

ANNUALS

Australasia

Journal of Catholic Culture



2011 - 1

\$3.30*

PRINT POST APPROVED PP255003/01005

ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

Journal of Catholic Culture

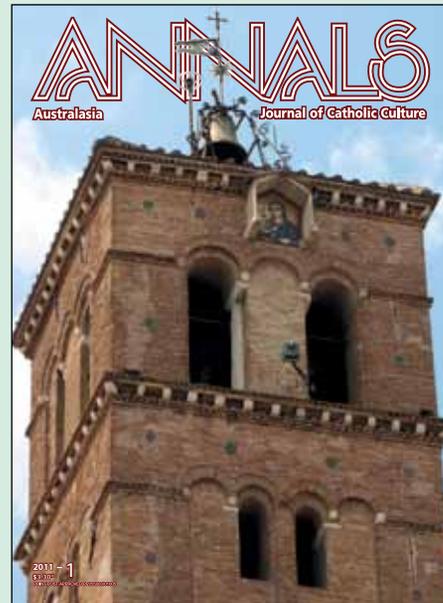
Volume 122, Number 1 January-February 2011

[Sunday Readings at Mass: Year A/weekday readings: Year I]

Australia's Oldest Catholic Magazine

Published by the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart (MSC) since 1889.

- 3 **Egypt at a Cross-Roads**
EDITORIAL
- 8 **The earliest Church dedicated to our Lady**
THOMAS HUNTLEY
- 11 **Bow your head at Tyburn Tree**
TESS LIVINGSTONE
- 14 **Who wrote on the Slate?**
LESLIE RUMBLE MSC
- 17 **Father Kit's Magic Kingdom**
PATRICK HEREN
- 20 **Ecological Marxism and other Delights**
GILES AUTY
- 26 **Alain-Marie Guynot de Boismenu MSC**
DOM ANTOINE-MARIE, OSB
- 35 **After Mubarak**
PETER DAY
- 44 **Britannia has a broad back**
MICHAEL O'CONNOR



Front Cover: Section of the bell-tower of the Basilica of Santa Maria in Trastevere – ‘Saint Mary across the Tiber’. The first church was built on this site by Pope Saint Callistus I [217-222] and dedicated to the Name of Mary. Pope Julius I [337-357] had the present basilica built in 340. It was restored and adorned with frescoes by Pope John VI [705-707] and was extended and embellished by Pope Innocent II in 1139. The bell tower dates from this time.

Back Cover: Detail of the architrave [the horizontal beam that spans all the columns in classical architecture] of the basilica of Santa Maria in Trastevere, with its beautiful 12th century mosaics; and of one of the twenty-two ancient granite columns from pagan temples, with its ionic capital. The remains of five early Popes removed from the catacombs lie under the high altar.

Cover Photos: Paul Stenhouse

Executive Editor *Chevalier Press*: **Editor** *Annals Australasia*: Paul Stenhouse, MSC Ph.D; **Layout and Design**: Paul Stenhouse MSC. **Administration**: Peter Macinante; Hendrikus Wong. **Subscription**: Visa/Master Cards accepted. Please make cheques, money orders payable to The Manager, *Annals Australasia*, 1 Roma Avenue (P.O. Box 13), Kensington, NSW Australia 2033. **Correspondence**: The Editor, P.O. Box 13, Kensington NSW Australia 2033. **Phones**: (02) 9662 7894/9662 7188 ext. 252. **Fax**: (02) 9662 1910, **Email**: [Annals editorial] editorannals@gmail.com [Annals subscriptions] annalsaustralasia@gmail.com [Chevalier Press]chevalierpress@gmail.com. **Unsolicited material**: We regret that unsolicited material cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Editorial Board

Christopher Koch
[Chairman]
Giles Auty
Garry Boyd
John David
Pierre Ryckmans

RATES

	STANDARD	PENSIONER	AIRMAIL
Australia	<input type="checkbox"/> \$33.00	<input type="checkbox"/> \$26.00	India, Japan <input type="checkbox"/> \$50.00
Overseas	<i>AIRMAIL</i>	<div style="border: 1px solid black; padding: 5px;">We regret that overseas surface mail is no longer provided. All Australian rates include GST.</div>	Philippines <input type="checkbox"/> \$50.00
PNG, NZ	<input type="checkbox"/> \$50.00		Canada <input type="checkbox"/> \$65.00
Indonesia	<input type="checkbox"/> \$50.00		USA, Israel <input type="checkbox"/> \$65.00
Singapore	<input type="checkbox"/> \$50.00		Latin America <input type="checkbox"/> \$65.00
Malaysia	<input type="checkbox"/> \$50.00		Europe, UK <input type="checkbox"/> \$65.00

Wait gladly
for the joy
that follows
sadness.

- St Peter Damian,
[1007-1072] From his
letters, Book viii,6

Printed by GEON Print & Communication, 1/10 Ceils Court Deakin ACT 2600, Phone: (02) 6122 8800.

ABN 40 938 805 168 Dewey Number: 248-88 ATISSN 1444-4178. Recommended Retail Price only.

All rights reserved: Chevalier Press, Kensington © 2010



n the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

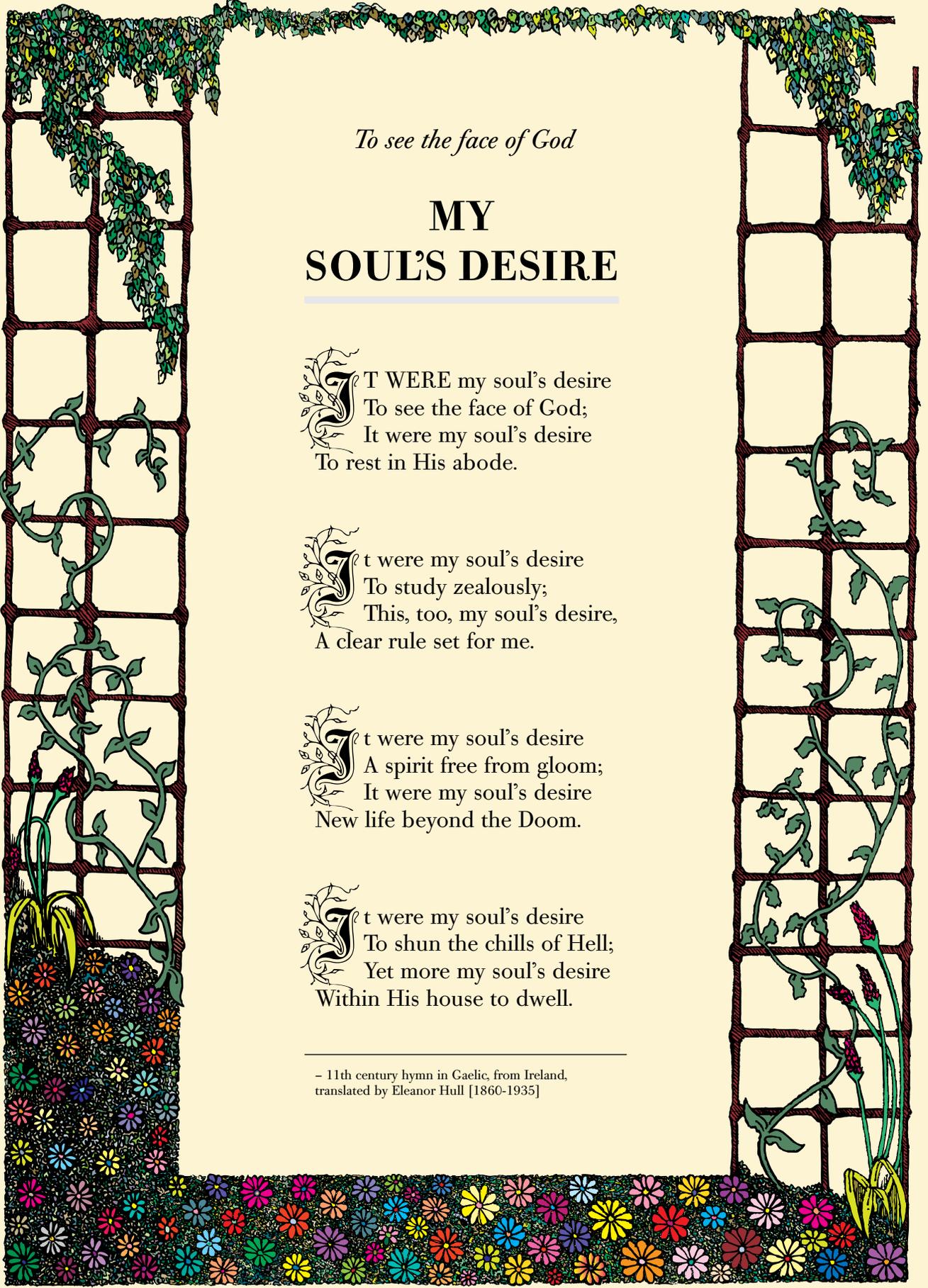
HYMN FOR MID-AFTERNOON



GOD, unchangeable and true,
Of all the Light and Power,
Dispensing light in silence through
Every successive hour;
Lord, brighten our declining day,
That it may never wane,
Till death, when all things round decay,
Brings back the morn again.

- St Ambrose [340-397 AD] Hymn for None, the Ninth Hour
[3p.m.], in the Roman Breviary.





To see the face of God

MY SOUL'S DESIRE

ST WERE my soul's desire
To see the face of God;
It were my soul's desire
To rest in His abode.

St were my soul's desire
To study zealously;
This, too, my soul's desire,
A clear rule set for me.

St were my soul's desire
A spirit free from gloom;
It were my soul's desire
New life beyond the Doom.

St were my soul's desire
To shun the chills of Hell;
Yet more my soul's desire
Within His house to dwell.

- 11th century hymn in Gaelic, from Ireland,
translated by Eleanor Hull [1860-1935]



IT IS OFTEN said that sociopaths do not have a conscience and that this allows them to do the things they do. But they do have a conscience for if they did not then they would not know how to manipulate the conscience of others. In this they are very adept, they know how to play on the empathy and guilt of others, on their desire to please and do what is good. If one did not have a conscience one would not

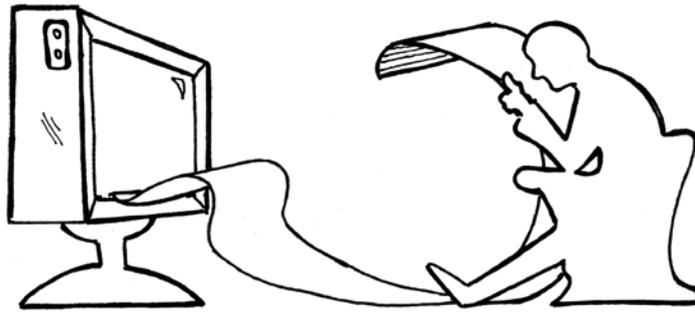
know what motivates and moves others, which knowledge is essential if one is to insinuate oneself into the life of another and do them harm.

What distinguishes a sociopath is this; they have refused any authority to their conscience. They listen to their conscience but refuse to respond by way of following its dictates. The sociopath knows that others do accord authority to their conscience and will feel guilty, and it is with this knowledge that they go to work.

The important question here is how it is that a person *can* refuse authority to their conscience? An answer, I believe, can be found in the discipline of modern day ethics.

The term 'ethics' has a long history in modern philosophy and has had many meanings, over time however it has come to mean a system of morality that does not defer to any absolute and timeless standard. Now, if there is one quest that marks out Modernity it is this: in the absence of God or similar transcendental reality what authority is there that can confirm the validity of reason, the senses, and morality as well? This is what all modern philosophy comes down to: by what authority does one say *this* is true and *this* is good and *this* is moral?

Many try to get around this problem by asserting that one ought not to need an absolute authority to tell one what is good, as this is a sign of weakness, if not of immaturity, and it undermines one's personal autonomy. In trying to balance individual autonomy with doing good to others, modern ethical theory claims only to help clarify what it is one personally feels, such that one will, through empathy with others, naturally do good to others as well as to oneself. Which is another way of talking about conscience, only to do so having *assumed* conscience needs no reference to an external absolute authority. But this is why sociopaths are so disturbing, for they witness to the fact that the authority



TEACHING AND RAISING SOCIOPATHS

By ROBERT TILLEY

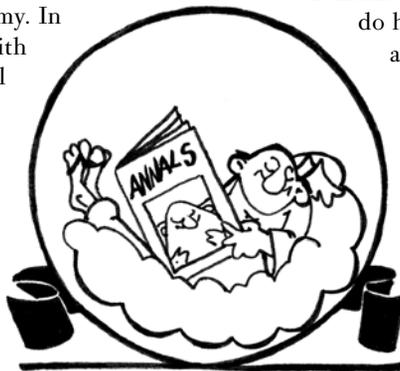
by which a person can be isolated from others and made all the more open to manipulation. One appeals to a victim's autonomy, opposing it to any external institutional authority that holds to moral absolutes. By doing this the victim is effectively cut off from any credible authority which is not so easily fooled.

'Think for yourself! Who are *they* to tell you what is right or wrong? Trust in your own thoughts! I'm not like them, you can trust me, I'm here to empower you!' So goes the litany of the con-artist. He wants you to stand on your own two feet because he knows that without the help of an authoritative communion you are an easy mark.

You can see this principle at work in our economy. Why else does the free-market demand less Government oversight and regulation? So that it can act more morally?

No wonder that free-market and liberal ideology relentlessly attacks the Church, for she is one of the last bastions to insist upon moral absolutes. The Church is what stands in the way of the full and final victory of global capitalism, and classes in ethics are one more attempt to remove that obstacle. Not that there is a 'conspiracy,' it is simply the working out of the logic implicit in Modernity, for just as there are sociopathic individuals there are sociopathic ideologies. In both cases each

is marked by the concealed desire to manipulate and do harm while pretending to do good. And, just as the sociopath separates conscience from authority, a sociopathic ideology separates morality from the authority of absolutes. In fact, one might say that it is the latter that facilitates the former. And one might also say that ethics classes will facilitate both.



ROBERT TILLEY has a Ph.D from the University of Sydney. He currently lectures in Adult Education on Philosophy, Theology and History of Ideas. He also lectures in Greek and Biblical Studies at The Catholic Institute of Sydney [CIS] and in literature and theology at Aquinas Academy.

Who is managing the smoke, pulleys and mirrors?

EGYPT AT A CROSS-ROADS

By Paul Stenhouse, MSC, PhD



EGYPT, LIKE its famous Sphinx, has been an enigma since the days of the Pharaohs. Much of its ancient history, like its ancient funeral monuments, remained a closed book until the 19th century.

It was the work of scholars who came in the wake of Napoleon Bonaparte's conquering army, and of a French soldier whose finding of the Rosetta Stone¹ in 1799 enabled Egyptian hieroglyphics to be deciphered, and the discovery of the Tel el-Amarna tablets² in 1887 by a village woman digging up ancient mud-bricks to use as fertilizer, that revealed Egypt's exotic past to the world.

Modern-day Egypt after the resignation of President Hosni Mubarak, maintains that air of intrigue and mystery. But the 18th century scholars of Pharaonic Egypt have been replaced by myriad experts on Islam who sprang up like clover after rain in the wake of the murderous attacks in the U.S. on September 11, 2001. Invariably these experts are well-supplied with websites and blogs. The Rosetta Stone these days is probably the omnipresent computer chip; and *WikiLeaks* may qualify as the new, if less impressive, Tel el-Amarna tablets.

Whatever may be the truth of all that, the only thing certain about the recent events that unfolded in Tahrir Square³ in Cairo starting on January 25, is that eighteen days later, on

February 11, the former close U.S. ally and Egyptian President Hosni Mubarak was compelled to follow his Tunisian counterpart Zine al-Abidine Ben Ali's example, and resign.

Mubarak was luckier than his immediate predecessor Anwar Sadat. This latter was assassinated in 1981 by a spin-off of the Muslim Brothers – the 'Egyptian Islamic Jihad' – whose primary goals remain the overthrowing of the Egyptian Government and replacing it with an Islamic state based on the *Shari'a*; and attacking U.S. and Israeli interests in Egypt and elsewhere.

Sadat's immediate predecessor, Gamal Abdul Nasser, survived two assassination attempts: one in 1954 by a member of the Muslim Brotherhood, and the other in 1958 allegedly engineered by King Saud of Saudi Arabia. Said Qutb, the most influential of the Muslim Brothers, was executed by Nasser in 1966 for his alleged involvement in an anti-government plot.

82 year-old Hosni Mubarak had survived six assassination attempts, only to be toppled after 18 days by vociferous demonstrations that became global media events.

Following the unprecedented media coverage, one could only wish that the Egyptian people and viewers world-wide had been more conscious of the faceless people standing behind the scenes – managing the smoke, mirrors and pulleys.

The multitudes demonstrating for days in Tahrir Square knew that they had captured the full attention of the world media, and played to the gallery for all they were worth; but was their demonstration the wholly spontaneous outburst of popular anger and frustration that it appeared to be through the lenses of the TV cameras?

A leaked December 2008 diplomatic cable suggests that, at least in its beginnings, it wasn't. The cable shows that the [U.S.] State Department had

The Jihad Industry in Pakistan

THERE ARE no reliable figures for the total number of madrassas in Pakistan. Most are unregistered. Estimates have varied from several thousand to tens of thousands. What is undeniable is the astronomical increase in madrassas since independence, and especially since the Afghan jihad. In 1947 there were only 137. The number rose from 210 in 1950 to 563 in 1971. During the early 1980s 893 larger and smaller Pakistani madrassas were in existence, with a total of 3,186 teachers and 32,384 regular students. More tended to spring up in smaller towns and in the countryside than in the major cities. Once Pakistan was awash in green-backs, enterprising maulvis rushed to fill the demand for recruits by offering their students for jihad. Since they are a means of establishing political dominance, self-proclaimed religious parties of all sectarian denominations, as well as the Jamaat-i-Islami, set up madrassas in places where they saw an opportunity to extend their influence. In 1980 there were 700 such institutions in the country. By 1986 there were approximately 7,000. Most were set up in the NWFP, the southern Punjab, and Karachi and served as nurseries for jihad. As the ISI became used to the influx of American money, the maulvis became addicted to the business of jihad. The existence of a well-run jihad industry made Pakistan a haven for foreign students excited by the prospect of attaining martyrdom by fighting the godless and satanical governments of Afghanistan and the Soviet Union.

- Ayesha Jalal, *Partisans of Allah*, Harvard University Press, 2008 p.277.

been in league with opposition activists over the past three years plotting Mubarak's downfall. And that this included secret talks with the Muslim Brotherhood.⁴ And that the Egyptian opposition was interested in receiving support from the army and the police for a transitional government prior to the 2011 elections.⁵

If that were not worrying enough, at the first demonstration in Tahrir Square on January 25 a former State Department staffer in charge of planning the 'Twitter Revolution' was allegedly physically present with his protégés from the U.S. sponsored 'April 6 Youth Movement' which, like much else in Egypt, has links with the Muslim Brotherhood.⁶

No one could be unmoved by the effects of long-term unemployment, economic hardship and frustration affecting all age and religious and ethnic groups in Egypt the most important, and the most populous Islamic state in the Middle East.

Nor can they be indifferent to the doubtful readiness of Egypt's power brokers to embrace democracy in the sense that many of the young and idealistic demonstrators evidently understand the term.

Any reasonable person would also fear for the survival of the Christian, Muslim and Jewish minorities in a notoriously intolerant Islamic society in a post-Mubarak Egypt.

What or who will replace the now globally vilified and disgraced ex-President is not at all clear. The race is on by his enemies to seize the fabled [or mythical] billions he allegedly salted away in Swiss and other bank accounts.

U.S. allies in Jordan, Yemen, Bahrain and Saudi Arabia – even as far away as Indonesia and Malaysia – would be well advised to make prudent contingency plans lest they soon be obliged to follow in Mubarak's reluctant footsteps.

The corrupt Saudi regime in particular should be feeling some disquiet as 'they're a wealthy gated community next to a teeming slum. And the slum dwellers are angry.'⁷ It would be ironical if they were to be brought down by their erstwhile American ally, rather than by their disinherited son, Usama bin Laden.⁸

Alone among Muslim leaders, Mahmoud Ahmadinejad appeared unfazed as he launched into his usual

Even the Corrupt have souls

WHEN JOHN HENRY Newman gave up the exquisite sophistication of a congenial life of scholarship among his peers in Oxford and Joined the Catholic Church - a Church of uneducated workers and poor Irish servants - he found himself burdened with prosaic parish duties in the intellectual backwaters of Birmingham. A snobbish Monsignor took pity on what he believed to be his painful predicament and wrote him a letter, inviting him to come to Rome, where he would find a more cultured milieu. Newman's curt reply is well-known: 'I have received your letter inviting me to preach in your church at Rome to "an audience more educated than could ever be the case in England". However Birmingham people have souls and I have neither taste nor talent for the sort of work which which you cut out for me: and I beg to decline your offer.'

This is a reality which a reverse snobbery usually prevents us from perceiving (and which – let us admit it – runs against all visible evidence), but it remains nevertheless true: just like the people of Birmingham, the wealthy, the powerful and the corrupt also have souls.

Jesus knew this already. In Jericho, a man called Zacchaeus - the wealthiest crook in town, who was rightly, detested and despised by all decent people - eagerly wanted to meet Him. Being aware of this, Jesus invited Himself into Zacchaeus's house, to the latter's delight. But this move provoked a scandal among the Pharisees and the Hittenses. (The original text of the Gospel is traditionally translated as 'the Pharisees and the Scribes'. We are following here an emendation that seems justified by modern exegesis.)

All took it amiss. 'He has gone in to lodge,' they said, 'with one who is a sinner.' To which Jesus retorted: 'He too is a son of Abraham. That is what the Son of Man has come for, to search out and save what was lost.'

- Simon Leys, *The Angel and the Octopus*, Duffy & Snellgrove, Sydney 1999, pp.86, 87.

anti-U.S. and anti-Western tirades, congratulating the Egyptians on being inspired by Iran's struggle against Western powers. At the time of writing, however, reports of anti-Government demonstrations in Iran are starting to penetrate the propaganda haze.

Was it a coup d'État on the part of the Army as some have suggested? But the Egyptian military – competent, well-trained and media savvy – would be aware that they stood to lose out by Mubarak's resignation under pressure from a popular insurgency most likely playing into the hands of extremists.

Fanatic Islamists, *Mujahidun* and suicide bombers are more highly valued and respected among religious power brokers and among the less well-educated in Islamic societies, than professional soldiers who serve the State [and not the Ummah].⁹ Also, Mubarak was army oriented, having formerly been Commander of the Egyptian Air Force, and Air Chief Marshall before becoming President in 1981 after Sadat's assassination.

Was it the Muslim Brothers who seized the moment and achieved their goal of ousting Mubarak?

Protestations on February 4, 2011 by Dr Mohamed Badie, Chairman of the Muslim Brothers that the Brotherhood does not seek power or authority, and that it 'respects all sects' and demands that 'all be treated equally'¹⁰ should be seen in the light of a draft political platform issued by the Brotherhood in 2007.

This draft called for a Council of religious scholars to be set up to approve all laws passed by Egypt's civilian institutions. It also declared that no Christian and no woman could be President or Prime Minister.¹¹

Claims that the Brothers have renounced violence as a means of achieving their goal of world-wide Islamic domination may well be true of the *Da'wa* or *propaganda* wing of the Brotherhood.¹² This is sometimes described as 'the civil counterpart' of jihad.

But this ignores the fact, acknowledged by all, that the

Brotherhood has 'repeatedly incubated a violent jihadist fringe,'¹³ or, as the U.S.-based Council on Foreign Relations puts it, 'spawned many violent splinter factions'. This is hardly surprising granted the centrality of violence to political process in political Islam.¹⁴

For these *militant* wings of the Muslim Brothers – 'Hamas'¹⁵ in Gaza, 'Islamic Jihad' and 'Jamaat Islamiyya,' [and Holy Warriors of Egypt,' and 'Abdullah Azzam Brigades of al-Qaeda'¹⁶] in Egypt, it is business as usual. And while the *means* may have been changed for the Da'wa wing, the *goal* has not.

The Brotherhood has publicly rejected the 1978 Camp David Accord with Israel, saying that it isn't valid as there was no referendum. Its deputy leader Rashad al-Bayoumi, in a recent interview with a Japanese TV network said that once Mubarak is gone, 'there is a need to dissolve the peace treaty with Israel.'

In an interview on January 30 with the Iranian TV news channel al-Alam, the Brotherhood's representative in London Muhammed Channem went so far as to call on the Egyptian people to declare war on Israel. He urged the closing of the Suez Canal and a halt to natural gas exports from Egypt to Israel.¹⁷

'Jamaat al-Islamiyya,' and the Egyptian 'Islamic Jihad' Movement are both splinter groups of the larger Muslim Brotherhood. Both radical groups have been involved in numerous suicide bombings and mass killings.

'Jamaat al-Islamiyya' attempted to assassinate President Mubarak in 1995 in Ethiopia; and Sheikh Omar Abdul Rahman, 'spiritual' leader of 'Jamaat al-Islamiyya' was sentenced to life in prison in the U.S. for his involvement in the 1993 bomb attack on the World Trade Centre. 'Islamic Jihad' succeeded in murdering Anwar Sadat in 1981.

The two groups that claimed responsibility for the massacres at Sharm-el-Sheikh on July 23, 2005 when 64 people died and more than 200 were injured are thought to be, like 'Hamas' in Gaza, off-shoots of the Muslim Brothers.¹⁸

'Hizb ut-Tahrir,' the so-called 'Party of Liberty' had noted the WikiLeaks's

2008 diplomatic cable with the State Department's contingency plans [if that is what they really were] based on the belief that President Mubarak's days were numbered.

On February 9 this radical Islamist organisation seized the moment to warn Egyptians against replacing Mubarak with yet another American 'puppet,' and to offer its own reform platform: re-establishment of the Caliphate, and abolition of the secular constitution for one based on 'the rule of Islam ordained by the Lord of the Worlds'. In other words, upon the *Shari'a*.

Islam and Christianity

FROM the Muslim point of view there was a major difference in quality between the war against the Christians and the wars on the other frontiers of Islam. Among the peoples of the steppes and the jungles, even in the great civilizations of China and India of which they had limited knowledge or understanding, they saw no recognizable alternative to Islam. A Muslim advance in these regions was part of the inevitable Islamization of the pagan peoples. It encountered no major military adversary and no serious religious alternative.

The struggle in the west, in contrast, was against a rival religious and political system which denied the very basis of the universal mission of Islam and did so in terms which were both familiar and intelligible. The Muslim conviction of their own predestined final victory did not blind them to the significance and the uncertainty of this wide-ranging and long drawn-out conflict between two faiths and two societies. In Muslim writings, the Christian world becomes the House of War par excellence, and the war against Christendom is the very model and prototype of the jihad.

- *The Muslim Discovery of Europe*, Bernard Lewis, W.W.Norton & Company, New York, 1982, p.66.

This is the enigmatic and now unstable and potentially chaotic Arab and Islamic Egypt which those responsible for toppling Mubarak have unleashed on a region and a world that were not ready for it.

The collapse of Yugoslavia unleashed the horrors of Serbian nationalism from which the Balkans still has not recovered. Tribalism and infighting among the various religious and national groups that comprised Lebanon in 1975 gave Hafiz al-Assad in Syria a chance to pursue his brutal fifteen-year-long war of Alawite and Syrian expansionism. Despite the much vaunted 'Orange Revolution' in the Ukraine, that country's hard-won independence has again fallen victim to Russian blandishment and guile.

Let's hope that the pundits are right and democracy Egyptian style is about to dawn as the demonstrators want it to. And that we are not witnessing the birth pangs of a New Islamic World Order that will destabilize the whole Middle East, and make the free world rue the day the Obama administration sipped with the Muslim Brothers forgetting to use a long spoon.¹⁹

1. Originally carved in 196 BC in the time of King Ptolemy V, it was used as building material in the construction of a fort near the town of Rashid (Rosetta) in the Nile Delta. It was discovered by a French soldier in Bonaparte's Expeditionary Force.
2. 382 clay tablets covering a period of up to 30 years during the latter part of the reign of Amenophis III [1391-1353 BC] and the early part of the reign of Akhenaten [1353-1336 BC].
3. 'Liberty Square'.
4. See: Yoichi Shimatsu, 'U.S. Secretly Backed the Brotherhood's Soft Power Strategy in Egypt,' in New American Media, February 6, 2011. See also: WikiLeaks, released by the London Daily Telegraph, January 28, 2011.
5. WikiLeaks, art.cit. section 6.
6. Yoichi Shimatsu, art.cit.
7. Robert Dreyfuss, blog 'Who's Behind Egypt's Revolt?' January 31, 2011.
8. *Islamism and its enemies in the Horn of Africa*, Alex de Waal, ed. Shama Books, Addis Ababa, 2004, p.255.
9. See, e.g. Olivier Roy, *The Failure of Political Islam*, Harvard University Press, 1994, pp.158-159.
10. Statement by Dr Badie after demonstrations on February 4, 2011 quoted South Asia Analysis Group, paper No: 4319, February 6, 2011.
11. BBC News, Middle East, February 9, 2011: Profile: Egypt's Muslim Brotherhood.
12. Paul Stenhouse, 'Ignoring signposts on the road: Da 'wa: Jihad with a velvet glove,' *Quadrant Magazine*, June 1, 2007.
13. Alex de Waal, *op.cit.* p.3.
14. *ibid.* p.24.
15. Hamas is an acronym for Harakat al-Muqawama al-Islamiyya, 'Islamic Resistance Organization'. The choice of the name may have been a deliberate pun, for 'Hamās,' in Arabic means 'fanaticism' and 'zeal'.
16. See footnote¹⁵.
17. See Nathan Guttman, 'Muslim Brotherhood: in Egypt: a pragmatic player but less likely to rule,' in *Forward.com*, February 9, 2011.
18. U.S. Council on Foreign Relations, Egypt: Islamist Opposition Groups. August 1, 2005.
19. Australia is already rueing the day. See Paul Stenhouse, 'Standing up to the Islamists,' *Quadrant* September 2006.

What's a little Spin Doctoring between friends

NEW STYLE POLITICS



IN OUR POLITICAL party we do what we promise. Only imbeciles could believe that we don't fight against corruption. Because there is one thing certain about us: honesty and transparency are fundamental to attaining our ideals. We have demonstrated that it would be foolish to believe that the Mafia will continue to play a part in government as in the past. We guarantee without a shadow of doubt that social justice will be the principal goal of our Mandate. Despite this there are still some foolish people who imagine that one can continue to govern using the ploys of the old political system. When we take power we will do all that we can so that a stop will be put to privileged situations and the sale of influence. We will in no way permit that our children die of hunger. We will carry out all our promises even if our economic reserves are totally used up. We will exercise our power in such a way that you cannot avoid the conclusion that, beginning from now we support the 'New Style Politics.'

Un morceau de bravoure. Originally applied to Nicholas Sarkozy, the French President. Submitted by Stefan Koster. Now read from the bottom to the top, following the sense and occasionally ignoring the punctuation. Translated by Paul Stenhouse.

The Basilica of St Mary in Trastevere

THE EARLIEST CHURCH DEDICATED TO OUR LADY

By Thomas Huntley



ROME is full of surprises. No matter how you plan to spend a day visiting sites of historical or religious interest, something may crop up to force you to alter your schedule. In Rome it doesn't matter. If the Golden House of Nero is shut, all you have to do is walk for two or three minutes to the Coliseum, or the underground church of San Clement, or the Basilica of St Peter in Chains [where along with the chains that bound St Peter in the Mamertine prison you can see Michaelangelo's famous statue of Moses] or cross over to the basilica of Sts Cosmas and Damian in the Roman Forum and see the remains of the Temple of Romulus, and the beautiful permanent Crib.

Saint Chrysogonus, and the Imperial Fire-Brigade

Crossing the Tiber by the bridge known as Ponte Caribaldi we find ourselves facing, on our right, the gorgeous Basilica of St Chrysogono: founded by Pope Sylvester in the fourth century and rebuilt in 731, 1128 and in 1623 AD. Cardinal Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, was titular protector of this Basilica in 1206.

Opposite San Chrysogono is an *Excubitorium* or Guard House of the seventh cohort of the Vigiles [a sort of imperial Roman police-cum-fire-brigade] dating from around 123 AD [the bricks are stamped with the date]. It was uncovered twenty-six feet below the surface of the street and consists of a building well-constructed with delicately ornamented brick-work, around a court with a fountain.

We know from the graffiti on the walls [which unlike today's graffiti usually give the date, and the name



Santa Maria in Trastevere - built between 217 and 222 AD

and rank of the writer] that the soldiers served in the time of the emperor Alexander Severus. The mosaics, paintings and heating apparatus are in fairly good condition.

Remains of the Barracks of the fifth cohort of the Vigiles are to be found under the church of Santa Maria In Navicella on the Coelian Hill. Two marble pedestals have been found, one bearing the roll of the cohort and the other a dedication to Caracalla from the officers and men of the cohort, bearing their names.

The Vigiles were almost as numerous as the Praetorian Guard and just as powerful. It was the Prefect of the Vigiles, Laco, who arrested Sejanus for murdering Drusus the son of the emperor, and for treason, in the time of Tiberius.

Santa Maria in Trastevere

Just a short walk from San Chrysogono along the via della Lungiarella, is a wide piazza with a fountain.

On one side of this piazza – facing us as we enter it – is the beautiful basilica of Saint Mary in Trastevere. An oratory [Titulus] was built on this site by Pope St Callixtus [217-222 AD] and dedicated to the name of Mary – the first known to be so dedicated in Rome. Originally there had been a retirement home for old soldiers [*Taberna Meritoria*] on the site where, according to Dion Cassius a fountain of oil sprang forth at the time of the birth of Christ and flowed into the Tiber nearby. For centuries the church was known also as ‘Fons olei’ or ‘The Spring of oil’.

When Pope Callixtus wanted to erect his oratory there the local tavern-keepers and wine-sellers objected, and in their turn petitioned the emperor that they be permitted to have the site. Alexander Severus granted the site to the Christians saying, ‘I prefer that it should belong to those who honour God; whatever be their form of worship’ – a judgement that we pray stood the emperor in good stead when he died and faced the Judgement Seat of Christ.

An exemplary Husband and Wife

It was Pope Julius I [337-352] who really built then present basilica. It has been altered considerably by Pope Innocent II in 1139. The walls of the porch outside the basilica are covered in pagan and Christian inscriptions. One of these, from the time of Trajan was erected by a certain Marcus Cocchius for his wife ‘cum qua vixit annos xxxv. diebus xi sine querela’ ‘with whom he lived for 35 years and 11 days without a harsh word’. In a niche near the end of the right aisle of the basilica is the stone said to have been tied around the head of Saint Callixtus when he was martyred in 222 AD.

The nave has twenty-two ancient granite columns from pagan temples, some of whose ionic capitals are still adorned with the heads of pagan gods. The remains of five early Popes removed from the catacombs lie under the high altar.

Unusual symbol of our Lord

Magnificent mosaics dating from the time of Pope Innocent II [1140 AD] in the apse, represent our Lord, seated, and our Lady, crowned and robed like an eastern queen, beside him.

Among the other figures represented in the mosaic – prophets, saints, evangelists etc – there is a bird in a cage. This is a rare image of Jesus, the incarnate Word, made a prisoner because of our sins.

In the centre of the tribune, behind the high altar, stands a beautiful and ancient marble throne approached by a flight of steps.

Murder and Martyrdom

In the monastery building contiguous with the basilica a number of priests were summarily murdered by

order of the Republican Zambianchi in the political and social turmoil that swept Europe in 1848.

Just around the corner is the Church of San Callisto which is open only on Fridays at 4 pm. Through a door behind the altar can be seen the well into which Pope St Callixtus was flung [with the stone to which we referred above tied to his neck] from the second-storey window of the house on top of which the church is built, and killed. In that same house he was imprisoned and tortured, and he converted the guard who was appointed to watch over him.

Available from CHEVALIER PRESS

Four Gospels for Catholics

WE are happy to announce that four commentaries on the Synoptic Gospels and the Gospel of St John by Father Michael Fallon, MSC, have been published and are now available from Chevalier Press.

Well known throughout Australia for his courses on Sacred Scripture, and for *The Four Gospels*, *The Letters of Paul*, and *The Apocalypse*, all of which were best-sellers, Father Fallon has written four commentaries on the Gospels of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.

These four books are intended for ordinary Catholic people who wish to deepen their faith and their knowledge of the gospels. We feel sure that they will also attract a wide readership among non-Catholic believers who love the scriptures.

★ *The Gospel of Matthew, 395 pp*

★ *The Gospel of Mark, 294 pp*

★ *The Gospel of Luke, 375 pp*

★ *The Gospel of John, 386 pp*

\$25.00 each

or (special discount price): **\$90** for the set of four

Postage extra. Orders may be sent to our postal address, Chevalier Press, P.O. Box 13, Kensington, NSW 2033, or by phoning (02) 9662 7894 or faxing (02) 9662 1910.

[Price includes GST]

Copies may also be obtained from any good Catholic book store.

THE PSALMS

A Recent Commentary by Fr Michael Fallon MSC

\$40 [includes postage and GST]

An entirely new study ideal for prayer and reflection.

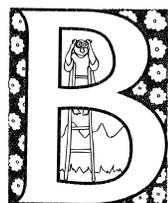
Now available from Chevalier Press at the above address.

BOOK REVIEW

A compelling bedside book that will keep you awake

DESMOND'S WORLD

Reviewed by James Murray



Books put together from fleeting journalism can be autobiography by other means. This is the case with Desmond O'Grady's collection from publications such as *The Age*, *The Sydney Morning Herald*, *Quadrant*, *The European* and *The Los Angeles Times*.

Between the lines, he reveals himself as dauntless, self-mocking, enduring, a splendid hack who continues to make a feast of his life in Grub Street (Rome side).

Interviews form a high proportion of the collection. These are by no means standard Q and A efforts. Nor are they the kind where the reporter backs more or less shyly into the limelight with the subject.

Each is hallmarked with a sterling nugget O'Grady has sifted. In what could have been a standard showbiz interviews with film-maker Sergio Leone, he has him revealing that after *A Fistful of Dollars* Clint Eastwood said he would make more such movies if only he didn't have to keep a small cigar in his mouth.

Leone's response? 'The cigar is the protagonist.' Eastwood stayed. Leone also told O'Grady that Eastwood had only two

A Word in Edgeways
By Desmond O'Grady
Conor Court Publishing
\$39.95 rrp, pp 260

expressions, one with his hat on and one with his hat off but was valuable for his screen presence. (A rare error occurs in the Leone piece: Fred Zimmerman instead of Fred Zinnemann).

O'Grady can switch from charming to devastating as he does in criticising Peter Robb's take on Giulio Andreotti, seven times Italy's Prime Minister, as a creature of the mafia.

His piece on Tennessee Williams, post his conversion - 'brief even though his sense of sin was enduring' - and his encounter with the Jesuit Superior General, Pedro Arrupe, is a witty illustration of hilarity breaking-in on the well-intentioned.

Novelist Shirley Hazzard scores two pieces. She talks mainly of Graham Greene met on Capri. They had a extra-literary link, both being involved with funny business, Greene through the Secret Intelligence Service, Hazzard through Special Operations in a Hong Kong office run by, 'a dear chap', Commander Barrie.

Muriel Spark rates mention as providing the small party in New York where Hazzard met her husband-to-be Francis Steegmuller.

Spark was also involved in funny business as a secretary of a covert wartime 'black propaganda' unit housed in the BBC Bush House, London. O'Grady makes nothing of the linkages but might agree that spying can create valuable literary contacts.

Other subjects include the other Desmond O'Grady (Irish poet), Jorge Luis Borges, Dorris Lessing, James Joyce and Saul Bellow. O'Grady rounds off his collection beautifully with *The Last Interview: Jeffrey Smart*.

To say more would be to risk spoiling appetites for the work itself, a compelling, bedside book that will keep you awake, amused and informed. Like many, this reviewer's knowledge of Desmond O'Grady's work has come not through reading his histories or seeing his plays but mainly from his journalism published in what is now Fairfax Media.

There he does not always get the 'show' he deserves, that is, he gets run-of-the-mill correspondent's treatment instead of being above the fold on the main feature pages.

Memory intrudes: a drinking visit to what was then still *The Manchester Guardian* (complete with wet canteen) and copy-taker (Mary Armstrong) saying into her telephonist equipment, 'Yes, got that. Thank you, Alistair.' She was talking, of course, to the legendary Alistair Cooke dictating his copy from America.

In his urbane, eclectic incisiveness about his chosen foreign abode, Italy, Desmond O'Grady matches Alistair Cooke on America, and surpasses him in the madcap aspect of his journalism. New powers-that-be at Fairfax Media might care to remember this when they design feature pages.

(c) Australia Media Pty Ltd 2011.

It's a Mad World

OVER THE PAST TWO DECADES the United States has led the world in significantly expanding the definition of allowable intellectual property claims. A key step occurred with the 1980 U.S. Supreme Court decision that sanctioned the world's first patent on an altered life form. In a five-to-four ruling, the Court determined that a bacterium genetically engineered to 'eat' crude oil was in fact a product of human invention. In the famous decision, the court ruled, 'Anything under the sun made by man' was fair game for the patent system... Just think of the rich technological harvest of the latter half of the twentieth century alone. We've harnessed atomic energy, gone to the moon, deciphered the genetic code, and wired the world for instantaneous telecommunications. And, as many have noted, the pace of technological change seems to be speeding up all the time.

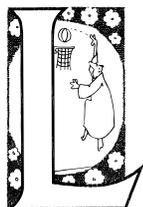
- Seth Shulman, *Owning the Future*, Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, 1999, pp.13-14.

BOOK REVIEW

For all his abundant promise as a young man, Campion, in purely human terms, died in disgrace at the age of 41. His lesser contemporaries, who bowed to the establishment, enjoyed the glittering prizes of the day but are now all but forgotten.'

BOW YOUR HEAD AT TYBURN TREE

Reviewed by Tess Livingstone



LYFORD GRANGE, the manor house and farm where Saint Edmund Campion was captured and arrested on July 17 1581 is a long way off the beaten track. After countless twists and turns we found it on a misty January afternoon last year after driving along seemingly endless lanes, taking pot luck at unmarked forks in the roads and pulling up at quiet villages to puzzle over the map.

Shrouded in silence, the checker board fields, thatched farmhouses

Edmund Campion by Richard Simpson. Revised, edited and enlarged by Father Peter Joseph. Freedom Publishing Australia & Gracewing, \$60.
For copies ring 03 9816 0888

and barns with braces of pheasants hanging from doorways probably looked similar 430 years ago. After traversing the backblocks one thought kept recurring: how visceral the hatred of the Mass and how ruthless the

avarice for advancement that drove local authorities and their hangers-on to pursue Campion and other priests to such remote corners that on horseback, must have felt like the ends of the Earth.

However little or much today's readers know about the scholarly, priestly life of Edmund Campion and his martyrdom at Tyburn on December 1, they will be highly informed and deeply fascinated by his story as it unfolds in this new, definitive biography. As with Archbishop Michael Sheehan's *Apologetics and Catholic Doctrine* a decade ago, Sydney priest and Wagga Seminary lecturer Father Peter Joseph has breathed new life into a classic. He has taken 19th century Oxford scholar Richard Simpson's 1867 publication, expanded it and made it easily accessible to modern audiences. The work is enriched with insights from other Campion biographers, including Evelyn Waugh, but this is much easier reading than Waugh's biography.

Its clear, fast-moving 532 pages (supplemented by an invaluable timeline of Campion's life and an important bibliography of primary sources) fly by. Take this journey and you will never look at familiar places in London in quite the same way again.

Walking up Ludgate Hill towards St Paul's Cathedral in the City you'll think of nearby Paternoster Row, Campion's birthplace, and the nearby streets where he attended school and was selected to address Queen Mary when she visited on her Coronation procession.

Visit Oxford and you'll think of the 26 year-old scholar welcoming Queen Elizabeth I to the university. Looking up at Big Ben you'll remember Campion's superlative arguments in Westminster Hall at his trial for 'treason.'

Let Children be Children

THERE are always constant allusions to the idea of progress, the idea of training people to be reformers, the idea of teaching them to teach something other than what they have learned - some new truth as it is called. This is insanely unsuitable for children. A child wants to know the fixed things, not the shifting ones. He enjoys the sea, not the tides. He enjoys beauty, not fashion. There is no particular point in telling him (at the age of five) to invent a new fashion in hats; if he learns to take his hat off in the drawing room it is as much as can be expected of the poor little brute. He cannot decently be expected to learn to respect humanity (which is often a hard thing to do) and at the same moment to learn to improve it. Yet these programmes of ethical instruction are full of the recurrent idea of novelty, of innovation, of the search after truth. What has a child to do with the search after truth? The most you can ask from a child is that he should tell the truth he does know: not that he should look for the truth he does not.

But in these books and pamphlets, page after page, in a hundred elusive ways, is struck this same note: that the child must be progressive, that he must conceive morality as reform, that he must look for beautiful modern changes - in short that he must teach his grandmother how to suck eggs. Now, I am far from denying that, in the contact between the child and the grandmother, both have a great deal to learn. On the whole, I think the child has more to give the grandmother. But it is the essence of a child that he should give what he has to give unconsciously: it is the essence of a grandmother (it sounds a rather awful substance), it is the essence of a grandmother that she should give it consciously, out of the clear cunning of years. In other words, I do object to the child teaching his grandmother. I do not object to the grandmother learning from the child.

- G.K.Chesterton, *The Illustrated London News*, May 30, 1908.

And swinging around Marble Arch on a double decker bus you'll think of Campion being dragged there along the ground, shackled behind a horse, from the Tower of London where he had been tortured, and being put to death and butchered after affirming loyalty to 'my Queen' Elizabeth and professing 'I die a Catholic.'

Before his capture, as a priest in disguise going about his business of saving souls in London he used to bow his head when he passed the Tyburn Tree in acknowledgement of the Martyrs. More than four centuries later we can feel privileged to do the same at the nearby Tyburn Convent on Bayswater Road. www.tyburnconvent.org.uk

In tracing Campion's journey, the biography makes good use of first hand sources to relate the young Campion's religious change of heart after being ordained an Anglican deacon and taking the oath of Supremacy in Oxford, his time in Ireland writing history, his first pilgrimage to Rome, his two years at the Douay seminary in France, his joining the Society of Jesus and his ordination in Prague. It was there that he had a clear presentiment of his martyrdom, and returned to England on June 25 1580 to minister to persecuted Catholics via a well-developed underground network offering Mass, hearing Confessions and receiving converts.

While some readers will know the bare bones of his story, what brings this narrative alive is the personality of Campion that emerges in various encounters. Arriving undercover at Dover, for instance, he was mistaken for another man being sought by authorities for 'returning for the purpose of propagating Popery.' Campion, we learn, 'stood in a corner, begging the intercession of his patron, St John the Baptist, and most earnestly beseeching Almighty God not to call him from the combat before he had engaged in it, and to grant him but one year to fight the battle of Christ; and at the end of that year, he would not ask reprieve from any chains, crosses or butchery whatsoever.'

His prayer proved extraordinarily prescient.

This biography appears at an auspicious point in the Church history of the English-speaking world, with

Unpicking the Sign of the Cross

CHURCHWARDENS' accounts from all over the country record the process. In 1568 Great St Mary's parish in Cambridge sold off the Eucharistic canopy, the Lenten veil, the censers, an assortment of vestments, two paxes, a holy-water stoup and sprinkler, a processional cross, and thirteen liturgical books "great and small". And at the same time they picked off and sold to a choir-man the image of the Virgin from a blue velvet altar-cloth, "bi the comaundement of the archdeacon". In the same year the Rood-cloth, banners, stoles, cross, and holy-water stoups remaining in St Edmund's, Salisbury, were sold off, while in the following year at Ashburton the wardens sold the Catholic vestments. At Stratton in Cornwall the chalice, Rood-loft, and books went in 1570 and a communion cup was bought. In 1569 the wardens of Ludlow paid "Higges wief" tuppence to unpick the sign of the cross from an altar-cloth which was still in use for the communion table. In the following year they paid fourpence to a workman to break down the stone pedestals on which the images of St Margaret and the Virgin had once stood.

- The Stripping of the Altars: Traditional religion in England 1400-1580, Eamon Duffy, Yale University Press, 1992 p.585.

the Anglican Ordinariates raised by Pope Benedict XVI beginning to take shape. If Catholics, Anglicans or even today's professional atheist 'talking heads' want to come to grips with the conflict between Revealed Truth and secular authority that played out in the English Reformation there is no better place to start than this biography. As Cardinal George Pell said in his foreword, the book might well 'inspire and challenge other Christians to understand more fully the reasons for the turmoil that led to their separation from the Catholic Church' and serve as an 'invitation to reconsider the claims of the See of Peter.'

Too often, regrettably, school students fail to engage with history because it is not well taught and textbooks are dry and dull. This book, in contrast, has all the suspense and excitement of a gripping spy drama, especially the account of Campion's betrayal while visiting Lyford and the account of his pursuers surrounding and searching the manor over several days. The accounts of Campion's tortures in the Tower, where he was visited by his sister, would easily match the drama of *Spooks*.

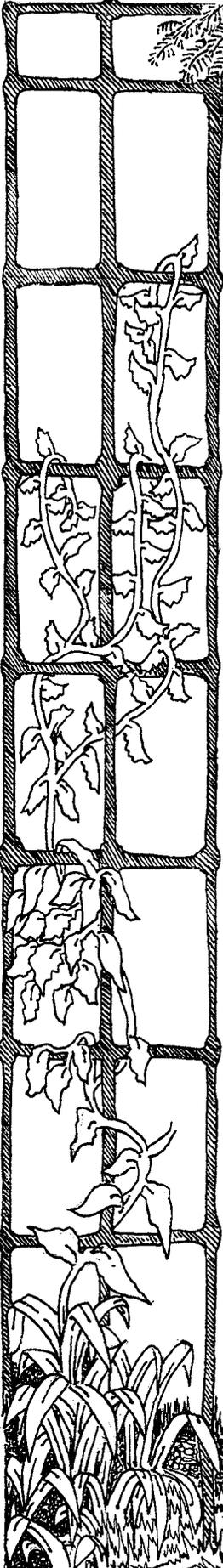
Beyond the human story, the biography also provides a clear perspective on historical events that have shaped our world. While setting

out the religious situation of the time with rigorous accuracy, the logic and moral strength of the Catholic case shine through, not least in Campion's Ten Reasons (or arguments) in favour of the Church's position. (That controversial tome, incidentally, which heightened the determination of authorities to hunt him to the ends of the earth, was, printed initially at Stonor Park, a stately home on an estate 20 miles from Oxford. Its chapel, where Campion offered Mass, welcomes visitors to Sunday morning Mass and is open to the public in the spring and summer. See <http://www.stonor.com/>)

For all his abundant promise as a young man, Campion, in purely human terms, died in disgrace at the age of 41. His lesser contemporaries, who bowed to the establishment, enjoyed the glittering prizes of the day but are now all but forgotten.

For good reason, Father Peter Joseph regards Campion as a great hero. In an era where the pursuit of material rewards and success often seem more important than the pursuit of Divine Grace, Campion had much to teach us. This account does justice to his brave, adventurous and generous life.

Tess Livingstone is a Leader writer and senior journalist for The Australian. She is the biographer of Cardinal George Pell, and the author and editor of nine other books.



A FISHY TALE INVOLVING ST PETER

By Jack Sobb

IT WAS just past sunrise – a lonely beach; I was alone; fishing the surf. Thirty minutes had gone by without a nibble. No expertise admitted – no excuse, with best bait and new fishing gear from Father Christmas!

I was nevertheless very contented, enjoying myself as I stood barefoot at the water's edge and in the exhilarating sea air.

No one to hear, I sang all my favourite hymns and began thinking – about God – about the vastness of the sea – about the millions of fish out there – then about St. Peter -Yes!

St Peter was a fisherman. And I believe in the communion of saints – why not! Then a serious appeal, 'St. Peter, I call to you; please help me catch fish.' Surely you know how it is!

It was just ten minutes later. It happened. My heart leapt. It was a hull-uva tug; it was on.

I reeled-in madly, got the fish right up to my feet; it was almost as long as my arm.

With pounding heart I bent down to grab it – the line of course slackened, and off it went!

No panic. I took one step forward for a quick grasp, but a rotten little wave came in and the fish uprighted itself and then, in dismay, I watched it swim away! Later I realised I should have walked backwards and pulled it up onto the beach.

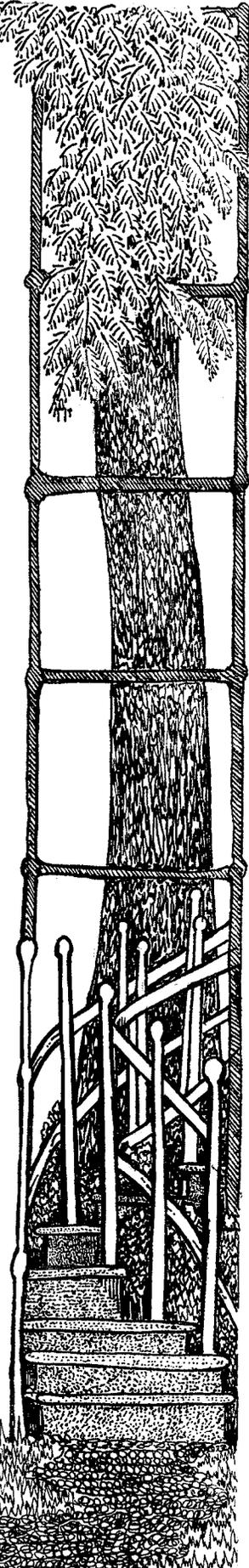
As it swam off I heard myself saying almost in disbelief – 'the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away!' Or was that St. Peter speaking through me?

Next time my prayer will be 'Please Peter, help me catch and land a fish'.

Deo Gratias for the exciting experience.

Jack Sobb's parents were Maronite Catholics who came from Lebanon in 1896. An earlier article in *Annals* described the life of his emigrant parents and their Australian-born children.

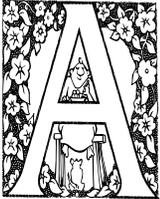
His sister, Ada Sobb, was my mother's god-mother when she was received into the Catholic Church as a young woman in the 1920s. – Ed. *Annals*.



Puzzling happenings in a world allegedly governed only by material and physical laws

WHO WROTE ON THE SLATE?

By Leslie Rumble MSC



AN ASTONISHING story is told by Robert Dale Owens in his book *Footfalls on the Boundary of Another World*. He transcribed it from *The Memoirs of Sir Robert*

Bruce, a descendant of the Scottish family of that name.

It is not necessary, however, to look to another world for the explanation of the seeming miracle as Owens imagined, although such a possibility cannot be absolutely excluded.

In the year 1828, Robert Bruce, then thirty years of age, was first mate on board a sailing ship bound for America. They were nearing the Bank of Newfoundland, and the mate was sitting in the captain's cabin at noon (note the time) working at calculations to determine the ship's position.

Suddenly he looked up, saw a complete stranger sitting in the captain's chair writing on a slate, and almost ran from the cabin in his fear to inform the captain on deck.

'You must be going crazy, Mr Bruce,' the captain said. 'We are six weeks out. There are no strangers on this ship.'

But Bruce was so insistent that the captain returned with him to the cabin, only to find nobody there.

'You were dreaming, Mr Bruce,' said the captain; but the mate obstinately answered: 'I tell you, Sir, that I saw the man writing on your slate.'

'If so,' the captain replied, 'what he wrote should be there still.' He took up the slate. Written upon it were the words: '*Steer to the nor'west.*'

The captain sat down at his desk in deep thought. Then suddenly he turned the slate over and said: 'Mr Bruce, write down "*Steer to the nor'west*".' The mate complied. There was no resemblance between the handwritings. Every man on the ship was called in turn and told to write the sentence. Not one of the various

scripts was anything like the mysterious writing.

'Mr Bruce, give the course nor'west,' ordered the captain, 'and put a reliable man as look-out aloft.'

Just three hours later the look-out reported an ice-berg ahead, with a dismasted ship frozen to its base. When they were near enough, boats were lowered and sent to bring off passengers and crew who could be seen clearly on the deck of the stranded wreck.

The vessel proved to be one bound from Quebec to Liverpool. She had been badly crushed, and frozen in the ice for several weeks. All her provisions were gone and all on board had lost hope of being rescued.

As one of the men in the third boat-load from the wreck ascended the ship's side, Robert Bruce started back in consternation. *It was the man he had seen writing on the slate in the captain's cabin.*

Family Traditions

A LITTLE girl asked her mother, 'How did the human race appear?' The mother answered, 'God made Adam and Eve and they had children and so was all mankind made.'

Two days later the girl asked her father the same question. The father answered, 'Many years ago there were monkeys from which the human race evolved.'

The confused girl returned to her mother and said, 'Mom how is it possible that you told me the human race was created by God, and Dad said they developed from monkeys?'

The mother answered, 'Well, dear, it is very simple. I told you about my side of the family and your father told you about his.'

As soon as the famished castaways had been fed, the mate took the captain aside.

'It seems it was no ghost I saw today at noon, Sir. The man's just come aboard from the wreck.'

'What do you mean?'

'One of the passengers we have just saved is the same man I saw writing on your slate. I would swear to that in court of law.'

'Upon my word, Mr Bruce, this is most singular. Bring him to my cabin.'

The captain went to the cabin, and a few moments later the mate entered with the rescued passenger and the captain of the wrecked, ship also.

'I hope, Sir, you will not think I am trifling with you,' said the captain, addressing the passenger, 'but I would be much obliged if you would write on that slate the words "*Steer to the nor'west*".'

He held out the slate with the side on which the original writing had been preserved facing downwards.

The passenger, obviously puzzled by the request, complied with a smile. The captain turned away, examined the writing, reversed the slate, and, turning once more, confronted the passenger with the original inscription.

'You say that is your handwriting?'

'You just saw me write it.'

'And that?' said the captain, reversing the slate.

The man looked quite bewildered. 'What is the meaning of this?' he asked. 'I wrote only one of those. Who wrote the other?'

'Mr Bruce the mate, says you did, sitting at my desk at noon today.'

Here the captain of the wrecked ship interjected, addressing the passenger. 'Tell me,' he said, 'did you dream that you wrote it?'

'No, Sir.'

'This is extraordinary,' said the rescued captain. 'This gentleman,' he explained to the assembled company, indicating the passenger, 'lapsed into unconsciousness

Liberty not Democracy

THE ENGLISH political system has in fact always been based on the ideal of Liberty rather than on that of Democracy; on the rights of the subject rather than on the Sovereignty of the People. And hence it involves a certain division of powers and a balance of conflicting interests which is entirely alien to the Socialist mentality. In our parliamentary system the conflict of parties is only a relative one, and the parties themselves are not political ultimates. They are parts of a greater whole. It is not their function to destroy their political opponents, for if they did so they would destroy their own *raison d'être*.

Socialism, however, by importing the Marxian concept of class war into political life changes this limited constitutional contest into an absolute and unlimited one. It regards the other parties not as rivals and partners in the fulfilment of a common task, but as the tools of sinister economic interests which have no right to exist. There is no common unity which all parties unite in serving, for the conflict is not a mere political one, it is also economic and moral, and involves the transformation of the whole social structure.

Thus pure Socialism of the Marxian type is incompatible with the parliamentary system as it exists in this country, while constitutional Socialism which wholeheartedly accepts the parliamentary system is incompatible with the official creed and philosophy of modern Socialism. This is the dilemma of the Labour Party a dilemma which it has never fully faced.

- Christopher Dawson, *Religion and the Modern State*, London, Sheed and Ward, 1935, p.32.

about noon, apparently worn out by exhaustion. He came round after an hour and said:

“We shall be relieved this very day.”

“When I asked him how he knew, he said he dreamed he was on board another ship which was coming to our rescue.

“He described her appearance and rig, but we did not put much faith in what he said. The moment your ship was sighted, however, we saw that it fitted his description exactly.

“You say,” he added, turning to the passenger, “that you did not dream of writing on this slate?”

“I have no recollection that that was part of my dream. I got only the impression that I was on board a ship that was coming to rescue us; and now that I am on board every single thing is familiar to me, although I am quite sure I was never in this ship before.”

The discussion continued, but fruitlessly. No further light on the subject was forthcoming, and all agreed simply that everything had been arranged, in some mysterious way, by an overruling Providence for the saving of the castaways.

The first thought that comes to one’s mind on reading the above narrative is that the whole story is posterous and

impossible. But preconceived ideas must give way to facts, if indeed they are facts. What *has* happened, *can* happen.

The only first-hand documentary evidence for the facts in this case is, as I mentioned above, that contained in *The Memoirs of Sir Robert Bruce*.

But confirmation of his reliability and integrity exists in a declaration to Owens by Captain J.S. Clarke, of the ship *Julia Hallock*, with whom Mr Bruce sailed as first mate for seventeen months during the whole of 1836 and half of 1837.

Captain Clarke declared that Bruce ‘was as truthful and straight-forward a man as ever I met in my life.’

Bruce had told him the story over and over again, with never a variation; always speaking of it with reverence as a merciful act of God. ‘I’d stake my life upon it,’ said Clarke, ‘that he told me no lie.’

Scientific experts examined the account in England; and also such outstanding men in France as M. Pierart and M. Des Mousseaux. All felt compelled to admit that the phenomenon was not impossible, that they could find no reason for doubting the evidence, but also that they could not explain it.

What, then, granted its truth, *is* the explanation.

Father W.R. Harris, in his *Essays in Occultism*, pp.131-2, believes that either

angels or devils were responsible for the man’s apparent bi-location and writing on the slate, leaving it an open question as to what type of spirit-agent was at work.

But there was nothing to suggest an evil spirit’s work. There is no reason why devils should do such acts of kindness. If the devil sometimes masquerades as an ‘angel of light,’ it is always for some nefarious purpose, here obviously absent.

On Father Harris’s hypothesis, we would have to hold that a good angel was appointed by God to perform such an act of mercy. But in that case there would be no reason why the passenger involved should have lapsed into unconsciousness at noon and have the strange experience of being on board the rescuing ship, so vividly recognising it later.

It is impossible to escape the conviction that there was *some* connection between the passengers and the apparition and slate-writing – in his own hand – to which Mr Bruce testified.

Abbot Wiesinger, O.C.S.O., in his book *Occult Phenomena in the Light of Theology*, holds the theory that the human soul, not being totally immersed in the material body, preserves some remnants, as it were, of the preternatural gifts possessed by our first parents before the Fall.

Some people, he maintains, in virtue of these vestigial powers or ‘remnants,’ are able at times to act independently of our ordinary space-time conditions, as do pure spirits or angels.

On that theory, Abbot Wiesinger would hold that the passenger’s lapse from consciousness enabled his subconscious mind and will both to ‘see’ clairvoyantly what was going to happen, and to act as if distance did not exist, causing both the ‘materialisation’ seen by Mr Bruce, and also the writing on the slate – the whole episode being, of course, in accordance with an altogether special act of God’s Providence.

It is all very mysterious; and I’m afraid we must leave it at that.

DR LESLIE RUMBLE, MSC was, in his day, one of the most widely-known Catholic priests in the English-speaking world. His two-volume *Radio Replies* sold many millions of copies world-wide, as did his numerous pamphlets on aspects of Catholic faith and doctrine and on various non-Catholic Churches and sects. He died in 1975. In response to many requests we print the tenth of his fourteen articles on psychic phenomena which first appeared in *Annals* in 1958. The remaining articles will appear in subsequent issues. *Next month*: ‘You will remember Nothing of This.’

CATHOLICS AT LORDS

By Paul Stenhouse



AS A relative much removed of Victor Trumper, your editor claims the right occasionally to write something about cricket. And lest readers should wonder what cricket has to do with Catholicism, I should like to point out that cricket was first played in the middle ages under the name of 'cup-ball,' the earliest of pictures drawn of a cricket match is dated 1344 and is in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. It represents monks, some with their cowls up and some with their cowls down. A monk with cowl thrown back is bowling to another monk with cowl on head, ready to hit the ball.

It was once thought that the word 'cricket' first appears in a MS dated 1550 concerning the enclosure of some land by John Parrish an innkeeper of Guildford. But it appears now that the word in question is 'quoits' not 'cricket'.

So we have to wait until 1650, to find the word in a school report of a youth named Thomas Ken, born thirteen years before, in 1637, of whom it is said, 'On the fifth day' our junior is found attempting to wield a cricket bat'. Thomas grew up to be the saintly Bishop Ken who refused to take the oath of allegiance to William of Orange, and was deprived of his bishopric and died in 1711.

Lords recalls a courageous Catholic, Thomas Lord, who because of the penal laws against Catholics gave up trying to hold on to his land, and engaged himself as a professional bowler to a group of gentlemen and noblemen - Lord Winchelsea, Sir Horace Mann, Lord Strathaven and others, who formed the White Conduit Club which played 'rickett' in White Conduit Fields.

In 1789 there was a dispute among the members. Lord was asked to find a new club for one of the factions, and he chose some land in Dorset Square which he called the Marylebone Cricket Club.

The name is as Catholic as the members - Mary-le-Bone is a corruption of St-Mary-at-the-Bourne (Brook) - and in 1811 Thomas Lord moved his club to the place where South Bank, Regents Park now stands. In 1814 he moved it again to its present home in St John's Wood Rd.

Among the proprietors of Lords was a certain Mr William Ward, not a Catholic himself but destined to be ancestor to many illustrious Catholics, including Maisie Ward, wife of F.J. Sheed, of Sheed and Ward Publishers. It was to Ward that John Nyren, the most famous of all writers on cricket, dedicated his book, *The Young Cricketer's tutor* etc (the title goes on for six lines). Nyren too was a Catholic, the son of a Jacobite of the '45 rebellion.

In those days the pitch upon which the match was played was not selected until the teams had assembled. It was held to be a great test of captaincy to make the selection that best suited the bowlers. This was called 'making a match'.

'... where beautiful liturgy combined with Chestertonian good fellowship to produce an engagement with the world rare in the modern Church'

FATHER KIT'S MAGIC KINGDOM

By Patrick Heren

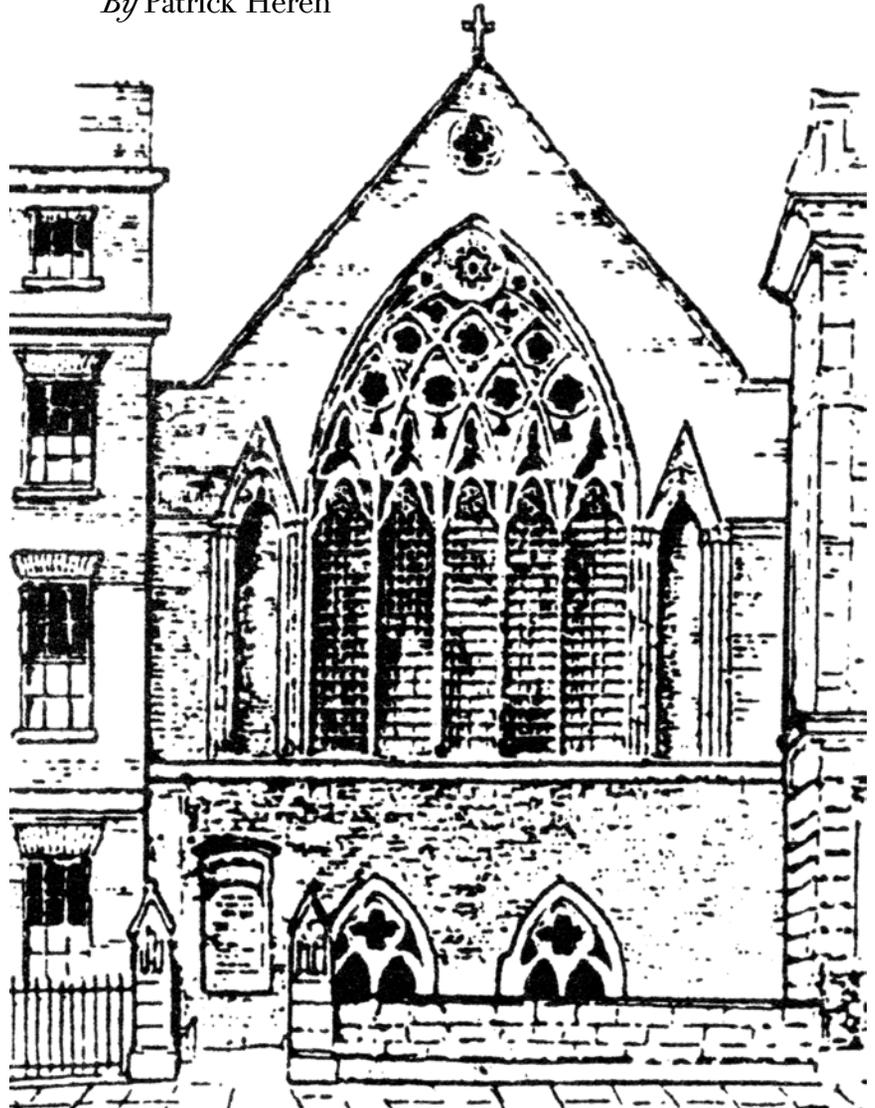


R KIT CUNNINGHAM MBE was an English Catholic priest who created, at St Etheldreda's, Ely Place, a sort of magic kingdom where beautiful liturgy combined with Chestertonian good fellowship to produce an engagement with the world rare in the modern Church.

Cunningham, who has died aged 79, was a robust, sometimes pugnacious man whose ordination surprised many who knew him. A member of the Rosminian Order, he had knocked about a bit, spending a decade in Tanzania and some years as prison chaplain at Wandsworth and Brixton, before arriving at Ely Place, the Rosminians' London base, in the late seventies.

This charming medieval chapel, off Holborn Circus, had few resident parishioners and offered few opportunities to a zealous priest, especially in the drab and declining post-Conciliar Church.

The new rector saw that St Etheldreda's history and location could, with energy and imagination, be turned to good effect. The building, originally the palace chapel of the bishops of Ely, was the only pre-Reformation London church in Catholic hands, having been purchased by the Rosminians in 1873.



St Etheldreda's Chapel, built c. 1250



Father Kit Cunningham, 1931 - 2010

Fr Kit brought out the connection with penal times by placing in the nave eight striking statues of local Catholic martyrs, ranging from a Thames waterman to a lady-in-waiting.

Of traditional views but modern outlook, Cunningham saw that the English faithful – whose ancestors had died for hearing Mass – were starved of decent liturgy. He built up the choir to professional standards, and the

Latin High Mass on Sunday attracted a following from across London.

Part of the attraction was the preaching of Fr Jean Charles-Roux, the son of Petain's ambassador to the Holy See, who resided at the presbytery in Ely Place. Charles-Roux was an extreme traditionalist, but also learned and humorous. He and Cunningham made an extraordinary double act, the Frenchman's pale elegance contrasting

ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

Australia's favourite Catholic magazine since 1889

Give yourself and your family a treat
Subscribe to *Annals Australasia*
The best gift you can give yourself

RATE WITHIN AUSTRALIA

\$33 for one year [10 issues – incl. GST]
\$60.50 for two years [20 issues – incl. GST]

ORDER FORM

To: *Annals Australasia* P.O. Box 13, Kensington NSW 2033
Please mail us *Annals Australasia* for 1 year 2 years

Name

Address

..... Postcode.....

Phone: ()

Payment [Please tick appropriate box]

- Cheque made payable to *Annals Australasia*
- Please accept \$..... as a donation to *Annals Australasia*
- Please debit my Visa/Master A/c with \$.....

Signature Card expiry Date.....

Name [block letters]

with the rector's sturdy frame and ruddy complexion.

Fr Kit was equally concerned to meet the needs of office workers, with a weekday lunchtime Mass lasting only 20 minutes, an example of his practical understanding. He also set up a pantry in the church cloister to cater for their bodily needs.

Assisted by the choir, Cunningham made Ely Place a prime Catholic wedding venue, often conducting two or more on summer Saturdays. The event was always genial as well as magnificent. Perhaps his greatest moment came just after 9/11, when he was due to marry two Americans working in the City whose families had been prevented from flying to London

He overcame the problem with the help of mobile phones patched through to several American cities, via which he maintained a running commentary.

Convivial, sociable and immensely interested in the world, he entertained generously in his early Georgian presbytery. Fleet Street was on his doorstep, and many leading journalists, writers, artists and politicians enjoyed boisterous meals around Elgar's dining table.

Cunningham had strong views on the hierarchy – but he was not disloyal. Indeed for 20 years he voluntarily produced a monthly newspaper, the Westminster Gazette, which dealt accessibly and

entertainingly with the affairs of the Archdiocese.

But it was in his dealings with the secular world that Fr Kit's creative genius came to the fore. In the early eighties he formed an alliance with Progressive Tours, the Communist Party's holiday company, and embarked on a series of uproarious coach holidays, with friends and parishioners, around the Christian sites of Eastern Europe. A tour generally involved Fr Kit goading the communist authorities as well as visiting neglected churches.

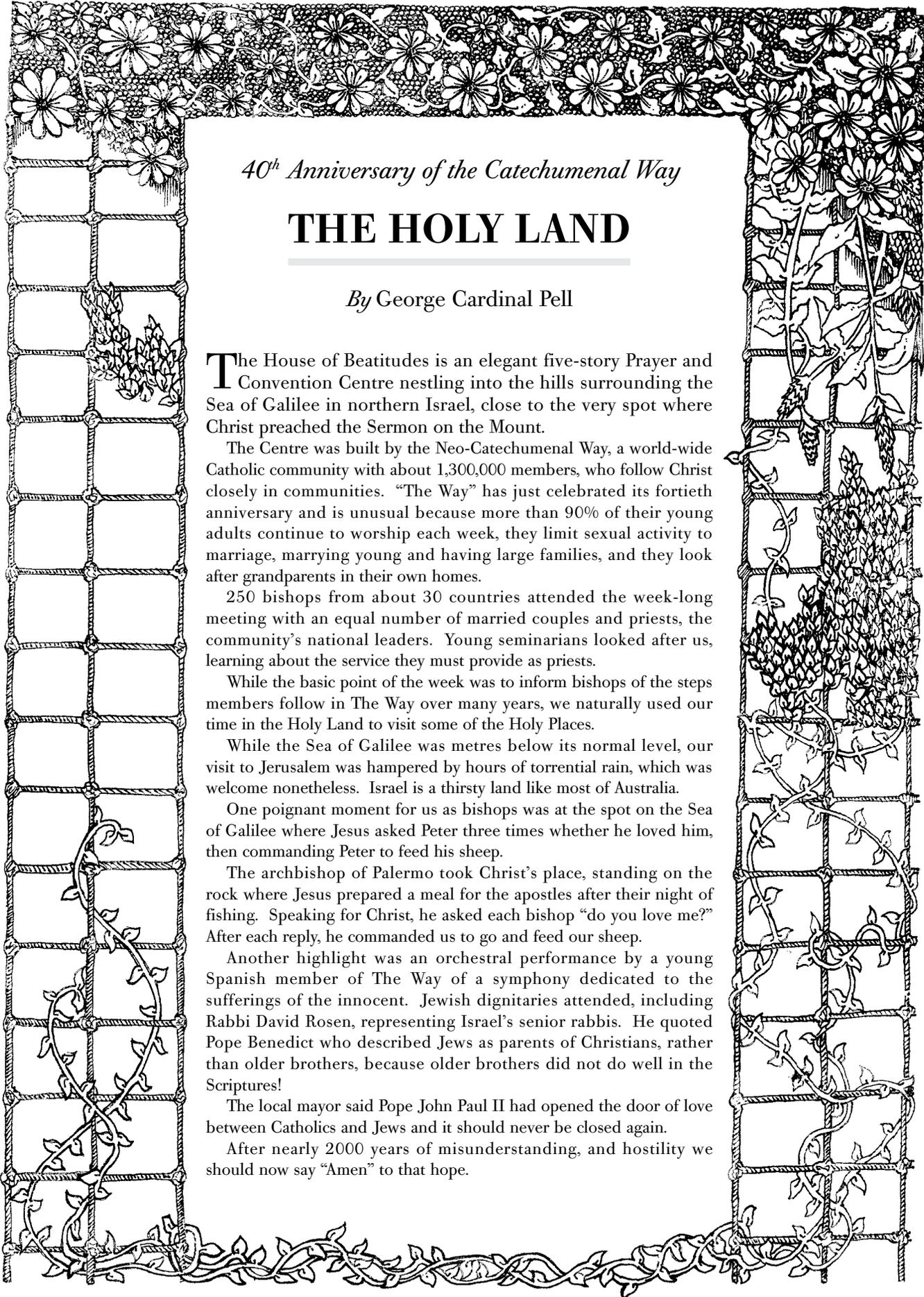
Another unlikely joint venture was with the neighbouring *Bleeding Heart*, an upmarket restaurant which catered events in the Ely Place crypt hired out to the likes of Goldman Sachs.

Inspired by the lines in Shakespeare's *Richard III* addressed to the bishop of Ely – "When I was last in Holborn, I saw good strawberries in your garden there" -Cunningham browbeat the hard-faced commercial tenants of Ely Place into supporting a summer festival. The Strawberry Fayre ran for two decades and raised large sums for charity, recognised by the award of his MBE.

Always available to friend and stranger alike, Cunningham performed innumerable acts of kindness and mercy. Immensely human and fallible, he yet made the faith seem concrete. By example, argument and, above all, good humour, Fr Kit showed that when Jesus said He had come to call publicans and sinners, He meant it. *Requiescat in pace.*

Reprinted with permission from Standpoint, Jan-Feb 2011

ST ETHELDREDA'S in Ely Place, London is the only pre-Reformation Catholic Church restored to Catholic hands and Catholic worship after being purchased by Rosminian priests in 1873. After the Reformation it was, for a brief time, attached to the Spanish Embassy. During the Civil War the Puritan Roundheads used it as a stable. Later on it became a Welsh Episcopalian Church. It was being used as a factory when it was acquired by the Rosminians. The Great Fire of 1660 destroyed much of London, including the original St Paul's Cathedral, and much else of London's Catholic heritage. It stopped across the road from Ely Place, and St Etheldreda's was spared.



40th Anniversary of the Catechumenal Way

THE HOLY LAND

By George Cardinal Pell

The House of Beatitudes is an elegant five-story Prayer and Convention Centre nestling into the hills surrounding the Sea of Galilee in northern Israel, close to the very spot where Christ preached the Sermon on the Mount.

The Centre was built by the Neo-Catechumenal Way, a world-wide Catholic community with about 1,300,000 members, who follow Christ closely in communities. "The Way" has just celebrated its fortieth anniversary and is unusual because more than 90% of their young adults continue to worship each week, they limit sexual activity to marriage, marrying young and having large families, and they look after grandparents in their own homes.

250 bishops from about 30 countries attended the week-long meeting with an equal number of married couples and priests, the community's national leaders. Young seminarians looked after us, learning about the service they must provide as priests.

While the basic point of the week was to inform bishops of the steps members follow in The Way over many years, we naturally used our time in the Holy Land to visit some of the Holy Places.

While the Sea of Galilee was metres below its normal level, our visit to Jerusalem was hampered by hours of torrential rain, which was welcome nonetheless. Israel is a thirsty land like most of Australia.

One poignant moment for us as bishops was at the spot on the Sea of Galilee where Jesus asked Peter three times whether he loved him, then commanding Peter to feed his sheep.

The archbishop of Palermo took Christ's place, standing on the rock where Jesus prepared a meal for the apostles after their night of fishing. Speaking for Christ, he asked each bishop "do you love me?" After each reply, he commanded us to go and feed our sheep.

Another highlight was an orchestral performance by a young Spanish member of The Way of a symphony dedicated to the sufferings of the innocent. Jewish dignitaries attended, including Rabbi David Rosen, representing Israel's senior rabbis. He quoted Pope Benedict who described Jews as parents of Christians, rather than older brothers, because older brothers did not do well in the Scriptures!

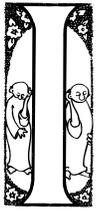
The local mayor said Pope John Paul II had opened the door of love between Catholics and Jews and it should never be closed again.

After nearly 2000 years of misunderstanding, and hostility we should now say "Amen" to that hope.

Learning what Green politics is really about the hard way

ECOLOGICAL MARXISM AND OTHER DELIGHTS

By Giles Auty



IN MY HOUSEHOLD at least, the calming and largely optimistic messages broadcast by national and international leaders on the occasion of the New Year coincided closely with the arrival of the January/February edition of *Quadrant* in my letterbox.

While it was natural and probably admirable for Australia's current prime minister to sound upbeat as the fireworks whizzed and crackled in the night sky, how sanguine should we be in the Western world in general and in Australia in particular about the present and future health of our civilisations?

While it is our national boast that we have weathered the Global Financial Crisis here better than in any other developed country, our economic condition is of course just one of a number of factors which will determine our national well-being in the future.

Annals aside, *Quadrant* is in my view by some lengths the most intelligent, informative and well-argued publication in Australian life and the current issue is certainly not short of warnings about a number of rapidly growing threats to the kind of Australia many once thought that they knew.

Would it be impolite to wonder what your personal impression is of so-called Green politics and politicians?

Do you think, for example, that its more fervent supporters tend to be young, often well-meaning cranks, who are simply more concerned than a majority of us, with the sustainability of our fragile planet?

If that is, indeed, your considered view then you are probably one of a great host of Australians who include large numbers of Catholics and other Christians who seem destined to learn

what Green politics is really about the hard way.

In an article in the current *Quadrant* called *Revolutionary Ambitions of the Greens* by the Hon. Kevin Andrews, the latter paints Green politics in a less than rosy light largely by quoting directly from Green sources and literature.

Like others from the militant Left side of politics – communists and ex-communists especially – it soon becomes very clear that our Greens are no friends at all to some of the most fundamental as well as vital Christian beliefs.

Andrews quotes former leader of the Builders Labourers Federation Jack Munday who was instrumental in the development of Green politics in Australia as seeing Green politics as “ecological Marxism”. That is not just because considerations of the environment or ecology must be placed before all else according to him but because such ideological-sounding causes should be pursued *where necessary by totalitarian means*.

As Andrews aptly remarks: “The Greens’ belief in their ecological *nirvana* manifests itself in a new coercive utopianism: unless we

understand the ideological foundations of the Greens, we will fail effectively to address the challenge of their revolution. We will be left debating instrumental outcomes, as if they are based on the same cultural and philosophical foundations that underpin Western civilisation. What the Greens present is the cutting edge of a clash within Western civilisation itself.”

Those of us with long memories may recall other examples of ‘coercive utopianism’ in action and be none too keen to witness any revival of that type of thing.

In the meantime Green beliefs part company with Christian ethics on a wide range of highly specific issues: euthanasia, assisted suicide, gay marriage, decriminalisation of drug use and legalisation of prostitution to name just a few. They also deviate from the base principles of democratic capitalism over such an absolutely fundamental issue as private ownership of property and resources.

If you find that knowledge of such core issues unsettles you, here is another charming item to add to your list.

Quoting from Andrews again: “The Greens want to restrict non-government education. They argue for the reduction in ‘the total level of Commonwealth funding for private schools to 2003-4 levels’. This would immediately cut funding by \$427 million per year to Catholic schools alone. They have also stated that they will place limits on the number of new private schools, and that anti-discrimination laws will be used to prevent Christian schools from giving priority to practising Christians when employing teachers.”

In a word, should we all continue to view Greens – with typical Christian charity – simply as well-meaning cranks, or should we recognise them



as the enemies they are and begin to realise at last what kind of threat they pose to familiar life not just in Australia but throughout the rest of the civilised world?

I should stress I do not take basic issue here with the desirability of looking after our planet but wonder here what precise role gay marriage, say, might play in achieving that?

In Australia many of the programs advocated by the Greens not only lack sense but – even more damagingly – any sense of proportion.

Why then are the Greens collectively so hostile to the idea of Catholics teaching within Catholic schools?

What incenses Greens is the idea that they cannot – as they certainly should not – control everything and stipulate to the rest of us exactly how we have to behave. Do you detect here the familiar whiff – or stench – of communist politics?

With the worldwide collapse of communism 20 years ago, many of its more avid proponents in Western countries simply took a smart step sideways and have reappeared now conveniently re-badged as Green ideologists. The kind of ideologists, in fact, who will not hesitate – as stated earlier – to pursue their particular causes by totalitarian means.

Might that have some connection with the inherent weakness of their arguments?

Those who, by contrast, believe in democracy, see use of reason and intelligence as the proper and preferable means of trying to achieve their ends.

One such is Cardinal George Pell who quotes Archbishop Mannix who apparently claimed that “a man had a right to be foolish if he thinks it wise”.

One may hope here that many of the younger Green voters in Australia will eventually grow up as they begin to attain an adult grasp of the implications of some of their more bizarre policies.

I fear that is about the best we can hope for them.

CILES AUTY was born in the UK and trained privately as a painter. He worked professionally as an artist for 20 years. Publication of his *The Art of Self Deception* swung his career towards criticism. He was art critic for *The Spectator* from 1984 to 1995. He continues to devote himself to his original love – painting. He is a regular contributor to *Annals*.

DONATIONS RECEIVED

LAST FOR 2010

Our sincerest thanks to the many subscribers to *Annals Australia*, who very generously send a small donation along with their annual renewal – this assists in defraying the heavy costs incurred in producing our magazine.

– Editor, *Annals*

4341 MRS G CRANE	\$4.00	2146 DR DAVID DAINTREE	\$117.00
3135 MR JOHN WRIGHT	\$17.00	2000 PETER M STRAIN	\$33.00
2300 GERARD MOLLOY	\$17.00	2047 MR ALAN GILL	\$33.00
6232 MATTHEW MONISSE	\$3.00	2075 MRS H STEWART	\$20.00
2605 MRS M.J.MENTZ	\$17.00	2430 MR HENRY SOWA	\$2.35
4123 AILSA BANKS	\$33.00	3084 MR MICHAEL SPENCE	\$7.00
2612 MR BILL MASON	\$17.00	6014 K O'BRIEN	\$34.00
4215 DE LA SALLE BROTHERS		2076 MR & MRS P MACMILLAN	\$17.00
COMMUNITY	\$67.00	2290 MR G F HOPPE	\$34.00
2614 MRS M O'SULLIVAN	\$14.00	2615 MR R BERGSMA	\$17.00
2071 MR GL CANNON	\$17.00	2747 MR F W HILL	\$43.00
2221 MISS M RATCLIFFE	\$7.00	2143 MISS JENNY MICHAEL	\$39.50
3134 MR & MRS J B LOBO	\$17.00	3186 MR GERALD MERCER	\$25.00
FR RICHARD O'ROURKE		2602 MRS J C DILLON	\$50.00
MSC	\$100.00	2017 MR F DONAGHY	\$20.00
4020 MR J JONES	\$17.00	6018 MR & MRS J ELLIS	\$17.00
2060 MR PAUL TAYLOR	\$33.00	4005 MRS CARMEL M BURKE	\$4.00
2131 MRS J MARSHALL	\$10.00	2525 MR T MELOUNEY	\$9.00
2036 MR J TROTTER	\$10.00	3102 HELEN GOODE	\$17.00
3371 MRS E M ARUNDELL	\$4.00	2602 MS CARMEL FORD	\$24.00
2049 MR JOHN BLATTMAN	\$66.00	2229 REV K A BAYADA	\$33.00
2101 MR & MRS B T MCNAMARA	\$4.00	2033 MRS L SONEGO	\$7.00
6901 REV FR GORDON H BENNETT	\$26.00	2720 MRS L JONES	\$33.00
2063 MR & MRS KEVIN KOK	\$17.00	7010 MR R MOCHRIE	\$4.00
4124 DR A GANENDRAN	\$50.00	2617 MRS E J GALLAGHER	\$14.00
2112 MRS A M MCNAMARA	\$14.00	6025 TERESA FITZPATRICK	\$33.00
3149 MS CHRISTINA WARREN	\$33.00	MRS EVELYN MAROULIS	\$160.00
2046 MRS E OMMUNDSON	\$4.00	3175 ANONYMOUS	\$17.00
2153 MICHAEL & BARBARA		2365 MRS MARYANNE HILL	\$34.00
STENNING	\$7.00	2256 MRS P POWELL	\$30.00
2171 MR G J LIVERSEDGE	\$34.00	2260 MRS K BROWN	\$26.00
2120 MR K WALKER	\$17.00	2251 MR R J HARRIS	\$24.00
2076 MR IAN GIBSON	\$67.00	2062 MRS J E DEVINE	\$3.00
4701 MR & MRS M J LITTLETON	\$17.00	4034 MRS RACHAEL HOWARD	\$50.00
2155 PAUL & CHRISTINE DE STOOP	\$7.00	3104 MR J COSGRAVE	\$100.00
2536 MRS D WAITE	\$34.00	2071 RUTH WARING	\$27.00
2035 MR J J REEMST	\$4.00	4304 MR G THIELE	\$24.00
4213 BRIAN DUNLEA	\$9.00	2602 MR KEITH P VERRILLS	\$19.50
2162 MR H T BURSLE	\$17.00	2226 MR LINDSAY HARRIS	\$150.00
2143 MRS F OLIVEIRO	\$14.00		
2063 L & M FORMBY	\$10.00	TOTAL:	\$2,206.35

Please assist us by introducing *Annals* to relatives and friends.
We need your support and we need new subscribers.
Annals has the answer! Try it.

LIBERAL ARTS, AND HOW THE SAXONS TRIED TO SAVE OUR LANGUAGE

By Paul Stenhouse, MSC



ANY ANNALS readers would be aware that Australia's first 'Liberal Arts' Tertiary Institute – *Campion College* –

is Catholic. It is situated in Sydney's demographic centre, within the diocese of Parramatta, at Toongabbie, in a former seminary of the Marist Fathers.

Its patron is the English scholar and Jesuit martyr St Edmund Campion [1540-1581].

Those perplexed by the term 'Liberal' Arts [are all the others 'illiberal?'] can turn for help to Lucius Annaeus Seneca [4 BC – 65 AD], the playwright, philosopher and tutor to the young future emperor Nero.

Seneca discusses the 'liberal arts,' and liberal studies in his correspondence¹ with Lucilius who was governor of Sicily in the time of Nero. Liberal Arts, he explains, are studies whose purpose is not to enable the student to make money. They are called 'liberal' because they are fitting subjects for a 'free man' – 'liber' in Latin. In

fact, he says, they are designed to *make* whoever studies them, *free*.

The adjective 'Liberal' much flung around these days [Latin 'liberalis'] derives from the same root, and means pertaining to the condition of a free, noble-minded, gracious or kind person. Nero must have failed this part of the course badly as he mean-mindedly repaid his tutor's efforts to educate him by obliging him to commit suicide.

Studies engaged in for the sake of earning a living can, nevertheless, be useful, Seneca says, *provided they prepare the mind for deeper realities, and don't totally absorb the students' interest*.² What Seneca would say about Blogs, Face Book, Play Stations, iPads and Computer Games one can only speculate.

There were seven 'Liberal Arts' in ancient times [Campion College has more] and right through the Middle Ages almost to the nineteenth century these were as follows: *Latin and Greek Grammar, Rhetoric* or *The Art of Communicating and Dialectic* or *Logic* [known as the *Trivium* or 'The Three Ways to higher learning'] and *Arithmetic, Geometry, Music* and *Astronomy* [known

as the *Quadrivium* or 'The Four Ways to Higher Learning'].³

The words *Trivium* and *Quadrivium* originally referred to crossroads – places where three or four roads met. Our word 'trivial' comes from 'trivium' – because such intersections of three roads existed everywhere, and were commonplace. Today, regrettably, 'trivial' has been downgraded to mean something much more dismissive than 'commonplace'.

Marcus Tullius Cicero [106-43 BC] offered what I take to be a slightly varied list of subjects for the *Quadrivium*, viz.: geometry, literature especially poetry, natural science, ethics and politics.⁴

'Arts,' it should be noted, do not refer to what we today call 'art' [Latin 'ars'] but rather means branches of a learning that is acquired with difficulty. The term is derived from the Latin participle 'ar[c]tus' [from 'arceo'] meaning 'constrained,' in the sense that the learning is 'constrained' by certain rules, discipline, and difficulties.

Cardinal Newman would feel at home with Campion. He declared in his *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, that 'there is no medium, in true philosophy, between Atheism and Catholicity ... a perfectly consistent mind, under those circumstances in which it finds itself here below, must embrace either the one or the other'.⁵

Campion is a true University College, offering degrees in the Liberal Arts. To acquire State recognition it has been for some years 'mentored' by the University of Sydney.

This term 'mentor' is a happy one for a *Liberal Arts College*. It was originally a person's name. *Mentor*, in Greek legend, was the counsellor of the son of Ulysses. According to the legend Mentor helped the young Telemachus search for his father who had gone to the Trojan war and failed to return. The

Benefits of New Technology

THERE ARE MANY [benefits to today's technology revolution]. Anyone familiar with children who have Down syndrome — or other people with physical or developmental challenges — soon sees that technology can have a transforming effect on the way they learn and communicate... Moreover, despite today's information overload, we should acknowledge that the new communication tools have increased public discussion and access to knowledge in dozens of ways... Finally, we can't overlook the fact that some elements of this revolution have the capacity for genuine beauty. Da Vinci and Michelangelo used oil and brushes. Today those brushes are software programs... and the preferred canvas is charged electrons. But the results — ingenious beauty — can often be the same...

- Charles J. Archbishop Chaput, *Deus ex Machina: How to Think About Technology*, *Crisis Magazine*, (Oct. 1998).

name has entered our language as a term for a tutor, and for an overseer of education and training.

Mentor isn't the only English word in common use that is derived from someone's name.

'Tantalise,' meaning to torment someone, comes from Tantalus, the name of a king of Lydia in Asia Minor. He was not just tormented. He was treated cruelly. According to legend he was placed in Hades in a pool of water up to his lips, and every time he tried to drink the water dribbled away before he could swallow it. There were also bunches of grapes above his head. Every time he tried to pick one, they were blown out of his reach by a blast of wind.

'Flora' is another. In English it is a collective noun for flowers and plants. It takes its name from *Flora* the Roman goddess of flowers and gardens.

'Tawdry' meaning today 'cheap' and sometimes 'tasteless' is yet another word that recalls England's Catholic past. Only this time the term is a corruption of [Sain]t Audrey, another name for the very popular Saxon saint Etheldreda, Abbess of the Monastery at Ely who died in 697 AD. On her Feast Day June 23 in mediaeval Catholic England, Fairs would be held around the country. Inexpensive goods sold at the Fairs were called 'Tawdry' because they were bought on St Audrey's Day.

St Etheldreda's memory in her native land was brutally erased by the Reformation. Visitors to London, however, should not miss visiting St Etheldreda's chapel in Ely Place, not far from Smithfield Markets. This chapel, built between 1250 and 1290 – the oldest mediaeval Catholic Church in Catholic hands – is all that remains of the residence of the Catholic Bishops of Ely. The last Catholic bishop was Thomas Thirlby, who was one of eleven confessor-bishops imprisoned by Elizabeth. He died at Lambeth in 1570.

Readers might remember – and kindly pray for – Father Kit Cunningham whose writings appeared in *Annals* from time to time. He died a few weeks ago, and was the much loved pastor of St Etheldreda's in Ely Place for many years and a true friend to your editor.

Many Australians of Irish or English origin have relatives called 'Ted'. Despite

Optimism and Pessimism

WHEN I was a boy there were two curious men running about who were called the optimist and the pessimist. I constantly used the words myself, but I cheerfully confess that I never had any very special idea of what they meant. The only thing which might be considered evident was that they could not mean what they said; for the ordinary verbal explanation was that the optimist thought this world as good as it could be, while the pessimist thought it as bad as it could be. Both these statements being obviously raving nonsense, one had to cast about for other explanations. An optimist could not mean a man who thought everything right and nothing wrong. For that is meaningless; it is like calling everything right and nothing left. Upon the whole, I came to the conclusion that the optimist thought everything good except the pessimist, and that the pessimist thought everything bad, except himself.

- G.K.Chesterton, *Orthodoxy*, The Bodley Head, London, 1908, pp 103-104.

popular opinion, 'Ted' does not derive from 'Edward'. Like 'Tawdrey' which comes from [Sain]t Audrey, 'Ted' is a contraction of [Sain]t Ed[mund] – though not the St Edmund – Patron of Campion College – who was beatified by Pope Leo XIII in 1886, and canonized nearly eighty-four years later in 1970 by Pope Paul VI.

The St Edmund in question was Edmund, king of the East Angles [born

in 849 AD]. He was savagely martyred by the Danes at Hoxne in Suffolk in 870 and he died with the name of Jesus on his lips. He and the Benedictine Monastery built in his memory at Bury St Edmunds shared the same fate as St Audrey/Etheldreda and her Monastery at Ely. They both disappeared off the Reformation radar screen though both are held dear and remembered by the Catholic Church.

Did anyone notice the word 'dribbled' that I used when describing poor Tantalus's dilemma? Our ancestors almost certainly would have written 'dripped,' as 'b' and 'p' are notoriously interchangeable. This solidly Saxon word is closely related to 'drip' and 'drop' which we've inherited from Danish marauders who would have used 'drop' often as they sailed up the Thames – as in 'drop your weapons' and 'drop your money'.

When I was a small child my mother had an old book that she treasured and that I loved to read. It was an Aladdin's cave of words and phrases – written by a Professor Meiklejohn whose very name intrigued me. I thought it meant *Little John*, conjuring up images of Robin Hood and Sherwood Forest. As it turned out, it meant quite the opposite – *Great John*. This, if anything, added to his book's grip on my imagination.

The book was tattered but intact; pored over but spotless.

Somewhere in it the Professor discussed the mystery of 'g' and 'h' –

Reformation in England

THE IMMEDIATE effect of the abolition of Papal jurisdiction in England was not a Reformation at all; it was grosser demoralisation than before. The Reformation, in fact, if we date it from the withdrawal of obedience to Rome, was really in the main an immoral movement, stimulated by abuses to which Rome itself had been a great deal too indulgent.

- James Gairdner, *Lollardy and the Reformation in England, An Historical Survey*, Macmillan and Co, Ltd, 4 vols, London 1908, vol. 1, p 380. Gairdner was a Protestant historian, author of *The English Church in the sixteenth century from Henry VIII to Mary*, London, Macmillan & Co, 1904.

DONATIONS RECEIVED

LAST FOR 2010

Our sincerest thanks to the many subscribers to *Annals Australia*, who very generously send a small donation along with their annual renewal – this assists in defraying the heavy costs incurred in producing our magazine.

– Editor, *Annals*

4740	MRS ANN MARIE KING	\$17.00	2350	PATRICK CONNORS	\$33.00
2065	ANONYMOUS	\$500.00	2124	FR CHRISTOPHER SHARAH	\$33.00
6024	J TAY	\$39.50	2229	MR B J MECHAM	\$17.00
2577	MRS M HAMMOND	\$24.00	2153	N KRNCVIC	\$24.00
2122	MRS R ALICE	\$24.00	2113	LORENZO & IRMA ESCALANTE	\$17.00
4127	MRS C T RITCHIE	\$17.00	2216	TERESE MACKENZIE	\$14.00
2800	S COOPER	\$7.00	2529	DR R BAXENDALE MB ChB	\$100.00
2018	MISS M MCLOUGHLIN	\$10.00	2204	MR HENRY NORONHA	\$34.00
2107	MRS L JOHNS	\$7.00	4871	ST MARY'S CHURCH	\$33.00
2145	G F GARDNER	\$7.00	2250	ROBERT & SANDRA HASSAN	\$24.00
3216	MRS K J STAINTHORPE	\$10.00	2107	MR H F WHITE	\$10.00
2135	MRS C SMITH	\$24.00	3103	MISS G WHITING	\$7.00
6153	DR J P CARROLL	\$17.00	2793	MRS J SOUTHAN	\$33.00
2031	MR GAETANO NATOLI	\$7.00	2480	MRS E M PARTRIDGE	\$34.00
2046	JAMIE & JENNIFER STENHOUSE	\$37.00	2484	MR & MRS V R KEAN	\$5.00
2850	WARREN ROCHE	\$17.00	2484	MR & MRS D G GUINEA	\$17.00
3191	MRS I PATON	\$4.00	3174	MR GERARD LAVERDURE	\$17.00
3044	EMMA PRALL	\$17.00	4211	MRS ISABELLE HUDSON	\$20.00
2154	CHRIS HOHNEN	\$7.00	2160	GHASSAN NAKHOUL	\$17.00
2260	MR D GRESSIER	\$67.00	4700	ANONYMOUS	\$100.00
2225	MR J HAGLEY	\$4.00	3124	MARJORIE WADE	\$7.00
3108	ANONYMOUS	\$17.00	1675	MRS M M MULLEN	\$4.00
7052	MRS M BRENNAN	\$24.00	4060	MR F HEENAN	\$17.00
3191	MRS MOIRA SCULLY	\$14.00	2602	REG MOLONY	\$98.00
4051	ENOGGERA CATHOLIC CHURCH	\$33.00	4179	ANTHONY & MARIANNE KELLY	\$23.00
	JOHN HUGHES	\$500.00	2170	MRS M FINDLEY	\$17.00
1811	PETER HOLMES	\$33.00	2168	MR R HUTCHISON	\$24.00
2766	FR ALAN LAYT	\$33.00	2034	MRS T J O'SULLIVAN	\$4.00
2650	MRS MARGUERITE SMITH	\$39.50	2615	MRS HELENE AXELBY	\$27.00
3300	DAVID & VERA LYNCH	\$74.00	4285	MRS SUSANNA DUNNE	\$47.00
	REV.FR BRIAN FENTON	\$60.50	871	ST VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY	\$33.00
2135	D SHANAHAN	\$66.00	2261	MRS CATHERINE DOWSE	\$4.00
2210	MS CHRISTINE NORTH	\$4.00	7256	MRS CYNTHIA DANIEL	\$33.00
2017	P & L CLINCH	\$17.00	1755	MR M R BELL	\$17.00
2119	MRS PATRICIA YEO	\$33.00	3350	DR PETER AND MARY DENTON	\$17.00
2045	MR V THE	\$33.00	3165	MR P J SHEALES	\$10.00
3150	MRS MARIANNE FRITSCH	\$33.00	2205	ANONYMOUS	\$10.00
2112	MR & MRS C BROWN	\$18.00	2614	PETER J GIFFARD	\$14.00
3350	MR T H DONOHUE	\$17.00	2357	BERNADETTE MAGUIRE	\$17.00
4215	MOIRA BLAU	\$17.00	2086	CATHARINE H YIAPP	\$50.00
2257	MRS D CAMPBELL	\$24.00	TOTAL:		\$3,015.50

Please assist us by introducing *Annals* to relatives and friends.

We need your support and we need new subscribers.

Annals has the answer! Try it.

our English gutturals – the strongest sounds in our language – which are found together [.. gh ..] in well over sixty words and, mysteriously, ignored as if they aren't there.

The usual suspects, our Norman-French ancestors, are the reason for this anomaly. Those other relatives of ours, the stubborn Saxons, kept on doing as they always had – writing *liht*, and *niht* and *miht* for 'light', 'night' and 'might', and pronouncing them as 'licht', 'nicht', and 'micht'. These are sounds you can still occasionally hear, I understand, in some parts of Northern England and Scotland.

The gently bred Norman Lords and Ladies were baffled by this guttural sound, and being the new bosses of the country insisted on saying *lite*, *nite* and *mite*, when they weren't speaking French.

Of course this upset the Saxons; how could it not? Out of pique at these foreigners refusing to pronounce their language properly – the Saxons got there ahead of the Normans, after all – they added *another* guttural for good measure. Well, if the Norman-French couldn't easily pronounce *one* guttural how were they going to manage two? They did the sensible thing and ignored them both.

The next time you say 'ruff', 'tuff', 'wait', 'thru' and 'drou't' for 'rough', 'tough', 'weight', 'through' and 'drought' spare a 'thought' for the frustrated Saxons who failed miserably in their efforts to civilise the Normans [and, subsequently, us].

And remember Professor Great John who threw some 'light' for a little boy on what some regard as a 'blight' on the language that was 'brought' by the Normans when they 'caught' the boat and 'weighed' anchor for England.

Now, about 'blight' ...

1. Epistle lxxviii. See Loeb ed. of Seneca's *Moral Letters to Lucilius*, trans. Richard Mott Gummere, volume II, 1920, pp.348 ff.
2. Ibid. 'si praeparant ingenium, non detinent', p.348 §1.
3. I should in fairness say that Seneca is often quoted as if he were *objecting* to the curriculum listed above. He wasn't. He was objecting to those who misuse the Arts simply to make money. The truth is that in his day only *liberi* or 'free' men [not slaves] had the privilege of an education. He objected to these studies being used opportunistically as a means of acquiring wealth and power, when their real purpose was to promote growth in virtue. They were not intended to enslave a man to material possessions, but to liberate him from them.
4. De Oratore, III, 32, 127.
5. *History of My Religious Opinions*, Longman, Green etc London 1865, p.198

TOLERANCE MALAYSIAN STYLE

*What follows comes from a Malaysian blog.
It is reprinted with permission. We refer readers
to our article 'Malaysia's Islamist Goals,'
Annals 9/10, 2009, pp.43-45*



ouldn't help feeling this angry today. I know at my age, I am supposed to be mellowing out, looking forward to a nice chilled day and now what? I find myself with the same amount of righteous anger as I had when I was 16 – going through puberty and finding the world most unfair that my mum wouldn't allow me to have my first pair of cargo pants! I was sitting in the banana leaf shop this morning having a roti and a coffee when a group of JAWI (Federal Territory Islamic Affairs Department) officers entered the premises. Ten officers to be exact, into this little shop. They spent a good twenty minutes going through the place (and it is a small place!) and finally one officer writes out a writ and gives it to the cashier. They then left.

Curious, I asked the cashier what that was all about and he replied that they were not allowed to have their little altars and pictures of their deities in their shop "because otherwise, Muslims cannot come into their shops" . What utter nonsense! Are we still living in the Malaysia that is so "famed" for its "religious tolerance"? The shop is not a mamak shop. It is an Indian Banana leaf shop. Why would it be surprising that they should have signs of their religious beliefs in their own space? I didn't think that sort of thing was illegal (please correct me if I am wrong). What is wrong with this picture? Will it come down to the point when my Muslim friends should not visit my home just because I have a cross or a Chinese altar there? PLEASE!

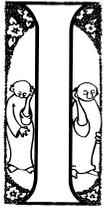
I discovered as I was leaving , that the JAWI personnel had targeted the other three banana leaf shops along that row of old shops (near the vets office – off Jalan Maarof). There were at least four vans for the officers , ALL double parked on the main road and causing an inconvenience to the other road users. Is there a separate set of laws that govern these people? Notwithstanding the fact that they are trampling all over the definition of religious tolerance in this country, they also flaunt the general laws of the land. This makes me really angry and sad about the state of our country.

I now find it difficult to speak up for Malaysia when there are arguments comparing Malaysia to other countries. It is sad that we can have the once world tallest building and still think like we came out of the jungle yesterday. My Personal Big Sad Day today.

'Wait for the good ideas, the good solutions, that are God's answers?'

ALAIN-MARIE GUYNOT DE BOISMENU

By Dom Antoine Marie, OSB



IF YOU WISH to praise me, you must be sure to say, 'He spoiled the 'boy' who cooked for him, he smoked cigarettes, he loved a little drink now and again, he used to say, 'Leave me alone.' These words by Bishop Alain de Boismenu, 'the bishop of the Papuans,' reveal the humility of a big heart whose true holiness naturally revealed itself under the rough exterior of an old missionary.

Alain-Marie Guynot de Boismenu was born on December 27, 1870 in Saint Malo, France, the last of eleven children. Since his mother died giving birth to him, he would be raised by his oldest sister, Augustine. Little Alain proved to have a short temper and a passionate nature. He easily submitted to the authority of his father, whom he venerated, but he sometimes balked at his oldest sister's strictness. One day when she was reprimanding him she added, 'So you don't love me?'. He looked her straight in the eye and answered, 'Yes, I love you, but I want to choose to obey.' When his father heard this story that evening, he told his son: 'Alain, I would like you to choose to obey your sister Augustine.'

The boy promised to do so, and kept his word. Fifty years later, a bishop for nearly thirty years, he would confess with a smile to one of his nieces: 'I obey only two people on earth – my sister Augustine and our Holy Father the Pope.' According to a classmate, 'Alain was sometimes difficult to deal with, but he put so much thought into what he said, and did everything with such good humor that people would have followed him anywhere, because he was such a leader and organizer.' In high school, one of the priests told him about a new Congregation that sent missionaries to the far ends of the earth to preach the Gospel. The ideal

intrigued him, and the desire to leave for New Guinea took hold of him. With this end in mind, he entered the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart in Issoudun. He took religious vows in 1888 and was ordained a priest on February 10, 1895.

'Above all, become holy'

At that time, the mission in New Guinea was being ravaged by famine, fevers, and deaths, and was in great danger. The apostolic vicar, Bishop Navarre, came to France to drum up interest and ask for support. Father Alain wanted to go, but his Superiors were hesitant—he looked frail, and men more robust than him had been unable to withstand the climate and living conditions in the mission. What is more, the Congregation needed teachers in its house of formation. So for four years, he performed his duties as an instructor.

During this time, a missionary bishop, Bishop Henri Verjus, to whom Father AJain had confided his desire, wrote to him: 'You continue to have a passion for our dear missions? Good to hear it! May the missions possess you more and more and become your life's only goal! ... But I implore you: above all, become holy. You need one

hundred times more virtue, spirit of sacrifice, and spirit of faith here than in Europe... Consider it an excellent day when you are most frustrated, practice patience as you endure your brothers' shortcomings – that is essential.'

One day in 1897, Father Alain received the news from his Superior General that he had been chosen for New Guinea, the eastern part of the large island called Papua. This mission had been established thirteen years earlier. At the time of Father de Boismenu's arrival on January 25, 1898, there were already 1,950 Catholics in the mission area, under the care of 16 priests and 17 lay brothers, spread out across 20 missionary stations. There were also fifteen or so nuns, daughters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. He spent his first two weeks there visiting the entire mission. On February 11, Father Alain was named pro-vicar general.

The southeast portion of the island, which the French Missionaries of the Sacred Heart oversaw, was a British possession, and was under the authority of an English governor who claimed that Catholics were forbidden in areas reserved for Protestants.

Father Alain vigorously defended the right to evangelize. However, to avoid conflicts, he took the initiative and cast a wide net: going into unexplored regions in the mountains to set up the first missions there. This decision would be confirmed several years later by Pope Saint Pius X himself, who would say to Father Alain, who had become a bishop: 'We do not want conflict. We have vast lands that have not been spoken for – we must go to those areas rather than clash with the Protestants. We cannot join with them, but they are, to some degree, our 'adjutores' [helpers] ... They provide the truth in part.'



Indeed, as the Second Vatican Council would later teach, 'the separated Churches and Communities as such, though we believe them to be deficient in some respects, have been by no means deprived of significance and importance in the mystery of salvation' (*Unitatis redintegratio*, no. 3).

At the end of the following year, he was nominated to the episcopate, as a coadjutor for Bishop Navarre. He was consecrated a bishop on March 18, 1900, in the basilica of Montmartre in Paris. He was not yet thirty years old. Bishop Alain – he would most often be called by this affectionate term – demonstrated an extraordinary energy. He did not manage to avoid tropical fevers, but his health withstood them. Every year, he covered the area of his mission several times, visited remote posts that were a several days' walk from each other, established stations, and opened new districts. According to the testimony of one of his missionaries, 'he traveled with astonishing speed. On foot, by horse, in a tiny boat, he was always there to say the difficult words he had to say, to give encouragement, or to make the decisions that had to be made.'

When he returned to Papua after his *ad limina* visit to Rome in 1911, Bishop de Boismenu, who had become the apostolic vicar, vigorously took up again the work of civilization and evangelization-orphanages, parish schools for the lower grades as well as for the professions, and above all, schools for catechists, in order to prepare an elite that would in turn train Christians and awaken vocations. The bishop was convinced that the mission's future was in the formation of a native clergy – it needed to have 'not only Christians, but a Christian Culture,' he stated.

God's answers

Bishop Alain depended on the Lord present in the Blessed Sacrament: 'I am erecting a bishop's oratory, close to my residence on Yule Island. I need the Blessed Sacrament close by, so that I can go find Our Lord at any time, render an account of my mission to Him, explain my worries and difficulties to Him, and speak to Him heart to heart in solitude. There are times when no man can advise me; there are things I

Consolations of Catholicism

Time and reflection have changed my mind upon these [religious] subjects, and I consider Atheism as a folly. As for Catholicism, so little is it objectionable to me, that I wish my daughter to be brought up in that religion, and some day to marry a Catholic. If Catholicism, after all, suggests difficulties of a nature which it is difficult for reason to get over, are these less great than those which Protestantism creates? Are not all the mysteries common to both creeds? Catholicism at least offers the consolation of Purgatory, of the Sacraments, of absolution and forgiveness; whereas Protestantism is barren of consolation for the soul.

- Lord Byron. See Guiccioli, Teresa. *My Recollections of Lord Byron*. 2 vols. Trans. Hubert E. H. Jerningham. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1869. quoted 'Byron, Catholicism and Don Juan XVII,' by David E. Goldweber, *Renascence*, Spring, 1997.

cannot confide to anyone. And it is so good, so peaceful to be able to collect my thoughts in private there, and wait for the good ideas, the good solutions that are God's answers.'

During the First World War, the mission endured a precarious period – though the missionaries received a dispensation from serving in the armed forces they could no longer count on reinforcements being sent. In addition, financial support was sorely lacking. Yet, following a schedule of visits to stations and remote posts, all areas of the mission were ministered to. To support his priests in this difficult situation, Bishop Alain published a pastoral letter in which he wrote, 'If you want to make your effort as fruitful as possible and ensure its success, give it an ample portion of the supernatural element. It is the essential ingredient, the main factor in the result. Nothing can substitute for it, not devotion to duty, or expertise, or relentless work. Without it, your efforts are nothing more than unprofitable activity, a waste of time and energy. With it, on the contrary, the smallest effort is fertilized, the least strength is increased tenfold, and Heaven guarantees your ultimate success.'

In 1918, several young Papuan women resolved to become nuns. Bishop de Boismenu formed them into a community and gave them the name 'Handmaids of Our Lord,' but before long they were regularly called 'Ancelles' (from the Latin 'ancilla' – handmaid). Mother Marie-Therese Noblet, who had come from France, took charge of the young foundation, and formed for the service of the apostolate the native religious whom

in 1925 Bishop de Boismenu began sending into various mission stations. Mother Marie-Therese Noblet shared her bishop's ideals, and had the same passion – love of God and the salvation of souls.

The Invisible Thread of History

In these lands, which at that time were under the power of the prince of darkness, the battle to eradicate superstitious practices was intense. In a pastoral letter of September 29, 1922, Bishop de Boismenu wrote to his priests: 'There are indeed two kingdoms that divide the world and fight for souls, two armies constantly and violently clashing – the army of JESUS CHRIST, the Church, anxious to save souls, and the army of Satan, raging to ensure that they be lost. It is a war without truce or mercy. Many people are not aware of it, many people see it as nothing more than a fiction. But it is real all the same. It is the invisible thread of the history of the world, until the end of time.'

After reminding his priests that Lucifer is full of hatred for God and souls, the bishop continued, exposing the devil's tactic: 'To deprive men of the supernatural and reduce them to the natural plane, where his superior nature regains his advantages and his empire... How Satan has succeeded among the civilized nations! How he has kept them from the supernatural! He has led them in droves to the natural, where he keeps them securely imprisoned...'

Pope Benedict XVI has also pointed out this temptation to limit our horizon to the things of this world: 'For most

people, the things of God are not given priority, they do not impose themselves on us directly. And so the great majority of us tend to postpone them. First we do what seems urgent here and now. In the list of priorities, God is often more or less at the end. We can always deal with that later, we tend to think.

In contrast to this mistake, the Holy Father proposes the example of the shepherds in the Christmas Gospel: 'It tells us that after listening to the Angel's message, the shepherds said one to another: *Let us go over to Bethlehem ... they went at once* (Lk. 2:15f). 'They made haste' is literally what the Greek text says. What had been announced to them was so important that they had to go immediately. In fact, what had been said to them was utterly out of the ordinary. It changed the world. The Saviour is born. The long awaited Son of David has come into the world in His own city. What could be more important? ... The Gospel tells us: God is the highest priority. If anything in our life deserves haste without delay, then, it is God's work alone. ... God is important, by far the most important thing in our lives.

'The shepherds teach us this priority. From them we should learn not to be crushed by all the pressing matters in our daily lives. From them we should learn the inner freedom to put other tasks in second place - however important they may be - so as to make our way towards God, to allow Him into our lives and into our time. Time given to God and, in His name, to our neighbor is never time lost. It is the time when we are most truly alive, when we live our humanity to the full' (December 24, 2009).

To thwart the devil's influence, Bishop Alain recommended praying to the Holy Angels: 'By nature equal to the demons, the Holy Angels have the advantage of grace. They expose the adversary's ruses and schemes. None of the dangers that confront us escapes their notice. They remove them, sometimes instantaneously. They always warn us about them, and if we wish, powerfully help us to confront them, calming our passions, enlightening our intelligence, strengthening our will, and uniting themselves with us to obtain an

increase in grace and strength. 'Happy to serve God by serving us, their service is a service of love. For our dear Angels love us with a friendship that

**'Time given
to God
and our
neighbour,
is never lost'**

goes beyond our dreams. Knowing precisely the price paid for our souls, they desire their salvation more passionately than Satan desires them to be lost... Ah! If our faith were more simple, and we had a more lively sense of the presence of our Angels, of their love, of the value of their services! If we were more attentive to their inspirations, more ready to call on them and more confident of their help, what a strength for ourselves and for our ministry!

The sole aim of the Church

On February 28, 1926, Pope Pius XI published the encyclical *Rerum Ecclesiae* which left a profound mark on the missionary history of the Church. Bishop Alain introduced it with these words: 'Pius XI declares the supreme rule of the apostolate - the salvation of the greatest possible number of

souls - and firmly indicates what must be done to accomplish this... You can truly hear the Divine Master speaking through him - His voice, the inspiration of His spirit which, over the course of the ages, leads the Church on her mission... to spread Christ's reign everywhere, to bring salvation to all men, this is the sole aim of the Church militant.'

The Second Vatican Council also emphasizes the Church's call to mission: 'Divinely sent to the nations of the world to be unto them 'a universal sacrament of salvation', the Church, driven by the inner necessity of her own Catholicity, and obeying the mandate of her Founder, strives ever to proclaim the Gospel to all men' (Decree *Ad gentes*, no. 1).

The *Catechism of the Catholic Church* explains, 'The ultimate purpose of mission is none other than to make men share in the communion between the Father and the Son in Their Spirit of love. It is from God's love for all men that the Church in every age receives both the obligation and the vigor of her missionary dynamism, for the love of Christ urges us on (2 Cor. 5:14). Indeed, God *desires all men to be saved and to come to the knowledge of the truth* (1 Tim. 2:4); that is, God wills the salvation of everyone through the knowledge of the truth. Salvation is found in the truth. Those who obey the prompting of the Spirit of truth are already on the way of salvation. But the Church, to whom this truth has been entrusted, must go out to meet their desire, so as to bring them the truth. Because she believes in God's universal plan of salvation, the Church must be missionary' (CCC 850-851).

The first native priest

Pius XI's directives were put into practice so well in Papua that in several months the missionaries had reached twenty-three new tribes, and eighteen new outposts had been opened. In 1929, Bishop de Boismenu wrote to his missionaries: 'Your work has not been a flash in the pan. More than two thousand catechumens are in training, five times more than in 1925. You have taken the orders from Rome seriously, and swiftly led the campaign on behalf of the Gospel... The pace is good, and is pleasing to



STATUES
IN NEED OF AID?
HELP IS AS
CLOSE AS YOUR
PHONE!

If you have
plaster statues
or ornaments
that need
re-painting or
re-plastering
contact:

KEVIN TAN
[02] 9310 4701
Restoration work is
our speciality.

God. He loves that we are serving Him boldly?

In 1930, Bishop Alain went to Rome again for his *ad limina* visit. During this trip, he spent a little time with his family, and one of his nieces asked to follow him to Papua. One year later, Solange Bazin de Jessey would be in Papua to succeed Mother Marie Therese Noblet, who had died at the beginning of the year. In 1935, the Papuan mission celebrated its fiftieth anniversary.

A memorable event opened this jubilee year – the opening of the first Carmel in the islands of Oceania. For several years, Bishop Alain had been going through the necessary steps for this project to be realised. In 1937, he experienced another joy – that of welcoming the first native priest, Father Louis Vangheke from the Mekeo tribe, who had been ordained in Madagascar, where he had been sent for his studies.

In a pastoral letter, the bishop let his joy ring out: ‘This humble child from our native soil has been consecrated a priest of God, an authorized minister of the redemption of His Son, and a close friend of our Divine Master and Lord, JESUS CHRIST... Seeing one of their own in the flesh at the altar, in the confessional, they will grasp from life the harmonious fusion of colors and races in the unity of the Church, indifferent to castes and foreign to no one...’

In May 1941, the news spread – Bishop Alain was dying! At that time, a missionary recorded these words from his bishop: ‘If I leave, may God’s will be done. Join me in asking that His will be done... I ask forgiveness from everyone, from all those I have hurt, those to whom I have been too harsh, not nice enough, those whom I failed in not being supportive or fair enough... Yes, forgive me, everyone. As for me, I have nothing to forgive, absolutely nothing. We are all from the same family, are we not? We may have hurt one another, but we have forgiven one another...’ Against all expectations, the bishop recovered and was able to resume his pastoral visits several months later.

‘Stand Firm’

The spread of hostilities in the Pacific during the Second World War severely tested the mission once again.

Slavery

THE HISTORY of the Church provides extensive examples of the resistance of the Church to the institution of slavery. It was, for example, virtually unknown in the Christian Middle Ages, which probably makes that civilization the first to be able to make such a claim. Even in situations in which the Church had little power to change the social structure, it persistently taught that slaves are persons with a human dignity equal to that of their masters, and that they must be treated as such. It persistently taught that innocent persons could not be justly enslaved, and Christians in the Middle Ages even offered themselves as substitutes to free others enslaved in other parts of the world.

- ‘Might a Little Dissent be a Good Thing?’, by Robert G. Kennedy. Robert G. Kennedy is in the department Of management at the University of St. Thomas in Minnesota. This essay was posted on an internal electronic bulletin board at that university.

In February 1942, Japanese forces landed on the northern shore of New Guinea. In this disquieting context, Bishop Alain gave his directives – he took measures to prevent food shortages; on the pastoral level, he specified the conditions that must be met for general absolution to be given, and stressed that spiritual assistance must be given to any combatant, regardless of his nationality.

In 1945, the Holy See gave him a successor in the person of Father André Sorin. To everyone’s great delight, Bishop de Boismenu stayed in Papua. For seven years, he would live at the foot of the mountains. From his hermitage, he continued to provide some services for the good of souls, but above all he devoted himself to prayer: ‘As for me,’ he wrote to a missionary, ‘I am living a solitary life in my hermitage, to which has now been added a little oratory where, thanks be to God, I can still celebrate Holy Mass every day, a grace that I hope to have up until the end-the supreme consolation of ‘old hands’ who can still in this way ‘exercere opus redemptionis’ (perform the work of redemption).

‘As his death approached, he wrote to one of his nephews: ‘I am a cripple, and nothing works anymore but my heart, which now has the time to love deeply. It is good to be able to say that one is able to love more and more, and that one day we will receive the gift of being able to love fully...’

Hearing the news that their Father was close to death, the missionaries rushed to his bedside. The dying man greeted them with his customary

kindness, and confided to them: ‘I do not like the way that certain books talk about detachment. We have a heart, and it is for loving. Our Lord loved. What He does not want is for us to love to the point that we cling to things. We must be able to let go the first time we are asked and be ready to separate ourselves from anything... but that hurts...’

Feeling his strength leaving him, he gave a long look at the missionaries surrounding him, and told them in a loud voice: ‘Stand firm.’ On November 5, 1953, at three o’clock in the afternoon, his heart stopped beating, at the very moment that the verse Lord, *into Your hands I commend my spirit* was being read. His body rests in Kubuna, in the Val Fleuri cemetery, near the graves of Mother Marie-Therese Noblet and Mother Solange Bazin de Jessey. His cause for beatification has been opened.

Bishop Alain de Boismenu’s episcopal motto, ‘Ut cognoscant Te’ (That they might know You), was taken from JESUS’ discourse after the Last Supper: *And this is eternal life, that they know Thee the only true God, and JESUS CHRIST Whom Thou hast sent* (in. 17:3). This bishop’s happiness and passion were to lead men to know God, Who alone can save them and make them happy. May the example of his zeal help us to spread God’s kingdom on earth and lead souls to the beatitude of Heaven!

DOM ANTOINE MARIE, OSB is Abbot of the *Abbaye St Joseph de Clairval, in Dijon, France*. This article appeared in the *Spiritual Newsletter* published regularly by the Benedictine monks of St Joseph Abbey. Reprinted with permission.



MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Mud clear

One factor has gone largely unremarked in ongoing reaction to Julian Assange, including the award to him of the Sydney Peace Foundation Gold Medal. Assange, for his legal defence, is reliant on strict client-lawyer confidentiality. It would be fascinating to observe reactions were confidential exchanges to be made public.

No doubt, Assange being electronically adept, his confidentiality are protected to a high degree. Therein lies the lesson for governments. It is their duty to protect secrets with or without media aid.

Ousted PM, now Foreign Affairs Minister, Kevin Rudd was, therefore, correct in criticising the US for not protecting its diplomatic cables. Talk about open slather. Everyone and his uncle (yes, yes, auntie) seems to have had access.

This must be seen in the context that the US is still an open society which in the aftermath of World War II tried to operate on the basis of, 'open covenants openly arrived at'.

Smiles evoked were not confined to KGB spy-rings. In other words, Assange and WikiLeaks broke the secrets of a government constitutionally bound to openness not one committed to dictatorial secrecy.

Proof: the reported main source of the WikiLeaks was US soldier, Bradley Manning, one of hundreds of thousands of personnel who had access to the material.

Governments do not have an absolute right to define all their dealings as secret. Arguably, however, they have as much right to necessary, operational confidentiality as the Anglo-American-Australian-New Zealand Common Law system grants to lawyers.

Gizmo news

Use of covert gizmos is problematical. When your correspondent returned to the UK from Australia in 1963 he worked on *The Daily Mirror*, London. Occasionally he had to follow up material supplied by a tipster, illegally monitoring police radio. The tipster was not controlled by the *Mirror*, but he was paid the going rate.

Reaction was 'if only,' when your correspondent said that while working for *The Sun-News Pictorial*, Melbourne he had stints at

the Victoria Police HQ where a police radio link was a key part of the fixtures and fittings of the Police Rounds room.

The quintessence of journalism is to disclose the truth of any given situation, humdrum or hazardous. Is Julian Assange a journalist? He may wish to be to strengthen his legal options. But he is not. He is a tipster. Nothing wrong with that. The Reuters founder, Paul Reuter, was a tipster with carrier pigeons. Assange is more ambitious. He aims to replace present governance with anarchic transparency while himself remaining opaque.

Example: the terms of his publishing deal with Canongate, Edinburgh and Text, Melbourne. No doubt his memoirs will give his take on his Casanova's Nightmare under Sweden's Sex Crime Act of 2005.

Has Julian Assange changed the nature of journalistic practice. Undoubtedly, as did Paul Reuter, as did the *Mirror's* police radio tipster. His name? Your correspondent doesn't remember but if he did he would not print it.

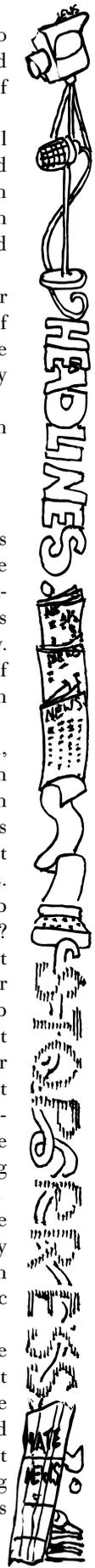
Wikipique

The transcribed nature of the WikiLeaks material meant that coverage was strongest in newspapers. Fairfax Media had the advantage due to quick work by Philip Dorling whose trip to meet Assange in the UK led to Fairfax Media's being dealt into the game along with *The Guardian* (not best pleased at erosion of its fee-rich syndication service to Australia). Dorling's payment, if any, for his scoop of scoops has not been disclosed.

But new Fairfax editorial boss, Greg Hywood, himself a millionaire from his hacking endeavours, will no doubt have arranged an appropriate bonus.

The Fairfax exclusive forced News Limited into catch-up mode. The catch-up through editor-in-chief Chris Mitchell (no computer slouch) followed the adage, 'if you can't top it, knock it'.

Use of parallel texts in *The Australian*, showing its pre-publication of news similar to that in the cables, was masterly. And reminiscent for those who observed American diplomats fossicking for cabling nuggets among the babbling hacks in Fleet Street's El Vino in the 1960s.



Worth noting, too, that what the diplomats have been doing foreign correspondents have also done, that is re-writing local coverage and adding their own perception, commentary, analysis or exclusive angle.

Yet all-in-all a Fairfax triumph. Plus an undertone of irony: not so long ago a keen *SMH* reporter hacked into confidential, internal executive emails. He was fired. *Sic transit transparency.*

Cyclone Kev-Julia

Weather stories lead the news order of precedence. Predictably, therefore, Australia's devastating floods restricted analysis (as distinct from coverage) of the WikiLeaks material which showed that Julia Gillard had moved much earlier than reported to canvass and implement her displacing of PM Kevin Rudd. (Such an early move was adumbrated here when the Rudd-Gillard marriage of convenience was first arranged).

Fiction would be necessary to consider the might-have-beens if Mark Latham had made it to the Prime Ministership and the ensuing seismic clash when his strongest supporter, Julia Gillard, displaced him. His reactions, printed on asbestos, would have constituted a best seller.

Not in the realm of fiction, awkward questions: how did members of the Canberra Press Gallery who are also on the embassy cocktail circuit, miss out on reporting that the Gillardistes were sounding out US diplomats on the prospect of her ascendancy?

Or is this the kind of coverage we have to have in a capital city where the 24/7 news cycle is dominated by spin-doctors and former spin-doctors returned to hacking?

Taps of the world

Apropos. Coverage in *The Australian* of hacking affairs at its UK stable-mate *The News of the World* has not been extensive. Okay,

it's a complicated tale. The nub appears to be that in pursuit of gossip, *NoW* staff used outside contractors to tap the mobile phones of celebrities.

After a discontinued ScotlandYard criminal investigation, civil actions have been launched and the newspaper's former editor Andy Coulson (initially cleared) has left No 10 and his position as chief minder to ex-PR, now Tory PM, David Cameron.

The question to be resolved is: how far up the chain of command did knowledge of the contracted tapping go? Linked to it is the question: should editorial executives who say they didn't know, have known?

Questions asked by newspapers of Vatican officials in a different context.

Amiable conquest

Coverage of turmoil in North Africa has tended to use the word Arab as if it were native to the region. North Africa is Arabic by conquest-colonisation. Egypt is an Arabised country. So, too, is the rest of the North African littoral.

British, French, Italian and Spanish conquest-colonisation in the littoral rates mention. Even ancient Rome gets footnotes. Why not Arab conquest-colonisation? Immemorial? Not exactly. In 693, after other conquests, Arab forces invaded Egypt and three years later took Alexandria, part of their conquest-colonisation of the littoral, Berbers being among their opponents.

Too long ago to be pertinent? Possibly except that Osama Bin

Ladenites envision restoration to Arab-Islamic rule of later historic conquests in Spain.

(See *A History of Europe* by HAL Fisher. He suggests that the Arab conquest was at the start motivated more by plunder than religion. He does add that Islam became a unifying force and gives a warts and all portrait of Mohammed that Bin Laden might be tempted to use in boiling a billy-can of soothing tea before cleaning his Kalashnikov).

Leading to the Church

IF I BELIEVE that the most magnificent and radical act of love of neighbor is not simply to provide food and clothing but rather to see to it that the absolute and incomprehensible God takes this person into his own inner life; if, in other words, I consider the bringing of the good news the highest act of human love, then it is obvious how such a broad notion of love of neighbor automatically leads into the realm of the Church.

- Karl Rahner, *Faith in a Wintry Season: Conversations and Interviews with Karl Rahner in the Last Days of his Life*, Crossroad, New York, 1991 p.147-148

Risky newsbiz

Foreign crews covering popular protests have always run risks. These appear to be increasing in intensity. From Cairo have come reports of journalists being detained or attacked. Time was when protesters saw the positive value of overseas coverage and allowed journalist to work at it. their protest?

Add to this the factor that play-back of overseas coverage is almost immediate and foreign crews face ill-will for the local perception that they are uncaring in their exploitation of the protestors' travails.

Pundit squib

Always impressive to see a new pundit Eric Hodgens demonstrating craft mastery (*Opinion SMH*, January 28). His single-column piece had a four-deck headline: 'Catholics/ need more/ than ads to/ come home.'

Its intro read: 'Cardinal George Pell is thinking about adopting Catholics Come Home - a TV advertising program launched in Chicago in December 2008. Well produced ads invite Catholics who have given up the church to come back and try it again.'

So far so positive. Hodgens then goes negative: 'One central problem is that you can't expect the program to work unless the cardinal and his fellow bishops change the policies that have caused those Catholics to leave, and unless they stop initiating policies that produce new alienation.'

The rhetorical next: Hodgens ranging through questions on what he presumably considers desiderata: allowing remarried divorcees to take Holy Communion, welcoming practising homosexuals to Mass and Communion, equal status for women in ministry, forgetting about contraception being wrong, approving IVE, criminalising abortion being bad public policy even if you think it is morally wrong.

Hodgens sweeps on through paedophilia, the beatification of John Paul II, who he states protected the paedophile Father Marciel Maciel, founder of the Legion of Christ, and the emasculation by Rome of the International Commission for English in the Liturgy.

Here Hodgens, possibly reeling from his own exuberance, goes for a round-house right: 'And guess who was the chairman of the emasculators? Cardinal Pell.'

The 'emasculation' Hodgens suggests could have 'the same effect on mass (sic, after earlier

capitalisation) attendance as *Humanae Vitae*'.

Like many pundits Hodgens is a hyperbolist. 'The most ancient bureaucracy in the world,' he writes, 'seems unaware that it has fossilised many of its habits into values.'

He means the Vatican bureaucracy, of course. (Rhetorical in the Hodgens style to ask: isn't the Chinese imperial mandarinat which continues in Communist China the oldest?)

Hodgens flops, a sea-lion on the rocks, when he adds of the Vatican buracracy: 'It cannot see its way to come to terms with new values in the 21st century. It is into magic fixes.'

Examples of the latter: John Paul II's celebrity status and World Youth Days. To these he adds that great pay-off line of punditry: 'The die is already cast', in this case for the Come Home program. He does not, however, cite examples of the 'new values of the 21st century'. {Okay, the century is young and it may be they're still being defined in their degree of difference from the 20th century, the 19th century or indeed the 1st century}.

His final paragraph deserves inclusion in cadet journalism courses: 'In deep water, if you can't swim you drown. It's a good idea to learn to swim. Get the basics right by forgetting the moralising and proclaiming the Gospel. Otherwise, Come Home is just another straw the drowning man is is clutching at.'

Or the cliché the desperate pundit is clutching at? Hodgens is into double-shuffling. Making his key point, he writes of 'policies'. Summing up, he writes of 'the Gospel'. In between, he makes no distinction between policies (which, by their pragmatic nature, shift) and the Gospel message (which, being moral, does not). Nor does he mention dogma, tradition, the deposit of faith or the Church as a sign of contradiction.

Advocacy by Eric Hodgens of 21st Century values identifies him as a different kind of trimmer: one prepared to go with 'values' he has not defined. Or, to go back beyond the 1st Century, he is the pundit equivalent of the mythic robber Procrustes into whose iron bed all were made to fit. The Hodgens bed is trendiness. He is intent, no matter the consequence, on fitting dogma into it.

Agreed the term trendiness is no longer trendy. Now there's a lingo shift which illustrates the risk of using the transient as a rule for dogma instinct with the transcendent.

(Eric Hodgens was footnoted as 'a retired Catholic priest').

(c) Austral-Media 2011



Is the problem more serious with Aborigines than in the white society?

LIVING AND DYING WITH ALCOHOL

By John Leary



BORIGINAL people in the Northern Territory, long before they received the right to drink, on their visits to Darwin and other centres, became acquainted with a widespread phenomenon among the non-aboriginal residents called 'alcohol abuse'. If the aboriginal visitors took a drink, it had to be done in greatest secrecy, well concealed from the prying eyes of the police and often in haste. This, of course, was not good preparation for learning to live with alcohol and for a people who had never had alcohol in their society.

In 1975, two aboriginal men, Pat Dodson and Bernard Tipiloura, a Tiwi, and I, were authorised by a Commonwealth Interdepartmental Committee on 'Alcoholism and Aborigines' to carry out a general survey on the causes and effects of alcoholism among aborigines.

The group was to see how aboriginal people were reacting to the problem, and whether any positive approaches towards solutions were forthcoming from them. Also, to contact non-aboriginal individuals or groups, Government or private, who were endeavouring to do something about it on behalf of Aborigines and to discover their methods and approaches.

The survey involved a journey of twenty-eight thousand kilometres in a Campmobile. The group endeavoured to meet personally a good cross-section of Aborigines living in varying circumstances throughout Australia. Wherever possible, we spoke to local aboriginal leaders, presidents and members of local aboriginal councils and housing associations, aboriginal teachers and nurses involved in community and aboriginal health, aboriginal police aides, settled families

in cities and towns, fringe-dwellers and itinerants so often living in appalling conditions.

We sat down with drinking groups in parks, on river banks, in vacant allotments, in gravel pits, under bridges. Our approach was informal. We felt that the formalities required by a scientific survey might well intimidate and jeopardise the naturalness and sincerity of the response of the aboriginal people.

There is no doubt that heavy drinking among Aborigines is a serious problem as it is as well in white society. But is the problem with Aborigines more serious than in white society where alcoholism is assuming such widespread and alarming proportions? White society has developed measures which tend to hide the effects of heavy drinking.

The Aborigines, so recently introduced to alcohol, have built up no such protection. Rather, they tend to advertise their drinking. They are exposed and detectable by the very fact that they are black, and that they often drink in groups in the same hotel, or in open places like parks, vacant

allotments, and river banks. A small group drinking to excess can be most disruptive. For these reasons onlookers can quite illogically pass condemnatory judgment from the drinking group to the total people. It is interesting to note how frequently we heard from people in a position to know, that they thought there were far fewer alcoholics *per capita* among aborigines than among white Australians.

Historically, aboriginal society did not prepare its people for alcohol and the handling of it; nor did it prepare them for living in white society. Rather, the meeting of the two societies was productive of many pressures and frustrations that made them very likely candidates for heavy drinking and alcoholism. Like other human beings, they would tend to use alcohol as a means of coping with such things as depression, frustration, anger, confusion, sorrow, boredom, problems in all shapes and forms; also to gain 'dutch courage' and brighten things up at both the individual and the community level. When asked why he drank so much, one man had the simple answer - 'I like it.'

In many cases, the excessive use of alcohol is simply symptomatic of the need for many other things that help to make for satisfied living: employment, education, health, good housing, recreation, interest and the feeling of being valued and respected as Aborigines who are part of the community. In many places the Aborigines exist as a separate group barely tolerated. There would seem to be some sort of one-sided agreement - 'you remain over there, don't make nuisances of yourselves and we will let you be.'

The Aborigines themselves, in the course of conversation, came up with many varied reasons for their heavy drinking.



STATUES
IN NEED OF AID?
HELP IS AS
CLOSE AS YOUR
PHONE!

If you have
plaster statues
or ornaments
that need
re-painting or
re-plastering
contact:

KEVIN TAN
[02] 9310 4701
Restoration work is
our specialty.



For 122 years *Annals* has been throwing light on age-old questions. Some of the questions have changed but *Annals* is still available as a sure guide in the name of the Catholic Church.

TOO SHY TO ASK? DON'T BE!

CATHOLIC ANSWERS TO BIBLE CHRISTIANS

VOLUME 1 \$12.00

[Includes \$2 for postage and handling]

Frank discussion of arguments commonly raised against the Catholic Church. A *must* for every Catholic home and school.

[Volume 1 is available in Spanish for \$12.00 including postage]

CATHOLIC ANSWERS TO BIBLE CHRISTIANS

VOLUME 2 \$12.00

[Includes \$2 for postage and handling]

Exploring the true face of modern anti-Catholicism. The psychology of prejudice, unproven assumptions, 'No Popery, Bad Catholics.'

All prices include GST

Available now from:

CHEVALIER PRESS

PO Box 13

Kensington NSW 2033

Phone: (02) 9662 7894, (02) 962 7188 ext 252

Fax: (02) 9662 1910 Email: annalsaustralasia@gmail.com

ASK FOR A LIST OF OUR OTHER CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS

Here are some of them:

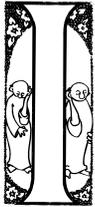
1. Aimlessness. They are somehow caught up between two worlds and have lost direction.
2. Lack of acceptance by co-religionists when they move from settlement or mission to town. There is a certain disillusionment at a spiritual level.
3. A feeling of being defeated even before becoming involved in society; so they are possessed of an inherent inferiority complex expressed in an attitude - 'What the hang! Only a blackfellow!'
4. The failure to fill a spiritual vacuum created by the loss of their own rich religious heritage.
5. Fear arising from racial tension leads to drunkenness and the results of drunkenness sometimes leads to further tension and still more drunkenness.
6. A desire to feel as good as the next person and show it in word and action.
7. As a way of being accepted.
8. To 'change' physical circumstances - eg. to feel warm, to escape the pain, to forget about depressing circumstances.
9. Not knowing how to behave in a mixed racial setting when drinking, and so overdoing things.
10. Inferiority complex because of the lack of education.
11. The practice of relatives pressurising a young person for his or her wages or savings has resulted in the young person joining the drinking group.
12. Family problems, especially the loss of children committed to the State. The loss of children due to family break-up often due to excessive drinking produces deeper alcoholism because of the very difficult conditions required to have the children back i.e. to get off the grog; get a house; the couple to get together; get a job; show stability.
13. Loss of discipline in their society because of the breakdown in the authority structure. So often the old have lost control of the young.
14. A sense of belonging to the land no longer theirs to use, recreate in and worship.

FATHER John Leary MSC who died on January 19 last year and was buried at Wadeye [Port Keats] in the Northern Territory, spent almost all his priestly life working among aboriginal communities on Bathurst Island, Wadeye, the Daly River and around Darwin.
May this much loved missionary priest rest in Peace.

'We want a secular state that respects all religions and which belongs to all religions'

AFTER MUBARAK

By Peter Day



In post-Mubarak Egypt, Egypt's Coptic Christians, like everyone else, are having to deal with a transformed political environment. What is needed above all by the Copts – representing around 10 per cent of the Egyptian population – is time to organise and develop political strategies appropriate to the new situation. They may not get it.

The military forces now in control of Egypt give every indication of pressing full steam ahead for the election of a national civilian government by September at the latest. They have also given a committee of legal experts just 10 days to draft a revised constitution, for submission chaired by to a popular vote in April. While this is occurring, all groups active in supporting the development of a genuine, pluralist democracy in Egypt are starting virtually from scratch in trying to develop their organisational capabilities.

Mona Makram Ebeid, a member of one of Egypt's best-known Coptic Christian families and a former MP, recently commented that parties without followers in Egypt now exist for people without parties. This is no accident. Mubarak destroyed any secular organization that looked as if it might become a genuine non-Islamist alternative to his own party.

US President Barack Obama has welcomed the push to an early election in Egypt. But non-Islamist political activists in Egypt fear by rushing ahead, the new military regime is potentially handing a huge advantage to the Muslim Brotherhood. While the big Islamist group was technically illegal under Mubarak, in practice it was permitted to operate, developing a vast social network as the basis for a viable political organisation.

The Copts are acutely concerned that political power for this well-organised,

Saudi-financed Islamist organisation would intensify anti-Christian hostility in Egypt. In recent years, such hostility has reached unprecedented levels at all levels of society, including the army and other branches of the state apparatus.

A liberal democrat and political associate of Ebeid's called Ayman Nour, who participated in the January 25 movement that brought down Mubarak, has announced his intention to be a candidate in the next presidential election. Many Copts will be placing their hopes in his candidacy.

In 2005, Nour won an estimated 12 per cent of the vote running against Mubarak in the first-ever multicandidate presidential election in Egypt. Considering the harassment, censorship and other disabilities under which he ran, this was a surprisingly good performance. His reward was to be sent to gaol for five years. His

organization collapsed and is only now starting to recover.

The chairman of the newly announced constitutional review committee, a retired judge called Tarek al-Bishry, is widely described in the West as a 'moderate' and a 'top legal scholar'. But he has also been associated with a Muslim Brotherhood offshoot called Al-Wasat. Wael Abbas, the well-known Egyptian journalist and human rights activist, thinks he is a 'worrying' selection for such a key position. 'The army seems to have made some sort of deal with the Muslim Brotherhood,' he says.

Meanwhile, many western commentators are saying that no-one should fear the Brotherhood, that these days it's mainly a social welfare organisation with strictly limited interest in political power. It's also possible that the Islamist organisation has been affected by the Tahrir Square spirit of democratic tolerance. Anything is possible. But the evidence for such claims is less than compelling. In the heady days after the 1979 fall of the Shah in Iran, American 'experts' were saying much the same thing about the Ayatollah Khomeini's Islamist movement.

As a journalist reporting from the US at the time, I well recall the extraordinary euphoria that accompanied the fall of the Shah. Professor Richard Falk, a much-quoted Princeton scholar and New York Times op-ed writer, expressed the mood of these times when he wrote in the Times – this was in early 1979 – that 'Iran may yet provide us with a desperately needed model of humane governance for a third-world country.'

After a visit to Iran, Professor Falk told an interviewer that what impressed him most about the revolutionary religious movement there was that it was 'amazingly non-violent in its tactics and orientation.' Falk instructed readers that the notion that the Islamic movement of Iran was reactionary was

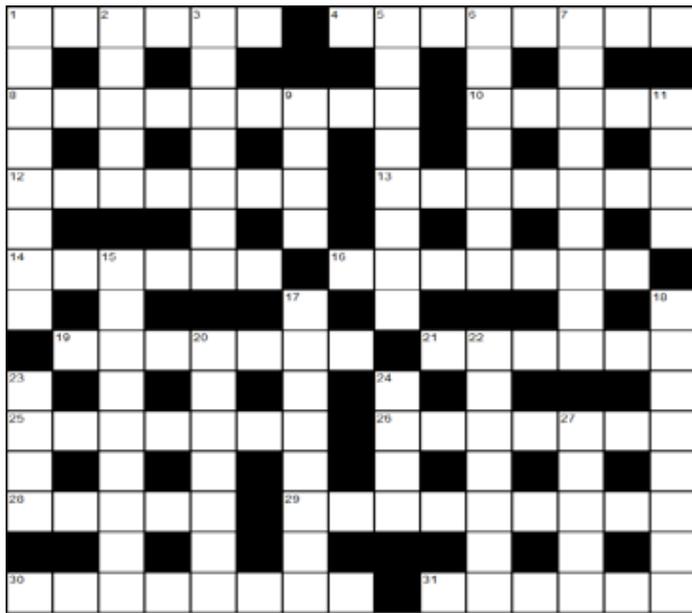
The Sad Reality

ABOUT 32 percent of Arab world residents, age 15 and above, cannot read or write. It's more than double the illiteracy rate for similarly aged residents of non-Arab countries. In Somalia, Yemen, and Morocco, illiteracy rates are 62 percent, 50 percent, and 48 percent respectively. Females have a much greater illiteracy rate than males.

African Muslim racial genocide has raged in the Sudan's Darfur region for years with up to 400,000 killed and 2.5 million displaced. The International Criminal Court indicted Sudan's Arab President, Omar al-Bashir, for these atrocities. The Arab League's response was to decisively reject the indictment, apparently more interested in protecting its brethren rather than innocent human life.

- 'The Arab World's Uncertain Future,' Front Page Magazine, February 18, 2011

ANNALS CRYPTIC CROSSWORD 24



ACROSS CLUES

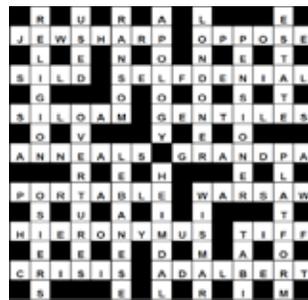
1. After losing a little money, ten percent convert and show contrition (6)
4. Before noon, are tee-totallers to ring for a liqueur? (8)
8. Rotten rat sure Queen is in charge of the public purse (9)
10. Go around middle of Irish city (5)
12. Offensive smell returns to place of action (7)
13. Fish punched in wing (7)
14. A Royal Marine joins wild hag where the Archbishop of Ireland lives (6)
16. Quartz supplied by St Caryl (7)
19. Power lord report (7)
21. Protest over bad job on middle of refectory (6)
25. I reopen letters for trailblazer (7)
26. Patron saint of shoemakers returns nips to one Roman Catholic (7)
28. Disgrace of some boyish American (5)
29. Strongly supportive of country, Pat and little jerk travel around Rio (9)
30. Rice a vet cooked, how very imaginative! (8)
31. Church lies about carving tool (6)

DOWN CLUES

1. It's reasonable for Ira, not Al, to get upset (8)
2. Head monk's included in Edgar Allen's verse (5)
3. Following directions, get up, start gathering for a rainy day (4,3)
5. Mad army battle 500 with founder of I.B.V.M. (4,4)

6. Keeps horse controllers, thank you, inside (7)
7. Inert team out to finish (9)
9. Former headmaster takes in a fast running bird (4)
11. Badgers old hacks (4)
15. Very small roller used in the kitchen (9)
17. And fall asleep, say, with Brezhnev's successor (8)
18. Latin Che translated is racial (8)
20. Remove top of cover, dine and indulge to excess (7)
22. This rib cooked by the English (7)
23. Pretends to be like mushy peas (4)
24. Cots rocked by a Caledonian (4)
27. Irishman and his empty ways (5)

SOLUTION TO CRYPTIC NO. 23



© Brian O'Neill September 2010

a 'stereotype' that had been 'fostered by the US government.' He said it was 'very important to clarify its real identity, which I think is progressive.' Such views were quite common. But by the early 1908s, the bloodbaths had begun. That 'progressive' Islamist movement in Iran is still today violently persecuting Christians and other minority groups, and brutally suppressing all dissidents.

This is not of course to predict how Egypt's Muslim Brotherhood would behave in power. But a prominent Egyptian human rights activist, Wael Abbas, was talking from experience when he said recently that 'there is no such thing as a moderate Islamist'.

Abbas, who was given a prison term by the Mubarak government in its last months, said: 'We want a secular state that respects all religions and which belongs to all religions.'

The forces of tolerance and pluralism such as Mr Abbas are clearly facing an uphill battle. Given the Saudi resources behind the Muslim brotherhood, the forces of pluralism and religious tolerance in Egypt will need all the help they can get from their friends around the world, including those in Australia.

PETER DAY writes for *The Spectator*. He spent several years in the US as a foreign correspondent for *News Ltd*.

In Memoriam

Professor Alan David Crown, AM

[1932-2010]

PROFESSOR ALAN David Crown who died on November 2, last year will be much missed by *Annals* readers. For almost forty years he contributed articles regularly on topics of mutual interest to Jews and Catholics and to all who are interested in furthering their knowledge of Biblical or Middle Eastern studies. If Samaritan Studies now enjoys a respectability in academic circles that it always deserved but often was denied up until the last quarter of the twentieth century, much of the credit must go to the painstaking and ground-breaking scholarship of Alan Crown. He was for many years Head of the Department of Semitic Studies at the University of Sydney. More recently Alan was Founder, Chairman and Joint Master of Mandelbaum Jewish College within Sydney University. Those who were privileged to know him either as friend, colleague or mentor recognised the breadth of his learning and his skills as an Hebraist, and as a researcher and teacher of all aspects of Jewish Studies. His interests ranged widely - from Samaritan Hebrew and Aramaic to Yiddish and Judaeo and Samaritan Arabic.

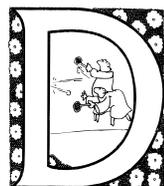
I first met Alan in 1968 at Sydney University where I was his student. We remained close friends until his death, unexpectedly, last November. He was a founder and member of the Conseil of the Société d'Études Samaritaines, affiliated with the Collège de France He was held in the highest esteem by colleagues and by institutions of higher learning around the world. The world of scholarship has lost a valued colleague and *Annals* and I have lost a dear friend. And the Jewish Community in Australia has lost a tireless worker. His shoes will be difficult to fill.

- [Father] Paul Stenhouse, msc

From the Rough Bounds to Suburbia

The Thin Black Line

By Ian MacDonald



DESERVEDLY many books have been written about and by missionary priests on their far-flung travails 'Trade follows the flag' became part of the folklore of the British Empire; for benefit of younger readers that was the one on which the sun never set and of which Australia and New Zealand were part.

Something similar could be said of the Spanish, Portuguese, French and Dutch empires in their heyday. The American Empire (also known as Manifest Destiny)? That is still a work in progress, which the former empires mentioned assist when they can.

Yet the maxim 'Trade follows the flag' needs elaboration; more often than not flag and trade followed religion brought by missionaries, initially of Catholicism, then missionaries of its post-Reformation offshoots, all following Christ's behest 'Going teach ye all nations baptising them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.'

These were the missionaries of far-away places; missionaries on what might be called the Home Front have understandably been given less attention. Books about and by such missionaries are relatively rare.

One classic of the sub-genre is Moidart or among the Clanranalds by the Reverend Charles Macdonald who tagged his by-line 'Priest of Moidart.' This rare volume is the source of what follows about its author.

His parish was in the area known in English as the 'Rough Bounds' lying in the Western Highlands of Scotland between Loch Suinart in the south and Loch Hourne in the West.

His priestly training in Scotland and France had begun in 1847 and was completed by his ordination in 1859.

Soon after he was appointed to the 'Rough Bounds' only to find on arrival that half the population had emigrated to Australia and New Zealand, Canada and the United States.

Those who remained were Gaelic speakers. His first task was to learn their language. Through this he won

the esteem of those who were his parishioners, and those who were not.

His learning and conversational gifts made him a welcome guests in crofter cottages and noble country houses. His pastoral care meant he accumulated a profound knowledge of local legend, history, tradition and folklore.

2011 HARVEST PILGRIMAGES

SAINTS & MARTYRS OF ENGLAND



Lic. 2TA 003632

ITINERARY

- London (3)
- Canterbury
- Aylesford
- Chatham (1)
- Walsingham
- King's Lynn (1)
- York (2)
- Osbaldwick
- Durham (1)
- Birmingham
- King's Lynn
- Walsingham
- WALSINGHAM
- ENGLAND
- WALE
- Birmingham
- London
- Chatham
- Bath (2)
- Glastonbury
- Stonehenge
- Aylesford
- Canterbury
- Glastonbury
- Stonehenge
- London (1)



A 15 Day Pilgrimage
Departing Monday
11th July 2011
Accompanied by
Fr. Paul Stenhouse MSC

FROM
\$7595 AUD
Now includes airline taxes / levies

'Like the shedding of Christ's blood, so the martyrs' oblation of their lives become in virtue of their union with Christ's Sacrifice, a source of life and spiritual fertility for the Church and for the whole world'

(Pope Paul at the Canonisation of the 40 Martyrs of England and Wales, 1970)

For detailed itinerary visit www.harvestpilgrims.com or call 1800 819 156

No right to privacy

AFTER Tract 90 the Protestant world would not let me alone; they pursued me in the public journals to Littlemore. Reports of all kinds were circulated about me. Imprimis, why did I go up to Littlemore at all? For no good purpose certainly; I dared not tell why. Why, to be sure, it was hard that I should be obliged to say to the Editors of newspapers that I went up there to say my prayers; it was hard to have to tell the world in confidence, that I had a certain doubt about the Anglican system, and could not at that moment resolve it, or say what would come of it; it was hard to have to confess that I had thought of giving up my Living a year or two before, and that this was a first step to it. It was hard to have to plead, that, for what I knew, my doubts would vanish, if the newspapers would be so good as to give me time and let me alone. Who would ever dream of making the world his confidant? yet I was considered insidious, sly, dishonest, if I would not open my heart to the tender mercies of the world. But they persisted: What was I doing at Littlemore? Doing there? have I not retreated from you? have I not given up my position and my place? am I alone, of Englishmen, not to have the privilege to go where I will, no questions asked? am I alone to be followed about by jealous prying eyes, who note down whether I go in at a back door or at the front, and who the men are who happen to call on me in the afternoon? Cowards! if I advanced one step, you would run away; it is not you that I fear: 'Di me terrent, et Jupiter hostis.'... I cannot walk into or out of my house, but curious eyes are upon me. Why will you not let me die in peace? Wounded brutes creep into some hole to die in, and no one grudges it them. Let me alone, I shall not trouble you long. This was the keen [heavy] feeling which pierced me, and, I think, these are the very words that I used to myself. I asked, in the words of a great motto, 'Ubi lapsus? quid feci?' One day when I entered my house, I found a flight of Undergraduates inside. Heads of Houses, as mounted patrols, walked their horses round those poor cottages. Doctors of Divinity dived into the hidden recesses of that private tenement uninvited, and drew domestic conclusions from what they saw there. I had thought that an Englishman's house was his castle; but the newspapers thought otherwise.

- Excerpt from John Henry Cardinal Newman's pamphlet published May 26, 1864: *History of My Religious Opinions* [from 1841 to 1845]. 'Imprimis': 'First of all'; 'Di me terrent ...': 'It is the gods who frighten me; and [especially] Jupiter, my foe'; 'Ubi lapsus ...': 'Where is the fault? What have I done?'

On these he based his book. Its pages dance with memories: St Columba and the monks of Iona; origins of the Clanranald family, traditions regarding St Finnan; smuggling, Highland and Irish priests from 1652 until the 18th century; Catholic gentlemen in the Rough Bounds becoming Protestants after receiving commissions in the British army.

The author writes of the failure of the potato crop in the Highlands in 1846, the replacement of people by sheep and how the bulk of emigrants reached Port Philip, Victoria in 1852.

He writes more gently of this episode – known as The Clearances – than others have done and robustly tends to favour his own clan as in the

following passage about one of its chieftains:

'Macdonald had a wonderful tact in preventing or allaying quarrels. When Glengarry, on a certain occasion, was getting very hot over some dispute with some Skye gentlemen at a public dinner in Portree, and his violence likely to lead to a disgraceful scene, Macdonald mounted on the table, and went through every step of a Highland reel without once touching any of the glasses or dishes spread over it. This, considering he was not by any means a light weight, put all the guests in a good humour, and sent the demon of discord elsewhere.'

A further flavour of the book's quality is intrinsic to letters written by Father Macdonald 'to Admiral David Robertson Macdonald (in Edinburgh) proprietor of the Island of Shona Beag, Loch Moidart and the descendant of Donald Macdonald who lost his head and his property of Kinlochmoidart in the Rising of '45'.

Father Macdonald had been marked as a future bishop. But this was not to be. His health broke down and he died in 1894, aged 59. In what was for the time a rare gesture of ecumenism, his body was taken to the Protestant cathedral in Oban.

There a solemn pontifical requiem Mass was said by Bishop G.J. Smith. The remains were then conveyed to Lock Sunart and to his own church of Our Lady of the Angels at Mingarry.

The Oban Times reported: '... The whole countryside, Catholic and Protestant came to pay the last honours to one who in life had gained the esteem and affection of all, and who after death will live long in their memories.'

Moidart was first published in an edition of 500 copies in 1889; a century later an edition of 600 copies was published by James Thin at The Mercat Cross, Edinburgh.

Merely a curio? On the contrary, it is a sign that the thin black line of priests always held; in cities, suburbs and the country it still holds, veterans constantly reinforcing it, despite headlines about those who have been abusively derelict in their vowed duty.

Ian MacDonald is the pen-name of a well-known Sydney journalist.

Waiting for Superman

Fraught, clever documentary by Davis Guggenheim and Billy Kimball which shows how the United States, having exported its education philosophy to the world is now trying to rectify the unintended consequences of that philosophy at home.

The documentary is more than multi-million statistics and talking heads. In the context of the scarifying struggle for limited places in schools deemed superior, it shows conclusively the rights of parents to be the first educators of their children in co-operation with dedicated, professional teachers.

The focus is on the US State school system. The US Catholic parochial school system does not figure. Nor does the voucher system, through which parents get funds to send children to the a school of their choice.

Charter schools, set up by parents and teachers, are examined. Unclarified the extent to which these charter schools are tax-payer funded or paid for by parents.

Should be seen by parents and teachers as well as education consultants and bureaucrats for the eloquently abrasive educator Geoffrey Canada, Mr Chips as a tough African American cookie, who is CEO of the Harlem's Children's Zone. Michelle Rhee, chancellor of the Washington DC public school system, shows that new brooms can sweep clean. Possibly *Waiting for Superman* should be imitated with a local version.

PG★★★★SFFV

Hereafter

Demonstrates director Clint Eastwood's mastery of cinematic genres; it is beautifully crafted across splendid locations and includes an awesome *tsunami*. The movie's subtitle, Conspiracy of Silence, may, however, say more than it means to. The premise, put into the mouth of Cecile de France, playing a television reporter Marie LeLay (a French Jana Wendt), is that the aforesaid conspiracy has prevented people learning the truth.

Tosh. Silence, conspiratorial or otherwise, has never been a reaction to the hereafter. Thousands of books have been written about it, not least the New

MOVIES

By James Murray

Testament. In framing Marie's words, Eastwood signals through shots of the Eiffel Tower that she is Paris-based.

No sign of the building the New Testament inspired: Notre Dame Cathedral. Marie Lelay writes the book that gives the movie its title and sub-title. Not a line is quoted from it to illustrate its revelatory nature.

Why? The movie is a reworking of antique, Victorian mahogany spiritualism for the chipboard market. It is a meditation on shadowy *maybes* accompanied by Eastwood's finger-licking guitar music not an affirmation of faith accompanied by Handel's *Messiah*, Elgar's *Dream of Gerontius* or a plainchant *Credo*.

Matt Damon co-stars as George, a San Francisco fork-lift driver, who tries to reject what used to be called clairvoyant or psychic gifts.

Peter Morgan's script has a number of narrative strands. As Eastwood plaits them, it becomes clear that another kind of spirit is driving the movie, the spirit of Hollywood hokum.

For the final kiss, French star Cecile de France must rendezvous from Paris with American star Matt Damon from San Francisco. Where else but London? Credit where credit is due. The maestro Eastwood varies the cliché: he has George foresee the final kiss, then shake hands with his co-star.

M★★★★NFFV

The Next Three Days

Nondescript title for a high calibre thriller in which writer/director/co-producer Paul Haggis shows his craftiness by casting New Zealand's gift to Australia, Russell Crowe.

Through his greatest acting talent: amiability souring to ferocious intensity like alcohol from a spud, Crowe drives the plot playing John Brennan, a teacher, whose wife Lara (Elizabeth Banks) is unjustly imprisoned for murder, inspiring him to become her jail-breaker.

Complications: she is a diabetic; they have a child who must be part of the planned escape south of the border.

Haggis creates a meeting with a jail

escape artist, played by Liam Neeson, setting up expectations that he and Crowe will form a buddy duo (Snatch Cassidy and the Glumdance Kid?)

But Crowe's buddy is Google where he acquires various kinds of expertise: cutting keys and breaking into vehicles but not sticking on false moustaches. By script osmosis, he also acquires unlikely pistol expertise to confront passport dealers who have the cash needed for the escape budget.

Inevitably the Haggis version is comparable with the original, much shorter French version, *Anything for Her*. But Haggis's final sequence where escape-plan elements mesh while police go into hot pursuit conjures the impression that the cinema, not the vehicles, should be fitted with safety belts. Do the escapees make it south? You will not know to the very end.

M★★★★NFFV

Rabbit Hole

Child death is a subject filled with grief and, therefore, if not taboo, then avoided. Yet when such a subject is chosen there is a tendency to stretch its true dimensions for the purposes of drama.

This can be sensed in director John Cameron Mitchell's adaptation of David Lindsay-Abaire's hit stage play.

Becca and Howie Corbett (Nicole Kidman, Aaron Eckhard both in compelling form) are the parents of a little boy killed when the family dog pulls him into suburban traffic.

Dianne Wiest plays the grandma trying to bring Catholic faith to the situation. Her attempt is rebuffed by Becca as is the attempt of another couple at an encounter group.

Howie comes to prefer pot-smoking episodes with yet another parent, superlatively played by Sandra Oh. Meanwhile Becca has met a high school student (Jon Tenney) whose hand-drawn comic book assists Becca and Howie to go on.

A modern prop more facile than the ancient *deus ex machina*.

M★★★★NFFV

True Grit

Directors Ethan and Joel Coen defeat the prejudice of many, including this reviewer, in remaking the classic Western based on Charles Portis's novel.

The new version is superior in one respect to remembered versions: the performance of Hailiee Steinfeld as the intrepid Mattie Ross who travels West to see to the burial of her father and the settlement of his estate including a blood debt.

The novice Steinfeld, self-possessed, wary, determined, outshines the veteran stars Jeff Bridges, Matt Damon and Josh Brolin.

As federal marshal Rooster Cogburn, Bridges reprises his broken-down drunk in *Tender Mercies* (raising the possibility of a repeat Oscar for a repeat performance). Matt Damon, as Texas Ranger LaBoeuf, fires off his lines like a pedantic teacher throwing chalk. Of the fugitive killer Tom Chaney, Josh Brolin makes a mix as mean as Marley with a gun.

The Coens keep closely to the original text. Result; not a single expletive deleted in the dialogue. Cinematographer Roger Deakins shoots a magnificent scene where Cogburn and Mattie become a Western Lear and his Cordelia. Will she live or die?

Trivial Pursuit note: Henry Hathaway (white eyepatch) directed John Wayne (black eyepatch) and Kim Darby in the original 1969 version. Wayne teamed with Katherine Hepburn to make *Rooster Cogburn* in 1975. In addition there was a television version.

Violence in the movie, it needs to be said, is distanced by the point of view of a self-possessed 14-year-old unlike the involving violence of some video games allowed by parents at home.

MA ★★★★★NFFV

127 Hours

Director Danny Boyle and his co-writer Simon Beaufoy set themselves a task of extreme risk: filming the ordeal of Aron Ralston who in 2003, trapped by a Utah canyon boulder-fall, amputated his forearm to get free.

The boulder will not disintegrate. Ralston's ego does. James Franco gives a virtuoso performance as Ralston, a superbly fit athlete realising he, too, is human while taking measures to survive, fantasising, filming himself, recalling the past and screwing his courage to the cutting point.

Amber Tamblyn and Kate Mara provide idyllic diversion playing Megan and Kristi, hikers Ralston meets before

Official Classifications key

G: for general exhibition;
PG: parental guidance
recommended for
persons under 15 years;
M 15+: recommended for
mature audiences 15 years and
over; MA 15+: restrictions apply
to persons under the age of 15;
R 18+: Restricted to adults,
18 years and over.

Annals supplementary advice

SFFV: Suitable For Family Viewing;
NFFV: Not For Family Viewing.

his ordeal. In the post-amputation sequence, Boyle provides the uplift, Ralston agonisingly racing death to make it back to what his solo sport had made him disregard: home, family and friends.

The original material is from from Ralston's memoir, *Between a Rock and Hard Place*. Boyle and Beaufoy keep it to a tense 93 minutes. More critical emphasis might have been given to Ralston's breach of the basic rules of hazardous sport: never leave without saying where you're going. Never go solo.

M★★★★NFFV

How do You Know

Writer/director James L Brooks does romantic comedies in the style of *Pygmalion*. The latter, as every schoolboy doesn't know any more, fell in love with the ivory statue he'd sculpted.

Similarly Brooks falls in love with the characters he creates. Lisa (Reese Witherspoon) is a pro softball player too old at 31 for the US Olympic team but not too old for the courtship game. Initially this involves pro-baseballer Matty (Owen Wilson) a rich, pad-perfect suitor. Through a blind-date she also becomes involved with George (Paul Rudd) a business exec living in the shadow of his father (Jack Nicholson), the shadow being both personal and inland revenue.

Dialogue, scripted, improvised, and

always witty, enlivens every scene. Wilson does a fine turn delivering, and sending up, psycho-babble. Witherspoon and Rudd put together a dining sequence of total silence more eloquent than any verbal exchanges.

Nicholson (who starred in the Brooks hits, *Terms of Endearment* and *As Good as It Gets*) may seem to be on dimmer switch. More likely, being a great hardball player, he recognises the aptness of being a softball player in the company of Witherspoon, Wilson and Rudd.

M★★★★NFFV

The Dilemma

VinceVaughn, like Adam Sandler, specialises in a kind of saturnine, obnoxious charm, which doesn't always work. Ironic, therefore, to see him directed by Ron Howard who as Richie Cunningham projected *Happy Days* sunniness to a generation.

Perhaps 'directed' is wrong. It may be that Howard let Vaughn (credited as a co-producer) do his bull in the gag-shop number as muscle-car promoter Ronny in tandem with Nick (Kevin James), genius engineer, both pitching an engine modification at Chrysler HQ in Chicago.

That's only the fluffy pastry. The pie meat is that Ronny, in a happy 'relationship' with beautiful Beth (Jennifer Connolly), discovers that Nick's wife Geneva (Winona Ryder) is having an affair with a grizzled, Zimmer-frame test pilot. Oops. Wrong script. Her affair is with a young baseball player (Channing Tatum).

Ronny intervenes, inadvertently creating a positive side-effect: Ron Howard's mordant direction of an encounter-group sequence in which the characters get together to reach closure through self-centred chatter.

M★★★★NFFV

Morning Glory

Harrison Ford in a comedy? Well, he did all right in *Working Girl* with Melanie Griffiths and Sigourney Weaver. Here he plays Mike Pomeroy, veteran TV hard newsman contractually forced into hosting the breakfast show of the title. He has Diane Keaton as his co-host, Colleen Peck, and Rachel McAdam as Becky, the ambitious young producer aiming to raise the show's ratings.

The movie's weakness has little to do with the actors (McAdam, a scintillating sprite) and a lot to do with its cop-out nature under director Roger (*Notting Hill*) Mitchell (script by Aline Brosh McKenna).

Ford's veteran, having re-established his credentials with a political scoop, goes along with aproning up to do a twinkling cooking segment involving *fritata*.

Nothing, not even mushy *fritata*, is more distasteful than satire that goes to water. Bland is the word here, the only satirical hint is the name Becky (as in *Vanity Fair*). What the movie needed was Pomeroy yelling as Peter Finch's character did in *Network*: 'I'm mad as hell and I'm not going to take this anymore.'

Then decamping to Public Service Broadcasting with or without Becky. Nowadays, of course, it's harder to satirise television than in 1976 when TV veteran Paddy Chayevsky scripted *Network*.

Television, apart from being ad and promo crammed, satirises itself as participants, all but the most wary, see in themselves the visual equivocal of the celebrities and politicians they interview, a self fantasy not available to print or radio journalists.

M★★★SFFV

Love and Other Drugs

New comedy formula: roll together two young stars, Anne Hathaway and Jake Gyllenhaal. Add two twists: She suffers from early onset Alzheimers. He is cynic in love who takes on a job as a Viagra salesman.

Will he or won't he stand-by her as her illness worsens? And perhaps more importantly is the comedy a satire on the marketing methods of Big Pharma or does it enhance them?

MA15+★★NFFV

No Strings Attached

Director Ivan Reitman, working from Elizabeth Meriwether's script, extracts what comedy he can from the banality of this romance involving an aspiring doctor Emma (Natalie Portman) and a movie assistant director Adam (Ashton Kutcher). They agree that sex without love is the way to go. If Portman's acting during montages (no bilingual pun intended) is the more frantic, it's because she is also

an executive producer (read self-executing).

Kutcher? Under feminism, the bimbo has tended to vanish from romantic comedies only to be replaced by the himbo. Kutcher is at risk of becoming himboism's greatest star. The usual friends hang off the plot's edges as if these were styrofoam in stormy seas. And the great Kevin Kline gets to do a turn as Adam's TV celebrity father Alvin (no relation to the Alvin Purple).

MA15+★★NFFV

Black Swan

Director Aaron (*The Wrestler*) Aronofsky presents a psychologically frail ballet dancer Nina (Natalie Portman). She is preferred for the dualistic title role in *The Swan* over a tougher rival (Mila Kunis). The artistic director Thomas (Vincent Cassell) subjects her to predatory bullying in the cause of art. This, aggravated by the ambition of her mother (Barbara Hershey), drives her fatally insane as she dances the role.

Portman is superlative in her subservience. Aronofsky overloads the movie with repellent scenes. For black read billious. Vincent Cassell utters that immortal cinema cliché 'I love you.' His French accent makes it clear he really means: 'Don't worry, you can leave soon.'

MA15+★★NFFV

Burlesque

Narrow title which may need the explanation that burlesque is vaudeville (or music-hall) with fewer, slighter costumes. Into a burlesque club, remnant of the past, run by a twice-bitten but not shy Tess (Cher) comes Christine Aguilera as Ali a country girl singer and dancer looking for her big break.

Director Steven Antin goes for an ambience that is at once garish and murky, ambivalent, ambiguous and louche. The movie has its moments, however, particularly for anyone who may have forgotten to adjust a hearing aid or don ear muffs.

When Aguilera cuts loose, her voice is resonant with enough decibels to make the late, great Ethel Merman sound whispery.

M★★NFFV

Catfish

Is a faux documentary more clever and more honest about the games filmmakers play by exploiting the kind of personal material that flourishes on Facebook.

Documentary makers Ariel Schulman and Henry Joost set up a situation (and it is a set-up) involving Abby, a child prodigy painter of primitive works and a photographer, Ariel's brother Janiv. He is real. What of Abby, her parents and her singer sister who falls in love with Janiv during spells of electronic courtship?

To say more would be spoil the detective story that follows (and it's not Agatha Christie). The morale may be that the only person who emerges with human dignity intact is a loyal and loving computer illiterate.

PG★★★SFFV

The Fighter

All the fighting isn't in the ring. Director David O Russell shows another bout going on between Mark Wahlberg and, Christian Bale, the first underplaying in the role of Mickey Ward, the second manic in the flamboyance he brings to the part of the half-brother and trainer Dicky Eklund, once a contender, now struggling against being a drug addicted wastrel.

Based on a true story, the movie concerns itself not with big stadium fights but with televised hotel-casino prize-fights where physical courage, sauced with sweat and blood, is still the essence.

Amy Adams, cast against type, is Charlene a barmaid who keeps Mickey on a winning track. Melissa Leo adds to her great actress status with her portrayal of the family matriarch, Alice, staunch, caustic, witty, aligned with a chorus of unmarried daughters who are into sibling empathy not the rivalry of their brothers.

MA15+★★★NFFV

Yogi Bear 3D

Three D or not three D, Yogi Bear is a funny old chap like his Australian offspring Humphrey B Bear (unaccountably not an NWS9 Adelaide corporate asset when the station was controlled by the greatest bear Rupert (Murdoch)).

To Yogi's picnic-basket plundering in Jellystone National Park, director Eric Brevig adds a dastardly developer whom the computer generated Yogi and his offsider Boo-Boo (voiced by Dan Ackroyd and Justin Timberlake) must thwart. Besides the developer there are other slightly out of focus human actors in the movie. All have ignored the updated advice: 'Acting with children and animals now okay but not computer generated cartoon animals who are not with you on camera.'

G★★★SFFV

Tangled

Twenty years in the Disney cartoon machine has enhanced the vintage flavour of this version of the Princess Rapunzel tale. Essentially it is a trad cartoon, directed in 3D by Byron Howard and Nathan Greno, and supervised by the Pixar masters of computer generated imagery John Lasseter and Ed Catmull.

Rapunzel is voiced by Mandy Moore and her rescuer Flynn Ryder by Zachary Levi. They make a feisty pair, she by introducing a frying-pan as a feminist weapon of choice, he by out-Flynn-ing Errol. Both rely for their best moments on a horse, Maximus

PG★★★SFFV

Lebanon

Broad title. Narrow vision. Writer/director Samuel Moaz sets his action inside an Israeli tank. His point of view – and the audience's – is the gunsight of the tank. Its crew: tank commander Assi (Itay Tiran), gunner Shmulik (Yoav Donat), loader Hertzal (Oshri Cohen) and driver Yigal (Michael Moshonov), are advancing into Lebanon to a village, ironically called Saint Tropez

They have been ordered to support a paratroop unit in 'cleaning up' the village, already bombed by the Israeli Air Force during the conflict, known as the First Lebanon War, 1982.

Moaz based his movie on his time as an Israeli tank soldier in that war. He, his cameraman Giora Bejach and his actors capture the fearful courage displayed in action where the tank is fuelled on petrol and its crew on adrenalin.

And they capture the horror, nowhere with more visceral force than in a fire fight involving a Syrian

rifleman (Dudu Tassa) who is using a widowed Christian woman (Reymonde Amsellem) as a human shield.

The Syrian is taken prisoner. When a pair of Christian phalangists are assigned as guides, Moaz's script loses balance. One phalangist (Ashraf Barhom), having ascertained that none of the Israelis speaks Arabic, proceeds to threaten the Syrian with hideous tortures (all duly subtitled).

A small classic, marred by a manipulative scene.

MA15+ ★★★★★NFFV

Gasland

Theatre director Josh Fox received a letter in 2006 from an energy company offering him \$100,000 for the right to explore the woodland retreat left to him by his parents.

Rather than take the money and run to make whoopee, Fox journeyed across the United States – Wyoming, Arkansas, Louisiana, Texas – accompanied by cinematographer Matt Sanchez.

They found widespread use of a new technology – hydraulic fracturing or fracking – to extract natural gas from coal seams using water mixed with trade-secret chemicals.

Clean, green and more efficient! Well, no, a side effect was gas contamination of the water supply. These consequences are made visual: householders turn on water taps, put lighters to them only to recoil from the water-gas flare-up.

Low Lies and Rising Sea Levels

ELISALA PITA, in an interview with the Toronto Globe and Mail (24 November 2001), said, 'Tuvalu is being used for the issue of climate change. People are telling all these lies, just using Tuvalu to prove their point. No island is sinking. Tuvalu is not sinking.'

- *Unstoppable Global Warming*, S. Fred Singer, Dennis T. Avery, Rowman and Littlefield, 2008, p.160.

Among the companies involved Halliburton, notorious for profiteering during the Iraq war and formerly bossed by Bush Vice President Dick Cheney. Like other energy companies Halliburton was legally exempted from key provisions of US environmental regulations

Eventually Fox shows the corporates at bay before a congressional committee. Not a pretty sight. Candy-floss spin impossible.

Gaslands depicts a situation shocking beyond buckets-of-blood, shocking enough to inspire a 2009 bill in the US Congress to repeal the energy-industry exemptions. The bill, at this writing, is opposed by the industry.

Gaslands should not be missed. Similar technology may be introduced in Australia. Or is this *fait accompli*? Anyone for a Hunter Valley Red irrigated with water that can also be used to fuel the barbecue?

PG★★★★★ SFFV

The Tourist

By this thriller's end, the plot twists are fighting each other like pretzels in a cocktail bar. Johnny Depp and Angelina Jolie alternately charm and hoodwink each other, he as a nondescript traveller, she as a mysterious beauty.

In close attendance is an InterPol team lead by Scotland Yard detective (Paul Bettany). They seeks to link Depp, the traveller, to a vanished conman and his millions. Steven Berkoff does his London gang boss turn. Timothy Dalton and Rufus Sewell hang about. Not for the first time Venice is a diverting location.

M★★★NFFV

Life During War Time

Writer/director Todd Solondz has made his reputation with difficult material. Here he ranges into a family coping with the prospect of a father, Bill, being released after being jailed for paedophilia.

As Bill, Ciaran Hinds leads a talented cast that also includes Alison Janney, Shirley Henderson and Charlotte Rampling. Dylan Riley Snyder is the son confronted with a strange take on situation he cannot quite understand. He is not alone.

MA15+★★NFFV

Was Australia betrayed by Britain in 1942 when the Singapore naval base was surrendered to the Japanese?

BRITANNIA HAS A BROAD BACK

By Michael O'Connor



VIEW expressed by a number of Australian historians and popularised by former prime minister Paul Keating is that Australia was betrayed

by Britain in 1942 when the Singapore naval base was surrendered to the Japanese, allegedly leaving Australia wide open to invasion. That the invasion not only did not occur but also was not seriously contemplated by the Japanese is not seen to be relevant to the purveyors of what has become in some circles received wisdom. This hostility to Britain is one of the more ill-natured manifestations of Australia's persistent cultural cringe that persists to this day.

Augustine Meaher IV is an American historian who gained his doctorate at Melbourne University with this study of Australian defence policy between the two world wars. One of the great values of this book is that the author lacks the political baggage carried by Australian – or British – protagonists. Meaher takes aim not only at those who put their faith in the Singapore strategy but those opponents who did nothing to replace it in Australia's defence policy. The book is very detailed with a focus upon the political debates and decisions but also on the military and industrial elites who were either uninterested or ineffectual.

At the end of World War I, the so-called war to end all wars, the victorious nations forcibly disarmed their opponents but also rushed to disarm themselves, putting their faith in disarmament agreements and the League of Nations.

In an act of what now seems to be gross naivety, the Kellogg-Briand Pact purported to outlaw war. The Washington Naval Treaty of 1922

Augustine Meaher IV *The Road to Singapore: the myth of British betrayal* 2010, Australian Scholarly Publishing, Melbourne, 268pp, \$39.95 rrp

provided for restrictions on naval forces agreed by Britain, the United States and Japan. France and Italy refused to sign. Significantly, the treaty manifested Britain's abandoned policy of maintaining a navy larger than the next two naval powers combined. Further, under pressure from the United States, Britain cancelled the Anglo-Japanese Treaty of 1902 that Japan saw as a studied racist insult.

The same period saw a sharp reduction in the Royal Australian Navy with the scrapping of many ships and the sacking of large numbers of officers and sailors. Militia training for the Army was made voluntary while the new Royal

What faces our Youth

It is more and more custom, routine, personal preference, that will in reality be determining their religious life, and not faith—the faith which has ceased to be preached to them, which perhaps was never preached to them as by its nature it needs to be preached, and which now, for all their lifetime, has been obscured by persistent, persuasive, and congenially human propaganda that contradicts the faith.

— Philip Hughes, *The Reformation in England*, London, Burns & Oates, 1962, p.188.

Australian Air Force had fewer pilots than aircraft, all of which were obsolete. In 1919 the British naval mission to Australia headed by Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe recommended establishing a major Fleet base at Darwin and another at Singapore. Already driven in part by the White Australia policy, the government was expressing concern about Japanese policy and had strongly opposed the granting of a League of Nations mandate to the former German Pacific territories.

The last year of the 'twenties found the world facing economic depression. With a collapse of income and an increased demand for unemployment benefit – such as it was – the Australian Labor government of James Scullin opted for even more savage defence cuts. Labor at that time was strongly socialist and anti-military, and continued to be so at least until 1941. Scullin's government was defeated when Joe Lyons and a number of supporters from the ALP crossed the floor and formed a new party, the United Australia Party, with Lyons as prime minister. Lyons and his party, even the ex-soldiers among them, were little interested in defence and took virtually no notice of the rise of Nazism and Fascism in Europe.

The so-called Singapore strategy was based upon the construction of a first class naval base at Singapore to which the British main fleet would be sent in the event of a threat from Japan. Construction of the base was halted for financial reasons on a number of occasions and, in fact, the base was not fully completed until after the outbreak of World War II.

Australian governments in the 1920s and '30s based what passed for a defence policy upon the increasingly questionable ability the Royal Navy to

get to Singapore with a force capable of dealing with the Japanese. The conservative Lyons government in particular was so dependent upon what it called the Imperial defence strategy that it – and several of its successors – declined Britain’s offer of full independence under the 1931 Statute of Westminster.

Labor was not much better contenting itself with carping criticism of the government. Its sole contribution was to insist that Australia could be defended by the collection of obsolete string-bags known as the RAAF.

Meaher hammers home the point that the concept of Imperial defence required the smaller nations of the British Empire to provide for their own local defence and Australia did not do that. In effect, Australia wanted a guarantee of its security from Britain while it contributed virtually nothing – and certainly nothing towards securing Australian territory against raids or invasion.

There were few to question the Lyons policy. A small number of vocal Army officers did so but their views were couched in terms of cutting back Australia’s naval forces in favour of the Army. They assumed that no more money would be forthcoming but those tiny naval forces were themselves important and the officers’ views were seen as no more than a manifestation of inter-Service rivalry.

In an important chapter, Meaher looks at the role of Australia’s political, industrial and military elites. He sees them as isolated from each other especially after Parliament moved to Canberra in 1927. Australia’s industrial moguls were not interested in national security and the military command remained based in Melbourne. There was thus no pressure upon the government to change direction until the late ‘thirties. Even then, the government continued to put its faith in Singapore.

Meaher suggests that the British did pressure Australia to do more for its own defence but were ignored. To be fair, Australia was a small and unsophisticated community with a government that, during the depression, had rejected the option of deficit financing as a means of hastening recovery. That it could have done much more was proved by its performance under both conservative and Labor



first national
REAL ESTATE | **Coogee**

First National Real Estate Coogee was established in 1968, we have been in Coogee for 42 years and are the longest running agency in the Coogee District.

Annals readers who need the service of an Award Winning Real Estate Agency should contact: James Giltinan, son of the founder Robert Giltinan. James, along with his staff provide expertise in service and management that focuses on your needs and requirements. First National Real Estate Coogee has been the very proud recipient of the Randwick City Business Excellence Awards in 2005 & 2009.

james@coogeefn.com.au



206 Coogee Bay Road
Coogee
coogee realestate.com.au
9665 3341

governments immediately before and during World War II.

Did Britain abandon Australia as claimed by Paul Keating and historians such as David Day? The evidence suggests otherwise. When Japan went on the rampage against China in 1937, Britain was already re-arming desperately while trying to stave off the aggressors with the policy of appeasement. By the time Japan attacked European colonial possessions in South East Asia, Britain was fighting for survival against both Germany and Italy with no allies except the distant Dominions.

Britain had already suffered severe naval losses and her necessary strategic priority was to defeat any

attempt at invasion and to keep her sea communications open. It is possible to quibble about Britain’s policies before and during the war but her Australian critics were living in a glass house.

This is an important book based upon extensive research. It contains 39 pages of chapter references, a 17-page bibliography, a collection of contemporary and evocative newspaper cartoons but a somewhat sketchy index. There are a small number of superficial errors among which the *Supermarine Spitfire* becomes a *Submarine Spitfire* and Lord Jellicoe has been demoted one step in rank and two in the peerage to Admiral Viscount. Similarly, some editorial problems have left the reader with a Preface and no Introduction while the chapter notes have notes to an Introduction but not to a Preface.

As a final comment, perhaps Meaher or an equally capable historian could examine Australia’s post 1945 defence policies with the United States replacing Britain as Australia’s assumed guarantor!



