

HERITAGE

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT — FOR THE FUTURE

December '89 - February '90

No. 55



Christmas 1989



FRONT COVER

St. Matthews Anglican Church
Guildford, Western Australia

Photograph courtesy Phil Hoare, Photographer

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Omission

In the September — November, 1989 issue of Heritage the author of the article *King George V's Charger: An Australian Remount* was mistakenly left out. Our apologies to the author, Mr Dan O'Donnell.

Christmas Greetings

***We wish our readers a HAPPY and HOLY CHRISTMAS
and a prosperous 1990***

HERITAGE

No. 55 December 89-February 90

THE PURPOSE OF CHRISTMAS

Australians still celebrate the birth of Christ by the holiday and festivities; but the true meaning has been lost to many. Most see the day as a time to renew family ties or strengthen old friendships and this is good, but the central purpose of the Christmas celebrations has been lost.

At the beginning of the Christian era, the world was confronted with two epiphanies, one in Bethlehem and one in Rome. In the year 17 BC a strange star shone in the heavens and Augustus Caesar believed that his 'cosmic hour' had come. He saw himself as 'the world's saviour who was to come' and inaugurated a twelve-day Advent celebration; plainly he was claiming divinity — the source and centre of all power, authority and law.

As the Christian Church grew, Rome was quite willing to recognize it and give it an approved status as a legitimate religion provided that Christians recognised the superior jurisdiction of the state and the political order as the true and primary manifestation of the divine. The Christian's refusal to do so was looked upon not as a religious, but as a political offence.

The problem was, God or man, Christ or the state, who is man's saviour, and how is divinity incarnated?

The early Church fathers made it clear that the natural does not ascend to the divine or the supernatural. The gulf is bridged only by revelation and by the incarnation of Jesus Christ.

Salvation is not of man, nor by means of man's politics, or by any other effort of man; salvation is of Jesus Christ. The state was reduced to a human order, under God, and it was denied its age old claim to divinity.

The central message of Christmas was, and still is, that Christ came to reconcile man back to God; to do this Christ was and had to be truly God. As the Athanasian Creed puts the matter, "It is necessary to everlasting salvation that he also believe rightly the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ.."

The problem is still, who is man's saviour? God or man, Christ or the state, and how is divinity incarnated?

As Australians come around the Christmas table this season may more and more join in with Christians around the world and declare, as St. John Chrysostom and St. Basil the Great did: "Adam is recalled, the curse is made void, Eve is set free, death is slain, and we are made alive. Wherefore in hymns we cry aloud: Blessed art thou, O Christ our God."

New Editor

After eight years as editor of HERITAGE I am handing on my position to Mrs Betty Luks of South Australia. My thanks and best wishes to all our readers, especially those who have given generously with their time and with articles, and the many who have offered encouragement and support through their subscription.

Please note the new editorial address below and I trust that you will all help HERITAGE continue to grow.

Peter Nixon,
Retiring Editor.

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

First Patron of The Australian Heritage Society

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DEFENDING WESTERN ORDER: CAPITALISM, COMMUNISM, AND THE MORAL BASIS OF SOCIAL ORDER

by Russell Kirk

Dr Russell Kirk is a distinguished American Conservative writer, and the following is the text of a recent speech.

Prospects of *glasnost* and *perestroika* encourage some Americans and Europeans to fancy that the Soviet Union may embrace capitalism warmly — and so, through blurring of economic distinctions between the two super-powers, bring an end to their perilous rivalry. Has not Mikhail Gorbachev taken a giant step toward this consummation? Consider this passage from his book *Perestroika*:

"We must encourage efficiency in production and the talent of a writer, scientist, or any other upright and hard-working citizen. On this point we want to be perfectly clear: *socialism has nothing to do with equalizing ...* Socialism has a different criterion for distributing social benefits: 'From each according to his ability, to each according to his work.'"

Doesn't that sound rather like democratic capitalism? If *perestroika* succeeds, can any great obstacle to Soviet-American friendship remain?

Yes, such an obstacle would remain: the great gulf fixed between the Christian moral order and the Marxist moral order.

Although President Reagan negotiated in his amicable fashion with the present master of the Soviet Union, at their Moscow meeting Mr Reagan remained aware that fanatic ideology and Soviet imperialism are forces far more compelling than are economic readjustments within a socialist economy. In the White House, very shortly after his return from the U.S.S.R., the President told me two jokes about his Russian expedition, one of which I set down below. He did not tell these jokes to Gorbachev, Mr Reagan informed me; and Gorbachev being a character in this first joke, clearly that would have been imprudent.

Gorbachev and he were riding through the Russian countryside in a limousine — thus Mr Reagan began his jesting anecdote. Gorbachev had with him in the car a KGB man; Reagan, a Secret Serviceman.

Suddenly Gorbachev ordered their chauffeur to stop the car close to the lip of a tremendous waterfall. "Jump down that waterfall!" he commanded the Secret Serviceman — who refused to do anything of the sort.

"Why do you disobey me?" Gorbachev demanded.

"Because, sir, I have a wife and three children," the Secret Serviceman answered.

Gorbachev then turned to the KGB agent: "Jump down that waterfall!" The KGB man jumped.

Horrified, the Secret Serviceman clambered down to the foot of the cliff, where he found the KGB agent, battered but living, wringing out his clothes.

"Why did you obey his order?" the American asked, astonished.

MIKHAIL GORBACHEV
"Socialism has nothing to do with
equalizing ..."



"Because I have a wife and three children."

Ronald Reagan has not forgotten the grisly power of Marxist ideology and strategy against which the United States still contends: a power that is no joke. Nor has President Bush forgotten. But a number of Americans, fancying that the world is governed by economic doctrines and practices mainly (a "capitalistic" version of Marx's dialectical materialism, this notion), are inclined to think an era of international good feeling lies before us. These remarks of mine are intended to sprinkle some drops of cold water on such hasty hopes. For a Soviet Union with some of the trappings of a market economy, and relative efficiency of economic production, might become a more menacing adversary than the U.S.S.R. has been in recent years. It is not "democratic

capitalism" that can preserve order and justice and freedom, unaided.

"Capitalism" is a nineteenth-century concept — and perhaps not a very good word to describe the American economy, let alone the American moral and social order. "Capital" and "capitalists" are words of the latter decades of the eighteenth century — one encounters them in Edmund Burke's last publication, the *Regicide Peace* — but "capitalism" is an ideological term, popularized by Karl Marx and other socialists. It was coined as a devil-term; I do not propose to convert it into a god-term.

The above remarks are provoked, in part, by the cant phrase, employed today even by some folk who should know better, "democratic capitalism." "Democratic" is a term of politics; "capitalism," of economics. Capitalism is not, cannot become, and ought not to be democratic. For democracy implies decision-making by the mass of people, and the concept of equality; while capitalism does not count noses, is conducted by an elite of managers for the most part, does not exercise judicial or police functions, and assuredly does not dole out its rewards on any principle of equality. One might as well speak of "egalitarian quantum mechanics" or "autocratic horticulture" as to prate of "democratic capitalism."

"... if that is all we mean, I am one of capitalism's friends, though no worshipper of idols."

Whether democratic or autocratic, capitalism is not a religion, nor a philosophy, nor a moral system. Communism, on the other hand, claims to be a moral system as well as an economic and social system. So endeavouring to contrast the moral order of capitalism with the moral order of communism is like asking, "How far is it from London Bridge to three o'clock?" Communism is a coherent ideology; but capitalism is a rather loose term used to describe certain economic patterns. I am no friend to communism. As for capitalism, if by that word we mean a pattern of private property, competition in price and quality, freedom of economic choice, and satisfactory productivity — why, if that is all we mean, I am one of capitalism's friends, though no worshipper of idols.

Yet I am not advocating an ideology of "democratic capitalism." All ideology is snare and delusion: for this word "ideology" means political fanaticism. The ideologue is a visionary who promises to lead mankind — or a faction thereof — to the Terrestrial Paradise. But no Terrestrial Paradise ever can exist. Ideology is inverted religion, the symbols of transcendence being converted to mundane

promises. There exist capitalist ideologues — the late Ayn Rand being a somewhat extreme specimen of the breed — but I take no common ground with them.

For capitalism ought not to be perverted into an ideological pseudo-religion. Moreover, capitalism is not a pattern for government; it is not part and parcel of the Declaration of Independence or of the Constitution of the United States, even though the authors of those documents took for granted the beneficent character of capital and capitalists. Fidelity to dogmas of capitalism will not of itself make us all good, happy, and rich. Democratic societies have existed which have not been conspicuously capitalistic, and capitalist economies are not necessarily allied with the principle of "one person, one vote."

This said, the economic reality that we somewhat clumsily call "capitalism" does confer benefits in America or in any society of this century. (I prefer to call this economic system "the market economy" or "the competitive economy" or "free enterprise.") For that matter, all societies are capitalistic in the sense that even the most primitive social groups possess some simple forms of capital. "Capital" means goods used to produce other goods. Capitalists presumably are the people who control the use of capital — whether or not they personally *own* much or any of that capital. The president of a great industrial corporation surely is a capitalist, but he need not be a major stockholder in his firm.

Twentieth-century socialism, including the communist states, takes the form of *state* capitalism: that is, the party governing a nation-state declares public ownership of certain means of production, and appoints state managers of capital assets (like those of the British Coal Board). It has been said that the Swedish economy today is "an unholy alliance of state capitalism and big business." The masters of the Soviet Union put a powerful, and perhaps excessive, emphasis upon the accumulation of capital; and that Soviet capital is managed by an elite of state capitalists who receive high pay and special privileges. The same pattern has been developing rapidly in Communist China. If by "capitalism", then, we refer to a modern industrial economy requiring much capital to carry on elaborate processes of production — why, all the "developed" world is capitalistic, for good or ill; and the alternative to capitalism, at least in industrialized countries with considerable population-density, is reduction of the human condition to a grinding poverty.

The perceptive sociologist Raymond Aron observes that when many French intellectuals denounce "capitalism," actually what they resent is industrialism itself, rather than private ownership of capital goods; they would find themselves at least as discontented under twentieth-century

socialism, rather as Russian men of letters have come to detest the ugliness and monotony of Soviet industrial society. It is possible, to some extent, here in the United States, for an individual to renounce the productivity of the industrial order in favor of a simpler if less prosperous existence. But in serious discussion, let us not confound "capitalism" (meaning the private ownership of capital) with the virtues and the vices of the industrial discipline, which has spread throughout most of the world since 1750. "Factory windows are always broken," Vachel Lindsay wrote. As many of them are broken in communist lands as in capitalist lands.

"A society's moral order, for the most part, has for its foundation that society's religion."

So far I have been defining our terms. Permit me to define one more: the term "moral order."

Any society — democratic, aristocratic, oligarchic, communistic — requires a moral order for its existence. Indeed, all societies arise originally out of religious belief: culture comes out of the cult. A society's moral order, for the most part, has for its foundation that society's religion. If a society has forgotten or repudiated its old religion, it must invent a pseudo-religion to supplant the old faith; and that society's morals are founded upon that pseudo-religion, or ideology.

Without a moral order, people cannot live together in community. That lacking, they all become so many Cains, every man's hand against every other man's. This is true under any economic system. Necessarily, says Edmund Burke in *Reflections on the Revolution in France*, we are born into a moral order — in the case of our civilization, into the moral order of Christianity. If we defy that necessary moral order — why, we are ruined by anarchy. In Burke's own words, "But if that which is only submission to necessity should be made the object of choice, the law is broken; nature is disobeyed; and the rebellious are outlawed, cast forth, and exiled, from this world of reason, and order, and peace, and virtue, and fruitful penitence, into the antagonist world of madness, discord, vice, confusion, and unavailing sorrow."

Even the arbitrary moral order of the communists is better than no order at all: for most people survive under a communist regime, but they cannot survive in anarchy. The economic system called capitalism, too, can exist and prosper only within a moral order. But unlike communism, which claims to have created its own morality, capitalism does not profess a morality peculiar to itself. Rather, the market economy shares a moral order, of



RONALD REAGAN

ancient origin, that embraces a great deal more than economic concepts.

This old moral order of what is called "Western civilization" has grown up complexly. In large part, it is derived from Christian teaching, with Christianity's Hebraic background. But also the moral order we know owes much to Hellenic philosophy; to Roman law and custom; to English institutions and beliefs over several centuries; to the pattern of society that has developed in America since the seventeenth century. The communist moral order seems simple; our own moral order certainly is complex. But human existence is complex, not simple.

I am not writing here about a communist morality versus a capitalist morality. Instead, I am contrasting the economics of a command economy (communism) with the economics of a market economy (capitalism). Both these economic systems are linked with certain moral concepts, morals and economics are not the same thing — even though communists would like to make them identical.

And also I am contrasting the moral postulates of the ideology called Marxism with the moral postulates of what (for lack of a better term) is called Western civilization. I am suggesting, in short, that the clash of economic systems is secondary to the struggle between two different concepts of moral order.

"... the clash of economic systems is secondary to the struggle between two different concepts of moral order."

The communist command economy is an outgrowth of Marxist moral doctrines; the capitalist market economy is a development from certain moral assumptions of Western civilization. Economic patterns alter from decade to decade, even from year to year; they are changing even now in America, and in the communist states. But moral systems, which enjoy a much longer life, are the more powerful forces for good or for ill. The true contest in our time is not between economies merely, but between opposing concepts of human nature.

Moral convictions, and apprehensions of human nature, did not come into being merely to serve economic ends. The primary purpose of morality is to order the soul and to order the human community, not to produce wealth. Nevertheless, moral beliefs or disbeliefs have economic consequences.

Marxism claims to advance a principle of moral order. As Reinhold Niebuhr writes in *The Children of Light and the Children of Darkness*, "While Marxism in practice is similar to national collectivist dictatorships of children of darkness, in theory its dictatorship is only a provisional step toward ideal social harmony."

Rejecting all religions as so many "opiates of the people," communism proposes to substitute a non-religious motive, founded upon Marx's "dialectical materialism," for the religious aspiration to know God and enjoy Him forever. The Marxists argue that their principle of moral order eventually will bring about universal contentment, all conflicts finally resolved. That quasi-religious principle, the core of Marxist ideology, is the concept of total equality of condition. Everybody must become just like every-

body else: then no one will have reason to complain.

When true communism is achieved, Marx prophesies, there will be no town and no countryside: the two will merge in one blur of little communes, a prediction we seem to be justifying in much of capitalist America nowadays. All distinctions of every sort will be wiped away, and nobody will specialize in any kind of work; nevertheless, Marx would retain the industrial system of economic production, which requires intense specialization. Eric Voegelin, in his book *From Enlightenment to Revolution*, summarizes Marx's prediction:

"Man was supposed to emerge from the revolution as an integrally productive being that at his will would work one day at a machine, the next in an office, and the third day as a *litterateur*. A primitive but unmistakable formulation of the idea occurs on the occasion of his complaint that division of labor produces such occupational fixations as hunter, fisher, etc. This evil will be overcome in 'Communist society, where nobody has an exclusive range of activity, but everybody can train himself in every branch; where society regulates general production and thereby makes it possible for me to do one thing today and another thing tomorrow, to hunt in the morning, to fish in the afternoon, to be a husbandman in the evening, and to indulge in critical work after supper, as it pleases me, without any necessity for me ever to become a hunter, fisherman, husbandman, or critic.'" (Here Voegelin has been quoting directly from Marx.)

This is a child's dream of pleasure; but an adult's nightmare. Imagine a whole world of total equality, mediocrity, and uniformity, a domination of boredom, world without end, with nothing to fear and nothing to hope for! One thinks of John Betjemun's poem "The Planster's Vision":

*I have a Vision of The Future, chum,
The workers' flats in fields of soya beans
Tower up like silver pencils, score on score;
And Surging Millions hear the Challenge come
From microphones in communal canteens
"No Right No Wrong! All's perfect,
evermore."*

To anyone with imagination, energy, religious impulses, desire for adventure, or even the simple pleasures of family life, the Marxist paradise would be a hell upon earth. Yet the "moral ideal" of communism is a great power in the world, near the end of the twentieth century, in remote corners of the world and in New York City. ("There always will be Communists in New York City," says my friend John Lukacs, the historian — even when disillusion with Marxist dogmas has prevailed everywhere else.) Why?

"Imagine a whole world of total equality, mediocrity, and uniformity, a domination of boredom, world without end, with nothing to fear and nothing to hope for!"

Because communism promises equality of condition. Alexander de Tocqueville pointed out a century and a half ago how dangerous the doctrine of equality is, and how difficult to resist — even though it leads toward universal boredom and decadence. In democratic times, many people are ashamed of being different from others; and many more people are

envious of those who truly are different. Especially there prevails envy of men and women of wealth, or fancied wealth — an emotion deliberately worked upon by the communists. To set up Holy Equality as a moral principle supplies the envious with a self-righteous apology for their consuming vice.

Few people care to admit to themselves, "Being envious, I covet my neighbor's goods." But put the matter after this fashion: "I learn from Karl Marx that inequality of any sort is profoundly unjust, and that inequality is caused by capitalism, private property, churches, and other evil institutions. I want justice for the people! We need a revolution." Thus personal envy is veiled by an ideological pretext — which may be used to justify murder on a large scale. Ideology of this sort salves one's conscience.

Ideology rises as religion declines. It is an old Christian teaching that one should accept his station in life; for the world is not perfect or perfectible, because of original sin. As the late-medieval Scots poem "The Abbey Walk" puts this lesson:

I saw this written on a wall:

In what estate, man, that thou fall,

Accept thy lot, and thank thy God of all.

Thus the Christian is instructed to do his duties in the station to which he is called, and not to envy folk who are richer, or more powerful, or more famous, or more popular, or more handsome, or more strong, than himself. But in a society increasingly secularized, human demands multiply, and more and more people blame existing institutions because not everybody has everything he desires. Classes and individuals who seem fortunate or "privileged" become objects of envy. Communism promises that such classes and individuals shall be pulled down — indeed, extirpated. For Marx writes, "In order to establish equality, we must first establish inequality." That is, we must take away from the able and energetic, treating them unequally, to give to the proletariat. He goes farther: Marx demands a "blood-letting" stage of the revolution, in which the proletariat will destroy its enemies. All this is represented by Marx as historical necessity. Hatred is as powerful and emotion as is envy. Yet the Communist believes he must be violent today, so that in some future time of perfect equality human happiness may be assured: this great end justifies every means.

This doctrine of equality is a moral principle of a sort, though to me a remarkably unattractive moral imperative. Nevertheless, the very word "equality" has a sweet sound in the ears of many persons who would not themselves dream of blood-letting. Does not Christianity speak of equality? Have we not established equality before the law as a fundamental principle of jurisprudence? Does not the Declaration

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"Christianity distinctly does not teach that all human beings are identical units; on the contrary, it teaches that every soul is unique."



A FORGOTTEN QUEENSLAND REBELLION

by John Clifford

Most Australians have heard of the Eureka, Ballarat rebellion, which the mythologists would have them believe was responsible for the establishment of political democracy in Australia. But unknown to all but a handful of living Australians, was a rebellion by Australians who felt so desperate about their economic plight, that they seized control of a State Government in a Parliament House in an attempt to force the State Premier and Caucus to sit and listen to their complaints.

The rebellion took place fifty years ago, on August 4, 1939. Perhaps such a rebellion could only have taken place in Queensland. It would have delighted Steele Rudd of Dad and Dave fame. It had many comic opera aspects which became embellished with the passing of time. Where else but in Queensland would a group for a short period make a State Premier and his colleagues their prisoners and take along coils of barbed wire with which they hoped to prevent their political prisoners from escaping! One of the participants in this incredible event, the late Ray Rackerman, who died earlier this year, would show with pride one of the wooden batons, made in a Kingaroy furniture factory. He would relate with relish how he had used it to gently poke the late Vincent Gair in the stomach, to make him sit down when he sought to rise from his chair in the Caucus room to protest against the invasion.

Not a single shot was fired, no member of the Queensland Labor Cabinet of Forgan-Smith was physically assaulted. The greatest injury was to the politicians' pride, which suffered even further when all those involved were found not guilty of the charges made against him. All were released on a good behaviour bond. Even the police could hardly disguise their sympathy while the jury took little time to find their fellow Australians not guilty. Queensland was still feeling the harsh impact of the Great Economic Depression and there was overwhelming public sympathy for the political rebels, as witnessed by the fact that while being remanded in Boggo Road prison they were the recipients of lavish supplies of rich food.

Why has this piece of Australian history, with all the ingredients for the making of a first class Australian film, been forgotten? It took place at a time of high tension in the nation's history, on the very eve of the Second World War, when the deepening threat of war erupting was dominating press and radio news stories.

A study of the press at the time shows that while the capture of the Queensland Government temporarily pushed the threatened war news off the front pages of the Queensland press, the story was not rated the same importance by the rest of the Australian media. And, as the storm of war burst almost immediately afterwards, the matter was soon forgotten and over the years was almost completely buried during one of the most turbulent periods in the recorded history of man. Nevertheless, it is not without significance that such a unique event in Australian political history has been ignored by the historians, particularly as the main instigator of the raid on the Queensland Parliament, the late George Gray subsequently became the Labor Member for Capricornia in the Federal Parliament.

PINEAPPLE REBELLION

A feature article, "Pineapple Rebellion", which appeared in *The Sunday Mail*, Brisbane, on July 30, described the affair in general terms, but did not mention Gray by name, although correctly reported Gray as having told Premier Forgan-Smith, a Scot who had never lost his strong Scottish accent, that he did not mind being called a rebel, as the Scots who had fought under the banner of "Bonnie Prince Charles" at the battle of Culloden, had also been described as rebels.

As an Infantry Officer, Gray later demonstrated his leadership qualities in campaigns against the Japanese. A strong believer in freedom and individual rights, Gray was one of the last representatives of a different kind of Labor Party to the present one. He was a supporter of the Commonwealth Bank, originally created by the Andrew Fisher Labor Government, and sought to have it used to make credit available to both Governments and the people for longer periods at much lower

interest rates. Gray was prominent in the campaign against compulsory fluoridation of public water supplies, and tried in vain to have the Labor Party take an anti-fluoridation stance.

The roots of the 1939 Queensland affair were in the economic conditions created by the Great Depression of the 'thirties'. Queensland rural communities were particularly hard hit. Most of the 38 involved in the 1939 rebellion had been associated with the Douglas Social Credit Movement, which exercised considerable public influence throughout Queensland at the time. The strong support for the movement in Southern Queensland was dramatically demonstrated during the 1937 Federal Elections when Douglas Credit Candidate Geoff Nicholls, appeared certain to win the Wide Bay electorate from the Country Party. But contrary to general expectations, Nicholls was defeated by the allocation of Labor preferences to the Country Party. This generated enormous resentment against the Labor Party and helped pave the way for the 1939 raid on parliament.

LEAVE FOR SOCIAL JUSTICE

The 1939 rebellion was mobilised under the banner of the League for Social Justice. Although the overwhelming majority of the 38 rebels were of farming background, there were a few tradesmen and Trade Unionists. A vital role had been assigned to one clergyman, an Anglican, who did not take part in the actual raid on Parliament House, but who was to wait at a Brisbane office until his companions rang to say, that they had safely captured Parliament House and the Labor Caucus. The Anglican priest was then to ring the press, report what had happened, and convey to them the demands of the League for Social Justice. Numbered among the demands were stabilised primary production prices, reductions in rates and road tolls, and the issue of debt-free public finance.

These demands had been constantly made to the Forgan-Smith Government without any response. This eventually led to Gray and his associates deciding upon the action which they hoped would

dramatically publicise their demands. They expected a captive Labor Caucus to capitulate to their demands, a manifestation of idealistic wishful thinking. The planning of the campaign to take control of Parliament House required that 38 men from Southern Queensland be brought together secretly in Brisbane, and together with the coils of barbed wire, and armed with wooden batons, then stage a dramatic entry. Secrecy ensured that not even wives or relatives knew of the impending raid. There was the hilarious story of the newly-married dairy farmer who allegedly went off to play cricket, but had not returned for milking. A rather rebellious wife flatly refused to believe her husband when later he said he was ringing from Boggo Road jail!

One of Gray's innovative tactics was to have the 38 rebels all labelled with numbers running into the hundreds. As

they moved through Parliament House, this created the impression that a mass invasion was underway. While the rebels reached their objective, taking control of the Caucus room, they overlooked the fact that one member had managed to slip away. He quickly alerted the police who arrived to end the confrontation between the rebels and Forgan-Smith's Caucus. The news of what had happened hit Brisbane like a clap of thunder. Initially there were wild rumours of some type of an uprising.

The 38 were arrested and that evening at a special nightcourt, were charged with a number of crimes, including the causing of fear among the King's subjects. They were imprisoned without bail over the weekend, but as the news of what had happened spread they became local heroes. When brought before the court on the Monday morning, the Anglican priest

was now among those charged. Six weeks later, they were all arraigned before the Supreme Court, the Crown Prosecutor, J.A. Sheedy attempting to impress upon the jury that what the accused did "was the forerunner of sedition." A jail sentence was called for. The jury disagreed and after eight days the 39 men were all freed with considerable public acclamation.

An event which might well have triggered off a popular grass roots movement was almost immediately forgotten as the world plunged into the Second World War. The League of Social Justice was never heard of again. But perhaps the spirit which produced the Queensland rebellion still lives on in the psyche of the Australian people and may one day erupt again in a different kind of political rebellion.

H

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of Independence say that all men are created equal? What then can be wrong with equality?

Much, if by that we mean "equality of condition." The Christian doctrine of equality teaches that all human beings are of equal worth in the sight of God: that God is no respecter of rank and wealth; God judges human beings impartially; all are sinners in some degree. In my Father's house are many mansions; but it needs to be remembered that they are not all on the same floor, and that at the Last Judgment the sheep will be separated from the goats. Christ came to save sinners, not to establish a worldly kingdom; he did not advocate revolution, or even preach against war or slavery; his concern was souls. Christianity distinctly does not teach that all human beings are identical units; on the contrary, it teaches that every soul is unique.

The principle of equality before the law means simply that the law is no respecter of persons: magistrates should deal out impartial justice regardless of high birth or low birth, possessions or lack of possessions. English and American jurisprudence never have been interpreted as decreeing that all people should have the same things.

As for the Declaration of Independence, that somewhat cryptic phrase "all men are created equal" clearly did not signify to the signers of the Declaration that no difference exists between one person and another, or that community of property was part of the natural law. To their minds, doubtless the phrase referred in part to the Christian understanding of

equality in the sight of God, and to the doctrine of equality before the law, long part of the English constitution. Also presumably it implied that the rights enjoyed by Englishmen were shared by Americans — the theme of American petitions to the Crown down until the fatal year of 1775. In the Declaration's phrase was an echo, too, of the Stoic doctrine of moral equality in Roman times. Thomas Jefferson and his distinguished colleagues of the committee that drafted the Declaration were not "common ordinary guys," and were well aware of their superior talents: they were no premature Marxist proletarians.

"It is for moral causes, and out of religious faith, that men and women will resist the Children of Darkness."

One word can mean many things; so it is with this magic word "equality." To the Marxist, the word means "pull down": destroy all classes but the proletariat. Such is Marxist moral dogma: establish justice by destroying inequality. The dogma has its charms for those who fancy that they, or their class, or posterity, would be happy among the ruins of the old order. In practice, however, what comes to pass is the revised dogma of Orwell's *Animal Farm*: "All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others." Against this communist moral order, there contends today a quite different moral order that did not originate with either

democracy or capitalism.

Does "democratic capitalism", as such, have sufficient vitality to resist egalitarian ideology supported by force of arms, by what Burke called "an armed doctrine"? I think not. There come to my mind the sentences of T.S. Eliot, in *The Idea of a Christian Society*, published on the eve of the Second World War:

"The term 'democracy' . . . does not contain enough positive content to stand alone against the forces that you dislike — it can easily be transformed by them. If you will not have God (and He is a jealous God) you should pay your respects to Hitler or Stalin."

The term "capitalism", similarly, does not contain enough positive content to withstand any strong evil domination. Although some people have tried to make a religion out of democracy, they have not succeeded; and those few who have tried to make a religion out of "democratic capitalism" have failed ludicrously.

It is for moral causes, and out of religious faith, that men and women will resist the Children of Darkness. Perhaps such a renewal of religious belief will occur before the end of this century; I can imagine it. Perhaps a great many people will come to perceive, with Solzhenitsyn, that communism and other fanatic ideologies are the enemies of true moral order. If they do not so perceive, quite possibly the Republic may end with both a whimper and a bang.

H

TWO HEADS MAY BE BETTER THAN ONE

by Randall J. Dicks J.D.

One of the criticisms, objections, or merely inane comments levelled at modern monarchies such as that headed by the Queen of Australia is that "the Queen merely reigns, she does not rule". This makes as much (or as little) sense as criticising sunlight for being so quiet; the speaker misses the point of it all. In the modern context, in the reality of monarchies of the space age, most monarchs do not actively rule their kingdoms, and are no less worthy, worthwhile, or useful. Royal absolutism is not the same as monarchy; if absolutism were monarchy. George Bush, Mikhail Gorbachev, Manuel Noriega, and Saddam Hussein might be classified as "monarchs" more readily than Elizabeth II, Baudouin I, or Taufa'ahau Tupou IV.

In most modern monarchies, the monarch reigns, while the prime minister and government (essentially, a committee elected by the legislature) rule. The monarch fills a symbolic, ceremonial role, with limited and sometimes only formal substantive powers, or perhaps none at all. In countries such as the United States of America, the President fills both roles, head of state and head of government, ceremonial and substantive, both hats at once. Walter Bagehot described this aspect of monarchy bluntly: "It acts as a *disguise*. It enables our real rulers to change without heedless people knowing it."¹

What is the objection to a head of state who "reigns but does not rule"? The case was stated by Alexander Hamilton 200 years ago: "A feeble executive implies a feeble execution of the government. A feeble execution is but another phrase for a bad execution: and a government ill-executed, whatever it may be in theory, must be in practice a bad government."² Yet Hamilton was writing in favour of a strong, single executive, in opposition to the plural executive or executive committee then advocated by some. This argument does not apply to constitutional monarchies, in which an iron-willed prime minister can provide more than enough vigorous executive rule, under the non-partisan, stable umbrella of the reigning monarch.

Hamilton, a constitutional anglophile who several months earlier had praised the "excellence" of the British constitution and opined that no good executive "could be establish on republican principles."³ went on to say: "In England the king is a perpetual magistrate; and it is a maxim which has obtained for the sake of the public peace, that he is unaccountable for his administration, and his person sacred. Nothing therefore can be wiser in that kingdom than to annex to the king a constitutional council, who may be responsible to the nation for the advice they give.

Without this there would be no responsibility whatever in the executive department; an idea inadmissible in a free government. But even there the king is not bound by the resolutions of his council, though they are answerable for the advice they give. He is the absolute master of his own conduct, in the exercise of his office; and may observe or disregard the counsel given to him at his sole discretion."⁴ Hamilton might have been reassured to know that further restrictions were to grow up around the monarch over the course of two centuries, resulting in an executive of dual strengths, a prime minister of great potential political power, depending on his or her personal abilities, and a monarch who is constantly there, to be informed, to warn, to advise, as Bagehot enumerates the royal rights.

"The Australian system offers the advantages of monarchy, with the safeguards and reassurances of divided responsibilities and roles."

Some questions about the equivocal merits of a head of state who both reigns and rules might be raised in a presidential republic. The job of being a modern president, with its global stresses, decisions, responsibilities, and workload, might be too much for one person to accommodate. President Woodrow Wilson, who was just about done in by the burdens of his presidency, said that "men of ordinary physique and discretion cannot be President and live, if the strain be not somehow relieved. We shall be obliged always to be picking our chief magistrate from among wise and prudent athletes, — a small class."⁵

The job of the American presidency (reigning plus ruling) and similar systems is not just physically exhausting; it is also psychologically dizzying, which gives rise to the greater danger.⁶ Arrival at a dizzying height of prestige, when coupled with a dazzling degree of actual power, can result in personal, national, and international disaster. Such a development must have been one of the fears of the Founding Fathers, that the chief executive's role should become so personalized and centralized as to be monarchic, in the pejorative sense of the word. *Monarchy* takes on those negative connotations when it is found in places where it should not be — as in a presidential administration, a republic.



There is another possibility, the bicephalous republic, in which a powerless president serves as ceremonial head of state (while a prime minister, a professional politician, serves as head of government). This toothless potentate can legitimately be described by the term sometimes applied condescendingly to modern monarchs, a "mere" figurehead, for this insipid officeholder offers none of the benefits of the genuine article. Typically a faithful politico or academic who is being rewarded for a lifetime's loyalty by promotion to supreme figurehead, he signs where the "real rulers" indicate, attends funerals, dedicates bridges, welcomes visiting delegations, and is generally unknown abroad, if not even at home. His symbolic value in many cases is nil. The names of the constitutional presidents of Eire, Zimbabwe, Portugal, Fiji, and India hardly spring readily to mind. A figurehead president offers none of the advantages of a constitutional monarch, and is instead a curious amalgam of this and that, with no characters or stature of his own.



"... Queen Elizabeth II has been there, a figure of unity, continuity, and stability, since 1952, and before her there were her predecessors for some 40 reigns."

The Australian system offers the advantages of monarchy, with the safeguards and reassurances of divided responsibilities and roles. At the top of the Australian pyramid is the monarch. Governments, prime ministers, and ministers come and go, but Queen Elizabeth II has been there, a figure of unity, continuity, and stability, since 1952, and before her there were her predecessors for some 40 reigns. Representing the Queen, and acting in the capacity of head of state when the Queen is not actually in Australia, is the Governor-General, who fulfills the constitutional and ceremonial functions of the Queen as her

personal representative. Next comes the prime minister, the head of government, who ministers to the everyday business of running the Commonwealth of Australia. The Queen reigns; year to year, decade to decade, the sovereign is always there. The Governor-General sometimes deputizes for the Queen, carries out many of the duties of the Queen, and the occupant of the post changes at regular intervals. The prime minister and his cabinet are Bagehot's "real rulers," and change at the will of the electorate. The fact that the Queen does not "rule" Australia is irrelevant to the merits and the workings of the system. Effective government does not require that the same mortal exercise every function of government.

The late historian Barbara Tuchman asserted that "the office [of President of the United States] has become too complex and its reach too extended to be trusted to the fallible judgment of any one individual."⁷ Rather than whine that "the Queen reigns, but does not rule," one might instead be thankful that not every system makes the same mistakes.

Notes

- ¹ Walter Bagehot, *The English Constitution*. London, Oxford University Press. 1968 edition, page 48.
- ² Alexander Hamilton, *The Federalist No. 70*. 1788.
- ³ *Hamilton's speech to the Constitutional Convention, June 18, 1787.*
- ⁴ *Hamilton, The Federalist No. 70*. 1788.
- ⁵ *Woodrow Wilson, Constitutional Government in the United States*, New York, 1908, pages 79-80.
- ⁶ Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., *The Imperial Presidency*. Boston, Houghton Mifflin Company, 1973. Pages 382, 385.
- ⁷ *Barbara Tuchman, "Should the Presidency Be Abolished?" New York Times, February 13, 1973.*

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IEI

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Great Darkness and the Maid

"Joan of Arc at the Stake" — Music by Arthur Honegger; Text by Paul Claudel. A Production for the Melbourne Spoleto Festival by the Victoria State Opera, the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra and the Melbourne Chorale, directed by Jean-Pierre Mignon, at the Melbourne Concert Hall on Friday, September 22nd, 1989 (second of three performances). Conductor: Jean Fournet. Starring Genevieve Bujold as Joan and Peter Carroll as Brother Dominic.

reviewed by Nigel Jackson

Arriving in my seat with less than two minutes before the show opened, I found myself staring at an enormous and largely darkened auditorium in which a modernistic representation of the stake on which the great French saint was burned, was surrounded by a large and expectant throng. Smoke was rising slowly from the centre of the set in gently rather than dense formations. Unexpectedly, I found myself feeling slightly guilty, as though I myself was one of the hundreds of people responsible for allowing the Maid to be sacrificed. Somehow, time seemed to have been transcended; the contemporary theatrical drama was fused to the actual murder which occurred in 1431 at Rouen; and the dreadful nature of the event, with its revelation of human sinfulness and human cowardice, was apparent to me before the lights had dimmed and the show began.

Clearly the set, designed by Mary More, was a success. It had elements of a swirl, elements of a spiral, and elements of a road or way. Kenneth Hince, in "The Age" next day commented: "The helical set ... is excellent. It combines the dominant symbol of the flame with care for practical details so that there are plenty of entrances and well-judged use of height and width to accommodate the action." Rather irreverently, Rosemary Neill wrote in "The Australian" on September 25th: "The stage is dominated by an elevated road that spirals like a Los Angeles freeway and at its centre is the stake to which Joan is bound and an assembly of coiled ladders that resemble a giant, metallic beanstalk." For me, the actual representation of the pyre was disappointing: it looked a little too obviously electrical rather than faggoty, a bit like the illuminated exhaust of a rocketship or some infernal device used by specialists in a hospital. I found it difficult to orient my vision and comprehend the exact meaning of the central part of the set. This disorientation was accentuated by the fact that I failed to recognise Genevieve Bujold as Joan when she entered. However, my best memory of the set remains the judgement scene in which one of the "sheep" assessing Joan was perched up in the heights like an ecclesiastical vulture.

How difficult it must be for anyone to act the role of a saint! Before commenting on the way Joan was presented, let me quote extensively from my own translation of the chapter on Saint Joan in "Quelques Amis de Dieu" ("Some of God's Friends")

by the French occultist and mystic, Paul Sedir, who died in 1926. This gives a good idea of the amazing nature of Joan's sanctity.

"The indubitable seal of Christlike thought marks all her replies; one finds in them this direct and complete gaze which embraces in the same stroke the principle, the law and the phenomenon and which sees, like the triple veil of the same reality, acts, feelings and theories. One also finds in them an intelligence which, working to the centre of problems, from there unknots complications without the paraphernalia of the philosophers because she has known how to make contact again with life, instead of training herself on intellectual systems. It is a question here, and we get to the heart of the matter, of a mode of knowledge peculiar to those souls alone whose individual spirit is definitively found to be grafted on to the Spirit of the Word. Theology denotes them as established in the unitive life by the mystical marriage; and among them a few only possess the celebrated privilege of the

Joan of Arc Stands at the Side of Charles VII as he is crowned King of France in the great cathedral at Reims. Joan wanted to return home then, but Charles would not consent.



intuitive knowledge — that is, the gift of living simultaneously on earth and in Glory, going, coming, working, talking like us all, while at the very same time being merged in the lucid consciousness of the invisible world of Christ, speaking with its dwellers, working with them and living in this unimaginable realm. The Church denotes only a few saints as clad in this power, one of them being Joan of Arc.”

“In reality God’s special envoys hold all of Him Who despatches them; it is from God that Joan held her clear intelligence, her military genius, her power over hearts, her purity, her constancy and, finally, her incomprehensible power; of herself, she did nothing but receive; and it is truly there — in receiving — that is the sum of all a human being can do: to become the perfect instrument of Heaven.”

“This direct lineage of Heaven is confirmed with the same brilliance in the teaching of Joan as in her works. God, for her, was not a system, nor a rite, but a living reality, at the same time external and internal, to which theologies and liturgies merely served as signposts. This is why she herself was realistic, balanced, normal, at ease at the same time in deeds and ecstasies.”

“For beings of heavenly lineage, the necessities and sufferings of the material life matter little. Louis de Contes confirms that a piece of bread was sufficient for Joan of Arc; the Bourgeois of Paris relates that the birds and animals of the fields used to come to eat in her hand; and we know how, in spite of the court and the prelates, the people instinctively ranged themselves under her standard. Such is the powerful attraction of the Light: the Life speaks to the life.”

RUSTIC TEENAGER

We may be tempted to see these extracts as over-pious effusions; but can anything else explain how a rustic teenager could carry out such an extraordinary series of actions on the stage of history? In Funk and Wagnall’s Standard Reference Encyclopaedia (1973) we read: “Dressed in armour and carrying a white banner representing God blessing the French royal emblem, the fleurs-de-lis, she led the French to a decisive victory over the English” — the raising of the siege of Orleans. And at the coronation of Charles VII “she was given the place of honour beside the king.”

Some idea of the exceptional nature of this woman can be given by the simple remark that we British can find no comparable figure in the whole of our history.

The accusations of her enemies that she was a witch (in the sense of a malignant sorceress), an apostate and a heretic are manifestly absurd.

No actress, however gifted, can be expected to successfully mimic such a



Young Joan of Arc Prays in the Forest before leading the armies of France to drive the English from the city of Orleans.

presence on a modern stage. Inevitably, Genevieve Bujold seemed human, too human for much of the production. She was not assisted by her costume. Kenneth Hince correctly commented: “The plain white was ideal. The combination of what looked like ug boots and a towelling dressing gown was quite odd.”

Like Hince, I found her performance “a bit stilted”. Rosemary Neill also felt a heaviness in her “stoic, granite-faced Joan”, but made the vital observation that “the libretto doesn’t permit her to unravel emotionally until Scene Nine”.

The truth is that in “Joan of Arc at the Stake” responsibility for the presentation of Joan rests not just with the actress but with the whole work and the whole ensemble enacting it. In this perspective, the production was very considerably successful. Bujold never lacked dignity — an important virtue — and (with the help of fine direction and fine lighting, to say nothing of the music and the singing yet) undoubtedly conveyed sequences of ecstasy, love, joy and triumph in the climactic scenes. For me a particularly effective element was the exquisite singing of the children’s choir. The programme notes told me afterwards that they sang, among other parts, a *trimazo*, a local song from Lorraine which Joan herself sang at the end. It has been said that God is an Eternal Child playing an Eternal Game in an Eternal Garden. Something of that beauty was conveyed in this production.

Honegger’s music, as I expected, I found to be noble and freshly limpid — thoroughly equal to its great task and by far the most important contributor to the

overall effect of the production. Afterwards I heard it said that there were no memorable tunes or melodies in the score — and felt that these critics had failed to attune themselves to the beauty, profundity, variety, life and address of the music. Kenneth Hince felt that the work of drama was “fleshed out with the glowing imagination of a fine and fairly conservative musician of the 1930s”. For me, there was just that balance of traditionalism and innovation which I had been led to expect from a few delvings into music reference books. I look forward to becoming more familiar with the score on tape.

There were some great moments for me; and others could no doubt add to those I happen to recall. The eerie movement of discs of light playing over the darkened ways of the set in the early moments of the production gave a vivid sense of the supernatural working upon wordly affairs — rather reminiscent of the opening account in Genesis of the Spirit moving over the waters.

The long, slow and arduous approach of Brother Dominic, well presented as he was by Peter Carroll, was deeply moving as he bore with him an illuminated book — not, surely, a “luminous bible”, as Rosemary Neill thought, but the book of the life of Joan, which he intended to read with her to constitute the show. Bat eyes would be needed to see much light coming out of our own books, I suspect; but that light was the Light in the soul of a saint.

And it was born through the “great darkness” which the choir repeatedly sang of in the opening bars. How effective that singing was! I thought of the terrible darkness of that era in France and the terrible darkness of my own time in Australia, in which my people appear to be slipping further and further into the grip of cheap-jack tyrants. Honegger and Claudel had created an excellent opening to their work.

Then, as Joau and Brother Dominic gradually processed into their places on the stage, we heard an exquisitely gentle voice (was it Carroll’s?) calling again and again the name: “Joan! Joan!” This exquisite enunciation did much to make me feel that a most beautiful female soul was to come into view before us.

In the early scenes, there were notable uses of the grotesque. Anthony Jones’ costumes were most effective in presenting the persons who judged Joan as various kinds of beasts. They were brilliant in creating the four sets of kings and queens in the card game which gave a further insight into the kinds of wickedness that brought Joan to doom: these creatures were like animated Tenniel drawings from the “Alice” books of Lewis Carroll or bizarre quangle-wrangles and others from Edward Lear.

These and other crowd scenes — such as the marriage of Mother Barrel and Lusty Grinder — were splendidly moved by the director. Kenneth Hince wrote very



Leading Her Victorious Troops, Joan of Arc enters the city of Orleans after the English have been driven from it. Led by Joan, the armies defeated the English four more times.

adroitly that Jean-Pierre Mignon "moved his actors and singers around this set with an alternation of austere ceremony and a kind of controlled tumult".

NEWSPAPER CRITICS

The two newspaper critics who have unwittingly helped me construct this review each had important criticisms to make. Hince wrote: "The one main defect in the production was that a good deal of the text was inaudible." I agree with him that the Claudel libretto should have been printed in the programme; subtitles, I feel, might have disturbed the theatrical harmony of the whole experience. However, one cannot expect to take in a work like this at a single viewing and hearing. Let us study it over the next few years and hope that someone puts it on again in five or ten years' time.

Rosemary Neill saw a different problem: "From a dramatic viewpoint, the prime

difficulty lies with the text's fidelity to Catholic doctrine ... Claudel burdens the director and actors with the task of humanising and vivifying uni-dimensional characters who lack colour, contradiction and complexity." There was certainly a static element in the roles of Joan and Brother Dominic, although the work as a whole offsets this by vigorously enacting various conflicts between Joan and those in her world of France in 1429-31.

If Brother Dominic is meant as a projection of Saint Dominic, we are entitled to be a little suspicious of pious fraud. That man, like Saint Paul, was not necessarily as true a follower of Jesus as many devotees have believed. He took part in the disgraceful massacres of the Cathars and is probably not unfairly presented by Nikos Kazantzakis in "God's Pauper", his novel about the much more congenial Saint Francis of Assisi. He may not have been the best choice as a figure in the drama to express the later contrition of the Church over its betrayal of the saint.

The canonical Gospels depict a Jesus who unparalleled sanctity caused much friction with the religious leaders of the day, both the sincere ones and the scoundrels. The life of Joan of Arc appears to

echo that friction, and a true presentation of her significance must present her as being both within and above the Catholic tradition. "Saint Joan of Arc at the Stake" did seem to rather fudge this issue.

At this point I was going to complain that the work by Honegger and Claudel does not adequately stress the patriotism of Saint Joan's mission; but I suddenly recalled a grand moment of spectacle when Mignon had his crowd of French folk triumphantly dispersing off stage with a huge and exquisitely choreographed series of whirling national banners.

Bernard Shaw, like Voltaire, seems to have oscillated uneasily between religious belief and scepticism. Both men were tempted to pronounce on matters of social and political reform without having been adequately initiated into the wisdom of tradition. Despite that, Shaw seems to have been won over by the presence of Joan's sanctity, as the last speech in his play suggests, with its overtones of the plangent voice of the Psalmist. Joan cries: "O God that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive Thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?" That, I believe, is the main reason this was his most successful play on stage. Despite his homage to sanctity, Shaw in general tends to reduce Joan, to make her earthy and even slightly comic at times, to fit her into his characteristically knockabout-farce-cum-serious discussion of issues style. The real Joan must have exuded far more grace and profundity.

SEDIR

And mystery. Was she Sedir's "perfect instrument of God"? Was she someone comparable to the Hindu sage, Ramana Maharshi, who died in 1949, or the Muslim sage, Sheikh Alawi, who died in 1934, both of whose lives are documented in detail, by Mouni Sadhu in "In Days of Great Peace" and Martin Lings in "A Sufi Saint of the Twentieth Century"? Or was she different?

Sedir hints at other possibilities in the opening of his chapter: while asserting that "the true story is hidden in an impenetrable shadow", he draws attention to some interesting aspects, which, however, he also says are "unverifiable". Here is the relevant passage: "that Joan was a native of Champagne and not Lorraine; that her name is written with or without a particle; that one of her sisters, Claude, played a warrior role near to her and then after her, from 1436 to 1440, under the name of Lady of Armoises (wormwood? silks?); that her father, through his municipal functions in a village situated on the highway from Langres to Domremy, received from certain emissaries frequent news concerning the situation of France; that the Franciscan nuns with Saint Bernardine and Saint Colette of Corbie throughout helped the young girl and

mobilised in her favour the monks and the people; that her mission was a struggle against the Templars reconstituted in England, supported by the French and Celtic party; that the being whom she designated under the title of the King of Heaven was the secret chief of this party, living near Mende; that the Duchess Anne of Bedford visited her in her prison as a representative of the enemy Lords Templars ..."

Another interesting section of Sedir's chapter deals with what might have happened if evil powers had not prematurely brought Joan's mission to an end; for, apparently, she aimed not merely at the unification of a Christian France but at a confederation of Christian kingdoms in Europe as bulwarks against the Muslims. One is inclined to assume initially that from the start Joan was intended by Heaven to be burned in 1431 and that her death, like that of Jesus, was the essential sword whereby her victory was wrought. But perhaps that is not wholly true in her case.

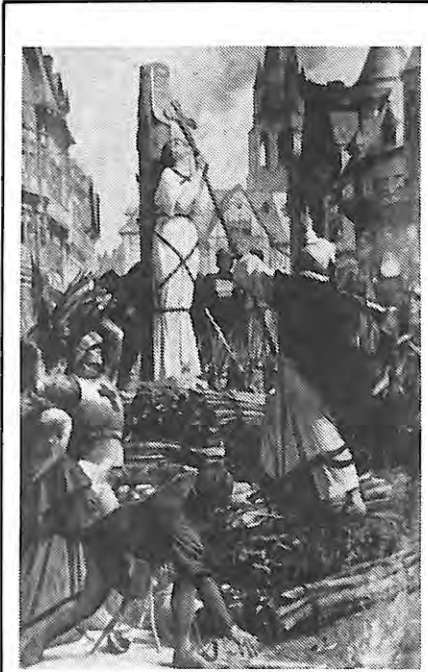
The reader may well wonder how trustworthy Sedir is; and I myself do not know. He wrote an extraordinary biography — or is it a deceitful fiction? — "Initiations", in which he claimed to have met Christ personally, explaining that, ever since the Resurrection, Christ has been on the planet to help humanity and especially his own followers. To many this idea must seem either absurd or heretical or both. Sedir does not explain how his doctrine fits in with that of the Ascension. However, "Initiations" is such a beautiful, profound and learned work that one hesitates to believe it false in any way. It was translated into English in 1967 by Mouni Sadhu and published by Regency Press, London. There are strange and obscure references in it to the work wrought by Saint Joan when she was in prison.

"THE GOD OF THE WITCHES"

Another important treatment of Saint Joan is that by the noted anthropologist Margaret A. Murray in "The God of the Witches" (first published in 1931 and reissued as an Oxford University paperback in New York in 1970). Pages 176-190 of Chapter 7 ("The Divine Victim") deal with Joan, and Pages 190-197 deal with Gilles de Rais. Murray's basic thesis is that Joan was an adherent of "The Old Religion", of witchcraft in the sense of that ancient religion of Goddess worship which later inspired Robert Graves' amazing study of poetry, "The White Goddess". This thesis appears quite contradictory to that of Sedir.

Murray stresses that documentary sources from many countries show conclusively that "the fairies" or "the fairy folk" were real people. She explains that it is only since Shakespeare's "A Midsummer Night's Dream" that the image of fairies as

miniscule creatures of mere fantasy has been current. "Even her godmother, who should have seen that she was brought up as a Christian, was acquainted with the fairies; and the Sieur de Bourlemont, one of the principal land-owners near Domremy, was married to a fairy lady. It was while engaged in religious ceremonies at the Fairy Tree of Bourlemont that Joan first saw the personages whom she called her Voices, and to whom she gave the names of Christian saints. Her description of the Voices shows that they were certainly human beings and the records prove her words beyond a doubt."



Condemned as a Witch, Joan of Arc was burned at the stake in 1431 in the market place at Rouen, France. Later, in 1456, the Pope pronounced her innocent. She was declared a saint in 1920.

Murray believes Joan was a deliberately chosen and self-sacrificing "divine victim" according to the tenets of "The Old Religion": "She told Charles: 'Make the most of me, for I shall last only one year.' ... The records show that in the eyes of the people she was divine." Murray believes that there was a special significance in Joan's title "La Pucelle" ("The Maid"), possibly comparable to the traditional "Maiden of the Coven". She sees Gilles de Rais, Joan's "faithful friend and admirer", as another adherent of "The Old Religion" who was also to die for his faith. After Joan's trial, he "wrote and staged in her honour a mystery-play of the type which is known at the present day as a passion-play". Murray also regards the mysterious resumption of male costume by Joan, which led to her death, as a sign that she had resumed the practice of "The Old Religion" in defiance of the Church.

Murray states that "Throughout her trial she spoke of her god as 'the King of Heaven', as 'my Lord', or simply as 'God'; she never mentioned 'Christ' or 'our Saviour' or even 'our Lord'." Murray adds that Joan "steadfastly refused to say the Lord's Prayer" and "utterly refused to acknowledge the authority of the Church". She also "declined to take the oath on the Gospels".

It is possible that Murray may have taken as truth perjured evidence provided by Joan's ecclesiastical enemies who were determined to prove her "a witch" in the sense of a malignant sorceress.

CONTRADICTIONS

These quotations have been given to show the reader that there exist many profound but contradictory interpretations of the nature of Saint Joan and her role. The matter should be seen in the light of another important idea, and that is that there may be a connection between the story of Jesus in the Gospels and "The Old Religion". To take two simple items: Jesus and his twelve apostles make the traditional coven, while a legend has existed from close to the time of his life that he was the mate of Mary Magdalene.

"Joan of Arc at the Stake" seems clearly to have been too attached to received Catholic teaching (to call it "Orthodoxy" begs the question) to deal with many of the mysterious tales associated with The Maid. But it will have served a good purpose if it makes many of those who saw it and listened to it interested enough to read into the literature on Joan.

Australia is plainly a very corrupt nation at the present time, and the people are confused and puzzled as to where to seek relief. The main source of evil appears to be the domination of politics by a usurious financial system which benefits wealthy cliques who seek to create a world government after breaking the sovereignty of the nations. Such a government would become a tyranny, as is clearly shown by the immense web of deceit spun by the conspirators and promulgated through the mass media.

However, much of the resistance to this evil seems, in Australia and in other English-speaking nations, to be basing itself on very narrow-minded modes of Christian pietism. There is a danger of the "one-world" threat being replaced by the treat of a new religious fanaticism.

Study of the life of Saint Joan may help us to avoid both the Scylla and the Charybdis.





CANADA CALLS

CONCORDE AND TRAM

by John Wiebe

Turning silently against the ice blue sky, jet noise muffled by winter winds, the snow white aircraft seeks its landing place. Supersonic purveyor of travellers' dreams, a magic carpet in metal, Concorde lowers its flaps and landing gear. It touches down upon the Ottawa runway, its landing speed surprising newspeople whose feet pound a tarmac frozen stiff as steel by the minus twenty celcius midwinter's day.

Boarding the British Airways Concorde after its return flight to the Arctic Circle and sitting in its comfortable cabin, there is time for the body to warm and the senses to come to full life after the wait outside. And with comfort comes introspection and a memory of a trip taken not in 1989, but 33 years earlier by a very small boy.

Ottawa in the 1950s was still a city united by the tram. Cream and scarlet bodies, with poles grasping sparking wires, Ottawa's trams were known as "streetcars" to locals and they could transport the passenger to exotic destinations like

"SPARKS", then the city's premier shopping area named after an Ottawa pioneer. There was also "HOLLAND", which conjured up childhood thoughts of a huge tunnel under the sea to a land of windmills, but which in reality was a sedate suburban street in Ottawa's west end. "GROVE" was a turning circle in the southeast of the city marked by a tiny waiting room of red brick and green shingle roof. It always smelled of chewed tobacco, but on a frigid winter's day its warmth more than compensated for the odour, and of course there was always a caretaker in a worn sweater who cleaned

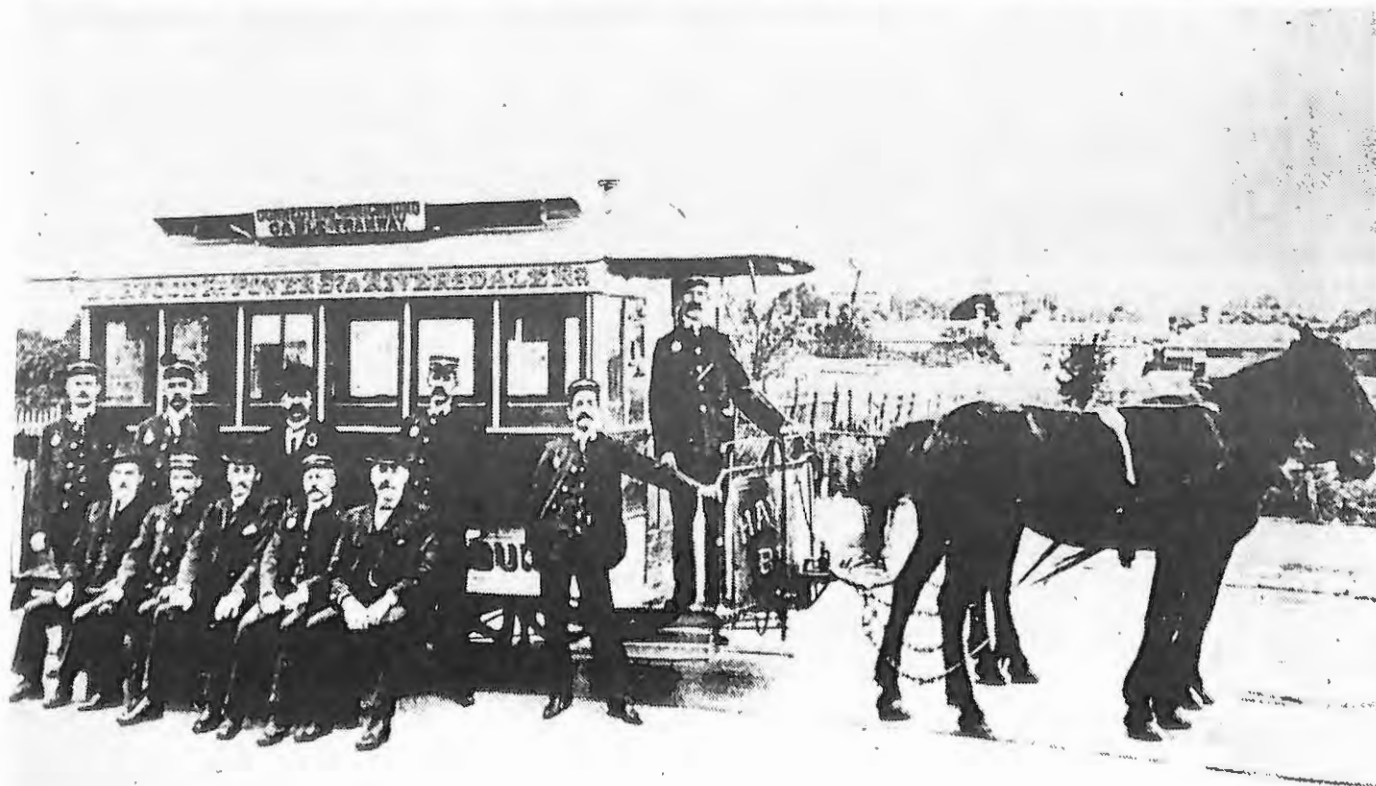
the floor with studied dedication.

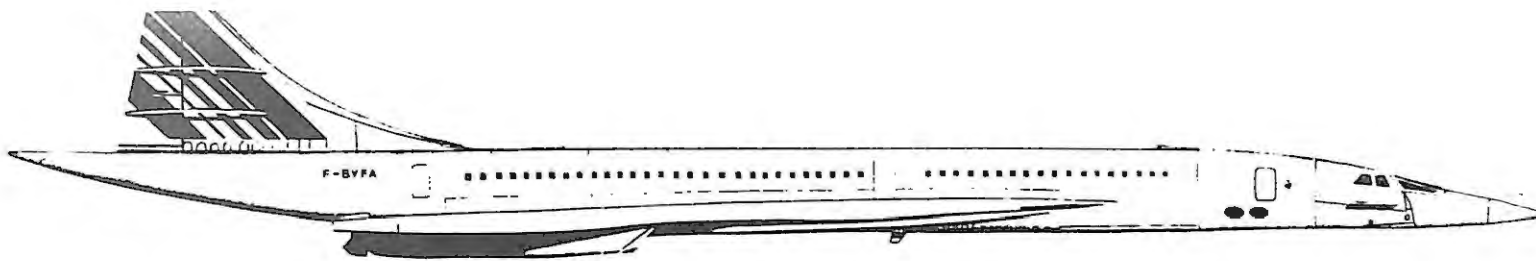
Yet to a small boy there was one name on the rollaway destination boards that was greater than the sum of all other locations.

The message given by its name to the queueing crowd was as much one of glory as of its end of the line finality, for it told the travellers and the small boy that they were bound for "BRITANNIA".

"BRITANNIA", the Dominion's mother country, symbolised by the Union Jack that then flew before schools and occupied a corner of Canada's red ensign. "BRITANNIA", the place where the tram lines circled in front of a huge pavillion before their return to the city, the spot that was surely the destination of choice in 1956 for every four year old boy who had imagination and the five cent fare.

The tram doors opened to the queue





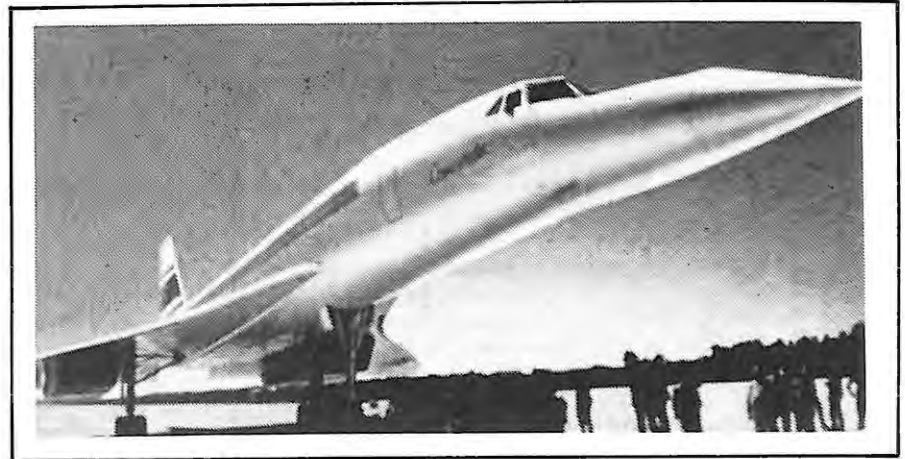
and the boy took his seat beside his mother. He was wearing his best, what he proudly called his "car coat". Everyone else was dressed in their best clothing also, for there was still widespread pride in personal appearance then.

THE JOURNEY

Bells clanged, and the journey began with the comforting electrical hum that would be the tram's companion whenever it moved. It all seemed a little predictable to the boy until the dip. This was a junction of four streets just above Ottawa's Canadian Pacific Railway yards, where in 1956 the power of steam still reigned. The boy held on to the bar atop the seat in front of him for dear life but didn't let out a sound as gravity pulled the tram to the dip's bottom and the journey continued on the flat.

The tram ignored slowing vehicles as it ran on its own right of way through Ottawa's western suburbs. Faster and faster it hummed past businesses and homes, pausing occasionally to embark or drop off passengers.

It came suddenly, just at a group of suburban homes along the tram's route. A tug on the boy's coat by his mother indicated that it was time to get up and leave the tram. "But where was 'BRITANNIA'?",



thought the child. "Weren't we going to see the river and the flags?", he said. The boy was told that experience must be received for another day. Today the objective was the home of an aunt and cousins just a few blocks away.

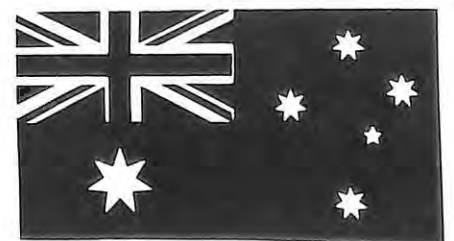
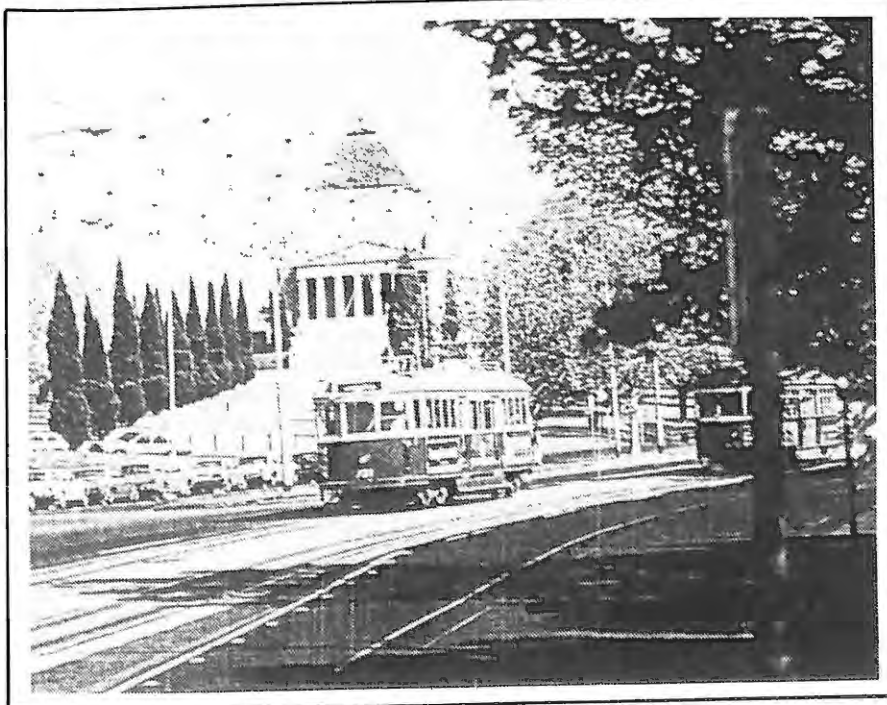
The boy turned his head as he was led along and watched the glorious tram click down the rails into the distance. It was well that he did look, for it was his last long trip aboard Ottawa's trams. Just a few years later, nearsighted local politicians ordered the tram rails torn up, with almost all the trams destroyed by the scrapper's torch, and the city began its slow strangulation by roadways and the

pollution of bus engines that continues to the present day.

Later, as a young university student, the boy would finally see "BRITANNIA". Gone was the pleasure resort that once lured thousands of Ottawa's holiday-makers to take the tram on a Sunday afternoon for a few hours of fun on the shores of the Ottawa River. The death of the tram made the place just another piece of real estate to be reached and exploited by the road system. So there were expensive high-rise apartments for the well-off and repetitive, claustrophobic housing developments for the less affluent, with only a small section of awning preserved at the tram turning circle as a reminder of what was.

Yet in the mind of the boy, now a man, the destination board marked "BRITANNIA" still represents a place of wonder, its magic all the greater because its 1956 location can only be attained in his imagination. And as "Heritage" readers look back to their own treasured memories during this holiday season, "Canada Calls" sends best wishes for a very Happy Christmas and New Year.

EH



ANTI-TREASON

by Greg Booth LL.M.

*Treason doth never prosper: what's the reason?
For is it prosper, none dare call it treason.*

Sir John Harington (1615)

None but the treacherous relish treason, but it may surprise you to learn that much that is popularly regarded as treason, is perfectly lawful in terms of Australian constitutional law.

Take, for example, the sell-out of Australia to overseas control. This happens in the field of international investment. Increasingly, the control of our real estate, business and natural resources is drifting out of Australian hands. But that is not all. Our legal system itself is ever the subject of modification, not by Australian parliaments, but by process of international treaty law in which, by and large, most of us have no say.

It is common in some circles to consider that to be treason. Nevertheless, the problem is *not* one of illegality as a lawyer would understand it. The problem is one of *legitimacy*, rather than *legality*.

Now, before you condemn me as some kind of traitor, let me hasten to say that concern is quite properly expressed at the general trend towards non-Australian control. It seems to me, however, that much of the debate is uninformed. That is particularly so when it comes to international law. We cannot begin to come to grips with international law without some idea of our Australian constitutional law.

Therefore, let's begin with the Constitution of the Commonwealth of Australia. The Constitution was conferred upon us by the British. It constituted a Schedule to a British Act of Parliament. It has been amended several times in accordance with procedures it lays down for its own alteration. It contains very little by way of individual rights, being concerned, in the main, with the balance of power between the Commonwealth, which is the central administration, and the six States.

Chapter III of the Constitution set up the High Court of Australia. It did so in such a way that the High Court could become the final arbiter on constitutional disputes and the unappealable interpreter of the Constitution. That position now obtains for all practical purposes.

In its early decisions, the High Court inferred from the text of the Constitution the principle that there were areas upon which the Commonwealth, and particularly the Parliament of the Commonwealth, could not trespass. These were the areas where the States were to be paramount and they were not expressly identified for the most part in the text of the Constitution. The reasoning went like this. Section 51 of the Constitution authorises the Par-

liament of the Commonwealth to make laws for the peace, order and good government of the Commonwealth with respect to specific subjects. Whatever, said the Court, was not there identified was impliedly reserved to the States.

Then came 1920. In that year a landmark decision was handed down in what has become known simply as *The Engineers Case*.¹ The Court shifted ground dramatically. Gone was the old doctrine of States' rights, the so-called implied immunity theory. Each of the subject matters upon which the Commonwealth Parliament could legislate was to be interpreted as fully and completely as possible. So long as a law could be said to be upon a subject authorised, it mattered not that it encroached deeply into territory traditionally dealt with by the States or, for that matter, traditionally not dealt with at all.

One of the subjects upon which the Parliament of the Commonwealth has been authorised to make laws is external affairs, the 29th item in the catalogue appearing in section 51 of the Constitution.

Successive decisions of the High Court, culminating in the *Franklin Dam Case*, have produced the result that the Commonwealth may conclude a treaty or international convention with just about any nation, great or small, left or right, rich or poor, on just about any subject matter, with no reservations in respect of States' rights.

In order to understand the proposition that the Commonwealth may enter into treaty relations with just about any nation, let's refer to a statement published in the *Australian Foreign Affairs Record* of January 1, 1988. In that statement, Mr Bill Hayden, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, as he then was, indicated that Australia was abandoning the practice of

giving or withholding to or from overseas governments formal recognition. That had been a process dependent upon executive action but it had been attended with a great deal of political significance. We were slow to recognize a new regime coming to power by force, for example. The new approach is best stated in Mr Hayden's words:

From now on, the Australian Government will not extend formal recognition, whether de facto or de jure, to new governments taking power in other countries. Instead, Australian authorities will conduct relations with new regimes to the extent and in the manner which may be required by the circumstances of each case.

A little further on he says:

The adoption of the new procedure will make it easier for the government to indicate to a new regime to what extent it is prepared to do business with it. And to do so in a less dramatic way than sometimes occurs under the present practice.

The potential for augmentation of the treaty-making power is obvious. Yet I would be surprised if many readers had heard of the change.

In simple terms, Australia will now be able to conclude a treaty with any country it wants to, no matter how unstable, brutal, or transient may be the government of their country. Worse, Australia can conclude such a treaty on almost any subject matter.

In order to understand the proposition that a treaty may be concluded on almost any subject matter with no reservation in favour of States' rights, let us look quickly at some of the areas in which Australia became involved in 1988. I am aware of treaties or negotiations for treaties on health services in Malta, tropical timber, sugar, the border of the Solomon Islands, nuclear safeguards, antarctic minerals, trade and extradition.

Now, once a treaty has come into force for Australia, the Commonwealth Parliament may pass a law to give effect to it. As it does so, of course, it may enter new fields, traditionally not covered by Aus-



KING CHARLES I:
*"It is the freedom and the liberty of the
 people of England".*

tralian law or covered in some different way by State law.

Where a field has been covered in a different way by some State law, the State law becomes invalid. This last result is achieved not by section 51(xxix) but by section 109 of the Commonwealth Constitution which provides that, in the event of any inconsistency between Commonwealth law and State law, the former shall prevail and the latter will, to the extent of the inconsistency, be invalid.

These results do not come from a process which a lawyer would denounce as treason. They come from the very text of the Constitution as interpreted by the Court which the Constitution charged with the duty of interpreting it.

Yet are they legitimate results? In order to answer that question, we would do well to go back to England, well before the foundation of the Australian colonies. The year is 1649 and the occasion is the trial of King Charles I.

Historical Perspective

We tend to think of Charles as a tyrant, attempting to rule without Parliament, one who extorted hated taxes and insisted on the false notion of the divine rights of kings. His detractors correctly asserted that the king was under God and the law.

They also asserted that the people had assented in time past to being ruled by a monarchy and that the people were, therefore, under God, the ultimate authority and that the king should answer to them. If we read through the lengthy report of the proceedings from Charles' arrest to his execution, as reported in Volume 4 of the *State Trials*, we tend to conclude that both sides feared God and believed themselves to be honouring Him. But, on the subject of legitimacy, consider this portion of Charles' speech:

But it is not my case alone; it is the freedom and the liberty of the people of England; and do you pretend what you will, I stand more for their liberties. For if power without law may make laws, may alter the fundamental laws of the kingdom, I do not know what subject he is in England, that can be sure of his life, or anything that he calls his own ...

Charles' point was this. The lawmaking power of England was vested in the King in Parliament. Acts had to be passed by both the House of Commons and the House of Lords and had also to be assented to by the Crown. After his arrest, the Commons had passed an Act to bring the King to trial. The Lords would not have it. Thereupon the Commons purported to pass an Act by their own authority and the warrants appointing the commissioners to try the King were issued under that Act. Those Commissioners undoubtedly had a coercive power over His Majesty but, on a traditional view of things, they had no lawful authority. What Charles

was saying was that, if physical force could be equated with law, then anything could happen and people would constantly be in danger. That, of course, is what we see happening all over the world in times of revolution and coup.

Perhaps understandably, however, the judges were keen to assert the lawfulness of their jurisdiction. They said that they had the authority of God and the people. So, maybe the King had made wrong assumptions about the necessity of laws being made in the accustomed way. And who could ultimately say? To gain some insight into this question, we must look further at His late Majesty's trial. And, this time, to the words of the Lord President of the Court, passing sentence:

Sir, the term traitor cannot be spared. We shall easily agree it must denote and suppose a breach of trust, and it must suppose to be done to a superior ... When you did break your trust to the kingdom, you did break your trust to your superior. For the kingdom is that for which you were trusted ... Truly, Sir, these are your high crimes, tyranny and treason.

Now, as a matter of the law of England, the judges were unarguably correct in saying that treason involved a breach of trust by an inferior to a superior. Thus, it was treason not only for a subject to rebel against his King, but for a wife to kill her husband, a priest his bishop or a servant his master. But the consequences were so great and the instances so numerous that it became necessary, from the fourteenth century, to lay down more precisely, by successive Acts of Parliament, what is treason.

One of the earliest examples was passed in 1352, in the reign of Edward III. It reads as follows:

Also, whereas there have before this time been various opinions about which case, when it arises, should be called treason and which not, the king, at the request of the lords and the commons, has made a declaration as follows, that is to say: when anyone attempts to compass or imagine the death of our lord the king, my lady his consort, or their eldest son and heir, or if anyone violates the king's consort or the king's eldest unmarried daughter or the consort of the king's eldest son and heir; and if anyone raises war against our lord the king in his realm or is an adherent to the enemies of our lord the king in the kingdom, giving help and comfort to them in his kingdom or elsewhere, and is convicted by proofs of this open deed by people of their own condition; and if anyone counterfeits the king's great or privy seals, or his money, and if anyone brings false money into this kingdom, counterfeit to the money of England, such as the money called "Lucynburgh" or any other similar to the said money of England, knowing the money to be

false, for doing business or making payment in deceit of our said lord the king and his people; and if anyone kills the chancellor or treasurer or the justice of our lord the king either of one bench or the other, justice on eyre or of assize, and all other justices assigned to hear and determine, being in their places in the performance of their duties. And be it understood that in the cases aforesaid what extends to our lord the king and to his royal majesty must be adjudged treason ... And moreover there is another form of treason, that is to say, when a servant kills his master, or a wife her husband, when a layman or religious kills his superior to whom he owes faith and obedience ... And since many other cases of similar treason may arise in time to come, which at present no one can think of or declare, it is agreed that if another case, supposed to be treason, but which is not specified above, shall come for the first time before any justices, the justice shall wait, without giving judgement of treason, until the case has been shown before our lord the king in his parliament and declaration made as to whether it ought to be adjudged treason or another felony ...

This is instructive for several reasons. *Firstly*, it illustrates the breadth of treason. *Secondly*, it highlights the element of breach of faith. *Thirdly*, it attempts to grapple with the problem that the crime was potentially very uncertain: it defined treason and provided a mechanism for the resolution of doubtful cases. It is interesting to note that the width of the common law continues to require legislative curtailment. For example, the Crimes Act of New South Wales, still preserves portions of the kingly-oriented elements of treason, originally received from Edward III's statute.

Returning to the trial of King Charles, it may be debated whether the judges were correct in the next part of what we have read from their sentence, for they said that the king had breached his trust to his superior, the kingdom. In the time of the trial, the Court would adjourn, not to the cry of God save the King, but God save the Kingdom. Who was superior, the king or the kingdom?

Treason in the Bible

It may interest you to know that both sides claimed finally to be answerable to God, the Supreme authority. Well, what had God said on the subject. Interestingly, the Bible uses the word "treason" very sparingly. The Hebrew word translated a couple of times as "treason" — for example when Queen Athaliah cries "Treason! Treason!" at the time of the coronation of her rival, the boy Joash in II Kings 11:124 — is also translated "conspiracy" and "confederacy." But the

Scriptures contain no particular offence of betraying one's State. Rather, they make it a capital offence to betray one's obligations of faithfulness to Almighty God.

Since God is the true sovereign and ruler, treason is ultimately a breach of faith between God and man. There is no reference to treason as an act against the political State in the Bible precisely because there may arise occasions, as have occurred throughout history, when it is necessary to break faith with the political order in order to maintain faithfulness to God.

What has happened, of course, is that successive kings, republics and regimes have all found it necessary to preserve themselves. And they have found the offence of treason to be a most useful instrument to meet their ends.

Consequently we are moving into a New World Order. Hear the words of modern theologian, Professor Rushdoony, in his second *Institutes of Biblical Law*:

After 1917 the world began to view affairs from an internationalistic, rather than a nationalistic, perspective, under the influence of the Russian Revolution. Earlier, humanism had racial and nationalistic overtones; now, it had become internationalistic and crime was defined as against humanity ... More and more, not merely treason, but other crimes are being defined in relation, not to the God of Scripture, but humanity.³

The new treason, then, is to betray humanity. Hence all the covenants on civil and political rights, the declaration of human rights, and so on. Hence also the indignation reserved for those who hold in contempt the United Nations and its organs, the ILO, UNESCO, UNCITRAL, etc. These promoters of the brotherhood of man are seen as Messianic in their nature. They will deliver us from misery and usher in the Golden Age of peace on earth, good will among men.

Well, now that we can see through the philosophy, what should we do about it? I would earnestly submit to you that we must avoid the mistakes of our predecessors. It is no good simply to substitute our own ideas for those of our present political masters. Otherwise, should we gain the ascendancy, we impose a new human tyranny. And we can expect our successors to replace us with themselves and their ideas, and to claim validity for their actions with all the fervour that we can muster in support of our own.

Rather, let us acknowledge that there is a God in Heaven, who has spoken to us in His Word, the Bible. That Word, and that alone, must be our unwavering standard in an age of relativism. Its study repays the effort, for we find in it answers to the problems of government, law, economics, politics, and personal life.

But that is not all. The Bible says that it is not the only way in which God has spoken. It says that at sundry times and in

divers manners God "spake in times past unto the fathers by the prophets [but] hath in these last days spoken unto us by His son, whom He hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds, who being the brightness of His glory and the express image of His person and upholding all things by the word of His power, when He had by Himself purged our sins sat down on the right hand of the majesty on high" (Heb. 1:1-3).

That passage is rich in its implications to those who would oppose treason. It presents the Almighty as the King, "the majesty on high." Kingship demands allegiance. Failure by one who owes that allegiance to voluntarily render it is treason. The passage leaves no doubt as to who owes this allegiance. It presents the Son of God, the Lord Jesus Christ, as the appointed heir of "all things." The Crown Rights of the heir are all-inclusive. And they are inescapable, for these same "all things" are upheld by the word of His power. It is not as if we have an impotent monarch in exile. Those owing Him allegiance owe their very lives to him. Life is a privilege. It demands allegiance. The privilege can be forfeited at a moment's notice; it is held only at the discretion of the Sovereign.

The passage also tells us that the Almighty has spoken to us by His Son. "Therefore," as the writer to the Hebrews puts it a little later (2:1), "we ought to pay the more earnest heed to the things which we have heard." The Lord Jesus actually told us what was the extent of the allegiance demanded by the king: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Allegiance has to be *total!* Anything less is *treason*. The penalty is *death*.

anything less than *total allegiance* is a traitor to God. As such, he is hardly in a position to oppose treason. Well, not unless he has a pardon from the King. The passage we have set out also says that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, personally "purged our sins." He paid the death penalty for our treason.

Those who would be effective in their opposition to treason have no standing in the matter unless they truly accept the pardon. That involves acknowledgment of guilt and a grateful determination to render future total allegiance to the Pardoner.

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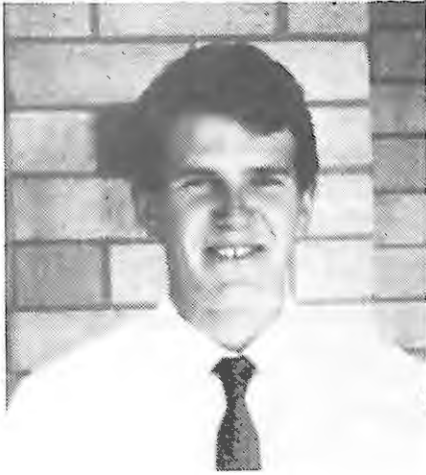
NOTES:

¹ 28 CLR 129.

² Usually called "Lushburg": this imitation silver penny, made of base metal, was so called because it was imported from Luxemburg.

³ *Law and Society* (Vallacito, CA: Ross House Books, 1982), pp. 508-509.





A YOUNGER VIEW

GET THEE TO A GHETTO, FORBIDDEN THOUGHT!

by John Lane

"People always have ideals when they can no longer have ideas." So wrote the great G.K. Chesterton, with typical insight and sparkling brevity; already then the world was sick of ideals; what of today? It is a feature of our time that we are destroyers, not creators, a situation which leads to a continual re-searching of the past for ideas, art, religion and especially fashion which can be repossessed, reprocessed and repackaged for current, artificially induced, demand. Demand is in fact a misnomer. Acceptance more accurately describes what 'the market' does. Advertising blasts us to accept; we almost never demand. Disastrously, we only get served cardboard cutouts of originals which were substandard in their time anyway. But back to packaged ideas later.

Firstly, a little peek at those strange folk who we call 'liberal' (small-I note). One peculiarity of liberals is that things horrify them to an unsurpassed degree. Apartheid (whispered) horrifies them, as does Jack Van Tongeran. (Although, come to think of it, he horrifies me too.) However, these folk seem to find very little horror in tribal massacres just a few hundred miles north of South Africa, and are often (too often) heard to comment, "But at least the black man has control over his own affairs."

But which black man? Good heavens, you'd think there was only one of them! The fact is that it is a racist view to hold that a despot with black skin is automatically any better than a despot with pink skin, although perhaps not green. Anything would be better than a green despot, in the light of recent events in Canberra. If the trend continues people may soon be horrified enough to vote for Andrew, which would be horrid. Perhaps our liberal friends simply feel that you can't blame a 'black' man for being a despot as much as you can a 'white' man. A racist thought if ever there was one.

Other things horrible to liberals are criticism of multiculturalism, banks and homosexuals. As for this last one, it's almost the acid test. If you are anti-homosexual you are definitely beyond the pale. To a liberal, everything is beautiful, and everyone, except of course in the horrendous event that one disagrees with the prescribed views. Nothing to worry about really.

But there obviously is something to worry about, because our country is going down the gurgler, a prospect that many seem to find less horrifying than injudicious

remarks about immigration. I suggest that the censorship of the pinks is making a significant contribution to our blues.

One other feature of garden variety (that's most of them) liberal attitudes is that while debate is restricted to within defined parameters, it is also parcelled up within those limits. Hence if you oppose sanctions in South Africa, you are also pro-apartheid. Classification automatic, no correspondence entered into. It is not allowed, in the rules of the game, to hold just the one view, without taking the complete package. It's a lot like elections really.

There are, however, forces at work which the surface veneer cannot completely cover. The fault-line of liberal thinking is its inconsistency with reality, and the minor tremors which precede the major quake are opening cracks in that veneer. Certainly Philip Adams' recent admission of stupidity concerning Red China, without inflating his so-vocal ego, is such a minor tremor. There remain only a few thousand issues on which he needs to reassess his position.

British novelist Fay Weldon is also causing the concrete to ripple with the publication of her pamphlet on multiculturalism, 'Sacred Cows'. She is reportedly staggered by the response of both Left and Right to the piece, which attacks that undefined creature which is 'multiculturalism', and labels it a mistake. What she has discovered is that public debate on such subjects is almost never the liberal ideal of 'rationality, objectivity and balance'. To the contrary, she has been vilified unmercifully for stepping outside the defined bounds of debate, and is

quoted in the Weekend Australian of October 14-15, 1989 as follows;

"People are just so accustomed to having their arguments in groups. They think that if you send up one signal, you mean all the associated signals as well. All our debate has become ritualised. That means that if you try to make a point that is neither Left nor Right but an attempt to get both to acknowledge what they both know to be perfectly true, you are labelled a racist or an oppressor of the rights of women. Everyone has become intellectually ghetto-ised — there is no common ground, no approach at consensus."

Leaving aside Consensus Boh, who always listens to everybody (with the possible exception of silly old buggers), what Fay Weldon says makes eminent sense. Intellectual ghetto-isation, now there's a phrase that rings true with force!

My central thesis is that if we Australians are to find our way out of the dead-end ghettos of Left and Right, we need to think unconventionally, broadly, humbly, creatively and with an uncompromising commitment to accepting the truth as we find it. And although that sounds like nothing but rhetoric, I mean every word with Oxford precision.

"... we need to think unconventionally, broadly, humbly, creatively and with an uncompromising commitment to accepting the truth as we find it."

The liberal world-view is a very sad one. To many pink prophets the world is a pie of limited size in respect of human needs, and humanity is doomed to fight with increasing savagery and despair over ever smaller slices. God is never mentioned, but if he exists in this model, he must be one mean critter!

In fact, nature is claimed to have created us and will, in her infinite wisdom, self-correct us out of existence unless we 'evolve' our thinking and behaviour to conform to the all-curing message of the

sages of liberalism. All in all, it horrifies me. Well, at least I've got the correct emotion. Now to apply it where instructed.

What wealth of ideas are we deprived of by this narrowness? What progress is forfeited, what destruction wrought by the suffocation of self-righteousness? Will we find out after a Big Quake, or will we have enough minor tremors to release the tension that's building? The truly horrifying aspect of a Quake will be the role of the Jack Van Tongerans, capitalizing on the power of reaction built up over too long a period. Perhaps he'll eventually be able to implement his favoured policy of combating racial disharmony by promoting racial disharmony. Charming.

So much for packaged ideas. The truth is, such parcels usually tick. Walter Murdoch wrote of "... the real duty of life, which is to think for oneself and to act for oneself, and not to be one of the lifeless automata which make up the serried ranks of respectability." The world is not a pie, and God is not mean, but ever-giving; and the predictions of doom of the Paul Ehrlich's of the world have consistently been proven wrong. The creativity of creation will always defeat the self-imposed limitations of some of the created, or as Rock singer/songwriter Mark Knopfler put it, Love over Gold.

Let us then sandwich this article with G.K. Chesterton, who also wrote, in gentle despair laced with hope;

"Meanwhile I sit amid droves of over-driven clerks and underpaid workmen in a tube or a tram; I read of the great conception of Men Like Gods and I wonder when men will be like men."



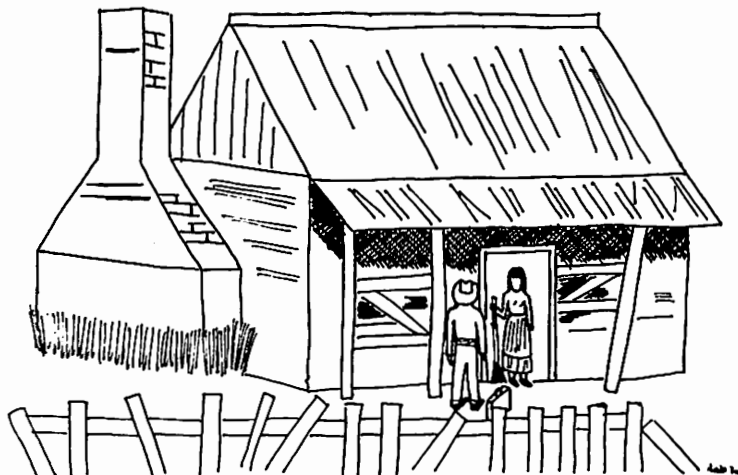
Contributions

ARTICLES and other contributions, together with suggestions for suitable materials for "Heritage", will be welcomed by the Editor. However, those requiring unused material to be returned, must enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

Address written contributions to:

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"HERITAGE"
47 McHarg Road,
Happy Valley,
South Australia, 5159.**

A ROOF OVER THEIR HEADS



The first situation, in the early 1920's, had its beginnings in a 'slightly heated' argument between the foreman of the logging camp and the newly married, recently arrived, young migrant.

The young Yorkshireman had brought his bride out to the logging camp near Geraldton, Western Australia. The reality was not quite as they had been lead to believe, and certainly a far cry from the bride's sheltered life in the city of London.

Be that as it may, due to this 'slightly heated' argument the young migrant was without a job and was preoccupied with the problem of what to do about it.

"Look Jim", said another young man from the 'old country', "I know where there is an empty house that seems to have been abandoned and it is not far from here. Also, the government is paying good money for rabbit skins. I reckon, if you are willing to work with me, we could make a living out of trapping them. What say you ask your wife if she'd be willing to board me and we'll give it a go."

And 'give it a go' they did, until the day an older man, a stranger, knocked at the front door and asked the wife for a room for the night.

Whereupon the wife said no, she was sorry, but there just wasn't any spare room for him.

To which the man responded, "Look lady, the house you are in is mine! I usually stay here when I am down this way!"

But the stranger, aware of her embarrassment, broke into the uneasy silence by continuing the conversation, "I have been looking around the place and can see you are looking after it. You are welcome to stay as long as you like — but I must insist on a room for the night!"

* * *

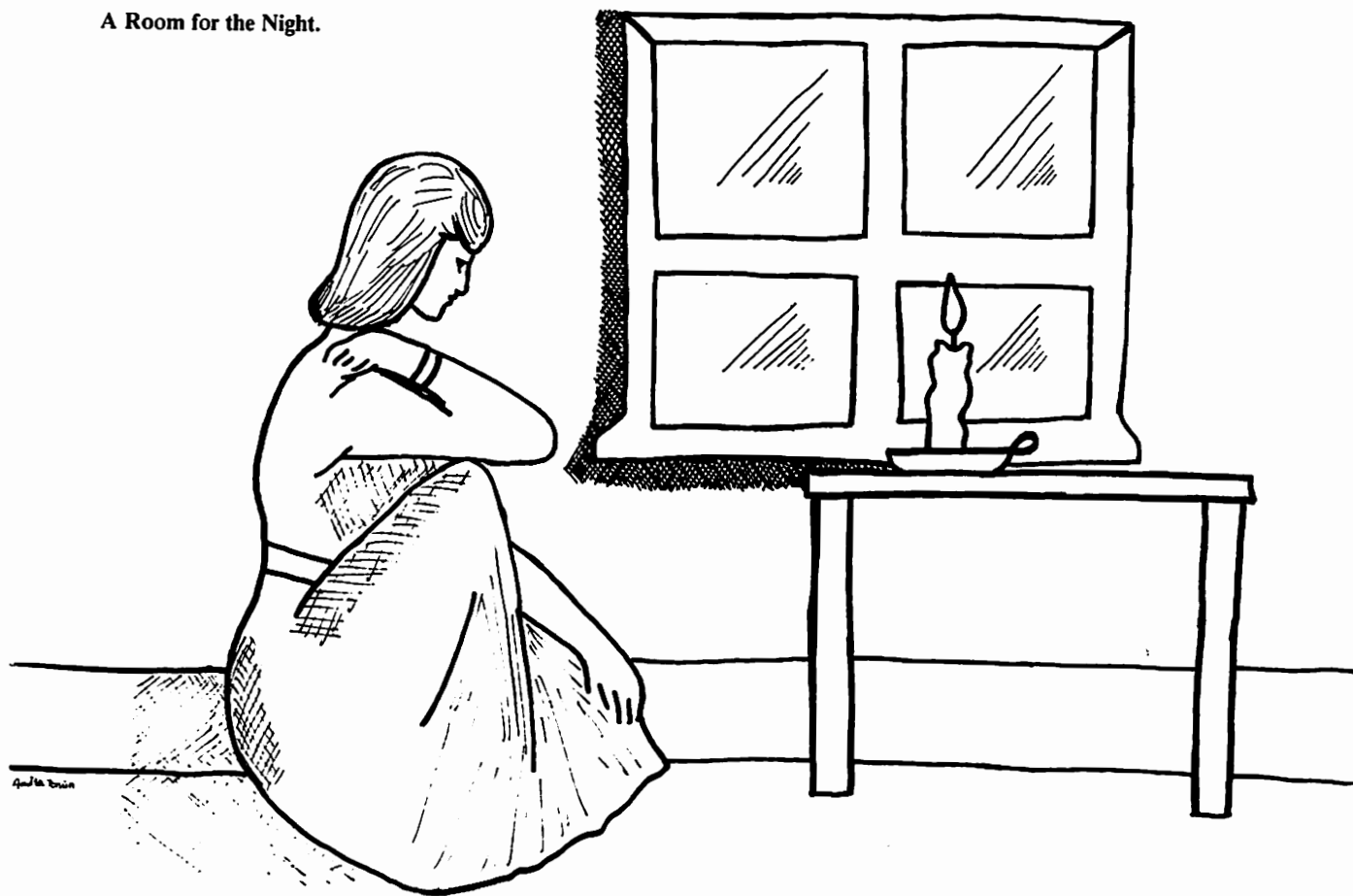
The second situation was not all of their own making. It was now the early 1930's the Great Depression was upon them. Without work and behind in their rent, the husband had gone into the country where, he had heard, work with a house was available.

Whilst the husband was away, the landlord evicted the wife and five children, including a little one still at the breast. What belongings they had, had been dumped onto the front path, and there sat the young woman and children as she sought an answer to the awful predicament.

What was she to do? Having recently moved to Victoria they had not had chance to make friends, they had no relatives in Australia and she had no way of contacting her husband.

After a while an elderly neighbour came to her front gate and was appalled at the scene that greeted her. Upon learning what had happened she offered a room for the night, "It's not much", she

A Room for the Night.



apologised, "it's really just a store room, but you are welcome to use it for the night."

The room was cluttered with dusty furniture and the flickering flame of the lighted candle caused the patterned shadows of the cobwebs to move menacingly above her head. The young mother was torn between her fear of the dark and the need to conserve the candle for light should a child awake or the baby need feeding.

She lay crying quietly lest her children should hear her and become frightened themselves, when, in a moment of time, there appeared a strange blue-white light which lit up the room. The startled young mother closed her eyes, afraid to look, when she reopened them the light had gone. But she was filled with a deep peace and a quiet assurance that all would be well.

And so it was. The young husband returned the next day and took his young family to a house and job in the Victorian countryside.

How do I know that these things happened? Many a time our parents told us of their adventures in their new homeland, and, I was the babe-in-arms!

"Lady, the House you are in is Mine!"

Bicentenary Issues

— the ideal gift

The four Bicentenary Issues of HERITAGE have been very well received. Each issue covers a different aspect of our heritage —

Issue 1: *Australia's Spiritual Heritage*

Issue 2: *Government and Law*

Issue 3: *Culture*

Issue 4: *The Pioneers and Builders*

The four issues are still available as a set, along with a folder to carry them. Together they form an excellent memento of our bicentenary year and are an ideal gift for young and old alike. For the student there is much valuable resource material on aspects of our heritage so often neglected.

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

New Editorial Address:

47 McHarg Road,
Happy Valley,
South Australia, 5159.

LOTTO LUST

by Joseph R. McAuliffe

How the mighty have fallen. Last fall my wife surprised me by telling me she had bought two tickets to that week's record-breaking \$55 million grand prize in the Florida lottery. Her words numbed me. My wife Kay, the pillar of spiritual propriety and economic conservatism, the financial Scrooge who makes Jack Benny look like a philanthropist ... and I thought I had completely figured her out after 16 years of marriage.

The ethical purist that I am, my first response of course was "did anybody see you?" She reassured me of the privacy of the transaction, and I instructed her that absolutely no one was to know what she had done: "friends, family, church, neighbors, children, talk radio — no one!" She showed me the two lottery slips which I thought I would hide in my Bible, but no, that might be sacrilegious, so we hid them in a can in the garage.

The next worry I expressed to Kay was "what will people think if we win?" Having lectured on all the evils of the lottery — the exploitation of the poor, the promoting of covetousness, indolence, theft and corruption, and the immorality of the state sanctioning gambling as a regressive form of taxation — "people will think I am a hypocrite." When the lottery went on the ballot for legalization in Florida, I was one of the leading opponents of its passage. I had written articles and letters in the papers and had conducted several television interviews.

She reiterated that no one saw her buy the ticket, we could give it away if we won, and we probably wouldn't win anyway. "Heck, the odds are so bad that it's easier to pick out one word in a 12-foot-high dictionary or be struck by lightning 25 times in the same year." Semi-convinced that we would lose, I still nevertheless was smitten for the next three days leading up to the Saturday night drawing with a new disease that I call 'lotto lust.' The symptoms of this disorder, which are precipitated by the purchase of a lottery ticket, include discontentment with your present financial and vocational condition, compulsive desires to escape all current responsibilities, a fixation with King Solomon as the model for normal Christian living, and lastly, intermittent fantasies about how you would spend the millions.

This initial bout with lotto lust was quite jarring for me. It did bring back the memories of a mindset from my childhood which occurred whenever I would watch the television show, "The Millionaire." I remember the unseen but heard, benign old philanthropist commissioning Michael



Anthony to bring a cheque for one million dollars to some worthy, but unsuspecting soul. Even at 10 years old, how I wished that were me: knock, knock ... "Is this the home of Joey McAuliffe? Joey, my name is Michael Anthony and I have a cheque here for you to sign for one million dollars."

Next, of course, to the blatant greed and covetousness that permeates a lotto lust patient is the incredible quantity of time this affliction consumes. Kay and I normally spend one night a week as a date night where the two of us go out and talk about everything going on in our lives — the kids, church, friends, finances, meetings, devotions, sports, politics, and our relationship. However, now that we had lotto lust, all our conversation was absorbed with what we would do with "the 55 million." The hours passed by like minutes, as we astonishingly pursued the topic as though we really were going to win.

The following day I concluded my morning devotions praying "for God's will to be done" and for "wisdom" if God wanted us to win. I then went out for my daily five-mile jog. Normally I use this time to pray for our church, meditate on Scripture, and think about upcoming sermons and articles. But not this day — the day before the drawing. Lotto lust had provided me with a whole agenda for my run. There were many details Kay and I had left out of our previous night's discussion. Who would receive our tithe? Should we divide the tithe between several ministries? What percent should go to offerings? Should her parents receive more or the same as mine? Should I quit my pastorate or stay on in an official but lesser role? Should we go back to school? Where can we find tutors for the children? Would the neighbors think we were uppity if we moved? Where would we move? Would winning disqualify me from the ministry? Should I buy a new car, vacation home, airplane, electric golf cart, etc., etc.?

I finished my run and was more confused than ever. I told myself that "this is ridiculous, I must forget about all this nonsense — I have to work today." Lotto lust was now causing me to feel guilty for all the time I was wasting. Lotto lust was affecting my work as well. My mind began to wander adrift during my sermon preparation for Sunday and my counselling sessions. Fortunately, one of my counsellors brought up the topic of the \$55 million jackpot, and because he had lotto lust too, we had a great talk although we neglected to discuss his marital problem.

Finally the day had come and I was psyched. Naturally, we cancelled a previously arranged dinner with some couples in the church so we could watch the big event on television. My next-door neighbour, however, brought me some news that impacted me measurably that afternoon. He told me that the state does not pay out the entire jackpot all at once but over a period of 20 annual instalments. "Still," he said, "the winner will probably make about 2½ million a year." Could we live on that? I remembered a movie I had seen on television that week where Burt Reynolds said, "Well, you know, \$30 million won't buy you what it used to." Nonetheless I figured we could get by.

Then I began to worry that maybe several others would have the same numbers as Kay and I and we would have to share the jackpot. I hoped that there would be no more than five others, that way Kay and I would have at least a half million. Nevertheless I prayed that God would intervene so that we wouldn't have to share our money. I told God that other winners might not use the money as righteously as we would. You know, keep the money in the Kingdom.

Finally, 11.00 p.m. came and within a matter of a few seconds the winning numbers were drawn. Between our two tickets, only one of our numbers came up. We had lost. "I told you we wouldn't win" were Kay's consoling remarks. "Well, it's probably just as well," I mumbled, "now at least nobody will think we're hypocrites." Not wanting to dwell too long on that remark, I apologized to Kay and God for my recent behaviour.

From: Chalcedon Report, P.O. Box 158, Vallecito, California 95251 U.S.A.
Sept. 1989.



**PIONEER WOMEN,
PIONEER LAND
+ YESTERDAY'S TALL
POPPIES**

by Susanna de Vries Evans

BOOK REVIEW

by Dawn Thompson



**THE LASS WHO RODE
THE ROVER**

Collected and edited by Ron Edwards

First published in 1975, this 1986 expanded second edition of bush ballads was collected originally from the "Bowyang Column" of the North Queensland "Register" of the 1930's.

It is thought to be a comprehensive selection of the best recitations of the time, and preserves a valuable treasury of lilting tales of many facets of outback life.

Everyone loves a story, and in times before video, T.V., movies or even radio entertainment, one who could recite a tale -- be it funny, sad, quirky or thoughtful -- with verve and skill was a great addition to any group. Many folk had a store of quite long ballads committed to memory.

The "Lass" of the title was a wilful young horse lover who took a forbidden

ride to her death, and amongst the thirty titles presented we have Eucalyptus Bob, who had the universal remedy for all illnesses, the ineptness of officialdom in the Field of Wheogo; a bit of sport with The Black Goanna, a possible miscarriage of justice in The Kennetts, and a merry glimpse of the Belles of Dandaloo.

A modest collection but rich and varied, and authentic in the best tradition of Adam Lindsay Gordon, Patterson and Lawson. The printing and presentation are a credit to the publisher, and the notes and occasional footnotes enliven the material, as do Ron Edward's own pen and ink illustrations, taken from his North Queensland sketchbook.

A most worthwhile addition to the bookshelf, and one that deserves recognition as an honest little part of our heritage.

(Obtainable in paperback from Ram's Skull Press, Box 274 KURANDA Queensland, 4872. Price \$7 posted.)

How did they cope, those first women settlers to Australia, having left, probably forever, their families, friends and familiar surroundings for this utterly different and often hostile land? Imagine their feelings about the aborigines, convict uprisings, food shortages, homesickness, illnesses, childbirth and childrearing -- all without the accustomed support systems of "home". Susanna de Vries Evans has presented here the stories of twelve notable early Australians, all women, and their records make inspiring reading.

Some had humble -- even convict -- beginnings, but all made their mark, some in Government circles, some in farming, some in botany and the recording of Australian native flora. All of them won through, making a home, supporting their husbands, bearing and rearing often quite large families, bringing civilization and firmly planting European culture in this country. Not only did they succeed, but they did so with zest and flair and grace, many of them; gaining great fulfilment and happiness along the way, in spite of times of great trial and grief.

As the author points out, these are the "tall poppies"; many other women of both high and low degree contributed with just as much courage and resourcefulness, but few were literate enough, or so inclined, or perhaps had the time or strength to keep diaries from which their stories can be gleaned.

I would have liked the author to have quoted her sources more specifically, particularly with regard to the conditions of the convicts. However, it is a beautiful book of coffee-table size, well illustrated and presented, and it contributes much to our understanding and appreciation of these fine women and their times.

(Published in 1987 by Angus and Robertson; available on order from booksellers for \$29.95, postage around \$4.)





KINGS IN GRASS CASTLES

by *Mary Durack*

When he arrived in Sydney in 1853, Patsy Durack was eighteen, and just another penniless immigrant from the famines of Ireland. His energy and enthusiasm led him first to the N.S.W. goldfields and with the stake he made there, he moved into the cattle business.

His gentle wife Mary brought her faith and encouragement, wisdom, tact and homemaking skills to their pioneering ventures, and the family grew and prospered, not without tragedy and sorrow, drought and floods, trouble with the blacks and death.

The Duracks began in Western Queens-

land, droving their cattle into unknown land, exploring and charting, with their associates, vast areas of territory.

Mary Durack, grand-daughter of Patsy, has an exciting story to tell of her family's early struggles. One sees vividly the bush camps, the hard lives of the station workers, the ways of the blacks, and the little oases the pioneer women created in the mud-brick homes their men built.

Always there was the Irish warmth of the extended family and hosts of friends. Many of the early pioneers, explorers and politicians figure in this story and the personalities of all participants come through strongly in the easy style of Mary Durack's writing. She is able to quote from a great reservoir of letters, diaries

and family papers, as well as her memories. After many years in Western Queensland, with his family growing to maturity, Patsy became interested in the Kimberley district of Western Australia, and decided to expand to that area. The continuing story of the planning and the big trek overland north and west with their cattle makes absorbing reading, as does their new lives in the West and all their adventures there, up to the decline and death of the grand old man in 1898.

(Published by Constable, the deluxe hard cover edition is lavishly illustrated; price \$19.95, postage about \$4; paperback edition \$10.95 available from good book shops.)





Song of the Children of England

from "Puck of Pook's Hill"

by Rudyard Kipling

Band of our birth,
we pledge to thee
Our love and toil
in the years to be;
When we are grown
and take our place
As men and women
with our race.

Father in Heaven who lovest all,
Oh, help Thy children when they call;
That they may build from age to age
An undefiled heritage.

Teach us to bear the yoke in youth,
With steadfastness and careful truth;
That, in our time, Thy grace may give
The truth whereby the nations live.

Teach us to rule ourselves always,
Controlled and cleanly night and day;
That we may bring, if need arise,
No maimed or worthless sacrifice.

Teach us to look in all our ends
On Thee for judge, and not our friends;
That we, with Thee, may walk uncowed
By fear or favour of the crowd.

Teach us the strength that cannot seek,
By deed or thought, to hurt the weak;
That, under Thee, we may possess
Man's strength to comfort man's distress.

Teach us delight in simple things,
And mirth that has no bitter springs;
Forgiveness free of evil done,
And love to all men 'neath the sun.

Land of our birth, our faith, our pride,
For whose dear sake our fathers died;
Oh, Motherland we pledge to thee
Head, heart and hand through the years to be!