the age of 25 (from Graves disease) with a noticeable lump in his throat, and is convinced that "This unknown mechanic and insurance peddler" who prepared his work for publication knowing that death was near was "one of the most outstanding poets we have produced here."

He quotes in full the letter from Malley's "sister" Ethel, giving details of his life from birthday (March 14, 1918, at Liverpool) to cremation (July 23, 1943, at Rookwood), naming two Australian schools (Petersham and Summer Hill Intermediate High) responsible for her brother's education, and his employers after he left school (Palmer's Garage, Taverner's Hill, and National Mutual Insurance).

Then come the poems, collectively called "The Darkening Ecliptic," headed by a little motto—"Do not speak of secret matters in a field full of little hills—Old Proverb," and seven brief statements about poetry. (For example: "These poems are complete in themselves. They have a domestic economy of their own, and if they face outward to the reader that is because they have first faced inward to themselves. Every poem should be an autarchy").

There are 16 poems. It is difficult to believe that they could have been written in one afternoon in the manner described by two young men who did not believe in what they were doing. They are of the species of verse which can be called "Surrealist." They may be nonsense to most of our readers, but much thought lies behind some of them, and a vivid imagination. The rhyme schemes alone make it very difficult for anyone who has ever attempted the most irresponsible doggerel to believe that they were done in one afternoon.

Here is a "Sonnet for the Nova-chord":

DISE from the wrist, o kestrel R Mind, to a clear expanse. Perform your high dance On the clouds of ancestral Duty. Hawk at the wraith Of remembered emotions. Vindicate our high notions Of a new and pitiless faith. It is not without risk! In a lofty attempt The fool makes a brisk Tumble. Rightly contempt Rewards* the cloud-foot unwary Who falls to the prairie.

By contrast, here is the first stanza from another poem called "Sybilline." In this case it is not so difficult to believe that it was written in a few minutes:

THAT rabbit's foot I carried in my left pocket
Has worn a haemorrhage in the lining
The bunch of keys I carry with it
Jingles like late in my omphagic ear
And when I stepped clear of the solid basalt
The introverted obelisk of night
I seized upon this Traumdeutung as a sword
To hew a passage to my love.

A good many of the poems show as much work in their rhyme schemes as the "Sonnet" reveals, and to affect that kind of writing and spread it over 27 pages would seem to be so much more difficult than to do it in all sincerity that not many literary people are likely to accept the story of the "hoax" exactly as it has been told. They may instead suspect that the poems were written, over a period, by one or more persons who took themselves seriously at the time, and for one reason or another hit on this way of drawing attention to their work.



