

HERITAGE

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT — FOR THE FUTURE

WISHING YOU ALL A

MERRY

AND

NEW YEAR

1911-1912-1913

Leslie Blake



CHRISTMAS

HAPPY



FRONT COVER

A copy of a Christmas card sent by Leslie Blake, a member of the 1911-14 Australian Antarctic Expedition. It was sent to his sister, Mrs. Ruby Koch, Richmand, Victoria.

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The articles for this issue of *Heritage* (December 1990/February 1991) were written in December 1990 with the special significance of that season in mind. Since that time, we have encountered some problems with the production of the magazine and hence the lengthy delay. Those responsible for *Heritage* have decided to keep the magazine in sequence, for the benefit of those subscribers who have given such loyal support, and to keep the continuity for those where *Heritage* forms part of their library.

We offer our sincere apologies and thank you for your patience while we have dealt with these difficulties.

WRONG WAY - GO BACK

The Christmas season is again upon us. For many it is a time for reflection.

A time of judging the worth and direction of one's deeds and activities of the past year.

Sadly, as a nation, we have taken too many 'wrong turns' and have ignored the danger signs that read "WRONG WAY - GO BACK".

Leaderless and rootless, many will ask, "Go back to what?" as they desperately seek a new direction for their lives.

Some will be told, and rightly so, "Jesus Christ is the answer".

But most will be presented with a limited Christ, one who can save (make healthy, happy, whole), isolated individuals, even families, but not nations.

Surely when the knowledge and law of Christ is the guiding light for the direction of the nation the end result will be its health, its wholeness?

But the knowledge and law of Christ must extend into all areas of national life. "All the elements of the commonwealth - legal commands and prohibitions, popular institutions, schools, marriage, home-life, the workshop and the mansions, all must come to that fountain and imbibe the life that comes from Him... The law of Christ (is) to be the teacher and guide of public no less than private life...", wrote Pope Leo XIII.

As a nation we must heed the warning signs and turn in the direction, the way, that will lead us not only to personal, but also, to national salvation.

Because of the tender mercy of our God
the Dayspring from on high has visited us.
To shine upon them that sit in darkness and the
shadow of death
And to guide our feet into the way of peace.

*A Blessed and Holy Christmas
and a Happy New Year
to all*

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 "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

PRINCIPAL ADDRESS

BOX 7409, CLOISTERS SQUARE,
PERTH, 6000.

STATE ADDRESSES

BOX 1052J, MELBOURNE, VICTORIA, 3001
47 McHARG RD, HAPPY VALLEY, SOUTH
AUSTRALIA, 5159

BOX Q364, QUEEN VICTORIA BLDG, SYDNEY,
N.S.W. 2000

56 BOUNDARY ST, SPRING HILL, QUEENSLAND, 4000
C/- AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE ALLIANCE,
P.O. BOX 187, SANDY BAY, TASMANIA, 7005

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EDITOR - Betty Luks

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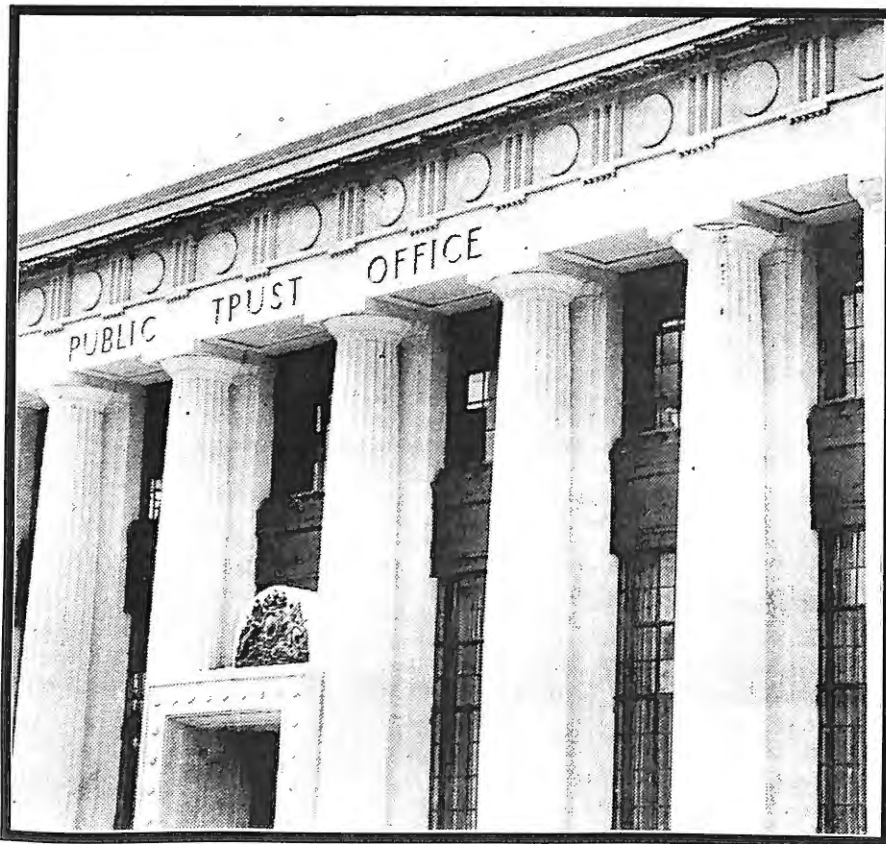
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The views expressed in articles appearing in "HERITAGE" are those of their authors and are not necessarily the view of The Australian Heritage Society.

'LOOK TO THE ROCK'

by Reverend Arthur Fellows

The Reverend Arthur Fellows served the last fifteen years as Honorary Canon of the Anglican Cathedral, Brisbane before retiring recently. Having spent eighteen years serving the people of Rockhampton, Oakey and Roma, he became the first Rural Dean of the West in 1965. He spent another ten years as Secretary of the Australian Board of Missions in Queensland.



every branch a regularly developed series of causes and consequences, and abounds in examples of that continuity of life the realisation of which is necessary to give the reader a personal hold on the past and a right judgment of the present. The roots of the present lie deep in the past, and nothing in the past is dead to the man who would learn how the present comes to be what it is".

We do have amongst us a number of people (probably increasing because of the inadequacies of our education systems) who have little time for history beyond their family tree.

The attitude is "We are here and that's all that matters", so there is a casual and cavalier approach to the Flag, the National Anthem and the Monarchy.

In a desire to become 'up-to-date' our inherited institutions are expendable, which is a very prideful attitude.

By contrast with this we appear to have a deliberate attempt to pull down the past and to separate us from our roots. A people who are rootless can be more easily manipulated.

Those who are intent on this may be motivated by two reasons:-

1. An opposition to our religious traditions, which are shown in the three crosses in our Flag, in the prayer in the Anthem, and in the Coronation Service. It must not be forgotten that our Parliaments spring from the Church's synods and that our system of law has its origin in the Church's Canon Law. Sir Ivor Jennings, in his book "The Queen's Government" (Pelican 1954) summed it up thus - "The idea of representative democracy, which is now so firmly accepted that we find it difficult to justify any other, has several sources. In the first place, it derives from Christianity".

"Look to the rock from which you were hewn, and to the quarry from which you were digged". (Isaiah 51:1)

Here Isaiah has God saying to the Hebrews, look to your roots: "look to Abraham your father and to Sarah who bore you". In our day more and more individuals are looking for the family tree and are digging back into the past, an occupation made easier by computers and micro-fiche. Well and good!

But much more is needed. Allied to this quarrying should be the desire to find out just how our political and social systems have evolved. As Bishop William Stubbs said in 1893 in the Foreword to his three-volume "The Constitutional History of England":-

"The history of institutions presents in

In the great struggle for constitutional rights in the 13th century, beginning with Magna Carta in 1215 and ending with the Model Parliament of Edward I in 1295, it was the Church which was in the forefront. W.R. Stephens, in his 'History of the English Church 1066-1272' quotes the words of Sir Francis Palgrave -

'However powerful the nobles may have been, it is doubtful whether they would have been able to maintain themselves against the monarchy, if they had been deprived of the support of the abbots and bishops who were placed in the first rank as peers of the realm. The mitre has resisted many blows which would have broken the helmet.... It is to these prelates that we chiefly owe the maintenance of the form and spirit of free government secured to us not by force but by law, and the altar has thus been the cornerstone of our ancient constitution.'

2. A seeking after power. Our three-tiered or trinitarian form of government, with its balance of powers, is a barrier to the taking of power by an individual or group of people. Incidentally, one notes the increasing and, surely, detestable use of the phrase 'came to power', referring to changes of government. Allied to this is the incorrect use of the term 'my government' by Prime Ministers and Premiers. This is the sovereign's prerogative.

It must not be imagined, because struggles of the past have brought us our present liberties, that they have been automatically secured for the future.

The will-to-power lurks in the background and surfaces in some individuals and parties. For several years now we have seen our Australian Constitution subverted by the signing and ratification of United Nations Conventions. Compliant parliaments use the External Affairs power under the Constitution to change the Constitution, whereas the Constitution itself envisages that no such change could be made without a referendum of the people. It is high time we had a 'Closing Day for Signing U.N. Conventions'.

It is interesting to note the swing of the pendulum in the balance of power. When parliaments were first called together by the sovereign it was not in deference to any principle. There was no question then of the monarchy being limited by parliament, any more than by the barons in council. The early parliaments of Edward I were haphazard affairs, and the composition of the parliament seemed to depend upon the nature of the business to be laid before it. One year he would assemble the knights of the shires, the next the barons and bishops. But eventually the Model Parliament of 1295, containing c. 627 representatives, set the stage for the future, and the next major change was set by the Reform Bill of 1832 over 500 years later. The realistic view of the early parliaments, according to John Bowle in 'The English Experience', is that they were associates and auxiliaries of

the Crown. The knights and burgesses had no vision of what we call a Constitutional Monarchy (the correct term for our system of government, not 'democracy'). Parliament was summoned when the sovereign wanted it; he set the business before it; and he dismissed it.

What have we got today? The Parliament is still the Queen's Parliament. She (or her representative in this country) opens each new Parliament. Ministers are Ministers 'of the Crown' and hold her Commission. The sovereign's powers are largely what are termed 'reserve powers', but they are still powers. Yet when her representative, in a national crisis, withdraws the commission of a government, there are cries of outrage, as though the sovereign should have no powers and hold no place in our system of government and be merely a figurehead. So far has the pendulum swung. There is a like belief that we do not need Upper Houses, and should leave the concentration of power in the Lower House. But our roots show that concentration of power never works for the benefit of the individual. In the past, Parliament became a safeguard for the people against the despotism of a monarch. Now we have the concept of an all-powerful parliament, especially of a Lower House, with no checks on its decisions, and, for some, no recourse to law.

The question has to be asked - 'Is the wheel turning right round, so that our 'representatives' are once again merely associates and advisors, not of the king but of an inner circle called the 'Cabinet' and Government'? How is this advice tendered, and is this what we really want in our country? How are we going to return to the system of checks and balances, or are we going to be forever hanging on to a swinging pendulum? Going further - is universal franchise producing good fruit? Is compulsory voting working in the best interests of the nation? Is 'One man, One Vote, One Value' the latest Shibboleth? Do voters at election time have real freedom of choice over a bagful of election promises? What is wrong with the concept of Citizens Initiated Referenda? These are not just academic questions, to be discussed quietly after dinner over a glass of port. The rights and liberties of individuals are at stake, and we dare not let go lightly what was won so hardly centuries ago.

It was Cicero who said that he who does not know what happened before he was born remains forever a child. The call is there - go back to your roots, do some quarrying, otherwise you won't properly understand your present situation. And the digging will reveal that the basis of our institutions is our Christian heritage. Gustave Thibon, in his chapter 'The Decline of Freedom' in the 1955 symposium 'Christianity and Freedom', remarks that one can tell the worth of a man by the things to which he bound, their num-

ber and their quality. If we are going to be spiritually free we must have spiritual reserves. We must have the wherewithal to be free; we must have at our disposal a field of possibilities created by spiritual roots.... He says that you and I are free in respect of our fleshly passions in proportion as we are attached to spiritual values, and we are free in respect of opinions and superstitions to the extent to which we are bound by a faith.

Look at a tree. It can resist the force of the wind to the extent to which it is held firm by its roots. Its attachment to the soil is the guarantee of its freedom to become what it should be. But if one 'frees' it from its roots, its leaves die off and they become the sport of the winds. Is not this the fate of people who are torn away from their natural surroundings or uprooted from their traditions, and no longer obey fundamental realities? As Thibon says, they are 'a prey to superficial and sterile conformities'.

So it is, the sap of all that is best in the past which will nourish us for the future. If we refuse that sap we surrender ourselves to the wind and are carried off by it. The major part of that sap is Christian faith and, morality.

As we approach once again the celebration of the birth of the Son of God, we are to bless and praise Him for the revelation of the love of God incarnated in perfect human nature, for the 'hatching' of freedoms which the Gospel has brought, as expressed in Psalm 16 -

"The lines have fallen for me in pleasant places;

Yea, I have a goodly heritage'.

Letters, Paper Cuttings and Ideas Welcome

Many articles and stories have come about from suggestions and ideas supplied by readers. Paper cuttings are also a valuable source of information — we don't see all the papers so please send in items you think may be of interest.

We also value letters submitted for publication. Comment on the articles you read in HERITAGE, events of concern to you, aspects of our heritage under threat. Also we would welcome letters on the positive things that are taking place in our nation; the good deeds, constructive action and the quiet heroes that are all around us.

Five to ten minutes is all it may take to contribute to the success of HERITAGE.

Write to: **The Editor, HERITAGE, 47 McHarg Road, Happy Valley, South Australia, 5159.**

CANADA CALLS EAGLE OF SACRIFICE

by John Wiebe

Down from the north it sweeps, crossing over rock and spruce forest. It is a cold wind that hugs the Ottawa River's valley and ripples its waters, casting autumn's first fallen leaves to the ground. The wind clears the skies before it of their low, grey clouds, giving the Gatineau Hills a definite outline and a purplish colour on this now sunny, September Sunday.

The wind strikes a bluff on the river's Ontario side and flows over the eagle's wings. Yet its feathers do not stir. Cast of metal, its talons gripping the earth's sphere in miniature, this eagle does not see the assembly gathered before it. Nor does it sense the flags flapping around its concrete domain. Australia, New Zealand, India and the United Kingdom are all represented at this Commonwealth Air Force Memorial by their banners, as is the Royal Canadian Air Force of those wartime days long ago. It is September 16, 1990 and Canada is commemorating the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Battle of Britain.

The first sound is that of the bagpipes. Skirling down the hillside, the band accompanies the air force personnel of today who wear the eagle on their shoulders. Then onto the bright, green hill come the men and women to be honoured in life as their comrades will be honoured in death.

What are they thinking, these veterans of that hot summer over Britain in 1940 and the five further years of airwar that came after it? Standing there, do they remember the leather and petrol smell of the cockpit, or the straps that chafed against their shoulders? Can they hear the shouted voices of groundcrew and the gruff throaty cough of the Merlin as it came to life?

Do they still somehow feel the sense of relief as their Spitfire or Hurricane jumped off the ground, tucked up its wheels and soared into its true element in the sky?

The sky is as blue and as open on this day as it was then, but not as deadly. "Stay close to the red two, attacking now!" would come the order through the headphones of your flying helmet. Pull your goggles down and follow your leader, yes that was the way to do it. Fire at the black-crossed shapes if you got a chance, cries in your ears of "Behind you!", twist in your seat staring into the sun as your aircraft pulled a tight turn. Were you safe? You must be because the engine's still running and you're still alive and in one piece.

Some are not so lucky. Dirty trails of smoke scar the blue, the pitiful remains of burning aircraft at their bases, heading down. Were they the enemy's machines, or were they friends now gone for good? You're running low on petrol. They'll tell you when you get back.

What do the women veterans remember? Does the plotting table of their fighter sector still appear in their minds? They must remember the bombs that fell on their air force station and the friends who died, full of life and duty until their last moment.

Squadrons of our aircraft fed into the battle to meet the squadrons of theirs already plotted, moving the counters and the Group Captain's voice saying "They're all up" into the telephone. Yes, they must recall all these things, and more.

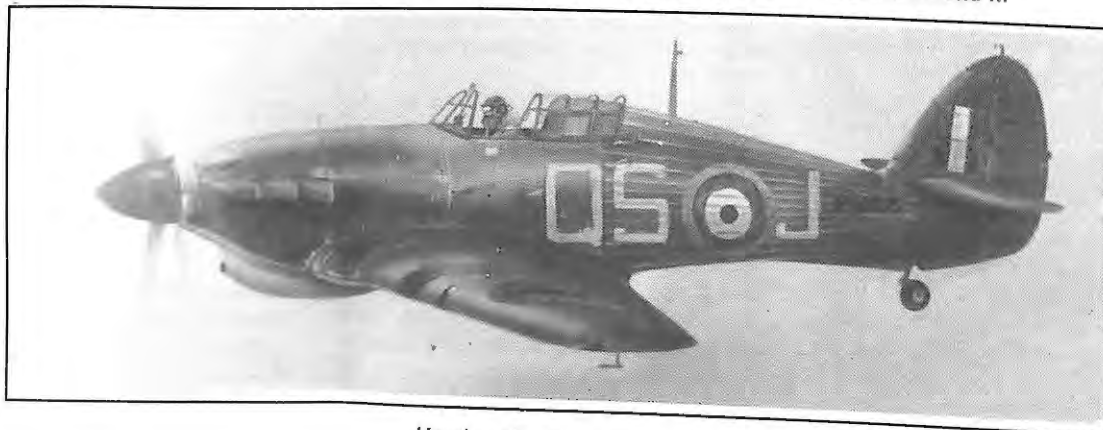
The cold wind blows again, now bearing a sound. Heads turn, children point, and eyes grow wider as, with the Gatineau Hills at their back, an Avro Lancaster bomber and a Hawker Hurricane fighter do a ceremonial flypast over those assembled before the memorial.

The Hawker Hurricane bears the markings of number one squadron, Royal Canadian Air Force, the only completely Canadian squadron that fought in the Battle of Britain. Its presence commemorates all of those who gave so much then for us today.

Scriptures are read, the "last post" is sounded, and the bagpipes sound a lament. Reveille is played, as a squadron of modern CF-18 fighters fly over in a formation that honours the fallen. The veterans then proudly march off behind their colours to receive the salute of the Queen's representative in Canada and a round of well-deserved applause from the crowd.

Behind them is left the memorial that bears the roll of the dead from Canada and the British Commonwealth who died upon Canadian soil while in wartime training.

A few linger to look at the names as the cold wind makes the flags snap and the trees quiver. The eagle of sacrifice perched upon the globe stares unseeing as the leaves descend around it.



Hawker Hurricane Fighter

MONARCHY and DEMOCRACY

by Randall J. Dicks

Randall J Dicks is an Attorney who lives in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, U.S.A. Since 1970, he has been Governor and Editor of the Constantian Society, a monarchial organisation with educational goals and activities

The present difficulties in the Persian Gulf, (or the Arabian Gulf, depending on one's viewpoint), which started with Iraq's massive invasion of the State of Kuwait on August 2nd, have brought the nations of the regions to such attention and scrutiny by the public, politicians, and the media that one might suppose these countries had hardly been noticed previously. Some people seem surprised that the Persian Gulf area is rich in monarchies - Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Kuwait, Qatar, Oman and the United Arab Emirates, (perhaps not a monarchy in itself, but it is a federation of seven emirates).

The first American troops bound for Saudi Arabia had not even packed their gear before commentators and pundits were questioning the wisdom of rushing to the defense of desert monarchies which did not seem to practice any form of democratic government: why should they be defended? After all, they believe in monarchy, not democracy.

This attitude presents several points worthy of attention. First, despite the high moral tone of public statements by Western leaders, it is more likely the West's (and Japan's) supply of oil which is being defended than the integrity of little Kuwait, brutalized by the evil aggressor with his million-man army.

Second, there is a difference between any form of democratic government and any Western form of democratic government. What is good for one is not always good for all; what works in Delaware and Devonshire may not suit Doha and Dhahran.

The question of democracy should be examined in two contexts: that of Kuwait and the Gulf, and that of monarchy in general.

Kuwait's ruler since 1977 has been His Highness Sheikh Jaber III (Sheikh Jaber al-Ahmed al-Jaber al-Sabah), Emir of Kuwait. He is the 13th ruler of the al-Sabah family, which first settled in Kuwait in about 1716. Sometime around 1750, the first Sabah ruler of Kuwait was elected, chosen by the people of Kuwait to represent them in dealings with the Ottoman empire. The al-Sabah family has ruled Kuwait with benevolence ever since then. Kuwait continued as an Ottoman vassal until 1899, when Kuwait accepted a British protectorate. This lasted until 1961, when Kuwait received full independence from Britain, at its request. Iraq

immediately claimed sovereignty over Kuwait; the dispute continued for two years, with Kuwait being defended first by British, then by contingents from several Arab countries, until Iraq recognized Kuwait's independence in 1963.

Iraq has now changed its mind. The Iraqi claim to Kuwait is based on the fact that while Iraq and Kuwait were both parts of the Ottoman empire, Kuwait reported to the Ottoman governor in the Iraqi city of Basra; for that reason, says Iraq, Kuwait is, and always has been, a part of Iraq. By the same reasoning, Iraq might just as well lay claim to Spain and Portugal, which were once part of an Arab empire governed from Baghdad. Iraqi leader Saddam Hussein's *'Grievance against Kuwait is a complaint against history. Mr. Hussein maintains that Kuwait was stolen from Iraq; Britain was the thief, because of its intervention in 1899, and Iraq is now taking what rightfully belongs to it... As framed by Mr Hussein, the dispute is whether anything can ever be recognized as final, stable, fixed. He would suggest that everything can be altered, if necessary by force. Kuwait's uncertain status of the Ottoman years is given more weight than its modern statehood.'*(1)

The rule of the al-sabah family has provided stability and prosperity for Kuwait, more so than ever in the last three decades. The present Emir has been criticized for the large number of government positions occupied by members of the al-Sabah family (which is very numerous), suspension of Parliament in 1986, and press censorship. There have been pro-democracy demonstrations in recent months. There is some justification for these criticisms, but even at their worst, they did not add up to something being rotten in the State of Kuwait.

The Emir suspended Parliament because of both external and internal factors; *'supporters say it was impossible for a tiny country wedged between huge autocratic nations... to carry on with a democratic experience that might provoke those neighbors.'*(2) The U.S. Department of State offers the appraisal that Parliament was closed *'after it reverted once again to a forum for friction over inter-Arab and domestic policy issues.'*(3) Kuwait is also faced with threats from Islamic fundamentalists.

Despite the restrictions on Parliamentary government (Parliament had been replaced by a weak National Assembly), *'Given a choice between the Emir and President Saddam Hussein of Iraq, most Kuwaitis have no hesitation in choosing... 'Even those who disagreed with [The Emir] have been allowed to do so without having their assets confiscated or being sent to jail or executed... Can Iraq say the same about the way it treats its citizens?'* (4)

It appears that criticism of Kuwaiti democracy is misguided, certainly as compared with democracy as practiced in the Republic of Iraq. *'Before Iraq threw the Middle East into turmoil, the region was on a bumpy, uphill path toward democratization... Before the invasion, [Kuwait] was the most democratic state in the Gulf, albeit a flawed one. It was the only Gulf nation with a constitution guaranteeing participatory democracy. Despite state censorship, it had a lively, independent press that reflected its sophisticated, highly educated population. And Kuwaitis have long been used to speaking out against their rulers without fear of going to prison.'* (5)

Even those Kuwaitis who disagree with their Emir's actions in recent years call for his return, seeing him *'as a guarantor of stability and a defense against their country falling into chaotic political divisions, as in Lebanon;*' and also because *'the Sabah dynasty has become a symbol of continuity and cohesion in Kuwait since its merchant families chose the first Sabah to rule them in 1756.'*

(6) For those well-meaning Westerners who call for elections in Kuwait when independence is restored, one Kuwaiti newspaper editor replies, 'we would like to have an election in Baghdad, as well.' (7)

In Saudi Arabia, whose monarchy is considerably more autocratic than Kuwait's, 'Most Saudis say they... are satisfied with the country's political culture, essentially an elaboration of an ancient tribal system without elections or parliament. Here, the complaints of the young are passed on to their elders, who in turn refer problems to tribal leaders. Each member of Saudi Arabia's royal family of some 5,000 princes has a regular open house, or *Majlis*, to which any citizen can come and ask a favour or offer a criticism... Even Saudis who seek a more open system don't call for the ouster of the al-Saud family... the monarchy has proved remarkably durable and adept at crisis management...' (8)

Such are the monarchies of the Persian Gulf; if they are despotic, it is a benevolent, paternalistic despotism. If they have democratic aspects, it may not be democracy in the Western style, but the heritage and traditions of the Persian Gulf are different, and there is no reason why their institutions should not work just as well, and be just as valid.

'Democracy' itself is not a system, it is an attribute of a system. Further, to call something 'democratic' does not necessarily make it so, as any citizen of the former German Democratic Republic could testify. The Kuwait Constitution states that 'Kuwait is a fully independent Arab State with a democratic style of government;' perhaps this should be taken at face value, and the discussion ended.

Monarchy in its literal sense does not allow much room for democracy, but monarchies do not exist in that literal sense of rule by one person (in actual fact, the nearest approach to that literal meaning is found in some republics and socialist dictatorships.) Neither do republics exist in their literal or theoretical sense. There is a saying to the effect that the largest possible republic is only as large as the extent of the sound of the loudest citizen's voice. Realists should not confuse actual monarchies with theoretical, literal meanings, any more than one should think of republics as gatherings of all citizens in the main square; most monarchies are larger than Monaco, most republics are larger than San Marino. By this point, monarchy has evolved to be democratic, and it is republicans who seem unable to accept the fact of such evolution without revolution. The modern, improved product, 'Monarchy of the Atomic Age,' offers all its old advantages, plus democracy. (9)

Perhaps Kuwait and the other monarchies of the Gulf are growing too large, too technologically advanced, for the traditional, paternalistic systems to continue. There is room in those systems for increased democracy; monarchy is nothing if not flexible. Monarchy and democracy are not mutually exclusive. On the contrary, whenever anyone bothers to make a survey, it develops that there are, proportionately, more democratic monarchies in the world than democratic republics; 'unfortunately for democracy, that term has become so fashionable that men confuse it with many things, including its opposites.' (10)

At one of his press conferences, the harried Ambassador of Kuwait to the United States was confronted with this question of monarchy and democracy in Kuwait. He tried to explain to the members of the press that monarchy does not mean a lack of democracy. He countered with a question of his own; if there is no democracy in monarchies, are then the United Kingdom, Denmark, and Spain undemocratic countries? Or Australia, New Zealand, Canada, Japan, or Sweden, for that matter, for quite the contrary is true; monarchies tend to be models of democracy and civil liberties. 'In all those countries of the former British Empire in which the Monarchy has been replaced by some other form of Head of State - South Africa, India, Pakistan, Ghana, Nigeria, and others - it is to be noted that there has been a steady decline in freedom from arbitrary government, due process of the law, and respect for the constitution; and the people in general enjoy markedly less security, psychologically and materially.' (11)

The misconception about monarchy and democracy, or monarchy versus democracy, is a basic and common one, and stems from a fundamental misunderstanding of monarchy. Monarchy as practiced today is not the monarchy of Louis XIV or even of Napoleon III, any more than republics today are the same as those of ancient Rome, George Washington, or Benito Juarez.

King Simeon II of Bulgaria, whose country is seeing a striking resurgence of interest in monarchy after more than four decades of communist oppression, says, 'Democracy [seems] to be the goal not only of all peoples but of almost all rulers, too. I cannot see how monarchy can possibly preclude democracy in European monarchies, for obvious parliamentary and constitutional considerations. The understanding of the true meaning of the essence of democracy may explain what at first appears as an absolutist monarchy in some other parts of the world. Without naming any specific state, I can assure you that even in these countries there is a practice which is more liberal than in many other instances. This is what we could call 'direct democracy:' the ruler frequently receives, on an open house ba-

sis, anyone who wishes to see him or has grievances to expose to him. At this point, the King either settles the matter on the spot or has the appropriate department act accordingly. As you can see, this is a very direct line with the people and often much more expeditious than the cumbersome administrative channels that a citizen has to follow in socially more advanced structures.' (12)

Monarchs today are not the tyrants or despots of fairy tales or films. In constitutional monarchies, there is not even the potential for royal tyranny, and even in a monarchy without a constitution, there are safeguards against abuse. In the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia, the Royal Family itself deposed the incompetent King Saud in 1964, in favour of his eminently suitable brother, Faisal. The former Sultan of Oman was similarly deposed in 1970, and replaced by his son, Sultan Qaboos, who has ruled ably and well for 20 years.

Monarchy or Democracy - that is not the question at the end of the 20th century. Monarchy or republic remains a question, and republic or democracy provides a topic for consideration, as the two are not synonymous. In the context of our times, however, the association should be Monarchy and Democracy; the two are partners, not alternatives, and the former is often the best guarantor of the latter.

Notes.

1. Robert Ruby, 'Basic Questions About Situation in the Mid East' The New York Times, September 2, 1990.
2. Youssef M. Ibrahim, 'The Exiled Emir,' The New York Times, September 26, 1990.
3. Bureau of Public Affairs, Department of State, Washington, D.C., 'Background Notes' on Kuwait, March 1988.
4. Ibrahim, op. cit. In the words of the U.S. Department of State, 'The Iraqi regime does not tolerate opposition.' 'Background Notes' on Iraq, October 1987.
5. Caryle Murphy, 'Gulf States' Next Test: Democracy,' The Washington Post, September 15, 1990.
6. Ibid.
7. Ibid. The editor quoted was Muhammad Rumaihi.
8. Geraldine Brooks, 'The Saudis Find Relief and a Cause for Worry in U.S. Troops Arrival,' The Wall Street Journal, September 11, 1990.
9. The phrase, 'Monarchy of the Atomic Age,' was coined by Archduke Otto von Habsburg, himself the scion of one of the world's oldest and greatest monarchies.
10. Frank MacKinnon, The Crown in Canada, Calgary, 1976; page 14.
11. Brief Submitted by the Monarchist League of Canada to the Special Joint Committee of the Senate and the House of Commons on the Constitution of Canada, February 2, 1971.
12. Interview with His Majesty Simeon II, King of the Bulgarians, 'The Constantian,' Vol. XIV, No. 1, April 1986.

BOOKS THAT SHOULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN

by Nigel Jackson

Boris Pasternak, Dr. Zhivago and 1990 PART ONE... Bowing To The Miracles

Boris Pasternak was born in Moscow on February 10th, 1890 and in his centenary year it is appropriate that we make a new pilgrimage to his work. For those of us who, alas, have no Russian, the obvious place to begin is his world-famous novel Doctor Zhivago. We know already that the hero of the novel is a Lyric poet and that the author was a Lyric poet who became a hero through his courageous resistance to the soviet communist tyranny. We know that Pasternak was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1958, the greatest official distinction to which any writer can hope to attain. While this award was made only a year after Doctor Zhivago was first published, it was not made specifically because of the achievement of that novel; it recognised the whole of Pasternak's literary oeuvre, including several books of poems and a number of outstanding short stories. The challenge for us today is to revisit Doctor Zhivago and to find what importance it has for us in Australia in 1990.

Let us commence our pilgrimage, which we will make naked and (as it were) poor in spirit, by examining some of the poems attributed to Yury Zhivago at the end of the novel. The first of these is entitled "Hamlet". Its prominent position entitles us to read it as a kind of opening declaration by the doctor-poet. Thus Pasternak asks us to identify his hero with Shakespeare's mysterious Danish prince - noble, heroic, flawed, suffering and mightily loved. The first stanza reminds us of the difficulty of knowing how to lead our own individual lives:

*I try to guess from the distant echo
What is to happen in my lifetime.*

An echo relates to the past. Inevitably, we human beings have to use the past (our individual histories and the histories of our peoples and of all humanity) as a compass with which to steer into the future; but, as the future is always different and unexpected and new, we are always reduced to an element of guesswork. Notice how deftly Pasternak has introduced the theme of human frailty and fallibility. His Hamlet is also a rather reluctant player on the stage of life: he first presents himself to the audience as "Leaning against the doorpost", which is hardly a majestic and self-assertive pose.

Pasternak's Hamlet is also seen as in opposition to the audience:

*The darkness of night is aimed at me
Along the sights of a thousand opera-glasses.*

Here there is a sinister tone in the phrase "darkness of night" - the symbolism readily conjures up the realities of ignorance, malice and evil.

Aggression is plainly indicated in the double reference to the aiming of a gun. A touch of comic incongruity is present in the substitution of "opera-glasses" for military weap-

ons. This comic note de-authorises the wielders of those theatre-going aids. They deserve to be made fun of, for they are the wealthy (and, symbolically, those who are too attached to worldly possessions to take part in the only dramatic action which counts, which is the search for truth). They are also the watchers, those who never summon up the heroic determination to do, to act - those who never stand up to oppose the usurping Claudius and defend the rightful heir to the throne. Even more, they are those wealthy folk whose corruption enables revolutions to be thrust upon peoples and of whom the example in Doctor Zhivago is the ubiquitous Komarovskiy.

With the magnificent audacity of genius Pasternak then links his Hamlet (who is already a projection both of Yury Zhivago and of himself) to Jesus, the Son of Man, the hero of the Gospel drama which is the basis of the Christian faith. The "darkness of night" becomes that terrible darkness in Gethsemane on the Mount of Olives:

*Abba, Father, if it be possible,
Let this cup pass from me.*

Even Jesus was a reluctant actor in the holy drama at that point. Neither Yury Zhivago nor his creator were particularly eager to be cast in the role of hero; but that was their destiny. Like Jesus, like Hamlet (who accepted his dead father's command to seek revenge and never ceased trying to bring that about, despite his own dreadful inner weakness and conflicts), Zhivago and Pasternak consented to be heroes - heroes in the way artists become heroes, by remaining faithful to their individual genius and inspiration.

It is not that Zhivago or Pasternak claims the status of divinity, but rather that they grasp that the Son of Man dwells in the soul of every

individual man and woman, so that anyone who accepts the challenge to lead a life of personal integrity at once becomes strengthened by an infusion of the Holy Spirit, which is the same being as Jesus.

Zhivago followed in the footsteps of Jesus and Hamlet, as the third stanza of the poem attests:

*I love your stubborn purpose,
I consent to play my part.*

The word "stubborn" shows how harsh that steadfast divine purpose can seem to the human being called upon to be true to it. Then Zhivago - or Zhivago's Hamlet - breaks off on a surprising tangent:

*But now a different drama is being
acted:
For this once let me be,*

Pasternak is echoing the Quarto reading of Hamlet at one of the most poignant and mysterious moments in that play filled with enigmas.

Here it is in the 1899 Arden edition of Edward Dowden:

*But though wouldst not think how ill all's
here about my heart; but it is no matter.... It is
but foolery; but it is such a kind of gain-giving
as would perhaps trouble a woman... Not a
whit: we defy augury: there's a special providence
in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis
not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now;
if it be not now, yet it will come: the readiness
is all: since no man has aught of what he
leaves, what is't to leave betimes? Let be.*

Hamlet appears to have an intuitive knowledge of his approaching doom and is ready to submit to it; at the same time his speech expresses a dangerous world-weariness and lack of will to resist; it is very much the utterance of a flawed hero. Zhivago's Hamlet appears to be manifesting a moment of rebellion, a wish to turn aside from the official path; and in this he is typical of Zhivago himself, who gradually shrugs off all official duties and commitments in the novel, almost becoming an anarchist. In this amazing poem Jesus is virtually declining to act according to the Father's official will. The right to be different individual, eccentric, is being demanded. "let me be" is fruitfully ambiguous: it means "leave me alone" and also "allow me to experience

being - my very own individual mode of being”.

Yet this is a victory which cannot be fully won in this world, which is one reason why resurrection is essential. The victory to be - in the true fullness of being - belongs to the Kingdom of Heaven. The reaching out for it on Earth - by Hamlet or Zhivago - is both heroic and tragically doomed.

The last stanza of the poem is remorseless:
*The order of the acts is planned
And the end of the way inescapable.*

Jesus had to die. Hamlet had to die. Zhivago had to die. Every hero who seeks his true being must die in order to rise up to attain it. And there may be moments of despair on the way, as the Gospel drama tells us was so even for the Son of Man:

*I am alone; all drowns in the
Pharisees' hypocrisy.*

*To live your life is not as simple as to
cross a field.*

The simplicity and earthiness of the Russian proverb in the last line serve by contrast to emphasise the complicated, over-intellectualised rottenness of the Pharisees - a rottenness shown in Doctor Zhivago in the fanatical and bigoted self-righteousness of the communist revolutionaries and their fellow-traveling apologists.

II

The title of this address, which is intended to sum up the significance of Pasternak's witness and also our own humble homage today, is derived from Zhivago's poem "Christmas Star", which is based on the Gospel drama of the birth of Jesus.

In this poem the new star blazes out and then come these lines:

*Its reddening glow
Was a sign; the three star-gazers
Hurried to the call
Of its unprecedented light.*

*Camels followed them loaded with
gifts,
And donkeys in harness, one smaller
than the other,
Minced down the hill*

*Part of the pond was hidden by the
alders,
But from where the shepherds stood
A part could be seen between the
rooks' nests in the treetops.
"Let's go with the others," they said,
Wrapping themselves in their
sheepskins,
"Let's bow to the miracle."*

One of the most important aspects of Pasternak's work is his sense of the miraculous nature of life itself, of being alive and living. It is right and proper that we human beings should bow to Life, because it is so much greater and more wonderful than our

individual existences.

Because Pasternak could appreciate the miraculous in life, he could also rejoice in life and celebrate that joy in his art.

This exalted approach can be clearly seen in a description of Yury Zhivago as he writes poems, many of them inspired by his lost love Lara, during his last days on the deserted Krueger estate at Varykino:

He made a note reaffirming his belief that art always serves beauty, and beauty is the joy of possessing form, and form is the key to organic life since no living thing can exist without it, so that every work of art, including tragedy, witnesses to the joy of existence. And his own ideas and notes also brought him joy, a joy so tragic and filled with tears that it made his head ache and wore him out.

(Chapter XIV, Section 14).

An interesting discussion of Pasternak's understanding of Christ and the Christian Life can be read in Olga R. Hughes' *The Poetic World of Boris Pasternak* (Princeton University Press, 1974). Professor Hughes compares the great poet to a great Russian saint, Seraphim of Sarov (1759-1833). This saint taught a doctrine of joy, dressed in white, greeted everyone with the affirmation "Christ is risen!", explained that the true aim of Christian life is the acquisition of the Holy Spirit and stressed as a means of self-transformation the individual's creative effort. Professor Hughes stresses that Pasternak's Christianity did not take the form of an interest in theology and the proffering of religious opinions and beliefs. It was existential, rather than ideological. And she quotes a significant comment by Pasternak in a letter he wrote to Jacqueline de Proyart:

Christianity always remained a source of extraordinary inspiration and a vital force in his life precisely because, although christened as an infant, he was not brought up in the Christian tradition and therefore his Christianity never had any traditional or institutional connections (page 162)

That absence of ecclesiastical conditioning enabled Pasternak to approach the Gospels and their central figure with a fresh vision. Western European culture needs such a revisioning of its sacred basis, as Carl Jung knew when he remarked that in recent centuries Christianity had failed to develop its myth. Our own great Australian poet, Vincent Buckley, was sensitive to this need, as he showed in a remarkable essay published in *Quadrant* (No. 67, September-October 1970) entitled "The Strange personality of Christ".

Although not mentioning Pasternak by name, Buckley commented:

There has been a revival of interest in the figure of Christ among writers in Eastern Europe and especially in the Soviet Union.... a Christian language, incorporating approaches to the figure of Christ, seems to be gradually becoming accepted as necessary to focus certain deeply felt human needs. (page 25)

Buckley could appreciate the kind of non-

doctrinal upbringing that Pasternak experienced. He said elsewhere in his essay:

In one way, a non-Christian may be in a better position to see and feel the passion events as a created dramatic action, where we may be too inclined to see them as a message or a ceremony. (page 22)

Pasternak, I believe, would have deeply sympathised with Buckley's main thesis, which is that the figure of Christ in the Gospels is a far stranger phenomenon than is generally acknowledged. Buckley sees the Jesus created in the four canonical accounts as markedly characterized by three qualities:

He has power, concentrated in his being, which is in part the power of an immensely concentrated emotional life; he is totally autonomous, and is the opposite of what Riesman called 'other-directed man'.. and he is, in Eliade's term, a hierophany and a creator of hierophanies (page 11)

Buckley explains the meaning of this term devised by the great comparative religious expert:

Man becomes aware of the sacred because it manifests itself shows itself as something wholly different from the profane.... (Jesus) reveals the sacred, the beyond, in his person, in his speech, and in his acts (pages 19,20)

Buckley sees the demand made upon us by the central figure in the Gospels as a call similar to the call which Pasternak makes in Doctor Zhivago:

Our task... is to contemplate him and to work our way into his life, which means expanding our own imagination to reach into his imagination. (page 22)

And Buckley writes of the Gospels' presentation of the agony in the Garden in a way completely compatible with the insight of Zhivago's poem "Hamlet":

If we have here a man utterly concentrated in his own agony, and in the purpose of which that agony is the sign, we also have a man whose sense of purpose enables him to transcend the agony. (page 24)

It is worth noting in passing that of all Australian poets to date Buckley is probably closest in spirit to Pasternak. A scholarly comparison of their respective achievements would make an excellent book.

Further insight into the connections between Doctor Zhivago and Christianity is given in Robert Payne's ardent and perceptive book *The Three Worlds of Boris Pasternak* (Robert Hale, London, 1962). I doubt if a better general introduction to Pasternak has been written. Payne sees resurrection as the pervading and all-embracing theme of the novel:

The very name of the doctor is connected with the resurrection. He is 'the living one among the dead' the one who will arise, the dead man who is chosen to be reborn again. In the Russian Bible, the angels greet the women who come to the open tomb with the words: "Why seek ye the living (zhivago) among the dead?" (page 140)

Payne associates Yury Zhivago himself with

the Russian tradition of holy fools of whom Dostoyevsky's Prince Myshkin in *The Idiot* is another great example. Like the Prince, argues Payne, Yury

...is one of those who are 'weighed down with the burden of mystery'. He belongs to the long line of yurodiviy, those enchanted fools of God who are to be found in all ages of Russian history, speaking with the tongues of prophets, fearless before kings, insisting always on the truth of the heart's affections. His Christian name Yury hints at the yurodiviy just as his surname hints at the author's pre-occupation with resurrection. (page 141)

The very essence of such simple saints is that they bow to the miracles.

Pasternak ends his poem "Christmas Star" with a brilliant gloss on the traditional nativity accounts from the Gospels:

*Day was breaking. The dawn swept
the remaining stars
Like cinders from the sky.
Out of all the great gathering Mary
allowed
Only the Wise Men through the opening in
the rock*

*He slept in the oak manger,
Radiant as moonlight in the hollow of
a tree.
Instead of a sheepskin,
The lips of the ass and the nostrils of
the ox kept him warm.*

*The Magi stood in the shadow,
Whispering, scarcely finding words.
All at once, a hand stretched out of the
dark,
Moved one of them aside to the left of
the manger.
He looked round. Gazing at the
Virgin from the doorway
Like a guest, was the Christmas Star.*

There are three elements worthy of note here. The first is the splendid evocation of the silent authority of the Virgin Mother of God. It should be remembered that she is the archetype of the entirely purified human soul, as Frithjof Schuon indicated in his analysis of the *Ave Maria* in his book *Gnosis: Divine Wisdom* (Perennial Books, UK, 1978). She commands the Magi, moves one of them at the correct moment and excludes the less worthy from the complete epiphany. The second element is the exquisite imagery drawn from living Nature to convey the precious beauty and goodness of the baby Saviour. The sleeping Jesus assimilates the sturdy integrity of the oakwood, the magic gleams of moonlight and the receptive passivity of the tree-hollow.

The animals, unfallen creatures, intuitively love him so deeply that they stand by him and ward off the cold. The third element is the astounding surprise at the end. What exactly does it mean? A number of possibilities spring to mind, but I feel that the essence of what Pasternak wished to convey was "Behold! The Miracle!" Our awareness of what could

be seen in the divine baby is enhanced.

The great Catholic contemplative, Thomas Merton, understood the nature of Pasternak's devotion to Christianity, as is shown by his three essays grouped as "The Pasternak Affair" in his book *Disputed Questions* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, New York, 1985). Merton considered that Pasternak's witness was basically Christian, but saw that Christianity as

...reduced to the barest and most elementary essentials: intense awareness of all cosmic and human reality as 'life in Christ' and the consequent plunge into love as the only dynamic and creative force which really honours this 'Life' by creating itself anew in Life's - Christ's - image. (page 11)

Merton compared this to Dostoyevsky's masterly presentation of orthodox Christian mysticism in the portrait of Father Zossima in *The Brothers Karamazov*:

The mysticism of Pasternak is more latent, more cosmic, more pagan, if you like. It is more primitive, less sophisticated, free and untouched by any hieratic forms... In him we find the ingenuous Christianity of an anima naturaliter Christiana that has discovered Christianity all by itself. (Pages 12,15)

There is of course, danger in approaching a great sacred revelation on an individual path rather than through the traditional forms of the Church. Pasternak was not a thinker of the first order and some of the discussions in *Doctor Zhivago*, on both sacred and profane topics, contain fallacies and errors. It appears that he believed in the physical resurrection of the dead. It has also been said that he did not believe in a personal afterlife. I am reminded of William Blake, that extraordinary but erratic English genius, and of T.S. Eliot's brilliant essay on Blake, which paid full respect to his greatness as a poet, but which also contains this cool remark:

We have the same respect for Blake's philosophy... that we have for an ingenious piece of home-made furniture: we admire the man who has put it together out of the odds and ends about the house... but we are not really so remote from the Continent, or from our own past, as to be deprived of the advantages of culture if we wish them.

Thomas Merton did, however, see Pasternak as writing within a particular Russian religious tradition:

It is clear that Christ, for Pasternak, is a transcendent and Personal Being in the sense generally understood by such orthodox theologians as Soloviev or the Russian existentialist Berdyaev. The Christ of Pasternak is the Christ of Soloviev's "God-manhood". His view of the cosmos is, like Berdyaev's, 'sophianic' and his 'sister Life' has, in fact, all the characteristics of the Sancta Sophia who appeared to Soloviev in Egypt. (page 23)

Merton, writing very soon after the first publication of *Doctor Zhivago* in English, saw the controversy over Pasternak that was caused by Soviet resentment at the Nobel Prize award as a fundamentally spiritual, as opposed to

literary or political, phenomenon: and on that basis he wrote a magnificent defence of Pasternak, of which I will quote a little:

Doctor Zhivago is, then, a deeply spiritual event, a kind of miracle, a humble but inescapable portent... Pasternak stands first of all for the great spiritual values that are under attack in our materialistic world. He stands for the freedom and nobility of the individual person, for man the image of God, for man in whom God dwells. For Pasternak the person is and must always remain prior to the collectivity. He stands for courageous, independent loyalty to his own conscience, and for the refusal to compromise with slogans and rationalizations imposed by compulsion.

Pasternak is fighting for man's true freedom, his true creativity, against the false and empty humanism of the Marxists - for whom man does not yet truly exist. Over against the technological jargon and empty scientism of modern man, Pasternak sets creative symbolism, the power of imagination and of intuition, the glory of liturgy and the fire of contemplation. But he does so in new words, in a new way. He speaks for all that is sanest and most permanently vital in religious and cultural tradition, but with the voice of a man of our own time. (pages 30-31)

Yury Zhivago's poem "Gethsemane" embodies this profundity of affirmation, and this section of my address will conclude with a brief look at that poem. Robert Payne considers it "almost certainly the greatest poem Pasternak ever wrote". It opens with two stanzas that evoke both the beauty of the living mystery of landscape at a particular time:

*The turn of the road was lit
By the unconcerned shimmer of
distant stars
The road circled the Mount of Olives;
Beneath it flowed the Kedron*

*The field tailed off
Into the Milky Way.
Grey-haired olive trees tried to walk
the air
Into the distance.*

The unusual images (and Pasternak was as gifted, perhaps, as any poet, including Shakespeare, in the creation of such imagery) make the scene vividly and specifically real; but the language does more than that. The "unconcerned shimmer of distant stars" deliberately contrasts with the immense concern that we know is going to be the subject matter of the poem: the agony in the Garden. At the same time this "unconcerned shimmer" of those remote celestial lights is a superb image of the undisturbed serenity of the Father, of God the Absolute, the ultimate authority for whom His Son, Jesus, is going to undergo, as man, the extreme agony. The mysterious conjunction of earthly and heavenly matters is pointed to in the picture of the field tailing off into the Milky Way. And the fact that a moment of exceptional possibilities is at hand is hinted at by the odd image of olive trees, "grey-haired" with wisdom or suffering, endeavouring to

“walk the air”, a miraculous achievement that inevitably reminds us of the Gospel accounts of Jesus walking on the water and Peter trying to, but sinking in.

The peculiar vulnerability of Man, which the novel has shown us enacted in the lives of many of its main characters, is captured in the fourth stanza:

*Unresisting he renounced
Like borrowed things
Omnipotence and the power to work
miracles:
Now he was mortal like ourselves.*

This should be linked up with two later stanzas:

*Peter resisted the murderers,
Struck off an ear with his sword
“Steel cannot decide a quarrel,” he heard:
‘Put back your sword in its scabbard.*

*‘Could not my Father send a host
Of winged legions to defend me?
Then no hair of my head would be
touched.
The enemy would scatter and leave no
trace.*

Here we are in the presence of the mystery encapsulated in the Biblical phrase “Resist not evil!” It is clearly an approach which is not to be utilised in every single situation where evil challenges with violence. It remains legitimate to defend our families, homes and nation by force of arms. The defence of Russia against the Nazi invasion is seen by Doctor Zhivago as entirely justified. However, Pasternak has developed this sacred doctrine of non-resistance at two key points in his novel. The first of these is in Chapter 11 Section 10, where Yury’s Uncle Kolya, Nikolay Nikolayevich Vedenyapin, is disputing with a muddle-headed disciple of Tolstoy who cannot, for example, see through the arrant puritan nonsense of Tolstoy’s claim that “the more a man devotes himself to beauty, the further he moves away from goodness”. Uncle Kolya replies with these memorable words:

*What has for centuries raised man above
the beast is not the cudgel but an inward
music: the irresistible power of unarmed truth,
the attraction of its example.*

Later, in Section 17 of the same chapter, Pasternak shows that his chief heroine, Lara, even as a schoolgirl, even when shamed and corrupted by her mutually enjoyed sex affair with Komarovskiy, can still understand the importance of the truth Uncle Kolya referred to:

*Lara was not religious. She did not believe
in ritual. But sometimes, to enable her to bear
her life, she needed the accompaniment of an
inward music and she could not always com-
pose it for herself. That music was God’s
word of life and it was to weep over it that she
went to church.*

On the very last page of the novel Pasternak returns to this same image.

Yury has been dead for twenty years or so.

It is near the end of Stalin’s tyranny. Yury’s two old friends, Misha Gordon and Nicky Dudorov, now aged about sixty, are sitting together in Moscow on a peaceful summer evening and reading a book of Yury’s writings. They appear to have recovered from their period of ignoble subservience to communist ideology, which had alienated them from Yury. They feel “a presage of freedom in the air”, the presence of the “freedom of the spirit”. Perhaps Pasternak was too optimistic by about forty years but is being proved right in the last decade of the century. And here are the last two sentences of the novel:

*They felt a peaceful joy for this holy city and
for the whole land and for the survivors among
those who had played a part in this story and
for their children, and the silent music of
happiness filled them and enveloped them and
spread far and wide. And it seemed that the
book in their hands knew what they were
feeling and gave them its support and confir-
mation.*

We can say the same about the novel of which they are part.

Zhivago’s “Gethsemane” poem ends with three amazing stanzas about the great work of the Son of Man, involving a sacrifice, the full nature of which remains a mystery to us ordinary humans. Jesus is still speaking to Peter, and the other disciples, after ordering him to sheathe his sword:

*‘But the book of life has reached the page
Which is the most precious of all holy
things.
What has been written must be fulfilled,
Let it be so. Amen.*

*You see, the passage of the centuries is
like a parable
And catches fire on its way.
In the name of its terrible majesty
I shall go freely, through torment, down to
the grave.*

*And on the third day I shall rise again.
Like rafts down a river, like a convoy of
barges,
The centuries will float to me out of the
darkness
And I shall judge them.’*

As the first stanza indicates, Pasternak regarded the willing sacrifice made by Jesus in undergoing the torment that culminated in the crucifixion as the most important act in history. Uncle Kolya is given a powerful statement of his author’s belief in Chapter I Section 5 of the novel:

*...man does not live in a state of nature but
in history, and that history as we know it now
began with Christ, it is founded on the Gos-
pels... everything necessary has been given us
in the Gospels... Firstly, the love of one’s
neighbour - the supreme form of living energy.
Once it fills the heart of man, it has to overflow
and spend itself. And secondly, the two con-
cepts which are the main part of the make-up
of modern man - without them he is inconceiv-*

*able - the ideas of free personality and of life
regarded as sacrifice... It was not until after
the coming of Christ that time and man could
breathe freely. It was not until after Him that
men began to live in their posterity and ceased
to die in ditches like dogs - instead, they died
at home in history, at the height of the work
they devoted to the conquest of death.*

It is, admittedly, an erratic viewpoint. The first of the two great commandments is omitted. And Uncle Kolya, like his creator, it seems, had a quite unjustified attitude of rejection towards the Roman culture. Despite which, there is deep insight, as is also present in a note Uncle Kolya later writes in his notebook. This comes from Chapter 11 Section 10 and follows an unseemly diatribe against Rome:

*And then, into this tasteless heap of gold
and marble, He came, light-footed and clothed
in light, with his marked humanity, his delib-
erate Galilean provincialism, and from that
moment there were neither gods nor peoples,
there was only man - man the carpenter, man
the ploughman, man the shepherd with his
flock of sheep at sunset, man whose name does
not sound in the least proud but who is sung in
lullabies and portrayed in picture galleries
the world over.*

In paying tribute to Christ’s achievement, Pasternak, an emotional person as any poet must be, goes to excess. Of course there are still peoples:

Jesus himself spoke of the House of Israel - the particular people within whose tradition he spoke; but the nature of his words and deeds stressed that the individual soul should never be submerged by nationalism taken too far.

Returning to the final stanzas of the “Gethsemane” poem, it is worth noting again some wonderfully original imagery. History is seen as being like a parable in that it can catch fire as it goes. This is the fire which cleanses and purifies, although it also destroys. Pasternak relates the image in his novel to the ideal of revolution in Russia, which he never renounced, although he certainly rejected the perversions to which the revolution was soon subjected. Then there is the even more startling image of the centuries as rafts or barges floating down a river in darkness. Robert Payne has written memorably about this final stanza:

*Nothing in the whole poem comes with such
a violent shock as the last words, which in the
original have a far more mysterious signifi-
cance than in the English translation. They
are short words which come with tremendous
force - “Ko mnye na sud”, meaning ‘to me for
judgement’. But sud means more than judge-
ment. It is one of those words which have
accumulated a vast range of meanings: it
means death, destiny, providence, the laws of
God (sudy Bozhy). Charged with heavenly
ambiguities, sud seems to represent all that is
ultimate and complete in the economy of God.
(page 150).*

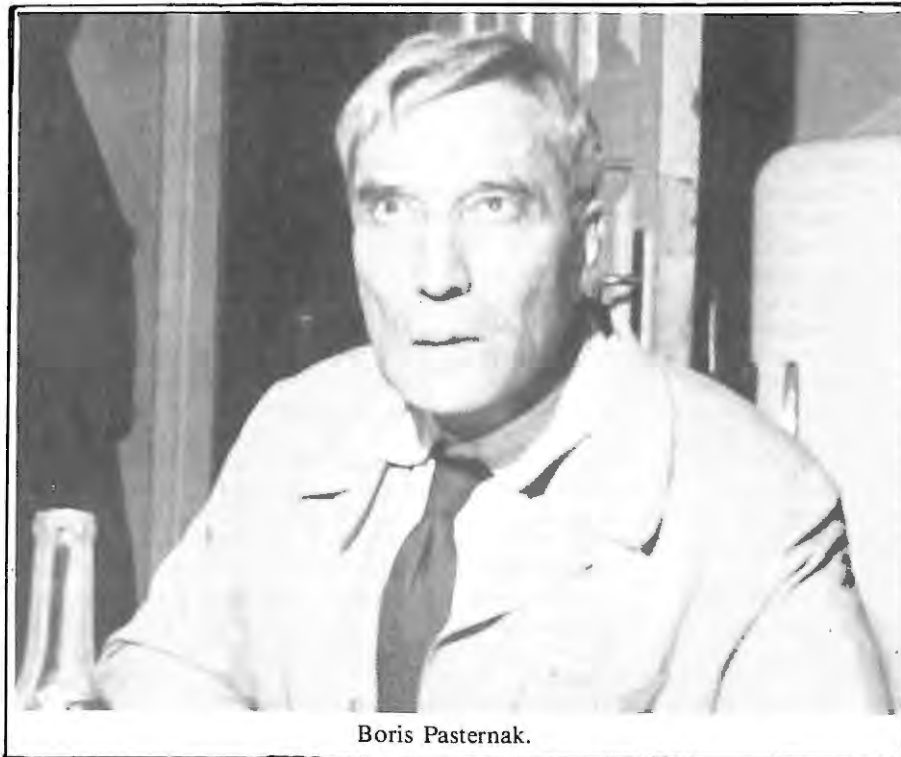
And the image of rafts and barges points to the relative helplessness of human beings in comparison with their Saviour.

BOOKS THAT SHOULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN

by Nigel Jackson.

Dr. ZHIVAGO and 1990

(Part Two...The Love Affair.)



Boris Pasternak.

YURY

And so now to Lara and Yury. As Robert Payne has rightly written, 'the heart of the novel' is the story of the doctor and his beloved (page 154).

Thomas Merton linked this pair of lovers to the **Book of Genesis**:

He himself [Yury] is a man of Eden, of Paradise. He is Adam, and therefore also, in some sense, Christ. Lara is Eve, and Sophia [the Cosmic Bride of God] and Russia...[page 18].

Merton points out that both the lovers are shown by Pasternak in their youth on separate occasions in the 'Eden-like garden at Duplyanka'. He adds:

Yury and Lara will be united in another Eden, at Varykino, but a strange Eden of snow and silence, lost in a vast landscape wasted by armies. There Yury will give himself in the night to his most fruitful work of poetic creation. [page 19]. This love affair is one that results in intense creativity in the man. Merton's account of Yury's inspired writing implicitly adds to our sense of Lara's impact on him:

When in the moment of inspiration the poet's creative intelligence is married with the inborn wisdom of human language [the Word of God and Human Nature - Divinity and Sophia], then in the very flow of new and individual intuitions, the poet utters the voice of that wonderful and mysterious world of God-manhood - it is the transfigured, spiritualized and divinized cosmos that speaks through

him, and through him utters its praise of the Creator. [pages 20-21].

We can gain insights from various readings of the allegorical and symbolical meaning of these lovers. For example, Lara can be seen as the embodiment of Russia, of Life, of Nature, of Love and of the Revolution in its ideal form. As such, she can be seen to be misused by a selfish businessman, Komarovskiy, who represents egoism of all kinds, and also by Pasha Antipov [later called Strel'nikov, 'the Shooter', when he is a brilliant Trotsky-like general serving the Bolsheviks], who represents both an ordinary and inevitably inadequate husband and a fanatic corrupted by unnatural subservience to ideology. She is able to be truly loved, and to find fulfilment in that love, by Yury, who represents Life, Everyman and Russia. Likewise, it is allegorically

right that he, then, should have three wives - Tonya [Tsarist culture], Lara [the Revolution as ideal] and Marina [the Revolution as the Soviet dreariness it degenerated into]. But I maintain that these interpretations are only facets of a much greater whole. Before anything else, Yury and Lara are a real man and woman in a dramatic setting. They have, within the literary world of their novel, every bit of the flesh and blood and living individuality that, for example, Cathy and Heathcliff possess in 'Wuthering Heights'. Most of all we need to study their relationship as what it is, as what Pasternak makes it, rather than as standing for something else.

There is no doubt that Yury valued his love relationship with Lara more than anything else. In Chapter XI Section 7 as he looks at the forest in the sunset, we read this:

Ever since his childhood Yury had been fond of woods seen at evening against the setting sun. At such moments he felt as if he too were being pierced by blades of light. As if the gift of the living spirit were streaming into his breast, piercing his being and coming out by his shoulders like a pair of wings. The archetype, which is formed in every child for life and seems for ever after to be the inward image of his personality, arose in him in its full primordial strength and compelled nature, the forest, the afterglow and everything else to be transfigured into a similarly primordial and all-embracing likeness of a girl 'Lara'. Closing his eyes, he whispered and thought, addressing the whole of life, all God's earth, all the sunlit space spread out before him.

In Chapter XII Section 7 Yury has been moved by the old Russian song sung by Kubarikha, the witch, a tantalisingly undeveloped representative of the Old Religion about which Robert Graves wrote so well in 'The White Goddess'. Then further folk tale words spoken by the witch provoke a profound yearning in Yury for Lara:

No deep and strong feeling, such as we may come across here and there in the world, is unmixed with compassion. The more we love, the more the object of our love seems to us to be a victim. Occasionally, a man's compassion for a woman exceeds all measure, and his imagination removes her from the realm of possible happenings and places her in situations which are never encountered in life. He sees her at the mercy of the surrounding air, of the laws of nature and of the centuries which preceded her.

Yury was sufficiently well read to realise that Kubarikha's last words had been the opening passage of an ancient chronicle, either of Novgorod or Ipatyev, but so distorted by the errors of copyists and the repetitions of sorcerers and bards that

its original meaning had been lost. Why then should the nonsensical images thus handed down have gripped and moved him with the force of real events?

..Lara's left shoulder was half open. Like a key turning in the lock of a secret safe, the sword unlocked her shoulder-blade and, opening the cavity of her soul, revealed the secrets she kept in it. Memories of strange towns, streets, rooms, countrysides, unrolled like a film, like a skein, a bundle of skeins of ribbons tumbling out.

How well he loved her, and how lovable she was, in exactly the way he had always thought and dreamed and needed. Yet what was it that made her so lovely? Was it something that could be named and singled out in a list of qualities? A thousand times no! She was lovely by virtue of the matchlessly simple and swift line which the Creator at a single stroke had drawn round her, and in this divine outline she had been handed over, like a child tightly wound up in a sheet after its bath, into the keeping of his soul.

In chapter XIII Section 7 Yury, emaciated but triumphant, has finally returned from the remote forest to Lara's apartment in Yuryatin, and this is what we are told she means to him:

And what did she mean to him? Oh, that was easy! He knew that perfectly well.

A spring evening...the air is punctuated with scattered sounds. The voices of children playing in the streets come from varying distances as if to show that the whole expanse is alive. The expanse is Russia, his incomparable mother; famed far and wide, martyred, stubborn, extravagant, crazy, irresponsible, adored, Russia with her eternally splendid, disastrous and unpredictable gestures. Oh, how sweet it was to be alive! How good to be alive and to love life! And how he longed to thank life, thank existence itself, directly, face to face, to thank love in person.

This was exactly what Lara was. You could not communicate with life, but she was its representative, its expression, the gift of speech and hearing granted to inarticulate being.

And all that he had just reproached her with in the moment of his confusion was a thousand times untrue. She was perfect and irreproachable.

In the following Section 8 Lara's deep importance to Yury is shown in the way he dreams of her during the onset of his illness:

But she no longer had a moment to give him and took no notice of his mutterings except that she turned to him now and then with a tranquil, puzzled look or burst into her inimitable, candid, silvery laughter. This was the only form of communication that remained between them. But

how distant, cold and compellingly attractive was this woman to whom he had sacrificed all he had, whom he had preferred to everything, and in comparison with whom nothing had any value!

The glory of their love - including their passionate love-making, which will later result in Lara bearing Yury's child - is celebrated exquisitely in Section 10:

He had complained that Heaven had cast him off, but now the whole breadth of heaven leaned low over his bed, holding out two strong, white, woman's arms to him. His head swimming with joy, he drifted into happiness, as though losing his senses.

All his life he had been active, doing things about the house, looking after patients, thinking, studying, writing. How good it was to stop doing, struggling, thinking! - to leave it all for a time to nature, to become her thing, her concern, the work of her merciful, wonderful, beauty-lavishing hands.

He soon recovered. Lara fed him, nursed him, built him up by her care, her snow-white loveliness, the warm, living breath of her whispered conversation.

Their low-voiced talk, however unimportant, was as full of meaning as the Dialogues of Plato.

Even more than by what they had in common, they were united by what separated them from the rest of the world. They were both equally repelled by what was tragically typical of modern man, his shrill textbook admirations, his forced enthusiasm, and the deadly dullness conscientiously preached and practised by countless workers in the field of art and science in order that genius should remain extremely rare.

They loved each other greatly. Most people experience love, without noticing that there is anything remarkable about it.

To them - and this made them unusual - the moments when passion visited their doomed human existence like a breath of timelessness were moments of revelation, of even greater understanding of life and of themselves.

Then, as fate closes in on them, the doomed lovers talk about their importance to each other in Chapter XIV Section 3. Yury is talking:

'Our days are really numbered. So at least let us take advantage of them in our own way. Let us use them up saying goodbye to life, let us be alone together for the last time before we are parted. We'll say goodbye to everything we held dear, to the way we looked at things, to the way we dreamed of living and to what our conscience taught us, and to our hopes and to each other. We'll speak to one another once again the secret words we speak at night, great and peaceful like the name of the eastern ocean. It's not for nothing that you stand at the end of my life, my secret, forbidden angel, under the

skies of wars and turmoil, you who arose at its beginning under the peaceful skies of childhood.

That night, as a schoolgirl in your coffee-coloured uniform, in the shadow of your room at the hotel, you were already as you are now, you were just as overwhelmingly lovely.

'Later, I have often tried to name and to define the enchantment of which you sowed the seeds in me - that gradually fading light and dying sound which have spread throughout the whole of my being and have become to me the means of understanding everything else in the world through you.

'When you - a shadow in a schoolgirl's dress - arose out of the shadows of that room, I - a boy, ignorant of you - with all the torment of the strength of my response, at once understood: this scraggy little girl was charged, as with electrical waves, with all the femininity in the world. Had I touched you at that moment with so much as the tip of my finger, a spark would have lit up the room and either killed me on the spot or filled me for the rest of my life with a magnetic flow of plaintive longing and sorrow. I was full to the brim with tears, I wept and blazed inwardly. I was mortally sorry for myself, a boy, and still more sorry for you, a girl. The whole of my astonished self asked: if such is the torment of being charged with the energy of love, what must be the torment of being a woman, of being this energy, of being its source?'

And this is how Lara responds:

At other times she buried her head in his shoulder and cried silently with joy, without noticing her tears. At last she leaned out of bed, put her arms around him and whispered happily:

'Yury, my darling, how clever you are, how you know everything, how you guess everything. Yury, darling, you are my strength and my refuge, God forgive me the blasphemy. Oh, I am so happy. Let's go, my darling, let's go.'

Later in the chapter in Section 17 Pasha and Yury talk of Lara, whom neither of them will see again. This is one of the saddest moments in the whole novel and I deeply regret that it did not appear in David Lean's excellent but inevitably over-simplified film version. Pasha begins:

'You can't think how lovely she was as a child, a schoolgirl.... She was still a child, but already then, the alertness, the watchfulness, the disquiet of those days - it was all there, you could read it all in her face, in her eyes. Everything that made that time what it was - the tears and

the insults and the hopes, the whole accumulation of revenge and pride, all of it was already in her expression and her carriage, in that mixture in her of girlish shyness and grace and daring. You could indict the century in her name, out of her mouth. It was no trifling matter, you must agree. It was a sign, a destiny. Something nature had endowed her with, something to which she had a birthright.'

Yury enthusiastically agrees:

'How well you speak of her. I too saw her in those days, just as you have described her. A schoolgirl and at the same time the heroine of a secret drama. Her shadow on the wall was the shadow of helpless, watchful self-defence. That was how I saw her, and so I still remember her. You put it perfectly.'

And then Pasha says:

'For her sake I devoured books and absorbed a great mass of knowledge, to be at hand and useful if she should need my help. To win her back after three years of marriage, I went to the war, and when the war was over and I returned from captivity, I took advantage of the fact that I was thought to be dead, and under an assumed name plunged headlong into the revolution, to pay back in full all her wrongs, all that she had suffered, to wash her mind clean of these memories, so that it should not be possible to return to the past, so there should be no more Tverskaya-Yamskayas. And all the time they, she and my daughter, were close by, they were here! What an effort it cost me to resist the longing to rush to them, to see them! But I wanted to finish my life's work first. And what wouldn't I give now for one look at them. When she came in, it was as if the window flew open and the room filled with air and light.'

There is the whole tragedy of that unhappy man's life. He really did adore Lara - but he made the error of sacrificing that love to the communist ideology - and so he lost her. Nevertheless, he and Yury are extremely close at this most poignant and intimate moment in their conversation - for both have truly loved a truly beautiful woman. I cannot believe that Yury's next words are true, however, when he states that Lara loved Pasha most of all.

Then in Chapter XV there are Lara's thoughts in the presence of Yury's dead body - given in Section 15:

This it was that had brought them happiness and liberation in those days. Knowledge, not from the head, but warm knowledge imparted to each other, instinctive, immediate.

Such knowledge filled her now, a dark, indistinct knowledge of death, a preparedness for death which removed all helplessness in its presence. It was as if she had lived twenty lives, and had lost

Yury countless times, and had accumulated such experience of the heart in this domain, that everything she felt and did beside this coffin was exactly right and to the point.

'Oh, what a love it was, how free, how new, like nothing else on earth!' They really thought what other people sing in songs.

It was not out of necessity that they loved each other, 'enslaved by passion', as lovers are described. They loved each other because everything around them willed it, the trees and the clouds and the sky over their heads and the earth under their feet...

Never, never, not even in their moments of richest and wildest happiness, had they lost the sense of what is highest and most ravishing - joy in the whole universe, its form, its beauty, the feeling of their own belonging to it, being part of it.

This compatibility of the whole was the breath of life to them.

There is no doubt that the intensity and beauty of their relationship has been convincingly created in these passages, as well as elsewhere in the novel; and it is plain that there is no other relationship of anything like comparable stature in the whole work. Clearly this is a special relationship of very high quality, such as can only exist between two very high quality people - and the high quality of both Lara and Yury is almost convincingly established in many other passages in the novel.

But - and this is an immense but which is woven into the very foundation of the novel and which I have been pondering for about twenty years - the love affair of Lara and Yury is illicit, forbidden, sacrilegious: it involves a double adultery. Pasternak does not flinch from indicating this. Yury is made to commence his infidelity when his devoted wife Tonya is pregnant while living in difficult and uncustomary conditions in what is little more than a cottage near the forest. Both the spouses of the adulterers suffer, Tonya much more than Pasha. And the children suffer, Katya as well as Sasha and Masha. I will admit that there are signs of reconciliation in the last letters Tonya and her children sent to Yury and in Pasha's heart-to-heart talk with Yury; but these hardly amount to atonement and redemption.

It can also be conceded that both the marriages were flawed in origin. Yury turned his attention erotically to Tonya not spontaneously but as the result of a wilful suggestion by Tonya's mother. Pasha was too immature to marry Lara and she was using him as a refuge to flee to not merely from Komarovskiy but from possession by her own burgeoning and greedy sensuality. What are we to make,

ultimately, of this love affair? Do we accept it or do we reject it? Do we assert that love of such magnificence must take precedence over the sacrament of marriage and over the welfare of the abandoned spouse and children? Or do we assert that no erotic love, however glorious, has the right to break the sacred vows? And what conclusion does Pasternak come to?

So far as I can see, he comes to no conclusion. He seems to me to have left this as a Great Discord in the novel. It was too big a mystery for him to resolve. It should not be forgotten that he himself committed adultery in his own life and more than once.

Certainly I can refer to a number of eminent and brilliant writers on love and consider what their judgement was or would be. Denis de Rougemont, in 'Passion and Society' and also in 'The Myths of Love' [Faber, 1964] in which he writes at length about Doctor Zhivago, would come down squarely on the side of the marriage bond. However, in my view, he errs in associating psychological morbidity with all great love affairs. The intense and ecstatic love of Yury and Lara does not seem to me to have an atom of morbidity in it; and de Rougemont does not treat the relationship justly. Suzanne Lilar wrote a splendid response to de Rougemont's basic thesis, 'Aspects of Love in Western Society' [Thames and Hudson, 1965], in which she sought to defend 'eros' or 'unreasonable love' [she meant love that is superior to, or beyond, ordinary logical reason] as the basis of the loving couple and as therefore compatible with, or even essential to, marriage. She wrote as an intelligent feminist and saw herself as defending the woman's right to love which has been suppressed often in patriarchal societies. So far as I know, however, Suzanne Lilar never tackled the enigma of 'Doctor Zhivago'.

Writers such as Ortega y Gasset [his book "On Love", published by Allen and Unwin in 1951, is a masterpiece], Robert Graves and Norman Lindsay would have had no difficulty in honouring the intense love between Yury and Lara. y Gasset defined love - the true and genuine romantic love which he insisted is only experienced by a small number of persons and which is a special gift from Providence - as an enchantment leading to surrender and which involves the steady and joyful affirmation of the beloved. Graves felt that a poet's love of the Goddess almost always had to be in the form of forbidden fruit, love of 'the Other Woman'. Lindsay had no compunction in painting and advocating the pursuit of the best possible erotic unions - something remote, by the way, from harlotry and pornography and promiscuity. But all three of these writers had insufficient regard for the sacred vows of Christian - or traditional and holy - matrimony.

A trace of an answer may be able to be found in esoteric tradition, as evidenced, for example, in John G. Bennett's essay on 'Sex' [Coombe Springs Press, UK, 1975]. Bennett, deeply influenced by the teachings of G.I. Gurdjieff and various Middle Eastern Sufi schools, argued that sex [which he distinguished emphatically from sentimental love and from high love, despising the former and cherishing the latter], quite apart from its well-known roles as the basis of procreation, a means of the elimination of psychic or psychological poisons, and the basis of family life, has other not so well-known roles. He claimed that sex, properly experienced between truly suited partners, could regulate our psychic energies to the point where enormous creative energies are released into the two souls, and sometimes even higher energies, which he called conscious energies, which he saw as involving an awareness of the unity of all life. We touch here on the sacred uses of sex, not well grasped in much Christian or Buddhist tradition, but well understood in Hinduism, Tantrism, the Old Religion, Sufism and Taoism. It may be, as Bennett argued, that our society's whole view of the nature of marriage is badly distorted - very much as the result of religious fanaticism that has misunderstood the teachings of Jesus - and that the marriage vows should only be enforced between those who are truly married - united in their very essences. But I cannot claim to know. Like Pasternak, I cannot resolve the Great Discord; and I suspect that the superhuman knowledge of the sage, the guru or pir is needed to resolve the enigma.

In 'Doctor Zhivago' the mystery is given another dimension by Pasternak's invocation of the legend that Jesus and Mary Magdalene were lovers. Not 'lovers' in the cheap modern sense of the X-rated movie, but in the sense in which Yury and Lara are lovers. The legend has sometimes been extended [if my memory serves me reliably] to include the view that Mary was actually one of the Twelve Apostles at the Last Supper and even that she was the mysterious and un-named disciple whom 'Jesus loved most' [the masculine reference to the 'beloved disciple' being taken as later forgeries]. An important discussion of the role of Mary Magdalene is to be found in Chapter 12 of 'The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail' by Michael Baigent, Richard Leigh and Henry Lincoln [Jonathan Cape, 1982], in the section 'The Wife of Jesus'.

The Magdalene theme is present when Yury lies sick with typhus in Moscow in the terrible winter of 1917-1918. In Chapter VI Section 15 Yury is quite explicitly linked with Jesus. True, it occurs in the dreaming of his delirium; but its truthfulness is implicit in Pasternak's superb description:

Near him, touching him, were hell, corruption, dissolution, death; yet equally near him were the spring and Mary Magdalene and life - and it was time to awake and to get up. Time to arise, time for the resurrection.

Notice the depth of poignant emotion herein. Then in Chapter XIII Section 17 Yury listens to the deeply religious Sima speaking about Mary Magdalene:

'It has always interested me that Mary Magdalene is mentioned on the very eve of Easter, on the threshold of the death and resurrection of Christ. I don't know the reason for it, but this reminder seems to me so timely at the moment of his taking leave of life and before he takes it up again. Now look at the way the reminder is made - what genuine passion there is in it and what a ruthless directness.

'There is some doubt as to whether this does refer to the Magdalene or to one of the other Marys, but anyway, she begs Our Lord:

'Unbind my debt, as I unbind my hair.' It means: 'As I loosen my hair, do Thou release me from my guilt.' Could any expression of repentance, of the thirst to be forgiven, be more concrete, more tangible?

And later on in the liturgy of the same day there is another, more detailed passage, and this time it almost certainly refers to Mary Magdalene.

'Again she grieves in a terribly tangible way over her past and over the corruption which it rooted in her, so that every night it comes to life in her once more. 'The flaring up of lust is to me like night, the dark, moonless zeal of sin.' She begs Christ to accept her tears of repentance and be moved by the sincerity of her sighs, so that she may dry His most pure feet with her hair - reminding Him that in the rushing waves of her hair Eve took refuge when she was overcome with fear and shame in paradise. 'Let me kiss Thy most pure feet and water them in my tears and dry them with the hair of my head, which covered Eve and sheltered her when, her ears filled with sound, she was afraid in the cool of the day in paradise.' And immediately after all this about her hair, she exclaims: 'Who can fathom the multitude of my sins and the depths of Thy judgement?' What familiarity, what equal terms between God and life, God and the individual, God and a woman!'

Thomas Merton is well aware that Mary Magdalene is to be identified with Lara:

Lara, though seduced by Komarovskiy in her girlhood, remains the embodiment of a love that is simple, unadulterated spontaneity, a love that does not know how to be untrue to itself or to life. Her

love is perfectly aware of the difference between sin and goodness, but her repentance [the Magdalene theme] has a creative power to transcend limitations and to emerge into a new world. Lara is thus the embodiment of the goodness and love of God immanent in His creation, immanent in man and in Russia, and there left at the mercy of every evil [page 49].

However, the connection between the two women has a much more profound basis than the willingly accepted seduction by Komarovsky and the putative harlotry of Mary Magdalene. This basis can be glimpsed in the rebuke given by Jesus when someone criticised him for letting a harlot perform such an intimate service for him - and with such an expensive ointment: 'Though she sinned much, yet she has loved much.' Thus, her sins were forgiven, yes; but thus also, according to the legend, she came especially close to Jesus. And her gift of love, her capacity for loving, was exceptional and correspondingly meritorious.

Yury wrote two poems, each entitled 'Mary Magdalene'. In the first of these, her extraordinary power to love is clearly shown, as is her extraordinary degree of union with Jesus:

*Having reached the end of the world
I break my life before you
Like an alabaster box.*

*O where would I be now,
My teacher and my Saviour,
If eternity did not await me
At the table, at night,
Like a new client
Caught in the net of my craft?*

*But tell me, what is the meaning of sin,
Of death, hell, fire and brimstone,
When before the eyes of all
I have grown one with you in my boundless sorrow
As the graft grows one with the tree,*

*And perhaps, Jesus, holding your feet on my knees
I am learning to embrace
The square shaft of the cross,
Losing consciousness as I strain your body to me
Preparing you for burial.*

And the second poem ends with this triumphant assertion:

*Those three days will pass
But they will push me down into such emptiness
That in the frightened interval
I shall grow up to the Resurrection.*

There is another poem, however, which perhaps more than any other, goes to the mysterious heart of the relationship between Yury and Lara. Here it is, 'Winter Night':

*Snow swept over the earth,
Swept it from end to end.
The candle on the table burned,
The candle burned.*

*Like swarms of summer midges
Drawn to the flame
The snowflakes
Flocked to the window.*

*The driven snow drew circles and arrows
On the window pane.
The candle on the table burned,
The candle burned.*

*On the bright ceiling
Fell the shadows
Of crossed hands, crossed feet,
Crossed fate.*

*Two shoes fell to the floor
With a thud.
From the night-light
Wax tears dropped on a frock.*

*And everything was lost
In the white-haired, white, snowy darkness.
The candle on the table burned,
The candle burned.*

*A draught from the corner
Puffed at the candle's flame,
And like an angel, the heat of temptation
Raised two wings in the form of a cross.*

*The snow swept all through February,
And now and again
The candle on the table burned,
The candle burned.*

On the most literal level, this poem refers to that moment in space-time when Lara was preparing to tell Pasha the truth about her affair with Komarovsky, with a candle lit by Pasha on the window sill. Alas, she lacked the courage to confess. Had she done so, would Pasha have been spared from possession by ideology? At the same time Yury was travelling past in a sleigh with Tonya and noticed the candle 'which had melted a patch in the icy crust in one of the windows.' A poem begins to form in his mind: it is the third and fourth line of the poem he will complete so many years later - to the woman behind that window whom he has seen but not yet met. These events are presented in Chapter III Sections 9 and 10.

Then in Chapter XIV Section 8 during his last lovetdays with Lara, he is writing when she wakes up and describes him as he appears to her: 'Burning and shining like a candle in the night.'

In Chapter XV we find that by an amazing dual coincidence Lara is in Pasha's old room, none other now than the last room that Yury lived in - in 1930 - and which his body is now laid out in. In Section 14 Lara cannot recall her talk with Pasha:

....she could remember nothing except the candle burning on the window-sill and melting a round patch in the icy crust on the glass.

How could she know that Yury, whose dead body was lying on the table, had seen the candle as he was driving past, and noticed it, and that from the moment of his seeing its light ['The candle burned on the table, the candle burned'], all that was pre-ordained for him had seized control of his life?

Clearly the image of the burning candle in the window is used by Pasternak here to convey a sense of destiny - not of blind and mechanical fate, but of a meaningful pattern that involves inter-linked human lives in a drama created by a higher being.

Merton has an important comment to make about the symbol of the burning candle in connection with Pasternak's study of a fellow Russian poet:

He had already long since been under the spell of the symbolist, Alexander Blok, and Blok plays an important, though hardly noticeable part, in the symbolic structure of 'Doctor Zhivago'. The crucial symbol of the candle in the window, which flashes out to illuminate a kind of knot in the crossing paths of the book's main characters, sets Zhivago to thinking about Blok. The connection of ideas is important, because the candle in the window is a kind of eye of God, or of the Logos [call it, if you like, Tao], but since it is the light in the window of the sophianic figure, Lara, and since Blok in those days [1905] was absorbed in the cult of Sophia he had inherited from Soloviev, the candle in the window suggests, among other things, the Personal and Feminine Wisdom Principle whose vision has inspired the most original Oriental Christian theologians of our day. [page 34].

Returning to the poem, we see that Pasternak has pointed to the Great Discord in the complex of imagery conveyed in this couplet:

*Of crossed hands, crossed feet,
Crossed fate.*

There is the cross as symbol of error [the opposite of a tick], the cross as a symbol of paths crossing and of coincidences, and the cross as a symbol of Christ's crucifixion and all that that involves. The overall tone of the poem is the final key. It is filled with peace and reconciliation. Pasternak may not have found an intellectual resolution of the Great Discord, but, in his poetry, he has shown complete faith that it can be resolved.

[Quotations from the third edition of 1966, Collins and Harwill Press, translated by Max Hayward and Manya Harari.]

PIONEERS



They came of bold and roving stock that would not fixed
abide;
They were the sons of field and flock since e'er they learned to
ride;
We may not hope to see such men in these degenerate years
As those explorers of the bush - the brave old pioneers.

'Twas they who rode the trackless bush in heat and storm and
drought;
'Twas they that heard the master-word that called them further
out;
'Twas they that followed up the trail the mountain cattle made
And pressed across the mighty range where now their bones are
laid.

But now the times are dull and slow, the brave old days are
dead
When hardy bushmen started out, and forced their way ahead
By tangled scrub and forests grim towards the unkown west,
And spied the far-off promised land from off the ranges' crest.

Oh! ye, that sleep in lonely graves by far-off ridge and plain,
We drink to you in silence now as Christmas comes again,
The men who fought the wilderness through rough, unsettled
years -
The founders of our nation's life, the brave old pioneers.

BY: BANJO PATERSON.

CHRISTMAS at the SOUTH POLE : 1912

For three days, December 22, 23, and 24, the wind souged at 30 miles per hour and the sky was a compact nimbus, unveiling the sun at rare moments.

Through a mist of snow we steered on a north-west course towards the one-hundred-and-fifty-two mile depot. The wind was from the south-east true, and this information, with hints from the sun-compass, gave us the direction. With the sail set, on a flat surface, among ghostly bergs and over narrow leads we ran for forty-seven miles with scarce a clear view of what lay around. The bergs had long ramps of snow leading close up to their summits on the windward side and in many cases the intervals between these ramps and the bergs were occupied by deep moats.

One day we were making four knots an hour under all canvas through thick drift.

Suddenly, after a gradual ascent, I was on the edge of a moat, thirty feet deep. I shouted to the others and, just in time, the sledge was slewed round on the very brink. We pushed on blindly:

*The toil of it none may share;
By yourself must the way be won
Through fervid or frozen air
Till the overland journey's done.*

Christmas Day! The day that ever reminds one of the sweet story of old, the lessons of childhood, the joys of Santa Claus--the day on which the thoughts of the wildest wanderer turn to home and peace and love. All the world was cheerful; the sun was bright, the air was calm. It was the home-trail, provisions

were in plenty, the sledge was light and our hearts lighter.

The eastern edge of Ninnis Glacier was near, and, leaving the sea-ice, we were soon straining up the first slope, backed by the line of ridges trending north-east and south-west, with shallow valleys intervening. On the wind-swept crests there were a few crevasses well packed with snow.

It was a day's work of twelve miles and we felt ready for Christmas dinner. McLean was cook and had put some apple-rings to soak in the cooker after the boil-up at lunch. Beyond this and the fact that he took some penguin-meat into the tent, he kept his plans in the deepest mystery. Correll and I were kept outside making things snug and taking the meteorological observations, until the word came to enter. When at last we scrambled in, a delicious smell diffused through the tent, and there was a sound of frying inside the cooker-pot. We were presented with a menu which read:

'Peace on earth, good will to men'
Xmas 1912. King George V. Land
(200 miles East of Winter Quarters)

MENU DU DINER

Hors d'oeuvre

Biscuit de plasmon

Ration du lard glacé

Entrée

Monsieur l'Empereur Pingouin fricassé

Piece de Résistance

Pemmican naturel à l'Antarctique

Dessert

Hotch-potch de pommes et de raisins

Choclate de sucre glaxone

Liqueur bien accienne de l'Ecosse

Cigarettes

Tabac

The hors d'oeuvre of bacon ration was a welcome surprise. McLean had carried the tin unknown to us up till this moment. The penguin, fried in lumps of fat taken from the pemmican, and a little butter, was delicious. In the same pot the hoosh was boiled and for once we noted an added piquancy. Next followed the plum-pudding--a dense mixture of powdered biscuit, glaxo, sugar, raisins and apple-rings, surpassing the finest, flaming, holly-decked, Christmas creation.

Then came the toasts. McLean produced the whisky from the medical kit and served it out, much diluted, in three mugs. There was not three ounces in all, but it flavoured the water.

I was asked to call 'The King'. McLean proposed 'The Other Sledgers' in a noble speech, wishing them

every success; and then there were a few drops left to drink to 'Ourselves', whom Correll eulogized to our complete satisfaction. We then drew on the meagre supply of cigarettes and lay on our bags, feeling as comfortable as the daintiest epicure after a twelve-course dinner, drinking his coffee and smoking his cigar.

We talked till twelve o'clock, then went outside to look at the midnight sun, shining brightly just above the southern horizon. Turning in, we were once more at home in our dreams.

Taken from:
'The Home of the Blizzard' being the story of the Australasian Antarctic Expedition, 1911-1914 by Sir Douglas Mawson, D.Sc., B.E.

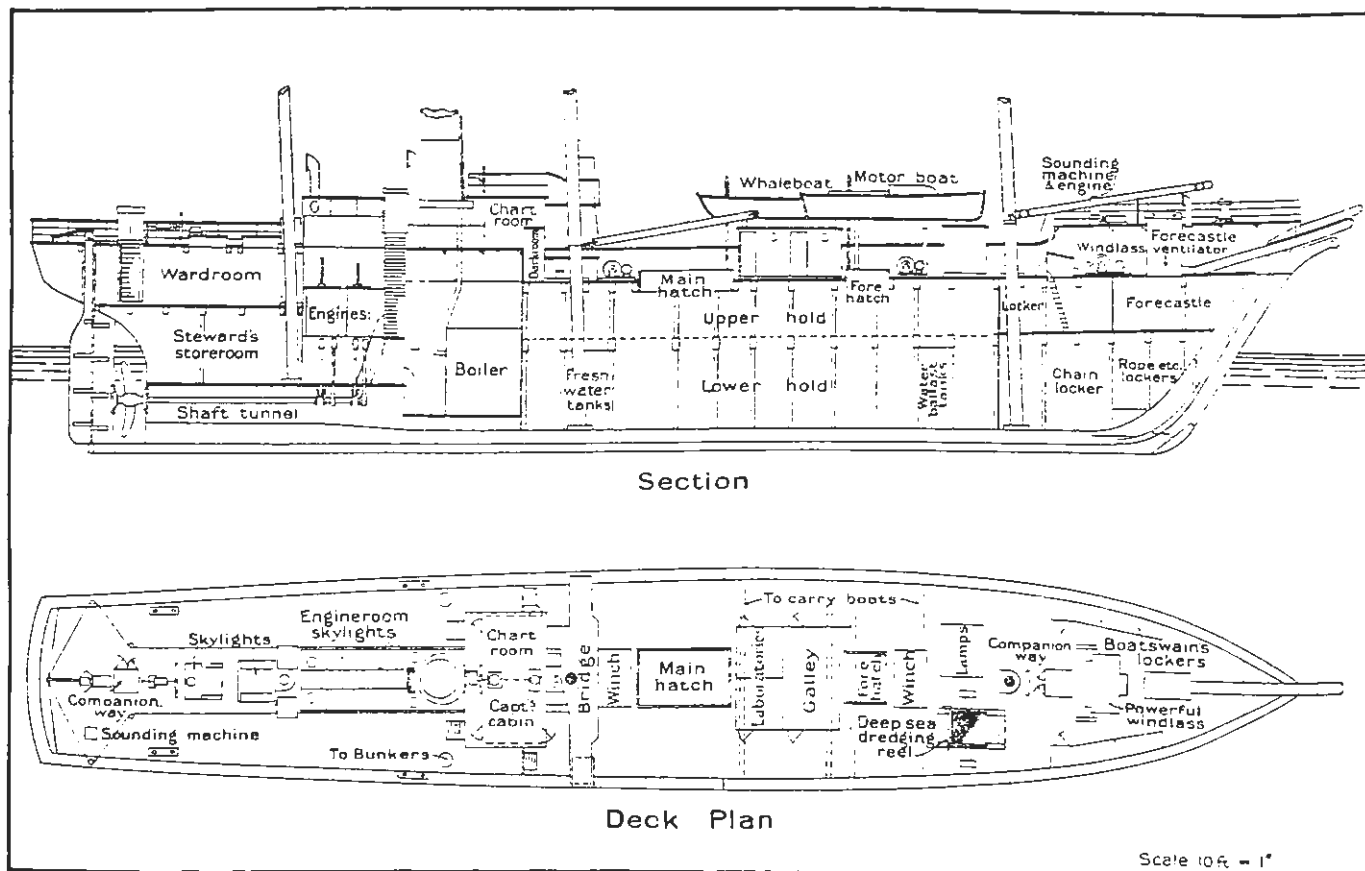
LET'S KEEP THEM!



OUR FLAG

OUR HERITAGE

OUR FREEDOM



Plan and section of the S.Y.AURORA.

SUNRISE on the COAST

BY: BANJO PATERSON

Grey dawn on the sandhills - the night wind has drifted
All night from the rollers a scent of the sea;
With the dawn the grey fog his battalions has lifted,
At the scent of the morning they scatter and flee.

Like mariners calling the roll of their number
The sea fowl put out to the infinite deep.
And far overhead - sinking softly to slumber -
Worn out by their watching, the stars fall asleep.

To eastward where resteth the dome of the skies on
The sea line stirs softly the curtain of night;
And far from behind the enshrouded horizon
Comes the voice of a God saying, 'Let there be light.'

And lo, there is light! Evanescent and tender,
It glows ruby-red where 'twas now ashen grey;
And purple and scarlet and gold in it splendour -
Behold, 'tis that marvel, the birth of a day!

EDUCATION and LEADERSHIP.

by Otto Scott.



Conformity stifles thought. That may seem obvious in the abstract, but it is not so obvious in the particular. This is especially true when regarding social patterns which are - as we all know - more than social, as they influence every area of life.

Nowhere is this more evident than in education, which is not realizing its expectations in our land, and has been the subject of devastating reports, surveys, test results and disappointments.

Education is, obviously, essential to civilization. Teachers cannot be replaced and must be supported in any society. The American nation has been dedicated to education beyond the limits of any of its predecessors at any time in history. The sums spent on schools, administrators, teachers and pupils, their buildings and equipment, their grounds and comforts, their needs and systems, have been so immense that nobody (and no group) has dared to add them up.

If they did, they would discover that education in this nation is one of our

greatest and most influential industries. It has interconnections with architecture; art; utilities; the paper, ink and publishing industries; electronics and vehicles; the slate, petroleum and coal industries; with rugs and metal and/or wooden desks and lockers; with sporting equipment; with manufacturers of musical instruments and stationery; with pension funds and stock exchanges and bond issues; with politicians and colleges; with sports and stadiums; with uniform makers and jewellers; with fashion in clothes and with films, tapes and cassettes; with the dance and the theater; with medicine and pharmaceuticals; with pens, pencils and copy machines; with fast food caterers; with computers and virtually every aspect and sector of American commercial life.

The material and commercial connections of this vast industry, however, far overshadow its attention to its fundamental purpose, which is, at root, to train the future leaders of the nation. Education has always been considered essential in the creation of an elite; a governing class.

Ever since the War of Independence, however, Americans have been encouraged to believe that this nation can function without a governing class. Eventually it was argued that schools would provide our leaders for each generation. That led to the idea that everyone had a right to get into school and, in fact, to achieve everything. A nation of all leaders.

This Utopian ideal, suitable only to philosophy and the library, is unsuitable in this uneven world. God does not distribute His gifts equally.

The task of education is not simply to inculcate, but also to cull. This was once well understood, but grades are now widely suspect. Some professors grade according to race, subservience and ethnic descent. (I hope, as a member of University Professors for Academic Order, [though I am not a university professor], that these statements will not lead to charges that I am anti-professors.)

The high purpose of education has been distorted. This is a serious matter. No society can exist without leaders, and if leaders are chosen by corrupt methods, it means that unqualified men rise to positions of authority. Once that occurs, dread consequences ensue.

Schools have expanded by lowering standards of admission. Berkely and other famed institutions now openly admit unqualified students for political/social reasons. Inflation is at work in the education industry; diplomas have been cheapened and increased.

That means that we now have a new problem: officially qualified incompetents in the professions. That is bad, but that is not all. It also means that a person such as Senator Biden, a public liar and a plagiarist, can rise to a position of national leadership.

It means that a man like Michael Dukakis, who remained a buck private in the U.S. Army and later claimed combat experience he did not possess, could attend post-graduate studies at the San Marcos University in Lima, Peru (a school on a par with the Patrice Lumumba University in Moscow), a school only open to dedicated Marxists, without being exposed by a national 'investigative' press. (*The Kansas Intelligencer*, Vol. 2, No. 10, Oct. 88).

It is obvious, of course, that the education industry cannot be blamed for all the ills of the land. But when schools control virtually all upward mobility, they hold too much power. Young people today can seldom hope to advance without completing college. That situation never before existed in this nation; it has given the educational industry the awesome power to screen our leaders.

That such power was achieved at a time when educational standards have steadily declined is nearly irrational. There has been a blurring of the ideals and even the idea of leadership. No society can consist of nobody but chiefs, not long endure the dilution of real chiefs by the introduction of false chiefs.

Recently an elder in the International Presbyterian Church, London, described the results of such a situation to me with admirable succinctness.

'I was a missionary in Nigeria for thirteen years', he said, 'and my observations there convinced me that much of history is unrecorded. For instance, the Mohammedan leaders in Nigeria did not send their sons to the schools that we provided, because they did not believe that true education can be obtained from books.'

'The top men, therefore, told the men under them to send their sons -- if they chose. They did not, because they agreed with their leaders, and the word passed down the line until, in the end, only the sons of slaves went to our schools.'

'These sons of slaves', he continued, 'graduated from our schools. And when the time came for England to leave Nigeria these were the men at the top, because they spoke in our terms and we had supported their demands for independence.'

'But', he concluded, 'all they had was book learning. They did not come from families accustomed to the obligations of leadership'.

He did not need to add the rest.

Nigeria - one of the richest and most advanced of all the black countries of Africa under the English - fell into corruption and tribal strife almost immediately. Its difficulties expanded into a huge civil war, in which a million people were killed, and many more injured. Even the discovery of oil did not help the unhappy nation. Lagos, its capital, is a city of walking nightmares.

Its leaders are eloquent, learned, stately in appearance - and inept. Schooling, in other words, did not achieve what the English had hoped in Nigeria.

They had hoped, through schools alone, to educate future leaders. They produced, instead, talkers and demagogues.

They had confused leadership with certain English schools and thought that schools produce leaders. But the great schools of England (when they were great) were not great because of what they taught, so much as great because of whom they taught. They taught boys from families already connected to authority.

And alongside these aristocratic sprigs, they taught boys who had excelled in stern competition in towns and villages. That mixture, impure as people are always, produced many leaders.

But not all the leaders. The Scots, Welsh and Irish contributed a very high percentage - ranging from Adam Smith and Lloyd George to Wellington and others. Some leaders came from obscure schools and, in some instances, from virtually no schools.

Then English education changed. The public schools stopped allowing the boys to manage their own associations outside the classrooms and set up the controls of Dr. Thomas Arnold and other Victorian worthies.

This ceiling of super-control in a period of declining faith altered the nature of English leadership and, some say, led to the end of the Empire.

On a lesser but equally interesting scale, one might compare that changed treatment of English boys with the introduction of the Little League, which ended the freedom of American boys to choose and manage their own baseball games, free of adult supervision.

More examples could be cited, but the main point is that schooling has moved progressively farther and deeper into the lives of students, while the authority and influence of families has progressively receded.

One result is that our leadership cadres have been infiltrated by counterfeits. We have created a vast and highly commercialized educational industry that validates all professionals in all areas.

This has led to an expanded mediocrity in the professions with a visible concomitant decline in professional ethics.

This decline is now visible in the quality of national leadership in Congress, the courts and the White House. We are, as a nation, in decline.

These are some of the reasons that Christian families are opting out of the education industry, setting up small Christian schools and tutoring their children themselves. Because government statistics are dishonest, we have no means of knowing the actual number of Christian children being so educated. Estimates vary from high to the modest, but when it comes to people, numbers are outranked by quality.

These Christian families are educating future leaders. They are, as yet, modest in numbers. But each child is emerging with a true, instead of false, education. The Christian community is on the verge of creating new schools of higher education and, for that matter, post-graduate institutions for Christian adults confronted with the myriad challenges of modern society.

These are schools of leadership, though dedicated families would not claim such a title. But it is inescapable that those knowledgeable of the World of God from childhood onwards will be able to use Biblical standards as a lens through which to review and assess behaviour on all levels, and to set goals and to devise methods, to endure and to advance.

There is, therefore, a quiet, nationwide, invisible race underway between the false and the true; the unprincipled and the dedicated. God will decide whether the Christians will develop enough new leaders in time to save the nation from the abyss, or whether these new leaders will emerge only after the debacle that (everyone agrees) lies ahead.

In either event, Christianity will not only endure, but will inherit the future, and real leaders with a true education will replace the credentialed frauds of today ...

Taken from
CHALCEDON REPORT
P.O.Box 158,
Vallecito,
California, 95251. USA....

OTTO STRASSER — A POSTSCRIPT

by Nigel Jackson.



Otto Strasser as a volunteer in a Light Cavalry Regiment 1914.

After the publication of *Heritage* No. 57, (June-August) of my study on Otto Strasser, as presented by Douglas Reed in *Nemesis* (Johanatham Cape, U.K. 1940), my attention was drawn to an attempt to debunk Strasser by James Thurgood in the 1985 edition of the British nationalist monthly, *Spearhead*.

Thurgood's article, 'The Chaotic Mind of Otto Strasser', also relied on *Nemesis*, but tended to quote rather selectively and thus misleadingly. It was certainly a bad error to claim that Strasser 'fled Germany and founded the Black Front'; for the truth is, as Reed made clear, that Strasser founded the Black Front in 1930 and only fled Germany after Hitler came to power and set out to arrest him.

Thurgood, who evidently had excessive faith in Hitler's calibre as a man and leader, declined to accept Strasser's report of Hitler's ranting during the confrontation between the two men in May 1930; but his article produced nothing to effectively discredit the integrity of either Strasser or Reed. In commenting on the disagreement over the nature of art, Thurgood omitted the following words of Hitler (page 98): '...and particularly Greek-Nordic art There is no such thing as Chinese or Egyptian art, only Nordic-Greek art.' Thurgood thus saved Hitler from self-presentation as a racially bigoted ignoramus of the arts of other great civilizations.

Thurgood then defended Hitler's idea of what kind of people should rule Germany: a new ruling class, hand-picked and clearly realising that 'its superior race gives it the right to rule'. Thurgood, however, omitted the following words: '...one not moved, as you are moved, by love-my-fellow-man feelings... and one that will ruthlessly maintain and ensure this rule over the masses'.

Reed quoted Strasser as saying that the German nation was 'born in August 1914' - clearly a metaphorical comment like those which say that Australia was born at Gallipoli - and treated it as literal, proceeding to accuse Strasser, a brilliant and deeply read student of German history, of making a 'ridiculous assertion'.

Thurgood's replies to Strasser's proposals for reform of heavy industry and agriculture, like his reply to Reed's claim that Hitler 'sold out' to the Prussian junkers, may be arguable; but some of his other assessments of Strasser are ludicrous: '...his abysmal ignorance of economic realities.... But of course power was one factor in politics of which Otto Strasser did not have the faintest glimmering of an understanding. In his fairytale world everyone was so pure in heart and noble in intention that power would no longer be needed for anything'.

Thurgood also castigated Strasser because he pre-empted 'the Common Market' by about three decades in favouring an eventual European Federation'; but he failed to make clear that Strasser favoured a federation of still-sovereign European states, themselves free from excessive Jewish influence. Such a federation would be utterly different from the unified Europe based in Brussels and promoted by the internationalists.

Worst of all, Thurgood tried to suggest that Strasser was a combination of naive liberal and crypto-bolshevik. He grossly misreported Reed's account on page 105 of Strasser's discussion of the practicability of a German-Soviet alliance. Strasser had told Hitler that in foreign politics the 'only thing that would count with him was, whether this or that line in foreign policy would benefit or harm Germany.... Germany's most vital aim in foreign policy was... to throw off the Versailles Treaty, and in the search for powers whose course might lie parallel with hers in that direction, for no matter how short a distance, he found only Italy and Russia.... and he even held collaboration with Russia to be theoretically possible, though Bolshevism was as antipathetic to him as Fascism'. Thurgood transformed this as follows: 'He actually thought a Soviet-German alliance was possible - not, it might be added, the purely tactical alliance that was made in 1939 and conceived in order to

give Germany time, but a genuine and lasting alliance based on the supposition of long-term compatibility of interests between the two countries'.

The crowning injustice perpetrated by Thurgood was this: 'Strasser was so naive as to imagine that because the Nazis and the Soviets both used the language of 'Socialism' they could be friends'. The truth is that Strasser, a man of exceptional insight and ability and integrity, was resolutely opposed to tyranny and totalitarianism (whether it called itself 'Fascist' or 'Nazi' or 'Communist') all his life, and that he steadily made a clear distinction between a genuine and patriotic socialism (that is, just social order) and the ersatz internationalist 'Socialism' promoted by the malign and the unbalanced.

The proof that Reed had a better grasp of Strasser's quality and significance is twofold: Strasser's brilliant combat record in World War I and his experiences in Canada, whither he had fled after an epic escape odyssey through collapsing France, Spain, Portugal and Bermuda. Thurgood showed no sign of having read about this later stage of Strasser's life, as recounted by Reed in *The Prisoner of Ottawa* (Jonathan Cape, UK, 1953).

Strasser arrived in Canada in April, 1941 and was at first welcomed by Canadian authorities. Even before his arrival, however, he had been told 'by an official American authority that telegrams of protest against his admission were being received from Jewish and leftist organizations' (page 206)

A remarkable change of official Canadian attitude to Strasser occurred in 1942. Reed recounted the critical conversation that led to this change:

'At the turn of the year 1941-1942 Strasser was unexpectedly invited to dine at the house of an important citizen of Montreal, whom he scarcely knew, for the purpose of meeting a distinguished American visitor.... This man was an American of Eastern European origins and was head of an Institute.... He was a high Soviet agent and thus never appeared in Communist politics... He invited Strasser to take over the leadership of the entire German opposition, on condition that the Communists should be admitted to Strasser's Free Germany Movement... He would be supplied with funds and given full support in his campaign, but must agree to the formation in Moscow of a second headquarters of his Movement, and to this end should himself go there, all having been arranged for his journey.... Strasser replied politely that he would not consider any form of co-operation with communism then or later and that his Movement would never modify its fundamental principles, which were Christian and anti-totalitarian.

Thereon the guest said coldly, 'You will bitterly regret it,' and, without asking leave of the host..., had Strasser shown the door, through which he passed without having seen his dinner.!' (pages 213-215)

At such the same period of time Strasser received another warning, also 'from a person of Eastern European origins', as Reed delicately put it, a man of German nationality and a refugee:

'He was also a Communist, and apparently an important one, although he had taken little public part in Communist politics either in Germany or in Canada. He approached Strasser after a lecture and said bluntly that if he, Strasser, refused to work with the Communists the Canadian Government would ban his political activity, possibly intern him, and in any event see that he never returned to Germany.' (page 215)

The Prisoner of Ottawa documents show in astounding detail just how true those threats were. For over three years, until the end of the war, Strasser was silenced by the Canadian Government. Then, for eight more years, until the publication of the book, he was denied return to his native Germany by the collusion of the governments of Canada, America, Britain, France and the 'Germany' they had set up after 1945. Leading newspapers around the world regularly defamed him as either a Nazi or a Communist (depending on context and audience), and Strasser found it almost impossible to get any denials of the slanders published.

At the time *The Prisoner of Ottawa* was published, Strasser had not seen his wife and children since summer 1939. For eight years after World War II five 'Allied' governments had prevented him from returning. Large numbers of Nazis had been accepted into the Adenauer government; but the leading antagonist of Hitler among Germans between 1926 and 1945 was treated with abominable cruelty and injustice.

Reed's two books on Strasser leave no doubt that he suffered that extraordinary fate because of his Jewish policy. A Jewish power behind the scenes was strong enough to manipulate five Allied nations to do its will. A German who was determined to curb excessive Jewish influence in his homeland - but in a civilized and humane way, as opposed to the way of the Nazis - was under no circumstances to be allowed back to his people.

Perhaps some readers of *Heritage* can supply detailed information of Strasser's life from 1953 on.

THE BABY BROTHER

A dear little baby brother
Had come to live with Flo'
And she wanted him brought to the ta-
ble
So he could eat, you know

He must wait awhile, said Grandma
In answer to Flo's plea
The poor little thing has no teeth;
He can't eat like you and me.

Why hasn't he got teeth, Grandma?
Asked Flo' in great surprise.
Oh my! It's not funny!
No teeth, but nose and eyes.

I guess he must have been forgotten -
Mused Flo as she looked at the tot.
Can't we buy him some like Grandpa's
I'd like to know why not!

That afternoon to a corner,
With paper, pen and ink
Went little Flo saying,
Don't speak to me, you will disturb my
think

I'm writing a letter and I want to get it
right.

And this is the letter, written to God by
Flo
Dear God, the baby you sent us is aw-
fully nice and sweet
But 'cause you forgot his toothies
The poor little thing can't eat.

That's why I'm writing this letter
On purpose to let you know
Please God, come and finish the baby,
That's all, from little Flo

*A lighthearted verse from Mrs. Catherine McLeod,
Adelaide, South Australia.*

BOOK REVIEW

by Dawn Thompson.

Favourite Poems of *C. J. Dennis*



FAVOURITE POEMS of C. J. DENNIS.

C.J.Dennis' 'Sentimental Bloke' was first published in 1915, at the height of Australian nationalistic fervour at the beginning of the First World War. It really caught the imagination of the public, depicting as it did the little bloke, dragged up on the streets, of little education but with his heart in the right place, and full of latent good qualities - the typical rough diamond.

Dennis' women were proper and stood no nonsense, but had a definite twinkle in the eye when respectfully approached, and seemed to be able to project all sorts of exhilarating possibilities from behind a prim and conventional front. They possessed a wisdom and mystique incomprehensible at times to the 'ordinary bloke' who nevertheless seemed to meet this with his own brand of humorous understanding - 'Strike! I'm married to a woman; But she never seen me smile.'

The Sentimental Bloke and his mates have endured in our Australian folklore

because of the elusive truths about our national character as it was in those days, grasped and set down so economically in the vernacular of our times. It is full of humour, sentiment, toughness, despair and hope - the stuff of life in any age.

The Kid's courtship and marriage of Doreen is a classic to read and enjoy, and come back to time and again. Who could go past 'Romeo and Juliet' as seen through a street lad's eyes? Or the Montague vs. Capulet battle:

'When they deals it out wiv bricks and boots

In little Lon., They're low degraded coots.

'Wot's just plain 'stouch' wiv us, right here today

Is 'valler' if yer fur enough away.'

Dennis writes about many aspects of life at that time - the War, Diggers on leave in London, the aftermath, with the wounded coming home again to settle down, bushfires, wheat production and the ups and downs of life on the land.

I suppose most of us grew up enjoying 'The Sentimental Bloke' illustrated in pen and ink drawings of naked little 'kewpie doll' like people, rather after the manner of May Gibbs' Gumnut People, differentiated as to male and female by the odd cap, cigarette or hand bag. While vastly appreciating the exploits of Ginger Mick, the charms of Doreen and Rose of Spadger's Lane, and the Kid's philosophies of life, I always felt the illustrations gave it all a dreamlike quality, somewhat removed from real life, charming as they were, and individual.

This edition of a selection of Dennis' poems gains immensely by Brendan Akhurst's extremely apt illustrations. Done almost in cartoon style and in colour, they pick up the nuances of Dennis' meanings so truly.

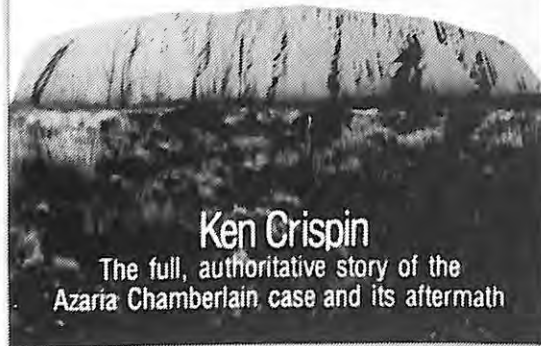
In 'A Digger's Tale', we see the mild and innocent lad spinning the most marvellous stories to a rapt and rivetted Duchess - Countess - Peeress - 'I ain't quite sure uv 'er rank'- as he sips a cup of tea, little finger extended. The next picture shows him quite undone as she pricks his balloon with a little tale of her own. The expressions are masterly. See Ginger Mick in an all-in 'stouch' with four London bobbies and others. Or 'Man', who 'kissed 'im, like I said she would'.

Akhurst gets so much historical detail into his drawing as well. The newly-marrieds running for the train is quite a study in old railway station architecture and minutia. On the Diggers one can almost feel the thick, ill-fitting material of their uniforms. The clothes of the time, the tools, the lamps, the old tin dish with a bar of soap beside - all are so evocative of the period.

I enjoyed this version of an old favourite very much. It would be a grand introduction for the younger generation to the joy of C.J.Dennis, especially at this time, when we are taking such an interest in our earlier background. Enjoy a copy yourself and put one in your local school library.

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Price \$20-00 plus postage.

THE CROWN *versus* CHAMBERLAIN • 1980-1987 •



Ken Crispin

The full, authoritative story of the
Azaria Chamberlain case and its aftermath

THE CROWN versus CHAMBERLAIN. 1980-87.

by Ken Crispin.

The family gathered around the barbeque fire with the other campers. The sun had long set, coloring the brooding, fantastic wonder of the huge rock, rich in legends reaching far back into the dreamtime. It was August: cool, everyone glad of the fire; looking forward to chatting with new found friends, and then warm sleeping bags, and time ahead to explore, relax, enjoy the holiday.

The baby had been nursed asleep in her mother's arms, one brother worn out by climbing the rock that day, was asleep in the tent. The mother went to lay the baby in its bed and called the boy to come, too. But once the baby was settled, he decided he was still hungry, so she got him some food, and they went back to the fire.

A lady by the fire thought she heard the baby suddenly cry out - a short cry, cut off. The little boy heard it, the father too, so she went back to check. And the nightmare began.....A dingo emerged from the tent flaps, shaking something. Her eyes flew to the bassinet - it lay empty. Shripping with disbelief, she screamed 'A dingo has got my baby!' And life was never the same again for the Chamberlain family.

There was the night of frantic searching, with hope fading fast in the freezing cold. Next day further searching, expert trackers following dingo paw tracks, drag marks found in the sand, but no hope left now. So they went home numb with grief, shock and horror to try to come to terms with the loss of their long-awaited, dearly loved baby girl. Strong in their faith in God, they would survive this nightmare.

Their fellow campers, the park rangers, the Police - all grieved for them, horrified at their gruesome loss. Then four days later, the baby's clothes were found: a small pile, four kilometres from the camping area - sensation! The police began to have dark suspicions; the Chamberlains were not informed of the find, they saw it first on T.V. Disquieting rumours began, spreading like wildfire - murder, neglectful parents, no fitting display of sorrow, a white coffin, a black dress, 'Azaria' meaning 'sacrifice in the wilderness'. The tone of newspaper articles altered: the Chamberlains 'alleged', it became 'the dingo story': a unique miasma of hate descended. And

so the nightmare deepened. At the inquest, televised for maximum impact, the Coroner attempted to quash speculation and gossip, expressing sympathy to the family and finding no blame attached to them. But the nightmare went on. Evidence was gathered, with the Chamberlains co-operating, believing they had nothing to fear, nothing to hide, that justice would prevail.

Finally a new inquest was ordered, leading to a murder trial of unbelievable length, complexity and expense, founded entirely on circumstantial evidence, involving scientific opinions about blood, and dingoes teeth, habits and capabilities, all played out to a background of media sensationalism.

There were no eyewitnesses, no body, no motive and no confession, but the jury convicted Lindy of murder, and she served three and a half years in Berrimah Gaol before intense public pressure and political expediency forced the special enquiry that finally found in her favour. It had taken seven years, millions of dollars, rocked the whole of Australia, devastated the Chamberlain's family life, finances and job prospects; battering but not breaking them, thanks to the support they were fortunate to receive. It also raised many questions about the power and pervasiveness of the media, the conduct of criminal trials, police procedure, the pressure on juries today, and our faith in 'British justice'. Ken Crispin, one of the barristers appearing in the final enquiry, has written this story with a very balanced and understanding sympathy towards the Chamberlains. He has included two final chapters discussing how, with our so highly regarded justice system, this could have happened. Any one of us could have been in the Chamberlain's shoes. It could happen to us tomorrow, a nightmare without end.

As a lawyer, Crispin suggests ways of strengthening the system and suggests it is only a good system of justice because in the past people have been vigilant to remedy flaws, remove pitfalls and seek the truth. We must continue this vigilance to meet the times, and he suggests a number of improvements that should be implemented. We need, he says, a legal system that is as good, fair and just as human ingenuity can make it. 99 percent is not good enough if, like Lindy Chamberlain, you are 'the one that is left to sit in a small concrete cell and wonder if your sentence or your sanity will expire first'.

A very readable book, gripping and well presented for the layman, essential reading for all Australians who believe in the tradition 'fair go'.

Published in 1987 by Albatross Books, PO Box 220, Sutherland, NSW, or available from bookshops. Price \$9.95 at present, plus postage.

LET'S KEEP
THEM!



OUR FLAG

OUR HERITAGE

OUR FREEDOM

KINGSHIP

"...it is a basic assumption of the institution of kingship that man is by nature a social being; that he is born into an already existing order of life and that his life cannot be divorced from the social relationships into which he entered at birth, or from the social obligations which these relationships imply. That fact is always recognised in normal social life and equally recognised, and for precisely the same reason, by the British political order ... A social order rooted in the person of man; In the sanctity of each individual person and in the personal ideal of freedom; is of one piece ... The ideal of the king and the kingly, the queen and the queenly, is inherent and ineradicable in the human heart. In it may be found all that is truly innate in the moral life of man".

— John Farthing in *"Freedom Wears a Crown."*

LETTERS

CRIPES, I'M SORRY I ASKED...!

Sir, - By crikey it's hard to make ends meet. I earn \$500 a week, but after tax and a bit for superannuation, I only see \$370 of it and that disappears quicker than last year's snow.

Mortgage on the house costs \$100 a week plus \$120 for food for four and I'm left with \$150. After council and water rates, 'phone bills, electricity and gas accounts, insurance for the house, registration for the Kingswood, petrol, and a beer with the boys once a week, this very quickly dwindles down to \$54.

Then there's clothes and shoes, soap and razor blades; lipstick, petrol for the mower, garbage bags, fertiliser for the lawn, school books for the children and dozens of other things I dare not remember. So I put the hard word on my boss

to give me a \$50 increase.

'Jack', he says, 'I would like to give you a rise, but first I'll tell you what the score is'.

And then he goes on to tell me that I work a 36-hour week and that comes to 1872 hours a year. Less 4 weeks annual leave, 8 days sick leave, less public holidays and the union picnic day, less long service leave, less morning and afternoon tea breaks, discussing football and cricket for five minutes twice a week, going to the toilet twice a day, arriving late once in a while, less the occasional day to go to a funeral, full pay for stop-work meetings and when he adds all this up it comes to 1300 hours a year.

That's an average of 25 hours a week and he's probably right.

'Now,' he says 'I pay you \$500 a week or \$26,000 a year. Plus 17.7 per cent holiday loading, 3 per cent superannuation, I provide you with coffee, milk and sugar, I pay Workcare and I pay a penalty for employing you (payroll tax).

'And that's apart from providing you with protective clothing, giving you a pretty good discount on the goods we produce, forwarding your income tax to the Taxation Office and keeping all the records to the satisfaction of the Department of Labour and Industry.

'The total cost is in excess of \$30,500 a year or \$23 an hour while your take-home pay is just over \$10 an hour for a 36-hour week.

'I would prefer to give you the \$23 for every hour you work, but I would be breaking the law, right, left and centre. The union wouldn't like it, Mr. Keating would be short-changed and the Department of Labour and Industry would be on to me like a ton of bricks.

'If I give you a \$50 rise your take-home pay will only be \$27 a week and it will cost me \$115. Jack, I can't do it'.

Cripes, I'm sorry I asked.

JACK MOOROODUC
(Name supplied)
Moorooduc, Vic.

(*'The Australian'*, 19.11.1990)

REQUIEM for MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

Sir, - November 14, 1990, saw the passing of one of the most remarkable men this century has known - Malcolm Muggeridge.

During his lower middle-class childhood and Cambridge University days, Muggeridge became a convinced socialist. But two years in Moscow opened his eyes and he became Britain's arch cynic. No institution, left or right, was safe from his scathing wit. The Church was no exception.

And then, in the 'sixties, a remarkable thing happened. The BBC asked agnostic Muggeridge to make a series of documentaries in Israel about Jesus

Christ. His conversion there was no sudden blinding on the Damascus road, but it was just as firm and lasting as St. Paul's. It turned his life around.

I first met Malcolm when he came to Adelaide in 1976 at the invitation of the Bible Society and the Festival of Light. He received a standing ovation in a packed Festival Theatre.

Then a few years ago my wife Ros and I visited the Muggeridges in their humble cottage in Sussex. Malcolm was wearing the same jacket he wore in Adelaide some 10 years before. His trousers were neatly darned. Although he could hardly have remembered us, he welcomed us with open arms.

He asked especially after Fred Nile, a man he said he greatly admired for his courage in persevering despite all the mud the media could throw. Muggeridge knew the media from the inside and despised it above all else as deceit and 'fantasy' especially television.

He saw the Church - particularly today's Anglican Church - as 'derelict'. He believed that the great Christian revival of the future will come from the labour camps of Russia.

'The Western Church as an institution is withering on the vine', he told us, 'I go to talk to children in school and these days it's not that they disagree with you about Christianity - they just don't know what you are talking about.'

'Christendom is dead. But Christ isn't!'

(Dr) David Phillips
Chairman
Festival of Light,
Adelaide

('The Australian' 22.11.1990)

THE ANSWER to our SOIL EROSION

Sir, - The review of Bob Beale's book *The Vanishing Continent* in last Saturday's 'Australian' paints a dismal picture of ineptitude on the part of governments and landholders in creating problems with land degradation, and makes an appeal for 'a new land ethic - a caring, collective point of view that sees land degradation as a problem for everyone'.

Perhaps the time has finally arrived for a serious re-appraisal of The Keyline Plan, an integrated system of land development and management by the late P.A. Yeomans in the 1950s, which I believe holds the solution of many of these problems, such as soil erosion.

After many failed experiments dating back to the 1940s with soil conservation and techniques conventional to this day, Yeomans abandoned this approach as expensive, ineffective and inverted in logic. It made no sense to him to manipulate runoff to exit his property safely on to the property next door, or into the nearest creek.

The basis of The Keyline Plan was to make the land itself the primary water storage medium and this was achieved by ploughing off-the-contour, with the chisel plough as the implement of choice. The chisel ploughing raised the water absorption capacity of the soil and the off-contour pattern opposed the natural tendency of runoff to flow from the ridges to the valleys.

The result was a more even distribution of soil moisture levels, improved aeration, and as a result, an explosive increase in microbial life which reflected increased yields of crops and pastures.

To quote from Professor J. Macdonald Holmes's book, *The Geographical Basis of Keyline*, 'Once shallow and poverty-stricken soil and poor pastures have been changed to deep, dark, fertile soil, and high quality forage for cattle production, stock carrying capacity improved more than ten times what the land could originally carry, since it had been considered practically worthless'.

Trees planted or cleared systematically in contour belts wide enough to simulate self-sustaining forest conditions, protected the land from the drying effects of wind, effectively raised the rainfall by lowering evaporation levels on adjoining crop and pasture land, and provided a potential economic crop in their own right. Dams, with associated contour collecting drains, were constructed to store surplus runoff for future use by low-cost gravity flow irrigation.

He proved that by the systematic and continuous development of soil fertility, soil erosion becomes a non-problem and is corrected incidentally to sound and profitable land management techniques, not in decades, but in as little as two short seasons depending on rainfall.

The answer to the rectification of degraded land lies not in the large scale earthworks advocated by soil conservationists, shown by Yeomans's experience to be both expensive and counter-productive, but in developing soil fertility, a self-funding measure which is well within the technical and financial resources of the individual landholder.

I believe that it is only by convincing landholders at the individual level that soil-building techniques, logical tree planting and dam building programs are more profitable than present methods, that significant headway can be made.

Massive government expenditure is neither necessary nor desirable.

ALLEN FORD
Hunters Hill, NSW

('The Australian', 23.11.1990)

Douglas Mason
Frank Wild

H. Dyer Murphy

Geo. J. Ainsworth

Isaac R. Blake

Harold Hamilton

C. J. Sandell

Arthur Sawyer

Swainson

B. & S. Hinnis

And. Watson

Perry E. Correll

Chas. T. Harrison

Morton H. Moyes

George Dovers

W. B. Kerton

W. Hannan
Chas. F. Laseen

C. Arch. Hoadley

Archib. McLean

Eric N. Webb

R. Bage

J. J. Harty

James Harty

John H. Clore

Alfred J. Hoagman

John G. Hunter

Wesley McHetter

Frank R. Stillwell

A. L. Kennedy

C. J. Madigan

SIGNATURES OF MEMBERS OF THE LAND PARTIES IN ANTARCTICA AND AT MACQUARIE ISLAND

**AUSTRALASIAN ANTARCTIC
EXPEDITION—1911-14**