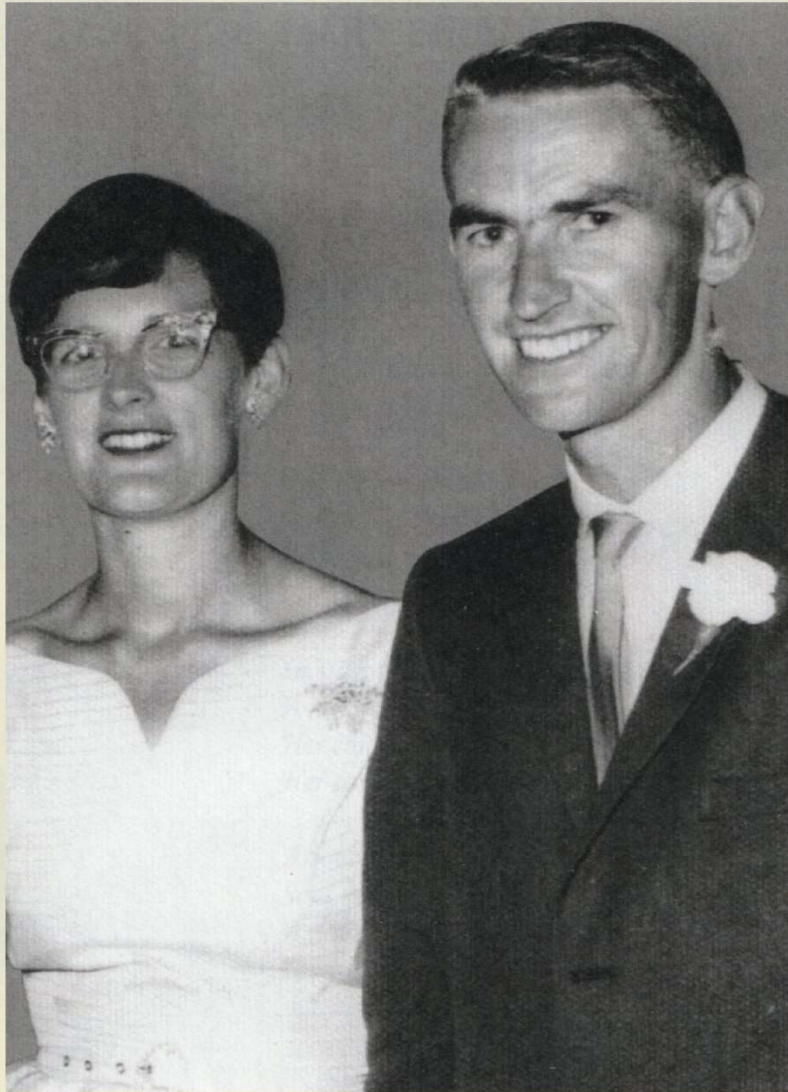


# Cradling for Gold

Mark Smith

**Cradling for Gold**



**28 March 1958  
Fifty Years Syne**

# FOR MY WIFE

## MARY EIRANE

### *My Frangipanni*

*My frangipanni's glory  
Rays brighter than the day  
So plainly dressed in goodness  
Is dignity on display.*

*Yet nobler still the heart  
Refined as if by fire.  
A scottish pride now tempered  
Compassion a true desire.*

*In such faith and courage imaged  
A mother's love is found  
Her children a grateful chorus  
Her song a joyful sound.*

*A touch of regal splendour  
Soul beauty to behold  
An aura of spiritual kindness  
Encircles a heart of gold.*

## INTRODUCTION

The following eight ‘musings’ are dedicated to my eight children. Although the children’s names have been listed in birth order the topics dedicated to each of them are not in any sense targeted at them. The topics I have selected are meant to provide an aperture into my private world - a world to which, I might add, they were all too often denied access. In a sense, these musings are the beginnings of an autobiography of a father they scarcely knew. At least they typify some of the subjects about which he let his mind wander.

The poems to the seventeen grandchildren and one great-grandchild have not been chosen and assigned to a particular child with any purpose in mind. As with the musings, the poems have been selected by me because I like them. In view of the relatively young age of most of my grandchildren I have thought it helpful to write a letter to each of them. Hopefully, the letter will provide sufficient background for each individual to ‘grow into the meaning’ of the poem.

Together, the musings and the poems are a collection of opinions and private thoughts. In a way, it is such private thoughts that I believed I was going to be allowed to express when I went to university! Instead, I found out the ‘hard way’ that I was only entitled to my own opinions after I had examined the opinion of others! I silently resented this attempt to muzzle my own thinking! Indeed, I have always tried to read outside the ‘approved’ texts. The musings and the poems represent opinions of mine, not proofs of anything.

Finally, I need to say a word about my fifty years of marriage. I married a woman who had been married before and had already ‘lost’ a husband. This meant that our relationship was on a special ‘footing’. Such unions do not make it easy to provide general guidelines for more traditionally-based marriages. Notwithstanding, I think some wide generalisations can be attempted:

1. **Allow for Growth in the Marriage.**

Do not assume that you have to keep every ideal fantasy intact for the rest of your married life. Allow your partnership to grow and develop through its various phases.

2. **Share Common Ideals.**  
Marriage can never work if it is self-centred. It is not about ego-gratification, it is about making a mini-community work in harmony and according to sound principles and guidelines.
3. **Try to be Modest and Respectful between Husband and Wife and between Parents and Children.**  
These values are 'caught rather than taught'. Parents should speak kindly to each other and to their children. Social institutions such as churches and clubs can assist parents in the task of inculcating enduring values such as honesty and truth-telling, gratitude and generosity, thrift and goal-setting, respect for the aged, care for the underprivileged, pride in workmanship and respect for oneself and the environment and so on.
4. **Above all: Life is a Journey and Not a Race.**  
Allow your partner sufficient time to fulfil his/her own destiny and, hopefully, you'll both be able to walk down memory lane together!

Love

Granddad







THE MARK AND MARY SMITH  
MANDALA

By  
Hermione Elizabeth Watts

# MUSINGS TO MY CHILDREN

## INTRODUCTION

1. ALISON FRANCES  
The Outsider
2. AMANDA MARY  
Soma, Psyche and Pneuma
3. DAVID LENNOX  
Dragons
4. HERMIONE ELIZABETH  
The True Religion
5. HELEN IRENE KINMONT  
Influential Men in my Life
6. RICHARD FLETCHER KINMONT  
The Moral Order of the Universe and the Starry Skies Above
7. MILTON ENOCH  
Tattoos
8. ROHAN KENNETH JOHN  
Dream Analysis



## POEMS FOR MY GRANDCHILDREN

1. FOR MY GRANDSON, ROHAN JAMES REECE (b. 27 July 1981)  
Evening View From Greenwich Point
2. FOR MY GRANDDAUGHTER, MIFANWY MARY REECE  
(b. 22 February 1983)  
When All The Rivers Run
3. FOR MY GRANDDAUGHTER, AMELIA ISLA REECE  
(b. 22 May 1985)  
Australian Natives
4. FOR MY GRANDDAUGHTER, SAVANNAH LOUISE SMITH  
(b. 27 November 1990)  
Standley Chasm
5. FOR MY GRANDSON, LACHLAN KERRY OLIVER SMITH  
(b. 4 July 1992)  
Shades of Stuart Town
6. FOR MY GRANDDAUGHTER, LARA AMANDA WATTS  
(b. 19 January 1994)  
Darwin to Canberra and Return
7. FOR MY GRANDSON, KELWYN JOHN NOEL DUNNINGHAM  
(b. 11 October 1994)  
Song of a Patriot
8. FOR MY GRANDSON, GALEN BRYN DUNNINGHAM  
(b. 22 February 1996)  
The Tree at "Bugadah"
9. FOR MY GRANDDAUGHTER, ADRIANA BROOKE SMITH  
(b. 7 March 1996)  
On the Path of The Ecliptic
10. FOR MY GRANDDAUGHTER, BIANCA RHIANNON SMITH  
(b. 7 March 1996)  
XPT Departing Canberra 7.45 am  
Arriving Sydney 11.15 am
11. FOR MY GRANDDAUGHTER, ALESSIA ANNE ALLFREE  
(b. 13 July 1997)  
Kakadu - Spirit of Wilderness
12. FOR MY GRANDDAUGHTER, SHANNON MIRANDA WATTS  
(b. 14 July 1997)  
John Smith From Stoney Creek
13. FOR MY GRANDDAUGHTER, RYLEIGH KINMONT ALLFREE  
(b. 7 February 1999)  
"Pray for Muiredach Who Raised This Cross"

14. FOR MY GRANDDAUGHTER, COSIMA HERMIONE DUNNINGHAM  
(b. 16 October 1999)  
The Spirit of Burruga
15. FOR MY GRANDDAUGHTER, GEORGINA SHAKUNTALA MARY  
SMITH (b. 2 June 2001)  
An Oriental View
16. FOR MY GRANDSON, RICHARD WILLIAM KINMONT SMITH  
(b. 7 January 2003)  
The Museum at Gulgong
17. FOR MY GRANDSON, FLETCHER JOHN THOMAS SMITH  
(b. 7 January 2005)  
Requiem at Kanchanaburi
18. TO MY GREAT-GRANDDAUGHTER, MAISIE GRACE McVEIGH  
(b. 16 August 2006)  
Paean for Peace

**FOR  
ALISON FRANCES**

**THE OUTSIDER**

‘Absolute seriousness can be attributed only to the man who views his whole existence from the point of view of the border-situations, and who knows, therefore, that his existence can at no time and in no way be made secure, neither through his submerging himself in the vital life-process, through intellectual or spiritual activity, through sacraments, through mysticism and asceticism, through right belief or strenuous piety, nor through anything that belongs to the mundane substance of religion.’

Paul Tillich  
*The Protestant Era* (p. 196)

# THE OUTSIDER

## **Outside the Mainstream**

Colin Wilson's book *The Outsider* made a great impression on me when I read it in the early 1960s. That impression has lingered with me down through the years. The Outsider is, by definition, a person who does not fit into the mainstream. He may be a laggard spirit who espouses long forgotten ideas or he may be, hopefully, the bearer of ideas ahead of his time. The invisible hand of the 'social-body-politic' uses him as an inbuilt survival mechanism to warn of dangers or point to possible future directions. The English call him an 'eccentric' while in the Australia of today he would be benignly tolerated as someone who has simply 'lost the plot'. I could readily identify with such a person and, to a large extent, I consciously, (and unconsciously), adopted the role of this marginalized character. Indeed, I often sought the company of such social misfits.

## **Australia - A Settlement of Outcasts and Offcuts**

It does not take much skill to become an Outsider. Such greatness can be thrust upon the most unsuspecting Australian. It certainly helps to have nine convict ancestors who married into the lower social echelons of society and who experienced rural poverty and lack of formal education. It also helps if one's forebears were socially ostracised for infringements of minor social conventions. If, over the years, one's forebears succeeded in shedding their allegiances to the constraining influences of organised religion then it is almost certain that one is destined to be an Outsider. In my case, I had no foreknowledge of my miscreant social inheritance. It didn't seem to matter. It was probably encoded into my societal DNA.

## **Neither One Nor The Other**

On the political spectrum, The Outsider may take an extreme position on the far Left or the far Right but his options are not necessarily so restricted. He may choose the middle ground, select an alternative party or even vote informally. One thing is sure: he will take an individualistic position and it will rarely be predictable. The **Outsider** can think outside 'the square' and he can easily 'outlateralise' Edward de Bono.

## **Straddling Two Domains**

**The Outsider** straddles two domains. He experiences the tensions of a number of polarities. He knows that conservatism goes with social acceptability and the security of an 'old-boys' network. He knows that radicalism is a risky business - even if it gives short-term recognition and approval. **The Outsider** longs to be creative but is usually pragmatic enough to conform. He also knows that the most successful revolutions are conducted under the auspices of the constitution. It is this dynamic tension which enables him to appreciate the points of view from either side and to judge which one is likely to prevail.

## **Paul Tillich and the Boundary Situation**

In my early twenties I became greatly interested in the writings of Paul Tillich. He was an eminent Protestant Theologian who straddled the boundary between Philosophy and Theology and made 'the boundary situation' a feature of his work. The so-called 'boundary situation' creates the dynamic tension that keeps the enquiring life open-ended. It is a variation on the classicism of the dialectic with its thesis, antithesis and new synthesis. It differs inasmuch as both the thesis and antithesis have positive and negative valencies. It is not simply a question of finding the middle ground.

For Tillich, 'the borderline is the truly propitious place for acquiring knowledge'. It should be borne in mind that for Tillich the concept of 'the boundary' was both a point of arrival and a point of departure. Tillich had a great analytic mind but he was always attempting to forge a new synthesis. This dialectical approach was very evident in his joint seminar program with the Cultural Anthropologist Mircea Eliade. They sought to affect a synthesis between Shintoist and Buddhist thought. This struggle was reflected in my own efforts to find an expression of Asiatic religiosity more suitable to the spiritual needs of Australia.

## **My Life on the Borderline**

A number of events in my life illustrated the bivalence of my life. I transferred from a Catholic school to a State school in Grade 3 of Primary School. This was probably my first conscious awareness of being an Outsider. Later I was to become a Protestant inside a Catholic family.



After training as an English History teacher, I volunteered to become a teacher of Mathematics. During my time as a Maths Teacher, I studied Psychology in order to become a District School Counsellor. This straddling of two worlds became characteristic of my life and was based on a determination not to crystallise too early.

### **Final Thoughts**

There is no special merit in being an Outsider for its own sake. Outsiders must also relate themselves to the society of which they form part. Indeed, one could easily argue that the survival of a particular society is greatly dependent on the degree to which it tolerates individual difference and freedom.

# **FOR AMANDA MARY**

## **SOMA, PSYCHE and PNEUMA**

'The psychological science of our time is a very weak growth. It is still suffering from the after-effects of that dogmatic Church pronouncement of A.D. 869 - to which I have often alluded - a decree which obscured an earlier vision resting on instinctive knowledge: the insight that man is divided into body, soul and spirit.

When you hear psychologists speak today you will nearly always find that they speak of the twofold nature of man. You will hear it said that man consists of matter and soul, or of body and spirit, however it may be put. Thus, matter and body, and equally soul and spirit, are regarded as meaning much the same thing.'

Rudolf Steiner  
*Study of Man* (p. 42)

## **SOMA, PSYCHE and PNEUMA**

### **Psychology without a Psyche**

I must have been very naive when I enrolled in Psychology 1 at Sydney University in 1956. I had chosen Psychology 1 as a subject because I had thought I would learn something about the psyche or soul of man. Again, as with Philosophy, my preconceptions did not prepare me for the diet dished up to me by the lecturers. I was even so naive as to think that I would be allowed to speculate on such topics as memory, perception and intelligence. I had absolutely no idea that Psychology had to be treated as an experimental science or that my own speculations would count for nothing. Indeed, I was to discover that modern psychology had no use for the concepts of either psyche or pneuma. Modern psychology had reduced man to a bio-physical and bio-chemical mechanism and the task of the psychologist was to observe human behaviour as if there were 'no ghost in the machine'. I struggled through the year and was very surprised to find that when the examination results were published I had passed. It was not until 6 years later that I had the courage to continue my psychological studies at ANU.

However, I could never get over the idea that I had been deceived by modern psychological theory and practice.

### **The Nature of Man (Contemporary Science)**

It seems to me to be a fundamental principle that if you do not have an adequate theory about the nature of man you can never develop an adequate psychology. The meaning of the word 'psychology' is actually 'the study of the soul'. However, today, psychology is likely to base its studies on the assumption that the concept of 'soul' is outdated. Even the concept of 'mind' has no useful place in modern perception theory. The philosophy which underpins contemporary approaches to perception is expressed by the Nobel Prize winner, R.W. Sperry:

*'Perceptual experience is a functional property of brain processing, constituted of neuronal and physico-chemical activity, and embodied in, and inseparable from the active brain'.*

R.W. Sperry (1980), *Mind-brain Interaction, Mentalism, yes; Dualism, no.*

Nurosciences (195-206).

### **The Nature of Man (Ancient Greek View)**

Personally, I find the reductionist view of modern psychology's understanding of the nature of man far too limiting. I prefer to adopt the ancient Greek ideas about the nature of man. In this view man is considered to be a composite of three elements viz. body, soul and spirit, or to use the Greek rendering: soma, psyche and pneuma. I have found this model of the nature of man to be of great heuristic value. For a long while the Church accepted the Greek view but in the 9th century decided not to differentiate between 'soul' and 'spirit'. Modern behaviouristically oriented psychology took the next step and eliminated the concept of 'soul' from the psychological lexicon. Today, man only has a body!

### **Soma Mundi, Anima Mundi and Pneuma Mundi**

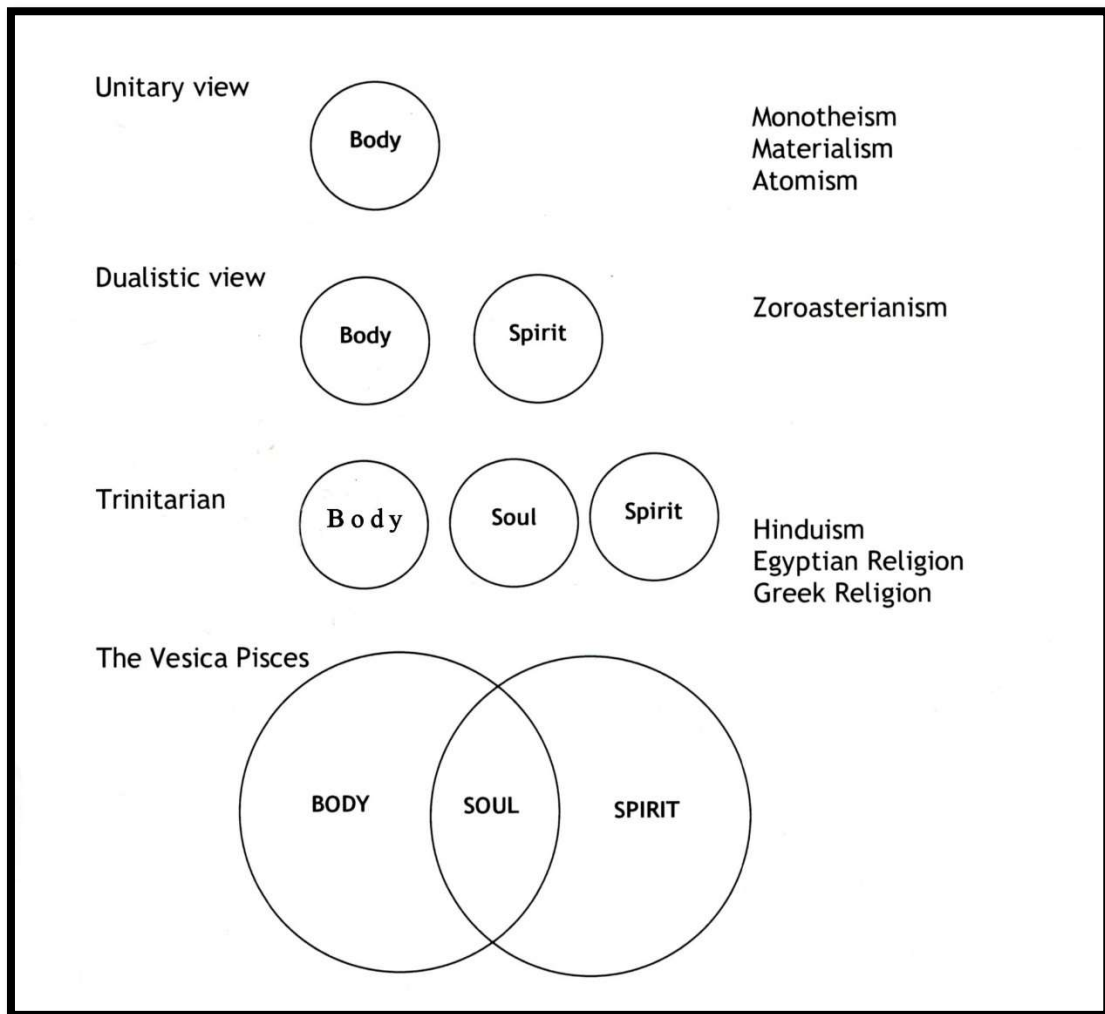
I have also come to the view that there is a correspondence between the nature of man and the world and the cosmos. I cannot see that it should be otherwise. On this reckoning there is a world body, a world soul and a world spirit i.e. a soma mundi, an animi mundi and a pneuma mundi.

### **The Soul As Mediator Between Body and Spirit**

In the ancient Greek view of the nature of man the physical body of man is a reflection of the non-physical or spiritual counterpart. It is the soul which mediates between the two. Likewise, the Anima Mundi world mediates between the world of matter (Soma Mundi) and the world of spirit (Pneuma Mundi). I believe it is a pointless exercise to develop a psychology of man without giving some thought to man's tripartite nature and the world context in which Trinitarian man is enmeshed. The deeply materialistic tendencies of modern western man are, on this reckoning, just as 'soul-destroying' as the spiritualistic tendencies of Aboriginal or archaic man.

### **The Vesica Pisces**

It is possible to illustrate the differences in individual psychologies in the following manner:



### **The Vesica Pisces as an Appropriated Christian Symbol**

The overlapping portion of the two intersecting circles was meant to symbolise the linkage between the world of matter and the world of spirit. In more ancient times it referred to man as the linkage between earth and sky or nature and the abode of the gods. The Christian Church appropriated this symbol and proclaimed Jesus as the Christ or the linkage between man and God. He was both Son of Man and Son of God. This was expressed more succinctly by the authors of John's Gospel where Jesus is referred to as the Logos i.e. the mediator between man and god.

### **Anthroposophy**

In more recent times Rudolf Steiner's Anthroposophical teachings seek to position Christ and the mediatorial power between the Arhrimanic (or materialising forces), and the Luciferic (or spiritualising), forces. His model is a reformulation of the Christian position and constitutes a bridge between Judaeo-Christian thought and Indian or Hindu teaching. James Hillman proposes a



modern, or 'new age', rendering of the pervasiveness of the anima mundi in the world of matter and spirit.

These slightly differing positions are based on a recognition of the correspondence between the nature of the microcosmos (man) and the macrocosmos (the universe). This recognition is completely absent in modern psychology which went down the pathway of a sterile reductionism.

### **The Neglect of Parapsychology**

It should be no source of wonder that once Psychology was defined so narrowly and pursued with a methodology dependent on experimental science that large 'chunks' of soul experience were rejected from study. The whole field of parapsychology has only been reluctantly admitted into the domain of psychological research. It, too, has been compulsorily subjected to the rigours of experimental verifiability. Thus whole realms of man's inner experiences were either denied validity or ruled incapable of belonging to the field of psychology. Even the insights of psychoanalytic theory came under the control of modern scientific medicine while the Analytic Psychology of Carl Jung has met with derision.

### **Final Thoughts**

I was unlucky to study psychology at a time when it had eliminated the psyche or soul as a legitimate field of study. Even such subjects as hypnotism, trance, hallucination and altered states of consciousness were relegated to the branch of 'abnormal' psychology. A more common-sense approach would have kept them at the forefront. Now that the limitations of the scientific method are becoming more apparent, and the foundations of modern atomic physics are cracking, it is to be expected that the subjective nature of the soul of man will receive the attention it deserves.

**FOR  
DAVID LENNOX**

**DRAGONS**

‘Dragons have been important creatures in world folklore for hundreds and possibly thousands of years. No one knows whether they were first mentioned in the folktales of Babylon, in the Orient or even in Europe, but several distinct species have evolved in different areas of the world since then. The Chinese dragon is generally associated with good luck and will only attack humans if they interfere with its eggs. In the West, however, the dragons have traditionally been more ferocious. They often guard treasure or water wells and only leave the local humans alone if they are given a young maiden to eat once a year.’

Excerpt from *The Dragon in Europe*  
(Yddraig Yn Ewrop). Research and text by  
Bob Watling for the European Centre for  
Folk Studies, East Street, Llangollen.

# DRAGONS

## **The Dragon in Wales**

In 1988 I visited Llangollen in northern Wales. It was just after the fabled annual Eisteddfod had finished. Among the few items I purchased was a small booklet entitled *The Dragon in Europe*. It cost 50p. It outlined two types of tales about dragons. One of these tales was about a Dragon Slayer (No. 300) and the other was about Two Brothers (No. 303). Variants of these two stories had spread from France throughout Europe to Germany, Greece, Hungary and Scotland. I was fascinated by this information. I was aware that the Red Dragon was the traditional emblem of Wales but I had no idea that the Dragon bobbed-up in various guises throughout the whole of European folklore.

## **Diffusion or Dispersion?**

I have been puzzled for some years about the ubiquity of dragon images. For a long time I thought they were a cultural image exported from Asia but now I have abandoned that theory of diffusion. It seems images of dragons, in one form or another, are present in most cultures throughout the world and have been around for an awful long time. This strikes me as a particularly odd phenomenon when all the experts tell us that there never was an actual beast known as a dragon.

It raises the question: from whence does the dragon image originate? If the dragon image is not based on an actual beast why, then, is it so wide-spread? How can its usage be accounted for and explained?

## **Tattoos, Pubs, Churches, Prows and Guidons**

Dragons appear in many strange places. Most self-respecting tattooed men have a dragon emblazoned across their chest and these men are in their millions wandering around suburbia daily! Indeed, the dragon appears on the Inn signs of many English pubs. Of course, the dragon also can be found in the Churches of England, either as Saint George's victim or as an image of Satan being slain by the Archangel Michael in the great war in heaven.

Dragons have appeared on the prows of Viking war ships as, indeed, they have on the dragon standards of Roman legions. Actually, the word 'dragon' derives from the Latin 'draco' so the Romans had an intimate knowledge of dragons.

## **Oriental and Occidental Dragons**

It is interesting to learn that the Eastern dragon is basically a benevolent ogre while the Western dragon is most decidedly malevolent. In China, the dragon, along with the unicorn, the phoenix and the tortoise are credited with playing a role in creation. Emperors were descended from magical dragons and a yellow dragon was a symbol of good fortune. An azure dragon heralded the birth of a great person. In the West, the dragon is a lascivious beast who is intent on devouring virgins or he resembles Beowulf's unnamed dragon who guards the treasures of a burial mound. The Western dragon, once disturbed, erupts in anger and seeks to swallow his disturber.

## **Nagas, Lions, Tigers and Lizards**

Dragons do not all look alike. In Cambodia, the Dragons are nagas or in the form of serpents. More often in Asia they are metamorphosed forms of lions or tigers. The city of Singapore is actually named after the 'singa' or lion. The old capital city of Bali was Singaraja which, again, incorporates a reference to a lion. The Balinese Barong is a dragon. The Barong comes to the assistance of the dancers who have been overpowered by the magic of Rangda the witch. Although fearsome in appearance, the Balinese dragon is regarded as a benevolent and almost comical help-meet who strives to counter the negative forces of Rangda. The dragons of China and Japan have large Dog or Fu heads generally, but some are also lizard-like and resemble the actual Komodo lizard. Dragons sometimes are depicted with wings and legs and they often are depicted snorting fire and smoke through their nostrils.

## **Five Possible Theories About the Origins of the Dragon Image**

Given the widespread dispersion of the dragon image, albeit with minor variations, from whence did such an imagination spring? One could posit several answers to this perplexing question:

### **A Naturalistic Explanation**

A Naturalistic answer for the source of the dragon image would suggest that it is based on a memory of a real beast. The prow of a Viking boat could be an image of an actual sea creature, which resembled the so-called Loch Ness monster or some dinosaur-like creature. The Komodo dragon is, after all, a real beast and so is the serpent, the lion, the tiger and the winged bat. A naturalistic explanation would settle for the dragon image as a composite of elements from fearsome but real animals.

### **A Cultural Anthropological Explanation**

A Cultural Anthropologist would see dragons as archetypal images.

These are embedded in the unconscious mind, or collective unconscious mind. They may surface in dreams or be projected into drawings and sculptural themes. They are symbols of the eternal tussle between the forces of good and evil.

### **A Psychoanalytic Explanation**

A Psychoanalyst would probably understand the dragon symbol as an image of anxiety or repressed desire for power, for sexual hunger or for greed.

### **An Explanation from Jungian Psychology**

In Jungian terms, the dragon symbolises the original unconscious unity of the soul and the body. Saint George slaying the dragon symbolises the emergence of consciousness and the development of rational thinking.

### **A Physiologically-Based Theory**

In the same manner that full bladders may give rise to dream-images involving toilet relief so, too, dream images of dragons may be caused by inflamed bowels!

### **End Thoughts**

If diseased organs can give rise to typical dream images this could account for the universality of the dragon image. Its perpetuation as a theological motif and artistic/literary symbol may have arisen from its universality as a free-floating image capable of wide interpretation by various cultures. The dragon's origin may owe much to the use of spices!



**FOR  
HERMIONE ELIZABETH**

**THE TRUE RELIGION**

‘The task of theology is mediation between the mystery, which is **theos** and the understanding which is **logos**.’

Paul Tillich

‘Being religious is being unconditionally concerned, whether this concern expresses itself in **secular** or (in the narrower) **religious** forms.’

Paul Tillich

## **THE TRUE RELIGION**

### **“For of Such is the Kingdom of Heaven”**

All new born babes belong to the true religion. They are gifts from the heavens and contain the divine wisdom. The Balinese people know this instinctively and intuitively. That is why the infant is protected from touching the earth for a period of some months. The Madonna with the infant Jesus on her lap is another image of this truth.

### **A Religion is NO Religion**

It is only when a child eats of the tree of knowledge that he begins to lose the divine wisdom. If ever a child should join a religion then at that moment he begins to lose that which he already had. I think it was Carl Jung who said that the adoption of a particular religion was, in itself, a defence against being religious! In the Confucian scheme of things, a person is not good because of what the gods are supposed to have told him, he is good because it accords with sound common sense.

### **A God without a Sense of Humour is No God at All**

The conception of a God as a being who must be feared and continually placated, appeased and ‘crawled to’ for favours belittles the concept itself. Far better to have no god at all than one you cannot defy or disagree with, have a joke with or even admonish. To kow-tow with flattery and continual offerings demeans both the god-within and the god-without.

### **‘All’ and ‘Nothing’**

The true believer is one who believes in ‘all’ and ‘nothing’. Mormonism proclaims that it embraces all truth and the true believer should too – no matter who said it, or who wrote it, or who stated it first. He also believes in ‘nothing’ because the Tao which can be named is not Tao at all! The multitude of truths and their bewildering variety provide consolation for different people at different stages of their spiritual development. It is a pointless and futile exercise to waste time in grading religious truths. They are all true at the time they are believed and they all have merit. Equally, however, they cease to be true once they stifle individual freedom and shackle human curiosity.

## **The Nature of Religious Experience g**

Religious experience, insofar as it can be hinted at, refers to:

- the experience of awe, of grandeur, of wonder
- the apprehension of beauty
- the comprehension of truth
- the orderliness of justice
- the transcendence of mercy and compassion
- of humility in the presence of greatness
- of respect for ancestors
- of the selflessness of sacrifice
- of the power of faith in action
- of the search for knowledge and the acquisition of wisdom
- of desire to obtain mystical harmony with the earth and the heavens through love of one's fellow man; and
- the value of human freedom.

Such virtues and values can be found within organised religions and outside them.

## **Deeply Felt Need**

The fundamental issue in religion is not so much whether the gods exist or whether or not there is actually a spiritual world or not. It is rather the intriguing psychological puzzle of why people want to believe in such things. From where does such a hunger and such a need come? I have seen and heard intelligent people perform acts of worship which by any commonsensical appraisal strikes one as ridiculous. Why do the Chinese burn paper money, which is fake, thinking that this can in any sense be efficacious? For \$132 N.T. a bulb can burn in a Taiwanese Buddhist shrine for one year in order to bring good luck! What sort of god could actually be pleased when a devotee skewers himself with a stainless steel rod through both cheeks? Why would a god deny women the priesthood or forbid a woman to enter a temple during her period of menstruation? I have heard intelligent lawyers defend obscure and non-authentic texts with a complete disregard of the evidence. They apply a far more rigorous cross examination of evidence in their court practice than they do on the reliability of the scriptures! Why, one must ask, is there such a need to believe, and why do otherwise intelligent people suspend their critical faculties when it comes to religion?

## **Religious Phenomena and Psychic Phenomena**

Many people confuse psychic phenomena with religious phenomena. Psychic phenomena, under certain circumstances, may be associated with religious phenomena but in some circumstances it is to be regarded as simply the way things are. Meaningful co-incidences, prophetic utterances, correspondences and synchronous phenomena form part of divinatory law. They have to be accepted as the converse of rational thought.

The Chinese accept them as part of the real world. Trance and mediumistic states are associated with levels of consciousness. Some such states are atavistic while others may be cultivated. Magical phenomena exist but should not be confused with spirituality. The casting of spells and the recitation of prayers form part of the magical world. Thought power, when used to influence the action of others, amounts to an interference in Karmic relationships. Those who practice such powers merely transfer suffering onto sensitive and unsuspecting souls. Often the price of healing is for the disease to rebound onto the magician. Non-interference is, in many cases, just as potent and efficacious as intrusion by prayer. True prayer involves gratitude, acceptance of one's lot and a desire to be at peace with the world. It should never be to coerce the gods or enlist the powers of the demons.

## **Final Words**

Religion should not be confused with churches or organised religions. It may, or may not, be found in their observances. True religion can be found in the secular as well as the sacred.

**FOR  
HELEN IRENE KINMONT**

**INFLUENTIAL MEN IN MY LIFE**

‘Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime,  
And, departing, leave behind us  
Footprints in the sands of time.’

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow  
(1807-1882)



## **INFLUENTIAL MEN IN MY LIFE**

### **Direct and Indirect Influences**

I remember reading a book entitled *The 100 most influential men in world history*, in which the author took considerable pains to define the term 'influential'. In his approach he was careful to distinguish between those men who positively shaped attitudes and historical events and those who simply caused a reaction. Both types were influential. While one could be attracted to a Gandhi and repulsed by a Hitler they were both, nevertheless, influential. Similarly, there were many men who had hidden, but lesser acknowledged effects, on the lives of enormous numbers of people without those people really being aware of their importance. Karl Marx affected the lives of a great number of people who never read one of his works. The same could be said about Albert Einstein and Jonas Salk. In my own case, Ben Chifley had an enormous influence on my life without his ever being aware of me personally and without me being conscious of that influence until much later in my life. Without Ben Chifley's introduction of the Commonwealth Scholarship Scheme I would never have had the opportunity to go to University and open up the world of Philosophy, Literature and so on. However, it is not about such people that I am reflecting. It is about a few selected people I deliberately chose to study that is my focus.

I do not propose to mention the influences of men known to me personally through the course of my life.

### **Three Major Influences**

The three men who have had a major impact on my life and thought were all born in the 19th century. They are Albert Schweitzer (the German philosopher, theologian and musician); the Mormon Prophet Joseph Smith (1805-1844) and the Austrian thinker Rudolf Steiner (1861-1925). Other lesser but important figures include Paul Tillich, Carl Jung and Mircea Eliade. Naturally, the writings and works of all of these men drew me further afield into philosophy, theology, comparative religion, psychology and anthropology. It would take me too long to acknowledge my indebtedness to these important but secondary influences.

### **Albert Schweitzer - Philosopher, Historian, Musician, Doctor**

Albert Schweitzer assumed the status of a hero for me while I was a teenager. I systematically purchased all of his written works. I began with his books on New Testament topics.

These included *The Mystery of the Kingdom of God*, *The Quest of the Historical Jesus*, *Paul and his Interpreters*, *The Mysticism of Paul the Apostle* and *A Psychiatric Study of the life of Jesus*. These works opened for me the whole exciting field of New Testament Studies. I extended my reading to include other 'Lives of Jesus' by Goguel, Dodd, Taylor, Lightfoot, Cadman, Cadoux and Wilder.

The reading of these 'Lives of Jesus' led me further into the realms of Higher and Lower Criticism. I became acquainted with the writings of Harnack, Canon Streeter, Charles Raven, T.W. Manson, Thielicke, Thouless, Bultmann, Barth, Brunner and others. After learning about the fields of literary criticism, historical criticism, source criticism, form criticism, tradition criticism and reactive criticism, I branched into the theological works of Paul Tillich.

However, there was much more to Albert Schweitzer than New Testament studies. I read his *Decay and Restoration of Civilisation* and his *Civilisation and Ethics* in which he sought to trace the struggle to find a foundation for the basic principle of the Moral. This opened for me the realm of Moral Philosophy and was a motivating factor in inducing me to select the Moral and Political strands of Philosophy in my degree. Schweitzer's musical and medical studies, when added to his historical and theological studies, elevated him to heroic proportions in my eyes. Although he had undermined my fundamentalism and my non-critical approach to Christianity, he left a lasting impression of life affirmation that was very broadly based. When I read his *Indian Thought and its Development* I sensed that he was opening for me a much wider world of thought than I could ever have imagined.

### **Joseph Smith - Prophet, Seer and Revelator**

The Mormon Prophet, Joseph Smith, was in most respects the antithesis of Schweitzer. Schweitzer came from an academic background and had the modern liberal scholarship upon which to focus his analytic mind. Joseph Smith came from an impoverished rural setting. His academic stimulation came from rival fundamentalistic revivals and disputes about interpretations of biblical texts. However, Joseph's imagination was stirred by Indian mounds, buried treasure and the whereabouts of the lost tribes of Israel. With his skills of scrying and the aid of an amanuensis Joseph dictated a romantic novel which sought to explain the origins of the American Indians.

It also proclaimed Jesus as having visited these remnants of the lost tribes of Israel after his resurrection. With its dissection into chapters and verses this novel was dressed up as *The Book of Mormon*. Its pseudo-biblical character claimed to provide answers to a number of doctrinal issues. Its believers hold it up as having equal authority to the Bible. Joseph nurtured his new restoration church with revelatory statements on many issues. These became known as *The Doctrine and Covenants*. A third volume, *The Pearl of Great Price*, incorporated material supposedly translated from an Egyptian scroll. Although Champollion had not decoded the Egyptian hieroglyphics, Joseph had no difficulty in proclaiming that the scroll he had translated was a copy of *The Book of Abraham*. If the *Book of Mormon* had been advertised as a work of mythological imagination and the *Pearl of Great Price* as a piece of cosmological writing, they would not have given such offence to modern biblical scholarship. On the other hand, they would not have galvanised a people into such action as typified the Latter-Day-Saints. Joseph Smith's genius did not lie in his academic pretensions but in his ability to provide convincing leadership to a frontier community.

He provided solutions to issues which were social, economic, legal, political as well as theological and ecclesiastical. Joseph was not just a church President. He was a one-time Mayor, a General in the Militia, a Town-Planner and, near the end of his life, a Presidential Candidate for high political office. He was not just a church builder but a temple builder; he was not just an interpreter of biblical doctrine but a creator of bibles; he was not just waiting for the Kingdom of God to come but a builder of cities.

There was, and still is, a practical side to Mormonism which is as homely as bottling fruit and as practical as farming for self-help welfare. Mormon respect for ancestors, for genealogical research, for the upholding of family values, for support of scouting and for wholesome living, are outcomes of the labours of Joseph Smith. He is one of the most significant men of 19th century America.

### **Rudolf Steiner, A One-Man University**

It is an extremely difficult task to form an estimation of Rudolf Steiner. This is because it takes such a long time to read his written works and his thousands of lectures. They comprise some 350 volumes. He is probably best known for his contribution to Waldorf education and the impulses he gave to bio-dynamic farming. However, Steiner himself would see his main achievements in re-invigorating the Mysteries with the development of a Spiritual

Science. Steiner's reliance on clairvoyance as a source of knowledge would have had a more convincing appeal if he had not been an earlier disciple of Madame Blavatsky. He also had more than a passing acquaintance with a whole library of esoteric literature. Steiner outlined how others might obtain knowledge of higher worlds but no one appears to have had the success he enjoyed! Notwithstanding the reservations one must entertain about his occult epistemology, Steiner remains a truly creative thinker. His insights and practical applications in architecture, sculpture, painting, music, medicine, pharmacy, agriculture, drama, education, eurhythmy, dance, science, bookkeeping and economics are staggering. If one adds to these pursuits his immense background in the field of literature which encompasses philosophy, psychology, history and belles lettres as well as theology, mythology and cosmology, then one is dealing with an encyclopaedic mind. Indeed, in approaching Steiner's thought one should keep in mind the words Emerson applied to Swedenborg 'One must stand back and give him a long focal vision'.

### **Weighting-up the Attributes of Schweitzer, Smith and Steiner**

Schweitzer was a scholarly and saintly person who dedicated his life to reduce suffering among African natives. He was not interested in gaining converts but only in obeying the call of ethical duty. He took himself seriously. Joseph Smith had no academic background but had a very fertile imagination. However, he was not just a dreamer. He lived in the real world. He was as eclectic as a theological bowerbird and as pragmatic as an auctioneer on a rainy day. Joseph headed a missionary church but he did not take himself as seriously as others did. When we try to form an estimation of Rudolf Steiner, we are certainly confronting an academic.

Joseph Smith, however, had little formal education. Steiner was not as saintly as Schweitzer but he did inaugurate movements to educate the handicapped and to provide pharmaceutical medicines for the sick. Steiner eschewed biblical scholarship as a basis for understanding the Christ concept and preferred to base his understanding on clairvoyance. However, Steiner's imagination was also more fertile than Joseph Smith's. His practical applications to architecture, agriculture, science and the arts were also based on scholarship and extensive research. Steiner was a whole range of university faculties in one man.

## **Final Words**

It is not easy to say which of these three men had the greatest influence on me. It is not necessary that they influence one's thinking directly but rather that they challenge the assumptions upon which one's thinking is based. For Schweitzer I have great respect and admiration for his scholarship and integrity. For Joseph Smith I hold great respect for his making great use of poor intellectual tools to create a powerful religious and social institution. He also had a great sense of fun which was lacking in Schweitzer. For Rudolf Steiner one can only marvel at his prodigious knowledge and his creative applications across so many disciplines. I think, that of the three, the non-academic Prophet will exercise the greatest influence on the greatest number as we move into the 21st century.

**FOR  
RICHARD FLETCHER KINMONT**

**THE MORAL ORDER OF THE UNIVERSE  
AND  
THE STARRY SKIES ABOVE MEDITATION XVII**

‘No man is an **lland**, intire of it selfe; every man is a peece of the **Continent**, a part of the **maine**; if a **Clod** bee washed away by the Sea, **Europe** is the Lesse, as well as if a **Promontorie** were, as well as if a **Manor** of thy **friends** or of **thine owne** were; any man’s **death** diminishes me, because I am involved in **Mankinde**; And therefore never send to know for whom the **bell** tolls; It tolls for **thee**.’

John Donne  
(1572-1631)

## **THE MORAL ORDER OF THE UNIVERSE AND THE STARRY SKIES ABOVE**

### **Enrolment in Philosophy**

I found the year 1956 to be a rather harrowing one. It was the year I enrolled in an Arts Degree at Sydney University. I chose 4 subjects which were: English, Ancient History, Psychology and Philosophy. This chapter is about the subject of Philosophy which was probably my worst subject and one which caused me the greatest anxiety. Oddly enough, it was the only subject in which I completed a direct major in my Degree.

### **From Schweitzer to Anderson**

I had chosen Philosophy as a result of coming under the influence of Albert Schweitzer and his two volume work *The Philosophy of Civilisation*. He subsequently issued a third volume which I have never read. The second volume of his philosophical works was entitled *Civilisation and Ethics* and when I chose Philosophy I as a university subject I thought that I was going to study much the same subject matter as was contained in this volume.

Unfortunately for me I was to be sadly disappointed and even somewhat handicapped because of my acquaintance with this work. I was to learn that Professor John Anderson had a completely different idea of what constituted the philosophical curriculum of an aspiring student.

In those days the first year in Philosophy was treated as an introductory one. It had three elements which included: An Introduction to the Socratic dialogues of Plato (*The Apology Critias* and *The Phaedo*), The Traditional Formal Logic and an Introduction to Moral Philosophy. Professor Anderson lectured on the first two elements and Professor Stout and D.H. Monro lectured on the third. It did not take me long to get hopelessly befuddled by the logic component of the subject. I also experienced great difficulty with understanding Anderson's Scottish rendering of the worlds of form and appearance. I began to skip these lectures and to concede that a pass in Philosophy I was only a remote possibility. My test results in the term Logic examination and my essay results tended to confirm my worst fears. If it had not been for the excellent notes of Janice MacDonald, I am sure I would never have been able to muster a pass in the subject. I silently resolved that I would relinquish my aspirations to be a budding philosopher.



### **An Interlude**

In 1957 I ceased being a full-time day student at Sydney University and transferred to Sydney Teachers' College to undertake a one-year Teacher training course. In the evening I attended Sydney University as a student in Government I - which was regarded as a second year subject following either History or Philosophy. I had a relatively successful year in 1957 and regained my self-confidence in so-called academia. I had now completed 5/9ths of my degree and I then gave thought to the question of what subjects I should do to complete my Bachelor's Degree. At that stage my thoughts returned to Philosophy.

### **'Ought' over 'Is'**

In 1958 there were two options available to students who wished to proceed with a major in Philosophy. One path led to Metaphysics and Epistemology while the other path led to an examination of the by-ways of Moral and Political Philosophy. Metaphysics concerned itself with the nature of knowledge, reality and being and treated such schools of thought as Idealism, Realism, and Phenomenology. The Moral and Political strand dealt with an examination of what constituted morality, the nature of ethics and a treatment of what constituted justice, power and liberty. I was interested in both pathways but because I had to decide which strand I 'ought' to take I decided on Moral Philosophy because it was this strand which concerned itself with 'ought' propositions! The question of what 'ought' a person do, given a choice situation, seemed to me to be a more fundamental problem to solve than examining the nature of knowledge. I subsequently came to the realisation that the two strands of inquiry are not mutually exclusive and that my judgement was only solipsistic.

### **My Quest for the Basic Principle of the Moral**

My lecturers in Moral Philosophy were D.H. Monro and Professor Stout. Monro was as dry as Stout was witty. I was amused to discover that Monro had obtained his Masters Degree on a thesis which had examined the nature of 'humour'! During the course of the year we re-examined the nature of 'goodness' and 'evil' and looked at the arguments for hedonistic egotism, altruism, the felicific calculus of Jeremy Bentham and the theory of Utilitarianism as propounded by John Stuart Mill. Professor Stout examined Subjectivism and Objectivism and was clearly au fait with British Empiricism, Logical Positivism and Linguistic Analysis. However, as each theorist was examined, he was just as surely demolished.

My quest for 'a basic principle to the moral' became more and more futile. This endless and relentless technique of affirming and negating introduced more rigour into my thinking but it contrasted greatly with the more sure-footedness of Schweitzer who had found his way to the universal principle of 'reverence for life'. I had some sympathy for the theories of Bradley, Green and Bosanquet but it was not until the works of Immanuel Kant were examined that I found a thinker who could not be lightly dismissed.

### **Immanuel Kant (1724-1804)**

Kant's distinction between analytic and synthetic propositions; his distinction between empirical and a priori proposition and his elaboration of the categories ring out over the years. For Kant, objects did not exist in themselves. Insofar as objects could be known they had to be perceived or intuited through the space-time continuum of the mind. Kant divided the categories into four groups:

- i. quantity (unity, plurality, totality)
- ii. quality (reality, negation, limitation)
- iii. relation (substance/accident, cause/ effect, reciprocity)
- iv. modality (possibility, existence, necessity).

Intuitions and categories cannot be applied to abstract ideas such as freedom without giving rise to contradictory propositions or 'antimonies'.

However, Kant is probably better known by Moral Philosophers for his *Metaphysics of Ethics*. In this work he elevates reason to be the arbiter of morality and the concept of duty to be the highest ethical impulse. Kant's Categorical Imperative was a dictate above the Hypothetical Imperative. It had to be obeyed because of its intrinsic rightness and its necessity. Kant expressed his ideas about the Categorical Imperative as the basic principle of the Moral in these terms: '*Act as if the maxim of your action were to become through your will a general natural law*'.

Although Kant is not without his critics he certainly became influential to G.W.F. Hegel, Marx, Fichte and his successor Herbart - all of whom impacted greatly on the 20th century. However, I remember Immanuel Kant not only for his analysis of philosophical concepts but for what he wrote almost as a 'throwaway line'. It was, in effect, that two things stand above all others - '*the moral order of the universe and the starry skies above*'.

This statement is incorporated as the title of this chapter and has for a long time been an inspiration to me.

### **Final Thoughts**

Over the years I have kept pondering the question as to where one could locate the origins of the moral and ethical impulses. It does not seem unreasonable to me to suppose that if the chemical constituents of the earth are reflected and represented in the human body then the idea of morality, which is also reflected in man, must be a principle of creation. Morality is as much a building block of creation as the atom. Morality, too, is a constituent of the stars as much as the atoms of matter.

I tried to express this idea in my poem *The Pleiades*. Of course, it would be a mistake to localise this truth in just one constellation, since the moral order is encoded in all of creation.

### *The Pleiades*

*I looked into the astral light  
And saw the seven sisters.  
I read among the runic script  
And watched akaskic pictures.*

*They stood about the centre point  
From where all secrets flow,  
And claimed the moral order  
Was all one needed to know.*

*They spoke to me of virtues  
That stood above all others;  
Personified by each of them –  
Those beautiful cosmic mothers!*

*Alcyone promoted thoughtfulness,  
With compassion and human caring;  
To lend a helping hand or two  
And make a life of sharing.*

*Merope stood for curiosity,  
For honesty and for questing.  
To unlock the secrets of the world –  
No time at all for resting.*

*Celaeno spoke of valour –  
Why challenges had to be faced.  
If each were men of courage  
How life itself was graced.*

*Taygeta personified respect –  
To living things some reverence.  
Humility in the presence of greatness,  
To everything some deference.*

*Maia pleaded for endurance  
And said one had to be loyal;  
To treasure high ideals,  
Virtues exceedingly royal.*

*Electra wanted fortitude  
To be lifted far up high.  
Nobility and strength of purpose  
With all virtues could easily vie.*

*Sterope said that friendship  
Was in the highest court.  
To be gracious and be chivalrous  
Were qualities to be sought.*

*You can select your favourite sister  
Or take all into your heart.  
Reflect upon their central position  
And play your peripheral part.*

*The moral order of the universe  
And the starry skies above  
Depend upon the sisters  
And the greatness of their love.*

**FOR  
MILTON ENOCH**

**TATTOOS**

‘Myth - expresses, enhances, and codifies belief; it safeguards and enforces morality; it vouches for the efficiency of ritual and contains practical rules for the guidance of man. Myth is thus a vital ingredient of human civilisation; it is not an idle tale, but a hard-worked active force.’

Bronislaw Malinowski  
*Magic, Science and Religion*

# TATTOOS

## **Introduction**

The subject of 'tattoos' has long held my attention. My fascination for this subject pre-dates the appearance of other body adornments such as earrings, nipple rings, navel rings, tongue studs etc. My earliest response to tattoos was reactive. In later years I have been more positive. I have sought explanations and reasons why people have tattoos. I have also sought a frame of reference to understand the meaning and significance of this widespread phenomena. This has led me to delve into Cultural Anthropology, Sociology, Social psychology and Individual Psychology. Each of these disciplines makes its own contribution to the subject.

## **Cultural Anthropology**

In its broadest sense cultural anthropologists recognise tattoos as an aspect of adornment. In a secondary sense they also describe the tattoo as an element in mourning rituals (Australian Aborigines). Tattoos also appear in mating rituals (African Tribes) and religious celebrations (New Guinea). In the Māori and Polynesian cultures the tattoo plays a significant part in war dress. Tattoos assist in role differentiation (King, Priest, Shaman) and tribal status level. Burmese hill tribes utilise tattoos as protective amulets.

In many cultures the faces of women are tattooed to enhance beauty. Of course, not all tattoos are as permanent as others. Temporary adornment by painting the body is often preferred over the more permanent and painful ink-stained tattoo. Tattoos sometimes signify levels of tribal initiation and manliness.

## **Sociology**

The Sociologist is interested in social structures and social processes. He/she is concerned with how societies organise themselves, how they form into sub-groups, how they stratify, subdivide and how they create and distribute wealth. The sociologist notices that sub-groups utilise symbols of affiliation. The Masonic Brethren wear dinner suits. R.S.L. Members wear badges. Football Clubs display colours. Marginalised social members may group together in religious sects or cults. They may join protest movements or motor-cycle clubs or folk clubs and so on. These sub-groups also seek to display 'badges' of affiliation. These 'badges' may include items of clothing such as blue jeans, singlets or dark glasses.

They may also disport club membership badges. Personal adornment may feature long hair, beards, jewellery and tattoos. If the tattooed person can add to his adornment earrings, studs, neck chains, rings and leather-jackets he may gain admittance into the inner circles of the sub-culture. His perceived rejection by the main stream culture, paradoxically, leads him ever deeper into the bondage of belonging to a sub-culture from which there is virtually no exit door. He finds it difficult to halt the process of tattoo multiplication and inevitably becomes yet another uniformed member of a 'society' which originally espoused non-conformity.

### **Social Psychology**

Social psychology directs its attention to the behaviour of small groups and characteristics such as leadership patterns, small group roles, patterns of communication, problem-solving methods and interpersonal relations. Social psychology avers that individuals do not stand alone. It describes patterns of co-operation and conflict within and between groups. Social psychology alerts us to the odd fact that a tattooed person is heavily dependent on his viewing audience. Without a viewer the tattoo is bereft of meaning.

The tattooed person stands in a symbiotic relationship to his viewer and he will go to inordinate lengths to obtain a response - even if that response is negative. In fact, the more negative the response the greater is the tattooed person's satisfaction. It means he has found the target of his protest. For, either consciously or unconsciously, he wants to deliver a message to a society which has rejected or over-looked him. He is actually saying to his viewer: 'Thank you, you have finally noticed me and the group of social outcasts to which I belong. Won't you do something about changing a society which is uncaring of people and devoid of worthwhile values?'

### **Individual Psychology**

Individual psychology, whether it be based on learning theory, psychoanalytical theory, field theory, interpersonal theory or whatever, may explain why a person chooses a particular tattoo. It will, however, have greater difficulty in explaining why there is a need for tattoos in a culture or society. A review of the number and variety of 'modern' western tattoo subjects reveals that they are rather restricted in subject choice and garish beyond belief. Individual psychology may address the actual selection of a tattoo and its image content by a particular person. Such an analysis forms only a small portion of a much larger picture.

## **The Modern Western Tattoo**

Those who decorate themselves with tattoos often have resort to the ubiquitous skull and associated symbols of death. They may choose a panther, a semi-clad woman, a rose and/or a scroll inscribed with the name of a lover. Occasionally, one sees a beautiful scene. More often, there is a snorting dragon or a red-back spider suspended in a web or some leering gothic demon dripping with blood. The overall effect is disturbing — even when the tattooist has shown some skill. As far as I can determine, there appears to be little relationship of the modern western tattoo to those of more ancient cultures, at least in the themes used. However, I suspect that at a deeper level there may be a connection. In the main, tattoos are attention-seeking and repulsive. That, one suspects, is what they are meant to be.

## **Final Word**

It is a mistake to try to wholly understand the meaning and message of the tattooed person in terms of individual psychology. It is to social psychology and cultural anthropology that we must turn to gain the greatest insights into this behaviouristic phenomenon. Ultimately, we can recognise tattooing of the modern western variety as a statement about the spiritual bankruptcy of western society. The tattooed person is, in reality, doing us all a service. He is depicting, in visual images and not words, the alienation and despair which is experienced by a large number of marginalised people. These people, quite rightly, challenge the exclusivity of the mainstream and they seek an alternative route to gain admittance to group membership.

Unfortunately, they pay a high price for their own badges of membership. Once they are admitted into their sub-group they find it just as spiritually sterile as the society they despise. The tattooed person invites a reaction but it should not be one of aversion. It should be one which leads to a re-examination of social values and one which can find a place in society for its 'angry Andersons'.



**FOR  
ROHAN KENNETH JOHN**

**DREAM ANALYSIS**

**Prospero:**

‘You do look, my son, in a mov’d sort,  
As if you were dismay’d: be cheerful, sir:  
Our revels now are ended.

These our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits,  
And are melted into air,  
Into thin air:

And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp’d towers,  
The gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples  
The great globe itself,  
Yes, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind.

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on,  
And our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

William Shakespeare  
The Tempest (Act IV, Scene I)

(‘rack’: wreck)

# **DREAM ANALYSIS**

## **Theory of Dreams is Culture-Bound**

The nature and meaning of dreams is a subject which has occupied the minds of thinkers from all cultures and over all times. The Tjukurrba of the Australian Aborigines, the dream culture of the Malayan Senoi, the dreams of the Egyptian Pharaohs and the cult of the Greek God Asclepias all testify to a preoccupation with the importance of dreams across cultures and over a considerable period of time. Furthermore, they have not, by any means, seen the role and importance of dreams in an agreed light. The importance and significance of dreams is culture-bound and subject to the prevailing cosmologies, mythologies and histories of the respective peoples. We may also rest assured that the same holds true for medieval and modern cultures. The difference between all of the approaches makes it improbable that there will ever emerge an agreed theory of dreams.

## **Prevalence of Dreams**

Over a life of 72 years the average person spends 24 years sleeping! As much as 25% of this sleeping time is spent dreaming or to put it another way, one-twelfth of a person's life is concerned with dreaming. This estimate does not take into account associated waking practices such as using the imagination while reading a novel or T.V. and film viewing; nor does it include day-dreaming or reading fairy stories, comics, or viewing cartoons. It is amazing that since dreaming constitutes such a sizeable proportion of one's life that so little scientific attention is devoted to its study.

## **Limitations of Scientific Investigation**

One of the main reasons for the relative scientific neglect of the study of dreams is related to the limitations of the scientific method itself. The scientific method is very much concerned with establishing lawfulness between an effect and its necessary antecedents. It is wedded to the concepts of predictability based on the control of variables. With dreams these elements are in short supply. Dreams tend to be individualistic and non-repeatable. Their very existence can only be known by the introspective reporting of the dreaming subject and the content of the dream is non-verifiable. Similar dreams by different people may not have similar causes and dissimilar dreams may arise from common experiences. This means that the scientific methodology is an inappropriate tool for dream investigation.

## **Dreams and Associated Phenomena**

Dreams appear to belong to a group or class of phenomena which includes visions, reverie, hallucinations, second sight and certain hypnagogic states. A general theory should explain the relationship that dreams have to each of these phenomena. Whether or not there is some relationship between the dreaming state and other divinatory phenomena such as shamanism, clairvoyance, clairaudience, psychokinesis, poltergeistism and synchronistic events needs to be explored.

## **Types of Dreams**

While most writers classify dreams there is sometimes a temptation to interpret all dreams by a common key. For Sigmund Freud most dreams are the expression of wish-fulfilment and have decidedly sexual connotations. Carl Jung saw most dreams as the outcome of the unconscious compensating for a disturbed consciousness. James Hillman emphasised the symbolic character of dreams. Now while these approaches may be valid for the interpretation of some dreams it is a fallacy of generalisation to adopt a uniform approach to all dreams. I wish to propose the following classification:

## **Sensorial Dreams**

### **(i) Somatic or Physiological Dreams**

Many dreams owe their origins to a swollen bladder, an inflamed bowel, a cramped arm, a curry dinner, an enlarged liver and so on. The ingestion of hallucinogenic drugs such as LSD, Mescaline and Psilocybin is readily credited with affecting the pictorial consciousness of man but it is not usual to see any reference to the effects of less esoteric foodstuffs on human digestion. Alcohol consumption may give rise to pictures of pink elephants but no one seems to know anything about the effects of drinking non-alcoholic drinks. I have suggested elsewhere that it is reasonable to suppose that the origins of the ubiquitous dragon may be sought in the inflamed bowel of sleepers. This interpretation implies that there is a reflexive pictorial content to disturbed bodily organs. This is not to suggest that all dreamers with the same disturbed body organs will dream in identical pictures but it is reasonable to expect that they will share similarities.

## **(ii) Retrospective Dreams**

There 'are a number of dreams which are basically replays of experiences undergone in the recent past. They are not pure 're-runs' but may be suffused with emotional reactions to fearful or happy events or contain elements of unresolved conflict but they are predominantly retrospective in character. They allow for an exploration of the linear past.

## **(iii) Prospective Dreams**

This type of dream is concerned with an exploration of the possible future and may contain elements of wish-fulfilment and fantasies about possibilities. It should not be confused with prophetic dreams which are a genre of their own. We thus have an exploration of linear time in the first three types of dreams: physiological dreams make a pictorial statement of the present condition, retrospective dreams replay past events and prospective dreams portray the possible future. Now while these three types of dream constitute a sizeable proportion of the total, they, by no means, exhaust the range. These three types may be labelled sensorial and represent pictorial responses to sensory stimulation. There are also dreams which give pictorial content to percepts as distinct from sensations.

## **Perceptual Dreams**

Perception stands between sensation and ideation. Perception relates to the selection and organisation of sensory inputs into manageable holons. They are related to a person's controlling ideas. Perceptions may be affected by feelings which have either positive or negative valencies. We tend to perceive only what we want to perceive, and reject that which will disturb our homeostasis. In these 'perceptual dreams' the usual filters and censors of the perceptual process no longer inhibit. The dreams which issue from this new found freedom may strike the dreamer as wild, bizarre or fantastic. Social taboos, which inhibit waking behaviour, can be overturned in these types of dreams. The dream is compensatory.

## **Ideational Dreams**

In waking life conceptual thinking is normally imageless, unless one has an occupation such as architecture or engineering which is dependent on strong visualisation processes. However, in 'ideational dreaming' there are no such restrictions. The very nature of the dreaming process is to picture what it will and if it wants to picture an abstract concept such as 'love' it may do so by symbolically

representing it as a Venus de Milo or as Cupid and so on. In ideational dreaming symbolism holds the key to interpretation. The dream exhibits a life of its own and is 'free-floating'.

### **Characteristics of Dreams**

Carl Jung wrote a book: *Memories, Dreams and Reflections*. The title is a well-chosen one. It summarises the nature of dreams even though the word 'reflections' has an ambiguous usage. Dreams do contain memories and they are like the reflections of a mirror. There are additional characteristics of dreams which can be identified:

#### **(i) Autonomic Character**

Dreams occur spontaneously during sleep. There are some people who can 'stage-manage' a dream setting but, in the main, they occur outside the control of the dreamer.

#### **(ii) Time and Space Superseded**

Many dreams do not enact scenes within the parameters of wakeful time and space. Time may wander as in a novel written in a 'stream of consciousness' style. They may be telescoped or reversed. Space may be miniaturised, magnified and flown through effortlessly without the aid of an aircraft.

#### **(iii) Metaphorical and Symbolic Character**

Dream images are often replicas of their everyday counterpart. However, they should not be interpreted literally. This would negate their concealed meaning. As James Hillman asserts: 'Literalism is sickness. Whenever we are caught in a literal view we have lost the imaginative metaphorical perspective to ourselves and our world'. This general comment has particular application to dream analysis.

#### **(iv) The Dream is Personal to the Dreamer**

The expression of this characteristic may seem tautological. It refers to the uniqueness of each dream and the necessity to interpret each dream through the experiences and background of each individual dreamer. The fact that two people dream of a red-back spider does not necessarily imply that it has the same significance.

### **(v) The Dream is a Moving Image**

Dreams are not static images like photographs. They resemble movies and usually tell a story - even if that story is in code. Often the story reaches its climax at the moment of waking and the dreamer is left with a puzzle as to the story's outcome. Incidentally, the movie may be silent or in sound, black and white or in colour.

### **(vi) Some Odd Characteristics**

While dreams are unique to an individual there are some 'quirky' characteristics that crop up occasionally. These include:

- (a) repetitions of the same dream;
- (b) dreaming within a dream;
- (c) eidetic imaging such as reading the texts of encyclopaedia articles word for word;
- (d) creative dreaming involving content which lies completely outside the experience of the dreamer. Such dreams pose the possibility of a dreamer actually having someone else's dream;
- (e) prophetic dreaming (which is a topic that needs special treatment).

### **Final Words**

Dreams are not capable of being interpreted by a single key. They may be physiologically based, they may be wish-fulfilling, they may be retrospective replays of unresolved conflict in disguise. They have a meaning but it is necessary to consult the dreamer in order to find the key.



Mark & Mary with Children & Grandchildren

**For My Grandson  
Rohan James Reece  
b. 27 July 1981**

***Evening View From Greenwich Point***

*Sydney stands on beams of light,  
A city built on reflections bright,  
The shafts within those waters driven,  
By sweat and toil not freely given.*

*The shore divides those different orders,  
A guardian stands along its borders.  
A concrete city above the land  
Never in daylight looked so grand.*

*The wonder is that harshness yields  
Beauty imaged on watery fields.  
Fact and fantasy stand astride,  
Let them both within abide.*

Dear Rohan,

I wrote this poem while staying at the home of my good friend, Bill Delves. He lived at 10 King William Street, Greenwich. One night we walked to a vantage point and saw the lights of Sydney reflected in the Sydney Harbour. It reminded me of the achievements of my convict forebears. Thus the 'reflections' in the water led to the 'reflections' in my mind. Between the waking consciousness and the dreaming consciousness stands the 'guardian of the threshold'. Perhaps the creative artist is required to bring his dreaming consciousness across the 'shoreline' into the waking consciousness!

Good Dreaming

Much Love  
Granddad



**For My Granddaughter  
Mifanwy Mary Reece  
b. 22 February 1983**

*When All The Rivers Run*

*Those inland waters  
Though still,  
Run not deep.  
Their sinuous bodies long  
Lie relaxed on tadpole pads  
In anabranch and billabong.*

*Yes, all is serene  
In the riverine –  
Before the rivers run!*

*Each sleepy serpent hibernates  
Congealed in mud  
Until the sun dissolves  
High alpine snow  
To make the waters westward flow.  
The plainsmen wait to ride  
The fortunes of that tide –  
Life taken at the flood!*

*Philadelphia then rejoices,  
(Now bless the mighty sun!)  
The winding snakes will shed their skins  
When all the rivers run!*

Dear Miffy,

This is a poem I like very much. I wrote it after I had read Nancy Cato's *When All The Rivers Run*. The book was also made into a successful TV series which I also saw. I guess this river story reminded me that I was a 'riverine' boy. I have lived in Wagga Wagga (3 times), Canberra (4 times), Cootamundra, Temora, Deniliquin, Batlow and Adelong (one occasion each).

I also had extensive districts to cover from Deniliquin and Wagga. This meant that I became familiar with the Murrumbidgee and the Murray Rivers in particular. Deniliquin is on the Edwards River which is an 'anabranh' of the Murray. I had to visit some schools along the Lachlan River. Also, I have driven across the Riverina area countless times and there is something soul-satisfying about the landscape. The gentle undulating hills gets into your soul. It's very different to the desiccated sandstone formations of the mountain ranges and the monotony of the western plains. When one combines the effects of the arterial rivers snaking their way across the south-western slopes with the appeal of the landscape it is an altogether satisfying mix. When one realises that it is the melting snow which stirs new life into the rivers then the ecological unity of the region becomes apparent. The 'Riverine' is the land of my dreaming!

The structure of this poem attempts to reflect the meandering nature of the winding rivers. There is some internal rhyming but I have definitely departed from the hymnal nature of my earlier quatrains. In this poem 'content' is more pronounced than 'form'. Incidentally, 'Philadelphia' is the name of the paddle steamer which got stuck when the river subsided. In Greek 'philadelphia' means 'brotherly love'.

I do hope that you can interpret the poem as a hymn to the rejuvenation of the spirit.

Much Love  
Granddad

**For My Granddaughter  
Amelia Reece  
b. 22 May 1985**

*Australian Natives*

*Perfumed boronias,  
Too modest to boast,  
Hakeas more daring,  
Brighten our coast.*

*Adorned right regally  
In purple and gold,  
Hoveas and acacias  
Dress to be bold.*

*Scented verbenas,  
Green Kangaroo Paws,  
Flowers to discover  
Near salty seashores.*

*Banksias, grevilleas,  
Love this drained soil,  
Peppermints, angophoras,  
Dance as they toil.*

*Wild flowers not scentless  
Fragrance the breeze,  
Bright birds not songless  
Sing in the trees.*

*Adversity brings pleasure,  
And Happiness pain,  
Joy mingles with sadness,  
Each loss has its gain.*

*These natives are jewels,  
In soil which is poor,  
Win beauty from harshness  
On our rugged seashore!*

Dear Amy,

There is a story behind my writing this poem! I wrote it as a reply to Adam Lindsay Gordon's poem about 'scentless bright flowers' and 'songless bright birds'. I've forgotten the name of his poem. I think it contains the well-known lines:

*Life is mostly froth and bubble,  
Two things stand alone  
Kindness in another's trouble  
Courage in your own!*

(Perhaps I have got two poems confused).

Originally, I dedicated this poem to Maureen Delves. I called it 'Australian Natives' to pay my respects to the Australian flora. When I was at school we learnt the English poem 'Daffodils' by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. In this poem I wanted to write about some Australian flowers.

Good luck in your teaching

Much Love  
Granddad

**For My Granddaughter  
Savannah Louise Smith  
b. 27 November 1990**

*Standley Chasm*

*I made the trip to Standley Chasm,  
There was nothing there for me.  
Just the space between two walls  
Was all that I could see.*

*But I stood within the emptiness  
And my soul began to thrill.  
I heard the voices of ages past  
Around me echoing still.*

*As the weight of all that matters  
Is judged by how it floats,  
So sounds which made up music  
Lie in spaces of the notes.*

*An aperture gains meaning  
Where the void is filled inside,  
As lovers who seek uniting  
Are in each other tied.*

*I slept inside that chasm  
As seed within the earth.  
When I parted from that scene  
It was a second birth.*

Dear Savannah,

This is a poem I like. It appears to be about an empty space which has nothing in it! You know we all occupy empty spaces? Just look at yourself. How tall are you? How much do you weigh? What is your volume? When you were conceived you were only the size of a pin-head! Look at yourself now! You occupy a lot of space - maybe more than you want to! And think of how you can extend your space when you travel or talk on the phone!

Your space gains meaning the more you fill it with good things. These things are: kind thoughts, kind deeds and the good things of life.

When you empty yourself of these things it will be like a second birth!

Much Love  
Granddad

**For My Grandson  
Lachlan Kerry Oliver Smith  
b. 4 July 1992**

*Shades of Stuart Town*

*It's sunset on Cuga Burga,  
The locals beat a retreat,  
As shades of many old 'Ironbarks'  
Come marching down the street.*

*The paymaster leads the push  
With bushrangers all in tow.  
Bell and Harvey head the pack  
The others form in a row.*

*Dunn and O'Meally are silhouetted  
and Gilbert's next to Ben Hall,  
The sunlight flickers through them  
Onto leaves of ironbarks tall.*

*Then follow the miners singing  
Of days that gleamed of gold.  
The madman's there with Gardiner  
And Hanlan's in the fold.*

*John Haynes looks so impressive  
In his suit of armour plate.  
He shuffles along ungainly  
For this he mustn't be late!*

*It's the annual 'shout' of Banjo  
And the Man he eulogised.  
Beer's on at Ironbark Inn  
Hearken to glee and lies.*

*"Here's to the confounded barber,  
Here's to the ensuing brawl.  
Here's to the diggings that drew us  
Enriched us one and all."*

*So they drank their pints and faded  
Into the gloaming light.  
Yet their presence glows in the embers  
Of campfires burning bright.*

*There's many a ghost at Ophir  
And spooks that wear a gown,  
I'll wager they're not as thirsty  
As the shades of Stuart Town!*

Dear Lachie,

This poem is meant to be humorous. I wrote it after Nanny and I had visited Stuart Town. Stuart Town used to be called 'Ironbark'. The town is now small but onetime it was a bustling gold-mining town.

In order to understand the poem you need to know something about the poem written by A.B. 'Banjo' Paterson. He wrote a poem called *The Man From Ironbark*. Maybe you have read it. It tells the story of a man from Ironbark (now called Stuart Town) who visited Sydney. While this man was in Sydney he went to get his beard shaved at a barber's shop. The barber decided to play a practical joke on him which the man from Ironbark did not appreciate. Read it for yourself.

In this poem I do not go to Sydney. I go to Ironbark and meet the ghosts of the place. These ghosts ('shades') include a number of dead goldminers: Dunn, O'Meally, the Madman, Gardiner, Hanlan and, of course, Paterson's 'Man from Ironbark'. These ghosts are all having a drink at the local pub, the Ironbark Inn. They meet on the same day each year and the Poet 'Banjo' Paterson is there to shout the old-timers a drink. He is a ghost too. Like most miners they tell 'tall stories' about the past while they have their drinks.

Some of your early ancestors actually lived at Ironbark. The reason I went to Ironbark was to meet one of them.

Good Reading

Much Love  
Granddad



**For My Granddaughter  
Lara Amanda Watts  
b. 19 January 1984**

***Darwin to Canberra And Return***

*I travelled 2000 miles today  
Through the landscape of my life.  
From the periphery to the centre,  
8 kid's and a faithful wife.*

*We've wandered through desert places,  
In a wilderness for years.  
We've traversed the promised country  
With our hopes and all our fears.*

*At first we scaled the great divide  
And climbed the dizzy heights.  
We shuffled off old Europe,  
With all its clannish fights.*

*Then we pastured on the plains  
And panned alluvial gold.  
We battled drought and locusts,  
The heat and biting cold.*

*We remember all the silence  
Before the telegraph was laid.  
By Cobb and Co we travelled  
When trains were not delayed.*

*The iron horse we saw replaced  
By the soaring silver bird.  
We've flown cross this timeless land  
To places seldom heard.*

*And the landscape's been intriguing  
For the hills are only mounts.  
The states are not dividers  
For mateship's all that counts.*

*We've made a thousand friendships  
From the North unto the South.  
We've followed all the rivers  
From the source into the mouth.*

*The country's being developed  
And Darwin's just a hop.  
Only 200 years of travelling  
From Canberra to the Top!*

Dear Lara,

I wrote this poem while travelling on a plane from Darwin to Canberra. The poem tells about my thoughts while I was flying. It was about the inscape of my thoughts about the landscape of my forebears journeying in Australia. My ancestors are also your ancestors. My ancestors began arriving in 1792. I am a seventh generation Australian. Your mother is an eighth generation Australian. This means you must be a ninth generation Australian.

The story of your ancestors in Australia begins in Sydney. Our early ancestors worked around Sydney, Parramatta and Windsor. When the Blue Mountains were crossed in 1813 it was not long before our forebears thought of 'scaling the great divide'. Once on the Bathurst Plains some of them 'panned alluvial gold'. They certainly 'battled drought and locusts, the heat and biting cold.'

In the early days they had to live near creeks and rivers. Some lived near 'swamps' (Round Swamp) and some near lagoons (Campbell's Lagoon). Later, they found springs or drips and collected their drinking water in buckets. Later, some dug wells or collected rainwater in tanks. Only in the last 100 years have towns supplied drinking water from taps. There were no trains until mid-nineteenth century. My mother remembers that when she was a little girl she travelled by a Cobb and Co. coach! You can read the rest of the poem by yourself. You'll discover that after 200 years our family moved as far away as Darwin. Darwin is on the periphery of Australia and Canberra is at the political centre.

Hope you get to know your ancestors.

Much Love  
Granddad

**For My Grandson  
Kelwyn John Joel Dunningham  
b. 11 October 1994**

*Song of a Patriot*

*The knotted old gum just stands and stares  
And looks at the passing years.  
It measures its life in fallen bark  
And ponders its fate as it nears.*

*It's a tree that's had a long struggle  
While perched on the top of a hill.  
But its roots are firmly anchored  
In the soil that nourishes it still.*

*It's not a tree of great beauty.  
(They're mostly the same in these lands).  
All twisted and knotted and broken,  
Yet defiantly there it stands.*

*It wants to whisper a message  
Before it gives in to the fight: -  
"Discard those exhausted philosophies  
And reach up into the light!"*

*Be not ashamed of your country,  
Or the land that's given you birth.  
Fight for your hold on Australia  
And fight for all you're worth!*

*There are alien ideas that choke,  
And pests will infest you too.  
Put down your roots even deeper -  
Ever your strength to renew!"*

Dear Kelwyn,

This is a poem about one of your great-great-grandfathers. We each have one father, two grandfathers, four great-grandfathers and eight great-great grandfathers. Can you name them? This poem is about Sydney Patrick Smith. I have written quite a bit about him in my history of the family. I knew him quite well. He was a fairly big man and quite strong. When he married he was a blacksmith but he soon became a landholder. He farmed and grazed sheep. After a while he traded in sheep and he purchased a dairy business in Gulgong. Later, he purchased a Bakery and a Butcher's shop in the West End of Mudgee. This became the pattern of his life. He bought and sold businesses. When I first met him, he had quite a complex mixed business at 6 Canley Road, Fairfield. This business consisted of a grocery shop, a number of petrol bowsers and a produce store. After he retired he purchased a block of flats at Edgecliff. I guess the income from these flats financed his retirement. He never drew a pension from the government. I hope you can manage your money as well as he did!

Much Love  
Granddad

**For My Grandson  
Galen Bryn Dunningham  
b. 22 February 1996**

***The Tree at "Bugadah"***

*There's a tree that grows from the foot of a rock,  
It's beside "the drip" they say.  
If you had spent your lifetime there  
You'd know it's on "Moreton Bay".*

*It's a tree that can tell a long story  
Of struggle and poverty and ill.  
But the spring that continually nourishes it  
Trickles from a rocky hill.*

*Ride to Cock-a-butta, (near Meroutherie),  
Look for the "Ivy Rock" and its not that far,  
Then wind your way along the track  
And you'll see it – Sydney's "Bugadah".*

*But Sydney's not there any longer,  
He's moved to greener fields.  
He left for better pastures,  
For acres with higher yields.*

*You may wander about the property  
On sandstone slopes and basalt tops,  
You might see the animals drinking,  
Where the water springs into the "troughs".*

*Walk round to the "Hands and Arms"  
(A cave full of hornets nests).  
Inspect the aboriginal paintings,  
Look out for ants and other bush pests.*

*Sydney grubbed the wattle and the apple,  
Until the clearing saw the light.  
He split the timber and cross cut it  
With the elements fought his fight.*

*It was a long hard struggle,  
Fought bitterly to the end.  
But the early pioneers are missing,  
No more their hearts to rend.*

*Still the verdict's not yet given,  
The tree is growing still,  
Syd's living in his children –  
That mighty conquering will!*

Dear Galen,

The poem I have chosen for you is about the same person as the poem I chose for Kelwyn. It is about one of your eight great-great-grandfathers - even though it pretends to be about a tree! This great-great-grandfather of yours was born on the 15th December 1881 on a property at a place called Stoney Creek, Cooyal, near Mudgee. He was the ninth of ten children born to John Joseph Smith and Caroline Murray. The house in which he grew up is still standing and is today called 'Glenroy'. It is now owned by Roy Kurtz. This great-great-grandfather's name was Sydney Patrick Smith. When he was 26½ years old he married Jessie Maud Bayliss on the 28th May 1908. They were married in the Gulgong Roman Catholic Church even though they lived in the town of Coolah. Their first child was my father - Kenneth John Smith. Not long after they were married Sydney and Jessie moved to a property at the rear of 'Moreton Bay', Leadville. This was because Jessie wanted to be near her father and her brothers and sisters. Her mother had died on the 6 November 1898 when Jessie was only ten years old. The name of the property was called 'Bugadah' which is probably an Aboriginal word for 'water spring'.

When Sydney Patrick went there in about 1911, he had to clear the land and build a house. He first built a bark hut. Then he hollowed out some old fallen logs. He did this so that the water dripping from the rock spring could flow down to the bark hut. At the end of the logs a bucket caught the dripping water. When the bucket was full it was transferred to pots and heated at an open fire place. In those early days there were no water tanks.

Later on, Sydney built the house which he named 'Bugadah'. On the 11<sup>th</sup> August 1912 a second son was born to Jessie and Syd. They named him Keith Joseph Smith. The new baby was actually born in Coolah where my father, Kenneth John Smith, had been born in 1908.

Your great-great-grandfather sold 'Bugadah' in about 1918. The two boys, Ken and Keith, attended the Coolah Public School until the family sold out and moved to Gulgong. The house that Sydney built, 'Bugadah', lasted until the early 1980s when it was burnt down by a raging fire.

Much Love  
Granddad

**For My Granddaughter  
Adriana Brooke Smith  
b. 7 March 1996**

*On The Path of The Ecliptic*

*Look in the fields of Foshan,  
See the toiling Taurean  
Buffaloing in rice paddies –  
Apis long since descended,  
And the farmer on all fours planting,  
Visible proof that men  
Are equal to the Gods,  
That all can enjoy the communal wallow*

*See in Yuexiu Park,  
Five Fiery spirits sculptured in stone.  
Once Arian messengers,  
Purveyors of cereal  
To the Pearl of the Orient,  
Now reminders  
That form is frozen process,  
How time itself can cement!*

*Go through Guangzhou,  
Watch Pisces swimming  
Along the rivers of pedalling people,  
Or paddle through the market place  
Among the frogs and eels and crabs  
And you will find Christ –  
As one flavour only,  
In that human soup bowl!*

*Dwell now on the peach blossom,  
The dahlia and chrysanthemum –  
Fragrance is a heavenly sign –  
A new dawning has begun.  
Saturn and Uranus combine in Aquarius;  
Sternness and change are one,  
Earth, Fire, Water and Air combine.  
China still follows the sun!*



Dear Adriana,

I wrote this poem after I had travelled into southern China. To understand its meaning you need to know a little geography, a little astronomy, a little astrology and a little about Asian religion.

Firstly, the geography you need to know concerns the location and importance of Guangzhou. It was once known as Canton and its symbol is of 'Five Fiery Spirits sculptured in stone'. You should also know that the city is situated on the Pearl River and not too far from the rural city of Foshan. The citizens of Guangzhou go to work on bicycles - 'Along the rivers of pedalling people'. They depend, to a large extent, on fresh food obtainable at the bustling markets. They can be seen eating bowls of rice and soup on a daily basis.

Secondly, a little astronomy will help in the understanding of this poem. The title gives the essence of the poem's meaning. The 'Path of the Ecliptic' is the path traced out by the sun as it moves slightly eastward in relation to the stars. China is following its appointed path in time. This time is not the normal yearly cycle but the cycle of the sun as it passes in front of the twelve constellations. This cycle is 25,920 years long. It comprises 12 zodiacal segments of 2160 years. The sun, at the spring equinox, stands in the constellation of the Fish (Pisces) but in the century of Christ was in the Ram (Aries). Before Aries it was in The Bull (Taurus) and before that the Twins (Gemini) etc. Today, it is moving into the Age of Aquarius. This movement is known as the 'precession of the equinoxes'.

If you look carefully you can see references to Aries, Taurus, Pisces and Aquarius - 'A new dawning has begun'. In the new era China will rule and the period of Christian ascendancy will wane

*'And you will find Christ  
As one flavour only'.*

It will be interesting to see whether China achieves the greatness it once had!

Much Love  
Granddad



**For My Granddaughter  
Bianca Rhiannon Smith  
b. 7 March 1996**

*XPT Departing Canberra 7.45 am  
Arriving Sydney 11.15 am*

*Plain drilled in khaki,  
The Monaro flies fast  
Past the XPT  
On into the Tarago of my life.*

*Across the Abercrombies I speed,  
From Burruga to Captains Flat,  
Lake George and Currawang  
(And all that way back!)  
They would have enjoyed  
The comfort of my ride  
In the distance that they plied.*

*Have you ever noticed Clancy's Creek,  
Or Maple Brown's 'Springfield'  
Where once the brothers Faithful  
Struggled with Ben Hall?  
Perhaps there hasn't been time  
For you to see at all?*

*Down by the stream  
The archaeology of Ryansvale  
Lies entombed  
Where John Ryan  
And Alice Roach  
Sentinel the ruins.*

*No train to razor-back then  
To Sydney Town;  
Only time to lie unnoticed  
In their bracken gown.*

*I can see now  
That times have changed.  
No longer the stooks of shocks  
Or prismic bales of hay  
Or the grain mill in the shed  
With only wooden nails.  
The sheaves are roly-poly.  
It's progress now instead!*

*If one day  
You should chance  
At Bungendore to visit  
Those in retirement,  
They will tell you  
All you need to know  
Where ruins lie hidden  
Deep in my Monaro.*

*But not this time,  
The XPT can barely pause.  
It must Campbelltown  
Its way to Strathfield.  
Not a minute too late  
Or a minute too soon  
Or they'll call Trouble  
To investigate by noon!*

Dear Bianca,

This poem appears to be about a train journey from Canberra to Sydney, but it is not really about that at all! It's about part of the story of some of your Australian forebears. My mother's father William Patrick McGrath, was born at Currawang, Lake George on the 16th February, 1873. His father was John McGrath (b. 3 July 1842 at Windsor) and his mother was Mary Ryan (b. 11 March at Lake George). John McGrath (one of your GGGGrandfathers) and his brother married sisters i.e. Mary Ryan and Johanna Ryan. They all lived in the District known today as The Monaro. While they were living at Currawang, John McGrath and Mary had four children: John (Jnr), William Patrick (my grandfather), Edward and Mary. They left Lake George about 1878 and moved to another mining district called Frogmore, which is just outside Burrowa. John and Mary had three more children while John ("Smelter") worked in the mines. After work became scarce the family moved again to a larger mine at Burruga. They had to cross the Abercrombie Ranges to get to Burruga. John and Mary did not leave the district of Burruga but after the mine closed, in about 1920, the four boys moved away and ended their mining occupations. The second son, William Patrick, married my Grandma, Sarah Charlotte Anne Evans, at Burruga on 24 September 1905. William and Sarah had two daughters. The eldest was Dorothy and her younger sister was Mary Edna Kathleen McGrath, my mother, and one of your great-grandmothers.

So you can see that:

*'They would have enjoyed  
The comfort of my ride  
In the distance that they plied.'*

While I travelled in a comfortable train they had to walk overland! I hope you can learn more about your forebears. They have a great story to tell!

Much Love  
Granddad

**For My Granddaughter  
Alessia Anne Allfree  
b. 13 July 1997**

***Kakadu – Spirit of Wilderness***

*Scarping the plateau of Arnhem's high view  
Through ages of weathering and wear,  
Her outliers, gorges and caves are hiding  
Paintings and glyphs now rare.  
In thunder and storm her rain torrents falling,  
I hear the spirit of wilderness calling: -*

*Kakadu, Kakadu,  
My Princess so true,  
Kakadu, Kakadu, Kakadu!*

*The lilt in the step of each jabiru,  
In the stomping of buffalo herds,  
Ballets performed by brolgas dancing  
With elegant water birds;  
In whistle and honk of sunset's falling  
I hear the music of wilderness calling: -*

*Kakadu, Kakadu,  
My Princess so true,  
Kakadu, Kakadu, Kakadu!*

*When paper-barks willow and their leaves renew,  
When the grey-brown land turns green,  
Native gardenias are blooming and scenting,  
Hibiscus are colouring the scene.  
When rivers run fast and Jim Jim's falling  
I hear the spirit of wilderness calling: -*

*Kakadu, Kakadu,  
My Princess so true,  
Kakadu, Kakadu, Kakadu!*

Dear Alessia,

This is a Northern Territory poem and although it has a 'romantic' element to it this was not meant to be dominant. The reference to '*My Princess so true*' in the chorus, was intended to be a veiled reference to the tourist river ferry named 'The Kakadu Princess'. I wanted to describe elements of the Kakadu National Park which depicted the meteorological terror and cacophony of sounds, as well as the beauty and spirituality of the landscape. The subject matter of the poem is full of contrasts. Can you discover them? The chorus is meant to provide a spiritual harmonising of the polar clashes. It transcends the clash of opposites and if you take care to say it properly you will '*hear the spirit of wilderness calling*' in the music of the lines!

Much Love  
Granddad

**For My Granddaughter  
Shannon Miranda Watts  
b. 14 July 1997**

*John Smith From Stoney Creek*

*Tipperary Jack, as a very young chap,  
came from the County Clare.  
He made the trip in open ship  
to Advance Australia fair.*

*He's long been dead and lot's been said  
but the story's not been told –  
of the long bush trek to the great outback,  
and the feverish search for gold.*

*Just last week I did seek,  
in my dreams, to talk to him.  
He appeared to me with a cane in his hand,  
and his eyes looked rather dim.*

*He said; "I've been but now I'm back  
to see what had to be".  
With a smile on his face he asked for a seat  
and the cane fell across his knee.*

*"I'd never believed," he started to say,  
"that I would return to hear them say,  
that the long bush trek to the great outback  
could be done in less than a day".  
'I came," he said, "where I'd been led,  
to change the green to gold.  
But the promise was gone when I had come  
and the truth had not been told"  
    'I selected some land,  
    I selected a wife,  
    I went into debt,  
    and got into strife.*

*But I nurtured the soil –  
with patience and toil  
and the crops that I grew  
were sons that were true,  
and ones that fought the fight".*

*And after that talk, his image began to recede,  
and his hand reached out and he held forth  
the cane that he nursed on his knee.  
"Hang on to it", he said, "it's the staff of a  
Nation. See that it's kept and passed on to  
each generation".*

*With a tear on my cheek,  
I looked at the stick,  
on it was etched  
the name of the blest –  
"John Smith from Stoney Creek".*

Dear Shannon,

Your name reminds me of my Irish ancestry and the beautiful Shannon River. On five of my eight lines of descent I am Irish, on the other three lines I am English, Scottish and Welsh. I first saw the River Shannon when we travelled through Athlone. The river was spanned by an elegant sandstone bridge with three arches. We had to park near the bank of the river because all the streets were jammed with cars. It was Sunday morning and everyone had come to town/city in order to go to mass - at least that's what we thought. We found a pub, the Castle Inn, and tried to get in. We could see people inside but the doors were shut. When we knocked someone opened the doors and let us in. We were told that during Mass the doors had to be closed. Many of those in the pub should have been at Mass!

The poem I have selected for you is about one of my Irish Great-grandfathers. His name was John Joseph Smith. He claimed, on his marriage certificate, that his father's name was also John Smith. His mother's name was Honoria Teafy or Teaffey. We do not know when John Joseph came to Australia. We do know that on the 19th May 1864 he married Caroline Murray, daughter of William Murray and Catherine Foran. They were married in Saint Mary's Roman Catholic Church, Mudgee, NSW.

John Joseph Smith and Caroline had ten children and the ninth of these, Sydney Patrick Smith, was my paternal grandfather. Unfortunately nobody has discovered when John Joseph Smith came to Australia or when he was born. Perhaps, one day, you will discover these secrets through research. The poem contains some details but many people were called 'Tipperary Jack' just because they were Irish. Tipperary is not in County Clare. A family of Teaffey (his mother's name) can be traced to Birdhill Tipperary North in the Newport Catholic Parish. It's possible John Joseph Smith's mother (Honorina) came from Birdhill. I hope you can find out. Meanwhile, I am leaving you with this poem. I hope it also reminds you of your Irish heritage.

Much Love  
Granddad



**For My Granddaughter  
Ryleigh Kinmont Allfree  
b. 7 February 1999**

***“Pray For Muiredach  
Who Raised This Cross”***

*No! I will not pray for you  
Muiredach McDomhnaill.  
Of that you have no need.  
Your cross sparkles  
With the hope of Christ  
As the sun dances  
On its mica-flecked features.*

*Not so poor Anna Livia  
Who needs all our prayers.  
The cross she has formed  
Lies in the peat waters of Dubb-Linn  
Coloured by the burden of defeat.  
The sun dances not  
In the gloom  
Of her soot-stained walls  
And gun-metalled streets.*

*It was you Anna  
Who surrendered the Celtic bloom  
And taught Deidre  
To tankard that dark brew of self-pity.*

*It was you Anna  
Who married the Playboy  
And ground down  
The hope and pride of the culchies  
Into the lees of their discontent.*

*Well might you discard  
The sackcloth  
And wash the ashes  
That prevent your body  
Shining in its millennial light!*

*No, you can look after yourself  
Muiredach McDomhnaill.  
While I pray for Anna –  
To green her dress  
Paint her lips  
And make her eyes sparkle  
For joy again!*

Dear Ryleigh,

I have selected a rather obscure poem for you. This is not because you are obscure but because I think you have the ability to understand its underlying meaning.

The clue to understanding the meaning of a poem is usually contained in the title of the poem. In this instance I have entitled the poem with a direct quote from an inscription found on a Celtic cross in an Irish cemetery. The name of the person who had died was Muirdach McDomhnaill. All he asked for was that the visitor to his grave offer a prayer for him. What did I say to that request? I said 'No!'. Why did I say 'No'? The poem explains my reasons. Firstly, his beautiful Celtic cross headstone already sparkled '*With the hope of Christ, As the sun dances on its mica-flecked features*'. His gravesite looked happy enough.

The poem then declares that the person who really needs our prayers is Anna Livia. Who is Anna Livia? She is the spirit of the city of Dublin. The River Liffey which runs through Dublin is named after her! I think you can read the rest of the poem for yourself. You might benefit a little by reading about the Celtic Literary Revival Movement.

Good Reading

Much Love  
Granddad



**For My Granddaughter  
Cosima Hermione Dunningham  
b. 16 October 1999**

*The Spirit of Burrage*

*Child of the coppery Venus,  
Born just a century ago  
Now aged, infirm and forgotten  
My memories are youthful though!*

*I attracted hordes of miners,  
(Most had a taste for rum).  
They came from Wales and Ireland,  
They came from Kingdom come!*

*I blasted out their prejudice  
And crushed their clannish pride,  
I refined their coarser manners,  
A love for Australia fired!*

*Then I spread that metal widely  
Right throughout the land;  
A web of human friendship  
From that specially chosen band!*

*Gone are those lonely distances,  
Gone is the township too,  
Gone are those petty differences,  
Firm is my love for you!*

Dear Cosima,

The poem I have chosen for you is about my mother. She is one of your four great-grandmothers. Her name, before she married, was Mary Edna Kathleen McGrath. She was actually born in a mining town called Burruga. This town is now a 'ghost town'. When she was born on 15th November 1909 it was a thriving mining town. Her father was a miner at the Lloyds Copper mines and his father had also been a copper miner. When Mary was born, Burruga had a population of about 6000 people. Today, it would only have a population of about 600 people. The copper mine closed down in 1919. However, Mary's family had already moved to Bathurst and her father gained work on the railway as a 'ganger'.

When she was a young girl, she learnt how to be an Irish Dancer. She later taught Irish Dancing as a form of employment. In 1924, at the age of 15 years she was crowned 'Miss Bathurst'. She was a young woman of striking beauty. She married in 1928 and had nine children. I was number four! I hope you are as kind as she was.

Much Love  
Granddad

**For My Granddaughter  
Georgina Shakuntala Mary Smith  
b. 2 June 2001**

*An Oriental View*

*Two red roses  
Vased on the table  
Of the verandah  
At the Oriental  
Watch while two women cocktail  
Their thoughts at sunset  
Along the Chao Praya.  
They are charged no pilotage  
For the up and down  
Ferrying of their minds.*

*Along life's stream  
They drift  
Until they meet Mongkut  
And they find their release.  
Slaves no longer  
To any patriarchal order  
They may henceforth  
Dress in saffron.*

*Once reclining,  
Then in sitting position,  
They not only stand  
But are liberated  
To walk their way  
With Gautama  
From the Shackles of belonging.*

*O Chakri,  
May the fragrance of those two  
Spread throughout the land  
To make of it  
One Rose Garden!*

Dear Georgina,

The poem I have selected for you was originally dedicated to Mrs Lynette Pickett. Lynette and her husband, Bruce, lived over the road from us in Driffield Street, Anula, Darwin. We travelled overseas with them on three occasions. Firstly to Hong Kong, then to Thailand and our third trip was to the United Kingdom of England, Scotland and Wales and to Eire (Southern Ireland). We did not go into Northern Ireland.

This poem is about an experience we had in Bangkok, Thailand. One night the four of us decided to have cocktail drinks on the 'verandah of the Oriental Hotel'. We could not afford to stay at this luxury hotel but we thought it would be a good experience to have a look at the foyer and pretend that we were able to afford it! The hotel had an outside drinking area with tables, chairs and sun umbrellas. From this outside area it was possible to see the river craft going up and down the Chao Praya river.

The table setting had a 'classy appeal' with two vases each containing a red rose. These roses reminded me of the two women at the table. And as I contemplate the scene my mind ponders the changing fate of women in the world and in Buddhist Thailand in particular. Women were once slaves to the 'patriarchal' order but they are now on an equal footing with men.

They:                    *'are liberated to walk their way  
With Gautama  
From the shackles of belonging.'*

When the women are completely liberated the whole of Thailand will be like:                    *'One Rose Garden'.*

Much Love  
Granddad

**For My Grandson  
Richard William Kinmont Smith  
b. 7 January 2003**

*The Museum at Gulgong*

*Should you ever go to Gulgong,  
to look in on the town,  
you'll see the converted bakery,  
a Museum of some renown.  
It depicts the life of struggle  
endured by our relations,  
shows mullocks of social history  
from farms and cattle stations.*

*It's not without a message  
that flour was mixed in there,  
with fire and heat and kneading,  
the bread was baked with care.  
In temperatures that went soaring,  
on mornings chilled with frost,  
it naturalised those settlers –  
they truly met the cost.*

*The yeast is now fermenting,  
in the batch that came from there.  
It works in all the children  
now scattered everywhere.  
They're rising to the occasion –  
it's there for all to see.  
It's amazing what was baked,  
in that humble bakery!*

Dear Richard,

What a grand name you have! The poem I have chosen for you is, like your name, genealogically oriented. Your father will remember when I took him and my father on a trip to Gulgong and Mudgee. Your father and I flew from Darwin to Sydney, then went by train to 'Bugadah' (2) at Blaxland. We then drove out to Gulgong in order to celebrate my father's fiftieth wedding anniversary. Naturally, we visited the Pioneer Museum at Gulgong. Gulgong was the town where my father finished his schooling and started working. My father, Kenneth, and his brother, Keith, assisted their father, Sydney, in the dairy that they owned. This dairy was known as 'Braeburn' and my father showed me where it was located just on the outskirts of Gulgong. While the family lived in Gulgong my father's sister, Joan, was born.

When we visited the museum we met Harry Seis. He was a volunteer Committee Man who took an active interest in the Museum. At the time we met him he was Mayor of Gulgong (1978). He was later awarded an Order of Australia for his community service. Harry Seis said he attended Cainbul Creek Provisional School. This galvanised iron 'school' had been adjacent to the property of Joseph Fletcher Bayliss (later called 'Rock Linden') which had been part of a larger property known as 'Moreton Bay'. The subsidised teacher at this school was my grandmother, Jessie Maud Bayliss. Her father's name was Joseph Fletcher Bayliss and his father's name was Richard Bayliss!

When my father, Ken, took me, Mark, and your father, Richard, to the museum he explained that when he was a boy the museum had been a bakery. A picture of the bakery was once on the \$10 note. My father told us that his first job, apart from helping his father deliver milk, was working in the bakery! My father also showed us a large oil painting of his which he donated to the museum. It is a painting of the goldfields and the last time I visited the museum it was in the geological exhibition room.

I hope you can visit the Gulgong Museum sometime.

Love  
Granddad

**For My Grandson  
Fletcher John Thomas Smith  
b. 7 January 2005**

***Requiem at Kanchanaburi***

*Those 100,000 sleepers  
From Moulmein to Nong Pladuk,  
Carry not the weight of rails,  
Or supply trains,  
Or rice and ammunition  
For the imperial Army.  
They carry the weight  
Of all that counts: -  
    The courage of the Dutch  
    The gallantry of the English  
    The mateship of the Australian  
And the sacrifice of the Thais..*

*Train it if you wish  
But the real lines  
Are those rows at Kanchanaburi,  
Chungkai and Kranji  
Where you will find  
The names of those sleepers  
Printed in bronze.*

*Before they were laid to rest  
They stumbled through Hell Fire Pass  
And dreamed a thousand dreams  
Of childhoods on the farms  
Of Christmas dinners and puddings  
Of Europe's quaint old charms.  
They dreamed of sweethearts,  
Of wives they left behind,  
Of families in the making,  
Of Utopias they sought to find.*

*When finally they succumbed  
To malnutrition and cholera  
And dysentery, worm infestation  
and ill-treatment  
They found their peace  
And crossed their River Kwai.*

*No more pain or suffering,  
No more agony or strife,  
For us they gave a new tomorrow,  
For us they gave their life.*

Dear Fletcher,

I like your name. It was the middle name of one of your great-great-great-grandfathers: Joseph Fletcher Bayliss. His father's name was Richard Bayliss and his mother's name was Mary Elizabeth Richards. Richard and Mary arrived in Australia on the 6th January 1853 aboard the '*Beyapore*'. They paid 15 pounds for the cost of the voyage with three of their children.

Mary's father was James Richards and her mother's name was Johanna Fletcher (b. 28.4.1793). Johanna Fletcher's father was William Fletcher and her mother was Dinah Brunsdon. William and Dinah were married on the 3<sup>rd</sup> October 1789 but they never came to Australia. So you carry a Christian name which was once a family surname. The name 'Fletcher' was originally an arrow maker who specialised in adding the correct feathers (old French: flechier and fleche: 'arrow'). All arrows of a set had to have similar markings and be arranged as a set.

Fletchers, like other medieval tradesmen or artisans, were found throughout the British Isles and Europe. There were, of course, the Smiths, the Masons, the Carpenters, the Ironmongers, the Tailors (Taylors), the Potters, the Cooks, the Saddlers, the Farriers, the Bakers, the Wheelwrights and also the Arrowsmiths, Bowmans and Fletchers. In Scotland some of these hereditary occupations gained a clan identity. This happened, oddly enough, to the Carpenters (they are known by the Gaelic equivalent name of McIntyre), the Smiths and the Fletchers. They each now have their own tartans and clan identity. So I hope you bear your name to the world with great pride.

Much Love  
Granddad

P.S. I hope you like the poem!



**For My Granddaughter  
Maisie Grace McVeigh  
b. 16 August 2006**

***Paeon For Peace***

*Once killing fields of Flanders  
Now poppies in Tan An,  
While Megidoo is threatening,  
The destiny of Man!*

*Pandora's box is empty,  
Prometheus now unfurled,  
Each self completely centred,  
Terror stalks the world!*

*Leave Thy cross O Christ,  
Toil with Everyman,  
Change our sword to ploughshare,  
Let man be truly man!*

*Let your pentecostal word  
Around the earth now ring,  
From the Golan Heights of Syria  
To the plains about Beijing!*

*INTERNATIONAL YEAR OF  
PEACE, 1986*

Dear Maisie,

A paean is a song of praise, a chant of thanksgiving addressed to Apollo or Artemis. This poem was written in the year 1986 which was The International Year of Peace. Notwithstanding its age, its message is timeless.

The red poppies of Flanders symbolise the bloodstained fields of the First World War. They apply equally to 'the killing fields' of Cambodia and the savage killing of Tan An by Australian and Vietnamese troops. Megidoo is the town site on the Plains of Armageddon where the 'final' war is supposed to be fought.

The Greeks told the story of Pandora, a beautiful gift to mankind, and her box of curiosities. Pandora's box was full of plagues and sorrows except for one good thing - Hope. However, the poem says:

*'Pandora's box is empty'.*

Even the wise and compassionate Prometheus is captured by Force and Violence and chained to the rock of torture and suffering. The reference to Prometheus 'now unfurled' has nothing to do with his fine qualities. It is a veiled reference from another account of Prometheus as the stealer of fire from Mount Olympus. 'Prometheus now unfurled' means the destructive power of fire is now loosed on the world.

The third verse is a plea to the Christian Christ to save mankind from the impending peril. If this should happen then all nations will speak the language of peace. I do hope you see more peace in the world than we have now.

Much Love  
Great-Granddad