CONCLUDING

A prisoner of the past

This thesis has looked at the way Charles Bean's *Official History* helped create a certain image of Anzac, and forcibly linked that image to the idea of a birth of national consciousness at Gallipoli. It has also considered how, aside from Bean's careful mythography, Gallipoli was destined to become a mythic story of the nation, because of the circumstances surrounding both the event and Australia's cultural and political situation at the time.

In this final chapter I want to look at how Anzac operates today, particularly at the national political level. I will also examine some texts other than Bean which comment on and shape the image and tradition of Anzac, as well as noting how Bean nevertheless influences and circulates within these other texts. Lastly, I want to consider the question of what alternatives there might be to Anzac in terms of a myth of nationhood, or perhaps what changes might be brought to bear on what has become a fairly narrow and hegemonic narrative.

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In an article analyzing Anzac Day celebrations in Adelaide in 1977, Lee Sackett makes the following observation:

It is unlikely that even Anzac Day's most ardent boosters would claim the occasion brings the citizens of the country together or leads to their holding unanimous views with respect to touted ideals. ('Marching into the past', 18)

At the time, Sackett saw Anzac Day as being relevant only to a dwindling number of adherents, mostly families with a direct link to one or other of
Australia's international wars. His position is equivalent to what Seymour was working through in the early 1960s in *The One Day of the Year*, and is still informed by memories of a discredited Vietnam War and protests about the rape of women in wartime. Sackett argues there were perhaps as many detractors as supporters for the rituals and themes of Anzac Day — and more besides who didn't care one way or the other. Anzac is a thing of the past, that would inevitably dwindle into insignificance as the last returned servicemen died, and there were no more to march.

Writing at about the same time, Bill Gammage came to similar conclusions. Gammage is a writer with enormous sympathy for the veterans of the Great War, yet he describes Anzac as "a dividing rather than unifying experience" ('Anzac', 63). By 1982 Gammage saw Anzac as an ideal in decline: "As memories of its origins wane and its form persists, Anzac seems bound to be questioned more and more as an adequate national tradition" (64). It was not a national day but a personal one; an aspect confirmed in Tom Griffiths' account of the Day in a small Victorian country town in 1982 ('Anzac Day'). Less than a generation later, we can see how fast the wheel of history has turned. In the past few decades interest in Anzac has waxed rather than waned. As the editorial leader in the *Age* on 25th Apr. 1998 declared, Anzac is "The day that came back to life." As it was in the immediate post-war period of the 1920s, Anzac is once again becoming part of what Raymond Williams called the "structure of feeling" in a society. The reasons for this renewed interest are complex and varied, and there is no consensus to explain this change. I shall offer my own hypothesis at the conclusion to this chapter, but I want to look first at how this phenomenon has operated in the national political arena.

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105 See for example, Adrian Howe's article 'Anzac mythology and the feminist challenge', about the anti-rape marches that so infuriated the RSL in the early 1980s.

On Anzac Day 2000 John Howard went to Gallipoli and gave an address at the Dawn Service. The event made the front pages in the press throughout the country the following day, and Howard’s speech was reproduced in full by the Australian. Howard was interviewed at Gallipoli on national television, where he stated, “there is a resurgence of feeling, a passion for the Anzac legend and tradition amongst young Australians.”\(^{107}\) Observing the response to the Prime Minister’s Gallipoli visit, the journalist and political columnist Dennis Shanahan noted that, “there is a clear public mood of sympathy and empathy with our military history that has not been present for decades” (‘Statesmanship forged on a fatal shore’, 30). Shanahan was commenting how when Howard talks about ‘the Anzac spirit’, he manages to find a “common feeling” with the electorate — where elsewhere he finds discord. Specifically, Shanahan notes that Howard’s use of Anzac enables him to talk to otherwise hostile constituents “in a language they can understand and with sentiments and ideals with which they can agree.” (This is a phenomenon that crosses party-political boundaries. Opposition Leader Kim Beazley, a keen student of military history, is just as conscientious when it comes matters of patriotic pride.)

In a radio interview on Anzac Day 1999, Howard raised the issue of Seymour’s play, and the controversies that previously attended Anzac Day marches. “All that has now gone,” he concluded, and there is a “rediscovered reverence” for Anzac Day.\(^{108}\) Howard agreed with his interviewer that Anzac was now “a day that brings Australians together like no other.” It echoed his frequent message that Anzac is “a spirit which draws Australians together in time of need” (‘Speeches’, 11th Nov. 1997; 16th Dec. 1997; 23rd Jan. 1998).

\(^{107}\) Interview with Mike Munro, A Current Affair, Channel Nine, 26th Apr. 2000.

\(^{108}\) Interview with John Faine, 3LO, Melbourne. Howard’s speeches, media releases and transcripts are indexed on the Prime Minister’s web site: www.pm.gov.au/media.
As Shanahan observes, Howard's engagement with Anzac has clear benefits in terms of domestic politics. Anzac offers a solid and stable platform on which to stake his belief in "a core set of Australian values" (Speeches, 24th July, 1998). Ghassan Hage has analyzed many of Howard's speeches, concluding that:

'Values' for Howard constitute an 'essence' not only in the sense of a historically unchanging reality, but also, and as in all fundamentalist ideologies, in the sense of a causal force...Furthermore, these values are never imagined to be contradictory. The nation that expresses its values is always 'united' by them. ('Politics of Australian fundamentalism', 28–29)

Hage is looking specifically at Howard's speeches to trade and cultural organizations (e.g., the Chinese Chamber of Commerce; 50th Anniversary of the State of Israel; etc.). But it is in the discourse on Anzac that these ideas are most apparent. Howard's speeches about Anzac emphasize tradition, unity and the 'Australian way of life', as in the address given at the launch of the 'Gallipoli 2000' campaign:

Of all the traditions, and all of the things that we hold dear as Australians, none is held more dearly than the Anzac tradition. For all that it represents in terms of brave sacrifice, of reckless indifference to danger, of valour under terrible fire, and a legacy that has been handed down to subsequent generations. (Speeches, 11th Apr. 2000)

All the important ideas are here: tradition, sacrifice, generations. The second sentence paraphrases Bean's 'definition' of Anzac — "reckless valour in a good cause, etc." (Anzac to Amiens, 181) — which Howard had quoted at the funeral of Ted Matthews. The other key word is "generation." In the same month that its relevance was being disputed in regard to Aboriginal issues, John Howard used the word deliberately in his speech at Gallipoli: "Dusk has all but fallen on that great-hearted generation of Australians who fought here" (Speeches, 25th Apr. 2000). There was a belated complaint about double standards in the press, but
Howard knew he was on safe ground.\textsuperscript{109} For while there is great disparity in public responses to Aboriginal issues, the Anzac’s image and reputation has become so revered that few dare even engage in debate about Anzac issues for fear of being burnt by its intense sanctity. In his privileged position as Prime Minister, John Howard has the authority to speak about Anzac, and it is the one area where his nostalgic vision of Australia is appreciated and applauded, in contradistinction to his many other social and cultural ideas which are criticized for their 1950s provenance.

Howard’s success in associating himself with the growing Anzac patriotism is at odds with his predecessor Paul Keating’s attempts before him. Like Howard, Keating had the authority of his position to participate in Anzac affairs, and he used this to stunning effect when he kissed the earth of Kokoda. Keating was not the first to suggest that Kokoda should be raised in status as an iconic site of Australian nationhood. In 1984 Humphrey McQueen had written:

\begin{quote}
In place of the Anzac legend I would like to see the following question sweep the country: “Was the Australian nation born on the Kokoda Trail?” (\textit{Gallipoli to Petrov}, 4)
\end{quote}

Even the conservative columnist Frank Devine, a self-declared hater of Keating and supporter of Howard, has said that, “Kokoda is Australia’s epic as no other event, the only battle fought in direct defence of

\textsuperscript{109} The controversy arose when the Minister for Aboriginal Affairs Senator Herron, backed by the Prime Minister, argued that in the case of Aboriginal children removed from families the word “generation” was inappropriate because the amount was probably only 10\% of the population. By way of comparison, the proportion of the Australian population that fought at Gallipoli in 1915 was barely 1\%. One of few commentators to note the differing standard, George Megalogenis (“Reality check”) suggested that, “John Howard should abandon his abacus, because it had also told him last month that 10\% of Aboriginal children taken from their parents did not amount to a ‘stolen generation’."

Coincidentally, the very day newspapers around the country were reporting the Matthews Funeral on their front pages, they were also calling for a national Apology in their editorials: e.g., ‘Black Trauma Demands Full Apology’, \textit{Australian}, 17th Dec. 1997, 12; ‘But Why No Apology?’, \textit{Sydney Morning Herald}, 17th Dec. 1997, 16.
Australian territory" ('Let the warriors'). But following his speeches and genuflexion Keating was widely attacked for his perceived attempt to politicize Anzac heritage. He was not helped either, by entrenched political opposition from the other voice of authority on Anzac, the RSL.

Like Keating, Howard has appeared almost eager to make speeches and comments on Anzac and Australia's military exploits: "Howard has even out-performed Keating in his invocation of our war dead as the emblem of our nationhood," says Janet McCalman ('Howard's Australian story'). But Howard has managed to do so with greater success and without obvious opposition. With the added bonus of familial history (Howard's father and grandfather both fought on the Somme), he is able to talk of heroism and sacrifice at a personal level, and with a degree of integrity and verisimilitude which resonates with the media and the electorate.

Like Bean's prose, Howard's speeches tend to stumble rather than flow, the more emotional the content, the more halting the sentences:

As we gather here to face the dawn,
We honour those who faced the night.
Not a night of rest, nor dreams,
Not a night of shared laughter or the warmth of homefire.
But a monstrous corruption of nature,
An eclipse of humanity itself.
And yet, when we look at the night sky,
the wonder we feel is surely for the stars, not the black veil behind them.
So too, our wonder is for these men, whose sparks of courage shine bright through the distance of time.110

The language is highly evocative, the rhetoric and imagery clichéd. Like Bean, there are few finite verbs, and no participles. The statements are

110 John Howard, 'Anzac Day Dawn Service, Commemorative Address at Hellfire Pass, Thailand, 25th Apr. 1998'. This speech was written by Mark Baker, who also wrote the Anzac Day 2000 speech at Gallipoli. Punctuation and lineation is reproduced from the Prime Minister's website. The "sparks of courage" shining brightly recall Bean's metaphor of the A.I.F. as alternately a comet/meteor/shooting star (see Chapter Six).
presented not as argument or debate, but as reified sentiment and emotion. By contrast, Keating’s speeches are smooth, literary orations. Keating’s speechwriter Don Watson addresses his task as if conscious of writing history, or at least writing for posterity; Howard’s speechwriter Mark Baker is simply enabling his speaker to embody emotion and generate empathy with his audience. The impression is that Keating speaks from the head, whereas Howard speaks from the heart.

At an ideological level Keating and Howard can be distinguished by an elemental observation: Keating quotes Manning Clark, but never Charles Bean; Howard quotes Bean, but never Clark. This says much about the construction of both historians in the cultural marketplace, which I want to explore further. Don Watson was a former student of Clark’s, and it is natural that the ‘historian of the left’ should figure in Keating’s speeches. There is much about Clark in the address on the 25th Anniversary of the National Library in Canberra, where Keating identifies Clark’s A History of Australia as the “greatest work to be substantially researched in this library” (admitting, inter alia, that it is “terribly flawed and even quite wrong”) (Advancing Australia, 52). Keating makes the point, often used in defence of Clark, that “he encouraged us to believe that our history was worth writing and knowing.” Keating’s speeches touch on war seemingly as often as Howard’s, and there are certainly occasions where he might have quoted Bean, especially the ‘Funeral Service for the Unknown Australian Soldier’, 11th Nov. 1993. But Keating never mentions Bean, nor does he paraphrase or even allude to the Official History. The only common ground appears to be in a celebration of the “democratic ethos” of the A.I.F. (Walkley Awards, 27th Nov. 1992), something which Bean frequently held out as a unique characteristic of Australia’s soldiery (cf., vi: 1081ff).

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111 Based on a corpus of the published speeches of both Prime Ministers. The ideological separation is neatly framed by the fact that the Governor-General Sir William Deane, in his funeral speech for Ted Matthews, quotes both Clark and Bean.
As politicians, Keating and Howard are but two sides of the same coin, so often straining to say the opposite thing yet always inevitably yoked together with more in common then either will admit. In the same way, Clark and Bean combine to provide a fuller picture of Australian history and identity than either alone was capable. Indeed the parallels between the two are often so similar as to be uncanny.

Each wrote six volumes in his *magnum opus*. Each wrote a biography of the nation in which the ‘facts’ alone were less important than the illustration of the Australian character. Each of the enterprises demonstrates an intensification of technique by the authors with succeeding volumes, and, it must be said, a deterioration of quality and loss of critical perspective. Each had a distinctive prose style, and each was capable of distorting the reputations of antipathetical characters in their narratives (*e.g.*, Bean’s Monash, Clark’s Menzies). Both writers had complicated relations with their editors. Robertson actively intervened in the *Official History*, but because the author outlived the editor the story of their struggle did not surface until long after. It is an intriguing story, but has none of the viciousness that accompanied the posthumous denunciation of Clark by his editor Peter Ryan.\(^{112}\) Accusations of methodological slackness and pomposity in Clark’s work were little news to anyone; but Ryan’s *ad hominem* anecdotes ensured the editor was as badly stained as his target.

The following table lists some related points of difference and similarity:

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Where the two historians differ most dramatically is the interpretation of their subject, the nation, and the way they write about it. Clark sees history on a spiritual plane. He writes in the Tragic mode. His prose is highly mannered, abounding with literary and biblical allusions. Bean, as we saw earlier, writes in the Comic mode. His history is materialist, and he carefully avoids literary language and quotations. Where Bean keeps his focus singular, Clark favours a dialectic approach and multiple narrative voices. Bean indeed becomes one of Clark’s narrators: “Dear, kind Charlie Bean” (VI: 26), Clark calls him, with just a touch too much condescension.

Clark’s use of narrators gives him the mimetic capability of a Sybil, yet his voices remain separate and conflicting. He never reconciles his Scullin and his Menzies, his Lawson and his Deakin. For him there is either the Old Dead Tree or the Young Tree Green — they cannot be combined. But Bean, as I suggested in Chapter Four, is in many ways a combination of Lawson and Deakin — an Australian chauvinist who nevertheless believes in Empire. Yet he was by no means a believer in Imperial hierarchy. He turned down the offer of a C.B.E. in 1920, and in 1940 declined a knighthood saying he believed that, “in Australia the interest of the nation would best be served by the elimination of social distinctions...the system encourages false values among our people” (McCarthy 390). \(^\text{113}\)

\(^{113}\) Bean declined two subsequent offers of a knighthood. Contrast Clark who did accept a Companion of the Order of Australia (not an Imperial honour), and who in Ryan’s view could be observed, “fawning on each successive Labor Prime Minister” (*Lines of Fire*, 202).
Where Bean and Clark become irreconcilable is their interpretation of Gallipoli. For Bean, who witnessed the event itself and was indeed part of it, Gallipoli is the paramount expression of the Australian people as a Nation. It was the "great test." It enabled the nation to "know itself." It engendered the "consciousness of Australian nationhood." For Clark though, the war was a disaster. He sees it as drawing Australia into the ways of Europe, seducing the nation into the old paradigms that form societies based on hierarchy and privilege. Gallipoli changed the direction of the country and made it forever subscribe to values that would ensure Australia would never be the new Jerusalem:

Australia's day of glory made her a prisoner of her past, rather than the architect of a new future for humanity. (*A History of Australia*, V: 426)

Clark's tragic vision is overstated, and is typical of his passion which has always polarized readers. Many readers resist at Clark's mannered style and his habit of writing in the language of the prophets. Likewise many cannot accept that he writes as Jeremiah, the prophet of doom, foreshadowing what later would be termed 'black arm-band' history.

Manning Clark became a national figure in his lifetime, part of the literary/academic/cultural élite of the nation, and more prominent than any Australian historian before or since. Charles Bean moved in different circles, and attracted a lot less attention, be it negative or positive. The early volumes of the *Official History* received numerous reviews in Australian and British publications, and throughout the British Empire; the later volumes drew less attention. Serle notes that volume VI attracted warm reviews from the major newspapers, but was ignored by historical journals. Serle also quotes a comment by Bean that he had never met an academic historian who had read any of his volumes.114

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114 Serle, Introduction to volume VI, UQP reprint of the *Official History*, xix.
Of the limited critical response and honour he received in his lifetime, Bean would have been especially pleased with the comment from respected historian Liddell Hart in the London *Daily Telegraph* (23rd July, 1930), calling the third volume “one of the most absorbing and illuminating of all war books.” The same year the Royal United Services Institution awarded Bean the Chesney Gold Medal, and in 1931 the University of Melbourne made him an Honorary Doctor of Letters, followed later by an Honorary Doctorate of Laws conferred by the Australian National University in 1959. Keith Hancock paid some attention to Bean, as did Henry Green, Bean’s erstwhile colleague at the *Sydney Morning Herald*, who was perhaps the first to identify the prototype of Bean’s model Anzac in the character studies in *On the Wool Track*. Yet apart from some largely ephemeral press reviews, a paragraph comment here and there (as in Ward’s *The Australian Legend*), and some pleasing honours, Bean’s work attracted little critical attention. It was not until the fiftieth anniversary of Gallipoli in 1965 that the tide began to turn, with the publication of a truly seminal article by Ken Inglis titled simply ‘The Anzac tradition’. Significantly, Inglis’s article was rejected by the academically focussed *Historical Studies*, but it found space in the literary/cultural magazine *Meanjin*.

Inglis begins by stating that Bean had “published more words and reached more readers than any other Australian historian,” but that nevertheless, “by and large his work has been not criticized, but ignored” (25, 33). Inglis elevates Bean out of the dusty confines of military history to a significant role in the construction of Australia’s cultural identity. Inglis notes the celebration of the bush ethos in the *Official History*, and the evidence of Bean’s themes in his pre-war writing. He also discusses Bean’s role in establishing the Australian War Memorial and observes that Bean

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115 This award was named in honour of Charles Cornwallis Chesney, professor of military strategy at the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, in the 1850s and 60s. In 1933, two years after Bean, the Medal was awarded to Winston Churchill.
was “one of the first to say that on the 25th April 1915, ‘the consciousness of Australian nationhood was born’.” When Inglis came to write a short biographical monograph to commemorate Bean after his death in 1968, he titled it *C.E.W. Bean, Australian Historian*. Coming from Inglis, that epithet was significant; not a ‘war historian’, certainly not simply a journalist or war correspondent, but a Historian in his own right.

Inglis’s work was immediately followed up by his colleague Geoffrey Serle, with an article in the next edition of *Meanjin* titled ‘The digger tradition and Australian nationalism’. Serle complimented Inglis for his “just and generous tribute” to Bean, and for having “opened up the first serious modern discussion of Anzac and the digger legend” (149). Further important work soon followed with Lloyd Robson’s work on the recruitment of the First A.I.F., and his critique of Bean’s (mis)representation of its character.116

As interest in historical studies of the Great War and its effects on Australia grew in the 1970s, so did Bean’s influence and stature as a historian. As Gerster says, “Above all, it has been the renaissance of C.E.W. Bean as a force in Australian culture that most reflects the resurgence of interest in Australian soldierly in the Great War” (*Big-norning*, 254). The two most popular studies of Great War veterans, Bill Gammage’s *The Broken Years* and Patsy Adam-Smith’s *The Anzacs*, both go out of their way to acknowledge the importance of Bean and the *Official History* to their own work. Bean’s imprint is then seen in the screen works that these two authors helped make, *Gallipoli* and the television mini-series *Anzacs*. Bean’s rehabilitation was assured with the re-issuing of the *Official History* by University of Queensland Press in 1981, and publication of selections from his diaries and correspondent’s reports in the collections *Gallipoli Correspondent* (ed. Fewster, 1983) and *Making the Legend* (ed. Winter, 1992).

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In the 1980s another generation of historians began looking at Bean with a critical eye, and they tended to see a greater ideological thrust in Bean's work than had their older colleagues. Alistair Thomson's research into oral histories of Great War veterans details how the variety of experience and beliefs of the soldiers themselves is subsumed into the monolithic hegemony of the *Official History*, which is intent on telling a single story, and portraying a single identity. Inevitably, the individual values and prejudices of the author inform the writing of history: "In both his public and private writing Bean struggled to show how the behaviour of the Australian soldier fitted his ideal, and the creation of an account which fitted his own preconceptions was more important than any conscious effort to produce a publicly acceptable account" (Thomson, 'Steadfast until death', 46). We might quibble over whether "more important" should be "at least as important," but Thomson's remarks are persuasive.

David Kent recognized this same process in *The Anzac Book*, the collection of poems, stories and artwork that Bean put together at Gallipoli in November and December 1915 (Kent, *Anzac Book and Anzac legend*). *The Anzac Book* is probably the single most powerful piece of Anzac image-making produced during the War. It was conceived as a sort of trench journal, comprised of submissions by soldiers, to be published as the 'Anzac Annual'. That title was rejected as "too suggestive" (that is, encouraging the idea that the war would go on for some time), and in any event, the withdrawal from Gallipoli ensured there would only be one issue. As Kent notes, the publicity surrounding *The Anzac Book* tended to suggest that almost every soldier at Gallipoli was a budding poet. The

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117 Bean writes in his Diary of 16th Nov. 1915: "Yesterday, Butler of Intelligence, came up to me and told me that he and Woods had been thinking that we ought to get out an Anzac Annual." Denis Winter takes specific issue with this evidence, noting that Bean's Gallipoli diaries were in fact written up after the War from rough notes, with intent for publication. Winter also argues that *The Anzac Book* was proposed by British Intelligence after the decision for evacuation had been taken — but his evidence on this matter is slight (Winter, *The Anzac Book: a re-appraisal*, 58–61).
reality was more sober; of the tens of thousands of troops who were invited to send in submissions, only 150 responded.

Having studied all the submissions, conscientiously deposited by Bean with the AWM after the war, Kent identified that many manuscripts that did not fit the Anzac ideal as imagined by Bean had been rejected. In Kent's assessment, Bean is "an exceedingly selective editor who rejected anything that might have modified his vision or tarnished the name of 'Anzac'" (376). Such material typically portrayed pain and grief on an individual and personalized level — rather than the collectivized 'communitas' expressed in poems like 'Graves of Gallipoli', 'Lawrence', and in the use of Horace's phrase, "They died pro patria." It is necessary of course to see *The Anzac Book* not just from the perspective of the post-war critic, but as an important part of war-time propaganda and morale. Whatever Bean thought of the literary or emotional quality of the works he declined to include in the book, it is probable that the military censor was as much in his mind as the 'image of Anzac'. Negative images could not be published for fear of their effect on military and public morale, as well as the danger that the Enemy could use them for its own propaganda purposes.

More interesting then become Bean's own contributions, which act to fill gaps in the image that had not been provided by the soldier-poets. For example, Bean wrote the poem 'Abdul', which provides a public school spirit of respect and fair play in acknowledging a 'brave and gallant opponent':

We will judge you, Mr Abdul,
By the test by which we can —
That with all your breath, in life, in death,
You've played the gentleman.

Kent's research establishes that no such sentiments are expressed in any of the published or rejected manuscripts (387). As a separate comment by a war correspondent such a poem would never have been seen as exemp-
lary of the Anzacs, but within the collection of *The Anzac Book* it becomes part of the legend itself. In the end Kent is probably right to suggest that

*The Anzac Book* is only a partial record of the way the Anzacs faced up to the challenge at Gallipoli. It tells the story without the suffering, grief, bitterness or any of the human weaknesses which many of the soldiers wrote about. It was Bean’s creation, the first step in his memorializing of the A.I.F. (387)

John Barrett has attempted to deflect the force of Kent’s argument by arguing that the Anzac Book was no more influential than, say, C.J. Dennis’s *The Moods of Ginger Mick*, or even the (heavily censored) letters home (‘No straw man’, 107–8). But given the extraordinary print run — publisher Cassells gave figures of 100,000 sales during 1916 alone — the paramount influence of *The Anzac Book* is hard to deny.

In invoking Dennis as a shaper of the Anzac legend Barrett acknowledges the lead of Inglis, who also discusses the popularity of *Ginger Mick*. Yet Inglis sees Dennis more as a follower than a leader in public opinion: “Dennis was trying not to express a private poetic vision but to succeed as a mass entertainer” (‘Anzac tradition’, 36). In other words, the plot and sentiments in *Ginger Mick* were created simply to appeal to opinions already held by the wider public. This is perhaps overstating Dennis’s opportunism; in any case, with his characters The Bloke and Ginger, Dennis provided an intensifying focus for the sentimental larrikin hero, that gave the character a larger and stronger image in the public imagination.

What impresses Inglis most about *The Moods of Ginger Mick* is how Ginger is “ennobled by warfare,” and how he casts off his class consciousness for a new patriotic identity. Just in case we miss this transition, Dennis spells it out, firstly as Mick finds himself among foreigners in Egypt, then as the toff Keith breaks class barriers to help his new mate:

– Then Pride o’ Race lay ’olt on ’im, an’ Mick shoves out ’is chest
– A noo, glad pride that ain’t the pride o’ class —
This is simply another rendering of Bean's notion of the A.I.F. as a truly “democratic” army, where social barriers were replaced by egalitarianism and a common bond of mateship:

in the A.I.F. Jack and his master were the same... The Digger's unspoken, unbreakable creed was the miner's and the bushman's, “Stand by your mate.” (VI: 1084)

Bean used this notion of egalitarianism specifically to distinguish the Australian force from the British Army, and his assessment has been widely accepted. Where he is on less firm ground is his practice of framing a homology between the A.I.F. and the Australian nation proper, either before or after the war. Amanda Lohrey criticizes Bean for being reluctant to recognize that the socialization of the men in the trenches was only a temporary effect; once back in the reality of post-war economics the cockies filled the ranks of the New Guard, the working men joined in ever greater numbers the unions Bean so abhorred, and Capital and Labour stopped being ‘digger mates’ (Lohrey, ‘Gallipoli’, 30). It is revealing that Bean’s exemplars of mateship are the individualistic miner and ‘bushman’, rather than the unionized shearer or urban labourer. Bean’s naïve and romanticized view of Australian political economy is more than inappropriate. The attempt to yoke the A.I.F. to a fabricated national character is blatant mythologizing.

Dennis makes some of the same moves as Bean, but his work must be viewed differently to the Official History, for he was writing during the war, and he was writing a fiction. Even so, Dennis is more subtle and less grandiose in his efforts than Bean, and indeed many writers and poets who came after. Robin Gerster has surveyed the bulk of fictional responses to Australia’s military experience in Big-noting: the heroic theme in Australian war writing. As his subtitle suggests, Gerster sees the genre epitomizing “the insecurity of a culture which has felt a need to promote itself in the most primal terms possible” (257). Gerster’s large corpus is
unquestionably representative of the phenomenon he analyzes, and his assessment penetrating. He concentrates his study mainly on the novel, however, whereas the poetry written in response to Australia's wars offers perhaps more eclectic statements. There is not space to conduct an exhaustive survey of the field; but I want here to look selectively at some works of the recent generation of poets.

Poets are by no means more critical than novelists in their approach to war. It is still disturbing to see with what indecent haste both Brennan and Lawson dropped their republican postures to blow the bugle for Empire. More recently Andrew Taylor notes the irony in the fact that the editors of the anthologies *Shadows from Wire* (Page) and *Clubbing of the Gunfire* (Wallace-Crabbe & Pierce) all attest the growing interest in Australia's wartime past, but curiously, none of them can account for it, and none appear to appreciate their own role in it. Taylor sees all these poems as part of the process of remaking the mythology of Anzac: "The new myth of the Great War is a myth of the present" (*Reading Australian Poetry*, 184). It is created anew by those who celebrate it, and those who denigrate it. Significantly, as Taylor recognizes, nearly all these poems and collections and indeed most of the attendant criticism, is written by men. Women seem not so 'constrained' as men to write about war, says Taylor (185). Where women poets do write of war it is usually at an intimate level in terms of personal loss (eg., Mary Gilmore's 'The Measure'; Judith Wright's 'A Document'); as opposed to the symbolic or collectivized level of nation which attracts many male poets. Wright's poem 'The Company of Lovers' exemplifies this distinction: the 'lost company' that she describes is an imagined community of mourners, linked only in loneliness and grief.

Interestingly two of the Australian poets who have written most extensively on the subject of war have also written novels dealing in the same themes: Geoff Page (*Benton's Conviction*) and Roger McDonald
Much of Page's and McDonald's poems show the poets wrestling with the emotive responses to what Anzac signifies. They have a horror of war, yet they respect the suffering of those who served, and wish to honour their sacrifice and suffering. This paradox is usually played at the level of family: a grieving wife or mother, or particularly in the formula of a son speaking to an absent or emotionally distant father. We can include Tom Shapcott’s ‘War’ here as well, which shows a child trying to negotiate his father’s haunted memories. There is something of this topos of the young man addressing the old in Michael Dransfield’s ‘Pioneer Lane’, which considers “the veterans of Lone Pine and Villers-Bret”:

...they'll be free,
these pioneers who made Australia
and fought to keep it, time on bitter time,
a place they could grow old in, never thinking
they'd be despised for even that senescence.

It comes as a jolt that at the height of the Vietnam War and conscription, the writer of Drug Poems and Memoirs of a Velvet Urinal would write such a poem. But Dransfield’s subject is not the national mythology of Anzac so much as mortality and reputation, issues that were as important to him as they were to his digger in Erskineville.

Les Murray is one of the few writers who can present the individual and the nation in a satisfactory dialectic. His ‘Lament for the Country Soldiers’ tells how pride, as much as duty, impelled men to enlist. Not the King of England, but the king of honour “ate the hearts of those who would not go.” In ‘The Trainee, 1914’, Murray shows us a swaggy, possibly Aboriginal, seduced into recruitment. “Is war very big?” he asks, “As big as New South Wales?” Here the itinerant individual is subsumed into a larger identity, swamped by the institutional machinery of war.

In his longer poem ‘Visiting Anzac in the year of Metrication’, Murray looks at death from the perspective of the individual soldier balanced against the grieving survivors. He makes the word ‘rosemary’ a recurring
motif in the poem, juxtaposing the image of the herb growing on the slopes at Gallipoli with its role in mourning and the commemoration of the dead on Anzac Day. Murray contributes a few of Bean’s platitudes on Gallipoli — for example, the soldiers are all “squatters’ and selectors’ boys” — but he also grasps the inherent antinomies in Anzac:

Our continent is uncrowded space,
a subtler thing than history.
The Day of our peace will need a native herb that out-savours rosemary.

Here Murray gets to the kernel of the Anzac myth: that the experience of Anzac is located outside Australia, and that war has greater power than peace in collectively focussing the nation’s attention. These are crucial issues, that are rarely brought together with such concise apposition.

Yet Murray’s great strength, his ‘voice’, is also his great weakness; for it is often impossible to read these poems without being infected by the many other agendas of ‘Our Man in Bunyah’, as Murray self-mockingly styles himself. In these poems especially we see the hypostasizing of the city/bush dichotomy. The same applies to his polyphonic verse novel, The Boys who Stole the Funeral, which tells the story of two young lads who take the body of an old digger, Clarrie Dunn, to be buried back in his family’s country in the bush. Murray has the proverbial Anzac narrative to a tee when Clarrie spouts the old line about how Australia won the war and didn’t get the credit:

Monash solved the trench stalemate with tanks, artillery and us.
If he’d come from a proper country, he’d nearly have been famous. ($28)

But Clarrie’s voice gets drowned in rivers of Murray-speak when he starts having visions of “the common dish” (the grail), and spouts theological rhetoric beyond the confines of his character: “The Buddha saw the dish, and claimed there was nothing in it, / but Jesus, he blessed it and devour-
ed it whole —” ($91). This is just so much Christian proselytizing, which weighs too heavily on the corpse of an old digger.

Another poem which operates through multiple voices is Chris Wallace-Crabbe's *The Shapes of Gallipoli*. Wallace-Crabbe begins his poem with lines from the beginning of Pope's *Iliad*: “In sight of Troy lies Tenedos, an isle” — but he interrupts Pope with the voice of a modern soldier waiting to land at Gallipoli:

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For Christ's sake
when are we bloody well
going to get moving?
We didn't come here
to look at the bloody sea.
Anyone got a fag?
In sight of Troy.
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Wallace-Crabbe is not just satirizing the impulse to garland Anzac with the coincidences of its historical poetics, for this poem suggests that both responses are relevant. Rather, he is insisting that Gallipoli not be reduced by poets, eulogists or historians to a single voice or identity. *The Shapes of Gallipoli* is in fact an extraordinarily polyphonic text, combining a number of fictive voices with quotations from various sources, such as diaries, Monash's letters, and Bean's *Official History*. Wallace-Crabbe depicts a number of characters, including that of his own uncle, killed at Gallipoli. He gives them voices in different registers — educated, larrikin, rural — to signify the diversity among Anzacs. This sets his poem apart from so many that simply espouse one homogenous voice. Indeed the poem is more than polyphonic, it is a heteroglossia. The characters do not just speak in different voices, but in different idiolects. There is greater diversity here than in either Bean or Clark.

Wallace-Crabbe also acknowledges how the image of Anzac is constructed by others, and so he includes quotations from Masefield, Rupert
Brooke, Yeats, Shakespeare and Sappho. He balances the verses from Pope with the last lines of Homer’s *Iliad*, imagining the Anzacs on the sea-shore remembering “the funeral rites of Hector, tamer of horses.” He includes the citation written by his uncle Lieut. Crabbe, recommending a Victoria Cross to the notorious Albert Jacka (of Jacka’s Mob fame), and he quotes from Bean, selecting passages from the *Official History* describing the actions of the first troops ashore on 25th April.

The word “shapes” in the title of the poem encourages the image of multiple identity, but also that of characters that are not fully formed, or perhaps who are ghostly. The title has further resonances, for in Old English the word ‘scop’ meant a poet, one who shapes things (from *sceppan*, to make). Here then, are the poets of Gallipoli, far more varied in tone and voice than those in *The Anzac Book*. They combine to construct an image of many stories — not complimentary, nor contradictory, just voices and stories with different needs to meet and different things to say.

Yet though it is a simple message, it is not simply made. Wallace-Crabbe’s poem doesn’t have the momentum of Murray, nor the everyday emotion of Page. *The Shapes of Gallipoli* is ultimately too self-consciously literary to impact upon the popular imagination. That role falls to the contemporary genres of block-buster novel, television and feature film, and song. The best known song about Gallipoli is Eric Bogle’s ‘And the Band played *Waltzing Matilda*’, a folk ballad which tells the story of a young swagman in outback Australia in 1915, who answers his country’s call and goes to fight at Gallipoli. He loses a leg and is repatriated to Sydney, where he ponders his broken life and the emptiness of Anzac Day marches. Bogle is a Scottish immigrant to Australia, and his song displays some conflation of British and Australian Gallipoli narratives. For example, his soldier wears a tin hat (not a slouch hat), he participates in

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118 E.g., Masefield, “The physical perfection of those young soldiers”; Brooke, “And is there honey still for tea?”, Yeats, “another Troy for us to bum?”; Shakespeare, “let our crooked smokes climb to our nostrils; Sappho, ‘the Pleiades’.
the burial of the dead on the 24th May Armistice (which means he left in 1914, not 1915), and he talks of the ‘hell of Suvla Bay’ — where there were no Australians, only Kitchener’s New Army. Such minor inconsistencies are relatively unimportant in such a song, except that they get repeated. In 2000 the rock group Midnight Oil released a song ‘The Last of the Diggers’, presumably inspired by the media coverage of Ted Matthews. This song too places a ‘digger’ at Suvla Bay. It’s the sort of mistake we might expect from Manning Clark, and it shows how by repetition, multiple stories are blended and condensed into single narratives repeating familiar scripts.

The same process can be seen in the work of Bryce Courtenay, Australia’s best-selling writer of adult fiction, whose novels sell in their hundreds of thousands. In Courtenay’s Solomon’s Song, the final volume of the ‘Australia Trilogy’ that also includes The Potato Factory and Tommo & Hawk, the action moves from colonial Tasmania to Gallipoli in 1915. Through some direct speech, an omniscient narrator, and a crude epistolary narrative, we are given a condensed rundown of the entire campaign. Courtenay acknowledges the advice and assistance of the AWM in preparing his research, and discloses that, “My debt to C.E.W. Bean’s Official History...is obvious” (Solomon’s Song, 657). It is no surprise then that much of his narrative of the period of the war is little more than a paraphrase of Bean. For example, the description of the sinking of the Emden reproduces Bean’s account almost word for word, even down to the “pink-streaked dawn” (374) that Bean borrowed from Homer. Later, Courtenay’s description of the battle at The Nek is simply a direct transcription of Gammage:

*The Broken Years* (75)  
Two hundred and thirty-four dead light horsemen lay in an area little larger than a tennis court...

*Solomon’s Song* (552)  
Two hundred and forty Light Horsemen lay dead or dying in an area no larger than a tennis court...
the English troops at Suvla, plainly visible from The Nek, were making tea. British troops at Suvla Bay making their evening tea.

Gammage's poignant image of the tennis court is borrowed from Bean (Gallipoli Mission, 109). And so it goes on, page after page, for more than three hundred pages. The point is not to accuse Courtenay of plagiarism, for he acknowledges his sources (though perhaps not as fulsomely as these passages suggest he should). Solomon's Song is simply further evidence of how Bean's Anzac story is reaching new generations, and that the message is heard at its strongest and most uncritical at the level of popular entertainment. The makers of the TV mini-series Anzacs (1985) used Bean extensively in researching and planning the series. Whole scenarios and dialogue were lifted straight from the Official History. While Anzacs admits some repressed narratives into its script — such as desertion, shell-shock and grief — these are ultimately resolved in transcendent motifs of sacrifice and redemption. Instead of allowing the "silences and absences of the Anzac story" to speak for themselves in the series, writes James Wieland, "all loose threads have been woven into a satisfying pattern" ('The romancing of Anzac', 12).

Lohrey sees a similar process being played out in Weir and Williamson's Gallipoli, but on more political lines. She complains that the film dehistoricizes Anzac and Gallipoli — in just the way Barthes says myths depoliticize their subjects — and that it reinvents the concept mateship within a bourgeois, liberal paradigm, creating "some perverse kind of white-man's dreamtime" ('Gallipoli', 34). Lohrey also attacks the way the

119 It is interesting to see how derivative narratives evolve like a game of Chinese Whispers, for the battleground of The Nek is apparently shrinking: Bean's original wording "a strip the size of three tennis courts" becomes in Gammage "an area little larger than a tennis court," which gets even smaller in Courtenay's "area no larger than a tennis court."

radical labour traditions of the Australian legend are taken over by the “myth of rural virtue,” with which Bean overwrites his iconic digger. As we saw with Williamson’s sly manipulation of anti-British sentiment, the film appropriates the fabula of Gallipoli to present contemporary values and interpretations. In order to do this, the multiple and contrary signifiers of history are reduced to simplistic binaries.

I described in the Introductory how Gallipoli takes its narrative premise from Bean’s description of Light Horseman Wilfred Harper “running forward like a schoolboy in a foot-race” (11: 618). There is nothing implicitly wrong with taking scenes from an Official History and making fictional narratives from them; and in this Gallipoli is simply following in the tracks of Chauvel’s 40,000 Horsemen. But Bean’s History is already a narrowing of the diversity of the original actors and events; as Inglis says, he has a “habit of finding a single, national response” (‘Anzac tradition’, 32). Gallipoli condenses Bean’s narrative further, and manipulates the narremes into a mythologized text. Inglis also says that, whereas Bean’s work is an epic, “Gallipoli is a tragedy” (Sacred Places, 440). Not so; it is a romance, where the debutante nation is wedded to the ideal of heroic self-sacrifice.121

All these popular fictions act out a narrative hegemony whereby they concentrate and simplify the Anzac story until it becomes rigid and homogeneous. The many stories are distilled into one monolithic narrative. And as Thomson’s oral history research shows, that narrative has become so culturally dominant as to obliterate individual stories and memory. Although some of the veterans he interviewed in the 1980s rejected the stereotyping of mass media portrayals of themselves, Thom-

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121 Robert Dixon discusses an earlier example of this trend in the ‘The Romance of the White Guard’, the second part of a political novel The Australian Crisis by C.H. Kimness published in 1909. Dixon concludes that, “In mythologizing the birth of nationhood through heroic military sacrifice, the ‘Romance of the White Guard’ foreshadows the cultural significance of C.E.W. Bean’s The Story of Anzac, disclosing a continuity between the Anzac myth and the jingoistic plots of Edwardian adventure tales so popular with male readers” (Writing the Colonial Adventure, 146).
son confesses that often he felt he was "listening to the script of the film Gallipoli" (Anzac Memories, 8).

The reader will have noticed the title of this last chapter: "Concluding." I use this verbal form to underscore that there are no final answers on Anzac and nationhood, rather, an ongoing process of reassessment. This is particularly relevant to the question of the 'revival' of Anzac, an issue which has been in the public domain since the early 1980s. There is no single motivation for this, but any number of complementary and conflicting reasons. I want to look briefly at a range of these, in no particular order, and with the caveat that my perspective is necessarily broad and generalist.

Firstly, it needs to be stressed that the changing role and attitudes to Anzac are primarily symptoms of larger cultural and political changes to society over the past two generations. The great social and moral upheavals of the 1960s brought about paradigm shifts in society which are still generating reactions. This period is typified by a disenchantment with authority, and with the edifices of authority such as political institutions and traditions. Anzac itself came under attack in this period — paradoxically preparing it for its later 'renaissance'. But when the social and political rebellion subsided, there was a vacuum of faith and authority, a yearning for tradition and heritage. Anzac offers all this.

Intertwined with this period the Vietnam War created a crisis in militarism. The anger at the enforced conscription of the late 1960s and early 1970s inevitably impacted on Anzac and Anzac Day marches. Over the years, however, as the Vietnam veterans came to be seen more as victims than warmongers, and especially since the Welcome Home march in 1987, the Anzac Day march has acquired new relevance to many people. Despite the sectarian squabbles of the RSL and the VVA, the march has facilitated the reintegration of the Vietnam veterans (van Gennep's *aggregation*), and helped overcome the stigmatization of that war.
The influence of literature and film cannot be overlooked, either. It is not simply serendipitous that the few years from 1978 to 1985 saw the publication of Adam-Smith's *The Anzacs*, McDonald's *1915*, the reissuing of the *Official History* and the publication of Bean's diaries and war correspondence, together with the release of *Gallipoli*, the TV serialisation of *1915*, and the mini-series *Anzacs*. All these works reflected a craving in society, but they fed it as well. Newspaper can be very much part of this process of popular affirmation. The national broadsheet the *Australian* has in recent years run a very patriotic angle on Anzac, employing a 'history writer' Dr Jonathan King, specializing in Anzac matters. As well as writing obituaries for a dozen or so Gallipoli veterans who have died in the past five years, King contributes frequent eulogistic articles on heroic themes, and describes the Anzacs as "bronzed warriors." The Australian War Memorial likewise makes and meets needs in society. It is the most popular tourist site in the national capital, and its archives and databases process the great number of requests for service records of relatives, living and dead.

A more oblique rationale for the attraction of Anzac is glimpsed in the use of Anzac to evoke the idea of national unity. As discussed in Chapter Three, the Anzac myth emanates from a period of Australia's history when the nation was more 'British' in terms of overall population than at any time before or since. The young pilgrims at the cemeteries of

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122 It is relevant also to note that the film *Breaker Morant* was made in 1980, underpinning the anti-British reading of Anzac, with its chauvinist narrative of Australian soldiers being sacrificed for British expediency.

123 King's obituaries are very formulaic, sometimes recycling whole paragraphs with only the name of the veteran changed. At other times he confuses the battles of Lone Pine and the Nek. See his obituaries in the *Australian* for Albert Tull (27th Nov. 1998); Wilfred Coles (10th Jan, 1999); and Len Hall (25th Feb. 1999).

124 See, for example his article on Monash: 'How this man (and 333,000 other Australians) won World War I' (*Sunday Age*, 8th Nov. 1998).
Gallipoli, France and Flanders are typically described as searching the headstones for the names of grandfathers or great uncles, or even just a namesake. But they are looking for Anderson, Jones, Smith and Wilson; not Antonelli, Papadopoulos, Stankovic or Nguyen. Notwithstanding the social divisions within the nation in 1915, there was undeniably a greater linguistic and cultural unity in this period than ever before or since. The ‘Anzac nation’ therefore offers a vision that displaces the pluralist, multicultural reality of post-1970s Australia. And the non-partisan politics of mourning and commemoration provide a platform for the imagining of a far more contentious ideal — White Australia.

At the same time, it must be acknowledged that in recent years the Anzac Day march itself has become multicultural, and a broader reflexion of contemporary society. At the rear of the parade march contingents of servicemen from Greece, Poland, Italy, Russia, and even South Vietnam. Inglis sees examples everywhere of immigrant Australians participating in, and taking to their own, the traditions of Anzac: a Filipino girl recites the Ode at the Dawn Service; a Lebanese businessman donates to the AWM; ‘young Asians’ participate in the ritualized games of Two-Up; and so on (Sacred Places, 474–479). Observing the involvement of ‘ethnic’ communities in the march, Thomson reflects that, “Anzac Day has come to embrace and espouse a broader definition of Australian racial and national identity” (Anzac Memories, 198). Yet Thomson also cautions that Anzac Day is a “structured and institutionalized” event, and whatever its popular appeal, it remains “a martial affair with military music and ritual that uncritically endorses the role of the military services in Australian history and society” (201).\(^\text{125}\) It is important also to remember that Anzac Day is only one part of the Anzac myth.

\(^{125}\) Thomson might be alarmed at the words of John Howard’s speech at the Centenary Parade for the Australian Army, 10th Mar. 2001: “You [the Army] are part of our identity, you are part of our language, you are part of our inheritance.”
Aside from issues of ethnicity and multiculturalism, perhaps a stronger motivation for the appeal of Anzac as a national identity can be found in a parallel social phenomenon that coincides with all these others, the demise of local, community identity. For many reasons (that need not be canvassed here), the late twentieth century has seen local and regional affiliations displaced into larger frameworks, particular the nation. Anzac provides an attractive means to express this displaced nationalism. It is uniquely able to cross generational divides, and largely free of the rivalries accompanying other national formations, such as political groupings. It is here that the backpacker pilgrims add momentum, for the youth of the 1980s and 1990s were notoriously un-radicalized, and hence attracted to apolitical icons. This class of tourist pilgrimage is itself a growing phenomenon worldwide, fuelled by the related passion for genealogy and family trees. These travellers make use of two sets of guidebooks: a 'Lonely Planet' in one pocket, and perhaps a volume by the redoubtable John Laffin, who was written literally dozens of books on war and battlefield archeology, such as *Digging up the Diggers’ War* and *A Guide to Australian Battlefields of the Western Front*.

Meanwhile many of the combatant nations of the Great War continue to commemorate the conflict, especially through annual rituals on Remembrance Day, the anniversary of the Armistice of 11th Nov. 1918. Inglis quotes an article by Martin Kemble in the London Guardian of 16th Nov. 1996, where the writer shows surprise at the reinstatement in the workplace of the two minute silence at the ‘eleventh hour, of the eleventh day, of the eleventh month’ (*Sacred Places*, 438–9). In Australia, a proclamation signed on 30th Oct. 1997 by the Governor-General called upon the people to renew the observance of silence at eleven o’clock on Remembrance Day — with the concession of halving of the time for reflexion to the more expedient period of one minute.

At the same time there has been a growth in peripheral activities surrounding Anzac Day, indicating just how much Anzac has become
part of the ‘structure of feeling’ in modern Australia. In the area of sport there is an annual rugby league match between Australian and New Zealand held on 25th April, called the ‘Anzac Test’. A similar appellation is applied to the Australian Rules football match played each year on 25th April between Collingwood and Essendon, the two largest Victorian clubs. In the field of education, the Federal government introduced a ‘Simpson Prize’ in 1998 for an essay written by Year 9 school students, “to encourage students to think and talk about what Anzac Day means to them and their country.” The eight winners, one from each State and Territory, were rewarded with a trip to Gallipoli. In 1999, Premier Bob Carr intervened in the NSW high school curriculum for History, to ensure “the compulsory study of the Anzacs, World War I and its aftermath.” And so it goes on. When these sorts of government sanctioned programs are practised in states like China or the former Soviet Union, it is called indoctrination and propaganda — at home, we call it protecting cultural heritage. To appreciate fully the changes in attitudes and practices of the past two decades will probably take another generation. In any case, the image and functions of Anzac will surely only grow in the lead-up to the centenary of the Landing in 2015.

I should state that whatever criticisms or comments this thesis has made of Anzac and Anzac Day, I do not advocate its abolition. But I do argue that its pre-eminent position in the cultural identity of the nation needs to be reconsidered and attenuated, because of its narrow relevance to wide sectors of the population. It may be argued that grief and mourning are universal emotions, and that Anzac is inclusive of others’ stories. But we need to hear more loudly the stories of Anzac that do not get told, and we need different stories of Australian nationhood.

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120 Dr David Kemp, Minister for Education. Media Release, 10th Nov. 1998.

We need to remember that women are excluded from the Anzac tradition. Women are absent from the narratives of Anzac, and they are displaced in the narratives of nationhood by a male signifier that appropriates all social, political and cultural roles unto itself. In his speech at Hellfire Pass on Anzac Day 1998, John Howard said:

On this day, we enrich ourselves for, it's been said, a nation reveals itself not only by the men it produces but by the men it honours, the men it remembers.

There is much truth in Howard's words: a nation does reveal itself by whom it remembers. In this case, it's men only. Howard continues in the speech to mourn "the potential unrealized, the generations unborn." This sort of rhetoric invokes the topos of male virility as an index of the strength of the nation, but elides the role of women in procreation.

We must remember also that Anzac excludes the indigenous population from any part of the consciousness of nationhood. Contemporary estimates suggest there were a few hundred black soldiers in the First A.I.F., but they do not figure in its legends or traditions. Anzac offers the nation a chance to think of itself without the distraction of the post-colonial headache. This is as true in 2001 as it was in 1915.

One aspect of Anzac Day that is rarely considered is that Australia and New Zealand are perhaps the only nations in the world that celebrate the beginning of conflict in the Great War. Where France, England, Canada and even the United States commemorate the end of hostilities in the Armistice of 11th November, the Anzac nations mark the bloody baptism of the troops on 25th April. And Australia makes much more of its Anzac traditions than New Zealand, who with the legacy of a recognized domestic war, has a lesser need to locate its national identity

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128 The same silence attends the contribution of ethnic Chinese volunteers — though as Inglis notes from his extensive research, at least their names stand out more easily on war memorials (Sacred Places, 188).
in an overseas battle. This bloodlust, this eagerness for battle is not a thing of the past, either. In speeches honouring surviving veterans of the Great War, John Howard encourages young Australians of today to learn more about the lives of individual soldiers:

Let them be told of a brash young Ted Matthews who lied about his age and boasted about his skills at Morse code. (‘Speeches’, 16th Dec. 1997)

Children should be told of Private Peter Casserly, who lied about his age to enlist in the A.I.F....Let children be told of...Private Hubert Walton, the youngest of eleven children who enlisted at the age of 17...Lance Corporal Leonard Hall, who left to fight to join the Light Horse when he was 16. (‘Speeches’, 21st Apr., 1999)

It is right and proper to acknowledge the service and sacrifice of the country’s soldiers, but what sort of nation celebrates the beginning of the Great War, and boasts about sending under-age soldiers to that slaughterhouse? When we recall that Australia’s losses were significantly less than Britain’s and New Zealand’s (cf. Appendix B), but that Australia makes the greatest public showing of its grief, both with its monuments and its marches, we must continue to question the nation’s motives for mourning. We must, as Sokrates said, not believe the myth, but use it to know ourselves as a nation.

Finally, as Paul Keating only just began to acknowledge, Anzac operates as a prism which distracts the nation’s gaze from events that have occurred within the continent, to instead focus on acts performed thousands of miles away. For a quarter of a century, historians of all political inclinations have called for recognition of domestic conflicts at the Australian War Memorial; nothing has happened. The RSL continue to call on present Japanese leaders to apologize for the treatment of Australian POWs sixty years ago, yet their leadership are among the vanguard in stopping an apology to Aboriginal children removed from their families. A mature nation should be able to acknowledge the dead at home, as well as abroad. The ‘Anzac tradition’ proudly honours the
heroism and patriotism of those Turkish soldiers who died defending their country against invaders; it will not do the same for its own citizens.

In 1915 Australia was ready for a myth of nationhood, and Anzac occurred to fulfil that role. As I have argued in Part I of this thesis, because of a peculiar set of circumstances, it did so with perfect synergy, and with a momentum that proved inexorable. And as I described in Part II, it was nourished by a man of the moment, a mythographer who could weave the military and nationhood stories together to help create a myth with the power to inspire a nation. But that nation has changed — the Anzac myth must change too.

“When we become aware of a sudden consistency between incompatibles we can say we have crossed the threshold into myth” (Calasso, *Marriage of Cadmus and Harmony*, 22). The homogenization of the Anzac story is indicative of its mythical status. Although it can sustain variant narremes and dramatic contradictions, these are confined and contained within a master narrative that, especially recently, has built up an unassailable authority. When the last survivor of the Anzac campaign Alec Campbell says that, “Gallipoli was a significant event in history, but not all that important personally” — his denunciation makes no impact. The myth insists it was the most important thing he ever did; for himself and for the nation. The oppositional or peripheral narratives that Thomson hears in his informants, that Kent sees in the rejected manuscripts of *The Anzac Book*, or that Lohrey identifies as strikingly absent in *Gallipoli*, have been left behind. In their place is a totalizing narrative of the nation, a narrative that pushes aside other stories of nationhood, that overwrites the history which led to Federation and which has flowed from it.

Homi Bhabha argues that nations need counter-narratives to evoke and erase totalizing boundaries, both actual and conceptual, and to

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“disturb those ideological manoeuvres through which ‘imagined communities’ are given essentialist identities” (‘DissemiNation’, 300). Anzac no longer admits these ‘counter-narratives’. Its polyvalency has been supplanted by simplistic and populist scripts which play only in the grooves of the myth. With the death of Ted Matthews and his colleagues it has also lost the only ones with any authority to subvert the new hegemony of its authority. Lest we forget Matthews’ parting plea: “For God’s sake, do not glorify Gallipoli.”

130 Published on the front page of the Australian, the day after Matthews’ death: “Our last Anzac’s final plea: for God’s sake do not glorify Gallipoli” (11th Dec. 1997).
## APPENDIX A

**Official History of Australia in the War 1914–18**

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<td>C.E.W. Bean</td>
<td>1921</td>
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<td>C.E.W. Bean</td>
<td>1924</td>
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<td>1929</td>
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<td>VIII</td>
<td><em>The Australian Flying Corps</em></td>
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<td>IX</td>
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<td>Ernest Scott</td>
<td>1936</td>
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<td>XII</td>
<td><em>Photographic record of the war</em></td>
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APPENDIX B

Enlistments and casualty figures in the Great War

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<th>New Zealand</th>
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<td>Enlistments</td>
<td>5,704,416</td>
<td>416,809</td>
<td>128,525</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Troops in field</td>
<td>5,399,563</td>
<td>331,781</td>
<td>98,950</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deaths</td>
<td>702,410</td>
<td>59,342</td>
<td>16,654</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total casualties</td>
<td>2,535,424</td>
<td>215,045</td>
<td>58,501</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Percentages</strong></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Troops in field: population</td>
<td>11.2</td>
<td>6.8</td>
<td>9.0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casualties: troops in field</td>
<td>47</td>
<td>64.8</td>
<td>59.6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Deaths: population</td>
<td>1.46</td>
<td>1.21</td>
<td>1.51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Casualties: population</td>
<td>5.27</td>
<td>4.41</td>
<td>5.32</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

NB. These figures are taken from the *Official History* (VI: 1098–9; XII: 874). Population figures are from the nearest census estimates. Casualty figures from the Great War can only ever be approximations.
APPENDIX C

Stemma of extant texts of 'Epilogue' (ε) variants

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ID</th>
<th>Autograph Title</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Paper &amp; watermark</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>α.0</td>
<td>“Original draft”</td>
<td>Typescript</td>
<td>Foolscap (8½ x 13½&quot;)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>No date</td>
<td>Emendations in lead pencil, blue pencil &amp; ink</td>
<td>Mascot Extra Strong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>α.1</td>
<td>“First typing”</td>
<td>Typescript</td>
<td>Foolscap (8½ x 13½&quot;)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Dated 15/11/19</td>
<td>31 pages</td>
<td>Mascot Extra Strong</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>α.2</td>
<td>“Second typing”</td>
<td>Typescript &amp; spirit copy sheets</td>
<td>Foolscap (8¼ x 13¼&quot;)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>“Revised C.E.W.B. 26/3/20. Copy No.3.”</td>
<td>Shown to Robertson</td>
<td>Rockdale Writing Made in USA</td>
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<tr>
<td>β.1</td>
<td>“Final draft”</td>
<td>Manuscript of new text, 52 sheets</td>
<td>Large crown quarto &amp;</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>No date</td>
<td>Typescript of opening ε section from α.2 appended as conclusion</td>
<td>Legal; Exercise books; Rockdale foolscap</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>β.2</td>
<td>“a. Galleys I–29”</td>
<td>Galley of β</td>
<td>7 galley sheets (8&quot;x 30&quot;)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Exact printed copy of Beta.</td>
<td>cut and pasted into 12 pages</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Numerous emendations in pen.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>γ.1</td>
<td>“Chapter I”</td>
<td>1st edition of Volume I, 1921</td>
<td>8½&quot; x 5¼&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>β material with significant cuts</td>
<td>(demy octavo)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>γ.2</td>
<td>“The Old Force…”</td>
<td>ε: Epilogue to Volume VI, 1942</td>
<td>8½&quot; x 5¼&quot;</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td>Essentially the α.2 text from 1920, revised for 1942</td>
<td>(demy octavo)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
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