Robinson Jeffers’ *Medea* at Hobart’s *Theatre Royal*
(for Graeme Hetherington)

Syd Harrex

Too, too bloody late in this unison of lost opportunities one more comes to hollow-haunt me now... a symbiotic scene between Acts at hallow-hushed house-full Interval in the immortal silence of the Curtain Fall.


Your love of verse’s dramatic architecture, Blake’s Holiness and cursing pain for compassion’s sake reminds me now, aficionado of the classics, of Jeffers’ requiem of the burthen of mysteries, pale as psalms, somewhere lost to go to,

of your journey’s accomplishments while reflecting on that neglected bardie voice of American Poetry (classical scholar extraordinaire) rode rogue stallion metaphors across the Carmel landscape of his manuscripts’ pages, re-enacting mysteries in a universe of tragic cathartic repetitions.

And thereby I fancy now in dream-time’s belly I recall conversations we certainly might have had after witnessing the catharsis of Judith Anderson’s Jeffers’ *Medea* in Laurence Olivier’s favourite theatre.