The Monument to the memory of La Pérouse by Mr. de Bougainville, 1825'

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The Gymea Lily (spec. *Doryanthes excelsa*) From Greek “dory”: a spear and “anthos”: a flower, referring to the spear-like flowering stems; *excelsa*: from Latin *excelsus*: elevated, high, referring to the tall flower spikes. Go to www.doryanthes.info.

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Les Bursill OAM on behalf of the Editorial Committee
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Comment on Contents

Garriock Duncan

We are a little short of space in this issue. Hence, there will be no “Discourse”. Do I hear a sigh of collective relief or a wince of regret? Nonetheless, we still have a sufficient range of articles to satisfy the most discerning reader. Since our last issue, a great Australian has passed away. It is only fitting, we mark his passing.

Our lead article is by Ed Duyker. It is a natural corollary to the many articles, published in Doryanthes, by Dr Duyker on the French involvement in the “discovery” and exploration of the Pacific. This article is significant piece of historical detective work – French military graves in Australia. In this year, the lead up to the centenary of Gallipoli (1915) and, the following year, the Battle of Fromelles (2016), when we, Australians, think of war graves, we think mainly of France. It is a corrective to realise we have the same responsibility to France. The numbers may be less, but the responsibility is the same.

In the February number this year (Doryanthes, 7[1], 2014, 41-42), we published a review, by Bronwyn Hanna, of the book by Pauline Curby and Virginia MacLeod, Uncovering Rockdale’s Migration Heritage Story (Rockdale City Council, 2013). In this issue, we take the migration story on a different tack – the ubiquitous Greek milk bar. In 1932, Joachim Tavlaridis opened the Black and White Milk Bar in Martin Place to a rapturous reception.1 In this issue, Birgit Heilmann brings the story much closer to home in an article on Greek milk bars in the wider St George area. In her article, Birgit particularly mentions Parry’s (Milk Bar) in Rockdale, and its branch in Caringbah (opened 1958). The article has a particular resonance for me. I grew up in Caringbah and was 10 yrs old when Parry’s opened. As a person with too sweet a tooth, I must have spent much pocket money, there. Not buying chocolates but licorice!

November is Doryanthes’ default Christmas issue. So, I have provided two articles on aspects of Christmas. The first concerns that infamous episode of the Christmas tableau, “the slaughter of the innocents” – another conundrum of Christmas, in the same league as Luke’ census.2 “Scattered Seeds”, in this issue, is about the Church of the Holy Nativity, where, as the truism goes, “it all began.

Our review section begins with a lengthy review of John Ogden’s magnificent book, The Saltwater People of the Fatal Shore, by Michael Cooke. We, also, provide shorter review by Bernie Howitt from the perspective of a teacher of High School history. In the May issue, we published an article by the Swedish novelist, Christina Wahlden, on her novel about Daniel Solander.3 In this issue, we publish a press release prepared by her publishers for the London Book Fair, April, 2014.

Finally, for the May, 2015, issue, commemorating the centenary of the Gallipoli landing, we are looking for a “Scattered Seeds” article on Gallipoli. If you have been there and want to tell your story, contact Les Bursill.

2 Brewarrina, in country NSW, also, had a Greek milk bar/café as early as1928 (www.abc.net.au/news/2014-08-25/iconic-cafe-de-luxe-destroyed-by-fire-at-brewarrina/5693610).
3 See: Doryanthes, 6(4), November, 2013, 38-44.
Gleanings
Edward Duyker

November 2014
Hazelhurst Regional Gallery and Arts Centre
782 Kingsway, Gymea, NSW, phone 8536 5700

Geoff Harvey: Beware of the Dogs
The Hazelhurst Gardens host a pack of dogs created by sculptor Geoff Harvey. Hazelhurst has a long connection to dogs and much of the history of the house and gardens refers to the Alsations who lived in the grounds. Known for his dog sculptures, Harvey, who has lectured in the area for more than 20 years, will exhibit a series of works designed to be displayed outdoors where the surrounding environment and shifts in light are integral to the way they are viewed. The placement of the dogs will encourage exploration of the Hazelhurst grounds for children and their families. The exhibition will feature new works commissioned for the gardens including one of Hazelhurst’s early residents, Lass the Alsatian.

Jason Benjamin: Everyone Is Here
Hazelhurst Regional Gallery and Arts Centre 11 Oct 2014 - 30 Nov 2014
Considered one of Australia’s most talented landscape painters, Jason Benjamin has concentrated his energies and talent into shaping a pared back vision of light and space around landscape sites. Curated by Gavin Wilson, the paintings and drawings featured in Everyone is Here are a distillation of deep-felt encounters around particular landscape sites, where the artist has concentrated his energies and talent on shaping a pared-back vision of light and space. This series of work developed following lengthy field trips to the austere expanse of the Hay Plain and the Monaro regions of New South Wales and reveals the artists re-affirmation of a landscape tradition that lies at the heart of the Australian experience.

Art Gallery of New South Wales, Sydney
Pop to Popism - Until 1 March 2015
Pop art exploded onto the cultural scene in the early 1960s as a new generation of artists rebelled against ‘high art’ to embrace the world of advertising, film stars, pop music and consumerism.
This summer Pop to popism takes over the Gallery with more than 200 works exploring the origins of pop art, its heady high period and its enduring legacy both in Australia and abroad. See masterpieces such as Roy Lichtenstein’s first comic-style painting Look Mickey, Andy Warhol’s Triple Elvis and David Hockney’s Portrait of an artist. For the first time, Australian artists – including Martin Sharp, Howard Arkley, Brett Whiteley and Maria Kozic – are showcased with their international peers.

Featuring works from over 45 lenders worldwide – including the Andy Warhol Museum, Tate and Museum of Modern Art – Pop to popism is part of the Sydney International Art Series, and is exclusive to Sydney.
My Trip: Micky Allan, Max Pam, Jon Rhodes
Until 7 December

Through the work of three artists from the Gallery’s collection, this exhibition explores the connections and disjunctions of travelling in ‘strange lands’ and recording photographically what is thought, seen and experienced.

Australian documentary photographer Max Pam has travelled extensively throughout his 40-year career, primarily in Asia. His work is driven by the desire to successfully record and visually resolve the immediacy of his experiences and the momentary collision of otherness that travel affords.

Jon Rhodes has dedicated much of his photographic career to documenting Australian Indigenous culture. Living with communities for extended periods of time, Rhodes develops sustained relationships with his subjects. His photographs are often displayed in sequential arrangements that weave narrative connections between adjacent images.

Micky Allan’s *My trip* is a publication she produced in the 1970s when she undertook a 17-day road trip through rural Victoria. Choosing to photograph everyone she met and then invite them to take their own photograph, Allan used the camera to mediate her interactions with strangers. The publication does not simply record her personal experience on the road but also catalogues the public perception of a woman travelling alone during the active years of second-wave feminism.

Alchemy-pop

Brett Whiteley’s most ambitious attempt at portraiture is the 18-panelled work titled *Alchemy* 1972–73. For Whiteley in this work, the act of painting was not merely analogous to alchemy, but essentially a version of the same thing – with the potential for a personally transformative spiritual outcome.

With *Alchemy* as its centre, this exhibition highlights a selection of key works by Whiteley on poet Arthur Rimbaud and artists Francis Bacon and Vincent van Gogh. Together, they reveal an artist who, in the words of Krasner, ‘paints through the middle’ of all manner of styles, movements and influences – from surrealism, via Marcel Duchamp to pop art, as well as contemporary events and the narrative of his own life – to get where he wants to go, all the while holding the thread of alchemical transmutation.

State Library of New South Wales,
Macquarie Street, Sydney
Remember me: The Lost Diggers of Vignacourt
1 November 2014 – 18 January 2015

The small French village of Vignacourt was always behind the front lines. For much of the First World War it was a staging point, casualty clearing station and recreation area for troops of all nationalities moving up to and then back from the battlefields on the Somme. *Remember me: the lost diggers of Vignacourt* tells the story of how
one enterprising photographer took the opportunity of this passing traffic to establish a business taking portrait photographs.

Captured on glass, printed into postcards and posted home, the photographs made by the Thuillier family enabled Australian soldiers to maintain a fragile link with loved ones in Australia. The Thuillier collection covers many of the significant aspects of Australian involvement on the Western Front, from military life to the friendships and bonds formed between the soldiers and civilians. The exhibition showcases a selection of the photographs as handmade traditional darkroom prints and draws on the Memorial's own collections to tell the story of these men in their own voices.

**Shopkeepers of Newtown: Photographs by Nic Bezzina**  
**1 Nov 2014 – 10 May 2015**

*Newtown is definitely undergoing change, as it becomes one of Sydney’s most popular nightlife, restaurant and shopping destinations. In the last couple of years there have been multiple major developments including a new train station. As rents rise, I think many of the quirky independent stores that made this area so attractive will be pushed out.*  
Nic Bezzina, 2014

In 2009, photographer Nic Bezzina began recording the shopkeepers of Newtown, an area long known for its diversity and alternative culture. Realising the importance of his images for future generations, Bezzina captured some of the most iconic characters of King Street and Enmore Road. These images record the suburb’s unique character.

**Lynley Dodd: A Retrospective**  
**1 November 2014 – 15 March 2015**

This exhibition showcases a collection of 59 original drawings from Lynley Dodd’s popular children’s books, including the Hairy Maclary series, the Schnitzel Von Krumm series, Slinky Malinki, and Scarface Claw. A celebration of Dame Lynley’s work to date, this exhibition also includes drawings from her first work dating back to school days, through to the most recent publication, Shoo. Dame Lynley is a universally popular artist, over five million copies of Hairy Maclary alone have been printed, sold and translated into several languages. This little dog is an international character, but it is creator Lynley Dodd who is the magic behind these stories and this exhibition. A touring exhibition from Tauranga Art Gallery in New Zealand.

**Nicholson Museum, University of Sydney**

**Aphrodite’s Island: Australian Archaeologists in Cyprus - Ongoing Exhibition**

Cyprus, the third largest island in the Mediterranean, has a rich archaeological and cultural tradition dating back more than ten thousand years. Legend has it that Aphrodite, the mythical goddess of love and beauty, was born in the waters off the coast of Cyprus.

2013 marks the centenary of the birth of Professor James Stewart, who excavated on the island before and after the Second World War and developed the Nicholson Museum’s collection of more than 1500 Cypriot items. The legacy of Australian archaeological investigations on the island continues today. Fieldwork
projects by Australian universities are ongoing, including the Nicholson Museum sponsored excavations at Nea Paphos; the Hellenistic-Roman capital of the island. This exhibition celebrates the Cypriot archaeological collections of the Nicholson Museum, and explore the stories of the Australian researchers who have investigated the island’s history.  *This exhibition is proudly supported by the Cyprus Community of NSW and Cyprus Hellenic Club Ltd.*

**Tombs, Tells and Temples: Excavating the Near- Ongoing Exhibition**

The archaeology of the Near East is a fascinating subject of historical inquiry. From the extraordinary antiquities and sites to the personalities and archaeologists such as Dame Kathleen Kenyon, Sir Flinders Petrie and Sir Max Mallowan, this exhibition highlights the complex nature of this ancient region. The cities and civilisations of the Ancient Near East flourished on the Levantine Coast (modern day Syria, Lebanon, Israel, Palestine and Jordan); in Anatolia (modern day Turkey); along the great river systems of Mesopotamia (modern day Iran and Iraq), and as far as India and Pakistan.

This region was not united in antiquity – different cultures, languages, religions and artistic traditions existed, empires rose to power and were conquered, and migrants and the displaced clashed or intermingled with resident population. Artefacts from the Nicholson's own collection, excavated from the famous sites of Jericho, Tell Brak, Pella, Tell al-Ajjul, Harappa, Ur, Ninevah and Nimrud form the cornerstone of this exhibition.

*Monday to Friday, 10am – 4.30pm*  
*First Saturday of each month, 12 noon – 4pm*  
*Closed: Every other Saturday, Sundays and public holidays*

**Macleay Museum, University of Sydney**  
**Photography and the Great War: Photographs from the Macleay Museum’s Historic Photograph Collection**

Photography was a part of all aspects of the Great War. Photographs were taken by official, commercial and amateur soldier photographers, and found a mass audience in newspapers and illustrated magazines. The images ranged from the heroic and epic to informal snapshots. These photographs allow us to consider how the war was seen at the time, how the images continue to be used to explore the experiences of war, and the nature of photographs as documentary evidence.

**National Museum of Australia, Canberra**  
**Spirited: Australia’s Horse Story**  
**11 September 2014 – 9 March 2015**

*Spirited: Australia’s Horse Story* features 500 historical artefacts that tell the nation’s horse story, including icons of Australia’s thoroughbred racing history, horse-drawn vehicles and riding equipment, and trophies won by leading equestrians and rodeo stars.  
Adults $15. Concession $12. Museum Friends $7.50 (Full Membership holders only). *Children under 16 receive free entry if accompanied by an adult.*
Impressions of Paris: Lautrec, Degas, Daumier

This exhibition examines the major contribution to French art made by three key figures: Honoré-Victorin Daumier (1808–1879), Edgar Degas (1834–1917) and Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec (1864–1901). A generation apart, each was a consummate draughtsman whose innovative compositions and embrace of modern subject matter played a significant role in artistic developments in France over the nineteenth century.

Keepsakes: Australians and the Great War


To mark the centenary of the First World War, Keepsakes explores the diaries, photographs, letters and mementos kept and treasured as reminders of the Great War. Discover how the very personal, as experienced by soldiers, nurses, politicians, artists, writers and families on the home front, becomes our collective memory. Sourced entirely from the National Library of Australia’s collections, this exhibition highlights the private experience of war and the objects that evoke our memories. On display are Norman Lindsay’s original artwork for his most famous propaganda posters, Prime Minister Billy Hughes’ handwritten notes from the Paris Peace Conference and Stan Cross’ cartoons of wartime Australia.

Mambo: 30 Years of Self-Indulgence

6 December 2014 – 22 February 2015

Our country’s most irreverent brand - Mambo - has turned 30 years old. With its idiosyncratic Australian sense of humour and perverse national pride, Mambo has seemingly grown up. Mambo: 30 years of shelf-indulgence presents all the ideas, key elements and oddities that have made it one of Australia’s most memorable brands. The exhibition sees NGV Studio housing the largest collection of Mambo works ever assembled, ranging from way back in 1984 to the present day, including original artworks, developmental works (some never seen before) and a retrospective of the most-loved pieces produced during its history.

Mambo: 30 years of shelf-indulgence presents some of the finest elements of Mambo's creative and very distinctive identity.
In most cultures where burial is practiced for the dead, there are sensitivities and concerns when remains are disturbed or threatened with disturbance. When the graves of servicemen (and women) lying in foreign fields are involved, the emotions can be deeply provoked. On 15 November 2001, news broke of a French Badgery’s Creek: a proposal to build a third airport for Paris at Chaulnes on the former battlefield of the Somme. Over the next few months, anger grew in Britain and Australia at the prospect of marked and unmarked war graves being disturbed and a ‘sacred’, landscape being defiled. Australia had somewhere between 61 and 98 graves that were potentially vulnerable to disturbance in cemeteries at Fouquescourt, Bouchou and Rossiers.

Furthermore, it was possible that the WWII cemetery at Meharicourt might be affected. On 11 March 2002, there was a joint press release from Foreign Minister Alexander Downer and Veterans Affairs Minister, Dana Vale (the then Federal Member for Hughes), demanding full French consultation with the Commonwealth War Graves Commission. Bill Fisher, Australia’s Ambassador in Paris, was ordered to register Australia’s concerns directly with the French government. Closer to home, on 13 March 2002, the Member for Miranda, Barry Collier, told the New South Wales Parliament that ‘each resting place is part of our nation. Each of those graves is a part of Australian history, culture and heritage, and each must be preserved and remain undisturbed’. He also stated that he was ‘appalled that the French government would contemplate even for a moment building an airport on the graves of Australian war dead.’

Cliff Raatz, President of the Miranda RSL sub-branch, called the proposal ‘outrageous’ and circulated a petition ‘opposing the building of the airport and the subsequent insult to our war dead, their descendants and all Australians’. The following month, Deputy Prime Minister John Anderson also flew to Paris to make strong representations on the matter. Repeated assurances of respect for war graves were given by the French Government, but fell on deaf (sometimes Francophobic) ears. Ultimately assurances were unnecessary: plans for the airport at Chaulnes were abandoned in favour of enlarging Paris Charles de Gaulle. Undoubtedly local concern for war graves was a significant factor; one only has to visit this part of France to know that the declaration ‘N’oublions jamais l’Australie’ [Let us never forget Australia] is no mere slogan.

During the First World War, 59,342 Australian soldiers paid the ultimate sacrifice and contributed to a profound national trauma of loss and bereavement. Among these Australian servicemen killed on the Western Front was a member of my grandmother’s extended family and a member of my

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4 This is an edited version (with notes) of an address given to the Francophone Association Southern Sydney, at Hazelhurst Regional Gallery and Arts Centre, Gymea, NSW, on 12 April 2014; it was first published in the The French Australian Review (formerly Explorations), number 56, Australian Winter 2014.
6 The Australian representative on the Commonwealth War Graves Commission was Australia’s High Commissioner in London, Michael L’Estrange.
9 According to Barry Collier, Member for Miranda, see Hansard, New South Wales Legislative Assembly, 13 March 2002, p. 398.
11 My grandmother’s second cousin, Vyvian Rees (brother of the Australian landscape painter Lloyd Rees), is buried at the Hooge Crater Cemetery, Pazzchendael, in Belgium.
wife’s grandmother’s family. I also feel a broader sense of kinship with one of the Australians whose remains were discovered after ninety-two years in an unmarked grave at Fromelles in 2009: Alfred Victor Momphlait. His father was Mauritian and his niece on Kangaroo Island was a close family friend. Although there can never be any question of arithmetic symmetry, we too are the custodians of French servicemen’s graves here in Australia and our soil is the emotional focus of equally distant families. In most cases these young men died of disease rather than as a result of violence in the service of their country or as allies engaged in the same desperate struggle. Nevertheless, Australia is also the last resting place of French immigrants who were allied veterans of the First and Second World Wars.

Despite this, we Australians have sometimes been guilty of the same actions that our politicians have accused the French of merely contemplating: disturbing and moving the remains of servicemen. Others have simply been lost or forgotten. We often use the words ‘Lest we forget’ to reiterate and reinforce historical memory and underline the tragedy of lives lost in our nation’s military service. As we approach the centenary of the outbreak of the First World War, I would like to provide an historical overview of these French servicemen’s burials in Australia and suggest that we have a reciprocal obligation to honour and respect their graves and acknowledge their place in our history. Indeed I could easily adapt Mr Collier’s words of March 2002: ‘each resting place is part of our nation. Each of those graves is a part of Australian history, culture and heritage, and each must be preserved’. So who are these individuals?

The first Frenchman to be buried in Australia was an assistant-gunner named Massicot. I am sorry to say that I have not yet discovered his first name. We know that he was buried in the sand at the foot of the cliffs near Cape Levillain, on the north-eastern tip of Dirk Hartog Island, Shark Bay, on 30 March 1772, by a burial party under the command of a Sergeant Lafortune. Massicot died of scurvy aboard Louis Alesno de Saint-Alloüarn’s vessel of exploration, the Gros Ventre, which had crossed the Indian Ocean and sailed north along the Western Australian coast after separation from Kerguelen’s vessel La Fortune. The site of Massicot’s grave has not been found. There were two unsuccessful attempts to find it in early 1998, one a private expedition, the other by the Western Australian Museum. Instead, a 1766 Louis XV coin and two eighteenth-century French wine bottles (disappointingly without any wine or documents inside) were found.

The next Frenchman to die in Australia was also in naval service, but he was buried 3600 kilometres away on the coast of New South Wales. This was Claude-François-Joseph Receveur a Franciscan friar and former soldier serving as a naval chaplain and naturalist on Lapérouse’s expedition. He died here on 17 February 1788, not yet 31 years of age. A number of historians have suggested that Receveur was killed by the indigenous inhabitants. I don’t accept this explanation. Like Governor Arthur Phillip and Watkin Tench, I believe that Receveur died as a result of a head wound he received earlier in Samoa. I have argued elsewhere that he probably had a fatal, slowly accumulating subdural haematoma, possibly complicated by scurvy.

12 My wife’s great-uncle, Cooper Stubington, is buried at Wirreereux Communal Cemetery, Plot 6, row D, grave 25.
15 Ibid., pp. 311–42.
Receveur was born in Noël-Cerneux, just a few kilometres from the Swiss border, and was the first Catholic priest and the first scientist to be buried in Australia. His grave on the northern shore of Botany Bay (near the present Lapérouse Museum) remains one of the oldest European monuments on the east coast of Australia. It was originally marked with a painted epitaph fixed to a tree trunk. A little less than a month after Lapérouse’s departure, Lieutenant William Bradley (c.1757–1833) visited Botany Bay and found that the grave marker was ‘torn down by the natives’.

The inscription was ‘copied’ and Governor Phillip ordered that it be ‘engraved on a piece of copper and nailed in the place the other had been taken from’. The accounts of Governor Phillip, Watkin Tench and Surgeon John White (c.1756–1832) all confirm this was done.

When Louis-Isidore Duperrey’s (1786–1865) expedition arrived in New South Wales on the *Coquille* in 1824, a number of the officers – including Jules-Sébastien-César Dumont d’Urville (1790–1842) and Victor-Charles Lottin (1795–1858) – went in search of Receveur’s grave on Botany Bay. Lottin, recorded meeting the garrison of a corporal and two soldiers and asking them whether they knew of ‘a French tomb in the neighbourhood of their fort’. The corporal took Lottin and his companions to a place where the earth was raised and was covered with grass. They found no inscription, so on the trunk of an enormous Eucalyptus which shaded the site, they decided to carve the words:

*Près de cet arbre reposent les cendres du père Receveur, visité en mars 1824* ['Near this tree lie the remains of Father Receveur, visited in March 1824'].

The tree was later used as a windbreak for a fire, but the carved inscription was saved thanks to the efforts of Simeon Pearce (1821–1886), later the first mayor of Randwick. Soon after it became part of the collection of the Louvre and then the nascent Musée de la Marine in Paris. Although the inscribed stump was loaned to the Lapérouse Museum in Sydney on its inception in 1988, it has since been ‘returned’ to Paris and replaced with a brass replica. When Hyacinthe de Bougainville

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(1781–1846) visited Botany Bay in 1825 he found the inscribed tree trunk and the grave marked by a pile of stones holding up a cross. It was he who commissioned the present tombstone and the monument to Lapérouse in 1825,26 designed by Government Architect George Cookney (1799–1876).27

In 1876 the New South Wales Government enclosed the grave when the cable servicing telegraphic communication between New South Wales and New Zealand came into operation.28 A new metal fence was installed in 1906 and the badly rusted iron crucifix on the grave was replaced with one of bronze in 1930.29

In 1920 Premier William Holman (1871–1934) even drafted a bill to cede more than five acres of land around the grave to the Republic of France, but this was found to be unconstitutional. Nevertheless, unfounded public anxieties over the issue of sovereignty persisted for decades.30 In 1938 a monument reserve was proposed for the grave,31 but, presumably because of the distractions of war, this was not officially gazetted until 1950.32 To this day the grave remains a tangible link with Lapérouse’s visit and a focus for community cultural and religious commemoration in New South Wales.

After leaving Botany Bay in March 1788, Lapérouse was never seen again by Europeans. (We know now that his expedition came to grief on the coast of Vanikoro in the Solomon Islands.) The year after his disappearance, France was engulfed in revolution; nevertheless, the new National Assembly found time to debate the fate of their missing compatriot and to dispatch an expedition, under the command of Rear-Admiral

26 For details, see ‘Appendix 4: The La Pérouse Monument at Botany Bay: Bougainville’s Legacy to Australia’ in Rivière, M. S. (ed. & trans.), The Governor’s Noble Guest: Hyacinthe de Bougainville’s Account of Port Jackson, 1825, The Miegunyah/MUP, Melbourne, 1999, pp. 244–50.
Bruny d’Entrecasteaux, to search for him. It was the first humanitarian mission on a global scale. In the course of this mission, d’Entrecasteaux made two visits to the D’Entrecasteaux Channel and to Recherche Bay in Tasmania, both discovered by the expedition. During his second visit, on 3 February 1793, Jacques-Laurent Boucher (or Le Boucher), a 22-year-old former barber serving as a gunner, died of a ‘chest complaint’ (presumably tuberculosis or pneumonia). He was the first European to be buried in Tasmania.

Although the exact location of Le Boucher’s grave is not known, on the basis of information in the journal of Jane, Lady Franklin, who visited Recherche Bay in 1838, and the location of a tree marked on a survey map of 1833 by James Erskine Calder (1808–1882), The Tasmanian Heritage Council, believes his grave is probably located within the coastal reserve between Cockle Creek and Snake Point, approximately 225m southwest of the Espérance Observatory and 725m northeast of the Cockle Creek Ranger Station. The Council also noted evidence of erosion (since the eighteenth century) and commented that ‘burial remains may still exist at this place and may become evident with further erosion of the coastline’. So poor Le Boucher’s remains might yet see the light of day again, if predictions of global warming and rising sea-levels prove correct!

During the explorer Nicolas Baudin’s (1754–1803) visit to New South Wales in 1802, a number of sailors from his expedition died in Sydney. St Phillip’s Parish Register, records the burials of at least three Frenchmen on 26 and 27 June and 16 August 1802. However, another six men, with unknown names, were recorded buried between 30 June and 8 July. This seems more than coincidental given the large number of scurvy cases aboard the corvettes Naturaliste and the Géographe on arrival. One certain name among these French servicemen is that of Romeo Rassel; but well may we ask: ‘wherefore art thou Romeo?’ Between September 1792 and September 1819 there was only one cemetery in Sydney, known variously as the Old Burying Ground, the Cathedral Close and later the Town Hall Cemetery, on George Street. Baudin’s sailors must have been buried there. In 1869 most of the remains in the Old Burial Ground on George

Sketch of the tomb of Père Receveur and the inscribed tree beside it, by Oswald Walters Brierly (1817–1894)

34 There is no fleeting mention of Le Boucher in the expedition journals. Ironically, Josiane Piard-Bernier did not realise that Le Boucher was this sailor’s surname and made reference to ‘the butcher’ when she translated extracts from Louis Ventenat’s journal for Appendix 2 of the book which she co-authored with Brian Plomley; see Plomley, B., & Piard-Bernier, J., The General: The Visits of the Expedition led by Bruny d’Entrecasteaux to Tasmanian Waters in 1792 and 1793, Queen Victoria Museum, Launceston, 1993, p. 356.
38 Approximately AGD66 E491854 N5174706; see Tasmanian Heritage Council, D’Entrecasteaux Expedition Sites Recherche Bay & Adventure Bay: Provisional Entry to the Tasmanian Heritage Register, Hobart, 1 April 2010, p. 3.
39 Ibid.
40 See death certificates, Archives nationales, Marine, 5JJ 24; formerly these were available on a microfilm at the Mitchell Library (FM4/2238), but in 2013 I was informed that this series of microfilms had deteriorated to such an extent that all the reels had been disposed of.
41 St Phillip’s Parish Register, Sydney, vol. 4, chronological baptisms, burials & marriages, 1787–1809; see also T. D. Mutch Index, Mitchell Library, State Library of New South Wales.
Street, possibly including those of Baudin’s sailors, were exhumed and re-interred at the new Rookwood Necropolis. One reason we can’t be certain where these French sailors are now, is that there was no burial plan and many other graves were found near Town Hall during various excavation works in the last quarter of the nineteenth century and during the twentieth century. And as recently as 2007 still more graves and human remains were discovered. Sadly, no gravestones were taken from George Street to Rookwood.

There were other French military veterans who died in the greater Sydney area during the early years of the nineteenth century. One of the most colourful was Pierre Lalouette de Vernicourt [aka de Clambe] (1754–1804). He was born in Paris, in 1754, the son of Pierre Lalouette (1711–1792), regent of the Faculty of Medicine, distinguished anatomist who described the structure of the thyroid gland and inventor of a highly successful method of treating syphilis with mercury vapour. In the wake of his father’s ennoblement in 1773, Pierre adopted the name Lalouette de Vernicourt and joined the army, serving initially in the Ile de France regiment. While in Mauritius he married and had children. During the American War of Independence, he apparently took part in three campaigns in India. By August 1793, when France and Britain were again at war, Lalouette de Vernicourt was a captain of grenadiers in Pondichery. However, in the wake of Louis XVI’s execution he reportedly surrendered to British forces under John Floyd, then joined the military service of at least one Indian rajah, before growing vines at Chengalpattu, near Chennai, and then seeking asylum in England as an émigré.

Refusing to bear arms against France, but ‘disgusted with a life of indolence’, on 25 July 1800 he sought permission from the Duke of Portland to settle in New South Wales. Calling himself ‘Chevalier de Clamb’, he arrived in Port Jackson on 14 December 1801 and six weeks later was granted 100 acres of land at Castle Hill by Governor Phillip Gidley King, and assigned six convicts. At Castle Hill he called himself Lieutenant-Colonel Declambe, although he was later referred to as ‘Vernicourt de Clamb’ in his obituary in the Sydney Gazette. The zoologist François Péron (1775–1810) who met him when Nicolas Baudin’s expedition visited Port Jackson found him ‘presque nu [almost naked]’, like his convict labourers. At Castle Hill, he built a house called the ‘Hermitage’ (now 340 Old Northern Road, Castle Hill) which Péron described variously as a ‘modeste habitation’ and a ‘manoir champêtre [rustic manor]’.

Lalouette de Vernicourt neither returned to France nor was reunited with his wife and family in Mauritius. He died, of what appears to have been a stroke, on the night of 4 June 1804, on his way to a dance at Government

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43 ‘Graves unearthed under Sydney Town Hall’, *Sydney Morning Herald*, 6 August 2007; Frew, W., ‘Town Hall yields secrets’, *Sydney Morning Herald*, 15 January 2008. Some fifty-three graves were identified. Thirty-nine had evidence of coffins, but only a few contained bone fragments.


47 Portland Papers (PI C 7/9), University of Nottingham; see also F. Watson (ed.), *Historical Records of Australia*, series 1, Governors’ Despatches to and from England, vol. 3. 1801–1802, Library Committee of the Commonwealth Parliament, Sydney, 1915, pp. 109, 406.


and was buried, at his own request, among the coffee trees he had planted on his estate. Once again, the exact location of this grave is now unknown. Pollen and phytolith studies might yet provide evidence where these coffee trees once grew. Local historian Karlene Dimbrowsky has reviewed a number of local opinions relating to the location of the grave, several suggesting it was on Old Castle Hill Road. Unfortunately, there is strong historical evidence that it has been desecrated. On 4 December 1875, the *Cumberland Mercury* reported that his grave was vaulted with brick sides and a stone top. It was forgotten and buried until a herd of foraging pigs exposed it years later. Then the tombstone was ‘uplifted’ by ‘mischievous persons . . . in search of rings and gold’. They found neither, but ‘portions of the poor fellow’s bones were carried from their resting place as curiosities’. And, according to a letter published in the *Sydney Morning Herald* on 1 September 1923, even a piece of the coffin was souvenired.

I am aware of at least one former French convict, buried in Australia, who asserted he was a veteran of the Napoleonic army. Originally from Normandy, his name was François Girard (although he apparently also used his mother’s maiden name De Lisle as an alias). He arrived in New South Wales on the convict transport *Agamemnon* in September 1820. He was tried twice in the Old Bailey for the crime of stealing two watches while living in London. On the first occasion he was found not guilty, but on the second occasion, when reference was made to him being a foreigner, he was not so lucky. Professor Ken Dutton has suggested that Girard might have been smeared as a Jacobin sympathiser.

Surprisingly, despite a seven year sentence, a mere month after his arrival in Sydney he was freely giving French language and dancing lessons. We have a partial explanation for his extraordinary change of fortune. In a memorial he addressed to Governor Ralph Darling, on 31 January 1826, Girard wrote: ‘Your Memorialist is a native of France and came to this country in misfortune, but in consequence of having served under Napoleon against the English, was recognized by an officer resident in the Colony, and indulged in his liberty as soon as he disembarked.’

Professor Dutton has suggested that he might have worked with British officers after the Battle of Waterloo identifying the bodies of the dead and then been recognised later in Sydney. I am not convinced. There are so many possibilities. We don’t know exactly when Girard arrived in London; he might have been an emigré or he might have been a prisoner-of-war released in Britain as early as the Peace of Amiens, or as late as Napoleon’s first abdication in 1814. He could easily have come into contact with numerous British officers long before the Battle of Waterloo. Indeed one might have been his prisoner. In any case, the officer who recognized him might have been French rather than British. Girard does not give a nationality for the officer in question. Gabriel Huon de Kerrilleau (1769–1828), a royalist military veteran and emigré who served in the New

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50 *Sydney Gazette and New South Wales Advertiser*, vol. ii, no. 67, Sunday, 10 June 1804, p. 1.
51 Ibid., vol. ii, no. 73, Sunday, 22 July 1804, p. 2.
54 See the letter from John Black, *Sydney Morning Herald*, 1 September 1923, who wrote that among his late mother’s ‘belongings is a piece of wood labelled in her own handwriting, “Frenchman’s coffin”.
57 Quoted by Waldersee, op. cit.
South Wales Corps between 1794 and 1807 and was then granted 400 acres of land at Narreellan, is just such a possibility.\textsuperscript{59}

What is certain is that Girard was for a time a successful Sydney baker and miller. He owned a famous windmill in Woolloomooloo and also a produce store, hotel and quarry, and had cedar-cutting interests on the Macleay and the Clarence Rivers. Ultimately, however, his businesses began to fail and he put his most important assets in the name of his wife Mary (a sister of the Irish rebel Michael Hayes). In 1844 Mary Giraud purchased ‘Branga Park’ in Walcha in northern New South Wales. Girard died there on 16 November 1859 and was buried in old Walcha cemetery.\textsuperscript{60}

Unfortunately, the headstone no longer survives and we do not know the exact location of his grave. Having mentioned Gabriel Huon de Kerrilleau, it is perhaps appropriate to state that his last resting place is even less certain. On a Sunday in mid-December 1828 he set off on foot from Narellan for his son’s property in Campbelltown, but disappeared in one of the gullies on the way.\textsuperscript{61} Although a search was mounted and human remains were discovered, they were never positively identified as his.\textsuperscript{62}

A decade later the French explorer Jules-Sébastien-César Dumont d’Urville made his penultimate visit to Tasmania. This was in late 1839, just prior to his second Antarctic descent and the discovery of Terre Adélie. During this visit, eighteen of his men were hospitalised with dysentery. Seven of these men died in Hobart. They were the first mate of the \textit{Astrolabe} Félix Balthasar Simon (1788–1839), apprentice-sailor Jean–Baptiste Beaudoin (1820–1840), master-carpenter Joseph Couteleng (1796–1840), a courageous young cabin boy named Pierre Moreau (1825–1839), the expedition artist Ernest Goupil, the second mate Honoré Argelier (1791–1840) and finally a sailor named Alexandre Deniel (1817–1840). All these men were buried in the Catholic cemetery in Barrack Street, Hobart.

Ernest Goupil died just as the expedition was about to leave Tasmania. His funeral was a bleak affair during pouring rain. Nevertheless, Lieutenant-Colonel William Elliot (1792–1874), commanding the Hobart garrison, led a disciplined troop of redcoats who formed a guard of honour (apparently with the regimental band playing all the way to the cemetery) on the rough and sodden road.


\textsuperscript{60} Dutton, K. R., op. cit., p. 26.

\textsuperscript{61} Walsh, op. cit.

\textsuperscript{62} See Guillou, op. cit., p. 30.
Then, after a dignified silence, four French officers removed the tricolour from Goupil’s coffin and his remains were lowered into the grave to the sound of several volleys of rifle fire. This British Protestant involvement, seems to have been too much for the sectarian Irishman Father John Terry (1790–1864). He absented himself in favour of the English Benedictine James Cotham (1810–1883), who was educated in Douai in France and probably spoke French. The skippers of two visiting French whalers were also present.  

Goupil and Couteleng received their own tombstones, but the officers of the expedition subscribed to a joint monument in Hobart for all who had died during the expedition. By the mid-1860s, all the wooden crosses on the French graves had rotted away and the stone monument was in such a poor state that it was replaced by King Louis-Philippe’s grandson, Pierre d’Orléans, duc de Penthièvre (1845–1919) during his visit to Hobart aboard the Omar Pacha in September 1866. Unfortunately, d’Urville’s men were not to rest in peace. In 1915, the Christian Brothers—seeking to expand St Virgil’s College on Barrack Street—were granted permission by the Parliament of Tasmania to relocate the remains to Cornelian Bay Cemetery. There, another monument, with a large marble plaque, was erected in honour of the French dead. To this day it lists the surnames, ranks and death-dates (although not always accurately) of all the expedition members who succumbed at sea or ashore—including the unfortunate Tongan crewmember, Mafi Kelepi, who died at sea before the expedition reached Hobart but was aboard while it was anchored in the Derwent. I say he was aboard because his body was placed in a barrel of arrack and taken back to Paris as a museum specimen!  

Although France failed to colonise any part of Australia or New Zealand (sovereignty was never confirmed at Akaroa), in September 1853 a French penal colony was established in New Caledonia. Over the next forty-five years, about 22,000 criminals and political prisoners were transported to New Caledonia, eventually including many members of the Paris Commune. The establishment of this French colony brought numerous French naval vessels with troops and supplies through Torres Strait and sometimes to northern Australia ports. One such vessel was the steam-powered aviso or dispatch vessel Coëtlogon (687 tons). En route from Townsville to Nouméa, on 7 August 1876, her helmsman, Eugène Marie Quillien, died (of an as yet unknown cause) and was buried with full military honours at Cooktown. Although there were probably earlier French nationals buried in Queensland, Quillien was very likely the first French serviceman to be buried in the state.  

A little less than three years later, on the evening of Sunday 9 February 1879, another French naval vessel arrived in Cooktown, this was the new steam-powered French dispatch-transport the Allier (1650 tons).  

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64 Joseph Seureau recorded the inscriptions on both Goupil’s and Couteleng’s graves; see Méhaud, C., & Richard, H. (eds), Dumont d’Urville en Antarctique: Journal de bord de Joseph Seureau, quartier-maître de la Zélée (1837–1840), Publisud, Paris, 1995, p. 117.  
68 See Duyker, Dumont d’Urville, pp. 421–3.  
69 The Queensland press inflated her displacement to 2000 tons.  
70 Personal communication (including a photograph of the burial plaque) from Arnaud Gougeon, Cook Shire Council, Cooktown, Queensland, 31 March 2014.  
71 Later renamed Bougainville, she was launched in Lorient in 1878 and saw service until 1920; the Queensland press inflated her displacement to 2000 tons.
She had left France the previous November bound for New Caledonia with a crew of 102 men and 228 soldiers. En route she visited Java and, there, a fever, either malarial or typhoid (later even described as smallpox) was contracted and quickly began to infect those on board. By the time the Allier diverted to Cooktown for medical supplies, twenty-one deaths had occurred and 157 others were ailing. Almost certainly ship-handling had also become seriously impaired as a result of so many sick cases. Facing Cooktown was a pre-existing quarantine area on the north shore of the Endeavour River and the Allier's captain, Félix-Guillaume Coulombeaud (1832–1909) (later Rear-Admiral Coulombeaud), established a temporary hospital camp there and also sought fresh provisions. During his stay of some weeks, there were at least thirteen deaths: Augustin Nicot, Jean-Marie Foucault, Jean-Adolphe Bernard, Emmanuel-Jean Allat, Jean-Marie Pouly, Jules Boulanger, Valentin Maze, Louis-René Desmos, Victor Letourneau, Jean-Marie Urban, Louis Drouillet, Louis-Marie Le Floch and Jean-Marie Duret. These mainly young men in their twenties were buried on the north shore, about a hundred metres from the beach, and a monument to their memory was erected and enclosed by a fence. The initial enclosure, apparently constructed of wood, had been destroyed by fire (for which the indigenous inhabitants were blamed) by the time the French cruiser Volta visited Cooktown in December 1887 en route to Noumea. Her commander, Raymond-Victor-Ernest Bigant (1840–1909), apparently replaced the monument and fence, but within two years, according to journalist Archibald Meston (1851–1924), who visited the site in 1889, it was already half-buried in drifting sand. Then, in early 1905, a young local man named Douglas Hall (whose mother ran the Courthouse Hotel in Cooktown) made twelve trips to the site (near Mount Saunders), found...
exposed bones, dug holes, found a gravestone, found shirt buttons and a brass button manufactured in Lyon and a gold Napoléon coin (which he kept). Youth might have been a mitigating factor, but he seems to me to have been little more than a grave robber. After a dozen expeditions, Hall apparently thought it was time to notify the police of the human remains that he had found. Either that, or news of his treasure-hunting desecrations finally reached the ears of the local authorities. In April 1905, the police magistrate and gold warden, Mr W. M. Lee-Bryce (apparently acting at the behest of the Catholic Bishop of Brisbane, Dr Murray, and the French consul-general Georges Biard d’Annet in Sydney), supervised the removal of the remains of one officer and nine sailors from the north shore of the river to Cooktown cemetery. On the morning of 3 May, they were reburied after a solemn requiem Mass at Saint Mary’s, Cooktown. Over 500 townfolk escorted the hearse to the cemetery. These included 250 school children from both the State and Catholic schools. The police attended in full uniform. The pall bearers included the mayor, the police magistrate, federal member of parliament, Waterside Workers Federation delegate and the German Honorary Consul Dr Helmuth Korteum (a native of Schleswieg, who also happened to be the government medical officer who supervised the quarantine arrangements back in 1879). The Marseillaise was played and French and British flags were flown at half-mast. The ‘discoverer’ of the remains, Douglas Hall, also took a prominent part in the funeral. Then in 1907, a new stone monument was erected in honour of these French servicemen.

Further research of the service records of the soldiers aboard the Allier might reveal whether any were veterans of the Franco-Prussian War eight years before. I am aware of a number of naval officers who fought on land during this conflict. One was Edmond Marin La Meslée (1852–1893) who apparently took part in the Battle of Sedan in September 1870. After the disaster he resigned from the navy and taught in Mauritius for a number of years before settling in Australia. He was living in McMahon’s Point when he and his wife drowned in a yachting accident on Sydney Harbour on 17 Dec 1893. He is buried in Rookwood Cemetery, but I have not yet located his tomb. Marin La Meslée was a keen observer of his adopted land and published a penetrating study entitled L’Australie nouvelle (1883). An English translation by Russell Ward was published in 1972. By 1914 and the outbreak of the First World War, France, Britain and Australia had effectively been allies for almost a century. In the horrific conflict that followed with Germany, Austria and Turkey, 1.5 million Frenchmen lost their lives. These heavy casualties diminished both the young male population and the pool of potential emigrants to Australia. A significant proportion of French arrivals after the First World War were women who married Australian servicemen. Despite the significant number of immigrants who returned to France, there was a net increase of 864 French-Australians between 1915 and 1939. Among them were almost certainly men who

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82 For biographical details see: Marin La Meslée, E., The New Australia (translated and edited with a critical introduction by Russell Ward), Heinemann Educational, Richmond (Vic.), 1979.
had previously served in the French army. Similarly, between 1947 and 1954, in the wake of
WWII, there were veterans among the 1034 French immigrants who arrived in Australia. It is my
hope that we can further identify and record the last resting places of these veterans. There were,
however, other French citizens who had arrived in Australia long before the First World War, but
went back to fight for France and then returned to family in Australia. One was Jacques Playoust
(1883–1947), the son of a wool-buoyer from Tourcoing, in Northern France, who arrived in
Melbourne in 1889, and then settled in Sydney. With the outbreak of war in 1914, Playoust
returned to France to serve with the French army and saw action in the bitter years of trench
warfare at Ypres, Verdun and the Somme (where he earned the Croix de Guerre). He also served
with Australian units. His brother Marcel, who was commissioned as an officer, was killed in the
First Battle of the Somme, along with most of his company. Jacques Playoust died in Sydney in
February 1947 and is buried in the former Northern Suburbs Cemetery, now the Macquarie Park
Cemetery, North Ryde.

Another impressive example is Vicomte Guillaume Charles Baptiste de Pierres (1880—1954), who
arrived in Melbourne in 1902 before settling in Western Australia. He served as a sergeant with
33rd French Artillery Regiment between September 1914 and February 1919, but was seconded
as a French interpreter to the British army’s Royal Horse Artillery (until he was court-martialed for
striking a British officer). His French-born brother Charley, joined the British Army (probably
because he had deserted from the French naval sloop Bayonne during national service in 1903
and had become an Australian citizen). He was commissioned as an officer in the 5th Dragoon
Guards, British Army and was wounded in the eye on the Somme.

Guillaume’s son Henri-Jacques-Stanley de Pierres (1918–1989), served with the Free French in
Indo-China during WWII. Both are buried in Derdebin in Western Australia. Guillaume interred in
1954 and his son in 1989. The stories of these servicemen demonstrate, even more intimately, how
the histories of France and Australia are inseparably linked. Still more French veterans are buried
here. According to Paul de Pierres, beside his grandfather, there are three others buried in
Western Australia. Like Australia’s Mauritian-born First World War veterans, including three who
were mortally wounded at Gallipoli, they provide yet another dimension to the francophone and
multicultural history of Australia.

Lest we forget!

83 See Stuer, A. P. L., The French in Australia, Department of Demography, Institute of Advanced Studies, Australian National
University, Canberra, 1982, pp. 170–1, 195. I knew one of these First World War veterans who emigrated to Australia. He was a
Père Le Clercq, a Carthusian monk, who came from France in the late 1950s or the invitation of Bishop Fox of the diocese of
Willcannia-Forbes. He was from Tourcoing and had served as a brancardier (stretcher bearer) during the First World War and I
don’t think he ever really got over the trauma of the war. Shortly before coming to Australia he had a mental breakdown. Bishop
Fox had him in mind as chaplain to the Carmelite nuns in Parkes, New South Wales, but he did not stay there. I remember him
saying Mass for my great-grandmother on her 90th birthday in Melbourne in 1961. I still have a small French flag embroidered with
the Sacred Heart which he carried in the trenches and which he gave to my grandmother before he returned to France.

85 In the Catholic Monumental Section (H11–0050).
86 Paul de Pierres, Loyalty Sustained: The Story of the de Pierres Family in Australia and New Zealand. 1903—2003, privately
87 Pierre, P. de, “Allies Forever” . . . “Allies pour toujours”: A Record of War Service by Frenchmen and Belgians from Australia
88 See Duyker, E.; Bonnefin, Charles Adrien (1878–1915); Dictionnaire de Biographie Mauricienne, no. 61, avril 2012, pp. 2333–4;
Duyker, E., & Currien, P. M., ‘La Nauze, Charles Andrew (1882–1915); Dictionnaire de Biographie Mauricienne, no. 58, décembre
The Death of This Roman

Garriock Duncan

This Roman had a haughty, imperial mien and well deserves this soubriquet by Noel Pearson. I only ever saw him, in person, once. It was in early 1966, when he gave/attended – I no longer remember which – a talk for trainee teachers, in the Wallace Theatre, at Sydney University. I graduated from university in 1970. So, I was not an immediate beneficiary of his tertiary education reforms. However, I would be later as a post-graduate student at Macquarie University.

This Roman was born on July 11, 1916, in Melbourne and would die on October 21, 2014, in Sydney, in his 99th year. He was Australia’s 21st Prime Minister (1972-1975) and, though he was in power for just less than three years, he would transform Australia, releasing it from the torpor of the 60’s, the decade that largely bypassed Australia till 1972. His name – Edward Gough Whitlam, He may not have been Australia’s best Prime Minister, but he certainly is its greatest. At least, Whitlam was the only Australian Prime Minister ever to use Roman history to win the point in parliamentary debate. I am not blind to his faults or those of his government. Indeed, I believe, it was during his Prime Ministership, we first heard of dole bludgers and the connection was made between unemployment and poor quality teachers – more innovations, which have stood the test of time. However, he certainly had to endure outrageous fortune. Had it not been for a notorious gerrymander, much to the favour of the Coalition, he would have won the 1969 election. This would have provided four years of prosperity – enough time for many, if not most, of his signature reforms to have been passed – before the oil shock of September, 1973. He faced an intractable Opposition, convinced of its divine right to govern, which refused to acknowledge the mandate of the people, twice. Much the same as in 2010-2013, except that in 1972-1975, the refusards did not wear blue ties.

Whitlam was honoured with a state memorial service, held in the Sydney Town Hall, on November 5, 2014, to an overflowing crowd. Thousands, who did not fit inside the Town Hall, attended outside. It was not a sombre occasion but rather one of wit, often wickedly funny, remembrance and joy, but above all celebration, for a life well lived. Perhaps, the best indication of how Australia changed forever in 1972 is the contrast between this prime Ministerial farewell and the previous one, that of Robert Menzies in 1978.

Whitlam was a public orator of immense power and it is only fitting that his memorial service engendered oratory of similar calibre. While it is hard to distinguish between those chosen to speak - Graham Freudenberg, Cate Blanchett, Noel Pearson, John Faulkner and Tony Whitlam – it must be admitted that Noel Pearson delivered a eulogy of unparalleled power and emotion. It was only fitting. For, as Pearson openly expressed, it was the Whitlam government, which opened the way for indigenous people to access tertiary education.

The list of the achievements of the Whitlam Government is daunting, more achieved in slightly less than one term than many other governments manage in multiple terms. I can accept that many of the issues were in train in pre-Whitlam Australia but that is the issue – they were only in train. They came to fruition between 1972 and 1975. Attempts have been made to denigrate Whitlam’s memory, but they have failed. It is much to do with the symbolism of his 1972 election slogan – It’s time. And, it was time!

In reference to an incident recorded by both Suetonius and Plutarch, Shakespeare has Calpurnia, wife of Julius Caesar, say: the heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes. In Sydney, on the evening of Whitlam’s farewell, nature turned on a dazzling display of celestial pyrotechnics.

salve atque vale, Romane. Overseas readers might like to consult the online editions of the Sydney Morning Herald for Wednesday, October 22, and Thursday, November 6, 2014.
“Sydney has taken to milk”
– Memories about milk bars in the St George area

Birgit Heilmann*

“Sydney has taken to milk” so the blurb went.89 (The milk bar) was the place to be!90 Milk bars started to pop up everywhere in Sydney’s suburbs from the 1930s onwards and were popular places for young and old. Mostly run by Greek migrant families, milk bars were refreshment shops offering a wide variety of juice and dairy drinks, sweets and snacks, but also selling tobacco products.91 In 1934, the Australian Women’s Weekly promoted health benefits of drinking milk and supported the new established businesses with the slogan “visit the nearest milk bar, become a milk drinker!”92

Hurstville Museum & Gallery asked local residents about their memories of milk bars in the St George area, in conjunction with the national travelling exhibition ‘Selling an American Dream: Australia’s Greek Café’, curated by Effy Alexakis and Leonard Janiszewski.93 The exhibition was on show in Hurstville from August to September 2014. The following article is a snapshot of Hurstville Museum & Gallery’s call out responses.

Greek migrants and their milk bars

Many Greek migrants, who came to Australia in the early 20th century, opened up café and milk bar businesses. The shops were the centre point of the family, with the home in the back or upstairs of the shop. Many family members helped out in the business and children started early to assist their parents in the milk bars. The “Parry's” milk bars have been an institution in southern Sydney.

Parry’s Milk Bar started off as a confectionary shop in Kogarah. The shop in Railway Parade was opened up by Sydney born Edgar Cecil Parry and his wife Ruby, in the 1920s. Twenty years later the shop was taken over by Greek migrants, Zacharias Vretos Panaretos and his wife Theodora. He was from Ptamos, on the Greek Island of Kythera, which lies at the southern tip of the Peloponnese, and was living in Kogarah by 1939.94 Zacharias used the name of Jim Parry for his business. In 1958 he expanded his business and opened Parry’s Milk Bar in Caringbah. His brother Peter took over the shop in Kogarah and their other brother Theo opened up a milk bar in Rockdale. A fourth shop was opened in Sutherland.

Ten years after “Jim Parry” had opened his business in Caringbah, he sold it to Peter and Bill Cassimatis, who were also from Kythera. Around the same time, in the late 1960s, Kogarah’s

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1 Dr Birgit Heilmann works as curator at Hurstville Museum & Gallery. In her role, Birgit particularly develops social history exhibitions with a focus on the St George area. Birgit is currently preparing a WW1 related exhibition for the Anzac Centenary in 2015: Editor
2 Title taken from article in The Australian Women’s Weekly, October 27, 1934, p. 32.
3 Information from Community call out about Parry’s milk bar, April – June 2014, Hurstville City Library Museum & Gallery, Barbara.
6 A touring exhibition from the “In Their Own Image: Greek-Australians” National Project, Macquarie University. The exhibition was initially launched at National Museum Australia in 2008.
7 Information supplied by Kogarah Local Studies.
Parry’s was closed.\textsuperscript{95} The Cassimatis brothers had migrated to Australia in 1948. Before they took over Parry’s they ran the Regal Cafe at Toowoomba, renowned for its morning and afternoon teas.\textsuperscript{96}

Other milk bars in the St George area included The Loop Milk Bar in San Souci and the Simos Milk Bar in Brighton Le Sands. Theo and Dina Simos owned the milk bar in 307 Bay Street from 1960 to 1975. They were migrants from Kythera and worked in various milk bars in Australia before settling down in Brighton Le Sands. Theo and Dina lived with their two children, Irene and Andrew, in the adjacent living quarters of the bar.\textsuperscript{97} Irene fondly remembers being allowed to serve customers at the age of ten. When her brother, Andrew, first served an ice cream he broke the cone and vowed never to serve in the shop again. His job was then tidying up the glass bottles out in the back. Another great memory of Irene was the busy times, “summer was always a very busy time at the Simos’ milk bar as hundreds of people made their way to the nearby Lady Robinson beach.”\textsuperscript{98}

**Glitter type places**

Most local residents remember milk bars as shiny and sparkling places. The shops often had mirrors on the walls, a stand for sweets, a seating area along one wall and a counter, including a soda fountain and container for straws. Lorraine remembers the opening of Parry’s in Caringbah in 1958, when she was twelve years old. “Parry’s milk bar opened with a new décor never seen in Caringbah, with its milk bar counter, high round stools,…, and lolly pink and white striped counters and walls.”\textsuperscript{99}

Besides the different types of glasses and straws for your drinks, the most important equipment needed in milk bars were the metal milk shake containers to prepare the shakes and keep the milkshake cold for a while. “I remember when you squeezed the ice cream up through the straw it hit the back of your throat with a feeling of ecstasy and flavour never before experienced in a milkshake.”\textsuperscript{100}

Ron still remembers how Mr Parry would toss the milkshake in an arc from the metal container in one hand into the glass in his other hand without spilling a single drop. It was like a performance and people would love to watch him do it.\textsuperscript{101}

\textsuperscript{95} Information supplied by Kogarah Local Studies.
\textsuperscript{96} “Milkbar family sells, and leaves you in good hands”, by John Mulcair, article from St George & Sutherland Shire Leader, November 16, 2004 pages 7, 8.
\textsuperscript{97} Information from Community call out about Parry’s milk bar, August 2014, Hurstville City Library Museum & Gallery, Irene.
\textsuperscript{98} Ibid.
\textsuperscript{99} Ibid, Lorraine.
\textsuperscript{100} Ibid.
\textsuperscript{101} Ibid, Ron.
In Rockdale, the milkshake containers were stacked in a pyramid shape display against the mirror wall, but in easy reach for the staff. Robert tells an amusing story about the cleanliness of the containers. “Every morning the staff had to scrub the containers with steel wool before putting them out on the shelf. One day a new health inspector came to inspect the premises, after looking out the back and in the shop he asked the assistant to show him the milkshake containers they made the milkshakes in. She pointed to the stack displayed against the mirror. The health inspector became quite annoyed and said I want to see the ones you use, not the ones on display. He wouldn't believe her as they were too bright and shiny to be in daily use.”

Robert worked for Streets Ice Cream and called in to Parry’s in Rockdale regularly in the mid-1960s.

The staff of Caringbah’s milk bar made an impression on Loraine. She recalls the “staff uniformed in pristine starched aprons covering a very flattering tailored coatdress, and cute matching hats, covering the hair at the back with a stiffened tiara peak.”

Ice cream, milkshakes & other sweet treats

Fred Hewison writes in his book *Crossed my mind – a boy in Hurstville* that “the biggest decision a boy or girl had to make was whether to order an ice cream soda or a milkshake.” Depending on his mood, his favourite was either lime ice cream sodas or chocolate malted milkshakes. Milkshakes from the 1930s were different to the milkshakes we know today. They basically consisted of milk and flavoured powder, but milk bar proprietors also added varieties of fresh and dried fruit to the shakes, or included cream, butter, eggs, chocolate, honey, caramel, malt or yeast. They created a variety of desserts consisting of different flavours and styles. Parry’s was famous for its handmade chocolates. Loraine remembers her grandmother buying her “a special treat; chocolate sundae with nuts on top, or a banana split served in a long glass dish.” Ice cream as an ingredient was added in the 1950s. Ice cream brands of that time in the Sydney area were Peters Ice Cream, established in 1907 in Manly, and Streets Ice Cream, founded in Corrimal in the 1930s. Robert, who worked for Streets Ice Cream in the 1960s, recalls that Parry’s in Rockdale were their biggest customer in the area. Parry’s in Kogarah had a big Peters Ice Cream advertisement on its facade, promoting ice cream cones, snaks, and family bricks.

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102 Ibid, Robert.
103 Ibid, Lorraine.
106 Information from community call out about Parry’s milk bar, April–June 2014, Hurstville City Library Museum & Gallery, Loraine.
110 Information from community call out about Parry’s milk bar, April – June 2014, Hurstville City Library Museum & Gallery, Robert.
Ice cream sodas were another popular treat in milk bars. Soda fountains for pouring carbonated soft drinks were an integral part at many milk bar counters.\textsuperscript{111} and the mix of soda and ice cream was originally invented in America in the late 19th century.\textsuperscript{112} Spiders, as the mix was called, are remembered by many St George residents.

“Being bought a fruit sundae in Parry’s late at night was pretty well the most luxurious thing that could happen to you”\textsuperscript{113} - Clive James about Parry’s in Kogarah

Milk bars also sold many other treats, which school kids especially bought on their way home. Loraine still recalls the taste of the aniseed stick, “which you would suck all the way home.”\textsuperscript{114} Her personal choice however were the conversation lollies, with messages printed on them such as

\textit{I love you, be my boyfriend, you are pretty, etc.}\textsuperscript{115}

Noel, whose family owned a business just down the road from Parry’s in Kogarah, recalls the rumour that the Parry’s brothers would stock up on chocolates in preparation for various holidays throughout the year; so much so that around Christmas time, they would have a colossal pile of chocolates upstairs. He remembers often wanting to sneak upstairs but he was always afraid that one of the brothers would be up there sleeping.\textsuperscript{116}

Many chocolates for the shops were handmade by the Parry brothers. Victor, one of Peter Parry’s children remembers walking to the shed at the back of the Kogarah shop where his father was preparing a huge vat of chocolate. He ran to it and excitedly grabbed a handful of the mixture and thrust it in his mouth. Unfortunately it wasn’t pleasant because it was only the cocoa ingredients before the addition of sugar.\textsuperscript{117}

\textbf{Good location and never closed}

In most suburbs the milk bars were strategically located near a public transport hub to be able to serve the commuters, especially all the school kids on their way home from school.

\textsuperscript{114} Information from community call out about Parry’s milk bar, April–June 2014, Hurstville City Library Museum & Gallery, Loraine.
\textsuperscript{115} Ibid.
\textsuperscript{116} Ibid, Noel.
\textsuperscript{117} Ibid, Pia.
“A great place for commuters and shoppers to pop in, relax and have a drink.” Norma about Parry’s in Kogarah.

Maro, who migrated to Australia in the 1960s, remembers “after school, I used to get off at my bus stop in Sans Souci and head straight for the milk bar [The Loop Milk Bar]. At the milk bar I would buy Quickies to eat on my way home. I bought Quickies thinking that they were lifesavers. Every afternoon was the same. The bus would drop me off and I would head straight to the milk bar to buy my Quickies. It had to be Quickies and nothing else.”

Parry’s in Caringbah, now called Parry’s Candy Bar, is also located next to the train station, where people would have to pass either on their way to school, work or weekend activities. A local resident remembers going to Caringbah milk bar in the early 1980s. “I would go to Cronulla beach by train with my friend on weekends and stop for chocolates on the way home. I would also buy a frozen $1.00 snickers bar on the way home from Caringbah High School.” She continued stopping by at the shop when she was older and had to catch the train to work in the city. “I would always go there if I wanted to buy chocolate for the train trip, they were in such a handy location you could dash back down the steps before missing the train”.

Residents of Hurstville remember Parry’s milk bar in Forest Road on the bend of the traffic bridge. Next door was a fruit shop and close by, the White Horse Inn. The business was in very close proximity to the Civic Theatre, and therefore perfectly located for children and teenagers to have a milkshake during the intervals of the picture shows, as Bill recalls.

Ron recalls that they would hide the milkshake glasses in their coats to sneak them into the pictures. Barbara also loved to have the special chocolate coated milkshakes on a Saturday afternoon after the movies.

5 Milk bars were good meeting places for social get-togethers. Bill would meet his friends there when he was a teenager. They all would come on their motorbikes and would park them up the street. “You couldn't park in front of Parry’s because it was right on the corner. Sometimes there would be 10-15 motorbikes.” A family from Caringbah established the tradition to stop by at Parry’s after their family dinners on weekends on their way home from the restaurant. Karen Thomas recalls how the tradition started: “Many years ago our family was driving home from dinner at St George Leagues Club where we used to go regularly for the bistro. One evening my brother and I (we were about 7 and 10 years old at the time) were complaining that we hadn’t had any dessert. We were probably driving our parents crazy. So, we stopped to get ice creams from Parry’s store at Caringbah near the railway station entrance. From that night we started a tradition for many, many years to come.”

From many childhood memories, the milk bars never closed and were always open. “On a Sunday you would go to Parry’s as it was the only shop open in Kogarah,” Noel recalls. John remembers attending a Presbyterian Church on a Sunday; after church people would meet up at Parry’s. All memories of the participants who contributed to this project draw a comprehensive picture of Greek run milk bars in the St George area and demonstrate the significance of milk bars as part of people’s social and daily life. Parry’s and other milk bars offering chocolate coated ice cream and milk shakes are fondly remembered by the St George residents.

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118 Ibid, Norma.
120 Information from community call out about Parrys milk bar, April – June 2014, Hurstville City Library Museum & Gallery, Suzy.
121 Ibid, Bill.
122 Ibid, Ron.
123 Ibid Barbara.
124 Ibid, Bill.
125 Ibid, Karen.
126 Ibid, Noel.
127 Ibid, John.
The Dark Episode of the Christmas Tableau:
the “Slaughter of the Innocents”.

A recent letter in my local community newspaper about the so-called “boat people” concluded as follows:

Joseph being a refugee fleeing from the occupying Roman persecution took his family (Mary and baby Jesus) to the next safe place; Egypt. In Egypt, he supported his family by his work until they were able to return a few years later.128

The reference is clearly an allusion to the “dark episode” of our Christmas tableau, the decree of Herod to kill all boys up to two years of age, living in, or near, Bethlehem (Matthew, 2.16).129 However, the writer has a confused understanding of history. Christianity rightly claims to be a history-based religion.130 Yet, its history is seemingly not always taught to its members.131 The reference to Joseph raises three related issues:

(i) Herod’s decree and the flight to Egypt;
(ii) refugee status and persecution in the Roman Empire;
(iii) the status of Egypt in the Roman Empire.

Of these, the first is the most important. Were it not for Herod’s actions, Joseph would not have taken the family anywhere, let alone Egypt.

(i) the Flight to Egypt.
The sole scriptural evidence is in Matthew (2.13-14); likewise for the so-called “slaughter of the innocents” (Matthew. 2.16):

> Then Herod...fell into a passion, and gave orders for the massacre of all children in Bethlehem and its neighbourhood, of the age of two years or less, corresponding with the time he had ascertained from the astrologers.

128 The St George and Sutherland Leader, Tuesday, April 29, 2014, 7
The episode was taken up by later church tradition with enthusiasm and became totally mythologised with the number of dead children out of all proportion to the likely population of the area at the time.\textsuperscript{132} However, while there is no other New Testament attestation of the incident, there is a somewhat variant account in an early church document, i.e. of the mid 2\textsuperscript{nd} century AD, the \textit{Protevangelium of James} (22, 23).\textsuperscript{133} The account in the \textit{Protevangelium} begins in the same vein as the Matthean account, i.e. the rage of Herod at being tricked by the Magi and his decision to have all boys up to two years of age killed. However, at this point, Jesus is forgotten and Herod turns his attention to John the Baptist. There is no mention of any journey to Egypt.

Josephus, in spite of his listing the many crimes of Herod, does not mention this one. This has led liberal Christian scholars to doubt the authenticity of the episode.\textsuperscript{134} Not so more conservative scholars.\textsuperscript{135} Yet, there is another piece of intriguing evidence for the “slaughter of the innocents” and it is not found in any Christian source. In the early 5\textsuperscript{th} century AD, (Ambrosius) Macrobius (Theodosius) published the \textit{Saturnalia}. The work takes the form of a series of discussions on the evening before the Saturnalia of 383 AD. The primary value of the work lies in quotation from the works of previous writers. The passage, which interests us, is 2.4.11:\textsuperscript{136}

\begin{quote}
When it was heard that, as part of the slaughter of boys up to two years old, Herod, King of the Jews, had ordered his own son to be killed, he [the Emperor Augustus] remarked, “It is better to be Herod’s pig [Gr. \textit{hys}] than his son [Gr. \textit{huios}]”.
\end{quote}

The son, mentioned in the text, was Antipater, executed just five days before Herod’s own death (Josephus, \textit{Antiquities of the Jews}, 17.187).\textsuperscript{137} However, for Macrobius, the interest of the passage derives from the play on the two Greek words in Augustus’ quip. Yet, our attention is caught by the mention of Herod’s ordering the death of boys up to years old. Was Macrobius familiar with the text of \textit{Matthew}, 2.16? Or, was Macrobius familiar with Jerome’s Vulgate text of the same passage?\textsuperscript{138} Both Macrobius and Jerome (roughly contemporaries) use the same rather uncommon Latin word, \textit{bimatus}, to describe the age of the victims of Herod. Unfortunately, it is used in contemporary funerary inscriptions of young children.\textsuperscript{139}

\begin{footnotes}
\footnotetext[129]{See: “Massacre of the Innocents” (saved as a pdf, the reference is to p.3: http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Massacre_of_the_Innocents/}
\footnotetext[131]{See: E P Sanders, \textit{The Historical Figure of Jesus}, Penguin,1993,87;G Vermes, \textit{The Nativity:History and Legend},Penguin,2006,9-10.}
\footnotetext[133]{Text is from Franz, 2009.}
\footnotetext[134]{Herod had previously executed two other sons, Alexander and Aristobulus (Jos., \textit{AJ}, 16.394)
\footnotetext[135]{See: www.latinvulgate.com/v/verse.aspx?v=1&b=1&c=2/}
\end{footnotes}
Yet, does Macrobius’ text suggests that the incident had some contemporary currency, i.e. c. 4 BC, thus explaining Augustus’ apparent knowledge of the incident? Or, is it that by Macrobius’ day, some scriptural knowledge, albeit somewhat garbled, was wide spread?\textsuperscript{140}

My writer has Joseph and family staying in Egypt for “several years”. However, the date of Jesus’ birth presents an insoluble problem.\textsuperscript{141} If we accept the traditional date for the death of Herod, i.e. 4 BC, we can give a range for the “several years”. We know Herod gave himself a buffer of two years. This means Jesus could have been born as early as c.7-6 BC. While it is not possible to say when Joseph brought his family back from Egypt, we know the latest possible date for their return. For, in Matthew (2.19-23), the decision not to return to Bethlehem but to relocate to Nazareth takes place after Herod’s death during the reign of Archelaus.\textsuperscript{142} Archelaus was deposed by the Romans in 6 AD.\textsuperscript{143} Thus, the “several years” could have been as long as a period of twelve to thirteen years.

However, the account in Matthew of Jesus’ birth is not the only New Testament version. There is, also the version in Luke (2.21-39) of the aftermath of Jesus’ birth omits both the “slaughter of the innocents” and the stay in Egypt. The only specific time indicator in Luke is that Jesus was circumcised eight days after birth (2.21). By itself, this rite would not preclude the visit to Egypt. Then, there was another rite, which needed performing, the post-partum purification of Mary:\textsuperscript{144}

\begin{quote}
Then after their purification had been completed in accordance with the Law of Moses, they brought him (i.e. Jesus) up to Jerusalem…(Luke, 2.22).
\end{quote} 

Luke does not mention the time involved. That can supplied from Leviticus (12.1-4). The “bringing to Jerusalem” would have occurred forty days after birth (i.e. forty one days by inclusive reckoning).\textsuperscript{145} Again, this does not preclude a visit to Egypt. However, as we read on, we find this:

\begin{quote}
When they had done everything prescribed in the law of the Lord, they returned to Galilee to their own town of Nazareth (2.39).
\end{quote}

So, about six weeks between Jesus’ birth in Bethlehem and the family’s return to their home town, Nazareth. Unfortunately, no time for a lengthy stay in Egypt.

\textsuperscript{140} Conservative Biblical scholar, Craig Evans (Matthew, New Cambridge Bible Commentaries, 2012) finds a parallel in the comment of Suetonius that the Senate decreed no male child born in that year, i.e. 63 BC, the year of Augustus’ birth, should be reared (Augustus, 94.3). Another classical reference, interpreted as a reference to Jesus, is Virgil, Eclogue 4 (E V Rieu, Virgil: The Pastoral Poems, Penguin, 1967, 52-57, 136-141).
\textsuperscript{142} Matthew is unaware of Luke’s census. It begs the question did Matthew think that Bethlehem was Joseph and Mary’s home town. After all, Joseph owned a house in Bethlehem (Matthew, 2.10-11). See: Erhmann, 2009, 34.
\textsuperscript{144} This was but a number of such rites, involving purification after the discharge of a number of bodily fluids, beholden on Jews, both men and women (Sanders, 1993, 36).
\textsuperscript{145} See, also; Vermes, 2006, 14, 136-137.
Refugee Status and Persecution of Jews in the Early Roman Empire. Joseph could only metaphorically be a refugee. For, while Joseph was not a citizen of the Roman Empire, he was, most certainly, a resident of it. It mattered not that where he lived was not under direct Roman rule. Anyone, who felt the need to move elsewhere, could do so without restriction. Migration within the Empire was an unrestricted right.¹⁴⁶ A point made clear in the famous line of Juvenal (Satires, 3.62):

_The Syrian Orontes has long since poured into the Tiber._¹⁴⁷

This is, of course, a reference not to Syrians, _per se_, but to Greek speakers from the East, i.e. Hellenized Orientals. Juvenal had already mentioned the Jewish community of Rome (3.12-15).¹⁴⁸ In fact, there had long been a flourishing Jewish community in Rome.¹⁴⁹ By Juvenal’s day (early 2nd century AD), it was approaching its sesquicentenary, i.e. 150th anniversary.¹⁵⁰ Apart from those members, who had had a servile origin, i.e the descendants of freed slaves, the founders of the community would have been “economic migrants”.

We are accustomed to the rabid anti-semitism of modern times. However, western anti-semitism is the legacy of Christianity.¹⁵¹ While anti-semitism existed at a personal level (particularly among the Greeks in the eastern half of the empire), Roman officialdom was usually tolerant of the Jews and recognised their specific cultural needs.¹⁵² Christianity, once the Romans recognised it as distinct from Judaism, could be a different matter. However, when in this period, i.e. early 1st century AD, the Jews and later the Christians suffered harrassment from the authorities, it was because of perceived criminal activity.

In c. 19 AD, Tiberius sent four thousand men, Egyptians and Jews to Sardinia to suppress what today would be called an “insurgency problem” (Tacitus, Annals, 2.85). Josephus’ account is more detailed. Apart from stating that all the four thousand were Jews, however, he makes it quite clear that each community had violated Rome’s moral compass, the _mos maiorum_;¹⁵³ in the case of the Egyptians, a sexual misdeed (_stuprum_; AJ, 18.65-80); for the Jews, a conspiracy to commit fraud (_fraus_; ibid., 81-84). Thirty years later, there was similar confusion on the part of Roman authorities. For, in 49 AD, Claudius expelled Jews from Rome because of the unrest caused by “Chrēstus” (= Chrīstos?; Suetonius, Claudius, 25.4).¹⁵⁴ The offence was “breach of the peace”, what we, in NSW, now call “affray”. For, in a society with no effective police force and only a rudimentary justice system, the maintenance of public order was of major concern to the imperial authorities. “Keeping the peace” was the price local authorities had to pay for being largely left alone to administer their communities according to their ancestral ways. That Jesus, in Jerusalem, might cause civic unrest was a factor in his arrest (Luke, 22, 1-2; 23.2, 13-14).¹⁵⁵

¹⁴⁹ The community was quite numerous in Cicero’s day (pro Flacco, 28.167). For a Roman view of Judaism, see: Tacitus, Histories, 5.2-10.
¹⁵² See: Sherwin-White, 1967, 88-89, with notes..
¹⁵⁵ See the episode in Acts (19.23-41: Wallace & Williams, 1993, 103-110). The concern over public disorder was so great that it led to the suppression of what today would be regarded as essential civic services, e.g. Trajan would not allow Pliny to establish a fire brigade in Nicomedia, Bythinia (Pliny, Letters, 10. 33-34).
However, at no time did Joseph live in Roman territory. At the time of Jesus’ birth, he lived in Judaea, ruled by Herod, the Great. Thereafter, in Nazareth, he lived in the Tetrarchy of Galilee, ruled by Herod Antipas (4 BC – 39 AD). Admittedly, Joseph lived in a Graeco-Roman world and he surely had encounters with it. Indeed, Joseph would have been familiar with the mechanics of Roman imperialism. The death of Herod in 4 BC triggered a disturbance, which saw the city of Sepphoris, just a walk from Nazareth, seized by brigands (Jos., AJ, 17.271; BJ, 2.56). The situation required the intervention of the legate of Syria, P. Quinctilius Varus, the so-called Varan War (Jos., AJ, 17. 286-289; BJ, 2. 68-69). The result was the destruction of Sepphoris with heavy loss of life and the enslavement of the survivors (Jos., AJ, 17, 289). Does this count as persecution?

(iii) Egypt in the Roman Empire.

Joseph’s grasp of geopolitics was somewhat poor. For, by fleeing to Egypt, he was merely exchanging one source of persecution for another. Far better to have fled to the east, perhaps to Petra, in the land of the Nabataean Arabs. They had long had fractious relations with Herod and probably would have welcomed Joseph and his family. At least, they would have been refugees in our sense of the word. However, Joseph went south, instead, to Egypt. Jews had long been resident in Egypt. For, Jewish mercenaries are attested in Elephantine as early as the 5th century BC. Alexandria was founded by Alexander the Great in 331 BC and under his Ptolemaic successors, it had developed into one of the great cities of the east. In the city, the Jews had been allocated the Delta quarter by an unidentified Ptolemy (Jos., BJ, 2.495).

Egypt passed into Roman control as a result of the battle of Actium in 30 BC (Augustus, Res Gestae, 27.1). Yet, Egypt was never legally a province of the Roman Empire. Its legal position was, essentially, as a private fiefdom of the Emperor. The pre-existing Ptolemaic administration, which in many ways was the old Pharaonic system, was retained. The country was heavily bureaucratised. Unlike Syria, which was governed by an imperial legate of pro-consular rank, the Governor of Egypt was a Prefect of equestrian rank. Members of the senatorial class could not visit Egypt without the emperor’s permission. This ban even extended to members of the imperial family. For, in 19 AD, Germanicus, the heir apparent to the Empire, visited Egypt without Tiberius’ permission and received a serious rebuke for his presumption.

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156 For maps, see: Grant, 1973, 74 (Herod), 85 (Herod Antipas). Herod Antipas is the Herod mentioned in the account of Jesus’ trial in Luke (23.7-12).
157 Josephus’ other major work was history of the great Jewish revolt, 66-70 AD, The Jewish War. It is referred to by the first two letters of the title in Latin, Bellum Judaicum, i.e. BJ.
159 The city was later rebuilt by Herod Antipas, Tetrarch of Galilee, 4 BC – AD 39 (Jos., AJ, 18.27), providing work for thousands of craftsmen, perhaps even Joseph and his sons.
160 See: D Gibson, “Who were the Nabataeans?” 2002 (http://nabatea.net/who.html).
162 See: www.livius.org/am-ao/anti-semitism/anti-semitism01.html?
163 www.ancient.eu/alexandria/.
165 See: Philo, in Flaccum, 19.158, “Egypt was the greatest of Tiberius’ possessions” (http://penelope.uchicago.edu/Thayer/E/Roman/Texts/Philo/in-Flaccum*.html).
166 See: the decree of Gaius Vibius Maximus (S R Llewellyn, with the collaboration of R A Kearsley, New Documents Illustrating Early Christiainity, vol. 6, AH Documentary Research Centre [Macquarie U], 1992, 112-132).
167 Tacitus, Histories, 1.11.
168 Tacitus, Annals, 2.59.3-4.
169 Suetonius, Tiberius, 52.1.
By Joseph’s time, (1st century AD), Alexandria was not only the administrative centre of Roman Egypt but, after Jerusalem, the largest Jewish city of the Roman Empire. Alexandria hosted a vibrant Jewish culture. The Greek translation of the Hebrew scriptures, the Septuagint (usually cited as the LXX), was completed for Alexandrian Jews, who no longer knew Hebrew. The city was also the home of the greatest Jewish philosopher of Hellenistic Judaism, Philo of Alexandria. Hence, Joseph would almost certainly have needed to know Greek.

I have already briefly mentioned inter-communal strife between Jews and Greeks in the eastern empire. The reason for this strife is given by the Augustan era Greek writer, Diodorus Siculus, when describing the attitudes of the Jews - "lack of human feeling", dislike of strangers", "hostility towards the human race". His reasons acknowledge the unwillingness of the Jews to find some common ground with the Hellenistic culture, within which they lived. Indeed, records exist for strife in a range of eastern cities from Cyrenaica in the west to Syria in the east. Alexandria was no exception. Indeed, it can be argued that Alexandria saw the beginnings of classical anti-semitism. Egypt, albeit Alexandria, was not the best choice Joseph could have made.

The Flight to Egypt Revisited.

Only two of the Gospels (Matthew and Luke) present an infancy narrative for Jesus. They agree only on a few points. The discrepancies may reflect the different interests of the writers. Others are much more difficult to resolve. That still leaves our “dark episode”... Matthew’s vested theological interest requires a sojourn in Egypt. For, to Matthew, Jesus is the new Moses. Indeed, there are a number of correspondences between Moses and Jesus. This verse from Exodus (1.22) is likely the most obvious:

Pharaoh then ordered all his people to throw every new-born Hebrew boy into the Nile, but let the girls live.

So, just as Moses was called out of Egypt to save his people, so could Jesus, “so that the words of the prophet were fulfilled” (Matthew, 2.18). Was Matthew an Alexandrine Jew? For, his scriptural attestation of the virgin birth of Jesus is taken not from the Hebrew text of Isaiah but from the LXX text.

Luke’s theological needs were different. There was no need for a trip to Egypt and no time for it to have occurred. What is the historicity of this dark episode? We, each, must decide for ourselves.

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173 See: Sherwin-White, 1967, 87n.1. This last reason mirrors Tacitus’ statement about the reasons for the Neronian persecution in 64 AD – the Christians’ “hatred of the human race” (Annals, 15.44.5).
174 Just on a century later, Josephus would make essentially the same point (contra Apion [i.e. “Against Apion”], 2.11).
175 Sherwin-White, 1967, 88-90
183 This is a reference to Hosea, 11.1. See: Evans, 2012, 57-58.
Turpentine

Garriock Duncan

Turpentine is a tall straight-trunked tree found extensively along the NSW coast north from Ulladulla to Atherton in Queensland. It prefers richer deeper soils such as in valleys and on river flats, but is common on the shale-clay soils derived from Wianamatta Shales in Western Sydney, on the edge of rainforest in the Illawarra and on shale layers within Hawkesbury Sandstone. Pure stands do occur, but it is most common in association with Blackbutt and Ironbark. Because it has been a valuable timber tree and because it was common throughout the western suburbs where development has taken place, it has been cleared from many of its previous locations.

Sydney’s Turpentine-Ironbark forest has been listed as a Critically Endangered Ecological Community under the Threatened Species Conservation Act, a listing which covers most of the local government areas within the Sydney Basin Bioregion, including Sutherland, Hurstville and Kogarah LGAs. The largest remaining forests in the Sydney Basin are at Wallumatta Nature Reserve (near Ryde) and Newington Forest (Homebush Bay). It has been estimated that only 4.5% of pre-1788 distribution of the Turpentine-Ironbark forest still remains. In the inner western suburbs only remnants remain.

A mature tree may be 40-50m tall. The tallest recorded tree is 58m in Barrington Tops National Park. It is easily recognised by its grey fibrous stringy bark, its opposite ovate leaves which are grey underneath, dense round creamy-white flowers with prominent stamens.

Notes

and hard woody fruit which are united into a rounded capsule. It flowers in September and October. The botanical name of *Syncarpia glomulifera* is derived from the Greek *syn-* together and *karpos-* fruit, and the Latin *glomus-* ball and *fera-* carry, a reference to the united rounded fruit carried on the tree for most of the year. The species was first described by English botanist James Edward Smith in 1797 and named *Metrosideros glomulifera* based on a specimen collected at Port Jackson. Its present generic name was given in 1893.

Turpentine has been a valuable timber tree since colonial times. Its wood is strong, durable and dense with interlocking grain relatively free of veins. Because of its deep red to red-brown wood it is commonly known as “Red Lustre”. It is immune to marine borer and termite resistant. It is difficult to ignite and is among the world’s most fire-resistant timbers.1 Above ground its wood has a life of 40 years; in ground the life-expectancy is 15-25 years. It is the main Australian species used for marine pilings because of its large silica content. Turpentine timber is used extensively for wharf construction, railway sleepers, heavy duty floor and decking, boats, oyster stakes and ply board. The forests of Hurstville-Peakhurst attracted early settlers who were mainly timber getters and charcoal burners and Mitchell’s Line of Road from Hurstville to Lugarno and beyond was cut through this forest in 1843, eventually to be known as Forest Road.

Turpentine attracts a wide range of fauna since its flowers produce copious nectar. This provides food for various insects, honey-feeding birds and mammals like Grey-headed Flying Fox and Little Red Flying Fox. It is a hardy tree with a life span in excess of 300 years and a worthwhile low-maintenance tree for larger suburban parks and gardens.

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I really don’t know why it is that all of us are so committed to the sea, except I think it is because in addition to the fact that the sea changes, and the light changes, and ships change, it is because we all came from the sea. And it is an interesting biological fact that all of us have, in our veins the exact same percentage of salt in our bloods that exists in the ocean, and therefore, we have salt in our blood, in our sweat, in our tears. We are tied to the ocean. And when we go back to the sea – whether it is to sail or to watch it – we are going back to from whence we came. John F. Kennedy

This book is about the interface between sea and land and, in particular, the interaction between people and Sydney’s famous coastline south of the harbour. John Ogden

Cronulla beach December 2005, a crowd more a mob of mostly young white males, many intoxicated, some draped with Australian flags, others with t-shirts proclaiming that they were born here whilst the ‘other’ who they were protesting against merely ‘flew here’- let fly on anybody who was not white, injuring two and terrifying others. Cronulla is only the latest confrontation on the beaches and lands that encompass the southern shore of Sydney. The beaches of the southern shore have always been contested.

The recurring tropes of John Ogden’s beautiful crafted book are these confrontations: between the first inhabitants and the colonialists; environmentalists and developers; the continual battle with the dress code on the beach; skirmishes between the bodgies, rockers et al; and surfers and the swimming establishment. In doing so Ogden gives the reader not only the history of the place but also its beauty. In stunning photographs, in which we: can almost be drenched in sunshine, seduced by the coastline, intoxicated by the smell of the sea and hear its wave’s crash and sometimes lap on the shore. We can also visually trace not only the changes to the coastline since 1788 but also glimpse the rich history and culture of the first inhabitants and what has been lost in our rush to urbanise, tame, pollute, industrialise and give our hegemonic interpretation of its complex and contradictory history.

The clans and language groups that occupied the Sydney region encompassed an area (estimated) of around 4,662 square kilometres, ‘stretching from the Hawkesbury river in the North to the Georges River in South and West’ (Ogden p. 24). The coastline stretched ‘from the South Head in Sydney Harbour to the Royal National Park’ (Ogden p.24). The two main nations that occupied this area were: the Dharug (Eora) and Dharawal. They carefully exploited the land and harvested the sea, billabongs and rivers. Over countless millennia they developed a complex


188 Ogden, John (date of publication unknown) Saltwater people of the fatal shore – Sydney’s Southern Beaches Cyclops Press p. 313
liturgy, way of life and culture that incorporated the stewardship of the flora and fauna of the area. An important example illustrated in the book is of the Dharawal people’s relationship with killer whales (Orcas). Leslie Bursill a Dharawal elder relates:

In the Dreamings the Orca is the bringer of the Law. The Orca drives schools of fish, groups of seals or sometimes dolphins, onto the shore in their feeding activities. With the arrival of such large volumes of food, the local clans can gather in larger number for ceremonies. (Ogden p. 56)

The coastal Aborigines were Sydney’s first beach people; they were not only equally at home in the sea but in the rivers and estuaries that dotted the southern shore. Given the natural bounty of the sea and the rivers it has been estimated that around 80 per cent of their nutritional needs were met by fishing (Ogden p.21). Maybe they were the first people to surf the waves that monotonously pummel the southern shoreline (Ogden p.32). Their imprint on the land, sea and the water was light and for most of the time they lived in harmony with other clans and language groups; but it was not all love, peace and moonbeams. Being patriarchal cultures they periodically erupted into warfare, murder and payback. An example of this can be discerned according to Bursill in a charcoal cave drawing in the Royal National Park (Ogden p.176). These were minor skirmishes compared to wars being engaged between the ruling dynastic families in Europe and Asia.

Hundreds of years before white settlement the Gadigal people saw what they thought was a floating island complete with huts and trees approaching the beach, as it got nearer, the wailing of and the writhing of painted ‘demons’ could be discerned. The island was a boat and the demons were Polynesian sailors and settlers thrown off kilter on their way one presumes to New Zealand. The cultural interchange was peaceful with the newcomers teaching the Gadigal people their language and dances. Over time they were seen as Gadigal people. Dennis Foley contends that the only concrete remnant of this fruitful encounter is the Water dance which echoes Polynesian dance. (Ogden p. 168).

The next meeting with a foreign culture was not so benign or culturally enriching for the Aborigines. An encounter from an arrogant, culturally deaf, nascent industrial power with notions of empire and those from the Stone Age was bound to end in tears. From the beginning the First Nations offered a mixture of defiance, resistance and avoidance making their intentions clear to the invaders. When Cook and Banks landed in 1770 with a party of 30 on Botany Bay they were met with a display of resistance by two of the original inhabitants.

These contacts were airbrushed out of our history in the paintings and re-enactments are anything to go by (Ogden p.40). Some historians estimate around seventy per cent of the Sydney Basin population were wiped out within the first two years of white settlement (Oden p. 19). In time this resistance blew out into outright hostility and sometimes open warfare that continued for well over a hundred years. Henry Reynolds estimated that Australia’ long frontier war resulted in the death of 2,000 Europeans and 20,000 Aborigines (quoted in Ogden, p. 71). This sadly is not surprising as many of the colonialists viewed the Aborigines like the flora and fauna of our beguiling continent as pests that needed to be cleared and or eradicated so they could grow crops and graze their livestock (Ogden, p. 47).

One of the more striking images in Ogden’s book is of a humpback whale surging out of an azure sea on a perfect summer’s day, for the sheer joy of it. The picture is taken from the ocean so the whale and the sea are silhouetted by the beautiful and imposing sandstone coastal cliffs that are one of the many wonders of the Southern Shore. Jarring the idyll is the skyline of Sydney – brutal skyscrapers erupt like concrete pustules on the landscape. Till the recent past, iconic beaches like

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Leslie Bursill states that there is no direct supporting evidence except for, the introduction of shell fish hooks about 1200 years ago in the Sydney region.
Bondi, Bronte and Cronulla were drowning in sewage as the outfall from numerous industries and from countless latrines of suburbia spewed their offal into these once pristine waters of Bondi, Bronte and Cronulla. Many of the tens of thousands of bathers congregating on these beaches were literally swimming in effluent, resulting in many becoming sick (Ogden, p. 123, 144, 148, 193 and 254). At the same the rush to build (more a mania) resulted in many of the fine earlier colonial edifices being torn down and inappropriate buildings were put in their place. Promiscuous and unregulated exploitation of the coast like sand mining, changing the natural contours of the beaches also helped to deform the natural vistas of the place. Many a traveller to Sydney has remarked on the jaw dropping beauty of the coast and then twisting around and looking at the congestion of urban life and the seeming endless number of ugly buildings that have despoiled these beautiful vistas.

I guess the perfect template for this inappropriate development is what has happened to Botany Bay, the birthplace of European settlement and the beginning of our recent ‘national’ story. A sliver of its natural wilderness survives which is home to a number of endangered species of fauna and flora. From the start of colonisation, the continent was seen as one to exploit, dissect and catalogue; not one to contemplate, understand and appreciate. It started with Cook and Banks. Stingrays which were protected by the local inhabitants were plundered by the 1770 crew without a thought of the ecological repercussions. Likewise La Perouse’s promiscuous use of natural resources followed by the whalers and sealers set the up the mania of development at all costs. As the historian Maria Nugent tartly observed, Botany Bay’s recent history is:

a textbook example of what happens when imperial Europeans and their descendants enter Eden ....
The tragedy was its fall from grace, from pristine nature that has turned the late eighteenth-century scientific world on its head to environmental disaster zone was so rapid. (Ogden p. 206)

In this instance the Stone Age mob had a better understanding on how to live sustainably than the ‘modern’ mob who usurped them.

But that is thankfully not the whole story - there was always resistance to this wanton abuse of our country’s resources. Ogden recounts community campaigns to have the beaches of the southern shore cleaned up. An example was the campaign late in the last century in Bondi to force the Sydney Water Board to close their outfall on their beaches (Ogden, p. 123).

The Southern Shore threw up its fair share of iconoclasts and outlaws like the swimming star Annette Kellerman whose example freed many a woman from the constrictions of false modesty imposed on them by wowsers that sadly regularly infest our landscape (Ogden p. 80- 83). One of wondrous aspects that should be remarked on much more is our rich vernacular that is so witty and disdainful of those who want to make us the perfect models of English gentility. An example is the writer C.J. Dennis, who defined a wosser as: ‘an ineffably pious person who mistakes this world for a penitentiary and himself a warder’ (Ogden p, 80). The Shavian precision of the definition is a joy to the ear. Many a wosser donned the guise of a beach inspector, a peculiar antipodean species that did wander and in many instances waddle around the beaches of Australia for many a decade. They were always male, mostly middle aged and overweight; laying down the law to the young, who were in many cases female. Over time they were challenged, ridiculed and in time they like the mythological Bunyip disappeared from our shores.

As the long term post war economic boom gripped Australia, the pull of American iconography, especially its music and films influenced the young. Uniforms and clans were formed of young men that identified themselves as rockers and bodgies, took on their respective totems and rituals and what they perceived to be their turf. It was not uncommon for fights to break out between the groups. Menzies Australia and its constabulary did not view their ‘rebellious behaviour’ and garb with any equanimity. An example of this occurred in 1959 when the ‘bodgies and their widgees (their girlfriends) ’menaced’ the calm on the beaches of Coogee (Ogden, p. 167).

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A more bohemian culture developed on the beach in the form of surfers who came into direct conflict with the more established surf life-saving clubs. Ogden, himself is an enthusiastic board rider from an early age, revels in illuminating us on the history of surfing, its adherents, outstanding surfers, filmmakers and the innovations in board making (Ogden: in particular p. 288-313). The southern shore has produced its fair share of world champions like Mark ‘Occy’ Occhilupo and Pauline Menczer. Their respective stories of triumph, setbacks and comebacks are exemplary stories of Aussie battlers surmounting their internal demons and against insurmountable odds coming back to win sporting honours, that should gladden the hearts of budding surfers (Ogden p. 291-292).

For me the real surfing heroes are not ones we see nowadays who are walking billboards of their corporate owners a trend which Ogden decries (Ogden, p.311). The real rebels were the ones who discovered the waves in the 1950 and the 1960’s, whose rebellion to the social mores of the day was incorporated in their lifestyle, sublime talent and complete dedication of their craft. They are the unsung artists of the beach. One of the more talented and poignant was Kevin ‘The Head’ Brennan (1949-1975) a surfer who was a bronze god on the board. He was usually unbeatable and whose grace on a surfboard was a sight to behold. The life for a dedicated surfer rubbing up against the constraints of conservative society of the day maybe was too much and he died young, drug addicted, penniless and friendless (Ogden p. 295).

It is a bit disconcerting that apart from the first nations there is barely a mention either in the photographic record or in the text of a multi-faith and multi-cultural Australia. Ogden’s book is overwhelmingly a history of Anglo-Celtic Australia. It is not enough to note that:  

Botany Bay, the point of first contact between Europeans and Australian Aborigines remains the main gateway into Australia. With an early French heritage, Chinese market gardeners (dating back to the 1890s), post-war refugees, from Europe and more recent waves of migration from the Middle East, Asia, Africa and Polynesia, Sans Souci and nearby Rockdale are now regarded as two of the most culturally diverse areas in Sydney. (Ogden p. 219)

If the above dialectic was explored then what happened in Cronulla would play a more central role in the history of the southern shore of Sydney. Clashes between the new and the old are a recurrent historical trope in Ogden’s book. We are sometimes panicked by what we consider to be the ‘other’ and its twin, a dread of being overrun by ‘foreigners’. Like our fear that the Russian fleet would invade our southern shores. A battery of guns and fortifications were built on Bare Island in Botany Bay just in case, they never came even when Russia morphed into the ‘evil empire’ known as the USSR (Ogden p. 217). Inland the Chinese immigrants were forced to endure vicious vilification and sometimes violence because we were afraid that ‘hordes’ of them would invade our pristine shores. The Cronulla riots reflected these fears. Cronulla could have provided a way to bring the voices of those who are rarely asked their side of the story. Instead we get a paragraph (Ogden p. 257).

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190 Sydney was ‘sort of’ invaded during WW2 – three Japanese mini-submarines did enter Sydney harbour, one of the submarines managed to torpedo a converted ferry killing 21 sailors. One submarine was found sunk off the harbour in 2006 and the other two were scuttled on discovery and their crews committed suicide.
Also instead of just listing the number of prominent, artists and writers that the Southern Shore produced, some understanding of how their living on the Southern Shore influenced their work would have been appreciated. (Ogden p. 274-281) One of the more notable and controversial is the book *Puberty Blues* written by two former ‘surfie chicks’ Gabrielle Carey and Kathy Lette in 1979. The book’s importance can also be attested by the fact that it was made into a popular film in 1981 by Bruce Beresford and is currently a TV series. It explores the chauvinism, intolerance of the ‘other’ and mindless hedonism of many who surf the beach at Cronulla. It could have been a part of the narrative on the development of surfing, instead of just acknowledging it as a work produced in the area (Ogden p.253).

Ogden uncritically presents many of the colonial paintings, drawings et al of the first nations which portray them as ‘coons’ and ‘pickannies’ leaching them of any individuality or humanity (for example see Ogden p. 19, 29 & 29).

The flaws in the book are more than compensated by the love Ogden displays not only for the inhabitants of the Southern Shore but also in supporting a more sustainable development that would bring some balance back to the overdevelopment on the coast and overfishing of our oceans (Ogden p. 316-325). Whist recording the harm done, nevertheless Ogden leaves us with the strong historical sense of opposition to mindless development by detailing the lives of many activists, artists, surfers and inhabitants of the Southern Shore who were and still are trying to ensure that we as a nation live in a more sustainable, pristine, open-minded and just country.

We are in the end left with an indelible portrait of Aboriginal activists like Leslie Bursill who are trying the preserve what is left of his people’s culture that is scattered across the coastline. In attempting to collate their languages and lifestyles, liturgy and respect for country; they are quietly, and with civility letting us know that Australia has a black history and the importance it has and should have in preserving the beauty that is the southern shore. Gammage:

*The Dreaming taught why the world must be maintained; the land taught how. One made land care compulsory, the other made it rewarding. One was spiritual and universal, the other practical and local. Songlines distributed land spiritually; ‘country’ distributed it geographically. Everyone had a country: narrowly defined, land, water and their sites and knowledge in the care of a family under its head* (quoted in Ogden p. 319).

We also desperately need to develop a respect and awe of the fragile ecology of our island continent and a more robust empathy and civility for our fellow human beings who do not look like us, talk our language and follow our religious mores. We need to develop or update our version of the Dreaming. In doing so we can at last acknowledge in a real rather than symbolic sense that: ‘We live on Aboriginal Land. (It) Always was, (and) always will be.’ (Dedication in Ogden’s book)
Saltwater People of the Fatal Shore,  
_Cyclops Press. J Ogden_,  
_Bernie Hewitt_

Just occasionally you are sent a book to review, which is quite simply magnificent. There is simply no other way to describe this history of Sydney’s southern beaches from South Head to Royal National Park. It is a combination of illustrations and words that should be a compulsory addition to every school library in the country.

By covering the region across all its human occupation, _Saltwater People of the Fatal Shore_ is an essential addition to our understanding of our indigenous history as well as an invaluable contributor to the emerging and much needed field of serious cultural history.

As a people, Australians, regardless of skin colour, ethnicity or origin, have flocked to our coasts. We would like to think of ourselves as a water people, and in this wonderful book, John Ogden takes us on a deep journey towards understanding that essential obsession. This is a companion to the equally magnificent _Saltwater People of the Broken Bays_, which covers the geographical area from North Head to Barrenjoey. Taken as a set, they will ensure students are captivated by history, as they explore continuity and change across cultures and time.

It is difficult to convey in words the printing quality, the richness and exquisite beauty of the illustrations, and the compelling accessibility of the text. Obviously this is too precious a resource to become a class set, but I was serious when suggesting every school library should own at least one copy. What other book could take you and your students from an 1813 depiction of Aboriginal men wearing body paint, carrying spears and shields to a 1925 police photo of the fabled Tilly Devine to a photo of the Abberton brothers in four pages? There’s the birth of surfing as a major leisure activity, Royal visits and biographies of indigenous figures such as Maroot, which will enable teachers to move their students beyond the usual brief textbook coverage.

Ultimately, that is perhaps this book’s greatest gift - a depth of understanding for both teachers and their students. Such is its breathtaking beauty that it would be a perfect for a loved one, who understands what the coastline means to us, but I think it is much more important than that. John Ogden has produced a compelling narrative that is supported by an amazing array of primary resources. In the hands of History teachers and students this book will help everyone move to a deeper understanding of who we are and why we are. I know that’s a grand claim, but I stand by it. This is a magnificent book, an essential book that everyone studying in high school should have the opportunity to immerse themselves in. Don’t just take my word for it, go to:


and go through the 35 page preview. But remember, no matter how good it looks there, it is a much, much richer experience holding the real book in your hand!

Bernie Hewitt, History Teachers Association
Lisa Stina is Linnaeus’s oldest daughter. Daniel Solander is the botanic professor’s favorite student. When Lisa Stina is sixteen Daniel packs up his things and is sent from Uppsala in Sweden to London, to spread Linnaeus’s sexual system in the world. But was this the only reason for him leaving? Was it perhaps also because of the warm looks, red cheeks and pounding hearts? Lisa Stina and Daniel never saw each other again and did not write a single letter directly to one another. Nevertheless there is a lot suggesting that they longed for each other until the day they died, just weeks apart in 1782.

Lisa Stina stayed, except for a few years spent in an unhappy marriage, at her parents’ in Uppsala. As a woman, she would not study but was botanically knowledgeable and wrote a scholarly article. Daniel was a leading botanist in Great Britain and went on Cook’s circumnavigation of 1768-1771, when he explored the then unknown South Pacific, New Zealand and Australia. He came back as a world-renowned scientist, perhaps the foremost of Linnaeus’ disciples. Based on their parallel fates, Christina Wahldén has written a novel about longing and a love that never got to blossom and about the conventions of masculinity and femininity at the time.

Press voices:
“when the 1700s ornate fervour flows as easy as this, almost on par with another explorer novel, Daniel Kehlmann’s international success *Measuring the World*, I am still on the boat.” *Expressen*

“Wahldén has really done her research. She makes arias of the lists of plants that Lisa Stina lives among in the Linnaeus Gardens and just as intently she relates to those Solander discovers and collects over in Australia up until then completely unknown. The environmental depictions are loving, sometimes poetic. Her text is interspersed with excerpts from Linnaeus’ and Solander’s letters, from Linnaeus’ notes, and (which is of course most especially interesting) from the only scientific paper Lisa Stina was granted writing.” UNT

"With a tone so genuine that you are led to believe that everything is facts, Christina Wahldén enters the love between Carl Linnaeus oldest daughter and his favorite student into the history of literature. /.../ Fairy Tale or Truth ? Doesn’t matter! Because here we meet famous 17th century figures with blood and marrow." NT

"Christina Wahldén’s novel is both beautiful and fascinating. It is well written and coherent, although it covers many events and places. The fact that we may follow both Daniel’s and Lisa Stina’s experiences and longings reinforces the greatness of their love and Wahldén cleverly finds ways to illustrate how close they feel despite the distance in time and space.” Katrineholms-Kuriren

"Knowledgeable about when Linnaeus put science on the map /.../ I read the book as a straightforward and compassionate illustration of one of the most interesting periods in Swedish history when Uppsala was the centre of the world thanks to a flourishing splendour in Linnaeus’ garden and collections.” Dagens Nyheter

“A beautiful elegy on things that never happened /.../ Wahldéns prose is rich and physical, steaming with the many smells of the greenhouse. She enthusiastically presents a world in which the great fits in to the small like Blake’s famous quote *the world in a grain of sand and heaven in a wildflower.*” Svenska Dagbladet

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191 This material was prepared by Norstedts Agency, the rights arm of Norstedts Forlag, for the London Book Fair, April 2014. The purpose was to attract interest in an English edition.
Ten Small Movies

There is no such thing as good or bad taste. As Coco Chanel pointed out, there is only taste. This suggests that moral judgements such as good and bad may have no relevance to fashion. Perhaps fashion is just fashion. To be enjoyed or ignored or, for that matter deplored. John Ralston Saul

Prologue

It is almost obligatory in this age of ours to compile lists mostly of the banal and prurient. It is not unusual to see on the internet and in the print media endless lists, like: the ten best pouts, the hundred most beautiful people on the planet, the five most innovative comb-overs, the seven most embarrassing tantrums, the fifteen most artistic cosmetic procedures, and of course the hundred best movies. Apart from the disconcerting need to catalogue and trim reality to tidy bite-size pieces, these lists overwhelming are of the present, anything five minutes ago is either forgotten or ‘old hat’.

So you will be pleased to know I am not compiling a list of the best movies of this year or in the history of cinema, or those released in the last five minutes. I have limited myself to ten small films, I have watched during the year. These films each in their own way explore the folly, joy and sadness that is the human condition. They are bereft of computer graphics imagery (CGI), super heroes in masks and tights, grand heroics and the American way, that make up much of what is offered as cinema today.

Utopia (2013)

John Pilger made his name as a print journalist on Fleet Street in the 1960’s. From the 1970’s he has also made documentaries. Most notably a ground breaking documentary on Cambodia under Pol Pot: Cambodia Year Zero (1979). He has become a trenchant critic of the mainstream media and the foreign policies of United States of America, Britain and their malleable cousin down under. Since meeting the late Aboriginal activist Charlie Perkins in the late 1960’s, Pilger has been appalled by the treatment dished out to Aborigines which he has compared to South Africa during the apartheid era. In 1985 he made a critical documentary (The Secret Country) on their plight and our life under the stewardship of Bob ‘consensus’ Hawke. Twenty five years later he made the disturbing documentary Utopia asking what has changed for the country’s first citizens? Nothing it seems, either the issue is dismissed as witnessed by those celebrating Australia Day on Sydney Harbour or gushing statements are made about what is being done on their behalf, in particular the benefits of the intervention in the Northern territory. Pilger methodically strips this rhetorical mendacity bare by talking to the Aborigines who are supposedly benefiting from this largesse, showing us the atrocious housing they are forced to endure, the proliferation of treatable illness and confronting those politicians

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in charge of the purse strings and the ideological narrative. Most troubling of all he exposes the lies behind the so called ‘emergency’ in the Northern Territory which justified the intervention, a beat up engineered by a senior government bureaucrat and duly reported and sensationalised by Tony Jones on Lateline. Like all good documentaries it holds a mirror up to us and what we find looking back at us is not all that pleasant.

Watermark (2013)
Watermark is a mesmerisingly beautiful Canadian documentary directed by Jennifer Baichwal and Nick de Pencier on the work of photographer Edward Burtnsky. It is a photographic meditation on water, our need for it both spiritual and economic and our misuse of it. Shot in widescreen the film allows us to comprehend silently - in awe, sometimes in sorrow, other times in anger - on the watery landscape of our blue planet and our imprint on it. We visit the barren desert delta of Colorado where the over use of water has resulted in the Colorado River not overflowing its contents into the sea. Stand amazed by the thirty million odd souls who congregate amicably at the auspicious time on the banks of Ganges in Allahabad (the Kumbh Mela). We are dwarfed by, and fearful of, the vast concrete canyon of a dam being constructed in China to tame and channel their mighty rivers to provide electricity to fuel its ‘economic miracle’. We are left wondering at the audacity and the folly of building a dam of this immensity and of its transience and effect on the environment over time. The most amazing sequence is at the end when the camera and we are one in a pantheistic wonderland that is the river that courses through Northern British Columbia. A film that leaves us full of delight of the natural world and fearful of what our consumerist culture is doing to our planet’s ecology.

Seduced and Abandoned (2013)
This is a satirical documentary that exposes the marketing and financial chicanery that is the Cannes film festival. We are shown the dominance of the money men who determine with ruthless precision how much money they are prepared to invest in a film. If a movie is peopled by bankable stars then no matter how flimsy or preposterous the story line, it will be given the green light. Intelligent films on the human condition are either given short shrift or minuscule budgets. Our witty hosts are the director James Toback193 who has made films on the fringes of the mainstream and the abrasive and talented actor Alec Baldwin194. They are given access to the faceless money men, actors and directors who work in the mainstream. It is essential viewing for those who are interested in the film industry - a witty and caustic film.

Still Life (2013)
Uberto Pasolini’s Still Life in mood is reminiscent of Vittorio De Sica’s finest film, the elegiac and deeply moving Umberto D (1952). Like de Sica’s film, it looks at the world from the view of a decent man who is an outsider. It also has echoes of the Ealing comedies of the 1940s and 1950s with its gentle satirical take on the foibles of being human and the strange and unexpected twists fate can take. Its setting though is completely contemporary. We are introduced

to a bureaucracy where the bottom line determines everything – where human impulses like empathy and civility are redundant; characteristics the main protagonist, perfectly played by the underrated Eddie Marsan\(^{195}\) has in spades. Made redundant, he embarks on his last case with care and precision as he has always done, regardless of the ‘benchmarks’ set for the job. It is a precise performance, from the stillness he displays which contrasts with the noise around him, his simply combed and parted hair, his perfectly matched jumpers and suits and the lonely world he inhabits. His world is reminiscent of a series of photographic portraits taken in British city streets in the 1970s - blue skies, grey streets and brutal architecture. Within that limited palette Marsan works wonders. In a wonderful scene late in the film his empathy with one of the characters’ plight is conveyed in the thrust of his head and his expressive eyes – enthralling and moving. Watching this film reinforced my belief that the whole debate about ‘lifters and leaners’ is not only sheer nonsense but socially corrosive. Life sadly is a battle between those who want to improve and enhance the human condition like the character Marsan moving portrays and those like his boss who want to fence it off and introduce a divisive form of social and economic Darwinism - a civilised, moving and funny movie.

_Mr Morgan’s Last Love (2013)_
A lovely and loving film blessed with two sublime performances from Michael Caine as Mr Morgan and Clemence Poesy as his young friend. Unlike the fractious and melodramatic _August Orange County_, Mr Morgan’s dysfunctional family is one we would like to get to know. It is a relief to come across a family where the fragility of the bonds of love is not of biblical proportions but the result of human fallibility. It is a relief also to see a civilised drama where the emphasis is not so much on repentance and comeuppance, but one of acceptance and recognition of the flaws we have as human beings. It is set in Paris and hence the landscape and the architecture are beautiful, but the city is never allowed to dominate the drama and provides the appropriate backdrop to the gentle drama unfolding. Clemence Poesy brings a wonderful wistfulness and other worldly charm to her role, which in lesser hands might have ended up in cloying sweetness. Michael Caine’s long and rewarding career has seen him move from playing young handsome spivs in films like _Alfie_ (1965) to middle aged and slightly portly in the wonderful _Educating Rita_ (1983) to an eighty year old widower Mr Morgan. When we first meet him he is incandescent with grief, later he is a closed shell protecting the slight flicker he has for life in a routine where human interaction is kept to a minimum. In the end he lets life in, much to ours and his character’s joy - an insightful entertainment.

_Wadjda (2012)_
Saudi Arabia is known as a country that has exported a militant form of Islam (Wahhabism) which is named after the ruling family and run by them as a personal theocratic fiefdom. They ensure that the availability and the price of oil is cheap and abundant enough to keep our industrial civilisation humming. It also has a theocratic legal system that infantilises women. So it comes as a bit of a surprise to see the first film shot in the kingdom is directed and written by a woman - Haifaa al-Mansour, a film in which women are front and centre of the drama. Like the fine Iranian films on offer today and those made under the dying years of Franco’s interminably long reign in Spain, it offers a sharp rebuke to the current hegemony of the powers to be. It is reminiscent of Victor Erice’s 1973 film _Eu espíritu de la colmena_ (The spirit of the beehive). Like Erice’s masterwork, al-Mansour has embedded in the drama a pungent critique. Wadjda is played by first timer Waad Mohammed with a pugnacious sense of what is right. From the onset we see her rebellious and independent nature. Outwardly she conforms to the strictures of segregation and, by covering every inch of her body, her individuality is expressed by the fact she is the only student wearing tennis shoes. Her mother also rebels in her quiet way; she works and ultimately rejects her husband, whom she loves, when he takes a second wife so he can have a male heir.

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Religious orthodoxy is satirised when Wadjda enters a competition to pick the best person who can recite passages from the Qur’an, not because she is religious but wants the prize money to buy a bicycle, the riding of which is frowned on, if one is female. She wins and is horrified to discover she cannot use the money, how she wants. Unlike the Spanish films of the Franco era the film is more in the neo-realist mode of post-war Italian and Asian cinema. The film quietly shows us a society where women are treated as second class citizens and the ways they try to manoeuver around these restrictions. For us in the West, it sheds a light on a society which we are used to seeing in negative clichés showing us that the ‘other’ are also human and fallible like the rest of us – fascinating and enlightening.

The Selfish Giant (2013)

Ken Loach’s brilliant and heartfelt film Kes (1969) explored the relationship between a young alienated boy and a Kestrel. It was made during the prime-ministership of Harold Wilson and at the fag end of social democracy in the West. It offered a bleak view of the poor in the northern part of England but there was a sliver of hope, a sense of community and escape could be had from their airless bunkers into the wilderness surrounding these ugly towns. Forty odd years later with the neo-liberal changes Thatcher and Blair entrenched and the country now under the firm free-market grip of Cameron’s Tories, the changes are palpable. Society is now a concept and the ‘common-wealth’ of the nation is now privatised, including poverty. In this even bleaker, ‘dog eat dog’ world Clio Barnard’s sets her film, The Selfish Giant. The houses in Kes were poky and ugly, they still are, but are now decaying and people are so poor they now need to hock their furniture and some do not have enough money to get a proper meal. The only state functionaries visible are the police force. If there are shopping malls they do not exist in the part of Bradford that is being filmed. The school system is dysfunctional and many students are falling between the cracks. There is no employment and what money that can be earned involves hunting for scrap metal and the illegal and dangerous activity of stealing copper cables from the rail network and electric pylons. The countryside is shorn of its vegetation and choked with weeds and the debris of industrial civilisation. There is no such thing as community in this Hayeck-ian universe. The film is certainly bleak but is not devoid of hope and redemption. The ending of the film is a beautiful meditation on how we humans do not have to descend into barbarity, even though our elites are creating a world of ‘lifters and leaners’. Hope and human empathy is always around the corner – a haunting and moving film.

The Lunchbox (2013)

Before David Lean redefined and rarefied epic cinema with films like Lawrence of Arabia (1962) and in between making near perfect film adaptations of Dickens novels he made the fondly remembered film about a chaste love affair, Brief Encounter in 1945. Ritesh Batra’s fine film The Lunchbox is reminiscent of the chasteness and the essential decency of the two main protagonists. Their niceness is endearing and their chasteness adds tension and spice to the tale. The characters never meet and the way they communicate is by the delicious meals cooked by one for the other and the notes exchanged by them. The actors Nimrat Khan and Irrfan Khan are wonderful in their respective roles. They seem not to be acting but inhabit their roles. Irrfan Khan’s performance is never less than sublime. Unlike Lean’s fine film, Batra’s film is not studio bound, is largely shot on location. In doing so it makes the boisterous city of Bombay the real star. Like Satyajit Ray’s films we get the feel of the characters’ lives from the buildings, streets cafes, apartments, the noise of a large city, impersonal offices and overcrowded trains which give us a strong sense that we are eavesdropping on the lives of these characters – Entrancing.

Omar (2013)

We are distanced from the never ending war between the Palestinians and the Israeli state by the endless carnage and the seeming hopelessness of finding a just solution. Complicating the

196 Great Expectations (1946), Oliver Twist (1948)
discourse is the unavoidable fact that one side (the Israelis) of the equation are the dominant military and economic power in the region and monopolise the discourse with the help of the United States of America. The Palestinians are never seen as human beings only as clichés, either as victims or terrorists not as real living beings. Hanu Abu-Assad’s film Omar in its small way tries to rectify this situation. The film is shorn of political rhetoric and in doing so it quietly and with increasing intensity lets us see the cramped lives of the Palestinians and their stark choices. It looks at the lives of four young Palestinians living under the occupation. What strikes us immediately is how enclosed and suffocating their world is: narrow streets, buildings abutting on to each other and the continual surveillance from the Israeli security forces. The only open space to escape this claustrophobia is a park that could more accurately be described as a wasteland. Casting a baleful pall on their lives is the huge concrete wall separating Palestinians from not only the Israelis but from themselves. Their restriction is compounded by the fact that they are continually harassed and bullied by the security forces of the state of Israel. In a pivotal scene in the film one of the boys is violently roughed up by young Israeli soldiers, unable to contain his anger, he asks his main tormentor to take off his armour and weaponry and fight him fairly. For his ‘insolence’ he is beaten up, which serves as a catalyst for the tragedy and violence that unfolds. The film develops into a nail biting suspense thriller with some incredible chase sequences that are excellently staged and filmed. At the core of the film is a lovely tale of friendship, decency, love and betrayal. Even though there is no sex and there is not even a flicker of exposed flesh it has one of the most intimate and sensual scenes captured in recent film history. No one is demonised not even the Mossad/Shin-Bet agent. The ending is sad, but inevitable given the limited choices that are on offer. A film that allows us, to get behind the clichés, distortions and violence and see the Palestinians as human beings and their pinched lives and the violent choices they have to make to just endure on this planet – a masterwork of controlled anger.

*Calvary* (2014)
This has to be one of my favourite films of the recent past. What makes a film resonate more than another is tricky and always involves the sensibility of the viewer. John Michael McDonagh’s *Calvary* is not aesthetically or morally better than any of the films I have been discussing in this review, so why does it resonate more? I think it does because of its themes of belief and unbelief intertwined with the underrated and much underused virtue of forgiveness, the literate script and the towering performance of Brendan Gleeson. Imagine if you will, a country (i.e. Ireland) bereft of its two ideological pillars. Its faith in the free market was dashed in 2007 when the so-called Celtic tiger economy collapsed, leaving the country with unsustainable debts created by those in the business and political community who the community held up as models to emulate. A decade or so before the GFC, the pillar of moral, religious and cultural rectitude the Catholic Church, was rocked by the scandal of child abuse, which occurred on a massive scale.

The revelations, depth of the scandal and the Church’s obstinate and wilful avoidance of the issue broke the chains of allegiance of over a thousand years between them and the Irish people. It is in this moral vacuum that the drama of *Calvary* is played out. Most of McDonagh’s protagonists are certainly archetypes that have peopled many a play, ditty, novel and film about Ireland for many a year, but what makes them unique is that they are bereft of any moral and spiritual direction and are lost in their individual nihilism. Into this universe of Sisyphus, strides the parish priest played by Brendan Gleeson who not only has a strong moral impulse but also has a spiritual compass to guide him through the vicissitudes of life. Brendan Gleeson’s physique matches the grandeur and wildness that is the southern coast of Ireland. He plays a fallible man, prone to doubt, who tries to do the best he can within the limits of his patience and sensibility. He is ably helped by a literate script that is in turns, dark, witty and surreal and which has embedded at its core a verbal exactitude that is wonder to the ear - a film experience that justifies why movies can and sometimes do matter.
“Away in a Manger”: the Church of the Nativity

Away in a manger
No crib for a bed
The little Lord Jesus
Laid down his sweet head

So reads the first stanza of the quintessential Christmas carol. The image of the manger is repeated in *While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks by Night* and re-enforced by the annual nativity scenes to be found in the windows of major department stores and virtually every centre of Christian worship.

In fact, readers, by the time you receive this edition of Doryanthes, it will be about a month till Christmas. By then, I imagine, the familiar nativity scenes will have appeared in most centres of Christian worship and in the windows of major department store, and in Australia, at least, on people’s roof or front lawn. However, it may surprise you to know that the first nativity scene did not appear till 1223.

The basic component of this traditional scene has Mary and Joseph looking adoringly at their child, lying in some straw filled container (the manger) with some accompanying animals. The remaining elements seem to be optional - the wise men (actually Persian astrologers [Matthew only]) and shepherds but probably, no sheep. After all, they were out in the hills (Luke).

What do the Gospels say? Matthew has Jesus born in a house:

*Now when Jesus was born in Bethlehem in the days of Herod the King, behold there came wise men from the east to Jerusalem...And when they were come into the house, they saw the young child. (Matthew, 2.1-11 [RSV]).*

We are, of course, using translations, which can, often, say something the original text does not. However, Matthew just uses the standard Greek word for a house - *oikia*.

It is Luke, who records the famous phrase, *no room in the inn.*

*And it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed...And Joseph, also went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea; unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem...And she brought forth her firstborn son, and wrapped him in swaddling clothes, and laid him in a manger because there was no room for them in the inn. (Luke, 2.1, 4, 7 [RSV]).*

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That problematic *inn*. The same word, *kataluma*, which Luke uses and is translated as *inn*, is also used for the upper room of the “Last Supper”, the *Cenacle*, by Mark (14.15) and Luke (22.12), without any hint of accommodation. In fact, I think our imagination has probably been coloured by the customs of a much later age, i.e. 17th century England, which saw the production of the KJV version of the Bible. An *inn* in Judaea, in the 1st century AD could be just an open space available for travellers to camp in. Yet, it is the down market inn, which has captured the imagination of later centuries.

However, there is another (albeit non-scriptural) tradition, which mentions the birthplace of Jesus, i.e. that he was born in a cave. This tradition dates to roughly the mid 2nd century AD:

> And he (Joseph) found a cave there (Bethlehem) and led her (Mary) into it (*Protoevangelium of James*, 18),

and,

> But when the Child was born in Bethlehem, since Joseph could not find a lodging in that village, he took up his quarters in a certain cave near the village; and while they were there Mary brought forth the Christ and placed Him in a manger, (Justin Martyr. *Dialogue with Trypho*, 78).

However, Matthew is probably more on the mark but not quite in the sense we assume. His mention of the *house* is supported by recent archaeological excavations. For, within the foundations of the Basilica of the Annunciation (see: *Luke*, 1.5-42), it is claimed the very remains of Joseph and Mary’s house has been found – a two room cave house.
Regardless of which tradition is correct, a Byzantine church has stood in Bethlehem, facing what is now called Manger Square since the 4th century AD. The date is significant. For whatever local tradition may have existed then, the location almost certainly derives from the visit of Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, to the Holy Land in the mid to late 4th century AD. Helena was able to divine, or at least confirm, the location of many holy sites via dreams. The church owes its preservation to mosaics showing the Wise Men. For when Persian armies arrived in the 7th century, they spared the church because the Wise Men were recognised as Persian by their distinctive dress.

My wife and I visited Jordan and Israel on a Catholic pilgrimage in September - October, 2012, a period when tensions between Israel and its various Arab neighbours were at a low ebb. It was not an area I had ever considered visiting for obvious reasons. Some friends suggested it to my wife and myself, and on somewhat of a spur of the moment, all four of us decided to go. So, just one month to the very day before departure we signed up and sent off our deposits. Full costs paid not long after.

Bethlehem, administered by the Palestinian Authority, is a crowded and somewhat anarchic city – high rise buildings, narrow streets and too many cars. So journeying from our hotel, located just outside the old city of Jerusalem, required passing through the security fence and undergoing an inspection of the bus, especially its underneath. However, this process, nonetheless, was less rigorous than I had expected. In fact, a relatively low key security presence was evident everywhere we went. The presence of military or even paramilitary personnel was far less obtrusive than when my wife and I had visited Turkey in 2003. In Turkey, there was no way of missing the presence of the Turkish Army.

Once in Bethlehem, our first a stop was the gift shop run by the Nissan Bros. They are a very successful Christian family in Bethlehem and have a number of business interests. My fellow pilgrims had been encouraged to keep their buying of devotional items till this shop. If all tour buses spend as much money in the shop as the one we were on did, then the Nissans have a very profitable business. Later, after our visit to the Church we would have lunch at their restaurant.

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207 www.antiochian.org/node/18634
209 The only obtrusive military presence was the still active mine fields on the northern side of the road (the Golan Hts side) on the way to Caesarea Philippi.
The Church of the Nativity is not an impressive building. Forget the soaring Gothic cathedrals of Europe, hymns in stone. This is quite a squat building with heavily disputed management. For, it reflects the schism between Western and Easter Christianity. The upper hand, though, resides with the Eastern tradition. The interior makes it very obvious that this is not a building in the western ecclesiastical tradition.\textsuperscript{210}

We did not enter the Church of the Nativity by the main door. The door has a chequered history having at one stage been partially walled up to prevent looters from driving carts into the church. We first visited the Chapel of St Catherine, adjacent to the main building.\textsuperscript{211} The chapel is fronted by a Crusader era cloister. The current church was built by the Franciscans in the 1880’s on the site of an 12\textsuperscript{th} century Augustinian monastery. The monastery, in its turn, had been built on the site of a 5\textsuperscript{th} century AD monastery associated with St Jerome. From the nave, steps lead down to the cell, in which traditionally Jerome spent 30 yrs of his life translating both the Old and New Testaments into Latin, the so-called Vulgate text. However, the Chapel of St Catherine does allow access to the Church of the Nativity.

The Church of the Nativity contains some interesting pieces from its past history. The wide nave survives from the time of Justinian (late 5\textsuperscript{th} century AD), the roof supported by forty four columns, many of which also survive from the original 4\textsuperscript{th} century basilica. The roof, however, only dates from the 15\textsuperscript{th} century. Additionally, many of the columns bear Crusader era paintings of saints, and Mary and child. They are, today, not always easy to discern. Holes have been cut in places in the floor to allow viewing of the original mosaic floor, dating from the 4\textsuperscript{th} century. There are, also, fragments of 12\textsuperscript{th} century mosaics on the walls, though I do not remember seeing any.

Yet, they hold little attraction for the majority of tourists. However, \textit{pilgrim} probably better encapsulates the motive for visiting than being styled \textit{tourist}. All most want to see, and, in fact, only do see, is the Grotto (just another word for a cave?) of the Nativity. A silver star is set into the floor over the spot where tradition has it that Jesus was born. Because of the crowd behind you, you have very little time, just enough for a peremptory glance before you are moved on.


\textsuperscript{211} \texttt{www.sacred-destinations.com/israel/bethlehem-st-catherines}
Perhaps, this is the place to comment on our guide. He was a (Catholic) Christian Arab. This detail is quite important. Our guide and all his associates we encountered in Israel displayed clear signs of paranoia. The reason was understandable. Arab Christians are the proverbial meat in the sandwich – hated by their fellow Arabs because they are Christians and equally hated by the Jews because they are Arabs. Consequently, his faith was narrowly conservative. He was extremely Islam phobic and just as contemptuous of foolish evangelicals, by which he meant Protestants.

I found his theology very difficult to take on occasions and he was not aware that I hailed from a foolish evangelical background. My vision meant that some parts of the tour were not always accessible to me. The Grotto was one such location. Yet, he made sure I had the opportunity to see the Grotto. He arranged for my wife and myself to access it by another route, not open to the general public. You cannot enter the actual grotto but have to get down on the floor and peer into a darkened space. I did not bother; my wife did. However, I am sure that had he known of my faith background he would have been even more keen for me to see the Grotto. I could not doubt the sincerity of his faith.

After lunch, we visited another major religious site, the Shepherds’ Field (see: Luke, 2.8-20) and its accompanying church. Also within range from Bethlehem is a major historical site, the Herodian. This was one of the seven palaces Herod built in Judaea, to act both as places of refuge from the summer heat of Jerusalem and refuges for him and his family if ever the population of Jerusalem turned hostile (Josephus, Antiquities of the Jews, 15, 323-325). It is the site, where he chose to be buried (Josephus, The Jewish War, 1, 670-673). Unfortunately, it was getting late in the day and the path was a little difficult. I chose not to make the climb to the palace. As an indication of the reality of life here, the Herodion overlooks an IDF post. The road to the Herodion goes right past it.

We, then, returned to our hotel in Jerusalem, the St George Landmark Hotel. By this time, we had discovered happy hour at the hotel bar. Surprisingly, the crowd of thirsty Australians at the bar grew each night. However, it is fair to say the drinking culture in this Jerusalem hotel was definitely not Australian. The bar staff could not cope with the crush and hotel management never rostered on extra staff for the hour. Think of the sales they certainly missed.

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212 For a more idiosyncratic account of going on a pilgrimage to Bethlehem, see: S Korb, 2010, Living in Year One, Riverhead Books (NY), 199-207.
214 http://stgeorgelandmark.com
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