Dear John,

Today is one of those perfect tropical days; it only needed Donald Cameron to make it perfectly tropical. But even the tropic weather carries "the seeds of its own destruction" inside of it. By night it will be fakining. The sun is too hot to last, the breeze too strong, the clouds too dense and it is too easy to slip in an hour or two. But just now the scene is cumbidentally perfect - my term is on the edge of a hill overlooking a stretch of jungle, and then a mathematical calculation pointing right into the sea. The regularity of the plantation looks out of place; it's only a superfluous one. Without squalls of rain to keep in order, underneath the healthy spread roots of palm-trees, the folders, creepers and kinas, in a matter of weeks or even days, nothing little under the platers could survive. It seems as if only by physical detachment is it possible to describe the jungle living in and with all the meat on its outside. By looking down on it from a distance, one can become as calmly as a man on a ship, for the inability to conquer is physically.

Cameron again almost photographed among the real thing in tropical landscape and atmosphere. There is that same blinding vividness of color, the sense of emblem, even that cunning that, in another, stereoscopic perspective that he has. It is a touch of the atmosphere, especially noticeable just before an electric storm, when the whole scene is a cloud but persistent yellow, that makes the scene, the minute, the curve, and the trees seem uniformly上诉 one another, as if seen through a stereoscope. Cameron. I think it was here, if it was trying to prove a thing - there is no order in his country, but only a tangled mass of growth and conflict, and a bung in any attempt to control it.

Reading is very scarce in New Guinea, and what there is, is all solid, conservative stuff; mostly of the Mainstream type and era. Movie is even scarcer. The Army Education Service seems to take a deliberate delight in being as few as possible and very few. I have never seen a movie, and I have never seen a movie. Now I am beginning to feel the strain of "Your Tiny Hand is Frozen," and a wealth of sentiment comments.

Occasionally I read inappropriately reports in the papers or radio and based reviews by Norman Lindsay in the Bulletin that aroused me that there is still plenty going on in Melbourne. And, strangely, it still seems important that it should continue. I expected that after so long in the Army, my expectations would gradually change until I reversed myself, but it just hasn't happened.

IAN TURNER