

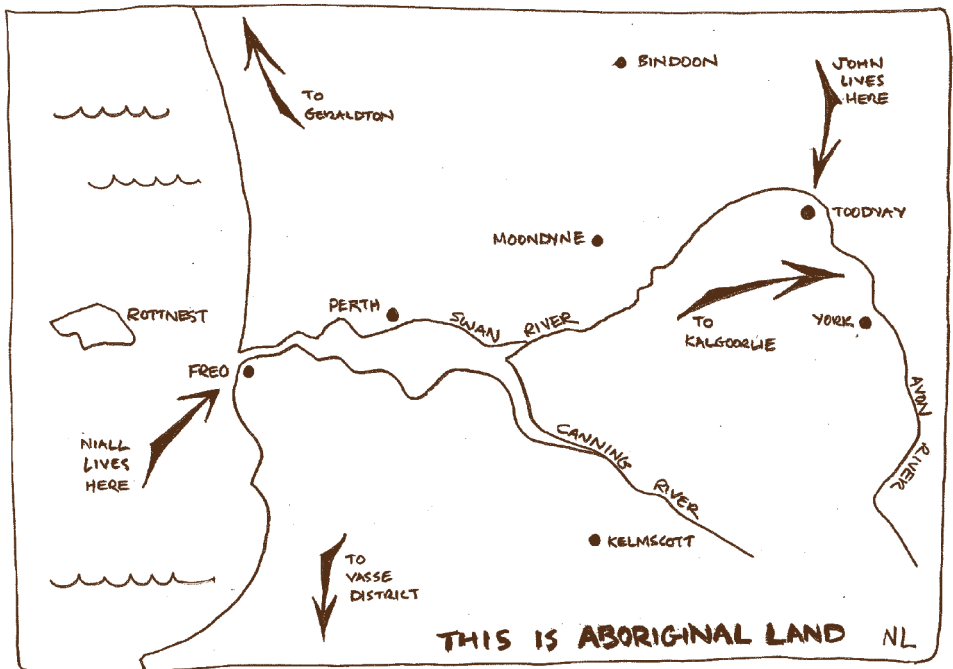
the ballad of

**MOON  
DYNNE  
JOE**

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## *Preface (The Many Skulls of Edward Kelly)*

JK & I have been collaborating off and on now for several years. In the past, we'd moved in similar circles but our paths never quite seemed to cross: John was hanging out at pubs in Freo and Perth watching bands like The Stems when I'd gone to Sydney shortly after hanging out at pubs in Freo and Perth watching bands like The Triffids and by the time I got back to Perth he'd moved to Cambridge, and although we knew each other's work and had many mutual friends it wasn't until around twelve or so years ago that we actually met up 'in person' at last, only for John to go back to Cambridge, I think, or maybe he moved to Ohio, and it was several years before we saw each other again. We kept in touch via email, however, albeit sporadically, and it was clear that one day when the planets were aligned we were going to work on something together, probably a book, and I guess this is it.

Meanwhile, our co-edited *Plagiarism! (From Work to Détournement)*, a special issue of British theory journal *Angelaki*, appeared in 2009, and the following year I edited and introduced John's *Activist Poetics: Anarchy in the Avon Valley*, having written a long introduction to the French edition of his as yet unpublished *Derrida Poems* a year earlier, which appears in my own *PoMo Oz: Fear and Loathing Downunder* (Fremantle Press 2010). I was privileged that John wrote some poems he dedicated to me in the midst of all of this, and that he kindly spoke at the launch for *PoMo Oz* at Planet Books in Leederville. It was an even greater privilege when he wrote an epithalamium for my wedding earlier this year, which he read as part of the ceremony. He also wrote a poem and took some photos for a book I co-edited with Chris Coughran, *Vagabond Holes: David McComb and The Triffids*, and Chris and I persuaded him to write the introduction to our edited collection of McComb's own poetry, *Beautiful Waste*, both of these appearing with Fremantle Press in 2009. In that same year I wrote an essay on Paul Auster for another special issue of *Angelaki* that John co-edited, and he has since returned the favour with a long poem he's written in collaboration with philosopher Simon Critchley for a collection of pieces on Derrida's *Specters of Marx* that I'm co-editing with Robert Briggs.

We've also had our share of failed collaborations. John was meant to be on a panel with our good friend McKenzie Wark that I'd been asked to convene for the *Derrida Today* conference in Sydney in 2008, but he got crook and wasn't able to come, which meant he also couldn't join me in launching Ken's *50 Years of Recuperation* at gleebooks. I seem to remember, too, that we started working up

an idea for an edited collection on ‘ersatz’, but I’m not sure what’s happening with that, and I think there was some talk about me driving to Adelaide with John for some science and poetry thing a couple of years back, but in the end I didn’t go.

As for the present book, it began over a coffee (make that a bottle of water for John) in York. Because I like driving and he likes being a recluse, we usually meet in York or Toodyay when we need to talk. It’s a perfect arrangement. I knew John was interested in writing a long narrative poem after the fashion of Coleridge’s ‘The Rime of the Ancient Mariner’, a poem we both love, and that he wanted me to do the prose bits. So we had a form in mind, but as yet no content. I don’t know why it took until then for us to realise that the subject we were looking for was Moondyne Joe, but once his name occurred to us we couldn’t stop ourselves from imagining the multiple ways in which his story might be told and we knew immediately that these couldn’t be fitted into a single narrative poem, even a very long one. Joe was going to need a book.

Moondyne Joe was an ideal subject for us to write about. His ‘songlines’ stretched from Fremantle, where I live, to the Avon Valley district, which John has made ‘his’ country, and each of us saw him, or at any rate the mythology surrounding him, as important to an idea of those places. While I don’t believe we said so at the time, I think each of us saw him, too, not as the Robin Hood figure he is often lazily made out to be, but as someone closer to a type of Melville’s Bartleby. It’s true that Joe preferred not to be imprisoned, but that doesn’t mean his preference should be translated into a declaration of refusal or defiance on his part in opposition to the authorities of the day. We don’t see Joe as a champion of the oppressed, in other words, who chose to escape the law in protest at the injustices of colonial rule. As Derrida says of Bartleby, he responded ‘by saying nothing ... without responding, without saying *yes* or *no*’ (*Resistances*, 24), and it is only when we try to learn the truth, the source or the essence of Bartleby’s ‘I prefer not to’ that we condemn ourselves *not* to know Bartleby at all. If the meaning of Bartleby’s refrain is to be allowed to stay a secret, then any attempt to unlock that secret would be an act of violence. To preserve the secret (to give the secret its secrecy, as it were), we must resist those readings that would reduce the scrivener to an existential or a pathological subject, or which would see Melville’s short story as some kind of historically responsive portrait of the modern subject’s alienation under capitalism. It’s precisely because the story does *not* represent something other than itself (a historically responsive portrait of the modern subject’s alienation under capitalism, for example) that its secret continues to work its effects, which arise from the work of what is called literature.

If John and I were historians we’d have wanted to suppress these effects here.

But we're not historians, and this is not a history book. While we've done everything we can to verify the accuracy of the book's historical elements, we've never seen these as anything less than also textual through and through. Without denying that this or that event occurred on such and such a day, we don't think the meaning of any historical event is open to anything less than the kind of interpretation that is called for when reading a work of literature. Like poems, we think historical facts call on us to *work*, creatively and critically, at responding to them.

Since we don't believe that history comes to us with prepackaged meanings, any more than, say, *Hamlet* does, we see history as a text demanding to be *read*. The meaning of *Hamlet* or any work of literature is never assembled once and for all in some determinate time and place, but evolves rather across the time and place of any particular reading, with each particular reading becoming in turn a text open to be read by others at different times and in different places. This doesn't mean that there is nothing remotely objective about history, but simply that the meanings of historical objects are not contained within those objects themselves. It's an objective fact, after all, that Shakespeare wrote in English, but this fact doesn't contain the meaning of *Hamlet*, and neither does it account for the fact that the language in which Shakespeare wrote (and which he also helped to shape) is more or less equivalent to a foreign language for many English speakers today. Similarly, it's an objective fact that 'To be, or not to be' are the opening words of Hamlet's third soliloquy, but this fact does not contain the meaning of that soliloquy.

To an even greater extent than might be the case with a literary text, moreover, the limits of any historical figure or event are always open to question and may be said to shift with the discovery of additional facts. We don't think Joe's story simply begins when he was born and ends with his death, and we don't think it should be taken to include only those events in which he was directly involved. Yet by acknowledging that Joe's life was inseparable from the historical, cultural, political and other contexts in which it was lived, such that the limits of that life are not pre-given but open to interpretation, we are not recognising anything new or which could make sense only to poets or philosophers. Historians, too, when they choose to tell the story of a life or to make a lesson of the past, must decide where to begin and end, which facts to include or omit, which contexts to emphasise or underplay, and so on. No less than poets or philosophers, historians cannot avoid having to negotiate with problems associated with storytelling, although they need not do so self-consciously and although it's certainly true that history (and indeed philosophy) is not often understood in such terms. It's also true that the past is always being rewritten and reread, if only because it's always possible

to discover new facts in relation to any historical object; historical objects, then, are never quite fully objective and in this way they share a structural feature with literary texts, and so (in a general sense) they are always textual. In Joe's case, while we've relied heavily on the facts as presented in Ian Elliot's *Moondyne Joe: The Man and the Myth*, first published in 1978, we've been able to add many new facts of our own to the story, which necessarily makes our reading of Joe different from other readings, and we have not always interpreted the previously known facts in ways that might confirm what those facts were previously agreed to mean. Above all, perhaps, our book doesn't share Elliot's confidence in the distinction between Joe 'the man' and Joe 'the myth', even though it's precisely this distinction (proceeding from a certain faith) that underwrites the authority of a certain idea of history as a repository of objective facts that contain or 'speak' universal truths.

Among these new facts (belonging, as it were, on the side of Joe the myth in this case) are the four photographs from the movie *Moondyne*, produced in Melbourne in 1913 by Lincoln-Cass Films, which I found at the National Film and Sound Archive in Canberra. I'm grateful to Amelia Carmody and her colleagues at the NFSA for helping me with this research. It is not known whether the photographs are stills from the movie or staged publicity shots, and the NFSA does not know how they came to be in its collection. No footage of the film is known to survive, but it is always possible that fragments – perhaps (however doubtful) even the entire movie – could turn up in the future. The surviving nineteen minutes of *The Story of the Kelly Gang* (1906), after all, comprise nine minutes of footage found at a Sydney rubbish dump in the 1980s and a further ten minutes of the film that was discovered more recently in the UK.

While I was visiting the NFSA I was lucky enough to see an original script of *Moondyne*, which may have been typed by producer-director W.J. Lincoln himself. The version I saw, and which I was permitted to touch only while wearing white cotton gloves, had been lodged with the Australian Patent Office of the day, since at that time copyright was not understood to reside automatically with the creator. While this was standard practice in the early history of film, only very few full-length scripts are known to survive; and of course although many copies of a script would have been made for the many members of a film's cast and crew, most of these would have been discarded or simply forgotten and then lost after the filming ended. It's remarkable that the *Moondyne* script has survived intact. That script and the four pictures from the film are reproduced here for the first time (or, given that one or more of the pictures is likely to have been published on or around the film's release, for the first time in a very long time), courtesy of the NFSA.

The magnificent art deco building (although technically an example of the

‘stripped classical’ style favoured by the Fascists) in which the NFSA collection is held, was home originally to the Australian Institute of Anatomy from 1931, when the building first opened, until 1984 when the NFSA moved in. The AIA was, in effect, a natural history museum full of stuffed native animals (an underground mortuary had been purpose-built for taxidermy, though I don’t know what this is used for now), and no doubt the most famous item in its collection was Phar Lap’s heart, something closer, in a sense, to the cultural remains that are stored in the building today. But there is another – spectral, phantasmagoric – link between the building and an even greater national icon, albeit one that was never part of the AIA collection. A photograph from a July 1969 edition of Melbourne’s *Herald Sun* shows AIA curator William Stone clutching Ned Kelly’s skull – or one of them, since there may be several (see Crossland, ‘Clues’) – in his right hand, while holding Kelly’s death mask in his left. I don’t know the picture’s context or even whether it was taken inside the building where the *Moondyne* script and photographs are now held, but still it could be said to posit the coordinates of a time and place, unhinged from the standard meanings of those terms, where Joe and Ned were once conjoined, if only in the most tentative and speculative of fashions.

The photo of Stone is included in anthropologist Zoë Crossland’s essay (where I first came upon it) on Kelly’s ‘evidential traces’, among which Ned’s ‘several’ skulls feature prominently: the first dates from a few days after he was hanged on 11 November 1880 and his head was hacked from his body for phrenological analysis (the decapitation and dissection of Indigenous corpses was common at the time, but it was also not uncommon for this to occur to the dead bodies of criminals), and later the skull was removed from his head and the rest of his remains were buried in a yard at Melbourne Gaol. What became of the skull is far from clear. Ned’s remains, as they were thought to be, were disinterred from Melbourne Gaol in 1929, and it’s possible the skull that was displayed at the gaol decades afterwards, when the gaol became a museum, had been among those remains. In that case, though, and there doesn’t appear to be any evidence for it, his skull must have been buried with the rest of his body after it was removed from his decapitated head in 1880; yet the skull that was on display at the Old Melbourne Gaol museum (the one that Stone held for the *Herald Sun* photograph) showed ‘no evidence of craniotomy, suggesting that it had not undergone postmortem dissection and may not have been Kelly’s’ (ibid. 70). But whichever poor soul the skull had belonged to, it was stolen from inside a glass case at the museum in 1978 and went missing for more than twenty years, until, in 1999, a farmer from Derby in Western Australia claimed to have it in his possession. A recent examination by the Victorian State Coroner, however, has determined that the Derby skull is not

Ned Kelly's, although other states are free to conduct future DNA tests of their own (Australian Associated Press, 'Skull').

*How many skulls did Ned Kelly have?* This may be an antipodean variation on the old literary chestnut, *How many children had Lady Macbeth?*, deriving from the title of a famous essay by L.C. Knights that first appeared in 1933. Knights felt that Shakespeare criticism of the time was dominated by an attention to character at the expense of 'the apprehension of the whole', which may be achieved only 'from lively attention to the parts' (32), and argued that we misunderstand Shakespeare's characters (and fictional characters generally) if we see them as expressions of real historical figures about whom we might reasonably ask, *How many children did they have?* For Knights, as for his friend F.R. Leavis who is reputed to have given Knights the title to his famous essay (see Britton, 'Bradley'), we cannot construct worlds outside the plays, or outside literary works in general, from the given materials of the plays themselves. There was 'no outside the text' for Knights and Leavis, then, although not in the sense that Derrida (see *Grammatology*) means by this expression; for them, a sharp distinction exists between an imagined literary world and a real historical one, such that the rules of history are not applicable to those of literature. For Derrida, though, the grounds of that distinction should not be taken as pre-given, but as a *question*, suggesting we should not be too quick to think of history as the domain of objects in opposition to literature as the domain of 'writing'.

Even something as seemingly objective as a human skull, in other words, can turn out to be less stable than an object is supposed to be, and so the kind of ambiguity or interpretability we associate with writing does not quite belong exclusively to writing as such. Or, in a sense, there is no outside writing, or no outside the text, since we could never get to a point at which the limits of interpretation had been reached and there was nothing left to say. The purpose of this little aside, then, is simply to reiterate that John and I are not historians; we didn't set out to write about Joe in order to arrive at the last word, or to reproduce him as a unified subject whose life could be explained according to a series of causal events represented by a chronological timeline. (There's a timeline here, but it's not exactly chronological.) Our Joe drifts within and across multiple temporalities, which is another reason – a principal one – that this is not a history book.

Since there has never been a historian who, *as a historian*, believed in ghosts, John and I are not historians. This is not at all to say that we *believe* in ghosts as such, but simply that we do not accept the authority of a way of thinking that would preclude their possibility (in the many senses of what it may be possible to think). Because we don't accept the authority of a distinction between the living and the

dead, according to which the dead are mute and lifeless and therefore ought not to be in communion with the living, we don't accept the authority of a hard and fast distinction between objective history and creative writing. These and similar distinctions proceed from a way of thinking that would presume to know the limits of concepts such as 'the living' and 'the dead', 'history' and 'writing' and so on, as if such concepts could be defined in opposition to one another. But if the dead are truly mute and lifeless, why do we so often commemorate them? Why do we go on responding to them, feeling responsible for keeping their memories alive, if indeed the dead are *opposed* to the living in every conceivable sense? Why, too, if history and writing are opposed, do the objects that supposedly belong to history remain open to interpretation?

These are some of the questions that preoccupied us, doubtless in different ways, while writing the book; and since we don't think there are obvious or definitive answers to them, we were never interested in trying to make the facts of Joe's life fit into a seamless narrative. But beyond this negative rubric, as it might be called, the book doesn't come with a set of instructions on how to use or read it. Its multiple styles and modalities posit not a series but a network of approaches to Joe, and what is 'central' to the figure of the network is that it doesn't have a centre.

Networks don't have determinate origins or endpoints, either, and to this extent the figure of the network (according to the traditional concept of history as a continuum of causal events belonging to the past) is anti-historical. We don't see colonial race and class relations, for example, as exclusively 'colonial', or nineteenth-century discourses on crime and punishment as belonging exclusively to the nineteenth century; we don't see history simply as the domain of the hitherto.

We would like to thank the Australian Film Institute, the J.S. Battye Library, the Fremantle Arts Centre, the Fremantle Library, the Fremantle Prison (especially Head Curator Sandra Murray), the National Film and Sound Archive (especially Collection Access Officer Amelia Carmody), the National Library, the Royal Western Australian Historical Society, the State Records Office of Western Australia, the Western Australian Museum (especially Ann Delroy, Head of the History Department) and the South West Aboriginal Land and Sea Council for help with researching the book. We are also grateful to our editor at Fremantle Press, Georgia Richter, for her support and advice, and to the following friends and colleagues for their comments and suggestions: Robert Briggs, Martyn P. Casey, Len Collard, Chris Coughran, Garry Gillard, Angela Glazbrook, Sean Gorman, Lisa Gye, Steve Mickler, Tracy Ryan, Samantha Stevenson, Tony Thwaites, Darren Tofts and Richard Walley.

## *The Rime of Moondyne Joe*

### **PART THE FIRST**

*Widowed, alone, 'acting strangely': Joe is incarcerated in Fremantle Lunatic Asylum, built immediately on completion of Fremantle gaol in the 1850s to stand imperiously as the second major public building in the new colony. The good folk of the port town are now safe, with the bad men and the madmen under lock and key. First law of authority: discipline, and punish.*

*The asylum is shut down following a series of suspicious deaths shortly after Joe passes away in 1900; thereafter it becomes a hostel for homeless women and, during WWII, US military headquarters in WA, before falling into neglect. It is now the Fremantle Arts Centre, favoured venue of the local literati, and is said to be the most haunted building in the Southern Hemisphere.*

He is photographed by the sea,  
But the images won't stick to the plate,  
The stone walls of the asylum  
Twist the light inviolate.

There's a function going on –  
Something literary, local –  
An author raves about her visit  
To the Pyrenees, so vocal.

Off the stage she is accosted,  
Ghost of a man in a roo-skin cape,  
'I have a tale to tell you won't read  
In the papers ...' Silence, mouth agape.

She is transfixed but he is pulled away  
By security. 'Off with you, mate,  
The lady doesn't want to be bothered.'  
Before she can speak he's gone. Too late.

Looking through the grounds of the old  
Building, she searches him out.



**PART THE SECOND**

*Joe heads bush the first chance  
he gets – in 1855, as soon as he’s  
issued a ticket of leave – and  
settles in the Avon Valley, a day’s  
ride from the gaze of authority.  
First law of freedom: lay low.*

*He wanders in peace on  
Nyungar land, in the place they  
call ‘Moondyne’, stopping to  
drink at the springs they call  
‘Woondowing’, a Nyungar word  
meaning ‘to lie down’.*

*Much later, in 1947,  
‘Woondowing’ will become  
‘Wundowie’, the name of a new  
town established by the State  
Government to service an iron  
works and a charcoal plant. First  
law of history: trespass.*

Sun on left, we short-cut through  
To Wundowie on the Bailup Road,  
Flora strips perverse redress,  
Decapitated bush, Joe’s mode

Of escape adjusting with damage.  
Here, covering his tracks, rust  
Towers of the foundry appear  
in the valley, charred eucalypts

Playing off charcoal blast of furnaces,  
The iron teeth cast to chew forests  
The world over. Joe hesitates,  
Myth-making across the windscreen, lest

We forget. I see the constable  
Patrolling in bushranger garb,  
His double-barrelled shotgun  
A bumper sticker: ‘Back Off’, barbed

Wire imagination, ancestor  
By marriage. We don’t share politics.  
The smallest possession is treasure.  
Fetishes among the spikes

And tableaux of bush, feet like possums  
Making tracks hard to follow  
Unless you know how to follow  
By thinking outside tracks.

**PART THE THIRD**

*Joe runs foul of the law for the first time in the new colony. In 1861 he brands another man's horse and is put in the Toodyay lockup, escaping later that night.*

*First law of racism: beware the man who would 'go native'.*

In the cage in the cage  
 Cleanskin horse branded  
 Is all the rage, in the cage  
 in the cage. Career has landed.

Toodyay built on the floodway,  
 place of plenty to be washed away,  
 and how a lockup bolt gives way,  
 how the prisoner has his say.

All streams that feed the Avon,  
 Duidgee renaming: he speaks  
 an alternative language, Julimar  
 Brook feeds and is an offshoot, paradox

re-making. Recidivist urge  
 of forest, white water creaming  
 the pools where mates brew tea,  
 flog the dead horse, unbrand and ring

chatter through sharp leaves  
 that only felons can hear. Lips  
 hungry amidst the bounty  
 as hot on the heels the law strips

identity away, control mechanism  
 to de-law astrologies in the canopy,  
 each 'ticket of leave' or anomaly  
 betwixt languages, each sale

of possessions. Ye convict  
 5889 makes good. Ye convict  
 5889 says in relpy, adamant,  
 'You want too much.'

**PART THE FOURTH****Culprit**

*On the run, Joe makes a name for himself.*

When the Governor comes to Toodyay  
It's time for robbery – Old Toodyay and Newcastle,  
A dialogic anomaly. Tracy has made her way  
Into town to check the mail, do some shopping.

Each item on the inventory,  
Each note of goodwill for the well-to-do:  
That's the Premier in New Toodyay  
At the time of its Inferno.

*Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.*

Each hulk of this late transport.  
Each wave against the hull.  
The wind through she-oaks  
The Nyungar ancestors tell

Stories, converse. Joe knows  
Mates count. They mean family.  
Camaraderie. Segregated. Wander  
The rolling hills. Stealthily.

*Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.*

Thornbills cluster in territory.  
Clusters overlap. Joe unpicks  
Overlays of song. Contrary,  
Counterpoint. Syrinx

He sees and hears and speaks  
Through. And who would intern us,  
Dispose of threats and truth?  
They shoot horses, and us.

Crossing from jam tree and York gum  
(Country) to wandoo and parrot bush  
(Country) to jarrah and she-oak (country), a rush  
Of emerald parrots. Crossing the bloodstream.

When the Governor comes to Toodyay  
It's time for robbery – Old Toodyay and Newcastle,  
A dialogic anomaly. Tracy has made her way  
Into town to check the mail, do some shopping.

**PART THE FIRST OF PART THE FIFTH**

**The Comptroller General Builds a Special Cell for Joe Who Thinks of Foucault**

*Joe escapes from prison repeatedly, as if in accordance with a law of nature.*

*The people's hero, Joe becomes an embarrassment to the authorities. Second law of authority: power never smiles.*

*Humourlessly, Governor Hampton builds an escape-proof cell for Joe in Fremantle Prison. Joe laughs to himself with great gusto and promptly escapes. First law of the outlaw: always keep a straight face.*

*On a hot summer's night in 1988, conditions at Fremantle Prison having remained so last century, the inmates riot. Fear seizes the town, the more the authorities are not amused. A few years later the prison is shut down.*

*Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
Beloved from pole to pole!  
To the Governor praise be given!  
He sent the antidote to sleep from Heaven,  
And I emptied my soul.*

The steel sheet enshrines the door,  
The walls are iron-studded wood  
Within the stone walls of the prison,  
Triple-barred windows accrued.

The Governor rounded Joe  
Chained to his stake in the yard,  
Round and round he went, as Joe  
Watched him watching him hard.

You store that up in your escape-  
Proof cell, and I remember those afraid  
For sons and boyfriends during the riot,  
And have never toured inside

Those walls. He moved to tone  
His limbs. Escape is an obsession  
So we can read into the scene,  
And sleep is death or reason.

Watch me but not during.  
Retrospective punish furnish  
Opposition wandering imagination  
Malefactor restoration fumes punish

Such tortures to make anonymity  
And de-myth in absence out of mind  
Out of sight turn over star chart  
Astrolabe and a writing without sign

*Foucault: 'Is it surprising that  
prisons resemble factories,  
schools, barracks, hospitals,  
which all resemble prisons?'*

—*Discipline and Punish*, 28

To plot the play, that stock  
Of moral qualities that stock  
Within walls to keep close at heart  
The cold arterial-vein (im)pulse

Those trees sweeping up the scarp,  
The coastal plain slipping away  
And away to hunt down deep wells  
In dead-dry zones unto gibber and array

Of eagle shadows, contrary truths  
And lies to make narratives of differing  
Tracks and an east-west blending  
Of old world memories, punitive fission.

And so he dreamed, and the dream  
Was black and black in the cell with light  
Sucked out into the broad ocean air,  
Salt capillaring stone, fright night.

**PART THE SECOND OF PART THE FIFTH**

**Joe's Escape from Fremantle Prison, 1866 (Governor re Joe: an 'immense scoundrel')**

The Governor's son has got the pip,  
The Governor's got the measles.  
But Moondyne Joe has give 'em the slip.  
Pop goes the weasel.

—*Sunday Times*, 27 May 1928

*Joe escapes the escape-proof cell,  
to become the stuff of legend.*

The river yearns out of the hills,  
'Native trackers' contest tautologies.  
Moondyne Joe grows larger faster.  
The myth-makers draw analogies.

But that's yet to come as he hammers  
The stone: a waist-high rock pile  
Built in illness: the cell of perdition  
Granting too little ventilation.

*Derrida: 'Every discourse, even  
a poetic or oracular sentence,  
carries with it a system of rules for  
producing analogous things and  
thus an outline of methodology.'*  
—'No One Narcissism', 200

*Escape from this, and I'll grant  
A pardon.* Governors make promises  
To heighten their claims. The bush  
And its denizens have answers.

Rock-breaking in the exercise yard,  
Watched by guards papers scissors  
Rock; a waist-high rock pile to hide  
Behind, the limestone wall covered.

To pick away, open the limestone cavity.  
To make a pick-axe body with umbrella  
Strands for arms, to hang prison-issue  
Clothes upon the skeleton, fashionista.

Ah, *Déjeuner Sur L'Herbe*,  
Manet in the colonies – a shortage  
Of women of phylum, but mates  
To look upon, mates to supply the adage.

The guards flummoxed.  
Governor refusing to believe.  
Wanted Dead or Alive,  
Though the order isn't written.

Paper scissors rock  
Rock paper scissors  
Paper rock scissors  
Paper scissors rock