

- 1 The photograph was taken on a Sunday morning in the winter of 1946, when I was seven. My two brothers and I were photographed by Mrs Greta Burtonclay in the front garden of the Burtonclay home, about a hundred metres from my family's home in Neale Street, Bendigo. I don't recall the occasion, but I recall similar occasions when I marvelled that the Burtonclays could afford to own such a luxury as a camera.
- 2 I believe, as the narrator of REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST claims to believe, that photographs are of little use in restoring our experience of past events, although I sometimes pore over old photographs as Marcel Proust is reported to have done. In my library, which is stored far away in Melbourne, is a booklet about Sacred Heart Cathedral, Bendigo. At least one of the illustrations in the booklet shows the distinctive light that I wrote about in SOMETHING FOR THE PAIN, and it occurred to me only now that I may well have had such an illustration in mind while I wrote. If I did so, this would have been another example of my tendency, mentioned in 'Orange, Purple Sleeves, Black cap', to be more affected by illustrations or written accounts than by actual sights or events.
- 3 I would never be so bold as to recommend any sort of experience to another person. Experience surely depends more on receptiveness than on the details of what is experienced.
- 4 I was no infant but a boy of seven when Bernborough was at his best. Surely nothing that I've written about Bernborough or any other horse could justify my being asked the fatuous question asked of me here.
- 5 I can easily name the horses: Hortobagy, Longfire, and Orgona. However, to explain their being named in this context would require me to write a book nearly as long as SOMETHING FOR THE PAIN. Wait until my archives are made available ten or twenty years after my death, but be prepared to do plenty of research.
- 6 Yes, I keep such a list, and no, off the top of my head I can't do what you ask, but several essays at the front of the Antipodean Archive, comprising about 20,000 words in all, explain the naming of many horses in the archive.
- 7 It was a hundred times easier.
- 8 I admit to having taken less care with my sentences in this book than with those in my books of fiction. Your two nominations are worthy ones. I like to read aloud also the last few sentences in the second-last paragraph of 'Gerald and Geraldo', especially the third-last.
- 9 Fiction: LAVENGRO, by George Borrow, read last year for the third or fourth time. Non-fiction: CERTAIN ADMISSIONS, by Gideon H<sup>W</sup>aight, which is a book of painstaking research into a notorious murder that I read about in newspapers as a boy.

Melbourne