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*Alan Marshall: Trapped in his Own Image*

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## Alan Marshall—trapped in his own image

When in 1974 Alan Marshall completed his last collection of stories, *Hammers on the Anvil*, he naturally sent it off to his old friend and publisher, Frank Cheshire. More than thirty years earlier, Marshall had taken the manuscript of his first book, *These Are My People*, to Cheshire, who had immediately accepted it, concluding the arrangement with a shake of the hand. According to Marshall, neither for this or any of his later works that Cheshire published, had there been a written contract<sup>1</sup>. Now he received, not a contract, but a refusal. Cheshire wrote to his “old friend” that he had never expected to be forced to decline any of Marshall’s work but “I sadly say I feel this time I must.” He felt that their friendship was of such long standing that he could “risk a mild admonishment”.<sup>2</sup> He got much more. Marshall was deeply offended, but the rejection made him more determined to destroy his image and tell the full truth. It also determined him to start breaking another taboo by publicly addressing the sex problems of handicapped people.<sup>3</sup> He took his public role of advocate as seriously as his professional role as a writer telling the stories of his people.

The new book, he said, was the story of “all those people in my childhood who belted me out on the anvil”. It was a return to the world of childhood he had already described in *I Can Jump Puddles*. The later stories have the same style of autobiographical fiction, but they confront directly the pain and the cruelty, the violence that had only been hinted at amid the good fellowship of the earlier work. This was the added dimension that offended Cheshire.

All over the world there are thousands of people young and old who hold you in high regard. They think of you as gentle, kind, brave, sympathetic. Lover of men and of nature, you have encouraged and helped many thousands of people—you have built up an image which few men have equalled ... Do you remember the character in the Bible who exchanged his birthright for a mess of porridge? Yours is more than a birthright. It is something you have built with your own hands.

The question is, do you think you should destroy the image?

This is both a generous and a perceptive comment. Yet it also identifies Marshall’s problem as a writer. As Jack Beasley showed, he had constructed himself as a public figure, ‘Gurawilla the Song Maker’.<sup>4</sup> The public figure had become enormously successful, but it did not satisfy the ambition to be a writer who told the truth about those around him.

We cannot know what sort of a writer Marshall would have become if he had not suffered from polio, but his handicap went far to defining him as a character in his fictions, even although he refused to allow it to restrict him as a person. In a letter to Marion Harding, he explained how in his dreams he had imagined himself being created in a laboratory.

I used to imagine God muttering to Himself—What can I do to check this spirit of his? How can I control the different powers I have given him?

And then he decided, reluctantly I think, that the only way to quell my drive to dangerous heights is by inflicting polio upon him ... From then on the

career I was pursuing had to be curbed at different stages by disasters that were calculated to teach me great truths ...<sup>5</sup>

These truths included his view that truth comes from suffering, that most people are supportive, and that there are worse handicaps than being crippled.

Beasley describes the way Marshall went about constructing his particular persona. But this is only part of the story. Marshall wrote for years before he was published. In 1923 he submitted a story to *The Bulletin*, which advised him that it was “crude but strong”, and that he should “keep at it”. From then until 1934 he wrote 28 stories, none of which was published. In 1934 John Hetherington accepted a story for the Melbourne *Sun News-Pictorial Magazine*, which paid him £1.18.6. He won the Australian Literary Society award for short stories in 1936 and 1937, and by 1946 had published a total of 45 stories, published in *The Sun*, *Smith’s Weekly*, the *ABC Weekly* and elsewhere, for which he received payments ranging from 12/- to £15.15.0. He also gave talks on Melbourne ABC radio station 3LO, and provided the text for three comic strips. His total earnings from his writing from 1937 to 1939 were a meagre £169.5.8, rising to £239.10.1 in 1942 and £804.10.5 in 1945. From this he had to meet expenses as well as support his family. In 1938 he finished his first novel, *How Beautiful Are Thy Feet*, which had to wait until 1949 for publication.<sup>6</sup> Yet through these years he also wrote without payment, first for *Workers Voice* and other Communist journals, and then for *AIF News*, the paper published for the Australian armed forces in the Middle East.

This unpaid writing indicates his commitment to the public role of the writer. His column in *Workers Voice*, ‘Proletarian Picture Book’, sometimes appeared under the pseudonym of ‘Steve Kennedy’, and several were republished in the Australian *Communist Review* and the British *Left Review*.<sup>7</sup> Some of his commercial publications simply reinforced the prejudices of the assumed audience. The humour of ‘The Teeth of Ah Ling Fo,’ for which he received £2.10.0 from the short story magazine *Flame*, is frankly racist.<sup>8</sup> But, as the title of his *Workers Voice* column suggests, his serious work was intended to give a voice to those whom society otherwise silenced. The first three published, ‘Kisses, a Quid a Piece’, ‘The Lunch’ and ‘Blacks’ Camp’, deal with the predicaments of rural battlers and urban destitutes. In 1938 the *Communist Review* also published stories from his novel of factory life in Collingwood. Later, he went beyond telling the peoples’ stories and let their voices be heard directly. *13 Dead*, the play he wrote with the artist Rem McClintock, the journalist Kim Keane and the writer and lawyer Leo Cash, uses news reports and interviews with the people concerned to tell the story of a disaster in Wonthaggi coalmine. It was produced by the New Theatre League in Melbourne in July 1937. In the following year, 1938, he made another attempt to enter public life when he edited and published a new literary magazine, *Point*. Under the its editorial description as ‘An Australian Quarterly of Independent Expression’, it included an open letter to the Duke of Windsor by the US radical writer Mike Gold, essays on Will Dyson, history and the class war, reality and illusion, orthodoxy and neutrality, and poems by AR McLintock and Garcia Lorca. Other contributors include Vance Palmer and Federico Lorca. The tone of the magazine is anti-racist, anti-militarist and anti-fascist. Sadly, it did not appear again. The Party did, however, through the Writers League, sponsor his first book. In 1940 a slim, cyclostyled booklet appeared with six of Marshall’s short stories. Its title, *These Are My People*, anticipated the later book, but indicated his purpose as a writer to tell the stories of those he recognised as his own.<sup>9</sup> The collection included “Tell Us About the Turkey, Joe,” which

was to become one of his most popular. This story demonstrates his ability to look at life with the wonder of a child, and introduces the childhood friend who was to share the life of the narrator of *I Can Jump Puddles*.<sup>10</sup>

Despite his close connections with the Communist Party, Marshall never joined it, although he became president of associated organisations like the Victorian Writers League, and later of the Australia Soviet Friendship Society. In an interview in 1977, he explained that he would do anything he could to help what he believed to be right, but he was not prepared to “governed or dictated guarded by any person other than myself. ...” Consequently, he never joined any political party. In response to a further question, he said that he believed that Australian writers who were members of the Communist Party had suffered a result, because they wrote “with a shadow looming over their shoulder”.<sup>11</sup>

Marshall’s next move towards becoming a public figure came in 1942, when he persuaded his old friend, John Hetherington, now on the editorial staff of the *AIF News*, that the paper should commission Marshall to travel around Victoria collecting messages for the troops from their friends and families at home. The messages he sent were incorporated in a narrative of his encounters, so that he became not merely a transcriber of other people’s words but a participant in a conversation between himself, the people he met, and the readers. Typical is his first message, from Diamond Creek:

I landed in Diamond Creek just as Sam Jones was opening the blacksmith’s shop and, believe me, that’s early.

Do any of you local lads remember a season when green grass continued up to February? That’s how it was here then ...

I met Clarrie Stone on my first morning in. He told me to tell JOHNNY GLENNISTER that he caught a 5 lb. trout under the bridge (the liar) and I got a message for JACK GILDING from Hattie, who is pleased with the knives he sent over ...

Howard and Eileen Pepper told me to tell RAY or PHIL FOULKES—I forget which—that Gwen is two inches shorter since they left, but I think they were pulling my leg ...

Then from Kilmore: “BILL CLARKE’S brother, Donald, ... says to tell Bill that Leila still loves him ... some men have all the luck.” And from Bendigo, “ ... tell BILL NEALE that all the girls still miss him. I think that must be an exaggeration, Bill.”<sup>12</sup> The asides install Alan as a member of the group, the conversations and observations capture the atmosphere and society of small towns like Noorat, where Marshall had grown up.

The story of trip around Victoria was accepted by Frank Cheshire and became his first commercially published book. Titled, like the earlier collection, *These Are My People*, it is both a travel book and an autobiography, telling a story of Alan, his wife Olive and their difficulties with his horses, crutches and caravan as well as of the people they meets.<sup>13</sup> For the first time it produces fully the character who had been developing in his journalism—the observer, the engaged listener, the tale teller. It brings to life a time now at the furthest edge of Australian memory, but still central to its image—a time when the world still was moved by horses, when men always had time to stop for a yarn and women to put on the kettle while they whipped up a place of scones for the casual caller. Its heroes are not the travellers but the people on the margins, who give

them joy with their exuberance but sadness as Marshall considers their vulnerability, their lack of readiness for life. As he reflects of one group of boys who adopt them:

These boys were working for a living. Their schooling was ended. They were turned loose in a world they knew so little about—a world whose people refused the responsibility of teaching them more ...

The mention of their names brought forth expressions of alarm from “respectable” people. ...

But they were happy and got the most out of their circumstances. They rattled their pocket money for a brief interval, then spent it at the pictures.

“You can have a lot of fun on two and six a week,” Bruser told me.

(p.61)

Again, after the boys have been having themselves drilled against the possibility of having to fight against a Japanese invasion, Marshall reflects on the odd sight they made: “these steps and stairs of youth—smokers, swearers and would-be drinkers—lined up in the hot sun” (p. 63). These are his people, but he is not content merely to write about them—he reads to them, explains the world to them, teaches them to write for themselves.

He continued this activity also during his life as a writer, conducting an enormous correspondence with readers he made feel were his friends. These letters are form an integral part of his total work. In them he rehearses incidents that will become part of his fiction and works back from published accounts to the experience that gave rise to them. To some of his correspondents, like Jim Smith, the bushman who had also grown up in Noorat, although they only met in 1974, he retold the stories of his youth. From others, like Thelma Henry or Marion Harding, he elicited life stories that he encouraged them to develop as their own books or, to their great pride, included in his writing.<sup>14</sup> This correspondence had its public aspect in the answers he gave to troubled questioners in the column, ‘Alan Marshall’s Casebook’, that he conducted for the Melbourne *Argus* from 1952 to 1957, but it was integral to the whole way he conducted himself as a writer.<sup>15</sup>

*These Are My People* established the way he would write, and the kind of expectations his readers would have of him. These expectations are more than fulfilled in his next book, *I Can Jump Puddles*, the first of his autobiographical trilogy.<sup>16</sup> This is both the story of how he overcame the polio that struck him down at the age of six, and of the townspeople who helped him. It established his position as the writer of true Australians in the true Australia. But he made it clear to readers that it was a fiction, not a complete history. A Preface declares that “This is the story of my childhood,” and that he “wanted to give a picture of a period that his past,” but it adds that “To give a picture of life at that time, I have gone beyond the facts to get at the truth.” In a talk he gave to a Moomba gathering he explained that it was “a collection of pictures from first chapters of [a] book of life—not an account of everything I experienced.”<sup>17</sup> Yet, although the book’s narrator is Alan Torrens, this surname is not repeated after the first page, and the reader can easily forget that the Alan of the book is not identical with the Alan who is its author. The novelist makes his crucial move when he identifies the boy’s father as a horsebreaker. There can be no doubt that Marshall’s model in his career, like Alan’s hero in the book, was his father, but his father as horsebreaker and bushman, not as the storekeeper he was during Marshall’s childhood in Noorat.<sup>18</sup>

Marshall wanted to be the writer who recorded the truths his father had known, and he used the disasters he encountered to further this ambition. But the ambition was primary. The change in the novel helps to establish the image of the adult Alan as one of the bush people of whom he writes.

Although the book describes the pain and suffering inflicted by polio and its treatment, all most all the adults and children who people it are decent people who go out of their way to help Alan and others and, more importantly, accept him as another battler, like themselves, not as a cripple. The exceptions are a couple of playground bullies and adults holding power or money. When a memorial plaque to him was unveiled in Noorat, he told a gathering of his contemporaries, and their children and grandchildren, that “the magic and wonder of Noorat lay not in its natural beauty but in the kindness and thoughtfulness of its people who were faced with the sudden crippling of a little boy by an unknown disease that sent a shiver of fear through them.”<sup>19</sup> He acknowledges that the work is fiction, but points out its basis in experience by identifying Mt Turalla in the book as Mt Noorat, and the character Joe as Les Carmody, “my greatest childhood friend and companion ... an extremely thoughtful boy.” His later reference to the same characters as “the people who belted me out on the anvil,” is not incompatible.<sup>20</sup> Elsewhere he wrote that all his work came from experience, but that personality and charm are generated not by happiness but by suffering.<sup>21</sup> In *I Can Jump Puddles*, he showed his own defeat of suffering and the kindness of other people.

For all their autobiographical elements, neither *These Are My People* nor *I Can Jump Puddles* take us far into the inner lives of their narrators or author. We know from Harry Marks that Marshall’s marriage was already deeply troubled by the time Alan and Olive finished their journey around Victoria, and that they first separated at its end,<sup>22</sup> but the book gives an idyllic picture of their relationship, without even a sign of strain. The narrator puts his emphasis on the people who help him work through his suffering, and even this is shown as the product of an external enemy, polio, rather than as something experienced. The next two books of the trilogy are similarly directed outwards to encounters with others.

The novel, *How Beautiful Are Thy Feet*, written in the thirties but published in 1949, stands as an excellent piece of social realism, showing Melbourne and its workers in the grip of the Depression, but tells us little about its narrator.<sup>23</sup> Marshall’s later works, including two newspaper columns, short stories and collections of talks and occasional journalism, have the same ability to engage the reader in the lives of an extraordinary variety of ordinary people. He retold Australian bush tales and, less successfully, Aboriginal legends, but his best writing about Aborigines describes his own encounters with them. The outback characters he meets display the qualities of the Australian legend: they are resourceful, unassuming, cheerful and helpful. Their endurance of hardship strengthens the implicit political message, that they should be freed from the threats of war and the hardships of poverty. But the emphasis on their endurance takes the stress away from the hardship he records as part of their stories.

This changes in *Hammers over the Anvil*. The author and his mate Joe are still there as observing children, but the adult consciousness now shows depths of life beyond their juvenile comprehension. Its stories tell of deserted mothers, hypocritical town elders, malicious gossips, struggling housewives, braggarts and tyrants. Its accounts of the suffering and violence that others inflicted on themselves and their fellows undermined the earlier myth in the way that so troubled Frank Cheshire.

The book starts by taking us back to Peter McLeod, the quiet bushman who takes Alan out timber-cutting with him near the end of *I Can Jump Puddles*. In the earlier account, Alan meets Peter's mates, who are given to drink and bad language, but accept Alan into their company and teach him what they know. In the course of their yarning, Peter refers to one fight in which he was beaten, but passes it off with joke against himself. In the later story the narrator is a witness who brings the reader hard against the brutality of the fight:

Above the whip-cracks of curses and abuse I could hear the bull-bellow of Peter McLeod sending out his challenge. The surge of accompanying sound erupted in a sudden explosive voice and a man came staggering backwards through the doorway, arms outstretched seeking balance, a smear of blood on his upper lip, his face still awry from a blow. (p. 386)

It gets worse. Alan, "that bloody Marshall kid," pushes through the crowd to see his hero as a "staggering man struggling to lift himself out of a stupefying fog ... he swayed and lurched into the pathway of blows that a bobbing head could have avoided ... only a will that held a body upright against blows that made it recoil with sudden jerks (pp. 387-88). The humorous conclusion cannot erase the brutality.

Even more stark, however, is the conclusion to the story of 'East' Driscoll, whom Marshall in a letter to Jim Smith wrote of as his "favourite ... a really a great rider ... He has always remained my ideal ... He sat on a horse as if part of it."<sup>24</sup> The story, written about the same time as the letter, also presents East as Alan's hero: a ladies' man who likes to dress in his best and ride one of his liveliest horses when he goes off for a binge in the pub. Alan likes to lie awake, waiting to hear him riding home with his "yah-hoo-oo-oo-oo-oo" that "quicken[ed] the heart beats of people in sleeping houses and goaded the dogs into a frenzied barking"(p. 397). But this night East is thrown from his horse and dragged for miles;

... he hung downwards like a bloody rag with his head and shoulders on the ground. His face and head were badly battered. The white shirt was half torn from his body. He was limp, loose, his legs bent unnaturally, one arm flayed from the grind of metal. (p. 400)

East is never the same afterwards, but neither is the image of Marshall's peaceful town.

Apart from his writing, Alan Marshall continued to the last years of his life to work for causes that might rid the world of some of the misery he had always allowed into his writing, but now confronted more directly. He sought for recognition of the sexual needs of the disabled. He continued to work for peace and friendship through the Australia USSR Society Council. This eventually brought him the Soviet Union's Award of Friendship of the Peoples. The speeches at the presentation of the Award refer to his travels to the Soviet union and the great popularity of his works there and through eastern Europe. The Soviet Ambassador referred to him as one who had made a great contribution to "friendship and understanding between n our two countries", and who spoke in favour of wider exchanges between nations with different social and economic systems. Marshall's own talk concentrated on people rather than politics. "I have visited the Soviet Union three times. I travelled over it ... and found it a united and

loveable people who, having known the horrors of war, were dedicated to the establishment of peace ...”<sup>25</sup>

Yet his public activities, although complementary to his role as a writer, were subsidiary to it. As clearly as in his columns in *Workers Voice*, Marshall continued to write of the hardships suffered by ordinary men and women. As a public intellectual, his achievement was to create himself first as a model of what Australians of a particular background could be, and then, in his last book, to offer a fierce critique of it. He may have considered himself a revolutionary,<sup>26</sup> and had little time for writers like Patrick White, whom with Jack Beasley he believed turned to obscuritanism rather than face the truth about capitalism,<sup>27</sup> but he was well aware of the depths to which ordinary people can sink as well as the heights they can climb. His work records both, but always as part of a world external to the observer, and even of the sufferers. The demons that stalk someone like Peter McLeod are presented as phases of his life rather than divisions within it. *The Catholic Ball*, the story that closes *Hammers over the Anvil*, changes from comedy to pathos, as the boys realise their playfulness has destroyed a time of joy, but even this is presented as a step in their development towards an awareness of a more complex world rather than towards self-awareness.

The dark side of his work remains obscured by his sunny disposition which in turn produced the legend of the writer as friend of all the people. In some of his stories, like the justly renowned ‘My Bird’, he allowed himself to write of what he wished could be rather than what he knew was the case, so that the triumphant ending obscures the wanton destruction that he has just described. His method of writing also tended to subordinate his bleaker observations. He spoke of how he was first inspired by the natural world, by “the beauty of a galloping horse, the flight of birds,” and by his desire to communicate this sense of beauty to others.<sup>28</sup> He trained himself to keep a child’s sense of wonder.<sup>29</sup> He explained that all his writing came from actual experience, but that he saw life as a journey across a series of peaks and plains, where the peaks gave the traveller the opportunity to look around. As a writer, he sought to describe these views from the peaks and capture the moment of delight.<sup>30</sup> This spirit dominates his earlier autobiographical writing where he emphasises the strengths of the marginalised people, and remains as a thread in his final work he shows also the cruelty they often shared.

Marshall writes of a simple world where people are responsible for their own actions, where the wonder of a child is the highest of values, and where cruelty is the greatest vice, particularly when cloaked in hypocrisy. He believed that “to be handicapped by intolerance, hate and ignorance so that you become isolated in a cylinder of bitterness, places a greater handicap on you than the use of crutches.” If his stories are filled with love for people he meets or has known, they also express his hatred for people like the bullying blacksmith of Noorat, whom, he told Jim Smith, he put in “merely because he hated the bastard.”<sup>31</sup> His writing is intended to produce compassion for the weak and contempt for those who destroy the wonder of the child and make a world where “It’s sad being a kid in a world of men.”<sup>32</sup> The answer to the problems that arise in the writing lies outside the text, in the revolution he believed in, in the peace and friendship he sought through his public activities.<sup>33</sup> In this he differs from other outspoken writers, like his contemporaries the poets Vincent Buckley or Judith Wright, or the novelists Patrick White and Randolph Stow, who try to establish in their writing a kind of community or integration of the personal and natural, of the inner and outer worlds of their experience. This gives their work a tragic depth that is



alien to Marshall, even when he writes of lives that are tragic. Unlike the others, who were deeply conscious of a rift between white Australians and the land they occupied, Marshall is completely at home in his country. His work both provides an invaluable picture from the inside of a world that was disappearing even as he wrote, and celebrates and maintains the values that Australians widely believed were distinctively theirs, as well as the general human values that made the work popular around the world.

<sup>1</sup> Alan Marshall papers, NLA ms 3992, Box 40/130, statement by Alan Marshall, “To whom it may concern”, re Frank Cheshire, 8.10.80.

<sup>2</sup> Marshall papers, NLA 3992, 40/130, Frank Cheshire to Alan Marshall, 22.10.74.

<sup>3</sup> Marshall papers, NLA 3992, 43/310, transcript of film made for Australia Council archives.

<sup>4</sup> Jack Beasley, *Red Letter Days*, Sydney: Australasian Book Society, 1979, ‘pp. 1-52.

<sup>5</sup> Marshall papers, NLA 3992, 318/19, Marshall to Marion Harding, undated, circa 1981.

<sup>6</sup> Marshall papers, NLA 3992, 67/466, ‘Record of Work and Returns’; list of writing from 1922.

<sup>7</sup> Details of the publications taken from Marshall papers, loc. cit, and checked against files of *Workers Voice* (later *the Guardian*, in the NLA and the SLV, and of the *Communist Review* in the SLV, which also holds the copy of *Point*. These files are unfortunately incomplete or in a condition that precludes full examination. See also Bibliography by Gwen Hardisty, Alan Marshall papers, SLV, ms. 12301, Box 2766/6.

<sup>8</sup> Copy from the private collection of Vane Lindesay.

<sup>9</sup> Alan Marshall, *These Are My People: selected short stories*, Melbourne: Victorian Writers League, foreword by W. Fielding Wannan. Not catalogued separately, but included in Marshall papers, NLA 3992, 32/225.

<sup>10</sup> Marshall papers, NLA 3992, transcript of interview for Australia Council archives, undated.

<sup>11</sup> Marshall papers, interview for the Australia Council.

<sup>12</sup> *AIF News*, Palestine, later the Middle East, 30.5.42, 20.6.42. Copies available in NLA and SLV.

<sup>13</sup> Alan Marshall, *These Are My People*, Melbourne: Cheshire, 1944.

<sup>14</sup> Marshall papers, NLA. Correspondence with Joim Smith, ms 6831, 1; with Thel ma Henry, ms 7011; with Marion Harding Box 43.

<sup>15</sup> Correspondence relating to ‘Casebook’ in Marshall papers, NLA 2741, 47/349-59.

<sup>16</sup> Alan Marshall, *These Are My People*, Melbourne: Cheshire, 1955. The other volumes in the trilogy were *This is the Grass*, Cheshire, Melbourne, 1962, and *In Mine Own heart*, Cheshire, Melbourne, 1963.

<sup>17</sup> Marshall papers, NLA 3992, 37/256, notes for a talk, undated.

<sup>18</sup> Details from Harry Marks, *I Can Jump Oceans—the World of Alan Marshall*, West Melbourne: Nelson 1976, passim., and from Marshall papers, NLA 3991, 32/30 and 37/251.

<sup>19</sup> Marshall papers, NLA 3992, 466, report of speech by Marshall at Noorat, undated.

<sup>20</sup> Marshall papers, NLA 3992, 43/310, interview for Australia Council.

<sup>21</sup> Marshall papers, NLA 3992, 50/377, transcript of talk, “How I Write a Book”, undated; 3992, 43/318-19; Marshall to Marion Harding, undated, circa 1981.

<sup>22</sup> Harry Marks, *I Can Jump Oceans*.

<sup>23</sup> Alan Marshall, *How Beautiful Are Thy Feet*, Melbourne: Cheshire, 1949.

<sup>24</sup> Marshall papers, NLA 6031, 1. Marshall to Jim Smith, 8.1.74.

<sup>25</sup> Marshall papers, NLA 3992, 37/255, contains papers relating to the award to Marshall of the Soviet Union’s Award of Friendship of the peoples. These include a report from the Melbourne *Herald*, 27.7.77, and a typescript of Marshall’s response to this speech.

<sup>26</sup> See Marshall papers, NLA 6831, 1, Marshall to Jim Smith, 13.3.74.

<sup>27</sup> See note in Jack Beasley, *Journal of an Era*, Sydney: Australasian Book Society, p. 100, and original of the letter referred to, Marshall papers, NLA 2741, 20, 6.7.59.

<sup>28</sup> Marshall papers, NLA ms 3992, 37/256, script of ABC Guest of Honour broadcast, undated.

<sup>29</sup> Marshall papers, NLA ms 3992, 43/310, transcript of film for the Australia Council.

<sup>30</sup> Marshall papers, NLA ms 3992/50, ‘How I Write a Book’, newspaper article, undated. I also heard Marshall use this image in talking about his writing in Wangaratta, circa 1961.

<sup>31</sup> Marshall papers, NLA ms 6831, 1, Marshall to Jim Smith, 24.1.74.

<sup>32</sup> Guest of honour talk; ‘Fear’, from *Hammers over the Anvil*, West Melbourne: Nelson, 1975, republished in Alan Marshall, *The Complete Stories*, West Melbourne: Nelson, 1977, p. 455.

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<sup>33</sup> He told Jim Smith that he was “born a revolutionary.” Marshall papers, NLA ms 6831, 1, Marshall to Jim Smith, 13.3.74.