HERACLITUS

NUMBER 90 SEPTEMBER 2001

Published by some Sydney Libertarians, Pluralists, Realists and Critical Drinkers
Box 269, Post Office, Rozelle, New South Wales 2039
International Standard Serial No. ISSN 0728-4659

IN THIS ISSUE:

THE TAIL OF ALDIS THE CAT Michael Baldwin
AESTHETICS, LECTURE 3 (1937) F.W. Fowler
LIVING ON THE EDGE (25) G.B. Harrison
NOTES & COMMENTS, ADMINISTRATION

X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X X

THE TAIL OF ALDIS THE CAT

CHAPTER 15
Aldis imitates a boa constrictor

It wasn't so long after Aldis had demonstrated his prowess eating fish that he really outdid himself.

I have mentioned before how Rozelle, being somewhat shunned, did not offer great commercial possibilities for the passing trade, but those business houses that did operate in the area generally had to offer special deals to survive. And so it was with the local butchers. They generally offered very good meat at exceptionally keen prices.

I was still relatively flush with funds and decided one day to avail myself of the butcher's wares, and bought four exceptionally large steaks. I think it was about midday, and I decided to have a very good lunch eating one of these steaks. I pulled out the pan that goes under the griller and put the steak on it. The steak occupied just about the whole of the griller. It was going to be a big meal for me.

I lit the gas, put the steak on and settled back on a kitchen chair waiting for it to cook. After a while, it appeared cooked on one side and I pulled the grilling pan out, and stuck a fork into it to turn the uncooked steak over. With a deft flick, I started to turn the steak over.

Unfortunately the flick was too deft; the steak slipped off the fork, did a couple of somersaults and landed 'splat' on the floor. Now the floors at Rozelle Towers weren't exactly hospital clean; a more apt description would be to use a word popular in the vernacular of the time: they could be called 'scungey'.

"AW SHIT!" I exclaimed. In more impecunious times, I would have been sorely tempted to retrieve the steak from the floor, and wash it under the tap and recook it. But being fairly well provided with another three steaks in the refrigerator, and getting a mite hungry, I decided to get another steak out of the refrigerator and start cooking it immediately, to assuage my hunger. While it was cooking I would make a decision about what to do with the steak on the floor.

I did that, and as I was putting a new steak under the griller, I heard this little growl.

I looked around; Aldis had mysteriously appeared and had grabbed one end of the steak on the floor and was starting to chomp it, emitting little growls.

"Oh Aldis", I said, "You will never eat all that! That steak's almost as big as you are." "Grrr chomp chomp" replied Aldis, continuing to rhythmically munch at the steak.

I continued to attend to the new steak I was cooking, being careful in turning it over this time; all the while Aldis kept munching.

By the time my steak had cooked, Aldis had munched through half his steak. I put my steak on a plate, sat at the table and commenced eating, all the while listening to the growls coming from the floor. At just about the time I finished my steak, Aldis gave a mighty gulp, and finished his. I looked at him. He had expanded like a football, or more like a boa constrictor. He had expanded so much that his legs no longer went down vertically, but stuck out at angles. He gave a burp, and slowly waddled off to collapse.

I think this was his greatest feat of gluttony.

=============o=============

CHAPTER 16
Aldis defends the territory

Aldis's behaviour was always a bit odd. At times he would seem very timid, and just about run from anything and hide. At other times he seemed quite bold. It seemed to vary.

Ugly would boss him around, and at times the odd stray cat would come in through the hole in the back door and eat the leftover cat food. Aldis would do nothing except look at them.

As well, we had the stray people. To us regular inhabitants, because we lived upstairs, which was quite high up, the bottom floor seemed distant. Over a period of time the large shop area seemed to fill up with odd bits of furniture like wardrobes and things, and we had stray people, sometimes for a day, a week, or even months. Aldis would take a perfunctory glance at them and keep out of their way.

I thought well, Aldis is getting on, he's not as young as he used to be, but one day he surprised even me.

The washing up sink was not in the kitchen, but in the laundry, and standing at the sink one could look out the window and get a good view of the back yard and the rear lane that led down to the next street.

I was standing at the sink one day, looking out, when I saw this dog coming up the back lane. He was moving in a doggy exploring manner, fairly slowly, sniffing the ground, pissing against bushes and moving on, sniffing.

He was not a noticeable breed, just an ordinary sort of dog, brownish in colour, pointy ears, not an exceptionally small dog or a large one either. I estimate the dog stood about knee height to an ordinary person.

I then noticed Aldis in the back yard; he was sitting upright with his ears pricked up. He may have been able to see the dog through the cracks in the fence, or just heard the dog, I don't know, but anyway, Aldis got up and walked toward the back gate which was slightly ajar.

I don't think Aldis was aware that I, or anybody, was observing him, and he may not have done anything if he had thought he was, but his actions astounded me.

Aldis walked slowly and purposefully through the back gate, and continued down toward the dog. The dog stopped sniffing, looked up and saw Aldis striding toward him. I could see the dog practically thinking "Hey, there's a cat. I should be chasing him. But he's coming toward *me*?" Mystified, the dog froze, and just looked at Aldis. Aldis marched to about six inches in front of the dog, then leapt into the air like an Australian Rules footballer taking a high mark, and gave an almighty swipe with his front right paw, whacking the dog across his nose. The dog gave a loud yelp and whine, turned around and ran back down the lane. As Aldis landed after his mighty leap, he turned around, brushed his paws, and strode back toward our yard. I could see him thinking "Hmph! How dare a *dog* come into OUR territory."

Pity Aldis couldn't have done that with the stray people.

=============o=============

CHAPTER 17
Ugly gets his own back

Over the period, many amusing and noteworthy incidents and occurrences happened at Rozelle Towers, and one could write a book about it, and some day maybe somebody will – about the many prominent and not so prominent citizens who graced its doors just for a soiree, party, overnight stay, or longer. Still, this story is about Aldis, and unless they trod on Aldis's tail, which was very unlikely as Aldis would generally disappear when a party was on, they don't get a mention.

Aldis, after a close lightning strike (mentioned in an earlier chapter), was quite happy to reside under a blanket. Occasionally he'd be sitting in an armchair; we'd throw a blanket over him and later on somebody would come along and sit on the armchair. Aldis would give a loud squark, and the person would jump up startled, before shooing Aldis off.

There may have been quite a number of incidents that I didn't see, so I can only report on what I actually witnessed.

One of the most hilarious incidents was one when unfortunately I didn't have a camera handy at the time. I was in the kitchen, making some lunch. This was a time after our windfall, and my resources had dwindled. I think I was heating up a can of that old staple, braised steak and vegetables.

I was watching the can, boiling away in a saucepan of water.

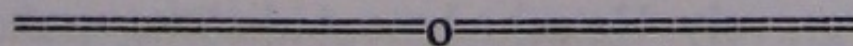
Ugly was sitting on a kitchen chair in the middle of the room. He wasn't sitting bolt upright, but crouched down as cats do. His eyes were narrowing; either he was dozing off or thinking thoughts as only black cats can.

Aldis had come into the kitchen, and he came over and rubbed himself against my legs. I shooed him away as I was tending the saucepan. Getting the brush-off, Aldis went over and started rubbing himself against the legs of the chair Ugly was crouched on, and as he did so, his large orange tail was swishing around upright, virtually moving in front of Ugly's nose.

As Aldis moved around, he emitted little miaows: he was requesting food and attention. Ugly's eyes narrowed further. Aldis's tail wafted in front of Ugly's face. Ugly knew that Aldis's tail was much more handsome than his broken black tail, but Aldis didn't have to flaunt it. It was too much to bear.

Suddenly Ugly stood up on his two hind feet, with both front paws he reached out and grabbed Aldis's tail. He pulled the tail towards himself, and once in range gave it an almighty bite. Aldis shrieked and leapt in the air! I burst out laughing, and Ugly settled himself once more on the chair. Ugly seemed to be saying "Heh Heh, honour satisfied at last". Aldis looked really miffed.

This was probably one of the few times the cats had earned their keep, as far as entertainment value went. There is not much more I can recount about the cats, except that one day Charlotte actually caught a mouse. Gunt (mentioned in earlier chapters), who was visiting, was most enthralled. Charlotte dropped the mouse in a corner, and looked at it. Gunt pushed Charlotte out of the way to look at the mouse. The mouse then got up and ran away. Charlotte was no longer interested in the mouse. After all, she only ate fish.



CHAPTER 18
The Bogle Chandler mystery : What did Aldis know?

One of the great unsolved mysteries of Sydney concerns Dr Bogle and Mrs Chandler, who were found dead on the Lane Cove riverbank on New Year's Day, 1963. Autopsies revealed no evidence of what killed them.

At the time, Vic, who later left Aldis with me, was associated with Mr Chandler, as they both had an interest in classic automobiles. The newshounds of the day photographed them against a background of old automobiles, and at the time they both had long hair and beards. Although it was the beginning of the hirsute era, there was still a large body of public opinion at the time that held that anybody with long hair and a beard must be guilty of something, even if it wasn't the death of Dr Bogle and Mrs Chandler.

As the earlier chapters recount, Aldis was left on the scene about eighteen months after the mystery, when it was still a topic of conversation. Somebody suggested that Chandler had something to do with Aldis and when we occasionally saw Vic and asked him, he never actually said yes, although he never said no. either. He was generally non-committal.

In his earlier years, Aldis was out and about, but later on, at Darlington Road, when the conversation flagged late at night, we would question Aldis about the Bogle Chandler Mystery. Against the front wall at Darlington Road was a low shelf reputed to have been constructed by Chandler. When Aldis occasionally sat on it, it would jog our memory and we would say "Aldis, what do you know about the Bogle Chandler Mystery?".

Aldis would look at us, roll his eyes up, turn around and lick himself, or bite at fleas near his tail. "Come on Aldis, tell us what you know." Aldis would look at us, then look up in the air, then eventually he would get up and wander off.

We continued to interrogate Aldis at various times at Darlington Road and later on at Rozelle Towers, but always the answer was the same. Apart from rolling his eyes upwards, he would not say a thing.

To the end of his days, Aldis never said anything, but then, maybe he did not know anything. After all, he was very young at the time.

==============o==============

CHAPTER 19
The death of Aldis

Round about August 1975, I hadn't been paying much attention to Aldis. He came and went as he pleased. They were all being fed as usual.

I looked at Aldis, and I thought he was looking much thinner. I picked him up to check his weight and he seemed to have lost weight, but as I picked him up, he let out a couple of little yelps. I carefully put him down on the armchair in the main room. I thought, "Something is wrong".

I think it was Friday afternoon, and as it was after work, I was on my way to the pub in Balmain. I was pretty certain Anton the vet would be there. I would seek his advice.

Anton was a very fine chap, an excellent person. In those days, he lived a somewhat itinerant lifestyle, somewhat similar to that in the play 'Summer of the Seventeenth Doll', except that he was a professional person, a fully qualified vet. He would go bush for some months, assisting the farm sector of the economy doing veterinary work, then come back to the city. In those days, there was still full employment and there were many around Balmain who worked for a few days, then went to the pub for a few days till the money ran out, then went back to work.

I had heard Anton had agreed to help the anarchist cat desexing service. This wasn't to desex anarchists, or even anarchists' cats. No, a group of anarchists had thought it a public-spirited thing to set up a service for poor cat owners who couldn't afford a regular vet, to get their cats desexed for little or no charge. I understood Anton agreed to do this when he was in town.

I went down to the pub and sought out Anton. I explained the nature and symptoms of Aldis's behaviour. Anton looked at me gravely. He asked me Aldis's age, and when I said "ten or eleven", he shook his head. He went on to explain that elderly cats' kidneys fail as a result of eating a high protein diet; their kidneys are no longer able to break down the protein. "But Aldis loves protein", I said, thinking of all the meat, the kangaroo, the fish, the huge steak even. "Yes," said Anton, "that's the problem. Look, it might not be that, it might be something else; bring him down and I'll look at him."

With a heavy heart I went back to get Aldis. When I went to the armchair I'd left him in, he wasn't there. "Aldis" I called. There was no reply. I thought he might have gone outside. When he didn't turn up for tea I became worried. When he wasn't there the next morning I instituted a full-scale search and everybody joined in. I scoured the rear yard area and lane and then somebody called out from inside. Under the shelf that acted as the display area for the front window someone found the lifeless, stiff body of Aldis. He had crawled out of the way of everybody to die.

It was with great sadness that we laid Aldis to rest in the back yard, and covered his grave in. In ancient times, comets and suchlike were though to portend the coming of evil times. I don't know if there was a comet at that time, but shortly after Aldis's passing a recession struck, I lost the best job I ever had, and finally at the end of the year Gough Whitlam and his government were sacked. Did the death of Aldis mark the beginning of a dark period, or was it pure coincidence? I will let history decide.

==============o==============

EPILOGUE

Ugly died just a few weeks after Aldis, and was laid to rest in the back yard alongside Aldis. Strangely enough, a few months later Charlotte also died, and was also laid to rest in the back yard. Sam had moved out with Mairi in 1974, and continued to live for some more years yet. As we heard about the good health of Sam, there was some conjecture as to whether the remaining cats were the victims of foul play?

I had taken the opinion of Anton the vet that Aldis had probably died of kidney failure, and as Ugly was about the same age as Aldis, he too would be likely to have similar problems. But Charlotte was much younger than them, and younger even than Sam, and her main diet had been cat tuna, so it seemed very strange at the time, and still is. The question to be asked is: Was there some nasty person in the district poisoning our cats in particular, or cats in general? We never had an autopsy performed, and so will never know.

So there it is. The story of Aldis! From his shadowy beginnings, shrouded in legend, to his mysterious demise, one of the great cats of our time. Although I still talk to cats in the street, and to various friends' and associates' cats, I have never had one since. It would, I think, be hard to get a cat that would live up to my expectations after meeting Aldis!

And finally, some months after Charlotte's death, we awoke one morning and looked out to find all the back fences removed, and all the back yards and the lane covered in concrete. Apparently there was a council edict that for a place to be considered for commercial use, it had to have off-street parking, and this was the manner of doing it. The graves of the cats were now under a thick layer of concrete.

Gradually we all moved out, at different times. The last person there, I think, was Parker, who was unfortunately killed by a hit-run driver in the Haymarket area of the city.

I personally have never seen a ghost, and doubt their existence. I mean, can software exist independent of any medium? However, we live in very strange times and if some researcher does admit the remote possibility, I would not be so 'specist' as to deny ghostliness to animals. They have personalities just like people.

And so, perhaps, late at night, around darkest Rozelle, could the faint outline of Parker and three pussycats be seen, and a ghostly refrain heard:

'Once three peckish pussycats, lay around an old back yard,
Under the shade of an overhanging tree,
And they sang as they waited for dinnertime to come around
"Let's have some Whiskas, it's sure time for tea"
"Let's have some Whiskas, let's have some Whiskas,
It's sure time for tea"

Up came a Parker, shuffling along the old back lane,
Shakily juggling a flagon or three,
And he paused as he heard that pitiful pussycat refrain,
And added his voice to that strange melee.

"Let's have some Whiskas, let's have some Whiskas,
Let's have some Whiskas", "And a flagon or three!"

Now the time it has long since passed,
And our little group has long ceased to be,
But their ghosts may be heard as you pass by that video shop:
"Let's have some Whiskas", "And a flagon or three!"

(With apologies to Banjo Paterson)

And perhaps, in thousands of years to come, will future archaeologists excavating at the Rozelle site wonder about mid 20th century customs that caused small animals to be buried under tons of concrete at the back of a video shop site?

Michael Baldwin

============o============

AESTHETICS LECTURE 3 (Frank Fowler 1937)

Now although we are bound to distinguish between what carries on artistic creation or mental processes and what is created or the work of art, and accordingly to take aesthetics as the science of the latter, there is still the question of BAD art, and that does in fact involve a reference to the processes of creation, indeed, it could be argued that it is just because that is so that artistic questions have come to be regarded as closely bound up with psychological questions in general. At the same time, no explanation of the bad artistic work is possible in terms of the doctrine of production put forward by Collingwood. If art, as he has suggested, is essentially the product of pure inspiration or imagination, then, so far from being able to explain bad art, he would have difficulty in showing how it could ever come about in the first place. That is to say, the theory of pure inspiration is the faculty doctrine that what produces art is an artistic faculty, and in that case any one production would be as good, that is, as much the work of that faculty, as any other. And it is a difficulty of that kind that also appears in the faculty psychologies themselves; on the assumption, that is to say, of reason, intelligence, and the like, there is the problem of showing how mind can ever be unreasonable or unintelligent.

Now faculty psychologists endeavour to overcome this difficulty by assuming further faculties, so that what leads to unreasonable conduct, for example, is an irrational faculty, what is referred to again, as desire, passion or inclination; and is a solution of that kind that Collingwood also endeavours to give by making a distinction between what he terms "healthy imagination" on the one hand, and "diseased imagination", on the other. It is at once clear, however, that distinctions of that kind do not depend upon any definite psychological theory but merely on the observation, in Collingwood's case, for example, that certain work is good and that certain work is bad. But in that case he cannot show why a healthy imagination is bound to be productive of good rather than of bad work, unless, of course, the term "healthy" itself means "productive of good", and then he cannot show how we are to distinguish <u>that</u> imagination from whatever it is that is productive of bad art. And actually that is all "healthy" does mean because Colingwood here is endeavouring to characterize mental processes in terms of what they lead to in much the same way as instinct psychologists, for example, attempt to classify mental processes on the basis of the things they pursue.

Now if bad work is found to consist in the neglect of certain conditions, of the way in which things cohere and go together, in short, of the relevance of the matter in hand, then it at once appears that the problem of bad art is connected with the problem of error in general, because there also we have the failure to recognize some particular situation or state of affairs. But in both cases there is no corresponding problem regarding the good and true because in the one case it is merely a question of recognizing the features of the material we are dealing with, and in the other, the features of the particular situations that happen to confront us. There is, then, no problem regarding our recognition of things whether these be the requirements of the subject matter or the features of the situation; but in both cases there is the problem of how we can fail to do so, how we can make mistakes, and that involves some consideration of mental processes themselves.

Now what we find here is that mental processes have particular objectives which they strive to bring about, and while it is in the course of their striving that they make discoveries and find out about things, it is also in this way that they can fall into error, bring their striving to an end and satisfy themselves with what is not the case. That is why, incidentally, we tend to feel opposition to criticism; it has the effect of dissatisfying us by showing up our satisfactory illusions, and accordingly much of the alleged ill will that is sometimes attributed to the critic is actually a projection of the ill will we feel towards him. A detailed explanation of an error, then, would consist in showing how it satisfied the individual who believed in it or took it to be the case; and similarly, the bad work of art, with its neglect of the actual requirements of the subject matter, would have its explanation in the way in which it also satisfied the desires of its composer.

Now in that case it is not surprising to find that the bad work of art has much in common with the DREAM, that itself having to be regarded, as modern psychoanalytic work has shown, as the satisfaction of certain mental processes, those, in particular, that do not find expression during waking life. And just, then, as we can interpret a dream by finding missing connections, that is, by finding the mental process or wish that motivated the whole construction, thereby making the dream coherent and intelligible, so we can interpret the bad work of art, trace it back to the wishes of its author; and in that way, we come to see why it is the bad work it is just as in the case of the dream we come to see why it took the distorted form it did, and similarly, in the case of error, why the thing was mistaken for what it was not.

While, then, an interpretation of bad art is possible in these terms, that in no way commits us to what is termed the psychoanalytical interpretation of art, the view that art is to be understood and appreciated in terms of the conditions under which it has come about. That view, of course, has nothing to do with psychoanalysis itself, which is simply a theory of mind, but it is one that is widely held among psychoanalysts themselves. For instance, Ernest Jones, who is the editor of "The International Journal of Psychoanalysis" contends in Chapter 1 of his "Essays in Applied Psychoanalysis" that "A WORK OF ART IS TOO OFTEN REGARDED AS A FINISHED THING-IN-ITSELF, SOMETHING ALMOST INDEPENDENET OF THE CREATOR'S PERSONALITY, SO THAT LITTLE WOULD BE

LEARNED ABOUT THE ONE OR THE OTHER BY OMBINING THE TWO STUDIES. INFORMED CRITICISM, HOWEVER, SHOWS THAT A CORRELATED STUDY OF THE TWO SHEDS LIGHT IN BOTH DIRECTIONS, ON THE INNER NATURE OF THE COMPOSITION AND ON THE MENTALITY OF ITS AUTHOR". And the connection of that view with the doctrine of production as put forward by Collingwood becomes clear when we also find that Collingwood, opposing the presentation of Botticelli to children in schools, argues that they cannot appreciate him because "TO APPRECIATE BOTTICELLI MEANS LEARNING TO SYMPATHISE WITH HIS TECHNIQUE AND OUTLOOK AND THE SOCIETY OF WHICH HE WAS A PRODUCT".
On this view, then, we appreciate art as part of the "creator's personality"; we understand it when we discover, as it were, its human content, when in architecture, for example, we find that pillars are merely symbols for legs; and accordingly the view is a type of expressionism, the doctrine that all art presents us with the mind of the composer.

Now it is obvious, of course, that the expressionistic position is an easy one to fall into because art is something that is produced, something that results from mental activity in a certain field; but even admitting, then, that in creating a work of art a person's emotions are expressing themselves, we are not thereby compelled to argue that they are somehow creating themselves, that they and WHAT THEY EXPRESS are somehow one and the same thing; indeed, if that were so, then the term "expressing" would have no meaning; so far from expressing themselves they would simply BE themselves. What the term "expressing" does refer to is the relation of bringing about; we are saying, that is, that certain emotions are producing something and it is then quite clear that we do not mean that they are producing themselves. And while therefore in literature they may produce emotions (the material of literature being largely human material), they obviously do not do so in the other arts, what is brought about in music, for instance, being a certain arrangement of notes, in painting, of colours, and in architecture, of masses.

Thus as against Jones we are bound to regard the work of art as independent of the creator's personality, as something having features of its own and accordingly expressionism with its attempt to appreciate art in terms of creation, the better work, for example, being that which more fully expresses the forces of creation, has to be given up; and that applies equally to this special brand of expressionism adopted by psychoanalysts themselves.

It is to be noticed, however, that what has given special force to psychoanalytical expressionism in particular is that in many cases it is possible by means of a correlated study to give some explanation of works of art, to gain some understanding of them; and Collingwood, therefore, may be able to show that through a study of Botticelli the man that we come to understand something of his works.

Now if that really is the case, if the work in that way is not independent of the creator's personality, if it cannot stand on its own but requires a reference to the artist's mind, then the only conclusion is that that work is bad, that it presents us with no subject matter of its own, no theme or structure that can be recognized as the work itself. The term "understanding", then, used in this way is equivalent to "interpretation" and that, by suggesting that the work is incomplete and unintelligible, implies that the work is bad; and therefore if, as Collingwood says, we can only understand Botticelli's work by studying his technique and outlook, then he is also saying that his work is bad.

Now while Jones is using the term "thing-in-itself" somewhat loosely; even bad art, of course, is a "thing-in-itself" in the same way as a dream is a thing of a particular kind---in fact, if that were not so, we should really have nothing to interpret, nothing to understand ---nevertheless what he really means is something that is COMPLETE–in-itself, something that has an observable structure, and if that is what we mean by good art, then he would be arguing here that there is no such thing, that all art, in fact, requires interpretation, in short, that all art is bad.

Actually that is not a view that he would be prepared to accept; in fact, his main purpose in Chapter 1 of the "Essays" is to demonstrate the structure or theme of "Hamlet" –a demonstration which he carries out in terms of the work itself and actually with no reference to the mind of Shakespeare --- and accordingly there is no more point in the contention that good work involves the psychology of creation than there is in the view that the truth, for example, depends upon the mind that has discovered it.

All this is not to say that a consideration of the artist's mind may not throw a light on how the work came about; in that way we may be able to show, for example, that the work was autobiographical or again, that the choice of a particular theme was connected with the artist's dominant interests. But in precisely the same way we could show, if we had sufficient details, how Euclid, for example, was bound to make geometrical rather than ethical discoveries; but in either case, we could certainly not conclude that we had thereby thrown light on the goodness of the work, on the one hand, or on the truth of the geometrical propositions, on the other. Again, to take Jones' other point, we could also agree that a consideration of the work may throw light on the mentality of the author; from a consideration of "Hamlet", for instance, we are perhaps bound to agree with Jones that the

mental force dominating Shakespeare in his composition of that play was what in psychoanalytical theory is known as the Oedipus complex; and just in the same way, again, a consideration of Euclidean geometry may indicate something of Euclid's mentality. But these questions have nothing to do with geometrical theory and they have nothing to do with aesthetics.

While, then, the discovery of incompleteness and gaps in particular works of art may make it necessary for us to understand such works, to find out, that is to say, what is at the back of these gaps, just as the discovery of error, again, may compel, us to consider how that came about, still the aesthetic field raises no such question; the good work of art is as independent of its author as are Euclid's propositions of him.

Now there is still the question of aesthetic inquiry itself, of the discovery of the aesthetic features that particular works of art may exhibit, and in that connection the findings of psychoanalysis may be of considerable importance. That is to say, granting that good art has certain special features of its own, there is the question whether these features are present or not in a particular work, and we may conclude that they are not because we ourselves have made a mistake, because we have failed to recognize, that is, what is actually there. And it is in this connection that the work of Jones has been of very great importance in the case of "Hamlet". His contention there is that the theme has been overlooked by previous commentators, that consequently they have invented themes of their own and that in the end they have come necessarily to regard the work as incomplete and confused, even unintelligible. And whether Jones can make good that contention or not, nevertheless it is showing how the particular features of a work can be neglected through a lack of that knowledge which psychoanalysis has provided. I want briefly to consider in the next lecture Jones' account of Hamlet.

To be continued

Living on the Edge (25)

Questions of Identity (ii)

Stop any reasonably precocious four-year-old on the streets of Sydney, London or New York to ask what you will about, say, the Douanier Rousseau; Cézanne; Monet; Dégas; Van Gogh; and you can count on being given a catalogue of their major works, periods and styles; a selection of the most recent critical assessments of their place in the history of art; and a short list of titles for further reading. With a bit of luck you might even pick up a few snippets about their sex lives that you had never heard before. Mention Frank Boggs, however, and all you will get is a blank stare. Even an art historian of mature years whom I met recently confessed that she could not place Boggs, covering her confusion by adding that she had a really shocking memory when it came to names; an excuse that sounded very implausible in this case.

Drop this unassuming patronymic along the banks of the Seine, however, and your luck could change. In 1995 the Musée Carnavalet added to its delights by mounting an exhibition of paintings of views of Paris. The titles of two of these were ' La Rue Beethoven à Passy (1884) ', and ' Le Quai de Valmy et le Canal Saint-Martin (1905) ', both of which appear to have been done in weather that must have been soggy enough to keep the painter working continuously under a large umbrella. Alongside them was a sign that read: ' Frank Boggs (1855-1926) D'origine américaine, Frank Boggs est le peintre d'un Paris humide et triste dont il a su capter la poésie.' A name that on the banks of the Hudson must have sounded as exciting as a sock full of cold porridge acquired a seductively melancholy and exotic lilt to it in the Marais. Names *do* matter, a fact of life acknowledged by the youthful Perkin Burdesdroppe as soon as he arrived in Elizabethan London from Stratford-on-Avon and told everyone that he was called William Shakespeare; failing which it is unlikely that his plays would ever have reached the stage.

This may help to explain the case of George Apperley. I doubt whether you will find much about him in histories of twentieth-century British painting, but a number of people of orthodox views to whom I was introduced in the Granada of the early 1950s intimated that in spite of all the harm she had done Spain over the centuries, England had at least given her the genius of George Apperley, who had come to live in Granada a generation or two before, and had given the city of his best. Climb to the top of the Albaicín, stand on the edge of the Plaza de San Nicolás looking towards the Alhambra, and on your right you will see cobbled steps leading down to the street below. The wall alongside these steps bears a ceramic plaque honouring Apperley, who lived just above it. Apperley was a contemporary of Federico García Lorca, and he turned out competent paintings of picturesque corners of Granada that would at least have given the best watercolours of another contemporary of his, Adolf Hitler, a run for their money. He had been a foreign admirer of the city, bearing in the mind of locals an exotic name of almost Dickensian vintage; no one knew anything about his political views; and his paintings were perfectly safe - they threatened no one. As a rule, those who admired Apperley most, dismissed their own Lorca (whom they would somewhat sneeringly refer to by his full surname, García Lorca, with the accent on the *García*, which carries little prestige in Spanish), as a deviant with some talent for verse-making who had probably got what was coming to him in 1936. I wonder how many survived not only to see Lorca's plays produced again, but to get some idea of the originality and

variety of the wealth of paintings, drawings and book illustrations that were virtually unknown to the general public then, but sprang to life again when the franquista glacier finally began to melt.

If only this simple principle had been brought to his attention in time, the young porter of the Casa de los Tiros, the House of the Cannonballs, might have soared almost overnight to fame and fortune. The Casa de los Tiros, once the majestic seat of an aristocratic Muslim family that had had converted to Christianity with an opportune display of enthusiasm when Granada surrendered to Ferdinand and Isabel in 1492, now houses an archive, but in the 1950s it was the provincial headquarters of the Tourist Department, a subsection of the state propaganda machine known officially as the Ministerio de Información y Turismo. Women in those days had little hope of achieving managerial status anywhere except in the Sección Femenina; archives and libraries; and Turismo. The Casa de los Tiros had a Directora, a remarkable young woman called Piedad Contreras Serrano, who managed a staff of two.

First there was Antonio, a portly gentleman with hair of a distinguished grey who often lamented the disappearance of the true Granada; the romantic, unspoilt Granada of his youth; the Granada of the flickering gas lamps; although Piedad, to whom I gave English lessons, confided to me once that she had good reason to believe that the last of the gas lamps must have gone out several years before Antonio had seen the light of day. Then there was Guillermo, the porter, who had complained to me about the still unchecked criminal activities of Sir Francis Drake. Piedad announced one morning at the beginning of her lesson that there was great excitement in the Casa de los Tiros, for Guillermo, a rather weedy but engaging youth, had just revealed that he had long harboured the passionate ambition of appearing before the public in a suit of lights; had practised the torero's art assiduously in secret without the aid of a bull; and had landed an engagement for the following Sunday at a village fiesta in the mountains. As was usual, Piedad told me, among young beginners - *novilleros*- he had chosen a professional sobriquet under which to appear. When she told me what it was, I had the gravest misgivings about the wisdom of his choice, but the public announcements had been made already, so I hadn't the heart to say anything to him when I was leaving the lesson, except to wish him the best of luck and shake his hand warmly.

When I turned up for the first lesson of the following week and passed Guillermo just inside the enormous metal-studded wooden doors as I made my way to the patio and Piedad's office, I stopped to ask him for news about Sunday's performance, but all I got was a mumbled greeting as he dodged away into the street as though bent on urgent business. Next I stopped at the office counter to see what Antonio had to say about it, but all I got from him was a shrug and a contemptuous grunt that seemed to despatch Guillermo forever from further notice. Piedad was more forthcoming. All she had, she told me, were second and third hand accounts, so she could not vouch for their absolute accuracy. It was clear to her, however, that they were not without some foundation, for Guillermo was deeply depressed; would say nothing about his début; and she felt keenly that any reference to it in his presence would be very painful for him. I was probably aware, she told me, that these village fiesta performances were pretty wild affairs. Sometimes they even used longhorn cows, much more intelligent than bulls, very quick to learn, and with no respect whatsoever for traditional corrida protocol. There were more injuries in the village square than you ever got in the great Plazas of Madrid or Barcelona.There was more drinking, too, and less restraint, in spite of the presence of the Civil Guard. To cut a short story shorter, it seems that after a very brief interval of frenzied footwork, desperate waving of his cape, and loud jeers from the public, Guillermo seemed to have a sudden change of plan, and sped definitively from the scene of action. No one could be certain whether this unexpected manoeuvre had been prompted by the threat to his person from the enraged animal, or that to his pride from the unfeeling public, but the upshot was that in the space of less than ten minutes Guillermo had become a legend in his own lifetime, and the word was that he was hanging up his cape for good. I was saddened to hear this, but not surprised. The novillero who chose to appear as *El Niño del Turismo*, 'The Tourist Kid', had the cards stacked against him from the start. If only he had called himself *El Niño de los Tiros*, 'The Cannonball Kid', it might have been a different story. Still, I freely acknowledge that merely calling yourself 'Homer' does not guarantee that one day you will toss off another *Odyssey*.

****

Some names are so exotic, so much over the top, that they are dismissed out of hand by all who hear them: such has always been the fate in Spain of my first name. Others, like my surname (and its not infrequent granadino version, Harri*n*son), present no challenge when it comes to pronunciation, but sound pretty flat in any European language. On the other hand, I must admit that I rather thought my unlooked-for nom-de-guerre, 'El Inglés', had a nice ring to it, a certain air of distinction, even if it fell short of measuring up to 'El Cid', or even 'El Zorro'. However, in the late January of 1954, I discovered that this title carried with it some unexpected and rather burdensome responsibilities. I owed this discovery to Elizabeth Windsor, whose life, like mine, had taken an unexpected turn the year before.

In 1953, the enormous sandcastle of the British Empire was rapidly being washed away. Much had already gone by then, but there were still big blocks on the map of Africa printed in red, an odd colour for British imperial possessions in a world split by the Cold War, but that's tradition for you. Hot from showing the flag in Africa, then, the brand new Elizabeth II was steaming home in the January of 1954. Normally a news item such as this would have been given a passing mention in two or three lines of page two in the Spanish Press, page one always being reserved for full treatment of Paco Rana opening another dam or giving advice to an American President. Elizabeth's journey, however, became front page news when it was revealed that she was to make a State visit to Gibraltar.

Intervening on the side of the Habsburg claimant in the War of the Spanish Succession, the British captured Gibraltar for him in 1704, and left a permanent bad taste in Spanish mouths by keeping it for themselves when the Habsburgs finally abandoned the Spanish crown to a branch of the Bourbons. Franco had originally expected Hitler's New Order to land him Gibraltar on the one hand, and a greatly expanded empire in Africa at French expense on the other. Not only had all those dreams of glory been buried under the ruins of the Third Reich, but poverty-stricken Spain now had reason to worry lest French imperial problems and weaknesses bring disaster to the tiny empire in Africa that she actually possessed. The French generals were just about to show what they could do in Vietnam by tempting their enemies to attack Dien Bien Phu; and the French administrators of their Protectorate of Morocco were struggling with a messy attempt to strangle an independence movement led by the traditional dynastic ruler. If there should be a disaster in French-controlled Morocco, another would surely follow in the little Spanish zone that meant so much to *africanista* soldiers like Franco and his military cronies.

The Spanish government might have chosen to have the Press ignore the Queen's visit to Gibraltar. It chose instead to make an issue of it, and requested the British government to cancel the visit forthwith. The request, of course, was refused, and the Caudillo's impotence vis-a-vis the Queen exposed, a grave matter in the country that coined the term *machismo*. On the other hand, this was a great opportunity for bringing Spaniards together in a major propaganda campaign against Perfidious Albion. Spaniards of every political hue, and those of none, resented the British presence in Gibraltar, so in that sense the Gibraltar problem was a very handy wand to wave in Madrid whenever a popular foreign diversion was required. Franco would undoubtedly have preferred to become the Caudillo of the Reconquest, or at least, of the Reoccupation, of the Rock; but even a Rock with a Union Jack on it had its uses.

As Elizabeth drew nearer and nearer to Gibraltar, the State propaganda machine went into overdrive. I rarely did more than glance at our local newspaper, the *Ideal*. So far as I could tell, it had been a boring, philistine, ultra-Catholic newspaper before July, 1936, and it had gone downhill ever since. Before that catastrophe, at least the *Ideal* had had to compete with the liberal, left-of-centre *El Defensor de Granada*, edited by a friend of Lorca's, Constantino Ruiz Carnero. The insurgents soon finished off the *Defensor*, and Ruiz Carnero was arrested. They did not, however, shoot him at Víznar, or against the wall of the cemetery, like so many others. One of his gaolers struck him in the face with a rifle butt, driving the splintered glass of his thick spectacles into his eyes. He spent the night in agony, refused medical treatment. Then he was thrown into a truck with a batch of other prisoners to be executed, but when they unloaded it at the cemetery wall, he was already dead. Since those days, most of the Spanish press was as dreary as the *Ideal*. As Victor used to say, even reports of sporting events were censored, so the only items you could rely on not being tampered with in those sorry sheets were the weather forecasts, and none but a idiot would rely on weather forecasts in *any* country.

Unconcerned then, and largely oblivious of the Queen's progress across the Mediterranean, I pressed on with my usual daily round, and found myself one morning reading in the delicious warmth of the classroom at Idiomas prior to the entry of the first class of that day at eleven o'clock. It had been a bright but very cold winter's morning, and I had come in from La Plata before the city had really begun to stir. At five minutes to eleven I put away my book, opened the door of the little office, and looked up and down the corridor. Not a soul in sight. Eleven o'clock came; and went. Nothing stirred in the corridor. There was no clicking of high heels, no stamp of heavy shoes from the marble steps that led up from street level. Eleven thirty. Then twelve, and not a soul in sight for that class either. I wandered along the corridor to the lavatory, and it struck me that all the others doors were closed. Even at its busiest, this was not a busy building in those years of straitened circumstances: some of the doors in that corridor *never* seemed to open. But this was a bit odd, just the same. I wondered whether I had made some stupid mistake about dates; days; fiestas. But the calendar in the office suggested otherwise, so I sat there reading until the last class of the morning was due to turn up . And just before one there was a tap at the outer door. I dashed out gladly to welcome the faithful one-o'clockers.

There were two women there, one of them indeed a student of mine, and the other an older friend of hers whom I had met before in the company of Victor and María. My appearance seemed to startle *them* so much, that their reaction startled *me*. They drew back, glancing apprehensively at each other, and the older women found her voice first. She said: 'Señor Harrinson...Señor Harrinson.... We thought María might be here...We didn't expect to see *you* here, Señor Harrinson.' Thoroughly perplexed now, I asked them why they were so surprised to see me ? Wasn't this a normal class day ? But I didn't get a real answer to that. They simply exchanged meaningful glances again, hesitated, and then the younger one came out with: ' Señor Harrison [she was a good student], go home. Please Señor Harrison, go home at once, *please*. ' And that was that. Without a word of explanation, they turned and fled. I could hear their high heels clicking rapidly down those marble steps and strike a different note when they reached the footpath. Then silence. I thought I had better wait until half-past one just in case anyone else turned up. No one did. I locked up, and made my way down the stairs .

To my utter surprise, the Calle Ganivet was empty. One expected the shops to be shut by a quarter to two for the paseo, lunch and the siesta, but the café on the other side of the street was closed - and where was the paseo? I walked along under the arcades to the end of the street where Reyes Católicos takes off to the right. The main street should have been alive with chatting crowds strolling along the footpaths bound for a pre-lunch drink; making slowly for home after a pre-lunch drink; or simply out for a chat and a stroll. There was not a person to be seen. Not even a policeman. No cars; no donkeys; no trams. The entire population of Granada seemed to have vanished without a trace. Yet I could hear a faint hubbub, although from which direction it was coming I could not tell tell. Deep in thought, I stepped into the wide deserted patch of street in front of the new post office on the corner of Ganivet, and walked towards the Suizo, which was also shut, making for the nearby Calle Alhóndiga and home.

I was crossing in front of the Suizo, with the wide, open expanse of the Puerta Real on my left, when I was snapped out of my reverie by a chorus of confused shouting and the unmistakable shattering of glass. It came from further down in the Puerta Real, and when I turned in that direction, the puzzling events, and non-events, of that morning were capped by the astounding sight of what appeared to be nothing less than a student demonstration. It was surging around a plate glass window that had born a poster announcing a new film coming to the adjacent Teatro Isabel la Católica, and that window had been broken. There were banners, but as they were being waved about, and the action was taking place at the distance of 150 metres or so from where I stood, I could not make out what they said. Nor could I make out what the confused shouting was all about, although it was plain enough that the crowd was made up entirely of males from about eighteen to twenty five. And there was not a policeman in sight. There had already been rumours about student protests in Madrid. Had they reached Granada ? But if so, how had it got this far, this *public*, without the savage intervention of the Policía Armada or the Civil Guard? It was all rather ominous, but very exciting. Lunch and memories of that surreal morning forgotten, I made towards the crowd of demonstrators as fast as I could.

I was about half-way there when, from one instant to the next, hundreds of bits of evidence that had been jumbled before my very eyes that day and for some days beforehand flew together to form a mosaic which conveyed a message of breathtakingly simple import. As though at a single stroke, I saw that the banners bore devices such as ' ¡ Gibraltar Español ! ', ' ¡Viva Franco! ¡Viva España! '; that a small core of the demonstrators wore Falangista uniforms; I realised that the shouting included mingled cries calling for the downfall of England and death for Winston Churchill; and I recalled that the poster on the broken window had advertised a British film; while some demonstrators on the edge of the crowd had seen my figure approaching, and a great shout went up : ' ¡ **Un inglés** ! '. You feel very conspicuous at moments like this.

My own views about the status of Gibraltar were mixed. I quite understood the depth of Spanish feelings on that issue, but did not believe that Gibraltarians would welcome being delivered up to the Caudillo. Spanish nationalism occupied no moral high ground when it came to such matters. Even when the French cut their losses two years later and unexpectedly withdrew from their zone of Morocco, leaving the appalled Franco no choice but to withdraw from the Spanish zone, Madrid held on to the enclaves of Melilla, opposite Málaga, and Ceuta, opposite Gibraltar; and still does so in 1999, just as London holds on to Gibraltar. But this was not the only reason why I could not even pretend to have any sympathy for a demonstration like this one. It was obviously part of one of those spontaneous campaigns of popular protest that dictatorships love to inspire, organize and orchestrate, and would get no applause from me. I had done little enough to oppose the régime in an active way - I was hardly going to show it sympathy on any issue whatsoever. So much for the question of Gibraltar then. But in practical terms, what was I now going to request my feet to do ? Turn around and make for La Plata as fast as they could ? Or keep on moving towards the crowd, which was now beginning to move towards *me* ?

Like most of us, I had learnt at school that the most certain way to infuriate your opponents and provoke them into being even harder on you than they might otherwise have been, is to try to run away. True, that tactic has its advantages when you are *quite* sure that you can effect your escape and thumb your nose at them from a safe spot. I was far from sure about that. But even if the chances had looked better than they did, it was not really a solution that I could consider. Everybody in Granada would hear that ' el inglés ' had run for it. There would be nods and little smiles and fingers pointing and whispers wherever I went. Moreover, from where I stood I could see the glassed-in balcony of the flat where Viruchy and Purita lived. The mere thought of being observed in full flight by Viruchy was just too much to bear. So I ordered my feet to keep on moving towards the crowd, and they obeyed.

We met half-way. A couple of the youths in Falangista uniforms grabbed me and held my arms tightly behind my back, hustling me to face their leader, who was flanked by minions carrying the Spanish flag and a red-and-black Falangista banner. There my interrogation began, ringed by about two or three hundred students, who, I was glad to see, appeared to be in great good humour, and a little surprised to find themselves with a captive. The talk was brief, to the point, and translates almost word for word.

' Are you English ?'

This offered me an escape route, which, however, I was not willing to take, though I was also unwilling to deny my true nationality. Actually, by this stage the adrenalin was pumping in, and I was beginning to feel quite angry.

' My father is English.'

This was followed by loud choruses downing England, and some nasty muttering among the Falangistas about what course my immediate future should take. The brown-haired leader chose the least violent of them.

' Kiss the Spanish flag.'

My guards forced me half-way to my knees and tried to push my face into the silk that the standard bearer held in front of me. I twisted my head desperately from side to side, keeping my mouth shut as tightly as you would if you saw the dentist coming at you with a red-hot poker instead of a floss-tipped probe.

But hardly had this performance begun when someone in the crowd shouted:

' Let him go - he's not an Englishman, he's a Swiss '.

This was followed by loud cheers for Switzerland, and fresh orders from the leader. The grip on me relaxed a little, and the second question of the day was:

' Are you Swiss. '

' No, I'm not. I told you - my father is English. '

Again the flag treatment, violent twisting on my part, and another shout from the crowd:

' Let him go - he's not English; he's an Australian. '

Loud cheers for Australia and more fresh orders from the leader, who seemed to have been thrown right off his balance.

' Are you an Australian ? '

I had the impression that the crowd was now quite friendly; that these students hadn't really wanted a sacrificial victim at all; and that while no doubt they did resent the British presence in Gibraltar, what occupied their thoughts most was the sheer delight of being able to stage a demonstration, probably the first they had ever known. And in Madrid that very week, as it turned out, the régime discovered that it had created a Frankenstein's monster. Students licensed to protest about Gibraltar began to protest about other matters close to home, and the long war began between student dissidents and the police, a war which the police fought with batons, cavalry charges and bullets, and which did not end until the régime had been buried. But on that day in the Puerta Real, all I knew, or guessed, was that I could now make the Falangista student leader work a little:

' I was born in Australia, but my father is English.'

More loud cheers for Australia, and calls for my release. The leader now looked positively embarrassed.

' What country issued your passport ? '

' I have an Australian passport, but as I told you, I have an English father.'

There were a few shouts of 'Down with the English', but these were virtually lost under the cheers for Australia. There was a hurried confabulation amongst the Falangistas, and something was murmured to my guards, whose grip was much relaxed. The leader began to harangue the crowd, and I was hustled away almost gently to a lane that ran off the Puerta Real, and there released.

' Please go home', one of them said, firmly, but courteously. Honour satisfied, I did as he requested.

****

It only took few minutes to reach the crowded ground-floor dining room of La Plata, but in that brief space not only had the excitement evaporated completely, but I was overcome by an odd wave of depression, or perhaps just disappointment - it was difficult to analyze. It was almost a feeling of violation, as though something had been taken from me that I could never recover. Perhaps I had come to think of myself as being one of the locals; or just of being *me*, not someone with a label on his back that marked him down as one of *these* or one of *those*, no matter what *I* might think. As I had learnt more about some of the people I had met in Granada, I had mastered the difficult yet basic lesson that ordinary people, and even likeable people, could be responsible for terrible things; or hold firmly to views which had been put into practice with terrible consequences. Now I had had a lesson in an unpleasant aspect of the problem of identity: no matter who you were, or what you did or what you believed, others could see you simply as a symbol of something they hated or despised, and treat you as no more than the symbol that they had made of you in their own imaginations. This is the lesson that all who are the objects of racism have to live with daily. I had always known this in an intellectual fashion, I suppose, but now I could really feel what it was like. And yet I had been enormously lucky. If this lesson had to be learned by experience, there could have been no less painful way of doing it. Realising that this was the case made it even clearer how appalling the plight of the victim of racism must be.

There was only one seat free in the dining room, and I sat there exchanging automatically the usual polite salutations with the three strangers at the small table, but really almost oblivious of their presence. I had, however, noticed as I was about to sit down that I would have my back to a long table occupied entirely by young men, student types, whose faces I did not know. Just as Don José appeared from the kitchen bearing a tray of steaming bowls of soup, I caught from behind me a wave of murmuring and the scraping as of chairs being pushed back on the tiled floor. I could guess what might be coming, and just sat there without turning around. But Don José had picked up this movement too, and the clients to whom he was about to deliver their soup saw it wafted from practically under their noses as the patrón pushed his way past to the table behind me. There were just a few words that Don José hissed at that party, but there was no mistaking the tone with which they were delivered. There was more scraping of chairs, then sounds as of sitters making themselves comfortable, and conversation picked up at the table in the normal cheerful shout, with no reference that I could hear to Gibraltar or to the English.

****

I lay on my bed after lunch and tried to read Blake, but ended up just lying there and turning things over. At four o'clock or so I thought of Mr. Davenhill and his sisters, and decided to go up to the Vice-Consulate to see how they had got on. The dining room on the ground floor was empty now except for Don José and a couple of cronies who were sitting at a table in a corner away from the door that I was making towards. Don José called my name, got up, walked across to me, and asked me quite gently how I was. I thanked him - I was perfectly all right. Then his voice sank to a whisper, and he said: ' I have a radio upstairs, and I can get the BBC on it. Would you like to hear the news?' I would very much have liked to hear the news, and yet I declined, with many thanks. For some reason, I was extremely reluctant to enter his family quarters. The discrete transistor, of course, had not reached Spain as yet.

The streets were still virtually empty when I left La Plata, and the bars and cafés were still shut. There was no one about in Reyes Católicos, but a solitary car parked by the footpath on the left caught my attention immediately, because the coachwork looked somewhat battered and the windows and windscreen had been smashed. It was a Morris - the model, I think, that was called a Morris Major. It had a G.B. number plate, and there was a bright little Union Jack sticker on a remaining shard of the rear window. There was no sign of a driver.

From there it was up to the Plaza Nueva, then a right turn to ascend the Cuesta de Gomeres; under the arch of Charles V; and through the Alhambra woods to the crossroads from which you could see the Vice-Consulate, with just a lone figure to be seen now and then scurrying along and darting into a side street or narrow lane. I stopped at the crossroads out of breath, and looked across to the Davenhill residence. The windows had been smashed, and the asphalt was littered with stones. I moved towards it, but one of the grises, the Policía Armada, smoking a cigarette, rifle slung over his shoulder, stepped out from the shelter of some trees, and waved at me to turn back. I did so without further ado - there was no arguing with the Policía Armada or the Civil Guard.

That evening, Victor and two or three of my students dropped by one by one at La Plata to see how I was. A day or two later I heard that Mr Davenhill and one of his sisters were all right, but that

the other sister had died of a heart attack when the demonstrators began pelting their house with stones and shouting insults. The Davenhills had been living there for nearly forty years. I wondered how long the old gentleman would last, but he was made of tougher stuff than I thought, and was still there and able to reminisce about Lorca's Granada when Ian Gibson met him in 1963.

If the rumours that flew around the city were right, and I know that many were at least close to the truth, the wrecked Morris Major that I saw turned out to be a source of great embarrassment to the authorities. It was a British car all right, and registered in the United Kingdom. The owner and driver, however, was a tourist from across the Atlantic who had bought it while on a visit to Great Britain. Worse still, this individual was not a citizen of some small Latin-American state that could be ignored or fixed. No indeed, he was a citizen of the Generalísimo's recently discovered great and powerful friend, the United States of America. The car was replaced, so the rumour ran, by a payment made out of city council funds, accompanied by profound apologies.

But not a word about that car stained the patriotic and well-combed pages of the *Ideal*.

****

One night at about eleven o'clock three years later, I found myself in the doorway of an Indian-owned shop in the Zoco Chico in Tangier, marveling as always at the extraordinary range of goods from all over the world on display in the windows. Tangier was still an international zone then, where all prices were rock-bottom and duty-free, but it seemed unlikely that it would remain so. The French had restored Mohammed V as King of Morocco, and were pulling out of their zone peacefully, only to sink ever deeper as it happened into their disastrous war to retain Algeria. Franco had had to follow suit, bite the bullet and relinquish the Spanish zone, though retaining the heavily garrisoned enclaves of Melilla and Ceuta on the grounds that although on the map they might have looked like parts of Africa, in fact they were *really* parts of Spain. I was not clear as to what exactly was going to happen to Tangier, or when. For the moment, however, it was still one of the world's great smuggling centres. Converted war-surplus motor torpedo-boats would load up peacefully by day in the busy port, and slip out by night to run for a rendezvous somewhere along the Spanish coast. Yachts from all parts of the globe swung at anchor or bobbed up and down along the wharves - one of them pointed out to me in 1956 belonged to Errol Flynn. An enormous old house, blank to the street like all old houses there, was owned by Barbara Hutton, the Woolworth heiress, and reputed to be the scene of orgies held in luxurious and exotic settings straight out of the Arabian nights. Perhaps it was so - I was never invited in. I can, however, vouch for the ready availability of *kif* in abundance - every café was full of elderly Moroccan gentlemen sitting there quietly while they sipped their mint tea and smoked their mountain weed. Street signs in the more modern areas still showed European influence - the Place de France; the Rue Lafayette; while the narrowing street that led downhill to the port crossed a cultural frontier - the Spanish 'zoco' is derived from the Arabic 'souk', meaning market-place. When you posted a letter, you could still choose between the Spanish post-office, the French, or the British, each selling its national stamps surcharged '**Tanger**', or in the British case, '**Tangier**'.

I was staying at the Hotel Pasadena, a small but very well-appointed Italian-owned establishment almost opposite the rarely-used bullring, just where the built-up area of the city straggled into dried-up banks of clay; meagre tufts of salty-looking grass; eucalyptus trees; and a shanty or two that displayed for sale stocks of milk, bread, sardines, Pepsi, mint tea and cigarettes. This was the mid-point of my fortnightly coach tours around Spain and across the Straits. My group had all gone to bed early. Abdel-Krim Zúgari and Charlie Fawzi, my two local guides, had marched them mercilessly up and down the Casbah that morning, with a side-trip to see the Cave of Hercules and Cape Spartel, with its view across the choppy Atlantic to the Bay of Trafalgar. Already weary, but keen to take in everything they could, my gallant band of thirty-odd had barely had time to swallow their lunch when the guides were summoning them to pack into a small fleet of huge limousines for the afternoon excursion to the holy mountain city of Xauen. As usual, they could barely

I would have to be up well before my recruits, but felt an irresistible urge to sip a quiet, relaxed and solitary cup of good coffee before the hurly-burly of the coach tour resumed the following day. So I rang for a taxi, and asked the driver to let me off at one of the cafés around the Place de France. It was only when I got out and the taxi sped off that I realised that the cafés were all shut. There was nothing open at all. It was alleged that for those who knew where to look, there were all sorts of delights to be savoured in Tangier, but the town centre was always quiet enough at night. I don't even remember seeing a night-club, except when the Whisky-a-Go-Go opened in 1958 or 59, and sought custom by advertising belly dancers, very exotic in this mostly Berber corner of Morocco where belly-dancing was not a local art-form. I *have* seen Berber women dance, but clothed from head to toe except for their unveiled faces,

keep their eyes open for long enough to eat their dinner that night, and lost no time staggering off to bed and then to sleep; except of course, for the usual one or two who were suffering the onset of diarrhoea, and would be covering a lot more ground that night before we made for the port and the car-ferry back to Algeciras early the next morning.

I would have to be up well before my recruits, but felt an irresistible urge to sip a quiet, relaxed and solitary cup of good coffee before the hurly-burly of the coach tour resumed the following day. So I rang for a taxi, and asked the driver to let me off at one of the cafés around the Place de France. It was only when I got out and the taxi sped off that I realised that the cafés were all shut. There was nothing open at all. It was alleged that for those who knew where to look, there were all sorts of delights to be savoured in Tangier, but the town centre was always quiet enough at night. I don't even remember seeing a night-club, except when the Whisky-a-Go-Go opened in 1958 or 59, and sought custom by advertising belly dancers, very exotic in this mostly Berber corner of Morocco where belly-dancing was not a local art-form. I *have* seen Berber women dance, but clothed from head to toe except for their unveiled faces, and not in nightclubs. So the Place de France was no Piccadilly Circus at the best of times, but to find the cafés shut at ten thirty did seem a bit odd. There were a few people about, but all moving along briskly with the intent air of those who are late for an appointment.

Unwilling to simply take a taxi and return to the Pasadena without further ado, I crossed the Place de France and started walking down the hill to the Zoco Chico, where there was a small cluster of shops aimed at the tourist trade; stalls that dispensed sugary confectionery that hid shyly by day under a black layer of flies, or hot meatballs of dubious parentage; and several dimly-lit establishments where you could sit and drink mint tea. But even when I got that far, and could see the lights of the harbour below, there was nothing open, and nobody about. The display windows of one of the tourist shops, however, were comfortingly ablaze with light, and I strolled idly into the doorway to have a look at the latest wonders from abroad before walking back up to the Place de France and taking a taxi.

Engrossed in a small metal cylinder which a printed card announced to be a novel shaver of Swedish manufacture that could be rolled across your skin without the application of liquid of any kind, I scarcely noticed at first a low, confused hum punctuated by shrill warblings, that drifted up from the direction of the port. A few seconds after this phenomenon caught my attention and I had moved out of the inner doorway far enough to look up and down the street, these strange noises, their decibel count climbing at an exponential rate, surged to a deafening crescendo, and the head of what turned out to be an entire procession surged in a thick column through a darkened archway into the little square in which I found myself, and no more than about twenty metres to my right.

The vanguard consisted of men, some in Moroccan costume, others in European clothes, but clearly Moroccans, chanting, singing, and shouting slogans in Arabic. There was a beating of drums, and much blaring on a type of Moroccan horn. There were banners, some of them displaying a plain green crescent, while others bore the green and red of the Kingdom of Morocco. As they moved up the road towards the shop where I stood, there was a wild burst of ululation, and behind the vanguard streamed a throng of veiled women in long grey yashmaks. The din was infernal.

I could scarcely believe my bad luck. This, I thought, is very likely an anti-European demonstration. There is no one in the whole of Africa who looks more European than I do. And here I am, on my own, and standing here like an idiot as though I am preparing to take the salute, with not the slightest chance of making off, or concealing the regrettable nature of my origins. I was far more frightened than I had been when I ran into the Gibraltar rioters in Granada. What made it worse was the ululation. When I was very small, I had been entrusted to the care of an elderly lady while my mother was ill. This person, no doubt unwittingly, ensured that I would have nightmares for years by taking me with her to see a Western in which a log cabin inhabited by two small children and their parents is attacked by Indians yelling blood-curdling war whoops, and with painted faces that at one point you see at close range when they are pressed up to a window. The children survive this unpleasant contretemps, but not their parents. Ululation still reminds me of those war-whoops. So far as I know, the ululation of Arab women is a sign of joy, exultation, and triumph, and I knew as much when I stood in that doorway in Tangier. Still, this is not to say that such emotions might not be elicited by the prospect of administering the death of a thousand cuts to a deserving infidel. At any rate, there was nothing for it but to stand my ground, look firm but friendly, and hope for the best.

I did not push my luck by standing out there on the footpath, but remained in the doorway. As the first ranks of the vanguard drew level, heads were in turned my direction, comments were exchanged, and there was much pointing of fingers. I smiled across to them, and waved. And they began smiling and waving back. The column surged on, and I stood there smiling and waving; and as rank after rank came past, the demonstrators smiled and waved back to me. Even some of the ladies waved, but I couldn't tell if they were smiling.

I found later that these people were celebrating news of the forthcoming end of the international administration - Tangier would again become part of the Kingdom of Morocco. No doubt I hadn't been in the slightest danger, unless there was someone in the crowd who had some grudges to work off. Even so, I doubt whether the rest of that crowd would have let him do anything really unpleasant. None of this dims in the slightest the memory of the way I felt as those people went past. There was sheer relief, of course - no doubt about that. Along with this, however, there was a wave of good will, a wave that went backwards and forwards between us until the last marchers in the procession had gone, and it left a warm glow behind it. Like the waves that come in from the far reaches of the cosmos, that wave went right through all the barriers that divided us as though they simply did not exist.

Should those dedicated researchers from Outer Space ever decide that it is *my* turn to be abducted, I shall, of course, do my best when they come for me to look firm but friendly. And I shall take great pains to persuade them that, although the human race suffers, and always will suffer, from a wide variety of failings, such as greed, envy, selfishness, anger, and hate; together with a tendency to lie, exploit, boast, bully, domineer, steal, hurt, and kill, it does have redeeming features apart from its rarity value, and there *is* a case to be made for trying to preserve it for posterity.

(to be continued) Grahame Harrison

NOTES AND COMMENTS

Madge Eddy

Madge Eddy (nee Chick) died on the 25th July, aged 83. An Arts graduate of Sydney University with honours in English in 1937, Madge was in touch with Andersonians from her student days. Married to Harry Eddy (who died aged 60 in 1973) she continued to be involved in Andersonian, and subsequently WEA, affairs throughout her life. Madge remained alert-minded, as always, in her last years of failing health, and was a regular reader of "Heraclitus" for which she wrote some Andersonian recollections in H58, 1997.

Robert Klippel

Robert Klippel, the leading sculptor who died on the 19th June, is the subject of Issue No. 129 of "The Onlooker", in which Dorothy Wentworth-Walsh records meeting Klippel in Hobart during the war when he was in the Australian Navy.

Klippel in his earlier days drank in Push pubs in Sydney, and gave Sydney Libertarians use of his Post Office Box (3015) at the GPO to receive mail for the "Broadsheet" etc., and it was their address from 1962 to 1972.

Publications Received

CIRA, avenue de Beaumont 24, CH-1012 Lausanne, Switzerland, Bulletin 57, March 2001.

From Friends of KSL, P.O. Box 145, Moreland 3058, Melbourne, Victoria, several short publications, and a 24 page booklet on "Anarchy & Cinema", that includes references to films about anarchists, the Mexican and Russian Revolutions, and Joe Hill.

Non Serviam 19/20, Vognvegen 116, N-2300 Hamar, Norway, contains, by Sven Olav Nyberg, a Reply to Sid Parker, and an article on Max Stirner.

The Onlooker, P.O. Box 1162 ELGIN, Carlton (Melbourne) VIC. 3053, No. 128, April and No. 129, July, 2001.

ADMINISTRATION

Heraclitus is a private circulation journal/newsletter supported by donations. We acknowledge with thanks receipt of: $25 (G.B.H.), $25 (L.R.H.), $50 (M.H.), $150 (J.D.K.), $100 (J.A.M.), $20.60 (J.K.M.), $30 (J.M.R.), $20 (S.T.).

Cheques should be made payable to "Heraclitus".

Our address is: P.O. Box 269, Rozelle (Sydney), NSW 2039.

It is expected that the next issue will appear by late October.

X X X X X

LATE NEWS. Alan Olding died in Katoomba on 21st August after a short illness.