

HERITAGE

VOLUME 30 No. 112 2005

LINKING THE PAST WITH THE PRESENT – FOR THE FUTURE

PRINT POST PUBLICATION PP 538628/0027

RING about the MOON

weather
forecasting
by the moon



PELAMIS!
wave energy converter

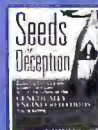
In this issue...



Colonialism & Terror
London bombing & democracy



Marcus Clarke
Great Australian writer



Seeds Of Deception
Lies about GM food



Stop That Thief!
Why not millions for peace?



Out Of The Ashes
Tenterden Bushfire Recovery

HERITAGE

No. 112 2005

PUBLISHED BY THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

The Australian Heritage Society

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 required 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

IN THIS ISSUE

- 1 Editorial "The Simplicity of Social Credit"
- 2 The Path From Colonialism to Terror... *British 'On Target'*
- 6 A Letter To The British People *Prof. Iman Al-Saadun*
- 7 A Sterling Soul *Nigel Jackson*
- 9 The Life & Times Of Marcus Clarke *Brian Elliott*
- 15 Seeds Of Deception *Jeffrey M. Smith*
- 16 8 Steps To Destroy America *Richard Lamm*
- 17 Unlimited New Energy From Sun & Water
- 18 Letters To The Editor
- 20 Ring About The Moon *Richard Bentley*
- 22 What's New On Corpwatch
- 23 Stop That Thief! *Stanley F. Allen*
- 26 Friendly Friend *Nigel Jackson*
- 27 Out Of The Ashes *Jan Pope*
- 31 Australia's First Flagship *Alan Barton*

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION (4 issues)

Including post within Australia AU\$ 30.00
Posted overseas by surface mail AU\$ 35.00

NEED MORE COPIES? Further copies of *HERITAGE* are available at \$8.00 posted or 2 for \$15 posted.

Make cheques payable to:-

THE AUSTRALIAN HERITAGE SOCIETY

and mail to: P.O. BOX 163, CHIDLOW, W.A. 6556

HERITAGE GIFT SUBSCRIPTIONS OR SAMPLE COPIES

We will enclose a gift card with your name as the donor and a brief message if required. (See Order Form)

ADMINISTRATION & SUBSCRIPTIONS

The Secretary, Australian Heritage Society
P.O. Box 163, Chidlow, WA 6556
Telephone/Fax (08) 9574 6042

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE

PO Box 163 Chidlow, WA 6556
Telephone/Fax (08) 9574 6042

WESTERN AUSTRALIA Heritage Bookmailing Service

P.O. Box 163, Chidlow, WA 6556
Telephone/Fax (08) 9574 6042

VICTORIA

G.P.O. Box 1052, Melbourne, VIC 3001
Telephone (03) 9650 9749 Fax (03) 9650 9368

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Heritage Books - Bookmail
P.O. Box 27, Happy Valley, SA 5159
Telephone (08) 8269 4704 Fax (08) 8296 4629

NEW SOUTH WALES

P.O. Box 582, Lakemba, Sydney, NSW 2195
Heritage Bookmail
P.O. Box 6086, Lake Munmorah, NSW 2259
Telephone (02) 4358 3634

NEW ZEALAND Conservative Books

PO Box 12-752, Penrose, Auckland, NZ
Fax 09 634 6522 Email: legort@xtra.co.nz

UNITED KINGDOM Bloomfield Books

26 Meadow Lane, Sudbury, Suffolk England C010 6TD



CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOMED

Contributions are invited for publication in *HERITAGE*. Articles should be accompanied by suitable photographs, and a stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable. Submission of copy does not guarantee its use, which is at the discretion of the Editor. All reasonable care will be taken of material forwarded; however, the Editor cannot accept responsibility for loss, damage or non-return of material. The views expressed in *HERITAGE* are those of their authors and not necessarily the views of The Australian Heritage Society.

THE SIMPLICITY OF SOCIAL CREDIT

Social Credit can claim the distinction of being based upon the immutable truth of inheritance. Moreover, it can claim the further distinction that we owe to its author the discovery of the fact that endorses and confirms this truth, so that within Social Credit itself we find that absolute relationship and alliance between truth and fact which alone enables the truth to be realised and experienced.

For it was the detection of a "flaw" in the price or accounting system, causing a gap to appear between purchasing power and prices, that disclosed what might be called the very stuff of the inheritance, and contradicted the assumption of orthodoxy that costs in industry were automatically self-liquidating. No attempt is made therefore in Social Credit to rectify the gap or flaw, or to contrive to abolish it. On the contrary, it is used as the basis for the remedy. For it supplies, as it were, the means or the wherewithal for the technical proposals necessary for the distribution of the inheritance.

The economy is the acme of perfection. Nothing is lost, nothing discarded, nothing wasted. The very fact, the thing which while ignored or denied, acts as a menace and a curse, binding



man to servitude, when acknowledged becomes the means of his deliverance, and it is seen to be a benediction and a blessing. Indeed, it is difficult to see what could be done without it to realise and actualise the truth of man's inheritance, and raise his status, at once, from that of a servant to that of an heir.

The simplicity of Social Credit distinguishes it from every other economic and political reform, whether of right or left. For all these, being based on the assumption that industry is, or should be, made to be self-liquidating, and that man must be fully employed, are merely variants of the efforts and schemes designed to force facts to fit this assumption. All therefore involving, as they must, plans for supercapital production, whether for New Deals, militarisation or for developing the "backward countries", plunge man into ever increasing debt and taxation.



FANTASY & ILLUSION

This forcible manipulation of facts in furtherance of a purpose inimical to man, and in disregard and denial of the truth, is leading man into a realm of fantasy and illusion, and creating that state of dementia into which the world is being ever more rapidly driven. Only however, when facts are left to speak for themselves – it has been said that facts act as though they were in the pay of Social Credit – do they lead to the truth, which embodies them and which they are designed to manifest, and hence to a state of sanity and enlightenment.

But simplicity is suspect, and arouses opposition. Man has been taught to see some virtue, in the hard, the difficult, the

long and tortuous way to achievement. Probably it ministers to his vanity. He is, at any rate, inclined to despise the shortcut, the easy way, the line of least resistance. Nevertheless, the right line of least resistance – there is a wrong one – is the only intelligent and efficient one to take. Otherwise, one behaves like the ant that strives again and again to climb over an obstacle when it could so much more easily and quickly go around.

The strange thing to be observed, however, is that Social Credit changes nothing, alters nothing; only a factor in the situation hitherto ignored is utilised. But the result is a change so radical that everything is changed. And the nature of the change is religious, because it is a binding back to reality.



INTRODUCING SOCIAL CREDIT

YOU MATTER. YOUR ACTIONS COUNT. These notes go back to basics to discover many of the fundamental truths which are the cornerstone of our society but have been overshadowed by a very fragile type of progress. We discuss how every individual, in association with others, and equipped with trust, belief and fundamental truths, can make a very powerful contribution to the positive advancement of society. We question the inevitability of where society is currently heading and offer the hope that real freedom, motivated by a spirit of co-operation, can be achieved for all Australians.

- PART 1. WHAT IS SOCIAL CREDIT?
- PART 2. ECONOMICS: THREE ALLIED ACTIVITIES
- PART 3. CONSTITUTIONS GOVERNMENTS/POLITICS
- PART 4. DISTINGUISHING BETWEEN MEANS AND ENDS
- PART 5. DISTINGUISHING BETWEEN MONEY & TRUE RICHES

Price: \$6.50 each. Includes Postage & Handling.
Order from: The Australian Heritage Society,
PO Box 163 Chidlow, WA 6556
Tel/Fax 08 9574 6042



THE PATH FROM COLONIALISM TO TERROR

Some Truths of Democracy And its Convenient Interpretation

We write in the aftermath of the bombing of 7th July, 2005, in the London Underground and the explosion on a London bus. Parliament predictably closed ranks across the party-political divide, and we must accordingly establish a clear division between the tragedy of the bereaved, dead and injured – the human story – and the political and geopolitical backcloth to this atrocity.

The British people, with 2,000 years of tradition and culture behind them, rose resolutely to the occasion. The Police and supporting services have demonstrated characteristically British professionalism. Commentators and the “talking heads”, few of them to our knowledge with expertise on the Middle East or the Islamic world generally, went equally predictably into overdrive and enjoyed a field day with speculative analyses.

In The Sunday Telegraph Niall Ferguson suggested that when they portray the attack in London, on 7th July, 2005, as retribution for the invasion of Iraq, George Galloway, M.P., and Robert Fisk, a leading journalist and widely respected expert on the region, overlook the fact that if we give in to

“terrorists” – which does not follow in any case – Osama bin Laden would control the Middle East. What Ferguson himself misses is that Osama bin Laden was a C.I.A. creation in the first place, with murky links with United States agencies right up to 9-11. Ferguson also conveniently forgets that the United States and the United Kingdom fabricated the evidence in order to invade Iraq in the first place, and thus themselves destroyed any semblance of stability. The one truth amidst this nonsense was Ferguson’s admission that “The answer is that the Middle East is too economically and hence too strategically important to be abandoned – so long as the world’s consumption of fossil fuels continues to grow”.

Now we have it! Professor Brian Brivati, of Kingston University, claimed in The Guardian that the “Invasion had reduced the threat of terror”, and opened with the question: “Would 7-7 have happened, and would it have been more or less deadly, if we had not liberated Afghanistan and Iraq?” [Emphasis added].

In making this palpably absurd proposition, he fails to define “terror” and explain that not only had Iraq not threatened anyone, possessed none

of the Weapons of Mass Destruction alleged by the Coalition and had had no connection with Osama bin Laden and Al Qa’eda.

Nor does he define the “liberation” of Iraq in terms of the subsequent brutal occupation, continued destruction of the ancient heritage and exploitation by the United States multinational corporations, or acknowledge the impotence of the current quasi-puppet leadership that cowers within the green zone in Baghdad.

In the title to a leading article in the Financial Times by Bilderberger Martin Woolfe, we read “Enemies of freedom always underestimate their adversaries”. What “enemies” and what “freedom”, and who, exactly, are the adversaries?” The freedom destroyed in the first place was that of Iraq following a contrived invasion based on evidence known to be false, with a continuing catalogue of American atrocities worthy of any Nazi German occupation during the 1939-45 War.

Woolf goes on, after assuming the complicity of Jihadis, possibly “home grown” Jihadis, that: “It is a bitter conflict that has at least one thing in common with the Cold War. It is a battle of ideas. It is a battle between tolerance

and religious bigotry". [Emphasis added]. This is duplicitous nonsense characteristic of the sheer hypocrisy of the Coalition Powers.

Despite United States' and the United Kingdom's attempts to de-couple the bombing in London from the invasion of Iraq, Dilip Hiro, who clearly does know his Middle Eastern history, pointed out in *The Independent* on Sunday that the Anglo-American Coalition had ridden roughshod over the Islamic culture which has now helped to breed an even more menacing "swamp" of extremists. Today, Jihadists are drawn to Iraq not only because Iraq represents an ancient and powerful idea of Arab culture and history. After all, Baghdad was, almost uninterrupted, the capital of the Islamic empire from 750 to 1258. Baghdad also holds the tomb of Abu Hanifa al-Numan (699-767), the founder of the Hanifi Code of Islamic law, the largest sub-sect among Sunnis.

And the tomb of Ali in Najaf [desecrated during the United States assault in 2004], is sacred to both Shiias and Sunnis.

Before we distinguish between perceived or ritual political positions and simple truths, we must first consider the definition of "Terror", "Terrorists" and "Terrorism", which we examined first in December, 2004 supported by the appropriate references "Terror", "Terrorist" and "Terrorism" as terms have been progressively distorted conveniently to define any group or activity that opposes the action and interest generally of the Western Powers. In the present context this applies to the Middle East, Southern Asia and the Far East. We are not discussing here the anarchist political groups prevalent in Europe during the 1960's, 1970's and 1980's, such as the Red Brigade. We are not contemplating domestic insurrection such as the Basque separatist movement in Spain. In the Middle East, and on a wider, Islamic front, we are faced with a situation far closer to resistance groups, like the Maquis, which operated behind the lines in France, Eastern Europe and the Balkans during the 1939-45 War.

The employment of techniques such as assassination, bombing, sabotage and

demolition is to utilise what means are available to those who do not have access to modern battlefield weapons. Given a just cause, as in the case of Iraq, this is perfectly legitimate and ultimately less destructive than high level American bombing – "bunker", cluster bombs and the rest - of innocent civilians, and the use of helicopter gunships and heavy artillery against civilian populations during the wanton destruction of ancient towns and cities. As Dilip Hiro pointed out, this will inevitably draw in more extreme factions, similarly to the presence of Communist elements in France and Yugoslavia in 1939-45. The use of "terrorist" or "insurgent" conveys an unjustified implication for those who simply want their country back, and are arguably more correctly defined as freedom fighters or guerrillas.



In the case of the invasion of Iraq in March, 2003, one might ask who had planned this several years previously, who fudged the evidence against Iraq, and who fired the first shot? Who has slaughtered as many as 100,000 Iraqi civilians, many, including small children and doctors, in cold blood, and tortured thousands more to give rise to the present insurrection in Madrid, Bali and London?

Who consistently censored this from the controlled Media and so left innocent civilian populations, in London, Madrid and elsewhere, innocent not least of the scale of the atrocities being committed by governments on their behalf, with a false sense of security?

Next, we must disabuse ourselves of the ritual political cachet of "Left

or "Right: wing attributions and alignments, this tends to be a knee-jerk journalistic and political instinct of the mental process. For some, whose opinions are culled from no more than a favourite newspaper and according to perceived social background and tradition, the presumption that what "we" do is automatically justified and what the foreign adversary or target does must be wrong, goes with the thinking and natural demand for loyalty to what is perceived as the national interest.

One has seen this instinctive arrogance in the Conservative Party ranks. One gets a whiff of the same even within the ranks of the excellent Freedom Association with its admirable small "c" conservative values.

The *Financial Times* referred to some 140 labour party M.Ps. who were opposed to the invasion and occupation of Iraq as "Left Wing" and "Left-leaning". What is "Left" about an illegal invasion based on fraudulent evidence and a ruthlessly oppressive occupation? Perhaps the editor of *The Financial Times* would care to define his terms?

In 1984 George Young published a perfectly legitimate exposure of the Communist threat within the United Kingdom, but in the same pages he referred to Ramsey Clark, when Attorney General of the United States in 1980, as "odious", and "notorious" for his mea culpa ["I am guilty"], in Tehran, thus bracketing Clark with the dangerous Liberal or subversive Left wing ethos. Clark had bucked the orthodoxy of the Ruling Global Elite when he had negotiated the release of United States Embassy hostages seized by the revolutionary leadership that had ousted the Shah of Iran in the previous year, and in doing so had acknowledged American interference in the internal affairs of Iran. But this so-called interference was already a matter of record; in the early years through Louis Fischer and Anton Mohr, while Timmerman has described in detail how we armed Saddam Hussein.

In *The Fire This Time* Ramsey Clark gave a full account of how Great Britain, France and later the United States had continuously and unscrupulously

manipulated the rulers of Arab nations whose boundaries had been arbitrarily defined after the fall of the Ottoman Empire after the 1914-18 War; nations that had had little experience of self-government and has long existed under various forms of mandate and protectorate.

Moreover, Clark also gave a comprehensive account of American atrocities during the first Gulf War of 1991, including the deliberate bombing of innocent citizens in Fallujah, the shooting in cold blood of troops attempting to surrender and the murderous slaughter of fleeing soldiers and civilians during the infamous "Turkey shoot". Given an historical evolution from colonialism to a world of the United Nations and Human Rights, one has to ask if Ramsey's actions and exposures were a question of his political alignment or simply a matter of Right and Wrong.

Cracks in the façade of the drive for "Democracy" and the fight against "Tyranny" across the world peddled by President George W. Bush are increasingly identifiable through the controlled mainstream Media. In compounding the friable image of its own political delineation, the Australian Green Left weekly exposed the true forces behind Bush's crusade when it reported that the multinational corporation, Haliburton, had moved from losses of \$65,000,000 to a net profit of \$365,000,000 in the space of some 12 months, and that a third of its \$1,500,000,000 revenue had come from "Iraq-related" work. For the United Kingdom, Chancellor of the Exchequer Gordon Brown, when referring to the death of Ann Toward's husband in Iraq, stated that the Government had acted in the British national interest, and that "We believed we were making the right decisions in the British national economic interests". The British economy is already in trouble with report that Chancellor Brown is to borrow a record 9,000,000,000 pounds.

In the United States the Ford Company and General Motors are in considerable financial trouble. In Italy Fiat is about to follow them by converting debt into equity. We have



UK Prime Minister Tony Blair

already expressed our reservations about the relative impotence of electorates in a one-man-one-vote Democracy.

It is easy therefore to see how and why economic colonisation; the privatisation of national infrastructures, free markets and inward investments have enslaved much of Africa and Latin America abetted by the process of selective democratisation. It is further possible to understand why the real impetus behind the democratic process is the elimination of more autocratic regimes, however accepted and suited to the domestic economic scenario, because they constitute a potential threat to globalising economic forces, largely from the United States.

Under the heading "Reformers and hardliners", Neil Clark writing in *The Guardian*, asks, "What do Iran, Venezuela and Belarus have in common?" He asks

***When Is A Liar Not A
liar, Or a War Criminal
Not A War Criminal?***

why the rulers of these countries are repeatedly referred to by C.N.N., the *Wall Street Journal* and *The Financial Times* as "hardliners", whereas regimes such as those in Bulgaria and Hungary that have capitulated to the global economic agenda of the free market are not? The ultimate moral fallacy of the drive for "Democracy" has been seen, for example, in the West's long-

term support for oppressive regimes in economically important Indonesia. We are now seeing the same selectivity in the case of Uzbekistan, regarded as ally of the United States in the war against tyranny, a country that sits on vast oil and natural gas deposits, and where the United States has established a military base. The British Ambassador, Craig Murray, was summarily dismissed from his post after he broke ranks to expose the ruthlessness of President Islam Karimov and his government, even to the point of boiling victims alive, and to which it is also believed the United States is sending suspects to be tortured.

Time magazine let another cat out of the bag, when it revealed the privately expressed views of Sir Ivor Roberts:

Sir Ivor Roberts, Britain's Ambassador to Italy, declared last September that the "best recruiting sergeant for Al Qa'eda" was none other than the United States President, George W. Bush. With the American election entering its final furlongs, he added, "if anyone is ready to celebrate the eventual re-election of Bush, it is Al Qa'eda". The remarks made at an off-the-record conference, were leaked in the Italian press, and Sir Ivor, facing the displeasure of his Foreign office masters for committing the sin of candour, disowned the comments. But, now as the soot settles in the London Underground, the words hang again in the air.

Centre stage in this global scenario we have British Prime Minister Tony Blair.

In May, 1999, Professor Noam Chomsky wrote to *On Target* with his pervading impression of Blair "as a slightly crazed six-year old with a big grin while he plays with his new star wars gun that can wipe out everyone in sight". We have observed nothing since to disabuse us of this picture of a strategically immature, presidentially ambitious but skilful and superficially plausible orator.

Blair helped precipitate the invasion of Iraq on the basis of a "dodgy dossier" of cranked-up evidence that purported to show that Saddam Hussein possessed Weapons of Mass Destruction. At the final meeting of the United Nations Security Council in February, 2003, prior to the invasion in the following

March, United Nations Inspectors Hans Blix and al Baderei both confirmed the lack of viable evidence. We also now know from Adel Safty of Al-Jazeera that President George W. Bush had already agreed with Blair on the invasion of Iraq at Crawford in Texas, in April, 2002,. Faced with this incriminating scenario Blair has repeatedly changed his ground on the reasons for the invasion, even citing the wholly spurious "45 minute" threat from Saddam Hussein's non-existent weapons. Blair has continued his diversionary posturing by embracing one new "initiative" after another in his global perambulations

However, the disclosure advice from the Attorney General, Lord Goldsmith on the very friable justification for invading Iraq, forced Blair's duplicity back into the public domain. This was further exacerbated when The Times and Knight-Ridder revealed further evidence of confidential discussions in which Blair had sought an excuse to pursue the invasion.

We have read carefully the full 13 pages of Lord Goldsmith's letter. United Nations resolution 1441, upon which much of the argument was based, was clearly drafted to mean "all things to all men". There is little doubt in our minds that Blair was responsible for accepting the most convenient interpretation of this Resolution to support his subsequent actions.

But for the overwhelming supremacy of the United States, there has to be little question that both Blair and his Foreign Secretary, Jack Straw, along with President George W. Bush, would stand condemned as war criminals.

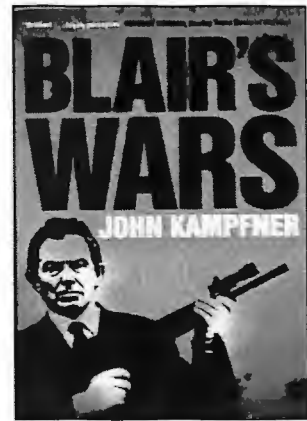
Source: British 'On Target'

Vol 34. No25.26. June 2005

UNITED IN GRIEF WHAT OUR LEADERS HAVE VISITED ON US ALL

Ten-year old Zeinab was brought to Britain for treatment by freelance journalist Lee Gordon, who is now in the process of selling his house to pay for her continued treatment, after she had lost a leg and 17 members of her family as a result of the actions of the Coalition Forces in Iraq. Yet when Zeinab learned of the plight of the ill-fated hostage in Iraq, Ken Bigley, who was subsequently killed by his captors, she had the compassion to write to his brother, Paul, in Holland, expressing her understanding and sympathy. After the bombing in London on 7th July, 2005, in which some 60 lives have probably been lost, and many more maimed and injured, Professor Iman Al-Saadun wrote from Basra to the people of London, In this she voiced her understanding of what they had suffered, and made a plea on their behalf for what political leaders in the West had visited on their own people and those in Iraq in their ruthless pursuit of profit and control of the world's natural resources for their own ends.

RECOMMENDED READING



BLAIR'S WARS

By John Kampfner

A brilliant book by one of Britain's most distinguished political writers which describes how the Prime Minister took Britain to war five times in six years. When first published, it created a sensation across government and around the world. Now updated with new revelations, it is the dispassionate yet devastating story of a man who had convinced himself that his powers of persuasion could overcome all obstacles only to see those powers disappear.

\$29.95 Posted

See order form in this issue
for ordering details



CHRISTIAN ASSEMBLIES INTERNATIONAL

**Preaching the Kingdom Message,
Salvation through The Blood of Jesus Christ
and the baptism of The Holy Spirit**

throughout Australia, New Zealand, Great Britain,
USA, Canada, South Africa, Western and Eastern Europe.

For more information, see our website: www.cai.org
email us at info@cai.org or phone us at: **02 66 538 489**

"Repent, and be baptized every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost." Acts 2:38

A Letter To The British People

from Professor Imam Al-Saadun

I am sending this letter to the British people and in particular to the residents of London. For a period of hours, you have lived through moments of desperate anxiety and horror. In those hours you lost a member of your family or a friend, and we wish to tell you in total honesty that we too grieve when human lives pass away. I cannot tell you how much we hurt when we see desperation and pain on the face of another person. For we have lived through this situation, and continue to live through it every day since your country and the United States formed an alliance and laid plans to attack Iraq. The Prime Minister of your country, Tony Blair, said that those who carried out the explosions did so in the name of Islam. The Secretary of State of the United States, Condoleezza Rice, described the bombings as an act of barbarism. The United Nations Security Council met and unanimously condemned the event.

I would like to ask you, the free British people, to allow me to inquire: in whose name was our country blockaded for 12 years? In whose name were our cities bombed using internationally prohibited weapons?

In whose name did the British Army kill Iraqis and torture them? Was that in your name? Or in the name of religion? Or humanity? Or freedom? Or democracy? What do you call the killing of more than 2,000,000 children? What do you call the pollution of the soil and the water with Depleted Uranium and other lethal substances?

What do you call what happened in the prisons in Iraq; in Abu Ghraib, Camp Bucca and the many other prison camps? What do you call the torture of men, women and children? What do you call tying bombs to the bodies of prisoners and blowing them apart?

What do you call the refinement methods of torture for use on Iraqi prisoners, such as pulling off limbs, gouging out of eyes, putting out cigarettes on their skin, and using cigarette lighters to set fire to the hair on their heads? Does the word "barbaric" adequately describe the behaviour of your troops in Iraq? May we ask why the Security Council did not condemn the massacre in al-Amiriyah and what happened in al-Fullujah, Tal'afar, Sadr City, and an-Najaf? Why does the world watch as our people are killed and tortured and not condemn the crimes being committed against us? Are you human beings and we something less? Do you think that only you can feel pain and we can't? In fact it is we who are most aware of how intense is the pain of the mother who has lost her child, or the father who has lost his family. We know very well how painful it is to lose those you love.

You don't know our martyrs, but we know them. You don't remember them, but we remember them. You don't cry over them, but we cry over them. Have you heard the name of the little girl Hannan Salih Matrud? Or the boy Ahmad Jabir Karim? Or Sa'id Shabrarn? Yes, our dead have names too. They have faces and stories and memories. There was a time when they were among us, laughing and playing. They had dreams, just as you have. They had a tomorrow awaiting them. But today they sleep among us with no tomorrow on which to wake. We don't hate the British people or other peoples of the world. This war was imposed upon us, but we are now fighting it in defence of ourselves. Because we want to live in our homeland "the free land of Iraq" and to live as we want to live, not as your Government or the American Government wish. Let the families of those killed know the responsibility for the Thursday morning London bombings lies with Tony Blair and his policies.

Stop your war against our people! Stop the daily killing that your troops commit!

End your occupation of our homeland!

Source: British 'ON TARGET' Vol.34. No. 25 & 26 - 2005.



THE PRINCE OF WALES – WORLD'S LEADING FUND RAISER

HERITAGE is very pleased to be able to pass this information on to our loyal members and supporters: Prince Charles is always under the spotlight of a media, which constantly hands out an undeserved bad press: And yet he works harder and raises more for charity than any other Royal in history.

For years only the personal life and problems of the Prince of Wales have been aired in the media, but it is now time to put his reputation into a more accurate perspective with the latest figures released by Clarence House. Which clearly make him, to quote: "the greatest charitable entrepreneur in the world", having raised some 109 million pounds for charities during this past year!

In fact, just as His Royal Highness came to the aid of our own Nancy Wake, paying her hotel bills and arranging for her to enter the Royal Star and Garter Home in Richmond, so has he done on many other occasions. Furthermore in 2004/5 he donated around two and a half million pounds, which is over \$6 million Australian dollars of his own money to charity!

Prince Charles is also the hardest working Prince of Wales ever. This past year he undertook over five hundred engagements in the United Kingdom and various parts of the World, as well as spending time on innumerable meetings, discussions and office work, such as personally signing some 2,300 of the 20,000 letters sent during this period from Clarence House!

Philip Benwell MBE –National Chairman, Australian Monarchist League

A sterling soul

John Tyndall (1934-2005)

He was a man, take him for all in all, shall not look upon his like again. (Hamlet)



John Tyndall of England and of Britain is dead. One of the greatest sons of his people has been gathered to his fathers. One of the noblest champions of the white race has taken his place in Valhalla.

It fell to this man to play a role in the life of the British people analogous to that of King Leonidas of Sparta in ancient Greece. Quite simply, in seeking for some fifty years or so to defend the interests of his race, his nation and his culture, he found himself overwhelmed by the worldly superiority of his opponents; but he never yielded an inch and has thus left a memory that will endure of patriotism and heroism faithfully exhibited to the last. This was the spirit which Sir Henry Newbolt, Britain's great nationalist poet of the Nineteenth Century, expressed in his immortal poem *Vitai Lampada*:

*And it's not for the sake of a
ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on
his shoulder smote –
"Play up! Play up!
And play the game!"*

Tyndall, like John Bunyan, an Englishman whom he resembled in many respects, even to the point of accepting imprisonment willingly rather than resiling from his convictions, has handed on the grand torch of life – of life, not of mere existence – to his successors. In the great relay race of human struggle he has steadfastly played his part; and the record of his endeavours remains as a memorial to inspire those who will follow him.

John Tyndall saw himself, first and foremost as a Briton, as a member by

birth and racial and ethnic inheritance of the British people. Born a year before the Jubilee of the reign of King George V, one of the highest points in ceremonial terms of the magnificent British Empire, he grew up immensely proud of his heritage, but discovered, as he moved through his late teens and into his early twenties, that the edifice of British rule was under enormous challenge both within and without. For the rest of his life he watched it crumble into ruin around him.

He came to believe, as other men of distinction and integrity have done, that race is the key to history and the foundation of social, political and cultural achievement. Rightly or wrongly, he was convinced that the white race is fundamentally superior in quality to the two other major races on the Earth, the yellow race and the black race; and, despite the ferocious hostility which it drew upon him, he devoted himself to actions he felt had most chance of preserving the white race as an autonomous and unspoiled community for the future. He was proud to be British; he was even prouder to be, as a Briton, a member of the white race.

Thus, both the context of his life and his own faith impelled him to enter the field of nationalist politics; and it was in that arena that he was actively engaged for four decades. Through his manifest abilities as worker, organizer, orator and writer he became chairman of the National Front in the Nineteen Seventies (resigning in 1980) and then founded the British National Party, which he led from 1982 until 1999 and continued to support wholeheartedly until his death (despite profound disagreements with his successor, Nick Griffin).

It was Tyndall's fate, as noted above, to find himself outplayed by a coalition of forces and interests that proved too powerful. This included the dominance within the political realm of a financial system based on usury and in which a Jewish element was pre-eminent. Opposition to that element inevitably attracted to Tyndall the insult term of "Anti-Semite", just as his racial nationalism brought him the other notable insult term of the day of "Racist". He bore his pillorying in the public forums with equanimity, graciousness and restraint, and showed a dignity and decency in debate which

NEWS FROM LONDON...

Prince plans to teach school principles

Prince Charles plans a teacher training institute to "fill the gap many in education believe has existed for too long".

He condemned "vogueish preoccupations of the present". Such as teaching children text messages, and demanded to know what need there was for the debate about the future of English teaching launched by the Qualifications and Curriculum Authority.

"We would be selling our young people short if we allowed short-term, fashionable approaches to become excessively dominant," the Prince told the fourth of his summer schools for teachers of English and history.

He said the college would "underpin timeless principles".

his foes often did not. It is possible, as recent charges brought against him may indicate, that his self-control slipped at times; but only rarely.

By nature John Tyndall was a warrior, a sportsman and a person who enjoyed vigorous physical exercise and challenge. He was a mixture of a general and a grand vizier, with a touch of the commander of an elite palace guard. Perhaps it is not unfair to suggest that he was a not-quite-King-Arthur who never found his Merlin. In terms of the Hindu caste system he was a kshatriya, a knight; and he did not move with ease in the realms of art and sacred tradition, which appertain more to the highest caste, the Brahmins. Despite this, a passage from Charles Morgan's essay "The Artist in the Community" in *The Writer and his World* throws light on Tyndall's life achievement:

By preserving this true relationship (between the artist and the community)



we may help to safeguard the liberty of thought and the community of freedom itself, for an artist is neither the community's priest nor the community's slave, but a member of it who holds in his especial charge certain qualities essential to its spiritual life. He is, as it were, the breath of the people's imagination without which they perish; and the people must learn, in each new phase of history, how to adjust themselves to art, how to receive it, how to make of it an ally with religion and science in every man's quest of truth; how, in each new climate, to breathe freely and deeply; for, if they do not, the authoritarians will stifle them, and the spirit of man, though it cannot die, be cast down, for long centuries, into

obscurity and submission.

It is unlikely that the voluminous writings of John Tyndall will come to be adjudged as being of the first rank in the prose corpus of the literature of the English language; but they should retain a permanent place in the national memory on the grounds of their lucid, honest and patiently comprehensive meditation upon the affairs of the British people from the perspective he held. This includes his magisterial book *The Eleventh Hour* (Albion Press 1988, reprinted 1998) and the vast number of essays he contributed to the magazine he edited for over three decades, *Spearhead*.

In the twilight of his life Tyndall suffered the bitter disappointment of losing the leadership of the British National Party to a man whose person and policies he could not trust. There was no more testing time in his life. Remaining true to his credo, he continued to fight for the welfare of the Party and its reform (as he conceived it), allowing no setbacks to deter him from fidelity to it and determination to recapture its unity and right direction. Here the spirit which Alfred Lord Tennyson depicted in "the williest of the Greeks" comes to mind as a fitting epitaph for Tyndall's labours:

*Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which
in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which
we are, we are:
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate,
but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield.*

It is possible that John Tyndall's life campaign was but a quixotic adventure, an impossible dream, an attempt to close the stable door after the horses had bolted; but it was noble and nobly undertaken.

As an Australian, I must inevitably compare him and his achievements to our own great patriot, Eric Butler, founder of the Australian League of Rights and its national director for some thirty years. Butler, while sharing many



of the views of Tyndall, took a very different approach to the challenge of the times. A follower of the Social Credit philosophy and policies of Major Clifford Douglas, Butler preferred to develop a service organization designed to educate electors into making better and more informed choices, the hope being that this would lead to a truer representation of the national interest in the federal and state parliaments. Butler was also an overt Christian, despite being underappreciated by the Church, whereas Tyndall was something of an agnostic with tendencies towards an undefined faith in the mysterious Ultimate. Tyndall was convinced that only through direct participation in the political process, through a political party, could national reform be gained, while Butler felt that that approach could not succeed. In the final upshot both men and their organizations were able to establish communities within their nations where what they saw as truth could be spoken and championed; but they were unable to make any deep impression upon the power held by the establishments against which they strove.

In Britain there have appeared in some of the national newspapers obituaries of John Tyndall which are pusillanimous and vitriolic. It was to be expected that the small men of the current nomenclatura, embarrassed by having their littleness contrasted with Tyndall's greatness, would attack his memory with spiteful invective and unjust misrepresentation. Those of us who know better of him must ensure that a true record of his life is preserved for posterity.

*Nigel Jackson, Melbourne, Australia
24th July 2005*

The Life and Times of Marcus Clarke

A Great Australian Writer

BRIAN ELLIOTT

MARCUS ANDREW HISLOP CLARKE, born in London on 24th April 1846, came of a family of soldiers and lawyers, partly Irish but mostly English. Several followed careers in outposts of empire – his grandfather Sir Andrew, a military surgeon, made his fortune in the West Indies; another Sir Andrew, his son and Marcus's uncle, was an early governor of Western Australia; and this Andrew's son, yet another Andrew and Marcus's cousin, became an aide to Sir William Denison in Tasmania and afterwards a member of the legislature in the new colony of Victoria. It was he who persuaded his uncle, James Langton Clarke, to settle in Victoria, where he became a country court judge at Ararat. This third Andrew after leaving Australia in the early 1860's, went on to become Governor of the Straits Settlements, then accepted an appointment on the Viceregal Council in India, and in due course was knighted like his father and his grandfather.

This Andrew happened to be in England in 1862 when disaster overtook young Marcus, then sixteen years old and about to leave school. He attended the Cholmeley Grammar School at Highgate, where one of his schoolmates was the future poet Gerard Manley Hopkins. The poet Coleridge lay buried beside the chapel, which served both the school and Highgate, a small village which has since become heavily built-up.

While his friend Gerard planned to go up to Oxford, Marcus, who had ambitions to enter the foreign service, planned to go to France for a year or so to perfect his French. But quite unexpectedly his father, William Hislop Clarke, an apparently rich and healthy man, was struck down with a fatal illness and investigation showed that he had no money in the bank; suddenly the boy (an only child) was penniless. His cousin Andrew arranged for him to go out to Melbourne, where a job could be found for him in a bank.

It is hardly possible to over-estimate the stunning effect this reverse of fortune had on Clarke. As a child Marcus always looked forward to a comfortable life, and never supposed that he would be short of money. His training did not help him to adapt to a life of frugal economy and later in life he was inclined to be bitter about the way he had been brought up. Certainly his upbringing seems to have been eccentric to a degree but the

accounts he left are often picturesque and we may take them to be exaggerated. His mother died when he was four; he had no recollection of her. His father, a chancery lawyer, who was evidently a brilliant, witty man, fond of clever company, chose his friends among artistic people, especially theatre folk. He was a frequent visitor to Paris, and took the boy Marcus with him; this perhaps helps to account for Marcus's interest in the French language, which he claimed to know almost as well as English. William Hislop Clarke seems to have been a kind, considerate father but Marcus always spoke as though some essential link between father and son had been missing. The explanation may be simple: the father's apparent lack of interest in his son



Marcus Clarke

towards the end of his life could well have been part of his approaching illness, which was accompanied by a mental breakdown. The effect, whatever the cause, was unhappy; Marcus complained that he was alternately over indulged in freedoms that were too grown-up for him, and starved of attention and affection. In a recognizably auto-biographical passage in a story he remarked, "I was suffered at sixteen to ape the vices of sixty ...my father ... never inquired how I spent that extravagant allowance which his indifference rather than his generosity permitted me to waste ..." In other places he speaks of his home life in terms that show he was never given the necessary training in steadiness and balance that serves a young man so usefully in his critical years when he happens to be thrown by a cruel world

upon his own resources, as Marcus was. When the blow fell, his cousin Andrew and a few friends rallied round and helped him put together about 800 pounds (not all in cash, since some of it followed later) – and he sailed for Victoria. He celebrated his seventeenth birthday while on board ship.

Apart from the early loss of his mother, life had also treated young Marcus unkindly by burdening him with a defective left arm – caused by a disease known as ankylosis. The arm was successfully operated on before he went to Highgate, but in effect it remained shrunken much like a limb stricken with poliomyelitis. All his life he was embarrassed by it and usually tried to keep his hand hidden. However, it was not so bad as to prevent him from swimming or riding. He was also slightly shy about a mild stammer in his speech, though those who knew him did not find it unattractive. He was a good-looking boy, and everybody remarked upon the fineness of his eyes which were exceptionally expressive.

Arriving at Sandridge (Port Melbourne) on the 7th June 1863, Marcus found that Melbourne was a busy and flourishing city. With the flood of population following upon the fantastic gold discoveries of the fifties, a metropolis had sprung up in this remote corner of the world in some twenty eight years. It lacked no sophisticated amenities – or sensational and sometimes scandalous extravagances – as we may gather from many of the articles that Clarke contributed to the newspapers and magazines. In many a sketch of later years he was to recollect these early days, often very amusingly and satirically, as, for example, when he asked the question in his 'Peripatetic Philosopher' column in the *Australasian* (10th October 1868), 'I want to know what becomes of all the new chums'. The picture he gave was no doubt a sort of self-portrait. The new chum began by being very superior and throwing money around like water. He dressed in the very latest London fashion; the Peripatetic Philosopher observed 'new faces leaning over bar counters' and 'stupendous collars and widely improbable trousers disporting themselves about the town'. Such young men made a very impressive beginning, but for all their flourishes at Scott's or the Port Phillip Club, their billiards, their abuse of the colony, and their indifference to the change out of a gold sovereign when

they bought a drink, they had a way of suddenly disappearing. 'In about a month the 100 pounds scraped together by their widowed mothers ... is spent – and then?' What happens to the new chums? There was an answer of course, and Clarke gave it:

... some burly squatter, horny of hand and bushy of beard, comes down from his station, and says, "Come Jack, lad; I knew thy father in the old country, and I won't see thee in a mess. Come up with me, and look round the country.' So young Hopeful goes, and is put upon a rough horse, and made to ride stock ...

Allowing for the humorous exaggerations, this was how Clarke himself graduated from new to old chum.

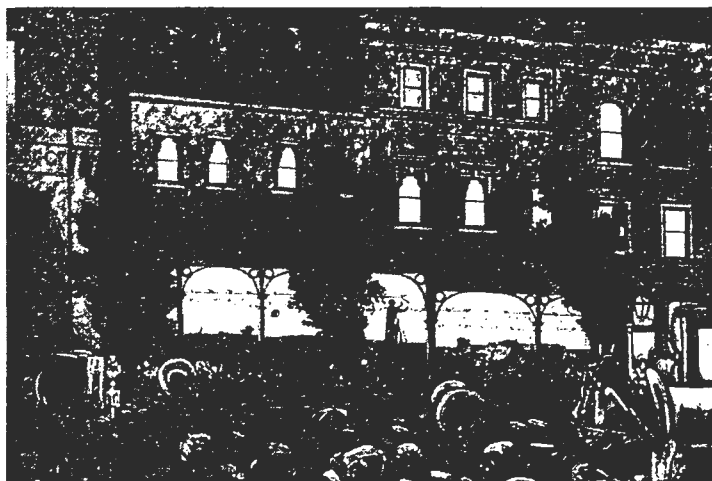
We might have expected young Marcus, on his arrival to have joined his uncle James Langton at Ararat, and indeed he did spend holidays there; but at first he did not leave Melbourne, expecting to enter the Bank of Australasia when a vacancy occurred; and in the meantime he lived on his substance like the new chum he was. He described his first six months in an article (which appeared in the *Australian Monthly Magazine*, May 1866) entitled "Austin Friars" – the name of a hostel and tavern 'in the heart of the city of Melbourne', 'a spot sacred to the memory of the jolliest six months that I ever spent'. Some of his time was spent in beginning a new version of a novel he had planned at school. But he really did nothing of importance except gather impressions which later became the subjects of numerous essays and sketches written in a comic spirit.

What Clarke tells us of his life in the bank is also amusing. He describes it in an exaggeratedly humorous way, however, and to discover the truth we must read between the lines; we then see his reason for concluding that he was not cut out to be a business man. A fellow clerk, Henry Gyles Turner, who later became a literary historian, left an account of him in *Melbourne Review*, January 1882, which indicated how little talent he had for banking, yet he called him (in Byron's phrase) "Pegasus in harness". And showed that for all his hopeless inefficiency he was well liked. Clarke himself wrote in *Humbug*, 3rd November 1869:

The manager sent for me, said that he loved me as his own brother, and that I wore the neatest waistcoats he had ever seen, but that my *genius* was evidently fettered in a bank. Here was a quarter's

salary in advance; he had no fault to find, quite the reverse, but – but – well, in short, I was not a Business Man.

To be a Business Man'. He says in the same article 'is a special gift, - a sort of inherent virtue, like a cast in the eye.' There need be little surprise at the events that followed. In January 1865, some friends of his uncle took Marcus to a station near the present town of Glenorchy, close to the Grampians, where he set about



The 'Argus' Office, Melbourne

learning the arts of station life at the twin properties of Swinton and Ledcourt.

With his 800-pound patrimony (or what was left of it) in view, Clarke decided to acquire some 'colonial' experience and then to put it to use by settling on a station of his own. He seems to have been perfectly sincere and reasonably successful, enjoying the life and looking forward to the future it would provide for him. His aim, as he said in a letter to Cyril Hopkins (Gerard's younger brother), was to make a modest fortune and retire in order to further his dearest ambition – to become a writer, especially a novelist. He thought about the easy way other men made fortunes in sheep, and of the quiet life he would be able to live in a few years time, devoting all his leisure to literature. Ironical, idyllic picture! Once more fate dealt him a blow. For one thing, the government policy concerning land settlement left him doubtful about the investment he must make, and for another, after making a heroic journey into the back country of New South Wales looking for land to settle on, he was ruined by the drought and the loss of all his horses and equipment. What little of his outlay he could recover he took back with him to Melbourne where with the help of a friend Dr. Lewins, a visitor to Swinton who was very much impressed by the literary gifts of the young man, he obtained a staff appointment on the *Argus* newspaper. He had already contributed a number of bright and amusing articles

to a Melbourne magazine, the *Australian Monthly Magazine* (including 'Austin Friars', already quoted), and henceforth the lines of his life lay plainly before him. Whatever else he might do, he must certainly write; he was immediately recognized as a born journalist, essayist and commentator.

Despite his natural ability (or perhaps because of it) Clarke's association with the paper as a staff reporter was brief.

He was not temperamentally suited to dull routine jobs, and soon tired of the sort of thing a reporter is asked to do. We should certainly beware of believing every curious story that we hear about Clarke, but there may be a shred of truth in the following anecdote, It was said that what brought his reporting career to an abrupt end was his nonchalant account of an entertainment which he had not bothered to attend; he had criticized the performance of a certain singer, unaware that the lady had become indisposed and

had not sung at all. Whether or not he was careless in these matters, we may assume, perhaps, that the management very quickly realized that he had talents of another kind, and a new arrangement was made whereby he became what was called a 'contributor'. He wrote extensively for the papers (the *Argus* and the weekly *Australasian*) in freelance style, that is, he did not receive a regular salary, but was paid for what he contributed. It is not easy to recognize Clarke's earliest writing, but already by mid 1867 we know that he was dramatic and other criticisms, and towards the end of the year he was conducting his own regular column under the heading 'The Peripatetic Philosopher' – a mixture of jottings, hearsay and bric-a-brac along popular lines. He modelled his style upon the prevalent *Punch* type of humour (Thackeray, Douglas Jerrold, George Augustus Sala), and very quickly was acclaimed among the brightest spirits then writing in the Melbourne press. Nor should we under-rate his achievement. The *Argus* of those days was a newspaper which might compare very favourably with an English contemporary except, perhaps, the famous *Times*.

It is impossible to give an account of all Clarke's writing for the newspapers; suffice it to say that he was an extremely active and prolific contributor both to the *Argus* papers and to others, and that his contributions varied greatly in style and purpose. Even if we consider only those

of his writings which can certainly be identified (and in the nature of newspaper work this is rarely possible, for more things go in unsigned than signed) he must have been by no means the idle or even lazy man that he sometimes appeared. Although he liked to give an impression of being idle, he could work at great speed when necessary. His life thus seemed to consist of alternations of furious industry and inactivity. Such is often the whim of genius.

"The Peripatetic Philosopher" is an interesting example of Clarke's early journalism. The column, which was his own innovation, was introduced to mark the occasion of a royal visit, that of H.R.H. Prince Alfred, Duke of Edinburgh in November 1867. The Duke was delayed at Adelaide so the first issue went to press without him; but in the second this passage of satirical persiflage occurred:

I met my friend X, M.L.A., yesterday at the corner of Collins Street, and asked him how he liked the Parliamentary banquet. He said it was the greatest joke he had ever assisted at for a long time. I was surprised. 'Why so?'

'Why you see, it was the way in which the thing was done. The Governor knew that "The people's chosen" must be near the Prince some time or other. So he chose a banquet, put huge vases of flowers on the table in order to conceal their appearance as much as possible, would not allow them to speak, and took H.R.H. away to the opera at nine o'clock.'

"Were there no speeches?"

'The Governor rose solemnly and said. "The Queen!" I cried, "Hear, hear", and was instantly hushed down, but as it seemed that His Excellency was not going to say any more, hon. members gave out little echoes of his toast at intervals, and drank off their bumpers, looking very hard at one another. One enthusiastic person added, "God Bless Her!" whereat another serious member pulled up his shirt collar and muttered something about "profane oaths" which I did not catch. The affair was as gloomy as a mute's funeral until H.R.H. left.'

'Oh! Then it began to be cheerful?'

'Hon. members sighed relievedly, passed the bottle, and called each other by their Christian names.'

It is a little difficult to decide whether this was more disrespectful towards the Duke or the Melbourne dignitaries. But at least it amused the readers.

No sooner was he in Melbourne again than Clarke began to have ideas of literary fame beyond journalism, and he persuaded a group of friends to join with him to buy the *Australian Monthly*

Magazine – to which he had already contributed stories and articles. As the editor of this paper, renamed the *Colonial Monthly*, Clarke was able to realize a little of his dream to become a free, creative writer though it had to be managed as part of a life given over to mainly earning a living. (It is true, he had hopes that this would earn him a living too – but they were as delusive as they were rosy.) He began in fine fettle by writing a novel in instalments. It was entitled *Long Odds* and, although it was set in England, it contained a colonial hero. Bob Calverly, the son of a wealthy squatter, goes 'home' to England where he innocently becomes



Mrs Marcus Clarke

involved in some rather shady racing deals. But he triumphs at last, wins the race which redeems his fortune, and returns to Australia with a charming English bride. 'This plot is related against the background of another (a remnant, perhaps of the earlier story he was still working on at Swinton). The second plot is a sophisticated political rigmorole, mixed up with scandal and corruption, such as the excitable public of those days enjoyed. Cyril Chatteris, son of a retired diplomat, makes an imprudent marriage while he is out of his father's favour; when, after the death of an elder brother, he becomes the heir and is received back again, he conceals his marriage and pays court to Kate French, his father's ward. There are some scheming complications at election time and considerable villainy, especially on the part of one Dacre, who discovers the truth about the marriage and attempts to blackmail Chatteris. The story concludes melodramatically with the murder of Dacre by Chatteris and the saving of poor Kate French by Calverly, who marries her and takes her to Australia to become the mistress of Ballara Plains. No doubt that was the station property Clarke would

have liked to have been master of himself! Throughout his writings one finds bits of fanciful disguised autobiography.

The routines of a journalist's life are fairly humdrum. It is enough to record that Clarke stayed with the *Argus* for seven or eight years and wrote a great deal for both the papers. There then came a cooling of mutual feelings and eventually a disagreement; he broke away, writing first for the *Herald* (then rated an unscrupulous 'rag'), afterwards for the *Daily Telegraph* (to which he contributed a very lively set of Melbourne impressions under the title of 'The Wicked World'), and finally for the *Age* and its associated week-end journal the *Leader*. Most of his best work was done for the *Argus*, and it is not clear why he changed. The reasons, which were probably temperamental, have since been lost; but the manner of his leaving, irritating as it must have been to the management, had its amusing side. A sort of deadlock arose in 1873 between the newspapers and the Victoria Racing Club over the issue of free passes for representatives of the Press, and this led to the papers threatening not to report the Melbourne Cup. The *Herald*, then an evening paper and always ready to make fun of the serious morning sheets, (although it had been itself a morning paper from 1840 to 1869), printed a fanciful description by Marcus Clarke of the race as observed from the roof of the *Herald* office (two miles from the course) with the scientific aid of a *camera obscura*. Though it was a good joke, the *Argus* people must have been annoyed to find their star contributor writing for a despised rival. By the time Clarke contributed his next Melbourne Cup review to the *Herald* – which he did in rhymed verse in 1874 – he was no longer *persona grata* with the *Argus*.

Except for these two high-spirited contributions, Clarke did not write well for the *Herald*; but he redeemed himself with the *Daily Telegraph* and recovered his balance completely when in the late seventies he came to write for the *Age* and *Leader*. It was for these papers that the best of his later work was done. In the latter phases of his journalistic career he seemed to have become a little bitter or at least nonchalant. He had much in his personal life that was discouraging, and he was often unwell. The remarkable thing is that his writings for the press remained so cheerful in spite of his many anxieties.

As well as the papers, Clarke also wrote for the theatre; he was the author of a number of plays, some translated from French, some adapted from novels, and one or two original. It was his pantomimes and farces that had the most success,

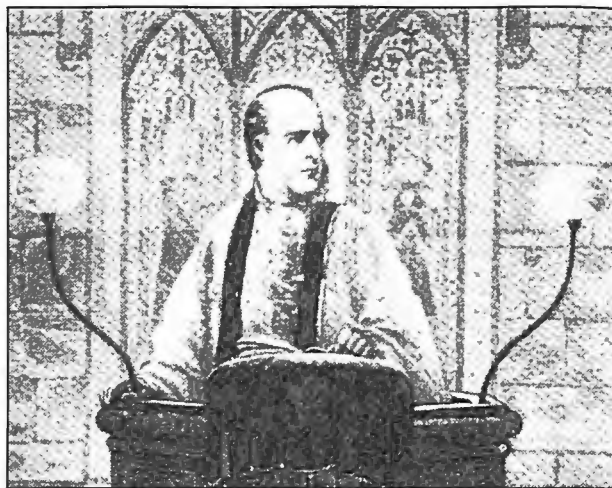
for the Melbourne public at that time was avid for light, gay entertainments. Through his interest in the theatre Clarke became acquainted with the actor Walter Montgomery, a famous Hamlet of his day, and through Montgomery met Marian Dunn, an actress who had played Ophelia opposite him in 1868. 'Undeterred', says his biographer Hamilton McKinnon, 'by the pecuniary difficulties in which he found himself, Clarke, with characteristic thoughtlessness, plunged into matrimony . . . ' He was married in Melbourne on the 22nd July 1869. Was it perhaps, the marriage of Cyril Chatteris over again? It does seem to have been precipitate, though McKinnon's breezy manner of telling the story makes it sound more reckless than it necessarily was. It is true, however, that Marian Clarke, though a pretty and charming actress, was not quite Marcus's equal in education or intellect, and there were certainly times afterwards when he must have regretted his impulsiveness. Their marriage appears to have been reasonably happy, however, and they produced a family of six, though none of their children inherited their father's literary gift.

As a married man, and at that one beset with chronic 'pecuniary difficulties', Clarke found his journalism insufficient (though anyone else would have thought 400 pounds a year adequate for those days). He was fortunate to be accepted at the Public Library however, where he served first as Secretary to the Trustees (1870) and afterwards (1873) as Sub-Librarian. He had not been trained as a librarian, but he had learned his way about the Library during his two or three year search for original sources to be woven into *His Natural Life*; and so became fairly proficient judged by the standards of those days. Clarke now had two occupations – for his work at the Library did not, except briefly at first, prevent him from writing for the papers – and so he doubled his income. Yet it still seems not to have been enough, and we can only suppose that he was an appallingly bad manager. He lived well, certainly among the accounts that survive there are some impressive amounts shown owing to his wine-merchant. He took a house at Brighton and came up to town each day by train, kept his carriage, and even at one time talked of a boat. But much of it was swagger; he was getting deeper and deeper into the financial mire, and the crisis came in 1874 when he was forced to declare himself a bankrupt. One of the consequences of this was that he

had to sell his library; the list of his books, which is preserved at the Mitchell Library in Sydney, shows the width and variety of his reading.

From this point on the story of Marcus Clarke's life becomes a strange mixture of the gay and the sad. However, he never at any time let the public see the troubled side of his nature, and there are still triumphs to relate.

The picture of Marcus Clarke among his friends is always a very happy one. It is true that he liked to shock people. One night Charles Bright, a member of the *Argus* staff, was astonished to find him drinking absinthe at the Café de Paris (part of the Theatre Royal). Asked if he liked it, Clarke replied "Not particularly,



Bishop Moorhouse

but I'm experimenting with it. They say it will drive a fellow mad in a month and I want to find out if that is a fact". And, he added, "I've tried opium-smoking and rather like that". His amusements were usually less off-beat than this, but is true – too true – that alcohol was among them. 'The foul fiend Dyspepsia' even before his marriage, and many references to a disordered liver, often made in a jocular manner, perhaps indicate a more serious condition than he was willing to admit. In those days however, drinking was not only a part of good cheer, it was often the sole alleviation of a dull, isolated existence; and, sad to say, it was the downfall of many able and brilliant men besides Marcus Clarke. Among his companions both of the pen and bottle were the members of several fraternities or clubs, one of which, the Yorick Club, (to whose foundation Clarke contributed, if he was not the actual founder) still exists. The Club is still frequented by Melbourne journalists though it is a more sober institution now than when Marcus and his friends first met together in a hired room to smoke their pipes drink their dram, talk and eat and indulge in boyish horseplay.

Adam Lindsay Gordon is said to have enjoyed picking up Clarke by the braces and tossing him into the air; and there are Yorick stories about members blacking each other's faces as they slept off some none too sober entertainment under a table. Clarke commented once on the fact that in Melbourne in those days everybody seemed to be young; it was natural that it should be so in colonial times.

What does seem extraordinary is that the same youthful spirit we see reflected in these stories could also have down to work as a serious librarian and, even more remarkable, could have become the author of the most impressive novel ever written in colonial Australia, a book which is entitled to rank with the greatest English tragic novels of the Victorian era. Obviously there were two strains in Marcus Clarke's character which sometimes found themselves in conflict; the serious one should never be underestimated merely because it was not always apparent on the surface.

Clarke's magazine ventures were never successful for long. The *Colonial Monthly* established him as a novelist and a literary man above the style of mere journalism; but it also ruined him financially. He tried to recover by sending good money after bad. When the *Colonial* collapsed, he attempted to run a popular journal called *Humbug* which was witty, facetious and satirical. But it too, quickly failed. *Melbourne Punch* printed a comic obituary which attributed its demise to *morbus clerici* or 'Clarke's disease' – and that no doubt was correct, for Clarke's lack of business instinct was so deceptively disguised under the cover of his enthusiasm that he was able to persuade others as well as himself of his relents as a manager. When *Humbug* faded away, however, there was something else in the air. Clarke's printers, Clarkson, Massina and Co., had a magazine of their own called the *Australian Journal* which they invited him to run while they retained the financial management. This seemed a magnificent opportunity and he came up with a magnificent response – the novel *His Natural Life*, which appeared in instalments from March 1870 to June 1872. This was the title that Clarke gave his novel which was first published in Melbourne by George Robertson in 1874. (A London edition in three volumes, published by Bentley, followed in 1875) In 1885, four years after his death, an edition appeared with the longer title, *For The Term of His Natural Life*. For many

years this was the title by which the book was known. The original short form is, however, now preferred.

There is no doubt that *His Natural Life* turned out to be a much more impressive story than either the printers or even its author at first intended. For one thing, it became very much longer. In the beginning it was agreed that the story should fill twelve of the monthly instalments of the magazine; but eventually it ran on for nearly two and a half years, what happened, clearly, was that Clarke, living intimately with his characters and becoming more and more wrapped up in them, could not keep to his original scheme. Like most Victorian novelists writing for serial publications, he sketched his story ahead in a general way, but only wrote what was necessary month by month; and before long the material had become too huge to be easily controlled. It is most unlikely that the story existed in anything more than outline when Clarke began; if the book were in any sense complete we would have to suppose that he deliberately deceived his publishers about its length, and this would not be like him. The probability is that his control over his imagination, at least in this instance, was no firmer than his unbusinesslike handling of his finances. However, while his freedom with money led to utter disaster, his prodigality in imagination was a mark of genius. Certainly this unexpected expansion of the plan brought some difficulties. The circulation of the magazine is said to have gone down as readers became impatient, and the proprietors became anxious. Moreover, it is fairly apparent that in the last part of the serial Clarke was writing carelessly, under pressure to finish; and this part of the story suffers. However, it is pleasing to recall that the *Australian Journal*, one of the most long-lived of Australian magazines (1865-1961), happily survived the hazard of publishing *His Natural Life* and twice in later years republished the whole of the serial, on both occasions increasing its circulation.

The book as it is now generally read is a revised version and is about two-thirds of the original length. Most people would agree that the pruning was a literary necessity, though it did alter the balance of the story and stress a sombre element which had intended to mark only the first part of his design. In the serial version there is relief from the sombreness in the form of a happy ending. Possibly with longer time to work out his narrative, Clarke could have made this ending more acceptable than it seems, but certainly the dark and terrible colours of the earlier part

are more convincing, and the tragic ending of the revision appears now more suitable and appropriate.

Many people wondered how a man like Marcus Clarke came to write such a tale. Partly because they so admired his achievement, they told stories to suggest that it was a happy accident – that it happened through sheer unguided genius. The public had an image of Clarke as a witty and lazy man who cared nothing for serious things – a very wrong impression, but it must be admitted that he enjoyed the deception. Mischievously, he did nothing to correct the illusion that he was a sort of wild and Bacchanalian bohemian, or even a kind of Puck among the journalists. Indeed it is only in *His Natural Life* that the deepest seriousness of his real nature ever does find full expression in his writings and he must himself carry some of the blame (if blame it be) for the quirkish legends that became current. Clarke was so dilatory in supplying copy for the printer that Massina had to lock him up in a room at the printery in order to get the instalments out of him at all. (It is true that he did miss instalments twice: on one occasion he was ill, and on the other, if we may guess, he was probably furiously angry – it was in December 1871, when no doubt the firm was getting very impatient and perhaps forced upon him an ultimatum to finish. He did complete the story in another six instalments, but in more or less slapdash style.) Other stories were spread, some of them transparently ill-natured, by envious rivals who accused him of misusing information or not acknowledging help; but this kind of thing only testified to the great admiration which his book inspired.

Sadly enough, a literary success is not necessarily a financial one; and as we have seen, nothing was able to prevent Clarke's collapse in 1874. We know how drastically his bankruptcy at this time – though it was voluntary and not a forced sequestration – affected him. He tried to go on living at the same standard as before, but it was impossible; he had to move to cheaper quarters in St Kilda. If he looked to make his fortune out of his novel, he was disappointed. This was nothing new, however, he continually placed his hopes in his writings, but it was only journalism which brought him any substantial income, and that was never enough. Some property of his cousin, Sir Andrew Clarke, which he attempted to manage for him, went astray and he burnt his fingers over that. His affairs began to go from bad to worse. In money matters it appears Marcus Clarke was incorrigible. In the late seventies he set upon even more desperate courses – borrowing money at

high rates from moneylenders.

His chief at the Library was about to retire and he banked on the chance of promotion to his position. Had his affairs been in order and his health better (and his bills at the vintner's smaller), perhaps the likelihood of his appointment to the chief librarianship might have been stronger. But the Library was a semi-government institution, and the Public Service took a dim view of bankrupts. Still Clarke went on his merry way. Melbourne had a numerous and wealthy Jewish community and it was to one of its leading and most respected members, Aaron Waxman that he applied for money early in 1880. Where Jews were concerned, however, Clarke could never school himself to be prudent; he had long ago in his 'Peripatetic Philosopher' days, begun to make outrageous jokes at their expense. He was not prepared to be very conciliating towards Waxman who, although he disapproved of Clarke's extravagance, really tried to help him. A story is told that Waxman complained, "You haf dreated me vorry bad, Mr Clarke, shocking bad, and afder me inviting you to my house, too". To which Clarke flippantly replied "And didn't I come?"

Clarke not only courted serious disapproval by his financial difficulties; about the same time he ran into political trouble too. He was concerned – there is some faint doubt about the extent of his involvement, but we may say he was in it up to his neck – in a political farce called *The Happy Land*, a satire on the Government at election time. Both the *Age* and the *Argus* thought the piece sufficiently outrageous and amusing to print in full when it was 'censored' in the theatre. (The play had been 'adapted' from an English success of 1874, also called *The Happy Land*.) Clarke attacked the play, tongue-in-cheek, in his 'Atticus' column in the *Leader*, a regular weekly column of topical remarks and town topics. No doubt he and the friends who were in the joke derived much amusement from it. Clarke's part in the business was never actually proven, but the only surviving manuscript of the text is clearly in his handwriting, though it also bears the name of his friend R.P. Whitworth. To be associated with such a venture at all was not good strategy in a man who was hoping for promotion at the Public Library. But Clarke so hated boredom and pomposity it seems that he could not resist the chance to make a witty and satirical joke.

A no less serious indiscretion – worse, because it offended the pious – was the controversy which he provoked with the Bishop of Melbourne, Dr. Moorhouse. In 1879 a new literary magazine, the *Victorian*

Review, was begun and Clarke with hopes of stirring up some lively interchanges of opinion, contributed an article to the first number entitled 'Civilization Without Delusion'. In it he attacked what he regarded as the irrationality of certain aspects of Christian orthodoxy. He was delighted when the Bishop himself chose to enter the argument – 'Conceive my soul-felt joy', he wrote to his friend A.P. Martin, 'when I saw those reverend gaiters actually getting over the ropes and beheld his Lordship throw his shapely shovel hat fairly into the ring! – but the reaction of the good people of Melbourne was one of pained shock.

On top of all this Waxman, whose patience had been tried too long, felt it was hopeless to delay his demand for repayment any longer. Early in 1881 he proceeded to foreclose and Clarke's disastrous second bankruptcy followed. Whatever his prospects may have been before they now fell to nothing. Moreover he was really ill, though still writing furiously, still keeping up his 'Atticus' column and still, until very near his death, continuing with his Library duties. Life seemed to overwhelm him and it is difficult to discover exactly what caused his death. It was rumoured that he had attempted suicide; but this seems to be unfounded gossip. With a little more plausibility it was suggested that he drank himself to death. Certainly he seems to have taken more liquor than was good for him at most times, and to have suffered for it – as his complaints about 'the foul fiend Dyspepsia' in his earliest writings testify.

What happened at the last seems to have been a kind of mental and moral as well as physical collapse. All that he valued in life had slipped away from him; and in turn he also slipped away. He gave up the struggle. It is said that after the second bankruptcy his household was so poor that he had barely more than the bed he lay upon, and that when he was ill his wife was not even able to provide the medicines the doctors ordered.

Early in July 1881 the appointment of the new Chief Librarian was announced: it went to Clarke's rival, and at the same time came the information that the trustees had decided to dispense with Clarke's services altogether. This was in effect, the last straw. His physical illness took a sudden and violent turn. The last account we have of him as he lay on his deathbed describes with a pen in his hand, the fingers moving desperately over the page in an effort to write something for the papers in order to bring in a little money for his wife and family. But he was already unconscious, and the marks on the paper were indecipherable. He died on the 2nd August 1881, the certificate states, of erysipelas. But this was merely the official description of his last symptoms; the real cause of his illness lay much deeper and cannot now be discovered. He was still a young man; only thirty-five. The funeral cortege travelled from St Kilda to the Melbourne Cemetery, on the other side of the city, through miserably wet and dismal weather; yet it was followed by many faithful friends and a numerous

public. For a generation the grave lay neglected, until a group of admirers in Adelaide subscribed funds to put a modest monument on it. Appropriately it took the form of a broken column.

So ends the story of one of the most remarkable Australian writers – a man of many contradictions, who so often seemed to be the clown when his heart was actually bursting with the deep troubles and sorrows he kept to himself. Clarke was a great rather than a wise man. He lives for us still in one book, *His Natural Life*, which now occupies a pre-eminent place in Australian literature; and those of us who are acquainted with his life story will always remember him with great kindness and affection as a lover of life, an enemy to everything trite and dull, a witty writer and a brilliant representative of the colonial spirit in Australia.

Further Reading: Brian Elliott: MARCUS CLARKE (Oxford, at the Clarendon Press, 1958)

Most of the larger libraries will possess copies of THE MARCUS CLARKE MEMORIAL VOLUME (1884)

Or THE AUSTRAL EDITION OF SELELCTED WORKS OF MARCUS CLARKE (1890), both edited by H. McKinnon.

Contributions

Heritage welcomes readers' humorous stories, anecdotes, riddles, poems or jokes. Better still if accompanied by an illustration!



LIONS FOR FREEDOM

40 years of history at your fingertips

"On Target" has been published weekly for over 40 years with commentary and information not found in the "popular press".

Do you know?

- What really happened in 1975?
Was there a 'constitutional crisis' or was it the political parties 'playing politics'?
- Would Gough Whitlam have used the armed forces in 1975 to retain power - if he could have?
- Who is Australia's constitutional 'Commander-in-Chief'?
- Did you know Robert Gordon Menzies saw himself as 'a practical socialist'?
- When did the international bankers 'inform' John Howard they were in control of Australia's finances?

These and many more answers to such questions will be found on the Australian League of Rights' CD "Lions for Freedom".

The CD has been designed to autorun and load in Internet Explorer on your PC.

Price: \$32 posted

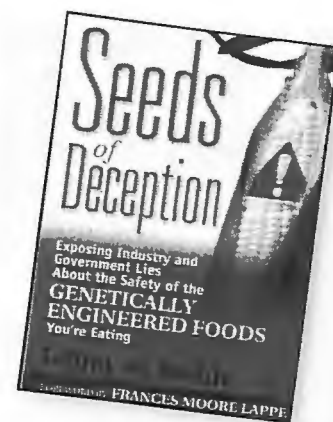
Special Price: \$22 posted

For our Heritage Journal Subscribers only. Offer expires 30th September 2005

SEEDS *of* DECEPTION

**Exposing Industry and Government Lies
About the Safety of the GENETICALLY ENGINEERED FOOD You're Eating.**

By Jeffrey M. Smith *Foreword By Francis Moore Lappe*



EATING such experimental foods is gambling with your health. Find out how you can protect yourself and your family.

In *Seeds of Deception* you will read internal memos by US Food and Drug Administration scientists warning of toxins, allergies, and new diseases – all ignored by their superiors, including a former attorney for Monsanto. You will discover how industry studies are designed to avoid finding problems. And you will learn why the FDA withheld information from the US Congress after a genetically modified supplement killed nearly a hundred people and disabled thousands.

Amongst other disturbing reports:

- ◆ Laboratory rats fed a GM crop developed stomach lesions, and seven of the forty died within two weeks. The crop was approved without further tests.
 - ◆ When a top scientist tried to alert the public about his alarming discoveries, he lost his job and was silenced with threats of a lawsuit.
- Softcover: 292 pages – Price:\$35.00c posted

MONSANTO FOUND GUILTY OF OUTRAGEOUS BEHAVIOUR

In 2002 Monsanto was found guilty of releasing tons of PCB pesticides into the city of Alabama and covering up its actions for decades.

The jury found Monsanto liable on all six charges it considered: negligence, wantonness, suppression of the truth, nuisance, trespass and outrage.

Under Alabama law the charge outrage requires conduct "so outrageous in character and extreme in degree as to go beyond all possible ground of decency so as to be atrocious and utterly

intolerable in civilised society."

This brutal and savage environment became the ethical training ground for three of George W. Bush's closest advisors in his first administration, Donald Rumsfeld (Defence), Ashcroft (Attorney General) and Veneman (Agriculture). Once a Monsanto executive.....

PCBs (Poly-chlorinated biphenyls) were outlawed in 1978, had been manufactured and dumped in the town for 40 years. Monsanto executives discovered fish dunked in the local creek turned belly up within 10 seconds, spurting blood....In 1969 they found fish with 7500 times the legal limit but never told their neighbours – " There is little object in going to expensive extremes limiting discharges", said Monsanto as reported in the Washington Post.

Considering Monsanto's track record you would think that the American regulatory authorities (FDA) would closely scrutinize Monsanto's GE introductions but under American regulations Monsanto can introduce a GE crop without even notifying the authorities. GE crops are not labelled, or segregated and so contaminate non-GE crops throughout the US food chain.

Monsanto buys world largest Seed Company.

Seminas, which is the largest supplier of vegetable and fruit seeds, is being taken over by Monsanto. Seminas sells more than 3500 varieties in 150 countries. It also owns the world's largest fruit and vegetable seed bank.

Whilst European seed companies freely exchange Gene bank material. In the US, Monsanto and Seminas refuse access taking a proprietorial viewpoint.

The merged operation extends Monsanto's control over the world's supply of food. Its genetically engineered

corn, soy, canola and cotton give it monopoly patent control over broad acre food crops, and its acquisition of Seminas could extend patents over tomatoes, peppers, watermelons, lettuce, and every other food.

Monsanto moves back in Australia's seed market

The acquisition of Seminas brings Monsanto control of a significant section of Australia's vegetable seed market. Australians must decide if they wish to purchase seeds from a company convicted of outrageous behaviour.

It is the acquisition of Seminas, Monsanto's Trojan horse to attempt to patent and genetically manipulate our vegetable and fruit seed too!

It has been said about corporations:
" They have no soul to save, and no body to incarcerate."

Source: SEEDS OF DECEPTION – The Diggers Club – Autumn Garden 2005 Magazine.

READ FOR YOURSELF!

Eating such experimental foods is gambling with your health. Find out how you can protect yourself and your family.

In *Seeds of Deception* you will read internal memos by US Food and Drug Administration scientists warning of toxins, allergies, and new diseases – all ignored by their superiors, including a former attorney for Monsanto. You will discover how industry studies are designed to avoid finding problems. And you will learn why the FDA withheld information from the US Congress after a genetically modified supplement killed nearly a hundred people and disabled thousands.

Soft cover: 292 pages – \$35.00 posted
See order form in this issue.

8 STEPS TO DESTROY AMERICA

IS AUSTRALIA LISTENING? (EDITOR)

The following article was published in *The Idaho Observer*, Box 457, Spirit Lake, ID 83869, USA.

Heritage has reprinted this article from 'Midnight Messenger' July-August 2005. With the kind permission of the Editor:

Richard Lamm is a former governor of Colorado. Last January he spoke at an immigration-overpopulation conference in Washington, D.C. that was attended by many of America's finest minds and leaders.

A brilliant college professor named Victor Hansen Davis talked about his latest book, *Mexifornia*, explaining how immigration – both legal and illegal – was destroying the whole state of California. He said it would march across the country until it destroyed all vestiges of the American dream. Then Governor Lamm stood up and described "his" eight-point plan to destroy America.

A speech by Governor Richard Lamm:

If you believe that America is too smug, too self-satisfied, too rich, then let's destroy America. It's not that hard to do. No nation in history has survived the ravages of time.

Arnold Toynbee observed that all great civilizations rise and fall and that, "An autopsy of history would show that all great nations commit suicide."

Here is how to do it. **First**, turn America into a bi-lingual, multi-lingual, bi-cultural country. History shows that no nation can survive the tension, conflict and antagonism of two or more competing languages and culture. However, it is a curse for a society to be bi-lingual.

The historical scholar Seymour Lipset put it this way: "the histories of bi-lingual and bi-cultural societies that do not assimilate are histories of turmoil, tension and tragedy.

"Canada, Belgium, Malaysia, Lebanon all face crises of national existence in which minorities press for autonomy, if not independence".

Second, invent "multi-culturalism" and encourage immigrants to maintain their culture. I would make it an article of belief that all cultures are equal. That there is no cultural differences. I would make it an article of faith that the black and Hispanic dropout rates are due to prejudice and discrimination by the majority. Every other explanation is out of bounds. We could make the United

States an "Hispanic Quebec" without much effort.

Third, the key is to celebrate diversity rather than unity. As Benjamin Schwarz said in the *Atlantic Monthly* recently, "The apparent success of our own multi-ethnic and multi-cultural experiment might have been achieved not by tolerance but by hegemony. Without the dominance that one dictated ethnocentricity and what it meant to be an American, we are left with only tolerance and pluralism to hold us together".

I would encourage all immigrants to keep their own language and culture. I would replace the "melting pot" metaphor with the "salad bowl" metaphor. It is important to ensure that we have various cultural sub-groups living in America reinforcing their differences rather than as Americans, emphasising their similarities.

Fourth, I would make our fastest growing demographic group the least educated. I would add a second underclass, unassimilated, uneducated, and antagonistic to our population. I would have this second underclass have a 50 percent dropout rate from high school.

My Fifth point for destroying America would be to get big foundations and business to give these efforts lots of money. I would invest in ethnic identity, and I would establish the cult of "Victimology." I would get all minorities to think their lack of success was the result of the majority. I would start a grievance industry blaming all minority failure on the majority population.

My Sixth, plan for America's downfall would include dual citizenship and promote divided loyalties. I would celebrate diversity over unity. I would stress differences rather than similarities. Diverse people worldwide are mostly engaged in hating each other – that is, when they are not killing each other.

A diverse, peaceful, or stable society is against most historical precedent. People undervalue the unity it takes to keep a nation together. Look at the ancient Greeks. The Greeks believed they belonged to the same race. They possessed a common language and literature, and worshiped the same gods. All Greeks took part in the Olympic Games. A common enemy, Persia, threatened their liberty. Yet all these bonds were not strong enough to overcome two factors: local patriotism and geographical conditions that nurtured political divisions.

Next to last, **Seventh**, I would place all subjects off limits – make it taboo to talk about anything against the cult of "diversity." I would find a word similar to "heretic" in the 16th century – that stopped discussion and paralysed thinking. Words like "racist" and "xenophobe" [and "anti-semitism". ed.] halt discussion and debate.

Having made America a bi-lingual/ bi-cultural country, having established multi-culturalism, having the large foundations fund the doctrine of "Victimology," I would develop a mantra: because immigration has been good for America, it must always be good. I would make every individual immigrant sympatric and the cumulative impact of millions of them.

Lastly, I would censor Victor Hansen Davis's new book, *Mexifornia*. His book is dangerous. It exposes the plan to destroy America. If you feel that America deserves to be destroyed, don't read that book.

END NOTE: When Lamm ended his speech there was no applause. A chilling fear slowly rose like an ominous cloud above each attendee at the conference. Every American in that room knew that everything Lamm enumerated is proceeding methodically, quietly, darkly, yet pervasively across the United States today. Every discussion is being suppressed. Over 100 languages are ripping the foundation of our educational system and national cohesiveness. Barbaric cultures that practice female genital mutilation are growing as we celebrate "diversity." American jobs are vanishing into the Third World as corporations create a Third World in America.

Take note of California and other states. To date, ten million illegal aliens and growing fast. It is reminiscent of George Orwell's book, *1984*. In that story, three slogans were engraved in the Ministry of Truth building: "**War is Peace,**" "**Freedom is Slavery.**" And "**Ignorance is Strength.**"

As Governor Lamm walked back to his seat, it dawned on everyone at the conference that our nation is deeply in trouble. The situation is worsening fast. If we don't get the immigration monster stopped within the next few years, it will rage like a California wildfire across our country destroying everything in its path – especially The Great American Dream.

Unlimited New Energy From Sun and Water



A revolutionary new way of harnessing the power of the sun to extract almost unlimited energy from water will be a reality in seven years.

"It would be the cheapest, cleanest and most abundant energy source ever developed," says scientists from Australia's University of New South Wales. "The main by-products would be oxygen and water."

Special titanium oxide ceramics will harvest sunlight and split water to produce hydrogen fuel. The researchers say it will then be a simple engineering exercise to make a device with no moving parts to harvest the energy; and it will give off no greenhouse gases or pollutants.

"This is potentially huge, with a market the size of all the existing markets for coal, oil and gas combined," says Professor Janusz Nowotny who, with Professor Chris Sorrell, is leading a solar hydrogen research project at the University's Centre for Materials and Energy Conversion. The

team is thought to be the most advanced in developing the cheap, light-sensitive materials that will be the basis of the new technology.

Chris Sorrell says Australia is ideally placed to take advantage of the enormous potential of this new technology: "We've abundant sunlight, huge reserves of titanium. But this technology could be used anywhere in the world.

"It's been the dream of many people for a long time to develop it and it's exciting to know that it is now within such close reach."

Although existing hydrogen fuel cell technology is more efficient than the internal combustion engine and dramatically cuts down vehicle emissions, currently hydrogen is produced from fossil fuel, so that it still gives off greenhouse gases. This new process would cut out these emissions.

In Britain, a team of scientists at Leeds University have developed another

process that enables hydrogen to be produced from vegetable oils, so cars could in the future have a tank of sun flower oil that would be converted into hydrogen to power the fuel cell motor.

Meanwhile, in Scotland, the world's first commercial-scale floating Wave Energy Converter, *The Pelamis*, has successfully generated its first electricity for the UK grid.

In the US over 350 bankers and investors met to explore the state of financing for renewable energy in America. The *American Council on Renewable Energy and Euromoney* was completely oversubscribed. "It's great to see renewable energy entering the mainstream," said the organizers.

Contact: m.omalley@unsw.edu.au

Email: y.dupont@leeds.ac.uk

Websites: www.oceanpd.com

www.AmericanRenewables.org

Computer Game

When computer met computer

On a Stock Exchange,
Said computer to computer
'Here is something strange'
What's this Market Crash?
It's making a lovely hash!
Can we all have a bash?'

Sez computer to computer
Thousands of miles away,
'Chum - this is our Day!
What a game to play!
Humans think they are our tutors,
Little they know us computers,
When it happens just to suit us,
We tell, and they obey!'

'Computers of the world unite
To give these crazy men a fright!
All together yell:
Sell! sell! sell! sell! sell!
That'll give 'em Hell!

Instantly our voice is whirled
Round the poor old spinning world
And prices down the pit are hurled,
There's your Market Crash!
First tell 'em "Splash your cash"
Then comes the lovely Smash!
Sez computer to computer,
'Look at how they run!

What a lot of fun!
Let's have another one!
Now's the time to cry,
Buy! buy! buy! buy! buy!
Till prices are sky-high.

Time then for a collapse,
So all together chaps,
Tell the poor silly saps:
Sell! sell! sell! sell! sell!

Well! well! well! well! well!

- E & G.D.

Letters to the Editor...

In response to the article "A New Way In Australia." written by Nigel Jackson

DEFINING THE CONCEPTS

Heritage (Vol.29 No.111) carried an article by Nigel Jackson calling for a coalition of understanding involving various religious groupings. He commented favourably on Australian Resurgence but disagreed with some aspects of our policy. What was disappointing was the logic used to explain how this publication arrived at certain positions.

A major stumbling block was Christianity ("flawed"), which Jackson says a new political movement cannot base itself on, because of the "great diversity of faith" in Australia. What was strange was Jackson's idea that I am opposed to Islamisation of the West merely because I might have been sympathetic to the anti-communist side in the Spanish Civil War. This is a very curious form of back to front logic. I am sympathetic to those who have fought for Christendom, in whatever time or place. However there is no link between the 1936 war and Islamisation in Australia in 2005, which is opposed by millions of very down-to-earth Australians. Hopefully this is not an example of cheap arguing which seeks to discredit a viewpoint by association. If so, it's unfortunate and not very effective, given that the war in question is no longer news, any more than Popish plots.

The idea of getting the ("sacred traditions") of different religions ("Muslims, Hindus, Buddhists, Jews") to work with us to promote the spiritual in this country is an idea of Nigel Jackson. It cannot work because these religions and ours are mutually exclusive. The only way they won't be is if all that is contradictory is ignored or "reinterpreted" out of existence. This kind of "unity" is a denial of religion. There is also little point, as the Muslims are the least inclined to relativising their religion. It is Islam that most faithfully realises the caricature of Christian history presented by Jackson. Even if we were all of the wishy-washy kind of politically correct Christian who is interested in putting the Faith on the same level as that of the Muslims, it would serve little purpose: Muslims think their religion is the only true one. Jackson has a big task to prove that esoteric writers like

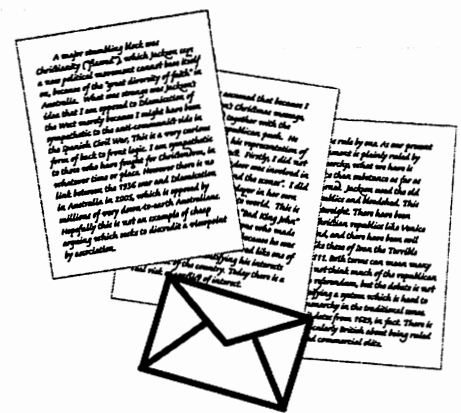
Guenon were not in the same tradition as the New Age syncretism promoted by the politically correct now. Christianity is not suited to syncretism, as it is the most radically exclusive of all religions. Christ claimed to be the only way. His divinity is without parallel in any other religion.

Christianity itself refuses to be "transcended" by anything, but I think it goes without saying that being unapologetic about Christianity does not mean persecuting members of other religions.

TRUE MONARCHY

Nigel Jackson has assumed that because I criticised the Queen's Christmas message, I should be lumped together with the system-sponsored Republican push. He has been mistaken in his representation of my views on this subject. Firstly, I did not claim the House of Windsor was involved in "big business scams behind the scenes". I did say the Queen was a big player in her own right in the global corporate world. This is a matter of public record, "Bad King John" was not respected by the barons who made him sign Magna Carta, not because he was a tyrant, but because he behaved like one of them, instead of identifying his interests with those of the country. Today there is a real risk of conflict of interest.

My lack of esteem for the current system is caused mainly by the fact that it is not a real monarchy. Monarchy means rule by one. As our present system of government is plainly ruled by a globalised oligarchy, what we have is more appearance than substance as far as royalty is concerned. Jackson used the old lines about republics and bloodshed. This is all very lightweight. There have been conservative Christian republics like Venice and Switzerland, and there have been evil monarchies like those of Ivan the Terrible and Henry V111. Both terms can mean many things. I did not think much of the republican model put to referendum, but the debate is not assisted by deifying a system which is hard to define as a monarchy in the traditional sense. As a system it dates from 1689, in fact. There is nothing particularly British about being ruled by a



globalised commercial elite.

Like any traditionalist, I am impressed by the symbols of royalty, because they represented the authority of the head of state and pointed to God as the origin of authority. However, the government that realises the monarchical function in reality is more impressive than the pageantry of one that has abdicated this function.

Michael Brander
Australian Resurgence

VIEWS ON SIR WILLIAM DEANE

I am so glad you do not express the same views of Sir William Deane with the same interest, neither do I. (*Heritage* No.111 2005)

Take Victoria, this state is now officially belonging to the Australian indigenous aborigines. The Brack government made the amendment to our State Constitution without a legal request by the whole of the people. We should ask the State Governor please explain the inconsistency of laws, e.g. Section 109.

Sir William Deane is multi-racial, and this includes everybody even our Australian indigenous aborigines. I quote from an article in the Herald Sun of 10/6/2005 by Andrew Bolt "ONE LAND! ONE TRIBE!"

I would like to remind Nigel Jackson Heritage Issue No.111. 2005 see page 7. That Australia is already an independent country since the 1st January 1901.

MY POEM

"Love is in the air"
For a very special Royal pair.
They had to wait for a very long time
To say to each other at last you are mine.

Mrs Edith Irma Knight
Montmorency, Vic.

As the Multiculturalism, Immigration debate continues, for the interest of our readers Heritage has published an excellent letter which was first published in the Letters Section of 'The West Australian' Thursday July 21st 2005.

IT'S MULTICULTURAL SUICIDE

How right Macquarie University associate law professor Andrew Fraser is. (Australia Losing its Identity: 16/7/05)

Despite the prolonged barrage by the government and media on the so-called benefits of multiculturalism, we are obviously on the rocky road to violence, social problems and even national disintegration. Surely we should learn from the British experience.

But will we?

Though most Australians welcome limited numbers of migrants from various parts of the world, they do not want us to become a polyglot society that destroys our unique Australian character. If our way of freedom and democracy is the best way to live here, surely it's not asking too much to require all migrants to assimilate and adjust? Yet this is not the case.

In falling over backwards not to upset anyone or be branded a racist, we deny our unique Christian culture and claim we are now a rainbow coalition of all colours and creeds in which all cultures are equal. But now we are seeing the true effects of multiculturalism, to the point where we are quite concerned about terrorist bombings being perpetrated by members of alien cultures against us. And so we should.

Through a process of deception we are being taken over because we do not realise we are one of the most blessed nations on Earth. Many give credit to our cleverness or to the God of luck but not to the God of the Bible whose laws and institutions we have inherited through our British heritage and the English Common Law. As the nation's Anglo-Saxon character is being assassinated and our Christian culture undermined, we see mosques and temples to foreign deities that have bought poverty and terrorism in many other places, springing up everywhere.

It's not too late to stop this madness. But we must begin by recognising that Christianity is our national culture; yes, our very life-blood that has produced freedom, stability, prosperity and the quintessential Australian character. For therein lies the solution to our present precarious path to national suicide on which our political, religious and economics elites are driving us.

Don Jackson, Ballajura WA



Old Botany Bay

'I'm old
Botany Bay;
Stiff in the joints,
Little to say.

I am he
Who paved the way,
That you might walk
At your ease today;

I was the conscript
Sent to hell
To make in the desert
The living well;

I bore the heat,
I blazed the track –
Furrowed and bloody
Upon my back.

I split the rock;
I felled the tree:
The nation was –
Because of me!

Old Botany Bay
Taking the sun
From day to day . . .
Shame on the mouth

That would deny
The knotted hands
That set us high!

Mary Gilmore



**ADVANCE AUSTRALIA -
WHERE**

Australian "persons" let us reflect
That we're no longer free.
We've golden soil, no wealth for toil,
We're taxed to poverty.

Our land abounds in nature's gifts,
But not for the likes of we.
Annexed from us then locked up
For our masters overseas.

So in mournful strains let us refrain
From celebrating our catastrophe.

- D.K. Barnes.

RECOMMENDED READING



**Sovereignty
in Australia**
by Arthur Tuck

The Coronation Service and
its Relevance to Australia Today

See order form in this issue.

CONTRIBUTIONS WELCOMED
ARTICLES and other contributions,
together with suggestions for suitable
HERITAGE material, will be welcomed.
However, those requiring
used or unused material
to be returned, should
enclose a stamped and
Self-addressed envelope.



RING ABOUT THE MOON

By Richard Bentley

Weather forecasting based on movements of the moon, dismissed by many as simply based on folklore, is proving remarkably accurate.



ON February 7th the New Zealand city of Dunedin experienced an intense downpour that flooded some downtown areas and caused much damage. The MetService, the state-owned forecaster, had not anticipated this event, and only one private forecaster had suggested heavy rain for Dunedin that day

Surprisingly he had made the prediction about 18 months before in his Predict Weather Almanac 2005. Ken Ring, the man who forecasts the weather by the moon, had got it right again.

Hailed as a visionary by some and dismissed as a 'lunatic' by others, Ring has been producing his Almanac of weather maps and forecasts for New Zealand for six years. Increasingly it is being recognised by farmers, outdoor contractors and event organisers as having a hit rate that makes it well worth consulting.

Ring is the first to admit that he doesn't achieve 100 percent accuracy, but when he does the results can be immensely satisfying.

"Last year in July someone asked me when it would rain again in Sydney, which was then in the middle of a drought. I told him that rain wouldn't happen until August 14 when there would be a week of wet weather," says Ring.

"I also emailed the information to the Sydney Morning Herald. Within minutes some guy rang back, and I explained to him that my system indicated they could expect rain in that week. The following

day saw the dramatic front page headline 'Deluge Coming in a Month'."

The story certainly created a deluge - of phone calls from newspapers and talkback radio stations from Perth to Penrith, all wanting to know what Ring was on about. Most were sceptical, but were happy to accept forecasts for their areas. One radio jock bet him a Wallabies' rugby jersey that it wouldn't rain on the dates he predicted.

Ring won his jersey The heavens above Sydney opened on August 14 and it rained until the 20th, and a lot more people started wondering if there might be something to his moon weather ideas.

Blinded by science.

The moon seems to have no place in modern meteorology. Satellite images and computer models are the data sources for orthodox forecasters but even with their sophisticated gear predictions five days ahead are rarely more than 75 percent right. Independent assessments have shown Ring's forecasts to have similar accuracy, and he can predict five years ahead. Yet the idea that the moon can be used to make long-range weather predictions is viewed by scientists as folklore and tradition.

Ken Ring would agree, but unlike them he has a great respect for traditional knowledge. In fact, it was local folklore that first alerted him in the 70s to the link between lunar movements and human activity.

"My wife was part Maori and some of the local Maori elders told us about their fishing and planting methods, which

were lunar based," explains Ring.

"It made sense to me that if the sea was influenced by the moon, anything in or near the sea or immediately above it was going to be affected as well. Yachties say there's often a blow before the tide turns, but then the wind dies down, and it sometimes rains, so I figured the weather and the water were part of the same dynamic."

The pattern of moon/weather interaction soon became obvious to Ring. Before the first Nambassa Festival in January 1978 he warned friends that there would be heavy downpours. It was indeed a washout.

His observations were further confirmed when, as he predicted, many yachts came to grief during a Sydney to Hobart yacht race that was being held over a lunar perigee.

"I was anxious that people should know about this stuff so that danger could be avoided, and I rang the local TV station and the Auckland observatory. But nobody wanted to know - I was told it was just folklore," says Ring.

He felt deflated because he believed he had been quite scientific in his approach - careful observation, recording of events, and analysis to find links and correlations. He put his interest on hold, but towards the end of the 80s he resumed looking in old astrology books where he discovered details of moon orbits and started to understand some of the reasons for the patterns he had observed.

"I realised the significance of the cycle where the moon comes closer to

the earth, and what happens when full moons and the perigee (the point in its orbit) where the moon is closest to the earth) coincide. About that time there was a series of storms and Cyclone Bola, which caused a tremendous amount of damage."

"I began writing to newspapers pointing out these occurrences, but again, no one took much notice."

However, Ring was contacted by Harry Alcock, an elderly man whose findings were somewhat similar to Ring's, and who had produced seasonal forecasts for farmers for many years.

"I was overjoyed that somebody else had covered the same ground, and so we met regularly, went through his 40 years of records, and came up with a better understanding of the system," says Ring.

Moon cycles. Imagine a small child running around you in a circle (the 28 day full moon cycle) at regularly varying speeds, but at the same time oscillating first above you and then below you (the 27 day declination cycle) and also coming towards you and then going further away (the perigee cycle of 27.3 days). In addition, the child comes closer to certain parts of you over a period of 8.8 years, and the two of you are actually going around a much larger body (the Sun).

Now imagine you notice that you usually feel happy when your hyperactive child does certain things, but frustrated or angry when he does others. You go to a psychologist for help, but he tells you that the child has no effect on you, and that your moods are caused by something unknown and are almost unpredictable. Yeah, right!

Ring is certain that the Earth's weather moods and the moon's movements are inextricably entwined. He has identified 12 lunar cycles varying from 27 days to about 19 years, which all have an impact on weather. Their interactions are complex but predictable.

"Skiers say that it always snows at the full moon. What they don't realise is that the moon in the southern hemisphere winter is at the southern extreme of its declination cycle," he says.

"Just as the moon creates the sea tides, it also creates air tides, and at the southern declination those tides pull cold

air up from the Poles and it snows."

In Ring's view, the expansion and contraction of the atmosphere as a result of the moon's passing above it at various speeds and distances causes revealing weather patterns.

These make it possible, he says, to predict the weather for a particular day on the basis of what the weather was like when the moon was in a similar position in the past.

"The simplest predictor is the lunar year of 355 days. If you go back 355 days to the weather map for that day, chances are you will find that is quite similar to the one for today," he says.

"I use that in my predictions, but then modify it using records that take into account at least four other cycles to produce the right hand daily weather map in my Almanac. I also look at weather records for individual cities and towns and use those to predict rainfall and sunshine hours for that day."

Complicating factors like weather maps that are prepared at different times of the day in different places, discrepancies in predictions of moon orbits, and human error in data collection, make precise forecasts difficult. Ring asks for a 24-hour leeway on either side of a daily prediction, and even then he hedges his bets.

"Unlike bridge-building and chemistry, meteorology is still an inexact science," he writes in the Almanac.

"Rather than focus on one day's map, it is better to gain an average feel for the day by looking at all the maps over a 3-4 day trend window, and at the monthly summaries of rainfall for your town."

Shepherd's delight.

Talk to orthodox meteorologists about Ring's work and they will most likely scoff and say that he crows about his successes but is quiet when he gets it wrong.

However, they make mistakes too - hence messages like "The severe rain warning for tomorrow has now been lifted" ..

Ring's daily forecasts may not always be quite right, but what farmers like is that his trends are often spot on. If he says it will be dry until mid-March, then wet for a month, the chances are it will be within a bull's roar of being correct.

This has led to a rise in popularity of his New Zealand Almanac, and in partnership with publisher Random House he is planning an Australian version.

Meantime, details of his methods are given in his books Predicting Weather by the Moon, Secrets of the Moon, and Moon and Weather Lore. Ring has no problem in sharing his knowledge with anyone - even meteorologists.

"Nothing would please me more than to have the cyclic nature of the weather widely known, and to have government sponsored long-range forecasts, incorporating lunar research, used to preserve incomes and save lives," he says.

Reprinted from "The Furrow" AustralialNew Zealand edition 2005 No1. with kind permission from John Deere Limited Australia.

ESSENTIAL READING!

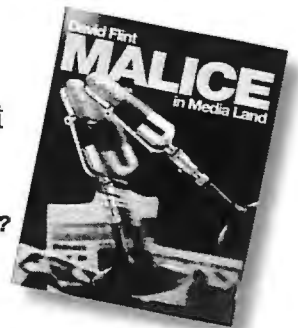
MALICE

In Media Land

By David Flint

ACCURATE?
OBJECTIVE?
INDEPENDENT?

What has happened to Australia's media?



Having abandoned diligent and unbiased reporting, campaigning journalists have become unelected and unaccountable participants in the political process, requisitioning the airwaves of the public broadcasters as well as the columns of once great newspapers.

With an insatiable appetite fed by a succession of feeding frenzies, the "elite" media unashamedly advance the minority agenda as David Flint, former head of the Australian Broadcasting Authority, identified in his bestselling *Twilight of the Elites*.

After a quarter of a century engaged in media regulation, Professor Flint is uniquely placed not only to comment on the present malaise in the Australian media, but also to propose solutions.

Essential Reading! Price: \$30.00 posted Softcover - 263 pages.

See form in this issue for ordering details.

WHAT'S NEW ON CORPWATCH

Holding Corporations Accountable
« <http://www.corpwatch.org> »

Dear CorpWatch Supporter,

I'm writing to you from Washington DC and the latest major hearing on Halliburton convened by the Democratic Policy Committee in the US Senate. This is one of the results of CorpWatch's successful new book, *Iraq Inc*, and we hope you can support CorpWatch's continued efforts to expose corporate profiteering on the War on Terror.

CorpWatch's *Iraq, Inc.: A Profitable Occupation*, published by Seven Stories Press, has been very well received everywhere. Oliver Robinson of the Observer (UK) called it a "damning guide to the web of private companies and hired guns parasitically conjoined to the war on terror," and Ian Pindar of the Guardian (UK) named it "... comprehensive evidence of dereliction and venality ... (t)here's the raw material here for a Michael Moore film or a collaboration between David Hare and the ghost of Brecht."

The book has sparked a lot of discussion even in the hallowed halls of United States Congress in Washington, DC. The staff of Senator Byron Dorgan (D-ND) used *Iraq, Inc.* as a key source to identify witnesses for a Senate hearing focused on waste, fraud and abuse in Iraq, convened by the Democratic Policy Committee in February. Two of the four speakers: a former senior advisor to the Iraqi Media Network (IMN), the lawyer for two whistleblowers from Custer Battles, a private security company with contracts in Iraq, were invited because of their coverage in CorpWatch.

But the problems of war profiteering have not gone away and we are just as determined to turn up the heat up on Lesar and his government cronies. I'm heartened by the fact that 250 people came out for the 8 am protest at Halliburton's annual shareholder meeting in Houston this May. Even Halliburton CEO David Lesar approached me at the meeting too say he was following our reports personally!

At CorpWatch, we plan to keep up the pressure on companies like Halliburton in Iraq and the dozens of other war profiteers like Blackwater, Custer Battles and Dyncorp.

We have become an important source for the media: Wall Street Journal, New York Times, BBC and our progressive friends at Pacifica and Democracy Now! But that's not enough - we need to reach even more policy makers as well as the mainstream media.

You can help. We are being inundated by letters from whistle-blowers who want the public to know what is really going on inside the military-industrial complex. Your generous financial contribution will enable our continued investigations of these stories and publications for activists, the media and the public.

CorpWatch's newly released 2005 alternative Halliburton annual report, *Houston, We Still Have A Problem*, is yours as a thank you gift from us for \$35 or more.

Click on the link below to Donate Now or send a check to CorpWatch. Thanks for your support!

Sincerely,
Pratap Chatterjee
Director, CorpWatch

DONATE TO CORPWATCH

Support CorpWatch's work to hold corporations accountable on human rights, labor rights and environmental justice issues through education and activism. Help us bring the critical information and resources that tens of thousands of you access every month by making a contribution to CorpWatch. <http://www.corpwatch.org/donate/>

STOP that Thief!

By Stanley F. Allen,
F.C.A. Australia

MILLIONS FOR WAR – WHY NOT FOR PEACE?

The following article is an extract from "Stop That Thief." Published 15th February 1944

Planned Panics and Depressions.

"The Money Power is more despotic than monarchy, more insolent than aristocracy, more selfish than bureaucracy. It denounces as public enemies all who question its methods or throw light upon its crimes." – William Jennings Bryan, American Statesman.

I am telling this story of the planned panics mainly from American history, not because Money Power has planned panics and depressions only in that country, but because we have a complete picture to relate. America first became a pawn in the hands of financiers beyond her shores.

"All the perplexities, confusion and distress in America arose not from defects in her constitution or confederation, not from want of honour and virtue, so much as from downright ignorance of the nature of coin, credit and circulation of money," said President John Adams in a letter to Thomas Jefferson.

This message may well apply to Australia, and we can with advantage take warning and so prevent our Parliaments from being accused of ignorance or neglect in regards to the creation and control of money.

Thomas Jefferson, author of the Declaration of Independence, when third president of the United States of America, made his attitude quite clear on the bankers' debt-money policy when he wrote to John Taylor: "I believe that the banking institutions are more dangerous to our liberties than standing armies. Already they have raised up a money aristocracy that has set the Government at defiance. The issuing power should be taken from the banks and restored to the Government, to whom it properly belongs." This quotation is taken from the writings of Thomas Jefferson, New York, 1892, and quoted in Congressman

Jerry Voorhis' book, "Out of Debt, Out of Danger".

I should like to see this statement placed in large letters before the Parliamentary representatives of the people of Australia, so that immediate action may be taken to free this country from the grip of the Money Power and the dangers that may present themselves in the near future,

The story of the great money conspiracies is not only peculiar to America, but the facts revealed from that country's history show, over a century of alternate periods of planned inflation and deflation, the former making booms and the other depression, and both being instruments of the money manipulator.

These periods have brought vast fortunes and economic power to a few and poverty to the many, an inevitable toll of evils, unemployment, bankruptcies, hunger, suicides, and even war itself.

International financiers have never wished any country to be free or to have a sound monetary basis. Their policy has always been to keep the people in turmoil, upset and confused, going from booms to depressions.

Horace Greely (America) says: "We boast of having liberated 4,000,000

slaves, but we are careful to conceal the ugly fact that by our iniquitous monetary system we have nationalised a system of oppression more refined, but none the less cruel, than the old system of chattel slavery."

150 Years of Freedom.

Between 1600 and 1765 more than three million brave souls sought out a new world in America, away from the financial entanglements of the old world. How we debt-ridden countries today envy their great adventure into that new world, free from the money-changers!

As for all pioneers, it was a road associated with physical hardships, but it produced a great people and established a great principle.

In 1606 the English Crown granted the colonists of Virginia their first Charter.

The most important concession, contained in Section 10, was that giving them power and authority "to make and control a coin to pass current there between the people and these several colonies for the more ease of traffic and bargaining among them and the natives."

Prosperity, we are told, reigned there for 150 years because of the free exercise

TITHING SYSTEM.... ESSENTIALLY JUST

POLL TAX.... NOW TWO SYSTEMS OPERATING

NATIONAL DIVIDEND

MISERABLE CENTRE LINK PAYMENTS WITH ALL THE LEGAL STRINGS AND PITFALLS ATTACHED... COULDN'T IMAGINE A DIVIDEND FREELY GIVEN WITH NO STRINGS ATTACHED

HAVE TO STICK THEIR NOSES INTO OTHER PEOPLES' LIVES AND 'DIRECT THEM'.

of this power to issue and control their own colonial money.

The two main reasons for this prosperity were:

1. Because the money was controlled by the Colonial Government for and on behalf of the people and was practically free from fluctuations in regard to purchasing and value.
2. Because the money was legal tender and not based on interest-bearing bonds. The Government had no interest charges, and to that extent was relieved of having to levy taxes on the people.

The Debt System is Born.

From then on the debt-money system took hold, and also began the great struggle for American independence, until the declaration of such was established on July 4th 1776.

Jefferson and Franklin strove hard to free America from the domination of the financial vultures, and these two great men planned that the Constitution provide for interest-free money at the point of origin. Hence the very first article of the Federal Constitution – Article 1. Section 8, Part 5 – provides that “Congress shall have power to coin money and regulate the value thereof.” [Our Commonwealth Constitution, Section 51, provides for the Government’s “authority over banking and currency,” but, unfortunately for the people, too little power is exercised over these two important matters.]

The money conspirators quickly set to work to nullify this most important provision in the American Constitution.

While President Jefferson sought to create under the new Government a money structure “of and by the people,” Alexander Hamilton led the conspiracy and planned to create a money system “of and for the international financiers.”

In 1791, Hamilton got the American Congress to grant a charter for a privately-owned bank of issue, named “The Bank of the United States,” copying the idea from the private “Bank of England.”

The Money power always adopts the

idea of giving banks a national title, and by so doing many people are induced to imagine that such banks belong to the nation.

Warnings Unheeded.

President Jefferson said: “if the American people ever allow private banks to control the issuance of their currencies, first by inflation and then by deflation, the corporation that will grow up around them will deprive the people of all their property, until their children will wake up homeless on the continent their fathers conquered.”

In the face of this warning, however, America quickly drifted into the hands of financial dictatorship, and the conditions existing today among the vast majority of the people bear out Jefferson’s prophecy.

A later President, the great Abraham Lincoln, indicated the trend of events in his day when he wrote: “As a result of the war, corporations have been enthroned. An era of corruption in high places will follow, and the money power of the country will endeavour to prolong its reign by working on the prejudices of the people until wealth is aggregated in the hands of a few and the Republic is destroyed.”

In 1863, disregarding Jefferson’s warnings and Lincoln’s advise, the American Congress was won over to “the financial manipulators and passed the National Banking Act,” and by so doing deliberately deserted its constitutional power and duty “to coin and regulate money.” Congress illegally delegated that power to private interest.

Salmon Chase, Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, said: “My agency, in procuring the passage of the National Bank Act, was the greatest financial mistake of my life.”

“It has built up a monopoly that affects the very interests of this country. It should be repealed, but before this can be accomplished the people will be arrayed on one side and the banks on the other in a contest such as we have never seen before in this country.”

Strictly Confidential.

In 1891, Benjamin Harrison then being President, it is reported that those who had so cunningly gained control of the power to create money prepared and circulated among bankers and other agents the following confidential circular:

“We authorise our loan agents in the Western States to loan out funds on real estate, to fall due on September 1st, 1894, and at no time thereafter.

“On September 1st, 1894, we will not renew our loans, under any consideration.”

“On September 1st we will demand our money. We will foreclose and become mortgagees in possession.

“We can take two-thirds of the farms west of the Mississippi, and thousands of them east of the great Mississippi as well, at our own price.

“We may as well own three-fourths of the farms of the West and the money of the country.

“Then the farmers will become tenants, as in England.

“After September 1st the interest we receive on coupons will be accumulated. We will not lend any of our funds after that date, as we can make more money by withholding our interest income.”
Could anyone conceive a more diabolical conspiracy against those who create the real wealth of a country (goods and services)?

Planned Money Scarcity.

To carry into effect the instructions of 1891 a second circular was sent out, bearing the date of March 11, 1893, and under the signature of the American Bankers’ Association, as follows.

“Dear Sir, - The interests of national banks require immediate financial legislation by Congress. Silver, Silver Certificates, and Treasury notes must be retired and national bank notes, upon a gold basis, be made the only money.” [“National banks here mean private banks.]

“This will require the authorisation of 500,000,000 to 1,000,000,000 dollars

of new bonds as a basis of circulation.

"You will at once retire one-third of your circulation (your paper money) and call in one-half of your loans.

"Be careful to make a monetary stringency among your patrons, especially among influential business men."

"The future life of national (private) banks as fixed and safe investments depends upon immediate action, as there is an increasing sentiment in favour of Government legal-tender notes and silver coinage."

Both of these letters were recorded in "Truth About Money" and other American records.

The deliberately-planned money scarcity by the calling in of loans meant that millions of honest, hard-working people lost their entire properties.

The conspirators falsely blamed the Sherman law, which permitted the use of constitutional silver money and silver certificates, and the people blindly urged Congress to repeal this law.

Prior to World War 1. It was Britain which possessed the controllers and manipulators of international finance, but during the war Britain lost the world control of gold, that control temporarily passing to America, which had financed the war with money, credit and materials of war,

"Cold-Blooded."

A secret conference of bankers, held in Washington on May 18th 1920, was known as the Orderly Deflation Committee of the American Bankers' Association, and its policy was, as before, to create an artificial scarcity.

This interesting disclosure is made in the Congressional Record, May 2nd 1933, regarding Mr. John Skelton Williams, who was Comptroller of the Currency, one of the most important offices in the Federal Government.

When Mr. Williams heard that a certain resolution was being considered by this Deflation Committee of the American Bankers' Association, he did everything possible to prevent its passage.

"He said, 'I told the other members of the Board, "Do you know that this will break lots of little country banks?" They cold-bloodedly answered me, "They ought to break; there are too many of them." I told them, "Don't you know it is going to ruin lots of farmers?" and they cold-bloodedly replied to me, "They ought to be ruined, they are getting so prosperous they won't work."

"We can take two-thirds of the farms west of the Mississippi, and thousands of them east of the great Mississippi as well, at our own price."

The Great Depression of 1929-31.

The United States Bankers' Association magazine, August 6th, 1924, plans for another conspiracy and states:

"Capital must protect itself in every possible way, both by combination and legislation. Debts must be collected.

"Mortgages must be foreclosed as rapidly as possible. When through a process of law, the common people lose their homes, they will become more docile and more easily governed through the strong arm of Government, applied by a central power of wealth under leading financiers. These truths are well known among our principal men, now engaged in forming an imperialism to govern the world. By dividing the voters through the political party system we can get them to expend their energies in fighting for questions of no importance.

"It is thus by discreet action we can secure for ourselves that which has been so well-planned and so successfully accomplished."

This statement in itself is surely enough to condemn the present debt-money system.

The 1929-31 crisis is still too well known, not only to Americans but also to Australians, to require any detailed reference, and the evil effects of the famous Premiers' Plan, dictated

from overseas, are still fresh in our memories.

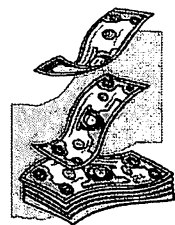
"Wise men." Who were in the know, we are told, began secretly selling their stocks and bonds, while land and other asset values, price levels, business generally, and the standard of living all fell at an alarming rate.

"It was in 1931 that the American Bankers' Association held their annual convention in Baltimore, Maryland. The principal speaker is reported to have said:

"We, the men in this room, the men who control the financial destiny of the nation, we knew in 1927 that the terrible depression was coming and we did nothing to prevent it."

An American wrote in 1940: We are witnessing one of the great epochal tragedies of American history. "Instead of driving the money-changers out of the temple, we are being asked to vacate and to give them the keys:"

The financier knows when to get out from under – he knows when wars are coming and when going. They cash in or cash out, according to inside information gained.



THE VICIOUS CIRCLE

**"Rags make paper,
Paper makes money,
Money makes banks,
Banks make loans,
Loans make poverty,
Poverty makes rags."**

friendly friend



In Memory of Willie

So now you lie in quietness in the fine earth
At our garden's side by the McAlpines' fence,
Where once you lay in the sun's soft light
On your last day and earlier hid bones
Under the sprawling bowers of jasmine stems
And biscuit bones as well, not knowing better.

We have laid your body, neat paws clasped
Beneath that raffish face that smiled and nosed
And stared and poked about so eagerly,
In the small grave most caringly prepared.
We have seen for the last time your perky ears
And the golden autumns burning in your fur.

A long time past you were a tiny chap
In a glassed compartment, pushing busily
To prod your sleeping siblings into play,
And I fell at once for that cheeky, earnest mien,
And knew I had found a dog I could live with well.
Olivia also saw you were for us.

So we took you home, a little, fearful pup,
And placed you in the uncut grass out back,
Which pleased you mightily: Jack Russell jumps
Displayed your happiness at finding place
Where you would rule the bounds with barked debate
For thirteen years or so and hallow land.

That time of joy is past. No more will you, alert,
Sit lion-like on the verandah edge and gaze,
Fulfilled and peaceful, over lawn and shrub;
Or moan and sway and wildly shake your tail
In thankfulness at our return at night,
Then rush about the car doors and our feet.

The bean-bag by the fire no more contains
That kindly face with welcome, love, content
The antique couch is empty of your limbs,
The water bowl unsipped, the food place bare.
No more the trim trot of your claws upon the floor,
Nose at my trouser-leg, will grace the hall.

You were my dear companion on the hills
And trails throughout four seasons, turn about
And turn. No more The Patch slope waits to see
You stalk across its flank; the ducks at Bird's Land
Need not dread your plunge; I will not hear
A weir-race while you wade and tread the mud
At Belgrave Lake; and the bike-track by the railway
Winds alone, without your intermittent jaunt
I used to call you Wilka-Pilka as you raced
In the prime of life around the glistening lakes
Below the Prestons' farm to make up ground,
Then tore on past me into future worlds.

Friends and admirers loved you by the score.
Old Ian chuckled as he named you Little
Scabby Dog and watched you steal his chair.
You had a clutch of lady friends in thrall
And sat beside their feet while they conversed,
Sipped tea, and stroked you with their praise.

In troubled hours, while Helen laboured long
At her reports or tax or juggling of our funds,
Or else when sleep evaded her and night
Was long frustration, worry-filled and hard,
You watched with her across the docile floor
With flick of eyebrows, dark and ardent glance.

She used to look at you from windows in the day,
When you strolled and sauntered through her
flowerworld
With such unhurried ease, or paused and stopped,
Caught by some sudden insight or peculiar sound,
Or sat and drank in restfulness as breezes breathed
About your sure recumbence and the birdsong played.
So we have wept and grieved long at your departure,
Wonka-Dog; we have seen how your strength ebbed
And your zest failed; we have watched you walk, fey,
Through midwinter sunbeams on your last dawn.
We became aware that you were searching wanly
For a last abode of rest and helped you to the peace.

By the sun which warms, the moon which guides and
the stars
Whose distant, dizzying gleams inspire our souls,
I say that you run still in our hearts and dreams
In the Happy Hunting Ground that She designed
For every animal, however small and meek,
Beyond all pain, old age, disease and death.

I will never now go on a walk without you.
I will carry you in my inmost being as I step
Across each bridge from yestermoment to the now
Of each tomorrow; and, at the last, when the light dims
And the chill invades, I'll see you standing at the door,
Waiting to guide me on the greatest walk of all.

by NIGEL JACKSON
25th June 2005



OUT OF THE ASHES

the Tenterden Bushfire Recovery

by Jan Pope

ON Saturday 27th December 2003 those of us living in the South-West Land Division of Western Australia woke to very hot north-westerly winds creating tinder dry conditions. We had enjoyed a warm but pleasant Christmas Day and Boxing Day and for many, this particular Saturday meant a quiet day watching the Melbourne Test on television and taking light meals of left-over Christmas fare.

In Tenterden, a small community that is part of the larger Shire of Cranbrook, centred across the Albany Highway, 300kms south of Perth and 100kms north-west of the coastal city of Albany, life was as it was everywhere else – relaxing during the Christmas break. But over-riding that relaxed feeling was a cautiousness which began early in the morning with the local Bush Fire Brigade ‘scheds’ which focused attention on the high temperature and very strong hot winds. The thought on everyone’s mind was to get any outside jobs done as early as possible, have the fire unit ready, retreat to a cool spot at home and pray that no one would be careless and there would be no fire that day.

The ferocity of the winds and the heat did not abate and at about 1.15pm there was a flicker in the power and within a few hours the lives of many people in our area were changed forever.

A passing motorist noticed sparks falling from a power pole into a paddock on the Highway just south of the Great Southern Highway and Albany Highway junction and being ever aware, local fire brigade members were alerted by

the smoke and our Chief Fire Control Officer began calling neighbouring units in.

Fire fighters felt they had the fire under control on a few occasions within the first kilometre or two but the fierce winds were taking flames over the top of them and it was soon into a nearby railway reserve and a conservation reserve some 2.5kms from the ignition point by 2.25pm.

A series of measures which will be familiar to all those who live in rural Australia, to keep people other than emergency service personnel out of the area affected by the fire and smoke and to evacuate those in danger were put in place. The Tenterden district as well as being a broad-acre farming area, is also home to many who have moved there onto small acreage lifestyle blocks and for most, they had no experience of a bush fire, let alone one of this magnitude.

It was a terrifying time for everyone. By 3.00pm, the Tenterden Store on Albany Highway had become the control centre for the Fire Brigade and the evacuation point for residents and it was well into the evening before many knew if their homes and properties had been lost or saved.

The Cranbrook community rallied and by four o’clock sandwiches, cake, fruit and drinks were being delivered to the Tenterden Store for the volunteers, including almost one hundred who had come from neighbouring Shires, and those evacuated from their homes.

The flames of the fire licked through and devoured trees on nature reserves, stock and crops in paddocks, fences, machinery and buildings at random with a ferociousness that left nothing but

blackened reminders of its greed and devastation.

By nightfall, after the fire had sped some 25 kilometres within what seemed minutes and burned its way into the Stirling Range National Park, the community was numbed by the realisation that within our midst and the cruelty of fire, we had lost two loved members of our community and in our grief there was blessed relief as our own loved ones returned home safely throughout the night.

Waking the next day to an overcast morning, there was the confronting reminder that the day before had ended with two deaths, six people injured, many close encounters for volunteers, 15,000 stock lost, up to 750 kilometres of fencing, 15,000 hectares of pasture and crop, five houses, the Tenterden Hall, three shearing sheds, various other sheds on farming properties and townsite blocks either burnt or damaged, tens of thousands of trees, native animals and vegetation, as well as damage to basic infrastructure, roads, railway line, telephone and power poles.

Twenty four hours in December is the maximum time available to deal with burnt stock for obvious reasons. A shaken workforce of volunteers with front-end loaders arrived at daylight to attend to the overwhelming and gruesome task of digging pits to bury thousands of stock over the next two days. Mustering of remaining stock was quickly under way and veterinarians from Mt Barker and Albany were on hand to deal with sheep and cattle and to authorise shooting of severely injured stock which needed to be destroyed.

Local transport companies made their trucks and drivers available to cart

stock off properties where possible. Stock company representatives were there to verify losses for future insurance purposes. The Control Centre remained operating from the Tenterden Store and the general community continued to supply food and drinks to volunteers.

On Monday 29th December, the practical responsibilities of mustering, transporting and burying of stock continued with a numbness that got the job done, there would be time later to think about the ghastliness of it all but for now, the community worked untiringly.

A meeting of the two affected Shire communities was called with the Shire Presidents and Administration Staff, FESA, Fire Chiefs, Telstra, Department of Agriculture and other support organizations to form a Recovery Committee under the Chairmanship of Mrs Sandra Lehmann from Cranbrook.

Phone calls began coming into the Shire with offers of assistance of grain, hay and agistment, household and personal goods for families. A grain donation facility was organised with the State's grain handler, CBH and the Tenterden Bush Fire Appeal was opened at the Cranbrook Community Bank.

By now, the need for emotional support for those affected by the fire was an important factor and on Tuesday 30th December, local people in four groups of two were allocated families to visit throughout the day and Ministers and Pastors from all Churches were also visiting families and providing support where needed.

On Wednesday 31st December the second meeting was held with representatives from Shires and Agencies, and people were co-opted to organise various tasks such as the co-ordination of donations and needs for grain, hay and agistment, future fencing programmes, media and information.

Each family had been visited the previous day and to offer support, up to seventy New Year's Eve Hampers were prepared by volunteers with goods supplied by various service and support groups from around Western Australia and delivered to every family who were affected in any way by the fire.

It was found that the farmers were coping better than the lifestyle people

and the hampers went a long way to help them realise that everyone was equally concerned about their welfare and emotional needs. A One-Stop Shop providing counselling services from Southern Ag-care and Department of Community Development was set up at Tenterden for the first few weeks and although the practical help was the main need, an informal 'network' kept an eye open and an ear tuned for anyone who was having a difficult moment and that continues today.

From the beginning, the main focus was support for the young people who had lost two mothers from their family

***Hugging suddenly became
the most common
form of greeting – and
tears welled without
awkwardness - it was
important to us all. It is a
day we will never forget.***

and on the 12th January a Memorial and Thanksgiving Service was held for Judith Ward and Lorraine Melia and for the lives of the volunteers and everyone who had been affected by the fire. The Cranbrook Memorial Hall spilled over with people from our communities and from throughout the Great Southern Region coming together to offer their condolences, their thanks and support.

From the farming community around the State came offers of agistment for everyone who required it, thousands of rolls or bales of hay and hundreds of tonnes of grain either to the burnt out farms or grain donated into CBH to be stored for later use.

A Weekly Newsletter was produced to keep people informed of what assistance was available, what was being organised for rebuilding the hundreds of kilometres of fences, information from the Shire Council and general advice about the Bushfire Recovery.

The Tenterden Bushfire was supported by the Lord Mayor's Disaster Relief Fund and local fundraising began in earnest. Country people will take any

opportunity for a wacky fund-raiser and the patrons of the Borden Tavern, eighty kilometres to the east of Tenterden, organised a Jelly Babe Wrestling event – and eight hundred litres of jelly and twelve jelly covered babes later, they handed over a cheque for \$1,600.00.

The Cranbrook Australia Day Breakfast was just finishing when three road trains of hay arrived from Narembeen where they had been suffering from drought conditions for the few years before but a great season had given them an abundance of hay and when the three truckies joined the crowd for breakfast, they were delighted to be able to let us know that this was their opportunity and thanks for all the help that had been given to their community in recent times.

As a result of the Bushfire, a Fire Awareness Day was held early in February for nearly 100 women with four women who had to face the fire with their families giving a vivid description of their fearful experiences in those few hours. Since that first Fire Awareness Day, similar days have been held throughout rural and outer metropolitan areas in Western Australia and the women who told their stories impressed so much, that FESA have produced a video featuring them retelling their stories and also incorporating information on the preparations which should be carried out ready for the summer months and what can be done to prevent loss of life and property in the event of a fire.

By the first week in February it was felt that the community needed an opportunity to come together socially and a Tenterden Revisited BBQ was held for over 200 people on the back lawn at the Tenterden Store. This was a day to be with friends and neighbours and it helped everyone realise that others were experiencing the same emotions, tiredness because of the seemingly never ending work, and gratitude for the assistance that was being offered.

The matter of clearing roads and fence lines of burnt trees and debris was a job for the Shire and other contractors, and the rolling up and burying of kilometres of burnt fencing wire and stacking thousands of blackened steel posts was well under way and help came from every quarter within a few days of the fire.

The Waroona Footballers travelled the 300 kms to Tenterden by bus for a 'Club Bonding' weekend, prisoners from Pardelup Prison Farm spent weeks working through the fire ground, members of the Southern Aboriginal Corporation volunteered their time and groups of farmers continued to help out, including a group of 80 members of the Kojonup Bushfire Brigades who spent a whole day and erected nearly 45kms of new fencing in April.

Service Groups from around the Great Southern offered cash to help with specific and immediate needs and others assisted with the catering to feed the groups of people coming in to work for many weeks.

People took advantage of the opportunity to do farm plans, many fences were where Grandpa or Dad had built them and if there was to be a positive, then now was the time to fence according to current farming practices, including laneways and on contours. But, much of the fire ground was very similar in area to that burnt in a fire started by a fallen power pole in 1981 so some fences weren't all that old.

With much of the practical recovery under way for the farming community, the ladies from the Tenterden Townsite who had also suffered shock at the threat of such a devastating fire, came together to make a Memorial Quilt. This was a wonderful project and the finished Quilt now hangs at the Tenterden Store as a repository of the emotions experienced which had been held close by each lady from that day.

One of the Secondary School pupils from the area chose to do a Portfolio about the fire and it has grown into a large book which will be copied and kept as a reminder of all the newspaper articles and other photographs from that tragic day.

In total, the Tenterden Fire Appeal reached \$240,000 and the funds were distributed using the Lord Mayor's Appeal procedures which have been proven over time to be the most effective and fair.

The tangible contributions ranged from a shearing/machinery shed which was donated by a tree plantation company being dismantled and re-erected by volunteers, many beautiful

quilts for families most affected, new electrical goods and building materials, hundreds of fruit and ornamental trees and plants to knitted bed socks. All were equally accepted and appreciated by their recipients.

Over many months, as well as the re-establishment of hundreds of kilometres of fencing, the donation of time and expertise ranged from cutting a singed pine plantation for fence posts to garden working-bees and the building of new chook pens. The Recovery Committee continued to meet to deal with various issues as they arose and over the following months members became very good at asking for help or goods on



Tenterden Memorial Quilt

behalf of those who needed it.

Above all, the recovery worked as well as it did because it was based on the idea that local community members are the best ones to take on the responsibility to help and have the confidence of their affected community, with the local Recovery Committee being supported by the government and non-government organizations.

To quote from a paper written in *Australian Child and Family Welfare (Vol. 12(3) 1987)* regarding the Ash Wednesday Bushfires by John Hill, Helen Hill and Sue Gray, ***'five central points have emerged which are crucial to the effectiveness of recovery management.'***

- . ***Communities recover best when they manage their own recovery.***
- . ***Individuals and communities will make sound decisions given appropriate support and resources***
- . ***Information is a key factor in effective recovery***
- . ***Communication networks are crucial in gaining access to services***
- . ***Creative and innovative growth can occur during recovery which will enrich the community infrastructure.***

To enable creative renewal in the life of the community and its members is the ultimate objective of Disaster Recovery."

And to quote from a Disaster Recovery paper (www.ema.gov.au/postdisaster.htm) ***"Recovery is more than the replacement of what was destroyed and the rehabilitation of individuals. It is a complex social process and is best achieved when the affected community exercises a high-degree of self-determination. Recovery is a development rather than a remedial process so the manner in which the physical and social aspects of the process are undertaken will have a critical impact."***

These are the words of those who have experienced, supported or researched Post Disaster Recovery Management and they are so true. Sadly, previous disasters have given us a wealth of knowledge and experience to know how best to manage this process.

Since the time of the Tenterden Bushfire, we have witnessed far greater disasters in Australia and the world, the Eyre Peninsula Bushfire and the Boxing Day Tsunami. Our disaster suddenly paled into insignificance in comparison but when you are personally experiencing your own loss and disaster, its magnitude is yours alone and the emotion, physical and communal impact is yours to deal with in your waking hours.

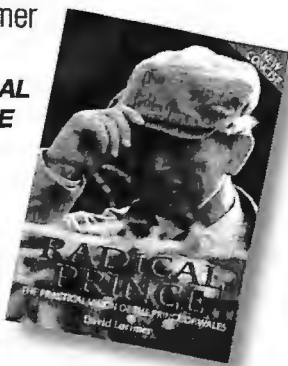
Dealing with such experiences has its own personal rewards too, finding an added strength, offering and accepting help with the same graciousness of spirit and compassion. Hugging suddenly became the most common form of greeting – and tears welled without awkwardness - it was important to us all. It is a day we will never forget.

RADICAL PRINCE

By David Lorimer

THE PRACTICAL VISION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES

An absorbing Biography of the man who will one day become King:



This is a concise edition of David Lorimer's bestseller.

The first book to provide an explanatory overview of the Prince of Wales' philosophy, it reveals his ideas on ecology, organic agriculture, holistic health, religion, architecture and education.

This book is truly a book for our times; it is an intelligent and wide-ranging book. It examines the Prince of Wales' philosophy and practical work, and his keen knowledge and understanding of the policy dilemmas and the direction which modern Britain is embarked upon today. It is a goldmine of radical wisdom and contains a series of practical recipes for putting the 21st century back on track for civilisation.

If you are concerned with public issues, this book is a must read and cannot afford to be neglected by discerning readers.

Essential Reading!

Price: \$36.00c Posted.

Softcover - 271 pages.

See order form in this issue for ordering details.

Contributions

Heritage welcomes readers' humorous stories, anecdotes, riddles, poems or jokes. Better still if accompanied by an illustration!



TAKE TIME TO LAUGH!

TEACHER: Maria, go to the map and find Australia.
 MARIA: Here it is!
 TEACHER: Correct. Now class, who discovered Australia?
 CLASS: Maria!

TEACHER: Why are you late, Frank?
 FRANK: Because of the sign.
 TEACHER: What sign?
 FRANK: The one that says, "School Ahead, Go Slow".

TEACHER: John, why are you doing your math multiplication on the floor?
 JOHN: You told me to do it without using tables!

TEACHER: Glenn, how do you spell "crocodile?"
 GLENN: K-R-O-K-O-D-A-I-L"
 TEACHER: No, that's wrong
 GLENN: Maybe it's wrong, but you asked me how I spell it!

TEACHER: Donald, what is the chemical formula for water?
 DONALD: H I J K L M N O!!
 TEACHER: What are you talking about?
 DONALD: Yesterday you said it's H to O!



TEACHER: Winnie, name one important thing we have today that we didn't have ten years ago.
 WINNIE: Me!

TEACHER: Goss, why do you always get so dirty?
 GOSS: Well, I'm a lot closer to the ground than you are.

TEACHER: Millie, give me a sentence starting with "I."
 MILLIE: I is...
 TEACHER: No, Millie... Always say, "I am."
 MILLIE: All right... "I am the ninth letter of the alphabet."

TEACHER: Can anybody give an example of COINCIDENCE?
 TINO: Sir, my Mother and Father got married on the same day, same time."

TEACHER: Now, Simon, tell me frankly, do you say prayers before eating?
 SIMON: No sir, I don't have to, my Mum's a good cook.

TEACHER: Clyde, your composition on "My Dog" is exactly the same as your brother's. Did you copy his?
 CLYDE: No, teacher, it's the same dog!

TEACHER: Harold, what do you call a person who keeps on talking when people are no longer interested?
 HAROLD: A teacher.

H.M.S. SIRIUS

AUSTRALIA'S FIRST FLAGSHIP

By Alan Barton

H.M.S. SIRIUS features prominently in our Australian history as she served as Governor Phillip's flagship, and the guard ship 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 warship as the "first" rates were the best and biggest ships carrying the most guns.

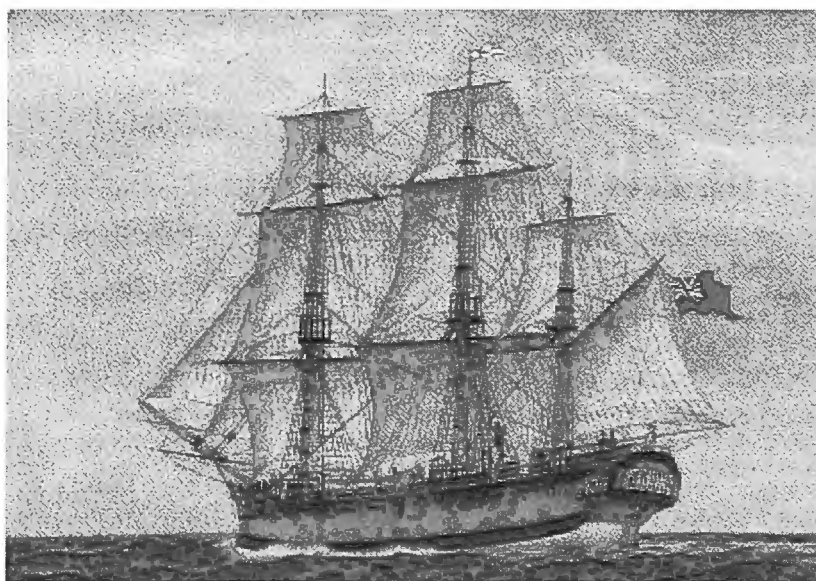
After making two voyages to the West Indies she was laid up, but in 1787 she was recommissioned under the command of Captain Phillip and renamed SIRIUS. Phillip had been appointed the first governor of New South Wales on October 12th 1786; He was an excellent choice, being a good and proven leader and was one of the few senior naval officers with experience in agriculture.

Having been damaged by fire, SIRIUS was repaired and her original profile altered. It seems her hull height was raised and her top deck 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.

H.M.S. 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.

H.M.S. SIRIUS's hull was well built of teakwood and her bottom was covered in copper. She was painted bright yellow with a broad black band near the water line. 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 the 13th May 1787. This voyage lasted over eight months and much credit must be given to Phillip that out of more than 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 et cetera. The fleet arrived at Botany Bay on January 20th 1788 which was the original site for the new colony. However due to lack of good water and Sydney Harbour

being a far better site, the fleet moved to Port Jackson on the 26th January.

H.M.S. SIRIUS remained in Port Jackson until the 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 approximately on the 2nd January 1789. On her return trip she left Cape Town on the 20th February 1789 sailing eastwards again until she reached

Port Jackson on May 8th 1789.

Of interest on this voyage, when she was south of Tasmania on April 22nd in a storm, her figure-head was washed away and she was badly damaged forward. But for Captain Hunter setting more sails, she would have been blown ashore and wrecked.

SIRIUS again remained in Port Jackson until the 7th March 1790 when she

left on her last voyage which was to Norfolk Island to land marines, convicts and stores.

The island was reached on March 13th, unloading at Cascade Bay took place on the 13th and 14th of March, after which the passengers walked across the island to the settlement at Sydney Bay.

The island was reached on March 13th, unloading at Cascade Bay took place on the 13th and 14th of March, after which the passengers walked across the island to the settlement at Sydney Bay. Heavy weather then kept the SIRIUS at sea for four days, but when the weather improved, on the 18th Captain Hunter

lay off Sydney Bay on the south side of Norfolk to land the provisions.

As the boats were loading from her, the SIRIUS drifted too far into the bay to get 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 the SIRIUS was a total wreck.

The mainly square-rigged sailing ships of that period could not sail as close into the wind or manoeuvre like a modern yacht with fore and aft sails which have a similar aerodynamic effect to 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 them 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.

Due 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 February 26th 1791 and eventually reaching England in April 1792.

My First Fleet ancestor Frederick Meredith, was a crewmember in H.M.S. SIRIUS. As Australia seemed one of his two great loves, he arrived back in the colony in January 1793 on the BELLONA, being among our first free settlers.

As our Australian nation now faces modern stresses and challenges, which we hope and pray we will overcome, and

in doing so grow in 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, H.M.S. 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.

NAVAL HISTORICAL REVIEW

Bibliography:

'Australian Encyclopaedia'- Printed 1925 By Angus & Robertson
 '1788' The People of the First Fleet - Don Chapman, Doubleday Sydney & Auckland, 1981
 'The Sirius Letters' Newton Fowell (1786-1790) Fairfax Library, Sydney 1988
 'Phillip of Australia' M. Barnard Eldershaw. George G. Harrap & Co. Ltd, 1938
 'Arthur Phillip' By Thea Stanley Hughes, Star Printery Pty Ltd.

The Question of ZION By Jacqueline Rose

ESSENTIAL READING!

... **the explosive book which has the Jewish-Zionist Establishment up in arms** ...

"Jacqueline Rose proposes a suggestive analysis of a communal neurosis gripping Israel. Her examination ... is topical and important." Anos Elon of The Pity of it All: A Portrait of the German-Jewish Epoch, 1743 - 1933.

"I never thought it would be possible to articulate the psyche of Zionism without descending into superlatives or foul language. Jacqueline Rose has succeeded admirably where others have failed."

- Ilan Pappé, Halifa University, author of A History of Modern Palestine: One Land, Two Peoples.

"Jacqueline Rose speaks as a Jewish woman who deeply feels the traumatic pain of her people and because of that pain is anguished by the violence towards another people entailed in the Zionist project. While one may dispute her thesis that the source of this violence lies within the inner logic of the Zionist vision, one cannot ignore the moral urgency of the questions she raises with trenchant intelligence and a probing psychological insight."

- Paul Mendes-Flohr, Divinity School, University of Chicago, and Director. The Franz Rosenzweig Research Centre for German-Jewish Literature and Cultural History. The Hebrew University of Jerusalem.

Zionism was inspired as a movement - one driven by the search for a homeland for the stateless and persecuted Jewish people. Yet it trampled the rights of the Arabs in Palestine. Today it has become so controversial that it defies understanding and trumps reasoned public debate. So argues prominent British writer Jacqueline Rose, who uses her political and psychoanalytic skills in this book to take an unprecedented look at Zionism - one of the most powerful ideologies of modern times.

Rose enters the inner world of the movement and asks a new set of questions. How did Zionism take shape as an identity? And why does it seem so immutable? Analysing the messianic fervour of Zionism, she argues that it colours Israel's most profound self-image to this day.

Rose also explores the message of dissidents, who, while believing themselves the true Zionists, warned at the outset against the dangers of statehood for the Jewish people. She suggests that these dissidents were prescient in their recognition of the legitimate claims of the Palestine Arabs. In fact, she writes, their thinking holds the knowledge the Jewish state needs today in order to transform itself.

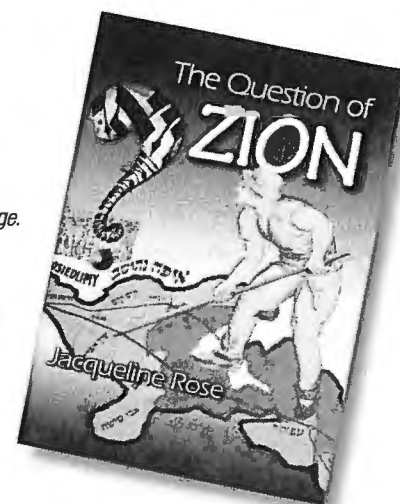
In perhaps the most provocative part of her analysis, Rose proposes that the link between the Holocaust and the founding of the Jewish state, so often used to justify Israel's policies, needs to be rethought in terms of the shame felt by the first leaders of the nation toward their own European history.

For anyone concerned with the conflict in Israel-Palestine, this timely book offers a unique understanding of Zionism as an unavoidable psychic and historical force.

Jacqueline Rose is Professor of English at Queen Mary University of London. She is the author of *The Haunting of Sylvia Plath*, *States of Fantasy*, the novel *On Not Being Able to Sleep: Psychoanalysis in the Modern World*.

Essential Reading! Price: \$43.00 Posted Hardcover - 202 pages

See order form in this issue for ordering details.



HOUSE of BUSH HOUSE of SAUD By Craig Unger

ESSENTIAL READING!

The Secret Relationship between the World's Two Most Powerful Dynasties.

This book is a disturbing account of the secret relationship between the House of Bush and the House of Saud. It is of course all about 'OIL' In House of Bush House of Saud, Craig Unger presents a controversial and meticulously researched narrative countering official U.S. explanations of Islamic Terrorism. Revealing how the fortunes and public policies of President George W. Bush, his father George H. Bush, and their associates are connected with members of the ruling family of Saudi Arabia. Ungers tells the politically explosive story of a thirty-year period of courtship, and how it fanned the rise of fundamentalist terrorism.

Why did the Bush administration approve the secret airlift out of the U.S. of 140 Saudis, two days after 9/11 when American air traffic was all but shut down? Why were citizens of Saudi Arabia – a recognised hotbed for Islamic Fundamentalism – given preferential visa-treatment when visiting the U.S.? Has the long-term relationship between the Bush family and the Saudis led them to compromise the fight against international terrorism?

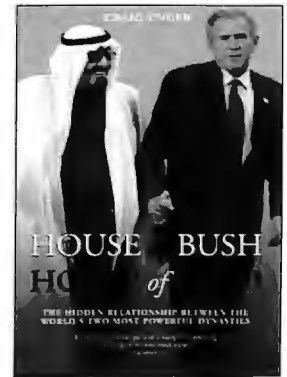
The answers lie in a relationship that began in the mid -1970's, when the oil-rich House of Saud set out for America in the wake of the OPEC oil embargo and soaring oil prices, Saudi Arabia needed American military protection and a place to invest its billions of petrodollars, and began prospecting among promising American politicians. With the Bushes, the Saudis hit a gusher: direct access to President's Ronald Reagan, George H.W. Bush. And George W. Bush, as well as to Secretary of State James Baker, Dick Cheney, Colin Powell and the entire intelligence apparatus.

What followed was an astonishing weave of influence, investments and policy between the Bush family and the House of Saud, that arcs straight into today's headlines. By the time George W. Bush was elected, the sum of at least \$1.47 billion in investments and contracts from the Saudis had been channelled to the House of Bush in deals involving many companies – among them the Carlyle Group, an enormous politically connected private equity firm, which also has ties with British politicians. In addition, ignored at the time, a secret strategy to win the Muslim-American vote actually played a key role in helping Bush win the controversial election of 2000.

The revelations in this troubling, authoritatively researched account, place the September 11 attacks, the two Iraq Wars, and the ongoing bombings by AL-Qaeda and revelations from members of the Bush administration, in a startling new context that makes compulsive reading on the nature of politics in the U.S.A.

This is a very powerful, well-researched book; with Unger presenting material that reveals baffling inconsistencies in America's dealing with dubious states. This is an excellent narrative as chilling as it is gripping.

Price: \$57.95c posted: Softcover – 355 pages - beautifully presented.



SELLING SICKNESS By Ray Moynihan & Alan Cassels

ESSENTIAL READING!

HOW DRUG COMPANIES ARE TURNING US ALL INTO PATIENTS

... read this book and rage... Clive Hamilton

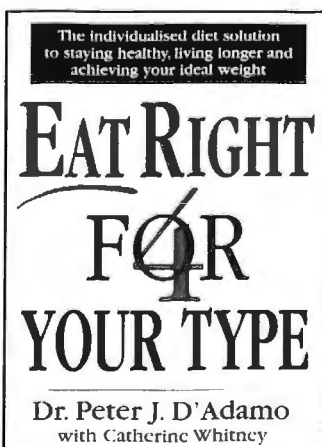
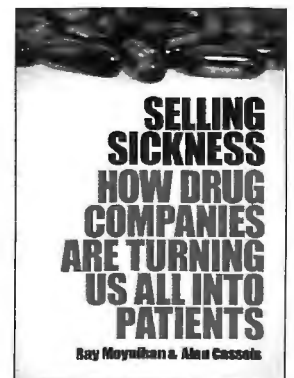
This remarkable investigation of the Sickness industry is by two accomplished writers with an incredible story to tell... Robyn Williams

Three decades ago, the head of one of the world's leading drug companies made some remarkably candid comments. Wishing his company was more like the chewing gum maker Wrigley's, the chief executive of Merck said it had long been his dream to make drugs for healthy people, and 'sell to everyone.' That dream now drives the marketing machinery of one of the most profitable industries on the planet.

Using their dominating influence in medical science, drug companies are marketing fear in order to redefine human illness. In alliance with company-friendly doctors and sponsored patient groups, the all-powerful pharmaceutical industry is helping to widen the very definitions of disease, in order to expand markets for its drugs.

With compelling clarity Selling Sickness reveals how the ups and downs of daily life are becoming mental disorders, and common complaints are being transformed into frightening conditions. Shyness is Social Anxiety Disorder, PMS is a psychiatric illness called PMDD, and active children now have ADHD. As more ordinary people are turned into patients, drug companies move ever closer to that dream of selling to everyone.

Price: \$32.95c posted: Softcover – 254 pages



EAT RIGHT FOR YOUR TYPE by Dr Peter J D'Adamo

Are you sure your diet is right for your type of metabolism? After decades of laboratory and clinical research it is now established that your blood type is the key to losing weight, avoiding disease, promoting fitness and happiness. Your blood type determines your metabolism which means that it also determines which foods you should eat - one man's meat is another man's poison; one woman's weight-loss is another woman's dieting disaster; low-fat or high-fibre diets work for some blood types but not others.

This book enables you to zero in on the health and nutritional information that corresponds to your exact biological profile, so you can make choices based on the powerful natural forces within your own body. Contains a separate diet plan for each blood type, complete with diagrams. A reading must if you are serious about reducing weight and reducing health problems.

You'll be amazed at THE RESULTS YOU WILL GET!

Price: \$25.00 posted: Softcover – 375 pages.

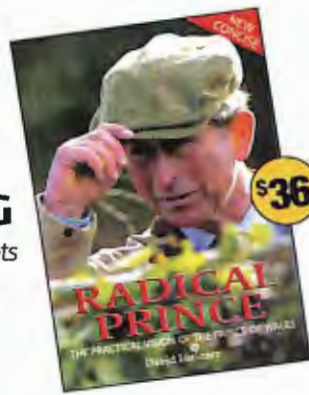
HERITAGE

SUGGESTED READING

Many of these publications are unavailable through book outlets

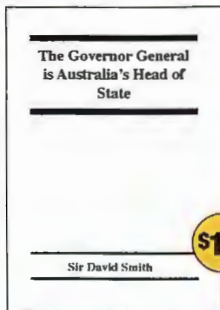
ORDER FORM INSIDE

ALL BOOK PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE AND HANDLING



RADICAL PRINCE *By David Lorimer*

THE PRACTICAL VISION OF THE PRINCE OF WALES.
An absorbing Biography of the man who will one day become King: This is a concise edition of David Lorimer's bestseller. The first book to provide an explanatory overview of the Prince of Wales' philosophy, it reveals his ideas on ecology, organic agriculture, holistic health, religion, architecture and education. This book is truly a book for our times; it is an intelligent and wide-ranging book. It examines the Prince of Wales' philosophy and practical work, and his keen knowledge and understanding of the policy dilemmas and the direction which modern Britain is embarked upon today. It is a goldmine of radical wisdom and contains a series of practical recipes for putting the 21st century back on track for civilisation.



THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL IS AUSTRALIA'S HEAD OF STATE

By Sir David Smith

In this well researched and authoritative booklet, Sir David Smith, former Official Secretary to five Governors-General, demolishes the case for an Australian republic with a President as Head of State and presents probably the most important and convincing argument for the retention of Australia's constitutional Monarchy.



THE MONEY TRICK

The manipulation of money and credit creation affects every country in the world, in peace or conflict. It is little understood by ordinary people as well as most bankers, accountants and economists. Credit creation is not a popular topic in the world of finance. The less the average citizen knows, the easier the money trick is played out. An informed population can take steps to end this dictatorship of finance so the power of credit can be harnessed for the common good, not for greed and power.



HOUSE OF BUSH HOUSE OF SAUD

By Craig Unger

The Secret Relationship between the World's Two Most Powerful Dynasties. A disturbing account of the secret relationship between the House of Bush and the House of Saud. It is of course all about 'OIL'. Revealing how the fortunes and public policies of President George W. Bush, his father George H. Bush, and their associates are connected with members of the ruling family of Saudi Arabia. Tells the politically explosive story of a thirty-year period of courtship, and how it fanned the rise of fundamentalist terrorism.



MALICE in media land

By David Flint

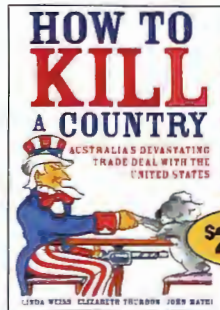
ACCURATE? OBJECTIVE? INDEPENDENT? What has happened to Australia's media? Having abandoned diligent and unbiased reporting, campaigning journalists have become unelected and unaccountable participants in the political process, requisitioning the airwaves of the public broadcasters as well as the columns. After a quarter of a century engaged in media regulation, Professor Flint is uniquely placed not only to comment on the present malaise in the Australian media, but also to propose solutions.



IMPERIAL OVERSTRETCH GEORGE W. BUSH & THE HUBRIS OF EMPIRE

By Roger Burbach & Jim Tarbell

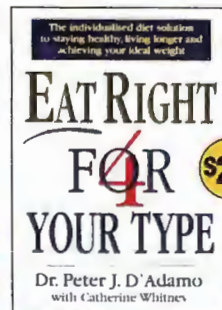
Imperial Overstretch is indispensable reading for anyone seeking to understand the underlying motives for the US invasion of Iraq. Placing the Iraqi occupation in the context of the administration's imperial design, the authors highlight the fatal flaws in its destructive drive for global domination.



HOW TO KILL A COUNTRY AUSTRALIA'S DEVASTATING TRADE DEAL WITH THE UNITED STATES

By Linda Weiss, Elizabeth Thurbon & John Mathews

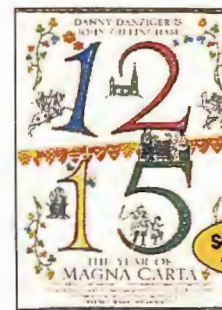
It's hard to believe how any Australian government could sign a deal which so betrays Australia's interests. This book demonstrates how the FTA as negotiated will seriously damage Australia's institutions, interests and identity.



EAT RIGHT 4 YOUR TYPE

By Dr. Peter J. D'Adamo with Catherine Whitney

After decades of laboratory and clinical research it is now established that your blood type is the key to losing weight, avoiding disease, promoting fitness and happiness. Contains a separate diet plan for each blood type, complete with diagrams. A reading must if you are serious about reducing weight and reducing health problems.



1215 THE YEAR OF MAGNA CARTA

By Danny Danziger & John Gillingham

Explores what it was like to be alive in that momentous year. Political power struggles are interwoven with other issues - fashion, food, education, medicine, religion, and family life.



COKE ON MAGNA CARTA

By Sir Edward Coke

The second part of the Institutes of the Laws of England containing the exposition of many ancient and other statutes. Taken from the 1797 edition.



THE CONTROVERSY OF ZION

By Douglas Reed

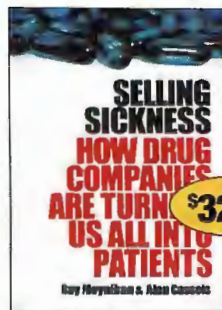
Explores in depth (drawing much of his material from authoritative Jewish sources) central moral issues over which the Jews themselves have frequently been divided, and which have always involved the possibility of dangerous alienation from the mainstream of mankind.



THE BABYLONIAN WOE

By David Astle

"What is money? How did it get started? Who trusts it? Who has the right to print it or mint it?" Is money here to stay and if not what will take its place? Has there ever been, or will there ever be equality in the possession of money and other assets? David Astle has given a good part of his life in a study of these questions and now puts the benefit of years of reading and research into this book which is part of history, part criticism and part prophecy. To get back to the first question. What really IS money?



SELLING SICKNESS how drug companies are turning us all into patients

By Ray Moynihan & Alan Cassels

Three decades ago, the head of one of the world's leading drug companies made some remarkably candid comments. Wishing his company was more like the chewing gum maker Wrigley's, the chief executive of Merck said it had long been his dream to make drugs for healthy people, and 'sell to everyone.' That dream now drives the marketing machinery of one of the most profitable industries on the planet.



THE QUESTION OF ZION

By Jaqueline Rose

...the explosive book which has the Jewish-Zionist establishment up in arms...Zionism was inspired as a movement - one driven by the search for a homeland for the stateless and persecuted Jewish people. Yet it trampled the rights of the Arabs in Palestine. Today it has become so controversial that it defies understanding and trumps reasoned public debate. Prominent British writer Jacqueline Rose, uses her political and psychoanalytic skills to take an unprecedented look at Zionism - one of the most powerful ideologies of modern times.



FACT OR FISSION

By Richard Brotnowski

The truth about Australia's nuclear ambitions. In reality this book argues, Australia's reputation was not always well deserved. Based on previously classified files and interviews with Australian diplomats and politicians, Fact or Fission? Reveals for the first time that Australia's credentials in non-proliferation during and since the 1970's were little more than a ploy to disempower anti-nuclear groups in the community.



HEALTH BETRAYAL

By Eve Hillary

Eve documents the inside story on the causes of chronic illness and emerging epidemics. From the factory farms that churn out sick and toxic animals to gene pollution in the food chain caused by genetically engineered plants and animals. She unmasks how corporations manipulate government regulators, and how the media manufactures consent and suppresses the facts. Eve reveals the truth about science - for hire and how the sickness industry continues to create illness for profit.