**Introduction**

Hi, this is Michael Camilleri, the illustrator of *One Minute’s Silence*. Welcome to the ‘extras’! The following is a collection of information about the illustrations in *One Minute’s Silence*. Some of it is historical information about Gallipoli, WW1, and the objects from that time depicted in the book. The rest is some background on the drawings themselves and what I was trying to do or show.

A lot of my reference photos and research material can be found online and where this is possible I’ve included links.

Many photos and objects I referenced are in the collection of the Australian War Museum (AWM). These are catalogued with a series of letters and numbers. Where you see AWM SOMETHING-SOMETHING-SOMETHING, this is the catalogue entry for the museum. I have linked most of the catalogue entries in this document directly to the online collection, but you can also Google them or you can go to the AWM website and search the collection yourself.

Some links are to online books. Digitised books are often pdf files, and the security settings on the computer you are using may block links to pdf files. Where this is a potential problem, I have included an alternative route.

I hope you find this helpful. Thanks for taking an interest in the book.

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**Pages 2-3**

**The class**

This is the 2013 year 12 class of Sophia Mundi Steiner School in Melbourne. My partner, who is depicted as their teacher, actually was their English teacher, and they generously consented to appear in the book. Year 12 students are around 18, which was the minimum legal enlistment age in Australia during WW1. Though men up to 35 were enlisted at the start of the war, and up to 45 from mid-1915 (see here), it’s known that plenty of boys under legal age also managed to sign up.

This class has modern equivalents of the fresh young faces seen in so many WW1 photographs. The racial mix in the class is broader, though. It reflects the diversity in contemporary Australia nicely because it happens to be the actual racial make-up of the class. But see the young man with glasses? His great grandfather was a chaplain at Gallipoli, and in life he really does look like the blond, blue-eyed, 6ft ‘Chesty Bond’ soldiers of legend.
Originally *One Minute’s Silence* was to be illustrated in a more conventional way. I was going to find someone to play one main Aussie character, and someone to play one main Turkish character, and the reader would follow these two characters throughout the book. When I asked the author, David Metzenthen, whether he had ideas about the way the Aussie ought to look, he sent me a photo from the war museum.

**AWM B00277**

Dave said the young lad on the right with the faraway look in his eyes had been the inspiration for the main character in his earlier novel, *Boys of Blood and Bone*. Something about the look of this boy reminded me of one of my partner’s students, the fellow with his head on the desk. I started to wonder what it might be like for the reader to see everything through a contemporary boy’s eyes. They might find it more immediate to empathise with someone they recognise, someone they could see on the street. I was also beginning to feel that WW1 uniforms had a distancing effect. Regardless of how real and fresh I might draw the faces of the young Turks and Aussies, the uniform would always put them safely and hazily in the distant past. I wanted to avoid that. Central to the book is the act of imagining, which is to bring something to life in one’s mind; out of the fog and dust of long ago and into the breathing, blood-pumping present.

Eventually the idea evolved to include the whole class. If we meet a thoroughly modern class, I thought, a class that is bored and apathetic, it will undercut the solemnity of the minute of silence and will feel realistic. The sense that these kids are real will hopefully help Gallipoli feel real when they go there later in the book. If this can bring Gallipoli to life for the reader, then it serves remembrance better than solemnity can.

**Pages 6-7**

**The landing**

Western readers read from left to right. Instinctively, when westerners think of movement in a book, it is usually from left to right. Through *One Minute’s Silence* I’ve kept strictly to a particular sense of direction. Some of the time we see a character front-on, and usually we also see what they are seeing, front-on. The rest of the time, as in this picture, the Anzacs are always depicted trying to make headway into Turkey from left to right, so that the right hand side of the page is further inland. The Turks are always depicted facing left, trying to stop that movement into Turkey and push the Anzacs back into the sea, to the left.

Below are two of the photos I used as reference. There are no photos of the first wave of soldiers that I know of, because they rowed toward shore in darkness, when the moon dropped below the horizon and before the dawn began.
As can be seen, more Australian soldiers wore the British issue caps at the landing than the broad brimmed Australian hat. Throughout the campaign, photos also show the Australian hat worn many different ways. The classic slouch hat typical of the Australian Light Horse is much less prominent in photos of Gallipoli than it is in the public imagination. It’s a small thing, but I thought it’d be nice to be a little more accurate.

Pages 8-9

Turks in the trench

There are two real Turks in the trench alongside the students. They are modelled on soldiers from a photo in Gallipoli: The Frontline Experience, which is the companion book to the excellent documentary of the same name.

The student aiming the rifle is modelled on a photo of an Australian sniper, with changes to the rifle model, bayonet and ammo pouch to turn him into a Turk. This was only done because the photo had the right pose, but it neatly reflects the gist of the book, that the Turks and Aussies were not so different after all.

See Gallipoli: The Frontline Experience
Looking up

Originally I tried to draw this view based on the actual contours of Plugge’s Plateau, the slope of which many of the landing soldiers first scrambled up. But I also wanted to capture the experience I had read about, such as that of Lieutenant Ivor Margetts, from *Gallipoli* by Les Carlyon:

“It was just breaking dawn,’ Margetts writes, ‘and, as we looked towards the sounds of the firing, we were faced by almost perpendicular cliffs about 200 feet above sea level…”

I couldn’t get the slope of Plugge’s Plateau to look like a cliff, because it isn’t. The cliffs Margetts was speaking of, according to Carlyon, were those just to the left of Plugge’s, at the base of a ridge the soldiers later named the Sphinx.

The photo I adapted for the drawing does not have information on exactly where it was taken. But the caption is appropriate:

‘This will give you some idea of what some of this country was like’.

Pages 12-13

Looking down

This is a view looking down from Plugge’s Plateau. The drawing is built on the actual map contours of the slope, but skewed a bit to fit on the page.

In all the landscape pictures I have put less scrub than there actually was and that can be seen in photos. I did this because I really wanted to concentrate on depicting the shape of the land to show how treacherous it was. Shrubbery tends to break up the appearance of those shapes, obscure the terrain and make it harder to understand, so I
left a lot of it out. To show you how it was, I’ve depicted it how it wasn’t. Try to imagine that the terrain you can see clearly was impossible to see clearly in 1915.

The Turkish village is drawn from elements in various villages on the Dardanelles peninsula (where the Gallipoli campaign was fought). Mostly it is based on Kocadere, the village closest to Anzac Cove and the scenes in the book.

Pages 14-15

Running up to Plugge’s Plateau; a student gets shot

One of the young fellows gets shot. The editors and I tried to balance what we felt was a moral responsibility in a book about war to address death and killing frankly, with a wish to avoid gore in a picture book. One Minute’s Silence asks the reader to try to imagine what war was like as a way of practising remembrance. It seemed appropriate to show death as the destruction of one’s memory and imagination. A boy is killed; the path of the bullet literally wipes out his inner life.

In the background the Anzacs scramble up the slope to a flatter piece of ground they named Plugge’s Plateau, after Arthur Plugge, who commanded the Auckland battalion. There is an iconic and excellent painting by George Lambert which depicts this scene, called Anzac, The Landing.

AWM 2873

Lambert went to Gallipoli just after the war in 1919 as official war artist, and made colour sketches on the actual spot. Apart from putting almost all the soldiers in slouch hats, his picture is accurate down to the colour of the rocks and the light in the sky for the right time of day. I can’t compete with that. Rather than just copying his picture, I opted to show other things. From the angle in our illustration you can see why the soldiers called the ridge in the distance ‘The Sphinx’.

I based my drawing on this view of the slope up to Plugge’s:

AWM C01812

And this of the Sphinx:

AWM C01488
Shrapnel bomb

When I told friends I was illustrating a book about Gallipoli, a few said ‘That’s a big responsibility’. I believe they meant the responsibility to honour an important part of our history about which many Australian families care deeply, whether they had relatives who served there, or died there, or not. I was aware of this, but I was also aware that many books, articles and films had been made about Gallipoli, and that what we were doing was never going to be an authoritative and exhaustive history like Les Carlyon’s or C.E.W.Bean’s. The responsibility I felt was less to tell the whole, complete truth about Gallipoli and more to make something that was worth adding to the pile, something that somehow contributed a verse. That need was already answered by David Metzenthen by looking at the campaign from both sides. This had been done before, most notably in the documentary Gallipoli: The Frontline Experience, but to my knowledge it had not been done for a younger audience.

Another way of meeting this responsibility was to use the picture book to do things a picture book can do better than a film or a big written history. As we try to imagine what war was like through this picture book, I have used whatever powers I have as an illustrator to aid the imagination and understanding. Sometimes we will see scenes that could be a shot from a film. Other times we will see diagrams, maps, comics, unusual views that might only work in a picture book. Something that might add to the body of knowledge and understanding about Gallipoli, in a way only a picture book could. I hope that it makes a useful contribution.

The illustration on pages 16-17 is of a typical shrapnel shell, such as those used in the Allied 18 pounder guns at Gallipoli. It has a time and percussion fuse. The fuse could be set for up to 23 seconds.

The idea for the ripped paper came from a conversation with technical historian Mike Etzel at the AWM. I had asked his advice about artillery at Gallipoli. In speaking about the effects of shrapnel on a person close to the blast, he used the word ‘shredded’.

To help me draw the shrapnel balls inside the shell, I mocked something up with supermarket items. Now you know why the balls look like Kool Mints.
The charge of the Light Horse at a place called The Nek is the terrible incident depicted in the climax of Peter Weir’s film, *Gallipoli*. The attempted attack was suicidal for several reasons and after the first wave of soldiers charged, the rest knew they were almost certainly going to die. Trooper Harold Rush is said to have turned to his friend beside him in the trench and said

‘Goodbye Cobber, God Bless you’

Those words are inscribed on his gravestone on Walker’s Ridge.

Some may find the use of girls inappropriate. There were no girls fighting at Gallipoli, they may say, which is true. But women of all ages participate in Remembrance Day. This book asks contemporary readers, including girls, to practice Remembrance by imagining what it was like for soldiers at Gallipoli. I felt it was perfectly appropriate that two girls literally put themselves in the soldiers’ shoes.

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The First World War was a particularly horrible war. So many people were killed or terribly mutilated because weapons – bombs and guns – had only recently been made many, many times more powerful than ever before, and the way soldiers were expected to fight hadn’t yet adapted to these changes. Soldiers were trying to charge in lines across open ground, as they had in wars past, against machine guns like the one depicted here. This is a Maxim gun, named after its inventor, Charles
Maxim. It was so effective that the design was used by most nations on both sides of the war, and slightly modified versions continued to be used in WW2 and throughout the 20th Century. I took an average from the statistics I could find on the various models used in WW1, and came up with these:

- It fires approximately 8 bullets per second.

I’ve tried to state this pictorially with the line of bullets across the page.

- The bullets travel at 200 metres per second and have an effective range of 2km. (I take ‘effective range’ to mean the distance at which they are still travelling fast and hard enough to kill people.)

- Once begun, the gun will fire by itself without stopping until the bullets run out.

When I looked into the way it does this I was appalled and amazed at how seemingly simple the mechanism is—like a child’s toy. Technical historian Mike Etzel at AWM pointed out that it’s not really as simple as it seems, because the harmonic vibrations created by something which moves that fast will break it apart if it isn’t designed in the right way. Still, the basic concept is very simple.

A bullet is fired; this pushes the bullet forwards and the empty cartridge backwards. The backward force (recoil) also pushes back parts inside the gun which pull a new bullet out of the bullet belt and reset the firing pin (a little metal pin which taps the back of the bullet to make it fire). But these parts are also attached to a spring. The spring stretches when these parts in the gun are pushed backwards. Then the spring contracts, as springs do, and pulls these moving parts forward so that they push the new bullet into the gun barrel, push the empty cartridge out an exit chute, and fire the firing pin. The new bullet fires, the process starts all over again, and the moving parts keep going around and around and around.

To show the mechanism in action, I have made a very basic animation of my drawings. The notes about the animation also have an explanation.

Link to the Maxim animation

The destructive power of the machines we humans have invented is shockingly disproportionate to the strength of our bodies. This became horribly clear in WW1 and continues to be a defining characteristic of modern warfare and violence. I wanted to speak about this through the pictures. Showing horribly mutilated bodies was out of the question. Instead we have sandwiched two vulnerable girls between hard technical drawings of bomb and machine gun. I hope this opens a space for thoughts on the problem of what happens when those things come together.
The narrow piece of land called The Nek can be seen on the map on page 32-33. This is where the suicidal charge of the Light Horse Brigade took place, famously depicted in the climax of the Peter Weir film *Gallipoli*, and much earlier by official war artist George Lambert in *The charge of the 3rd Light Horse Brigade at the Nek, 7 August 1915*.

**AWM ART07965**

C.E.W. Bean, official war historian, wrote of returning to The Nek with Lambert after the war in 1919:

> ‘We found the low scrub there literally strewn with their relics and those of earlier Turkish attacks over the same ground. When shortly after our visit Hughes came to bury the missing in this area, he found and buried more than three hundred Australians in that strip the size of three tennis courts.’

*(Gallipoli Mission, page 109 here)*


Bill Gammage wrote in his Gallipoli history *The Broken Years*:

> ‘The Nek was a ridge 50 yards wide at the Anzac line, narrowing to about 30 at the Turkish front. The opposing trenches on it were about 20 yards apart, and at least five Turkish machine guns covered the intervening ground.’

In our book the key to the distance between the trenches is the girl bent over on the ground, who appears on both pages.

Whilst the tragic charge of the Light Horse brigade is famous, less well known is the fact that many, many more Turkish soldiers died in earlier charges on the same little piece of ground.

On the 29th-30th of June the 18th Turkish Regiment attacked across The Nek and were slaughtered by the Australian 8th Light Horse Brigade. In *Goodbye Cobber, God Bless You*, John Hamilton writes:

> ‘When daybreak came, the 8th counted 255 corpses in its trenches and on the parapets, while the ground in between was covered with dead and wounded equalling as many again.’

Les Carlyon estimates the casualties ran to 800.
Months earlier, on May 19, the Turks had staged a massive attack right across the front lines of the Anzac region, including at The Nek. The loss of Turkish lives was enormous. C.E.W. Bean estimated 10,000 Turkish soldiers died in that single day of attacks. The multitude of bodies from this failed attack, lying in the sun, led to an armistice a few days later.

**Pages 26 – 27**

**The fly**

Corpses. Flies. Dysentery.

Two quotes.

‘The flies went from the faeces to the jam. The flies came from their mouths and the open wounds of the dead to the jam and the food into their mouths. From the open latrines. And the flies spread disease and the disease they spread was dysentery. Now this isn’t just a little bit of an upset stomach, this is raging dysentery. This is people whose insides are almost coming out. This is people who have to go to the latrines 10, 12, 14, 16 times a day. This is people whose backsides are red raw.’

(Peter Hart, Oral Historian, Imperial War Museum)\(^\text{ix}\)

‘We live on what is known as ‘hard tack’. Cast iron biscuits and water when you can get either. Once a day, if you are lucky, there is bully beef and fly stew as the main meal. For breakfast you might get a rasher of salty bacon and a mug of fly tea. I am sure they boil the bacon in the tea. In the evening we have another mug of fly tea and either a piece of slimy, fly-covered cheese or share a small tin of apricot jam between the lot of us. As one opens the tin the flies are so thick that they are squashed in the process. One never sees the jam; one can only see a blue-black mixture of sticky, sickly flies. They drink the sweat on our bodies and our lips and eyes are always covered with them.’

(Ordinary seaman Joseph Murray, Hood Battalion, Royal Naval Division, from his memoir, *Gallipoli 1915*)\(^\text{x}\)

Flies had a big effect on the lives of the soldiers, but they are difficult to depict. Both Peter Weir’s *Gallipoli* and the documentary *Gallipoli: The Frontline Experience* attempt to show flies on film, but they just can’t capture the awfulness the above quotes speak of. This was another instance in which I felt a picture-book illustration might say FLIES in a way no other form can. In a book for adults we might also have tackled the blackened bloating corpses and the dysentery, but for *One Minute’s Silence* they were a bridge too far.
Armistice

Firstly, from C.E.W. Bean, official war historian:

‘The presence of several thousand dead between the crowded lines now became a matter of real anxiety to the Anzac leaders. Already in some sectors the acrid stench of corpses was never absent. The conditions threatened to become intolerable for the troops, while the medical authorities foresaw that the dead would become a breeding-ground of flies and consequently of pestilence. A few of the enemy's wounded still remained on May 20th between the lines, and throughout the force there was a desire to help these men, who were slowly dying beneath the eyes of all. It was certain that the Turks must be eager for the burial of their comrades, and, if further time were wasted, the wounded must die.’

(Official History of Australia in the War of 1914–1918, Vol 2, chapter V, page 164)

The need for an armistice was felt immediately after the terrible number of deaths and wounding from the May 19 Turkish attacks. (An informal truce occurred in which some wounded were brought back from the field into the trenches but, from Bean’s account, it seems some people were also killed doing so.) Within a couple of days an official armistice had been arranged to bury the dead, on May 24.

Here are some of the photo references I used:

AWM H03920
AWM H12818

In our book this page is supposed to feel light, full of air, noiseless, a moment of peace. The change in attitude towards the enemy, as mentioned by David in the book, is well documented, but I didn’t want to be sentimental about it. Within this quiet scene I wanted to quietly include two other aspects of the armistice. Firstly, the horror. Here is Lieutenant-Colonel Percival Fenwick:

‘The Turkish dead lay so thick that it was almost impossible to pass without treading on bodies...Everywhere one looked lay dead, swollen, black, hideous and over all a nauseating stench that nearly made one vomit...’

Secondly, the understandable continuance of self-interest.

‘Inevitably, officers on both sides also used the opportunity to survey and mentally map enemy positions, which Bean said, "quite disillusioned me as to
truces as we both frankly reconnoitred the other’s position and the Turks made no pretence of burying many of their fellows”.

Those people staring off into the distance are not just being thoughtful.

But I don’t want to be cynical, either. Here is an account from Captain Aubrey Herbert, a chief organiser of the armistice, which covers a bit of everything:

‘We mounted over a plateau and down through gullies filled with thyme, where there lay about 4000 Turkish dead. It was indescribable. One was grateful for the rain and the grey sky. A Turkish Red Crescent man came and gave me some antiseptic wool with scent on it, and this they renewed frequently. There were two wounded crying in that multitude of silence. The Turks were distressed, and Skeen strained a point to let them send water to the first wounded man, who must have been a sniper crawling home. I walked over to the second, who lay with a high circle of dead that made a mound round him, and gave him a drink from my water-bottle, but Skeen called me to come on and I had to leave the bottle. Later a Turk gave it back to me. The Turkish captain with me said: “At this spectacle even the most gentle must feel savage, and the most savage must weep.” The dead fill acres of ground, mostly killed in the one big attack, but some recently. They fill the myrtle-grown gullies. One saw the result of machine-gun fire very clearly; entire companies annihilated—not wounded, but killed, their heads doubled under them with the impetus of their rush and both hands clasping their bayonets. It was as if God had breathed in their faces, as “the Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold.”’

‘...Our men and the Turks began fraternizing, exchanging badges, etc. I had to keep them apart. At 4 o’clock the Turks came to me for orders. I do not believe this could have happened anywhere else. I retired their troops and ours, walking along the line. At 4.7 I retired the white-flag men, making them shake hands with our men. Then I came to the upper end. About a dozen Turks came out. I chaffed them, and said that they would shoot me next day. They said, in a horrified chorus: “God forbid!” The Albanians laughed and cheered, and said: “We will never shoot you.” Then the Australians began coming up, and said: “Good-bye old chap; good luck!” And the Turks said: “Oghur Ola gule gule gedejkseniz, gule gule gelejkseniz” (“Smiling may you go and smiling come again”).

(Mons, Anzac & Kut, by Aubrey Herbert. You can read this war diary in a digitised version from the University of Kansas’ electronic Library via this link. For the whole of his Armistice entry, from which the above is excerpted, scroll down to Tuesday May 25th.)
The black page is there because I felt David was speaking the message of the whole book in these lines. It seemed best to have them stand alone.

Anzac Cove and Lone Pine

This map attempts two things. It tries to give a clear feeling of the ‘madness’ of the ridges and gullies that made up the terrain around Anzac Cove. And it shows many of the names given to them by the Australian, New Zealand and British soldiers. I don’t know how these names were decided, but they all honour well-liked soldiers and leaders, many of whom died near the place that received their name.

The many available Gallipoli photographs show details of particular areas – dugouts on the slopes of Plugge’s Plateau, the bleak rest area behind Walker’s Ridge, the cliffs of the Sphinx, the narrowness of the razor’s edge. But photos can be taken from any angle, and that can make it difficult to piece together a coherent lay of the land.

Conventional maps might be able to tell you how far inland Lone Pine is from the sea, or the relative positions of Quinn’s Post and Pope’s, but, unless you are experienced at
interpreting map contours, it is difficult to feel just how treacherous the landscape may be.

Even the impressive 3D ‘flythrough’ digital maps like Google Earth don’t seem to give a sense of the steepness of the ridges. They have a strange ‘flattening-out’ effect when zooming in.

I hope this map serves to both show places in relation to the sea and each other, and also give a strong feeling of the terrain.

There were three battlegrounds on the Gallipoli peninsula. On the Southern tip of the peninsula the troops were mainly British and French. Later in the campaign British troops also attempted an invasion further north, around Suvla Bay. This map only shows the area the Anzacs fought at, around Anzac Cove, and not even all of it. There were important areas immediately left of this map which ideally would also be included, but the more land covered, the less detail, and I felt it was important to keep the amount of detail and texture you can see.

The inset picture:

AWM P00516.002

Peter Burness, author of The Nek: a Gallipoli tragedy believes these men to be survivors of the August offensive, which included both the attack on Lone Pine and the charge at The Nek.

Pages 36 – 37

The Gallipoli Peninsula

This map is a wider view of the surrounding peninsula. Here, the place names are in Turkish. Most are of Turkish towns and cities. The Turkish people often refer to the Gallipoli campaign as the Battle of Cannakkale, and here you can see why; it was the closest major city.

This map is a reminder that all this took place in someone’s country, on land belonging to them, where they have their homes, villages, cities, and they have their own language with their own names for everything.

Anzak Koyu is Turkish for Anzac Cove. In an extraordinary act of magnanimity from a nation victorious in defending their soil against an invader, the Turkish Government made Anzac Cove/Anzak Koyu the official topographical name for that part of the coast.
There is a rectangle drawn in a white line around the Anzac Cove area; this indicates the area of land depicted in the map on the previous page. The map on this page doesn’t even show the whole peninsula, which in itself is a very small part of Turkey. You can see just how little headway the Australian, New Zealand, British, French, Canadian and Indian forces were able to achieve. On the other hand, you can see just how successful the Turkish were in defending their country.

**Pages 38 – 39**

**The dugout**

Soldiers dug spaces out of the earth to sleep in. Some of these dugouts were like small rooms. Many were only big enough to lie down in. This one is typical of the type dug into the walls of trenches, such as those behind Walker’s Ridge, for troops to rest in before and after being on the front line. Conditions became particularly miserable when storms came in November. Torrents flooded many of the rudimentary dugouts and turned them to slop.

Here are two of my main references:

AWM A05401

AWM G00768

In our young man’s dugout we can see a diary and a Kodak vest pocket camera.

AWM 12870.001

It suggests he is one of the many soldiers who recorded their experiences, and from whose records we have some insight into what Gallipoli was like for the ordinary soldier.

Some of the photo references I used for this dugout were taken by just such a soldier, Signaller James Campbell. Here are links to a couple of them, and you can scroll through his collection of photographs, which cover pretty much every aspect of the Gallipoli campaign.


Pinned into the dirt wall of the dugout is a page from the Sydney Mail newspaper, September 22, 1915.

It is titled *The Trembling Sultan* and depicts Mehmed V, the second last Sultan of the Ottoman Empire, looking rather worried.
The picture is rich in clues about the times, but I can find no writing about it, so my interpretation is a guess. On the table is a scroll with pictures of ships on it. I assume these are details of the ships of the British Navy come to subdue Turkey. The model ship on the table is much easier to see. There was a controversy over a ship which led to the Ottoman entry into the war. Turkey had paid Britain to build two warships before the war, but when the war began the British government decided it needed those ships for its own navy. Britain didn’t return the money or offer compensation. Germany offered Turkey the use of one of its warships. When the Ottoman Empire accepted the German ship and it entered Turkish waters, Britain decided this meant the Ottoman Empire had entered the war against it. This history is well told in both Carlyon’s Gallipoli and the documentary Gallipoli: The Frontline Experience.

Do the clouds behind the ship make it look as if smoke is billowing from it?

Behind the Sultan are some younger Turkish men looking unimpressed. Since the ‘Young Turk Revolution’ of 1908, the Ottoman Empire was no longer an absolute monarchy, and was run by government ministers. Mehmed V had no real political power.
The ruler of an Empire has been made feeble; he is threatened from without and within. An allegory for the demise of the Ottoman Empire itself?

Notice the leather buttons on the furniture behind the Sultan become bullet holes.

I saw *The Trembling Sultan* in Richard Reid’s book, *Gallipoli 1915*\(^{\text{iv}}\). You can also see it stuck to the wall of a tent in Gallipoli here:

**AWM C00678**

I was fascinated that soldiers on the battlefield could get hold of relatively current newspapers, which were writing articles and publishing photographs and pictures about the situation they were in.

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**Pages 40 – 41**

**Gifts and rigged rifles**

The soldier uses a picture about the weakness of the Ottoman Empire to wrap a gift to leave behind for the victorious Turks. I thought it was a nice irony.

The other side of the newspaper page has printed Gallipoli photographs.

You can view a scan of the whole newspaper through Google, here:

([http://news.google.com/newspapers?nid=w_ORaKkuc5QC&dat=19150915&printsec=frontpage&hl=en](http://news.google.com/newspapers?nid=w_ORaKkuc5QC&dat=19150915&printsec=frontpage&hl=en))

To see the pages pictured in our book you need to scroll through to page 25 and 26 of the link, but the whole thing is worth a look.

The gift being wrapped is a tobacco tin.

**AWM REL38039**

Tobacco was one of the presents departing soldiers left for the Turks, though I did read one account of the tobacco being laced with gunpowder!\(^{\text{xv}}\)

(\textit{pg 524 Gallipoli, Les Carlyon})

The background image of the Turkish officers looking down from the heights is based on this photograph:

**AWM A05297**

The officer looking through the binoculars looks uncannily like Mustafa Kemal (Ataturk) to me, but I can find nothing official to back this guess up.
The delayed-action rifle (or drip rifle) was an Australian invention. It gave the impression troops were still manning the trenches after they’d left. It was very clever, but not the most important invention at Gallipoli. The periscope rifle, for example, was much more important. It was quickly copied by the Turks because it worked so well and saved lives, and is worth looking up. The drip rifle features here, not only because David mentioned it, but because it relates to the theme of ‘time’ which runs through the book, and I saw the opportunity to use it for poetic effect. Our minute is nearly over.

Here’s the photo reference of the drip rifle everyone (including me) uses:

AWM G01291

I found it difficult to figure out how the thing worked. One tin, filled with water, dripped into another. When the bottom tin grew heavy enough one of two things happened. Either the rifle was fired simply by the weight of the full tin dropping and pulling a string or wire attached to the trigger, or the weight of the tin pulled another weight off balance, and the fall of this other weight was the force which pulled the string or wire attached to the trigger. The second option made more sense and was supported by better written descriptions, such as Charles E. W. Bean’s in the

(See chapter XXX, p.883).

But I didn’t find a visual reference of it. Against common sense I was swayed by a photo online of a reconstruction in ‘The Army Museum Bandiana’. At the time, some written descriptions I came across were sufficiently vague that they seemed to support the first option involving only two tinsxvi.

(Les Carlyon’s can be found via the previous link about tobacco by scrolling up a couple of pages to p.521)

In the end, to my chagrin, I think I have drawn it wrong. Now the book is being printed I have come across a nice reference which makes sense. So this is what I should have drawn:

AWM H19321

Finally, if you are interested, here is an interview with the wonderfully down-to-earth Alfred Hughes Lawrence, one of the fellows who created these rifles:

Sound recording:
http://static.awm.gov.au/audio/S01577--1-.mp3

Transcript of recording:
Alfred Hughes Lawrence interview, AWM S01577

If the above links give trouble, you can navigate to the sound or the transcript from this link:
Bodies and crosses

We see a side view of Anzacs walking down the hill to leave Gallipoli. They are walking past the crosses they erected to mark the loss of their mates. The histories I read (such as Carlyon's) all mentioned that the soldiers felt particularly bitter leaving behind their friends who had died, and many didn’t want to leave for that reason.

Reference: AWM C00050

I have kept the sense of direction established earlier in the book (see pages 6-7). When the Anzacs arrived they headed uphill from left to right. Now they are leaving, they head downhill, to the left.

The view of the dead is different – the multitude of bodies are seen as if from above, looking down. This mixing of two different perspectives in the one picture, and the effect it creates, is another example of something which a picture book can do that can’t easily be pulled off in any other form. It’s a special picture-book way of appreciating this painful, solemn moment.

You may notice I have used sleeping positions for all the dead.

Pages 46 – 47   Back in the classroom
We see the class at the end of their minute of reflection. Obviously one wants to see signs the class has experienced some change. But I wanted to avoid clichéd sentiment or an unbelievable, unrealistic transformation. I didn’t believe that a whole class could all be profoundly moved and become thoughtful, considerate, citizens with a sense of their relationship to history and a respect for the bravery and loss of generations past in the space of a minute. I didn’t believe anyone else would swallow that either. Something was called for, but what?

Eventually I had two ideas. Firstly, there would be a mix of reactions. A couple of the kids do appear to have been deeply moved. Our sleeper is awake, and even seems to be ready for some kind of action. Other students have quieter reactions, more private and introspective. Just like some of us, it’s not possible from the outside to tell what they think or how much they have been affected, if at all.

My second idea was to have some of the kids swing around to their classmates and look as if to say, ‘Hey! You shot me!’ They’re no longer indifferent. They’ve imagined themselves as Turks and Diggers so well that they are angry. I think this is a natural reaction when violence affects someone personally.

To crib an idea from the cultural thinker Susan Sontag, pictures of war affect disinterested bystanders very differently than they do people who are directly or personally involved. A disinterested bystander may see pictures of a child killed, for example, as evidence of the horror of war and the strongest argument that violence must be stopped and that peace and reconciliation is desperately needed. Personal involvement may change this reaction. For a Palestinian who sees pictures of Palestinian children killed, for instance, or an Israeli who sees pictures of Israeli children killed, the pictures may provoke the same reaction. But they may instead, understandably I think, provoke the opposite reaction, and be seen as a reason to continue or escalate conflict.

See Regarding the Pain of Others, Susan Sontag. Here is a digitised version.

The bit I am paraphrasing is on pg11xvii.

(If the above link gives you trouble, I can’t help. Try Googling ‘Regarding the Pain of Others Susan Sontag’ and look for the pdf. Hopefully it is still available.)

When I have seen the images of the suffering of soldiers at Gallipoli, I have been disgusted and horrified by war in general. It doesn’t matter to me whether the soldiers are Turks or Anzacs or another nationality. But I recognise I am a classic disinterested bystander; I have no direct experience of conflict and no personal relationship with the Anzac experience.

One of the themes of One Minute’s Silence is the idea that the soldiers of both sides recognised they were not so different after all. But this is more clouded than it sounds. Nobody actually made peace. The fighting was very fierce. The Turks were still defending their homeland from invaders.

With this in mind, Ataturk’s speech at the end of the book, embracing all soldiers who died regardless of nationality, is extraordinary. As a disinterested bystander who sees little distinction between the Mehemetes and the Johnnies anyway, I find it very moving.

But what must it feel like to embrace those who have only recently killed tens of thousands of your countrymen, and have been trying very hard to kill you? Is it impossible to imagine?
A last thought

In 2013, Peter Underwood, Governor of Tasmania, gave an Anzac Day address. Some of it was printed in the Australian newspaper where I came across it. I was particularly affected by the image of soldiers so afraid they ‘...had even pissed in their own pants’. The anti-poetic tone of this speech was a big influence on my approach to illustrating the book. Here it is:


If the above link gives trouble, you can navigate to the 2013 Anzac Day Address (25 April) from this link:

Footnotes

i Tolga Ornek and Feza Toker, Gallipoli: The Frontline Experience, Currency Press, NSW, 2006, pg 89
ii Tolga Ornek, Gallipoli: The Frontline Experience, Roadshow Entertainment
iii Tolga Ornek and Feza Toker, Gallipoli: The Frontline Experience, Currency Press, NSW, 2006, pg 36
iv Les Carlyon, Gallipoli, Pan Macmillan, Sydney, 2004, pg 138
v Ibid., pg 128
viii Les Carlyon, Gallipoli, Pan Macmillan, Sydney, 2004, pg 397
ix Tolga Ornek and Feza Toker, Gallipoli: The Frontline Experience, Currency Press, NSW, 2006, pg 68
x Ibid., pg 68,69
xi Ibid., pg 55
xii Jonathan King and Michael Bowers, Gallipoli: untold stories, Random House Australia, 2008, pg 82
xiv Richard Reid, Gallipoli 1915, ABC Books, Sydney, 2002
xv Les Carlyon, Gallipoli, Pan Macmillan, Sydney, 2004, pg 524
xvi Ibid., pg 521
xvii Susan Sontag, Regarding the Pain of Others, Farrar, Strauss and Giroux, 2003, pg 11