ENDANGERED BY DESIRE
T.G.H. STREHLOW AND THE INEXPLICABLE VAGARIES OF PRIVATE PASSION

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THESIS

Presented as a thesis for the fulfilment of the degree of Doctorate of Philosophy (Ph.D.)

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The author declares that the research reported in this thesis has not been submitted for a higher degree at any other university or institution. Information acquired from the published or unpublished work of others has been acknowledged in the text and a list of references is provided.

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Abstract

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This thesis is about the depth of colonisation through translation. I develop an analytic framework that explores colonisation and translation using the trope of romantic love and an experimental textual construction incorporating translation and historical reconstruction. Utilising both the first and the final drafts of “Chapter X, Songs of Human Beauty and Love-charms” in Songs of Central Australia, by T. Strehlow, I show how that text, written over thirty years and comprised of nine drafts, can be described as a translation mediated by the colonising syntax and grammar. My interest lies in developing a novel textual technique to attempt to illustrate this problem so as to allow an insight into the perspective of a colonised person. This has involved a re-examination of translation as something other than a transtemporal structure predicated on direct equivalence, understanding it instead as something that fictionalises and reinvents the language that it purports to represent.
It begins by establishing an understanding of the historical context in which the translated text is situated, from both objective and personal viewpoints, and then foregrounds the grammatical perspective of the argument. Utilising the techniques and processes of multiple translation, Internet-based translation software, creative writing and historical reconstruction, it continues to consider the role of imagination and begins the construction of a visceral argument whereby the reader is encouraged to experience a cognitive shift similar to that understood by the colonised other, which is revealed in a fictional autobiography written by an imagined other. It concludes by considering the coloniser within the same context, using, as an example T. Strehlow, who had a unique understanding of the Arrernte language. Tracking his extensive alterations, revisions and excisions within his drafts of Chapter X, this thesis traces a textual history of change, theorising that the translator, no matter how "authentie", is as much translated by the text as she or he is a translator of the text.
[The Arrernte] whose term for consuming love is the verb ‘erererama’, – “to long for ever and with all faculties for that which has been lost”.

T. Strehlow (1932, final paragraph, last page)

When fierceness and anger are asleep, and love alone is waking, we may be no less endangered by desire, which equally tends to darken the soul.

John Wesley (sermon 46, 8)
# TABLE OF CONTENTS

Abstract ................................................................................................................................. ii
Acknowledgements ............................................................................................................. 2
Glossary ................................................................................................................................. 3
How to Read this Thesis ....................................................................................................... 4
Methodology .......................................................................................................................... 6
The Strehlow Archive .......................................................................................................... 16
The Allure of the Archive .................................................................................................. 20
T. Strehlow’s Most Significant Texts ................................................................................. 24
Part I: Introduction ............................................................................................................. 30
Part II: Functional Coincidence ....................................................................................... 33
Part III: A Multiple Grammatical Corollary ................................................................... 39
United in Grammar ............................................................................................................ 39
Deconstructing Gertrude Stein ......................................................................................... 46
Part IV: The Imagined Whites’ Savage .......................................................................... 59
Part V: The Making of An Unbosomed Love ................................................................. 71
An Unbosomed Love ......................................................................................................... 78
Part VI: An Arandic Allegory of Love ............................................................................ 139
Love ................................................................................................................................. 140
Passion ............................................................................................................................. 142
Romantic Love .................................................................................................................. 143
A Negative Bias Against Passion ..................................................................................... 146
T. Strehlow’s “Lovemap” .................................................................................................. 159
Part VII: Conclusion ......................................................................................................... 162
Appendices ....................................................................................................................... 168
References ......................................................................................................................... 168
Pocket Material: CD of Songs of Human Beauty and Love-charms .............................. 175
Pocket Material: CD of First Draft and Penultimate Draft ............................................. 175
I am grateful for the assistance given by Alice Springs historian Richard Kimber, who generously read an early draft of this manuscript, and that of Strehlow Research Centre (SRC) board member Garry Stoll. Both men, who share a deep understanding of Arrernte culture, helped me to understand the complexities within the lives of Carl and Theodor Strehlow. Also, I am appreciative of the assistance extended by former director of the SRC, Mr Brett Galt-Smith, who encouraged me to continue working many long hours beyond the official closing time of the SRC, including on weekends, to be able to complete my research while in Alice Springs.

I want to thank my parents, John and April Hersey, for their unflagging enthusiasm.

I especially want to thank my partner, Vicki Hersey, for her financial support and encouragement to complete my study and to whom I am indebted for having created a space in which this thesis could flourish.

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Western Desert. An area of land of approximately one and a quarter million square kilometres that includes areas of the Northern Territory, South Australia and Western Australia. It is the home country of the Arrernte, Luritja Pitjantjatjara and Warlpiri Indigenous peoples, among others.

Arrernte. The Indigenous people who traditionally inhabit the area in and around the Alice Springs region and East MacDonnell Ranges of Central Australia. Alternative spellings are Aranda, Arrarnta, and Arunta. There are five recognised dialects of the Arrernte language: Eastern, Central, South-eastern, Northern, and North-eastern.

Luritja. Close neighbours of the Arrernte people who have a similar language and cultural practices. Alternative spellings include Loritja, Luritcha, Loritcha, Lurritji, Luridja, Aluridja and Luritja. Other neighbours, who do not share such close cultural and linguistic connections, are the Anmatyerr and Alyawarr.

Carl Strehlow. Carl Strehlow studied for his religious vocation at Neuendettelsau Seminary in Germany under the tutelage of Dr Johannes Deinzer and Pastor Carl Seidel. Talented at learning languages, Carl Strehlow mastered the Dieri language in 1892 when he worked at the Bethesda Mission near Lake Eyre in Central Australia. He was transferred to Hermannsburg in 1894, where he quickly gained fluency in the Arrernte and Luritja languages. Throughout the following text he is referred to as C. Strehlow.

T. G. H. Strehlow. Theodor George Henry Strehlow, the son of Carl and Frieda Strehlow, was born at the Hermannsburg Mission in Central Australia in 1908. As a boy, he was known as Theo. Throughout the following text, to maintain consistency and clarify referencing, he is referred to as T. Strehlow, to differentiate him from his father, Carl Strehlow, and his first born son, Theodor (Theo) Strehlow.
HOW TO READ THIS THESIS

The progression of this thesis ranges from applied analysis to abstract probability in relation to the life and influences of T. Strehlow. Of course, how this text is read is entirely up to the reader’s discretion and habit. Some may read the reference section first, grounding her- or himself in the scholarship involved. Another could read the conclusion first, then the introduction, continuing on through the rest of the text. However, I would like to offer the reader two other ways to approach this thesis, which go further than individual reading praxis.

The first way of reading, since this text deals so much with imagination and imaginings, is to consider a Surrealist reading. That is, as the French poet Isidore Ducasse, writing under the pseudonym Comte de Lautréamont, said in Les Chants de Maldoror (1869) “comme la rencontre fortuite sur une table de dissection d’une machine à coudre et d’un parapluie”, which has been translated as “the chance meeting on a dissecting-table of a sewing-machine and an umbrella”. 1

The elements of this thesis may be seen to be as incongruous as those elements described by Ducasse, yet there is a logic and purpose to their arrangement that may be revealed when read through that understanding. At one stage it is pragmatic and reasoned. At another it collapses into an experiment in writing. Each complements the other, to form an overarching visceral argument that, at times, favours intuition over reason.

The second way of reading was suggested to me by a chance encounter with a colleague, an anthropologist. He told me a story about his undergraduate years in anthropology. He had lived for some years in Alice Springs, where I met him, prior to his studies at an Australian university. He related how an assessment task, devised by his tutor, involved the creation of a woomera, or Indigenous spear thrower. He contacted one of his Aboriginal friends from his Alice Springs days, asking advice. Together, they constructed an authentic replica of the object, complete with spinifex resin, mulga timber and kangaroo bone. He was confident of his imagined successful mark when he handed it in for assessment. To his amazement, the tutor was unimpressed with the spear thrower. The tutor explained that no-one would ever find an ancient intact woomera, because, since it was made from organic material it would degrade completely over time. The only thing, the tutor said, that would remain of the object would be its debitage. 2

2 “Residual lithic material resulting from tool manufacture. Useful to determine techniques and for showing technological traits. Represents intentional and unintentional breakage of artifacts either through manufacture or function. Debitage flakes usually represent the various stages of progress of the raw material from the original form to the finished stage.” Crabtree, Don. 1967
is, the discarded fragments that were left behind when it was made, like chips of stone left behind when a stone tool is fabricated. To simply reconstruct the object, no matter how seemingly accurately it was done, was irrelevant in terms of gaining an understanding of the object and its usage. This understanding was only revealed through its debitage. In the same way, this thesis can be read anthropologically, in terms of the debitage of discarded words and phrases within *Songs of Central Australia*. In other words, it can be understood as a story told through fragments and reasoned imagination. Those textual fragments are scattered through the Strehlow archive, so the first step is to understand that archive more thoroughly in terms of its content and its allure.

METHODOLOGY

When Umberto Eco’s novel *The Name of the Rose* was published I was struck by its novelty. I thought to myself, “A great semiotician has written a novel. Why?” The answer, for me, is on the dust jacket of the Italian version of the book where Eco states, in a paraphrased statement stemming from Wittgenstein that “what you can’t theorise about you’ll have to tell about”.

That immediately struck a chord with me because I was planning to write a long thesis about T.G.H. Strehlow. It struck a chord because to attempt to theorise T.G.H. Strehlow’s work means to be immediately corralled, if not immobilized, lassoed with all limbs bound by ropes of authority and left face down in the dust of impertinence.

T.G.H. Strehlow’s work is extremely difficult to theorise for a number of reasons, which are presented here in no particular order. Much of his work relates to secret sacred Arrernte men’s stories and artefacts, which are difficult or impossible to publish findings about without offending cultural sensitivities; he spoke Arrernte fluently; his father was a world authority on the Arrernte people; he gathered cultural material from Arrernte men who are now deceased, so Strehlow’s voice remains the unassailable authority; and most of the material he collected or wrote about is literally locked away, with extremely limited access, in an institution in the Northern territory called The Strehlow Research Centre.

Because of these and similar reasons I sought another path to theorise T.G.H. Strehlow’s life and work.

The path I followed to write this thesis was a similar path to the one followed by Eco, which brings me back to my initial statement that I was struck by the novelty of *The Name of the Rose*, because it is like a novel and yet it is also like a thesis. To me, Eco’s *The Name of the Rose* is a novelized thesis. That is, a reasoned semiotic thesis is constructed through the textual structure of a novel. Some things, like characterization, come from the novel format, while other things, like the long and dense first section, is more like a thesis format.

This was by no means a new thought, and to do the same thing again, that is, to create a novelized thesis similar to Eco’s, is not something that I considered. However, I did consider reversing the concept, thereby attempting to create a new novel format, which could perhaps engage with T.G.H. Strehlow’s life and work without me risking being personally thwarted at every turn. So, I attempted an experiment, to write a novel in the genre of love story constructed through the textual structure of a Ph.D thesis. In other words, a thesised novel.

It has been an interesting journey, but, due largely to the collaborative process of revision, which incorporates textual elements from author, supervisor, co-

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supervisor and three examiners; allied with the dynamic of supervisor/s and student text creation, which is at the heart of Ph.D thesis creation process, the final text that I created bears little resemblance to my imagined final result. But, as marker Stephen Muecke points out in his comments about this text, “Put another way, I would be quite happy to see an experiment fail in the context of a thesis, provided that the experimental framework is first set up, and that then the consequences of this success or failure become part of the analysis”.

I agree with Muecke, who at least agrees that the thesis “adopts a novel approach to the Strehlow work”, and that is why I have completed the revisions in relation to the spirit of the initial thesis concept, that of the thesised novel, rather than incorporating all the comments from the individual reports from examiners, who treat it as a challenging thesis that needs to be further collaboratively written and edited until it can be forced into the traditional textual framework of a Ph.D thesis.

Muecke may be right, it may be a failure, but even a failure deserves at least to maintain its integrity.

In other words, this thesis is an experimental thesis in the discipline of textual studies and adds to the sum of knowledge in at least two ways: first, by attempting to create a new novel format and, second, by taking T.G.H. Strehlow’s evidence to support his thesis in Songs of Central Australia that Aboriginal people are not capable of experiencing romantic love and by successfully arguing the opposite using that same evidence, which is a valid engagement with the Ph.D guidelines and constitutes an original contribution to the discipline of textual studies.

Also, since it is an experiment, this thesis was unable to contextualize its own work and set up an experimental framework until now. If it had, it would have been merely a thesis masquerading as a novel, rather than as embedded structures attempting to create a new form. It would have been like writing a novel in the detective genre and explaining in great detail what was going to happen throughout the book then trying to maintain narrative suspense.

I have attempted to maintain a balance between the explication demanded of the thesis with the suspense or mystery inherent in the novel. I leave it to you, really the first reader of this experimental text (because only now does it reveal its true form), to make up your own mind as to whether it is a failure or a success.

My supervisor, Hart Cohen, advised me to address the comments of Stephen Muecke in detail as well as his (Cohen’s) specific recommendations, which have been officially accepted by UWS as a summation of the requested corrections. This I have done.

Ultimately, I am the author of this text and prefer to think that I have made the work together with the other academics involved in this project, rather than thinking of it as some sort of textual Frankenstein monster of many disparate and, at times, contradictory academic voices.
As examiner three, Simon Pockley, says: "In as far as this is a creative piece, it should be accepted on its own terms". Though it may not accomplish the imagined Ph.D requirements of each individual examiner, supervisor or co-supervisor, I believe that this text does adequately discharge the guideline requirements of a Ph.D thesis. And, since, in a very real way, the first thought came from Eco, it seems appropriate, if not holistic, that the last and final thought to complete this framing argument should also come from him.

“As Umberto Eco explains, there are texts which challenge readers’ complacency and force them to construct their own solutions to enigmas. Such texts are characterized by narrative structures which are flexible and which “validat[e]…the widest possible range of interpretative proposals” (33). (Eco cited in Cutter p. 7)

The key text used in this thesis is the penultimate draft of Part Three, Chapter Ten of TGH Strehlow's *Songs of Central Australia*. Descriptively, the first draft is a fairly obvious statement: it is the earliest recorded typed version of this chapter (Chapter Ten). There is no record or copy of a hand-written first draft. The second text is the penultimate draft because, though modified, it is considerably similar to the first typed draft of Strehlow's manuscript and was the version that became the first version given to the publisher for publication. In other words, after years of preparation and thought, this was the version that TGH Strehlow felt he was compelled to commit to printer's ink. However, several sections were heavily obscured by blue ink. These were deletions that Strehlow did not want read. Why the work was censored, either by himself or others is open to individual interpretation. Whoever made these changes did not want the obscured words to be read. If it was TGH Strehlow who put a blue pen through the words, it is likely that it is less censoring and more a change of heart on his part. However, through a computer-based technological process it was possible to reveal these deletions and expose, for perhaps the first time, the textual shards of one man's writing praxis. The process used was to scan the original page using Hewlett Packard Precision Scan Pro software in "real colour" format and then save it as a .jpeg file. I then opened the file in Adobe Photo Deluxe software, zoomed the image 200 percent, and then

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4 “Although all texts can be considered “open” in some way, certain texts contain deliberate textual and narrative strategies which facilitate their openness. According to Eco such texts “are characterized by the invitation to make the work together with the author” and are open “to a continuous generation of internal relations which the addressee must uncover and select in his act of perceiving the totality of incoming stimuli” (63). Open works may seem “quite literally ‘unfinished’: the author seems to hand them on to the performer more or less like the components of a construction kit” (49). Note 3. Cutter, Martha J. “Sliding Significations: “Passing” as a Narrative and Textual Strategy in Nella Larsen’s Fiction”, *Passing and the Fictions of Identity*, (ed) Elaine K. Ginsberg (Durham: Duke University Press, 1996). 75-100.
reduced the colour blue through the "hue/saturation" control function until the original black words appeared as the blue ink was digitised into opacity.\(^5\)

In essence, the following text was the studied textual outcome of a progression over more than a decade of a man's life, which he then altered considerably just before it was published. For example, in the following quotation Strehlow changed the word "disgust" to "trepidation".

"It may surprise the white reader to learn that the intimate description of sexual intercourse contained in verses 61-7 below does not sound offensively indecent or obscene to native ears in the original Aranda, whereas in an English translation this passage has a crude and offensive tone. This interesting fact illustrates the difference between Aranda and English as media for expressing such topics. The Aranda terms are merely frank and descriptive; the corresponding English words have been withdrawn from polite conversation for so long and have been so degraded by foul usage that they have become virtually unusable even in print. Even the Latin terms normally adopted in translations offend some readers. Herein Aranda and English reflect the differences in the basic attitudes towards sex held respectively by the nudist, plain-spoken natives and the repressed and clothed whites, whom religion and civilization have taught in the past to look upon sex as something unclean and immodest. Personally I am capable of experiencing both attitudes. I was able to record the Aranda verses without any embarrassment whatever, but I have felt a considerable feeling of trepidation in translating them into English." (p. 526)

In this thesis I do not attempt a glib Modernist analysis, or any conventional analysis for that matter; I simply present it, in a way, as part of a process of textual archaeology. The analysis is up to the reader, just as the interpretation of an image is up to the viewer. Like Barthes' punctum and the archaeologist's debitage, this text is the metaphorical shard of stone left behind after the artefact was made or the un-noticed background elements of a photograph, yet it carries within it a narrative of its own. If it is compared with the final, published version of *Songs of Central Australia* (see appendix), it gives a significant insight into the mind of a man who professed to have a facility to understand equally and simultaneously both Aranda and English, as he alludes to in the above quotation. How he traversed the area of his twin imaginations is essentially the interstitial narrative of this text. The multiple palimpsest of first, central and penultimate drafts of this chapter were transcribed and digitised to allow a clear rendering of the texts in a way that is not available to the casual reader, since the original

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\(^5\) I am grateful to Brett Galt-Smith, Director of the Strehlow Research Centre, for vividly explaining the meaning of debitage and the underlying archaeological process that it implies, which inspired me to apply it textually. I am also indebted to Harriet Gaffney and Natalie Wright, an art historian and graphic designer respectively, who together suggested the technique in a conversation in Alice Springs in August, 2000.
manuscripts are in a restricted library in Alice Springs at the Strehlow Research Centre. The Aranda men's sacred verses have been omitted from this version due to respect for Aranda traditions and because their inclusion was not a necessary element of this comparative argument. References related to those original Aranda parts of this text have also been omitted, except for a few references at the beginning that have been incorporated to aid continuity.

Like Deleuze and Guattari's *Mille Plateaux*, which they suggest can be read as one listens to a record, beginning at any point, the three arguments of these texts can be read in any order, however, when first imagined I thought that this text should only be read and understood one way. It should be read in as near to one sitting as possible with only a short period of reflection from one part to the next. It then was composed of three argumentative sections that, to be effective, I thought, should be understood in concert. The first section, was essentially two nearly identical texts that vary in relatively minor ways, yet those minor variations completely change the meaning of the text. The second section was a text that changes radically as it progresses and yet the meaning is hardly changes at all. The third section compared and contrasted two similar fragments of text and then spiralled deeply within them to obtain meaning from apparent obscurity. The reason why the sections were conceived in concert was because together, on reflection, they attempted to form an overarching visceral argument favouring intuition over reason. However, all that changed through supervision.

Ultimately, though changed significantly, this is still a novel, unlike any novel you are likely have ever read and, since it is a novel, it exhibits novelty while deferring to the novel's history, specifically, that of narrative storytelling. At your leisure, you may begin to read a text that has not been written before and consider an argument that, equally, has never before been presented. And do it in any order.

Similar to the process that changed this text, Carl Strehlow and his son, Theodor, so modified and changed the original Aboriginal Arrernte language that it became a new language, a simulacrum. Their translations of ancient, traditional Arrernte narrative myths became so far from the originals in context and understanding that they can only be considered a form of fiction. In the early 70s, Theodor, or T.G.H. Strehlow, compiled a large selection of these narratives into a volume titled *Songs of Central Australia*, which was successfully submitted as a doctoral thesis in 1975.

Carl Strehlow was a career missionary, but he is also remembered as the author of a significant anthropological treatise. In 1907 the first volume of *Die Aranda- und Loritja-Stämme in Zentral-Australien* [The Aranda and Loritja Tribes in Central Australia] was published. A year later the second volume was published. To complete the series, three more volumes in five parts were then published between 1910 and 1920 by the Frankfurt Museum, edited mainly by Moritz Von Leonhardi. Carl was a gifted and conscientious amateur anthropologist and many of the anthropological artefacts that he collected were sold or donated to the Frankfurt Museum. The money that he made from the sales was used mainly to buy
Christian religious artefacts to furnish the church at Hermannsburg in Central Australia. Carl also wrote and published a Western Arrernte translation of the New Testament and co-translated the same text into the Aboriginal language Dieri along with many biblical teachings and hymns in both languages. Theodor, his youngest child, had been educated by his father until 1922. He received private, personal tuition and was steeped in “Greek, Roman and Norse mythology”6. He began to learn Latin when he was ten and Greek at twelve. After the death of his father in 1922 he and his mother travelled to Tanunda in South Australia, where he continued his schooling. They both moved to Adelaide where he attended the Immanuel College, a German school, completing his high school studies. Due mainly to his father’s personal tutoring, Theodor was able to sit for his Intermediate Certificate after one year of conventional schooling. He then went on to study literature at the University of Adelaide. In 1931 he graduated with a Bachelor of Arts, Honours degree in English Language and Literature. In 1938 he was awarded a Master of Arts degree for a thesis titled An Aranda Grammar.

Theodor Strehlow was “grown up” in Hermannsburg, Central Australia, by two Arrernte surrogate mothers, as well as his own German mother; all his playmates were Arrernte, as were his closest friends; and he adopted the Twins of Ntaria story, or song, as his personal totem. He was, in short, defined by a narrative and constructed himself through that story, through a fiction. Later, he would combine many more songs like it and, with an academic thesis winding through the text, publish them as Songs of Central Australia, a complex, unique and magnificent work predicated on fiction and suffused with desire8.

The text initiates a play between "legend" (Sage) and Freudian "construction" (Konstruktion), between the object under study and the discourse performing the analysis. This play takes place in the fuzzy area of an ambivalence, in what gives "fiction" the meaning both of a production (fingere, to fashion, to fabricate) and of a disguise or a deceit. Everything is unravelled in the field of relations between the labour that constructs and the ruse that would "make us believe" in the fiction — a mixed terrain of production and lure. What history creates and what narrative dissimulates will meet in that very place."

M. De Certeau (1988, p. 308)

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6 TGH Strehlow. TV Talks, Interview Channel 9, April 1961.

7 In 1877 the Lutheran Church established a mission, which was also operated as a remote cattle station, about 180 kilometres west of Alice Springs named Hermannsburg after the Hermannsburg Mission Society near Hannover in Germany. By 1891 the missionaries had abandoned it, returning dispirited, broken men to Germany. Born in a small North German village at Fredersdorf, Kreis Angermünde, December 23, 1871, Carl Strehlow was trained as a missionary in Bavarian Neuendettelsau in 1887, aged only 17. He arrived in Australia on May 30, 1892. In 1894, after having been originally sent to the Bethesda Mission near Lake Ayre in South Australia to convert the Dieri people to Christianity, the Reverend Carl Strehlow took over the responsibility for Hermannsburg.

8 The word “desire” was not used in a positive way by T.G.H. Strehlow, in terms of university vocabulary, as it is now understood as a kind of poststructuralist category associated with the work of Kristeva.
Sociolinguistically Ted Strehlow learned to think in Arrernte. He did not have to imagine the Arrernte mind; he understood it as a daily experience of communication. His MA thesis, completed at the University of Adelaide in South Australia, is a comprehensive taxonomic grammar of the Arrernte language.

Or is it? Another way it could be described is as a fictional trans-historical grammatical colonisation of an invented language.

Broadly, the Arrernte language functions without abstract nouns. I could have said that it is lacking in abstract nouns, but that lack would only be in comparison with English, contextualised in terms of translation. So to say that would be an incorrect assessment. Arrernte functions well without them and has done so for perhaps tens of thousands of years. It does have some -- like day, night, summer, pain and sacred -- but they are few. Translation is predicated on equivalence and to be effective the equivalence must be as unequivocal as possible. If semiotics has taught us nothing else it has taught us that, though the relationship of equivalence may be arbitrary, the relationship itself must be clear and consistent.

In other words, if two people translated the same text both using another language with different equivalent words, it would be meaningless. It would be a code, not a translation. There must be at least a premise that the relationship between a word and its translated equivalent is unambiguous. In practice, this is often little more than a premise.

For instance, the Arrernte generic word *garra* means "all animals that walk on land and can be eaten". Therefore, a wren is a bird, but an emu is not. An emu is *garra*.

The English term "poultry" does not adequately capture this concept. To have unequivocal equivalence for these terms, English needs to invent a new category of understanding. It does not tend to do that. It converts the other language system to an "English" way of thinking.

For Ted Strehlow’s father, Carl Strehlow, this Arrernte abstract noun anomaly was more than just a grammatical quandary, because he set himself the task of translating the Bible into Arrernte. And, clearly, the Bible is full of abstract nouns. According to Ted, Arrernte is easily as sophisticated as English: "Arrernte knows no distinction of gender" (Strehlow, 1932: 4) nor does it have any irregular verbs. "In its single-type declensions and its lack of gender-distinctions, Arrernte may be regarded as an 'ultra-modern tongue' compared with any present-day European language." (Strehlow, 1932: 4).

In terms of declensions, only six words, the five personal pronouns and "who", are declined in English, but we tend to use them a lot. Arrernte uses them not at all. "Today there are not even any specifically masculine or feminine terminations left in Arrernte, such as -ess in English (as in duchess, lioness)." (Strehlow 1932: 4)
English has 283 irregular verbs. For example, "strive". The past participle of which is "striven" yet the past tense is "strove" and the future perfect progressive is "will have been striving". As for gender distinctions, we are still struggling with "chairperson" and the use of the default masculine personal pronoun when the context is not gender specific. Arrernte solved these problems many centuries ago through the principle of analogy.

In historical linguistics, the term analogy is used in connection with the tendency for irregular verbs to become regular. (Chalker & Weiner, 230).

It tends to be a slow process, replete with reversals, as illustrated by the term "computer mouses".

However, Carl Strehlow considered that, what he saw as a paucity of abstraction, was a hindrance in terms of an Arrernte understanding of God's Word. Luckily for Carl, Arrernte has yet another sophisticated grammatical function: the ability to internally "translate" verbs into nouns. In English the process is called "nominalisation" and is considered a fault. For instance, "evaluate" is preferred to "perform an evaluation". Although to produce a gerund like "barrelling" from "barrel" may be seen as a useful literary construction. However, it is considered a correct procedure in Arrernte. Let me give you an example of how it can be manipulated.

First take the word *tjalka*, which means "flesh". Next *erama*, which means "to become". Put them together and you form *tjalkerama*, which means "to become flesh". Hence, that new word becomes a useful translation of the abstract noun "incarnation". This is exactly what Carl Strehlow did over and over again in his translation work. Now this could be considered an elegant solution of a textual problem or, as I prefer to see it, a neologistical appropriation of an entire grammatical category. A fiction. The language, at every level, from its earliest structural elements, was fictionally reinterpreted as it was simultaneously made dependent on, and only understandable through, English syntax. In short, it was a fictional, transhistorical grammatical colonisation. Shakespeare was a significant neologist, inventing over 1700 now common words with everything from academe to zany, but never on this scale. It was not just the Arrernte grammar that was colonised, it was also the Arrernte imagination. Creating non-existent abstract nouns and then inserting them into a language is not translation, it is usurpation at one extreme and fictionalisation at the other extreme. But it is even beyond that. Carl Strehlow created his own deeply Anglicised version of Arrernte. According to Benedict Anderson, the sharing of a common language makes the "first national imaginings possible" (197). So to create another Arrernte language makes it possible to create an alternative imagined community to accompany the new version of the language. "Few things," Anderson says, "seem as historically deep-rooted as languages, for which no dated origins can be given" (196). Carl Strehlow traded on that, and opened a space of authority in which he could
imagine the Arrernte as he and his son pleased. The existing Arrernte imagination was usurped by fictional Western imaginings of a German flavour. For Carl Strehlow, they were a people being welcomed into Christianity. For T.G.H. Strehlow, there was a shadow of that, but, for him, there had been a golden time for the Arrernte culture that could not be regained and he was determined to gather and preserve as much as he could of what was left.

However, Ted Strehlow had not just invented an imaginary Arrernte community, he had invented an imagined epoch, peopled with imaginary personalities.

Stephen Muecke, deriving his work in part from Edward Said’s concept of Orientalism, has used the term "Aboriginalism". That is, just as the West imagined the Orient and within it the Oriental, so too people like Carl and T. G. H. Strehlow imagined the Arrernte Aborigine.

Muecke also states that "[r]acism is constructed in discourse through grammatical selections and the use of metaphor". (33). Carl and Ted created the personalities that they were comfortable with, then projected that image onto the Aboriginal people with whom they came in contact. Together, they imagined an Arrernte people that was unassailed by any other model. They created, supported and documented their collective imaginary Arrernte. But imaginations are image-constructions of the mind allied with persistence of vision. It was their imagined Arrernte and there was no alternative for them. It was, as Anne-Marie Willis describes it in Illusions of Identity, "a collective social imaginary" (101) or, in another way, could be modelled in the proposed dialogic novel of Mikhail Bakhtin, because it is "constructed not as the whole of a single consciousness, absorbing other consciousnesses as objects into itself, but as a whole formed by the interaction of several consciousnesses, none of which entirely becomes an object for the other".

When eventually I managed to obtain a copy of C. Strehlow’s work, a one-volume edition of the seven instalments published between 1907 and 1920 [Die Aranda und Luritja], I read it enthusiastically. I was then convinced that it would be useful to my colleagues at Finke River Mission. With this in mind I began an idiomatic translation, using an up-dated orthography based on the Grammar of the great Arrarnta scholar, Prof. T.G.H. Strehlow, and one which is now in use by Finke River Mission and forms the basis of literacy for nearly all Arrarnta speakers of Central Australia.


We get a richer understanding of the process if we think of that text that was created in terms of Roland Barthes' understanding of the text.

It was Barthes, who reminded us in *The Death of the Author* that text "...consists not of a line of words, releasing a single 'theological' meaning (a communication from the Author/God), but of a multidimensional space in which are married and contested several writings, none of which is original: the text is a fabric of quotations, resulting from a thousand sources of cultures".

It was not, at first, the same imagined world for Ted Strehlow, though he later quickly and unhesitatingly adopted his father's techniques for manipulation of language through translation. Just as his Arrernte playmates had been, he was once terrified of the "spectre shapes of the *iliaka njemba*" the "legendary grim emu-shaped phantoms that stalked over the sandhill wastes and devoured children" (1969: 88). He learned to understand a world without alien abstract nouns. He learned to think and imagine in Arrernte before he learned to use the syntax of an invading force, of which he was simultaneously a part of and apart from. Benedict Anderson has given us the very useful idea of "imagined communities", which has been taken up by many. Jon Stratton and Ien Ang talked about "imagined multicultural communities" and Philip Batty has taken to "imagining nations within nations". These are extrapolated macro forms of Anderson's idea.

But we must remember that imagined communities, of whatever form, are made up, like all communities, of individuals. In this case, imagined individuals make up imagined communities and those individuals have imagined personalities and speak with imagined grammar. Ted continued his father's work using the techniques that his father had taught him. He took the invented language of an imagined Aboriginal culture and with it created a great work of poetic fiction called *Songs of Central Australia*.

There is a shared Arrernte consciousness -- based on cultural homogeneity, shared values, ideals, songs and what Western civilisation refers to as "myths" or "songs" (but Arrernte civilisation calls Dreamtime, without any mythological connotation). Ted Strehlow shared that Arrernte cultural consciousness before he participated fully in his father's shared cultural values, literary techniques and philosophical linguistic perspective that he applied to translation. Like a fiction writer, Ted Strehlow inhabited the mind of another through his imagination.

From an early age, Ted Strehlow had fluency in both Arrernte languages: the Arrernte he learned from his childhood (which itself is split into five main forms\(^\text{10}\) -- colloquial, formal, two sacred versions and archaic) and the Arrernte language newly-coined by his father. The former largely unalloyed and the latter colonised by English. Ted's polyglot mind functioned simultaneously with two conflicting versions of the same language.

Ultimately, T.G.H. Strehlow speaks, and "writes back", with a hybrid diasporic/colonial voice that belongs simultaneously to both cultures and neither.

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10 There is also a comprehensive Arrernte sign language as well as specific sub languages used for specific relationships, such as when a man is talking to his mother in law or between two men initiated together.
His texts are in a genre of their own, in a lonely space between those two cultures, both threatened and threatening, where the imagined ideal Aranda and the living-flesh Arrernte collide. It is there that he and his father have created a language that both informs and obscures the history of the Arrernte. The complete expression of this understanding was *Songs of Central Australia*, published in 1970 and accepted as a satisfactory text for the awarding of a Doctor of Letters from the University of Adelaide in 1975. In 1949\(^{11}\), Ted had taken the same, though nascent, manuscript which he referred to as his "Chants" text, to England, with the hope of convincing J.R. Firth\(^{12}\), from the University of London, and Raymond Firth\(^{13}\), from the London School of Economics, that its production was worthy of a doctorate. They did not agree. Instead, they recommended he complete further study in anthropology and linguistics.

My English visit has so far been an utter failure. Raymond Firth has not yet read through my Chant MS Part III nor J.R Firth through my Chant MS Pts I and II. They have had them for many months but all they want is to tell me about their methods of tackling linguistics and social anthropology of the functional type, they don’t want to read anything I have written or help me with my work. (Strehlow, London Diary)

However, if they had realised that it was not an anthropological or linguistic treatise but was instead a long poetic novel with a thread of academic argumentation in a language that he and his father had created, they might have treated it differently. In many ways, T.G.H. Strehlow was a writer ahead of his time.

THE STREHLOW ARCHIVE

Before Central Australia was invaded by white colonists, the landscape was peopled by many nations of Aboriginal people, including Arrernte, Alywarre, Anmatyerre, Kaytetye, Kukatja, Pintupi, Luritja, Ngaatjatjarra, Ngaanyatjarra, Yankunytjatjara and Pitjantjatjara.

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\(^{11}\) Strehlow was a student at London University in 1950 and 1951.

\(^{12}\) Linguist Rupert Firth (1890-1960), or J.R. Firth, developed linguistic theory, which was influential in Britain from about 1930 to 1960.

\(^{13}\) Anthropologist Sir Raymond Firth (1901-2002), who was in the Anthropology Department of Sydney University for three years, facilitated Strehlow’s period of study in London.
In a news commentary talk in the 1950s, T. Strehlow stated: “The Aboriginal population of Australia is estimated to have numbered about 300,000 at the coming of the First Fleet to Sydney Harbour in 1788. This population was scattered over the whole of the continent, and geographical barriers, together with long isolation, had produced a great diversity of languages. The Australian natives at that time were divided into some five hundred to six hundred named tribes, each of which possessed its own language or distinct dialect.” Hence, The Arrernte people, on whom much of this narrative depends, can be represented in terms of ten specific language groups.

The groups, illustrated by T. Strehlow’s map contained at the back of Songs of Central Australia, are: Northern Arrernte, Upper Southern Arrernte, Lower Southern Arrernte, Central Arrernte, Eastern Arrernte (north), Eastern Arrernte (south), Western Arrernte, Aljauwara, Anmatjera and Kaitijja. All of these language groups share a commonality that allows them to be classified using the contemporary anthropological term Arandic.

When discussing collecting, on a radio program, T. Strehlow said: “There was no such thing as a single Aranda language. Since the people who called themselves the Aranda had never been unified into a single tribal unit, only a number of very different Aranda dialects existed; and a Western Aranda man, for instance, could not understand the speech of an Eastern or Lower Southern Aranda man.” And this was the polyglot reality experienced by John McDouall Stuart as he blazed a trail of exploration across Central Australia in 1862.

In 1877 the Lutheran Church established a mission, which was also operated as a remote cattle station, about 180 kilometres west of Alice Springs named Hermannsburg after the Hermannsburg Mission Society near Hannover in Germany. By 1891 the missionaries had abandoned it, returning dispirited, broken men to Germany.

Born in a small North German village at Fredersdorf, Kreis Angermünde, December 23, 1871, C. Strehlow was trained as a missionary in Bavarian Neuendettelsau in 1887, aged only 17. He arrived in Australia on May 30, 1892. In 1894, after having been originally sent to the Bethesda Mission near Lake Ayre in South Australia to convert the Dieri people to Christianity, the Reverend C. Strehlow took over the responsibility for Hermannsburg. C. Strehlow was engaged to Friederike (Frieda) Johanna Henriette Keysser in 1893. She sailed from Germany in 1895, and they were married at Point Pass in South Australia. From there they travelled to Hermannsburg. Frieda gave birth to five sons and a daughter. The firstborn was Friedrich, in 1897. The second was

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14 Mulvaney and White suggest a figure ‘of about 750,000 is a reasonable one’ for the Aboriginal population of Australia in 1788. See Mulvaney, D.J. and White, J. Peter (eds) 1987, Australians to 1788, Fairfax, Syme & Weldon: Sydney.


Martha, in 1899; followed by Rudolf 1900; Karl 1902; Hermann 1905 and their youngest son Theodor (also called Theo or Ted, and later, T.G.H.) was born in 1908.

In 1910 C. Strehlow took his family to Germany on furlough. July 21st, 1910 found the family in Adelaide, South Australia, where they boarded the ship Prinz Regent Luitpold that steamed to Fremantle, Colombo, Aden, Suez Canal, Port Said, Naples and Genoa, where they disembarked in August. From Genoa they travelled to Berlin by train. They stayed in Germany for most of the year, departing on November 7th 1911 on board the Königin Luise steaming from Genoa and arriving in Adelaide on December 8th. In March they travelled to Oodnadatta where they were met by three colleagues (Jacobus, Nathanael and Thomas). They all then travelled to Hermannsburg via Horseshoe Bend Station by horse and buggy. When C. Strehlow and Frieda returned to Hermannsburg, all but one of the children remained behind. The others had been fostered out to various family members throughout Germany. Only the youngest, Theo, returned to Australia with his parents. C. Strehlow never saw his other children again. Frieda was not to see them again until she returned to Germany in 1931.

C. Strehlow was a career missionary, but he is also remembered as the author of a significant anthropological treatise. In 1907 the first volume of Die Aranda – und Loritja-Stämme in Zentral-Australien [The Aranda and Loritja Tribes in Central Australia] was published. A year later the second volume was published. To complete the series, three more volumes in five parts were then published between 1910 and 1920 by the Frankfurt Museum, edited mainly by Moritz Von Leonhardi.

C. Strehlow was a gifted and conscientious amateur anthropologist and many of the anthropological artefacts that he collected were sold or donated to the Frankfurt Museum. The money that he made from the sales was used mainly to buy Christian religious artefacts to furnish the church at Hermannsburg in Central Australia. However, most of the artefacts that found their way to Europe were destroyed during the Allied bombing raids in World War II. C. Strehlow also wrote and published a Western Arrernte translation of the New Testament and co-translated the same text into Dieri along with many biblical teachings and hymns in both languages.

C. Strehlow died on October 20, 1922 at Horseshoe Bend station after a long and arduous journey attempting to reach Oodnadatta for medical treatment. T. Strehlow later recounted the journey in his semi-autobiographical novel Journey to Horseshoe Bend, published in 1969.

Theodor had been educated by his father until 1922. He received private, personal tuition and was steeped in “Greek, Roman and Norse mythology”17. He began to learn Latin when he was ten and Greek at twelve. After the death of his father he and his mother travelled to Tanunda in South Australia, where he continued his schooling. They both moved to Adelaide where he attended the

17 T.G.H. Strehlow. TV Talks. Interview, Channel 9, April 1961.
Immanuel College, a German school, completing his high school studies. Due mainly to his father’s personal tutoring, Theodor was able to sit for his Intermediate Certificate after one year of conventional schooling. He then went on to study literature at the University of Adelaide. In 1931 he graduated with a Bachelor of Arts, Honours degree in English Language and Literature. In 1938 he was awarded a Master of Arts degree. His thesis was titled *An Aranda Grammar*. He also gained a Doctorate of Letters from the University of Adelaide in 1975 for his work *Songs of Central Australia*.

Interestingly, T. Strehlow showed little interest in anthropology or ethnography at the start of his career as he revealed in a television interview, stating: “I was by no means enthusiastic about my Central Australian research project in 1932. I was a young Honours English Graduate with a strong classical background…in the older European literatures – Greek, Anglo-Saxon and Icelandic…It was the unexpected success of my first two years in the field which led me…eventually to devote all my energies to Aboriginal research.” However, enthusiastic or not, 1932 found him back in Central Australia as part of an expedition sponsored by the Board for Anthropological Research at the University of Adelaide where he continued his work in earnest: a work that was to forge his reputation in the heat of the Centre.

In 1935 he married his first wife Bertha James and they travelled to Central Australia. In early 1936 he was offered the position as the first Patrol Officer in Central Australia by the Federal Government. From November 1936 they were based at Jay Creek (near Alice Springs); for the first two years in tents, and then in their own home, which the Strehlows constructed themselves. During these years T. Strehlow and Bertha used Jay Creek as a base and travelled extensively throughout the region by camel. Shortly after the birth of their first son, Theodor, T. Strehlow was called up to military service. Joining the Army, he left Alice Springs in May 1942. They had two other children, Shirley, who was born in 1944, followed by John in 1946. When T. Strehlow was demobilised after the war he chose not to return to his role as a patrol officer, devoting himself instead to pursue a career in academia at the University of Adelaide, focussing on the Arrernte people of Central Australia. This decision may have been in part due to the favourable critical response he was given on the publication of six papers plus extensive corrigenda published in 1944 by *Oceania* as a monograph titled *Aranda Phonetics and Grammar*. This was followed in 1947 by *Aranda Traditions*, which further enhanced his reputation and was notable for its sophisticated and extensive understanding of the social, political and religious significance of the Aboriginal artefact known as *tjurunga*.

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In 1959, T. Strehlow’s linguistic expertise was used as part of the Defence at the High Court appeal of an Arrernte man, Max Stuart, who had been convicted of murder in South Australia, and sentenced to death.\footnote{See Inglis, K. 2002. The Stuart Case. Black Inc.: Melbourne.}

As well as having translated many Biblical texts and hymns into Arrernte, between 1964 and 1970 he published *Personal Monotemism in a Polytotemic Community* (1964), followed by *Culture, Social Structure and Environment* (1965), then the semi-autobiographical novel *Journey to Horseshoe Bend* (1969) and finally *Geography and the Totemic Landscape in Central Australia* (1970). These texts cemented his reputation and placed him at the forefront of Aboriginal linguistic studies within Australia. However, in 1971, after more than thirty years in preparation, T. Strehlow’s *Songs of Central Australia* was published, a study of Aboriginal ritual, myth and song that stunned readers with its scope, depth and revelation of Aboriginal custom, much of which was considered both secret and sacred. The book was withdrawn from sale shortly after it was released, due mainly to the revelation of so many sacred verses. Assisted by grants from the Social Science Research Council and the University of Adelaide, T. Strehlow made numerous and lengthy visits to Central Australia from 1946 onward. His final field trip was in 1974. In 1972 T. Strehlow divorced his wife Bertha and married his second wife, Kathleen Stuart.\footnote{Now Mrs Kathleen Strehlow M.A., and sometimes archived as Mrs. T. G. H. Strehlow.} In February 1973 their son Carl was born.

The politics and adverse publicity surrounding the T. Strehlow Collection intensified in the mid- to late-1970s, particularly when a number of photographs of secret Arrernte ceremonies were published in popular magazines both in Australia and overseas.

In 1978 a Trust called the Strehlow Research Foundation was established in Adelaide by the Strehlows (T. Strehlow and K. Strehlow) for the preservation of the great amount of material he had collected and for the continuation of his work. T. Strehlow collapsed only four hours before its official launch, dying in the arms of Justice Michael Kirby.\footnote{For the first public documentation of Justice Kirby’s account of Strehlow’s death, see *Mr Strehlow’s Films* directed by Hart Cohen (2000).}

In 1985 the Northern Territory Government acquired the Strehlow Collection and in 1988 the Strehlow Research Centre Act was assented to by the Legislative Assembly of the Northern Territory.

The Strehlow Research Centre opened in Alice Springs, Central Australia in 1991. The Strehlow Collection consists of 1,200 men’s sacred ceremonial objects and their documentation, including four-and-a-half thousand Aboriginal song verses and accompanying stories; 26 hours (or 16 kilometres) of 16mm movie film of over 800 ceremonial acts; 150 hours of sound recordings of stories and songs; 8,000 still photographs and colour transparency slides of scenes, ceremonies and
Indigenous people; 44 Field Diaries, five Office Diaries, three ‘London’ Diaries and nine Personal Diaries; 150 genealogies; Aboriginal site maps, both Carl and T. Strehlow’s professional and personal correspondence (approximately 10,000 letters); dictionary material, turn-of-the-century wordlists and vocabularies to more recent compilations; and drafts of published and unpublished writings (including Carl’s and Frieda’s personal notebooks).

Most of the material in the Strehlow Collection is uncatalogued and unindexed. The major body of this thesis, *Endangered by Desire*, depends on the content of the multiple drafts of *Songs of Central Australia*, which reside in the Strehlow Research Centre's private research library.

**THE ALLURE OF THE ARCHIVE**

But what of the essence of the archive or collection? T. Strehlow's original biographer, Ward McNally is quite clear on the subject and equates the collection with the life of the man who collected it.

“He [T. Strehlow] was the first white man to take an intelligent and sympathetic interest in the culture and social structure of Aboriginal life.” (McNally 1981, p.154)

For irreverent travel writer Bill Bryson, the Strehlow archive is a collection of irrelevant trivia. Irrelevant because it cannot be accessed and therefore he seems to consider it unnecessary even to take the time to name it correctly.

“From the Desert Park, I went to the Strehlow Aboriginal Research Centre. This was a quietly boring display concerning a man born on the Hermannsburg Mission, an Aboriginal reserve outside Alice, who devoted his life to studying Aborigines. He collected a huge stock of spiritual artifacts, but because they are sacred and not allowed to be seen by the uninitiated, they cannot be put on display.” (Bryson 2000, p.273)

Understandably, Barry Hill, T. Strehlow's most recent biographer, approaches the allure of the collection from a more textual perspective. For him, more sophisticated perhaps than Bryson, but equally predicated on an insistence on access, there is a desire to reveal the hidden.

“In the years when that access [to the Strehlow archive] was denied, and when principles of liberal scholarship needed affirming somewhat, I had the invaluable support of John Mulvaney, Hugh Stretton, Ken Inglis, Hilary McPhee, Tom Shapcott, Peter McPhee and Kate Darian-Smith.” (Hill 2002, p.xvi)
However, in the past, access to the Strehlow archive had been even more difficult. Anthropologist John Morton could not even approach it, let alone reveal anything, before the collection settled, along with the dust, in Central Australia.

“Unfortunately, Strehlow never achieved his stated aim [to work out the symbolism and concepts in Aboriginal songs], and we cannot even be sure how much of his collection of songs, myths and so on he managed to translate before his death, since those documents 'accumulating now for future research' are locked away beyond the prying eyes of most of the anthropological community.”

(Morton 1985, p.24)

And yet Kathleen Strehlow's understanding of it, in an undated publication on the usage of the Collection within the budding archive of an unestablished Foundation, was clear and unequivocal.

“Centres derived from the Foundation would be centres of excellence, of learning, of hard work and dedication, not just concerns to fit popular and ephemeral images of what people popularly (and incorrectly) imagine Aboriginal culture to be, or vested interests.” (T. Strehlow cited in Heaton 1985, p.11)

And there were also those commentators who straddled the interstitial time when the collection hovered between Kathleen Strehlow's ownership and the NT Government's custodianship. Few attempted it and fewer were chosen by Kathleen Strehlow. One who succeeded was Bruce Chatwin who referred to the collection in wholly abstract terms.

“Later, as a university graduate, he [T. Strehlow] returned to 'his people' and, for over thirty years, patiently recorded in notebooks, on tape, and on film the songs and ceremonies of the passing order.” (Chatwin 1987, p.69)

However, British travel writer Bruce Chatwin's biographer, Nicholas Shakespeare, revealed with alacrity the secret of the secretive meeting about the secret collection.

“On 28 January, Bruce arrived at Kath's chaotic house in the Prospect suburb of Adelaide. She showed him the specially built cabinet which housed the artefacts willed by Strehlow for her safekeeping.” (Shakespeare 1999, p.409)

And Shakespeare adds the following mystical evocation of guilt, mystery and timelessness.
“Kath Strehlow's cabinet was a Pandora's box of untended ancestral voices.” (Ibid, p.410)

Untended though the box may have been, it was, at that time, untendered by Kathleen Strehlow as well, but not for long. The Collection was acquired by the Northern Territory Government and housed in the Strehlow Research Centre in 1988.

But as it was passing from one place to another, John Morton echoed McNally's original understanding, but in a more articulate voice in an often quoted text in The Politics of the Secret.

“As the perfectly positioned anthropologist with an impeccable Aboriginal background, he was to be 'the last of the Aranda' – the last responsible young man to be entrusted with the secrets of the very foundation of the Central Australian Aboriginal lifeworld…the sole guardian of their secrets.” (Morton 1995, p.56)

“In place of Father Time he found The Mother, simultaneously embodied in Kathleen, his collection, his work and the very principle of life itself.” (Ibid, p.64)

My own experience of the archive began in 1997 when I accompanied Hart Cohen to Central Australia to discuss with the Centre’s director, David Hugo, the possibility of writing this thesis as well as the making of a short film about the Strehlow Research Centre. The following notes date from those first three days spent at the archive.

“DAY 1 – Thursday
Meeting (started approximately 1pm): David Hugo, Chris Torlach [library technician], Hart Cohen and Shane Hersey.
Introductions were made. Mrs Torlach and Mr Hersey went to the boardroom where originals of Strehlow’s textual materials were made available for study. Note: the textual works of Carl Strehlow and T.G.H. Strehlow are rare and/or sacred and/or secret. Extremely limited access is allowed by the Strehlow Centre. This first phase was to gauge which materials would be needed for further research. The material looked at included:
Songs of Central Australia, Chapter 10 (various drafts over a period of 30 years).
Aranda dictionary (compiled by C. Strehlow and, later, T.G.H. Strehlow).
T.G.H. Strehlow’s field diaries, various dates.
Bibliography of all known works of T.G.H. Strehlow compiled by Mrs Torlach.
Mr Hugo and Dr Cohen continued their discussion, which included reference to filmmaker Ian Dunlop. Research terminated at 5pm when centre was closed for the day.

DAY 2 – Friday
Meeting (from about 10am): Mr Hugo and Dr Cohen. Corrections were made and broad themes were discussed related to the report generated by Dr Cohen for UWS. Both also worked directly with the film material in regard to the above. Mrs Torlach supplied the same or similar materials to Mr Hersey to continue his research. Research ended at 5pm.

DAY 3 – Saturday
Meeting (from about 10am): Though the Centre’s administrative function is officially closed on this day, Mr Hugo attended the meeting to discuss in detail with Dr Cohen the specifically secular film within the archive and the possibility of a film or films being made by Dr Cohen. This topic had not been raised with anyone else since a short promotional film was made when the Centre opened a decade ago. From noon until about 2pm Mr Hersey was included in the discussion and his relationship with the Centre concerning his PhD was raised. Mr Hugo said that the response from the Centre was positive and that a short, formal letter should be composed and sent to the Centre to confirm this research relationship.

On leaving the Centre, Dr Cohen and Mr Hersey visited respected historian Dick Kimber who said he was willing to support both projects.²²

I was to spend almost four years delving into the archive’s secrets, revealing some of those aspects (when appropriate) and, perhaps most significantly, privately screening and cataloguing all of T. Strehlow’s collected filmic material, as part of a project organised by the University of Western Sydney, headed by Dr Hart Cohen.

During that time I assisted other scholars, as The Strehlow Research Centre Research Officer; pursued my own research for this thesis, with unrestricted access; and, towards the end of my time there, engaged in numerous secret/sacred negotiations on behalf of Arrernte men, as Acting Director of the Strehlow Centre.

It was a fascinating time during which I developed a deep respect for the Arrernte men and their traditions.

However, returning to the question posed at the beginning of this section, perhaps the allure of the archive begins to be understood through knowledge of the most significant texts written by T. Strehlow, all of which the archive contains.

T. STREHLOW'S MOST SIGNIFICANT TEXTS

Aranda Traditions (1947)

Originally written in 1934 following a two-year field trip, *Aranda Traditions* was published as a book in 1947. T. Strehlow gave the reason for the delayed publication as honouring a promise to his Aboriginal informants that he would not publish the information that he had been given while the Arrernte men were still alive.

He begins with knowledge entrusted to him by Gura, the bandicoot leader of Ilbalinjja. In this section he reveals that the Arrernte people are a collection of groups. He stops short of saying that they are independent, but he does stress the diversity within Arrernte culture. He then discusses the Arrernte concepts of spiritual conception and reincarnation; the complexities of the Aboriginal artefact tjurunga, totemic ancestors and the concept of the totemic landscape, which, in 1970, he expands upon in *Geography and the Totemic Landscape in Central Australia*. In the second part of the text he compares and contrasts the differences and relationships between patrilineal and matrilineal ceremonial regimes and how they function within Northern, Western and Southern Arrernte. Part three is a thorough description of the place and function of tjurunga ownership in traditional Arrernte customary law, including a list of the various entities to which the tjurunga is associated; the role of the conception site; the relationship between a man's conception site, his initiatory stages and ownership of the artefact; and finally an exhaustive explanation of the various rules and regulations related to it.

The book also contains an appendix that details class relations of the Arrernte, specifically the eight-class kin-group system. A map in a pocket at the back of the text shows traditional Arrernte territory within and around the McDonnell and Hart ranges near Alice Springs.

Journey to Horseshoe Bend (1969)

*Journey to Horseshoe Bend* is the only published novel written by the Australian academic and ethnographic filmmaker T. Strehlow. It documents the last journey of his father, C. Strehlow, which ended at a Central Australia hotel at a place on the Finke River called Horseshoe Bend.

The text weaves Arrernte Dreamtime legends with the thoughts and observations of a fourteen-year-old boy. It also gives rare insight into the workings of the Australian Lutheran Church in the early part of this century and records the harsh conditions encountered by the “bush folk” of the cattle stations in the centre of Australia at a time when there was only one car in the territory.
It is a story of love, courage, faith and despair that, at times, parallels Christ's journey to the cross.

C. Streloch, a Lutheran missionary at Hermannsburg, had become gravely ill with dropsy and attempts were made to transport him by buggy to the railhead at Oodnadatta and then on by train to Adelaide and medical relief. The party, which included Carl's wife Frieda, their son Theodor, the schoolteacher Heinrich, and Arrernte friends Hesekiel, Jakobus and Titus, set off on in two buggies on Tuesday 10 October 1922. Using an upholstered chair that was wired to the buggy, he began the sombre journey from Ntarea (Hermannsburg). Twelve miles later the first day's trip ended, such were the conditions of travel in the Northern Territory in the 1920s.

Woven into the narrative are stories of the Dreamtime ancestors as well as the cattle stations and the people who established them. As he continues the narrative of the journey, T. Streloch relates the story of the Fish Ancestors of Iljinmlatinjaka, closely followed by an encounter with cattle-station owner Alf Butler at Henbury station. The semi-autobiographical novel then vacillates between T. Streloch's Arrernte consciousness of the land and his European understanding of landscape as property. However, it is a deeper and older strand of history present in the Aboriginal stories that most colours the accounts of the country through which the party travels.

Alf Butler, manager of Henbury Station, offers to take the knocked-up horses and hook up his donkeys, known for their ability to traverse sand, for the 55-mile leg to Idracowra Station. This selfless attitude towards helping others is played out again and again by every other “whitefella” they meet along the way.

"Then the whip cracked, the horses began to move, and the buggy climbed to the southern river bank. After that it turned east and hit the wagon road to Irkngalitnama. Jakobus as usual followed on with the loose horses.” (Strehlow 1969, p.71)

Simultaneously respecting the lived Dreamtime reality of the Arrernte and the Lutheran ideals of Christianity, the young “Theo” Streloch, accompanied by the local *ntapinja* fish ancestress Palupaltjura, enters the boundary of Idracowra station six days after leaving Ntarea.

However, Pastor C. Streloch “was clearly approaching the end of his physical strength. On leaving Henbury he had still been hopeful of reaching at least the Overland Telegraph Line at Horseshoe Bend. But the fifty-five-mile journey from Henbury to Idracowra had shattered even his iron will. Travelling through the Britannia Sandhills had been for him one long nightmare.” (Ibid, p.104)

After the difficult passage through the Britannia Sandhills, the travellers bed down in their swags in the dry riverbed of the Finke.

At this stage, C. Streloch begins to review his life as he faces the reality of not surviving the trip to Oodnadatta. It is also this section that parallels Christ's life.
and there is an unmistakable relationship between Christ's agonising death nailed to a cross and the pastor's equally agonising “journey” strapped to his chair. Again, the code of mateship comes into play and Allen Breaden, boss of Idracowra station, sends a couple of his stockmen to Horseshoe Bend station with a letter telling owner Gus Elliot to send the car on to Idracowra as soon as it gets to “The Bend”.

Everyone knew that it had become a race to reach the doctor because Carl's “body had been wasting away for weeks, as was becoming painfully apparent from the hollowness of his cheeks and the strange new bony appearance of his once strong and heavy hands. Loss of appetite, lack of sleep, a grossly swollen lower body, and his never-ending struggle against pain, had reduced him to a state of near helplessness” (Ibid, p.120).

At 6pm on Tuesday, the seventeenth day of October, 1922 a cloud of dust and a clatter of hooves heralds the arrival of Mrs Gus Elliot from Horseshoe Bend after a non-stop, seven-hour ride at breakneck speed. The news is not good, though. The car coming up from Oodnadatta, broke down in the Stevenson crossing north of the Alberga on Sunday morning. But after a quick cup of tea and a snack, Mrs Elliot organises a night trip through the scrub guided only by kerosene lanterns so as to avoid the scorching heat of the day. The plan is to get Carl to Horseshoe Bend, which has a phone, so that he can get medical advice from a doctor at Oodnadatta.

The following morning Theo and his Arrernte companions follow the wheel troughs of the first buggy surrounded by the myth of the two Ntjikantja brothers who turned themselves into *ilbaralea* snakes. For Theo, the story is written on the landscape around him.

“From time to time Theo would ask how much further the station was, and Njitiaka would bark out gruffly in pidgin English that it was ‘close up now-little bit long way yet’.” (Ibid, p.142)

Finally the travellers arrived at Horseshoe Bend at 10.30pm, weary and hungry, having not stopped for a meal. Theo found that his father's condition had deteriorated further. He learned that the doctor from Maree, who was staying at the Oodnadatta hostel, had been contacted several times, but his efforts were ineffectual.

The following day dawned on a community steeped in denial and hopelessness. Carl was dying. Everyone seemed to be aware of it except his wife Frieda. After a long day of both meetings and whispered conversations, an oppressively hot, sleepless night seemed to drain Carl of his last scintilla of strength.

“Friday was a relatively calm day, with only occasional slight northerly gusts. By two o'clock in the afternoon the thermometer was registering a hundred and ten degrees in the shade of the veranda, and the galvanised iron sheets of
Late in the afternoon, with Frieda by his side, Carl “suddenly gave a gasp, followed by a deep sigh” and slumped lifeless in his chair. (Ibid, p.180)

The journey to Horseshoe Bend was a life-shaping one for young T. Strehlow, but it was also to shape his future understanding of the significance and meaning of the land to Aboriginal people and may have been the catalyst for his long and conscientious involvement with the heritage and history of the Arrernte people of Central Australia.

Songs of Central Australia (1971)

Written between 1946 and 1953, it is T. Strehlow’s most widely regarded work and the culmination of his anthropological work related to the Arrernte (Aranda or Arunta) people of the Alice Springs region. In this work T. Strehlow records the patrilineal chants or songs of the Arrernte men’s ritual and places them into a wider context of totemic cultural understanding.

The text is formed of three main sections: the first part considers the musical qualities of Central Australia sung verse with an exploration of the qualities of song and an argument that the texts are most like songs, for a Western understanding of their form, even though they fit into a non-relatable taxonomic category of understanding to the non-Arrernte mind.

In short, T. Strehlow argues that the traditional oral ceremonial texts of Arrernte men’s tradition are most like songs, although he does at one stage compare them also with skaldic23 verse.

Part two analyses poetic devices, structures and language elements, while the last part details the translations of the sacred song texts, with further information on social, religious and magical contexts.

Other published books by T. Strehlow include:
   A comprehensive monograph on Arrernte languages that established his reputation as a conscientious and accurate scholar of Aboriginal languages.
   Using Albert Namatjira’s life as an example, T. Strehlow discusses the major problems associated with the then official policy of assimilation in this text of about 16,000 words that was originally delivered as a lecture at the Ninth Summer

23 An ancient Scandinavian poetic form.
School organised by the Adult Education Department at the University of Adelaide on January 20, 1960.


Primarily consisting of an essay of about 10,000 words dealing with an area of scholarship for which T. Strehlow had limited understanding. It deals with art history, specifically the Hermannsburg School of Arrernte artists, the most notable of whom was Albert Namatjira. T. Strehlow discusses specific artistic aspects of the movement from a position that his friend, a white artist named Rex Battarbee, was its principal motivator. The book contains 17 colour plates of which 11 depict paintings by Battarbee; two by Albert Namatjira; and one each by Enos Namatjira, Ewald Namatjira, Otto Pareroultja and Edwin Pareroultja. The book also contains a text of about 2,000 words by Battarbee titled Why I Paint in Central Australia.

T. Strehlow also wrote the following published pamphlets and introductions or chapters:


I have examined the historical background to T. Strehlow’s life and work, including brief summaries of his most important publications. T. Strehlow had a complex upbringing within an Arrernte community, following the loss of his
siblings through a form of approved parental abandonment in Germany. He was then tutored by his father, C. Strehlow, until 1922, when his father died at Horseshoe Bend Station. Theo then travelled to Adelaide with his mother to continue his schooling. T. Strehlow Returned to Central Australia in the early 1930s and began a career using, preserving and interpreting Arrernte men's culture, until his death in 1978. T. Strehlow's lifetime of work on the subject of Arrernte men's culture was acquired by the Northern Territory Government in 1985 and is housed at the Strehlow Research Centre, Alice Springs. It was T. Strehlow's close, cosseted relationship with his father and the influence of his father's work, allied with his own literary desires that had important implications for his translations of Arrernte men's traditional ceremonial song cycles, which I will explore further in Part Three.
Part 1

INTRODUCTION

This thesis intends to show some of the personal and linguistic complexity of a unique individual: Theodore George Henry Strehlow, also known as T.G.H. Strehlow. He was a man of many parts: an ethnographic filmmaker, a salvage anthropologist, a linguist, a grammarian and a translator. He was unique, because his upbringing, interests, imagination and career were unparalleled. If a life is coloured by experiences, T. Strehlow enjoyed a particoloured existence.

He was born at Hermannsburg in Central Australia. His father was Carl Strehlow, a Lutheran minister, and he had three mothers: one biological mother, Freida, and two surrogate mothers, or nannies, Christina and Margaret, both of whom were Arrernte. He was constructed uniquely in an Anglo-German and Arrernte way from birth, both culturally and linguistically.

Ostensibly, this thesis looks at one chapter of T. Strehlow’s *Songs of Central Australia*. The chapter consists of Arrernte love songs translated into English. Briefly, I am analysing the way that T. Strehlow translated the Arrernte language into English and comparing it with the way that he was translated by Arrernte, language and culture, specifically in relation to the construction of romantic love. Broadly, I am interested in the communication and miscommunication within translations.

Horseshoe Bend is a cattle station situated on the banks of the Finke River, about a week, by camel, from Alice Springs. The Arrernte people call the area Par’Itirka. These days it takes about four or five hours by 4WD vehicle to get there from Alice. In the 1920s it was owned by Gus Elliot and was famous, throughout the Northern Territory at least, for the Horseshoe Bend Hotel which stood beside the homestead on a bend of the Finke River shaped liked a horseshoe. The hotel was a timber structure with wide verandas. Its roof and walls were covered with corrugated iron and the interior walls and ceilings were lined with pressed tin. It had one of the few telephones in the region, which meant that the doctor at Oodnadatta could be called from there.

When the entourage reached Horseshoe Bend, less than a week after they had set out from Hermannsburg, the beloved pastor, C. Strehlow, died.

Following his father’s death, the young T. (Ted) Strehlow went south to Adelaide where he continued his education. In 1934, shortly after completing his Masters Degree, he bought a Bolex movie camera and returned to Central Australia where, as a self-proclaimed salvage anthropologist, he shot twenty two hours of
film over a period of 35 years, which has now been catalogued\textsuperscript{24}. He filmed his boyhood friends as adults, performing secret sacred ceremonies. He learned many of the Arrernte men’s songs, translating them into English. This thesis attempts to reveal the complexity of the ideas of a man who produced such a unique and enduring legacy. Though much may be revealed about the man, this thesis looks closely at his ideas, motivations and intended meanings.

Translation, as I hope to show in this thesis, may be a combination of fiction and chimera, just as it may be a combination of fact and veracity and that where the edges blur, meaning forms and reforms.

This is a thesis that also attempts to understand the processes of love through the loss of love. One part of it is the fictional autobiography, or more correctly, novel, left unpublished by a woman who occupied the interstitial twilight between two cultures. She is modelled on Elsie Butler, the daughter of Arrernte woman Molly Ereakura and the white man Alf Butler.

Elsie received her education at the Hermannsburg School and, also at Hermannsburg, was privately tutored in literature by Mrs Emil Munchenberg, who recognised Elsie’s significant textual skills from an early age. Elsie was classified as a “half-caste”. Her future should have been bleak, like all the other half-caste girls born in the Centre at that time. She should have had no choice. Others would have chosen her future from one of three options: to be sent south as a domestic, to give her favours freely to any white man who was interested in her, or marriage to an Aboriginal man. But none of those pregnant futures were to be Elsie’s. Elsie was good with words. She was saved by her textual skill, particularly because that skill was coveted by Mrs Munchenberg.

Central Australia was a social and intellectual desert for Mrs Munchenberg in the early years of the last century. She filled her life and her mind with romantic imaginings of the cities beyond Australia that she considered great. However, the only soirée that she could achieve in the swirling dust of Hermannsburg was to gather the kwiais, piccaninnies and niggers\textsuperscript{25} around her full skirts and teach them literature. All three terms were in common and constant use at the time.

Kwia is the least offensive to our modern ears. It means “girl” in Arrernte. Elsie Butler had by far the most talent of any kwia and that is what saved her. It would be easy to dismiss her novel as a plagiarised pastiche of a romance genre popular at the time, which descends into near incoherent translation, but it is much more than that. It is a record of an author’s struggle to express the feelings felt in one culture through the words, grammar and syntax of another culture.

In some respects it is just one of the many failed textual forms that litter the history of literature, most of which disappear with little more than a whimper, used to light some long forgotten fire or line the walls of a wattle and daub

\textsuperscript{24} Funded through an Australian Research Council Linkage Grant, UWS ethnographic filmmaker and film analyst Dr Hart Cohen has compiled a comprehensive catalogue of the films of T.G.H. Strehlow.

\textsuperscript{25} This term was commonly used at the time and did not have the connotations that its use would have today. It is used only to give an understanding of the social and ideological processes of the time.
humpy. Yet in other respects it is a triumph, if only for one thing. It textually inhabits the colonising syntax that attempted, without success, to make her Arrernte voice permanently inchoate. However, this is not an attempt to usurp a woman’s voice. The authorial voices in the novel are not male. They are women’s voices: one speaks through content and the other through syntax.
FUNCTIONAL COINCIDENCE

“In the case of functional coincidence, whatever influences him provides the artist with elements which permit the development and strengthening of the function.” (Tynjanov 1978, p.72)

When the Russian Formalists approached Saussure's understanding of the sign they did so more with naive simplicity than inductive or deductive scientific reasoning, though it appeared so to them.

“In our studies we value a theory only as a working hypothesis to help us discover and interpret facts; that is, we determine the validity of the facts and use them as the material of our research.” (Eichenbaum, cited in Lemon & Reis p.102)

Eventually, the Russians hit an epistemological brick wall. Their “working hypothesis” was flawed. Terry Eagleton describes their working hypotheses, or methodology, as eschewing the quasi-mystical approach of the past.

“A militant, polemical group of critics, they rejected the quasi-mystical symbolist doctrines which had influenced literary criticism before them, and in a practical, scientific spirit shifted attention to the material reality of the literary text itself. Criticism should dissociate art from mystery and concern itself with how literary texts actually worked: literature was not pseudo-religion or psychology or sociology but a particular organization of language.” (Eagleton, 1993 p.2)

In Aristotelian terms, they became entangled in a petitio principii of quixotic dimension. They regarded the major premise of Ferdinand Saussure's understanding of the sign as the real ground of the truth of their conclusion. Tynjanov recognised this flaw but was helpless within his circumscribed methodology to do anything more than hint at its complexity.

“It is therefore necessary to re-examine one of the most complex problems of literary evolution, the problem of “influence”. There are deep psychological and personal influences which are not reflected on the literary level at

26 The most notable members of the group known as the Russian Formalists were Osip Brik, Boris Eichenbaum, Roman Jakobson, Viktor Shklovsky, Boris Tomashevsky and Yury Tynanov.
27 A logical fallacy, also known as “begging the question” where the conclusion's veracity is assumed by the premise or premises.
all...There are influences which modify and deform literature without having any evolutionary significance...” (Tynjanov 1978, p.72)

Within the two-dimensional synchronic/diachronic\(^{28}\) structure inherited from Saussurian linguistics, Tynjanov was at a loss to describe the workings of apparent coincidence in literature through a Formalist analysis. He was intrigued, yet nonplussed, by connections of signs that seemed to have no interconnecting relationship with shared or similar historical signifiers\(^{29}\), yet the signified was identical.

“The South American tribes created the myth of Prometheus without the influence of classical mythology. These facts point to a convergence or coincidence.” (Ibid).

Though the Russian Formalists’ “working hypothesis” explicitly rejected psychological and personal influences, Tynjanov recognised that those elements could not be ignored when analysing the effect of “influence” related to literature. This was the problem that he posed, but he could not reason his way out of it, simply because a solution was impossible from within the Formalist framework. However, he did give a name to this anomaly.

“In the case of functional coincidence, whatever influences him provides the artists with elements which permit the development and strengthening of the function.” (Ibid).

By naming it (functional coincidence) within a question, the question contains its own answer, opaque though it was for Tynjanov. Similarly, Saussure intuited a resonant relationship that formed a trinity not a duality.

“For the principal conceptual instrument of Saussurian linguistics was, as we recall, the sign, the originality of which was to have distinguished not two, but three elements in the process of speech: not only the word and its referent in the real world, but also, within the individual word or sign, a relationship between the signifier (or acoustic image) and the signified (or concept).” (Jameson 1972, p.105)

\(^{28}\) Saussure makes a distinction between synchronic, or static, linguistics and diachronic, which he referred to as evolutionary linguistics. That is, one is a study at a particular point in time and the other is more historical.

\(^{29}\) A signifier is the complete sign (in this case a word), while the signified is its concept. A sign is the coming together of a concept and its sound-image. An act that is always arbitrary. Relations between these signs can be either syntagmatic (sequential) or associative (indeterminate order).
Even within a binary system there can be an element that constantly deforms, or mutates, the relationship within the function.

Part of the problem, for Tynjanov, was that Formalists did not historicize texts. Without historical perspective, that is, understanding that Saussure was trapped within a mode of thinking predicated on binary opposites, it was impossible to fit the signified “coincidence” into his “working hypothesis”. Tynjanov was attempting to fit the proverbial square peg into a round hole. Coincidence does not obey the tenets of Saussurian linguistics, nor does it allow itself to be submitted to Formalist analysis. In coincidence, the act is arbitrary not the sign. There is duality within the act. It is not ruled by conventional logic. But is it really a sign? Is it, perhaps, a signifier without a signified? If it is, it cannot be a sign. If it is not a sign, it must be something else, something different. A sign is, ultimately, a two-dimensional object. Saussure has described it as a piece of paper with the signifier on one side and the signified on the other. This synchronic mindset, even with an apparent movement supplied by a diachronic codicil, is still a static state. Understanding the sign as a temporal, three-dimensional object necessitates understanding another dimension. For example, coincidence has another dimension. Coincidence is, like all signifiers, pointing to another signifier, but that signifier, to which it points, is the confluence of two signifiers occupying the same space and time. It is possible to follow the tracks, in terms of syntagm, of those two signifiers, but it is impossible to pursue the signifier (made up of those two signifiers) any further — either syntagmatically or paradigmatically. Or, in other words, synchronically and diachronically, respectively. The signifier coincidence points (without being an index) to two events that only have meaning because they are known to be (apparently) unrelated. If meaning is assigned to coincidence it becomes an omen and contains something of the referent. It becomes iconic. Before it reaches that state it exists in another state, simultaneously related and unrelated.

When a state of apparent coincidental functional contingency is created it can have powerful, real world effects of significant, lasting dimensions. In other
words, coincidence can create another diachronic function as it is acting simultaneously as a diachronic function.

At an early stage of his translation work, C. Strehlow made a pivotal decision that formed contingency within the Arrernte language.

It is my intention to argue that the linguistic action perpetrated by C. Strehlow, T. Strehlow’s father, about twenty years before T. Strehlow seriously engaged on his own linguistic endeavours, may not, in itself, have had any real, immediate contingency within the diachronic structure of Arrernte language translation, because an event must have contingency as well as functional coincidence to have relevance as an enduring act, but that it did have a significant effect.

However, it was T. Strehlow who gave his father’s linguistic action (the construction of abstract nouns through nominalization) that contingency and the functional coincidence of the continuation of this linguistic action through T. Strehlow’s own translations from Arrernte to English then became extremely relevant in relation to the Arrernte language.

Causality is not a prerequisite of coincidence. The myth of Prometheus is only causally linked between South America and classical mythology because of a desire for causality on the part of the reader, or analyst, and not necessarily through any other link than that. It has no more causal relationship than the apparent image of a perceived face in a cloud.

The main point here is that literary functional coincidence can and does exist, and that it can have real and enduring effects. I suggest that an example of it was manifest in the Western desert in Australia over a period of some decades, the exact moment of which was a time when T. Strehlow adopted his father C. Strehlow’s linguistic process of translation. This act created a unity of correlative multiplicity that echoes within Arrernte culture to this day.

This single act of functional coincidence had a profound effect on the lexical hierarchy of the Arrernte language.

Grammars are lexical hierarchies, in which an attempt is made to overlay an ordered structure upon a pre-existing structure, language, which is, by its nature, constantly changing.

“A lexical hierarchy is a graded series of lexemes in which each item holds a particular rank, being ‘higher’ or ‘lower’ than adjacent items. The sequence *corporal-sergeant-lieutenant* is part of one such hierarchy. The relationship between *corporal* and *sergeant* is not one of synonymy (they are not the same in meaning), nor antonymy (they are not opposites), nor hyponymy (*a corporal* is not a kind of *sergeant*, or vice versa). It is really one of incompatibility, but of a rather special kind: the relationship between *corporal* and *sergeant* is not like that

35 Prometheus allegedly stole a flame, either from Hephaistos’s workshop or from the hearth of the gods on Mount Olympus. In retaliation, Zeus promised to create evil, which did not exist before that time.
between clarinet and oboe. Sergeant is ‘higher’ than corporal, whereas neither of the instruments can be said to outrank the other.” (Crystal 1995, p.168)

Lexical hierarchies often employ an element of translation. For example, a midshipman in the British Navy is an ensign in the US Navy. As well, some hierarchies, such as grammar, also can represent levels of abstraction.

“To demonstrate the order which controls this complexity, all grammars work with the idea of ‘levels’ of organization. A ‘level’ is a way of recognizing the fact that a sentence is not a linear string of items. Rather, items are grouped together into units, which then work as a whole in relation to other units.” (Crystal, 1995, p.217)

In essence, a grammar is a form of translation, in that it attempts to translate a language that is inherently rhizomatic and transform it into a stable, understandable hierarchical form within another medium. This is particularly so when a written grammar is overlaid on a language that was conceived as functioning with only one medium36, an oral component, such as Arrernte.

A living language often resists or ignores its grammatical bindings. A contemporary example within the English language is the term “whom”.

“Who is the nominative (subjective) case, whom is accusative (objective) and whose is genitive (possessive). Who and whom are reserved for persons (i.e. that should not be used for people: e.g. “men who” not “men that”). (Clark 1990, p.437)

Examples of how that is usurping who and whom can be seen regularly in contemporary texts. One only needs to pick up today’s newspaper to find them. Written by professionals, most of whom are well aware of the applicable rules, it cannot be said that these authors are ignorant or illiterate. Neither is it an isolated misunderstanding. Rather, it can be seen as a cultural shift with profound ramifications. The term whom delineates between mankind and other animals. The terms who and whom refer to humans, whereas that refers to all other animals. To make no distinction between animals is to include humans equally within the animal paradigm. Through language, it appears, humans are cognitively amalgamating with the rest of the animal kingdom. That statement itself (animal

36 Traditionally, Arrernte has a subsidiary medium of expression in the form of a sign language (See C. Strehlow, 1991) but, for the purposes of this analysis, Arrernte sign language is considered in relation to spoken Arrernte as Signed English is in relation to the English language. That is, it is independent of the structure of the English language and, like American Sign Language, its “…principles do not depend on the sounds, grammar, or vocabulary of English”. (Crystal 1995, p.435)
kingdom) embeds a gendered hierarchical relationship in much the same way that 

*who* embeds a species-specific hierarchical relationship in comparison with *that*.

In other words, simple grammatical changes suggest profound cultural effects. 

And a simple grammatical change within the Arrernte language, instigated by C. Strehlow and “coincidentally” continued by his son, T. Strehlow, has had just 
such profound cultural effects.

To put it simply, it was a coincidence that T. Strehlow embarked on the 
translations of Arrernte that culminated in *Songs of Central Australia*. He had 
planned altogether another path for himself. When studying at Adelaide 
University as an undergraduate, his interest was the Classics. As David Moore 
points out, it was one of his teachers who steered him towards linguistics.

“Strehlow initially studied Classics at Adelaide University under Sir Archibald 
Strong in 1928. It was after Strong’s death in 1930 that he appears to have 
changed course to the study of Philology and English Literature.” (Moore 
2003, p.19)

He may not have even been fluent in Arrernte at the time, which adds weight to 
the proposition that he was not planning to emulate his father. At the time, he 
was merely a polyglot with a working knowledge of an Indigenous language.

“It seems probable that Strehlow’s earlier knowledge of the Arrernte language 
was partial and incomplete and that most of his language acquisition would 
have occurred during his field work in Central Australia after 1932. In addition 
his initial language learning would have occurred through the mission at 
Hermannsburg and would have been more likely to have been influenced by 
European pronunciations and grammatical constructions than his fieldwork.” 
(Moore 2003, p.14)

It was another coincidence, a functional coincidence, that T. Strehlow should 
adopt his father’s methodology in terms of translating Arrernte when he began 
his fieldwork, facilitated by the university, in 1932. But, before addressing C. 
Strehlow’s methodology in detail, it is necessary to have some understanding of 
the history of both Strehlows, the father and the son.
And identity is funny being yourself is funny as you are never yourself to yourself except as you remember yourself and then of course you do not believe yourself. That is really the trouble with an autobiography you do not of course you do not really believe yourself why should you, you know so well so very well that it is not yourself, it could not be yourself, it could not be yourself because you cannot remember right and if you do remember right it does not sound right and of course it does not sound right because it does not sound right and of course it does not sound right because it is not right. You are of course never yourself. Well anyway I did tell all about myself.

Gertrude Stein (Everybody's Autobiography, p183)

— A white man in a strange country normally rejoices at the mention of the place where he was born; the native more often grieves when reference is made to his conception-site.
It is not unfitting then, that 'jakal' should be the interjection chosen to denote this kind of joy which is, both outwardly and inwardly, mingled with sincere sorrow. The use of the interjection of deepest sorrow and pain to denote the highest and truest joy of which the native is capable, is typical of a language whose term for consuming love is the verb 'erererama', — “to long forever and with all faculties for that which has been lost”.

T. Strehlow (Unpublished Masters thesis An Aranda Grammar, final paragraph)

UNITED IN GRAMMAR: STEIN AND STREHLOW WITHIN A POSTMODERN CONTEXT

Gertrude Stein and T. Strehlow had much in common. They were both writers who achieved fame through their respective textual endeavours. Both worked long and hard on their texts with limited recognition for their work within their respective lifetimes. They both wrote defining autobiographical texts that sublimated their personal thoughts through another: Stein through her partner Alice Toklas in The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas and T. Strehlow through his father, C. Strehlow, in Journey to Horseshoe Bend. But they were first and foremost
punctilious grammarians, who both spent considerable time honing their words into correct grammatical structures. Stein’s work was conventional in content and unconventional in form, while T. Strehlow’s work was the reverse. That is, unconventional in content, dealing often with secret sacred Indigenous knowledge, and conventional in form, using either academic or literary narrative forms.

T. Strehlow’s unpublished master’s thesis was called *An Aranda Grammar* and Stein displayed a playful way with grammar throughout her written texts. Much of her playfulness has only recently been recognised and lauded. On the other hand, T. Strehlow was most respected for his opus *Songs of Central Australia*, a massive rendering of Arrernte poetic conventions as understood by T. Strehlow, who had learnt Arrernte as a child. However, his *An Aranda Grammar* is a poetic and revealing text that shows a love of formal structure that goes beyond a love of literature. Technically, Arrernte has no grammar, just as it has no spelling, because it was originally an oral language without any pictographic rendering of any kind. Grammar can be considered as simply a structure placed over a living language that seeks to contain it. Another way to consider grammar is as a subtext that may reveal everything, which is the way that Stein often rendered it.

In the paragraph quoted at the beginning of this part, Stein tells us “all about” herself in a meticulously accurate grammatical fashion. In the second quotation T. Strehlow tells us the same about his own self.

However, let us first consider Stein, understood obliquely through the work of the Spanish painter Pablo Picasso.

Begun in the winter of 1905 and finished in the spring of the following year, Picasso’s portrait of Gertrude Stein marked the end of modernism, long before the horror of the atomic explosion at Hiroshima, as suggested by architect/philosopher Peter Eisenman, because mankind was stunned by its ferocity against itself. Eisenman states that the bombing of Hiroshima turned the utopian philosophies of Modernism into a dystopian nightmare, as humanity “…could no longer derive his identity from a belief in a heroic purpose and future.”

Picasso was also stunned by mankind’s ferocity, a horror expressed through *Les Demoiselles D’Avignon* and perfectly realised in *Guernica*.

“This was the first time that Picasso had allowed the expressive power of form to trespass on normal appearances, and it opened the way for his startling

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37 While Stein stated, “I am a grammarian.” (Stein 1975, p105), T. Strehlow’s earliest, formative success was achieved through his detailed analysis of Arrernte grammar while an undergraduate at Adelaide University.

38 Another of Strehlow’s works, published as an extensive corrigenda in 1944 by Oceania, was a monograph titled *Aranda Phonetics and Grammar*.


40 This painting referred to a massacre in the Basque capital of Guernica during the Spanish Civil War. Guernica was bombed for three consecutive hours, resulting in the deaths of 1700 people.
attack on the propriety of appearance in the painting, *Les Demoiselles D'Avignon*, which he began soon after." (Rowan 1986, p12)

The atomic bombing of Japan was an obvious metaphorical point of division between the modern and the postmodern, but eras and epochs rarely have a clear-cut beginning or ending, as Historian/philosopher Michel Foucault has shown, through his concept of the episteme41.

“Gertrude Stein liked her portrait. To those who protested at her mask-like features, Picasso replied, ‘everybody thinks that she is not at all like her portrait but never mind, in the end she will manage to look just like it’.” (Rowan 1986, p12)

But this was not a traditional portrait. It was an iconic representation, grounded in cubist thought, which came to be regarded as the true representation of its subject, in the form of a simulacrum.

Cubism was not a critique of linear perspective, the other great shift in our understanding of reality that Giotto transfigured during the renaissance; it was a glimpse of the palimpsest quality of the production of the postmodern simulacrum. It was not a traditional portrait. It represented a prescient understanding grounded in innovation and predicated on insight.

But Picasso was not the only artist interested in innovation. When a United States superfortress bomber named *The Great Artiste* dropped a black object from its belly over the city of Nagasaki at 12:01 in 1945 it created a postscript to Hiroshima's warrant that negated the Enlightenment premise. That is, that reason through education inevitably leads to enlightenment.

Literally, however, it did lead to a perverted form of enlightenment. As a firestorm engulfed the many timber and paper houses of the city, the intensity of light illumined the end of modernity as a philosophical concept of enlightenment through educational diligence. Though teaching still exists, it can never regain that naive quality it once had. The idea of truth as some fundamental, transcendentally signifying concept perished along with most of the populace of Nagasaki.

It was the final, conclusive argument for the tenaciously obtuse members of society.

Though on a purely abstract level, it was also a horrific metaphor. The beginning of the decline of modernism began when Picasso erased the face on the portrait of Gertrude Stein.

41 In *The Order of Things: an Archaeology of the Human Sciences*, Michel Foucault uses an “archaeological” method to analyse discourse. Through this method, Foucault proposes that it is possible to discover discontinuities in the conditions of human knowledge, otherwise known as “epistemes”. When this “epistemic” space is made visible, Foucault suggests that it reveals past knowledge. He further states that these epistemes can traverse great distances in time and human understanding and that their boundaries are not always clearly defined.
“After some ‘eighty or ninety sittings’, with Fernande Olivier reading aloud to keep Stein amused, Picasso abruptly painted over the face.” (Rowan 1986, p12)

This was the beginning of the shift, in Foucauldian terms, of the episteme that marked the transition from modern to postmodern.

“I can't see you any longer when I look,” he said irritably, and went home to Spain for the summer holidays. His frustration puzzled Stein, who recalled that the artist had achieved a remarkable likeness before scrubbing out the face.” (Ibid)

On the surface, Picasso's action can be read as that of a petulant artist obsessed with perfection. But there was more to it than that, much more. By erasing the face, he questioned the temporal relationship of the mimetic figure through history. We can only speculate on what he thought about while on holiday in Spain. It is quite likely that he thought about the specular, about mimesis and the figure in art. When he returned to Paris he quickly finished the portrait.

“But Picasso went beyond his self-appointed teacher [Cezanne] in his treatment of Gertrude Stein's face. Without consulting her appearance again, he reconstructed Stein's physiognomy in smooth planes and strong, simple features, even borrowing some conventions – such as the heavy-lidded, almost lozenge-shaped, eyes – from the archaic Iberian sculpture he had seen exhibited at the Louvre.” (Ibid)

Most art critics seem to connect this treatment of her face with his interest in “archaic” forms. It is an easy, obvious connection for critics to make, requiring little further thought. But it is to underestimate Picasso. To paraphrase Brecht, Picasso was more interested in progressing than being progressive. He had no need to copy other eras' artworks unless it served his purpose. He didn't need to use a model.

“My brother once was bothered because Picasso never had and never had had a model to look at and it worried finally worried my brother...He [Picasso] said what do I want to look at them for, I know what they look like so much that looking is not necessary, and if I do not then looking does not tell anything.” (Stein 1985, p19)

If Picasso did not need to look, because, as he said, looking did not tell anything, what was he looking at when he painted Gertrude Stein? Perhaps, instead of looking at her as a model to be painted, he was going through a process of
mentally deconstructing his subject, Gertrude Stein, a matter to which we will return later on. Let us pause for a time during this Foucauldian-like archaeological dig for truth to consider what we are looking at, for we are looking at Stein and she has left something of herself that may be studied. It is as if we have in front of us a partially excavated site. We have a specimen of her writing, more fugitive than real, more concept than fossil (but textual fossil all the same), which we can take back to the laboratory. There we will painstakingly clean away the detritus that clings to it. We will begin with a shard of Stein’s text to see if it is, as Jameson suggests, “...a virtual grab bag...of disjoined subsystems...” (Jameson 1991, p31)

“And identity is funny being yourself is funny as you are never yourself to yourself except as you remember yourself and then of course you do not believe yourself.”

If we did not know that Stein was a grammarian this sentence could be considered in Jameson’s terms above. At first, it seems disjoined, both inchoate and chaotic. It is obvious with this that we cannot, as the King of Hearts said to the White Rabbit in *Alice in Wonderland*:

> “Begin at the beginning and go on till you come to the end: then stop.”
> (Carroll, 2004)

Can we? Or can we not? It begins ungrammatically, or at least unadvisedly. It signals itself as a disjoined sub system by beginning with *And*. And beginning a sentence with *and* is not grammatical. Stein eschewed the use of commas, dashes and punctuation marks. Normally, they join by disjoining. Stein disjoins by joining the text by not using them. Let's jump to the end of this textual fragment.

> “Well anyway I did tell all about myself.”

Did she? Who is herself? Stein constructs herself in being and doing but not in the way I am forced to write it down, that is, as two elements. For Stein, they are the same. To be *and* to do are simultaneous actions.

> “And here I am almost all alone in really completely loving repeating, loving it that each one all his living is repeating all his being.” (Stein 1962, p601)

For Stein, living is doing is doing the living of being a genius and:

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42 See B.A. Phythian’s interpretation in *A Concise Dictionary of Correct English*: ”The old rule that one should not begin a sentence with ‘And’ is worth observing, though it is not so much a rule as a piece of advice.”
“It takes a lot of time to be a genius, you have to sit around so much doing nothing really doing nothing.” (Stein 1985, p.55)

However, by writing *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* she effaced her genius as surely as Picasso erased her face in the portrait. Yet, just as Picasso repainted the face, her face, as a copy of that which had never existed, Stein rewrote her genius in *Everybody’s Autobiography*.

“*Everybody's Autobiography* is a reassertion of entity over identity, of the consciousness of the writer over personality. It takes back autonomy and resumes a crucial unself-consciousness unwittingly surrendered in *The Autobiography*. It is in its way an apology for that book, a kind of no fault mea culpa for abandoning the duties of genius in the quest for acceptance.” (Hobhouse 1985, p.XVII)

However, the statement before the last quotation is a contradictory statement. Picasso glimpsed the palimpsest quality of the production of the postmodern simulacrum through his action of erasure, whereas Stein reconstituted the face of genius through her action. It appears Stein created a copy for which an original existed. Picasso created a simulacrum. That is, a copy for which *no* original existed, but was hers a more “progressing” step than his was?

We must now take a long discussion to consider French sociologist Jean Baudrillard before returning to deconstruct Stein.

The influential Jewish scholar and philosopher Walter Benjamin’s point in *The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction* that the precession of reproduction to authenticity involves an inability to access the authenticity of the past beomes a catalytic insight for Baudrillard’s concept of hyperreality.

“...one can question indefinitely the degree, the rate of reality of which continues to be shown. It's something else which is taking place: circuits are functioning. They can nourish themselves with anything, they can devour anything and, as Benjamin said of the work of art, you can never really go back to the source, you can never interrogate an event, a character, a discourse about its degree of original reality. That's what I call hyperreality. Fundamentally, it's a domain where you can no longer interrogate the reality or unreality, the truth or falsity of something. We walk around in a sphere, a megasphere where things no

43 “The authenticity of a thing is the essence of all that is transmissible from its beginning, ranging from its substantive duration to its testimony to the history which it has experienced. Since the historical testimony rests on the authenticity, the former, too, is jeopardized by reproduction when substantive duration ceases to matter. And what is really jeopardized when the historical testimony is affected is the authority of the object.” “The Work of Art in the Age of Mechanical Reproduction” can be found in Benjamin's collection of essays *Illuminations*. 1967 Hannah Arendt, ed. Harry Zohn, trans. Shocken, New York. Pp.217-52. (This quote p.220)
longer have a reality principle. Rather a communication principle, a mediatising principle.” (Baudrillard 1988, p.8)

Baudrillard's philosophy is essentially an exponential appreciation of Canadian media philosopher Marshall McLuhan's causally-based, temporal view of progression through technological innovation with an emphasis on communication.
In *The Evil Demon of Images*, Baudrillard plays the academic game of guess the next “ism”.

Briefly, Baudrillard's logic is this: modernism valued authenticity over reproduction. Within postmodernism the reproduction is accelerating to overtake the authentic to the point where reproduction is known before authenticity. The reproduction, in the form of a simulation, becomes indistinguishable from and a component of the authentic, or reality. He concludes by saying that the real, or authentic, becomes a simulacrum. In short, Baudrillard tries to argue his simulacrum of argument into existence as reality.

But Stein was there before him, analogous but different. Academic Anne Finegan argues that Stein used the verb “to be” in *Paris France* in the predicative sense “to predicate the state of existence of things in the world”. (Finegan 1994, p.3)

“When Stein takes an adjective form and predicates it into the state of a noun, she is taking a subjective impression of a country, and predicating it through the verb into an expression of the state of the world”. (Ibid)

Finegan argues that Stein is turning subjective impression into fact. C. Strehlow achieved the same thing, as will be discussed in Part Four of my thesis, *The Imagined Whites’ Savage*, when it will be shown that C. Strehlow similarly used a sophisticated grammatical function within Arrernte. That is, the ability to internally “translate” verbs into nouns. In English the process is called “nominalization” and is considered a fault. C. Strehlow predicated one verbal form into another and this technique was then internalised by both he and his Arrernte “students”. It was then further used by his son T. Strehlow, who also internalised the technique. However we will pick up this thread later and discuss it further then.

Baudrillard attempts (and fails) to do this feat through logic; Stein achieves it through form. Baudrillard fails because we cannot make the alatheic leap to accept reality as simulacrum.

Stein succeeds but she goes further. She incorporates herself, her reality within a wholeness where the simulacrum is identical with reality. Her simulation of herself recognises its reality in totality. Her reality in *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* is a simulacrum. Her reality in *Everybody's Autobiography* is a totality of self.

“Inside and outside and identity is a great bother.” (Stein, 1985, p.50)
A rose is a rose is a rose is inside is outside is identity. This is different from Baudrillard's view that reality becomes simulacrum. Making a temporal shift, in Stein's case, she constructed herself as a modernist writer with *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* to gain acceptance but simultaneously created within it herself as a counterfeit of herself, which accelerated past her authentic self in the public mind. By doing this she was simultaneously modern and postmodern. It was the genesis of her creation of herself beyond postmodernism. Picasso remained postmodernistic within modernism, though his act was possibly the beginning of the episteme of postmodernism.

**DECONSTRUCTING GERTRUDE STEIN**

To understand this shift we need to deconstruct Stein grammatically, but before doing that we need a little more background information about this complex incident and to relate T. Strehlow's grammatical and filmic contribution to the argument. Similar to Stein in many ways, the approach to T. Strehlow will be as the approach to Stein, obliquely, through the work of the ethnological filmmaker Robert Flaherty, with the support of a few of his contemporaries.

In 1884 Eadweard Muybridge began his photographic work *Animal Locomotion; an electro photographic investigation of consecutive phases of animal movements.* He finished his project on October 28, 1885, using naked children for his final sequences. *Child Running* is a sequence of 12 frames showing just that: a pale, Caucasian girl child running past two batteries of 12 cameras each, positioned at both ends of a long shed in Pennsylvania.

Four years earlier Muybridge was in England lecturing on his photographic series of horses in motion. In the audience was Alfred Tennyson, not yet a baron. Tennyson was honoured with a baronetcy in 1884, the same year Robert Flaherty was born.

Eleven years later Tennyson's collection of poems *Idylls of the King* was published. In it was a poem called *Balin and Balan*. Line 509 of that poem reads:

*Mere white truth in simple nakedness.*

Twenty five years after the English public read those words, pioneer filmmaker Robert J. Flaherty was standing on the shore of Port Harrison on the upper northeast Hudson Bay, surveying with his own eyes the white truth of an August landscape. After Flaherty had established his location headquarters he scheduled a pre-production meeting with his Inuit star and defacto assistant director, Alakarialak, who played the part of Nanook. Together they discussed the walrus
hunt sequence of a film that he was shooting called *Nanook of the North*. Flaherty began to establish his vision of reality.

“Suppose we go,” said I, do you know that you and your men may have to give up making a kill, if it interferes with my film? Will you remember that it is the picture of you hunting the iviuk [walrus] that I want and not their meat?”

“Yes, yes, the Aggie\(^{44}\) will come first,” earnestly he assured me.

“Not a man will stir, not a harpoon will be thrown until you give the sign. It is my word.” (Flaherty cited in Barsam 1988, p.17)

Alakarialak had given his word, an insistence of veracity, that Flaherty's construction of reality would remain paramount.

But how should we order these facts? We have already catalogued them (to some extent) temporally, but they in themselves do not bring us any closer to an understanding of what is “true” or “real”. Or do they? Perhaps they can show us, if only we can arrange them to form a recognisable pattern instead of thinking of them only as a linear, unrelated progression of events.

I think there is a pattern in these apparently disparate events. At first it is tantalising but ungraspable. We feel there is a pattern but if we try to think it through rationally its solidity melts into air, as Karl Marx once said of capitalism\(^ {45}\). There are other ways of approaching it though.

A more intuitive or lateral approach may be valuable at this time to attempt to draw together the elements in a recognisable form. A different taxonomy of thought is needed. Perhaps something like the way of thinking generated by the famous filmmaker Charles Chaplin is more appropriate.

“I neither believe nor disbelieve in anything. That which can be imagined is as much an approximation to truth as that which can be proved by mathematics. One cannot always approach truth through reason; it confines us to a geometric cast of thought that calls for logic and credibility.” (Chaplin 1964, p.287)

\(^{44}\) Aggie refers to a 35mm Akeley camera used by Flaherty to film *Nanook of the North*. “My equipment included 75,000 feet of film, a Haulberg electric light plant and projector and two Akeley cameras and a printing machine so that I could make prints of film as it was exposed and project the pictures on the screen so that thereby the Eskimo would be able to see and understand wherever mistakes were made.” Robert J. Flaherty, "How I Filmed Nanook of the North," *World's Work*, October 1922, pages 632-640.

\(^{45}\) “Constant revolutionizing of production, uninterrupted disturbance of all social conditions, everlasting uncertainty and agitation distinguish the bourgeois epoch from all earlier ones. All fixed, fast frozen relations, with their train of ancient and venerable prejudices and opinions, are swept away, all new-formed ones become antiquated before they can ossify. All that is solid melts into air, all that is holy is profaned, and man is at last compelled to face with sober senses his real condition of life and his relations with his kind.” (Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, *The Communist Manifesto*, 1848)
Truth, veracity and reality are paradigmatically the same, though some truths can change or mutate, depending on context.

Historians of film suggest that, at the beginning of cinematography, we witnessed a new form of reality, or at least, a nascent understanding that film could capture moments of constructed reality that we could then study and compare with our own lived reality. Discussing Andre Bazin’s text *Evolution of the Language of the Cinema*, David Bordwell succinctly explains Bazin’s understanding of the relationship between a concept of reality and cinema.

“Bazin argues for a suprapersonal dialectic through which cinema evolves toward an ever more faithful capturing of phenomenal reality.” (Bordwell, 1989, p.372)

Before the motion picture we were like children on the verge of French structuralist psychoanalyst Jacque Lacan’s Mirror Phase,46 aware of our image, but not aware of our relationship with our image. Once we collectively and socially understood that relationship, we understood a new form of reality. It was only after we saw ourselves in motion on a screen in a darkened hall that we could form a social understanding of “We” that was separate from phenomenal reality. Before that moment, reality was experienced as an accretion of instincts ambiguously imbued with Enlightenment sentiments and covered with a veneer of modernity. But it was not just the motion picture that was capable of achieving this new form of reality. Certain things had to happen in a certain way before we could comprehend it, though comprehension was inevitable. The prize of changing our social consciousness fell to Flaherty and the Inuit, through Alakarialak. The word Inuit translates into English as “we the people”. (Barnouw 1983, p.38)

Let us then return to the cold, ambitious Flaherty to add another piece to the puzzle, one that both obscures and illuminates.

On September 26, 1920 – while Picasso was creating Cubism in Paris – Flaherty wrote of the walrus hunt in his diary.

“It has been the day of days. Morning came clear and warm. Some twenty walrus lay sleeping on the rocks. Approached to within 100ft & filmed with telephoto lens. Nan stalking quarry with harpoon – within 20ft they rose in

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46 The most important observation of Lacan’s essay revolves around the behaviour of toddlers between the ages of 6 and 18 months. Lacan suggests that during this stage infants can recognize themselves reflected in a mirror. Lacan argues that, for the first time, the infant recognizes itself as a unified and separate individual. Before the child reaches this pivotal moment, s/he is unable to clearly separate itself in terms of 1 and Other. However, the infant first recognizes itself as a “penumbra” of its main nurturer, usually its mother.
alarm and tumbled towards the sea. Nan's harpoon landed but the quarry succeeded in reaching the water. Then commenced a battle royal – & Esk straining for their lives on the harpoon line at water's edge – this quarry like a huge fish floundering – churning in the sea – The remainder of the herd hovered around – their ‘Ok ok!’ resounding – one great bull even came into quarry & locked horns in attempt to rescue – I filmed and filmed and filmed – The men – calling to me to end the struggle by rifle – so fearful were they about being pulled into the sea.”

(Barnouw 1983, p.36)

In his later recollections, Flaherty admitted that he had deliberately ignored their pleas.

“Flaherty was a romantic -- a very persuasive romantic-- who convinced his subjects to recreate the world of their forefathers, often at considerable risk to themselves. Look at the scene of the walrus hunt again. The wounded beast nearly drags Nanook into the sea. If you look closely you can see Nanook looking over his shoulder back at the camera. What we don't hear is Nanook asking Flaherty to stop filming and shoot the walrus with his rifle. Flaherty pretended not to hear his request. He wanted to capture his image of Nanook. Flaherty writes in his diary that he wanted Nanook to know he was hunting film, not walruses.” (Freeman 2006)

What Alakarialak seemed to have understood, in the way that Chaplin described it, was that there is:

“...an irreversible tendency towards three things: an even greater formal and operational abstraction of elements and functions and their homogenization in a single virtual process of functionalization; the displacement of bodily movements and efforts into electric or electronic commands, and the miniaturization, in time and space, of processes whose real scene (though it is no longer a scene) is that of infinitesimal memory and the screen with which they are equipped.” (Baudrillard, 1983, p.129)

Alakarialak could conceive of his life as “a succession of instants” (Ibid) running at 24 frames per second. What have we then? A series of photographs of a child running, oblivious to the cameras; a poet's definition of reality; an Inuit's devotion to a recording device; and Picasso's Cubism.

But how do we order these things?

All these things can be dismissed as merely precursors of a new art form. Or they can be arranged contextually to reveal an episteme where a shift was made in writing, in the Derridean sense, made possible by a new grammar to define our representation of reality through the documentary film.
The new grammar was the language of film.

Flaherty had apparently mastered – unlike previous documentarists – the “grammar” of film, which he adapted from the work of D. W. Griffith. This evolution had not merely changed techniques; it had transformed the sensibilities of audiences. The ability to witness an episode from many angles and distances, seen in quick succession – a totally surrealistic privilege, unmatched in human experience – had become so much a part of film-viewing that it was unconsciously accepted as “natural”. (Barnouw 1983, p.39)

Film historian Erik Barnouw’s view is that society had learnt a new language – but that, in itself, does not explain an Inuit’s wholesale acceptance of something of which he had no understanding. Alakarialak had not seen a film, let alone learned its new “grammar”. It is a mistake to presume that the public’s enthusiastic acceptance of the motion picture in general and the documentary film in particular was a stage in the progression of the representation of reality that began with Neolithic cave paintings.

The issue of technology and its relationship to the shift from objectivist or immature pseudo-realist epistemological (that is, suggesting an unambiguous and direct understanding of reality) stances, is inextricably bound up in this debate. Briefly, that element of the debate, multidisciplinary in origin and understanding, begins in the 5th century BC with Protagoras’s radical relativistic statement that “Man is the measure of all things”, which is followed by René Descarte’s mind/body dichotomy then John Locke’s formulation of ideas as constructs populating a non-spatial cognitive environment and culminates in Kant’s understanding of external and internal phenomena (the latter neologised as noumena) to establish the foundations for modern epistemological discussion.

From the disciplines of linguistics and semiotics came the contribution of Charles Sanders Peirce’s concept of the phaneron, described as “…the collective total of all that is in any way or in any sense present to the mind, quite regardless of whether it corresponds to any real thing or not”. In 1916 Ferdinand de Saussure established semiotics as a framework for understanding the human mind in relation to language and meaning. In the 1940s Benjamin Whorf revealed that language and culture are intimately entwined. From the discipline of psychology emerged Ivan Petrovich Pavlov’s seminal understanding of conditioned reflex, which could be aligned with Jakob von Uexküll’s biological construct of umwelt, literally translated from the German as “environment” but understood as an

47 “In 1908, D.W. Griffith began his directing career. In the next five years, he was to make hundreds of one- and two-reelers (running about 15 and 30 minutes respectively). These films created relatively complex narratives in short spans. Griffith certainly was not the initiator of all the devices with which he has been credited, but he did give many techniques strong narrative motivation.” Bordwell, 2001, p.404).

48 Adirondack Lectures, CP 1.284, 1905
organism’s subjective universe, which highlighted the subject-oriented dependency of perception.
This complex web of interdependent, transtemporal influences came together in the 1940s with the birth of cybernetics through the work of Norbert Wiener, popularized through his book *Cybernetics, or Control and Communication in the Animal and Machine* (1948), it marked the beginning of an understanding that reality may be mediated by the machine, thus inverting the punctuation between thinking and making, or theory and practice. This thread of understanding culminates in an intersection with the work of Marshall McLuhan. McLuhan (1964) made a distinction between “cool” media, which is based on a form of active participation or “involvement in process” (p.31), and “hot” media, including print, which is a self-contained unit predicated on passive consumption. According to McLuhan, money, automobiles and weapons can be construed as media in the same way that books, cinema and radio are seen as forms of media because the former are extensions of the physical human body, and the latter, electronic media, is an extension of the human nervous system, particularly that related to cognitive understanding.
This process of understanding was continued by William Gibson, whose text *Neuromancer* (1984), established and conceptualised “cyberspace” while Donna Haraway, with her text *Cyborg Manifesto*, published in *The Socialist Review* in 1985, adopted the concept of the cyborg in terms of technologically enhanced embodiment of self. But, for the purposes of this analysis, it is perhaps more revealing if instead we consider it in Foucauldian terms as symptomatic of a deeper change, as a shift in our perception of reality, towards a movement that culminated in what may be called a postmodern reality.
In short, Flaherty’s documentary *Nanook of the North* was not a step towards the human species' ultimate representation of reality, a view prompted perhaps by our innate desire for causality. It marked a shift in our perception of reality and in doing so became our new reality.
It is not that the events described happened simultaneously, as obviously they did not. It is that each event was a simultaneous event, all of which combined to form another event, an episteme in Foucault's parlance. Together they caused a shift in our species' concept of reality. Just as this is a different way of thinking about these events, the events created a different way of thinking about reality.
With a new form of language, the grammar of film, internalised as part of our thinking, reality mutated to a new and different form.
Alakarialak’s statement that “the Aggie will come first” was a perfect example of Marx's dictum that capitalism is simultaneously the best and the worst thing that has ever happened to our species. Alakarialak grasped in a moment that he could maintain a record of his culture through Flaherty's motion picture as he simultaneously created a “false” record of it by allowing it to become a

simulacrum, a copy for which no “true” original existed. Flaherty invented an Inuit past according to his vision of it. It became a postmodern perception – or reality – of an ancient culture. For example, when an igloo proved too small for the camera equipment the igloo was enlarged to incorporate the equipment to film the interior of the “authentic” igloo.

Tennyson's line was a hybrid form, simultaneously modern and postmodern. It still held to the modernist view that we progress towards truth, needing only to strip away the veils that hide it from us. But it was also postmodernist in its understanding of some truth as merely a white, colonialist construction of capitalist reality. The running child signalled the future of cinematography as it simultaneously gave us a metaphor for the passing of the innocent, instinctual spontaneity of movement from another era of conceptual reality, the modernist reality, where movement led to conclusion.

Picasso was coming from an artist's perspective. He sensed, and could show, that a single event in the form of a painting could reveal simultaneity of events. Cubism was not a critique of linear perspective; it was a glimpse of the palimpsest quality of the production of the postmodern simulacrum. Flaherty erased the Inuit culture as he created an Inuit culture that had never really existed. Picasso did the same with the figure through his portrait of Gertrude Stein. The vision of Flaherty and that of Picasso had much in common. While artists intuited the future, critics looked to the past for solutions.

Film theorist Siegfried Kracauer favoured the causal view of film reality. That is, he saw a causal relationship between photography and cinematography; for him, it was just one more link in a chain of meaning.

The nature of photography survives in that of film. (Kracauer 1960, p.27)

For Kracauer, Nature (sic) was reality and the filmmaker was the social construction whose “creativity manifests itself in letting nature in and penetrating it”. (Ibid, p40).

This reference to the veil of truth is a trope as old as Plato and as recent as Grammatologist Jacques Derrida's essay on style, *Eperons/Spurs*. However, its antiquity does not guarantee its validity. Also, Kracauer's reference to penetration can be read as a phallocentric statement.

The premise of Kracauer's argument – that reality is a form of “white truth” – is itself a social construction. From one false premise he spins a web of syllogisms.
to excuse film's artifice as a necessity to reveal truth. His conclusion is that an artificial representation of reality is often more true to life than reality itself.

“Strangely enough, it is entirely possible that a staged real-life event evokes a stronger illusion of reality on the screen than would the original event if it had been captured directly by the camera.” (Kracauer 1960, p.35)

This Plato-derived, self-contradictory turnaround is mirrored in the theoretical work of film critic André Bazin. He uses the metaphor of a “natural” river's “equilibrium profile” (Bazin 1992, p.95) to further his similar causal argument. Interestingly, he draws on English language grammar, specifically the obscure frequentative tense, in relation to filmmaker Orson Welles' allegedly more accurate representation of reality from the use of a series of superimpositions contrasted with a scene presented in a single take. (Ibid, p.100). It is perhaps ironic because we are talking about an entirely different form of grammar, and it is similar to Kracauer's conclusion because it assumes that both causality and an inviolate truth (or reality) always already exist.

An example of frequentative tense is “wrestle” from “wrest”. What Bazin seems to be saying is that we get “cinematography” from “photography” and we derive “reality” from “Plato”. When the Las Vegas-like facades of their scholarly musings are removed we are still left with the somewhat convoluted conclusion that an artificial representation of reality creates a better illusion of reality than reality itself.

Film philosopher Rudolf Arnheim always talked of film in terms of allusion. It is not that Kracauer and Bazin independently came to the wrong conclusion, it is just that they both asked the wrong question. They asked: Is film an art that gives a true-to-life representation of reality? They should have asked the question (one that may well have flashed through Alakarialak's mind): Is film the new reality?

With no hesitation Alakarialak, perhaps the first postmodern Inuit, accepted the new reality of the simulacrum and replied: “Yes, yes, the Aggie will come first”. Now we can return to deconstruct Stein, grammatically.

“And identity is funny being yourself is funny as...”

Beginning with a word that is on the border of correct/incorrect grammatical usage, Stein predicates herself through the verb “to be” into the noun “funny”. She begins with a “struggle” that is continued throughout the text.

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51 However, in the second line of the same paragraph Phythian says of the correct usage of "And": "There are occasions when special emphasis may be added by ignoring the advice".

52 Gilles Deleuze says on page 98 of *A Thousand Plateaus*: "There has always been a struggle between the verb "etre" (to be) and the conjunction "et" (and)...It is only in appearance that these two terms are in accord and combine, for the first acts in language as a constant and forms the diatonic scale of language, while the second places everything in variation, constituting the lines of a generalized chromaticism". He goes on to
“...you are never yourself...”

Then she predicates her new funny self through the verb “to be” into the negatively adverbal pronoun “yourself”. Her public self is a negative self.

“...to yourself...”

Then compares her simulation of herself, her funny self, to her authentic writing self that existed prior to *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas*.

“...except as you remember yourself...”

Then affirmatively predicates herself through the verb “remember” into the pronoun “yourself”, which is still (grammatically) her authentic writing self, but as a trace (in the original Freudian, not the Derridean sense) in memory.

“...and then of course you do not believe yourself.”

Her totality of authentic self (you) cannot accept the alleged truth (believe) of her simulated public self (yourself). Though she may not appear to, Stein follows rigorously the rules of grammar. Curiouser and curioser (as another great grammarian most curiously said). We can begin at the beginning and end at the end. Having set up multiple selves she then refers to them in the correct

say that writers in American or British English have been more conscious of the "struggle" than the French. Gertrude Stein was bilingual.

53 A trace is left in our psychical apparatus of the perceptions which impinge upon it. This we may describe as a "memory-trace"; and to the function of relating to it we give the name "memory." If we are in earnest over our plan of attaching psychical processes to systems, memory-traces can only consist in permanent modifications of the elements of the systems. But, as has already been pointed out elsewhere, there are obvious difficulties involved in supposing that one and the same system can accurately retain modifications of its elements and yet remain perceptually open to the reception of fresh occasions for modification. In accordance, therefore, with the principle which governs our experiment, we shall distribute these two functions on to different systems. We shall suppose that a system in the very front of the apparatus receives the perceptual stimuli but retains no trace of them and thus has no memory, while behind it there lies a second system which transforms the momentary excitations of the first system into permanent traces. (Freud 1953, p.576)

54 It is because of différance that the movement of signification is possible only if each so-called present element, each element appearing on the scene of presence, is related to something other than itself, thereby keeping within itself the mark of the past element, and already letting itself be vitiated by the mark of its relation to the future element, this trace being related no less to what is called the future than to what is called the past, and constituting what is called the present by means of this very relation to what it is not: what it absolutely is not, not even a past or a future as a modified present. (Derrida 1973, p.13)

grammatical order. No question mark is needed midway through because it is rhetorical, while the split in the authentic “you” is shown grammatically rather than dramatically.

“...and then of course you do not believe yourself. That is really the trouble with an autobiography you do not of course you do not really believe yourself why should you, you know so well so very well that it is not yourself, it could not be yourself, it could not be yourself because...”

Then the authentic “you” predicated through “remember” is shown as split and becoming or being overtaken by the simulated popular public self, the first “yourself” she referred to.

“...you cannot remember right and if you do remember right it does not sound right...”

The three other selves are referred to in grammatical order, though it sounds to some like mere repetition.

“...and of course it does not sound right because it does not sound right and of course it does not sound right because it is not right.”

Stein could write a popular book but she wanted to write her true self as a popular book. With *The Autobiography of Alice B. Toklas* she wrote a popular book but it was a simulation of her authentic writing self. This caused a split in her authentic self that she had to heal by writing *Everybody’s Autobiography*, which was not a popular book but showed her authentic self again. When she wrote the following passage she was still split.

“You are of course never yourself.”

In this passage she explained to readers what she felt and who she was, although, as this last line suggests by its tone, she may have held little hope that it would be understood.

“Well anyway I did tell all about myself.”

Stein was both modern and postmodern but she went beyond both “isms” through a self-reflexive genesis that created a whole, inside/outside self from the

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56 On the subject of agreement, Phythian says: "As a simple general rule, words or groups of words that go together should be placed close together". He uses the subtle but humorous example, "As a boy, his mother had neglected him". Stein follows this rule in relation to her selves throughout this text, both individually and overall.
many selves grammatically revealed in this analysis. Stein was more than a modernist and she went beyond postmodernism, as we know it. She created herself as a true writing self through the coincidental collision of outside self and identity. 

And T. Strehlow was not that dissimilar. Whereas Stein defined herself through English Grammar, T. Strehlow defined himself through an invented Arrernte Grammar. And just as Alakarialak quickly responded to a massively changed cultural form, the Arrernte people allowed T. Strehlow to remake Arrernte in his own image. Nowhere is that more evident than in the words of Hans Oberscheidt who translated C. Strehlow's *Die Aranda und Luritja*. Oberscheidt makes no differentiation between the pre-contact Arrernte language and that which was invented by T. Strehlow, building on the linguistic work of his father (the italics are mine).

“With this in mind I began an idiomatic translation, using an updated orthography based on the grammar of the great Aranda scholar Prof. T.G.H. Strehlow, and one which is now in use by Finke River Mission and forms the basis of literacy for nearly all Aranda speakers of Central Australia.” (Oberscheidt 1991, Translator's Preface)

This point can be most easily illustrated by submitting T. Strehlow's authorial conclusion to the same analysis as that of Stein's. After remodelling the Arrernte language by continuing his father's innovative nominalization technique, he then forced Arrernte to conform to European grammatical norms when he wrote *Aranda Phonetics and Grammar* (1944).

“...he then forced Arrernte to conform to European grammatical norms when he wrote *Aranda Phonetics and Grammar* (1944).”

He then went on to define Arrernte poetics through a poetics of self that was based on his education, predispositions and literary biases, which was then published under the title *Songs of Central Australia*. And he went yet further by creating a filmic grammar, based on European theatrical sensibilities.

57 In the Oxford Miniguide to English Usage under "-s plural or singular" on page 291 it says: "Some nouns, though they have the plural ending -s, are nevertheless treated as singulars, taking singular verbs and pronouns referring back to them".

58 A quasi-linguistic term that is sometimes used when discussing film or television programs. The editing process in film and television can be separated into individual shots, points of view, transitions and individual scenes that may be compared with words, sentences, paragraphs and punctuation in traditional written texts. That is, the grammar of written language can be a model for the grammar of film, or filmic grammar. Due to their secret/sacred classification of ceremonies within Arrernte culture filmed by Strehlow, specific examples cannot be given to support this statement. However, it can be said that T.G.H.
“Strehlow’s filmwork, then, belongs to the tradition of largely unreconstructed, non-narrative filmmaking aligned to the work of Tindale and others in this country [Australia] and to Franz Boas overseas. This view is supported by a comparison of the approach to the films Strehlow and Boas both executed. Both filmed in the thirties and made significant records of ceremonial acts. They both took the view that the ritual acts were theatrical events and had them staged for the camera. Despite having somewhat mobile cameras at this point in time, the camera remains fixed on the tripod and the frame ‘locked off’. The indigenous people being filmed are ‘on-stage’ and acting for the camera.” (Cohen & Hersey 2004, p.180)

The cumulative effect was to forever define the major Arrernte men's cultural ceremonies as a palimpsest simulacrum of a culture that was all but destroyed by white cultural imperialism.

However, the Arrernte men who acted in these films perhaps also grasped that they could maintain a record of their culture, perhaps the only record, through T. Strehlow’s filmwork as he simultaneously created a “false” record of it by allowing it to become a simulacrum.

In Part Four I will outline the profound and enduring effect that C. Strehlow's academic and textual legacy had on his son, and show how T. Strehlow's textual philosophy was modelled on his father's foundations, which were held together by a mortar of the cultural views of Carl's contemporaries. I will further show, through a novel example, how insidious colonisation can be when the language itself of the colonised other becomes a prime conduit of successful and enduring colonisation.

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Strehlow used a “static” filming technique based primarily on one camera position and directed the performance to be in accordance with earlier observations by F.J. Gillen and Baldwin Spencer. Thus he created a filmic grammar of Arrernte customs in a similar way to that of his construction of a literary grammar of the Arrernte language. Both were forms of a type of translation from one culture to another.
Part 4

THE IMAGINED WHITES' SAVAGE

Friends, Romans, Countrymen lend me your ears.

(Julius Caesar, III.ii.73)

I have long admired this scrap of text that has become a metacliche, ruthlessly parodied, until, all but exhausted of meaning, it becomes a fixture in almost every literate Western imagination. It was of course said by Shakespeare, not by Mark Antony. And yet, in our imaginations, it is Antony who has “come to bury Caesar, not to praise him”.

In order to write these lines, Shakespeare needed to imagine a distant Rome, an angry crowd and the thoughts of a person who had to choose his words carefully. Plutarch imagined Mark Antony's mind first, then in 1579 Thomas North translated Parallel Lives, which in turn piqued Shakespeare to imagine Antony's mind. He did this not in a distant, abstract way, but rather, he attempted an intimate, personal fusion of palimpsest understanding. He may have even asked himself the question, “how could a person think like that?” Because to create an imaginary personality in fiction one must attempt to think as the fictional character thinks.

We are in a new millennium using an old invention, the written text, silently read. But I request that you use an ancient technique. I ask you now to use your imagination.

And that brings us to T. Strehlow and an appeal from me: colleagues, lend me your imaginations, because the argument that I ask you to consider depends on it.

Imagine that you are 14 years old. You were born at the Hermannsburg Mission in Central Australia, circa 1908. Imagine that your first language was Arrernte (one of a group of languages known as Arandic and spoken by about 4,500 speakers, which is relatively large compared with other Indigenous Australian languages), your second language was German, and then, you learned English and then some Latin and Greek. Imagine that you are leaving that place on a long journey for the first time. The day is Tuesday, the tenth of October, 1922.

59 This part of the thesis was adapted from a paper published as Thinking the Unthinkable: The Imaginary White Savage of T.G.H. Strehlow. It was originally presented at the Centre for Research Into Textual and Cultural Studies' Conference Comprising Postcolonialisms, Wollongong, Australia, 10-13 February, 1999.

60 Palimpsest: A manuscript or text, often made of papyrus, parchment or vellum, which has been written upon and then overwritten, with the earlier writing incompletely erased and often legible as a physical trace, either visual or as an indentation.
Anyone familiar with the works of T. Strehlow will realise that you are embarking on a journey to Horseshoe Bend, an outback cattle station with its own hotel and one of the few telephones in the Northern Territory.

It is early, so early that the Willy Wagtails, Crows, Miners and Butcher birds are creating a cacophony of song that has within it, like counterpoint, the tinkling metal sounds that the steel and leather trappings make when horses are being harnessed.

Try to imagine that you are Theo Strehlow, youngest son of Lutheran Pastor Carl Strehlow and Frieda Strehlow from Hermannsburg Mission. Imagine that your childhood companions are standing around you.

“Theo watched the loading of the van with much interest; for he was travelling on the second vehicle. A number of dark boys and girls who had been his childhood companions stood around him. Theo, who had never known any white playmates, had had a number of special friends among the Hermannsburg children. He had always got on splendidly with them till he had reached the age of ten. Even so, it had always been he who had been compelled to adopt the behaviour patterns of his dark playmates.” (Strehlow 1969, p.26)

Imagine that you have never had any white playmates. All your special friends are Arrernte.

Now, a woman walks up to you. She is Christina. Imagine that when she was fifteen years old she cupped you in her hands – a one-day-old premature baby – and took you to the Hermannsburg church's christening font. Few expected you to live, though I suspect Christina was not among them.

“Don't forget that I am also one of your mothers”, she says to you. “Remember me, and write to me sometimes and don't be like all those other white boys and girls who were born at Hermannsburg and who were reared by us, and who then went south and never again wrote to us or sent us anything.” (Ibid, p.27)

Another woman, Old Margaret, pushes her way through the crowd of children.

“You are not just a white boy,” she says. “You are one of us. You belong to our people. You belong to the totem of the twins of Ntarea, and you are a true Arrernte. Go south and learn in the white men's schools, but then come back to us. No other white child born here has ever returned to us, but you must come back to us, to your own people.” (Strehlow 1969, p.270)

T. Strehlow was brought up by Arrernte surrogate mothers (nannies), all his playmates were Arrernte, as were his closest friends. Sociolinguistically he learned
to think in Arrernte. He did not have to imagine the Arrernte mind: he experienced it. Most scholars would consider his M.A. thesis is a comprehensive taxonomic grammar of the Arrernte language.

Or is it?

I prefer to describe his M.A. thesis as a fictional trans-historical grammatical colonisation.

Why? It is because the Arrernte language functions without abstract nouns. I could have said that it is lacking in abstract nouns, but that lack would only be in comparison with English, contextualised in terms of translation. So to say that would be an incorrect assessment. Arrernte functions well without them. Early translation work revealed that it does have some – like day, night, summer, pain and sacred – but they are few.

“Concrete nouns, being the names of animate beings and inanimate objects that can be perceived with the senses, are very much more numerous in Aranda than abstract nouns. Instead in Aranda most primary nouns are of the concrete class.” (Strehlow 1932, p.6)

Translation is predicated on equivalence. And, to be effective, the equivalence must be as unequivocal as possible. One of the legacies of semiotics is that it has taught us that, though the relationship of equivalence between signified and signifier may be arbitrary, the relationship itself must be clear and consistent. In other words, if two people translated the same text, both using another language with different equivalent words, it would be potentially meaningless. It would be perhaps a code, but not a translation. While a code is a structure of arbitrarily chosen symbols, words or images juxtaposed against an original text, usually for the purpose of secrecy, a translation is, in essence, a conversion of an original text from one language to another. While a code is cloaked with ambiguity, the process of translation is predicated on the premise that the relationship between a word and its translated equivalent is as unambiguous as possible. This can be accomplished in various ways, but a common solution is to include notes on translation as a preface to the translated text, as in the following example, in which Massumi states:

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61 Written in 1932, T. Strehlow’s text, *An Aranda Grammar*, was presented as a thesis for the fulfilment of Master of Arts (M.A.) at the University of Adelaide, South Australia.

62 “Oct 4th mon. Warm day. Continued with the typing out of my M.S. of the Aranda Grammar. Rev. Albrecht brought out a copy of the first portion [up to the verbs] of my father's grammar last Saturday, - it is quite useful for reference purposes. – This afternoon I suddenly woke up to the fact that there are quite a number of abstract nouns in Aranda (such as alta, inua, taia (month), uygwatera, retija, rotyna; lurba, ekuna; etc.); & now I shall have to write up all these primary abstract nouns, - after having assured that there are none in Aranda! Strangely enough my father and Rev. Kempe had also failed to notice them.” TGH Strehlow Diary, 1937, p. 50.
“STATEMENT. Enoncé (often ‘utterance’) has been translated here as
“statement”, in keeping with the choice of the English translators of Foucault,
to whose conception Deleuze and Guattari’s is closest. “Enunciation” is used
for énunciation.” (Massumi cited in Deleuze & Guattari 1987, p.xvii)

For instance, the Arrernte generic word garra means “all animals that walk on
land and can be eaten”. Therefore, a wren is a bird, but an emu is not. An emu is
garra. Within the English language, both of them are birds. However, in Arrernte
there is a categorical differentiation between the two, as one is considered edible
and the other is not. To have unequivocal equivalence across both languages for
these terms, English needs to invent a new category of understanding. As a
linguistic system, it does not tend to do that. The preference is to convert the
other language system to reflect an English way of thinking. For example, there is
a nascent understanding of the Arrernte term garra in the English term “poultry”,
which includes chickens, ducks, turkeys and geese. Even game birds, when
domesticated, such as guineafowls, are classified as poultry. However, when a
bird like the emu is domesticated and farmed it fails to attract the term. Neither is
it considered a game bird, even though, in its undomesticated state, it has most,
or all, of the qualities of a game bird, such as a pheasant. The point here is that
there is a dominant classificatory system, a taxonomy based on linguistic power,
rather than logic or an attempt at a harmony of equivalence.

For T. Strehlow’s father, C. Strehlow, this Arrernte abstract noun anomaly was
more than just a grammatical quandary, because he set himself the task of
translating the Bible into Arrernte. And, as I am sure you are aware, the Bible is
full of abstract nouns.

I am not a historical linguist, but here I would like to make a heuristic argument.
According to T. Strehlow, the Arrernte language is more sophisticated than
English in at least two ways: “Aranda knows no distinction of gender” (Strehlow,
1932, p.4) nor does it have any irregular verbs.

“In its single-type declensions and its lack of gender-distinctions, Arrernte may
be regarded as an ‘ultra-modern tongue’ compared with any present-day
European language.” (Strehlow, 1932, p.4)

In terms of declensions, only six words, the five personal pronouns and “who”,
are declined in English, but we tend to use them a lot. Arrernte uses them not at
all.

“Today there are not even any specifically masculine or feminine terminations
left in Arrernte, such as -ess in English (as in duchess, lioness).” (Strehlow
1932, p.4)
English has the most irregular verbs of any known language on earth. In all, it has 283. My personal favourite is “strive”. The past participle of which is “striven” yet the past tense is “strove” and the future perfect progressive is “will have been striving”. Or how about the simple conjugation “wear-wore-worn” for a textual construction completely lacking in grammatical sophistication. America has its own unique offerings to further complicate things for Australians and other post-English, post-colonised states: the past tense of American English “dive” is “dove”. As for gender distinctions, we are still struggling a little with “chairperson” and the use of the default masculine personal pronoun when the context is not gender specific. The Arrernte language may not have ever had these linguistic problems to solve or, conversely, may have solved one of these problems many centuries ago through the principle of analogy.

“In historical linguistics, the term analogy is used in connection with the tendency for irregular verbs to become regular”. (Chalker & Weiner 1994, p.230)

It tends to be a slow process, replete with reversals, as illustrated by the term “computer mouses”.

However, C. Strehlow considered that, what he saw as a paucity of abstraction within the Arrernte language was a hindrance in terms of an Arrernte understanding of God’s Word, including a concept like “incarnation”, because without that understanding one cannot express a crucial Christian belief such as the incarnation of God in Christ. Fortunately for C. Strehlow, Arrernte has yet another sophisticated grammatical function: the ability to internally “translate” verbs into nouns. In English the process is called “nominalization”. For instance, “evaluate” is preferred to “perform an evaluation”. The following is an example of how it can be textually and cognitively manipulated when translating from Arrernte into English.

First, take the word tjalka, which means “flesh”. Next erama, which means “to become”. Put them together and you form tjalkerama, which means “to become flesh”. Hence, that new word becomes a useful translation of the abstract noun “incarnation”. This point will be discussed in more detail later.

So that is exactly what C. Strehlow did. Now, this could be considered an elegant solution of a textual problem or, as I prefer to see it, a neologistical appropriation of an entire grammatical category. The language, at every level, from its earliest structural elements, was fictionally reinterpreted as it was simultaneously made dependent on, and only understandable through, English syntax. In short, it was a fictional, trans-historical grammatical colonisation. Shakespeare was a significant neologist, inventing over 1700 common words with everything from academe to zany, but never on this scale. But it was not just the grammar that was colonised; it was also the Arrernte imagination. Creating non-existent abstract nouns and then inserting them into a language is not translation, it is usurpation. But it is
even beyond that. C. Strehlow created his own deeply Anglicised version of Arrernte, as was discussed in Part Three of this thesis, *A Multiple Grammatical Corollary*.

According to Benedict Anderson, the sharing of a common language makes the “first national imaginings possible”. (Anderson 1991, p.197)

Therefore, if an alternative, or reinvented Arrernte language is created by C. Strehlow and then further linguistically elaborated by T. Strehlow using the same grammatical rules, it makes it possible to create an alternative imagined community of Arrernte speakers to accompany the new version of the language.

“Few things,” Anderson says, “seem as historically deep-rooted as languages, for which no dated origins can be given.” (p.196) C. Strehlow traded on that, and opened a space of authority in which he could imagine the Arrernte as he and his colleagues pleased.

The existing Arrernte imagination was usurped by fictional Western imaginings. This in itself does not connote a lack of respect, but it does denote a different contextual understanding, which is very different from C. Strehlow’s son’s understanding. Carl and his colleagues, including the outback postmaster, Frank Gillen, and academic, Baldwin Spencer, were not dealing with Arrernte people *per se*; they were dealing with what they thought of as savages, which is something we need to look at in more detail.

In the preface to the book *My Dear Spencer: the letters of F.J. Gillen to Baldwin Spencer*, the editors, John Mulvaney, Howard Morphy and Alison Petch, try to distance the ethnologists Gillen and Spencer from any such racist imagining.

“We could have chosen to delete words in the letters on those occasions where contemporary readers might take offence at some of the words or phrases used, but that would lessen their value as historical documents and remove the writer from the context of his times. In particular we have problems with the frequent use of the term ‘nigger’ to refer to Aboriginal people…Its use by Gillen then did not have the connotations that its use would have today”. (Mulvaney 1997, p.ix)

Well, with respect, that is obvious. Is it not? What is relevant is what the term “nigger” meant then. To understand the importance of contextual relevance, let us analyse a few examples from Gillen's 1901 journal.

*July 10*th Barrow Creek

“The piccaninny boy is called Tchanama and he is attached to our staff in the capacity of beetle hunter…He doles out specimens one at a time and generally succeeds in extracting some lollies although we have tried our level best to make him understand that we prefer the day’s collection being brought to us in one lot. Like the wily Chinee him no sabee, and in an hour’s time he returns
with another beetle. Spencer comes in and assures me that he has made the little beggar understand this time.” (Mulvaney 1997, p.341)

And…

July 20th Wycliffe Creek
“…a wild, tousled-looking savage clothed only in a smile rolled up…We dispensed hospitality in the shape of tobacco and scraps…his English vocabulary consists of two words 'thank you' and 'drunk'…. He had been smoking some of our specially strong Nigger tobacco and pointing to his pipe said, 'Thank you, drunk drunk, thank you drunk.'; I named him Spencer…” (Mulvaney 1997, p.342)

The ethnocentric psychological profile that Gillen invents for these Aboriginal people is, at best, patronising, and at worst, contemptuous. The “tousled-looking savage” encountered at Wycliffe creek attempts to communicate politely in an alien language by turning a past participle into a superlative through repetition when repetition has a diminutive effect in Arrernte. He was a thinking “savage” with a significant understanding of the vagaries of English, yet Gillen sees only a stupid, weak-willed outcast. The little boy, Tchanama, cleverly manipulates two adult males and yet is contemptuously compared with an equally offensive stereotype of the “Oriental” – “like the wily Chinee him no sabee”. These are not real representations of people. Gillen has invented imaginary personalities.

Stephen Muecke, deriving his work in part from Edward Said's concept of Orientalism, has described this technique as “Aboriginalism”63. That is, just as the West imagined the Orient and within it the Oriental, so too people like Spencer, Gillen and C. Strehlow imagined the Aboriginal Savage.

Muecke also states that “[r]acism is constructed in discourse through grammatical selections and the use of metaphor”. (1992, p.33) Spencer, Gillen and Carl created the personalities that they were comfortable with, and then projected that image onto the Aboriginal people with whom they came in contact. They imagined a white savage that was unassailed by any other model. They created, supported and documented their collective imaginary savage. But imaginations are image-constructions of the mind allied with persistence of vision. It was their imagined savage and there was no alternative for them. It was, as Anne-Marie Willis describes it in Illusions of Identity, “a collective social imaginary” (1993, p.101).

We get a richer understanding of the process if we think of that text that was created in terms of Roland Barthes' understanding of the text. It was Barthes, who reminded us in The Death of the Author that text “…consists not of a line of words, releasing a single 'theological' meaning (a communication

63 The term “Aboriginalism” was coined by Hodge and Mishra.
from the Author/God), but of a multidimensional space in which are married and contested several writings, none of which is original: the text is a fabric of quotations, resulting from a thousand sources of cultures”. (Barthes 1986, p.52)

It was not the same imagined world for T. Strehlow. Just as his Arrernte playmates had been, he was once terrified of the “spectre shapes of the iliaka njemba” the “legendary grim emu-shaped phantoms that stalked over the sandhill wastes and devoured children” (1969, p.88). He learned to understand a world without alien abstract nouns. He learned to think and imagine in Arrernte before he learned to use the syntax of an invading force, of which he was simultaneously a part of and apart from. Benedict Anderson has given us the very useful idea of “imagined communities”, which has been taken up by many. Jon Stratton and Ien Ang talked about “imagined multicultural communities”64 and Philip Batty has taken to “imagining nations within nations”.65 These are extrapolated macro forms of Anderson's idea.

But we must remember that imagined communities, of whatever form, are made up, like all communities, of individuals. In this case, imagined individuals make up imagined communities and those individuals have imagined personalities and speak with imagined grammar. This brings us back to T. Strehlow’s tortuous journey with his father, both real and metaphorical. To put it simply, C. Strehlow died at Horseshoe Bend and T. Strehlow continued his journey south to Adelaide. At some stage, young T. Strehlow must have confronted the concept of the imagined whites' savage of his father and of his father's colleagues. Imagine what that would be like. He had to see his playmates, special friends and surrogate mothers through the eyes of his colonial father. He had to think the unthinkable. He may have had to ask himself the question: “how could a person think like that?” I think he did. And I think he took it a step further. He entered into the imagination of his father, just as he did in the novel Journey to Horseshoe Bend, and he experienced the concept of the imagined whites' savage with the linguistic and cultural understanding of an Arrernte.

I am not suggesting that he had some kind of authentic Arrernte consciousness. However, there is a shared Arrernte consciousness — based on cultural homogeneity, shared values, ideals, songs and what Western civilisation refers to as “myths”. On the other hand, I am simply pointing out that T. Strehlow shared that Arrernte cultural consciousness before he participated fully in his father's shared cultural values. They were two worlds; separate yet connected. And that further, his father's shared conscious values were, at one stage, as alien to T. Strehlow, as those of the Arrernte were to C. Strehlow.


65 Batty, Philip Imagining nations within nations Australian-Canadian Studies, 1996; v. 14 no. 1 & 2, p. 119-130.
Like an actor or a fiction writer, T. Strehlow inhabited the mind of another through his imagination. I am not proposing a theory of literary production, just suggesting that, in terms of literary or textual production, as Antony was to Shakespeare, C. Strehlow was to T. Strehlow. Shakespeare inhabited the imaginary mind of his fanciful creation, Antony, in a similar manner to the way that T. Strehlow inhabited the imagination of his father.

From an early age, T. Strehlow had a young person’s fluency in both Arrernte languages: the Arrernte he learned from his childhood (which itself consists of five forms – colloquial, formal, two sacred versions and archaic) and the Arrernte language newly-coined by his father. The former largely unalloyed and the latter colonised by the English language. T. Strehlow’s polyglot mind functioned simultaneously with two conflicting versions of the same language. But any mind, imagined or not, has memories, prejudices and emotional responses. It has a past as well as a present. And, in T. Strehlow’s case, it had a future because I think the imagined mind of his father stayed with him. The amalgam of colonial detritus that was once unthinkable for his pseudo-Arrernte consciousness became thinkable.

However, it must be emphasised that they were not his memories. Even the memories that he generated from others’ memories were not really his own. His original memories were more akin to those of the colonised “Other”. Ultimately, T. Strehlow speaks, and “writes back”, with a hybrid diasporic/colonial voice that belongs simultaneously to both cultures and neither. However it is not a unique, transcultural hybridity, as was discussed earlier. Rather, it is a unique method of reinventing the “Other” language so that a shared transcultural understanding can be imposed, rather than understood. His texts are in a genre of their own, in a lonely space between those two cultures, both threatened and threatening, where the imagined savage and the living-flesh Arrernte collide.

But what proof exists to support my premise that T. Strehlow inhabited the most intimate convolutions of his father’s mind. What text could be more inaccessible than another’s silent prayer? That unique monologue, written on the mind of a believer, addressed to an omniscient Creator. I suggest that in this following quotation T. Strehlow demonstrates the limits of his inhabitation of his father’s mind. In his novel, *Journey to Horseshoe Bend*, T. Strehlow imagines his father’s ultimate prayer. However, to place this quotation within an appropriate context it is perhaps necessary to understand the depth of feeling that T. Strehlow had towards the events surrounding his father’s “lack of support” from the church authorities, which he expressed in his childhood diary that was written at the time of his father’s death at Horseshoe Bend.

> “Another surprising similarity I would like to share with you has to do with Theodor’s disappointment about the lack of support his father received from the Church, or the Mission Board, during his illness. This disappointment and anger (about a lack of true mercy, or Christian love, as Strehlow often puts it)
is a pervasive theme throughout Journey to Horseshoe Bend. But what really surprised me was that it is already an important topic for the 14 year-old in his diary. In the beginning of October 1922, young Theodor complains about the difficulty to get a car to his father.

“The Reverend Mr Stolz, who sits in the first ranks of all the church committees, also didn’t make an effort to organize a car. Well, one day they will realize what is written in St. Matthew’s Gospel 25, 41-46. Well, hopefully there will still be an airship sent up to us. By the way, Reverend Stolz and the esteemed United Evangelical Lutheran Synod of Australia could also read what is written in St Luke’s Gospel, chapter 10, Verse 30-37, as well as in the Epistle of James, chapter 2, Verse 13, and chapter 2, 15-16. (Strehlow 1922, pp.21-22)

“One has to actually look at these passages from the Bible to understand the serious feelings of anger and despair within the 14 year-old boy at the time. In a metaphorical way, Theodor wants to send the members of the Church to hell: For if we look at the passage from St. Mathew’s Gospel that the diary alludes to, it reads as follows:

Then he will say to those at his left hand, ‘Depart from me, you cursed, into the eternal fire prepared for the devil and his angels; for I was hungry and you gave me no food, I was thirsty and you gave me no drink, I was a stranger and you did not welcome me, naked and you did not clothe me, sick and in prison and you did not visit me.’…[And so on.] And they will go away into eternal punishment, but the righteous into eternal life. 66

“What a strong feeling of injustice, despair and anger, in this 14 year-old boy…” (Wendlandt 2004, p.49)

The “injustice, despair and anger” abated little over the decades. In 1953 he wrote the following in his diary.

“A few months earlier something might have been done. My father had then wired the Mission Board, asking them to approach one of the motor companies in Adelaide to send up a car to take him down; for during the previous years the first parties of people in cars had reached Hermannsburg. But the Mission Board made inquiries; and then they had a meeting, at which God’s will was prayerfully ascertained. They sent him a message in which they stated a) that they did not think a car would get through to Hbg [Hermannsburg]; b) that the firm approached, Murray Aunger, wanted £500

66 1952. The Holy Bible, Thomas Nelson and Sons Ltd, New York.
for the journey, for they insisted on taking up two cars in case of one breaking
down; c) that they thought he should come down in ‘the good old way’. And
of course they added a few Bible verses as well, urging him to rely on the dear
Lord. My father’s face fell when he received the letter. He actually broke down
and cried.” Strehlow Diary, 1953, 4th August.

Much later, in June, 1970, after the publication of Journey to Horseshoe Bend, he will
write a long, vituperative letter to the President General of the Lutheran Church
in South Australia, Dr Max Lohe, strongly defending his memory of the event
and its accuracy. However, years before, as a man himself writing of the event in
Journey to Horseshoe Bend, and close to the age his father was when he had died, T.
Strehlow imagines his father’s final words of almost five decades earlier, refracted
through memory perhaps, but, to him, impeccably remembered.

“At this point the sick man interrupted his wife's singing. ‘Don't sing that
hymn any more, Frieda,’ he begged, in a strangely dull and strangled voice:
‘God doesn't help!’
‘O darling, please don’t talk like that,’ she pleaded tearfully, slipping down on
her knees before him. ‘God will help when His time has come. You have
always said so. Perhaps His time has come now.’
The sick man did not reply. His body shook, his lips quivered, the swollen
veins in his purple face pulsed heavily; but he remained silent. He had, at long
last, spoken what he knew to be the full truth – that the hour of his death was
at hand and that any further pleas to God were futile. God had said a final 'no'
to all prayers – the communication line between God and the two people in
the sickroom had been severed inexorably.
It was as though Strehlow's final remark had greatly helped to ease his mind.
He had ceased pretending to his wife that even a rock-like faith could sway the
Almighty. What he had said represented, in a way, a free version of the
psalmist's despairing cry, 'my god, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?'. He
had been completely honest at last with himself, with the wife who still
believed that he would live, and with God.” (Strehlow1969, p.179)

Just as you have been generous to imagine my imaginings, T. Strehlow imagined
his father's imaginings. You may have done it perhaps for the sake of politeness.
His motivation was respect. However, your imagining was objective. T.
Strehlow's imaginings were simultaneously objective and subjective because he
had a doubled imagination: one Arrernte cultural imagination peopled with
ancestral spirits and an ancient lore based on an affiliation with Indigenous links
to “country” that he developed as a child living with Arrernte people, and one
Western imagination that he learned from his parents and the other Europeans

who lived at or visited Hermannsburg, which also relied on (Christian) ancestral beings and an affiliation with the land that was apparently similar yet, in reality, completely at odds with the Indigenous understanding.

It is this understanding of what contemporary Arrernte people refer to as “two ways” (an understanding of both Arrernte and Western cultural traditions) that T. Strehlow masterfully navigates in the textual construction and literary techniques of narration in *Journey to Horseshoe Bend*. And it is T. Strehlow’s twin consciousness allied with his plurality of imagination that makes him and his work unique. This point will be echoed towards the end of this thesis. However, I hope that at that point you will realise a different interpretation through having listened to the many voices that speak in different ways and at different times throughout this text, because it is a text based on layered reinterpretations of meaning. One of those voices will be heard in the novel *An Unbosomed Love* in the next part of this thesis, but first it is necessary to explain how that particular muffled voice was given the ability to resonate.
Part 5

THE MAKING OF AN UNBOSOMED LOVE

The text initiates a play between “legend” (Sage) and Freudian “construction” (Konstruktion), between the object under study and the discourse performing the analysis. This play takes place in the fuzzy area of an ambivalence, in what gives “fiction” the meaning both of a production (fingere, to fashion, to fabricate) and of a disguise or a deceit. Everything is unravelled in the field of relations between the labour that constructs and the ruse that would “make us believe” in the fiction — a mixed terrain of production and lure. What history creates and what narrative dissimulates will meet in that very place.

M. deCerteau (1988, p. 308)

An Unbosomed Love is a novel written by an imaginary Arrernte Aboriginal woman who has a rare, degenerative brain disorder, a form of aphasia called aggramatism, with an unknown cause, possibly trauma-induced. With the assistance of a diversional therapist at an old people's home in Alice Springs she writes the novel that she began as a talented teenager under the tutelage of a teacher at Ntarea (Hermannsburg, NT).

Her teacher, equally imagined, was a young governess, Miss Munchenberg, employed on a large cattle station to teach the grazier’s children. However, the governess is a Francophile with a great love of popular romances, coupled with a desire to become a writer. Lonely, creatively frustrated and far from home, she discovers that one of the resident Aboriginal children, Ettie, has a great natural talent for writing. So begins a friendship between the two that lasts for many years. Ettie's talent is developed and the governess is vicariously satiated. One day, the governess leaves unexpectedly and Ettie returns to her life in the Western Desert, much as it was before the governess arrived.

However, Ettie is changed. She has come to an understanding of French culture, seen through the eyes of another, developed a skilful understanding of English and knows the textual conventions of the popular romances of the era. Also, a talented polyglot, she learns German from the Lutherans at the Ntarea mission.

68 “A family of syndromes in which a person suffers a loss or impairment of language abilities following damage to the brain.” Pinker 1999, p.289.

69 “Aggramatism is a form of aphasia in which a patient has difficulty assembling words into phrases and sentences, putting the right grammatical suffixes onto their stems, and understanding complex sentences. It often appears after extensive damage to the anterior (front) regions of the language areas around the Sylvian fissure, including Broca's area. Aggramatic aphasics usually have trouble with single words as well, but the trouble often is less severe than their trouble with phrases and sentences.” Pinker 1999, p. 247.
In later life, Ettie is urged to write again, to help her medical condition. As she writes, certain cognitive skills degrade, week by week and chapter by chapter. During this process she “unlearns” the English of her youth and eventually the text turns into the reverse of how it begins. That is, it is finally English expressed through the grammar and syntax of Arrernte rather than the colonial/post-colonial reverse: Arrernte read through the syntax and grammar of English. However the text begins in “conventional” fashion, with the Arrernte grammar and syntax either subordinated to or obliterated by the colonising grammars and syntaxes of English, French and German.

CHAPTER I

1. Methodology: The entire text was translated into French. It was then translated from French into German and then from German into English to reflect the three underlying syntaxes of Miss Munchenberg’s imagined teaching praxis. The main site accessed for the machine translation used in this process was http://babelfish.altavista.com/translate.dyn.

I experimented with many different sites, but the Altavista/Babelfish site returned the most consistent responses compared with processing time. All specific Arrernte words that needed to be retained in this text were highlighted to avoid removing them by accident. The words “but”, “day” “cold”, “daylight”, “evening”, “night”, “summer” and “pain” were highlighted so that they were not removed during the process of grammatical deconstruction. The highlighting was removed after processing to avoid any confusion. The text is revealed incrementally. That is, the first chapter reflects a coherent grammatical construction that has three underlying syntaxes, co-ordinated with the three broad syntactical influences of French, English and German. The following chapter introduces other elements that are catalogued at the end of each section, which is made up of two chapters each. These are added incrementally until the last chapter, which has been processed alone with all the Arandic textual components intact. The last chapter, therefore, is an approximation of what I imagine it is like for a child when that child crosses the point between a babel of voices and the beginnings of a coherent aurally-induced cognitive understanding of language, or the reciprocal end-point of understanding when an elderly person loses the ability to understand language, or, possibly, how a colonised “other” finds the moment to express her or his self in the alienating textual form of the coloniser. In this case English, understood through a translation of Arrernte conceived mainly through the syntax of German.

CHAPTER II

1. In this chapter, the word “the” was removed as were all number concepts larger than two.
(i) “…there is no separate word in Aranda corresponding to English ‘the’…” (Strehlow 1932, p.1)

(ii) “I. The Post-positive Article
While there is no separate word in Aranda corresponding to the English “the”, the French “le” or “la”, or the German “der, die, das”, the third personal pronoun (“era”) is very frequently put behind a noun in the Aranda sentence, and then undergoes a change of meaning until its force is practically identical with that of the definite article in modern European languages.” (Ibid)

(iii) “While the post-positive article “era” is not employed as constantly and regularly as are the articles of the modern European languages, it may be asserted broadly that the use of “era” corresponds fairly closely with that of the definite article in the European languages. Where, on the other hand, these modern languages would employ the indefinite articles, “era” is commonly omitted by Aranda speakers.” (Strehlow 1932, p.2)

(iv) “The Australian Aboriginal, who wasted little of his time on any abstract thought, was quite content to coin numerals for the first few easily-grasped numbers only; quantities which his physical sight could no longer comprehend clearly or easily were all lumped together under the heading ‘many’ or ‘much’, irrespective of whether the quantity in question was ten or ten thousand.” (Strehlow 1932, p.40)

(v) “Aranda has three numbers, – Singular, Dual, and Plural.” (Strehlow 1932, p.4)

2. Methodology: The word “the” was searched for and omitted in every reference from this point onwards in an accretive structure replicated in every other chapter. That is, when a change is instituted it is carried on from that point until the end of the text. All numbers up to and including the number “five” were retained. Any number above five was replaced with the word “many” to reflect Arrernte’s numeric usage patterns.

CHAPTER III

Same process as Chapter II.

CHAPTER IV

1. The word “very” was replaced with the word “too”.
“It follows then that the context alone must normally determine the exact meaning of 'indora' in any given sentence. These three meanings of 'indora' will explain why native speakers, when trying to express themselves in pidgin English, will invariably say 'too much', 'too many', 'too sick', etc., where 'very much', 'very many', 'very sick', and the like are clearly wanted.” (Strehlow 1932, p.27)
CHAPTER VI

1. All examples of the indefinite pronouns “no-one, anyone, anybody, anything, anywhere and somewhere” were deleted because they do not exist in Arrernte. “The indefinite pronouns are frequently used also as adjectives; in such cases they follow the nouns which they qualify. All indefinite pronouns are declined exactly like the adjectives. The following is a list of the indefinite pronouns in Aranda:-

*arbuna* (N.A., W.A., S.A.) = another  
*nkarba* (W.A.) = another  
*eknura* (A.D.) = another  
*urbutja* = a few  
*urbutjurbuna* = some others  
*arbuna* (arbunintjara) ... *arbuna* (arbunintjara) = one ... another  
*tnada* = a separate one  
*tuedakatueda* ... *tuedakatueda* = here separate ... there separate  
*ulkpata* (W.A.) = a separate one  
*njintamaninta* = each  
*nunabaka, nulabaka* (and other cases of the interrogative pronoun *nuna* to which -baka has been added) = whoever  
*iwunabaka* (and other cases of interrogative pronoun *iwuna* to which -baka has been added) = whatever  
*iwunatitja* = something, I don't know what (with intrs. verbs)  
*iwulatitja* = something, I don't know what (with intrs. verbs)  
*iwunatitja* = someone, I don't know who (with intrs. verbs)  
*nulatitja* = someone, I don't know ho (with trs. verbs)  
*iwunatinja* (A.D.) = something, I don't know what  
*itjina* (W.A. only) = nothing  
*itjala* = no one (with transitive verbs only)  

**Note I.** There is no word to express 'no one' when it is the subject of an intransitive verb.

*Note II.** There are no equivalents in Aranda for the English 'anyone', 'anybody', 'anything, just as there is no word for 'anywhere' or 'somewhere' in the native language.” (Strehlow 1932, p.38)

CHAPTER VII

Same process as Chapter VI.

CHAPTER VIII

1. All relative pronouns, that is, “who, whom, which and that”, were deleted from the text.
“the Aranda pronouns fall into five subdivisions:-
1. Personal Pronouns
2. Possessive Pronouns
3. Demonstrative Pronouns
4. Interrogative Pronouns
5. Indefinite Pronouns

Note. There is no Relative Pronoun in Aranda.” (Strehlow 1932, p.28)

CHAPTER IX

Same process as Chapter X.

CHAPTER X

1. The correlative conjunctions “both…and”, “not only…but also”, and “whether…or” were deleted from the text.

“All Aranda conjunctions, with the possible exception of 'kana' are co-ordinate conjunctions.” (Strehlow 1932, p.103)

CHAPTER XI

Same process as Chapter X.

CHAPTER XII

Same process as Chapter X.

CHAPTER XIII

1. All disjunctive conjunctions, including “as, either, or, neither, nor, although, except, and lest” were deleted from this point forward.

“IX. Conjunctions.
Conjunctions do not play as important a part in Aranda as they do in many other languages. A comparison of Aranda texts with English writings, for instance, will reveal that whereas all types of conjunctions are well represented in English, Aranda is adequately equipped only with copulative conjunctions; the disjunctive conjunctions (e.g. either, or, etc.) are completely absent, and several other classes are but poorly represented. This poverty of connectives is, indeed, one of the distinguishing marks of Aranda.” (Strehlow 1932, p.102)
CHAPTER XIV
Same process as Chapter XIII.

CHAPTER XV
Same process as Chapter XIII.

CHAPTER XVI
Same process as Chapter XIII.

CHAPTER XVII
Same process as Chapter XIII.

CHAPTER XVIII
1. The text from this chapter to the end of the text was processed through the programmable grammar checker Grammatik to remove all passive voice and, by specifying a short sentence length, to maintain short Arrernte-like sentences.

“it is further worthy to note that there is a Middle Voice in Aranda, also two full sets of Negative Forms; but no Passive Voice exists.” (Strehlow 1932, p.45)

The particles “only”, “just”, “if” and “perhaps” were randomly introduced in multiple sentences.

“On the other had, no native speaker would feel his conversation and his casual stories to be complete unless they flourished their particles in a multitudinous array”. (Strehlow 1932, p.91)

CHAPTER XVIII
Same process as Chapter XVIII.

CHAPTER XX
1. Process/methodology: at the website <http://www.lingsoft.fi/>, using the Constraint Grammar Parser of English (ENCG) at <http://www.lingsoft.fi/cgi-bin/engcg> a list of all the proper nouns in this chapter was compiled by first parsing and then doing a search through the web browser’s search function for words with the morphological tag for ‘noun”. I then sorted them according to proper nouns, common nouns and abstract nouns. The abstract nouns were then deleted, except the few abstract nouns that existed in the Arrernte language

70 Abstract nouns.
before colonisation\textsuperscript{71}, to establish a syntax closer to that which existed before the white grammatical invasion of Australia.

This fantastic, or imaginary, novel written by Ettie Tjalameinta is based on the work of Marie Corelli, specifically, her novel \textit{Open Confession to a Man from a Woman} (1925). Her work was chosen for this project because her real-life persona resonated with the fictional persona of Ettie Tjalameinta. That is, to this day there appears to be little serious academic study of Corelli’s works. Numerous biographies have been produced but most are condemnatory or condescending in attitude. Corelli was a serious, conscientious author who seems to have been vilified at various times for being forthright, a woman, popular and a lesbian, though not necessarily in that order. However, Rebecca West\textsuperscript{72} took her work seriously, as did Henry Miller\textsuperscript{73}. Corelli was chosen for this project because, though talented and skilled, she was it seems not given much of a chance by the society of her time to achieve success because she was considered a kind of social outcast, an interstitial human being between worlds, which is exactly where Ettie Tjalameinta is posited for this text. Thus, their eras, one real and one imagined, are imagined to coincide.

One criticism that could be levelled at this part is that I am attempting to usurp the voice of an Indigenous woman. Nothing could be further from the truth. The voice is that of Marie Corelli, as I have translated rather than rewritten her text while retaining the content of her original manuscript. It has been translated into the voice of an Indigenous woman, by using Arrernte grammar and syntax, and there is little or nothing of my white, male voice within the text apart from the (also) imagined author’s preface and acknowledgements section, which has been written in the style of the era using fictional characters and any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is a coincidence.

The suggestion in this text, and one of the reasons for its inclusion, is that the object of Ettie Tjalameinta’s affections is, imagined to be, none other than T. Strehlow. The other reason for its inclusion was stated earlier. Namely, that it attempts to present the depth of colonisation that can be achieved through language. The motivation for T. Strehlow’s imagined rejection of her love will become clear in the final part of this thesis.

\textsuperscript{71} “Derived Abstract Nouns. All other abstract nouns in the Aranda language are, as has already been pointed out in [the] section above, secondary nouns derived from verbs by means of adding the final syllable -in(t)ja or -un(t)ja to their stems.” (Strehlow 1932, p.11)

\textsuperscript{72} See West’s analysis in \textit{The Strange Necessity}. 1928 Essays and reviews (by Rebecca West.) Jonathan Cape, London. In chapter: ‘The Tosh Horse’.

\textsuperscript{73} See Miller’s support of Marie Corelli in his text \textit{The Books of My Life}, 1952 New Directions, New York.
AN UNBOSOMED LOVE
By Ettie Tjalameinta

EDITOR'S PREFACE

Arrernte woman Ettie Tjalameinta composed her novel in 1979, and it was not published until now, not that it was ever meant to be published.

My own interest in Ettie Tjalameinta arose from a chance encounter with a few photo-copied pages handed to me. Apparently the material dealt with a romantic “kiss and tell” novel of the most ordinary kind. But on closer examination it was shown that the text dealt with significant other linguistic and social structures of the Arrernte that have been of most profound interest to several local linguists, anthropology scholars and a Sydney neurosurgeon of my acquaintance. I found the spelling at times a little tedious, even ambiguous in places. One would expect this from a person lacking the necessary training for such a lengthy task. However, I was struck by the knowledge and understanding of the structures of language, specifically the way the text negotiates an understanding of both Arrernte and English in a particularly sophisticated manner worthy of writers with far more experience of the written word. A comparison of the material on hand with my observation of the people in everyday life convinced me that Ettie Tjalameinta had come immeasurably closer to a real understanding of the similarities between the two cultures to which she belonged than could be said of her contemporaries in either the Arrernte or English cultures.

When eventually I managed to obtain a copy of Ettie Tjalameinta's work, a hand-written, one-volume edition of the twenty chapters produced between 1973 and 1979, I read it enthusiastically. I was then convinced that it would be useful to my colleagues at The Northern Territory Society of Writers. With this in mind I began a careful transcription, referring to the original for authenticity. Any changes to grammar and syntax, which form the basis of the fascination for this work, were taken back to the original. The spelling, as I mentioned earlier, was brought up to current standards, as it doesn't have any relevance to the “genius” of this work. Meanwhile, Dr. D. Triumph-Bernstein (University of Aarhus, Denmark) has suggested to me that a publication of this work by Ettie Tjalameinta might be of value to people outside of the Northern Territory. If indeed this publication were to receive a wider circulation than originally intended then I would be honoured to have had the privilege to present this text to the wider society of authors worldwide as it is a text that I consider is of world standing. For these reasons I decided to present Ettie Tjalameinta as literally as one might within the confines of good English. I retained her ambiguities, copied her repetitive approach, and even incorporated obvious mistakes. The capitalizations and spelling are also consistent with the original document. Any
foreign words that could not be translated have been left as is. Of particular concern to me were the rather frequent and jolting changes between English and Arandic syntax. I presented them literally; for it may well be that they reflect a significant feature of Arrernte communication.

In regard to two matters I have introduced some changes from the original. The first matter concerns the names for several people mentioned in the text. Some of the people mentioned still have kin in the Northern Territory and they may have been offended by being incorporated into the story. Where applicable I used other *nom de plumes* to protect individual reputations.

The second matter concerns Ettie Tjalameinta’s interpretation of the Arrernte singular pronoun *era*, representing “he, she, it”, which she used in an intermittent and particularly inconsistent manner compared with all other elements of the text. As the great scholar T.G.H. Strehlow states in his unpublished M.A. thesis *Aranda Grammar* on page 1. “…there is no separate word in Aranda corresponding to English ‘the’…” He also further states on the same page, “While there is no separate word in Aranda corresponding to the English “the”, the French “le” or “la”, or the German “der, die, das”, the third personal pronoun (“*era*”) is very frequently put behind a noun in the Aranda sentence, and then undergoes a change of meaning until its force is practically identical with that of the definite article in modern European languages.”

Ettie Tjalameinta is almost consistent in translating *era* with the equivalent English gender pronoun, e.g. snake, “she”; wallaby, “it”; dog “he”, except when it relates to a “snake-man” or “wallaby-man” or “dog-man” in which case she also employs “he”. At other times, however, she seems to ignore this. I have decided not to correct her work, instead replacing the “he, she, it” with the English “it” whenever it was appropriate in the interest of continuity and narrative flow.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

To my colleagues at The Northern Territory Society of Writers: Mr. Greg Lehman and Rev. R. W. C. Kik, who inspired me to begin this task. To Professor. Dr. Davidina Triumph-Bernstein, for her encouragement and many helpful suggestions regarding the English syntax constructions of the text. Thanks to Dr. Triumph-Bernstein the reader can be assured that the entire text is grammatically correct even though at times it may not appear to be so.

Also, gratitude is expressed to Mrs. Kate Francis, Diversionary Therapist at Alice Springs Oldtimers Nursing Home, without whose inspiration this text may never have been written, Mr Gerhard Schtoll for his excellent German translations and Mr. Jeff Bowland, Manager of the Tjuwanpa Indigenous Centre, who helped to gain access to the original manuscript written by Ettie Tjalameinta.

Alice Springs, November 2001 Timothy Archibald
CHAPTER I

For if I, I who love you who writes this story, when you participate nothing and would owe nothing to any creature, including me. You don't have anything really to do with my emotions than the wind or the sea does.

The wind awakens me to a zest for life and the sea fills me with a vague melancholy. However, the wind and the sea participate in their effect on my soul and you, my love in this world and the next, participate equally unconsciously through the thoughts that you kindle in me.

The attraction that you possess for me fluctuates like the ripples of moonlight reflected on rippling water, completely but shyly. I cannot get enough in order to reveal those deep, inner confessions of yours. I don't therefore participate easily in this. I participate, but am displeased with the sweet-and-sour taste of this new sensation. I participate with conscious joy only when you participate with me, and from desolation when you do not. I could tear myself to pieces in order to find this mystic problem's answer. If I love you, dear, do you love me? Yes or no? But the question avoids the answer.

The proposed puzzle stimulates an ardent, undecided, unsolvable helplessness. Always, I revive, sufficiently, happily in utter amazement at the world. And yet the problem, on which my soul broods, has hypnotized me.

Nothing in the strangest fiction anticipates more strangely than that I should love you. I, who have loved nobody, or rather, to be sufficiently honest, I, who have had nobody. I participate in the world like I am covered by many shadows, entered in a general dream that attempts to install itself in place of the blunt grey existence, beaten from daily matters.

On waking, I dream of you tenderly, completely, because my own love surrounds you with such a radiance that it has absolved you from any responsibility. Often I hear about the others who say that she “always sees” this or that person who publicly, therefore, has decided to attack this “radiance” of mine, through the smallest considerations, the lowest she can stoop to criticize. Simply, I adore you, and confess the sharp secret at the heart of my soul that causes me to smile in spite of the affordable emotion they call “love”, which strangely my life newly makes each day.

From time to time I question whether a fresh discovery in its secrets makes me most profoundly wise or the deepest possible fool. These easy-spoken men and women of the modern world drift on the feeling-seas of emotion with women's veils made of spiders' threads that bind them to this harbour of refuge called the wedding, populated with the pleasantly smiling witnesses, all action without substance, running on the earth. Alas, that conventional fortification that unifies their lives in a respectable manner under the banner of matrimony, has no hope or luck to come to this soul for whom there is no place of refuge. My small boat
is disposed of in unknown seas, merely loot offered at the mouth of the storm. I will get no help from God or man on my trip towards audacity. Still, I will look for one from it. And yet, my beloved swims over the big waves under the furious gaze of the sun or the light from a modest splinter of the moon, similarly indifferent to my fate. I who will be destroyed in a very sudden, big and uncontrollable wind and will be uncomplainingly sucked into the depths. This love-pulse beat, that in my blood pulsates, that sings for all children a lullaby – “love-love!” – whether they hear it or not, interweaves thoughts and pitying vibration between heart and heart, soul and soul. In the years that I have passed on Earth, I have taken some matters from it, that most people usually take to be of value. Some people envy me, stare at me, shake their heads or sagaciously, thoughtfully consider me happy; however, I am hardly touched by the world. You, it seems have followed through the passageway of many unrealised dreams to form the trifles of my earthly recuperation. That is, a short gaze from you with one small smile on your lips, a fleeting expression on this most loved face, more than carries in itself release from deeply troubled thoughts.

The poets weave finished verses respecting the beauty of this world, and the religious chat, perhaps at times unadvisedly, about a wider beauty to come. For me the cosmos, whatever its present or future intent or existence, can mirror itself in your eyes, your ardent eyes, that have seen, and steadfastly always, see. My spirit, my whole life participates fulsomely, or bed in you. If you lived no longer, I should also stop, privately, for the air itself from your breath would no longer have the power to support me. I am lost. But, this pre-empts my secret. Those who flutter about me to be my friends pretend habitual, ridiculous amazement that I should love someone, where that same love, through the estimation of the world and the law is prohibited. Your breath accompanies the warm shiver of the sunrise, and the smell of many flowers fills the air with a suggestive, indescribable perfume of exquisite reveries. It has entered me in its transfiguring secret and magic, as I had no thoughts of its arrival. Your kiss has suddenly made the time for the first encirclement of my true life, my soul jumps up from quiet thoughts and I am in the arms that mark the future border of that life.

My life was simply and sufficiently bearable, until your touch opened a closed door and freed long-imprisoned emotions. Why did you create this difficulty? Was it because you saw that the contentment of ignorance was not appropriate to my contentment of mind? And because of this, there was a certain enjoyment. The first for you in being able to envelop my overwhelmed vision. Still again, if I recognise the ecstasies that you have taught me, to see the wholeness. Something we both have learned to the mutual costs of our own miscellaneous sweetness and pain!

The warm firelight of this small room reflects on its simple dark oak-panelled walls, glowing with miraculous light! As the serious old books of serious old authors whirl dizzyingly before my eyes in their shelves. As the perfume of a rose
imprisoned in its vase on the table assaults my senses with an air of abrupt emphasis. As my heart, like a captured bird, flutters and beats its wings and struggles slowly from the hand that holds it, to escape, and with gentleness, although with no less firmness, the hand closes its fingers on the prisoner.

And then, as this terror passes, and I win the courage to look up into your face, what kind of world was suddenly revealed to me in your eyes? What was revealed unconsciously without your own consciousness, because you hide your own sorrow, while healing that of others? The truth is sometimes seen when there is a dissolving of the curtain. Could I dispute the veracity of those eyes? Eyes that strove for tenderness, for understanding, for silence, for sympathy? Eyes that reflect many dreams, like the clouds of heaven, changing always into new forms and, colourfully, to become new splendours. However, this dream has always remained a dream and has been missing any essence of life and has washed ashore to become a mere reality. I could have loved you all my life quietly without betraying my secret, but you have brought me to believe that you love me in return. And I say “that you have brought me to believe”, carefully. I never have had the power to transfer any passion like yours into any other form or direction. To the outside world, we, no doubt, seem merely man and woman. More interestingly, in some of our moods and our manners we are as the personification of usual men and women. At the one end of the scale we participate nearly divinely in the unreachableness of our souls. We all but die of our hopes and our wishes end in hopeless difficulty, burning like the clean fire of the sun!
CHAPTER II

Our social world goes receiving on into its curiously commercial circulation of loss and gain, to have and to lose, and people speak casually of its native joys, quite absorbed in things, which influence it personally during moment, but we do not say anything of our secret, we say nothing of this impulse, which strikes inside and time for us alone. I have my secret, they have theirs. Sometimes we come very close to a full betrayal of one another; sometimes do I understand fact that you finally swallow any fast word, which barrier of your soul unlocks to designate. Sometimes I too long for speaking and by endearing names that crackle into lightnings of understanding, whenever your arms are all around me, can I nevertheless express myself words? Bad methods of understanding, if a hurried look and a squeeze of hand means as much or more than lip Beredsamkeit. But, why close us to words? You, who startle strangers with words that were sometimes uttered! – words full of softness and of inclination, – words, which form a new kind of angelic language almost, so distant is it from ordinary. Like sensitive breathings of certain blooms in tropical countries, they die, before they find full expression and we become consciously of them only by suffocating them. How exquisitely sharp pain of intuitive comprehension, which flashes from your eyes to mine. We live with conventionalities of world, nevertheless altogether apart from yet nevertheless full, – like a fairy queen and her king in a realm of ours, to which no can usurp our power. But for aught are we to know if interest can have its phantom within a fog, or, ideally, with accessible difficulty, delete its actually functioning characteristic of two natures into one internal thought, need and inclination of burning flame. It is a material of endless miracle and interest to me is to understand and to observe as few, do what little understands, that is, love normal human nature, – even those, which assume most splendid books on topic read and those, which, in order that poetry of passions – even if it surprises us, if real fire outextends in one rapturous reflection of eager life lasting, which count world lost if it ensures that only those can have together sorrow and joy. Alas, poor woman, how I am! I let understanding float back to days of my childhood in direction of pity. I was such a small and lonely creature; and my environment was one of cold indifference, which sometimes reliably bordered on cruelty. I think frequently, how largely older persons in their handling of sensitive children blames them, – everything their recent aspirations by a look or a crushing word, since a hasty heel can crush a sensitive butterfly, or one reckless Handzerstampfung dispel beauty of a rose with absolute callousness. I grew up shyly and by all “superior” persons was frightened, – I did not have consciousness of everything, which for me, was neither good or appropriate – and final solitude of my young soul was almost appalling in one so little.

74 Eloquence or persuasiveness.
However, books broke through this isolation like bold warriors of old, careering into battle and as soon as I could read and understand poets, I was not any longer alone. I was free to wander in a world without a trace of logic to counter wild, conceited joys and *Faeryphantasien*. Love formed these narratives not rarely, but hardly frequently, thought could be suggested because I never dreamed about love for me and feel safe that there were none and none would be for loving I. I believed myself to be too insignificant, too worthless in each way, that even smallest reflex of a sun ray of life’s greatest joy should be mine.
CHAPTER III

It is how wonderful, after all these lonely years of my this it, with your life span of lighting up experience, genius and knowledge – should love me, I! I legend like wonderful half-rapturously, almost fearfully, from fear that set circulation of lighting up fame, which I should suddenly disappear like a halo by your love and to me in old density am left! They love me! To form I. Legend it repeated, as a singer can repeat an expressing of a song frequently, around it perfectly in singing. They love me! – it trembles at my note. You are passionate by revolutions stroking, dominating, clinging demanding, receiving and give – in all tendencies of a love, which does not take refusal that on full measure of its requirement exists. I know that each light and shadow on your loved face, to me see changeful thoughts in your eyes, and even brightest note of your hand to me your nature transmit more, than others learned, whom you knew your whole lifetime. Others, which, in connection confessed on you by unbreakable equality, nevertheless nothing you're real to have learned. They are to me a secret, which is almost super+superhuman. “How stupidly!” Prosaic alleged intelligent person of world proclaims. – or "how blasphemous!", seeing that nothing is super+superhuman, however God! Nevertheless, to me, it's there, actually divinity in all thing, and into you its Mystisch\(^75\) unreachableness and depth up there. What even look measure of my love can fathom, on rarely moment I have almost sound scarce it – such moment as. What? All short, stops us Hinreissen\(^76\) in each other lever, surprises at strength of this feeling what spreads out wings of fire, raises us over us and causes themselves to forgotten world, life span and time. With all this interest, this badly fact facts, which we exceed and outstand and exceed more Rueber in immensity and into larger ecstasy unspeakable loving. Is life result of love? Or do you love result of life? I think for taking and resist both badly. For bare fact of life without love this is a deliberate waste of energy. It a sin against nature. Will slowly-acting face of woman to have drag or its drag-load of their sex by day and month and year without light what to become transfigure their sadness beauty? Its message lessons, its along-feeling in oversize, almost, if not quite, so sadly as face of marries unfortunately has to learn hopelessly truth what it can know early to have it to interest. Study it. From all thing in world man at most and that, although it can assume connection of manacles, because it is conventional and considerable thing for doing, for position and reputation, is it never and can by it are never absolutely branched. It “slides” it somehow; frequently at large danger. – nevertheless it assumes danger with a direction of joy and knows that danger is full. Anyhow, liberty. “Moral” false white it does not existierent; complain additionally male bird for selecting

\(^{75}\) Mystic.

\(^{76}\) To ravish or to carry away.
many assistants as accuse man for loving on, where it becomes. It is boundary and imprisoned love, cubes shank; God at liberty lasts full measure of lives and life, however Unsterblichkeit77. It be, that love of appropriate moon for it kingly adorer still those legal queen its majesty outlasts – a tender inclination rather possible, death not, but those delete can continue and sweet history adds, so long history remains to be recorded.

“De quoi puis-je avoir ennui
De quoi puis-je avoir effroi
Que ferai-je de la vie
Si tu n’es plus pris de moi ?

“Quo veux-tu quo je devienne
Si je n’entends plus ton pas?
Est-ce ta vie om la micro
Qui s’en na? Je ne sais pas!

"Si tu n’es plus pris de moi
Que ferai-je soul, farouche,
Sans toi, du jour et des cieux,
De rues baisers sans ta bouche
Et de mes pleurs sans tes yeux? “

How odd it is that learned persons, who have never loved, who never become and to never know to be able. What inclination is real? Forehead runzeln78 and distrustfully darkly to always look, if them slightest suggestion of this Himmlischer79 transfiguration life beginning, into which natures assume to dawn, which are deleted far by their conception. Transfigured one, uplifted by bound light of ecstasy, assume ready for use inexpensive disdain from mass for skies – as mass can know. What possesses skies? But, all same, is it a curious phase or an attitude for human creature, which loveless is – like that not humanly that one immediately by it repulsed, as by impure something. Only natural tendency of impartial understanding of humanity toward to love and to things of love is joyous acceptance of most beautiful thing in life, no matter how or where or why it comes. But, when rule, declaration/agreement and a criminal assortment of so-called “virtue”, form job steps inside and from all loving for something, which approaches to strange outcasts of normal life of normal people. They are frequent Geschauenem with distrust or with derision; and it is it fast connects, becomes it bare targets for arrows of scandal. And for those, which love so hopelessly, like we, without any probability or hope or even desire for connection, is whole world

77 Deathlessness or immortality.
78 To knit one’s brows.
79 Possibly from himmlischer segen or “celestial bliss”.

86
tongue of a serpent's, which is armed with sting of a serpent. Up to now there is nothing, which is said by us; we are more or less “granted privilege” people and are both, which are indicated out by a certain renown. However, I am surprised sometimes, how long is to be considered to us in such a way as uninteresting, how most are “renowned” peoples?
CHAPTER IV

Everything in world, which was so far from value, pales in insignificance before energy of love. Friends, who become even old and tired, tiresome Offizios\textsuperscript{80}, importunate or – and one would shake them almost away, if one could. Of all so-called “friends” are cruel wearsome and, who never vacation of one alone. Who comes and belongs to stealthy difficult job steps at all? With distrustful openings agape and rustling clothes, which flutter warningly their danger noises of doubt and inflammation. So “property meaning” are also their importunate function characteristics; they excuse it tactlessness by soft murmurs from “all for her good I are safe!” Or you remind you of many trifling services, which will transfer heroically for your sake. They should be grateful, therefore it, to these unflinching martyrs in cause of program – virtue appears – these persistent feeler gauges on most innocent activities, these decided circuit breakers of luckiest discussion, these circuit breakers of \textit{Herrlichster} peace. They are not right to be by presence such “applicable and more loyaler” guards of your best interests applied – No! You are to be thankful. \textit{Existierenen}\textsuperscript{82} them. Perhaps it can be thus. Am still not I thankful? If these self-imposed feeler gauges on my views and movements blessings is. Is it by a type, which I could supply with too good! Alas! Are like ungrateful I to necessary things of daily use and program? Intelligent persons would explain to me (with so \textit{Vielem}\textsuperscript{83} main interest, as if I already could not do it) that one not from roses and from honey of life always \textit{Existierenen} can. That it useful kohl also give must cooked in water. Align enough! However, death is to be before-tightened to incessant kohl and water. Indeed I have frequently that death is few from evils – except and only for fact that she divides us from those we love. Thought however for remainder – it gives us welcome discharge of tiresome persons, terminates our responsibilities and grants us a deep and a remaining peace. All chieftest of is discharge of tiresome persons – they follow us naturally to grave, because they think for doing it their function thus – however, we not (fortunately for us) hears that it conventionally steps hushed, or does not witness plentiful shedding of their simple breaks to be supposed. If they could have kept us alive and lucky by a \textit{Sympathisches} understanding, which they would not have taken this trouble. They find it simpler to safe and to show interest and inclination them for us had, if we are dead! If inside, which strikes so warmly, so wildly and so naturally, is stone cold and throb no more cannot do to love or to hate. Then it too compassionate its end in a “superior” way. How rather conventional and considerable is, who should say – “if it had been a fewer stupid

\textsuperscript{80} Semi-official.
\textsuperscript{81} Vacation of a lifetime.
\textsuperscript{82} To exist or to subsist.
\textsuperscript{83} Possibly “many” or “a lot”.
\textsuperscript{84} Sympathetic.
inside, it, therefore does not need to have died”. Applicable! Inside, which love strongly and become deep always “stupidly” by world judged! As stupid (or as intelligent!) my inside is, I know, and I would divide nevertheless not with a grain of its folly – a folly, which I count plentifully as all intelligence. For, if it is folly to so much love you that I am not conscious of any world, left each possible life span every time those is not possessed by you equipped and illumined, then folly with me as sum total and excellent good of existence to remain. I can remain long hours on Blossesten memory of your note – a note. Me for centre of my Seins thrills; and your kiss on my lips, long and passionately, differently my soul of all general things and of throne I with angels in Supernalfreude. Additionally, consciousness of your love gives me an energy beyond bare number of deaths. It is time, which I legend also to stop playing meetings – all effort at favour their pleasures to us most indifferent is – and for full possession of taking somebody own identity to drop somebody own fate. We damage ourselves infinitely, by presenting functions us and equality has its legal inheritance of love to this or to this person, if such equality and functions restrain soul in its broader and more splendid reaching, and a lonely inside because of Haube trifling of main obstacle, which checks on a long-term basis. But cold comfort sacrificed much. Road should widen during we exceed forward – it should not narrow in one “Cul de sac”, but to more expanded countries, more splendid forests, sweeter meadows rather lead. And those, who would force us to go into a cramped path program, should away of and link with all possible rate to be broken.

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85 Bonnet or cap.
CHAPTER V

I remind of one day, when you and I were in such a way from face to face with divine sunset that one could have thought that creator was hidden in person behind curtain of gold and rose, which fell in folds of light by skies. Their hand closed on my magnetic span of vibration between us fastened fires on its quake melody by our blood and formed it for fire with a type. We two alone in all that fame of one with it were, and intensive enthusiasm of existence should on this moment, which is sharp enough loved pain almost it's I hear this whispered to say – come then BREAK – there it's no necessity more “loved”. Its express in all thing – in beauty of sky, stillness of sea, – silence of all nature prepare to sleep “loved” its Haupt of completely creation, and we two, in inside, in soul, its, or seem to be, tabulation program of ours own fate. I do not think of us many Obacht, which this fate or where our mutual inclination us can be to lead that can. We did not Pausiert, in order to analyze it; if we let do in such a way, inclination was bad and worthless. We go with loop tide – with swinging harmony of nature – with constantly extending set of beauty; and if difficulties present themselves, we consider it hardly excluded as accentuations charm, which was environment we. Because everything, which is simple and smoothly for us we should find Zest in pursuit of each other Angebeteter identity hardly as many. To require is a thing; to possess is different.

Is here, where connection checks frequently death bed of love. Loving becomes fulfilled married man; all secret, all enthusiasm disappears; it has, which it calms down craved, and ardour from longing its. New ones longings develop in it. For it a man is natural, but these are not to be satisfied at same source. Its former goddess has become normal woman – frequently daily, prosy and useful Inlaendisch; she learns its tendencies and foibles, how he learns hers, and at moment despite rubs he half unconsciously under this knowledge and free and almost Vulgaren intimacy, which gets it. Birth of children fascinates it again during a time – however, even this becomes with years irksome; loves he in his Sekundarer teilchen, if they are pretty creatures, probably and well, but, if with their growth and training discovers he one which can be neglected or in a second place, in under-conscious self of him summaries its old screen and in glass. At moment wedded, although it can be, a face, a smile, volatile view like that, with which Cleopatra of starts of Antony intercepted again passionate feelings that

86 Head or master.
87 Perhaps from weg des gededankens or “channel of thought”.
88 Care.
89 Paused or pauses.
90 Idol.
91 Domestic or native.
92 Derivative or secondary.
93 Bun or particle.
connection has waken, which terminate in it and it wakes up again to youth and to ardour. Again a sweet fever of blood agitates sudden warmth in its veins, and it Umwirbt a mistress with larger longing. In many cases he loves it more than each possible woman loved is, because with their it always saving direction of uncertainty gives; it can modify their understanding at any time – it can fatigue from it, (a thing it for all fear). Other men can convince it away of it; and all these possibilities hold it in a continuous status of excitation and of screen, which gives sharp savour for existence. And it is from canon of respectability together away, but aligns nevertheless, which were large inclinations of men at all roused by women, who are not their wives and who additionally their wives would like to never be. Burnishing fine poem, “much of together feeling of a man on this notch expresses last travel”; we are educated, in order to understand that mistress dismisses their loving has and their own free and independent way to take; but ensure and regret of loving is sharp, and will be sharper. That is shown in each line verse. There is no Bitterkeit94, which is bitterer to a man, as consciousness that he does not know love of a woman stops. Perhaps it’s pride more than its inside is wounded, and he is rare, if at all, releases from a certain vexation on topic. Even you, my loved, large and tender soul, there I you believe to be, are not without your jealousy! Jealousy, which I love! Jealousy, those on a Bewölken95 of your eyes to get and it all contractors, if density one goes. Educate, who stop a little impatiently after Stirnrunzeln96 your brewing, boding patients for each possible other man to jealousy, after whom I, by-chance-smile too friendly from bare ennui or thoughtlessness out if. Oh! I – I knows that I must protect me for you precisely. I, which itself never for precious I held, must me now regard that my complete is its it, carefully to be bent and formed honestly, more sweetly, more splendid and more intelligently; for love sanctify and thing must include, which misses, otherwise it is loved, its appointment. Which for privilege it is in this connection more or less unprivileged lifespan to believe that you are of value to somebody else, particularly if this somebody else occurs, for you, all humans dearest to be! Knowledge that its view, it eyes, your smile, transmit gladness to this, which your note begins a striking of inside and a tremor of inclination like no other influence on mass box waken! There is nevertheless time, as this lucky direction of Seine loved suddenly like fame of Nach97 glut a sunning verblet and cold fear of modification and density soul. Even as clouds fully threatening rain shadow landscape crosses. Undefeated looks, ungenerous words – why these come in like fretful glasses in music of life? I assume that understood no man life at all nevertheless strangely along-feeling sensitiveness inside of one loving woman has, like it longs for small word of praise it never utters! Tender, volatile view, which he sometimes gives after it, yet refuses frequently! And curious section of it is that

94 Acrimony or bitterness.
95 To cloud over.
96 Perhaps from für Stirnrunzeln sagen or “to raise eyebrows”.
97 Past.
it gives freely word and to that unintelligent and uncaring looks women, during
goes it, unsolaced who it well loves, completely. I am far of all ideas of presenting
harmed or neglected; but I can say truthfully, I death my, but a bright thing,
which compared with slow torture of inside, which sees that an inclination
robbed her, once possessed. Love, love of my, let me die before you weary from
me! – I pray God for these gifts and tomorrow, only God could such a petition
understand, because neither could you nor each possible man. To you regarding
your whole sex, they seem stupid immeasurably, so that a woman above gives life
and all this its attraction around love sake. Is it not Byron who writes:

“Man's love is of man's life a thing apart.
'Tis woman's whole existence.”

This is applicable, only you it does not believe. I, for example, can turn to a
world, which waits, in order to honour me with certain salvos of applause for
special gift, which I and special work have, I completes; I can surround with
friends and flatterers by notches, and I could, if I selected, maintenance by many
diversions, which, to society, which could seem Ne Plus98 extremely luck.
Additionally but I could and like sufficiently thrown in one that of Verhungern99 of
wild animals, which are ready for use to devour I – for which world without you
is? Which gives diversion it and your presence lacks? Which skies, which sea,
which sun or moon, where you are not? They, evenly you – this stupid can
designate – however, it are an ineradicable folly. I can consider death with far
larger equanimity, than I can bear long absence of you – and peace of grave
represents as reassuring prospect I, which is to be before-tightened for loss of
your love to me. How empty and complete universe is to me dreary, if I cannot
see or believe you close! Is blunt like brightest sky! Is like darkness most beautiful
day! As useless and work and pastime seem futile! Music loses its charm and
sweet one – books, I, contains none tended to love more statement for me now.
There all intelligence contained in “I-love you!” of soul and by largest authors,
who at all lived fame for these an enthusiasm compensated, in which all lifespan
concentrates. Thus closed knew I old data carriering with an easy softness of
parting and that for me she any more is not in way of comfort or conviction,
which love can say me by hand and I ready. Him by all things to follow taken,
evenly unto death, which so many persons with terror consider, but for me no
fear except that of losing you has!

98 More.
99 To die of hunger or to starve.
CHAPTER VI

IT is, says practical persons time, on summit of ideal always to live impossible. This is enough applicable. Us down of sunlit-hole he drags and strives someone or something to dip us into pig mire. With load and effort we know by chance maintenance from a too close contact with dirt out; but it always is with largest difficulty. Whole world loves mud pie charts better than sunbeams; and mud pie apostle is at all ready for use to preach prosaic Plättmueden. Truth for explaining, preparations for life, as normally followed, are singular sordid. And, are inclined too frequently to weariness and to Monotony\textsuperscript{100}. Connection, for example, agrees upon Melancholisch\textsuperscript{101} or indifferent resignation with age and experience into one, pious or children, who are carried by link, grow up and exceed from climate of its fathers or mothers out. And from its climate, however, too frequently from its inclinations if business of perpetuating some absent-minded atoms of your own identity is executed by its organisms. But of actual self and soul dwelling in body, which therefore its physical functions executed. It was fulfilled? No! Nothing of so small and of usual one a program can calmly its longing, or satiate its thirst for immortal love! But, is there one “immortal love”? Surely! For, if it does not, God-creative strength, would be missing. And I, sometimes in my love for you, you believe that it would be almost better. If I know love, you from world together for as only as angels were. You without this stupid noise of blood, this haste love inside, this hurting longing, which is never calmed down. All these feelings, which only are part of bad small earthly climate in which walks my spirit restlessly, while one can walk in prison on and starting from a narrow cell. Was I lifted out and away from this engirdling range of termination, which I believed that I could love you possibly better? Invisibly, I could monitor and away from evil instruct you, and you do not have probability weary from my love, since them its as air, which you breathed. And them it's of its softness unconsciously, although it could be your protection. But which dreams these are! They are not a man and I a woman, everyone with our own special limitations and this soul of my up-sucked in its deep Anbetung\textsuperscript{102} of you. Can any more than do love you for center of its death or immortal existence and to burn within itself like an incessant flame, which cannot extinguish energy in mass or in sky? It is unnecessary (or Casuist to saying that no such love Existieren\textsuperscript{103}. It Existieren or it can be rare, although I doubt frequently, whether it is so rare, like unthinking mean. However, it are worth only form of inclination designating love at all. It is it a strength is, which is together two spirit as by a magnet, so efficiently. Thus, invincibly draws fact that they cannot be torn apart, to destroy without or other or both is it not love? Love is air, fire and water

\textsuperscript{100} Monotony.
\textsuperscript{101} Melancholic.
\textsuperscript{102} Adoration.
\textsuperscript{103} To exist or subsist.
of existence or nothing. I you love, only world as garden of Paradises sees you, for example, now there, in which her way alone and which I run, in order to meet you. While a child runs to any beautiful thing, which it can possess, if it becomes. I lose in your levers and forget that I have any different identity; I am glad to believe as nothing in your all.

It is my luck that my weakness in your strength should be Realised and this should be safe luck of each woman, to that love into that whole plenitude of possession comes. Why, if woman is on an equal footing with men? If their existence of their ability, how melted jewel in wine of life depends to be lost! Individuality? Liberty? These cries with two wars screamed of women, who did love never have, who were never loved. Which woman requires “individuality” with kiss of its loving after their lips? Or search procedures “liberty”, when it’s levers all around it and its inside impacts against their arc? I speak of actual and real love, naturally. Casual animal drives have few for doing with positive divine inclination, which raise, transfigure and convert. Desire meat is drive nature, but it is bare first and original strength attraction, which deeper and stronger energy is. If Mystic output soul each on other hand draws and inclination body almost godlike thing transfers, because it is. Must only medium, by which higher even everything can give it, its loved as daylight falls by soften-veils of thus spirit form? Its demand on love by veil of material, and love react through draw its to two creature together through easily note. With it, it can feel in trembling, hurry, to breathe heavily or to gasp longing of it imprisoned soul what divinely long for divinest link if them “are neither to connect nor its give in connection however to be supposed to have as angel of God in skies!”. I sometimes fulfilled to this with almost painful longing believed. If in normal estimation of love and in energies of loving me to stand still in your levers that you love me (like her legends) should have been content with that whole intensity of inclination of a man. This intensity, which is, with your sex far frequently physically as affairs. You let me, nevertheless, believe that I please somewhat more than material laterally from your nature and that therein I exercise drop and a supporting energy over you. So it legends! And it is this lucky consciousness of affairs in you and into me that labels my rise in rebellion would continue to rise to soul approximately its fleshly prison. So that, like angel it fat-talk fain its linkages to break and lighting up around its most ambitious goals to explain it! Its brightest dreams you! Its immortal its you! Its hopes of sky you! Its whole eternal youth, lifespan, softness and fame you! You only for at all and at all! My body is too frail to express this passionate soul of my weak levers. My striking inside is not warmly enough. My eyes do not have attractive light, which should convince

104 Paradises.
105 Realised.
106 Mystic.
107 To breathe heavily or to gasp.
108 To become infatuated with or to besot.
you deathless flame inside. And my voice varies in its expression of “I-love you!” that at beginning and end of alphabet of my life span is. Language is indeed frequent from deep feeling weakest and a large silence between us two uttered more than speech.
CHAPTER VII

My, my! I am never of this small cliche over and over say again to irresponsive silence slowly-acting! They would hardly think that bare expression of words me for many provide truest should. And, nevertheless, carry it with them a sweet one, which facilitates density of my solitude. For are too lonely, frequently more than lonely me. And there are many envious souls, which became rejoice between us. And if I could tear love up of you from from my inside violently, its own people, for example, one hell after mass for me to form, whenever we meet. As soon as I me remind, to be thus and propelled goaded and by sarcasm and roughness cruel speech maddened, which I could have hurled me in endless silence. If I not that, I could still be helpful to you in false ways of life, humble service had thought. Still reliably and ardent and fully from such fervent loyalty, as a topic of love for a king can transfer. So that, if I can prepare you however pleasure of one instant, my life span to continue for your sake. No matter how it is abraded by and annoyed, which would stop it as prisoner to a corner of a dungeon, and if it were nothing more than one pressing of my hand, which should give you a short feeling of joy, should this hand its softness and safe as you regard. I possess myself only for you, and I estimate each small beauty of form and characteristic, which gave nature after me, simple, because you find her appropriate by your eyes. And into forced absence of me I discover any gladness in effort, to form more appropriately and more acceptably in your sight. Vanity was never some of me. Desire to be everything, which you cannot do when are applied in such a way to expect and earn. But is divide reliably from function and from beauty of love. Yesterday, I took pain to evening, although there were no however indifferent eyes to behold. I, in order to seem as if your presence in to make blunt of house a Paradies. And there was something, which is in my own face concerning me in mirror is along-feeling, when that had taken place. Whole attiring. In wistful miracle it seemed to inquire from me why as much pain had been taken, when you were absent? I tried to smile into my own eyes but filled her with breaks, despite me. And during I alone intelligence fewer by fire with a book of use sat, which smell of a small bundle of violet ones, which I expressed a sadness and a longing carried, which is larger as all sweet at all written songs and poems.

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109 To comfort or to console.
110 Fringe-like or borderline.
111 Is worthy.
112 Silkiness.
113 Understood.
114 Commodities.
115 Monotony.
116 Paradise.
Everything, which I need in this life span, is you! And you its hold back Von Sie\textsuperscript{117} of me as I. Already, if God give themselves its merciful and together for briefly distance, like all remainder of time shrink to disappear point. Leave only orbed hour of ecstasy. Completely an area in what all beauty, all fame, all hope, all joy, its contain. Even as all colour of rainbow Glitzern\textsuperscript{118} in a drop of rope we live only then. Remainder of our days in a type automatic fulfilment of daily program are spent. Possibly we come together close in ardour work. Operate only one more consolet love in absence. They, with their multicolored genius, I, with my small talent. We both operate in order to live. Both unmoved by bare mercenary motives, but mutually desiring to leave somewhat from us consideration of a future time. We are preferred: neither them in your line nor I. Not with agreement or by taste of age. We strive for idea which is considered all art as a possible “feeling”, which can be possibly not saleable or can. If we do not produce marketable goods, which are doubtful we from value, even as humans. And nevertheless I lacked without success in consciousness worldly you, which can be fulfilled, known that you obtained good work, general acknowledgment. I can say same of me, although I obtained few. But circumstances of my lifespan forced me to operate for my daily bread since my recent days be sacrificed thus many mine idyllic dreams like martyrs flame of annoyed necessity had. Now an authority achieving, which I can lean at a wall of independence me. Although I am out and never absolutely safe. Never from sight of enemies of peace from my footnote. Do you hurt my lifespan, which I have for howling hear had famished wolves of envy? And malice? How they followed my small carriage over cold and snow-covered steppes of effort. I have Pausieren\textsuperscript{119} and it to throw had everything of me, in order to appease their hunger except my inside and soul. And these, which safe I kept, until you came! Until you took it from me, since he was to be taken it to right, over pre-ordained them. To right, which I never dreamed about discussing. It loved! As gladly and proudly I her at your feet down to put should! Fighting, passionate inside, which had throbbed from its agonies so long alone! Eager soul, which dipped like an offering, flew to its assistant and folded its wings and did not look no more up for skies, since sky in you was found! And nevertheless – and nevertheless! I ask myself like long will it, or can be it before this large and increasing love of ours can a link of fulfilment find? As long? And when it bright flame grows weakly? Shrieks warm glowing? I do not exhaust so secret of its burning ardour! There is an inclination of soul, which fully those of body a neigung\textsuperscript{120} of eternal longings exceeds, which are fulfilled never and which breed immortal thoughts of immortal desires! Which clouds of dark foreboding and lowest point shadow landscape of life? If only they would little raise! I am sometimes tired from density and from isolation. Density and isolation, which I

\textsuperscript{117} Literally “from her”.
\textsuperscript{118} To gliisten.
\textsuperscript{119} To do nothing.
\textsuperscript{120} Disposition or aptitude.
can explain not away. Hours, when it seems that even your love is deleted of me and that I am alone in a curvature of quiet cold weather, estranged, separately, slowly-acting and alone. Today, I thus longed for a word, have a volatile view of you! I Neider\textsuperscript{121} air, which it, in oath sky breathe, which has upward volatile view of your eyes! And feverish restlessness my spirit carries me to such for a refinement of torture, which I can hardly bear. Pain and half desire. Those, it me would terminate, so that I could have peace! Do you – you can estimate – know this corrosive Geiste\textsuperscript{122} suffering, which educates me differently than me? Would you understand it, if you knew? Almost I doubt it! Although possibly I can harm you. Also, sometimes or frequently they can suffer in same way. I think that her! Loved, you can become distorted. Us, our inevitable misunderstandings! For, as it should know possible we at all so long perfect is, as life is, which it is in this world, restrained by many meetings. Dennoch\textsuperscript{123} Sind\textsuperscript{124} those rare moments, in which we are suddenly soul to soul with all barriers down, each hour of suffer us bear if apart worth. If you remember once, as we together in wood were, hides away under a canopy of slats and quake so obviously green in colour leaves, it could a network of emeralds was, how everything seems earthly to mass melt away and up-sucked in ethereal colours of sensitive leaves and blue sky above and how we two Gemerkt\textsuperscript{125} in each other thoughts suddenly rapt in nature. As if we any more were not than fine substantial ones became, which were drawn from their bosom, in order to mix themselves together and swim toward sun! One which for hour, which was! Lighting up with that whole fame of a sky far beyond poetic presenting. For poets themselves do not achieve. Those could do ecstasy are filled like then us. We were wildly together, mute. Consciously only life – from inside this impact – from souls warm themselves that which is touched at lips in kisses, when wine-eyes, which such softness looked, how must be for at all wordless. And in that whole air around us excellent suggestion of a new dawn of daily – a fresh phase of existence – came a participation, while it, on for a Paradies we long and blindly had looked up was. Until then had nevertheless never found that whole business of outside world seemed folly or impropriety. We formed our own world, in which nothing could participate sordid. Inclination of such moments is neither lower surface nor material. It approaches divine inch-expansion and creativity of love to that. For God is largest in love and in creation of life. Complete secret of universe seemed into our possession, and in nothing given, which can inform science or those that prophesy to inspiration box beyond simple fact of love!

\textsuperscript{121}Envier.
\textsuperscript{122}Possibly from \textit{im Geiste} or “in the spirit”.
\textsuperscript{123}Anyhow.
\textsuperscript{124}Are.
\textsuperscript{125}Realised.
CHAPTER VIII

I can apparent stop however smile at small memory you by your own genius frequently! Possibly is it “only apparent”! Still I would not have you differently – although there are times, if discontent and lowest point of work are undone after you, accompanied from doubt whether more work doing \textit{Wert Ist}!\textsuperscript{26} Then is it fact you are slow-acting, and only love box rouse and shifts you again to be conscious in order to believe your own energies or light to your brewing. A light falls, by unseen, nevertheless to all is visible. Detect gift, is given after you for me light always shines. And I go into it, while a lucky soul goes into sunshine. Sometimes I grow, however weakly, only because large love I have for you overwhelm me by its bare abundance and finally it leaves me feeling how helpless I am. Does what I would try fain for your sake? “By \textit{Glaub}\textsuperscript{127} eye delete mountains,” said Divine teacher, and if by faith I can pulverize any difficulty in your path and melt any slight trouble into their progress away, these is safe effected. I – I you, if I could, at summit of this art would also by way place. In you are a master, and white, whether if faith and love are really large propelling energies, they are understood, in order to be. This triumph for you is not its full completion to achieve? Then my few lifespan somewhat helpful. Was its, then like bead, melted by Queen of Egypt in Antony wine. I should have given you a royal design of fame, could perhaps fulfill your climbing and effort spirit at all. I think you estimate aspirations, must I for you have \textit{Instinktiv}\textsuperscript{128}. For if you stop me to your inside in whole fervour and cover softness of a loving clasp from your levers, it explains to me all know you longing of mine soul. In order not to only be in all to you but, to get you each honour those, could represent your brightest dreams at all. To you, to be you announce from joy, and to your possession of all to transmit, you would look up. I cannot understand from love. I have for you each lower target than this. You all give I without, and have its everything. Require you, outside to \textit{Beneiden}\textsuperscript{129} or for one moment any desire for me presenting regret. For in truth, I do not have a desire safe you should be lucky! A beautiful woman friend of me \textit{Gevertraut} to me other day secret of their life span. This was it no love for its married man had, but only a pleasant friendship, and she loved with her whole inside and soul another man, in return loved her evenly. She said fact. Its married man was perfectly convinced she admired it and to her added she was too glad from its self-deception, to its vanity was and fulfilled his egoism. “I became never,” it said. Connects love of man I – not even if I were free to thus do. I should have fear before \textit{Monotone}\textsuperscript{130} connection, fearfully

\begin{flushright}
\textsuperscript{126} Literally “Is worth!”.
\textsuperscript{127} Belief or faith.
\textsuperscript{128} Instinctively.
\textsuperscript{129} Begrudge.
\textsuperscript{130} Monotony.
\end{flushright}
constant company him and me weary. She said, “I love it too much would like at all its wife to be”. I quite understood her. I believed to same regarding you. I would not be fatter on your life span. I could not see you, your understanding in discussion over native happenings away too *Vertroedeln*. So despite all somebody best efforts these things of a man ken. Someone in hide, or from household is, through tactlessness or would like from entering. Mention stupid or *Ungefügigen* topics, divert brain from its better activity. Additionally, I would not branch you to me by law and and church leave indicate.

Go to nest of my inside, since you become and I take joy in sweet consciousness. In this liberty you fasten yourselves still to me by your own agreement. And nevertheless, with there is whole *Vernarren* inconsistency of a woman-time, when I am of their much work jealous! This is stupid and false. Harm in such a way it stings my soul with a sharp self-reproach, but I it to hardly help can. I know I am to sink myself and my love for you into any place of silence far away “where it is not heard”. If you form your dreams into living art and I do thereby far since it is humanly possible. If our love of sensual or sexual type were, criminally reducing to both of us, delimitation of egoism could be thus simply. However, we did not drag our jewel in mire! I can *Troesten* in such a way mine alone hour into way you to estimate, and its secretly knowledge. My hand – small hand you fondle and kiss so frequently – opens quietly doors of success to your work. And operating for you, since you never dream or would think she could operate! Intensive joy I believe into this hidden source of comfort! If I hear you discussion somewhat unexpected acknowledgement of your energies, some unlooked-for reward for your work and me. You I was means of getting you this pleasure, know I are consciously an excellent joy, only some degrees smaller than joy in your presence and hooks of your levers about me. They would never understand this. I think you would call it probably romantic folly. But you would have me impenetrably for feeling? Like “strong minded” regarding you are able without feeling? Do you teach to me, how one remains all nevertheless this, and a woman is? Loves you? Explain to me, how one holds back breaks. Rise from my inside to my eyes, if you me lets we become for days – even months – all waste of life my thinking, because divides love necessities each moment it can find in an endless multiplicity of forms. Absence of you means a type death to me. A time, in each training body sinks, each direction becomes motionless, falls each hope and ambition nerveless and slowly-acting. And whole world grows darkness. Is on even, light-weather days. A cold weather of blood keeps me cooled to bone, and I hurt with weariness delay time. But you may not know this. You would call it “weakness”. One of hardest truths in relations of sexes are a woman, if she would stop their informed never a man must, how much she loves him. Its inclination progresses well on indifference and neglect – it would ask rather for

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131 To fiddle way or to laze away.
132 To besot.
133 To comfort or to console.
softness, when it proffered without demand. Having they this its frequently load it longs to speak. Nevertheless, it knows it may not. They to become to give all, but believe them must take. And for at all and at all iron fetters, excluded from declaration lie coldly all around their inside. Excluded, on rarely moment. Moment like you and I experienced. It sweeps delimitation away as dust before a storm, and we become for moment in thought, feeling and ardour.
CHAPTER IX

I think life *Wert Ist*\(^{134}\). For living in such moments of joy as us is sometimes granted, although dry waste of life, comes between them. Seems frequent regarding so long and dreary. Is you much a Sahara of fatigue and *Bitterkeit*\(^{35}\). Sometimes surprise me. I whether you would love me better, if I were dead? They would forget many disturbances and failings of my incomplete nature, and you would think tendernesses and small ways, in I had made sometimes away vexations and inflammations of your life span smooth only of those. And then, probably you were forgotten! Because work and business of life more men than love seem as many, although love work spirit of all things and counting pulses for more in greatness carried out ideals as if is. Everyone knows. Neither you can access nor each possible man this at all. It is only if hour comes, like come it you can, if you alone is to confront any fear state of emergency without love close to you in order to help you by density. Then you to grow. However, saving beauty of angel sorrowfully, consciously scared your hasty hand away. Sometimes you are men to creatures, love you, and praying to them surprising brutally. Why they trusted you at all, and they can be had permission over into silence of grave to sink. Instead of with you they struggles-retreat of you in terror and in surprise. I white for my own section. I would meet rather deletion, when your cold weather rebuff-death was slowly, however terminated. Nonetheless, surely in comparison with this long bitter pain, at inside easily to be that. Is it so difficult for a man to be easy with a woman? I ask for this in bare stupidity, in order to condemn you, my love, my loved not! For your softness always is resistless. One believe small and means and exigeant calm large tolerance and naive simplicity differentiate between your nature. Little things of world trifling really to you: light on wing of a *Papillon*\(^{136}\) or slat-colour of a *Primel*\(^{37}\) in wood is meant to your sight and as tendencies and those vagaries of human race far more valuable. I think this is aloofness. I love to give in you, although it is difficult and must at all be even not possibly, reason for loving. There are two pages to your nature: to rough and asterisk things of life with a pleasure turns, almost craving. Storm, difficulty, rough price of transportation, hard beds, buffettings with incommodity and hardness and opposition. Other results with an excellent sensibility to influences of attractive light and smell and *Luxurioesen* relocating would impregnate themselves and would burn and in sensuous beauty like a glowing coal with sharp igniting of inclination. I knew her at my note tremble. Quickness your spirit answers to my like lightning was. Tears cloud up of your strength violently and overwhelmed leaves you. To other time your soul seemed like a Fortress by

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\(^{134}\) Literally “is worth”.
\(^{135}\) Bitterness.
\(^{136}\) Butterfly.
\(^{137}\) Primrose.
Unverrückbar\textsuperscript{138}, protected at many points of favourable and in such moments I believe completely deleted by you and state in some far place of cold weather, where sunshine of smile of a loving never penetrated. I more shiver close of this sudden wall of ice. Surprising, if I at all really knew warmth of your kiss, hook of your levers! And a strained agony of paralyses my thoughts. I would cry, if I could. However, my brakes are solidified. And I wait. And you wait, mutely, prayerfully hold mean faith in you, on like a sign against my inside. And then, then after a cold season, cloud my landscape runs. Collude meltingly after snow. More warmly and warm, begin bright light beams of love to ignite, until frozen currents with attacks of density in a golden glowing of softness break. And my complete lifespan extended again and becomes twice alive. Rising, you like sadness, a redeeming soul of this grave it to wings rainbow-hued aspiration toward to heights seem unattainable, and exceed over them with \textit{Muebelosigkeit}\textsuperscript{139} of a bird flying toward to sun! Like is your secret influence over me and strong spell. Exercise you over my lifespan without your own consciousness. As soon as or twice a curious assortment seems from fear to possess it. Be afraid, from fear in simple influence. You stop you, me after all of losing itself should. When we met us after one month of separation, we greeted us almost coldly without flickering a lid, in order to betray feeling. For there were others monitor us. Then, in some minutes were we alone, and you said: “probably! are you silence same? or you modified you?”. And your eyes looked up my with fast and eager jealousy, educated me to smile! You saw immediately there was no modification! It knew that, what you had given me your lifespan in its hidden nest of love it was safe! And as your levers intercepted me near and your lips met my again, gave it a sigh starting from large discharge of a doubt. You must have never felt for one instant, I, in a direction, am glad nevertheless you experienced these jealous fear, because I would not have you too surely! Human nature is like capricious, frequent, if it believes it. It requires \textit{Uebersättigung} adjusts inside has, and, like a spoiled child, asks it for new and quite \textit{Unversuchtes} something.

\textsuperscript{138} Unalterable or unshakeable.
\textsuperscript{139} Effortlessness.
CHAPTER X

Apart from joy to its loved by you, think I, mine supremest luck to know am. I can be helpful to you in your life's work and in ambition. By silence, by delimitation, by her leave, her nothing trivial nature dreams. And with those thoughts, their Gehirn\(^{140}\) busies themselves to disturb, take care. As you, you of all interruptions, of stupid details, social materials and of dormant gossip. Dormant, skipping peoples, no view necessities work genius have, and no view work to protect. If you are done to believe my aid for you this peace provide can and peace of atmosphere, in you can gives free Zuegel\(^{141}\) to lighting up views of your fantasy. This is a large privilege and a reward for me, a type sanctification my lifespan. I became rather this useful friend. You, when one self-important fussy, woman to be, fully from household Obacht\(^{142}\) and from kitchen materials, speaking with you from social obligations and of unnecessary calls and from politeness, work for no purpose interrupt. Whatever, and only away useful time Vertroedeln\(^{143}\) it. A woman is not a sex partner in a position of perfect respectability. I am empty of all “sex” feeling regarding you consciously, only a love. Is for reduction selfish of desire too pure and impersonal? There in front I has fear to love you. I would confront deity, even calmly to enough, I think, if I were and saw arraigned for a justification of my softness fact. I had only a love and one unselfish neigung\(^{144}\) would see you rather lucky, when its own satisfaction serves. And how? I, its work. I, dear, sweet, sharp joy it is to me for seeing best from you to rise to its height. I, creations of its brain, ability of your hand monitor! Ardour your thoughts flaming legends thus, and I am proud! Few women can praise themselves so much. They are to be loved – majority them – in way of men, explain them, with many demands, moods, vanities and stupidities. Never determining these things do not express love, but only it arrant egoism. Sometimes white I, I enough weak am to beneiden\(^{145}\) time. You prepare to their from my own longing for your company give. If you with me are not hurting, isolation of my inside are so intensive. I believe it is over me, protection outside, while I endeavour me against it. I should and must, therefore you strive, because you say you love me “beyond all things” – and should be enough for me in this world. Other evening played I melody of an old song. Has a thrill of meaning and beautiful suggestion for us, and you turned toward to me with a view in your eyes, well-being balanced me many alone hours long! While in this short moment saw I their soul, angel of you, lightning from acknowledgment, and my own soul

\(^{140}\) Brain.
\(^{141}\) Bridle or control.
\(^{142}\) Care.
\(^{143}\) To fiddle away.
\(^{144}\) Vocation or aptitude.
\(^{145}\) Envy.
developed into fast response. So we, while them were, met in a glow of warm lightning us! And our existence was however some Flammetren as uner for again combining! And you were lucky! “like lucky I it's I” you say. Give to me in few word to music sweetly as any can at all its play or sing ransack mass and its treasure will give you one instant perfectly joy. And to think and know I, with mine badly supply of graces. It can get you gladness. What to become differently it's to lack in their lifespan. It's sufficient reward for me and sufficient reason for existence. Still – it to so strangely also seem can – became I your wife. No, not for world it is! I did not become by law and church gasp and night in year – not for many! This constant propinquity, receive never, away from each other – almost Vulgare\textsuperscript{146} confidenences. Can ideal of love under such circumstances Existierenen? I have with inexpressible disgust at idea of women, enable their married men to see her in not always elegant “Deshabile”. And, all Zarheit\textsuperscript{147} and reserve are thrown to hoists, back-pushes to married men. Are half Angeklitten and sloven into their wives’ ræume\textsuperscript{148} sauntering and ordinary ugliness. Daily paper necessities are persisted and everywhere in proof are gotten. I am surprised, how “ideal” can survive connection in love – indeed I doubt rather if she survives at all! Only in too rare cases, in tactful friendliness and thought on both pages Existieren\textsuperscript{149}, can do beautiful dream latter from a lifetime. I know two too-old people those, when married man and woman is calm loving. Still averse on each other private lives disturb, still sensitively in avoidance over trustness. Again I do not know another two their rough indifference to everyone of other intimacy it better than man and woman of paltry area form.

Love, ethereal charm, converts like sunlit dampf\textsuperscript{150} all visible things into this “light never was on sea or country” away in thin strips starting from morning fog on hills. Tears up, if rough wind of everyday impacts against it, and no matter how much we pretend can we know still in its fame bask. We it any longer is not there. Pretty girls explained me once it became secured of connection, by hearing it Schnarcher\textsuperscript{151} betrothed! Unlovely in attitude, on sofa, in it had thrown itself. Roused he, not corresponding echoes by space, by tones, as much nothing of a pig over a gutter in its Schweinestall\textsuperscript{152} resemble. And them, poor stupid small girl, whose ideas of it were much exalted also for human frailty carry out. Believed, repulsed and extremely disillusioned. Too much “far fetched” no doubt. However, she believed simply she could not bear him as lifespan companions. So it had to abort their obligation – applicable reason never. Giving which, naturally, and it was returned to more than by joy in their liberty, when it married thereafter.

\begin{footnotes}
\footnote{Vulgare\textsuperscript{146} Vulgar or vile.}
\footnote{Delicacy.}
\footnote{Rooms or possible “kitchen”.}
\footnote{To exist.}
\footnote{Vapour.}
\footnote{Snorer.}
\footnote{Pig-sty.}
\end{footnotes}
a converging “film” girl. Separated it in months for infidelity and general brutality. Naturally it does not follow. *Schnarchen* sets an end on part of a man or a woman for romantic page of love. However, it suggests *Zartheit* of guidance and refinement of way is more or less mandatory in relations between sexes, it’s or should. I cannot you as differently than present me you are, and is a model of politeness and gentleness. I permit I never saw it. It explains you “in rough”. There one of its man friends it describes to me. You have many different phases or “way”, for us too fortunately possibly see we not too much of each other. Long absences form our sessions rapturous – or thus it seems. However, if I am to believe you, is your desire to see me to each day? I surprised frequently me, if you really mean this. I have myself, if on my own section. I to require same was asked, and strangely to saying, despite eager pain and longings has I. When you are absent, response to this query is almost a negative. I comes into indecision, hesitating love – old love of suggestion. “I” you? “if” I love it! “If” you love me! Should love require constant company? I do not think. Suffering is had by separation as a consequence. Is a *Koestliches* vexation. A hurt. *Versuesst* aids. Even ones there we blessing of health without any illness. Thus, it to hardly estimate should are probable enchantment each other function characteristic reduce could were we for insisting on its continuousness. Love is so mysteriously enclosed. God trusts not disturbing too courageously or same behind veil. Not to analyze is better, or tries you to analyze refinement of an only mental feeling. Daily sexual attraction can do, for this easily employs same in each animal, in bird and in operation. However, if a spurring magnetism, as each material feeling, two souls are far strong together into a linkage of link draw and as life to last. Then present me. I one steps on holy soil.

Of course this is possibly only my own idea of love – it is feeling of love. But after all, cannot be it possibly same with you. Sometimes place to me I are careful into you a vague density – mean sunshine, a cloud barrier *Beschattet* – between you and me as if it a rival was, or mediate itself to a robber of peace. It is then my inside grows languid in its love impulse – and instead of to climb for height of enthusiasm is struck my soul back and thrust down into density of doubt. I much to give, in order to know, if we can really trust and hope bad humans *Himmlisch* direction eternal of love. Those, or if we are however victims of illusion as much as, if we regard it only as sparkling marks of light seeing our way *Regenbogen* facilitated. If in reality they are flaming worlds! Alas, we become by creation

153 Snorer.  
154 Gentleness.  
155 Delightful.  
156 Sweetens.  
157 Shadowed.  
158 Celestial.  
159 Rainbow.  
160 Like.
Betrogen. And we would behave readily! However, for me it gives to be a thing. Seems in whirl of fate fast, and these a thing is. I love you, “if” I-love you, with absolute truth and pureness. If love is, is explained it, in order to be, unsoiled this devotion of my lifespan should be precious to you and sacred. But, if men are, they check in almost each phase of life, then are everything. I give you from me, as nothing in deep sea of male egoism. I do not take liberty to think of this – I believe you to be from higher character and from temper than majority of your sex – unable from smallness and from treachery. Large artist, while you can be and during dear you are, I, you more for my faith in you than large man its splendid manhood, its highest quality is.

161 Cheated or deceived.
CHAPTER XI

It is an appropriate *Herbstliche*\textsuperscript{162} day, and trees are nevertheless thickly with leaves. Became clear much and during long sweet warmth of summer, and glowing now into sun with a *Flamme-wie*\textsuperscript{163} splendour. River hoist softly between banks of cloth *Huedosiers* and, *Seggen*\textsuperscript{164}, small fastening hens dig over it, and now and then blue lightning cuts one *Kingfisherfluge*\textsuperscript{165} air with *Juwel-wie*\textsuperscript{166} brilliancy. I monitor bright wind chest of current in such a way caressingly *Plaetschernd*\textsuperscript{167}. How a *Vernarrte*\textsuperscript{168} hand on rotations of a child, and you are to me lost in a dream of mixed miracle. And ensures for me you are surprised. Provide for you! To be sadly and possibly little, is also ashamed. Cannot help if one hears of a king, who suddenly moved by a seat of mental disorder, pulls away from its crown and it throws its royal robes up in dust. Tears away violently and rises of its thrones with beggars in course. And, nevertheless, this is to consort off you did! We hear “of a screw bolt of blue” – system crash of thunder in a free sky – however, are these, even self chosen with ruin by an ideal, reduction of a character are compared? It, my loving monarch of my soul, I with splendours *Klit*\textsuperscript{169} and you with splendid characteristics of understanding and temper daydream-calibrate it equipped. You, evenly you, selected in order to show me you do not possess of nobleness! I smile to me in despise. Mine idol has feet of loam. However, complete blunt body of same rough and heavy material! How was it I thought you, in order to be, you are not? Drew figure of their worthiness, for her gentleness, your softness on my soul? Was it, therefore you so stupidly *Glorifizieren*\textsuperscript{170} It must have been, and, like a child so, in only I created a charm. Was of me and nothing from you into it had around you! I saw your real aspect to few by few by this charm. Your own rough hand has more asunder silvery fog of mine dream. Dream weaving violently *Zerrissen*\textsuperscript{171} and your most uninteresting me in many ugly and unexpected ways confronted. Little by few, I sold mine birthright for a confusion pottage. This I have *Gelitten*\textsuperscript{172} my soul in rags assume and to *Fetzen*\textsuperscript{173} a worthless inclination in place of royal and imperial dress of fame I imagined you had given me for wear. And them, without. However, a writ became during before life. A density is in my

\textsuperscript{162} Autumn darkness.
\textsuperscript{163} Flame-like.
\textsuperscript{164} Sedges.
\textsuperscript{165} Possibly “kingfisher on the wing”.
\textsuperscript{166} Jewel-like.
\textsuperscript{167} Garrulously.
\textsuperscript{168} Become infatuated with.
\textsuperscript{169} Slang, Short for kitoris (clitoris).
\textsuperscript{170} To glorify.
\textsuperscript{171} Disrupted or riven.
\textsuperscript{172} Tatter.
miraculous modification of light. I unendurable to have seemed become! My spirit, harmed and beyond aids wounds, shudders away from their you. Were my “loved” now everyday name by your brightest view! Poet, Byron, is called a misanthrope, but it wrote vital truth into lines:

“Loves, raves, – 'tis youth's frenzy, but cure
Is bitterer still, as charm by charm unwinds
Which robed our idols, and we see too sure
Nor worth nor beauty dwells from out mind's
Ideal shape of such.”

Nothing was or is in you, except “ideal form” of such virtues. I equipped you stupidly also, and your function characteristic is only my thought and my creation. They are a bare Fetzen of man, from my fantasy structured divinity! But it is your own hand, destructive impact at stately picture automatically fastened. It is your rough voice and boorish way, has clashed music of love in discord. How much better and more splendid it would have been never returned, had you suddenly gone away from me and stop to me on a disappeared dream instead of on reduced reality leaves! For judged you never capably too stabbing inside of a woman. You explained to admire me, nor I could you would develop ungratefulness. By a dog could be shamed! But it makes for few. I invented, believed or presented. Byron again estimate: “of its own beauty ill understanding and fever are into false creation”. I “falsely” to you created, and naturally, how all false things is creation in dust Zerbroeckelt. And your genius? As my understanding, them this quality, although many, estimate themselves better judges than I. You you do not have genius as much as trick of technical skill. Explain, a facile note possess, exceeds for sound gel honouring sameness. It is not perhaps a gift. Forms for it greatness in future. They do not estimate. You dream it, in order to be not probable honour of your name. With me can stand still – even me! Are formed or damaged that, by me, for by chance, your fame. If I gave you such a tip, you would laugh me, to despise. In order, still truth is destroyed not by mockery man. I – even I – stop you your reputation in cave of my hand! I regard this hand and dormant clasp and unclasp. One you stopped in a grasp fierce and tenderly, it convincing a small hand. One you stroked many times, to give a reassuring fondness on you when you would have it in such a way. Hand of a woman! One harms however woman, and hand would be not still so warm was it with memory of love vengeful!
“If” I love it, if I loved them at all, at all. Why, do I not love your disturbances as section you? I believe I could her love, if they were to be permitted disturbances, applicable manliness. However, I cannot get myself cowardice in any of your sex. Few from all in a man, for I martyred my best dreams have! Helplessly? No. Not extremely! For let me a deeper strength within I than you know, a larger motive energy than love was from you. A will is strong enough to break and freely be each fatter. Is my liberty useful much? I am of warmer ways of life a wanderer and exiles. It am. Assume a fat necessity of ensures forming. I other gifts of Gods are not lower than joy. I introduced myself. Could be my, and sit down satisfied, over to be even than obligation-forgotten and thoughtlessly of my sex. Love a man however men, and their inclinations, bare desire of conquest and not service of love are. Still I can not quite get me to do this. Somewhat Instinktive\textsuperscript{175} direction of pride forbids me looking another protection up in one failed. I could connect, naturally. However, I should connection, without liking love even. A man, I know and for years have knew, but one desire – educate me his wife. It is a good companion with a warm inside of its, and would get few characters of encouragement of me him to my page. Those from longing is full truth and sincerity its inclination to check. However, I cannot give this character. It is so honestly also and coward. Since you are, I cannot from you turn immediately! For you my understanding along-feeling became somewhat miserable. I think of you, while one can think of a deformed child, \textit{Unbrauchbar}\textsuperscript{176}. They are shrine of gold from please out and romance. Into I you placed small God of my \textit{Anbetung}\textsuperscript{177} jewelled! You have away from your support as veriest doll wax and bran filling \textit{Gestolpert}\textsuperscript{178}. And now you have therefore were fallen. I you fain on your feet of to adjust and of try to remove pieces of your once tightening and dominating aspect. Can this be done? Alas, No! I remember once in house of a friend, beautiful old Dresden \textit{Dresdenporzellanvase}\textsuperscript{179} its shelf by a sudden gust of wind strongly inadvertently burning through by a left opened of door was blown away. Led it smashed to atoms, and we a whole morning in futile attempts, could do interrupted bits to collect and see if them are joined. However, ruin was irreparable. Here a page rose there, a small hand a foot of \textit{Koestlichen} figure. Those on porcelain in such excellent discharge out was confessed. Attractive small main roles apart from body was crushed, in order to pulverize! No! There was nothing for it however to bind pieces above in a cloth and to set it as memory one rarity past, once existing duck. Like it is with you! I can remove a smile here, a kiss.

\textsuperscript{175} Instinctively.
\textsuperscript{176} Useless or waste.
\textsuperscript{177} Adoration.
\textsuperscript{178} Stumbled.
\textsuperscript{179} Literally “Dresden porcelain vase”.

110
there! Folly and sweet of it all! A hook of levers, a view of eyes, those seemed applicable and formed wordless resemblance of love in volatile views fast as fire! Everything were these some of you, my interrupted picture. Once! However, not now! It is said each man has two even – one attractively and lovable, others diabolic and hateful. And, according to its own personal comfort, it represents a page other one. Thus I. You first as “God”, now saw you assuming in order to be “devil”. I, a creature of means and targets, to narrow sneers at a life devotion. All take and give a bare accessing soul of egoism nothing form admirable pretence of loyalty. Yes! You are master in Galilee called to think “whited sepulchre” – and nevertheless – it rends my inside around it! It know! Oh, if I could structure it kingliness again above, I became how glad. Do it. It! But – after all – it was it kingliness? Was it not rather mine queenliness? We women are skillful in art of praying reprimanding, and our intelligence Shakespeare playfully shown in dream of midsummer, expresses truth, lasts time so long. Spirit of romance is a “Titania” in each woman; but man, she selects, in order to Glorifizieren, is rarely more than boorish a clown with heading of a donkey. I have frequently master poet of world of this wrote fairy play, to point in order an example and a moral to any certain woman. Legend, Penelope, with she is mentioned he was thought love, as well as every other man, in which, lighting up, bewitching small creature, danced to devastation with inside of each man and sang and played, within area their brightened and bewildering influence was gotten. But no woman improves. Can do false! And much is tightened a sensitive spirit mysteriously and irresistibly to a low and material piece rough animalism in a type of unconscious folly created by any malicious “Kobold” bent on trickery. Get so now I mean soul to staff of my own judgement and ask: What did I see into you, I should love you?

180 To glorify.
CHAPTER XIII

Let me with me be rather honest. I thought you loved me. They wrote it and I believed it. Therefore, a close analyst would say, my love for you selfish was and developed from satisfied direction. I was a rated and estimated person! Well, like is it! First suggestion of love, you formed in a character, which, I still possessed, were like opening of windows, leaves in dawn of daily of a bright summer. Light inundated my soul, my inside, of new with pulsating of excellent gratefulness were danced and pleasures. Siamesische should need you me in your lifespan! You should look this up my presence something to please you to Troesten and if God me had given an island of perfect beauty of sky with angels, in order to wait on my offering, I could not have been luckier! Then – your genius! Well this remains with you does not lower and I it; but it is dwarfed by their own activities and their requires of will. When I saw and with applause welcomed first your work, I did not have an idea you could descend to tetchiness, annoyed Beldame over small little things, were attached with him. Race and roar at harmless persons, good workers in its way, did not occur to correspond with you. There is nothing thus defence means in a man stupid. How “faddishness” and from this I judged you at least to be excluded. My error again! I should not be you for blames. It even I never detected, because I was too much written, if one structured another and you more differently even approximately, even of my own fantasy, even you not and could never be was. Unhappiness, from I weight now, is from my own forming; I placed my own idol in shrine in an educated manner richly Mi it does likewise poor savage if he forms a God of loam of stone and him something Anbeten is and forgets divine its own hands formed it on ideal its own fantasy. There are many women, me intentionally there I, would amount to to have done. And why? Because first joy in love – love, seems given to them sanctify life – possesses it with much unreasoning enthusiasm. They are not capable to foresee each possible end to its glad and spurring influence. And in such a way they drive to believe away, then idealizing confidence and veil, are more asunder gradually raised rudely, violently, Gezerrissenes and ugly real appearance. A real and appalling in low egoism, cruelty, vulgarity and hardness sometimes so vile is it propels some women to Vernicktheit. Badness, most frequent latter. What is to do it with me? I confront it “more really”, and rather calmly. Quite dispassionately legend I. Now, I, loved you. This I words does not find enough strong, in order to express my final Verachtung of you! I box Entschuldigungen, but not cowardice. And you checked yourselves a coward!

181 Siamese twins.
182 To idolize.
183 Craziness or folly.
184 Contempt or scorn.
185 Apologies or excuses.
Additionally, if I were such a fool, regarding leave you thoughts of you my lifespan, you would spoil secretly flattered and please. For I, I also have a note of this fire. Genius am called. And if you could delete it in me, you would do in such a way. All men strive to terminate divine in woman. Even one during around Joseph was cared in order to set Mary away from Nazareth, when she carried became God. Thus, whole Josephs of this world “was set away” to each possible woman. Is even more Schwanger\textsuperscript{186} with larger energy than their. But, you are a coward. I is not one! I do not suggest being closed door to worthless loving. A love did not have fame in it. I gave. I am free of bondage, and I carry never fetters again. Not for each possible man forget I mean liberty of soul. And there you first man are, I loved at all, thus will are you last! I would not honour your sex again with much staying hook a hand! For you naturally mock on. You can call one “far fetched” statement easily, but does their mockery zaehlimpuls\textsuperscript{187}? Only dormant mud throwing road a boy at a clean window! There are savage and blunt animals on area and forest. However, none of them could be to me in future at all, thus hateful and repulsive biped called one! They represented, like its representative in treachery, in hypocrisy and in final meanness. No animal, a reptile could not, when you did. For these serves is guiltless of lies. They entered even fame with my senseless admiration surrounded you. To you basked in it with a comfortable satisfaction and one self-satisfaction and know few. I was needed, in order to form my soul lucky! A view, a kiss, a tender note, a word of praise. So little, so little! And so simply so you give! If I was a woman “lax of virtue”, like her to say capricious, in an intolerant manner, persistent and changeful, with all clamorous sensualities mistress in place of softness of an idealizing friend and loving. I do not have a doubt you would have played themselves a role in suchwise, regarding protection from debt and from scandal. Fear would have held you “loyal”, if such loyalty can be regarded worth credit. But, after clearly of all Sozialquicksand\textsuperscript{188}, controlled having and by play feelings and destroying one after other one of their life illusions, regard themselves you still another man appropriately from respect. Self-deception can be carried to an extreme delimination, and you are an expert when assuming to be what you are not! Still I do not blame you half much as I for illusive charm mixed sweet one and sadness me blame in. I selected in order to lose my own identity during a time. In each possible case it was a curious experience. I was from ordinary program of existence (in such a way I thought) out into one wonderfully radiate atmosphere stepped. In everything I had so far known, became again and vitalising. This was so long an acceptable feeling. At least it lasted. Now I experienced it was no more than one of those many wonderful over Ueberbruecker\textsuperscript{189} besiege us on all pages, while we pass through life journey. If we give only time

\textsuperscript{186} Pregnant.
\textsuperscript{187} Literally “metering impulse”.
\textsuperscript{188} Literally “social quicksand”.
\textsuperscript{189} Jumper.
to think of them, we will actually last from first will Betrogen\(^{190}\) even if we regard only bright one points. See them, if they are really worlds, are larger than ours. No miracle to much sets a poor human creature, confused by immensities, an end to life instead of. It without hope confronts. I am not sad. Nevertheless, by my own malicious “Kobold” Betrogen to be. And I shook now there magic rope of my eyes. Catch I state there are more things. So I than do waiting transfers and foot on tendencies of a man. On a man with Erratisch\(^{190}\) and more less uncertain genius of genius. Not “largely” my folly. Once would have it. However, certainly a genius would have formed its marking, had characters companioned it. How many men are like you in this a respect! Slight containers in those wayward schicksal\(^{191}\). A small spark divine of fire imprisoned. Them flame above in fame into fizzle out into blunt deletion, according to strength, loosens flame up deletes it! I see your flame glows a sinking slowly like a candle melting down into its verge. Fewer and into fewer its light. This light, I could do Vernarr\(^{192}\), lighting up flickering over broad fame. I transmit dreamed. However, I white now, it me so strangely also seems “greatness” dream. I had from you only it is pit, not their! Mine was sight. Pit is implementation! They served, while a putting figure on I gold Gestickten\(^{193}\) dresses of a king hurled. Her in way abolishing her a form instinct with will and energy should express suitably. But, now rich fell down there drapery. Now I see there wooden-connected form down. Become I Abgeschafft\(^{193}\). Walks royal robes after me thing of meat and blood to try and far resplendent in a liberty of spirit, at least queenly is. I have said and I have written I rather lose their love to die. Will, however lives, is sweeter than ill-placed inclination, and I find your hypocrisy, however increase in value. Beautiful, sincerity, nature, tender mother, that, if one of our estimated play-goods is interrupted, makes available immediately different around us to Troesten\(^{194}\). So, hearing to their voice and up flowers entering, it gives me with to whole beauty of skies, fields, forest and sea, calls I my strength for revolution of you of a bad appearance together. Me, type delusion up frequented, and I resume my way, briefly interrupted by your penetration. On by world – alone.

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190 Tricked or cheated.
191 Destiny.
192 Besotted.
193 Abolished.
194 Solace.
CHAPTER XIV

A would wise one renowned into world of letters and politics, tells me there can no more unfortunate woman than one attempts to distinguish many into literature in type, without support, approval, assistance of some of member of “more stronger” sex. This is natural criterion of man. A woman without “use” too personally, is in its opinion, load on road of life. This road, he regards with, in an educated manner particularly. Thus, its feet up, one his “assistance go to meet you itself”. Many “assistance-meetings” delay meekly behind him. Therefore, I decided itself to go on a path of my possess a forming, without companions to meet and receive no sympathy. But, there I do not need, this constitutes few. I have already men me sharply position Heiden.195 I won, acquired cash I, house discovers I formed. Not of them has me. God helped for to be thanked! And you it, my love, looked up and achieved it. You, evenly you, owe a section to such renown. Them recently in art world to me won! Yes – denial it. How you can and there are you become off. You only one of many men to fame and to fortune by ungrudging devotion and service of women was helped. Loved it! Memory of such women died, because graceless and ungrateful creatures loaded it with use. Select around on their graves to be and “I avowedly alone! – Alone I did it!”. I nevertheless think sometimes large energies of light and tone, all pervading, are must-have many sets “of letters, those by prayer” and unselfishness and lifespan victim of women am wrought. For love – even despised is sufficient! And you let me be connected now rejoice in messages, even came to me on bright wings of rumour, you are. With my whole inside I congratulate you! And! I carry out now, during complete period of your assumed devotion to me, and, during you, use from my hospitality pulled. Through mean influence supported were endeavoured you. Worry yourselves way to a safe protection of to prepare from world to my friends, by paying court to a wealthy “exclusive daughter of house”. It has you, additionally it could. It is perhaps their last probability – white assumed? Even a Puggesicht could protect a married man, if cash belonged to him. It should be a great wedding. All inexpensive newsgrinders press begin to discussion of you. How artist “celebrated” (you were never celebrated in few, to I you knew), and you have an Earl for your “best man!” Such an Earl! A “new” creation of aluminium aristocracy, offered and bought, when honours were “simple”. Honestly speaking, I can write it to thrash here my inside its whole half-lost recovered gaiety and gladness, since I knew from your approaching fate! It can be too original by me to require vengeance for injustice, but I do not admit myself am without this desire, and I could not require a heavier punishment for you than link with woman you selected! In this set of folly of my love, I said I would not be your wife for world, and I maintain this statement. I am more than

195 Heathen.
at all convinced I was right, when I delivered such an assertion, and I was right, if one repeats her. Particularly now, if I let your character complete uncover to me. For wasteland you would form from a house! Drying, monotonous and orders for only! But with woman, you approximately too are wed. Do not constitute not. Them pay you far fewer attention than to their chiffons, and she converses fact in many ways her cash with few if any, can control thoughts of your comfort. This is, while it should be for a man like you. If you love, do not evaluate. It is with you a bare drive of pleasure beyond “play to be continued” and I are a fool for at all it to have seriously regarded. I am insured no man requires at all a love should last long. It “would bore” him to death! And all attractive lies are drawn up by poets on topic. Are only natural companies all mast ring lie of love themselves. I am fain to believe this because all lives of poets check it. Their fast modifications of feeling were like English weather. Now hot, now cold weather. And many difficult hours and day must woman loved. I came to run of rejecting poetry because of its falsehood, even during I resonance and splendid expressed attempts of philosophers rejects. Because in their actual life they show up frequently too weak-spirited in order to follow their own instruction. And I smile, during I beautiful things remind on. Said you, “You smooth you”. Quite insignificantly! Wonderful word weavings of you were suggest your own feelings. Occasional lightnings of Esprit and tendency. I introduce myself. Were echoes of something past and of scintillation of lighting up Gehirn wherewith my deception fantasy equipped you? Amazing man. Doff you my exaggerated from you were in process! I could do scourge after manner of medieval nuns in way of repentance. For a positive crime was approximately my better reason and impudent injustice done my higher. Well it is quite excessive and now terminated, and it does not have me much false for experience to be lost left despite my last faith would have you. Lives themselves to lose! It to so paradoxically also seem knows. Is life sweeter than it forwards was? I am conscious of such a wonderful liberty. My soul is like a lucky bird in an air flies. Flies strongly and at all close sun! And singing, it rises in splendourful liberty! It's approximately to bind node of matrimony with you in place of rich nonentity. Will execute letter before month to be out. I can to be out-poured have applicable miserably. See nothing before me however hopelessly and uselessly future, however now. I take its far highly. Any you will be able to do will at all fill, because you will live beyond your art in slothful Müehlosigkeit. I owe nothing too any. To be release apart from preference bondage, and are be able run to let without handicap toward target. Does this target win worth? I think in such a way! But see we! It is in any case fewer dailies than it and more enclosed in self-respect.

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196 Spirits.
197 Brain or cerebral.
198 Effortlessness.
CHAPTER XV

Today seems sun, and my garden is full from song. Joyous a choir of thrushes, their impressions of close Frühlinges lead, and there is a sensitive smell of young flowers wafted on each breath of light, warm wind. I go back and forth on soft green grass. Lucky to almost indescribable point of luck and even I not my feeling to analyse there could. When you my all in all were, so now am I at a loss for defining wonderful elasticity and ease of my spirit. If I know you are smaller than nothing in my counting pulse lives! Whole world seems. My, there are none for discussing my possession of its beauty and I to be one can be had and, stopping, regarded dolefully without you I should find universe empty. To have discovered attraction of woman for man and man for woman is from a curiously different type, responsible to just many modifications. Wind and influenced by little thing tragedies more. While “charm” is on its rosiest height, it seems to absorb all further interests, even there a fever. Blood heated up and brain in delirium processed. However, if “crisis” past is, cool water of peace and silence of solitude is how reassuring! Rather, perhaps, I could have experienced restful joy. Mine present days never me dipped not into turbulence of your short inclination for me. And your lie truth had assumed. So then, everything is good! I received an invitation to your wedding. I assume with pleasures! I regard shining paper, printed in silver type – conventional assortment of thing – exactly same type in my grocer. Friendly, honest man, me over connection of its only daughter inform other day we can after everything strike rarely in manner Artist! Does it give? Seems not many! Grocer sells his goods for cash, thus does artist. Grocer is sometimes, not always, fraudulent. Isn’t artist evenly like that? When does it paint portrait of a wealthy man, is artistically unpaintable? Even for much cash down? Much discussion is and “from high ideals”, “art for sake of art” and all old “high brow” technical language there will always be. But a full bag is so much target of artist starting from grocer, and you are an excellent example of Vorherrschenden 199 feeling. And you, so recently I am “loved”. You, a type “cuteness” have. For it dawn after you art honoured, so largely on old days, a little now a drug in market. While few Obacht 200 for figures, poems concerns called. Inexpensive cinema indicates all. Ask mobilisation over pictorially, and is real genius of drawing, colour and transfer fast dying for lack of encouragement. But then – materials it? Teachers insure world are there no God. No moral strength of right of false. And that we call beautiful and applicable only certain opinion is we select, in order to take. Like it is and leaves you it however is! But it gives nevertheless some. Adhere to highest masts of sinking ship of civilisation. This for me used to be love, hope of love, faith in love. What now is it? I hardly know! Nevertheless, I

199 Possibly from zum vorherrschenden Preis or “at the prices now prevailing”.
200 Care.
detect still another light by gloom. To a light I not a name to give knows. By vista
of last years back laterally to look I know, but smile at folly of my dreams.
However, I is thankful I had and has still energy to go to girls dreaming. I tended
to represent loving. I could form connection. Children. Lucky house I could
remain inside, surrounded with creatures of inclination. Could win sights all
possess could, like airy, like film. Like sunset clouds drag their sparkling over
removing blue of evening. Nevertheless, was innocent it harmless sights. And
sometimes surprise me I. Why we make too therefore possibilities of luck
permission “visible” are had, never come? Excluded. How a Zynker201 said, this
“lifspan over Überbruecker202 is sketched, around us by start to end too would
amount to”. Nevertheless, why trick? In what does joke exist? I estimate
tendency, however one may see where it comes in! I am, I expect, maintained
completely, if I go to your wedding. A wedding is, at all seasons, a type comedy
serious farce. Can it be at these our modern days of supply different? A man and
a woman are above, before an altar to a God in it. It does not believe and swear,
in order to take itself for better for false until death they do to section. White
divorce court is always in background comfortable material “of arrangement”. A
society friend of man and woman assemble to serious loads of organ and
monitors her to pass through ceremony with more little indifference and
boredom. Then, wedding cake is cut, drunk Champagne, and wedded pair drive
away under a shower of Papierconfett203 and affair it's more. For discussion of such
a performance like a “sacrament” is pure blasphemy. I, Obacht204 do not know it
for it. Me mock at connection and it heard you to require fatter on love. Probably
you can be had right “forced to kiss around same woman each night and
mornings for days existing duck at all”, said a French Esprit in one of its sharp
attempts. And I already wrote, I not your wife for world would have been!
Sincerely speaking, I compassionate unfortunate creature is to take to situation.

201 Cynic.
202 Jumper.
203 Confetti paper.
204 Care.
CHAPTER XVI

For joyous hours it was! This morning mixed shower and sunshine! This morning your connection! Only mark on justice of nature was itself! And its wedding Procession. It, in your fixed smock coat with a white flower in your button hole (it was to be brought together emblem of a stainless lifespan, remainder of your hypocrisy?). Its good-brushed hair, your carefully shaved face, smirk of self-satisfaction and of general propitiation basic! And if one is formed for skin by contrasting white, one jaundiced more yellower wedding dress and veil. Poor, thin miserable looking creature of your rich bride. I saw you wince, while I entered church. However, “wince” was at accommodation pronounced, was stopped after ceremony, if you “best man” again created Earl. In demand: “Is this pretty woman? “Pretty woman” was I! You think simply of it! One bitter pill of chagrin, so you swallow! It will too much had me sulked and rejected. At your connection to be present to have given. It will still had more me presented themselves than figure of wrong to have given hollow eyed, slat and despaired. To see me lighting up and smiling, also almost more Angeklitten in finest and excellent taste, is available for women of knowledge and culture. Was than you could be. I increased and shook hands with you. Her, whose lever had clasped me to your inside, you, their lips one “eternal” love sworn! You, looked to me, how you are now, no more than good Geklittene model of a cutter! I shook hands with your bride and murmured congratulations and considered its vague and unillumined smile! And then betook even to refreshment “buffet” to drink “health of bride and bridegroom” in Moet et Chandon “and an inch of heavydigestible cake” to swallow. There I found, surround by a mass of your sex. Was it my dress? I am surprised. Mentions its many elegant flatteries? Some from those you heard and did not show up not too well to please! Until finally their woman left, her dress for travel to modify just wedded. Then I can do, not it chanced. You came up to me with a fast Fortschritt and intercepted my hand. “I do not forget! “you said in fast, rough whispering”. You can think I! However, I not! Challenge me, since you remember I always become! I laughed from bare surprise and maintenance. “Challenge out you?” I said. “What Von defiance have necessity I? And why should you remember everything in particular someone? They are lucky! And I are more than lucky! “You mean by that?” you said annoyed. “More than lucky?”. I drew my hand away. I answered, “More than lucky to be free by you!” With I smiled, nodded into usual conventional way and moved away among other guests. And I did not see you any longer to with your again-connected wife. You to their engine car entered and whirled away under a shower of stupid “confetti”. Is apparent “de rigueur” emblem of good luck at a

205 Procession.
206 Advancement.
207 From.
wedding. And so it's quite more Rueber. It's quite more Rueber! You "best man" brand-new Earl, fasten its company after me during a time, commentating it "luck". In connection of cash "such a good thing for an artist", said it. "People do not buy figures nowadays and it would soon have terminated in an inexpensive accommodation and in food troubles. Now can it gives full Zuegel to its genius". "If genius in it" remains alive. I answered: "Is however probably it I!". Already terminated, Earl a monocle in his eye stuck and to me "already terminated stared?". It output echo, "why you say?" Abundance and genius connect never well. I answered: "They are not to do, but them in such a way. No rich man was at all religiously affairs really large. It takes a quantity crushing rock, in order to produce a diamond!" It smiled vaguely and there I to see could tabulates me in its understanding. One of those strange women, not more Cherchez with ideas! Knows they bit neurotic! Went and away, on its was bent by pleasure during moment. Wedding mass absent-minded soon and I came home. Home to my own calm place of residence, acquired by my own brain and hand. I had once thought, was formed more sanctified by your presence. I wind-talk into garden and sat for some minutes in old bank, in you had monitored frequently sunset with me. And then I entered into small calm library, in you had first said you "loved" me! Love! Like this word blasphemed each day is! I can say honestly I “loved, loved” you – it with each fibre of my veins. You was actual lifespan to me, and there was nothing I would not have done for your sake! But then, I was not actual “you” loving, but a fine figment, “a picture” of you created and supported by my own brain. It was a splendid picture. Is together from each possible meanness from lie guiltless. And it away in nebulas and in air tore up now there, cannot not say I am sad glad. I seem about an impossible good to have dreamed. And now, being awake, I let dream go.
Saddest part of my waking is fact I carry out fact it gives too little if has any, to "in world like me introduced love". Could it be? Wasteland of life seems this scorching sharp gloss of cruel truth drier under. And I must try, back to mine dreams if to receive and still believe, even if they are never carried out. It is better to stand still understanding on presented beauty if existence of beauty refuses. But I reject extremely this line of Keats, will so frequently estimate: “beauty is truth, truth, beauty”. For truth is not beauty, and more deeply we into facts of life of beauty, vigorous we find smaller and in more of repulsiveness and by pain. We find “nature red in tooth”, completely unpleasantly. And relations of sexes is Erwischen by charm of unreal romance. Are not favourably to mutual respect, or probably to any higher to lead purer mentality. If we confronted “truth” to sun, we should die in heat of its flaming from ends of miles highly them are. Because its is hidden “truth” by a Verkleiden atmosphere we can do to draw our lifespan of its sustenance. And love is like sun: it destroys us, if it not veiled.

208 Over.
209 Rein.
210 To disguise.
CHAPTER XVII

Faith. It becomes generally certified a man of genius is mismatching there a married man. Evenly a woman of genius is mismatching a woman. Of it must be reminded, however lordly man avowedly no Mrs Genie has, he alone monopolises vibrant flame! Like is it! Lookers up you see those most of play! All in literary history issued themselves men of genius frequently, while fools blackguards, wherefore becomes it mood questionably. Energy candle fur its burning. Recently I was measured value Shelley. And I do not know its father to do Sir Timothy, to have for sinking blames. Nothing with him around him easily to set. Was a poet unprincipled rascal? And its whole fine spiders of verse cannot educate him to otherwise. Its atheism was “attitude” – “attitude” of an abnormal self-sufficient young man, who, in first hot Ergussen of its brain, understood capable of transforming universe. Nevertheless, totally at all first starts of behaviour and order lacked. Its leaving of his first Mrs and its child away to run was extremely inexcusably. Delimitation was achieved however surely on lowness, when it had insolence to writing unfortunate Harriet and requests for a loan of many pounds to its and her travel expenses payment? Did it lend it? Poor fool, while it was, gave it. Its end was suicide by drowning, and by a strange agreement of mystical justice, its end was likewise, by drowning, not self-looked up. But to it, regarding it, came strangling weight of water, suffocating breath, agonised fight against suffocation death. And it was right it should meeting same assortment of “final” as, to highly hardened egoism had condemned its miserable wife. Nevertheless, welcome whole world (men) it “transcendent genius” with applause. And I try to find out where this can be found “transcendent” quality. Half its poetry is extremely incomprehensibly. It is to be spared without service to collection. Two poems alone are perfect – “Ode to Skylark” – and “Cloud”. This, can out-pour world, are for grateful. But remainder? “Alastor” is, but draws up wildly and whirling. “Riot of Islam” same. Apparent written without more method than in Deliriummann in a dream can have. Is Cenci “an abominable piece of work”? Topic should have been never touched. However, for any understanding, Obscenesachen a mysterious attraction, even have verses of Oscar savage, since it would have never been, had it not proven falsely than each possible animal of field in experienced clamping sheet metal are praised there. In order to know and understand applicable Shelley, one should read its “with letters defined”, particularly to Eliza Whitsunday, which, after all its furious eternal admiration became for it, one for lesson is for women. Introduce themselves to poets; in love with them is! Well I presented a “poet” to me. I never selected a painter. Also, while unsatisfactory results could get each possible “poet”, I placed before me you. A “genius!” But I come now to search your work in cold blood. I

211 Fell.
see its miracle was however charm of my own enthusiasm. There is much false art in it – incorrect drawing and meretricious colour. In a portrait you have hands recently from a wealthy American woman, are issued bare marks. They knew hands of Elizabeth H beyond “trick” of your ability. I thought to be inspiration could. Thought I. Fool was I! This you could capable of creating another “Mona Lisa” even be! Alas! Not for you, not for you high ravishment Italian dreamers! Not still it free conception, sensitive patience and pain of applicable artist! You made your opinion indistinct and distorted your perspective. And now, if you select in such a way, you need not to operate on all. They can live on cash of your wife. How wonderful! To lounge all day in comfort, smokes eternal pipe cigar, speaking consequentially about “art”. If you were cognisant of end of its start, and it alone! Am I to form you, break you? I had “form” you. Begun your work. Began to tighten public proclamation, and why? Because I had praised it! I can continue praising it, if I select, over to do thus. However, I do not become, if now I see she is not worth a praising! It was only charm of my love for you. Me it to think left high quality. Illusion threw its veil over your canvas, and formed you a large figure. In there were none. Like a bad film on display, it disappeared and I am completely consciously. I world lost everything that, valuable I on whole, I daresay you intelligently selected. Nowadays, require consummation of everything in art. In literature hard work, self-sacrifice, comfortless days and restless nights, with however poor reward. People, peoples turn their rear sides on all idealism. They are interested little nothing in poetry, painting. Them say and say also right they can do without any. A fast engine, car, motorcycle – fast accelerate energy to others. Possible. Resemblances up to many far more convincingly than a fine figure a fine book. It can be good for those, those and holds light until can burn Braeutigam cometh. Writes splendid things and figures of forms and scenes of beauty for those detecting few paint you. Is it, like I legend, well can it can easily ill be. For light-bringers are branched to create in order to carry flickering flame through pestilential fogs by human prejudice, of breathings, Miasmas and from breaking beginning storms bitter opposition and even if they follow, also, something flickering that it flickering is, drags itself out soon and fast one forgot. Only other day was my thoughts flew immediately to drear, owing to point in Romney is situated buried. Over bone of large painter of beauty, rotate bad ugly weeds and poisonous operations and twine into malodorous festoons. Stone covers it, almost hidden by their Uncouth serpentine guertel. Is last resting platz of Carlyle, thundered Gospel of work in tones, still in souls of adventurous clips and independent Sucher after truth. And I, in my bad limitation of intelligence, cannot help itself to surprise evenly desolate. Was it worthwhile to leave? Was it worthwhile in Romney, reliable in tenderly and without reproach interesting woman to it. How an ill-returned prodigal, old and

212 Belt.
213 Place.
214 Searcher.
furiously, until it died? Was it worthwhile? Precious time? How Carlyle, if one wrote to spend its “Frederick large”, does not read anybody nowadays. Each native luck and peace would not like to read anybody for cruel alienation of each easy feeling? “House” a load and a difficulty around. Sufficiency of men? Introduce themselves they have “genius”, are to one of saddest plays on mass! Everything must to this giving way proclaimed owner “divine spark”. Their “opinion” be absolute, no matter how rude them in speech be, uncouth in guidance. It “genius” apology for false way and scandalous behaviour offer! I to explain it is not real “this genius” comports even therefore, but only spoiled “mania of conceit”, frequently by inexpensive newspaper flattery. And in such a way I leave it at that. For think me honestly you were “genius” from this quality and from I and loved you. How I completely spoils you, when each possible press means for many pounds would do one day! In this type of you, hero prey on Mrs. Dummkoepfe and men know them. If an alleged poet dramatist Jackstrohs a woman only arrange can, form of its heading to admire cut of its beard and form of its foot it “is educated”. Faster and completely in a dandled doll educated “genius” to time than if it were a Shakespeare! I go alone into my garden now. Do not seek Ander one company of bird and bloom. Not to wait for tone of your job step for gravel path. Not to accelerate, like it's my habit, also lucky an inside to welcome you so eagerly can welcome light of sun after much hour of density. I see to roses nodding its prettily heading together in obvious comradeship. There its thrush-sing on a branch of bloom, and I know there its something in soul of bird what I have to lose, and what gave my own disturbance completely! For it I was cup brimmed of stupid joy. I in “love” real, and permanent fame believed! And I begin to surprise me, if finally Existierent love? See loved wedded, and in united year after connection they fall away of more Ander, bore and to make dissatisfied? Naturally its exception, where married man and woman live lucky at all thereafter. Contents with uneventful Inlaendisch approximately follow conventionally from “social” order. However, I present, possibly falsely, this matrimony in majority of box means boredom. “I connect” say woman to me once, for escape lonely old an age. However, I lose my married man and my two son. It's war, thus I its alone after all. Cannot loop of fate slide. Your precautions against solitude unavailing. It seems frequently that, what we try to avoid comes running after us, in order to treat us backhanded an impact. Family life is natural intention of creation. Nevertheless, like it into world of animal and bird. We is arranged curiously. Sees young to descendant centrifuges. When its, by their source material, out to form their own life soon they can creep to fly. Boy and girls its transmit to school soon possible, and soon they achieve Adoleszenz. It has to be, in most cases most part to shift set for even. And love, family “love”, goes to wall. Girl leave their mother without regret – boy do same.

215 Stupid.
216 Off.
217 Adolescent.
and in year around come “family”. It be thus absent-minded. Brother itself hardly know (in some case will they like hardly itself know!) Appear, and sisters it gotten above feeling. Appearance is however slightest interest in each other well-being function characteristic “love”. On antiquated “village” it has with Muttersubstanz\footnote{Literally “mother substance”.} swans, fiercest their cygnets away from nest and from all favourite of their birth with noise and Klinge-wie\footnote{Blade-like.} thrust of wing fight. However it to be suggested can “love” is a not natural feeling, but a beautiful feeling introduced itself by a dreamer of ideal. A drive so sensitively and purely it was received applicable assertion of God! And, like it nevertheless was, am surprised I my stupid inside branched to your first volatile view and to word of softness? There was nothing to physical attraction sex desire in fast magnetism drew my soul toward to you. It was something, would have been confused to my own understanding together unexplainably. And for to be honest, you are not an attractive function characteristic. They are not “Wohlen installation man are called”. You are behind your best highest perfection, and there are many “ways” over you, hardly likeable is. “Ways” explain themselves in new lifespan of comfortable domesticity, which you embarked yourselves now on. I saw and carried out those “ways”. However, will do not carry out its existence to see not and became and knew whole time. I decided to be blindly intentional! I can strange and sudden “love” with me, spurred you result of my own isolation in this world was. My even only long-suffocated longing for something scrap iron of softness presents me. For me, my whole lifespan were lonely. There a child I one by Alleinsten was at all carried. One did not permit to me to play with other children, and I did not have plays. No diversion, art. I lived somehow with older peoples, and my only companions were written books. Purified certainly books, from fine-brained authors of one know. But I learned human society of those books more than with result me than a “strange” child applied. “Old-fashionably” and a “dreamer to love”. “Dreamers” I was undoubted and “dreamers” I always was. They came part of constant “dream”. However, a rough wind breaks smooth edge of a sunset cloud into serrated fire and into fast spreading. You destroyed its former placid beauty in here. No material! There is still broad sky and appropriate possibility of another sight “mirage!” For real life us in illusions, and our dearest hopes are not based on perceptible anything. I surprise frequently me why we in existence are only gotten Betrogen\footnote{Tricked.} to become? If we are to assume all, explain our scientists to us. Newborn baby is not rather alive. Its physical organism a nest and breeding place for microbes of illness and death. A refinement of cruelty on part of this creative strength is surely formed. Can our desire ask, “love inside to believe”? However, why such a waste of energy? Such uselessness effort? For, it is expensively useless to produce miracles of life if these are to terminate in death? It is easy to understand why people are
not interested majority. Thought must breed sadness inevitably – frequently despair to think. Nevertheless apparent, only permanent quality is thought. Thought of Socrates, of Jesus, of Shakespeare, of calm linkages world with a ring of imperishable fixity and varying waves of moods and changeful policy of peoples are to be solve powerless. Its influence there is any wonderful secret in this connection, if we could do fathom it only! And if thought of a large genius centuries our large love! Any love at all between humans bear! Sometimes I believe it gives, however again, if I look all around social set and consider slight targets, interrupted faiths, cast away honour of men and women, seemed appropriate from confidence. I back pushed into density of doubt. My own experience was bitter, but not of this form each possible judgement, because my small wrong a bare drop of considerable abyss of human state of emergency is not perceptible and to my own argumentation quite under objection. Where are loving of women betrayed and left what materials of one? My inside can throb with pain of long solitude, but with patience, it can facilitate itself in time. For now, me my days and dreams from understanding. Days to be more Rueber\textsuperscript{221}. Dreams, those set took place.

\textsuperscript{221} Over.
CHAPTER XVIII

Finally it is simpler mentioned than done. “Sets you somebody days and dreams from understanding”, suggests a moral strength and a strength of will energy, with equipped all we is not. I would think it possible. I could again dear, if this could I for softness of another man gladly me furnish. However, I know this is not in me. I surprise frequently me at Muehelosigkeit\textsuperscript{222}, with widows of courageous men set aside. Thought of their just-dead married men, and select fresh love. Again, enclosure and perhaps strange interests. I was, I remember, interested almost excitedly on widow of Scott. Gave itself intrepid arctic researchers another man. Death Scott was an epic of courage. I know just full recess. Had been I its wife, I could from its height to an Untereren level have never sunk. I should have been too proud, being reliable to great spirit different had raised itself to God of prison of polar snow. Cannot however think what hypocrites we are! Stupid plays we play with world and us! Ernst we just detect in church. On we believe “on resurrection dead ones and lifespan of world coming”. However, we place ourselves never simply with question regarding opposite. How we should perhaps meet resurrected dead ones and stop with them in “lifespan of world again overcome!” We can sometimes ask whether if we should be interested meeting them at all. If even in this phase of existence we are glad by them cleaning during a time! Pretense love I. Pretense feeling! We Batten on these and trust for calling honestly! However, perhaps just some months looking rear side, see me I by love of you for highest point of joy Erheiterte. Presenting fact flowers and birds with me participate if in excellent feeling of Sein\textsuperscript{223} loved! And once, when we propelled together by attractive ways, in wakening spring became green boughs elm trees and beeches. Looked I on further fields said strewn thickly with Butterblumen and “field of cloth of gold!” In an educated manner, so loving go instead of kings on, and you with a smile reacted. “For loving are us!”, suggesting our love for each other one was everlasting inclination. Strangely, I should perhaps have pleased such a simple victim to so Vernarrte\textsuperscript{224} delusion! Do I regret it? I hardly know! If clouds low and cold Herbstliche\textsuperscript{225} wind beat from ends of dry pleased pages hang along soil, then a new direction of solitude possibly lets hurt my inside and gets to my eyes. A new direction is an old direction. Old, old dreariness of my all one and unloved childhood and decreases now me in my all one and unloved womanhood. Made double with difficulty bearing, because of Ephemerent joy of just short love history I knew. However, it had not been, therefore had writ. Your love was just real. I presented it me. Should I have been lucky? Almost. I doubt it! A woman friend of me explained once most miserable

\textsuperscript{222} Effortlessness.
\textsuperscript{223} Being.
\textsuperscript{224} Become infatuated with.
\textsuperscript{225} Autumn darkness.
period of its lifespan had been their honeymoon! If I asked it “why?”, it answered: “Because I mean-married man for first time knew! When perhaps loved I presented it. However, when we were connected, I carried out it!” I assume “reality of” each person gave and each falls always far short-circuit of our ideals. And, how I had forwards alluded some by us, it seems somewhat relevant would **Existieren** only **Betrogen** become. And if it is probable largest half so, when is lowest point sets in suitably, ask why we should phases mocked through at energy we manufactured? Of course there is perhaps no response to question. It never gave. There never is. Grant we are simple here reproducing and continuing our running. Again “why?” Blazons even on unoccupied density. Unanswerable question became in last years since large war, because of authoritarian expressions of certain scientists pathetic. Moreover, fact there is no God and not after-life and also because of fraud by so-called “spiritualists” and fakers “miracles” practised. No miracles at all, only perhaps cheat and inventions are. Can know counts spirit troubles and diversions? “Mental” obsession has wrought on weak and credulous, that, on one hand robs its old faiths, is duped into a sump of **Umherirrenungswissheiten** just on other one by men and women. Despair wickedly wrong and on robbed around cash if for even shaping **Munterer** forms of than priest of old Egypt. Wily **Beschweren** at all experienced for deceiving a mobilisation somehow used? If you perhaps bear there we can, there is nevertheless a terrible hardness and a **Bitterkeit** in fate. Shifts us on work for high purposes and to ideals, and falls us down to mass again, even we almost to sky climbed there! Poor “Ophelia” said: “we must be patient”. But I cannot select but crying over they should think him put to the **kaeteboden**! You is everything these! And we “cannot select however to cry!”, and my breaks are few nevertheless. They burn by perhaps my lids against-striving, and I require they just flowed easily. I envy those Mrs, those to relieve can stress of their feelings through they call “good cry”. I have my love and my hope put “cold soil”, and I know there is not none resurrection for also. What then? Wasn’t I, if on morning of your connection lucky, even **Triumphierend**? Didn’t I just believe a joy in safe liberty of my **Sein**? Then why I should sadly perhaps now be? I assume mood of a tendency! For really nothing for me been false its fate, could do me was formed had your wife. Let me therefore glad and content be, if things are, since they are! I isolation suffer must you. In past, before love like a bird, an impact its wing always besieged me against my inside and then one betook wayward even to flight. Possibly my natural fate is. I know old authors, old books just to my

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226 To exist.
227 Cheated.
228 More awake.
229 To ballast.
230 Bitterness.
231 Triumphant.
232 Existence.
friends, old music. In all one *Meditationen* on high and wonderful problems of lives and death and grow for my whole thinking not more intelligently. Not more intelligently and perhaps luckier do not return! Woman, can absorb herself “in chiffons” and in elegant luxury toilet can take pleasures. On trying new types of hair-style artistic, placing of a ribbon flower on its dress is its sex luckiest. Its thinking capacity it after pretty vanities and if wilful attributes more ephemera, but not in just such a way than those profundities learning attractively forming is their target. And why not? Only one would think there must be something message for its attraction is determined. I do not have. There is nothing holding me from eccentricity of genius is called. Develops in a woman frequently unpleasantly and perhaps results if in it become dowdy, a sloven. I am not of these, and maintain, since I do quality of self-respect. I have a certain St Costumes, more like I acquire. No married man would pay (or my “pretties” without a *Murren* a reproach). It was it more than normally dedicated was wealthy. And additionally. I move by world independently and owe nothing to each possible man, not evenly my more costumer, possibly somewhat proud of am. Soil remains for lowest point discontent? None! And nevertheless, one *Horchbt* back to old query. “If” I began this set of a love episode with words, “if I love you, to you is?” Now I could say, “If I hate you, to you is?” In first question response “was not anything!” So just in latter it is not also “anything!” I could not be safe at start I loved you. I cannot be safe in end if hate you. I think hate is a far too strong feeling for finding a place in my understanding. I “hated” never everything, everyone. It does not seem worthwhile. Additionally, perhaps “hating” you would be however an along-feeling thing! You additionally a continuous screw for creeping hate over somebody path in sunshine. They are too weak earning hate, too extremely contemptible! And hate *Verachtung* can hurt you. They unimportant, long you enjoy material comfort and good food. And I know however miracles to me, I think still of you! It is possibly not together unnatural. Nevertheless, a woman loved (thus she introduced herself). Been believed levers of a loving over her, and kisses of a loving on their lips, should, if you are robbed believing this, a safe, unmerited desolation. And you decrease in memory “todays, are more”. Natural are it feebleness will, shifts it on this useless repining feebleness. Are fought along and if be conquered. Must this last word. My official just got into a character of them, written into first week of your honeymoon! And therefore he runs: “You do not forget me! I have an error – me determined a not again – good-closing folly made – and I must pay for it. But you think of me if perhaps with patience and friendliness. I believe hook of your soft small hands on my, and I know – too late – I have lost”.

“I cannot select however crying!” Ophelia said. But with this I cannot select perhaps however laughing! They “know, what you have lost?”. You never knew

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233 To complain.
234 Hearkens.
235 Scorn.
property, what you had won! False internal. Oh, false nature! Pity I your wife!
Scarcely one week has it been wedded to you, and you already plan an escaping of
it in your understanding to me. I, assortment of second! And so, if you went a job
step lower than even I you capably too thought! This character of their agitated
my whole drowsing Vitalität\textsuperscript{236} again. Deaf stupor of my directions fled, and I do
not regret no more, even weakly, just loss “of love” like it! For you cannot loyal
be. No! By your connection you are paid for being! They cannot, how if any
acceptable-cared worker, your cash honestly to acquire! I tear your letter up in
 Fetzen violently and hurl her in fire. I just would like forgetting you wrote it and
only if I received it. I am gratefully for whip, gave her to my soul. Whip of a
spirit. Whip, Rousesenergie and Schandtiefebrand.
For man you perhaps are an “artist”! Why, perhaps there is hope then you can be
a “genius” after all! Seat for arranging with those “talented” men, honour and
basic rule and unworthy lively-life-last in their renown. Painters of figures and
authors of poems despise world in a writ forgets during! “However”, said a man
to me once, when I was speaking of Shelley and Byron and their guidance to
women, “what constitutes her? There are so many women! And a man of fantasy
and ideals must be rejectable at liberty for if only selecting or!”. And which, I
asked of woman, has fantasy and ideals! Is it to freely also be select and reject? It
smiled. “It was being naturally!”, it answered. However, social order of thing here
it aborted. Naturally! “Social order of things”, are planned by men, around its
own comfort and freedom of action. Is opened it to correspond not to
discussion. I understand this. And I think much, while I can sometimes regret
position, it is natural. Unquestionably, only man should be masters. It is not
necessary woman should be perhaps its slave, it is its supplement, its sufficient
termination. If it is this, forsakes their applicable area of activity. It an along-
feeling failure. But training it and if getting it into this perfected link must it by
love be drawn, only love! For with love she does everything, is everything, suffers
everything and rises to amazing heights of genius and heroism, raised by angelic
strength of only God, to she furnishes it soul! Without love then? One can ask
outpouring! A world is just empty from love, is an Unfruchtbare\textsuperscript{237} world! A woman
is robbed love, is Verhungert\textsuperscript{238} of substantial one of their lifespan.
Yes! It can know, like I love men must give, is temporary lightning of inclination.
Only that, if you in crucible of connection imprisoned, is frequent into
supportable flame, only ready for use, deleting separately at brightest impact. This
“temporary lightning” nevertheless forms exclusive light of many life of a
woman! Strange secret! Strange probability! Cruel fate! How are we carrying it
well, we for women? We know our souls toward to ambition, adjusting those can
win us laurel of fame, if we just form a good fight if for it, however such laurel
are worth? They do not get a real joy, to no real peace of understanding. But then

\textsuperscript{236} Vigour.
\textsuperscript{237} Fruitlessly.
\textsuperscript{238} Starves.
loves none get joy peace if of understanding, rather opposite. A thing only remains nevertheless applicable. Those is pain and Bitterkeit$^{239}$ of love more sweetly than perhaps all further sweet things, and perhaps its suffering shifts soul on a sharper joy than luck!

\[\text{239 Bitterness.}\]
CHAPTER XIX

Time, therefore is it only just averred, heals all wounds and pacifies all, ensures and this, no doubt, is partly applicable. However, I do not think a real hurt is not at all completely recovered to soul, and in case of a love is sobered up. It security of forgetfulness gives. Some months have, since I wrote last a line into this “record” to a died inclination (and I had not seen you during this time exceeded), I had heard of you. I heard of you, if while one hears “of society” people. Move and more thither on search for estimate her than “pleasures”. However, I did not hear of you as a job step, further forming of progress just in art. You explain. I was explained a figure was shown in one of London galleries, and I only went seeing it. It seeing turned me I away, in something from dishonour and from pity! Dishonour for it. Pity for me I thought you at all a “genius!” well, if this "charm went”, curious fog of idealisation, to beauty gave to everything, disappeared your produced hand for at all. They are one of “group” of art men. Paint figures for only cash, and if you do this, perhaps terminate. “Goose, put golden eggs”, for you can false figures for short time only paint. You keep found out at right time, and your work is Relegiert\footnote{Rusticates.} to Schrotthaufen.\footnote{Scrap heap.} But, finally with you, if it does not constitute. They married a wealthy woman. They do not have only a necessity, “on art somehow longer depending”, and fame? Together worthlessly, if you come thinking of it! For critics “boom” and if a speculator invests Gogh in work of a luggage car other more dauber. Boom. Operates until fool public forced we fame is bare “noises”. It is my way during last weeks. Come, and I think she must provoke you, around my name, constantly spoken and to even hear alluded up “famous author from so-and-so”. A bare woman “should be a famous author”. A really absurd consummation! It is Unfruchtbare\footnote{Fruitlessly.} women hated by half-poet, Henley. Betrohnte\footnote{Afflicted.} physically if captain of its soul mentioned. “This it”; is only women, exceeded in art and in characters, put but perhaps not with inclinations of men. It was a strange thing, so such says and sees a man no woman could be found surely able for bearing his society. But its pronouncement of judgement is all men. Nature teaches to them women are their fertile soil; they are alone manufactured for this. If they break away and “attempt” for independence and form consumption of their brains on higher levels, men sent their activity back and still sent back more sharply each possible triumph they can win. So I hear a humming of voices call me “famous”. I can also just intercept sneering under underwhispers of detracti on. Praise! Only a healthy antidote to poison of flattery accompany. It is useless perhaps, defeated look nature up inventing barricades against its activity. Women are never in possession of fame
really lucky. They would clasp rather a small child to their bosoms. A wreath laurel? Child can grow up being a curse to mother bore it. Nevertheless, it can do first rarely forgets few cry, first weak stroking movement of its small hand. I, like most women, would have perhaps welcomed maternity, since a blessing had it been. Not if it is deepest and most permanent love benediction had gotten. So many men and women connect during bare animals. I know I could not have done this. And if it is home gotten to me, there if it is frequent children of. Obacht and love of their life lasting, forgetful are complete, and most indifferently too. Her inclination? I think it is also quite I am left, while I alone only nevertheless never alone perhaps am! A poet sings: alone, alone I am, I never only alone. Go many-spirited with me, over road and its flinty stone, over Sanden of role sea, strongly on highest vertex of mountain and down, down intermediary dust down. Companions perhaps come at mine behest soul and at hovering flight over me more where'er, I go. This am applicable and this is one of main rewards of a class participant and if an author lifespan. Large philosophers and workers of past are my friends and loving, and I frequently discovery thus Hingerissen by their society. I forget small vexations present of time in I live. Although, if Einstein is believable (and I believe him), gives it no real “time” such fictional to fairs. We form for us, most us being too frail in conception, carry out you “everlasting now”. If we could and would do in such a way, should not we by considerations of age and death any longer be prevented hurt. We should understand eternal present and only our lifespan within it. But we mean-thinking up-to-now creatures, if we limit our possibilities to daily Monotonie of material necessities and systematic test desires. Some are there, break this fetters and escaping. I am one, these endeavour to this higher energy, perhaps condenses embryo strength of a planet into Minuzioesen of an electron. Nature is never slow acting, showing us how if by smallest starts large things are carried. So of my bad few spark of a soul somewhat together unworthily, possibly evenly leak out, cannot knows! I am not it should ambitiously. I just never required everything in life but love, and this, I thought, was it me. Nothing however an over Ueberbruecker had been given. Therefore, little is left. Certainly not enough for request of large effort excessive fear. I can pay my way by coinage of my brain, without from borrowing my neighbour company into debt. And, reduced to normal levels, this is whole world really asks from any from us. It says, this world, if by expressions of its philosophers and poets, it requires perhaps intellect, sympathy, hope and inclination. However in itself it does not require of these fine things. It requires food, beverage and animal comfort. Only with sustenance of its body and facilitates it can for itself well do, and forms no demand on things of spirit mentality. Frequently I went worker monitored, from work its daily on areas

244 Care.
245 Panicked.
246 Monotony.
247 Jumper.
returning, heavily, completely fatigued. And few had, if in order looking in to way from “head” forward. And I was just surprised and admire on its patience, with Monotonie of its existence. There, if we come thinking of it these many men spends on whole earth its life lasting in drudgery amazingly. Remainder of its companions can profit by it! It seems completely inappropriate, but it is obvious natural order of things, for work of all animals, from birds and Insekter.248 seems perhaps ordained. Therefore, only they should spend themselves if in service of other forms of life.

This, my little plaint in such a way lost love seems however childish. A Jammern249 for an interrupted toy! Do you form why then for just such value of feeling of love at all? Why it lets become centre of poesy! Joint of art? Too substantial of religion? For all religions of world are not created on love by deity themselves for women? It gives somewhat in this connection, behind ours finds out if. Perhaps if it is hidden secret of it, attracts us. If a type hope, those others do not have it penetrate skillfully we follow can. And in such a way only we continue, loving and conclusion love. And with perhaps loss and just sink back into slow-acting consciousness, we lost these whole labels if lifespan worth life!

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248 Insect.
249 Moaning or wailing.
CHAPTER XX

By late it seems, perhaps strange gives and only sad prevailing of. And young and old and against of expressed. Tragic lines of misanthropic Byron are apparent a kredo with many: “You count more o'er thine stunden\(^\text{250}\) counting pulse everything knew thy days of anguish freely, and know you, what thou hast, is better not been 'Tis if somewhat!’.

To some simple and calm of “therefore exceeding”, regardless of it suggested itself amusing more than tragically suggest. This morning read I inside of \textit{Grausigkeit},\(^\text{251}\) determine newspaper. If only those had “beginning its into a”, because its just married man had left her. Such a trivial, thus it seem to me. For storing blue sky, flowers and all natural of mass are much more precious. Yes! Infinitely plentifully any! So much before long I was not perhaps surprised stupidly. How I could bear without you! Now it seems if I bear it very well! Certainly I do not have a desire for leaving sweet and many and one in, even because a human tried to in me! Is stronger than we ourselves know – only until we set it testing, we do not carry out its execute. It can be wounded being. However, if never terminated. And, if poor look up diverted, is lost if of life. It because an \textit{Ueberschreitener} frenzy of brain takes controlling of. If they knew, however, waiting period in frenzy would be exhausted. And if only would take up again. Can I a large and pure phase of check me presenting, is capable of one of \textit{Vervollkommnung}\(^\text{252}\) of. If message of such of were appropriate. And, if inappropriate, then it left going a bare “reed is best, is shaken by wind”. In each possible of somebody from perhaps a beautiful to, because somewhat oppositely our own goes. Is an of bare stupidity. Only \textit{Verruecktheit}\(^\text{253}\) can excuse it. And there are many made among us today. Cause is amazing. Late irresistible march of forms of our luckiest me, does not know you. It is, however, only safe brain of is just overloaded with is useless to it in a large. For what if it constitutes to poor far away have certain enormous loops of movement? This Sirius is a monster under many? Excluded? Is it to it for surprising with a painful regarding “why?” It, perhaps thus just small, therefore became, so small of adjusted in processing on this for no however uselessly? Thought is only enough on forming. It attacks on its before it's \textit{Nichts Ist}.\(^\text{254}\) During, it avers drearily. And, if exquisitely sung of on bare of and for of running, one reduces. And of like sunset clouds in grey of night fading and of inside extremely die. I think it can be explained. Surely anybody without “perhaps” cannot operate. And hope is spurring. By we were robbed by. I ensure and all in learning outpace of humanity. Luckiest people I

\textit{250} Hours.  
\textit{251} Gruesomeness.  
\textit{252} Perfection.  
\textit{253} Craziness.  
\textit{254} Literally “nothing is”.

134
met at all were small wedding of pairs of Sicilian agricultural workers – Bezauberte people. Young, homosexual and good looking, and if they lived it in a small of with a small round. They did not only have of old. And if it knew anything! Nothing! From nothing modern, still they wanted known. Bright, small had heard something and “of transmission” and its pretty heading imprudently did not shake. “We needs not of people” said her. “Them are enough crediting ours!” Beppo sings like! I would not interest me, in order hearing perhaps nobody otherwise! Too narrowly! We can say! However, oh! of its face. Light in its eyes! Whole in could not give such! These of were poor in of, but they only had and perhaps two divine of, are just taken away on these from us ruthlessly. “Ruthlessly”, because nothing is offered can be offered replacing these two large of. A famous explained “new showed we are carried with, are perhaps capable of Unsterblichkeit”. If this is applicable, can one ask, what of Unsterblichkeit256 without would be? Without?

Leave! For me, I think, if I come to of badly of. What if I present in all its sweet one. And just, and what it's however a rainbow if finally possibly. It's additionally for me if I have suffered of this and what it's only a what it's. I know now, only what many of my must perhaps bear, and, in of unuttered ensure. Carry them, is their extraordinarily and their for and forgiving, those falsely it simple miraculous. They do not assume, in order nevertheless in some of them angelic is developed surely, while in others takes carried from demoniacal to. I can positively explain I have only in my of, because something opposite to means understanding. If I to it thinks you, if perhaps played with my best and dearest and it after one other terminated. Was not I. I should hate you, but I had angelic. I should not forgive you. However, my toward to you are so vague, they were at, when I asked “me” if I loved you. And everything came now there to an I too simply we present our “to us”, in order deeper than it are really fixed. Is large. In its glowing we see our loving and just a little like and Goettinnen257 and their real never fastens us. It is quite our own, if this is like influences nervous overstrung. And good of has no such. It see like only of its he not “imagines” it, in order. Is perhaps rather lucky if in its own. He would never understand finer for somewhat strong and Permanentlier than sating bare. And now I know your real. I also only know you, over too few deleted from you are called marking! However, this is only of a normal of fustian covering. Recess! It is little no. Seeks expressing in of a will, absent minded and it is not being fetching it from soil. Possibly all is Falschste258 of you try. Everyone now and then, receiving in with me. They write: if I burn your and never answer her, I assume your. You search, in destroying me perhaps by your own. They probably know and you probably remember how I loved you! And by of this, you are ready dragging me into your own. This are real.

255 Enchanted.
256 Immortality.
257 Goddesses.
258 Phoniest.
Like a! Like a. But herein I am done. Is strong for you. Their mud never of just my. It's wealthy, their and Kostümier²₅⁹ of low is frequent. Must never say I provoked you away from your to their! If I see sacrifice each Fetzen²₆₀ of Selbstachtung²₆¹ Tintanstands in disgraceful if with only married into reduced of our modern. I grow over my ashamedly. I have and their however if none for bare. However, lower is only perhaps feeling possibly believes for? Is avowedly formed so. Like is it! If it did not give meaning in this I should of reproduces for few to thus condemn. I to my if in upward of. Large of crucial good. I am insured even this only is. I think of could be. I do not put my on of “better” of are called. And if I just. Last special of perhaps, in them preparing firmly. However, on actual people of those hard driven of daily. Of this come – if large – and, possibly, if I dreamed. Existerent approximately everywhere. It in quiet of any too bad undistinguished. It's fine of understanding and everything are unidentified even by its close intimates. I abhor everything “snobbery” and have no with. Would try forming that, are bare of. For something is ashamed over literary ability. I had still of them and have not from me, if there is distant and is in historical. All it are transferred drinking around and playing, and perhaps is a far larger than any at all. And this is not unusual with any. However, if I may not forget her with certain is attached Magnaten²₆². And you have only one smirking in fact! Bad, while you are. Curious from a psychological is I should have increased, have transmuted really of you from Unedles²₆₃ metal in avowedly. And should your bare in. This was “of blind”, if “I loved you”. “If” still is! I assume I did! Is I believed deepest for you and you should be first in your honoured, lucky and at all. Got ahead from a good to others. For me it loved to you me just my was to you and if I could help you in their upward to and to! Everything this was. I looked up, for me I did not only require excluding. Her for me explained and whom I was applicable! But many, aye, many same small miserable my could explaining! It is a general history, and I adjusted it nevertheless down. So other stupid read themselves my in my, and can see there is nothing. Is in of everyone credulous momentous, perhaps him. Of is so large of nevertheless not after all. Can be set above, but netlike breaks it down. I am more than thankful if I never married and I never marry. Deeper, I have no of my and in this cruel. I would know of discharging one, never carried, those never around, into of was asked. Where one at one itself moving back and forth of “a” legend I can hardly intercept! Cruelly even if in his natural, because in each living if in their only suffering one carries. And! This is impenetrable. “Why” of such? If I consider dark I lose, and you take me nevertheless my with whole. Under many, my fallen with sunshine. And with, and in ways of there is at all more, more cold than. All our its anxious explains.

²₅⁹ Dressed up.
²₆₀ Tatter.
²₆₁ Self-respect.
²₆² Tycoons.
²₆₃ Base metal.
Perhaps us of ours finally and from ours. *Exkavator* of and if bury only from long lastly from all their reaching. And beautifully of Nazarene “therefore, ye are not afraid its of just more than much”. It's only if into our because we see and even it's on an equal footing in generally. Only called has us sometimes, if secured. Sometimes, only sometimes, its glitteringly over dark places and given to our gropingly up. So perhaps we led ourselves by it, until it sank again; and it sinks too soon! I saw it rising. I saw it adjusted! And having, on my to go through its shining. For if doing is going despite courageously; finally there are roses in my and sing. Cruel sits down on its *Himbeerte* and pretends being friendly!

*Katzpounce* on songthrushes and tear them up to violently – if nevertheless *Sonnenschein* is interested on and nothing only in slaughtered or silenced! And in this, and if only an interrupted almost smaller than a slaughtered one counts. So now to you, my unique loving. I loved (“if” I it! Loved.) with of a *Fanatiker* and perhaps of address this if of short spurred me for your worthless! She, reads you them at all. You does not understand it – for you cannot real about any understand. They are just too. They prefer substantial if in relation to all possible. And no, have you with helpful to its own. Their, whole would agree into healthy human understanding of your. I – only I – in for raising it in my over normal. For placing you, like it was, in you could not be. Yes! I did this. However, you can forgive me easily, because nobody repeat it at all! You do not equip anybody again with how I did! And it is perhaps intelligent if it detects your applicable! There is hardly she does. Thus, if for like only *Zynische* No, is a mentioned to *Sitzvalet*. And still is smaller it to its.

And now turn me I away from you together and continue on those alone out-characterised for me. It has many. It is with calm *Wald* loveliness. Is formed flowering. I have would have troubled for me. Is beautiful and good-ordered. Full of lucky and suggesting express. And, which if I think you acquired and spoiled you had at all just divided it. By not seem regretting of your, am it a real finally for and speak rather sincerely? Your constant in this pretty of my could tiresome probably check if. Do not explain I positively it became. However, suggesting I to me it could. I remind of its in a went out. Slams shut behind him, and small. At its innocently asked “we must always have this to with us? Always live with us? Always?” Does not load in. Not evenly in best of you large and *Seins* put. Perhaps intelligently and beautiful heading on my, regarded above me with large brown. If say: “We understand if in love – we pursue! We can live you with you always and never weary”! Is applicable! Many are perhaps inferior to in and feeling! Now to my! There is on a *Flieder* carolling is and pushes me, throbbing its speckled *Bruste* to regard. There above it, it's pretty if of warbles, and it is not, which if I
stopped, only of anything. But was over Ueberbrueckers being thought. It is not worth fewer. Worth approximately write, approximately still think. But, because other require it “recorded”, like Doerfchen, this can “if one created and smiling and be”. I have this rather normal of just daily written over some stupid its. On breaking and determine, it is never worth these extreme “out” – with exceeds of itself. And Betruebte is surprised, why it covered itself with a Umhang of for so few. So few, if much us will leave. Becoming had aligning and enter in order enjoying. If we sweet hearing and to Inhalieren be able. For these if “this” only provides us we are only a personal; and being appropriate we cannot live possibly to us alone. So aware it a better as lost away of you, was small of a stupid Anbetung. And gives all I by you is being stopped me also your, and pleases for asks you! They seriously do not mean what you write – it is everything pleases you during. Perhaps, but she does not please me.

They explain to me them you for made. You could do undo. Is done. It is good – if it an is. And you by it to remain must. However, I am you do not think it really just quite reliably. If you modify of your in, I am convinced you congratulate yourselves religiously! Also, that if you lost it (and their against former days of love with me), it at most hurt from men regarding itself! Thus all pour ends well, since insures us thus not on its search out. If in order, subordinating another. They are well created in with much of. Thus your are met, because really you had never each more ambitious. I am simply each I need, and acquiring. One of if was just, rudely waked, has I still dreaming again. But you are perhaps all dreaming, and if you once were not so ideally also, are you now however only grey-brown reality?

269 Hamlet.
270 Saddened.
271 Cloak.
272 To inhale.
273 Adoration.
Part 6

AN ARANDIC ALLEGORY OF LOVE

The debitage of discarded words and phrases within *An Unbosomed Love* reveals another story, a kind of textual artefact, which can be understood by examining the discarded elements, just as a *woomera* can be understood by knowing how it was made through examining its discarded elements. Similarly, the same sort of textual debitage within *Songs of Central Australia* tells yet another story, the truth of which also can be known by studying the author’s additions, corrections and deletions.

In this part, I will argue that T. Strehlow’s concept of romantic love is flawed. I will first examine the two opposing arguments about romantic love by T. Strehlow, in Part Three, Chapter Ten of *Songs of Central Australia: Songs of Human Beauty and Love-charms*, and Helen Fisher in *Why We Love*, and argue that T. Strehlow’s argument is not as sound as he claims. I will then offer reasons for supporting Fisher’s “basic mating circuits” (Fisher 2004, p.94) view, which seeks to understand the process of love as combinations of “lust, romantic love and attachment” (Ibid). My objective is to review the evidence submitted by T. Strehlow to support his thesis and use it in an attempt to reach an alternative conclusion.

By ‘love’ I understand the term to mean a heightened emotional involvement of one person with another person, either with the same or an opposite sex, which manifests as an obsessive interest in the other person that may or may not be reciprocated. I shall ignore questions about the possibility that love does not exist at all, or that it is merely a form of lust.

Within the limits of this definition, the most important argument against the long-standing existence of romantic love is sometimes thought to be that it was a recent invention that began within the cloistered communes of European courtly circles and was chronicled by Eleventh Century French troubadours, which is a view popularized by C.S. Lewis in *The Allegory of Love*. While we should acknowledge this theory, the real issue is whether or not romantic love can be proved to have existed long before the Eleventh Century. So I shall concentrate on the arguments first that romantic love did exist before that date because it is a manifestation of the basic human mating drive and second that it is not a higher function of Western civilisation, unknown to Indigenous people.

The question of the emergence of romantic love is important in at least two respects. First of all, this is clearly a matter of fundamental worldwide interest, which is reflected in fashionable song, poetry, movies and other popular cultural narratives. Second, the question of whether romantic love is a recent European
invention is crucial in determining the answer to larger questions in cultural studies about the hegemony of Western states and their ability to control fundamental human actions through allegedly inventing those same human actions that, by definition, exclude the peoples of less “developed” cultures.

LOVE

T. Strehlow’s definition of love is less clear. In the text *Songs of Human Beauty and Love-charms* there are 113 direct usages of the word “love”. For the purposes of this analysis I have not included words that have “love” as an element, including lover, beloved, love-making, love charms, love magic, love potion or courtly love. There is a separate analysis of the term “romantic love”, which follows the analyses of the words “love” and “passion” below. The reason for analysing these words in detail is to reveal a subtext within the main text that is strongly biased towards a negative representation of love within Indigenous cultures compared with a positive representation of love within Western culture. This is allied with a positive representation of passion within the West, which is opposed to a negative understanding of passion within Indigenous groups, particularly western Desert Arrernte people.

I suggest that this rhetorical technique, repetition, utilised in both a positive and negative way, has been used to convince readers to agree with T. Strehlow’s argument in this chapter when, in reality, little direct, factual evidence is presented to support his thesis.

For the purpose of this analysis, the word “love” has been analysed in terms of its tone or context and whether or not it is presented as positive, negative or neutral in usage. Specifically, whether or not the reference to “love” can be considered positive or negative in its application to Western culture and, equally, whether it can be considered positive or negative when in relation to Arrernte culture. References that can be considered neutral or related to both cultures have been also noted.

For example, consider the statement: “The scope of this volume prevents me from discussing in detail the problem of love among the Central Australian native peoples.” (Strehlow 2005, p.2) This has been classified as Arrernte negative because it posits love as a problem. A problem for whom? Problems are premised on a need to be solved, so it suggests that love within Arrernte communities is a problem for either Arrernte culture or white culture, or both. T. Strehlow does not suggest that love itself is a problem for Western culture. It is also used in context with the word “prevents”, which has a negative inference. It can therefore be classified as a negative connotation.

Or consider this statement: “However, these outward differences should not blind us to the essential sameness of love in all vital aspects among all human communities.” (Ibid, p.5) The tone and intent of this statement is all-
encompassing in that it refers to all cultures, including Arrernte and Western “human communities”. It is therefore clearly neutral in connotation.

Lastly, consider this statement. “Ovid, once the master poet of love in Imperial Rome, in spite of his mastery of technical skill and his fine gift of the purple phrase, has frequently been charged with pornography and condemned for his immoral levity.” (p.53) At first glance this could appear to be Western negative because the tone is broadly critical and the key element “charged with pornography” connects it with base sexuality and violence towards women. However, this is countered with the term “immoral levity”, which has a softening effect. Most importantly though, Ovid is presented as “the master poet of love in Imperial Rome”. T. Strehlow only refers to Westerners as love poets. For him, the term is not applicable to Arrernte culture. This is despite the fact that the unknown Arrernte author who originally chanted the Ltalaltuma verse could be translated by T. Strehlow as: “I am full of love for my wife; I am a married man, a truly married man”. (p.25) The final connotation therefore becomes Western positive.

For T. Strehlow, love is many things. He asserts that love is a “problem” (p.2) that exists “among the Central Australian native peoples.” (Ibid) T. Strehlow emphasizes that love and desire “are highly complex emotional experiences” (p.5) “determined largely by the conventions traditionally established in a community; and the practices of the individuals are largely affected by the customs of the age into which he has been born.” (Ibid) He states that it can be “spiritual” (Ibid) or conceptually linked in “love and marriage”, (p.52) “an ennobling passion”, (p.56) or “the meeting of two vital forces, male and female”. (p.59) He suggests that there is “...an essential sameness of love in all vital aspects among all human communities.” (p.5) But, points out that, though love is “...worth more than all the material possessions that can be encompassed”, (p.51) he concludes that, regarding love, “there is a yawning gulf between the conventional attitudes of the natives and ourselves”. (p.61)

Of the 113 usages of the term “love” there is a strong positive bias towards the Western experience of love.

### Table 1.
The word “love” analysed in terms of its tone or context and whether or not it is presented as positive, negative or neutral in usage.

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<tr>
<td>Arrernte positive usage</td>
<td>10</td>
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<tr>
<td>Western positive usage</td>
<td>63</td>
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<tr>
<td>Arrernte negative usage</td>
<td>5</td>
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<tr>
<td>Western negative usage</td>
<td>12</td>
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<td>Neutral</td>
<td>13</td>
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<td>Total</td>
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PASSION

Passion, on the other hand, has a different bias under T. Strehlow’s influence. The word “passion” has been analysed in the text *Songs of Human Beauty and Love- charms* using the same criteria as the preceding analysis and does not include compound terms such as dispassionately, passionate, compassion or passionately. The word occurs 61 times and whether it is used in a positive, negative or neutral way is summarised in the following table.

T. Strehlow notes that Arrernte women can be “aflame with passion” (p.27) and mentions that they can be inspired, through the use of love magic into “passionate frenzy”. (p.30) In the “deepest recesses” of their bodies they can churn “with passion”, he says. “In the fountains of their secretions they are churning with passion”. (p.42)

T. Strehlow discusses the actions of the travelling ancestor Malbanka, who gratifies his passion then leaves “these women behind him”. (p.48) Yet, though Tristan and Isolte have blind passion that culminates in a “single desire”, which generates a “deep passion for each other”, (p.53) T. Strehlow reasons that it has a “spiritual nature”. (Ibid)

The point of analysing T. Strehlow’s usage of these two terms “love” and “passion” in detail is because, besides showing a strong bias in the way that he presented the text, over a period of thirty years he made three crucial changes to the final version of his manuscript in relation to these terms, which altered his thesis significantly. These can be tracked in the appendix. On page 13 of the manuscript he says:

“I was able to record the Aranda verses without any embarrassment whatever, but I have felt a considerable feeling of disgust in translating them into English.”

However, for the final version he changed it to become:

“I was able to record the Aranda verses without any embarrassment whatever, but I have felt a considerable feeling of trepidation in translating them into English.”

The other significant alteration is that he changes the following on page 51. The word “love” has been typed in then crossed out and replaced with the word “passion”.

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274 In the final version of *Songs of Central Australia*, published in 1971, the word “trepidation” was replaced with “distaste”.

142
“The young men and women of the tribe were married off strictly according to the rules, so that the social stability of the tribe might not be endangered by the inexplicable vagaries of love; and no notions of anything resembling romantic love were encouraged among youths and maidens.”

This text then becomes:

“The young men and women of the tribe were married off strictly according to the rules, so that the social stability of the tribe might not be endangered by the inexplicable vagaries of passion; and no notions of anything resembling romantic love were encouraged among youths and maidens.”

| Table 2. The word “passion” analysed in terms of its tone or context and whether or not is presented as positive, negative or neutral in usage. |
|---------------------------------|-------|
| Arrernte positive usage         | 1     |
| Western positive usage          | 7     |
| Arrernte negative usage         | 31    |
| Western negative usage          | 5     |
| Neutral                         | 17    |
| Total                           | 61    |

ROMANTIC LOVE

Similarly, the analysis of the term “romantic love”, using the same criteria, displays the most significant bias of the three terms under scrutiny.

Though *The Allegory of Love: a study in medieval literature* is a well-respected, scholarly dissertation on the use of allegory in medieval literature, T. Strehlow refers to only one point from the first section of the book, that the emergence of courtly love altered the concept of love in Eleventh Century France. This is a position Lewis later recanted in his book *The Four Loves* in which he admitted that he had overstated the importance of it in terms of a literary phenomenon rather than as a fundamental aspect of the nature of human love.

“Years ago when I wrote about medieval love poetry and described its strange, half make-believe, ‘religion of love,’ I was blind enough to treat this as an almost purely literary phenomenon. I know better now.” (Lewis 1960, p.154)

T. Strehlow accepts Lewis’s thesis without criticism in that “...our own [western] ideal of romantic love in the long run was derived from the love songs of the Troubadours”, (p.55) which “culminates in a marriage based on the free-will of both parties”. (p.57) Though he cites Swift and Shaw as critics of romantic love, T. Strehlow suggests they are merely describing the passing of the first stage of
infatuation that is a part of romantic love rather than arguing that romantic love is something else, even though Shaw describes it succinctly as an instinctual response or “appetite”.

“It would be far better for everyone, as well as far honester, if young people were taught that what they call love is an appetite which, like all other appetites, is destroyed for the moment by its gratification.” (p.58)

From a linguistic perspective, it is clear that T. Strehlow regarded Arrernte as a “sophisticated” language.

“Strehlow’s detailed grammar challenged evolutionary notions of Australian Aboriginal languages with his presentation of Arrernte as a sophisticated language. In contrast to the American approach, Strehlow attempted to ‘humanize’ Aboriginal languages by comparing them favourably with European languages.” (Moore 2003, p.42)

And yet, when it came to romantic love, he draws a line in the sand at the Eleventh Century mark. For T. Strehlow, before that point humans were brutal, consumed by animal passions and incapable of sophisticated, empathic understanding. In short, they had not yet developed to the romantic love stage and he used two key pieces of evidence from Lewis to support his conclusion.

“‘Love’ in our sense of the word, is as absent from the literature of the Dark Ages as from that of classical antiquity. C.S. Lewis, The Allegory of Love, p. 9.” (Lewis cited by Strehlow 2005, p.366)

“French poets in the eleventh century, discovered or invented, or were the first to express, that romantic species of passion which effected a change which has left no corner of our ethics, our imagination, or our daily life untouched, and they erected impassable barriers between us and the classical past or the Oriental present. Compared with this revolution the Renaissance is a mere ripple on the surface of literature.” (Lewis cited by Strehlow 2005, p.368)

He then implies that Arrernte people are still linked to “the Stone Age” by making a clear distinction between Arrernte culture and Western culture in relation to the concept of romantic love.

“Should we decide to discard completely the idea of beauty and the conventions of romantic love, we should be far too sophisticated to return a second time to that frank, realistic and somewhat brutal attitude towards sex that existed in the Stone Age.” (Strehlow 2005, p.59)
According to T. Strehlow, it was the colonising Europeans who taught the concept of romantic love to Indigenous people, whose traditional marriage structures were apparently somehow lacking in this regard.

“Even in the pre-European days when the ideal of romantic love had not yet found clear articulate expression among our natives, there existed many ill-adjusted and badly-mated couples among them.” (Strehlow 2005, p.49)

In part, this suggests that the cultural practice of sanctioning relationships based on romantic love within a society creates well-adjusted, well-mated couples more effectively than the custom of arranged marriages, a practice that prevailed amongst indigenous cultures in Australia at the time. But, more importantly, it makes it clear that, in T. Strehlow’s opinion, romantic love was absent from Arrernte culture before the colonisation process took effect.

However, though T. Strehlow only recorded a portion, significant though it was, of mainly one Indigenous group’s male songs, he states categorically: “As regards love, there is a yawning gulf between the conventional attitudes of the natives and ourselves, – a gulf which explains why they have, as far as I know, no romantic love stories in our sense.” (Strehlow 2005, p.61)

He reinforces this understanding by saying, “...I am not suggesting for a moment that the native lovers ignored the mental attributes of their sweethearts: I am merely pointing out that their poetry seems to make virtually no mention of the spiritual side of love”, (p.11) which seems to suggest that, for T. Strehlow, there must be a spiritual component within a heterosexual relationship for it to be classified as romantic love.

Romantic love may have a spiritual component, but it is not predicated on it, though it may be seen to be most closely aligned with one of the “universal” attributes of romantic love: hope. This link between Christian love, hope and faith has been recorded by St. Augustine of Hippo (354-430) in Chapter Eight of The Enchiridion on Faith, Hope and Love.276

“Wherefore there is no love without hope, no hope without love, and neither love nor hope without faith.”

It is hardly surprising then to discover that the usage of the term “romantic love” within Songs of Human Beauty and Love-charms is biased in favour of a positive Western understanding at the expense of Arrernte, summarised in Table 3 below.

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275 “Romantic love. Obsessive love. Passionate love. Infatuation. Call it what you will, men and women of every era and every culture have been ‘bewitched, bothered and bewildered’ by this irresistible power. Being in love is universal to humanity; it is part of human nature.” (Fisher 2004, p.6)

Table 3. The term “romantic love” analysed in terms of its tone or context and whether or not is presented as positive, negative or neutral in usage.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Count</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Arrernte positive usage</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Western positive usage</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arrernte negative usage</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Western negative usage</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neutral</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
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In other words, through his text, and its underlying subtext, T. Strehlow creates a binary opposition between love and passion predicated on spirituality, making it clear that he considers that within Arrernte culture there is no spirituality related to love, no understanding or record of the concept of romantic love and that the love that Arrernte people know is only ever a form of passion.

“I have tried to show that the Central Australian attitude towards sex was realistic and free from prudery; but the disregard of the spiritual aspects of sexual relationships makes native literature seem highly unsatisfactory to most white readers.” (Strehlow 2005, p.61)

“I am merely pointing out that their poetry seems to make virtually no mention of the spiritual side of love.” (Strehlow 2005, p.11)

A NEGATIVE BIAS AGAINST PASSION

Dr Helen Fisher has a different view of the function and process of romantic love, which she discusses in her book *Why We Love: the nature and chemistry of romantic love*. Interestingly, T. Strehlow and Fisher share a method of argumentation that is similar if not identical: literary parallelism. That is, they both draw on a body of evidence to support their respective theses from mainly European literature with an emphasis on poetry that is thematically concerned with the experience of love. While T. Strehlow cites Goethe, Shakespeare, Lucian, Euripides, Malory, Noel Coward, Chaucer, Swift and George Bernard Shaw, among others, Fisher presents her evidence from the likes of Walt Whitman, W. H. Auden, Yeats, Chretien de Troyes, Homer, Apuleius, Keats and Capellanus, to name just a few.

“In fact, in a survey of 166 varied cultures, anthropologists found evidence of romantic love in 147, almost 90 percent of them. In the remaining 19 societies, scientists had simply failed to examine this aspect of people’s
lives...From reading the poems, songs, and stories of people around the world, I came to believe that the capacity for romantic love is woven firmly into the fabric of the human brain. Romantic love is a universal human experience.” (Fisher 2004, p.3)

The first argument against T. Strehlow’s assertion that Indigenous people, specifically the Arrernte culture from whom he draws his main Australian evidence, have no understanding of romantic love because it was invented or first recorded by unknown individuals in Provence, France, in the Eleventh Century, is that a nascent form of romantic love is exhibited by animals other than human. This claim derives from the work of Charles Darwin in his book *The Expression of the Emotions in Men and Animals*, a text that would have been available to T. Strehlow at the time he wrote *Songs of Central Australia*.

“...Charles Darwin hypothesized that human beings share many of their feelings with ‘lower animals’. Indeed, many furred and feathered beings who share this planet seem to feel some version of romantic love.” (Fisher, 2004, p.25)

According to Fisher, many animals show similar characteristics to human beings in terms of their response to a partner.

“Excessive energy, focussed attention on a partner, dogged pursuit, and all the tender licks and nibbles that foxes bestow on one another are certainly reminiscent of human romantic love. And foxes are but one of many species that show aspects of romantic love.” (Fisher 2004, p.27)

In support of her assertion she explores other species’ romantic behaviour. African elephants become inseparable with their chosen mates until the female estrus wanes. But, during that time of attachment Fisher says, they display intense energy levels, do not maintain the same eating or sleeping patterns of unattached elephants, caress each other regularly and communicate in “...low, soft, rumbling elephant conversation”. (p.30) Similarly, she says, beavers, like humans, show sensitivity and care towards their chosen mate.

“There are so many descriptions of attraction among animals that it is impossible to recount them all. I have read about the amorous lives of some hundred different species, and in every animal society, courting males and females display traits that are central components of human romantic love.” (Fisher 2004, p.32)

Fisher “canvassed the psychological literature on romantic love, culling those traits, symptoms, or conditions that were mentioned repeatedly”. She then
compiled a questionnaire “to satisfy myself that these characteristics of romantic passion are universal”. (Fisher 2004, p.4)

Using the “universal” criteria that Fisher collated, let us re-examine the evidence within the Arrernte songs translated by T. Strehlow. I suggest that the criteria collated by Fisher have matching examples within the Arrernte songs. While T. Strehlow creates a binary opposition between love and passion, Fisher considers them part of a holistic process. She identifies twenty one universal attributes indicative of romantic love: special meaning, focussed attention, aggrandizing the beloved, intrusive thinking, emotional fire, intense energy, mood swings, yearning for emotional union, looking for clues, changing priorities, emotional dependence, empathy, adversity heightens passion, hope, sexual connection, sexual exclusivity, jealousy, emotional union, lack of control, transience and variety of forms.

When comparing and contrasting these examples, it must be remembered that Arrernte is a verb-based language, or a language of action, whereas English has a far greater reliance on abstraction (see Part Four: The Imagined Whites’ Savage) and though the Arrernte sentiment may be the same as its English equivalent, the mode of expression is much more direct. For example, “Gripping her by the throat”, (p.18) as an Arrernte concept, is equivalent with the English language concept of “winning her heart”, since the throat not the heart is the seat of Arrernte desire (footnote 291).

Special meaning

This aspect of love causes the person who is in love to invest the beloved with a heightened sense of significance, through a profound change in consciousness, during which “…your ‘love object’ takes on what psychologists call ‘special meaning’”. (Fisher 2004, p.6)

I believe that the Njibantibanta maiden invests this special meaning in the Kwalba chief, focussing her attention so intently that she gets as close to him as possible, literally following in his footsteps with such intensity that she steps on his heels.

“The girl keeps stepping on his heels;
Following him closely, she keeps stepping, on his heels.” (p.24)

Focussed attention

Fisher considers focussed attention to be a central aspect of romantic love.

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277 “Normally, of course, Aranda prefers a concrete mode of expression to an abstract way of speaking…” (Strehlow 1932, p.63)
“The love-possessed person focusses almost all of his or her attention on the beloved, often to the detriment of everything and everyone around them, including work, family and friends.” (Fisher 2004, p.6)

The Njibantibanta maiden shows special meaning and focussed attention towards the Kwalba chief, but so does he, sitting motionless, concentrating his energies on her.

“The ‘bell-bird’ is sitting motionless, -
The dark-chested one is sitting motionless.” (p.17)

“The rotund-bodied sire is sitting without a move, -
Deep in thought he is sitting without a move.” (p.39)

Using an example from the Twelfth Century, Lancelot by Chretien de Troyes, to illustrate how ordinary objects can attain a state of “iconic power” through this experience of focussed attention, Fisher relates how Lancelot found Queen Guinevere’s comb and, because it held some of her hairs, touched it adoringly to his face “a hundred thousand times” (p.7)

In a culture with few personal material objects, this focussed attention may find another outlet as the Njibantibanta maiden’s manifestation of iconic power invested in an “object” is expressed in the following lines.

“His penis without a peer, -
His penis is still broad and strong.” (p.23)

Aggrandizing the beloved

Fisher says, “The infatuated person also begins to magnify, even aggrandize tiny aspects of the adored on”. (p.7) The Kwalba chief does this from a distance as he gazes at the eyes of his beloved maiden.

“The crested rock pigeons
Have fine, clear eyes.” (p.21)

T. Strehlow though has a deal or trouble with his translation. He says, “My informants could not give me a satisfactory explanation for wūrə tjinnalba as applied to the Kwalba chief: why should he be called here “the friendly youth (or boy)”? (Strehlow First Draft and Penultimate Draft, p.26)

“Through the tonbara grass, to be sure, let him proceed!
The friendly youth, to be sure, let him proceed!” (p.24)
It seems incongruous to T. Strehlow, but the incongruity of the translation melts away if we think about it in terms of aggrandizement. Fisher’s example comes from Virginia Woolf, who said, “But love...it’s only an illusion. A story one makes up in one’s mind about another person. And one knows all the time it isn’t true. Of course one knows; why one’s always taking care not to destroy the illusion”. (Woolf cited in Fisher 2004, p.8) Instead of a “rotund-bodied sire” the Kwalba Chief, in the eyes of the Njibantibanta maiden, has been transformed to become a “friendly youth”.

Intrusive thinking

Fisher describes intrusive thinking as one of the primary symptoms of romantic love that manifests as “obsessive meditation about the beloved”. (p.8) One of her literary parallels for this state is that of the Twelfth Century French troubadour Giraut de Borneil whose song lines contained the verse, “Through too much loving...So terribly do my thoughts torment me.” (Ibid) The Kwalba is similarly tormented when he sings the following:

“She shall belong to the Kwalba, -
Mine alone shall she be!
She shall belong to the Kwalba, she shall belong to the Kwalba;
Mine alone shall she be, yes, mine alone shall she be!
Gripping her by the throat I would raise her up, -
To be my very own I would raise her up.” (p.18)

Emotional fire

T. Strehlow privileges passion above everything else in terms of an Arrernte understanding of love, yet passion is also a fundamental aspect of all romantic love in every culture. Fisher quotes an example from the Hebrew language, written between 900 and 300 B.C., in which a woman in the text Song of Songs says, “I am faint with love”.278 Lovers have always felt “the torrent of intense emotions that pour through the mind”, according to Fisher, ranging from a gentle flush to uncontrollable trembling when in the presence of their beloved. The Kwalba Chief is no exception.

“The Kwalba chief will be sitting, shaking with passion;
He will be itching from head to foot, shaking with passion.” (p.18)

Intense energy

Another elemental aspect of romantic love is a marked increase in energy. Over 75% of both men and women who completed Fisher's survey “reported that they had a surge of energy when they were with their beloved”. (Fisher 2004, p.11) The Kwalba Chief consummates his love with a clear surge of intense energy, though it is unclear whether or not the Njibantibanta maiden reciprocates.

“Feeling me closely, he is spearing me without a halt; -
Overflowing with semen.” (p.23)

Mood swings from ecstasy to despair

Being in love produces a rollercoaster ride of effects involving “a variety of dizzying mood changes ranging from exhilaration when one’s love is returned to anxiety, despair, or even rage when one’s romantic ardour is ignored or rejected” (Fisher 2004, p.12) Antjiroba’s rage is clear and unequivocal as his mood changes from assignation to fury.

“The 'bell-bird’ is sitting motionless, -
The dark-chested one is sitting motionless.
Seizing its bold forehead he dashes it against a rock, -
Seizing its plumed head he dashes it against a rock.
Spanning it like a club he dashes it against a rock;
Seizing its plumed head he dashes it against a rock.
Seizing its tail-tip ornaments he dashes it against a rock;
Seizing its swollen head he dashes it against a rock.
Like a bell-bird he is sitting there motionless, -
The dark-chested one is sitting there motionless.” (p.17)

Yearning for emotional union

According to Fisher, “The craving to merge with the beloved pervades world literature” (Fisher 2004, p.13) and in the sixth century, this phenomenon was already well known. Fisher cites the Roman poet Paulus Silentiarius, who said: “And there lay the lovers, lip-locked / delirious, infinitely thirsting, / each wanting to go completely inside the other.” (Fisher 2004, p.14) The Arrernte ancestors, who considered that the seat of passion was the throat, also know this feeling.

279 “The word (a)rantja in Aranda means both "throat" and "desire"; and according to Aranda beliefs, the throat is the seat of passion and desire.” (Strehlow 2005, p.40)
“Gripping her by the throat I would raise her up, -
To be my very own I would raise her up.” (p.18)

Similarly, the feeling of being intimately connected and entwined with the other person is illustrated through describing, allegorically, the actions of Indigenous flora.

“Twisted reed thongs are holding them fast forever;
An intertwined network of roots is holding them fast forever.
Intertwined fig roots are holding them fast forever, -
By their throats they are holding them fast forever.” (p.40)

The desire to be “completely inside” the beloved is succinctly expressed with the following lines.

“With my fingers I am penetrating you, -
I, the handsome sire.” (p.22)

Looking for clues

A person who is infatuated with another will take any example that may reveal his or her affections towards them, and try to fit it in to a pattern of reciprocity, becoming “hypersensitive to the cues that the adored one sends”. (Fisher 2004, p.14) For example, if a beloved mentions the interests of another suitor, the hopeful lover may interpret this “clue” as proof that the beloved is trying to encourage jealousy, which can be construed as a positive action denoting interest, rather than as a negative action suggesting a greater romantic interest in the other suitor.

The rock pigeons can be understood to be communicating with each other, perhaps discussing which one of them is preferred by their supernatural suitor, as they closely watch every action he makes, searching for clues.

“The crested rock pigeons are cooing to each other
Crying ceaselessly, they are calling out to each other.
The crested rock pigeons
Are cooing plaintively.
Without a wink she is watching
With moveless stare she is watching.” (p.38)

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280 This term was changed by T. Strehlow from “penetrating” to “inserting into” and then back to “penetrating”.
Changing priorities

To attract their beloved, people will alter aspects of their sociocultural behaviour, mannerisms, clothing styles and whatever else it takes to win their preferred mate, Fisher relates. In a culture without clothes, scarification (cicatrices), headbands, marsupial fur ornaments and eagle plumes serve to fulfil this function.

“With my fingers I am penetrating you, –
I, handsome in my eagle plumes.” (p.23)

Emotional dependence

Using an example from ancient Egyptian culture, “My heart would be a slave / should she enfold me”, (p.15) Fisher reveals how heartfelt this desire can be, mirrored below by the equally ancient female Arrernte ancestor figures.

“My woman's heart is being pierced:
My fertile womb is being pierced.” (p.19)

Empathy

Lovers tend to feel a deep empathy towards the person who is the object of their affections and the Kwalba Chief is no exception.

“Her heart is overcome with grief;
The great sire is overcome with grief.” (p.25)

Adversity heightens passion

Known colloquially as the Romeo and Juliet effect, when there is an element of adversity present within a relationship based on romantic love, it serves to heighten the sensation rather than diminish it. According to Fisher, the “relationship between adversity and romantic ardour” can be identified in “all the star-crossed lovers of the world's great legends”. (p.17) The obstacles can be parental refusal to allow a relationship, which Romeo and Juliet experienced, distance, unattainability, as in Cyrano and Roxanne, or simply physical barriers. When the relationship is impeded, it intensifies the feelings inherent within it.

“The hairy-bodied one wanders on without respite, -
Northward he wanders on without respite.” (p.23)
Hope

Fisher hypothesises that the feeling of hope “became implanted in the human brain eons ago so our ancient forebears would doggedly pursue potential mates until the last flicker of possibility had expired”. (Fisher 2004, p.19)

There is no doubt that the Kwalba Chief in particular “doggedly” pursued the female object of his affections. However, rather than give a specific example of “hope” from the Arrernte men’s songs, I suggest that the concept of love magic itself, as practised by the supernatural Arrernte ancestors is the personification of hope. The King of the fairies, Oberon, in Shakespeare’s *A Midsummer Night’s Dream*, with Puck’s help, initially uses love magic, in the form of heartsease (a wild pansy of the genus *Viola*), in an attempt to control the fairy queen Titania.

“Yet mark’d I where the bolt of Cupid fell.
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love’s wound,
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flow’r, the herb I showed thee once.
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.” (Shakespeare 1968, p.204)

However, Oberon then responds to the hopelessness of Helena’s situation and bids Puck put drops from the flower into Demetrius’s eyes so that Helena’s love for him will no longer remain unrequited.

“Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth; anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love.” (Shakespeare 1968, p.205)

The Arrernte ancestors used a similar plant-derived substance, rubbed from the bark of a gum tree281, to achieve the latter effect. That is, to compel someone who apparently had no romantic interest in them to be completely and wholeheartedly enamoured of them. Though the roles of Oberon and the Arrernte chiefs are

281 “The tjiilara (L: wollaru) or headband, more precisely: strings, wound around the forehead. They are made from the hair of the grey kangaroo and the marsupial badger, painted white or smeared white on the white bark of the ilumba, a type of eucalypt.” (Strehlow 1991, p. 695)
ostensibly reversed, the effect is the same: a potential lover’s hope of gaining a particular beloved is satisfied through the use of love magic based on a biological agent. To put it another way, love magic, whether practised by supernatural Arrernte ancestors or characters from an Elizabethan imagination, is the personification of hope; the hope of attaining the love of a particular beloved.

A sexual connection

This criterion is one that both T. Strehlow and Fisher seem to agree upon, that a sexual connection between lovers is a universal experience. Fisher’s main example is taken from a second-century novel by Apuleius, *The Golden Ass*, in which Psyche says to her husband Eros: “I would rather die a hundred times than be without your sweet lovemaking”. (Fisher 2004, p.19) Bearing in mind that Arrernte is a language of action, a very similar sentiment is expressed in the following lines that describe the lovers’ union sometime after, “The Kwalba chief sees a woman, whom he proceeds to charm until he has become master of all her desires”. (Strehlow 2005, p.13)

“His penis is quivering with excitement,
His body is tensed for the attack.” (p.22)

“Feeling me closely, he is spearing me without a halt, - Overflowing with semen.” (p.23)

Sexual exclusivity

The personification of sexual exclusivity is adultery, which exists as a concept within Arrernte culture as C. Strehlow notes:

“A man who whores with a women in the open field is reviled as *alkna terkaterka* (from *alkna* = eye, and *terkaterka* = green = green eye) because his eyes had seen green grass in the process, and the woman concerned *alknankanjankanja* (= to turn the eyes quickly from side to side). This deed was punished according to the degree of transgression. A woman or girl, on the other hand, who continuously chases after other men is called *atna tataka* (red vagina).” (Strehlow 1991, p.514)

Traditional Arrernte law recognises a specific penalty related to its transgression in the following way.

“One repulsive custom remains to be mentioned. If the wife of a married man has had forbidden intercourse with another man, the cuckold will attempt to conduct himself shamelessly with another woman, as a kind of “revenge”. If
he succeeds in this, then his anger at the transgression of his marriage partner is stilled.” (Strehlow 1991, p.515)

There is recognition of this understanding related to adultery when the Tjilpa sire Malbanka sends his penis underground to locate a virgin, aware of what can eventuate if his penis should inadvertently “find” one of Kulurba’s wives.

“There is recognition of this understanding related to adultery when the Tjilpa sire Malbanka sends his penis underground to locate a virgin, aware of what can eventuate if his penis should inadvertently “find” one of Kulurba’s wives.” (Strehlow 2005, p.43)

Jealousy

T. Strehlow makes no mention of jealousy in relation to Arrernte people. However, C. Strehlow recognises it in a different form from that of Western understanding.

“The native does not know of jealousy in the European sense of the word. He does not see adultery as a violation of marriage love and trust – if indeed he knows the latter concept at all – but merely as an incursion into his rights, which has to be avenged in some way.” (Strehlow 1991, p.515)

Hence, the Kwalba Chief expresses the same emotion, but within a different sociocultural context, when he succeeds in charming the woman of his desire.

“Her desires he encloses as with a fence, –
With a thicket he encloses her as with a fence.
Her desires are shut in by a fence, -
A thicket shuts her in like a fence.” (p.19)

Emotional union trumps sexual union

Fisher states that “the desire for sexual intercourse and the craving for sexual fidelity” (p.22) are ultimately less important than a deep emotional bond. In this case, the “bell bird” longs to have the Njibantibanta woman beside him happy and carefree, embracing him with affection, collecting succulent fruits for him, feeling proud of her warrior husband, sharing his camp site “home” and bearing him strong, healthy children.

“The lover aches to have his or her love returned. This yearning for emotional togetherness far surpasses the desire for mere sexual release.” (Fisher 2004, p.22)
“The bell-bird swoops down again and again,
Upon the Njibantibanta woman he swoops down again and again.
The Njibantibanta woman is bringing all her chattels to his home;
Advancing with dancing steps, she is bringing all her chattels to his home.”
(p.20)

Involuntary, uncontrollable love

According to Fisher, in twelfth-century France, when Chretien De Troyes was participating in what C.S. Lewis calls the “invention” of romantic love (as Westerners know it today), penning his tale *Lancelot*, the Chinese poet Yutang was writing *The Jade Goddess*. While Yutang wrote of Chang Po and Meilan, “The more they tried to stop the love that had been awakened, the more they found themselves in its power”, de Chretien wrote of Guinevere and Lancelot, “In spite of herself she was forced to love”. (Fisher 2004, p.23) Many, many centuries earlier an Arrernte elder sat with his colleagues around a fire in the centre of a then un-named (by Europeans) continent and chanted the following:

“The bell-bird relentlessly rouses her;
The dark-chested one relentlessly rouses her.
The bell-bird fills her with madness,
The dark-chested one fills her with madness.” (p.19)

A transient state

Romantic love ebbs and flows. In a single day, as Plato knew, “Sometimes on a single day he shoots into life…then dies, and then…comes back to life again”. (Plato cited in Fisher 2004, p.23)

This transience was also known to the Arrernte. The Kwalba literally sweeps the Njibantibanta woman off her feet, itself a cliché of romantic love used to this day.

“Let the bell-bird pluck her off the ground!
Let the dark-chested one pluck her off the ground!” (p.20)

Aware that love could be slipping away from him, the Kwalba Chief pauses to reinforce her affection.

“b. Against a ghost gum he rubs it, against yonder ghost gum; It is the tjilara that he is rubbing, the soft tjilara.” (p.21)

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282 “Anyway, we had wine, champagne; he put on all my bets and he was just sweeping me off my feet; and I wouldn’t have been surprised if he’d popped the question”. *The Castle*, Village Roadshow and Working Dog. Director Rob Sitch (1997).
This has the desired effect and her affections are strengthened towards him.

“a. The Kwalba chief overcomes her struggles;  
The great sire overcomes her struggles.” (p.22)

He draws her closer and closer to him until she reaches the moment of absolute commitment.

“b. Into the quivering thicket of iltopolta trees let us enter!  
Into the dense thicket of iltopolta trees let us enter!” (p.24)

However, the transience of love causes her to question her actions.

“Tnjelana branches drag her back, –  
Clutching her locks, they drag her back.” (Ibid)

The Kwalba chief continues to woo her with honey and bush fruits, always aware that the love that she has for him could slip from his grasp at any moment.

Love’s many forms

Fisher states that, “...love is a tumult of wildly different motivations and emotions that mix to form myriad states of mind”. (p.25) The “wild ecstasy” experienced by John Keats283 and the “floods” of passion known to Sir Walter Raleigh284 are the same for the Western Desert Arrernte Chiefs.

In other words, the Arrernte verses can be reinterpreted as forming their own allegory of love, told in action rather than metaphors, which encompasses every universal aspect of the experience of romantic love, as outlined previously. T. Strehlow himself said as much in his earlier text, *Aranda Grammar*.

“Even if Aranda cannot satisfy all the demands for expression that well up within the modern argumentative intellect, it can still stir all the great primal emotions of the human heart.” (Strehlow 1932, p.ii)

Essentially, Fisher considers that passion is a fundamental element of romantic love, whereas T. Strehlow posits passion as the antipathy of romantic love. Where T. Strehlow assumes that the Indigenous ancestor figures relentlessly pursued their lustful passion, Fisher’s explanation is that the occurrence of romantic love is conscientiously pursued because the individual experience of being in love has

284 “Passions are liken’d best to floods and streams.” (Raleigh cited in Fisher 2004, p.25)
a finite existence. That is, the ancestors pursued serial experiences of romantic love because the feeling of being in love faded and they desired its replenishment. However, symptoms are not causes and there is one last question to answer: why would T. Strehlow construct such an unconvincing argument, that “As regards love, there is a yawning gulf between the conventional attitudes of the natives and ourselves.” (Strehlow 2005, p.61), presenting a paucity of evidence, unsupported personal views, and, most significantly, the employment of a rhetorical technique that created a clear bias in favour of his largely unsustainable premise?

STREHLOW’S “LOVemap”

Partly, T. Strehlow had to attempt to prove that Aboriginal people were incapable of romantic love because he was conditioned by Lutheran ideals of love that were inextricably allied with concepts of marriage, fidelity and spirituality, which were, to both C. Strehlow and T. Strehlow, incompatible with traditional Arrernte culture from a Western perspective. It remains then to discover, if we can, the process by which the extinguishment of any belief in the flame of romantic love among Arrernte people was such a compelling desire for T. Strehlow to achieve.

I think the answer to this question is revealed in the work of John Money, who coined the term “lovemap”. A lovemap is “a developmental representation or template in the mind and in the brain depicting the idealized lover and the idealized program of sexuoerotic activity projected in imagery or actually engaged in with that lover” (Money, 1986, p.290) Dr John Money, was, until recently, Professor Emeritus of Paediatrics and medical psychology at Johns Hopkins University, where he had a long career as a psychologist studying human sexology. He is remembered particularly for his specialized work and detailed studies of sexual identity, gender identity and gender roles.

Briefly, a lovemap is a transtemporal cognitive collection of traits, attitudes and attributes that amalgamate into an idealized “other” in a form that then becomes the subconscious model for an individual’s ideal love object. In other words, the curly hair of one’s kindergarten teacher; the curving, brown eyebrows of a school friend; the generous, loving nature of a grandparent; the overt femininity of a forgotten friend’s mother and the plum red lips of a stranger, only half remembered, form a transtemporal other in one’s imagination against whom all contemporary others are judged. Or, as Galdino Pranzarone, Professor of Psychology at Roanoke College in Salem, Virginia, explains:

“All the physical or personality traits that a person finds attractive or arousing in a mate are a result of childhood experiences between the ages of 5 and 10.

285 “How long does love’s magic last? No one knows. A team of neuroscientists recently concluded that romantic love normally lasts between twelve and eighteen months.” (Fisher 2004, p. 24)
Whatever significant individuals make an impact on you during those years get encoded in your brain as ideals.”  

Between the ages of five and ten, all of T. Strehlow’s playmates were Indigenous children, both male and female, which he notes in *Journey to Horseshoe Bend*.

“Theo watched the loading of the van with much interest; for he was travelling on the second vehicle. A number of dark boys and girls who had been his childhood companions stood around him. Theo, who had never known any white playmates, had had a number of special friends among the Hermannsburg children. He had always got on splendidly with them till he had reached the age of ten. Even so, it had always been he who had been compelled to adopt the behaviour patterns of his dark playmates.” (Strehlow 1969, p.26)

T. Strehlow knew the Arrernte children’s passions and he knew intimately their attitudes towards sexuality and romantic love.

“As a people, their [Arrernte and Loritja] morals are lax because they know no other way. They may be guilty of immodesty, but I would not call them immoral. Naturally they are concupiscent, but not vulgarly so. Almost without exception they are singularly free from coarse vulgarity. I have never seen what I would call a bold bad woman among them. Their speech before children is lewd and knows no restraint, but they see no necessity for hiding, things that are always discussed with the utmost freedom.” (Chewings cited in Strehlow 2005, p.12)

Arrernte females then, were part of T. Strehlow’s personal lovemap. Put simply, since he apparently had a heterosexual orientation, he would have been attracted to Arrernte females, so he had to prove, at least to himself, that Arrernte people could not experience romantic love. Therefore, logically, he would never be able to love an Arrernte woman because it could not be reciprocated, since, in his mind, there was no understanding of romantic love within Arrernte culture. For T. Strehlow to do otherwise would have opened his mind to the thought that requited love between himself, a “white Australian”, and a “native” woman was possible, something that would have been difficult for him to reconcile with his strict Lutheran upbringing, which taught him “to look upon sex as something unclean and immodest”. (Strehlow 2005, p.13)

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287 “Herein Aranda and English reflect the differences in the basic attitudes towards sex held respectively by the nudist, plain-spoken natives and the repressed and clothed whites, whom religion and civilization have taught in the past to look upon sex as something unclean and immodest. (Strehlow 2005, p.13)
In other words, it was as unthinkable to him as was the concept of abstract nouns was originally unthinkable to pre-contact Arrernte people (see Part Four: The Imagined Whites’ Savage). Succinctly expressed by Christian author John Wesley, T. Strehlow did not want to have his “soul darkened” by being “endangered by desire”\textsuperscript{288}, though he was “capable of experiencing” the Arrernte attitude towards sex\textsuperscript{289}, which, for him, was rampant with dangerous desire. His solution to this dilemma was to attempt to prove that it was impossible for him to love an Arrernte woman, via C.S. Lewis’s theory, even though, as Money has argued, T. Strehlow’s love map would have required it of him.

\textsuperscript{288} John Wesley, Sermon 46/8.
\textsuperscript{289} “Personally I am capable of experiencing both attitudes.” (Strehlow 2005, p.13)
CONCLUSION

With the authority vested in him by his father, through the control they had wrested from the Arrernte people so that they, the Strehlows, could control the Arrernte language, T. Strehlow would concretize the Arrernte’s sexuality, so that his belief would echo through future generations as the final word on the subject because he believed he was the only one with the unique ability and knowledge to do it. But there was one last thing he had to do.

T. Strehlow had to wrestle with his own sexuality, which had been formed through a twin understanding: Arrernte and European.

But where is the proof?

As suggested at the beginning of this thesis, it is in the debitage. It is constructed from the discarded textual shards that were part of the process of T. Strehlow’s crucial argument.

To aid referencing for this part, because it involves two texts (the first known draft and the penultimate version prior to the final printed version, which were written over a period of about thirty years), I have combined them into one document that begins on “page one”. The page numbers from the original documents are inserted as notes.

T. Strehlow begins by pausing, to establish a frame of reference for the translations that follow.

“Before proceeding with translations of any of the native love-charms, something must be said about the attitude of the average Central Australian aboriginal man and woman towards sexual relations.” (Strehlow 2005, p.11)

To establish his authority he deletes “of any” and adds the possessive pronoun “my”. This differentiates his translations from those of his father’s and gives him control over all the Arrernte meaning contained in his examples of “native love-charms”.

“Before proceeding with my translations of the native love-charms, something must be said about the attitude of the average Central Australian aboriginal man and woman towards sexual relations.”

“It cannot be stressed too strongly at the outset that our native folk used to be complete realists in this matter.” (p.11)
He deletes the preposition “at”, which specifies a point in time, and replaces it with the preposition “from”, which expresses a separation in time, and the adverb “very”, to stress identity. Hence, he transports himself, as translator, from the present into the unidentifiable past. At the same time, the Arrernte have been turned from “natives” to “folk”, a word that resonates strongly with its German heritage of *volk*, meaning “the people”.

In other words, the translations are his and the Arrernte are his people, forged through a Germanic tradition. But this is not enough: there *must* be spirituality as well and it must be brought to the Arrernte, because for T. Strehlow, like his father, there is no true spirituality in the Arrernte, for spirituality belongs to Christianity alone. It cannot be heathen in origin.

Together they reason a kind of *terra nullius* of the spirit. For C. Strehlow there is a lack of Christian spirituality, but for T. Strehlow there is a lack of Christian spirituality *and* romantic love spirituality.

Instead of using a word like “arrival”, “appearance” or “coming”, T. Strehlow chooses “advent”, which also refers to the four Sundays preceding Christmas. The term “The advent of the whites” encapsulates within it the arrival of Christmas and with it Christ and Christian spirituality.

“Before the advent of the whites everyone, both men and women, normally walked about without wearing a vestige of clothing; and nudism led them to accept the physical differences between the sexes as something absolutely natural.” (p.11)

However “walked about” is perhaps too close to “walkabout”, which suggests defiance and a direct Indigenous relationship with the land, so “about” is deleted and it is replaced with “around”, which is associated with encirclement.

“Before the advent of the whites everyone, both men and women, normally walked around without wearing a vestige of clothing; and nudism led them to accept the physical differences between the sexes as something absolutely normal and natural.”

It is on the same page that T. Strehlow’s struggle is revealed through its debitage.

“Consequently, all those indigenous terms of abuse that made the aboriginal folk ‘fighting mad’ were phrases which accused the reviled person of being habitually in a state of erotic tumescence.” (p.11)

How does he reconcile his father’s achievement of bringing Christian spirituality to the “natives” and its corresponding change from passionate “heathen” practices of sexuality to moderate Christian morality practices, yet retain his evidence that the Arrernte maintained their sexual passion, which supports his
argument that the same passion prevented them from having romantic love spirituality? He must delete “habitually” from “being habitually in a state of erotic tumescence” to support his father, yet retain its sense to support his own argument. His solution is to make a grammatical shift that will reveal the habitual nature of Arrernte people’s sexuality in a more subtle way. He reasons that “made”, the past tense of “make” is not descriptive enough. He needs to stress the habitual and enduring nature of passion within Arrernte sexuality by coupling “make” with “used to”, which means “did habitually at one time”. That way he can state that the Lutheran influence moderated Arrernte sexual practice but that there is still an underlying passion, untouched by spirituality.

He continues his struggle, supporting his father and simultaneously distancing himself from the passion of childhood sexuality, which he shared with Arrernte children.

“No parents prevented them [Arrernte children] from talking about it in their childish way.” (p.11)

With the addition of “had ever” he puts the discussion in the more distant past, removing any ambiguity that he could be talking about the near past, because that would include his own childhood experience, and he supports his father again, showing the shift that was made through Lutheran influence.

“No parents had ever prevented them [Arrernte children] from talking about it in their childish way.”

But he must bring back again the habitual aspect of Arrernte sexuality, as he balances both the support for his father and the evidence for his main argument.

“Even more important, no parents were embarrassed by hearing their children bringing up innocently any matters connected with this topic; and sex consequently never had for the Central Australian boys and girls that morbid interest which springs from a sense that it is something inherently and intrinsically shameful and disgusting.” (p.12)

For this reason, he must revisit the term “used to” with its emphasis on habitual practice, to incrementally advance his argument.

“Even more important, no parents used to be embarrassed by hearing their children bringing up innocently any matters connected with this topic; and sex consequently never had for the Central Australian boys and girls that morbid interest which springs from a sense that it is something inherently and intrinsically shameful and disgusting.”
However, he must make a distinction now between his surrogate Arrernte parents, Christina and Margaret, and his biological parents, Carl and Freida. On page 12 he says, “...nor did it have any morbid fascination for them as it has for white children brought up in homes where all discussion of it is taboo even among the adults.” According to his self-confessed twin understanding, this statement, as it stands, has to include him in both domestic scenarios. He must change that, and he does, to become, “...nor did it have any morbid fascination for them as it has for some white children who have been brought up in homes where all discussion of it is taboo even among the adults.”

At this stage he embraces the uninhibited joy of Arrernte sexuality, as he had learnt it from his surrogate Arrernte “siblings” and “mothers”. He says, “To the aboriginals sex was a natural fact, and sexual relations were the highest forms of delight possible in human life”. (p.12)
But we can see his problem at this stage, and why he cannot leave that statement as it is. If he stays with his Arrernte way of thinking, though reaching “the highest forms of delight”, he forgoes spirituality, because the delight is predicated on “life”, rather than “afterlife”, which is the ultimate (Lutheran) domain of the spiritual. He must change it, and he does, to become, “To the aboriginals sex was a natural fact, and sexual relations were a normal part of human life”. (p.12)
As T. Strehlow says on page 13, “Personally I am capable of experiencing both attitudes”. It may well be true that he was capable of feeling both, but he was committed to publicly expressing only one. He continues, “I was able to record the Aranda verses without any embarrassment whatever, but I have felt a considerable feeling of disgust in translating them into English”.
The vacillation from one way of thinking to another, from Arrernte to European and back again, again and again, turns to vibration, and he must change his words again to something more appropriate. And he does. The sentence becomes, “I was able to record the Aranda verses without any embarrassment whatever, but I have felt a considerable feeling of trepidation in translating them into English”. (p.13)
From disgust to trepidation he seeks to overcome his constructed nature. He must expunge the passion at any cost. He must deny its existence within himself by proving that the Arrernte are still made up uncontrollable passion devoid of spirituality and that he is passionately spiritual while simultaneously devoid of uncontrollable passion.
In other words, as Gertrude Stein told all about herself, T. Strehlow did tell all about himself too, through his use of grammar.
However, when one learns to control the grammar and syntax of a colonised culture’s language (see Part Four: The Imagined Whites’ Savage) one can invent whatever fanciful imaginings one pleases, in relation to that culture’s
understanding of love, romantic or otherwise, regardless of the reasoning, logic or facts inherent within the original language.

Any culture that has a single word, the verb *ererama*, (consuming love), which was translated by T. Strehlow as “to long for ever and with all faculties for that which has been lost”, tends to suggest strongly that the culture it comes from has a deep and abiding knowledge of the concept of romantic love, particularly in relation to unrequited romantic love. However, since the pre-Strehlow Arrernte language lacked the terms “long for ever”, and “faculties”, (see Part Five: *An Unbosomed Love*) an alternative Western Arrernte translation, based on T. Strehlow’s own analysis of Arrernte grammar could be: “to always feel thorny pain in the throat for that which has been lost, until, guided by your tooth, you feel the approaching thunderstorm many evenings after you are greeted by your ancestors.”

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290 One of the most physically painful acts, the pain associated with various acts of male initiation, including cicatrices cut into the flesh of the chest with a stone knife, was referred to by Arrernte men as “thorny”. “I set my teeth and groaned from time to time: I did not actually cry out. My mate Apma could not bear the pain; great tears streamed down his cheeks”. (Udepatarinja, cited by Strehlow 1947, p.99)

291 “The word (a)rantja in Aranda means both "throat" and "desire"; and according to Aranda beliefs, the throat is the seat of passion and desire.” (Strehlow 2005, p.40)

292 “In detail, the beliefs about the nature of death and the final annihilation of the soul differ considerably amongst the various Aranda sub-groups. Amongst the Western Aranda, for instance, the soul goes to the northern ocean, to the island of the dead, and is finally destroyed by lightning during the raging of a furious thunderstorm.” (Strehlow 1947, p.43) There is also a link to male initiation rites, during which a tooth is knocked from the mouth of the initiate. “After a person’s death, his spirit goes first to his grave where he remains until the completion of the second burial ceremony. Then he goes to the tmara altjira to collect his tooth, which will show him the way to the Island of the Dead. From there he returns with the tooth and presses it into the arm or a leg of a former camp companion, causing him to become very ill. The magic doctor, however, is able to remove the tooth”. (Strehlow 1991, p.403)

293 “The Australian aboriginal, who wasted little of his time on any abstract thought, was quite content to coin numerals for the first few easily-grasped numbers only; quantities which his physical sight could no longer comprehend clearly or easily were all lumped together under the heading ‘many’ or ‘much’, irrespective of whether the quantity in question was ten or ten thousand.” (Strehlow 1932, p.40) The usual expression is the indefinite “ntjara = many”, which may be used to indicate all values from 4 upwards. (Strehlow 1991, p.636)

294 Arrernte abstract nouns relating to time: “alknara = evening (i.e. at the moment when the sun is setting; alknara really signifies ‘evening red’, and refers to that time of the evening when the western sky is a blaze of red and gold.) (Strehlow 1932, p10).

295 Since pre-contact Arrernte lacked the abstract time-concept of “forever”, the term is perhaps more accurately expressed as an active representation that connotes the last moments of an individual’s absolute experience of life and time (including the Arrernte belief in being reunited with one’s ancestors after death), hence, achieving the same sense without using an abstract term. It must be noted that C. Strehlow recorded the term “always” (or “life-long”) as etatjetta in Arrernte. He arrived at this translation through contraction ‘from eta = etata = life, and tjetta = very long = “life-long”’ (Strehlow 1991, p.641). For a discussion of this technique, see Part Four: The Imagined Whites’ Savage). He also recorded the term “forever” (or “eternal”) as ngambintja (ibid) but does not state how he achieved it, though it is very likely that he created it in the same linguistically imaginative way.
In other words, whichever way this word may be translated, it strongly suggests that Arrernte people have always had a full and deep understanding of the concept of romantic love within Arrernte culture.

From its debitage one can reconstruct a lost artefact. In this case, there are two artefacts: T. Strehlow’s personal conception of love and the existence of Arrernte romantic love; and both are exposed through the textual shards contained within *Songs of Central Australia*.

I hope that I have shown that T. Strehlow’s argument, though flawed, was consistent with his upbringing and that, though obscured through his translations and accompanying analysis, it has been revealed that romantic love has been an integral part of Arrernte culture since well before the Eleventh Century. To put it another way, T. Strehlow was compelled to create a polemical argument in which he employed textual dissimulation that is at odds with the original Arrernte text, obscuring the truth with a bewilderment of disparate evidence, much of it based on personal experience.

Ultimately, T. Strehlow’s deletions and substitutions in Part Three, Chapter Ten of *Songs of Central Australia, Songs of Human Beauty and Love-charms* have created a rhetorical strategy whereby historical accuracy has been replaced by irony and veracity has been replaced by verisimilitude.
SONGS OF HUMAN BEAUTY AND LOVE CHARMS

This text is a compilation of the first draft and the penultimate draft of T. Strehlow's chapter from Songs of Central Australia. Both versions have been blended together using the “track changes” facility in Microsoft Word. The format used was the standard usage accessible within the program via Tools>Options>Track Changes. Since it is, in a way, a “new” document, it has been attributed to T. Strehlow and given the date 2005, to differentiate it from his other, similar work. The text, referenced as Songs of Human Beauty and Love-charms (2005), was written by T. Strehlow over a period of three decades, and, apart from the addition of a few explanatory editorial notes and minor formatting changes that were added to aid the contemporary reader, it is unchanged. It was achieved by thoroughly reading all the original drafts of this section (Songs of Human Beauty and Love Charms) in Songs of Central Australia and then arranging them in order from the earliest to the latest, based on additions, corrections and deletions by the author. It quickly became clear which draft was the earliest, but it was a long and arduous task to discover which one was the penultimate version. That is, the draft that was sent to the printer, which was then returned to T. Strehlow as a printer’s draft and was further changed by the author then published. It was not possible to accurately date any of the drafts due to missing or contradictory dating praxis employed by the author.

FIRST DRAFT AND PENULTIMATE DRAFT

This text consists of the first draft and the penultimate draft in sequence of Part Three, Chapter Ten of TGH Strehlow's Songs of Central Australia. The first draft is the earliest recorded typed version of this chapter (Chapter X). There is no record or copy of a hand-written first draft. The second part of the text is the penultimate draft because, though modified, it is considerably similar to the first typed draft of Strehlow’s manuscript and was the version that became the text given to the publisher for publication. In other words, after many years of preparation and thought, this was the version that T. Strehlow felt he was compelled to commit to printer’s ink.

296 If this text is viewed through an early version of Microsoft Word, inserted text is shown as red underlined text and deleted text is shown as red strikethrough text. Later versions of MS Word, such as MS Word 2003 and above, will give an enhanced viewing of the text.
The original Arrernte words of this text, which T. Strehlow used for his translations, have been deleted, except for a few references at the beginning that have been incorporated to aid continuity. The reason for this is that many of those words and the knowledge that they contain are considered sacred by Arrernte men. The translations, however, are not considered sacred. The translations are T. Strehlow’s words, not those of the Arrernte. The original page numbers from the draft manuscripts held at The Strehlow Research Centre in Alice Springs have been inserted as comments. Both this text and the preceding one are best viewed in electronic format rather than as a hard copy printout, as the latter will truncate some of the textual detail, and for this reason they have been included on a CD attached to the inside back cover of this manuscript.
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Songs of Human Beauty and Love Charms

The following text is a compilation of the first draft and the penultimate draft of T.G.H. Strehlow's chapter from *Songs of Central Australia*. Both versions have been blended together using the "track changes" facility in MS Word. The format used was the standard usage accessible via Tools>Options>Track Changes. That is, if this text is viewed through early versions of MS Word, inserted text is underline text in red, e.g., *text* and the deleted text is strikethrough text in red, e.g., **text**. Later versions of MS Word, such as MS Word 2003, will give an enhanced viewing of the text. It is best viewed in electronic format rather than as a hard copy printout, as the latter will truncate some of the textual detail.
X. Songs of human beauty and love-charms

I have pointed out earlier that the torture of the initiation ceremonies used to be an indispensable prerequisite for the admission of aboriginal youths into the adult life of the initiated men. Only the initiated men were allowed to learn the magical lore that was believed to give them power over Nature and the weather. Again, only the initiated men were permitted to marry. The agony suffered during the cruel initiation operations was thus a passport to one of the greatest joys in a man’s experience—the delight in a woman.

The scope of this volume prevents me from discussing in detail the problem of love and sex among the Central Australian native peoples. Since the days of the older anthropologists there have appeared a number of notable contributions to this topic by research men conversant with the theories advanced by the Freudian psychologists. The chief recent descriptions of
Australian sex life have been those given by Dr. Geza Roheim and by the Australian research workers, RM and CHCH and RM Bemdt.

A few words of caution may not be amiss here. When reading these anthropologists' accounts of the sex life of the natives in Central Australia, we should always bear in mind these three things. Firstly, these accounts, where they are perfectly true to life, give us an honest picture of the practices which are not veiled by false modesty nor covered under a spurious cloak of outward virtue. We possess, in fact, a more accurate knowledge about the sex life of savages than about the corresponding practices in our own white Australian community. We pay much hypocrical lip service to all sorts of conventions and ideals which are not observed in our own daily lives. After years spent in Central Australia and among Army pals drawn from every section of the white Australian community, I agree with those social investigators who claim that the marriage practices of our community are at considerable variance with the publicized official ideals set forth in our books.

Before we can have a fair comparison between the white and the black Australians in this regard, we should have to institute a fearless and unprejudiced anthropological survey into the actual sex life of the white community. Such a survey would, of course, be extremely difficult to carry out. It would be half-truthful and half-fraudulent.

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Footnote to p.315.

It is, for instance, not in accordance with facts to claim that the Europeans and their descendants in the New World countries are monogamous, and that most primitive races are polygamous. The Central Australian tribes do permit polygamy, but in practice most of the natives in this area are monogamous. In Central Australia merely means that there are no unmarried females. Nor must we shut our eyes to the fact that the European institution of monogamy has for centuries been accompanied by three grim evils. These are institutionalized and commercialized prostitution; the retention of unions indulged in by unlawful parents, are perhaps the three of the worst evils that disfigure the sex-life of the natives. These are not evils of modern origin, nor do they owe their existence to any modern decline of earlier higher moral standards. In the European Middle Ages, for instance, when divorces of the modern type were virtually impossible to obtain, brothels were apparently a lucrative source of income not only to the civil authorities in many places, but sometimes even to some of the higher clergy. Thus, the Archbishop of Mainz, who received an income from a brothel, complained in 1442 that the City was competing with him by means of a new brothel, menacing "the revenue from the common women and daughters, and from fornication." (Maurer, Geschichte der Städteverfassung in Deutschland, quoted in The Encyclopedia of Sex Practice, p. 89.) In Shakespeare's days the famous (or infamous) London stews at Bankside were licensed by the authority of the Bishop of Winchester. (Shakespearean Playhouses, by J.Q. Adams, p. 119. )

practices and the attitudes of the whites, and all of these are associated in various degrees with the institution of monogamy in its European form. (Most of the natives in Central Australia are monogamous also.) As long as wars are used to solve political and economic conflicts between the great civilized nations of the world, there are probably always going to be millions of superfluous women, for whose vitality and maternal instincts society refuses to make any lawful outlets available. In the pagan world, and also in the Jewish community described in the Old Testament, a plurality of wives was accordingly permitted. We Europeans, on the other hand, however, permit ourselves the luxury of world wars which kill millions of young men in the marriageable age groups, and then officially frown upon the logical consequences.

The height of hypocrisy may be seen in the institution of the "double standard", under which society has been induced to believe that young men generally have the right to sexual experiences of a promiscuous nature before marriage, while the unmarried girls — being allegedly made of a "finer metal" — should remain absolutely chaste, at least in their acts. Since the young men need female partners, the double standard means in fact that the girls should remain absolutely chaste, whose cooperation enables. Those girls whose co-operation enabled the young
men to gain their sexual experience are then shunned by the hypocritical community that sanctions or winks at the conduct of the youths. The attitude once expressed by Goethe's Valentine when reviling his unfortunate sister Margaret is not yet quite dead:

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{What's done cannot be undone.} \\
\text{Such matters take their course when once begun.} \\
\text{Thou dost commence with one in privacy,} \\
\text{Anon come many suitors to thee,} \\
\text{And hast thou once a dozen known,} \\
\text{Then art thou thy harlot of the TOWN. (Translated from \textit{Faust} by J. Birch.)}
\end{align*}
\]

It is common enough under this system for the young men to become so brutalized that they will pretend to affect virtuous contempt for their sexual partners after they have satisfied their appetites. To ask a girl to become his sexual partner and then to despise her after she has yielded to him, seems to me to be the most despicable act that can be perpetrated by any man. Unfortunately, such creatures are not all uncommon among the "civilized" Europeans.

In the European Middle Ages, for instance, when divorces were virtually impossible to obtain, brothels were a lucrative source of income not only to the civil authorities but even to some of the higher clergy. Thus, the Archbishop of Mainz, who received an income from his brothel, complained in 1442 that the City was competing with him by means of a new brothel, menacing "the revenue from the common women and daughters, and from fornication."

(Maurer, Geschichte der Stadteverfassung in Deutschland, quoted in \textit{The Encyclopaedia of Sex Practice}, p.89.)

Stringent measures had to be taken by the Kinsey Report investigators to assure the inviolability of the sex histories from which their statistical tables have been compiled: "Our laws and customs are so far removed from the actual behavior of the human animal that there are few persons who can afford to let their full histories be known to the courts or even to their neighbors and their best friends; and persons who are expected to disclose their sex histories must be assured that the record will never become known in connection with them as..."
individuals. Keeping confidence in this study has involved the development of a cryptic code in which all of the data have been recorded (Chapter 3, Figure 2). The code is never translated into words at any stage in the analyses of the data. Each interviewer has memorized the code, and there is no key to the code in existence. Only the six persons who have actually taken histories have ever known any part of the code, and only four persons are, at the present writing, acquainted with the whole code. None of the other persons who have helped in the technical work in our laboratory knows the code. "To preserve the identity of each history use was made of "a coded set of symbols for which, again, there is no key in existence. The code was developed with the help of an experienced cryptographer and involves, simultaneously, the use of several devices designed to complicate possible decoding. It is the judgment of the cryptographer who tried to break the final form that decoding would be impossible unless one had access to all of the histories and all of the files for a considerable period of time; and that after identification the data would be practically unintelligible because of the difficulty of deciphering such a position code as the one used here. It should be added that the histories are kept behind locked doors and in fireproof files with locks that are unique for this project." (pp.44-5) The nature of the later Kinsey Report on the Sex Life of American women may easily be imagined from these extracts about male sexual behaviour in the U.S.A.

American citizens as to the actual sexual and marital practices current in the U.S.A. A similar report would cause a rude shock to many Australian citizens. At every turn by hypocrisy, modesty, recollection, and the outraged indignation of those who prefer to allow evils to flourish under a painted crust of decency. Secondly, the sex studies that I have indicated for Central Australia, have all been carried out perse. Secondly, as far as Central Australia is concerned, the studies of Roheim and the Berndts have of necessity been carried out in native communities whose traditional social structure had been disturbed to a greater or less degree by the impact of white culture contact. It may surprise white Australian readers to The learn that the natives of Central Australia have in the past had a very low opinion of white morality, since they judge have judged our civilization entirely by the standards set by those white folk with whom they had come into personal contact. Amongst them the opinion of Central Australian natives, most white men are notorious for their sexual appetite and for their utter disregard for all standards of decency; and the young native men and women who come to the outposts of white civilization, such as cattle stations, Government reserves, and Mission stations, only too readily fall in with practices adopt new sexual habits that have been immoral in their own eyes up to this stage. The morals of such a native community should in fairness be compared with the morals of a disturbed or disintegrating white community. Most of us are familiar with the rapid changes wrought in the outward sexual behaviour patterns of a white community during a period of war, when many of the norms governing traditional conduct have set aside the authority of tradition has received a rude jolt only by a large part of the population. In 1942, for instance, a number of deeply shocked articles appeared in the Australian Press about the behaviour of Australian and Allied troops and Australian girls in some of our big cities. One of these observers stated that Vice had come forth from her hair and was stalking about openly on the streets. Similarly, in all modern European countries of today that have felt the impact of enemy occupations, of war ravages, and of social revolutions, the present-day sexual practices no doubt differ considerably somewhat from those that had obtained in them current before the year 1914. White culture contact, which has destroyed the authority of the old men, the native religious beliefs, and the whole edifice of the original aboriginal social structure, native social structures has brought about a similar disintegration of moral ideas concepts among the Central Australian tribesmen. It must be remembered that even those tribes which have come into actual contact with the whites only a few years ago, had already been disturbed by these new influences before leaving their old borders. The fame of the white man had preceded him; and the practices and attitudes of civilized native who had grown up among the whites on the cattle stations of the interior were eagerly copied by the young newcomers from the *untouched* areas.

Thirdly, sex is always in itself an interesting and exciting topic for discussion, and anthropologists have to reward their informants. As soon as the natives perceive that information on matters of sex is highly appreciated by the investigators, they will let themselves go to the fullest extent in supplying him with the material that he desires: there are among them no prohibitions of secrecy in regard to sexual matters as there are in regard to sacred lore. In Dr. Roheim's case, for instance, it was openly stated to me, was assured that some
his native informants went had gone to a great deal of trouble in thinking out fresh matter in order to please the Freudian tastes of their erudite investigator. However, after all allowances have been made by the readers of these Central Australian sex-life accounts, it is, however, only fair to admit that a great deal of valuable information has been brought to light by these recent research workers, although I cannot always agree with the interpretation put by them upon this

"The work of the Drs. Berndt, for instance, is particularly praiseworthy in regard to its honesty of purpose.

It is not strange, then, that in some of the outward forms of their love-making our aboriginals differ very considerably from ourselves, as we shall see later: and a reader perusing the pages of Dr. Roheim may even be filled with something like disgust or horror, unless he is familiar with psychoanalytical accounts of love-making among ourselves. However, these outward differences should not blind us to the essential sameness of love in all vital aspects among all human communities. A young man everywhere regards a girl as the most desirable possession in the world. Everywhere the obtaining of a suitable partner is hedged around with difficulties; and probably a considerable minority of men and women have to be content with partners who do not represent their real or imagined ideal. Generally, too, there are some folk who cannot, under the prevailing social codes legally obtain sexual satisfaction: in primitive communities many young men have to wait for years before they can obtain wives, and among ourselves there are thousands of spinsters who have been condemned to life-long celibacy (or irregular sexual satisfaction). Frustrated lovers and dissatisfied couples tend either to find consolation in homosexuality, vice, or to perpetrate breaches of the marriage code, and often cause serious upsets in the social life of their community. Finally, since the sexual drive is one of the strongest drives in human beings, and since its full gratification by all members of a given group appears to be difficult to achieve in practice, various social institutions have been set up in order to confine this great vital force within channels that have the approval of organized society. The native regulations and conventions differ considerably from our own; but it is doubtful whether there is really much difference either in the uninhibited form of the sexual drive itself among the various races of Man, or in the end object of the regulations themselves—the safeguarding of the family unit.

Among ourselves, and among 'civilized' peoples generally, the spiritual nature of love is emphasized much more than its physical character: among 'primitive' peoples, it is the obvious physical basis of love-making that is singled out for notice. However, just as a native youth was once proud of his beard, which love and desire express themselves are determined largely by the conventions traditionally established in a particular community; and the practices of the individuals are largely affected by the customs of the age into which he has been born.

It is not strange, then, that in some of the outward forms of their love-making our aboriginals differ very considerably from ourselves, as we shall see later: A reader perusing the pages of Dr. Roheim may even be filled with something like disgust or horror, unless he is familiar with psycho-analytical accounts of love-making among ourselves. However, these outward differences should not blind us to the essential sameness of the passion of love in many of its vital aspects among all human communities. A young man normally regards a girl as the most desirable possession in the world. Everywhere the obtaining of a suitable partner is hedged around with difficulties; and probably a considerable minority of men and women have to be content with partners who do not represent their real or imagined ideal. Generally, too, there are some folk who cannot, under the prevailing social codes legally obtain sexual satisfaction: in primitive communities many young men have to wait for years before they can obtain wives, and in civilised communities there are often thousands of spinsters who have been condemned against their wishes to life-long celibacy or irregular sexual satisfaction. Frustrated lovers and
dissatisfied couples tend either to find consolation in homosexual vice or to perpetrate breaches of the established marriage code that may cause serious upsets in the social life of their community. Finally, since the sexual drive is one of the strongest drives in human beings, and since its full gratification by all members of a given community appears to be difficult to achieve in practice, various social institutions have been set up in order to regulate the course of this great vital force so that it will run within channels that have the approval of organized society. The native regulations and conventions often differ considerably from our own; but it is doubtful whether there really are many differences either in the uninhibited form of the sexual drive itself among the various races of man, or in the two main objects of the regulations that seek to contain it - namely the safeguarding of the love-rights of the individual and the protection of the family unit.

Among ourselves, and among "civilized" peoples generally, the spiritual nature of love is emphasized much more than its physical character:"

The flood of erotic films and publications should not, however, be underestimated: sex has a very high "sales value" in most "civilized" countries.

among primitive peoples, it is the obvious physical basis of love-making that is singled out for notice. However, just as a native youth was once proud of his beard, his prowess with the spear, his physical stamina, and his handsome appearance, so today many white youths undoubtedly value their physique and their sporting ability highly as a means to achieving popularity with the ladies.

Let us take the men first. I shall repeat first the verses quoted earlier which are sung over the Northern and Western Aranda rukuta novices in order to give to them fine beards and luxurious heads of hair (pp 290-1) (p. 474):

Out of the chin! Let it sprout forth!
Out of the brain! Let it sprout forth!

The albetja tip! Let it be bushy!
Out of the chin! let it well forth!

Down from the chin! Let it pour down in flood!
Down from the cheeks! Let it pour down in flood!

Black as midnight! Let it pour down in flood!
Deep as the serpent lake! Let it pour down in flood!

The proper ornament for such a luxuriant beard was the albetja tip:

Lo, the albetja tip! Let it be bushy!
Lo, the albetja tip! Let it gleam white!

Like his European counterpart, the young Aranda man was fond of increasing his natural masculine appeal by his articles of dress ornaments. These were insignificantly meagre according to our standards; but in a nude community a few minor body ornaments attract the same amount of attention that a well-tailored suit would arouse among ourselves. The ornament known as the pubic tassel has already been mentioned (p. 275-450):

________________
The pubic tassel glistens and gleams;
The pubic tassel is altogether beautiful.

The man also wore armbands (gultja), a hairstring belt (tjipa) and a red-ochred headband (uleria). On festive occasions, however, a whitened headband iswas worn. This iswas known as a tjilara, and iswas believed to give to its wearer considerable sex appeal in the eyes of the women. It figures therefore, prominently in love magic, and more will be said about it below.

The wearing of these ornamental hairstring articles iswas a uniform practice throughout Central Australia, and iswas celebrated in chant verses as having been instituted by the totemic ancestors themselves. Here are some Hale River verses relating to the iliara novices of Kolba, who are proudly wearing the armbands, neckbands, and headbands given to them by their sire Therambalkaka (Book IX, pp. 38-9, vs. 29-33)

1. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
"Let us put on our armbands!
Let us put on our neckbands!"

2. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
"Let us put on our necklaces!
Let us put on our neckbands!

3. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
"The embracing armbands, -
Let the armbands send out their slender roots!"

4. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
"The closely-stranded armbands, -
Let the armbands send out their slender roots!"

5. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
The headband encircles the head tightly, -
The headband covered with white down.

The first tjilara was given to the Hale River iliara on the final morning of their inkura initiation ceremonies by the chiefs of the ceremonial ground. These tjilara had been covered with white down during the last night spent at the initiation site.

Men had to undergo also two special beauty operations, - the piercing of the nasal septum so that it would take the nosebone (lalkara) and the cutting of cicatrices across the body (urbm). The noseboring rite was carried out among the Aranda boys about the time of the Alkirakalkirak iwuma ceremony (Spencer and Gillen, The Arunta, I, p. 178; C. Strehlow, A.& L.St., IV, I, p.8). The septum was pierced with a sharp kangaroo bone and the hole enlarged gradually till the nosebone could be worn with comfort. The Western Aranda verse sung on this occasion celebrated the original occasion when the two ratapa ancestors of Hermannsburg Narea, themselves two new-born babes, carried out this operation on each other according to the local myth.
6. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

They are pushing through the nosebone, the nosebone, nose-bone, the nose-bone, Gleaming a shimmering white, a shimmering white.

_________________________________________________________

Book XIII, p. 3, verse 15.

The cutting of cicatrices followed soon afterwards. The breast was marked with a number of parallel lines by means of red ochre, and the operator then cut the skin along these lines with a piece of sharp flint. Ashes or sand or eagle’s down was then rubbed into the wounds to prevent them from closing up. At a later stage similar cicatrices were cut into the abdomen and down the upper arms. [Sp. and G., Spencer and Gillen, The Arunta, I, p. 32-4; PP. 32-4; C. Strehlow, A & L St., IV., I, p. 9] Among the Northern Aranda the following verse was commonly sung during this very painful operation:

7. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

Let the thorny cicatrices stretch across!
Like rounded pads, let the raised scars stretch across!

_________________________________________________________

Book IV, p. 74, verse 42.

In this verse the cicatrices are described as ‘thorny’ because they sting like thorn bushes pressed upon the chest. This verse was sung with the object of easing the pain caused by the cutting of these incisions. The final touch of male beauty treatment consisted in rubbing fat and red ochre over the face and chest, and in greasing the locks with the same ointment.

Native women also underwent special treatment to increase their beauty. The Aranda girls had nose-boring and body scarification inflicted upon them as soon as they reached marriageable age. This was attained somewhere around their fourteenth year. In respect to the cicatrices it was noted by Spencer and Gillen (The Arunta, vol. I, p. 32) that as a general rule the scars are both more numerous and longer on the men than on the women, but no definite distinction can be drawn in this respect; the greatest number of scars noticed being on a woman on whom there were forty roughly parallel cicatrices between the navel and a point just above the breasts. Very frequently, on the other hand, the scars are limited on a woman to one or two which unite the breasts across the middle line. Among the chief beauty attributes of the girls were well-formed legs and shapely breasts. In illustration may be quoted some Hale River verses relating to the beautiful maidens of Utjinta.

1. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

“Come, let the girlish breasts ever swell and ripen! Come, let the rounded breasts ever swell and ripen.”

2. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

The rounded breasts are swelling and ripening, The girlish breasts are swelling and ripening.

_________________________________________________________________

ix Book IX, p. 49, verses 111 - 116c.
3. [Sacred Aranda men’s song] Strong stresses, give rollicking rhythm.)

Thighs be round and shapely!
Knees, be round and shapely!  

4. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

At the very fork let them be round and sturdy!  
Like desert oaks let them be round and sturdy!

\[i.e.\] the legs.

5. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

Knees, be round and shapely!
Spear bushes, be round and shapely!  

\[“Jinbera” is the ordinary name given to the Central Australian spear bush \textit{(tecoma australis)}. It is used here as a substitute word for “woman”. This name has been bestowed upon the Utjinta maidens apparently because they are slender like spear bushes and have \textit{gracious, graceful}, flexible bodies.\]

6. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]  
(Aranda prose words are given above, p.318,v.3,p.517,v.3)

The embracing armbands, -
Let the armbands send out their slender roots.

7. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]  
(Aranda prose words are given above, p.318,v.4,p.517,v.4)

The closely-stranded armbands, -
Let the armbands send out their slender roots!

8. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]  
(Rhythm as for pattern 4 on p.32.)

Among the gravel banks
The river sands are crunching \[under their feet\].  

\[The river bed at Utjinta, which is the home of these maidens, contains both gravel banks and patches of soft sand. The girls are picking out their way from one patch of sand to the next, avoiding the gravel banks as much as possible because of their bare feet.\]

The first five verses above were chanted in the Hale River district in order to ensure well-developed breasts and legs among their own young women. The Western Aranda rite which aimed to bring about the full development of the breasts in young girls was described by C. Strehlow \textit{(A.& L.St., IV, I, p. 43)}, who also set down \textit{(Ibid., p. 61)} the verses sung during the corresponding Loriita act. The Northern Aranda rite, according to Spencer and Gillen, was as follows \textit{(The Arunta, vol. II, p. 480)}:
To promote the growth of the breasts of a girl, the men assemble at the Ungunja [= nkintja, T.G.H.S.], or men's camp, where they all join in singing long chants, the words of which express an exhortation to the breasts to grow, and others which have the effect of charming some fat and red ochre, which men who are Gammona [ = kamuna, T.G.H.S.] - that is, brothers of her mother - have brought to the spot, as well as head and arm bands of fur-string. These men belong to the other moiety of the tribe to that to which the girl belongs; if she, for example, be a Panunga, then they will be Umbitchana. At daylight one of them goes out and calls her to a spot close to the Ungunja, to which she comes, accompanied by her mother. Here her body is rubbed all over with fat by the Gammona men, who then paint a series of straight lines of red ochre down her back and also down the centre of her chest and stomach. A wide circle is painted round each nipple and straight lines below each of these circles. Long strings of opossum fur-string are passed across each shoulder and under each arm-pit; numbers of neck-rings are put round her neck, several head-rings are placed on her forehead, and a number of tail tips are fixed so that they droop down over the forehead and ears. All these things have been charmed by the Gammona singing over them. When this has been done, the girl is taken out into the bush by her mother, who makes a camp there at some distance from the main one, and here the girl must stay until the ilkinia or lines on her body wear off, when, but not until when, she may return to the main camp. The girl wears the charmed necklets and head-rings until one by one they drop off and become worn out.

On the border between the Western Aranda and the Kukatja the breast-increase rite was carried out in the following manner according to my informants:

The old men meet secretly, well out of the hearing of the women and make a kanta (thick ring of hairstring), which they then anoint with fat and red ochre. They then gather around in a circle, put their heads closely together and sing the charm verses listed below while the kanta lies in the middle of them on an underspread of leaves. Having done this several times, the girl herself is anointed with fat and red ochre; and then an elder brother or mother's brother takes this kanta, all glistening with fat and red ochre, to the women's camp and puts it on the head of the young girl. He tells her not to remove it on any occasion until her breasts are fully developed. The girl wears this kanta day and night; and as her body grows, so her breasts develop: the charmed ring passes into her chest and causes her figure to ripen into maturity. The reason for this rite was the concern of the old men lest the poor girl should grow up flat-chested like a boy: "They grieved, - 'She does look just like a boy, her breasts refuse to appear.'"

The accompanying verses have been taken from the Song of the Women of Walknati. They are composed partly in Aranda and partly in Kukatja."

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Book XII, p. 80, vs. 1-8.

The young girl has small, undeveloped breasts.

1. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Quickly the nipples are appearing;
On the breasts the nipples are appearing.


They grow larger and fuller,

2. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

The breasts are young and undeveloped;
The breasts are beginning to form.
And swell like ripening fruit.

3. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

On the twin breasts the nipples are budding forth,
Swelling with milk they are budding forth.


They stand out firmly in well-rounded curves.

4. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

On the twin breasts the nipples are standing out firmly,-
Swelling with milk they are standing out firmly.

The maturing girl must remain in the women's camp until she has been married.

5. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

The inmate of the lukura avoids the company of men;
The inmate of the lukura is sitting apart.

\[x\] “The inmate of the lukura (≠lakura (* women's camp)) is the young girl for whose benefit these verses are being sung. She is supposed to remain in the lukura until her husband comes to claim her.

"My elder sister has placed a ring of hairstring upon my head."

6. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

\[\]”The twisted thick headband -
\[\]My elder sister places the band upon my head”. \[\]**

\[\]”Since originally only ancestresses lived at Walknati, it must have been an elder sister that first placed such a charmed ring upon her younger sister in order to develop her breasts.

The ring causes her breasts to swell and to ripen,

7. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Stresses fairly punched out, but not fast are "punched out", but the verse is not sung fast. The rhythmic measure has been given on p. 33 above.

8. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

In rounded curves her bosom is standing out;
On her downward sweeping breasts the nipples are quickly standing out.

8. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Till they fall over like the mature breasts of married women.

9. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
In rounded curves her bosom is standing out; -
Sweeping downward, her breasts are standing out.

So much for the songs describing the aboriginal youths and maidens decked out in their finery, ready to make love to each other.

In spite of their Stone Age material culture, the young Aranda men and women are revealed in these songs as relying largely on the identical attractions as their European counterparts to increase their appeal in the eyes of the opposite sex. The men rely on their masculine appearance (hair and beard) and on articles of dress, especially the tiilara headband, the women on their physical beauty (shapely breasts and legs). In one important respect there is a striking difference, however. Among the songs of the natives sexual attractiveness between the sexes remains on a purely physical level at least in their songs. Among the present day whites on the other hand, mental qualities have begun to play a part as being among the most desirable attributes of the lover and his sweetheart, I do not suggest that the native lovers ignored the mental attributes of one another, merely that their verse makes their sweethearts. I am merely pointing out that their poetry seems to make virtually no mention of the spiritual side of love.

Before proceeding with my translation of any of the native love-charms, something must be said about the attitude of the average Central Australian aboriginal man and woman towards sexual relations. It cannot be stressed too strongly that our native folk used to be complete realists in this matter. Before the advent of the whites every one, both men and women, normally walked about without wearing even a vestige of clothing; and nudism led them to accept the physical differences between the sexes as something absolutely normal and natural. They were by no means devoid of modesty, however. It was regarded as rude to stare openly at a person of the opposite sex. In the normal attitudes of sitting men and women, particularly the latter, took care not to display their more intimate parts too blatantly. The greatest disgrace that could have happened to anyone would have consisted in having been seen publicly in a state of sexual excitement. Consequently, all those indigenous terms of abuse which made the aboriginal folk "fighting mad" were phrases which accused the reviled person of being habitually in a state of erotic tumescence. Such terms of opprobrium inevitably led to blows in the old days, and the language used by the angry combatants in a serious fight was unbridled in its lurid sexuality. On the other hand, the natives once showed little of that part of the prurience and morbid preoccupation with matters of sex that is so noticeable a feature of much white European behaviour. From their infancy sex in its normal aspects had been treated amongst them as a fit subject for conversation. No parents had ever prevented them from talking about it in their childish way. Even more important, no parents were used to be embarrassed by hearing their children bringing up innocently any matters connected with this topic; and sex consequently never had for the Central Australian boys and girls that morbid interest which springs from a sense that it is something inherently and intrinsically shameful and disgusting. However, aboriginal children, in spite of

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Terms of abuse are normally intended to shock the listener. Among the whites, for instance, the use of blasphemous expressions from the Middle Ages down to comparatively recent times bore unintentional tribute to the veneration of religious ideas among the ordinary citizens. With the decline of religion in our own times, it is interesting that obscene abuse is replacing blasphemy more and more, at least in Australia. In my Army days the abusive expressions that were commonly on the lips of Australian soldiers were not so very different in kind from those once uttered by the angry aboriginals.

in their original state showed little of that particular prurience and morbid preoccupation with matters of sex that is so noticeable a feature of much white European behaviour. From their infancy sex in its normal aspects had been treated amongst them as a fit subject for conversation. No parents had ever prevented them from talking about it in their childish way. Even more important, no parents were used to be embarrassed by hearing their children bringing up innocently any matters connected with this topic; and sex consequently never had for the Central Australian boys and girls that morbid interest which springs from a sense that it is something inherently and intrinsically shameful and disgusting. However, aboriginal children, in spite of

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Dr. Charles Chewings, who spent much time among the Aranda and Lortiña natives at the turn of the century and who was a keen and unsentimental critic and observer of their customs, has this to say about the sexual attitudes of the Central Australian natives in his day:

---
As a people, their morals are lax because they know no other way. They may be guilty of immodesty, but I would not call them immoral. Naturally they are concupiscent, but not vulgarly so. Almost without exception they are singularly free from coarse vulgarity. I have never seen what I would call a bold bad woman among them. Their speech before children is lewd and knows no restraint, but they see no necessity for hiding, things that are always discussed with the utmost freedom. (Back in the Stone Age, p. 117)

However, aboriginal children, in spite of this parental attitude were not always discussing it, as readers of Dr Roheim's more lurid accounts might be led to believe; nor did it have any morbid fascination for them, as it has for some white children who have been brought up in homes where all discussion of it is taboo even among the adults. The result of nudism and the absence of secrecy in regard to sex matters were that at the coming of the whites the young aboriginal men and women had a totally different attitude towards sexual relations than from that which existed among Europeans, say, in the later part of the nineteenth century. To many of the people living in the Victoria Age sex was an intrinsically indecent topic, and sexual relations were always sinful and somewhat nasty, unless sometimes even if they had been sanctified by marriage. To the aboriginals sex was a natural fact, and sexual relations were the highest forms of delight possible in human life a normal part of human life. Even when breaking the tribal laws governing marriage, no great sense of moral guilt or sin was experienced by the transgressors unless their irregular congress had violated the rules against incest. To have sexual relations with a partner who belonged to the same marriage class as your proper spouse, could be regarded merely as an offence against the personal property rights of your co-transgressor's wife or husband; and that was deemed to be of no consequence as long as the latter remained in ignorance. Again, the doctrine of reincarnation, with the consequent official negation of physical fatherhood, made possible considerable condonation of such practices as wife-lending by the community. Even erring wives were normally subject only to a beating by their husbands, and were not liable to being divorced or murdered as was the case in certain circles of Europeans in the Middle Ages. An outraged aboriginal husband normally would have cruelly beaten his wife for having been unfaithful to him; but he would not have thought of divorcing her or of regarding her children as being illegitimate.

Finally, erotic verse was naturally never regarded as a manual of correct moral behaviour. Sex relations between men and women in aboriginal Central Australia were guided by clear-cut tribal laws, and no offender against these laws would have dared to plead in his excuse that he had merely been following the example set by certain-totemic ancestors. Many of the more erotic verses, in these songs were, moreover, never divulged to the younger men, but were, as we shall see later, carefully kept secret from them by their elders. For in these aboriginal communities as in our own, it was held that mature folk could safely absorb a great amount of erotic information which would be sufficient to corrupt the minds and the morals of the younger people.

It may surprise the white reader to learn that the intimate description of sexual intercourse contained in verses 61-7 below does not sound offensively indecent or obscene to native ears in the original Aranda, whereas in an English translation this passage has an intolerably crude and offensive tone. This interesting fact illustrates the difference between Aranda and English as media for expressing such topics. The Aranda terms are merely frank and descriptive; the corresponding English words have been withdrawn from polite conversation for so long and...
have become so degraded by foul usage that they have become virtually unusable even in print. Even the Latin terms normally adopted in translations offend some readers. Herein Aranda and English reflect the differences in the basic attitudes towards sex held respectively by the nudist, plain-spoken natives and the repressed and clothed whites, whom religion and civilization have taught in the past to look upon sex as something unclean and immodest. Personally I am capable of experiencing both attitudes. I was able to record the Aranda verses without any embarrassment whatever, but I have felt a considerable feeling of disgust and trepidation in translating them into English. I have done so in the end in order to make clear to the broad-minded reader this basic difference between the two attitudes on sex. The native viewpoint given here may help to explain many points of their behaviour in their original state, which otherwise would seem merely bestial to us. I shall now quote the Southern Aranda Kwamba Song of Tera.

This is an interesting song, which gives a clear picture of a successful native lover who woos and enjoys the girl of his passion. Part of this Song was also collected by C. Strehlow, who recorded it in A.&L.St., Part III, I of his large work (pp. 23-25). The first part of this Song relates the restlessness of the Kwamba chief Antjiroba of Tera, who is burning with unsatisfied passion for a mate. He goes down to a plain and whitens his headband against a ghost gum. He returns, and scatters the embers of his campfire at night over his own person. He then twists his penis around his own legs. Next morning he goes down to a water pool in the bed of the Finke River; but the beauty of the scene cannot bring any relief to his disordered mind. Upon his return to his mountain home he strikes his penis against a rock, till he has to stop from exhaustion. This concludes the first part, which describes the pain of unsatisfied desire (verses 1-23). Part two opens the next phase. The Kwamba chief sees a woman, whom he proceeds to charm until he has become master of all her desires. The reactions of the woman to the charm are described in detail. Her passion is aroused to the point of sheer frenzy; and she then proceeds to come towards the home of the man who has charmed her. While waiting for her to arrive, he looks with satisfied eyes upon the cooing pigeons in the close vicinity of his hill, fashions a new tjilara headband for himself, and finally enjoys a comfortable night's rest (verses 24-54). The third part gives an excellent description in Aranda of wooing done in the "cave-man" style. The Kwamba chief sees the woman approaching next morning. He rushes towards her, rudely seizes her by her wrists at the spot where she had crouched down at his coming, and then drags her, in spite of all her struggles to his own camp-fire, where he forces intercourse upon her (verses 55-68). Part four shows the change that comes over both the man and the woman who have consummated their passion: in native eyes, such a consummation would have the same effect as a formal contract of marriage. The man is proud of the new status that comes to him upon his marriage. He sets out on a long journey to the north, and the girl dutifully follows him, as is the customary lot of a married woman. At first she is inclined to be tearful; and when they reach Atnera, she sinks to the ground, crying bitterly for the lost home of her girlhood.

In the Finnish epic Kalevala the sad lot of a bride who is being taken away to her husband's home is elaborated in three of the Runos of the poem. Ilmarinen's bride weeps bitterly as she is about to be taken to a strange land, where she will be in the power of her husband and his family:

"This throughout my life I wished for [i.e. marriage],
All my youthful days I hoped for,
And throughout the year I wished it,
Like the coming of the summer.
Now my hope has found fulfilment;
Near the time of my departure;
One foot resting on the threshold,
In my husband's sledge the other,

Kwalba is a wallaby species, generally found in sandhill districts. Tera is situated on a low hill close to the edge of sandhills.
But I do not yet know rightly, 
If my mind has not been altered. 
Not with joyful thoughts I wander 
Nor do I depart with pleasure 
From the golden home beloved, 
Where I passed my life in childhood, 
Where I passed my days of girlhood, 
Where my father lived before me. 
Sadly I depart in sorrow, 
Forth I go, most sadly longing, 
As into the night of autumn, 
As on slippery ice in springtime, 
When on ice no track remaineth, 
On its smoothness rests no footprint." (Translated by W.F. Kirby, *Kirby, Runo XXII, lines 143 - 164*)

It takes all the persuasive powers of the Kwalba chief to induce her to resume the journey. Interestingly enough, his nature has become softened by *intercourse*, his intimacy with the girl. He no longer attempts to drag her along against her will, and he even grieves when he sees her crying. At last they set off again. Proudly he marches in front, while she follows him without any further doubts. They have become a happily-married native couple. Summing up the whole Song, we may say that here we get excellent pictures of the course of passion in a man and a woman who are not inhibited by any moral or cultural standards of behaviour. The primitive fire of sexual passion in the male kindles a correspondingly irresistible fierceness of desire in the female. Violence marks their first meeting and subsequent intercourse. When passion has been satisfied, man and woman cease being animal-like in the open brutality of their love-making. "Cave-man" and "cave-woman" have become, in fact a normal married couple, and tenderness comes into their relations with each other. This psychological change is well set out in *this* Song. I have quoted here the first 88 verses, omitting the last few couplets merely because they have nothing further to do with the marital relations of Antjiroba and his wife: they *give merely contain* descriptions of various animals which are seen by them on their further journey.

*The Song of the Kwalba chief of Tera*

The Kwalba chief descends from his mountain home (1,2).

1. [Sacred Aranda men’s song] 

   ——"Let me descend from my very own home, -
   ——Let me, Antjiroba, descend from it!"

Bk.V, p. 61, v.2.

2. [Sacred Aranda men’s song] 

   "Let me descend from my very own home, -
   Let me, the dark-chested wallaby, descend from it!"

Ibid., v.3

He whitens his headband of opossum fur by rubbing it against a white-barked ghost gum.

3. [Sacred Aranda men’s song] 

Against a ghost gum he rubs it, against yonder ghost gum;
It is the tjilara that he is rubbing, the soft tjilara.

Book v, p. 61, verse 4.

4. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

The dense foliage is streaming in the breeze, the dense foliage streams in the breeze; The slender-stemmed tree is streaming in the breeze, the slender-stemmed tree streams in the breeze.

This verse has proved just as difficult to translate as the various mbultjita verses given earlier in this volume (p. 138-221). The traditional prose gloss states that this verse celebrated a "whitewood tree (ilbira) which was being tossed about and stirred by the wind."  

Book V, p. 61, verse 5.

And then returns to his home.

5. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"Upon the ground where I used to sit let me set my feet! Upon the powdered soil let me set my feet!"

Ibid., verse 6. Here he wildly flings hot sand

6. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

With fire-heated soil he covers himself, With a slender stick he throws it over himself.

Ibid., verse 7.

And glowing embers over himself.

7. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

The great sire, brandishing his slender stick, At his soft-soiled home scatters ashes in all directions. 

Verses 6 and 7 give an accurate description of the commemorative ceremony in which the actor representing the Kwalba ancestor squats on his haunches between several fires and works himself up into a rage, finally scattering the fires with two bundles of leaves over himself and the sedate chorus. (See Book II, p. 73)

Ibid., verse 8.

He then proceeds to wind his penis around his legs (8,9).

8. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

The Kwalba chief has wound his penis around himself, The great sire is tied up, his penis is tied up. 

______________________________
Like the tjilpa chief of Italaltuma in the Ilpintja Song below, the Kwalba sire has a male organ of enormous length.

Ibid., verse 9.

9. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

At his soft-soiled home he has wound it around himself:
His penis is tied up and wound around himself.


Next morning he goes down into the wide bed of the Finke, where he sees banks of rushes.

10. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

In the broad river bed they are gleaming,
- The leaves of the rushes are gleaming.


11. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"Lo, in the broad river bed let them gleam!
Lo, the leaves of the rushes, - let them gleam!"

Ibid., verse 12.

12. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

The leaves of the rushes are forever plashing the water, In the centre of the pool they are forever plashing the water.

"In spite of the prose gloss which explains "larokoparkama as a poetic word meaning "to be forever plashing the water", I am inclined to regard it as identical with the ordinary prose word larkoparkama (on the expansion of lark- to larak- see Aranda Phonetics § 82.), which would could mean "to flash forever like lightning". The translation of this couplet would then be

The leaves of the rushes are forever flashing like lightning;
In the centre of the pool they are forever flashing like lightning.

Ibid., v. 13; C. Strehlow, op. Cit., v. 13.

13. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"This water pool is patterned with ripples,
This water pool is green with watermoss."


14. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"This water pool is patterned with ripples:
Let this water pool be disturbed with eddies!"
Ibid., v. 15; C. Strehlow, op cit. V. 8.

15. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

Antjiroba is climbing uphill,
The dark-chested wallaby is climbing uphill.


16. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

Antjiroba is climbing uphill,
The bandicoot tail-tips are waving on his penis.

Ibid., v. 17.

17. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

The “bell-bird” is sitting motionless,
The dark-chested one is sitting motionless.

*Bell-bird* in this verse is merely another term for the Kwalba chief. According to the Tera myth, he had originally sprung from an egg in a bell-bird’s nest. (Animal ancestors who have sprung from birds are not uncommon in the traditions of the Southern Aranda.) As mentioned earlier (p. 183), the Central Australian bell-bird has a white stripe across its forehead and dark feathers on its breast; and the Kwalba chief similarly has dark down on his chest and wears a white headband.

Book V, p. 62. Ibid., v. 18; C. Strehlow, op. Cit., v. 6 (with a different explanation).

18. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

Seizing its bold forehead he dashes it against a rock;
Seizing its plumed head he dashes it against a rock.

*Interpreting *Kibintjibintja as equalling *Aka-bantja bantja or “plumed head”, we have to assume that the organ of Kwalba carried a bunch of plumes on its head, in the manner of a tnatantja pole.


19. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

Spanning it like a club he dashes it against a rock;
Seizing its plumed head he dashes it against a rock.

Ibid., v. 20.

20. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

Seizing its tail-tip ornaments he dashes it against a rock;
Seizing its swollen head he dashes it against a rock.

21. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
Like a bell-bird
The dark-chested one is sitting there motionless.

This is the translation given on p. 113. A more literal version of the first line would be
The bell-bird is sitting there motionless.
See note to verse 17.


22. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
Like a bell-bird he is sitting there motionless,
The white-faced one is sitting there motionless.

Ibid., v. 23

23. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
Relieving himself he is sitting there motionless,
Like a bell-bird he is sitting there motionless.

This verse, a disgusting one to our taste, is based on accurate observation of the habits of wallabies and other animals while recovering from a bout of sexual excitement.

24. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
Like a bell-bird let him flutter his wings!
Let the dark-chested one flutter his wings!

25. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
The Kwalba chief will be sitting,
shaking with passion;
He will be itching from head to foot and shaking with passion.

26. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
"She shall belong to the Kwalba, -
Mine alone shall she be!"

27. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
"She shall belong to the Kwalba, she shall belong to the Kwalba;
Mine alone shall she be, yes, mine alone shall she be!"

28. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
"Gripping her by the throat I would raise her up, -
To be my very own I would raise her up."

29. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
The bell-bird relentlessly rouses her;
The dark-chested one relentlessly rouses her.

30. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

The bell-bird fills her with madness,  
The dark-chested one fills her with madness.

31. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Let the dark-chested one deafen her ears with his charms!  
Let the bell-bird deafen her ears with his charms!

---

The Kwalba chief is many miles away from the scene; and the woman whom he is trying to  
charm senses his incantations by a sort of telepathy. Nevertheless, her whole being is quickly  
aroused, and she feels as though she is being gripped by the throat and drawn irresistibly to  
the Kwalba chief.

---

32. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Her desires he encloses as with a fence,  
With a thicket he encloses her as with a fence.

---

i.e. The Kwalba chief places as it were a 'thicket' around her, so that all her desires are  
fenced in, leaving  
her passion only one exit for its satisfaction, that of coming to the man who has placed the  
spell upon her.

---

33. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Her desires are shut in by a fence,  
A thicket shuts her in like a fence.

34. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"Piercing, her very navel, let it tear open a wound!  
While she is at her soft-soiled home, let it tear open a wound!"  

---

The magical effect of the charm is imagined to take the following course. The incantation  
maddens the ears of the woman, and the tjilaba over which it has been sung curls itself  
(invisibly) around her throat, dragging her towards the man. Finally, she feels a stabbing pain  
in her navel, as though a spear point had penetrated her womb. This pain stimulates her into a  
fever-glow of sexual passion.

---

35. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"Piercing her very navel, let it tear open a wound!  
While she is at her ancient home, let it tear open a wound!"

36. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"My fertile womb is being pierced:

---
Whatever can it be that is stabbing my fertile womb?

37. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"My woman’s heart is being pierced:
My fertile womb is being pierced."  "

Verses 36 and 37 are intended to describe the cause of hysterical passion in a woman: it is thought to be due to a pain in the womb. It may be of interest to note here that in the Elizabethan days hysteria among women was believed by Europeans to be due to the swelling and rising of the womb. Shakespeare makes King Lear identify "the grief pressing upon his heart with the swelling which was considered a characteristic of the disease" (Strong): "O, how this mother [= womb] swells up toward my heart! Hysterica passio, down, thou climbing sorrow, Thy element’s below!" (King Lear, II, IV, 68-70)

38. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

a. The bell-bird fills her with madness,
The dark-chested one fills her with madness.

b. Let the dark-chested one deafen her ears with his charms!
Let the bell-bird deafen her ears with his charms!

c. Let the bell-bird drag her along by her hairs!
Let the dark-chested one drag her along by her hairs!

39. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Let the bell-bird pluck her up from off the ground!
Let the dark-chested one sweep her up from pluck her off the ground!

40. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Let the bell-bird sweep her up from pluck her off the ground at her very home!
Let the dark-chested one sweep her up from pluck her off the ground at her very home!

41. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

The bell-bird swoops down again and again,
Upon the Njibantibanta woman he swoops down again and again. "

The Njibantibanta were mythical women who, amongst other things, permitted themselves to be wooed and won by certain of the male totemic ancestors. In this regard they differed from the alknarintja women, who spurned all male advances.

42. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

The Njibantibanta woman is bringing all her chattels to his home;
Advancing with dancing steps, she is bringing all her chattels to his home.

43. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Let the Njibantibanta woman bring all her chattels to his home!
Let the maiden herself bring all her chattels to his home!

44. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"Having gathered food, let me give way to my passion!
Let me, the maiden, give way to my passion!"

45. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"The crested rock pigeons
Are cooing, near at hand."

46. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"The crested rock pigeons
Are calling out sadly. "cooing plaintively."

47. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"These sharp-crested pigeons
Move about on every rocky height."

48. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"The crested rock pigeons
Have fine, clear eyes."

49. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"Upon good ground let me set my feet
Upon firm hard ground let me set my feet!"

50. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"Upon soft level ground let me set my feet, -
Upon firm hard ground let me set my feet!"

51. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

a. Antjiroba is climbing uphill,
The dark-chested wallaby is climbing uphill.

b. Against a ghost gum he rubs it, against yonder ghost gum;
It is the tjilara that he is rubbing, the soft tjilara.

c. It is his headgear that he is rubbing, his soft headgear;
It is the tjilara that he is rubbing, his soft tjilara.

52. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Along the spine of the ridge he goes homewards, -
Along the gashed spine of the ridge he goes homewards.

53. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"Upon soft level ground let me set my feet, -
Upon good ground let me set my feet!"
a. "Upon soft level ground let me set my feet, -
   Soft like water-logged sand."

b. "Upon the ground where I used to sit let me set my feet!
   Upon the powdered soil let me set my feet!"

55. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

   His penis is quivering with excitement,
   His body is tensed for the attack.

   According to the oral tradition "\text{pa r a}" - the ordinary Aranda word meaning "tail" or "penis" - is said to be used here as a substitute word for "spear". Antjiroba is said to be brandishing his spear excitedly at the woman whom he has espied, - a thinly-veiled gesture indicating his intention of having intercourse with her. If the oral tradition is right, the translation of verse 55 would be
   His spear is quivering in his hand,
   His body is tensed for the throw.
   However, while such a euphemistic word as "spear" could easily have been used as a substitute word for "penis", the reverse usage seems altogether incredible; and I have accordingly translated this couplet exactly as it stands in the original Aranda.

56. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

   The hard plain is resounding with his steps,
   The hard plain is echoing with his steps.

57. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

   Dust is flicked up from the river sand,
   Dust is cast up from the river sand.

58. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

   He steps upon her sleeping hollow, he-he steps upon her sleeping hollow;
   He steps upon her camp site, he steps upon her camp site.

59. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

   He steps upon her sheltered hollow, he steps upon her sheltered hollow;
   He places his hands upon her wrists, he places his hands upon her wrists.

60. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

   a. The Kwalba chief overcomes her struggles;
      The great sire overcomes her struggles.

   b. "She shall belong to the Kwalba, -
      Mine alone shall she be!"

   c. "She shall belong to the Kwalba, she shall belong to the Kwalba;
      Mine alone shall she be, yes, mine alone shall she be!"
61. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

"With my fingers I am penetrating you, —
I, the handsome sire."

62. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

"With my fingers I am penetrating you, —
I, the handsome man wearing my eagle plumes."

63. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

The swollen penis spears her,
The erect penis spears her. "

64. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

Truly, it is a swollen penis that spears her;
Truly, it is an erect penis that spears her.

65. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

"Feeling me closely, he is spearing me without a halt, —
Overflowing with semen."

66. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

His penis without a peer, —
His penis is still broad and strong.

67. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

The flies sting him, they sting his penis —
The flies sitting in thick clusters.

68. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

This verse is thoroughly realistic, disgusting though it may seem to many readers. Similar verses occur in the songs describing novices after their initiation operations.

69. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

The hairy-bodied one wanders on without respite, —
Northward he wanders on without respite.

70. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
The hairy-bodied one, yes, the hairy-bodied one!
Northward, ever northward!

71. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
Over soft ground they are journeying, -
Northward they are journeying.

72. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
They are on soft ground now;
They are travelling true north.

73. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
The girl keeps stepping on his heels;
Following him closely, she keeps stepping, on his heels.

74. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Close to him, she keeps stepping on his heels;
The girl keeps stepping on his heels.

75. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
a. The dense foliage is streaming in the breeze, the dense foliage streams in the breeze;
The slender-stemmed tree is streaming in the breeze, the slender-stemmed tree streams in the breeze.

b. "Into the quivering thicket of iltopolta trees let us enter!
   Into the dense thicket of iltopolta trees let us enter!"

76. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Tn jelana branches drag her back, -
Clutching her locks, they drag her back.

77. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
"Look at them, just look at them!
There's honey everywhere, there's honey everywhere!"

78. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"Look at them, just look at them
   They are all around us, they are all around us!"

Notice the metric syncopation (see p. 2431 above) in verses 77 and 78.

79. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
Through the tonbara grass, to be sure, let him proceed!
The friendly youth, to be sure, let him proceed!
“My informants could not give me a satisfactory explanation for worra tjinalba as applied to the Kwalba chief: why should he be called here “the friendly youth (or boy)”? Perhaps the second line should be taken to be “Twura tjinalaba inbinea” or “Aratjinalaba inbinea”. In the first case the whole verse would read

Through the tonbara grass, to be sure, let us proceed!
In the track that I have made, to be sure, let us proceed!

In the second case we should translate this couplet as

Through the tonbara grass, to be sure, let us proceed!
Keeping a straight course, to be sure, let us proceed.

80. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

(For a dissection of this verse, see p. 132)

An orange tree stands, laden with fruit;
The prickly one is shedding its fruit. (?)

81. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

a. Northward they are journeying.
   — Over soft ground they are journeying.

b. They are on soft ground now;
   — They are travelling true north.

c. The hairy-bodied one wanders on without respite,
   — Northward he wanders on without respite.

d. Her heart is overcome with grief;
   The great sire is overcome with grief.

82. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

"I, the girl, am hurrying on;
I, the girl, am hastening on my way."

83. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

Handsomey adorned with eagle plumes
He burns a fiery yellow.

84. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

The yam vines
Are spreading out their long arms.

85. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

The intertwining vines
Are spreading out their long arms.

86. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

a. Handsomey adorned with eagle plumes
   — He burns a fiery yellow.
b. The great sire, proud and handsome,  
       — Burns a fiery yellow.

87. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

“I am a married man, a truly married man;  
I am full of joy in my wife.”

88. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

“I am full of love for my wife;  
—— I am a married man, a truly married man.”

I need hardly state here that the caveman style of wooing depicted in the Kwalba Song is now not practised by the aboriginals themselves. A much better explanation of the figure of the Kwalba chief is that he is the personification of the uninhibited male sexual drive. He was to the Southern Aranda men as vital a figure as Pan and Priapus were to the ancient Greeks. But just as the latter would not have dreamed of imitating the methods of these two mythological beings in their own lives, so no young Aranda tribesman would have ventured to act like Antjirroba. On the contrary, young men in Central Australia usually experienced considerable difficulties in winning partners for themselves at all. All marriages were regulated rigidly by the class system which limited the possible number of brides for any man, and under it any man could select a bride from only one class out of the eight normal over most of the Aranda area, to one-eighth of the total number of women. Again, parents generally betrothed their daughters while they were still infants; and exogamy meant that the future husbands normally came from a different totemic clan, from a different group, and sometimes even from a different tribe. Consequently the first betrothal was entirely a matter between adults. It was often carried out very largely when men and women from many totemic clans and tribal sub-groups were assembled to celebrate the major initiation festivals. C. Strehlow gives a description of a Western Aranda betrothal (A.& L. St., IV, I, p.89ff.), in which one man who has an infant daughter promises another man, who has an infant son, that he will give the girl to the boy when both have reached the age of maturity. Spencer and Gillen (The Arunta, chap. xxx) describe four other methods of obtaining wives. The most common method, according to these authors, ensured that a lad was given not a wife, but a mother-in-law of about the same age as himself, and that he then had to wait until this girl had a female infant of her own, who became his wife when she had reached marriageable age. Unfortunately, the whole subject has bee greatly obscured by the theorizings and generalizations of early white observers. The only correct way of ascertaining the general practice would have been for the early investigators to have written down the names and approximate ages of all married couples and the totemic conception sites of all these men and women, together with those of their children. Further records should have been made of any marriages that had already been arranged for any of the children. Concrete facts of this kind would have outweighed many pages of detailed accounts of the alleged principles governing the marriage practices. The Aranda ideal marriage age for girls was the age of puberty, — about the fourteenth or fifteenth year. Men were said to be fit for marriage only after they had passed through the initiation ceremonies and after the first grey hairs had begun to show in their locks or in their beards, — perhaps beards; this normally happened when they were from twenty-five to thirty years of age. No doubt, there were a number of exceptions to these rules; but the men always had to wait quite a few years longer than the girls before they could get legal marriage partners. Not infrequently, the young man had to be content first with a widow or the cast-off spouse of an elderly man; and often he had to seek an illicit friendship with a girl who was one of the several wives of a polygamist.

The course of true love, consequently, rarely ran smooth for the young Aranda lover. Convention and the selfishness of the older men, who sought out the young girls for themselves, thwarted the younger men at every turn; and illicit relationships, though not rarely troubled by moral considerations or lessened by the dread of supernatural punishment, were always accompanied by the fear of severe corporal chastisement if discovered. Breaches of the tribal marriage code did, however, occur frequently, and homosexuality was by no means unknown. The moral code was relaxed considerably during initiation festival gatherings; but such orgies often led to severe fights later on. All in all, the Central Australian natives, whose
The traditional behaviour patterns then, allowed little scope for love-making and courtship in the original native communities. Where marriages had been fixed and arranged by the parents, there was no need for such pointless extravagances; and where lovers met illicitly, both of them had to be on their guard during the whole of the brief time available before their absence was noticed. One of the ways in which a youth could find out whether the maiden was favourably disposed towards him consisted in a mutual exchange of food. The young man returning from a successful hunt would secretly slip some meat into the hands of the girl of his choice. If she accepted it, she indicated to him thereby that she was not averse to his courtship. She would make clear her actual consent later on by giving him secretly some of the vegetable food she had gathered. Once this had happened, brothers or sisters of the lovers often had to make use of their sisters or brothers to act as the conveyors of these gifts. Once the exchange of gifts had been made, a clandestine meeting was arranged, and events moved forward rapidly to their inevitable conclusion. 

The secret meeting

The girl's gift of food as her proper response to the advances of the man was a well-known native custom. I have an amusing anecdote to relate in regard to this practice. A number of years ago, when I was travelling about in Central Australia on camels, I had a riding camel called "Flossie". "Flossie" was the favourite camel in my string, and she often used to get her mane and her nose stroked by me at the halts during days of hard travelling, much to the quiet amusement of my camel boy, Tom Ljona. One day, however, "Flossie" was in a bad humour. She was standing with her head held in the air in high disdain, and she snarled as I approached her. When I put up my hand towards her head, she grunted, gulped, opened her mouth, and dropped a liquid mass of evil-smelling, green cud all over me. Ljona, who had been standing nearby, watched the scene gravely. He picked up a long stick and scraped the cud droppings off me from a safe distance. At last he said politely - "You have been playing around with that camel female too long; now she is starting to give you some of her vegetable food."

Dr. C. Chewings, in *Back in the Stone Age* says this about native love-making in Central Australia:

How the sexes endear themselves to each other is something of a mystery to the whites. That much love-making goes on among them is certain. That the advances made are mutual is equally certain, notwithstanding strict rules of etiquette whereby the young men and women
do not mix indiscriminately; have in fact to keep at speaking distance; and that the girls are rigidly chaperoned by the old women, and the young men by the old men.

He then states that the lovers have to resort to surreptitious methods of communication, carried out largely by gifts of food or personal adornments often handed over to the girls by juvenile or female relative go-betweens.

The secret meeting between the youth and the girl was marked by the usual caresses that take place between lovers. No ‘caveman’ tactics would have succeeded on such an occasion.

In the Song relating to the wooing of the Kwalba chief of Tera we can find then a wish fulfilment of the repressed sexual urges of the younger men in a Central Australian native community. Unlike the Kwalba, however, the native youth would not have treated with such violence a girl who was coming to him aflame with passion. There is a certain element of sadism in much male love-making; and in all parts of the world the supernatural beings, who, unlike mankind never repress any of their cruel inborn drives, rarely seem to be guilty of tenderness towards the women who have unwittingly become the objects of their passion. Most of the pagan gods of Europe, for instance, ravished and violated without compunction many girls of noble birth and then abandoned them in their distress, taking care merely that the children of such unions should survive and eventually come to high honours. Their mothers generally received no further attention.

Most readers will be familiar with the amorous escapades of Zeus, the majestic father of gods and men in the Greek world. Zeus, in addition to pleasing several immortal consorts, spent a great deal of his time transforming himself into various shapes in order to be able to seduce beautiful mortal girls on earth: he transformed himself at various times into a satyr, a bull, a swan, and a shower of gold.

Once he had ravished his victims, he deserted them; and some of them were persecuted with insane cruelty by Zeus’s jealous queen, Hera, without any interference on his part. The Greek writer Lucian, who wrote in an irreverent age x), in his second Dialogue of the Gods slyly put into the mouth of Zeus the complaint that he could bend women to his will only by magic since he would not stoop to the vulgar love-making of the mortals. Here is a section of this dialogue, in which Zeus complains to Eros, the god of love, for the pranks he has played upon him.

The translations of both Lucian extracts have been taken from The Works of Lucian of Samosata, translated by H.W. and F.G. Fowler.

Zeus. The pranks you have played me! Satyr, bull, swan, eagle, shower of gold, - I have been everything in my time; and I have you to thank for it. You never by any chance make the women in love with me; no one is ever smitten with my charms, that I have noticed. No, there must be magic in it always; I must be kept well out of sight. They like the bull or the swan well enough: but once let them set eyes on me, and they are frightened out of their lives.

Eros. Well, of course. They are but mortals; the sight of Zeus is too much for them.

Zeus. Then why are Branchus and Hyacinth so fond of Apollo?

Eros. Daphne ran away from him, anyhow; in spite of his beautiful hair and his smooth chin. Now, shall I tell you the way to win hearts? Keep that aegis of yours quiet, and leave the thunderbolt at home; make yourself as smart as you can; curl your hair and tie it up with a bit of ribbon, get a purple cloak, and gold-bespangled shoes, and march forth to the music of flute and drum; and see if you don’t get a finer following than Dionysus, for all his Maenads.

Zeus. Pooh! I’ll win no hearts on such terms.

Eros. Oh, in that case, don’t fall in love. Nothing could be simpler.

Zeus. I dare say; but I like being in love, only I don’t like all this fuss.
In yet another of Lucian's dialogues (The Gods in Council) the god of ridicule, Momus, is made to utter the following remarks about Dionysus and his nymph-chasing followers:

We are indebted to him for the presence of a whole tribe of his followers, whom he has introduced into our midst under the title of Gods. Such are Pan, Silenus, and the Satyrs; coarse persons, of frisky tendencies and eccentric appearance drawn chiefly from the goat-herd class. The first-mentioned of these, besides being horned, has the hind-quarters of a goat, and his enormous beard is not unlike that of the same animal. Silenus is an old man with a bald head and a snub nose, who is generally to be seen riding on a donkey; he is of Lydian extraction. The Satyrs are Phrygians; they too are bald, and have pointed ears, and sprouting horns, like those of young kids. When I add that every one of these persons is provided with a tail, you will realize the extent of our obligation to Dionysus. And with these theological curiosities before their eyes, we wonder why it is that men think lightly of the Gods!

The love technique of these divine lovers of pagan Europe was often little less crude than that of the Southern Aranda Kwalba chief. Thus Apollo, the sun god, 'the lord of the seven-voiced lyre', the son of Zeus and Latona, had no compunction in rudely overpowering Creusa, the daughter of the legendary Athenian king Erechtheus, while she was wandering happily in the fields among the crocuses. He gripped her by her wrists and haled her to a cave, where he wrought violence upon her. He then abandoned her to face her shame alone. The distraught girl later abandoned her child, Ion; but Apollo, though he had felt no compassion for Creusa, had Ion rescued and brought up by a priestess in his own temple at Delphi. This story has received fine poetical treatment in the Ion of Euripides, from which the following extract has been taken:

\[\text{Ion}, \text{ lines 881-900, in the translation of A.S. Way.}\]

Lord of the seven-voiced lyre, who attunest the cry of its strings,
Under whose fingers the lifeless awaketh, a sweet note sings
From the horn of the ox in the field, the chant of the Muses outings -

Child of Latona, I cry to the Sun - I will publish thy shame!
Thou, with thy tresses a-shimmer with gold, through the flowers as I came
Plucking the crocuses, heaping my veil with their gold-litten flame,
Cam'st on me, caughtest the poor pallid wrists of mine hands and didst hale
Unto thy couch in the cave, - "Mother! mother!" I shrieked out my wail, -
Wroughtest the pleasure of Cypris: no shame made the god-lover quail.
Wretched I bare thee a child, and I cast him with shuddering throe
Forth on thy couch where thou forcedst thy victim, a bride-bed of woe.

The situation described in the Ion extract is closely similar to that depicted in the Kwalba Song. The Greek sun-god himself, whose tresses are "a-shimmer with gold", is vaguely reminiscent of the Southern Aranda totemic ancestor:

The great sire, proud and handsome,
Bumed a fiery yellow.

In the Aranda song, however, the Kwalba chief at least does not abandon the ravished girl, but takes her with him as his wife, and is proud to have her as his spouse, - an interesting fact which suggests that Stone Age men were probably no more cruel and inhuman than the more sophisticated humans who flourished in the Bronze and Iron Ages. The gods of Northern Europe were suitors just as violent and treacherous as those of Southern Europe. Earlier in this book (p.267) the story of Odin (Othin) and Gunnlod (Gunnloth) has been quoted from the Prose Ædda. In the Hóamol Othin admits freely that in spite of his sacred oath he betrayed Gunnloth in order to gain the magic mead and then abandoned her to her fate (stanzas 106-110).
Gunnloth gave on a golden stool
A drink of the marvelous mead;
A harsh reward did I let her have
For her heroic heart,
And her spirit troubled sore.

The well-earned beauty well I enjoyed,
Little the wise man lacks;
So Othrorir now has up been brought
To the midst of the men of earth.

Hardly, methinks, would I home have come,
And left the giants' land,
Had not Gunnloth helped me, the maiden good,
Whose arms about me had been.

The day that followed, the frost-giants came,
Some word of Hor to win,
(And into the hall of Hor;)
Of Bolverk they asked, were he back midst the gods,
Or had Suttung slain him there?

On his ring swore Othin the oath, methinks;
Who now his troth shall trust?
Suttung's betrayal he sought with drink,
And Gunnloth to grief he left.

Gunnloth was only one of the many maidens whose love Odin enjoyed. However, Odin was not always successful as a wooer, and Saxo Grammaticus, who tells the story of Odin and Rinda, relates how Odin sought twice to win the love of Rinda in three different disguises. She repulsed him on all three occasions. When he sought a kiss from her the first time, she gave him a cuff. This was repeated on the second occasion. When Odin approached her in his third disguise, he fared even worse: When he tried to kiss her at his departure, she repulsed him so that he tottered and smote his chin upon the ground. Straightway he touched her with a piece of bark whereon spells were written, and made her like unto one in frenzy; which was a gentle revenge to take for all the insults he had received. (Saxo Grammaticus, Book III, section 79, translated by Oliver Elton. An Aranda alknarinja woman would have bitten the hand of the would-be suitor; and his retort would have consisted in charming her with an engraved bull roarer, made potent by magic spells, in the hope of inspiring her with passionate frenzy.) Finally, he changed himself into a waiting-woman and was accepted into Rinda's household when she fell sick. He tricked Rinda's father into binding her, ostensibly in order that he might work his cure, and was thus enabled at last to gratify his passion upon her.

successful as a wooer, and in the *Hrafnmál* he openly admits how he was on one occasion tricked by Billing's daughter. He prefaced his account with some disgruntled and cynical words about the fickleness of women and the untrustworthiness of women's promises. As a commentary on ideas current about love in a pagan Teutonic community these stanzas deserve to be quoted in their entirety. The cynicism which they breathe is strangely akin to that voiced by some modern writers in the nineteenth century.

*A man shall trust not the oath of a maid,*

Nor the word a woman speaks;

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* Hrafnmál, stanzas 84-102.
For their hearts on a whirling wheel were fashioned,
And fickle their breasts were formed.

In a breaking bow or a burning flame,
A ravening wolf or a croaking raven,
In a grunting boar, a tree with roots broken,
In billowy seas or a bubbling kettle,

In a flying arrow or falling waters,
In ice new formed or the serpent's folds,
In a bride's bed-speech or a broken sword,
In the sport of bears or in sons of kings,

In a calf that is sick or a stubborn thrall,
A flattering witch or a foe new slain.

In a brother's slayer, if thou meet him abroad,
In a half-burned house, in a horse full swift -
One leg is hurt and the horse is useless -
None had ever such faith as to trust in them all.

Hope not too surely for early harvest,
Nor trust too soon in thy son;
The field needs good weather, the son needs wisdom,
And oft is either denied.

The love of women fickle of will
Is like starting o'er ice with a steed unshod,
A two-year-old restive and little tamed,
or steering a rudderless ship in a storm,
or, lame, hunting reindeer on slippery rocks.

Clear now will I speak, for know them both.
Men false to women are found;
When fairest we speak, then falsest we think,
Against wisdom we work with deceit.

Soft words shall he speak and wealth shall he offer
Who longs for a maiden's love,
And the beauty praise of the maiden bright;
He wins whose wooing is best.

Fault for loving let no man find
Ever with any other;
Oft the wise are fettered where fools go free,
By beauty that breeds desire.

Fault with another let no man find
For what touches many a man;
Wise men oft into witless fools
Are made by mighty love.

The head alone knows what dwells near the heart,
A man knows his mind alone;
No sickness is worse to one who is wise
Than to lack the longed-for joy.

This found I myself, when I sat in the reeds,
And long my love awaited;
As my life the maiden wise I loved,
Yet her I never had.

Billing's daughter I found on her bed,
In slumber bright as the sun;
Empty appeared an earl's estate
Without that form so fair.

"Othin, again at evening come,
If a woman thou wouldst win;
Evil it were if others than we
Should know of such a sin."

Away I hastened, hoping for joy,
And careless of counsel wise;
Well I believed that soon I should win
Measureless joy with the maid.

So came I next when night it was,
The warriors all were awake;
With burning lights and waving brands
I learned my luckless way.

At morning then, when once more I came,
And all were sleeping still,
A dog I found in the fair one's place,
Bound there upon her bed.

Many fair maids, if a man but tries them,
False to a lover are found;
That did I learn when I longed to gain
With wiles the maiden wise;
Foul scorn was my meed from the crafty maid,
And nought from the woman I won.

The Teutonic gods, like those of the Greeks and Romans, seem to have had little skill in the art of wooing women with winsome words. The highly dramatic Skirnismol tells the story of the god Freyr, who saw Gerth, the beautiful daughter of the giant Gymir, going from her father's house to her bower.

Her arms glittered, and from their gleam
Shone all the sea and sky.

Freyr was smitten with love-sickness, and his servant Skirnir agreed to visit Gerth and to woo her for his master. Upon reaching Gerth's home, Skirnir laid Freyr's proposal before her in the following terms:

Skirnismol, stanzas 19-38.

"Eleven apples, all of gold,
Here will I give thee, Gerth,
To buy thy troth that Freyr shall be
Deemed to be dearest to you."

Gerth spake:
"I will not take at any man's wish
These eleven apples ever;
Nor shall Freyr and I one dwelling find
So long as we two live."
Skirnir spake: 
"Then do I bring thee the ring that was burned
Of old with Othin's son;
From it do eight of like weight fall
On every ninth night."

Gerth spake: 
"The ring I wish not, though burned it was
Of old with Othin's son;
In Gymir's home is no lack of gold
In the wealth my father wields."

Skirnir spake: 
"Seest thou, maiden, this keen, bright sword
That I hold here in my hand?
Thy head from thy neck shall I straightway hew,
If thou wilt not do my will."

Gerth spake: 
"For no man's sake will I ever suffer
To be thus moved by might;
But gladly, methinks, will Gymir, seek
To fight if he finds thee here."

Skirnir spake: 
"Seest thou, maiden, this keen, bright sword
That I hold here in my hand?
Before its blade the old giant bends,
Thy father is doomed to die.

'I strike thee, maid, with my magic staff,
To tame thee to work my will;
There shalt thou go where never again
The sons of men shall see thee.

"On the eagle's hill shalt thou ever sit,
And gaze on the gates of Hel;
More loathsome to thee than the light-hued snake
To men, shall thy meat become.

"Fearful to see, if thou comest forth,
Hrimnir will stand and stare,
(Men will marvel at thee;) More famed shalt thou grow than the watchman of the gods!
Peer forth, then, from thy prison.

"Rage and longing, fetters and wrath,
Tears and torment are thine;
Where thou sittest down my doom is on thee
Of heavy heart
And double dole.

"In the giants' home shall vile things harm thee
Each day with evil deeds;
Grief shalt thou get instead of gladness,
And sorrow to suffer with tears.

"With three-headed giants thou shalt dwell ever,
Or never know a husband;
"I go to the wood, and to the wet forest,
To win a magic wand;
I won a magic wand.

"Othin grows angry, angered is the best of the gods,
Freyr shall be thy foe,
Most evil maid, who the magic wrath
Of gods hast got for thyself.

"Give heed, frost-rulers, hear it, giants,
Sons of Suttung,
And gods, ye too,
How I forbid and how I ban
The meeting of men with the maid,
(The joy of men with the maid.)

"Hrimmimir is he, the giant who shall have thee
In the depth by the doors of Hel:
To the frost-giants' halls each day shalt thou fare,
Crawling and craving in vain,
(Crawling and having no hope.)

"Base wretches there by the root of the tree
Will hold for thee horns of filth;
A fairer drink shalt thou never find,
Maid, to meet thy wish,
(Maid, to meet my wish.)

"I write thee a charm and three runes therewith,
Longing and madness and lust;
But what I have writ I may yet unwrite
If I find a need therefor."

Gerth had ignored both Skimir's gifts and the threat of his sword. But she fears his curses and the power of his magic which will bring upon her "longing and madness and lust". She is prepared to accept Freyr's love as the lesser evil:

Gerth spake:
"Find welcome rather, and with it take
The frost-cup filled with mead;
Though I did not believe that I should so love
——Ever one of the Wanes.".................

"Barri there is, which we both know well,
——A forest fair and still;
And nine nights hence to the son of North
——Will Gerth there grant delight."

Gerth kept her word and became the bride of Freyr at the appointed time. But Freyr had to give his sword to Skimir by way of reward and so was slain weaponless in that last battle of the Gods known as Ragnarok.

In Teutonic mythology the gods placed their faith in magic charms rather than in wooing words when approaching women. The last three charms mentioned by Othin in the list given in the Hotamol (see above, pp 162-3) deal with the subject of love magic:
A sixteenth I know, if I seek delight
To win from a maiden wise;
And thus change all her thoughts.

A seventeenth I know, so that seldom shall go
A maiden young from me;

An eighteenth I know, that ne'er will I tell
To maiden or wife of man,-
The best is what is what none but one's self doth know,
So comes the end of the songs,-
Save only to her in whose arms I lie,
Or who else my sister is.

The exact nature of the spell referred to in the last stanza is obscure. Possibly it was a spell to overcome the resistance of goddesses; possibly the spell was believed to have the power of compelling a woman to agree to an incestuous love-affair, such as intercourse between brother and sister. In Central Australia, at any rate, charms forcing women to agree to incest apparently existed in the old days; and these were kept a close secret from all except the oldest and most trustworthy men, who could be relied upon not to use them for their obvious purpose. The complete Southern Aranda Song relating to Itirkawara, the far-famed incestuous ilitjeljara (a sandhill lizard, *nephrurus* spec.) ancestor of Chambers Pillar, must have contained such verses; but the fragmentary song given to me in 1933 makes no mention of Itirkawara's depraved practices, and my informants claimed that their elders had never given them the full version. Spencer and Gillen⁷ state that the Pillar itself represents the male organ of Itirkawara, and adds the following account of its use in forbidden love-magic:

When a native desires to secure a woman who is *ekeirinja*, or forbidden, to him, such as an *Allira*, who is a brother's daughter, he goes to the pillar and rubs it with one of the stones, saying, *Iturka worra, Allira, landa, Anua nukwa,* *mitchikka*, words that mean *Iturka*, young man, daughter, pretend (you)"sit down" my *Anua*; in other words, he is to pretend that the *Allira* is for the time being his lawful *Anua* or wife. The *Allira* must not be his actual daughter. It would appear as if, when this takes place, the lubra knew what the man was doing and was, at least, prepared to be a consenting party. The man goes back, and when he finds the lubra alone, says to her, *Allira interijigga*, sleep; *yinga*, I; *ingangna*, with you; *erinja*, wish; from which she understands that he has performed the necessary magic, and consents. It is a very dangerous proceeding, because it means that a Purula man, for example, will have relations with a Kumara woman. Both man and woman are called *Iturka Iturka*: to the woman the still further opprobrious name of *Iturka Iturka nama kanj*, which means the *Iturka* on the top of the grass. Sooner or later the *umba*, or son of the man's sister, finds out what has happened, and says to the woman, *Arragulja, unta knitchikka atua ingoaninga*, woman, you will cry for your man. It is his business to see that certainly the man is killed and most likely the woman also. If not killed she will be handed over to all men in camp as their common property for a time.

Personally I find it inconceivable that the pillar would have been rubbed without the singing of the appropriate secret chant verse(s). In all spells the actual words of the original totemic ancestor must be used; and these seem to be embodied invariably in verse. I believe that Spencer and Gillen got received this account either from a man who had never been given the actual verses relating to incest or from a man who knew them but did not dare to utter them in the presence of any of the pidgin English interpreters employed by these authors. Even the prose words have been rendered inaccurately. The first sentence should almost certainly read:

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37
"Itirkawara, alina lantai noa nuka nitjika", i.e. "Irtirkawara, send along my daughter to be my wife."
The second sentence should be: "Alinai, inditjika: jina ungwana arantja," i.e. "Daughter, let us lie down: I want you." The last sentence would be: "Arugutjai, unta itnitjika atua ungwananana", i.e. "Woman, you must cry tears on account of your man."

Spencer and Gillen (The Arunta, vol. II, pp.408-12) also relate instances of normal Aranda love chorus, love-magic, in which the small bull roarer, the headband, a sea-shell ornament, and a wooden trumpet respectively are used. How frequently love-magic was resorted to, is difficult to assess. It would not have been employed on girls by the men who had already been assigned to them as husbands; and undetouched girls between the ages of five and fourteen were probably virtually non-existent in the pre-white days. In the three instances given by Spencer and Gillen love magic in which love-magic was practised in order to gain much older women, One of these was as follows. In one case the woman was a widow, and she came to her charmer and entered into a lawful union with him; the other two women who were charmed were married women, and their elopement with the men who had cast spells over them incurred the displeasure of the community. After considering carefully the effect of the tribal rules governing normal native marriages, I was once inclined to believe that love magic in Central Australia was used almost exclusively by men who wished to attract women whom they could not court or win lawfully. But my Western Aranda informant Rauwiraka told me how he and his elder brother had both sung love charms in order to win the girls who had already been lawfully promised to them. This was apparently the normal custom in the Ellery Creek district. Rauwiraka's statement throws fresh light on the purpose of these love-charms. They were sometimes used illegally in order to arouse the passions of forbidden women. But their normal purpose was to enable a man to win the love of the girl who had been promised to him by her father, and to hold her affections against any future rivals. These love-charms are therefore a proof that among the Central Australian tribes too marriage was not based merely upon sexual and economic considerations. Magico-religious elements also entered into it; and the singing of these ancestral love-charms before any marriage relations took place was intended to give the union dignity, emotional stability, and permanence.

Northern Aranda practice, according to Makarinja, was as follows. A man who desired a woman living at another place prepared a cleared space and drew on its smoothed sand the image of a woman with the handle of his spearthrower. The suitor was normally assisted by one or more of his friends. All of them took up their position in single file and knelt down, facing the drawing. The suitor, who was in front, now placed a small bull-roarer (namatuna) on the drawing; and the hairstring attached to this namatuna passed under and between the legs of all men present. While they were in this position, the following charm verses were sung over the bull roarer:

[Sacred Aranda men's song]

Gripping her throat it is pointing in her direction;
The hairstring that grips her is pointing in her direction.

2. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Like a white cockatoo it is shrieking fiercely,
Like a white cockatoo it is screaming loudly.

The hairstring, to be sure, is clutching her closely;
By her throat, to be sure, it is clutching her closely.

Ibid., verse 39.

Ibid., verse 40.
After a while the suitor rose, taking with him the charmed bull roarer, and took up his stand facing the direction of the woman's camp. He then swung the bull roarer lustily till it flew off the hairstring; attempting to make it travel in the woman's direction. That concluded the act. According to Northern Aranda beliefs the woman, if it were night time (the usual time for performing this kind of magic) would wake up and feel a summons coming to her as it were out of the air. The invisible namatuma would seize her by the throat and pull her irresistibly towards her suitor. At the same time her whole body would have been aroused, and her passion could get satisfaction only from the man who had swung the charmed namatuma.

This account accords closely with Spencer and Gillen's first method of love magic. Their second method seems to have been identical with that practised by the Southern Aranda Kwalba ancestor who charmed his tjilara headband. Their fourth method (blowing through a charmed wooden "trumpet") has been recorded also by C. Strehlow (A.& L. St., IV, I, p.15). The latter has, in addition, preserved the appropriate charm verses. After the trumpet had been charmed, its blowing caused the selected woman to become infatuated with the man, who was sounding it. Spencer and Gillen's third method could have been practised only by native groups who possessed the shell ornaments in question. These shell ornaments occurred in the extreme south of the Southern Aranda area, also among the non-Aranda tribes living to the west of the Aranda territory.

Modern European poets and romance writers have so thoroughly popularized among ourselves the idea that lovers are always young, handsome, and beautiful, that it may come as somewhat of a shock to many readers to learn that the most successful divine lovers of pagan Europe, such as Pan, Zeus, and Othin, were all elderly men. The unprepossessing shapes in which the first-named two appeared to the beautiful girls whom they conquered have already been mentioned in this section; and the third had even given away one of his eyes in exchange for supreme wisdom. Similarly, it is clear that those Central Australian ancestors who had most successes in their pursuit of women were middle-aged or elderly in appearance. The Western Aranda equivalent for our "a man in the prime of his life" is atua inguia erolinja, literally "an aged man of many years". Two of the most famous of these native supernatural lovers are the two tjilpa totemic ancestors, Kulurba and Malbanka, who figured in the Pmara Kutata and Ilpintja (love-magic) Songs of Lalaltuma. Both of them are obviously aged men; and Malbanka is expressly called "sore-nosed" by his own horde of sons [x], - a term of abuse which suggests that he was suffering from the loathsome disease known as yaws, which

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x See above, p.121.

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x See above, p.201, p.451.

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[x] was suffering from the loathsome disease known as yaws, which in many cases attacks and practically eats away the noses of the sufferers. Totemic ancestors of such age and unprepossessing appearance could not have hoped to attract the love of beautiful girls without the aid of magic; and just as Odin was repulsed by Rinda with cuffs, so the Aranda alknarintja women would have bitten the hands of these aged tjilpa leaders had they dared to grasp them by their wrists before their charms had effected their maddening purpose. Consequently, lovers like Kulurba and Malbanka of Lalaltuma were believed to have composed particularly powerful magic charms, which they left behind for the exclusive benefit of ageing Western Aranda men who wished to gain the embraces of young women.

The central tradition of Lalaltuma - the myth and the song relating to the pmara kutata - was always kept a close secret by the leaders of the Lalaltuma totemic clan, in spite of the fact that Lalaltuma was one of the great inkura grounds of the Western Aranda. The outside traditions, on the other hand, which linked Lalaltuma with the other great tjilpa centres south in the
Loritja area and north in the Unmatjera area, were well known among the initiated men of the district. They were recorded by my father (A.&L.St., I, I, pp. 51-5, and ibid. III, I, pp. 25-9); Spencer and Gillen also allude briefly to them (The Arunta, vol. I, p. 374). But the central tradition which related to the pmara kutata and the ilpintja songs remained a closely-guarded secret till recent years. Dr. Roheim in 1929 obtained some knowledge of the ilpintja verses, and Dr. E. Harold Davies about the same time managed to record one or two of these verses from a Kukatja singer (Wapiti of Merini). The last chief of the Ltalaltuma totemic clan, Ltalaltumarinja, had died at Hermannsburg in 1926. He had not been one of my father’s regular informants, and consequently his special traditions had remained unrecorded. My own information reached me in 1933 from old Tekua, who had been one of the kutunula of the Ltalaltuma clan leaders. According to Tekua, both the pmara kutata verses and the ilpintja verses had been kept a close secret from all outsiders and also from the younger initiates of the tjilpa clan, lest these men, by singing the charm verses indiscriminately, should turn all women in the country into wantons:

“These verses were ever kept separate, for old men only, lest the young, men should utterly seduce all the women.”

I shall here omit most of the brief myth relating to the pmara kutata, and direct my attention mainly on matters relating to love magic.

The Song of Kulurba at the pmara kutata of Ltalaltuma

“At Ltalaltuma ever from the beginning there lived Kulurba, sprung from the pmara kutata. This ancestor never roamed about. He had a large number of women. He also had a large number of ilfara.”

1. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

“Fringed with reeds ever shall be the rock-plate.
Covered with blood ever shall be the rock-plate.”

2. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

The centre of the pool of blood is quivering.
The body of the tnatantja pole is quivering.

Kulurba’s tnatantja pole is standing in the centre of the pool of blood mentioned in the first verse.

“The women who had sprung from the pmara kutata a little down-stream could, from their own home, see this tnatantja trembling violently in the distance, shining like a flash of lightning, and quivering in the very centre of the pool. These women were crested rock pigeon
they were sitting on the river banks all around him. From Uralbmina it was also visible, from Tnorula it was also visible.”

Tnorula is about 16 miles from Ltalaltuma, and Uralbmina is a number of miles further still. Uralbmina was a famous alknarintja centre on the border of the Western Aranda and Kukatja areas. Its Song is composed in the Kukatja language, with a admixture of a few Aranda words.

3. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

The lerakuntja pigeons are calling out to each other
Crying ceaselessly, they are calling out to each other.

4. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

The crested rock pigeons are cooing to each other
Crying ceaselessly, they are calling out to each other.

5. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

The crested rock pigeons
Are cooing plaintively.

6. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

The dwellers in ti-tree thickets!
The dwellers among tall ti-tree bushes!

7. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

Without a wink she is watching
With moveless stare she is watching.

8. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

His penis is shouting a summons,
His male member is shouting a summons.

9. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

In limp disorder they are straggling about,
Those bushy-tailed ones!

“On the sudden change from human to animal terminology - Kulurba’s sons are here described as native cats - see above, p. 116A.189.

10. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

The rotund-bodied sire is sitting without a move,
Deep in thought he is sitting without a move.

“Rotund-bodied” may sound a slightly disrespectful epithet to us; but in Central Australia life was so hard that normally only men of great importance were able to win sufficient food at all times to maintain their corpulence. Hence a healthy, well-fed body - even if it did sport what
Ben Jonson calls a mountain-belly was once regarded as being among the marks of a man of substance and high standing. Important and successful citizens in all ages and countries have been noted not only for their material possessions and their ability, but also for their generous girth. In Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, the melancholy Jacques gives an account of the Seven Ages of Man, with the middle-aged Justice appearing in the guise of the man who has been blessed with success in his doings:

And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modem instances;
And so he plays his part. (*As You Like It*, Act 11, scene 7.)

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11. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Sire Kulurba yonder is sitting without a move; 
Rotund of body he is sitting without a move.

12. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

The rotund-bodied sire is sitting without a move; 
Gleaming brightly he is sitting without a move.

13. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Light as the day he is sitting without a move, -
Gleaming brightly he is sitting without a move.

14. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Light as the day he is sitting without a move,
Fire-red like the moon he is sitting without a move. 

"Kulurba is fiery or "fire-red like the moon", because his red-ochred body is gleaming a bright crimson day and night. It will be remembered that the Kwalba ancestor of Tera "burned a fiery yellow", because he had used yellow ochre on his body.

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15. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Hairstring necklaces he fits around his throat,
One upon the other he fits them around his throat.

16. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Armed with a firebrand, he is sitting without a move;
With his body towering into the air, he is sitting without a move.

17. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Over at that very spot he is standing and swinging it;
The great sire is standing and swinging it.

18. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Twisted reed thongs are holding them fast forever;
An intertwined network of roots is holding them fast forever.
By means of his charm verses, sung while he swings his firebrands and bull-roarers, Kulurba holds his women fast as though he had wound thongs made from reeds around their throats, and as though he had sent out a whole network of imprisoning roots which had wrapped themselves around these women: "He grips his woman by the throat, so that she shall not go to another man: she is to belong wholly to him who has gripped her with his spells."

19. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Twisted reed thongs are holding them fast forever, -
By their throats he is holding them fast forever.

The word (a)rantja in Aranda means both "throat" and "desire"; and according to Aranda beliefs, the throat is the seat of passion and desire. In this particular Song the -r- of (a)rantja is changed into a -w-. According to the prose gloss, so strong is the grip that Kulurba has on the throats and desires of his alknarintja women, that they will refuse the advances of all other suitors. "The alknarintja thinks [i.e., when listening to another man's suit/suit]: 'I don't want you at all; my man over yonder, - he alone is to set me free from his spell[s]."

20. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Intertwined fig roots are holding them fast forever, -
By their throats they are holding them fast forever.

The intertwined lacework of roots, by means of which the native fig trees obtain a firm grip on the huge boulders among which they are normally found growing, is a very familiar sight in the Central Australian mountains.

21. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

An intertwined network of ti-tree roots is holding them fast forever, -
By their throats it is holding them fast forever.

Twin-leafed eucalypts will grow on their heads, -
A wilderness of twin-leafed eucalypts will grow on their heads.

Lalba here means the gamophyllous eucalypt which grows plentifully on the sandhills in the Western Aranda area. Like the ti-tree bushes of the preceding verse, these eucalypts are well-known for their far-spreading roots. According to verse 22, Kulurba's spells grip the charmed woman and hold her in one place, just as though she were a piece of ground over which had been spread a network of these eucalypt roots.

23. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Stretching their legs out they will be sitting.

At first sight this verse looks defective. There are, however, several other single-line verses in this Song (24, 25, 26, 27b, 28); and it is thus more probable that these verses have always...
consisted of one line only than that my informant was suffering from the defective memory of old age.

24. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
Over the hard ground he stamps with high-raised knees.

25. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
They are rustling loudly, -
The gum-leaves are rustling loudly.  
Kulurba is wearing sprigs of gum-leaves fastened to his ankles; and when he stamps over the rocks and the hard ground, these leaves rustle loudly.

26. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
Of the hairstring bands, to be sure,
He is untying, the knots.  
On the purpose of this verse, see below, p. 575

27a. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
Over at that very spot he is standing and swinging it;
The great sire is standing and swinging it.

b. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
Their heels are giving deep calls,
They are giving deep calls.  
According to the prose gloss, the deep notes given out by these women do not come from their heels but from their vaginas: they are touching their vaginas with their heels while they are sitting on the ground with their legs crossed. Just as the penis of Kulurba shouted a loud summons (v.8), so here the female organs utter low-pitched answering notes (27b, 28).

28. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
The fertile wombs are giving deep calls,
they are giving deep calls.

29. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
With shimmering forehead he is sitting without a stir,
The rotund-bodied sire is sitting without a stir.

30. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
The rotund-bodied sire is sitting without a move,
Like a fierce-burning fire he is sitting without a move.
31. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

The rotund-bodied sire is sitting without a move, -
Like a spark-showering fire he is sitting without a move.

32. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

In the deepest lakes of their bodies they are churning with passion, -
In the depths of their fertile wombs they are churning with passion.

Pmobuntja normally means 'serpent lake', i.e. a pool of water so deep and inexhaustible that it is a fit home for a mythical water serpent. Here the deepest recesses of the female body are envisaged. These, according to the native view, are the fountains of inexhaustible fluids, which pour from them during menstruation and on occasions of sexual excitement. Originally, too, *pmobuntja in these verses no doubt hinted at the fact that the tremendous organs of such mythical ancestors as Kulurba and Malbanka needed correspondingly vast and deep female organs to receive and to satisfy them. Such women, with their passions aroused, resembled "serpent lakes" stirred up by a storm.

33. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

In the fountains of their secretions their chalices of nectar they are churning with passion, -
In their innermost fastnesses they are churning with passion.

Pmoara is the ordinary Aranda term for the sweet honey-like fluid (nectar) produced by the blossoms of the Central Australian honeysuckle trees. It is used here to denote the secretions of the female internal organs.

34. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

In the fountains of their secretions their chalices of nectar they are churning, -
In the deepest lakes of their bodies they are churning with passion.

35. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

In the fountains of their secretions their chalices of nectar let them shiver violently!
Let their very navels shiver violently!

To a white reader, "navels" may sound like an anticlimax. In Aranda ears, however, the word *tjaluputjala has important overtones. Tjaluputjala not merely means 'navel': it is used normally also in many cases where we might speak of the 'centre' or 'heart' of an object. Perhaps the second line of verse 35 would convey its native overtones better if "hearts" were substituted for "navels". Tjaluputjala has the force of the Greek οὐράσεις rather than of the English "navel".

36. [Sacred Aranda men's song]
Soil soaked with blood!
Soil fissured with cracks!

The "blood-soaked soil fissured with cracks" of verse 36 is identical with the blood-covered rock-plates of verses 1 and 2. Soil that has been soaked with blood normally shows a surface fissured by cracks after the blood has dried. The rocky creek bed at Ltalaltuma is a mass of cracks.

37. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

Rigid like a boulder he is sitting without a move, -
Sire Kulurba yonder is sitting without a move.

Some interesting parallels to the erotic imagery employed in the Kulurba Song may be found in a very frank, poetic song cycle entitled This is My Beloved by the modern American poet Walter Benton. Printed in 1948 this cycle is intended to convey the love-praises of a young man to his sweetheart. In addressing her he makes such statements as the following:

............... My senses rhymed with your senses and our bodies made music and gave light...
as all things absolute. (P.41: Compare this with verses 8, 27b, and 28 of the Kulurba Song.)

Or -

........ Your thighs will light my room with moonlight... (P.36. Compare and contrast with this statement verses 13 and 14 of the Kulurba Song, where it is the man's body that gleams like the moon, also verses 85 and 86a of the Kwalba Song above; see also footnote p. 368, below)

And again -

My body grew to fit your body -
and the opened blossoms of you were flaming, full.... and making honey.
(P.13; and compare Kulurba Song verses 33, 34, 35; also verses 9a, 9b, and 12 of the Malbanka Song below.)

Kulurba was not the only successful lover at Ltalaltuma. The tjilpa sire Malbanka, who had come from the country far to the south of the Krichauff Ranges accompanied by a huge horde of sons, paused on the top of the northernmost of these ranges before descending to the springs in the river bed a few miles downstream. Apparently Malbanka respected the wives of Kulurba, who in any case had wisely protected his women against the intentions of passing strangers by means of his spells. But Malbanka saw many other pigeon women in the Ltalaltuma precincts. Some of these he charmed with his spells, and then had intercourse with them.

He [Malbunka] spies many women from the top of the mountain height. He sends forth his penis, which keeps on travelling underneath the ground. " The penis keeps on travelling till

... it travelled underground for a distance of several miles.

It reaches a virgin; for he had seen that the flies were entering into this virgina... The penis now penetrates her, it

" Being a virgin, she is clearly not one of Kulurba's wives. The reference to flies is only too realistic. Flies are an unbelievably dreadful plague in Central Australia. Any opening of the
body which oozes forth moisture, such as the eyes, the nose, and other parts are attacked mercilessly by these pests. The swarming flies in this case indicated to Malbanka that the girl was in a state of sexual excitement.

enters into her vagina, it has intercourse with her. The girl was sitting in the main women’s camp: these women were crested rock pigeons, blue pigeons, and lerakuntja pigeons; they were sitting on the creek banks all around him. Finally the penis withdraws once more and turns back home. The great sire now sings spells over the women, so that they will break into trembling, so that their bodies will become excited.... He keeps on singing over them, he sings his ilpintja love charms. He now takes up his position at Renirirta, near the deep pool, upstream from Lalaltuma. He sings his charms ceaselessly, he draws women to his side in flocks.

Also called Aranerirta, a water hole well to the south of the springs.

The Ilpintja Song of Malbanka at Lalaltuma

1. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
   The creek sand will crunch loudly, -
   At Aranerirta it will crunch loudly.

2. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
   One on top of the other he is putting them down, -
   In large heaps he is putting them down.

3. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
   One on top of the other he is putting them down, -
   In large heaps he is putting them down.

4. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
   Broad headbands he is putting down, -
   One on top of the other he is putting them down.

5. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
   The broad one will crunch loudly, -
   In his wake it will crunch loudly.

An utterly cryptic verse. It almost certainly forms a pair with verse 1, on whose pattern it has been clearly modelled; and the interpretation might possibly be "the broad creek at Renirirta will crunch loudly, - it will crunch loudly as Malbanka and his horde are passing over it." Tekua, however, maintained that mba lera lera referred to a broad headband, and that topatnua (= behind, in the rear) meant a headband which had been...
knotted at the back of the head, or which was lying with its underside uppermost. While this would be feasible, I know of no other instances of which *arankatnana* being has been used in the sense of "to lie stretched out". Tekua thought so, but it seems more than doubtful. If Tekua's information could be relied upon, verse 5 would mean

Broad *headbands* will be lying stretched out, -
B acks uppermost, they will be lying stretched out.

According to C. Strehlow's *Western Aranda* dictionary *toppatnoa* means "very many" in Western Aranda; but even this does not get over the difficulty of *arankanitjina*.

6. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"An underground hollow lies open before me,
An underground pathway lies open before me."

7. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

"Deep down in their rock plates let them quiver violently!"  

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"Rockplates" (taranta)? "Rock plates" (*taranta*) is here used as a substitute word for 'wombs', just as the pools of water in the next verse [*the "serpent lakes" (*pmobuntja*) signify the vaginal (*pmobuntja*) have reference to the uterine secretions of the alknarintja women.

8. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

In the deepest *rock lakes* of their bodies he causes them to throb passionately;
In their very navels he causes them to throb passionately.

9a. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

In the fountains of their secretions *their chalices of nectar* he causes them to throb passionately;
In their very navels he causes them to throb passionately.

b. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

In fountains of their secretions *their chalices of nectar* they are churning with passion;
In the deepest *rock lakes* of their bodies they are churning with passion.

10. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Huge of body is the sire, -
Yes, huge of body!

11. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

Glowing with pride let him be, -
Like a towering flash of lightning!

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*According to the accompanying prose gloss, the *pigeon* women see Malbanka "shining like lightning, standing erect like a thunderbolt."

12. [Sacred Aranda men's song]

At the sight of his firebrand they are churning with passion, -
In fountains of their secretions their chalices of nectar they are churning with passion.

“... I am, convinced that the firebrand swung by Malbanka symbolizes his erect penis; but I prefer to postpone a detailed examination of the symbolism evident in this and other tjilpa songs to a future book dealing with native myths.

13. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
The swung torch grips them relentlessly, The flaming tongues grip them relentlessly.

14. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
The bull roarer gathers them in flocks, The great sire gathers them in flocks.

15. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
Under foreign skies it gathers them in flocks.- The bull roarer gathers them in flocks.

The bull roarer has the power to summon even women who are living such great distances away that they are residing, as it were, under foreign skies. The natives tend to look upon the sky above their own tribal sub-group area as their own personal sky: see pages 248-407 above on this point.

16. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
A blaze of red he sits without moving; The rotund-bodied sire sits without moving.

I have altered the usual translation of anitnopetnama in this group of verses from ‘is sitting without altering his position on the ground; because in verse 19 he is clearly using his arms to swing the firebrand lustily.

17. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
Fiery like the sand dunes he sits without moving. - The rotund-bodied sire sits without moving.

18. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
Fiery like the sand dunes he sits without moving. - Bedecked with plumes he sits without moving.

19. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
A firebrand in his hand, he sits without moving. - Spinning the torch, he sits without moving.

20. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]
His life-blood is quivering.
Flashing like lightning, it is quivering.  

Malbanka, like Kulurba, spilled his own blood freely for the benefit of his jingalilara sons, as the accompanying myth explains.

21. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

His life-blood is quivering; The bunched plumes on his pole are quivering.

22. [Sacred Aranda men’s song]

The trunk of his tnatantja is quivering; The bunched plumes on his pole are quivering.

The love-charms sung by Kulurba and by Malbanka respectively are not identical in purpose. Kulurba is a married ancestor with a large harem of wives, over whom he keeps jealous watch. According to Tekua, verses 18 - 23 of Kulurba’s Song were chanted by married men who wished to guard against cuckoldry: "A woman is strengthened by singing them, so that she will desire her husband alone at the place where she is.” A married woman can be released from such a charm by her husband alone; and verse 26 can be used for this purpose: “With this verse Kulurba releases his alknarintja woman; with it a man sets at liberty his wife, should he sing it.” Kulurba used a further verse, which could both stop excessive bleeding during menstruation and act as a contraceptive. This verse was the following:

[Sacred Aranda men’s song]

The womb is shut - Yes, the fertile womb And the navel.

The navel is one of the points through which the natives believe that children make their entry when the ancestor hurst his life-giving bull roakers at married women. Aranda Traditions (p.87) gives the hips as the main point of entry, but the navel is another: the actual place, in the eyes of the natives, would be the exact spot where the first stabbing pains of pregnancy had been experienced by the future mother.

It was used by Western Aranda married men as follows:

This verse shuts up and closes the womb, so that no blood can escape from it. When his wife is sleeping, the husband charms his finger with this verse and touches her navel while she is asleep: he staunches completely the blood which is issuing, and closes up her special woman’s nook.

i.e. he puts the index finger of his right hand before his open lips and sings upon it.

When the children become numerous, the husband in the very same way
When the children become numerous, the husband in the very same way closes up her womb, so that the woman cannot bear any further children.

Malbanka, on the other hand, was a travelling ancestor, who charmed the women in order to enjoy their love before he continued on his further journey. Having gratified his passion, he left these women behind him. According to Tekua, the singing of Malbanka’s charm verses exerted a particularly violent stimulus upon the passions of women:

An underground hollow lies open before me, - An underground pathway lies open before me. (verse 6):

This verse strikes women in their bodies like a thunderbolt, so that they begin to tremble.

Deep down in their rock plates let them quiver violently! (v.7):

Their bodies tremble within in response to the particular man who had charmed them.

In the deepest nooklakes of their bodies he causes them to throb passionately;
In their very navels he causes them to throb passionately. (v.8):

This verse makes them lose all sense of modesty.

In the fountains of their secretions their chalices of nectar he causes them to throb passionately;
In their very navels he causes them to throb passionately. (v.9a):

This verse shatters them completely.

In the fountains of their secretions their chalices of nectar they are churning with passion;
In the deepest nooklakes of their bodies they are churning with passion. (v. 9b):

This verse causes the womb to revolve with throbbing movements.
The woman grasps the man by his wrist, - "Come, my man, let us go; for you have upset my body utterly."

The group of verses in the Malbanka Song which relate to his torch (i.e. verses 12, 13, 19) were believed to have the following magical effect if chanted by a man who was swinging a blazing firebrand:

The woman sees this firebrand while she is asleep. She grasps it in her sleep, and the firebrand enters into her through her navel. The woman thinks - "Whatever has come to me? Whatever has entered into my body? Whatever has struck me like lightning?" She can think only of one man when she rises - "O, that is the man who has sung charms over me!" Upon thinking about it, she also proceeds to weep. Soon she departs and goes to lie with that man.

The two sets of love-charms associated with the pma ra kutata of Lalaltuma reveal just as clearly as does a study of the social institutions of the Aranda that the old problems of love and marriages between men and women had not found their ideal solution even in a community which based its marriages on a cold, calm, and clear class systems, and ignored officially the personal emotions and preferences of the men and women who were to be mated according to the old tribal precepts. The welfare of the family was excellently safeguarded under the old system. No woman remained unmarried, and no children ever lacked fathers or foster fathers who had to protect them till they reached the age of maturity. Also every male eventually got his opportunity of marrying, and in his later life he might even have more than one wife, if he had risen by his own merits to a position of dignity and
importance in his own community. The upbringing of the children, again, was not an unduly burdensome task until the coming of the whites; for the class-system provided all children with many mothers, - that is, with women termed 'mothers', who were blood or class sisters of their real mother. Such class-mothers had definite social responsibilities towards these children.

But marriage is always much more than a correct business partnership between a man and a woman for the purposes of satisfying their sexual urges and for rearing the children which result from such a satisfaction. The function of sex in animals can be said to aim solely at the perpetuation of the species: there is little tenderness to be found between many of the animals even during the mating act itself. But Man needs also spiritual companionship and probably most men and women, even if only subconsciously, seek not merely sexual partners but spiritual mates. Even in the pre-European days when the ideal of romantic love had not yet found clear articulate expression among our natives, there existed many ill-adjusted and badly-mated couples among them. The tribal code sought to ease the effects of some of its rigid marriage provisions by allowing married people a great deal of sexual licence on the occasions of the major ceremonial gatherings. And at such times sexual orgies were not only permitted but actively encouraged, and men and women could

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* Similar licence used to attend the carnival celebrations of medieval Europe, and much of it has here survived into our own times. medieval, and even of modern Europe.

not only permitted but actively encouraged; and men and women could temporarily associate with impunity even if they came from classes normally strictly forbidden to each other. Wife-lending was another expedient employed to ease the burdens of the tribal marriage code among friends. Again, it is clear from the large number of old native couples who have been married for very long periods that the majority of native men and women found marital happiness under the provisions of the tribal regulations. Indeed, these could not have survived for long otherwise. But insoluble difficulties arose in the case of those individuals who had no hope of winning permanently the partners whom they really wanted more than anything else in the world. If a man loved a girl who belonged to him, he could gain her only at the risk of his life: the pair had to elope and live in exile in the territory of a neighbouring tribe in order to enjoy limited immunity. Even if they were successful in establishing such a residence elsewhere, there remained always the danger that a raiding party from their old home would arrive one day in order to kill them. Even exile is not the worst situation in which a lover can find himself. In all human communities perhaps the most serious emotional problem that can arise is that of unrequited love, - the situation where a man is deeply in love with a woman who does not return his affections, or who, worse still, loves someone else. Women, too, can find themselves in the same plight. Translated into terms of modern European society, this is the problem stated by the German poet Heine:

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30* Ein Jungling liebt ein Madchen, from Buch der Lieder; the translation of this song and the next is that made by T. Brooksbank (Edition Heinemann).

A young man loves a maiden
Who would fain be another's wife;
That other's in love with some other,
And has taken her for life.

The maiden, piqued and angry,
just weds the first good man
Who happens to come across her.
The youth fares as he can.
It is an ancient story, 
Yet one for ever new; 
But he to whom it happens, 
It cleaves his heart in two.

Unrequited love of this kind hurts so deeply because of its essential hopelessness: the only person who could alleviate the pain of love refuses to do so, and frequently even despises the unfortunate lover. The popularity of stories of tragic love in Europe in the days of old probably bears witness to the large number of individuals who failed in these times to gain full emotional satisfaction in their own married lives; and even today, when divorces and re-marriages have been made much easier in many white communities, the mobbing of film actors who are great screen lovers, by crowds of hysterical women, still testifies to the lack of satisfaction which these women have found among the males of their own circles. Many of the European song cycles which deal with love end on a tragic note, and the cry of pain and disillusionment is perhaps the most constant feature of our own love-verse:

My songs, so old and bitter, 
My dreams, so vile and drear, 
Come, bury them for ever, 
What ho! a coffin here!

Much will I lay within it 
Which yet I may not tell. 
The size of Heidelberg's famed tun 
That coffin must excel.

See that a bier be furnished 
Of stout and seasoned pine; 
Let it be longer than the bridge 
At Mainz that spans the Rhine. 
And summon me twelve giants, 
Men of a mightier mould 
Than Christopher the Sainted, 
In Koln's cathedral old.

* Stories based on themes emotional conflict seem to have a wider appeal on audiences than stories of commonplace events in ordinary lives. Saurat, in *Milton, Man and Thinker* (p. 163), has this comment to offer:

Let me hide here in a footnote a sentiment that will be considered by many as blasphemy. In the abstract (leaving aside a perhaps greater power of expression on Shakespeare's part) Milton is a greater poet than Shakespeare on this theme of human nature. For Shakespeare gets his effects at times of crisis and tragedy, when effects grow cheap, whereas Milton reaches his on ordinary themes, common to the whole of mankind in ordinary circumstances not peculiar to haughty aristocrats of the spirit.

This preoccupation with the tragic love motif is certainly true of much European literature.

Let these bear forth the coffin 
And drown it in the sea;
For to so huge a coffin
The grave as huge must be.

Wouldst know wherefore the coffin
Must be so strong and vast?
There all my love and anguish
I'll lay to rest at last.

* Heine's *Die alten, bosen Lieder*, from the same song cycle as the preceding poem.

It might be urged that Heine's mood is essentially modern, and that people who lived in earlier ages, both in Europe and elsewhere, did not experience similar emotional tragedies so freely or so deeply. Available evidence seems to be opposed to this belief. In the European Age of Chivalry and Courtly Love, pain and disappointment were the constant companions of love. In Malory's *Morte D'Arthur* Sir Palomydes complains about his unsuccessfull love for the unhappily-married La Beale Isode as follows (Vinaver's edition, vol.II, P.592):

"A, fayre lady, why love I the? For thou arte fayryst of all othir, and as yet shewydyst thou never love to me nother bounte. Parde, and yet, alas! muste I love the. And I may nat blame the, fayre lady, for myne eyen caused me. And yet to love the I am but a foole, for the beste knyght of the worlde lovyth the and, ye hym agayne, that is Sir Trystram de Lyones. And the falsest knyght and kyng of the worlde is your husbande, and the most cowarde and full of treson is youre lorde kyngge Marke. And alas! so beawteuous a lady and pereles of all othir sholde be matched with the moste vylaunce knyght of the worlde!"

All through his book Malory makes it clear that love cannot be constrained, and that true lovers are generally separated by circumstances over which they have no control. Those who break the marriage code in a desperate attempt to achieve happiness are, however, in the end overtaken by death and disaster. It is no wonder that Sir Dynadan refuses to have anything to do with love:

'God defende me!' seyde Sir Dynadan, 'for the joy of love is to short and the sorrow thereof and what cometh thereof is duras [= hardship] over longe.' (Vinaver's edition, p. 693)

Centuries before Malory pagan Europe recorded many stories of unrequited love and of tragic love among men and women. Nor were the immortals necessarily more fortunate in this regard. My earlier extracts from Norse mythology will have shown, I think, that the gods of Northern Europe were troubled by the pains of love just as much as their human worshippers. They had, however, one additional means of gaining their object - love charms, which forced women to accept their advances.

The Aranda love-charms reveal the same situation. The young men and women of the tribe were married off strictly according to the rules, so that the social stability of the tribe might not be endangered by the inexplicable vagaries of passion; and no notions of anything resembling romantic love were encouraged among youths and maidens. But many of the older men felt in need of a deeper, richer emotional satisfaction than they had known in their younger days. They realized that a woman who had submitted her body in intercourse did not necessarily entertain any affectionate feelings towards the man who had conquered her. The totemic ancestors who figure in the Aranda love-charms clearly express not merely the physical passion of men for women, but also the male desire for full and indisputed possession of a woman's love without fear of rivalry. Antjiroba, Malbanka, and Kulurba wish to bind not only the bodies but also the affections and desires of their women to themselves with unbreakable bonds, so that these women will refuse the advances of all other suitors of their own accord. Clearly the older Aranda man, who had at last achieved a girl wife, could not be sure of her affections or her loyalty. Again, the woman whom he really wanted more than anyone else might already belong to another man; she might not even care for him in the slightest. If that were true, what was the use of his being an honoured man of importance in his community? To many people love in its various senses is worth more than all the material possessions that can be encompassed, and the sexual drive is one of the stronger than many of the other drives that urge man to action. Hence among the greatest treasures of middle-aged men were their love-
charms, which they so carefully hid away from the younger generation of males, since the latter were already sufficiently dangerous rivals where young women were concerned because of the mutual attraction of youth. To repeat the words of Tekua: "These verses were ever kept separate, for old men only; lest the younger men should utterly seduce all the women." The middle-aged man, who wanted to win the love of an unwilling woman, chanted the ilpintja verses left behind by Malbanka; the married man, racked by doubts about the affections of his wife, tried to link her closely to himself with the verses bequeathed to him by Kulurba. The difference between us modern Europeans and the primitive peoples of earlier times does not, then, lie in the fact that Primitive Man did not know what love was. Nor is it true to say that we, who have been "misled" by too many foolish ideas about romantic love, have only ourselves to blame for the disappointment that comes to so many people after marriage. Myths and songs reveal that even in ancient times many men had their dream-girls, and that many of them failed to win these dream-girls for their mates. In primitive times disappointed men - and women also - put their faith in love-charms in order to ease the pain of their disappointment. In our own communities individuals who have been unfortunate in love are largely left to nurse their disillusionment. They can become resigned to their fate and adopt a sensible attitude towards love; they can seek relief in divorce and similar social remedies; they can become rebels and flout the established moral code, primitive Man sought his escape in superstition, Modern Man tends to seek refuge in cynicism. In our own century cynicism and disillusionment have been greatly popularized by writers and thinkers.

In this hurly burly of insanity
Your dreams cannot last long,
we are told in a song written by Noel Coward, who goes on to say

In this strange illusion,
Chaos and confusion,
People seem to lose their way.
What is there to strive for,
Love or keep alive for? Say -
Hey, hey, call it a day.
Blues, nothing to win or to lose.
It's getting, me down.
Blues, I've got those weary Twentieth Century Blues. x)

\[x\] From *Cavalcade*, as printed in Noel Coward's *Play Parade*.

But disillusionment and cynicism can never be the final words on the subject of love: it would seem that the human mind is so constituted that it must have some faith in love before it can find happiness and peace. Disillusionment and cynicism bring no comfort to those who have been disappointed in love. Besides, mankind has made progress in its conventional attitudes towards love and marriage since the Stone Age and even the Heroic Age. The Christian ideal of marriage and the modern concept of marriage as a union between two equal partners have superseded in many parts of the world the old idea of the wife's being the personal property of the husband, with which he could do as he pleased. Love-making before marriage in most civilized communities has been raised to a new high level by the recognition of the spiritual factor in that miracle of mutual attraction that brings together a maid and a man, and finally overcomes all doubts that they may have entertained about each other as permanent partners. This new note has been excellently sounded by the Middle High German poet, Gottfried von Strassburg, in his poem Tristan (written about 1210). In the following extract *) of which I have made a literal translation, the change of heart undergone by the two main characters when love begins to dawn upon them, has been set out in these terms:

Nu daz diu maget unde der man,  Now that the maiden and the man,  liso und Tristan,  Isolt and Tristan,  den tranc getrunken beide, sa  Had both drunk the draught, forthwith  was ouch der werlde unmuoze da  The disturber of the world's peace
The difference in tone is unmistakable. Tristan and Isolt, according to the ancient sources followed by the German poet, had been bitter enemies, because Tristan had slain Isolt's uncle in combat. Accidentally they drank a love potion intended for a different purpose, and the magic of this draught turns their hatred into a deep passion for each other. But Gottfried von Strassburg, while following the old tradition relating to the magic draught, has clearly introduced the new concept of the spiritual nature of courtly love: "Frau Minne" is the German variant of Courtly Love. In the above passage nothing is said about the physical charms that attract Tristan and Isolt to each other. Love has become a matter of mutual high regard and esteem for each other, a sharing of joy and of sorrow, a sudden capacity to understand each other's thoughts and appreciate each other's emotions. The lovers later on consummate their passion in physical union, but not until all their doubts and mental reservations have been swept away by the irresistible power of love.

It is the stress laid upon the spiritual quality of love that distinguishes sharply the type of love celebrated in the Stone Age and in the ancient European mythological stories from that elevating and vital force that has received homage from the poets of medieval and modern Europe for the last eight hundred years or so of our history. Since the days of the Troubadours in France, the Minnesanger in Germany, and the Courtly Love poets in England, love has spoken with an infinitely finer and lovelier voice; and the new series raised before her altar have ousted completely the older and crudely realistic charms and descriptive verses that had glorified only the naked sexual urge in its physical aspect. Since the triumphal entry of Courtly Love and Frau Minne in European literature, many of the love poets of the Ancient World have greatly declined in popularity. Ovid, once the master poet of love in Imperial Rome, has frequently been charged with pornography and condemned for his immoral levity in spite of his technical skill and his fine gift of the vivid phrase. To quote one writer (Professor A.S. Wilkins, Roman Literature, p. 106):
[Ovid] issued in three books what has been called "the most demoralizing work ever written, at least in ancient times, by a man of genius." His *Ars Amanti* is a handbook of seduction, written in a strain of absolute heartlessness, and all the more repulsive from its ingenuity. The first two books are addressed to men, the last to women, to teach them how to retain their conquests. The pendant to this work, the *Remedy of Love*, is not less immoral in substance, and is even coarser in tone.

Other critics have been a little kinder to Ovid, and his poetry has managed to please readers over nineteen changing centuries because of its brilliancy and its wit. But undoubtedly Ovid visualizes Amor as a god interested only in the physical side of love: the sole object of love is the sexual act. When passion has become satiated and dulled by frequent satisfaction, new partners in love are required to goad the jaded desires to fresh action. The other Latin poets who sang of love, such as Catullus and Horace lack the coarseness of Ovid; but they, too, often disregard the spiritual aspects of love when picturing the delights of bodily satisfaction. When women refuse to do their pleasure, their "love" is apt to evaporate like the steam raised on overheated summer roads by a passing shower. Malory's Sir Palomydes keeps the unattainable Isode before him as a figure to be worshipped; but Horace, who is otherwise the perfect Roman gentleman, does not think it mean to gloat in verse about the decaying, beauty of a woman who had spurned his amorous advances some years earlier. I am here quoting the free translation of Ode XIII, Book IV of Horace's *Odes* made by Edward Marsh (1941).

The Gods have heard me, Lyce, heard. my prayer!
Lyce, the Gods have heard me! You grow old,
Yet still you would seem fair,
And vainly ply your piteous tricks to hold

Reluctant Cupid with your tipsy singing;
But that new harp-player, the lovely Greek,
Has him already winging
To keep fond watch on her soft spring-time cheek.

For Cupid has no use, ungallant follow,
For last year's Christmas-trees, and flies away
Now that your teeth are yellow,
Your forehead puckered, and your hair gone grey

Under the dye. No Tyrian purple bright
Nor sparkling orient jewels can recall
One day, one vanished night,
Once sealed in Time's unalterable scroll.

Where is the beauty fled? ah Gods above!
The glow, the grace? what have you now of her-
Of her, whose breath was love,
Who stole me from myself? whose only peer

Was that sweet Cynara, lodestar of all eyes,
And to all memories dear; but surly Fate,
Harsh baffler of surmise,
To Cynara gave all too brief a date -

To Lyce, the long, years of an old crow,
That so our lusty youth on mockery bent
Might quiz the sorry show,
The once-bright torch in guttered ashes spent.

I do not want to give the impression, however, that Classical verse does not contain many fine love passages as well. Virgil and Euripides, in particular, at times express sentiments which strike a ready response in the heart of every modern reader; and Catullus has penned some fine love lyrics.
In any case men and women everywhere, even in the days when love poetry in our modern sense was virtually unknown have probably always felt a spiritual as well as a physical attraction towards their partners. Nothing else could explain the risks so willingly undergone by those eloping native couples in Central Australia, who resolutely faced permanent exile from their homes, the loss of all their friends and relatives, and the constant risk of sudden death in order to remain together for the rest of their days: for such a crime as theirs no atonement could be found. Nothing else would explain either the amazing rapidity with which the new accents of fully articulate spiritual love captured European poetry in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. It is an interesting fact that rigid marriage conventions (which served the needs of society rather than those of the individual) have brought into being amatory verse as irreconcilably opposed in tone as the love-charms of the Australian Stone Age and the ultrarefined poetry of Medieval European Courtly Love. The ironclad marriage code of Central Australia forced men to use magic in an attempt to gain the women of their real choice and to prevent their favourite wives from finding other lovers. A similar situation existed in the feudal society of medieval Europe. In the words of C.S. Lewis

\[\text{"Love' in our sense of the word, is as absent from the literature of the Dark Ages as from that of classical antiquity." C.S. Lewis, The Allegory of Love, p. 9.}\]

Marriages had nothing to do with love, and no 'nonsense' about marriage was tolerated. All matches were matches of interest, and, worse still, of an interest that was continually changing. When the alliance which had answered would answer no longer, the husband's object was to get rid of the lady as quickly as possible. Marriages were frequently dissolved. The same woman who was the lady and 'the dearest dread' of her vassals was often little better than a piece of property to her husband. He was master in his own house. So far from being a natural channel for the new kind of love [i.e. Courtly Love], marriage was rather the drab background against which that love stood out in all the contrast of its new tenderness and delicacy. The situation is indeed a very simple one, and not peculiar to the Middle Ages. Any idealization of sexual love, in a society where marriage is purely utilitarian, must begin by being an idealization of adultery. Medieval marriages, in short, served the ends of feudal society; and husbands and wives who were unsuited to one another only too frequently had to seek their real emotional satisfaction elsewhere. The men, because of their high standing in the community, had few difficulties in winning willing sweethearts elsewhere. Macduff explains the medieval attitude on this point to Malcolm as follows (Macbeth, Act IV, scene 3):

\[\text{...Fear not yet To take upon you what is yours: you may Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty, And yet seem cold, the time you may so hoodwink. We have willing dames enough; there cannot be That vulture in you, to devour so many As will to greatness dedicate themselves, Finding it so inclined.}\]

The ladies earlier had not been so fortunate. And then all at once the poetry of Courtly Love appeared in France, "quite suddenly at the end of the eleventh century in Languedoc" (C.S. Lewis, op. cit. p. 2). It is easy to imagine the delight with which love-starved ladies of noble birth listened to poems which depicted the homage paid by courteous aristocratic lovers to married women of high estate. The lovers in these poems spoke a language to which a highborn lady could listen without any loss of modesty. Even should she yield to the imploring of her suitor, she felt that she would not lose her dignity. Lewis sums up the characteristics of Troubadour poetry as follows (p. 2):

\[\text{\ldots}\]
The sentiment...is love of a highly specialized sort, whose characteristics may be enumerated as Humility, Courtesy, Adultery, and the Religion of Love. The lover is always abject. Obedience to his lady's lightest wish, however whimsical, and silent acquiescence in her rebukes, however unjust, are the only virtues he dares to claim. There is a service of love closely modelled on the service which a feudal vassal owes to his lord. The lover is the lady's 'man'. He addresses her as midons, which etymologically represents not 'my lady' but 'my lord'. The whole attitude has been rightly described as 'a feudalisation of love'... Yet this love, though neither playful nor licentious in its expression, is always what the nineteenth century called 'dishonourable' love. The poet normally addresses another man's wife, and the situation is so carelessly accepted that he seldom concerns himself much with her husband: his real enemy is the rival. But if he is ethically careless, he is no light-hearted gallant: his love is represented as a despairing and tragic emotion - or almost despairing, for he is saved from complete wanhope by his faith in the God of Love who never betrays his faithful worshippers and who can subjugate the cruellest beauties.

Though the Courtly Love convention refused to admit that love and marriage could ever be reconciled, our own ideal of romantic love in the long run has been derived from the love songs of the Troubadours. They taught the new doctrine that woman was an equal partner in love; and while every man had the right to pay court to the woman he loved, the woman had the right to refuse to reward his loyalty if she felt so inclined. Woman granted herself and her love to man only when she herself wished it: to bestow her love was woman's highest privilege, not her duty. Without the language which these singers of courtly love first coined, without their concepts of romance and of reverence for women, without their 'idealizing imagination exercised about sex' (Lewis), modern Romantic Love could not have been born. Instead of being shocked by the crudeness of the sexuality of other peoples, we would do well to reflect how very recently our own modern European attitude towards love as an ennobling passion has come into being, and to what circumstances it owes its birth. In the words of Lewis (op. cit., p.3):

It seems to us natural that love should be the commonest theme of serious imaginative literature: but a glance at classical antiquity or at the Dark Ages at once shows us that what we took for 'nature' is really a special state of affairs, which will probably have an end, and which certainly had a beginning in the eleventh-century Provence. It seems - or it seemed to us till lately - a natural thing that love (under certain conditions) should be regarded as a noble and ennobling passion: it is only if we imagine ourselves trying to explain this doctrine to Aristotle, Virgil, St. Paul, or the author of Beowulf, that we become aware how far from natural it is. Even our code of etiquette, with its rule that women always have precedence, is a legacy from courtly love, and is felt to be far from natural in modern Japan or India. Many of the features of this sentiment, as it was known to the Troubadours, have indeed disappeared; but this must not blind us to the fact that the most momentous and the most revolutionary elements in it have made the background of European literature for eight hundred years. French poets in the eleventh century, discovered or invented, or were the first to express, that romantic species of passion which effected a change which has left no corner of our ethics, our imagination, or our daily life untouched, and they erected impassable barriers between us and the classical past or the Oriental present. Compared with this revolution the Renaissance is a mere ripple on the surface of literature.

It seems most unlikely that the spiritual aspects of sexual love, once discovered, can ever be forgotten, even if our specialized form of romantic love should in times to come be superseded by another love convention. Its roots have penetrated too far into our civilization; and new conventions invariably embody in them many elements of the old discarded conventions. Above all, the discovery of the spiritual aspects sexual love fulfilled a deep human need. The poets of England, Germany and Italy rapidly took up the new note of song from the French; but in each case they adapted it to their own national temperament and made it their own. Malory's pairs of courtly lovers - Lancelot and Guenevere, Tristram and Iseult - are medieval English knights and ladies. In Dante and Petrarch the final note of renunciation gives a new ending to the old theme; and in Dante's love for Beatrice courtly love is even reconciled with Christian morality. The German Frauentienst (service of the ladies) again differs considerably from the French lovers' service described earlier.

We have seen how the Provencal lyric at an early stage found
its way to Germany, and how its form and general character were taken over by the German singers. In the transference, however, it underwent a change. The Minnelied becomes less concrete and less formal in German hands; neither the lady's name nor the poet's is ever mentioned; the circumstances of the attachment are ignored, and the emotions are the main contents of the poem. The German clearly took his love more seriously than his Provencal model: it is often a very real passion, which, spiritualised and sentimentalised, ultimately became religious adoration of the loved woman, and infused the poet's whole moral outlook:

Swer guotes wibes minne hat,
der schamt sich aller missetat.  

This may be translated as
He who enjoys the love of a good lady
Is ashamed to do anything that is wrong. (Walther von der Vogelweide)

Thus "Minne", a word much more comprehensive in its implications and obligations than the modern "Liebe", became an idealised attachment to the other sex akin to that triuwe [= allegiance or loyalty] which, as we have seen, was the supreme virtue which vassal could show his liege lord. The German Minnesang had foreign models, but, owing mainly to the difference between the German and Latin attitude to women, it became a national form of poetry in a more distinctive degree than the Court epic. This "religious adoration of the loved woman" did not, of course, preclude intimate relations with her. The physical charms of the beloved woman were, however, idealized and glamorized.

Owe, sol aber mir iemier me
geilihnten dur die naht
noch vitzer danne ein sne
ir lip vil wol geslaht?
der trouc diu ougen min
ich wande, ez solde sin
des liehten manen schin.
do tagete ez.

(Alas! Shall I ever see again
Gleaming through the night
Far whiter than the snow
Her body beauteous of form?
It deceived these eyes of mine.
I weened it were
The brightness of the shining moon:
Then broke the day.)

This is a stanza from the Tagelied of Heinrich von Morungen, another of the Middle High German poets. There is an interesting similarity between the descriptions contained in this stanza and some of the couplets in the Kulurba Song. The German poet sees the body of his lady

Gleaming through the night
Far whiter than the snow....
I weened it were
The brightness of the shining moon.

The Aranda verses describe Kulurba's body as giving off a reddish gleam, like soft moonlight, which can be seen by his women many miles away:

Light as the day he is sitting without a move, -
Gleaming brightly he is sitting without a move.

Light as the day he is sitting without a move, -
Fire-red like the moon he is sitting without a move.
The idea itself is found also in the Skirnismol (above, p. 555) where Freyr's first glimpse of the beautiful Gerth is described in these lines:

Her arm glittered, and from their gleam
Shone all the sea and sky.

The victory of the idea of sexual love as an ennobling passion from which proceeded goodness and virtue, was not achieved without

"Here, for instance, is Chaucer's description of the transformation undergone by Troilus after he had fallen in love with Criseyde:

For he bicom than frendlyeste wight,
The gentileste, and eek the moste free,
The thriftieste and oon the beste knight,
That in his tyme was, or mighte be.
Dede were his japes and his cruellee,
His heighe port and his manere estraunge,
And ech of tho gan for a vertu chaunge. (Troilus and Criseyde, i., 1079-1085.)

the violent opposition of generations of moralists and realists. Even after the once essential element of adultery had been excised from courtly love, and most of its extravagances pruned down till it became our own ideal of romantic love culminating in a marriage based on the free-will of both parties, there remained many critics who did not cease to rail against the very existence of such an idealizing attitude towards sex. Among the intellectual giants who never ceased tilting at romantic love have been such English writers as Swift and Shaw. Swift, in A letter to a very young lady on her marriage wrote:

You have but a very few years to be young and handsome in the eyes of the World; and as few months to be so in the eyes of a Husband, who is not a Fool; for I hope you do not still dream of Charms and Raptures, which Marriage ever did, and ever will, put a sudden end to. Besides yours was a match of Prudence and common Good-liking, without any mixture of that ridiculous Passion which has no Being but in Play-Books and Romances.

A similar hatred for the concept of romantic love was one of Shaw's fiercest obsessions. In his preface to Plays, Pleasant and Unpleasant he wrote:

It is inevitable that actors should suffer more than most of us from the sophistication of their consciousness by romance; and my view of romance as the great heresy to be swept off from art and life - as the food of modern pessimism and the bane of modern self-respect, is far more puzzling to the performers than it is to the pit. It is hard for an actor whose point of honor it is to be a perfect gentleman, to sympathize with an author who regards gentility as a dishonest folly, and gallantry and chivalry as treasonable to women and stultifying to men.

A further outburst occurs in his Preface to Getting Married: (collected edition 1929 p148)

Nothing can well be more unwholesome for everybody than the exaggeration and glorification of an instinctive function which clouds the reason and upsets the judgement more then all the other instincts put together. The process may be pleasant and romantic; but the consequences are not. It would be far better for everyone, as well as for humer, if young people were taught that what they call love is an appetite which, like all other appetites, is destroyed for the moment by its gratification; that no profession, promise, or proposal made under its influence should bind anybody; and that its great natural purpose so completely transcends the personal interests of any individual or even of any ten generations of individuals that it should be held to be an act of prostitution and even a sort of blasphemy to attempt to turn it to account by exacting a personal return for its gratification, whether by process of law or not.
If all men had the emotional natures of Swift and of Shaw, and if all women had been made in the images of Stella and Mrs. Shaw, then the ideals implied in the concept of romantic love could be safely discarded. Gifted with a cold, clear intellectual vision, these writers have seen and described the decline of the "rosy-fingered dawn" of first love into the heat and glare of the dust-laden day of many marriages. But instead of advocating that the dawn should be made as drab as the day, perhaps it would have been better to suggest ways and means of improving the quality of the day, of turning a stifling summer day into a glorious spring afternoon, when it is still a joy to be alive. Among our own natives there were no legal marriage ceremonies of the European type and divorce was merely a matter of the husband's indicating that he no longer wanted his wife. But even among them the average marriage seems to have survived the inevitable quarrels of a joint life. This proves that when two people have been deeply in love, there is no reason why they should not go on esteeming each other and having a permanent affection for each other without being kept together merely by the legal chains of their marriage contract. I have known many dark couples who had not gone through our marriage forms and who never desired to change their partners. I have known also a number of alliances between white men and dark women which went on without danger of disruption from the day they were begun. In these cases the white husband could have legally broken off his relations with the dark woman at any time. While this happened not infrequently, a considerable number of men not only remained loyal to their spouses and their children, but even married them legally when Governmental regulations began to be enforced which prohibited irregular associations between whites and blacks. When a white man, after fourteen and eighteen years of free association, voluntarily incurs the social stigma of marriage with a dark woman instead of taking the easy way out of bowing to the law and getting a different partner for himself, it is, I think, possible to believe that love and affection are able to unite couples permanently, both within and without wedlock as we know it at present. It is even possible that the findings of anthropologists and psychoanalysts will have some influence on the thought and practice of coming generations as regards love and marriage.

Thus the medical authors who compiled *The Encyclopaedia of Sex Practice* hold (pp.27,28) that some of the practices of the so-called primitive peoples have much to recommend them:

Despite his contemptuous treatment of the female sex as a whole, primitive woman is certainly incomparably happier than the woman of the civilized white races for all her emancipation. That is to say, she is happier in one decisive direction: that of sexual satisfaction. By this we mean neither sexual orgies nor the possibility of promiscuity - for many primitive societies enforce strict monogamy. Rather, we mean the fact that the whole of the savage's sexual code of honour - severe to the degree of religious fanaticism - is built around the main commandment to aid woman in the full satisfaction of her sexual desires. The primitive man based this commandment on the realisation of the fact that woman is more difficult to satisfy sexually than man; man's every sexual intercourse culminates in physical satisfaction while woman will frequently remain unsatisfied. The primitives' entire sexual technique, or sexual art, as you will, aims at obtaining full sexual satisfaction for the woman who is otherwise disregarded. The "dissatisfied woman," found in her hundreds in modern fiction, and in her millions in reality, the woman left sexually unsatisfied in consequence of male ignorance or egotism - she does not, and must not, exist among the primitives. Primitive society leads a life of health and harmony, at least sexually, even though it worships crocodiles and knows neither reading nor writing. In contrast, modern society bears the mark of sexual mass misery which is primarily the mass misery of the unsatisfied, frigid, or seemingly frigid woman.

Whether the medical men responsible for writing these paragraphs are correct in their deductions, no one can know for sure. There certainly seems to have been virtually no neurotic aboriginal females in Central Australia before the coming of the whites. In qualification of the statements made in the above quotation it must, however, be pointed out that even complete physical satisfaction cannot compensate entirely for the considerable disregard of the spiritual side of articulate love-making by "Primitive Man". As will be shown at the end of this section, the Australian aboriginal girls of our own days, once introduced to what they regard as white courtship techniques, enjoy these new attentions so much that they soon began to demand greater respectfulness and tenderness from the males of their own race and colour. In any case I have already indicated (p. 559) that in Central Australia magico-religious elements entered into permanent marital relationships.
It is therefore hard to believe that the religious, spiritual, and romantic attitudes which have come to be part of our own marriage arrangements will ever disappear entirely from any new marital patterns that may be evolved by future generations. Among ourselves Church marriages are contracted by thousands of couples who otherwise take little interest in religion. Under the Nazi regime special ceremonies with a mystic flavour were devised in order to compensate staunch party members for the loss of the customary religious sanctions of their unions. In Communist countries, too, the forms of marriage are not left entirely to the whims of the individual.

We know only too well the brutal form in which sexual passion often used to express itself in literature - and in actual practice - before the rise of the idea of Courtly Love; and for us to give up Romantic Love in its entirety would not mean a return to a more natural way of satisfying the human sexual drive. The enjoyment of love does not depend merely on accurate knowledge of the laws of sex physiology and hormone chemistry, or on an intelligent grasp of the complicated psycho-erotic processes laid open by psycho-analysis. Such an understanding could perhaps help the experts to devise better institutions for satisfying and controlling the sexual drive than the world has known so far. But to wipe out the new standards of affection and spiritual values, and to obliterate the possibly irrational veneration of the loved woman completely from proposed new institutions which would subserve merely the needs of society and the state and not those of the individual, would not mean progress at all. A society which disregards the needs of the individual is not only inhuman but subhuman. It is impossible to turn back the clock of time. An advanced community cannot retrace its steps back to the jungle, without sinking below the level of its early forefathers. Such a community will relapse into a morass much deeper than that from which it first emerged, and its last state will be worse than the first. Should we decide to discard all the old standards and ideals completely, we should still be far too sophisticated to return for a second time to that frank, realistic and somewhat brutal attitude towards sex that existed in the Stone Age.

The Central Australian love pattern that emerges from a consideration of the songs in this section represents the meeting of two vital forces, male and female, - the conjunction of the boundless virility of the ancestral sire and the passionate self-surrender of the alknarintja woman. It cannot be too strongly emphasized that such sires as Antjiroba, Malbanka and Kulurba do not rape the women whom they desire. They first rouse them to a fever pitch of passion. Gratification comes to the alknarintja women only after their excitement had become an almost unendurable sensation of pain. Marital intimacy brings both physical pleasure and physical relief.

I doubt whether the aboriginal male has ever been guilty of rape in the sense of forcing a female who was not prepared for the sexual act. There are, many doctors and psychologists who have claimed that the culture-inhibited males in our own midst have frequently failed in their marital duties and violated rather than satisfied the women to whom they had been legally married. Even if there should be some truth in this statement, it is most improbable that this situation would be remedied merely by the dropping of the spiritual and romantic elements from our own love-making. To strip the cherry-blossoms of romantic love-making from our own love practices would only increase the lack of satisfaction among white women, who would feel, not without justice, that they were being desired merely to gratify the animal lusts of the men while their spiritual attributes and graces were being rudely ignored and trampled into the dirt. An interesting commentary on this topic may be found in a modern Russian short story, Without Cherry Blossoms, by the Soviet writer P. Romanof. 31

The author gives a realistic picture of the worsening in the relations between Russian girls and men in the early post-Revolution period, when inadequate ideals were being pushed off their pedestals for a while without being replaced by new and higher ideals. The story is told in the first person by the heroine of the story:

All the girls and our men-comrades behave as if they were afraid of being accused of delicacy and good manners. They deliberately cultivate a coarse and debauched way of talking and slap one another on the hips. And when they refer to sex they make use of the most coarse expressions, the most disgusting street slang.

31 Quoted from Great Russian Short Stories, Benn’s edition.

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63
The most abominable epithets have with us full civic rights. And when some of our girls, I will not say all, a few, feel mortified, something even worse sets in. The rest try to accustom them "to the mother tongue."

Cynicism, the tone of coarse debauch and the trampling underfoot of all fastidiousness alone have success......

This neglect of the beautiful, the pure and the healthy leads to an appalling hooliganism in our intimate relationships. It begets a coarseness, a lack of ceremony, a fear of showing the least human delicacy of feeling or of sensibility or care towards one’s woman friend or any of the girls.

It all comes from the fear of infringing the unwritten moral code.

The heroine of the story instinctively feels the new degradation implicit in such modern love-making without cherry-blossoms. She resents strongly the insult to her own personality in her experiences with a young man who studiously, even fearfully, avoids betraying any signs of affection or tenderness towards her even when she yields to him. The true feminine attitude is so well described here that it deserves quotation in full:

My hands also trembled, and my heart beat so violently it was dark before my eyes. A conflict was raging in my mind, the mood of surrender, the feeling that no one would disturb us, and the mood of protest, engendered by his thievish hurried whispering, his greedy haste and the loss of his calm and self-restraint. He seemed to have only one thing at heart, to succeed before any of his comrades burst in upon him. He showed impatience and irritation at the slightest show of resistance on my part.

We women even in free love cannot look too squarely at the actual FACT. For us the fact is always at the end of the chapter, while at the beginning we are charmed by the man himself, his mind, his talents, his soul, his tenderness. We always begin by desiring something other than physical union. When this other desire has not been satisfied and a woman falls a victim to the momentary impulse of her senses, she experiences a disgust with herself instead of a fullness and happiness. She becomes hostile to the man as towards an accomplice in her fall, as towards a gross being who has forced her to have disagreeable and abominable sensations.

The psychological account here given by the modern Russian writer appears to me to be a much better one than the older cynical explanations of feminine modesty, such as that found in the Elizabethan drama *Sophonisba*, by John Marston (1606). Sophonisba, a Carthaginian princess, discusses the subject with her maid Zanthia in the following terms:

So. I wonder Zanthia, why the custome is
To use such Ceremonie such strict shape
About us women: forsooth the Bride must steale
Before her Lord to bed: and then delaies,
Long expectations, all against knowne wishes.
I hate these figures in locution,
These about phrases forc'd by ceremonie;
We must still seeme to flie what we most seeke
And hide our selves from that we faine would find us.
Let those that thinke and speake and doe just actes
Know forme can give no vertue to their actes
Nor detract vice.

Za. 'las faire Princes, those that are strongly form'd
And truely shapt, may naked walke, but we
We things cal'd women, only made for show
And pleasure, created to beare children
And play at shuttle-coke, we imperfect mixtures
Without respective ceremonie us'd,
And ever complement, alas what are we?
Take from us formall custome and the cureties
Which civill fashion hath still us'd to us,
We fall to all contempt, O women how much,
How much are you beholding to Ceremony!
A great deal of outside European matter has found its way into this discussion of the Central Australian love-charms. As regards love, there is a yawning gulf between the conventional attitudes of the natives and ourselves, - a gulf which explains why they have, as far as I know, no romantic love stories in our modern sense. I have tried to show that the Central Australian attitude was realistic and free from prudery; but it must be admitted that the disregard of the spiritual aspects of love relationships makes native literature seem highly unsatisfactory to most white readers. Since the coming of the whites, and the opening of picture theatres, new ideas about the proper relationships between men and women are beginning to seep through into many of the remaining aboriginal communities in Australia.

It is an interesting fact that wherever this has occurred, the women eagerly seize upon these ideas, and expect to be wooed and won by petting and by gifts, and to be treated as equals by the men. Such a change brings in its train a violent disruption of the old man-made order. It has been accompanied by much laxity and by many of the distressing symptoms characteristic of a disintegrating society. But the old ideas are dying rapidly, - they are, in fact, dead wherever white influence has been strong for a generation or more. Often young native women are only too ready to attach themselves even temporarily to white men in return for food, clothing, and freedom from the old despotism of a dark husband. Economic factors are also undoubtedly strong in influencing female behaviour: some dark women have felt that it was better to be a white man's temporary darling than to remain forever a dark man's slave or his personal property. Consequently, the younger native men too are learning the white techniques. What final native form the new attitudes will take when they have become adapted to the special set of social conditions proper to native society, cannot be ascertained at this stage. One of the best expressions of the present new Australian aboriginal attitudes in many places regarding the relations between the sexes is that contained in a report furnished to the Science Congress in Perth in 1947 by Sister M. Skinner, who had worked on two Western Australian native settlements (Carrolup and Moore River) for two years. She found that the adolescent halfcastes behaved in exactly the same way as did the aboriginals. I agree with her finding and I can attest that the same attitudes are to be found also in Central Australia.

These older than school age girls! These are the greatest problem. In them the sex urge is tremendous... They all know about the matters concerning sex; it is not to them a source of wonder as it would be to girls civilised and sheltered. To have a baby is just natural, to have caught "the disease" [i.e. gonorrhea, a disease unfortunately introduced by the whites] just unfortunate. In most cases the baby is a source of pride, the disease will be cured if one stays in durance vile for a few months. These girls do not know the meaning of shame (that is, in the way we use the word) any more than their aboriginal fore-bears. Yet they are modest, and not one have I known to make me feel ashamed. They are merely not hypocrites, not conversant with our social concepts and have not the slightest desire to possess a husband for keeps [I must disagree with this last statement: it is too sweeping an assertion. T.G.H.S.]. In fact, the basic urge of physical fulfilment is a simple plane that is part of life to them.... At adolescence the half-caste throws back to the aboriginal more than at any time. They are both half-caste and aboriginal, so proud and valiant in their way, so merry and strong and pleased with life, so certain it is their lot to procreate, to make the most of their beautiful structure.

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* Sister Skinner, too, testified that in spite of their sexual freedom even the detribalized natives and halfcastes, unlike many whites, were not indecent according to our notions:

I have had to attend to very "bad-named" young and old men in their most intimate concerns, and never once has one given me any cause for embarrassment. They are never indecent, according to our law, to us, at any rate.

They care for their bodies, bathing and oiling them, dressing their hair, painting their faces, making the best of their clothes. They fall in love with passion, but do not love - except their children. [The last sentence I do not regard as being universally true: I have known too many permanent couples among them. T.G.H.S.]
Our own ideas towards romantic love and the traditional marriage code too, are changing as attempts are being made to fit them to the needs of the new world that is coming into being in our own times.

But whatever ideas and institutions emerge, one thing would seem to be certain: despite all realism and despite all scientific knowledge about the physiology of sex and erotic behaviour, mankind will never again look upon the mutual passion between men and women purely at the physical level. The voice of religion will speak strongly for the enforcement of certain standards of respect, dignity, and permanence. Marital relationships will always be attended and idealized by thoughts about the spiritual excellences of the loved one; desire will be tempered by longing for companionship and understanding. Love will never again lose its second voice, - the voice that has inspired European poets for the last eight hundred years.