



HERITAGE

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT - FOR THE FUTURE

No. 68 September/November 1993



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A REMARKABLE COUNTRY

"In two world wars, Australians fought whole-heartedly against intolerance and tyranny. They didn't just fight for the old Empire. They fought for freedom, which lasts, if it is looked after and nurtured.

In those dry sounding but hard-fought-for rules and regulations every family in this remarkable country has its rights protected and cherished."

January 26th, 1988

Extract from Prince Charles' address to the nation during the Bicentennial visit.

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

WHY NOT CONSIDER A GIFT SUBSCRIPTION?

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

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

Young Australians have a real challenge before them. The Australian Heritage Society, with your support, can give 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 your actions today."

SIR RAPHAEL CILENTO
First Patron of the Australian Heritage Society

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THE DEVELOPMENT OF PERSONALITY

Enter through the narrow gate. For wide is the gate and broad is the road that leads to destruction, and many enter through it. But small is the gate and narrow is the road that leads to lie, and only a few find it.

Matthew 7:13

The great psychologist C.G. Jung argued that the strongest desire of all mankind was to develop personality.

The achievement of personality involves the optimum development of the whole individual, and requires an entire lifetime, in all its biological, social and spiritual aspects. Jung considered it an act of great courage flung in the face of life, the absolute affirmation of all that constitutes the individual.

However, the development of personality is a favour that must be paid for dearly for it requires the unavoidable segregation of the individual from the herd. It also means fidelity to the law of one's own being. This is a loyal perseverance and confident hope; indeed, an attitude such as a religious man should have towards God. Personality can never develop unless the individual chooses his own way, consciously and with moral deliberation. But people can decide their own way only if they hold that way to be the best. If any other way were considered better, then they would live and develop that other personality instead of their own. The other ways are conventionalities of a moral, social, political, philosophical or religious nature.

The fact that the conventions always flourish only proves that the vast majority of mankind do not choose their own way, but settle for convention at the cost of their own wholeness.

To develop one's personality is an unpopular undertaking, a deviation from the herd. From the earliest times only a chosen few have embarked upon this strange adventure. To most people it has always seemed incredible that anyone should turn aside from the beaten track with its known destinations and strike out on the steep and narrow path into the unknown.

What is it that induces someone to go their own way thus? It is what is commonly called 'vocation'. True personality is always a vocation and puts its trust in it as in God, despite its being -- as the critics would say -- only a personal feeling. But vocation acts like a law of God from which there is no escape. The fact that many people who go their own way end in failure means nothing to those with a vocation. They hear the voice of the inner being: they are called. That is why the legends say that such a person possesses a private demon who counsels him and whose orders he must obey. The best known example of this is Faust.

Vocation, or the feeling of it, is not however confined to great personalities; it also applies to the small ones, but as the size decreases the voice becomes more and more muffled and unconscious, until finally it merges with the surrounding

society, thus surrendering its own wholeness and dissolving into the group.

To the extent that someone is untrue to the law of their being and does not rise to personality, they have failed to realise their life's meaning. Fortunately, Nature never puts the fatal question as to the meaning of their lives into the mouths of most people. And where no one asks, no one need answer.

The fear that most people have of the inner voice is not unfounded. What it whispers to us is generally something negative, if not actually evil. It makes us conscious of the evil from which the whole community is suffering, whether it be the nation or the whole human race. But it presents this evil in an individual form.

"Who art thou?" asks Faust,
to which Mephistopheles replies:
"I am part of that spirit, which
always wills evil but always creates good."

The Devil is not merely the Tempter who whispers to us to lie down in peaceful slumber; he is also the embodiment of the very hardships which make us suffer and, in suffering, transcend our present limitation. The things we see about us that seem so cruel, so unfair, so tragic are the very things which prevent the human psyche from falling back into the state of equilibrium, the inertia of indolence, towards which it always tends. It is precisely because Beethoven was going deaf that he was driven to compose some of his greatest music; precisely because Demosthenes had a speech impediment that he eventually became the greatest orator in ancient Athens; precisely because Helen Keller was born blind that she was able to 'see' the inner workings of human sorrow in such clear outline.

The inner voice brings the evil before us in a very tempting and convincing way in order to make us succumb. If we do not partially succumb, nothing of this apparent evil enters into us, and no regeneration or healing can take place. If we succumb completely, however, disaster results.

The highest and lowest, the best and the worst, the truest and the most deceptive things are often blended together in an inner voice in the most baffling way, thus opening up in us an abyss of confusion, falsehood and despair.



Christmas Greetings

*May the wondrous blessings of Christmas be with you,
and stay with you all, in the richest sense of family
through all the days to be, both near and far.
To all our readers we wish a joyous Christmas
and a healthy and fruitful New Year.*

from the Australian Heritage Society

PINEAPPLE REPUBLIC

by Randall J. Dicks



IT took a force of 160 well-armed United States Marines only a few hours to bring about the downfall of the independent Hawaiian monarchy on 17th January, 1893, but a conspiracy had been brewing for years.

Hawaii was discovered by Captain Cook in 1778, a few years after he discovered Botany Bay, and about twelve centuries after the Polynesians "discovered" the islands. He named the islands after the Earl of Sandwich, but the name did not last long, and neither did Cook, who was killed by the natives in 1779. Hawaiians at that time lived in a well-organized, self-sufficient community. The islands were united into the Kingdom of Hawaii by King Kamehameha I -- the Great -- in 1810.

It was not as easy to repel subsequent arrivals of missionaries, merchants, and would-be agriculturalists as it had been to deal with the captain of the Endeavour. The Kingdom was soon overrun with new settlers, new ideas, new merchandise, and new diseases. The independent kingdom was recognized by the United States in 1826, and entered into several treaties and conventions. Hawaii was a full-fledged, if tiny, member of the family of nations by 1893, recognized by thirty countries. Its highest honour, the Order of Kamehameha I, was held by Queen Victoria, Emperor Alexander III of Russia, the Meiji Emperor of Japan, and the President of France.

With the arrival of foreign investors and developers, Hawaii's fate soon became bundled up in economic strings. Foreign powers, notably Britain, France and the United States, imposed treaties on Hawaii which granted unconscionable trade preferences, and such objectionable privileges as the right to be tried by juries composed of a foreigner's own countrymen. The Hawaiians feared that France would seize Hawaii, as it had taken Tahiti, or that raiders from California might do the same. King Kamehameha III even explored the possibility of a secret annexation treaty which would have made Hawaii an

American state, in order to escape annexation by France. Annexation, by one power or another, was a concern, an alternative, and a threat throughout the reigns of all the rest of Hawaii's monarchs.

King Kalakaua was forced to grant a new constitution, the "Bayonet Constitution", in 1887, which shrank the role of the monarchy and government in Hawaiian affairs, disenfranchised most Hawaiians through elevated property ownership qualifications, and granted voting rights to resident American and European males. Kalakaua was succeeded in 1891 by his sister, Queen Liliuokalani, who believed that the Bayonet Constitution went too far in placing power in the hands of foreigners. She planned to proclaim a new constitution on 14th January, 1893 -- a constitution which would restore Hawaii's monarch and people to their former rights and liberties. This was too much for the western business community, even though the government announced a last-minute postponement of the new constitution.

Sugar, which had been produced in the islands since 1835, was playing a crucial role in the destiny of Hawaii. Financial pressures involving American sugar tariffs almost led to annexation in 1854, and another crisis developed in 1891. The USA had imposed tariffs on imports of Hawaiian sugar in that year, a great blow to the Hawaiian sugar planters, who were only vaguely "Hawaiian". It appeared to the Hawaiian sugar cartel that the only way for them to guarantee a fat share of the growing American sugar market (it was the dawn of the age of Coca Cola) was for Hawaii to become a part of the United States, and not subject to import tariffs. The annexationists -- sugar planters, pineapple growers, future purveyors of macadamia nuts and Kona coffee -- formed an Annexation Club in 1892. American Minister John L.

Stevens was an open advocate of annexation, and shared diplomatic messages with the annexationists, who, in turn, kept him informed of their every move. These men, who controlled most of the wealth and property of the Hawaiian islands, sent an emissary to Washington to test the waters, and were encouraged by their agent's reception in the full swing of the era of Manifest Destiny and imperial expansion.

The annexationists next formed a seditious Committee of Safety, whose traitorous aims were to abolish the monarchy and procure Hawaii's annexation to the United States of America. Minister Stevens provided active encouragement to their scheme, and advised that troops from an American warship, the USS Boston, then at anchor in Honolulu harbour, were available to "protect American life and property". Even though the Queen's cabinet announced on 16th January that Queen Liliuokalani would not promulgate the proposed new constitution, the conspirators asked Stevens to send American troops ashore. The subsequent exercise added no lustre to the image of the United States Marine Corps, and is not recalled with other glorious campaigns named in the *Marine Hymn*.

And so, on the afternoon of Monday, 16th January, 1893, some 160 Marines landed at Honolulu, carrying more than 15,000 rounds of ammunition, although Minister Stevens had given assurances that they "need not apprehend anyone firing upon you". They made a show of force, waved the flag, and set up camp 200 yards from Iolani Palace.

The next day, the Queen and her cabinet, still Her Hawaiian Majesty's Government, appealed to Stevens, but to no effect. A Provisional Government was being formed; fifteen of its eighteen members were Americans or Hawaii-

interests wanted to link their nation's economic future firmly with a great economic power. In the case of Hawaii, it was the United States. In the case of Australia, the Prime Minister has said that if forced to choose between the United States and Japan in a trade war, Australia would side with Tokyo.³

The advent of the current debate in Australia is summed up by Sir Walter Crocker, highly respected former Lieutenant-Governor of South Australia: "The republican issue has been raised abruptly to satisfy minority political concerns and apparently to distract the country from its abysmal economic state. The situation calls for a civilized debate, not for the passionate rhetoric of second-grade politicians."⁴

As Sir Walter points out, the republican issue has been raised abruptly, and has not been thoroughly thought out, in all its political and cultural ramifications, by its proponents. There is no consensus as to what sort of president the United States of Australia or Federal Republic of Australia would have, how he would be chosen, what his powers would be, and what conjunctive adjustments would be required throughout the rest of government and society. An opposition frontbencher, John Howard, has warned of a "wide and radical agenda of constitutional change behind the republican debate", and Australian Labor Party national president, Barry Jones, has suggested that the current constitution "is a heap of garbage and should be rewritten".⁵

REJECTING THE MINIMALIST APPROACH

This brings to mind those who say that a republic could be accomplished with minimal fuss and change, essentially a matter of just changing a few nameplates. This "minimalist" approach is rejected by Sir Harry Gibbs, former Chief Justice of the High Court, who says that there is no weakness in the present constitution which would be cured by making Australia a republic, and that Australia would not derive any material benefit from abolition of the monarchy. He cites the need to address changes in the states as well as at the federal level, as the states all have constitutions too, and have direct links to the monarchy. He feels that a crucial question in a transformation

PINEAPPLE REPUBLIC

to a republic is what would become of the reserve powers, the discretionary powers exercised by the governor-general and the state governors: "constitutional monarchy provides a subtle and flexible system of checks and balances, without in any way detracting from national independence". The checks would be lost if the monarchy were ended, and the new "president" were given all the old powers of the governor-general, with no "check" from above: the Queen. Sir Harry concludes that there is no minimal method of transforming Australia to a republic; "it is misleading to speak of a 'minimalist' change to a republic -- extensive amendments to the constitution would be necessary ... (and) there are grave possible disadvantages to changing our constitution to a republican one".⁶

Sir James Killen, who considers the republican debate a political indulgence which fails to consider the "ravage of national division", also rejects the minimalist notion, and points out that the Australian constitution has "21 sections with 36 references to the monarch ... (and) 36 sections which make some 54 references to the governor-general". He, too, questions whether there is anything wrong with the present system of constitutional monarchy, and whether it imposes the slightest burden on any Australian.⁷

Nor is Australia tied to a British monarch. "The Australian monarchy belongs to this country," says Sir James; "The powers exercised by the governor-general are powers in relation to the Australian monarchy and have absolutely nothing to do with the Crown of the United Kingdom. Time, practice, usage, political events, and parliamentary activity have made the Crown divisible." (In fact, it has become divisible enough to serve Antigua and Barbuda, Australia, the Bahamas, Barbados, Belize, Canada, Dominica, Grenada, Jamaica, New Zealand, Papua New Guinea, St. Kitts and Nevis, Saint Lucia, St. Vincent and the Grenadines, the Solomon Islands, Tuvalu, and the United Kingdom, all independent nations, all constitutional monarchies.) Like Sir Harry Gibbs, Sir James feels that the reserve powers of the

Crown offer a democratic safeguard, in an age when any danger of royal absolutism is passed, but the danger of cabinet or prime ministerial absolutism is present and even growing.⁸

Perhaps there is another parallel between Hawaii and Australia, but between the Hawaii and Australia of 1993. Everyone in the diverse Hawaiian sovereignty movement seems to agree that the choice of Native Hawaiian government, if any such government were to be established, would have to be left to the Hawaiian people, not prescribed from the outside or by state or federal government. The same is true for Australia in this debate over monarchy or republic. As Sir Walter Crocker has said, "It is for the Australian citizens to be given information and have a debate and then make up their minds at a referendum. It is not for the politicians to say if we have to be a republic. There is no way this should be resolved without a referendum. It has to be made clear to Australians what they will lose and what they will gain from such change."⁹

Footnotes:

1. *The story is told in detail, based on historic documents, in a new book Stolen Kingdom: An American Conspiracy, by Rich Budnick. It is available at US\$10 plus postage from Aloha Press, PO Box 4183, Honolulu, Hawaii 96812, USA.*
2. *U.S. Constitution, Article IV, Section 4.*
3. "Australia Grappling with Crisis of Identity", William Branigin, *The Washington Post*, March 21, 1993.
4. "Sir Walter Rallies to Debate", Debra Read, *The Advertiser*, 19th April, 1993.
5. "Republic 'Hides Radical Agenda'", Laura Tingle, *The Australian*, 6th April, 1993.
6. "Remove the Queen, and the Whole Structure Could Fall", Sir Harry Gibbs, *The Australian*, 7th June, 1993. Adapted from a paper written for Australians for Constitutional Monarchy.
7. *Letter-to-the-Editor, Sir James Killen, The Australian*, 3rd-4th April, 1993.
8. *Op. cit. Sir James quotes Canadian historian Eugene Forsey on absolutism.*
9. *Quoted in The Advertiser, 19th April, 1993.*

HMS SIRIUS

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST FLAGSHIP

by Alan Barton

HMS Sirius features prominently in our Australian history as she served as Governor Phillip's flagship, and the guardship to the First Fleet of eleven ships when our nation commenced in 1788.

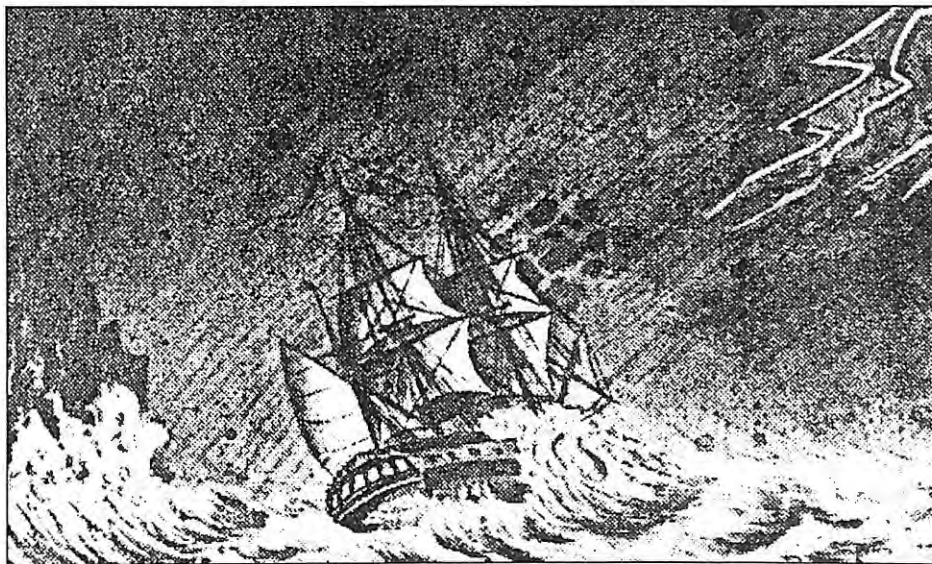
SHE was launched in 1780 under the name *Berwick* for use in the East India trade. In 1781 the British Admiralty purchased her for use as a naval store ship, and she was rated as a "sixth" rate. This meant she was a minor class of warship as the "first-rates" were the best and biggest ships carrying the most guns. After making two voyages to the West Indies she was laid up, but in 1787 she was recommissioned under the command of Captain Phillip and renamed *Sirius*. [Phillip had been appointed the first governor of New South Wales on 12th October, 1786; he was an excellent choice, being a good and proven leader and was one of the few senior naval officers with experience in agriculture.] Having been damaged by fire, the *Sirius* was repaired and her original profile altered. It seems her hull height was raised and her topdeck made flush or level fore and aft. Her tonnage was said to be 612 tons or 520 tons. This lower figure may have been the weight of the original *Berwick*.

HMS *Sirius* carried four boats and was armed with ten guns, four six-pounders and six carronades. Phillip had ten more guns placed aboard but these were put in the hold and were landed in Sydney to be placed in a fort erected in 1788 on the east side of Sydney Cove. Her sail rigging was similar to other ships of her type. The foremast and mainmast both carried three square sails. On the rear or mizen mast it seems there was only one square sail, this mast having a fore and aft sail like the smaller sails near the ship's bow. HMS *Sirius*' hull was well built of teak wood and her bottom was covered in copper. She was painted bright yellow with a broad black band near the waterline. Her extreme length was about 132 feet, height from keel to upper deck 26 feet, loaded draft 17 feet, height of mainmast above the deck 122 feet and her best sailing speed about seven knots.

The First Fleet sailed from Spithead, England, on their remarkable voyage to commence a new southern nation on 13th May, 1787. This voyage lasted over eight months and much credit must be given to Phillip that out of more than the 1,300 people carried, only forty died. On its way to Australia, the fleet visited Santa Cruz, Rio de Janeiro and Cape Town for fresh supplies, water, etc. On 20th January, 1788, the fleet arrived at Botany Bay

sailing eastwards again until she reached Port Jackson on 8th May, 1789. Of interest on this voyage, when she was south of Tasmania on 22nd April, in a storm, her figure-head was washed away and she was badly damaged forward and but for Captain Hunter setting more sails, she would have been blown ashore and wrecked.

Sirius again remained in Port Jackson until 7th March, 1790, when she left on



Sirius was wrecked on a reef near the settlement

which was the original site for the new colony. However, owing to lack of good water and Sydney Harbour being a far better site, the fleet moved round to Port Jackson on 26th January.

THE ROARING 40'S

HMS *Sirius* remained in Port Jackson until 2nd October, 1788 when she sailed for Cape Town for more provisions. In this remarkable voyage she sailed right around the world, being the first to do so in the famous sailing ship belt of westerly winds known as "the roaring forties". On this voyage *Sirius* sailed south of New Zealand and eastwards, past Cape Horn to Cape Town, arriving on approximately 2nd January, 1789. On her return trip she left Cape Town on 20th February, 1789,

her last voyage which was to Norfolk Island to land marines, convicts and stores. The island was reached on 13th March; unloading at Cascade Bay took place on 13th and 14th March, after which the passengers walked across the island to the settlement at Sydney Bay. Heavy weather then kept *Sirius* at sea for four days, but when it improved on the 18th, Captain Hunter lay off Sydney Bay on the south side of Norfolk to land his provisions. As the boats were loading from her, *Sirius* drifted too far into the bay to be able to sail out again and was wrecked on a reef near the settlement. By a hawser with a traveller on it, all were saved through the surf, along with much of the stores and provisions, but *Sirius* herself was a total wreck.

The mainly square-rigged sailing ships of that period couldn't sail as close into the wind or manoeuvre like a modern yacht with fore and aft sails which have a similar aerodynamic effect as an aeroplane wing. While ships of that period could tack with their bows across and into the wind, they often used to wear by falling off the wind and turning round with their stern towards the wind, until the wind blew on their other side, when sailing in a direction towards the wind. Without engines or modern tugboats, changes in wind or current could endanger then when close to land. Captain Hunter and his officers were honourably acquitted of all blame for the ship's loss at a later court martial in England.

Owing to a shortage of ships and food in Sydney, the survivors remained on

Norfolk Island for eleven months before being rescued, arriving in Sydney on 26th February, 1791, and eventually reaching England in April 1792.

My First Fleet ancestor, Frederick Meredith was a crew member on HMS Sirius. As Australia seemed one of his two great loves, he arrived back in the colony among our first free settlers in January, 1793 on the Bellona.

As our Australian nation now faces modern stresses and challenges, which we hope and pray we will overcome and in doing so grow into nationhood, perhaps it is strengthening to remember and think about the difficulties and challenges that our founding families had to contend with and overcome. Our first flagship, HMS Sirius played her noble part in these

historic events. One of her anchors can be seen today in Macquarie Place, close to the heart of Sydney and the Sydney Cove where she swung at anchor in the days before Sydney existed.

Bibliography: *Australian Encyclopædia*, printed by Angus & Robertson, 1925; 1788, *The people of the first fleet*, Don Chapman (Sydney, Doubleday, 1981); *The Sirius letters*, Newton Fowell (1736-1790) (Sydney, The Fairfax Library, 1988); *Phillip of Australia*, M. Barnard Eldershaw (George G. Harrap & Co Ltd., 1938); *Arthur Phillip*, Thea Stanley Hughes (Star Printery Pty. Ltd.)



CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOMED

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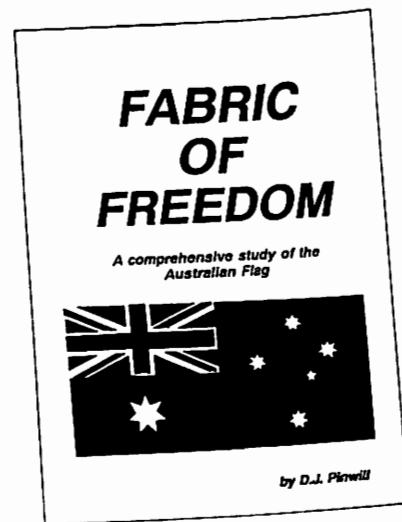

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ON THE CORRUPTION OF CHRISTENDOM BY SENSE-INVERSION (PART I)

by Dr. Geoffrey Dobbs

IT is a much-studied commonplace that languages change with the years, and it seems to be generally assumed that this is a natural and unconscious process, as well it may have been mainly, in the years when language was almost entirely speech, with a relatively small, but influential, topping of written language, familiar only to an educated minority.

Even then, the invention of new words or phrases, or the alteration of meanings, with political or propagandist intent, notably by satirists, is a part of the history of language; but their spread into general acceptance must have been slow, except perhaps among a small fashionable class.

What we have now is a vastly different situation. No generation of men before the last two had ever been subjected to the monstrous, centralised, continual day-in-day-out, night-in-night-out, ear, eye and brain battering of virtually the entire population which now occurs. Most of this is, or contains, language in some form, and that form can be changed and imposed simultaneously and repetitively on most of the people at the will or whim of a few people who control, or have access to, the mass media.

There is a Latin tag: *Daemon est Deus inversus*, with an obvious dualistic or Manichaeian meaning which any Christian must reject; but, that laid aside (since the Devil is in no sense a God, even if inverted, but a subverter of the real, having no creative powers whatever) the phrase can still be useful as a reminder that the spirit of evil inverts the Way, the Truth and the Life of that reality which is God incarnate on this Earth. Milton declared the same truth when he put the terrible words: "Evil, be thou my good!" into the mouth of Satan.

This inversion is to be seen particularly in the changing use of any words which have a good, beneficial,

positive meaning. Consider, for instance, what has happened to the glorious word 'charity' as used in St. Paul's great paean in I Corinthians in the A.V.; and the dreadful phrase: 'as cold as charity' with the modern attitude: 'I don't want your charity!' which has made it seem expedient to drop the word in newer translations. The word is still in use to refer to organisations for collecting money. It is *personal* charity which is derided; and that, in truth, is charity itself. Impersonal 'charity' is something else. Verbs are even more prone to inversion, and especially in connection with religion. 'Prevent us, O Lord in all our doings' meant 'Go before us and help us to follow!' Now it means 'Stop us! Frustrate our every action!' To 'protest' meant to make a formal affirmation of belief; now it means to make a public declaration of dissent and objection. Consider the religious implications of this inversion for the word 'Protestant'!

Can we not see the connection between these verbal changes from positive to negative and the parallel changes in public attitudes? Are the words mere reflections? Are they not themselves powerful factors in those changes?

SELF RIGHTEOUSNESS

Could our society have so easily changed its focus from an affirmative faith to a declamatory howl of 'protest' and a demand for someone else to 'prevent' the multiple evils of our day, if these words had not inverted their meaning? And could this change of focus, from habitual looking towards God and His goodness to constant preoccupation with evil, have been accompanied by that self-righteousness which sees its 'morality' in combating the bad rather than cultivating the good, have happened so widely without the assistance of these inverted words? The

word 'indolent' too, which means without grief or pain (still in medical use, e.g. an indolent tumour, painless) now has the reprehensible meaning of 'slothful'.

Archbishop Trench in his second lecture in *English Past and Present* (Everyman edition) throws light on the origin of the word 'selfish', which was new-minted by the Puritan writers of the 17th century. An alternative put forward by Whitlock in his *Zootomia* (1654) was 'suist' and 'suicism' -- a root which has survived today in the word 'suicide'. Had the word 'suist' survived for what we now call 'selfish' it would carry the meaning of that undue love of self which destroys the true self which it is the will of our Creator to develop to its full potential. 'Selfish' suggests that the self itself is evil and must be hated, frustrated, and must die. Thereby hangs a grim tale of perversion, almost to the worship of suffering for its own sake, of hating our neighbour as ourselves, and of imposing suffering upon others as a 'good' act. Another inversion of the truth helped by words.

This one goes very deep, especially with 'literal verbalists' who take single words in one sense only. In the A.V. (John 12:25) we have: 'He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal.' It is the life, not the self, that is referred to. But in the N.E.B. it is the self: *The man who love himself is lost, but he who hates himself will be kept safe for eternal life.* This seems to me a consolidation of the Puritan error.

So often these words are quoted without the preceding verse: the parable of the grain of wheat which "except it fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." What a superb, apt, and precise analogy! Provided it is taken with normal common sense it should rule out the mis-interpretation of the following verse to anyone who is not determined to detach

the meanings of Holy Writ from reality. We all know that a grain which actually dies produces nothing, but the grain itself must 'die' as a grain. It must split its skin, lose its shape, surrender its substance, cease entirely to be a neat, hard-coated, self-contained, little grain, if it is to give rise to that greater plant which may bear 'much fruit', but which is still its identical and essential self in every cell. What could be more beautifully clear!

Probably the word the inversion of which has had the most appalling consequences in the modern world is the word to *discriminate*. In its primary and essential meaning of to recognise and distinguish different identities it is one of the most vital words in the language. The ability to discriminate between food and poison, between friend and foe, between male and female, between harmless and harmful, is a first necessity for survival for all forms of life.

When it comes to humanity a far more subtle discrimination is required. Life itself is a process of acquiring discrimination and this one word sums up the whole aim of education, physical, mental and spiritual. How terrible is the loss of the power to discriminate between good and evil! Is it surprising that many people can no longer discriminate between love and 'sex', freedom and anarchy, truth and lies?

How comes it that the word *discrimination* now has an evil connotation? It appears to be an ironic inversion of the grossly indiscriminating, crude, largely mythical and violently prejudiced attitude to race developed in Germany under the Nazi regime, which has left the post-war world in a vicious confusion on that subject. With Hitler and Goebbels as the exemplars of what is miscalled 'racial discrimination', people are now crudely and insultingly lumped wholesale by skin-colour as 'black' or 'white' (categories even cruder and more mythical than Hitler's gross lumping of 'Jews', 'Slavs' and 'blacks') and that vulgarity is called 'racial' and dragged into controversy as often as possible.

In truth, proper 'racial discrimination' is the necessary basis of biology. In human affairs it is the first necessity for racial harmony; and in social affairs all possible discrimination is essential for social harmony. In personal affairs it is a

vital constituent of that basis of all harmony we call love.

Yet now its crudely inverted and hateful sense is even incorporated in our law and many of the younger generation have been excluded from understanding the noble and vital meaning of the word 'discrimination'. Worse still, when they come across it in its proper use their minds are smeared with the impression that there is something wrong about accurate discernment of identities, and this perversion has long permeated our whole educational philosophy in so far as it has turned its back on the discernment of what it calls 'facts' and prefers to deal in 'ideas' scarcely or crookedly related to them.

ENTER MARK TWAIN

When we seek the origin of this inversion of meaning, we find, as so often, that it started with a satirist or humorist. Mark Twain (S.L. Clemens) in his *Tramp Abroad* (1880) is given the first quotation in the O.E.D. of the ironic use of the word in the sense of 'discrimination against' (himself). Doubtless he thought of it as a rather witty or whimsical turn of phrase, without dreaming what it could lead to a century later.

Irony -- the use of words in the opposite sense to their established meaning -- for purposes of humour, ridicule, sarcasm or satire, is a dangerous weapon, and immensely fashionable among the writers of this century. All too often it is a cuckoo which tips the real meaning from its nest and takes its place. This is often without the intention of the ironist, but often also with just that intention as a tool in the undermining of good and traditional modes of thought which resist invasion and corruption by self-righteous seekers after new powers.

The satirist or ironist tells himself he is attacking wickedness and corruption. The trouble comes when he, or others, identify the evil with that good reality which has been corrupted, which must therefore be brought down and swept away to make room for the superior good of the satirists' party: a permanent illusion which has bedevilled human history.

Doubtless there are many harmless and some beneficial uses of these verbal

techniques which we all sometimes use: but what Christians have experienced during the last century, and notably the last thirty years in the Western World, is a systematic destruction of the Christian basis of the English language, which was born and has grown under Christendom, and was still a Christian language until recently.

To destroy so great a thing as the Christian Faith it is essential to weaken and if possible invert the meanings of those words and sentences which convey the strength and goodness of that faith. And this has been ruthlessly and systematically done by an army of writers and broadcasters, whose powers over the rest of us have been immensely magnified and multiplied by modern science and technology.

By far the most successful of these assaults upon the language is that which in recent years has taken over the name of feminism. Superficially, this used to appear as a moderate and justifiable insistence on women's right to participate in some activities hitherto mainly or exclusively male, and a just protest against some disgraceful forms of male sexual exploitation; but its modern type, when traced to its recent origins in America, bears a very different face: namely, a bitterly ironic attempt to reformulate the English language as a tool of hatred of fatherhood and masculinity in every form, and the replacement of their inclusive use in language and images by exclusively ambisexual or feminine ones.

In this connection the word inclusive has been inverted. 'Inclusive language' now is used to describe the exclusion of words which convey the primary and deepest meaning of the word 'Man', as in Mankind, which is inclusive of all members of the human race: men, women and children, without reference to sex, age or any other natural characteristic.

Feminists are trying with some success to deprive us of this primary meaning which has been a part of the language since it existed (and even before) and to insist that its secondary, and commonplace, sense of 'adult male' must be its only meaning.

In effect, such feminists verbally exclude women and children from mankind. They have also invented the word sexist which is used to condemn any use of this essential, inclusive and non-sexual sense of 'Man' as if it excluded the female. This, of course, assists in, and is aided by, the degeneration of our education to a point of illiteracy where common words are given a single meaning, and the normal discerning of age-old differences of meaning according to context is regarded as 'academic' and reserved for the 'brainy' or privileged.

It seems seldom to be realised how disastrous this robbery of the language has already been when applied to the language of religion. If generally accepted in the Church it would mean the exclusion of all Christians who cannot accept the belief that the use of the masculine gender in words referring to God implies that He is a male, sexual being, and that therefore we must either switch our imagery to the female sex or to that of some sort of bisexual or hermaphrodite monstrosity.

I do feel that the Church has failed in its teaching in this matter: that the imagery used in the Bible and by Christ Himself in using the verbal masculine gender is the only one possible, in view of the limitations of ourselves, as sexual beings having only two sexes. We have but three pronouns: he, she and it. 'It' is naturally used, for instance, by those who worship an impersonal process called evolution which they have substituted for the personal God, as Creator. As persons themselves, they like to look down on their god, not up. We are left, therefore, only with 'he' and 'she', for the God who is Spirit, who is to be seen as Trinity, beyond sex and beyond our comprehension (as the *Quicunque Vult* tells us, if we would only listen).

It is not only the authority of the Scriptures, but of the divine Act of which they tell and which is the fundament of our faith, namely the Incarnation of God as a Man: first of all in the inclusive sense; secondarily as a male, (as he must be of one sex if He is to be wholly Man), which we cannot abandon without abandoning our Faith.

Consider the alternative: a female Christ, incarnate by a female Holy Ghost

of a female Virgin, and who describes Her Divine Parent as Mother, and Herself (presumably) as the Daughter of Woman. The sexuality of the female is far deeper than that of the male, though no more essential to life, and there is no escape here from a wholly sexual image of God.

C.S. Lewis described God as "masculine to us all"; but if the exaggeration of this metaphor to see Him as an overpoweringly dominant male dictator has led to dreadful male tyrannies in the name of God, how much worse would be the return to the archetype of the devouring Mother-Goddess who destroys the male after she has used him, in a world increasingly pagan. The concept of Creation as some sort of Birth from the Womb of the Great Goddess (or maybe Gaia, the Earth-Mother) leads, and is currently leading to a Pantheistic Nature-Religion, parallel with current worship of the impersonal, evolution process.

ALL THE MAIN ELEMENTS OF THE CHRISTIAN CREEDS ARE EXPUNGED

All the main elements of the Christian Creeds are expunged, all those carefully chosen phrases, hammered out to fix the nearest that language can attain to the truth while avoiding falsehoods on every side, and especially a regression to that ancient, primitive belief in the sexual physical and material process of 'birthing' (to use the feminist jargon) as the ultimate Act of Creation. 'Birthing' is the vital physical part of reproduction; but it is NOT creation, and to substitute it for Creation is to eliminate the Spirit from the genesis of the Universe.

That is clearly the outcome towards which the language of feminism (along with other pagan influences) is leading us: the elimination of our Faith in the priority of the Creator Spirit. And all this, very largely, growing out of the recent discontent of women in their monetary status in a money-dominated world, and the rejection of the age-old inclusive use of masculine words where needed to include all mankind -- a compromise dictated by the nature of the language and of ourselves.

It is the Holy Trinity which saves us from these literal, sexual concepts. Trinity is both a commonplace of our

experience (consider the trinity of matter, space and time) and wholly without sexuality. Being human and sexual we cannot avoid imaging the Infinite in human, therefore quasi-sexual, terms; and we have been clearly instructed to address God as "Our Father", and to think of Him in those terms; but this no more implies that He is a sexual male than the fashionable image of Him as *The Ground of our Being* implies that He consists of soil particles. It is a help, I think, to keep to the convention of a capital H for the pronoun referring to God, to remind ourselves that it has a special meaning, not the same as the everyday 'he'; and the retention of Thou and Thee has the same advantage.

It is inevitable that inversions and perversions of the meanings of good and noble words, when repetitively broadcast both in direct use and by implication and suggestion, must twist the collective thinking of the public away from good and towards evil; and thence follows the public acceptance of evil deeds as well as thoughts. Alas! and Alas! for many of the younger generations much that is evil has become their 'good', and has been so adopted by governments, politicians, and even Church leaders.

Within a generation, the horrible 'Wrong' of abortion has become every young woman's 'Right', to be performed for her by the Healing Services of the State: What our ancestors called 'whoredom' is now acceptable behaviour for the young, and girls are taught that this is a great sexual 'liberation' from the ideal of 'chastity' (now a sneer-word) and raises them to 'equality' with the male lecher (now considered the 'normal' male). The State and its 'health' services encourage this even when advising fewer 'partners' and the use of condoms in view of the lethal AIDS contagion. In many schools 'sex education' excludes such words as 'marriage', 'wife', 'husband' on the pretence that this is impartial as between various beliefs. In fact it is using the language in the promotion of an atheistic, liberal humanism, of recent, massive growth, to eliminate the religion which has made our language, our Constitution, our law, our customs, and indeed, our very landscapes, before debt-money displaced Christianity as the formative faith.

The Act of 1967 which legalised homosexuality between adults in effect 'licensed' these people to form a public, political cult which recruits and defends itself aggressively and is now provided for by public services. They have also stolen and perverted the word 'gay' so that we no longer have an innocent word for 'carefree and merry', especially as seen between the sexes. A major harm inflicted upon others is to that sort of love called 'friendship' between two people of the same sex, which is now smeared with their public suggestions.

It is even suggested now that the customary language which takes for granted the normality of the universal phenomenon of sexual reproduction is an insult to this recent, propagandist cult of sterility. Mobpsychic pressure is being brought to scare people into using the word 'heterosexual' for normal sexuality, which is part of the pressure to trivialise 'sex' as an emotional sport, with abortable embryos as an accidental by-product when played between the sexes.

Lesbianism is now held to be the preferred condition for the more extreme feminist women, who claim a 'right' to produce fatherless children as sole parent, in addition to their 'right' to have them aborted.

"Feminism is the complaint, and lesbianism is the solution." Marriage is defined as the "chief vehicle for the perpetuation of the oppression of women"; also as "legalised prostitution", and "the most degraded (relationship)" -- these quotations are from *A Feminist Dictionary* (Pandora Press, 1985). The word 'lady' is mocked, and all those virtues in which women supply a natural corrective to male coarseness. Decency - "is a rather dirty thing". So now we have drunken girls on the streets, and women rush to see 'raunchy' shows by near-naked men. Equality!

Here again we have "Evil be thou my good" -- the total inversion of the Christian conception of marriage, which has already achieved much of its political aims in the Divorce Laws, the breakdown of families, the growing frequency of abortions, of 'single parent families', the corruption of schoolchildren and the driving of women out of the home into the market as hired labour, which is seen as the norm, whereas formerly, even in

the Depression of the 1930's, one wage earned by the man, normally supported the family. Now it 'normally' requires two, although, since the 1930's, our productive capacity has been technologically multiplied.

FOR THE WORSHIP OF GOD

The key to this is the substitution of the worship of money, in its property of power, for the worship of God, especially as expressed in marital love. Dependence on a loving husband who has to hire himself for money, is feminist slavery. "Without money you are nothing." Status, dignity, life itself, lie in the world of bank-money and careers. To work as a depersonalized, economic unit for some remote board of powerful financiers, or for a State bureaucracy, is seen as freedom and dignity. To work, for love, for her own man and husband and his and her own children, is depicted as degrading and servile.

Thus is love displaced by pride and greed for power in that half of mankind which is the senior in its gift for personal love and the sheet-anchor of our Christian civilisation. That our technological inheritance should provide a living income for all, male or female, is another matter I cannot enter into here. Within living memory one wage normally supported a family. Now, despite the enormous increase in mass-productivity, it requires two, with the children increasingly deprived of their mother's care. This is a recent development, a slavery imposed upon women, not to be confused with the achievement of those who, earlier, had opened to women many trades and professions which were once largely restricted to men.

Ostensibly the main target of feminism is the dominant male, especially as expressed in fatherhood, paternity, patriarchy, patronage, all inverted into hate-words. But the bitterest target is the loving women and wife in the home, the greatest force which holds our society together and keeps it sane. Her love is inverted into servility; her service is reckoned a mere fribble since it is unpaid for in money, but in the rewards of family life, her work for home and family which is the primary work of mankind is subjected to the trivial demands of money-getting which are quite secondary

and artificially imposed by the monetary manipulation of the economy.

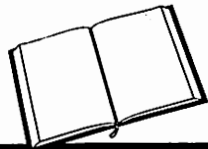
Indeed, in a democracy the entire economy exists to serve the home and the family and not *vice versa*. If the position is reversed, we have a collectivist dictatorship. The driving of women from the home into the labour market is a form of collectivism of which modern feminism is one form. The so-called 'liberation' of the modern woman from virginity, chastity, marital fidelity and even physical fastidiousness, to ape the worst of the male in intimate multicopulatory mixing of body fluids, with their cellular DNA as well as invasive bacteria and viruses, is the most extreme form of collectivism, resembling that of the very simple, primitive organisms. But if 'discrimination' is held to be wrong, what else can we expect?

Though I have depicted here the bitter core of the new feminism which has spread its influence over here from America, that influence now widely permeates our society and our churches, especially among the young who have been given a satiric and ironic image of the past, and suppose it to be the 'norm' from which they have been liberated.

Very largely this cruel destruction of our religion is being achieved by means of the corruption of words, which, of course, is by no means restricted to the feminist field. Neither is the feminist assault prosecuted mainly by women. Its carrying through into action is mostly the work of men, some of whom weakly imagine that they are being 'fair' to women when in fact they are helping to destroy the strength of their feminine nature and substitute a feeble and exploitable proletarianism.

In so far as the re-wording of our language, and especially the Bible and the Prayer Book, in response to feminist pressure, is radically destroying our Faith, as expressed in the Creeds, I have given it priority. Christianity cannot be expressed in feminist language, but that is only one strand in the current corruption and inversion of noble words.

[(to be concluded) From *Theologie Cambreasis*, a journal of Theology for the Church in Wales, Vol. 5, No. 1, Michaelmas 1992]



BOOK REVIEW

A LIFE OF SERVICE

A Biographical Sketch of Errol Solomon Meyers

by Derek Meyers Reviewed by Dan O'Donnell

Medicine, from the beginning of time, has been associated with the higher activities of *homo sapiens*: tending the sick, relieving suffering, consoling and comforting, saving lives. It is the caring profession, its most readily-identifiable qualities being compassion and selfless humanity. The subject of this slim monograph is a worthy representative of the noble calling, Errol Solomon Meyers' lifetime having been devoted to the vocation he loved.

From his birth a decade before federation, until his death a decade after World War II, Professor Meyers was eyewitness and participant in critical developments in medicine in Queensland. His own training was undertaken at Sydney University since Queensland did not have a medical faculty until 1936 (won largely through his own steadfast advocacy). After graduating M.B. in 1914, he served briefly as *locum tenens* at Cooma and Goulburn before appointment as Resident Medical Officer at Brisbane General Hospital in 1915. Next year, after enlisting, he was posted to France with the 41st Battalion (which lost 400 men) and then the 11th Field Ambulance. In the immediate post-war years, he undertook postgraduate work in London, and in 1921, returned to private practice in Brisbane, serving as Visiting Surgeon at the Brisbane General. In 1925, by Act of

Parliament, he became the first licensed teacher of anatomy in Queensland. He was, at the time, a lecturer to dental students, with the Joint Board of Dental Studies. By 1926, he was Senior Visiting Surgeon, the brilliance of his pioneering surgery being documented in numerous case studies in the *Medical Journal of Australia*.

In 1936, Dr. Meyers became inaugural Lecturer in Anatomy and Tutor in Surgery when the Faculty of Medicine was established at the University of Queensland, and in 1941 was elected Dean of the Faculty for the first of thirteen consecutive years. In 1954, ill-health induced him not to stand again. One of his colleagues, the eminent pathologist, Professor J.V. Duhig, was later to observe that "every progressive move came from him" (p. 34): in urology, in cancer treatment of many forms, in surgery on neck, throat and chest. Duhig publicly acclaimed him as "a truly great man" deserving of the accolade of "father of the [Queensland] Medical School".

On numerous occasions, Dr. Meyers' skill as surgeon not only relieved suffering but prolonged the lives of patients regarded as incurable by his colleagues. Duhig made specific reference to his treatment of patients with cancer of neck and throat which "brought some relief to the utterly forlorn". Another colleague, Dr. E.D. Ahern, the first Queensland ever to become president of the Royal

Australasian College of Surgeons (in June 1993, Dr. David Theile will be the second), drew attention to his rare moral courage and total commitment to the highest medical ideals in undertaking surgery which others "squibbed". (p. 17)

The Royal Commissions of 1930 (into Queensland Public Hospitals) and 1931 (into the death of Thomas Flynn) -- both of enormous importance in Queensland's medical history -- left their own cruel mark on his life, but not on his memory. Both merit closer scrutiny by medical historians, "the bitter and unjustifiable attacks" (to use the words of Sir Clarence Leggett) on the medical profession providing a revealing mirror of the life and times. From 1957, Errol Solomon Meyers has been honoured annually by the University of Queensland's "E.S. Meyers Memorial Lecture", the list of distinguished orators including like-minded citizens of quality such as Sir Percy Spender (1970), Professor Sir Gustav Nossal (1987), Dr. Victor Chang (1988) and Sir Edmund Hilary (1992). Here was a good man.

(Published by the author, son of Professor E.S. Meyers, and obtainable from him at 201 Wickham Tce, Brisbane, Qld. 4000.)

CORRECTION: In the last issue of *Heritage* we misspelled name of the author of the article "The Importance of the British Monarchy". We sincerely apologise to Lord Sudeley for this mistake. Lord Sudeley is Vice-Chancellor of The Monarchist League and President of the Monday Club in the United Kingdom. He is also Lay Patron of the Prayer Book Society, occasional lecturer, author (jointly) of *The Sudeleys - Lords of Toddington*, and contributor to various periodicals.

? DID YOU KNOW ?

The editor invites contributions for this general-interest section.

DOES IT TALLY?

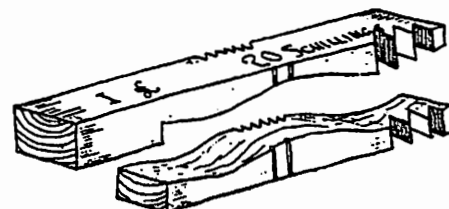
On ascending the throne in 1100 AD Henry I of England found the treasury empty; the crusades to the Holy Land had exhausted most of the nation's supply of gold and silver coins. With the treasury empty and his needs great, Henry came up with a plan which, with a few refinements, remained in effect for over 700 years. He issued "tally sticks". One half remained in the treasury and the other

half was given to soldiers for their pay, to farmers for wheat, to armourers for armour and to labourers for their labour.

The circulating halves were returned to the treasury by way of tax payments. Woe unto the taxpayer whose tally stick did not match the half stored in the treasury -- counterfeiters lost their heads! The wood grain, the notches and the ink all had to match; it had to 'tally',

which is what gave it the name.

The British Parliament abolished the use of 'tallies for taxes' in 1783.



TALLY STICK



PRINCE CHARLES DEFENDS FRENCH RURAL CULTURE

IN a display of the independence of thought for which he has become noted, Prince Charles defended French rural culture, raising the question, "Because of the imperatives of trade, and the unyielding rigours of 'comparative advantage', do we really need to compress the traditions and vitality of rural life and culture into the straight-jacket of an industry like any other?"

Prince Charles was speaking in Paris on 4th December, 1991, on the occasion of his admission to the Academie des Sciences Morales et Politiques.

Membres de l'Academie, Messieurs, Mesdames,

It is a very great privilege to have been invited to become your foreign associate member, and I am deeply grateful to the Academie for the honour you have bestowed on me. I only hope that by the end of these proceedings you will not have regretted your decision! Deciding what I should say to you this morning has not, as you can perhaps imagine, been an easy task. "Don't mention the GATT negotiations," I was told, "or the Community budget; or Maastricht; or sheep meat." I do not always do as I am told, but I thought that today I might talk a little about other things: about knowledge, about the use we make of it, and about the use we ought to be making of it.

We are meeting, I believe, at a momentous period in human history. As a lately evolving species in the majesty of creation, we now have two unique qualities. We have the power to transform the very lifeblood of the earth, and the wisdom to recognise and reflect on that power. And yet, precisely at the time when the human spirit should be opening out to embrace the dramatic changes which are taking place in the scientific, intellectual and sociological contours of our lives, life is still going on almost exactly as it did before; indeed, our innate, inherited wisdom tells us that there is a sense of dislocation between our **knowledge** and the manner in which we are **responding** to that knowledge. What are the realities of contemporary life, as our knowledge and the technical means now available to refine and communicate that knowledge, reveal them to us?

- A decade of authoritative reports, culminating in the Earth Summit held in Rio in June of this year, has revealed what some of us have long feared, that the resources of our planet are being so used and misused that mankind is no longer living off the interest of the Earth, but off its capital.
- We continue to base our economic practices on the pursuit of growth, in a manner which is not only unsustainable in ecological terms, but also incurs a host of other costs: growing wealth differentials, an unhealed divide between North and South, an horrendous debt burden, the creation of an under class in many industrialised countries, and the prospect of chronic unemployment, especially among the young, continuing indefinitely into the future.
- At the social level, we are wrestling with universal problems of urban growth and rootlessness, depressingly illustrated by the indices of social despair, drug addiction, alcoholism, mental illness, and violence.

Ecologically, economically, and socially, the empirical evidence of unprecedented difficulties ahead seems irrefutable. If we are to change our ways, to follow the agrarian and industrial revolutions with what one might call a sustainability revolution, we have less than a generation to establish its essential credentials. To suppose anything else is to ignore reality and to neglect our responsibilities towards those who come after us.

WISDOM OF PHILOSOPHERS

And yet I do not think I am alone in believing that the evidence is being ignored, that people are reluctant to rock the boat for fear of spilling themselves out into a hostile sea, along with all the illusory baggage of life with which we now encumber ourselves. There is a disturbing readiness to rule out precautionary action in favour of waiting until disaster occurs -- and then inadequately and belatedly trying to pick up the pieces.

I thought I might illustrate what I am trying to say by looking at one or two areas in which this sense of dislocation strikes me as both obvious and disturbing. The first -- and perhaps the most dangerous to address before this distinguished gathering -- is that of contemporary thought.

The classical philosophers, it always seemed to me, displayed a great deal of wisdom, even if their technical knowledge was later shown to be seriously flawed. Aristotle's view of the Earth as the hub of a series of concentric shells which fitted inside each other and rotated at different speeds provided a framework for a comfortable -- and in many ways beneficial -- belief that the Planet Earth, and the human race, were at the heart of all existence.

This basic concept remained dominant until the middle of the 16th century. Then came Columbus, demonstrating that the World was not flat after all; Copernicus, who confirmed that the earth rotated round a stationary sun rather than *vice versa*, and of course, Galileo. The Age of Reason was with us. René Descartes' view that

everything in the world apart from the human mind was lifeless clockwork gained general currency.

Today the scientific revolution of the 16th and 17th centuries is recognised as having been incomplete, in that it was mechanistic, atomistic, and took no account of the historical context. And yet, even though the gradual development of the quantum theory over the last 70 years has done so much to show that the Cartesian approach was scientifically as well as spiritually incomplete, virtually every Western institution continues to function on the tried and tested "enlightenment model".

LITTLE SEEMS TO CHANGE

In fact, contemporary science is revealing a world based on interconnectedness rather than separation, on relatedness rather than the distinct atomistic entities favoured by the rationalists. Those reassuring atoms of old-style materialism -- hard, permanent particles of matter moving around in a void -- simply don't exist. Instead, we have to come to terms with wave packets, quarks and cosmic super string! Translated, this means that Science has definitively demonstrated the dangerous limitations of Descartes' dualistic vision of mind and body. Science commentators tell us about these findings with all the awe and wonder they deserve, making clear that they should be revolutionising the way in which we think. But, in practice, little seems to change!

Does it really matter, one might ask, if the implications of this post-Cartesian consensus are being extensively ignored? It might not, but for the fact that the workings of human society are so profoundly influenced by prevailing scientific orthodoxy.

The birth of modern science was, after all, accompanied by the birth of the spirit of capitalism. Adam Smith's model of progress based upon each individual maximising his or her self-interest to ensure the prosperity of all has fared better in the test of time than Karl Marx's alternative -- a system which has never come close to creating a free or classless society in which the oppressive organs of the state would wither away.

There is much empirical evidence, nonetheless, that we need to move on from Smith's concept of society seen simply as an arbitrary aggregate of individuals held together by no more than a Lockean sense of "social contract". But has anyone given serious thought to the political implications of leaving behind the atomistic view of human relations which has prevailed throughout the industrial era? If individuals must now be seen as unique but integral parts of the whole, are not many of the economic and social premises on which our models of progress today are based severely flawed?



Then, of course, there is the question of our traditions, our familiar values. Before our very eyes, much that we know to be of importance is destroyed, undermined, and replaced in the name of scientific progress. And yet one cannot help wondering whether, for example, it really has been necessary -- in my own country at least -- for us to deny our children the same opportunity to read, write and appreciate their literary heritage that was available to their predecessors, simply because the human intellect has decided that it knows more about education than it thought it did thirty years ago.

THE SCRAP HEAP OF HISTORY

In the architectural sector, we now have at our disposal materials which make possible the engineering of buildings of the most remarkable shapes and sizes. But does this, when combined with the existence of a generation of architects often as interested in making statements about themselves as in creating fine buildings, mean that the wisdom, balance, humility, and reverence of previous builders have to be cast onto the scrap heap of history?

Because of the imperatives of trade, and the unyielding rigours of 'comparative advantage' do we really need to compress the traditions and vitality of rural life and culture into the straightjacket of an industry like any other?

One of the joys for me of being in France is that you have a particularly strong sense of those traditions -- and of the ultimate cost to the human spirit of unrelenting migration from the countryside to the big cities. France, it seems to me, sets the rest of us an inspiring example of civilised values perpetuated and nurtured within an overall **cultural** approach to life and underpinned, I believe, by giving due importance to the kind of rural traditions without which it would be impossible to enjoy a way of life that recognizes (both in the countryside **and** in the town) the importance of elements in our lives which enrich and enoble us, but which are not "cost-effective" in strictly economic terms. Guy de Maupassant described the essence of this culture far more eloquently than I ever could, when he wrote in *Le Horla* one hundred years ago of "... ces profondes et délicates (racines) ses aieux, qui l'attachent à ce que l'on pense et à ce que l'on mange, aux usages comme aux nourritures, aux locutions locales, aux intonations des paysans, aux odeurs du sol, des villages et de l'air lui-même". (I like this part of the country; I am fond of living here because I am attached to it by deep roots.) the profound and delicate roots which attach a man to the soil on which his ancestors were born and died, to their traditions, their usages, their food, the local expressions, the peculiar language of the peasants, the smell of the soil, the hamlets, and to the atmosphere itself. [*Bel ami and short stories*, Vol. III of *Masterpieces of Maupassant* (Heron Books), p. 213; translator unknown]

In each of the areas I have touched upon -- contemporary thought, traditional values and culture -- there is evidence, in my view, of society being fully aware of a new set of realities but failing, so far, to match that awareness with an appropriate response. It is as if we have succeeded in inventing new hardware, but have not so far found the right software to make it function. Our arrogance inflated by the enlightenment,

and by the belief that we have all the answers and can pull any levers we wish, we have discarded our old cosmology, alienating ourselves, to a large extent, from God, from nature, and from our roots. But we have yet to define a new cosmology, a proper sense of purpose.

This is, it seems to me, a fitting challenge for all that talent within the intellectual elite of Western society which has spent the last few decades engaged in intensive but now, surely, fruitless debate about the intricacies of Marxist theory.

Is there not now a need to confront the realities of the post-Marxist world in a constructive and purposeful way; and to convince those communities which have only recently signed up for western liberal democracy that they have indeed made the right choice, despite the shortages, the cruel pressures of consumerism, and the painful process of adjustment to a new way of life?

The scientists will be glad to point the way, with their theories of interconnectedness, purposeful evolution, and quantum physics. But it is not always necessary to complicate the vision. Time after time astronauts have drawn on their unique experiences to provide valuable insight for political leaders, encouraging them to see that the planet we share unites us in a far more basic and important way than any differences of colour, creed or geography divide us.

TOO BEAUTIFUL HAVE HAPPENED ACCIDENT

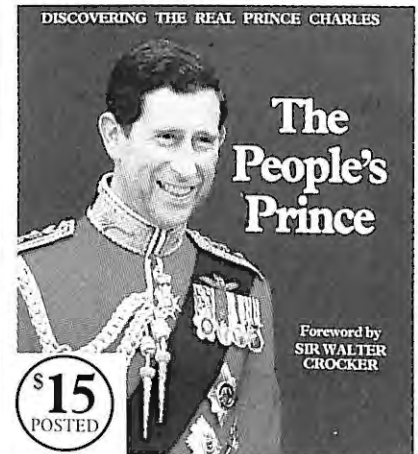
As an example, I should like to quote you a few words from Gene Cernan, who had the privilege to be the last man to walk on the moon in 1972. "We stood in the blue darkness and looked in awe at the earth from the lunar surface," he wrote. "What I saw was almost too beautiful to grasp. There was too much logic, too much purpose -- it was too beautiful to have happened by accident."

We are looking, it seems to me, for a new philosophy based not only on seeking a proper balance between the information that is now at our disposal and how we should respond to it, but also on a proper sense of responsibility, or reverence, for the planet we have inherited and are charged with handing on in good repair to our successors. We are talking not of philanthropy or charity, but of hard-nosed, self-interested action by the human race, designed to do no less than ensure the future survival of the species.

In the process, I hope we shall not forget that the stock of what I will call human wisdom is much the same today as it was in Aristotle's day; that we neglect at our peril the human and spiritual dimensions of the values and traditions which have been handed down to us over the generations. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry had none of the scientific evidence of interconnectedness at his disposal when he wrote *Terre des Hommes*, but I should like to leave to him the responsibility of summarising

the essence of what I have been trying to say today: "*On meurt pour une cathédrale, non pour des pierres. On meurt pour un peuple, non pour une foule. On meurt par amour de l'Homme, s'il est clef de voute d'un Communauté. On meurt pour celà seul dont on peut vivre.*" [One dies for a cathedral, not for rocks. One dies for a people, not for a crowd. One dies for love of Mankind if that is the keystone of a communal society. One dies for that alone by which one is able to live.]

A collector's item of major addresses by Prince Charles



What emerges from a study of Prince Charles' speeches is a most cultured and literate man with a very deep concern about what is happening to Western Civilisation. Dispels the current media hype about the man behind the alleged Royal Crisis. A publishing first.

Available from the Australian Heritage Society
(see address details inside front cover)

Why


for Clare

by

Nigel Jackson

*Why with your brooding gaze and freckle grin
Do you casually greet me as I move away
From the long, bare no-man's-land of desks,
Unaware of your judging presence?*

*Is it just comradeship, goodwill and care?
Or do you mind to lead me in pitch darkness
Along a winter trail even the goats avoid
To a secret hut high on some stony tor
Where the dry wood bursts into brilliant flame
And the owl hoots ancient, biting wizardries
Some other where and when?*



BOOKS

THAT SHOULD NOT BE FORGOTTEN

DODIE SMITH'S I CAPTURE THE CASTLE

by Nigel Jackson

HE laughed and said I was a complete joy to him -- sometimes so old for my age and sometimes so young. (page 321)

That is how Cassandra Mortmain, one of the most endearing heroines of modern romantic fiction, reports the response of one of her three admirers in this charming novel which was first published in 1949. She has recently turned eighteen. He was right.

Seven months earlier Cassandra began the journal which constitutes this novel. In bleak March weather she was sitting in the kitchen sink of her strange and dilapidated home in Suffolk. "The house itself was built in the time of Charles II, but it was grafted on to a fourteenth-century castle that had been damaged by Cromwell. The whole of our east wall was part of the castle; there are two round towers in it. The gatehouse is intact and a stretch of the old walls at their full height joins it to the house. And Belmonte Tower, all that remains of an even older castle, still stands on its mound close by." (8)

She quickly introduces us to her older sister. "Rose looks particularly fetching by firelight because she is a pinkish person; her skin has a pink glow and her hair is pinkish gold, very light and feathery. Although I am rather used to her I know she is a beauty. She is nearly twenty-one and very bitter with life." (7) This duo of sisters are literary descendants of Jane Austen's Elizabeth and Jane Bennet, and Dodie Smith is quick to make explicit her debt to *Pride and Prejudice*. Later Cassandra reminisces about herself and Rose as "two Bronte-Jane Austen girls, poor but spirited, two Girls of Godsend Castle". (189) However, in this case, the older sister is sharp, ruthless and worldly -- without being vicious. She does share Jane Bennet's relatively shallow nature, though.

Like *Pride and Prejudice*, but on a less ambitious literary scale, this novel is a study of courtship and of some of the



The author Dodie Smith at twenty-five.

rites of passage of maidens leaving their girlhood behind. Some adult relationships are thrown in by way of contrast.

The character of Cassandra, deep, witty, ardent and cheerful, is the quintessential element of the novel and provides its essential spirit of youthful happiness. Yes, Cassandra is a happy person. Commenting on Rose and their stepmother, Topaz, she writes: "I feel quite unreasonably happy this minute, watching them both." (10) She can feel this despite the family's grinding poverty and the apparent hopelessness of their prospects. Later in the novel Cassandra resurrects a beautiful old English word: "Rose and Topaz are spring-cleaning the drawing room. They are being wonderfully blithe -- when I dwindled away from them Rose was singing 'The Isle of Capri' very high and Topaz was singing 'Blow the Man down' very low. The morning is blithe too." (39) And so is the novel.

Cassandra has a deep love of England and English history, as well as of literature. Of Rose she comments: "England isn't one of her special things in the way it is mine -- oh, not flags and Kipling and outposts of Empire and such, but the country and London and houses like Scoatney. Eating bread-and-cheese at an inn felt most beautifully English." (144) Because she is both young and a woman (and perhaps because her creator is a woman), she underestimates the importance of the Empire, the flag and Kipling, of course; and she fails to see that they are just as much a part of the glory of England as the items which have captured her heart.

She is not only a budding intellectual; she is also a very psychically sensitive young girl. She listens at one stage to the village schoolchildren singing 'Sumer is Icumen in', which she tells us is her favourite tune. "When I learnt it at school it was part of a lesson on Chaucer and Langland, and that was one of the few times when I had a flash of being back in the past. While I listened to Miss Marcy's children singing, I seemed to capture everything together -- mediæval England, myself at ten, the summers of the past and the summer really coming. I can't imagine ever feeling happier than I did for those moments -- and while I was telling myself so, Simon said: 'Did anything as beautiful as this ever happen before?'" (145) There are many examples of synchronicity in the novel; its significance (see Carl Jung's book on the subject) was obviously well understood by Dodie Smith, whose autobiography *Look Back with Love* must make interesting reading.

Cassandra's depth of intuition enables her to have a very long view into history. Near to the ruined castle-cum-farmhouse is a very ancient earthworks, on which is a bailey (small plateau) and motte (small mound). On the motte stands the ruined tower known locally as Belmonte Tower. Cassandra tells us: "No one really knows the origin of the name 'Belmonte' ... the Vicar believes ...

it is from Bel the sun god, whose worship was introduced by the Phoenicians, and that the mound was raised so that Midsummer Eve votive fires could be lit there. ... Anyway, the mound is a very good place to worship both sun and stars from. I do a little worshipping there myself when I get time." (37)

It is this ancient perspective to the beautiful religion of our pre-Christian ancestors that provides the answer to Simon's question: "What is it about the English countryside -- why is the beauty so much more than visual? Why does it **touch** one so?" (141) The response that Dodie Smith gives to Cassandra is inadequate: "Perhaps he finds beauty saddening -- I do myself sometimes. Once when I was quite little I asked Father why this was and he explained that it was due to our knowledge of beauty's evanescence, which reminds us that we ourselves shall die." The truth is that in the far past Britain was one of the great spiritual sanctuaries of the world and that echoes of this glory linger. There is a most extensive literature on this British mysteries tradition, which has probably been called into being by the dire plight of the British people as they struggle to overthrow the grip of that invading alien culture which Clifford Douglas described so succinctly in his 1945 book *The Brief for the Prosecution*. John Michell's *New Light on the Ancient Mystery of Glastonbury* (Gothic Image Publications, UK, 1990) is a good example. Iman Wilkens' *Where Troy once stood* (Rider, UK, 1990) is another, locating Homer's tragic city close to Cambridge and providing sound reasons for doing so. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* is the pre-eminent fictional reworking of the "Matter of Britain".

Cassandra tells us: "I love the special days of the year -- St. Valentine's, Hallowe'en; Midsummer Eve most of all. A May Day that feels as it sounds is rare." (129) One of the most enchanting sequences of *I capture the castle* takes place at Belmotte Tower on Midsummer Eve (the year is in the mid-1930's). Cassandra and Rose had first held their midsummer rites when they were nine and thirteen apiece, Cassandra having got the idea from a book on folklore. They would gather wildflowers, wear garlands of wild roses, bake and eat a special cake and dance around a votive fire. This was lit by a taper in lieu of needfire. The girls also poured libations of wine, used salt to ward off bad luck,

burned herbs as a charm against sorcery and then drank port.

On this particular Midsummer Eve, however, Cassandra had been left on her own and it turned out to be a magic day for her. Touches of precognition and far memory can be noted in her account of the morning: "The castle seemed to be mine in a way it never had been before; the day seemed specially to belong to me; I even had a feeling that I owned myself more than I usually do. ... All day long I had a sense of great ease and spaciousness. And my happiness had a strange, remembered quality as though I had lived it before. ... that utterly right, homecoming sense of recognition. ... the whole day was like an avenue



The kitchen in the Castle. From a drawing by Ruth Steed based on sketches by the Author.

leading to a home I had loved once but forgotten." This is the often attested *déjà vue* experience. (194)

Dodie Smith deals most tastefully and gracefully with Cassandra's growing discovery of her own sexual glamour and feelings: "I had a sudden longing to lie in the sun with nothing on. I never felt it before. ... exciting in some mysterious way I couldn't explain to myself ... What a difference there is between wearing even the skimpiest bathing-suit and wearing nothing! After a few minutes I seemed to live in every inch of my body as fully as I usually do in my head and my hands and my heart. ... and suddenly the whole of me thought that Topaz's nonsense about communing with nature isn't nonsense at all. ... My kind of nature-worship has always had to do with magic and folklore, though sometimes it turned a bit holy. This was nothing like that. I expect it was what Topaz means by 'pagan' ... it was thrilling." (195)

What is to be noticed here is the wholesomeness of Cassandra's experience, in which incipient sexual ecstasy is felt as being in complete harmony with the rest of her being and with the living world around her. It was not surprising that her state of exaltation acted magnetically to attract one of her admirers, with whom, for the rest of the evening, she interacted with fullness and ease. Eventually she had to give "the farewell call", a wordless cry, and knew that it was "for ever this time, not just for a year"; another rite of passage is being accomplished. (205) Later she dances, kisses, finds herself in love for the first time -- the most important experience in the novel. "All I can recall is happiness, happiness in my mind and in my heart and flowing through my whole body, happiness like the warm cloak of sunlight that fell round me on the tower. It was a darkness too." (210)

These experiences and beliefs are not seen by Dodie Smith as antipathetic to Christianity. On the contrary, another endearing feature of the novel is its presentation of the local Vicar of Godsend as a thoroughly likeable and very admirable man. "He is the nicest man -- about fifty, plump, with curly golden hair; rather like an elderly baby -- and most unholy. Father once said to him: 'God knows how you came to be a clergyman.' And the Vicar said: 'Well, it's His business to know.'" (107) There is a subtle element in the narration here: Dodie Smith expects us to grasp the real truth about the Vicar, which Cassandra is too immature and inexperienced to be able to formulate. It is not that he is not holy -- far from it! -- but that he is not sanctimonious.

Neither is he a puritan or a prude. At one stage he picks up a salacious novel belonging to a sophisticated and sensual photographer, Leda Fox-Cotton, and reads a few pages, not without some enjoyment. "'Mrs. Fox-Cotton said that was no book for little girls,' I told him. 'It's no book for little vicars,' he said, chuckling."

Examples of his kindness, often unostentatious and hardly noticed, abound. He gives fifteen year-old Thomas, Cassandra's brother, a year's ticket for the train to ensure this bright lad can attend school. He buys a rug from the family as a concealed donation to their income. Cassandra's father, James Mortmain, a formerly successful author who appears to have lost all inspiration and drive, is more than a

little misanthropic; yet the Vicar has managed to establish a friendship with him. He can perceive Cassandra's less striking beauty (in comparison with that of Rose) and praise it accurately at the right moment: "You're the insidious type -- Jane Eyre with a touch of Becky Sharp. A thoroughly dangerous girl." (107) He is a "comfortable sort of man" who "makes people laugh without saying anything very funny". This tells us, of course, that he is extremely perceptive of other people and their needs and very charitable in his responses. He gives the girls port wine each year for their midsummer rites, which shows a refreshing tolerance and breadth of vision.

An important conversation between Cassandra and this engaging cleric occurs in Chapter 13. She is very depressed at this juncture, something which the Vicar at once sees and to which he responds so tactfully that she does not realise what he has done. Not only does he at once stop work when she arrives, make a fire and bring out biscuits and madeira wine, but he also talks most wisely and adroitly about religion. He tells her that "religion has a chance of a look-in whenever the mind craves solace in music or poetry -- in any form of art at all. Personally, I think it is an art, the greatest one; an extension of the communion all the other arts attempt." And of the word 'God' he comments: "It's merely shorthand for where we come from, where we're going, and what it's all about." (222) And he gives Cassandra some good advice of which she at once makes effective use: "If any -- well, unreligious person, needed consolation from religion, I'd advise him or her to sit in an empty church. Sit, not kneel. And listen, not pray. Prayer's a very tricky business. ... the whole secret of prayer is knowing the machine's full ... By filling it oneself ... with faith." (223)

It is worth observing the impact of this gentle and unfanatical approach on an intelligent teenager: "I thought what a good man he is, yet never annoyingly holy. And it struck me for the first time that if such a clever, highly educated man can believe in religion, it is almost impudent of an ignorant person like me to feel bored and superior about it." (223) In the empty church Cassandra later recalls Vaughan's line 'There is in God (some say) a deep but dazzling darkness'; and later still, she records, she "suddenly knew that religion, God -- something beyond everyday life -- was

there to be found, provided one is really willing." (225, 232)

Yet *I capture the castle* is not overly sentimental or maudlin. Cassandra then penetrates to a certain deficiency in both the Vicar and Miss Marcy (the fading spinster schoolteacher). Both characters have been subtly shown to be **sexual failures**, although human successes. It is very important for healthy and vigorous teenagers of both sexes to be



The girl's bedroom in the castle. From a drawing by Ruth Steed based on sketches by the Author.

able to make such a distinction. Meditates Cassandra: "The Vicar and Miss Marcy had managed to by-pass the suffering that comes to most people -- he by his religion, she by her kindness to others. And it came to me that if one does that, one is liable to miss too much along with the suffering -- perhaps, in a way, life itself. Is that why Miss Marcy seems so young for her age -- why the Vicar, in spite of all his cleverness, has that look of an elderly baby?" (233) A comparable hard-headed realism is shown in Dodie Smith's resolute refusal to make the novel end happily for every likeable character, and her associated refusal to reward all acts of virtue.

Cassandra also has an unwanted suitor, Stephen Colly, and has to learn how to handle his unfortunate devotion, just as he has to learn to accept his inevitable disappointment. His character is sympathetically and convincingly drawn: "He has lived with us ever since he was a little boy -- his mother used to be our maid, in the days when we could still afford one, and when she died he had nowhere to go. He grows vegetables for us and looks after the hens and does a thousand odd jobs -- I can't think how we should get on without him. He is eighteen now, very fair and noble-looking; but his expression is just a fraction daft. He has

always been rather devoted to me; Father calls him my swain. He is rather how I imagine Silvius in *As you like it* -- but I am nothing like Phebe?." (12)

Actually there is rather more to Stephen than that. He has great integrity and a seriousness that has been forced on him by his orphaning. One of the few horrifying moments in the novel comes when he tells Cassandra of his temporary corruption: "Things like that happen when you're in love with the wrong person. Worse things. Things you never forgive yourself for." (274) And perhaps the saddest moment in the novel is when Cassandra watches him take farewell of his tiny room before leaving Godsend Castle for ever.

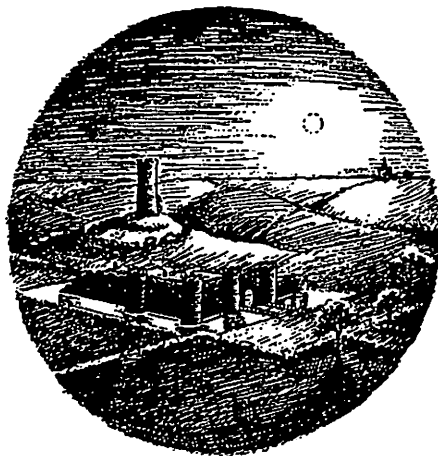
It is mainly through Stephen that Cassandra learns about the ugliness of sex misdirected. "He looked at me, right into my eyes. That queer, veiled expression in his -- that I fear I used to call his daft look -- was suddenly not there; there seemed to be a light in them and yet I have never seen them look so dark. And they were so direct that it was more like being touched than being looked at. It only lasted a second, but for that second he was quite a different person -- much more interesting, even a little bit exciting." (100) Though not the right match for her, he has roused the sexual feeling in her that she does not yet understand or associate with the 'facts of life', with which Topaz has acquainted her. Later still Cassandra leads Stephen on to kiss her sensually in the nearby wood, and discovers what a bad error this is. Authenticity in the love relationship is a major theme of the novel.

James Mortmain is more successfully drawn as a morose and mostly useless father than as a great author. The accounts of his best-seller *Jacob Wrestling* and of his "philosophy of search-creation" which he calls Enigmatism seem a bit contrived. So is the character of his second wife, Topaz, a theatrical grotesque (Dodie Smith wrote several successful plays before this first of her five novels). Much labour is expended on fleshing out the comic-romantic personality of this exquisitely beautiful former artist's model who is a near-albino and who constantly affects an intellectuality. It is doubtful whether she fully comes alive as a convincingly created person, however; although her gently loving and earthily sexy presence is an important contributor to the overall tone of the

novel. In that respect she is rather like an incarnation of the Great Goddess: a slightly vacuous, bohemian Demeter or Cassandra's Persephone.

One clever device incorporated by Dodie Smith is Miss Blossom. She is "a dressmaker's dummy of most opulent figure with a wire skirt round her one leg. We are a bit silly about Miss Blossom -- we pretend she is real. We imagine her to be a woman of the world, perhaps a barmaid in her youth. She says things like 'Well, dearie, that's what men are like' and 'You hold out for your marriage lines.'"

Let us take farewell of Cassandra in the nearby great home of Scoatney Hall, which Simon Cotton has inherited. She is watching the dancing after her first dinner party there. "The hall was very dimly lit, the oak floor looked dark as water by night. I noticed the mysterious old-house smell again but mixed with



Godsend Castle and Belmole Tower

Mrs. Fox-Cotton's scent -- a rich, mysterious scent, not a bit like flowers. I leaned against the carved banisters and listened to the music and felt quite different from any way I have ever felt before -- softer, very beautiful and as if a great many men were in love with me and I might very easily be in love with them." (117) She was right in more ways than one. While this is a near-perfect novel for teenage girls, it has appeal for both sexes and readers of all ages; and I am sure that many male readers have, like me, fallen blissfully beneath Cassandra's spell.

Note: The novel may still be available from William Heinemann in hardcover. This essay was prepared from the 1963 324-page Peacock paperback published by Penguin. Dodie Smith later metamorphosed parts of the novel into a play of the same name which was first performed at the Aldwych Theatre in London in 1954; it was published in an acting edition by Samuel French.

HERITAGE SOCIETY SEMINAR

held at the historic
ROSE & CROWN HOTEL
GUILDFORD, WESTERN AUSTRALIA

With the theme of "The Challenge to Retain Our Heritage", the Heritage Society held a most successful seminar and dinner at the historic Rose & Crown Hotel, Guildford, Western Australia on 28th August, 1993.

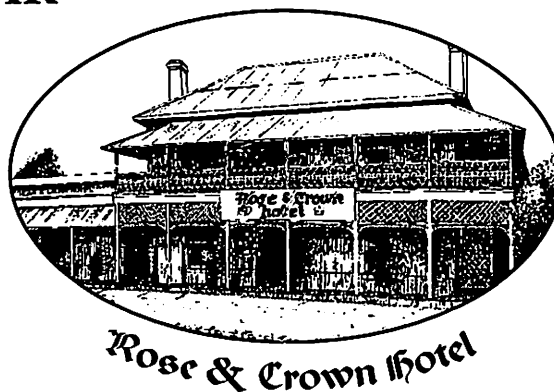
There was a keen interest expressed in the concept of a seminar based on our heritage. Many supporters had expressed their concern at the direction the nation was taking and came looking for answers. They came from all walks of life and many travelled long distances to attend.

In his introduction, Robert Nixon, W.A. State Director of the Australian League of Rights, discussed the danger of using power in attempting to solve political problems. Mrs. Betty Luks, editor of the Heritage journal, looked at the Monarchy/Republic debate from a woman's view and David Thompson, National Director of the Australian League of Rights, presented an in-depth paper on the issues of Mabo, the High Court and the Constitution.

Audio tapes of seminar available from:

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Rose & Crown Hotel

THE ROSE & CROWN HOTEL in Guildford was built by Thomas Jecks in 1840. The building of all brick construction of Colonial Georgian style, was erected in the early 1840's not long after Guildford was first settled. With stables located at the rear of the building, the establishment was first used as a Public House and Coaching Inn, from Perth to the country. Alterations were done in the 1850's, 1880's and 1976, the latter to keep up with the present-day liquor licensing regulations. The Rose & Crown was used as a public meeting place in the absence of a public hall and meetings of the Town Trust, Local Court and the Agricultural Society were held there in the early days. Extensive cellars are located beneath the building and from those a tunnel was constructed to the bank of the Swan River, less than half a kilometre away. This was used as a direct means of delivery of requisites brought to Guildford by boat. The tunnel is no longer used and has been sealed off for a number of years. One of the cellars has a well sunk into the floor which supplied water for all the hotel requirements such as cooking, bathing, drinking and the brewing of ale.

Mr. Jecks, who was the first owner of the Rose & Crown Hotel arrived in 1839 to open a general store. At the time of construction Thomas' brother fell from the high-pitched roof to his death; the roof was constructed in such a manner in case of "snowfalls", and the original shingles are still in place under the tin roof.

The Rose & Crown is the oldest hotel operating in Western Australia and one of the oldest in Australasia. The building is registered with the National Trust. To keep up with the times there are 28 modern motel units and a swimming pool. Many functions in the summer months are held in the shady gardens and a gazebo has been constructed next to the first rose bush planted in Western Australia. The camel stables house a craft shop and linen shop at the rear of the Rose & Crown and adjoining the large parking area is the Hall Collection Museum, the largest in the southern hemisphere with some 25,000 items.

A further note concerning
'THE CROWN AND NORTH AUSTRALIA

In *Heritage*, issue No. 67, we published an article by Mr. K.T. Borrow entitled "The Crown and North Australia".

Mr. Borrow has drawn the following notice to our attention; below the notice is his response to it.

**ABORIGINAL RIGHTS AND ISSUES
-OPTIONS FOR ENTRENCHMENT**

**CALL FOR SUBMISSIONS ON DISCUSSION PAPER NO. 6
LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY OF THE
NORTHERN TERRITORY SESSIONAL COMMITTEE ON
CONSTITUTIONAL DEVELOPMENT**

On 4 December 1990 the Legislative Assembly reconstituted the Sessional Committee on Constitutional Development to inquire into, report and make recommendations to the Legislative Assembly on a constitution for the Northern Territory.

As part of the process of framing a draft constitution the Committee has prepared a number of discussion and information papers relating to the proposed contents of a constitution for the Northern Territory. The papers are intended to promote community discussion and to serve as the basis for informed debate.

The discussion paper on "Aboriginal Rights and Issues - Options for Entrenchment" is another one in the series. The paper considers the question of whether Aboriginal Rights should be constitutionally recognised in some way in the Northern Territory and the options for doing this.

The Committee invites any interested person or organisation wishing to express views on this matter to lodge a submission with Mr Rick Gray, the Executive Officer.

Copies of the paper or the Committee's other discussion and information papers relating to aspects of Northern Territory constitutional development can be obtained from:

The Executive Officer
Sessional Committee on Constitutional Development
GPO Box 3721
DARWIN NT 0801

Phone (089) 461 480

Fax (089) 412 558

558 Mr. Borrow's response:

Dear Mr. Gray,

Thank you for your call for submissions dated 22nd September, 1993, on Discussion Paper No. 6, Legislative Assembly of the Northern Territory Session Committee on Constitutional Development. I enclose a copy of the article "The Crown & North Australia in *Heritage*, No. 67. It will be noticed that page 14 contains the text of the Constitution of North Australia, the Letters Patent dated 6th July, 1863, and refers to the others Letters Patent as to the three degree strip. I express the view that your Committee should endeavour to petition the Queen to amend these Letters Patent. A copy of this submission will be sent to the publisher if *Heritage*.

Yours sincerely,

K.T. Borrow.



We reproduce the editorial
below without comment.

The West Australian

PERTH WEDNESDAY NOVEMBER 3 1993

**Cup reflects
our nature**

THE Melbourne Cup has always held a special place in the affections of Australians.

For a few brief minutes on the first Tuesday in November, almost all of us — even those who normally have no interest in horse racing or betting — stop what we are doing to watch or listen to the nation's premier turf event.

For the big-time punters and equally for workers having a small flutter in the countless Cup sweeps across the country, the big race is a magnet. It is the one fixture on the sporting calendar that truly stops the nation.

Despite its traditions and close associations with Australia's character, the Cup is changing with the times.

From its unpretentious beginning with Archer's victory in the 1861 race, the Cup has grown to become one of the world's classic handicap races, watched on television by millions around the world and attracting prize money of more than \$2 million.

Australian racing enthusiasts have been accustomed to seeing the annual invasion from across the Tasman when New Zealand's best stayers arrive to compete against Australia's best gallopers for the rich purses in the Spring Carnival.

European owners have recognised the status of the race with entries growing over the past few years. With the victory of the Irish stayer Vintage Crop in the 3200m race yesterday, the Cup has confirmed its ranking as a truly international event.

It is a festive occasion that has spawned a multimillion dollar industry that stretches beyond the race track and betting shops into homes and workplaces around the nation. On Cup Day people forget their worries and the grind of daily life to kick up their heels and have a good time.

But for Australians, it is more than just a race or a day out.

The Cup has become a celebration of the Australian character. Its tough, testing nature suits our temperament. The opportunity to put a few dollars on a roughie plays to our love of the underdog. And the ubiquitous sweeps allow free rein to the Australian characteristic of backing our luck.

The Cup has survived world wars, depressions, scandals — even sponsorship. While Australians ponder the weighty matters of changing the symbols of the nation, one institution — the 132-year-old Melbourne Cup — will go on regardless.

A CASE OF WHIGS ON ROUNDHEADS (or WHIGGERY IN THE PIGGERY)

by Graham Lyons

WITH his embarrassing contradictions, hypocrisy and casual treatment of historical truth, Fabian Socialist Paul Keating has damaged the prestige of the office of Prime Minister of Australia more than Messrs. Whitlam, Fraser and Hawke combined, and that's saying something.

His latest offering in his relentless push for an Australian republic was to state that it was not the Irish in him, but rather his Catholic belief which made him rebel against hereditary governance. This is a strange assertion in view of the following excellent article, in which Mr. Charles Coulombe expresses his belief in monarchy because of his traditional Catholic belief.

Mr. Keating is also at odds with the famous Irish-Australian Cardinal Moran, who recognised the value of Magna Carta and was a strong supporter of the British Empire. Cardinal Moran once stated: "... our colonial administration, linked as it is to the Crown of Great Britain is the most perfect form of government. It has all the freedom which a republican government imparts, and it is free from the many unpleasant influences to which, as in the United States, an elected head of a republic is subject."

Words express ideas, and some signify notions likely to be foreign to anyone unfamiliar with pre-recent history, so definitions of 'whig' and 'tory' are provided: Whig is derived from 'whiggamore', a term to describe certain Scotsmen, from the word 'whiggam' which they used in driving their horses. It was first used of the rebellious Scottish Covenanters who marked to Edinburgh in 1648; then of the Exclusioners, who were opposed to the accession of James, Duke of York; and from 1689 onwards, of one of the two major political parties or one of its adherents. The Whigs provided the core of the Liberal Party.

C.H. Douglas wrote in 1945: "In these days of coalition governments, control by 'Planners' and other modern

improvements, it is difficult to realise that Cavaliers and Roundheads, Whigs and Tories, were exponents of two philosophies. The Whigs were merchants, abstractionists, the dealers in intangibles ... Under the influence of Whig mentality, words become reversed. A man who kills another is a murderer, and if he does it without passion he is a cold-blooded murderer. But mass murder in cold blood is glorious and is war. Stealing is a crime, but unnecessary taxation is statesmanship."

The glorification of pain by Whig Puritans embodied the idea that discomfort in this life automatically ensured bliss in a future existence. Thus, together with their preoccupation with intangibles, they could be considered the forerunners of our modern internationalist economic rationalists, who are hell-bent on sacrificing the Australian populace on the altar of efficiency, productivity and "free trade". However, the modern Whigs offer no promise of a blissful afterlife, or indeed of any afterlife at all.

Mr. Keating is a sort of pseudo-Catholic modern Whig, who bends effortlessly before the relentless chill wind of internationalism, to the severe detriment of his own people. This untenable position was amply demonstrated in the *Adelaide Advertiser* of 22nd September, 1993. On the front page an article headed "Crisis-hit S.A. farmers face poverty, starvation" stated that more than one-third of the State's 14,000 farmers were living on or below the poverty line. Then, on p. 4, under "P.M. warns Ireland on trade", Mr. Keating berated his Irish hosts for daring to keep their farmers on the land with subsidies.

The old Celtic word **tory** was first used in the 17th century to describe those Irish Catholics dispossessed by Cromwell, who became savage outlaws. At the close of the reign of James II, the 'Exclusioners' found it a conveniently offensive nickname for those who favoured the succession of the Roman Catholic James, Duke of York. Thus, when William of Orange finally succeeded in reaching the throne, it

became the approved name of the other major political party in Great Britain.

It should be noted that the so-called 'Tory' or 'Conservative' party in Great Britain today remains so in name only, having long ago succumbed to the internationalist scourge, and is a staunch proponent -- along with the other major parties -- of subverting British sovereignty to a United Europe.

From Mr. Coulombe's article, Harri Edwards defines Toryism thus: "A Tory holds that, far from constituting society, it is society that constitutes a man and forms him with the help of a really social education. Society is held together not by the deliberative reason but by the massive sentiments which within the nation are passed on from generation to generation. These sentiments are those of awe, devotion, affection, chivalrous loyalty and prejudice."

The genuine Tory is the enemy of the plethora of disaster "isms" which blight today's world. These include liberalism, secularism, communism, socialism, internationalism, economic rationalism and the daddy of them all, Zionism.

The following two excerpts from the Coulombe article are particularly relevant to Australia's present struggle:

From John Healy, a **genuine** Catholic: "It is this [sacred] view of Kingly rule that alone can keep alive in a scoffing and licentious age the spirit of ancient loyalty ... preserving [the heart] from all that is mean, selfish and contemptible." ... "For Christian nations there is no substitute for Altar, Throne and Cottage."

It is worth considering that of the six oldest continuous democratic nations in the world, four are British or of British origin and four are monarchies.

[Note: "Whiggery in the Piggery" refers to the report in *Hansard* (27.5.93) concerning a Piggery, part owned by Mr. Keating, having borrowed \$17 million from the Commonwealth Bank (with collateral of only \$860,000), on which loan the owners were also forgiven the sum of \$4.5 million, which one assumes was accrued interest.]

CONFESSIONS OF AN AMERICAN TORY

by Charles A. Coulombe

The United States of America are, and have been since their inception, the last best product and logical conclusion of Whiggery. This last is not a phrase we generally use, but it is what we are. Secularised Calvinism, Manchester School Liberalism, Laissez-faire Capitalism, call it what you will, it is us. So ingrained is it in our national life that the only alternative imaginable is socialism, that strange unnatural daughter of Whiggery, 1789's and 1917's counterpoint to 1688 and 1776. Yet this writer is a Tory -- another word we rarely use. Why? How? And how does he interpret "Tory" in a modern American context, anyway?

Like most Americans, my ethnic background is very mixed. My father is French-Canadian, with generous dollops of Irish, Indian and Scots. My maternal grandfather was Austrian and Russian, his wife American of old English descent. Unlike most Americans, however, my family retained memory of what they were. So the Coulombes were in Canada *castors*, the most reactionary of French-Canadian Conservatives, and in New England *Sentinellistes*, adherents of a movement inspired by Charles Maurras. For them the primary ideological interest was what was called *la survivance*: *la foi, la langue, les moeurs*. (Survival: faith, language, customs) These last referred to the ancient customs brought across the sea from old France -- songs, feast-day celebrations, legends and a love of the House of Bourbon. With this was a loyalty to the British Crown which, while foreign in religion, blood and language, had, by and large, fulfilled well the role it had inherited from Louis XV and, incidentally, preserved us from the Jacobins.

My grandfather's people had respectively followed Habsburg and Romanoff, and served them through long centuries. My grandmother's people were English indeed, and have been in this country since 1720. But they were recusants, Cavaliers and Jacobites in Old England, Loyalists and Confederates here. Neither of my parents forgot the causes their families had served which, while diverse, were in their times and places all roughly equivalent. In a manner of speaking, I was raised an adherent of all of them at once -- something which, did all of us Americans remember our pasts so clearly, would doubtless soon bring about a real change in our national ideology.

The other element which made a Tory of me was my religion. It is not merely that I was baptised and raised a Catholic, nor that the period of my Catholic schooling (1966-1978) was one which saw the seizure of American Catholic education by more or less explicit Modernist heretics -- with resulting youthful rebellion against the latter. More than this was the discovery that behind the heresy I knew and loathed, lay a worse because more subtle one, which had in fact dominated the Church in America for a long time -- Americanism. This has been well described by Dr. John Rao:

"Americanism" is a religion that adores the United States as the incarnation of the secularized Puritan vision of Paradise.

"Americanism" is a religion which both major elements of the American "soul" -- secularized Puritanism and Anglo-Saxon conservatism -- have helped to develop. "Americanism" is a religion that adores the United States as the incarnation of the secularized Puritan vision of Paradise. It is a religion that simultaneously adores the bland, materialistic, catch-all unity that stems from the Anglo-Saxon drive for

stability and integration. "Americanism" is an evangelical religion that wishes the rest of the world to be converted to its doctrines.

"Americanism", a concept which appears to express nothing more than a praiseworthy love of country, is, and always has been, a danger to the Church of Rome. Indeed, the threat that it poses to Catholicism may be the most pressing experienced in the past few centuries of revolution. Its harmful quality arises from its transformation of the United States into the messianic instrument of a new religion, a creed which competes for the assent of true believers, and unfortunately, delivers much of what it promises to its faithful.

The collapse of Christian orthodoxy in this country can, to a large degree, be attributed to an understandable error to which patriotic Catholic Americans fell prey. Many Roman Catholics in the United States rushed wholeheartedly into a defence of this distinctly American religion under the mistaken assumption that their duty demanded it, and that failure to do so would lend support to the enemies of their country. Yet, ironically, nothing can be accomplished for the cause of true American patriotism, much less for that of the Church, until such time as this religion is examined, understood, and vigorously rejected.

Indeed, the Catholic Church in my country has been dominated by this syndrome since Archbishop Carroll became Ordinary of Baltimore in 1789. Lest anyone think that either the extent of Americanism, or its essential viciousness be exaggerated by Dr. Rao, let him read these lines in this letter from leading Americanist Bishop Denis O'Connell of Richmond to Archbishop Ireland, written in May 1898 after the States attacked Spain:

For me this is not simply a question of Cuba. It if were, it were no question or a poor question. Then let the

"greasers eat one another up and save the lives of our dear boys. But for me it is a question of much more moment: It is the question of two civilisations. It is the question of all that is old and vile and mean and rotten and cruel and false in Europe against all that is free and noble and open and true and humane in America. When Spain is swept off the seas much of the meanness and narrowness of old Europe goes with it to be replaced by the freedom and openness of America. This is God's way of developing the world. And all continental Europe feels that the war is against itself and that is why they are all against us, and Rome more than all because when the prestige of Spain and Italy will have passed away, and when the pivot of the world's political action will no longer be confined within the limits of the continent, then the nonsense of trying to govern the universal Church from a purely European standpoint -- and according to exclusively Spanish and Italian methods -- will be glaringly evident even to a child." (Gary Potter, *In Reaction*, p. 84)

Much of this kind of sentiment accompanied the cruel post-Vatican II de-Romanisation of the Church in America. If Modernism was the application of the principles of 1789 to Catholicism, Americanism was the application of those of 1776, a necessary prelude in Church, as it had been in State. In any case, as an orthodox and historically conscious Catholic, I had then to oppose Americanism as well as Modernism.

But we humans are not divisible creatures; we cannot, with any integrity, believe one thing in religion and another thing in culture. Further, as my upbringing and religion predisposed me to Toryism, so did my taste in literature as it developed. As a child, Arthur and Charlemagne, Grimm's fairy tales and all that sort of thing provoked both a sense of wonder and a love of chivalry. J.R.R. Tolkien, C.S. Lewis, Arthur Machen, and Charles Williams were all Tories, as was Eliot. Chateaubriand, De Maistre, Barbey d'Aurville, and Bourget, so much of my French reading, were all Royalists, as were Balzac and the historian of Quebec, Fr. Lionel Groulx. Novalis and Hoffman, Goethe and Hesse showed me the German side of the Tory coin, and at last I discovered Soloviev. Of my countrymen, Edgar Allan Poe, Nathaniel Hawthorne,

Washington Irving, Henry Adams and Henry James all pointed in the same direction.

Even the songs we sang in the house were variations on a Tory theme: *Les Chevaliers de Table Ronde* and *Les Bleus Sont La* alternated with *Bonnie Dundee, Will Ye No Come Back Again?* and *The Bonnie Blue Flag*. But however traditional both tunes and their political content might be, it was a uniquely American setting which brought them into one household.

Here is the strange paradox of America: On the one hand it is, as I have said, the *fons Whigitas*; on the other, it is the meeting place for all sorts of traditions and "toryisms" which would never meet in their homelands. Southern Louisiana, Northern New Mexico, the Old South, the ethnic colonies of the Northeast and Midwest, all retain, in ever weakening degrees, some memory of an original or imported Toryism.

In his brilliant book, *Sons of the Romans: The Tory as Nationalist*, the late Harri Edwards (called the "Man Who Knew Chesterton" in a recent PRAG obituary) defined Toryism by saying:

Society is held together by the massive sentiments which, within the nation, are passed on from generation to generation

A Tory holds that, far from constituting society, it is society that constitutes a man and forms him with the help of a really social education. Society is held together, not by the deliberative reason, but by the massive sentiments which within the nation are passed on from generation to generation. These sentiments are those of awe, devotion, affection, chivalrous loyalty and prejudice.

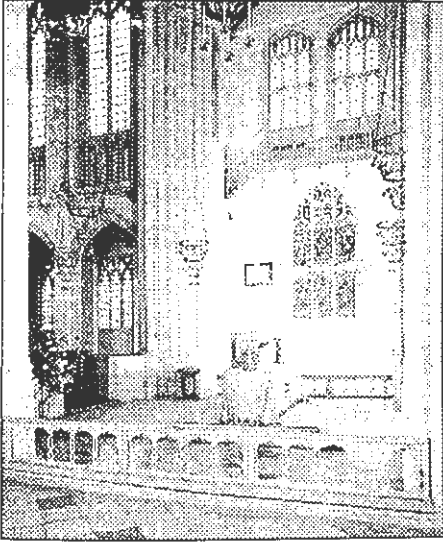
While the United States as a whole are dedicated to the annihilation of just such values, they do survive, in such pockets as we have just mentioned. They are however for the most part, unconscious. It is not surprising that such places are dying, but that they have survived so long. At any rate, Harri Edwards identified Toryism (rightly) with adherence to the historic tradition of one's country, as opposed to "modernity", to assimilation into a faceless larger mass. Thus, for him, to be a Welsh Tory was to be a Welsh Nationalist, as it was for Saunders

Lewis. Similarly, the Spanish Carlists and the *Action Française* pushed for the restoration of the old local liberties to the old provinces of their nations.

In America, however, the focus of such feeling could not be the country as a whole, but one's region or else ethnic group, or some combination of the two. This was the root of the Confederate cause, as later of the Southern Agrarians. But, in both cases, a certain amount of the Whiggery of the Puritan and Founding Fathers was perforce accepted -- as must be the case with virtually all American "unconscious" Tories. Generally, the attempt is made to justify the latter somehow or other, to maintain that they were really "conservatives" à la Burke (the "bottomless Whig" in Dr. Johnson's opinion). As in the combination of Americanism and Catholicism, it is an unstable and uneasy mixture.

I partook of all of this myself, at one time. In matters English, Scots, Irish and Canadian, I was a staunch believer in the Crown, in the Cavaliers, Jacobites and Young England. French Legitimists, Spanish Carlists, Portuguese Miguelists, Austrian *Schwarz-und-Gelbers*, Russian Whites, and the rest found in me a true believer and defender in bull sessions with college classmates. Certainly, I was as convinced a Catholic Traditionalist as I knew how to be, firmly advocating a return to the Latin Tridentine Mass and all the other ancient practices and teaching of that Church, outside of which (in that notorious phrase of the Creed of Pius IV, obnoxious to Modernist ears) "neither holiness nor Salvation can be found".

But for all my adherence to a plurality of good old causes, my views would alter when I gazed at my own country. Surely, I thought, the Loyalists were right to fight for King George III; further, I believed the Confederates to be justified. Certainly I objected to the ever-encroaching American ethos which corroded both Church and those remaining local distinctive cultures. But when it came to the here and now, the Constitution, after all, was sovereign of this country. Whatever my beliefs regarding the Church and other States, I was, after all, another Whig when it came to my own.



**For Christian nations,
there is no substitute for
Altar, Throne and Cottage**

Time goes by; experience and study leave their mark. For some years now, I have realised the awful truth: The Founding Fathers were quite serious in the motto "a Church without a Pope and a State without a King". For Christian nations, there is no substitute for Altar, Throne, and Cottage. If my politics are to conform to my religion, I must not only hold that, but hold also that America is not somehow exempt from the truths which prevail in the rest of the world. Yet those very truths are the negation of what the United States

have come to mean, as a bag of unconscious Tory fragments bound together with the basest Whig glue. It is apparently an insoluble conundrum.

Apparently, but not necessarily. The Toryism of the British Isles and Commonwealth carries within itself a similar dilemma, which, if not so fundamental, gives a glimmer of a solution. On the one hand, there are Tories of the nationalist stripe, as with Harri Edwards, Saunders Lewis, and the Scots Sir Compton Mackenzie and Lord Belhaven. Opposed, it would seem, are those of the Unionist variety. Here I do not speak of "Conservative" Unionists, but real Tories, like Sir John Biggs-Davison, or John Healy, turn-of-the-century Archbishop of Tuam, whom Sir John quoted in his *The Cross of St. Patrick* (co-written with George Chowdharay-Best):

The character of Kings is sacred; their persons are inviolable; they are the anointed of the Lord, if not with sacred oil, at least by virtue of their office. Their power is broad -- based upon the Will of God, and not on the shifting sands of the people's will. They will be spoken of with becoming reverence, instead of being in public estimation fitting butts for all foul tongues. It becomes a sacrilege to violate their persons, and every indignity offered to them in word or act, becomes an indignity offered to God Himself. It is this view of Kingly rule that alone can keep alive in a scoffing and licentious age the spirit of ancient loyalty, that spirit begotten of faith, combining in itself obedience, reverence, and love for the majesty of kings which was at once a bond of social union, an incentive to noble daring, and a salt to purify the heart from its grosser tendencies, preserving it from all that is mean, selfish, and contemptible.

Surely a truly Tory manifesto of Kingship if ever there were one. But how to reconcile such upholders of the Union with Nationalists of the stripe mentioned? What to do with two sides, each sharing fundamental principles which nevertheless led them to opposite sides of a crucial question? Further, how would one deal with the question in the old Dominions (Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and that dear Canada whence my fathers came)? On the one hand one has the tendency in Toryism to exalt the particular and the local, but on the other hand (particularly in the 19th- to early 20th-

century British variety) the current of Imperial Unity.

Interestingly enough, it was in Scotland that the search for some reconciliation between the two currents reached an articulation. In 1932, Kevin Macdowall, William Thomson and Marshall Love of the Cathcart Imperial Committee, drew up plans for an Imperial Parliament which would include as federal components not merely the Dominions but also Ireland, Scotland, Wales and England. Here was a conjunction of the opposites: "Home Rule All Round" with Imperial Federation. In one stroke, the present troubles in the north of Ireland, and the threatened absorption by their neighbours (Asian for the Antipodes, African for South Africa, and the U.S. for Canada) might well have been scotched.

This was a more or less implicit recognition that the drive to local liberty can be reconciled with a larger structure. In the Middle Ages (to which most if not all Tories to a greater or lesser degree look for inspiration), society was at least theoretically based upon such a reconciliation. At the lowest level might be the local manors, and the towns with their guilds. Above them were the great territorial duchies and counties, each with their own estates. These in turn belonged to one or another of the Kingdoms of Europe. So it is that my own family lived in the village St. Colombe la Commanderie, in the parish of Le Neubourg, in the *pays* of Evrecin, in the Duchy of Normandy, in the Kingdom of France. But that fair land of France, collection of near independent locales that it was, in itself formed a province of the Holy Empire.

**Today there is not even a
Christian government anywhere**

That Empire was nothing more or less than the temporal expression of the same Christendom whose spiritual expression was the Church. As the Pope was the head of the one, so the Emperor was head of the other. Their boundaries were co-terminous -- wherever a baptised Christian might be. While it might not have counted for much in terms of practical power (save in Germany and Italy, and often not even there), it was an important image, a psychological and spiritual reality undergirding Mediæval thought -- both of Guelph and of Ghibelline. Gary

Potter defines it admirably in modern terms (*In Reaction*, p. 55):

Words express ideas, and some of them now being quoted signify notions likely to be totally foreign to anyone unfamiliar with history prior to a few decades ago: "world emperor", "imperial office", ... This is not the place to lay out all the history needed to be known for thoroughly grasping the notions. However, the principal one was adumbrated by Our Lord Himself in the last command His followers received from Him: to make disciples of *all* the nations. In a word, the idea of a universal Christian commonwealth is what we are talking about.

To date it has never existed. Today there is not even a Christian government anywhere. However, from the conversion of Constantine until August, 1806 -- with an interruption (in the West) from Romulus Augustulus in 475 to Charlemagne in 800 -- there was the Empire. It was the heart of what was once known as Christendom. Under its aegis serious European settlement of the Western Hemisphere began, and the Americas' native inhabitants first baptised, which is why the feathered cloak of Montezuma is in a museum in Vienna. After 1806 a kind of shadow of the Empire, the Austro-Hungarian one, endured until the end of World War I, when its abolition was imposed as a condition of peace by U.S. President Woodrow Wilson. Since 1438, when Albert V ... was crowned Roman Emperor, all the Emperors were Habsburgs. The last was Archduke Otto's father, Karl.

Mark well that the salient points of Whiggery are parodies of the eternal verities of the Tory

Here then we have, perhaps, a long-term solution to the American conundrum. Mark well that the salient points of Whiggery are parodies of the eternal verities of the Tory. In place of an organic society, the Whig proposes a sort of joint-stock company; rather than subjects, citizens; for guilds, trade unions; in place of Stuarts and Bourbons, Hanoverians and Orleans. Rather than a universal Christian Empire, a universal Republic -- whose model is these United States, and whose fruition, perhaps, will be the New World Order. One of the major drawbacks Traditionalists of all nations have had in fighting what is basically a universal assault is their very essential localism. But this love of the immediate must be supplemented by a

Catholic, a Traditional universalism -- the vision of the Holy Empire, made up of its constituent nations, provinces and towns. Carlist must join hands with Tory, and Tory with Russian Monarchist.

Those of us in the U.S. who are conscious Tories, though few, partake of the same pan-Traditionalist ethos I have experienced in my life. *Triumph* magazine, a uniquely non-Americanist voice of the Catholic Right in the States, existed for ten years (1966-1976). Among its leading lights were Thomas Molnar, an Hungarian philosopher, very much in the Central European Rightist tradition; Dr. Frederick Wilhelmsen, who has been a committed Carlist for many years; Gary Potter, who converted to Catholicism as a result of his involvement with French Royalist circles in Paris; Farley Clinton, who in his turn was a great admirer of Rome's Black Nobility; and John Wisner, a Virginian of the old school. Here in microcosm was the whole of European Traditionalism, working in concert and very much aware of the unity of the struggle in which they were engaged. It was a sort of Tory Cosmopolitanism which could only happen in America, but which is essential in Europe if real progress is to be made -- particularly should Europe become one super-state. This is the unique gift American Tories can give the mother continent.

In a Whig country, the Tory is inevitably considered an oddity at best, a traitor at worst. This was the fate of the Jacobite. But he at least had the consolation of living in a nation, the very stones of whose buildings and earth beneath his feet shrieked out to him the rightness and justness of his cause. We American Tories do not have that consolation. We are in the position of those who believe without seeing. But in the uniting force which gives our strange simalcrum of a nation its odd life, we may detect by analogy its opposite. Vladimir Soloviev described that opposite in his *Russia and the Universal Church* (pp. 30-31):

For lack of an imperial power genuinely Christian and Catholic, the Church has not succeeded in establishing social and political justice in Europe. The nations and states of modern times, freed since the Reformation from ecclesiastical surveillance, have attempted to improve upon the work of the Church. The results of the experiment are plain to see. The idea of Christendom as a real though admittedly inadequate unity embracing all the

nations of Europe has vanished; the philosophy of the revolutionaries has made praiseworthy attempts to substitute for this unity the unity of the human race -- with what success is well known. A universal militarism transforming whole nations into hostile armies and itself inspired by a national hatred such as the Middle Ages never knew; a deep and irreconcilable social conflict; a class struggle which threatens to whelm everything in fire and blood; and a continual lessening of moral power in individuals, witnessed to by the constant increase in mental collapse, suicide and crime -- such is the sum total of the progress which secularised Europe has made in the last three or four centuries.

The two great historic experiments, that of the Middle Ages and that of modern times, seem to demonstrate conclusively that neither the Church lacking the assistance of a secular power which is distinct from but responsible to her, nor the secular State relying upon its own resources, can succeed in establishing Christian justice and peace on the earth. The close alliance and organic union of the two powers *without confusion and without division* is the indispensable condition of true social progress. It remains to enquire whether there is in the Christian world a power capable of taking up the work of Constantine and Charlemagne with better hope of success.

Given that the United States, in a certain sense a sort of Whiggish anti-Empire, has been so successful in making its false principles the defining dogmas of the modern world, we are given to see precisely what such a secular power working as Soloviev describes could do in the service of Truth.

As I have said, to be a Tory in a Whig nation is to incur the accusation of treason. If this be treason, I am guilty. But it is in this that my treason consists: I would see my country an integral part of that Christendom which the Puritan Fathers hated. I would see her energy and genius for uniting the most disparate elements turned to the good. In a word, I confess that I would see her a province in the realm of Christ the King, rather than His opponent. For, after all, as Dr. Johnson so wisely informs us, "Satan was the first Whig".

[Charles A. Coulombe is a resident of Los Angeles. He was born in New York in 1960 of French-Canadian ancestry. He majored in Political Science at New Mexico Military Institute and served in the Army National Guard.

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*O God, who made this ancient land,
And set it round with sea,
Sustain us all who dwell herein,
One people strong and free.
Grant we may guard its generous gifts,
Its beauty rich and rare.
In your great name, may we proclaim,
"Advance, Australia fair!"
With thankful hearts then let us sing,
"Advance, Australia fair!"*

*Your star-bright Cross aslant our skies
Gives promise sure and true
That we may know this land of ours
A nation blessed by You.
May all who come within its bounds
Its peace and plenty share,
And grant that we may prayerfully
Advance Australia fair.
With thankful hearts then let us sing,
"Advance, Australia fair!"*

(This version, adapted from the original words of P.D.McCormick, is by Dr. Robin Lorimer Sharwood, fourth Warden of Trinity College. It is now the official version for use within St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne.)