INTRODUCTION.

On the Origin and Development of Jindyworobak.

To give as thorough a report as now seems requisite upon Jindyworobak, I must indulge somewhat in the first person singular. At the same time, I must assert most, if not all, that is fundamental in the Movement to the influence of others. This is not to indulge, under some brand or other of self-consciousness, the responsibility of conceiving, launching and presiding over a campaign. My sole proprietorship of Jindyworobak Publications has rendered me personally responsible upon every question of what is, and what is not, acceptable for publication under the imprint of the Aborigine by the Campfire. If, however, abundant subscription be made for many annual shortcomings, there must remain, I believe, real satisfaction at Jindyworobak's achievement, so that the acknowledgment of indebtedness should provide interest to students and some gratification among those to whom it is made.

The movement was founded upon a presentation of ideas taken from other people. Since its foundation, other people have spoken officially for Jindyworobak, settled for it, expanded its meaning in their own ways, developed its significance with their own thoughts, impressed their particular individualities upon it, and more than one hundred and sixty people have published with it in ten years. Regarding the Movement's performance there are, naturally, various points of view; and both participants and observers are free to establish theirs. Of the considerations which led me to start the Movement, however, I may speak with the surest authority. Beyond that, I may speak as a president, and put further considerations to be regarded by others as they will.

The Conception.

Between 1913 and 1915, Professor L. F. Giblin, Mr. Edward Garnett and Mr. John Muirfield encouraged me to write Australian nature poems, and taught me some degree of self-criticism according to standards of origin-
In his Foreword to my first book, Guntops (1933), Professor Gillin declared:

"Some individuality of character and habit have developed in Australia in the last 150 years, and we are, if not unique, certainly distinctive. But the individuality and distinction are not adequately on record in literature or any other art. It is a common experience to feel that this 'must' wants putting into words, and I am satisfied that it has not been done. Our reactions to these things are vague and feeble because the appropriate language which would define and strengthen them is not ready to hand."

Our fathers, in despair at their strange surroundings, and ejaculating at some pathetic shred of similarly to familiar things, peopled the bush with a dozen different oaks, ashes, myrtles, pines, cherries. A true story is impossible in these terms."

Here is expressed the idea of what, later, I labelled "Environmental Values," and stated to be "the most important" of the three bases of Jindyworobak endeavour. The method of analytical criticism with which I was to demonstrate the idea had already been taught me by Professor Gillin in dealing with my own verse. In this Foreword, there is also the germ of an historical view of the difficulties which, from 1838, had to be overcome in the making of a distinctive Australian culture. For further education in that view I was indebted to the first installment of The Foundation of Culture in Australia by P. R. Stephenson, in The Australian Mercury (1933). Mr. Stephenson's influence upon Jindyworobak from 1941 was considerable, but his influence before that date is soon told. I was vividly impressed by his superb reading of the notorious commentary on Australian literature by Professor G. H. Cowling, and I assimilated, I think, something of his vigorous spirit of campaign, but, in the first Jindyworobak Publication, Conditional Culture (1938), I revealed some disagreement with him as a critic, on the ground that he was not Australian enough. Incidentally, my friend Mr. Edgar Pearce, had, in 1934, sent the manuscript of Guntops, together with Professor Gillin's Foreword, to Mr. Stephenson, who, after some time, returned it, expressing regret that he was unable to publish it. Mr. Pearce who, from 1938 until his death in 1949, was my continual connoisseur and advisor in Jindyworobak matters, saw to the publication of Guntops himself.

The Australian Mercury induced me to turn to Kangaroo by V. H. Lawvere, wherein I gained a strong sense of the prismatic in Australian nature. This sense I immediately associated with that of uniqueness, which had been impressed upon me particularly by Professor Gillin and Mr. Garnett, with whom the Professor had put me into correspondence. Mr. Masefield, whose attention was drawn to my early work by the Professor, added point to the lessons of the others in his advice: "Use one adjective where none you use ten, and choose it very carefully."

But on the subject of the primaeval, I rejected Lawvere's view of strangeness in the Spirit of the Place; my own first-hand experience of outback life made it language for me. Indeed, Professor Gillin's service to me may be summed up by saying that he taught me that the Nature I took for granted was Australian, not general, and that it required Australian definition.

In 1933 and 1937, I applied the analytical method of criticism which had been directed to my own verse, to the works of past and contemporary Australian writers, particularly in verse. My essay On Environmental values was published in Theocase, 1933, and reprinted in Conditional Culture—was, I believe, although not the first raising of the problem of Australian literary idiom, the first determined scientific attack upon that problem. It seemed to me that there was need not only for criticism of the individual writer's technique, but also for some critical whip to key Australian Letters at large, because lazy perceptions concerning the local scene were apt to evidence themselves everywhere, among some of the effects even of the best writers. Consequently I extended an expression, intended to demand accuracy and foster individuality in local descriptive writing:

"Environmental values: the distinctive qualities of an environment which cannot be usefully expressed in conventional terms that are other environments, scrupulous care being necessary for the indication of their primal essence. The whole of the English vocabulary is ours for appropriate use, but we must discriminate."

A Central Australian holiday (summer 1939) had given my interest in the Aborigines. At Hermannsburg I met Mr. T. G. H. Strehlow. As an English tutor at the University of Adelaide, he was to be another critic of my early verse, particularly than dealing with the Aborigines. He told me what the Athertons was, and first drew my attention to native legends, those of the Aranda which he had transcribed. In 1946, I discovered a copy of The Vanished Tribe by James Gunner in Adelaide, and I have seldom felt more excited than upon my first reading of these beautifully told stories. From the glossary I took the name "Jindyworobak" (Jindy-worobak)."
because of its Aboriginality, its meaning, and its outlandishness to fashionable literary taste. My first use of this word to signify distinctive Australian quality in writing was in Chapbook, 1933, edited by Allan Frank and Rex Wood.

Of considerations which led me to start the Jindyworobak campaign, there is but one more: MCM calls for reference. This is that, as I began to face the prospect of spending my life in pursuits which would leave only the big-ends of energy for writing; the need for concerted action among writers became for me a personal necessity. I would have longed at any opportunity to link up with a constituted body of writers, but there was none—the Fellowship of Australian Writers notwithstanding—which, in those days, offered any vital stimulus or help to youthful Australian writers. My own existence, at that time, was hardly a viable one; my interests were well-spread in Adelaide; I had been in Melbourne and Sydney, but I had never heard of the Fellowship at that time. This circumstance reflects, I think, not so much on my own ignorance, which is now the fashion in some quarters, to depurate, as on the circumscribed activities of the Fellowship then, and the dinner-party and salon-like corners in which Australian literary activity variously flourished and willed in those days. Ignorant, indeed, of these, and not having heard of the valiant struggles of the Palmer to bring about a general burgeoning, I announced Jindyworobak in Conditional Culture, in mid-1936.

"Jindyworobak" is an aboriginal word meaning "to annex, to join," and I propose to coin it for a particular use. The Jindyworobaks, I say, are those individuals who are endeavouring to free Australian art from whatever alien influences trammel it, that is, to bring it into proper contact with its material. They are the few who seriously realize that an Australian culture depends on the fulfilment of certain definite conditions, namely:

1. A clear recognition of environmental values.
2. The debunking of much nonsense.
3. An understanding of Australia's history and traditions, primaeval, colonial and modern.

The most important of these is the first. Pseudo-Euro- peanism clings the minds of most Australians, preventing a free appreciation of nature.

The first of the commented conditions—as defined in the chapter, Environmental Values—amounted to a call for a vast improvement in the general level of descriptive writing about Australia, and a consequent heightening of character, individuality and immediate potential in Australian letters. This, I submit, has been the change most broadly notable in Australian letters in the past decade. A number of influences has accomplished the change, but their most effective operation dates clearly from the original Jindyworobak stimuli.

The second and third conditions did not, on literary grounds, call for such clear definition as the first. The debunking of nonsense was under way in treatment of inappropriate idiom, was carried further in references to weaknesses in the views of H. M. Green and P. R. Stephenson on Australian Literature, and entered the historical and sociological fields on the questions of writer-attitudes and conviviality. Satire, national and social, and Aboriginalizing—the aspects so far most evident in Jindyworobak writing under conditions two and three—are not the only implications of those conditions. They happen to be the implications most readily realized in the nature of the times, in a particular series of events and the reactions of some Jindyworobak writers (myself included) to such events.

Co-operative Action.

By 1937, there was in my mind a group of three writers—Mr. Ian Timbrook, Mr. Flexmore Hudson and myself—who, I hoped, would work together. My notion was that we should gather around us a body of supporters, who would, in return for subscriptions that would finance our printing, receive our publications.

I had known Hudson at the University of Adelaide, as early as 1931, but it was not until 1936 that I came to know him at all well. He was helped over Venture, 1937, a magazine to the cost of which several well-wishers contributed. But Hudson was a country schoolteacher, and I had better opportunities for talks with Timbrook, at that time a secondary school's foreman, with a keen interest in literary matters; and it was with him that I most fully discussed the idea of forming a Club. I met him first in 1937.

Venture, intended as a quarterly, fell through after a single issue, to be revived, in 1939, as the Jindyworobak Quarterly Pamphlet, for issue to Club members in return for their annual subscription of 2/6d.

Throughout 1937 and most of 1938, the Club idea, although mooted, hung fire, until I announced my intention of publishing, at my own risk, an Anthology of Contempor
any Australian verse, as a vindication of the arguments of Conditional Culture. Hudson, who in reference to those arguments had written me that "no poet should have time to write about poetry," was completely in sympathy with the practical intention of publishing, and vigorously did more than he could ever have done for the success of the book, both before and after publication. When I told him that it would have to appear without Queensland and New South Wales representatives, as my circular to the Universities there had brought no response, he secured for me the support of the Oxley Library, Brisbane, the names and addresses of Mr. Victor Lowry and Mr. Paul J.Grün, both of whom immediately wrote and became active for Jindywor- bab. In its early days.

Mr. Besant Lipton secured verse from Perth; Professor A. B. Taylor of Hobart put me in touch with our first Victorian contributor; and two of the three original Victorian contributors were friends of mine, while the third responded to publicity.

Before the Anthology went to press, I was visited by a young poet, then in his final year at school, whose talent and personality made him a desirable member of the original Jindyworabak group. In my mind he thus made the fourth. Mr. Max Harris's development subsequently took a direction away from Jindyworabak, but, in the meantime, he, like Tilbrook and Hudson, did much to publish the Anthology. When the book appeared, creating immediate interest among writers and giving hope to would-be poets in all States, the four of us struck while the iron was hot and gathered a membership list that, in a couple of years, numbered 500 names.

My notion of a financially strong Club was, however, still-born. I had no business head, and a queer idea that I ought not to press for subscriptions people who sent verse for the Anthologies without payment. I had discovered a friendly printer, who, out of remarkable generosity, assured me that I could run up reasonable accounts and take up to twelve months in paying them off. This was Mr. W. Temby, Manager of the Economy Press, Adelaide. Without his understanding, Jindyworabak Publications would not have lasted more than a year. For some years, therefore, I was quite content to contract debts and pay them off, month by month, as best I could. Actually, this relieved me of what was to me an unpleasant business of chasing people for money, and I accepted gratefully whatever half-crowns came to hand, together with an occasional donation of 10s 6d or a pound from people like Mr. Leonard Mann and Mr. R. Schulte, a friend of Max Harris. But total donations up until 1906 amounted to less than three pounds, and total subscriptions at 2/6 have not reached 25 at the present day. Of the 500 names on our list in 1906, all of them called themselves supporters, but most of them had subscribed for one year only, either 1906 or 1907. In all possibility, many of these never received renewal notices. The Club idea thus became nebulous, and of secondary importance to the building of letters in the yearly Anthology.

Contributing to the falling off of the Club was the failure of the venture Ventute. I lost money every course, and could not afford to base on these and the Anthologies as well. Three numbers were printed, and then two badly renewed, and that was the end of Ventute. Anybody who lived in membership subscriptions thereafter received in return simply 2s 6d per cent discount on any Jindyworabak books ordered from me. When, subsequently, I succeeded in finding State Editors, I passed membership subscriptions over to them, with the idea that such help would help to defray their postage expenses. For a short time, Mr. Tilbrook successfully conducted Club about Jindyworabak. Its influence has been shown in continuous correspondence, the interchange of ideas, and the encouragement of many small publishing ventures. If the Club is anything it is these—the association of State Editors, Representatives, and a few others, persons in general agreement as to what Jindyworabak is, who are keen enough to devote time and attention to its principles.

Another factor making Club integration difficult was the dispersion of the original four members and of later ones. Tilbrook, Hudson, Harris, although I knew them all, had, none of them, met either of the other two before 1906. Our efforts, like those of Kennedy in Queensland, were, each in his own way, to promulgate the Jindyworabak idea. The aspect most advanced by Hudson and Harris was that of publishing for the coming together of writers in Jindyworabak books. Tilbrook, and particularly Kennedy, were more concerned with establishing the logic of our position, Conditional Culture being out of print, Kennedy produced his Planted Banners, a fresh reasoned development of the earlier booklet to meet later circumstances.

With the public support of Professor Walter Murdoch, as Jindyworabak Barracket, and of Mr. Charles Fenner,
The Broken Hill Jindyworobak Club did indeed, during 1938, have regular meetings and social functions; but, when the war came, Mr. W. W. Wicxert, the President, and Mr. C. Jutsum, the Secretary, moved to other States on wartime work, and the Club at Broken Hill ceased to meet. So, also, passed the first attempt to secure an All-Australian executive for Jindyworobak, with Messrs. Wicxert, Jutsum, Harris, Ted Turner and myself as its members. Both Messrs. James Deacey and Victor Ken
dall refused to take Jindyworobak office at that stage, on the grounds that, while they supported our campaign, their circumstances did not leave them free to undertake permanent responsibility.

Mr. Ted Turner of the Melbourne Bread and Cheese Club did much to publicise Jindyworobak in its infancy. The Club's magazine, with the un-Jindyworobak title, Bohemia, proved an hospitable vehicle for Jindyworobak, as for other writers; and Mr. J. K. Moir, with the un-Jindyworobak title of Knight Grand Cheese, has afforded us, on innumerable occasions, generous and selfless assistance of the sort that has put so many Australian writers in his debt.

From the outset Jindyworobak experienced the snarls of the stuffier sort of academicians; but there were more difficult years ahead, when the Movement was treated to a deluge of caustic criticism, and made the subject of whispering campaigns, in which envy, I believe, played a considerable part. We were never, however, discredited by any writer who, before our arrival on the scene, had already achieved semi-stature as a creative writer. It was the small fry, making their voices heard, who went for us, and it was the coterie of literary circles, resenting our forward position in the Australian literary bus, who egged them on. But, during such times, we drew encouragement from the assiduous faith in us of our men whose stature and integrity were beyond question—men like Professor Walter Murdoch, Mr. James Deacey, and others. Their letters, in our files, provide unanswerable commentaries on the Little Reviews.

The Years of Controversy.

A letter from one friend, recently, says: "I've seen so many references to Jindyworobak here and there that I thought it would be useful, or at least entertaining, for someone to collect them together." Jindyworobaks have collected scores over the years, although doubtless we have missed many, as old ones we have never before seen occasionally come our way. A thorough analysis of the mass of them, if ever attempted, should, I think, be decidedly useful and佐ative as one gauge of the temper of the past decade in Australian letters. As for entertaining—there is small doubt of it, up to a point; but the repetitive small arguments of vast numbers of them, in attributing to the Movement its plainly repugnant, would in all probability render the study finally more tedious than some of the critics found our "celestial variations upon the Australian theme." To us the apparent necessity of re-
peeling, which we have done, every year since our in-
ception, the liberal basis of our campaign has filled us

If after reading a slim volume of poems by indifferent writers one does not find a line that is likely to remain in the mind, one can justifiably question the value of the book. That is how most readers will feel after reading through Jindyworobak Anthology, 1938."
year, my brother, John Lugarnell, had taken much of the work off my shoulders, but he was now training with the U.A.A.F. In 1941, Muldie, collecting manuscripts for consideration, threw his net over a wider field than ever I had done, and to edit was a sheer joy. He also persuaded Mr. Cyril Brown to put some money into the publication, which reduced my expenses by half. In the following year, Brown again contributed largely to the cost. Muldie, in 1941, showed me for the first time Stephenson’s complete book, The Foundations of Culture in Australia, and induced such Australian writers as Messrs. Val. Crowley and S. B. Hooper to make generous cash donations to Jindyworobak. Much of the anti-pathy to Jindyworobak became explained for me by A.P. statistics relating to Englishman and Austral-English occupying key-positions in our educational and industrial systems. Jindyworobak staff on such questions never assumed hostility to any Englishman because he was English. That ensuing Englishman professors should be all-powerful in decreeing the cultural training of thousands of Australian schoolchildren has been a scandalous state of affairs, which is not yet entirely removed. However, the true Jindyworobak attitude in these matters ought to be evident in the appointment of two Englishmen to State Editorialship in the Movement. These were the best Australians I knew for the job.

The Alchera had been to me and others a subject for Australian writing. We observed that Muldie was using it as a symbol, and thereafter Jindyworobak writers developed the Alchera symbol more and more. Jindyworobak gained from Australia First, besides a decided addition to poetic strength in Ian Mudie, financial assistance which dwarfed the little we had previously received from anywhere. Subsidy it was strenuously thrust upon us; and I accepted money for Jindyworobak, as gifts, on the clear understanding that I managed the projects as I saw fit, in my own way. Desire to foster the cause of Australian literature was the motive of the generous donors. It may now be put on record that when a friend suggested that my acceptance of money from members of a disbanded political party would surely be frowned upon by the Club’s Harracker, I immediately approached Professor Mundine—for an obscure Australian First in politics, declared myself determined to accept help generously offered, and expressed the sincere hope that he would not wish to dissociate himself from us; saying, however, that I would decline his name from our
letterheads should be felt such a step desirable. The Professor not only remained our Barrackeer, but—with the graciousness for which he is universally loved—declared himself "honoured."

It was not to be expected that Jindyworobak, advancing political and social argument, should go spot-free of criticism, and not surprising that a Federal politician, with his nose out of joint, should, in addressing a body of students at the University of Adelaide, speak disparagingly of a "poet who used to attend this University."

But our propaganda was rigorously shaped to the forms of art, Jindyworobak's justification. Jindyworobak did write as poets, whereas a number of so-called literary critics petticoated the critics' logic to deal in cheap methods, of innuendo, in vein of argument. They ignored entirely the literary basis of Jindyworobak, although Jindyworobak nationalism and the Alephra conception emerged strictly within the environmental values condition of our writing. Stopping at nothing, some of our critics bristled it abroad that we were an isolationist force, opposed to all exotic influences in Australian Literature, and that we sought to deny Australians the right to read and write of anything outside the bush. They did their work well among undergraduates who were carefully trained in a prescriptive position to view us with suspicion and contempt. We were frequently jibed at by our critics, as we should be, but by what others said about our writings—numbers of whom, like Mr. Bernard Smith, had obviously not even taken the trouble to read them properly.

Smith's notice of Jindyworobak in his book, Place Taste and Tradition, may be taken as the very type of prejudice. He quotes from a page in Victor Kennedy's Plumed Banners. To begin with, he has not studied the page with care, for he attributes to Kennedy a quotation which Kennedy acknowledges to me. When he does quote Kennedy accurately, that Jindyworobak is an attempt to "sink Australian thought with its natural background," he quite misses the significance of the word "sink," revealing how cursory and shallow has been his consideration of the Movement, whose very name means "to move, to join." The Jindyworobak "position," contrary to his assumption, is not taken up away from our European cultural inheritance; we have not sought to strip this, but have set about clearing away from Australian thought which carries it, such evidences of it as have prohibited the liberal appreciation of qualities indigenous to Australians. For the purpose of our campaign we have treated as alien to Australia, the Land, but not to us, "everything that owes its origin directly to other cultures."

We identify ourselves with Australia, which is our Mother-land, and English, which is our Mother Tongue. Our aim is synthesis, adjustment of the two, and our use of Aboriginal words is a legitimate contribution. We are the first to acknowledge that only such of our usages as both have significance in themselves and suit the genius of the English language can survive. But that is by the way.

Mr. Smith cannot prove that Jindyworobak has asked Australians to adopt the ridiculous extremes he says we have, as he resorts to this pompous nonsense: "The Jindyworobak have rejected such an extreme interpretation several times before, but it is, nevertheless, the only logical one." It is not hard to mistake Smith small. The extreme interpretation (if any Jindyworobak says, "lation," it must be interpreted as something shockingly unprintable) is the only logical one! That Jindyworobak have rejected the extreme doesn't matter. Not a bit. The Jindyworobak really cannot state their own position at all. Mr. Smith must do it for them. Only he and those who agree with him truly comprehend the import of Jindyworobak—and they do not need to read Jindyworobak writings carefully to do so. Only they realize what the "Jindyworobak position" is, and it is whatever they say it is. Jindyworobak do not, of course, agree with Mr. "Smith. What is our position if not somewhat as we have chosen it, thought it out, and sought to define it? We, far from representing it as a return to "yarns and witchetty grubs," have rejected such an extreme as quite an amusing joke except when addressed with malicious seriousness. To us Alephra is not a return to gumnuts, which we have never used as residences, but a spiritual concept to which we should like to see white Australians advance. We have done something to show what Alephra was to the Aborigines, and, in my Cities in Alkira (published in Poetry), I made a beginning at demonstrating what it may be for white Australians.

Persons like Mr. Smith have not been rare. In haste to discredit Jindyworobak, they have done so willy-nilly, without taking any honest pains to study our work or our viewpoint. No proper critic pretends to speak with authority on a subject he has not properly investigated. Jindyworobak has withstood an incredible amount of so-called criticism drawn, like Mr. Smith's, from charlatan fables of prejudice, conceit, ignorance amazing in its pre-
suspicion of infallible wisdom. We have, more frequently than any other literary undertaking in Australia, been slighted by fifth-columns and caravanists among literary critics, who, at every turn, left their incompetence displayed for future students to observe. At least, they have been good guinea-pigs, never assiduous critics; mostly, they have braved themselves as freaks.

It is appropriate to note, in passing, A. R. Chisholm's review of Jindyworobak Anthology, 1947, in The Argus. (Melbourne, 27/4/47). A.R. must not be confused with our friend, A. H. Chisholm, who has spoken of "the healthy publications of the Jindyworobak school." A.R.C. is a professor of French. His review is a novel at the idea of Australian idiom as explored by Jindyworobaks. He finds it desirable to deny what would otherwise appear obvious: "This is not an attack on the anthology, in which there's quite a mixture of good verse. But it's good just because it's good, not because it's under the sign of Jindyworobak." Why the jibe? Who ever said that anything which appeared under the jindyworobak sign must necessarily be good? It seems that the Professor, like others who have used similar dubious methods of criticism, simply wants to be unpleasant to us. In his reproach, from sympathy with what is distinctive in Australian literary experiment, he appears, in his capacity of Australian literary critic, to be a prejudiced professor of French.

Mr. Brian Elliott has some degree of understanding of Jindyworobak, in the initial stages of which he was distinctly concerned. Much of his criticism of the Movement's and my shortcomings, in his book, Singing to the Cattle, is moderately well-reasoned and honest. But not all is well-reasoned; not all is strictly honest. It is not suggested that Mr. Elliott means to be dishonest, but his course is fixed at present in the Universities, and he seems to have cast about for conclusions such as would be acceptable to entrenched die-hards, who, disgraced at the establishment of Jindyworobak, would be grateful for sops. Mr. Elliott ought to have known better than to omit from his reference to facts "always present to the Jindyworobak imagination" the most essential, namely our conception of environmental values. Acquainted with this blind spot, however, he quotes, as "making allowances," a "prime" and "architerm" "example of the Jindyworobak imagination," lines from J. Sheridan Moore in which the "tide" of local insects are

"grinding, kneading, weaving, spinning..."

Spinning? Mr. Elliott does not, even making allowances, seem to understand. His is a refusal to see the poetic point of Jindyworobak argument, which concerns the accurate use of language. He is referred to my essay On Environmental Values, where he will learn all over again that the kind of early birds he lists as possessing the Jindyworobak imagination possessed, if any, remarkably little of it: Their vision, however directly held, was too much landscaped by technical flaws in expression to be reliably Australian. There is in Mr. Elliott a strong disposition to pontificate.

The "collapse" of Jindyworobak's "ambitious gesture," and the "erotic" nature of the Alchera conception are among his sacrificial offerings to stale academia. I did not know that Jindyworobak had collapsed; and for a movement resting upon "an absolute poetic awareness," it had had a remarkably lively effect upon contemporary Australian Letters. In 1946, I stated, "We feel that our original and chief task is already accomplished; that is to say, Jindyworobak has effectively drawn much-needed attention to the problem of presenting our unique continent in literature." This statement has been considered true by some independent critics, who do not see accomplishments and collapse as identical, and who do, in fact, recognize Jindyworobak achievement to have earned its place in the Australian literary tradition.

In declaring that "the Alchera is, for white Australians, an exotic fancy," Mr. Elliott makes a contention which, unless examined, is deceptive. Had he said Alchera is a matter for the imagination to Aborigines and Jindyworobaks (though necessarily with a difference), but a mere fantasy or less to most Australians, he would have been indisputably right. He misses the word "exotic," which means "foreign, introduced from abroad," and unwittingly admits another of several fog-spots in his Australian vision. Indigenous things not apprehended by most Australians are properly characterised as exotic in the opinion of this Australian critic. Assuredly, Jindyworobak is still needed, if only in revised lists of criticism. This is not hairsplitting, Mr. Elliott. If your authority went unquestioned, the integrity of Australian thought on Australian matters would be endangered at the very time when its hope is greatest.

So much of the outcry against Jindyworobak has been based upon our attention to the Aborigines and the Alchera conception, and such attention on our part has so often been characterised as excepted on the one hand and Nietzschean on the other, or unaccountably both excepted and...
A Final Note For Critics.

The word "Jindaworobok" functions easily both as a noun and as an adjective, and, in straightforward discussion, tautological forms of the word are not necessary. "Jindaworobokism," "Jindaworobokery," "Jindaworobokian," "Jindaworobokitis," rather than clarifying discussion, evidence the nature of attitude, perception and inventiveness in the critics who first coined them. Such words carry qualities not discernible in the simple form ready to hand, and would appear to have been created with some intent. To the Jindaworobokites themselves, the intent behind such ostensibly ordinary constructions is not so acceptable as that informing with blustering good humour a Sydney columnist's illuminating suggestion that "the Angry Seagulls and the Shindylunglejunks" should, together with Frank Suttra and others, contribute to a more educational book suitable to this age and entitled What Every Girl Should Know About Sex-delinquent. We have to admit, however, that "Jindaworobokism" is a form which has found its way into the vocabulary of some of our most sympathetic and understanding critics. These have accepted, not invented, it.

Other Considerations.

During the war period, extraordinary literary favours found release among Australians. These wartime favours were innumerable, but many of them took a natural direction in accord with the Jindaworobok Movement, and, far from swampng our campaign, assisted its advance.
Throughout the war, the Jindyworobak current was the most clearly observable in Australian letters, if only by reason of the unwritten antipathy exhibited towards it by some reviewers. But we had our friends too. Professor Mundoch, Mr. Devaney, Mr. Gordon Mann never failed us with encouragement. Mrs. Ngaire Palmer, writing to me for the first time in April, 1941, said: "I don't know whether to welcome more your original writing or your more impartial labours in the direction of a national poetry. In this second activity you have done what some of us thought to have attempted much earlier, you've brought people together, sifted them, held to a literary creed and brainstorm." Again: "I'm strongly in sympathy with the creed of the Jindyworobak. My work, as referred to by Mrs. Palmer, has, I have clearly acknowledged, depended very much upon the enthusiasm of others; yet should the less ripe conditions of Mrs. Palmer's day be overlooked. If anything, she has, in the remarks quoted, underestimated the inaccuracy of her husband's and her own agitation of the Australian literary scene. Not too time after her letter of April, 1941, I received from her a whole bundle of press cuttings which evidenced as muddling campaign carried on before Jindyworobak's campaign was thought of. This, besides many other factors, has to be taken into account in considering the timeliness and effect of the new Movement.

Among contemporary literary influences which, variously for and against Jindyworobak, have been notable are Southeby, Angry Penguins, Meanjin, and Poetry. Mr. Max Harris led Jindyworobak to found Angry Penguins without turning his back on Jindyworobak. To both of these celebrated personalities Jindyworobak, in the first place, gave a wide audience, just as they gave the Movement added significance. The name of Paul L. Grau is another which Jindyworobak is proud to have spread through all States. Both Grau and Hudson had published a first book of verse before Jindyworobak's foundation, but to them, as to some others, Ian Fillmore applies his apt dictum that "Jindyworobak's been a steady rise upon the range of assorted writers." Goodness knows, the Mercenary's assistance to such writers has been little apart from publicity, and their reciprocation, in some cases, meant hard work for them.

Among writers whose first books have borne our imprint are Max Harris, William Hart-Smith, Gina Hallian-tyne, Roland E. Robinson, Colin Thiele, Victor Williams, Peter Wiles, all well-known. Among poems, originally published in our Anthologies are a number whose quality has received subsequent confirmation in anthologising elsewhere. Jindyworobak has, of course, owed a considerably debt to other writers and publishers for permission to reproduce poems whose quality has appealed to Jindyworobak Editors.

Mr. William Hart-Smith was Jindyworobak's first Misc. Editor. Before he went to New Zealand, his position in New South Wales was taken over by Mr. Roland B. Whitley. Mr. Ian Fillmore in South Australia was the next appointed. After a brief occupancy of the office in Victoria by Mr. Kenneth C. Guilmard, Mr. Victor Kennedy took up the position there. Today Jindyworobak has representation in all States except Tasmania. Messrs. Peter Wiles and Jack Scowen are the Queensland and West Australian Editors respectively. Mr. Arthur Murphy represents V.K. at Mildura, and Mr. Colin Thiele represents E.T. at Port Lincoln. The spark of Jindyworobak's spark of rows throughout the country, and the activities of such known members of the Club as Miss Ginger Hallian-tyne and Mrs. Winrose Lutter, in advancing the Movement, and the publishing of Australian Avantgarde in general, cannot be over-estimated in assessing the Movement's influence.

The premature death of Mr. Edgar Preece, in 1949, meant the loss of one of Jindyworobak's most helpful supporters. To us he was a valued friend, in advice never thrust upon us, but frequently sought, and never withheld. We capacity for discerning and appraising the elements of any situation with which we confronted him was extraordinarily keen, and his judgment we less generous for being detached. His practical advice on matters of publishing was something without which Jindyworobak could not well have got started. Such works as I am able to write about Edgar Preece live far behind the man's real character, which abides equally in a composure of mental stamina and a way of friendship, in a personality which those so fortunate as to have known him intimately rejoice to have known.

The fortunes of the Movement were considerably advanced when Mr. E. Allen, then Superintendent of High Schools in South Australia, invited me, in 1945, to prepare a book of Australian verse for class use. New Song in an Old Land was published by Messrs. Longmans, Green & Company Ltd., with the Jindyworobak imprint. Miss E. Moodie Heath, Longmans' educational manager, saw
Jindyworobak association with Georgian House Pty Ltd began over Poets at War, Ian Mudie's anthology of ser vicemen's verse. Mr. E. C. Harris, Managing Director of Georgian House, saw to the production of the book in association with Jindyworobak, and subsequently invited me to join the firm. This I was not slow to do. Apart from a predilection for the war offered, I recognized in F.C.H. a champion of Australian Literature, a fact which widely separated sections of the Australian literary community must assume to attest. His encouragement of Jindyworobak has been generous and steady, for he has helped a number of our books to print; but he has assisted others equally, and none of Jindyworobak's critics can interpret his staunchness to us, amid gusty differences of literary outlook, as being in the least one-eyed.

Jindyworobak is grateful also to Sir Keith Murdoch for practical encouragement received. One of our most helpful supporters has been Mr. M. E. Gray. And we owe a special gratitude to Mrs. Margaret Preston for her generous gifts of cover designs from time to time.

Given a desire to cooperate in the publication of Australian writers' work, and a general agreement regarding the necessity of care in presenting our unique continent in literature, there is abundant scope for individual differences of view and expression, and for differences of personal interest, in Jindyworobak. Cooperation, goodwill, and a general harmony of—rather than identical—direction become evident, however, in the absence of certain technical principles of writing and, to some extent, in ideas expressed; but, in matters of politics and religion, it is to be noted that Jindyworobak has reconciled its ranks Imperialists, Australia Firsters, Communists, Catholics, Protestants, Atheists. Our first concern, as a Movement, is Australian Literature. Anyhow, serving that, may express himself or herself reasonably in our publications.

Invitations to contribute to this Review were issued not only to those known to be friendly to the Movement, but to a number known to be unsympathetic and to others whose attitudes have been uncertain of definition. One article which came uninvited has been excluded, not because of its unorthodox attitude but because of its disproportionately length. Its author was advised many months ago that if he reduced its length, as he saw fit, we would guarantee its inclusion. He has however, made no move. In four cases where contributors have not provided titles, I have taken names, I trust pleasantly, out of their own mouths.

REX INGAMELLS.

FROM THE FIRST CRITIQUE OF THE FIRST JINDYWOROBAK PUBLICATION.

"Australian art is to be 'freed from whatever alien influences trammel it,' to be brought 'into proper contact with its material.' A very laudable ambition, but itself trammelled by youthful arrogance. The attitude of Mr. Ingham can be summed up in that lamentable modern word—he burrs it himself—'debunking;' which, of course, implies, firstly, that certain venerable Muses are in reality worthless; and, secondly, that the writer is the one person with the wit to perceive this, and the ability to expose it. A writer who, for instance, calls Kendall 'practically valueless as an Australian poet' damages only his own reputation as a critic."—The Advertiser, Adelaide, on Conditional Calluna, 16/7/38. 29