ISSUE 56—DECEMBER 2020

THE WAYFARER

THE OFFICIAL NEWSLETTER OF THE ADAM LINDSAY GORDON COMMEMORATIVE COMMITTEE INC.

THE POET OF AUSTRALIA 1833-1870
WHO LAID THE FOUNDATIONS FOR LITERATURE AND THE ARTS

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Membership forms are available on our website, listed below.
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THE ADAM LINDSAY GORDON COMMEMORATIVE COMMITTEE INC.
(A0049425F)

PATRON SINCE 2010
JANICE BATE

PO BOX 272
YANKALILLA SA 5203
AUSTRALIA

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PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

Warm greetings to all members and supporters of the Adam Lindsay Gordon Commemorative Committee. This has been a momentous and sobering year on each of the local, national and international scenes. Optimism must surely be the mental attitude to take, but the year has certainly provided ample time to reflect upon the unpredictability of life. A time when " kindness in another's trouble, courage in your own" becomes even more relevant.

Recently I was stunned by responses I received from a local young man of originally English background but three generations Australian. He is about to complete first year of a Commerce degree at the University of Melbourne. As a retired secondary teacher and educational administrator, I was interested in aspects of his secondary education.

He admitted to knowing nothing of Burke and Wills, the Dig Tree, any Australian inland explorer despite my prompting re Sturt, Stuart, Hume... " there is a Hume Highway" .... and Leichhardt. Regarding poetry, he claimed to have never heard of Adam Lindsay Gordon, Henry Lawson or " Banjo" Paterson. Recalled studying " the Gold Rush" in Years 7-10. Could not articulate anything significant regarding Koori history. His VCE ATAR score indicated a very able student.

I mention this conversation as extra reason for the necessary existence of our organisation. Along with many others we attempt to keep the writings and exploits of poets, explorers and other historic figures alive and relevant to understanding this country's beginnings. So, as the Hawthorn legend John Kennedy Snr famously roared " Don't just think, DO, do something "!

What have we been doing over the past four months despite the " lockdown"?

Thanks to ZOOM we have held meetings each month including the AGM.

A number of celebratory dates have been reserved for 2021.
Activities will be planned assuming Covid -19 has been " beaten":

. 24 June....Gordon's death and Flemington race event

. Late August ... visit to the Great Western Steeple (Coleraine, Victoria)

. 1 Sept ..... Wattle Day

. 19 Oct..... Gordon's birthday

Monitoring the preservation of items from the currently closed Dingley Dell; bricks from the home at Lewis Street, Brighton ; Gordon's racing colours held by the South Australian Jockey Club.

Announcement of three additional and well deserved Life Memberships..... Jenny Childs, Allan Childs and Elrae Adams. Awards to be made when we get together.

#. Lorraine Day has published an excellent booklet which has been distributed to some forty secondary schools in SE South Australia and Western Victoria. Entitled " Remembering Adam Lindsay Gordon —An introduction to his poetical works", this thirty page booklet outlines Gordon's history and gives background information on nine of his poems.

What are our immediate challenges?

Increasing the number and involvement of our members. YOUR ideas and suggestions are always welcome.

Ensuring memorabilia is preserved and Gordon's gravesite is kept in good condition.... photo below. We are currently investigating aspects of necessary preservation.

A special thank you to the following key personnel:

Patron : Janice Bate

Life Members: John Adams, Elrae Adams, Allan Childs, Jenny Childs

Committee members: Travis M Sellers, Vivienne Sellers, Lorraine Day, Jenny Odgers. Virginia Barnett and Joan Pretty.

Happy Christmas to all. We look forward to a productive 2021 for all members of the ALGCC as we continue to support the memory of the life and poetry of A L Gordon.

Russell Harrison
President
algccpresident@gmail.com
0400 825 220

New members

We welcome the following new members:

Andy Clifford

Kirsty Clifford

Maree Nikolaou

James Quinn

Sue Tate

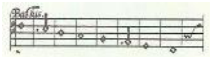
National Trust

A Legend of Madrid.

NINA

'Francesca is betrothed to the Matador,
and has found out that he is already married to Nina,
who is devoted to her husband.
Francesca seeks revenge through the bull fight.'

FRANCESCA



FRANCESCA

Crush'd and throng'd are all the places
In our amphitheatre,
"Midst a sea of swarming faces
I can yet distinguish her;
Dost thou triumph, dark brow'd Nina?
Is my secret known to thee?
On the sands of yon arena
I shall yet my vengeance see.

Now through portals fast careering
Picadors are disappearing;
Now the barriers nimbly clearing
Has the hindmost chulo flown.
Clots of dusky crimson streaking,
Brindled flanks and haunches reeking,
Wheels the wild bull, vengeance seeking,
On the matador alone.

Features by sombrero shaded,
Pale and passionless and cold;
Doublet richly laced and braded,
Trunks of velvet slash'd with gold,
Blood-red scarf, and bare Toledo,-
Mask more subtle, and disguise
Far less shallow, thou dost need, oh
Traitor, to deceive my eyes.

Shouts of noisy acclamation,
Breathing savage expectation,
Greet him while he takes his station
Leisurely, disdaining haste;
Now he doffs his tall sombrero,
Fools! applaud your butcher hero,
Ye would idolize a Nero,
Pandering to public taste.

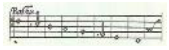
From the restless Guadalquivir
To my sire's estates he came,
Woo'd and won me, how I shiver!
Though my temples burn with shame.
I, a proud and high-born lady,
Daughter of an ancient race,
'Neath the vine and olive shade I
Yielded to a churl's embrace.

To a churl my vows were plighted,
Well my madness he requited,
Since, by priestly ties, united
To the muleteer's child,
And my prayers are wafted o'er him,
That the bull may crush and gore him,
Since the love that once I bore him
Has been changed to hatred wild.

NINA

Save him! aid him! oh Madonna!
Two are slain if he is slain;
Shield his life, and guard his honour,
Let me not entreat in vain.

Sullenly the brindled savage
Tears and tosses up the sand;
Horns that rend and hoofs that ravage,
How shall man your shock withstand?
On the shaggy neck and head lie
Frothy flakes, the eyeballs redly
Flash, the horns so sharp and deadly
Lower, short, and strong, and straight;
Fast, and furious, and fearless,
Now he charges;-Virgin peerless,
Lifting lids all dry and tearless,
At thy throne I supplicate.



FRANCESCA
Cool and calm the perjured varlet
Stands on strongly planted heel,
In his left a strip of scarlet,
In his right a streak of steel;
Ah! the monster topples over,
Till his haunches strike the plain;-
Low-born clown and lying lover,
Thou hast conquer'd once again.

NINA
Sweet Madonna, Maiden Mother,
Thou hast saved him, and no other;
Now the tears I cannot smother,
Tears of joy my vision blind;

Where thou sittest I am gazing,
These glad, misty eyes upraising,
I have pray'd, and I am praising,
Bless thee! bless thee! Virgin kind.

FRANCESCA
While the crowd still sways and surges,
Ere the applauding shouts have ceas'd,
See, the second bull emerges-
'Tis the famed Cordovan beast,-
By the picador ungoaded,
Scathless of the chulo's dart.
Slay him, and with guerdon loaded,
And with honours crown'd depart.

No vain brutish strife he wages,
Never uselessly he rages,
And his cunning, as he ages,
With his hatred seems to grow;
Though he stands amid the cheering,
Sluggish to the eye appearing,
Few will venture on the spearing
Of so resolute a foe.

NINA
Courage, there is little danger,
Yonder dull-eyed craven seems
Fitter far for stall and manger
Than for scarf and blade that gleams;
Shorter, and of frame less massive,
Than his comrade lying low,
Tame, and cowardly, and passive,-
He will prove a feebler foe.

I have done with doubt and anguish,
Fears like dews in sunshine languish,
Courage, husband, we shall vanquish,
Thou art calm and so am I.
For the rush he has not waited,
On he strides with step elated,
And the steel with blood unsated,
Leaps to end the butchery.

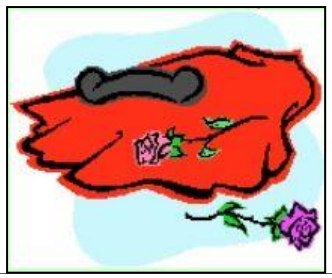
FRANCESCA
Tyro! mark the brands of battle
On those shoulders dusk and dun,
Such as he is are the cattle
Skill'd tauridors gladly shun;
Warier than the Andalusian,
Swifter far, though not so large,
Think'st thou, to his own confusion,
He, like him, will blindly charge?

Inch by inch the brute advances,
Stealthy yet vindictive glances,
Horns as straight as levell'd lances,
Crouching withers, stooping haunches;-
Closer yet, until the tightening
Strains of rapt excitement height'ning
Grows oppressive. Ha! like lightning
On his enemy he launches.

NINA
O,er the horn'd front drops the streamer,
In the nape the sharp steel hisses,
Glances, grazes,- Christ! Redeemer!
By a hair the spine he misses.

FRANCESCA
Hark! that shock like muffled thunder,
Booming from the Pyrenees!
Both are down- the man is under-
Now he struggles to his knees,
Now he sinks, his features leaden,
Sharpen rigidly and deaden,
Sands beneath him soak and redden,
Skies above him spin and veer;
Through the doublet, torn and riven,
Where the stunted horn was driven,
Wells the life-blood-We are even,
Daughter of the muleteer!

Adam Lindsay Gordon
Translated from the Spanish



The garden of Chief Justice George Higinbotham. "Warrain" 3 Myrtle Street Bayside City , Victoria.
The house was built in 1860 designed chiefly by his brother Thomas, and demolished In Jan1984.Photo by The National Trust. Higinbotham was elected for Brighton to the Legislative Assembly. As Attorney-General in the McCulloch ministry in 1863-68 he was unquestionably the leading radical in Victoria.
Photo at left from pexels-rikonavt-3800363. Photo at right from pexels-irina-iriser-1381679.

The Australasian Melbourne Sat. 5 Feb 1876 p24

The residence and grounds belonging to Mr.G. Higinbotham are situated at Brighton, and covers an area of four acres, extending from St. Kilda Street to the bay. Having been planted some 15 or 16 yeas ago, many of the trees and shrubs have attained a considerable size, effectually screening the house from view beyond the boundaries, and giving the place a pleasant secluded appearance.

The main approach is from St. Kilda Street, by a well-formed slightly-carved carriage drive, 18ft wide, with broad grass verges. On either side is a border of ornamental trees and shrubs, which, though most of them have made a strong growth, have not that crowded appearance so generally observable in places that have been planted a few years, they having been placed sufficiently wide apart so as not to interfere with each other. Among the trees there are some fine specimens, including a number of Norfolk Island pines, one being over 45ft. in height, and several ranging from 35ft to 40ft, There is a magnificent *Cupressus torulosa,* (the Himalayan cypress), fully 30ft high, and one of *Pittosporum eugenioides,* (lemonwood or tarata), is a species of New Zealand native evergreen tree that measures over 20ft, a size, which this shrub seldom attains here. Prominent are fine specimens of *Cupressus macrocarpa*, (Monteray Cypress)

Bunya bunyas, (Bunya pines (botanical name: *Araucaria bidwilli* are living fossils. They come from a fascinating family of flora, the *Araucariaceae,* which grew across the world in the Jurassic period). *Ficus macrophylla*, (the Moreton Bay fig or Australian banyan), a magnificent *Cupressus funebris* (a medium-sized coniferous tree growing to 20–35 m tall, with a trunk up to 2 m diameter. *Araucaria Canninghamij* ,(hoop pine) which has, however, a somewhat ragged appearance when it becomes large; a very fine *Juniperus virginiana* (eastern red-cedar) and some good plants of *Magnolia grandiflora,* (commonly known as the southern magnolia or bull bay) growing in a sheltered position near the house being particularly fine. There are also some very large trees of *Grevillea robusta,* (the southern silky oak), but they have suffered somewhat from the effects of strong winds. The drive is about 200 yards in length, and terminates when the house is reached in a circular sweep. which is rather too limited in extent, but circumstances have prevented it from being made wider.

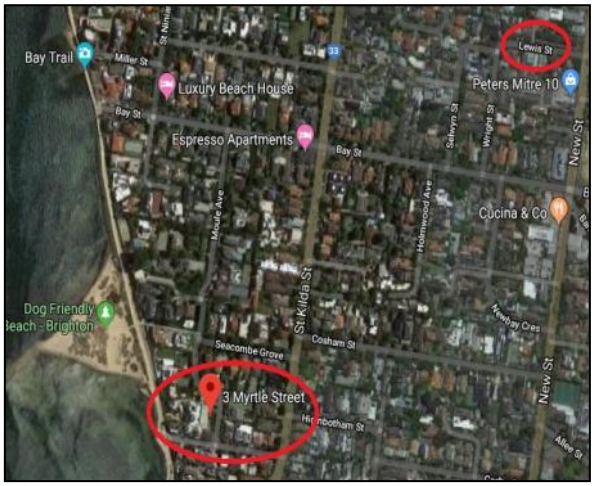
In order to shelter this part of the ground and the residence from the effects of the cold-cutting winds that sweep across the bay, a great portion of the indigenous shrub has been left, which has a somewhat sombre, appearance, but attempts have been made to relieve it, by planting some strong quick-growing climbers such as *dolichos*, (a genus of vines, family *Leguminosae*) with partial success.

On that side of the house facing the bay, a small lawn has been formed of couch grass, which does very well, and makes a good close sward, but its appearance would be much improved if a little white clover was mixed with it. The whole of the ground between the native scrub has been planted with couch grass, which is now well established, and effectually binds the sand, that was formerly being constantly shifted by strong wind. This portion of the ground now affords a pleasant retreat for the family during the summer season, there being an abundance of shade, and a free circulation of cool sea breezes. On the opposite side of the house there are several beds and borders which are well furnished with a number of trees, shrubs, and flowering plants, that make a very fair display. Several good sized oranges and lemons planted here are doing exceedingly well, and some fair camellias, *ericas* (heath and heather), and roses may be seen.
Annuals are a specialty in this place, a great variety being grown ; their various brilliant colours give the borders a very gay appearance.

http://handle.slv.vic.gov.au/10381/119217

My garden of memories, Winscombe, Tecoma [art original] / Painting by Chas. Hammond. Charlie Hammond 1870-1953, artist. 1946. Charles Hammond used Gordon's poems as subjects for his paintings. This paintng we use as an example of what Higinbotham's garden would have looked like.

Adam Lindsay Gordon took lodgings at the home of Hugh Kelly in Brighton Vic. from 1868-1870. Hugh Kelly was the gardener to George Higinbotham whose stately home was by the sea. Also in Brighton. George Higinbotham allowed Gordon to borrow books from his library. Pictured below, Gordon's lodgings top right, Higinbotham's estate bottom left. Perhaps Gordon would swim in the Bay first ,then retire to Higinbotham's library?



About half of the ground has been devoted to orchard and kitchen garden purposes; it is well sheltered, and screened from view in approaching the house by an avenue of ornamental trees, which form one of its boundaries. The soil is of a light sandy description, easily worked, and if plenty of manure is used heavy crops are generally obtained. At the present time a good selection of vegetables are under cultivation, including most of those kinds that are usually to be found in a private gentleman's garden. Among them we noticed some extraordinary large turnips, of a sort the name of which is unknown to Mr, Higinbotham's gardener, one of them measuring 9in.across, and most of them exceeded 6in. Though of such an enormous size, they are used for the table, and are said to be equal in quality to roots of ordinary dimensions. There is also a very fine crop of onions and of different varieties of the cabbage family. A large proportion of this part of the ground has been planted with fruit trees of a miscellaneous description, which include a good selection of the kinds that were most in repute when the orchard was formed. Apples preponderate, and this season they are bearing well, many of the trees being loaded with fruit, and scarcely able to bear the weight that is upon them.

That there should be such a heavy crop of apples here is somewhat surprising, as in most other orchards they are a comparative failure this season. Among the kinds having the most fruit upon them are the Kentish Fillbasket, (an old English apple) Ribston Pippin, Nonsuch, Brown Russet, and Stone Pippin. There are a good number of pear trees, several of which have a fair quantity of fruit upon them, but generally speaking the crop is poor this season. Plums are most abundant, the trees being covered with fruit. The apricots are also very plentiful, and of large size. Some large mulberries are bearing heavily, and have a very vigorous appearance, and most of the other kinds of fruit have done very well this season, with the exception of the peaches, which are much blighted. The grounds, which are under the charge of Mr. Wm. Hugh Kelly, who has been in Mr.Higinbotham's employ as gardener for over 14 years, are kept in excellent order, and every thing seems to be managed in a systematic manner.

.....

George Higinbotham was born in Dublin Ireland on 9th April 1826, the name is of Dutch origin. He arrived in Melbourne on 10 March 1854, with a short stint on the Ballarat goldfields where he met his future wife, Margaret, who was working as a servant. They were married on 30 Sept 1854 and moved to Charles Street Emerald Hill between Coventry and Dorcas Street and behind Maples Head Office. They then moved to the home of his brother Thomas, an engineer, situated in Montague Street, near Bank Street. They then all moved to Brighton in 1860 and in 1887 George and Margaret moved to 17 Murphy Street South Yarra (now a car park). George died there on 31 Dec 1892 and is buried in the Brighton General Cemetery. When in Brighton, Margaret became extremely lonely as George worked hard in the city, sometimes catching the last night train home.

The statues of Adam Lindsay Gordon and George Higinbotham, both sculpted by Paul Montford, are in close proximity to each other at the top end of Collins Street, Melbourne.

LINK TO MELBOURNE BOTANIC GARDENS WALK

Tocsin Melbourne 31 Aug 1899 pg 2. *George Higinbotham by JM Bennett.*
Advocate Melbourne Sat 7 Jan 1893. *Chiltern Leader Fri 26 Nov 1897 Pg2.*
Ancestry.com

Painter, Poet and Public Servant

Jennifer Moran examines the legacy of George Gordon McCrae (1833–1927), one of Australia's first verse novelists

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LINK TO ARTICLE

GEORGE GORDON McCRAE - A POET APPROACHES HIS CENTURY
Excerpts From The Herald Melbourne Sat 4 Jun 1927 p15

"I came to Australia," said Mr McCrae, "on March 1, 1841, when I was eight years old. Of course, I have vivid memories of happenings before that. For example, I distinctly remember being present at Queen Victoria's coronation at Westminster Abbey in — let me see!—1838. It puzzled my infantile understanding that the young lady was crowned instead of the most imposing and regal-looking Duchess of Sutherland, Mistress of the Robes. "I expect my memories will seem a bit disjointed, wild and whirling words, in fact, but you must just let me ramble on through the past.

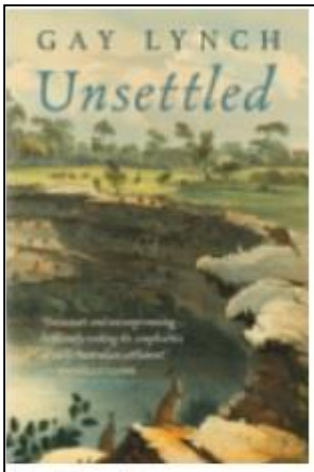
"I built this house we are in 50 years ago. Melbourne has become a mighty city since then, and yet today the magpies and kookaburras warble and laugh around the house, and you may even see an occasional rabbit in the garden in the early morning — they come after the carnation buds — and yet we are quite close to the city, and we can hear the hours struck in the clock-tower of the Collingwood Town Hall, there, across the Yarra.

"An itch to write seems to run in families, don't you think? And the artistic bent. My son Hugh is poet, artist and writer. My daughter Dorothy, Mrs Perry, is a story-writer. One of my sons was killed at Fromelles in the war. He was a major in the A.I.F. Another daughter is Mrs Bligh. Her husband is a descendant, collaterally, of Governor Bligh. My daughter Helen keeps house for me here. I have had six children.

"Then there was dear old Marcus Clarke — he died in '81 — he wrote everything from philosophy to pantomime. We were intimate friends. He and I were two of the founders of the Yorick Club. Then in those days — I speak of the sixties — there was Henry Kendall, the poet, another close friend; and Richard Birnie, son of Sir Richard of that ilk, sometime Bow street magistrate and comrade of the First Gentleman of Europe .
Richard was a barrister, and wrote for The Australasian. Then there was Sir Redmond Barry father-confessor for poor Marcus Clarke. Barry got Clarke the job of secretary at the Public Library. There used to be two big bronze lions flanking the steps of the Library in those days, and Clarke would come up jauntily smoking his cigar. He always stuck the butt in one of the lion's mouths.

"We founded the Yorick Club in 1868. I have heard it said that it was proposed to call it 'Golgotha, but that's all wrong. Marcus Clarke had the word 'Golgotha' written in his hat—the place of a skull. Our first head quarters was in Flinders lane, at the back of the old Argus office.
"I gave Marcus, a letter of introduction when he went to Tasmania for data for 'His Natural Life' which he found useful. I was in close touch with him all the time he was writing the book. He had a cottage in Fitzroy, and afterwards, when he got married, in St. Kilda. "Marcus Clarke married Marian Dunn, the actress. Of course, I knew her well. Indeed, I had seen her on the stage before Clarke had done so. Marcus died in St Kilda.

"Adam Lindsay Gordon was a strange man who took a great deal of knowing. You wouldn't take to him at first, but when you did know him you knew a man! He kept to himself a great deal. And, above all, he never gossiped or chattered. He had a most amazing memory for everything — people, places, things he had read. I remember him asking me to accompany him to Clarson's, the publisher's place in Swanston street one day. It was to get proofs of 'Britomarte.' We went up the street arm-in-arm, as was common in those days, and got the proofs. He gave me one for myself, and we went back to the Yorick to read them. Gordon walked about the room crooning the verses as I checked him by the proof-slips, and he remembered every word, letter-perfect. A most remarkable thing for a man to be able to repeat his own just-written verses.



Gay Lynch
Unsettled
Ligature, Balmain NSW 2019
ISBN 978-1-925883-23-7
Pb 428pp AUD34.99

Unsettling histories of the Irish in Australia
review by Brigid Magner

Unsettled is an Irish settler-colonial novel which follows a family from Galway to South Australia in the 1850s. Author Gay Lynch is preoccupied with the psychological baggage and apocryphal stories carried by these Galway Lynches to Booandik country, near modern day Mount Gambier.

Lynch is an associate in Creative Writing and English at Flinders University whose first novel, *Cleanskin, was* published in 2005. *Unsettled* derived from her PhD, which *was* awarded in 2008. Lynch's PhD also generated a scholarly monograph, *Apocryphal and Literary Influences on Galway Diasporic History* (2010). 'Apocryphal stories' Lynch argues, 'attract creative writers like me who want to dig up stories that already exist, like turf; then we watch them flare, creating new truths out of possible lies' (115).

The novel's protagonist, Rosanna, comes from a busy, overcrowded Irish household near Gambierton, described as: 'two wattle and daubed rooms lined and pegged with bullock hides, a thatched roof and a stone chimney, box furniture wobbling on an earthen floor' (8). With her mother, Rosanna shares the burden of looking after a large family, including an ailing baby. She seeks escape from this environment with her Booandik friend Moorecke. Even though Irish Catholics were themselves marginalised by the English, they were white settlers on unceded land nevertheless. They were not in the same position of Indigenous peoples they encountered. Nevertheless, Rosanna's kinship with Moorecke allows Lynch to explore the progressive dispossession of Booandik people during this period.
In fact, Moorecke is an almost constant presence in Rosanna's mind. The novel begins with Rosanna worrying about the turn in the weather and the consequences for her friend's wellbeing: 'If Rosanna has a winter cough, Moorecke's must be worse and dangerous for a *Booandik' (1).*

Their relationship has changed since Moorecke's marriage to an older man and the loss of her young child. This leaves Rosanna feeling nostalgic for this early intimacy:

How long has it been since Rosanna woke in full moonlight to the whump of possum-skin drums, the tapping of sticks, the rise and fall of singing? Once, smelling roasting bustard, she had crept between the trees and hunkered down at. Distance to watch Moorecke seated with young women at the *murpenas.* Why had she not been paired with one of the *moorongal-ngara* who stamped a half-second behind the beat through the camp dust round the fire, spears quivering at their young shoulders, goanna fat and ochre glistening on their skin? (11)

Due to her formative association with Moorecke, Rosanna is hyper-aware of threats to the Booandik people by the encroachment of farmers. She notices that many of them had disappeared in the years since the Lynches arrived from Ireland.

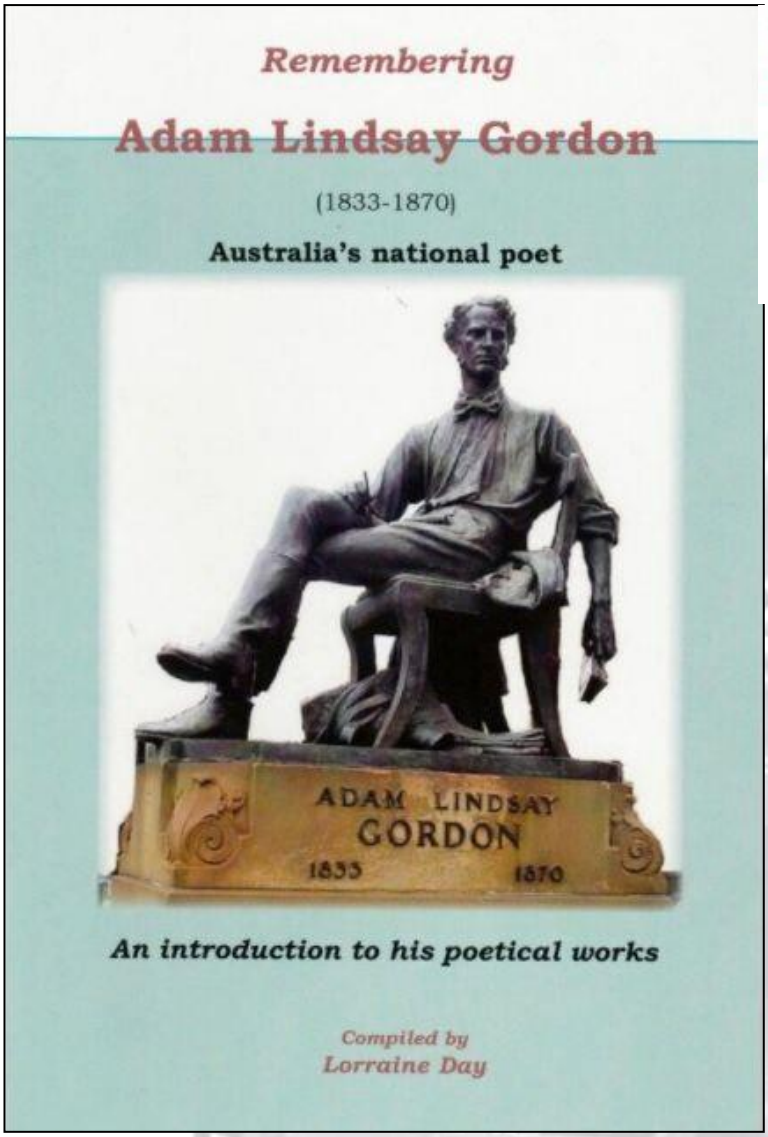
The settlers increasingly find minor excuses to drive them further away. The first chapter opens with the death of a bullock belonging to a local farmer with a spear in its neck. Rosanna's first thought is whether it's been killed by Moorecke, causing her anxiety because she knows the power of their neighbour William Ashby only too well.

LINK TO THE FULL REVIEW

POETRY ON BRIGHTON BEACH As heard on radio station 91.4FM 3WBC, http://wwas ww.3wbc.org.au/

LINK TO RUSSELL HARRISON ON 6/12/2020

Canadian Poet David Fraser on Adam Lindsay Gordon. This photo depicts the scene described in the poem. Rocks from this beach make a border for his grave. To commemorate the 99 years since the death of Adam Lindsay Gordon, the Brighton Historical Society gathered on Brighton Beach to hear his poems read by Mr. John Brady.
Photo from The Brighton Historical Society Archives

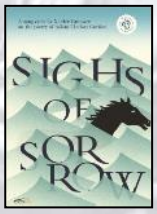


Remembering Adam Lindsay Gordon: An Introduction To His Poetical Works

$5.00

An introduction for secondary students to the poetical works of Australia's national poet – Adam Lindsay Gordon – by Lorraine Day.

This publication was a suggestion by our committee , and made possible by committee member, Lorraine Day, with the purpose of distribution to schools.
Home - (freestylepublications.com.au)



Sighs of Sorrow is the first dedicated modern classical song cycle on the poetry of Australia's first European poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon. It is written by the Australian composer Xavier Brouwer, and is an emotional and psychological journey into the poet's mind."

LISTEN ON YOUTUBE

Xavier was going to present his song cycle at our ALG 150th commemorations, but the event was cancelled due to covid restrictions on gatherings.

THE HENRY LAWSON SOCIETY EXTENDS INVITATIONS TO MEETINGS

The Henry Lawson Society is not only conducting meetings on Zoom, but is also using Zoom to extend the range of people that can "be" at the meetings.

People can be anywhere on the map and still be involved, so the society has been able to include members from as far away as Sydney, as well as rural Victoria.

Zoom has also provided an opportunity to accommodate participation by a few non-members who are members of other poetry groups.

DOUBTFUL DREAMS (Excerpts)

I remember the bright spring garlands,
The gold that spangled the green,
And the purple on fairy far lands,
And the white and the red bloom, seen
From the spot where we last lay dreaming
Together--yourself and I--
The soft grass beneath us gleaming,
Above us the great grave sky.

And we spoke thus: 'Though we have trodden
Rough paths in our boyish years;
And some with our sweat are sodden,
And some are salt with our tears;
Though we stumble still, walking blindly,
Our paths shall be made all straight;
We are weak, but the heavens are kindly,
The skies are compassionate.'

Is the clime of the old and younger,
Where the young dreams longer are nursed?
With the old insatiable hunger,
With the old unquenchable thirst,
Are you longing, as in the old years
We have longed so often in vain;
Fellow toilers still, fellow-soldiers,
Though the seas have sundered us twain?

But the young dreams surely have faded!
Young dreams!--old dreams of young days--
Shall the new dream vex us as they did?
Or as things worth censure or praise?
Real toil is ours, real trouble,
Dim dreams of pleasure and pride;
Let the dreams disperse like a bubble,
So the toil like a dream subside.

Adam Lindsay Gordon

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Vain toil! men better and braver
Rose early and rested late,
Whose burdens than ours were graver,
And sterner than ours their hate.
What fair reward had Achilles?
What rest could Alcides win?
Vain toil! 'Consider the lilies,
They toil not, neither do spin.'

Nor for mortal toiling nor spinning
Will the matters of mortals mend;
As it was so in the beginning,
It shall be so in the end.
The web that the weavers weave ill
Shall not be woven aright
Till the good is brought forth from evil,
As day is brought forth from night.

Vain dreams! for our fathers cherish'd
High hopes in the days that were;
And these men wonder'd and perish'd,
Nor better than these we fare;
And our due at least is their due:
They fought against odds and fell;
En avant, les enfants perdus!
We fight against odds as well.

Adam Lindsay Gordon

THE FEUD—A BORDER BALLAD Small Excerpt

PLATE III
Heu! deserta domus

She sits by the eastern casement now,
And the sunlight enters there,
And settles on her ivory brow
And gleams in her golden hair.
On the deerskin rug the staghound lies
And dozes dreamily,
And the quaint carved oak reflects the dyes
Of the curtain's canopy.

Adam Lindsay Gordon

MY CORONA TEA PARTY

I had a little party this afternoon at three,
'Twas very small three guests in all
Just I, Myself and Me.
Myself ate up the sandwiches
While I drank up the tea,
'Twas also I who ate the pie,
And passed the cake to me.

LINK TO
"THE POETRY OF ADAM LINDSAY GORDON"
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