

FAKE TRUTHS:

AN HISTORICAL NOVEL

Paintings & stories by Hadyn Wilson

ARTIST IN RESIDENCE PROGRAM 2020



INTRODUCTION

The works displayed in this presentation are interpretations of paintings and drawings I found in the State Library archives. They are coupled with objects from the Library's 'realia', of which there are over 3000 examples.

Each painting and the accompanying objects and letters tell a story which acknowledges and is respectful of the history these images represent but also extends these narratives in order to give voice to the protagonists involved, whether they are the subjects within the pictures or the artists who painted them.

The paintings I've referenced from the racks were not based on merit or importance but were fairly arbitrarily chosen for their mystery and sometimes their humility. Many were damaged or unfinished or light sensitive and for that reason have been rarely seen in public. Some of the artists who painted them are anonymous or less well known but their works are nevertheless intriguing as are many of the subjects they painted. Many of the works have little or no known provenance, which in this context was an advantage.

The histories, where they are known, were fascinating enough and the 'additions', mainly in the form of letters, adhere to the known facts but attempt to give a personal and sympathetic voice to those histories. The accompanying 'realia' have been conscripted to extend that narrative and are fascinating objects in their own right.

Australian author and historical novelist Geraldine Brooke said:

The thing that most attracts me to historical fiction is taking the factual record as far as it is known, using that as scaffolding and then letting imagination build the structure that fills in those things we can never find out for sure.

In this exhibition, I have tried to bring various relational elements together in order to imagine our way through those inevitable historical gaps. There will always be a certain unknowingness with the past, a silent truth, and it's within this realm that we can conjure the imaginative response.

Hadyn Wilson, 2021

I owe an enormous debt to Pru Smith whose energy and research was invaluable. Also, the five short films would not have happened if not for her technical input and editing.

STORY 1

WINIFRED REDMOND

Winifred Redmond was a remarkable woman who, like so many mostly forgotten colonial women, had an extraordinary life which would not have been out of place in a novel by Baudelaire.

Her story needs no embellishment and is one of survival and accomplishment in the early Sydney settlement.

I came across a portrait of Winifred downstairs in the racks of the State Library and was immediately mesmerised by this strong, stoic woman staring out defiantly from the canvas.

And the canvas was in a terrible state. It had only just survived a house fire in 1987 and much of the surface had been blistered and damaged. Remarkably, her eyes and the ring painted on her left hand were untouched.

The artist, Maurice Felton had travelled from Glasgow to Australia in 1839 probably as a surgeon on board a convict ship. He was a talented part-time painter, and although there are not many extant works left, the head study he did of Conrad Martens is a fine example.

As for Winifred Redmond, she can speak for herself.

Letter found among the effects of Winifred Redmond as dictated by her to her solicitor on 27 January 1839:

Winifred Redmond, nee Dowling, formally of Kildare, Ireland, written in accordance with her wishes by her legal proxy John Molvany on this day 27th January 1839, New South Wales.

For my daughters, Mary and Sarah,

I am old now and include these words with my last will and testament in order to set right the record of my unfortunate history and transportation to Van Diemen's land.

I have, through a misadventure not of my own making, endured an injustice most severe and a penalty undeserved which changed the course of my life and brought me to this place far from the home I knew.

The Kildare uprising was for all a fare struggle against the landlords and Tithe proctors who were prepared to bleed dry we Catholics and any protestations on our part were met with ruthless reprisal.

My dear mother, myself and my sister and also mistress Byrne were set upon by yeomanry and their English keepers who were determined, if not to extinguish our very lives, to teach us a lesson with fist and boot. We were then thrown into the cells and without a thread of evidence we three were then wrongly accused of murdering a Mrs Deane of whom we had never encountered and by other accounts lived many miles from our town.

We languished for some time in the lock up before being hauled before the Assizes without proper legal defence and were found guilty of murder and to be hanged by the neck for it.

Dear Mary Byrne was hanged the very next day and with our mother and sister we were taken down to await our turn. My mother pleaded that she was with child and should be spared but after an examination by a Doctor she too was hanged and at the place she was said to have done the crime.

My sister and I were given a reprieve and sentenced to transportation for life to Botany Bay where my life has since played out.

François Durinault, captured by the English and also transported became my immediate protector and we together had our son. François was given a grant of land at Prospect Hill in order to plant grape vines but the venture floundered. After taking part in the uprising at Castle Hill he was taken back to England to be tried and was lost to me forever. I worked our land and increased its value with the addition of crops, fruit trees, hogs and a commodious dwelling and in this endeavour, I owe gratitude to Edward Dowling who offered a strong arm and although I was on a concubine list, I was happy for a share of his affections while my prospects in the colony slowly improved.

My marriage to your father Edmond in 1822, following the birth of you both began a period of great contentment and our success in commerce made our lives in Sydney town comfortable, as I'm sure you both remember.

I have much to be thankful for despite the hardships and tragedies endured I am especially gladdened by the foundation of the first Catholic church in this country which I worked so hard to achieve and as a rebuke to our English Masters who, with their minions caused us Irish so much torment and dislocation.

Mary, in addition to your inheritance which you share with your siblings, I give you my necklace and ring which I have a great affection for. The necklace is made of human hair, plaited and encased in brass filigree and was said to belong to Elizabeth Cook, wife of the navigator. I doubt this origin as it was brought at market from a vendor selling relics of every kind. For me, its value lies with its undisclosed contributor and their kind act of homage or perhaps love in its making. Perhaps its intended recipient was never found or if found is no longer its possessor.

Myself and others therefore, whose worth and future were seen as valueless have made good from such a beginning, devoid of hope.

Although this necklace is only a symbol, I entrust it to you, to help you resolve and maintain the steadfast gaze that will take you beyond the travails of the moment and focus instead on the far shore and its infinite prospects.

The portrait of myself which is progressing well is being done by a fine painter, Maurice Felton. He is a friend of our dear Conrad Martens. He painted Conrad to great applause this last year.

Keep it as a memory of me and let it fortify the spirit when life's demands seem burdensome.

Winifred Redmond



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STORY 2

CONRAD MARTENS, LOUISA ATKINSON & MYLES DUNPHY

Conrad Martens (1801–1878)

One of the great early landscapists in colonial Sydney, Martens studied under Copley Fielding in England. His two brothers were also artists. In 1833 Robert Fitzroy, the Captain of the *Beagle*, was looking for someone to replace Augustus Earle as ship's artist as Earle was ill. Martens jumped at the chance and travelled for over a year with Charles Darwin, who became a lifelong friend.

Martens left the ship in Valparaiso in 1834 and went on to Tahiti and the South Sea islands and then to New Zealand before arriving in Sydney in 1835. He travelled and painted extensively, crossing the Great Dividing Range as well as visiting areas around Brisbane and Newcastle and the Hunter Valley.

He married a socially well-placed wife, Jane Carter, at St James Church in Sydney, and enjoyed a relatively comfortable life expressing with a romantic fervour his response to the landscapes around Sydney. He also became Assistant Librarian in the Parliamentary Library of NSW. He died in 1878 and is buried at St Thomas' Church in North Sydney.

Louisa Atkinson (1834–1872)

A writer, botanist and illustrator, Louisa Atkinson was born on her parents' property in Sutton Forest, south of Sydney. She had a congenital heart condition and was quite frail as a young girl. Writing about and observing nature was in her blood as her mother was the first children's book author to be published in Australia.

Her life moved between a property in Kurrajong in the Blue Mountains and, for a short time, the Shoalhaven region. Louisa discovered many new species in the Blue Mountains area. She collected specimens for Victorian government botanist Ferdinand von Mueller and was unique in her diligence and commitment to recording so many new species.

She was also the first Australian-born woman to have a novel published in Australia: *Gertrude the Emigrant* followed by *Cowanda, The Veteran's Grant*. She wrote many articles on women's rights and nature, often with illustrations, which appeared in major newspapers in the 1850s. She was a conservationist and was a lone voice in her concerns for the diminishing forests which were being cleared for agriculture. Her botanical and wildlife illustrations made a significant contribution to the discipline internationally. After marrying James Snowdon Calvert in 1869, a survivor of the Leichhardt expedition and himself an enthusiastic botanist, Louisa died in childbirth three years later.

Myles Dunphy (1891–1985)

Architect, conservationist, cartographer, lobbyist and bushwalker, Myles Dunphy is regarded as the 'father' of conservation in Australia. Through his measured but consistent lobbying on behalf of wilderness areas of significance, particularly in NSW, he was instrumental in helping establish National Parks and Reserves which otherwise would have been lost to the nation.

Born in South Melbourne, he moved with his family to Kiama in NSW and then to Sydney. He gained a qualification in Architectural Engineering and later taught the subject at the Sydney Technical College from 1922. He also taught at the University of NSW until his retirement in 1963.

Besides his professional qualifications Dunphy's real passion was the wilderness, and he spent every spare moment of his time bush-walking through the wild areas surrounding Sydney and the Blue Mountains in particular. Many of these areas were largely uncharted in the 1920s, so with his wife Margarite and young son Milo, and a clutch of drawing materials, he made his way through some of the wildest parts of the mountains.

While mapping and naming gullies and creeks, Dunphy was mindful of previous Aboriginal occupation of the country and names they may have previously used like Mount Moorilla, meaning 'thunder'. He lobbied governments to create the Blue Mountains National Park as long ago as 1932. Eventually land was set aside in 1959. Others like the Warrumbungle National Park were gazetted due in large part to his influence. His sons continued his work.

Question: Why is nature important?

Conrad Martens

I find nature through my painting, I see that it is sublime but rapacious, the grandness of it infiltrates my sensibilities and fills me with an awe-struck conviction of our place among the heavens. We are but a single and free mind that finds these states echoed in the tumultuous billowing and fractious immediacy of nature's spirit. We that are one with this element know its temper and its malign power, its horror and the implicit beauty which is beholden to us. We supplicate ourselves before its majesty and wonder, for we recognise within its sphere our true selves, our true nature.

Louisa Atkinson

My love of nature is also one of recognition, not immediately a reflection of oneself but a perfect completion. I focus on those things that are delicate and various. There is a whole world in such minutia, and it seems infinite to my eye. Nature is an incomprehensible spectrum of variation on every level. I draw to know only a part of it but the doing of it touches its qualities and invites me to open that door just a little and gaze into that splendid world.

Myles Dunphy

To walk through a landscape is to see it and feel it close. No point in driving or taking a train. It's the combination of the footfall on dry leaves and the rich smell of eucalyptus in the nostrils. It's a challenge too, no place for the delicate.

I walk and I observe the contours and I'll map things as I go. My drawing work is not what I'd call brilliant, but it's a reminder for me anyway of the terrain I've passed through. I take my camera sometimes too though its damn heavy.

All this eventually goes into a sort of journal and from this I can establish a network of paths which can be improved and sign-posted for the safe transit of future walkers. Bush walkers.

STORY 3

THE BLACK SNAKE CLUB (BERTHA LAWSON)

The story of Henry Lawson is well known and many books on his life and work have covered most aspects of his complicated journey.

His loves and relationships throughout his life illuminate his choices as well as his self-destructive tendencies which in the end almost certainly shortened his life.

His sexuality at the very least could be described as fluid.

Frank Moorhouse in his book, *The Drover's Wife*, based on one of Lawson's most celebrated short stories, quotes Lawson's diary entry of 1905 when he was 35.

It reads:

For my ways are strange ways and new ways and old ways and deep ways and steep ways and high ways and low ways. I'm at home and at ease on a track that I know not, and restless and lost on a road that I know

Lawson's emotionally conflicted personality and the morally repressed times in which he lived were played out through his 'mateships'. In particular, Jim Gordon, who Lawson met when he was 25 and Gordon 17 in Bourke, western NSW; and the women in his life, poet Mary Gilmore, his wife Bertha, and in the last 20 years of his life, Isabelle Byers.

Frank Moorhouse, when researching his book said, 'the biggest surprise was Lawson's effeminacy or femininity'.

One of Lawson's aunts said, 'Henry should have been born a girl', and in his diaries Lawson himself identifies his own effeminacy. However, the word itself, relating as it does to males, had a pejorative and negative meaning in Australian culture.

In an age when any attraction between people of the same sex was not only seen as morally reprehensible but was illegal, Lawson, like others, never acknowledged mateship as anything other than platonic.

Manning Clark was unequivocal and perhaps over-states mateship as a form of sublimated homosexuality.

Later in life, Lawson renewed his relationship with Jim Gordon. As an older man, he was able to be slightly less secretive, as he writes:

We met in Bourke some 25 years ago and thus we share two pasts so to speak; but we were very young men then and those pasts are boy's pasts, but being re-mated we haven't got to speak of those pasts. There's a certain shyness about the matter, if you understand, which may or may not deepen as those 25 year pasts are cleared up.

While in Bourke, they had a studio photograph taken of them both by Charles Wilson. Recalling this time, Jim Gordon described his friend as a 'long necked, flat-chested stripling eyeing me off and who had the most beautiful and remarkable eyes I had ever seen on a human being, soft as velvet and of a depth of brownness that was indescribable.'

He later wrote:

The stars have never seemed so bright since Lawson walked with me.

Lawson's beloved daughter Bertha, or Barta as he called her, said in her recollections of those times:

Dad loved Jim very much and Jim loved him. Dad said; after all,
I think he's the best thing I ever did.

The Black Snake Club snakeskin and associated scroll bearing names of the members of its arcane fellowship found in the State Library realia collection includes the name, Henry Lawson.

In a letter written to her father, Barta, now a young woman, writes:

Letter from Bertha Marie Louise (Lawson) Jago (1900-1985) to her father
Henry Lawson (1867-1922):

1925

Father,

I heard of your recent unfortunate circumstances and the parlous conditions you now live in. Percy Lindsay says he sees you often near your digs in North Sydney and was quite concerned that your incorrigible generosity has left you in an impecunity of your own making.

I implore you dear father to accept the generosity of people who adore you and your inscrutable talents. There are many who will take a Crown that was generously given to you only a moment previous and spend it on liquor and tobacco. Your recent term in the Debtor's Prison would have been an intolerable imposition and a cruel denial of your ability to write which is a vital necessity for you.

I received a letter from Jack Moses who enclosed 5 pounds to be passed on to you. He says that he hopes this amount will clear your current debts and avoid a similar outcome regarding future detention in the Darlinghurst cells which you know well. He says he and his fellow members at the "Black Snake" club all donated a small sum and hoped to see you back at their regular meetings soon.

My mother has remained unaware of your association with these fellows and recently found her own photographic image disassembled from the original studio portrait taken of us three in 1906. It would seem it had been cut from the portrait with a knife, which was an upsetting spectacle for myself and my mother to see.

My dear dear father, you've never failed in your love and care for me and have shown an uncommon sensitivity towards me and within the rare embrace of a feminine knowledge and understanding of my emotions and disposition.

I implore you to accept the generosity from your friends and return to your vocation which was always your mission in this life and be vigilant and cautious when attending these clandestine gatherings.

Yours, Bertha



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STORY 4

RICHARD READ'S PORTRAITS OF JOHN & SARAH BUSBY

John and Sarah Busby married in Culzean, Ayrshire, Scotland, in 1798. They had eight children of which five survived childhood. John worked in the mines before training to become a civil engineer and inventing methods for ascertaining the nature of rock strata by boring.

Sarah, John and their family immigrated to New South Wales in 1824 after successfully applying to the Colonial Office for employment. On arrival he was employed as a mining engineer at Newcastle Coal Mines and on the breakwater then under construction. At the time, Sydney's water supply was still the Tank Stream and some scattered but unreliable springs. The wells that many people relied on were contaminated and causing disease, so Busby was commissioned to find a solution.

In 1827 Busby started work on his bore which would bring fresh water from the swamps around the area that is now Centennial Park to the city some 3.6 km away. The work was performed by convict labour with overseers who were corrupt and were only there for the first year of construction. After that it was only Busby and his apprentice son William supervising the work. As a result, problems arose. The convicts worked 24 hours a day in three eight-hour shifts and were often prone to going missing. Very few were trained stone miners and according to Busby had 'vicious, drunken and idle habits'.

They were expected to work often waist deep in water and the majority of the tunnel was hewn from solid sandstone. It is not surprising therefore that convicts needed to be constantly watched and their resentment would have been noticed by Busby who was too afraid to enter the underground workings.

As a result, the tunnelling was constantly being redirected and many dead-ends were unnecessarily dug. The tunnel which started at Lachlan Swamp near present day Lang Road at the entrance to Centennial Park did a dogleg around the area where the Sydney Football Stadium and the Cricket Ground now stand to avoid quicksand then down today's Oxford Street, past Taylors Square and finishing near the corner of Hyde Park at Whitlam Square.

It was a gravity-fed system with a fall from start to finish of only 53 cm. The final distance to today's College Street area was facilitated by an aquaduct of wooden trellises. From there the water was transported to various places by horse-drawn cart. Busby planned a massive reservoir to be built at its terminus but this never happened. Numerous shafts and wells were tapped into the bore and today, 28 have been discovered intact.

The 3.6 km took the convicts, or what Busby called 'the disagreeable gentlemen', 10 years to complete, and eventually delivered fresh water to the growing Sydney population.

Busby and his wife Sarah retired to their property near Singleton in the Hunter Valley. Sarah died at their property in 1842 and John died in 1857.

Richard Read painted their portraits in 1835, two years before the bore was completed.

Their son, James Busby is said to have been 'the father of the wine industry in Australia'.

was a forlorn hope from the start, but these men seemed not only reluctant but openly hostile to the prospect of re-entering the Bore again. William stepped forward and remonstrated but not with conviction. He held out the compass he had confiscated from O-Dowd and pulled a similar one from his coat which was attached to a fob chain.

'See here, they both show true north'.

O Dowd raked his mud-covered hands down his tunic which by now was equally encrusted with a brownish slime. He loomed closely over the more diminutive overseer who visibly flexed a subtle retreat as O-Dowd breathed a combination of rum and decay from his grinning mouth.

'That may be govna, up er in the light ov day, but I'm just sayin down that hole there, the needle ain't true'.

Nance stepped forward and took the two compasses from William, jerking the chain free from his blouse.

'G-me a look er'.

Nance rapped his index finger on the glass then holding them together wielded around and held them up for the gathered men to see.

'Well, none of these are of any good use down the shafts lads, so what say we take em down to the docks an swap em for a King's shillin or a round with a Mollisher or two'.

While the gathered men hooted their approval, William made a weak attempt to grab at the compasses and was easily shouldered away. The men laughed and some were almost tempted to move on the young man but held their distance as any physical threat could have them fettered for weeks or flogged by a galloot.

Nance hesitated for a minute then contemptuously dropped the objects into a muddy clod at William's feet and announced to all the end of the days shift.

William's watch showed they had another hour before finishing but he was too unsettled to call them back to work and knew it was futile anyway.

He picked up the two compasses and tried to clean them with his kerchief.

He then walked across to where the men had emerged from the shaft and gazed into its blue/black maw.

He knew the instruments he held were in good working order and the contention that they gave a false reading underground seemed improbable. His father had remonstrated with them over a year before on the same matter and knew they were simply playing himself and his son against a real fear they knew they both had of following the men down into those darkened caverns.

He had seen his father, stiff with dread and fumbling for reasons not to go into the Bore. He had asked Secretary of State, Lord Bourke to provide a contingent of marines to accompany him but Bourke deemed it low priority, so he was sent only one who was a known consort to the convict workers and easily bribed.

The following day was again wet, and the morning deluge had filled the bore with fresh deposits of red and white clay and more mud. A new gang of workers had arrived and gathered opposite shaft number 18. Rivulets of brown gritty water made their way between their legs and emptied into the blackness. The morning shift was always the most difficult to muster as the convicts had less motivation to climb from their sacs and make their way up from the Rocks by foot and in the rain. The few motivated ones were the ticket-o-leave men who could see an end to their secondment by the Government with its obligation to Public works which left little time for their own domestic endeavours. It was enough to turn up for roll call and not be sighted for idleness or descent.

Others in the crew, the 'Bellowsers' the 'Pebbles' and the 'Sevensers' had only the threat of the lash or the irons to get them up. They were here for the long term and these were the ones most feared.

Busby arrived at length and alighted from his pony and Trap and immediately skidded in the mud, only just catching himself on the fellies.

'Damn Nation' was his only retort as he brushed away help from his coachman. He strode down towards the shaft while examining the sullen faces of the now dripping workers standing nearby. None, this time, were ready to show open hostility as they had with his son the previous day. Busby was a different adversary and plenty among them had been hauled before the disciplinary tribunal before being flayed. For those whose backs were healed, nevertheless held an unholy resentment which still quietly boiled at the sight of this rotund figure with a bibulous nose and a high-pitched voice wheezing demands.

'Role all done then!'

'Absentees?'

'Just Milligan and Mac Alistair sir'

'Might of known it! a useless croppy and that Caledonian Nibbler. They'll get no quarter from me'.

Busby's rancour didn't extend to him pushing through the men to examine the shaft. He gestured for them to stand to one side and pointed with his cane.

'Where's the level?'

'It be down the hole sir'

'I thinks it were left there by Mr Wittleson the surveyor from the last shift'.

Busby fumed, 'Don't call him a buggering surveyor, he's a lazy drunkard and a ninnyhammer to use your own expression.'

'William, I'm relieving Wittleson of his responsibilities. Who amongst you men is fit and learned in the practice of the glass and level?'

William looked panicked by their silence but added a rider

'There is a small remuneration for the right man'

The men stared ahead, their blue eyes and matted wet hair declaring their obstinacy. The Busbys, both stood in silence while the Sydney rain increased in temper and the trails of water turned into a small cascade as it tripped over the edge of the cavern and beaded down into its depths.

Busby turned and walked back to the Trap pulling his collar up against the wind and gave a backward glance as the horses lurched forward.

'I will talk to Bourke again, this project will continue by God's grace'

William watched his father disappear down the long hill towards Hyde Park. The men started moving towards a makeshift shelter and some decamped to a nearby Inn. William brushed a lock of soaked hair from his forehead and bundled up his own possessions and headed for home.

STORY 5

'FISHERMEN'S CAMP' BY ROBERT CAMPBELL WITH RARE AND ENDANGERED AUSTRALIAN MARINE LIFE

An historical novel by Hadyn Wilson

Following his instinct, he put the net down and retreated a few steps.

He had seen the effects of its barbed prong on others who had snatched it from a net or a rock pool. The small-peaked mountain range patterns on its shell attracted curious and vulnerable fingers to caress its oblate form then to pick it up and place it on an open palm in order to inspect the apparent landscape more closely.

Slowly the resident within sends out an explorative arm while the snail sucks down on the fleshy intruder before delivering a sudden and sharp downward jab puncturing and delivering a toxic sap which will flow out into the lymphatic system causing extreme pain and sometimes death.

Daniel's next response was to separate it from the catch, so snatching up a stick from the grassy bank behind him he opened the net a bit further and knocked the shell out onto the cement path. It's buff and brown cuneiform patterns no longer attractive but a glowering signal of its masked intent.

These small and sometimes curious and unexpected surprises were now rare, as was the fish they had been trawling for over so many decades.

Daniel stared at the mollusc and thought of all the other strange sea life they had hauled over these rocks and laid bare on the hostile shore, spasming and jerking until their unnatural element silenced them. Some of the older fishermen had jokey names for them like the Snot-blob or the Pope's dongle and some knew others by their proper names like the Whitemargin Stargazer or the Sheepshead Wrasse. It seemed as though the ocean were the incubator of a weird novelty and it was now bored or had run out of ideas.

Jellyfish were now everywhere but what can you do with those?

Daniel reached down and grabbed a handful of greasy net and pulled its limpish orange skirts onto the bank. It wasn't heavy; his haul of saleable fish could be counted in the tens. He slumped back onto the wooden bench carefully avoiding remnants of the putrefying fish guts from a week or so ago.

His boots felt heavy and he knew he needed to summon the last of his energy just to pull them off. The last week had been stressful and calamitous he could barely comprehend how things had taken the course they had.

He took a deep breath and stared out onto the grey plane of ocean which had been his domain for most of his life. He had been a worker on those seas and feared the unexpected but had known its unpredictability and had come to know its fickle sensuality. He had grown to love its unsteady meta-nature, and its indifference but now he saw what he and others had done.

The Cone shell lay on its side in a cloud of salty bubbles and its novelty and forlorn state spoke only of loss. Daniel clawed at his coveralls and climbed out while kicking off his boots in an exasperated flex.

He walked to where the shell lay and carefully picked it up observing the slimy retreat of the snail. He walked towards the water's edge and flung it out as far as he could. He watched it arcing through the air and plopping down not far enough away for the next big storm to bring it back sometime in the future. It was no concern of his now. His contract was over. Others could sort the fish.

He walked back to his car and turned for home through a squabble of hungry seagulls.

List of endangered and threatened marine and aquatic species in Australia

1. Hawksbill Turtle
2. Vaquita
3. Blue Whale
4. Kemp's Ridley Sea Turtle
5. Stella Sea Lion
6. Hammerhead Shark
7. Fin Whale
8. Hector's Dolphin
9. Hawaiian Monk Seal
10. Green Sea Turtle
11. Manatee
12. Australian Sea Lion
13. Dugong
14. The Red Handfish
15. Maugean Skate
16. Giant Creeper Snail
17. Brown Lined Sea Snake
18. Giant Kelp Forests
19. Spear Tooth Shark
20. Sawfish
21. Southern Bluefin Tuna
22. Leatherback Turtle
23. Laysan Albatross
24. Light Mantled Albatross
25. Magellan Penguin
26. Mottled Petrel
27. Newell's Shearwater
28. Northern Giant Petrel
29. Northern Royal Albatross
30. Pink-footed Shearwater
31. Sooty Shearwater
32. Wandering Albatross
33. Westland Black Petrel
34. White Chinned Petrel
35. Arthur's Paragalaxias
36. Banded Eagle Ray
37. Barramundi Cod
38. Basking Shark
39. Bent-fin Devil Ray
40. Bigeye Tuna
41. Black Cod
42. Black-blotched Stingray
43. Black Saddled Coral Grouper
44. Blackspot Shark
45. Blackspot Tusk Fish
46. Bow Mouth Guitarfish
47. Brindle Bass
48. Bronze Whaler
49. Brown Marbled Grouper
50. Brown Spotted Catshark
51. Bump Head Parrotfish
52. Cairns Rainbowfish
53. Camouflage Grouper
54. Cape Shark
55. Clarence River Cod
56. Coastal Stingaree
57. Common Sea Dragon
58. Common Shovelnose Ray
59. Dalhousie Goby
60. Dalhousie Hardy Head
61. Deepwater Spiny Dogfish
62. Devilfish
63. Draughtboard Shark
64. Dump Gulper Shark
65. Dwarf Galaxias
66. Dwarf Sawfish
67. Eastern Angel Shark
68. Estuary Cod
69. Flat-faced Seahorse
70. Fossil Shark
71. Frilled Shark
72. Galapagos Shark
73. Giant Wrasse
74. Gray Nurse Shark
75. Great White Shark
76. Great Stingaree
77. Greenback Stingaree
78. Hardnose Shark
79. Hedgehog Seahorse
80. Highfin Coral Grouper
81. Honey Blue-eye
82. Japanese Devilray
83. Kapala Stingaree
84. Knifetooth Sawfish
85. Lake Eacham Rainbowfish
86. Largetooth Sawfish
87. Liver-oil Shark
88. Long-fin Mako
89. Malabar Grouper
90. Mandarin Shark
91. Maugean Skate
92. Murray Cod
93. Murray Hardyhead
94. Narrowsnout Sawfish
95. Non-parasitic Lampray
96. Northern Draughtboard Shark
97. Oceanic Whitetip Shark
98. Ogilby's Ghostshark
99. One-finned Shark
100. Ornate Eagle Ray
101. Oxleyan Pygmy Perch
102. Plunket's Dogfish
103. Polkadot Cod
104. Porcupine Ray
105. Portuguese Dogfish
106. Prickly Shark
107. Purple Eagle Ray
108. Pygmy Devil Ray
109. Red-finned Blue Eye
110. Sharpnose Guitarfish
111. Sicklefin Lemon Shark
112. Silver Perch
113. Slender Hammerhead
114. Smoothnosed Wedgefish
115. Speartooth Shark
116. Spotted Eagle Ray
117. Spotted Handfish
118. Spotted Shovelnose Ray
119. Spotted Wobbegong
120. Surge Grouper
121. Swan Galaxias
122. Tawney Nurse Shark
123. Tiger Cod
124. Trout Cod
125. Varigated Pygmy Perch
126. Whale Shark
127. White-spotted Guitarfish
128. Whitecheek Shark
129. Whitish Catshark
130. Yarra Pygmy Perch
131. Yellowback Stingaree
132. Zebra Shark

STORY 6

GLADYS OWEN, THE LEMBERGS & RUPERT BEAR

Chapter 1: Hanna and Rudolph Lemberg (Seekers)

Born in 1899 and 1896 respectively, Hanna and Rudolph Lemberg, both Jews, fled Germany in 1933 for England. With the help of the Quaker movement, they were able to come to Australia in 1935. Rudi was a biochemist and accepted a position as Director of Biochemical Laboratories at Royal North Shore Hospital. He wrote many scientific and philosophical papers including 'The Complementarity of Religion and Science'. Hanna had taught woodwork and weaving in Germany and continued making tapestries, clothing and rugs in Australia. At one time she wove tapestries for the designer Marion Hall Best.

Their gratitude to the Quakers in England saw them join the 'Religious Society of Friends' (the Quakers) in Sydney and together they built a house in Wahroonga, designed by friend and architect Hugh Buhrich. The property they called 'The Sanctuary' was bequeathed to the Religious Society of Friends following Hanna's death in 1998.

They were both influenced by the Quaker way of life and incorporated that into their love and interest in the flora and fauna of their adopted country.

Chapter 2: Gladys Owen

Gladys Owen was born in 1889 and was a painter, public speaker, printmaker and embroiderer. She was born into a distinguished legal family. She was a major figure in the founding of the Red Cross in 1913 and received an OBE for her work.

Her art training included classes with Dattilo Rubbo and she exhibited with the Royal Art Society. She studied relief printing under Thea Proctor and started the 'Exhibition of Pictures of Flowers and Flower Gardens' in Sydney which led to the founding of the NSW Society of Women Painters. She held many positions later in life including radio programmer and presenter as well as President of the Council of Social Service of NSW and has work in the collection of the Art Gallery of NSW and other notable collections. Gladys died in 1960.

Her painting called 'The Garden Path' is a view of Double Bay near Ascham school and shows 'Bishopscourt' to the left. The painting depicts the sanctuary of the suburban ideal that was taking hold in Australia at that time.

Chapter 3: Rupert Bear

Rupert Bear appeared for the first time on the 8 November 1920 as a children's comic strip illustrated by Mary Tourtel and published by *The Daily Express*.

From 1935, Rupert Bear was written and illustrated by Alfred Bestall and as Rupert became more popular his adventures began to be printed in books and annuals. Many other writers and artists continued the stories and over 50 million copies have been sold over the decades.

Importantly, each Rupert story begins in 'Nutwood' and from there he strikes out on his myriad adventures into a rich imaginary world with an assortment of unlikely friends. When his adventures are over he returns to the secure and safe arms of his parents, his sanctuary, who seem somewhat accepting of his regular absences.

Rupert Come Bill (Badger) and Edward (Trunk)
 Come down the garden path, we can duck through that hedge
 and see what's there.

Bill Badger We 'ducked' down there yesterday and found the entrance to King Frost's
 Castle. Don't fancy going there again, besides, it's getting dark.

Edward But Badger, you know it is different every time and what's more, we Trunk
 always get home for supper.

Rupert Exactly Edward, we always get home to Nutwood, It's our sanctuary.

Bingo the I know Rupert, but it is getting late! You know, the whole world is
Brainy Pup a sanctuary according to Henryk Skolimowski. He wrote lots of books
 on the subject. He said the ecological and spiritual are one. Nice idea
 don't you think?

Rupert I only know we can have our grand adventures and then return back
 home safely, as Edward said, to a hot dinner and warm fire.

Bingo Of course the Quaker's had a similar idea, integrity, equality, simplicity,
 community, stewardship of the earth and peace, bla bla bla.
 And no Priests, all of us having agency.

Bill Badger Agency? Well, two world wars was enough to make you want
 to stay home forever, and two Pandemics!

Pong Ping Do you think that our paths and our hedges and our lawns and our
the Pekinese flower beds are more important now we know what the trenches were
 like, so to speak?

Bingo Conscience as a basis for morality, that was the other thing they said.

Rupert Who?

Bingo The Quakers of course.

Rupert OK let's get back up this garden path.

Badger Yes, let's go, we will all be Quakers if we stay any longer in this cold.

Pong Ping The only sanctuary I need is on a blanket by that fire.

Rupert Hear, hear, let's go chums.

STORY 7

FARM SCENE & BIRD WHISTLES

Henry Albert Grace was a railway and tram electrician and bird enthusiast. He was born in 1885 in Moree, NSW. He travelled to the UK and later, with his new wife, settled back in the Sydney suburbs of Willoughby then Jannali. He became an honorary ranger in the Royal National Park, south of Sydney where he pursued his love of bird watching (and listening) while designing whistling apparatus with which to 'communicate with the birds'.

The whistles were painstakingly fabricated using old brass tubing, wire and rubber bands. Henry would ride off to places such as Otford or Thirroul with his exercise books full of notations and his latest whistle to test on the local avian residents.

In 1999, he featured in an exhibition at the State Library of NSW, *Sydney Eccentrics: A celebration of individuals in society*.

David Reid was born in Scotland in 1860 and came to Australia in 1883 where he established himself as a plumber and gas-fitter in Newtown, Sydney. He married Sarah Bignall a year later and together they had six children. Despite his obvious commitments he maintained his interest in art and enrolled in lessons at the Art Society School under AJ Daplyn and Julian Ashton who both encouraged 'plein air' painting. Reid painted mainly landscapes in watercolour around his home near the Cooks River. He joined the Society of Artists and exhibited with them till 1902. In 1898 he was shown in an exhibition of Australian art at Grafton Gallery, London.

Henry Grace I travel often to the countryside, somewhere not too effected by clearing, grazing and other man-made goings-on.

David Reid Hard to find those places now Henry, I've seen an enormous change in the time I've been here. Whole forests taken for timber and erosion like a great claw which has riven the earth.

Henry Well at least we have our national Parks, pretty much surrounding the city. I find the best places for birds to be in the Royal National Park, you get your sea birds as well as forest birds and the beaches down there are usually fed by a creek so you see the kingfishers finches, whipbirds all-sorts there.

David I suppose this is coastal heath territory so there are no big trees.

Henry There are big trees alright, my word, if you go inland to Otford and places in the valleys leading up to Waterfall you can find monsters and a retinue of every sort of bird to match. The under-story is thick as well and this offers protection for the smaller ones. They are harder to see as well, but I can always hear them and that is what I go there for.

David So, you go into these forests and try to mimic the sounds with your home-made pipes. That would be a sight I must say.

Henry I know it must seem strange, People are amused and think, 'There goes that madman again with his strange trumpets'. Some think they are designed to lure fowls and what not, to catch for the pot.

David Not a bad idea. I often take my firing piece when I'm out painting by the lake in order to bag a duck if I'm lucky. So don't your birds see you as a threat, blowing your whistle and such?

Henry Others have said my mechanical bird sounds would confuse or disorientate its intended subjects. I know their distress or warning cries when an intruder happens by and although that does happen when I approach, they settle down quickly and start to listen. I take out my whistle and pipe a soft low version of their song. They are quiet for a while as if trying to work out if this familiar but different sound is an intruder. They then start to respond with a warble or cry which then becomes a template for me to vary the sound to match theirs. I can change the pitch and the closer I get to that individual bird's voice the more responsive it becomes.

David So they think you are another bird?

Henry No, that is what I have come to realise. They don't think I'm another bird at all. They know it is coming from this strange animal holding a shiny tin object which is trying to communicate with them. They respond not as though I was a threat or a fellow traveller but with curiosity and even amusement. Their responses so often seem like playfulness, even contempt until they get bored and just stop or fly away.

David So what do the scientists say about your bird antics?

Henry The ornithologists I have spoken to do not take me seriously. They accuse me of anthropomorphising.

David Meaning what?

Henry It means I assign human thoughts and emotions to non-human animals and in my case, birds. I was told it can lead to an inaccurate understanding of biological processes in the natural world and am misinterpreting the actions of wild things.

David, look, I wasn't trained as a scientist but I have a good ear and I can make things. I have watched and listened to birds for decades and have concluded they are much more like us than we know.

David Ha! so they can tell a good story over a beer and button-up for church on a Sunday!

Henry Not quite, I spoke to a priest once and he told me that only we have immortal souls and that the wild things were put there by God for us to use as we see fit, but I said he was wrong and that I believed the souls of birds are no less important.

David What did he say?

Henry Of course he patted me on the shoulder like a silly schoolboy and directed me to study the gospels more closely.

I didn't.

I've never darkened a church door since. My temple thereafter was a grove of trees not far from here where I go to do communion with my favourite bird species.

David Which then is your favourite bird Henry?

Henry Sometimes I sit with the Pied Butcher Bird and he teaches me a new and complex call which I struggle to copy and when I finally work out the notation he comes back with a new more complex call and repeats it and each repetition is note perfect, not random at all. They are songs, rehearsed and remembered.

David Amazing, and cook you a meal at the same time!

Henry But why do we think we are so exceptional, that sympathy, loss, love and happiness is our domain exclusively? It's a sort of arrogance don't you think?

David If you say so my unusual friend

Henry My whistles are a crude substitute for my bird's music, even they know it. But it brings me closer to some sort of truth.

It's fair to say animals have a richer palette of strategic abilities than we give them credit for. We should get better acquainted with the animals we share the world with, if only because they are beautiful and so interesting

Carl Safina, ecologist, *Beyond words: What animals think and feel*, 2015

STORY 8

GEORGE LAMBERT & THEA

George Lambert's life and art seemed on the surface enviable and perhaps for the most part they were. As a young art student at Julian Ashton's in the mid-70s I saw many of his drawings adorning the walls and one in particular – his study of hands – was especially memorable. Lambert proffered an insistence that the basis of all good art was drawing – an important tenet in the school's philosophy.

His 1899 painting, *Across the black soil plain*, in the collection of the Art Gallery of NSW was a triumph of studied dynamism where the strength and physicality of horses pulling a seemingly impossible weight through a muddy quagmire said something important about the energy and determination of rural Australia at that time.

The nationalist fervour of this painting would not be repeated again save for the Gallipoli paintings he did after returning from a stint as a war artist in 1918–19.

Although technically masterful, Lambert for perhaps practical reasons, fell into painting society portraits and group studies. Another painting in the Art Gallery's collection, *Important people*, always struck me as being stiff and contrived, although it was 'cocking a snook' at the class system in England at the time.

After returning to England from the Middle East at the end of the First World War he packed his things and immediately returned to Australia, leaving his often-painted wife and two children in London. He was joined by the wonderfully enigmatic Thea Proctor who had been living with the artist and his family in England and had also posed for many of Lambert's portraits and group paintings.

Thea, herself was a talented artist and designer and had studied at the St John's Wood School of Art. She was perhaps more responsive than Lambert to the burgeoning modernist direction European art was taking. Lambert was sympathetic to Modernism, especially in the face of more conservative attitudes he encountered back in Sydney.

In the State Library's collection, I came across a small study named simply 'A Man' amongst a small group of half-completed painting sketches of horses – a lifelong obsession of Lambert's. It appears to be painted over the torso of a female figure.

In a lecture given by writer Robert Dessaix entitled *Love etcetera*, focusing on Lambert's character and relationships as reflected in his paintings, Dessaix draws attention to the conflicting impulses in Lambert's life: domestication – symbolised in his paintings by women's white gloves which appear regularly in his work; and wild nature – symbolised by the sculpted head of Pan. Pan was 'robust, lusty, forceful and pagan – a solitary wanderer living in caves, not a home'.

Are these references directed at his need to break free from traditions and the ties that bind him? Did Thea Proctor represent that force for him? Perhaps not as a siren, but an exemplar. Her choice to stay single and devote herself to her creativity may well have been the model he used to live out the remainder of his life, in parallel as it were.

In 1920, he writes to Thea.

1920

My Dear Thea,

Leaving London Tuesday week and glad to have finished my commission. I feel I've produced some worthwhile paintings since returning from abroad. I could never be happier than I was in Cairo. In fact, 'ridiculously happy'. Bean was splendid company on our excursion to Gallipoli - but such loss and tragedy can never be justified especially when so many Australian and British still lie in those tortured hills. Locals have taken what they can from the area and the sight caused me utter distress. The malaria still rattles the bones from time to time, but I put up a good appearance. Amy and the boys were distraught at learning of my departure, but I can't stay in London a moment longer. You alone would understand. Maurice and Constant are both getting on with it bringing a host of welcome distractions for my dear thing Amy. Constant has his love of music and Maurice seems to be more enamoured with the sculptural arts. He helped me transfer the drawing I did of the Anzac Landing onto canvas which I plan to finish when we return to Sydney. It will be ready for the April opening of the War Museum in Melbourne next year.

The commission from the Falkiner's of Wanganella Estate is a chance to make my statement about our country's wonderful heritage through our robust rural industries. I shall make a start as soon as I disembark. I will bring the charcoal portrait I did of you in 1905 and when I can afford it, I would like to have the oil I did of you (amongst others) shipped back as well. I learnt that Eunice has gone back to Rotterdam to reunite with her husband which must be an unhappy development for you as I know that your friendship with her was a comfort to you both.

I have a parchment or palm leaf scroll given me by William Russell on his journey through Ceylon on his way here. Neither he nor I read Tamil but, in its pages, lies moral sayings which in its gifting to me seems to suggest a light-hearted jibe at my somewhat ambiguous moral order. If only I could open it to find a list of directions replete with wisdom and certainty - perhaps it is there but the language is unknown to us. It seems that Pan and white gloves shadow me through life, and I struggle to reconcile the two. The old conundrum - domesticity and the wild. Are you the Isolde to my Tristan? But that would be unfair, you moreover would be Artemis, Goddess of Abundance, Fertility, Hunting and Longevity, who was angered when she discovered the mere mortal Acteon looking at her naked form. As punishment she turned him into a stag and set her hounds on him to tear him apart. I do at times feel like that stag and as a shy act for my humble admiration for you added a rendition of that myth to your oil portrait.

Of course, your ever forgiving temperament would, I'm sure, balk at such a horrific despatch of my ardour but the outcome would I'm afraid be of my own authorship. I would like to believe the moral sayings buried in this scroll would be sympathetic to your passions and a world open and various in its acceptance of the Pan myth and other fabled places in the Aegean. Life and art are indeed mysterious and in the end, unknowable, but your vision is of the future and I look forward to the coming adventure of companionable industry towards that future.

Yours,
George



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STORY 9

JANE KING, 1813–1900

(Jane Mathewson Stewart King, sister of Isabella Kelso Mathewson)

Jane King was brought up in Belfast in County Down, Northern Ireland. She was always interested in art and drawing and was a gifted illustrator of botanical specimens, as her many journals and notebooks testify. She married Alexander Stewart sometime around 1830 and had a child to him but her husband died in 1835. In 1840, Jane married George King in Holywood, near Belfast.

Jane suffered from asthma during the winter so they decided to go where the weather was better for her health. He requested, and was appointed, a minister and agent to the young colony of Western Australia. With a stipend from the Anglican church they sailed for Perth in 1841. On the ship the Kings met a young man, William Wade, from County Derry who had been recruited to work in Western Australia as there was a desperate need for labourers.

In his diary Wade notes how good looking the Reverend King was but that his wife, 'did not have the fresh youthful appearance of her husband', and 'we learned afterwards that she had been a widow and married Mr King for his beauty'.

On arrival the Kings established themselves in Fremantle and after some misunderstandings concerning their lodgings they rented a small cottage out of town. King, with the help of his wife, established a Sunday school and started plans for a church to be built on land set aside for the purpose in the centre of the small settlement. Within two years of their arrival they had built churches in Fremantle, Mandurah and Pinjarra and opened schools for settlers and Aboriginal children.

A priority was to build a school solely for Aboriginal children in Fremantle but a lack of funds from the then Governor John Hutt meant relying on their own meagre stipend to build and run the school. In the end they appealed for funds from his former parishioners back in Ireland. There was very little support from the local people of Fremantle who were highly sceptical of the Kings' efforts. Although espousing many of the patronising assumptions of the church at that time towards Aboriginals, King and his wife were also trying to provide the opportunity for the children, in particular, to have equal access to educational opportunities. They both had a strong sense of moral responsibility and strongly condemned a massacre of 30 or more Aboriginal people which had occurred in 1834 at Pinjarra.

In a letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel (SPG) in 1844 King said:

To the Aboriginals we owe and England, whose subjects they have now become, owes, a debt of which nothing less than the bread of eternal life can be an equivalent: we have usurped their well-stocked hunting grounds; taken possession of their fisheries; and ploughed up the very staff of life, which the rich valleys naturally yielded in their bulbs and roots so congenial to native life.

Both Jane and her husband were fascinated by the botanical diversity of the area and the depth of knowledge the Aborigines possessed. George wrote:

They retain and exercise their power of observation to a remarkable degree as they advance in years; and the book of nature is studied by them with much attention. They have particular names for plants and flowers innumerable; and in the animal world they distinguish the different varieties of the same species, from the slightest peculiarity, or a shade of difference, with the minuteness which would astonish a scientific naturalist.

Jane and George King were somewhat at odds with not only the expectations of the church hierarchy but also the local white population who were suspicious and at times openly hostile to their insistence that Aboriginal people be respected and supported. They themselves suffered a reduction in their income and with more of their own children to support, their continued residency in the Fremantle area became untenable.

In 1849 they sailed for Sydney where George campaigned vigorously for an Anglican mission to the Aborigines of NSW. He established St Paul's College as part of the University of Sydney among other notable achievements. George died in 1899 and Jane, one year later.

Much of this information came from an article by Bob Reece, Professor of History at Murdoch University and particularly his article of 2005, 'The Reverend George King and Fremantle', *Fremantle Studies*, 4: 32-49.

Additional information from the *Australian Dictionary of Biography* with the entry on George King written by his granddaughter Dr Hazel Kelso King.

STORY 10

DORA JARRET, HENRY HANDEL RICHARDSON & 'THE BATH'

Artist, watercolourist, graphic artist, cartoonist. Dora Jarret was an independent Australian artist who moved in a circle of painters, writers and dancers who were not particularly well known in their day, but many of whom would be recognised years and sometimes decades later.

Born in Queensland in 1904, although some place that date as 1895, Dora spent most of her creative life in Sydney as well as a few stints in Paris reconnecting with her French ancestry. Her name was abbreviated to Jar-ray by her friends, which reflected the French pronunciation of her surname.

She won a scholarship through artist Datilo Rubbo's Atelier Club which enabled her to travel to Melbourne for a short time with the grand sum of 20 guineas, about \$3,000 today, and an eagerness to visit the galleries there. The scholarship was judged by artists W Lister Lister, Sydney Long and JJ Watkins, so it must have been highly respected at the time.

Returning to Sydney, she then sailed for Europe with Margarite Coen and attended classes in Paris under Andre L'hôte, Académie Colarossi and later Madame Carlin Vignal.

Returning to Australia, Jarret shared a studio with Alison Rehfisch and her lover and fellow artist, George Duncan near Circular Quay in Sydney before moving into another larger studio in Bridge Street with Rehfisch. She showed regularly with the Australian Watercolour Institute and in the early 1920s with the Royal Art Society.

Jarret conducted classes which Meg Stewart and Elaine Haxton attended and was a friend to Grace Cossington Smith, Norman Lindsay, Margaret Preston, Neville Barker, Arthur Murch and Christopher Brennan, to name a few. She also came to know Henry Handel Richardson, the nom de plume of Ethel Florence Lindesay Richardson, the author of *The Getting of Wisdom*.

Richardson expressed a desire for other women throughout her life, from the time she fell in love with an older school girl when boarding at the Presbyterian Ladies College in Melbourne. Her novel *The Getting of Wisdom* was a semi-autobiographical exploration of adolescent sexual awakening. Richardson later confessed to falling in love with the Italian actress Eleonora Duse. She did however marry which seemed more for convenience than love and also maintained a close relationship with her good friend Olga Roncoroni who stayed with her after her husband died. As in so many similar relationships of that time, all her letters were burnt after she died.

In 1933 Richardson wrote a short and rather saucy thirteen page paperback *The Bath* and asked Dora Jarret to illustrate it. It describes a small group of young women undressing and cavorting in a public bath, quite tame by today's standards, but it raised eyebrows in its day. It was the first publication by the bizarre writer-publisher Percy Reginald Stephensen who had earlier established Endeavour Press with Norman Lindsay. Stephensen wrote some forgettable tracts like 'The foundations of culture in Australia'.

Stephensen was also the founder of the fascist Australia-First Movement with businessman William Miles in 1941, its members including Xavier Herbert, Eleanor Dark, Miles Franklin and the suffragette Adela Pankhurst. Both Pankhurst and Stephensen had been committed Communists until, disillusioned, they went radically in the other direction becoming isolationist, anti-Semitic and anti-Communist but at the same time, pro-Aboriginal. As Stephensen was rampantly nationalistic and needed icons and examples to express that, he patronisingly associated with Indigenous culture and sought to incorporate it into his peculiar ideas. Indigenous culture was starting to be recognised through this and other re-focusing like the Jindyworobak literary movement whose white members sought to integrate Indigenous Australian subjects to create a uniquely Australian culture. Jindyworobak comes from the Woiwurrung language meaning to join, or to annex, and although flawed it started a conversation which was long overdue.

The Bath

The three unlikely collaborators in this publication: Jarret, Richardson and Stephensen put together this humorously titillating little publication.

As Jarret was also an illustrator and something of a 'flapper' in the 1920s, she would have enjoyed the project and the association with Richardson. The parties at the 12 Bridge Street studio and home of her friends Alison Rehfisch and George Duncan, were said to be 'notoriously licentious'. For one in honour of Christopher Brennan, Jarret dressed as Pierrot. For the 'Prehistoric and Primitive' party in honour of George Duncan (who was leaving for Paris), grass skirts and bare breasts were de rigueur. Predictably, Norman Lindsay was there doing his 'hornpipe act', and later based one of his watercolours, 'The Party' (1933), on this event. After Duncan then Rehfisch moved overseas, Norman Lindsay moved into 12 Bridge Street, professing a need to give himself some time away from his Blue Mountains home to calm his nerves. He eventually went home and Margarite Coen, Douglas Stewart and their daughter Meg moved in.

Jarret was part of the Sydney bohemian set. As well as being talented she must have been an attractive addition to that sub-culture. She was described as 'pretty and petite'.

'Dora Jarret looked like a rose adorned with pearls instead of dew drops.

She was a radiant spot on the balcony at the Blaxland Galleries last week'.

The Bulletin, 3 December 1929

Dora married Dr Michael Wan late in life but had no children. Dora Carmen Jarret (Jar-ray) died in 1983.

STORY 11

COLVILLE'S 'RUINED FARM NEAR CASTRES, FRANCE' WITH UNANSWERED LETTERS

Ruined farm near Castres

George Colville enlisted in 1914 and served overseas in Cairo, Alexandria, Egypt, France and England during the First World War. Although not an official war artist, while in France, he sketched the countryside.

He was born in Aberdeen, Scotland in 1887 and arrived in Melbourne, Australia in 1892. He studied at the National Gallery of Victoria, School of Art and was an official war artist from 1949 to 1950, depicting British Commonwealth occupation forces in Japan.

Unanswered Letters organiser

Embroidered onto a rectangular shaped Bristol card with alternate blue-black and red cotton and backed with ribbon and fasteners, with an elastic band stitched to the sides.

Envelope addressed to Thomas Bell

Thomas Bell was born in Wollongong, NSW, and moved to Greta in the Hunter Valley to work the mines. He married Beatrice there and in 1915 at the age of 32 enlisted in the 1st AIF. The next year he embarked on HMAT (His Majesty's Australian Transport) A54 Runic for Europe to become a stretcher bearer in the 20th Battalion.

Letters in a calico envelope were sent by Beatrice Bell to her husband Thomas in 1918. The envelope was stamped 20/6/1918 and directed to 'Australian Imperial Forces abroad'.

It was counter-stamped, 'Undeliverable, A.B.P.O. Return to sender, 1918'.

Thomas Bell had been killed in Villers-Brettoneux on 8 April 1918, two months before the letters from his wife were sent. He is buried in the Hangard Communal Cemetery in France.

Isaac Rosenberg

English artist and poet Isaac Rosenberg died at the age of 28 in the trenches of France and is recognised as an outstanding poet of the First World War.

Rosenberg studied at the Slade School alongside people like David Bomberg, Stanley Spencer and Paul Nash. His self-portraits hang in the Tate Britain and the National Portrait Gallery.

He is one of sixteen First World War poets commemorated in Westminster Abbey's Poet's Corner.

Dead Man's Dump by Isaac Rosenberg, 1917

The Plunging limbers over the shattered track
Racketed with their rusty freight,
Stuck out like many crowns of thorns,
And the rusty stakes like sceptres old
To stay the flood of brutish men
Upon our brothers dear.

The wheels lurched over the sprawled dead
But pained them not, though their
bones crunched,
Their shut mouths made no moan.
They lie there huddled, friend and foeman,
Man born of man, and born of women,
And shells go crying over them
From night till night and now.

Earth has waited for them,
All the time of their growth
Fretting for their decay:
Now she has them at last!
In the strength of their strength
Suspended-stopped and held.

The air is loud with death,
The dark air spurts with fire,
The explosions ceaseless are.
Timelessly now, some minuets past,
Those dead strode time with vigorous life,
Till the shrapnel called 'An end!'
But not at all. In bleeding pangs
Some borne on stretchers dreamed of home,
Dear things, war-blotted from their hearts.

Manic earth! howling and flying, your bowel
Seared by the jagged fire, the iron love.
Dark Earth! dark Heavens! swinging
in chemic smoke,
What dead are born when you kiss
each soundless soul
With lightning and thunder from your
mined heart,
Which man's self dug, and his blind
fingers loosed?

A man's brains splattered on
A stretcher-bearer's face;
His shook shoulders slipped their load,
But when they bent to look again
The drowned soul was sunk too deep
For human tenderness.

They left this dead with the older dead,
Stretched at the cross roads.

Burnt black by strange decay
Their sinister faces lie,

The lid over each eye,
The grass and coloured clay
More motion have than they,
Joined to the great sunk silences.

Here is one not long dead;
His dark hearing caught our far wheels,
And the choked soul stretched weak hands
To reach the living word the far wheels said,
The blood-dazed intelligence beating for light,
Crying through the suspense of the
far torturing wheels
Swift for the end to break
Or the wheels to break,
Cried as the tide of the world broke over
his sight.

Will they come? Will they ever come?
Even as the mixed hoofs of the mules,
The quivering-bellied mules,
And the rushing wheels all mixed
With his tortured upturned sight.
So we crashed round the bend,
We heard his weak scream,
We heard his very last sound,
And our wheels grazed his dead face.

STORY 12

ADA WINDLE

Ada died in 1849 at the age of six, possibly from scarlet fever.

The Library's catalogue entry for this ambrotype of Ada or her sister Mary is dated as c 1861. If it's a photograph of Ada, it may have been converted from an earlier daguerreotype into an ambrotype, as the ambrotype method was only introduced into Australia in the mid 1850s.

Imaginary Ada's timeline

Born 1843

- 1856 Helped facilitate one of the first women to vote in Victoria, a Mrs Fanny Finch — while there, helped to facilitate female ratepayers to vote in the 1864 election (overturned in 1865)
- 1868 Worked with Henrietta Dugdale and Annie Lowe to advocate fair and complete representation for women in Victorian elections
- 1861 Agitated for South Australia endorsing the right for women to vote in local elections — this was passed but only if they owned property
- 1884 With Dugdale and Lowe formed the Victorian Women's Suffrage Society
- 1889 Lobbied private members for over 10 years to finally gain women the vote in Victoria
- 1891 Joined Rose Scott and Mary Windeyer to found the Womanhood Suffrage League of NSW
- 1894 Was present when South Australia endorsed the right for women to vote and stand for Parliament
- 1895 This law received Royal Assent
- 1897 While in South Australia, worked in the office of Catherine Helen Spence, the first female political candidate to run for office
- 1899 Organised women in Western Australia to vote in the first Federal election
- 1900 Was a friend and confidant to Louisa Lawson until she died in 1920
- 1902 After Federation, newly formed Commonwealth of Australia adopted the voting rights for women over 21 in the then colonies, now states, of South Australia (including the Northern Territory), Western Australia and later in NSW
- 1903 Tasmania allowed women the vote in Federal elections

- 1903 Was employed as a staff member for the 1903 Federal election in the Senate for Mary-Moore Bentley and Nellie Martel as well as Vida Goldstein from Victoria and Selina Anderson for the House of Representatives in NSW — all stood as independents after failing to gain major party endorsements
- 1904 Fought alongside Thelma Bate for inclusion of Aboriginal women in the Country Women's Association
- 1905 Queensland allowed women the vote in Federal elections
- 1908 Victoria allowed women to vote in Federal elections
- 1910 Assisted Goldstein in her unsuccessful run for a Senate seat
- 1913 Assisted Goldstein in her unsuccessful run for the Senate
- 1914 Assisted Goldstein in her unsuccessful run for the Senate
- 1917 Assisted Goldstein in her unsuccessful run for the Senate
Despite her efforts on their behalf, Aboriginal, Pacific Islander, Asian and African women were excluded from voting
- 1921 Helped Edith Cowan to be elected to the Western Australian Legislative Assembly
- 1922 Worked with Mary Hynes Swanton on women's rights within the trade union movement
- 1928 Chained herself alongside Zelda D'Aprano to the Commonwealth building over equal pay for women
- 1943 Played an important role in the election of Dorothy Tangney to the Federal Parliament as well as Enid Lyons
- 1952 Wrote and smoked cigarettes with Miles Franklin
- 1955 Actively worked on behalf of Bessie Rischbieth in WA in halting the practice of the removal of Aboriginal children from their mothers
- 1971 Acted as an advisor to Elizabeth Anne Reid, the first women's advisor to the Whitlam Government
- 1989 Helped facilitate Rosemary Follett to become Chief Minister of the ACT

Was variously effective in facilitating the following appointments:

- 1990 Carmen Lawrence, Premier of Western Australia
- 1993 Joan Kirner, Premier of Victoria
- 1999 Clare Martin, Opposition Leader in NT
- 2001 Clare Martin, Chief Minister, NT
Marie Bashir, Governor of NSW
- 2003 Quentin Bryce, Governor of Queensland
- 2007 Anna Bligh, Premier of Queensland
- 2008 Quentin Bryce, Governor General of Australia
- 2009 Kristina Keneally, Premier of NSW

- 2010 Julia Gillard, Prime Minister of Australia
Clover Moore, Lord Mayor of Sydney
- 2012 Anastacia Palaszczuk, Premier of Queensland
- 2013 Lara Giddings, Premier of Tasmania
Julie Bishop, Minister
- 2014 Gladys Berejiklian, Premier of NSW
Kerry Sanderson, Governor of WA
Kate Warner, Governor of Tasmania
- 2015 Linda Dessau, Governor of Victoria
Marise Payne, Minister
- 2020 Currently working with Eva Cox, Rosie Batty, Fiona Patten and Anne Summers
on women's rights issues

STORY 13

FLORENCE RODWAY

Helen (née McIlrath) Selle (1919–2012)

Helen Selle was a collector of art. Perhaps her love of art started when, as a young girl, she sat for her pastel portrait by Florence Rodway in 1924.

Selle's father, William McIlrath (1876–1955), migrated to Australia from Ulster in 1890 to join his brothers. The McIlrath's were successful businessmen who developed a large chain of grocery stores, numbering 62 when the company was sold to Woolworths on William's death in 1955.

Upon Selle's death in 2012, Helen generously bequeathed 16 works of art from her personal collection to the State Library.

Florence Aline Rodway (1881–1971)

Florence Rodway was a painter, pastellist and illustrator. Returning to Australia from Europe in 1906, Rodway established a studio in Sydney and continued to study under Sydney Long at Julian Ashton's Sydney Art School. She concentrated on producing portraits which were described as 'having considerable power ... certainty and grace'. By 1912 she was receiving regular portrait commissions, especially for children and mostly in pastel or pencil and much praise: 'she does not over-work her pastels; and the several children and fair girls that she shows are handled with a most refreshing directness'.

State Library of NSW catalogue entry

STORY 14

REVEREND O'BREZNAN BALL, LOST AT SEA

Born in 1875, Richard O'Breznan Ball was educated in England and came out to Australia in 1902. He practised for a life in the church and was ordained in Bathurst, serving his first curacy there, followed by St James Church in Sydney. He also served as a curate at Newcastle Cathedral before becoming Rector of St John the Baptist Anglican Church in East Lambton near Newcastle in 1907. He remained there for only a year before reportedly suffering a 'paralysis' and was transferred to the cooler climate of Hobart.

Ball returned to East Lambton in 1915 after 7 years away and took up his old position as Rector. He lasted for only a year before succumbing to his illness, apparently appendicitis, and died in 1916 at the age 41.

The clerical collar

A note is attached to the item which reads:

'This piece of collar was picked up at Port Stephens, NSW and handed to my grandfather, WE Shaw of Raymond Terrace who was coroner for the district'.

The collar was found on a beach and has the following inscription written in pencil:

19th March, 186? Bark Deerhound Lost + all hands
Cap. Bell Master Ch. OP Mour

The date may have been 1866 as it was recorded that there were enormous storms in the area of Port Stephens that year and many ships were lost. There seems to be no mention of a ship called *Deerhound* on the eastern seaboard of Australia at that time.

Piece of lifeline used at the wreck of the Ly-ee-Moon, 1886

The Ly-ee-Moon struck rocks off the Green Cape lighthouse on the 30 May 1886 on its way to Sydney from Melbourne.

During the civil war in the United States the Ly-ee-Moon had been used as a blockade runner at Charleston. The ship was a state-of-the-art converted paddle-steamer with two raked funnels and was built for speed, and had been steaming for less than a day when tragedy struck. It broke apart quickly in the heavy seas and of the eighty passengers, only thirteen — including Captain A Webber — survived, scrambling ashore with the help of the lighthouse keeper's line. All in steerage class drowned.

Henry David Thoreau

Quote from the first chapter of his book, *Cape Cod* where he describes the sinking of the brig *St John* from Galway, Ireland at Cohasset near Boston, USA in 1949.

I witnessed no sign of grief, but there was a sober dispatch of business which was affecting. One man was seeking to identify a particular body and one undertaker or carpenter was calling to another to know in what box a certain child was put. I saw many marble feet and matted heads as the cloths were raised to be identified and one livid, swollen and mangled body of a drowned girl, to which some rags still adhered, with a string, half concealed to by the flesh about its swollen neck; the coiled up wreck of a human hulk, gashed by the rocks or fishes, so that the bone and muscle were

exposed, but quite bloodless, merely red and white, with wide-open and staring eyes, yet lustreless, dead-lights; or like the cabin windows of a stranded vessel, filled with sand.

Sometimes there was two or more children, or a parent and child, in the same box and on the lid would perhaps be written with red chalk, "Bridget such-a-one, and sister's child".

I have since heard, from one who lives by this beach, that a woman who had come over before, but had left her infant behind for her sister to bring, came and looked into the boxes and saw in one, probably the same whose superscription I have quoted, her child in her sister's arms, as if the sister had meant to be found thus; and within three days after, the mother died from the effect of the sight.

There is no salvation, only salvage.

Robert Richardson in *Henry Thoreau: A life of the mind*

STORY 15

MARJORIE BARNARD & JEAN DEVANNY'S NECKLACE

Jean Devanny

Born in New Zealand in 1894, Jean Devanny lived a very active life as a novelist and for a time as a spokeswoman for the Communist Party in Australia, where she had moved to in 1929.

She was a friend of Miles Franklin, Majorie Barnard and Winifred Hamilton, as well as many other literary figures of her day. She was one of the founders of the Writers League with Katherine Susannah Prichard and Egon Kisch.

Devanny joined the Communist Party in the 1920s, although she was marginalised somewhat because of her outspoken views on female sexuality.

She was also critical of the sugar cane industry in Queensland, where she lived. Her sense of social justice in novels such as *Sugar Heaven* (1936) and *Cindi: A chronicle of the cane fields* (1949) as well as their erotic content and forthright avant-garde views were too much for the more conservative Communist Party and she finally resigned in 1950.

Devanny continued her support for the ideals of communism in many of her novels, which were often criticised for being 'fact masquerading as fiction' and later in life regretted that much of her writing had been too ideological.

Later in life she became more interested in the natural world and wrote articles and stories focusing on the environment of Northern Queensland and relations between white and Indigenous Australians.

Jean died in Queensland in 1962.

She is the subject of a biography *The Romantic Revolutionary* (1999, Melbourne University Press) by Carole Ferrier.

Marjorie Barnard

Marjorie Barnard was born in 1897 in Sydney and was a librarian, historian and a writer of novels, short stories and biographies.

She collaborated with Flora Eldershaw to write a number of novels. In 1929 their first collaboration *A House is Built* was entered into a prize offered by the *Bulletin* magazine which they won jointly with Katharine Susannah Prichard. An historical novel set in the 19th century, it focused on the suppression of women while also making a comment on contemporary times. It was described as a 'mercantile saga with a patriarchal theme'. The book was praised by English author Arnold Bennett and is now regarded as a minor classic. The two women collaborated on another less successful book, *Green Memory* (1931). Marjorie then started writing short stories and after a number of years finally had them published in *The Home* magazine. A collection of Barnard's short stories *The Persimmon Tree and Other stories* (1943) came to be acknowledged as a triumph many years later.

She was active in literary societies in Sydney and Canberra and joined with Eldershaw again to write more novels, notably, *The Glasshouse* (1936) and *Plaque with Laurel*

(1937). Together with Eldershaw, Jean Devanny and Miles Franklin, they hosted literary gatherings in a flat in Kings Cross and together vigorously promoted writer's rights and opposed censorship. Their last collaborative novel together was *Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow* (written 1941-43; censored in 1944; published in expurgated form 1947) was recognised as a master work but Barnard was already moving towards writing about historical subjects such as *The Life and Times of John Piper*, *Macquarie's World* and her magnum opus, *A History of Australia*. She contributed to various literary journals and wrote articles on Patrick White and a biography of Miles Franklin. After World War II she worked for the Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organisation, CSIRO. And while there wrote a history of radar, 'One single weapon', which was never published.

She won many awards towards the end of her life and died in 1987.

Marjorie features in a compilation of letters edited by Carole Ferrier titled, *As Good as a Yarn with You: Letters between Miles Franklin, Katherine Susanna Prichard, Marjorie Barnard, Flora Eldershaw and Eleanor Dark* (Cambridge University Press, 1996)

Foraminifera

'Forams' as they are commonly called are uni-cellular marine creatures which form protective shells around themselves.

Their fame rests equally on the attraction of their exquisite architecture to the artistic and scientific mind (Sandon, 1957)

They first appeared in the Cambrian period, over 500 million years ago. The shells are made from whatever the organism can find, calcium carbonate, silica or foreign particles adhered together. They can be as small as a fraction of a millimetre up to fourteen centimetres wide. They are named for the tiny perforations in the shell, fora, the Latin word for window. A human body is said to have approximately 30 trillion cells, a single foraminifera has one. It still manages to perform all the functions of multi-cell animals: it eats, defecates, moves, grows, builds, reproduces and responds to stimuli.

Jean's generous gift to Marjorie was once the home of 250 uni-cellular lives.

STORY 16

MRS CAMPBELL DRUMMOND RIDDELL

Letter from Caroline Drummond Riddell (1814–1898) to her sister Louisa Frederica (1800–1865).

1835

My Dear Louisa,

I write in a desperation born of concern for my husband, Campbell, who has recently been reprimanded by Governor Bourke for his unconsidered manoeuvrings in the Roger Therry saga. As you know Mr Therry is both Irish and Catholic and although a lawyer is considered an unsuitable applicant for the position of Chairman of the Court of Requests. Many consider Therry, a rogue as you know. I believe this summation of his character an injustice. Campbell has been nominated in his stead and accepted the recommendation unequivocally which has greatly displeased Governor Bourke who expressed his opinion that these proceedings and Campbell's compliance in them as imprudent.

My dear Louisa, I can write in the knowledge of your absolute discretion that these developments would never be repeated beyond these intimate exchanges between us.

I have of late been of a melancholy disposition not the least of which was caused, I believe by these and other events regarding my husband's dealings as Colonial Treasurer and Collector of Interval Revenue. I cannot betray the confidences entrusted to me but it has been demonstrated by a friend who has an administrative role in that office that monies elected to be deposited within the treasury's accounts were placed within the manifold of my husband's banking credits. This is a serious error of judgement and when I confronted him with these accusations, he at first denied their credibility then remonstrated with me in a furious intemperance. I confess that the set of plates and fruit stands you so generously furnished us with when we first came here to Sydney town were all mostly broken by his hand.

My distress and bitter regret that these valuable and beautiful objects could be so shamelessly ruined has caused me a nervous exhaustion I feel I will never recover from.

The delicacy of these patterns depicting the flora of this land were a strangely reassuring symbol of what I might aspire to in this colony. I regret that these aspirations like the crockery have been dashed as has my will and fortitude in my role of a dutiful and supportive wife. I implore your forgiveness for the burden these revelations may cause you.

Your most dearest,

Caroline

STORY 17

MARGUERITE POCKLEY, FRANK HINDER & THE 'FLIGHT INTO EGYPT'

Enid Pockley was born in 1879, the same year Ned Kelly wrote the 'Jerilderie letter', Alphonse de Neuville painted 'The defence of Rorke's Drift' (Art Gallery of NSW collection) and Australian artist William Frederick Longstaff was born.

Australian abstract painter Frank Hinder was born in 1906. Three years later in Europe, founder of the Futurist movement Filippo Marinetti, called for the destruction of museums, libraries and every type of academy. The new art was Cubism, Futurism, Orphism and Abstraction.

Frank Hinder was Enid Marguerite Pockley's son.

Mary and Joseph, according to the New Testament apocrypha, were visited by the three magi before an angel appeared to Joseph saying he should flee to Egypt as King Herod would seek to kill their child.

Australians Enid Marguerite Pockley and Dr Henry Critchley Hinder married on the island of Jersey, UK, in 1897 when she was eighteen years old. They had four children, the fourth being Frank. Dr Hinder died of septicaemia at home in Summer Hill in 1913 after pricking his finger with a needle while performing an operation.

Frank Hinder attended Newington College and the Sydney Church of England Grammar School (Shore), and took art classes from Dattilo Rubbo, first at Newington then at the Royal Art Society of NSW. Deciding to become a commercial artist, he later enrolled in art courses at the Sydney Technical College.

Rubbo encouraged Hinder to experiment with artistic styles and expand his horizons beyond the conservative restraints which held sway in Sydney at the time.

In the Gospel of Pseudo-Matthew in the New Testament apocrypha, the life of Jesus of Nazareth up to the age of 12 is detailed. Matthew talks about Mary, Joseph and baby Jesus fleeing from Judea. An angel appeared to Joseph in a dream and told him to flee to Egypt by way of the 'via Maris' ('the way of the sea'), a shorter and safer route along a coastal road.

Frank Hinder's approach to art was of a 'Modernist' inclination, so he took a boat across the Pacific to the USA to enroll in the Art Institute of Chicago and the New York School of Fine and Applied Art.

After Dr Hinder died his wife Enid married her dead sister's husband Robert Holloway in 1916 and together they had a daughter.

Especially important to the Coptic Orthodox Church in Egypt are the places that the Holy family stayed during their Flight into Egypt. Along the route, many churches and shrines were erected to mark their journey. The most important was Abu Serga where the three travellers stayed.

Hinder settled into his life in America and worked as a commercial artist in New York and at the Child-Walker School of Fine Art in Boston. He met his future wife, Margel, who was a sculpture student at the time. He would have been inspired by

the burgeoning figurative expressionism imported from Europe through people such as Jack Levine and Hyman Bloom. Later, Jackson Pollock would refer to Bloom as the first Abstract Expressionist artist in America. The artist and teacher, Karl Zerbe had fled from a hostile Germany to teach at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston and brought Oskar Kokoschka and Max Beckmann (amongst others) to lecture at the school. For Hinder, the influences he experienced during this time in America and the figurative abstraction style he developed in response, stayed with him all his life.

In the Gospel of Pseudo-Matthew written in the seventh century is a description of one of eastern Christianity's most influential accounts of the Flight to Egypt where Mary, tired by the heat of the sun, rested beneath a palm tree. The infant Jesus then miraculously commands the tree to bend towards the ground to provide Mary and Joseph with its fruit and release from its roots a spring to provide them with water.

After some time, Mary, Joseph and Jesus returned to Judea, having escaped the wrath of Herod.

Frank and Margel Hinder returned to Sydney in 1934. They both brought with them a wonderful understanding of the new and exciting directions art was taking in America. He passed these insights on to students at his old school at East Sydney Tech and the Sydney Teacher's College. Margel contributed highly regarded public sculptures, many of which can still be seen in Sydney and other cities today.

In 1952 Hinder was awarded the Blake Prize for religious art for his painting, *Flight into Egypt*. In 1961 Margel won the Blake Prize for her sculpture, *Christ on the Cross*.

Joint retrospectives were held for them in the Art Gallery of Newcastle in 1973 and the Art Gallery of NSW in 1980.

Frank Hinder died in 1992. Margel Hinder died in 1995.

STORY 18

CHARLES AUGUSTUS GOODCHAP

Charles Augustus Goodchap was Commissioner of Railways for the colony of New South Wales between 1878 and 1888.

Julian Ashton painted his portrait in 1891, a year before Goodchap was appointed to the Legislative Council of NSW.

Goodchap took over at a time when the railway network was in a shambolic state under the previous commissioner, John Rae. A day into his new job a disastrous collision of trains on the same track at Emu Plains pushed him towards a complete overhaul of the system, with a particular emphasis on safety and the support and protection of railway employees.

He introduced the 'absolute block' signalling system to Australia which had been in use in the UK for only a few years and ensured the safe operation of a railway by allowing only one train to occupy a section of track (block) at a time. During his tenure as Commissioner, Goodchap oversaw an increase in passenger numbers of over 400% and a doubling of freight and annual earnings that rose from £902,987 to £2,208,294.

He was active in promoting health and welfare of the workers before formal unions had become the norm. He was founder and honorary secretary of the Civil Service Co-operative Society and instigated the training of employees in first aid for the Ambulance Corps.

Overall, he was a responsible public servant who made a significant contribution to the history of rail in Australia.

However, despite having presided over 1300 miles of track laid by his administration, in 1888 he was criticised by Henry Parkes' government as being, more interested in building lines than making the railways more profitable.

In the *Government Railway Act of 1888* a commission was set up as a corporate body consisting of three commissioners to manage the railway. Contrary to expectations, Goodchap was not appointed. The three new commissioners, through a lack of competence, cost blowouts and patronage in appointments, managed to degrade the whole system.

Goodchap resigned from the public service without a pension in 1888. His railway employees banded together and gave him £500 which he immediately donated back to them to fund a library.

He never married and died at his home in Potts Point in 1896.

Like so many good men in public life with a highly developed sense of responsibility to his employees and a determination to build a safe and worthwhile rail system, Goodchap was defeated by other people's short-sightedness and greed. Two common failings which eventually saw rail networks throughout the divided colonies being built by private consortia using different gauge tracks.

This spectacular failing of vision and co-operation was finally rectified in 1995 when a single gauge finally linked all the states of Australia.

Monetaria moneta

Cowrie shells as 'shell money' were an important early currency for trade networks linking Africa, the Maldives and Sri-Lanka as well as ancient currency exchanges between China and India.

The Chinese used its shape to form their pictograph for money.

In Suriname culture it was thought that if kept in the wallet they would attract money.

STORY 19

ALFRED WILLIAM EUSTACE, HANS HEYSEN & PETER WOHLLEBEN

Hans Heysen, born in Germany, 1877, died 1968

Peter Wohlleben, born in Germany, 1964

Alfred William Eustace. Born in England, 1820, died 1907

Hans Heysen, Peter Wohlleben and Alfred William Eustace are three unlikely but sympathetic souls who placed a love and regard for trees front and centre in their lives.

Heysen and Wohlleben, both Germans, had a passionate interest in the aesthetics of the natural world and in particular, trees.

Wohlleben in his book *The Hidden Life of Trees* examines the subtle ways in which trees communicate with each other. He uses an expression 'the wood-wide web' and emphasises the 'mother tree' in any given forest as the epicentre of that network.

Alfred William Eustace arrived in Chiltern, Victoria, in 1851 from England. He was a painter, a taxonomist and a musician. In the 1870s he dabbled in spiritualism, but it's his paintings on leaves that distinguish him at this time in Australian art. His scenes on red and white-box eucalyptus leaves were supposedly done when canvas was not available. However, his itinerant life as a shepherd —carrying his cornet and violin into the forests — and his professed spiritualism, would have made him an enthusiastic supporter of Wohlleben's thesis, written some 140 years later.

Eustace's leaf paintings appear like conversation bubbles with one scene communicating to the next as though nature in its majestic silence were trying to speak through his pictures. He may have attempted to give voice to that silence, he may have understood that secret language and transfigured it through his imagination and his violin.

And Hans Heysen, he knew the 'mother trees' and painted them incessantly. He was a conservationist ahead of his time.

A Dialogue

- Heysen And so I chose this very majestic red wood just south of here in a place called Ambleside. It was called Hahndorf but they changed the name at the start of the War. We thought we would be interned but in the end they just kept a close eye on us. A sort of 'house arrest'. They must have assumed an artist living in the country can't do much damage.
- Wohlleben Those large gums, they left them as shade trees for the cattle and sheep. They were perhaps the oldest trees in a vast forest.
- Heysen Yes, the ring-barking and clearing has changed these hills dramatically. That tree is on a government lease. The Council had it marked to be taken down. I paid them the equivalent of its timber value so they left it, that and its neighbour.
- Wohlleben Councils! It's good you nominated two. They communicate through their roots at 220 hertz – very slow electrical signal, about a quarter of an inch every minute and they pass information from one to the other.
- Eustace I know their community, the trees, you are right Peter – they talk, pass on knowledge as you say one to the other. I am not a scientist but I hear their sound at night, low but insistent. I play my cornet and sometimes my violin and try to replicate their sonority – it's a drone, a voice to be sure, but not musical in the way we are familiar with. I try to identify its notation but it seems more similar to a sound consisting of many notes – like water crackling and gurgling.
- Wohlleben So true, scientists will measure these things. There is more biological life in a handful of humus lifted from a forest floor than there are humans on earth. Those trees of yours Hans, they were the great nurturers of the forest – the mother trees.
- Heysen Perhaps they are old now but I admire them even while only saplings. In all its stages the gum tree is extremely beautiful. First for being a tiny sucker with broad leaves shooting up like a fountain answering to the slightest breeze – at middle age it becomes more sturdy, more closely knit and bulky but never losing grace in the movement of its limbs and its sweep of its foliage.
- Eustace Hans, you paint trees like portraits. My painting seems like a paean to the vastness of the forest as though the privilege of using their leaves came with an obligation to acknowledge something beyond my comprehension or as Walt Whitman said, 'tokens of myself, as though I had passed this way a long age ago and negligently dropped them'.
- Wohlleben In 1990, the *Federal Nature Conservation Act* was introduced into German law. The goal of this legislation was to ensure that animals were no longer treated as objects. Sympathy for mammals, let alone bugs or flies, is a stretch for most people. Even more so for trees.
- Your tokens, Alfred, we are finding them and giving them names.



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STORY 20

ELEANOR PARKS & THE LETTER TO HER SON RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON

Richard Parkes Bonington was an English artist who lived for the last years of this life on the French coast near Calais.

He died in 1828 at the age of 25 of tuberculosis but left an extraordinary legacy of watercolours of the French and English coasts and hinterlands, mostly in the Romantic style.

For a time, he shared a studio in Paris with Eugène Delacroix, who, in a letter to Théophile Thoré in 1861, says:

No-one in this modern school and perhaps even before has possessed that lightness of touch which, especially in watercolours makes his work a type of diamond which flatters and ravishes the eye independent of any subject and any imitation.

After Bonington's death, his father – an amateur painter and lace maker – started making facsimiles of his son's pictures and selling them under his son's name. As a result, Richard Parkes Bonington's reputation eventually suffered and even now inferior paintings attributed to him are found in auction houses around the world. The watercolour attributed to Bonington, which depicts a fishing scene on the French coast, appears to be an original work. Critic and artist Blamire Young, a devotee and something of an expert on Bonington's work, 'discovered' the watercolour in the State Library's collection and visited the Library over many years just to look at this wonderful little painting again.

In an article for *Art and Australia* in 1924 Young writes 'the work fitted like a glove. It was the right date, the right nationality and exactly the right degree of romantic character necessary to the artist who painted it. Its character reveals that delicate sensitiveness to what we have come to see as the first utterance of the Romantic school'.

A year after his death, his distraught mother penned a letter to her dead son.

Letter from Eleanor Parks to her son Richard Parkes Bonington (1802-1828), one year after his death:

1829

My dearly departed son Richard,

I have lately visited Margaret Sarah Carpenter, whose portrait of you in oils was recently completed and seeing your likeness so close to how I remember you caused me a renewed grief and sorrow from which I shall surely never recover.

I am writing this letter as a witness to a loss too great to speak and as a testimony to my devotion to you and a declaration of circumstances which have ensued since your parting.

Your father has taken your name and with it your good reputation in order to profit from both. He copies your paintings inexpertly and proffers them to buyers and merchants like a fishmonger at market. I have with all my will entreated him to desist and to respect his own son's name, but he dismisses my protestations and continues while he can maintain the subterfuge. Already the esteemed associates whose

acquaintance you have fostered in Paris are beginning to doubt your skill and workmanship which you laboured so hard to achieve.

My discrete confidences with Mademoiselle Carpenter confirms my fears that your good name has already been compromised despite her entreaties on your behalf and this, apparent injustice to your legacy is a tragedy too cruel to endure.

My son, whom God has taken from this world, please know that I'll do all that I can to redeem this wrong and to endeavour on your behalf to put right this reprehensible slander to your good character and your sublime art.

I have written to your dear friend, Eugène who remains a passionate admirer and who's acuity of eye will uncover a facsimile at a glance.

I also entrust a shell you found on the Normandy coast when we first embarked on our grand adventure to France. Alas the image you made on its carapace has faded and can no longer be identified. Like so much in this world which is destined to retreat from our knowing.

I leave it here with the amber gum, I retrieved from your paint box whose origin as well as its humble destiny is yet unknown.

Lovingly,

Your Mother



**SCAN THE QR CODE FOR
ASSOCIATED VIDEO STORY**

STORY 21

JOHN HUDSON, JAMES NORTON & THE MISSING PARDON

John Hudson (child convict) and James Norton (Solicitor).

John Hudson, a chimney sweep, was 9 years old when he was sentenced at the Old Bailey, London in 1783 to 7 years transportation for a break and enter crime.

He stole:

1 linen shirt value, 10 shillings

5 silk stockings value, 5 shillings

1 pistol value, 5 shillings

2 aprons value, 2 shillings

At his trial he had no one to defend him. He spoke only these words:

Court to prisoner	How old are you?
John	going on nine.
Court	What business were you bred up in?
John	None, sometimes a chimney sweeper.
Court	Have you any father or mother?
John	Dead.
Court	How long ago?
John	I do not know.
Court	I wanted to see if he had any understanding or no, we shall hear more of him by and by.

In the witness stand, William Holdsworth, the dwelling house owner whose goods were stolen, Sarah Baynes lodger in a shoe warehouse in East Smithfield who spoke to John at a water-tub. John Saddler, a pawnbroker and John Smith who apprehended the boy, gave their own sworn evidence.

It seems there were inconsistencies in these accounts and the frightened boy made a confession which also was implausible. The Judge had misgivings about accepting the evidence at the trial but believed he was doing the right thing in sentencing him as the boy's prospects in London, and his probable enlistment by people who would use him, seemed inevitable.

Hudson was sentenced to transportation on the *Mercury* to America, but after a mutiny on board he was taken to Exeter gaol. Remanded to former orders by Special Commission on 24 May 1784 he was sent to the Dunkirk Hulk in Plymouth Harbour. He was 10 years old, and he languished there for three years.

In 1787 he was placed aboard the *Friendship* moored in Portsmouth, for transportation to Botany Bay. Nothing more was known of his movements until he was registered on board the *Sirius* which sailed from Port Jackson to Norfolk Island in 1790. At 15 years old he was recorded as having received 50 lashes for 'been out of his hutt after nine o-the clock'. On 24 October 1795 a John Hudson was marked off at stores at Port Jackson but that is the last mention of him in any records.

He was probably the youngest male convict ever sent to NSW.

James Norton (1795-1862)

James Norton was an attorney who arrived in Sydney in 1818 on the bark *Maria*. He was 23 years old and was one of only four practising attorneys in the new colony.

He was granted 30 hectares of land in the area now known as Leichhardt. Norton Street is named after him.

He established the first law firm in the country in 1826 with William Barker and together they appeared as Council for the Crown in a number of significant cases. He was a member of the first Legislative Council under responsible government in NSW in 1856.

Norton grew flowers at his farm Elswick and another property at Mulgoe on the Nepean River and won many prizes for them. He was an avid 'protectionist' and importantly a leading member of the Anti-Transportation League.

It was in this regard that he came to know of the case of John Hudson, who had been sentenced at such a young age. He determined that this was an example of a system which did not discriminate between a child who could be convicted, sentenced and punished alongside adults. He was able to access legal documents in John Hudson's case and found that the boy's case had indeed been reviewed in the light of new evidence. It seemed that John Smith and the pawnbroker, John Saddler, had conspired to set the boy up as having committed a crime they themselves were found to be responsible for through the evidence of a new witness.

In 1788 a Judge found there had been a miscarriage of justice and bequeathed an absolute pardon for John Hudson. The document was signed and dated 1788 and shipped to Sydney on the second fleet in 1790.

On arrival in Sydney, the pardon was never found and was later assumed by Norton to have been part of a bundle of legal documents which had been eaten by rats. Rats had been in plague proportions on board the supply ship, *Justinian*, which was carrying grain for the colony.

Despite many attempts to determine where John Hudson had gone, Norton, with a cache of evidence exonerating and pardoning the unfortunate man was never to make contact.

NORMAN LINDSAY, IDA RENTOUL OUTHWAITE & OTHER THREATS

Norman Lindsay (1879–1969)

Norman Lindsay's life is well documented. He produced a prodigious number of paintings, drawings etchings, novels and a children's book *The Magic Pudding*.

He was a unique, obsessive and somewhat curious artist who, in the 1920s, claimed that his ideas as well as his home at Springwood in the Blue Mountains of NSW were the epicentre of international art and interest.

Talented and with a fetish for reinterpreting Greek myths with erotic embellishments, he was both admired and ridiculed. He dismissed the European Modernists as being out of touch. At the same time, the outrage he engendered amongst the bourgeoisie and what he called the 'wowsers' at home in Australia was proof, in his mind, that what he was doing represented a brave new direction in world art.

When he wrote and illustrated his children's book, *The Magic Pudding*, in 1918 he was already considered a major cultural force in Australian art.

Ita Rentoul Outhwaite 1886–1960

Ita Rentoul Outhwaite is less well-known, in fact, until recently, her impressive body of illustrations and published children's books have been largely forgotten.

Starting at the age of only fifteen, her books were highly successful both in Australia and overseas in from 1910 to the 1930s. Her illustrations were highly accomplished and during these decades her illustrated children's books were never out of print.

She collaborated, first with her sister Annie Rentoul, who wrote the words, and later with her husband, Grenbry Outhwaite who also contributed texts.

Outhwaite's speciality was 'fairy' books, the beloved genre of mainly young girls. From 1904 until 1935 she illustrated over fourteen such publications, averaging one every two years.

In the book about her life, *The fairy world of Ita Rentoul Outhwaite* by Margie Muir and Robert Holden (Craftman's House, 1985), we are told 'she had no formal training and worked during a period when female illustrators of books for children were not seriously regarded. Retrospectively she is considered to have been a uniquely talented illustrator'.

Her books, like Lindsay's *Magic Pudding*, have recognisable local content in their depiction of Australian fauna, but Outhwaite's books had a readership that was truly global.

Literary critic Bertram Stevens once remarked to Lindsay that 'children like to read about fairies rather than food' to which Lindsay replied, 'rather, they would prefer to read about food and fighting'.

Fake Truths: An historical novel
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