

## From the Back Verandah

Perhaps you can assist. I'm trying to find out when pencils began being graded as "H" for "Hard" and "B" for "Black". It's certainly far earlier than I would have thought, as the following quote attests. The author is Robert Hay, one of those Englishmen of means who became artist-travellers dedicated to recording information about ancient Egyptian monuments. It is 1824 and Hay is working at the Great Temple of Rameses II at Abu Simbel:

The paper becomes quite damp with the atmosphere and a very curious thing I have remarked is that an HH pencil which is in this climate as soft as an HB in a cold climate becomes so hard that it even scratches the paper . . . on quitting the temple is soft again.

Did you notice the "HH" (as opposed to "2H")? It could be that there were two stages in this labelling of pencils: originally they may have been marked "BBB", for example, then at some later date this got abbreviated to "3B", etc. I suspect, too, that this method may be confined to the UK and its old dominions, because there seems to be a different grading system in the United States, which goes "1, 2, 3 . . .", though this may be just for school pencils.

Anyway, the whole question is intriguing, and any light that readers can shine on it will be most welcome. Are there one or two calligraphers out there able to help?

—Fizzgig

### Colophon

Bikwil  
18 Pembury Ave.  
NORTH ROCKS. 2151.  
trogers@wr.com.au

We welcome PC disk  
submissions in these formats:  
Word 2/6/7/97, TXT

© All contributions remain the copyright property of their respective authors

*Back Issues Are Still Available*

# BIKWIL

*The Newsletter of Quiet Enthusiasms*

Editor: Tony Rogers

ISSN 1328-7842

No. 9

September 1998

## I Rest My Case

“Ok, you guys, this is a raid. Nobody move. We know you're hidin' somethin'. The dime was dropped on you late yesterday. You read me? None of us are leavin' till you cough up the stuff. If not, it's goin' to be a long and sleepless night, so you all better line up for the pat-down right now. And any joker — this means you too, sweetheart — anyone tryin' to have it away on their toes, takes an immediate fall.”

To escape the mean streets metaphor for a minute and put it another way: this is the last call for contributions to *Bikwil's* Wagner issue in November. Those readers who have already committed their

involvement but have forgotten their heart-warming pledge are hereby invited again to submit their offerings to this dazzling undertaking without delay.

After all, who'd want to be left out of such a spectacular accumulation of eloquent prose? (“What did *you* do in the *Bikwil* Wagner issue, Daddy?”)

Would that I could also include some priceless original artwork! Well, there's still time to wield the charcoal on the Wagner theme, and that's why my perennial plaintive plea for visual virtuosity is heard once more in the land.

## What's Inside?

For a Singer and His Song	2	A Word in Your Pink Shell-like	10
Postal Fever	7	Quintessential Quirky Quotes	15
The Egyptian Art Lover . . .	8	From the Back Verandah	16
Web Line	9		

## For a Singer and His Song

Paul Robeson is, indisputably, one of the great voices of this century. Throughout his life he sang, spoke and wrote with passion and love for the world's oppressed people. He lives on in his rich legacy of recorded song, speech and written word.

His beautiful bass, heard and loved the world over, was once described by opera singer, Mary Garden, as being "like a great calm ocean with depths unknown". What a lovely description and how poignantly appropriate now! For this year is the centenary of Robeson's birth and also the International Year of the Ocean. For me, that coincidence of events evokes a powerful image and an accompanying sense of the eternal, of things enduring. Just as a vast ocean reaches many different coasts and countries, shaping shorelines and the lives of people scattered along them, so, too, Robeson's voice reaches millions of people, influencing, encouraging and inspiring them.

His gift was recognised 55 years ago, when, on June 1, 1943 he was awarded the honorary de-

gree of Doctor of Humane Letters at Morehouse College. In his address, President of the College, Dr. Benjamin Mays, said:

You have had the courage to dignify and popularise the folk-songs composed by the oppressed peoples of the earth. You have proved that you have a mission in song and a deep, abiding faith in that mission. In your singing you champion the cause of the common man. Whether it is a Negro spiritual, the folk-songs of France, or Canada, the songs of the Mexican peons, the Jew's longing for release from persecution, the brave chant of the Russian soldier, the songs of Madrid at the time of bombardment, or a song portraying the heroism of London and China, you Mr. Robeson, embody in your person the sufferings of mankind. (Paul Robeson, *Here I Stand*, 1972 ed., p. 114)

Seven years after this acclaim Robeson's voice was silenced at home and abroad: for eight years, from 1950 to 1958, his passport was revoked because of his left-wing political and social views and civil rights activities. Yehudi Menuhin described this period and the ostracism Robeson suffered as "one of the saddest moments in American social history, depriving black and white Americans alike

*She's as tough as an ox. She'll be turned into Bovril when she dies.*

*Margot Asquith*

*There's so much pollution in the air now that if it weren't for our lungs there'd be no place to put it all.*

*Robert Orben*

## Quintessential Quirky Quotes

*My advice to young conductors? Never look encouragingly at the brass.*

*Richard Strauss*

*She's the kind of girl who dimbed the ladder of success, wrong by wrong.*

*Mae West*

*I saw a notice which said, 'Drink Canada Dry' and I've just started.*

*Brendan Behan*

decided to take the London bank job, to better care for his wife. Had he heard his cousin's news earlier, his editorship of the *OED* would never have eventuated. Australia's intellectual life, however, would have been the richer.

Not to worry. One of those Australian descendants still lives. Though better known as Australia's most acclaimed living poet, Les Murray is himself a language enthusiast, with linguistic interests as diverse as German and Chinese, and justly proud of his family connection with the equally great James Murray.

Like more detail on Murray's life, the trials of getting the *OED* into print or the place in history of the "world's greatest repository of the English language"? There are a couple of options.

Try and find a copy of Jonathon Green's 1996 *Chasing the Sun* (ISBN 0 7126 6216), an account of dictionary making from pre-Babylonian times to the present.

Better still, borrow from your library the definitive work on James Murray, the 1977 biography by K. M. Elisabeth Murray, his granddaughter. It carries the fitting title *Caught in the Web of Words*. The ISBN is 0 300 02131 3.

Here is an Anthony Burgess quote from the book-jacket:

It is a magnificent story of a magnificent man, one the finest biographies of the twentieth century, as its subject was one of the finest human beings of the nineteenth. Everybody who speaks English owes Murray an unpayable debt. Everybody even dimly aware of that debt ought to devour, as I have done, this most heartening story of learning, energy, faith and sheer simple humanity.

And from the biography itself, where Murray relates a dream he claimed he had had of Dr. Johnson:

Johnson was speaking of his Dictionary and Boswell, in an impish mood, asked,

"What would you say, Sir, if you were told that in a hundred years' time a bigger and better dictionary than yours would be compiled by a Whig?"

Johnson grunted.

"A Dissenter."

Johnson stirred in his chair.

"A Scotsman."

Johnson began, "Sir . . .", but Boswell persisted – "and that the University of Oxford would publish it."

"Sir", thundered Johnson, "in order to be facetious it is not necessary to be indecent."

— Harlish Goop

of the gifts of one of their most passionate spokesmen". (Yehudi Meuhin, *The Music of Man*, 1979, p. 296)

During that infamous time Robeson wrote *Here I Stand*, his eloquent declaration of his principles and aspirations for the rights of his people. His book was first published in early 1958, four months before he won his struggle to regain his passport. For me reading it 40 years later, it has been a revelation. I am so impressed by the integrity of its message and passion of the erudite mind which produced it I regret not reading it long ago. His message is compelling, relevant now and all-embracing: speaks for all the oppressed.

In the chapter, *Love Will Find Out the Way*, he explains how living in England for 12 years from 1927 to 1939 influenced and strengthened his ideas and beliefs. One passage in particular reveals the essence of his thinking and his stand and his deep humanity and dignity:

It was in Britain — among the English, Scottish, Welsh and Irish people of that land — that I learned that the essential character of a nation is determined not by the upper classes, but by the common people, and that the common people of all nations are truly brothers in the great family of mankind. If in Britain there were those

who lived by plundering the colonial peoples, there were also the many millions who earned their bread by honest toil. And even as I grew to feel more Negro in spirit, or African as I put it then, I also came to feel a sense of oneness with the white working people whom I came to know and love.

This belief in the oneness of humankind, about which I have spoken in concerts and elsewhere, has existed within me side by side with my deep attachment to the cause of my own race. Some people have seen a contradiction in this duality: white people who have seen me as a "citizen of the world", singing the songs of many lands in the languages of those peoples, have wondered sometimes how I could be so partisan for the colored people; and Negroes, on the other hand, have wondered why I have often expressed a warm affection for peoples whom seem remote and foreign to them. I do not think, however, that my sentiments are contradictory; and in England I learned that there truly is a kinship among us all, a basis for mutual respect and brotherly love.

My first glimpse of this concept came through song, and that is not strange, for the songs that have lived through the years have always been the purest expressions of the heart of humanity. (pp. 48-49)

He reinforces these principles and sentiments in the Epilogue of his book. He quotes the closing lines from his friend, Chilean poet Pablo Neruda's poem *Let the Rail-Splitter Awake*, saying in these lines Neruda "speaks for me":

Let us think of the entire earth  
and pound the table with love.  
I don't want blood again  
to saturate bread, beans, music:  
I wish they would come with me:  
the miner, the little girl,  
the lawyer, the seaman,  
the doll-maker,  
to go into a movie and come out  
to drink the reddest wine . . .  
I came here to sing  
And for you to sing with me.

(p. 111)

Wherever Robeson came and sang throughout his long career and crusade he identified with people and their causes. On his Australian concert tour in late 1960 he met the Aboriginal people and learned about their appalling living conditions. The more he learned the more anguished and angry he became. "The indigenous people of Australia are my brothers and sisters", he declared at a peace reception for him at Paddington Town Hall, Sydney. He vowed to return to assist their cause but could not keep that promise: a year later his health broke down and his career ended. His presence among the Aborigines and empathy with them was, however, so strong that Lloyd L. Davies, lawyer and Aboriginal activist, who had met him in Perth

during the tour said he had given their cause "a tremendous boost". (Martin Baum Duberman, *Paul Robeson*, 1989, p. 491)

How inspiring if he were here now to grace the work of reconciliation between black and white Australians, to sing for us all and for us to sing with him!

His presence was palpable on April 9 this year when the centenary of his birth was celebrated. Affectionate tributes were accorded him on Sydney FM radio stations 2MBS and the ABC. I heard with delight the "great calm ocean" of his voice and songs he made famous. Among the favourites were some special to me: *Trees*, *Just A-wearyin' for You* and, of course, *Ol' Man River* as I'd never heard it before: a record of him singing it accompanied by pianist, Alexander Yeroklin in an historic recital in the Tchaikovsky Hall, Moscow, June 14 1949; also there were *Water Boy*, *Were You There When They Crucified My Lord* and (as Robeson described it in *Here I Stand*, p. 100) "the sublime grandeur of *Deep River*" . . . And there was *Joe Hill*.

Now there's a song!: a moving ballad in memory of Joe Hill, poet, singer and union organiser who was arrested in January 1914

carried out. What served him and his assistants as a workroom was an ugly unheated and poorly ventilated grey corrugated-iron portable shed lined with deal timber erected next to his house. Murray called it the Scriptorium, thinking no doubt of the word's original meaning of "a writing-room . . . set apart for the copying of manuscripts"; his children knew it as "the Scrippy". There were actually two Scriptoria, one when the family were living at the Midland village Mill Hill, and the other, slightly larger, when they all moved to Oxford, with Murray hoping in vain to secure some sort of university appointment.

While safe from fire, a draughty iron building in winter was to play havoc with the workers' health, despite the stove, which Murray was careful to turn off at night. In very cold weather he was forced to wear an overcoat as well.

Besides having shelves for storing reference books, the Scriptorium was fitted out with the aforementioned pigeon-holes to receive the millions of slips generated by the army of volunteers readers.

Murray prepared all *Dictionary* entries by hand, using a fountain pen. For some reason he preferred to work standing for hours at a sloping desk. His handwriting was neat but microscopic.

Despite his pleasure with the acclaim the *Dictionary* received, Murray was very annoyed at the fame it brought him personally. It was anonymity he craved, and when people started to refer to it as "Murray's English Dictionary" he felt compelled to write:

I wish we knew nothing of Carlyle but his writings. I am thankful we know so little of Chaucer & Shakespeare. I have persistently refused to answer the whole buzzing swarm of biographers, saying simply "I am a nobody — if you have anything to say about the Dictionary, there it is at your will — but treat me as a solar myth, or an irrational quantity, or ignore me altogether."

Millions would not agree, and might be more willing to echo Burgess, who has written ". . . the making of a dictionary is at least as heroic as the building of a bridge."

Now, before I finish this tribute to the man who wrote the *Oxford Dictionary* for the glory of God, I must tell you this. One branch of Murray's father's family had emigrated to Australia, as well as one of his mother's brothers. In 1864, when his first wife and child were ill, he wrote in desperation to his cousin, asking if there were any openings here for a teacher. But delays in the mail service prevented her reply (which actually was very encouraging) reaching him in time. Then his daughter died, so he

On the subject of technical words, the case of “appendicitis” is an interesting one. The delegates thought it unnecessary to include it, on the basis that obscure medical jargon was not fit for a general dictionary, however comprehensive. Murray wasn’t sure, so he consulted the Oxford Regius Professor of Medicine who likewise advised against its inclusion. So omitted it was, but in 1902 Murray was disappointed to find it being universally used when Edward VII’s coronation had to be postponed because of the removal of his appendix.

Extremely important was the effort Murray put into “ordinary” words, hitherto almost always neglected in dictionaries.

Thus a word like “black” was thoroughly treated for the first time, and it and its derivatives occupied over six pages. Likewise “do” (a very difficult word to cover properly, which in the end took 16 times the space allocated to it by Webster) and “doctor” (one whole page). The verbal suffix “-ing” took three weeks of research and two days to write properly. Another non-trivial everyday word was “point” which required seven pages, while the little word “put” took even more.

Murray was careful to consult experts widely. Some words found

him in correspondence with authors like Robert Browning, George Eliot and R. L. Stevenson.

With regard to layout, Murray worked hard to reconcile the conflicting aims of saving space and making such a dense work easy on the eye. In addition to his labours on this aspect for the Macmillan-Harper dictionary (nine proofs he’d prepared for that), he now, with the assistance of the Clarendon Press, devoted himself to solving the problems once and for all.

Following earlier dictionaries — notably that of Littré in France — he decided on three columns per page. It was his own idea, however, to add paragraphing and typography changes to draw the eye to the key sections of each entry. This notion he got from his long-standing appreciation of its efficacy in school textbooks..

While some may question the clarity of the original typefaces (the second edition in fact was completely reset to enhance legibility), there can be no doubt that Murray succeeded in giving the *OED* a consistent style, and devising an organisation that made it all coherent. Moreover, his standardised treatment has stood the test of time.

One of the most fascinating aspects of Murray’s *OED* work was the environment in which it was

in Salt Lake City, Utah, on a murder charge, found guilty and executed by a firing squad in November 1915. He was only 36.

Like Paul Robeson, Joe Hill, in his short life, struggled and suffered for a cause: in Joe’s case the American labour movement. He was born Joel Emmanuel Hagglund in Sweden in 1879. As a young boy he started work to help support his widowed mother and family. When his mother died in 1902 Joe emigrated to America. Rebellious and idealistic he worked at many jobs, became involved in the union movement and in 1910 joined the radical Industrial Workers of the World (the IWW). He helped to spread its beliefs by writing songs of protest, two well-known ones being *Casey Jones* and *The Preacher and the Slave*, and singing them at union meetings and on corners and picket lines.

When Joe was convicted for murder on circumstantial evidence his plight aroused strenuous dispute. Unionists believed he was framed. Concerned people around the world protested against his sentence. Among notable citizens pleading for clemency was Helen Keller. Even US President Woodrow Wilson’s and the Swedish government’s calls for a retrial

failed to save him. Whatever the truth of his guilt or innocence he became a martyr in labour and union circles and a hero in American folk lore.

The day before he was executed he sent a telegram to the leader of the IWW saying: “I will die like a true-blue rebel. Don’t waste any time in mourning. Organise.” That same night a speaker at a protest meeting in Salt Lake City cried out: “Joe Hill will never die!” These two expressions and the belief that Joe was framed became the theme of a poem by Alfred Hayes, written in 1925, ten years after Joe was executed. In 1926 Paul Robeson’s friend, composer Earl Robinson, set Hayes’ words to music. So was born an enduring song. Powerful in the directness and simplicity of its melody and lyrics, it’s more than a stirring song of protest. When Robeson sings it, it becomes a moving hymn with meaning for the oppressed everywhere, here and now in our own disputatious times.

As *Joe Hill* was part of his concert repertoire Robeson sang it many times in many different settings and circumstances and to some notable audience responses. In 1947 in a concert at the University of Utah in Salt Lake

City where Joe Hill the man had died and where *Joe Hill* the song had never been sung before, Robeson actually ended the concert with it. His passionate rendition was heard in stony silence and not applauded. How different a few years later in another city far from America. In August 1958 after he had regained his passport and was able to leave the US to resume his career, he gave a public concert which was televised in Moscow at the Lenin Sports Stadium. Eighteen thousand wildly enthusiastic people heard him sing folk songs of many lands in their original languages and those old favourites *John Brown's Body*, *Ol' Man River* and *Joe Hill*. (Duberman, p. 468)

Closer to home I've responded delightedly, years after the event, to an impromptu concert Robeson gave in Sydney in November 1960. It was captured on film and I've seen it more than once on ABC TV. Invited by the Building Workers Industrial Union Robeson is visiting the construction site of the Opera House. There he is under that magnificent roof long before its beautiful bare arched concrete ribs were lost to view. (I once stood under it myself and marvelled.) He is wearing a hard

hat with "PAUL" printed on it: the workers had presented it to him. He is meeting and talking with them, then he is singing, unaccompanied, *Joe Hill*.

Another poignant link with Joe Hill happened at Paul Robeson's funeral service on January 27 1976 at the AME Zion Church in New York. Robeson's boyhood friend, Bishop J. Clinton Hoggard, delivered the eulogy and ended it with a paraphrase from a line Robeson used to sing at the end of *Joe Hill*: "Don't mourn for me, but live for freedom's cause". (Duberman, p. 550)

In freedom's cause three men, Joe Hill, Pablo Neruda and Paul Robeson, stand together. They speak for one another and for all. They become one voice. The message endures. The voice endures. So does a song.

*Joe Hill* ends as it begins:

I dreamed I saw Joe Hill last night  
Alive as you or me,

Says I, "But Joe, you're ten years  
dead."

"I never died," says he.

"I never died," says he.

Nor has Paul Robeson.

— Bet Briggs

Murray resolved to have nothing more to do with the project. Furnivall and the Delegates persisted. Two weeks passed, during which Murray realised that he had been deceiving himself and everyone else in his belief that the *Dictionary* could be done in his leisure time.

Now, from our vantage point today, of course, we find it easy to think of embarking on such a mammoth job on a part-time basis as utter madness, but the point is that James Murray had always wanted to teach for a living, and only reluctantly became the lexicographer we remember him as.

Yet despite much soul-searching and prayer, Murray still could not make up his mind, so in the end his wife Ada made it up for him, saying that he "should choose the *Dictionary* and do one big thing well". After a completely sleepless night, he took his courage in both hands and agreed. A salary was negotiated — though not for the last time — and his toil began anew.

An important series of decisions now facing him concerned policy on inclusions and exclusions. What to do with Americanisms, for example? What about compound words, scientific and technical words, sex words, slang? Murray went for inclusiveness whenever he could, provided a suitable example

of usage could be found in print, but was from time to time overridden, sometimes by expert advice, sometimes by the Delegates.

Times have changed, of course, and in the late 20th century no dictionary maker can afford to be squeamish with vulgarisms, say, even when they have barely made their way into print.

But imagine, if you can, the situation in Victorian England while the first edition of the *Oxford* was being prepared. There is every likelihood that no swear word ever passed the lips of the God-loving Murray, yet it is to his eternal credit that he did not let his personal beliefs influence his lexicography. From the start, therefore, the *OED* contained entries for "arse", "piss", "shit" and "turd", whereas two other words (one in print since the 16th century, the other since the 14th) were omitted — though not, we may assume, on Murray's interdiction, but on that of the taboo-ridden Delegates. Needless to say, both words get a full airing in supplements and later editions. Novelist cum linguist Anthony Burgess celebrates those subsequent inclusions in the following sly manner:

One can imagine Murray in heaven nodding his beard in approval at the scholarly treatment of "fuck" and "cunt".

## A Word in Your Pink Shell-like

(This is the conclusion of an article on James Murray, original editor of the *Oxford English Dictionary*.)

By the time Murray was approached with the Macmillan-Harper invitation to edit the new dictionary, he had been a member of the Philological Society for eight years, and had delivered many papers there, all well received. At first puzzled by the invitation, since despite his long interest in words and grammar he had never made any special study of lexicography, he agreed to take over the editorship in his spare time.

Although the venture came to naught (thanks to a devious and tactless letter from Furnivall to Macmillan), Murray's experience with it taught him a lot. He could now see that the job of dictionary editing was very onerous, and that there were still serious lexicographic problems to be solved, despite Furnivall's refusal to recognise them. Anyway, Murray knew he would rather devote his life to teaching. Maybe one day he might find a position as a headmaster somewhere.

So when the Society convinced Oxford to take on the originally dreamt-of much larger work, men-

tioning James Murray as the editor (without Murray's knowledge), the latter found that it was too late to escape. He reluctantly agreed to prepare some further specimens of his work – the words “arrow”, “carouse”, “castle” and “persuade”.

These specimens, however, did not entirely please the Delegates of the Oxford University Clarendon Press, which consisted of language professors, other professors and various church dignitaries. This was partly because of Murray's homemade method of indicating of pronunciation (use of the International Phonetic Alphabet did not come to the OED till the second edition), but mainly because of the etymologies, both vital features.

At the same time the Oxford Delegates had agreed to publish an etymological dictionary by another scholar, Walter Skeat, who had been working on this for many years. The trouble was that Murray and Skeat were friends, and the former had no intention competing with Skeat. In any case it was doubtful whether Oxford would want to publish two overlapping dictionaries, even if the Society's *Dictionary's* was to be much more extensive in scope than Skeat's.

## Postal Fever

(This is the second in an occasional series of articles on free or near-free magazine subscriptions. Because such subs are so thin on the ground, *Bikwil* exhorts readers to write in about any they are aware of.)

*Australian Style* is an offspring of the Macquarie Dictionary Society newsletter that originally came out with the first edition of the *Macquarie Dictionary*. Thanks to a grant from the Federal Government, Style Council (a subgroup of the editors of the Mac. Dict., who are also concerned with organising that annual language conference I mentioned in earlier columns) have so far been able to issue *Australian Style* free, and 15,000 copies are printed. How long this can continue remains to be seen, since the Federal grant has been withdrawn.

Let's get the admin details out of the way right now. *AS* appears twice a year, it's 16 pages long, and its ISSN is 1320-0941. You can get on the mailing list by writing to:

Pam Peters,  
Editor *Australian Style*,  
Linguistics Department,  
Macquarie University  
NSW 2109.

*AS's* purpose is to air matters

. . . of style and usage, especially those at the frontiers of language

change, and to encourage a wide range of interested readers to participate in the delineation of Australian style by offering information, raising questions and expressing views.

Looking at the most recent issue (Volume 6 No 2, June 1998), I see that it contains the following:

- ◇ Editorial on various language matters as represented by current mailbag contents
- ◇ Article on the evolution of Australian style and usage
- ◇ Article on teenage talk
- ◇ Style Council report, including news of the recently established Southeast Asian Style Councils
- ◇ SCOSE Notes, a report from the ABC's Standing Committee on Spoken English
- ◇ *Draft and draught*
- ◇ Unplain English
- ◇ Rubicon, a regular puzzle page, part crossword, part jigsaw, part acrostic
- ◇ Feedback 12, the latest in the surveys being conducted by *AS* of readers' usage (over 500 replies are regularly received)
- ◇ Feedback Report, the results of the previous survey, always fascinating reading, with stats by age group and Australian state
- ◇ Book Notes, this time reviewing *The Little Book of Style*
- ◇ Letters to the Editor (e.g. what colour are hazel eyes really?)

— Harlish Goop

## The Egyptian Art Lover and the Shopping Centre Polecat

[ Dreadful Doggerel No. 3 ]

Miró, Miró on the wall,  
Who is the Pharoah of them all?

You, O Queen Arthur, ferret of the mall.

— The Fairy Brothers

## Web Line

Art galleries this time, in particular Australian ones.

A reasonable place to start is *Australian Art Links*, despite the typing errors. Here you can choose Galleries, Aboriginal Sites, Australian Search Engines or Australian Government Sites. The Aboriginal links take you to several art-oriented sites, as well as more general sites on Aboriginal culture and politics. The Government links represent web pages for the all nine Australian Governments. These in turn lead to their respective publicly funded galleries.

*Antiques & Art Australia* has several subpages. On the one entitled Commercial Art Galleries you can view lists of commercial galleries, either by gallery name, town, specialty or artist. This site has its own search engine.

Every major gallery in the country now has its own Net page. At the *National Gallery of Australia*

web site exhibitions feature strongly, including a section on Travelling Exhibitions for rural art lovers. When I last visited, the New Media subpage was announcing the Under a Southern Sun exhibition, ". . . the Australian landscape as seen through the artworks of 25 of our leading painters, sculptors, and photographers . . . the first in a series of ten titles . . . [in] the Australia-on-CD program."

Sydney is blessed with two large public art galleries, both of which have useful web sites: *Art Gallery of NSW* and *Museum of Contemporary Art*. The former concentrates on its exhibitions, old and new. Other topics, very thoroughly covered, include Collections, Library, Shop and Calendar, plus Public & Education Programmes. A fine site, befitting a great institution.

The MCA is equally well served, and likewise emphasises its exhibitions. Also present are subpages called Education and Diary, as well as links to other Net art sites.

— TR

### Internet sites referred to above:

<http://www.ausgallery.odyssey.com.au/artlink.htm>

<http://www.antique-art.com.au/art.htm>

<http://www.nga.gov.au>

<http://www.artgallery.nsw.gov.au>

<http://www.mca.com.au>

