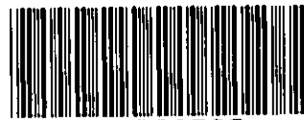

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"A Friendship That is Grown on Paper": Reflections on Editing Marjorie Barnard's Letters to Nettie Palmer

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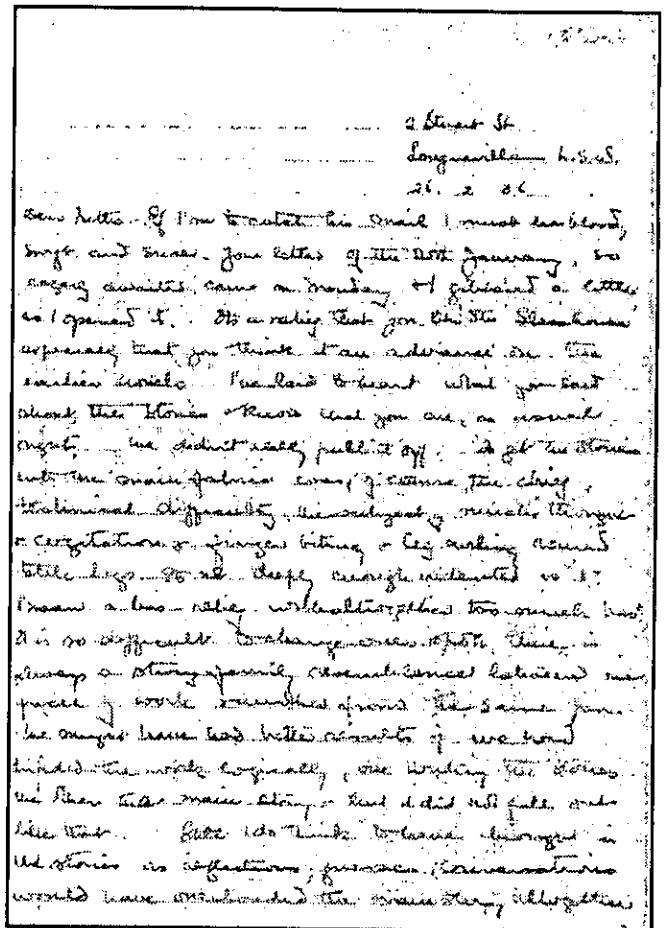
> At one o'clock in the morning I'm liable to say anything. I'm writing in bed, the lamp carefully draped with a dark blue slip so that my family shall not see it and come to reproach me for getting a little more out of the day than they think proper. A devious creature but I must milk the night if I'm to get any time to myself.
> —*Marjorie Barnard to Nettie Palmer, 30 March 1939*

THE IMAGE OF MARJORIE BARNARD WRITING LETTERS in bed late at night by the dim glow of a light hidden from her parents is an oddly disconcerting one when we remember she was at this time an established author of forty-one years of age. But for Barnard there was almost certainly a familiar ritual quality to the scene she described. Unless she wrote "in the dead of night," she once noted, any letter she started was doomed to be "broke[n] off short." Almost two hundred letters from Marjorie Barnard to the critic Nettie Palmer survive in the Palmer Papers in the National Library of Australia and many of these were penned late at night or, when she was in paid employment, sometimes on ferry trips from Sydney's north shore to Circular Quay. While this may account for the instances of near illegible handwriting that feature in many of her letters, it shouldn't be taken to indicate that Barnard's letters to Palmer were mere after-thoughts, a polite task she squeezed into an already hectic schedule. There is ample evidence that Barnard placed a special premium on the receipt of Palmer's letters, something she was not shy in communicating to their author. "Nothing better happens to me than your letters" and "I gibbered a little with joy when I found a letter from you in the box" are typical of the opening sentiments in numerous of her replies to Palmer.

And it is clear that she saved up Palmer's letters for periods of relative quiet when she could happily lose herself in the flow of their correspondence. It is then that she would pick up the threads of on-going discussions, regale Palmer with the latest gossip, outline her critical responses to all manner of local literary productions and indulge in moments of awkward and revealing self-analysis.

Editing the correspondence from Barnard to Palmer necessitates engaging with a personality of considerable complexity: a woman by turns bold and prim, occasionally demanding, and yet, just as often self-effacing. Palmer's letters to Barnard do not survive, so there is the added



2 Stuart St.
Longueville N.S.W.
26. 2. 36.

Dear Nettie – If I'm to catch this mail I must be brief, bright and breezy. Your letter of the [illegible] January, so eagerly awaited, came on Monday & I [illegible] a little as I opened it. [illegible] 'Glasshouse' [illegible]

A letter from Marjorie Barnard to Nettie Palmer,26/2/36, in which she discusses her reservations about the short stories included in *The Glasshouse*, the latest M. Barnard Eldershaw novel. Reproduced by permission of the National Library of Australia and the Estate of Marjorie Barnard.

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challenge of conjuring her presence from Barnard's side of the correspondence alone. This is not as difficult as it might seem for Barnard succeeds over time in producing a very palpable sense of her audience. Perhaps, as Mireille Bossis has speculated, "in order to vanquish absence, a letter must call up images and particularly those of oneself for the other, of the other for oneself" (68). The Barnard-Palmer correspondence began with an initial letter from Palmer to the young co-authors of the prize-winning first novel, *A House is Built* (1929) in which she enquired after their next planned work. While it is Barnard who takes up the pen to respond, in those early exchanges (dating from 1930) she often does so on behalf of the "M. Barnard Eldershaw" collaborative team ("We learned yesterday with the greatest pleasure that Mr. Palmer had been awarded the Australian Literature Society's gold medal for 1930; Miss Eldershaw joins me in wishing it every success"). The appeal of keeping up the correspondence is clear. An established critic who took it upon herself to correspond with newcomers such as "M. Barnard Eldershaw" conferred something of an honor thereby, in addition to providing opportunities for contact with a wider and more influential literary sphere. That it was Barnard rather than Eldershaw who took up and maintained the correspondence may have been fortuitous. After all, as Barnard wrote to Palmer by way of explaining the slow progress on their second novel, while she was badly pressed for writing time, Eldershaw's circumstances on balance were probably worse:

> I wish that we could work steadily and constantly at ours. As it is the work is done in gushes when we can lay our hands on a little spare time and then often has to wait months with the knowledge that the spirit we had been trying to grasp is melting back into air. To work eight hours a day, travel for another two and after that perform the duties (and pleasures) of a daughter and amateur housemaid, leaves me little time & less mental energy to write. Miss Eldershaw is in [sic] rather worse case as teaching is a more exacting profession than library work.

However, anyone who has read Flora Eldershaw's brief and rather business-like letters will recognise that Barnard possessed, by comparison, considerable natural flair as a correspondent. I would argue that she also possessed a greater desire than her more confident and outgoing collaborator for precisely the kind of approval and understanding Palmer's letters so clearly provided. As she confessed to Palmer in April 1934:

> Your letters do reassure me. You know what it is to be lost in the dark and then, putting out groping hands to protect yourself, touch something familiar and feel the whole the world swing back into its accustomed place again!

One striking feature of this correspondence, which lasted more than thirty years, is that all but a handful of letters from Barnard bear the same address—2 Stuart Street, Longueville—her parent's home beside the Lane Cove River where she resided for more than fifty years. Unlike Eldershaw who often lived quite a peripatetic existence and never really established a home of her own, Barnard's was an extraordinarily settled life, the family home providing a fixed vantage point from which to view the world. This same image occurred to Barnard too when she wrote to Palmer that "I love getting your letters, they make me feel like the lady of Shallot, watching the world go by in a mirror, a clear & steady one." And the world flowing past was quite different from the one within her home. As an unmarried daughter in a solid middle-class household, Barnard experienced the double bind of security and dependence and often described her life as "sheltered." The shortage of uninterrupted time for letter writing was indicative of the generally broken hours that Barnard knew as she tackled the domestic round in a home that frequently lacked a housemaid and where her parents were growing increasingly frail and difficult.

> Father is more or less an invalid, mother has been ill, no maid. No time till after eleven at night for any but little things—hot water bags, meals, washing up, the myriad household duties, telephone [. . .]

Recognizing that she lived in relative comfort and aware that many of her literary peers faced privations she did not, Barnard was reluctant to complain of her circumstances to Palmer, but the state of dependence in which she found herself when income from writing was scant, rankled nonetheless:

> The family's attitude is that everything they have is mine—and so it would be in an emergency. It would be very much against their sense of the fitting to give their only daughter the maid's wages for doing the maid's work.

Living at home with her parents also produced strangely infantilising effects. Following a visit to Sydney in 1934, Vance Palmer sent home the following description of the occasion:

> A nice dinner and nice household, but rather prim. . . . Afterwards I had some talk with M.B. She's quite delightful in herself, but a bit subdued to the tone of the house, and when in a moment of reckless abandon she lit a cigarette because I was going to smoke my pipe, "Oh Marjorie, won't your father be shocked!"

And writing under parental scrutiny, however benign, was often an awkward experience for Barnard, especially when her initial efforts in the mid-1930s to make some kind of a living from her pen proved fruitless:

> I assure you I am having a perfect orgy of unsaleableness [sic] and the postal revenue is being benefited by the passage to and fro of my M.S. I might as well start

Nettie Palmer, c. 1930–1940. Reproduced by permission of the National Library of Australia.

> breeding homing pigeons. My father looks at me with jaundiced eye.

The publication of M. Barnard Eldershaw's third novel, *The Glasshouse* (1936), a few months later only compounded the situation:

> My stock in family circles rises & falls with the reviews. Three inches of damnation in the Bulletin reduced it considerably. They look at me more in sorrow than in anger & wonder why I'm so perverse as to write difficult books when I could write nice popular easy ones like "A House" & give them their legitimate satisfaction.

It is not surprising, then, that Barnard would value Nettie Palmer as "someone who speaks my own language."

From the first, the intellectual engagement between the two women was strong and, as the years wore on and they had opportunities to meet from time to time, a genuine warmth and friendship evidently developed, and with it, a greater intimacy in terms of some of the personal and professional revelations Barnard felt she could make. It is this open, earnest style that makes her letters so compelling and so readable and, as Palmer observed in her published journal, *Fourteen Years* (1948), she could tell "from her letters that [Barnard] had all the significant virtues . . . loyalty, selflessness, industry and, of course, sincerity" (127). Yet by her own estimation Barnard was not always a model correspondent if that meant answering letters promptly or producing well-conceived replies. All too frequently her letters offer initial apologies for tardiness ("Your letter was a major event and yet I've let three weeks go without answering it") and then more for the scrappy nature of her efforts ("This letter is a dud now . . . it is achieved"). Her reluctance to read over her letters once written also meant that illegible phrases ("Have just remembered that I swore to improve my handwriting") and flagrant irregularities in spelling routinely went forth to challenge the recipient. As Isobel Grundy observes, "the editor of letters needs a particular reverence for the contingent and the unperfected" (55). Despite these shortcomings, Barnard's letters are remarkably entertaining as she combines her latest news with responses to her current reading, vigorous interest in the activities of both Palmers, and forays into literary criticism. Virginia Woolf could have been talking about Barnard when she observed that "[t]he art of letter-writing is often the art of essay-writing in disguise" (60), for Barnard regularly rehearsed her ideas for planned lectures, reviews and critical commentaries in the pages she penned to Palmer. Indeed, from early on in their correspondence, at Palmer's instigation, Barnard began to swap notes with her on the books that she and Eldershaw were currently reading, debating their respective impressions and developing her opinions across several exchanges of letters. Talking in a radio broadcast Palmer remarked that

> when it came to questions of literary form, especially in the novel, I could hardly have got better summaries than what have come casually in letters about books that have shown themselves over the skyline.

There are also several passages of critical comment from Barnard's letters included in *Fourteen Years*, which can only mean that they met with Palmer's considered approval. But not all of Barnard's correspondence took such a studied form; she characterized some of her letters as merely "burbling" or "nervous gabble." By way of excusing those particular efforts, she ventured that there is a sort of natural rhythm about letters. They rise like bubbles from some subterranean source and have to be written whether there is anything special to say or not.

The point has been made that at a time when serious Australian writers were small in number and geographically dispersed, they relied on contact via letters to secure their sense of themselves as a creative community. Works such as Ferrier's *As Good As a Yarn With You* (1992) and North's *Yarn Spinners* (2001) amply demonstrate the extent to which women writers of this period utilized correspondence as a crucial avenue to build support and to negotiate and debate personal, political and cultural affiliations. Discussing the centrality of correspondence to an understanding of Australian literary life across these decades, Barnard observed to Palmer that in her opinion "the only literary club of any value in Australia was composed of the people you corresponded with." Barnard's own letters to Palmer highlight the role of such friendships in the sustaining of creativity. There is little doubt that, next to Eldershaw, Palmer functioned as a key con-

fidante, someone to whom Barnard would turn when faced with creative crises large and small. In fact, Barnard unashamedly used Palmer as a sounding board for her successes, but also—and more importantly—for her failures and confusions. For while Barnard and Eldershaw achieved numerous successes, their writing career was still periodically plagued by uncertainty, especially when later publications failed to match the popular acclaim of *A House is Built*. These matters were never voiced publicly, but aired more confidentially in correspondence. It is known that following their failure to secure a publisher for their collection of short stories, *But Not For Love*, the collaborators privately sought Palmer's counsel. When in 1935 the offer of an allowance from her father enabled Barnard for the first time to contemplate resigning from paid employment and writing full-time, she nervously contacted Palmer for advice again. She would reach out in a similar fashion when the collaborators found difficulties negotiating the publication of *Essays in Australian Fiction* (1938), when Barnard needed to weigh the politics of applying for a Commonwealth Literary Fund fellowship, and during the protracted trials associated with the publication of their final novel *Tomorrow and Tomorrow and Tomorrow* (1947). But as Barnard observed, "A friendship that is grown on paper has a curiously different content from friendships grown in other media—more sheltered and more exposed." These questions of shelter and exposure go to the heart of the challenges involved in editing this correspondence.

We know that letters, no more than fiction, can really give readers unmediated access to the writing self. The truths they offer are partial and relative. Critical considerations of correspondence as forms of autobiography or self-writing stress that letters offer only discrete instances of self-representation, making it risky to label even the most intimate of letter exchanges as transparent expressions of the private being. They are occasions for the projection of what might be termed "ideal selves," fleeting—or flirting—masks adopted according to the demands of recipient and circumstance. And Barnard's seeming candor may be her most persuasive mask. Take, for example, her friendship with fellow writer Frank Dalby Davison. It was Palmer who encouraged the two writers to meet after each expressed admiration for the other's writing and it has been suggested that Barnard may "have fallen in love with author of *Man-Shy*, a novel she never tired of praising, even before she met Davison" (Darby 77). Barnard's anticipation of their first meeting in 1934 is recorded thus:

> Am to meet F.D. Davison on Monday. I have long wanted to and asked a friend for his address. She responded with an invitation to luncheon. I shall have to wear my best hat which is a pity as it depresses me.

Barnard's subsequent letters to Palmer track her growing friendship with Davison and her increasing involvement in the marital strife that followed his affair with the children's writer and illustrator Pixie O'Harris ("I seem to be sinking ever deeper into the Davison's affairs. I now receive the most harrowing confidences from both sides and find myself, to my confusion, giving the most high minded advice"). Once Barnard herself becomes intimately involved with Davison, she stops writing to Palmer in such detail about his domestic affairs and focuses instead on his state of health and his writing. The more intense the attachment to him, the more ecstatic her accounts of his creative labors become. At the same time, however, some letters betray a peculiar preciousness that is perhaps the product of a stifled desire to tell what she cannot bring herself to tell, a paradoxical impulse to reveal something that must at all costs be concealed. Consider this description of relations between Flora Eldershaw, Davison and herself:

> We see a good deal of Frank. By some happy & unexpected chemical process we have become a group. I'm secretly amazed & happy to find myself where I am.

Those references to chemistry and secrecy surely deserve a second glance. Then there is Barnard's earlier description of Davison's wife, Kay, seeking advice from her on her marital woes, a visit that almost certainly coincided with Barnard's own growing passion for Davison:

> Kay is coming here to lunch next Thursday, on purpose, I suspect, to tell me her troubles. This is dreadful . . . search desperately as I may I seem to have nothing to give anybody. I'm a disappointing confidante anyway. I seldom get all hot & urge people to fight for their rights.

What is the real source of dread here? Does the description of Barnard as "a disappointing confidante" not point to the things she herself is unable to confide to others? And why, indeed, would she of all people urge Kay to fight for her rights as a wife? The unconscious is surely struggling here to make itself heard. The closest Barnard comes to revealing her involvement to Palmer is in occasional cryptic comments about the necessity of living in the moment, comments that appear apropos of nothing: "My life is now, the things I care most for are perishable [. . .] I'll not be cheated. I'll have now." There are intimations that Barnard in fact desired a greater exchange of confidences than she achieved, but that she found the process, especially when conducted by mail, off-putting. She longed for a way to share confidences, she wrote to Palmer around this time, "without passing through the ugly business of confessing, contact but not in black & white." Linda Bergman makes the point that "the freedom of the letter writer . . . may be limited by the importance of the audience to the letter writer" (138, n.3) and Barnard perhaps determined that their friendship might be threatened by certain revelations. Time and again the limits of their correspondence are thrown into relief as

Barnard laments that they cannot meet to talk over matters, including significant differences surrounding her pacifist politics. Interestingly, when Barnard does finally comment on her involvement with Davison it is in a letter not to Nettie, but to Vance Palmer and, not surprisingly, it says everything—and nothing:

> Perhaps you already know what has happened. You see deeper than other people because I think there is so much less of yourself obscuring your vision & I at least would be willing for you to know what I should hate to have anyone else touch. Frank. I'd pick up my chin and go through but there isn't any other side. The necessity of keeping silent and still is a sort of protection.

Given the relationship with Davison lasted some eight years, coinciding with Barnard's most productive years as a critic and creative writer, as well as her most active years politically, it is impossible to ignore it even though she chooses to conceal it. And yet, just how to frame these silences and point to the self-censorship and repression practiced by Barnard remain key editorial challenges. My interest in this secret affair is focused particularly upon tracing the critical role these elements of conscious and unconscious subterfuge played in the creative process. Ever since the demise of Barnard Eldershaw's collection *But Not For Love*, Barnard had struggled with the short story form ("these delicate plants") and had confided her difficulties in letters to both Palmers. It is clear, moreover, that Barnard avoided telling the whole truth about Davison in her letters and instead used facts selectively, smoothing out her accounts of events and intimacies to satisfy the demands of discretion. What is less apparent is how the secrecy and storytelling associated with her involvement with Davison resulted in her letters becoming tangled with the stuff of fiction. Take the account of a meeting between herself and Davison from a letter to Palmer in 1935:

> We met at a P.E.N. luncheon and went around afterwards and had a look at Harvey's one man show at the Macquarie Galleries [. . .] The exhibition was, but for us, quite deserted and the lofty pale-walled rooms were full of the sort of tranquility that makes even a train passing outside sound dramatic—like the sound of a galloping horse on a dark still night in the country. So we sat down in front of a picture of three melons leaning, in ineffable peace, against a pink wall, and talked of the Art of Letters with the innocent garrulity of people who each feel assured that the other knows no more than he. Frank I think, was glad to redress the balance with abstractions.

Compare that scene with a passage from the story, "It's Dangerous to Pause," written in the mid to late 1940s:

> It happened next afternoon that they were alone in the high tranquil rooms of a little gallery looking out on a quiet street, an old porticoed building and a jacaranda tree across the way [. . .] it was like being inside a bubble floating in still air. Rhonda couldn't remember now whose exhibition it had been though she had once been enthusiastic about the man, but she could recapture the feeling of the pictures [. . .] There was one picture of melons and a sunlit wall [. . .]
>
> The room put its peace upon them and they were content to sit and talk, time mattering not at all. Everything went right that day. She had brought Len to the one place where they could become effortlessly intimate. He told her something about his life, more about his feelings, hinted at the disappointment of his marriage. She had a pre-view of Chloe, hard, worldly, thirsty for success. Rhonda and Len had in common the frustration of their marriages. They communicated their feelings to one another with every refinement of reticence, all the delicacy of unfinished sentences, of little silences and faint praises. (220–21)

What emerges is a pattern of conscious and unconscious retextualizing of events previously presented in correspondence, with the letters forming the first stage in the fiction-making process, and the stories marrying the realms of memory, narrative, and suggestibility. Not all instances are as explicit as the one cited here; others tend to be more ephemeral, but equally resonant. For example, in a range of stories in *The Persimmon Tree* (1943) dealing with the attendant risks and humiliations of adulterous liaisons, small but nevertheless identifiable fragments of the original accounts given to Palmer of Davison's marital strife are revived, revised, and re-presented. Dislocated elements of her own relationship with Davison also creep in stories such as "The Woman Who Did the Right Thing" and "The Party." The secrets, half-truths and gossip traded in letters, together with the impulse to take shelter in fiction, provided an unanticipated path to perfecting the short story, a form Barnard labeled "the most private sector of my literary output" ("Author's Statement" 188).

But what of privacy? All editors of private papers must wrestle with the fact that they are proposing to publish material not originally intended for public view and it is impossible to approach Barnard's correspondence without confronting her oft-cited anxieties about privacy and letter-writing. The earliest intimation of this appears in 1934, when Barnard reflects in a letter to Palmer on what she views as the distasteful post-mortem exposure of Katherine Mansfield:

> What with this "life" and the journal and the letters she is rather dissected and pinned out—like a frog at the medical school—poor darling. The anatomy of the writer's mind, worse still nerves & feelings.

Perhaps it was a lurking fear that she herself might fall

victim to such practices that fuelled the following memorable outburst to Palmer a year later:

> By the way what possessed you to tell me that you kept my letters? It was enough to scuttle me as a correspondent (not that I think you had any such subtle design) but I've put down a watertight bulkhead. I also have the moral support of being quits with you. I've a six-years growth of your letters stored up! (So there!)

And yet, the very reason only Barnard's side of their correspondence survives is that she did not in the long run preserve Palmer's letters to her as Palmer did hers. Indeed, among Barnard's own papers in the Mitchell Library there is a conspicuous lack of personal correspondence and both Barnard and Eldershaw are known to have destroyed personal papers at various points in their lives, most commonly when bouts of ill-health prompted the tidying up of affairs. The only extant correspondence between Barnard and Eldershaw is a mere four line note that survived by chance among papers preserved by Eldershaw's family. Nevertheless, I am led to wonder whether Barnard's earlier fears of exposure abated over time. Writing to Beatrice Davis in 1947, for example, Barnard showed none of the concerns she had earlier expressed for Mansfield when she described a new book on Christopher Brennan as "beating about the bush." "It will be a relief," she wrote, "when the day comes and people speak out about Chris Brennan's troubled life." Then there is the fact that Barnard did not chastise Palmer the following year for using her letters in *Fourteen Years* when it came indirectly to her notice. On the contrary, while evidently surprised, she seemed rather flattered and pleased:

> My eyes bulged slightly when I realised from the advance notice that I'd appear in it. Always feel semi-invisible, something that watches & isn't seen & maybe I rely too much on others accepting that fiction. Gives me an odd feeling when I chance to meet myself as an objective identity. Thank you, dear Nettie, for valuing me enough.

This must have alerted her to the continued "stockpiling" of her letters in the Palmer household, but it does not seem to have brought forth a renewal of the previous protestations. I suspect, however, that her earlier sensitivity was not entirely forgotten, judging by a vague reference in correspondence between the Palmer daughters concerning the sorting and dispatching of their parents' papers to the National Library. While the bulk of the papers went to the Library in February 1965, in June of the same year Aileen asks her sister, Helen, for

> a final opinion about the letters of Marjorie Barnard and the papers of Hugh McCrae, because these were not sent to Canberra with the other papers, on account of thoughts at the back of your mind [. . .] put it on your agenda somewhere, and let me know as soon as convenient, so I can arrange to clear the outer filing cabinet, which is mostly cluttered up now with things pending. . . .

Further correspondence between the sisters indicates the matter was still hanging in August, although the letters did eventually find their way to the Library and with no particular restrictions attached. Given that Aileen repeatedly pressed Helen to resolve the issue, and given that Helen was in Sydney, I suggest that Barnard (who was well-acquainted with both daughters) was being consulted. Certainly she later writes of having "allowed the Palmer Correspondence to be filed for public use & information."

Ferrier has made the point that within these "ambivalent feelings about the preservation of personal letters is a simultaneous desire to call up and to suppress the painful memories of the past" ("Women of Letters" 74). From her letters—both what they say and what they don't—we glimpse in Barnard a woman who lived in a world of familial constraint, polite silences, and impossible secrets and we know that these were the cause of significant private grief. There is some evidence to suggest that Barnard began in later life to feel the need to achieve redress for certain past "injuries" and, significantly, to balance the virtues of reticence against the claims of posterity. Barnard would have been conscious, for example, that inclusion of her letters in the Palmer Papers stood to cement her place within an influential literary circle at a time when her own profile was arguably diminishing. Early on in her writing career Barnard had expressed anxieties regarding public perceptions that she was the "lesser" part of the collaborative pair. Even Palmer herself records in *Fourteen Years* being startled to discover upon finally meeting Eldershaw what an impressive woman she was, as several years of corresponding with Barnard had led Palmer to imagine the latter to be their driving force (126-28). When Palmer followed that meeting by inquiring privately of Barnard whether she was "powerful enough" to keep up with her partner, Barnard was clearly both winded and wounded.

On another occasion Barnard records with quiet chagrin the fact that "people have not scrupled to suggest on public platforms that I was being carried by my brilliant collaborator or to ask her privately why she did it." When an opportunity arose late in her life to address this point publicly, Barnard made a strong case for her contribution to the collaboration. Writing in *Meanjin* in 1970 on the question of "How 'Tomorrow and Tomorrow' Came to be Written," Barnard carved a very large role for herself in the production of their final and most celebrated novel, almost certainly a larger one than was justified (Dever 43–7). Although she had once famously declared that it might be her "vanity to put away vanity," with Eldershaw now dead, I suggest Barnard sought in that essay to offset past slights and to rewrite M. Barnard Eldershaw's history in her own image. The inclusion of her letters in the Palmer Papers was another way of ensuring that her voice was on the public record. In 1969, when Lyn Brown was compiling her checklist of Barnard's publications for *Biblionews*, it was

Marjorie Barnard c. 1935. Reproduced by permission of the National Library of Australia.

Barnard who prompted Brown to include a reference to "the Barnard-Palmer correspondence—now [. . .] public property & being used."

There is no question that Marjorie Barnard found in letters a most congenial literary form. Readers of her correspondence to Palmer can readily appreciate the potential of the letter form with its highly personal and spontaneous reflections to encode the successes, struggles and stresses of both the woman and the writer. Intriguing points of continuity between these letters and her short fiction suggest, moreover, that the private letter—so often subordinated to other literary genres—may have played for Barnard a significant generative role in the creative process. Whatever Barnard's fears concerning the preservation of her letters, as readers we can be grateful that Palmer did not heed those early protestations. ❑

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