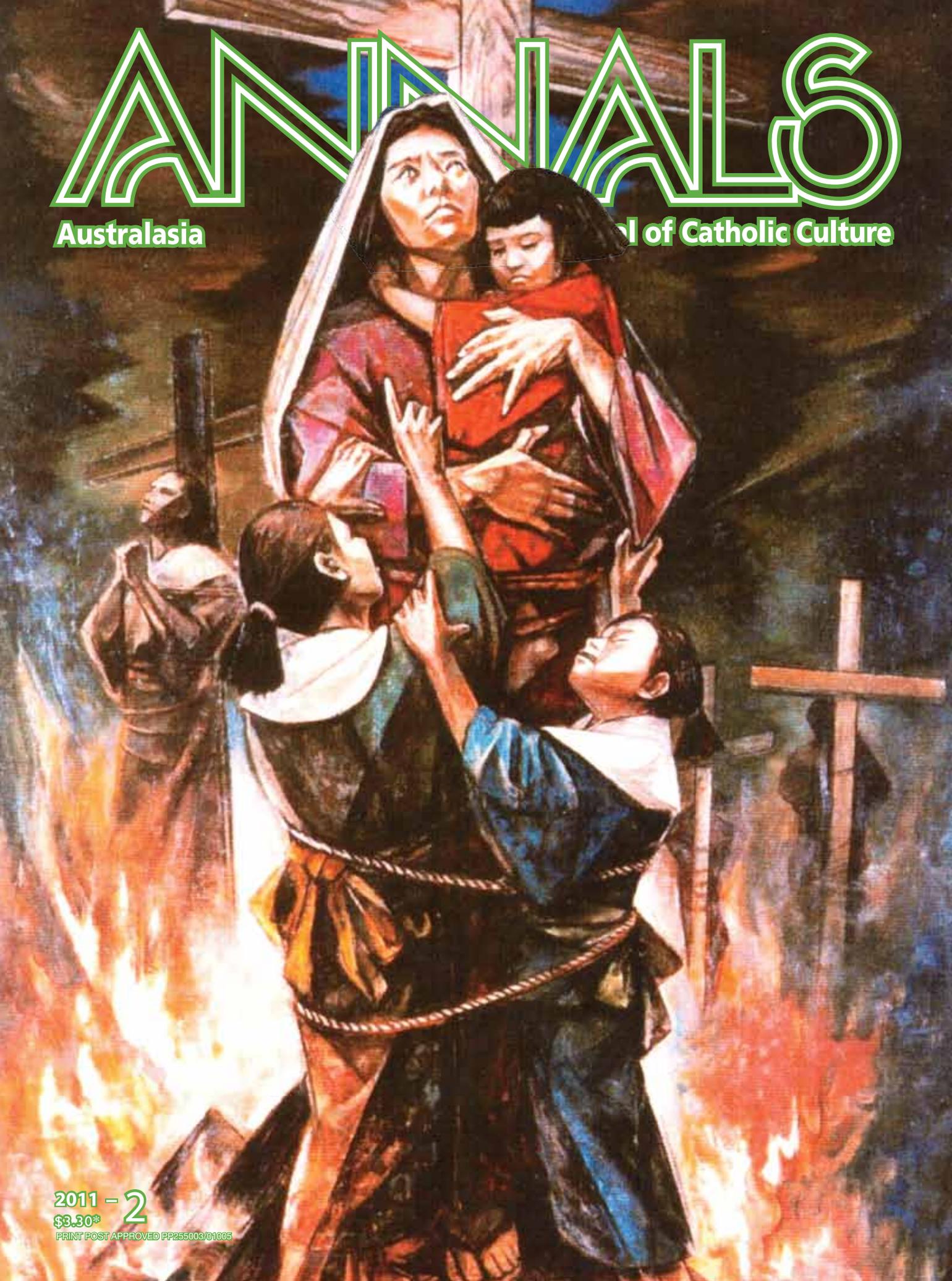


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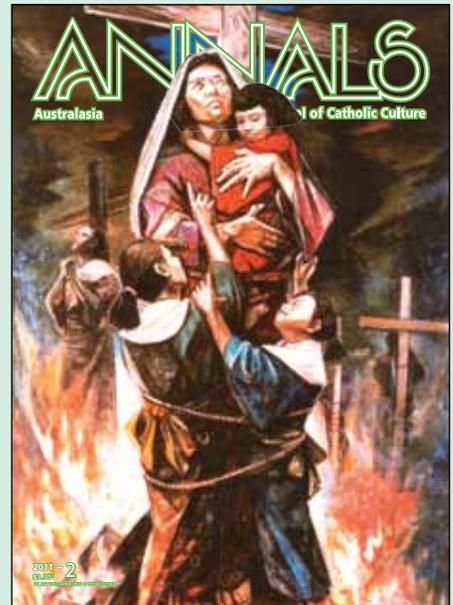
Volume 122, Number 2 March 2011

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

Australia's Oldest Catholic Magazine

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Front Cover: In 1619 Shogun Hidetada Tokugawa ordered the execution in Kyoto by burning alive of fifty-two Japanese Catholics who had been jailed for refusing to deny their faith: twenty-six men, twenty-six women and eleven children under fifteen years. They were then taken to the banks of the Kamo River, not too far from the present St. Francis Xavier Cathedral, where wooden crosses had been erected, with firewood stacked at each base. Catechist John Hashimoto was first to be roped to a cross. Next, his pregnant wife Thecla was roughly roped to a cross not far from his. She held four-year-old Lucia tightly to her breast, while nine-year-old Francis and twelve-year-old Thomas were roped to either side of her. Her other two children, six-year-old Peter and 13-year old Katrina were tied to the cross beside hers.

Back Cover: A selection of booklets available from Chevalier Press. They are ideal as Christmas or birthday gifts or as gifts for relatives and friends interested in the Catholic Faith, for RCIA groups following catechism courses in preparation of baptism at Eastertide, or as school prizes.

Cover: From a painting of the martyrdom of Thecla Hashimoto and her family by Masami Tanaka – by courtesy of Hisayo Nakagawa, close friend of Mrs Tokiko Tanaka, and a leading lay Catholic in Southern Nara, Japan.

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WAIT
gladly
for the joy
that follows
sadness.

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

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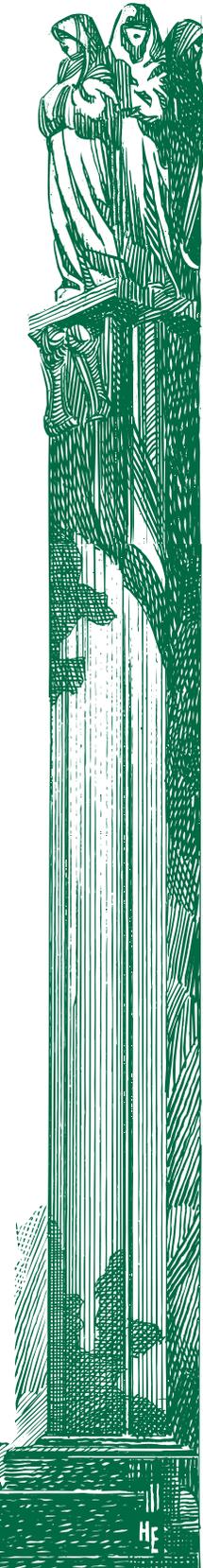
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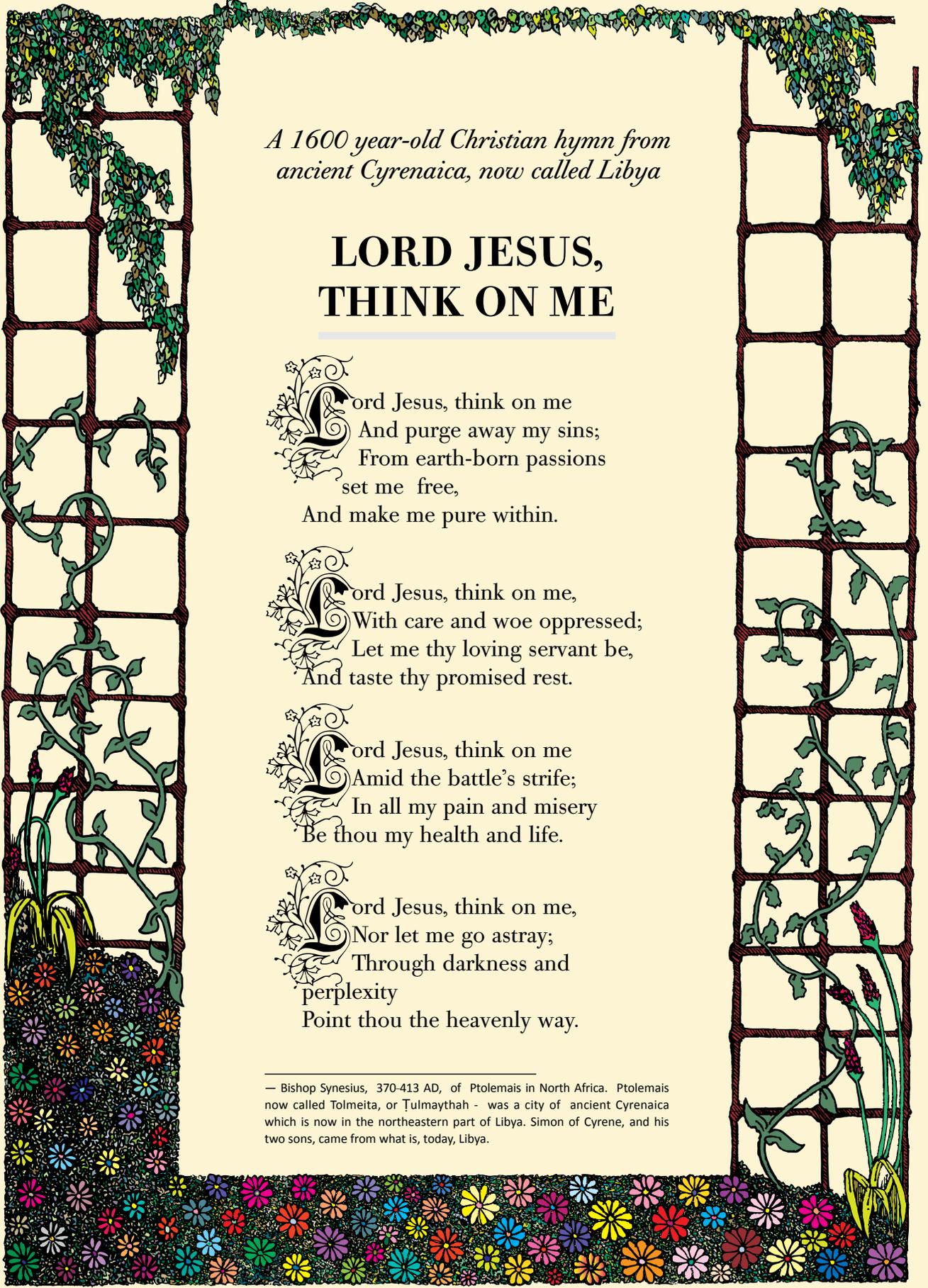
n the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

BE CONSIDERATE AND KIND



YOU ARE Christians and that very name means that you believe in charity. You must imitate the charity and love of Christ [who] cried out: ‘Come to me, all you who labour and are heavy-burdened, and I will refresh you.’ See how he received those who listened to his voice. He gave them a ready pardon for their sins and in a moment he quickly freed them from what troubled them: the Word made them holy, the Spirit sealed them, their old nature was buried, the new man was born and grew young again through grace. What was the result? He who had been an enemy, became a friend; he who had been a stranger, became a son; he who had been common and profane, became sacred and holy. Let us be shepherds after the style of our Lord. If we meditate on the gospels, we will learn as in a mirror how to be considerate and kind.

– St Asterius of Amasea [now Amasya, in Turkey], contemporary of St John Chrysostom [AD 347-407].



*A 1600 year-old Christian hymn from
ancient Cyrenaica, now called Libya*

LORD JESUS, THINK ON ME

Lord Jesus, think on me
And purge away my sins;
From earth-born passions
set me free,
And make me pure within.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
With care and woe oppressed;
Let me thy loving servant be,
And taste thy promised rest.

Lord Jesus, think on me
Amid the battle's strife;
In all my pain and misery
Be thou my health and life.

Lord Jesus, think on me,
Nor let me go astray;
Through darkness and
perplexity
Point thou the heavenly way.

— Bishop Synesius, 370-413 AD, of Ptolemais in North Africa. Ptolemais now called Tolmeita, or ʿUlmaythah - was a city of ancient Cyrenaica which is now in the northeastern part of Libya. Simon of Cyrene, and his two sons, came from what is, today, Libya.



H E N
boundaries
become
permeable
and
borders
disappear

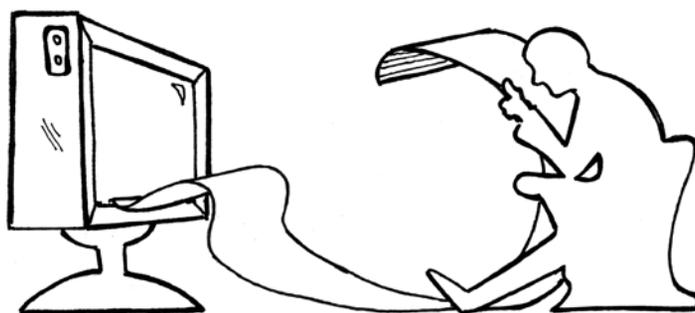
then strange things begin to happen; what once seemed fantastic and irrational becomes commonplace, so much so that earlier times of reason and order feel long ago and unbelievable, belonging to the realm of myth. Today the fantastic is the mundane for everything has become malleable and nothing is allowed to remain fixed. Some call this post-modernism, others tie it to free-market ideology, for both of these movements deny an inherent substance to things, seeing meaning as something to be created or manufactured.

But, in this, science is a willing partner for it has become *the means* of making everything malleable, doing so through the ideology of reductionism.

Science seeks to understand the meaning of everything by delving into the make-up of ever smaller 'things', thereby assuming that the nature of a thing is to be found in its parts, but in focusing on the parts the meaning of the Whole disappears, and as the parts become isolated from the Whole they lose their source of order and begin to behave in increasingly unpredictable ways. So it is that the sub-atomic world is marked by the oddest behavior, of the kind that defies description except by reference to the highly abstract language of mathematics and even then it is only ever a pale approximation. When reduced to smaller and smaller parts matter defies sense and reason, for one 'thing' is always changing into another.

The strangest theories abound, from super-strings to multi-verses, while these, in turn, are critiqued and other oddities and ideas present themselves. Stranger still is that both science and what it studies seem to follow each other's lead in that both become increasingly plastic.

Science may have begun its modern life with the empirical goal of simply observing things, though that is debatable; but it soon enough reverted to the alchemical desire to render matter manipulable; to turn lead into gold. Thus, it is not enough to study the gene. Science demands we manipulate it as well. The same holds with the study of both molecular and sub-atomic physics, for it is hoped that in knowing how to manipulate the constituents of matter our nano-



THE ENDARKENMENT

technology will become so sophisticated that matter *in all its forms* will be able to be shaped at will.

It is the hope of the scientific ideology of 'Transhumanism' that through the inter-face between nano-technology and biology the next stage in evolution will be ours to bring about and we will become what will effectively be a new species.

I daresay there is no one on this planet who is fully aware of all the odd

and wondrous things science is doing, but there is one thing all the sciences have in common; they are oriented towards shaping all things, including human life. In order to do this you must remove borders and boundaries, anything that lends itself to fixed identity and definition, and so it is that strange things are happening – for when all is made plastic then what gods and monsters can't we make?

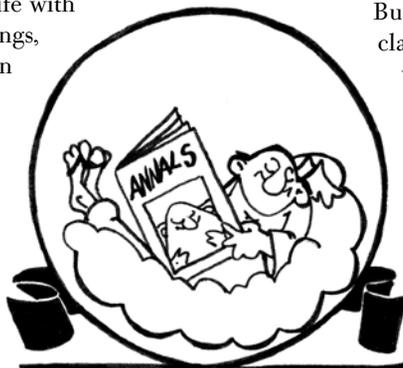
We are journeying away from God's own world into the one described by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*; all is fluid, nothing is stable, one thing changes into another. Only now, we think we can master the flux. We define all by reference to our will, in that if things *can* be changed then they *ought* to be changed, and, as science has observed, if this can be done then this must be how things *really are*; there are no absolutes, there is only plasticene.

Do not call it 'post-modern' for it is, in fact, modernity come into its own, in all its scientific and economic glory, for in the absence of substance proper, where every border is permeable, then meaning becomes an electronic signal the value of which is determined by the fluctuations of the market. Forget the dollar, we can float reality itself!

Here is the triumph of modern reason, the triumph of everything that the Enlightenment stood for. The Enlightenment philosophers argued that through science and free-markets humanity would come of age and truly be free.

God was sidelined and now truth would come to light!

But here's the rub: modern science began by claiming to shed light on all things, only now we know that the light it cast distorted what it illuminated; by focusing on the parts it lost sight of the Whole and all substance proper disappeared, and with it any sense of fixed meaning. In its light all things became dark. Science has become the enemy of reason and the friend of power – and so it is that now we live in the Endarkenment and foul things are beginning to take shape.



Breathing new life into long-dead ideologies and prejudices

'SPIN' AND THE WEB

By Paul Stenhouse



FEW of us have well-developed defences against what once was called 'cant' and now is known as 'spin'.

This virus of pandemic proportions infects family life, politics and the media, education and the work-place. Roadside hoardings, talk-back radio and bus-stop bill-boards are full of it. Few can escape its baneful influence.

Its favourite nest these days is the Web, where it breeds and propagates as never before. 'Google' and similar internet search engines provide easy access to a virtually bottomless pit brimful of anonymous and toxic 'spin'.

Chameleon-like, it sits confidently alongside much reputable and well-researched material and transforms an otherwise neutral and helpful tool into a menace for the unwary.

Those who access the net need intellectual immune systems equal to the task of sifting fact from fiction, 'spin' from reality, and truth from lies and half-lies. 'Spin' almost always sows doubt. Eventually it will destroy faith and trust. And 'Your Spin' – disarmingly well-marketed and user-friendly – is addictive. Its target audience is the suggestible among us. It panders to prejudice and feeds fear.

John Henry Cardinal Newman – beatified by Pope Benedict XVI on

September 19, 2010 – was not unaware of 'spin' and the harm it can do.

The fourth century heresy Arianism was named after an Alexandrian priest, Arius [250/256-336], who denied the divinity of Christ. He was condemned by the Council of Nicea in 325.

His heresy wreaked havoc among Catholics and pagans alike for centuries. He was a master of 'spin'.

In the context of Arianism Newman describes how 'spin' works. He notes that an aggressor, an assailant, always seems to have an advantage over the victim of the aggression.¹

Ever since Adam blamed Eve for *their* sin; and she in turn blamed the serpent, traces of original sin resurface as frail human beings struggle with the demands of life.

I recall once standing inside the home of friends waiting for the front door to be opened so that we could all leave the house. On the wall near the door there was a beautifully detailed map of the region that took up much of the space. The map was criss-crossed by ugly dark lines recently scrawled with a felt pen. The mother asked the children who was responsible for drawing the lines. Without missing a heart-beat an angelic two-and-a-half-year-old boy pointed to me and said: 'He did it'.

The little boy was not an Arian, I'm happy to say. But he did have certain skills in common with them.

Newman concedes that this advantage enjoyed by an aggressor may be partly due to the novelty and special circumstances of the aggression. When, for instance, it is a long-established institution like the Catholic Church that is under attack, this seems to win a lot of support for the aggressor. People are interested to see how the victim reacts.

This is still the case today. Self-styled 'Reality' shows on TV depend for their ratings and advertising on this tendency; as do many news and current

Missing the wood for the trees

IT is a common occurrence for a quarrel and a lawsuit to bring out the state of the law, and then the most unexpected results often follow. St. Peter's prerogative would remain a mere letter, till the complication of ecclesiastical matters became the cause of ascertaining it. While Christians were 'of one heart and one soul' it would be suspended; love dispenses with laws.'

When the Church, then, was thrown upon her own resources, first local disturbances gave exercise to Bishops, and next ecumenical disturbances gave exercise to Popes; and whether communion with the Pope was necessary for Catholicity, would not and could not be debated *till a suspension of that communion had actually occurred.*

It is not a greater difficulty that St. Ignatius does not write to the Asian Greeks about Popes than that St. Paul does not write to the Corinthians about Bishops. And it is a less difficulty that the Papal supremacy was not formally acknowledged in the second century, than that there was no formal acknowledgment on the part of the Church of the doctrine of the Holy Trinity till the fourth.

No doctrine is defined till it is violated.

— *Development of Christian Doctrine*, by J. H. Newman, pp. 149-150, quoted in *Difficulties: A correspondence about the Catholic Religion between Mgr. Ronald Knox, and Sir Arnold Lunn*, Eyre & Spottiswoode, London, 1958, p.266

affairs programmes. Modern-day newspapers could not survive without it. Destroying 'Sacred Cows' and searching for 'clay feet' has become a perverted art form in a world where 'Idols,' 'Icons,' 'Legends,' 'Celebrities' and numerous varieties of other 'straw men' abound.

In the case of a new religion like that of Arius – arising in protest at the older established Catholic Faith – all its forces were concentrated on attacking the dogmas, the practices and the institutions of the older established Christian religion. Ridicule and satire were much resorted to, as was a belligerency that smacked more of paganism than of the spirit of the Gospel. This, too, is still the norm.

When Arius, the suave and well-presented rebel priest from Alexandria and his long-dead mentor Paul of Samosata, a former bishop of Antioch, came up with their heretical views on the divinity of Christ, they acted with the 'sleight' of mind and 'cunning craftiness' against which St Paul² warned us. They were Sophists trained in the Antioch School noted for its dialectical skill in baffling adversaries. They were masters of 'spin'.

By nature sceptical, they were more interested in casting doubt, and setting out to 'reform' an existing Creed, than in offering clear and indisputable

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evidence in support of their own views.

Their strong point lay in attacking what they claimed to be error; not in expounding Truth. They had noted how other new religions in the past had come to grief when attempting this latter goal.

The myriad Christian heresies that arose prior to Arianism are a case in point. These arose in opposition to Catholicism it is true, but they were not so much attacking Catholic orthodoxy

as propounding their own views, proposing alternative doctrines couched in demands for rigorous asceticism, proclaiming all sorts of esoteric knowledge that they claimed gave them an advantage over their fellow Christians.

These teachings proved to be ephemeral. Who today remembers the teachings or even the names of the Docetists, Donatists, Apollinarianists, Ebionites, Eutychians, Gnostics, Marcionites, Manichaeans, Monophysites, Monothelites, Montanists or Sabellians? They vanished one by one, and the principal reason was the patent inauthenticity of the doctrines that they espoused and dared to preach.

By the fourth century Catholicism had prevailed, and it was accepted in East and West as the authentic and Apostolic form of Christianity.

But Catholicism was not accepted as the authentic form of Christianity because of its dialectical powers.

St Ambrose, the bishop of Milan who baptised St Augustine made the point that 'God has not intended that his people should be saved by argumentation'.³ Catholicism was accepted as authentic because Scripture and the unwritten Apostolic tradition were *known* to be in conformity with her teaching.

So the Arians concentrated their energies on attacking the Catholic Church in the East and the West, and the authority of the bishop of Rome. They attacked the *established* religion; they attacked its head and its dogmas; they attacked its practice. They attacked it at its root. They put it on the defensive.

Provided they didn't come up with any new dogmas of their own, Arius and his followers could sit back and watch Catholics flounder around trying to defend themselves and their beliefs – as they still have to throughout the world, and especially in the Third World where they are more vulnerable and the self-styled 'Christian' aggressors are more predatory – while turning the other cheek in obedience to Our Lord's counsel, and trying to preserve charity come what may.

One of the reasons, again according to Cardinal Newman, for the persistence of Arianism [it lasted until the end of

Slow learners

WE PERSIST in thinking that Germany really 'believes those things to be right that we believe to be right,' and is only very naughty in her behaviour. That is a thing we find quite familiar. We often do wrong things, knowing them to be wrong. For a long time we kept on imagining that if we granted certain German demands which seemed fairly reasonable, she would stop being naughty and behave according to our ideas of what was right and proper. We still go on scolding Germany for disregarding the standard of European ethics, as though that standard was something which she still acknowledged. It is only with great difficulty that we can bring ourselves to grasp the fact that there is no failure in Germany to live up to her own standards of right conduct. It is something much more terrifying and tremendous: it is that what we believe to be evil, Germany believes to be good. It is a direct repudiation of the basic Christian dogma on which our Mediterranean civilisation, such as it is, is grounded.

— Dorothy L. Sayers, *Creed or Chaos*, an address delivered at Derby on May 4, 1940.
This ed. published by Methuen & Co. Ltd. London, 1947, p.26.

the 7th century] and for its popularity with the ruling classes [Arian kingdoms arose in Spain, Africa and Italy, it was supported by Byzantine emperors⁴ and it spread among many barbarian tribes⁵ that were laying waste to the Roman Empire] was its virulent and aggressive anti-Catholicism.

Since that time, for sixteen hundred years and more, the Catholic Church has been vilified, bullied and browbeaten; she has seen her children butchered in their millions, been dispossessed of her churches and religious houses and made the scapegoat for countless political and social blunders and injustices whose repercussions are being felt even in our day.

When we look at the modern religious scene we see that nothing has changed. If anything, attacks have increased in savagery and frequency.

The principal tenet that is attacked day in, day out, by the foes of Catholicism continues to be the doctrine of Papal authority, the doctrine of the Keys, the undeniable but much denied fact that the bishop of Rome is the successor of Peter the Rock: in a word, the doctrine of Apostolic succession.

This doctrine is the touchstone and – if you'll forgive the redundancy – the lynchpin of Catholic orthodoxy. And all who since the time of Arius have found Catholic doctrine 'hard' and like him 'walked away'⁶ have adopted and refined his tactics even if they didn't accept his radical teaching.

Good English Does it matter?

AT length, about the year 1400, Geoffrey Chaucer, of unlucky omen, made his poetry famous by the use in it of French and Latin words. Hence has come down this new mangle in our speaking and writing... O harsh lips! I now hear all around me such words as 'common,' 'vices,' 'envy,' 'malice'; even 'virtue,' 'study,' 'justice,' 'pity,' 'mercy,' 'compassion,' 'profit,' 'commodity,' 'colour,' 'grace,' 'favour,' 'acceptance.' But whither, pray, in all the world have you banished those words which our forefathers used for these newfangled ones? Are our words to be exiled like our citizens? Is the new barbaric invasion to extirpate the English tongue? O ye Englishmen, on you, I say: I call, in whose veins that blood flows, retain, retain what yet remains of our native speech, and, whatever vestiges of our forefathers are yet to be seen, on these plant your footsteps.

- Alexander Gill, 1565-1635, headmaster of St Paul's School London and teacher of John Milton, quoted David Masson, in his *Life of John Milton* (1859), I, 78-83.

The 'Protestant' Reformers of the sixteenth century were quintessentially that: *protesters*. Masters of 'spin,' they were skilful propagandists. Of Luther it has been authoritatively said that 'he was only capable of denying';⁷ and of the famous Swiss Reformer Ulrich Zwingli, that 'hatred of the Pope' was his 'principal argument'.⁸

They preached *against* the Catholic Church and the authority of the Bishop of Rome, rather than for their own novel doctrines. That would come later when they had the political and military backing of the princes and kings and parliaments of their respective countries.

And in these earliest years of the 21st century, fundamentalist followers of Arius and the Reformers still scour the suburbs and the work place looking for Catholics to attack verbally: being more skilled in vilifying what they reject in Catholicism, denouncing her alleged errors, than in proving the truth of what they claim to believe.

Their lies and half-truths thrive on the Web.

Caveat lector.⁹

1. *The Arians of the Fourth Century*, Longmans, Green & Co, London, 1908, pp.26ff.
2. Ephesians 4,14.
3. De Fide, i,5: 'Sed non in dialectica complacuit Deo saluum facere populum suum'.
4. Flavius Valerius Constantius [250-303 ad] and Flavius Claudius Julianus known as the Apostate [332-363 AD].
5. Like the Cepidae, Heruli, Vandals, Alans, and Lombards.
6. John 6,66.
7. *J.M.V. Audin, Histoire de la vie, des écrits et des doctrines de Martin Luther*, Paris, 1841 p. viii: 'il n'a su que nier, et nier c'est détruire.'
8. *ibid.* p.410.
9. Latin: Let the reader beware.



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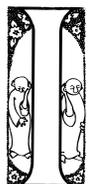
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*It is the Bishop of Rome, and not the Western Patriarch
who speaks infallibly ex cathedra.'*

BENEDICT XVI ON CULTURAL IDENTITY

By Jude P. Dougherty



T SHOULD COME as no surprise to find Benedict XVI encouraging the Eastern Catholic Churches to conserve their identity, patrimony and traditions. He has done much the same in his overture to Anglicans who wish communion with the See of Peter. In a significant move the Vatican announced late last year the creation of new ecclesiastical structures to absorb disaffected Anglicans wishing to become Catholics. The new structures will allow Anglicans choosing to enter the Catholic Church to hold to their distinctive spiritual practices. Bishops conferences around the world have been empowered by the Holy See to create personal ordinariates, that is, non-territorial dioceses, something like military dioceses, to accept Anglicans under the leadership of a former Anglican minister who would be consecrated as a bishop.

The situation East and West is not identical. The Great Eastern Schism may have separated East and West but it never destroyed apostolic succession as did the Reformation. Benedict, on the occasion of the 20th anniversary of the promulgation of the "*Codex Canonum Ecclesiarum Orientalium*" (October 10, 2010), reminded his listeners that it was the sacred canons of the ancient church that inspired the Oriental codification twenty years ago. "The same sacred canons of the first centuries of the Catholic Church," he acknowledged, "constitute to a large extent the same basic patrimony of canonical discipline that also regulates the Orthodox Churches." Given that Eastern Churches are *sui juris*, he said that it remains to determine in what measure the Codex can achieve the force of law in all the autonomous Churches and to what extent each *sui juris* Church has provided for the promulgation of its own particular law. In urging the Eastern Churches to keep present the traditions that belong to them by right within the canonical directives of Vatican II, he finds that by doing so they are preserving not only their own inheritance but a treasure for the whole Church.

"To protect a distinctive liturgical, theological, spiritual and disciplinary patrimony" are words that flow easily from the Holy Father's lips as he addresses Eastern Churches. "The full union of the Eastern Catholic Churches with the Church of Rome that is already realized must not lead to a diminution of the consciousness of the unique authenticity and originality of those Churches." He would have them nourish their own traditions, which are a treasure to the whole Church.

A century ago, the Russian poet and philosopher, Vladimir Soloviev (1833-1900) proposed to his Orthodox countrymen the unity of Christendom under the Bishop of Rome. Making the distinction between the Church of Rome and the Latin West, that is, between the Pope as Bishop of Rome and as Patriarch of the West, and convinced of the value of his native culture and liturgical tradition, he wrote,

'It is the Bishop of Rome, and not the Western Patriarch who speaks infallibly ex cathedra.'

And Soloviev adds, "We ought not to forget that there was a time when the Bishops of Rome were Greeks." Soloviev, who once thought of himself as having abandoned his faith, was driven to a renewed appreciation of his Orthodox upbringing as a result of a sabbatical in France where he experienced the secularizing effects of the reigning philosophy of the day and consequently took as his mission the reconciliation of Orthodoxy and Catholicism.

Benedict, in his ecumenical outreach, has not neglected the identity of his own flock. At the close of the Special Assembly for the Middle East Synod of Bishops on October 24th, he assured Catholics of the Middle East that they are not alone, that in their time of trial they are always accompanied by the Holy See and indeed by the entire Church. To the entire Church, Benedict has addressed a magnificent set of works, setting forth the faith clearly and simply to all who desire its sustenance. Witness his *Jesus of Nazareth*, his penetrating studies of the Fathers and Doctors of the Church, not to mention the encyclicals, *Caritas in Veritate* and *Spe Salve*. In doing so, the Holy Father has become our common professor.

PROFESSOR JUDE DOUGHERTY is Dean Emeritus of the Philosophy Faculty, Catholic University of America, Editor, *The Review of Metaphysics*, and General Editor, *Series Studies in Philosophy and the History of Philosophy*, Washington, D.C.

*The 17th century Japanese Martyrs: 'I heard mothers shout:
"Lord Jesus, receive these children."'*

BLESSED THECLA HASHIMOTO AND HER CHILDREN

By Paul Glynn, SM



T. FRANCIS XAVIER arrived in Japan on August 15, 1549, the feast day of the Assumption of Mary into Heaven – the day on which he took his vows as a Jesuit in 1534.

He set off for Kyoto to get the Emperor's permission to evangelize in Japan. The Emperor however was really just a captive bird in a gilded cage, possessing no effective authority. Xavier discovered that the most powerful man in Japan was the daimyo (feudal lord) of Yamaguchi.

He immediately went to that city, met daimyo Yoshitaka Oouchi and received permission to preach and make converts. No Japanese-European language dictionary then existed of course, and Xavier and his co-missionaries would have a torrid time stumbling along, searching for Japanese words that adequately expressed Catholic teaching. Xavier's sheer holiness however convinced many and they were baptized as the pioneer Christians.

Xavier died of fever on the island of San-chian in 1552 while trying to enter the Forbidden Kingdom, China. When he discovered that China was the source of Japanese writing, culture and Buddhism, he decided he must preach the Gospel to that huge Mother-nation without delay, leaving the increasing number of fellow Jesuits to minister to the very promising Japanese Catholic communities.

Xavier's letters to Europe had created great interest, resulting in highly talented and keen Jesuits like Valignano coming to build on his firm foundations.

Modern Protestant historian Otis Cary, born of U.S. missionary parents working in Japan, and fluent in the language, became a professor in Kyoto's prestigious Doshisha University soon after the Pacific War ended in 1945. In his thoroughly researched 798 page book, 'A History of Christianity in Japan' he calculates that by 1607 Jesuits were ministering to 215,000 Japanese Catholics. By then Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians and secular clergy were also working among other well established Catholic communities.

Six years later in 1613 the Tokunaga Shogun Ieyasu, the now unchallenged dictator of all Japan issued a decree totally banning Christianity. Missionaries were ordered to leave the country immediately and Japanese converts must renounce this 'foreign

religion'. Anyone refusing to obey this total prohibition would be executed.

Many missionaries and thousands of Japanese died violent deaths when they refused to give up the Faith.

Two Protestant Englishmen living in Japan in this period would eventually become influential with the Shogun. One was William Adams. He had arrived in Japan as pilot of a storm-battered Dutch ship in 1600. Adams was to remain in Japan until his death 20 years later. He had been a master ship builder back in England and won the Shogun's favour by building him two European-style vessels. Adams eventually became a trusted adviser to the Shogun, and a man of means.

He married a Japanese woman and was even inducted into the prestigious ranks of the samurai. The Shogun allowed him to set up a Dutch trading post in Hirado, a port not too far from Nagasaki. Englishman Adams and the Dutch were commercial seafaring rivals of the Catholic Spanish and Portuguese and they did nothing to dissuade the Shogun from outlawing the Christian Gospel whose first preachers were Spanish and Portuguese.

Clavell's novel 'Shogun' is a travesty of this period and is laughable to Japanese readers.

The second Englishman to arrive was Richard Cocks. Adams, again with the Shogun's permission, set up a branch of the British East India Company, also in Hirado, and had Cocks installed as manager.

These two Englishmen were allowed to roam Japan more or less at will, as protégées of the Shogun. They both wrote accounts of their life in Japan, including details of the anti-Catholic persecution under the two Shoguns, Tokugawa Ieyasu and his son Hidetada,

The natural enemy of the Church

THE WORLD which is the natural enemy of the Church is not a moral abstraction, it is an historical reality which finds its embodiment in the empires and world cities of history — in Babylon and Tyre and Rome. Wherever the city of man sets itself up as an end in itself and becomes the centre of a self-contained and self-regarding order, it becomes the natural enemy of the city of God.

— Christopher Dawson, *Religion and the Modern State*, London, Sheed and Ward, 1935, pp.-104-105

accounts that are valuable to modern historians.

For instance C.R.Boxer, Professor of Far East History at London University, published in 1951 'The Christian Century in Japan.' In that book he quotes Cocks, writing in 1620, seven years after the fierce anti-Christian persecution had begun: 'The vast majority of Christians in Kyushu would die rather than recant their Faith under torture.' Kyushu, with its Christian centre in Nagasaki was where the majority of Catholics lived.

The first Christian blood was shed on a hillside overlooking Nagasaki in 1597 when 26 Catholics – priests, religious and laity – were crucified on orders from previous dictator Toyotomi Hideyoshi.

In the autumn of 1619 Shogun Hidetada Tokugawa, on a visit to Kyoto, ordered the execution by burning alive of 52 Japanese who had been jailed for refusing to relinquish their faith. First of all, the 52 condemned, comprising 26 men, 26 women and 11 children under 15 years, were paraded around the main streets in open carts as a warning to any other Christians hiding in the city. They were then taken to the banks of the Kamo River, not too far from the present St. Francis Xavier Cathedral, where wooden crosses had been erected, with firewood stacked at each base.

Catechist John Hashimoto was first to be roped to a cross. He had earned the special anger of the jailers by leading his fellow imprisoned Christians in frequent vocal prayer, and by preaching to them, encouraging them to remain faithful to the Lord Jesus despite the threats of torture and death.

Next, his pregnant wife Thecla was roughly roped to a cross not far from his. She held four year old Lucia tightly to her breast, while nine year old Francis and 12 year old Thomas were roped to either side of her. Her other two children, six year old Peter and 13 year old Katrina were tied to the cross beside hers.

The English merchant Richard Cocks was in Kyoto on business and went along to witness the executions. He described the scene in one of his many diary books that were later published, giving us a precious view of what followed.

Just as the western skyline was turning red with the sunset, tinging the waters of the river, guards stepped

Japanese Martyrs

THE NUMBER of the Japanese martyrs was a subject of study as early as the 1620s and 1630s. At that time Fathers Pedro Morejón and Antonio Francisco Cardim, both active in the diocesan proceedings of the cause of the Japanese martyrs, compiled in the Jesuit College in Macao Martyr Lists based on the materials of the archives of the Jesuit Japanese province and giving the date, place, and manner of the martyrdom; this was thus a calculation of the number of the martyrs of Japan based on as accurate a foundation as possible. By Nov. 10, 1625, Morejón had already finished the list of the martyrs of the period from 1614 to 1624 and reached a figure of 550. On May 10, 1631, he wrote to Father Virgilio Cepari that the catalogue of martyrs already included almost 1,200 names. Morejón's work was continued by Cardim. In his report of May 24, 1646 he was able to report that the number of martyrs in Japan had grown to 1,600 during four general persecutions up to the year 1640.

- See J. F. Schütte, 'Martyrs of Japan,' *New Catholic Encyclopedia*, McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1967, vol. vii, p.845.

forward with burning faggots and set fire to the wood piled up at the foot of each cross. After a short time Katrina, now enveloped in smoke cried out: 'Mummy, I can't see anything.' Thecla replied: 'It's alright, my child. Everything will soon be clear, when we are all together in Heaven.'

As Thecla became lost to sight in the billowing smoke, she called out to each of her children by name, and shouted: 'Jesus, Mary.' Soon her head and shoulders crumpled forward in death. Cocks was surprised to see that her four year old Lucia was still locked in her arms. He said: 'I saw 52 Christians killed because they would not give up their faith,' he wrote. 'I heard mothers shout: "Lord Jesus, receive these children"'

Thecla Hashimoto and her fellow sufferers were among the 188 Japanese martyrs beatified at a large gathering of bishops, priests, religious and laity in Nagasaki on November 24, 2008.

Distinguished Japanese artist Masami Tanaka was received into the Catholic

Church while studying painting in France. His wife Tokiko soon followed him into the Faith. He is dead but his wife is still alive, one of the many modern Japanese women who have celebrated their 100th birthday.

She tells of how deeply moved her husband was when he first read the story of Thecla's martyrdom. Apart from the spiritual emotion the martyrdoms evoked, he found in the epic story something of the Yamato-damashi, the quintessentially Japanese spirit, that he loved and sometimes depicted in his paintings.

Francis Xavier, in one of his letters back to Europe referred to an aspect of Yamato-damashi in his observation that the Japanese are a strong people who do not fear to die for honour. He predicted they would make great Christians.

Many tears are shed worldwide as Madame Butterfly proclaims that death with honour is better than life without honour.

Artist Tanaka did a powerful painting that centres on Blessed Thecla and her children in the midst of the flames. That painting is now in the Vatican though many Japanese Catholics have a copy of it. When a large Department Store in Tokyo invited Tanaka to put on an exhibition of his paintings, he included the martyrdom of Thecla and her children. It was too much for many non-Christian viewers who complained so strongly that the management quickly had Tanaka remove the painting.

36 year-old theologian Tertullian was converted and baptized in 196 AD. It was an era when many Christians

ARAI HAKUSEKI noted in a memorandum to the Japanese government around 1710 that 230,000 Christians had died for their faith. For their deaths to be recognized as 'martyrdom' the circumstances would have to be examined carefully. This is not to deny their heroic and tragic deaths. Only to confirm how difficult it is at this distance, and without the testimony of eyewitnesses to establish beyond doubt that they could have saved themselves by denying their faith. Ed.

Many More Catholics died

MASAHARU ANESAKI, the Salesian Mario Marega, and others have discovered that many more Christians died for the faith in the subsequent decades of the 17th century. Likewise the lists of Morejon and Cardim have been checked and expanded by L. Pages, L. Delplace, SJ, M. Anesaki, and J. Laures, SJ. Laures concluded (June 1951) that 3,171 were actually executed while 874 perished in prison or while fleeing the bailiffs, etc. 'Thus, 4,045 Christians would have become martyrs in the true sense of the word, for the sake of Christ.' And here the ones who were slaughtered during the Shimabara uprising, especially upon the conquest of Hara-jo, are not included. Laures, who estimated their number at 35,000, stated that they could have saved themselves by renouncing the faith. He added: 'It is simply impossible to procure even approximately accurate statistics on the positively endless number of those who were robbed of their possessions, driven out of house and home, thrown into prison, tortured in all conceivable manners to make them apostasize, or exiled from their country for the sake of Christ.'

— J. F. Schütte, 'Martyrs of Japan,' *New Catholic Encyclopedia*, McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York, 1967, vol. vii, p.845.

were being executed, and he wrote: 'The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians.' Martyred Christians are prominent in the Book of Revelation, the apocalyptic book that ends the New Testament Bible. Many of our daily Masses commemorate a martyred saint, reminding us of something very important: Something that is worth dying for, is worth living for.

I still clearly remember the powerful and positive emotional impact of a martyr story read to us children by Aunty Molly one winter time, as we sat on the floor around the dining room hearth fire.

I was about 11 years old. Much later I found the full account in II Maccabees 7:1-42. It has similarities with the Thecla Hashimoto story. Around the year 164 B.C. the Syrian king who called himself Epiphanese, (claiming to be the epiphany of the chief Greek god Zeus!) invaded the Holy Land and tried to wipe out Jewish belief and worship, brutally executing resisters. The king personally conducted the torture of seven Jews. They were brothers and the torture was carried out in the presence of their mother. Speaking in her own tongue which the Syrians did not understand, she encouraged each of them to remain faithful to the Covenant that the Lord gave Moses.

After six elder brothers had died under torture precisely for that faithfulness, the executioners began on the youngest, determined to break his spirit and make him apostatize. The

mother called out to him in the Jewish tongue: 'My son, have pity on me. For nine months I bore you in my womb and cherished you ... Prove yourself worthy of your brothers and make death welcome, so that in the Day of Mercy I may receive you back in your brothers' company.'

Dr. Takashi Nagai who later became Dean of Radiology at Nagasaki Medical University, was baptized largely because of the example of descendants of the Hidden Christians of Nagasaki. On August 9, 1945, A-Bomb Number 2 destroyed most of the city. When he found the charred, or rather powdered remains of his wife in what had been their kitchen, he wrote : 'My whole body began to shake convulsively and I howled like a child.' In deep shock, as he began to put all that was left of his beloved wife into one heat seared bucket, he discovered her rosary with the pathetic remains. That, he later wrote was a great grace that restored his calm.

Later several of his nurses told him they had heard some women singing hymns during the terrible night of August 9. Next day they investigated and found the bodies of two horribly burned nuns, beside a small creek.

All A-Bomb victims speak of their terrible thirst they suffered. The sisters died in great pain, but with hymns to the Lord on their blistered lips.

Later, other citizens told Nagai of some schoolgirls from Junshin High, lying terribly injured in open spaces,

waiting for medical aid that did not come. They were quietly singing a hymn that the Principal, Sister Ezumi had told them to sing during the air-raids on Nagasaki.

Nagai, very impressed, wrote a short Japanese-style poem that was later put to music. It is still sung by a Junshin schoolgirls' choir every August 9 : 'Maidens like white lilies, consumed in the flames as hansai ... and they were singing.' 'Hansai' is Japanese for the Biblical 'whole-burnt sacrifice' offered in the ancient Jerusalem altar.

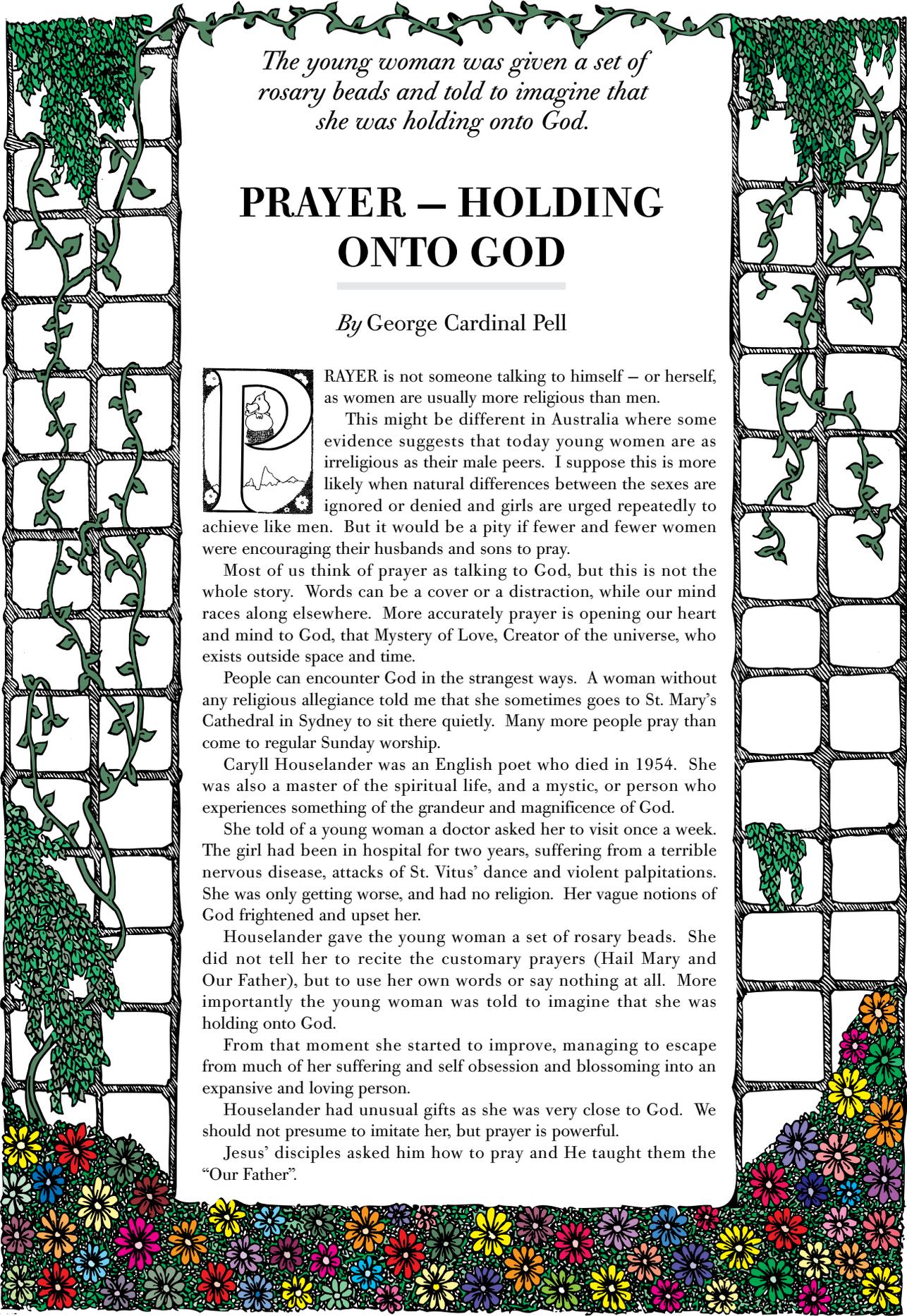
In the present Mass liturgy in English the priest bends low immediately before he washes his hands and prays in silence: 'Lord God, we ask you to receive us and be pleased with the sacrifice we offer you with humble and contrite hearts.' In the Japanese Mass of the Roman Rite that prayer is starker : 'Lord, accept us who repent as *ikenai* (living sacrifices) pleasing to your heart.'

The Mass is essentially sacrificial: 'This is my Body that is given up to death for you ... This is my Blood poured out for you.' John Paul II encouraged priests who say those words at every Mass to offer, consciously, their own body, their own blood with Christ's ... offering their whole selves, their energies, suffering, fears, hopes, plans, exhaustion, disappointments and joys, everything, including their future death with all its circumstances.

The Mass then becomes a total commitment, to the Lord and to their parishioners, a commitment even to martyrdom if that is part of the dear Lord's Providence.

Vatican II laid heavy stress on the half- forgotten Biblical teaching that through baptism all believers become priests, sharing in Christ's priesthood. For the Christian laity, too, the Mass is a call for the total offering to serve the Lord and those who depend on them, and a call for the positive acceptance of all the circumstances of their lives, including suffering and death, even a martyr's death. Mass offered that way sows the seeds of strong Christians.

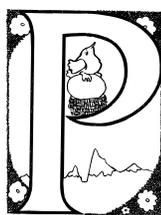
FATHER PAUL GLYNN, SM has spent 20 years as a missionary in Japan. He is the author of *A Song for Nagasaki* and five other books. These, including his latest, *Like a Samurai*, are obtainable for \$10 each plus postage from Gabrielle Woodcock, telephone (02) 9817-0097, or e-mail gabrielle10@bigpond.com. Father Glynn is stationed at Villa Maria, Hunters Hill, NSW.



The young woman was given a set of rosary beads and told to imagine that she was holding onto God.

PRAYER – HOLDING ONTO GOD

By George Cardinal Pell



PRAYER is not someone talking to himself – or herself, as women are usually more religious than men.

This might be different in Australia where some evidence suggests that today young women are as irreligious as their male peers. I suppose this is more likely when natural differences between the sexes are ignored or denied and girls are urged repeatedly to achieve like men. But it would be a pity if fewer and fewer women were encouraging their husbands and sons to pray.

Most of us think of prayer as talking to God, but this is not the whole story. Words can be a cover or a distraction, while our mind races along elsewhere. More accurately prayer is opening our heart and mind to God, that Mystery of Love, Creator of the universe, who exists outside space and time.

People can encounter God in the strangest ways. A woman without any religious allegiance told me that she sometimes goes to St. Mary's Cathedral in Sydney to sit there quietly. Many more people pray than come to regular Sunday worship.

Caryll Houselander was an English poet who died in 1954. She was also a master of the spiritual life, and a mystic, or person who experiences something of the grandeur and magnificence of God.

She told of a young woman a doctor asked her to visit once a week. The girl had been in hospital for two years, suffering from a terrible nervous disease, attacks of St. Vitus' dance and violent palpitations. She was only getting worse, and had no religion. Her vague notions of God frightened and upset her.

Houselander gave the young woman a set of rosary beads. She did not tell her to recite the customary prayers (Hail Mary and Our Father), but to use her own words or say nothing at all. More importantly the young woman was told to imagine that she was holding onto God.

From that moment she started to improve, managing to escape from much of her suffering and self obsession and blossoming into an expansive and loving person.

Houselander had unusual gifts as she was very close to God. We should not presume to imitate her, but prayer is powerful.

Jesus' disciples asked him how to pray and He taught them the "Our Father".

Is Australia a uniquely 'classless' and thus much more egalitarian society than those encountered in countries of greater antiquity such as Britain?

REFLECTIONS ON A CLASSLESS SOCIETY

By Giles Auty



FROM TIME to time many of us experience a wish to reconsider our lives. As last Christmas was my fifteenth such since coming to live in Australia that seemed as appropriate a moment as any to take stock.

High on my list of matters to review was my decision to come to Australia in the first place.

How sound or otherwise was that decision?

Many native-born Australians with whom I have talked have a strangely erroneous idea of life in Britain based often on information which is inadequate, misunderstood or grossly out-of-date.

That said I was just as guilty myself of bringing a similar set of

misapprehensions with me when I arrived here.

When I counted up the other day I realised that I have by now set foot in more than thirty different countries – whether through work or pleasure – yet in spite of our apparently shared language I still find certain elements of life in Australia as hard to understand as almost any I have encountered elsewhere.

History, I believe, is largely to blame for that.

Before I came here most of my understanding of life in Australia came largely from reading or via Australians I met who were living in Britain or continental Europe.

In the case of the latter, the question I regularly failed to ask was why so many seemed to have deserted their homeland.

Professional opportunity would, I am sure, have been the first answer I would have received to that query - with the rather more complex matter of lifestyle coming a close second.

By contrast, an Australian with whom I spoke recently told me that she could not possibly bear to live in Britain "because of its awful class system" – a sentiment I have heard a great many times before.

Does some such dreadful system still exist which is visible solely to Australians?

One of the more popular claims made for Australia is that ours is a uniquely 'classless' and thus much more egalitarian society than those encountered in countries of greater antiquity such as Britain.

That is certainly a popular boast but just how justified is it?

Off-hand I cannot think of a single society anywhere which is not hierarchical in nature – often with those claiming to be the least so being among the most disagreeably unequal in practice. I think here especially of communist countries which I visited during their heyday where the behaviour of what was effectively a ruling class would never have been tolerated in any democracy.

So what exactly is a 'classless' society?

In non-societal terms, at least, I note that the possession of 'class' is often looked on here, by contrast, extremely favourably.

Thus when we speak of a highly 'classy' batsman, for example, or racehorse we tend to speak of a person or beast believed to be capable of succeeding at the highest level either through inherent talent or – even more unthinkable – because of its bloodlines.

Matters of Fact

FEW [converts] can have been so matter of fact as Evelyn Waugh. As he said himself, 'On firm intellectual conviction but with little emotion I was admitted to the Church.' All converts have to listen while the teaching of the Church is explained to them - first to make sure that they do in fact know the essentials of the faith and secondly to save future misunderstandings... Another writer came to me at the same time... and tested



what was being told him by how far it corresponded with his experience. With such a criterion, it was no wonder that he did not persevere. Evelyn, on the other hand, never spoke of experience or feelings. He had come to learn and understand

what he believed to be God's revelation, and this made talking with him an interesting discussion based primarily on reason.

- Father Martin D'Arcy, sj, quoted in Evelyn Waugh, *the Early Years [1903-1939]*, 1987

In fact, if Australia really were as 'classless' as is commonly claimed then has not the whole notion of a hierarchy of class simply been replaced here by a hierarchy of wealth and power?

In Britain, in former times at least, it seems worth stressing that privileges of birth or 'class' were widely believed to be accompanied by fairly onerous obligations of responsibility and behaviour.

By contrast, it seems to me that the mere acquisition of wealth – by whatever means – or of so-called 'celebrity' status carries with it no such attendant expectations or duties at all.

What I am questioning, in short, is whether the so-called abolition of 'class' is quite the unquestionable advantage it is invariably made out to be.

Indeed, it strikes me here that the abolition of envy would possibly benefit the human race much more than the abolition of so-called 'class'.

For has not envy always been regarded as a sin in the Christian world whereas simply to be born into a position of privilege seems more or less morally neutral?

In Europe, for example, many families have become ennobled in the past for outstanding services to their nations. Should not a child of such a family strive to maintain such a tradition rather than being condemned out of hand for the circumstances of his birth?

As my journalistic colleague and friend, the late Frank Devine used to say: "class hatred is at least as objectionable and unreasonable as race hatred yet no country in the world has as yet given it the status of crime".

For many people the moral implications of political exhortations are frequently difficult to fathom.

Indeed the competing claims of egalitarianism and meritocracy are probably typical of such dilemmas.

Thus while opponents of egalitarianism may caricature its stance by inquiring why the industrious, enterprising and talented should be obliged to share the fruits of their labours 'more equally' with others - who just may be idle, unthinking and unmotivated - opponents of out-and-out meritocracy might argue that its ultimate aims are too harsh.

What I suggest here is that the kind of egalitarianism we should favour is one

Not a Dull Life

The beginning of March, or a little before, is tyme for a wife to make her garden, and to get as many good seeds and herbs as she can, and especially such as be good for the pot, and to eete : and as oft as need shall require, it must be weeded, for else the weeds will overgrow the herbs. And also in March is tyme to sow flax and hemp, for I have heard old housewives say, that better is March than April flax, the reason appeareth ; but how it should be sown, weeded, pulled, repulled, watred, washed, dried, beat, crushed, dressed, combed, spun, wound, warped and woven it needeth not for me to show for they be wise enough; and thereof may they make sheets, bedclothes, towels, shirts, smocks and such other necessaries, and therefore let thy distaff be always redy for a pastime that thou be not idle, and undoubted a woman can not get her living honestly with spinning or the distaff, but it stoppeth a gap and must needs be had. The pods of flax when they be ripped off, must be sifted from the weeds and made dry with the sun to get out the seeds. How be it, one manner of linseed, called ockel seed, will not open by the sun; and therefore when they be dry they must be sore bruised and broken, the wives know how, and then winnowed and kept dry till year-time come again. The female hemp must be pulled from the churl hemp for that beareth no seed and thou must do by it as thou didst by the flax

It is a wife's occupation to winnow all manner of corn, to make malt, to wash and wring, to make hay, reap corn, and in time of need to help her husband to fill the muck wain, or dong-cart, drive the plough, to load hay corn and such other. And to go or ride to the market, to sell butter, cheese, milk, eggs, chickens, capons, hens, pigs, geese and all manner of corns. And also to buy all manner of necessary things belonging to households and to make a true reckoning and account to her husband what she hath paid. And if the husband go to the market to bye or sell, as they often do, he then to show his wife in like manner. For there is an old common saying that seldom does the husband thrive without the leave of his wife.' The farmer's wife can't have been dull in those days.

- Master Fitzherbert's *Book of Husbandry*, printed in 1534 quoted Olga Hartley, *Women and the Catholic Church*, Burns, Oates and Washbourne, 1935, p87ff.

whereby human aspirations, way beyond those of wealth alone, are propelled upwards towards a similarly high level. Indeed, the term 'aspirational society,' implying such, has been relatively familiar now for some years.

What I seek to describe here is probably the precise reverse of the effects of Australia's famous 'tall poppy syndrome' - of which I was blissfully unaware before coming here - whereby everything and everyone is dragged downwards towards some apparently acceptable level of mediocrity.

In the arts, which are my specialist field, 'tall poppy syndrome' translates all too readily here into widespread non-achievement.

Australia ought by now to have produced artists, composers, novelists and playwrights of true international quality in depth rather than merely claiming that to be the case.

In Europe, private patronage as exemplified historically by the reviled class system, helped underwrite the greatest artistic achievements – across a whole range of disciplines – known thus far to the human race.

To date public patronage, which has generally become over-politicised wherever it has manifested itself, has proved an entirely inadequate substitute for the productive private patronage of the past.

In the long run I sense it will emerge that a so-called 'classless' society has its fair share of penalties as well as of gains.

GILES 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*.

*At eighteen he was shearing.
At twenty-three he was dead*

THE BOY WHO NEVER HAD A CHANCE

By Dame Mary Gilmore

I KNEW a boy in Victoria. He could tell you when the first tiger-orchid came out, miles away from his home, and the kind of grass that showed its most likely place of growth. He discovered the first white boronia in his district, and knew the cry and call of every wandering bird. But he had no name for the flowers, and no classification for the birds. He had but dumb knowledge, depending on the pointing of a finger or the production of a plant, and but dumb thoughts, because none had come to give him language. He had facts without a name; his was genius without a wing; he held life's jewels in his hands, unpolished; [he was] denied their lustre.

The bush blossom called him; the insect led him. "He knows every spider in the bush!" said the neighbours, interested in knowledge, if not in the things that made knowledge. To him a spider was creation; the created telling the power of the Creator. To those about him it was but a spider, a thing to be crushed under foot; matter in the wrong place. "He is mad on the colour of them," they said in their crude way. What was a spider but a grey thing, speckled, black, or red or brown? But the red and the black, the grey and the brown, were a new world to this boy with his fine sensitive senses and his strong native feeling. Darwin loved not nature better than he. As with [Louis Rodolphe] Agassiz, [1807-1873 — a famous naturalist] even the snake was not too deadly for his friendly searching eyes and hands.

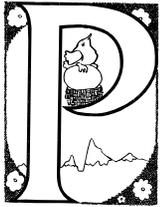
A naturalist?... At eighteen he was shearing. At twenty-three he was dead on the fields of France. In his death, the bush which is going, along with its myriad tribes and denizens, lost one who loved it; lost an interpreter, who said nothing to the world because none brought him the opportunity of learning the needed speech. He who would have made the wild plant a friend and fellow-housekeeper with man was like one who would learn French, yet had no books, and no teacher. I grieve over that boy who never had a chance, for the rose is only scented where it blooms in the sun, and what is a mind but a rose of God?

— Dame Mary Gilmore, 1864-1962 in *Hound of the Road*,
Angus & Robertson, 1922 pp. 32-34.

What do you do when there is nothing more to do?

PALLIATIVE CARE

By Brian Pollard



rior to the middle of last century, medicine had relatively little ability to cure many of the illnesses that caused death. Apart from those patients with severe trauma or the most complex illnesses, most of the dying were treated at home by their family doctors. Though families, patients and doctors understood and accepted the limitations of medical care, doctors still had a valued and valuable role to play. They dealt well with pain, provided comfort and emotional support and, because they were usually already well known to their patients, could relate appropriately with their different circumstances. As death neared, some would spend the last hours with the family.

After the end of World War II, medical research began to change the face of medicine. Antibiotics, advances in surgery and anaesthesia, improvements in hygiene, better understanding of disease mechanisms, powerful anti-cancer drugs and other factors combined to change the face of medical practice to an astonishing degree. Not only did some of the public become convinced that wonders could now happen daily but some members of the profession also came to believe its own florid rhetoric.

It gradually became clear, though, to the more perceptive that there was now more distress associated with the end-stages of terminal illness than previously, both because of the ill-effects of the aggressive treatments themselves and because patients who lived longer, but were not cured, developed more advanced forms of the illness than when life was shorter. Cure had been oversold, to the detriment of care. Modern medicine is still learning painful lessons about the correct use

of medical technology, trying to ensure that patients do not have to pay too high a price for their extended life.

The need for palliative care, which was what older practitioners practised though the words were unknown, became evident in the circumstances described above. But not evident

to all, because from the outset, its introduction was resisted by many, for a variety of reasons, some more respectable than others.

Some saw it as a kind of Luddite throwback to the ways of old, some thought hospitals might be seen as places where one went to die rather than places to be cured, some only saw cure as success and death as failure, while others saw it as a possible threat to research.

More reasonably, some recognised that it would be time-consuming and would interfere with ordinary routines, or that they would not be any good at it and didn't want to try, or that it would often raise questions of personal mortality they were not prepared to face or that it would only appeal to the less intellectual or unambitious, who wanted to escape the common challenges of a busy medical practice.

About this time, Dr Elisabeth Kubler-Ross had publicised to the world her descriptions of the mechanisms of grief and methods of dealing with it, while Dame Cicely Saunders, who had been in succession a social worker, nurse and doctor, founded in London the first hospice in the world to be run on novel lines of her own devising, as a result of her experiences with dying patients. She did not want palliative care just as it had once been, but care that now also utilised for her patients whatever in modern medicine that could be useful.

What she proposed was: the competent relief, and if possible, the elimination of physical and emotional distress; adequate honesty in imparting necessary information and in determining patient preferences; using those preferences to guide treatment; attention to a wide possible range of needs, including spiritual; inclusion of the family in those who need care

The End of Unity, Peace and Concord

My Lord Chancellor, for **M**one Bishop whom you may produce for your side, I will bring forward a hundred saintly and orthodox prelates who subscribe to my opinion: for your one Parliament, and God knows of what sort it is, I have on my side all the councils that have been held in the whole Christian world for more than a thousand years: and for your one kingdom of England I have with me all the kingdoms of Christianity ... for in this realm you stand alone, in opposition to the unanimous consent of Christendom. Your law has dissolved the unity, the peace and the concord of the Church, although the Church is, as you all know, a body which is one, universal, whole and undivided.

- St Thomas More, Speaker of the House of Commons and Lord Chancellor of England, answering the charge of high treason in Westminster Hall in 1533 for refusing to acknowledge Henry VIII's supremacy over the Catholic Church in England. He was beheaded, and quartered in 1535. See *William Roper and Nicholas Haptesfield, Lives of St Thomas More*, ed. E.E.Reynolds, p.178.

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and providing these things in the place where the patient wanted to be, whenever possible.

Clearly, no individual could possess all the skills needed to meet those diverse objectives, so a team was envisaged, but a team as small as would suffice, since too many carers become confusing for all concerned. One person should also be identified as being in charge, to whom questions should be referred. Of all those components of care, the only one that virtually everyone knows about is the better relief of pain, so this will now be discussed further.

Palliative care and pain.

This form of care is commonly associated by many only with terminal cancer, but it can also be required for patients with other forms of organ failure, such as lungs, heart, and kidneys, and those with chronic diseases which may last for long periods with pain but do not threaten life. Not everyone with terminal cancer develops pain. About two thirds have moderate to severe pain, while about one third have mild pain or none. The cause of the pain, or pains, needs to be determined if possible, since different causes respond to different kinds of drugs, of which a wide range is now available. Also available are a range of ways of administering pain-killers or analgesics, always with the objective of rendering the patient as free of pain as possible continuously, round the clock.

Regrettably, palliative care is commonly thought appropriate – even by many doctors – only at or near the very end of life. Until severe pain is regarded as a medical emergency to be controlled as soon as possible, whenever it is encountered, its management will never be satisfactory. The ideal was shown by a particular surgeon who had become aware of the importance of this urgency. He called me to see a patient he was interviewing for the first time, whose diagnosis had not yet been confirmed but which he was sure was cancer, because the man already had developed severe pain. The surgeon wanted, and we delivered, adequate pain relief for him even while he was being investigated over several days

and before any definitive treatment had been decided.

At the other end of the time scale was a man from the country, admitted late in the day. He showed the signs of severe chronic pain – wasting, sunken eyes, dull manner and speech, history of sleepless nights and no unnecessary movement so as to provoke pain. I prescribed large doses of powerful analgesics and sedatives and said I would see him in the morning. On entering the ward next day, I could see him at the far end, with a broad smile and eagerly looking out for me. His first words were ‘I wish I had met you three months ago.’ Three months of unnecessary pain and I had used no drug that had not been known for a hundred years!

It is heartening that palliative care experts and other specialists in pain control are campaigning to have the adequate relief of pain declared a basic human right, but there seems little awareness, support or sense of urgency, in the only places where the solutions are to be found. Medical schools must take a large part of the blame for the relatively poor level of good pain relief at present, not only in Australia but elsewhere, which has been established by repeated studies. Poorly controlled pain has many and potentially serious adverse effects, both physical and psychological, as well as massive social and economic costs to society.

It is a social disaster that many respondents to polls about euthanasia say they support it to the current level of about 85%: often they can recall the terrible death of a relative, in unrelieved agony. Who could condemn them for that? But who is asking such questions as Why is anyone still left in such intensity of pain which, by now, should be only a historical disaster?

Margaret Somerville, an Australian who is Gale Professor of Law and Director of the Centre for Medicine, Ethics and Law in Montreal, says of this: ‘the legal duty to relieve suffering outweighs the duty to maintain life.. I strongly advocate the provision of adequate pain relief. Indeed, in my opinion, there should be medical malpractice liability for failure to provide this’. Although hers is a radical proposal, it seems to me that nothing less will



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ever see better pain control achieved. If a particular doctor lacks the skill to control severe pain, he or she has a duty to consult with one who does.

The community, which pays for all medical education, not just that needed to cure patients, would be appalled to know that doctors are not *obliged* to provide this necessary basic care for the dying. The final step in the tragedy is that some doctors use failure to relieve pain as a reason to advocate the needless taking of innocent life, with little evident awareness of their clinical ignorance.

Only Socrates

No such ‘culprits’ as More had stood at any European Bar for a thousand years: the condemnation of Socrates is the only parallel in History.

— Sir James Mackintosh, 1765-1832, Scottish jurist and historian, quoted R.W. Chambers, *The Place of St Thomas More in English Literature and History*, Longman, 1937, p. 114.

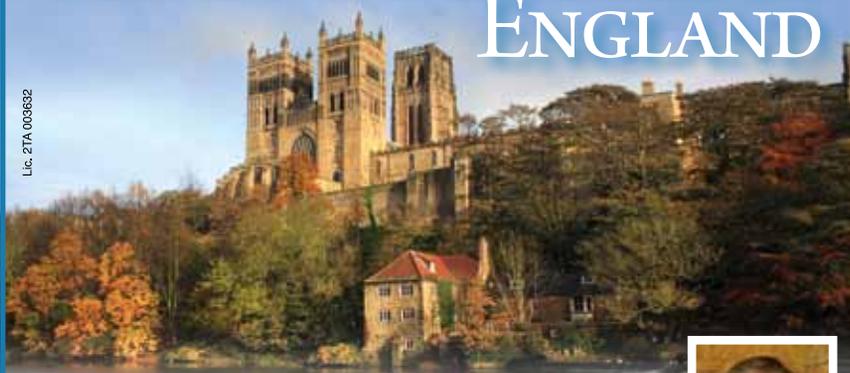
Apart from pain relief, palliative care operates within a different framework from other sections of medicine, since its patients have no prospect of cure. Their medical journey to that point has usually been long and arduous. Some have coped with illness for a long time, experiencing alternating hope and disappointment, or just a steady decline, often passing through the hands of many practitioners, some of whom lost interest when cure was beyond reach.

One of the losses they and their families feel keenly, and justifiably resent, occurs when a doctor who has already seen them through many difficult situations, says one day ‘There is nothing more I can do for you’, and sends them away. Just as matters have got worse for patient and family, the doctor withdraws.

By contrast, what pleases them greatly is to find someone who says ‘What would you like me to do for you?’ because there are only two reasons for any palliative care intervention – ‘Is it what the patient wants?’ and ‘Will it make him *feel* better?’. And nothing will cement a doctor/patient relationship

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more quickly than finding a doctor who listens and responds.

What about hope?

Palliative care relies on openness and honesty and this can raise some concerns for the family. 'If you tell Dad he is dying, he will lose hope and won't be able to cope'. Books have been written about hope but here, just a few words must suffice. Hope is, in some mysterious way, a necessary component of life, whereby we have a constant need to anticipate the preferred shape of our future, always in terms of betterment, even when it lacks certainty. Yet, the universal experience is that many hopes are regularly unfulfilled, especially if they are unrealistic. Over

time, we all get a lot of practice at coping with degrees of disappointment. Most learn to be flexible, and while some disappointments are more affecting than others, adaptation almost always comes with time.

Standing on the Platform may be obtained from Dr Frank Brennan at Calvary Hospital in Sydney, 91-111 Rocky Point Rd, Kogarah 2217 or by calling him on 02.9553.3111. The price is \$20.00 for the booklet alone and \$25.00 to include a DVD of radio presentations. Frank wrote his book to raise funds to support the work of a colleague who works in an orphanage for children with HIV/AIDS in Thailand.

The challenge in palliative care is to channel the patient's hopes along realistic lines, not to destroy them. We can be sure that one of their hopes will always be that their attendants will be caring and capable to the end, and they should always be assured of that.

Palliative care requires some outlays in extra time, at least initially, when there is so much to discover on both sides, never knowing which piece of information may prove to be a key to progress. Once trust has been established and patients know they will be heard and heeded, doctors and nurses are often offered degrees of intimacy that can be both affecting and humbling.

I have sometimes felt I was being regarded more as a family member than a doctor. Though doctors are taught not to become enmeshed in their patient's emotional affairs, to preserve their objectivity, palliative care practitioners cannot always manage to retain such detachment. Whether this is a good thing may be debatable but it would be ruinous if not controlled, since there is always some emotional brew around a dying person, enough to keep many doctors and (thankfully fewer) nurses away from it.

To enable a career to continue in this work, one's private life should include a full range of satisfying outside interests, kept strictly separate. It seems to me that burn-out is somewhat less in palliative care than may have been expected from the nature of the work, possibly explained by the fact that would-be recruits intuitively sense the limits of their abilities to cope.

The nature, variety and depth of interpersonal exchanges in this context is far better perceived in story-telling about actual incidents than in any clinical text, no matter how enlightened. For that reason I would like to recommend to readers who may wish better to understand palliative care, that they purchase *Standing on the Platform*, a small book by an experienced palliative care doctor, who is also a lawyer, and who writes beautifully and movingly about some of his memorable experiences.

DR BRIAN POLLARD is a retired anaesthetist/palliative care physician with an interest in bio-ethics. Most of his professional life was spent in private practice as a specialist anaesthetist. He was Director of anaesthetics at Concord Hospital NSW, and founding Director of the Palliative Care Service there.

Byron not only used Don Juan to depict Catholicism as the highest and best faith, but was himself very close to converting.

LORD BYRON AND CATHOLICISM

Many literary critics continue to cast Lord Byron as a deviant and a miscreant who was contemptuous, or at least suspicious, of all that Western culture and Western religion.

The early cantos of Byron's first masterpiece, *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, are pessimistic and nihilistic, depicting the poet's hopeless journey through the ruined and war-torn remnants of once proud European nations. As he journeys, the young poet declares that even when "A thousand years scarce serve to form a state" still "An hour may lay it in the dust" (II.84).

Surely, this disillusioned and impetuous rascal would be vigorously averse to Christianity, and even more so to its strictest and most traditional branch, Catholicism?

But, in fact, Byron wrote dozens of poems and plays based upon Biblical subject matter including *Hebrew Melodies* (1815), *Cain* (1821), and *Heaven and Earth* (1823), all of which appropriate and reinterpret scripture, but, as Wolf Z. Hirst demonstrates, never attempt to revise or subvert it.

Byron's most affirming verses on religion appear in his greatest poem, *Don Juan*. Like Bernard Beatty, I see Don Juan progressing not toward despairing skepticism but toward optimistic, albeit cautionary, faithfulness.

And while Byron is not explicit, he does hint in the final cantos of the poem that this faithfulness is a Catholic Christian one. The protagonist, true to his namesake, misses out on the goodness that he encounters. But the narrator, through references to Catholicism and through deployment of a prominent Catholic character named Aurora, makes clear the manifest presence in our world of genuine miracles and redemptive ideals that are available for those who trust them.

I suggest that in his mature shift away from doubting and towards trusting, Byron not only used Don Juan to depict Catholicism as the highest and best faith, but was himself very close to converting.

Always happy to meet a true believer, Byron even called himself a Christian numerous times), and occasionally wondered if he might one day "turn devout" .

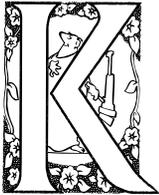
And while Byron acted respectfully to Christianity as a whole, he acted even more so to Catholicism in particular. During his tenure in the House of Lords, Byron consistently voted in favor of Catholic relief and was proud of doing so), and devoted one of his three parliamentary speeches to supporting the 1812 Catholic Claims Bill.

Byron's favorite poet was the Catholic Alexander Pope, whose works to Byron were "what I firmly believe in as the Christianity of English Poetry". In fact, late in life Byron not only stated that he inclined "very much to the Catholic doctrines" and that he has "often wished I had been born a Catholic" but even that he believed Catholicism to be nothing less than "the best religion".

- Excerpted from 'Byron, Catholicism and Don Juan XVII,' by David E. Goldweber, *Renascence*, Spring 1997.

Victims of bigotry, incitement and Militant Islam

CHRISTIANS AND OTHER MINORITIES UNDER ATTACK



HALIL HAMADA Street is 20 meters (66 feet) wide. On one side stands the Coptic 'Church of the Two Saints'; on the other side is a mosque.

The church was built first, but the mosque followed just a few years later. And when the Christians constructed a new annex, the Muslims followed suit. Over time, the minaret has grown significantly higher than the church's steeple. The mosque fills up five times a day after the muezzin makes his call to prayer; the church's bells only ring twice a week.

'Heaven and earth are filled with heavenly peace,' the church's members sang on New Year's Eve. That was also the last thing Mariam Fakri heard as she exited the church with her sister Martina, her mother and her aunt. They were among the first to do so. After having spent the whole day cooking, they wanted to get home to break their fast with a celebratory meal. Miriam was 21 years old, and she was planning on getting engaged in a few days. In addition to her university studies, she also taught Sunday school to youths at her church. She was happy and easygoing, and she had many Muslim friends.

Before heading off to church, she had written on her Facebook page: '2010 is over. I enjoyed experiencing this year. I have so many wishes. Please, God, stand by my side and help them come true.'

Then the explosion struck. Mariam died on Khalil Hamada Street under an image of St. Mark the Apostle holding a little church in his hand. The screws, screw nuts and ball bearings that had been packed into the bomb also tore into the other three women.

The only member of the family to survive was Mariam's father, who had

been standing behind them. The next day, he had to identify his daughter. Her body was so horribly burnt he could hardly recognize her.

Soon thereafter, the four women were buried at the St. Mina Monastery along with 17 other victims, where they would soon be joined by two others. The monastery is about 60 kilometers (37 miles) outside Alexandria. Although it's a special honor to be buried there, it was also one final indignity: For security reasons, the authorities had reportedly insisted that the burial be held outside the city. Thus, even in death, the Coptic Christian Mariam Fakri had to show respect for a state that had failed to protect her.

Sources of Information

It is much to be regretted that there are comparatively so few authentic records of the period from 800 to 1200. There were no newspapers, no printed books, no Royal Commissions, or Parliamentary debates (if these last can be really regarded as sources of information). Men worked, and fought, and argued, and preached, and died, leaving no other record than a tombstone. Hence a large part of the criticism of the Dark Ages is too often mere generalization and declamation, representing rather the prejudice of the writer than the verdict of the scholar.

— Frederick Stokes, Introduction, *The Dark Ages* by S. R. Maitland, John Hodges, London, 1890, p.xii, xiii. Neither Stokes nor Maitland was Catholic.

A Murderer's Smile

Egypt is not the only Islamic country that lets its minorities and those who come to their aid fend for themselves.

Three days after the attack in Alexandria, roughly 4,000 kilometers (2,500 miles) to the east, an elegantly dressed man emerged from a coffee house in Islamabad. After having met up with a friend, Salman Taseer, the 66-year-old Muslim governor of the Pakistani province of Punjab, was on his way home to his villa in the northeastern part of Pakistan's capital city.

But before Taseer could climb into his car, a burly man emerged from the group of his bodyguards, pulled out a gun and started shooting at the governor. When his fellow bodyguards – who initially stood there doing nothing – finally overpowered him, he merely stretched out his chin and smiled.

There, on the ground in front of Gloria Jean's Café, lay a man shot more than 20 times, a man who had taken on some powerful opponents: bigotry, incitement and militant Islamism. Like Mariam, he too had posted a new year's message online. 'I was under huge pressure sure to cower down before rightest pressure on blasphemy. I Refused. Even if I'm the last man standing,' he wrote on his Twitter page. And a few days later, he added: 'Peace prosperity and happiness for new year... I'm full of optimism.'

The fear spread by Taseer's enemies pursued him even after death. When his family wanted to bury him on the following day in observance of Muslim customs, even the state-appointed prayer leader refused to utter even the first verse of the Muslim funeral rites. A preacher from Taseer's party eventually volunteered to fulfill the duty. And his supposed friend, the president of Pakistan, didn't come to the burial – for security reasons.

A Bloody Reality

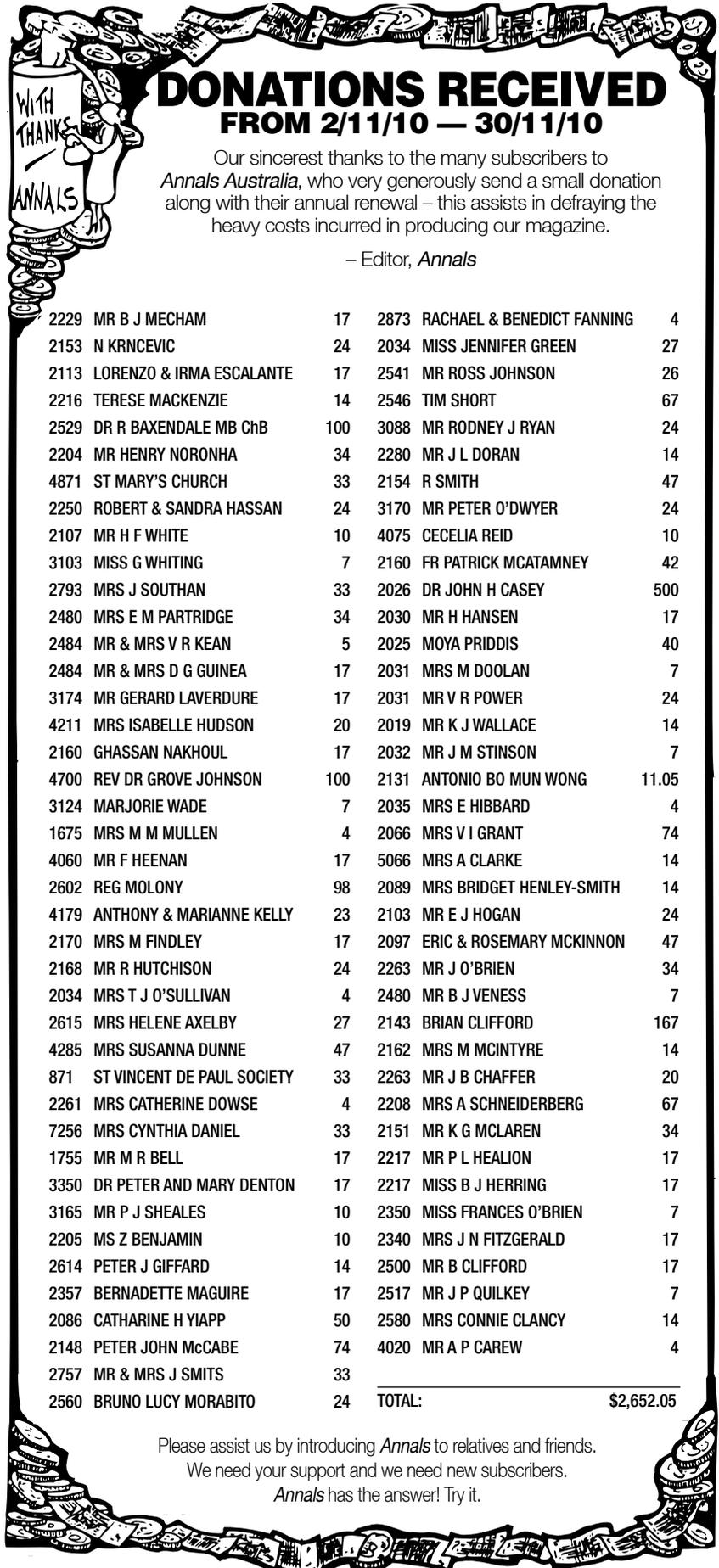
As little as the death in Islamabad and the massacre in Alexandria have in common, there is one thing that binds them. They make it clear that, at the beginning of the first decade after the 9/11 terror attacks, the 'clash of civilizations' – used by Western political scientists as a theoretical paradigm – has become a bloody reality for Christians in the Orient. Islam is the majority religion in eight of the top 10 countries where Christians are persecuted, according to the 'World Watch List' compiled annually by the Christian organization Open Doors. In seven of those countries, the situation deteriorated for Christians in 2010.

It's not just the pope, bishops and patriarchs who are making more urgent calls than ever for these Christians to be protected. A growing number of politicians – ranging from US President Barack Obama to Volker Kauder, the parliamentary floor leader of Chancellor Angela Merkel's center-right Christian Democrats – are intensifying their warnings.

'We are already past the stage where we can merely express our dismay or our sadness,' complained recently appointed French Foreign Minister Michèle Alliot-Marie. She has demanded a coordinated European Union plan to protect Christians in the Middle East. The issue is to be placed on the agenda for an EU foreign ministers meeting scheduled for January 31.

Mere appeals, however, will not suffice. The situation is much direr than it was even a few months ago. The recent attacks in Egypt and Pakistan have both served as examples of just how weak the regimes in the Islamic world are. They may have anchored the protection of religious minorities in their constitutions, but they long ago lost the power to protect Christians and other minorities. Even the elites who want to do so have lost the power to make it happen.

By Hasnain Kazim, Juliane von Mittelstaedt, Yassin Musharbash, Daniel Steinworth, Volkhard Windfuhr and Bernhard Zand, *Der Spiegel*, January 13, 2011. Reprinted from San Francisco Sentinel, January 17, 2011.



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– Editor, *Annals*

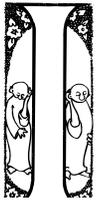
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What Happens in Vagueness Stays in Vagueness

THE DECLINE AND FALL OF AMERICAN ENGLISH, AND STUFF.

By Clark Whelton



RECENTLY WATCHED a television program in which a woman described a baby squirrel that she had found in her yard. ‘And he was like, you know, “Helloooo, what are you looking at?” and stuff, and I’m like, you know, “Can I, like, pick you up?” and he goes, like, “Brrrp brrrp brrrp,” and I’m like, you know, “Whoa, that is so wow!”’ She rambled on, speaking in self-quotations, sound effects, and other vocabulary substitutes, punctuating her sentences with facial tics and lateral eye shifts. All the while, however, she never said anything specific about her encounter with the squirrel.

Uh-oh. It was a classic case of Vagueness, the linguistic virus that infected spoken language in the late twentieth century. Squirrel Woman sounded like a high school junior, but she appeared to be in her mid-forties, old enough to have been an early carrier of the contagion. She might even have been a college intern in the days when Vagueness emerged from the shadows of slang and mounted an all-out assault on American English.

My acquaintance with Vagueness began in the 1980s, that distant decade when Edward I. Koch was mayor of New York and I was writing his speeches. The mayor’s speechwriting staff was small, and I welcomed the chance to hire an intern. Applications arrived from NYU, Columbia, Pace, and the senior colleges of the City University of New York. I interviewed four or five candidates and was happily surprised. The students were articulate and well informed on civic affairs. Their writing samples were excellent. The young woman whom I selected was easy to train and a pleasure to work with.

Everything went so well that I hired interns at every opportunity.

Then came 1985.

The first applicant was a young man from NYU. During the interview, he spiked his replies so heavily with “like” that I mentioned his frequent use of the word. He seemed confused by my comment and replied, “Well . . . like . . . yeah.” Now, nobody likes a grammar prig. All’s fair in love and language, and the American lingo is in constant motion. “You should,” for example, has been replaced by “you need to.” “No” has faded into “not really.” “I said” is now “I went.” As for “you’re

welcome,” that’s long since become “no problem.” Even nasal passages are affected by fashion. Quack-talking, the rasping tones preferred by many young women today, used to be considered a misfortune.

In 1985, I thought of “like” as a trite survivor of the hippie sixties. By itself, a little slang would not have disqualified the junior from NYU. But I was surprised to hear antique argot from a communications major looking for work in a speechwriting office, where job applicants would normally showcase their language skills. I was even more surprised when the next three candidates also laced their conversation with “like.” Most troubling was a puzzling drop in the quality of their writing samples. It took six tries, but eventually I found a student every bit as good as his predecessors.

Then came 1986.

As the interviews proceeded, it grew obvious that “like” had strengthened its grip on intern syntax. And something new had been added: “You know” had replaced “Ummm . . .” as the sentence filler of choice. The candidates seemed to be evading the chore of beginning new thoughts. They spoke in run-on sentences, which they padded by adding “and stuff” at the end. Their writing samples were terrible. It took eight tries to find a promising intern. In the spring of 1987 came the all-interrogative interview. I asked a candidate where she went to school.

“Columbia?” she replied. Or asked.

“And you’re majoring in . . .”

“English?”

All her answers sounded like questions. Several other students did the same thing, ending declarative sentences with an interrogative rise. Something odd was happening. Was it



guerrilla grammar? Had college kids fallen under the spell of some mad guru of verbal chaos? I began taking notes and mailed a letter to William Safire at the New York Times, urging him to do a column on the devolution of coherent speech. Undergraduates, I said, seemed to be shifting the burden of communication from speaker to listener. Ambiguity, evasion, and body language, such as air quotes -- using fingers as quotation marks to indicate clichés -- were transforming college English into a coded sign language in which speakers worked hard to avoid saying anything definite. I called it Vagueness.

By autumn 1987, the job interviews revealed that “like” was no longer a mere slang usage. It had mutated from hip preposition into the verbal milfoil that still clogs spoken English today. Vagueness was on the march. Double-clutching (“What I said was, I said . . .”) sprang into the arena. Playbacks, in which a speaker re-creates past events by narrating both sides of a conversation (“So I’m like, “Want to, like, see a movie?” And he goes, “No way.” And I go . . .”), made their entrance. I was baffled by what seemed to be a reversion to the idioms of childhood. And yet intern candidates were not hesitant or uncomfortable about speaking elementary school dialects in a college-level job interview. I engaged them in conversation and gradually realized that they saw Vagueness not as slang but as mainstream English. At long last, it dawned on me: Vagueness was not a campus fad or just another generational raid on proper locution. It was a coup. Linguistic rabble had stormed the grammar palace. The principles of effective speech had gone up in flames.

In 1988, my elder daughter graduated from Vassar. During a commencement reception, I asked one of her professors if he’d noticed any change in Vassar students’ language skills. “The biggest difference,” he replied, “is that by the time today’s students arrive on campus, they’ve been juvenilized. You can hear it in the way they talk. There seems to be a reduced capacity for abstract thought.” He went on to say that immature speech patterns used to be drummed out of kids in ninth grade. “Today, whatever way kids communicate seems to be fine with

their high school teachers.” Where, I wonder, did Vagueness begin? It must have originated before the 1980s. “Like” has a long and scruffy pedigree: in the 1970s, it was a mainstay of Valspeak, the frequently ridiculed but highly contagious “Valley Girl” dialect of suburban Los Angeles, and even in 1964, the film *Paris When It Sizzles* lampooned the word’s overuse. All the way back in 1951, Holden Caulfield spoke proto-Vagueness (“I sort of landed on my side . . . my arm sort of hurt”), complete with double-clutching (“Finally, what I decided I’d do, I decided I’d . . .”) and demonstrative adjectives used as indefinite articles (“I felt sort of hungry so I went in this drugstore . . .”).

Is Vagueness simply an unexplainable descent into nonsense? Did Vagueness begin as an antidote to the demands of political correctness in the classroom, a way of sidestepping the danger of speaking forbidden ideas? Does Vagueness offer an undereducated generation a technique for camouflaging a lack of knowledge?

The Right Education

IT IS absurd to talk as if Tommy in Battersea, if he grows up without schooling, would grow up as a simple savage, running naked in the forests. He would be educated even if he was never schooled. He would grow up a complex, highly civilised, and rather cynical person, for the simple reason that he would grow up in a complex, highly civilised, and rather cynical society. The objection to leaving him untaught is not that he would not learn things; it is that he would learn all the wrong things. The school is of some value because it is just desperately possible that there he may learn the right things. Hence there is no such thing as education; there is only the right education. And the right education aims not so much at making him complex as at keeping him straightforward. He will not grow up an anarchist anyhow. He will know about the police anyhow: the only question is whether he shall know it from the *Police News*. In any case he will find out that there are laws: the only question is whether he shall hear them explained or only see them broken and Life will teach him all about government; but only education can teach him about good government. The gutter-boy will certainly be civilised. Only education can prevent him being over-civilised.

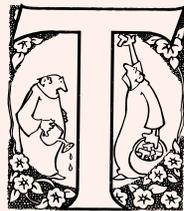
— G.K.Chesterton, *The Illustrated London News*, September 12, 1908.

In 1991, I visited the small town of Bridgton, Maine, on the evening that the residents of Cumberland County gathered to welcome their local National Guard unit home from the Gulf War. It was a stirring moment. Escorted by the lights and sirens of two dozen fire engines from surrounding towns, the soldiers marched down Main Street. I was standing near the end of the parade and looked around expectantly for a platform, podium, or microphone. But there were to be no brief remarks of commendation by a mayor or commanding officer. There was to be no pastoral prayer of thanks for the safe return of the troops. Instead, the soldiers quickly dispersed. The fire engines rumbled away. The crowd went home. A few minutes later, Main Street stood empty.

Apparently there was, like, nothing to say.

CLARK WHELTON was a speechwriter for New York City mayors Ed Koch and Rudy Giuliani. This article originally appeared in *City Journal* vol 21, no. 1 (Winter, 2011). Reprinted with permission.

18TH CENTURY RECIPE FOR SALAD



WO BOILED potatoes strained
through a kitchen sieve,
Softness and smoothness to
the salad give;

Of mordant mustard take a single spoon,
Distrust the condiment that bites too soon!
Yet deem it not, thou man of taste, a fault
To add a double quantity of salt.
Four times the spoon with oil of Lucca crown,
And twice with vinegar procured from town;
True taste requires it and your poet begs
The pounded yellow of two well-boiled eggs.
Let onion's atoms lurk within the bowl
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole,
And lastly in the flavoured compound toss
A magic spoonful of anchovy sauce.
Oh, great and glorious! Oh, herbaceous meat!
'Twould tempt the dying Anchorite to eat,
Back to the world he'd turn his weary soul
And plunge his fingers in the salad bowl.

— Rev. Sydney Smith, 1771-1845, Anglican clergyman and wit and one of the founders of the Edinburgh Review.

Ambivalent paen to Oxford mover

CARDINAL VIRTUES

Reviewed by Ian MacDonald



THE AUTHOR has form. At worst he denigrates; see his biography of Pius XII, entitled *Hitler's Pope*. At best he praises with faint damns; read this biography of John Henry Newman.

Ambivalence is intrinsic to his title and sub-title. What was unquiet about Newman's grave? Well, nothing really, except Cornwell grabbing the opportunity of echoing Cyril Connolly's catchy title and pushing today's headline question in relation to Newman: was he, or was he not, a homosexual?

This on the basis of Newman's wish to be buried with Ambrose St John, his fellow Oxford scholar-cleric, convert from Anglicanism, Catholic priest of the Oratorians and constant friend. For Cornwell there's a tabloid hop, skip and jump before he decides that on balance Newman was not a homosexual.

In the context of the proposed canonisation of Newman, 'reluctant saint' smacks of redundancy. Conferred sainthood has not been the aim of anyone, however holy; sanctity connotes humility and a sense of sinfulness.

Cornwell's ambivalence does not, however, come at the cost of readability. As Dan Brown's tomes are page turners in their inchoate tendentiousness Cornwell's are in their meticulous scholarliness which, as noted, can go tabloid.

Overall the biography is in a dubious sense magisterial, Cornwell, director of the Science and Human Dimension Project at Jesus College, Cambridge, occasionally plays master to the pupil Newman.

Commenting on the Vatican's attitude to Newman during his lifetime, Cornwell pursues a very English, if not Little England, course. Describing the slowness of the bestowal on Newman

John Cornwell, *Newman's Unquiet Grave: The Reluctant Saint*, Continuum (through Rainbow Book Agencies) rrp hb \$45.95

of a cardinal's hat, his tone is that of someone writing of the belated award of a cap for cricket or rugby at an English public school.

Of Newman, he says: 'After his death, some wrote that his influence over Anglicanism was greater than over his adopted Church.' Here Cornwell appears to forget the peculiar genesis of the Anglican Church, a local breakaway from a universal Catholic Church, the English monarch by arrogation its sovereign head, an arrogation which continues under anti-Catholic constitutional law.

He also appears to forget that golden opinions won at Oxford do not necessarily travel well to Rome (often they do not quite make it across the border to those other Catholic mediaeval university foundations: St Andrews, Glasgow and Aberdeen).

Sure, Newman led a significant 19th century movement – the Oxford

Movement – within the Church of England. The objective was to take it back to before its breakaway, a breakaway in which, paradoxically, some contrived to perceive a continuity with a pre-Augustan Catholic Church that was hypothesised as anti-Roman.

Newman, his toughmindedness contrasting with his gentleness, saw through the contrivance to historical reality: the Reformation in England constituted a long detour from Catholicism by way of Tyburn and its martyrs.

One of them, Robert Southwell SJ, did say: 'In condemning us, you condemn all your ancestors, all the ancient bishops and kings, all that was once the glory of England.'

Cornwell uses the word 'catty' of Newman, unaware that it ricochets on himself off his dismissive phrase, 'the good and the great', applied to those members of the English aristocracy who supported Newman, remembering their recusant ancestors who had maintained their Catholic faith.

Aptly for a distinguished academic, Cornwell holds reserves of clarity for his account of Newman's *Idea of a University*. His analysis of Newman's

Mistiness, mother of Wisdom

IN THE PRESENT day mistiness is the mother of wisdom. A man who can set down half a dozen propositions, which escape from destroying each other only by being diluted into truisms... who holds that Scripture is the only authority, yet that the Church is to be deferred to, that faith only justifies, yet that it does not justify without works... This is your safe man and the hope of the Church; this is what the [Anglican] Church is said to want, not party men, but sensible, temperate, sober, well-judging persons, to guide it through the channel of No-meaning, between the Scylla and Charybdis of Aye and Nay.

- John Henry Newman, 'The state of religious parties,' in *British Critic*, quoted Ian Ker, *John Henry Newman: a biography* [OUP, 1988] p. 175.

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concept, and his travails in seeking to implement it in All Ireland, is fascinating in its detailing of the personality clash between the very English Newman and the very Irish hierarchy.

Or should that be *cultural* clash? Either way Newman's thought continues to have validity in the establishment of new universities dedicated to the Church's founding principle of teaching all nations from which she was prevented in Britain by laws rescinded only in Newman's lifetime.

Above all he was an educationist at both university and child level, the latter by way of the Oratory Schools.

Cornwell is at his most provocatively Little England when he implies for Newman a status equivalent to that of John Wycliff, so-called *Morning Star* of the Reformation. Newman through Cornwall's telescope becomes the Evening Star of Vatican II, in that his sainthood 'might signal the taming and enfeebling of his legacy by the resisters of Vatican II'.

Isn't *resisters* almost a synonym for *recusants*? Cornwall's view ignores his quotation of a Newman insight: '... Catholic Christendom is no simple exhibition of religious absolutism but presents a continuous picture of Authority and Private Judgement alternately advancing and retreating as the ebb and flow of the tide..'

Unquestionably one thing can be said in favour of Cornwall's biography: its deployment of such quotations on everything from miracles to evolution, from clericalism to the role of the laity from literary work to papal infallibility, may well persuade people to read (or re-read) Newman's works, particularly his *Apologia Pro Vita Sua* and *Grammar of Assent*, not the first time a journeyman's book has inspired readers to go back to classic originals.

Cornwell has reportedly expressed regret about writing *Hitler's Pope* when all the evidence was not in. He should imitate Newman and do the hardest thing: take account of fresh research (which for Cornwall includes a KGB anti-papal disinformation exercise) and re-write accordingly.

IAN MACDONALD is the pen-name of a well-known Sydney journalist.

FINDING THE WAY HOME



AFTER FIFTY YEARS the authorities of the Church of England have not settled who is right, who is in accord with her formularies, those who teach the Eucharistic Sacrifice, or those who stoutly deny it: those who teach the Catholic Faith concerning everlasting punishment, or those who deny it. It is true that the (so-called) Ritualistic section has won its way to a position of sufferance. It has become a recognised party. But in so doing it has separated itself from the earlier Tractarian movement. The fundamental position of that movement was that their teaching was the authoritative teaching of the Church of England.

So soon as it became evident that such was not the case, men like Newman, Wilberforce, Manning, Coleridge, and a host of others, felt that their position was no longer tenable. They could not belong to a party. It is sad to see a man like the venerable author of the 'Roman Question' [Pusey] sitting in judgment on such men and deciding on their moral status, attributing their convictions to moral weakness, when they acted on the intelligible principle that the first necessity of ecclesiastical life is submission to duly constituted authority.

They began, we learn from the first named [Newman] with appealing to catenas [chains, lists] of Anglican divines, they went on to catenas of the Fathers, and they found from the latter that they must, at the cost of all most dear to the human heart, take the authority to which they found the Fathers bowed, as their own guide; and they saw that the movement in which they found themselves was a call back to their own Mother, whom they had lost so long, and who had at last won her way back to their docile hearts.

- Luke Rivington, *A Plain Reason for Joining the Church of Rome*, Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co. Ltd, London, 1890, pp.10, 11. Bracketed [] words added by *Annals* editor to assist the modern reader.

Alerting us to developments in technology but also to the human and humane elements of our lives and of society that must never be lost

AI – ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE

By Peter Malone, MSC



.I. is not exactly a title that suggests a film for a wide, even family audience with older children. But, it is. It is a futuristic story that alerts us to the developments in technology but also to the human and humane elements of our lives and of society that must never be lost.

The synopsis indicates the breadth of the story and its themes. Readers may prefer to look at this after they have seen the film. As the bloggers on the Internet Movie Database say, ‘Spoiler alert’.

In the near future, global warming has melted the polar icecaps. Cities like New York are partially submerged. In families, parents are forbidden to have many children. Robots perform domestic tasks.

The Cybertronics Manufacturing Company manufactures David, a child ‘mecha’ (mechanical), who is programmed not only with sophisticated intelligence but simulated emotions. He is ‘adopted’ by Henry and Monica whose sick son, Martin, is being cryogenically preserved. At first wary, Monica becomes attached to David as a substitute child and programs him to ‘develop’ and express his feelings, including saying ‘Mummy’. When their son unexpectedly recovers and returns home, rivalry starts up between the two boys. Martin taunts David about whether he can hate as well as love. Neighbouring children at Martin’s birthday party want to touch David who becomes fearful and, gripping Martin, falls into the swimming pool. This is too much for Henry. He persuades Monica that it is best if David is returned to the company and destroyed. Instead, Monica takes David

Directed by Steven Spielberg.
Starring Haley Joel Osment, Frances O’Connor, William Hurt, Jude Law, Brendan Gleeson. 2001, 146 minutes.
To rent or buy enquire at your local DVD store. Compare prices with Amazon before buying.

into the woods and, with regret, leaves him there.

David’s only companion is a ‘supertoy’, a Teddy programmed to walk and talk. He accompanies David during his journey. They come across a junkyard for used-by robots. It is raided by Lord Johnson Johnson who rounds up the wrecks (they can still function in limited ways) to take them to the Flesh Fair, an arena where humans egg on their destruction in coliseum-like games. In the meantime, a robot designed solely as a sex-machine, Gigolo Joe, has had to flee the city after a client is murdered. He is captured and imprisoned with David who comes to depend on him. When they are put up for destruction, the public have pity on the child robot and attack Johnson Johnson. David and Joe escape. They set out on a quest to the decadent Rouge City where Dr Know, a carnival stand fortune teller, urges David to seek the Blue Fairy who has the power to make robots human.

Joe and David travel to New York City. They find Professor Hobby who is in process of making a series of Davids and Darlenes, emotional robot children. David, who has encountered another David and destroyed him, escapes and finds the Blue Fairy in a Pinocchio theme entertainment at Coney Island. He stays, watching the fairy, pleading to be made real. The Blue Fairy cannot do it.

He watches and waits 2000 years until he is discovered by sophisticated robots who are able to reconstruct his home because of David’s stored memories. When Teddy produces a lock of Monica’s hair, she too comes alive again, but only for 24 hours. David has a wonderful day with her; she loves him as her son. She dies and a tear rolls from David’s eyes.

In 1968, Stanley Kubrick’s *2001: a Space Odyssey* gave us one of the most memorable computers, HAL, whose smoothly sinister voice and all-seeing red-lit ‘eye’ controlled the mission travelling beyond Jupiter. (But, in the 1984 sequel, *2010*, we discover that he was not malevolent at all.) In 2000, Robin Williams was the *Bicentennial Man*, a robot who wanted to be human. Now we have a movie which Stanley Kubrick had been planning for almost twenty years about a robot who wants to be real, to be human.

The inheritor of Kubrick’s vision is Steven Spielberg. Spielberg had been in regular communication with Kubrick. With this movie, he wanted to honour Kubrick’s memory. Spielberg wrote the screenplay himself. While there are echoes of Kubrick’s themes, like the issue of true human freedom from *A Clockwork Orange* and the voyage into the future from *2001*, the treatment is very much in the Spielberg vein. Children have always played important and significant roles in Spielberg movies, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* and *ET* especially. In bringing this vision together in *AI*, Spielberg traces the journey of a life-like robot child from machine to humanity.

AI is the story of David, a ‘mecha’, who has been programmed to ‘feel’ many human emotional characteristics, who is placed with a foster family, and learns to love. Haley Joel Osment (who



had great success as the little boy in *The Sixth Sense*) shows how talented an actor he is, convincingly portraying David as both machine and human. Another film with Haley Joel Osment that has not been seen widely but is worth finding is *Edges of the Lord* where he plays a Jewish child in World War II Poland hidden and saved by being sheltered by a Catholic family.

The ideas of the movie are interesting. Spielberg's way of telling his story, however, is to develop the emotional aspects. Audiences who prefer stronger intellectual content will be tempted to dismiss this as sentimentality (rather than sentiment), which undermines, even eliminates, the tougher, more philosophical questions about what it is to be human and whether this is possible for machines. Those who prefer storytelling to lectures will respond much more positively to AI, identifying with the plight of David as he awakens to the reality of having a mother (played by Frances O'Connor).

In the second part of the movie David is out on his own and almost destroyed for human bloodlust in a futuristic Coliseum. In this second part David is a sign of light and love, ousted from the family light into the darkness of a world of fearful and cruel humans. He experiences the danger of the Flesh Fair. He journeys to Rouge City, dark in

its decadence. Yet David learns hope, a hope that he will become truly human, real and loving.

Spielberg also incorporates the tale of Pinocchio, the puppet who wanted to become a real boy. The Blue Fairy (a kitschy carnival statue, though voiced by Meryl Streep) is the symbol of this hope but she is unable to change David. This myth of the Blue Fairy does not seem strong enough to sustain the deeper questions about being human.

In the third part of the movie, there are 'intimations of immortality' with images of resurrection (temporary) and the boy machine transformed by human love.

FATHER PETER MALONE MSC reviewed movies for *Annals Australasia* from 1968-1998. He also edited *Compass*, a theological Journal, from 1971 to 1998. He was president of the Catholic Church's World Association for Communication, SIGNIS, and a member of the Pontifical Council for Social Communications, from 1999 until 2006. He now lives and works in Melbourne.

The role of Politics

A GREAT DEAL is said about the return to Islam, but one must nuance this statement. There is a big difference, for example, between Islamist Iran, where one almost never sees a person praying in the street, and the new Islamized neighborhoods of otherwise secular republics (Tunisia, Turkey), where certain streets are practically closed to cars by the crowd of men in prayer. The political victory of Islamism is the end of true devotion. Mosques are packed in places where they have become sites of mobilization in opposition to a state perceived as particularist, client-oriented, and repressive; but they empty out when Islamism takes power. They also fill when it is a matter of bringing immigrants together into a community group, with its own institutions and spokespeople, as in Great Britain. Ghettos are fertile soil for re-Islamization. But in France, the "*beur*" (slang for "Arab") culture of proletarian, second-generation immigrants is a subculture of the dominant culture, and its values (music, consumption, the "look") are in conflict with those of Islam.

- Olivier Roy *The Failure of Political Islam*, Harvard University Press, 1994, p.199.

*Austin Henry Layard's early years...
embody typical delusions about the region and its inhabitants*

ROMANCING THE MIDDLE EAST

By Roger Sandall



ERE THEY Arabists or atavists or both? Devotees of desert places from whence the prophets come, Bedouinophiles, or just romantic travelers yearning for tents and camels? Whatever, the irresistible attraction of Arabia for members of the educated English middle-class was an odd phenomenon, one Kathryn Tidrick analysed with sympathy and insight almost thirty years ago in *Heart-Beguiling Araby: the English Romance with Arabia*. Among the men she discusses are Richard Burton, Gifford Palgrave, Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, Charles Doughty, and T. E. Lawrence, the list tapering off to include St John Philby (father of Kim) and Sir John Glubb, with the gaunt Wilfred Thesiger and his Marsh Arabs belatedly bringing up the rear.

Yet one conspicuous early member of the fraternity is missed. The name of Austen Henry Layard, a genuinely major figure, appears neither in the text nor in the index. It is true that his archaeological achievement excavating the palaces of the Assyrian kings in the 1840s lies a little to one side of Tidrick's literary line of march. But the excitements of Layard's early years – Lord Curzon described his account of life among the Bakhtiari as “one of the most romantic narratives of adventure ever penned” – embody typical delusions about the region and its inhabitants.

* * *

Our story begins in 1839 when Layard was 22. In the company of Edward Ledwich Mitford, aged 32, he set off to walk and ride all the way to India and Ceylon. Layard had become depressed working in his

uncle's London law office, but already as they rode along south of Trieste he could feel the grey burden of England lifting – and his spirits did too. Writing about it later he told how delighted he was by the beauty of the Dalmatian countryside in late summer, “and with the picturesque costumes of the peasantry, which seemed to increase in gorgeousness as we went south and approached the land of the Ottoman.”

Layard tells in his *Autobiography* how they had received a letter from Montenegro's leading chieftain, or *Vladika*, that “courteously invited” them not merely to visit but to stay with him in his palace at Cetinje.

Shari'a and Women

THE VICTIMIZATION of women through assault of the body attracts ready protest. But the suggestion that women may be victimized by polygamy practices, restrictive dress codes or unequal punishments (as in Hudud) has not been taken up as issues for reforms. The divine source as in the Quran is silent on the question of rape, thus allowing for more flexible interpretation of the offence. In contrast, wife-beating is literally mentioned in the Quran and often times interpreted as being condoned by divine revelations. Similarly, edicts on the issue of the headscarf, polygamy for men and unequal gender-based punishments under Hudud are literal provisions that have been elevated to become laws and interpreted to be mandatory for Muslims to obey.

— Mohamad, Maznah, 'Women's engagement with political Islam in Malaysia', *Global Change, Peace & Security*, 16/2, June 2004.

To ensure their safety the chief had sent horses and guards armed to the teeth with pistols, yataghans, and knives. These accoutrements added a spice of danger. Could they really be just ornamental? But whatever the two young Englishmen made of this daunting arsenal they were quite unprepared for what came into view at the palace. There “a circle of forty-five gory Turkish heads were stuck on poles, trophies from a battle the previous week.” For the last seven days they had been ripening outside the window of Layard's sleeping quarters.

The *Vladika* (the combined prince-bishop of Montenegro) was a poet, and a man fond of learning and literature. He was delighted to find his English guests were too. It galled him that German newspapers had praised the courage of the King of Saxony, who had visited Montenegro in the course of a botanical excursion, for venturing into “the territory of a barbarous, sanguinary, and perfidious race”. This was simply untrue, he protested, pointing to a sign of his own civilized taste – the billiard table he had recently installed – but one fine day while he and Layard were chalking their cues they were interrupted by a clatter of hooves outside, with much shouting and firing of guns. Some Montenegrin warriors had been on a foray into Turkish territory and had returned with a present for their leader. Layard writes in his *Autobiography*:

They carried in a cloth, held up between them, several heads which they had severed from the bodies of their victims. Amongst these were those apparently of mere children. Covered with gore, they were a hideous and ghastly spectacle. They were duly deposited at the feet of the Prince, and then added to those which were already displayed.

One feels that these trophies on display outside the palace in Cetinje must surely have given Layard pause – must have provided at least some sense of leaving behind not only the dreary London law office, but law itself; of having crossed a frontier separating civilization from the tribal past.

Not long ago Samuel P. Huntington pointed to the fault-lines dividing cultures, and on page 159 of his well-known book he provides a map of “The Eastern Boundary of Western Civilization”. Running southward from the Russian shores of the White Sea, it bisects a number of countries in Eastern Europe before passing through Montenegro to end in the Adriatic. Layard was on his way to Mosul in Mesopotamia, and the unearthing of the Assyrian remains of Nimrud and Nineveh that would be forever associated with his name. Both in antiquity, and in the 1840s, he would discover there a markedly cavalier attitude toward both human life and human heads – especially in the region we now call Iraq.

As the two companions progressed eastward a paradox became increasingly obvious. On the one hand picturesque peasants, colourful textiles, novel dishes to whet the appetite, followed by exciting music and dance. On the other, grisly customs and diabolical politics. For romantic aesthetes the discovery that in tribal societies the appealing and the appalling are often inseparable always comes as a disappointing surprise. In Layard’s case, one wonders how such an exceedingly cultured young Englishman understood so little – less indeed than ordinary German newspaper readers might expect to know in 1840 – about the ‘barbarous, sanguinary, and perfidious’ political customs east of Huntington’s line? In short, knew so little about lands, unlike his own, where life is cheap and where both civil and civilised law is thin on the ground.

* * *

His formal education had been patchy, and his childhood experience of various schools in England and on the continent had been miserable. Tri-lingual, in France he was tormented for being English; in England he was persecuted as a “frog”. He was only truly happy in Florence, where the

Islamic Slavery 21st Century style

THE BBC reported in March 2007 that slave raids “were a common feature of Sudan’s 21-year north-south war, which ended in 2005.... According to a study by the Kenya-based Rift Valley Institute, some 11,000 young boys and girls were seized and taken across the internal border -- many to the states of South Darfur and West Kordofan.... Most were forcibly converted to Islam, given Muslim names and told not to speak their mother tongue.” One modern-day Sudanese Christian slave, James Pareng Alier, was kidnapped and enslaved when he was twelve years old. Religion was a major element of his ordeal: “I was forced to learn the Koran and re-named “Ahmed.” They told me that Christianity was a bad religion. After a time we were given military training and they told us we would be sent to fight.” Alier has no idea of his family’s whereabouts. But while non-Muslims slaves are often forcibly converted to Islam, their conversion does not lead to their freedom. Mauritanian anti-slavery campaigner Boubacar Messaoud explains: “It’s like having sheep or goats. If a woman is a slave, her descendants are slaves.”

— *The Persistence of Islamic Slavery* by Robert Spencer, FrontPageMagazine.com, July 20, 2007

family went for nine years hoping that a change in climate would restore the health of his asthmatic father Peter. It was in Italy that Peter Layard took his son to galleries where he learned to appreciate the Masters, and it was there the boy first read Shakespeare, Spenser, and Ben Jonson. But these were of minor interest – he was spellbound by something else.

“The work in which I took the greatest delight,” he wrote, “was *The Arabian Nights*.” In their apartment within the Rucellai Palace, the Layard family home in Florence, “I was accustomed to spend hours stretched upon the floor, under a great gilded Florentine table, poring over this enchanting volume. My imagination became so much excited by it that I thought and dreamt of little else but ‘djinn’s’ and ‘ghouls’ and fairies and lovely princesses, until I believed in their existence...” Moreover, he adds, “My admiration for *The Arabian Nights*’ has never left me. I can read them now (he was writing this late in life) with almost as much delight as I read them when a boy. They have had no little influence upon my life and career; for to them I attribute that love of travel and adventure which took me to the East, and led me to the discovery of the ruins of Nineveh.”

Only a short time after the grim experience of Montenegro, having

crossed into Turkish Albania and arrived at the city of Scutari, Layard was enthusing about the colourful life of an eastern bazaar. He was pleased to find that the dress and manners of European civilization “had scarcely penetrated into the realm of Islam” and that he felt he had at last passed into “a world of which I had dreamt from my earliest childhood.” Once more he sees the ferocious weaponry men habitually carry, not as a symptom of lawlessness, or the absence of civil society, but as largely decorative. In fact, like countless tourists today who make no distinction between constitutions and canapés, he treats everything he encounters on much the same level as cuisine. In the bazaar he is delighted to encounter

The jaunty Albanian with his white *fustanella* and his long gun resplendent with coral and silver, his richly inlaid pistols and his silver-sheathed yataghan, the savoury messes in the cook’s shops... etc.

From Constantinople he sent a letter to his Aunt Louisa: “With this place I am much delighted. It even exceeds any description I have seen. The imagination could not picture a site more beautiful as that occupied by Constantinople. In the hands of any other European Power it would have been the strongest city in the world; in the hands of the Turks it has become the most picturesque.” The costumes

of the Dalmation peasantry are picturesque; the city of Constantinople is picturesque. It also became necessary for this fugitive from a London solicitor's office to proclaim his new identity in a suitably picturesque way. Two of the most commonly reproduced portraits of Layard as a young man show him in Albanian and in Bakhtiari costume.

In Jerusalem he was determined to see the rock-carved architecture of Petra, and explore the lands of Moab and Jerash. There was however a small problem: south of the Dead Sea the whole countryside was in disorder following an invasion by Egyptian armies under Muhammad Ali Pasha. The British Vice Consul warned Layard that he'd be attacked and plundered by Bedouin who would strip him naked and leave him for dead. Upon hearing this the prudent Mitford declined to go, saying he would wait for his companion in Damascus.

At this stage Layard knew no Arabic, and the area where he was going was infested with Bedouin who lived by robbing and murdering anyone they could find on the roads. But none of this dimmed the glowing vision of the desert tribes he had acquired from the writings of the Swiss traveller Johann Ludwig Burckhardt. According to Burckhardt the Bedouin lived in tents; they were people of virtuous simplicity; and a traveller could happily trust them with his life. Defying augury, Layard hired an interpreter and set off. Later he confessed:

I had romantic ideas about Bedouin hospitality and believed that if I trusted to it, and placed myself unreservedly in the power of the Bedouin tribes, trusting to their respect for their guests, I should incur no danger. I did not know that the Arab tribes who inhabit the country to the south and east of the Dead Sea differed much from the Bedouins of the desert, of whom I had read in the travels of Burckhardt, and that they fully deserved the evil reputation they had acquired in Jerusalem.

The consequence of placing himself unreservedly in the power of armed and dangerous brigands, however picturesquely dressed, was not what he hoped. After skirmishes with drawn swords, and confrontations at pistol-point, half-starved, exhausted, robbed of books, papers, medicines,

his beautiful robe of Damascus silk and most of his clothes, wearing only an "Arab cloak, now almost in tatters and not worth taking," he dragged himself into Damascus to meet the British Consul. Exactly what the Consul thought is unknown. But he kindly offered his countryman some tea.

Now a little more wary, Layard took the road to Mosul, and there all his childhood memories came flooding enjoyably back. The approach to Baghdad by water as he floated down the Tigris delighted the senses. Beneath tall and graceful date palms "were clusters of orange, citron, and pomegranate trees, in the full blossom of spring. A gentle breeze wafted a delicious odour over the river, with the cooing of innumerable turtle-doves. The creaking of the water-wheels, worked by oxen, and the cries of the Arabs on the banks added life and animation to the scene. I thought that I had never seen anything so truly beautiful, and all my 'Arabian Nights' dreams were almost more than I realised."

Yet where every prospect pleases man can be uncommonly vile. Layard had been warned of Arabs along the banks of the river that "would rob and

plunder us if we ventured to land". When somewhat surprisingly this did not happen, he soon found why – it was because a highly disagreeable penalty for robbery had been imposed by the previous Pasha. In Baghdad there had been a rule of uncompromising punitive terror. The Bedouin had been kept under control and the roads kept safe by "the horrible punishment of impalement." There was a bridge of boats across the river, and the former governor, a man proud of his province and determined to defend the progress he had made from inveterate criminals, "was in the habit of placing them on stakes at the two ends of the bridge of boats, and on either side of it, as a warning to those who visited the city and had to pass between them." A British resident in Baghdad, Dr. Ross, had recently seen four offenders thus exposed. Bear in mind this was 1840, not 1480.

In Baghdad Layard decided to explore the southern Zagros mountains, a territory vigorously contested between the Bakhtiari tribe, who pretty much controlled things on the ground, and the Shah in Tehran who claimed sovereignty. To do this however meant dealing with the Persian governor of Isfahan, Manuchar Khan, a man who had recently shown he was not to be trifled with by building a tower out of 300 prisoners, mortared together like bricks, who all died slowly and hideously.

At this point Edward Mitford decided to continue to India alone. If Layard was now going to defy Manuchar Khan and throw in his lot with the Bakhtiari – a tribe regarded by Tehran as "a race of robbers, treacherous, cruel, and bloodthirsty", that Governor Manuchar Khan plainly intended to crush – he wanted none of it. Meanwhile, in a full-blooded romantic outburst Layard wrote to his uncle-solicitor back in London (on whom by the way he entirely depended for funds) that he was sick of the civilised and semi-civilised world and lived "happier under a black Bakhtiari tent with liberty of speech and action and nobody to depend on, no-one to flatter, certain that I shall have dinner tomorrow – for there is always bread and water – and without need of that source of all evil, money..."

Castrated Boys for the harems of Turkey and Arabia

HERE they stumbled upon a portion of a slave caravan, consisting of natives captured in the Sudan and marched down the oases of the Nile, obviously with the more or less open connivance of the government. British missionaries had rescued about eighty out of a thousand slaves, mostly children. Burton was appalled at the sight of these destitute youngsters, many of them castrated boys intended for shipment to the harems of Turkey and Arabia.

— Fawn Brodie, *The Devil Drives*, [Biography of Richard Burton the Explorer] Penguin, 1967, p.362

Among the Bakhtiari he fluked his way into the patronage of a great and powerful chieftain, Mehemet Taki Khan, a man able to command a force of 10,000 men. Asked for medical advice and treatment for the chief's son, who had a serious fever, Layard gave the patient some quinine. Within hours the boy broke into "a violent perspiration"; by dawn he was on the way to recovery; after this Layard found himself welcomed into the most intimate areas of Bakhtiari domestic life, and even lodged in the residential inner sanctum or *enderun* (harem) itself. After saving her son's life Layard tells us that the Khan's wife "treated me with the affection of a mother"; while he described her sister Khanumi as the most beautiful woman in all the tribe: "Her features were of exquisite delicacy, her eyes were large, black and almond-shaped, her hair of the darkest hue; she was intelligent and lively."

Urged by the Khan to convert to Islam and marry Khanumi, Layard resisted, though he told his aunt that the Bakhtiari custom of *sigha* interested him: it enabled a man "to marry for a period, however short – even for twenty-four hours – and which makes the contract for the time legal." The marital arrangements of the Khan himself seemed ideal. He married and divorced monthly, enjoying a continual honeymoon. It is perhaps not entirely irrelevant that in the *Arabian Nights*, before Scheherazade found a beguiling way around it, the Sultan had married, enjoyed, and then calmly killed each of his 'wives' next day.

Anyway it was all tremendous fun living amidst forays, feuds, and death by the assassin's hand, or sitting long into the small hours listening to stories told by men "constantly engaged in bloody quarrels arising out of questions of right of pasture and other such matters. When they were thus at war they ruthlessly pillaged and murdered each other. With them 'the life of a man was as the life of a sheep,' as the Persians say, and they would slay the one with as much unconcern as the other." The excitement of life in the great chief's fortress was all very well as long as Taki Khan was in control and the Persians were not. But it couldn't last. Manuchar Khan was determined to break and punish the Bakhtiari, the clans sensed it, and

before long their fealty weakened and the chief's followers began to melt away.

Now was also the time for Layard himself to get out. Boldly escaping from house arrest in the city of Shustar, he made his way back through parching deserts and fearful heat to Baghdad. Attacked and thrown from his horse by marauders of the Shammar tribe, Layard lost the disguise of his Arab *keffiyah* (or cloth headdress) and was mistaken for a hated Osmanli.

"One of the Arabs cried out that I was a 'Toork', and a man who had dismounted drew a knife and endeavoured to kneel upon my chest. I struggled, thinking that he intended to cut my throat, and called out to one of the party who, mounted upon a fine mare, appeared to be a sheikh, that I was not a 'Toork' but an Englishman." The sheikh relented, mistaking Layard for Dr. Ross of Baghdad, and again Layard escaped with his life – but most of his clothing, his watch, compass, and his last few silver pieces were lost. When he reached Baghdad it was Damascus all over again. Lying alone at dawn in the dirt outside the city gates, waiting for them to open, clad in rags and with bare and bleeding feet, "overcome by fatigue and pain", he was ignored by parties from the British Embassy who rode by without recognising him – nor did he hasten to make his presence known. But following behind them came Dr. Ross:

I called to him, and he turned towards me in the utmost surprise, scarcely believing his senses when he saw me without cover to my bare head, with naked feet, and in my tattered 'abba'.

* * *

Layard's experiences along the Turko-Persian border made the young adventurer an authority on the geographical issues involved. This drew the notice of the British Ambassador in Constantinople, Sir Stratford Canning, who in 1842 made him an unpaid attaché at the Embassy. In 1845, after much hesitation, Canning allowed Layard to commence the excavations that led to the discovery of several long-buried palaces, including that of Sennacherib.

The subsequent achievements of Sir Austen Henry Layard, as he eventually became, were prodigious – excavating an enormous site, making remarkable

drawings of the palace sculptures, mastering cuneiform, firmly responding to the continual obstruction of his work by venal and mendacious Pashas, transporting both the palace reliefs and two colossal stone bulls down the Tigris – all the while fighting off armed marauders who, both at the diggings and while rafting the reliefs downriver to Basra, were always waiting their chance.

Turning the yellowed leaves of his 1853 folio publication *The Monuments of Nineveh*, the dry and disintegrating leather of its old Morocco binding falling apart in one's hands, one may learn from Layard's drawings much about ancient Mesopotamia. Plates 8 and 9 show dates, apples, grapes and pomegranates being carried to a royal banquet, and groves of palms, and one can easily imagine a gentle breeze wafting the scent of citron ripples through many scenes. But soon the images become more sombre. Hundreds of prisoners, criminals, and naked slaves, harnessed by long ropes to sledges on which great stone bulls were being moved, are seen with overseers, their arms always threateningly upraised to lash and beat.

And then in Plate 21 something else catches the eye – as perhaps it was meant to by the Assyrian architect who placed it near the middle of a scene. The relief sculptures show Sennacherib's destruction in 701 BC of the city of Lachish, in the Kingdom of Judah. We are presented with three captives impaled on stakes. There are also scenes of beheadings, and of government scribes counting piles of heads, and of prisoners being flayed alive.

Today we can only wonder at the historical echoes across nearly 3,000 years. That civil society as we know it never developed in the region is an anthropological puzzle where culture, psychology, intransigent tribalism, military imperatives and religious belief, are probably all involved. It is also a political puzzle for which we are unlikely to find a solution anytime soon.

ROGER SANDALL is a Sydney writer. His website is www.rogersandall.com This is an edited version of 'Layard of Nineveh,' an article that appeared in the July/August 2010 issue of *The American Interest*.



MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Hur Hur

The public may be denied potentially the most fascinating TV reality show ever. The difficulty is paying the super-rich lead players enough for them to allow 24/7 cameras into their lives.

Not Nicole Kidman, Cate Blanchette nor Hugh Jackman. Nor even Russell Crowe. The players are stratospheric in vital talent: veteran moguls Kerry Stokes and Bruce Gordon, young heroes James Packer and Lachlan Murdoch (co-stars in the disaster epic, *OneTel*), David Gyngell (who shares his late father Bruce Gyngell's consideration for creative talent) and the shy, but by no means compliant, Gina Rhinehart, who until recently seemed content to let her multi-millionaire father Lang Hancock's merry widow, Rose, take the limelight.

Supporting actors would include Sandra Sully and George Negus. Walk-ons and crowd extras would be provided by any number of journalists, sporting heroes, television executives, lawyers, competition regulators and equity fundsters, the latter eager to learn something about the real workings of the industry they have borrowed heavily to invest in.

Locations would include television studios, luxury mansions, ocean-going yachts and casinos from Australia to China as business dealings are intercut with beautiful wives, romances, family, friends, polo ponies and other pets.

Bigger than American TV's *Dallas* combined

with Australia's greatest international success, *Neighbours*.

Title: *Bunfight at Network Ten*. Given a Screen Australia subsidy, only one producer-super-star has the clout and experience to bring it together: Rupert Murdoch to whom, in his 80th year, a myriad, cheque hacks say a bank-felt, 'Many happy returns.'

Madcap

The phrase 'market mechanism' is a contradiction in terms. Mechanisms are rationally engineered; the market, whatever it might be, is not rational, a view proved by the aftershocks of the Global Financial Crisis.

Yet both the Labor Government and the Coalition Opposition proffer variations of 'market mechanism' as the solution to perceived global warming.

Elimination of emissions should be a function of efficient plant and machinery, modified where necessary by engineers paid appropriately by industry. The ruminations of economists, however well connected, are symptomatic of uncertainty not a solution. Your correspondent is tempted to twitter: 'Whom the Gods wish to destroy they first make listen to economists.'

Fair for all

Internet trading may be part of the free market but is it part of a fair market? Yes, indeed, say proponents. No way, say opponents such as Gerry Harvey leader of the campaign against internet trading who argues that it erodes profit margins

Choose your words carefully

IT MAY seem more convenient to go ahead using these words [tolerance, intolerance] as they are currently used, just as people take or give banknotes or coins that are currently circulating, without looking to see whether they are genuine or forged. But what is easier or more convenient is not always most sensible. Just as you should examine a cheque carefully before accepting it, so you should also weigh words whose meanings have a higher value than coin of the realm.

— l'Abbé Jacques Balmes, *Le Protestantisme comparé au Catholicisme dans ses rapports avec la Civilization Européenne*, Paris, Debécourt, Libraire-Editeur, 1842, p.171-172. Translated: Paul Stenhouse, msc



opening. In the shambolic, bar-nothing brawl that is now the Australian Labor Party, he may get that opening, say in a contest with the aforesaid Greg Combet and Bill Shorten, not to mention dutiful dark horse, Wayne Swan.

Different context, different party, Liberal leader Tony Abbott, against Malcolm Turnbull and Joe Hockey, showed how to take an opening: feint one way, feint t'other, win by a point.

States non-rights

Constitutionally the Northern Territory and the Australian Capital Territory are not validly states. The first was hived off to federal control by South Australia. The second was created by the federal government as a local administrative area for Canberra.

Both have a common factor: a high proportion of public servants who see themselves as elites - understandable since they offer politicians the options from which policy is decided.

Neither, however, has the right to lead on policy, particularly the ACT: any more than has the District of Columbia, Washington's admin area.

Apropos. Your correspondent has a dream: *The Northern Territory News* staff is switched to Canberra and the News Limited Canberra Bureau staff is switched to Darwin. That way coverage might be less symbiotic and more adversarial.

Henry's choo-choo

Treasury secretary Ken Henry has been tipped in this space for politics, party politics, that is, as distinct from the public-service variety. Having

stepped away from the position, Henry has given his view on sustainable population; 15 million is his number. Add his care for hairy-nosed wombats and the signals seem clear: the Ken Henry Green Express is rolling.

Those surplus to his number should form a departure queue for Siberia where vast tracts of undeveloped land await only a visit from Oprah Winfrey to be transformed into living space.

Joke? Yes and no. No, because this is the first time Henry has so forcefully and publicly expressed his view on sustainable population. In the United States, judges and officials are subject to public scrutiny on their views before appointment; they are not allowed to hold them more or less privately until they decide to retire.

Daft epiphany

Part of your correspondent's childhood was a matter of ha'pennies and pennies, given for African children and then forgotten. That is until a recent Sunday Mass at the historic Marist church, St Patrick's, only a hop and skip from Circular Quay, Sydney.

A bishop presided; and the Mass was celebrated by a priest whose stature, demeanour and voice were reminiscent of a childhood hero: the great actor-singer Paul Robeson.

Okay bucket of sentiment. There was an appeal for funds. The bishop was Bishop John Bosco Barenas of Vanuatu and the priest was Father Justin Rathi.

Your correspondent made a donation. He also realised that inflation probably meant that he gave less as an adult than he gave as a child. On that, he made another donation in an envelope addressed: *Marist Mission Centre, Locked Bag 5002, Gladesville NSW 1675.*

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Extraterrestrials

THE belief that there are other life forms in the universe is a matter of faith. There is not a single shred of evidence for any other life forms, and in forty years of searching, none has been discovered. There is absolutely no evidentiary reason to maintain this belief. SETI [*Search for Extraterrestrial Intelligence*] is a religion. One way to chart the cooling of enthusiasm is to review popular works on the subject. In 1964, at the height of SETI enthusiasm, Walter Sullivan of the NY Times wrote an exciting book about life in the universe entitled *WE ARE NOT ALONE*. By 1995, when Paul Davis wrote a book on the same subject, he titled it *ARE WE ALONE?* (Since 1981, there have in fact been four books titled *ARE WE ALONE.*) More recently we have seen the rise of the so-called 'Rare Earth' theory which suggests that we may, in fact, be all alone. Again, there is no evidence either way.

— Excerpted from 'Extraterrestrials cause Global Warming,' an address given at the California Institute of Technology, Pasadena, in 2003 by the late Michael Crichton, medical doctor and popular novelist.



BOOK REVIEW

Attacks on Catholicism, published in novel or non-fiction form, are as old as the invention of printing itself

THE MISUSES OF HISTORY

Reviewed by Tony Evans



NE OF THE smaller books published by that prolific British historian, A. L. Rowse (1903-1997), was entitled *The Use of History*. The work was directed mainly at young people to encourage them to study history, listing among its many virtues the necessity of a knowledge of history on entering many of the professions, its pleasures, and how a knowledge of history is the key to understanding the behavior of humans when confronted by challenging situations. History helps us to understand ourselves.

Rowse's little book appeared immediately after World War II and although the author himself was known as a querulous, arrogant academic, his colleagues generally were, at that time, a fairly peaceful lot and confined their polite disagreements to relatively minor matters. The study of history was then enjoying a peaceful interlude ruffled only by Rowse's more controversial book claiming to prove the identity of the 'Dark Lady' of Shakespeare's sonnets, and Hugh Trevor-Roper's erroneous claim that the Hitler Diaries were genuine.

David Bentley Hart, *Atheist Delusions: The Christian Revolution and Its Fashionable Enemies*, Yale University Press 2009.

Those who buy books on-line will have no difficulty locating it.

But that serenity and polite discourse associated with history studies was about to change. The Cold War, the Berlin Wall, and the awful truth of Stalin's Gulag and concomitant propaganda, showed that history could be used as a powerful weapon employed to support a chosen ideology. This certainly was not one of the uses of history that Rowse would have had in mind.

With the publication of George Orwell's *1984* in the same year as Rowse's book, the predictions of 'Big Brother is watching you', 'Newspeak', and government control of history, entered the language as ominous bywords. The famous quotation from the book, 'Who controls the past controls the future; who controls the present controls the past,' was recognised as a truism.

History would be no longer a disinterested study conducted in a gentlemanly fashion; from 1984 and beyond, much history became imbued with relativist theory; teachers, feminists, politicians, journalists, as well as many historians, would either carelessly, or deliberately, reinterpret past events to suit their prevailing ideology. Inevitably war broke out – the 'history wars.'

Upright, but severely wounded in the wars, has been Christianity, or more specifically, the Catholic Church, battered and bleeding from the writings of fashionable atheists whose ignorant and often-deliberate misuse of history, appeals to a vast, credulous public.

Attacks on Catholicism, published in novel or non-fiction form, are as old as the invention of printing itself, but the latest round in the long campaign was launched with the appearance of Dan Brown's notorious *Da Vinci Code* (described by one reviewer as 'barely literate'). Then came Richard Dawkins' book, *The God Delusion*, followed by Christopher Hitchens' *God is Not Great: How Religion Poisons Everything*, and Sam Harris's *The End of Faith*. The latest salvo is fired by Professor of Philosophy, Daniel C. Dennett, with a work entitled, *Breaking the Spell: Religion as a Natural Phenomenon*. No doubt they will keep coming.

Each of the above named (with the possible exception of Dennett's book) is popular and easy to read, and – including Dennett – use false history as a weapon with which to attack religion, and specifically, the Catholic Church.

The authors cite the usual suspects – the calumnies always aimed at the Church by popular sceptics: the treatment of Galileo, the 'true nature' of the Crusades, the bloodthirsty Inquisition, and the burning of heretics and witches and, lumping all religions

...not good for the Gander

REINHARD DOZY, a Dutch Protestant, in his *Spanish Islam*, shows little sympathy with Spanish Catholic opposition to Muslim presence of the Iberian Peninsular and dominance in Andalusia from AD 711 until 1492. Yet the Dutch Protestants resented and fought against Catholic Spanish dominion of Holland; and one wonders how English Protestants would have reacted had Moroccan Muslims invaded the south of England and occupied Bath and Canterbury.

- Paul Stenhouse

together, accusing 'religion' of being at the heart of all wars and strife. The constant barrage of anti-Catholic propaganda (for that is what it amounts to) is bound to inflict injuries on those without sufficient historical knowledge to launch a counter-attack. In mixed social gatherings one or other of these books is bound to be discussed.

For those caught in the crossfire and indeed, anyone who merely wants a learned, authoritative response to the 'professional atheists' accusations, I recommend most strongly Professor David Hart's new book, *Atheist Delusions: The Christian Revolution and Its Fashionable Enemies*.¹ Here indeed is the counter-attack we have been waiting for. As Catholic lay apologist, George Weigal, puts it, 'This is Hart in full, all guns firing and the band playing on the deck.'

Hart contends that much of today's popular anti-Catholic writing is based not only on profound conceptual confusions but also upon facile simplifications of history or even outright historical ignorance. He supports each of his counter-arguments with impressive erudition arguing that Christianity was the most radical revolution in Western history – a revolution, which transformed the ancient world. Compassion, pity, and charity as we understand them, he states, are not objects found in nature like trees or butterflies but are historically formed by cultural convictions that, without Christianity, need never have arisen at all.

This is a book soundly recommended to battle-scarred Catholics. Hart rallies the faint of heart, like Henry V before Agincourt: He shows how, in case after case, atheist publicists have misused history to bolster their creeds. He calls them 'the bad, popular historians' who repeat or invent the myths they perpetrate. The simplifications they promote, he laments, tend to determine how most of us view the past. 'Christians ought not to surrender the past' he writes, 'but instead should deepen their own collective memory of what the Gospel has been in human history. Perhaps more crucially, they ought not to surrender the future to those who know so little of human nature as to imagine that a society "liberated" from Christ would love justice, or truth, or beauty, or compassion, or even life'

Will to Power

THE UNIFYING *Leitmotiv* in these lives is Alexander the Great. The Caesars were fascinated by him. He was their touchstone of greatness. The young Julius Caesar sighed enviously at his tomb.

Augustus had the tomb opened and stared long at the conqueror's face. Caligula stole the breastplate from the corpse and wore it. Nero called his guard the 'Phalanx of Alexander the Great.' And the significance of this fascination? Power for the sake of power. Conquest for the sake of conquest. Earthly dominion as an end in itself: no Utopian vision, no dissembling, no hypocrisy. I knock you down; now I

am king of the castle. Why should young Julius Caesar be envious of Alexander? It does not occur to Suetonius to explain. He assumes that any young man would like to conquer the world. And why did Julius Caesar, a man of the first-rate mind, want the world? Simply, to have it. Even the resulting *Pax Romana* was not a calculated policy but a fortunate accident. Caesar and Augustus, the makers of the *Principate*, represent the naked will to power for its own sake.

- Gore Vidal, 'Robert Graves and the Twelve Caesars,' - a review of Robert Graves's translation of Suetonius's *The Twelve Caesars*, 1959.



David Hart is a Visiting Professor in the Department of Theology, Providence College, in the USA. He writes often with a touch of humour. He deplores the decline in standards of contemporary religious criticism. Much of it, he thinks, is inconsequential and rubbishy but has to be answered because of its popular appeal.

Towards the end of the book Hart admits that he doubts the survival of Christianity in Europe and looks ever hopefully towards Africa, Asia, and the Far East where rescue may be found. He writes that although for centuries the Christian story shaped and suffused our civilisation but 'now, however, slowly but relentlessly, another story is replacing it and any attempt to reverse the process is probably futile.

This touch of gloom does not detract from Hart's fighting spirit. His fearless counter-attack and his erudition, his

disrespect for shoddy history, cannot but raise the spirits of those of us who tend to 'sit by the waters of Babylon and weep.' Rowse and even the agnostic Orwell might have approved. Order the book now.

TONY EVANS was a producer with the ABC for many years and is now a freelance writer living in Western Australia. He has published three historical biographies, the latest being the very popular *C.Y.O'Connor, His Life and Legacy*, published by UWA Press. He has just completed a biography of William Wardell. The beautiful St John's College within the University of Sydney, founded in 1858, is the oldest Catholic University College in Australia, and first Catholic University College to be built in the English speaking world since the reformation; it is also one of the cultural treasures bequeathed to Australian Catholics by William Wardell its architect.

¹ David Bentley Hart, *Atheist Delusions: The Christian Revolution and Its Fashionable Enemies*, Yale University Press 2009. Those who buy books on-line will have no difficulty locating it.

In a Better World

Director Susanne Bier and her co-writer Anders Thomas Jensen contrast two facets of the world: African refugee camps where sickness and hunger are keystones, and Denmark where ostensibly comfort and welfare rule.

The link between them is Anton a doctor with *Médecins sans Frontières* who faces the dangers of the camps while dealing, during leave periods, with domestic difficulties: divorce and a son who, being bullied at school, finds a ruthlessly suicidal champion.

As Anton, Mikail Persbrandt provides a portrait of a doctor ever on the edge of breakdown who survives through controlled calm. The movie has no overt religious inspiration but during the refugee camp sequences some may sense the haunting presence of the missionaries who preceded *Médecins sans Frontières*, and are still with them.

TBA★★★★NFFV

My Father's Guests

(Les Invités de mon père)

Director Anne Le Ny and co-writer Luc Beraud conjure a witty variation on the problem of refugees. They present Lucien (Michel Aumont), resistance hero and doctor, who at 80 decides to shelter refugees in his rent-controlled Paris apartment.

His family, thinking the refugees are African, rally and prepare a bag of warm clothes. Surprise. The refugees are a lethal blonde Tatania (Valerie Benguigui) from Moldova and her school-age daughter.

That is not the only surprise: Le Ny and Neraud pile them on as gleefully as pastry chefs working on a delightful *croque-en-bouche*.

Karine Viard and Fabrice Luchini, as Lucien's doctor-daughter, Babette, and corporate-lawyer son, Arnaud, add champagne sparkle, on Arnaud's part very dry.

This is another French comedy at risk of Hollywood imitation. Where will they find an actor as capable as Luchini to deliver the line, 'Pas bourgeois, nouveau riche' – not middle class, new rich?

Step forward Geoffrey Rush, trained as a mime in Paris.

M★★★★NFFV

MOVIES

By James Murray

Barney's Version

Under the banner Unnecessary Productions, Barney Panovsky puts together a Canadian snow-opera called *O'Malley of the Mounties*. He has become rich and infamous as the prime suspect in the long unsolved killing of a dissolute friend Boogie (Scott Speedman).

Paul Giamatti's performance as Barney, in flashback and hectic present, is so wonderfully outrageous that Dustin Hoffman, playing his father, a tiny but tough cop, takes on a shade of subdued green.

A Golden Globe Award came to Giamatti but he missed out on an Academy Award nomination, leaving the field clear for Colin Firth who by comparison (sorry) did a strangulated one-note turn which proved the academy has a bias favouring melodrama over comedy.

Giamatti's acting enhances the lustre of the actresses playing Barney's women: his hippy-druggie first wife (Rachel LeFevre), his Jewish-princess second wife (Minnie Driver) and his third wife Miriam (Rosamund Pike).

The killing? To describe it and its resolution would lessen its tragi-comic

impact. The movie, directed by Richard J Lewis and scripted by Michael Konyves, is closely based on Mordecai Richler's last novel. After its publication in 1997, and before his death in 2001, aged 70, Richler worked with producer Robert Lantos to bring it to the screen.

The result is a fitting tribute to Canada's master of the picaresque. What about Saul Bellow? He went Chicago-American. Richler, even after years in London, was always true to his origins in Montreal's Jewish community, tensioned between White Anglo-Saxon Protestantism and Quebec Catholicism, the latter signified by a tracking shot across an inscription: *Marie Reine du Monde* – Mary Queen of the World.

TBA★★★★NFFV

The Company Men

Ben Affleck, Chris Cooper, and Tommy Lee Jones are time-served journeymen from the Hollywood dream factories.

Transformed by writer/director John (*The West Wing*) Wells into GTX Boston executives: Bobby Walker, Phil Woodward and Gene McClary, they display their million-dollar skills effectively.

So, too, does another great dream-factory journeyman, Kevin Costner, as a house builder who gives Bobby a job to help him back, not to his Porsche, but to working boots.

Maria Bello plays Sally Wilcox, VP redundancy. She combines ruthlessness and a lust affair with McClary rather than her soul mate, boss-faced Jim Salinger (Craig T Nelson).

As Bobby's wife Maggie, Rosemary DeWitt, underplays to the journeymen, and steals every scene she is in.

The movie is finely crafted, but lacks pace. The redundant executives appear to be on tranquillisers, or possibly more or less fatalistic to the will of the worshipful, false god known as the Market.

Unlike Oliver Stone who added a strong whiff of reality to His *Wall Street* saga, Wells seems out of touch, specifically with the global financial crisis and its after-shocks. Not that it is easy to keep up with reality. Would any writer dare imagine a scene where Detroit motor-car industry executives head to Washington for a tax begging-bowl episode in corporate jets?

Late arrival of *Annals*

WE APOLOGISE to those of our subscribers whose first issue of *Annals* arrived very late last month. *Annals* is now being printed in Melbourne, and we have also changed our mailing house. We have been assured that the problems that arose in the change-over will not occur again. If any subscriber did not receive *Annals* last month, please notify our office [see Inside Front Cover for details] and we will forward the missing copy or copies. Thank you for your patience and for subscribing to Australia's oldest Catholic journal. – Ed.

Onto his main story, Wells tacks an optimistic ending: Bobby and colleagues get together to recruit workers to build ships, originally the CTX core business. Here they display the mood of Mickey Rooney in a musical saying: 'Let's do a show'.

Finance for the shipbuilding appears to be by way of McClary's share-options which is like suggesting an airline executive could finance jumbo jet building on his frequent flyer points.

No reference to customer, contract or design; say one based on the ocean-going, alloy catamarans of Australia.

Hollywood dreams and the world dreams with it. Or all's Wells that ends well.

M★★★NFFV

Inside Job

No facile optimism for producer/director/co-writer Charles Ferguson's powerful documentary on the Global Financial Crisis. In the fifth and final segment, Ferguson makes incontrovertible points.

During his presidential, election campaign Barack Obama spoke hard about the GFC. Since his election he has acted softly. The ratings agencies Standard and Poor's, Moody's and Fitch still function although for a high price they gave companies, later proved derelict, equivalently high credit ratings. Their on camera self-exculpation consists of suggesting that their ratings were merely opinions. Too many academic economists, whose tenure was designed to give them independence, saw no conflict in being complicit with companies and agencies involved in the GFC. No executive, despite *prima facie* evidence, has been charged with malfeasance of any kind.

The documentary, its commentary spoken by Matt Damon, opens with shots of Iceland, its prosperity seemingly untouchable – until its three major state-regulated banks are privatised. Boom and bust.

Ferguson cuts to Manhattan to show the origins of the GFC. Unlike John Wells in his fictional feature, Ferguson does not confine his focus to executives. He shows the effect of the GFC on wage-plugs in China and the rust-bucket areas of the US. Arch economist Alan Greenspan is one of a number

**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.

of eminent nongs who refused to be interviewed for the documentary.

Major finance establishments including Goldman Sachs and Lehman Brothers had operations in Australia but it does not rate a mention perhaps because the lunatics were prevented by Liberal Treasurer Peter Costello from having total control of the branch asylum here.

For some the documentary may spark remembrance that Lehman Brothers had a fallback option to re-invent itself after its bout of ruinous greed: trading in instruments based on atmospheric carbon reduction.

PG★★★★SFFV

Biutiful

Unquestionably writer/director Alejandro Gonzales Inarritu has a potent talent for evoking reality. He does, however, tend to overdo wallowing in squalor so much that he obscures his focus.

His subject is exploitation of Chinese illegal immigrants in Spain. Yet his key exploiter Uxbal, played with magnificently agonised seediness by Javier Bardem, has a family life harder than the immigrants. This despite his ability to flourish wads of banknotes when he needs them. Okay, they haven't been laundered recently.

Add that Uxbal has psychic powers and in the extremity of dying from cancer seeks help from another psychic

who gives him what appear to be two jet crystals to pass onto his children.

There's a plain cross on the wall during this scene. And from time to time in wide shots the tips of the spires of Gaudi and Barcelona's masterwork cathedral can be discerned through the smog.

MA15+★★★NFFV

Griff the Invisible

Is a mix of various heroes, most obviously the HG Wells antique original. Writer/director Leon Ford does, however, have sly fun improving on the Wells invisibility formula. In Ryan Kwanten and Maeve Dermody, he has young players capable of carrying off the roles of the bullied clerk who can transform himself into the all-action hero, Griff, and the shy scientist, Melody, who learns to love him according to the Hollywood formula.

The movie has a naivete reminiscent of Superman when his woollen tights were wrinkled, and is another writer/director work which might have benefited from stricter editing in the cutting room. As it is, the impression grows that Griff, in his shiny plastic armour (or new-formula fibre-glass) is running full tilt to the rescue up and down the same lane.

M★★★NFFV

The Way Back

Director Peter Weir makes an epic synonymous with his name in this chosen, rather than studio-contracted, movie. It is inspired by Slawomir Rawicz's story of a 6,500 kilometre trek from a Siberian Gulag to India via the Gobi Desert and the Himalayas.

Walk-walk, talk-talk movies are difficult to realise. Weir, co-writer Keith Clarke and cinematographer Russell Boyd carry it off superlatively by emphasising the dangers of the terrain rather than random adventures.

Jim Sturgess plays Januz the Polish leader of a group of seven who escape to death or freedom. Saoirse Ronan is cast as Irena another Pole fostered along the way by the escapees. Colin Farrell as Valka, a criminal not a political prisoner, has a difficult time, not with the hazards but his make up. Ed Harris plays a curmudgeonly American, Mr Smith, made kindly by Irena. Box-office

casting some may think but only those who have forgotten that Stalinist show trials also imprisoned non-Russians.

To his main narrative with its unforgettably framed sequences Weir appends a newsreel montage showing the evils of Stalinism and the complicity, enthusiastic and reluctant, of the international community. Epic and honest.

M★★★★NFFV

How I Ended This Summer

Lonely people keep the multitudinous world running. Writer/director Alexei Popogrebsky gives us one of them, technician Pavel Danilov (Grigory Dobrygin) in charge of a weather station in Russia's segment of the Arctic Circle. He works with a transient, Sergei Gulybin (Sergei Puskepalis), intent on writing the essay which gives the movie its title.

Their link to the outside world is a crackling two-way radio and a data-processing terminal that looks as if it might have been purloined from the Fred Flintstone factory by a myopic KGB agent.

Gradually under pressure of weather, work and attitudes, Danilov and Gulybin, youth and age, negligence and discipline, begin to quarrel. Hunting rifles are available for use against marauding polar bears. Will the men turn the rifles on each other as a nearby radioactive isotope generator comes to symbolise their feud?

The Arctic Circle supplies endless-seeming vistas comparable with those of the farthest outback. Popogrebsky and cameraman Pavel Kostomarov use them superlatively to increase narrative tension in a style reminiscent of the great pioneer Robert Flaherty's *Nanook of the North*.

M★★★★NFFV

Rango

Walt Disney ranged through zoos for his cartoon characters. Core (Pirates of the Caribbean) Verbinski goes into the desert for his, and computer generates the skinny chameleon Rango who hits a desert town called Dirt, becomes sheriff and promises its gopher, buck-rabbit and chipmunk inhabitants that he will deliver water.

The seemingly benign mayor is a tortoise. And in a final High Noon

Boredom and Puritanism

THE RESULT [of the puritanism of Islamic extremists] is not alienation, but social conformity and boredom. A schizophrenia will arise, as it does in all puritan societies: the inevitable transgressions [drugs, alcohol, sex] will take place in hiding and thanks to money. But how long will youth accept being bored, especially when the other model is within arm's reach - on television or across the Mediterranean? The argument for virtue collapses when one can enjoy the goods of this other society, through delinquency, money, emigration, or political power.

— Olivier Roy *The Failure of Political Islam*, Harvard University Press, 1994, p.197.

shoot-out Rango confronts a giant (and scary) snake with machine pistol in its tail instead of rattle

Johnny Depp voices Rango. Beans, the lizard love-interest, is voiced by Isla Fisher, the tortoise-mayor by Ned Beatty and the giant snake by Bill Nighy.

Verbinski echoes classic westerns in his exhilaratingly grotesque take which includes the awesome pun, 'Let's form a possum.' His grotesquerie inspires the thought that the first cartoonists were the anonymous stone masons who carved gargoyles on mediaeval cathedrals.

PG★★★★SFFV

The Girl Who Kicked the Hornet's Nest

Stieg Larsson's *Millenium* print trilogy presold its television version which in turn sold a movie trilogy, a neat example of box-office synergy. In this the final movie, director Daniel Alfredson wraps up the adventures of computer-martial arts whiz Lisbeth Salander (Noomi Rapace) and reporter Mikael Blomkvist (Michael Nykvist).

Although Salander is mainly confined to a hospital bed or a prison cell, Alfredson still contrives a deal of violence as he weaves together plot strands involving Salander's evil father, Soviet defector Alexander Zalachenko (Georgi Staykov), the pensioned-off Swedish secret agents who covered up his crimes and a climactic courtroom scene.

Overall the trilogy has demonstrated that computers are to Lisbeth Salander

what railway lines were to silent-movie star Pearl White: a constant source of danger.

Enough already? Not quite Daniel Craig is down to play Blomkvist in a Hollywood cover version. Whether Rapace will get to reprise her Salander role in this version is as obscure as the *Millenium* plot.

MA15★★★★NFFV

Angele & Tony

Tough as boots, tender as filet of sole (ouch): that's Clothilde Hesme and Gregory Gadebois in the title roles of writer/director Alix Delaporte's romance.

They meet when Angele arrives in a Normandy seaside village where Tony, skips a trawler. His trouble is he still lives with his widowed mother and his trouble-prone brother, Angele's is whether her son will be restored to her care.

Sea of troubles for two, waving to each other not drowning.

M★★★★NFFV

I Am No 4

The facile temptation to add, 'the Bore' must be resisted because director DJ Caruso does try hard to bring a new slant to any number of high school horror movies including the unstoppable *Twilight* series.

Once again we have a student, in this case John Smith (Alex Pettyfer), with uncanny powers. Accompanied by a minder Henri (Timothy Olyphant), he is on the run from a giant, alien tribe, the

Mogadorians, who have borrowed long, black coats and teeth from the *Matrix* and *Jaws* props departments.

Trying for a little normality, Smith attends Paradise High, Ohio where he falls in love with Sarah (Dianna Agron) and saves a geeky student Sam (Callan McAuliffe) from a bully (Jake Abel). But the Mogadorians are on to him.

To his aid comes No 2 (or is it No 5?). In the role Teresa Palmer re-defines the tag 'Blonde Bombshell'. Her energy makes it devastatingly clear that she is Australian, descended from women accustomed to giving blokes the rounds of the kitchen. Before her onslaught, the Mogadorians shatter like crockery hurled at point-blank range.

M★★★NFFV

Wasted on the Young

Set in Western Australia, at an unnamed private institution (Hades Academy?), this is another high school thriller. But it replaces rejuvenated Hollywood hokum with Oz hi-tech SMS, Twitter and Facebook. So leading edge is its writer/director Ben C Lucas that he risks falling off.

His students, dominated by the captain of the school swimming team Zack (Alex Russell), are more deeply into sex, drugs and rock-'n'-roll than studying. Zack's rival emerges in the form of his step-brother Darren (Oliver Auckland) as they compete for Xandrie (Adelaide Clemens).

Lucas cleverly intercuts the sheer beauty of swimming with the hedonistic ugliness of partying descending to rape.

His title is apt. But where are the old to say it? No parents, no police, no teachers. Obviously, this is Lucas's way of emphasising the alienation of the iBook young. He succeeds all too compellingly.

MA15+★★★NFFV

Unknown

Identity theft is as close as your computer. Predictable, therefore, that a thriller should be inspired by it. But that is the only predictable element about director Jaume Collet-Serra's variation. Dr Martin Harris (Liam Neeson), a biologist, heads for the Hotel Adlon, Berlin with his wife Liz (January Jones) for a conference hosted by a beneficent Arab prince.

On the way, Harris is involved in

an accident. Emerging from a coma, he finds out that his identity has been assumed by another Martin Harris (Aidan Quinn) and that his wife Liz supports the assumption.

Bewildered, the real Harris finds allies in ex-Stasi agent (Bruno Ganz) and an illegal immigrant Gina (Diane Kruger). Neeson brings agonised conviction to the part. Quinn is smoothly two-faced. Ganz shifty. And Frank Langella plays an academic with more than a fountain pen beneath his jacket.

Collett-Serra might have done more to show that international corporations have established covert agencies similar to those of nation states. The resolution, when it comes by way of flashbacks, shows that Collet-Serra has cheated in a manner beyond the contrivance of that splendid old con artist, Dame Agatha Christie.

M★★★NFFV

Tools and Toys

PHYSICAL science is always one of two things; it is either a tool or a toy. At its highest and noblest, of course, it is a toy. A toy is a thing of far greater philosophical grandeur than a tool; for the very simple reason that a toy is valued for itself and a tool only for something else. A tool is a means, a toy is an end. You use a hammer to make a doll's house; if you tried to use a doll's house to make a hammer you would soon be convinced that you had selected a somewhat clumsy instrument. When we look through a field-glass at the German forces invading England we are using science as a tool. When we look through a telescope at the tremendous planets and the remote systems, we are using science as a toy. The telephone is one of the uses of the inquiry; the Solar System is one of its gaieties or levities.

— G. K. Chesterton, *The Illustrated London News*, October 9, 1909

Conviction

Is based on a real miscarriage of justice. And director Tony Goldwyn does try to hew closely to untidy reality. No chop-chop editing. He conveys something of the tedium involved in the way Betty Anne Waters (Hilary Swank) spent 13 years putting herself through law school so as to be able to act as attorney for her brother Kenny (Sam Rockwell) doing life for the murder of a woman.

As in too many case, modern DNA testing is her means of demonstrating the bias of early policework. Presumption of innocence? Not when the suspect Kenny is a working guy known to the police as a child delinquent.

Swank avoids glamour. Rockwell does rough amiability. Melissa Leo, as a prejudiced cop is arresting in every sense.

M★★★NFFV

The Adjustment Bureau

Stretched into a taut if toshy plot from a short story by sci-fi writer Philip K Dick, this thriller is redeemed by the charisma of its stars, Matt Damon and Emily Blunt.

Written and directed by George Nolfi, Damon's character David Norris is a popular Brooklyn politician who destroys his first attempt at entering the Senate with an election-eve, bar-room brawl.

Contemplating a second attempt, he meets a beautiful ballet dancer, Elise Sellas (Blunt). Another chance meeting on a bus confirms their mutual attraction.

Enter the mysterious adjustment bureaucrats, their top dog played by Terence Stamp who in tribute to his Cockney origins wears a tifter as does his chief henchman (John Slattery). The tifters, it should be said, are not simply headgear but a key to the plot.

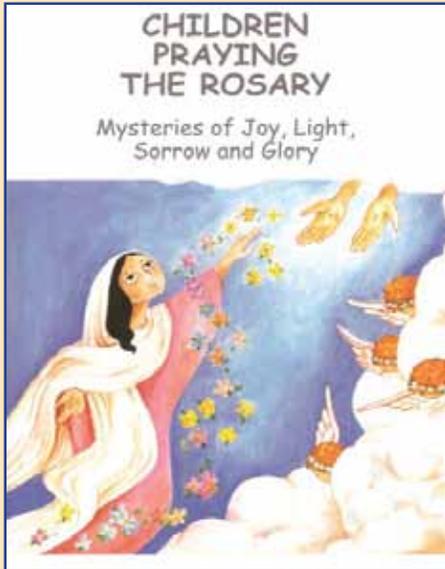
Norris is warned that he is deviating from The Plan, his life mapped out in a hard bound volume. His determination to be with Elise and their attempts to out-run and out-smart the bureaucrats make for exhausting chase sequences through the streets and doors of Brooklyn and Manhattan. They also raise the question was Phillip K Dick ever a fan of GK Chesterton?

M★★★NFFV

'Children Praying the Rosary'

Mysteries of Joy, Light, Sorrow & Glory

New publication helps children to pray



The new booklet **Children Praying the Rosary**, published by the Catholic charity Aid to the Church in Need (ACN), encourages children to learn more about the lives of Jesus and Mary. It is beautifully illustrated by the Spanish nun, Minen Some, with images taken from the highly successful ACN Child's Bible (48 million copies in 162 different languages). Each Mystery of the Rosary is accompanied by a short Gospel passage, a meditation and a short prayer couched in easy and accessible language for children. Many parents and grandparents will find this Rosary booklet a valuable introduction to prayer with their children and grandchildren. As we all know, the fam-

ily that prays together, stays together. This book is a precious addition to the Child's Bible and the Little Catechism already published by ACN. It would also make a beautiful gift for First Holy Communion and be something to accompany a child throughout the Church's year.

This beautifully illustrated little booklet is now available for a donation of \$3.00. Also available are the Eucharistic Rosary beads.

To obtain the Child's Rosary booklet and Eucharistic Rosary we ask for a donation of \$18.00 (includes postage). All proceeds will go towards the work of Aid to the Church in Need for the poor and persecuted Church worldwide.

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The centre piece of the Eucharistic rosary, designed by the Vatican Rosary Makers, features the hands of the priest during the Consecration, with the reverse side beautifully depicting the Merciful Jesus by Sr Faustina Kowalska. The crucified Christ on the grapevine takes inspiration from the Gospel story where Christ says "The harvest is plentiful, but the labourers are few".



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Annals

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Faith addresses our intellect as well as our desires and our needs

FAITH AND THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE

By Robert Sokolowski



INTELLECT is the ability to achieve understanding; intellect and understanding are virtually synonymous. In our day and age, we tend to think that understanding is achieved in the sciences, and this certainly is true: biology, chemistry, physics enable us to understand why certain things happen in the natural world and in ourselves. But understanding can also occur in other ways as well.

Stories help us understand certain things: an historical narrative will explain why certain things are done, and a novel, if it is successful, will offer us an understanding of human beings and human interactions. A thoughtful painting or a piece of music can present an understanding that will be hard to put into words. And we should also not forget the practical intellect, where the issue is to understand what needs to be done and how to do it. Much of the activity of intellect, both in the university and in life, is in the practical order. The point is that understanding can occur in many different ways; intellect can be activated in many different ways.

Human beings are classically defined as rational animals, but they could also be defined in an even more privileged way as animals that can understand. Reason is the mind in motion, understanding is the mind at rest. Reason comes to rest in understanding.

Intellect is the capacity for this sort of activity, this sort of living. As human beings we all share in it and it makes us human. It is not only the highest but also the deepest thing in us.

Understanding is a highly personal thing and it does not occur except in persons. If we walked around in the buildings on campus – Mullen Library, McMahon Hall, the Nursing Building – we would find many resources

for understanding in the books and equipment located there, but there would not be any understanding unless we also found human beings there as well.

Even the computers in Leahy Hall do not have understanding. Artificial intelligence is like writing; it is another externalized embodiment of human intellect.

In contrast, consider a crowd of people, and specifically students and faculty, during a busy day on campus. Why are they here? Quite simply, they are here to acquire or to exercise understanding and even wisdom. Even if they are primarily interested in getting a job, they want the understanding that will qualify them for the job.

What does faith have to do with intellect? What does faith have to do with understanding? We might be tempted to think of these two terms as a disjunction: we might have understanding, or we might have faith, but we can't have both. We might think that they exclude one another. Faith comes in when understanding fails, and when understanding arises faith disappears. When we come to know we no longer need to believe.

But this disjunction between faith and intellect is not appropriate for Christian faith, the faith of the Church. Christian faith makes an appeal to human understanding. It enlarges and confirms understanding and does not extinguish it. For Christian faith, the more understanding the better.

Pope Benedict XVI has said that it was providential and appropriate that St. Paul turned toward the Greek and Roman world in his missionary journeys, to the world where philosophy, the natural exercise of reason, had taken hold. The chief interlocutors for Christian faith in its first decades and centuries were the philosophers.

In the Acts of the Apostles, St. Paul's encounter with Greek culture in the Areopagus is more significant than his exchange with pagan religion at Lystra, where the pagan priests thought Barnabas and Paul were gods (Zeus and Hermes) and tried to offer animal sacrifices to them.

What then is Christian faith? It is the response to God's intervention in the world, which occurs through words, and ultimately in the Incarnate Word. God's word is not just a command that calls for servile obedience; it is accepted not blindly but with understanding. It makes an understanding possible. Through our faith in Christ we are not slaves but friends with him. In chapter 15 of St.

Loyalty to the Truth

BESTOW on us then the bright use of terms, give light to our understanding and an agreeable style to our words, grant us loyalty to the truth. Grant that what we believe we may also speak, about you the one God the Father, and the one Lord Jesus Christ, as we learn from the apostles and prophets, and that we may succeed now in proclaiming against the denial of the heretics that you are God, yet not alone, and in preaching Jesus Christ as true and no false God.

- St Hilary of Poitiers [315-367 ad] from his treatise *De Trinitate* 1, 37-38. He was a staunch defender of the faith as defined by the Council of Nicea against the Arians, and was exiled for four years in the East for his trouble. He encouraged the future St Martin of Tours to promote monastic life in the region.

John's gospel Jesus says to his disciples, 'I no longer call you slaves, because the slave does not know what his master is doing. I have called you friends, because I have told you everything I have heard from my Father.'

I would like to distinguish two ways in which faith enhances understanding. First, faith confirms and clarifies things that we can know by our own reason. It confirms the very existence of truth and human reason and the responsibility that follows from it, which we call freedom. It sharpens what we mean by virtue and friendship and also what is meant by vice and malice. It deals with the direct questions of life and death, and of course it clarifies what we dimly understand about God through our thoughtful experience of the natural order and of ourselves.

Secondly, however, faith reveals things to us that go beyond human reason, such as the mysteries of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, grace, and the promise of life with God. It introduces a new sense of reconciliation and redemption. But even here, even in the domain of the mysteries of our creed, faith does not obliterate understanding. Rather, it promises a deeper understanding and enables us to glimpse it.

Our reason, in both the theoretic and practical order, is strengthened and elevated through faith and is given hope for fulfillment in the presence of God. The Church has developed this blend of faith and reason through the centuries. She has a treasury of theological and cultural truth, in writings, music, painting, and in Christian practice and liturgy. She has established her universities and other schools to hand on this endowment, to educate people in it, to cultivate it, and to represent it in her contemporary world. This is why it is so appropriate to reflect on what faith has to do with intellect on the inauguration of a new president of The Catholic University of America.

A few weeks ago we were privileged to hear the French philosopher Rémi Brague, who discussed faith and reason. One of the questions he addressed was, 'Is it good that there are human beings?' To put his question in a slightly different way, 'Is human life worth living, and is it worth passing

ANNALS CROSSWORD NO. 64

ACROSS CLUES

8. Sluggishness; lassitude (8)
9. Elaborately decorated (6)
10. The young of a sheep (4)
11. Security pledged for the repayment of a loan (10)
12. Cook the books (6)
14. To reserve for a special purpose (3,5) 15 & 17 across.
16. Dinosaur (8)
18. Untied (8)
19. A public walk or promenade lined with trees (7)
21. Legislates (6)
22. Buff (6)
24. Large predatory feline (4)

6. To cause an aircraft to land short of a runway (10)
7. To drive aground; a wisp of hair (6)
13. Laid to waste; overwhelmed with grief (10)
20. The empty hard outer cover of a marine mollusc (8)
22. Greek island where John wrote the Apocalypse (6)
23. Beyond normal explanation (10)
24. The national emblem of Wales (4)
25. One of the three Gorgons of Greek mythology (6)
26. Unearth; locate (8)

DOWN CLUES

1. Conduct (8)
2. Whaling captain in pursuit of "Moby Dick" (4)
3. A tableau of Christ's Nativity (6)
4. A competitor in The Tour De France (7)
5. Relating to feelings and thoughts of love; amorous (8)

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD NO. 63

C	H	A	L	I	C	E		A	B	A	D	D	A	N
L	U	S	X	G	L	I	O							
I	N	S	T	A	N	T	I	D	E	A	S	W		
P	T	A	R	L	X	D	H							
P	A	R	A	C	L	E	T	E	A	M	A	Z	E	
E	I	M	E	N	I	R								
D	R	A	I	L	I	N	C	I	D	E	N	C	E	
C	L	E	R	G	E	S	O	E						
C	L	E	R	G	E	M	E	N	R	I	O	T	S	
L	P	I	F	U	E									
E	D	I	T	S	A	R	I	S	T	O	T	L	E	
M	S	L	L	T	H	C	T							
E	T	R	A	M	P	E	P	I	T	A	P	H		
N	L	T	H	O	R	E	S	E						
T	H	E	R	E	S	A	R	E	F	U	T	E	D	

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on? This is a question not only for individuals but also for families and nations. Brague said that we ourselves do not have the authority to decide this question. It is beyond our abilities. We need to appeal to a higher authority for it, and he referred to the book of Genesis, where we are told that God looked at what he had created and saw that it was good. This evaluation of things is confirmed in the New Testament by the new creation, the Resurrection of Jesus, which shows that God brings life not just out of nothing

but out of the deeper nihilism of sin and death.

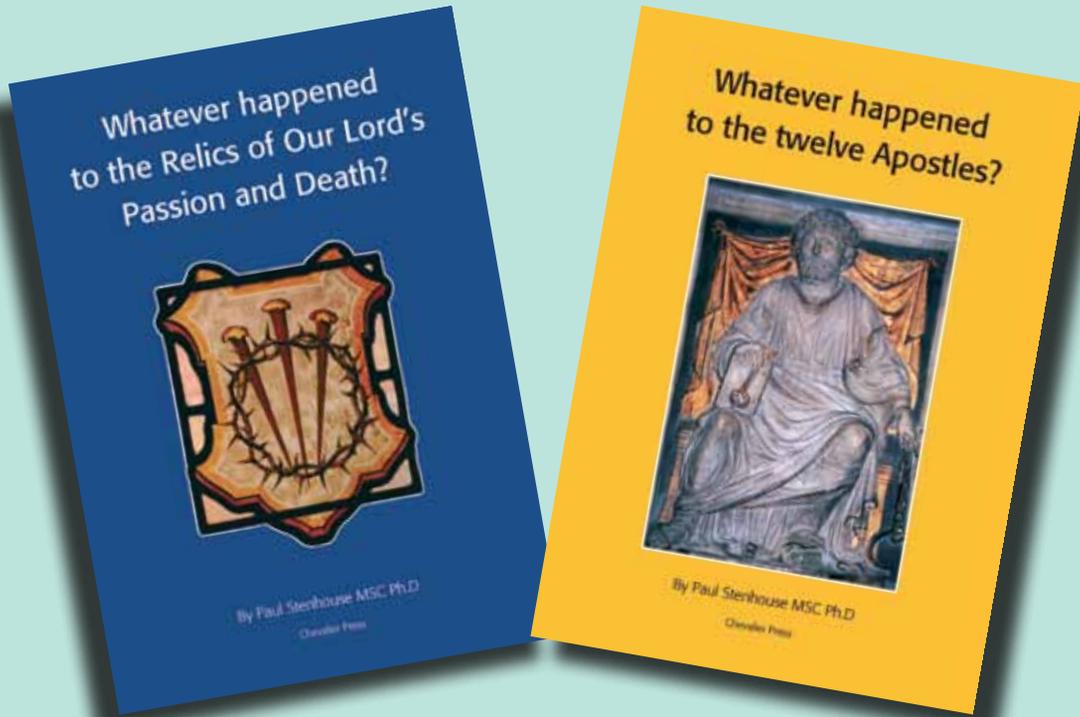
This is the appreciation of things that Christian faith gives us, the reconciliation that it promises. It addresses our intellect as well as our desire and our need. It does not just tell us how we want things to be, but how they are. Faith engages, not our calculating reason, but our grateful understanding.

MONSIGNOR ROBERT SOKOLOWSKI, is a philosophy professor at The Catholic University of America. The above is the text of a presentation he gave at a panel discussion held on January 18, 2011.

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