words, Lud could see his Papa again; face aureoled by the circle mirror hung on the Stoneborough's wall. The closed space between them glowed with his breath, and he spread his hands as if to say:

*I too, would dream  
 of your deep language, older  
 than man and humming of mystery.*

*Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.*

*But it almost drowned me in my own interiority  
 as it did to you.*

Lud opened a book at random— *Dante's Inferno* , and heard his Papa clear his throat, and say:

*But the stars that marked our starting fall away.  
 We must go deeper into greater pain,  
 for it is not permitted that we stay.*

*My childhood frame  
 hears the words SOCIAL  
 and TRAUMA*

Then: **SOCIAL TRAUMA INDUCED REGRESSION OF THE VOCAL STATE.**

*I heard the Pastor say those words at your wake, Papa,  
 two weeks after I started to say nothing and think more. I  
 believed you- that interior reality was more  
 perfect than  
 the fear of imperfect expression and its poor reception,  
 than the truths the skies above us bore.*

Clearer than before, Lud saw his Papa without the light of idealised reminiscence. His hair was greenish-grey and it had fallen in locks over his face, blackened with grime that brought out all his wrinkles; a ring of dirt around a shirt collar. His Papa opened the folds of his mouth and said nothing; water spilled from his throat. *Papa?* The Weir churned below. So far below. Gazing down into the darkness Lud saw himself, as if

through the lifeless songbird's eyes. He heard a child crying, the tears were his own:

**Before me Papa's Akubra floats ghostly white-feeble on the water. Tears fall into the weir and I'm waist-high in icy rippling foam.**

**Papa, please.**

**Wake up. Get up.**

**Please. I'm cold.**

**I'm so cold.**

**Papa?**

Lud knuckled his forehead, his Papa's annotations and scrawlings laid reverently before him upon the notched pine.

*I like to imagine he went out slow.*

*Sighing as he touched the water.*

*And baptised again in the weir, as I*

*had been totally immersed as a child,*

*at last he was born again into a*

*language only he could understand.*

*Dancing and undulating in this epilogue; in the last stages of his*

*swirling and bubbling breath,*

*to a tune no man can hear.*

Lud stared out into sentimental nothingness. As he followed the rust trails of the Stoneborough's roof down toward the table, a small paperback book lay open before him; he'd bookmarked it earlier:

"Hope" is the thing with feathers -

That perches in the soul -

And sings the tune without the words -

*I realise now that I have voice*

*And you, Papa, not I, are affixed above the mantle, silent.*

*You are my progenitor*

*And my voiceless songbird.*

Lud closed the book. He thought he heard birdsong warble through the Stoneborough.

*Despite all this  
sorrow,  
there remains the ephemeral  
beauty of the world.*

## Chapter VII

### 1967, exiting the manuscript

I dreamt that I was mute and godless upon a desolate plateau. And my tongue was cut from my body. All of us are asleep, waking just enough to know that we are dreaming.

- Sourced from posthumous letters

*My childhood self moves, as if straining towards me  
in each other's darkness. Slowly, and with grace, over the years,  
as my mind circles back to his prison in the weir,  
we move an infinitesimal space towards each other. He is misunderstood.  
We are broken. And he longs to be whole: as if he sees in me  
the potential lineaments of some final man,  
for whose delight he has prepared  
a garden, and who can only  
be his creator,  
his father.*

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### 1967, Whitsun

Lud stood by a curve of the weir, shaded by fleshy gumtrees, bronze sap bleeding from the branches. Before him, lay a scene rent from his stitched thoughts: A pale and dying tree rising like a varicose vein, its peeling gut hanging over the weir-side.

His childhood form sat, expressionless and facing him; and Lud was filled with tenderness for it. It touched the surface of Lud, taking a small part of him back into itself. Lud didn't feel diminished. There was such a swarming in him, every drop of blood was pressing against the surface of his skin – every bead of it holding him by force of gravity where he stood. He had no wish to step on past this moment, to pull himself away into the next minute that waited to carry him on. Outside of himself, a single Striated Heron alighted from the sky; drinking in its burgeoning return to the

weir. The sensation on the mirror of Lud is one of solace, he felt the glass of himself become whole.

The language that Lud uttered then, that he was almost speaking, was a language whose every syllable was a gesture of reconciliation. He knew this language once: he spoke it in his childhood. But he mustn't stoop to lap up its dregs again. The silence with which they first communicated –Lud and this childhood-self– was deeply personal. It had seemed to him to be the truest language, the language he used to communicate with *Lyrebird*; some form of memory, intangibly there and barely inaudible, in his conversations with himself on the very edge of sleep. A language his tongue almost rediscovered, and which once revealed the secrets of the universe to him. Lud and his childhood form have spoken, he knows it, in a language beyond tongues, and beyond even the manuscript he exists upon.

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### **1967, Bendigo**

*Now my world is whole, my mind transcended with all its scars and contusions.  
I could almost take a whole life to disclose how I feel about this moment.*

*My childhood memory has ascended higher than dreams*

*And the voices, both of my Papa and myself*

*Do not subjugate themselves capitulating to ephemera.*

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### **1967, Leaving Goulburn**

The borrowed ute had busied along to a known tune, and the laboured loaded breath of the remaining townfolk had followed them out through the street. They emerged, shuffling and sun-dark from years past to squint at them: avoiding potholes in the road. The ute passed them, those oracles of eternity and death, arrayed in the same flannel shirt-sleeves, leaning on wooden pillars for support.

A companionable cloud of dust rose behind the Ute as they passed fields of young canola, barley and wheat. The Pastor held the wheel while Lud sat beside him, his mother and in the back and the crate of Papa's books strapped in the tray.

*Drive slowly, Pastor. Take care.*

Great red sheets of water sliced the windscreen. Ma sat in the back seat, hands folded over a celluloid bag and a train ticket, eyes out the window.



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**1967, Bendigo**

*There is no more physical no more than there is internal  
We have passed beyond it all into the last reality.*

*I left the valley on that sovereign day, whole again, on a train seat patterned  
with bottlebrush and desert flame.*

*and I began stepping so lightly  
so painfully onward through the ghosts of my past.  
Characterising myself in the third person to fade in  
and out of some universal language*

*And I want so much, at the very end here, to be open to all that it  
holds for me.*

Lud stretched fingers out to meet the finished manuscript in the typewriter, as if to touch a train as it rode past, then slid it from the paper rest.

*I might call the child from within me.*

*I have the voice for that*

He doesn't.

*For in calling him back I might miss the fullness of this moment as  
it has now been  
revealed.*

---

**1967, Bendigo**

The house sat in strangeness and tranquility, in tune with the oneness of things. An order to the world Lud thought he knew well. A rhythm that each gesture could be fitted to. He led his body into a picture of the Weir in his mind, by the Pastors shack, and Lud was walking on water's light. As he took the first step off its edge, he moved slowly away into the deepest distance, above the weir, on the air. Like a bird. It is spring. Ma is hanging clothes on the verandah lace. Papa is writing in a blue hardback on the old rosewood rocking chair.

*And I am immeasurably, unbearably satisfied.*

Lud lets his face crease into a smile. He thought he saw the sweep of a lyrebird's tail in the bush before him, a tune like his childhood looping in his head like a poem. Ma and him are in

Bendigo; he sits at the typewriter as she trims the camellias.

*I am eleven years old. I am forty five. I am human. I am home.*

*Perfectly, always, everywhere, (me.)*

*So the silence shall be rhythmic, and*

*the stillness,*

*the dancing.*

# James Masters

## “Brandings”

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

Brandings is a focus on the ‘atomic shadows’ of birds that were affected and struggled through the devastation of the ‘black summer’ bushfires of 2019-2020 in which all life suffered alike. My intention is to draw light to their beauty despite the destruction they had faced.

I chose to burn my drawings into wood to act as a tangible reference to the effect fire can have on the physical world. I used the subtle reference of the flame of my tool to the destructive flame of the bushfires, encapsulating my idea in a way that is unique and nuanced.

Aesthetically, I found that the burnt wood produces a very patterned and varied texture that adds greater depth than traditional drawing materials. This artwork is designed to be viewed closely in person, and even touched to feel the unique surfaces that have been produced. While displayed, a viewer may notice a subtle pattern that connects each piece as an ebbing flow to bring the eye around and throughout the drawn images, to further promote thought and reflection on the deep connections these birds have to both one another and the land.









## MUSIC 1

# Charlie Hunter

## Performance

Land, Takatsugu Muramatsu

Prism, Keiko Abe

Etude in A minor no 4, Casey Cangelosi

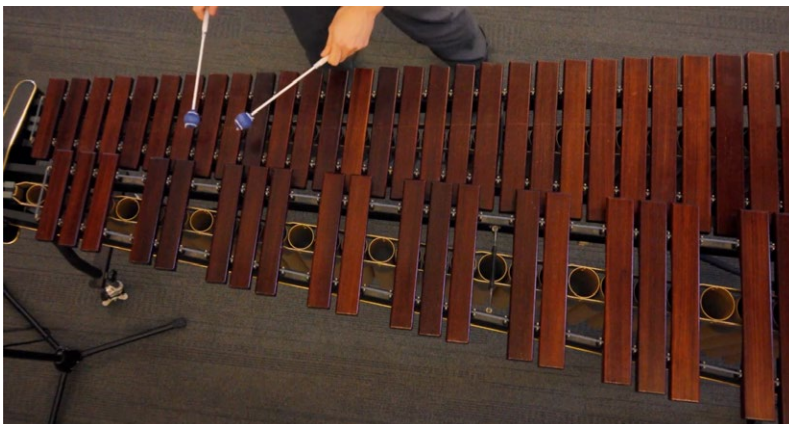
White Knuckle Stroll, Casey Cangelosi

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

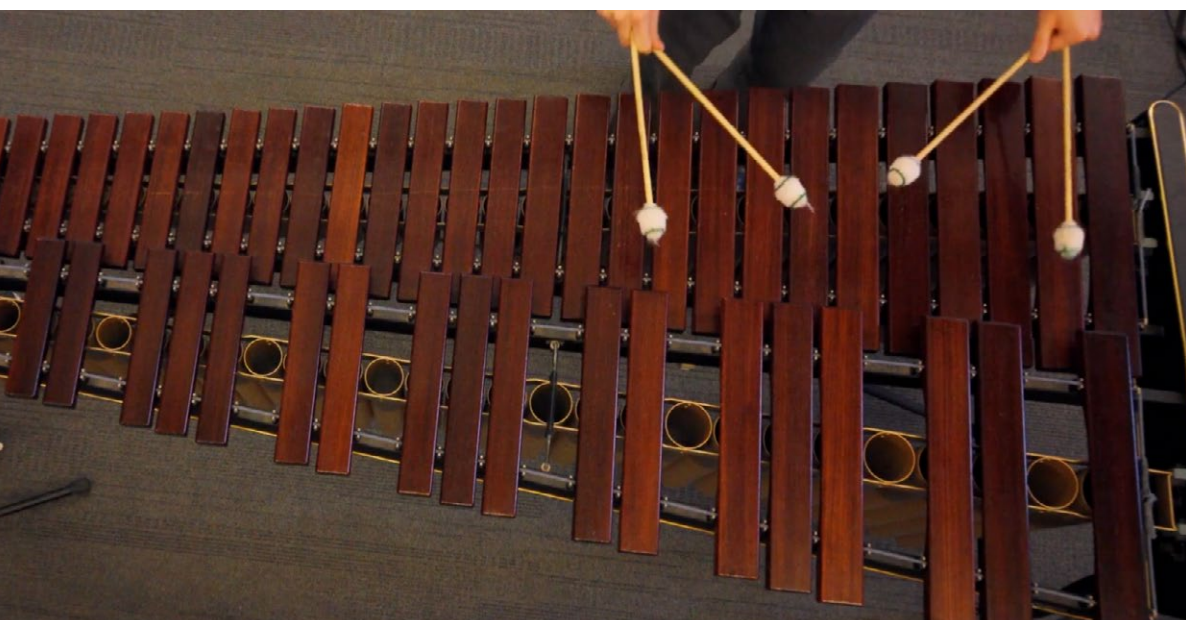
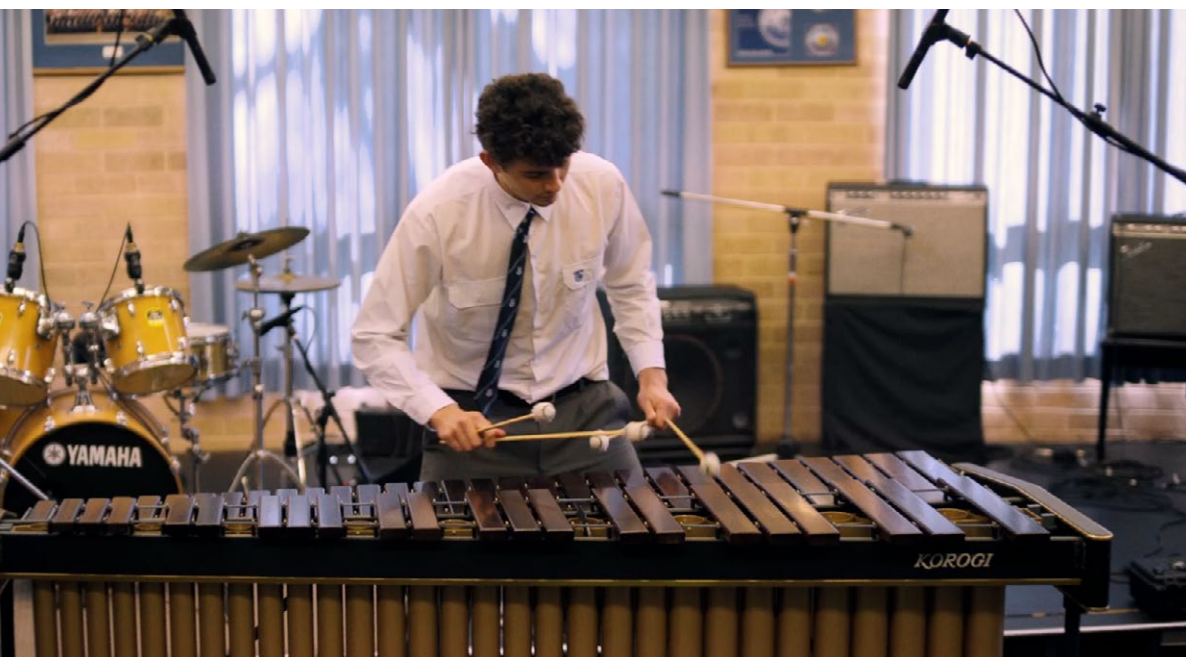
Throughout the course of Year 12, I developed and perfected four pieces. Prior to Year 12, I had little time to practise due to co-curricular activities. However, with the cancellation of the majority of these activities due to COVID-19, I was able to begin rehearsing for hours upon hours each day in preparation for my final performances. This practise culminated to a final performance, which five examiners deemed “meticulous”.

My performance included four pieces which I carefully selected over twelve months in collaboration with my classroom teacher, Mr Peter Waters, and my private tutor, Mrs Alison Pratt. These pieces were selected with the intention of collating all my skills and percussive expertise learned over the years of playing, into an extensive range of expression, technical skills, dynamics and tone colour. This varied repertoire allowed for a more interesting body of work for the examiners to mark on the day.

The pieces I chose were very difficult to learn, however, each piece I garnered to my repertoire improved my skills immensely and made further pieces easier to learn. Additionally, the pieces took many months to perfect and hundreds of practise performances for my peers, teachers, family and friends alike. The process was one of the things I'm most proudest of in my final year, and I find it laughable to consider that the hours contributed to the production can be counted as study rather than pure enjoyment.







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**CHARLIE HUNTER**

PERFORMANCE - LAND, TAKATSUGU MURAMATSU

PERFORMANCE - PRISM, KEIKO ABE

PERFORMANCE - ETUDE IN A MINOR NO 4, CASEY CANGELOSI

PERFORMANCE - WHITE KNUCKLE STROLL, CASEY CANGELOSI





## HISTORY

# Max Holmes

## To what extent can Israel-Palestine be considered an apartheid state?

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

Upon discovering the comparison of South African apartheid to Israel-Palestine, I became immediately interested in the cause, logic and politics involved not only in the bold comparison, but also, the context of the dispute. Upon further research, I discovered that this situation is more complex than the frequently thrown around “Two-state solution” and the maxim of “Free Palestine” continues to be a distant mirage. Instead, this conflict is an amalgamation of conflicting religions, claims to holy sites, and a history of war and persecution of both the Jewish-Zionists and the Palestinian people with neither side looking to concede. Moreover, what would be further catalytic to my interest was the fact that the conflict has continued to be perpetuated by international interests, notably, the relocation of the United States Embassy from Tel Aviv to the disputed Jerusalem in 2018. This sparked another unsolved and ominous trope, that is, the unwavering US support for the Israeli state that agitated my eagerness to study the dispute. This ultimately led me to consider the various religious, ethnic and cultural biases that influence the debate and only in the decomposition of such innate conflict of interests and preconceptions can truth inherently be found in comparing Israel to Apartheid South Africa.

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## ESSAY

*“Apartheid is different types of segregation and discrimination committed against specific group of individuals”* (Farhad Malekian, 2011)

Israel-Palestine can be considered an apartheid state, seen in the discrimination and separatism against the Palestinian people living within both Israel’s internationally recognised borders, as well as the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. Historians engaging in the debate are tasked to either uphold or dismantle the apartheid analogy in light of the *“fairly automatic condemnation”* the label evokes.<sup>1</sup> This condemnation could potentially force Israeli settlements out of the West Bank, accrediting the Palestinian National Authority with recognised borders, facilitating its sovereignty and nation-status. This essay will prove the presence of apartheid by exploring the *“segregation and discrimination”* against the Palestinians through assessing the legal status of Palestinians within Israel, the separation barriers that exist between Israel, the West Bank, and the Gaza Strip. Moreover, it will evidence separatism and discrimination in regard to the Israel Settlements in the West Bank and Gaza Strip, and through assessment of the Knesset’s<sup>2</sup> refugee policy regarding Palestinians displaced by the Independence War (1948).

The nature of the comparison brings to light various ethno-national identities. One of the most prominent ethno-national identities engaging is Zionism; the Jewish nationalist movement that aims to cultivate international legitimacy for the nation. In contrast, the Palestinian-nationalist identity seeks to undermine Israel due to its occupation of areas in the West Bank. In addition, the Labour Zionist movement has advocated for a return to a partitioned state; in accordance with the initial United Nations Resolution 181 (1947). The political identities involved stretch farther than the Middle-East; many US historians engage in the debate to attempt to shift foreign policy paradigms that have inhibited a two-state solution, and peace. However, multiple questions arise regarding the purpose of the apartheid label. Since the formal end of the apartheid regime in South Africa in 1994, “apartheid” has encompassed the struggle of a group to gain suffrage and equality within a single nation; whereas, the Palestinian national movement’s purpose is to restore its international borders, and territorial integrity in the quest for statehood.

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1 J Peteet, “The Work of Comparison: Israel/Palestine and Apartheid”, in *Anthropology Quarterly*, vol. 89, 2016, 247-281.

2 “Knesset”: Unicameral national legislature of the state of Israel

In order to dismantle the apartheid analogy, Zionist historians have drawn upon the extension of suffrage to the Palestinian minority within Israel. As outlined in Article 2(c) of the Apartheid Convention, a state that accredits different ethnicities with unequal civil and political rights is considered an apartheid state.<sup>3</sup> Consequently, antagonists of the analogy identifying with the Zionist movement have opted to rely on explicit parallels, to that of apartheid South Africa in order to retain Israel's national legitimacy. As such, Sabel suggests Israel has "*universal suffrage with free elections and an independent and effective judiciary*".<sup>4</sup> Sabel's promulgation of the judicial and legislative impartiality to the international community comes in light of United Nations Resolution 799 that deplored the arbitrary deportation of 413 Palestinians in 1992, compromising international law embedded in the Fourth Geneva Convention. It follows, Sabel, a Zionist historian has drawn upon the 'de jure' extension of suffrage to the Palestinian minority to rebut claims that would otherwise undermine Israel's legitimacy and highlight the visceral existence of apartheid's discriminant ethos.

In contrast to this, US academic Peteet has drawn upon the systematic discrimination towards the Palestinian people, constituting an apartheid state. US academic Peteet recognises the claim of suffrage for the Palestinian minority is undermined by the different rights accrued to the "*Muslim, Druze, Christian, and Bedouin*" sects living within Israel's internationally recognised borders, such as their inability to confer citizenship on non-Israeli spouses. Hence, Peteet contends civil and political rights and freedoms are accredited to groups based on an "*ethno-national and religious formula*".<sup>6</sup> As such, one suggests the disparity of civil and political rights afforded to "Israeli-Arabs" sects demonstrate a violation of the UN Apartheid Convention that constitutes the apartheid label. Peteet was inclined to sway public opinion towards the United States' unconditional support for the Jewish state, through the label of apartheid. This unconditional support is evidenced by the US exercising its veto power 48 times in United Nations Security Council resolutions in 1983, 1997 and 2011 that would condemn Israeli settlements in the West Bank.<sup>7</sup> In shifting this institutionalised view of Israel that has evidently been reflected in its foreign policy, Peteet intends to

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3 International Convention on the Suppression and Punishment of the Crime of Apartheid (1973)

4 R Sabel, "The Campaign to Delegitimize Israel with the False Charge of Apartheid", in *Jewish Political Studies Review*, vol. 23, 2011, 18-31.

5 J Peteet, "The Work of Comparison: Israel/Palestine and Apartheid", in *Anthropology Quarterly*, vol. 89, 2016, 247-281.

6 J Peteet, "The Work of Comparison: Israel/Palestine and Apartheid", in *Anthropology Quarterly*, vol. 89, 2016, 247-281.

7 "The 43 times US has used veto power against UN resolutions on Israel", in *Middle East Eye*, , 2017, <<https://www.middleeasteye.net/news/43-times-us-has-used-veto-power-against-un-resolutions-israel>> [accessed 14 June 2020].

propagate “*concerted and determined international pressure*” on behalf of the US that can “*bring about a viable and fully sovereign Palestinian State*”.<sup>8</sup> Therefore, Israel can be labelled an apartheid state with consideration of the disparity in rights between Palestinian sects and the Jewish majority.

Zionist historian Sabel demonstrates the separation barrier exists to prevent Palestinian terrorism, rebutting the claim it aims to separate ethnic groups, that would constitute the apartheid label. The creation of the West Bank Wall and Gaza Strip Fence began during the second Intifada from 2000-2005.<sup>9</sup> This Intifada saw a particular rise in political violence, especially given the increase of suicide bombings; of which over 73 were carried out in the 5-year period, killing over 293 Israelis. In light of these attacks, Zionist historian Sabel has labelled the wall was explicitly constructed under the guidance to prevent further suicide bombings by Palestinians. Sabel states the wall “*has proven its defensive robustness and the vast majority of infiltration attempts were discovered and thwarted*”.<sup>10</sup> Hence, in outlining the walls “defensive robustness” and efficiency in “thwarting” attempted terrorist attacks, Sabel justifies the wall following the condemnation from the United Nations after the International Court of Justice’s advisory opinion in 2003 that denounced the creation of the wall, ordering its disassembly.<sup>11</sup> In addition, the construction of the wall catalyzed solidarity movements for ‘apartheid’ in Israel-Palestine, starting in 2001 at the Durban World Conference Against Racism<sup>12</sup> that precipitated international censure. Hence, through justifying the separation barriers, Sabel has attempted to avert international condemnation towards Israel. Thus, Zionist historian Sabel has labelled the walls necessity to ensure the safety of Israel, as compared to its perceived purpose to sustain apartheid’s separatist ethos.

US historian, Peteet identifies the ambition of the wall to segregate the Israelis and the Palestinians, averting the United States’ stance of the Israel-Palestine frontier from expansionism to apartheid. The argument that these separation walls were constructed with intent to protect the Israeli people has been undermined by the territorial expansion “captured” by the creation of these walls that annexed 10 percent

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8 O Yiftachel, “‘Creeping Apartheid’ in Israel-Palestine”, in *Middle East Report*, vol. 253, 2009, 7-15.

9 Period of intensified Israeli-Palestinian violence, which Palestinians describe as an uprising against Israel from 2000-2005

10 R Sabel, “The Campaign to Delegitimize Israel with the False Charge of Apartheid”, in *Jewish Political Studies Review*, vol. 23, 2011, 18-31.

11 Advisory opinion of the International Court of Justice on the Legal Consequences of the Construction of a Wall in the Occupied Palestinian Territory (2003)

12 J Peteet, “The Work of Comparison: Israel/Palestine and Apartheid”, in *Anthropology Quarterly*, vol. 89, 2016, 247-281.

of the West Bank region.<sup>13</sup> Thus, the purpose of the such walls in the West Bank and Gaza Strip could be considered vehicles of segregation and colonisation, constituting the apartheid label. Peteet argues “Given its stunning dominance of the landscape, its congruities with apartheid’s separatist ethos are starkly visual and visceral”.<sup>14</sup> Evidently, Peteet focuses on the “stunning dominance” of these walls, identifying the implicit ambition of the wall to segregate the two ethnic groups rather than to protect. Further, Peteet labels the wall’s “congruities” with apartheid—in sighting the separation of ethnic groups—as compared to the paradigm of expansion into “occupied territory”, or the “frontier theme” that the United States have become accustomed to because of its “importance as a theme in American history”.<sup>15</sup> Thus, Peteet illustrates the separatist ethos of the wall, “congruent” with apartheid, to shift US stance on the frontier theme in regard to Israel, from expansionism to apartheid. Hence, the separation barriers in the West Bank and Gaza Strip can be considered vehicles of apartheid’s separatist ideology. Therefore, in regard to the separation barriers in the West Bank and Gaza Strip, Israel can be considered an apartheid state.

Zionist historian Sabel opposes the label of Israel as an apartheid state in regard to the settlements in the West Bank. Following the Six-Day War of 1967, Israel annexed the entirety of the West Bank and Gaza Strip. Consequently, the United Nations deemed it ‘lawful’ to sustain a military presence in these “occupied territories”. The integrity of this military occupation was largely undermined when the Israeli government sanctioned the settlement of its citizens in a cluster of these occupied areas; as Palestinian nationalist Beasant deems, for “colonial intent”.<sup>16</sup> The integrity of this military occupation has further been compromised by the intransigence of the Israeli government to accredit suffrage and rights to the Palestinians residing in these areas. To dismantle this view, Zionist historian Sabel delineates the Palestinians in the West Bank remain under the governance of the Palestinian National Authority, stating these Palestinians are “subject neither to the Israeli military administration nor to regular Israeli law”.<sup>17</sup> Therefore, Zionist historians have labelled the Palestinians displaced or within Israeli settlements as a legally separate; hence, illustrating the inapplicability of the ‘apartheid’ label.

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13 A Heller, “Israeli barrier: Defensive measure or illegal land grab?”, in *AP NEWS*, , 2017, <<https://apnews.com/afs:Content:853490132>> [accessed 21 June 2020].

14 J Peteet, “The Work of Comparison: Israel/Palestine and Apartheid”, in *Anthropology Quarterly*, vol. 89, 2016, 247-281.

15 M Marshall, “Rethinking the Palestine Question: The Apartheid Paradigm”, in *Journal of Palestine Studies*, vol. 25, 1995, 15-22.

16 A Beasant, “PALESTINIANS: Resisting Israel’s Illegal Occupation”, in *Socialist Lawyer*, , 2009, 26-28.

17 R Sabel, “The Campaign to Delegitimize Israel with the False Charge of Apartheid”, in *Jewish Political Studies Review*, vol. 23, 2011, 18-31.

Labour Zionist Yiftachel highlights the separatism and discrimination in regard to the Israeli settlements in the West Bank, constituting an apartheid state. Labour Zionist Yiftachel contends the 'de facto' enforcement of Israeli regular law in the Israeli settlements, contradicting Sabel's view of separate systems of governance. Consequently, he labels the settlements in the West Bank as a "*de facto annexation*".<sup>18</sup> Thus, through challenging the notions of a separate system of governance, Yiftachel highlights the refusal to accredit these Palestinian with rights and suffrage, amounting to the label of Apartheid. In light of Yiftachel's criticism, the Labour Zionist perspective is significantly embedded in seminal articles such as Yitzhak Epstein's "The Hidden Question" and the work of Russian-Jewish thinker Asher Ginzberg that. The movement shaped by these founders' advocates for a bi-national approach, consolidating the liberal-humanist ethos of its founders that pertains to the prioritisation of rights to Palestinians above the colonial intent of Zionism.<sup>19</sup> Hence, Labour Zionist Yiftachel opposes the notions of a separate system of governance in the Israeli settlements that undermines their justification to not afford these Palestinians with rights, justifying the label of apartheid. Thus, in regard to the Israeli settlements, Israel can be considered an apartheid state.

Palestinian nationalist Zreik coincides with the label of 'de facto' apartheid to justify the label of apartheid for Israel. Zreik suggests that when it comes to land and resources of the settlements in the West Bank they have been seen as "*inside*" Israel, yet the Palestinians residing there are still considered "*outside*" Israel.<sup>20</sup> Therefore, in criticising the exploitation of the Israeli mandate to establish a military presence in the West Bank and Gaza Strip, and their consequent failure to afford civil and political rights to the Palestinians living there, Zreik suggests the situation is moving towards a "*de facto apartheid*"<sup>21</sup>. Inherently, Zreik aims to propagate international condemnation that could potentially facilitate the Palestinian state. Hence, in recognising the underlying separatist and discriminant ethos of Israel's settlements in the West bank and Gaza Strip, Israel can be considered an apartheid state. However, in labelling its congruencies with apartheid Zreik and Yiftachel convey the struggle for citizenship and suffrage within the Israeli settlements, contradicting the Palestinian nationalist movements quest for autonomy and Labour Zionists desire for a partitioned state, but rather a struggle against systematic oppression "within" one state.

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18 O Yiftachel, "'Creeping Apartheid' in Israel-Palestine", in *Middle East Report*, vol. 253, 2009, 7-15.

19 R Greenstein, "Class, Nation, and Political Organisation: The Anti-Zionist Left in Israel/Palestine", in *International Labour and Working Class History*, , 2009, 85-108.

20 R Zreik, "Palestine, apartheid, and the rights discourse", in *Journal of Palestine Studies*, vol. 34, 2004, 68-80.

21 R Zreik, "Palestine, apartheid, and the rights discourse", in *Journal of Palestine Studies*, vol. 34, 2004, 68-80.



Zionist historians, Singer and Oron label the inapplicability of the apartheid label regarding the refugee policy. The War of Independence saw the displacement of 720,000 Palestinians into exile in the neighboring Syria, Jordan, and Lebanon.<sup>22</sup> As a result, Palestinians who fled conflict, or were expelled, and subsequently denied the right of return, had their lands expropriated. This came into effect under the Absentee Property Law (1950).<sup>23</sup> Despite this, Zionist historians continue to justify the obstinacy of the Knesset to enable this “rights of return” embedded in the United Nations General Assembly’s 1948 Resolution 194.<sup>24</sup> This has largely been argued under the guise it would compromise the safety and stability of Israel; as Singer states the right of return is “*intertwined with the rejection of Palestine’s partition into two states*” as well as the Palestinian “*aspiration to destroy Israel*”.<sup>25</sup> In addition to this, Singer also argues the validity of labelling the Palestinians wishing to return, as “refugees”, given many are second-and-third generations descendants of the original refugees.<sup>26</sup> This skepticism is expanded upon by Oron, stating the assimilation of these displaced Palestinians into their neighboring countries is “*inevitable*”, hence stating “*It is hard to preserve refugee status forever*”.<sup>27</sup> Thus, Zionist historians have justified the “*red-line*”<sup>28</sup> that is allowing the return of Palestinians in exile following the 1948 War of Independence under the guidance it would compromise the safety of the Jewish state. In addition, Zionist historians have also shifted the paradigm of “refugee” status to an assimilated minority in neighboring Arab nations, in order to maintain Israel’s international legitimacy. Therefore, Zionist historians Singer and Oron outline the inapplicability of the apartheid label.

Labour Zionist Yiftachel articulates the Israeli refusal of the exiled Palestinian’s “right of return” is a vehicle of discrimination that constitutes the label of apartheid. Yiftachel criticises the employment Practical Zionism, shaped by *Hovevei Zion* and its ideological founder Leon Pinsker. The Zionist ideology of Practical Zionism is regarded as the migration of Jewish populations to Israel following the *Diaspora*<sup>29</sup> even in the absence

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- 22 I Oron, “The Palestinian Refugees: Facts, Figures and Significance”, in *Institute for National Security Studies*, , 2018, 1-3.
  - 23 J Peteet, “The Work of Comparison: Israel/Palestine and Apartheid”, in *Anthropology Quarterly*, vol. 89, 2016, 247-281.
  - 24 United Nations General Assembly Resolution 194 “Question of Palestine”
  - 25 J Singer, “No Palestinian ‘Return’ to Israel”, in *American Bar Association Journal*, vol. 87, 2001, 14-15.
  - 26 J Singer, “No Palestinian ‘Return’ to Israel”, in *American Bar Association Journal*, vol. 87, 2001, 14-15.
  - 27 I Oron, “The Palestinian Refugees: Facts, Figures and Significance”, in *Institute for National Security Studies*, , 2018, 1-3.
  - 28 I Oron, “The Palestinian Refugees: Facts, Figures and Significance”, in *Institute for National Security Studies*, , 2018, 1-3.
  - 29 The dispersion of the Jewish people beyond Israel



of a legitimate charter of the land. As Yiftachel delineates, “hundreds of thousands of Jews settled in hundreds of new Jewish settlements, some erected on the previously Arab lands”.<sup>30</sup> In light of this, Yiftachel justifies the label of apartheid through challenging the claim made by Zionists who argue the pertinacity of the Knesset to reject the “right of return” of Palestinians in exile is in accord with its threat to the safety of the state but rather to accommodate the migration and settlement of Jewish people displaced by the *Diaspora*. Through this, he upholds the socialist principle of “equality” between Palestinians and Jewish people that is enshrined in Labour Zionist literature, such as Moses Hess’s *Rome and Jerusalem*. It follows, Yiftachel highlights the realities of an apartheid state in outlining the discrimination, based off ethnicity, displaced Palestinians face that amounts to the label of apartheid. Therefore, in regard to the discrimination faced by the Palestinian in exile, Israel can be considered an apartheid state.

Therefore, in regard to the presence of the separatist ethos, Israel can be considered an ‘apartheid state’. This is evidenced in ‘de facto’ subversion and intransigence of the Israeli Knesset to afford suffrage to varying Palestinians sects within Israel, as well as Palestinians within the Israeli occupied territories. Moreover, the prominent walls dividing the territory of Israel, with those of West Bank and Gaza Strip, as well as the Palestinian refugee policy starkly discriminate the Palestinian people, hence amounting to the apartheid label. However, the purpose of the apartheid label has been questioned by historians who debate its legitimacy. This is in light of the different aims of opposition of South African Apartheid, who sought to repeal laws that segregated the nation based off of their ethnicity. As a result, the label of “apartheid” has conveyed the struggle to gain suffrage, citizenship, and equality “within” one state; whereas the aims of the Palestinian nationalist identity are to gain independence, statehood and a restored sense of identity. Despite this, the label of apartheid can arguably be employed to precipitate international condemnation that would force Israel to withdraw its citizens from settlements in the West Bank, accommodating Palestinian sovereignty. It has been evidenced, this condemnation must be joined, in partisan, by the United States that has exploited its veto power in the United Nations Security Council to curtail the gravity of international condemnation. Hence, the burden lies on US historians to avert public opinion —through the label of apartheid— and bring about the viable two-state solution.

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30 O Yiftachel, ““Creeping Apartheid” in Israel-Palestine”, in *Middle East Report*, vol. 253, 2009, 7-15.

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# Edward Bell

## Theatre Reviews

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

The power of theatre resides in “a human being able to share with another the sense of what it is to truly be human” (Oscar Wilde). Through engaging in the portfolio of Theatre Criticism, I was able to develop a close resonance with Wilde’s words.

The portfolio of Theatre Critical Reviews was a lengthy process which equipped me with an in-depth understanding of the elements that create the backbone of a successful professional production. Throughout the year I viewed four different theatrical performances to create an eight-hundred-word criticism of each production. Before the restrictions of COVID-19 when sadly all theatres closed, I was fortunate enough to witness live performances of *Cosi* and *Packer and Sons* at the Sydney Theatre Company and Belvoir, respectively. These productions instantly changed my outlook on theatre and the cathartic experiences that come with it. My insights into our rich Australian culture was enjoyably enhanced through each director’s skilful craft of utilising costume, set design and lighting to create an authentic atmosphere. This made for a very enjoyable process of unpacking and criticising all elements of the productions.

As the year progressed and, so too, the restrictions around the world, I diverted my focus to watching my last two productions online. Unfortunately, this took away from the abreactive experience that results from theatre. However, it enabled me to realise that “all the world’s a stage” (O’Casey) through being able to access the National Theatre of London’s immersive, *Frankenstein* starring Benedict Cumberbatch, and Sydney Theatre Company’s abstract production, *Away*. Writing reviews on these plays was challenging as I viewed them through a screen, however, with Ms Louise Arnott’s assistance and my growing love for theatre, I was able to craft some insightful reviews. Ms Arnott’s view on the process of “making it as engaging as a performance,” influenced my way of writing substantially, in that I had to alter my vocabulary to sustain sophistication whilst expressing flair and excitement, almost like an author writing a book you never want to put down.

Overall, the process of writing these reviews, though frustrating at times, was an extremely fulfilling and rewarding process, and hopefully these reviews can develop a love for theatre in the readers as much as it did for me.

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## THEATRE REVIEWS

### **Dangers of The Male Ego**

A Discovery of Dissonances

*Frankenstein, Nick Dear | National Theatre of London*

Ringling. From the opening, the bells invite the death-red lights to flood the theatre, foreshadowing the events to come. Blinding flashes of light ricochet seamlessly with an overwhelming heartbeat. The audience, anxious as 'The Creature' emerges. Slow, broken movements thump holes in our patience as The Creature, played by Johnny Lee Miller, inquisitively explores each corner of the stage. A hunger for information engulfs the audience as the journey into the depths of human life begins. Director Danny Boyle and playwright Nick Dear work effectively in poetic cohesion to create the parallel between a belligerent yet curious monster on his journey through humanity.

Aligning with Boyle's intentions, Dear successfully adapts the mystical dynamics of Mary Shelley's atheist dystopian story of the 17<sup>th</sup> century. Boyle purposefully creates the creature-centric journey of a man who starts with nothing and must learn from his surroundings. This is a message that resonates with a modern audience living through a struggle for success. Miller's disjointed movements and inaudible dialogue as The Creature creates the broken mood prevalent in Act I. A brokenness soon to be fixed through science. The Creature continuously learns more about himself and so too does the audience learn about their own fragmented characteristics. Boyle's intention to "recognize the sensation of childhood" through The Creature has Miller playing in the grass centre stage in Act I. A wonderful touch, as nature is destroyed by selfish developments within the industrial revolution, which "we still suffer from today" (Boyle).

Shelley's novel adapts well to the magic of theatre which has been brought to life by the talented cast. Through indoctrinating The Creature with humanistic values, Karl Johnson playing De Lacy, the blind teacher, touches the hearts of the audience. The Creature speaks his first words, "P-A-R-A-D-I-S-E", an astonishing achievement. A breakthrough of development, inspired through science and De Lacey's nature enriched home.

Bruno Poet's unique lighting design of the roof of electricity allows for the sophistication of the creative team to shine. Throughout the play, blinding sparks flash from the ceiling, aligning with Boyle's vision to have lights flash at each momentous stage of The Creature's journey to signify each significant development. Miller impeccably captivates the audience's emotions and is able to manipulate them at any moment

during the performance with screams of “Satan’s the one I sympathise with, as I was cast out, though I did no wrong.”

Mark Tildesley’s set design and Suttirat Anne Larlarb’s costuming go hand in hand in creating a 17<sup>th</sup> century authenticity. The audience is drawn back in time as the revolving set inspires a transformative visual. Larlarb’s costume design of the rugged working class De Lacy family beautifully contrasts with the wealth of the Frankensteins’. The detailed set delivers a powerful message on the materialistic values in 1818, taking the audience back in time to the origins of industrial developments.

Boyle’s casting of Benedict Cumberbatch and Johnny Lee Miller as Victor Frankenstein and The Creature challenges the duplicity of the actors. A high risk that reaps high reward. Cumberbatch as Dr. Frankenstein expresses utter conviction of a manic scientist whilst Miller enhances the phenomenon of Frankenstein through his outspoken body language. The creative team and actors seem to effortlessly mold to the dynamic of the story as they combine the industrial, scientific and romantic to create the spark that is Frankenstein. Dr. Frankenstein’s controlling nature over The Creature creates thick tension as he directs his quest of science through a terrible storm that rips up his personal life. His path to conquer natural reproduction through treacherous science leaves an emotionless wake throughout the audience.

Ed Clark on sound design in conjunction with the sound score of *Underworld* creates a genuinely authentic atmosphere of mystery and growth. In Act I, the cog-filled steam train and the chants, “Give me what I paid for now,” is made redundant without the powerful undertone of factory music. The Creature inherits these selfishly destructive attitudes of the industrial revolution as he too mimics these draining chants of the ensemble at centre stage. These dark tones of sound impose disappointment throughout the theatre as the audience begins to question, will The Creature conform or rather object to these hedonistic values of selfishness?

The use of emotional dialogue from playwright Dear creates fear in the hearts of the audience. Upon realising the power of love, The Creature asks, “All I ask is the possibility to love,” evoking empathy and compassion as he approaches the audience with open arms. The Creature continually brings tears to our eyes like a newborn child speaking its first words. So many questions arise as he ponders, “Can I die?” Moving around centre stage precariously, Miller gets drawn to a heavenly white light shining through with thundering music. It cuts. The heartbeat continues. The journey forever lives on. Under the guise of a fragmented ego.

## Pressures of a Packer

*Packer and Sons*, Tommy Murphy | Belvoir St Theatre

At the peak of the 1980s, chaotic riches rain down on the Packer empire. Our journey into the prestigious Packer family begins as strobes of white encircle a large noble horse, foreshadowing the tumultuous events to come. The attempt to grasp an understanding of the 'Packer success' continues with indoctrinated faces from seat to seat. From the outset, the prestige of the Packer name is established, setting the scene for a timeline of endless struggle and pursuit for more. Playwright Tommy Murphy's all male cast enables an engaging and scrappy fight for wealth. Eamon Flack's directorial vision to assert the standards of the Packers is brought through the creative insights into the progression of wealth from the 1950s through to the present-day saga that litters our daily tabloids.

The friction-filled functionality of the alpha-male businessman provides fodder for Murphy's drive to write the play, related to his "own queer outrage about the extremes of Australian masculinity". The Packer family is the best vehicle to deliver the confronting, misogynistic Australian culture. Murphy specifically casts John Howard as Sir Frank and old Kerry to portray the image of authority through his masculine build, whilst James McConville plays young Kerry and James Packer to maintain the recognisable face as one who struggles under the fatherly oppression.

*Packer* opens with Kerry's infamous Warwick heart attack in 2001. Under the cover of directionless white light, the play shifts back to the 1950s where the chronological progression of the Packer story begins. Romanie Harper's utilisation of costume and set design seamlessly progresses through the lives of the metaphorical monarchy. This elegance is particularly astonishing as we watch young James transform into the older version of himself. He is handed a telephone under the spotlight, symbolising his endeavour with telecommunications company One.Tel, a failed attempt to emulate the success of Channel 9 and *Women's Weekly*. Another effortless transformation leaves the audience in awe as young Kerry emerges from the frosted glass as old Kerry. Two different actors, creatively unified through unfathomably brilliant direction from Flack. Old fashioned furniture subtly develops to more modernised and prestigious furniture as the timeline progresses in front of the audience. Flack's directorial choices of set and character transitions take place in plain sight to the audience yet still maintain an enigmatic creativity. A touch of brilliance from the director.

Flack intentionally births creative moments which influence the emotions of the audience at will. The actor-audience engagement fantastically develops to feelings of compassion towards James Packer, as we witness the mental struggle through his fight for authority over the telecommunications company. Nick Schlieper's lighting assists in

creating the tense mood and frictional relationship between Kerry and James. Kerry's crippling presence as he lies helpless, awaiting his surgery, is given a fierce power as the intense spotlight focuses on him at centre stage. Kerry's wit and misogynistic nature shines through strongest in front of James in his declaration requesting, "Only girls in short skirts please". As the light draws closer to Kerry our disgust and sympathy for James is heightened. Harper enhances this through altering the costume of James from a clean suit, to one that becomes unrecognisable in the standards that a Packer should uphold. Rips and tears in James' suit symbolises his broken spirit leaving the audience with nothing else but to hope for the recovery of his crumbling manhood.

The Packers' raw power and greed is cleverly highlighted with the invasion of the proxemics of personal space. The stage draws out from the corners of the audience and provides a sense of support as the Packers collapse. Brandon McClelland as Clyde reveals his rebellious nature, inspiring a unified resentment towards Kerry (as if there wasn't already enough). We are empowered when he says, "Now I'm walking." The audience is ready to walk out with Clyde as he strikes against his father's sharp abuse. The atmosphere flows cohesively with the severity of each scene on stage as John Howard verbally attacks young Kerry with his iconic powerhouse booming vocals – a trait which translates to the older Kerry, proving the significant influence of fatherly behaviours.

Pondering on what it takes to achieve success within the high stakes of the business world, questions arise on how to achieve this as James's mental struggle unveils. Alpha males collide as they try to swipe emotions, stifle their humanity and take from others to achieve success. For James, it becomes too much. When Kerry confronts him after his emotional breakdown, he delivers, "I wasn't crying," shocking the audience as Kerry's face resembles nothing but disappointment. "Get out of my head." James cries for a helping hand yet each audience member sits frozen, confronted by chaotic flashes of white and horrifying helicopter noises. One.Tel had failed, he is isolated. The pursuit of power is no more. Mythology meets reality, James is broken.

### **Corrupted Façades of Comfort**

*Away*, Michael Gow | Sydney Theatre Company

Dim white lights precariously blanket the emotionless stage. A mix of frantic opera and creative references to Shakespeare accompany the audience on the chaotic journey through the holidays of three families written into the landmark Australian play, *Away*.

The high-school production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in the opening scene is enticing as the purging and transformative aspects of *Away* are exposed. In an interview with STC's Artistic Director, Kip Williams, Michael Gow states his inspiration was

birthed from “his camping holidays and the pain of children dying before their parents as my friend passed away when I was 16.”

Director Mathew Lutton effectively casts the play to make comments on the façades people construct in times of turmoil. This is seen through the manic wife Carol played by Natasha Herbert when she states, “His smile, is it better for him to die like that?” Herbert effectively injects confronting pathos into her role of exposing Gow’s message of the “fraying tempers and false display people put on.” The constant shield of emotion is depressingly confronted by Meg’s mother Gwen, played by Heather Mitchell. Throughout the play Mitchell symbolises the damages associated with the pursuit for a ‘good life’. Lines such as “Where do they live, they don’t deserve privileges,” leave the audience questioning whether immoral behaviours like these consist in their own lives.

The fantastical story speaks a distressing truth as the audience feels like they are being judged by the protagonist Tom, played by Liam Nunan. During moments of emotional corruption like when Tom’s father Harry, played by Wadih Dona, says, “We won’t have him for long,” Nunan stands at back left stage with a bleak, emotionless posture. As observers to this discomfort, the audience is challenged with either putting on a mask for Tom or showing their true emotions, building a forceful tension felt throughout the theatre. This directorial choice by Lutton is extremely powerful in representing the hardships involved in fronting up to reality. The production comes to life from moments like these, and the entertaining nature of theatre flips to a confronting didactic performance.

A range of Lutton’s selections unfortunately detract from the unfathomable authenticity of *Away*. ‘Disco’ like transitions between acts choreographed by Stephanie Lake often became awkward and did not match the style of the production, with the exception of the transition into Act IV, the storm. This transition was effective. Elegant dancing proceeds, yet this time the lights aren’t colourful. Possessed with gloomy grey colours, an eerie atmosphere fills the theatre. Paul Jackson’s powerful lighting design of dark dull colours contrasts beautifully with bright innocent lights, successfully building on the metaphorical storm of sadness. Dominant lighting forcefully enters the space with flashes of white accompanied with heavy rain falling from the roof.

*Away* is framed by meta-theatrical elements of Shakespeare’s plays. The powerful ideas of the transformative and the tragic birth the terrifying Storm of Act III, contrasted by the developing attitudes in Act IV and V. After the storm, the innocent school student, Leonie, played by Naomi Rukavina, recites a line from King Lear’s speech, “Hand to our younger strengths, while we unburdened, crawl towards our death.” A powerful shift from the destructive attitudes displayed earlier by Tom, when he explodes after being



chastised on his socio-economic appearance. Emotionally contrasting moments like these showcase the differing attitudes found within Australian homes during the late 1960s, teleporting theatre back in time. Meg cleverly touches on the changing attitudes towards marriage after a turbulent familial altercation, and doubtfully asks her father about the negative desires grown from marriage, attacking the emotions of the audience.

Dale Ferguson's experience as a set designer allows the set to evoke the tensions brought to life by the actors. Off-balance wooden beams, a flipped chair and a bland wardrobe are quite simple yet they subtly display the complexities of the emotions explored in *Away*. The wardrobe is used as an intriguing motif for a divided society that aims for unitary classes. As each family packs their bags, the number and quality of the suitcases increase, commenting on the divided society within Australia.

The stage rises on an innocent white space, swept clean from the past emotional debris, bringing life to the characters. Harry states, "We don't look back and we don't look forwards. We have this boy today and we may not have him tomorrow," leaving the audience stunned as this moving line of dialogue fills the theatre with a thick tension. Slow movements of the characters build on the anticipation as Tom's unmentioned fate moves closer to a reality. The white backdrop inspires a celebration of achievements, diversity and friendship. Yet the truthful faces of the characters allude to Tom's sadness that is about to reveal itself, removing their masks, showing their emotions and forcing the audience to remove their façades.

### **Dissolved Through Opera**

Modernising Mozart's *Così Fan Tutte*

*Così*, Louis Nowra | Sydney Theatre Company

Dense fog falls lightly from the peeling, rusted walls and the soft light lulls the audience into calming nature as the subconscious mayhem of STC's *Così* begins to unfold. Niklas Pajanti's background in lighting designs for opera, comedy and dance fits perfectly with Sara Goodes' vision for *Così*. The dull lights create an eerie atmosphere that invites the audience into the dysfunctional psychiatric hospital.

Sarah Goodes' directorial vision is to reiterate the cliché of therapy through theatre. A colloquialism made unique by the whole production team. So therapeutic that the celebration of individuality rips apart emotional and political limitations to come together and tackle the unknown.

Inspired from his previous direction of *Inner Voices*, Louis Nowra's *Così* creates an enticingly manic story line. Nowra's iconic Australian play reflects the Australian stereotypes of the 1970s through each character's backstory. The strong anti-Vietnam

War motif throughout *Cosi* is heavily enforced by Gabriel Francourt as activist Nick shouts, “1, 2, 3, 4, we don’t want your fuckin’ war.” The student director Lewis and his girlfriend Lucy, played by Sean Keenean and Esther Hannoford, fittingly represent the “young Australians [that] are fed up” with the immense conflict that translates to the hospital – a conflict which falls apart through creating the phenomenon of Mozart’s *Così fan Tutte*.

Goodes’ direction reflects her inspiring and successful journey to bring her fifteenth play to Australia’s mainstage. Beautiful realism completes the play’s comedy. Collectively the audience is immersed into each character’s unique yet unbridled past. Drawn deeper and deeper into emotional upheaval, the audience is confronted with fast-paced turmoil and discomfiting truths. Katherine Tonkin’s reflection on patient Ruth’s housewife past of “being tied up and used for sex,” is enhanced by each tiny little step her fragile body takes towards the cover of darkness on stage. This captivating scene follows with all seven patients emotionally talking about their backgrounds. At times this is repetitious, however we are touched as the chance to sympathise and reflect on the journey behind each character openly presents itself.

Nowra cleverly demonstrates how history showcases the frictions birthed from diversity. *Cosi* is a beautiful representation of how society has to put aside their beliefs to achieve the greater good. During the frenzied conflict that builds between the characters, our central character Roy, played by legendary Robert Menzies, takes centre stage to inform them of the importance of teamwork in order to create “the world he wanted *Così fan Tutte* to capture.” What follows is a solicitude that pours into the theatre, filling the audience’s hearts with the desire to see the show go on.

Dale Ferguson’s bleak burnt set aligns seamlessly with Goodes’ vision. Clashing political viewpoints are poetically portrayed through the cracks in the ceiling, much like the cracks reflected in Australian society during the 70s. As the stage is flooded with nationalistic and conservative memorabilia on one side – an Australian navy flag, army figurines and medals – collections of flower paintings and creative drawings symbolising the liberated women of Australia, both sexually and domestically, inhabit the opposing side. Struggling to make ends meet, it becomes clear to both the characters and the audience that differences must be waived in order to achieve the spectacle that is opera.

As the story of hardships and difference closes, the stage folds up like a noble prince. The innocent white backdrop appears through the cover of Chris Williams’ triumphant music inspiring a collective feeling of success. However, not before Glen Hazeldine as Henry the nationalist, frantically paces around whilst our brooding Ruth stressfully draws out her steps in her mind, can the audience enjoy this wonderful showcase

of meta-theatre. It is then that the success over differences, conflict, and mental struggle shines through. Shining to a performance that is filled with song, dance and the mastery of opera! Pace is lifted to a level beyond control and our characters victoriously celebrate.

The extremely diverse costumes accurately represent the colour and chaos of 1970s Australia, pieced together exquisitely by Jonathan Oxlade. Nick, the arrogant and self-loving activist is given a power status as his clean jeans, bushy moustache and fluffy jacket contrast against the mangled clothes of the psychiatric patients. Lewis's eagerness to impress his cheating girlfriend Lucy, is represented through an innocent and clean tucked collared shirt with flared jeans – a well-recognised image of the first-day 1970s teachers.

Ultimately, Nowra's *Cosi* was appropriated splendidly to reflect on Australian society through a more modern zeitgeist, much like the theatrical performances that came to life during the 60s and 70s. Nowra's own anecdotal experience throughout this time of Australian history allows for a seamless integration of comedy blended with the political debate surrounding the Vietnam War. As a result, the reflection on how far society has come in fifty years shines through a mental fight and a political struggle, all of which is dissolved through opera.

ENGLISH

# Jude Paddon-Row

## Wo(e)-Man's Land

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

*"The ecological crisis is gendered at its very root in the constitution of masculine identity, until men are going to be ready to examine that, nothing will change"*<sup>1</sup> (Ariel Salleh)

The process of unearthing the *"unconscious elements of a text"*<sup>2</sup> requires the tools of literary theory to unveil wider socio-political truths within literature. Amidst the era of the anthropocene, *Ecofeminism*<sup>3</sup> seeks to scrutinize the role of gender when considering the relationships between individuals and the environment in literature, complemented by *Eco-Masculinity*<sup>4</sup> as a solution to challenge such exploitative socio-ecological paradigms. The purpose of my experimental storytelling podcast, *Wo(e)-Man's Land*, is to intertextually attest to the role of masculine affirming identities when confronted with ecofeminist narratives. I self-reflexively posit that eco-masculine agency is a requisite to denaturalize androcentric dichotomies, specifically within Australian literature; a historically contested *"no-man's land"*.

Centering *Wo(e)-Man's Land* within a unique Australian perspective of environmental calamity, deriving from Euro-capitalist patriarchal culture, was the result of interest and research. While the seminal work of Australian ecocritic, Val Plumwood, and her thesis *Decolonising Relationships with Nature*<sup>6</sup> insightfully extended my knowledge

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- 1 Risaliti, V. (2017). Ariel Salleh, Ecofeminism as politics (interview). YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=GI5TJFOIXes>
  - 2 Anon, (n.d.). Literary Theory | Internet Encyclopedia of Philosophy. [online] Available at: <https://iep.utm.edu/literary/#:~:text=All%20literary%20interpretation%20draws%20on>
  - 3 Françoise D' Eaubonne (1974). *Le féminisme ou la mort*. Paris: P. Horay.
  - 4 Gaard, Greta. "Toward New EcoMasculinities, EcoGenders, and EcoSexualities." *Ecofeminism: Feminist Intersections with Other Animals and the Earth*. Eds. Carol J. Adams and Lori Gruen. New York and London: Bloomsbury, 2014
  - 5 Cormac McCarthy (2008). "The Road". New York: Vintage International.
  - 6 Plumwood, Val. 2003. "Decolonising Relationships with Nature." In *Decolonising Nature: Strategies for Conservation in a Post Colonial Era*, by William H Adams and Martin Mulligan, London: Earthscan

of patriarchal subjugation, Professor Ariel Salleh, a “*socialist-ecofeminist*”, provided the foundational lens for my piece. Her model, which appropriates the Aristotelian Great Chain of Being, reveals the lower hierarchy of women with Indigenous Peoples under the “*capitalist elite*”. This is intertextually referenced in my podcast’s prologue, “*Indigenous people are seen as closer to nature...diminished from a eurocentric point of view, and women are seen as closer to nature*”, to sign-post the origin of the ideas for the responder and transition the listener from overt literary criticism to experimental narrative.

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## PODCAST

Please listen with headphones

*“The ecological crisis is gendered at its very root in the constitution of masculine identity, until men are going to be ready to examine that, nothing will change”<sup>1</sup>*

- Ariel Salleh

## PROLOGUE

*FX: Delta waves fade in*

### NARRATOR

I have travelled long and far to reach an existence, where the ancient shell of myself lingers \*pause\* elsewhere. Welcome. I have waited for you to join us. In light of the collaboration between the “Green Flame” podcasting station and Australia’s, “Antic magazine”, deep green resistance ecofeminist theory meets experimental narrative.

Beat.

I now reside in a place of biodiverse equality; a place only possible once you have emerged from your chrysalids \*echo effect\*.

*Radio glitch interrupts delta waves<sup>2</sup>. Narrators verse played through a radio. Diatonic melodic piano motif accompanies<sup>3</sup>.*

Dragging like a stringless marionette, lingering amidst my swollen debts,  
but, Momentum lies where you denaturalize

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- 1 Yellow Brick Cinema - Relaxing Music. (2020). 8 Hour Deep Sleep Music: Delta Waves, Relaxing Music Sleep, Sleeping Music, Sleep Meditation, 159. [Online Video]. 22 June 2014. Available from: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=txQ6t4yPIMO>. [Accessed: 12 May 2020].
  - 2 Apache Ntv (2016). Tv Glitch Sound Effects. YouTube. Available at: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7FS\\_VMyVEc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7FS_VMyVEc) [Accessed 17 may. 2020].
  - 3 3214 1390

*Second radio glitch. Robert Lawlor interview excerpt “transformational tours 2017”<sup>4</sup> plays.*

LAWLOR

*“The material world is completely malleable, but when man places the exploitation and the manipulation of matter at the very centre of society, it is a signal of severe degeneration.”*

*Third radio glitch<sup>5</sup>. Abrupt excerpt from interview “Ecofeminism as politics – Valentina Risaliti” plays.*

SALLEH

*“Indigenous people are seen as closer to nature, so they are diminished from Eurocentric point of view, and women are seen as closer to nature”<sup>6</sup>*

*Beat. Chromatic harp scale from “Prophesy” by Bobby Krlic plays. The interview continues to play whilst the radio channel change effect plays under.*

SALLEH

*”This hegemonic unconscious is based off of metaphors –*

*Shift from non-diegetic to diegetic sound as the interview quality becomes more static. Radio tuning sound continues.*

*which are dichotomies, where nature vs culture, reason vs chaos and in every case.....”*

*fade.*

#### **SCENE 1: INT. PARVAS APARTMENT**

*FX: White noise fade in<sup>7</sup>. “Miroirs No. 2, Oiseaux Triste”<sup>8</sup> by Ravel slowly fades in. sustained.*

PARVA

*Fiddling with radio knobs. Agitated.*

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- 4 Channel [J (2017). Robert Lawlor 1. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=YxXqFCUaNsY> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].
  - 5 Apache Ntv (2016). Tv Glitch Sound Effects. YouTube. Available at: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7FS\\_VMyVEc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7FS_VMyVEc) [Accessed 17 may. 2020].
  - 6 Risaliti, V. (2017). Ariel Salleh, Ecofeminism as politics (interview). YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Gl5TjFOIXes> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].
  - 7 White Noise Black Screen | Sleep, Study, Focus, Soothe a Baby | 10 Hours. (2018). YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nMfPqeZjc2c> [Accessed 8 Dec. 2019].
  - 8 Xandertrax (2010). Ravel - Miroirs No. 2, “Oiseaux Triste” Sheet Music + Audio. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=trN06fsSRdM> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

Damn it! Its not... \*grunts\* Working!

NARRATOR

To tell my story, I must tell her story, her story is our story.

*Chewing on cuticles plays under.<sup>9</sup>*

NARRATOR

Parva Young had a poor habit of gnawing at the dead skin next to the corner of her fingernails. Finger by finger her incisors would tear at her cuticles and she would feel the jagged niblets catch on the inside of her throat. There was a sort of rhythm to it.

*Beat. Cuticle chewing is exposed for four beats and then stops.*

NARRATOR

Parva tilted her head upward and gazed at the woman in the mirror. The remnants of the makeup she had applied for the office could no longer conceal the lines of her dehydrated complexion from an age of apartment living. She thumbed the crevices of the bulbous nose that she had inherited from her father, agitating her rosacea.

*Faucet turns<sup>10</sup>. running water plays underneath dialogue<sup>11</sup>. Car and traffic jam sounds fade in<sup>12</sup>.*

NARRATOR

Parva heard the dissonant chorus of the car engines that sneered at the landscape surrounding her apartment complex through the triple-glazed glass. She looked down on them, as they weaved in and out of each other on the Cahill expressway like a deck of cards being shuffled. A red ghost rolled across the sky; abandoning its luster on the now teal harbor, an omen for everyone's attention but no one's actions. Parva reached for her fingernail as she watched the orange blanket of haze reach its fingers across the Barangaroo skyline.

Beat.

The world now was a sphere that had been carved in half where self and other, nature and culture seemed –

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9 3214 1390 - Wo(e)-Man's land

10 3214 1390

11 Ibid

12 Ibid

PARVA

Ouch! Step back a little?

NARRATOR

Whoops! Sorry..

PARVA

*\*muttered under breath\** I need some fresh air

*Radio tune and glitch sound plays<sup>3</sup>. Vibrant background commercial music<sup>4</sup> plays under radio advertisement. All other sounds cut out.*

ADVERTISEMENT

oh. Speaking of, here is OXYease!, Canister to mouth, this oxygen sourced from the thermosphere will clear. Your. Mind. And make you feel Alive! Alive to keep you Alive!. 4 canisters for four days? Easy! Only \$39.9999999

*Radio glitch sound<sup>5</sup> plays concluding the advertisement.*

PARVA

*\*To herself\** I need more than air to breathe...

*Walking sound plays as she walks into the kitchenette<sup>6</sup>. Traffic ambiance crescendos<sup>7</sup> as she moves closer. White noise and "Miroirs No. 2, Oiseaux Triste"<sup>8</sup> by Ravel slowly fade back in.*

NARRATOR

Entering the kitchenette. Parva noticed the discarded jardinière she had discovered last week from excavations from the –

*Radio glitch sound plays. Excerpt from "Inside Crown's landmark \$2bn Sydney tower"<sup>9</sup> - Nine*

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13 Apache Ntv (2016). Tv Glitch Sound Effects. YouTube. Available at:[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7FS\\_VMyVEc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7FS_VMyVEc) [Accessed 17 may. 2020]

14 Vibrant Musics (2020). Free vibrant music for commercial use. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Eg7ixgCalsU> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

15 Apache Ntv (2016). Tv Glitch Sound Effects. YouTube. Available at:[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7FS\\_VMyVEc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7FS_VMyVEc) [Accessed 17 may. 2020]

16 3214 1390

17 Ibid

18 Xandertrax (2010). Ravel - Miroirs No. 2, "Oiseaux Triste" Sheet Music + Audio. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=trN06fsSRdM> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

19 9 News Australia (2019). Inside Crown's landmark \$2bn Sydney tower | Nine News Australia. YouTube. Available at: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=\\_5AxcQc4C5s&t=1s](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=_5AxcQc4C5s&t=1s) [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].



*News Australia plays, altered through radio. All sounds cut out.*

NINE NEWS

2.2 Billion Dollar, Crown Sydney! -

*Radio glitch sound plays, Concluding excerpt. Traffic ambiance, white noise and "Miroirs No. 2, Oiseaux Triste"<sup>20</sup> by Ravel slowly fade back in.*

NARRATOR

Tearing away from stories and circles told by middens and circles of truth. Parva noticed that the seedlings she planted last week were sprouting, into the saplings of daisies! Combatting the anesthetized scent from the cleaners.

*All sounds cut out, except parva's dialogue and "Miroirs No. 2, Oiseaux Triste"<sup>21</sup> by Ravel which continue.*

NARRATOR

You natural Beauties! *\*inhale and exhale\* \*echo effect\**

*Jardinière begins to shake and rumble.<sup>22</sup>*

NARRATOR

*\*astounded\** Parva backed into the corner of her kitchenette. The Jardinière cracking in two, unfolding the birth of the Underland.

*A cacophony of sounds crescendo in a staggered arrangement. "Reflets Dans l'Eau"<sup>23</sup> by Debussy, Earthquake sound effect<sup>24</sup>, timpani musical phrase<sup>25</sup>,*

## SCENE 2 : EXT. THE UNDERLAND

NARRATOR

sundrenched slopes and shadowing overstories, teeming with unprecedented buzzing, scratching, crawling and the faint kiss of

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20 Xandertrax (2010). *Ravel - Miroirs No. 2, "Oiseaux Triste" Sheet Music + Audio*. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=trN06fsSRdM> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

21 ibid

22 3214 1390

23 Medtnaculus (2016). *Claude Debussy - Images (Complete)*. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L47SRueOgt8&t=95s> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

24 Motion Array (2018). *Destruction Earthquake Sound Effects*. YouTube. Available at: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JSxCl\\_Ma\\_A8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=JSxCl_Ma_A8) [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

25 3214 1390

unseen legs lay before her. Fire set dahlias and healthy grasses glowed and trembled under the soft stings of light; giving way to golden streams dancing above the pool where dragonflies, bobbed and bounced. Sulphur crested cockatoos and honey eaters preferred the dank security of the hidden depths of the scrub, patiently waiting for the warmth of the day to elapse.

The middle of this Eden bore a colossal eucalyptus tree and when the leaves caught the light, it projected swaying and dancing arrowhead shapes on the grass below her feet. The fragrant aroma of menthol, honey and peppermint sung in her sinuses as she breathed in deeply. She could hear the trees whispering to each other, she could almost hear a kind of anxiety embedded in their dialect.

*Inaudible layered whispering sounds fade in, emphasis on words "Ruptured", "shadowed land"<sup>26</sup>.  
Eva enters.*

EVA

*\*Intrigued\** What are you looking for?

NARRATOR

Parva caught sight of a small girl perched in a branch high above her, nestled within the engulfing crown of the shrubbery. Her petite frame and glistening ochre skin when the light caught it stared back at her. Their eyes met each other

PARVA

*\*Caught off guard\** I...I was just listening! To the trees

EVA

Climb up here, you'll get a better view

NARRATOR

Parva nervously latched onto the gum tree and heaved herself upwards,

*Parva out of breath and exhaustion climbs the tree. Trees and branches rustling underneath<sup>27</sup>.*

she couldn't remember the last time she climbed a tree. The girl when Parva was halfway up, threw out her hand and helped her.

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PARVA

*\*exhausted\** Thank you!

*Tree rustling<sup>28</sup> fade out.*

NARRATOR

As Parva's words left her mouth, she could see in front of her the jaws of a metamorphic slate, rising from the ground like teeth, and behind them, on the far horizon lay a vast cityscape.

EVA

Over there is where you've been, but here is where you should be.

NARRATOR

The scene was framed by the panoramic image of glossy woodland and grassland resting to the golden banks of the inland sea where glimmering salt collected on the shore. Parva's joints loosened and her diaphragm released. The girl then muttered a sentence ending with –

EVA

Eva

*Beat.*

this is the Underland

PARVA

Is that dark valley? Part of the Underland?

EVA

The shadowed land? Yes, or, was part of the underland. You must go there first, before you travel far and wide, down to the fields of gold.

PARVA

*\*confused\** What happened there? What are the fields of gold?

EVA

You'll understand. What's left of the inhabitants of the Bulgari will guide you.

NARRATOR

Parva took one last glance at Eva

PARVA

Thank you!

NARRATOR

Then alighted from the tree and combed through the fiery gums. She then reached the downpour.

*All sounds fade out suddenly. Silence.*

NARRATOR

*\*confronted\** a cocktail of blood and dirt, which instigated the rain dance of a thousand swan corpses.

**SCENE 3 : EXT. THE SHADOWLAND** *FX: "Gassed" by Bobby Klirc<sup>29</sup>, a cool wind and a muffled drone sound<sup>30</sup> slowly fade in. Sustained.*

NARRATOR

A lake placed in the heart of the shrubbery was now spun inside out.. A Savage arm of heat channelled the breeze as a river of sparks, which withered the landscape surrounding into decaying hues of grey. It lapped and licked every orifice of the lake as it crumbled into white dust.

*Beat.*

Parva then caught sight of a girl perched under a blanket of shadows cast by the mangroves, on the bank of the now ancient swamp, where she was nursing a limp black swan in her arms. Parva took her left hand out to gnaw on her fingers. This girl then turned to her right and stared into the crater, into oblivion. What was she thinking?

*Radio glitch<sup>31</sup>. Oblivia's monologue fade in, playing through a radio.*

OBLIVIA

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29 Original Soundtrack (2019). *Gassed | Midsommar OST*. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XjdvqW58J3M> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

30 Bluezone Corporation (2012). *Eerie Sounds, Dark Ambiences, Scary Sound Effects, Dark Cinematic Sample Library*. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2tnJEqXSs24&t=76s> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

31 Apache Ntv (2016). *Tv Glitch Sound Effects*. YouTube. Available at: [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7FS\\_VMyVEc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7FS_VMyVEc) [Accessed 17 may. 2020].

There is this virus that lays dormant inside my brain, hard to believe a virus could get sucked into vomiting bad history over the sunburnt plains, it manufactures really dangerous ideas as arsenal. Burning the plains. The virus is nostalgia for foreign things. This is the quest to regain sovereignty over my own brain after modern man had become the new face of God, and had simply sacrificed the whole earth. \*sarcastictone\* Mother Nature? Ha! Who knew how many hearts she could tear out, In every neck of these woods people walked in the imagination of dooms-dayers and talked the language of extinction. The virus that I want it wants, where it dreams in my diseased mind.

*Radio glitch*<sup>32</sup>. "Gassed" by Bobby Klirc<sup>33</sup>, a cool wind and the muffled drone<sup>34</sup> sound fade back in.

PARVA

*\*astounded\** Who has answers for this.

NARRATOR

*\*Confused\** Are there answers for this?

PARVA

There must be! The ash...the disfigured landscape? The demise?

NARRATOR

The girl then slowly rose her head upwards. Her eyes swollen like bags of bleach. She dragged her slender frame toward Parva and intertwined her fingers with hers. She tried to speak but only raspy tones left her lips

PARVA

*\*to herself\** Is she...Aphasic?

NARRATOR

Another woman, across the lake, sat crouched and swam her hand through the diseased dark pool in an lemsnicate pattern, feeling the shrapnel and clotted roots collide with her knuckles. She had a noble frame with white

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32 *ibid*

33 Original Soundtrack (2019). *Gassed | Midsommar OST*. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XjdvGw58J3M> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

34 Bluezone Corporation (2012). *Eerie Sounds, Dark Ambiences, Scary Sound Effects, Dark Cinematic Sample Library*. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2tnJEqXs24&t=76s> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

hair that contrasted her ochre skin

*Soprano and alto harmonic phrase fade in<sup>35</sup>. "Gassed" by Bobby Klirc<sup>36</sup>, a cool wind and the muffled drone<sup>37</sup> sound diminish in volume. Song woman enters, wise and assertive.*

SONG WOMAN

How can I remember the eloquence of my voice?  
This morning I deserted the Bulgari.  
Too excavated to recall the beauty we planted,  
It now lays sterile under the heavy sun

Eloquence now remains antiquitous,  
under the willows of the Djap Wurrung,  
which our children will never encounter.  
They now speak a language clotted with ancient metaphor.

The skewed priorities of our successors,  
Permeate the domestic sphere of our being,  
Where foreign priorities outweigh our mothers' roots, Becoming manifest  
in our clouded practices,

By the banks of Swan Lake  
where there isn't any swamp.  
I try to remember such eloquence,  
Where the crater and pyre aimlessly gaze back at me, blurring such ancient  
radiance.

*Beat.*

NARRATOR

Parva, for once, was silent. The Song Woman understood that the young gubba was close to understanding and so she continued.

SONG WOMAN

You need to travel forward now, through the petted forest and trained vines, then, you will find a place, where the wind and sun gently caresses

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36 Original Soundtrack (2019). *Gassed* / *Midsommar* OST. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=XjdvGw58J3M> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

37 Bluezone Corporation (2012). *Eerie Sounds, Dark Ambiences, Scary Sound Effects, Dark Cinematic Sample Library*. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2tnJEqXSs24&t=76s> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

the golden glade that lies under it. This tale is told \*spoken in Yugambeh language\*

*Beat. Tree rustling sound fade in*<sup>38</sup>.

NARRATOR

We travelled far north, to where the song woman gestured. The morning canvas was dappled with splashes of magenta and mauve tinctures elongated across the firmament.

*“Gassed” by Bobby Klirc, a cool wind and the muffled drone sound fade out. “Fire Temple”<sup>39</sup> by Bobby Klirc and Rainforest bird sounds fades in.*

Through the jaws of the metamorphic slate sculpted by the raindrops of eons, and the glossy woodland, through the Swan Lake, we reached the destination, “Herland”

#### SCENE 4: EXT. HERLAND

*FX: “Fire Temple”<sup>40</sup> by Bobby Klirc and Rainforest bird sounds<sup>41</sup> fades in and exposed for 30 seconds. Sustained.*

NARRATOR

This glade \*pause\* was something entrancing. A gynocentric civilisation that was flowering like the healthy grasses that glowed below the blinding canopy of light, where these women organically engineered an agrarian Eden. It had taken time but it had not seemed impossible to them to plant, by hand, each tree in this new forest. Edible trees; Finger limes, Kakadu plum, ice-plants. Their empathy for their home permeated the aura of this place, where they ran, harvested and existed in a civilisation for fifteen hundred years. The practical result was like that in any healthy forest; an increasingly valuable soil was being built, instead of the progressive impoverishment so often seen in the rest of the world.

PARVA

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39 Milan Records USA (2019). Bobby Klirc - *Fire Temple from Midsommar OST*. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fd014slrTgM> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

40 Milan Records USA (2019). Bobby Klirc - *Fire Temple from Midsommar OST*. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fd014slrTgM> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

41 Rain Sound and Rainforest Animals Sound - Relaxing Sleep. (2014). YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8myYyMg1fFE> [Accessed 4 Sep. 2019].

Somehow *\*pause\** I knew it ought to be like this.

NARRATOR

And as I learned ... to appreciate what these women had accomplished, the less proud I was of what we, with all our manhood, had done.

*“Fire Temple”<sup>42</sup> by Bobby Klirc and Rainforest bird sounds<sup>43</sup> swell in volume then fade out.*

#### SCENE 5 : EXT. EPILOGUE

*FX: Radio glitch<sup>44</sup>. “Spaces” by Girl in Red<sup>45</sup> plays after the glitch. Plays for approx.. 10 seconds and sustained*

NARRATOR

Our journey today couldn't be completed without recognising the works from some important literary figures. Between Robert Lawlors, “Earth Honouring”, positing the role of eco-masculine agency to denaturalize androcentric dualisms, furthered through fertilizing Sociologist Ariel Salleh and her writings on ecofeminism, such a story would remain uncovered. The journey through the shadow land, representative of Alex Wrights Hyper-postmodern indigenous dystopia, “swan book”, all the way to the fields of gold, alluding to Charlotte Perkins Gilman's ecofeminist utopia “herland”, I truly hope that this experimental reimagination of literary critique has helped you to consider that the very crux of ecological crisis is inherently gendered. Finally, Thank You to the “green flame” and antic magazine for bringing this story to life with this collaboration, this is the intervention we needed.

*“Spaces”<sup>46</sup> by Girl In Red Fades out. Radio glitch and radio tuning sound<sup>47</sup> cut off the dialogue and fade in. sustained. Narrators verse played through a radio again. Diatonic melodic piano motif accompanies<sup>48</sup>.*

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42 Milan Records USA (2019). Bobby Krlic - *Fire Temple from Midsommar* OST. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=fd014slrTgM> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

43 Rain Sound and Rainforest Animals Sound - Relaxing Sleep. (2014). YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=8myYyMgIfFE> [Accessed 4 Sep. 2019].

44 Apache Ntv (2016). Tv Glitch Sound Effects. YouTube. Available at:[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7FS\\_VMyVEc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7FS_VMyVEc) [Accessed 17 may. 2020].

45 Girl in Red (2019). *spaces*. YouTube. Available at: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=vF6ObrNwjo4> [Accessed 20 Aug. 2020].

46 Ibid

47 Apache Ntv (2016). Tv Glitch Sound Effects. YouTube. Available at:[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7FS\\_VMyVEc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=L7FS_VMyVEc) [Accessed 17 may. 2020].

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Dragging like a stringless marionette, lingering amidst my swollen debts,  
but, Momentum lies where you denaturalize

*Fade Out. End.*

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## VISUAL ARTS

# Paddy O'Brien

## “In search of monsters”

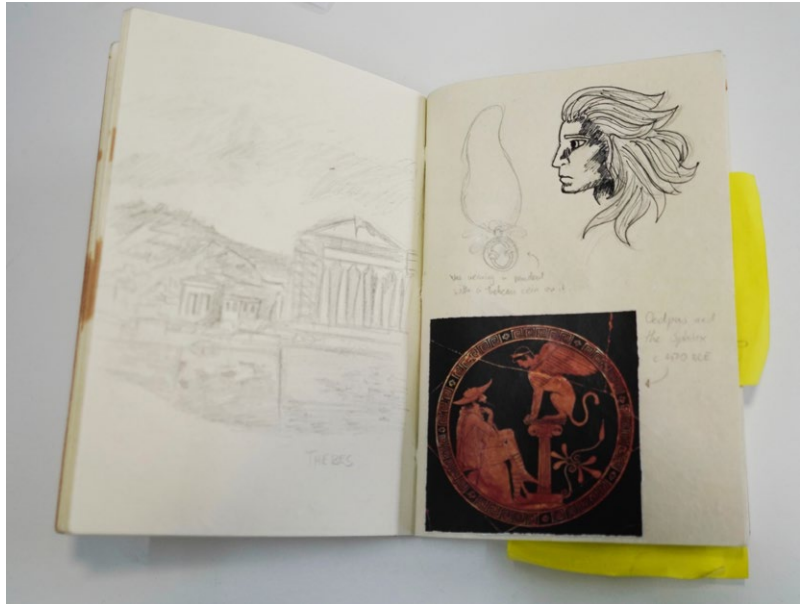
### REFLECTION STATEMENT

*“[They] uphold morality, enforce taboos, connect to divinity, warn against dangers and, most importantly, entertain.” (Simon Young)*

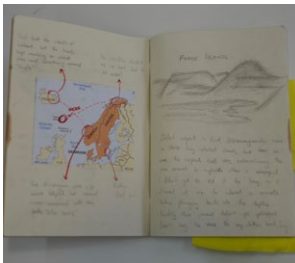
Mythological creatures were a staple of ancient cultures, often used to either explain seemingly supernatural anomalies and dangers of nature, or to populate epic poems and grandiose tales of heroism. These creatures, in a way, embody the values and ideals of the cultures they originate from; Greek and Norse creatures are often used as antagonists to evaluate their ideals of heroism and grandeur, creatures from Japanese and European folklore explore the mysticism and deception of natural phenomena, and cultures such as Inuit and Aztec use creatures to outline the dangers of the world and how it came to be in the first place. Some even argue that these creatures embody what it means to be human, overcoming seemingly insurmountable odds to survive, and using them to warn and entertain new generations. However, as society has progressed and science continues to develop, the importance of these creatures has declined, as the elements they were used to rationalise have now been explained and rationalised.

I've had an acute fascination with such creatures and their cultural significance ever since I was young. Through my work, I wanted to rediscover the mysticism behind these ancient creatures, and examine their role in this modern society. I chose to use charcoal to emulate the raw materials many of these cultures used to originally tell these stories, paying homage to these creatures' ancient roots. The torch is a symbol most associated with discovery, and its prevalence throughout these works punctuates this idea. The accompanying journal helps tie the works together, providing more information on the creatures and their significance, as well as adding a level of personalisation to convey this idea of the long journey taken to discover such magical beasts and their forgotten significance, perhaps mirroring the grand tales of adventure these creatures spawned from.











# Thomas Hatzidis

## Performance & Composition

Performance – Footpath, Dave Samuels

Performance – Snare con Queso, John Willmarth

Performance – Endure, Tommy Igoe

Performance – Get to it, Dave Weckl

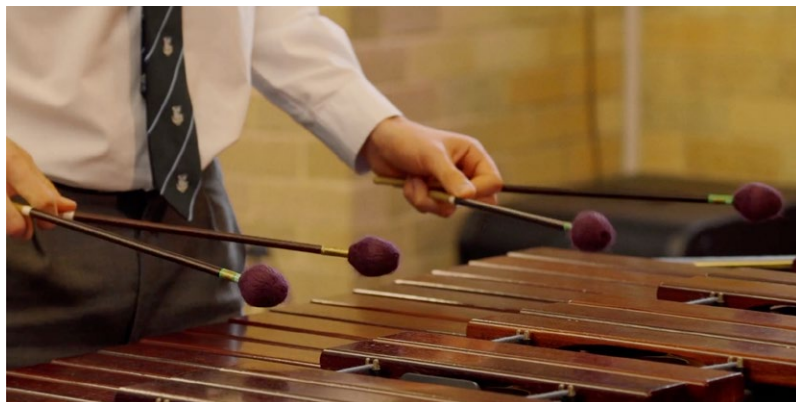
Composition – Clave con Actitud (*included in digital publication*)

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

Over the past year, spending numerous hours in The Woods, I embarked on a journey of selecting, practicing and perfecting three drum pieces, a snare solo and a marimba solo. With the help of my classroom teachers, Mr Walder and Mr Watters, as well as input from Mr Bellemore, I was able to select five pieces which explored and presented my technical skillset successfully whilst incorporating my creative musical flair through multiple improvisation opportunities. The composers of these pieces vary from jazz fusion drummer, Dave Weckl, to Dave Samuels, a master of the mallets, perfecting both marimba and vibraphone. The technical perfection of these composers inspired me to constantly better my own grip techniques, different playing styles and the creation of varied tone colours. This year presented many challenges; not being able to play alongside band members, I was restricted to myself, my drum kit and a backing track.

For 14 years, the fruits of music have captivated me and I have come to learn that music is a place of passion and exuberance. Although I have had to endure long practise sessions and dedicate a lot of time to these challenging pieces over my HSC year, I felt as though I have grown individually both musically and creatively. Toward the conclusion of my year, I have been able to share my talent through professional video opportunities provided by Mr Watters and the extended Music Faculty. With the guidance of Peter Neville and Shaun Tarring, music has gifted me lifelong friendships and cherished memories, for it is a unique medium through which I can express myself, pursue my passions and freely create.





**THOMAS HATZIDIS**

PERFORMANCE - FOOTPATH, DAVE SAMUELS

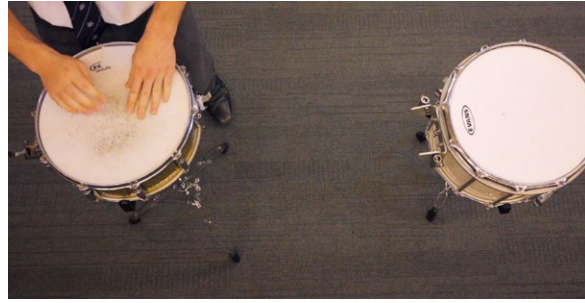
PERFORMANCE - SNARE CON QUESO, JOHN WILLMARTH

PERFORMANCE - ENDURE, TOMMY IGOE

PERFORMANCE - GET TO IT, DAVE WECKL

COMPOSITION - CLAVE CON ACTITUD (INCLUDED IN DIGITAL PUBLICATION)







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**THOMAS HATZIDIS**

PERFORMANCE - FOOTPATH, DAVE SAMUELS

PERFORMANCE - SNARE CON QUESO, JOHN WILLMARTH

PERFORMANCE - ENDURE, TOMMY IGOE

PERFORMANCE - GET TO IT, DAVE WECKL

COMPOSITION - CLAVE CON ACTITUD (INCLUDED IN DIGITAL PUBLICATION)





# Sam Pearson

## Acoustic guitar, electric guitar and stool

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

For my 2020 Industrial Technology Major Work I wanted to challenge myself to create something that was unique and functional, combining two great passions: craftsmanship and music. I also wanted to keep it for the rest of my life. So, with a love of playing the guitar, it seemed only fitting for me to build a guitar for my major work, and the decision to make two contributed to the challenge, with each instrument creating uniquely different sounds and playability. And of course, every guitarist needs a stool, so I threw that in the mix too. For me, guitar building was a completely different planet of woodworking, with little experience to lean on from the school, so research from the outset was critical to ensure that I was confident to actually do this before committing to constructing the guitars. In my search for the appropriate timber to build guitars, focusing initially on the acoustic, I stumbled across Wheeler Custom Lutherie and I purchased Trevor Gore and Gerard Gilet's *Contemporary Acoustic Guitar Design and Build* set volumes 1 and 2. Reading these books really exposed the amount of detail that goes into guitar building and gave me a great understanding of how to go about this major work. Having access to the workshop and mentoring from the author, I was convinced I could pull it off, so I set out to design, construct, and produce essentially two functional works of musical art: guitars with details covered down to the final millimetre on the inlays and the reflection of the finishing.

Through the duration of approximately 350 hours to the major work, I aspired to finish the project maintaining a high quality throughout its entirety. I spent a large majority of my available spare time during the week in the school workshop and an average of 10 hours every Saturday working from the external lutherie in Botany. Although this was extremely time consuming and hard work, I saw it as a necessary precaution to take, as I was determined to complete my major work.

The sound produced by the acoustic guitar relies purely on the craftsmanship of the wood in the body and neck of the guitar, with variables of size, shape, radius and depth all causing major changes in sound projection and quality. I loved learning the techniques which ultimately taught me to be extremely careful and patient with every

component in construction, and as a result the acoustic today produces the exact sound qualities and definitions I was desiring.

Alternatively, the sound produced by the electric guitar is not only dependent on the craftsmanship of the wood, but also the measuring, placement and incorporation of the electrical components, i.e. wiring, pickups, tone and volume dials, etc. Building the electric allowed me to be more fluid and playful with the design and construction of the electric guitar, using a variety of contrasting wood patterns and inlays throughout the build.

Ultimately, I am very proud to have finished the major work to the highest quality, with the main achievement being the guitars actually playing and playing well. I cannot think of a day that has passed since the guitars were returned that I have not played them. I couldn't be happier with the outcome of my project, and I feel proud that despite the overly ambitious idea at the beginning, I achieved the objectives and will hopefully be playing my guitars to my grandchildren one day as I reflect back on my time as a student of Riverview and the amazing opportunities afforded to me.









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THE KIRCHER COLLECTION  
HSC BODIES OF WORK FROM  
THE CLASS OF 2020

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TECHNOLOGICAL &  
APPLIED STUDIES  
ACOUSTIC GUITAR,  
ELECTRIC GUITAR AND  
STOOL

## DRAMA

# Oliver Murrie

## Fly Me to the Moon (Inspired by *The Glass Menagerie* by Tennessee Williams)

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

My HSC Individual Performance is a reimagining of Tom Wingfield's monologue from the 1940s American Realism play *The Glass Menagerie* by Tennessee Williams. Williams' autobiographical monologue captures a meaningful journey of a young man, Tom, seeking an escape from his dull existence and the turbulent relationship with his mother for a greater purposeful adventure. The performance is set during the bleak economic period of the 1930s, a time which affected Americans economically and physiologically.

In order to bring Tom and, by extension, Williams' story to life, I researched both the social landscape of the 1930s and Williams' past, including the tense relationship he had with his mother, reflected in the play through Amanda Wingfield. By researching and understanding the struggles of Williams and the average middle class 1930s American, I was able to embody these attributes into my portrayal of Tom and enhance my conviction. Directorially, I attempted to achieve an intimate actor-audience relationship through close stage directions and theatrical sides, contrasted with Tom's intense exchange with his mother, to make the audience truly feel each sentiment. My rehearsal process, based on Stanislavski's techniques, consisted of finding reason behind each of Tom's lines. Despite the effectiveness of this technique in finding the truthfulness of Tom, he became one-dimensional, only demonstrating resentment. This encouraged me to insert further text which revealed a loving, personable side to Tom, helping to further empathise with the audience.

Inspired by the play, I was moved to centre my piece around a staircase, symbolic of Tom's desired escape from his painful mother and monotonous life. When further developing my set, I chose to signify Tom's mother and father through props. A wooden chair, stage right as Amanda, stiff and conservative and an empty picture frame, stage



left as Tom's absent father, highlighting their significance to Tom. I also moulded Frank Sinatra's famous song 'Fly Me to the Moon' into the piece, successfully emphasising Tom's desire for escape from life's confinement, evoking the same sense of wonder within the audience. It's my hope that my reimagining of Williams' play sparks within audiences the idea that instead of striving and imagining for escape, we must simply take action.

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## SCRIPT

*A portable staircase sits on stage left. To stage right sits a lonesome chair and table. Tom enters centre stage carrying a suitcase as a distant train is heard. He puts the suitcase on the ground.*

TOM

This is me, returning from my job with the continental shoemakers, the day-in day-out of my life. It's simple, boring, tiresome, repetitive, all the things I would like to think I'm not...Man is by instinct a lover, a hunter, a fighter, and none of those instincts are given much play at the warehouse.

*Beat.*

Let us begin.

I was trapped in a four-wall existence that I grudgingly return home to every night.

*Beat.*

To my mother, Amanda, my sister, Laura... and my long absent father. He was a telephone man who fell in love with long distances, and skipped the light fantastic out of town.... His memory strangely revered by a larger than life size photograph that dominates our mantelpiece.

He has left me a legacy that I do not find easy to be a part of, my role in it to be the sole conspirator in the failure of all our lives.

*Beat*

Mother was a woman of actions as well as words.

*He moves in front of the stairs.*

I was watching the moon....

*Tom begins singing and dancing in a dreamy state.*

Fly me to the moon. Let me play among the stars-

I'll be in soon Mother.

Coming Mother!!

*He exhales. He begins walking to the chair stage right.*

It had been almost an hour since I returned home, there was very little doubt that Mother would soon find something wrong with what I was doing.

Tonight, it was the barbaric manner in which I ate dinner.

*Tom sits on the chair, imitating his mother.*

"Honey, don't push with your fingers. If you have to push something, the thing to push with is a crust of bread. And chew - chew! Animals have secretions in their stomach which enable them to digest food without mastication, but human beings are supposed to chew their food before they swallow it down. Eat food leisurely, son, and really enjoy it. A well-cooked meal has lots of delicate flavors that have to be held in the mouth for appreciation. So, chew your food and give your salivary glands a chance to function!"

I haven't enjoyed one bit of this dinner because of your constant directions on how to eat it. It's you that makes me rush through meals with your hawk-like attention to every bite I take. Sickening - spoils my appetite - all this discussion of - animal's secretion - salivary glands - mastication!

*He pauses for a moment. He begins to walk towards the staircase then stops and turns back.*

Like, what in Christ's name am I supposed to do!?!... Ohhh. That's right Mother. No...

I haven't gone out of my senses, I've been driven out of them, by you! Just listen! I have no thing, no single thing... in my life, that I call my own... Why everything is... Yesterday! You confiscated my books - my books! You had the nerve to... And that insane Mr Lawrence in your house?! YOUR house!?!...

Who pays the rent on it?! Who makes a slave of himself in that warehouse every damn day!?!...

You think I'm crazy about the warehouse? You think I'm in love with the continental shoemakers? You think that I want to spend fifty-five years of my life down there in that Celotex interior with fluorescent tubes!?! Look, I'd rather somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains than I go back in the mornings! But I go! Every time you come in yelling that Goddamn 'Rise and shine! Rise and shine!', I think to myself how lucky dead people are!... But I get up, and I go. For sixty-five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and ever being. And you say that self - self's all I think of. Why, listen Mother, if self is what I thought of, I'd be where he is - GONE! As far as the system of transportation reaches!

I'm going to the movies.

*Tom walks to the staircase, in a rage.*

No... No, I'm going to the opium dens.

*He laughs.*

Yes, the opium dens. Dens of vice and criminals' hangouts, Mother. I've joined the Hogan gang, I'm a hired assassin, I carry a tommy gun around in a violin case. They call me killer, Killer Wingfield.

*He jumps down the stairs. Runs around the front of the stage to the chair stage right.*

That's right, I'm leading a double life, simple honest warehouse worker by day, and by night a dynamic tsar of the underworld. I wear a patch over one eye and a false moustache, sometimes I even put on green whiskers. On those occasions, they call me El Diablo... Oh I could tell you things that would make you sleepless. My enemies plan to dynamite this place. They're going to blow us sky high some night! You ugly babbling old witch!

*He sits back on the seat, becoming the mother again.*

"Go to the movies, just go, go to the moon you selfish dreamer".

*Tom begins to slowly walk towards the staircase.*

I didn't go to the moon. I went much further, I left St. Louis. and followed in my father's footsteps.

*Tom sits down at the front of the staircase.*

I would have stopped but I was pursued by something...

...taking me by surprise.

My sister touches my shoulder. I turn around and look into her eyes...

*Tom begins to descend the staircase again and stands behind the picture frame.*

I tried to leave you all behind, but I have been more faithful than I ever intended to be!... So, blow out your candles Mother and so good bye.

*Lights slowly fade down. A distant train is heard again which gradually fades out.*





ENGLISH

# James Fitzgibbon

## (De)Naturalising the Novel: Deconstructing Anthropocentric Narratives within Contemporary Climate Fiction

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

As the thick and acrid smoke settled over Sydney in the early months of 2020, the true scale of anthropogenic climate change was glimpsed by our society - it seeped its way into the very fabric of our lives as we began to contend with our own fallibility as humans and the narratives that we construct in order to defer responsibility for our existential climate woes. Within my critical response titled “(De)Naturalising the Novel: Deconstructing Anthropocentric Narratives within Contemporary Climate Fiction” I sought to confront how the natural world within contemporary Climate Fiction (Cli-fi) is depicted, criticising anthropocentric representations of the non-human world that have revealed themselves as ingrained within the genre. As an ecocritical essay, my major work seeks to explore the “*the relationship between literature and the physical environment*”<sup>1</sup>. Moreover, I examine this relationship within the framework of third wave ecocriticism, deconstructing three Cli-fi novels that each occupy their own niche along the spectrum of the genre. Through the lens of Timothy Morton’s notion of the ecological *Hyperobject*<sup>2</sup> and Object-Oriented Ontology. I suggest that anthropocentric tropes within Cli-fi are mitigated through denaturalising arbitrary dualisms between the human and non-human worlds and representing, rather, the interdependent relationship that exists between the two. The three novels I investigate, *White Noise*, *Flight Behaviour* and *The Overstory* seek to expose the anthropocentric depictions of the natural world and pitted against each, it is clear that *The Overstory* proves to contend with the natural world in an authentic manner.

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- 1 Cheryl Glofelty, Harold Fromm, *The Ecocritical Reader* (Athens: The University of Georgia Press, 1996), xviii.
  - 2 Timothy Morton, *Hyperobjects, Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World*, (Minnesota: Minneapolis, 2013), 12.

## CRITICAL RESPONSE

### (De)Naturalising the Novel: Deconstructing Anthropocentric Narratives within Contemporary Climate Fiction

*My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings;  
Look on my Works, ye Mighty, and despair!  
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
Of that colossal Wreck, boundless and bare  
The lone and level sands stretch far away.*  
(Percy Bysshe Shelley, *Ozymandias*)

One of the world's leading climate change scientists, Professor James Hansen, recently commented on the role of the novel in influencing social thought, that;

“We need to find ways of communicating not just the scale of the problem but its ethical dimensions...the novel should be perfectly suited to this task....Using the mimetic possibilities of fiction to communicate ideas.”<sup>3</sup>

Depictions of the natural world within contemporary Climate Fiction (Cli-fi) inherently contain attitudes about the relationships that human beings have with their environment. In a post-human world that understands *human and non-human as one*<sup>4</sup> due to the realities of climate change, it would be presumed that representations in contemporary fiction would reflect this viewpoint. Instead, as articulated by third-wave ecocritics,<sup>5</sup> Cli-fi continues to contain deeply ingrained anthropocentric, human-centric, perspectives that give rise to a counterproductive assumed position of human privilege. The result? Literary constructions that diminish the voice and agency of these natural entities within the novel, and ironically support the dualisms that consign nature and culture to binary oppositions.

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3 Caspar Henderson, “The best Climate Change Novels”, *Five Books*, <https://fivebooks.com/best-books/climate-change-novels/>

4 Rosi Braidotti, *The Posthuman*, (Cambridge: Polity Press, 2013), [https://ageingcompanions.constantvzw.org/books/The\\_Posthuman\\_-\\_Rosi\\_Braidotti.pdf](https://ageingcompanions.constantvzw.org/books/The_Posthuman_-_Rosi_Braidotti.pdf)

5 Caren Irr, Climate Fiction in English, *Oxford Research Encyclopedia of Literature* (February 2017), 3. 10.1093/acrefore/9780190201098.013.4

Coined in 2013 by journalist Dan Bloom, the Cli-fi genre is defined as “*fictional books that somehow or someway bring real climate change science to the reader*”<sup>6</sup>. More broadly speaking, Cli-fi aims to provide a representation of the relationship between humanity and nature in light of the environmental upheaval of the Anthropocene.

Ecocriticism is defined by Cheryl Glotfelty’s seminal paper *The Ecocritical Reader* as “*the study of the relationship between literature and the physical environment*”<sup>7</sup>. Encountering its first wave during the 1980s<sup>8</sup> ecocriticism developed out of the practices of nature writing and appreciation. It encountered a second wave in the mid 1990s which turned its attention to other literary genres and media, environmental justice, and urban ecology. Recently, *third wave ecocriticism*<sup>9</sup> has emerged from the ecocritical field in which the essays in Astrid Bracke and Marguerite Corporaal’s 2010 issue of *English Studies* express as “*the ambivalence of the contemporary situation in which nature is either idealized or lamented; present or irretrievably lost*”<sup>9</sup>. In his 2016 essay *The Great Derangement: Climate Change and the Unthinkable*<sup>10</sup> ecocritic Amitav Ghosh interrogates the capabilities of the novel in depicting climate change, concluding that contemporary fiction fails to capture the complexity of climate change, and the broader failings of the realist and sci-fi novel in presenting the temporal scales of climate change. Moreover, in light of the Anthropocene, third wave ecocriticism lends itself to reveal the manner in which the apocalypse is presented within Cli-fi<sup>11</sup>. More specifically this is defined by Timothy Morton and his variation on Graham Harman’s Object-Oriented Ontology (OOO).

Through unequivocally rejecting anthropocentrism, OOO maintains that the natural world exists independently from human awareness, that all objects remain fundamentally withdrawn from each other, their interactions remaining unassumed

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- 6 Angela Evancie, “So Hot Right Now: Has Climate Change Created a New Genre?”, *NPR*, April 20, 2013, <https://www.npr.org/2013/04/20/176713022/so-hot-right-now-has-climate-change-created-a-new-literary-genre#:~:text=Live%20Sessions-,So%20Hot%20Right%20Now%3A%20Has%20Climate%20Change%20Created%20A%20New,%20Dfi%2C%22%20for%20short>.
  - 7 Cheryl Glotfelty, Harold Fromm, *The Ecocritical Reader* (Athens: The University of Georgia Press, 1996), xviii.
  - 8 “Ecocriticism (1960-Present),” Purdue University, Accessed August 15, 2020, [https://owl.purdue.edu/owl/subject\\_specific\\_writing/writing\\_in\\_literature/literary\\_theory\\_and\\_schools\\_of\\_criticism/ecocriticism.html#:~:text=First%20and%20Second%20Waves,a%20meaningful%20practice%20\(Buell\)](https://owl.purdue.edu/owl/subject_specific_writing/writing_in_literature/literary_theory_and_schools_of_criticism/ecocriticism.html#:~:text=First%20and%20Second%20Waves,a%20meaningful%20practice%20(Buell)).
  - 9 Astrid Bracke, Marguerite Corporaal, “Ecocriticism and English Studies: An Introduction”, *English Studies* Vol.91, no. 7, (October 27): 710
  - 10 Amitav Ghosh, *The Great Derangement: Climate Change and the Unthinkable*, (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 2016).
  - 11 Erin James and Eric Moel, “Ecocriticism and Narrative Theory: An Introduction, *English Studies*, Vol.99, (July 2018): 356.



and in need of explanation. Morton's notion of the "hyperobject"<sup>12</sup>, has emerged from third-wave ecocriticism as an alternative way through which to view Cli-fi as it explores the ethics of the aesthetic representation of the agency of natural objects<sup>13</sup>. Defined as objects that are "massively distributed in time and space that make us redefine what an object is"<sup>14</sup>, the *hyperobject* reimagines the literary possibilities of environmental discourse absent of references to human subjects. Thus, climate change, and the natural world at large, can be defined as a hyperobject, interacting with human society in temporal and spatial frames that defy conventional understanding.<sup>15</sup> The interactions that these hyperobjects have with other objects are referred to as "uncanny"<sup>16</sup>, which Morton describes as a quality which refers to a state of ecological awareness of interdependent relationships between the human and natural world<sup>17</sup>. Moreover, OOO also rejects foregrounding, the privileging of human objects or nonhuman objects- emphasising an ecocentric rhetoric that moves towards denaturalising the dualisms between nature and culture. This denaturalisation pertains to the dismantling of the barriers between the human and nonhuman worlds, which prove to refute the complex and interdependent interactions that occur between these two objects within the Anthropocene. Ergo, through viewing Cli-fi through the lens of OOO a "nascent ecological awareness"<sup>18</sup> occurs, as both text and responder are confronted with the totality of the natural world, radically repositioning the role of the human to capture authentic representations of nature unhindered by anthropocentrism.

Through viewing Cli-fi within the rhetoric provided by the third-wave ecocriticism of OOO, a clearer understanding of the post-natural condition arises. In that, in an era defined by anthropogenic climate change, which "generates a global form of reactive mutual interdependence of all living organisms, including naturals,"<sup>19</sup> presenting an anthropocentric perspective within Cli-fi refutes the true scale of the natural world. Therefore concealing the interdependent relationship that exists between nature and culture. Therefore, when representing nature within the text, Cli-fi should work towards depictions of the environment that capture the realities of our natural world as complex and reliant not on the human subject.

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12 Timothy Morton, *Hyperobjects, Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World*, (Minnesota: Minneapolis, 2013), 12.

13 *Ibid*, 16

14 *Ibid*, 22.

15 *Ibid*, 15

16 *Ibid*, 12.

17 Timothy Morton, "Poisoned Ground", *sympløke*, Vol. 21, No. 1-2 (2013): 39.

18 Timothy Morton, *Hyperobjects, Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World*, (Minnesota: Minneapolis, 2013), 25.

19 Rosi Braidotti, *The Posthuman*, (Cambridge: Polity Press, 2013), p50. [https://ageingcompanions.constantvzw.org/books/The\\_Posthuman\\_-\\_Rosi\\_Braidotti.pdf](https://ageingcompanions.constantvzw.org/books/The_Posthuman_-_Rosi_Braidotti.pdf)

Henceforth, through Morton's notion of the *hyperobject*, this essay will interrogate the anthropocentric narratives that are engendered along the spectrum of contemporary Cli-fi- seeking to explore what Ghosh describes as "*the place of the non-human within the novel*"<sup>20</sup>. Moreover, it seeks to evaluate the extent to which these novels have succeeded in denaturalising the dualisms between nature and culture in order to generate aesthetic experiences that allow the natural entities within the novel to express their voice. I will begin by demonstrating the limits of Cli-fi realism through deconstructing Barbara Kingsolver's 2012 novel *Flight Behavior*, suggesting that realist depiction of the natural world produces individual human-centric narratives that foreground the perspective of the human objects- nature itself becoming objectified aesthetically and serving as an extension of human catastrophe. Additionally, I will go on to deconstruct Don DeLillo's 1984 novel *White Noise*, proposing that apocalyptic variants of Cli-fi depict the natural world as inherently separate from the human world, engendering anthropocentric tropes through refuting the intrinsic complex interactions arising between human and natural entities. DeLillo presents nature as an absence within the novel, aesthetically concealed and accessible only through uncanny encounters. However, through a final deconstruction of Richard Powers' 2018 novel *The Overstory* I present an emerging form of Cli-fi, demonstrating the capabilities of the genre to contend with the totality of the nature world whilst maintaining a denaturalised aesthetic practice. Furthermore, *The Overstory* proves to affirm the complex interdependent relationships that exist within the Anthropocene.

### **Flight Behaviour**

*The man, whose eye  
Is ever on himself, doth look on one,  
The least of nature's work,  
(William Wordsworth, Lyrical Ballads)*

Stylistically, narrative realism within contemporary Cli-fi, such as Barbara Kingsolver's, *Flight Behaviour* (2012), reveals a tendency to present individual narratives that foreground the human-objects within the narrative. Consequently, realistic Cli-fi often produces objectified aesthetic representations of the natural world whereby the perceived value of nature is only seen in their contribution to the lives of humans. As a result, these texts generate aesthetic experiences that are not representative of agency for the voice of the natural world- that is, they become extensions of the

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20 Amitav Ghosh, *The Great Derangement: Climate Change and the Unthinkable*, (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 2016), 72.

human catastrophe presented within the novels. This misrepresentation of the environment alienates the natural agency required to denaturalise the dualisms that foster anthropocentric assumptions and values.

This is demonstrated in Kingsolver's novel, *Flight Behaviour* (2012). Through a third-person, limited narration, *Flight Behaviour* centers around the story of Dellaboria Turnbow and the events that transpire as a result of the sudden arrival of Monarch butterflies to the rural town of Feathertown in the American Appalachians. The novel presents this occurring as the result of changing weather patterns that have disrupted the butterflies' usual migration path to Mexico due to global warming. Whilst Kingsolver succeeds at *presenting the science of climate change* to responders, Dellaboria herself undergoes a process of discovery. She learns about global warming through lepidopterist Ovid Byron, *Flight Behaviour* remains firmly foregrounded in representing nature through human narratives, arrogantly asserting the human referent instead of *“that of the natural history of the insects, whose strange behaviour would still remain a harbinger of ecosystem collapse and extinction”*<sup>21</sup>. Through presenting the natural objects within *Flight Behaviour* as they are experienced by the humans the novel tends towards depicting an anthropocentric aesthetic experience of the natural world. This form of representation results in the objectification and fragmentation of representations of the natural world that allow no scope for an authentic natural voice to emerge. Thus, Kingsolver unwittingly presents *“a thin slice of an image, a caricature of a piece of global climate”*<sup>22</sup> - affirming the anthropocentric dualisms and subsequently failing to depict the inherent complexity of the natural world's agency.

### Objectification of Nature

A further consequence of foregrounding the human-objects within the novel is the objectification of the natural objects. The first descriptions of the butterflies within the novel, portrayed by Dellaboria in Chapter 1 as, *“leaves, golden darts”*<sup>23</sup> and *“the space between trees”*<sup>24</sup>. These lexically cohesive depictions of the insects serve to reduce the self-determination of the natural objects- condensed into a objectified allusion that refutes nature as being a *“non-unitary subject”*<sup>25</sup>. Moreover, the human characters within *Flight Behaviour* maintain this objectified aesthetic experience of the butterflies and nature at

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21 Timothy Clark, *Ecocriticism on the Edge*, (London: Bloomsbury Academic, 2015), 178.

22 Timothy Morton, *Hyperobjects, Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World*, (Minnesota: Minneapolis, 2013), 73.

23 Barbara Kingsolver, *Flight Behaviour*, (London: Faber and Faber Limited, 2012), 71.

24 Ibid, 72.

25 Rosi Braidotti, *The Posthuman*, (Cambridge: Polity Press, 2013), p49 [https://ageingcompanions.constantvzw.org/books/The\\_Posthuman\\_-\\_Rosi\\_Braidotti.pdf](https://ageingcompanions.constantvzw.org/books/The_Posthuman_-_Rosi_Braidotti.pdf)

large; Dellarobia's religious community, Feathertown, presents a pantheistic aesthetic experience, as "*the beautiful vision of our Lord's abundant garden*"<sup>26</sup>, and "*The valley of lights, the boughs of orange flame*"<sup>27</sup>. These allusions to the books of Exodus prove to de-escalate the expression of climate change within the novel- characterising it instead as a manifestation of divine providence. Comparatively the media within the novel reports of the butterflies' arrival for entertainment, as "*The Battle of the Butterflies*"<sup>28</sup>, which is extended to characterise Dellarobia as "*The Butterfly Venus....standing on the open wings of a huge monarch*"<sup>29</sup>. Moreover, Ovid Byron and his colleagues, the scientists studying the butterflies, present an empirical aesthetic of "*thermal stability*"<sup>30</sup> and "*reading the writing on the wall*"<sup>31</sup> in regards to his work of studying the effects of climate change. These dramatically shifting perspectives between the human characters (the media representation, the community, Dellaboria, and Ovid) present a foregrounded human perspective of nature. Thus, the natural objects are reduced to tokenistic narrative features as the inherent unknowability and withdrawn nature of the natural world becomes revealed, therefore diminishing the voice of nature within the novel.

### Nature as a Synecdoche of the Human

As William Cronon has understood, "[t]he way we describe and understand th[e] world [within literature] is so entangled with our own values and assumptions that the two can never be fully separated"<sup>32</sup>. Whilst there is merit to acknowledge the interobjectivity of our own interactions with nature, this remains reliant on the objectification of nature; that it is only validated through its human perception, thus engendering anthropocentrism. For example, Dellaboria can only actualise climate change as a personal loss, a "*child's temperature elevated by two degrees*"<sup>33</sup>(p.386). By personifying nature as a "child", it infers that sympathy for the environment as an equal counterpart is not sufficient which produces a dualistic aesthetic experience of the natural world. Perhaps more overtly, Ovid declares that "*everything that has brought us here continues without pause*"<sup>34</sup> (385) in regards to the mechanisms of climate change, thereby demonstrating that

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26 Barbara Kingsolver, *Flight Behaviour*, (London: Faber and Faber Limited, 2012), 99.

27 *Ibid*, 182.

28 *Ibid*, 293

29 *Ibid*, 294

30 *Ibid*, 300

31 *Ibid* 384

32 William Cronon, "The Trouble with Wilderness: Or, Getting Back to the Wrong Nature", *Environmental History*, Vol. 1, No. 1 (Jan, 1996): 22.

33 Barbara Kingsolver, *Flight Behaviour*, (London: Faber and Faber Limited, 2012), 386.

34 *Ibid*, 385.

environmental catastrophe within the novel is simply an anthropocentric metaphor of human loss and privilege.

Maggie Kainulainen stipulates that climate change is a “*sublime encounter...while not a walk in the park, is marked by an uncanny and unwanted potency, as one finds oneself implanted in the complex web of interactions that will produce some levels of global catastrophe*”<sup>35</sup>. The realism through which *Flight Behaviour* depicts climate change fails to truly capture the aesthetic experience of nature as a sublime experience. Due to the limited narrative style of the novel, nature can instead only be realised through individual and fragmented narratives that fail to capture the complex web of interactions associated with ecological catastrophe. Emphasised in the final moments of the novel where Dellarobia finds herself facing a terrible flood, she observes that:

“*Here was a dead world learning to speak in dissonant, unbearable sounds. The topsoil, the slim profit margin of this farm, the ground itself, rushed away from her.*” (p593)

Kingsolver is quick to capture the totality of climate change within the novel as a single metaphor for capital loss, to present a synecdoche of the dramatic anthropocentric experiences that arise from these interior gesticulations of Dellarobia. However, in reality climate change in the Anthropocene is not the loss of “*topsoil*”, or a final disaster like the flood experienced by Dellarobia that can be deferred. It is rather what Adam Trexler describes as “*not structured as a final, local disaster: its effects are incremental, widespread, and various*”<sup>36</sup>. At this scale (the geological scale required to contend with the hyperobject of climate change) the realism of *Flight Behaviour* breaks down- the singular narratives within the novel leave nature to be experienced in an objectified manner within the confines of the human object- lacking true agency for the voices of natural objects to arise. Therefore, the realist variant of Cli-fi adheres to the dualistic view of nature and culture, failing to acknowledge the interdependent nature<sup>37</sup> of interactions with the hyper object.

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35 Maggie Kainulainen, “Saying Climate Change”, *symploke*, Vol. 21, No. 1-2 (2013): 113.

36 Adam Trexler, *Anthropocene Fictions: The novel in a Time of Climate Change*, (Charlottesville: The University of Virginia Press 2015), 250.

37 Timothy Morton, *Hyperobjects, Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World*, (Minnesota: Minneapolis, 2013), 12.

## White Noise

*And was Jerusalem builded here,  
Among these dark Satanic mills?*

(William Blake, *Jerusalem*)

Apocalyptic variants of Cli-fi depict the natural world as inherently separate from the human world, engendering anthropocentric tropes through refuting the intrinsic complex interactions arising between human and natural entities. Thus, these narratives exude anthropocentric scale framing that strips nature of authentic agency so that the “*daunting scale and elusive agency of the issue is framed by a focus, at the human scale*”<sup>38</sup>. Instead, nature is presented as an absence within the novel, aesthetically concealed that give rise to momentary awareness of the uncanny experiences that arise from glimpsing interdependence of the human and natural worlds.

### The Simulacra

This is exemplified within the apocalyptic novel *White Noise* (1984) by Don DeLillo. Portraying the narrative of Jack Gladney, a professor of Hitler studies at a university known as the College-on-the-hill. Additionally, the depictions of the natural landscape within *White Noise* presents elements of Baudrillard’s simulacra, in that the aesthetic representations of nature within the novel do not depict a form of “*origin or reality*”<sup>39</sup>. Instead, DeLillo depicts nature as a metaphor of hyperreal<sup>40</sup> hyperconsumerism and commodities- “*made in the laboratory*”<sup>41</sup> and sold on the shelves of the everlasting supermarkets of the novel. Additionally, *White Noise* manifests a jarring sense of *bourgeois regularity*<sup>42</sup> as it presents the non-local hyperobject of the “*Airborne Toxic Event*”<sup>43</sup> as a peripheral aesthetic experience, distinctly separate from the human objects. As a result, there is a near absence of natural voice and agency within the novel, only encountered as an uncanny experience. Thus, *White Noise* upholds the arbitrary dualisms between nature and culture, emphasising instead an anthropocentric depiction of the natural world which foregrounds the human object in its entirety.

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38 Timothy Clark, *Ecocriticism on the Edge*, (London: Bloomsbury Academic, 2015), 178.

39 Jean Baudrillard, *Simulacra and simulation* (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1981), 5

40 Cornel Bonca, *Don DeLillo’s White Noise: The Natural Language of the Species*, *College Literature*, June 1996, Vol. 23, No. 2- 26-27

41 Don DeLillo, *White Noise*, (New York: Viking Penguin Inc., 1984), 127.

42 Amitav Ghosh, *The Great Derangement: Climate Change and the Unthinkable*, (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 2016), 25.

43 Don DeLillo, *White Noise*, (New York: Viking Penguin Inc., 1984), 127

The simulacra evident within *White Noise* distances the characters from their natural environment, engaging instead with a synthetic version constructed of hegemonic metaphors. This suffocating metaphorisation of the landscape is established in Chapter 1 through the name of one of the faculties within the university, “[t]he popular culture department, known officially as American environments...an Aristotelianism of bubble gum wrappers and detergent jingles”<sup>44</sup>, and whereupon Jack and his colleague, Murray, visits “the most photographed barn in America”<sup>45</sup> and Murray states that “We’re not here to capture an image, we’re here to maintain one”<sup>46</sup>. In the postmodern landscape proposed by DeLillo, the original referents become irrelevant as the aesthetic experience of nature within the novel occurs in conjunction with a pervasive media culture that overrides any possibility for authentic agency for non-human objects. The environment becoming concealed beneath the artificial “bubble gum wrappers”. This is emphasised further in Chapter 11, where Murray refers to the ever-present television within the Gladney household as “a primal force in the American household. Sealed-off, timeless, self-contained, self-referring”<sup>47</sup>. In referring to the TV, a synthetic artefact of the simulacra, as “primal”, DeLillo appropriates the aesthetic experience of nature, depicting it as a metaphor with no *origin or reality*. This consequently overpowers authentic depictions of the voice of the natural world as the human objects remain foregrounded as the primary characters. Harold Fromm echoes this critique, arguing that due to the anthropocentric foregrounding arising from these depictions of technology as natural, the novel is “mostly unaware of a connection to Nature”.<sup>48</sup> These metaphors within *White Noise* leave responders to access the natural world as merely fleeting glimpses in the dazzling sunsets of the final chapter that are “powerful and storied”<sup>49</sup> resulting from the Airborne Toxic Event, and the “wind”<sup>50</sup>, in Chapter 21, that blows the Nyodene.D over the town, causing the evacuation. Hence, the metaphors that arise from DeLillo’s depiction of a hyperreal simulacra conceal nature from characters, and by extension responders, stripping any form of aesthetic agency from the natural objects within the novel. As a result, an anthropocentric narrative is maintained, that continues to perpetuate the arbitrary dualism of nature and culture.

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44 Ibid, 9.

45 Ibid, 12.

46 Ibid.

47 Ibid, 52.

48 Harold Fromm, “From Transcendence to Obsolescence: A Route Map.” *The Georgia Review* 32, no. 3 (Fall 1978): 550.

49 Don DeLillo, *White Noise*, (New York: Viking Penguin Inc., 1984), 325.

50 Ibid, 127.

## The Bourgeois Regularities of the Apocalypse

Ghosh states that Franco Moretti's notion of the "regularity of bourgeois life"<sup>51</sup> exists within the ecological paradigm as the uniform expectations of the natural world held by novels which serve to distance the human objects from their place in the natural world. Consequently, *White Noise*, the novel exudes a human discourse that confines characters to experience the natural environment as a distant dualism, "out there"<sup>52</sup>. This is evident in the character arc of Jack, when he states that "[o]nly a catastrophe gets our attention... [e]very disaster made us wish for more, for something bigger, grander, more sweeping"<sup>53</sup>. This is evident when Jack and his family consumes media that depicts natural disasters occurring globally. However, upon experiencing the "Airborne Toxic Event", he becomes unable to reckon with the natural hyperobject at hand. Instead, DeLillo appears to present Jack as being totally alienated from any sort of ecological awareness that pertains to glimpsing the interdependence of the human and natural worlds- stating that:

*"these things happen to poor people . . . it's the poor and the uneducated who suffer the main impact of natural and man-made disasters...these things don't happen in places like Blacksmith."*<sup>54</sup>

In glimpsing these events, the characters within *White Noise* are given the opportunity to experience the uncanny nature of natural hyperobject as an aesthetic event, resulting in an experience which Morton describes as "a radical asymmetry between the urgency and passion and the horror that we feel when confronted with a hyperobject that could profoundly alter life on Earth"<sup>55</sup>. Jack becomes momentarily aware of the uncanny hyperobject in relation to his bourgeois regularities, describing the Airborne Toxic Event as "religious... so much larger than yourself, more powerful, created by elemental and willful rhythms"<sup>56</sup>, therefore hinting at a decentering of the human subject within the novel. However, DeLillo fails to maintain this centrifugal motion, portraying Jack as returning towards his old life before the Airborne Toxic Event, waiting at the supermarket, "a slow moving line, satisfying, giving us time to glance at the tabloids in the racks."<sup>57</sup> Through the regressive

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51 Amitav Ghosh, *The Great Derangement: Climate Change and the Unthinkable*, (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 2016), 26.

52 Maggie Kainulainen, "Saying Climate Change", *sympløke*, Vol. 21, No. 1-2 (2013): 117.

53 Don DeLillo, *White Noise*, (New York: Viking Penguin Inc., 1984), 64

54 *Ibid*, 114.

55 Timothy Morton, *Hyperobjects, Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World*, (Minnesota: Minneapolis, 2013), 184-185.

56 Don DeLillo, *White Noise*, (New York: Viking Penguin Inc., 1984), 127.

57 *Ibid*, 326.



nature of Jack's character arc, DeLillo retains an anthropocentric discourse that refutes authentic representation of a natural voice. Instead, Jack is depicted in the final moments of the novel as comforted by the *White Noise*, the language of "radiation and waves"<sup>58</sup> of his synthetic environment. Hence, the bourgeois regularities exemplified within *White Noise* perpetuate a dualism between humanity and the natural world, thus engendering an innately anthropocentric perspective, unable to contend with the totality of the natural objects that barely present within the novel.

Through his depiction of the *regularity of bourgeois life* within a hyperreal simulacra-DeLillo demonstrates a anthropocentric single voiced discourse which allows the human objects, within the novel, to refute the totality of the hyperobject- therefore struggling to contend with its vast nonlocality and interdependent nature. Nature appears as an uncanny absence, concealed beneath synthetic metaphors that abstract the natural landscape. Thus, due to the innate anthropocentric tendencies within apocalyptic Cli-fi, as demonstrated through *White Noise*, nature is represented as fallible. This characterised fragility limits the genre from denaturalising "nature", remaining consigned to perpetuate the arbitrary dualism between nature and culture.

### The Overstory

*Of Childhood didst Thou intertwine for me  
The passions that build up our human Soul,  
Not with the mean and vulgar works of Man,  
But with high objects, with enduring things*

(William Wordsworth, *The Prelude*)

As our changing climate remains an intergenerational problem, whose effects are felt by environments and societies present and future<sup>59</sup>, in order for Cli-fi to be liberated from anthropocentric representations of nature, it must consider alternative temporal and scale framing. This scale framing should serve to demonstrate the fallibility of the human object within the novel when in contention with a natural hyperobject due to its "undulating temporality....that is radically different from human-scale time"<sup>60</sup>. Through maintaining this aesthetic practice, this radical new mode within Cli-fi works to denaturalise "nature" through emphasising the interdependence of these two objects

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58 Ibid.

59 Brady, Emily, "Aesthetic Value, Ethics and Climate" *Environmental Values*, Vol. 23, No. 5 (October 2014): 551-570.

60 Timothy Morton, *Hyperobjects, Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World*, (Minnesota: Minneapolis, 2013), 184.

in order to dissolve arbitrary dualisms between nature and culture; thus achieving authentic agency for nature within the novel.

### Nature Speaks

This radical alternative to the traditional tropes within Cli-fi is demonstrated in Richard Powers's, 2018, novel *The Overstory*. *The Overstory*'s narrative arc is macroscopic in scale; narrating a multigenerational story from the perspective of trees which "literalises", according to Pia Masiero, "the debunking of human-centeredness and the consequent perceptual shift the novel takes a stance on"<sup>61</sup>. Thus, through this natural perspective, Powers portrays the narrative of nine human protagonists who are brought together to fight the destruction of forests. *The Overstory*, therefore, offers the most authentic representation of natural objects within the Cli-fi genre; a wholesale obliteration of the divide between nature and culture that vanquishes any thought of anthropocentric posturing.

Through a third person omniscient narration style, the natural objects within *The Overstory* become a physical presence that interacts with human objects within the novel. This is evident in the opening prologue in which a pine tree states, "listen there is something you need to hear"<sup>62</sup> and affirmed through the use of the third person to refer to human objects throughout the novel. The scale of this temporal interaction is revealed in the structure of the novel itself; the narrative is divided into four sections "Roots", "Trunk", "Crown", "Seeds", thus directing responders to consider the entirety of *The Overstory* from the natural perspective which allows for an ultimate expression for natural agency.

Additionally, the novel maintains an aesthetic 'unknowability'<sup>63</sup> of the natural world, accepting the withdrawn nature of the natural objects- thus, further aiding to decentre the human objects. This is revealed through Adam, a protagonist, whose activism to protect the forests results in his imprisonment for two seventy year terms following the death of another protagonist Olivia- stating:

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61 Pia Masiero, "'The tree is saying things in words before words': form as theme in Richard Powers' *The Overstory*", *DEP rivista telematica di studi sulla memoria femminile*, DEP 41-42, (2020), 141.

62 Richard Powers, *The Overstory*, (London: Vintage, 2018), 4.

63 Timothy Morton, *Hyperobjects, Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World*, (Minnesota: Minneapolis, 2013), 184.

*“It shocks him to realize, after a lifetime of looking at wood: He’s staring at the seasons, the year’s pendulum, the burst of spring and the enfolding of fall, the beat of a two-four song recorded here, in a medium that the piece itself created. . . . And still he is illiterate.”*<sup>64</sup>.

Moreover, upon hearing the verdict Adam states that *“Seventy plus years is nothing. A black willow plus a wild cherry”*<sup>65</sup>. This temporal reframing by Powers exemplifies the voice of nature within the novel that serves to decentre the humans within the novel to negate anthropocentric tropes.

### **The Place of the Human**

*The Overstory’s* transient and fallible representations of the human objects when in contention with the natural world, offer a denaturalised perspective of the nature and culture dualism in order to overcome anthropocentric representations of the natural world. This is evident through the art project of the Hoel family, *“which outlasted four generations of its makers”*<sup>66</sup>) and documents the growth of a single chestnut tree through photographs. The macroscopic prose of the novel is revealed here as *“THREE-QUARTERS OF A CENTURY dances by in a five-second flip”*<sup>67</sup> for Nicholas Hoel, a protagonist within the novel. These ecocentric representations of the human objects within the novel serve to affirm the transcendence of the natural world- the true scale of these depictions thus give rise to a voice of the natural hyperobject.

Moreover, through expressing the human experience of time within a geological time frame of *“concentric circles...the present floating outward along the outermost rim”*<sup>68</sup> Powers creates what Kanulainen asserts as *“an experience of the sublime, an experience from which ecological thought becomes thinkable”*<sup>69</sup>. Through presenting the ecological hyperobject as an aesthetic experience, the characters within the novel, and by extension the responder, gain an uncanny understanding of their own humanity as decentered and unassuming; their agency almost reliant on the hyperobject itself. This is evident when Nicholas lies on the stump of Mimas, a large tree cut down by foresters, contemplating the death of Olivier:

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64 Richard Powers, *The Overstory*, (London: Vintage, 2018), 194.

65 Ibid, 588.

66 Ibid, 21.

67 Ibid, 20.

68 Ibid, 49.

69 Maggie Kainulainen, *“Saying Climate Change”*, *symploke*, Vol. 21, No. 1-2 (2013): 117.

*“He lies on his side as the night comes on, his head...near the ring laid down the year Charlemagne died. Somewhere underneath his coccyx, Columbus. Past ankles, the first Hoel leaves Norway for Brooklyn and the expanses of Iowa.”*<sup>70</sup>

In a sense here, through encompassing these vast swaths of human history within the rings of tree, Powers reaffirms the interconnectedness of human and natural objects; to the extent that the entire aesthetic experience of nature and culture as a dualism begin to undergo the process of denaturalisation, refuting the ideological construction of nature as placid, harmonious and “out there”.<sup>71</sup> Moreover, this interconnectedness plays out throughout the entirety of the novel as evidence the eco-activists in an exchange with foresters attempting to cut down Mimas state “*We’re doing this for people*”<sup>72</sup>, and when Patricia Westerford, a scientist studying trees remarks that “*There are no individuals in the forest, no separable events*”<sup>73</sup>.

Consequently these authentic representations allow the responder to glimpse the withdrawn hyperobject, enabling sublime aesthetic experiences which Morton describes as “*theories of ethics that are based on scales and scopes that hugely transcend normative self-interest theories*”<sup>74</sup> and a speculative sublime of a “*vaster world bursting into the human...of disturbing intimacy*”<sup>75</sup>. The Overstory is successful in the fallible and transient representation of the human-objects within the novel through manipulation of temporal scale framing, yet maintains the interdependence of the natural and human objects. Thus, Powers successfully denaturalises these natural objects and destroys arbitrary dualisms between nature and culture, representing a model for future Cli-fi that strives to encapsulate the looming ecological crisis of the Anthropocene.

## Conclusion

In his seminal paper “*Revaluing Nature: Toward an Ecological Criticism*” Glen A. Love asserts that

*“the most important function of literature today is to redirect human consciousness to a full consideration of its place in a threatened natural world”*<sup>76</sup>

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70 Richard Powers, *The Overstory*, (London: Vintage, 2018), 451.

71 Maggie Kainulainen, “Saying Climate Change”, *sympløke*, Vol. 21, No. 1-2 (2013): 117.

72 Richard Powers, *The Overstory*, (London: Vintage, 2018), 367.

73 *Ibid*, 272.

74 Timothy Morton, *Hyperobjects, Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World*, (Minnesota: Minneapolis, 2013), 134.

75 *Ibid*, 105

76 Glen Love, “Revaluing Nature: Toward An Ecological Criticism”, *Western American Literature*, Vol. 25, No. 3 (Fall 1990): 213

As depictions of the natural world within Cli-fi occur as an aesthetic experience between the responder and the text, authentic representations that capture the “*full consideration*” of nature require a radical decentering of the human narratives within the novel. As Ursula Heise suggests, the complexity of the environment in our post-natural world “*signals how conventional ways of understanding nature fall short on the Anthropocene*”<sup>77</sup>. That is, traditional literary tropes within Cli-fi that reduce nature to an aesthetic anthropocentric experience that does not redirect human consciousness to a place of nascent ecological awareness. This prevents the text from contending with the totality of the ecological hyperobject, which is a necessity in order to denaturalise hegemonic dualisms between nature and culture.

The realism that Kingslover’s *Flight Behaviour* perpetuates reduces nature to an individual and objectified aesthetic experience that relies on the human-objects to perceive it- all within through the gaze of a single protagonist. Additionally, the opposing apocalyptic visions of nature depicted in DeLillo’s *White Noise* affirm similar anthropocentric posturing in *Flight Behaviour*. However, this is achieved through a hegemonic separation of human and natural world that fail to recognise, as Ghosh stipulates “*that natural forces have the ability to intervene directly*”<sup>78</sup> with humans. This results in the manifestation of the lack of authentic agency for natural objects to be perceived beyond their absence in apocalyptic presentations of nature as “*in the era of global warming, nothing is really far away; there is no place where the orderly expectations of bourgeois life hold unchallenged sway*”<sup>79</sup>

In turn, within such misrepresentation of nature within a genre that relies on it as a rhetorical crux, Powers’, *The Overstory*, serves as a model for authentic aesthetic representations of the natural through its lack of anthropocentric foregrounding. The novel goes further to denaturalise the nature-culture binary through its transparent depiction of the interdependent relationship between the human objects and the natural hyperobject, achieved through the portrayal of the fallible and transient nature of the human object when in contention with the totality of the natural hyperobject. This temporal shift is what drives the novel towards the denaturalisation of dualisms, recognising the human-object’s importance yet maintaining its appropriate place within the complex web of interaction between the human and the natural.

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77 Ursula Heise, “Encounters With the Thing Formerly Known as Nature”, *Public Books*, September 9, 2013, <https://www.publicbooks.org/encounters-with-the-thing-formerly-known-as-nature/>

78 Amitav Ghosh, *The Great Derangement: Climate Change and the Unthinkable*, (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 2016), 37.

79 *Ibid*, 32.

As Ghosh asserts, the age of the Anthropocene “will come to be known as the time of the *Great Derangement*”<sup>80</sup>. The natural world in light of climate change poses an elusive challenge to all literary constructions that contend with it, requiring “*an enlarged sense of inter-connection between self and others, including the natural or ‘earth’ others.*”<sup>81</sup> However, through embodying an ecocentric aesthetic experience, Cli-fi has an opportunity to present the reality of human existence within living environments; that we are ephemeral and fallible by nature. Anthropocentrism holds no place within an emerging ecological awareness that seeks to deconstruct the structures which hold the human and natural in opposition to one another.

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80 Ibid, 52.

81 Rosi Braidotti, *The Posthuman*, (Cambridge: Polity Press, 2013), p39 [https://ageingcompanions.constantvzw.org/books/The\\_Posthuman\\_-\\_Rosi\\_Braidotti.pdf](https://ageingcompanions.constantvzw.org/books/The_Posthuman_-_Rosi_Braidotti.pdf)

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# James Tannock

## “Beauty and Degradation”

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

I used an expressive style to depict a dystopian landscape, representing issues that face the contemporary world. Each of my four artworks present a unique conceptual focus connected to the ideas of landscape and the earth.

In the series of paintings, the work on the far left represents rising sea levels. The next painting is a depiction of deteriorating air quality. The third painting presents the horrendous impact of the bushfires and the final work symbolises the total anarchy and decay that exists within our current society.

As my body of work progressively developed, the colour range broadened and images and mark making gradually became more non-representational, presenting the idea of the gradual decay of the earth's rich environment.

I placed a suggestive rectangular shape in all four paintings to link the works. The rectangle represents the unique subjective conceptual focuses underpinning the qualities of each painting. It also suggests a blank backdrop symbolising a future environment on the earth that is barren and decayed.

I incorporated a variety of mediums in my artmaking to present my views. In my painting on the far left, I used a limited colour palette and a 'dripping' approach to convey the ocean's rising, incessant waves within an unsettled landscape. In the next painting I adopted a 'layered' technique, evident in the many applications of media and washes of colour. These represent possible noxious air hovering above a thick foreground of ridged dirt. In the third artwork I introduced a range of colours, including blue, purple, yellow and orange to convey the ferocious bushfires which hit Sydney in the first quarter of the year. In the panel on the far right I adopted a 'Jackson Pollock approach' in my artmaking as I filled a bucket with a range of blues and then splattered it across the painting. I used this artmaking technique to depict the seemingly unstoppable waves of erosion and destruction to which the earth's environment is subjected. In all my works, layers of gesso have been used to mark out edges. This enhanced the effect of the dripping techniques and allowed me to suggest and construct images and objects which are intentionally more defined and formed in certain parts of each of the four paintings.















# Alexander Peters

## Composition & Performance

Composition – Classicum Mozartialis

Composition – Concertino for Bassoon and Strings in G  
Minor (*included in digital publication*)

Performance – Nonchalance, Elena Kats-Chernin

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

My growing interest in musical composition drove me to select it as an elective for the Music 2 course in addition to the core work. My first work is meant to represent the mandatory topic: Music of the Last 25 Years with an Australian focus. In doing so, I was resolute on composing in a musical style that closely pertained to my interests; specifically the Baroque and the Classical Periods. I knew that I would never successfully master the postmodern musical style that characterises contemporary Australian music in the works of Sculthorpe, nor did I wish to emulate this style of composition in my work. I adopted a relatively Classical instrumentation with the bassoon and piano, both of which I played, and both an orthodox time signature of 4/4 and key signature of B flat major. My composition is wholly comprised of diatonic harmonies conventional to previous musical eras which sound pleasurable to the ear with one minor exception to satisfy the requirements for the mandatory topic.

The playing technique of the bassoon is also conventional being based on successive florid runs with a small subversion by adding a key click, albeit rather reluctantly at my teacher's insistence. I was initially surprised with the overwhelmingly positive reception of my first draft marked internally so I was determined to make the necessary adjustments in order to achieve the highest mark I could externally. Such alterations included changing the grouping of notes in a bar which was musically incorrect and some rests which I forgot to remove earlier.

My second elective composition reflects the additional topic of my choice for which I chose the Baroque period. The bassoon also features prominently in this work combined with chamber string accompaniment in the vein of a Baroque concerto, more specifically that of homophonic style Vivaldi. Overall, I have derived significant enjoyment from composing and refining these two works which served as a pleasurable rest from the academic rigour of my other subjects.











18

Bsn. *ff* 3 3 3

Pno. *f*

20

Bsn. 3 3

Pno.

21

Bsn. *ad libitum* Key click on Low E Key

Pno.

22

Bsn. *p*

Pno. *pp* *leggiero*



35

Bsn.

Pno.

*mf*

37

Bsn.

Pno.

*p cresc. ... f*

*pp*

*p*

*cresc.*

40

Bsn.

Pno.

42

Bsn.

Pno.

*mf*

44

Bsn. *f*

Pno.

47

Bsn.

Pno. *p* *f*

50

Bsn. *tr*

Pno. *ff*

53

Bsn.

Pno. *fff*



55

Bsn.

Pno.

The image shows a musical score for Bassoon (Bsn.) and Piano (Pno.) from measure 55 to 60. The Bassoon part is in the upper staff, and the Piano part is in the lower two staves. The key signature is G minor (two flats). The Bassoon part features a series of eighth notes with accents, followed by a triplet of eighth notes. The Piano part features a series of chords, with triplets in the right hand and single notes in the left hand. A fermata is placed over the final chord in both parts. A double bar line is at the end of measure 60.

ENGLISH

# Will Thorpe

## How does Australian history respond to failure? A case study of the National Service Scheme post-1972

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

My essay, *'How does Australian History respond to failure? A case study of the National Service Scheme post-1972'* in essence aims to deduce the means of the Australian response to failure and why it exists as such.

My original idea for this essay was to do a case study on the various responses to the Hillsborough Disaster, however, after running into former National Servicemen Bayne Kelly, who was awarded the US Medal of Valour for his efforts in the Battle of Long Khanh despite being Australian, I decided to look at public attitudes towards the National Service Scheme and why they have changed. Bayne was of upmost help throughout the process, and I am extremely grateful for his insight.

It was while I was watching an *Australian Story* episode on Bob Hawke and saw the clip of him celebrating the Americas Cup victory, that I began to ponder how successful Australia has actually been as a country, punching above her weight as a small-populated isolated island. It then hit me that an overwhelming failure of Australia was the Vietnam War and conscription, and thus my essay topic became concrete.

It was at this time that the knowledge I gained from Mr Masters and the meetings with Mr Posker-Hill began to form my essay, with Mr Posker-Hill offering the structure that I would eventually use. I similarly texted Bayne as to how he thinks the National Service Scheme would be viewed if Australia had won the war, to which he interestingly offered that there would be no difference.

Ultimately, my essay deciphered a potentially flawed Australian image and identity, wherein the foundations lie in the glorification and commemoration of failure, whereas its criticism has only recently become prevalent. It is perhaps critical of the ANZAC legend, the efforts of previous governments and other mediums in which the national identity was constructed, whilst also concluding that a common methodology exists in the ways that Australian history responds to failure, evident in the National Service Scheme.

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## CASE STUDY

### HOW DOES AUSTRALIAN HISTORY RESPOND TO FAILURE?



#### A CASE STUDY OF THE NATIONAL SERVICE SCHEME POST-1972

##### How does Australian history respond to failure?

##### A case study of the National Service Scheme post-1972

Modern Australia has historically been fortuitous, and as such, is recognised colloquially as “*the great southern land*”, “*the land of plenty*”<sup>2</sup> and the “*lucky country*”<sup>3</sup>. In the context of significant wars, the Australian Army has been on the victorious side in the Boer War, two World Wars, the Gulf Wars, and the Iraqi War. On top of this, Australia boasts vast sporting success, global impact in the medical field, academic contributions and 14 Nobel laureates. Failure doesn’t really seem to be a part of the Australian identity.

Yet, Australia’s past is far from blemish-free. But, how is failure defined? In Australian history, failure is primarily seen militaristically, as in Fromelles and Gallipoli, where the ‘ANZAC legend’ was born<sup>4</sup>. However, failure can also be seen as a corrosion of sociality and humanity. Kevin Rudd in 2008 described the Stolen Generation as a

- 
- 1 National Film and Sound Archive Australia *GREAT SOUTHERN LAND BY ICEHOUSE*, website, <https://www.nfsa.gov.au/collection/curated/great-southern-land-icehouse> (accessed 12 June 2020).
  - 2 Melbourne University Publishing, *The Land of Plenty*, Mark Davis, website, <https://www.mup.com.au/books/the-land-of-plenty-paperback-softback> (accessed 14 June 2020).
  - 3 BBC News “*Is Australia still the Lucky Country?*”, website, <https://www.bbc.com/news/world-australia-29844752> (accessed 16 June 2020).
  - 4 Australian War Memorial, Dawn of the Legend: *The ANZAC Spirit*, website, <https://www.awm.gov.au/visit/exhibitions/dawn/spirit> (accessed 15th June 2020)

*“blemished chapter in our nation’s history”*), and the White Australian Policy has been largely disgruntled since its abolishment.<sup>6</sup> When Australian history responds to failure, it does so through three main methods. Namely, through glorification, commemoration, or criticism. The National Service Scheme (NSS) has seen historical conversation expand across all four methods. This essay will seek to examine the manner in which Australia responds to her historical failures, in particular, focussing on the NSS.

There is, perhaps, no greater military failure in the eyes of Australian history as the Vietnam War. Australian involvement commenced in 1962, until soldiers were withdrawn in 1972. Australia entered an ideological war, fighting directly against the spread of communism and fear of the ‘domino theory’<sup>7</sup>. This period featured growing youth movements, mass protests against the War, and increasing anti-establishment rhetoric. In 1964, compulsory National Service was again introduced under the National Service Act 1964. This was only the second time that Servicemen could be sent overseas (latter stages of WWII being the other) and the first time that a ‘lottery’ was utilised as a draft system<sup>8</sup>. By the end of the War, 15,381 Servicemen, referred to as “Nashos”, had been deployed in Vietnam, with roughly 200 deaths<sup>9</sup>. The NSS was formally ended in December 1972.

In response to militaristic failure, Australian history often seeks to glorify effort and character, often at the expense of historical accuracy. Glorification of history, in particularly militaristically, begins in the immediate aftermath of failure. Dr Nick Dyrenfurth concludes that the historiography of the ANZACs begins with the radical nationalist school of ideology and thought<sup>10</sup>, suggesting that glorification of militaristic failures stems from nationalistic interest. Magdalena Bobowik furthers this by asserting *“history has a component of glorification of the past, that our ancestors were*

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5 Sydney Morning Herald, *Kevin Rudd’s Sorry Speech*, website, <https://www.smh.com.au/national/kevin-rudd-sorry-speech-20080214-gds0xh.html> (accessed 29 May 2020)

6 The Conversation, *Australian Politics Explainer: The White Australia Policy*, website, <https://theconversation.com/australian-politics-explainer-the-white-australia-policy-74084> (accessed 15th June 2020)

7 Vietnam Veterans Association Australia, *‘Australia’s Involvement in the Vietnam War, the Political Dimension, Part 1’*, website <http://www.vvaa.org.au/bross-2.pdf> (accessed 14 June 2020).

8 ANZAC Portal, *‘The Birthday Ballot’*, website <https://anzacportal.dva.gov.au/wars-and-missions/vietnam-war-1962-1975/events/conscription/birthday-ballot> (accessed 16 June 2020).

9 Australian War Memorial, *‘National Service Scheme 1951-1972’*, website, <https://www.awm.gov.au/articles/encyclopedia/conscription/vietnam> (accessed 20 March 2020).

10 N. Dyrenfurth, ‘Labour and the ANZAC Legend 1915-45’, *Labour History*, vol. 3, no. 106, 2014, p 164

*heroes, and violence is justified*<sup>11</sup>. Thus, the glorification of history attempts to justify the mistakes of the past, in a way that attempts to sway public opinion. In Australian and global history, such glorification persists in fitting a nationalist narrative. The French history of the Napoleonic Wars is so fiercely glorified Alan Forrest questioned “*How, it may reasonably be asked, can defeat be thought of as glorious, especially a defeat that leads to the destruction of a country’s government and institutions?*”<sup>12</sup>. One only has to look at the ANZACs in Gallipoli, which is one of the most publicised and glorified events in Australian military history. Some suggest it was a damning defeat<sup>13</sup> - yet Australian history has placed those soldiers on a dais of heroism and admiration. This is to such an extent that Gallipoli historian Harvey Broadbent suggests the historical accuracy of the battle was sacrificed in order to glorify Allied soldiers<sup>14</sup>. Furthermore, Stephen Castles argued that rather than defeat it was the “*digger who proved himself in Gallipoli*” that has become part of our national identity<sup>15</sup>. While it is true that the glorification of failure is mostly applicable to militaristic history, some examples of social failure demonstrate elements of glorification. The British rule of India was a complicated civil dilemma, yet Andrew Howard found that British Imperialists used the Indian Civil Service, an “*efficient, rationalized bureaucracy*” as a positive example of British Rule in order to justify the social failings that persisted<sup>16</sup>. Therefore, the glorification of failure exists as a result of nationalist intentions, as a means of justifying previous errors in a way that will not degrade the identity of a nation, and instead enhance it.

Much of the glorification of the NSS stems from soldier’s accounts - not necessarily Nashos, but those who fought with them. In 2002 Vietnam veteran Major General Michael O’Brien commented that the NSS saved Australia from deeper failure, as the “*Army had insufficient strength to sustain its effort in Vietnam at the level the government desired without the contribution made by National Servicemen*” and that Nashos “*changed the army*”, bringing “*skills and intelligence that had not been present*” before their introduction<sup>17</sup>. While

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- 11 EurekaAlert, ‘*The glorification of history may give rise to a willingness to fight in a war*’ [https://www.eurekaalert.org/pub\\_releases/2017-01/uotb-tgo011917.php](https://www.eurekaalert.org/pub_releases/2017-01/uotb-tgo011917.php) (accessed 16 June 2020).
  - 12 [https://www.army.gov.au/sites/default/files/2019-12/2010\\_-\\_armies\\_in\\_the\\_aftermath\\_of\\_conflict\\_1.pdf](https://www.army.gov.au/sites/default/files/2019-12/2010_-_armies_in_the_aftermath_of_conflict_1.pdf)
  - 13 P. Dennis, J. Grey, ‘Victory or Defeat: Armies in the Aftermath of Conflict’, *The 2010 Chief of Army History Conference*, Big Sky Publishing
  - 14 H. Broadbent, ‘COMPLETING THE STORY OF THE GALLIPOLI CAMPAIGN: RESEARCHING TURKISH ARCHIVES FOR A MORE COMPREHENSIVE HISTORY’, *Journal of the Society for Army Historical Research* Vol. 85, No. 343, 2007, p 209
  - 15 S. Castles et al, ‘The Bicentenary and the Failure of Australian Nationalism’, *Centre for Multicultural Studies, University of Wollongong*, Occasional Paper 5, 1987, p 5
  - 16 A.T Howard, ‘Problems, Controversies, and Compromise: A Study on the Historiography of British India during the East India Company Era’, University of Ohio, 2017, p 54
  - 17 P. Dennis, J. Grey, ‘The Australian Army and the Vietnam War 1962-1972’, *The 2002 Chief of Army History Conference*, Army History Unit

his role suggests Major General O'Brien was more obliged to glorify the NSS to fit in with a nationalistic narrative, it is consistent with Australia's military rhetoric that he did as such. Similarly, in the 2020 book *Vietnam Vanguard*, Corporal Bob Kearney distinctly credits the heroism of the Nashos, as they put their daily lives on hold for Australia<sup>18</sup>. The heroic undertones of this conform with other cases of glorification of the NSS, unsurprisingly, they come from sources who had fought alongside them. Kearney agrees with Dyrenfurth and Bobowik's reasoning for glorification, in that it glorifies the nature of the Scheme's nationalistic sentiments. Moreover, both Major General O'Brien and Corporal Kearney's account exemplify the role of on-site perspective. Both men would have undoubtedly seen mistakes made by Servicemen, but in fitting the glorified narrative, choose to ignore them, whilst similarly analyzing acts of violence as necessary and justifiable, per Bobowik's theory. Hence, Australian history responds to failure in the form of glorification, which depicts those involved, such as the Nashos, as heroes, conforming to a nationalist chronology aimed at glorification of the nation state.

Commemoration is a further means through which nations respond to defeat, thus allowing recognition of accomplishment and impact. This method is generally used militaristically, commemorating and grieving soldiers who died on battlefronts in losing efforts. In this scenario, memorials are erected, minutes of silence are observed, and commemorative items laid. The most obvious example in Australia is ANZAC Day<sup>19</sup>, a national day of remembrance in Australia and New Zealand which acknowledges the efforts Australian and New Zealander soldiers who served and died in all wars, conflicts, and peacekeeping operations and the contribution and suffering of all those who have served<sup>20</sup>. Considering the considerable effort of Australia to forge her identity around the legend that Castles alluded to ("*digger that proved himself in Gallipoli*"), the militaristic commemoration can be observed to further it. Furthermore, nations commemorate societal failings in order to acknowledge previous errors and perhaps even attempt to amend the problem<sup>21</sup>. For instance, no individual from the twentieth century in the United States has been commemorated to the extent of Dr. Martin Luther King Jr<sup>22</sup>. MLK Day is celebrated annually, streets named in his honor and a memorial in the National Mall. Dr. King represents not only

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18 B. Kearney et al, *Vietnam Vanguard* Vol. 85, No. 343, 2007, p 209

19 Australian War Memorial, *ANZAC Traditions*, website, <https://www.awm.gov.au/anzacathome/anzac-traditions> (accessed 14 June 2020)

20 Ibid

21 The Tech, *The Importance of Active Commemoration of History*, website, <https://thetech.com/2015/02/12/bandler-v135-n3> (accessed 11 June 2020).

22 K. Bruyneel, 'The King's Body: The Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial and the Politics of Collective Memory', *History and Memory*, vol. 26, No. 1, 2014, p. 75

himself, but also a social movement that can be conceived as one of America's greatest failings. Stephen F Lawson suggests that historiography of the Civil Rights Movement reinforces mainstream values as opposed to denouncing them, meaning the power of the anti-establishment rhetoric evident in the Movement is relinquished, and instead sacrificed for bureaucratic commemoration.<sup>23</sup> Dr Peter Carrier of the Georg Eckert Institute suggests that commemorative pieces are "*either coercive or critical*"<sup>24</sup>. His argument is that the former both exploits the past as a foundation for the present and hence affirms its significance, whereas the latter questions the past as a foundation for moral tradition<sup>25</sup>. Carrier's theory thus provides a guideline for examining commemorative historiography regarding the NSS. Therefore, the commemoration of failure throughout Australian, and global history intends to highlight the sacrifices and successes within certain events, and thus disregard failure.

Commemoration of the NSS, correspondingly to glorification, was delayed until many years after the War. For instance, the Australian War Memorial only erected a memorial fountain<sup>26</sup> to fallen Nashos in 2010. In what could be described by Carrier as 'critical' given its purpose in honouring deceased conscripts, this memorial serves to highlight the sacrifices made by the laymen who served as Servicemen, and thus, depending on perspective could result in blame of the Scheme itself for the failings. Public expressions of commemoration of the NSS were limited in the post-War years, mainly due to the political turmoil and public disapproval of the conflict. There was no official parade for Nashos until 1987<sup>27</sup>. An image taken from the 'Welcome Home Parade' shows a sign reading "*Welcome home Aussie heroes*"<sup>28</sup>. The image provides an example of 'coercive' commemoration, as the reason that this image was taken, and why it still exists today, is because it exemplifies what the organizers wished to achieve in this parade - a commemoration of the soldiers who served in Vietnam, as opposed to highlighting the failures that persisted throughout the course of the NSS and the years after the War. Thus, Australian history can commemorate those who participated in a failure, as either a coercive or critical remembrance, however in the case of the NSS, it would take over a decade before genuine commemoration would occur.

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23 S. Lawson, 'Freedom Then, Freedom Now: The Historiography of the Civil Rights Movement', *The American Historical Review*, vol. 96, no. 2, 1996, p. 459

24 Dr. P Carrier, 'Historical Traces of the Present: The Uses of Commemoration', *Réflexion Historique*, Vol. 22, no. 2, 1996, p. 444

25 *Ibid*

26 Image 1 appendix

27 N. Bromfield, 'Welcome Home: reconciliation, Vietnam veterans, and the reconstruction of Anzac under the Hawke government', Sydney University, p. 1

28 Image 2 appendix



The criticism of failure in Australian history stems to an implication of blame, to denounce the causation and result of a particular event whilst maintaining dignity in defeat. Globally, the criticism of failure has become increasingly prevalent with the introduction of 'Post-Modernist' history<sup>29</sup> in the mid 20th century, which is based off the philosophical understanding that objective truth does not exist. Commonly critiqued failures include Islamic Wars<sup>30</sup>, modern socio-economic crises<sup>31</sup> and western involvement in the Middle East<sup>32</sup>, all of which can be considered social failures, whilst the Islamic Wars and Middle Eastern conflicts are additionally engaged as militaristic failures, thus demonstrating the nature of criticism in expanding across all definable failures. Australian history's criticism of the past has only come to prevalence in recent decades, beginning with the increasing prominence of Australia's 'History Wars', which regarded the debate on the representation of colonisation in Australia<sup>33</sup>. With reference to these wars, Geoffrey Blainey coined the term "black-armband view of history" in 1993, to describe the "mournful view" of history that was promoted by the left-winged Hawke-Keating government and growing in Australian historiography<sup>34</sup>. This term has since been adopted by various historians across Australia such as Reynolds and Muecke as a genuine form of history. This expands to social failings in Australia, such as the Stolen Generation. Bain Attwood's article on Robert Manne argues that the political ideology of someone influences the way they interpret black-armband history, generally finding as Manne's piece (a piece that seeks to argue in favour of black-armband history) did, that the majority of criticism of the Stolen Generation emanates from the left<sup>35</sup>, thus returning to the foundations of Blainey's original criticism. Black-armband history, in extension of the History Wars, is a perspective focusing on the negative outcomes of Australia's history. Therefore, the criticism of failure in both Australian and global history stems from a public need to denounce actions whilst maintaining the dignity of identity.

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29 D. Chakrabarty, 'History as Critique and Critique(s) of History, Economic and Political Weekly', Vol. 26, no. 37, 1991, p. 2162

30 A.S Ahmed, 'Postmodernist Perceptions of Islam: Observing the Observer', Asian Survey, vol. 31, no. 3, 1991, p. 213

31 G.K Lieten, 'Development Priorities: Postmodernist Assumptions and Pre-Modernist Aspirations', Asian Journal of Social Science, vol. 29, no. 3, 2001, p. 568

32 O. Bashkin, 'DECONSTRUCTING DESTRUCTION: THE SECOND GULF WAR AND THE NEW HISTORIOGRAPHY OF TWENTIETH-CENTURY IRAQ', The Arab Studies Journal, vol. 23, no. 1, 2015, pp. 210-234

33 R.J. Parkes, "Reading History Curriculum as Postcolonial Text: Towards a Curricular Response to the History Wars in Australia and Beyond." Curriculum Inquiry, vol. 37, no. 4, 2007, pp. 383-400

34 Ibid

35 B. Atwood, "The Stolen Generations and Genocide: Robert Manne's 'In Denial: The Stolen Generations and the Right.'" Aboriginal History, vol. 25, 2001, pp. 163-172

The criticism levelled towards the Vietnam War in general and the National Service Scheme certainly conforms with the constructs of black-armband history, yet the Scheme itself faced denunciation before the phrase was adopted into Australian historiography, whilst influenced by postmodernist history. The heavy protesting and opposition to the NSS during the war, such as the Save our Sons Movement<sup>36</sup>, ensured that criticism of the Scheme began in the immediate aftermath of the War. Published in September 1974, Jane Ross' Australian Quarterly Article 'The Australian Army: Some Views from the Bottom' demonstrates the nature of the criticism, and blaming of the 'higher up', towards the NSS<sup>37</sup>. Ross claimed (with the backing of surveys) that *"Both civilians and servicemen seemed, before and during the operation of the National Service Scheme, to agree that army service would affect conscripts because the army is a potent socializing, people changing institution."*<sup>38</sup>, a fairly common perception of the NSS in the 1970s. As per Attwood's theory, the criticism of the Scheme could be linked to the change in political climate in Australia, given this was written two years into the reformist Whitlam Labour Government's term. The rising prominence of black-armband history has influenced criticism of the NSS in the modern day, seen in Peter Siminski's article from 2016<sup>39</sup>. This article, as Blainey would argue, 'mourns' the conscripts who lost their life and places emphasis on the conditions that they were subjects to. An excerpt reads *"Describing the experience, conscripts' memoirs describe intense hard work, overlain with verbal abuse, including sexual innuendo and sometimes xenophobic language. The conscripts believed the training was designed to mitigate their sense of individualism."*<sup>40</sup>. Siminski, who has the benefit of hindsight when historically analysing the NSS, continues to criticise its functioning, and, like Ross, places blame on those in command, as opposed to the conscripts. The criticism proposed by both Ross and Siminski demonstrate how significant a military and social failing the NSS was, which comply with general societal attitudes towards the Scheme, and thus demonstrate why criticism of the NSS is more prevalent than the former methods.

Henceforth, the existence of failure in Australian history is threefold; glorified, commemorated or criticised. The glorification of history, especially prevalent in Australian history, fits a nationalist narrative by bringing to attention acts of heroism as opposed to failure, aimed at sustaining the identity of a nation, as was the case

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36 The Australian Women's Register, 'Save our Sons Movement', website, <http://www.womenaustralia.info/biogs/AWE0099b.htm> (Accessed 14 June)

37 J. Ross, "The Australian Army: Some Views from the Bottom." *The Australian Quarterly*, vol. 46, no. 3, 1974, pp. 35-47

38 Ibid

39 P. Siminski et al, "Does the Military Turn Men into Criminals? New Evidence from Australia's Conscript Lotteries." *Journal of Population Economics*, vol. 29, no. 1, 2016, pp. 197-218

40 Ibid

with the 'ANZAC legend', however is not common with the NSS. Commemorative history, prominently associated with the NSS, has the intention of remembering an event as a means of amending prior mistakes, acknowledging often bravery and achievement whilst disregarding failure. The most apparent recognition of the NSS in Australian History is through a scope of criticism, which denounces prior failures whilst reinforcing a commitment to dignity. Nevertheless, it could be argued that had Australia won the Vietnam War, the NSS would be viewed in entirely different scopes, as Australia tends to emphasise her successes. From what I have gathered across these studies, Australian history, and global history for that matter, in the glorification and commemoration of failures, de facto obscure from responsibility. I personally believe that history should shift towards criticism in a constructive manner, acknowledging the history but also acknowledging the failures of it, rather than picking and choosing which parts of the event is remembered. However, considering the growing nationalist sentiments of Australia and the world's powers, it is unlikely that any shift will occur in how failure is responded to.

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## APPENDIX

IMAGE 1



Architecture AU, Brett Boardman, <https://architectureau.com/articles/australian-war-memorial-1/>

IMAGE 2



Digger History, photographer unknown, <http://www.diggerhistory.info/pages-conflicts-periods/vietnam/welcome-home.htm>

ENGLISH

# Timothy Thackray

## The Poetry Monthly Podcast: Black Lives Matter Edition

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

*We die. That may be the meaning of life. But we do language.*

*That may be the measure of our lives.<sup>1</sup>*

(Toni Morrison)

In 2016, when the Nobel Committee deemed Bob Dylan's works as "new poetic expressions"<sup>2</sup> and awarded him the Nobel Prize for Literature, even I, an avid Dylan listener, was perplexed for "[t]he Times", they truly were "A'Changin'<sup>3</sup>". More recently, the propulsion of the Black Lives Matter movement in May propelled us to reconsider the recognition of African Americans expression, including rap. As an integral linguistic medium of African American culture, my episode of *The Poetry Monthly Podcast* became not only an inquisition into the denial of rap's legitimacy as a poetic form, but an exposé of its effect in contributing to potential systematic racism through the silencing of the African American voice.

*The Poetry Monthly* set out to evaluate the extent to which rap qualified as a poetic form but further, the degree to which this outcome silenced the African American voice. My scope needed to capture an entire musical genre through the colossal lens of poetry, and refined through a filter of African American culture. My primary audience is those who would read poetry and would listen to podcasts such as *The New Yorker: Poetry Podcast*, the general

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- 1 Toni Morrison - Nobel Lecture 1993. NobelPrize.org. Nobel Media AB 2020. Wed. <<https://www.nobelprize.org/prizes/literature/1993/morrison/lecture/>>
  - 2 The Nobel Prize in Literature 2016. NobelPrize.org. Nobel Media AB 2020. Thu. 20 Aug 2020. <<https://www.nobelprize.org/prizes/literature/2016/summary/>>
  - 3 Bob Dylan - Album: *The Times They Are A-Changin'* (Track 1 - *The Times They Are A-Changin'*), Think Common Music Inc - 2011.

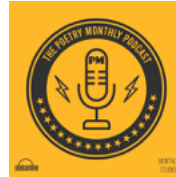
reading public. A range of poetry podcasts like *Have You Heard George's Podcast*<sup>4</sup>, *Poem Talk*<sup>5</sup>, *Chris Abani vs. Entanglement*<sup>6</sup>, *Rhymes And Poetry*, *The Floetic Poetry Show*, *Strange Fruit*<sup>7</sup> attracts a general, adult audience with an interest in poetry. The 'Black Live Matter Edition' element of the podcast further generates an audience of politically-minded individuals who understand the link between literary expression, its recognition and social agendas.

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## PODCAST

### The Poetry Monthly Podcast

By Poetry Monthly



#### ABOUT

Join editor of the Poetry Monthly Magazine, Don Shair on a monthly themed exploration of the diverse world of contemporary poetry.

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#### Season II, Episode 3: AUGUST (Part 1)

Rap, Poetry and Black Lives Matter

*Common and Timothy Brennan, whose works feature in this month's magazine, join Don to discuss the potential silencing of the African American voice, resultant of rap's denial of poetic legitimisation from the contemporary poetry scene in the U.S.*

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COMING SOON

#### Season II, Episode 3: AUGUST (Part 2)

Rap, Poetry and Black Lives Matter

*Join members of A.B. Original, Briggs and Trials, whose works feature in this month's magazine, and editor Don Shair to discuss the potential silencing of the African American voice,*

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4 *Have You Heard George's Podcast* - Copyright © 2020 BBC. Available at: <<https://www.bbc.co.uk/programmes/p07915kd/episodes/downloads>>

5 *Poem Talk*, Podcast. © 2020 Poetry Foundation. Available at: <<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/podcasts/series/74633/poemtalk>>

6 *VS*, Podcast © 2020 Poetry Foundation. Available at: <<https://www.poetryfoundation.org/podcasts/series/142241/vs-podcast>>

7 *Strange Fruit*, Podcast - Louisville Public Media. Available at: <<https://www.npr.org/podcasts/440577316/strange-fruit>>



resultant of rap's denial of poetic legitimation from the contemporary poetry scene in Australia.

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TRANSCRIPT:

*Excerpt: Theme Music*<sup>8</sup>

H: This is the Poetry Monthly Podcast for August 2020. I'm Don Shair, editor of the Poetry Monthly Magazine.

*Excerpt: News Reports (play underneath upcoming speech)*<sup>9</sup>

H: The death of George Floyd on the 25th of May as a result of police brutality has ignited a global reassessment of our contemporary race relations. **In this issue**, we investigate the recent eruptions of the Black Lives Matter Movement through the lens of rap, to examine the potential silencing of African American voices by the under-recognition of this poetic form.

*Excerpt: Theme Music*<sup>10</sup>

*Excerpt: I Used to Love H.E.R (fade into low volume)*<sup>11</sup>

H: Welcome to part one of the BLM special. Today we're joined by guests situated at the heart of the movements in the U.S. Our first guest, Common, is an awarded lyricist, activist and actor yet to be fully recognised for his literary talents and is being celebrated for his *rap-as-poetry* performance from here in the Poetry Monthly studio. To hear the full performance visit PoetryMonthly.com.

*Excerpt: I Used to Love H.E.R (raise volume to full then fade out) - [3 seconds]*<sup>12</sup>

*Excerpt: Common At The White House: NPR Music Tiny Desk Concert*<sup>13</sup>

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- 8 Booker, Ervin - 'Exultation!' (Track 1 - 'Mooche Mooche'), *Prestige Records* - 1963
  - 9 Hill, E., Tiefenthäler, A., Triebert, C., Jordan, D., Willis, H. and Stein, R., 2020. *How George Floyd Was Killed In Police Custody*. [online] Race and America - The New York Times. Available at: <<https://www.nytimes.com/2020/05/31/us/george-floyd-investigation.html>> [Accessed 19 July 2020].
  - 10 Booker, Ervin - 'Exultation!' (Track 1 - 'Mooche Mooche'), *Prestige Records* - 1963
  - 11 Common - 'Resurrection' (Track 2 - 'I Used to Love H.E.R'), *Relativity Records Inc* - 1994
  - 12 Ibid.
  - 13 Boilen, B., 2016. *Common At The White House: NPR Music Tiny Desk Concert*. [online] Youtube.com. Available at: <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2AChGszRGwI&t=525s>>

“Southern leaves, southern trees we hung from  
Barren souls, heroic songs unsung  
Forgive them Father they know this knot is undone  
Tied with the rope that my grandmother died...  
...We let go to free them so we can free us  
America’s moment to come to Jesus”<sup>14</sup>

C: You just heard ‘Letter to the Free’, a song I wrote for a powerful film directed by Ava DuVernay called ‘13th’<sup>15</sup>. It scrutinizes the Thirteenth Amendment<sup>16</sup>, which in the U.S Constitution, abolished slavery and involuntary servitude, except as punishment for crime.<sup>17</sup> Slavery was never really “abolished”. The American people have been re-enslaved by increases in discrimination, inequality, police brutality and ultimately imprisonment, especially towards black people.<sup>18</sup> It all stems back to why we’re having this conversation today, the repossession of the silenced black voice and the recognition that Black Lives Matter.

H: Now, let’s talk rap. Rap has never been officially recognised as poetry. Is it a coincidence that the form also derives from African American culture; and has this silenced the African American voice?

C: Well, many may bluntly argue that rap is music and therefore should not be considered poetry. But what comes to mind, when I hear these positions is the 2016 Nobel awarding ceremony, when Bob Dylan was awarded the prize for Literature for having created “new poetic expressions”<sup>19</sup>.

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- 14 Genius Media Group Inc. 2020. *Genius Lyrics - Common, 'Letter To The Free'*. [online] Available at: <<https://genius.com/Common-letter-to-the-free-lyrics>>
  - 15 Television Academy. 2017. *Outstanding Original Music And Lyrics Nominees / Winners 2017*. [online] Available at: <<https://www.emmys.com/awards/nominees-winners/2017/outstanding-original-music-and-lyrics>>
  - 16 In-text: (Greene and McAward, 2016) Greene, J. and McAward, J., 2016. *National Constitution Center*. [online] Constitutioncenter.org. Available at: <<http://constitutioncenter.org/interactive-constitution/amendments/amendment-xiii>>
  - 17 Blakin, Jack M. and Levinson, Sendord. *The Dangerous Thirteenth Amendment* - Columbia Law Review. Vol. 112, No. 7, Symposium: The Thirteenth Amendment: Meaning, Enforcement, and Contemporary Implications (NOVEMBER 2012), pp. 1459-1499
  - 18 Prisoners in 2015. By E. Ann Carson, Ph.D., *BJS Statistician*. And Elizabeth Anderson, *BJS Intern*. December 2016. Bureau of Justice Statistics.
  - 19 Bob Dylan - Facts. NobelPrize.org. Nobel Media AB 2020. Sat. 18 Jul 2020. <<https://www.nobelprize.org/prizes/literature/2016/dylan/facts/>>

H: And I guess that is true of his 1976 song ‘Hurricane’<sup>20</sup>, which emphasised the wrongful imprisonment of Rubin the “Hurricane” Carter, and contributed to his eventual release in 1985<sup>21</sup>.

C: Yeah, and on the other hand, even since the BLM movement began, Anderson Paak, who has established a strong following has spoken out about inequality and the BLM movement in his newest release *Lockdown*. A plethora of rap pieces have been produced by rappers in combat of racial inequality but none have been recognised in the same way as Bob Dylan. Unfortunately, where rap has been accepted into white culture, it’s still not fully recognised by it.

H: And one of the foundational figures who has been recognised from the African American community was Langston Hughes, who you reference in ‘The Believer’, from your 2011 album ‘The Dreamer, The Believer’<sup>22</sup>...

“That ain’t the way that Langston Hughes wrote us  
Soul controllers on the shoulders of Moses and Noah  
We go from being Precious to Oprah”<sup>23</sup>

H: We pulled that recording from your poetic version of your rap when you visited the White House last November. Clearly Hughes has had an influence on our nation but also constitutes some local meaning on your writing personally. Tell us about your archival choice:

C: I’ve chosen Langston Hughes’ Night Funeral in Harlem. I’d like to share the first and last stanzas in particular.

H: Take it away.

C:

Night Funeral  
In Harlem:  
Where did they get

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20 Bob Dylan - ‘Desire’ (Track 1 - ‘Hurricane’), Columbia Records - 1976

21 Corbett, B., 2019. *The Story Of Bob Dylan’s ‘Hurricane’*. [online] LiveAbout. Available at: <<https://www.liveabout.com/the-story-behind-bob-dylans-hurricane-1321615>>

22 Common - ‘The Dreamer, The Believer’ (Track 11 - ‘The Believer’), *Think Common Music Inc* - 2011

23 Youtube.com. 2011. *Common’s Performance At The White House Poetry Night*. [online] Available at: <[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K\\_9rtsQz0n8](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=K_9rtsQz0n8)> (lyrics: Genius Media Group Inc. 2020. Genius Lyrics - Common, ‘The Believer’. [online] Available at: <<https://genius.com/483251>>)

Them two fine cars?

Insurance man he did not pay -  
His insurance lapsed the other day -  
Yet they got a satin box  
for his head to lay.

The street light  
At his corner  
Shined just like a tear— That boy that they was mournin'  
Was so dear, so dear  
To them folks that brought the flowers,  
To that girl who paid the preacher man—  
It was all their tears that made  
That poor boy's  
Funeral grand.  
Night funeral  
In Harlem.<sup>24</sup>

C: Hughes was a poetic revolutionary in that his verses infused the African American idiom and the rhythm and lexicons of jazz and blues music into his works. “Night Funeral” explores the funeral of an impoverished African American man whose ceremony is made “grand” by the strength within his community. It elucidates the harsh inequalities of African American life where “the insurance lapsed the other day” and so there is no payment for any funeral arrangements. Despite this, his girlfriend is “Charged Five Dollars” for the “preacher man” to “preach away” and the “flowers came from that poor boy’s friends”. So, ultimately, “It was all their tears that made / That poor boy’s / Funeral grand”, highlighting the harsh realities of inequality which endure even into death where something as important as honouring the funeral process is made a challenge.

In the words of Thomas Davies “a people without a language of its own is only half a people”<sup>25</sup>. Hughes’ works were a breakthrough for black lives in that they infused ways of expression in black communities into an art form traditionally dominated by white people. His harnessing of the blues form in *The Weary Blues* incorporated African

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24 Hughes, L., 1926. ‘Night Funeral in Harlem’ from *The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes*, published by Alfred A. Knopf, 1994 *The Estate of Langston Hughes*, Poets.org. Available at: <<https://poets.org/poem/madam-and-her-madam>>

25 Davis, T., 1945. *Thomas Davis: Essays And Poems. With A Centenary Memoir. 1845-1945.* Foreword By An Taoiseach, Éamon De Valéra.. Dublin: M.H. Gill & Son.

American language into poetry in phrases like “Ain’t”, “ma self”, “no mo’”,<sup>26</sup> and “It’s gwine to quit ma frownin”. He cleverly uses abbreviations from African American vernacular to substitute rhythmic schemes, already familiar to poetry, with a blues meter, integrating and formalising black cultural thought.

On the contrary, a new language birthed in black communities was rap. In ‘Letter to the Free’, when I say “Forgive them Father they know this knot is undone / Tied with the rope that my grandmother died”, the knot is symbolic of the servitude of African slaves; assumed to be untied in the ratification of the 13th Amendment in 1865. By highlighting the irony that this knot has remained “tied” while rapping in iambic pentameter, I meld traditional poetic devices with contemporary ways of rapping. Like Hughes but in a reversed manner, I infuse white expression into black delivery. Integral to both Hughes’ poems and my raps is speaking what must be spoken to the wider society through cultural fusion.

H: Although you bring some intriguing thoughts, some listeners might still be adamant that the cohesion of words and sound in rap distinguishes it from poetry. As critics like Micah Mattix writes “The only sense in which rap is poetry is as incomplete poetry, which doesn’t do either rap or poetry any favours”<sup>27</sup> or Adam Kirsch who claims “when rap is defined as a form of written poetry, virtuosic rhyming becomes more important than other qualities... which translates less well to the page”<sup>28</sup>. How would you respond to that?

C: To that, I would actually agree. There is a difference between the written form of rap when it is only viewed as a written piece. However, what changes between rap and poetry is simply delivery but that’s all that form is; a way of delivery.<sup>29</sup> It’s undeniable that one must consider the “embodied experience” to understand a play.<sup>30</sup> Meaning each element, whether it be sound effects, props, or even music contributes to one’s

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26 Hughes, L., 1926. *The Weary Blues* By Langston Hughes. [online] Poets.org. Available at: <<https://poets.org/poem/weary-blues>> From *The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes*, published by Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. Copyright © 1994 the Estate of Langston Hughes.

27 Micah Mattix, ‘Is Rap Poetry?’ ‘The American Conservative’, 2014. Web. Available at: <<http://www.theamericanconservative.com/prufroick/is-rap-poetry/>>

28 Adam Kirsch, ‘How Ya Like Me Now? Does Rap’s Suspended Adolescence Keep It From Serious Consideration?’, *Poetry Magazine* (2011), 48

29 Savon, Kim - *Why Intonation is So Important: We Communicate Meaning Through Tone of Voice in American English* ENGLISH WITH KIM. Available at: <<https://englishwithkim.com/intonation-communicates-meaning/>>

30 Sanders, Tal. *Props and Effects*. 2018 *Tualatin Books* (imprint of Pacific University Press). Published by Pacific University

overall understanding of a play.<sup>31</sup> Therefore, one should also consider poetry in the same manner. We even account for the speaker's articulation in spoken word poetry yet exclude rap from being considered in the same manner.<sup>32</sup> For example, in Hughes' 'Madam and her Madam', the experience embodied in the piece changes when you rap it to a beat. How about I show you, watch how this beat transition alters the delivery of the piece.

H: Go for it!

C: Here's the first beat:

*Excerpt: Jurassic 5, Work it Out - [Instrumental]*<sup>33</sup>

I worked for a woman,  
She wasn't mean—  
But she had a twelve-room  
House to clean.

Had to get breakfast,  
Dinner, and supper, too—  
Then take care of her children  
When I got through.

Wash, iron, and scrub,  
Walk the dog around—  
It was too much,  
Nearly broke me down.

H: That was quite fun! Certainly

C: Now, here's beat two:

*Excerpt: You Got Me, The Roots - [Instrumental]*<sup>34</sup>

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31 Mcgrail, Lauren. *Using Your Character's Surroundings: The Importance of Props and Foreshadowing*. Lights Film School [online] Available at: <<https://www.lightsfilmschool.com/blog/surroundings-props-screenwriting>>

32 Page, J., 2015. 'Verses Versus Verse': Examining Segmentivity In Rap & Contemporary American Poetry. Sydney, Australia: Macquarie University. pp. 73 ("To acknowledge [rap's] poeticity is not to minimise its innovation, nor to pretend it is identical with contemporary American page poetry. Rather, it is to bring light to its core functioning, and in doing so begin to redress an unjustified cultural imbalance between 'high' and 'low' art.")

33 Jurassic 5 - Feedback' (Track 7 - 'Work it Out'), *Interscope Records* - 2006

34 The Roots - 'Things Fall Apart' (Track 15 - 'You Got Me'), *DGC Records* - 2004

I said, Madam,  
Can it be  
You trying to make a  
Pack-horse out of me?

She opened her mouth.  
She cried, Oh, no!  
You know, Alberta,  
I love you so!

I said, Madam,  
That may be true—  
But I'll be dogged  
If I love you!<sup>35</sup>

H: Your examples might as well be two separate poems!

C: Exactly! Because the first beat was a C MAJOR, it connotes happiness and somewhat trivialises the piece to a comedic delivery. However, the second beats D MAJOR scale, delivered the piece in a melancholic tone, altering the perception of the words.<sup>36</sup>

H: The beat functions as an underscore.

C: Exactly. Thanks to the complex fusion and manipulation of beats, harmony and language to deliver meaning in rap, it has blossomed into an entirely unique branch of communication.

H: So, instead of considering rap like spoken word poetry, it should be taken into account for its unique poetic merit?

C: Well, it's been said that language is delivery of thought and is the demiurge of nationalism... a vehicle for expansion... an attribute of empowerment and cultural identity<sup>37</sup>... it provides the most immediate link among people. Denying rap poetic

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35 Hughes, L., 1926. 'Madam and Her Madam' from *The Collected Poems of Langston Hughes*, published by Alfred A. Knopf, 1994 the Estate of Langston Hughes, Poets.org. Available at: <<https://poets.org/poem/madam-and-her-madam>>

36 Eerola, Tuomas and Vuoskoski, Jonna K. *A Review of Music and Emotion Studies: Approaches, Emotion Models, and Stimuli - Music Perception: An Interdisciplinary Journal Vol. 30, No. 3 (Feb. 1, 2013), pp. 307-340 (34 pages) Published by: University of California Press*

37 Aspachs-Bracons, O., Clots-Figueras, I. and Masella, P., 2013. Education, Language And Identity: The Effect Of Language At School On Identity And Political Outlooks. *The Economic Journal - Royal Economic Society*, p.(pp. F354).



legitimation is essentially, depriving a culture of the ability to express identity, which is otherwise known as?

H: Oppression. Wow.

Any final words?

C: Rap should be considered poetry to encourage true equality and equalize the voices of African Americans to a greater extent. The voice of African Americans has been silenced through their denial of legitimation.

*Excerpt: Theme Music*<sup>38</sup>

H: Our next guest is Timothy Brennan, author of 'Rap and Poetry: Drawing the Line' which featured in this month's 'Critical Thoughts' section. Thanks for being here Timothy.

T: Morning Don, thanks for the invitation!

H: We're always glad to have you here Timothy. Now, based on a previous piece you authored- 'World Music Does Not Exist', your piece adopts the position that rap should not be recognised as poetry. In light of the riots that are still continuing across the U.S, do you hold to your position?

T: Well firstly, I wouldn't like the argument in my piece to be reduced too simplistically. I would want to explain that while the two forms are similar, they hold similarities in the same way that walking and running are similar; rhythm, rhyme or punctuation are simply common features, quite like moving your legs or swinging your arms. They both occur, but very differently.

H: As discussed with Common, is that not to silence this African American art form and worsen racial inequality?

T: Well, I think the real question is what is meant by silencing? One can never have a voice if it belongs to someone else and language can be regarded not only as a communication tool but also as an attribute of empowerment and cultural identity.<sup>39</sup> Accordingly, to surrender the richness of rap fully to the mainstream, would be to constitute a cultural imperialism model, which would narrow the African American

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38 Booker, Ervin - 'Exultation!' (Track 1 - 'Mooche Mooche'), *Prestige Records* - 1963

39 Napoleon, quoted in Reisner (1922, pp.35)

dialect in rap and ultimately disempower the African American voice.<sup>40</sup> My point is really that while you could argue that rap is a form of poetry, one should not consider rap as poetry unless one intends to destroy, even further, years of rich African American history. Rap in-of-itself is already being threatened through cultural appropriation by Anglo-Saxon rappers.<sup>41</sup> Ultimately, I believe that rap has its own auditory aesthetic and contains merits of its own to be recognised.

H: This is an interesting position, which is why you were chosen in this month's issue. For those who haven't read your piece yet, you mention in your article that "although the two forms are highly similar, they are also distinguishable." You touched on distinguishing features like form, but what exactly do you mean by this?

T: Rap is a relatively young form of art which developed within African American communities through remixing and rhythmically singing over funk and disco music, which are also genres of music created by African Americans. Rap is therefore a cultural practice which encapsulates African American history.<sup>42</sup> To answer a question with a question, what then is the need to further dilute this culture into mainstream Eurocentric society? I actually don't understand the appeal of labelling rap as poetry. When hip-hop became a global phenomenon with hits like 'Rappers Delight'<sup>43</sup> in 1979, the struggle to define rap was not confined within the boundaries of an art world, but spilled into the mainstream, generating discursive themes that framed the contention over the music.<sup>44</sup> The press and public commentators had been equating rap as a whole but with only a small branch of it - the form known as "gangsta rap".<sup>45</sup>

H: What about poetry, why shouldn't it encompass rap?

T: Well Don, I believe that music is a symbolic vehicle for drawing the boundaries between those who belong and those who would otherwise threaten the purity of the

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- 40 Brennan, Timothy - *World Music Does Not Exist -Discourse*, Vol. 23, No. 1, IMPERIAL DISCLOSURES: Part II (Winter 2001), pp. 51
- 41 Caramanica, J., 2016. *White Rappers, Clear Of A Black Planet*. [online] Nytimes.com. Available at: <<https://www.nytimes.com/2016/08/21/arts/music/white-rappers-geazy-mike-stud.html>>
- 42 MacDonald, George F. *What Is Culture?* -The Journal of Museum Education Vol. 16, No. 1, Current Issues in Museum Learning (Winter, 1991), pp. 9-12. Published by: Taylor & Francis, Ltd.
- 43 Sugarhill Gang - 'Sugarhill Gang' (Track 10 - 'Rappers Delight'), Sanctuary Records Group Ltd. - 1979
- 44 Appelrouth, Scott and Kelly, Crystal. *Rap, Race and the (Re)production of Boundaries - Sociological Perspectives* Vol. 56, No. 3 (Fall 2013), pp. 304 (26 pages) Published by: Sage Publications, Inc.
- 45 Brennan, Timothy - *World Music Does Not Exist -Discourse*, Vol. 23, No. 1, IMPERIAL DISCLOSURES: Part II (Winter 2001), pp. 54

group. That's why there are so many variations of music genres and sounds between cultures and groups.<sup>46</sup> "Perhaps discursively constructing the spectacle of the "other" is itself essential to constructing, reproducing and contesting the aesthetic and social boundaries that provide both the order and dynamism of social life. Whether the intent is to oppress or empower, an act of degradation or resistance... the "differences that contingently forge the bases for collective identities must first be created. If they already exist between rap and poetry, then rap will forever be known as the "other" type of poetry".<sup>47</sup> In the words of Theodore Kallifatides: "there cannot be a firmly established political state unless there is a teaching body with definitely recognised principles ... the state will not constitute a nation; it will rest on uncertain and shifting foundations; and it will be constantly exposed to disorder and change"<sup>48</sup>. So, to deem rap as poetry would evoke a systematic volatility where the true features of rap are overlooked in substitution for poetic merits, deducing from both one's understanding and the authenticity of the overall work.

H: What would you say to critics like Scott Appelrouth who suggest "Greater accessibility creates the potential for expanding the size, scope and autonomy of audiences, and thus the impact on social boundaries"<sup>49</sup>

T: That rap is already vastly accessible, especially in today's technologically dominated age.<sup>50</sup>

H: We owe this segment to Akala, the British rap artist and activist who addresses poetry, rap and racism, but just to finish off, I thought we'd play a little game of his famous, 'Shakespeare or hip-hop?'.  
T: (laugh) Sounds engaging.

H: I'll play a clip with a line from either Shakespeare or hip-hop and you tell me which you think it is.

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46 Creanza, Nicole & Kolodny, Oren & Feldman, Marcus W. 2016. *Cultural evolutionary theory: How culture evolves and why it matters*. [online] PNAS. Available at: <<https://www.pnas.org/content/114/30/7782>>

47 Appelrouth, Scott and Kelly, Crystal. Rap, Race and the (Re)production of Boundaries - Sociological Perspectives Vol. 56, No. 3 (Fall 2013), pp. 304 (26 pages) Published by: Sage Publications, Inc.

48 Kallifatides, Theodor. *Language and Identity - Harvard Review* - No. 4 (Spring, 1993), pp. 113-120 (8 pages) - Published by: Harvard Review

49 Appelrouth, Scott and Kelly, Crystal. Rap, Race and the (Re)production of Boundaries - Sociological Perspectives Vol. 56, No. 3 (Fall 2013), pp. 304 (26 pages) Published by: Sage Publications, Inc.

50 Patrick, Ryan. USA Today. Rap overtakes rock as the most popular genre among music fans. Here's why. [online] Available at: <<https://www.usatoday.com/story/life/music/2018/01/03/rap-overtakes-rock-most-popular-genre-among-music-fans-heres-why/990873001/>>

H: Here's clip one:

*(Question 1)*<sup>51</sup>

“Too many storms have come and gone leaving a trace of not one God-given ray.”<sup>52</sup>

H: Shakespeare or hip-hop?

T: I'm not recognising it as Shakespeare... hip-hop?

H: Correct! That was from TLC's famous 'Waterfalls' in 1994. What about this one?

*(Question 2) Excerpt: The Poet's Pen Turns Them To Shapes - Shakespeare Unlimited*<sup>53</sup>

“Maybe it's hatred I spew. Maybe it's food for the spirit”<sup>54</sup>

T: Spew... that's very Shakespearean... Shakespeare?

H: That's actually from a track called Renegade by Eminem.

T: Wow, I wouldn't have known!

H: *(laugh)* And what about this one?

*(Question 3) Excerpt: Hip-Hop & Shakespeare? Akala at TEDxAldeburgh*<sup>55</sup>

“The most benevolent king, communicatin' through your dreams”<sup>56</sup>

T: Has to be Shakespeare.

H: That was actually by the RZA, the leader of the Wu-Tang Clan.

T: Quite poetic, but not poetry *(laugh)*.

H: *(laugh)* Finally, Shakespeare or hip-hop?

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51 ABC News. n.d. *Shakespeare Quiz*. [online] Available at: <<https://www.abc.net.au/news/interactives/quiz/?quiz=1461290538.0432&v=4.2.0>>

52 TLC - 'Crazysexycool' (Track 8 - 'Waterfalls'), LaFace Records LLC - 1994. *(lyrics available at: <<https://genius.com/Tlc-waterfalls-lyrics>>*

53 Paul, R., 2017. *The Poet'S Pen Turns Them To Shapes*. [Podcast] Shakespeare Unlimited . Available at: <<https://www.folger.edu/shakespeare-unlimited/akala-hip-hop-shakespeare>>

54 Eminem - 'Curtain Call' (Track 23 - 'Renegade' feat. JAY Z), Aftermath Entertainment / Interscope Records - 2005. *(lyrics available at: <<https://genius.com/Jay-z-renegade-lyrics>>*

55 Youtube.com. 2011. *Hip-Hop & Shakespeare? Akala at TEDxAldeburgh, TEDx Talks*. [online] Available at: <<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DSbtLkA3GrY>>

56 Wu-Tang Clan - 'Wu-Tang Forever' (Track 14 - 'Impossible feat. Tekitha), RCA Records - 1997. *(lyrics available at: <<https://genius.com/Wu-tang-clan-impossible-lyrics>>*

*(Question 4)*<sup>57</sup>

“Flout ‘em and scout ‘em. And scout ‘em and flout ‘em. Thought is free.”<sup>58</sup>

T: Well, “em” is a fairly colloquial piece of language. It sounds quite urban. I’m going to have to go for hip-hop.

H: That was actually taken from a little play known as ‘The Tempest’.

T: Wow! Now that is surprising!

H: Timothy, thank you so much for being here, you’ve made some very interesting points, and thanks for being such a great sport.

*Excerpt: Theme Music*<sup>59</sup>

H: Thanks for tuning into Part 1. I think it’s fair to say that our magazine’s forward recognition of Common’s rap as poetry is a small, historic movement in the Black Lives Matter movement. Yet, Timothy Brennan helps us to question whether this is truly what African American poetic expression needs to legitimise its voice. Stay tuned next week for Part 2, where we explore the poetic implications of the rap and the BLM here in Australia. Until then, stay poetic.

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57 ABC News. n.d. *Shakespeare Quiz*. [online] Available at: <<https://www.abc.net.au/news/interactives/quiz/?quiz=1461290538.0432&v=4.2.0>>

58 Shakespeare, William, 1564-1616. *The Tempest (Act 3, Scene 2)*. Cambridge :Harvard University Press, 1958

59 Booker, Ervin - 'Exultation!' (Track 1 - 'Mooche Mooche'), Prestige Records - 1963

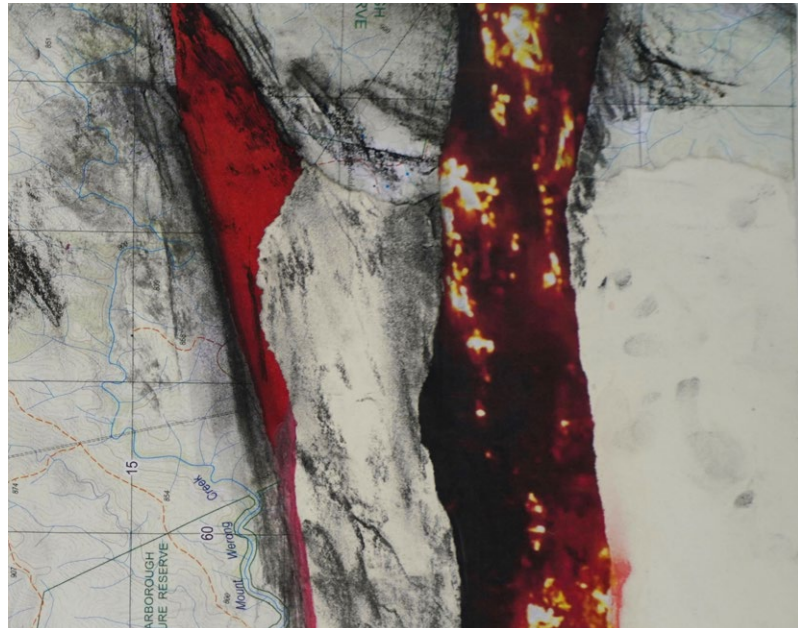
VISUAL ARTS

# Joseph O'Brien

## “Ice and Fire”

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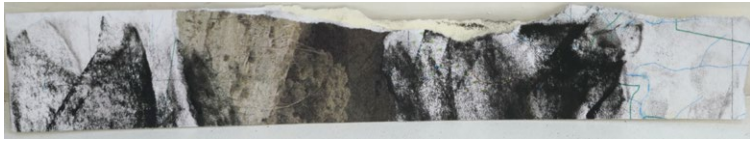
My work was influenced by the devastating 2020 Australian ‘black summer’ fires initially. I felt deeply the great loss of native animals, livestock and people. The fires burned huge swathes of forests and land. It burned and consumed nearly 2,800 homes. I heard and read of the people personally affected by these terrible fires. My collage artwork is a way of looking at these terrible fires. In contrast, I wanted to show the beauty and majesty of nature. The great white snowy mountain became the focus of my work. The result was two opposites, in Ice and Fire, coming together in my body of work to show the complexity of life, of our environment and the nature of contradictions in the world.

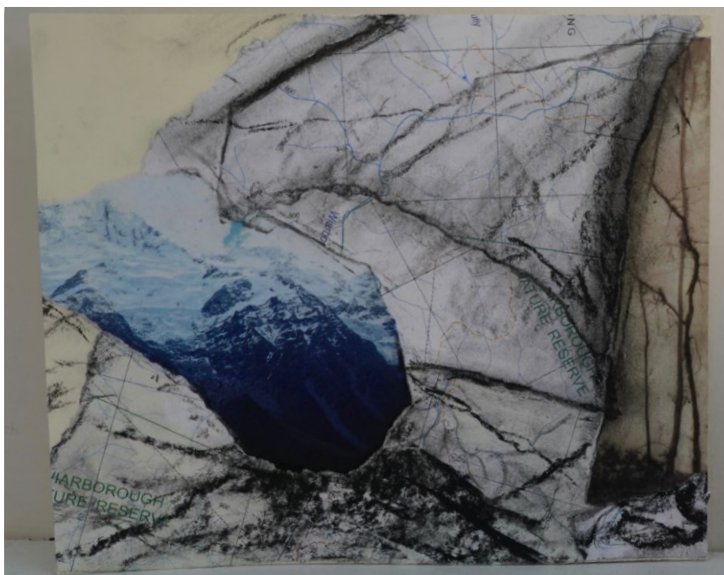
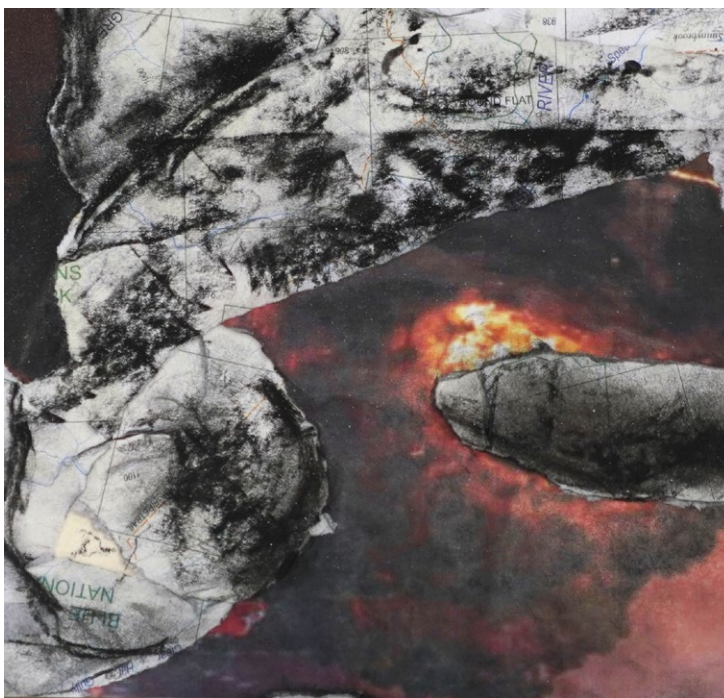




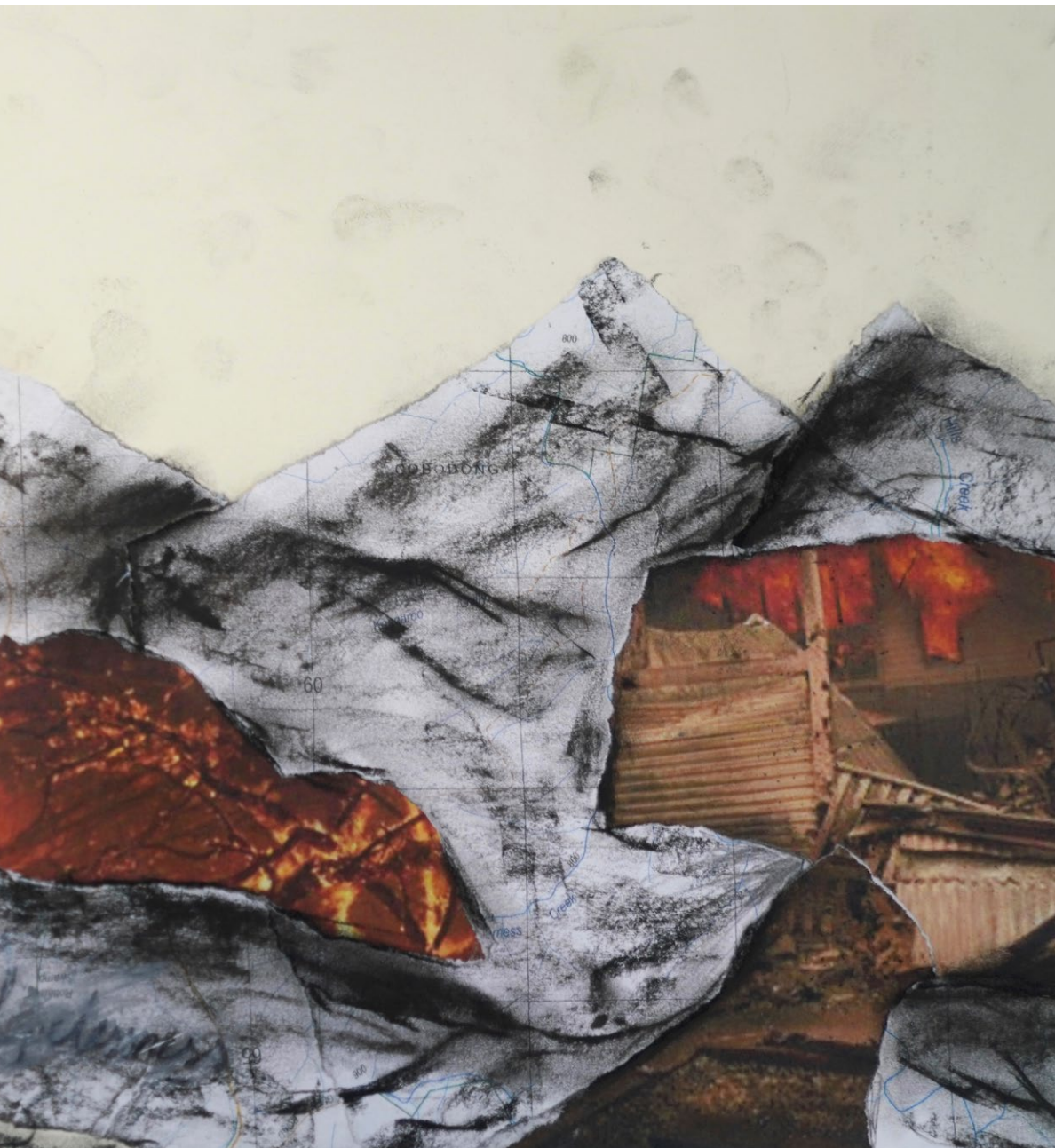














## MUSIC 1

# Fergus Collins

## Performance

Fusion, Jason Woolley  
Natchez Trace, Glen Partridge  
Stevie's Blues, Tommy Emmanuel  
Fiesta, Tommy Emmanuel

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

Over the past 12 months in the Music 1 course, I have dedicated the majority of my time to learning, perfecting and performing four guitar pieces. I chose these pieces alongside my tutor, Mr Cichocki, and my teacher, Mr Watters, with the ultimate aim being to provide my HSC markers with four varied, stylistic and sophisticated pieces. Each piece is grounded in a different style – country and Spanish to blues and jazz fusion – and it was this variety between each of the pieces that not only kept me engaged throughout the year but also enhanced my overall technical ability, to the benefit of each individual piece.

Whilst many of the techniques within these pieces prompted much practise (particular difficulty was found in sections where fingerstyle was needed, or where sound effects needed to be perfected), the most pressing issue prior to the HSC was my stage presence, as often noted by the internal markers. Thus, whilst perfecting the intricacies of my pieces proved difficult, much of my practise sessions in the mornings, afternoons and during classes were very much focussed on bringing a more dynamic and enjoyable performance to the markers.

Whilst I was heavily influenced by players such as Tommy Emmanuel and Stevie Ray Vaughan when approaching some of the pieces this year, I would credit much of the final product to the consistent presence of Mr Cichocki and my regular jams with classmate Frank Thomsen, both of whom helped me to rediscover a passion for music during my final year.







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**FERGUS COLLINS**  
PERFORMANCE - FUSION, JASON WOOLLEY  
PERFORMANCE - NATCHEZ TRACE, GLEN PARTRIDGE  
PERFORMANCE - STEVIE'S BLUES, TOMMY EMMANUEL  
PERFORMANCE - FIESTA, TOMMY EMMANUEL





# Hunter Hartwig

## Study desk

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

I thoroughly enjoyed the entire process of planning and constructing my 2020 Industrial Technology Major Work: a study desk which uses an interesting contrast of light and dark timbers, highlighted through the different joinery techniques used throughout the project.

The purpose of the study desk was to offer a modern piece of practical furniture for the house that was desperately in need of a desk to complement a quiet learning environment. The brick-like pattern across all of the main panels of the desk offers an element of detail, as the intricacy can't be seen from a distance, which I preferred over the idea of just having generic wide panels which offer less sophistication. The American Oak that I used to create this brick-effect is vital in the pattern as the natural changing tone of the timber brings to light the individual 'bricks'.

The curve that runs off from the desktop was by far the most difficult part of the project, but also the most rewarding. The tangents of the American Oak that are exposed from the cross cutting of the timber create a sense of unfamiliarity which is interesting as tangents are not exposed in traditional projects. The curve then forces the viewers' gaze to move further down the project to the feature.

The feature of the project is an epoxy resin pour with floating pieces of American Oak that are the same dimensions as the 'bricks' in the rest of the project. The epoxy pour was a process that I had never attempted before, and gave me great satisfaction after its completion. Patience was a virtue throughout this process, with the setting taking seven days. However, I am very happy with the decision to use a different option for completing the final component of the project, which adds to the aesthetics with the contrast of the clear epoxy with the dark American Walnut which was used for the drawer fascias.

Overall, my project exceeded my expectations and I would like to thank all of the staff that helped me along the way, pushing me to complete the project and produce the highest quality of work. I hope that the project stays in the family for generations to provide a contemporary piece of furniture to complement any room, whilst also providing a sophisticated and practical study desk.









# Matthew Dardis

## “Mausoleum: Philosophers and Fools”

### REFLECTION STATEMENT

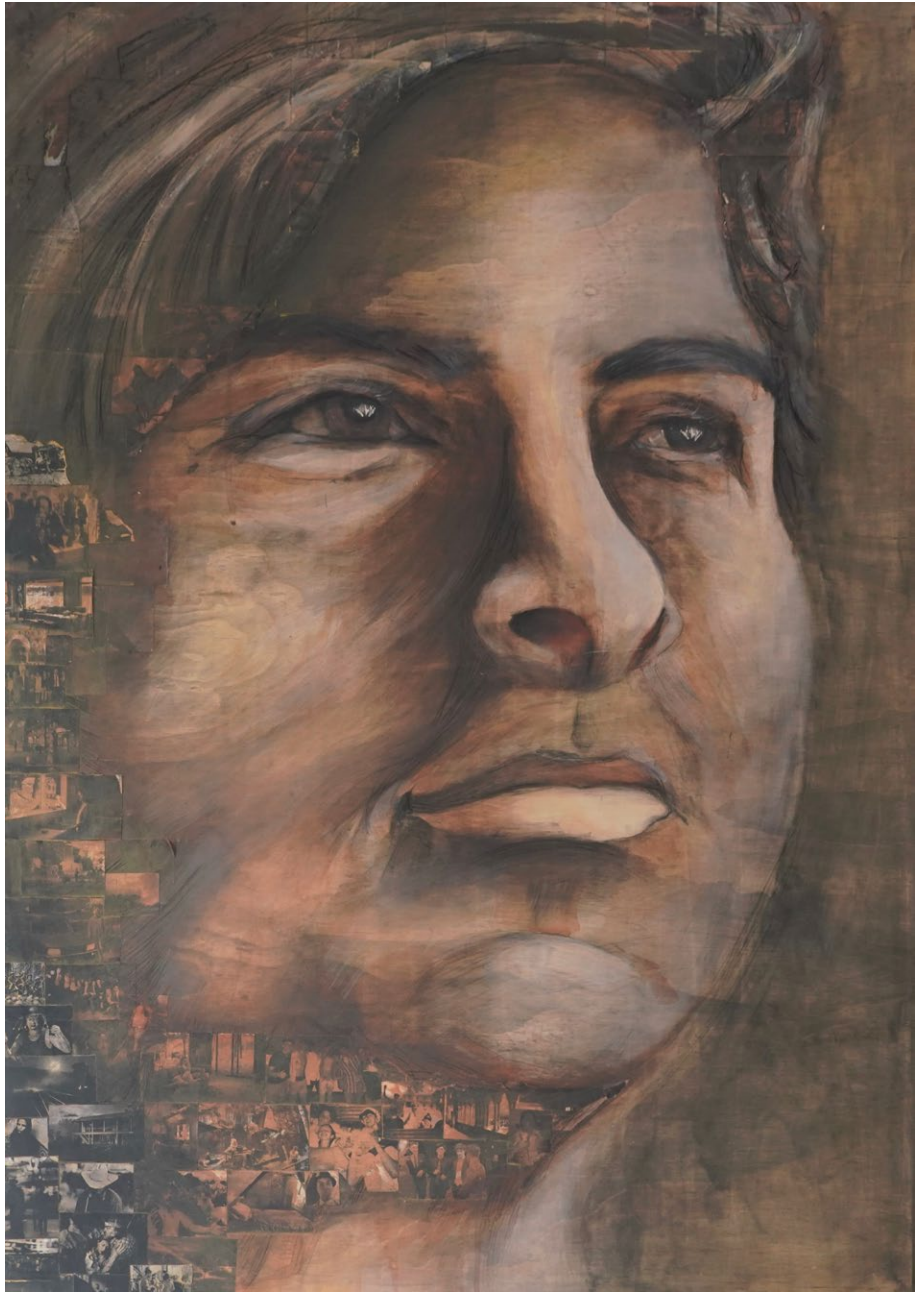
*I give you the mausoleum of all hope and desire. I give it to you not that you may remember time, but that you might forget it now and then for a moment, and not spend all your breath trying to conquer it. Because no battle is ever won, he said. They are not even fought. The field only reveals to man his own folly and despair, and victory is an illusion of philosophers and fools. (William Faulkner, *The Sound and the Fury*, 1929)*

My major work, Mausoleum reimagines how time moulds two individuals and their perception of identity, building up layers of self-image. It presents the human psyche as a multi-layered consciousness that is moulded by the chronology of memory. Both fantasy and reminiscence subvert the integrity of the present, creating a greater obliviousness of time passing. The work delves into our unrequited love for the ephemeral faces of the past and the ones waiting in our future.

I wanted to portray a non-linear conversation between two brother figures, one representative of the physical effect of time and one the internal. In the piece, just as time is a rigid, unalterable mechanism that dictates their ability to grow, learn or change, it entombs the brothers' respective natures as philosopher and fool.

Just as we build upon the grain of our family tree to grow more fully into ourselves, the layers of every individual's identity are reshaped constantly throughout our lives. As a student, I hope to portray youth (hope and desire), middle-age (folly and despair), and most importantly old age, wherein one finally accepts our inability to wield mastery over time. I want to highlight the ambiguity of identity and thus the potential for hope or fear to govern how humans respond to their present world, through reflecting on our past and the prospect of future experiences. Therefore, my work seeks to depict the faces that surface in our memory, from the neural passages we did not take, towards the door we dreamt of opening – but never did; into the Mausoleum.





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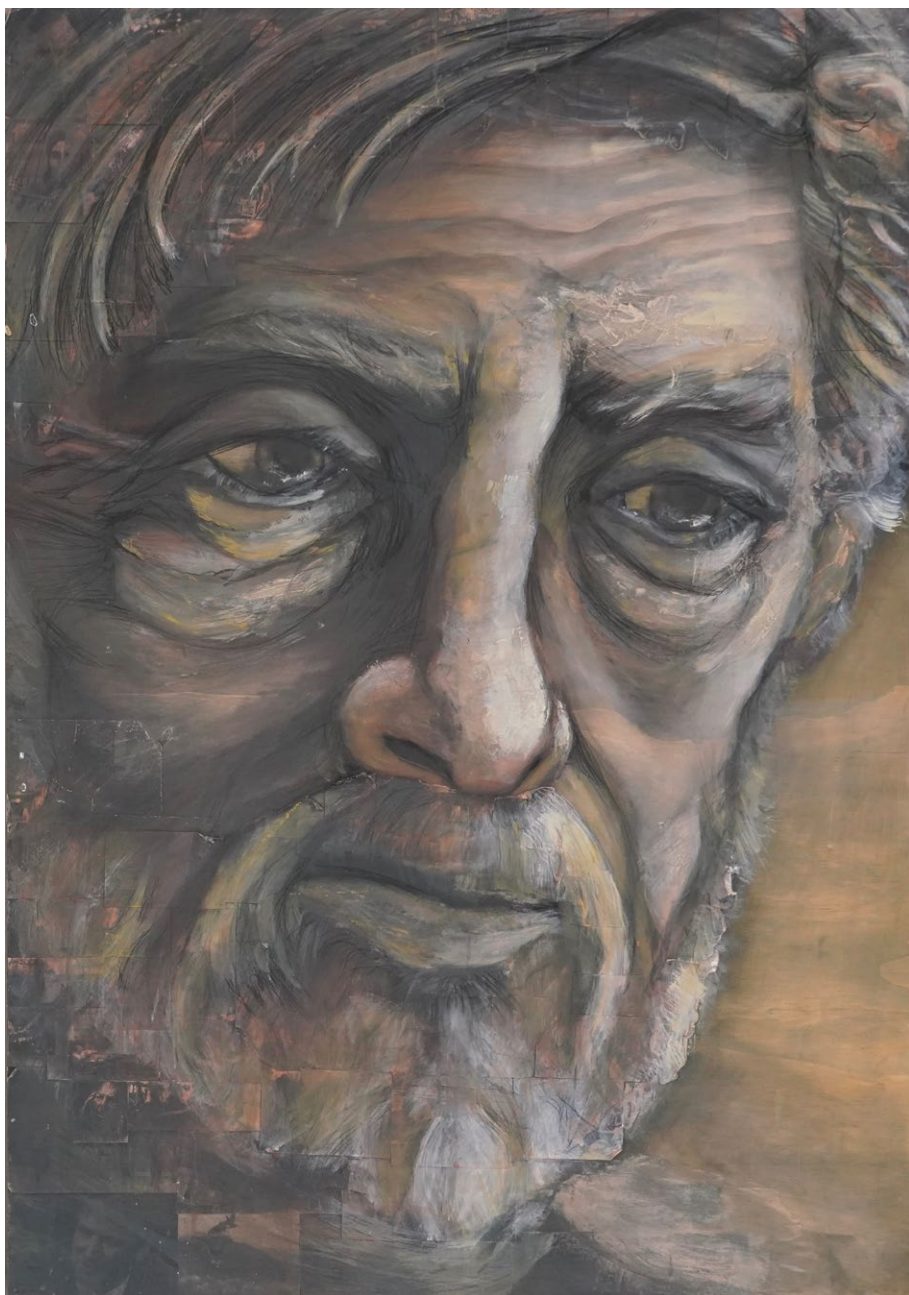
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**VISUAL ARTS**  
CHARCOAL, ACRYLICS,  
PASTELS AND COLLAGE ON  
WOOD

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**VISUAL ARTS**  
CHARCOAL, ACRYLICS,  
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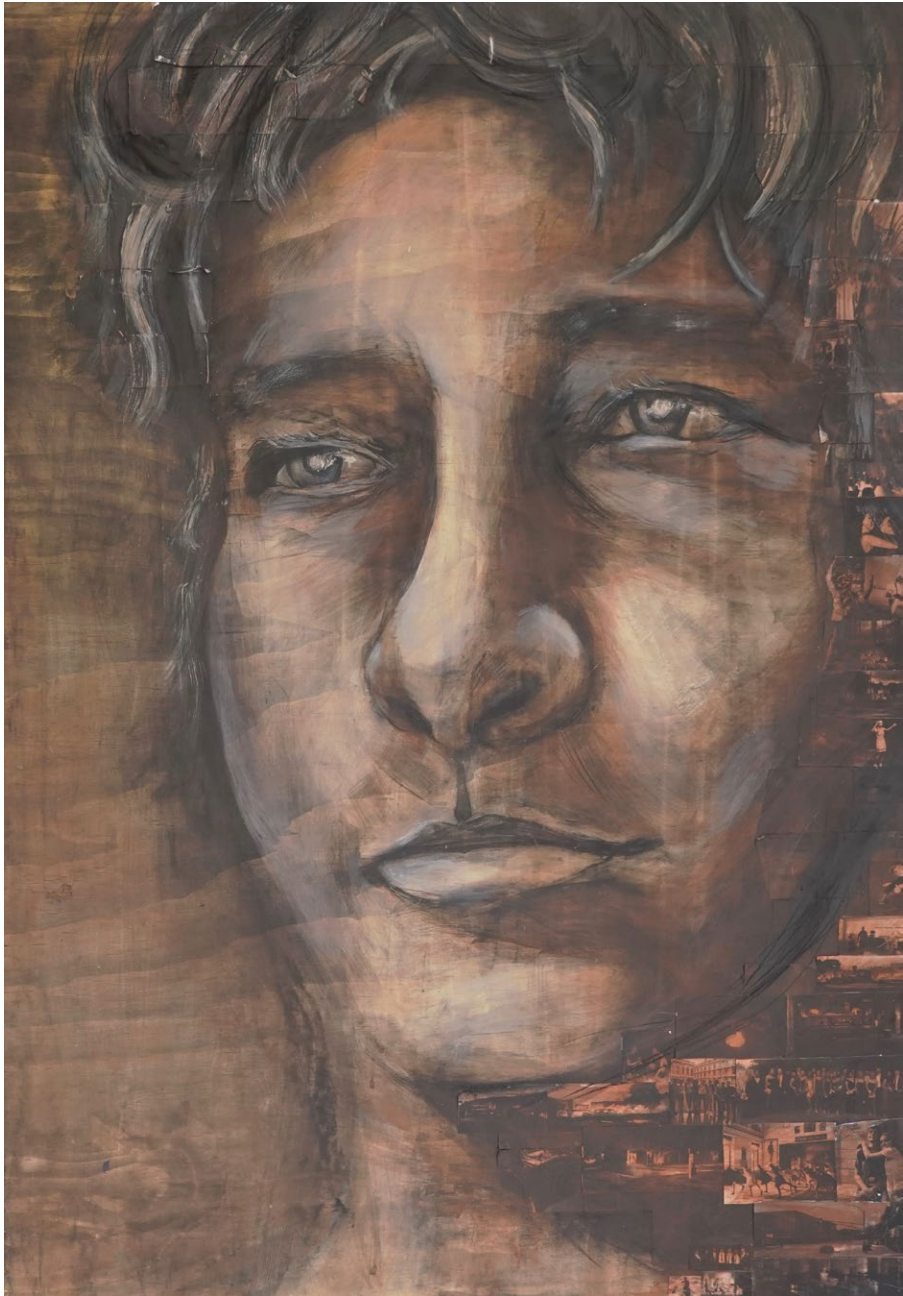
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