

HERITAGE

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT — FOR THE FUTURE

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CATS, ELIOT, AND THE DANCE OF LIFE
On Facing the Truth



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Conservation

Conservation has become one of the big issues of the eighties, and rightly so. The level of waste and needless destruction within our environment has reached tragic levels. But as with many issues, has the case been overstated?

One prominent Australian mining company director recently stated that conservation was the issue that was now attracting the revolutionaries in society. He was scathing about their tactics and the consequences of their actions. Mining and development have become a dirty word.

What seems to be obvious is that the fear of "the bomb" and nuclear annihilation has now been replaced by the fear of the greenhouse effect and ozone layer with the consequent predictions of doom and the sapping of the inherent hope of our young. We don't claim to be experts, but amongst the experts there seems to be as many opinions as their number and not all are agreed that the consequences are as dire as is popularly promoted.

Whatever the true situation is, it would seem sensible that we adjust our habits so that we conform with, rather than confront, the natural order; just as learn to walk with care, out of consideration for gravity.

All development has an associated cost in terms of environmental degradation or alteration. However many mining companies have done wonderful work in re-landscaping their old mine sights to the extent that future generations may wonder if there had ever been a mine on that location. Whilst most mines would not even cover a pin prick on the largest map of Australia, the farms of our nature cover vast areas. There is justifiable concern over the problems of erosion and soil degradation. But as with the landscape of Europe and England and the peasant farmers of China, man can both create a beauty equal to nature and devise stable long term farming practices.

Conservation is a most important issue for the future of mankind. However of equal or greater importance is that a society is founded on correct relationships — to God, to fellow man and to the natural environment. Every aspect of human activity is inter-related, and each aspect cannot be looked at in isolation. What chance has conservation if man is in perpetual conflict — engaged in wars that have scant regard to the natural environment (witness Vietnam and the use of 245T); if farmers are placed under such economic pressure that survival becomes a greater imperative than conservation.

Further, most issues of conservation are best decided by those who live on the spot, who know the situation and issues and will live with the benefits and consequences of that decision, not by those far off who are easily swayed by the skillful camera operator and narrator, those who feel good in being involved in a "good cause" yet rarely lead by example.

Tasmanians were the best equipped to determine their needs and the implications regarding the proposed Gordon-Franklin Dam some six years ago. However the outcome was decided in the High Court with a consequent profound change in the interpretation of our Constitution.

It would seem that the reasonable concerns of most people for environmental matters is being used as a lever to bring about changes that have great implications to our future.

THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

The Australian Heritage Society was launched in Melbourne on September 18th, 1971 at an Australian League of Right's Seminar. It was clear that Australia's heritage is under increasing attack from all sides; spiritual, cultural, political and constitutional. A permanent body was required to ensure that young Australians were not cut off from their true heritage and the Heritage Society assumed that role in a number of ways.

The Australian Heritage Society welcomes people of all ages to join in its programme for the regeneration of the spirit of Australia. To value the great spiritual realities that we have come to know and respect through our heritage, the virtues of patriotism, of integrity and love of truth, the pursuit of goodness and beauty, an unselfish concern for other people — to maintain a love and loyalty for those values.

Young Australians have a very real challenge before them. The Australian Heritage Society, with your support can give them the necessary lead in building a better Australia.

"Our heritage today is the fragments gleaned from past ages; the heritage of tomorrow — good or bad — will be determined by our actions today."

SIR RAPHAEL CILENTO

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CATS, ELIOT, AND THE DANCE OF LIFE

by Russell Kirk

The following article by the distinguished American conservative writer, Dr Russell Kirk, first appeared in the American quarterly *Renaissance*.

“What do you mean to be when you grow up, Andrea?” Mrs Eliot inquired of our eleven-year-old daughter. “I want to be a dancer in *Cats* all my life,” the gregarious Andrea replied, quite sincerely. She had seen some months past the New York and Chicago performances of that vastly successful musical, and just the previous night had enjoyed the Drury Lane version, thanks to Valerie Eliot.

This conversation occurred at the Cafe Royal, TSE’s favorite restaurant, whither Mrs Eliot had invited four Kirks for lunch. Joined with the innovative musical genius of Andrew Lloyd Webber, *Old Possum’s Book of Practical Cats*, by 1987, had achieved that popular restoration of the verse drama’s power to which Eliot had aspired half a century gone. Mrs Eliot is well pleased, to put it mildly, by this vindication: for the attempts at denigration of Eliot and at diminution of his influence, during the past decade, have been overwhelmed by feline dance, song, wit, and sagacity.

Eliot himself would have been tickled by this marvellous theatrical counterblast against the legions of Deconstruction. Melancholy men are the wittiest, as old Robert Burton instructs us; and it is Eliot’s wit that has risen from the church at East Coker to smite the nihilists hip and thigh.

Those who had regarded Eliot as a pillar of propriety, sib to “Matthew and Waldo, guardians of the faith,” often are taken ahack by the frenetic energy and the near-naked dancers of Webber’s musical masterpiece. It this the classicism of the Pope of Russell Square? Surely the antique progenitor of *Cats* is that notorious and ribald Tory named Aristophanes, not some portentous tragedian; and for that matter, Webber’s production invokes the spirit not of ancient Athens, but of ancient Cadiz. Could Eliot see the cats cavorting at the New London Theatre, Drury Lane, he might recall Juvenal’s lines:

Comes now some Gaditanian with his troop
Of naughty singers, and the wanton pranks
Of much applauded dancing girls that stoop
And rouse desire with undulating flanks . . .

Although something of a twentieth-

century Juvenal in his early poems, Thomas Stearns Eliot presumably would have tolerated the undulating flanks of Bombalurina, Demeter, Griddlebone, and other delectable cat-women of the London cast. After all, it is not easy to improve the morals of cats maddened by the midnight dance; and the ribaldry of *Cats*, like the ribaldry of *The Clouds* or *The Frogs*, conceals an ethical end. As for rousing desire — why, Mrs Eliot mentioned that from time to time young gentlemen have persuaded one or another of the female cat-dancers to elope, so leaving awkward gaps in the cast that must be filled very promptly.

How was it that these comical verses, somewhat in the vein of Edward Lear, have risen to such high estate? It could never have been Eliot’s expectation that his cat poems, dramatized, somehow would reach audiences larger far than the combined total of persons who ever had attended performances of *Murder in the Cathedral*, *The Family Reunion*, *The Cocktail Party*, *The Confidential Clerk*, and *The Elder Statesman* — indeed, that more people would pay for costly tickets to *Cats* than ever had bought his books during his lifetime. He had hoped to renew the public’s taste for the poetic drama — but scarcely through poetry resembling Edward Lear’s verses about pussycats, owls, and runcible spoons.

Eliot’s verses about Growltiger, Old Deuteronomy, Mr Mistoffelees, Macavity the Mystery Cat, Skimbleshanks the Railway Cat, and the rest of his crew were written as civilization was about to explode; when the state of public affairs induced in Eliot a “depression of spirits so different from any other experience of fifty years”; when he found it necessary to extinguish his noble quarterly *The Criterion*. They were written for small children, and with the assistance and stern criticism of the children of various friends. Britain declared war against Germany on Septem-

ber 3, 1939; *Old Possum’s Book of Practical Cats* was published precisely a month later; on October 14, a German submarine sank the British battleship *Royal Oak* in Scapa Flow, the first of the military disasters Britain would suffer. No one in those times suggested that five decades later the wit and wisdom of this tiny book would justify, if comically, Eliot’s later declaration that the communication of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the living. On the stage, *Cats* swept Eliot’s name to a popularity that the surly ideological critic never could hope to undo.

Yet what is *Cats*, written by a dignified man of letters who was struggling against hopeless odds to redeem the time? Undulating flanks aside, why does this musical production, either side of the Atlantic, move its huge audiences to roaring laughter and then to open tears? What is the thing all about? Donald Morley, twelve years old in 1938, had suspected (according to his father, Eliot’s friend Frank Morley) that “there was a spoof, somewhere, about Tom’s Cats. It did take a lot of knowing, always, to separate Tom’s wit from his chaff.” Are these cat verses, now so cleverly dramatized, wit or chaff?

An answer to that question may be found in these lines of “The Ad-Dressing of Cats,” which concludes the musical production as it does the slim book:

You now have learned enough to see
That Cats are much like you and me
And other people whom we find
Possessed of various types of mind.

Andrew Lloyd Webber’s remarkable imagination has seized upon this parallel and, through the power of the dance, has enabled us to perceive ourselves as so many cats: felines laughable and tragic, lustful, heroic, pitiable, furious, evanescent, meant for eternity.

The dance is not Webber’s alone; it is implicit in Eliot’s poetry, and rises to the surface with the ghostly peasant dance in “East Coker.” For there runs through T.S. Eliot’s imagery what Havelock Ellis called “The Art of Dancing” in his book *The Dance of Life* (1923). Eliot knew Ellis’



CATS — TOURING COMPANY 1989
L to R: Cat Lawrence as Bombalurina,
Sharon Müllerchip as Demeter,
Richard Pettyfer as Munkustrap.

editions of the Elizabethan dramatists, but the only reference to the bold Ellis in the eighteen volumes of *The Criterion* is a review (by Isaiah Berlin) of one of his lesser books. (Ellis died in 1939, that grim year of Eliot's distress.) This passage from "The Art of Dancing" suggests why the alliance of Eliot and Webber has roused such admiration in a bent world:

"Dancing is the primitive expression alike of religion and love — of religion from the earliest human times we know of and of love from a period long anterior to the coming of man. The art of dancing, moreover, is intimately entwined with all human tradition of war, of labour, of pleasure, of education, while some of the wisest philosophers and the most ancient civilizations have regarded the dance as the pattern in accordance with which the moral life of men must be woven."

To our innate longing for the dance, the first of all human arts, *Cats* appeals. The sort of dancing we enjoy in Webber's production is ancient Egyptian at its root. Thus we return to Juvenal's Gaditanian

with his much-admired dancing wantons, for Ellis describes the artful dancing of ancient Gades (our Cadiz):

"Even beyond the Mediterranean, at Cadiz, dancing that was essentially Egyptian in character was established, and Cadiz became the dancing school of Spain . . . This dancing, alike whether Egyptian or Gaditanian, was the expression of the individual dancer's body and art; the garments played but a small part in it, they were frequently transparent, and sometimes discarded altogether. It was, and it remains, simple, personal, passionate dancing, classic, therefore, in the same sense as, on the side of literature, the poetry of Catullus is classic."

Eliot's attachment to classicism in literature, then, is not put to scorn by Webber's Gaditanian adaptation of the Practical Cats. Nor does the art of dancing flout true morality; rather, Ellis argues, "dancing engendered morality." Declaring himself Catholic in religion and Royalist in politics, Eliot set his face against his ancestral Puritanism — that is, against the enemies of the dance of life. Ellis points out that Puritanism for a time succeeded in crushing the dance — alas, "no matter

for rejoicing, even to morality." In the words of Remy de Gourmont, the drinking-shop conquered the dance, and alcohol replaced the violin.

I suggest, in short, that the delighted audiences of *Cats* on either side of the ocean have sensed, beyond those handsome undulating flanks, the moral imagination of Eliot and of Webber. The frenzied skillful swirl of the cats maddened by the midnight dance is the old Dance of Life, with its aspirations, vanities, conflicts, and terrors: the perpetual human dance, the religious dance, and the dance of death as well. Grizabella's song, "Memory," wakes in us awareness of the pathos of human life; Grizabella's death and ascent, at which the audience sighs in relief, express the inextinguishable yearning after Eternity, "thou pleasing dreadful though." (The Grizabella theme is not in *Old Possum's Book*; it was unearthed from Eliot's unpublished papers.) In feeling, the audiences of *Cats*, though unmoving, dance with the performers. As Ellis puts this, "Even if we are not ourselves dancers, but merely the spectators of the dance, we are still — according to that Lippsian doctrine of *Einfühlung* or 'empathy' by Groos termed 'the play of inner imitation' — which here, at all events, we may accept as true — feeling ourselves in the dancer who is manifesting and expressing the latent impulses of our own being."

Dancers of divers kinds wind their way through some of Eliot's poems, commencing with "The Hollow Men": there the lost plod rhythmically round the prickly pear at five o'clock in the morning, at the *danse macabre*. In *Four Quartets* the dance will not be denied. "Burnt Norton," in its second movement, has "the dance along the artery" and the dance at the still point; in its fifth movement, "the crying shadow in the funeral dance," and that "detail of the pattern" which is movement.

In "East Coker" we come upon, and see vividly, the dance of the villagers of yesteryear, as if painted by Teniers or Breughel, "leaping through the flames, or joined in circles": the dance of the rhythm of nature, of the cycle of human life. At the end of the second movement "the dancers are all gone under the hill" into the dark dark dark. The familiar compound ghost of "Little Gidding" instructs the poet sternly that one who would be restored must endure purgatorial fire, "Where you must move in measure, like a dancer."

Of these dances, the grand ball is at the still point of the turning world, where time and the timeless intersect; "Except for the point, the still point, there would be no dance, and there is only the dance." Whole books having been written about that particular Eliotic mystery, I do not propose to enter into what Eliot meant by "dance" in this passage — except to suggest that the dance of the turning world lies at the heart of Eliot's beliefs.

Dancing receives its large due in Eliot's criticism. "The drama was originally ritual," he wrote in *The Nation and Athenaeum*, in 1923; "and ritual, consisting of a set of repeated movements, is essentially a dance." A few months later, in his

Criterion essay "Four Elizabethan Dramatists," he remarked that "The differences between a great dancer and a merely competent dancer is in the vital flame, that impersonal, and, if you like, unhuman force which transpires through each of the great dancer's movements." In "A Dialogue on Dramatic Poetry" (1928), he observes "that any efficient dancer has undergone a training which is like a moral training."

Eliot's comments on "The Ballet" in *The Criterion* for April, 1925 lead him to an analysis of the dancer's art very similar to that of Havelock Ellis, whose *Dance of Life* had been published two years before. "For to the study of the dance, including its highest forms — the ballet and the mass — several interests and qualifications are necessary," Eliot wrote:

Anyone who would penetrate to the spirit of dancing — and, therefore, anyone who would contribute to our imagination of what the ballet may perform in the future — should begin by a close study of dancing among primitive peoples — *vide* the Australian ceremonies described by Spencer and Gillen and Hewett: of dancing amongst developed peoples, such as the Tibetans and the Javanese. He should have, furthermore, a first-hand knowledge of the technique of the ballet from bar practice to toe work . . . He should have studied the evolution of Christian

and other liturgy. (For is not the High Mass — as performed, for instance, at the Madeleine in Paris — one of the highest developments of dancing?) And, finally, he should track down the secrets of rhythm in the (still undeveloped) science of neurology.

Eliot went on to recommend study of a book with illustrations showing "the arm and hand movements and poses of the priests of Bali," of much interest and value to students of the dance.

Yet he was no enthusiast for attempts to revive archaic ceremonial dances. "For you cannot *revive* a ritual without reviving a faith. You can *continue* a ritual after the faith is dead — that is not a conscious, 'pretty' piece of archeology — but you cannot *revive* it." Religious ritual, the fountainhead of the dance, arises from religious faith in a transcendent power. When the faith has departed, the dance at length expires of inanition.

These Eliotic perceptions of the purpose of the dance, Andrew Lloyd Webber has contrived most ingeniously to infuse into the music and the choreography of *Cats*. The composer of *Jesus Christ Superstar* and of *Requiem* has apprehended both Eliot's wit and Eliot's chaffing; one suspects that he has mastered, too, something yet more difficult — Eliot's vision of the dance of the turning world, and of the still point round which the dance revolves eternally.

To understand *Cats*, that clever and moving fusion of the talents of Eliot and Webber, the thing to read is not some close analysis of Eliot as poet and critic, but rather Havelock Ellis on the art of dancing. To apprehend Eliot's mind and heart, I have found it most profitable to read two books that do not mention him: Rudolf Otto's *The Idea of the Holy* (1923) and Martin D'Arcy's *Death and Life* (1942).

Although both Eliot and this writer fancied cats, the talents of felines never happened to be discussed in our conversations and correspondence. I might have asked for his opinion of my theory that certain cats may inherit genetically not intelligence merely, but kinds of information. All time being unredeemable, however, "What might have been is an abstraction/Remaining a perpetual possibility/Only in a world of speculation."

My wife and I reared our four daughters as declaimers of verses from *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*. Sometimes the charming tiny creatures performed for a cordial audience of college girls. Monica was applauded for her interpretation of "Growltiger's Last Stand"; Cecilia, for "Macavity: the Mystery Cat"; Felicia, for "Mr Mistoffelees." This we found a good discipline for introducing

CATS — TOURING COMPANY 1989
Company Photo taken on stage
at the Festival Theatre Adelaide.





CATS — TOURING COMPANY 1989
L to R: Sharon Millerchip as Demeter,
Anne Wood as Jellylorum,
Cat Lawrence as Bombalurina.

the girls to the dance of life, for truly cats are much like you and me.

Last April, at the New London Theatre, when the performance of *Cats* came to an end too soon and the crowd poured out to Drury Lane, our enraptured daughter Andrea, a cat-lover, scamped upon the stage to secure an autograph. It was not one of the agile beauties of the undulating flanks that she sought out, but instead the massive shape of Old Deuteronomy, Hebraic cat, prophet and judge (played, in London, by Donald Francke). Amid that wild midnight revel of the dancing cats, Old Deuteronomy, the ancient of days, was the pillar of order and the bearer of the Word. Andrea's choice would have been approved by TSE.

As modern men and women forget the rhythms of the dance of life, Eliot held, modern culture slides toward dissolution. There will succeed to our era a Dark Age: already we are "destroying our ancient edifices to make ready the ground upon which the barbarian nomads of the future

will encamp in their mechanized caravans." The acid-rock dancers prance down the road to Avernus.

If indeed our civilization goes soon into the dark, disorder of spirit resulting in social collapse, may some memory of Eliot's insights survive the crash of empires? In medieval times, legend transformed Vergil into a consummate magician of ancient times. Will fabulists of the twenty-fourth century, say, relate that Eliot was a shaman who wandered long in a wasteland inhabited by cats only? Ye unborn ages, weigh not on my soul. Eliot did what he might to redeem the time: and *Cats*, somewhat paradoxically renewing Eliot's name and fame, wakes some wits and consciences to old life-giving rhythms.



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ON FACING THE TRUTH

by Geoffrey Dobbs



"Life, we are told, is not all roses, but dare we grit our teeth and bravely face the fact that lovely, healthy roses exist, billions of them, and give delight far exceeding any distress caused by the diseased and distorted ones?"

Their wrongful power over us, mainly through money, politics and mass-psychology, is entirely in our minds, and from there only the right can drive out the wrong. It is indeed necessary to take account of their methods and intentions, but too much indignant pre-occupation with them leads only to attempts to beat them at their own power-game, which is about as futile as attacking an advancing tank with a pea-shooter. This is not heroic. It is merely silly!

Yet peas, though useless as weapons, if rightly used possess a force greater than that of any machine, the force of life itself with its individual, decentralised initiative — the only answer to centralisation. It is the truth, not the untruth, working at the right, not the wrong, way which can see us free. If it is a matter of courage, have we the 'guts' to face the normality of goodness?

Life, we are told, is not all roses, but dare we grit our teeth and bravely face the fact that lovely, healthy roses exist, billions of them, and give delight far exceeding any distress caused by the diseased and distorted ones? Happy marriages and families are the normality, not broken homes, single parents, battered wives and babies, and all the other abnormalities constantly thrust upon us.

The mechanised powers that oppress us look formidable indeed, yet if we will but credit it, the whole living Creation is on our side!

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Why is it that the 'truth' we are constantly being asked to 'face' is always evil, the 'facts' are always unpleasant facts, the 'reality' we are told to 'face' always the most sordid and depressing reality? Is reality really sordid and depressing, and the truth really evil?

Is the truth we must face about our society one of the breakdown of marriage and morality, of increasing crime, murder, violence, vandalism, hooliganism, pornography, rape, promiscuity, sodomy, AIDS, child-abuse, abortion, embryo-tampering, drug-addiction, dishonesty, theft, treason, oppression, poverty, depravity and misery? Do not millions of us 'face' these things daily, even hourly, in the press and the broadcast media, and the more we dwell upon them, the more they seem to grow?

And what about the World Scene? Must we not face the truth of the ever-growing centralisation of power in fewer hands, through the control of money and debt, politics and bureaucracy and the all-pervading media invading every home, the corruption of religion and education and the language itself, and the indiscriminate collective treatment of men, women and children as equal, faceless, characterless units? Is it not true that power corrupts, and that we are passing under the control of remote and power-corrupted men, planning to increase their power over our lives to the point of World Government?

If these are facts must we not face them? Must we not fight these evil men, study their wicked plans, and contend continually with the innumerable evils which threaten and beset us? Would it not be cowardly 'escapism' to turn our backs on them and look only on the bright side of things?

Put in this way the question clearly invites the answer Yes! The truth about evil must be faced. But what *is* the truth about untruth? Is it not the denial, or perversion, often the complete inversion, of truth, that is of reality? In fact, is not the genuine 'facing' of evil the facing of that reality from which it has departed? How can there be any wrong except in relation to right? If we are going the wrong way how can we know it unless we have the right way in our minds, or at least the right direction; and if our knowledge of that is vague, should we not concentrate our efforts on improving it; which means facing the truth and turning our backs on the untruth (re-pentance).

Certainly, when assaulted by evil we ought to defend the right — in so far as we know it — by exposing the precise way in which it is being misused, but then to

go on filling our minds with wrongness, to concentrate on it, wallow in it, go on about its threat and its power, and to think that in so doing we are fighting it, is to increase and to fall under that power, while diverting others also from the right way.

As G. K. Chesterton wrote somewhere, there are innumerable ways of falling off a bicycle, but only one way, at any instant, of staying balanced on it; and that right way needs practising until it is unconscious and automatic, as can be seen in any exercise of skill. We have been told to occupy our minds with whatsoever things are true, honest and of good report, not with those which are untrue, dishonest and of bad report. To concentrate on the innumerable ways that things can be done wrongly has the result that the right way soon appears unreal and impracticable and is rejected, as are the plain solutions of many of the current 'social problems' which beset us today.

"Indeed, how can we 'fight' a denial except with an assertion, or an absence except by restoring a presence?"

Indeed, how can we 'fight' a denial except with an assertion, or an absence except by restoring a presence? A hole in our sock is indeed a fact that must be faced, but what is it but a denial or absence of sock in that place, which can be put right only by sock-restoration, e.g. by darning? To go on about the dreadfulness of holes, about the Great National Hole Threat, or even the World Hole Problem, to make a great business of studying 'holiness' (in the sense of un-wholeness) destroys its true sense; and this is not mere word-play!

We cannot and must not ignore in our paper the daily hammering we all receive with every sort of unwholesomeness, but, having 'faced' it we try to turn our backs on it and seek the right way, whether or not it is rejected by the established experts on contemporary wrongness. This also applies to the plans and conspiracies of those remote and, to us, inaccessible men corrupted by power, through the institutions they control, who seek always to extend their influence over our lives.

THE PRESIDENT-MONARCH

by Randall J. Dicks

This year marks the 200th anniversary of the inauguration of the first American President, George Washington. The presidency has changed dramatically since General Washington took his first oath of office on the balcony of New York City's Federal Hall on April 30th, 1789. The President of the United States has become very much like the monarch which George Washington declined to be.

The royal aspects of this presidency belong to two areas, trappings and substance. Despite a determined effort to shun the trappings of the monarchy which had been cast off (a one-man executive was distrusted as "the festus of monarchy"),

they were there from the very start, beginning with the tentative presidential title, "His Elective Highness". The new chief executive had a combination home and office, whose name was not firmly established as the White House for some years;

though it is called a *house*, the executive mansion has been more and more of a presidential palace. It lacks only a ceremonial changing of the guard (and that might have come about a few years ago, if President Nixon's attempt to change the uniforms of the White House security guards into comic opera outfits topped off with shakos had not been met

The Presidency — taking on all the trappings of monarchy.



with immediate derision).

White House weddings have been semi-state (or demi-royal) affairs for a century. President Theodore Roosevelt's only daughter was called Princess Alice, and acted the role for the rest of her long life. The presidential family is called the First Family, and this has been extended to the First Lady, First Daughter (Amy Carter), and even a number of First Dogs. In this system, the word *first* takes the place of *royal*. The President's children have almost always been the object of special attention, the same attention lavished on royal children by European glossy magazines. After President Ford took office after the Nixon resignation, one commentator, aware of this trend, said that he understood that the new President had four children, and he would like to leave it at that. But it was not to be.

In the United States, as in almost every country without a real royal family of its own, substitutes must be found or manufactured. Those substitutes might include the Kennedy dynasty, the Rockefellers, the Onassis family, or anyone else's real royal family (the First Family itself is featured quite a bit, too, but many first families do not seem to be interesting or attractive enough to fill all the available space). The phenomenon is strong in France, Italy, and Germany, where the covers of weeklies will as often as not feature royalty (and very seldom the spouses or children of the presidents of those countries).

The President is accorded his full share of pomp. He is greeted by a stirring fanfare whenever he arrives at a speech, ceremony, or any public event — "Ruffles and Flourishes" and "Hall to the Chief". (Even the Vice President has his musical honours.) He has a flag, a seal, guards of honour, aircraft. And at the presidential palace, the china is gilded, and there *are* footmen.

"If one professes the strongest of republican beliefs, one should not borrow so heavily from the external symbols of monarchy, nor display the absolutist powers which belong to republican and socialist tyrants, not to kings."

Some of these pseudo-royal presidential trappings may be trivial, but they bring to mind that eternal uninformed criticism of the expense of monarchy. The cost of supporting the President of the United States and his entourage is so staggering as to make any current monarchy seem a bargain.

On the substantive side, the trend toward the imperial presidency (chronicled by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. in his book by that name) becomes disturbing and even sinister. On the one hand, there is the increasing presidential pomp, which is sometimes fun, but more often seems out of place; on the other, there is the growing "imperial" presidency, whose powers, innate or assumed, have swelled during periods of war and national stress, to the point that it is potentially no longer accountable to the legislature or to public

opinion, and instead may be accountable only every four years to an indifferent electorate, half of which does not vote.

In his sometimes quixotic quest for the presidency in 1968, Senator Eugene McCarthy advocated the decentralization and depersonalization of the presidency (he thought the White House should be turned into a museum). Twenty years later, the cult of presidential personality had attained a new peak; a president was in office who, time after time, had been demonstrated to be unaware, uninterested, and sometimes not in control of what was going on, but who was *liked* by the nation (or by the polls). Further, the President seemed as isolated as Louis XVI or Nicholas II, and worse than a mere cult of personality, a "spurious reverence ... had come to envelop the office," as Schlesinger had written of the situation two decades earlier.

Neither the acquisition of royal trappings nor imperial powers is limited to the President of the United States. The President of France is surrounded by pomp wherever he goes: music, the Garde Republicaine, the red sash of the Legion d'Honneur. The President of Italy lives in the former Royal Palace (the Quirinal), a tendency followed in other former monarchies (even the governor of the state of Hawaii makes his office in the former Hawaiian royal palace, the Iolani). The examples, perhaps amusingly and perhaps not, go on and on. On a more serious level, some presidents have certainly acquired powers that no modern king possesses — President Stroessner of Paraguay just lost his. Other presidents have managed to make themselves, sometimes thanks to a doubtful "plebiscite," *presidents for life*, and in the instance of Haiti, it was starting to look as though the presidency for life was becoming hereditary. Is a hereditary presidency for life an uncrowned monarchy? It does not seem to work that way. A hereditary presidency for life is not simply the republican equivalent of a constitutional monarchy; in modern practice, it turns out to be repressive, illegitimate, dictatorial, and uncompromisingly corrupt.

On the whole, references to a president as monarch, or to an imperial presidency, are an insult and a disservice to monarchy, because the president-monarch offers all the disadvantages of monarchy, with none of its advantages. Criticisms which are levelled at monarchy, justly or not, hit the target when aimed at the president-monarch. He is expensive. In many cases, he is mere window dressing, a figurehead who "reigns but does not rule". He may be incompetent (Schlesinger says that having a good, or merely capable president now "[appears] as much the function of luck as of any necessity in the constitutional order"). What is the president-monarch *not*? He is not above party politics, he is a creature of them. He is not a symbol of unity, he represents the division inherent in the partisan political system. He is not a professional head of state, groomed all his life for the position he holds. He is not free of interest groups, he owes his position to them, and must retain their favour if he wishes to be re-elected.

The president-monarch is a fraud, a dishonest species of chief executive. If one professes the strongest of republican beliefs, one should not borrow so heavily from the external symbols of monarchy, nor display the absolutist powers which belong to republican and socialist tyrants, not to kings. If a country craves a monarch, why not have the real thing, which would be much more satisfying (to say nothing of efficient, honest, intelligent, economical, and effective) than the ersatz substitute, the president-who-would-be-king? H

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THE MONARCHY

The Book of Common Prayer and Christian Civilisation

by Edward Rock

In March, 1988, a series of lectures over a weekend was given by eminent Anglican spokesman of the Melbourne, Sydney and Adelaide dioceses in Australia. The subject was the Book of Common Prayer, 1662, almost completely superseded by An Australian Prayer Book 1978 contrary to express promises to an uneasy laity, but treated as a fait accompli by most clergy with rare exceptions. The seminar was organised by The Prayer Book Society In Australia, (Victorian Branch) Incorporated, in which the main instigators are laymen concerned about the true place of the B.C.P. as reflected in the preface of A.A.P.B. which begins, "This book is AN AUSTRALIAN PRAYER BOOK 1978 FOR USE TOGETHER WITH THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER 1662. It is supplementary to The Book of Common Prayer and not a replacement of it . . ."

Listening to the Archbishops of Sydney and Melbourne, the Most Reverend's D.W.B. Robinson and D.J. Penman, the Chairman of the Prayer Book Society, H.M. Speagle, the respondent to Archbishop Robinson, Professor A.L.G. Shaw, with very clear and penetrating comments from Dr R.L. Sharwood given from the floor, there was a note of unmistakable regret at the eclipse of the B.C.P. with its unmistakable place in both history and theology. By now it is being increasingly recognised that the great hopes for a book in modern idiom to help fill empty pews was ill founded. The intrinsic values of the B.C.P. were founded in a historical background where the very edges of faith were under stress. On the other hand A.A.P.B. was the product of a declining faith. The B.C.P. was designed as the central document to which Monarchs and Government were subject. A.A.P.B. reflected the innocuous decline of the Church into a position of little importance in the power structure of the day.

DECLINE IN AUTHORITY

Unmistakably the seminar reflected this decline in the authority of the Anglican Church. It seemed to this writer that while there was an unwillingness to admit that A.A.P.B. had failed to galvanise a new spirit within the church, and therefore a return to the B.C.P. may salvage something of what had been lost. But the emphasis always was that inward looking aspect posed in the question, how can we save the Church, rather than how can the Church save Christian civilisation. It was the failure to answer this question when the B.C.P. was in use, as it still is in (once

ject, and whose authority both she and the Church are pledged to uphold. The B.C.P. is quite explicit on such matters. It recognises the need for Christmas to pray for faiths which do not recognise the authority of the Son of God, but it clearly does not condone that they have any status equal to the Christian faith as was the clear implication at the opening of the New Parliament House in Canberra in which the Queen was forced to prostrate her true authority. A true church, fully aware of the authority endowed to it under the one true God would have ensured the Queen was never placed in that

Great Britain, which brought A.A.P.B. into existence. It was this same failure which placed the Queen in the invidious position of praying with faiths which do not recognise the supreme authority of Jesus Christ, to whom the Queen is sub-

"The British Monarchy is the most formidable obstacle to the final victory of blatant humanism."





"The God given strength of any hereditary institution is the denial of power in favour of service."

position. That failure takes us back to the B.C.P. and the failure to understand the responsibility to uphold the Monarchical institution as an instrument of God.

To understand the true role of the Monarchy as both an instrument of civilisation, and therefore to any Christian, no matter the denomination, an instrument of God, it is necessary to understand and define constitutional government of which the Monarch is an integral part, or more correctly, the integral part. Constitutional government in which the integral part is an hereditary institution, of its very nature is not a creation of man. Therefore it is a creation of God.

It is obvious the authors of the B.C.P. had at least some understanding of this truth. Certainly the authors of A.A.P.B. had none, and in fairness it must be said that the present Church of England has lost what it inherited in this regard, and that has been the situation for some time, perhaps a hundred years or more. The present constitutional debacle in which man embraces humanism as the supreme power, paralleled by the decline in the authority of the Christian church is a direct result.

The strength of the Monarchical institution does not evolve around personality, it is a strength beyond personality although it is always a plus if the Monarch has more strengths than weaknesses. The real strength of the hereditary Monarchical institution is in fact the hereditary content, which is of God and most feared by the forces of evil. It was the understanding of the tremendous spiritual authority inherent within the Monarchical institution which gave rise to the most horrendous crime of this century, the mass slaughter of every known member of the Romanoff family. Each and every member of that family

was doomed because their destruction was essential to the objective of the anti-God movement in Russia and throughout the world, the supremacy of man over God. Had one single member of the Romanoff family survived to carry on the hereditary line it could have meant the early end to the Marxist government in Russia, a severe blow to the anti-God movement throughout the world. Monarchies throughout Europe toppled in quick succession, victims of the same philosophical motivation and ruthless political intrigue.

POWER OR SERVICE

The God given strength of any hereditary institution is the denial of power in favour of service. True parents invoking the hereditary authority of parenthood practice denial of self to the benefit of the whole family. The objective is to bring up the children the same way. The wise employer, responsible for guiding and directing others, follows the same path. The whole content of Christian teaching is that man should never exercise power over his fellow man except in dealing with criminals and those who set out to destroy the laws of God. As soon as man sets out to seek power which will enable him to force others to follow a path not of their own choosing, the corruption of power takes place, and this danger is greatest in the field of government. God is concerned about righteous government, the hereditary principles of which can never be subject to change, but so long as they exist allows each individual the maximum freedom and security. Its lynch pin is that no man should exercise power over his fellow man, but must be a servant. "He who is greatest among you, shall be your servant."

Conversely, man without God is chiefly concerned with unrighteous government.

Naked force must be the ultimate weapon, and ultimately all anti-God government resorts to terror and destruction. It cannot do otherwise, just as it must pervert all other forms of just and good government to achieve that end. Therefore all expressions of anti-God government will seek to use the legal and voting system to extend the growth of man made power and the extension of man made government. The explosion of the modern bureaucratic state is an expression of anti-God government. The bureaucratic state has been made possible through the perversion of the voting system. "Perversion of the voting system" is the operative phrase because the original intention of the democratic vote was to replace the use of naked force with agreement. However under God, agreement between men can only be fruitful when subject to obeying when subject to obeying His laws, and hereditary authority is integral to those laws. Government which destroys the hereditary authority of family, church, the Monarchy, which undermines traditional social and personal morality which has been handed down through the ten commandments, and has been demonstrated over thousands of years of trial and error to be imminently successful; we can say that government is anti-God. That description fits our present government in Australia under the Labour Party, and it fitted the previous government under the Liberal Party. More tragically it fits what might be called the Christian Church Party, because the modern Christian Church accepts with scarcely a whimper of protest the proliferation and growth of government with its escalating extension of the power of man over his fellow man.

HUMANISM

The British Monarchy is the most formidable obstacle to the final victory of

blatant humanism. The Monarchy limits the lust for unlimited power by man. This is done not only because the incumbent of the throne is not subject to election by a man made and controlled voting system with all the potential for corruption, blackmail and paybacks which inevitably occurs when one group seeks to have its nominee elected president of a republic; it is also because the Monarchy in extending its hereditary authority to other sections of society limits the potential for abuse in the voting system to other sections of society.

Starting from the point where the incumbent of the throne is appointed and anointed by divine right of inheritance cannot assume absolute power without contravening God's laws which protect each individual against absolute power, the Monarchy became the pivot around which the diffusion of power in government approached a point of perfection in constitutional government. The development could have only been possible in a culture which before the coming of Christ had no basis of acceptance. History Before Christ (B.C.) recorded that power was exercised over the weak by the strong, and the weakest went to the wall. Even after Christ, in the history known as Anno Domini (A.D. "the year of our Lord") hundreds of years passed before the divine right of Monarchs was not confessed with absolute power. The reign of Alfred saw an acceptance of Christian servanthood in government, but it was not until another two hundred and more years that Magna Carta established a constitutional landmark in limiting the absolute power of the Monarchy and establishing the rights of citizens on a basis equality before the law, and the inviolability of private property. It

took several hundred years more before the constitutional institutions necessary to protect the individual against absolute power were hammered out and fine tuned to effective instruments.

ORGANIC DEVELOPMENT

However it was done, slow organic development produced the simplest and most effective form of government to reflect the mind of Christ, the desire of God and the working of the Holy Spirit. With the Monarch as the head and the pivot, trinitarian government became a priceless part of our Christian heritage. In England it was composed of the Monarch, Houses of Lords and Commons. In Australia it was the Monarch, Senate and the House of Representatives, but the Federation itself was the child of the States which were governed by Monarch, Upper and Lower Houses. On a national basis there are three forms of government, the Federal Government, State Governments and Local Government. Under the anti-God philosophy dominating politics, economics and financial policy the Federal Government is trying to swallow up the other two. In a genuine trinity none should be greater than the other, but each should be sovereign and a servant to each other as in the Holy Trinity. But this is not possible unless any form of government is not only seen, but functions as a servant of the people. The Christian Church has the sole responsibility of ensuring and establishing the principle and practice of servanthood in society and the

correct functioning of its institutions towards this end. The B.C.P. is a witness to the fact that there was an understanding of the role of the Monarchy and "those in authority under her," functioning as a true servant, which is now all but lost. This is the loss of true authority. Those in government now consider the Monarch's authority to be irrelevant, but their own authority and power to be relevant. They look to the day when they can use their power to dispense with the Monarchical institution and are able to appoint their own nominee to further advance their power.

The only obstacle to their ambition is what remains of our Christian heritage. The Monarchy is central to that heritage and it has the love and respect of the great majority of the people of Australia and the Commonwealth. In this fact there are grounds for hope, but the love and respect shown the Monarchy needs to be buttressed with real understanding of how the Monarchy defends the people against the evil of unrestrained power. It is the will of God as taught by His son that His "will be done on earth as it is in heaven." God's will cannot be done when man says, "not thy will, but my will," and establishes complete authoritarian forms of government for that purpose, the destruction of the Monarchy being the final obstacle to overcome. To this end the elimination of the prayers for the Monarch from A.A.P.B. which were central to the B.C.P. constituted a great victory for evil. Their restitution could mark a return to understanding the God given role of the Monarchy and true servanthood between men, and between men and God.

God save the Queen!



IN THE BACKYARD

*Lewis scurries about, but I sit lazily still
 In a dull red deckchair, watching unconcerned
 As he studies the life cycle of the soldier beetle
 In the boulders under the flame tree, clambers loose
 Palings in the ancient fence, tastes hawthorn berries,
 Potters about with pegs, tips buckets up,
 Shifts stones in kabbalistic patterns of his own
 And calls deceptively friendly greetings to the cat.*

*Under the canopy of weeping willow leaves and sky
 Troubles seem ghosts. Stillness is all. Peace
 Pours upon me with its easefulness. Inside the house,
 Behind those peeling wooden boards, my family move
 In comfortable patterns of the day. Cease searching
 And the treasure comes unasked, the kiss of paradise.*

DAWN SHARP

*The sun is a jeweller among the dewy twigs
 And paints pale shades of silvercream
 On the birches' bark. Light frolics and jigs
 Like a morning child, as I hold Lewis on a beam*

*Of the fence to study Tiddles the cat at work
 Washing herself atop the trellis. Such a fresh
 Aura of brightness banishes yesterday's murk,
 I can hear the breathing of Eve and forget her mesh!*

by Nigel Jackson



Pioneer Images

by John Wiebe

Exploration has always preceded settlement. Much is owed by both Canada and Australia to the tenacity of a few whose characters compelled them to experience new surroundings. Their returns were meagre and sometimes non-existent. Their sacrifices were many and often included loss of life due to mischance, or to just a moment's carelessness...

His hand gripped the butt of the paddle, shoving the blade through the water once more. Still, at every turn of the river there was no break in the forest of pine and spruce. This Canada of 1780 was a huge, green place thought the map-maker. An abundant treasure house of timber and wildlife true, but to gauge its bounty properly would require the completion of his chart.

He placed his paddle across the canoe and reached for the watertight packet containing his drawing tools. The canoe drifted closer towards the riverbank, perhaps a bit too close.

And then they were upon him in a mass of churning blackness. Blackflies biting everywhere, even through his tough buckskin clothing, paralysing his will. He must get his paddle in the water. Yes, that was it. A few strokes of the paddle and then he was free, back in the centre of the water.

The native Indians, who knew well the way of this place, said that the flies could drive a moose mad, even to the point of hurling itself to its own death. Now he believed them, and would pay even stricter attention to their advice. Their ways gave him the paddle, the canoe, and the knowledge of how to prevent the horrible scurvy that killed so many whites in this land.

A strange blue bird with a huge beak and shrill, fearless cry dived upon the canoe, attracted by the brass sheen of his survey tools. He saw the shadows of other creatures coming to

drink from the river. Yet he must continue his work if the settlers he knew were coming were to find their way through this country. A push and a twist of the paddle and he vanished into the river mist.

Sentinels may be required in society, but they are seldom popular. Thousands of miles from Canada's forests, a new colony was starting on a stretch of sub-tropical beach at Sydney Cove. Its lookouts were a few toughened guardians who had neither the time nor the permission to relax after their long sea voyage...

The thick wool uniform baked the marine corporal in the heat and heavy humidity. Back home in England there were crisp snows and clear air, but this new place felt like the African jungle some of his fellow marines talked about at mess.

The corporal's mind strayed over what he'd already seen in the colony. The animals were strange indeed. Who would ever think that such things could exist upon God's earth? A deer that jumped straight up and down. A bird with a cry like the laughter of a madman. Still, the wildest tale of all was the one about the creature with an otter's body and the bill of a duck. There was no mercy from ridicule for the luckless private who told that story.

Would folk ever come to this land of their own free will? True enough the convicts were here, but only because there was no other place to put them. Their lot could even be worse than his own harsh regimen. Well, it was going to be hard for everyone here. There were woods and timber to be sure, but it would be stubborn work to farm the place, and in this heat.

He sensed the eyes again. Since they set up camp there was often the sense of being watched. There were

people here he knew, dark and strange. What must they be thinking?

An officer barked "attention". The marine's mind closed out all but his duty. The command, "present", and the squad of marines brought their muskets forward smartly. The Union Flag was raised to the top of the pole. Another day in January, 1788, began for the colony.

Shared values could bond together huge nations like Canada and Australia in spirit, but it took the railways to unite them physically. The nineteenth century saw massive railway expansion in both countries, partly for profit, but also because it was time for the interiors of both lands to be settled. Only the railways could move inland the millions who would do that...

A wind rolled sea of prairie grasses, with a speck of smoke plowing through. The train's driver wipes his face with his red-checked bandana, symbol of his proud profession. The fireman glances up in mid-shovelful of coal, its dust mingling with the dust off the Canadian flatlands. The exhaust beat of the engine slows, slower and slower to a halt. Another stop, more immigrant farmers off and nobody coming aboard.

The immigrant family carried their possessions with them in worn sacks. They didn't own much. The mother brushed the dust and cinders from the children's hair. She recalled what a long and hot journey it was to get across Canada. The man in the Canadian Pacific office told them the railway was only finished fifteen years ago. It was 1900 now. How did these Canadians travel before the railway?

The rough, sandy planks of the wooden platform rumbled with the passing of the migrants' shoes. The

Continues on page 19



A YOUNGER VIEW

by John Lane

The Need for Conservatism

It is often the quiet, seemingly unimportant event which carries the most weight in history.

The *Weekend Australian* of Christmas, 1988, carried a most remarkable editorial which suggested that the current chaos of the world is due to the rejection, by mankind, of God. We may have a quiet chuckle to ourselves at how sheerly obvious such a point is, but the fact that a major newspaper was prepared to give credibility to such a notion is highly significant. It marks a new attitude amongst the media which, although not widespread, is certainly influential.

The editorial said that "Many modern philosophers have asserted, with Nietzsche, that God is dead, and that man, freed from the delusion of God, could move forward to a future as superman.

"But instead of superhumanity we have drug abuse, street violence, terrorism, endemic divorce, child abuse, the plague of AIDS ... all products of a society cut off from God."

However, equally importantly in terms of conservatism, the editorial further stated that "... unless there are some absolutes, some values beyond mere self, it becomes increasingly difficult to sustain a civilised society. For civilisation inevitably requires some self-sacrifice, and self-sacrifice necessarily implies a value higher than self."

DIRE NEED

The world stands in dire need of a new creed. Of ideologues and ideologies the world has had its fill; yet the world is hungry. The ideologies have been tried, rehashed and tried again and have become merged and mutated to such a degree it becomes impossible to define them. However, whether we talk of communism, fascism, socialism or anarchism we talk of failures. Their fruit is disaster; their roots rotten.

It seems ironic that the truly progressive thinkers are now turning to conservatism, which in the modern era is untried. They are not alone. There is a common move among people to return to the past to find out who they are. Conservatism may lack

the thunderclap of revolution as its fanfare; it may lack the lofty idealism of communist comradeship, but the quiet, unassuming return of the conservative approach is profoundly symbolic.

It is as if the world is weary; weary of war, weary of chaos, weary of destruction. The world seeks a new path upon which to place the eager feet of youth. The challenge to we conservatives is to show the world the creed of common sense, the oldest creed in the world.

Within that 'Weekend Australian' editorial were two of the core-ideas of the conservative approach to life. As a student of politics the first thing that had a lasting impression upon my mind was the fact that in the seemingly endless spectrum of modern politics, no chink is left for God. God and modern politics are not found in the same place.

GOD AS FUNDAMENTAL

The conservative approach treats God as fundamental to any problem of society. Politics cannot escape this. It is in fact reduced to secondary status, subservient to religion. Politics becomes just one small concern in life, a reversal of the Marxist view that the state should be concerned with the whole of life. In our distorted modern image the state is typically monolithic and omnipotent. It should not be so. The best government is one we don't even notice. As the great English poet and conservative, Samuel Taylor Coleridge put it, 'Religion, true or false, is and ever has been the centre of gravity in a realm, to

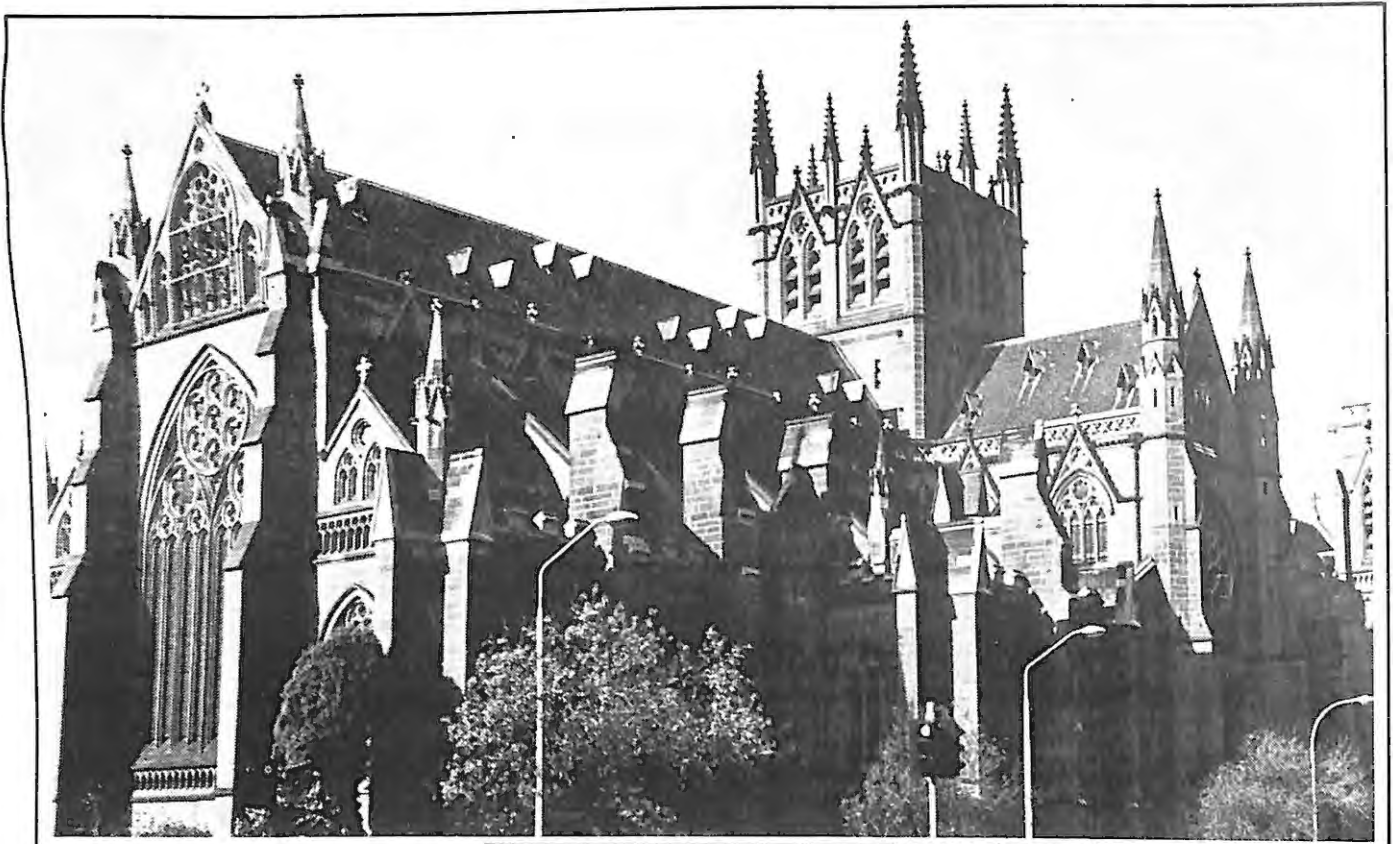
which all other things must and will accommodate themselves.'

The conservative approach is the humble approach; the gently acknowledgement that God created this world as it is, along with the sincere hope that we may discover in some small measure the way in which it works. The essential humility of the conservative attitude is also embodied in the idea that belonging to society requires self-sacrifice on the part of the participants. Edmund Burke, that man of genius who was one of the first of his time to see through the shallow nonsense ideals of the French Revolution, wrote at length of this principle. He wrote,

"Government is not made in virtue of natural rights, which may and do exist in total independence of it, and exist in a much greater clearness, and in a much greater degree of abstract perfection: but their abstract perfection is their practical defect. By having a right to everything they want everything. Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human wants. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom. Out of these wants is to be reckoned the want, out of civil society, of a sufficient restraint upon their passions ... This can only be done by a power out of themselves, and not, in the exercise of its function, subject to that will and to those passions which it is its office to bridle and subdue. In this sense the restraints on men, as well as their liberties, are to be reckoned among their rights."

Hence the concept that Justice is a right, but a right only obtained by the abdication by the individual of his natural right to determine what that justice consists of. Or, as Burke put it, "That he may secure some liberty, he makes a surrender in trust of the whole of it."

Having admitted that such power over individuals is necessary for order, this power must be subject to the most stringent limitations, and these limitations are best defined by the wisdom of the ages. The view that power is dangerous and should be dealt with in like manner to explosives — by taking advantage of all



"The conservative approach treats God as fundamental to any problem of society."

available knowledge of it — is central to the problem of Government.

TRADITION

This knowledge is best furnished by the lessons of history. Tradition is therefore of the highest value, because it is the repository of the distilled wisdom of eons of human experience. I believe it was Newton who said something like "If I see further than others it is because I stand upon the shoulders of great men who have gone before me." This captures the essential humility and logic of the conservative tradition. It may also be added that the opposite view requires not a little arrogance, which is not easy to reconcile with the Christian Faith.

Indeed, it is the arrogance of the liberal/humanist approach which shows it up to be what it is — shallow and false. Pride comes before a fall, and Man's pride has never been greater.

In the two hundred years since the French Revolution the continuity of governmental tradition has been broken repeatedly, and the development of freedom has not only been arrested, but reversed disastrously. The challenge to conservatives is to re-establish that continuity so that the long slow progress of the human race toward freedom can begin again.

In the words of Burke, 'People will not look forward to posterity, who never look backward to their ancestors.'

H

The following item appeared in the Daily Telegraph, U.K.

Flagging support for monarchists

MALCOLM TURNBULL who defended Peter Wright during the Spycatcher affair, is to join a campaign to remove the Union Flag from the top left corner of the Australian national banner.

The republican-minded Turnbull has become director of Ausflag, a company which wants to help market a new Australian emblem. The firm has been lying low during the bicentenary celebrations for fear of offending resurgent royalist sentiments, but it is aiming at 1996 when Melbourne hopes to host the Olympic Games.

There have been many competitions to design a new flag since Federation in 1901 but the designs, which have included boomerangs, koala bears and kangaroos, have failed to capture public imagination as a substitute for the current version which combines the Union Flag and the Southern Cross.

Among suggestions is one used by striking miners at the Eureka stockade and another favoured by Aborigines, which, unhelpfully for its cause, was used recently in Aids prevention advertisements.

Finding an acceptable design is unlikely to prove easy. The debate over the new Canadian flag in 1964 snarled up almost an entire parliamentary session. The only certainty is that sorting out the necessary precedence, symbolism and design of any flag to the satisfaction of Australians will involve considerable abuse for its promoters.

*Help us to build a nation,
A people proud and free —
Proud of our high vocation,
Humble, O Lord, to Thee.*

*Aflame with high endeavour,
Though many paths be trod,
Keep us united ever,
Our people, serving God.*

— Sir Robert Garran, one of the architects of the Federal Constitution (1901)

LET'S KEEP THEM!



OUR FLAG

OUR HERITAGE

OUR FREEDOM

Freedoms Own Continent

by Chas Pinwill

Floating in the vast southern oceans, isolated from other land masses of the world, ancient, weathered and brown, there waited an island continent ... our Australia.

No other continent precluded the entry of man or animal, on foot, from another. Indeed only the narrow Bering Strait, itself crossed by ancient man as the mongolian ancestry of North American Indians confirms, separated any from the influence of all others.

In these ancient times, before the arrival of man, this worn landscape with its unique flora and fauna nurtured and developed all that is valuable and different in our physical heritage.

The seasons exposed much of our mineral lodes and accumulated others in alluvial valleys. Pre-historic forests, perhaps swept by cataclysmic tidal waves into mass submerged graves, bequeathed such coal deposits that those of one State alone, Queensland, could supply the whole present worlds needs for a further 600 years.

However spectacular our mineral inheritance, its greatest contribution to life came in association with the continents plant life through the slow but remorseless accumulation of that organic miracle and basis of abundance, our topsoil. All modern Australian plants, and the other life forms that depend upon them, are the heirs of all previous vegetation which through death fertilised the soil under our feet.

Very few of our plants and animals were shared with the rest of the world outside Australasia, nor theirs with Australia.

Our mineral abundance now leaves us with few deficiencies. Lead, copper, silver, iron ore, tin, coal, uranium, mineral sands, rare earths, wolfram, oil, zinc, antimony, diamonds, nickel, natural gas and the list goes on and on. Even some of our minerals have unique features, e.g. the fire of central Australia's opals, the north Queensland topaz which is blue, and the quality of Australian sapphire.

Australia shared only the sun, the winds, the moon and the stars (and not all of them) with the rest of the world.

THE COMING OF MAN

Then one day this vast natural inheritance from God and time became mans. The aborigine arrived.

He came into Australia as men come into the world ... with nothing. He brought no domesticated plant, though probably one semi-domesticated animal,

the dingo, which proved less than nothing in his aid.

Though perhaps a useful enough hunting aid in the aborigines former home, as a more efficient carnivore the dingo depleted the numbers of grazing animals (the aborigines food source) and brought the extinction of the "marsupial lion" and other species.

Whatever the cultural state of the first aborigines, his only sustainable assets were a limited language and the rudiments of weaponry. Beside him Robinson Caruso might rate a billionaire.

His fire stick, regularly used, prejudiced

our vegetation towards the fire resistant eucalyptus. Little else changed.

POVERTY AMIDST PLENTY

The aborigines first arrival must have taken on much of the aspect of a second expulsion from the garden of eden.

Per head of population their natural inheritance no doubt made them the richest people on earth; a vast abundant continent before a handful of persons. In terms of cultural inheritance in industrial arts none were ever poorer.

Yes there was "bush tucker" but no continent was ever so sparsely endowed. The Americas had the pineapple, the potato and maize etc. Asia/Africa/Europe had wheat and oranges, rice and onions.

Aboriginal hunters



peaches and barley, millet and rye and most of the modern Australians diet.

The one and only plant commercially adopted by modern man as a source of human food, the Queensland (or macadamian) nut was the only legacy offering agricultural potential.

While hobble chains for horses and the cutting of certain tendons behind the front legs of cattle will inhibit all but the most sedate movement, techniques still in use in pastoral Australia, which enable some form of human control irrespective of animal temperament, and therefore domestication, what might be done with the kangaroo? Even now I know of no proven successful method of inhibiting full flight to that extraordinary perambulation whilst enabling a grazing gait.

Thus neither a pastoral nor an agricultural economy offered even prospects. There was only "bush tucker" and the miles in between it.

A country that now runs 160 million sheep could't run 16, because there weren't 16. Though at times in excess of 30 million cattle have grazed our pastures, there were never in those times an initial three.

Though mens souls may always transend economics, human lives in primitive economies are its abject slaves.

The modern housewife may correctly observe that her work is never done, and lament that even with T.V., radio, newspapers and well filled bookshelves, that adequate intellectual stimulation is a difficulty, it might be worse.

If one turned off the gas and electricity, moved back the walls of the kitchen until they encompassed perhaps a 1,000 square miles, and decreed that the next meal would retreat from your approach at approximately 30 miles per hour, or if this were not possible, would crawl under rocks or climb trees, this would add considerably to ones difficulties.

It is little wonder that higher pursuits were neglected. The average tribal vocabulary only ran to 500 words and generally excluded verbs. The numerology of the wacka wacka tribe in the area of my birth consisted of two words; a word for one and another for two, with three being spoken as two-one and four as two-two, and everything over five left unspecified. There was no musical instrument beyond the percussion of sticks except in the more "bush tucker" abundant far North.

While economic difficulty might be impotent in negating the dignity of man, celebrating or demonstrating this is often crushingly precluded. Only occasional abundance enabling some tradition and legend to be spiritualised gave relief.

Pre-1788 Australia was a classic case of an abundant natural heritage in association with man, yet without the yeast of a culture of industrial arts.

Mans roll in serving his economic needs is indeed catalytic, though like all catalysts, in the absence of the essential ingredients, even those of his own making, there can be no transubstantiation of earth into cake. Nor of abundant cake into Beethoven, an examined universe or wonderment at God. Mans creativity blossoms in leisure and atrophys in compulsive work.



The coming of the European brought tools and know-how.

ENTER WESTERN MAN

The coming of the European in 1788 brought tools. And such magnificent tools!

Tools for transforming existant pastures into human warmth and food and transport; call them the cow, the horse and sheep.

Tools for bringing Gods abundance to humble man; call them metalurgy, chemistry, and mechanics.

Tools for placing one human soul in communication with another; call them the English language, rich in abstractions, an orchestra of musical instruments, the written word and Cobb & Co.

Tools for appreciating and understanding Gods great patience with our continent and with ourselves; call it Christianity, call it love.

Tools for correctly ordering human association such as Common Law and representative government.

But this was not an ending, but the beginning of yet another beginning.

As God once gave the world Britain as "freedom's own island" to become the worlds greatest boon to civilisation and to free responsible men everywhere, so He gave us more than a natural heritage ... He gave us the future.

As our past was separate and unique, our future also, given a continent without borders, our British heritage of free responsible individuals and government, and our access to abundant natural resources, offers the prospect of a benevolent and unique contribution to mankind and of service to God.

May *Freedom's Own Continent* claim her natural inheritance to fulfil so glorious a future.

H

LETTERS

"Who knows who is Australia's Head of State."

Dear Sir,

I was most interested to read in the June-August 'Heritage' the article by Randall J. Dicks — 'Who Knows Who Is Australia's Head of State?' Coincidentally, within a few days, on Australia Day, 26.1.89, the headline on the front page of *The Advertiser* (Adelaide) reported Sir Ninian Stephen's speech, and described him as Head of State. I decided to put Randall J. Dicks to the test.

I telephoned the Department of Foreign Affairs and Trade and asked to be put through to someone who could give an authoritative answer to who is Australia's Head of State. "That's easy," came the reply, "Bob Hawke".

I insisted that I be put through to someone with authority and was passed on to the Administration Officer. The reply to my question, "Who is Head of State of Australia?", was most definite — "The Governor-General".

When I asked when H.R.H. Queen Elizabeth 2 relinquished the title, and when was the Constitution amended to accommodate this, the pregnant silence was punctuated with "ums", "ers", and finally degenerated into semi-diplomatic hostility. I then asked the question again, and received the same most definite answer.

A call to the Reference Section of the State Library provided me with the information that the Library was on holiday until 14th February. My informant, however, was quite sure that the G.-G. was Head of State.

My next call was to the Attorney-General's Department, and I was put through to "one of our solicitors". Same question — same answers. Pursuing the matter, I managed to obtain a reluctant admission that "depending on the interpretation of the Constitution", the Head of State was a sort of tripartite of the Queen, the Governor-General, and the Government. I terminated our conversation with a promise to myself that if I was ever in trouble with the law, this blustering and inarticulate solicitor would be the last one whose help I would seek.

Next on my list was the State Governor's House. I felt that here was where I should get the answer I was seeking. The phone was answered by the Governor's Secretary. I put the question. "G.-G." came the reply. Oh no, not again! I repeated the questions about the Queen and the Constitution, and these questions seemed to strike a sympathetic chord upon the gentleman. He agreed that I had raised some very pertinent questions. I was told by him that he had regular contact with the G.-G.'s Office, and that he would clarify the situation with that Office, and get back to me. He did so, on the following day, and informed me that, with bewilderment in his voice, that H.R.H. is Head of State, with the G.-G. acting as her representative in Australia, and with her authority. The gentleman

expressed his pleasure that he was able to help, and I thanked him profusely. I now know first-hand the experience of Randall J. Dicks ...

Dennis Harris
Glenelg, S.A.

Memorable

Dear Sir,

I must congratulate all concerned for the great Bicentenary issues of HERITAGE. What a wonderful series to treasure.

It was good to read again Longfellows lovely *Psalm of Life* in the third issue. I first learnt those words whilst a student of the Sunshine (Victoria) Technical School in 1928 but have never been able to obtain a copy since.

Your efforts to make HERITAGE for 1988 memorable were not in vain. From cover to cover each one was something special. I must thank and congratulate you for a grand and worthwhile effort.

Fred Codner,
Benarkin, Queensland

Chilled by the abortion rate

SIR — The bold-type heading on *The Australian's World News* page (25/1) announced that there were 6.5m abortions each year in the Soviet Union. But oddly enough it was two small paragraphs in fine print in a different article on the same page that chilled me to the core.

Your Washington correspondent, Bryan Boswell, wrote:

In 1973 there were just over 500,000 estimated illegal abortions in the US. In 1988 the figure for legal ones topped 1,600,000. In the interim, the number of deaths from the abortion process has dropped to virtually nothing.

What he meant to say, of course, was that the number of maternal deaths had dropped to virtually nothing.

But what masters of callousness have we become that we can concur with such a blithe interpretation of these statistics on the abortion process in which, while all the mothers may have come through alive, all their babies, 1,600,000 of them, didn't!

It is curious that in every human society that has run amok, there has always been something paralysing, mysteriously debilitating about atrocities on an enormous scale. The very enormity of the statistics of death causes ordinarily decent people to falter incomprehendingly into an acquiescent silence. Our conscience packs up on us. We can't grapple with the immensity of disturbing implications. And when uneasiness does begin to creep back, we begin to rationalise.

We dehumanise the victims. Look, we say to ourselves, these aren't really babies: they're just foetal tissue.

Then how much closer it brings us to understanding how ordinary German people, mesmerised by the sheer magnitude of the assault on six million Jews, began

to tell themselves: look, they're just scum. They're not properly human — they can't feel things as we do ...

And the termination of 1.5 million Armenian lives by the Turks (1909-18) or of 1.2 million Cambodian lives by the Khmer Rouge, or the coolly planned, government-administered death by starvation of six million Ukrainians 1932-3 and of 27 million Chinese in the Great Leap Forward 1958-9 — how much more bearable to think about these statistics if it was said: Poor beggars, even had they been allowed to live, the rest of their lives were destined to be miserable anyhow ...

Still we murmur these same pieties. We shake our heads sadly each year at the millions of aborted babies and say: Poor little blighters, they're better off dead. All their lives they would have remained poor or handicapped or uneducated or unwanted. They could never have achieved "quality of life" and what is of more importance, we assure each other blandly, they would almost certainly have stuffed up their mothers' chances of achieving it

... Have we really come to this — that we now rank lifestyle as a greater good than life itself?

Or can it be that this is one more historical instance of inhumanity on a massive scale being masked by the contemporary society's collusion in weaving a protective cocoon of respectability, complacency and self-deceit about the alleged necessity of sanctioning a staggering amount of "judicious" destruction of human life to ensure the future prosperity of the surviving elite?

History shows that all such cocoons are pricked — sooner or later. And no doubt future generations will be incredulous at how late — 20th century society, with all its brilliant medical technology, all its public health and welfare programs, all its sanctimonious mouthings about concern for human rights, could fail to understand the heinous nature of what was being permitted to be done in abortion clinics to the tiniest and most vulnerable of human beings.

Perhaps they will remember us as a society in which mothers were indoctrinated with two lies:

(i) The consumerist lie — that life is not worth living unless each child, while still in utero, can be guaranteed a good education, good health and a daunting, ever-growing list of "minimum" material requisites;

(ii) The feminist lie — that should a baby conceived and growing in the mother's womb be deemed as threatening to jeopardise her own self-fulfilment, then it is her unassailable right of reproductive choice to have her body rid of this baby.

Perhaps we will be remembered as a society in which mothers, under the weight of this propaganda, gave way to irrational despair and, directed by helpful-sounding referral services to the ubiquitous government-funded and approved abortion centres, meekly lined up in their millions to have their babies destroyed.

(Mrs) RITA M. JOSEPH
Canberra

This letter appeared in "The Australian", 8/2/89.

MASS-PRODUCTION MAN

by Geoffrey Dobbs

*This poem appeared in the spring 1989 issue **Home** (U.K.) and dedicated to the 'Green' Movement by an ecologist who wrote it fifty years ago. Since then it has grown somewhat by incorporation of other verses and has been included in several verse-readings given by the author under the general title of **A Botanist at Bay**. On no account should it be read silently. If there is an audience which can join in like a chorus in the repetitive bits, so much the better!*

Are there no barbed words, acid-tipped,
Spat out with dynamite, to penetrate
Where the mind lurks within the work-machine?
Is there no rhythm that will catch the cogs
Of his predictable rotating will
And force it into living revolution?

Behold this monster — mass-production man,
Stamped, standardised, meshed fifty weeks in the year
Upon the wheels of industry, the rest
Still keeping time with unreduced inertia!

See, when the clock-hands show the given angle
He half-awakes, pulls on work-uniform,
Gulps food, sucks press, is borne on rattling wheels,
Performs the motions paid for, and returns
Vacant of energy; to be kept from life
By some mechanical time-occupier
(A radio noise, or shadows on a screen)
Or else to joggle rhythmically in time
With mechanised sex-stimulating sounds —
And so to bed; and standard love-procedure
With mass-produced conception hindrances
Lest Life should disobey the limit set
By figures in the Bank, and should explode
Into a new man, heir to all the Ages:
He too —

Soon to be seized before he lives too much,
Schooled, passed through all the standards, graded, stamped
With his work-class, the corners rounded off,
The nicely finished whole, well regulated,
Put up for sale upon the labour market
And reckoned lucky if it's bought and set
Revolving in the old and vicious circle:

To go to work to earn the cash
To buy the food to get the strength
To go to work to earn the cash
To buy the food to get the strength
To go to work to earn cash
To buy the food to get strength
To go work earn cash
Buy food get strength
Go work earn cash
Buy food get strength
Work work cash cash
Food food strength strength
Work cash food strength
Work cash food strength
Work work work work
Cash cash cash cash
Stop! stop! stop! stop!

Is there no sanity?
Is there no plenty on the Earth,
No power from the Sun,
No understanding what they mean?
Is there no Man's work to be done
That men should mimic the machine?
Is there no purpose then in birth
But to cheat death until we can no longer?
Have then our fathers toiled in vain
Left us no freer and no stronger
For all the labours of the human brain?
When I was faint for lack of food to eat
They boasted they had halved the stock of wheat:
When I was clothed in rags and blue with cold
They planned to scrap more spindles, I am told:
When I was homeless, wandering in the wet
They wrote that the demand for homes was met:
When I and my beloved would be wed
Then she must lose her living too, they said.

O who are these that take such care to feed
Always the Market's, not the people's need,
Who show concern for Industry and Trade
And that an Export Surplus should be made
And budgets duly balanced, at the price
Of customary human sacrifice?

They have no part with us; they do not think
With common men who want to eat and drink,
To clothe themselves and shelter from the weather,
To love, to mate, and to be warm together,
To bring their children forth with joy and pride
And live contented by their own fireside.

They have no soul, no sense, no sanity,
They have forgotten their humanity,
Mindless machines they are that never weary
Of echoing the perpetual parrot query:
Where's the money to come from?
Where's the money to come from?
Where's the money to come from?

Money money up money down money money money
Money money all round the town money money money
Hey money! ho money! high money low money
Stay money go money quick money slow money,
Money money in money out money money money
Money money all round about money money money
You must have money, money money money,
You must have money, money money money,
Money is a must, money's what you trust,
Money money money, money or you're bust,

Money money money, money money money
Money money warm money cold money money money
Money money young money old money money money
Money for your children, money for your wife,
Money for your funeral, money for your life,
You must have money, money money money,
You must have money, money money money,
Money money eat money drink money money money
Money money breathe the money stink money money money
Money money grab and money money give
You must have money, money to live,
You must have money, money to live.

Money's made with paper, money's made with ink,
Money rules all us fools because we daren't think!
We must have money, money money money,
We must have money, money money money,
We must have money, money to live!
Money money money, money money money,
Money money money money money money money
Money money money, money money money,
Money money money money
Money money money — money — money
Money — money —

Dear fools, have your forgotten whence you live?
The brown earth, and the seed hidden within it,
The green shoots, and the cattle grazing them,
The high trees, the climax of the living world,
Clothed in such dignity as men shall hardly attain to.

Strong sunlight, pouring from above
Warm earth, enriching from below,
Leaf-green-ness everywhere
Everywhere underneath the Sun.

The moss and willow tussocks of the frozen north,
The wide curved grasslands where the cattle browse,
The green dark avenues of tropic lands,
All these are your heritage.

Hark, soft, descending of the rain,
Slow, slow, unfolding of the buds,
Leaf-green-ness everywhere,
Everywhere underneath the Sun.

The whisper of a million million needles among the pines,
The rustling of the broad green leaves in the forest,
The faint hiss of the young grasses in the wind,
Everywhere the same magic, the same green-ness,
Everywhere underneath the Sun.

These are the real things whence you have your being:
The bright Sun which has set wide the door of freedom,
The winds, the tides and the waterfalls, your strong servants,
The green plants which feed you and teach you beauty,
And skill and understanding.

Hark, soft, descending of the rain,
Slow, slow, unfolding of the buds,
Leaf-green-ness everywhere,
Everywhere underneath the Sun.

Continued from page 12

family paused on the platform edge, looking for some mark of settlement amid the grasses before them. There was none. They would be the first to farm in this area.

The mother looked at her husband and her two children. Surely they were doing the right thing when they left sad Europe with its bickering and hatreds. This was a land under the protection of the great Queen Victoria, and she would not permit such things to happen here.

There would be much work ahead of them all, the mother knew. No time to build a house this year, which meant building a hut of prairie sod to shelter themselves from the burning heat of summer and the polar cold of winter. The land came next. It had to be prepared in readiness for their first crop. These and many other things they had to do in this empty place she thought, so best to start their long walk now to reach their land before dark.

Four pairs of feet left the railway platform and pressed upon the hard soil of the prairie. The wind played with some wildflowers as the family's footsteps drummed into the distance.

The aircraft has become a necessity in Australia and Canada. The pace of life in this century and the need to improve the quality of life in every corner of the two nations demand its use.

After the 1914-1918 war, the aircraft was no longer seen as just a plaything for a few, but it would take time before it was a truly reliable machine. Nevertheless, some pilots were determined to test the capabilities of the device in all conditions and often in the service of others...

The small aircraft shivered once more as the turbulence took another slap at it. The pilot knew that down below the dirty gray clouds were the ranches of the Northern Territory. What he had to do now was fly through the rough weather and find the one farm that required his medical skill.

He remembered his father dying of blood poisoning hundreds of miles from aid. A man's life forfeited trying to put up a fencepost. That was why the new flying doctor service was begun. The people here were good, tough folk who weren't put off easily by what nature threw at them, be it drought or windstorm. Why shouldn't they get the help to survive that the medical arts of the 1930s could bring to them?

The aircraft descended as the pilot

reckoned he was just about over the right place. He banked quickly, scanning the red earth and grasses for a safe spot to try a landing. That dark ground over there would just do. A bit of back pressure on the control column, a bump, another, and down rolling to a stop.

He taxied the aeroplane towards the small group that was waiting for him, impatiently, he knew. He saw that his stretcher case was already being lifted from the floor of the utility truck.

The pilot cut his engine. He swung out of the cockpit and tried to wipe the red dust from his face with his gloved hand. Striding briskly towards the casualty, something made him pause and glance behind. He wondered how on earth he missed hitting the jutting clump of trees at the field's edge. Fifty feet away from him, the aeroplane's engine ticked softly as its metal cooled.

These were some of the pioneer images of the past. The pioneers of this era are in our midst. They may be concerned with other things besides confronting or documenting the environment. Indeed, their most important struggle may be to save the natural treasures that have made Canada and Australia so favoured on this planet.

EH

Book Review

by Dawn Thompson

The Office of Governor General

by Paul Hasluck
(former Governor General)

(Melbourne University Press, 56 pages, paperback, \$3.95)

A simply written and very readable little book, being the text of an address given, with the addition of an account of the way Sir Paul saw and carried out the duties of this office; the way the executive council works, and procedures for selecting and appointing a Governor General.

With the echoes of "The Dismissal" still ringing in our ears and the furore over the appointment of our present Governor General hardly having died down, Sir Paul's extremely lucid and carefully unbiased information on this important tier of our government is most opportune.

He points out that the office has very carefully defined duties, laid down in the Constitution, but that the personality and qualities of the incumbent as well as the respect shown by the public and government for his office have an effect on the way these duties are carried out.

Interestingly, he defines why this office is important for stable government, and what steps would need to be taken to discard it. One's respect for the drafters of our Constitution can only be increased as the balancing effect of this tier of government is revealed, along with firmness with which it is entrenched.

THE OFFICE OF GOVERNOR- GENERAL



PAUL
HASLUCK

The Legacy of JOHN LENNON Charming or Harming a Generation?



David A. Noebel

The Legacy of John Lennon Charming or Harming a Generation?

by David A. Noebel

(Thomas Nelson Publishers, 163 pages, paperback)

The author has no quibbles about answering his own question: Lennon did both. In deciding to use his brilliant musical talents for evil, he gave deliberate encouragement through rock music, and personal example, for young people to reject biblical morality and embrace sexual perversion and promiscuity, drug abuse, Satan worship, rebellion against society and violence.

Anyone who enjoys rock and scoffs at its detractors will be shocked to discover the true nature of this destructive force. No passing whim of adolescence, like long hair or blue nails, an addiction to rock music is particularly harmful in arousing sexual feelings young teenagers are not equipped to cope with, in alienating them from their elders, and sapping their innate hope, enthusiasm and idealism.

Very well researched and with extensive quotes from religious and secular commentators as well as rock entertainers themselves, Noebel's book poses a challenge in the latter chapters to face up to this "cultural warfare".

There are many suggestions here for a practical approach, and this book would be invaluable for use in schools, parent groups and Christian study groups.

When you have read your copy, pass it on to your local school or shire library.

Available from *Heritage Bookshop*,
P.O. Box 7409, Cloisters Square, Perth
6000 for \$15 posted.

