CHAPTER VI

An Analysis of White’s Prose

Style has been said to be a kind of manipulation of language. In fiction, as observed by a scholar like Carole Huxley, style may be seen as a ‘characteristic use of language’ by a writer. As such, a novelist’s prose constitutes an important element in his fictional style. Prose in fiction is more than merely functional. Precisely, it is the keen recorder of the totality of the writer’s vision as expressed by the characters and their situations. Patrick White’s novels are remarkable for their prose. But in this matter critics have expressed contrary opinions. James Stern, reacting to White’s prose after reading his novel, The Aunt’s Story, comments: ‘... here was prose which by its baroque richness, its plasticity and wealth of strange symbols, made an unknown landscape so real that I could walk into it as into country I had been brought up in.’ Stern’s is a precise statement of the quality of White’s prose in general. There is, however, a contrary opinion also about it. A section of the Australian literary circle has shown deep dissatisfaction with White’s prose. There are scholars who find it at times ‘contorted’, ‘anxious’, and at others ‘decorative and evasive’, sometimes, ‘jerky, staccato ... rhetorical’ and often ‘a sort of fruit salad’. Others denounce it as pretentious with periphrastic jugglery, totally incomprehensible, tenuous, and elliptical. These opinions reflect only a negative
outlook. As against such sharp denunciation, there is, however, a pronounced note of sincere admiration, mainly on the part of the European critics of White's prose which they find to be characterized by an energy and vigour that seem to pulsate through its texture. A close analysis shows it as a kind of writing which, aberrations apart, is commanding, and fulfilling in the sense that it aptly conveys the subtle working of the writer's vision of reality at a given moment of time.

The 'alert density' of White's prose, to use the words of John Holloway, is what strikes the reader first. A close analysis of the following passage from *The Aunt's Story* will prove the point:

On the side against which the girls from Spofforths sat there was a window with St. George. He was mild and smooth as yellow soap, but he had crushed the Dragon. Out of the Dragon's belly had burst peculiar bunches of crimson grapes. This window sanctified the light, which poured rich and blend and purple, even when the shingles were cracking with heat. Theodora washed her hands in purple. She listened coolly to the words that did not touch. Her own mystery offered subtler variations. Her fears were not possessive. She had not yet had occasion to summon God, who remained a bearded benevolence, or a blue and golden scroll above the altar window (50).

This deeply subjective passage is at once unobtrusive and profoundly meaningful. The profusion of suggestive and sensuous projections surprises the reader. The passage, in the process of describing a church window, holds up the most
delicate change that the protagonist, Theodora, undergoes from innocence to experience. The passage begins with a reference to the neck of the church where the Spofforths' girls were sitting. It was against the window with St. George. It is a statement apparently of little import for it arouses no curiosity in the reader. The next sentence, however, brings in a detailed physical specification of St. George and adds the emphatic declaration that he had crushed the dragon. The third sentence carries on the vehemence of the latter half of the second with the words 'burst' and 'crimson'. By this time, the reader is capable of finding his way through the dense layers of suggestion, and arrives at the conclusion that St. George and the slain dragon are but the parallels of Theodora and her solitary undertaking of the archetypal quest for one's true self. The epithets, 'mild' and 'smooth as yellow soap', leave no doubt in the reader's mind that it is not St. George but Theodora with her placid and plain disposition that the author is presenting. The fourth sentence sustains the vehemence already implied. The next one, 'Theodora washed her hands in purple', indicates by its terseness, a note of finality. It shows the quiet determination and forbearance of the protagonist and her lonely predicament. So, the reader can, without much perplexity, delve into Theo's 'own mystery which offered subtler variations'. Her solitary situation can find no meaning in the pulpit talk, nor can she wait to be salvaged by the 'bearded benevolence'. Her destiny lay in her 'own mystery' which Patricia Morley has read as the 'Destruction of the great monster, Self.' The use of the alliterations in 'bearded bene-
valence', and 'blue' and the assonance in 'golden scroll' help the author present the rhetorical fatuity of externally imposed expiation. It is for this reason that 'Her fears were not possessive', meaning that she was not anxious to preserve anything, even herself, her sole aim being to eliminate the core of evil in her. Thus, in this passage, there is a compression of ideas and implications, which makes the prose dense and challenging. In the same way, the configuration of symbolic patterns, oblique sentence structures, sentence fragments, contrasting ideas in juxtaposition, the overlapping of the past, the present, and the future along with the dream sequences and a host of other elements in White's novels present a prose rather complex in its making. This kind of complexity reminds one of Lawrence, Conrad, or Greene but it must be acknowledged that the similarity is only limited and occasional. The deep penetrative and reflective power pervading White's prose is uniquely his own. It is not without reason that Colmer discovered in White's writing a prose style 'that is genuinely vital and explorative.'

A keenly sensitive writer, White spares no effort in using the language in all its variations to depict the minutest flickerings of a character's mind. As a result, one finds a prose that is flexible, agile, and elastic, and pulsating with remarkable creative freedom. White himself has admitted his nonchalance about any restrictions in his literary style thus:

I can't talk about style ... I only know I do what I do when I feel like to be done, I tend to break up
language trying to get past what is stubborn and unyielding, to convey the essence of meaning.  

The following passage from Voss, effectively revealing the smallest nuances in the narrative, is an instance in point.

'You are so vast and ugly,' Laura Trevelyan was repeating the words, 'I can imagine some desert, with rocks, rocks of prejudice, and, yes, even hatred. You are so isolated. That is why you are fascinated by the prospect of desert places, in which you will find your own situation taken for granted, or more than that, exalted. You sometimes scatter kind words or bits of poetry to people, who soon realize the extent of their illusion. Everything is for yourself. Human emotions, when you have them, are quite flattering to you. If those emotions strike sparks from others, that also is flattering. But most flattering, I think, when you experience it, is the hatred, or even the mere irritation of weaker characters. 'Do you hate me, perhaps ?' asked Voss, in darkness. 'I am fascinated by you', laughed Laura Trevelyan, with such candour that her admission did not seem immodest. 'You are my desert!' (87-88).

This passage is a record of an impassioned, emotional, and acutely dramatic outburst of Laura who is drawn, in spite of herself, to Voss who then appeared quite insufferable to her for his insolence. The prose effectively conveys the tension and excitement in the woman as she makes this rather drastic and queer admission: 'You are my desert!' The second person use of 'You' in the narration here has an accusatory tone. The forceful language with the use of words like 'vast' and 'ugly' is not so much in reprobation of Voss, as in self-
disgust at the discovery of her own affinity for him. Her agitation is aptly conveyed by the sentence-patterns with pauses and repetitions, and the reader discovers a high-strung woman fumbling for words to give vent to her excitement. Here the emotional energy of White’s prose is effectively revealed. So the sentence, 'I can imagine some desert, with rocks, rocks of prejudice, and yes, even hatred', serves the purpose of the author perfectly. The brief sentence, 'you are so isolated' gives the impression that Laura is now perfectly calm and seems to be sure of what she has to say. The sentences that follow are derivative, but the speaker’s agitation is now controlled as she analyses Voss’s faults. The latter’s rejoinder in the form of a query deepens the drama of the scene. The very interruption is well introduced as a significant gap before Laura makes her final confession in that scene. The conjecture ‘perhaps’ holds the attention of the reader who begins to suspect a hidden meaning in Laura’s invective. The final lines ring with a note of poignancy and sensitivity, sharpening the individuality of White’s style. It begins with Laura’s frank admission that she is ‘fascinated’ by Voss, and the author takes particular care to explain her behaviour but without elaboration. He brings in, instead, a terse and symbolic statement, ‘you are my desert’, and it adequately serves his purpose. It can thus be seen that White’s prose is perfectly responsive to the needs of a situation in his narrative.

The profusion of suggestiveness embedded in White’s prose is illustrated also in the following extract. White
deals with the reconciliation of Stan and Amy at the flag and of their lives. The passage reads:

... the old people recovered in time, except for a stiffness of their bones, these never did recover from the beating that they got. And the paddocks remained blurred. The winter cabbages that Stan Parker put would run together in a purple blur, till at his feet, then they would open up in true splendour, the metal leaves breaking open, offering their jewels of water on blue platters. She would come to him often amongst the cabbages. They were happy then, warming themselves on flat words and their nearness to each other (447).

Taken in its totality, the passage is an exquisite presentation of a few moments of passive companionship of the Parkers. It also provides a fine specimen of White's characteristic introspective prose. The suggestive undertone of the third sentence in the context of the not-too-happy life of the couple is not missed by the reader. The significance of the epithets 'winter', 'run together', 'purple blur', 'opening in true splendour', 'metal leaves breaking open', relate apparently to tillage and planting but actually point to the working of the mind of the couple. It is not in isolation from their own physical context and the activities of their life, but by coupling the one with the other that the writer brings it to focus. It is true that the couple has achieved little together to display and the 'paddocks' and the 'winter cabbages' remained 'blurred'. The last two sentences keep the reader wondering as to the writer's target being the elderly Parker couple or the newly wed in their first flush of romance. A passage like the
above is a proof of the novelist's artistic ingenuity. Striking symbols, images, archetypes, onomatopoeic effect of epithets used, symbolism of names and numbers, use of colours and the like combine to create the arabesque of White's prose. As Sir Herbert Read believes, 'The unit of good prose is either the image or the idiom.' White has accomplished an admirable unity of both in his writings. Further, his prose is of the kind that Virginia Woolf envisaged for the writers of the future. Woolf predicted that the novel after her time would be written

in prose which has many of the characteristics of poetry. It will have something of the exaltation of poetry, but much of the ordinariness of prose. It will be dramatic, and yet not a play. It will be read, not acted.  

It appears as if White followed Woolf as his model. The following extract from The Tree of Man proves this point:

Then they came out on the half-landing and felt the first tongue of fire. The breath left them. How Madeleine's beauty had shrunk right away, and any desire that Stan Parker might have had was shrivelled. He was small and alone in his body, dragging the sallow woman. 'Don't', she said 'I can't'. She would have fallen down and burned, because it would have been easier (180).

In the above passage, the first sentence is a lucid prose narration, describing how Madeleine was being rescued by Stan from the fire at Glastonbury. But with the phrase, 'the first tongue of fire', being followed by the short and significant sentence, 'The breath left them,' the reader's sensibility is
aroused to grasp something of much deeper implication in the relationship between the two. They were singed more by passion than by physical fire, and while rescuing her from the burning house, Stan was retrieving himself from passion's fire: "Don't she said, 'I can't'" - has almost a ring of self-assertion. The end of the passage is a fine poetic rendering of the uninhibited surge of passion that the two total strangers share amidst the blazing fire. The coordinate, 'Then', is heavy with dramatic significance. It seems to foreground the intensity of the crucial moment in the life of Stan and Madeleine. The repeated use of the word 'They' in the fourth and the fifth sentences creates an anaphoric effect, which adds to the poetic intensity of this passage. The paraphrastic use of the next sentence, 'His limba continued to make progress, outside himself', conveys a sense of pleasing weariness and sensuous abandon that is further enhanced by the expression, 'Carrying her', imperfect syntactically for a sentence, yet almost an epitome of what may be called their 'moment's monument'. The final sentence, though ordinarily patterned, nonetheless is instrumental in keeping intact the tone of the passage with its deep poetic reverberations. The narrative manner of the passage has gained a great deal in its total effect by the insertion of a moment of heightened (dramatic) tone. The reader is well aware that what White presents in his novels is a highly stylized and generative prose which may be contrasted with the stringent and bare style of a writer like Hemingway.

Closeeness of observation is another quality that distinguishes White's prose. The writer has always an accurate
eye for details. An instance in point is provided by a passage like the following (from *The Tree of Man*) which shows Stan clearing a jungle patch to start his new home:

As the day increased, Stan Parker emerged and, after going here and there, simply looking at what was his, began to tear the bush apart. His first tree fell through the white silence with a volley of leaves. This was clean enough, but there was also the warfare of the scrub, deadly in technique and presence, that would come up from behind and leave warning on the flesh in messages of blood. For the man had stripped down to his dark and wrinkled pants.

Above this indecency his golden body writhed, not in pain, but with a fury of impatience. Anæsthetized by the future, he felt neither whips nor actual wounds. He worked on, and the sun dried his blood.

Many days passed this way, the man clearing the land. The muscular horse, shaking his untouched forelock, tautened the chain traces and made logs move. The man hewed and burned. Sometimes possessed by his daemon of purpose, the ribs seemed to flow beneath his skin. Sometimes his ordinarily moist and thoughtful mouth grew rigid, fixed in the white scales of thirst. But he burned and hewed. At night he lay on the heap of sacks and leaves, on the now soft and tranquil earth, and abandoned the bones of the body. The logs of sleep lay dead heavy.

There in the scarred bush, that had not yet accepted its changed face, the man soon began to build a house, or shack. He brought the slabs he had shaped for logs. Slowly, he piled his matchsticks. So the days were piled too. Seasons were closing and opening on the clearing in which the man was at work. If days fanned the fury in him, months soothed.
so that time, as it passed, was both shaping and
dissolving, in one (16) (underlined for focus).

The above passage is a close account of Stan Parker's initial intrusion into the Bushlands. The reader has his eyes fixed on the enthusiasm and zeal of the young pioneer. As Stan fells his first tree, the author takes pains to draw the reader's eye to the 'white silence' all around and the 'volley of leaves' scattered all over. Then there is a minute description of the clearing of the scrub. The writer's keen observation takes stock of the many bruises and wounds that Stan receives in the process, leaving 'messages of blood' on his 'flesh'. White's scrutiny does not miss the 'wrinkled pants' of his protagonist above which the golden body 'writhed' in 'fury' or impatience for the future. The writer's flair for suggestive narrative and minute observation is seen to be admirably combined in an expression like 'the ribs seemed to flow beneath the skin', which indicates Stan's tremendous physical energy and indefatigable will. The implications of expressions like 'abandoned the bones of the body', and 'the logs of sleep lay heavy' are not easily lost on the reader. The last sentence is a fine reflection on the struggling man's impatient hope and patient endurance, both tempered by time. Thus the narrative unMASKS a prose which is significant for what critics have called the 'compassionate breath of vision' and the 'feline accuracy' of observation. Vincent Buckley praised White for his 'splendid selectiveness' and sharpness of detail along with their apparently casual exactitude which establish rather than assert the significance.
of a situation. The passage under examination justifies the critic.

There is a preponderance of the abstract in White's writings. The use of allusions, parallels, subtle sensibilities suggesting the religious, mystic ideas of the East and the West, influences from psychologists and philosophers, have gone to the making of the elaborate design of White's prose. Ron Shepherd has drawn our attention to what he calls,

a psycho-expressionism where fragments of the real and the unreal, the actual and imagined, fuse together in a state of psychic trance.15

This is perhaps what a playwright like Beckett brings to his plays, and novelists like Sartre and Dostoievsky bring to their narrative art. Adrian Mitchell has observed that 'the real mysticism in White is the mysticism of words.'16 This kind of mystic abstraction is seen, for instance, in passages from 'Jardin Exotique' (The Aunt's Story) where Theodore is found indulging herself in fanciful yearnings as she begins to coalesce with the half imaginary and half real world of the American woman, Mrs. Rapallo. The interaction between the two is projected as follows:

'We have a number of interesting personalities I shall be glad for you to meet, Theodore Goodman', said Elsie Van Tuyl, 'But at present, poor dears, they are out causings themselves'. She smiled to cover a pause. She touched her pearls.

'Oh, and this, by the way is Mr. Rapallo,' she said. Theodore did not turn because she knew that Mr. Rapallo would not possess a face. She
accepted his dark hand. No one remembered Mr. Rapello’s face. He was Nicole perhaps, or even Corsican. Mr. Rapallo, you felt, would disappear. Everything in the house was pure substantial, silver. The buttons strained and kept the upholstery down. Elsie Van Tuyyl looked a million dollar, in white satin, by Sargent, over the dining room mantelpiece ... 'I need your advice, Theodora Goodman’, said Elsie Van Tuyyl. 'I am going to Europe with, well, you know who. It is wrong. It is crazy. You will tell me to do instead many right and necessary things, because you are stiff as a conscience. Now give me your advice, which I shall not take. I am rich. I can buy my way out. For a very long time. I can even buy off my conscience. Now give me your advice. But, dear Theodora, I have already gone’. Mrs. Elsie Rapallo, née van Tuyyl, or what remained, and what had been added, contemplated her nautilus, as if this quite luminously justified the hard and bitter facts. The nautilus sailed on the bamboo étagère, now past, now present, materialized (165-166).

The above passage reveals a curious mixture of the world of reality and imagination. A narration like this has, what A.F. Scott calls, ‘the psychological notation’ which he discovers in its simple but effective form in Austen. As Theo enters into the flamboyance of Mrs. Rapallo’s frustrated world, one discovers the strains of a decadent culture. Her artificiality and insubstantiality are depicted in her glib talk with which the passage begins. The fact that Mr. Rapallo did not possess a face, is a pointer to his unreality. Sentences like, ‘It is wrong. It is crazy’, have a force of violence and decisiveness which helps project her inner per-
plexity and taut conscience. The note of informality in this conversational prose adds to the authenticity of the emotion in the midst of the illusory situation. Further, it adds to the pliancy of the prose. The sudden appearances and disappearances of the characters in the passage add to it an element of mystery. This is developed into a mystic abstraction with the help of the 'nautilus', which symbolizes the universe with the sum total of times past, present, and future. As one wanders through the world of the real and the unreal in White's prose, one faces a spate of delirious abstractions which the sensitive reader does not fail to grasp in their true significance.

There is often an element of ambivalence in White's writings. It has two aspects, the 'immediately detailed' and the 'universal'. They combine to attain for it a richness and elevation which is characteristically the writer's own.

White's prose also has in it the elements of humour and satire which can be seen in its ironic overtones, and the comicality of situations and characterizations. Characters like General Sokolnikov and Mrs. Rapallo in *The Aunt's Story*, Mr. and Mrs. O'Dowd in *The Tree of Man*, Mr. Bonner and his Sydney society and Boyle in *Voss*, and Lotte Lippmann in *The Eye of the Storm* readily come to the reader's mind.

Humour of the burlesque or the farcical kind is not infrequent in White's prose. An example of hilarity can be seen in *The Tree of Man* as Amy faces the drunken fury of Mr. O'Dowd and is made to run round and round the house with her
friend, Mrs. O'Dowd following closely at the heels. The passage reads:

"Quick", said Mrs. O'Dowd. "Mrs. Parker, we must make tracks. And in that small space of brown passage, with the flinty smell of the gun and its hot oil, there was such a flapping of women, revolving, and beating against the walls, as they chose some opening through which to escape. In this scrimmage Amy Parker became separated from her friend and found herself in the best room, with the bit of a door to shut and hope against. Where her friend went to she did not know, only that she had removed herself in that same gyration of anxiety and skirt (143).

This is sheer fun and it may remind the reader of Dickens, and Jerome K. Jerome, and P.G. Wodehouse. One does not fail to recognise the spontaneous vitality of comic scenes in White's prose.

Humorous instances, underlined with a tinge of sarcasm in the manner of the Comedy of Manners, can also be seen in White. This is reflected in the writer's presentation of the artificial society of Sydney in Voss. In Riders in the Chariot, the rendezvous of the two evil women, Mrs. Flack and Mrs. Jolley, as they talk over their milky teas, is not without the sharp censure of the author. The situation is comical but the underlying sarcasm is equally emphatic. However, in spite of this, White is never unfeeling or vindictive. According to May-Brit Akerholt, "[White's] irony is always accompanied by a mixture of tenderness and sympathy ..." An instance in point is the passage in Riders in the
Chariot where Mrs. Godbold patiently waits for her husband at Mrs. Khalil's house. It reads:

Suddenly she bent down for something to do, it could have been, and got possession of the smoky cat. She laid it along her cheek, and asked: 'What are you after, eh?' So softly. But it was heard. Mrs. Khalil nearly bust herself. She answered: 'Love, I expect, like anybody else' (277).

The sensitive reader will not fail to discover a sharp note of pathos underlying the apparent comicality of the situation. The suggestion that the cat too ambles along to the whorehouse to gratify itself is absurd and ludicrous, and sounds funny, but not without a sharp ironic edge, for Mrs. Godbold's question to the cat, 'what are you after, eh?' is perhaps the question she would be asking her carefree and irresponsible husband.

White's prose reveals startling deviations. Often passages are devoid of any punctuations. Small lettered words, for eg., 'oh', 'since', 'because' begin a sentence and a single word or two often make a sentence. Again sentences breaking off abruptly in the middle, often on an 'if', and 'who' or a preposition, are frequent. All these irregularities make up what Stern calls, a 'disconcerting idiosyncrasy' of White's style. But as the critic himself admits, it is not affected, being a language of an artist who stretches avoidable syntax to suit his need. The following extract from The Eye of the Storm serves as an instance in point:
As light as unlikely probably as painful as a shark's egg the old not body rather the flimsy soul is whirled around sometimes spat out anus upward (souls have an anus they are never allowed to forget it) never separated from the brown the sometimes tinted spawn of snapshots the withered novel string stuck to what it aspires to yea at last to be if the past the dream life will allow (198).

The syntactical incoherence, and neglect of punctuation create a turmoil in the protagonist that is well depicted in prose of this kind.

A few more of the peculiarities of White's prose may be mentioned here. A wide variety of sentence patterns is put to use to express the writer's intent. Of them the use of the conditionals or conjectures in sentences is prominent. No one reads: 'She [Theodora] did all this with some surprise, as if divorced from her own hands, as if they were related to objects ...' (The Aunt's Story, p. 11) (underlined for focus). Besides, phrases like 'In the beginning', 'at last' and so on are often marked in the narrative. This lends a familiarity to the style and puts the reader instantly at ease with whatever is presented to him. To cite an instance, one has, 'But old Mrs. Goodman did die at last' (The Aunt's Story, p. 11). The use of 'But' at the beginning of a sentence is used profusely. For instance, 'But the sun was looking, out of the house into the rain' (The Tree of Man, p. 71). 'But now she began to feel a sadness as she struggled against the possessive motion of the cart' (The Tree of Man, p. 25). Structures
of this kind help unravel the note of ambiguity underlying White's prose. Expletives are not uncommon, pointing to the author's mode of distancing himself in sections of omniscient narrations. This is found in excerpts like, 'It was flat as a biscuit or a child's construction of blocks, and it has a kind of flat biscuit colour that stared surprised out of the landscape down the road. It was an honest house...' (The Aunt's Story, p. 21). Anaphora is also a favourite choice of White by which he proposes to emphasize his description:

"'I do not know', said Laura Trevelyan. I do not know Laura, Mrs. Bonner realized" (Voss, p. 28) (underlined for focus).

"'It is not the German's.' 'It is his by right of vision..."' (Voss, p. 29) (underlined for focus). Chiasmus, too, is often used in White's prose, e.g. 'The hills were Heroe, and Heroe was the black volcanic hills' (The Aunt's Story, p. 21). Of the sentence structures, the reader is aware of the use of strange yokings or syllepsis. This can be seen in units like, 'The cat of love smote him in the hands of his great sone' (Voss, p. 244). The use of the epigram is also an important part of White's prose style. Catchy sentences, long or short, almost in the manner of Bacon, arrest the reader's attention. A few instances are cited: '... state of perfection is of perpetual becoming' (The Eye of the Storm, p. 11), 'Religion, like a winter overcoat, grows oppressive and superfluous as spring develops into summer' (Riders in the Chariot, p. 101), '... perfection is always circular ...' (Voss, p. 198), 'Perhaps true knowledge only comes of death by torture in the country of the mind' (Voss, p. 446).
White's prose is the result of a keen and discerning mind, open to influences and adept in absorbing all that may help develop his own thoughts. Thus, influences of Tolstoi, Dostoevsky, Stendhal, Flaubert, Balzac are marked. Modern novelists like D.H. Lawrence, James Joyce, and Graham Greene have also left their stamp. Allusions and references from the Gospels and from the mystics and scholars of the East and the West liven up White's prose. Music and painting, too, have a sustaining influence on White's writing for he succeeds in realizing his vision through 'the texture of music and the sensuousness of paint.'

The music of Beethoven and Mahler and the paintings of 'Picasso, Klee and Ray de Maistre' have also been recognized as impressive influences. He is also much indebted to eminent writers like Virgil, Blake, Nietzsche, Ibsen and Simon Weil whose influence he seems to have absorbed a great deal. All these have accounted for a kind of prose which is reflective, analytical, introspective, and subtle. So, the reader is faced with a writing which is now unmistakable for its jolly rhythms, and its unpredictable syntax. Charles Osborne has rightly observed that it is 'sheer delight to read' Patrick White's prose 'for its own beauty and for the intricacy and elegance of his mind.' The perfect coalescing of White's matter and form in his unequalled prose finds its proper recognition in this critic's judgment.
Notes and References


5. Buckley, Vincent : 'Patrick White and His Epic' in *Twentieth Century* XII, 1958, p. 192.


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<th>Author</th>
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<tr>
<td>14.</td>
<td>Buckley, Vincent</td>
<td>Same as note 5, p. 189.</td>
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18. Moffit, Ian


19. Akerhold, May-Britt


20. Stern, James

: Same as note 2, p. 52.

21. White, Patrick


22. Outten, Geoffrey


23. Osborne, Charles

: Same as note 12.