

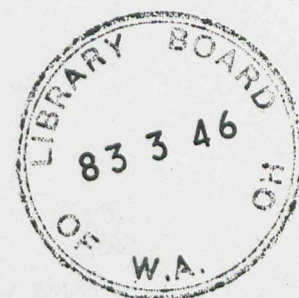
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Oral History Programme

an interview with

JEAN ISOBEL DORRINGTON BRADLEY

18 August 1981



UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN AUSTRALIA

conducted by

Christine Shervington

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accompanying tape)

BRADLEY, Mrs Jean Isobel Dorrington

NOTE TO READER

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Mrs Jean Bradley gives reminiscences of her childhood in Wiluna, her days at the University of Western Australia and later at Melbourne University, her memories of the depression and other times as a monitor and later teacher at various schools, including Kobeelya and St Hilda's. Mrs Bradley returned to the University of Western Australia in 1937 to lecture in English. She recalls some of the other teachers, the CRTS students and talks of her long and intimate involvement with the University Dramatic Society.

This is an interview with Mrs Jean Isobel Dorrington Bradley nee Tweedie conducted by Christine Shervington, the University Archivist, on 18th August 1981.

CS Mrs Bradley do you give the University Archives and the Battye Library permission to use the information you give us in these interviews?

JB Yes I do.

CS Mrs Bradley you were born in Wiluna in Western Australia and grew up on a cattle station, Millbilly which was north of Wiluna, I believe. Can you tell us something of your memories of life on the station and your early informal education?

JB Well you will have to remember that these are the memories of a child and there is a certain amount of hindsight in the interpretation thereof. For instance, at some time I remember being taken out by my father and mother to see a train, camel I think, or perhaps it was donkey, as well as horses, setting out north and was told, "Now remember this, because this is a great man setting forth". And the great man said goodbye all round and he had a little short haired terrier with him, and its name was Jock and he gave it to me and said "There you are little lass, you take care of my dog for me until I come back because he wouldn't be happy where I am going". Well that was Canning going out on the Canning Stock Route, but he made several voyages or journeys, I don't know which it was. But as I said, you have to take everything perhaps as the vision of a child.

Well it was, I suppose, solitary and exciting, people say that, but it never struck me as so because well it was the life I was used to. I don't remember any close acquaintance with white children in the first half dozen years of my life, because my sister 5½ years younger than I was. There were plenty of Aboriginal children about and they used to play happily round about the place and acted as house boys and garden waterers and so on, and they seemed to enjoy life intensely. So naturally there was no feeling of difference there because I grew up with them and they were great fun and the great and early love of my life was my father's head native stockman, a man called Big Paddy. Big because he was a very big man, he came from the Kimberleys and he used to carve me the most beautiful little baskets and things out of the nuts, kernels of the quandong, the native peach. It was rather surprising, even then I thought how wonderful that Big Paddy with his big hands could carve something as small as a quandong stone.

028 I remember storms, cyclones that came; one took the roof off the house, and I am told that in the moment of great stress and various people from outside and the entire household were gathered together presumably praying, I remarked in a high clear child's voice "I think it's a little bit windy". Mother has told that story before. I remember also being brought out with the entire household to watch the western sky, there was a magnificent thunder storm, incredible thunder storm, forked lightning playing all over the sky and strange pink flushes, rather like the aurora, coming up and then we all stood up and prayed that the thunder storm would bring rain, but it didn't. It merely was one of a series of that sort of storm, that promised and then went away and left us with the drought.

I remember the marvellous growth from the fertile soil when there was rain. Well you have heard enough about the West Australian wildflowers, everybody has, and after rain there is just a carpet of wildflowers. But equally garden flowers would grow marvellously to prodigious sizes if they had water, so because I suppose mother was a little sad and solitary in this strange

035 country father built her a garden, a walled garden with its own little bore and she was a great gardener, and plants grew with extreme speed and to enormous size. I remember looking at some skyxanthus when they first became popular out here, those pretty little butterfly flowers that they call poor man's orchids and I suddenly realised that I had seen those as a child, about four times as large. But these were just the peripheral sort of things that one remembers.

The township was a very small one at that time, but we had two stores. One was run, it was more or less a sort of Foodland-type store, mainly groceries, with odd things in the tool line and clothing and so on. The other was run by two gentlemen, one an Indian (the sub-continent not red) and an Afghan. The Indian's name was something beginning with Verma, but it had about five syllables after it, so he was merely called Verma, and the Afghan was called Mahmud, Mahmud Fukrudin. He and his brother had a camel train and they used to bring goods up to the store via the camel train. The sight of the camel train that came up about every three months was a signal for everybody from the outlying runs, farmlets, well there weren't any farmlets, but there were a few market gardens up near one of the more or less constant pools, and the people from the bank and the hotel and the two stores and the mines scattered round about, used to rush along to Verma's to see what came. And some of the things were quite extraordinary because they were brought in from India and Afghanistan, and years and years later when we were living down here people would admire bands of gold thread embroidery that mother used on curtains or a magnificent tablecloth that looked straight out of the Arabian Nights. They would say "Where did you get it Isobel?" And mother would say "Up at Wiluna". Nobody believed her.

CS And where did camel trains come from to Wiluna?

054 Presumably, now this is asking a child, I always assumed that they came from Leonora, they would have come by slow stages from Leonora going down to Kalgoorlie and then to Perth. But later on it occurred to me that they might quite well have come from Geraldton, because I gather there were boats occasionally calling in there. So it was just magic, 'they came', by camels as far as I was concerned and they might have been carried in the camels' humps or something of that nature. And that was rather interesting.

School of course was very quaint indeed. I can't remember what the lowest number for a school teacher to be required was at that particular time, I know it was very small, about eight or nine people. But there wasn't a great rush of children round about the countryside. The bank manager was a bachelor, the engineer at the mine, the chief engineer at the biggest mine was a bachelor, all the little mines and claims and so on seemed to be owned by either bachelors or escapees from matrimony. There was no sign of any private life there. The doctor was a widower, when there was a doctor, the matron, I think was a spinster or a widow. There were a couple of children at the hotel, Irish and very gay, and there were a couple of boys and a girl at the post office. That's the nucleus of five, but of course according to the rise and fall, the fluctuation of the mining population, the workers on the mines, the man in the assay office, the five could be swelled to appropriate numbers. If it got up to one below the requisite number for sending a teacher up I used to be hauled in to swell the numbers.

But as it was a certain distance to get there, and as the teachers tended to be very young people, unfortunate youths or maidens sent out on their very first country assignment, sometimes it did occur to me that they didn't know very much, and this I used to mention to mum and she would remove me from school. Not because she didn't think the teacher was doing his or her best,

079 but because the same piping voice that remarked that it "was a little bit windy" would probably say "Oh but that's not so", which upset the teacher. She was very sorry for him. She herself and my father supervised my education, such as it is, or was, merely by letting me read anything I could lay my hands on. As father said "Well, if she doesn't understand it, it will just wash over her head. She's not likely to come and ask for an explanation of some strange and esoteric piece of horror". So I had a lovely time reading, as I said, anything that came my way. My favourite book I remember was, this sounds frightfully stuffy, but it was illustrated, it was Imprier's Classical Dictionary. Consequently I was a whiz on Greek and Roman mythology and well, it stimulates the imagination, reading and getting a world out of books. So I had a large reading vocabulary but a miracle of mispronunciations, so to speak, in a great many cases. Also I was fond of stories, my sister always said the reason why she wasn't such a good student as I was that she never had any encouragement to read because it was so much easier to come up to me and say "Tell me a story". Which was perfectly true.

CS Did she go to school in Wiluna or did she come down to Perth?

JE Oh no, she was born in Victoria. By the time Phil was due the doctor had disappeared. I never knew whether the doctor was a practising doctor sent by the State or whether he was, I think this is hindsight interpreting, I think he must have been consumptive. He was a Scot, a charming man, incredibly thin with a strangely coloured face. All the white men of course were deeply tanned, except Dr McGlynn whose face was almost transparent and he coughed a great deal; obviously he was very ill, interpretation again. Mother thought, as a lot of interesting people came by, that the autograph book, which young people used to keep at that time, should be taken seriously, so years and years later I came across the autograph book and notably in the first half of the book, I don't think there are any children's comments at all. The second half of the book was the usual absurd trivia, would be witty comments of school girls, but the first half was Canning's signature, and de Bernales', remarks and so on and so forth. But I remember Dr McGlynn put in a little verse that impressed my sentimental gloomy Scottish nature profoundly.

Star memory lights the past with a light alone
To cheer the darkness of a life that must be ended soon
And oft I think the radiant dawn, the purple gloaming's o'er
And all is bright, but all is soft and I am gone awa'.

So I think probably he was tubercular and had come up to spend his last years there, because later on we had a series of bookkeepers who were sent up for precisely that purpose. It was a very dry climate, very dry, unfortunately for the pastoralists, and very bracing in the winter, bitterly cold at night, but at midday you could walk about in a muslin frock.

110 And we had two who came up as bookkeepers for father and they both recovered completely. One of them is something of a West Australian poet at the moment, or was a decade or so ago. Well he came up there in a somewhat dilapidated condition, but apparently the climate is good for them, that is why I think Dr McGlynn was probably consumptive.

But as I said by the time Phil, my sister, was on the agenda, so to speak, the doctor had gone and the hospital was built (rather intelligently for a Government building) on a hill because when we did have storms, when those thunder storms did actually bring rain, it was colossal. It rained three inches in twenty minutes on one occasion and it meant that the hospital was

surrounded by roaring flood waters. So while it was dry, it was rather hard, in fact it was impossible to get to the hospital, if there happened to be a storm or if the storm had just recently broken. So we were despatched slowly by coach; the only two motor cars belonged to the Bishop, the Anglican Bishop it must have been, and the judge, who came up about twice a year, both of them, not together of course!

127 My father was the Justice of the Peace, the local magistrate and the judge just came up to deal with anybody that couldn't be dealt with by the magistrate or [whom] they didn't like to send down to Perth. This was due to the fact that they had a habit of losing prisoners on the way down. There was a native called Coil who was a many times over murderer, but he didn't really come across the white man's law because he kept his little murders to his own people. From his point of view he was largely..., I suppose perfectly right, matters of religious ritual and customs and so on and so forth. However he rather carelessly made a mistake of bopping somebody over the head with a koondy, a white man. Consequently he had to come up in front of father, and father was all for letting him go, but there was such a fuss because he had been known to kill many more times than once really, and they thought that having once (like a man-eating tiger), having once attacked a white man he might get the habit.

So they sent him down with a new young constable to Perth to be tried. Well Coil didn't fancy the idea of being sent down to Perth, so at one stage, I can't remember where on the line it was from Leonora to Kalgoorlie, the train was proceeding relatively slowly and Coil was handcuffed to the young trooper, so he blandly threw himself out of the carriage - opened the door and just hurled himself out. Well Coil being Coil, he was young and strong, managed to fall like a cat, but the trooper was less fortunate and less active was momentarily stunned, so Coil merely fished the keys out of his pocket, unlocked himself and disappeared into the never-never. Well this of course got him in people's bad books, so they kept an eye on him. The next time they chained him or handcuffed him between the policeman and another young Aboriginal and the policeman, an older and wiser man than the first unfortunate man, told my father that Coil enjoyed every moment of it by telling the unfortunate - his fellow Aboriginal the most hideous and entirely untrue horror stories about what was going to happen to the poor lad. So they condemned him to so many years on Rottnest, which was for a time a punishment settlement for the Aboriginals, and once again he made history, he got away, he swam to shore, to the mainland, and got back up north. I remember distinctly the agitation when it became known that he was back in 158 the neighbourhood because he had announced that he was going to get 'watcha', my father, for what had happened to him, and when he stole a rifle and disappeared into the landscape again the policeman who was rather a friend of father's, was terribly worried and insisted that father went round armed for some time. Poor mother didn't have a very restful time, I remember being instructed "Say prayers for your father". However nothing happened to father. He survived for a very long time after that.

And the particular reason why Coil wanted him was that he took refuge, Winchester and all, in an open-cut, one of those big sort of quarries, left over from the open-cut mining days when instead of drilling down, the gold was high enough for them to just blast and dig down, blast and dig down in a sort of quarry fashion. And this big open-cut had practically vertical sides, it wasn't used at the time, it had been abandoned long since. They had taken all the gold out of it. But Coil was down at the bottom of it with his rifle and my father just said "Well somebody has got to get him out", and went down over the edge on a rope, talking to Coil all the time, and he walked up to Coil and just took the rifle off him. It was rather

interesting. Father had a commendation from the King at the time, and you know I don't know where this is, I remember being shown this tremendous scroll and all the rest of it, but it never turned up.

CS So what happened to Coil?

JB Oh, Coil he got away again, but by that time he was an old man, that is he wouldn't be an old man I suppose in our years, but for an Aboriginal, a bush Aboriginal, he never was a mission or a station or any of the similar allegedly civilized, he was a Munjong, a real bush native, and years and years after this happy episode of the rifle, I remember father, we were living down here now for schooling purposes and so on, and father used to commute backwards and forwards. He had a younger partner at that time and it was just when he was thinking about giving up the station. A South Australian company made a very good offer, and he decided to accept in the end. But I remember his coming down one time and saying to mother "Who do you think I saw a week or so ago? Coil." Mother said "Ooh" - because he was still a name of fear to her, I think she must have spent a pretty terrible time for six months or so, knowing he was round the neighbourhood. And she said "Well what did he do?" Father said "Oh he was on foot, I was riding, he was on foot, and we stopped, came face to face, and he looked at me, and I looked at him, and he had a couple of spears and a boomerang and a Koondy stuck in his belt, and I didn't have anything. And he hesitated, and then he just turned and walked away. And just when he was getting a bit further he turned around and he took out the Koondy from his belt and he waved it over his head in a sort of goodbye." Father said "I waved my hand" and that was the last they saw of each other. That is enough of station life I think.

CS Yes, so when did you leave the station? I believe you were sent to Melbourne to school.

JB Well, I went to school in Melbourne, that was because of my sister. As I said she was born there. She wasn't particularly drawn to the station life, she had left it. She was up there, she came back after a year in Melbourne and went up there as a small child. Mother's people were in Melbourne and we used to go backwards and forwards and Phil got whooping-cough. I brought it home from school. I had it.

CS This was still in Wiluna?

JB No this was in Melbourne, and that meant that, this was before the trans train was running, and they didn't want to take a whooping-cough child on the train. I recovered, but she being younger had it much worse, so we were stuck over there for another year or so, nine months or something like that. So I was sent to school, which I quite enjoyed. A sort of preparatory school for station children, mostly from the western district of Gippsland, and they all had very much the same background, so got on quite happily. It must have been a good season, because father came and joined us for three months or so,

which meant everything must have been going quite well.

CS And you would have been what? Twelve or thirteen?

JB About ten then. And his great interest was the theatre, so mother was looking after Phil, and he used to go to the theatre and take me along. So I saw anything from "East Lynne", yes I really did see "East Lynne", and a marvellous play called "The Silver King". Oh glorious melodramas. And something, I can't remember the name of it, but it was tremendously exciting because a stage coach with four horses came on the stage. Real coach, real horses and galloped across the stage. I haven't seen anything quite as exciting until I saw "Gone With the Wind" as a play in Drury Lane, not so very many years ago. And he liked, was very fond of minstrel shows. They were very popular at the time, the Christy Minstrels. So I used to be a mine of information on Stephen Foster and plantation lullabies and that sort of thing which seemed to be a cast of the music that they offered. And we went to all the pantomimes which I enjoyed enormously. His taste in drama was 'anything goes', he just loved everything in the theatre and on the same principle really I just went along to everything, whether I understood it or not.

CS And then you came back to Wiluna, I think, for a short time.

JB Very briefly. It was at a time when we were commuting backwards and forwards.

CS And you were then sent to school in Perth?

JB We were sent to school in Perth because I still didn't get on terribly well with children. I didn't speak the language, you see, and while I was highly educated in some respects, I was completely uneducated in others. For instance I couldn't sew and I was a disgrace because at a 'mature age' of twelvish or something like that, during Tuesday afternoon sewing I was presented with a small piece of something or other and a needle and some wool and told to mend that hole. It was darning. After about an hour the mistress came round to see how it had been darned and I was still looking at the hole in the piece of material. She said "Haven't you started yet?" (or words to that effect). I said "No". She said "Why?" I said "I don't know how to thread a needle." Which she didn't think at all...well, she thought I was being funny actually. There were these quaint little gaps.

CS How were your mathematics and other subjects?

JB Well I can't add, I still can't add, so while we were doing arithmetic (that is to say I can add on my fingers, and with a calculator life is much easier) but while arithmetic was mathematics, if you know what I mean, I was always trailing along at the bottom of the class, but for some obscure reason which I do not understand, as soon as we added algebra and geometry and trigonometry in the course I suddenly developed quite a reasonable degree of expertise in mathematics, although it was never my favourite subject. After which, then we went on to pass the antique Junior and the Leaving Matriculation.

2 - CS So your parents decided to broaden your education, they sent you down to MLC and, as you say you did the Junior and Leaving Examinations and I believe you matriculated at the age of 15 and you were therefore unacceptable, as it were, for University. So you were living in Claremont?

JB Yes.

CS And you became a monitor, I believe.

JB That's right. At the Claremont Central School.

CS Can you tell us a bit about your memories of Claremont at that period?

JB Well, it was mostly exciting to me to have a permanent body of water in front of me. We lived right down on the corner of Jetty Road, so that we overlooked Freshwater Bay and it was always there. There was a lake in the vicinity of Wiluna, Lake Way, it's on the map, but it was only there intermittently because in a couple of years' drought the lake, just like a great many Australian inland lakes, just disappears, and all you have is a huge cracked mud clay pan. And this thing was always there. Of course I had seen water before, because my mother's mother had a house in St Kilda overlooking Port Phillip Bay, you couldn't see the other side of Port Phillip Bay, except perhaps the southern ocean, and that was the sea, quite different. But a lake, because Freshwater Bay does look like a lake, you know, it seems to be completely surrounded by water and this was so different from my experience of lakes, I almost had a faint feeling that one night it would disappear as our lake had a habit of doing.

Then there was swimming. We were sent off to swimming classes and achieved certain expertise in swimming and did the appropriate thing, took our life saving examinations which was considered very much the thing to do in those particular days. I went down to the beach at Swanbourne or Leighton. I didn't go much to Cottesloe, I don't know why, possibly there were too many people there. Mother was not terribly keen on swimming and father was a loner. He liked the open spaces, he didn't like the city at all, he used to complain it was so tiring, hurt his feet, which it probably did, the hard pavements that were tough if you're used to soft ground or riding.

All the area around Freshwater Bay we were familiar with by walking. Father used to take me because I was somewhat older than my sister, when he was down, to visit the Sunset Home because there were always one or two of his old stockmen there. Stockmen tended to be solitary men and of course as they grew older and feebler there was nobody to look after them and they used to end up at the Sunset Home. Any time he was down he would always go up every Sunday and take tobacco or sweets or whatever their particular fancy was and they used to sit there yarning about old times, while I used to go for solitary walks along the beach below Sunset Home, after having passed the time of day with them. There were some of them quite curious old characters, very interesting, but they all looked very much alike in their extreme old age. All brown and thin and looking rather like a mummy with this weathered darkened skin and very thin hair. Very often very brilliant eyes, not the rheumy eyes of old age that you also get.

The school, well is just school. Being a monitor was rather extraordinary. I think they must have been rather short on monitors in those days, because they decided that although I was too young for the University they would be perfectly happy to have me, have such work as I could do and get my training, as long as I didn't want to be paid. My mother thought, I think she was quite right, that it would be disastrous to send me back for another year of school because there wasn't any particular arrangement at that particular time for a sort of post-matriculation extending of the interests and I think I had read everything that was in the school library before I went there, or so to speak.

So she decided to remedy those blanks in my education and she arranged for me to do this monitorship, having first had a long interview with the headmaster

who was a delightful person. He was a Cambridge graduate, a specialist in English, he was in the process of writing a text book on the teaching of English from middle school to matriculation. So of course I was fascinated by this and he let me or at least he got me to proof read parts of his book; very carefully I used to plunge through, having to check every word, every comma, so I had experience in proof reading very early on. And he was an extraordinarily open minded person. And it was only again, looking back, that I realised I wasn't just thrown into the school, I was attached for such and such a time to teachers from the third grade up to the sub-junior school, a certain time with each teacher, so that I could get a picture of how teaching, the approach varied with the different classes. I had interesting experiences with various teachers, some of whom found me a bit of a nuisance and one, I am perfectly sure, thought that I was put there with her as a sort of spy for the headmaster, because she used to devise errands to get me out of the way.

CS So it wasn't really a training. Did they monitor you as it were?

JB No that was just the first year. Then the next year I was put on the books, so to speak, at the enormous salary of £72 a year, so there.

CS At age 16.

JB Yes, then believe me, I was monitored indeed. Lessons had to be prepared, given in front of whoever was your supervisor at the time, and I began at class three and worked upwards, and reports were made on the work generally. Well naturally I didn't always see the reports, sometimes I heard backwashes of them. The only two I remember were one teacher said "this is a very interesting lesson and very well done but I am afraid Miss Tweedie doesn't take herself seriously." What that meant I haven't the faintest idea. And another adverse one was, "This seems to be an original approach and quite a good mind but the young woman is far too fragile ever to embark on a teaching career." This has been a source of great joy to various members of my family ever since.

CS So of course you went on then at the end of that second year to University and that was 1924. You were at the University of WA from 1924 to 1926. At that period it was situated in Irwin Street still.

JB That's right, the Science Faculties were here, I think. I know some of them were here, but none of the Arts people.

CS That's right Engineering was already here and I think Geology and Biology.

JB Geology and Biology were up the hill.

CS Well have you got any memories of Irwin Street and the early teachers?

JB Well, let me see, the English Department was the same Department that moved down here. Professor Murdoch¹ and Associate Professor Thompson² and there were some odd people - I don't mean peculiar. There was I think, and here again I don't know, because I remember only what came into my particular field. There was an external subjects course at some time and I think there was somebody in charge of that and somewhere along the line there was a temporary appointment now and then of a lecturer.

CS This was still in English?

- JB I am talking about English. Professor Alexander³ had just taken over History from whoever was before him.
- CS That would have been Professor Shann⁴ who was the Professor of Economics and History.
- JB That's right.
- CS So you mostly studied English. Did you do any other subjects as well?
- JB Oh yes.
- CS You would have remembered perhaps some of the other Professors. Professor Dakin,⁵ Ross⁶?
- JB Well not until after I had graduated and thought I would like to do - have a stab at Biology. Zoology to be accurate. I thought I would like to know a bit more about it, improving the mind. I think perhaps like a lot of people, you know the perpetual undergraduates, I rather missed the surroundings. Professor Ross was a subject of great joy because he hissed his sibilants, he had a Scots sort of accent and started with a sss, and for some reason or other he used to deliver a sort of beginning of the year address which one went along to listen to, and I distinctly remember him delivering a lecture on Einstein's theory of relativity, which was so abstruse that I hadn't the faintest idea what he was talking about, but it was illustrated with the most fascinating lantern slides, well you know whatever you called them in those days, and a lot of them were zoom slides, which were something rather new in those days, and while nothing at all about Einstein's relativity stayed with me the effect of the zoom lens I found very fascinating. He also delivered a lecture as a sort of prelude I think to Geology, exactly what the point was I haven't a notion, but he kept as a recurring phrase "the crust of the earth" which came out "the crisst. of the earth". We used to go round carefully practising Ross language for something to do all the time. He and Professor Murdoch were very great buddies being both Scots I suppose.
- CS Professor Whitfeld⁷ was here at the time also.
- JB He was the Vice-Chancellor, wasn't he?
- CS Yes.
- JB Oh he was God, we had nothing to do with him.
- CS I see.
- JB Unless of course we wanted something particular, or were in trouble. He was just a name to me, as remote as God on Sinai.
- CS And Professor Wilsmore⁸ from Chemistry, you didn't have anything to do with him?
- JB No. Oh Professor Irvine⁹ was the Head of the French Department and he was a delightful old gentleman, who had a walrus moustache and he was very anxious for you to acquire a good French accent, but he was one of those people who had not the rolled French R but the liquid R. You know the way you sort of swallow it. He would lean over his podium, all the lectures were delivered in French you see, and he would part these moustaches and say "observez mes levres" very few of the first year students understood what he was saying,

they could not realise why he was parting his moustaches.

CS So you took French also. Can you remember any of the other teachers?

JB Would Miss Randall have been there then?¹⁰ No she couldn't possibly have been there. There seemed to be a woman about, there must have been somebody long before Miss Randall. Yes there was a man, a Frenchman, called Collot d'Herbois¹¹ who was an extremely lively person and there were sort of vague and exciting rumours about him. What they were all about I have not the faintest idea, but they seemed to hang on the fact that he had been "obliged" to spend part of his life in Spain and everybody had the most delicious theories about why he had spent his life in Spain. Later on I got to know him quite well and it appeared that his family, from way back, had been politically involved. He was some connection of the French revolutionary Collot d'Herbois and of course at intervals one of the family would pop up and make some political... throw a few stones and cause ripples and consequently the family used to have to disappear, just as a matter of sheer common sense, and wait until the excitement died down and Collot as he was called, his name was Rene, his Christian name, and at the time when he should have been going to the Sorbonne the family had packed up their bag and baggage and crossed the Pyrenees, so he went to the University of Madrid ever since, for the whole of his university life apparently. And the result was that every now and then apparently he used to have a faint Spanish flavour to his French, he lisped ever so slightly and when he was delivering a lecture on Le Cid you know Corneilles great tragedy now and then he used to say 'Le Cid'. Now I imagine this would have a firm influence on me, because in France, while nobody ever accused me of having an Australian accent, they always knew I wasn't French but they used to say "Ah, madame is Spanish". He was an extremely good teacher, a very interesting person, very lively minded and with what Edwards later referred to as 'a wholesome disrespect for the establishment', because he was going on leave and he was presented with the supplementary papers on Fremantle Wharf, so apparently he rifled through the supplementary papers, which were abysmal, he just dropped them all overboard.

CS So did the students pass or not?

JB No.

CS You were also there with A C Fox¹² too, later Professor Fox, he taught you for logic.

JB Logic and later on history and philosophy. Ancient or modern, I can't remember.

CS And you remember him quite well, because of course when you returned he was here.

JB Oh yes, he was still here. Oh he was very much a dashing young man at the time. Well not exactly dashing, sort of rather soleful I think, poetic looking, and all the lasses were very much taken with him, whether they were philosophically minded or not I really don't know. There used to be quite a number who sat in swooning attitudes gazing at him.

CS After you finished, after you graduated in '27 you decided to go to Claremont Training College.

JB That was tied up so to speak beforehand, the whole monitorship.

CS Oh so you continued with that?

JB The monitorship continued during my first year at the University, then I was given, as you might say, a leave of absence from the Education Department during the second and third year, and that being over I went back. Some of the subjects of the degree were part of the teaching, some of the course rather, required for a teacher's certificate, so those subjects were transferred to the teacher's certificate. I had to finish off the things that weren't taught at the University, such as music, how to take a class in singing, sewing.

CS Had you improved? You could now thread a needle.

JB Yes, I had, I could now thread a needle. Art, drawing camels against a background of pink and yellow chalk, and things like that, and handcrafts, making raffia mats, paper tray things, and all those rather silly ancillary things that an unfortunate school teacher has to learn. (They never made any use of them, not many of them, afterwards.) I suppose it was just to broaden the mind or make it possible for somebody who is specialising in secondary school teaching, at a pinch, [to] step in and deal with primary school work. We had to do it. I noticed years and years later exactly the same thing happened. I remember Bill Dunstan, after he had graduated from here, went to his year at the Teachers College and came storking in to me and saying "What do you know, I am expected to do manual work". Things hadn't changed a bit. We finished that off and then I took a year trying it out at Perth College and that was an interesting experience, looking at it from the other side, and then went off to Melbourne to continue [my] degree.

CS You went to undertake the Master of Arts?

JB That's right. I lived at Janet Clarke Hall and Professor Cowley was the Head of the English Department at the time, a Yorkshireman, who rather disapproved of women on principle, but he was a stimulating and interesting person. The tutors that I came in contact with were both women: Mary Jennings who was the resident English tutor at Janet Clarke Hall, and Enid Derham, who is by way of being one of the minor poets of the 1930's.

CS And you were there for two years, so that would have been '29, '30 just at the beginning of the depression.

JB No '30, '31, because Perth College career came in between.

CS Well to complete the academic side of your Melbourne life you did your thesis on Keats, I believe.

JB That is right, I rather like Keats. What I really wanted to do my thesis on was the Arthurian Legend, which had been fascinating me for some time, but when I was asked by the Professor why the Arthurian Legend, I said "I thought it was lovely". And he said "An emotional approach is not to be desired, you had better do something else". So I did it on Keats.

CS And what are your memories of Melbourne at that period, in the beginning of the depression?

JB Empty shops. The University is right up the top of Elizabeth Street in Carlton and you walk straight down Elizabeth Street until you come to the city. Well for exercise we used to walk down, half way down were the Victoria Markets on one side of the road, in the weekend we used to walk

down to Melbourne. There was a tram at regular intervals, very regular intervals, or rather very short intervals, but it was nice to walk down, especially in the spring time because the long row of median strip was covered with blossoming fruit trees, and it was lovely to walk down. And the spires and towers and so forth of Melbourne, in the inevitable mist, were most attractive, but as you got closer to the city proper the empty shop windows, boarded up shops, besides being closed, it was very depressing, like looking at the absence of the front teeth of a face, and you never could mistake these empty shops, a curious dead feeling came as you went past them. And of course things were incredibly cheap, you could buy a car for £25, second-hand but perfectly good, not that I would ever have bought one, but I know you could buy a car for £25, which seemed rather excessive.

It all depended I think on how serious-minded we were at the time. Well spring was very nice and there was always a happy little skirmish that went on, we had to have a skirmish with authorities, and we used to join in the very juvenile aspects perhaps of university life with considerable zest. The Warden of Trinity rather added to the joy of it because he was like a private war himself. The University wanted to run a right-of-way through the grounds of Trinity and Janet Clarke Hall is the women's Trinity College, and the Warden of Trinity strongly opposed the running of a right-of-way, "The ordinary common non-collegian members of the University tracking across his holy fields!" Trinity had its own herd, it was part of the thing of Trinity, and part of the cow pasture was right in the way. So the Warden built a cow shed right across the planned right-of-way. He got access to the plan of where the right-of-way had to go and it could only go within a certain area, and he built a cow shed right across the proposed route of this right-of-way. A cow shed is not perhaps a very stately building and it didn't really require a six foot base of concrete. Of course everybody thought this was great fun, but it was great for morale but perhaps not terribly good for discipline, because the feeling was of course if the Warden of Trinity could cock a snook like that at the administration of the University, well we in our turn can have our little jokes. It was tortoises I remember. You were not allowed to keep pets at the University, so we used to keep tortoises because pets would create a disturbance. Well tortoises make minimal disturbance.

CS So you enjoyed those years despite this 'dead' feeling.

JB Oh yes.

CS When you returned to Perth did you react similarly to the depression or was it not as bad?

JB Yes, well Perth was just catching up with it you see. Well it was a smaller city and the depression wasn't so obvious, but it was there. But by that time of course one had got used to it and you didn't have the shock of it. You see you went from a small town, which Perth was, to a much bigger and more sophisticated and older place and on the surface it looked marvellous, you know these miles of shops, the big buildings and so forth, which I had known as a child, a small child, and remembered glorified of course, and one was looking forward to them. Oh I remember this, I remember that, I remember the other, how wonderful it would be to have it round you all the time, and at first sight it was marvellous.

2

1 CS When you returned to Perth you were a fully fledged teacher by this time and you took up your first position at Kobeelya in about 1932. You were there for two years, is that right?

JB It must have been longer than that because I went from there to St Hilda's and it was in the later 30's, after '35, quite frankly I can't pin point the changeover. I think it was probably about '33.

CS I think you said earlier that you returned to Melbourne for a couple of years in the middle there before you came back to St Hilda's. Have you got any particular memories of the 30's and 40's which cover the period of your teaching life in primary and secondary schools?

JB I was never a primary school teacher right from the beginning. I think possibly it was due to the fact that I was never very happy with very small children because I had never met any small children when I was a small child.

CS Well you were at St Hilda's until 1946.

JB I remember of course the outbreak of war. I remember Kobeelya was great fun. The Headmistress at the time had all sorts of curious ideas, curious for the time I mean, that is to say she was rather in advance of her time, and she allowed them considerable sport and because it was a country school it was a curious monastic sort of life. The grounds were large, the house was old, the main building, and it was some distance out of town, the girls were, some of them sent out from the city for the country air and atmosphere and some of them country girls sent in to be 'polished', so to speak. So there was a pretty wide range of personalities there, and in order to cope with them you had to have a certain amount of variation in the teaching staff. The girls had their own golf course, which in those days was something extraordinary and the Head decided to, as we had a lot of country girls, and as the city girls wanted to learn country activities, there weren't any pony clubs in those days, the Head decided to put riding on the curriculum. She was rather miffed though because the sports mistress couldn't ride, so in despair at the first staff meeting of the year she said "I don't know, we have got riding on the curriculum and Jessie you can't ride." And Jessie said "No, I can't, because my fiancee, Arthur, said I mustn't ride because he had a cousin who was dragged and she was a faceless horror ever after." I may add that she, in due course, learned to ride, but before doing so she sent a telegram to Arthur, this is quite true, saying "Could you bear to marry a faceless horror." But coming back to the point, so in the resounding silence after discovery that Jessie couldn't ride I said "I can ride." And so the Head said "Good, will you take charge of the girls who want to ride and the stables?" So I said "What do I get out of?" And she said "Taking prep at night." So I said "Done" or words to that effect. Taking prep at a boarding school is hell's delight.

So in the weekends I took riding and supervised the stables for two years. And as a great treat we used to go on riding picnics and this was terribly, terribly superior sort of exercise and you got away from the school, and all the poor sillies that couldn't ride of course couldn't possibly go, and for a whole day you were out. It wasn't as if it was a terrible school or anything like that, it was just 'we are out, we are away'. And so I took somebody else with me just in case anything went wrong, and the person that I got on with best was the non-riding school mistress, so I taught her to ride, and that was when she wrote about the faceless horror, and she turned out quite good in the long run, she was very athletic and so forth.

It was a very friendly relationship the riding team, because they had a similar interest, one big bond of interest and they worked quite nobly. The older ones used to look after the little ones and they adored my horse my father sent down. One of his unsuccessful race horses, a perfectly beautiful thoroughbred. There was nothing wrong with him except that he

was too friendly and he used to pick out another horse in the race and just lollop along beside the horse. He always picked the slowest horse. He actually had a very good turn of speed, but he was a very friendly animal and adored tea, so on Saturday afternoons when I was up in the paddock they used to send up afternoon tea for me and a cup and saucer for the horse. He used to drink tea, he liked two lumps. I lent him to the Master of Ceremonies at the Katanning Show on one occasion. He asked me because he was a very handsome animal of course being a race horse, by line of breeding he was very big and he said "Could I have him to lead the grand parade?" And I said "Oh yes." He said "Has he got any tricks?" I said "No he is very well behaved, he doesn't mind noise." Apparently he upset the entire show. The man returned him to me and said "You said he didn't have any tricks." And I said "He hasn't." He said "I know, he is perfect in the show ring, but you didn't tell me that he would walk into the Red Cross tent and demand a cup of tea." But that was all very gay.

Then from there I went up to St Hilda's and the boarding side of life disappeared completely of course. I was strictly in the upper school, which I enjoyed very much. On the night of Pearl Harbour, Lily Kavanagh, who taught Art of Speech, Speech and Drama, was putting on an open-air performance of "The Blue Bird" and that was great fun. It was the first open-air show I had seen in Perth, and we did it under the pine trees on the lawn in front of St Hilda's, and I stage managed it for her. I had been with MUDS, the Melbourne Dramatic Society and the Trinity Dramatic Society playing the seductive villainess, which brought a couple of nice notes from various gentlemen in the audience, who were profoundly disappointed when they met me in real life without my black wig and so forth. But "The Blue Bird" was great fun. We enjoyed ourselves enormously and in "The Blue Bird" Light was played by Jacqueline Cott, I don't know if the name means anything to you, you often see her in superior television things. She lives in Sydney. She was for a time one of our stage stars, a very promising person, a delightful girl. And then the next year Lily wasn't putting anything on for some reason or other and the girls were very keen to do something, so we did "He was Born Gay" a nice little play by Emyln Williams and Jacquie played the lead in that. Then the year after that we did an A A Milne and then the staff thought they would like to do something, so I used to do plays for the staff. We otherwise went on in the usual school round and Miss Wall left a couple of the senior mistresses, one was going back to Melbourne, another one was leaving and I suddenly woke up that all my particular buddies were not going to be there next year, at which stage I happened to notice an advertisement in the paper for a lecturer in the English Department.

CS So that was in 1947.

JB It was the end of '46.

CS You were appointed as a temporary lecturer at the University and that was made necessary because of the CRTS people.

JB There was a whole wave of temporary lecturers. The understanding was that if they were satisfactory and if the 'situation', to use the current jargon, escalated, as of course it did, the temporary one year trial would become a three year and then presumably you would be a permanent after that.

CS There were others also just taken on for one year?

JB Oh yes. Dr Morrow¹³ in the French Department was one.

CS Dr Dorothy Clarke?¹⁴

- JB Dr Dorothy Clarke. She was seconded, for some reason or other she didn't want to be tied down but she was seconded for one year only, if I remember rightly, or possibly two.
- CS And you have some quite vivid memories of these ex-servicemen.
- JB Oh yes, they spoilt you for all the students ever after. They were people who had been about, had seen things, had learnt why you read, for instance. I noticed that among them there was an extraordinary preponderance of men who were absolutely devoted to Jane Austen. Well when you have spent a lot of time trying to persuade 17 year old girls that Jane Austen is a really great writer, and she really is worth paying some attention to, and you suddenly find men in their late 20's or early 30's not having to be persuaded, but are busy selling Jane Austen to you yourself and acutely and perceptively and lovingly discoursing on Jane Austen, well it is a very pleasant experience. You ask why and they have had time to think because war is hell anyway and you can only keep sane by escaping from it, and the world of Jane Austen is such a complete world and the outlook of Jane Austen is so different that I am alive and sane just because of Jane Austen. And of course they had seen all sorts of army entertainment shows. They put on shows in all sorts of conditions themselves, a lot of them had been prisoners of war and put on those shows that POW's used to put on to retain morale. Neville Teede was one of those. And the people who had been perhaps chair-born all the time through no fault of their own but had lost two or three or even more years out of their lives and they brought the maturity of those extra years to their first year or perhaps they had started their degree and they brought it to their second year. So that for intellectual excitement and stimulus, good argument in tutorials and discussions, they spoilt one for the straight-from-school undergraduate. Up to a certain point.
- CS It wasn't until the 70's really that you started to get older people back into the universities again. What was the status of women at that time?
- JB Well, I was paid £5 a year less than a male in the same position and appointed at the same time, which is I think a commentary all of itself, because £5 was not enough to make any substantial difference, you couldn't say somebody is worth £5 less than that one. You can't make that sort of decision. So obviously a whole £5 is some prejudice for the only particular defect that I have, and that was I was the wrong sex from the point of view of the Senate or whoever the powers that be.
- CS But you "won through" and I think you were appointed on the permanent staff in '48, the next year.
- JB At the end of the year.
- CS What are your memories of the other staff members at that time? Professor Edwards was the Head of Department.¹⁵
- JB Professor Edwards was the Head of Department. He was reputed to be an ogre, but we got on very well I think, and I think perhaps he was just as scared of me as I was of him. I think he expected me to burst into tears or something like that. He is actually very shy, but a very warm-hearted person, and will stand by you no matter what you do, so long as you are not completely stupid, he doesn't suffer fools gladly, but he is marvellously loyal to his staff and will go fighting their causes up to the Vice-Chancellor at the drop of a hat, and I found him very lively and stimulating and good fun. He is also a very funny; that sort of dead-pan comedy that some people

don't even realise as funny, but I was brought up to that sort of humour.

CS He was a Lancashireman, was he not?

JB Yes. Associate Professor Harry Thompson, I had known when I was a student, and he was an extraordinarily kind person, particularly good with the slower mind, the plodders, you know the nice 'be', 'just be' people who, no matter how hard they work, would never make A grade or even B+, but they are worth while. Professor Thompson was marvellous with somebody like that because he had infinite patience and understanding with them. In a way it was a nice balance for Professor Edwards, because if you were frightened of Professor Edwards you crept away to Professor Thompson, and if you found Professor Thompson a little slow paced perhaps you could go and be dynamited by Professor Edwards. And Alec King¹⁸ of course, who was the third of the triumvirate, had his own source of, or was himself a source of inspiration, and he opened poetry, the book of poetry, to so many people. It was his book, one he had collaborated with Martin somebody or other "Control of Language"¹⁷ which was the basis of the approach, the first year approach to English. And I have met students from those days who will say "You know, no book ever turned out to be useful in my life as 'Control of Language', why doesn't everybody have to learn 'Control of Language'?" Martin Kettley I think he was. Alec wrote it, or compiled it while he and Kettley were teaching at Guildford, and it is just an examination of language, use and abuse of words, and using that book we compiled a course which used to deal - its most successful aspect was with these experienced students, ask them to pick out advertisements from different sorts of papers and analyse the advertisement, because all advertisements are some sort of a con, and you would say "Now let's have a glossy ad, you know one of those from the big glossy magazines, advertising some perfumes or soaps or liquors or cars, nothing below a Mercedes, then pick out a sort of Women's Day, Australian Women's Day advertisement and pick out another one and so on and work down to the rather crude advertisements and analyse them. What sort of audiences was this addressed to? What techniques are used? What is the language? What is the colour?" And so on and so forth. That was vastly successful because people enjoyed them enormously and some of the advertisements we collected from the students. They found it great fun collecting advertisements, we used to stick them up on the notice board. They used to swap advertisements. It was a marvellous teaching aid.

CS Some of the other members of the Department you recollect were Peter Cowan?¹⁸

JB Oh, Peter Cowan was one of the tutors. He was a senior tutor. He was a dry sort of person who spoke rather slowly and rather wearily as if he had seen it all before in a gravelly sort of voice, but he was very funny as long as he didn't tread on your toes too vigorously. I gather he irritated some people. He has a rather sardonic and rather a black outlook on the world I think, but that doesn't prevent him being a very fine stylist.

CS And Maxine Edmondson?¹⁹

JB Oh Maxine Edmondson, she was one of the younger tutors. She was actually doing a Master's degree at that particular time, having graduated of course, and she had a first class mind, extreme sensitivity. She was also a very beautiful girl, very beautiful, but alas she got married, well perhaps she is very happy, I don't know. I mean alas for the scholastic work that she chose something else. She was very interested in dance, that side of movement and I remember was the chorus leader when we did "Oedipus" in the Sunken Garden.

CS And Kitty Robertson?²⁰

JB Kitty was a very different sort of girl from Maxine, also a very good mind, not the width of, or the breadth of Maxine's, and she didn't have Maxine's art interest that Maxine had. But I would have thought that she would do rather better than she did, but once again she also got married and disappeared from view.

CS You became interested in, you have already given us a few examples of your interest in drama at St Hilda's. Once you were at the University you became interested in producing plays for the UDS.

JB That's right. Well I'm afraid I get bored acting, you know for two nights it would be fine, but after that you know what is going to happen and you have to hang around until the end of the play or things like that, and it seemed to me that you got more fun out of building the play than playing in it, but of course there have to be people to play. They're the people who are famous. So I had done some production at MLC, ... St Hilda's rather, and Professor Edwards' daughter was there so he had come along and seen one of the shows, and remarked 'en passant' that he believed firmly that you couldn't really appreciate dramatic literature unless you knew something about putting the dramatic poetry, the dialogue, the libretto, whatever you like on the stage so that you could see the thing come alive, and then added in a dreamy sort of fashion "I should be delighted if you would take some interest in the UDS, but don't take any official position." It was Jacquie Cott who had been the lead in the play we had done at MLC some years earlier, who I think spread the news that there was a tame possible director on the campus and a deputation arrived and said would I direct the play that they proposed to take across to the NUAS festival in Melbourne that year. So after due consideration and consultation with Professor Edwards I said "Yes, yes, certainly, let's do 'Hedda Gabbler'" and they looked a bit surprised, but said "All right, whatever you say." So we did 'Hedda Gabbler', producing it in the Assembly Hall, rehearsing it in any old nook and corner that we could find, various classrooms, lecture rooms and so forth. And took it across to Melbourne and got considerable acclaim for it. Jacquie played Hedda and Dr Parsons of the National University, no, no the National, the University of New South Wales was Judge Brack, his brother was Tesman, he is now in the Attorney-General's Office. Dr Jerry Gertzel of, I can't remember which of the Oxford Colleges he is Fellow at the moment was Thea. Faith Clayton was Aunt Artie. She said the other night "You brought me up Jeanna to do old ladies very early"; she was then eighteen, she played a 60 year old aunt. And that was the beginning then.

CS Was Strahan²¹ in that production?

JB Strahan, well he was the President of the UDS at the time, but he had already been in something or other, or else he had directed the first play of the year which was a double bill, something or other and "Waiting for Lefty", so he stood back in favour of the other people, and he worked, he was co-ordinator of all the efforts and went very well, a very lively person and dynamic person too. He got things done. We had various strange and exciting adventures in that because there was nothing, nothing, on the campus that was of any assistance to practical drama. The internal dramatic venues were limited to the Refectory.

CS So in fact you used to put the play on in the Assembly Hall, which was the Presbyterian Church in Perth?

JB It was the hall of the Presbyterian Church in Pier Street, ...and it was a ghastly place. They made their own dimmers which were lethal things. They

were salt water dimmers and of course if the kerosene tin, which was the salt water receptacle, leaked, which they very often did, they were old tins to begin with, little pools of live water were floating about the stage. I remember distinctly seeing Ruth Cott sitting with her knees bunched up to keep her feet dry because the floor was all damp. She was the prompt. She had to be rescued at the interval.

CS Then the following year you produced "Oedipus" in the Sunken Garden, which in fact was a venue on campus that was . . .

JB Well it hadn't been used, this was the point. It was there, and it was Ron Strahan who drew my attention to it, he said "Come and see." We had a look at it for a long time and then decided that we would try "Oedipus". Everybody said "You're mad." But Professor Edwards, in some freakish fashion, happened to have a little booklet, a paperback, a very slim one, with the text of the play that was used by Olivier - it was actually Yeats' verse and poetry translation - and the music composed by Anthony Hopkins, which was used for Olivier's production as a sidelight. When Olivier saw the version we did down here, he was talking to me afterwards and said, among other things, "I was very taken with the music you used, where did you get it?" That is perfectly true and there were some very good voices over at the Currie Hall, which was then the bachelor officers' quarters, so to speak, known as the Hostel in those days, and the two Briars brothers, John and Norman Briars, both had very fine voices, and a chap called Gibbney had a marvellous bass voice. There were some others and I can't remember their names, Sammy somebody or other. There were nine singers in all, all men, and I said to Maxine Edmondson "Do you know anything about somebody who would train the dancing chorus." She said "I think Dorothy Fleming would." So Dorothy was delighted, she was a contemporary of mine. The show was a success, equally due to the efforts I think of everybody concerned, to Dorothy, to Leckie, who trained the choir, to the luck of getting that script because I've never met another copy of the script with music, and the enthusiasm of the various groups concerned. And that was the beginning of the sung play in the Sunken Garden which went on until, the opening of the New Fortune, which superseded. . .

CS About 1964. You presumably produced plays in the following years. . .

JB Well I wasn't always here. In '51 we did. . .the year after we did, in '49 it must have been, we did "The Dream", "Midsummer Night's Dream". They made a film of that. Somebody or other connected with the film and education or educational films or something did a most appalling film of it. I pointed out very firmly when he wanted to take a film that it was meant, the whole production was meant for artificial lighting, but he insisted that it didn't matter, but of course it did matter because all the mystery and the colour were washed out in the high sunlight, and he himself, there was no sound track, and he himself made the running commentary. It really was a disaster and much to my horror I found [that] years and years after it had been shown round schools. It was wicked.

And then we did...I can't remember the sequence. Some of them were more successful than others, that was a particularly successful one. At some stage the group the Society did "The Circle of Chalk", "Ondine", "The Duchess of Malfi", "Loves Labours Losts", then I went on leave in '52. That was when they did the Katherine Brisbane, Katherine Parsons as she is now, who used to be the drama critic for the Sydney Morning Herald, she did that.

Then while I was in London I got a long cable from Professor Alexander to the effect that they were going to do a festival of . . .he was thinking of a Festival of Perth, and would I do a summer show for the Festival of Perth,

and if so what would I do, and please reply. So I said "Yes, of course, with the greatest of pleasure, and I would do "Twelfth Night" and please contact so and so and so and so to get in touch with me at once. So I called a rehearsal for the first Sunday in January because I was supposed to be back at the end of the year and I was duly booked. And I had chosen most of the cast. Geoffrey Bolton²² was the President, Professor Bolton was the President of the Society at the time, and I had written to him and said "Try and get hold of these people." So he had got most of them and I called this rehearsal. And we ran into a little political turbulence in Djakarta, and instead of arriving on 31st January, on 31st January we were sitting under armed guard in a hotel in Djakarta with Sukarno's people patrolling up and down outside. We ran into engine trouble just after leaving Djakarta and just before the point of no return the pilot decided. . . they were going for Darwin because the flight was from Singapore, Djakarta, Darwin, and I was to make a connection at Darwin, MMA. . . . Well he turned back to Djakarta and at that particular moment Sukarno was having a brisk quarrel with the British Government. The plane was a BOAC Constellation and when they came back he assumed that we were on some skulduggery, so he promptly snatched all the crew and the passengers and incarcerated in what used to be the old Queen Wilhemina Hotel under armed guard, one of these sort of things. Well the story is hilariously funny in retrospect but it wasn't so funny at the time, and the Queen Wilhemina Hotel, which used to be a magnificent thing, was falling to pieces and very dirty. However we eventually got out all right. They flew a new engine down from Singapore.

CS After how long?

JB A couple of days, but of course by that time I had missed the MMA connection and I said "Look I have got to be in Perth by the fourth." So they said "Don't fret, we will fly you straight on to Sydney and get you on an ANA back." So on the night of the third I arrived back. Meanwhile my poor mother had been having hysterics because she hadn't the faintest idea where I was. Sunk without a trace. And Geoffrey kept ringing up mother to find out where I was. However, she did get the telegram that I had sent her from Djakarta, but of course Sukarno or the Government had been sitting on all our cables, in every direction. But by that time she could tell Geoffrey "Oh she is going to be on the plane from Sydney that will get in at night." And the entire Dramatic Society was there waiting. Oh, what tremendous excitement. So I was escorted in stately cavalcade or what they call motorcades, well you know student cars in those days, it was very quaint indeed, and it was quite a reception. I have never had such a violently excited reception, because it was the first Festival of Perth, and if she doesn't come what are we going to do? It wasn't really me they wanted, it was the show. And so we had our first meeting on the 4th January and "Twelfth Night" was a great success and that was the first time we had had the advantage of Barbara Levin's choir. She had been working up a madrigal group at the Hostel in those days and they had made headlines in Australia, they had had various concerts broadcast and they had cut a couple of records and of course the madrigals suited "Twelfth Night" down to the ground. It was a very big group we had and they were brought in as part of the show and Dr Brian Ketterer who is now leading a research team, Professor Dr Brian Ketterer, at Middlesex General, leading a research team on cancer research, played Feste. He had a beautiful baritone voice and of course Feste needs a singer. And generally speaking it was all terribly magical and exciting and they made vast sums of money and got a lot of excitement and so they went on doing shows until. . . for the next ten years. Various people did them. Katherine did some more. Peter Mann did one. Some, various people vaguely connected with the University did shows, and of course once the Festival of Perth started wanted to get on the bandwagon to do the Sunken Garden shows. And then in '64, '64 was it, yes it was wasn't it when the New Fortune was opened, and everybody immediately deserted the Garden and

e 2 065 This is the second interview with Mrs Bradley conducted on 1st September
e 2 1981.

CS If we could just back-track a bit Mrs Bradley, could you tell us something about the reasons why you were in England at the end of '51? I believe you spent some time in Bristol which was the home of the first drama department in an English university. Could you tell us something about how you managed to get the leave to spend the time there?

JB Well I was five sixths due for leave at that time and for personal reasons asked if I could take it earlier and take a part year or alternatively take five sixths of the allowance and they said that was all right. Well while that was pending, Professor Alexander was in England - I think in connection with the foundation of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust - and met great and famous figures concerned with the Trust, notably Tyrone Guthrie and Martin Brown, who both came out later in the same year, '51. During Professor Alexander's stay there, I think possibly as a result of some connection with the series of seminars on the Drama in the Universities, which occupied interdominion figures at that particular time, he went to Bristol.

Bristol had an experimental drama department, the first ever, which was governed - the new department was actually governed by the heads of the language departments in Bristol. The head of that particular group was H D F Kitto, the classical scholar and also great authority on Greek drama. He has. . . I got to know him very well later, we became great friends and I owe a great deal to him. He and I think it was English, French, German and Russian heads more or less sponsored the department. The Acting Head of the Department, acting because the Department was just an experiment, was seconded I think from the English Department. I know he used to give lectures in the English Department on drama. And their stamping ground was an abandoned fives court at the back of the state hall of the University and the various other sections of the Drama Department were scattered all over Bristol in little nooks and crannies. Glyn Whickholm was the man in question, a remarkable person full of enthusiasm and energy, a slim aesthetic-looking person who looked as if a puff of wind would blow him over, but he must be constructed of steel, I should think (very fine quality steel), and a man of great aspirations and energy and an inspirational sort of character, because 'the Prof' had respect from everyone, he was a charming man.

Well I thought that would be very nice. Professor Alexander came back and told me all about it and it sounded absolutely wonderful and just the thing I would like to know to continue the efforts that I was making, and with the blessing of Professor Edwards to unite the teaching of drama from the book or the text and the presentation of drama on stage, i.e. a play is not alive until it has an audience and it has performers. But of course this would involve a good deal of extra expenditure. I gloomily was remarking this and Professor Edwards said "Well of course some people have been applying to the British Council, it seems to me exactly the sort of thing the British Council would like." But I just said glumly "I can't imagine they'd bother about me." And to my intense surprise and ecstatic joy I was later informed that Professor Edwards and the Vice-Chancellor, Dr Currie, who were both very pleased with the shows that we had done up to date, and our successes in the international drama festival between the universities and so forth, applied on my behalf and I got a grant which sounds peanuts these days, but was quite a substantial one and enabled me to live some time in Bristol, at the same time commuting down to Stratford for all the shows, of course it is quite close, and back to London to carry on pottering round looking things up in the museum library there.

8 CS And so how long did you spend in Bristol?

JB Well I spent the middle term of the year, that's the last term of their academic year, and before the vacation, and then intermittently went back when something new was coming on. When they would start a new course I went back, when they started the next academic year in October, to see how the courses were working out. Because this was only their second year of existence and it was an improvisational thing and from day to day something was added. Well during that period, quite apart from going to an incredible number of plays and keeping faithful reports and critical comments on all of them, I spent the first term largely with the British Drama League, which is a tremendously - or was in those days at any rate - a very lively institution, which fosters all dramatic efforts, either small professional or amateur, in any part of the country. They know what's going on everywhere and anywhere and they are doing the sort of work that I imagine this current seminar thing that is going at His Majesty's - I don't know if you have read about it! It's starting the national institute for education in drama or something like that and this is something new and strange except that that's what the British Drama League has been largely doing, giving advice, sending out people, sponsoring all their festivals and at the same time running courses in judging, critical judgment of drama, direction, exercises in different types of presentation and things of that nature.

I don't know if this is relevant, but for instance at that particular time, John Fernald had four shows running in London; one was a famous 'Love of Four Colonels' the Peter Ustinov show, one was 'Uncle Vanya', one was a very funny, just comic comedy 'The White Sheep of the Family' and the fourth was a musical, I can't remember what it was at the moment. Well this was an extraordinary range of things for one director to have running in the West End. And he ran a course of lectures on the problems of a production. . . particularly the study of a script to transfer it to the stage, and with these four entirely diverse plays of course he could make you very strongly aware of the different approaches required, the different sorts of imagination you bring to the interpretation to bring the printed word to life and so on. And then he would take us round to the shows, having said "Well look this is a problem and that is a problem and that is a problem and so on". It was only a small class, about a dozen I think. They were all academic, either secondary or tertiary teachers.

CS And were they mostly English, were you the only person from Australia?

JB Oh no, no, there were a couple of Canadians, a couple of South Africans, including somebody from Stellenbosch, which was an Afrikaans University I gather, a Rhodesian and a couple of actually. . . non-British people, oh and somebody from Barbados, he was a beautiful coffee colour, a most charming man. And the rest were from different parts of England. One of them was from the University of Exeter. But they all had a solid academic background so that they didn't look blank when you suddenly talked about pirodillos and meggoquatere or something like that. Well we used to read the play and talk about it with him, and then we were taken around for free and watched how he had dealt with those problems and then talk about them later on "Any other way you could have dealt with this?" This is extraordinarily interesting in this particular line, how you translate the given script to the stage with most effective use.

At the same time Guthrie had got me permission to sit in on rehearsals at the Old Vic - just watching and not commenting, just watching quietly, and that was interesting, extraordinarily so. But that was largely just the theatre, not, it didn't have the academic side.

Then going back to the British Drama League another very interesting thing was a long series of lectures by Richard Southern, who is the name dealing with the actual physical theatre. The point being of course that most plays are written for a specific theatre and if you know the theatre for which the play is written, well you can visualise it, much more intensely. Well he was extremely good on that line and he took us, for instance, up to Richmond in Yorkshire because they had just discovered a theatre which had been built in 1780 and had been almost completely intact, left intact, because it ran a foul of public opinion in the early Victorian era because the plays that were put on [were] a little dubious and they used to provoke enthusiastic collaboration from the gallery and 'sins occurred' and so the . . . nobler members of the, I suppose it was the Town Council or something like that, closed it. Now if the theatre is closed for any length of time of course it falls into destitution, but in this particular case the corn exchange bought it up as a granary and it was always in use and it was kept clean and sweet because of the corn there. It had to be clean because of corn storage. And when they finally. . . All through these years it had been used for the same purpose, and finally when they cleaned it out they realised that it needed patching up and painting, but in effect it was exactly the same as an eighteenth century theatre. It had been built for touring companies that went from London to tour Yorkshire. And there was this charming little theatre.

I remember the last time Edgar Metcalf was working in England I got an excited letter from him, he said "You remember telling me about the theatre in Richmond that you saw being fixed up, well I have actually directed a show there. Everything you said about what a marvellous little theatre it is works." Well if you know a great deal about eighteenth and early nineteenth century drama you will know the extraordinary number of asides - you know so and so and so and so says somebody and then - aside, but little does he know that Of course when you are on that particular stage you can see the point of it because the people were - this being the stage, and you are the audience, and I can walk out onto the forestage and say to you just like that. So the writing of the play, the actual writing, the thing that is printed on the page depends on the theatre, otherwise the aside looks so absurd you know hush, hush, hush. This was extremely interesting.

Then he pointed out, Southern I mean, that there were open-air theatres of the early circular classical Greco-Roman style down in England dating from the middle ages and they are actually complete theatres in the round, down understandably in Cornwall, of course the warmest part. Right down in the foot of Cornwall there is still in existence one quite obviously - you don't have to even use your imagination, you just stand there on the sloping bank and look down at it. So I went down and had a look, took a friend with me, we were having a lovely time. A policeman came up and said "What are you doing here, this is an ancient monument?" So I produced my little card and said "I am studying the ancient monument." And he said "Ancient monuments indeed. I don't know why. Of course it is my business to enquire what you are doing because it is protected because it is an ancient monument. But it doesn't look like a monument to me and it would be much better used as a car park, we are desperately in need of car parks."

Well all this sort of apparently aimless wandering about was extraordinarily interesting. And I carried it on in that when the University long vacation came and there was nothing doing in the practical line, several of us took ourselves by car across Europe looking at old theatres. Well we looked at all the Roman theatres in the South of France, Provence, the theatres that had been built during the Roman occupation of Gaul to amuse the soldiers, to keep the soldiers happy. And they're in existence, the climate was beautiful, consequently they're practically intact and they are in use,

they're used every summer, which gave me a lot of ideas of what to do in the open air, just leave it don't try to put dressing rooms on the stage. I don't. . . . Well I saw a production, in the Sunken Garden of 'The Bow Stratagem', one scene of which takes place in the heroine's dressing room and onto the stage these workers paddled with a dressing-table, and a mirror, and a chair, and a carpet and put it all down on the grass on the lawn, and it looked rather funny. Years later, I did the in the Dolphin and I thought oh that it was far too much trouble and I merely removed the thing, the dressing room scene and just left it on the open stage and I must say the director of the Maugham production came along and said "I don't know why I didn't think of that, it is so much easier." And then she said sadly "I know now, I wasn't very familiar with the text and so I followed the text, perhaps I should have got a degree in Arts." She was a very generous. . . . In fact it was Nita Pannell, she laughed and said "There is something in knowing what you are doing."

But this as I said, this erratic sort of wandering about apparently was all solidly motivated.

Then when the British Drama League at the All England Annual Festival which took place up at Harrogate, they very often use Harrogate for . . . it used to be a fashionable watering place. Consequently it is full of huge hotels and all with winter gardens, and you could put up a lot of people, and they have got a very big theatre which is a white elephant most of the year, but they use it for this drama festival. And we went up there and saw night after night different plays from all over England. One from Ireland, The Glasgow Citizens Theatre came down, and some other Scottish one, I can't remember what it was. And we all sat down with our little judgments and made notes of them and then after the - the morning after the show the group, I suppose there must have been about 20 of us because we all brought friends and relations, we were allowed to, and compared notes on production and the play, which was very brain stimulating. Then the person - the people who were conducting the course, all people very well known and very famous in the theatre, would contribute their comments. And of course playwrights would come in and chat about their problems, and directors would take about their problems, and in a small group they would answer any sort of questions we put to them. It was a quite exciting period.

In the theatre, in the Bristol set up itself, well I just turned up to everything that was going. First year courses and second year courses (there weren't any third year courses of course, because this was only the second year of its life) and watch their marvellous adaptable theatre. They, in their fives court, they had no set stage, they had a platform at one end, and they had a proscenium arch which they had made themselves in fragments - segments - well they designed it themselves and the University carpenter ran it up, and you could have it set back to be a stage, an Elizabethan stage house, a part of it, and play in front of it. Or moving the stage house in its entirety forward you could play as on a normal proscenium stage or half way between the two you would have a restoration type stage. Or you could clear it all away and have a completely open stage.

I also met for the first time dexion, which is probably know to everybody by now. It is a very light weight metal scaffolding, which you can take apart or put together again in a different shape, just like the meccano sets that children have. And they used that for scaffolding and they could build a ranked proscenium or ranked auditorium in the space of an hour - set up a whole theatre, a couple of girls could do it, because all the material was very light. So when we came back When I came back there were happy ideas of building this sort of thing, and we did indeed build a stage house which we put on the stage in Winthrop Hall to use for 'Richard II' which was

done by St George's people and for 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' and various other plays; quite a number of them were done in that way. So certainly things that one picked up were transferred.

I also attended the classes that Iris Brook held on costume for the stage, the designing of it, the selection of it and making of costumes, and that was invaluable. She is the woman who wrote the letter press, collected the designs and produced the books on English costumes in the, I think it's, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th centuries, a book for each century. They are a sort of bible for dressing shows. And she had her group of people - it was part of the course. We used to go on shopping expeditions. We want some cut velvet - well cut velvet is not particularly manufactured now, and that being in the austerity years just after the war it was prohibitably priced, but they went off, I remember once, and bought about five bolts of wincey, which was quite cheap, and brought it back and they used to stretch the wincey very tightly on the floor and set to work painting a design on it. Just, say it would be crimson wincey, and they would paint a most elaborate design in a slightly darker crimson, and at a distance of a couple of feet under stage lighting it looked like cut velvet. It looked magnificent. And the magnificent laces of Elizabethan ruffs were plastic doilies, that sort of thing. Well this was invaluable again and we had great fun with it.

The actual mechanics of the stage and the light console, a man called Johnny Lavender, who was a sweetie, was the head of their mechanics, and took me over and showed what they had. I used to sit in and listen to the lecture and watch the students work and work with them. And of course connected with that was the Bristol Old Vic Company, which was an Old Vic Company, based at the Theatre Royal, Bristol, which is the oldest extant theatre in England, even older than the Richmond one, it was built in 1715, and had been restored to its 18th century appearance. It was a charming place and in working the Bristol Old Vic School at the time was an old friend Neville Teede,²³ whom I had first met in a performance of 'St Joan' the first year I was at the University, and Dr Reynolds,²⁴ who was then the Warden descended on me and said "Will you deal with costumes?" Dealing with costumes when there was still clothes rationing, this was difficult. And Mr Teede played the English monk, whose name I can't remember at the moment, it's the one who runs mad at the end of the play and says "We have killed a saint." Neville went to RADA by the good graces of Professor Edwards who worked to get him all sorts of access and of Martin Brown whom he had met when Martin Brown was out here, (Neville was then a tutor in the Department), and he was working with the Bristol Old Vic School from which the Bristol Old Vic Company drew all its extras. So I used to watch the rehearsals of the Old Vic Company and, when I wished to, watch the exercises and the training of the School, just for a matter of interest.

I brought back all the . . . written material, printed material, that was available to the Drama Department and all the lines of the approach, the divisions of work, you know the study of the texts. First year was the study of the texts, with transfer of certain texts to the stage, and suggestions invited from the students "How would you deal with this and this and this and this?" So that the academic and the practical paralleled all the way through and then they all had a short course in practical, you know the costume making, property making, music, the selection of the music for a play, how would you go about it, the research for production of a play, and so forth. At the end of the first year they were asked "Well now have you any particular yearning, do you want to do this and this and this?" . . . They used to apparently. . . (I always went back to Bristol, every time I went back to England, just to see if it was going) and by the end of the first year they usually had divided themselves up. There were some who wanted to deal with direction only, they weren't interested in acting.

Others were interested in high grade acting. Others were interested in set design or costume design, costume making, property making, or lighting or sound effects. So that the whole course became more and more a comprehensive thing and you get expertise in a whole range of affairs connected with the theatre. But all based on the text, the libretto, how to bring, whatever way you can, the text to life.

CS It sounds like we were extraordinarily lucky to have had you going to that.

JB Oh terribly lucky. It was a very valuable experience.

CS Can you now tell us about some of the plays which you directed after that period and how you put this theoretical knowledge into practice?

JB Well of course the '52 'Dream' was the first one. I came back and fell into it so to speak, and it was an extremely well-dressed show in comparison with the things that we had done before, because I had picked up so many little hints of how to get an effect, and I had also picked up a lot of ideas about lighting, what you could do in lighting in an open stage. And from the open-air productions in the south of France, picked up a lot of ideas about, well how you can leave the natural setting and use the natural setting to work for you, rather than try to hide it away behind stage props. You see 'Oedipus' was an outdoor play and it just asked - the garden at that particular time, just asked for it, something Greek, because it was a vaguely Greek setting. 'The Midsummer Night's Dream' is an outdoor play and, as you know, that only the first scenes, first couple of scenes are indoors. Well we merely put a few handsome screens around and they were actually bits of window dressing from I think Bon Marché, I knew the window dresser there, you know those plastic and plasterboard lattices and trellises and so on, all very elaborate, we borrowed a couple of those and put them and put them hither and yon and that was the background. But this time, well we had, or I had, to pass on to Catherine Brisbane, now Catherine Parsons, the lady who used to be the drama critic for The Australian of considerable note, was an avid student and she was . . . costume mistress and all the suggestions that I'd picked up from Iris Brook I hurriedly passed on to Cathy. And the 'Twelfth Night' costumes were really rather something.

Also I had picked up a lot of ideas about lighting in watching the French productions in the open-air and firmly insisted against all sorts of bullying, that I would not start an open-air production before - at the very earliest a quarter past eight, preferably half past eight if the show was not a particularly long one. And I remember John Birman²⁵ being most annoyed about it because everything was geared to start at half past seven. There was still the early start left over from the war when there wasn't much transport and people wanted to get home. Or at eight o'clock. But I noticed that the open-air production in Regents Park in the long English twilight suffered because it started in broad daylight you see, but by the time you got round to the second half of the play it was night. Well the costumes, either - the costumes and make-up, either looked good in the daylight or under artificial light, but they didn't look good both ways. The French productions were - they didn't have such a long twilight, it was more our period - started at a quarter to nine or nine o'clock and it was all artificial light so that the visual effect was consistent all the way through and most attractive. So we started at half past or quarter past eight. And the French were particularly good on spotlighting from below and we had spots all concealed all over the place in a very joyful fashion, under little shrubs. And it had a curiously magical effect and it was particularly good because it cut out completely the tops of the buildings, you know the - what used to be the main Arts Lecture Theatre, that temporary building over there above the

5 Sunken Garden, not a particularly lovely thing. And the tower of the Physics Building used to dominate the scene. I gather that somebody in the Physics Department didn't approve of this rollicking in the garden and insisted on leaving a light in the tower all through the show. But if you lit in the French style - it is quite common now - but this ground lighting with concealed lighting all over the place, they soon learned not to trip over cords, was something rather new and it was a little magical and exciting in the garden at the time. And it enclosed the garden in the world of the theatre so to speak. And so you could look up at the stars but you needn't see particularly the tower or the roof of the Arts Building. These were, particularly the costumes and the lighting and the use of the open-air, were things that one had picked up either in wandering around France or in the School, the Drama Department School in Bristol, or watching the Vic either in London or in Bristol.

Then a whole different range of plays. . . You know the possibilities of different plays one picked up going to the theatre, and particularly watching the amateur or small professional theatres in the drama festival at Harrogate. You know you could see why the Irish group picked this particular play, why the Scots group picked this particular play and all sorts of ingenious or, what shall I say, compromises which got over the difficulties that all small companies or amateur companies suffer. There was one particular beautiful performance of - it won all over prize - of oh 'The Comedy of Errors', which is a frightfully silly play, do you know it at all? Well it could be anywhere at any time but it is about confused identity - a couple of twins, separated in the first few weeks of their lives, identical twins. In due course turn up into opposing parts of . . . the world one in Ephesus the other in Syracuse. And each one has acquired, surprise, surprise, a man servant and confidant who also were a pair of identical twins, separated and so on. So you have two lots of identical twins and the confusion is fast and furious. Well this was for some gay reason set in a - or presented in a mid-Victorian, no slightly late-Victorian fashion. It was very funny and it. . . Because it's a play that depends not on words so much as just on action, the fact that it was all dressed 1880 or thereabouts didn't hinder - didn't quarrel with the words at all. Afterwards when Agrena who was a very charming woman, was asked by somebody very serious-minded, we were having an interview, her problems, problems of an amateur director, somebody asked "Could you tell me why you chose the period 1880?" And she said "Well it wasn't exactly 1880, it was just latish Victorian. . ." "But well why latish Victorian?" She looked at us out of the corner of her eye and said "To be perfectly truthful we haven't very much money and the only elegant looking male garment of which we had two complete sets was a gentleman's royal Albert or Beaufort coat, striped trousers, silk hat, and so on and so on and large watch chain."

Well this was absolutely delightful and I have used it very often to students, saying "This is a little story that I will tell you, it is a perfectly true one. Now I ask you, when you are looking at such and such done in modern dress, ask yourselves a simple question. Have I really gained a new approach by seeing such and such played in modern dress or do I think really the reason for that is that they happen to be able to lay their hands on that kind?" It does make or did make the students look at a familiar point of view, because there is a great deal of ballyhoo about a new glimpse of Hamlet because he happens to be wearing tennis shorts or something like that. Well they do you know. So that was interesting, seeing all these different plays with different approaches.

I also, from Bristol got - I can't remember the exact details - but I got an introduction to the Marymarket Theatre and Nugent Monk, the Irishman who made the Marymarket Theatre out of just a group of Norfolk. . . The

theatre is at Norwich. And this enthusiastic Irishman transplanted himself to Norfolk - I don't know why - and gathered people in Norfolk, mainly people round about Norwich, and inspired them with his tremendous enthusiasm. The Marymarket was an old church, the sort that has a gallery round at the top, so they made the chancel into the stage and the audience sat in the body of the church and - it was also the cruciform church you know, it was the oblong. . . and round the gallery. Well he was the sort of man who inspired people and I saw there a version of the 'Wakefield Cycle' the Passion section. It was put on at Easter time and just no. . .no. . .Nugent Monk and the lightsman were the only professionals. He was a professional director. The lightsman was a professional lights person. All the gowns were made by the people of Norwich and a very large cast were the inhabitants of Norwich itself or the villages round about and Christ was played by the young English teacher from the high school. Nearly all of them had Norfolk accents with slightly varying degrees of thickness, which was carefully used for the social position of the characters in the play. And it was I think - I have seen a lot of tremendously elaborate religious plays since - but this one sticks in my mind as being the most moving. And during the scene of the last supper with Christ taking the cup round the assembled disciples the tension in the audience just mounted, you felt that if somebody just touched somebody else he or she would scream. And when Christ - the Christ figure, according to the text, just offers him the cup with the usual benediction and there was a moment, I suppose it was two seconds but felt like eternity, while Judas put his hand to the cup and then turned and rushed out. The whole audience must have been holding their breath, I know I was, because you could hear this tremendous collective sigh. And that was an extraordinary experience. And they were all actors and they had thick country accents. So after, the next day he said "Well dear, how did you like it?" I said "Oh lovely."

And then he talked on drama in his life, just chatting to us, I took a friend up with me, and he said he loved working, he said "Perhaps because I am an Irishman and contrary, but I like working with these untrained people, because I believe that you can get them in until they are unconsciously doing all the Stanislavski sort of stuff, they just are identifying, and what does it matter if they don't speak beautifully. I don't suppose Shakespeare's crowd spoke beautifully." He did a . . . one Shakespeare, I can't remember what it was now, but I can't remember which particular one, but one in which there were a lot of yokels and they were all extremely Norfolk speaking. "Why not?" he said. This again is something that doesn't immediately spring to mind and he pointed out that while for instance the Singh plays, the Irish Singh I mean are not written in broad Irish you know, not begorras and so on, the music of them, the charm of them depends on the tune of speech and if you don't have the tune of the Irish speech some of the greatest plays, well say 'Riders to the Sea', lose something because the tune of the speech is the music of the play, which is the emotion of the play. Well this gang I thought was extremely vital to me and I did used to try to listen to a possible tune or listen for a possible tune in the speech and try it out. Sometimes we got it and sometimes we didn't.

I did notice also that. . . did learn not to take a reading of a play - somebody reading for a part because some people read appallingly but as soon as they stop being themselves and get - are speaking as a character, they all speak quite differently because it's shyness. One of the most remarkable performers that I met was a man who couldn't read. His brother said "Look would you give Stephen a chance, but don't ask him to read in public. Talk to him for a while then get him to read." Well I took him

into my room as it might be and I said "Would you like to read?" He said "Oh. . ." He just couldn't speak and I said "Look it's all right what do you think - we'll talk about the character." Well he stammered and talked about-about-about the character, and obviously he knew very well about the character, and I said "Well you know just don't worry about it." And he stammered and stuttered through and as he read the stammer disappeared completely. Now off stage he still stammered, all the way through rehearsals, but the minute he got on stage the stammer disappeared entirely and this has happened several times. It is interesting.

CS From the first Festival in '52 I gather that you were closely associated with each Festival?

JB Well not me necessarily, because you know sometimes I had other things to do, and there were other people who were interested in doing things. But year after year the tendency was to take the play that the University was doing for Commencement. It was the Commencement play you see. It antedated the Festival by its play which coincided with the opening of the new term. It usually took place in Orientation Week which brought it in February, and also coincided with the Summer School, because it was something for the Summer School to come and look at. Well the Festival was arranged to coincide with that, so to speak. Then because they had always done a show the University went on doing shows about this time and the Summer School audiences came along in droves and enjoyed themselves enormously and it would be the first week - they always played the full fortnight - in the second week the University people, the Orientation Week people came. So that we would play usually in the second half of February or thereabouts.

And this continued until the Summer School became earlier and the Festival became earlier which meant that the University people were not available. The University audience hadn't come back, they were doing something else, and very often the earlier staff kept some of our best players out because - I don't know if they still do it but in the long vac University students tend to be making money and a lot of them in those days used to make money by going up on the wheat sidings. "Going on the wheat." "Going on the wheat" was a dull and solitary sort of job, therefore it paid very well, therefore by taking themselves up there from the end of their vacation until the new year they could make enough money to carry them pretty well through a term or two. But that meant that you couldn't start rehearsals until well into January and they wouldn't be ready at the earlier date. So the association with the Festival became rather more tenuous, and then what happened?

In '64 they built. . . they opened the New Fortune and we leapt to that and made a special effort. By that time the Graduate Dramatic Society had come into existence simply because people who had enjoyed themselves enormously working for the UDS wanted to keep up the connection, not necessarily acting but lights, costumes, sound effects, music, what have you. They just liked the whole thing and they wanted to do something, but if they worked for the UDS the younger students naturally, some of them were happy to learn, but they got a little bit injured in their dignity. So it seemed best to have a separate society for the graduates and the UDS.

CS And were you involved with setting up the Graduate Society?

JB I set it up. Well just to give the graduates something to do of themselves, to keep them happy.

CS And that was what, mid 60's?

JB No that was a bit earlier, that was in the late 50's we set that up. And the idea was that the graduates - during the year the graduates and the undergraduates did separate shows, but for the big summer show, which naturally being an open-air one, it was in the garden until they build the New Fortune, a big show seems to be called for, I mean big in numbers, seems to be called for, in the open spaces, you know a couple of people get lost. So we used to. . . You could use everybody who was in Graduates and Undergraduates and they came together. And we in '64 when they opened the New Fortune, we did 'Hamlet' with a cast of thousands - well the company I suppose was about, it must have been about 50 or 60 people concerned with it, because it was all experimental. We had precisely three rehearsals on that stage. Well like all work it was late you know, but I just hoped that it would work and just theoretically I knew what should have happened and nobody was more surprised than I was that it did work. . . .but it did.

Then we had our biggest one, cast of graduates and undergraduates, mixed back-stage people and the excitement was intense and the Vice-Chancellor threw a large party for the company who felt on top of the world for the time being. But then of course everybody swarmed in and took over the New Fortune.

The Elizabethan Theatre Trust took over and played there the new year, brought over Ron Hadrick to star in 'Othello'. Robin Lovejoy, for whom I have a great deal of respect, was brought over to direct it and was extremely put about because he was - he said "I am just frightened of this thing, I have never seen a stage like this and how do I do this and how do I do that." And he decided that he would have it on several levels, but couldn't see how to get from one level to another in a spectacular way, so he built a staircase from ground up to the first level. All the same gorgeous reviews with beauties coming up and down the staircase, which meant that the stage was divided into two halves, and if you sat on one side of the theatre you couldn't see what was going on on the other side.

But while we could. . . Everybody deserted the Garden then. While we could get the Garden there was no point in trying to put on the same sort of play in opposition, and we couldn't do it simultaneously because the sound carried. You would have somebody shrieking their heads with anguish and somebody shrieking their heads with mirth over the other side. And the connection between the Dramatic Societies and the Festival folded up. They have got to the point now I think when they can perform before the Festival, which is not much good because between Christmas and New Year celebrations and expenditure and the Festival celebrations and expenditure people are resting their stomachs and their purses, and after they are still resting their stomachs and their purses for a while. So, well they do what they can between - before and after. Sometimes it comes off, sometimes it doesn't.

CS Yes and they are not so active?

JB Not nearly so active.

CS Were you involved at all with the Elizabethan Theatre Trust?

JB Well only listening to discussions that went on beforehand and afterwards. Noting with considerable interest a long way on that Guthrie was quite right, he said - his thesis was - if you. . . want to improve the state of drama and underline the connection between drama and the people and drama and the universities, you don't want to put your money in bricks and mortar. Pay a first rate director to come and spend, not a short time, but say six months in each of your capital cities and then send him around the country working with the people who are there and showing what can be done. Of course he

would have to be a very good one so that. . . he can work with the material that is present. And he did actually implement this, the Perth people asked him to send a director out to do a show. Well he did, he sent out Michael Langham, who was a young protégé of his, who was directing at the Vic and needed a change of air, you know. Well he was told he had a free hand and he could do what he liked in the open. Guthrie was terribly taken with open-playing in the open. So he decided to do 'Richard III'. He'd always wanted to do 'Richard III' which has a cast of about a thousand, and he asked - said he was doing 'Richard III' and asked for people to turn up to audition. Well his reputation had preceded him and everybody in Perth turned up except me of course I was in England in '52. This was the summer after I had gone away. Well, he had his cast of thousands and he built a huge stage in Somerville Auditorium and there were costumes and there were armour and there were arms and so forth. And it was vast and funny and impressive and frightening, all in different stages. But the case. . . There were too many enthusiasts in the cast who were physically rather uncontrolled and with a big stage, not extraordinarily high, it is not necessary you see, they used to - the soldiers used to charge round and fall off the stage and there were minor disasters you know, people sloshing each other with pikes and words in a similar nature, so to speak. And certain little quaint discrepancies occurred that you wouldn't - you just don't notice. You see there were those two wretched little princes, the ones that are smothered and children in a large open place, they tended to get lost.

It was very instructive, it was interesting, it was exciting, but unfortunately the money didn't run to keep him here for six months, or perhaps he had to go back, I can't quite remember, but I know he didn't stay here long enough. Both he thought, and Guthrie thought, to accomplish what was Guthrie's idea. And it rather spoilt Guthrie's theory. So they went ahead and they built their magnificent new Elizabethan theatre in Sydney and it cost the earth, and it was not a success, the money was tied up there and it went down hill and it became a film theatre and then it became a theatre for Greek, I think it was, or Italian films only, and it has been a white elephant. Since the money was tied up there instead of being offered for directors. There was a certain difficulty getting the directors because if you are an older director you don't want to have a working holiday, working with new Australians. And if you are an up and coming director six months is rather a long time to disappear from the public eye. So I don't quite know how they would work it. But certainly not in bricks and mortar or concrete and steel.

CS You made several other trips back to England on study leave and I believe you also went back really just to see the theatre. You didn't ever undertake another course similar to the one in '51?

JB Oh yes I did. I went up to. . . Professor Edwards wanted to see if it was possible to do a drama course within the Arts Faculty and we got a drama course passed and offered it. It was English 34 to be taken, either concurrently with English 33 which was a specialisation in Elizabethan drama - Elizabethan and immediately modern drama - or else after it, that is, you had to do 33 before you could do 34. And it was. . . he wanted me to go in my next leave which was the '68 leave and see what had happened in England from Bristol, because the Bristol graduates were enormously successful, they could immediately find jobs all over the place, because there were drama centres in every English county. And the county drama adviser had his staff and these people used to go out to smaller professional theatres and smaller companies and all the amateur companies and give help, advice, assistance and so forth.

Well from there came the Drama Department at Manchester. By this time Bristol was well established as a Drama Department and was famous, world famous. The Manchester Drama Department with its own theatre started up under the direction, the first director was Hugh Hunt, who had been in Australia as the Chief Director of the Elizabethan Trust and had been in Western Australia to direct quite delightfully 'The Relapse' and a couple of other - and 'Hamlet', and a couple of plays. Now he knew Australian conditions quite well, so I went to Manchester on the same principle as I went to Bristol to see how things worked. Going to Manchester, or rather to Hugh Hunt, because he knew the Australian scene. Being aware of the difficulties, the distance between cities, the difficulty of transport, climatic conditions, you know it's not always viable to do day performances in the heat of summer in Western Australia in the open-air. All these little difficulties when you can't nip from one town to another at the speed of light when there is no repository of great costumes that you can hire or borrow with considerable ease. All these things he knew so he was a great help in estimating what you could do in a rather isolated spot like Perth in setting up a drama department. You see in Manchester you were within a shouting distance of, well practically anywhere in England; if you wanted to see Shakespeare it was only a short car run down to Stratford, and there are provincial theatres of considerable repute to which you can send the students to see non-Shakespearean stuff. But here, half the time, if you're setting up a drama department where are you going to send the students to see illustrations of points that you are making, unless you work on the principle of - "well go and see how awful it is and see how you can improve it." I know this sounds mean but it isn't meant to be. There are only two - well there is really only one professional theatre isn't there, it's the Playhouse, the Hole fluctuates. And the amateur performances are usually of lighter calibre than (or they were at that time) than you want to use, or else they are pretty terrible, because it is very difficult to do light stuff very well. So this is really harder to point out to anybody who hasn't been there. Hugh Hunt quite understood this and had various suggestions about how you could use the students themselves to - among themselves. Never attempt a complete play or anything like that, but take what you think is a good illustrative scene, throw it at them and say "What would you do about that?" And also the relation of. . . I divided this up into the history of drama, the philosophy of drama, the relation of drama to the social setting in which it takes place, and the physical setting in which it takes place. I thought that these three aspects would cover the course and Edwards agreed completely. Mind you I pinched most of that from Hugh Hunt as I have explained to everyone. But he also had of course the practical criticism. Well we couldn't do it to the same extent at all here and the best thing we could do was to book the Octagon for one afternoon a week and take the course members and give them the work beforehand - how would you approach this and put in on the stage? What sort of a stage would you want? And we'd spend the afternoon from two o'clock 'til seven if necessary working on the stage there. But it was a very limited field.

And the people who did the course enjoyed it very much. But it just wasn't viable because the people who wanted to do the course were high school teachers, mainly our graduates who had enjoyed the drama course and therefore had been put to do drama in the schools. Well they wanted to carry it on a bit further, but we couldn't put that course on at night because there was nowhere to put it you know all the possible room was taken up with the night lectures and the Education Department flatly refused to allow any of its students, or any of the teachers to have leave to go to a day class.

CS So the course only ran for a few years?

JB So the course only ran for a few years. One student, the brightest and best, merely said "Very well, I shall resign from the Department because I am interested in this sort of thing and I will trust my luck." Well he did resign from the Department, despite all sorts of pressures we brought to bear. I brought the pressure I could bring to bear, because he was quite a brilliant person, and he did the course and said and I think he had, that he'd learnt a great deal, and about five minutes after he had finished the course he was invited back to go to Churchlands, the advanced education place and he was offered and took the job of Drama Director at Churchlands and did most remarkable work there because he didn't do 'Oklahoma' or 'South Pacific' or 'The King and I' or anything like that for the students. He merely said "Now you will write me some sort of dramatic performance relative to Australian life, history, exploration and social situation, and I want it scripted and I want its music and I want its setting and so on" and did something quite extraordinary. Wonderful. And then such is life he developed leukaemia and died. About the most brilliant person that I'd ever known. All gone.

But it was rather a disastrous, or rather a disaster ridden course. It was. . . People who, I said, people who have done it enjoyed it enormously and profited a lot from it so they said, they certainly seemed to enjoy it. And it just ran up against all sorts of external troubles.

This is the third interview with Mrs Bradley, conducted on 8th September.

CS Mrs Bradley, you were due to retire in 1971, but I believe they recalled you, as it were, to undertake some part-time teaching in 1972?

JB Yes, they had an abnormally large enrolment for English 33, that was drama, and Professor Edwards rang me up and said "What are we going to do?" So I came back to take only the 33 drama.

CS And this was the course which we spoke of last time, which had just been going, what, three years?

JB Was it? No this was 33, 34 was the theatre arts course. That had died for the reasons which we discussed last week.

CS And so you continued during 1972 teaching part-time.

JB Yes that's right.

CS And finally retired at the end of that year.

JB That's right.

CS However during the - well the last ten years you have kept up your contact with the University through the Graduate Dramatic Society, the UDS and also the Bankside Company. Could you say something about the Graduate Dramatic Society? I don't think we spoke about that yet, which grew in the mid 50's, 1954-55 I think it began.

JB Somewhere about there, I couldn't say for sure myself. I remember the first performance. It was 'The Taming of the Shrew', not at all like the one that the. . . was it the Playhouse did, strictly Elizabethan, and the interest of that was that it was a performance in-the-round and I think it was the first one done in Western Australia. We did it on the floor of Winthrop Hall, not on the platform, but on the floor of the Hall and built rows of scaffolding to accommodate seating around. This was due to the fact that in England

theatre-in-the-round was very much popular at the time and interest in theatres-in-the-round was also abroad in Europe and I had seen quite a number of them while I was there and I had seen a performance of 'The Shrew' in-the-round at the Edinburgh Festival in '52. It seemed to be quite a good idea to try it out with this new Society, which of course was mainly the graduates of the University. And that was very interesting in the point of learning, the particular problems, the particular techniques of theatre-in-the-round. And it really was in the round, most of the open stage performances here are of course are three sides of a square or the larger arc of a circle, but this was completely round, the audience sat round a circular playing place and the actors found it a little disconcerting at first, walking. . . They had to make their entrances of course just between the ranks of the audience. The audience used to comment quite happily and also the audience found it a little odd when suddenly an actor was emoting practically on their toes if they happened to be sitting at the front seats. I remember Petruchio being thoroughly shattered - that was in the old days before you could buy the tights that are reasonably obtainable now, you had to make tights, and they were made from fine jersey. Petruchio had a very fine pair of legs and was rather pleased with his tights, but I don't know if you hark back to the days when tights had to be hand sewn and of course tended to slip a little, and the thing was to put a penny in the waist band and twist it round and tuck the slack in the principle of the sarong. And Petruchio was swooping in on his dramatic first entry to Katherine and a high clear little girl's voice said "Ooh he's losing his penny!" It had slipped down and she could see it as he walked past. But that was their first performance and I think it was in '54, but I wouldn't swear to it.

CS And the Graduate Dramatic Society was made up mainly of ex-UDS members?

JB Oh yes, they were ex-UDS members and of course staff members and other graduates or graduates from other universities. The origin of the Grads was a noble endeavour on the part of some of us to stop a certain amount of friction that was growing within the UDS because those who were interested in the theatre and enjoyed being in shows in the UDS didn't want necessarily to sever connection when they had finished with the University. And very often they were employed here or thereabouts, and they had spare time, they were young and enthusiastic, but as they had had experience they were rather better on the whole than the UDS, who of course were years lacking, or lacking years of the experience the other ones had. Well I think the technicians were very welcome at the UDS, but the actors and stage managers were not quite so welcome after a while because automatically as they were better they got the better parts and there was a certain amount of murmuring. So it seemed better to divide the groups. Of course inevitably the weakness showed as soon as you broke the two groups apart. That the Grads lacked the numbers for a big show and you had to scrounge around all over the place to get numbers for a play that had more than a dozen people and when you count the extras in a show who are quite necessary you are strictly limited if you can only call on ten good people.

Conversely the UDS were rather hamstrung when it came to some parts that require really first rate performances, especially in the middle-age range. Young people can play old people rather well I have noticed, but they can't play middle-aged people because their 45 to 50 year olds look as if they are nonagenarians as a rule. So after some time 'going it alone' the joint efforts became rather the thing and the resolution of the problem was simply the summer show. The two combined forces for the big summer show which was inevitably to attract people and to have all the friends and relations in the audience, a show with a large cast and that gave everybody a chance. I suppose the biggest show we did in the summer was 'Hamlet' and that had a cast of some 40 or something on stage, battalions, platoons of people

scurrying round the edge and that was presented just as 'The University presents', not any society. We had to get special permission from Sir Stanley Prescott²⁶ to do that, I remember.

But the Grads proceeded from its '54 to '55 opening doing I think their first show was 'The Changeling' a Jacobean drama of considerable importance. One of those marvellous horror plays with corpses strewn all over the place at the end of the play just like the end of 'Hamlet'. Neville Teede, who was not so terribly long back from his experiences with the Old Vic and had been playing professionally in the Eastern States - they did a rather unsatisfactory (to him) season here - played the lead de Flores and the thing was a surprising success. It had the usual number of graduates and a few non-Western Australian graduates from other parts so to speak, and a few senior UDS or senior students, but the bulk of them were graduates, both on stage and back stage.

Then after that I think (I am sorry about the chronologies). I know they did. . . 'The Wild Duck', 'The Cherry Orchard', Elliott's 'Cocktail Party'. I can't remember, there were quite a number of things. They used to do two or three plays a year, in the Old Dolphin, and they built up. . . Oh they did 'The White Devil', no that was Bankside. They built up quite a reputation for doing good work.

Then within the structure of the Society itself there was a sort of clash of ideas. Half the members felt that it should be strictly what it said - a graduate society with perhaps some ex officio members from the UDS or from the Teachers' Colleges or something of that sort to enable [to be] seen to be a purely academic Western Australian, so to speak. Others felt that by keeping it purely academic you were rather cutting your own throat as far as dramatic values went, because the professional theatre at that particular time was such that there were floating around a number of professional or professionally trained actors who (and actresses, but I am just using actor as a generic term), who now and then found themselves without occupation. The Playhouse, if I remember rightly - I may be a bit mistaken - but roughly, The Playhouse had a permanent company of about eight people, but as the amateur groups knew and as The Playhouse knew perfectly well too, you couldn't keep on offering a fare of eight or less people. So there was always a chance that four or five professional or professionally trained actors would be about for every second performance or every third performance or something. I say professionally trained because there was for instance Jenny West, who was RADA trained and had done very well in London, but had married and come out here and at the time was a wife and mother. She was a young woman and later did extremely well in the Eastern States and was a thoroughly professional person. But these people were interested in the theatre and found that they rather liked the work that these people in the Society were doing and were quite prepared to come in and work on an amateur basis you know without any pay. Well they weren't graduates. It seemed silly to - to some of us silly to keep them out for that reason, so we started the Bankside, which was a sort of spin-off from the Grads.

It was not society, it was a company. Nobody resigned from the Grads, they kept on turning up to work back stage if required and people could belong to this group that was, as I said, a spin-off. It was backed by a group of plastic and performing and literary arts enthusiasts who were the - what shall I say - the creative group behind The Critic newspaper. The origin of this was within the academic world of the University itself, Professor Edwards had a joint interest you see in art, painting (that sort of art), and literature and the theatre. Tom Gibbons²⁷, Dr Gibbons, had a joint interest in art, being a creative artist himself, a painter himself, and literature. There was the Music Department which was at that stage still rising. And so

people in the Music Department were interested. The literary interest was picked up also by Alec King and oh dear. . . Pat Hutchings²⁸, who was also a philosopher so he brought the Philosophy Department into it. And the organ of these various people was the little paper The Critic, which was a very dominant feature of, shall we say, literary artistic life in Perth for about a decade. The editor was John O'Brien, the elder brother of Collin O'Brien²⁹ and John speaking for the group suggested that the Grads might like to do something for The Critic.

Well I explained that there was a certain quarrel. He said "Well if. . ." (Not a quarrel a disagreement.) "Well what about just those that wanted to bring in external people go it on their own and as a small group or a company with the backing of these interests. So we called. . . We didn't know what to call it but as we were thinking out the sort of plays that we would like to do and what sort of programme we would have. . . Philippa O'Brien was going to do our designs for us, she having qualified as a professional in those lines at the Slade School. I happened to have the standard programme for the Royal Shakespeare Company in those days which was a most dramatic two piece - you just spread it out at two page or four page as the case might be folder, about octavo size, in scarlet and white. It was eye catching, it was very simple so we merely reversed the colours and took that folder as a white and scarlet one. And as we had pinched their - or at least been inspired by their folder, we took the name of the group 'Bankside' on the Shakespearean line. And that ran for, well until I went away in '68.

It was an interesting phenomenon in that the cohesive group of people who had started the paper having its own organ were all similar thinkers so to speak and because people were there, not particularly to build a society but to present an ideal play or something like that. They knew perfectly well that their own organ The Critic was going to come down on them very savagely if they were substandard. So there was a tremendous endeavour to do your absolute best and it paid off because I don't think the - any other group was so consistently of high quality because inevitably of course university groups have their ups and downs with the turnover of personnel just as you will get one good year and the next year for some reason is low and the next year is perhaps lower and you have to build up again to another height. Well as the same people were in the saddle for about five years, the Bankside did rather nicely, thank you very much. But when The Critic folded up owing to, I don't quite know what. (There was some disagreement with the administration and how and why I simply do not know): when The Critic folded up the whole group dissolved and Bankside disappeared.

But in its high and palmy days it had had Jenny West, it had Neville Teede performing as one of its stars. Jenny West, the RADA person, Ros Barr who is now very much in demand here. Sundry names from The Playhouse, their non-permanent company, you know their now and again professional players. They had Gerry Atkinson, who runs his own children's theatre and has done for a long time now. And it's an interesting example of what can be achieved by a continuing group over four or five years picking out the best people. Neville was marvellous in that respect of course because he was always with the (Neville Teede I mean) he was always with the theatre groups and he knew when we were saying "Well, we'd like somebody to play such and such a part I wonder who?" Neville would say "Well, so and so I think would like very much to be considered." We didn't twist anybody's arm, they came. And then we also had the advantage of having Nigel Prescott³⁰ as the Manager of the Dolphin. Nigel was an absolute god-send. He ruled the Dolphin with a rod of iron and he was also part of this clique, no not clique, group, of Professor Edwards, Gibbons, Hutchings, King and so on and so forth and he

used to largely ignore things like union hours and so on and was quite prepared to work there in the theatre until three in the morning if necessary to get things done.

CS Did the Bankside Company mostly perform at the Dolphin then?

JB Yes. They built up a very large wardrobe which was in. . . The Dolphin as you know is made out of two engineering sheds, or perhaps you don't, but that's what it was to begin with... and the twin to that, another two engineering sheds which were next door, so to speak, were vacated so we used one as a rehearsal space and the storage of flats and so forth and the other the storage of furniture and a wardrobe. And it was absolutely fine, you know you could just dart happily from one place to another. And you could always set up your stage and leave it there and rehearse on - as far as space went - on an exact replica of the stage in the theatre next door and that made a tremendous difference to the spirit. . . of the performance. Also of course if you wanted anything, any running repairs in the course of the season all you had to do was to nip in next door.

CS Well although that company died you are still called in periodically by the Graduate Dramatic Society as a consultant and I believe you have produced two plays in the last two years.

JB Yes, the Secretary used to consult me last year about what I thought was a good play, you know a list of plays came up and what play in what season. They had booked the season in the New Dolphin of which I had no knowledge - no practical knowledge to speak of. I'd seen it and been there and so forth, but its particular problems and its particular advantages were not particularly well known to me. She brought along various lists of plays. She having had a baptism of fire with Doris Fitton in Sydney, so she knew how to approach a play and after giving various sorts of hopeful advice to her I was confronted one day by a question "We want to do a play that will be useful to the schools." That was one of the ideas of the foundation ruling of the aims of the Grads that they would do regularly plays, not necessarily for popular consumption but tie in with the reading lists in tertiary and secondary education, that is the universities and the schools. She produced a list of the plays, overlapped the list and said "Well what shall we do?" I looked down the list and dismissed those with vast numbers of casts, and with vast changes of sets, and so forth and eventually said "Well I should suggest you did either (something which eludes me for the moment) or 'Arms and the Man'" And she said "Oh yes thank you very much." And disappeared. And came back next week and said "You thought that 'Arms and the Man' was a good thing to do. Would you do it for us?" So, well I couldn't say no, could I? With no obvious reason. And that was an interesting experience because I could see. . . Worked very carefully in the Dolphin at that stage, and found the advantages and disadvantages of the New Dolphin and then later the advantages and disadvantages of the. . . how the Society was working at the time. You know, for instance the. . . I think the main lack in the Society at the moment is that there is no wardrobe, no continuing wardrobe mistress or master as the case might be, and if you're doing plays for schools the betting is that well over half of them are going to be period plays or at least require period dressing. Because I always think privately the idea of 'you get a new idea of Shakespeare if you do it in modern dress' it is merely an excuse not to do costume. I don't think 'Henry V' in tennis shorts is really quite as effective as 'Henry V' in late medieval costume. And there should be a large wardrobe and the wardrobe must be maintained and there should be somebody competent to design and to cut. And there should be a small army of people who can sew costumes. Well this is where particularly the Grads are weak. They have got some first rate

designers, stage designers, one absolutely phenomenal lights man, he is an artist in lighting. They've got two first ranking practical electricians and so on, but they do need a wardrobe. I discovered that.

However 'Arms and the Man' staggered along more or less happily and then this year they said would I do a Shakespeare for them, preferably 'Twelfth Night'. Well 'Twelfth Night', I have done twice, Colin O'Brien has done, Bill Dunstan I think has done, The Playhouse has done and the BBC, 'Twelfth Night' is I think the best of their series. So it seemed a bit redundant to do 'Twelfth Night'. The BBC one was coming along anyway. So I suggested that we do 'Two Gentlemen' which is a light gay silly play. And from the point of view of teaching it's a great seminal play. If you look at 'Two Gentlemen' carefully all the best of the great Shakespearean comedies is there in embryo. So we did 'Two Gentlemen', which brings us up to last month - no - July of this year.

CS Yes, well thank you very much for your time Mrs Bradley.

JB Oh, it was a pleasure.

CS Thank you.

References

1. Murdoch, Professor Walter Logie
Professor of English 1913 - 1929
2. Thompson, Henry Sherman
Associate Professor of English 1921 - 1948
3. Alexander, Professor Fred
Professor of History 1948 - 1965
4. Shann, Professor E O G
Professor of History and Economics 1913 - 1934
5. Dakin, Professor W J
Professor of Biology 1913 - 1920
6. Ross, Professor A D
Professor of Physics 1913 - 1952
7. Whitfeld, Professor Hubert E
Professor of Mining and Engineering 1913 - 1927
Vice-Chancellor 1927 - 1939
8. Wilsmore, Professor N T M
Professor of Chemistry 1913 - 1937
9. The Head of Department of French and German at that time was
Associate Professor George Irving not Irvine.
10. Miss Jean Randall commenced in the French Department in May 1933.
11. Collot d'Herbois, Rene
Lecturer in French 1922 - 1932
12. Fox, Professor A C
Professor of Philosophy 1945 - 1960
13. Morrow, Dr Christine
Lecturer in French 1947 - 1967
14. Clarke, Dr Dorothy
Visiting Tutor then Visiting Lecturer in French 1947 - 1959
15. Edwards, Professor William Allan
Professor of English 1941 - 1974
16. King, Alexander
Assistant Reader in English 1953 - 1966

17. King, Alec and Kettleby, Martin
Control of Language
18. Cowan, Peter
Department of English 1946 - 1979
19. Edmondson, Maxine
Tutor and Lecturer in English 1946 - 1948
20. Robertson, Kitty
Graduate Assistant, English 1948
21. Strahan, Ronald, BSc 1948, MSc 1950
22. Bolton, Professor Geoffrey, BA 1951, MA 1954, MA (Oxf), DPhil (Oxf),
PhD (Camb).
23. Teede, Neville, BA 1949
Tutor in English
24. Reynolds, Dr John (Josh)
Warden, St George's College 1940 - 1971
25. Birman, John, BA 1956
26. Prescott, Sir Stanley
Vice-Chancellor 1953 - 1970
27. Gibbons, Thomas
Lecturer in English 1959 -
28. Hutchings, Patrick
Lecturer, Senior Lecturer then Associate Professor in
Philosophy 1955 - 1978
29. O'Brien, Collin P, BA 1960
30. Prescott, Nigel, BA 1964