

QUADRANT

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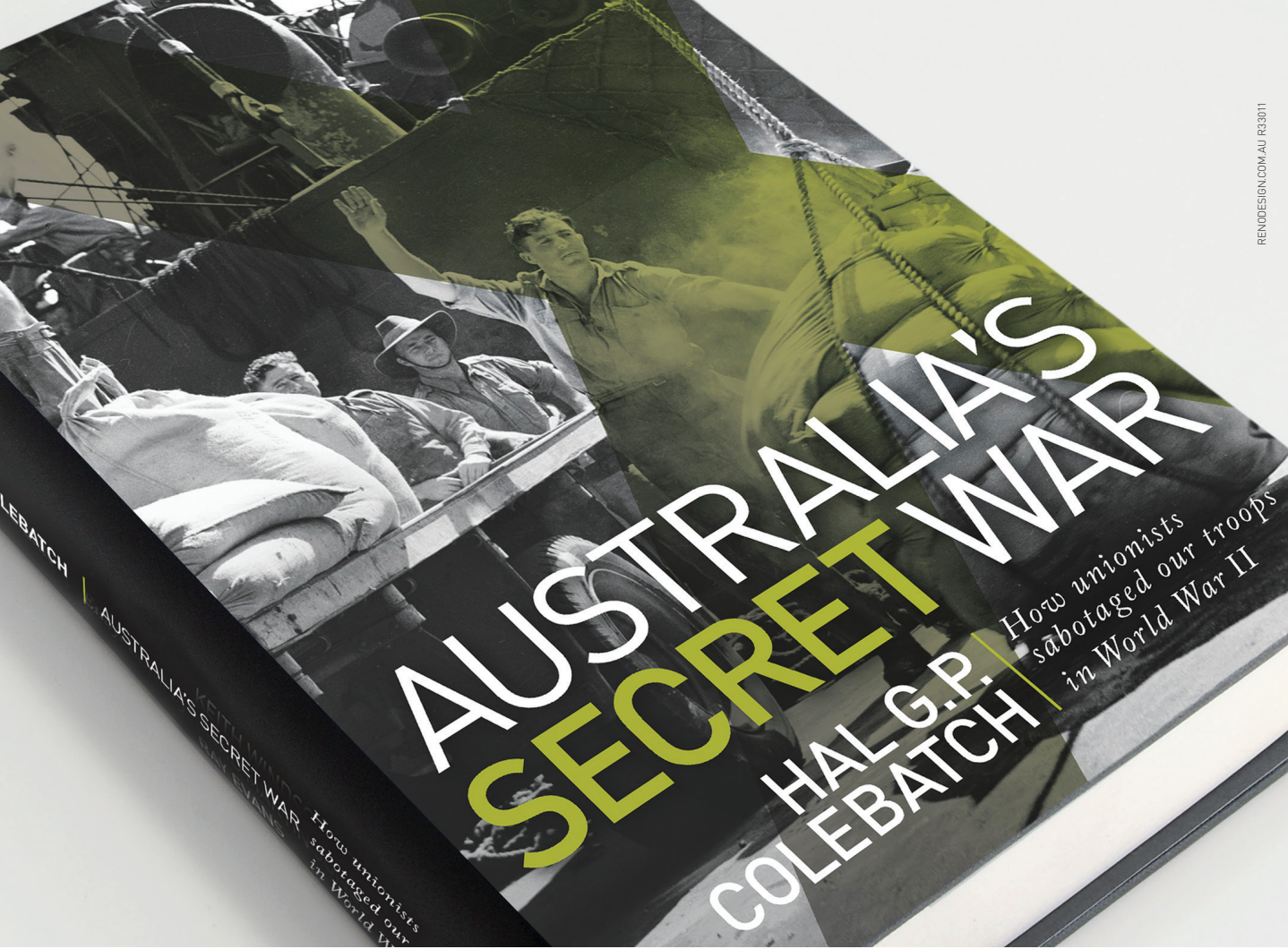
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PUBLISHER

Quadrant (ISSN 0033-5002) is published ten times a year by Quadrant Magazine Limited, Suite 2/5 Rosebery Place, Balmain NSW 2041, Australia ACN 133 708 424

PRODUCTION

Design Consultant: Reno Design
Art Director: Graham Rendoth

Printer: Ligare Pty Ltd
138–152 Bonds Road,
Riverwood NSW 2210

Cover: Colours of Australia
"Grey Gum"

www.quadrant.org.au

LETTERS

The Estimable Disjunct

SIR: Frankly, I fail to understand Alan N. Cowan's objections to what he oddly terms the "dislocated adverb" (Letters, April 2019). Grammarians—and most English speakers—would be similarly puzzled.

In his three example sentences, the words *hopefully*, *regretfully* and *thankfully* do not modify the verb—the grammatical function that defines an adverb. Instead, he uses these words (correctly) as what grammarians call "disjuncts". Essentially, these look like adverbs and, incidentally, *can* be used to modify a verb. Alternatively, used at or near the start, and occasionally the end, of a sentence, they may function as disjuncts. This large class of words includes *predictably*, *fortunately*, *personally*, *confidentially*, *admittedly*, *presumably*, *apparently* and many more. Importantly, they can apply to one or several elements in a clause, or the whole clause (some American textbooks call them "sentence adverbs"). Obviously, in the sentence "Thankfully, Mary willingly signed the letter yesterday", the speaker's emphasis would convey whether he or she is "thankful" that *Mary* (not John) signed it, or that *Mary* signed it (having previously refused to), or that she signed it *yesterday* (rather than waiting till tomorrow), or simply that *Mary* did what she did. The only adverbs here are *willingly* and *yesterday*.

Quirk and Greenbaum's *A Grammar of Contemporary English* (amongst others) lists the various functions of disjuncts. For example "attitudinal disjuncts" (such as *understandably*, *surprisingly*, *remarkably*) convey the speaker's attitude to the content of the sentence; other disjuncts perform other functions. I too have several

pet dislikes regarding the ABC's language use, but, seriously, they don't include disjuncts (basically Mr Cowan's "dislocated adverbs"). Hopefully, we'll continue using them for their rich, expressive potential. Personally, I certainly intend to!

Leigh Mackay
Annandale, NSW

Policy Consequences

SIR: In his review of ACTU Secretary Sally McManus's book, Steven Kates (April 2019) highlights her ignorance of economics and business. One quote from the book states: "If you're a private company, you've got one overriding obligation ... to make a profit ... You do this by increasing your productivity, expanding your market, raising prices ... and by reducing the wages and conditions of the people who work for you."

Ms McManus should have mentioned that employers have two further and far more drastic options: one is to sack workers and reduce the overall labour cost of their business; and the other is to close the business, liquidate its assets and live off the proceeds of the invested money. Neither option assists the employees whom Ms McManus is working for but, if unions or governments make life too difficult or insufficiently profitable for private business, they are real-world options which must be accepted as potential consequences of bad policy.

Bernie Masters
via email

Quadrant welcomes letters
to the editor. Letters are subject
to editing unless writers
stipulate otherwise.

OPERATION GET PELL

KEITH WINDSCHUTTLE

The worst moment in Julia Gillard's life must have come in 1996 when she was involved in a corruption scandal and forced to resign as a partner in Melbourne law firm Slater & Gordon. Her then boyfriend, Bruce Wilson, had been diverting funds, which employers thought they were paying to the Australian Workers Union, into a "slush fund" of his own, which Gillard had set up for him. She was left unemployed, without a positive reference from her previous job. However, she was still an activist in the Left of the Labor Party. She had sought, unsuccessfully, political office at the 1993 and 1996 federal elections. With no other option in 1996, she gave up the law permanently for politics.

It was her salvation. She turned around her career, indeed her life. This critical factor was the creation of Emily's List, a feminist group founded in 1996 to provide a network of advice, volunteers and money to get like-minded, pro-abortion women elected to political office and to enforce the Labor Party's affirmative action target of 35 per cent of winnable seats for women. In 1998, when Barry Jones retired from his safe Melbourne seat of Lalor, Gillard put up her hand and won preselection and the seat in that year's election.

Gillard had been one of the founding members of Emily's List and she helped get a young lawyer from her old firm, Vivian Waller, appointed its inaugural CEO. Gillard had interviewed her in 1994 at Slater & Gordon when Waller successfully applied for a position as articled clerk, a post highly prized by left-leaning law graduates in a scarce job market. (When Bill Shorten applied for the same job, he too got an interview with Gillard but failed to make the cut.) So, four years later, Waller was able to return the favour by providing Gillard with Emily's List resources to gain the Lalor preselection, thereby rescuing her from oblivion and putting her on the road to The Lodge. Gillard now owed her.

In the memoirs of her time as Prime Minister, *My Story* (published 2014) Gillard says almost nothing about her travails in the 1990s but she does mention Waller, though not by name:

When I worked at Slater & Gordon, there was a young solicitor within the firm who was taking statements day after day from child sexual

abuse survivors for a class-action claim being investigated. I remember how psychologically wearing it was for her. I understood and respected the decisions of people who could not face spending years of their life immersed in evidence of so much pain.

Gillard wrote this as part of the explanation for her 2012 decision to establish the Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse. By this time, Waller had turned her experience in child sexual abuse cases into her own highly successful legal practice, Waller Legal. She established the firm in 2006 to specialise in compensation cases for sexual assault and child abuse victims within the Catholic Church. By the time Gillard announced the royal commission, Waller's firm dominated this field, outperforming even Melbourne's traditional compensation lawyers, Slater & Gordon and Maurice Blackburn. In her book *Cardinal*, ABC journalist Louise Milligan calls Waller "the dogged lawyer who represents probably more victims of abuse than any other solicitor in Victoria".

In an interview with the *Young Lawyers Journal* in 2011, Waller was asked about her formative influences. She said most of it came from Slater & Gordon's senior partners:

I learned a lot about looking for that matrix of facts around which to build a compelling case. From them all, I learned about the intersection of politics and the law. There is often a great deal of lobbying to be done to try and ensure that the law is, in fact, just.

In the prosecution of George Pell for an alleged sexual assault on two choirboys in 1996, Waller was the lawyer for the witness known as "J", the sole complainant. After the Cardinal was convicted and jailed in March this year, she appeared before the television news cameras to read a statement from J saying he drew little comfort from the decision. On this occasion she appeared modest and sombre, but on the Waller Legal website she was crowing about the victory, repeating the detailed text of local news stories in the mainstream media, publicising her appearance as a panellist on the ABC's *Q&A*, and

providing links to world-wide coverage by the BBC and the *New York Times*.

For Waller, this was a vindication of the strategy she had learned from the Slater & Gordon partners which she, with the help of other activists in this cause, had been working on for more than a decade.

In this edition, *Quadrant* is publishing an article by the UK philosopher and theologian Chris S. Friel, who has taken a close interest in Pell's fate. Friel has made several article-length postings on *Academia*, based on his forensic investigation of the Twitter messages that have passed back and forth between several of the major players in what Pell's defence lawyer Robert Richter called the "Get Pell" operation. Friel studies the Twitter networks that have worked in Australia to influence journalists writing on the subject, to connect police with journalists willing to publish leaks, and to pressure three governments, New South Wales, Victoria and the Commonwealth, to initiate separate inquiries based on the claims and interests of victims' lawyers and activist groups. "Just as juries need softening in courts of law," Friel has written, "so public opinion must be shaped in trials by media. The last decade has shown the effectiveness of social media for such purpose."

Taking a broad view of Operation Get Pell, which really needs a book-length study to fully comprehend all that went into this campaign, there were at least seven stages in the following rough chronology:

1995: persuading the then Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne, George Pell, to establish the "Melbourne Response" to investigate and deal with child sexual abuse and regulate the compensation paid to victims in the Melbourne diocese.

1997–2007: protesting to politicians and the media that the church was covering up the guilty and was more concerned about protecting its funds and resources than giving the victims just compensation.

2012–2013: calling on State and Commonwealth governments to launch parliamentary inquiries and a royal commission into child sexual abuse in institutions.

2012–2015: guiding the Victorian police to identify culprits, first in Taskforce Sano, followed by Operation Tethering, with the latter ultimately identifying George Pell as a target.

2016–2017: leaking to sympathetic journalists that prosecutions were looming and helping them make contact with alleged victims.

2016–2018: persuading the media, the police and the courts that the victims are so fragile—most allegedly suffer from post-traumatic stress disorder—they must not be personally identified, they have to give evidence in camera, and they should be believed on

the strength of their testimony alone.

2015–2019: urging and facilitating the prosecution and conviction of George Pell.

In this process, the key events were in late 2012 when the New South Wales and Victorian governments were persuaded that the issue amounted to a major social crisis. Liberal governments in both states, under Barry O'Farrell and Denis Napthine, appointed their own inquiries. Even though child sexual abuse is plainly an issue for state governments, Julia Gillard paid her dues to Vivian Waller by joining the fray and appointing her own royal commission. All this attention transformed the issue from one held by a small number of activists with access to leftist media outlets, into a matter of great national concern.

It also transformed what was really at stake in these claims. For it soon became apparent that what the activists, lawyers and their media friends potentially threatened was the very existence of the Catholic Church itself. That is why those in this campaign responded with such vigour when it emerged as a possibility. The same thing had already been recognised in the United States where civil suits in Boston in 2002 alleged the church hierarchy had shielded priests guilty of rape. Once this finding came within the sights of activists, they could see much further possibilities. As journalist Sabrina Erdely wrote in *Rolling Stone* in 2011:

the Catholic hierarchy's failure to protect children from sexual abuse isn't the fault of an inept medieval bureaucracy, but rather the deliberate and criminal work of a cold and calculating organization. In a very real sense, it's not just [Monsignor William] Lynn who is on trial here. It's the Catholic Church itself.

When Gillard announced the Royal Commission in November 2012, there were some journalists in Australia who understood this too. Paul Kelly wrote in the *Australian* that although the Royal Commission would only amount to a high-cost, state-church shambles, it was a perfect fit for Gillard's political strategy—"the combination of a moral crusade, a cast of victims and coming systemic dismantling of the Catholic Church".

In Australia, as in the US, the argument quickly shifted from a legitimate concern about the fate of those children abused by priests to the more debatable issue of the reluctance of the Catholic hierarchy to pay out large sums of money—from \$50,000 to \$200,000 per individual was the going rate in Victoria under the Melbourne Response. This was expected to be paid to anyone who turned up and claimed to be a victim, even some with unlikely, or

indeed impossible, stories to tell. The church sometimes balked at this kind of thing. This allowed the victims' legal supporters to argue that the top echelons of the church were conspiring to silence the survivors and save money, thereby shifting the focus of attention from the failings of individual priests to the failure of the church itself. Vivian Waller told Emma Alberici in an ABC interview in May 2017:

If you're asking me is the Church living up to its testimony in the Royal Commission about how it's responding to civil claims, no, it's not. There's been a procession of bishops and archbishops crying crocodile tears about how they're going to respond more compassionately to civil claims for compensation. But we're not finding that at the coalface. We're finding that the diocese of Ballarat is taking most of the defences that are available to it and challenging claims on a very technical basis.

Some of those who think this way, and hope the child sexual abuse scandal will eventually destroy the church, are displaying their own political predilections. They are trying to beat up a scandal that is undoubtedly genuine but has affected a comparatively small number of people, into a cataclysm. They are arguing that because they have found one genuine fault—the penetration of the priesthood by a small number of homosexual pederasts—this proves the whole institution is rotten to the core. This is the thinking of a very fundamentalist kind of utopianism that wants to rid the Earth of corruption to create a perfect world. In history, it has often been the basis of the politics of revolution. It is also a kind of thinking that exploits the real suffering of genuine victims for the activists' own political ends.

The most revealing evidence for this interpretation comes from the differences between the findings of the New South Wales inquiry in 2012 and those conducted by the Victorian and Commonwealth governments. In New South Wales, the special commission headed by long-time Crown Prosecutor Margaret Cuneen SC was appointed to consider claims by Detective Chief Inspector Peter Fox and his principal media spruiker, Fairfax reporter Joanne McCarthy. Cuneen's inquiry, which sat for ninety-two days and heard submissions from 161 people in both private and public sittings, did find some evidence of a cover-up within the church hierarchy. Church officials did have information they failed to reveal, which would have assisted police investigations. Cuneen named Bishop Leo Clarke, head of the Newcastle diocese for twenty years, for his "inexcusable" conduct, motivated by a fear that it would bring scandal to the church. But the report was even

more telling in its findings about those who blew the whistle. It was scathing in its criticism of Fox, arguing many of his claims were either "implausible" or "exaggerated":

The commission considers that by at least 2010 Fox had lost the objectivity required of an investigating officer regarding such matters. While he remained passionate about things involving the Catholic Church, he no longer possessed the detachment necessary for properly investigating such matters. In short, he had become a zealot.

And this is really what this whole issue comes down to: defenders of the church trying to protect it from questionable claims about its behaviour, versus zealots who want to use this issue to mortally wound the church itself.

For those of us who are not Catholics, there is still another equally important issue at stake: the fundamental legal principle that an accused person is innocent until proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. As has been argued several times in this journal and website, this was not how George Pell was treated. The jury made their decision not on the weight of evidence presented in court, which demonstrated that Pell could not possibly have done what the complainant said. Instead, the jurors accepted the sole evidence of the complainant, given in camera, with his identity shielded, and lacking corroboration of any kind.

In the United States, the same issue was central to the case of Supreme Court nominee Brett Kavanaugh, where a woman claimed she had been sexually assaulted by him at a party when both were in their teens. Like J in the Pell case, when she told her version of events to the US Congress, she offered no corroboration for her story, which Kavanaugh vigorously denied. By assuming the status of victim, she expected Congress to take her on her word alone. She almost succeeded. Fortunately, Congress decided by the narrowest of margins that her claim was not credible, and Kavanaugh went on to become a judge of the United States Supreme Court.

In Australia, unfortunately, the outcome was the opposite. The claims made by one person against George Pell were believed by the second jury that heard them, and he remains in jail, his reputation and career destroyed, waiting to hear the outcome of his appeal. If the kind of court process that convicted him sets a precedent, then Pell's fate will be far more than a one-off misadventure. In the current climate of sexual politics, it is bound to be a model for the persecution of many others.

ASPERITIES

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

*Prince, Prince-Elective on the modern plan,
Fulfilling such a lot of People's Wills,
You take the Chiltern Hundreds while you can—
A storm is coming on the Chiltern Hills.*

—G.K. Chesterton

When a Member of Parliament in Britain decides to retire, he applies for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds, which as an office of profit under the Crown is incompatible with representing the people and requires his departure from the House of Commons. The other way of leaving the Commons is to lose a seat at an election. By and large MPs prefer to leave voluntarily. Many of them must now be thinking that a sinecure in the Chilterns is better than a principality in Utopia.

For in the short time since Theresa May postponed Britain's departure from the European Union from the long-promised date of March 29 to October 31—which itself may be postponed yet again—the log-jam that has been UK politics for the last few years began to crack and break ominously. That observation does not apply, however, to the parliamentary gridlock on Brexit, which is still as frozen as ever.

The story so far: Two-thirds of MPs from various parties want to weaken or reverse Brexit without openly voting to do so. Two-thirds of the governing Tory parliamentary party, on the other hand, want to implement Brexit at all costs, if necessary without an EU-UK deal beforehand but under World Trade Organisation rules instead. May's Withdrawal Agreement deal—which is an attempt to pass a Brexit that's hard to distinguish from Remain except that it looks worse than Remain—has so far been presented to the Commons three times and defeated three times by substantial majorities. She is now trying to negotiate a still weaker Brexit with Labour's Jeremy Corbyn in the hope of passing it against the opposition of most Tory MPs and apparently half her cabinet. There are other complications too, but the broad picture is that May seems unlikely to get either a deal with Labour or enough Tory support to pass her Brexit Lite into law, but that no other coalition of MPs looks able to get any other form of Brexit-and-water through either. *Now read on.*

I think I may have written that last paragraph, with only minor variations, several times in the last year. You may feel you know it by heart. But be of good cheer. I just heard the sound of a bugle; the US Fifth Cavalry is coming through the pass.

Parliament's own private gridlock meant that there was also a Mexican stand-off between itself and the voters. MPs have been inclined to think they could wait out the storm on the Chiltern Hills until the voters got bored with Brexit and allowed MPs to euthanise it without too much protest. They would kill Brexit by delay. After all, the voters had no way of bringing their gridlock with MPs to any kind of climax, had they?

And then, suddenly, they had. Because May has postponed Brexit, Britain as an EU member-state is legally required to hold elections to the European Parliament on May 23. Ministers reluctantly announced that these elections would go ahead. Apparently only one man was prepared for this. Nigel Farage promptly launched a new party, the Brexit Party, announced that it would contest every constituency, and toured the country addressing large enthusiastic audiences of new members. In less than a fortnight he had soared past both major parties in polls on the European elections. And the log-jam cracked more loudly.

One could see that establishment opinion was worried by this sudden surge of, er, populism because Bagehot, the *Economist's* political correspondent, said that the European elections would tell us nothing important:

Will the election break the mould of the country's two-party system? And will it act as a sort of soft referendum that will demonstrate that Britain wants to leave without a deal or that it wants to call the whole thing off? The *Times* says the election is "shaping up to be a moment of profound political importance".

This is not only nonsense. It is dangerous nonsense. Nonsense because the European election won't tell us anything useful about long-term voting intentions. Dangerous nonsense because politicians may be seduced by the results into making catastrophic decisions ... The big

danger is that Tory MPs will conclude that another Farage surge proves that they need to embrace a hard Brexit.

That was a combination of sophistry and whistling in the wind, however. If Farage's party were to come first and the Tories were relegated to minor-party status on May 23—you will know the result before you read this—that would be a political earthquake. There really is no other way of describing it. And with every poll that appears in the press, such a result seems more likely. Polls on the Euro-elections conducted in early May showed the Brexit Party getting a 34 per cent share of the national vote to Labour's 22 per cent—with the Tories falling to a mere 11 per cent. That collapse follows the loss by the Tories of almost a quarter of their council seats in the local elections of early May. (Not coincidentally, Labour also did badly in the local elections and is clearly threatened in its Northern blue-collar heartlands by the rise of a non-Tory populist party that offers a pro-Brexit policy more to the Northerners' taste than Labour's tortured ambiguities.) But the Tory defeat was an epic disaster.

These shifts in party support are dramatic, but they are also in line with recent political developments: the unexpectedly smooth and professional launch of the Brexit Party, which has mustered an impressive roster of candidates; Farage's own assured performances in television interviews; the hostile public reaction to a fly-on-the-wall documentary film in which the EU's Brexit negotiators were shown sneering at the Brits and boasting that they had turned the Britain into a "colony" as they had intended from the start; support for a "No Deal" Brexit, which was minimal a year ago, is growing; and above all, May's betrayal of her Brexit Day promise which seems to have been a more significant turning point in popular attitudes to her and to the Tory party than anyone expected in advance.

Assuming that nothing happens to reverse this drift of events and that Farage's Brexit Party does as well in the Euro-elections as the polls now predict, we can reasonably forecast the following consequences:

1. There would be a very strong boost to the cause of Brexit and to Farage personally. It would have roughly the same effect as a second referendum victory. Indeed, polls on voting intentions already show that the Brexit Party would now get more votes than the Tories in a Westminster general election.

2. That would put much more pressure on May and Corbyn, both threatened by the second coming of Farage, to jointly push a very soft Brexit through Parliament in the (vain) hope of putting the issue

behind them. Unfortunately for such calculations, such a manoeuvre would strike the public as a cynical end-run around democracy and strengthen the suspicion of Tory activists that their party is contemptuous of them.

3. The EU would wonder if there was any real chance of getting the Withdrawal Agreement through Parliament and, no less important, implemented afterwards. European leaders don't want the Brits obstructing every move towards more European integration in order to play to Nigel Farage's gallery at home. It's no longer unthinkable that the EU Council of Ministers would respond to a strong pro-Brexit vote in the Euro-elections by, in effect, imposing a No Deal Brexit on the UK. President Macron might even dress up this rejection as showing respect for British democracy. He would enjoy that, and it would not be an altogether false argument.

4. In response to the mortal threat posed by Nigel Farage to its very existence, the Tory party would face public and party pressure to move in two directions: first, to ditch May as PM and party leader and elect a Leaver successor, probably Boris Johnson; second, to adopt a No Deal Brexit and leave the EU promptly in October (while holding out the prospect of post-Brexit trade negotiations from outside). It won't be easy to manage. But Theresa May has driven her party to the point of distraction where they will force her out from simple self-protection. And since the Tory rank-and-file is now overwhelmingly for a clean Brexit on WTO terms, whoever is party leader will have to follow them.

All of which suggests that both mainstream parties, but the Tories especially, face a turbulent and uncertain future. As Roger Eatwell and Matthew Goodwin point out in their important new book *National Populism*, the weakening of bonds between traditional parties and their activists would be a marked feature of the new populist politics in any event. That is so in Europe. But the Tories have given their supporters (and those who voted for them to achieve Brexit) particular reason to switch to Farage on this occasion. Many will now do so. And, like adultery, betraying your party is much easier the second time around.

Whoever is the next Tory leader, therefore, will have the formidable task of raising his party from the dead. He will also confront a more vexing problem. A political Right divided between the Tories and the Brexit Party cannot win elections. Even two or three months ago, a confident Tory leader might have been willing to approach Nigel Farage to discuss electoral co-operation. Today Nigel's price would simply be too high.

A storm is coming on the Chiltern Hills.

ASTRINGENCIES

ANTHONY DANIELS

Who won the Cold War? asked Daryl McCann in a recent issue of *Quadrant*. At first sight, this is an absurd question: of course America and its allies won. After all, it was the Soviet empire that folded, and for a time—a very short time, admittedly—it seemed as if large-scale geopolitical conflicts were a thing of the past. Francis Fukuyama suggested that history had come to a full stop. He had seen the future and it was universal liberal democracy; any little local resistance was futile and would quickly be overcome. To try to stop its spread would be like trying to plug a volcano in mid-eruption.

We now know different, if ever we gave credence to Fukuyama's very dilute Hegelianism (I did not). Interestingly, the reading of a book by John Laffin, an Australian writer on military subjects, published in 1979 in a popular, sensationalist style under the prophetic title *The Dagger of Islam*, might have sufficed by itself to warn us against all complacency in however sophisticated a form, and that ideology was far from dead albeit that its Marxist incarnation, or one of its Marxist incarnations, had so obviously failed even according to the most Machiavellian of criteria.

Nevertheless, no one could seriously claim that the Soviet Union other than lost the Cold War, or that its leaders at any time in its history would have welcomed the denouement of that conflict. It was a victory for freedom over tyranny, indeed one of the most complete forms of tyranny known to human history.

And yet I suspect that few people would subscribe wholeheartedly to the proposition that, since the dissolution of the Soviet Union, liberty has progressed from triumph to triumph in the world, even—or perhaps especially—in the lands of the victors of the Cold War. The fact is that for people to *feel* free, more is required than a political system with certain legal or constitutional guarantees, all of which can be subverted by the kind of rationalisation to which intellectuals are often given, and the absence of overt or obvious tyranny.

I was startled not long ago when a couple of taxi drivers in Paris of African origin told me that they intended to return to Africa from France in order to recover their liberty. What, leave a liberal democracy for a continent of weak institutions, corrupt and avaricious political psychopaths and an absence of the rule of law, *in order to feel free again?*

Some people might say that this reflects upon France rather than upon liberal democracies as a whole, but I think this would be a mistake. In essence, France is not so very different from other such democracies, even if the proportion of its gross domestic product attributable to state activity is the highest among similar countries. Everywhere, people are cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd by hosts of regulations. Every householder in Britain receives at intervals a letter demanding that he register on the electoral roll, enjoining him not to lose the right to vote (a great benefit or privilege conferred on him), and threatening him with a fine of £1000 if he does not comply. In Australia, everyone must vote, or attend to vote, as children must attend school assembly. There may be arguments in favour of these regulations, but one of them cannot be that they are designed to make the average citizen feel free.

In daily life, in professional life, one is subjected (or so it seems to me) to ever more bureaucratic procedures of no conceivable value except to make us feel that we are small and under surveillance, or tiny cogs in a large machine. Form-filling has sometimes expanded to the point at which completion of such forms comes to be the very object of work itself, though no one consults the information gathered by them. From time to time I write for publications supposedly devoted to the cause of freedom, which require me to avow that I am not engaged on some disreputable activity such as plagiarism or tax evasion. Of course I comply though I know it is absurd (what tax-evader is going to reply, "Yes, I evade taxes"?), but I want to be paid, and filling the form is a precondition of being paid. Thus my probity is destroyed by a thousand

cuts and I begin to despise myself for my habitual cravenness and pusillanimity. These are not qualities that assort well with the exercise of freedom.

Again, it might be objected to the taxi drivers that they will feel freer in Africa than in France only because the latter has given them the opportunity to accumulate some money, no doubt a small amount by French standards but a large one by African, their relative wealth increasing by a factor of ten or more once they take it to Africa.

No doubt this is true. If they were to return to Africa with no money at all, it is doubtful whether they would feel freer than they were in France. Nevertheless, in their particular situation (and everyone, after all, lives in a particular situation) they would be freer, or think they would be freer, in Africa than as a taxi driver in France. A sample of two is a very small one upon which to erect a theory, but it is not impossible that there might one day be a reverse migration of people in search of greater liberty.

For people such as these taxi drivers, the freedom to speak without restraint on political matters was probably not a very important component of their idea of freedom, absence of regulation (or regulation that is easily avoided by the payment of a small bribe) being much more important. But even for those who care for intellectual freedom, such freedom seems to be in retreat in liberal democracies (to call it dead would be an exaggeration), curtailed not so much by tyrannical governments as by the action of the very class of person who one might have supposed was most attached to it, namely the intelligentsia.

Most of us inhabit not only countries but smaller environments. In institutions such as universities, freedom of opinion (if the reports I read are true; I do not frequent them myself, not even by disinhibition) has receded because diversity now means uniformity and tolerance means shutting people up.

This might seem something of a consolation prize to supporters of the Soviet Union for the otherwise comprehensive defeat it suffered, since the kind of arguments used by students and others to justify the attack on free speech in universities are

precisely of the same kind or form that the Soviet Union employed in casting doubt on the reality and sincerity of the Western world's commitment to human rights. What use was it to have the right to free speech if the press and other media were all owned by the capitalist class, and moreover there was no assured right to housing, healthcare, education and so on, which the bourgeoisie appropriated to itself alone? The freedom of expression in such circumstances was, therefore, merely formal rather than real. There could be genuine freedom only after social equality had been brought about.

Until then, freedom of expression was a snare and a delusion, a covert way of maintaining the hegemony of the privileged.

Though this argument was obviously bogus (otherwise it could hardly even have been made in the West), and was merely a tool or instrument in the struggle, it entered the soul of the West, so to speak. Now, nearly thirty years after the demise of the Soviet Union, one often hears that it is right to stifle free speech to redress the balance of power between traditionally privileged and unprivileged groups. Only today, for example, I read an article in the *Guardian* newspaper inveighing against public debate, not only

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because as currently practised it is often trivial in content and trivialising in format, but because it offers advantages to "posh boys" and is "structurally biased in favour of conservative bromides".

In other words, the very demand for or existence of debate is evidence that it is at best pointless and at worst harmful, insofar as it reinforces current hierarchies of power; and that once the proper radical reforms have been undertaken there will be no need for it because everything will be so perfect. Debate will, like the state itself, wither away.

So, with a becoming sense of proportion and irony, we may indeed ask with Daryl McCann: Who won the Cold War?

*Anthony Daniels's most recent book, co-authored with Kenneth Francis, is **The Terror of Existence: From Ecclesiastes to Theatre of the Absurd** (New English Review Press), published under his pen-name, Theodore Dalrymple.*

Legal and Cultural Clashes over Gender Identity Law

Tasmania's Attorney-General, Elise Archer, recently informed all members of the state's Legislative Council that current proposals before the parliament to remove the sex identifier from birth certificates would "bring a risk of serious unintended legal consequences". Advice provided to her from the state Solicitor-General was that, if passed, the changes would "affect the interpretation of *all* Tasmanian legislation that has, as a criterion for its application, the sex or gender of a person". The Attorney-General said that "without first reviewing all Tasmania's statutes and regulations", several cases stand out. For example:

There are a range of statutes that provide that full searches must be carried out by a person of the same sex as the person being searched. This is likely to cause difficulties if the person to be searched is registered as non-binary, indeterminate, or by some other word or phrase used to indicate the person's perception of self, neither entirely male nor female. In those categories, the power of search is likely to be compromised or negated.

The Tasmanian Attorney-General's letter illustrates a widening range of conflicts arising from gender identity laws that recognise a person by their gender in place of their biological sex. Conflicts particularly occur when laws allow men to self-identify as women and claim rights, privileges, protections and access to services that previously were only recognised for biological women, but also when people identify as non-binary. These laws reflect conflicts between two worldviews of human sexual identity.

The biological worldview is a "belief" informed by science that says human beings are immutably male or female. It is being challenged by the transgender worldview, a contested "belief" from a social sciences claim that sex cannot be defined, that people can claim a subjective, self-defined gender identity in place of their birth sex and that they should

be legally recognised by their gender identity in place of their sex.

The right of a person "to adopt a religion or *belief* of his choice" is recognised in Article 18(3) of the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights. These two worldviews would appear to come within the protection of the ICCPR as "beliefs".

The biological worldview of sex

The biological worldview recognises that sex is part of a person's inherent, immutable, "biological hardware".

In 2016 Lawrence Mayer and Paul McHugh produced a landmark paper, "Sexuality and Gender: Findings from the Biological, Psychological, and Social Sciences". McHugh is a professor of psychiatry and behavioural sciences at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine and was, for twenty-five years, the psychiatrist-in-chief at the Johns Hopkins Hospital. Mayer is a scholar in residence in the Department of Psychiatry at the Johns Hopkins University School of Medicine and a professor of statistics and biostatistics at Arizona State University.

Mayer and McHugh state that sex is defined by reproductive function:

The only variable that serves as the fundamental and reliable basis for biologists to distinguish the sexes of animals is their role in reproduction, not some other behavioral or biological trait ... the female gestates offspring and the male impregnates the female.

The extent of biological differentiation is profound. In 2017 researchers at the Weizmann Institute of Science, one of the world's leading multidisciplinary basic research institutions in the natural and exact sciences, found that of 20,000 protein-coding human genes, 6500 were biased towards one sex or the other in at least one tissue. For example, "Gene expression for muscle building was higher in men;

that for fat storage was higher in women.”

The US National Academy of Medicine’s Committee on Understanding the Biology of Sex and Gender Differences says that, as the importance of medical research and trials being carried out separately on men and women has become recognised, a whole new branch of science known as “sex-based biology” has been created.

The biological worldview, or “belief”, that humans are binary male/female sex can be a “secular belief” from science, or a religious belief, for example, from the biblical account of God creating man and woman.

Historically, the terms “man” and “woman” have been taken to be axiomatic, therefore generally not having definitions in law. I have not found “sex” defined anywhere in law.

The transgender worldview of sex and gender

The transgender worldview, or transgender theory, is a “belief” that a person can have a gender identity separate from or replacing their birth sex. The 2013 *Australian Government Guidelines on the Recognition of Sex and Gender* say that a person’s gender identity is their cultural and “social software”, based on feelings about their identity, as manifest by their “outward social markers, including their name, outward appearance, mannerism and dress”.

This broadly includes the contested claims from the social sciences that gender identity includes:

- transsexuals, who identify as opposite to their birth sex;
- persons identifying at a point on a spectrum of between 100 per cent male and 100 per cent female. A person may identify as 81 per cent male and 19 per cent female;
- non-binaries, people who identify as neither male nor female, for example pangender, androgynous, bigender, gender questioning, gender queer, gender variant, other, two-spirit, etc.; and
- people who “escape sex and gender categories” who are “genderless” or “unspecified sex”.

Such a broad understanding of gender identity gives each person on earth the potential to have a unique gender identity.

The concept of self-defined gender identity derives from queer or transgender theory that is founded on the claim by French philosopher Michel Foucault that “nothing in man—not even his body—is sufficiently stable to serve as the basis for self-recognition or for understanding other men”. By this he meant that there is no common, universal human nature, that human nature is a social construct of modern society. If there is no common human nature, how

can there be universal human rights? Queer theory is taught as part of jurisprudence in some law schools.

Based on Foucault’s assertion, the most well-known queer, or transgender, theorist, Judith Butler, says that a person’s gender is “a free floating artifice, with the consequence that *man* and *masculine* might just as easily signify a female body as a male one, and *woman* and *feminine* a male body as easily as a female one”.

Mayer and McHugh challenge Butler’s claim:

gender identity could be defined in terms of sex-typical traits and behaviours, so that being a boy means behaving in the ways boys typically behave—such as engaging in rough-and-tumble play and expressing an interest in sports and liking toy guns more than dolls. But this would imply that a boy who plays with dolls, hates guns, and refrains from sports or rough-and-tumble play might be considered to be a girl, rather than simply a boy who represents an exception to the typical patterns of male behaviour ...

The ability to recognise exceptions to sex-typical behaviour relies on an understanding of maleness and femaleness that is independent of these stereotypical sex-appropriate behaviours.

Mayer and McHugh also point out that, as the numbers of gender identities are so unlimited, gender identity has little meaning, and it dissolves the meaning of both sex and gender identity.

Paradoxically, all forms of gender identity rely on, and are defined against, biological sex. To be on a spectrum of male to female relies on humans being male or female in the first place. The idea of being non-binary is defined against binary, two opposites, male and female. The idea of being genderless relies on humans having a gender, that is, being male or female. Even the word “trans” means to fundamentally change from one state to another—from a person’s biological sex to something else.

This leads to a transgender conundrum. To paraphrase the feminist philosopher Rebecca Reilly-Cooper, from the University of Warwick: if the law recognises citizens by their gender identity—on a spectrum between 100 per cent male and 100 per cent female, or non-binary or genderless—then everyone is trans. Alternatively, there are no trans people; we are all just male or female. Transgender theory has no scientific or theoretical imperative to resolve this conundrum, other than to assert that its own theory is true.

This raises obvious questions: if a person can fundamentally change (trans) their immutable sex, can a person change their age, or identify as

physically disabled when they are not disabled? Can a biological male self-identify as pregnant? Can a person change their species?

A further paradox arises from the claim by transgender theorists, like Judith Butler, that intersex people and transsexuals are evidence that humans can be other than male or female.

Regarding intersex people, the Intersex Society of North America (ISNA) firmly disagrees. ISNA has produced *Clinical Guidelines for the Management of Disorders of Sex Development in Childhood* (2006) which ISNA described as “an extraordinary collaboration” among twenty-six “specialist paediatricians, psychiatrists, medical specialists, clinicians caring for people with disorders of sex development (DSDs), parents of children with DSDs, adults with DSDs, and other patient advocates”.

ISNA prefers the term “disorder of sexual development” to “intersex”, which is defined as “anomalies of the sex chromosomes, the gonads, the reproductive ducts, and the genitalia”. ISNA opposes raising DSD/intersex children without a gender, or in a third sex/gender, saying:

... we’ve never advocated this ... How would we decide where to cut off the category of male and begin the category of intersex, or, on the other side of the spectrum, where to cut off the category of intersex to begin the category of female? ...

... we are trying to make the world a safe place for intersex kids, and we don’t think labelling them with a gender category that doesn’t exist would help them.

ISNA says it is “rare” for people with intersex conditions “to change genders at some point in their life [and to] identify themselves as transgender or transsexual”. As evidence, ISNA cites a study of 334 adult intersex people, where 97.6 per cent identify with their sex recorded at birth and only 2.4 per cent changed their sex. The researchers concluded that “self-initiated gender reassignment was rare. Gender dysphoria also appears to be a rare occurrence.” The best predictor of adult sexual identity in a DSD person “is initial gender assignment” at birth.

Rebecca Reilly-Cooper says that DSD is a sexual anomaly, not evidence that humans can be other than male or female:

The fact that some humans are intersex in no way diminishes the truth of sexual dimorphism [sex being two distinct forms], any more than the fact that some humans are born missing lower limbs diminishes the truth of the statement that humans are bipedal.

Further, it is a contradiction for Judith Butler to argue that a person’s fluid gender identity is independent of biological sex, wholly a social construct, while also claiming that the anomalies of the DSD/intersex condition provide biological grounds for non-binary gender identities. It can’t be both.

Regarding transsexuals, while medical treatments can permanently disable a person’s reproductive functions and feminise or masculinise their appearances, they cannot *biologically* change a person’s reproductive function, or their inherited genetics, to the opposite to their birth sex. Sex reassignment surgery and cross-sex hormones may allow for the *legal* recognition of a person as the opposite sex to their sex at birth, but do not provide grounds for claiming that people can biologically change their sex, or for leveraging the contested idea of non-binary gender identities.

Lacking evidence from the biological sciences and regardless of profound ambiguities, gender identity has been incorporated as a protected attribute into the Commonwealth Sex Discrimination Act, with far-reaching effects and consequences.

Sex Discrimination Act incorporates gender identity

IN 2013, the Commonwealth Sex Discrimination Act amendment bill defined and gave protected attribute status to “gender identity” and “sexual orientation” and repealed the biological definition of “man” as member of the male sex and “woman” as member of the female sex. The amendment defined gender identity as

the gender-related identity, appearance or mannerisms or other gender-related characteristics of a person (whether by way of medical intervention or not), with or without regard to the person’s designated sex at birth.

There are many problems with this definition. Sex is said to be “designated” at birth, just as parents designate, or “assign”, a child’s name as a matter of choice, when in reality sex is “recognised” as inherent. The definition says “gender identity” means the “gender-related identity” of a person, but this is a circular argument. It is like defining a table as an object that is table-like.

What does “gender-related appearance or mannerisms or other gender-related characteristics” mean? Should a woman who wears a suit be considered as having the gender identity of a man? Should a man who wears his hair in a “man bun” be considered as having the identity of a woman? Should a boy who plays with dolls instead of toy trucks be

considered as having the gender identity of a girl rather than simply a boy who represents a variation in patterns of male behaviour? In effect, gender-related “characteristics”, “mannerisms” and “appearance” refer to typical sex characteristics, within a cultural and ethnic context.

“[W]hether by way of medical intervention or not” refers to transsexuals, both those who undergo sex-reassignment surgery and take cross-sex hormones, and those who simply self-identify as opposite to their birth sex. “With ... regard” to a person’s “designated sex at birth” can mean a person identifies as cisgender or on a spectrum of male to female. “Without regard to designated sex at birth” can mean non-binary gender identities or genderless. However, these gender identities are dependent on, and defined against, immutable biological sex.

The Sex Discrimination Act replaces sex with gender identity. The definition of gender identity suffers from a definitional fallacy (sex as only being “designated”, not recognised as inherent), failure to define the key terms “sex” and “gender”, having a definition of gender that is circular (“gender” means “gender”) and in all aspects dependent on the reality of immutable, biological sex.

The Sex Discrimination Act definition of gender identity is as ambiguous as it is in the social sciences. The definition refers to social characteristics that are personal and individual such that they should be considered either emotional states, feelings or personality traits. Such personal matters are not a matter for legal definition and regulation. The ambiguity of gender identity in the Sex Discrimination Act creates uncertainty in law.

Guidelines implementing the Sex Discrimination Act amendments

Three days after the 2013 amendments to the Sex Discrimination Act were gazetted, the *Australian Government Guidelines on the Recognition of Sex and Gender* (2013) were issued by the Attorney-General’s Department with the purpose of changing identity recording on all official federal government documents and for collection of identity data, in order to conform with the Sex Discrimination Act.

The *Guidelines* require a person’s sex identifier to be Male, Female, X (Indeterminate/Intersex/Unspecified) on all official documents such as passports, taxation forms, census forms and Medicare forms.

- “Indeterminate” refers to gender identities such as “non-binary, gender diverse, gender queer, pan-gendered, androgynous and inter-gender”.

- “Unspecified” appears to refer to when a person

is in the process of changing their identity.

- “Intersex” describes people with a disorder of sexual development.

The X marker changes Male and Female from biological terms to self-identified cismale/cisfemale terms, dissolving the meaning of biological sex.

The *Guidelines* note another confusion in law, saying that “Although sex and gender are conceptually distinct, these terms are commonly used interchangeably, including in legislation.”

The Sex Discrimination Act definition of gender identity makes ambiguous the meaning of sex, man, woman, heterosexual, gay, lesbian and bisexual. For example, “gay” includes a man oriented to another man, a male oriented to a biological female who identifies as male, and a sexual attraction between two biological females who identify as males.

It introduces uncertainty in affirmative action employment cases. Consider a company/authority that plans to implement an affirmative action program that reserves five out of ten senior management positions for women. Under the Sex Discrimination Act, it appears that a man who self-identifies as female is eligible for positions reserved for females.

On the other hand, the Equal Employment Opportunity (Commonwealth Authorities) Act, which covers certain Commonwealth authorities, and the Workplace Gender Equality Act, which broadly covers private sector employers with more than 100 employees, both provide protections for women who are defined as a members of the female sex. Presumably under these Acts, only biological women can apply for positions reserved for females.

My book *Transgender: One Shade of Grey* provides a non-exhaustive list of conflicts over rights, privileges, protections and access to services over wide areas of the culture, which are much wider than the conflicts over same-sex marriage. Conflicts can be over identification on birth certificates and primary identity documents; comfort for women and prevention of rape; access to sex-specific facilities like toilets, showers and changing rooms; access to sex-specific schools; access to school dormitories and camps; human sexuality programs in schools; marriage ceremonies; services to weddings; provision of marriage counselling services; language (the use of names and pronouns); provision of sex-specific medical treatments; sex-specific epidemiological medical research; counselling and provision of pharmaceuticals for sex-reassignment; access to female-only safe spaces; eligibility for affirmative action programs; accommodation in prisons; full searches by police; access to lesbian-only and gay-only organisations and events; insurance; access to certain areas of military service; publicly outing men who abuse women; accurately recording crime;

prevention of fraud; national security; government planning provision of services; and accurate monitoring of different sexes' participation in public activities. A much wider range of conflicts has not yet been studied.

Consider two leading areas of conflict, schools and sport.

School compliance with the Sex Discrimination Act

The Sex Discrimination Act, Section 21, covers all government schools and says that a school cannot discriminate against a student on the basis of their gender identity or sexual orientation, by “refusing or failing to accept the person’s application for admission” or by “denying the student, or limiting the student’s access, to any benefit” the school provides, or by “expelling” or “subjecting the student to any other detriment”.

Under the Sex Discrimination Act, there is no minimum age for a person to adopt a gender identity different from their birth sex and the threshold for recognition of a change of sex/gender is low, requiring only a statement from a registered medical practitioner or psychologist, a passport or Australian government travel document, an amended birth certificate, or a state or territory Gender Recognition Certificate or Recognised Details Certificate. These documents are not difficult to obtain.

To comply with the amended Sex Discrimination Act, at least four state education departments (New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland and South Australia) have issued policies requiring state school authorities to negotiate with transgender students as to which toilets, other facilities, and services they can access at school. Effectively, a boy can self-identify as a girl and gain access to girls’ toilets, showers, changing rooms, sports, camps and dormitories.

The New South Wales policy, in the *New South Wales Education and Communities Legal Issues Bulletin*, December 2014, assessed the risks for “use of toilet and change rooms” was “high”, suggesting that other students face not just “discomfort”, but potentially more serious issues. Risk management involves:

Doors provided to change room cubicles of their identified gender.

Student must change in cubicle.

Staff to monitor length of time in change room.

Staff and student to report any incidents in the change room to Principal ...

Zero tolerance to “skylarking” in change rooms ...

Are teachers to be rostered outside toilets? What happens to a male teacher’s reputation if he finds it necessary to intervene in a female toilet, shower or changing room? Following the findings made in the Royal Commission into Institutional Sex Abuse about incidents in certain educational institutions, teachers may feel inhibited about entering changing rooms to monitor the length of time a student spends there. These requirements come at a time when there is serious community concern over child-against-child sexual abuse in schools.

The South Australian policy warns principals and teachers that “failure to provide transgender students with access to appropriate toilet and change facilities may breach anti-discrimination legislation”. Presumably, this means that school authorities could face legal penalties for non-compliance with these policies, and face disciplinary action, loss of professional qualifications and employment.

What of the right of parents to expect a high-level duty of care for their children and of their “prior right to choose the kind of education that shall be given to their children”, as recognised in Article 26 (c) of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights (UDHR) and the liberty of parents “to ensure the religious and moral education of their children in conformity with their own convictions” as recognised in the International Covenant on Civil and Political Rights (ICCPR) Article 18 (4)?

What of the right of other students to privacy in toilets, showers and changing rooms? What of the right of girls to fair play in sports?

Currently, the Sex Discrimination Act provisions apply only to state schools. However, proposals to remove exemptions for faith-based schools and institutions would likely see the above outlined policies also applied to faith-based schools.

Sport: how do male and female bodies differ?

What of transgender male-to-females in women’s sports?

Valérie Thaibault *et al* (2010) in the *Journal of Sports Science & Medicine* analysed eighty-two quantifiable events since the beginning of the Olympic era. Their study observed a gap in world records “after 1983, at a mean difference of 10.0% ± 2.94 between men and women for all events” ranging from 5.5 per cent (800 metres freestyle swimming) to 36.8 per cent (weightlifting). These “results suggest that [biological] women will not run, jump, swim or ride as fast as [biological] men”, they concluded.

Chris Schwirian (2015), a Biological Sciences lecturer at Ohio University since 1966, points out that men have:

a larger portion of ... fast-twitch [muscle], which allows them to generate greater force, speed, and anaerobically produced energy. At all distances beyond 800 meters, the main reason for the gap is men's higher aerobic capacity on average, which is due to their typically having less body fat, more haemoglobin and muscle mass, and larger hearts and lungs than women ...

A 2018 report by the International Association of Athletics Federations pointed out:

men have significant advantages in size, strength and power over women, due in large part to men's much higher levels of circulating testosterone from puberty onwards ...

To the best of our knowledge, there is no other genetic or biological trait encountered in female athletics that confers such a huge performance advantage.

Other legal and cultural dilemmas

Many conflicts between the two worldviews cannot be resolved to the satisfaction of both. For example:

- What happens to the measures that have been recognised as not being discriminatory under the Sex Discrimination Act's "special measures" to achieve equality, such as women's-only services, domestic violence shelters, gyms, or sessions in swimming pools?

- How does the #MeToo movement deal with a biological male who identifies as female then sexually assaults women, or if a biological male sex abuser changes his sex to female after abusing women?

- Are women's hospitals to be renamed persons' hospitals?

- Where a biological woman is assaulted by a husband/partner who was born male but identifies as female, is this to be recorded as a case of male-against-female or female-against-female domestic violence?

- Should violent rapists who were born male, but who now identify as female, be accommodated in women's prisons?

- In a workplace that invokes the Sex Discrimination Act to impose gender-neutral language on staff, will a man married to a woman be required to refer to her only as his "partner" so as not to offend transgenders? Will he face social sanctions or refusal of new employment contracts if he fails to use gender-neutral language to describe his wife, son, daughter, friends and work colleagues?

- Are gender-neutral language, toilets, showers, changing rooms and sports examples of diversity, or is this making everyone uniform, the same?

When the transgender worldview is imposed on society, it threatens legal penalties and loss of employment for those who do not conform.

In 2015, Canadian psychologist and sexologist Professor Kenneth Zucker was stood down as head of Toronto's Centre for Addiction and Mental Health (CAMH) gender identity health clinic, the largest in Canada, and his unit was then closed. Zucker headed the American Psychiatric Association committee to establish the diagnosis and treatment of gender dysphoria for the *Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders 5* (2013). He supports use of hormones and surgery for transitioning adults and teenagers, but adopted a "watch and wait" approach to counselling younger children with gender dysphoria. This is based on long experience and a review by Alexander Korte and others of the research on gender dysphoria, which showed that between 80 and 97.5 per cent of children with gender dysphoria identify only with their birth sex in adulthood. His dismissal came after an "inconclusive" CAMH review, prompted by an activist campaign against Zucker and his unit over their "watch and wait" approach.

In 2018, Dr David Mackereth, a fifty-five-year-old who worked as a doctor for more than two decades, had his contract terminated as a medical assessor for the UK Department of Work and Pensions in Dudley. In refusing to address transgenders with gender neutral pronouns, he was said to be non-compliant with the UK Equality Act.

In Dr Mackereth's case, he expressed a religious "belief" about the nature of human sexuality. In Professor Zucker's case, he held a "belief" about the provisions of services, over the appropriate treatment of children with gender dysphoria based on his experience as a psychologist and sexologist. Both "beliefs" were considered to be in conflict with the transgender worldview and were punished by whole or partial loss of employment.

Implications for a tolerant democracy

When a person's gender identity is made a protected attribute, men and women who recognise their sex as inherent are obliged to accept the rights, privileges, protections and access to services of transgenders at the expense of their own inherent rights, privileges, protections and access to services. Such laws restrict the liberties of the great majority in the interests of a minority.

When the state makes gender identity a protected attribute in law, it is analogous to the state

making the Catholic belief a protected attribute in anti-discrimination law. This would mean that state schools would be forced to teach the Catholic faith, and atheist organisations would be forced to employ Catholics. Effectively, the government would impose Catholicism as a state religion intolerant of other people who hold any different belief. This would mark a shift from a tolerant, neutral democracy to an authoritarian state imposing one belief on all.

A tolerant democracy maintains an open public square in which all beliefs and faiths can be held and manifested. Or, if there is an established religion, the state does not discriminate against other religions or beliefs.

Neither a religious bill of rights, nor a religious anti-discrimination act, nor writing Article 18 of the ICCPR into Commonwealth laws would resolve this conflict of worldviews. Even if a religious bill of rights or a religious anti-discrimination act were to define “man”, “woman” and “sex”, uncertainty and conflict would remain. Would a person’s rights be protected according to their “sex” under such a law, or according to their “gender identity” under the Sex Discrimination Act?

The *Economist* recently described how religious freedom bills have failed to protect freedom of belief and religion in the face of anti-discrimination laws in the US. Some twenty American states have passed Religious Freedom Restoration Acts (RFRA) since 1997. They are based on a 1993 Federal RFRA that was strongly supported by the Congress and Senate, then signed into law by President Bill Clinton. It said the state “may not substantially burden” a person’s free exercise of religion unless it is “essential to further a compelling governmental interest” and “the least restrictive means” of doing so.

However, as the *Economist* observes, in all cases where people have attempted to invoke these laws to protect their freedom of belief or religion, “Not once ... has an RFRA trumped an anti-discrimination law protecting minorities.”

How should this conflict be resolved?

A way ahead

Biological sex is self-evident *in utero*, at birth and throughout a person’s life. The vast majority of people recognise their biological sex as inherent, whereas only a small minority identify as transgender. So logically, the biological worldview should be recognised in law by defining “man”, “woman” and “sex” in relevant laws, particular state and territory births, deaths and marriages registration acts,

federal state and territory anti-discrimination laws, and possibly the Commonwealth Marriage Act.

By recognising the inherent nature and rights of the vast majority of people who regard their birth sex as immutable and fixed, this protects the inherent rights of the vast majority and provides certainty in law.

Recognising the biological worldview in law allows for the cultural recognition of transgenders and preserves their liberty (freedom without political interference) to socially or medically change their sex or gender. If it doesn’t impose restrictions, it preserves liberty and freedoms and allows for diversity.

Defamation laws, anti-vilification laws and employment laws protect all people. Effective anti-bullying laws, policies and education programs teach people not to bully anyone; to respect all people.

Conclusion

Gender identity is a subjective, ambiguous, elusive concept that creates uncertainty in law. When gender identity is made a protected attribute in anti-discrimination laws, on risk of legal penalties, it obliges everyone to accept the transgender worldview across wide areas of the culture. The inclusion of gender identity in the Sex Discrimination Act undermines the original purpose of the Act, which was to overcome discrimination against (biological) women. Now a biological male can self-identify as female and claim the same rights as women. It imposes gender-neutral language, changing rooms, sports. Everyone is made uniform, one shade of grey. This is the opposite of diversity. Gender identity anti-discrimination laws are analogous to imposing a state-established religion contrary to the freedoms of belief and religion recognised in the UDHR and ICCPR.

Recognising the biological worldview, based on the objective scientific recognition of sex, provides certainty in law, preserving the rights of the vast majority of people, while allowing people who identify as different from their birth sex the liberty to hold and manifest their belief in the transgender worldview.

Patrick J. Byrne is National President of the National Civic Council. This paper is adapted from his recent book, Transgender: One Shade of Grey: The Legal Consequences for Man & Woman, Schools, Sport, Politics, Democracy (Wilkinson Publishing, 2018), which also includes guest chapters from Professor John Whitehall and Lane Anderson.

Why the Second Jury Found George Pell Guilty

Why was the second verdict by the jury in the trials of George Pell so different from the first? If the jury in both cases was a fair sample of the Australian public, and the evidence heard by both juries was identical, you would expect the outcomes to be fairly similar. Like the first, the second trial should have produced a hung jury too. But the first trial produced a majority of ten jurors voting to acquit and only two voting guilty, whereas in the second trial the jury voted twelve to nil for guilty. This is a significant difference. So what explains it?

There are some things about the trials we can never know—the selection process for the two juries, what went on inside the jury room—so they cannot be considered. But there was one highly publicised external incident that must have made some impact on the second jury, but not the first. It is not far-fetched to argue that it largely made the difference.

Pell's first trial for the alleged abuse of two choirboys in St Patrick's Cathedral took place in the Victorian County Court in Melbourne over five weeks in August and September 2018 and produced the hung jury. The media was banned from reporting the outcome and the second jury was not told about it. The second trial began on November 8, 2018, and produced its guilty verdict nearly five weeks later on December 11.

Each trial was identical. The complainant was not required to be present in court. In the first trial, jurors saw him testifying and being cross-examined by videolink. The second time around, the jury saw a recording of the same videolink. The prosecution relied entirely on the testimony of this one former choirboy, recalling the events of twenty-two years earlier. The defence provided a stream of clergy to testify that the alleged abuse in the cathedral's sacristy, a few minutes after Sunday mass, with Pell still dressed in his multilayered archbishop's vestment, not only did not happen but was physically impossible.

In between these two trials, on October 22, 2018, in the House of Representatives, Prime Minister Scott Morrison made a public apology to the victims of child sexual abuse. This was a recommendation of the Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse, which Prime Minister Malcolm Turnbull had formally agreed to deliver last July. After he was deposed, the task fell to Morrison, who invited Opposition Leader Bill Shorten to make a speech on the same occasion.

The day Morrison gave the apology, television news bulletins around Australia made it their lead story, and the next morning front-page reports on almost every daily newspaper in the country kept it alive. In the mainstream media, the apology went around the world, with reports on the BBC, *US News and World Report*, *Straits Times*, Reuters, Al Jazeera and iAfrica.

In Melbourne, where the jurors were recruited, the front page of the *Age* on October 23 carried a three-column-wide photograph of Julia Gillard and activist Chrissie Foster in Parliament House congratulating each other under the headline: "A sorry that dare not ask for forgiveness", plus two pages of reports inside. The Melbourne *Herald Sun's* online coverage carried live video of the apology as it was given, accompanied by no less than fifteen separate online stories, with headlines such as "Somo fights back tears telling victim's story" and "Your country believes you".

There is little wonder it attracted such attention. Since Kevin Rudd's apology to the Stolen Generations in 2008, political speechwriters had refined their skills at this kind of thing and knew how to turn the issue into compelling theatrical drama. The driving motif of the apology was that, up until now, a terrible and ubiquitous crime had been silently suffered by tens of thousands of child victims. Overwhelmed by the authority that adults possessed in institutions, the victims had no one to tell and nowhere to turn. But now, thanks to today's political leaders, who had the wisdom

and compassion to listen to the children and to believe what they say, the victims can at last tell their stories and release their burden of guilt and shame. This was captivating material and Scott Morrison and Bill Shorten worked hard to outdo one another. Here are samples from their speeches to the House:

Morrison: Today, Australia confronts a trauma, an abomination, hiding in plain sight for far too long. Today, we confront a question too horrible to ask, let alone answer—why weren't the children of our nation loved, nurtured and protected? ... Why was our system of justice blind to injustice? Why has it taken so long to act? ... Why didn't we believe? Today, we dare to ask these questions, and finally acknowledge and confront the lost screams of our children. Mr Speaker, I present the formal apology to be tabled in this parliament today ... and, as I do, I simply say I believe you, we believe you, your country believes you.

Shorten: We are sorry for every cry for help that fell on deaf ears and hard hearts. We are sorry for every crime that was not investigated, every criminal who went unpunished. And we are sorry for every time that you were not heard and not believed. We hear you now. We believe you. Australia believes you ... Too many were told. They just didn't listen. Too many did know. They just didn't act ... Some of these people were supposed to be the pillars of our community. They had the power, the status, the authority—but they wielded these as weapons ... But know that today Australia says: Sorry. Australia says: We believe you.

In their speeches, both Morrison and Shorten paid particular tribute to Julia Gillard who “had the courage and leadership to initiate this Royal Commission”. Gillard was at Parliament for the occasion, seated in the public gallery, next to prominent activists for the cause. When proceedings moved out of the House and into the Great Hall for a reception with activists and victims, her presence turned the occasion into something like a religious festivity. Jacqueline Maley of the *Sydney Morning Herald* wrote:

She was not the politician doing the apologising, but she was the only one the survivors really wanted ... As soon as she entered, the room erupted and they all stood

for her. When Shorten spoke, he said he was proud of her, and there was more applause and cheering. “Get her on stage please!” yelled one audience member. “Thank you!” and “Love you Julia!” shouted others. “Come over to my house for a cuppa, love!” cried another. Eventually they coaxed her on stage, but Gillard spoke briefly, only to thank the survivors for telling their stories, and for their stoicism. Moving around the room, she was mobbed. Everyone wanted a chat, or a photo, or just to embrace her. One man went down on his knees to kiss her feet.

Now, I don't doubt that both Morrison and Shorten believed what they said when they quoted the Royal Commission's findings. It is true, of course, that if either of them had shown any reluctance to back the Commission's recommendations, their parliamentary opponent would have had a valuable political wedge, as Labor showed in the 1990s when it accused John Howard of heartlessness in refusing to apologise to the Stolen Generations.

It is nonetheless true that Morrison and Shorten showed too much faith in the reliability of the Royal Commission's reports. In his apology Morrison said: “The steady, compassionate hand of the commissioners and staff resulted in 17,000 survivors coming forward, and nearly 8000 of them recounting their abuse in private sessions of the commission.” And Shorten could not resist the temptation to beat up the issue even further: “Australia failed tens of thousands of children, across generations, across this country.”

The Commission's own statistics, published in its *Final Information Update*, showed a much smaller incidence of abuse than this. The Commission reported that, after its public appeals and private entreaties for victims to come forward, a total of 16,953 people made contact within its terms of reference (confirming Morrison's statement). It heard verbal evidence from 7981 survivors of child sexual abuse and received 1344 written accounts (again confirming Morrison). But of those who complained, only 2562 had their cases referred to police (which neither speaker mentioned). What this shows is that almost three out of four complainants did not provide enough credible evidence for the Commission to put the matter into the hands of the proper authorities.

So, at a time when the Catholic Church was being publicly castigated by both the Prime Minister and Opposition Leader for not believing the word of all its complainants, offering only “deaf ears and hard hearts”, the government's principal

source, the Royal Commission, was doing the same to the majority of those who approached it.

It should also be noted that the Royal Commission had the same basic methodology as the Stolen Generations inquiry by the Australian Human Rights Commission. Both determined their conclusion at the outset. Both were appointed to investigate a serious social problem and their aim was to find evidence to quantify the problem and offer policy solutions. The concept of evidence was defined as anything that supported the pre-determined conclusion. Anyone could make accusations and, indeed, had an incentive to do so, some through the lure of compensation, others through the appeal of public victimhood. Hence the statistics that inquiries of this kind provide are simply compilations of grievance, many of which are no doubt genuine but many of which are notoriously unreliable. In short, by relying on the Commission's data, both Morrison's and Shorten's claims about the issue were unsafe.

As *Quadrant* has shown in a number of articles published in April and May this year, the Royal Commission did not take the issue of bogus complainants seriously enough. Yet, with our very limited resources, we quickly found enough examples to demonstrate that their claims should not be believed on their word alone. These included (i) the fantastic claims by Gordon Hill about sexual abuse and torture in dungeons at Catholic boys' homes, and in confessional boxes in churches; (ii) the "recovered memories" of Cathy Kezelman of childhood rape by her father and a family friend, and her grandmother's consignment of her to a sexually depraved satanic cult in Brisbane; (iii) the exposure of "trawling operations" by police in England and Wales to uncover abuse in residential institutions for troubled adolescents, which attracted numerous dishonest complaints from current and former prisoners with long criminal records; and (iv) the "Billy Doe" case in Philadelphia in which a com-

plainant gave false testimony about abuse by three Catholic priests and a teacher that sent them to jail, where one died, before the others had their convictions overturned.

Now, the only people in Australia who would *not* have known about the national apology and the emotions it provoked on October 22 would be those who didn't watch television news, didn't read newspapers, didn't listen to radio commentators and didn't use social media. In other words, it is more likely than not that the jurors selected for Pell's second trial would have absorbed at least some of its content and sentiments. In particular, they would have heard the oft-repeated refrain to the victims—"we believe you, we believe you"—and the invective heaped on religious authorities, police and magistrates who in the past failed to heed that message.

Some jurors might also have been aware of the saint-like status bequeathed by the occasion on Julia Gillard for her purported courage and foresight in shining a light on the plight of victims and flushing out evil-doers.

Moreover, the content of all this media coverage was not only politically and culturally jaundiced, it was empirically unreliable, based on a naive faith in the veracity of the Royal Commission's claims, or in the case of Shorten's speech, a wilful exaggeration of the scale of the problem.

Sixteen days after all this, on November 8, the jurors selected for the second Pell trial were expected to forget whatever they had heard before, and take an objective stance on the whole business. The court expected them to act as if they had been quarantined from any contaminating opinions and value judgments. It was asking the impossible. The jurors heard all the trial evidence—its claims, counter-claims and cross-examination—with a dodgy national apology ringing in their ears.

Keith Windschuttle is Editor of Quadrant.

The jurors would have heard the oft-repeated refrain to the victims—"we believe you, we believe you"—and the invective heaped on religious authorities, police and magistrates who in the past failed to heed that message.

The Social Media Witch-Hunt for George Pell

Vivian Waller is the principal lawyer at Waller Legal, a Melbourne-based firm she set up in 2007 that specialises in winning compensation for historic cases of sexual abuse against the Catholic Church. In 2018 Waller represented the complainant in the case that led to the imprisonment of Cardinal George Pell.

To my knowledge, Waller does not tweet under her own name, but the Twitter handle @Lyndsay-Farlow champions her in many ways. It is true the nom de plume “Lyndsay Farlow” is not solely concerned to speak for Waller, but the common concerns are clear enough (which in turn are also shared by victims’ advocacy groups such as Broken Rites). These need to be highlighted, especially given the revelations about Operation Tethering.

Set up in 2013, Operation Tethering of the Victoria Police became publicly known five years later when at Pell’s committal Detective Superintendent Paul Sheridan admitted Pell had been identified as a target long before any complaints had been received from purported victims. Pell’s defence counsel Robert Richter QC understandably characterised the trawling expedition as “Get Pell”. Presumably the staff for this operation overlapped considerably with that of Taskforce Sano, set up on November 30, 2012, which was created in the wake of the Victorian parliamentary inquiry into child sex abuse. Sano would later feed into the Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse that Julia Gillard set up on November 12, 2012. Given its focus on Melbourne and Ballarat, we may wonder whether in reality Gillard was putting in place a “Get Pell” commission.

Farlow (of course) never mentions Tethering, but the Twitter feed shows an interest in Sano from its inception. Thus the hashtag #TFSano yields eleven tweets, all from Farlow dating from February 2013; #SanoTF yields three tweets, all from Farlow. The only other handle showing comparable interest is that of “survivors” group @Clan_Au with whom Farlow also came to be associated—though not as

closely as with Broken Rites. Farlow follows all the key steps, reporting from the early months of 2013 when Sano/Tethering began its work, noting the police call for information about abuse in Melbourne’s St Patrick’s Cathedral in December 2015, and (when it was leaked in February 2016) the fact that the police were investigating Pell. Farlow also reports when, after Louise Milligan’s program in July 2016, the police first publicly acknowledge their investigation. After Pell had been convicted, and almost invisibly, Farlow manages to like a Waller-esque tweet from the head of Sano, Doug Smith—no mean feat given that Smith, who only started tweeting in March 2019, has just four tweets (replies) and just eight followers!

What of Farlow’s closeness to Waller? In general we note how Farlow’s legal eye shows an interest in the case numbers of sexual abuse charges and the legal firms associated with Waller: Slater & Gordon in eighty-eight tweets, Maurice Blackburn in sixteen. However, in particular, we can note how Farlow picks up on Robert Best: three dozen tweets over five years. Thus, Farlow covers the story of the Christian Brother convicted of sex abuse in 2012, and later provides an interview with the person who was raped in 2014. This is highly significant given that Waller gave evidence to a parliamentary inquiry to the effect that when Best’s victim (represented by Waller) complained that Pell was then present—though Pell would contest this falsehood, demonstrating that he was never there at the time.

Then there is Waller’s particular expertise stemming from her doctoral research regarding the statute of limitations for child sexual abuse, her “particular passion” as she put it in an interview. Farlow has tweeted on this topic on thirty-six occasions, especially in 2012. We also observe themes from Waller’s very practical doctoral research such as child sexual abuse as a cause of post-traumatic stress disorder: a score of tweets with #PTSD since

2011. This theme of the long-term effects of the trauma of sex abuse was the topic of Doug Smith's reply on March 9 mentioned above.

Finally we note the alacrity in spotting a reference to Waller even when her name was spelt "Vivien" (and there are only three instances in the whole of Twitter). We found a like in which the lawyer is praised by an interviewer. Perhaps most fulsome is a long thread of twenty-one tweets on December 8, 2017, expounding Waller's legal technicalities in the Ridsdale case.

We cannot say that Farlow *is* Waller, for in 2015 we have also noted a misspelling, *Vivienne*. Perhaps Farlow is a team. I count about fifty tweets in the first three months since Farlow started tweeting in 2009, but the grand total now indicates an average of over 100 a day. Also, it does not appear that Farlow was associated with Waller from the first, this link emerging from the time of Sano/Tethering. Rather, Farlow's earlier connections appear journalistic, for example, fifty mentions of David Marr from 2010. Just how Farlow came to champion Waller is unclear. Still, this lack of transparency deserves scrutiny.

We will concentrate on Farlow's tweets at the time when Pell's complainant "J" went to the police in June 2015. At that time a witch-hunt was under way: just one month earlier the Melbourne *Age* had to apologise for a "Die Pell" post that appeared on its Facebook page. Whilst we have no evidence of any connection with Farlow, the tenor of Farlow's tweets is equally disturbing.

The Twitter feed is pockmarked by insults and scurrilous cartoons. Pell is egocentric, has no nous, lacks self-awareness, he crushes victims, threatens them, ignores their pain, and "may" have been involved in Australia's worst cover-up. Farlow even seems to condone defamation, faulting Pell for oversensitivity when he has recourse to law against the ABC, who refer to him as a sociopath.

And on the day before the June 2015 complaint was made we can contemplate a cartoon in which a crozier hooks the "untouchable" Pell, compelling the Cardinal to come home.

Even ecology becomes a weapon. On the day the complainant went to the police Farlow tells us that Pell must be feeling awkward. At that time Pope Francis had published *Laudato Si'*, and so with the feed's solitary reference to the encyclical we learn that the Cardinal is an enemy of the Pope.

Overarching these barbs is Pell's performance in the Royal Commission, Farlow's concern since its conception in 2012. Here the special inter-

est is redress—an issue not absent from Waller Legal's website, or indeed, of that of Broken Rites. Compensation should never be capped as per Pell's Melbourne Response. Pell is *personally* characterised as being solely interested in money. Indeed, he "strategically conspired to destroy John Ellis". Farlow erupts: Pell "Lied under oath. Shame. Shame. Shame."

Such was the social media hate campaign conducted against Cardinal Pell. In this context we find a tweet highly suggestive of the febrile mentality, just three weeks before the complainant went to the police. Farlow had often (though not recently) mentioned *Rolling Stone*, and on May 28, 2015, tweeted a link to an article by Sabrina Erdely about Billy Doe, an altar boy whose lurid testimony convicted more than one priest in Philadelphia. Erdely's message is very aptly summed up by Farlow's hashtag: #AllRoadsLeadToRome. The subtext was that this is what priests get up to. This is what Rome covers up.

The trouble for Farlow, though, was that Billy Doe turned out to be a fabricator. In 2016 Ralph Cipriano would show in *Newsweek* how this ludicrous case managed to hoodwink a jury. It's difficult to imagine that Waller would have not known about this case, one that ought to have set alarm bells ringing.

There is, however, yet another coincidence that may set further alarm bells ringing. For that morning Farlow had been communicating with the ABC's Louise Milligan. Obviously, the pair were not discussing Pell, rather, some technical difficulties of loading a video (and the pair would not communicate again until the story of Billy Doe resurfaced as a possible source for the lurid testimony against Pell). It would be nine months later when Milligan would "reluctantly" start work on the Pell allegations, getting a tip about "J" or "the Kid", as she calls him, whom she would endorse (just after Smith had retired, incidentally). She would be the first to provide detail on the allegations, eventually publishing her award-winning *Cardinal* in 2017.

We wonder, then, about the covert attempts to undermine Pell. The indications from the open sources are that the lawyers standing to benefit from Pell's conviction or those closely associated have attempted to tether him, not only by a Get Pell police operation but by a witch-hunt in social media. These indications, I suggest, warrant a closer scrutiny of the network I have highlighted.

Chris S. Friel lives in Wales. A footnoted version of this article appears at Quadrant Online.

ANDREW LANSDOWN

The National Redress Scheme and the Churches

Redress should be survivor-focused—redress is about providing justice to the survivor, not about protecting the institution's interests.

— Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse, *Redress and Civil Litigation Report*

Following recommendations by the Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse, the Australian government has set up a National Redress Scheme to pay compensation of up to \$150,000 to people who claim to have been abused in various institutions over the past fifty years. Although membership of the Scheme is voluntary, Christian institutions (along with other public institutions) are under pressure to join.

Despite serious misgivings, I initially thought that my home church would need to opt in to the Scheme in order to protect itself from the risk of unforeseen legal action and financial damages. But on further investigation, I discovered that, far from protecting the church, the Scheme actually places it in danger. (This ought to have been self-evident, given that the Scheme has been set up not to protect churches but to get money from churches with minimum fuss for alleged victims of historical child sexual abuse.) And I further found that involvement in the Scheme would require our congregation to abandon basic biblical principles of justice.

Let me cite developments in one Christian denomination by way of illustration.

In its efforts to encourage all of its member churches to opt in to the National Redress Scheme, this denomination distributed various documents and conducted various seminars in 2018 through its “Safe Church Team”, headed by the “Church Health Pastor” (both genuine titles). This team is to be commended for its compassion for victims of child sexual abuse and its concern for the denomination’s churches. In a difficult social, political and legal climate, it is attempting both to redress wrongs done to abuse victims and to save churches from col-

lapse under the burden of that redress.

Unfortunately, well-meaning people do not always offer well-reasoned advice. Sometimes their presuppositions, proposals and procedures can be seriously wrong. Such is the case, I fear, with the Safe Church Team. In one of its papers, for example, the team states:

When a redress claim is first received [by the denomination from the Redress Scheme] the relevant institution [that is, the local church] is notified of the redress claim and given an opportunity to respond with relevant details. The individual accused of the offence is not notified.

The individual accused of the offence is not notified!
The injustice expressed in this sentence is so self-evident and so extreme that one is tempted to think that the words do not mean what they say. However, upon questioning the Church Health Pastor, I learnt that there is no mistake. The accused person will not even be told that he is accused, let alone be told the identity of the accuser or the nature of the accusation. The Safe Church Team and the local church’s own Safe Church delegates will “respond with relevant details” to the Scheme operator and make the redress payment to the alleged victim without ever speaking to the accused person!

As the Safe Church Team document goes on to state, “The individual accused of the offence will only be notified if the institution is required to consider implementing risk management measures, or if the Police choose to investigate.” In other words, the only way the accused person will discover that he has been accused, and that his church and his denomination have accepted the accusation and made “redress” on his behalf, is if the Safe Church Team or the local Safe Church delegates determine that he presents an ongoing danger to the local church or if they decide to refer him to the police and the police decide to investigate him.

This rather makes a mockery of the title, “Safe Church Team”. Who is the team making the

churches safe for? Not for anyone who is accused and denied due process. And certainly not for the innocent person who is falsely accused.

When I and several others asked the Church Health Pastor about this, she dismissed our concerns, insisting that “survivors” do not make false accusations, and implying that to question the truthfulness of survivors is to be guilty of insensitivity towards them and will cause them to be re-traumatised. When pressed, she claimed that just 2 per cent of allegations prove false, and in such a case the innocent Christian should be willing to bear the false accusation for the greater good of protecting survivors from further trauma and making amends for the churches’ supposed past indifference to abuse and insensitivity to the abused. (I later learnt that the National Redress Scheme does not require institutions to keep individuals totally in the dark. Astonishingly, the Safe Church Team has taken it upon itself to impose this obligation on the churches!)

The nature of the claims

In February 2018, a two-year-old girl was sexually abused in the Northern Territory town of Tennant Creek. She was raped by a twenty-four-year-old man and as a consequence she had to be hospitalised and placed in an induced coma. In March 2018, another Aboriginal child was sexually abused in the Northern Territory. This time it was a four-year-old boy who was sodomised by a sixteen-year-old youth in a remote indigenous community. This child, too, had to be hospitalised.

In both these cases, there is irrefutable evidence that crimes of child sexual abuse were committed. The fact of the crimes has been established by the evidence of the children’s injuries, injuries that have been observed, treated and documented.

Furthermore, the passage of time will not cast into doubt the occurrence of the crimes themselves. Even if the abusers were not tracked down for thirty years, the truth of what happened would still be beyond dispute. Should someone be tried for one of these crimes in the distant future, the jury would not need to ask, *Did it really happen?* The only question of concern to the jury would be, *Is the accused really the one who did it?*

But this is not the case with many of the crimes forming the basis of claims that will be made through the National Redress Scheme. In most such cases, there is no evidence of the crime, let alone of who might be the criminal.

By way of illustration, consider “Reynold’s story” to the Royal Commission: “When he was nine years old, in the 1960s, Reynold was sexually abused [in

a Catholic school] by one of the Brothers ... And because of the Brothers’ tendency to administer corporal punishment, he felt he couldn’t disclose what had happened.” And he did not disclose it to anyone for another thirty years: “It wasn’t until he turned 40, after a number of close friends passed away from AIDS-related illnesses, that his psychological health began to deteriorate. After a particularly close friend died, Reynold sought help from a grief counsellor where he revealed the abuse he had experienced as a child.”

Reynold’s story of abuse in the 1960s is very different from the stories of the two Aboriginal children who were abused in 2018. The principal difference is that there is no evidence that what Reynold claims happened actually did happen. Reynold may be telling the truth, but we only have his word for it. There is no proof of the crime itself, let alone of who committed it. And now, some fifty years later, it is virtually impossible to find proof. How, then, can we determine *who* is guilty when we have no evidence that *anyone* is guilty? The question *Who actually did it?* is meaningless when we cannot answer the prior question, *Did it actually happen?*

Many of the cases of historical child sexual abuse “documented” by the Royal Commission and likely to be advanced through the Redress Scheme are of this unproven and unprovable sort. We should never lose sight of this fact. For when there is no proof that a crime has occurred, we must be doubly cautious about judging someone guilty of it.

The new power of the survivors

In response to allegations of historical child sexual abuse (and similarly, allegations of historical sexual assault against women), it is hard not to fear the baying mob and the politically correct brigade. Those who truly were sexually abused as children were doubtless powerless at the time, but they (and their “me too” copycats) are not powerless now. They and their immensely powerful sympathisers—the media, the welfare industry, the Royal Commission, the National Redress Scheme, and the national and state parliaments—have managed to place every man in the country under suspicion, with special suspicion falling on fathers of traditional families and leaders of Christian institutions and churches.

They have created an atmosphere where the presumption of innocence is destroyed and a mere accusation is immediately taken as sufficient (if not decisive) proof of guilt by two-thirds of the population. Survivors (a term used indiscriminately by the Royal Commission and the Redress Scheme for those who claim to have been sexually abused) are in a position of immense power and they and their

cheering hordes show no inclination for compassion or restraint in the way they bandy that power about. No sensible man, and no sensible woman who loves a man (brother, father, husband or son), could possibly view what is happening in this country regarding alleged historical child sexual abuse without feeling alarmed.

Indeed, I suggest that this alarm underlies the reason why many decent church leaders are taking their churches into the Redress Scheme. It is not because they themselves bear the slightest guilt, nor because they have the slightest reason to believe ill of earlier godly generations in their churches, but because they are afraid—afraid of the power of “survivors” to smash their guiltless reputations and their innocent churches to pieces without the slightest proof and without any possibility of defence and redress on their part. And they are, I conjecture, putting their trust in the National Redress Scheme, hoping it will protect them, or, at least, limit the damage they might suffer.

But the survivor-favouring Redress Scheme is a cause of their danger, not the solution to it. It would be better not to be afraid of survivors and their militant allies, but to trust in God and hold to his principles of justice.

Scheme realities: Not a criminal process?

The Church Health Pastor dismissed concerns about presumption of innocence and notifying the accused and furnishing witnesses with the claim that the Redress Scheme process is not a criminal process. She claimed that the accused individual is not on trial, so biblical principles of justice do not apply. This claim is amiss on three grounds.

First, while the Scheme process does not involve criminal proceedings, it does involve criminal matters—matters that may result in criminal charges and a criminal trial. Second, the allegations that initiate the process are of such a serious nature that, whether or not they result in criminal prosecution, they could utterly ruin a person’s relationships, reputation and livelihood. Third, the Bible requires us to apply principles of justice in all cases, not just in criminal cases—whether the case is before the church for possible discipline or before the court for possible sentencing, the same procedures must be followed.

Technically, the Church Health Pastor is right to say that the Redress Scheme does not involve criminal law, but practically she is wrong. The Royal Commission made it quite clear that redress was only one of three legal approaches it was exploring to get “justice for victims”, and these three approaches (redress, civil and criminal) are not discrete: they

overlap and bolster one another.

In its *Redress and Civil Litigation Report*, the Royal Commission stated that it “is investigating criminal justice issues (including processes for referral for investigation and prosecution).” More seriously yet, in its recommendation concerning the establishment of a redress scheme, it declared:

A redress scheme should report any allegations to the police if it has reason to believe that there may be a current risk to children. If the relevant applicant does not consent to the allegations being reported to the police, the scheme should report the allegations to the police without disclosing the applicant’s identity.

The Redress Scheme will be making criminal referrals. This should not surprise the Church Health Pastor and the Safe Church Team, for in their own document (as quoted earlier) they have stated, “The individual accused of the offence will only be notified if the institution is required to consider implementing risk management measures, or if the Police choose to investigate.” The question arising from this is: Will people who are referred to the police be prejudiced because, quite unbeknown to them, their alleged guilt has been “confessed” by a payment and an apology? A further question could be: Will the local churches to which they belong have enough money and fortitude left over from the redress process to support their fellow members who are subsequently dragged into a criminal trial?

Even if no criminal charges are laid by the police and no criminal trial is conducted in the courts, the accused person may discover that his church’s betrayal of him through and to the Redress Scheme will become known in the wider community, which will then view him as criminally guilty. For while institutions are bound to confidentiality by the Scheme, survivors are not. Indeed, the Royal Commission expressly recommended that “No confidentiality obligations should be imposed on applicants for redress.”

Even if a successful claimant does not reveal the name of the accused, what about members of the congregation of the local church that has made the redress payment on his behalf? It is highly unlikely that the two Safe Church officers who have liaised with the denominational Safe Church Team will be able to keep strict confidentiality on the name of the accused person. It is also highly unlikely that the members who have had to approve the redress payment will be content to shell out tens of thousands of dollars without caring who among them by his alleged despicable behaviour is “responsible” for this impost. How long will the church congregation

keep confidentiality?

In short, how long before the accused is viewed as a criminal, a perpetrator of the vilest crime, in the church community and in the community at large? Tell him then that the Redress Scheme was “not a criminal process” so it did not need to abide by the most elementary standards of biblical and Western justice—tell him that and see what comfort he gets.

The government and the Redress Scheme are well aware that accused persons’ reputations could be destroyed through the Scheme process, but they seem unperturbed about it. Commenting on “the right of everyone to freedom from unlawful attacks on their honour and reputation”, the *Explanatory Memorandum* for the National Redress Scheme for Institutional Child Sexual Abuse Bill states:

All information under the Scheme will be subject to confidentiality. However, there is a risk that unlawful disclosure of information about an [alleged!] abuser by a participating institution irrevocably damages the reputation of an [alleged!] abuser in circumstances where proof to a criminal or even a civil standard is not required.

Supplying details of [alleged!] abusers is necessary to allow participating institutions to provide the relevant information and records that verify “reasonable likelihood” ... The risk of unlawful disclosure by participating institutions is necessarily a part of making redress available for survivors through the Scheme ... Any unlawful attack on honour or reputation will be the result of individuals breaching the provisions of the Bill, rather than resulting from the Bill itself.

We might summarise and simplify the Scheme’s position as follows: Sure, some people’s reputations may be ruined forever, but we can live with that—and anyway it won’t be our fault!

As for civil action, the Royal Commission stated, “This report also contains recommendations for reforms to civil litigation systems to make civil litigation a more effective means of providing justice for survivors.” True to its repeatedly stated bias, the Royal Commission shows little interest in providing justice for accused persons. It wants to “reform” the civil litigation system to make it easier for survivors to win their cases—which means, of course, it wants to make it harder for defendants to defend themselves.

This is extremely important in the context of the Redress Scheme and redress payments. For while a redress payment by a church extinguishes the alleged victim’s right to take civil action against the church itself, it does not extinguish his right to

take civil action against the individual in the church whom he has accused. The accused person (pastor, elder, Sunday school teacher, youth group leader) is still fair game.

To add to the accused person’s woes, his own church may well have betrayed him by making the redress payment. A survivor will likely interpret the payment (not to mention the accompanying apology and acknowledgment of harm mandated by the Scheme) as an admission of guilt, and this may well embolden him to take civil action against the “confessedly guilty” person in the institution.

The Church Health Pastor insisted that making a redress payment and giving an apology do not constitute an admission of guilt. It is hard to see how this could be the case. It takes a stretch to believe that there is no admission of guilt if someone from the Safe Church Team, perhaps the Church Health Pastor herself, were to say to a successful survivor claimant something like, “I hope our redress payment will help bring healing for the wrong done to you by Pastor So-and-So of Such-and-Such church. We are deeply sorry that he abused you in that way and we acknowledge the trauma that his abuse has caused you, and we are deeply sorry for that, too.”

I asked Dr Augusto Zimmermann, Professor of Law at Sheridan College and Adjunct Professor of Law at the University of Notre Dame, about the implications for the accused of a redress payment (with or without an apology) should criminal or civil litigation follow. He answered that such a payment would be a tacit acknowledgment of guilt and could be used as evidence of guilt.

There is danger for everyone when biblical standards of justice are abandoned, and it is impossible for churches not to abandon them if they opt in to the National Redress Scheme.

Scheme realities: Survivor-focused

The National Redress Scheme is “survivor-focused”. This might seem a statement of the obvious. After all, the purpose of the Scheme is to redress survivors for the abuse they have suffered in institutions, including Christian churches.

However, “survivor-focused” does not adequately describe the Scheme’s bias. It is in fact survivor-*obsessed*, to the extreme detriment of the accused. Consider several comments from Scheme documents:

Subclause 10(2) provides that redress under the Scheme should be survivor-focussed ...

The Scheme is to be supportive, survivor-focussed and non-legalistic and decisions will be made expeditiously ...

This flexibility allows the Scheme to meet its objective of a survivor-focussed and expedient process, with a lower evidentiary threshold, to ensure a survivor experience less traumatic than civil justice proceedings ...

This amendment will ensure the Scheme remains survivor-focussed and trauma-informed by maintaining the principles that the Scheme be a low threshold and non-legalistic process for survivors who have already suffered so much ...

... all redress should be offered, assessed and provided with appropriate regard to the needs of particularly vulnerable survivors. It should be ensured that survivors can get access to redress with minimal difficulty and cost and with appropriate support or facilitation if required ...

Notice that there is no counterbalancing focus by the Scheme on the accused. There is no expressed interest in justice for those institutions and those individuals within them who stand accused and consequently stand to lose reputation, wealth and more. This total lack of interest in, and even contempt for, the welfare of the accused is especially alarming when it comes from the body that will judge without review or repeal the reasonable likelihood that the institution is guilty of abuse.

The Scheme is like a prosecutor who is invested with the power to hand down verdicts and pronounce sentences. A church is as likely to get fair treatment from the Scheme as Joseph was from Potiphar after he believed his wife's story of attempted rape.

The Scheme is so intensely focused on achieving "justice" for survivors that it denies principles and processes of justice due to those who are accused. And it does so with offhanded contempt for the accused, evident from the Royal Commission's statement that "redress is about providing justice to the survivor, not about protecting the institution's interests". Not even, it seems, if the institution's interests are to protect the good name of an innocent person in its midst who has been falsely accused—or if its interests are to protect its members' funds from being plundered by a fraud posing as a survivor.

A similar contempt for the accused is evident in the Royal Commission's response to the concerns that institutions had about insurance cover. For while their public liability insurance would generally cover costs involved in a civil case, it will *not* cover claims awarded under the Scheme with its much lower standard of proof. One law firm explains:

Some institutions argued that a higher standard of proof should apply because insurance companies will not allow the institutions to recoup their losses if the threshold is as

low as "reasonable likelihood". This concern was dismissed as irrelevant in the context of the overarching goal which is to provide a survivor-focused redress scheme to survivors of institutional child sexual abuse.

The Royal Commission blithely "dismissed as irrelevant" the troubles of the churches concerning insurance cover because the Scheme has been set up for the sole purpose of providing payments with maximum ease to those who claim to be survivors.

Scheme realities: Standard of proof

The standard of proof required by the Scheme is extremely low. It is not "beyond reasonable doubt", as in criminal law. It is not "balance of probabilities", as in civil law. It is "reasonable likelihood", as in kangaroo-court law.

The *National Redress Guide* defines the Scheme's standard of proof as follows: "For the purposes of the Scheme, reasonable likelihood means the chance of the person being eligible is real, and is not fanciful or remote and is more than merely plausible." If you do not find this a helpful definition of "reasonable likelihood", it might be because it is vague and tautological: Under the Scheme, a person is eligible if his claim meets the standard of proof, and that standard is that there is a *real chance* that he is eligible!

This so-called standard of proof could hardly be better for the accuser—or worse for the accused. But then, the Scheme has never pretended that it has any interest in justice for the accused. Its only interest in the accused is that they pay up, and tug their forelocks while doing so. Although it misrepresents both kangaroos and courts, I repeat that this is a kangaroo-court standard of justice. My standard of proof for this assertion is the criminal standard of "beyond reasonable doubt" and I call as witnesses the Royal Commissioners, the Redress Scheme and the Commonwealth Parliament.

During the course of the Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse, various persons and institutions argued that the standard of proof used under the Scheme should be the civil law standard of the balance of probabilities. The Royal Commissioners rejected this suggestion on the grounds that many claimants would have absolutely no evidence to support their allegations and no prospect of providing such evidence. They state in their *Redress and Civil Litigation Report*:

We also set out another argument against adopting a standard of proof used in civil

litigation: past experience suggests that, even if a scheme purports to apply the civil standard of proof, it seems that a lower standard is actually applied, at least in determining whether or not the abuse occurred. Often there is no “witness” other than the applicant and there is no other “evidence” against which an applicant’s allegation of abuse can be balanced. The decision for the decision maker is, essentially, simply whether or not, or to what extent, they believe the applicant’s allegations.

According to the Royal Commission itself, in many cases—that is, *often*—there will be no proof at all that the claimant is telling the truth and no proof at all that any abuse actually occurred. By any standard of justice except revolutionary and/or communist standards, shouldn’t such claims be dismissed out of hand? Not according to the Royal Commission. In these numerous instances, the Scheme decision-makers will simply go by what they *believe* and what they *feel*. This is the standard of proof that the Scheme is operating under. Worse, this is the standard of proof to which Christian denominations and churches are *voluntarily* kowtowing!

Evidence, cross-examination and investigation will be conspicuous by their absence under the Scheme. To quote the Royal Commissioners again:

- the redress scheme will not have “evidence”
- there will have been no adversarial process or hearing
- the redress scheme will not be conducting investigations into the institution beyond the matters necessary to determine the applicant’s eligibility for redress and to assess any monetary payment.

The federal government also verifies that the standard of proof required by the Scheme is next to no standard at all. Without apparent embarrassment, the government states in its *Explanatory Memorandum* to the Bill:

The Scheme has a low evidentiary threshold and is based on a “reasonable likelihood” test. These aspects of the Scheme are important and provide recognition and redress to survivors who may not be able or may not want to access damages through civil litigation.

Justifying the decision to disallow any appeal against decisions made under the Scheme, the government states:

Decisions under the Scheme will not be subject to judicial review under the Administrative Decisions Judicial Review Act as the Scheme is not intended to be legalistic in nature and is intended as an alternative to civil litigation with a low evidentiary burden. Providing survivors with judicial review mechanisms would be overly legalistic, time consuming, expensive and would risk further harm to survivors.

The Scheme “is not intended to be legalistic in nature”, we are told, and for survivors it certainly is not. It requires of them a very “low evidentiary burden” indeed. But for churches it is highly legalistic—let them try to protest their innocence or have a claim reviewed or withhold a redress payment and they will soon discover just how legalistic the Scheme is.

The National Redress Scheme bears witness to its own disregard for the need for proof. It states in its *National Redress Guide*:

- In determining reasonable likelihood, the Operator must also consider that the Scheme was established in recognition that some people:
- have never disclosed their abuse and disclosure to the Scheme may be the first time they have done so
 - would be unable to establish their presence at the institution at the relevant time (the institution’s records may have been destroyed, record keeping practices may have been poor, or the survivor may have attended institutional events where no attendance record would have been taken), and
 - do not have corroborating evidence of the abuse they suffered.

The meaning of this statement can be teased out as follows: The Scheme Operator must make his assessments not only on the basis of the evidence but also on the basis of the purpose of the Scheme, which is to provide maximum redress with minimum fuss to those who claim to be survivors. Consequently, the lack of proof is to be viewed as a type of proof.

Some people will not be able to provide any proof at all—but the Scheme has been set up expressly to help such people. So the Operator must help them by not holding it against them if: (1) they cannot name anyone they told about the abuse at any time after it occurred; (2) they cannot establish that they were actually present at the institution at the time that the abuse supposedly occurred; and (3) they cannot establish that they ever experienced any abuse at all. The Operator must not disbelieve these

self-proclaimed survivors or allow them to be disadvantaged in the progression of their claim.

By some curious Redress Scheme logic, nothing could better establish the “reasonable likelihood” that “the chance of the person being eligible is real” than the fact that the person has made an allegation that he cannot in any way verify. Confused? Don’t be. It simply means an alleged survivor does not actually have to provide any proof whatsoever before he is believed by the Scheme Operator, who will proceed to impose a hefty financial penalty on some hapless church that voluntarily opted in to the Scheme naively thinking that the Scheme had something to do with justice.

Arguing before the Royal Commission against adopting “plausibility” or “likelihood” as standards of proof, an independent commissioner for the Melbourne Response, a Catholic redress scheme for victims of abuse, stated: “As both of those standards are lower than the [civil law] balance of probabilities, they contemplate that a claim would be accepted even if it is more likely than not that the abuse did not occur.” This is an astute observation and a neat summation of the problem of proof. Under the Scheme’s standard of proof, the standard of “reasonable likelihood”, *even if it is more likely than not that the abuse did not occur, the claim is likely to be accepted.*

Scheme realities: False allegations

As mentioned earlier, the Church Health Pastor claimed that, with a possible 2 per cent exception, survivors do not make false accusations. Survivors, many of whom are defined as such solely on the basis of their claim to have been abused, simply do not bear false witness against those whom they accuse. If true, this would make them a unique category of human being, virtually untouched by the fallen nature that so troubles the rest of the human race. But in fact, there is no such category of human being, and it is naive and dangerous to think that there is.

The Royal Commission, the National Redress Scheme and the Commonwealth Parliament all take the possibility of false accusations far more seriously than the Church Health Pastor. The Royal Commission itself tacitly acknowledges that some survivor accounts may be false in whole or in part. Its website contains a “Narratives” page with seventy-eight sub-pages containing 3956 stories by survivors. It introduces these anecdotal stories with this comment:

Over 8000 survivors or people directly impacted by child sexual abuse in institutions attended

private sessions at the Royal Commission and shared their experiences and recommendations with Commissioners. Many gave consent for their accounts to be published as short narratives.

The purpose of the narratives is to give a voice to survivors, inform the community and ultimately help make institutions safer for children.

You might think from this statement that all the stories are factual and reliable. That is the implication of the claim that these are narratives from “people directly impacted by child sexual abuse” who are sharing “their experiences”, which the Commission has published to “inform the community”. Indeed, the Commission’s use of the term “survivors” to describe the people who told their stories implies that all 8000 were genuine victims of abuse telling us genuine stories that deserve to be believed. But in fact, the survivors who related these stories were not required to swear to tell the truth, and their accounts were uncritically accepted as if they were true.

Nonetheless, the Royal Commission goes on to warn readers 3956 times that the stories have not been corroborated in any way. This disclaimer has been appended to the end of every narrative:

Disclaimer: This is the story of a person who spoke with a Commissioner during a private session of the Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse. Real names of individuals have not been used, except of public figures in a public context. *The information the person provided was not evidence, the person was not a witness, and did not need to take an oath or affirmation, although they were expected to tell the truth. Nothing in this story is a finding of the Royal Commission and any views expressed are those of the person, not of the Commissioners. [my emphasis]*

If the Commission were confident that these narratives were true, it would not append such a disclaimer to every one of them. However, the Commission cannot and will not vouch for the truthfulness of the narratives, presumably because it understands that some narrators are mistaken, while others are misled, and yet others are mendacious.

Perhaps the Prime Minister and the Leader of the Opposition should have considered the Royal Commission’s cautious disclaimer before quoting several narratives as if they were gospel and using them during the National Apology to impugn Australian institutions as hotbeds of child sexual abuse.

In 2017, the counsel assisting the Royal

Commission, Gail Furness, acknowledged that some survivors had made false allegations against Cardinal George Pell, whom the Commission had interrogated for many hours:

Furness also casts doubt on other allegations promoted by journalists.

... one witness said he'd gone to Pell's presbytery in Ballarat one weekday to warn about a paedophile priest, but Pell had chased him away. (Almost no journalist revealed this witness was himself later jailed for abusing children.)

Furness concludes this claim "cannot be resolved", since Pell was not living at that presbytery and at that time of day was probably at work. She also casts doubt on a third claim, which made headlines in the *Sydney Morning Herald* and on the ABC.

One witness said he'd overheard Pell joke about Gerald Ridsdale with a fellow priest at a funeral mass in Ballarat, saying "Haha I think Gerry's been [having sex with] boys again".

In fact, says Furness, there was no such mass on the date the witness gave and the priest Pell allegedly joked with was then living in Horsham and denied Pell would say such a thing anyway.

Here are survivors who have been found out making false allegations. Some of these false allegations may have been honestly made. The accusers may have honestly misremembered, or they may have been "helped" by therapists or psychologists to "recover" memories of abuse that they never really experienced, or they might have succumbed to the hype surrounding the Royal Commission and invented fantasies that they half-believed. But a sincerely held falsehood can ruin an innocent man's life just as easily as a knowingly fabricated one. It is of no comfort to Cardinal Pell that some of the alleged survivors who falsely accused him may have done so with sincerity and genuine conviction.

Concern that not all survivors ought to be believed is not confined to the Royal Commission. The legislators who drafted the Bill to establish the Redress Scheme also express reservations. The *Explanatory Memorandum*, for example, states that people can only claim redress under the Scheme if they are Australian citizens or permanent residents, and explains: "This eligibility requirement is included to mitigate the risk of fraudulent claims ... Removing citizenship requirements would likely result in a large volume of fraudulent claims ..."

The Bill recognises that it could potentially face "a large volume of fraudulent claims", which is to say, a large number of *swindlers pretending to be survivors*. So much for the notion that people never lie

about such matters!

Concerning the need to deter false claims, the legislation proposes that false claimants could face the prospect of a civil penalty. The *Memorandum* explains:

This civil penalty is justified to ensure that [the] Scheme is adequately protected against the risk of fraudulent applications. Large volumes of false claims from organised groups could overwhelm the Scheme's resources ...

Large volumes of false claims? How could the commissioners and the legislators entertain such a thought? Surely they know that survivors don't lie! In fact, despite their overwhelming goodwill towards victims and alleged victims of abuse, they do *not* know that. What they *do* know is that easy money is a lure for liars. And they also know that they are offering (albeit mostly at the institutions' expense) large amounts of money in return for small amounts of "proof". This is a recipe for fraud.

In yet another acknowledgment that the prospect of false claims is very real, the Scheme will not reveal the full guidelines it will follow in granting redress claims. The *Explanatory Memorandum* states:

The reason for omitting detailed guidelines is to mitigate the risk of fraudulent applications. Providing for detailed guidelines would enable people to understand how payments are attributed and calculated, and risks the possibility of fraudulent or enhanced applications designed to receive the maximum redress payment under the Scheme being submitted.

The likelihood of someone being prosecuted for making a false claim is remote, because the standard of proof that will encourage false claims is the same standard that will make it nigh impossible to show that they are false. Nonetheless, the Scheme's attempt to deter false claims is an acknowledgment that false claims will be a pressing problem.

The Church Health Pastor has been urging the churches of her denomination to opt in to the Scheme on the grounds that there will be next to no false claims. I fear the churches will soon discover to their immense cost (the least of which will be financial) that they have been misled.

*Andrew Lansdown's most recent books include The Chronicles of Klarin (fiction) and Kyoto Momiji Tanka (poems). This article is an edited version of a much longer piece, which may be read at www.lifeministries.org.au. A footnoted version of this shorter article appears at *Quadrant Online*.*

Identity Politics and Labor's Forgotten People

Peter Baldwin delivered this speech in April to launch Labor's Forgotten People: The Triumph of Identity Politics, by Michael Thompson (Connor Court, 2019, \$29.95).

I first got to know the author of this book, Michael Thompson, in the late 1980s, when I was the federal MP for the seat of Sydney, which includes the central part of the city—the CBD and adjoining suburbs.

For a time, Michael worked for me as a research officer focusing on proposals for union-based industry superannuation funds. We both saw this as a priority since it seemed to offer the potential to mobilise an immense pool of funds to pursue both social and economic goals.

Michael's background was highly unusual for someone working in an MP's office. Even then, the great majority of people in jobs like that followed a familiar trajectory: university, in some social science or humanities course, maybe economics, typically an involvement in the student politics sandpit, then maybe on to a research or organiser position in a union, or a progressive NGO, or straight into a political job with an MP or in the party organisation—a process of being thoroughly inculcated into what nowadays is often termed the "political class".

Michael's prior background was as a construction worker, actually a member of the famous, or notorious, Builders Labourers Federation—now absorbed into the CFMEU. He undertook the demanding and dangerous working on large building projects, getting up on the scaffolding, doing the rigging. Only later did he take on tertiary studies, graduating in economics and law, and more recently, doing a masters degree in political science.

I want to stress how unusual this was then—and even more so now. What—a union official, or a Labor political operative—coming straight "off the tools"? How extraordinary!

We see a related phenomenon in the Labor Party's grass-roots structures, the local party branches,

especially in areas like my old bailiwick, the inner city, where working-class people have been largely displaced by middle-class activists, due in no small part, I have to admit, to the efforts of people like me and my old parliamentary colleague Peter Crawford, who I see here today.

Given this background, it is not surprising that Michael takes a somewhat different, and far less benign, attitude in this important book to the embrace by the Labor Party, and Left-liberal forces more generally, of the ideology that we term "identity politics".

With the collapse of socialism as any sort of viable or credible project, identity politics has become the essence, and central priority, of what is generally seen as contemporary progressive ideology. As someone who was consistently affiliated with the Labor Left over a long political career, I see this as a tragic misdirection.

What is identity politics? In my view it is an unfortunate mutation of what in earlier years were thoroughly worthwhile and noble movements to achieve racial equality and women's rights and to end discrimination based on sexual orientation.

It involves an insistence that we all must be seen, first and foremost, as members of an ever-growing set of intersecting categories based on race, gender, sexual orientation, religion, "fatness", or whatever. This contrasts starkly with the universalist progressive view, born in the Radical Enlightenment, that stressed our common humanity and was seen as constitutive of progressive politics when I first got involved in the early 1970s.

All of these identities are either fixed, such as skin colour, or quasi-fixed. By quasi-fixed, I mean things like gender, which the ideologues distinguish from biological sex, which is obviously fixed, whereas this thing called gender is much more fluid, as they like to say: what we identify as, what we think we are.

Whether fixed or quasi-fixed, these features define who we are, most importantly, as oppressor

or oppressed. Some identities are inherently oppressive, especially what the ideologues in the universities have taken to calling “whiteness”, or being “heteronormative” (don’t you love the terminology!); while others are inevitably oppressed, such as non-whiteness, or being a “person of colour”, transgender, gay, and so on.

Closely linked to identity politics is the system of thought control we have come to term “political correctness”, which polices the boundaries of what is sayable whenever it cuts across questions of identity. I think of the PC mindset as the compliance and enforcement arm of identity politics.

In the universities especially, you can get into serious trouble for using the wrong gender pronoun. In America, even some liberal academics are feeling intimidated. I recently read an article titled “I’m a Liberal Professor, and My Students Terrify Me”.

This is spreading out beyond the universities into the media, especially social media, all levels of the education system, the public sector and politics, and even the corporate sector including, most disturbingly, the big social media companies who have become increasingly active policing what can be said in the digital “public square”.

Those who transgress are vilified for a variety of “phobias” or “isms”. Career destruction can occur overnight, irrespective of achievement and prestige. A stunning example is the case of Sir Tim Hunt, a British molecular biologist awarded the Nobel Prize for medicine, who was stripped of all his academic and research posts within days after a twitterstorm based on a misreport of an innocent self-deprecating joke that was deemed anti-woman, in a speech where he actually strongly affirmed the importance of women in science.

One aspect of this intellectual culture that I find particularly sickening is the renewed obsession with race. The old Left, for all its faults, had this essentially right. Race was something we should aspire to transcend, to move to a state where people are judged, as Martin Luther King said, by the content of their character, not the colour of their skin. Well, forget about that. Contemporary progressivism is absolutely obsessed about race, determined to perpetuate racial distinctions and racial grievances.

We normally think of PC as a set of restrictions on what can be said when it conflicts with the ever-changing identity politics ideology. However, it is also remarkably permissive when it comes to “oppressor” identities.

Here is a stunning example, from “our” ABC, a program I happened to hear on Radio National titled “Wrong to be White” that featured two academics, Alana Lentin from Western Sydney University

and Joanna Cruickshank from Deakin, who specialise in a new academic field called “Critical Race Studies”, with a sub-field known as—I kid you not—“Whiteness Studies”. The moderator was Scott Stephens, who runs the ABC’s religion and ethics website. Halfway through the broadcast Scott Stephens said this:

The great moral debility about being white is that people have wilfully chosen the trinkets and accoutrements of the accretions of power and privilege over a much more fundamental bondedness with other human beings ... I mean that is, if we were speaking in a theological register we would call that a tremendous or even radical sin.

So, you see, white people are just plain bad, just miserable sinners according to these Calvinist fundamentalists of identity politics, though at least the Calvinists allow the possibility of sincere repentance and redemption.

What are these people thinking? They certainly don’t seem to aspire to a future of racial harmony. This kind of “scholarship” has effectively licensed a torrent of denunciation of “white people” on social media that, in contrast to the treatment of such solecisms as using a wrong gender pronoun, has no consequences for the perpetrator.

Among the more bizarre effects of the progressive embrace of identity politics has been the emergence of an effective alliance between the Left and radical Islam across the Western world. To take one egregious example, the British Labour Party is now headed by Jeremy Corbyn, who is happy to talk about his “friends” in the terrorist organisations Hamas and Hezbollah, both of which have openly expressed genocidal intentions towards the Jewish race, explicitly in Article 7 of the Hamas Charter.

Progressives used to typically support secularism, in some cases aggressively so. Religions were treated as belief systems whose tenets could be freely debated. Now, religion is treated as an aspect of identity, with oppressor religions and oppressed religions. Oppressed religions, especially Islam, must be protected, and not just by the justified protection of their adherents against harassment or discrimination, but by increasing restrictions on frank criticism of the religion itself, labelled as “Islamophobia”. The European Court of Human Rights just issued an extraordinary ruling to this effect.

Then there is the treatment by progressives of those born into Islamic cultures who defect from Islam. Take a look at a video on YouTube of a speech to the American Humanist Association by

the young Pakistani-American Sarah Haider, who founded the American Association of Ex-Muslims. She describes how she expected vilification from Muslim groups for her apostasy, but was astonished to receive equally strident criticism from her erstwhile colleagues on the progressive Left. She was denounced as a “house Arab”, an “Uncle Tom”, and most sinister, a “native informant”, a term cropping up in academia lately.

I find all this incredibly retrograde. The Left I got involved with fifty years ago certainly had its faults, but it had a genuinely universalist vision, to whom the idea of balkanising societies along identitarian lines would have been anathema. The late Marxist historian Eric Hobsbawm made exactly this point in a speech in 1992.

And, except for the admittedly significant communist and pro-communist element, it was resolutely in favour of free speech, including the freedom to debate religion. The idea that a religious affiliation was an aspect of identity, and therefore off limits for criticism, would have seemed utterly strange.

What about the working class, the focus of this book and also of Michael's earlier book *Labor Without Class*? The ideologues of identity politics occasionally make a perfunctory gesture to it, as when they add “classism” to the standard litany of isms and phobias. And, of course, the Labor Party here and other social-democratic parties around the world generally retain a close affiliation to the trade unions and depend heavily on them for funds and organisational support in elections.

There is clear evidence, especially from Europe,

of a growing alienation between working people and these parties. In one country after another—France, Germany, Italy, Austria and others—we see the traditional working-class base of social-democratic parties haemorrhage to the emerging parties of the nationalist-populist Right.

In an important book, *National Populism: The Revolt Against Liberal Democracy*, published in late 2018, the political scientists Roger Eatwell and Matthew Goodwin report on research that provides important insights into what is bothering ordinary people throughout Europe and explains the rapid emergence of what they term “national populist” parties in one country after another.

In a nutshell, the research shows that in all the surveyed countries high proportions of the non-elite population believe that none of the mainstream parties reflect their concerns. In an Ipsos-MORI poll conducted in 2017 that asked whether traditional politicians “do not care about people like me”, the proportions agreeing ranged from 45 per cent in Sweden to an extraordinary 78 per cent in France (and 67 per cent in the US).

Michael Thompson states that, in the longer term, and given the right sort of challenger, we could see a similar development here—that the Labor Party could face an existential threat. A sobering, if somewhat counter-intuitive, thought on the eve of a likely Labor federal election victory.

Peter Baldwin was Minister for Employment and Education Services in the Hawke government, and Minister for Social Security in the Keating government.

The Girl Who Hugs Dogs

The girl who hugs dogs
is teased by the boys
across the street.
The twang of their taunts
is like a chorus of demons.
She has no friends here ...
except of course for the tree clown,
who, when the full moon rises,
descends from the plum tree
and dances for her in bare feet.

Damian Balassone

Big Media and the Great Kremlin Conspiracy

Big Brother, in the person of President Obama's Director of National Intelligence, James Clapper, was not persuaded by the findings of the Mueller investigation: "if there wasn't active collusion proven, then I think what we have here is a case of passive collusion". To put it another way, if President Trump is not guilty of being a Kremlin agent, in any technical, literal or actual sense, then he is still guilty. Former Director Clapper—along with former CIA Director Brennan and former FBI Director Comey—helped generate the Great Kremlin Conspiracy in the first place. Is there, then, a possibility that James Clapper might have a particular agenda in his strange response to the Mueller Report? Are we, perhaps, on the verge of uncovering one of the great scandals in American history, in which the intelligence agencies of the United States conspired to affect the course and consequences of a presidential election? Do not expect a media outfit such as CNN to take up the story—after all, James Clapper gave his reaction to the Mueller Report in his present capacity as CNN's "National Security Analyst". Big Media, regrettably, is no less invested in the Great Kremlin Conspiracy (2015–19) than Big Brother.

Today, *news* and *truth* are like passing strangers. It was not supposed to be like this. The Walter Lippmann–John Dewey debate of the mid-twentieth century revolved around the question of whether the ordinary person could ever be expected to interpret meaningfully what was happening in the wider world. Dewey, in an optimistic liberal vein, believed it possible to educate Joe and Jane Citizen with the necessary wherewithal to be informed and insightful enough to make sense of the world for themselves. In contrast, Lippmann believed we were reliant on journalists and editors choosing objectivity over ideology and putting even-handedness before their own interests. That remains, however unlikely, freedom's best hope.

Walter Lippmann's *Public Opinion* (1922) was a sceptical—though not cynical—analysis of the

problems of ordinary people exercising genuine democratic oversight of their governing class. The supposed purpose of the press and news media, as the Fourth Estate, was to make our political elite genuinely responsive to public opinion. This process, asserted Lippmann, was handicapped by the disjointedness and changeability of the untutored opinions of the public. There were, therefore, two interconnected problems that needed addressing for the health of a modern democracy. First, whatever the assertions of news agencies, *facts* invariably require *interpretation* (meaning anything from contextualisation to prioritisation or omission). Second, the modern world has become "altogether too big, too complex, and too fleeting" for the private citizen, bound by the limits of "subjective, biased, and necessarily abridged mental images", to pursue meaningful interpretation *without* expert assistance. The role of the press and the news media, thus, was the "manufacture of public opinion", an expression that in 1922 did not attract the opprobrium attached to it since the publication of *Manufacturing Consent: The Political Economy of the Mass Media* (1988), Noam Chomsky and Edward S. Herman's treatise on the mainstream media.

The community of journalists, in Lippmann's original account of manufacturing consent, should *advance* and *articulate* public opinion without distorting the facts or manipulating the sentiments of ordinary people. This might be accomplished in conjunction with the expertise of "political science", an academic field of inquiry only emerging in the 1920s. It is incumbent upon journalists and academics, much like any other professionals, to be scrupulously honest. The leitmotif of their vocation is nothing less than truthfulness. Henry James, the American intellectual antecedent of Lippmann, may have said it best: "We must be content to regard our most assured conclusions concerning matters of fact as hypotheses liable to modification in the course of future experience." That could be incorporated in the ethics code for any journalistic

body in the West. This form of provisional truth is neither the relative truth of postmodernism nor the absolute truth of despotism but, rather, a genuine regard for truthfulness.

What truth-seeking has the mass media engaged in during the Great Kremlin Conspiracy? For more than two years, the *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, *Newsweek*, *Time*, ABC, NBC, CBS, CNN and CNBC, more than 90 per cent of America's mass media, demonised President Donald Trump as an agent of the Kremlin. Glenn Greenwald's *The Intercept* was one of the few sites on the progressive side of politics that recognised the irrevocable damage the collusion-delusion would do to the community of journalists. Walter Lippmann, if he were still around, might have to admit that today his notion of *manufacturing public consent* has little to do with journalists and editors courageously seeking truth—and much to do with propaganda.

Greenwald's article "Beyond BuzzFeed: The 10 Worst, Most Embarrassing U.S. Media Failures on the Trump-Russia Story", is a good place to begin reciting the media-induced hysteria. Take, for instance, the *Washington Post*. On December 30, 2016, it reported that "Russian hackers penetrated the U.S. electricity grid through a utility in Vermont". Shortly thereafter, Vermont Governor Shumlin (Democrat) was given time on America's ABC News to declare that "one of the world's leading thugs [Putin] has been attempting to hack our electricity grid". The *Washington Post*, which eventually retracted the story, had obviously not learned from the false news, delivered by them only a month earlier, that "more than 200 websites" could be identified "as routine peddlers of Russian propaganda during the election season, with combined audiences of at least 15 million Americans". And who can forget the fake report, originating in *Slate* magazine, published on the eve of Election Day? A "group of computer scientists" uncovered a direct link between a private server in Trump Tower and the Kremlin, via the Putin-linked Alfa Bank. Candidate Clinton, who might have been expected to know a thing or two about private servers, tweeted just three days out from the election: "It's time for Trump to answer serious questions about his ties to Russia."

Lippmann's expectation that investigative journalists and political editors would choose objectivity over partisanship has mostly proved unfounded. This has allowed radical critics, such as Chomsky and Herman, to argue that media corporations are little more than apologists for the interests of the governing class, which in turn serves the interests of the corporate class. Our community of

journalists is not coerced at pain of death (or banishment to the Gulag Archipelago) to justify the manoeuvrings of the establishment, and yet that is precisely the function our mass media frequently ends up performing.

Chomsky and Herman posited their *propaganda model* as a way to explain the disparity between *news* and *truth* in America and the West in general. Their critique of the media drew heavily on vulgar Marxian concepts. Media corporations, for instance, not only share the interests of the ruling political class but are dependent upon it for their "life-blood", which is "fresh news". The economic imperative of the mass media, Chomsky has elsewhere argued, is "corporations selling audiences to other businesses". Truthfulness is mostly beside the point. The role of editors and journalists, in the main, is to be the favoured recipients of *news*, as framed by powerful political entities, in order to make the *realpolitik* of the ruling elite credible in the eyes of the masses. The idea of a "free press", concluded Chomsky and Herman, was just another bourgeois myth.

Chomsky and Herman's propaganda model has *sometimes* explained why a political storyline pursued by media corporations served to advance the interests of America's rich and powerful. For instance, one of the more illuminating cases addressed in *Manufacturing Consent* was the 1954 CIA-sponsored *coup d'état* in Guatemala, which saw the overthrow of democratically elected President Jacobo Árbenz and a victory for America's United Fruit Company. Chomsky and Herman point out that this concocted Cold War "triumph" was, at the time, dutifully disseminated by America's press and news media. The mass communication media in the United States, to quote from *Manufacturing Consent*, performed "a system-supportive propaganda function" to defend dominant economic and political American interests. Certainly, news and media outlets, including the *New York Times*, *Time* and *Newsweek*, conspicuously failed to investigate the truth behind the contrived tale of a win for freedom. The community of journalists voluntarily did the bidding of their corporate masters.

US intelligence organisations, importantly, figured in the Great Kremlin Conspiracy no less than they did in the 1954 CIA-sponsored Guatemala *coup d'état*. Consider the origins of the Trump-Russia dossier that played a crucial role in engendering the Great Kremlin Conspiracy. It is no longer a matter of speculation that Russian-speaking Nellie Ohr was an employee of the CIA before joining Glen Simpson's Fusion GPS team or that Fusion GPS itself did investigative research for the Obama administration back in 2010. No less

doubtless is that Fusion GPS, a strategic intelligence firm based in Washington DC, handed over the Trump–Russia dossier to the FBI which, in co-ordination with the Department of Justice, used the dossier to obtain warrants from the Foreign Intelligence Surveillance Court to surveil Donald Trump. Any genuine investigate reporter, you might think, would want to uncover Big Brother’s instigating role in the Great Kremlin Conspiracy, which includes getting to the bottom of the George Papadopoulos affair.

Papadopoulos, briefly a foreign policy adviser in the Trump campaign, has written *Deep State Target* (2019) to give his side of why he spent fourteen days in jail after committing perjury. For the media champions of the Great Kremlin Conspiracy, from MSNBC’s compellingly paranoid Rachel Maddow to the more cogitated Martin McKenzie-Murray in our own *Saturday Paper*, the case of George Papadopoulos might be pivotal—but for the opposite reasons Papadopoulos presents in his book. His meetings with the mysterious “Russian intermediary” Joseph Mifsud in April 2016 had *appeared* to corroborate the theory that the Trump campaign pursued clandestine relations with the Kremlin. Additionally, it *seemed* to explain why the FBI launched Operation Crossfire Hurricane, an investigation into collusion between the Trump campaign and the Kremlin, on July 31, 2016. However, given that Special Counsel Mueller “did not establish that members of the Trump Campaign conspired or co-ordinated with the Russian government in its election interference activities”, would it not be unreasonable to expect Martin McKenzie-Murray, Rachel Maddow *et al* to revisit George Papadopoulos’s avowal that he was “a deep state target”?

Papadopoulos, in *Deep State Target*, claims that the mysterious Joseph Mifsud, who sought him out in order to inform him that the Kremlin had “the dirt” on Candidate Clinton, was not a Russian go-between but a CIA one. This is hardly far-fetched given that the Special Counsel “did not establish” a connection between the Trump campaign and the Kremlin despite almost two years and \$30 million of investigation. You would hope that at least one reporter from the *New York Times* or the *Washington Post* or *Time* might want to scrutinise the FBI’s likely rationale for the launching of Operation Crossfire Hurricane: that is, the May 6, 2016, conversation in

a London wine bar between George Papadopoulos and the Australian High Commissioner, Alexander Downer. Our intrepid *New York Times* reporter might even consider it passing strange that, according to both Papadopoulos and Downer, no such meeting occurred on May 6. What did happen on May 6, if we are to believe the account outlined in *Deep State Target*, is that a young Australian associate of Downer, with (alleged) intelligence connections, met Papadopoulos under false pretences. It was *she* who arranged the ensuing May 10 *tête-à-tête* between Papadopoulos and Downer, an ostensible social gathering in which the former has no recollection of mentioning any Russian-hacked Hillary Clinton emails. But instead of questioning the intrigues of Big Brother, *Time*’s Vera Bergengruen has chosen to describe Papadopoulos as “cashing in” on his public humiliation by defending himself with a memoir and potential documentary. Just as long as we know whose side Bergengruen and her community of journalists are on.

*What if it is not
the capitalists who
have commandeered
the technocrats but,
as James Burnham
foresaw almost
eighty years ago in
The Managerial
Revolution (1941),
the state that has
absorbed capitalism?*

Chomsky and Herman *ought* to be of some assistance here. If their propaganda model still holds true, we should be able to see a pattern uniting events of the past with today’s developments. So, what was the establishment’s reason—in another time and place—to take down President Jacobo Árbenz? Noam Chomsky explained the underlying motivations for the Second Russian Scare/Cold War

propaganda in terms of a power elite (borrowing from C. Wright Mills) wanting to protect and increase overseas markets on behalf of powerful US corporate interests—employing propaganda or, if necessary, the military to vanquish anti-imperialist national liberation movements in Guatemala, Iran, the Congo, Cuba, Bolivia, Vietnam, Cambodia, Chile and so on. What about the Third Russian Scare, the Great Russian Conspiracy, then? If Big Media and Big Government work together to secure the interests of the establishment, as Chomsky says, what interests of the establishment were served by their concerted campaign against Donald Trump?

Today Chomsky, suddenly, has nothing of any conceptual significance to say. But he does acknowledge that the Great Kremlin Conspiracy has no substance: “I mean, it was pretty obvious at the beginning that you’re not going to find anything very serious about Russian interference in the election.” Russiagate, in the opinion of Chomsky, is

about a party of the establishment wrangling for narrow electoral advantage over another establishment party, with “the Democratic Party establishment” wanting to use a non-existent scandal that would “somehow give political success”. Nowhere, as far as I can tell, does he address the fact that more than 90 per cent of America’s media bought into the hoax. This disturbing phenomenon appears to be of no concern to our self-identified *libertarian* socialist, since he disparages both the Trump administration and the Democratic Party (apart from the emerging socialist wing of Bernie Sanders and Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez) as a front for “wealth and corporate power”.

Chomsky has spent more than half a century trying to convince us that socialism and democracy are compatible; indeed, that the West must eventually choose between civilised socialism and capitalist tyranny. And yet now he has nothing to say about Big Media being co-opted by Big Brother to attempt a *coup d'état* in his own country. Chomsky’s only concern is that the Great Kremlin Conspiracy might “backfire” and hand the 2020 election to President Trump, delaying the imposition of the Green New Deal on the American people by at least another four years.

Chomsky and Herman’s propaganda model fails because of their misunderstanding of what today constitutes *the establishment*. Big Government and Big Media, from Chomsky’s ideological point of view, ultimately serve the interests of Big Business. But what if he has got this the wrong way around? What if the socio-economic reality we are inhabiting is not “Late Capitalism” but something else? What if it is not the capitalists who have commandeered the technocrats but, as James Burnham foresaw almost eighty years ago in *The Managerial Revolution* (1941), the state that has absorbed capitalism? We might need to adopt, in some form at least, Burnham’s notion of a ruling oligarchical arrangement that has replaced a bourgeois era (as perceived by Marxists, liberals and conservatives alike). Certainly, the days when political power resided with a national parliament and local press barons who were, more often than not, receptive to the needs and requirements of a home-grown entrepreneurial class are mostly in the past. Our present-day socio-economic dispensation could, as a consequence, be more accurately defined as the managerial state or the administrative state than as Late Capitalism.

At least the administrative state model allows us, unlike Chomsky, to attempt a meaningful explanation for the mass media’s systematic effort to manipulate people’s beliefs, attitudes and actions throughout the Great Kremlin Conspiracy. The

attempt by the establishment to destroy Donald Trump makes sense if we take seriously his conservative-populism and the attendant nationalism of “Make America Great Again”. Today’s establishment (to use Chomsky’s term) is exemplified by transnational corporations, Wall Street, intelligence agencies, the upper echelons of the bureaucracy, lobbyists, foreign-sponsored think-tanks, exclusive educational institutions, well-connected political families such as the Clintons and the Bidens, and so on. It has everything to gain from impenitent globalism and a foreign policy based on Obama-style acquiescence and multilateralism. PC ideology, as I have argued before, is a strategy to broker an alliance—for electoral purposes—between the Left power elite and left-wing identitarian blocs such as LBGTO+, the Muslim Brotherhood, Black Lives Matter, enviro-activists, Third Wave Feminists and self-selected ethnic representatives. We might have to call this a pact between the criminals and the crazies.

The role of the mass media in all this—thank you, Chomsky and Herman—is “a system-supporting propaganda function”. It is the mass media, shaping and in turn shaped by social media, who keep the whole show on the road, even if that means abetting the Thought Police. An alarming claim to make, perhaps, but how else to explain the co-operation between the intelligence agencies and the community of journalists for the duration of the Great Kremlin Conspiracy?

The mass media, through its complicity in the Great Kremlin Conspiracy, has attempted to obliterate Donald Trump’s greatest political asset, his unapologetic patriotism. The media, in the first instance, tried to destroy Candidate Trump on the basis of his political incorrectness. Who can forget, as just one example, celebrity journalist Megyn Kelly trying to take him out, in the very first minutes of the very first Republican presidential debate in 2015, with what some have called a “kill shot”—only it did not kill him. How did Donald Trump survive that early attempt at character assassination and all the ones that followed? The answer, partly, is that he is fast on his feet (and funny) and runs his own one-man media show on Twitter, with some 60 million followers, called *@realDonaldTrump*. Additionally, if many of Donald Trump’s remarks in his pre-political life were not just politically incorrect but obnoxious, a growing supporter base instinctively understood that PC rectitude is something more than the imposition of acceptable social etiquette. In other words, they made the connection between politically-correct orthodoxy and the ruling class in the administrative state. What did not destroy

Candidate Trump in the mass media only made him more popular. The real-estate developer and reality television personality somehow went on to become the Disruptor-in-Chief.

So, it was Plan B for the mass media. Donald Trump's supporters are traditionalists, the not-so-educated, small business-owners, everyday wage-earners—"the people", if you like. Trump, the billionaire, became their improbable hero. The principal idea holding them together, over and above a love of sports, a certain earthiness, political incorrectness, secure borders, new manufacturing jobs and the like, is an unapologetic patriotism.

It is here that we encounter the genius of the Great Kremlin Conspiracy, for it held out the promise of brutally severing the bond between the populist leader and his supporters. America's mass media has prosecuted a ruthless and unrelenting campaign of sabotage and destabilisation, one we now know was based on the Big Lie, to overthrow the duly elected president of the nation. I cannot help thinking of media-abetted conspiracies against Jacobo Árbenz in Guatemala and Mohammed Mosaddegh in Iran. At the 2019 White House Correspondents' Dinner, host Ron Chernow lamented, in front of the community of elite journalists, that President Trump referred to them as the enemy of the people: "When you chip away at our press, you chip away at our democracy." In the ideal world, in the world of Walter Lippmann at least, this would be a fair call, but in the aftermath of the Great Kremlin Conspiracy, which we have every right now to call the Great Kremlin Hoax, a moment of critical self-reflection might have been in order.

Not likely. While the first part of the Mueller Report did not find any instances of collusion between the Trump campaign and the Kremlin during the 2016 presidential campaign, the Special Counsel was not prepared to "exonerate" Donald Trump on the question of obstructing justice; only that the evidence, after almost two years of

investigation, did not warrant a recommendation that he be indicted for obstruction. It was left to Attorney-General William Barr to draw the obvious conclusion that President Trump was neither guilty of collusion nor of obstruction of justice. The website *Vox* has not been alone in wanting to snatch victory out of the jaws of defeat by attacking Barr. Although the Special Counsel did not have the evidence to charge President Trump, argues the leftist commentariat, Mueller's disinclination to "exonerate" the president makes him somehow and, in some way, guilty. This is exactly wrong. Before the advent of the administrative state, as I recall, you could not be exonerated unless charged with a crime and proven innocent. The Special Counsel's refusal to either indict or exonerate Donald Trump on the charge of obstructing an investigation into a crime that the Special Counsel found no evidence the Trump campaign committed is deeply unjust. How can you prove your innocence, in a legal sense, if you are not charged with anything?

Donald Trump's real crime, as I have suggested, is that he is the Disruptor-in-Chief. He became a target of powerful interests the moment he made his Grand Escalator Entrance on June 16, 2016.

These powerful interests conspired to extinguish his populist insurrection with all the knowhow in their possession. We will learn more about this anti-democratic treachery as the origins of the Great Kremlin Conspiracy are uncovered by genuine investigative reports, but certainly not from mass-media hacks who depend on their "life-blood" of "fresh news" from anonymous sources in the FBI or the Department of Justice. And, finally, we will learn that the only thing President Trump sought to obstruct was the unlawful attempt to remove him from office.

*Daryl McCann has a blog at <http://darylmccann.blogspot.com.au>, and he tweets at @dosakamccann. A regular contributor to *Quadrant*, he wrote "The True Lies of Zionophobia" in the May issue.*

America's mass media has prosecuted a ruthless and unrelenting campaign of sabotage and destabilisation, one we now know was based on the Big Lie, to overthrow the duly elected president of the nation.

TWELVE POETS

Poems on the Life and Death of Les Murray

Les Murray, who retired as *Quadrant's* Literary Editor late last year after holding the position since March 1990, died on April 29, aged eighty. In the January-February issue we printed a number of tributes to his work as our Literary Editor. In this issue we are printing poems in tribute to the man and the poet.

Les's funeral was held at Saint Bernadette's Catholic Church in Krumbach, not far from his home in Bunyah, on May 10. A State Memorial Service will be held at the State Library of New South Wales on June 12.

The Promise

Taller When Prone by Les Murray:

A volume of poems each title a poem
at the end "Winding Up at the Bootmaker's"
turned to find fourteen pristine pages

Peered into the blank shadows of the binding
felt the creamy nap of the paper
seeking a lead an inkling a thrust of rustic divinity
Read and un-read my expectations

Flicked back to the poems to read "Cattle-Hoof Hardpan"
heard the breath in four short lines
Curiously related to "The Man in the White Bay Hotel"
coveted the idea of being "unrescued" at life's end

Harmonised a Score to the beckoning beat of
"Jimmy Sharman" and the "Malley Show Drums"
a "Wyandotte Hen" fluffed up her Golden Lace feathers
poised on one leg stared one-eyed through the words

In the peculiar light of the corrugated iron Show Pavilion
"Marble Cakes in Ribboned Pens"
tri-coloured layers dipping and rising
with the clicking heat and aroma of a wood-burning stove

Closed *Taller When Prone* on my lap
untended the memories and moved on
The sequel would be found in *Waiting for the Past*
with the promise of winding up *On Bunyah* to fill the void.

Helene Castles

Last Letter to Les Murray

Les, I'm writing to you
—it's ridiculous I know—
for the last time, yet
I can almost see the
well-chosen postcard
coming back, your neat
absolutely clear cursive.
In public life you were
often cantankerous
and picked some half-mad
pointless controversies,
but in writing you were
always courteous, commiserate,
never dismissive.
We all have contradictions
and you had them in spades,
the barking of the black dog.
Over my way
the afternoon of your death
was a cool, wind-blown,
many-clouded day:
you disappeared suddenly
in the midst of autumn.
I see you young,
wandering in the sawmill
and deep wooded country.
Perhaps it's too soon, too melodramatic
to say that the forest's
tallest tree has fallen
but what do I care? It's
what I feel
this steel-grey afternoon.

There's nothing like death
to wash memories across
the mind's floodplain.
My son, then young, recalls
only your stinking cigarettos
on one of your chatty visits.
I recall your incisiveness:
the fastest poetic mind
on the planet.
Sometimes I thought
you thought entirely in metaphor.
You could layer image upon image
in poems like neutron stars
that a reader would find explode

back into depths of meaning.
Australia's Wordsworth,
you wandered in the loneliness
of metaphoric brilliance.
You had a memory
Google could only envy.
So gifted, in so many ways,
but your God never let
anyone off. You found
it hard to look
people in the eye,
to see the human easily.

Frank O'Connor said
he always left Yeats
feeling "like a million dollars".
From those almost all day
Chatswood yarns
I would come away
thinking the word "soul" had meaning.
It was in my office
at your alma mater
I first saw you
stab a diabetic's needle
straight through your trousers.
You knew more languages
sprawled across your mind
than anyone I ever met.
You loved film
but, part deaf, had no ear
for music, except the Gaelic.

Like Baudelaire, you were left
in your last days aphasic,
bereft of speech. The master
of words left wordless.

Your massive *Collected Poems*
sits at my elbow. Those
last words of yours
might not have been able
to leave your mouth
but that book
will never be closed.

Dennis Haskell

Aloysius's Lament

In memoriam Les Murray 1938–2019

Master is gone; the Apprentice forlorn,
his unfinished works, shadowed, in repose—
the mentor has died, a mentor is born.

The cauldron is cold that fired the morn,
his watchful eye, so sharp yet so kind, closed,
Master is gone; the Apprentice forlorn.

Grief smothers the day, the heart's page is torn,
so small in death, his white hair, a white rose,
the mentor has died, a mentor is born.

He left you complete and found you half-formed.
Works you presented, so many he chose,
Master is gone; the Apprentice forlorn.

There is no tomorrow, the soul is sore,
the beloved's fled, you cannot follow,
the mentor has died, a mentor is born.

Pick up your tools, Aloysius, and soar,
there's much you must give, before you can go.
Master is gone; the Apprentice forlorn—
the mentor has died, a mentor is born.

Joe Dolce

Vale Les Murray

Not knowing any better
I sent them off to *Quadrant*
got back a letter
"I've taken 'The Conqueror'
and scribbled on the rest,
They seemed to need it.
Send more before I am old."

So I did, hoping,
and he always wrote back
a strong, bold hand:
"You've used 'black'
twice in the same stanza;
fix that and send again."

But then
"No, on a second read
this one's lost its magic."
And then
"Sorry, I can't like any of these."
And
"Your muse has let you off too lightly."
Though now and then he took one.

I had a clear picture of the farm,
meant to drive there one day
as a pilgrimage
drop in unannounced,
never did,
then there was *On Bunyah*.
Didn't need to after that.

Saw him read at the House
a few years back,
The Pope of poetry—
the faithful seeking blessings—
a great shy shambles of a man,
stumbling but infallible,
an institution already dying.
But the words ring true.

They now remain forever.

Christopher Nailer

When Reading Poetry by Les Murray

Everything is as expected, yet new;
as a memory or a déjà vu.
The way sentences form as though
his brain has connected to mine
and his point of view is mine.
And when he cries
his tears come from that place
of holding time to attention—

I've been to that place, listening;
when words make sense.
There, music is in a Celtic key
and haunts the skin on arms
until returning sanity gives back
an ability to breathe normally.

Marilyn Peck

The Pilgrimage

Later, as we lost our way on the back roads
Somewhere after crossing Firefly Creek
I looked back and saw your famous country
Preening itself in a late afternoon laze

We'd been collecting rivers and ways
Winding through the names of your song cycle
Like pilgrims, counting the crossings—
Nine of the Manning by the end of one day

At the threshold, where the Wang Wauk Forest Way
Veers to the left, and the sign says Bunyah
We got out to gather our bearings
Submitting to the evaluation of your kookaburras

Like triage nurses assessing our fitness
To pass on down Cecil's Lane
Some signal of approval flicked from beak to beak
And they winged us through

I would have brought precious oils for your feet
But you would have laughed and politely declined
So we came bearing gifts and birthday cake
Small tributes for the holy spirit of poetry

The immaculate editor
Who crossed my path one fortunate day
And said, of my earnest poem, I'll take that if I may

We'll cross one more river for you, before the light fades.

Elisabeth Wentworth

Bunyah

For Les Murray

Gold waistcoated, gliding
Guru of the sky, sun
The darkness dispeller—
Moon pensive with
A penchant for gilding—
A long distance smile
From her bruised-bone head.

Here the trees rest
Leaves sleep, spent
Silence hovers in suspended realms of silence
Moonlight gilds time, swirls
In coils of leftover wire
Gates wear moonlit braces.

What to do with this complicit existence
Fungus and sinuous roots unseen
Trees are touching underneath
In a midnight of earth
Existence goes on—
The river is surrendering, swishing
Her flowing silver arabesques.

Pasture gossips in bunches
Language pauses at the borders
Of things, in awe of illiterate magic
Night with its dawdling pools of light
Martians are probably summarising—
Drowsing iron roofs converse
With sidelong glints
Moment by moment

Things are measured by different light
Light ticked over by unseen time
The mind wandering up and down
Avenues of thought, not knowing much
Nobody about—impatient for a sign
Some glowing thing—to caress and touch.

Luke Whittington

Alas!

In Memory of Les Murray

A self-obsessed poet, the worst
By far I'm called upon to bear
Is editors refusing work,
And having waited months to hear

I test the ssae for
A telling thickness, lose control
And tear it open to confirm.
Not only fingers tremble as

The formally polite "No" leaps
To eyes clouding as next they search
The pages, their white freshness gone
From handling, for a sign of care,

As your quick answers showed with blows
Dealt softly by "Alas, these lack—",
Or a similar sentiment,
Almost as though you were more hurt,

Till carefully I'd revise, send out,
Encouraged to risk once again
What always feels without such words
Like a sharp slap across the face.

Graeme Hetherington

Les Murray Reads His Poetry

A long time since I last saw him
looking so relaxed—
among shelves of books and racks of CDs,
at ease with himself
and the people who'd gathered
around, some sitting in armchairs,
others with small children at his feet.

One hand on the lectern
the other holding a book,
he stood, almost shyly,
shifting from one foot to the other—
dispensing with the microphone,
peering through reading glasses,
waiting to begin.

Suddenly, we were listening to a magician
doing tricks with words—
turning them around, upside down,
inside out, joining them
in surprise combinations
to achieve a particular rhythm or sound.

Image followed image,
narrative mixed with metaphor,
rhyme and half-rhyme
as we watched, listened, fascinated
by his facility with words.

Except this was no illusion.
Lyrebirds whistled, danced
on a rainforest carpet of leaves.
We heard the ultrasound of bats
above unopened books and music sitting silently
in a thousand CDs
under the recessed lights.

We heard water trickling
out of North Coast creeks, across
childhood paddocks, singing of farmlands
and cleared gum forests—
honouring poverty, decrying greed,
threading its way out of Bunyah,
down to Sydney, around
the cities of the world,
and back to the northern rivers
where it fell as bountiful rain.

Finally, taking a deep breath,
he read from a forthcoming volume—
still relaxed, joking, making
us smile, laugh, share in his gift.
The words bedazzled, spun,
broke like shards of light—
piercing the hearts and minds of people
sitting in armchairs
and holding small children spellbound at his feet.

Peter Skrzynecki

A Library Has Been Destroyed

A library has been destroyed
and we can never get it back,
now that he has been redeployed.
A library has been destroyed
with all that knowledge we enjoyed,
but no one can take up the slack.
A library has been destroyed:
what wouldn't we give to have Les back?

Les Murray Reading at the Midland City Hall

In Midland, he is on the prowl.
A grizzly bear without the growl:
wandering through a field of verse,
jolly shaman without a curse.
Unflappable and kindly owl,
he's planting poems with a trowel,
for us to peck at like a fowl,
their sonorous seeds to disperse,
in Midland.
Scattering consonant and vowel;
smiling face and jocular jowl,
plucking wisdom out of a purse
while questioning a universe
that is, at once, both fair and foul,
in Midland.

Derek Fenton

Les

Les Murray 1938–2019

A tall tree
makes a long shadow
shading us.
“Call me Les,” you never stood for titles.
You never ignored or were
too busy to greet at writers’ festivals,
reading events, in the long signing line,
no matter how small,
you made time to praise me,
draw me forward—
send me hand-written postcards,
scribble notes on my poems—
some delighted you, and you wrote
me memories of sparrows, a horse, cities, poets.
Some had lines or words you would
not scrawl out, but returned.
Though if re-worked you could
give them a place—printed.
You warned me to not study art
in Australia, that it was disastrous,
but I did and was silenced—
voice and hands stilled for years,
they set lawyer dogs on me,
I tried to hold up while holed up, shaking.
You are my big tree
who always noticed, smiling,
“I have a hat the same,”
“I love the music in your words,”
“I read your poem in Mildura.”
My touch-wood talisman,
lifting.
Your branches everreach in the sun,
your voice growing me,
your sadness an empathy of shared tears,
your stories showing us far-reaching land—
a trunk-call to overseas.
A fine ear, native fruit,
living large,
noticing the unnoticed:
Dream of wearing shorts forever
Writing through *the black dog*
Red road trips; Our Sun
warming, venturing, observing:
Young fox, Native bees,
Lyrebird, Wagtail, Emu,

Sand dingoes, Blowflies,
Low Down Sandcastle Blues
Grinding brown *Tin Dish poverty*
Leaves we could pick, roll,
marvelling at the colours,
and carry in our hands.
Making our root-stock strong
to bear words proud,
even as you pull up stumps.
Our tree, our big tree, our oxygen,
sheltering, growing us,
our great limbs reaching out—
gently

Ashley Morgan-Shae

This silent answer

Dedicated to the memory of Les Murray

everywhere is here ...

The tile travelled across seas from the Middle
East,
through desert solitudes burning like the skies
above them,
and though each pattern passed through such
fire,
it mocked earth and time by forming a snowflake
with edges containing the ocean of the universe
on a frozen yet expanding tip

Each spiral in space bound and unbound
in whose mirror I saw,
man begetting man to spite time’s tyranny
with legacy
So my mind splintered to behold
all things including thought birthing itself
within those Islamic shapes,
dispensing of God with the unknowing sword of
irony

Jason Morgan

Reclaiming the Western Canon

Reclaiming Education, a volume of essays from experts across a range of subjects, edited by literary scholars Catherine Runcie and David Brooks, was published earlier this year. It is vital reading for anyone concerned about the parlous state of education, at all levels, in this country. I concentrated, in my contribution—"Reclaiming English"—on the necessity for that subject's annihilated disciplinarity to be recovered. An essential element in the disciplinary profile of English (which I could only refer to in passing, in that essay) is the concept of canonical texts—that is, works which would be generally regarded as necessary study for anybody reading for an honours degree in the subject and particularly for those destined for a career (in school teaching, or in the academy) of educating others in the discipline.

What do we mean by a canonical text? Why should this or that text be so regarded? How and by whom is canonicity to be defined? Why is it essential that students of literature be familiarised with the idea and required to immerse themselves in the study of canonical works?

The idea of the "canon" (from Greek, meaning a "rule" or "measuring stick") derives principally from Christianity's listing of the approved sacred books of the Bible, of the Old and New Testaments, which was generally established by the fifth century AD. These form the required reading and study of the faithful, and are understood to be inspired by God and as expressive of the authoritative history of the relationship between God and his people. There are significant variations among the Christian denominations about the canonical or non-canonical status of various historical texts. The Ethiopian Orthodox Church, for example, has a broad canon, with as many as seventy different writings considered to be authoritative.

So the first important point that needs to be made about the idea of a canon is that, even in its original biblical manifestation, while there is a generally-agreed list of books, there is also an emphasis on what is widely, but not exclusively accepted.

There is much evidence of variations, as well as acknowledgment of the value and significance of non-canonical texts, such as the Apocrypha.

With regard to the study of English literature, the appropriation (in much more recent times) of the concept of the "canonical" has revealed even more flexibility over the mere century or so of the discipline's development as a university subject. The first Professor of English at Oxford, Sir Walter Raleigh, was not appointed until 1904; the first at Cambridge, Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, not until 1912, and it was only in the years after the Great War that English as a respected and increasingly popular university discipline got into its stride, in both the Old and New Worlds.

In our time, the common argument proposed by the formidable forces in the universities who have been very successful in destroying the discipline of English—and, in the process, the concept of the canon of texts that had been developing in the first half-century of the subject's progress—was the fiction that this was a rigidly-conceived and enforced imposition of mandatory study. Accordingly, it had to be disposed of in the liberating name of various contemporary cultural and sociological shibboleths, which have come to be far more forcibly imposed than any proponent of canonical study would demand.

The essential idea of a canonical text in literature in English is that it should have the status of widespread, time-honoured acclaim and be of a sufficient linguistic and literary standard, complexity, and depth and range of interest to warrant students' and scholars' detailed and sustained study, discussion and debate. Nursery rhymes, limericks, hymns, songs and doggerel verse, fables and fairy tales (for example) have been much loved and widely known through the centuries, and in specialist study can yield some interesting insights into language use and popular culture, but it would be perverse to elevate these to the status of canonical texts, as "must-reads" of foundational and seminal significance, for undergraduates in the discipline.

Importantly, study of canonical texts, at the core of English, should, over the course of the several years of the degree, be representative of the successive centuries of the development of literature in English from the later Middle Ages. Indeed, with regard to poetry, at least one major, substantial work from each of the several centuries of English literature should be set for study. This requirement reveals one of the characteristic qualities of canonical texts—that they should substantially disclose and express the “mind” of the age in which they were composed. So, canonically-based study would typically begin with selections from Geoffrey Chaucer’s *Canterbury Tales*. Chaucer gives us, incomparably, insights into the world-picture of his time, because of the variety of his tale-tellers and the rich diversity of the contents of their stories. And he does so with sustained, variegated and exemplary poetic skill.

Then, taking a poem from the seventeenth century, a period of abundant inventiveness and creativity in literature, consideration of John Milton’s epic, *Paradise Lost*, provides a perfect example of a text fulfilling several of the requirements of canonicity. It takes, as its subject matter, the Judeo-Christian foundational story of Western civilisation, imaginatively elaborating the account of the creation, fall and redemption of humanity as set out in both testaments of the Bible. *Paradise Lost* is also a national epic, speaking of and to the English nation in the years of the Civil Wars and their aftermath (being in composition, by the blind poet who dictated the work, from about 1658 to 1663, by which time the Restoration had occurred). And in a third dimension, it is a deeply personal poem, in which we find (unusually in epic) the moving presence of the poet in the midst of his masterwork. Moreover, it displays a command of learning, in the tradition of Renaissance Humanism, staggering in its dimensions and detail, and an originality and inventiveness of language, presenting, as Milton himself affirms, “things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme”. Inevitably, there are veritable libraries-full of scholarship and interpretation of *Paradise Lost*, testifying to the vast stimulus to learning and appreciation that his epic has provoked—yet another of the marks of canonicity: the importance which generations of learned readers have attributed to a literary work.

Romantic poets such as William Blake and William Wordsworth came strongly under Milton’s spell, Wordsworth famously writing, in 1802, “Milton, thou shouldst be living at this hour”. In the subsequent Victorian Age, the Jesuit poet Gerard Manley Hopkins also owed much to the

earlier poet in terms of prosody (the patterns of rhythm and sound in verse), in spite of the two men’s vastly different doctrinal convictions.

Inevitably, such later thinkers and writers took what they wanted from the earlier poet—admiring or ignoring, for instance, the republican’s political radicalism. And this, too, goes to the matter of the marks of canonicity. A canonical text has multi-layered and textured complexity that makes it available for a rich variety of readings and interpretations, even strikingly conflicting ones. Some read *Paradise Lost* as a devotional work; others politically, and yet others, purely aesthetically, for the “music” of the poetry.

As if all this were not enough, there is the matter, too, of the inspiration the epic has provided for other art forms, for painters and composers, as in Joseph Haydn’s eighteenth-century oratorio *The Creation*.

So, you would have thought that the study of *Paradise Lost* by students of English literature would have been simply taken for granted in the face of all this evidence of its significance and influence; indeed, regarded as unarguably compelling. The almost total disappearance today of the poem for study of *any* kind, let alone as a compulsory text for university students of English, even for honours and postgraduate students in the subject, is a breathtaking measure not only of the degradation that has been visited on university English, but the sheer lunacy, driven by ideology and the priorities of social engineering, that now prevails in such departments of the discipline as survive.

Paradise Lost also provides proof of the flexibility of the canon in English. The conviction that Milton must be included in undergraduates’ study of the subject was formidably contested in the very years that the canon was being established as the centre of the discipline. T.S. Eliot, a figure who was to loom large in the mid-twentieth-century study of English, with regard not only to his poetry but his literary criticism too (in his championing of the Metaphysical poets, for example, such as John Donne), had “dislodged” Milton—according to another influential commentator on the English curriculum, the Cambridge don and critic F.R. Leavis. This was brought about, Leavis argued, by the characteristics of Eliot’s poetry as well as the poet-critic’s first essay on Milton, published in 1936. Commenting on these two factors, in the tellingly-titled study *Revaluation* (also appearing in 1936), Leavis arrestingly observed:

Milton’s dislodgment, in the past decade, after his two centuries of predominance, was effected with remarkably little fuss. The

irresistible argument was, of course, Mr Eliot's creative achievement: it gave his few critical asides—potent, it is true, by context—their finality, and made it unnecessary to elaborate a case. Mr Middleton Murry also, it should be remembered, came out against Milton at much the same time.

So much for the polemic that until the post-1960s so-called unshackling of English from its former oppressive proscriptions, everyone engaged in its teaching was of one mind about what must be studied, and of what constituted a canonical text!

In spite of Eliot's and Leavis's provocative reconsideration of Milton's reputation, the great poet's works remained firmly in place in most university English courses: *Paradise Lost* was compulsory study in my undergraduate days at the University of Sydney, at the beginning of the 1970s, and I subsequently lectured on the epic in the core English course in English II there, through the 1980s. As it turned out, the criticism of Milton by Eliot and Leavis (and long before them, by Dr Johnson) had proved valuable for putting Miltonists on their mettle with regard to the qualities of such as the poet's verbal artistry and the importance of *Paradise Lost* for its influence on the development of English verse in the following centuries.

Surprisingly, Eliot pays tribute to Milton in several places in his own masterwork, *Four Quartets*, echoing (for example) a powerful phrase from the dramatic poem *Samson Agonistes* ("O dark, dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon ..."), in the second quartet, "East Coker": "O dark dark dark. They all go into the dark". The student who has not read Milton is ignorant of this source and countless other inter-textual Miltonic allusions in literature (Mary Shelley's Gothic novel *Frankenstein*, for example, is full of them: they are amongst the most distinctive qualities of her work), enriching meaning and mood—yet another reason for studying canonical texts. Eliot would have assumed that his readers heard the echo of Milton and recalled the plight of Samson which it summons and which he re-applies to the agony of modern life: "all go into the dark". Without such recollections, one's reading of Eliot, Mary Shelley and countless other writers is seriously impoverished. Should university English studies facilitate the *impoverishment* of reading?

I have dwelt on Milton's masterwork as it is the most egregious and ludicrous example of the disposal of the formerly generally-accepted canon of required reading in English, of its "Great Books". But numerous other literary works of genius have been similarly cast into oblivion, with further deleterious consequences for the study of the discipline. Lord Tennyson's *In Memoriam A.H.H.*, published in the very middle of the nineteenth century in 1850 and in the midst of the most important intellectual debate of that era, the conflict between faith and doubt, and touchingly reflecting that controversy in the course of an extended elegy for the poet's friend Arthur Henry Hallam, is the seminal literary and imaginative work for the understanding of that complex issue.

Having immersed ourselves in it and been informed by it, we bring that knowledge to the reading of other, subsequent, significant texts that similarly deal with the topic, from different perspectives, such as Mrs Gaskell's novel *North and South* (1854), where the heroine's father gives up his priesthood, plagued with doubt; and Edmund Gosse's memoir *Father and Son* (1907), on the inter-generational division between Victorian believers (such as Gosse's famous father) and doubters (such as his son). Both texts are classics of their respective literary forms. Yet most students of English literature today would never have heard of either

The student who has not read Milton is ignorant of countless inter-textual Miltonic allusions in literature—Mary Shelley's Gothic novel Frankenstein, for example, is full of them.

of them, nor of *In Memoriam*. Gosse's work, a model of English prose artistry, was republished in the Penguin Modern Classics series in 1970 and described, in its introduction, as "part of the permanent heritage of English literature". No longer, at least so far as universities are concerned, thanks to the wilful destruction that has been visited upon that very heritage over the last half-century by academics at daggers drawn with the prominent works of Western civilisation, while enjoying, in the university, the privileges and emoluments of one of the institutions that that civilisation produced. Peter Carey knew *Father and Son* well—his *Oscar and Lucinda*, winner of both the Booker Prize and the Miles Franklin Award, was inspired by it. So we read that much later work more intelligently and with deeper appreciation if we have read, like Carey, the seminal, canonical autobiography.

Shakespeare is the notable exception to the ideologically-driven vaporisation of once-canonical authors. He has survived in school and university

English courses because his works have proved infinitely malleable to race, gender and class orthodoxies, no matter how preposterously contradictory of the facts of his texts that process proves to be. So, in a recent student's assignment, I read that she was required to demonstrate that Shakespeare, as an enforcer of the patriarchy, "silenced women". I suggested to this Year 11 girl that she might query this proposition, by referring to some of the numerous examples of wondrously vocal women in Shakespearean drama, but she replied that that would not be a wise strategy if she wanted a good mark for the assignment. She needed to endorse the "correct" interpretation, in accordance with the principles of Third Wave Feminism, about which she turned out to be much better informed than the works of the greatest of dramatists.

For the study of English, the essential canonical text is the original one: the Bible. Anyone reading, let alone presuming to teach any of the literatures in English, including Australian literature, who is not well-read in the Bible (especially in the case of the text of the Authorised Version of

1611), and acquainted with its dominant influence, through the centuries, on English poetry, fiction, non-fictional prose and drama is engaged, in the phrase from that translation, in the vanity of vanities—where "vanity" means not pride, but pointlessness and meaninglessness. It is a breathtaking indication of the ignorance (nurtured by its familiar progenitor, enforced ideology) that now prevails throughout our corrupted education system that if you were so much as to suggest to boards of studies for secondary school students of English, or in departments of English at universities, that selections (merely) from the text of the Bible should be required reading for the students—so they might be made aware of its existence and some of the fundamental elements of its story-telling and characteristics of its language—you would be met with howls of derision and denunciation.

Barry Spurr was Australia's first Professor of Poetry, taught several university courses on the Bible as literature, and is the Literary Editor of Quadrant.

Cilla, writing

We are the shortest laureates*. But this afternoon
Cilla almost touches the sky, writing
on her motel balcony, two storeys up.

Her head in its peaked cap, her pen
are outlined in a strange significant shadow
a little laureate traced by Rouault

and in the shadows a shorter laureate watching
admiring her application, her skywriting.
The day moon is there, the blinding sun.

Her neck grows warm, her neat head bends
over the page, she stretches her arms
and seems to frown and squint.

It is words, you clowns, the other laureate thinks
not sun in her eyes, not pain of thought
but heart and pen at work again.

Elizabeth Smither

**Cilla McQueen (2009–2011) and Elizabeth Smither (2001–2003)
are the two shortest New Zealand poets laureate.*

A Rugged Honesty of Mind

Menzies and Education

Addressing a Parents and Citizens Association conference in 1964, the Prime Minister, Sir Robert Menzies, declared:

Our great function when we approach the problem of education is to equalise opportunity to see that every boy and girl has a chance to develop whatever faculties he or she may have, because this will be a tremendous contribution to the good life for the nation.

Whilst Menzies is justifiably remembered most as a champion of liberal capitalism who shepherded Australia through an unprecedented period of economic growth and prosperity, he also warrants the reputation as one of Australia's pre-eminent education prime ministers. He not only resolved the long-running, acrimonious debate on government aid to church schools but also significantly expanded the nation's post-war university system. Menzies's contribution to education was such that it has since been acknowledged even by his Labor successors. Julia Gillard credited Menzies for understanding "the power of education as a force for good, a force for equity and a force for change".

Menzies's educational background

Born in the small Victorian town of Jeparit on December 20, 1894, the son of a storekeeper and a dressmaker, Menzies imbibed his love of learning from an early age. While his parents, James and Kate Menzies, had received little formal education, they were both "great readers" and were said to have spoken "educated English". In his boyhood, Menzies absorbed what he described as a "fascinating melange of books" that included Henry Drummond for evangelistic theology, Jerome K. Jerome for humour, and the "Scottish Chiefs" for historical fervour. This diet of reading no doubt furnished the young Menzies with his lifelong interest in English literature, theology, history and humour,

which frequently coloured the speeches he gave. In addition to instilling their son with a penchant for reading and learning, James and Kate firmly believed in the value of formal education and were resolved to provide young Robert with the educational opportunities they had not enjoyed themselves. Excelling academically, Menzies won scholarships to Ballarat's Grenville College and Melbourne's Wesley College where his love of learning and English literature continued to flourish.

In an age when Australian universities were still the preserve of a tiny minority, chiefly of free-scholarship awardees and students from prosperous families, Menzies entered the University of Melbourne on a scholarship in 1913 to study law. He appreciated first-hand both the vocational and the civilising value of a university education as he shone in his studies and extra-curricular activities. His academic record reflected not only his dedication to mastering his chosen profession of law but also his love of what he would call "pure learning" in the humanities, most notably history and English literature. Far from being distractions from his study of law, Menzies regarded his humanities studies as an adornment to his vocational training, equipping him to be a more rounded lawyer with a deeper understanding of human nature.

Menzies maintained that the purpose of education was to inculcate every student with a "general knowledge of the world" as well as the "specialist knowledge" of their chosen vocation. In his early career in Victorian state politics from 1928 to 1934, Menzies advocated an education system that provided a broad, liberal education rather than a specialised, vocational training for students up to the ages of fourteen or fifteen. In 1929 he told the Victorian parliament, "If we regard education as a preparation for life, as a preparation for citizenship, then I am all in favour of an unspecialised education to the age of fifteen years, and, if we can afford it, to the age of sixteen years." As with education at the tertiary level, Menzies regarded the function

of schooling as not merely to inculcate “a technical efficiency that will enable them to earn a living”, but to produce in every citizen “some kind of a broad and enlightened intelligence”.

Even after the austerity of the depression years, with lingering public concerns about education costs, Menzies’s emphasis on both the vocational and civilising mission of education remained unshaken and he brought this outlook to federal politics after his election to the seat of Kooyong in 1936. Speaking on a motion in 1945 to debate the future reform of education, Menzies told parliament that, “The first function of education is to produce a ‘good man and a good citizen’. Its second function is to produce a ‘good carpenter or a good lawyer.’” He went on to say that the “good carpenter” or “good lawyer” would be all the better at their respective crafts if a humanities education could furnish them with a “civilised point of view”.

According to Menzies, this would help such tradespeople or professionals to “become aware of the problems of the world, acquire some quality of intellectual criticism, and develop that comparative sense which produces detachment of judgment and tends always to moderate passion and prejudice”. Whilst conceding that the old classical notion of education had its shortcomings, most notably its neglect of modern factors, Menzies rejected the notion that disciplines such as English literature, history or philosophy could be discarded as “useless learning”. On the contrary, they were indispensable to building well-rounded and cultured citizens if such disciplines could complement the necessary training for the trades and professions.

Education and liberalism

Menzies’s faith in education was augmented by a liberal philosophy that esteemed education as one of the great driving forces of modern civilisation. In one of his early speeches, he explained how education and learning could act as a catalyst for greater human freedom: “No society can confer the benefit of mental or spiritual freedom upon its members unless at the same time it encourages the search for truth and the fearless facing of the problems of the intellect.” Appraising the progress of human civilisation over the previous century, Menzies welcomed all the tremendous advances in science, technology and nutrition “directed towards the attainment of a higher degree of bodily wellbeing” but at the same time reminded his audience that the modern “conception of a liberated body inhabited by a stunted mind and a poor spirit is not a noble one”. Accordingly, Menzies believed future investment in education was essential if human civi-

lisation was to flourish with free minds inhabiting free bodies.

For Menzies and other liberals, the power of education lay in its capacity to improve individuals, thereby allowing them to bring a better world into being. Liberals saw education as having the potential to furnish individuals with the great faculties of reasoning, wisdom, sound judgment, moral character and religious faith which would equip them to become eminently better citizens. Menzies extolled the merits, especially, of a humanities-based education which provided the indispensable intellectual foundation for the liberal ideal of human freedom to flourish.

For Menzies, an education steeped in the humanities disciplines would ensure the survival of democracy in Australia. The humanities would help inculcate the virtues of moderation, decency and selflessness amongst Australia’s citizenry, providing a healthy counter-weight to the vices of greed, selfishness and prejudice that could all too readily stem from an emphasis on material progress alone.

Menzies’s affirmation of learning in the humanities stemmed from his commitment to a liberal, humanist philosophy that affirmed the primacy of human dignity. His was a Christian-inspired humanism that emphasised the relationship of people to each other as well as their relationship to their God. In a 1961 address to the Australian College of Education, Menzies articulated his humanist philosophy when he told his audience:

I have stressed the point of ethics because I believe that the most important thing to consider and learn in this world is the nature of man, his duties and rights, his place in society, his relationship to his Creator.

Quoting approvingly from Sir Richard Livingstone’s *The Rainbow Bridge* (1959), Menzies affirmed that “history and literature must enter into any education; for they are our chief record of man and his ways”. With their focus on the human condition, disciplines such as history, literature, sociology, philosophy and religious studies provided students with essential insights into human character and human relationships.

Amid a conflict-ridden twentieth century, Menzies believed that a humanist dimension to education was more important than ever. Speaking of the challenge of education, he declared in 1961:

We must recapture our desire to know more, and feel more, about our fellowmen; to have a philosophy of living; to elevate the dignity of man, a dignity which, in our Christian concept,

arises from our belief that he is made in the image of his Maker.

Affirming of both the human and the divine, the philosophy Menzies brought to education was informed by both his Scottish Presbyterian upbringing and his indebtedness to the liberal Enlightenment tradition of John Locke. His liberalism was not a narrow creed about the freedom for individuals to accrue as much wealth as they desired, but one that affirmed the intrinsic worth and dignity of human beings.

Menzies and higher education

The educational focus of Menzies was chiefly on universities with their long tradition of cultivating civilised minds. In his landmark 1942 *Forgotten People* speech, widely interpreted as the blueprint to the resurgent liberal movement he would eventually lead back to power in 1949, Menzies articulated his post-war vision for Australian higher education:

Are the universities mere technical schools, or have they as one of their functions the preservation of pure learning, bringing in its train not merely riches for the imagination but a comparative sense for the mind, and leading to what we need so badly—the recognition of values which are other than pecuniary.

Far from functioning merely as utilitarian “degree factories” to churn out the greatest volume of graduates, Menzies esteemed universities as the great nurseries of civilisation. In addition to equipping undergraduates with essential training and vocational skills, the university would serve to cultivate the character of students and encourage them to seek truth and beauty in their chosen discipline. Rather than standing aloof from the world, the university would bridge the gulf between the “academician” and the “good practical man”. In so doing, it would be in a position to contribute to the common good by producing an educated generation who understood the practicalities, values and aspirations of ordinary citizens.

In a 1939 address to the Canberra University College, Menzies outlined what he saw as the sevenfold mission of the university. First, the university was to be the “home of pure culture and learning” which was indeed its “original medieval function”. A university education would serve as a check on utilitarianism with its tendency to undervalue the classical disciplines for want of profitability. Second, a university would fulfil its vocational function as a “training school for the professions”,

in what Menzies identified as the academy’s “great and relatively modern function”. Third, the university would “serve as a liaison between the academician and the good practical man”, by fostering the “mutuality between the theory and the practice” of one’s vocation. Fourth, the university “must be the home of research” where its pursuit required “infinite patience, precise observation, an objective mind, and unclouded honesty”. Fifth, the university needed to “be a trainer of character” where the quest for higher learning would not only enlarge the mind but enrich the character of the individual. Sixth, the university had to “be a training ground for leaders” where the riches of a higher education imbued students with an obligation to serve the public. Finally, a university needed to be the “custodian of mental liberty and the unfettered search for truth”. For Menzies, “a rugged honesty of mind” that did not shrink from the truth when it came upon it in its path was one of the “noblest of virtues”.

Menzies as Prime Minister was committed to advancing both the stature and scope of Australia’s universities in the 1950s. He envisaged these institutions preparing educated individuals to become the future leaders of Australian democracy. To facilitate the greater participation of Australian citizens in higher education, Menzies took steps towards the Commonwealth funding of universities, beginning with a scheme of undergraduate university scholarships inaugurated from the early 1950s. This initiative was followed by his instigation in 1956 of the Prime Minister’s Committee on Australian Universities chaired by the British academic Sir Keith Murray. The 1957 Murray Report recommended a tripling of federal government funding for universities, emergency grants, significant increases in academic salaries, extra funding for buildings, and the establishment from 1959 of a permanent committee to oversee and make recommendations concerning higher education.

Within days of the Report’s release, Menzies announced that he would implement its recommendations. Under his leadership, the government supported an unprecedented expansion of higher education. New universities including the University of New England (1954), Monash University (1958), Macquarie University (1964), La Trobe University (1964), the University of Newcastle (1965) and Flinders University (1966) were established, placing tertiary education within reach of those who could not otherwise have had ready access. The expansion of universities in Australia was matched by sharp increases in student enrolments, from 53,700 in 1960 to 88,230 in 1966. With Menzies insisting back in 1942 that “Higher education for women must come to be regarded as normal”, the proportion of

female university students rose from 19.7 per cent in 1952 to 25.9 per cent by 1964. In the press conference immediately after his retirement as Prime Minister in January 1966, Menzies cited his support for universities as one of his government's greatest achievements.

Menzies and school education

Menzies held that the role of schools was not simply to impart knowledge, develop discipline and train character in the narrow sense, but to “be places where the mind is enriched by the right visions and where the ends of life are learned”. In his vision for school education at all levels, Menzies envisaged an extremely important role for teachers, not as indoctrinators or as mere child-minders, but as professional educators responsible for moulding the mind and character of the rising generation. Despite the fact that the teaching profession in recent decades has tended to lean towards the progressive side of politics, it found a firm advocate and ally in Menzies. In his July 1945 education motion, he had called for attention to be directed to “the problem of the qualifications, status and remuneration of teachers”. Menzies told the House of Representatives:

The task of the teacher is one which brings him for hours every day, for many days, and for a number of years, into close contact with his pupils during their most formative years. It is a task which, if well performed, can do more to produce good citizens than all the acts of Parliament ever passed.

Together with parents, teachers held a massive stake in determining the character of the next generation. According to Menzies, their potential power of influence surpassed that of other leading professionals such as lawyers, doctors and engineers.

While Menzies was committed to both a strong public and private education sector, he had a special commitment to Commonwealth support for non-government schools which he esteemed as the great incubators of moral character and classic liberal values more broadly, particularly those of initiative, independence, free-enterprise, self-sacrifice and citizenship. Far from private schools merely representing bastions of class privilege drawn from inherited wealth, Menzies appreciated that these institutions often had humble beginnings where the enterprise, industry and self-sacrifice of parents made it eventually possible for children to receive an alternative education to a state school. For Menzies, the establishment of independent schools could also provide

parents with a degree of variety and choice for their children's education. In contrast to the homogeneity of the socialist state, this free exercise of educational choice was part of the free, liberal society Menzies envisioned.

While he believed in the equality of all human beings, with their souls standing “equal in the sight of God”, it was manifest to Menzies that individual pupils varied in their interests, personalities and intellectual capacities, and the approach of teachers needed to reflect this:

The good teacher is not the one who sees a class as a mass or his own work as a job controlled by routine or rules, but the one who sees his pupils as individuals. They are not to be forced into one mould, but to be encouraged to expand and grow.

One of Menzies's chief objections to the socialist philosophy was its insistence on uniformity and the stifling of human individuality. Just as it was wrongheaded for the state to conform its citizens to one mould, Menzies saw the school as having no business to do likewise with its pupils. Thus, while the objective of school education was to equalise opportunity for all boys and girls, it could not guarantee a uniform pathway and outcome for all, given the natural disparity in individual talents and abilities.

The other attribute of independent schools that Menzies valued was the religious dimension they typically brought to education, given that the vast majority of these schools had a church foundation. Historically, most private schools in Australia were founded by the leading Christian denominations, together with a small number of Jewish schools. Menzies viewed religious education, of whatever background, as conducive to good character and good citizenship and was therefore keen for his government to financially support these institutions. In his address to the House of Representatives on the education motion, Menzies argued that the religious element to education was indispensable:

I have no hesitation in saying, and I have said it many times before in the course of my life, that I believe that religion gives to people a sensitive understanding of their obligations, and that is something which the world sadly needs at the present time ...

Having witnessed the barbarism of two world wars in the first half of the twentieth-century, and what he perceived to be a decline of traditional moral standards since, Menzies maintained a

steadfast faith in the value of a religiously-informed education.

Appreciating the need to substantiate his support for independent schools with concrete government assistance, Menzies as Prime Minister took the first initiative to provide state aid to independent schools, particularly those in the Catholic system. His understanding of the dire funding needs for independent schools, however, was evident long before the 1963 state aid decision. In 1943 he had said that “it is unlikely that the church schools can in the post-war period efficiently survive unless there is some measure of State assistance to them”.

After returning to the prime ministership in December 1949, the first practical measure Menzies introduced to assist independent schools was a 1952 amendment to income tax laws to allow a parent to claim up to £60 for school tuition fees as an allowable deduction. Given that the parents of state school pupils paid little in school fees, the tax concession was of most benefit to private school parents. In 1956, the Menzies government gave the first direct aid to private schools in Canberra, whereby the Commonwealth undertook to reimburse the interest paid on loans raised to finance new schools or extensions. Menzies regarded this last decision as the precursor to what he would describe as “a quite revolutionary change in Government education policy” with the announcement of state aid in November 1963.

Providing extra funding for school science blocks, technical education and a Commonwealth scholarship scheme for secondary students, the state aid package was particularly welcomed by Australia’s Catholic community that had long been aggrieved by the lack of financial help from governments. As a mark of appreciation, the Catholic Church hosted the Presbyterian Prime Minister as guest of honour at its 1964 Cardinal’s Dinner. According to John Howard, the historic decision of Menzies on state aid not only rectified the injustice felt by Australia’s Catholics for over a century but helped to reduce the sectarian divisions in Australian society that persisted into the 1960s.

As Greg Melleuish has observed, there was a consistency in Menzies’s philosophy and approach to education from his days as a young Victorian

state MP in the late 1920s to his retirement years as an elder statesman in the 1970s. The consistency of his thought on the essential character-building role of education, the primacy of “pure learning” in the humanities, the importance of both humanist and religious values, and the mission of education to produce good citizens could be attributed to a sustained liberal philosophy that affirmed human dignity and the mutual obligations of citizens in civil society. Indeed Menzies regarded education and an authentic liberalism as symbiotic whereby an education, particularly in the humanities, would serve to inculcate citizens with the liberal values of

individual enterprise, free inquiry, moral character and human understanding that, in turn, provided the optimal climate for education to flourish.

The reforms inspired by the Murray Report led to a burgeoning higher education sector of new public universities, while state aid to Catholic and private schools opened the gate to the proliferation of new independent schools in Australian towns and suburbs. Although Menzies would have no doubt being gratified by this ensuing growth of education, the evolution of the universities, especially, into large vocational training centres reliant on revenue would have been at odds with his vision for uni-

versities as seats of humane learning and civilised ideals.

The approach of Menzies to education reveals that he was both a traditionalist and a moderniser who strove to make education accessible to more citizens, especially women, yet at the same time, desired educational establishments to remain true to their founding character and purpose. The Australia in which Menzies brought his philosophy and approach to education was a vastly different society from that of today. Nevertheless, his vision for educational institutions to produce erudite, cultured and well-rounded graduates, with a humane understanding of their obligations, is a salutary reminder to the academy that the education business is infinitely more than just a commercial enterprise.

A university needed to be the “custodian of mental liberty and the unfettered search for truth”. For Menzies, “a rugged honesty of mind” that did not shrink from the truth when it came upon it was one of the “noblest of virtues”.

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Legalised Abortion and the Triumph of Eugenics

In America and possibly elsewhere, a debate is raging about the ethics and legality of abortion, a debate which may well be echoed here. In America, the law determining the legality of abortions throughout the country was set in 1973 by the famous *Roe v Wade* Supreme Court decision, which decided, by a seven-to-two verdict, that women have a constitutional right to the termination of their pregnancy during the first trimester, but that the states may legally restrict this right in the latter stages of pregnancy. Since 1973, abortion has also become legal in all Australian states, although with differing rules. It is also legal, and widely practised, throughout the Western world and in much of the Third World.

Although legal abortion is a major fact of social life throughout the Western world and beyond, its long-term effects have received much less attention. Through looking primarily at the situation in America and then turning to Australia, my aim is to set out these long-term effects—three in particular. First, in my view the demographic consequences of abortion have been far more significant than most people realise. Second, by one of the greatest ironies in history of the unintended consequences of a major change in policy, legalised abortions have had great eugenic consequences. Third and most controversially, the eugenic effects of legal abortion have, again in my view, been wholly beneficial to American society.

Since my third point is bound to be misunderstood, my own attitude towards this controversial subject ought to be made clear. I had no real interest in the demographic consequences of abortion before the recent American debate arose, and I have never written anything about the subject. I have never been a member of any group concerned with abortion, pro or anti. In so far as I have had any views on the subject, I have to say that abortions have always made me very uneasy, and I would say that I definitely oppose any termination of pregnancy where the foetus is viable. The aim of this article is not

to advocate what the laws on abortion ought to be, but what the societal consequences of abortion have actually been.

The demographic effects of legalised abortions on American society have been extraordinarily great, a fact which remains little known, in part, perhaps, because neither the pro-abortion lobby nor the mainstream media gives it widespread publicity. Since the *Roe v Wade* decision there have been about 60 million legal abortions in the United States, approximately the same number as the entire population of Great Britain. The number of legal abortions carried out each year in the United States is astronomical: 881,000 in 2017, the most recent year for which figures are available, about 20 per cent of all pregnancies. Even these figures understate the actual demographic consequences of legalised abortion, since they take no account of the children (and grandchildren) of the terminated who would have been born and had children had these abortions not occurred. In all likelihood, in the absence of legalised abortion, the total population of the United States would now be about 100 million greater than it is. This figure dwarfs the total number—about 44 million—of legal immigrants allowed to settle in the United States since 1973, and has arguably been the most important single factor in population change in the United States.

Second, these abortions have not been carried out randomly across the whole female population of the United States. Terminations take place disproportionately among America's black, Hispanic and poor white populations, and in particular among blacks. About 30 to 33 per cent of all abortions in the United States occur among African-Americans, who comprise 13 per cent of the total population. It is believed that, in all, about 19 million abortions have been carried out on black women since 1973. The total black population of the United States is about 40 million. Including the children and grandchildren of these 19 million who were never born, it is reasonable to assume that, without legalised

abortions, America's black population would be in the order of 70 million or even more. In some cities, the statistics for black abortions are even greater than the national average. In New York City, the number of abortions carried out on black women (about 23,400 in 2016) actually exceeded the number of live births (about 22,400 in 2016) to black women. Between 2012 and 2016, black women in New York City produced 118,127 live births, but terminated 136,426 pregnancies. In Georgia, while about 32 per cent of the total population is black, 62 per cent of abortions are carried out on black women.

Unmarried women comprise the great majority of those terminating pregnancies—about 86 per cent—with women married and in conventional households constituting only a very small minority. It is also interesting to note that despite the fact that the Catholic Church is renowned for its staunch opposition to abortion, about 24 per cent of abortions in America are carried out on Catholic women, exactly the same figure as the overall percentage of Catholics in the American population.

Given the notoriously high costs of medical care of any kind in the United States and, in particular, the spottiness of adequate medical care among the poor and ethnic minorities, it may well seem strange that blacks, especially those in big cities, who are usually perceived as synonymous with disadvantage and poverty, should undergo abortions, a serious medical procedure, at a higher rate than whites. The reason for this unexpected fact, it has been argued, is that Planned Parenthood, the major body in the United States facilitating abortions, has deliberately sited its clinics, where abortions are carried out at little or no cost, in or near black neighbourhoods, and receives an enormous budget from government and private sources—estimated at \$1.3 billion in 2014—to fund terminations for poor blacks. This point has often been made by black anti-abortion activists, one of whom said that “abortions have done more to get rid of generations [of blacks] and cripple others than all the years of slavery and lynching”. Most black leaders in America, however, strongly support the ready availability of abortion for poor black women.

More abortions are carried out on white women than on blacks. Despite this, far less research has been undertaken on terminations among white women. While the plurality of white abortions are probably carried out on poor whites, it seems likely that most occur after “one night stands”, often among high school or university students or women just entering the workforce. It might also be pointed out that it is commonly believed that up to 90 per cent of foetuses in the United States found to show symptoms of Down syndrome are

aborted, a figure that is apparently similar throughout the developed world.

The consequences of the fact that abortion has been legal in America for forty-six years have been profound. In particular, they arguably constitute the greatest experiment in positive eugenics in history, at least in a democratic country. The term “eugenics” derives from the Greek for “well-born” and “race”, and, since it was first proposed in the nineteenth century, the term has meant the advocacy of policies aimed at deliberately improving a population's desirable characteristics while eliminating its undesirable and negative ones, by such means as mandatory sterilisation of the “unfit”, criminals and the insane, bounties paid to the intelligent to marry and produce children, and the encouragement of the poor and uneducated to emigrate. (The term was coined in 1883 by Francis Galton, the polymath English statistician and sociologist.) A major element in pre-1939 programs of eugenics was their necessity for compulsion and direction by the state. A widespread international movement to enact measures of eugenics grew up in the early twentieth century, and was probably more often associated at this stage with the Left, such as many Fabian socialists in England, than with the far Right. At its heart was the fear that the “lower” and “unfit” races and groups were out-breeding the civilised and intelligent.

The entire eugenics movement was, of course, comprehensively discredited, probably forever, by the experience of Nazi Germany, whose policies of genocide and mass murder in the interests of the “master race” were paralleled by the T4 program in Germany itself, in which up to 400,000 mentally and physically handicapped persons were deliberately killed between September 1939 and the end of the Second World War. Today, it would be impossible for anyone in the mainstream seriously to advocate any eugenics-oriented policies which entailed state-directed killings, sterilisation or mandatory abortions, especially policies based on the alleged superiority of an ethnic group or nation. Most conservatives as well as leftists would strongly oppose the use of state power to enforce such policies.

Hence there is an extraordinary irony at the heart of abortion-on-demand in the United States. This policy has resulted in astronomical and unprecedented numbers of terminations. However, these have been carried out not by state power and enforced *diktat*, but purely by the voluntary choices of the women themselves. Yet nonetheless the result of this policy has been to produce far-reaching eugenicist outcomes, in many respects similar to what the advocates of this movement would have

demanding 120 years ago, which they often wished to be carried out by mandatory state direction. It has been precisely the poor, the unmarried, the non-white, and those from dysfunctional, low-life families and backgrounds who have voluntarily secured abortions in record numbers in the United States.

The effects of mass voluntary abortions upon American society during the past forty-six years have been far-reaching; but they have also arguably been profoundly beneficial. Since peaking in the early 1990s, rates of violent crime in the United States, always much higher than in other advanced industrial countries, have declined steadily. In 2001 two sociologists, John Donahue and Steven Levitt, suggested that the decline in violent crime in America was strongly correlated with the increase in abortions, their theory arguing that it was pregnant women from dysfunctional and impoverished backgrounds, disproportionately unmarried and black, who had the highest rate of abortions, and whose offspring were much more likely to become gang members and turn to violent crime; the decline in America's violent crime rate, they stated, began roughly twenty years after the *Roe v Wade* decision. Their theory strikes me as unquestionably valid, although it omits other factors which led to the decline in violent crime, from better policing to longer prison sentences to economic growth.

Some of the statistics of the decline in violent crime are virtually unbelievable. In New York City (population 8.6 million), for example, the number of murders dropped from 1,227 in 1993 to 649 in 2001 to only 295 in 2018, a decline of 85 per cent; the present murder rate in New York is only slightly higher than in many European cities. Other violent crimes have also declined drastically in this period, with, for instance, burglaries dropping by 88 per cent. As a result of this decline, entire neighbourhoods, especially in the Bronx and Brooklyn, where during the 1970s and 1980s no middle-class person in their senses would have set foot, have become gentrified, mainly because the streets are now relatively safe.

It is a fact of life that very disproportionate percentages of violent crime in America are committed by poor blacks, with 53 per cent of persons arrested for murder in 2016, 55 per cent of those arrested for robbery and 33 per cent arrested for aggravated assault, being African-Americans. The suggestion is that these figures, as bad as they are, would actually have been far worse but for *Roe v Wade*. Another

very surprising finding made by a recent sociologist is the so-called Flynn Effect, that, overall, the IQs of children in advanced countries have been rising, according to IQ tests, over the past decades—a finding which few would have postulated in advance. As with the decline in violent crime, it is reasonable to infer that, if true, this has been due in part to the termination of pregnancies among those likely to score the lowest on intelligence tests.

Another wholly negative group which has arguably seen a decline in recent years are psychopathic serial killers in America, mainly young white men, whose number may well have declined in recent decades for the same reason: while gunfire massacres still of course occur, these are believed to be less common than they were several decades ago. Many of the most notorious serial killers have come from backgrounds where abortion is now common.

For example, Charles Manson, the infamous cult leader in California, whose followers committed at least nine murders, was the son of a sixteen-year-old unmarried girl in Cincinnati. Manson's biological father is unknown, but was probably a mill hand and "con artist", who abandoned the mother when he learned she was pregnant, and was never seen again. Today, there is probably a 95 per cent likelihood that Manson would have been quickly aborted once his mother, in the same situation, learned that she was pregnant. Even the most sincere opponent of abortion can

Had the black population been significantly larger, it is doubtful that any Republican candidate would have won the presidency since George H.W. Bush in 1988.

surely see that in this case the termination of the unborn Manson would have resulted in a gain for humanity, sparing nine innocent lives and saving the taxpayer the millions of dollars needed to keep this monster in prison for nearly half a century. Similarly, Ted Bundy, probably America's most prolific serial killer, who murdered at least thirty women (some estimates put the figure at over one hundred), and who was executed in Florida in 1989, was the son of an unmarried woman in Vermont; the name of his father is unknown, the mother claiming to have been seduced by a sailor. Again, it seems a near certainty that, today, Bundy would have been quickly aborted. Many other infamous serial killers in America have come from similar backgrounds.

The liberalisation of abortion has also had a very significant impact upon America's political outcomes. Had the black population been significantly larger, it is doubtful that any Republican candidate would have won the presidency since George H.W.

Bush in 1988. His son, George W. Bush, received half a million fewer votes than the Democratic candidate Al Gore at the 2000 election, but won by one electoral vote, thanks to coming out ahead in Florida by 537 disputed votes. Had a significantly larger number of blacks voted, it is unlikely that Bush would have carried Florida or been elected. In 2016, Donald Trump was unexpectedly elected president, despite receiving 2.9 million fewer votes than Hillary Clinton, who piled up massive majorities in liberal states like California and New York, but lost narrowly in enough states for Trump to win. Trump carried Michigan by only 10,704 votes and Wisconsin by 22,748 votes, putting him over the top in electoral votes. According to detailed survey analysis, 88 per cent of blacks voted for Clinton. Blacks comprised 12 per cent of all voters; had the black population been even marginally greater, Clinton would have been elected. Similarly, without the demographic effects of abortion, there would have been perhaps another twenty to thirty blacks in the US House of Representatives, probably giving the Democrats a permanent majority. Most of these would probably have been elected in normally Republican seats in the South. America's cities would probably not have experienced a decline in violent crime, and racial tensions would have grown, along with the welfare rolls.

The situation in Australia exhibits some similarities with America, but clearly not in the same far-reaching form. Laws regarding abortion vary from state to state, and are arguably more restrictive than in America. The number of abortions carried

out in Australia is unclear, with comprehensive figures published only for South Australia and Western Australia. Projecting these figures nationally, it has been estimated that about 70,000 to 73,000 terminations were performed in 2017, compared with 305,000 live births, which suggests that about 19 per cent of pregnancies here are terminated. Little can be inferred about the socio-economic status of Australian women who obtain abortions. In South Australia, 81 per cent of abortions occur in metropolitan areas. In Western Australia, the abortion rate is lower among Aborigines (12.2 per 1000 women) than among non-Aborigines (17.6 per 1000 women).

Unlike the United States, Australia lacks a large section of the population strongly associated with violent crime: arguably only two small ethnic groups, Lebanese Muslims in Sydney and South Sudanese in Melbourne, have recently been connected in the popular mind with violent crime. Nor does it have much of a persisting record of psychopathic serial killing, with the Port Arthur massacre of 1996 being the most infamous of a handful of such events. Australia has no equivalent of America's Second Amendment giving citizens the "right to bear arms", while Port Arthur resulted in severe restrictions on the sale of guns and rifles. For these reasons, much more research is needed to clarify the effects of abortion on recent Australian society.

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Style notes #4

Assessing my dress this a.m.
 I just apply one simple test;
 Were I to bump into Sarah
 Would she be aghast or impressed,
 Or mutely, but deeply, depressed
 By the barbarous way that I'm dressed?
 On the whole, I think for the best,
 I sadly return to its chest
 That scarlet and green tartan vest.

Peter Jeffrey

Feminist Rhetoric and the Ordination of Women

In March 1992, I attended a historic event: the ordination of Australia's first Anglican women priests. Not long before the event, I was gathered with the other clergy around Archbishop Peter Carnley when he announced his intention to ordain them without waiting for the Appellate Tribunal, the Church's High Court, to offer its view on the legality of doing so. The time for waiting was over, he said, the Holy Spirit was speaking through him! In his ordination homily, he used feminist rhetoric to frame his message: this was about rescuing the suicidal woman, trapped in the attic against her will, madly peeling away the yellowed wallpaper. What's beneath this rhetoric: justice, equality, freedom, the Gospel, clerical power, or just an unpapered wall?

Kay Goldsworthy can tell us. She was ordained in that first group of women. In May 2008, she was installed as Assistant Bishop in Perth. In March 2015, she was installed as Bishop of Gippsland. In February 2018, she was installed as Archbishop of Perth. As the first female archbishop in the Anglican Communion, Kay will probably be elected Primate one day. When that happens, within progressive circles there will be air-punching, virtue-signalling and, within politically correct boundaries, appropriate touching, although the novelty of a female Primate is already somewhat passé. Given the current dire state of the Church, other issues are more important than feminism, like preaching Christ faithfully to the nations, not the various versions of Christ we invent for our social and political purposes.

According to the public record, Kay is progressive. She voted for same-sex marriage in the postal survey. As Bishop of Gippsland, she appointed an openly gay priest in a same-sex relationship. In July 2017, along with the bishops of Bendigo, North Queensland, and Willochra, she co-signed a letter to the Primate requesting an investigation into the legality of the Archbishop of Sydney, and the bishops of Tasmania and North West Australia,

participating in the June 2017 consecration of Andy Lines as the Anglican Church of North America's first Missionary Bishop for Europe. A conservative province, the ACNA is not in communion with Canterbury but is affiliated with the Global Anglican Future Conference (GAFCON) and the Global South.

The co-signatories believe this action "raises fundamental questions of ecclesiology". A failure to determine its legality means "our fellowship in the college of Bishops will be gravely impaired". They ask the Appellate Tribunal to offer its view, pursuant to S.63(1) of the Church's constitution. In co-signing the letter, Kay was doing many things: making a statement about how female clerics use institutional power when they obtain it, firing a salvo in an ecclesiastical power game disguised as the Body of Christ, aligning herself with progressives against conservatives, while hiding behind a confected concern for Church unity.

Currently, apart from a conservative minority, most of the Anglican Church of Australia is indistinguishable from the progressive Left, hence the virtue-signalling way it promotes issues such as women's ordination and LGBTQ+ rights. It interprets Scripture in a Machiavellian fashion to further its progressive agenda. It uses its institutional power to harass its opponents. This is what the letter Kay Goldsworthy co-signed is really about.

In a letter of June 2017, the conservative Archbishop of Sydney, Glenn Davies, justified his actions to the College of Bishops. He noted a precedent from 1984, when his predecessor, Donald Robinson, was asked to consecrate Dudley Foord as bishop in the Church of England in South Africa. Robinson decided any irregularity, in consecrating a bishop for a Church with Anglican polity not in communion with Canterbury, was overridden by gospel imperatives. Davies was purposefully defending the Bible's teaching on marriage "not merely for the sake of correct doctrine, but that we might preserve the message of the gospel for the

salvation of all”.

Progressive Anglicans, who currently dominate the Church’s power structures, either stopped believing in the gospel of salvation a long time ago, or confuse it with their partisan programs, and they dislike conservative Anglicans more than they fear the Church’s enemies. So, the Church is fighting the culture wars on internal and external fronts. Conservative Anglicans are more considered. Sydney is a legalistic diocese. Davies is on solid ground. His actions were carefully thought through. In a footnote, he refers to an article by Mark Smith at the *Church Society* blog which argues that Andy Lines’s consecration does not violate Canons 15 and 16 of the Council of Nicaea (325 AD).

In theory, women’s ordination should not depend on feminist rhetoric. In practice, its rationale cannot be separated from feminist rhetoric. Feminists lament the absence of a theology of female ordination, which is true, yet there is no theology of male ordination either. There are only historical traditions evolved from observed biological facts, one of which is how male headship is Apollonian while female headship is Dionysian.

This is where things get difficult, since the idea of the sexes having traditional complementary roles can no longer be spoken about in the public forum. Third Wave Feminists insist that sex and gender are functionally independent and gender is socially constructed.

Since men and women are not constrained by biology, women can and should do anything men do. All that is required to create this utopia is a state and a church acting as agents for Cultural Marxism and Third Wave Feminism.

Of course, feminists will insist that any evaluation of women’s ordination—its key performance indicators; its outcome measures—must be conducted by feminists using their rhetoric, since this is a women’s issue, and we’ve heard enough from men.

So how’s all this going?

All rhetoric is an attempt to persuade, which means rhetoricians follow journalists in stretching and spinning the truth. This is why Plato suspected the Sophists as well as the Poets and would have suspected the twenty-first-century media too. Platonic suspicion of sophistry, the original form of rhetoric, prevailed until the

Counter-Enlightenment displaced and banished the Enlightenment. Now we live in a world of competing sophistries, where all truth-claims are suspect unless they support whatever is floating around the Sophist’s echo chamber. This lack of a stable definition of truth is a side-effect of the culture wars waged by those who control our institutions, including the Church.

Culture-war rhetoric stresses intersectionality: the ways in which interlocking systems of power oppress individuals by class, race, sexual orientation, age, creed, disability and gender. By this measure everyone non-white and non-male is everywhere and always a victim. In using feminist rhetoric, when ordaining Australia’s first female priests, Carnley cast himself as a hero rescuing women from oppression and striking a blow for justice, equality, freedom and empowerment.

Of course, this is also biblical rhetoric, although there’s an unbridgeable gulf between what believers and feminists mean by justice, equality, freedom and empowerment. For believers, they are what flow from living by biblical precepts. For feminists, they are endless confected debates about inequality. What happens when these two forms of rhetoric conflict? If one side appeals to covenant responsibilities, the other side appeals to human rights, which is looking increasingly like a menu of choices, or perhaps a shopping list.

Nearly four-fifths of Australia’s twenty-three Anglican dioceses

now ordain women to the priesthood. The few that don’t still ordain women to the diaconate, an important and worthy ministry in itself. So, have the causes of justice, equality, freedom and empowerment been served? In theory, yes, as there is ample opportunity for female vocations to be fulfilled. Any woman with a vocation can present herself to a diocese that ordains women to the priesthood, and she can still be ordained to the diaconate in those dioceses that don’t. In practice, no, as feminist rhetoric demands those recalcitrant dioceses be brought into line, since they are out of step with a nebulous something called community standards.

Feminist rhetoric is propagated by the manipulation of public perceptions through schools, universities, the media and the arts. Anyone trained to interpret texts—how plots are constructed, how signs are arranged, how subtexts operate—can see this for what it is: the drama of female identity and the theatre of female choice. In this mimetic

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world, which imitates reality without being real, the trope of oppressed woman struggling against her victimhood, so she can act out her freedom, is a propaganda device to promote anything from social justice to lifestyle advertising. The famous Virginia Slims ads did this superbly. You've come a long way, baby, to get where you've got to today. You have your own cigarette now, baby. What's next on your shopping list?

In this manipulated tradition of socially-conscious media and arts, we see and hear everywhere the representation of victim and oppressor. We live in a civilisation of depicted suffering, in family and social life, and among intersectional identities. The problem with this propaganda is the debasement of its currency and how deceptively it is contrived. As Dame Muriel Spark once said, it cheats us into a sense of involvement with life and society, when it is really a segregated and segregating activity.

Women are oppressed by patriarchy, so we are told, but is this an accurate description of observed reality or biological fact? It is, if you believe the sophistries of academia, journalism and art. Since the late nineteenth century, the genres of realism, naturalism and modernism have described Judaism and Christianity as agents of patriarchy that distort female identity, hence revealed religion is portrayed as something to be avoided or overcome. Once upon a time, art dealt with the unhappy consequences of breaking the moral code. Now the moral code has been replaced by a menu of choices, or a shopping list. It's all about you, Virginia Slim, what else would you like with your sexy new cigarette?

Attaching women's ordination to feminist rhetoric is small-minded and mean-spirited. The overwhelming majority of women are not feminists, and feminism has long since become ideologically bankrupt. The rhetoric about women not being men, and men being the source of all evil—from colonialism to climate change to child abuse—goes nowhere, offers no solutions, and tells us nothing about female responsibility. When commenting on the shallowness of International Women's Day, Janet Albrechtsen wrote: "Female advancement would get a terrific boost if women did more than jump in front of a camera to declare their moral virtue by poking fun at men."

If we are to evaluate women's ordination meaningfully then non-feminist language should be used. Attacks on conservatives being out of step with community standards are misleading and irrelevant. Invocations of community standards often smell like veiled threats. Also, the Church exists to be counter-cultural, which is the opposite of bowing to the zeitgeist. This is why the letter Kay co-signed was so disingenuous. It was

a strategic move in a power game hiding behind constitutionalism.

Neither male nor female

The rhetoric Carnley used in his ordination homily was about freeing the madwoman in the attic while acknowledging that patriarchy constructed her identity, sent her insane, and locked her away. Like all rhetorical propositions that stretch and spin the truth, this one rests on the shifting sands of many debates around which Western self-understanding revolves: nature–nurture, rationality–irrationality, freedom–necessity, religion–science, patriarchy–matriarchy. At many points, these debates revolve around sophistry, which means their rhetoric depends on accepting logical fallacies as true.

If there is no theology of female ordination, or male ordination either, what's the Church saying when it ordains women to the priesthood? That women and men are equal rather than complementary? That there are no biological differences between them? That gender is fluid, so men can become women, and women can become men? When the rhetoric surrounding women's ordination is laid bare, there is nothing to see apart from a culture of anti-discrimination which now outlaws all distinctions between categories.

Over the years, there have been many arguments in favour of women's ordination. Early on in the movement, much was said about positive female attributes: nurturing, intuitiveness, peace-making, consensus-building, collective decision-making, emotional intelligence. It was once hoped women would bring these hypothetical attributes to the priesthood, allowing them to model the feminine aspect of God. Where is this rhetoric now? Why has it disappeared? Has it suddenly become untrue, or just politically incorrect? The disappearance is easily explained. Feminists now insist these non-male attributes, once attributed to the female realm, are intrinsic to male constructions of female identity, hence they are intrinsic to patriarchy and must be banned.

Feminist hermeneutics—the term given to feminist interpretations of Scripture—has two broad agendas: first, to critique the male bias of Christian theology; second, to discover or unearth an alternative historical tradition that supports the full personhood of woman—whatever *personhood* means—and her inclusion in leadership roles in Church and Society. The intention here is not to supplement the male tradition but to replace it with new norms for interpreting what is true and false about it. Most feminist theologians are suspicious

about the usefulness of traditional feminine concepts in theology—such as Wisdom, Mariology and Mother Church—even when filtered through an affirming Jungian typology, because these are now understood to be the shadow side of male domination.

All feminist evaluations of Scripture proceed from three principal moves. First, *deconstruction*, or reading what runs counter to the intended meaning and structural unity of a text. Second, *retrieval*, or discovering what the text may have suppressed or erased (reclaiming what Foucault calls “subjugated knowledges”). Third, *reconstruction*, or reconstructing the text to make it acceptable to feminists, which is of course a mug’s game. The French philosopher Paul Ricoeur coined the term “hermeneutics of suspicion” to capture the common spirit pervading Marx, Freud and Nietzsche, which situates all interpretation within a Counter-Enlightenment context. This context is how feminist hermeneutics becomes inseparable from Cultural Marxism.

If it’s difficult to see common ground between feminist hermeneutics and biblical belief, it’s easy to see the link between feminist hermeneutics and the culture wars. Feminist hermeneutics is now hegemonic across all non-STEM disciplines and is imposing its ironfisted will everywhere. Its precepts are accepted as true and its language is mandatory. This hegemony means it is no longer acceptable to believe in traditional Christianity, the theory of evolution, the idea of Nature, or any male description of human biology, since these have all become “mansplaining”.

Katharine Jefferts Schori, Presiding Bishop of the US Episcopal Church from 2006 to 2015, once preached in Caracas on Acts 16. After the obligatory praising of diversity, and ritually noting a human tendency to devalue “otherness”, she interpreted Paul freeing the slave girl as an example of patriarchal oppression and intolerance: “Paul is annoyed, perhaps, for being put in his place, and he responds by depriving her of her gift of spiritual awareness. Paul can’t abide something he won’t see as beautiful or holy, so he tries to destroy it.”

Now it beggars belief that any member of the historical episcopate would interpret the demonic possession of a slave girl as something “beautiful and holy”. In freeing the girl, her owners are robbed of their income, so they complain to the authorities,

and Paul gets thrown into prison. To Jefferts Schori his imprisonment is just: “That’s pretty much where he put himself by his own refusal to recognise that she too shares in God’s nature, just as much as he does—maybe more so!” Jefferts Schori rejoices that a mid-first-century Philippian version of the thought police had the good sense to imprison patriarchal Paul for his non-Jungian intolerance of Satan.

Jefferts Schori is an object lesson for what happens when feminism obtains power, becomes hegemonic, and Christian life becomes one long Kavanaugh Senate hearing.

Jefferts Schori’s tenure as Presiding Bishop was highly controversial and marked by unprecedented schism. At her direction, the US Episcopal Church initiated lawsuits against departing dioceses and parishes. She spent vast sums of money on punitive measures against conservatives. She established a policy whereby the properties of departing congregations could not be sold back to them. Under this policy, some of these properties were sold to Muslims, below market price, and turned into mosques, while the former Christian owners were forced to relinquish their equity and buy new property elsewhere. She is a supporter of LGBTQ+ rights, same-sex marriage and abortion. She epitomises feminism’s abuse of power.

In her opening address to the 2009 General Convention, Jefferts Schori said: “the great Western heresy—is that we can be saved as individuals, that any of us alone can be in right relationship with God”. This collectivist feminist talking point—it takes a commu-

nity for salvation to occur—is pure hubris, yet it characterises the methodology of most theological theses based on feminist rhetoric. There is little else to this talking point apart from included and empowered females lamenting female exclusion and disempowerment.

The paradox of feminist hermeneutics, like the paradox of women’s ordination, is propelled by the idea that the Church must change, yet its institutional structures must remain the same. The Church is contracting, precisely because of the hollowness of progressive ideology and the poverty of feminist rhetoric, but it must now support a growing female hierarchy with special needs. As such, feminism is colonial in a post-colonial way, or imperialistic in a post-imperial way. The paradox is this: women

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are coming to power in the Church precisely at a moment of contraction and existential threat. In responding to this threat, the Church should be proclaiming Christ faithfully to the nations, not getting distracted by the shopping list of feminist choices. Jesus isn't a protagonist in the drama of female identity. Christianity isn't *Hedda Gabler* or *A Doll's House* or *Ghosts*.

Jefferts Schori has done enormous damage to the Anglican Communion at a critical moment. She should have preached the Kerygma, the good news, not a feminist exegesis of why the Kerygma is bad because it was described and disseminated by males. Her malicious persecution of conservatives, in such a publicly humiliating way, was appalling.

Wherever Anglicanism exists, its governing structures mirror each nation's constitutional structures. For this reason, what Jefferts Schori did in the US would be harder to do in Australia, given the Church's Westminster-style governance here. In spite of this, the culture wars are just as strong in Australia, as are the demands of feminist rhetoric. The struggle between progressives and conservatives is real, whether it occurs in the US or Australia. This is the real back-story of those two letters: the one co-signed by Kay Goldsworthy in July 2017; the other from Glenn Davies of June 2017. The issue at stake, the consecration of Andy Lines as a Missionary Bishop for Europe, is really about progressives using institutional power to contain the growing influence of GAFCON and the Global South.

Confected anxieties about "fundamental questions of ecclesiology" and "gravely impaired fellowship" within the College of Bishops are smokescreens for progressives' fear of losing control of the agenda. Up to this point, their business plan has focused on bowing to the zeitgeist, chasing after secularism, and thumbing their noses at the Diocese of Sydney. The problem with this is now obvious. Even

if the Church says yes to the progressive Left's every demand, not one person will turn to Christ. On the contrary, many will turn away and tune out. The data about this paints a grim story. Liberal Protestant denominations are shrinking. Bible-based churches are growing. Glenn Davies knows this. So does everyone involved with GAFCON and the Global South.

Wrapped in their cosy bubble of God's love, which is all-embracing, non-judgmental, and makes no moral demands, progressives champion diversity, inclusion, the drama of female identity, the showbag of human rights. They use the Church as a bully pulpit as they try to stop the pendulum swinging away from their grasp.

We may never know what was going on in Bishop Goldsworthy's mind when she signed that letter in July 2017. She must have known she was involving herself in the eccesiological equivalent of factional politics. What will happen when she becomes Primate, as she inevitably will? Will she preach the Kerygma or will she preach feminist hermeneutics and social justice? Moore Theological College often offers conferences and workshops on Christ-centred expository preaching. She might want to check them out.

Paul makes a critical point in Galatians 3:28 which the Church has always accepted as true: "There is no longer Jew or Greek, there is no longer slave or free, there is no longer male or female; for all of you are one in Christ Jesus." The followers of Jesus have always been one in Christ. Most women in the Church know this, except disgruntled feminists. Women's ordination adds nothing to this truth and, ironically, takes something away from it.

Michael Giffin is a priest in the Anglican Diocese of Sydney. He wrote on GAFCON in the article "Anglicanism's Crisis and Its Joyous Counter-Rebellion" in the April issue.

At Crawley

These children playing
 On the grass above the still blue river
 With its black swans, sparkle of shells
 And flashing silver of bait-fish
 Cannot guess
 What memories they are storing up.

Hal G.P. Colebatch

MARK HENDRICKX

Climb the Rock Now While You Still Can

In a few months time one of the most exhilarating, awe-inspiring experiences of the natural world, the climb up Ayers Rock, will be banned. With the ban, Australia will become the only nation to outlaw awe and wonder. The park board ignores the actions and words of past traditional owners who climbed the Rock and supported visitors climbing. What sort of malicious organisation would ban access to a place that has generated so much joy?

In regard to its name, the Rock at the heart of our country has two: Uluru and Ayers Rock. The dual naming recognises a shared history, and officially either name may be used, together or separately. The name Uluru recognises the 4000-year cultural attachment to the rock of its Anangu owners. The name Ayers Rock celebrates European discovery and scientific advancement.

I strongly believe that visitors to our national parks should be free to use established public spaces and walking trails without being fettered by irrational religious beliefs or petty bureaucratic restrictions and regulations that serve no useful purpose other than to make life easier for underworked officials. Wouldn't it be so much easier for Parks Australia and their state equivalents if the public simply stopped intruding and exploring these magnificent natural places that they pay for with their taxes!

There is still time to make a difference and ensure this life-affirming experience is available to future generations. About 60 per cent of visitors to the Rock have done the climb. We need to ensure future generations also have this wonderful opportunity to engage with the natural world and see those summit views that are protected by a United Nations World Heritage listing.

Since 1991 the Board of Management of the Uluru Kata Tjuta National Park in concert with Parks Australia have been disseminating many falsehoods about the climb up Ayers Rock. My book *A Guide to Climbing Ayers Rock*, in exploring the history of the world's most famous hill climb, explodes

these myths and shows conclusively that past traditional owners climbed and supported visitors climbing, that the climb is a safe activity with little risk to responsible visitors, and that it is still an activity that many visitors want to undertake. Just about everything Parks Australia and the park board say about the climb is a myth—even what they say about the weather can't be trusted.

Respecting the traditional owners

As you approach the base of the western climbing spur you will face a sign that purportedly expresses the views of the traditional peoples of Uluru, the Pitjantjatjara, Yankunytjatjara and Ngaanyatjarra people, who these days call themselves "Anangu". The sign reads, "Under our traditional law climbing is not permitted". If you read the official guide book you are told that "Due to cultural reasons Anangu do not climb Uluru". In the 1990 management plan this was expressed in the form, "We never climb".

It doesn't take much research to work out that this "We never climb" message is false. There is a rich history of Aboriginal people climbing the rock, and it goes back to the very first humans to arrive in the Red Centre about 30,000 years ago. These pre-Anangu peoples, who did not share Anangu culture but like all humans shared a curiosity about the natural world, likely climbed during the last ice age and watched the end of the megafauna and the climate change with the surrounding dune fields stabilised by vegetation during the early Holocene. They left their mark in the form of rock carvings—marks the Anangu believe were done by dreamtime spirits. Anangu culture emerged around Uluru about 4000 years ago. We know this because their creation myths include the dingo, which was brought to Australia from Asia around that time. We know Anangu climbed for generations.

Elders climbed with the anthropologist Charles Mountford in the 1940s, 1950s and 1960s and shared

stories about summit features that had been passed down for generations. In the 1940s tourists wanting to climb would be guided by local Anangu men. The most famous of these guides was Tiger Tjalkalyirri, who guided Lou Borgelt and Arthur Groom to the summit. Borgelt's visit is preserved in some colour film footage recently restored by the Lutheran Archives. A highlight of Borgelt's film is the camaraderie between tourist and guides. Such goodwill is missing from the confected, highly regulated and politically correct tours at our modern UluRules.

Many past visitors who climbed have recounted having no problems with local traditional owners. In 1969 David Hewitt, a long-term Northern Territory resident who worked with Aboriginal people in the Ayers Rock area for decades, climbed with the daughters of Anangu elders, which busts the myth put out by the board that the climb is for men only. In the 1970s it was made clear by the man recognised as the principal owner of the Rock, Paddy Uluru, that traditional people climbed it.

Derek Roff lived at the Rock with his family between 1968 and 1985. The longest-serving ranger at the park, in the 1990s he gave a comprehensive interview with the Northern Territory Oral History Unit about his experiences managing the park. He reveals all about Aboriginal attitudes to climbing. In his seventeen years managing the park he says that tourists' climbing was never raised as an issue by traditional owners. In relation to traditional owners climbing he says:

Paddy Uluru used to tell me about climbing the Rock. It seemed to me that it was mainly the senior, traditional people who climbed, rather than everybody. But there was no doubt about it, that ceremonies were carried out in certain areas up there, that people did climb it. I'm just trying to think of the name of the Aboriginal people who went up with Mountford ... Lively Pakalinga, Nipper's brother, older brother. He climbed it with Mountford, and explained some of the stories up there and what-have-you. So, I must say, certainly it was climbed—not maybe by everybody, but certainly by the traditional people.

The board of management owes the Australian people an explanation for the many decades they have spread their never-climb message.

People who climb these days are told they are

disrespecting the views of traditional owners. While they are certainly disrespecting the views of the park board and the misguided bureaucrats of park management, in climbing they are in fact respecting the views of owners who were born at the Rock and had lived a traditional life—men more aware of their customs, their land and its laws about access to the summit than the current board made up of people who have come from elsewhere.

Tiger Tjalkalyirri, the first climbing guide, should have a statue erected in his honour at the base of the climb for helping to bring two cultures together. Tiger was able to walk with one foot in each world, his traditional world and the new world being imposed by the tide of history. Tiger's voice, singing traditional songs and telling stories, is preserved in the National Library. At the Rock he was a great entertainer and encouraged visitors to climb. In an omission that shows great disrespect, his name and deeds are not mentioned in the current plan of management or in any official tourist information about the park.

In the 1970s Paddy Uluru was the man in charge of the park. Derek Roff was the ranger but on Aboriginal issues he was guided by

Paddy. In an interview with Alice Springs journalist Edwin Chlanda, Paddy stated, "If tourists are stupid enough to climb the Rock, they're welcome to it." He also said "the physical act of climbing was of no cultural interest".

In the early 1970s Derek Roff asked the traditional owners if there were any areas around Uluru they wanted closed to the public. Paddy consulted with thirty-five owners and came back to Roff with just one site: Warayuki, the men's initiation cave. Roff promptly acted to close public access to this area by erecting a fence and signs. This work was recorded in 1975 by the ABC current affairs program *This Day Tonight*. The reporter, Grahame Wilson, interviewed Paddy's brother Toby Naninga. He asked: "Aside from Warayuki, do you mind tourists going anywhere else?" Toby replied that anywhere else was all right. He later joined Derek Roff's staff of rangers working for the Northern Territory Conservation Council.

So aside from Warayuki "anywhere else is all right". I'd argue that guided access to Warayuki would be a wonderful opportunity to share Anangu beliefs with visitors in the same way visitors are permitted access to the inner sanctums and altars of other religions. These ideas and beliefs belong to all of humanity and deserve to be shared.

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Climbing not only respects the views of traditional owners but also the views of land councils. There was considerable animosity between the Northern Territory government and the Hawke federal Labor government about the handover of the rock to traditional owners in the 1980s. The Territory government had argued the handover would effectively end tourism at the park. The federal minister at the time, Clyde Holding, sought assurances from the powerful Central Land Council and Pitjantjatjara Land Council and got this telex from them in November 1983:

Before the facts are further muddied in the NT election campaign it is essential that the position of the traditional Aboriginal owners is clearly stated.

- The Aboriginal people have always recognised the legitimate tourist interest in the national park.
- They have always supported the concepts of leasing back the park to the Commonwealth.
- They have consistently asserted that the park will always be available for the benefit of all Australians.
- They have always supported a joint management scheme in which Aboriginal, conservationist and tourist interests would be represented.
- They have no intention of unreasonably limiting access to Uluru National Park.
- Basically for the visiting tourist it will be business as usual.
- Any rare and limited restrictions necessary for ceremonial purposes are likely to be confined to those sites already registered as sacred by the NT Government's own Sacred Sites Authority (and already subject to restrictions).
- Such ceremonies should be respected as a vital part of traditional Aboriginal life.
- The Aboriginal traditional owners believe that Aboriginal ownership and involvement in Uluru substantially enhances the commercial tourist potential of the park.
- The Yulara project will not be affected by Aboriginal ownership of Uluru. The Aboriginal people have expressed no interest in seeking to operate motels within the national park.
- Indeed, Aboriginal traditional owners welcome the Yulara project in that it locates tourists away from their local Mutitjulu community and thereby reduces the impact of thousands of tourists a year on their way of life.

- It follows that the granting of title to the Aboriginal traditional owners will not jeopardise investment in the Yulara operation.

The Hawke initiative is an excellent measure which recognises the long standing spiritual attachment of the Aboriginal people to this area whilst preserving the interests of tourists and conservationists in the park.

So not only were the words and actions of a few owners supportive of the climb, but climbing also had the support of the land councils—"for the visiting tourist it will be business as usual". At the time, before Parks Australia's nanny-state closure protocols came into being, about 75 per cent of visitors climbed.

The board tells us that Tjukurpa, the Anangu belief system, is unchanging. Based on the views of the old men who were born at the Rock and were well versed in the land and its laws and who supported the climb, either Tjukurpa is as open to change as any other system of belief, or the current board in its malicious act of banning the climb is effectively committing an act of blasphemy.

Safety

There are many more myths about the climb, and chief among them is the notion that climbing is not safe. If you can't discourage them with political correctness then scare them with disinformation about safety. In its "Fact Sheet" about the climb, Parks Australia states:

The climb is physically demanding and can be dangerous. At least 35 people have died while attempting to climb Uluru and many others have been injured. At 348 metres, Uluru is higher than the Eiffel Tower, as high as a 95-storey building. The climb is very steep and can be very slippery. It can be very hot at any time of the year and strong wind gusts can hit the summit or slopes at any time. Every year people are rescued by park rangers, many suffering serious injuries such as broken bones, heat exhaustion and extreme dehydration.

The five memorial plaques at the base of the climb, hidden away just to the south of the start, commemorate the first five tourists to die climbing the rock. In an act of destruction on par with the Taliban's destruction of the Bamiyan Buddhas, Parks Australia and the park board, against anything written in the current management plan, are moving to destroy the plaques, along with the climbing chain and the summit monument, after

the ban comes into force. These acts of destruction are proceeding with the approval of the current government. The summit monument has appeared in millions of summit photos and would celebrate its fiftieth anniversary in 2020. The directional plaques on the monument guide visitors to views listed as World Heritage. In these perverse actions Parks Australia and the park board have placed this heritage in danger.

Like the idea that traditional owners never climb, assertions about safety also don't stand up to close scrutiny. There are a number of ways to tackle this misrepresentation. Arthur Groom described the climb before the chain was installed in 1947 as "nothing else but a strenuous and spectacular uphill walk" and that description still fits for experienced bush walkers. People of all ages have climbed, including eighty-year-old grandmother Sarah Esnouf, who climbed without the assistance of the chain in 1957 as part of the Petticoat Safari, a TAA tour of women of all ages that highlighted the wonder of a visit to the Red Centre. Children as young as four have climbed unassisted under the watchful eyes of their parents.

The real myth about safety is in the numbers. Parks Australia claims thirty-five people have died on the Rock since the first in 1962. I tried to obtain details of these deaths including the names, where people were from, how old they were and where on the Rock they died, but Parks Australia was unable to produce any data. In November 2017 in an interview the park manager Mike Misso provided an insight into those figures: "Yeah, look over 30 people are known to have died from climbing, and what I mean by that, people could, um, you know, potentially climb it, go to the resort and then you know, could have a heart attack later." So Parks Australia bases its figures on people who *potentially* climbed the Rock and died sometime later in the resort. I can see why they decided against providing the data.

My own research has provided evidence for eighteen deaths on the Rock—six from falls and twelve related to heart failure. One woman and five men, all under the age of thirty-two, have fallen to their deaths. The twelve heart attacks were all suffered by men, one of whom was forty-four and the rest over fifty-two. There have only been two deaths on the Rock this century, in 2010 and in 2018, a few weeks before I climbed with my daughters. The same number of deaths have occurred to

tourists at Kata Tjuta, but Parks Australia and the board are not proposing to close walks there.

The alarming description from Parks Australia doesn't seem so scary and it falls to pieces when one looks in more detail at the actual risks. An analysis of the risks associated with climbing provides a stunning rebuke to Parks propaganda that the climb is dangerous. For responsible climbers under the age of fifty there has only been one death. Given 75 per cent of the 7 million people who have climbed fit into this category the risk in micromorts (the micromort is a unit of risk defined as a one-in-a-million chance of death from a given

activity) is just 0.2 micromorts. For responsible climbers over fifty there are eleven deaths from 1.75 million climbers, providing a risk of 6.3 micromorts. The average risk for climbers is just 1.7 micromorts. The same risk can be provided by the following activities: driving a car 800 kilometres; riding a motorbike just two kilometres; flying 3000 kilometres; flying to Ayers Rock from Sydney provides the same risk as the climb. For comparison, the climb up Mount Fuji carries a risk of 15 micromorts. Typical daily exposure for all causes of death amounts to about 20 micromorts per day (one in 50,000). For people

under fifty, undertaking the climb represents just 1 per cent of the average daily risk.

It is clear when you look at the facts that Parks Australia and the park board have grossly exaggerated the risks of the climb to serve their own warped agenda and the warped views of the current board of management.

The proportion climbing

Another myth about the climb is that less than 20 per cent of visitors want to do it. Again this myth can be busted by simply observing action on the climb on those rare occasions when park rangers decide the clear blue skies and mild morning temperatures make it obvious there is no excuse to keep the gate closed.

The 20 per cent figure is one of the great fallacies about the climb. It is simply due to the fact that Parks Australia nanny-state closure protocols, those UluRules, keep the climb closed 80 per cent of the time. Most of the time visitors simply do not have the choice unless they break the law. The ridiculous closure protocols, enforced by rangers who in the absence of working meteorological instruments at

The climb, chain, memorial plaques and the summit monument are items of universal cultural heritage significance that Parks Australia under law is required to preserve, manage and maintain.

the summit are forced to guess the weather, mean the climb is fully open, from sunrise to sunset, only 10 per cent of the time. Only on those days can a reasonable gauge be made of visitor intentions. Despite the many years of propaganda about the climb and the cautious closure protocols, the overall proportion of visitors who have climbed is about 60 per cent.

To clarify the actual numbers, Parks Australia installed climbing counters between 2011 and 2015. There were many problems with these. Counters under-reported climbers by an astonishing 30 per cent and equipment failures meant many days went unrecorded, including most of 2014.

The actual data, sourced via a freedom-of-information request, paints a different picture from that put out by Parks Australia and the board. On those days when the climb is open from sunrise to sunset and visitors have a full choice of activities, on average, allowing for under-reporting, 44 per cent still choose to climb, and those numbers show no trend over the sampling period.

There is still time

The facts presented above do not make it into any official Parks Australia publications. The board does not celebrate past owners who climbed and had no issue with visitors climbing. This is in breach of the lease agreement for the park. Section 17 (2) states:

The lease covenants that the flora, fauna, cultural heritage, and natural environment of the Park shall be preserved, managed and maintained according to the best comparable management practices for National Parks anywhere in the world or where no comparable management practices exist, to the highest standards practicable.

The climb, chain, memorial plaques and the summit monument are items of universal cultural heritage significance that Parks Australia under law is required to preserve, manage and maintain.

By their actions it is clear Parks Australia and the board inhabit a dark alternative Orwellian universe, one in which the “highest standards of management” somehow provide the means to ban the climb and destroy our collective cultural heritage. Where there should be a statue to honour legends like Tiger and Derek there will be more UluRules complete with a fence, and the prospect of severe punishment; a metaphor for ignorance and closed minds.

As I write there are only about 200 days left before Parks Australia and the board ban the climb and destroy the chain, the five memorial plaques (did they ask or even inform the relatives?) and destroy the summit monument. There is still time to force the government to overturn this ridiculous decision that in the long term will hurt the traditional owners.

What can you do? Get informed, share this article, buy my book, visit the Right to Climb blog (<http://righttoclimb.blogspot.com>) and spread the message that the many myths about the climb have been busted and it's time for Parks Australia and the board to own up to their deceptions. Write your local member. Donate to our legal fund at Gofundme (www.gofundme.com/savetheclimb). We will be fighting a bureaucratic behemoth with infinitely deep pockets, and a legal challenge employing the best QCs and barristers will require significant funds in order to have a chance of success.

Seven million people from all over the world have climbed Ayers Rock, revelling in the beauty and majesty of the summit views and exhilarating in the physicality of the climb. We owe it to their descendants and the descendants and relatives of Tiger, Paddy and Toby to fight to ensure the climb remains open so millions more can experience the same wonder and joy.

Marc Hendrickx is a geologist and the author of [A Guide to Climbing Ayers Rock](#), published last December by Connor Court. He wrote “The Ban on Climbing Ayers Rock is Immoral and Illegal” in the April 2018 issue.

BOOKS, ARTS & LIFE

How Diversity Narrows the Mind

GRAHAM CUNNINGHAM

The Diversity Delusion: How Race and Gender Pandering Corrupt the University and Undermine Our Culture

by Heather Mac Donald

St Martin's Press, 2018, 288 pages, \$57.99

T*he Diversity Delusion* by Heather Mac Donald is an invaluable resource of myth-busting fact and a reality check on the siren calls of identity-based “social justice” now so insistent in Western society. Detailed, rigorous and copious, it is a devastating expose of “how race and gender pandering corrupt the university and undermine our culture”. To be a believer in personal responsibility in the contemporary West is to be continually assailed by invocations to feel guilty about the—largely baseless—alleged grievances of an ever-growing list of “victims of society”. This competitive victimhood narrative originated in academia but now oozes daily from the liberal media and has been absorbed as orthodoxy in our institutions, all the way from schools to armed forces. It is so relentless, in “news”, entertainment, in officialdom and institutions of all kinds, that individual examples, though legion, are quickly consigned to the memory’s ashcan. This is why an evidence-rich book like *The Diversity Delusion* is so necessary, if only as a historical record of the

madness.

The book is divided into three parts: “Race”, “Gender” and “The Bureaucracy”. The context is American but Australian readers will have no trouble relating it to their experience. Mac Donald recounts stories of self-engrossed, spoilt-brat, student hysteria and the craven appeasement of such behaviour by university administrations. Many of her case studies are jaw-dropping in their absurdity. After a violent attack at Middlebury College in 2017 by students protesting against a lecture invitation to the political scientist Charles Murray, “177 professors from across the country signed an open letter protesting that the assailants had been disciplined, however minimally. The professors blamed the administration for the violence, since its decision to allow Murray to lecture constituted a ‘threat’ to students.”

In 2017, at Evergreen State College, a biology professor had his class invaded by a frenzied mob hurling “F**k you, you piece of s**t” type abuse. The professor, ironically a lifelong progressive, “had refused to obey an edict from Evergreen’s Director of First Peoples Multicultural Advising Services that all white faculty cancel their courses for a day ... white students were also ordered to absent themselves from the school to show ‘solidarity’.”

Evergreen's president expressed his "gratitude" for the mob's "passion and courage".

In 2015 an orgy of foul-mouthed student self-engrossment took place at Yale: "Who the f**k hired you?! ... You should not sleep at night!" screams a black student at her college master Nicholas Christakis. "You are disgusting!" screams another. (His wife had recently suggested that the Yale multiculturalism bureaucracy did not need to oversee Halloween costumes.) "Christakis meekly tells the students that he was trying to understand their predicament." He hugs one of the students, Abdul-Razak Mohammed Zachariah, in a conciliatory gesture, "but Zachariah orders Christakis to understand that the 'situation right now doesn't require you to smile.'" Another female student, Alexandra Zina Barlowe, responding to Christakis's meek defence of free speech, said, "It doesn't matter whether you agree or not ... It's not a debate." Yale subsequently conferred on Barlowe and Zachariah its graduation prize for accomplishment in the "service of race and ethnic relations".

The real shocker in these and many similar examples is not the behaviour of the student protesters, self-engrossed and feral though it certainly is, but the sycophantic response to and encouragement of it by college administrators. The epidemic of spoilt-brat student behaviour, however caused, could have been stamped out in short order but for the craven virtue-signalling of their "adult" academic mentors.

Much of Part 1 is devoted to subjecting the race-bias fiction—that the relatively poor academic performance of coloured students is caused by "discrimination"—to the copiously documented facts. Mac Donald demonstrates that black students have in fact long been the beneficiaries of a raft of racial preference policies whereby they gain admission to elite institutions with far lower entry qualifications than white or Asian students. In 2003 it was disclosed that "Berkeley had admitted 374 applicants in 2002 with SATs under 1000—almost all of them students of colour—while rejecting 3218 applicants with scores above 1400". At Arizona State University in 2006, white and black students with the same academic credentials had respectively a 2 per cent and a 96 per cent chance of admission. The white and Asian applicants were the real victims.

There is occasional light relief in this depressing catalogue of misguided social engineering. When Berkeley tried to get round California's 1996 Proposition 209 bar on racial preference, by substi-

tuting low-income preference instead, "the device backfired when it yielded a wealth of Eastern European and Vietnamese admits—not the kind of 'diversity' that the university had in mind".

The evidence Mac Donald marshals, about the pointless but self-serving antics of a vast and ever-expanding multi-billion-dollar campus "diversity" bureaucracy, comes so thick and fast that one needs to put down the book for regular head-scratching breaks to ponder just how this pampered world of the academy managed to so disappear up itself without the wider public speaking out against it. She takes the words from your mouth when she asks, "Are there any grown-ups left on campus, at least in the administrative offices?" She makes a convincing case that this multi-billion-dollar campus bureaucracy is likely to have harmed the interests of

as many students of colour as it has helped. A study in 2004 found that, by pushing black students with relatively low SAT scores into the most elite law schools, affirmative action actually had the effect of *reducing* the number of qualified black lawyers. "As such findings mount, the conclusion will become inescapable: College leaders who embrace affirmative action do so simply to flatter their own egos so that they can gaze upon their 'diverse' realm and bask in their noblesse oblige." It is telling that her numerous invitations to university administrators to counter her research have yielded

no rebuttals, only windy sidestepping rhetoric on the (now discredited) "implicit bias" concept and the need for "safe", "secure" learning environments for minority students.

I suspect that, in the unlikely event of *The Diversity Delusion* being read by anyone on the Left, they too would mentally airbrush the evidence away. All of us—but some more than others—are capable of ignoring uncongenial truths. People who buy into the diversity delusion do so in spite of such evidence as does occasionally manage to jump the liberal media PC cordon. And they do so in their millions, not only in the academy but (in diluted form) much of the graduate, professional Western middle class as well. The roots of this are twofold; first, the seductive payback of virtue-signalling—of feeling more-caring-than-thou—and second the seductive and effortless illusion of knowledge to be had from a wholesale adoption of *bien pensant* groupthink. (It is my impression that this *bien pensant* monoculture is actually less all-pervading in the US than in many

The real shocker is not the behaviour of the student protesters, self-engrossed and feral though it certainly is, but the sycophantic response to and encouragement of it by college administrators.

other Western societies because of America's more evenly matched—CNN/Fox/Cable—political discourse, putting it less under the yoke of an opinion-forming liberal monolith like the BBC and ABC.)

Occasionally Mac Donald takes a break from the evidence coalface to make some pithy observations that should be obvious to everyone: to have a place at an elite university is (black or white) to be a very privileged human being indeed. Commenting on UCLA Chancellor Gene Block's nauseating chastisement of his own institution for its reluctance to have "conversations about race", she observes:

UCLA spends vast amounts of time having "conversations about race". But if it wants even more, a good place to start would be with some facts. He could rebut the baseless allegation that UCLA deliberately destroys blacks' "dreams". He could lay out the vast academic-achievement gap, whose existence demolishes the claim that the absence of racial proportionality in the student body results from bias. Most important, he could provide a dose of reality. "This campus is one of the world's most enviable educational institutions," he could say, "whose academic splendours lie open to all its students. You will never again have as ready an opportunity to absorb knowledge. You are surrounded by well-meaning, compassionate faculty who only want to help you."

Chapter 5 moves the story of phantom racism on to how "social justice" fads, spawned in the hothouse of academe, leach into the world beyond. It presents copious details of how vast police budget resources are diverted from tackling crime to a gravy-train bureaucracy "helping" to combat an institutional race bias that is virtually non-existent. A study by Stanford University on racial profiling in police-stops by the Oakland Police Department uncovered no significant "implicit bias" but "managed to run to nearly four hundred pages without ever disclosing black and white crime rates in Oakland. (*Hint*: they are vastly disparate)." Mac Donald also makes the observation that, contrary to the race discrimination narrative, "suitably qualified blacks will be snapped up in an instant by every tech firm and academic department across the country [as will] competitively qualified black lawyers, accountants and portfolio managers". But for the poisonous myth-making of the race bias industry, most white people would, I believe, be pleased for them.

Part 2, "Gender", documents the desperate efforts of the billion-dollar campus rape industry to inflate rape statistics in the face of a pesky

dearth of corroborating data from female students themselves. It amounts to: "Please, please tell us you have been raped. What if we change the definition; then will you feel you have been raped?" Mac Donald comments that, if the rape epidemic scare actually came to be widely *believed*, "college administrators would turn on a dime and affirm the obvious, that their colleges are blessedly violence-free zones". And she notes the irony that this self-same bureaucracy encompasses a "dour anti-male feminism" hand in hand with "sexpert" services—tips on sex games and techniques—to facilitate students' promiscuity. One student who gained minor celebrity as "the mattress girl" (when she took to carrying a dormitory mattress on her back in protest against the failure of her rape allegation against a fellow student) actually received academic credit for this stunt and "earned rapturous accolades from the campus-rape industry". The facts: "After her alleged rape, she emailed her alleged rapist, begging to get together again ... A week later she suggested they hang out together: 'I want to see yoyououyou.'" This collision of the rape phantasm and the promiscuous hook-up culture has also spawned a legal bonanza:

Risk management consultants travel the country to help colleges craft legal rules for student sexual congress. These rules presume that an activity originating in inchoate desire, whose nuances have taxed the expressive powers of poets, artists and philosophers for centuries, can be reduced to a species of commercial code.

Chapter 8, "The Fainting Couch at Columbia", describes a draconian "Sexual Respect and Community Citizenship Initiative" now imposed on all Columbia University students with dire consequences for anyone who opts out, feeling that their time would be better spent studying. And any gender bureaucracy worth its salt needs to stay ahead of the curve on "transgender rights":

Narcissistic students are now coequal drivers with their professors when it comes to rapidly evolving victim theory. By one count there are now 117 categories of gender identity, many of those developed by students struggling to find some last way to be transgressive in an environment where their every self-involved claim of victimhood is met with tender attention and apologies from the campus diversity bureaucracy.

This from Part 3, "The Bureaucracy", is its own commentary:

This new [vice-chancellor for equity, diversity and inclusion] would augment UC San Diego's already massive apparatus, which included the Chancellor's Diversity Office; the associate vice chancellor for faculty equity; the assistant vice chancellor for diversity; the chief diversity officer; the director of development for diversity initiatives; the Office of Academic Diversity and Equal Opportunity; the Committee on Gender Identity and Sexual Orientation Issues; the Committee on the Status of Women; the Campus Council on Climate, Culture and Inclusion; the Diversity Council; and the directors of the Cross-Cultural Center, the Lesbian, Gay, Bisexual, Transgender Resource Center, and the Women's Center.

Chapter 11, "How Identity Politics is Harming the Sciences", is a huge trove of data on the self-harming "identity" obsession now spreading to the science and technology (STEM) academy and much of corporate America too. The National Science Foundation has established its "Inclusion across the Nation of Communities of Learners of Underrepresented Discoverers in Engineering and Science" (INCLUDES) initiative to bankroll "fundamental research in the science [*sic*] of broadening participation". Mac Donald comments dryly that "somehow NSF-backed scientists managed to rack up more than two hundred Nobel prizes before the agency realised that scientific progress depends on 'diversity'". A study by the American Association for the Advancement of Science found "systemic anti-LGBTQ bias within STEM industry and academia". The notorious James Damore Google discrimination lawsuit revealed an instance where an employee was reprimanded for pointing out that white males are actually *underrepresented* at Google: "Being absolutely correct is inappropriate" when it comes to "discussions of race and justice", he was told. Meanwhile, "driven by unapologetic meritocracy, China is catching up to the United States in science and technology. Identity politics in American science is a political self-indulgence we cannot afford."

Chapter 13 describes the current clamour in humanities departments to insulate students from having to read any works by the "white, male patriarchy": courses in Shakespeare ditched in favour of compulsory Gender, Race, Disability, Sexuality and Imperialism modules. In contrast to this virtual book-burning frenzy in the corrupted academy, Chapter 14 takes a more optimistic look at evidence that a healthy appetite for learning about the West's cultural treasures continues to exist in the real world *outside* of universities.

Few of those who would derive the most benefit from reading Heather Mac Donald's book will ever do so; the curiosity instinct needed to fact-check received narratives being ever in short supply. *The Diversity Delusion* is packed with incontrovertible facts and unanswerable arguments and yet, *were* it to be widely read, it would be considered highly controversial by professional "educators" and other *bien pensants* in their millions, right across the Western world.

The only possible mitigation of this wilful blindness is that in decades past, white people tended to look down on coloured people and women were not afforded equal status with men. But only a staggeringly unobservant person could fail to notice that these former prejudices have eroded almost to zero and are being replaced by new mirror-image ones. *The Diversity Delusion* is primarily a book of facts, not propositions, but there is an inevitable current of exasperation running through it. Mac Donald offers no realistic, politically deliverable remedies to the madness she records, because of course there are none, given the Western zeitgeist.

But, in the long run, change (unbidden change) *will* eventually come, as history always shows. It may be, for example, that the humanities and social sciences academy will disappear up itself to the point of its eventual extinction. This report from *City Journal* in April may be a harbinger:

This weekend, more than 14,000 academics gather in Toronto to share their research for the American Education Research Association's annual conference. A keyword search of the conference program reveals 422 hits for whiteness—more than for [all others] combined. A symposium promises to explore "the experience of teachers and education leaders who work to undo whiteness in public schools". A featured paper in that session is "Critical-Race Elementary Schooling: Teacher Change Agents are Undoing Whiteness in Elementary Schools" and celebrates teachers who "actively resist elements of whiteness".

No explanation is proffered in *The Diversity Delusion* as to *why* Western civilisation is doing this to itself. The reasons are surely complex but perhaps the gathering together, in campus hothouses, of over-cosseted people, entirely unmoored from the real world, has something to do with it. The world we inhabit is more benign than the world imagined by George Orwell in *Nineteen Eighty-Four* but it has enough parallels for him to be judged a seer. Speaking personally, my own life is hugely preferable to, and safer than, Winston Smith's, but little of

the content of this essay could be spoken to many of my friends, family or professional colleagues without serious discord. And some things I might *wish* to say are probably against the law. When the historians of some future civilisation come to research how Western civilisation came to eviscerate itself in the twenty-first century, they will find in Heather Mac Donald's book a compact and accessible source of answers to many of their questions.

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JOHN GOODMAN

Speak, Memory

The Memory Illusion: Remembering, Forgetting, and the Science of False Memory
by Julia Shaw
Random House, 2017, 304 pages, \$22.99

Julia Shaw's book *The Memory Illusion* is a breakthrough in the jurisprudence of memory: the main question posed is not *whether* our memory is wrong on any given occasion but *how* wrong. It is thus essential reading for police, lawyers, judges, juries, insurance assessors, journalists ... and anyone else who wants to understand why everybody else in the family "remembers" details of your family's past differently from you. Her book discloses what modern brain science shows about how human memory functions, and where and how it is fallible. The title chosen for the German-language translation of her book—*The Treacherous Memory*—perhaps sums it all up best.

Shaw lectures in the jurisprudence of brain science and psychology at University College, London, consults and advises British police on the implications of brain science for police evidence, and has been called as an expert witness in British, German and American courts. To judge from the book, she has evidently had much work to do. Her experience, illustrated by many case studies, shows that police, lawyers, courts and judges universally have little or no idea of how the memory function works inside the human brain, or of the physical and psychological weaknesses to which it is heir. To be fair, until the discoveries of modern brain science, no one else had a fair idea either, although some insights have long come down to us from humanist writers, among them historians, early psychologists and novelists (as

the title of this essay which cites Nabokov's memoir may suggest). But modern brain science now puts things on a scientific basis, difficult or impossible to ignore.

The depth of Shaw's book cannot be readably summarised in a short review—less of a problem than it might seem as the book itself is both technically clear and readable. The reasons we may not be able to rely on our memories centre on a number of factors. First, the brain seems to allow the imagination to create "pictures", but contrary to myth, contains no "photographs" of anything itself; it is merely a series of stored chemicals in reaction, subject to many if not most of the usual hazards of chemical storage. It functions somewhat like a computer. Nowadays everyone knows that a picture on the screen of their computer is created there on screen and reflects a string of numbers rather than any second "picture" hidden somewhere inside the computer. The human imagination, it seems, also functions as a kind of "screen" that allows the mind to "see" a picture of the past, but this picture or "memory" is created in the moment and does not reflect some second "picture" stored somewhere in the depths of the brain; no pictures are stored, only chemicals. "Memories" are thus created and re-created in an infinite chain, and each re-creation, like the drafts and re-drafts on the computer, subtly or radically alters what is present to the mind.

It gets worse. The brain then "remembers" the re-creation, not the original creation, itself a chemical creation. When it comes to "remembering" a sequence of events, according to Shaw, it does this by inventing complex fictions—"narratives"—which is it stores, again in bio-chemical chains subject to some inherent weaknesses. And each time a sequence is recalled to mind, it has to be re-created anew—and at the end is re-stored in the brain in its re-created version.

To these physiological difficulties may be added psychological and procedural ones. According to Shaw, for example, every individual trusts their own memory but distrusts that of others, a feature known to psychologists as "over-self-evaluation". The list here is long: there is "confabulation" or the filling in of unknowns to make a narrative coherent; "contamination" from other and unrelated memory traces; and flaws of recognition, most evident with police line-ups. And then in terms of interrogation techniques a prime difficulty is defective technique—the suggestion to an interviewee of what he or she should say rather than what they are able to say without suggestion. In these and related matters, Shaw has found existing public and official procedures in several countries to be fundamentally deficient, and liable to lead directly to injustice.

Along the way, Shaw disposes of an impressive number of outright myths, always citing the laboratory science and adducing cases. In brief: despite all the confident claims one sometimes hears, no one can “remember” being born or indeed anything much before about four or five years old, as the brain does not physically develop its memory function until then. It seems no one can actually remember “the good old days” with any accuracy. There is no such thing as a “photographic memory” so ignore any ads that claim to teach you how to develop one. Ditto for “learn while you sleep” applications. Ditto for “mental sport applications” claiming to make you “smarter”; they will make you dumber. Traumatic memories are highly questionable, and claims need to be handled with extreme care. “Multi-tasking”, literally understood, is not possible for the human brain as the short-term memory can handle only limited amounts of information at any one time. Above all, the brain is highly vulnerable to emotional “flooding” or contamination from the high emotions of others (as anyone attending a local ball game will attest from their own experience).

This review can only pick the eyes out of a detailed and comprehensive book by an experienced observer of and participant in the police and court scene, as well as in everyday life. It is book for everyone, but perhaps first and foremost for investigative and judicial authorities, who seem to have a case to answer.

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RAFE CHAMPION

Defending the Merchants of Alarmism

Philosophy and Climate Science

by Eric Winsberg

Cambridge University Press, 2018, 282

pages, \$39.95

This appears to be the first book of its kind, promising a thorough and rigorous investigation of the philosophical and methodological issues that arise in the problematic and controversial field of climate science. It is long overdue because the scholars in the history and philosophy of science have by and large neglected this particular science. The two outstanding exceptions are Philip Kitcher and more recently Eric Winsberg, Professor of Philosophy at the University of South Florida.

Philip Kitcher recently retired from Columbia College with a claim to the title of the premier philosopher of science of his generation, due to his list of publications and the chairs that he has occupied. With Evelyn Fox Keller he wrote *The Seasons Alter*, which portrays a dystopian future in a warming world that probably represents Peak Alarmism. Any advance on a pandemic that kills billions of people?

In a less flamboyant mode Eric Winsberg's *Philosophy and Climate Science* is a sustained defence of the methods and conclusions of the International Panel on Climate Change (IPCC) and those who share its mission to promote alarm about the future of the planet. Consequently, this book is not a solution to the apathy of the philosophers in the face of the shortcomings in the mainstream of climate science but instead it is part of the problem of the failure of the academic “dogs” to bark a warning.

Winsberg is a two-fisted partisan in the climate war. He fatuously disparages “climate deniers” as though the considerable number of eminent climate scientists who are not alarmed about the warming trend cannot be taken seriously. The book begins with some particularly tendentious and misleading data to convince the uninformed and the unwary that serious anthropogenic warming is happening. For example, he refers to the number of recent years that are the “warmest on record”, the retreat of Arctic ice, the extreme weather events of recent times including a record drought in Australia, and the acceleration of rising sea levels. Given the uncontroversial view that the earth has warmed over the last two centuries and even more since the Little Ice Age it stands to reason that recent years are likely to be warmer than earlier ones. The Danish Meteorological Institute reported this year that Arctic ice has been stable for a decade. The public record cited in the last IPCC report indicates that there has not been a trend to more extreme weather in recent years. The reports of increasing damage reflect the larger number of people exposed to forest fires and the greater value of modern infrastructure. Reports of a record recent drought in Australia are simply fake news. The latest report on sea levels by Dr Judith Curry shows no acceleration and possibly a slowing down.

Winsberg deplores the “well-funded” opposition to genuine climate science, citing *The Merchants of Doubt* by Naomi Oreskes and Erik Conway (2010) who claimed to expose Big Oil, especially Exxon Mobil and others who backed the “climate science deniers”. But Rupert Darwall in *The Age of Global Warming* described how Exxon Mobil stopped funding climate dissidents around 2005 when it went green like the other oil companies. But still Winsberg describes the Oreskes and Conway claims

as “well documented” and “by all accounts their claims are true” without citing any other sources.

The Heartland Institute, a leading opposition group, has an annual budget in the order of seven million dollars. That hardly counts as “well funded” opposition compared with the tens of billions in government funding for mainstream climate R&D or even with the support for environmental activists from the great philanthropic foundations. The really big money is going to the green “merchants of alarm” as Matthew Nisbett described in *Wires Climate Change*, July–August 2018. Between 2011 and 2015 the top twenty charitable donors alone gave \$556 million to green activists, notably the Sierra Club, which received \$49 million (not its only income by any means). The donors are a roll call of the great foundations—Rockefeller, Pew, Hewlett Packard, Skoll, Bloomberg, Ford and many more.

A significant part of the book is concerned with the principles and practice of the model building that is central to the effort to specify the role of carbon dioxide and to provide projections of future developments. This is Winsberg’s home ground because he previously wrote *Science in the Age of Computer Simulation* and he has many publications in the field. He provides an introduction to the vocabulary and the concepts in the business with emphasis on the size and complexity of the computer programs, the difficulty of interpreting the output and some of the philosophical issues that arise.

He says little about their remarkable lack of success in projecting the trends in warming after the pause at the turn of the millennium. The Australian scientist Garth Paltridge provided a much more helpful account of the modelling exercise in *The Climate Caper* (2009). He reported that the twenty or so models favoured by the IPCC calculate global-average temperatures that range several degrees around the observed value of 15 degrees Celsius. A team at the ANU looked at the predictions for current (measured) rainfall in Australia based on the several IPCC models and the range extended from 200 mm per year less than the actual, to 1000 mm per year more. About half predicted more rainfall for Australia later in the century and half predicted less. The average was an increase of about 8 mm per annum but the model used to develop Australia’s climate policy by the Rudd government predicted 100 mm less. Where rigorous standards are applied that model might have been regarded as an outlier and discarded.

Some outstanding climate scientists such as Richard Lindzen who are not hostages of the modelling industry have argued that the macro-modelling approach is the wrong way to go on the

basis of scientific first principles. That fundamental criticism is supported by a long-running project on forecasting methods and principles conducted by J. Scott Armstrong in the US and Kesten Green in Australia. For decades they have studied the success of various forecasting methods in many fields including climate science and they concluded in a paper on the 2007 IPCC report:

The forecasts in the IPCC Report were not the outcome of scientific procedures. In effect, they were the opinions of scientists transformed by mathematics and obscured by complex writing ... Claims that the Earth will get warmer have no more credence than saying that it will get colder.

Faced with the difficulty of validating models by the conventional criteria of scientific merit, Winsberg referred to one of his colleagues, Wendy Parker, who explained in a published paper that “the most successful modelling approaches incorporate several computational models that rely on assumptions that contradict one another”. She conceded that this could erode confidence in the work but “distinctive methods and standards of justification are in play”. This suggests that postmodernism has officially arrived in climate science! Winsberg also conceded that it is difficult to explain the new standards of justification that are in play and he virtually threw up his hands and offloaded the criteria for evaluation and validation to the consensus in the field. Remarkably, he wrote:

my view is that philosophers do better to paint a picture in which we urge trust in the consensus of the scientific community, based on features of that community’s social organization, than to try to provide a normative framework from which we can demonstrate the reliability (or its absence) of such-and-such modelling result.

Many features of the social organisation of the IPCC and the community of climate scientists have come to light that tend to undermine trust in the consensus that emerges from it. Notable sources include Donna Laframboise’s study of the governance of the IPCC, the Wegman committee’s investigation of Michael Mann’s “hockey stick” and the revelations in the emails released from the University of East Anglia.

In 2011 Donna Laframboise published *The Delinquent Teenager Who Was Mistaken for the World’s Top Climate Expert*. She pointed out that the IPCC is a political body, created by that most political organisation, the United Nations. Rupert Darwall

has charted the role of the UN in the politics of climate change in two landmark works, *The Age of Global Warming* (2013) and *Green Tyranny: Exposing the Totalitarian Roots of the Climate Industrial Complex* (2018).

Laframboise described the process in a nutshell. The UN Framework Convention on Climate Change convened in 1992 at the Earth Summit in Rio de Janeiro to sell the idea that greenhouse gases are The Problem. One hundred and fifty-four nations signed up in principle and later enrolled in the Kyoto Protocol. The UNFCCC had a brief to reduce human emissions and failing to do so would be “nothing less than criminal irresponsibility”.

Observe the steps: First was the political decision that a greenhouse gas treaty was a worthy and achievable goal. Second was the recognition that before such a treaty could be negotiated, certain documents representing a common understanding were required. The next step was to enlist scientists to help produce such documents, and the IPCC was created for that purpose.

Laframboise pointed out that the UN did not wait for climate science to mature. The shortest version of the IPCC Climate Bible appeared in 1990 and the findings were tentative. Yet in the next two years the UN persuaded most of the world’s governments to sign a framework document that essentially started the “war on carbon dioxide”.

The IPCC produces regular Assessment Reports to maintain the climate of alarm. Each report has a small summary volume for politicians and journalists. This is the report that recently warned that the Barrier Reef may disappear in our lifetime if we do not mend our coal-burning ways. Longer reports are produced at the same time and some of the chapters in them contain proper science but they are scarcely mentioned in the media and are read by few.

The contents of the summary report are under the strict control of the political operators in the IPCC and scientists in an inner circle who share the IPCC mission. Scientists outside the inner circle are routinely snubbed when they challenge the work in progress and they are outraged at the misrepresentation of the findings in their fields of expertise. For example Laframboise described how a leading hurricane expert, Chris Landsea, was sidelined by Kevin Trenbath, who was in charge of the relevant chapter in the Climate Bible. Another chapter follows the story about pseudo-scientific data on hurricanes that became part of the Climate Bible. Another chapter describes one of the most scandalous beat-ups on the IPCC record, the allegation that warming will massively increase the prevalence of malaria. Among other defects in the argument, malaria is not especially a warm-climate illness.

Laframboise’s book and *The Climate Caper* by Paltridge are essential reading for anyone who is not fully aware of the problems with models and the extent of unscientific bias and political direction in the UN climate program and especially the IPCC.

Michael Mann’s revision of the climate record created a sensation when it was the leading feature of the IPCC Third Assessment Report in 2001. He produced a “hockey stick” graph that eliminated the Medieval Warm Period and gave the impression that the current warming was unprecedented in historical times. His analysis of the records, especially proxy information from tree rings of a particular species of pine, came under sustained attack that prompted the chairs of two US House committees to organise a review.

Edward Wegman at George Mason University headed an ad hoc committee to investigate the methods of analysis used to obtain Mann’s results. The report identified crippling defects in the analysis of the data used by Mann and his associates and suggested that the community of paleoclimatologists appeared to be out of touch with developments in the relevant field of statistics. Eventually the IPCC discreetly parked the hockey stick in the archives to be forgotten although it had been a major propaganda weapon in their 2001 Assessment Report and some diehard alarmists have stuck with it.

All the indicators and symptoms of the problems in the quality of climate science call for a master theorist to create a framework for a rigorous investigation. Gordon Tullock provided this in a neglected masterpiece, *The Organization of Inquiry* (1966). To provide context for the work it is essential to understand the transformation of science since 1945. Previously the communities of scientists were quite small, with modest funding from diverse sources. The Manhattan Project to develop the atomic bomb signalled the emergence of Big Science funded by Big Government.

Karl Popper in his unpublished lectures in the early 1950s predicted bad things for science in the service of politicians. He saw too much money chasing too few ideas, the publication explosion (good buried under bad) and the distortion of incentives for scientists by the pressure to obtain grants for fashionable topics. Richard Lindzen, probably the doyen of genuine climate scientists, put some meat on the bones of Popper’s concern when he recently described the impact of the fifteen-fold increase in funding for climate research during the Clinton administration. That was too much money for a small backwater of science and the injection of money generated a proliferation of studies by all manner of investigators in practically every

discipline of climate science, and academic rigor was the consequent victim.

Climate science was not yet on the radar when Gordon Tullock wrote in the 1960s, and he thought the natural sciences were good shape. His scenario for the decline of a scientific discipline drew on his experience of the social sciences, including parts of economics.

After he met Popper at a Volker Fund (free enterprise) conference at Emory University he put aside the work that became *The Politics of Bureaucracy* and wrote *The Organization of Enquiry*. He took the social/institutional approach advocated by Popper in *The Poverty of Historicism* to explain the development or lack of scientific and industrial progress in terms of the institutional context. Contemplating the factors that could stop progress, Popper suggested closing down or controlling laboratories for research and anything that impeded the free trade of criticism and ideas in the scientific community.

Tullock sketched a scenario with a haunting resemblance to the progress of climate science and probably other fields as well, judging from the famous warning issued in 2015 by Richard Horton in his capacity as editor-in-chief of *Lancet*: “Science has taken a turn towards darkness”. He was referring to small sample sizes, invalid analyses, conflicts of interest, and obsession with fashionable trends.

The scenario involves a combination of personal and institutional factors. The personal factor is the rise of the normal scientist who does science for a living, working under the direction of the laboratory manager without necessarily having any sense of vocation or passion to find the truth. The institutional factors include the rise of Big Science driven by Big Government, the imperative to publish in order to maintain tenure and research grants, and the politicisation of intellectual life.

At the individual level Tullock identified three forms of curiosity. First, the pure curiosity of the scientist engaged in a quest for the truth. Second, the practical curiosity of the person obsessed with making things work better. Third, the “induced curiosity” of the researcher who does not necessarily have a passion for research but takes on science as a job. Tullock noted that the truth-seeker and the practical problem-solver must pay close attention to reality to align their ideas with it. This demands constant testing and critical evaluation; in contrast, the researcher who is not so motivated can be happy with results that are merely publishable regardless of quality.

Tullock developed the scenario to consider what could happen if peer-reviewers are too closely associated with the authors either personally or by membership of a school of thought. He was working

before natural science was seriously politicised and of course in the polarised world of climate science nowadays the membership of the correct school of thought or at least acceptance of it has become a professional imperative for most people in the field.

Tullock observed that the end of that slippery slope of declining standards is the situation in which there is a widespread belief that the function of the researcher is to support a particular position. At this point:

Simply presenting a rationalization for some position chosen on other grounds may be acceptable as an objective of research, and the principal criterion in judging journals may become their points of view ... The concern with reality that unites the sciences, then, may be absent in this area, and the whole thing may be reduced to a pseudo-science like genetics in Lysenko's Russia.

Readers can decide for themselves how far various fields have gone down that path, bearing in mind Horton's warning in the *Lancet*. To conclude with a reference to Winsberg's suggestion quoted at the head of this review—to trust the scientific consensus based on the organisation of the community. This means referring questions of scientific credibility to a consortium of politically-correct grant-seekers, environmental fundamentalists and UN officials dedicated to the transformation of the economies of the Western world. That is not what one might have expected from a scholar in the Queen of the Sciences!

Rafe Champion is a Sydney writer.

DAVID DAINTREE

Living the Anschluss

By Violence Unavenged: In the Heart of Kings, Volume I

by Annette Young

Distant Prospect Publishing, 2019, 472

pages, \$34.95

This extraordinary and inventive novel opens with a letter, written at Christmas 1954, from a middle-aged Australian woman resident in Vienna to her much younger half-brother, Roderick Raye, still a schoolboy in suburban Sydney. The writer, who styles herself as Phoebe Raye Krizman, has married

an Austrian and has clearly come to identify herself with her husband's nation, fully aware of the disastrous consequences of its dalliance with Nazism, yet scornful of its treatment by the Great Powers after the First World War, a repression that at least contributed to the bitter circumstances in which political extremism could thrive. Quaintly, she describes their family home in Stanmore as a "southern outpost" of Austria, a little "Liechtenstein", a tiny state still loyal to the best values of Germanic culture. No one is ever surprised to encounter a Francophile or Italophile in one's reading, but a Germanophile is sufficiently unusual in itself to merit the epithet "inventive"!

The narrative centres on the years 1956 and 1957. Roderick has begged her to answer his questions about the events surrounding the Anschluss twenty years previously, the "annexation" of Austria by Germany, or perhaps more correctly the *incorporation* of Austria into a greater German Reich.

The inventiveness of the book arises also from its unusual historical context. There are few works of fiction in English on the Anschluss. Any works dealing with this period tend to concentrate on the Jewish question, usually through some clichéd romantic predicament involving Jewish and non-Jewish characters, at least one of whom is committed to a cause (usually on the "right" side). Furthermore, most English speakers who are familiar with the Anschluss take a fairly superficial view of the event (if they bother to think about it at all), believing that the Austrians welcomed Hitler's Germany with open arms, as represented in the newsreels of the period. There is virtually no appreciation of the Austrian predicament after the Great War, little understanding of the long-term machinations of Hitler regarding Austria, and no awareness of the swiftness of events in March 1938 and the reign of terror that ensued. Annette Young has addressed this by writing a novel, not a history. Her tools are character development rather than mere narrative; and, as befits the historical novel genre, the endeavour is not an end in itself, but is subordinated to higher themes, and offers a salient message to the present.

The bulk of the book is a richly textured and far-ranging story of life in times as challenging and terrifying as any times can be. Annette Young probes the depths as well as the heights of the Austrian people's experience: Phoebe loves her adopted country yet detests the abuses of fascism; she grieves over the loathsome treatment meted out to the Jews, but does not lose sight of the essential goodness of the Austrian heart even when it is occluded by brutishness.

The reader is impressed by the depth and breadth of Young's knowledge not only of Austria, but of the

entire European (and Turkish) background to the Great War and its aftermath. History as a discipline is almost moribund in today's educational milieu. Such history as is taught is often no better than propaganda, and divergence from the official "line" is (to put it mildly) discouraged. Young people need to toe the line to pass exams. Curiosity and inquiry are discouraged, especially if they cause "offence". It is therefore such a relief to find a good book that comes to grips with the paradoxes of history, and does so sweetly: sugaring the pill may be the only way to reclaim the interest of the young. And if their minds are switched on they will see that there are no glib answers, that there is a cyclic tendency in human affairs, and that honest analysis of the past can bear fruit in the gaining of wisdom.

Callimachus of Cyrene is credited with the saying that "a big book is a big evil". He was referring to the epic poetry of his age, but the novel has tended to shy away from his advice: Richardson and Sterne, Cervantes, Tolstoy and Flaubert, Scott and Dickens are not notable for their brevity (serialised books demanded a high degree of prolixity). Jane Austen and George Eliot tend towards the other polarity, crisp economy of language. It is I think a fair comment that *By Violence Unavenged* is longer than it need be. It needs further editing. Précis writing is among the most useful skills a novelist can acquire yet even the best writers sometimes find it hard to distinguish the essential from the otiose, the clarifying details that enrich narrative from gratuitous and distracting detail.

With that reservation, *By Violence Avenged* is a beautifully written novel. It is a pleasure to read Annette Young's prose and to enjoy her wide learning. I have just one more quibble, for that is all it is: the reason for her choice of title, derived from Dante's *Inferno* (canto 29), was not at first obvious, at least to me. The reason, on reflection, must be that as Dante had Virgil as his guide to the Underworld, so Phoebe also has hers: Eric, Kerem, Emil and Hubie all serve to help her to navigate the wider world.

For all that, could she not have found a more punchy title? In an age when book titles compete with each other in quirkiness and bold appeal, this novel may miss an opportunity to snatch attention. Can you tell a book by its cover? Perhaps not, but in a PR-driven world you might very well choose a book because its packaging stood out from the rest on the shelf. To miss this one would be a real shame, for it is a very fine book.

Dr David Daintree AM is the Director of the Christopher Dawson Centre for Cultural Studies in Hobart.

JOE DOLCE

Mrs Wilson: Uncovering a Serial Bigamist

I do not think it at all likely that we shall again have the bad luck to strike a man who combines a blameless record, first-rate linguistic abilities, remarkable gifts as a writer of fiction, and no sense of responsibility in using them!

—Sir Stewart Menzies, “C” of MI6, 1943

M*rs Wilson* is a three-part mini-series, written by Anna Symon, directed by Richard Laxton, and based on actual events. It is produced by, and stars, Ruth Wilson, who is the real-life granddaughter of the central character, Alison Wilson. Christopher Stevens of the *Daily Mail* wrote that “the story sounds too extraordinary to be believable. It’s as though John le Carré turned his hand to a Barbara Cartland novella.”

In 1963, prolific spy novelist Alexander Wilson (played by Iain Glen) drops dead of a heart attack, at the age of seventy, in the front room of his family home. His body is discovered by his wife, Alison, but even before she and her two sons can begin to grieve properly, a strange woman named Gladys knocks on the door and announces that she is the legal Mrs Wilson and that she and Alex have three children together.

Alison had met her husband in 1940 while they were working for MI6 (SIS) in London. (Their work there was so sensitive that the section number for the unit was not made public until 2010.) Alison now suspects that much of her husband’s avowed classified extended lapses away from home were to spend time with this other family. At his funeral the two wives agree on some temporary discretion, to shield their children from the shocking truth.

As Alison begins to delve into her late husband’s secretive past, discouraged at every turn by the bureaucracy of MI6, more skeletons begin to emerge. She discovers there had been a third wife, Dorothy Wicks, whom her husband met while he was in India in the 1930s.

We discover that Wilson, in addition to being a decorated First World War veteran and a successful

writer, was also a pathological liar who fabricated intelligence reports, resulting in his expulsion from MI6. He was also a thief, a conman, with a record of several jail sentences, a forger of false identities—and a serial bigamist.

Just as Alison is coming to grips with the huge lie she has been unwittingly part of, she is thrust further into chaos by yet a fourth Mrs Wilson, Elizabeth, who suddenly appears with her son Douglas. They have been living just two miles away.

The series explores, through flashbacks, the web of intrigue Wilson had to spin to keep these four families from ever meeting. It closes with Alison taking a vow of celibacy as a Servite nun, and dedicating the remainder of her life to the Catholic Church. In an interview with Nick Curtis of the *London Evening Standard*, Ruth Wilson recalled:

I was amazed that something like that had happened in my very ordinary family. But now, playing my grandmother, I think I hate him. I have very mixed feelings ... of the four wives, three are dead and the fourth now has Alzheimer’s. Two of them, including my grandmother, removed all trace of him from their lives. But what’s incredible is that these women fell for and were duped by Alex, but kept his secrets. Each of the mothers preserved the heroic mystery of their father for the kids.

The three-part series focuses on Alexander Wilson, primarily from Alison’s point of view, and is concerned with her relationship with him. The back-stories of the other three families are not delved into in detail. Alison Wilson is portrayed as an amateur detective, persistently probing to get to the truth. This is artistic licence.

The real detective into the life of Alexander Wilson was Dr Tim Crook, Professor of Media, Communications and Cultural Studies, at Goldsmiths, University of London, who wrote the definitive book on his life, *The Secret Lives of a Secret*

Agent: The Mysterious Life and Times of Alexander Wilson, and I am indebted to him for his generous correspondence with me, and a brilliant timeline, which helped me answer quite a few questions about this highly secretive man.

In 2005, Mike Shannon, the son of Wilson's second wife Dorothy, approached Crook, an academic researcher, and asked if he would be interested in helping him investigate his father's life, of which hardly anything was known. When interviewed about how he proceeded with such a daunting task, Crook replied: "The simple answer is Goldsmiths, University of London. I consulted my then head of department, Dr Gareth Stanton, who agreed that it could become an official research project."

Alexander Wilson wrote under the names Alexander Wilson, Geoffrey Spencer, Gregory Wilson and Michael Chesney (the real name of his son, with Dorothy Wilson) and published three academic books and twenty-four novels before the Second World War. Crook's biography is meticulous in detail on all of Wilson's novels. I have read the first one, *The Mystery of Tunnel 51*, and found it interesting, following in the footsteps of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and a bit of Agatha Christie's *Murder on the Orient Express*.

The Mystery of Tunnel 51, published in 1928, was the first of nine books in the *Wallace of the Secret Service* series. Crook writes: "The clearest mark of Wilson's success in popular fiction was that for twelve years his *Wallace of the Secret Service* set the public imagination on to the global reach and power of the British Secret Service." The novelist and columnist Tony Parsons said: "Without Alexander Wilson, there is no James Bond, there is no Bourne, there is no George Smiley."

In *The Mystery of Tunnel 51*, Major Elliott, of the "Sappers and Miners", the Corps of Royal Engineers of the British Army, is travelling with classified documents on the Calcutta Express. Midway through Tunnel 51, the longest tunnel on the track, the lights go out, and when they come back on, Elliott is found stabbed to death. Investigation shows the documents he was carrying are blank. Sir Leonard Wallace, a mix between Indiana Jones and Sherlock Holmes, is sent for from the India Office to solve the mystery. Wallace only has one arm—the other was shot off by German agents—and wears a glove over an artificial hand.

Wallace doesn't make his appearance until a third of the way into the novel. The few action scenes are very good but padded out with dreary dialogue with a lot of "By Joves" and non-dramatic exchanges. We wait anxiously for Wilson to get on with the story so we can find out what happens to the missing docu-

ments, but the climax is slow in coming. The early scenes with young women are overly idealised—the detailed descriptions of their beauty are like descriptions of porcelain dolls. There are a few nice touches, recalling distant times: when someone asks what the contraption is on the end of a revolver, they're told it is "one of those new fangled silencers", to which the reply comes, "I don't like that—an honest man wouldn't have it."

Wilson met his first wife, Gladys Kellaway, in Lyndhurst, Hampshire, in 1916, in the same year he left the army with war wounds. Their first child, Adrian, was born in the following year, and two more children, Dennis and Daphne, within the next three years. For the next five years the family travelled around England performing in small theatres in a repertory company that Wilson managed.

In 1925, most likely using self-forged documents, he was appointed Professor of English Literature at Islamia College, Lahore. Here he began the affair with his second wife (although no official certificate of their marriage can be located), a popular local actress, Dorothy Wicks.

Wilson was now maintaining a double life at a distance, but this changed in 1933 when Dorothy became pregnant and had to return to England, giving birth to a son, Michael. Wilson was now dividing his time between his three children with Gladys in Southampton, and Dorothy and the new baby in London. This continued until 1941, when Wilson left his first family forever.

His youngest son, Dennis, began writing poetry while serving in the trenches of Normandy, attaining the rank of captain before he was wounded and disabled by two close-exploding shells. It must have been particularly difficult for this truly honourable war hero to find out in 2006 that his father had been jailed for impersonating a colonel and wearing unearned military decorations.

Dennis Wilson subsequently worked forty-eight years for *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, bringing a stability to his family that his own father could never achieve. He finally published his poetry in his eighties, and began to achieve recognition as an important Second World War poet, in the tradition of other writers who had experienced combat such as Keith Douglas, Hamish Henderson, Sidney Keyes, Karl Shapiro and Randall Jarrell.

In 2013, at ninety-two years of age, he received an invitation from the Poet Laureate, Carol-Ann Duffy, to attend the Reception for Contemporary British Poetry at Buckingham Palace. He shared honours with a younger war poet, Coldstream Guards Captain John Jeffcock, and esteemed UK poets Roger McGough, Sinéad Morrissey, Gillian

Clarke and John Agard.

Wilson's *Elegy of a Common Soldier* (Kultura Press) was the work that gained him the most recognition. Here is an extract:

This is the spring, and all around is seen
Nature awaking fresh, and giving birth
To eager buds and tender sheaves of green:
Spreading a growing cloak across the earth.
This is the time of youth and carefree love
Of which the minstrel sings, the poet dreams,
Of joyous sun, and peaceful skies above;
But this perfection is not all it seems:
For not too far across this pleasant world
The scene is changed: upon a sombre stage,
The sharpest weapons Man can forge are hurl'd
Against his fellow men, in bitter rage.
New life that seeks to piece the desolation
Is churned by shell and bomb to reeking mud;
The season marked by God for fresh creation
Gives way to death: the green is tinged with blood.
No phrase is this from some medieval page;
No brutal sport in ignorance devised:
This is a learned scientific age:
An age of progress: Man is civilised ...

Alex Wilson met his second wife, Dorothy Wicks, in Lahore. Islamia College had hired him, according to Crook, for his ability to organise and run cricket and sports programs and their desire to:

recruit ... a European who could combine the role of improving the college through higher education and leadership with the monitoring of boys at the college who were drawn from the regions of the Islamic elite, North-West Frontier farmers and the agitating tribal chiefs of Waziristan ... he is consistently represented as Prof. Major Sir Alexander Wilson, Bart, B.A. (Oxon), D.S.O., M.C., Legion of Honour.

He was certainly not the holder of a baronetcy, a hereditary title awarded by the Crown. He had not been knighted. He did not have a degree from Oxford. He had never been awarded the Distinguished Service Order, the Military Cross or the French Legion of Honour.

Dorothy Wicks was a professional actress. In the television series she is played by Keeley Hawes. She is assigned by MI6 to accompany Wilson to social functions in order for him to penetrate her circle of theatre friends and political contacts, and, with his language skills, to eavesdrop for any useful intelligence information. However, this is just more artistic licence—in fact their relationship simply began as another of his affairs on the ship over to India.

A son was born, Michael Chesney Wilson, but he later changed his surname to Shannon, for professional reasons, when he became a playwright. Dorothy told him all his life that his father had been a lieutenant-colonel in the British Army in India. When he finally left them, she told Michael he had been killed at El Alamein. Michael retained a traumatic memory of his father's violence to his mother and told Crook:

It was a pretty nasty thing for a young lad to see. I can't have been very old then; about five I suppose. It was very violent ... the only son hooked on the father figure. He struck my mother and hurt her very badly. These things you never forget. He broke a couple of teeth. Blood pouring out of her mouth, poor old love.

Crook said there was no evidence of Alex being violent in any other context. But it is precisely the kind of thing that would be unforgivable to a proud, independent woman like Dorothy Wicks, especially if witnessed by her son, and could have been the deciding factor in her lifelong hatred of Alex and subsequent actions to erase his memory. And if he was not violent to any of the other women he married, their later forgiveness of him may have been a bit easier to come by.

Michael Shannon was diagnosed in May 2010 with non-Hodgkin's lymphoma and died that year at his home in London.

Wilson met this third wife, Alison McKelvie, the protagonist of the television series, in 1940, when he was forty-eight and she was twenty-one and working as his typist at MI6. Her granddaughter, Ruth, in the interview with Nick Curtis, recalled:

I remember my grandma always having this big, glamorous hair ... she used to put so much hairspray on it, my mother would get annoyed that the spray would be all over the bathroom mirror. It was one of the things about her I wanted to re-create. She always looked immaculate.

From 1942 to 1959 the family was practically destitute, living in seventeen different houses. Alison's first son, Gordon, had to be sent for a time to a children's home and her brother, and her own mother, tried to persuade her to give up her youngest son, Nigel, for adoption, but she refused.

In 1967, Alison dedicated her life to God and in 1986 graduated in theology from the University of London. She wrote a memoir of her life with

Wilson that helped inform both the mini-series and Tim Crook's biography. Crook says: "It is in its own way significant literature; perhaps better writing than anything her husband had been able to produce in 28 published and unpublished novels, and three academic volumes."

Alison Wilson's memoir—still unpublished—is unflinching in its criticism of her husband's behaviour, but in the second part, she explains how her commitment to God was the reason she was able to finally forgive him. She died in 2005.

Alexander Wilson's last family was with Elizabeth Hill, whom he married in 1955, when he was sixty-two—and she was twenty-seven. They had a son born that same year named Douglas (who later changed his last name to Ansdell, after Elizabeth's second husband, John Ansdell), the only one of the seven Wilson children who has no physical recollection of his father. Elizabeth left no diary or written records of her relationship with Alex and when the rest of the family eventually found her, she had advanced Alzheimer's and had no memory of her life with him. She died in 2010.

Alexander Wilson was fluent in Arabic, Persian and Urdu. His initial intelligence reports as a translator, many of which ended up on the desks of Churchill and the War Cabinet from 1939 to 1942, are credited with helping Montgomery and the British Army defeat Rommel's Afrika Korps at El Alamein in the first British land victory of the Second World War.

So why are his MI6 files still redacted, unavailable to researchers and the public, and considered national-security-sensitive, after more than seventy-five years? Whatever happened that led to his expulsion from MI6 in 1942, he never published another novel.

Perhaps the inter-war spy drama that Wilson had specialised in was made obsolete by the reality of modern warfare in the Second World War. Crook says: "The Second World War had threatened to lay waste the fictional writer's creative imagination on the subject of murder."

The records of Wilson's publisher and agent are incomplete. This may be, as Crook speculated in an interview, "the result of an MI6 clean-up operation". Selected MI6 reports could have been sent to publishers discrediting Wilson. He was accused of fabricating intelligence, and if he was ordered, as some believe, to use his language skills to eavesdrop on friendly and neutral embassies, possibly even his own in London, that would be an unacceptable embarrassment to the agency, not to mention illegal. This would have tainted his credibility, and made

him a liability as an author.

Gordon and Nigel, Wilson's children with Alison, believe that any false intelligence contributing to his dismissal could have been a classic counter-intelligence operation, planted by Egyptian agents for this specific purpose—Wilson may have passed it on, believing it to be accurate.

The mini-series *Mrs Wilson* is told from Alison's point of view, based on her memoirs, so it forms only one fourth of the complete family story. It is a compelling watch and a good introduction to Wilson's truly bizarre life and one of the saintly women who put up with him.

Ruth Wilson told Curtis, "We still don't quite know who he was. Half the family think he was a bit of a conman, the other half think he was a hero." In an interview with Nicole Lampert she reflected:

When I decided to become an actress, nobody in my family was involved in the arts, but now there's this whole new side. Michael was an actor, his son is a writer and his daughter is a director, while Dennis is a poet. And it turns out that my grandfather was not only a novelist of note but probably a spy of note too. He was also the best actor of all of us.

There are many other instances of artistic licence in the television adaptation. In the series, Alison discovers the existence of her husband's second and fourth wives when they come to her house. In real life, she only found mention of Gladys in her husband's correspondence, and rang her, thinking she was a cousin. When Alison explained who she was, and that Alex was dead, Gladys collapsed and her son Dennis had to finish the phone conversation.

In the final episode, Alexander's fourth wife, Elizabeth, arrives at Alison's house with their young son. In real life, Alison never met Elizabeth.

In the series, Alison makes repeated visits to MI6 offices to talk to Alex's "handlers", Shabaz Karim and Coleman, but in real life neither of these characters existed. Crook says: "There is no evidence that Alison had any contact with the intelligence services after her husband's death."

Wilson had told Alison that, in the event of his death, there was a secret compartment in his wallet which would explain everything. In the series, she discovers a card with a telephone number written in invisible ink. But, in real life, nothing was found in his wallet.

Alexander Wilson was given two funerals: one in London, at the request of his third wife, Alison, and another at the insistence of his first, and only legal wife, Gladys, at his final resting place, buried

next to his mother and sister, at Milton cemetery in Portsmouth.

Barry Spurr, author of *Anglo-Catholic in Religion: T.S. Eliot and Christianity*, observed that although the period clothing, house furnishings, hair styling and style of shoes, car models and even the dress lengths were recreated faithfully for the series, the minutiae of ecclesiastical vesture, liturgy and ritual and church furnishings revealed insufficient attention to historical accuracy. The liturgies and graveside prayers in that era would have been said in Latin, not modern English, and a priest wouldn't have conducted the committal of a body to a grave dressed in vestments to celebrate Mass.

One major moral dilemma I had with the final chapter of Tim Crook's fine book, and indeed the testimonies of all the surviving children, is the willingness to forgive Wilson's unacceptable behaviour as though it were somehow offset against the important, patriotic and noble things he achieved in his life. I'm afraid it doesn't work that way. Had he been caught by the law for his bigamous practices, he would have served many years in prison—and what he achieved as a writer and in the service of his country would have made no difference whatsoever.

Family members continually say that Wilson had "respect for women" and was a "good father". Alison admired "his spiritual and moral guidance to his children". These are statements of denial.

Besides being a serial bigamist, with four marriages, Wilson was also serially unfaithful—who knows how many other extramarital affairs he had? He only married the women he got pregnant. But for the pregnancies, he probably wouldn't have married any of them.

What kind of respect for women is shown by leaving a wife and children in extreme financial hardship, while starting up another family—and then doing the same thing twice more? What kind of good father abandons his children and then creates additional families with more children that he also abandons?

One has to be careful in applying modern values to early-twentieth-century reality, especially to those men involved in the two world wars. But even by the

values and morals of his own time, Wilson was a cad. He was jailed three times. The first time was in 1919, as a Navy purser on board the SS *Prinzessin*, for stealing soldiers' money; he received six months hard labour in the notoriously brutal Okalla Prison Farm in British Columbia. In 1944 he received two months in jail for wearing a colonel's uniform and medals that weren't his. (He somehow convinced Alison that this was part of an undercover operation.) In 1948 he was jailed for stealing the box-office takings while working at a cinema in Hampstead.

In 2007, many of the surviving members of the four extended Wilson families gathered at the home of Gordon Wilson. This gathering was celebrated as a chance for them all to finally meet each other and to forgive Alexander Wilson for the pain and suffering he had caused them all.

But if Wilson's awful subterfuge had come out publicly while he was alive, it would have been impossible to pardon him, as his betrayal would be blatantly obvious, the jealousy between wives and children would have been palpable, and he would have been held accountable, not only by family members, but by law. It seems to me that the real forgiveness at these well-intentioned family gatherings was for each other—the innocent wives and children who had no knowledge of

Wilson's duplicity. It was an opportunity for them all to forgive any ill will towards each other.

Three of Wilson's wives—Gladys, Alison and Elizabeth—had a selfless desire to help people less fortunate than themselves, and perhaps this is why it was easier for them to overlook their common husband's shortcomings. Dorothy, also deeply involved in charitable work, was the only one who refused to forgive or forget.

In 2008, a monument was erected on the unmarked grave where Alexander Wilson had lain for forty-six years. His epitaph was a quote from *Othello*: "He loved not wisely, but too well."

*Joe Dolce wishes to thank Tim Crook for his assistance. The second revised edition of *The Secret Lives of A Secret Agent: The Mysterious Life and Times of Alexander Wilson*, by Tim Crook, was published by Kultura Press in November last year, and is available from Amazon for £14.55.*

What kind of good father abandons his children and then creates additional families with more children that he also abandons?

MICHAEL CONNOR

When Katharine Brisbane Went to the Theatre

Katharine Brisbane became the national drama critic for the *Australian* in 1967. For the next seven years she put it all together, writing the story of Australian theatre as a new chapter in our cultural history, as if it were important. Published on the leader pages of a young, lively newspaper, she told her readers what was happening on stages around the country and furnished them with names worth remembering. It was exciting stuff, regular reports for an episodic serial recounting the irresistible rise of a new generation of theatre-makers as they bludgeoned their way from university stages into the soon-to-be-funded mainstream. Dear God, some of them are still there.

Vietnam War protests were bringing a generational and political conflict onto the streets as a slightly older generation were staging and winning a culture war in the theatres. They needed, they deserved state funding, she said, and while describing the efforts of the Gorton government to set up an Australian Council for the Arts she told us that the soon-to-be-replaced Elizabethan Theatre Trust was a “rancid old bone” not worth saving.

Though Brisbane has stated that her best commentary was written for journals after she left the *Australian* it is the earlier pieces of news and reporting that are invaluable. A brief collection of these writings appeared in her 2005 collection *Not Wrong—Just Different: Observations on the Rise of Contemporary Australian Theatre*, which is still in print.

The year before she began flying between the states, George Johnston published *The Australians*. It was a long, lost time ago when Brisbane could write approvingly of a search for “a national style of theatre” knowing it was a sentiment her readers

would approve of and endorse. That Australia died on April 30, 1975, when a war was lost and our government betrayed the very people who had trusted and worked for us in a not very distant land.

On the still youthful Left we saw the victory of the communists we had supported and turned our eyes away from the prison camps and massacres we helped bring into being. Feminism turned from an ideal of equality into a soured reality of special treatment and inequality. After this date we opened our country to immigrants, many of whom now loathe it, its history and our democratic institutions.

Brisbane wrote in a forgotten time, the dark ages of history before the present generation of theatre-makers was born. Her language was still a cultivated world away from the now everyday obscenity and dominating victim tones of the present. Midway on our journey into barbarism a statement by Kristin Williamson in 1992 preserves a moment of bitterness: “in Carlton only five playwrights were ever performed. They were called the New Wave and they were all men.” And one was her husband.

On one side of April 1975 George Johnston’s affectionate uniting book and on the other a present-day library shelf of publishing divisiveness from tyrannical minorities: *Growing Up Asian in Australia/African in Australia/Aboriginal in Australia/Queer in Australia*. The self-publicising introduction from one volume exhibits the monochrome left-wing nursery racism that also envenoms funded theatre writing: “African-diaspora Australians are settlers, albeit black-bodied, on black land—Aboriginal land—of which sovereignty has never been ceded.” The film *It Droppeth as the Gentle Rain*, directed by Bruce Beresford and Albie Thoms in 1963, had accurately foretold our present.

Brisbane’s very old articles are unsafe for the young. She used *he* as a collective pronoun instead of the dumb and ugly *he/she* which blots modern writing, and correctly used the word *indigenous* in its traditional Australian meaning, “to describe

Not Wrong—Just Different: Observations on the Rise of Contemporary Australian Theatre
by Katharine Brisbane
Currency Press, 2005, 384 pages, \$24.99

the work of emerging writers, to distinguish them from British or American work”.

Her years in the *Australian* record and mourn the physical destruction of the beautiful nineteenth-century theatres that gave city centres their coherence. By the time she was writing, their working-class audiences had adopted television. The intellectual class who fought to save them was the same one that had stolen their political party and who would never perform theatre that spoke to them as good-natured equals. In a play from an earlier decade, *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll*, set in 1953, the working-class characters go out to see “shows”. A few years later the cashed-up cane-cutters would have splurged in buying a television set and the solid sitting-room furniture in the Carlton living room would have pointed towards the box in the corner. The campaigns to save the old theatres were supported by the young. If the lost buildings had been saved they would never have entered them, and the green-ban-protesting unions would have ensured they would never have been financially viable.

As Brisbane writes, the Opera House is finally finished, and she abuses its hideous drama theatre. New civic culture centres were being erected. Government money began its dull work of leftist homogenisation. Already pre-Whitlam she noted that “Australians tend to be too dependent on government aid.” Ironically Currency Press, the drama publishing house which she and her husband set up, has always been heavily dependent on arts-funding dollars. When the very new Queensland Theatre Company was founded she described a certain coolness towards it from locals: “This is partly because Brisbane [the city] has not before had a civic theatre company, and one suddenly imposed by law does not suddenly impose a taste for theatre upon its citizens.”

Brisbane set about her task seriously and with great affection for the theatre and promised “to recognise the thing attempted before labelling it good or bad”. Four months later the newspaper was sued for defamation by actor Peter O’Shaughnessy after she reviewed his *Othello* and spoke of “the waste and dishonesty of this production”. The case increased her readership.

She asked herself if a bad review could hinder a play and decided not and that “word of mouth is the only true arbiter”. At the same time, even as she led readers through a fascinating narrative of what was happening in the theatres her reviews may not have actually inspired readers to race along and buy a ticket. Young readers stored away the information about what was on and who the actors and directors were but didn’t actually head

off to see for themselves. There were other more exciting entertainments. In Carlton it was more fun to go to a terrible Soviet movie at the fleapit and then on to Genevieve’s for a cappuccino and spaghetti bolognese than wander down to La Mama. We were a generation who got our theatre at the movies. The Russell Street Theatre may have been a temple but the exterior was dull and dusty, and buying expensive tickets in advance was less interesting than impulsively deciding to go to a new picture or finding an interesting foreign film. In *Summer of the Seventeenth Doll* Olive reminded Roo that to see the “shows”, “you’ve got to book ahead, y’know, you want decent seats”. It was all a bit too much like the world of the old. When there were protests over theatre censorship or demolishing a theatre the young crowds arrived but they didn’t stick around. If attracted to theatre, then as now, they were probably more interested in making it than sitting through it.

Good plays and bad plays were written and staged and classic plays were vandalised. We are still coping with the unintended results of the time. The first Lonely Planet guide was published in 1973, the same year Penguin republished a book first called simply *Plays* in 1970 and which now became *Four Australian Plays*. For those who had not seen them onstage but had noted the praise, reading them was something of a shock; they were as dusty as a Carlton street in midsummer. Lonely Planet made South-East Asia enticing; these plays kept us at the movies.

The New Wave may have been a flurry in our intellectual puddle but there was still some popular theatre about which caught Brisbane’s attention:

one corner of the industry stands inviolate from the quarrels of art and cultural responsibility and has a truly indigenous gilt-edged formula for popular theatrical success, and that is the music-hall restaurants ... The people behind them are theatrical dropouts who have found making money and making people enjoy themselves more attractive than art.

The seasons in the music halls, as Brisbane explained, “run from six months to a year”. The first music hall restaurant opened in Sydney’s Neutral Bay in 1960:

At first this was determinedly disowned by the greater part of the legitimate theatre ... the music hall was beginning to develop a style which was more comfortable to audiences than the more refined form other theatres were

offering. Gradually and inevitably this style has begun to creep into the serious theatre.

Which explains, but does not excuse, Bell Shakespeare.

The music halls could possibly have created an audience for popular Australian plays. Brisbane lists Stanley Walsh among a list of well-known playwrights. With long runs at the Sydney Music Hall he was perhaps the most successful playwright of the period. After the hall closed he became a television producer, most notably of *Neighbours*, and died in 2004. Michael Boddy, co-author of *The Legend of King O'Malley* with Bob Ellis, also wrote several music hall plays—serious melodramas. The taste that was being catered to and created could, in the best of all possible worlds, have developed into a strong commercial theatre. But it didn't. Successes of the period with wide appeal like *The Legend of King O'Malley* and Jack Hibberd's *Dimboola* were not built upon.

Overseas travel added a sophisticated Qantas dimension to Brisbane's articles. The year following the student protests of May 1968 Brisbane was in France and went to a student revue called *I Don't Want to Die an Idiot* by "the revolution's cartoonist" Georges Wolinski. In 2015 it was restaged in his honour after he was murdered by Islamists in the *Charlie Hebdo* massacre. The killings finally marked the end of 1968.

Parisian boulevard theatre held little interest and Brisbane trod the conventional highbrow path. French theatre, she decided, was "patently in a bad way". It recovered. Several weeks ago *Figaro Magazine* offered twelve good reasons for going to the theatre and suggested twelve plays, from among many more, with twelve actors, largely unknown, who were nightly filling twelve Paris theatres. *Chez nous* the Sydney Theatre Company is doing *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, again.

In England, valiantly rediscovering Brecht, and despite the images of Göring, Goebbels and von Hindenburg painted on the players' faces, and despite the staged terror, and despite the Nazi salutes, she was sceptical when, "in the comfortable chaos of Labour London", an actor came forward at the play's conclusion to warn the audience, "It has happened before and it can happen again." On then to Germany for another performance of the same play, *The Resistible Rise of Arturo Ui*, this time

by East Berlin's famous Berliner Ensemble. Twenty-four years after the defeat of fascism and having seen the desolation of the Eastern Zone which resembled the onstage setting of 1930s Chicago, the play's warning of the revival of Nazism seemed "frighteningly real". That the marvellous actors on stage were surely informing on each other to the Stasi wasn't part of the play or the review.

If ever an old play text did call for updating it is Brecht's *Arturo Ui*. Imagine a production where the gangsters' Chicago is replaced by the thuggish Left playground of Sydney University. Drop the elderly Nazi face-painting exercise and instead terrify audiences with oversized fright masks of Waleed Aly, Bob Brown and Yassmin Abdel-Magied. At the ending a leering actor should wander to the footlights and utter not a warning but a boast, "Suckers, it has happened already."

Brisbane also made a pilgrimage to Hellebaek, outside Copenhagen, to visit Jørn Utzon—"the exiled architect of the Sydney Opera House".

For those who had not seen these plays onstage but had noted the praise, reading them was something of a shock; they were as dusty as a Carlton street in midsummer. Lonely Planet made South-East Asia enticing; these plays kept us at the movies.

Back home and a January 1971 production of *As You Like It*, directed by Jim Sharman, was an un-liked shambles. Brisbane struck back with accuracy at "the yawning gap that lies between our theatre directors and the library of experience in their professional heritage". All these years later a further observation from her describes our present theatrical malaise: "The worst aspect of the damage to

Shakespeare's play is that the director does not seem to know what he has discarded."

The difference between then and now is that modern audiences also don't know what has been discarded and what has been added. What seemed youthful experimentation has aged into Alzheimer productions of the classics which have lost all sense and any sensibility. "To create a new state of mind out of an old play is a valuable thing to do, even an essential, but it must bear some relation to what the author has written." Those sensible words are counter-revolutionary.

She went a second time to see Sharman's production: "And once I overcame familiarity with the play and the fact that almost no one on stage understood what they were saying, the production had a great conviction and certainly a great life of its own." In a note, written in 2005, she added a further comment:

it still causes anguish today—perhaps even more so—when a director, in pursuit of a personal “vision”, ignores or discards without reference the theatre history and social history that went into the making of that work. So often the mind of the author is more interesting than that of the interpreter.

In 2010 I noted that when Barrie Kosky did *Euripides* his Cassandra “spoke gibberish then mimed an encounter with an invisible Greek penis which swam upwards from her crotch to her mouth and then she ate it—still miming of course”. At that performance a woman and her daughter walked out. At the *Australian*, critic John McCallum loved the production and hated the audience: “I know our theatres need to pay attention to the box office, but really, some people are simply dreadful.” Mine was the only negative review.

Before the critics joined the barbarians, there was Katharine Brisbane:

Richard II at the Opera House: “We need to

recognise that this is a great play breeding great thought, with great lines that have been spoken by great actors.”

The Tempest for school children: “Prospero for much of the time seemed too much under the influence of his magic mushroom to dictate the action.”

Henry IV (Part I) at the Octagon in Perth, “the most exciting new theatre building in Australia”, with Frank Thring as Falstaff:

For me the one great moment of the evening was when he drew his dagger upon the dead but still-heaving body of Hotspur. A section of the audience drew its breath, and one cried out involuntarily, “Oh no, don’t do that”. Mr Thring acknowledged the shouts of laughter with a gesture of gratitude and for a moment there was a friendly understanding of what the business of playing Shakespeare was all about.

And for a moment Australia had a friendly critic who knew what civilised theatre was all about.

The 20s and 30s

When every Dan was dapper,
 And your mama was a flapper
 And her turned-down hose were silk
 And she came home with the milk
 After flirting with the waiters;
 Everything was gas and gaiters.
 The jazz music was the thing
 And the singer’s name was Bing.
 Beer and wine ran in the gutter,
 But Bootleg fizz was simply utter,
 Utter bliss, and F. Scott Fitz
 And Fred were Puttin’ on the Ritz.
 But then the market lost its glitz
 And it all went on the fritz.
 Meanwhile in sunny Spain
 More than rain fell on the plain
 And then Adolf and his gang
 Stopped the party with a bang;
 And his Neue Ordnung
 Brought on Gotterdammerung.

Peter Jeffrey

PETER JEFFREY

John Whitworth

1945–2019

John Whitworth's poems are as smart and full of fun as a pair of glazed tap shoes. He is a wise and rueful virtuoso.

—Les Murray

It was sad and shocking news to read in Lucy Vickery's Competition page in the May 4 issue of the *Spectator* that John Whitworth had died on April 20, aged seventy-four, almost in the same week as one of his admirers, our own Les Murray.

John Whitworth was a frequent contributor to both *Quadrant* and the *Spectator*, where he often featured among the winners of the odd fiver in the literary competition. In fact he had won some major poetry prizes worth more than the odd fiver: the Cholmondeley Prize in 1988, the Literary Review Prize for "Life at Eighty" in 2011, and the TLS Foyles Poetry Competition for "The Examiners" in 2007 and others, were, some of them, worth thousands of pounds.

His poems were witty, often downright funny, metrical, rhymed and well constructed. He said:

I write in rhyme and metre because ... because that is what I do. That is the way poetry presents itself to me. I can't write it any other way. I'm not at all sure I would want to, but even if I did want to, I couldn't.

Here is "Life at Eighty":

I like to loaf, I like to laugh; I like to read *The Telegraph*;
I buy it at the student rate, it tells me of affairs of state;
And on the state I meditate: I am a wise old fellow.

I potter in a world of prose; grandchildren tell me how it goes.
They drink and disco at the club; I soak for hours in the tub,

Careen my carcass, scrub-a-dub: I am a hale old fellow.

I mutter when I do not shout; in welly boots I splash about.
I walk on rainy afternoons; I dine on cauliflower and prunes,
And never mess my pantaloons: I am a clean old fellow.

A television haruspex; I like the violence; hate the sex;
I comb the Oxfam shops for togs; the country's going to the dogs,
I chart it all in monologues: I am a stern old fellow.

The doctor gives me coloured pills to cure me of my various ills,
My smoker's cough, my writer's stoop, my lecher's eye, my brewer's droop,
My belly like a canteloupe: I am a sad old fellow.

A world of dew. And yet. And yet a world not easy to forget;
I cannot let it pass me by; I stop and look it in the eye;
And, as you see, I versify: I am a game old fellow.

This poem encapsulates pretty well everything that attracted me about John's poems when I first encountered one in *Quadrant*.

But it wasn't "Life at Eighty"; I think it was "I'll Be True" with its attention-grabbing first verse:

Goliath was big but he could have been littler,
Mickey could have been Mortimer Mouse,
Christ could have been a success as a victualler,
Chamberlain could have said bollocks to Hitler,
Coleridge could have just stayed in the house ...

After his name first registered with me I was hooked and looked out for it from then on. In *Quadrant*, I was not disappointed, as from 2007 to March 2019 he had poems in most issues and usually more than one. His poems are so compulsively quotable it's hard to stop. Here's one from his last batch of three in the March 2019 *Quadrant*:

Natural Selection

Lungfishes clamber from the ooze,
And over countless aeons lose
Their fishiness and turn to frogs,
And in time's course to cats and dogs
And elephants and harvest mouses
And voters in their little houses.
(That should have read, "And harvest mice
And voters in their little hicc.")

The last couplet is pure Whitworth.

He was also a master of the essay, especially when discussing one of his literary favourites, who ranged from Richmal Crompton to Patrick O'Brian and Ern Malley.

His poem "Angry Penguin" (*Quadrant*, January-February 2015), which incorporated some of Ern Malley's phrases—

I hubble-bubble, the black swan of trespass
Where urchins pick their noses in the sun.
Mad monks incontinently chant their vespers,
I hubble-bubble, the black swan of trespass
On alien waters, fraught as chinese whispers,
As lights are doused and vanish one by one.
Black as my funeral hat, the swan of trespass
Makes urchins bloom like roses from a gun ...

was followed by an essay, "Ern Malley, Wendy Cope and the Poetic Muse" (March 2015) in which, among other observations, he says:

Ern Malley's poems were as bad as McAuley and Stewart could make them. They claimed to have written them over one weekend. They were rubbish ... And yet there are words, phrases, sentences which have resonance. Why is that? One view is that the unconscious was at work producing images better than any McAuley and Stewart ever produced consciously. Or perhaps, however badly they tried to write

they couldn't help achieving sonorities, as it were, by accident.

These musings reminded me that I had a book on the Ern Malley saga, *Gary Shead: The Apotheosis of Ern Malley* by Sasha Grishin, with illustrations by Gary Shead. I sent a copy to John who was so appreciative that to my delight he sent me back three of his own books: *Being the Bad Guy* (2007), *Girlie Gangs* (2012) and the anthology *Making Love to Marilyn Monroe: The Faber Book of Blue Verse* (1990), a comprehensive, entertaining and informative survey of the genre from "Eskimo Nell" to "The Ball at Kirriemuir" via Petronius, William Dunbar and hundreds of other inventive bards, including Whitworth himself. As well as introducing me to a cornucopia of his own poems not published in *Quadrant*, this exchange produced an enjoyable if sporadic email correspondence in which John encouraged my own efforts.

I found his poems and poetic philosophy ("my quarrel with a lot of poetry now is that it's a damn sight too prosy") closely akin to mine, his personality simpatico and his remarks on some rejected poems supportive. ("Don't worry, it's all subjective, that's a perfectly good poem.")

Perhaps I can close this tribute to a fine poet and a real gent with a verse from his poem "A Nearly Ballade of Poetic Misery" from *Girlie Gangs*:

We're the fag-smoking, balding, beer-swillers
Whose hearts never get to be trumps.
We would love to be young lady-killers
But we know we are lardy old lumps.

Always when I opened a new issue of *Quadrant* I felt an extra jolt of pleasure if it contained something by John Whitworth. Now that pleasure will be decreased just a little by knowing there will be no more of his poems.

John Whitworth was born in India and graduated from Merton College, Oxford, and taught at the University of Kent. He lived in Canterbury with his wife Doreen Roberts and daughters Ellie and Katie.

Peter Jeffrey is a retired medical research scientist, a devoted reader of Quadrant and an occasional contributor who finds all of John Whitworth's writing entirely sympathetic. The editors of Quadrant extend our sincere sympathy to John Whitworth's family.

G.K. Chesterton, Writer Sui Generis

I first discovered Chesterton when I was twelve and I discovered the Father Brown stories in the Morningside Library. That is the posh end of Edinburgh, as anyone who has read *The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie* will know. I first read *The Wisdom of Father Brown*, then *The Innocence of Father Brown* soon after. They are the two best Father Brown books, but *The Incredulity of Father Brown* is not far behind, containing the story “The Dagger with Wings”, with the devil-worshipping figure of John Strake, who wears a cloak too long for him to walk in because he flies everywhere, a sort of devilish Superman. Amyas Aylmer, his potential victim, speaks of black magic and supernatural happenings, but Father Brown will have none of it. His Catholicism is essentially down to earth and of this world. We are reminded of a remark of Chesterton’s that when a man stops believing in God, he does not believe in nothing but rather in anything, spirits or mumbo-jumbo.

The first story in *The Wisdom of Father Brown* is “The Absence of Mr Glass”, so that was the first I read, and I was hooked instantly. Its pattern is often repeated. First, we have an expert, in this case Doctor Orion Hood, a criminologist, who solves crimes on strictly scientific principles. Next, we have a crime, a disappearance and possible death at the hands of Mr Glass, a man nobody has ever seen but only heard in heated conversation with Mr Todhunter. “One and two, Mr Glass.” “That’s right, Mr Glass.”

Mr Todhunter is in love (well of course he is) with a beautiful girl. In Chesterton’s eyes all girls are beautiful. His own wife was beautiful. And the girl is in love with Mr Todhunter, who is imprisoned in his own room. Doctor Hood suggests very reasonably that they break down the door. They do, and what a sight meets their eyes! Tables are overturned, broken glasses are everywhere, on the floor is a huge hat, and Mr Todhunter is tied up in the corner with a curious expression in his eyes. What is the answer? Hood does not know.

But Father Brown does. And he now knows the profession of Mr Todhunter. Do you? Let us start with the hat, too big for any human head. It cannot be Mr Todhunter’s hat. But it is a hat that is his. And what is its purpose? Why, to draw rabbits from, and bunches of flowers, and white mice. Mr Todhunter is a magician. And the glasses? Mr Todhunter is a juggler too, but as yet an inexperienced one. He juggles with glasses and occasionally he breaks them. And why is he tied up? Because he is also an escapologist. He is not really tied up at all. And what of the absent Mr Glass? Ah yes. He is indeed absent. Like Godot, he was never really there at all. Those little conversations really go like this. “One and two, missed a glass” (*smash*). “That’s right, missed a glass” (*crash*). And the expression in Mr Todhunter’s eyes? He is laughing. At whom? Why at you, Doctor Hood. At that Mr Todhunter rises to his feet and takes a bow. And marries the girl? Of course he does.

The fifty-odd stories of Father Brown have been ably brought to life by a genial Kenneth More (in a thirteen-part television series in 1974) and once by Alec Guinness, playing opposite Peter Finch in a full-length film in 1954. Guinness said it was playing Father Brown that brought him back into the Catholic Church. And it is true that if I had any religion it would be the Catholicism portrayed by Chesterton.

Chesterton wrote many other stories, of which my favourite collection is *The Club of Queer Trades*. One man’s trade is to hire himself out at a nightly fee to be the butt of the Wildean sallies of others. But he writes the scripts so that dull dogs may become little Oscars. And a very lucrative trade it is. It is possible that Chesterton got the idea of a club from R.L. Stevenson, who must have been an author who appealed to Chesterton, with his wild romances—but *The Suicide Club* belongs to an altogether darker universe. Chesterton’s novels do not seem to me to be so successful. The best is *The Man Who Was Thursday*, a sort of spoof on the thrillers of

Buchan, Sapper and the like, but Chesterton seems to run out of puff before the end.

Chesterton wrote a good deal of poetry. He was a poet before he became a prose writer, just as he was an artist before he became a poet. Among his poems the ballades bulk very large. His friends Bentley and Belloc wrote them too. Belloc's "Ballade of Genuine Concern" begins:

A child in Brighton has been left to drown:
A railway train has jumped the line at Crewe;
I haven't got the change for half a crown:
I can't imagine what on earth to do ...
Three bisons have stampeded from the Zoo,
A German fleet has anchored in the Clyde.
By God the wretched country's up the flue!
The ice is breaking up on every side.

It's just like that in England today. Down with the wretched EU!

Chesterton's ballades are altogether jollier, more life-affirming. When he had a breakdown at the age of sixteen most people believed it was because he had bad thoughts of homosexual lust and so forth. But I do not. I think he had bad thoughts of death, like Young Werther, and was drawn to suicide. I would like to quote in full his "Ballade of Suicide":

The gallows in my garden, people say
Is new and neat and adequately tall.
I tie the knot on in a knowing way
As one that knots a necktie for a ball.
But just as all the neighbours—on the wall—
Are drawing one long breath to shout, "Hurray!"
The strangest whim has seized me ... After all
I think I will not hang myself today.

Tomorrow is the time I get my pay—
My uncle's sword is hanging in the hall—
I see a little cloud all pink and grey—
Perhaps the Rector's mother will *not* call—
I fancy that I heard from Mr Gall
That mushrooms could be cooked another way—
I never read the works of Juvenal—
I think will not hang myself today.

The world will have another washing day;
The decadents decay; the pedants pall;
And H.G. Wells has found that children play,
And Bernard Shaw discovered that they squall;
Rationalists are growing rational—
And through these words one finds a stream
 astray—
So secret that the very sky seems small—
I think I will not hang myself today.

Prince, I can hear the trumps of Germinal,
The tumbrils toiling up the terrible way;
Even today your royal head may fall—
I think I will not hang myself today.

Chesterton also has a strain of whimsy, as in "The Song of Quoodle":

They haven't got no noses,
The fallen sons of Eve;
Even the smell of roses
Is not what they supposes:
But more than mind discloses
And more than men believe.

He also wrote such poems as "The Ballade of the White Horse":

Lady, by one light only
We look from Alfred's eyes.
We know he saw athwart the wreck
The sign that hangs about your neck,
Where One more than Melchizedek
Is dead and never dies.

On the first page of his autobiography Chesterton writes:

I am firmly of opinion that I was born on the 29th of May, 1874, on Campden Hill, Kensington; and baptised according to the formularies of the Church of England in the little church of St George opposite the large Waterworks Tower that dominated that ridge.

In her biography of Chesterton, Maisie Ward concurs, adding that the Waterworks Tower impressed his imagination and that when his brother Cecil was born five years later Gilbert announced, "Now I shall always have an audience." She says this prophecy was "remembered by all parties because it proved so singularly false. As soon as Cecil began to speak he began to argue, and the brothers' intercourse thenceforward consisted of unending discussion. They always argued, they never quarrelled."

Michael Coren's biography disagrees: "Actually the specific place of his birth was 32 Sheffield Terrace, a hauntingly quiet and attractive little road." Coren observes that it was in this area that Father Brown operated in many of the stories. He says that there was a family tradition that the Chestertons originated in a Cambridgeshire village but Gilbert was sceptical about the claim, aware that many other small towns and villages made similar claims to the name Chesterton. He said, "I have never been to Cambridge and I have never

seen Chesterton at all.”

Chesterton’s autobiography brings up his fascination with toy theatres:

I liked the toy theatre when I knew it *was* a toy theatre. I liked the cardboard figures even when I found that they were cardboard. The white light of wonder that shone in the whole business was not any sort of trick ... It was the same with the puppet show of Punch and Judy. I was pleased that a piece of wood was Punch’s face, and pleased that it always was of wood. I loved my illusions so long as I knew they were illusions.

Coren says Gilbert’s illusions led him away from the humdrum reality of life, that he overbalanced in favour of the dream. But Cecil had none of his brother’s generosity of mind. He was narrow and self-righteous, and like the protagonist in Trollope’s *He Knew He Was Right* he came to a bad end.

It may be thought surprising that Chesterton went to school at all. Many a child at the time with his angelic expression and golden locks did not do so. (We know about these because of the picture opposite page 48 of his autobiography.) Often such children were tutored at home. There was the case of the devil-possessed boy Miles in Henry James’s *The Turn of the Screw*. He was tutored by a governess, who may or may not have been off her head. But Gilbert not only went to school (at Saint Paul’s School, on the south bank of the Thames), he actually enjoyed it. This could not have been because of his scholastic eminence. He remained happily ensconced at the bottom of the class where he kept company, as it were, with Anthony Trollope (there he is again) and Winston Churchill. But Trollope hated school and Churchill was ambivalent.

By the time Gilbert was fifteen the whole angelic thing had given way to an awkward hobbledehoy youth, all knuckles and knees. Look at some of the pictures in Coren’s book. He was still a string-bean sort of a chap. The ever-increasing bulk which probably killed him came later.

At Saint Paul’s he met his great friends Lucian Oldershaw and Edmund Clerihew Bentley. Bentley wrote poems and novels, just like Gilbert. His novels were detective stories and the most famous is *Trent’s Last Case*, where Trent comes up with the wrong solution for all the right reasons. That second name gave rise to the clerihew, a rhymed four-line poem in which the first or second line is a name, and the rest comments on the person:

Sir Christopher Wren
Said, “I am going to dine with some men.

If anyone calls,
Say I’m designing Saint Paul’s.”

This clerihew may be found on page 27 of Maisie Ward’s book. The whole thing is very easy. I have done many myself and some have won prizes. Here is one:

Martial
Was sexually impartial
But *everybody* swung both ways
In the old Roman days.

And with that we say goodbye to childhood.

Gilbert needed money to live. How was money to be got? Hilaire Belloc wrote:

And even now, at twenty-five,
He has to *work* to keep alive!
Yes! All day long from 10 till 4!
For half the year or even more.

Journalism seemed the answer, though journalists have a poor record, being pushy, forward fellows, which Gilbert emphatically was not. He himself said:

On the whole I think I owe my success to listening, respectfully and rather bashfully, to the very best advice given by all the best journalists who had achieved the best sort of success, and then doing the exact opposite.

In other words he was a journalist *sui generis*. Gilbert wrote for two reasons. One was for money, for himself and for Frances, his wife; the other was to subsidise his own magazine, *GK’s Weekly*, which was of a political nature. It was not conservative. It was not socialist. It was Distributist, which my computer fails to recognise as a word. It means that every man, or woman presumably, should be able to enjoy his own pasture with his own pig on it. One has to ask what Gilbert would have done with a pig, but you get the general idea, which is by no means silly. It is true equality, not the false equality of socialism and state ownership, where everybody is equal in having nothing at all. It is a pity that Gilbert was known as a fantastic with a liking for paradox. Distributism is a deeply held and practical idea. We should try it. Perhaps once out of the EU we might make a go of it.

Meanwhile Cecil Chesterton, together with Belloc, had launched *The Eye Witness*, soon to become *The New Witness* when Cecil took over the

reins himself. It was then disaster struck. There had been some share-rigging in Marconi, which involved the prime minister and several cabinet ministers, most of whom happened to be Jewish. This moved Cecil Chesterton and Belloc, both profoundly anti-Semitic, to publish inflammatory articles. Cecil was arraigned for libel, even though most of what he said was true. He was found guilty and fined £100 and given the most awful wiggling.

Cecil claimed this as a triumph but he was not as tough as he gave out and probably the strain hastened his death in 1918 in an army hospital. He had fought bravely during the war. Gilbert, of course, never went to the war. His health was too bad. He was too old, too short-sighted and far too fat. He could never have clambered out of a trench.

For a long time, though Gilbert was ill, he went on his travels, which were wide-ranging and

frequent. France, Italy and Canada all fell to his oratory and to his knife and fork. Frances went with him, both to look after him and to act as his diary. Gilbert was notoriously vague about where he should be and whom he should be addressing. There is a notorious telegram: *Am in Godalming. Where should I be?*

His health worsened. It was plain he was dying. He was given the last rites by a priest he knew, and died on June 14, 1936, the Sunday of the Feast of Corpus Christi, the feast on which, fourteen years earlier, he had entered the Catholic Church.

John Whitworth died in England in April after a short illness. Over the past twenty years he was one of Quadrant's most prolific and best-loved poets. A brief tribute by Peter Jeffrey appears on page 87.

Boy at the Bus Stop

The young man found the crowded stop
in flannelette and mustard cap,
the bus would take him to the crop
where he would meet the working chaps.
Just yesterday he finished school,
the day before he felt the cane,
his father labelled him the fool
and said that he deserved the pain.
But school was now a distant star
and Rosa's face, a teary blur,
and loneliness became his scar
whenever he remembered her.

And still the bus stop crowded more,
the expectation filled the air,
the rumbling sound, the flapping door,
the coldness of the driver's stare.
The young man stomped his cigarette
and made his way towards the queue,
a widow brushed his flannelette
and scampered for her window view.
And on the bus he saw a seat
beside a slick-haired businessman,
who spread his arms and stretched his feet,
deterred, the youngster chose to stand.

The morning sun was on the rise,
it peeked above the distant hills,
the driver shut his weary eyes,
awaiting for the bus to fill.
And when it filled, the engine roared—
the bus let out a grieving cry;
the young man dreamt of days before,
and here he knew his youth had died.
But school was now a distant star,
and Rosa's face, a teary blur,
and loneliness became his scar
whenever he remembered her.

Damian Balassone

Books and Mateship at the Bread and Cheese Club

Like a one-man local Bodleian or Library of Congress, Scots-descended John Kinmount (“Jack”) Moir was a book collector who set himself the goal of acquiring a copy of every book published by an Australian author in the fields of fiction, poetry and drama. Australian writing didn’t get much of a look-in in the cultural world before the Second World War, and Moir devoted huge efforts to its promotion. He succeeded, and by the time of his death in 1958 had put together “one of the finest private libraries of Australian literature ever assembled”, in the words of the State Library of Victoria, to which it was presented and where its 10,000 volumes are still housed.

Moir, born in Queensland in 1893 of a family that moved to Melbourne when he was a child, seems not to have been very literary himself in the sense of writing books. From the age of nineteen the books he scrutinised most closely were commercial ones with columns of receipts and expenses. He qualified as an accountant and worked for Payne’s Bon Marché, a clothing and drapery department store in Bourke Street, Melbourne, that lasted into the 1960s. He became its credit manager and his secretary for a time was Doris Kerr, a writer who would now doubtless be retrospectively claimed as a feminist.

Yes this credit manager, quietly building up his library with the proceeds of his shrewd investments, had a bohemian side. After two divorces, Moir lived alone, but not in the kind of neat suburban home most people of the era aspired to. He bought a former pawnbroker’s shop in Bridge Road, Richmond, a district now much desired as smart inner-city, but then characterised by malt and tanned hides and other industrial smells and low working-class squalor (just the kind of place where you’d expect a pawnbroker to do well). He turned the shop and dwelling into a library where (for he was no recluse) he received researchers and students.

In 1938, Moir’s patronage of Australian writing led him to found, together with eleven kin-

dred spirits, mostly writers and artists, the Bread and Cheese Club. Why this name was chosen is anyone’s guess. Perhaps it just sounded vaguely bohemian and unsullied by the sophistication represented by *haute cuisine*—to have called it the Filet Mignon Club would not have struck quite the same note—perhaps some analogy was pictured between a Housmanian farm labourer out in the paddocks eating his honest crusty bread and cheese for lunch and the twelve club founders toiling in the fields of literature and art; perhaps this is what the members consumed once the club was up and running and they were enjoying what its *Brief History* published in 1940 called “[i]ndulgence in refreshment after work”, a pastime the *History* enjoined as “an important feature” of club life, adding that “when the spirit of conviviality is in the ascendant, every member is enabled to partake of it to the full”. To do so, and presumably with the liquid assistance of the then ubiquitous Wynvale flagons, they had “specially designed mugs; each mug emblazoned with the Club’s heraldic design, in colours, and stamped with the number of the member to whom it belongs”. The spirit of conviviality is alluded to in the motto chosen for the club: “Mateship, Art and Letters”.

The club first met on June 5, 1938, when the twelve founders “decided to form themselves into an active body to promote Australian Art and Literature”. The meeting place—one pictures them hurrying there from the tram in the bleak Melbourne winter, heavily overcoated, gloved and hatted against the cold—was the studio of E.J. Turner at 132 Cubitt Street, probably a “worker’s cottage” typical of the gauntly industrial part of Richmond which having now, like the area where Moir lived, shed its down-at-heel reputation, has reverted to its earlier name of Cremorne. Turner was a painter under the name of Ted Turner. There are portraits by him (in the Pearce Collection at the National Library of Australia) of two fellow Bread and Cheese Club

founders, the poets John Shaw Neilson and Edward Harrington, the latter often described as “the last of the bush balladists”. Turner’s studio was described by the *History* as “delightfully bohemian surroundings”. The household seems to have included his mother, so perhaps she was a kind of Soul.

The studio was soon too small. As the club attracted new members (there were forty-two in 1940) a change of premises was made to 272 Post Office Place (now Little Bourke Street) in central Melbourne. Regular meetings were on the first Sunday of every month. One can hear the great clock of the adjacent Italianate GPO (now, naturally, converted by Australia Post into a “retail hub”) marking the hour with an arabesque of chimes as the members directed their steps to the meeting through the dismal empty streets of a Melbourne Sunday, where apart from the chimes the only sounds would have been bits of newspaper whirled along in the wind, the clanging of tram bells and the strident evangelising blare of a street-corner Salvation Army band. (Dreary it might have been but at least, unlike in the exciting vibrant contemporary centre of Melbourne, no Bread and Cheese Club member would have been at risk of being threatened at knife-point for his mobile phone or mown down by an unhinged misanthrope in a Holden Commodore.)

Of the twelve club founders, some names are still recognised today. Moir, Turner and Harrington have already been mentioned. John Shaw Neilson, one of the portrait subjects, was a farm labourer, road-builder and bush poet son of a manual-worker poet. Con Lindsay was a poet. The other founders were J. Alex Allan, J.C. Davies, S. Ford, J. Neild, J. Newbold, N. Rankin and T. Tierney.

One of the newer members was Henry William (Harry) Malloch, who in 1940 wrote the account referred to above, *A Brief History of the Bread and Cheese Club, Melbourne* (“necessarily” brief as he himself put it, after only two years of the club’s existence). The *History* was intended as a “Souvenir of the Club’s Australian Art & Literature Exhibition”, held in November 1940 at the “Velasquez Gallery” of Tye’s, a furniture retailer in Bourke Street. Visitors would have threaded their way through the Genoa velvet lounge suites and maple dining settings to enter the gallery in a large basement under the store (which closed in the 1960s). The club had been prolific in its publications and visitors to the exhibition were able to purchase copies of the *Bread and*

Cheese Book, an anthology edited by P.I. O’Leary, and *Light of Earth*, by naturalist, biographer and poet Victor Kennedy. There were E.E. Pescott’s *Life of Joseph Furphy*, who as the author of *Such is Life* in 1903 was already regarded as “the father of the Australian novel”; “*Radiant Land*” and *Other Verses* by T.V. Tierney, and various other volumes, some published by the Hawthorn Press (an imprint refounded in 1981) such as *The Moon Turned Round* by William Allder Morrison. *Revolution* by J. Alex Allan was published by the club itself. These were all serious works by serious writers, and even if obscurity has overtaken some, they were read, if not on a wide scale, by serious people. As the *History* confidently stated, “All these publications have had a ready sale, and have done a great deal in extending the reputations of the writers concerned.” In all the club eventually brought out about forty publications.

J.K. Moir with his financial expertise contributed a volume of history: *Australia’s First Electric Tram*, recounting the “vicissitudes of the Box Hill–Doncaster electric tramway” in Victoria and its entrepreneur Henry Hilton, to whom, wrote Moir, “too much credit cannot be given ... for his fight to keep it running”. Conceived at the time of the Land Boom, the tramway failed in 1896 after the banking crash, when, in Moir’s words, “Chaotic financial conditions prevailed and it is no source of wonder that the tramway closed.”

Whether the club acquired or rented its rooms on the first floor of 272 Post Office Place is not stated in the *History*, but the clubrooms certainly had an air of permanence. “The walls of the Club,” wrote Malloch, “are covered with photographs and sketches of Australia’s leading writers and artists, interspersed with paintings, etchings and black and white drawings.” These included “a series of silhouettes of many of the members” by Victor E. Cobb, a still highly regarded artist, printmaker and painter of whom the *Australian Dictionary of Biography* records:

Cobb’s reputation rests on a large *oeuvre* of etchings, built up during his lifetime and depicting with meticulous accuracy the architectural splendour of Melbourne’s colleges and churches, vistas of the city, the tea-tree patterned foreshore and the outer areas of bush and countryside. State galleries hold many examples of his work.

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J.K. Moir was at
the pinnacle as the
Knight Grand Cheese,
E.J. Turner was
Worthy Scribe,
and Harry Malloch
was Trusty Bagman.*

Malloch adds that “here and there throughout the room are many objects of interest presented by the members”. The fate of these, the silhouettes and other works of art since the dissolution of the club is not recorded.

The club was anything but insular. Not only did it have “members in every Australian state” but “as a contribution to Australian Art and Literature”, it allowed “kindred societies desiring to meet in its rooms to do so free of charge”.

Officials of the club rejoiced in a quaint hierarchy of names. J.K. Moir was at the pinnacle as the Knight Grand Cheese. Did this phrase derive from “the big cheese”, itself from the Urdu *chiz* or “thing” which apparently made its way into English from India in the mid-nineteenth century? E.J. Turner was Worthy Scribe, presumably secretary, and Harry Malloch was Trusty Bagman, presumably treasurer. Members were known as “Fellows”, and “any member inadvertently addressing another as ‘Mr.’ is fined a penny for the insult”. Comments the *History*, “The Club’s revenue has benefited considerably from lapses of memory in this direction.”

There is no doubt that Moir was, as John Arnold puts it at the online resource *eMelbourne*, the “mainstay” of the club. He is described in the *History* as “The Club’s Dynamic Leader”. Malloch waxes eloquent in his praise, with a contemporary reference. “The credit,” he says, “for the pre-eminent position in which the Club finds itself to-day is indisputably due to the Churchillian doggedness of purpose and inspiration of the Club’s leader, Knight Grand Cheese, J.K. Moir.”

The club seems not to have been concerned with politics. Certainly, unlike many Australian *literati* of the time, and despite having published J. Alex Allan’s *Revolution*, it was not remotely revolutionary, even though Clem Christesen, founder of *Meanjin*, and the similarly leftish Alan Marshall, perhaps the club’s most celebrated author, were members by 1940. It may be that most members were apolitical. In the *History*, there are but two references to the Second World War, in which Germany at the time was sweeping all before it: one was the tribute “Churchillian” to Moir; the other was a reference to Allan resigning “to engage in war work”.

The commitment to “mateship” in the club motto was taken as seriously as that to art and letters. The *History* states that the club committee

is particularly pleased at the spirit of mateship which has already made itself appreciably felt. Members and writers all over Australia who have never met one another, are in constant friendly and fraternal communication and their

correspondence with one another is doing much to establish and consolidate a desirable harmony and concord among those interested in Art and Literature.

One gets the impression that at times like Christmas they let their hair down. “Activities in this direction are very marked at festive seasons, when there is a wide exchange of felicitations.”

There was a keen sense of entrepreneurship. “The Club has spread itself in every direction and has interested itself in many causes,” writes Malloch.

Besides arranging lectures and exhibitions at public libraries and other places, playing a big part in Australian Book Week, gathering literature for hospitals and other institutions, etc., it has conducted two highly successful Junior Competitions, one for Poetry and the other for Black and White Drawings.

These were a great success. “Both these competitions attracted entrants from all States of the Commonwealth and New Zealand and helped considerably to enhance the Club’s reputation.” The one disappointment was a monthly journal, *Bohemia*, which, while it “reached a wide circle of readers” and secured a “strong footing as a virile Australian Literary production”, failed after sixteen months because of “lack of financial support from advertisers, coupled with the [wartime] paper shortage”. The fate of *Bohemia* seems not to have deterred the club from supporting bohemians, in the persons of “a newly formed body of young writers known as the Young Bohemians”, for whom the club was “doing its best, by lending its room and its helpful advice, to foster and encourage the talents displayed by these young aspirants for literary and artistic honors [*sic*]”. There is no mention of their names.

Wild life (in a different sense from “the spirit of conviviality”) was a club interest, with a Natural History Medal donated by the Knight Grand Cheese to be awarded annually for “signal services in connection with Australian flora and fauna”. The first winner was A.H. Chisholm, naturalist, ornithologist, journalist and, in the words of the *ADB*, “conservationist long before it became fashionable to be one”, who went on to become editor of the ten-volume *Australian Encyclopaedia* published in 1958.

That was also the year that J.K. Moir died. The spirit of the club seems to have died with him. Moir, writes John Arnold, had devoted “much of his considerable energy to its activities” and without him the club began to run out of steam. It kept going for another thirty years, but as Arnold puts

it, “increasingly only as a shadow of its former self”, and closed in 1988. If anything about its demise was published in the newspapers I have been unable to find it.

The Bread and Cheese Club would be looked at askance by enlightened opinion today since, as the *History* stated unapologetically, “Women are not admitted to membership or to meetings of the Club.” Nevertheless, an exception was made in the election of Mrs Susan Turner (“mother of the first Worthy Scribe”) as Patroness. This was a recognition of “her many acts of kindness while the Club met at her house”. What those acts consisted of is not disclosed, but one imagines her rattling through from the kitchen with endless cups of tea and biscuits. Or perhaps they were thanking her for listening to them all go on into the small hours at 132 Cubitt Street. The only other woman who had anything to do with the club was Miss Beatrice Milne, “a student at the Swinburne Technical College”, who designed the “attractive” poster for the exhibition at Tye’s gallery.

Now here is a curious recollection, which prompted my interest in the Bread and Cheese Club. An aunt of mine, a jolly soul, was when younger an amateur but gifted singer. She told me once, amid gales of laughter, how she had been recruited to sing

at an Edwardian house in the Melbourne suburb of Elsternwick where what she described as “a lot of funny old ducks in big flowery hats” sat around and composed things. The composition she was asked to sing, and which was recorded—I wish I hadn’t lost the recording—was entitled “Buttercups Are Blowing in the Fields Today”. The little circle of feminine creativity which presented the world with lyrics such as (from memory)

Shining golden goblets in their silken gowns
They shall bloom forever, spreading beauty
 round ...
Stay a little longer, hurry not away
Buttercups are blowing in the fields today.

called itself, my aunt told me, the Bread and Cheese Club. Was it connected with the all-male one in central Melbourne? Did the Knight Grand Cheese and the other members adopt more liberal post-war views—this would have been about 1950—and change the rule against female members? Were the ladies in hats a separate club with coincidentally the same name? I don’t know, but if anyone does I should like to hear.

Christopher Akehurst, who lives in Melbourne, is a frequent contributor.

Moonshot

And actually setting foot on the uninteresting moon makes the earth accidental and smaller and the universe somewhat more knowable and less interesting. Heaven and God are not up there. The moon has no more personality.

—Edmund Wilson, “*The Sixties*”

When NASA shot the moon we saw the whole thing on tv.
First, Mare Tranquillatis boiled with dust;
A non-Platonic solid squatted down;
Two lumpen men emerged and bounced around,
Brimful of the Right Stuff.

Unlucky thirteen bars and fifty plastic stars soon pierced the virgin crust,
Meanwhile Selene had gone:
The Goddess had departed with the moonglow.
A satellite of pimpled stone hangs in the modern sky,
Like a pale Chaucerian arse hung from a midnight window.

Peter Jeffrey

PHILIP DREW

How Utzon Discovered “Living Architecture”

Travel today is universal. Everyone travels. It is said to broaden the mind and expand one's horizons. It is also education, education of the very best kind. Little has been written about the importance of travel for architects. It is a little-discussed subject, especially as it relates to the developing sensibility of young architects. Music, painting and poetry can be studied anywhere—architecture is different. To properly appreciate a great building you must walk around and inside it, look at it up close, visit at all hours of the day, as Goethe did at Strasbourg cathedral, and see it in all lights. And, most important of all, study it in its surroundings. Direct observation should be supplemented by reading as a preliminary to fully appreciate it as art and understand its history. Only then is the observer best able to experience and reflect on the aesthetic, what it says about its time and place in history.

A recent Danish exhibition, *Horizont* (horizon) mounted by the Utzon Centre in Aalborg at the Sydney Opera House, to celebrate the centenary of Jørn Utzon's birth, documented his early travels in Morocco in 1947 and America in 1949. Utzon was an extremely private man, and it is only recently that the family archives have become available for scrutiny by scholars. The exhibition dealt with a crucial, though largely unknown period after the end of the Second World War, when Danes could again travel. Many, including Utzon, visited Paris to immerse themselves in the new wave of intellectual ideas and art and escape the grey suffocation imposed by the German occupation. Utzon was more adventurous than many. His breakout took him further, and was crucial in setting the direction for his later development. His encounters with other very different cultures profoundly shaped his outlook and creative commitments, taking him well beyond the limited orbit of Scandinavia. He met Frank Lloyd Wright and Eero Saarinen, tramped over Mayan temple complexes in the humid jungles of the Yucatan Peninsula, and explored the vernacular villages of the Atlas Mountains. This

would transform him, and a decade later, propel him from an isolated studio in a beech forest on the north coast of Zealand, to world fame overnight on winning the National Opera House competition in 1957.

The end of the war liberated Danes intellectually and sparked a new exciting period of creative change under the Marshall Plan. Paris beckoned: Existentialism, Jean-Paul Sartre and Simone de Beauvoir were making headlines; art galleries were freed of Nazi censorship, Picasso and Le Corbusier emerged from the shadows. In tiny Denmark, travel released artists from Danish insularity. Utzon jumped at the opportunity to visit Paris and meet the Swiss-born Modernist, Le Corbusier. Paris was just a beginning—North Africa and America beckoned.

In the Yucatan, Arizona and Morocco, Utzon discovered what he would later call “Living Architecture”. When sculpture supports architecture and augments its expressive power, when the two work as one, as in the Mayan temple complexes, something remarkable occurs—architecture is infused with sculptural vitality. It almost seems to come alive. In addition, Mayan platforms helped Utzon find a means to unite architecture and landscape. Instead of being an intruder, something separate, buildings merge with landscape. Utzon stumbled on a device that eliminated the dualism which divorced buildings from their surroundings. That device was the stepped platform.

Utzon did not reject his Scandinavian roots, but his travels enlarged his vision and opened it up to new possibilities. The Finnish master Alvar Aalto had been a strong early influence, although Utzon's contact was limited to a six-week stay in Aalto's Helsinki studio. Aalto's father was a land surveyor. Surveyors record the disposition and shape of land, they take levels and map its contours. Contours guided Aalto's placement of buildings; he would extend the formal architectural geometry outwards by means of angular terraces that echo the organic

architectural order of his buildings from their immediate landscape by a similar shared geometry. Instead of making his buildings spill outwards as Aalto did, Utzon reversed the movement and pulled the terrain inwards, much as we do when we go to bed and draw the coverlet over us. His platforms create a new terrain, in effect a new artificial earth that converted his buildings into a stepped terrain that draws in and echoes their immediate surroundings, something like the hillside rice-paddy terraces of Bali and theatres in Greece and Incan Peru.

Buildings melt into the landform and become implicit extensions of terrain, a terrain architecture, obviously manmade and shaped to serve human requirements, nevertheless, one that is no longer outside nature. The era of National Romanticism, Scandinavia’s version of German Romanticism, was largely over when Utzon began but some residual element, a certain feeling for form and closeness to nature, can be detected in his design.

In the 1950s, Super8 movie cameras placed film-making in the hands of middle-class amateurs. Many family men like Utzon were fascinated by the new equipment. The lightweight portable camera enabled architects to capture the experience as they walked around, moved in close, filmed inside and explored the spaces in each building. Although the footage was inferior in quality to 35mm colour transparency film, the Super8 footage still captured the experience over time from multiple viewpoints. It turned Utzon into a budding film director, perhaps not a master like Ingmar Bergman, but it was exhilarating and addictive.

Art is about new ways of seeing. The Renaissance discovery of perspective changed not only painting, it caused a new visual culture, which, in turn, led to a new conception of space. Perspective set up the single viewpoint and ordered Renaissance pictorial space. Cubism at the beginning of the twentieth century changed that. In 1941, the Swiss historian Sigfried Giedion titled his Norton Lecture series on modern architecture *Space, Time and Architecture*. He did so to focus attention on the unifying centrality of the new space-time concept. In this context, Utzon’s amateur film-making activity assumes a special importance as a practical response that directly addressed the new space as experiential and phenomenal. Seeing space serially in time, from multiple viewpoints, revolutionised twentieth-century space. We look at paintings frontally, but the experience of architecture is far more complex, more demanding and difficult. Cubism had explored this, and the movie camera now captured space as dynamic and unfolding. Today’s video camera and smartphones have

replaced the primitive Super8 camera and made it film-making commonplace.

What exactly did Utzon find in the jungles of Yucatan? His diary is informative. On his visit to the Palace of the Governor at Uxmal, Utzon was confronted by an extraordinary sculpture:

What mainly sets Uxmal apart from other structures I have seen was the rich, almost extravagant detailing; almost every stone was sculpted with animal motifs such as snakes, birds, toads, turtles, either once or as a repeated pattern to form borders or cornices, while richly ornamented human beings, half in relief, or in some places, for instance, in the corners, almost completely carved out, almost as free-standing sculptures, were taking up the space in the middle. One of the most profound ornaments was a snake motif, where all the stones in the snake’s body were the same, however, because of the intricate interlocking system, it was possible to turn these joints in different directions, making the snake twist on the surface that was 5m tall and 30–40m long while still remaining interlocked with the rest of the stonework. This is the best example I have ever seen, where one can really say what is architecture and what is sculpture because everything is working together to create a sense of the whole.

Only when it is linked to sculpture does “Living Architecture” make sense. Only then do we begin to understand Utzon’s intention in the Sydney Opera House. Sculpture, certainly traditional sculpture, enlivens a building, makes it writhe and wriggle like an Uxmal snake. This is such a far cry, so profoundly different from the idea of a mechanical Modernism. It linked architecture to sculpture as a unity. It initiated a profound shift away from functional Modernism towards expression by injecting a primitive animism into the machine architecture of the twentieth century. The shift not only enlivened but served to humanise it.

The feature of the Sydney Opera House where this idea is most successful is the tile roofs. Utzon developed two finishes for the tiles: a glazed and a rough matt tile consisting of a mixture of crushed tile fragments to break up its surface and disperse the reflected sunlight. The glazed tile is used everywhere, the rough matt tile introduced as an edge border outlining the fish-scale-shaped tile panels. The effect is comparable to the interlocking stones of the Uxmal snake. Through the day, as clouds drift across the sky and the elevation and angle of the sun changes, the appearance of the tiles changes—the tiles reflect the day and impart

an ever-changing living quality to the roof vaults.

Utzon praised the Mayan practice of building their temples on top of massive platforms. The platform is by no means unique to Central America—it can be found in ancient Chinese, Greek, and even Polynesian temples. Utzon adopted the platform for a somewhat different reason: not to separate, but to unite his buildings with landscape. There was a further practical consideration which separated pedestrians from motor vehicles: pedestrians move up monumental stairs, leaving the ground plane free for motor vehicles.

Morocco is the source of Utzon’s second concept: additive group form. When he visited the mudbrick hill villages of the foothills of the Atlas Mountains he discovered their siting was not regulated as in the West, instead each builder related each building to its neighbours. Utzon was fascinated by how this resulted in a unified overall form, and how well each house was related to its neighbour and created a harmonious totality:

All the houses were the same colour as the ground we stood on, yet they were full of subtle shades. And when they were building—they were almost always working on something somewhere—they sang. Always in rhythm with the way in which they stamped the clay in oblong moulds—almost three or four metres long and about seventy-five centimetres high. Always accompanied by singing. Every house was so beautifully placed quite unlike the conformity of houses in Denmark and Sweden. Here the buildings are placed in relation to each other and in relation to the undulations of the terrain. I was profoundly inspired by the way of building in natural surroundings.

The Kingohusens Housing Estate, at Helsingør (Elsinor) 1957–59, and Fredensborg for the Danish Co-operative Building Company, 1962–63, are obvious instances that benefited from the Atlas examples. At Helsingør the courtyard houses circle around a small lake at the centre; at Fredensborg they combine in a long chain that loops up and down on either side of the hillside. Whereas the houses at Helsingør climax in a lake, at Fredensborg they culminate in the meeting house which at Uxmal is the head of the snake.

Utzon discovered his direction in his thirties, and went on refining it, project by project. In his treatment of the Mayan platform as an extended architectural terrain Utzon was enabled to unify architecture with

landscape, while the idea of “Living Architecture” led him to approach architecture as strong sculpture, the result of which is a unity we call a monument, an ambiguous word that may sometimes mean architecture and at other times sculpture. Utzon’s explanation of the Opera House, as something to be seen from above, from all round, is the same as a sculptor’s—he might be Henry Moore speaking. The art of sculpture is more difficult than painting, as the artist must satisfy not one frontal viewpoint but many. Thus it humanises Modern architecture and sets it on a path beyond the functional efficiency of the machine. “Additive architecture,” was Utzon’s response to standardisation; it gave him a procedure for combining multiple standard elements, his “kit of parts” notion of a flexible sculptural solution to standardisation founded on the lessons of vernacular building.

In 1965 Sigfried Giedion selected Utzon to represent a new grouping of rising architects he called “The Third Generation”. It showed how highly Giedion considered Utzon’s contribution to future architecture in the West. Giedion stressed the importance of technology in shaping culture as revolving around not only new technology, but as requiring a rapprochement with the ancient past, allowing the Modern movement to assimilate its lessons on sculpture and symbolism, in order to negotiate the challenge posed by new technology.

Unlike Arne Jacobsen, Denmark’s pioneer Modernist, Utzon was inspired by encounters beyond Denmark and Scandinavia. His architecture is eclectic, mixing ideas and themes from contrasting and unrelated civilisations, though the result is a complex, profoundly Danish fusion which saw architecture primarily as sculpture. Vernacular buildings supplied new insights and models on how architecture might engage with nature and simultaneously engage with industrialised building through such ideas as his “kit of parts” and “additive architecture”.

Utzon’s open, warm personality, his enthusiasm and ability to communicate with others, what is popularly called charisma, gave him an uncanny capacity to take in, absorb and synthesise insights from earlier civilisations to help him to overcome the overwhelming dullness and banality of global industrial architecture. Aalto may have set Utzon’s direction, but Utzon, through an adventurous spirit and intense curiosity, found his own way.

Philip Drew, who lives in Sydney, is a frequent contributor on architecture.

Jack Zunz's Opera House

Sir Jack Zunz may have conceded that he left his book late in the day (on the second page, to be exact), but he could not have known the extent of it. After signing off in November 2018 with deep gratitude to Babs, his wife of seventy years, he died in London before the year ended, aged ninety-four.

He blamed laziness for the delay, but I suspect decades of deliberation more likely. “I have tried to avoid any controversy,” he told me in early November, on sharing a late draft of *An Engineer’s Tale*. “Whether successfully or not is for others to judge.” Not a moment too soon then, we may make our own judgment on what Zunz witnessed and experienced.

Put simply, Zunz was at the table for so much of the design and drama that defined Sydney’s World Heritage site, Jørn Utzon’s wondrous Opera House. Within weeks of his move from South Africa to Ove Arup’s London office in August 1961, Zunz, then only thirty-seven years old, was handed the central crisis of the entire Opera House project: that, after four years of development, no workable roof structure could be found. Such was the scepticism, the Minister for Public Works and his advisers assumed it could never be built, yet the project muddled on.

Zunz introduced a new structural basis for the shells, separating each to stand on stable four- or six-point footings. Look closely at the two most northern shells of each hall and you will see Zunz’s innovation, the separations hidden within a visual trick. So much has been debated about Utzon’s “spherical solution”, but it was no coincidence that it was chosen a mere month after Zunz’s arrival. Zunz and his team had reassembled the problem for the right conversation with Utzon, taking a ribbed solution that Arup had evolved and adapting it to what the architect unequivocally preferred.

All of this was already on the public record, but

for a version of the Opera House story that presented diverse contributions and views in detail, one had to know where to look. First there was Michael Baume’s book *The Sydney Opera House Affair* in 1967, which, for its exhaustive journalism, brought accusations of political bias for some time. Baume’s indiscretion? Gaining access, for the first time, to documents from both the Arup and Utzon offices, and thereafter persuading the government to provide their own documents to round out the story.

A year later Arup and Zunz went on film for John Weiley’s *Autopsy on a Dream*. They were so shocked by their portrayal that on Ove’s complaint about its errors, the film was never shown again by the BBC. Ove Arup & Partners (“Arups”) went silent for years.

Then, in the early 1990s, Zunz gave numerous interviews to David Messent, and Arups granted Messent unrestricted access to its records. His book *Opera House Act One*, self-published in 1997, is not widely known. Peter Jones had similar access for his 2006 biography of Ove Arup, but made limited mention of Zunz in his book.

For half a century, it has always been a hesitant business to provide a critical analysis of the Opera House story, with both its glories and sins. *An Engineer’s Tale* follows in the tradition—a self-published, limited print—but with a difference: Zunz is ultimately the only central actor in the whole story to write a forthright first-hand account.

What then, is new? It is the intimate description of just how close Utzon’s relationship with his consulting engineers once was, and then, how surprisingly early and dramatic the break—earlier than understood from previously available documents. That break ultimately set the context for Utzon’s resignation and its aftermath, one of the most hotly debated events of Sydney’s social and political history.

Design documents poured forth at pace in 1961–62, a heady period of unlocked productivity once the roof crisis had been overcome. The

An Engineer’s Tale
by Jack Zunz
2018, 272 pages

culmination of it all was Utzon's Yellow Book, and with copies in their luggage, Zunz and Utzon made their first joint visit to Australia, to persuade an entire nation to accept the new direction.

That March 1962 trip was the peak of their relationship. Here were two young men, surfing in Hawaii and swimming in Bondi, yet to be burdened with the political weight ahead of them. Zunz's recollection is like no other Opera House account, because it is his lived experience before entering the public gaze. Wandering the streets of Beverly Hills together during a stopover, he says:

We passed a very forbidding gated house where the two ornate stone pillar gateposts were topped out with two fierce gargoyles. Utzon, at the time a really fun companion and who was not shy to indulge in the odd (and usually original) prank, stuffed two dollar notes into the snouts of the gargoyles. Sadly we were denied witnessing the owner's reaction.

In Sydney they found themselves live on national television within days, promoting the principles of the Yellow Book. The importance of Zunz's role was obvious to everyone. Asked what he thought of the notion of architecture's pre-eminence on a project, he didn't hesitate: "I think it's a silly attitude. I think we have to each recognise the other's worth, and in any particular project, the man most suitable—the architect, the engineer, or it might even be someone else—would be the leader of the team." It was a sentiment Utzon shared at the time:

He was often quite a demonstrative person—on one particular occasion when we were trying to solve a particularly knotty problem, he placed his arm around my shoulder and said: "Jack, it's good to work with you, we force the best out of each other." He often spoke about the obvious benefits of working collaboratively and was always careful to use the word "we" rather than "I" when we were discussing work and particularly design.

All was well until August, when Zunz received an overseas call from Public Works Minister Norm Ryan at 2 a.m. Melbourne's King Street Bridge had collapsed and the New South Wales government panicked at their own pending construction of far greater complexity:

I am still not sure why he contacted me. I was very much number three in the hierarchy, after Utzon and Ove. I can only imagine that he was dazzled by, or frightened of, Utzon or that he

realised that de facto Arup was managing the contract despite the formality of Utzon being the appointed architect.

Utzon and Zunz returned to Sydney with haste, accompanied by Arup, and convinced their client that the shells would stand, but it was on their return to Europe that it first appeared the relationship between Utzon and his engineers would not. An Engineer's Tale puts this watershed on the public record for the first time:

Over dinner I indicated to Utzon that we were now building up a strong team and were approaching the stage where we could start preparing working drawings, initially for discussions with the contractor, but then for actual construction. It looked as if at long last we could think about producing firm information to start building in general and the precast elements in particular. To make such progress we required a considerable amount of information from Utzon's office, information as trivial as the required finish of the edges of the precast segments and as fundamentally important as the disposition of the tiles on the roof surface, the very essence of the architecture of the building. Utzon's response was unexpected, unfriendly and sharp. He said that we had all the information we required. It was such an outrageous statement ...

From that moment, Utzon and his engineers followed different paths. Utzon, tired of the cycle of design and stakeholder management that he'd carried for five years, felt he could move his young practice on to other projects. Arups had been with him the whole way, and yet the difficult business of construction was all before them.

Things got worse quickly. Early in 1963 Arups were dragged into the burden of arbitration between the state government and Civil & Civic over podium construction cost claims. Zunz supported the government's legal team in Sydney, led by no lesser names than Sir John Kerr and Sir Anthony Mason. The state government agreed to a negotiated sum and the entire Opera House project breathed a sigh of relief.

But Utzon was nowhere to be seen, having left the matter entirely to Arups to vouch for the required quality of his work: "This was work, I kept reminding myself, that should strictly speaking have been carried out by the architect. This increasing burden, for which we received neither thanks nor money, became another cloud forming on the horizon."

Zunz took full ownership of Job III2 for Arups. When the firm told the state government their intention to relinquish assumed contract management duties—to never again be dragged into disputes by a contractor like Civil & Civic—it became known to some as “Ove’s declaration of independence”. An Engineer’s Tale, however, reveals it as Zunz’s idea. The demarcations that Arups set on their responsibilities unsettled Utzon and fuelled his sense of isolation:

We made it very clear that we wanted less responsibility, not more. But Utzon painted it the opposite way. The only explanation I can think of for deliberately distorting what it actually said in the memorandum was that he was overstressed, and looking for conspiracy theories. Yet after Utzon resigned, Ove, who had signed this internal memorandum, was vilified by him and his supporters for trying to steal the project from him. If anyone should have been vilified, it was I, who started it all.

When fears of collapse continued to occupy Norm Ryan’s thoughts, the roof report commissioned by Ryan in 1964 bore Zunz’s name, giving assurances to the government that the roof was possible. His structural report made no reference to Utzon by name for the chosen spherical geometry. That omission (whether we judge the inclusion necessary or not—Arups alone were responsible for keeping the building upright), coupled with the step-back from contract management, ended the relationship in Utzon’s mind.

And finally, when Utzon resigned on February 28, 1966, having reached an impasse on his claims for fees with the newly elected government, it was Zunz, not Ove Arup, who insisted that Arups had no reason to resign. A generation of professionals and artists protested and reviled all opposition to Utzon, but until now, they have never understood the conflict or Zunz’s position:

I was summoned ... to see the Minister, Davis Hughes, with a clear caveat to come alone. I duly presented myself and was immediately ushered into the Minister’s palatial office ... He asked me what our intentions were in working for him and his department in order to help complete the Opera House. I pleaded ignorance as to the reason for him asking the question. He said that from information he had received from his staff he was led to understand that Mr Arup had been suggesting that his firm might resign from the project, as a consequence of Utzon leaving the job. I told him that no such

decision had been taken and that in my mind there was no question of our not fulfilling our commitments to him and his government. And then he made what was, for me, an extraordinary statement. “You realise,” he said, “if you resign, I will have to leave government and my political career will be finished.”

All of this points to Zunz as the enabling figure in the realisation of the Opera House. At the moment of truth for the building, Zunz freed Utzon and Arup of the structural straitjacket inherent in the original competition scheme. Thereafter, he was the connector between Utzon’s vision in Hellebæk and the realities in Sydney, persuading all sides to get on with the job because it had finally come within reach. And ultimately, when Utzon left the job, it was Zunz who insisted that the building came before the man. “Why don’t you put the Opera House first?” he wrote to Utzon after his resignation, pleading with him to reconsider. “Can you not see that the problem arises out of your uncompromising and proud attitudes? One wonders whether you really want to finish the job.”

Three decades after the building’s completion, with no reconciliation between architect and engineer in the intervening years, Utzon surprised many with his gracious assessment of Arups in his 2002 book *Utzon Design Principles*: “Luckily Ove Arup stayed on the job; otherwise it would never have been completed.”

We now know that it was Zunz who stayed on the job, and further, *An Engineer’s Tale* reveals that Utzon became grateful for the fact. Utzon never replied to Zunz’s 1966 letter, but he was to speak to Zunz once more in his life, well into his eighties:

My belief that he wanted to put the past behind was underlined in 2003. About nine o’clock one morning, my home telephone rang. I answered and the voice asked, “Is that Jack Zunz?” I replied in the affirmative, when the voice said, “This is Jørn Utzon, calling from Majorca, how are you?” We spoke for a long time about the project and the work we did and the fun we had together. He had met my family, and my children still remembered him crawling on all fours giving them a ride on his back ... The phone call, coming more than 35 years since his resignation and since we had any contact, was as unexpected as it was surprising. It was also very heartening. I believe he wanted to draw a line and bring closure to the unpleasantness which had soured our relationship. His helpful statements

in his 2002 Design Principles reinforces this view. I was sorry that Ove wasn't alive—his disappointment and anger might have been assuaged, at least partially.

For too long the Opera House story has had a partisan telling, from simplistic notions of who solved the roof, to black-and-white questions of whether

Utzon was wronged. Therein lies the significance of *An Engineer's Tale*: finally, a first-hand account by a key actor that should balance our understanding.

Andrew Botros was Engineers Australia's Young Engineer of the Year in 2006. He wrote the article "The Engineer's Clarinet" in the May 2018 issue of Quadrant.

The Hand of God

The building-site crane arches high over the highway like a footbridge.
A full-rigged

sailing ship could pass beneath it. Cement mixing trucks pause
in its shadows

—hatched and striped—with drums revolving slowly
like a ball idly

spun from hand to hand, or like the chambers
of a revolver

in a game of Russian roulette. Wearing luminous jackets
and white helmets

workmen swarm over the scaffolding as ants clamber
all over

an animal's corpse. At ground level, on a public road,
there are dead-eyed

young women holding up paddles to advise us STOP or SLOW.
It looks somehow

as if the crane's extended beam is being held out toward
a second

crane on a neighbouring building plot, reaching
as on the Sistine ceiling

the hand of God stretches toward a new creation
that is a naked man.

Jamie Grant

On Becoming Elizabeth

This is a tale of unrequited love, as desperate as any in history or literature, because it happened to me, and that of course puts a completely different complexion on the matter. Unrequited love is satisfyingly romantic and tearfully tragic when it happens to others in created works, but when its eagle talons grab us and fly us personally into its bumpy skies, then the affliction is serious. That is especially the case for a thirteen-year-old girl in times long gone, lacking the input of today's screen-based instructions for life—or any instructions at all really.

For we are speaking of life on a pocket-sized rented acreage on the outskirts of Mount Druitt, on Sydney's intemperate western plains, before they were mostly taken up by new housing estates. We had escaped from local public housing bleakness into my British father's idyll of a landed baronetcy, known to others as rural squalor. The old house stood next to a sinking well. Occupying five acres, the place was once the home of an army officer, and had some very faded 1920s pretensions to grandeur, the hints of which suited my father's unusual personality, lingering as it did on the edge of delusional madness.

The place was nearly derelict so the rental was very cheap. Old wallpaper mouldered on the walls and broken linoleum on the floors curled and tripped you up. In the then unfashionable style of a three-bedroom Californian bungalow, there were some sets of mostly non-functional French doors leading to the outside, and to one side were the hardly discernible remnants of a tennis court, now covered with prickly pear growing in its gravel remnants. There were no workable drains from the kitchen with its single cold-water tap, nor from the tin bathtub and its "chippy" that lived in a shanty at the back. The residue from these facilities simply poured outside from two pipes in the walls, thus creating a fine bog around the well. Dad would dig it out, occasionally. Next to this real bog was the pan dunny, buzzing with blowflies. It all stank.

It was here that I learned to milk a cow and to cook "doggie", our nightly stew of mince, an Oxo cube, carrots, potatoes and onions, salted and boiled together on a Primus, for with Mum in the psychiatric hospital once again, and the fuel stove not working any more, I had only the kerosene stove to make meals for my two siblings and Dad and leftovers for the dogs. I can't say we were happy, but the roof hardly leaked at all, we didn't go hungry, Dad was earning some money for once, and there was some fun in having pigs, chickens and cows around to tend; and in the case of piglets, to love. I used to take the tiniest one to bed with me at night, to stop him from freezing. We warmed each other up nicely.

I was warming up in other ways too. I'd sometimes crawl under the old curtains and army blankets we used as bedcovers, inexplicably drawn to the privacy of my verandah sleep-out by some compelling imagining of things unimagined. My body was changing in ways some of the bigger girls at school talked about between themselves, but not to me, for I was such an un-ironed sockless squib. I was trying to figure out the rumours concerning what actually happened, when, as the girls hinted, you know, some boy's hands did this or that and tried for the other, the secret place. My imagination would then touch my body and it always ended well for me, alone in bed, sometimes with my little sleeping pig down at my feet, under the blankets where the cat once produced her kittens.

It was very pleasant there under the blankets, where living things loved to creep. It took me a while to put two and two together and come up with the answer: this strange feeling was "sex". It was what you did with someone else. With "him", I thought in the abstract. I'd read about "him" in books, they'd talked about "him" on Mother and Daughter Night at school, when my mother sat impassive as a tombstone and less cheerful. The "him" I had in mind wasn't any of the weedy or rough teasing boys at school. Not when I was going to be a famous actress

or model when I filled out a bit. The “him” I started to envision must certainly refer to something special, something wonderful. Which put “him” right out of my current ambit.

And then I met “him”. He turned up in all his beautiful male glory when I applied for weekend work as a waitress in a local guest house. The guest house prided itself on its refined clientele. They took people in “from the city” for “a country retreat”. There was a small golf course. There were cabins and a row of simple rooms, which I cleaned as part of my duties. There was a large dining room seating about fifty people where in the evening they pushed the tables back for dancing.

We girls worked in shifts. The cook was a Miss Smith, a small eternally flustered older woman buried in a large apron, for whom making and serving three meals a day for fifty expectant appetites was her life’s work. She cooked traditional country food in large commercial oven trays as well as making her superb egg custards on the big fuel stove. To those girls she favoured as more likely to marry than she was now, she gave away items from her treasured “glory box”, a trunk of disappointed hopes that still lived under her bed. I was not so favoured, as she was on to my case, but she made sure she fed me well.

She’d guessed I’d put my age up from thirteen. Yes, I’m fifteen, I’d declared, and they hired me out of pity even though they didn’t believe me, for I still had the looks and body of early adolescence. My thirteen-year-old arms carried the heavy loads of plates as a fifteen-year-old was expected to do, which sometimes left me staggering under the weight. It was hard work but thoroughly enjoyable, and as a bonus we got tips to add to our cash-in-hand payments. I felt tremendously important as a cog in that guest-house wheel.

I started to notice how different these people, the guests, were from the people I’d met so far in life. They had big fancy cars, for one thing, and they laughed and chattered at mealtimes without seeming embarrassed at all about some of the things that were mentioned. Nobody seemed shy and nervous, as I was when the men jollied me about my clever remembering of their orders, and they were kind when I got something wrong, unlike Dad, who would go right off.

But it was the women who amazed me. I thought they were like film stars. They smoked cigarettes from small holders and laughed with great confidence as men swooped with a lighter to assist at the end of the meal. They drank pink wine in stemmed glasses from bottles on the table and ate delicately with a poised knife and fork, always leaving a little on the plate as they finished. I’d never done that in my life, except for Mum’s boiled cabbage and sprouts. They often changed for the evening meal and they seemed to always have something different and interesting to wear. Silently, I started to catalogue their clothes.

My “him” made his first appearance early one Saturday morning, arriving just as I had mop and bucket in hand ready to go and swab the row of rooms. I saw him unfold his well-proportioned body from his little black car in the carpark, and noted his broad ready smile at a guest of about eighteen, a young lady on the steps near Reception. Self-assured and looking at her watch after flashing him a return smile, she was wearing a polished cotton shirt-waist, blue-and-white pinstripe dress and wedge-heel shoes made of rope, shoes such as I’d never seen and a dress that, although I tried later at Rockmans, I could somehow never match. I felt, and was, invisible in this exchange of smiling interest, perhaps even of recognition, as they may have met before. But I did have a pang at being unnoticed by this tall and slightly rumped young man who so easily wore a knitted-cotton crew-neck jumper in a grey that matched so well with this lucky lady’s dress.

*As I stood around
the carpark one day
mooning after him,
he saw me. “I’m
going to St Mary’s,”
he said. “Can I take
you anywhere?” To
the moon, perhaps,
I felt like replying,
although I’d just
jumped over it, and
it probably showed in
my startled expression.*

I found out from Reception that he was staying in one of the rooms in the row, and that he would be a permanent guest while he completed some engineering work in what was now known as the “factory area”, site of the old munitions buildings of the Second World War, in the nearby growing working-class town of St Mary’s. I suppose he was some sort of student on a project, but I didn’t know that. What I did know was this: his eyes were pools of lively brown warmth, his shoulders were as broad as his smile, his ways were winning, and the jumpers and tops in his room, which I sniffed and held close to my chest whenever I could, smelled of aftershave and sweat and some indefinable essence of “him” which I’d recall in my lonely trysts at home.

For I was deeply and passionately in love. It happened quickly. I knew almost nothing about him, and he barely registered that I existed, but he was the whole wide world wrapped up in a present for me. Everything about him made my heart flutter, my mouth go dry, and other parts of me go in the opposite direction, to fluidity. I'd serve him his meals with a slight brush of my arm against his shoulder, and stand eagerly around in the carpark as he went to and from his car. I gamely put on some lipstick and tried to flick my hair as she did hers, although it never stayed flicked as I'd never heard of hairspray and I failed to realise how much hers owed to her city-girls' cut. Yes, she was still around, she was staying for three weeks, I found out, and during that time she visited his room (I knew! I checked!) and my heart broke into little pieces at the thought of it. I'd watch them strolling around the golf course area, she with her clubs, practising her shots, and then he'd have a go, she with her admiring arm on his sleeve as she smilingly passed him the right club in a game about which I had no clue, my ignorance of golf being second only to that of the game of romance.

Then, miracle of miracles, as I stood around the carpark one day mooning after him, he actually saw me. "I'm going to St Mary's," he said. "Can I take you anywhere?" To the moon, perhaps, I felt like replying, although I'd just jumped over it, and it probably showed in my startled expression. Reading it as hesitation, he said it was fine to get in the car with him as he was on his way to pick up his mother and little sister. You're wise to be cautious about getting in cars with men around here, he added, and I had the uncomfortable feeling that he saw me in the same way as he saw his little sister, who was just twelve, so he informed me, as we headed down the road which was also where I lived. "How old are you?" I asked boldly.

He was twenty. He filled the car with manliness. And politeness. And unreachability, an impossible dream. We drew up outside our terrible old

place and I said thank you in a breathless rush and he was gone. Gone from my life, for I never saw him again. On my next shift, when he was at work, the guest house dismissed some casuals, and I was one of them. For the next year, even after I turned fourteen, I stood outside our front gate whenever I could, hoping to wave to his car. Once I caught sight of the back of his car as it disappeared around the bend, but after that, nothing, although I stood there in heat and cold at all hours hoping against hope for a glimpse. I walked the golf course at first, desperate to see him, until a greenkeeper sent me off as a nuisance to safety. All I ever managed to see to turn into one last memory was, in the distance, strolling towards the clubhouse, the golden girl, the girl in the blue pin-striped dress, whose name I knew was Elizabeth.

Then we moved, or rather, we fled, a fearful mother and her three scared children. Out of the broken French window and into the night to live in a rented garage in St Mary's. My mother and little brother returned within weeks, to help my father, not very changed after his release from psychiatric care. My sister and I simply refused to return to "the farm". The animals had mostly gone; as had our will to help any more.

My sister was fifteen, I was fourteen and four months, and neither of us ever returned to our school. We put our ages up and got jobs. We became "the girls in the garage", trying to keep one step ahead of the dreaded girls' home of "the welfare"; who as it turned out cared not a jot anyway.

In that garage, where I learned to type on a borrowed portable Olivetti, I decided to become "Elizabeth". That, like typing, seemed to be an improvement that was within my power. I didn't tell anyone about it though for a long time.

Elizabeth Beare has never learned to play golf but she did get better at romance and became quite proficient at typing.

Good deed

A ladybird lifted
From the green pool where it clung
To a drowning petal.

Hal G.P. Colebatch

Herman and Manning

LIN VAN HEK

In 1972, after a long absence, I returned to Australia with my newish Belgian husband.

It was to be a brief visit and, of the invitations we received from old friends, my husband—I will call him Herman, for this was his name—decided that he would live, in a World War Two parachute erected as a tent, on the property of the historian Manning Clark, in the beautiful New South Wales coastal region of Wallaga Lake.

He painted there for several months. I stayed in Victoria with my two older children, whose father had died a decade before, and my two babies, eleven months between, with the accompanying chores of baby-nurturing, whilst their father, Herman, played Gauguin on the coast 700 kilometres away

Manning, a storyteller of some merit, and Herman, with tales of his own, entertained each other and Manning took some interest in his companion's Flemish nationalist leanings. I learned of their eccentric exchanges from friends and the occasional letters from Herman to the distant wife and children one state away.

When I received a request, with an extensive list and instructions, to make the ten-hour drive with my babies to deliver canvases, paints and brushes, I was still young enough, and in love enough, to comply. On arrival, I slept most uncomfortably on the wooden plank that was to bed us all.

Manning was in evidence and brought oysters from the nearby reef to be washed down with a fine white wine. I witnessed some stormy conversations in the parachute while trying to settle my children on their bed-plank. Herman lapsed into Flemish when talk grew heated over the nature of matter or political circumstances during the Nazi occupation.

Herman painted throughout while Manning filled in the silences. At last, Manning returned to his comfortable bungalow and his welcoming wife, Dymphna, while we settled down to the comfort of our plank bed with our grizzling brood.

With the new supplies I had delivered, Herman set about painting four large works for a series with the working title *Jesus Christos in Australia*. Manning took a fancy to the first one and, before it was finished, offered a reasonable and tentatively accepted price.

Manning visited his painting regularly, offering suggestions about the work in progress. The painting featured the coastline that stretched out beneath the land owned by Manning. There were the three Crosses, with animals, kangaroos and such, gathered around.

Manning's daily visits were soon curtailed by the artist, who wished to complete the painting without distraction and have it dry in the time it needed, being an oil

painting of many layers.

Finally, after several weeks, Herman wrapped the huge painting in blankets and, due to its weight and size, made a rope harness and, so straddled, stumbled through the scrub up to the Big House. He was keen to deliver and receive his fee. Money had run dry for the Flemish Gauguin, and his wife, who was again one state away, was a little less in love and could no longer be persuaded to take on the dogsbody task of bringing in supplies.

The painting was so heavy that Herman barely got it into the house, but there it was at last. As he took off the blankets, he expected Manning to demonstrate some pleasure at the perfection of the work, for Herman knew it was the best he had ever done.

Instead the man, from under his wide-brimmed hat, twisted his face in irritation. The beauty of the work was evident but Manning's face had dropped in petulant disgust.

Herman, ever sensitive to the reactions of others, turned his palms heavenward. "You are not liking the painting?"

Manning answered in exasperation, the disgruntled teacher admonishing his student, making a fuss. "You have not signed it! I cannot be expected to pay for an unsigned painting!" He continued for some time in this fashion before he realised that the painting had been hastily draped, dragged through the flywire door and, despite its weight, was disappearing into the bush.

A month or more went by. No communication took place between the parachute and the Big House. Finally, after hearing that Herman had completed his series, Manning made his way down there, with money in his pocket and a quiet-man demeanour.

Herman was packing up his materials. The painting in question stood to the side, covered in its old blanket shroud. New paintings stood on a homemade easel; these were the others in the series, a vibrant triptych, filling the entire space. Manning gave a barely perceptible gasp at the vastness of the work.

He passed a fistful of money to Herman and began to remove the blanket from his acquisition.

He saw, understood, howled and smiled, all in the same instant.

The image of the painting could still be seen, profound and luminous, but over the entire canvas, in thick oil, was the signature that Manning had found so important: *Herman*.

I often wonder, forty-five years later, what became of that painting.

Manning Clark died in May 1991, perhaps still wearing that wide-brimmed hat.

Herman died in August 2017, buried in the mud of his backyard in Santiniketan, in India, with a simple wooden cross, and although he had long ago forgotten who he was, it was marked with the single word: *Herman*.

Lin van Hek, a writer and painter, lives in Melbourne.

Fremantle

SEAN O'LEARY

Chris isn't sure exactly what it is about Fremantle that made him move there from Melbourne after having only been there for a week's holiday last summer. You fall in love with a place sometimes. Is it the same as falling in love with a girl? Just that something you can't explain. Like him and Anita. Chris is on the front beach at Fremantle, near the roundhouse, sitting by himself, smoking a joint. It's winter and the wind is bitterly cold but he's rugged up. Anita will be here tomorrow. Chris is the advance party. He's been here a few weeks and found a flat and picked up some work at a café on South Terrace as a barista. He thinks "barista" is a bit much. He churns out coffee from a machine. It's not rocket science but people seem impressed when he tells them.

Chris joined a theatre group almost straight away. Something he never would have done in Melbourne. He's not sure what Anita's going to think. In his mind when he planned this whole thing, Anita wasn't there. He didn't see them walking along South Terrace or at the markets together. He hadn't imagined telling her he wanted to write plays and films and so much more. She saw him as the "reporter guy" on the local paper, nothing more. He was solid. A good guy. All her friends liked him. He had a passion, though. He began to explain a film to Anita once time, what it was about and how much it meant to him, and she started laughing, said, "Calm down, it's only a film."

He's met other people here, who are if anything even more enthusiastic than he is. They are happy to talk about Clint Eastwood's *Play Misty for Me*, and how it showed that he was destined to be one of the all-time-great film-makers. This guy Andrew keeps talking to him about David Lynch, particularly this one episode of *Twin Peaks* that seems to mesmerise him. Chris laughed but in a good way. He knew the feeling, he just hadn't seen that episode.

Anita prefers the multiplex. That's an American term because she only wants to see the latest American blockbuster. Australian films were crap—not *The Castle* or *Muriel's Wedding*—but everything else was crap. She shopped at Myer and David Jones and did the grocery shopping at Woolworths or Coles. She wore fashionable shiny suits to her job as a real estate receptionist. She wore short skirts and tights in winter. Melbourne was the centre of the universe. The world's most liveable city. She wanted to get married and have kids right now but she was prepared to go and live in Fremantle for a year because she loved Chris. He didn't know how to cut her loose.

Chris is twenty-five and Anita is twenty-four. They've been living together for two years. He planned his week-long holiday to Fremantle well in advance, not knowing the impact it would have on him. He planned it for a time when he knew Anita

wouldn't want to leave Melbourne, the days after Christmas. Her whole family—parents, brothers and sisters and in-laws—all went to Sorrento, staying close together. Chris had hated it when he went the previous year and Anita had loved it. She gave him permission to go to Fremantle. "I trust you," she said.

Walking around a place he'd never been to before on his own, it was better than the trips with Anita to Thailand, Bali and Europe. He found out about the theatre group on the holiday and they were performing *Death of a Salesman* when he was there. He nearly flipped out when he went to see it, it was so brilliant.

He walks to Fremantle station, catches the train to Mosman Park, four stops from Fremantle. It's a short ten-minute walk to his flat in Bond Street. He sees it as his flat. One bedroom and a lounge room, up high, with a view to the ocean but not modern or special in any way. He tells himself he's going to call Anita tonight, tell her it's over. Stop it right now before she gets on the plane. He thinks he might have been in love with her for eighteen months but that thing about explaining the film made him think she had no idea who he really was.

Chris cooks himself dinner. An Indian curry. He picked up the ingredients at the Fremantle markets, wandering through from stall to stall.

Seven-thirty. If he was going to call he'd have to do it now. In a way he is looking forward to seeing her. Misses her touch and smile but he just doesn't want her to stay. She's getting in at midday and he doesn't have to work tomorrow. She'll catch a taxi and be here in Mosman Park by one o'clock. It'll be too late then, she'll have arrived.

Anita checks the time on the clock on the oven door. Nine-thirty. She's nervous. Last time Chris rang she barely got a word in. It's like he's fallen in love with the place, but she's getting the plane tomorrow. Michael, her boss, said,

"Any second thoughts, you can have your old job back. I'll keep it open for a week or two."

She'd only packed one suitcase. Hadn't told the owner she, or they, weren't moving out. She was going to see Chris but she wasn't going to stay, but maybe she would. She could get another job, she knew she could. Michael would give her a great reference. Chris told her about his job. But he was a reporter, not a waiter. They couldn't buy a place if he was only working three days a week as a waiter. She took the lasagne out of the oven. Made a small salad and ate alone at the kitchen table. Chris said he'd made some friends. He'd only been there a month and he wasn't outgoing. Hospitality people no doubt, they were always out drinking and getting stoned. Chris had been like that when they first met but he'd changed. No more party drugs or smoking dope.

She was eating and the phone rang.

"Chris, hi. I'll be there tomorrow, babe. I miss you. Are you all right? Bond Street, isn't it? Don't do anything stupid like pop out for cigarettes. You should give up, anyway."

"No, no, I'll be waiting. I miss you, um, it'll be cool. You'll see. You'll love it."

"OK, I'm really tired and, um, I miss you. I'm going to hang up and go to bed."

"Good night," Chris says, turns off his cell phone and lies back on his sofa and lights a cigarette. She won't let him smoke in the flat. She hates drugs. He knows she won't like the new friends he's made. She'll be here tomorrow at one o'clock. He has to make a choice right now, it's not too late to call her back, tell her not to come. He turns his cell phone back on.

Sean O'Leary has contributed several stories to Quadrant. He lives in Melbourne.

SWEETNESS & LIGHT

TIM BLAIR

Summer's sounds are now long faded, replaced by the less enchanting sounds of autumn. Soon follows winter's barely-listenable soundtrack, which is so dull I usually flee the country.

In fact, even the summer past wasn't a sonic delight. I'd rate the various storms at around 6.5 out of ten. There were some isolated highlights, but nothing like the previous summer's genuinely impressive thunder and lightning displays. One evening we hit 110 decibels, according to the app on my phone.

(Note: I do not really know how decibels work, nor what an "app" is. But apparently I have such a thing, and it measures other things.)

As usual, however, when nature lets us down, humans step in and fill the breach. I live above a road featuring a tight curve. It's a second-gear curve, for those motorists of the manual persuasion. That narrow fifty metres or so of bitumen delivered a summer of unexpected aural intrigue.

You see, this is not just your regulation 60 kmh speed zone tight curve. It is what is known technically as a "decreasing radius curve". That means the corner becomes tighter as it continues.

So if you arrive at that corner in a rapid manner—so rapid that at entry your car is at the very limit of its attachment to the road—you will shortly find yourself well beyond that limit, at which moment you commence a brief and thrilling journey to the scene of the accident.

I do not have a clear view from my property of the corner, which means all data is hearing-derived. Usually it goes something like this:

First we detect an urgent and high-pitched engine note, indicating that one of the local boys (they're almost always boys) is swiftly advancing upon the curve in question.

Then follows, especially when the roads are wet, screaming tyres as brakes are applied in desperate panic. That decreasing radius gets them almost every time.

And then a final, very conclusive thump.

During the most recent of these events, I happened to be outside sipping wine with the misus. We heard the engine and the tyres, and then

held our forefingers aloft waiting for phase three. Thump. Right on cue. Fingers down. Glasses up.

There is generally a sad fourth phase, as the damaged vehicle limps away from its crash like a wounded animal returning to its lair. It is not a happy sound, all punctured tyres, scraping metal and escalated insurance rates.

I was recently discussing with a local chap my theories of decreasing radius curves and their fascinating difficulties. He didn't seem very interested, however, possibly because right then his Nissan was jammed backwards into an embankment near the curve's exit.

In his case, the impact had not been one from which he could immediately drive away. His vehicle's rear driving wheels were suspended some distance from the ground, making escape impossible.

The sound sequence provided by my Nissan friend was distinct from anything I'd heard to that point. The engine note, yes, that was familiar. And so too the tortured tyres.

But the final thump was followed not by mournful mechanical limping but by anguished human screams.

Fearing someone was hurt, I walked quickly to the curve. Thankfully, no bodies were in trees and no heads were rolling down the street. There was just a distressed young fellow and his substantially dented first car, now at a thirty-degree angle to the road and going nowhere.

My decreased-radius conversational gambit having failed, I tried a new approach. Noting that lights were being flicked on in nearby houses—it was 1 a.m. or thereabouts—I suggested the police might shortly be on their way.

This angle created some interest, as you will imagine. And I had an equally attention-grabbing secondary observation. With the Nissan driver was his young friend, aboard a Holden Commodore of some type. To quickly extract the Nissan and to therefore avoid immediate police inquiries, I advised a gentle nudging by the Holden.

It would have taken a few dollars off the paintwork, obviously, but for that minor penalty greater trouble would have been avoided. Holden didn't

buy it, however, even though his friend's eyes pleaded for sacrifice. Instead he volunteered for a trip into town where he'd obtain a sturdy rope, fit for towing.

And he set off.

We ran some quick calculations. These were not comforting. Holden would need to cover twice the distance as a police car leaving the local station, and then he'd need to return with enough time in hand to complete the towing operation.

Nissan even came up with an estimated time of police car arrival, which turned out to be far more accurate than his curve attempt. Unable to provide further assistance, I left Nissan and the attending officers to arrive at their conclusions.

Now, I live in an area where some tolerance is shown towards the immature and speedy. Most of us here enjoy our driving and recall our own youthful misadventures. Just so long as P-platers are hitting trees and not hitting kids, we'll let it slide, so to speak.

I became a reasonably good driver by experiencing the consequences of being a very poor driver, which sometimes involved close and unrequested inspections of roadside foliage. And to this day I still attract the occasional velocity punishment and associated licence revocation, which means I'm not exactly in an ideal moral position to judge others.

But following so many summer thumps at this particular curve, it was generally felt something needed to be done. And something was.

We found out about it near summer's end, when a police letter arrived informing my very safe, very cautious, very law-abiding wife she'd been heavily fined for travelling at 61 kmh in a 50 kmh zone just a kilometre up from Nissan Corner.

I didn't have the decibel app turned on, but I think a record may have been broken.

The international movement against climate change is now led by sixteen-year-old autistic Swedish girl Greta Thunberg, which is at least a step up from the likes of Al Gore and Tim Flannery.

Thunberg is the lass whose occasional one-gal protests outside Stockholm's parliament have inspired children worldwide to stage so-called school strikes, which in Australia inevitably take place on Fridays. They're long weekends against climate change, and they helpfully demonstrate the comical hysteria consuming our young.

During Sydney's most recent child uprising, fourteen-year-old Stella Brazier burst into tears when a journalist asked for her expert opinion.

"It just upsets me so much because I just don't know if they [politicians] are going to do anything,"

sobbing Stella said.

"What's going to happen to humankind, what's going to happen to the whole world?"

It will be destroyed, Stella. Ponies and kittens are at the top of the execution list.

In fact, the great global challenge may be simply keeping climate activists alive for long enough to witness the coming apocalypse. They're not the brightest crowd. One of them, British academic Dr Larch Maxey, lately found himself defeated by a basic doorway.

It had been Maxey's intention to glue himself to the doors at Bristol City Council as part of his demand that the council declare a climate emergency. So he turned up with some superglue and a friend to film his dramatic call to action.

Video posted on YouTube shows Maxey—an organiser with climate panic group Extinction Rebellion—applying glue to his hands and advancing upon the doors. At which point they fly open. They're automatic, which presents Maxey with a few problems.

Despite repeated attempts, the doors keep opening before Maxey can become attached. Eventually he gives up, utterly confounded by a technology beyond his comprehension.

According to his online biography, this fellow "graduated in Law from the University of Manchester in 1993, European Environmental Policy and Regulation (Lancaster University) in 1995 and with a PhD in Geography from Swansea University in 2002". None of these degrees taught him about doors.

There may be a positive side to all of this madness. Certain individuals on the Left who still possess residual levels of common sense are tiring of climate histrionics and are beginning to turn against those who promote it.

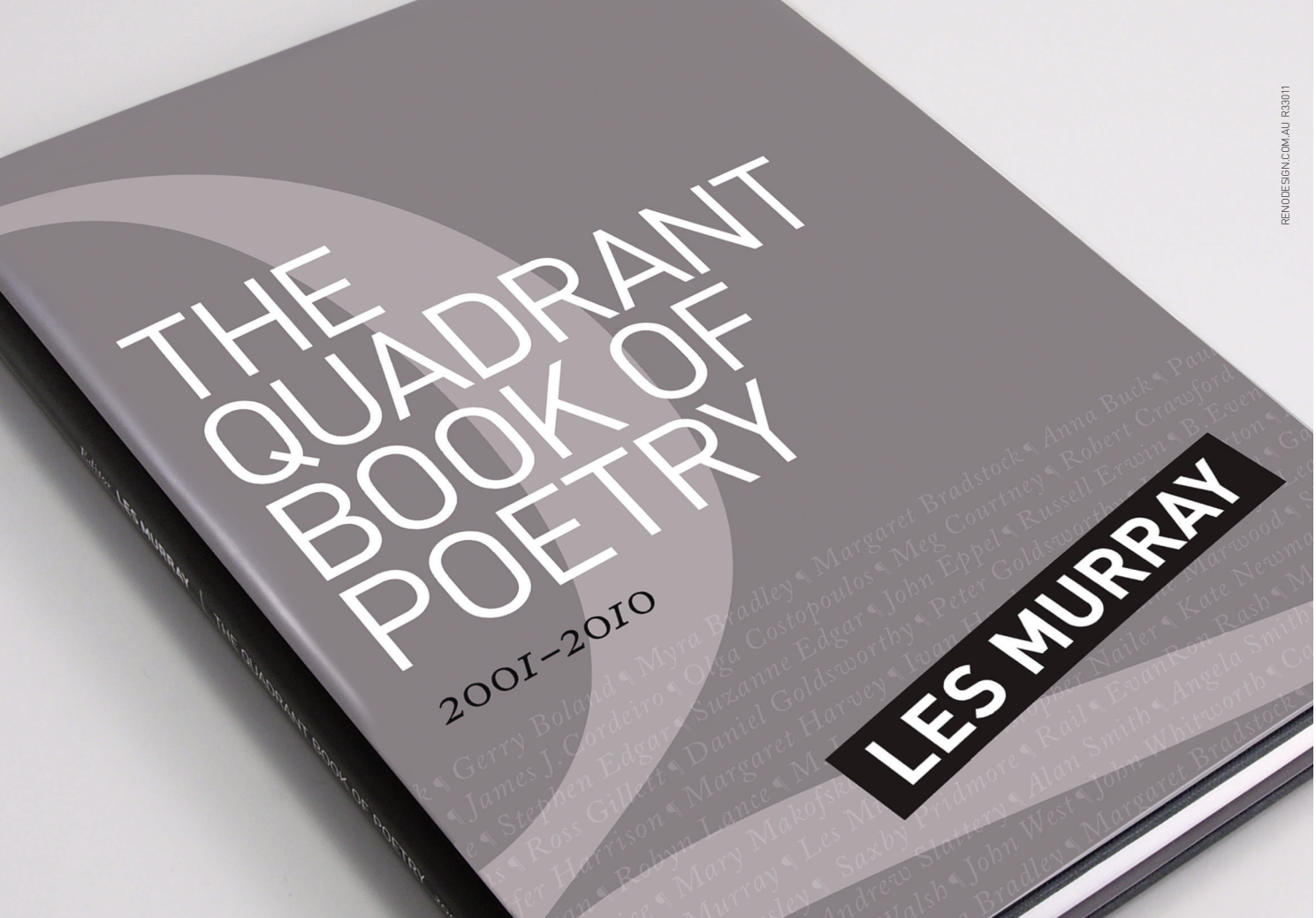
Labor's Anthony Albanese, for example, is frequently the target of inner-Sydney climate protesters. They turned up again during the children's strike, demanding Albanese account for his climate crimes and at one point declaring: "We just want to kill ScoMo."

Nice kids. Anyway, this all seems to have pushed Albanese too far. At a subsequent Opera House speaking event, the Labor frontbencher lashed out.

"They think they're gonna win. They think everyone wants to stop Adani," he said.

"They think everyone wants particular things. They don't know where Adani is! They don't! I asked someone the other day and they said, 'It's on the Great Barrier Reef'. Actually it's not, you know."

Welcome to the world of the sane, Albo.



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— BOB ELLIS, TABLE TALK

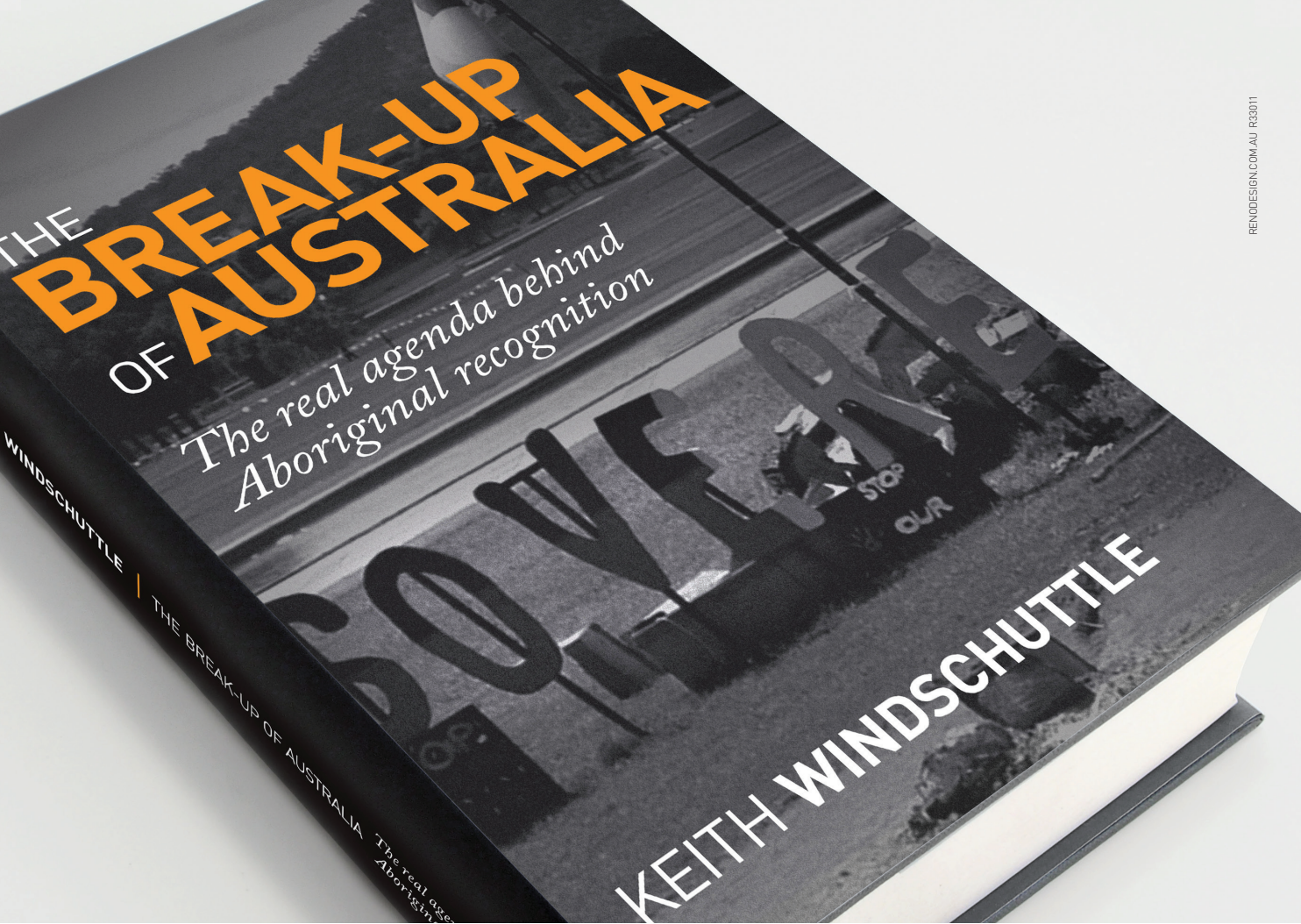
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THE BREAK-UP OF AUSTRALIA

THE REAL AGENDA BEHIND ABORIGINAL RECOGNITION

KEITH WINDSCHUTTLE

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Australian voters are not being told the truth about the proposal for constitutional recognition of indigenous people. The goal of Aboriginal political activists today is to gain 'sovereignty' and create a black state, equivalent to the existing states. Its territory, comprising all land defined as native title, will soon amount to more than 60 per cent of the whole Australian continent.

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