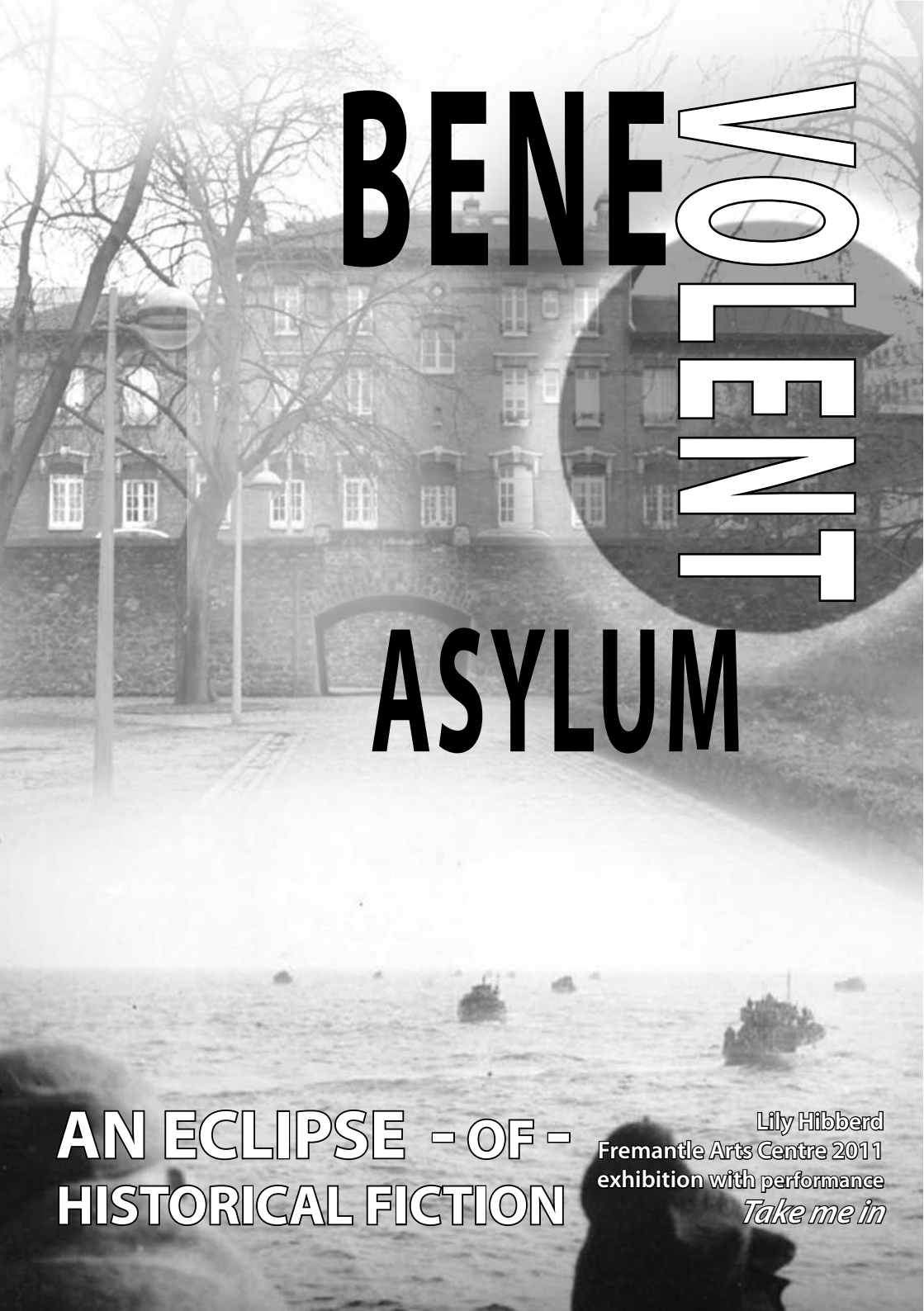

BENE
VOLENT
ASYLUM
AN ECLIPSE - OF -
HISTORICAL FICTION
Lily Hibberd
Fremantle Arts Centre 2011
exhibition with performance
Take me in

Benevolent Asylum
Fremantle Arts Centre
21 May – 17 July 2011
Text, installation, photography, video & performance work created by Lily Hibberd, unless otherwise stated, © 2011
ISBN 0-9757307-3-8

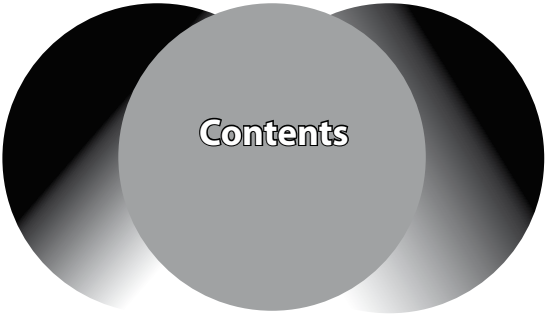
Performers: Siobhan Dow-Hall and Allan Girod
Music consultation: Lorraine Milne and Tim Cunniffe
Costume hood fabrication: Jocelyn Hibberd

The artist wishes to thank all the staff at Fremantle Arts Centre for their incredible support, especially Director Jim Cathcart, Erin Coates, Ric Spencer, George Gregson, Bevan Honey, Marcus Dickon, Kathryn Doust and Jessica Darlow.

Lily also would like to acknowledge the vision and encouragement of former Fremantle Arts Centre Curator Jasmin Stephens, along with Sydney's Performance Space Director Daniel Brine and Associate Director Bec Dean, in the long-term development and research of this work.

Lily Hibberd is a visual artist and writer based in Melbourne. She is a lecturer at Monash University and founding editor of the Australian art journal *un Magazine*. Her work is represented by Galerie de Roussan, Paris.

This project has been assisted by the Australian Government through the Australia Council, its arts funding and advisory body.



This publication weaves a number of visual and textual strands that inform the *Benevolent Asylum* exhibition, including the artist's contextual writing, excerpts from the performance script *Take Me In,* documentary photographs taken by Lily and a selection from an extensive body of archival images that she has collected by over a three year period of research.

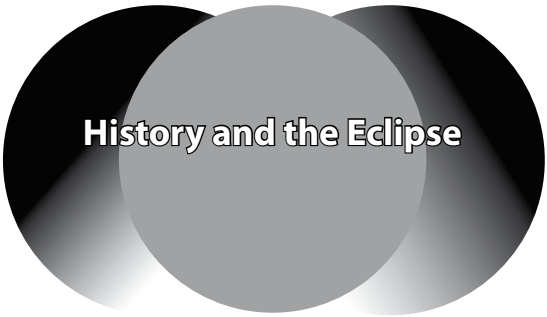
Eclipse Phase One) prediction **11**

Eclipse Phase Two) totality **43**

Eclipse Phase Three) recollection **85**

List of illustrations **100**

Cover: *Benevolent Asylum* 2011. Photocollage and photo of Pitié-Salpêtrière, Paris 2009 by Lily Hibberd, with background image of the WWII Hannibal Operation evacuations, sourced from Bundesarchiv, Germany



Take me in tells the story of two exiles, Bea and Ward. A combination of drama, history, direct account, physical action and music theatre, *Take me in* uses the *Benevolent Asylum* exhibition environment in Gallery One as a stage for the show. Weaving fiction with stories from local Fremantle archives, Bea and Ward narrate how they have come into the care of the Benevolent Asylum. Factual descriptions of the history and politics of confinement are read out intermittently by the performers, who shift between being actors and being themselves.

The performance features physical action that engages with the installation's raw materials and maritime equipment to create a strange combination of labour, movement, dance and sculpture. Music, humour and the dynamic set weave a narrative around the audience, as *Take Me In* draws on historic sources that have currency in today's prison system and detention centres.

Benevolent Asylum features scaffolding, ramps and lighting to create the twofold setting of a ship and a stage. Part performance environment and part video installation, the exhibition in Gallery One is primarily a theatrical site for the unfolding of a story of exile, transportation and confinement. This is presented, firstly, in the gallery

via a series of documentary videos and in the printed programme, and, secondly, through the performance of *Take me in* over four nights in early June 2011.

Dominating the space is a scaffold structure with several tiers. A low, wedged platform sits at the centre of the room and an overhead cable and pulley system runs from the scaffolding to a mast. Sails, ropes, props and a profile light are scattered around the space. And a big circular screen features a video of an eclipse. Enlarged black and white posters of images from archives and from the artist's site research are pasted up on big black plywood boards. A series of reclaimed television monitors are situated amid the scaffold and on other objects throughout the room. These play a collection of short documentary-style, subtitled videos that examine the history of institutional confinement in western civilisation.

Made over a three year period, the films weave narrative and site-based research in order to expose the roots of ongoing practices of solitary confinement in Australia's prisons, detention centres and asylums. Videos range from guided tours, site visits and stories from local Fremantle archives, including the Prison, Round House and former Lunatic Asylum at the Arts Centre itself, plus footage of Rottnest Island. Other histories are told, like that of Goodna's lunatic asylum on the upper reaches of the Brisbane River, the Benevolent Asylum on Queensland's Stradbroke Island, as well as the former Female Factory and Norma Parker Women's Detention Centre at Parramatta. Footage taken of London's Millbank and Pentonville Prison sites and at the prison-hospitals of Paris, reveal the parallel history of these institutions.

Benevolent Asylum was prompted by the discovery of the razed site of The Melbourne Benevolent Asylum, once the most prominent building in North Melbourne, where I have lived for 11 years. Established in 1851, the Asylum was abandoned in 1900 and finally demolished in 1912.

The current exhibition at Fremantle Arts Centre is the result of my encounter with the Melbourne Benevolent Asylum, which sparked an examination of asylum institutions as an archetype of care and confinement in Australia. *Benevolent Asylum* has evolved over three years, with research across Australia and Europe, to look at the origins of institutional confinement and birth of the circumstance in which state care and incarceration are inseparable. This work has revealed that originary models still profoundly influence Australia's chief institutions of confinement and punitive detention. In Fremantle, for instance, convict labour transported to Tasmania from London's Millbank and Pentonville prisons brought with it the Solitary System and a penology of relentless isolation and labour. Replicated across the colony in the mid-19th century, Model Prisons were established at Fremantle, Port Arthur, Adelaide Gaol and at Pentridge in Melbourne. Inmates in this system spent 12 hours labour and 23 hours a day in 2 x 3 metre cells.

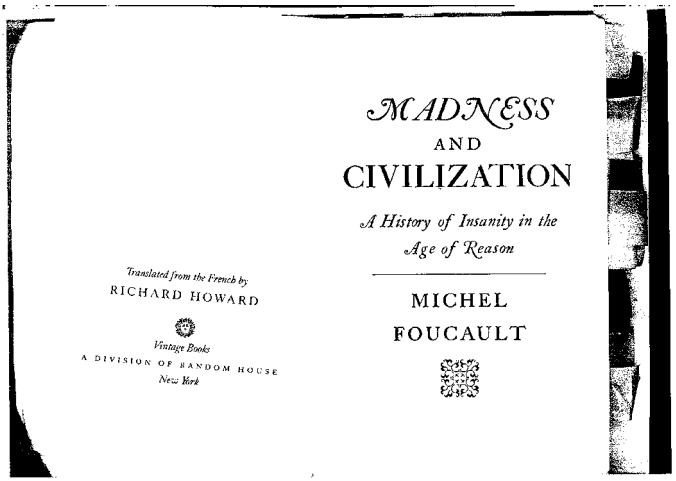
Tourism at former prison sites promotes the idea that this is a 'dark' history, which our institutions have left well behind, and that such harsh treatment borders on fiction. This is simply another radical forgetting. Confinement operates in precisely the same way in our asylums, prisons and detention centres today. And solitary incarceration is the prevailing public secret

of Australian punishment: denial of the practice is so obvious that everything is done to avoid recognising it. *Benevolent Asylum* scrutinises both the history of institutional confinement and the relationship between historical research and creativity.

> History isn't was. History is. No matter how much we wipe our feet at the front door, we track history through the house. Leaving its muddy footprints all over the carpet.
> Phillip Adams, 'History is now, not later', *The Weekend Australian*, July 21-22, 2001.

Imagine history as an active and shared practice that belongs to the whole community. How can we foster a culture committed to this vision? And how, moreover, can we deal with tourism and historical forgetting, questions of preservation or participation at significant sites, and the continuation of covert practices like solitary confinement? There are many ways that art might be instrumental in helping Australians to comprehend the past. *Benevolent Asylum* raises these questions in order to engender a collective future for how these histories might unfold.

This book includes extracts from *Take Me In*, a script written for the Fremantle Arts Centre performance series, and weaves the story of its two protagonists, Bea and Ward, into a three-part allegory that plays out the crossing of a shadow between the sun and the earth. This solar image is a key theme of the exhibition: the eclipse acts as a metaphor of Australia's struggle to reconcile history with our contemporary situation. It additionally mirrors a psychological schism of self and other, which, on a collective scale, is a product of colonisation and the ongoing razing of historical memory.



1

Three phases of the Eclipse are related in this publication, illustrated by original photographs taken at significant historical sites across Australia and in Europe, alongside images and documents that I have retrieved and copied over a period of three years from local museums and major national archives. The first phase is the premonition of exile and colonisation and the roots of Australian penology in 18th-century Europe.

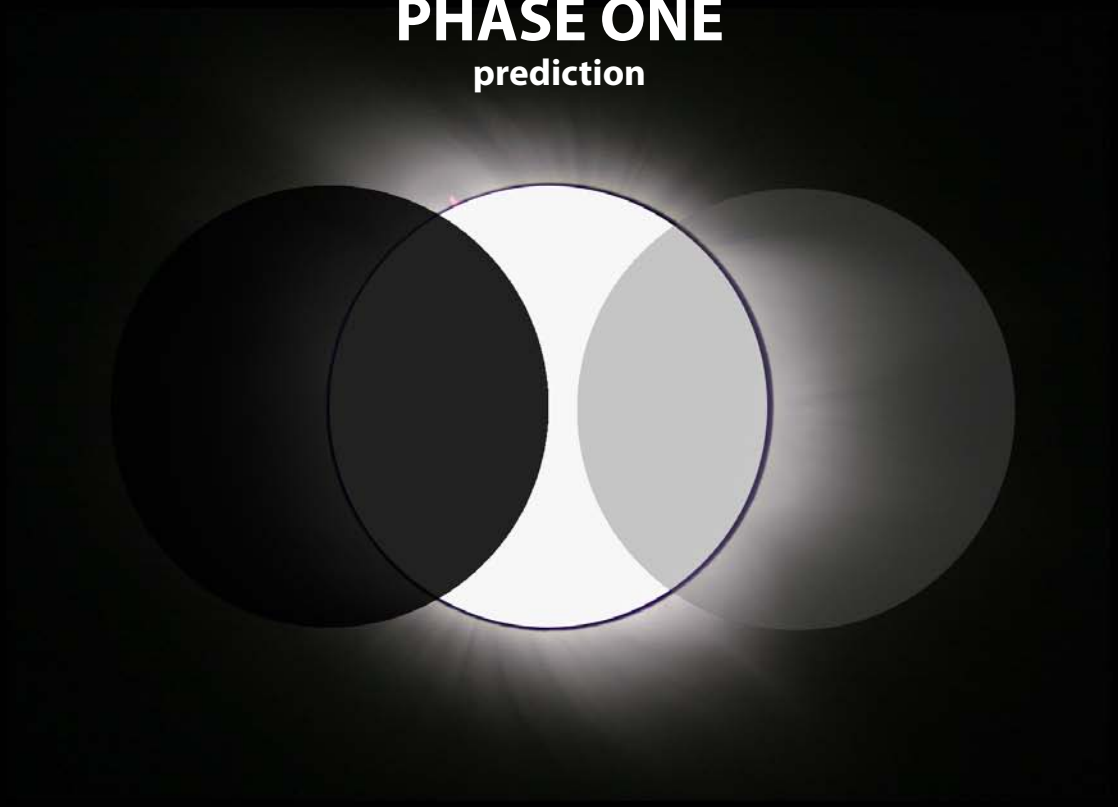
The second phase is the arrival of the confinement phenomenon to a land beyond the west, where the Australian continent initially embodies limitless exile. But in the building of its first institutions the nation gradually replicated the British Solitary System founded at Pentonville. In this period it is easy to perceive the fabrication of lunatics and criminals as the product or even figment of the institution in which they are confined. Which resonates with Georges Didi-Huberman's assertion, in *Invention of Hysteria: Charcot and the Photographic Iconography of the Salpetriere*, 1997, that photography was instrumental in conceiving the modern idea of insanity.

2

As the practical implementation of places of confinement evolved, in every early Australian settlement rivers served as powerful conduits of a colonial penetration of the continent. Without exception, the first Australian asylums were established along riverbanks: on the Swan, Brisbane, Yarra, Parramatta and Derwent Rivers, and along the River Torrens. The reasons for this are paradoxical: to remain on the verge of maritime exile and to offer the remedial benefits of the river's splendour and constant flow, let alone in service of the archaic, narrative link between water and madness.

The third phase of the Eclipse reveals the operation of secondary exile on islands like Rottnest and Stradbroke. These islands now represent the most compelling form of public amnesia in selling traumatic sites as unsullied playgrounds. But as major corporate leaseholds expire on these two islands, we are about to witness a distinctive moment of colonial expiration. At this crucial point in time, the past will come out from under its shadow and, if we are willing, we will be able to see history as it really was today.

PHASE ONE
prediction



3

4

Phase One of the Eclipse is the first contact of the colonial shadow on the periphery of the sun. This history begins well before the arrival of Europeans on the Australian continent. If we are willing, we will see that our situation today has its precursors in the invention of large-scale institutional confinement as a solution to the banishment of undesirables in 17th century Europe. This is most apparent in Paris in the mid-1700s, when, in a peculiar conflation of psychiatric, medicinal and criminal institutional models, the great age of confinement was conceived, an era that Michel Foucault has explicated in *The History of Madness,* first published in 1961.

In the following pages we will visit six Parisian sites, four of which are hospital-prisons that Foucault describes in *The History of Madness,* including Hôpital Saint-Lazare, the Pitié-Salpêtrière and Bicêtre Hôpitals, and Hôpital St Anne, as well as the Prisons de la Roquette and La Santé. The former is notably mentioned by Foucault in his 1975 book, *Discipline and Punish: The Birth of the Prison*, while the latter is regarded as an ideal example of the principle of carcetory surveillance that he propounded.

In this first phase of the Eclipse, the Parisian age of confinement exposes the centrality of European concepts of exile and incarceration in the establishment of Australian colonial institutions, especially in their British iteration with the sentence of Transportation.

5

We begin this story with a historical reversal, upstream on the River Thames in 1776, where the British returned to the use of the ship as both prison and means of exile, an image still resonant in European imagination, harking back to the myth of the ship of fools that had proliferated in the late 15th century allegory of the Narrenschiff or Stultifera Navis. Meanwhile, in the south of France, up until 1873, the galleys or Bagne at Toulon held over 4000 prisoners. In London, the prison hulk was apparently only a temporary solution but soon became the definitive space of exile for the British Empire for over 150 years. Hulks were also moored in the 19th century on the Derwent River at Hobart, in Sydney Harbour, at the Port of Melbourne and on Adelaide's River Torrens.

Although evidence of this system as a continuum in Australian history is impossible to substantiate, the contemporary attendance of stateless asylum seekers at the outer limits of Australian territorial waters, seaboard exile is not and never was an allegory.

Strassburg 1497

Stultifera Nauis

I

Jo. Keysersberg Strassburg ~~[illegible]~~ Jahrdiget 1498

Narragonice ꝓfectiõis nunq̃ satis laudata Nauis. per Sebastianum.

Brãt: vernaculo vulgariq; sermõe & rythmo pro cũctoꝝ mortaliũ fatuitatis semitas effugere cupiẽtiũ directõe / speculo / cõmodoq; & salute: proq; inertis ignaueq; stulticie ꝑpetua infamia / execratõe & cõfutatõe / nup̃ fabricata: Atq; iã pridem Per Iacobũ Locher cognomẽto Philomusum: Sueuũ: in latinũ traducta eloquiũ: & per Sebastinũ Brant: denuo seduloq; reuisa: felici exordiũ prĩcipio

Dantzig von Brieder Johanne Pauli S. Francisci Ordinis. Strassburg

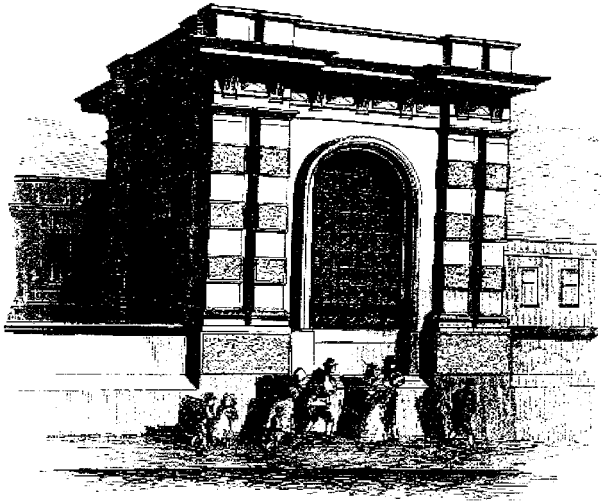
Nauis stultorũ

Imprecsu in Imperiali et Urbe Libera Argentina per Magistrũ Joh: Gruningen Ao salutis nostre 1497 kal: Jun: inde Basil. 1498.

Paris. 1507. 4. apud Badium Ascensium

Basil. 1572. 8. apud Henr. Petri.

6



PORTCULLIS GATEWAY OF PENTONVILLE PRISON.
(Designed by Sir Charles Barry.)

7

8

Take Me In
SCENE ONE
on the river

SIOBHAN: That's Allan. He's playing a middle-aged man whose time in solitary confinement has taken a heavy toll on his sanity. After years of penal servitude Ward is granted his ticket-of-leave but is overcome by the prospect of tasting honey, a delusion that exiles him for a second time to the Marquis of Anglesey, the hulk moored at jetty by McDonald's on Bathers Beach.

ALLAN: Siobhan plays Bea; a troubled young woman with great resilience and high spirits. Bea is born at sea, a child of exile. On arrival, her mother is put in the Asylum and Bea is taken from her, put to work on a foster farm. One day, Bea decides to seek out her mother, who has escaped from the Asylum to the goldfields. But the Girl's Protectorate find Bea working in a hotel and take her back to the Asylum, where she hopes that she will find see her mother again.

Siobhan walks up and down the side of the room as if tracing someone's steps. Allan climbs the scaffolding and looms over the audience.

SIOBHAN: Night after night she walked alongside the turbulent, dark river. It was always at night. Always alone. Her long brown hair loose and light in the gusts of icy wind, and her black cloak like a sail, hiding from the searchlights. Hidden, that is, until she could not scurry because of her condition, when she was picked up by the wardens and taken into care by the civil refractory at Millbank.

WARD: Well, all I did was talk. Like a good lecture, it was. I stood one day at the front of Parliament House and openly shared my thoughts and for that I also went to Millbank, right near your dear mum. They sorted us out into the rectifiable, those ready to be transported to the colonies and the entirely useless. I was feeble but considered potentially redeemable so I was sent to Pentonville, the Model Prison.

SIOBHAN: It's still in operation, just north of central London.

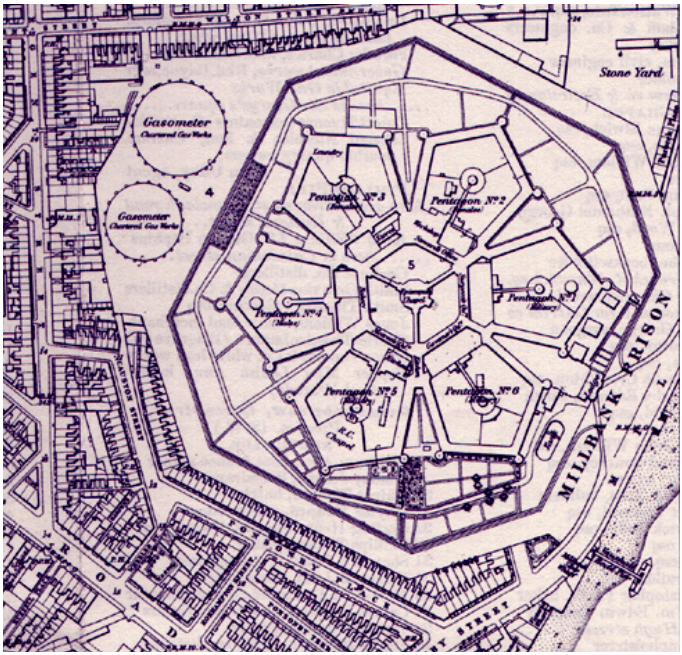
ALLAN: I bet you didn't know that the big prisons we have here are replicas of this design.

SIOBHAN: And they still spend 23 hours a day in solitary in high security quarters and detention centres.

WARD: I never did anything to deserve it.

SIOBHAN: Ward, you are such a liar! You know the truth. You stole the honey. But while your tummy might turn, hunger doesn't cause madness by itself. Maybe it was Pentonville that made you crazy. According to this bloke Christopher Hibbert, "for every sixty thousand persons imprisoned in Pentonville there were 220 cases of insanity, 210 cases of delusion, and forty suicides".

WARD: You know if I'd been fitter, Bea, I would've gone to the colonies straight off. Anyway, before I got to Pentonville I spent a few months at Millbank Prison (where the Tate Gallery is now), and my assessment was carried out according to the Separate System. I was given prison number 14183 and locked up in penitentiary number six, ward B, cell 16. I was moved to cell 4 in the same ward, I think at the completion of six month's confinement in a separate cell… but it was hard to know how much time had passed in such a place.


Stone Yard
Gasometer
Chartered Gas Works
Gasometer
Chartered Gas Works
Pentagon No 3
Pentagon No 2
Pentagon No 4
Pentagon No 1
Pentagon No 5
Pentagon No 6
MILLBANK PRISON

9

10

11

ALLAN: He was alone, in the same cell where he would work, rest, eat and sleep, without being able to see or speak to anyone other than the prison warder. Ward worked 12 hours a day, six days a week. Weaving fabric, of all things! In solitary confinement, I laboured alone in my cell, even though the door was open, so that warders could watch me as they paced the corridors. Occasionally we would attend the schoolroom, and there was chapel once a week. Once a day we took part in a brief communal exercise in the prison yard, but this was conducted in total silence. But as for your mother, it was fair enough Bea. She was a public nuisance.

SIOBHAN: Margaret wasn't a criminal. She just needed work. She was happy for some shelter, not to wander the streets.

WARD: Actually, I take it back. Margaret's a decent name for a woman of the street.

BEA: Why are you mocking me? She was my mother.

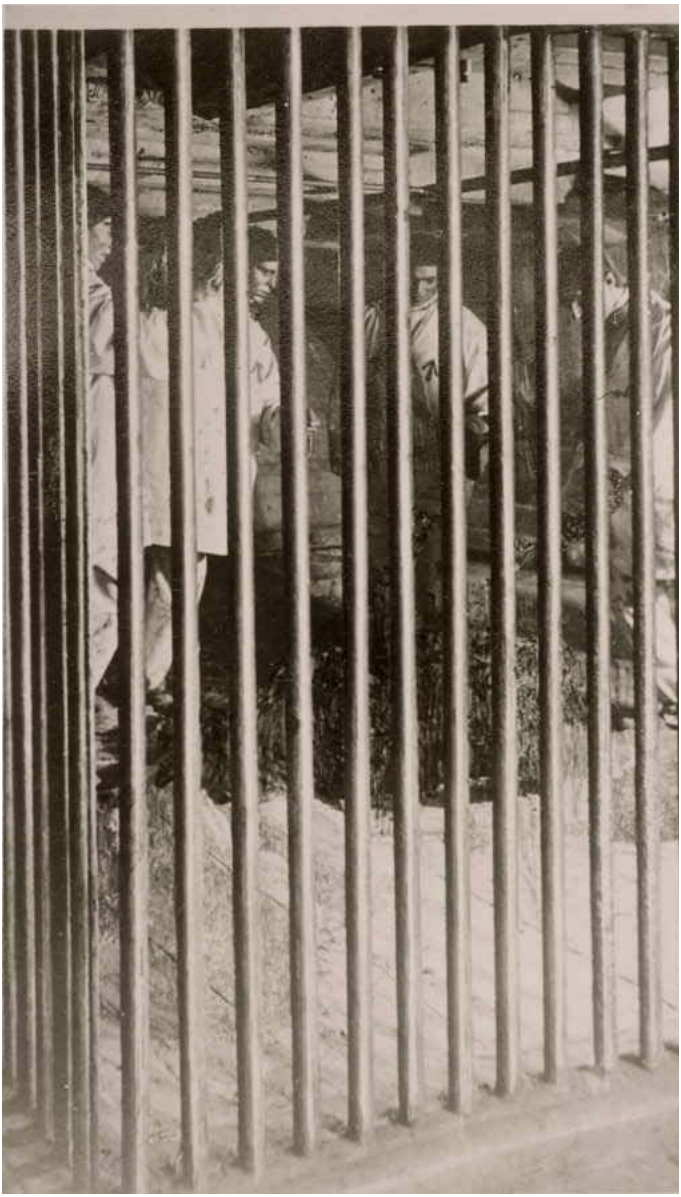
WARD: Oh, I should have been more civilised myself, but I was mad. Or so they told me.

WARD: I knew how to navigate the river. I knew it better than anyone, like I was one with its wending, slow ways.

SIOBHAN: Yeah, because madness is at home with water.

ALLAN: Is that why in Australia all the asylums were built along the river's edge?

WARD: I'd been given solitary solitude at least. And I learned to sew! Look at these hoods! Nice details, huh?



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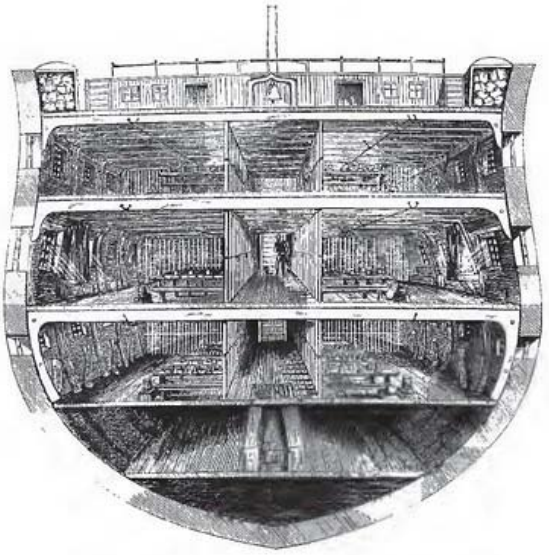
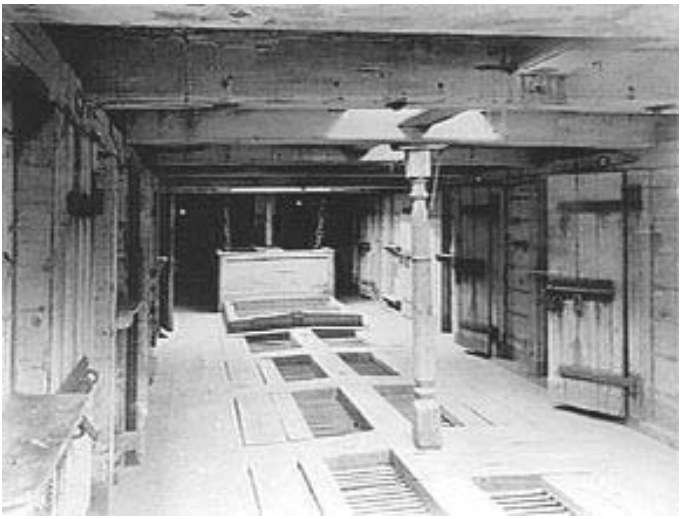


SECTIONAL VIEW OF THE INTERIOR OF THE "DEFENCE" HULK.

13



14

CONVICTS.

(From Photographs by Herbert Watkins, 179, Regent Street.)

MALE CONVICT AT PENTONVILLE PRISON. | FEMALE CONVICT AT MILLBANK PRISON.

15

WARD: Back there in Pentonville I wore the hood whenever I was taken out, which only happened for an hour a day and once a week, on Sunday, on the way to chapel. Otherwise, I was in that one-by-three metre cell all day, with a little hammock to lie on at night.

Long since gone:

MILLBANK PENITENTIARY

Drawn by Tho. H Shepherd

PENITENTIARY, MILLBANK, WESTMINSTER

In 1812 the government purchased land on the banks of the Thames near Pimlico for the erection of the first National Penitentiary: Millbank. Close to the site of the former Westminster Abbey Mill it was land upon which Jeremy Bentham had, in 1794, proposed to build his Panoptican. This scheme fell through and the resulting building had little in common with Bentham's plan. It was a cartwheel construction of geometrical complexity built in yellow-brown brick with a surrounding moat described by Dickins as "a sluggish ditch". It extended for some 18 acres over land presently occupied by Tate Britain, the Royal Army Medical College and the Millbank Estate. It contained over three miles of corridors and reports speak of staff finding their way about by a system of codes chalked on its walls.

Millbank opened in 1816 and cost half a million pounds, or £300 per cell. Lack of proper foundations and its construction on former marsh land was to lead to it sinking and to the never ending round of the patching up of cracks to its structure.

With additions to the original buildings it provided single cells for 1,000 prisoners but since they were to be specially selected for its penitentiary regime, it seldom held more than 700. After conversion to an ordinary prison in, 1843, it held upward of 1,500.

Outbreaks of scurvy and cholera took hold of Millbank in 1822 and 1823 and led to the clearing of the prison. The women prisoners were pardoned and the men sent to the hulks. Scandal followed the appointment of the Reverend Daniel Nihil as Chaplain-governor in 1837 when the public became aware that he had ordered three young girls – two aged ten and the third aged seven – to face three years' solitary confinement and denied the youngest a doll at bedtime. A prison inspector, Whitworth Russell, killed himself within Millbank in 1847.

In his *Handbook of London: Past and Present*, 1850, Peter Cunningham describes Millbank:

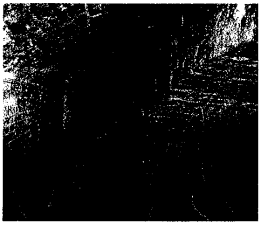
> "It is the largest prison in London. Every male and female convict sentenced to transportation is sent to Millbank previous to the sentence being executed".

Close to Vauxhall Bridge there is a plaque in memory of the many thousands taken from there to Australia.

Millbank became a military prison in 1870 and it closed in 1890. It fell increasingly into ugly dilapidation and was demolished in 1903.

As to what remains of Millbank? Low tide reveals the remnants of the staithes where ships were moored ready to transport prisoners to the hulks. There are fragments of the boundary wall, reduced in height for present day purposes, but also, contrary to most conventional wisdom, a handful of Millbank's cells still exist.

An article reproduced for visitors to the Morpeth Arms at 58 Millbank speaks of a prisoner's ghost which reputedly haunts the cells in its cellar. The Landlords, Bernard & Breda Blount, explain that these cells appear to have been holding cells, housing a number of prisoners at a time, waiting to be processed for transfer to the ships across the road. Now used for general storage they were photographed for The Key by Roy Webster, and should space allow in later issues and should readers be interested, there may be more about the Millbank ghost.



Sources: Ben Weinreb and Christopher Hibbert, The London Encyclopaedia, (revised edition 1995) London, Macmillan; Richard Byrne Prisons and Punishments of London, (1992) London, Grafton; personal discussions with Bernard & Breda Blount, 2000.

17

18

WARD: At dawn we would be ferried onto the river embankment to work on the Arsenal.

WARD: Great preparations were going on for the China War. Our first business was repairing the butts, large mounds of earth against which the guns were practiced.

SIOBHAN: The doubling is repeated everywhere you look, where the military zone is conflated or exchanged for a space of confinement. Starting with convict outposts, American army stations in World War II, and Australian Defence Force bases, the history repeats itself again and again.

ALLAN: There are two ways to conceal this past: tourism, art or hopeful abandonment. The touristic forgetting is obvious at Fremantle Prison and on Stradbroke and Rottnest Islands; the reparation of trauma through art is happening right here, and, oh yes, on Cockatoo Island. Attempts at erasure by abandonment are obvious at places like Parramatta, Goodna, Larundel, the remnants of Bonegilla migrant camp in Latchford Barracks at Wodonga, at the former Woomera and Baxter detention centres and nowadays out on excised territories such as Christmas Island.

SIOBHAN: Here's the end of Rosa Lewis' tale, called *How I drifted into the Benevolent Asylum*. "Such is my story. Too sad to please; but how could it be otherwise, seeing that it ends here, where the qualifications of admission are friendlessness and utter destitution? Infirm and decrepit though I be in body my mind is still healthy enough to be grateful for the tenderness and sympathy of my fellow creatures..."

WARD: All that time I was kept at the point of passage, in that stinking hulk. My time was coming though.

SIOBHAN: "Does it not make one revere human nature to reflect that here, in this colony, which is little more than a market-place where all are buying and selling, men have found time to plan and execute a home like this for those who have proved unequal to the strife ; to remember how they have passed in the midst of the battle of life, to shelter tenderly from the storm and the tumult, safe from the trampling of rushing feet, those who have gone down in the fight?"

Bea climbs inside the scaffolding. She pulls some sails over the side to conceal herself.

ALLAN: Embarkation always follows confinement. (*He removes the hoarding with the story on it and uses it to seal over the space where Bea is confined*.)

BEA: Get me out of here!

WARD: With bonded labour at the destination.

BEA: On the day of Transportation mum cried, "I'm frightened of boats. Where are we going?"

19

20

HOW I DRIFTED

INTO THE

BENEVOLENT ASYLUM.

AN INMATE'S STORY

RELATED BY

ROSA LEWIS.

22

23

ALLAN: And the warden growled, "Why, go now woman. Get on board. You can't stay here. You have to go! You can't stay here. Get on the boat."

SIOBHAN: Many thousands were evacuated before us.

WARD: I could see the sun going down over that horizon, beyond the west, where I too would shortly go.

24

A SONG

The Girls Of The Shamrock Shore
These lyrics are interspersed with lines from The SIEVX chronology, which is spoken by Allan while the Bea sings the lyrics and tune from Girls of the Shamrock Shore.

ALLAN: (Spoken). On 18 October 2001.

BEA: (Sung). It being in the Spring, when the small birds sing,

ALLAN: (Spoken) A small, unnamed 19.5 x 4 metre wooden fishing boat,

BEA: (Sung). And the lambs do sport and play,

ALLAN: (Spoken). Departs Bandar Lampung with approximately 421 passengers.

BEA: (Sung). I entered as a passenger, to New South Wales sailed o'er;

ALLAN: (Spoken). Survivors report that many were forced aboard at gunpoint.

BEA: (Sung). And I'll bid farewell to all that dwell,

ALLAN: (Spoken). The boat goes down in international waters.

BEA: (Sung). And we girls of the Shamrock Shore.

ALLAN: (Spoken). Inside the Australian aerial border protection surveillance zone,

BEA: (Sung). The ship that bore us from the land,

ALLAN: (Spoken). Approximately 146 children, 142 women and 65 men perish.

BEA: (Sung). The Speedwell was her name,

ALLAN: (Spoken). Although about 120 people initially survived the sinking,

BEA : (Sung). For full five months and upwards boys,

ALLAN: (Spoken). There are less than half this number left alive,

BEA: (Sung). We ploughed the foaming main,

ALLAN: (Spoken). When an Indonesian fishing boat, the Indah Jaya Makmur,

BEA: (Sung). Neither land nor harbour could we see,

ALLAN: (Spoken). Skippered by Captain Imam rescues the survivors.

BEA: (Sung). Nor we girls of the Shamrock Shore.

BEA: (Sung). On the fifteenth of September,

ALLAN: (Spoken). Who have spent up to 20 hours in the water.

BEA (Sung). We soon did make the land,

ALLAN: (Spoken). Sometime before dawn, a 45th survivor is rescued.

BEA (Sung). At four o'clock we went on shore,

ALLAN: (Spoken). Forty-four survivors arrive in Jakarta,

BEA (Sung). All chained hand to hand,

ALLAN: (Spoken). In the late afternoon,

BEA (Sung). My sentence is for fourteen years,

ALLAN: (Spoken). But refuse to leave the vessel,

BEA (Sung). Farewell to the shamrock shore.

ALLAN: (Spoken). Until UN officials arrive.

BEA (Sung). Farewell to the shamrock shore.

WARD: (Sung) Farewell to the shamrock shore (Spoken). And my home.

25

ORDINARY HEROES
LORD ASHCROFT GALLERY
PARACHUTE
Cafe
Shop

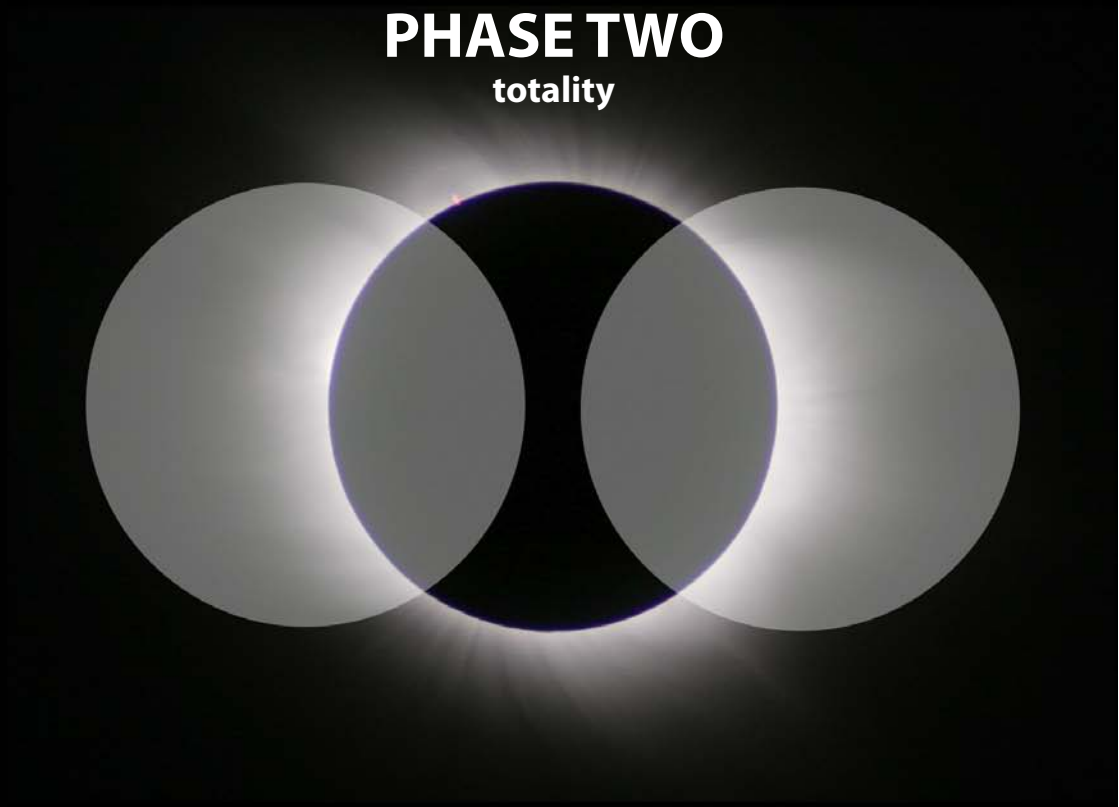
27

MAGHREB
UNITED

29

PHASE TWO

totality



31

Phase Two of the Eclipse embodies the timeless totality of utter forgetting, when the shadow of the unwilling nation relinquishes all memory. It is our darkest period yet it will end. The turning of the earth brings us with it and we have at each revolution another chance to contend with what has happened.

Australians uphold the surveillance myth as the true story of the implementation of extreme rigour and terror in the physical governance of what is politely known as community corrections. But this is a false history. The famous Panopticon was never constructed in Britain or in Australia. Yet a belief prevails that this was fully realised in order to control aberrant inmates at prisons like Pentridge, Adelaide, Port Arthur and Fremantle. Throughout the so-called period of modern progress, a secret history of penology has continued to replicate this myth, constructing increasingly scary versions of the 'supermax' facility. Sophistication aside, the intentions are the same. Only the untruth conceals a horrific reality: which has solitary confinement as the apotheosis of punishment. What nobody is willing to see enjoys an unregulated life in prison, psychiatric institutions and detention centres, now more than ever.

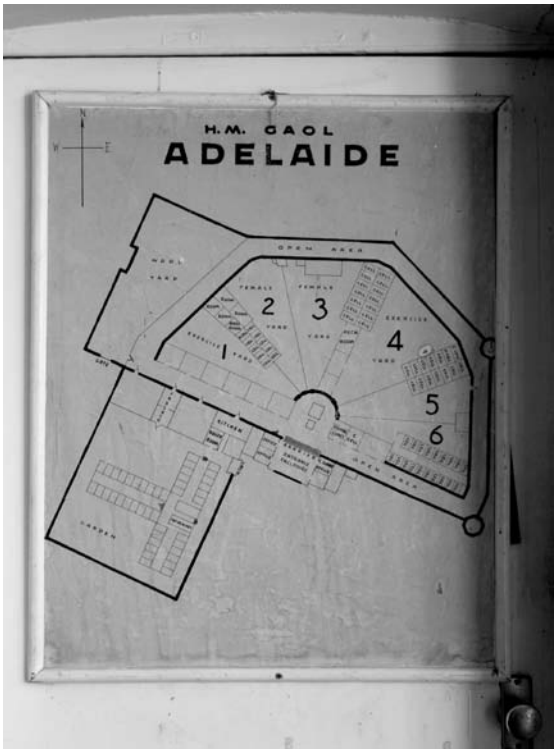
Tracing back the origins of this penal invention, we end up back at Pentonville and its extreme unctions of reform through total segregation and social deprivation. It's little known but the Solitary System was

exported wholesale with its prisoners, and the design of Australian prisons followed suit, replicating the Model Prison's radial wings and tiny separate cells, along with the hours spent in them. And cells were made to the same awful proportions. A few pages from here you will see, moreover, the original British and local versions of the 'silence' hoods or peaked caps that were worn by prisoners at Millbank, Pentonville, Port Arthur, Pentridge and Fremantle Prisons. All of these conditions comprise the organising principle of solitary confinement. It has been repeatedly proven that prisoner isolation does more harm than good, for the ultimatum of such a punishment is always loss of human dignity and reason.

What this comparison of Australian and European approaches to confinement additionally shows is a confluence between the category of exile and the treatment of asylum inmates as prisoners. This is a significant question because our respective governmental operations have been seemingly transformed to embrace non-punitive approaches. Yet confinement remains at the core of the penal, psychiatric and immigration institution, and is a practice made even more powerful for its lack of public visibility.

The continued exercise of the Solitary System is found today in the cells of maximum security prisons, detention centres, youth detention centres and in psychiatric wards. While official accounts fail to document numbers, madness and criminality are as inextricable as ever, with untreated mental illness being cited in Australian prison and detention centres, without admission of course to any responsibility for its cause. Hopefully we can understand these captives before it is too late.

32



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35

Take Me In
SCENE TWO
Arrival, beyond the west

BEA: I was born at midnight on the third week at sea. Mum held on to me the whole way over, out on the deck in the high winds. We weathered great storms, and the Speedwell tossed about in the mountainous waves.

WARD: An hour before sunrise, the vessel docks at the Harbour. I see that the Port is desolate. Abandoned merchant ships and whalers are moored at the rocks on the other side. No one to welcome us. Mind you, no one said farewell.

SIOBHAN: The port has no prison either.

WARD: The whole place is an asylum.

SIOBHAN: You mean a madhouse!

WARD: We are sick, diseased, infested.

BEA: They said, "A woman with child cannot be allowed to contaminate good society".

ALLAN: Sick, vermin! Out! Take that woman to the prison and remove the child to the foster farm.

SIOBHAN: Oh, take me in!

WESTERN AUSTRALIAN museum MARITIME

Information

The Vlamingh Plate

In February 1697 the Dutch explorer Willem de Vlamingh arrived off Shark Bay. On Dirk Hartog Island a landing party found an old flattened pewter plate lying in the sand at the base of a tall wooden post. On the plate was inscribed a record of the first landfall on the Western Australian coast, by the Dutch navigator Dirk Hartog, in 1616. Recognising the plate's significance, Vlamingh took it to Batavia (modern Djakarta) and in its place left a plate of his own, nailed to a new post.

Vlamingh's plate bore a copy of Hartog's inscription in addition to one recording his own visit. Hartog's plate was returned to Holland and eventually passed to the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam, where it remains to this day.

In 1801, 104 years later, Vlamingh's plate was discovered on Dirk Hartog Island by the French Captain Emmanuel Hamelin of the corvette *Naturaliste*, on a voyage of discovery around Australia. The plate had fallen from its post, but he refused to remove it and re-erected it on a new post, despite the entreaties of his junior Lieutenant, Louis de Freycinet. Seventeen years later in 1818, de Freycinet in command of his own vessel, was able to recover the Vlamingh plate. After many vicissitudes, including shipwreck of the Falkland Islands, it was presented to the French Academy in Paris.

Then for more than a century the Vlamingh Plate disappeared. Leading nineteenth century scholars were unable to examine it and had to make do with de Freycinet's published illustration. But in 1940, in the darkest days of World War II, it was found in a small room, on the bottom shelf, jumbled up with old copper engravings.

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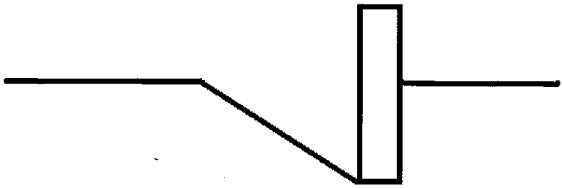
ALLAN: This hard tack biscuit was the main ration on the hulks. The hungry inmates traded them like gold coins.

BEA: I am the sun. I set in the west.

WARD: Oh it's so bright. It shines like a disc of gold.

37



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WARD: You are the sun. You set in the west.

BEA: I set in the west.

WARD: You've disappeared!

BEA: Am I dead?

WARD: No, I just can't see you from where I stand.

BEA: We have been exiled twice, you know Ward.

WARD: We all got crammed into the Establishment, the warehouse down on The Esplanade. Once place for us all; sick, poor, criminal or insane.

BEA: At seven years of age, I remembered nothing about my mother. When I asked about her I was told that she'd gone to work on the goldfields. I decided to seek her out.

WARD: Two institutions were needed: the Prison and the Asylum.

BEA: I fled the farm and walked for three days along the road. I found the Hotel where I'd been told mum worked but she wasn't there. The publican took me in. He told me to wait; that she'd come soon. I waited. I was given dry bread and milk. But she never came for me. The publican turned up after a week. He told me if I wanted to stay that some other men would have to visit me. What choice did I have? I couldn't go back to the farm.

SIOBHAN: And that was the birth of the Asylum. I wasn't aware of its existence. But not for long.

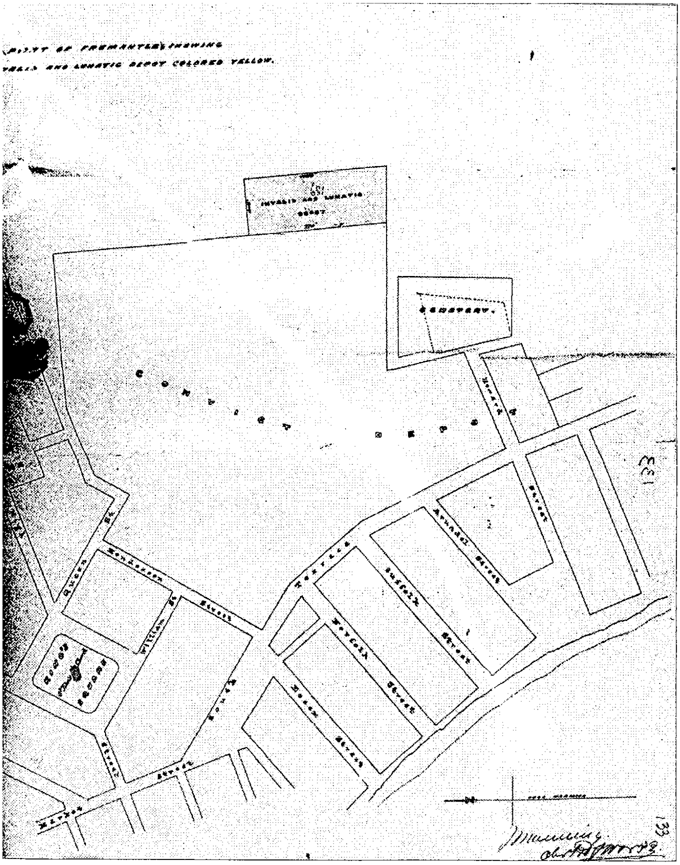
WARD: We called it Land of the New Gold Mountain.

BEA: A city of hope. A New Jerusalem.

WARD: Or was I hallucinating?

SIOBHAN: A woman called Ethel Mann recollected that her grandmother had come to the Port of Melbourne and seen The Melbourne Benevolent Asylum and she was "dazzled by the sun shining on the open windows of the Benevolent Asylum, and wondered at the magnificent building shimmering before them at their long journey's end".[1]

1 Interview with Ethel Mann, 4 August 1995, *The Melbourne Benevolent Asylum: Hotham's premier building,* Mary Kehoe, Hotham History Project, 1998, 19.



Part of Fremantle showing, Invalid & Lunatic Asylum, Cemetery, and Convict Depot. Date: circa 1859

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ALLAN: As the decades progressed the asylums penetrated the continent. They established the spaces of exclusion on the river.

SIOBHAN: Yes, I heard you before… It's the same all over the nation.

ALLAN: The river and the asylum are inseparable.

Fremantle Lunatic Asylum (1865-1905)

Claremont Hospital for the Insane (1903-14)

Point Heathcote Reception Home (1929-1994)

ALLAN: In *Behind these walls,* Audrey Fowler quotes a dialogue from a colonial inquiry that was held at the turn of the last century, after two inmates died in suspicious circumstances. In the Chairman's interrogation he claims, "Though it is early in May, and the sun still a potent factor of discomfort, a large proportion are bare-headed. I learn subsequently that these are supposed to have no brains to be affected, or that the contents of their cerebral cavities are already so thoroughly 'baked' as to be practically all crust."

Times collide as past exposed

By MICK PASKOS

HERES@Y has it that the tranquil grounds of the Fremantle Arts Centre are about to be disturbed by local artists depicting the alarming and often horrifying history of the idyllic site.

Present-day visitors to the civilised centre for arts are often unaware the site has been a home for the mentally ill, a women's house and a US naval headquarters in its 130-year history.

This heritage will be explored in "Heres@y", a collaborative project between local artists opening this Sunday.

Heres@y co-ordinator Melissa Harpley sees the project as an opportunity for the centre to work with different art forms and artists in presenting contemporary perspectives on important local history.

The centre is renowned for its art exhibitions, but Heres@y will combine performance, poetry, installations and soundscapes in a two week event starting on October 22.

Last year, "Absence of Evidence" explored the site's history through performance and exhibition, and the new project is a continuation of that research.

Heres@y expands the boundaries to include pre-colonial history and male performance.

"The history of the lunatic asylum is still the main focus," Melissa said.

"Maybe it is because of the contrast between the awfulness of how it was and the current place."

The issues of mental illness and insanity were not dealt with lightly in the project, Melissa said.

"We have been very careful to avoid stereotypes and to explore the wider societal structure that constitutes madness," she said.

"But it is important for the centre and the artists to take a risk and explore the issue in different forms."

Performances at Heres@y include Snapshot, which examines labelling as a way of changing people's perceptions.

Presented by Holly Story, Judy Durey, Jenny Garroun, Jackie Kerin and Margaret McPherson, the work will be performed at various times over each weekend of the project.

Theatre will be used to explore the life stories of some mentally ill patients in Murdoch University's Polyphony; Multiple Voices, Multiple Stories.

Ashley Higgs will perform live poetry readings, while Yamagee artist Julie Dowling will recount the oral history of relatives institutionalised at the site.

Mar Bucknell and ACR have installed sound sites, based on the history of the centre, in its walls.

Heres@y runs from October 22 to November 5 and performance times are available on 3360233.

All performances are free, except Polyphony, and tickets are available on 3606248.

Clockwise from top left: Judy Durey, Margaret McPherson, Holly Story and Joan Pope provide a Snapshot of women at Heres@y.

SIOBHAN: MR TAYLOR replied: "That is perfectly correct… in Victoria, if a man will not keep his hat on, there is a special cap with a lock. The cap goes around his head and is locked on him."

WARD: The work reminded me of Woolwich arsenal. I started to lose my reason, that hot sun boiling my brain. It burnt a hole in my fragile mind, like the surgeon had warned. I thought I was back there on the Thames. I started ranting again.

Weekend magazine

EARLY INSANITY

HUGH SCHMITT looks at the early history of mental health in Western Australia as recorded by Dr ARCHIE S. ELLIS, a former Director of Mental Health Services in Western Australia. Later developments in the treatment of mental health will be examined on page 11, Monday.

THE Swan River Colony's first mental asylum was aboard an 18th century merchant ship driven on to the beach at Fremantle during a violent storm.

The Marquis of Anglesey not only served as an asylum, it was also the colony's first gaol, post office, harbour master's office and home-from-home for the Governor when he visited Fremantle.

As an asylum the stranded barque had only one "patient" — as far as records show.

The dubious honour of being the first mental patient "committed" went to Dr Nicholas Were Langley, ship's surgeon on the Rockingham, which brought some of Thomas Peel's settlers to the colony in May, 1830.

What happened to the passengers of the Rockingham and those from two other Peel ships was enough to drive anyone crazy or at least to drink.

The Rockingham went aground south of Fremantle on May 14, 1830 and its hapless passengers saw visions of a land of milk and honey disappearing out of the portholes.

They were landed on the windswept beach to join the rest of Peel's miserable contingent, huddled in the sandhills, sick, wet, cold and hungry.

It was then that Dr Langley, who should have been offering comfort and help to the dismayed settlers, started to manifest signs of insanity.

In a soon-to-be-published book called "Eloquent Testimony," Dr Archie S. Ellis, former Director of Mental Health Services in WA, tells of the violent and noisy behaviour of the physician who could not heal himself.

Dr Ellis, who held his director's post from 1963 to 1977, has written a fascinating story on the history of mental health care in this State from 1830 to 1975.

'Dr Langley, who should have been offering help to the dismayed settlers, began to manifest signs of insanity.'

Though there have been many dark periods in this history, Western Australia has emerged from it all as one of the leaders in Australia — if not the world — in mental health care.

But back to Nicholas Langley.

The Somerset-born medico was nowhere to be seen when Alexander Collie, a naval surgeon, was sent by the Governor to investigate the plight of Peel's migrants on the beach.

Dr Langley was too busy making a pest of himself around Fremantle where he was in constant trouble with the magistrates for behaving violently and noisily.

Collie found Dr Lyttleton, former surgeon in Peel's ship Gilmore, struggling alone with a community of 400, of which 28 had died and the rest were suffering from scurvy, diarrhoea, dysentery and ophthalmia.

Fremantle's Round House in which Western Australia's first mental patient was transferred after it had been finished in 1831.

Fremantle magistrates Leake and Bannister sent Dr Langley to Perth to be examined by Dr Milligan, but there is no record of his medical findings.

Soon he was back in Fremantle on the rampage.

The magistrates complained to Peter Broun, the Colonial Secretary in Perth. They wrote: " . . . the expense attending his detention will be very great, and we are not aware that he has any means in his possession to meet it. We therefore feel it is our duty to request . . . that some arrangements may be made if possible for his present security and consequent safety of individuals exposed to his violence."

Three weeks later, not having heard from Broun, the magistrates "committed" Langley on board the Marquis of Anglesey.

The Marquis had gone ashore near Arthur Head where the old gaol, the Round House, now stands (it hadn't been built then).

The disturbed doctor continued his shenanigans aboard the "prison ship."

He threw overboard everything he could lay his hands on, including six oars, two masts, part of a hencoop and 11 panes of window glass.

He also threw into the sea, according to early records, "frocks and trowsers belonging to Mr Coleman, lent to him because he had no other clothes."

To supervise the turbulent young doctor, the deputy Harbour Master hired a labourer for seven shillings a day, which caused some heartburn with the Colonial Secretary. He wrote to the deputy Harbour Master: "The expenses for Dr Langley's maintenance and his keeper are exorbitant. Three shillings a day for his maintenance appears sufficient, and seven shillings a day is certainly too much for a common labourer."

In January, 1831, the Round House — actually it's octagonal — was completed and the Marquis of Anglesey was left to its rats.

Langley and his keeper were transferred to the Round House.

Efforts to send the deranged doctor home or to Hobart (which had a fine new asylum) failed, mainly because of the expense involved.

In the Round House Nicholas Langley quietened down and hopes were raised that he had recovered his senses. A report from the prison superintendent to the Colonial Secretary said . . ." he has been for some time perfectly docile, and free from mischief."

Eventually Langley was released, and the next record of him was when he attended a settler named Crapp who had been wounded in the head by Aborigines. The patient died.

In August, 1832, Dr Langley treated the hour of the only duel in the colony's history.

The duel was fought with pistols between solicitor W. N. Clark who was also the proprietor of a local newspaper, and businessman George Johnson, owner of a rival paper.

Johnson was wounded, and the colony's first private practitioner, Dr Harrison, who was "present, but out of sight of the participants," sent for Dr Langley.

The ever-wide black sheep examined the wound, trusted it and stayed with Johnson till he died the following day.

Dr Langley lost a third historic patient two years later when Captain Ellis, superintendent of the Mounted Police, was wounded in the Battle of Pinjarra, in which 23 Aborigines were killed by a punitive expedition led by Governor Stirling himself against the Murray River tribe.

Captain Ellis received a spear wound in the head and was taken to the Perth Hospital — then at Mt Eliza — where, despite the attention of Dr Langley, he died about a week later.

Langley's bill, which was disputed by Alexander Collie, by then Colonial Surgeon, came to £31/10/, and included "medicines, cuppings, bleedings and dressings, and day and night attendance on the Captain both at the Murray and at Mt Eliza."

Langley said he attended his patient for 13 days, but Collie said it was more like eight days and that is all he was paid for.

Comments the author rather wryly: "Such uncompromising administrators would creditably fill senior positions in our present-day ministerial health services."

The trouble-prone young surgeon died tragically a few years later, in April, 1835.

A newspaper report on his death said in part: ". . . the body of Mr Langley, a medical gentleman, was found by one of Mr Bateman's children on a bank near the river, in such a position as alarmed the child . . . lying on its hands and knees, quite stiff and cold."

Dr Harrison, the duel witness, was called and after examining the body, concluded: "The deceased, in the act of going up the bank, had fallen forward with some degree of violence, which had occasioned a concussion sufficient to rupture a vessel in the head, being predisposed to such an accident from a full habit of body."

'Patients recovered out of sheer terror of a repetition of the treatment . . .'

The colony's first recorded mental patient was given a big funeral, which was attended by "most of the respectable inhabitants of Fremantle."

Dr Ellis's book outlines some of the early treatments for mental disorders.

They include the "douche" and "Rotatory motion."

The douche method involved the patient being placed in a warm bath — with spring-straps to fasten him if necessary — and a stream of water directed on his head from varying heights.

Writes Dr Ellis: "This treatment was highly effective . . . patients recovered out of sheer terror of a repetition of the treatment — or so it was said."

The rotatory machine was no less horrific.

It consisted of "two perpendicular posts connected by transverse beams, a strong armchair with straps to secure the patient, and four ropes attached to it and kept apart above by a perforated piece of wood . . . the chair is made to turn by ropes and pulleys."

Cupping, or bleeding, was another early treatment for the insane. The reasoning behind this treatment was that insanity was caused by engorgement of blood vessels in the brain, and that anything that would reduce the flow of blood to the grey matter would improve the patient's mental state.

Purging with castor oil or Epsom salts was also a common treatment.

"There was heavy emphasis on bowel regularity," says Dr Ellis, "which remained with the medical profession for more than 100 years."

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SIOBHAN: So he was taken back into the hulk. Soon there were more lunatic convicts than sane. And hardly any difference between them.

ALLAN: It was the Marquis of Anglesey. A merchant ship which had broken its moorings in a storm and drifted ashore near Arthur Head, where the Round House now stands. The Marquis was serving many functions, including those of harbour-master's office, post office, a prison and residence for the governor when he visited, and then an asylum for Ward, their first shipboard inmate.[2]

WARD: I was trapped there in the hulk with only enough room to sit down, or stand up with my head bowed. It was below Captain Scott, the Harbour-master's office. I heard their voices, while the wild, angry sea beat at my open grill, coming right in when the waves whipped up enough, filling the tiny cell with icy saltwater. I was hardly dry those six weeks.

SIOBHAN: Officially, prisoners and inmates across all the systems can only be held in solitary for 24 hours these days, but they can be reassigned by a single signature for weeks on end.

BEA: The Marquis was moored just by the McDonald's outlet, that used to be down there, at the pier. No trace now of course.

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2 Based on A.S. Ellis's *Eloquent Testimony: The Story of Mental Health Services in Western Australia* 1830–1975, University of Western Australia Press, 1984, 4.

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SIOBHAN: Apparently you could watch all the prisoners at once from the central observation point.

ALLAN: That's a lie. You can't see anyone from the tower because there isn't one.

SIOBHAN: But what about the Panopticon? I thought that the architect Jeremy Bentham made a joint where you could see all the prisoners from one place; that everyone was under surveillance all the time.

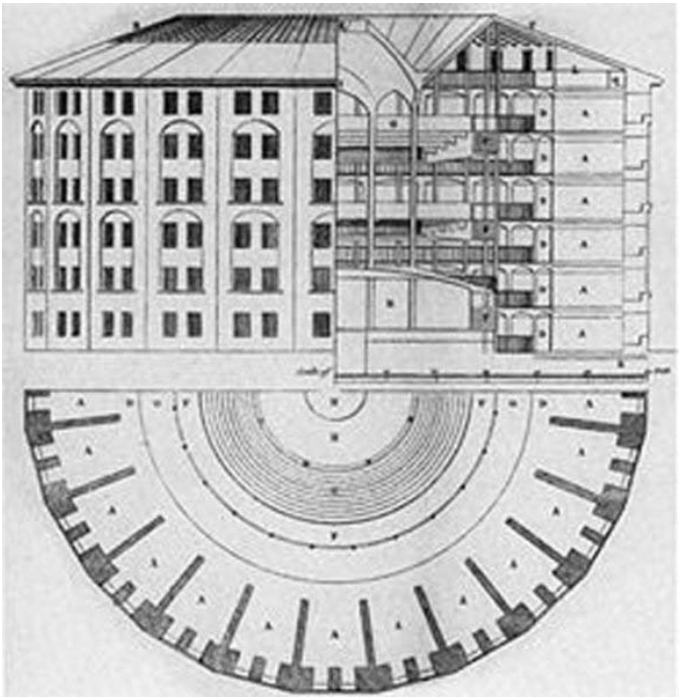
ALLAN: Most people think that our prisons are a replica of this idea. But Bentham's project was never commissioned by the British Government. They chose instead to build Pentonville, and the Model Prison at Millbank, with its Solitary System, and that's what we have inherited.

SIOBHAN: No. Really?

ALLAN: Yes, in the 19th century it was Port Arthur, Fremantle and Pentridge, and now it's concealed within the high security units in the mainstream prison system. Bentham's Panopticon was never built, no matter what they tell you.

SIOBHAN: So… let me get this clear. The Round House is not a replica of the Panopticon.

ALLAN: No, Siobhan. It's a cover up of our true history, and the insidious regime of solitary confinement. In fact, Bentham wrote a proposal called "Panopticon versus New South Wales". He was totally against the transportation of convicts to the colonies because he wanted to make stacks of money from the design and



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commission of state prisons and a matching penology. But it was another Brit called Joshua Jebb that had his work approved.

SIOBHAN: So were our institutions built on the Pentonville Plan?

ALLAN: Look at the drawings. They're usually a radial design, with inmates kept apart in tiny cells along long corridors. Pentridge, over there in the west, is a good example. Even its name… gives it away, right? Pentonville-Pentridge. It's a system of penitence. Punishment pretending to be reform.

SIOBHAN: Oh, I see the resemblance now. In every Australian state we have these secret Supermax facilities inside major prisons.

ALLAN: Yep. It's basically a solitary system hidden within the existing system. Special cells have been built inside Goulburn Correctional Centre, Risdon Prison, Yatala Labour Prison, Alice Springs Correctional Centre, and Casuarina Prison, here in Western Australia.

SIOBHAN: The cell sizes are exactly the same too: 1 x 3 metres. The prisoners are kept in there for 22 to 23 hours a day. They sleep, work and eat in their cells. According to the Casurina webpage, there are a variety of workshops where prisoners can learn: metal fabrication, cabinet making, boot and shoe manufacturing, printing, baking and making concrete products. How strange, it is just like at Millbank, where they also learned shoemaking – why would you need that trade now? It's a spectre from the Model Prison…

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ALLAN: Here we go. Fremantle Asylum Patients were classified as Quiet and Chronic, Maniacal and Dangerous, Melancholic and Suicidal, Idiotic, Paralytic and Epileptic. Causes include: domestic worry, leading a solitary life, adverse circumstances, sunstroke, disappointment in love, excess of opium, or just acting as a lunatic.[3]

BEA: I'd been at the hotel for three years when they came looking for me. Someone must have dobbed me in. It was a long, long way back to the Asylum but I was glad they were taking me back to where I last saw mum. Maybe she was still there? I was in the dark.

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3 Margaret McPherson, *The Art of Lunacy,* 2003 lecture paper in Fremantle City Library.

THE ART OF LUNACY

BY

MARGARET MCPHERSON

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FREMANTLE
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ALARM
PSYCHO-
OLOGIST
REMAND
YARD
SOCIAL
WORKER
RESET
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[1872]

362.6

RULES

FOR THE GUIDANCE OF ATTENDANTS,

Fremantle Lunatic Asylum.

Gentleness. *Firmness.* *Truthfulness.*

1. An Asylum is not merely a house for the accommodation of persons of unsound mind, it is an institution for the cure of those laboring under mental disease.

2. Patients must be employed as much as possible. The more heartily Attendants enter into amusements and encourage occupation of the Patients, the more highly they will be esteemed.

3. In dealing with the insane it is wrong to suppose that any special line of conduct is advisable; the more nearly they are treated as sane and reasonable beings the more easily will they be managed.

4. No kind of deception should be practised towards patients, either with a view of rendering them more amenable to management or of inducing them to undertake work; all promises made must be strictly kept.

5. Should violence towards a Patient be proved against an Attendant, immediate dismissal will follow.

6. The study of the Attendants must be to induce the Patients to apply themselves to some occupation; and the Surgeon will feel obliged to the Attendants for any suggestion tending towards the improvement of the health or comfort of the Patients.

July 1, 1872.

H. CALVERT BARNETT,
Surgeon, Colonial Asylum.

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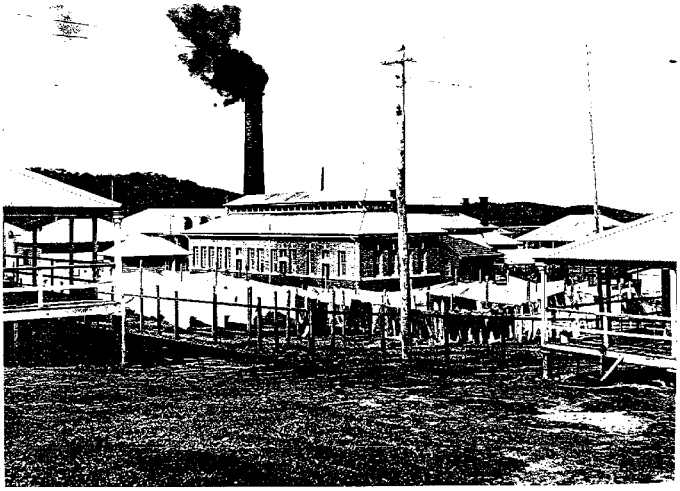

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SCENE THREE: Labour and the asylum

WARD: I had trouble walking upright when they took me out of the tiny, low cell. We had plenty to do, digging out the rock for the railroad. It had to be straight mind you, which wasn't my gig after that Round House and its rotary machine.

BEA: I woke up on my first morning in the ward. The sun was hot and white. It came through the leadlight right into my eyes. It took a moment to work out where I was. A woman in white came up to my bedside and started stroking my cheek. I squinted. In focus she was black-toothed and cross-eyed. I'd been restrained with some sheets, so I couldn't move. I closed my eyes and hoped the woman might look different with a second go. She whispered in my ear. "Shhhhh. Lie there still and peaceful my dear. They'll leave you be if you're quiet enough."

WARD: You never learned Bea. I was well behaved, so I was taken out of Fremantle Prison. Assigned to work for the Sons of Freedom Stockade, on the new Stirling Highway.

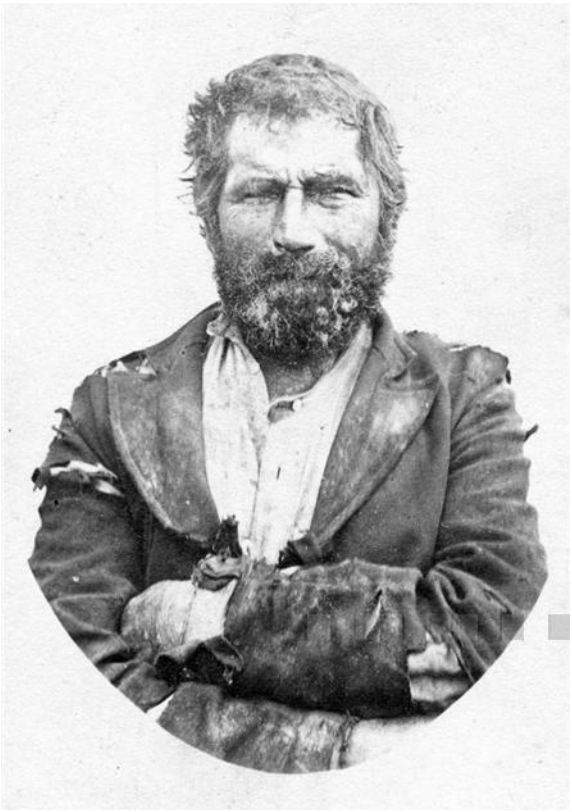
BEA: Ha! The Sons of Freedom! That's a joke.

WARD: I was good. I saw the time out. I saw hope, there was gold on the horizon.

SIOBHAN: See that poster? Trouble was coming. Every conman and robber descended when gold was discovered. But the gold was just a lure. Hundreds poured back into the cities looking for a livelihood. It would be trouble for the women too. As the Asylum grew overcrowded we were given out to any free man who offered to take us in. I wasn't going to wait for that!

WARD: All the gold had been mined already. After the fever was gone, I had no reason left. I wandered aimlessly in the fields. I was destitute. All that was left to do was walk. I was on the wrong side of the west. To start with, everything was upside down. I had to learn how to read the land from another perspective, except I couldn't figure it out. I wandered north instead of east, then southwest for several days, until I saw the same hills on the horizon. The streams and lush crops I had envisaged disappeared from my imagination as dry, dry grasses slowly thinned out to hard, barren earth and a few sinewy, mawkish trees. There was nothing to orient to. There was no direction at all. I'd even lost sight of the river. It was a mystery. But then I caught the waft of such an adorable sweet scent.

BEA: Oh no, honey again!



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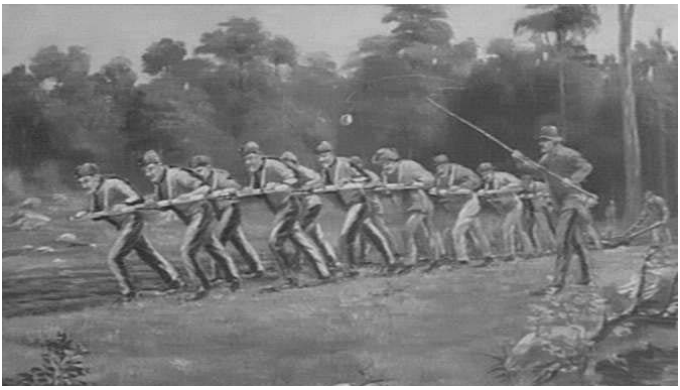
WARD: Yes… I followed the winds of circumstance, and behold a field of hives. I gorged and drank the liquid amber straight from the honeycomb. I forgot all caution, and I was nabbed sticky-handed. The keeper locked me in his storeroom with a nest, where I sat until the police came for me. None of the bees were bothered by my presence, they were on my side, I reckon.



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WARD: I'd seen them stripping the ships and I feared those yellow hulks out there more than exile itself. But that's where I was sentenced, after breaking the terms of my bond labour with the Sons of Freedom. The ships had been abandoned by the merchants, after bringing goldseekers to these lands. They clustered together on the harbour under a cloud of sulphur and vermin. Small skiffs brought us ashore to work on the ports and the banks. Kept at the point of embarkation, exiled again.

SIOBHAN: If only Christmas Island were closer.

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SIOBHAN: That's here, upstairs! Is it a sewing club?

WARD: I thought they were your ghosts.

SIOBHAN: Women were made productive. It was an industry. We did a lot of textile work.

ALLAN: It was the same in all the prisons and asylums right up to the 1990s and maybe even now. The signs are still there on the buildings out in Parramatta at the Norma Parker Periodic Detention Centre.

SIOBHAN: Women made clothes and the men made the roads.

SIOBHAN: Julia Gillard, July 06, 2010: I have no truck with constraining debate on the big questions. I am for frank, open, honest national conversations, so let's have a frank, open, honest national conversation on the issues of border protection and asylum seekers.

WARD: I'll give you frank! I heard that you were part of the most formidable outbreak that ever occurred in the country.

SIOBHAN: That was at the Female Factory in Parramatta.

WARD: Well, I heard that the periodical close-cropping of the women's hair was the prime cause of the outbreak. From Samson downwards it has been a dangerous trick to play on a man or woman.

BEA: Yeah, that was one day the wardens will never forget. We, the Amazonian women inmates, staged an uprising in our new quarters. We were headed by a ferocious giantess, known as a regular she-Ajax. We rose upon the guards and turnkeys, and made a desperate attempt at escape by burning the building.

BEA: The officer commanding the troops then occupying the stockade, sent a hundred men, half of them armed only with sticks, and an effort was made to drive the fair insurgents within one of the yards, in

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order to secure them. This manoeuvre, however, failed. They laughed at the cane-carrying soldiers, refuting their attempts at a regime by a furious charge upon the gates in which one man was knocked over by a brickbat from Mrs Ajax. The military were reinforced; the magistrate made them load with ball-cartridge, and the desperadas were eventually subdued.[4]

SIOBHAN: Can you stop that Allan?

BEA: But I was in trouble! They didn't know what to do with the Ajax and I. Except she, being an island woman, and I, being of mixed origins, were chained by hand and foot to each other and transferred to the Round House.

WARD: I didn't think they held women there.

4 Godfrey Charles Mundy, *Our Antipodes: or, Residence and rambles in the Australasian,* Volume 1, 137-8.

67

SIOBHAN: Oh yeah, there was a cell above the Round House entry especially for female prisoners. But womenfolk were too scarce a resource to be kept inside for long.

WARD: I bet they didn't know what to do with you and the Ajax. But hey, I'm thinking now, was your mum Chinese?

SIOBHAN: Of course. That's why she ran to the goldfields. But, for all that I hoped to see her again, there was no other recourse. I was chained to the Ajax, so I too was taken for the short boat ride across from the Round House to the hulk. Then again, nothing could have doused our high spirits as she and I rode the rough waves over there. We sang our favourite old song, *Damned Twice,* by Lorraine Milne. Do you know it?

WARD: Yes! That's right. I remember hearing the women singing it from the shore.

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SIOBHAN: No use for these. They don't arrive by the water anymore.

ALLAN: There's no memory of the hulks now. It's all been forgotten.

SIOBHAN: But we are still out at sea; even in this safe place they call the Asylum. And I'd done no more harm than to search for my lost mother.

WARD: And I for a bit of honey.

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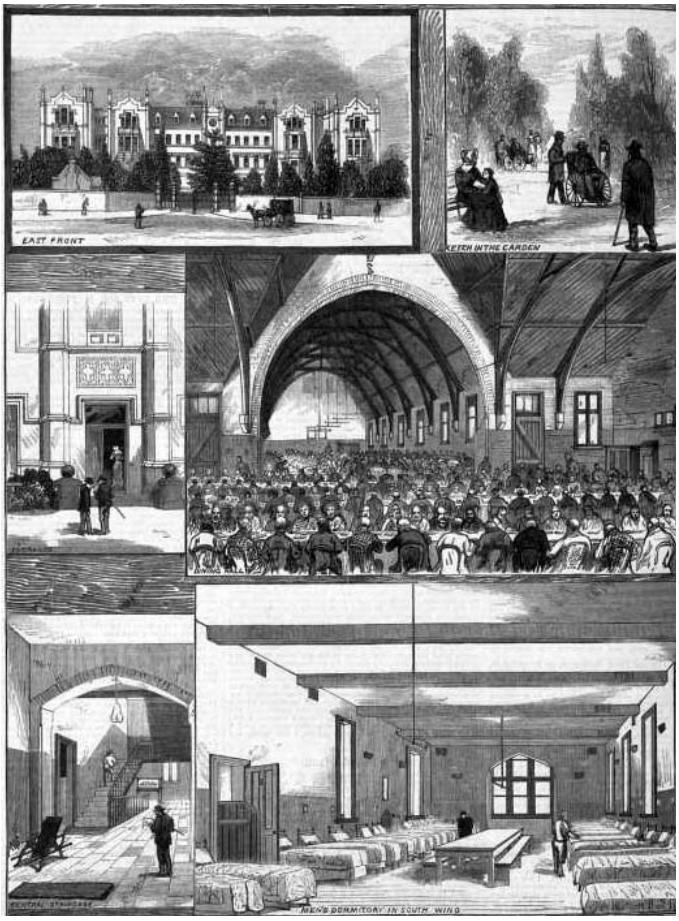

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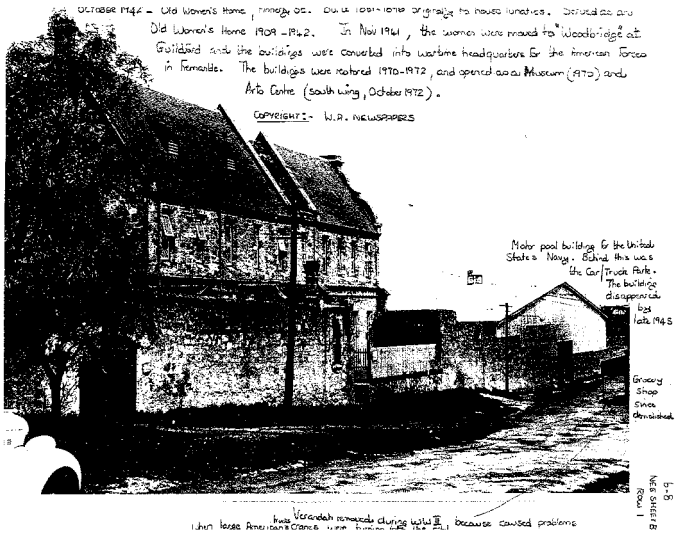
Old Women's Home 1909 - 1942. In Nov 1941, the women were moved to "Woodbridge" at Guildford and the buildings were converted into wartime headquarters for the American Forces in Fremantle. The buildings were restored 1970-1972, and opened as a Museum (1970) and Arts Centre (south wing, October 1972).
COPYRIGHT:- W.A. NEWSPAPERS
Motor pool building for the United States Navy. Behind this was the Car/Truck Park. The building disappeared by late 1945
Grocery Shop since demolished
Verandah removed during WW II, because caused problems
NEG SHEET B
Row 1

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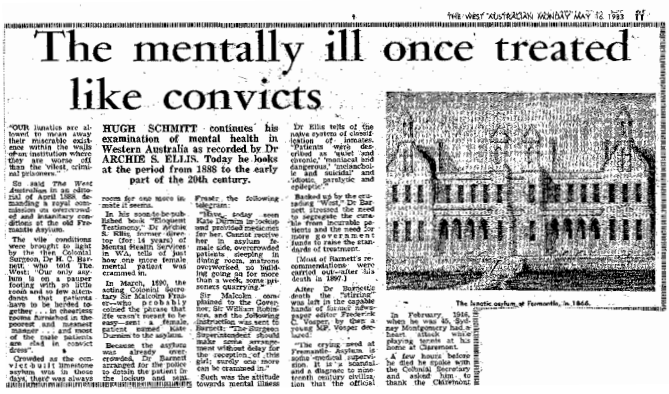

THE WEST AUSTRALIAN MONDAY MAY 12 1980 11

The mentally ill once treated like convicts

"OUR lunatics are allowed to wear away their miserable exist-ence within the walls of an institution which they themselves term, not less the vilest, criminal prisoners."

So said The West Australian in an editorial of April 1886, demanding a royal commission be convened to "sift and ascertain the real defects at the old Fremantle asylum."

The vile conditions were brought to light by the Colonial Surgeon, Dr M. C. Hayward, and the West Australian in on a pauper footing with so little room and so few alterations that patients have to be herded together . . . in cheerless rooms furnished in the poorest and meanest manner . . . and most of the male patients are clad in convict dress".

Crowded as the convict-built limestone asylum was in those days, there was always room for one more inmate it seems.

In his soon-to-be-published book "Eloquent Testimony," Dr Archie S. Ellis, former director (for 14 years) of Mental Health Services in WA, tells of just how one more female mental patient was crammed in.

In March, 1890, the acting Colonial Secretary Sir Malcolm Fraser—who probably coined the phrase that life wasn't forest to be easy—sent a female patient named Kate Durnien to the asylum.

Because the asylum was already overcrowded, Dr Barnett arranged for the police to detain the patient in the lockup and sent Fraser the following telegram:

"Have today seen Kate Durnien in lockup and provided medicines for her. Cannot receive her in asylum female side, overcrowded patients sleeping in dining room, matrons overworked, no building going on for more than a week, some prisoners quarrying."

Sir Malcolm complained to the Governor, Sir William Robinson, and the following telegram was sent to Barnett: "Your judgment Superintendent cannot make some arrangement without delay for the reception, of this girl; surely one more can be crammed in."

Such was the attitude towards mental illness

HUGH SCHMITT continues his examination of mental health in Western Australia as recorded by Dr ARCHIE S. ELLIS. Today he looks at the period from 1888 to the early part of the 20th century.

Dr Ellis tells of the native system of classification of inmates. "Patients were idiots, criminal lunatics and chronic," maniacal and dangerous," melancholic and suicidal" and idiotic, paralytic and epileptic."

Backed up by the crushing "Fraser" Dr Barnett stressed the need to segregate the curable from incurable patients and the need for more government funds to raise the standards of treatment.

(Most of Barnett's recommendations were carried out—after his death in 1897.)

After Dr Barnett's death the situation was left in the capable hands of fearless newspaper editor Frederick C. Vosper, by then a young MP. Vosper declared:

"The crying need at Fremantle Asylum, apart from medical superintendence, is that a separate building be erected to meet modern methods of treatment. Many civilized nations have long since abandoned the old system of herding the insane together in large numbers, and have adopted the cottage system, which is found to be more humane and more conducive to the recovery of the patients."

The lunatic asylum at Fremantle, in 1866.

In February 1904, when he was 45, Sydney Montgomery had a heart attack while playing tennis at his home at Claremont.

A few hours before he died he spoke with the Colonial Secretary and asked him to thank the Chairman

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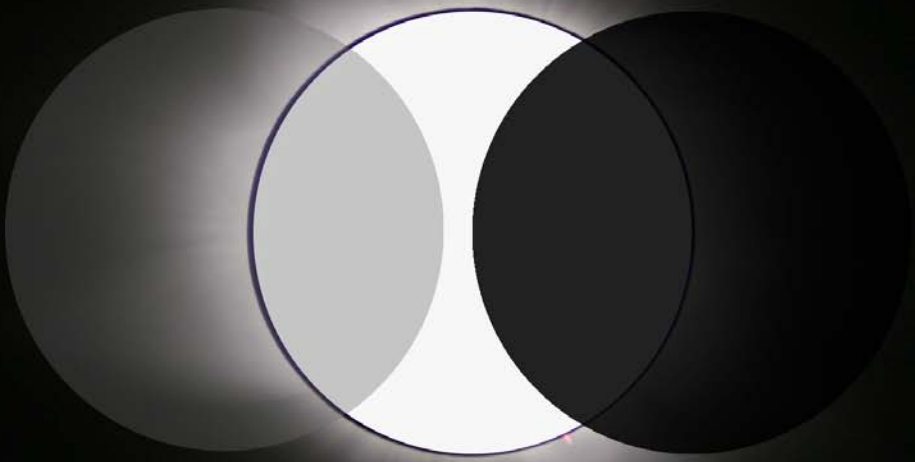
CHRISTMAS DAY AT THE BENEVOLENT ASYLUM. [Photos by J. B. Mann, C.E.

PHASE THREE

recollection



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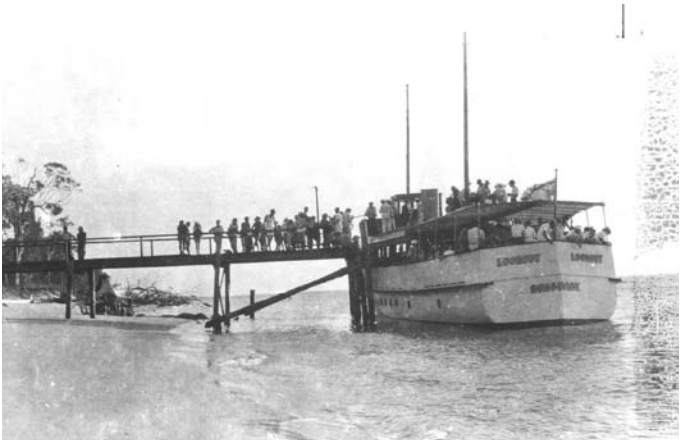
An Australian republic can only be argued for convincingly at the level of feeling – on what we feel towards the place and for one another … a true republic … is founded not on the loyalty of its citizens to their head of state, but on their loyalty to one another: on bonds, which already exist and which we already recognise, of reciprocal concern and care and affection.

David Malouf, 2000, Preface to *This Country, A reconciled republic?* Mark McKenna, Sydney: UNSW Press, 2004.



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Phase Three of the Eclipse is the last contact of the penumbra of the passing shadow over the sun. In this time a small aperture of hope bursts out from behind its black mask, revealing a light so powerful that to look straight at it is blinding. But what we are seeing is history being revealed as it is today, which can be painful after centuries of repression.

Australia is an island nation with many futile and concomitant fears about borders and invasion yet many of its islands are diminutives of its precedent, the borderless prison concept. From day one of the British penal colony on Van Diemen's Land, to the continuous use of Palm Island as a space of incarceration, Australian islands have been used as the extreme outstation of exile and all of its allied horrors. With mindless repetition making tighter circles every day, it's almost conceivable that Norfolk Island might be occasioned as the next asylum seeker detention centre.

Meanwhile, a different kind of amnesia proliferates as the escalating evidence of a crisis of government policy is ignored and state care in this country today becomes a paradox. While broadcasters stream in live footage of ships breaking up on the rocks of excised Australian territories and we hear of violent protests in remote detention centres on and offshore, the question of the conjunction of exile and confinement in Australia might seem like a distant, offshore concern. Yet at a time in which this nation continues to place border protection at the crux of national debate, the politics of asylum is used as an uncompromising axis for questions of national identity, Australian government and, more profoundly, to ruin the prospect of an Australian republic.

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It's no coincidence that tourism is very popular on islands with terrible histories. In the two examples that we are about to consider, unpleasant pasts were deliberately whitewashed by government propaganda. Immediately following the closure of the North Stradbroke Island Benevolent Asylum, which ran from 1866 to 1947, in Moreton Bay, Queensland, the military swept through and in four days removed most of the major buildings and facilities. Its 768 inmates were moved to an old RAAF base at Sandgate called Eventide. Airforce and Navy craft were deployed to make this operation swift and terribly effective: only a few footings and one or two of the dozens of Asylum wards are left today, accommodation where many thousands of unwanted, diseased and destitute men and women were taken in and yet exiled from their family and homes. Many of these people suffered from mental illnesses, and a diagnosis of moral insanity was conferred upon a fair proportion unmarried women and 'wayward' girls.

Care coincided with punishment, as Asylum patients were tainted by mere association with the place. Tent cities were set up for consumptives and refractory wards

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used to admonish the unruly, inebriates and the insane. After a brief occupation of the Island by American Armed Forces during the Second World War, Stradbroke was opened up to both visitors and to large scale sand mining. While the latter extracted all the silica it wanted from the beaches and dunes, Stradbroke Island was offered up as the kind of paradise where the debauchery of the young and reckless would go unchecked and where the wealthy could fantasise that its pure waters might wash their mainland cares away.

On Rottnest Island the story is even sadder. After several decades of incarcerating Aboriginal people in with the colonial and imperial prisoners at the Round House on Fremantle's foreshore, Rottnest Island was established as a separate prison for indigenous men only. Again, in mutual ambiguity, the Island was imagined by white people as a place where the prisoners would be kept in conditions better suited to their habits, with the notion that the island itself would constitute the prison and that no cells would be required. This, of course, was a convenient deception. Today there's happy hotel accommodation at the Rottnest Lodge, the octagonal building where hundreds of aboriginal men were incarcerated in tiny cells without proper air, sanitation or water. Called The Quod, the design of the prison cells follows the same pattern as the Solitary System, however in The Quod the inmates were not alone: in each 1.7 by 3 metre cell six men spent every night crammed together without any space to turn or to stretch out their legs.

The Haven of DUNWICH

SANCTU

BY W. R. MAY

Picture to yourself an island with gently sloping foreshores always green; a background of thickly-wooded hills, veined with bush tracks; everywhere, an atmosphere of peace. The cleared spaces are studded with sturdy horses, prolific-looking cows, and contented pensioners. At intervals the figure of a nurse, clad in the regulation costume, passes to and from the hospital wards, lending a picturesque touch. Or it is a party going the rounds of the links, for golf is very popular at Dunwich. Seaward, St. Helena, Peel, and Bird islands are always plainly to be seen, and launches and fishing boats dot the water. On the island itself there is continual activity, but with no haste. Dunwich is sanctuary for all.

On most days there is unusual activity, accentuated by [illegible] going away and returning. The white-capped [illegible] are conspicuous in their attention to the requirements of all, and in the cafés, and, in "Tent Land," in their orderly, yet soldierly life are devoted attention to the cleanliness [illegible] of their gardens. [illegible] Dunwich, "next to godliness," is practically naked, the only workers being the cleaning staff, nurses on duty, and the night watchmen.

Three days a week are set apart as library days, and a constant stream of those obtaining and returning books passes to and fro. Almost every periodical, paper, magazine, and the latest books are obtainable, and one is permitted an interesting study of the characters of books and readers might be written.

Twice a week picture shows are held in the communal hall (Wednesdays and Saturdays), and the wireless in the vicinity has its regular circle of listeners-in. In the female division the wireless set (presented by the Country Women's Association) affords relaxation, and the latest information to the inmates.

The administrative offices and stores are all in close proximity, and at the clothing store, a dispensary at certain times, a never-ending flow of those requiring clothing and medicine is seen at the regulation hours. The store is always well patronised, the coloured population taking full advantage of its resources. One can purchase almost anything at Brisbane prices. The wardsmen from the hospital and "tucker" wards form processions under the office supplies of fetters, carefully and rapidly scanned.

The degree of camaraderie is marked, acts of grace and disgrace being accepted with equanimity. On one noteworthy occasion a wardsman going home had his attention drawn to an apparently sick man lying outside one of the wards. With the kindest of intentions he solicitously inquired after the sufferer's health. The next moment he felt himself grabbed by the ankles in a grip of steel, and the epileptic proceeded to twist the unfortunate wardsman's leg. The latter's Good Samaritan instincts received a rude shock, and it was some time before those near by summoned courage to go to his assistance. He paid the penalty for kindness by returning to duty on two sticks, a full five weeks elapsing before his leg was normal again.

A pleasing contrast is afforded by the case of an inmate desiring to purchase a tent. His neighbour, "Paddy," hearing of the difficulty in obtaining a fly, procured him one erected it at short notice, and the astonished occupant was confounded. "Here," he called to a tent-dweller, "who put this up, and how much is it?" "Well, sir," replied the worker, "I think it is worth at least 5s." "Five shillings!" exclaimed the astonished inmate. "Well, Paddy, if you say it is worth 5s I reckon it is worth 10s!" And the voluntary worker received the half-note. Where and how the fly was procured history does not tell, but the main point, the elimination of water on rainy nights, was settled.

The hospital wards command most attention. In the male and female divisions cleanliness is the order. Various days are set apart for scrubbing out, and they are busy days, indeed. In suitable vacant spaces miniature gardens are attended to by the wardsmen in their spare time (which is certainly limited), and are pleasing to the eye and ornamental to the wards. Visit the lavatories and bathrooms, and the same cleanliness is apparent. There are four hospital wards in the male division, and one mental ward, whilst in the female division there are four wards. The classification and attention to detail are looked after by experts headed by the medical superintendent, matron, sisters and nurses, whilst inmates fill the onerous duties of wardsmen.

All the wards from the one facetiously alluded to as "All hope abandon ye who enter here!" form an interesting study. There are patients whose ill fortune it is to be bedridden for years, and yet whose bodies show no trace of bed sores. From 6 a.m. to-day till 6 a.m. to-morrow ceaseless changing of linen goes on, and it is no exaggeration to say that in the most expensive and up-to-date hospitals the attention could not be excelled. Six changes a day are frequently necessary, and the quiet courage and fortitude displayed by the patients are only equalled by the efficiency and devotion to duty of the nursing staff. Enter a ward in the early morning hours, and the tired, patient smile of the nurse in charge compensates you immediately.

Imagine posed of would be senile dece up the qu ent races equal in able to pay to vary th itself is q ary patien plied is

A fair foursome on the lin

The Kaboora's Skipper.

"Murph," one of the "characters."

Consistent pall-bearer: Another L

CUDDLING A DOLL

Little Girls

IARY!

A Pensioners' PARADISE

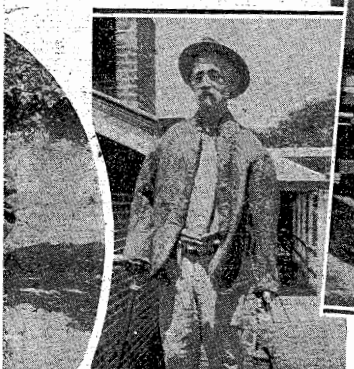
ward of 34 patients, com-
cipants whose average age
bout 75 years. Mental,
and paralytic cases make
of 34, and many differ-
represented. Yet all are
hod of treatment. Those
can afford to have luxuries
regulation diet, but this in
e sufficient for the ordin-
Naturally the food sup-
s a slightly more varied

character than that partaken of in the "tucker" wards, and a brief re-sume is worth quoting:—

Morning tea and biscuits at 5.30, breakfast at 7.30, tea again at 9.45, beef tea at mid-day, followed by dinner at 12.30, and tea at 4.30. In the hospital wards this is supplemented at 6.30 by a meal of rice and milk, etc., or anything not used up at the mid-day meal. Roast beef, roast mutton, pork, mince, potatoes and cabbage; with stew twice a week and curry on Saturday give variety and satisfaction. In addition to this, fruit is available for those able to pay, meticulous care being taken in the preparation to exclude mischievous substances such as pips and cores.

In the commodious messroom an ingenious device is in use which ensures all obtaining the same amount of butter. The spotless cleanliness of the tables and floor testifies to the supervision exercised.

Golf forms the principal recreation, while tennis, cricket, and football at seasonable times have their quota of enthusiasts. In the grand old game, the coloured population are no mean exponents, some being quite equal to players in the pennant competitions in Brisbane and suburbs; while the ladies set an example of agility and cleverness. The matting wicket is admirably situated, the tennis court handy, and the newly constructed baths are being built with tea-tree piles instead of iron, as formerly.



Watchman. What of the Night? "Paddy."

The bell-ringer, Louis.

RECREATION FOR MEN

APART from walks, fishing, reading, listening to the radio, and occasional concerts, there is no special recreation for the reasonably able-bodied male pensioners of Dunwich. Some years ago it was suggested by a visitor, a leading bowler of the metropolis, that a bowling green would afford pleasant variety to life in the home. The project, owing to the financial stress, was not persevered with, but there is a possibility that it may be revived when "hard times come again no more." Doubtless, bowling clubs throughout the State would be prepared to aid in laying down a green.

No history of Australia would be complete without mention of the reminiscences of some of the pensioners and inmates. There are those who have "gone down to the sea in ships," have rounded the Horn, have experienced the holding tenacity of the black-soil plains, and pioneers from Mt Morgan. There are also among the inmates those whose stamina has been tested by the vagaries of the Australian seasons, rendering them millionaires one season, and reducing them to absolute beggary the next. To those who take the trouble to acquaint themselves with some of these men, who have helped to make Australian history, the knowledge gained must be invaluable.

One inmate has already made provision for his interment when his time comes to "shuffle off this mortal coil." There are no "storied urns" in Dunwich cemetery, but there are many shamrock-shaped pieces of iron doing duty as head-stones, reminding one irresistibly of "Flanders fields where poppies grow." There are several graves of the earlier medical superintendents, and on one grave, a silky oak has been allowed to grow straddlewise, presenting a unique spectacle.

Northwards from the administrative offices is "Tent Land." On the brightest moonlight night the shadows here are pronounced, and on stormy nights an eerie sight is seen. The warm glow of the lanterns doing duty in place of the electric light is comforting, and the strains of gramophone, the wireless, and singing are pleasant in the still air. St. Helena, over the water, is encircled by a blaze of lights, reminding one irresistibly of a woman's bracelet, and the flashing of bay beacons is plainly seen from the hill-top, which is bare of trees, and is a favourite place for conversation. Numbers of tents have miniature gardens, their appearance testifying to the skill and enthusiasm of the occupants. The whole area of "Tent Land" is tree-studded, and is a charming place for those who wish to lead the solitary life.

The administrative staff is composed of men and women who display the utmost tact and knowledge of human nature in the discharge of their responsible duties. Many an individual has reason to be thankful for a sojourn at Dunwich, and many a doubtful character has been reformed under the benevolent discipline exercised. It is a strange physiological fact that the medical superintendent is always known, even by those whose mental powers are failing. The administrative staff has suffered along with other institutions, in that the economy system and reduction of salaries have been in operation, but this has been accepted as inevitable, and it is the simple truth to say that the loyalty and devotion to duty are the same as ever before. To plagiarise a well-known couplet, Dunwich can be summed up thus:—

If to its share some simple errors fall,
Look at the facts, and you'll forget them all.

STREET SALES HUMOUR

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Over 300 aboriginal prisoners died on Rottnest between 1838 and 1931, and many are buried in a field of unmarked graves on a site adjacent to The Quod. This unreconciled past haunts the Island while a few signs begin to go up promoting its rich indigenous history, making injury out of the ongoing lack of reparation. The blithe attitude of tourists is of course a contributing factor, but like Stradbroke Island, an incisive campaign to recast the site as a blissful holiday destination has for the last few decades resulted in a bizarre combination of familial bliss and loutish, drunken behaviour; trauma arguably rearing its head, exacerbating social dysfunction in places where memory and accountability is nobody's responsibility.

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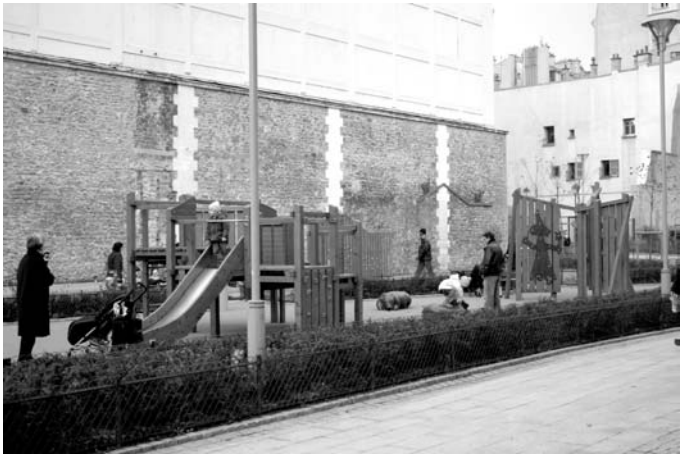
Replacing bad memories with a spectacle is a common approach all over the world. It is not always tasteless either. There's big difference for instance between the kind of experience you'll have at Alcatraz Island and the Vietnam Veterans' Memorial in Washington, D.C., the latter being widely recognised for its lack of cliché or sensationalism, its austerity provoking intense public criticism in its preliminary stages. A few of the prison-hospitals in Paris have dealt with the public memorialisation of unheroic past events in remarkable ways. In this spread you will see two images of children's playgrounds. These photographs document a strategy: youth and innocence as a means of healing trauma. The play equipment is often fantastic, in keeping with youthful imagination, but there is a deep sadness in the contrast of massive human suffering and the sound of joyous children. This is not an unwitting design: flowerbeds are surely the easier option. Two sites are documented here, including St Lazare, the infamous prison and hospital for lepers, and Parc de la Roquette, which is the location of two prisons – one for men and the other for women and children – where it says on a sign at the entrance that more than 1000 women and children were massacred at the end of the second French Revolution in 1848. Both sites feature local childcare centres and terrific play equipment.



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It is not a stretch to compare the French implementation of play as a recuperative method to Australian prison and asylum sites and surmise that the ritual abandon of tourists is the result of a lack of any predetermined reparative strategy. Tourism often takes place in compressed social circumstances and the need to race through and over the narrative is a primary barrier to thoughtful engagement. The prevailing behaviour, nonetheless, is the making of a spectacle out of the story. Ghost tours operate at almost every historically 'dark' location, even at Port Arthur, where, perversely and astonishingly, questions about the 1996 massacre are not generally welcomed. The 'playground' might therefore be instrumental to both remembrance and to forgetting.

While many Australian historical sites are being reinvented as tourist destinations, others have been razed or abandoned. Across the nation, former prison and asylum sites are either interpreted theatrically or left to rot, and tourism is unlikely to come to their assistance. But when we visit such places we can do something proactive: we can explore, we can ask questions and we can deploy curiosity to recuperate the past. Hope exists in consciously respecting and recounting these histories, for the river sometimes turns back the tide.

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SCENE FOUR: Secondary exile, to the island

ALLAN: You can't even get close now. You'll be taken out to the island well before you reach the shore.

SIOBHAN: Out there they worked even harder, scraping up salt all day for the settlers' tables.

ALLAN: Nice place for a holiday. You can rent a house for the weekend, ride a bike, go snorkelling. People get drunk. It's great fun.

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BEA: I only wanted to go where I could forget about it. Ever since then I've had to turn my back away from the ocean at night to avoid its beams.

BEA: I gave up. The sun had reached its zenith. My head ached. Everything turned white. Last of all, I heard the sweet song that Margaret used to sing on the transport ship.

ALLAN: Suffice to say, she didn't have any hope left. They took her to the edge of the sea and threw her into the water.

BEA: Look up! Can you see the eclipse?

WARD: No, I can see the lighthouse turning.

SIOBHAN: They call it Wadjemup.

ALLAN: On his tour of Rottnest Island, Noongar elder Noel Nannup said that Aboriginal women on the

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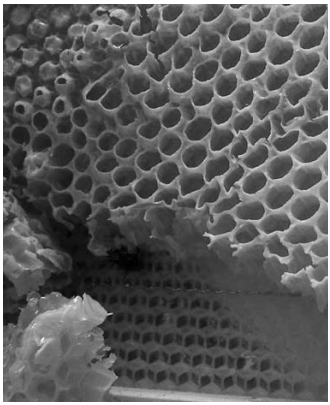

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mainland lit fires on the far shore for prisoners to see across the water and would "talk to the whales, asking them to bring their men home".

BEA: But the ocean is vast and frightening. We have to protect ourselves from it.

WARD: So tell me, is this a refuge or a prison?

BEA: I don't know. Maybe the best we can hope for is a benevolent asylum.

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4. *Ward*, production shot of *Take Me In* performer Allan Girod, Hibberd, 2011.
5. River Thames near the former Millbank Prison site, Hibberd, 2010.
6. Manuscript page from *Stultifera Navis*, by Sebastian Brandt, artist and date unknown.
7. Illustration of 'Portcullis of Millbank Prison,' artist and date unknown. Image from www.victorianlondon.org/prisons/millbank.htm 02/04/2011
8. Underground cells near former Millbank Prison site, Hibberd, 2010.
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10. Pentonville Prison entry, Hibberd, 2010.
11. 'Silence hood,' in Old Melbourne Gaol Museum collection, image sourced from Old Melbourne Gaol website, 11/02/2011
12. Convicts in a cell on the 'Success', prison hulk moored at Gellibrand Point, Williamstown, 1852-7. Probably a touristic re-enactment. Image source unknown.
13. Illustration of a 'Sectional view of the interior of the Defence hulk'. Image from www.victorianlondon.org/prisons/millbank.htm 02/04/2011
14. The 'Success'. Image source, photographer and date unknown.
15. Illustration of 'Male convict at Pentonville Prison' and 'Female convict at Millbank Prison'. Image from www.victorianlondon.org/prisons/millbank.htm 02/04/2011
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23. WWII Hannibal Operation evacuations, sourced from the Bundesarchiv, Germany.
24. Inverted cover of R.D. Laing, *Divided Self: An Existential Study in Sanity and Madness*. Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1960.
25. Photographic sequence, Hôpital St Anne, Paris, Hibberd, 2010.
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27. Photographic sequence, Hôpital Bicêtre, Paris, Hibberd, 2009-10.
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consumptives camp (tuberculosis, influenza) 1938, John Oxley Library, State Library of Queensland image, (P89-57), courtesy of North Stradbroke Island History Museum.
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91. Left: 'Bikini girl sitting on the rocks with her camera, Point Lookout, 1958,' photographer unknown, John Oxley Library, State Library of Queensland, record number: 152947. Right: 'Lory Lightfoot posing on the beach at Point Lookout, 1958,' photographer unknown. (Descriptions supplied with photographs.) John Oxley Library, State Library of Queensland, record number: 151651.
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98. 'Troop ship farewell, 15 December 1939,' Australian War Memorial (no. 000304-01) in public domain. Women friends and family on the wharf waving farewell to the departing troop transport ship RMS Strathallan carrying the Advance Party of the 6th Division AIF to service overseas.
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103. 'Still useful members of society,' patients at the Dunwich Benevolent Institution, 1905, photographer unknown, collection of John Oxley Library, State Library of Queensland (accession number: 80-10-23), courtesy North Stradbroke Island History Museum.
104. Photograph of Wadjemup Lighthouse, Rottnest Island at sunset Hibberd, 2010.
105. Left: Honeycomb, creative commons image, accessed 2010. Right: Photograph of sea on ferry to Rottnest Island, Hibberd, 2011.

BENE ASYLUM VOLENT

AN ECLIPSE - OF - HISTORICAL FICTION

Lily Hibberd
Fremantle Arts Centre 2011
exhibition with performance
Take me in