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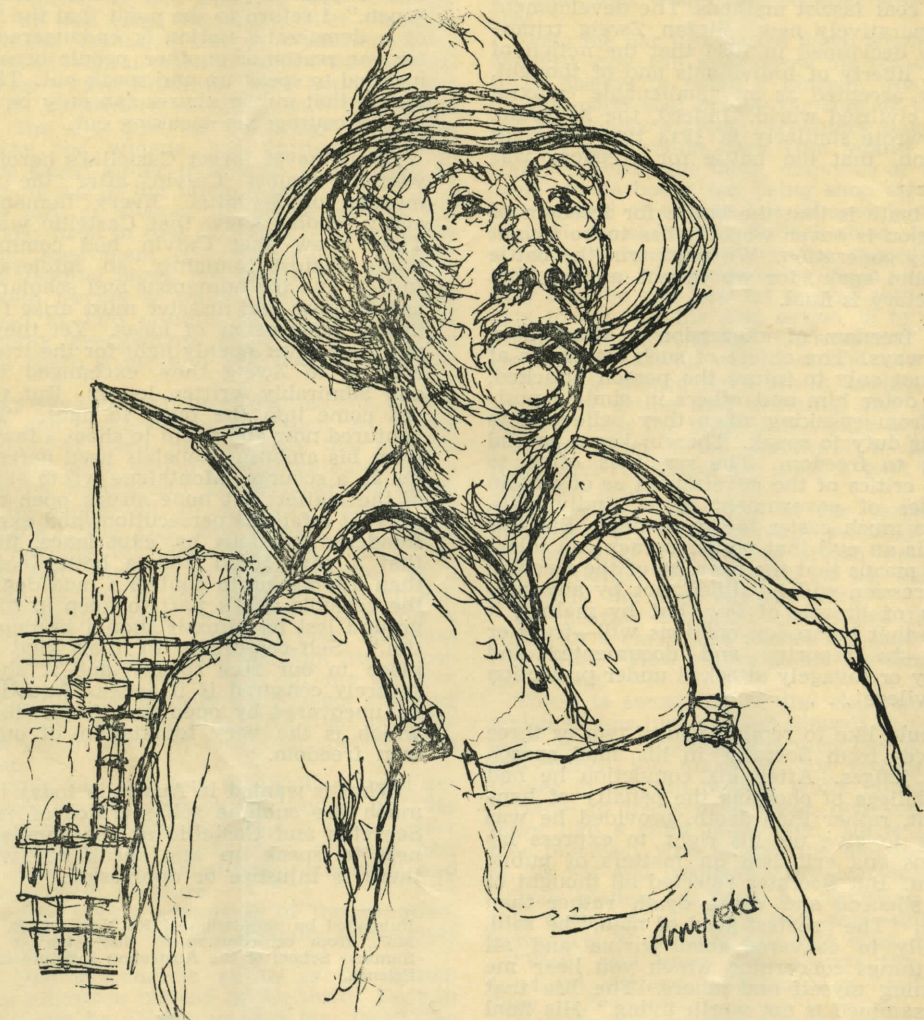
The Blakemore  
Principal the Teachers' College

# OVERLAND

Wagga Wagga  
N.S.W.

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ONE SHILLING



Building Worker.

Pen drawing by David Armfield.

## WRITING BY:

Arthur Phillips, Eric La Motte, Gwen Kelly, Dr. H. V. Evatt,  
John Manifold, Frank Dalby Davison, Flora Eldershaw, Alan  
Marshall, Gerry Grant, Vance Palmer, Walter Kaufmann,  
Russel Ward, A. D. Hope, David Martin, Allan Morris and  
others.

# OUR FREEDOM OF EXPRESSION

By Dr. H. V. Evatt

WE must observe closely the practice of using anti-communist slogans to conceal fascist methods. The development is comparatively new. Stefan Zweig triumphantly declaimed in 1936 that the notion of liberty, liberty of individuals and of thought, is now accepted as an "inalienable" maxim by the civilised world. Indeed, the historian, Bury, wrote similarly in 1913 that the fight was won, that the battle for freedom was over . . .

The truth is that the battle for freedom of expression is never won. It has to be fought in every generation. We must win the battle again and again, for we cannot assume that any victory is final.

And freedom of expression is attacked in many ways. The object of such attacks is at times not only to injure the person attacked, but to deter him and others in similar positions from speaking when they believe it to be their duty to speak. Therein lies a special danger to freedom. The result is often to silence critics of the government or of certain activities of government or of individuals. It is so much easier to say nothing. But this result is an evil that no democracy can tolerate. It means that the exercise of the freedom of expression will be stifled, not by any suggestion of breach of law, but by making it known that heterodox opinions will—truly or falsely—be reported and documented and secretly or savagely attacked under protection of privilege . . .

I would like to remind you of two or three sentences from Socrates in his final speech to the judges. After his conviction he had the privilege of choosing the penalty of banishment, rather than death, provided he was willing to give up his right to express his opinions and criticism on matters of public concern. But Socrates rejected all thought of being silenced and chose death rather than silence. "The greatest good of man," he said, "is daily to converse about virtue and all those things concerning which you hear me examining myself and others. The life that is unexamined is not worth living." His final decision was that if he could not be free to debate important public questions affecting the citizens or the state, life would be unendurable. And so he went to his death.

This, then, is the fundamental charter of conduct for all free men. It is not enough that the legal right of criticism theoretically exists. The right must be exercised or true freedom will become atrophied. Interference with freedom by bearing down on dissent, and by monopolising the organs of mass communication, has increased, is increasing and ought to be diminished. The teacher at Sydney University, who refused to become an informer against his colleagues, and who publicised the attempt to seduce him, showed courage. University teachers everywhere should cease to speak of freedom as an abstract legal right. They should speak up and

speak fearlessly. Courage is the thing. And only courage in exercising freedom of expression will save that fundamental right . . .

I wish to stress again that there is no law of the land which prevents the free expression of opinion. The principle is that truth and falsehood must grapple and, as Milton so optimistically maintained, truth should not be worsted in a "free and open" encounter. But the encounter must be both "free" and "open." I return to the point that the free life of a democratic nation is endangered when, for one reason or another, people become disinclined to speak up and speak out. The plain fact is that public abuses can only be remedied by courageous speaking out.

Let us never forget Castellio's heroic intervention against Calvin after the judicial murder of Servetus. Every humanist and every scholar knew that Castellio was right. They knew that Calvin had committed a crime against humanity, an intolerable injustice, and the humanists and scholars of the age foresaw that disaster must arise from the brutal suppression of ideas. Yet they dared not themselves openly fight for the truth. According to Zweig they exchanged touching and admirably written letters. But they did not come into the open to fight. "Erasmus ventured now and again to shoot a few arrows from his ambush; Rabelais used fierce laughter as a scourge; Montaigne wrote eloquently of the matter; but none struck open blows to prevent infamous persecutions and executions. Rendered cautious by experience, they said that a sage could find a better occupation than attempting to control a mad dog; it was the sensible man's part to keep in the background lest he himself should become a victim." Self-censorship of that kind has no place in our free society and it should be severely censured if it arises. Injustice must be uncovered by open and frank discussion, which is the very foundation of our hard-won freedom.

What is wanted in Australia today is not so much the sublime self-sacrifice of men like Servetus and Castellio as the simple manliness to speak up and speak out whenever there is injustice or oppression.

Published by permission of Rt. Hon. Dr. H. V. Evatt, M.P., from contribution to discussion at the 1955 Summer School of the Australian Institute of Political Science.

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## DAME MARY GILMORE

For New Australia, sixty years gone by,  
You battled in the wilds of Paraguay;  
And still today your undefeated pen  
Renews Australia in the hearts of men.

J. S. MANIFOLD.

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She—whom we love—she has lived for ninety years,  
She shall live **more!**—for wisdom and for song.  
Poets whom the gods love die with early tears;  
Those whom the people love live rich and long.

MUIR HOLBURN.

## Editorial

# Four Thousand To One

WE are proud of the success story we have to tell our readers. We have sold 4,300 copies of the last issue of **Overland**, which makes us, we believe, the most widely circulated magazine of our type in the English-speaking world. Furthermore, business arrangements are now being finalised which will, we believe, take our circulation to near the 7,000 mark. This will reduce price per copy and so enable us to increase size still further. And more sales mean more advertisements, and for every page of ads we get we can afford to print an extra page of letterpress.

You can look forward to bigger and better **Overlands** in the future.

What are the secrets of **Overland's** success? Three points made in the recent application by **Overland** for a Commonwealth Literary Fund grant are relevant:

"The magazine's broad and popular approach, the wide variety of writers who have contributed and the variety of viewpoints expressed, and its dedication to Australia, past, present and future."

"A country's literature develops from a country's life and it is the job of writers to reflect and, indeed, influence that life. Hence our approach is not academic."

"The list of contributors, the subjects touched on and the great variety of opinions expressed are proof that the magazine does not exist for the purpose of the promulgation of any set of political doctrines, though it does exist for the purpose of the examination of them all as they affect literature. The magazine's slogan may well be borne in mind (it is adapted from Joseph Furphy): 'Temper democratic; bias Australian'."

And to these reasons may be added another: the enthusiastic way in which readers of **Overland** have flung themselves into popularising the magazine and winning extra sales and subs for the magazine.

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A note of warning may be struck: our determination to push ahead with the expansion of the magazine could have disastrous results if **continually increasing** support does not come in the form of subscriptions, bulk orders and donations.

John's fingers tightened on his pencil.

"That's the decision, Cooper."

"But sir, I found out my birthday. Doesn't that make a difference?"

"I'm sorry, Cooper. The Headmaster has considered all cases carefully; you'll get a trade this way."

"Is it your decision too, sir?"

John's hands tightened on the pencil, so hard that it snapped, resounding like a shot in the silent room.

My recommendation overrides yours—a school has to pull together—so Wally settled for the Alsatian—Dad took the blankets with him—my only hope is you—I sent a boy like Cooper to High School—he needs a trade—a trade—you're going to shoot him, John.

John looked straight at the boy.

Readers may not be aware that a temporary politician named Cremean attacked **Overland** in the House of Representatives on October 12.

Concealed beneath a mass of lies and contemptible innuendoes was an attack on the magazine because it had dared to consider applying for a Commonwealth Literary Fund grant, and an attack on Dr. H. V. Evatt because he gave **Overland** permission to republish his historic essay on the Eureka Stockade, at the time of the centenary last year.

Readers will be interested to know that Dr. Evatt has now given **Overland** permission to publish also his remarks on McCarthyism in the intellectual and cultural worlds.



**Overland** is but little concerned with what the Cremean-Keon-Wentworth axis say about matters literary and cultural.

The level of their intellectual development can be gauged by their phrenetic attacks on individual writers from all round the political spectrum; their attempts to apply overt political pressure on the Commonwealth Literary Fund, and to hogtie its activities; and their persistent attempts to break the back of an independent liberal literary journal like **Meanjin**.

If Lawson were alive he would be a victim of the ragged bombardment these tatterdemalion political figures put up; after all, look at his record: himself a writer, his mother an agitator and his father an alien!

But we do think people should recognise attacks on **Overland**, and **Overland's** undoubted right to apply to the C.L.F. for a grant and to have such a grant, as merely part of the all-round attempt to turn the C.L.F. into a narrowly partisan and ultra-conservative agency, and to apply the Indian death-lock harder and harder on Australian literary, cultural and academic life, and to all free expression in this country.

"Yes Martin, it is my decision, too."

He turned back to his book.

"The rest of you will go to the Tech. If your parents wish to see us about these decisions, get them to come up by the end of the week. Now take out your magazines."

He shut the book abruptly and the pieces of broken pencil fell with a gentle clatter to the floor.

"Tell your young writers from me that to write their own generation or times is not enough, but to write so that the next generation can say we are there too, i.e. to include depth; or the trunk of the tree as well as the leaves. We do too much temporary work."

—Mary Gilmore.

# Swag

With the Christmas season approaching, the minds of **Overland** readers at least should be turning to the thought of buying books as presents. The Editor would like to give his very highest personal recommendation to three Australian books just published which are of quite extraordinary merit and value. They are John Morrison's **Black Cargo** (Australasian Book Society, 17/6 and 13/6 (soft cover), 15/- and 10/- to members), Alan Marshall's **I Can Jump Puddles** (F. W. Cheshire, 19/6), and Hugh Anderson and Ron Edwards' **Colonial Ballads** (Ram's Skull Press, 30/6). Alan Marshall's book is reviewed in this issue; John Morrison's is a collection of some of the finest short stories put between two covers in this country for many years; and **Colonial Ballads** is the first study of Australian "folk-song" yet published, and is enhanced by the music of each song. Copies of these books are available through the Australasian Book Society, 360 Collins Street, Melbourne, C.1, and all prices include postage.

One of our readers has taken out ten subs. to **Overland** as Christmas gifts for friends. Why not do likewise? For five bob few gifts can be bought which will give so much interest and pleasure over such a long period. Send to the Editor at G.P.O., Box 98A, Melbourne, C.1, for special subscription forms for this purpose, or just send the names and the addresses of the intended recipients, and the current issue will be posted, together with a note specifying whom the gift is from, to arrive in time for Christmas.

Advertising in **Overland**, incidentally, should be good business to many. We have a large circulation and a readership of importance to those who sell books and similar products. Our rates are £10 page, £5 a half page and £3 a quarter page. Will **Overland** readers, when patronising our advertisers, please mention **Overland**?

Beer is again flowing in one of the famous pubs of literature—Schweik's The Flagon in Prague, Czechoslovakia. The inn, chosen by Jaroslav Hasek as the setting of the early chapters of that great war—and pretence—debunking novel **The Good Soldier Schweik**, has been used as a storehouse for the last fifteen years. It has now been re-opened after being completely renovated and decorated with Schweik mementoes. These include even a portrait of the late Emperor Franz Joseph. A portrait of Schweik in blue military cap and uniform adorns a signboard above the inn.

Mr. C. Castan, State School, Thargomindah (Q.), wishes to obtain a libretto for an opera, for which he is willing to write the music. Will those interested please write direct?

On November 5 Vienna's famous Opera House re-opened its doors after ten years of silence. Beethoven's "Fidelio" was the opera performed on the historic occasion. Opened in 1869, among the names of the directors of the Opera are the greatest conductors of their time, including Gustav Mahler, Felix Weingartner and Richard Strauss. After 1945 not only did the Opera House—destroyed by Nazi bombardment in a last frantic act of destruction—have to be rebuilt, but the company also. It has taken ten years of peace to restore what one hour of war destroyed.

Two famous Australian short stories, Henry Lawson's "The Union Buries its Dead" and Frank Hardy's "The Load of Wood," have been filmed in Sydney recently—and reports state that the outcome has been most successful. The films, which are directed by Cecil Holmes, with screen play by Rex Rienits, are intended as two parts of a three-part "omnibus" film. The story for the third section of the film, which will deal with contemporary life, has not yet been chosen.

Dame Mary Gilmore and Katharine Susannah Prichard have been nominated by the Australian Peace Council for a joint World Peace Prize. Several such prizes, each worth £7,000, are awarded yearly by the World Council of Peace to outstanding leaders in the arts and sciences whose work has contributed to peace. Recipients include Charlie Chaplin, Dmitri Shostakovich and Josue de Castro, President of the U.N. Food and Agriculture Organisation. The Australian nominations will be supported by the sponsorship of some hundreds of Australian writers, artists, teachers, trade unions and other organisations, who are now being approached.

Dame Mary Gilmore has had many tributes in recent months, but we understand none has pleased her more than the news that the Wagga Teachers' College is erecting special gates in her honor. Her 90th birthday party in Sydney in August was a tremendous event; over 300 present heard Leonard Thiele, Gavin Casey, Dr. H. V. Evatt and the Bushwhackers' Band contribute to the program. In Melbourne nearly a hundred people heard Professor A. R. Chisholm, Mrs. Nettie Palmer, Mr. Vincent Buckley, Mr. David Martin, Professor E. Morris Miller, Dr. Colin Roderick, and Hon. A. A. Calwell pay tribute to Dame Mary's life and work. Recordings were made at both parties, which were organised by the Australasian Book Society.

More than one hundred people attended an evening reception in Melbourne on October 30 in honor of Katharine Susannah Prichard, who is on her way back to her home at Greenmount, Western Australia, to resume her literary activity. Tributes were paid by Vance Palmer, David Martin, Jean Campbell and Alan Marshall. The reception was organised by the Australasian Book Society.

DONATIONS: We acknowledge with thanks the best "passing round the hat" so far: J.W. (proceeds of party), £17/4/-; K.S.P., £5; M.G., £3/10/-; M.P.R., 15/-; D.M., 15/-; J.C., 15/-; S.H., 10/-; P.W., 10/-; C.R., 10/-; R.N., 10/-; J.S., 10/-; G.E.M., 10/-; J.S., 10/-; K.M., 5/-; A.N., 5/-; A.G.M., 5/-; C.C., 5/-; L.S., 5/-; M.L., 5/-; J.M., 5/-; W.V., 5/-; N.R., 2/-; J.M., 1/-