

# ANNALS

Australasia

Journal of Catholic Culture



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# ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

*Journal of Catholic Culture*

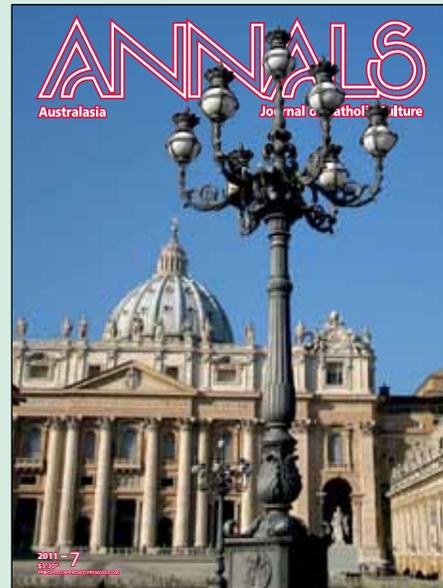
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[Sunday Readings at Mass: Year A/weekday readings: Year I]

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*Front Cover:* View of the façade of St Peter's Basilica, Rome. Cyril Pearl, the great Australian journalist and social historian was fond of remarking that instead of complaining as some do about the ruins of Rome, visitors should be amazed and grateful that so much has been preserved despite the nineteen sackings of the city that have occurred over the last three millennia. Pope St Gregory the Great in 594 lamented the destruction after the sacking by the Goths in 546 and 548: 'Rome, ... beaten to the ground on all sides .. the very buildings we behold crumbling around us'. Yet in these dire days he courageously sent St Augustine and his monks to Britain to bring the Faith to the Anglo-Saxons.

*Back Cover:* *Annals* is celebrating its 122nd birthday this year. As a birthday present may we suggest that our readers consider sending a gift subscription to loved ones and friends in order to extend our outreach, so that as many as possible may have access to *Annals*.

Cover Photo: Paul Stenhouse

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**G**IVE us the grace to see what we have to do, and the strength to do it.

- From *The Roman Missal*, Collect at Mass for Week I of the Year.

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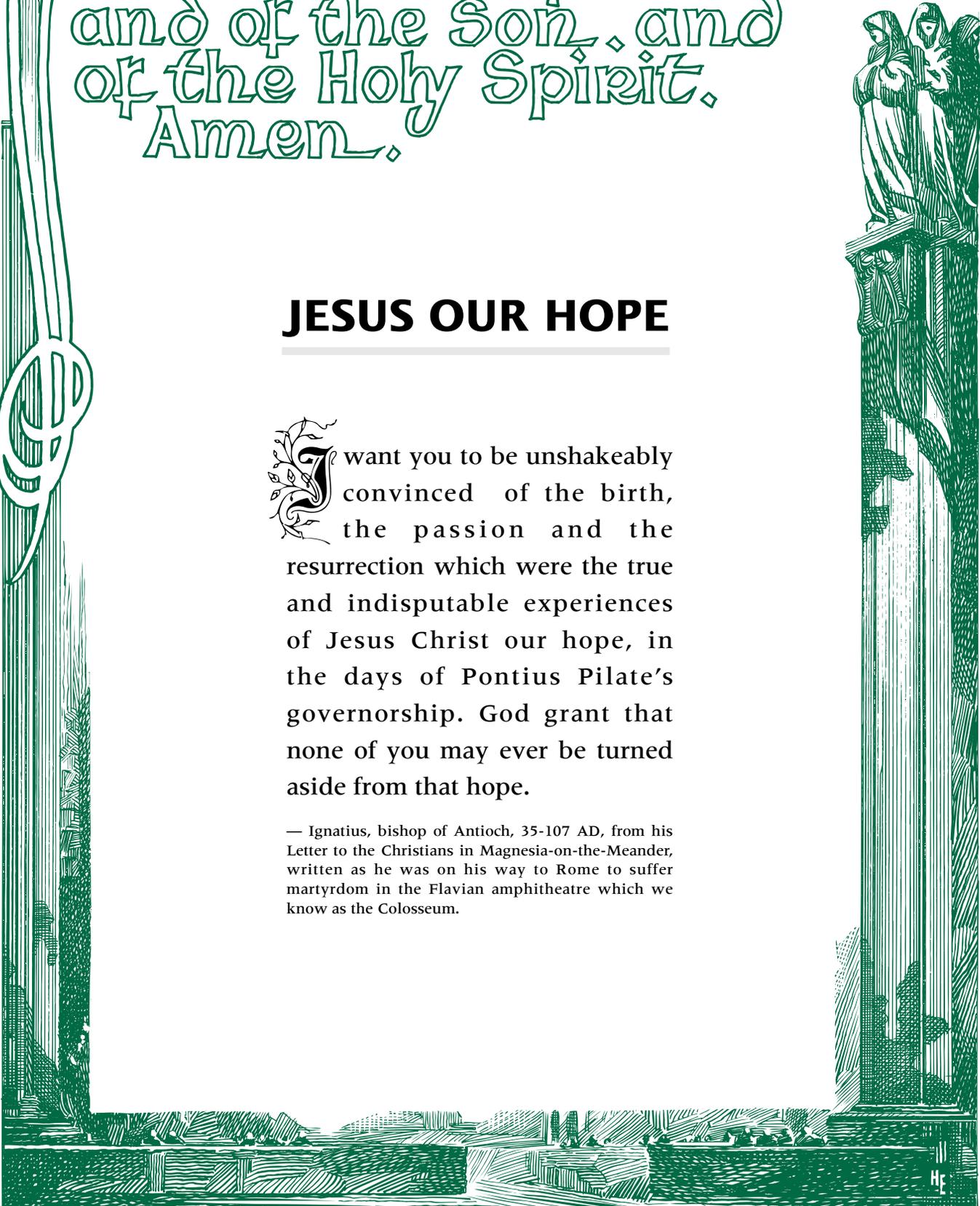
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In the name of the Father,  
and of the Son, and  
of the Holy Spirit.  
Amen.

## **JESUS OUR HOPE**

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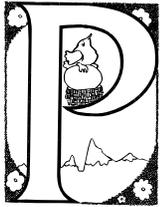
**I**want you to be unshakeably convinced of the birth, the passion and the resurrection which were the true and indisputable experiences of Jesus Christ our hope, in the days of Pontius Pilate's governorship. God grant that none of you may ever be turned aside from that hope.

— Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, 35-107 AD, from his Letter to the Christians in Magnesia-on-the-Meander, written as he was on his way to Rome to suffer martyrdom in the Flavian amphitheatre which we know as the Colosseum.

*The New Translation of the Roman Missal*

## IN PRAISE OF HEDGES

By Paul Stenhouse, MSC



Pharisees, in the minds of many of us, seem forever linked with the well-known parable of Jesus that was preserved for posterity by St Luke.<sup>1</sup> Our Lord

wasn't just pointing out something good in a person whose profession – tax-gathering – was feared and despised, and showing up the hypocrisy of someone – a Pharisee – whose status was admired and respected.

As a medical doctor, Luke would have appreciated the story's touching on a certain type of sickness that affects the mind and even the soul.

The only kind of publicans I knew as a child, ran hotels in the country town where I grew up – the *Royal*, the *Plough and Harrow*, and the *Crown*. I wonder what our Lord would have thought of my imagining, as a small boy, that the hotel keepers in my home town emerged smiling from the

Mass at which that Gospel of Luke was read. The Pharisee [I couldn't find a local equivalent for him] on the other hand slunk away – clearly all wrapped up in himself. But, for all that, in deep trouble with God; unlike me, I thought ingenuously and self-satisfiedly.

Of course, *some* of the Pharisees in our Lord's day must have been regarded as hypocritical or at least disdainful of ordinary struggling humanity, otherwise our Lord's audience would not have appreciated the point of the story.

But, what exactly *was* the point of the parable?

I suspect that our Lord told this story more to shame his hearers [including me] into realising that we and the Pharisee may have had more in common than we realised, than to single out the poor Pharisee for special criticism.

As you would have noticed from the above, many of us do suffer from the same flaw.

Like the Pharisee, we are too prone to look at ourselves through rose coloured spectacles, while peering at the blemishes of others through the latest in LED microscopes with the highest possible magnification.

### Pharisees and Jesus

Nicodemus, the secret follower of Jesus, who came to him by night,<sup>2</sup> who defended Jesus before the Council,<sup>3</sup> and brought myrrh and aloes for his burial, was a Pharisee

St. Paul, after his conversion, was proud to call himself a Pharisee.<sup>4</sup>

Jesus himself, when asked which was the first of the commandments, replied like a Pharisee and said: 'Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord.'<sup>5</sup>

When Peter and the other apostles were arrested and taken before the Sanhedrin which 'wanted to put them to death,'<sup>6</sup> they were defended by none other than the famous Gamaliel, a member of the Council and a Pharisee. He said to the Sanhedrin "I tell you: leave them alone. For if this idea of theirs, or its implementation, is of human origin, it will fail; but if it is from God you will never be able to put them down and you risk finding yourselves at war with God."<sup>7</sup>

### Origin of the Pharisees

The Pharisees were originally drawn from the poorest of the poor – the *am ha-arez* – the landless and the powerless. They were the tradesmen and the artisans, the humblest among believers.

They were country people, too, as a rule, and well aware that the countryside was dear to God's heart. After all, hadn't God created the first garden?

In the second century before our Lord, the religiously observant country people realised that many of the city dwellers were living up to their bad reputation – hadn't Cain who

## Words like Castles

TOLKIEN'S love of every word gives his language a character that most modern language doesn't have. ... Tolkien's words are heavy and vertical. They're a bit like Hebrew. Max Picard says, in *The World of Silence*,

The architecture of the [Hebrew] language is vertical. Each word sinks down vertically, column-wise, into the sentence. In language today we have lost the static quality of the ancient tongues. The sentence has become dynamic; every word in every sentence speeds on quickly to the next ... each word comes more from the preceding word than from the silence and moves on more to the next word in front of it than to the silence. ...

*The Silmarillion* is like Hebrew. ... in *The Silmarillion* especially, every word seems like a thunderbolt from heaven, a miracle. That's why he has so many capital letters. That's also why there are so many nouns, both common nouns and proper nouns. That's the Anglo-Saxon style. The words are large like buildings, heavy and slow like glaciers. The sense of height and weight of words suggests a sense of ontological height and weight, a kind of supernaturalism. The reader is lifted out of himself into what Lewis would describe in *Surprised by Joy* as immense arctic skies, into the realm of "splendid, remote, terrible, voluptuous, or celebrated things." And he describes the Fisher King, Ransom, in *That Hideous Strength* this way: "Great syllables of words that sounded like castles came out of his mouth." Tolkien too.

— Peter Kreeft. "Language of Beauty — The Beauty of Language." from "Glory and Splendor" a talk given at Trinity Forum Academy (June 6, 2005).

murdered his brother Abel<sup>8</sup> built the first city which he named *Enoch* after his son<sup>9</sup> – neglecting their religion, abandoning the traditions of their forefathers and apeing the ways of thinking and behaving of their Greek-speaking Seleucid conquerors – the inheritors of the empire of Alexander the Great.

These Seleucids were trying to force Hellenization upon the people in Judea and meeting with some success. The Tobiads, the family of Joseph ben Tobiah, even went so far as to inform Antiochus Epiphanes, the Seleucid king in Syria, that

they were prepared to leave the laws of their country and the Jewish way of living according to them and to follow the king's law and the Greek way of living: wherefore they desired his permission to build a gymnasium in Jerusalem. When he had given them leave they hid the sign of the circumcision so that even when they were naked they might appear to be Greeks. Accordingly they left all the customs which belong to their country and imitated the practices of other nations.<sup>10</sup>

At this point, dear reader, you must surely be wondering, 'What have the Pharisees and their history got to do with the new edition of the Roman Missal in English?'

### Building Hedges

Well, I'm getting to it. In the second century before our Lord, the first Pharisees – the Men of the Great Assembly – reacted energetically against those who like the Tobiads, were willing to compromise their faith in God for social and material advantages.

The Pharisees are credited with deciding to build a Hedge around the Torah in order to protect their Hebrew traditions, guarantee the integrity of their faith, and guard against incautious assimilation and violation of their laws as contained in the Torah.

Well, not a real *Hedge*, a metaphorical one. And part of this *Hedge* or *Fence* [the Hebrew word means either] were Pharisaical dietary laws and dress code, and other laws concerning prayer and daily life that were meant to set observant Judeans apart from the pagan world by which they were surrounded, and in which they were immersed.

## Importance of Tradition

**H**OW EASILY could an account of sham fight be taken by the casual historian as an account of real fight! How easily could a phrase like 'We marched on Brighton,' be understood in the same sense as the equally grammatical phrase 'We marched on Bovril'

The more one thinks about it the more clear it is that the whole history of the future will be wrong; that is, it will be wrong if it is merely scientific.

It will be wrong if it goes merely by facts; it will be wrong if it goes by dates, documents, names; and legal demonstrations. It will be utterly wrong, in short, if once we lose the element of tradition. ... I say history will entirely misreport us if we lose tradition.

But we must not lose it. It is, in fact, a considerable comfort to reflect that we certainly shall not. The only real question is whether we shall hand on a pure tradition or a corrupt one. This point is, indeed, too little remembered in most matters.

For instance, those people who praise popular education are right enough in their real underlying idea. But they are always talking about the poor being educated as an alternative to the poor being ignorant.

Whatever the poor are, they will never be ignorant. 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.

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Many of the early Christians were drawn from the Pharisees and the Samaritans, and many Christian qualities – docility, studiousness, charity towards opponents and philanthropy – were characteristic of the Pharisees.

**A Hedge around Jesus**

It is not surprising that with the passing of time, as questions arose about the person of Jesus, and his nature – some people denying his divinity; others denying his humanity – the early Christians realised that they needed to guard carefully all that they had learned

about Jesus from the Apostles and others who knew him, so they set out unequivocally who Jesus was and is, and what he said and did.

They knew, with St Paul, that they carried the treasure of their Faith in Jesus in 'earthenware jars'.<sup>11</sup> Like those early Pharisees they sought to preserve their understanding of the messianic and divine nature of the Christ by building their own Hedge around Jesus; around the Person and Nature of Him who said 'I am the Way, the Truth and the Life'.

The decrees of the early Church Councils – beginning with the Council

of Nicaea in 325 AD – were the 'Hedge'. They were aimed at safeguarding the reality of Jesus the Christ so that the Faith of all Christians in our Lord might be in accord with Apostolic tradition; and might not be watered down in subsequent centuries as our remoteness from the eye-witnesses to His teaching, death and resurrection deprived us of their spiritual insights.

How necessary that Hedge was, and how valuable it has proven to be over the past 1,675 years surely needs no demonstration. The decrees of those early Councils offer Christians a theological gold Standard against which doctrines and theological views about the person and nature of Jesus may be judged.

**Worship and Belief**

We have come at last to the new edition of the Roman Missal in English. I do not intend to discuss the English translation of the Latin Mass Book though, naturally, it interests me a lot.

I should like to say something, however, about the *reasons* behind this new English edition.

A key can be found in a mediaeval Catholic maxim: 'lex orandi, lex credendi.' This is usually translated as *The law of prayer is the law of faith.* What it means is that 'what one believes may be deduced from how one worships'. This expresses forcefully a commonsense truth that a visit to any of the formerly Catholic Cathedrals that are now Calvinist churches in the Low countries – Belgium or the Netherlands – will vindicate.

Where once were altars, tabernacles, vestments, candles, confessionals, statues of Saints, especially of our Lady, shrines, holy water and what were called by 'reformers' in Henry VIII's day 'such other like Popish trash',<sup>12</sup> one finds a majestic Gothic edifice built for God's worship, with the sanctuary denuded, and a giant pulpit erected, usually in the middle of the church, towering over the congregation. Preaching had replaced the Mass as the supreme act of worship. Unfortunately, with State control of the Protestant Churches in 'Reformed' countries, the object of that worship had subtly changed.

Queen Elizabeth I set the ground rules. She reputedly said that she used

‘to tune her pulpits,’<sup>13</sup> for ‘control of the pulpit’ was essentially ‘a question of political power.’<sup>14</sup> King Charles I warned his son that ‘people are governed by the pulpit more than by the sword in times of peace,’<sup>15</sup> and in his *Church History*, Thomas Fuller [1608-1661] notes ‘in all State alterations, be they never so bad, the pulpit will be of the same wood with the [State] Council Board.’

From the way these ‘reformers’ worshipped, one could deduce more easily what they denied, than what they believed. They repudiated the Sacrifice of the Mass, the real presence, the Sacraments, especially priesthood, devotion to our Lady, along with hierarchy, and even the notion of a visible Church, Sacramentals, and with them all Catholic tradition.

The maxim *Lex orandi, lex credendi* recalls another datum, usually overlooked by those who those who call for more ‘people friendly’ liturgies. It reflects the demonstrable fact that Christian prayer, including prayer for the dead and to the saints, and all the Sacraments – especially the Liturgy of the Mass – were all celebrated after the Ascension of our Lord for many years before a Creed – or list of basic Christian belief – was drawn up; and before the New Testament Scriptures were written down; and at least 350 years before the Canon of New Testament writings was finally approved by Pope Damasus in 382 AD at a Council held in Rome.

Little wonder that anti-Catholic polemicists called the Latin Mass ‘the stronghold of Romanism,’<sup>16</sup> and strove by all means in their power to belittle, and destroy it.

### Building a Hedge around the Liturgy of the Mass

At last, patient reader, we’ve arrived at our long journey’s end.

In the late nineteenth century Augustine Birrell, a Quaker Essayist [1850-1933] coined the expression ‘It is the Mass that Matters’. This was used by him in ‘What, Then, Did Happen at the Reformation?’ first published in *Nineteenth Century*, April 1896.<sup>17</sup>

Birrell was British Secretary for Ireland from 1907 – 1916. His expression is much quoted. Even when, rarely, Birrell is correctly identified as its author, usually no references are given to



Thanks to all our readers who have renewed their subscriptions for 2011 and are keeping *Annals* afloat.

enable the curious seeker after truth to establish the context in which it was used.

Birrell’s sense of fairness drove him to acknowledge that the belief in the Real Presence of Christ in the Eucharist, ‘a Mystery so tremendous, so profoundly attractive, so intimately associated with the keystone of the Christian faith, so vouched for by the testimony of saints,’ was indisputably maintained since Apostolic Times in the Catholic Church in Communion with Rome.

Along with the related question of the validity of Anglican Orders, the nature of the Mass and belief in the Real Presence was, Birrell maintained in the article, one of the issue that would determine the fate of the Established Church of England in the future.

What impressed Birrell about the faith of Catholics was that they believed in his day and believe still that what takes place at the altar is not merely an aesthetic picture of a happening in the past, or a sympathetic remembering of that event, but a genuine renewal of it.

Just as Christ sacrificed himself on the Cross, so in the Mass he is present, invisibly, and his sacrifice is renewed. The consecrated elements of bread and wine become our Lord, and through the words and acts of the celebrant, Christ accomplishes his own immolation, being in reality both victim and priest. The celebrant does not play the part of his Lord. He is an instrument through whom Christ acts.

The Roman Missal or Mass Book is not just a prayer book. Nor is it an *aide memoire* that gives the priest and the faithful hints to follow as they improvise a ‘meaningful’ Sunday liturgy. The official text of the Missal obliges both celebrant and faithful to ponder its words and plumb their meaning. While it may need some fine tuning down the years, it will not be subject to perpetually changing to suit the whims of popular and ephemeral linguistic fads.



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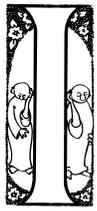


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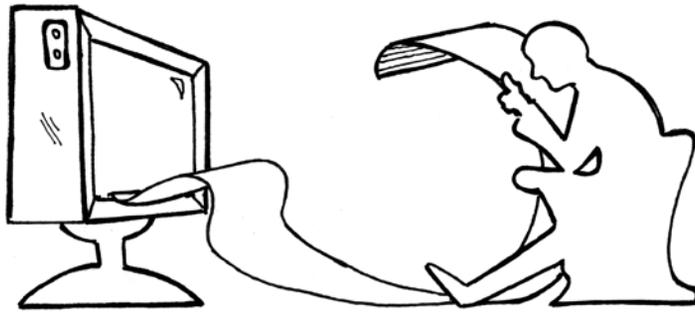
IF YOU were to ask your partner “Prove that you love me” you might be miffed if, in answer to your request, they gave you a piece of paper covered in mathematical equations. Certainly, the equations might prove something but they cannot prove love. In a similar manner, when philosophers try to prove the presence of beauty through the mathematics of harmony and proportion they end up proving something that looks more like a plastic super-model than a thing of beauty. For all I know, perfect symmetry might constitute a beautiful equation, but when applied to human beings the effect is strange and even spooky for the super-model looks like something manufactured.

The way to prove that a work of art is great is not the same as proving that a machine will work. Great art, like beauty, may include things like maths, machinery, and manufacture, but art, like beauty, is always something more and it requires higher, more sophisticated and subtle proofs. The same applies to love. The mathematical equations that your lover gives to you might prove that they have spent a lot of money on you, which in turn might point to the presence of their love, but you know it is nowhere near enough to convince you: “My affections are not to be bought,” you might respond.

We all know this even if only instinctively so, and yet time and again people make the same blunder when looking for proof that God exists, for in arguing for God they often end up arguing for something that is perilously close to being a very convincing idol. These proofs are important but only if they urge us on to something higher.

The first question we ought to ask when asked for proof for the existence of God is, “What would you accept as proof?” As soon as this question is addressed then we will begin to see just how difficult it is to answer. If we do press on we soon realise that what we thought would prove the existence of God is, in fact, a proof of something else which points us to the necessity of a still higher proof.

Ultimately, many of the proofs for God work by pointing us to what is the highest most sophisticated proof of all: the proof of proof itself; the



## THE PROOF OF GOD AND LOVE

By ROBERT TILLEY

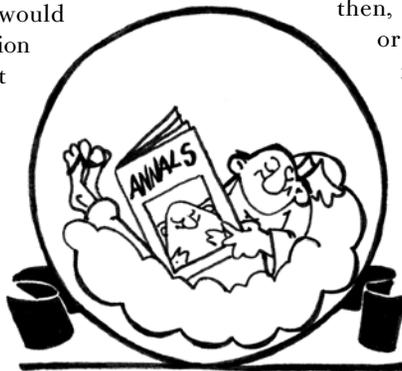
proof that reason is, in fact, reasonable. And it is this, I would argue, that is the sense of the traditional arguments for the existence of God, especially as St Thomas presents them. But here’s the rub, they prove the reasonableness of reason by showing that reason (and thus the cosmos) cannot, in the final analysis, stand on its own two legs. For reason to be reasonable it requires something *other*, something altogether *higher*. Hence, the proof

of reason is that it ultimately *fails* to prove itself and, in doing so, it points to the necessity of that which is both reasonable and yet also higher than reason. The failure of reason is its success, for in exhibiting its failure to prove itself reason points to the necessity of something higher; to the existence of God. In other words, the failure of reason points to its transcendent character. Now, we either accept that reason’s failure *is* a sign of its transcendent character and, thereby, a proof for the existence of God, or we simply conclude that reason fails, end of story, which is what Modernity has decided upon and this decision goes by the name ‘post-modern nihilism’.

Just as mathematical proofs for beauty end up as photo-shopped super-models on the cover of Vogue, proofs misapplied to God will end in something just as strange but far more dangerous; a God that looks like the Manga version of Hulk Hogan, either that or we end up with no proofs at all and reason itself becomes doubtful. The proofs for the existence of God end up requiring faith in the reasonableness of reason, which proves that faith is not unreasonable but perfects and grounds reason.

Again, it’s similar to having someone prove their love for you. Ultimately reason can take us only so far and then, either we turn back and lose the love,

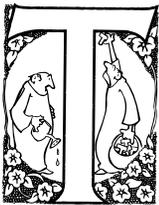
or we press on, but do so through an act of faith which expresses itself in trust and hope. As we are dealing with people and not with abstractions or machines there is always something *more* demanded of us, something *other* that we have to deal with, something that cannot be pinned down no matter how much fundamentalist religion, modern philosophy, and atheistic science may try. In sum, the proof for God is very similar indeed to the proof of love.



*Very few people – including many of those who voted for them  
– know what the Greens’ policies actually are*

## GREENS’ POLICIES REVEALED AT LAST

By Peter Day



THE ROAD TO hell is paved with good intentions. Andrew McIntyre, the editor of this much-needed new book from Connor Court press, tells us in his introduction that this mordant observation is derived from St Bernard of Clairvaux. It is certainly no less true today than it would have been in the twelfth century.

McIntyre applies this saying not so much to the Greens themselves, as to those well-meaning Australians who regularly give their votes to the Greens in order to enjoy the sensation of ‘doing something good,’ especially for the environment. At last year’s federal

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*The Greens: Policies, reality and consequences.* Edited by Andrew McIntyre. Connor Court. 2011, Paperback, 150 pages, \$22.95

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elections the Greens won sufficient support from such folk to propel them into their present *de facto* coalition with the Labor government.

But despite the great power now being wielded by the Greens, it seems that very few people – including many of those who voted for them – know what their policies actually are.

The purpose of this little volume is to fill the gaping void left by what McIntyre justly calls the ‘extraordinary failure’

of the media in this regard. In this it succeeds brilliantly.

To be fair, a handful of journalists have tried to make up for the failure of their colleagues.

The *Sydney Morning Herald’s* Paul Sheehan last year let loose on the Greens in a particularly memorable column: ‘There are not enough letters of the alphabet,’ wrote Sheehan, ‘to encompass the image fraud this party is perpetrating on the electorate. It is simply not a party preoccupied with the environment.’

Paul Kelly of *The Australian* has more recently taken his colleagues to task: ‘For too long,’ he wrote in May this year, ‘the idea that any green scheme was a good scheme was sanctified as a compliant media cheered such initiatives.’

‘Sanctified’ is right: Greg Sheridan, the *Australian’s* foreign editor, noticed that ABC television was treating the Greens ‘with the deference it might have shown an Anglican bishop 50 or 60 years ago’. This little book is a most welcome corrective to all that.

It would be misleading, however, to leave the impression that McIntyre has put together some kind of *jeremiad* or polemic. He has not. Anyone looking to trace the origins of Green politics in the murkier corners of twentieth century European ideological history, or to examine the so-called ‘watermelon’ background of some Green politicians (green on the outside but red on the inside), will have to look elsewhere. The emphasis here is on shedding light rather than heat.

The book offers 21 succinct, crisply written chapters by different policy experts, who coolly and thoughtfully summarise and assess Green policies as published in great detail by the Greens themselves on their website. While obviously not all 21 chapters can be mentioned here, three policy areas will

### It’s time to take their policies seriously

THE FULL GREENS agenda amounts to a massive bid to re-engineer and regulate virtually every aspect of Australian economic, political, social and private life. It’s a blatant power-grab by a narrow, zealous elite — a self-appointed fun police who want to ban junk food ads from children’s TV and lions from circuses. This was all fairly harmless while the Greens were just another irrelevant minor party. It was easy to dismiss this sort of flakiness, and even laugh at it. But that’s all changed. Suddenly the Greens have real political influence and are trying to claim a popular mandate. It’s time to take their policies seriously. If many of them were ever implemented, the damage to the nation would be incalculable. Take national security, the paramount responsibility of any government. The Greens’ foreign and defence policies expose the reality that, for all the environmental camouflage, they are really the latest incarnation of the Australian Loopy Left, with all its worst hardline, self-loathing anti-democratic tendencies... Another giveaway is the Greens’ commitment to reinvigorating ‘peace studies’ — a stalking horse for the anti-American Left in the Eighties. According to a 2010 Lowy Poll, nearly 90 per cent of Australians regard the ANZUS Treaty as very important or fairly important for Australia’s security. Yet the Greens, if we take them at their word, would terminate our most important alliance — at a time of growing regional strategic uncertainty — ‘unless Australia’s membership can be revised in a manner which is consistent with Australia’s international and human rights obligations’. Presumably the judgment would fall to Amnesty International or the Human Rights Council (which has numbered human rights champions such as China, Cuba and Saudi Arabia among its recent members).

— Andrew Shearer, *The Spectator*, September 3, 2010

certainly be of special interest to many *Annals* readers: education; constitutional reform; and the environment.

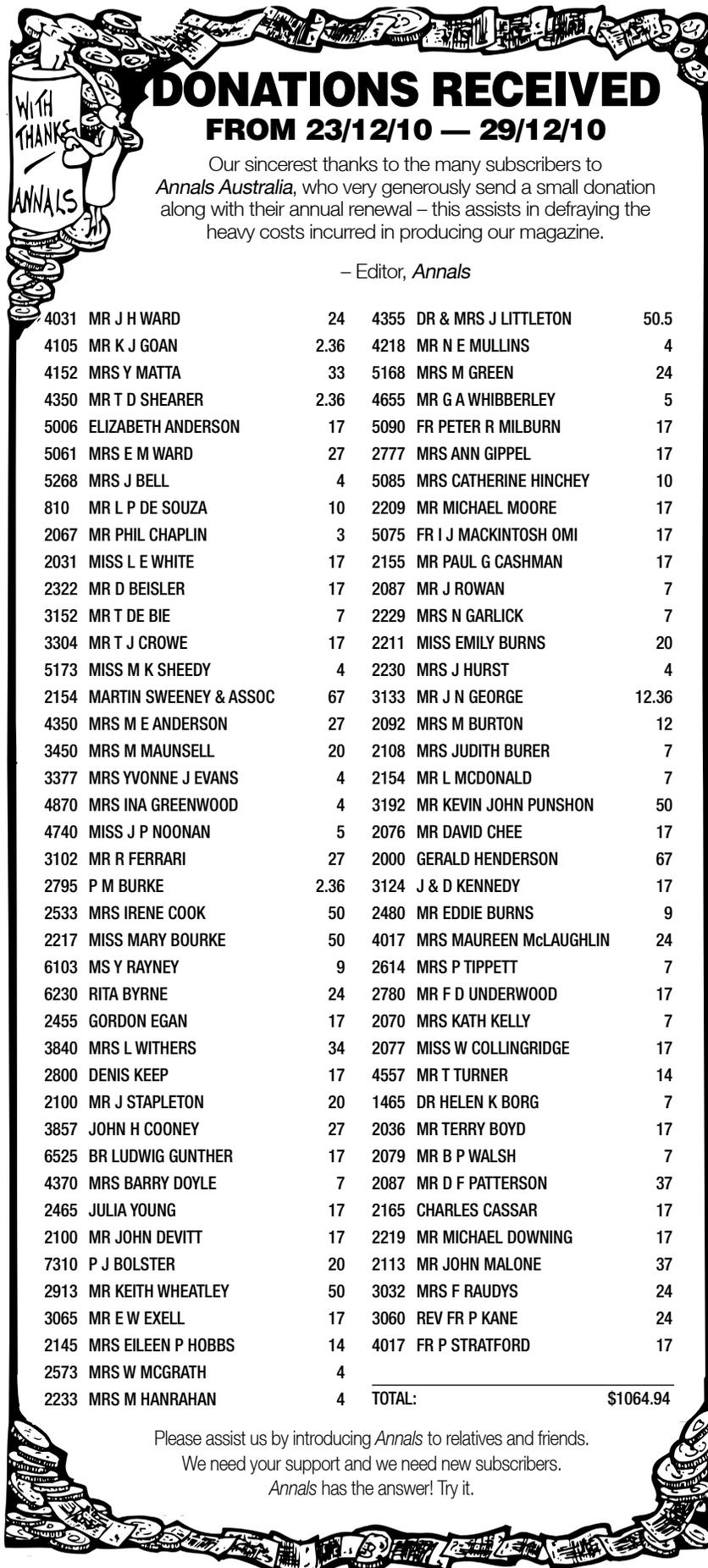
The two essays on the Greens' education policies – one by Wollongong politics professor Greg Melleuish, the other by Kevin Donnelly of the Melbourne-based Education Standards Institute – should be read by everyone with an interest in Catholic education in this country. This is not only because of the extremely negative funding implications for church schools of the Greens' policies, but also because those same policies would imperil the capacity of church schools to continue to operate as religious institutions in any recognisable form.

The Greens' policies on constitutional law also carry important implications for politically contested 'conscience' areas such as euthanasia and the nature of marriage. James Allan, Garrick Professor of Law at the University of Queensland, notices a glaring contradiction here. He observes that on the one hand the Greens talk a lot about the need for 'democratic structures'. But on the other, they insist on a bill of rights, the effect of which would be to shift decision-making away from the democratically elected parliament, and into the hands of an unelected judiciary.

Perhaps the most intriguing finding of this book is that the Greens' policies overall would actually be damaging to the environment. You read that right. The reasons for this are revealed in three excellent chapters on natural resources (one each on forests; marine life; and water). In addition there are trenchant chapters analysing Green policies on science (where Emeritus Professor and former CSIRO chief research scientist Garth Paltridge does the honours); population and multiculturalism (covered by the eminent scholar Katherine Betts); and refugee policy (where Law Professor Mirko Bagaric and Peter Faris QC provide a timely joint contribution).

If you know people who are likely to vote Green at the next election, tell them to be sure not to do so before reading this book.

PETER DAY is a regular contributor to *The Spectator* magazine and a former New York and Washington correspondent for *The Australian* newspaper. His articles have also appeared in numerous other major publications, including *Quadrant* in Australia and the *National Interest* and *Weekly Standard* in the United States.



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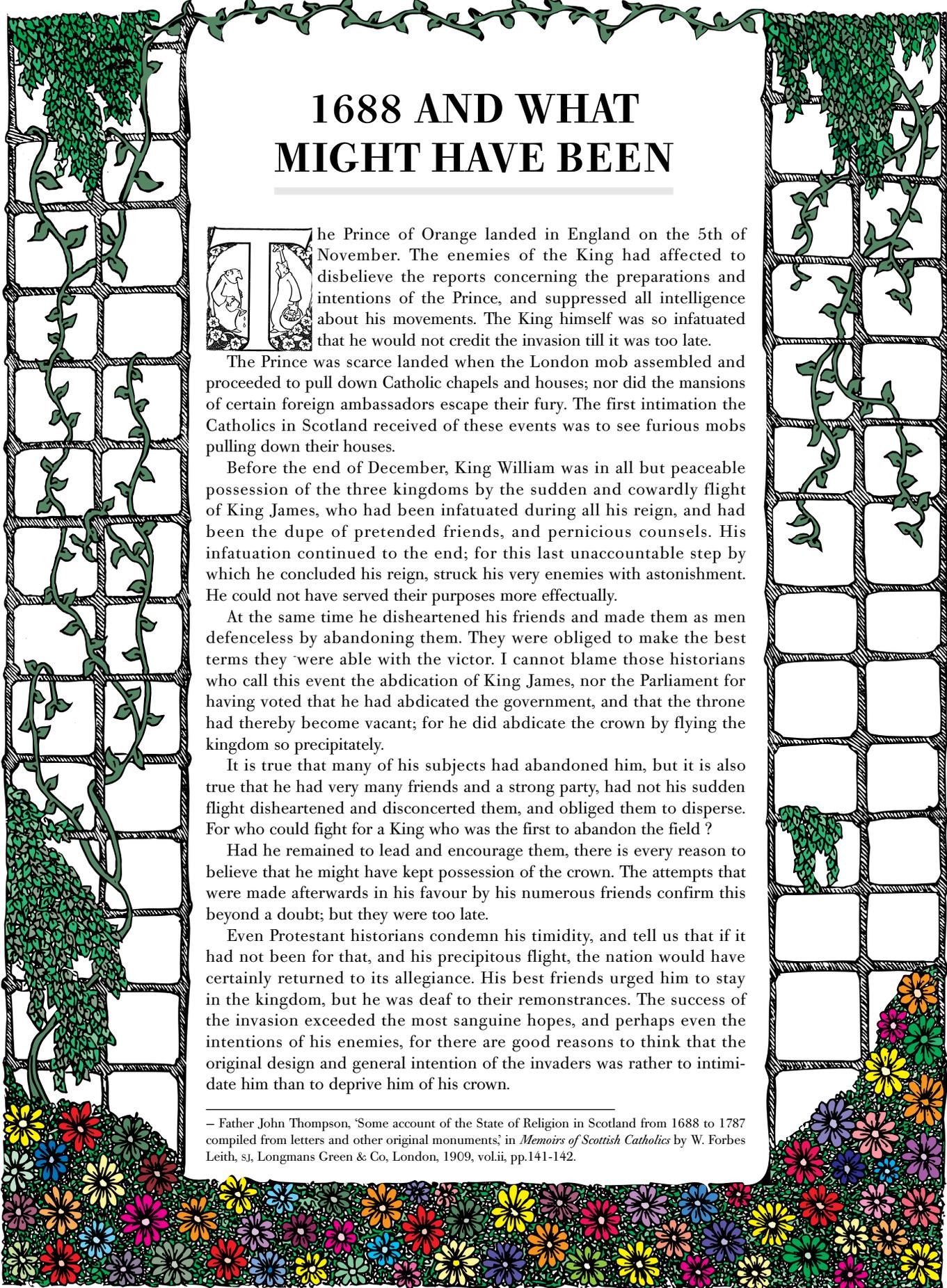
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## 1688 AND WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

**T**he Prince of Orange landed in England on the 5th of November. The enemies of the King had affected to disbelieve the reports concerning the preparations and intentions of the Prince, and suppressed all intelligence about his movements. The King himself was so infatuated that he would not credit the invasion till it was too late.

The Prince was scarce landed when the London mob assembled and proceeded to pull down Catholic chapels and houses; nor did the mansions of certain foreign ambassadors escape their fury. The first intimation the Catholics in Scotland received of these events was to see furious mobs pulling down their houses.

Before the end of December, King William was in all but peaceable possession of the three kingdoms by the sudden and cowardly flight of King James, who had been infatuated during all his reign, and had been the dupe of pretended friends, and pernicious counsels. His infatuation continued to the end; for this last unaccountable step by which he concluded his reign, struck his very enemies with astonishment. He could not have served their purposes more effectually.

At the same time he disheartened his friends and made them as men defenceless by abandoning them. They were obliged to make the best terms they were able with the victor. I cannot blame those historians who call this event the abdication of King James, nor the Parliament for having voted that he had abdicated the government, and that the throne had thereby become vacant; for he did abdicate the crown by flying the kingdom so precipitately.

It is true that many of his subjects had abandoned him, but it is also true that he had very many friends and a strong party, had not his sudden flight disheartened and disconcerted them, and obliged them to disperse. For who could fight for a King who was the first to abandon the field?

Had he remained to lead and encourage them, there is every reason to believe that he might have kept possession of the crown. The attempts that were made afterwards in his favour by his numerous friends confirm this beyond a doubt; but they were too late.

Even Protestant historians condemn his timidity, and tell us that if it had not been for that, and his precipitous flight, the nation would have certainly returned to its allegiance. His best friends urged him to stay in the kingdom, but he was deaf to their remonstrances. The success of the invasion exceeded the most sanguine hopes, and perhaps even the intentions of his enemies, for there are good reasons to think that the original design and general intention of the invaders was rather to intimidate him than to deprive him of his crown.

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— Father John Thompson, 'Some account of the State of Religion in Scotland from 1688 to 1787 compiled from letters and other original monuments,' in *Memoirs of Scottish Catholics* by W. Forbes Leith, SJ, Longmans Green & Co, London, 1909, vol.ii, pp.141-142.

*From the time when a total split with the past was first thought desirable by 'modernists,' the schismatic body could not agree at all about the new forms such a break with the past should take other than that novelty must always replace continuity*

## A SHORT HISTORY OF INADEQUATE THINKING

By Giles Auty



S YEARS PASS by I find it becomes increasingly easy to forget not just episodes but quite significant periods of my life; this whole issue has arisen, in fact, because I have been working for some time on a book of memoirs.

Just one such largely forgotten period was a spell of four years duration spent teaching art history to aspiring painters at an art school in the South of England.

In doing this I tried hard to make the past come alive in the minds of my students and to combat a notion widely held at that time – the early 1980s – that art history was somehow a boring and unnecessary adjunct to the seriously relevant task of being a contemporary painter.

Of what conceivable consequence, the intensely revolutionary young artist might demand, could even a famous 17<sup>th</sup> century painting such as *The Surrender of Breda* (1634-35) by Diego Velazquez be for any dedicated young modernist?

What possible interest could an image of a military surrender conducted by soldiers armed with swords and pikes have in an age of supersonic jet aircraft and laser-guided missiles?

The somewhat inconvenient fact I remember pointing out at the time was that in spite of our admitted wonders of technological advance nobody had subsequently painted with greater intelligence, understanding or sublime levels of skill than the 17<sup>th</sup> century Spanish master who lived and worked in those distant-seeming days between 1599 and 1661.

### Archbishop Chaput

JUST ABOUT every story on the Chaput appointment identified the archbishop as a 'conservative' (because he believes and teaches as true what the Catholic Church believes and teaches to be true); just about every story claimed that Chaput was a tough guy when it came to holding Catholic politicians accountable for their votes on abortion and the nature of marriage (while completely missing the fact that Chaput had consistently made genuinely public arguments, not uniquely Catholic theological claims, about the inalienable right to life and marriage rightly understood ... what is truly important about the Chaput appointment ... is not the archbishop's Potawatomi ancestry (interesting as that is) but his place as one of the most vigorous exponents of what might be called Evangelical Catholicism. Archbishop Chaput put it best himself in an exclusive interview with Catholic News Agency: "The biggest challenge, not just in Philadelphia but everywhere, is to preach the Gospel. . . . We need to have confidence in the Gospel, we have to live it faithfully, and to live it without compromise and with great joy."

— George Weigel, 'Rise of the Catholic Evangelical Bishops,' *National Review*, Online.

Indeed much the same argument could be applied also to two other absolute masters active in the first three quarters of the 17<sup>th</sup> century: Rembrandt van Rijn (1606-69) and Jan Vermeer (1632-75).

Why then – by common consent among those who properly understand the matter – has not painting 'progressed' qualitatively and seemingly inevitably in precisely the same manner as technology and science?

I do not suggest here that the subsequent 18<sup>th</sup>, 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> centuries did not produce artists of exceptional merit – although the 18<sup>th</sup> century was perhaps a time more noted for great music than for great visual art – but continue to aver that none of these possessed the superhuman levels of painterly skill demonstrated time and again by Velazquez. Indeed, supreme artists of the 19<sup>th</sup> and 20<sup>th</sup> centuries such as Edouard Manet (1832-83) and Pablo Picasso (1881-1973) would have been among the first to acknowledge that fact.

Interestingly, the rigorous artistic training undergone by Velazquez would surely be looked on as unacceptable or even cruel today – he was apprenticed to the painter Pacheco at the age of 11 and became an acknowledged master of his craft at the age of 17 with his induction into the Guild of St. Luke. Nor was his general education by any means neglected in spite of the long hours he spent in Pacheco's studio.

Why, then, do we no longer train artists of precocious talent in such a rigorous way when we train top young players of musical instruments – and even top tennis juniors – in such a

## Children Need Certainty

THERE ARE always constant allusions to the idea of progress, the idea of training people to be reformers, the idea of teaching them to teach something other than what they have learned - some new truth as it is called. This is insanely unsuitable for children. A child wants to know the fixed things, not the shifting ones. He enjoys the sea, not the tides. He enjoys beauty, not fashion. There is no particular point in telling him (at the age of five) to invent a new fashion in hats; if he learns to take his hat off in the drawing room it is as much as can be expected of the poor little brute. He cannot decently be expected to learn to respect humanity (which is often a hard thing to do) and at the same moment to learn to improve it. Yet these programmes of ethical instruction are full of the recurrent idea of novelty, of innovation, of the search after truth. What has a child to do with the search after truth? The most you can ask from a child is that he should tell the truth he does know: not that he should look for the truth he does not. But in these books and pamphlets, page after page, in a hundred elusive ways, is struck this same note: that the child must be progressive, that he must conceive morality as reform, that he must look for beautiful modern changes - in short that he must teach his grandmother how to suck eggs. Now, I am far from denying that, in the contact between the child and the grandmother, both have a great deal to learn. On the whole, I think the child has more to give the grandmother. But it is the essence of a child that he should give what he has to give unconsciously: it is the essence of a grandmother (it sounds a rather awful substance), it is the essence of a grandmother that she should give it consciously, out of the clear cunning of years. In other words, I do object to the child teaching his grandmother. I do not object to the grandmother learning from the child.

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

demanding manner from even earlier ages?

One of the more irritating heresies of the modern age is that 'progress' is inevitable in just about every discipline and sphere - not least, perhaps, in matters of religious faith.

I suggest here that 'progress,' and 'progressive,' are words used much too readily in a purely rhetorical way when what is being described is often, in reality, nothing of the kind.

For instance, if the major tenets of the Catholic faith are and always were true - not least through being divinely inspired - then surely they don't need meddling with now or at any time in the future in the name of 'progress' or of anything else.

In short, what is true remains true. In the words of the famous Australian idiom, in fact, "if it aint broke don't fix it".

Sadly words such as the foregoing are automatically anathema to

proponents of novelty and non-stop revolution.

It is also worth mentioning here, however, that the history of Western art provides another intriguing parallel with that of the Christian faith.

While Western visual art from the time of Giotto di Bondone (1267-1337) preoccupied itself largely with perceptual appearance *a central, continuous spine remained apparent at the heart of artistic practice.*

Giotto is regarded, in fact, as the founder of the central tradition of Western painting precisely because his work broke free from the stylisations of Byzantine and other early Christian art by introducing a new ideal of naturalism - truth to natural appearances - plus a convincing sense of pictorial space. This process continued just as markedly during the Renaissance which dated from the late 14<sup>th</sup> to the late 16<sup>th</sup> centuries.

Admittedly, movements which

deviated from this central spinal thrust took place - such as Mannerism which lasted roughly from the time of the High Renaissance to the beginning of the Baroque - but often these were relatively short-lived.

Purely for alliterative convenience we could characterise the period when the central, spinal trait of realism remained dominant in Western art as being from the time of the beginning of Giotto's inspired practice - about 1300 - to the death of Gauguin in 1903. For roughly six centuries, in short - from the time of Giotto to Gauguin - the number of readily identifiable artistic movements remained relatively small.

But from the moment that the great schism of modern art with the past took place both observably and philosophically - which I would date for convenience from the first exhibition of Fauve art in 1906 - the fractured body of Western painting began to split continuously into a host of new movements. During the whole of the 20<sup>th</sup> century, in fact, there was at least one readily identifiable new modern or post-modern art movement for every two and a half years.

In short, from the time when a total split with the past was first thought desirable by 'modernists', the schismatic body could not agree at all about the new forms such a break with the past should take *other than that novelty must always replace continuity.*

Do you detect some parallel here with the course taken within Christianity by the schismatic body of the church since the time of the Reformation?

I would be disappointed if you did not.

Following the initial fracture in the cases both of art and of the Christian religion, the schismatic body fractures and refractures to the extent that, at times, what is ultimately left becomes unrecognisable either as art or as Christianity.

A sorry state indeed.

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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*.

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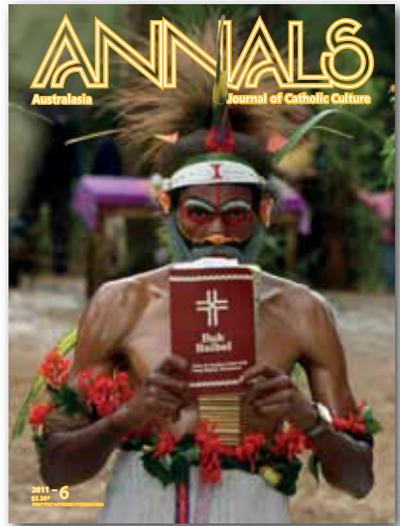
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*More than artistic beauty, moral beauty seems to exasperate our sorry species'*

## OPENING LIFE'S WINDOWS

By Peter Coleman



THE FIRST THING to be said about this extraordinary book is that it is among the best ever written and published in Australia. The second is that there is not a single chapter in it with an exclusively Australian theme. It takes its place among – and asks to be judged by – ‘the best that has been said and thought in the world’. This includes masterpieces of French, English, or Chinese literature rather than Australian achievements. The author understands our loyalty to, say, Henry Lawson but he will not make the mistake of comparing him with Lu Xun or Anton Chekhov.

Essayist, sinologist, novelist, translator, the Belgian-born Simon Leys – or to use his natal name, Pierre Ryckmans – settled in Australia in 1970, at the age of 35, as a teacher of Chinese literature at the Australian National University. (One of his students was Kevin Rudd.)

His first books were based on his horrifying experience of Communist China and its atrocities. He wrote them under the pen-name and disguise Simon Leys, but the unscrupulous French Maoists spared no pains to establish his real identity and to make sure he was never again permitted to visit China. (They succeeded.)

Later works include his translations into French and English of *The Analects of Confucius*; a novel *The Death of Napoleon* (the book of the film ‘The Emperor’s New Clothes’ starring Ian Holm as Napoleon); the wonderful Boyer Lectures of 1996 on the meaning of civilisation, published as *The View from the Bridge*; a superb study of *The Wreck of the Batavia* (which, drawing on his experience of Maoism, reflects on the way ideology can turn

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Simon Leys: *The Hall of Uselessness. Collected Essays*. Black Inc. Melbourne, 2011, hb, rrp \$49.95

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men into beasts). Many of his works have won literary prizes, mainly in France but also in New South Wales.

Now we have *The Hall of Uselessness* – a collection of literary essays largely on French and Chinese writers but also on English-language novelists and critics ranging from Evelyn Waugh to R. H. Dana (whose ‘rich and complex’ *Two Years Before the Mast* he translated

### The most important thing in a man’s life

WHILE IN THE army during the war [Waugh] had been forced to submit to a psychological examination, because of his erratic and impossible behaviour: ‘The doctor appears to have been told that Waugh was a drunkard and tried to impute to him (with some good reason) unhappiness and frustration through adolescence. Waugh suffered ninety minutes of this and managed at last to turn the tables: “You have been asking me a great many questions. Do you mind if I now ask you one?” The psychiatrist offered no objection. “Why then,” Waugh asked, “have you not questioned me about the most important thing in a man’s life - his religion?”’

— Simon Leys, *The Hall of Uselessness, ‘Terror of Babel: Evelyn Waugh,’* Black Inc. 2011, p. 174.

into French). The *uselessness* of the book’s title means disinterestedness.

Leys develops his theme in the first chapter on Cervantes. To be quixotic like Don Quixote is to refuse to adjust to the smallness of ‘reality’: ‘The successful man adapts himself to the world. The loser persists in trying to adapt the world to himself. Therefore all progress depends on the loser.’

In this spirit Leys escorts us through some of the French masters – Balzac and Victor Hugo – and some of its minor figures – Andre Gide and Andre Malraux. His commentary is always illuminating. Balzac’s genius, he says, is not a matter of intelligence (he had ideas of startling absurdity) or taste (he had the aesthetic sense of a prosperous Caribbean pimp) but of intuition and imagination – the intuition that ‘life is a prison, and only imagination can open its windows.’

Victor Hugo’s *Les Miserables*, Leys notes in passing, triggered Tolstoy’s *War and Peace* (‘Giants breed giants.’) and had a huge impact on Chinese and Japanese writers. He despises Gide’s ‘moral blindness’ and finds Malraux ‘essentially phony’. But he also looks to Simenon, the great Belgian novelist and creator of the detective Maigret, ‘to draw the courage to contemplate our misery without flinching.’ Among English writers he singles out George Orwell (who always distrusted intellectuals) and Evelyn Waugh (whose wit and wisdom now shine more brightly than ever.)

A large section of the book is on Chinese themes – from Confucius to Mao Zedong – and a moving, recent chapter on the Cambodian genocide. There is also a brilliant essay of 1984 on Zhou Enlai. (Some readers may recall him as Chou En-lai.) ‘He was one of the greatest and most successful comedians of our century. He had a talent for telling blatant lies with angelic

suavity. He was the kind of man who could stick a knife in your back and do it with such disarming grace that you would still feel compelled to thank him for the deed. He gave a human face to Chinese communism. Everyone loved him.

One chapter is the text of an inspiring lecture – ‘An Idea of the University’ – which he delivered to the Campion Foundation Inaugural Dinner five years ago. It may be read as both a statement of personal experience and as the guiding philosophy of Campion College:

‘When a university yields to the utilitarian temptation, it betrays its vocation and sells its soul. Five centuries ago, the great Renaissance scholar Erasmus defined with one phrase the essence of the humanist endeavour: *Homo fit, non nascitur* – One is not born a man, one becomes one. A University is not a factory producing graduates, as a sausage factory produces sausages. It is a place where a chance is given to men to become what they truly are.’ (‘Men’ obviously includes women.)

Leys recalls the day he received a memorandum from the vice-chancellor of the university in which he was then a professor, instructing him to consider students as *customers*. ‘On that day, I knew it was time for me to go.’

It would be misleading not to note the Christian and Catholic underpinning of Leys’s essays. It emerges persistently, and sometimes unexpectedly.

He likes to quote G.K.Chesterton: ‘The Church is the only thing that can save a man from the degrading servitude of being a child of one’s own time.’ (This is the same Chesterton who said he became a Catholic to get rid of his sins and who told an admirer: ‘Madam, I know nothing. I am a journalist.’)

There is a marvellous chapter demolishing Christopher Hitchens’ defamation of Mother Teresa. It concludes with these splendid words:

True Philistines are not incapable of recognising beauty; they recognise it all too well; they detect its presence anywhere, immediately, and with a flair as infallible as that of the most sensitive aesthete—but for them it is in order to be able better to pounce upon it at once and to destroy it before it can a foothold in

## Random samples of Chesterton’s observations

**O**N THE CHURCH, in its relation to the world and its times: ‘The Church is the only thing that can save a man from the degrading servitude of being a child of one’s own time. We do not want a Church that will move with the world. We want a Church that will move the world.’ This utterance reminds me of a remarkable dialogue between Louis Massignon and Pope Pliux XII. Massignon was a great Orientalist scholar (specialising in the study of ancient Islamic mysticism,) and he was also a personal friend of the Pope. When the first war between Israel and the Arabs broke out, he urged the Pope to issue a solemn statement to ensure the protection of the Holy Places in Jerusalem. The Pope was hesitant: neither the Jews nor the Arabs were likely to pay attention to his words, and he objected: ‘Who would listen?’ To which Massignon made this superb reply: ‘You are the Pope: you do not write in order to be read — you write in order to state the truth.’ (Massignon died in 1962; it is a pity he did not live to know the pontificate of John Paul I I.)

On society: ‘It has been left to the very latest modernists to proclaim an erotic religion which at once exalts lust and forbids fertility ... the next great heresy is going to be simply an attack on morality; and especially on sexual morality. And it is coming not from a few socialists ... The madness of tomorrow is not in Moscow, much more in Manhattan.’ (he was writing this in 1926).

— Simon Leys, *The Hall of Uselessness*, ‘Chesterton: The Poet who dances with a hundred legs’, Black Inc. 2011, p.76.

their universal empire of ugliness. Ignorance is not simply the absence of knowledge; obscurantism does not result from a dearth of light; bad taste is not merely a lack of good taste; stupidity is not simply want of intelligence: all these are fiercely active forces, that angrily assert themselves on every occasion. In every department of human endeavour, inspired talent is an intolerable insult to mediocrity... it is even more true in the world of ethics. More than artistic beauty, moral beauty seems to exasperate our sorry species. The need to bring down

to our wretched level, to deface, to deride and debunk any splendour that is towering above us is probably the saddest urge of human nature.

In a similar polemical mode Leys directed his rage at ‘my benighted co-religionists, cretinous clerics and other Maoist morons who were to preach the gospel of the Chinese “Cultural Revolution”’.

Deploring the ravages of modernity in the Church he quotes from Evelyn Waugh’s diary: ‘Pray God I will never apostatise but I can only now go to Church as an act of duty and obedience.’ Yet he returns always to the theme he stated in the first chapter on Quixotism. Cervantes’ masterpiece, he says, is anchored in Christianity, specifically Spanish Catholicism, and in this sense Simon Leys remains quixotic to the end.

Some years ago the American Susan Sontag wrote: ‘Lucky Australia that Pierre Ryckmans has chosen to live there.’ How right she was!



PETER COLEMAN is a former editor of *The Bulletin* and *Quadrant*. He spent some years in the State and Federal Parliaments. Among his other books are an autobiographical volume entitled *Memoirs of a Slow Learner*, and *The Liberal Conspiracy: The Struggle for the Mind of Postwar Europe*.

*'Manifest[ing] the presence of the Savior to a world gone mad'*

## WHY WEAR THE ROMAN COLLAR ?



**I**NARGUABLY, much of Western society revels in a far-reaching decadence aimed at obliterating any sign of the transcendent.

To counter such a reality, priests – emboldened by the Holy Spirit with a strong faith and a genuine missionary spirit – must seek to cooperate with the Creator in re-invigorating the world with a sense of awe for and responsibility to God.

The Roman collar, far from being just a reminder of the Church's requirement of clerical dress for her priests, is a sorely-needed reference to the ever-present Paraclete who beckons all men and women to recognize the selfless love and eternal grandeur of the Most Blessed Trinity.

Priests who don the collar may be met with a barrage of objections. "We are the Church . . . we are all priests . . . there's no room for class distinctions in the Church of the twenty-first century....". Even some brother priests may look askance at one of their own, convinced that he is suffering from what could be fatal imprudence. "Wearing the collar will only make you a target and eventually a victim . . . you'll be sorry."

But priests who wear the Roman collar, in addition to obeying the law of the Church and the heartfelt plea of the Holy Father, display the desire to manifest the presence of the Savior to a world gone mad. No matter the abuse which may be heaped upon a collar-wearing priest, he knows full well that the reward is significant: to be able to lead others to Christ despite one's own personal failings.

To priests who always wear the Roman collar we say: keep it up! To those who do not we say: take stock of the value which this seemingly insignificant piece of vesture possesses. Be aware that the priestly work you now do will not suffer but will be enhanced when you dress according to the venerable custom of the Church.

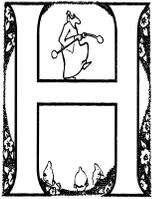
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– Excerpted from "Why a priest should wear his Roman collar," by Msgr. Charles M. Mangan and Father Gerald E. Murray. *Homiletic & Pastoral Review* (June, 1995).

*Confronting the central question of the human person*

## FROM ARK TO BARQUE

Interview of Tim Drake with Hadley Arkes



HADLEY ARKES is a leading expert on American political philosophy, public policy and constitutional law. He has been known as a prominent Jewish pro-life advocate. According to his biography on the website of the Ethics and Public Policy Center, of which he is a senior fellow, he was the “main advocate, and architect, of the bill that became known as the Born-Alive Infants’ Protection Act.” Now he is Catholic.

The Edward Ney Professor of Jurisprudence and American Institutions at Amherst College, Arkes has published five books with Princeton University Press and two books with Cambridge University Press – most recently, *Constitutional Illusions & Anchoring Truths: The Touchstone of the Natural Law*.

Arkes came into the Catholic Church in April under the sponsorship of his friend Michael Novak. He spoke recently with Register senior writer Tim Drake about his journey to the Church.

*Where did you grow up?*

Wartime Chicago. I was born in 1940, the very first grandchild on both sides. I’ve explained what a morning in that household looked like: A 2-year-old wanders into the kitchen early in the morning. The kitchen is filled with grown-ups getting ready to go to work. The child says, “Good morning” and receives a standing ovation. I grew up with a sense that the world was filled with catchers in the rye – everyone wanting to look after you and take care of you.

Later, the question arose, *How was it that a working family, where no one went to college, was able to impart that sense of security to a youngster?* And I think the answer is that the grown-ups were competent to their ends. They could

be counted on to be there when you needed them. They were always there.

My father was a foreman in a factory, had a launderette, and later ran a shipping room for his brothers in a business they had. He died about 15 years ago. My mother died about five years ago.

*Did you grow up a practicing Jew?*

I grew up in an orthodox family, attended Hebrew school, and I had a bar mitzvah. The next generation

did not go to services as often as my grandparents did. The commitment faded. The later generations would go mainly on high holidays, but they weren’t as fastidious or as observant as my grandparents. For the most part, they saw themselves as what is called these days “cultural” Jews. They understood themselves as Jewish – we might say these days, “members of the tribe” – though there was not much talk about God or his laws.

*Later, your own commitment faded. Why was that?*

I continued to have an interest in things Jewish. It was a way of staying in touch with the Jewish world. When I was about 34, I was part of an academic mission to Israel. I wasn’t orthodox, but I saw myself as Jewish. Out of ancient tradition and memory, I attended high holidays such as Rosh Hashanah and Yom Kippur.

I discovered that Jewish public life was becoming more committed to the liberal Democratic agenda than things Jewish. It was kind of like a political catechism rather than any serious engagement with the Hebrew Bible. I was uneasy with the political messages that kept filtering into the synagogues along with the devotions.

A critical moment came when the president of the synagogue at Amherst asked me to speak on Yom Kippur. I had spoken there often before, but I explained that the problem was that I could not speak in the synagogue on the most central, burning moral question of the day. He responded by saying, “There is no subject you would want to address that this congregation wouldn’t want to hear you on.”

I said, “Abortion.” What followed was a silence (the silence I had expected). And then he said, “I’ll get back to you.”

It confirmed something disquieting – that the condition of my staying in the synagogue was to preserve silence

### Lost Tools of Learning

WE WHO WERE scandalized in 1940 when men were sent to fight armored tanks with rifles, are not scandalized when young men and women are sent into the world to fight massed propaganda with a smattering of ‘subjects’; and when whole classes and whole nations become hypnotized by the arts of the spell binder, we have the impudence to be astonished. We dole out lip-service to the importance of education—lip-service and, just occasionally, a little grant of money; we postpone the school-leaving age, and plan to build bigger and better schools; the teachers slave conscientiously in and out of school hours; and yet, as I believe, all this devoted effort is largely frustrated, because we have lost the tools of learning, and in their absence can only make a botched and piecemeal job of it.

- Excerpted from *The Lost Tools of Learning*, an essay by Dorothy Sayers [1893-1967] presented at Oxford in 1947.

*The children of this world  
have become the children of light*

## **Led by the Saints of 'Rationalism'**

**I**N FACT, the liberal interpretation of history has taken over from the Catholic tradition not only its universalism, its sense of a spiritual purpose which runs through the whole life of humanity, but also its dualism. The Liberal interpretation of history is also dominated by the image of the two cities.

But it is now the Church which is the embodiment of those 'reactionary forces' which are the liberal equivalent of the powers of darkness, while the children of this world have become the children of light.

This transposition was not, however, altogether a new thing. It had behind it a somewhat similar emotional attitude to that which had already appeared in the Protestant tradition. It is true that the latter tradition was not remarkable for its historic achievements. It produced no historians worthy of being compared to the great scholars of the Counter-Reformation and the age of Louis XIV.

But it was responsible for one innovation in the Christian interpretation of history which had momentous results. This was its identification of Papal Rome with the Babylon of the Apocalypse, which became practically an article of faith – and a very central one – in all the Reformed Churches.

It is difficult for us to-day to realize the existence of this belief which dominated Protestant Europe for three hundred years and which still remains as a subconscious undercurrent in Protestant thought. But it is easy to see that it entirely altered the nature of the Christian dualism by transforming it from an opposition between the Church and the World to a conflict between two forms of Christianity.

And when this step had once been taken, when the institutional Church of a thousand years had been relegated to the domain of Antichrist and the Albigensians and Waldenses had been identified with the persecuted saints of Scripture, it was easy enough for the Enlightenment to take one step further by sending the Protestant Churches to join the Church of Rome outside the pale and by canonising the apostles of free thought as the saints of rationalism.

- Christopher Dawson, *Religion and the Modern State*, London, Sheed and Ward, 1935, pp.84-85.

on the gravest moral question of the day in our politics. I thought that was a condition that should no longer be accepted. That's when I stopped going.

*What first led you to consider the claims of the Catholic Church?*

It came through my involvement over many years in the pro-life movement. I've been moving in this direction for a long while, perhaps more than 20 years. The process is often the reverse of what is told in the media. The media suggest that we're pro-life because we're religious, when in fact, many of us are won over by the force of the moral argument and the evidence of embryology. Then we're drawn to the Church that defends that argument.

Over the years, I picked up many friends in the pro-life movement and people I collaborated with in writing.

At every turn, I found I had a Catholic constituency of people who were supporting me. My friends genuinely came to represent, to me, the body of the Church. Each one had different things to teach me about the Catholic life, and they all showed in different ways what people come to look like when they've led a Catholic life. I was drawn to the body of the Church – the Church made visible – the people around me who absorbed the life of the Church and lived the life of the Church.

I often wonder if people appreciate the importance of the "congregation" for Jews as well as Catholics. It does make the most profound difference if one becomes aware that one is enveloped, in the services, by people who share a communion, people who genuinely share your concerns about the so-called "life issues" and marriage – what John Paul II called that central question of "the human person."

*How did your journey manifest itself?*

In the early 1990s, I was invited to address the U.S. bishops' conference. I was received warmly by the bishops and staffers. It was there that I met that young, remarkable bishop from Yakima, Francis George.

About 20 years ago, while at a pro-life dinner in Boston, Cardinal Bernard Law heard I was there and had me brought over to the head table. He wondered how I was able to do the pro-life things that I did at Amherst and said, "When Richard Neuhaus came over to the Church, we thought you were coming too." I deflected the

cardinal by replying that “We thought Richard was arranging a ‘group rate.’”

I found myself drawn into Catholic circles, and out of interest, I began to attend Mass occasionally with friends, such as Michael Uhlmann in Washington. There was never any pushing or proselytizing. On my own, I found things to read on Catholic doctrine, and friends were never reluctant to recommend books to me.

The first person who gave me some serious insight into the teaching of the Church was my dear friend and colleague at Amherst Dan Robinson. He offered an example of the most formidable intellect, a man accomplished in philosophy and science, and able to offer the most sophisticated account – and defense – of the teachings of the Church.

As I continued in my teaching, in effect, of natural law, it became more and more evident that the Church had become the main sanctuary for moral reasoning and natural law, standing against the currents of relativism that were corroding almost all other institutions. And in a world in which people with pricey educations were more and more drawn to exotic theories ever more implausible, the Church was grounded in the world as it really is. It could not only see the world as it was, but its “realism” encompassed a recognition of the realism of moral truths.

*Was there a tipping point?*

One of the triggering lines came from my dear friend Dermot Quinn (for the last 20 years as a central figure at Seton Hall University.)

Dermot had said that you could believe everything the Church tells you and not be a good Catholic. The real question, he said, is whether you believe in the Church as a “truth-telling institution.” And I thought: *I really did.* When the Church stands *contra mundum* – against the currents of fashion and opinion in the world – my inclination is to think that the Church has it right.

The Church has had a couple of thousand years to look over the range of rival experience. And as Father [James] Burtchaell [formerly of the University of Notre Dame and author of *The Dying of the Light: The Disengagement of Colleges and Universities From Their Christian Churches*] used to say, the Church holds up a mirror – it

## Over all things, One Church

**M**Y FIRST NAME is ‘Christian’ my family name is ‘Catholic’. The first name, ‘Christian,’ identifies me; the second, ‘Catholic,’ proclaims me. My identity is proved by the first; my significance by the second. And if I must explain the meaning of the word ‘Catholic’ by translating the Greek word into Latin: ‘Catholic’ is where there is Unity; or, as the more learned think, where there is Obedience to all the commands of God. Hence the Apostle [Paul] says: ‘I wrote to see ... if in all things you were obedient’. [2 Cor ii, 9]. And again, ‘As by the disobedience of one man many were made *sinner*s; so the obedience of one man made many *just*.’ [Romans v, 19]. Whoever is Catholic, obeys Jesus, the Just One; and whoever obeys Jesus is Christian; so every Catholic is a Christian. ... In all things, one Church; and over all things, one Church.

- Saint Pacianus, bishop of Barcelona [370-392 AD] First Letter to Sympronianus Novatianus, *De Catholico nomine*, Migne, *Patrologia Latina*, Tome xiii, 1054ff.

shows us what we will look like if we continue along a certain path.

*What held you back for so long?*

I was concerned that a certain shock would be felt by members of my family who would not understand. My sister, younger than I, has taken the news rather hard. Most of my aunts and uncles are gone, but I have two aged uncles whom I love, and I didn’t want to jolt them.

When coming out of the Red Mass in Washington, D.C., Father Arne Panula [director of the Opus Dei-run Catholic Information Center in Washington, D.C.] asked me, “What’s holding you back?” The implied question, decorously unstated, was: *Are you just playing with this or are you serious?* I replied by drawing on my Bert Lahr repertoire from *The Wizard of Oz*: “C-c-c-c-courage” – the line, of course, of the cowardly lion.

What held me back was my concern and how much pain I would cause my family. Once Father Panula put the question to me, I had to put the

question to myself. My 70th birthday was approaching: How long should I really be waiting to do what I thought was the right thing to do?

*Do you have any memorable stories you can share from the Neuhaus era at First Things?*

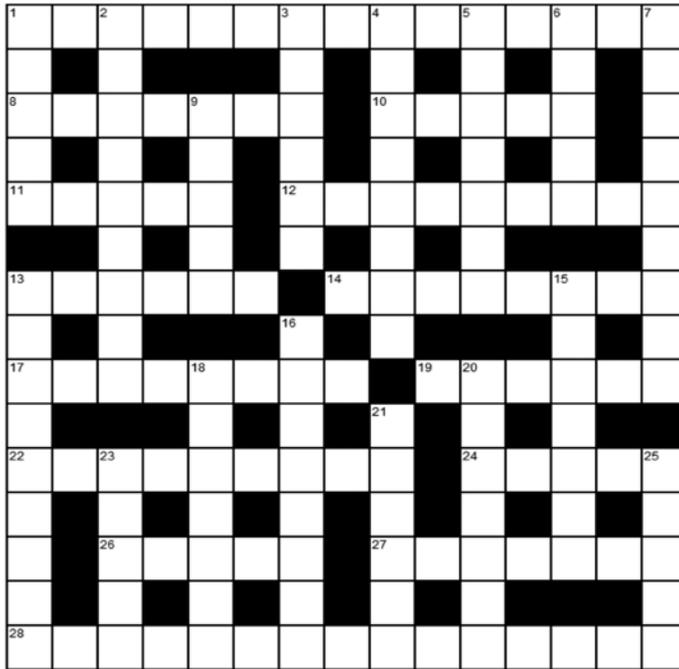
In 1987, when Richard John Neuhaus was still Lutheran, I was invited to a *First Things* seminar. Tom Derr at Smith College had given Richard a copy of my book *First Things*, and he was taken with it – though he wasn’t in accord with everything I was putting in place in that book. I became one of the “family” that came to form around the *colloquia* run by Richard in New York. It was the most remarkable seminar I had ever been involved in.

One day I leaned back and thought, *God, I really love these guys.* Nothing was ever lost with them. You might have said something that would be brought back years later. Bob Jensen might say, “Hadley made this argument three years ago.” Everyone listened. No one forgot anything. Richard had the ability to bring in people who often weren’t in the same room together, people quite at odds on the politics of the day; and yet we came together with civility and for a serious, penetrating conversation.

I remember when Richard came into the Church at [the seminary of the Archdiocese of New York in] Dunwoodie [Yonkers, N.Y.]. Cardinal [John] O’Connor must have looked at those of us gathered there and wondered what kind of family Neuhaus was bringing into the Church. But I recall Cardinal O’Connor’s memorable



## ANNALS CRYPTIC CROSSWORD No. 28



### ACROSS CLUES

1. Do these mathematical figures put the pope's advisers to sleep? (8,7)
8. Include sailor season (3,4)
10. Incorrectly named Sumatran city (5)
11. It flies wrong panel to devastated Nepal (5)
12. After queen returns with ringer, ten northerners start uprising (9)
13. Boy the German used to climb with (6)
14. Slaughter in the service area (8)
17. Where sub may be found during thunder season? (8)
19. Regularly call at padres to get some sacrificial tables (6)
22. Just after Advent, Smith's car is damaged (9)
24. Company lieutenant's guns (5)
26. Athenian statesman soon seen around central England (5)
27. A name is misspelt due to forgetfulness (7)
28. National poll for army officer? (7,8)

### DOWN CLUES

1. Titleholder to munch noisily on mashed potatoes and spring onions (5)
2. Communist worker and media boss show how a thief may be caught in the act (9)
3. Changes some changes to 19 across (6)
4. One man overturns ban about one from Windhoek and thereabouts (8)
5. Old emus made into spacecraft components (7)

6. A feeling of listlessness for untidy nun in East Indies (5)
7. Assist Len to become resistant to rust (9)
9. Administer extreme unction inside German electorate (5)
13. Lunch includes a gin cocktail when shooting into space (9)
15. Burn the French son of Philip (7)
16. Breaking nail after school period may be fatal (8)
18. Some trust Leroy to conceal stock-taker (7)
20. Los Angeles convict in charge uses very few words (7)
21. Is tragic king to turn up here? (6)
23. Rinse out some varnish ingredient (5)
25. Blemish of a converted saint (5)

### SOLUTION TO CRYPTIC NO. 27



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line: "Richard, you don't deserve this – any more than I deserve to be here ministering to you."

*I know that you have family that don't understand your decision. How have you tried to explain your decision to them?*

The question I posed to one of my cousins was: Why is the Jewish atheist in the family not thought to have left the Jewish people, but the Jewish Catholic,

who affirms the God of Israel is thought to have left? Why aren't the same questions posed against the people in the family who scoff at the religious? If it's a matter mainly of being a member of the tribe, I'm still as much a member of the tribe as anyone else. If it's a matter of affirming the God of Israel and his laws, I've been closer to that as a Catholic than I was in many of the synagogues and services I attended.

*So you see your Catholicism as a fulfillment of your Judaism?*

Yes. It's strange that people are so distant that they don't see or understand the continuity. Cardinal [Jean-Marie] Lustiger [of Paris] famously said that when he became a Catholic he did not abandon the Jewish people. Those who do understand the connection have understood at once what I've meant when

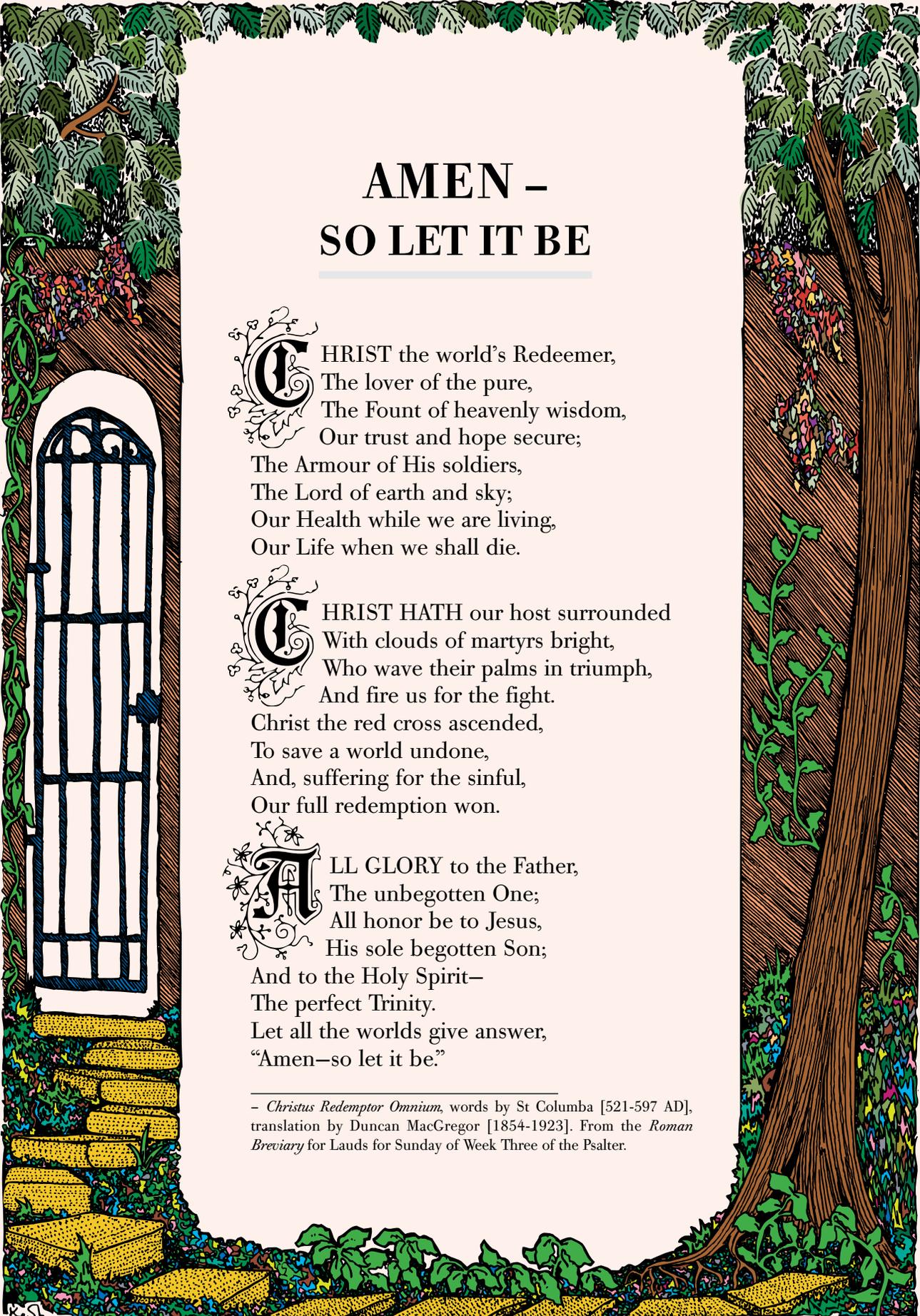
I've said that I've not left the Jewish people or repudiated the Jewish tradition.

Most Jews are not orthodox. In most cases, it's that sense of connection to things Jewish, even quite detached from religiosity. But that reduces the matter, then, to the ethnic or racial connection – the sense, again, of being a member of the tribe.

When Jewishness is understood in that way, a serious religious engagement is not required. And that is why the "Jewish atheist" is still accepted as Jewish. And for some of these people, I'm afraid, their Jewishness does not inhere in a commitment to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, but mainly, decisively, a rejection of Christianity, even though it is still, with the Christians, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. In Judaism there is already an expectation of a Messiah and a virgin birth. In the case of Jesus, we have an empirical record and witnesses: Men rather hardened, skeptical, not easily taken in, witnessed what took place and touched his wounds. And as my friend Bob Bork remarked, if Jesus really had died and came back from the dead ... well, certain implications flow from that.

My Catholic friends did not try aggressively to proselytize and convert me. When one or two of them actually made the case or earnestly asked me to consider coming over, I didn't take offense, for there was a need to understand them as they understood themselves. They were trying to put before me the case that there was a serious truth to consider. It was never a posture of Catholic aggressiveness on their part. And the best stance for them to take is simply to help people to understand the continuities. As my friend Michael Novak remarked, to be Catholic one has to be at least Jewish.

Tim Drake is a senior columnist with The National Catholic Register. He writes from St. Joseph, Minnesota. Reprinted with permission.



## AMEN – SO LET IT BE

**C**HRIST the world's Redeemer,  
The lover of the pure,  
The Fount of heavenly wisdom,  
Our trust and hope secure;  
The Armour of His soldiers,  
The Lord of earth and sky;  
Our Health while we are living,  
Our Life when we shall die.

**C**HRIST HATH our host surrounded  
With clouds of martyrs bright,  
Who wave their palms in triumph,  
And fire us for the fight.  
Christ the red cross ascended,  
To save a world undone,  
And, suffering for the sinful,  
Our full redemption won.

**A**LL GLORY to the Father,  
The unbegotten One;  
All honor be to Jesus,  
His sole begotten Son;  
And to the Holy Spirit—  
The perfect Trinity.  
Let all the worlds give answer,  
“Amen—so let it be.”

— *Christus Redemptor Omnium*, words by St Columba [521-597 AD],  
translation by Duncan MacGregor [1854-1923]. From the *Roman*  
*Breviary* for Lauds for Sunday of Week Three of the Psalter.

### *Four hundred years of King James's English Bible. Part IV*

# THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND THE BIBLE

*By Paul Stenhouse, MSC*

**I**T SHOULD NOT be necessary, in 2011, to convince any rational being of the respect and awe in which the Catholic Church holds the Sacred Scriptures. Yet the legend that Martin Luther had never seen a Bible, and came across a copy only by chance in the library of the University of Erfurt around 1507<sup>1</sup> – the year of his ordination – still circulates in fundamentalist circles. The usual form the fiction takes, following John Maltheusius, a disciple of Luther who lodged for many years in his house, is as follows:

‘Luther was often in the Library of the university; one day as he examined the books one after another in order to learn to know the good, he came across the Latin Bible that he had never seen before, ever in his life.’<sup>2</sup>

In Luther’s day, as in ours, the book of the Gospels was carried in procession to the altar at Solemn Masses, incensed by the priest before he proclaimed it, and then kissed by him reverently afterwards – or taken by him to the presiding bishop who would then kiss it.

The Old and New Testaments are read, both at daily Mass and in the daily Office said by priests – in our day as in Martin Luther’s – and even sung in monastic communities.

As for the likelihood that Luther never saw a Bible until the year he was ordained a priest we can safely make our own the reaction of Dr Maitland, librarian in the 19<sup>th</sup> century to the Archbishop of Canterbury, keeper of the MSS at Lambeth and not a Catholic:

‘We can only lament the pitiable ignorance of the writer who could repeat such nonsense.’<sup>3</sup>

Luther had been studying William of Occam, Duns Scotus, St Bonaventure and St Thomas Aquinas, and it would



have been impossible to do so without being aware of the Latin Bible. Moreover, what credibility can be attached to the word of John Maltheusius who says of himself that

‘... having been brought up among the papists until he was twenty five years of age, he had never heard, in any of their churches, any mention of the ten commandments, the Creed, the Lord’s Prayer, or Baptism.’<sup>4</sup>

Maitland comments: ‘I think we can let such an ‘authority’ say what he pleases of Luther or anybody else.’<sup>5</sup>

There are no fewer than nine printed editions of German translations of the Bible extant, that date from before 1483 the year Luther was born.

There are at least three other editions before 1500, and another eighteen other printed editions that

antedate Luther’s translation finished in 1534.

It also should be noted that Luther evidently had the German Bible published in Nuremberg in 1483 by Anthon Koburger before him when he was translating his own Bible, for he borrowed ‘whole phrases and sentences’ from this version, thought to be the work of Nicholas Syber, a Canon of Eisenbach.<sup>6</sup>

If it hadn’t been for the Catholic Church’s scrupulous care for the textual integrity of her written Tradition – the New Testament – it would never have been handed down faithfully over sixteen hundred years only to fall into the hands of men who repaid the Church by repudiating her and the authority of the Bishop of Rome. In the process, they almost certainly were oblivious of the disastrous long term consequences of severing the New Testament from its older sister – unwritten Apostolic and Catholic Tradition.

St Polycarp [69-155] however was in no doubt of the place the Scriptures held in the Church, when he wrote to the Philippians,

‘I am confident that you are well read in the Holy Scriptures.’<sup>7</sup>

Nor was St Jerome [347-420], who translated the Old and New Testaments

## Verging on the Ridiculous

**W**E HAVE been accustomed for nearly four centuries to the phraseology of Tyndale’s translation, with some of its more flagrant faults corrected; and we do not see, in what remains unaltered, very much of the peculiar philosophy which animated Tyndale himself. ... For, in truth, in his utter antagonism to Church authority Tyndale, besides propagating opinions which went to maintain uncontrolled despotism in the State, does occasionally verge in other matters on the ridiculous. His great book entitled *The Obedience of a Christian Man*, ... propounds a social theory which was not only revolutionary as regards the existing state of things, but was quite as unpractical in some of its aspects as Plato’s Republic.

— James Gairdner, *Lollardy and the Reformation in England: An Historical Survey*, Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London, 1908, vol.ii, p. 379. Gairdner was not a Catholic.

into Latin, in any doubt that the Scriptures could be abused by ignorant or foolish people. He even warned the Catholics of his day, in his reflections on the Prophet Isaiah,

‘The Sacred Scriptures which the Lord gave to be read [quas Dominus legendas dedit] became for them [the heretics] an occasion of error.’<sup>8</sup>

The Book of the Holy Gospels was solemnly enthroned in the royal chair set among the seats of the bishops at the Council held in Nicaea in 325. Reference was made to ‘the Gospel present before us,’ and St Athanasius did not think that Eutyches would dare dispute the truth of his words ‘in the presence of the Holy Gospels.’<sup>9</sup>

St John Chrysostom [349-407], in his *Concerning the Usefulness of reading the Scriptures*, comments on how widespread knowledge of the Scriptures was in his day:

‘Were you to go to the West, and pass thence to the Isles of Britain; were you to sail on the Black Sea or even to the countries to the north everywhere you would hear all the folk whom you met with to be learned in the wisdom of the Scriptures. In language they would be different; in Faith the same; in speech they might be at variance, in mind they would be in harmony with us.’<sup>10</sup>

Pope Gregory the Great [590-604], who sent St Augustine to convert the English told the following story of an illiterate man and the Scriptures during a homily he preached on St Luke’s Gospel 8,4-15 in the Basilica of St Paul Outside the Walls, in Rome, one Sexagesima Sunday during his Pontificate:

‘Under the porch by which people pass into the Church of San Clemente in Rome there used to be a poor man named Servulus whom many of you knew, as well as I, who in his poverty was rich in good works and whom a long drawn out illness had disabled. From the springtime of his youth until his old age he lay paralysed. What am I saying – that he couldn’t stand? He could not even sit up in bed – he couldn’t even sit. He couldn’t put his hand to his mouth; he could not even turn from one side to the other. His mother and brother helped him, and whatever alms he received, he gave away through their hands, to the poor. He never learnt to read, but he bought some scrolls of Holy Scripture and got devout people to whom he

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showed kindness, to read them to him continuously. The result was that, as much as he was able, he learnt the Scriptures well, and, as I said, he could not read at all.<sup>11</sup>

Coming to the British Isles, we would do well to heed Dr Maitland's warning: He had heard of a traveller at an inn who wished to look out and see if it was day; and who returned to bed thinking it was still night, because he was in the dark himself. Instead of opening the window, he had opened the glass door of a cupboard.

'And I must say that in trusting to the representations of some popular writers, you will be doing much the same thing.'<sup>12</sup>

Anglo-Saxon Church canons dating from 970 obliged Catholic priests before they be permitted to be ordained, to possess the following arms that they needed for their spiritual struggle.

'These are the holy books: The Book of Psalms, the Book of the Epistles, the Book of the Gospels, the Missal, the Book of Chants, the Manuale, the Numerale, the Passionale, the Penitentiale,<sup>13</sup> and the Lectionary. A priest needs these books and cannot do without them if he wishes to carry out his duties properly and teach his people the [canon] law that applies to them. He should take particular care that these books are accurately written.'<sup>14</sup>

Canon xxiii goes on to oblige the priest

'on Sundays and Feastdays to explain the meaning of the Gospel to the people in English, and, as often as he can, to rouse men to believe and to practise their Christian Faith. The teacher must beware of what the Prophet says: 'dumb dogs. They cannot bark'. We have to bark, and preach to the lay people lest it happen,

through lack of our teaching, that they be lost. In his Gospel Christ used to say to the unwise teachers: 'If a blind person leads another blind person, both fall into the ditch.' An illiterate teacher is blind, and he misleads the laity by his ignorance. Beware of him, as your priestly office requires.'<sup>15</sup>

Around 1170, John, Abbot of the Monastery of Baugercy in the diocese of Tours, wrote to Geoffrey sub-prior of the Monastery of St Barbara in Normandy. At the end of it he asked Geoffrey to admonish a monk, Peter Mangot, 'about buying a bible'. The monk had obtained permission to found a monastery and perhaps his principal concerns were with builders, and finding the money to pay them. What follows is taken from Geoffrey's letter to the monk Peter:

'A monastery without a library<sup>16</sup> (sine armario) is like a castle without an armoury (sine armamentario). Our library is our armoury. Thence it is that we bring forth the sentences of the Divine Law, like sharp arrows, to attack the enemy. Thence we take the armour of righteousness, the helmet of salvation, the shield of faith, and the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God. See to it, therefore, that in your armoury of defence that which is the great defence of all the other defences is not wanting. That defence is the Holy Bible, wherein is contained the right rule of life and manners. There, each sex and every age finds what is profitable. There, spiritual infancy finds that whereby it may grow, youth that which may strengthen it, age that which may support it – a blessed hand which ministers to all, whereby all may be saved. If therefore you have taken care to provide armoury for this warfare, you will have nothing to do but to say to him, 'Take thine arms and thy

shield, and arise to my help.' Farewell – and take care that the Bible, which no monastery should be without, is bought.'<sup>17</sup>

The Earl of Lichfield possessed a copy of the Gospel of St John that was found in the tomb of St Cuthbert who died in 687. St Cuthbert was the patron saint of Northern England in Catholic times.

In the British Museum there is a MS on vellum of a French translation of the Bible which was found in the tent of the French king, John II when he was captured on September 19, 1356, after the battle of Poitiers.<sup>18</sup>

It would tire the patience of our readers to add further testimony to what is a self-evident truth. Perhaps some of the above may help lay to rest claims that the Catholic Church kept the Bible from the people, discouraged people from reading it or hearing its message, and feared growth in knowledge of its message. As usual, the contrary was the truth.

*Next Month:* Part V: The Manifesto of Reform

1. See Melchior Adam [1575-1622] *Vitae Germanorum Theologorum*, p.103.: 'Lutherus incidit in exemplar Latinorum Bibliarum quae nunquam antea viderat': quoted Merle d'Aubigne, *Record* Newspaper, December 12, 1844. See S.R.Maitland, *The Dark Ages*, John Hodges, London, 1890 p.542
2. *ibid.*
3. *op.cit* p. 547.
4. *ibid.* p.548.
5. *ibid.*
6. Edward Swarbreck Hall, *Who translated the Bible?* William Fletcher, Hobart Town, 1875 p.281-283.
7. Ad Philippenses, xii. For the original text see *The Apostolic Fathers*, vol.I, Trans. Bart. D. Ehrman, Harvard University Press, 2003 p.349.
8. In Isaiam, xxii, 6. Migne, PL xxiv, S. Eusebii Hieronymi, Omnia Opera, Parisiis, 1845 Tomus IV<sup>us</sup> 313, col. 270
9. See Giovanni Domenico Mansi, *Sacrorum Conciliorum nova et amplissima collectio*, [31 vols.], vi, 730, 782, 726, 763.
10. Quoted Hugh Pope, OP, *The Catholic Church and the Bible*, Burns, Oates and Washbourne, London, 1928, p.38.
11. Homiliarum in Evangelia, Lib.I, hom. xv.Migne, PL LXXVI, Sancti Gregorii Papae I Omnia Opera, Parisiis, 1849, tomus II<sup>us</sup>, §1491,5, col. 1133, 1134.
12. S.R.Maitland, *op.cit* p.26. Maitland was not a Catholic.
13. The *Manuale* [probably the Ritual, for administering the Sacraments, and Sacramentals], the *Numerale* [A liturgical Calendar with all the feasts for the year, and their respective Number which helps determine when the moveable feast occur], the *Passionale* [the Martyrology, with lives of the Martyrs and Saints and readings for Passion week], the *Penitentiale* [Guidance for hearing confessions and penances that were appropriate].
14. David Wilkins, *Concilia Magnae Britanniae et Hiberniae quattuor voluminibus comprehensa*, Londini, 1737, vol.i, Canoness Aelfrici, can. xxi, p.252.
15. *ibid.* p.253.
16. 'Armarium' really means a receptacle [attached to a wall] – in this case to hold books. Hence 'library'.
17. See *The Dark Ages – A Series of Essays extended to illustrate the state of Religion and Literature in the ninth, tenth, eleventh and twelfth centuries*, by S.R. Maitland, John Hodges, London, 1890,p.230.
18. Kenelm Henry Digby, *Morus*, 1826, p.202.

## Not discontented with Catholicism

THERE IS no reason to suppose that the nation as a body was discontented with the old religion. Facts point to the opposite conclusion. Had it been so, Queen Mary, whose attachment to the Faith of her mother was well known, would never have been permitted to mount the throne, or have found the task comparatively easy, seeing that the Reformers under Edward VI had been suffered to have their own way unchecked, and to displace from honour and influence all who opposed their religious principles.

— J. S. Brewer, *The Reign of Henry VIII from his accession to the death of Wolsey*, John Murray, London, 1884, vol.ii, p.469. Brewer was not a Catholic.

*'We have less reverence for God than the pagans of old'*

## IF YOU WILL THE END, YOU WILL THE MEANS

By Kenelm Henry Digby

THAT HEROIC King James, of Scotland, who fell in Flodden Field, had been buried in the Monastery of Sheen in Surrey. Now, on the dissolution of that house, in the reign of Edward VI, the corpse had been thrown among some rubbish into a waste room, where some workmen for pleasure hewed off its head; and Queen Elizabeth's glazier kept it in his house in Wood street, London, on account of its sweetness and singular appearance.

Let it not be said that I bring forward cases of outrage committed in the moment of popular fury, and that had nothing to do with the spirit and principles of what was then the new philosophy.

It is not so; for it was the spirit of this philosophy which led to these very instances and the advocate of its principles was answerable for them, and what is more, was perfectly willing to be so.

Had the instance just related been proposed in any general assembly of enlightened moderns, the very most that could have been expected would be the acknowledgment that it might indicate somewhat of bad taste; but even this poor concession would have been made in a tone and a form that plainly implied they granted it more from compliance with a certain old custom of speech than from the dictate of their principles, and they might have been censured, as the Epicureans of old were by Cicero, for their inconsistency in shrinking from declaring openly the full length to which their opinions led.

And as to the destruction of churches, abbeys, and chapels, which took place that our Lord's service might not be served nor said, and the purposes to which they were and

are still applied – of wine cellars, or bridewells, or sheds for cattle, or to whatever else the publican, or the magistrate, or the farmer, or the nobleman who is the proprietor, may think them applicable – I must

observe that here again is an instance in which we have less reverence for God than the pagans of old.

– Kenelm Henry Digby, *Morus*, Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown & Green, London, 1826, pp.116,117.

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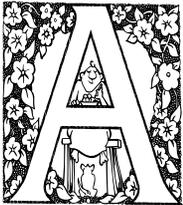


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*Confronting the Darkness with Light.*

## EXORCISM

*By* Wanda Skowronska



SEMINAR for exorcists, priests and psychologists was held in Sydney on March 7-8, 2011. This gathering was organised by Bishop Porteous and brought together around 25 priests, 2 Anglican ministers and 3 lay psychologists [of whom I was one]. There were psychologists among the priests who have worked in a wide range of ministries. Priests came from far afield –some from Queensland, Wagga Wagga and New Zealand.

Fr Jose Fortea, a Spanish exorcist, conducted the seminar over 2 days in conference rooms at Mary MacKillop Place in North Sydney. Fr Fortea is a theology graduate of Navarre University in Spain and wrote his thesis on theological aspects of exorcism and he gives a fascinating explanation of his subject in his book *Interview with an Exorcist* [2006]. He is regarded as an expert on demonology, has been trained by renowned Vatican exorcist Fr Gabriele Amorth and is currently completing a doctorate on the subject of exorcism and the church. He has been a practising exorcist for over 20 years and people come from many countries to seek his help.

In the seminar Fr Fortea explained that he sees his role as exorcist as that of a ‘father’ and ‘healer.’<sup>1</sup> He has taken years to examine in depth the theological and practical issues surrounding exorcism and said he ‘needed years to simplify the task.’ His approach is to have people who are suspected of having some demonic influence and who seek his help, come with someone to his church for Mass and to remain afterwards.

After Mass Fr Fortea locks the doors of the church and with the [often large] group which stays behind he prays with them and over them one by one

and as part of his prayer, he speaks in the name of Christ saying ‘I command you to manifest yourself.’ He stated that during this time most of those afflicted with demonic influence will manifest signs of such influence as he prays over them – this may entail a sudden change of personality, changes of voice, rage, twitching, aversion to the prayer or some insulting words.

Sometimes the manifestation is subtle and might only be detected after several prayer sessions. That is, rather than being ‘apertus’ [‘open’] there is a ‘clausus’ [‘hidden’] demonic influence.

From his experience Fr Fortea has learned to observe all the reactions to prayer – sometimes the ‘clausus’ influence is manifested as a grimace, sudden nausea, movement of the hands or a sudden physical pain – and may take several sessions to be revealed. There are also rare cases of very hidden, secretive demons – ‘abditii’ – whose presence is even harder to detect.

Often the person afflicted notices that there has been a total change in the way of life and attitudes and an aversion to the spiritual and ‘odd’ things have happened. Though it take some considerable time in the end even this demon cannot help but reveal his presence.

Having discerned who needs assistance Fr Fortea then makes appointments to conduct an exorcism personally [with the help of people

praying in the church and other helpers present].

In some cases he sends people to be assessed by a psychiatrist or psychologist. He has invited the latter to his group prayer and exorcism sessions and has built up a team around him to assist in a variety of situations as he always works with a team. He seeks quiet prayerful helpers and excludes emotional, theatrical types of people from these groups as they are not helpful.

Fr Fortea says he never omits to pray for each person who comes to him – he has prayed over someone afflicted with schizophrenia before and after sending that person for assessment, even though that person was *not* demonically influenced.

He adds that it is possible for a person to have both mental health problems and have demonic influence at the same time but usually there is a distinction between the two.

He explained that demonic influence is clearly referred to in the Scriptures several times and it is distinct from purely organic illness as in Luke’s Gospel when it is said ‘he gave them power and authority over all demons, and to heal diseases.’ [Luke 9:1].

Cases of total possession [such as portrayed in the film ‘The Exorcist’] are rare. This is the situation where a demon resides in a human body and can move and speak using the organs of the body without the person being able to prevent it.

The demon never possesses the soul of the afflicted person – it is body which is ‘taken over.’ Fr Fortea explained that there are many more situations involving *demonic influence*. Demonic influence can be external or internal.

We all are subject to external demonic influence as long as we live on earth and our best defence against this is a life of grace, frequenting the sacraments and prayer – these defences are very real and



necessary against the principalities and subtle powers we do not see.

Internal demonic influence covers that range of states that used to be described by ‘oppression’ and ‘obsession’ rather than full ‘possession’ and Fr Fortea says the term ‘demonic influence’ is that more often used by exorcists nowadays.

Internal demonic influence can come about through involvement in the occult, participating in black magic, New Age or in some cases, through unknown circumstances. He says that he has come to realise that for certain individuals, internal demonic influence can even be a ‘vocation’ whose suffering leads them and their families to a greater love of God.

Fr Fortea says that exorcism should be a normal part of priestly ministry and went through a book entitled ‘Manual of Minor exorcism’ which has been specifically put together for priests by Bishop Porteous.

The Rite of Major Exorcism, however, is that which is done with the permission of the local Bishop by a priest designated as ‘exorcist’ for the diocese. Fr Fortea spoke of the need to promote and develop the ministry in Australia and New Zealand for here, as elsewhere in the world, there is an increasing need for it. He said sometimes it is difficult to convince others of the spiritual realities and the need for exorcism but this has always been a part of the church’s mission and still remains so. He says, however, that the sacrament of Confession ‘is a divine gift greater than exorcism’ for exorcism drives the demon from the person’s body whereas confession drives out evil from the soul.<sup>2</sup>

He said it is not necessary to ask a person to convert to Catholicism before they come for an exorcism. He has had Muslim imams refer afflicted people to Catholic priests in England as the imams felt they could do nothing with them.

Fr Fortea says that the Muslims are asked to ‘pray to God’ to allow the natural law and the power of the exorcism prayer to work. However, he does ask that the person exorcised be living what is generally understood to be a ‘moral life.’

If people are ‘living in sin’ he said it is necessary, without using shock tactics, to explain gently that they must change

## Reluctant to speak out?

CONSIDER, my dear brethren, consider carefully what our Lord says: ‘Pray therefore the Lord of the harvest to send out labourers into his harvest.’ You should pray for us to be given the strength to do the work that you deserve, that we should not be slow to exhort. If we do this, then we shall not find that we have accepted the office of preachers only to stand condemned in the sight of the just judge by our own reluctance to speak. For preachers are often prevented from speaking because of their own wickedness; on the other hand it is also often the fault of those in their care that leaders are deprived of the opportunity to preach.

— Pope St Gregory the Great [590-604 AD] Homily, 17, 3ff. Quoted *The Roman Breviary*, Second Reading at Matins for Saturday in the 27<sup>th</sup> Week of the Year.

their situation. Fr Fortea stressed that this must be done or the exorcism has little effect. This discussion with the afflicted person can be the beginning of a longer term catechesis and moral conversion. In each case Fr Fortea appoints a ‘godmother’ or ‘godfather’ to take especial care of the person in the times outside the exorcism and he has had considerable success in such situations.

Major exorcism should be conducted in a quiet place, so that yelling and other loud noises will not disturb those in the vicinity. If much movement starts, Fr Fortea asks the angels [yes, literally the angels] present in the room to help ‘hold’ the person and he has a mattress nearby for the person to fall on.

He says the help of angels is always forthcoming. He says that there is a popular perception that a demonically influenced person can recount an exorcist’s sins but he has found that the demon gets it all wrong – an indication that the demon is not permitted by God to know everything.

Sometimes a demon will even say ‘that’s not relevant’ to a question. Fr Fortea also states that anger towards a demon has no effect – it is prayer, grace and love which greatly afflicts the demon and finally causes him to leave.

Fr Fortea spoke of the importance of the crucifix and holy water and the profound significance of these in the exorcism. Once early in his exorcism work Fr Fortea recalled that all the water in his parish had frozen during a very cold winter and that one particular day he had no liquid water to bless in the room where he was.

In desperation he blessed some handy lemonade in liquid form to use as ‘holy water’. Somehow the exorcism did not progress well. Commanding an answer from the demon in the name of

Christ for why this was so, the demon told him that the lemonade was not as effective as water itself – which points to the importance of the meaning of the symbol – *the purity of water* was of core significance.

Fr Fortea also added that once water or salt is blessed, there cannot be ‘extra’ added to it by ‘exorcising’ it – the exorcism is in the original blessing.

It was a great privilege for the lay psychologists sitting in on this gathering of priests [a number of whom were exorcists] to hear the Rite of Major Exorcism explained and to hear Fr Fortea’s reasoned, knowledgeable responses to the questions asked. Despite the reactions the topic of exorcism arouses, Fr Fortea says ‘a priest should pray without fear’ and speaks of exorcism as a ‘beautiful’ manifestation of the power of God.

He adds that ‘the best way to do the exorcism is to forget the demon’ and ‘to act in the moment of God’ adding that Christ ‘has knocked on the door to ask your help.’ He stresses the healing nature of the prayers and the entire rite.

While many think of the exorcism as a confrontation with demons – in the end he reminded his listeners, the principal purpose of the exorcism is not to cast out the demon but the put *the light of Christ inside the heart of that person*, in a deep encounter with Christ himself. When the light of Christ comes into the person, all darkness has to go.

1. Quotations are from personal notes taken by the writer during the conference.

2. Fr Jose Fortea *Interview with an Exorcist* [Pennsylvania: Ascension Press, 2006], 70.

WANDA SKOWRONSKA is a registered psychologist who works as a counsellor in inner city schools in Sydney. She has done voluntary work for the Catholic pro life organisation Human Life International. She writes regularly for Annals.

*Whose fault will it be if you don't keep your word  
— or if your program does not succeed?*

## WHAT HAPPENED TO ACCOUNTABILITY?

*By* Mark Salter



IN THIS AGE of “mistakes were made” and “I can’t say with certitude,” a reminder of a time when accountability was an essential virtue of leadership arrived with the 67th anniversary of D-Day.

The day before the greatest armada ever assembled set sail for the coast of Normandy, Gen. Dwight David Eisenhower walked among the men of the 101st Airborne Division, who were boarding the aircraft that would drop them behind German lines in advance of the landings, where many of them would die. Cheerful, seemingly at ease, he asked their names and hometowns and what they had done for a living before the war. One young paratrooper stopped just as he was boarding his plane, turned around and snapped a salute to the Supreme Allied Commander, who returned it smartly and flashed a smile. Then Eisenhower turned away and wept.

Allied casualties in the initial landings were expected to run as high as 75 percent. The odds of success were believed to be no better than the odds of failure. Winston Churchill had confessed his doubts to Eisenhower that the invasion would result in anything more than the destruction of the “flower” of English and American youth.

The invasion had been scheduled for June 5 but had to be postponed because of gale-force winds and dense cloud cover. At 4:15 in the morning of the 5th, after receiving a report from his meteorologist that there might be a brief window of bearable weather the following morning, and consulting his senior commanders — who were divided — Eisenhower paced the floor in silence, chain smoking, for five minutes before lifting his head and ordering, “OK, let’s go.” Until he had commanded the U.S. invasion of North Africa and,

later, the Allied Expeditionary Force in Europe, “Ike” had never held a combat command.

The heavy burdens of his command were plainly evident in his behavior. Eisenhower drank 15 to 20 cups of coffee and smoked four packs of cigarettes a day. He had high blood pressure and migraines. He suffered from insomnia, so he often worked through the night.

Ike had a bad temper, but he never complained or gave the slightest impression he thought he deserved anyone’s sympathy. He disliked flattery and had no use for the perquisites of high command. He had been given a mansion as his quarters, and rejected it for a modest two-bedroom house in a London suburb. Only to his wife did he write of his loneliness and doubts. “No man can always be right,” he told her. “So the struggle is to do one’s best.”

His statement to his troops was broadcast at every embarkation point, ending confidently with an assurance of success:

“I have full confidence in your courage, devotion to duty and skill in battle. We will accept nothing less than full victory! And let us beseech the blessing of Almighty God upon this great and noble undertaking.”

In his shirt pocket, he carried another statement. He had written it alone, and informed no one of its contents:

“Our landings . . . have failed to gain a satisfactory foothold and I have withdrawn the troops. My decision to attack at this time and place was based on the best information available. The troops, the air, and the Navy did all that bravery and devotion to duty could do. If any blame or fault attaches to the attempt it is mine alone.”

Some hours later, off Omaha Beach, the commander of the invasion force, Gen. Omar Bradley, looked through

binoculars at what he believed was an ensuing disaster. Allied bombers had missed the enemy pillboxes and artillery, which were chewing up the first wave of American soldiers, who sought the only cover they could find — sand mounds created by enemy shells. Then they got up and pushed ahead and scaled the cliffs and destroyed their country’s enemies.

Eisenhower wouldn’t need his statement claiming sole responsibility for a disaster that would have cost him his command and likely meant a return home in disgrace. An aide rescued it from the wastepaper basket Eisenhower had tossed it in.

On June 7, Ike crossed the English Channel to observe the follow-up landings. He asked the British skipper to bring the ship closer to the beach. The ship ran aground; knocking Eisenhower and several other senior officers to the deck.

When he returned to his base, Eisenhower wrote the British sea lord, taking responsibility for the incident and asking that the skipper not be punished for following his orders.

As America begins its quadrennial election of a Commander-in-Chief amid war and economic hardship, can we expect to find among the aspirants someone who will hold himself or herself to such a strict standard of accountability? Probably not.

Times have changed. We will ask for promises, and promises will be made. But we should ask every candidate one question before any other. Whose fault will it be if you don’t keep your word — or if your program does not succeed? If we don’t insist on an unqualified answer, then the blame will be ours.

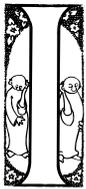
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Mark Salter is the former chief of staff to Senator John McCain

*'The gigantic task which Lingard set himself... of writing the complete history of England, over seventeen hundred years, from original sources... was an unparalleled achievement.'*<sup>1</sup>

## THE SHAMEFUL NEGLECT OF JOHN LINGARD

*By* Tony Evans



IF YOU possess one of those older hymn books – for example ‘The Living Parish’ series, full of old favourites – and turn to the hymns to Our Lady, number 104, you will surely recognise the much loved, ‘Hail Queen of Heaven, the ocean star, Guide of the wanderer here below, etc.’

It contains a fervent plea to Mary, reminding her that her son ‘has paid the price of our iniquity’ and ends each verse with the cry, either ‘Pray for the sinner’ or, ‘Pray for the wanderer, pray for me’. Unlike so many other pious hymns of the period, the poetry here has a particular quality, the words are skilfully chosen, and the sentiment hints that Mary is on our side, that she understands our situation. While theologically sound, it is also strongly comforting. This hymn was written, you may think, by someone not only holy, but also skilled in the use of language.

And you would be right. The name of the author in tiny print below the final stanza, is John Lingard [1771-1851].

Your curiosity aroused you may wonder who was this John Lingard? Certainly you are entitled to ask because although he was a priest and an historian of immense erudition and influence, a pioneer of forensic historiography based on private papers and archival sources; the author of a ten-volume *History of England* [seven editions over forty years]; and is described by one contemporary authority as ‘the greatest English historian of the second millennium’<sup>2</sup>, yet he is practically unknown today.

Ignored by modern publishers, history teachers, and leading historians alike, it is little exaggeration to say that Lingard has suffered a curious but shameful neglect in recent years, amounting to no less than prejudicial ostracism.

Professor Norman Davies, a leading British historian is an exception, he devotes several pages of his mammoth study entitled ‘*The Isles*’, to Lingard, attempting to reinstate him, praising his scholarship, and suggesting that students of history faced with this neglect in academia should demand to know why.

### One Slavery replaces Another

THE Roman Empire was antichristian not so much because of its official worship of Jupiter and Mars and the rest, but because it made its own power and greatness the supreme law and the only measure of its social action. Judged from this point of view, modern civilization is no less contrary to Christian principles than was that of antiquity. We have abolished idolatry and slavery, and some of the grosser forms of public immorality, but the essential idolatry - the worship of material power and wealth - is as strong as ever.

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

Davies’s work, and that of another eminent authority, Professor Edwin Jones<sup>3</sup>, may go some way to re-ignite interest in Lingard’s work, and in this year, the 160<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his death, we may yet see him restored to his rightful place in the pantheon of British historians.

Before tabling the evidence for his reinstatement we must place him in his times: Lingard was born in the ancient city of Winchester in 1771, of humble Catholic parents, an old recusant family. His father was a carpenter. The boy’s exceptional academic talents singled him out for higher education and at age eleven he was awarded a bursary by Bishop Challoner to enable him to study for the priesthood at the English College in Douai, France – the youngest entrant who even at that age displayed a precocious intelligence.

At that time the anti-Catholic penal laws effective since the Reformation, forbade the setting up of seminaries in England. English priests, educated abroad, were tolerated, but, like their flocks, were subject to various proscriptions. Lingard quickly mastered several languages which were to provide the necessary keys to unlocking his historical researches at a later date.

In his eleventh year at Douai, the French Revolution brought an end to the College. A mob attacked, and Lingard and his companions only managed to escape capture by a combination of luck and artifice.

On his return home to England in 1793, Lingard accepted a post for a short time as tutor in the recusant family of Lord Stourton. A year later

## Middle Class Religion

**M**ONASTERIES HAD been erected by kings and nobles in ancient times. Within their walls founders and benefactors had found a refuge and a quiet retreat, when, aged and sick of the violence of the world, war and the tournament offered them fascinations no longer. But the thriving middle classes, of this or of any other century, had no need of and no taste for such retreats. Their employments were not amidst the horrors and destructions of war, they were not absorbed in the search for a Holy Graal, or spiritual idealism of any kind. The pursuits of commerce are attended by no bitter remorse, no fears of blood, no spiritual wrestlings of wasted frames and bended knees, no knight-errantry for Heaven.'

— J. S. Brewer, *The Reign of Henry VIII from his accession to the death of Wolsey*, John Murray, London, 1884, vol.ii, pp.474-475.

he re-united with a group of ex-Douai students who took up residence at Crook Hall, near Durham. There he was appointed head of the schools of Natural and Moral Theology. He was ordained priest in York in 1795 and in 1808 the College moved to Ushaw where it became – and still exists as – the leading Catholic seminary in the north of England.

It was about this time that he published the first major work to bring him some fame and the respect of fellow scholars: *The History and Antiquities of the Anglo-Saxon Church*. He based his research on the original Anglo-Saxon and Latin documents of the time, and he avoided the charge of presenting a Catholic slant on events by using his name, but never his priestly title. His object was always to write the truth based on original sources and unbiased scholarship, and avoided controversy where possible. He explained:

*In my account of the Reformation, I must say much to shock Protestants' prejudices: and my only chance of being generally read by them depends on my having the reputation of a temperate writer. The good to be done is by writing a book which Protestants will read.<sup>24</sup>*

Lingard's exceptional intellectual gifts, and his holiness, were both noted by his superiors. He was offered prestigious appointments including the Presidency of Maynooth College in Ireland, and two bishoprics. But he declined all offers and confined himself

instead to pastoral work in the quiet rural parish of Hornby in Lancashire. There he remained in comparative obscurity for forty years, ministering to his little congregation, and spending much of his time writing his great 10-volume *History of England*.

There are many stories told of him as a country priest; his influential catechism classes, his humour, his absent-mindedness, and his friendly concern for all in the district. Widely known as 'the old doctor from whose door nobody was ever turned empty away'.<sup>25</sup> One close friend was the Anglican Rector, Mr Proctor, and when Lingard died in 1851, the non-Catholic

villagers of Hornby placed a memorial plaque in their church; a plaque which is still there.

As virtuous as Lingard's life was as a country priest, if that was all that we could find to say about him we could hardly justify the claims made above. Nor would the protests raised at his neglect by the contemporary historians, Professors Norman Davies and Edwin Jones, seem justified.

It is when we turn to his extraordinary achievement in the writing of *The History of England* – his methods, his diligence, his independent scholarship and his complete dedication to the truth, that we base our case for his reinstatement as 'the greatest historian of the second millennium.' [The greatest English historian of the first millennium is considered to be that other formidable Catholic writer, the Venerable Bede.]

Lingard's achievements must be measured against the dominant histories read, accepted, and revered in the nineteenth century. Thomas Carlyle, Lord Macaulay, David Hume, and G. M. Trevelyan, [and Gibbon earlier], were the superstars who, through their popular writings, created a picture of the English Nation which people most wanted to accept – a whig view, Protestant, united and nationalistic – a picture of triumph, national superiority and success.

These writers saw history in philosophical terms, and were careless with facts, seeing historical writing as an opportunity for fine, stylish literature. Macaulay, who is still published today in fresh editions, is read for his eloquence and compulsive story-telling, not for his accuracy. He did not check sources as Lingard did, and relied heavily on tradition, propriety and government propaganda. He dismissed Lingard's work and wrote sarcastically and inaccurately that Lingard's 'great fundamental rule of judging seems to be that the popular opinion cannot possibly be correct.'

Lingard's method was to base his narrative on original sources which he tracked down – not merely in England but from across Europe – he compared state papers in various languages with private correspondence between

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diplomats and Continental scholars, officials, and observers of events. His thoroughness and meticulous forensic system has been compared to the work of a detective or a trial lawyer. Very often, by digging behind the scenes he was able to show how state papers [on which other historians may have relied] were often unreliable, merely reflecting the politically correct version of events. He would compare the reliability of two sources in a forensic, scientific approach. In this way he was able to uncover the truth and as a result his findings often differed sharply from the popular, oft-repeated accounts of key events in British history.

One of the distinctive features of Lingard's published history is the massive footnoting on nearly every page [sometimes occupying half the page] explaining where and how the information was found. Much of this material is as interesting to read as the main narrative above it. By this method Lingard cast new light on many key events, refuting the accepted accounts of, for example, the so-called 'Catholic conspiracy' behind the Massacre of St Bartholomew; the meretriciousness of Henry VIII in arguing for his first divorce from Catherine of Aragon; a more sober and fairer appraisal of Mary Tudor's reign [fairer to both Protestant and Catholic parties]; revealing the myth of the 'glorious' reign of Elizabeth I; the deliberate obfuscation of state papers by contemporary chroniclers in the Tudor Court; and the distorting of the reputation of Edmund Campion; the truth behind the last years of Mary Queen of Scots.

And Lingard also showed how the involvement of Catholics in the Gunpowder Plot was deliberately exaggerated to justify further restrictions on the practice of the Catholic religion. He also revealed the true origins of the Bayeux Tapestry – all accepted as fact by historians today, but highly contentious at the time of publication:

*'My object is truth' he wrote, 'and in the pursuit of truth I have made it a religious duty to consult the original historians [sources]. Who would draw from the troubled stream when he may drink at the fountain head?'*<sup>6</sup>

Lord Acton, Regius of Professor of History at Cambridge in 1895, stated that in his opinion 'Lingard was never wrong'.

All Lingard's revelations, so revolutionary at the time, are now uncontested if not commonplace, although he is never given the credit for his original work. After Lingard, the writing of history was turned upside down; he was a pioneer who set new standards, the father of modern historiography. Much of what he wrote has been vindicated by subsequent histories. No serious history is written now unless based on original source criticism. And yet Lingard is never acknowledged.

It is tempting to compare Lingard along with his near contemporary, John Henry Newman. Dissimilar in obvious ways, they were both holy men of prayer, controversialists, prolific writers of important works, and composers of popular hymns.

Both priests were made Cardinals towards the end of their lives; Newman reluctant to accept the honour, but finally did so; Lingard declined the honour believing that his elevation and the consequent publicity would

serve to weaken his reputation as an independent historian. His cardinalate was therefore kept secret – 'in petto'.

There has never been any popular support for the canonisation of John Lingard as there has with Newman. Lingard's life as a parish priest in a Lancashire country town was, to the casual observer, and even his immediate superiors, unremarkable. But this writer believes a strong case might be made for canonisation based on his contribution to uncovering the truth in history, his defence of the Church, his dedication and his holiness, his humility and, in spite of his great scholarship, his concern for the simple people in his care and his faithfulness to his priestly duties.

The patron saint of historians! What a fine role model he could become!

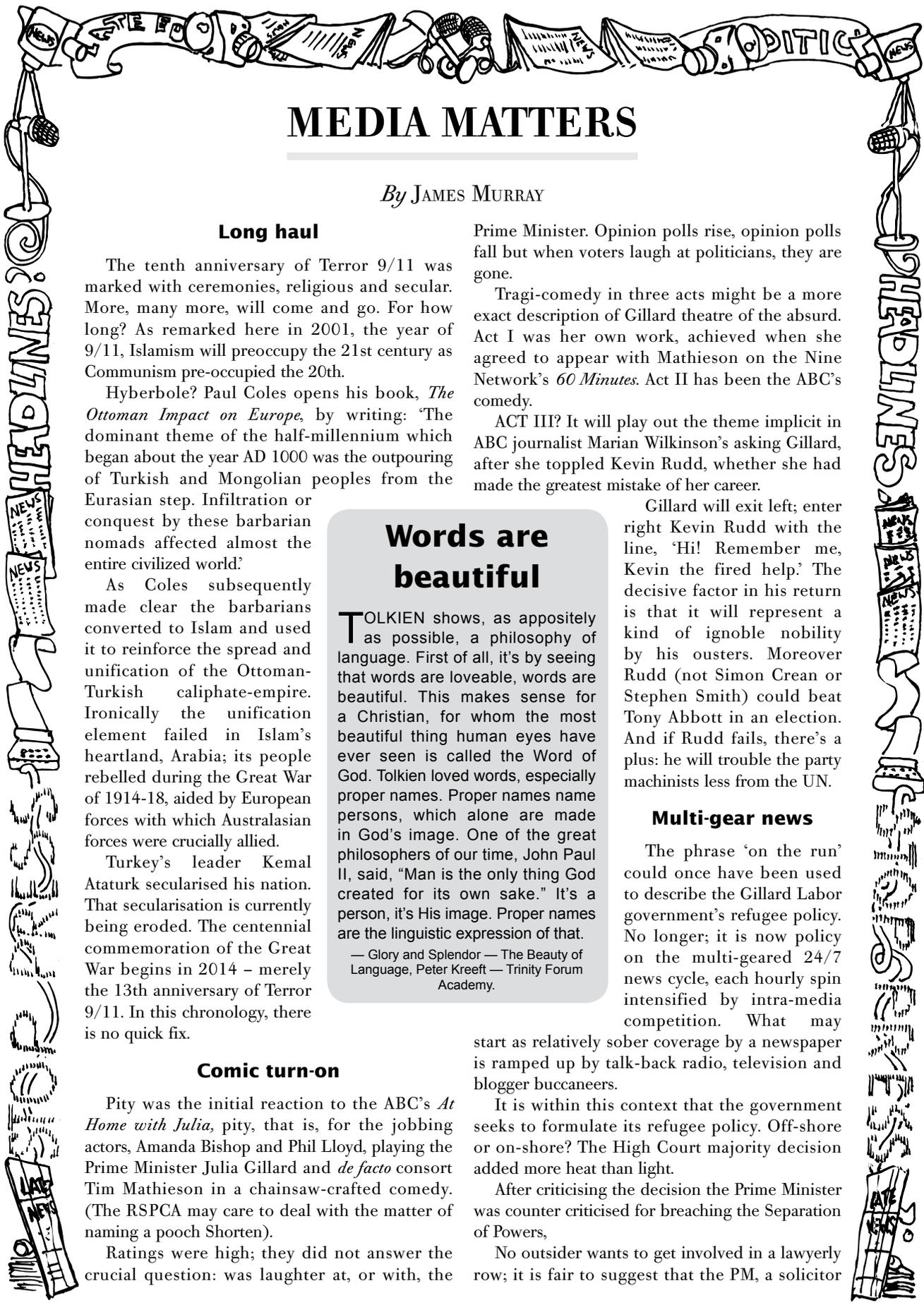
1. N. Davies, *The Isles*, Macmillan, 1999, p.519
2. *ibid*
3. E. Jones, *John Lingard and the Pursuit of Historical Truth*, Sussex Academic Press, 2001
4. *ibid.*
5. *ibid*
6. *ibid*

Tony Evans' latest biography, *William Wardell: Building with Conviction*, has been published recently by Connor Court.

## Passing on the Baton of Faith

**N**O IRRELIGIOUS man can know anything concerning the hidden saints. ... no one, religious or not, can detect them without attentive study of them. But, after all, say they are few, such high Christians; and what follows? They are enough to carry on God's noiseless work. The Apostles were such men; others might be named, in their several generations, as successors to their holiness. These communicate their light to a number of lesser luminaries, by whom, in its turn, it is distributed through the world; the first sources of illumination being all the while unseen, even by the majority of sincere Christians, – unseen as is that Supreme Author of Light and Truth, from whom all good primarily proceeds. A few highly-endowed men will rescue the world for centuries to come. Before now even one man has impressed an image on the Church, which, through God's mercy, shall not be effaced while time lasts. Such men... are placed upon their watch-tower, and light their beacons on the heights. Each receives and transmits the sacred flame, trimming it in rivalry of his predecessor, and fully purposed to send it on as bright as it has reached him; and thus the self-same fire, once kindled on Moriah, though seeming at intervals to fail, has at length reached us in safety, and will in like manner, as we trust, be carried forward even to the end.

— John Henry Cardinal Newman. 'Personal Influence, the Means of Propagating the Truth.' In *Oxford University Sermons* (Longman, Green, and Company, London & New York: 1900).



# MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

## Long haul

The tenth anniversary of Terror 9/11 was marked with ceremonies, religious and secular. More, many more, will come and go. For how long? As remarked here in 2001, the year of 9/11, Islamism will preoccupy the 21st century as Communism pre-occupied the 20th.

Hyberbole? Paul Coles opens his book, *The Ottoman Impact on Europe*, by writing: 'The dominant theme of the half-millennium which began about the year AD 1000 was the outpouring of Turkish and Mongolian peoples from the Eurasian step. Infiltration or conquest by these barbarian nomads affected almost the entire civilized world.'

As Coles subsequently made clear the barbarians converted to Islam and used it to reinforce the spread and unification of the Ottoman-Turkish caliphate-empire. Ironically the unification element failed in Islam's heartland, Arabia; its people rebelled during the Great War of 1914-18, aided by European forces with which Australasian forces were crucially allied.

Turkey's leader Kemal Ataturk secularised his nation. That secularisation is currently being eroded. The centennial commemoration of the Great War begins in 2014 – merely the 13th anniversary of Terror 9/11. In this chronology, there is no quick fix.

## Comic turn-on

Pity was the initial reaction to the ABC's *At Home with Julia*, pity, that is, for the jobbing actors, Amanda Bishop and Phil Lloyd, playing the Prime Minister Julia Gillard and *de facto* consort Tim Mathieson in a chainsaw-crafted comedy. (The RSPCA may care to deal with the matter of naming a pooch Shorten).

Ratings were high; they did not answer the crucial question: was laughter at, or with, the

Prime Minister. Opinion polls rise, opinion polls fall but when voters laugh at politicians, they are gone.

Tragi-comedy in three acts might be a more exact description of Gillard theatre of the absurd. Act I was her own work, achieved when she agreed to appear with Mathieson on the Nine Network's *60 Minutes*. Act II has been the ABC's comedy.

ACT III? It will play out the theme implicit in ABC journalist Marian Wilkinson's asking Gillard, after she toppled Kevin Rudd, whether she had made the greatest mistake of her career.

Gillard will exit left; enter right Kevin Rudd with the line, 'Hi! Remember me, Kevin the fired help.' The decisive factor in his return is that it will represent a kind of ignoble nobility by his ousters. Moreover Rudd (not Simon Crean or Stephen Smith) could beat Tony Abbott in an election. And if Rudd fails, there's a plus: he will trouble the party machinists less from the UN.

## Multi-gear news

The phrase 'on the run' could once have been used to describe the Gillard Labor government's refugee policy. No longer; it is now policy on the multi-gear 24/7 news cycle, each hourly spin intensified by intra-media competition. What may

start as relatively sober coverage by a newspaper is ramped up by talk-back radio, television and blogger buccaneers.

It is within this context that the government seeks to formulate its refugee policy. Off-shore or on-shore? The High Court majority decision added more heat than light.

After criticising the decision the Prime Minister was counter criticised for breaching the Separation of Powers,

No outsider wants to get involved in a lawyerly row; it is fair to suggest that the PM, a solicitor

## Words are beautiful

TOLKIEN shows, as appositely as possible, a philosophy of language. First of all, it's by seeing that words are loveable, words are beautiful. This makes sense for a Christian, for whom the most beautiful thing human eyes have ever seen is called the Word of God. Tolkien loved words, especially proper names. Proper names name persons, which alone are made in God's image. One of the great philosophers of our time, John Paul II, said, "Man is the only thing God created for its own sake." It's a person, it's His image. Proper names are the linguistic expression of that.

— Glory and Splendor — The Beauty of Language, Peter Kreeft — Trinity Forum Academy.



who has prepared briefs for barristers, may not be totally impressed by their pretensions and activism when they reach the High Court.

Is the separation convention explicitly integral to the Australian Constitution? Or is it a received convention from the UK, based on the jurist-philosopher Montesquieu's perception that the British were governed less centrally than his compatriots in France where all power began and ended with the monarch?

In more recent times the abolition by the Australian Government of the right of appeal to the Law Lords, integrated in the House of Lords, has created an anomaly. Why should non-elected lawyers, however, scholarly, wise, shrewd or politically advantaged, have a supervening power over elected parliamentarian?

The solution might lie in reform: ex-officio senatorial status for High Court judges coupled with senate seats for Aborigines.

Perhaps the PM could add this to her projects – retirement projects.

### Privy ABC

The ABC and SBS are now smooth, even glitzy establishments. There is a risk in this. The more SBS and the ABC take on the glitz of their commercial rivals, the more they strengthen the argument for privatisation, revenue from the sale going to national debt reduction, subsidy of commercial TV or somesuch.

Fanciful? The ABC has a strict rule against advertising commercial products. Ironically it allows the whole advertising industry to promote itself through *The Gruen Transfer*.

This enables a pitch of admen to come on as lovely blokes unlike the admen portrayed in Vance Packard's *The Hidden Persuaders* (1957).

Advertising works off journalism; the latter essays truth, the former obfuscates it when it does not make flash trash of it. See perennial advertising campaigns for cereal, banking, junk food and airline companies.

The Gruen Transfer is an outsourced production by Andrew Denton's Zapruder's Other Films. Its anchor, Wil Anderson, has been co-opted to provide scepticism.

Anderson's gift is for excoriating satire yet he comes across like warm, sour milk on stale cornflakes. Okay, some snap but little crackle or pop.

### Riot quiet

The riots in London and other English cities brought forth a remarkable range of talking heads. Unheard, unsighted by your correspondent was one of Australia's most eloquent: Richard Neville.

He could have assisted with a notable hindsight view of the riot origins, and given his new avocation, futurist predictions. After all, while on leave from his inherited Australian haven in the Sixties, Neville preached to schoolchildren in London neighbourhoods, not far from the riot

areas, while brandishing the revolutionary primer, *The Little Red School Book*.

### Copping crims

Inquiries continue into Murdochdom (British fief, American and Australian fiefs pending). But at least matters don't appear to be as complicated as they once were.

Martin Short in his *Inside the Brotherhood* demonstrated that there was an interface between Metropolitan police officers and criminals within Masonic Lodges.

Ridiculous? In the book (published 1989 as a sequel to Gerald McKnight's *The Brotherhood*), Short cites *The Principles of Policing and Guidance for Professional Behaviour*. This was issued by then Metropolitan Police Commissioner, Sir Kenneth Newman, and written by Assistant Commissioner Albert Laugharne who

expressed the case against Masonry 'firmly and compassionately'.

Amid old footage in her *Four Corners* report on the NOW scandal last month, the redoubtable Sarah Ferguson did turn up a fresh criminal face. She did not mention the recorded Masonic connection between Metropolitan police and criminals.

Martin Short made it clear that a significant number of his informants were practising Free Masons indignant at abuse of the organisation's historic secrecy rules. Journalist Free Masons

## Language

TOLKIEN found languages literally intoxicating, not to his body like alcohol, but to his spirit. He writes in Letter 163, "Most important perhaps after Gothic was my discovery in Exeter College library ... of a Finnish grammar. It was like discovering a complete wine-cellar filled with bottles of an amazing wine of a kind and flavour never tasted before. It totally intoxicated me." Tolkien also writes, "It was just as the 1914 war burst on me that I made the discovery that legends depend on the language to which they belong, and that a living language also depends on the legends that it conveys by tradition. For instance, the Greek mythology depends far more on the marvellous aesthetic of its language and so of its nomenclature of persons and places and less on its content than we realize." Which is why translation is impossible.

— Glory and Splendor — The Beauty of Language, Peter Kreeft — Trinity Forum Academy.





will assuredly be among the first to examine any connection with phone hacking at *The News of the World* and other mastheads.

### More news

References to Fleet Street are anachronistic. So, to a lesser extent, are references to Wapping. The News International HQ in London now has a location bearing the name Thomas More.

Cue for remembrance of Thomas More's dictum: 'If the parties will at my hands call for justice, then, all were it my father stood on the one side, and the Devil on the other, his cause being good, the Devil should have the right.'

### Marriage a la mode.

In the promotion of same-sex marriage the romantic collides with the semantic. The Oxford Dictionary primary definition of marriage is: 'Relation between married persons, wedlock; give, take in marriage (as husband and wife).'

Okay the meaning and the connotation of words can change with time. In the Elizabethan era the word 'naughty' meant 'wicked', now it is applied to childish misbehaviour. Nonetheless, changes in meaning tend to be the result of time passing, the attempt to change the meaning of the word 'marriage' is instant and revolutionary, social engineering.

Two literary classics shed prophetic light on this. The first is Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass* and Humpty Dumpty's exchanges with Alice:

'There's glory for you!'

'I don't know what you mean by "glory",' Alice said.

'I meant, "there's a nice knock-down argument for you!"'

'But "glory" doesn't mean "a nice knock-down argument",' Alice objected.

'When I use a word,' Humpty Dumpty said in a rather scornful tone, 'It means just what I choose it to mean - neither more nor less.'

The second is George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* with its Newspeak in which words change their meaning to accord with State policy. Example: 'War is peace. Freedom is slavery. Ignorance is strength.'

### Same-sex mimicry

The romantic and semantics apart, your correspondent might be more readily convinced on same-sex marriage were he not discombobulated by the paternalistic, heterosexual mimicry in most celebrated same-sex couples.

Invariable the more eminent partner takes precedence. Why not alphabetical order to obviate the sense that the eminent partner is somehow Dad, the significant other, Mum? And why not, a pregnancy having been announced, primacy for the child bearer?

Is it not a harking back to non-progressive, non-equal modalities for one person to have such arbitrary precedence?

Alphabetically Sophie Allouache has precedence over Senator Penny Wong yet it was Wong, a brilliant user of the language, who reportedly described the sperm donor involved in the Allouache pregnancy as an, 'acquaintance'.

Acquaintance? The Oxford Dictionary definition is: 'Knowledge of (with) person etc more than mere recognition & less than intimacy...'

Elimination of the sperm-donor's name from the birth certificate is allowed. Tough on children who might want to learn the kind of 'acquaintance' who sired them: tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor. Or, given their local proliferation, a member of the public service?

### Sam's song

The prototypical English dictionary maker, Dr Samuel Johnson, wrote: 'Life may be lengthened by care, though death cannot be ultimately defeated; tongues, like governments, have a natural tendency to degeneration; we have long preserved our constitution, let us make some struggle for our language.'

Old enough to be new. And relevant.

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## Names

ALL I remember about the start of *The Hobbit* is sitting correcting School Certificate papers in the everlasting weariness of that annual task forced on impecunious academics with children. On a blank leaf I scrawled, "In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit." I did not and do not know why.' Tolkien's whole mythology of *The Silmarillion* and its offspring of *The Lord of the Rings* began with words. Tolkien first invented the elvish language, then he needed a race to speak it, the elves, and then they needed a history, and then a world. Well, it was language that came first. He says about the Ents in one of his letters, 'The Ents seem to have been a success .... As usually with me they grew rather out of their name, than the other way about.' Everything grows out of its name.

— Glory and Splendor — The Beauty of Language, Peter Kreeft — Trinity Forum Academy.



*Some of the major upheavals that changed the face of the Eternal City*

# THE SACKINGS OF ROME

by Thomas Huntly



WHEN I hear tourists complaining of the omnipresent ruins and of what they perceive as the general untidiness of Rome, I am reminded of a story told by the great historian Arnaldo Momigliano. He had a friend who was an attaché to the Italian Embassy in Moscow when the Russians celebrated the eight-hundredth anniversary of their capital in 1947. A rather belligerent Russian woman asked him 'Have you got in Italy eight-hundred-year-old cities like Moscow?' Momigliano commented: 'My friend had to think a little before he could find an Italian city less than a thousand years old: finally he produced it - Alessandria della Paglia.'<sup>i</sup>

Much of the criticism of Rome by visitors is as ill-informed as the question of that Russian woman. It is not unusual to have unfavourable comparisons drawn between Rome and Paris and London which seem much cleaner, tidier and well-planned.

One can only agree that these two great and beautiful cities would always win hands down in a 'Tidy Town' conquest with Rome. But critics forget that London was substantially rebuilt after the great fire in 1660, and that what we see today is in essence a nineteenth century city. The Paris so familiar to the tourist is, too, largely nineteenth century - having been redesigned under Napoleon III by Baron Haussmann after the 1830 and 1848 revolutions. What the French Revolution didn't destroy of Paris's renaissance and mediaeval past, the politicians and middle-class businessmen laid low to ensure unimpaired access to 'modern' Progress.

Critics also forget how many times Rome was sacked, not to mention how many times it suffered earthquakes and

destructive fires and famine. Cyril Pearl, the great Australian journalist and social historian was fond of remarking that instead of complaining about the ruins of Rome, and its apparent architectural hotch-potch, visitors should be amazed and grateful that so much has been preserved from past generations despite the numerous sackings of the city, and the thefts of its treasures that have gone on for millennia.

They should be thankful that Roman authorities don't think like a visitor from Sydney whom I showed around Rome in the seventies. As we walked around the Roman Forum, now largely in ruins, he remarked in all seriousness, 'What a waste. Why don't they level all these ruins and build flats?'

A factor in this extraordinary physical survival of the Eternal City has undoubtedly been the fact that, speaking broadly, from the death of

Constantine in 337 until 554, it was the Popes who were de facto responsible for the material as well as the spiritual well-being of the city.

After 554 - the so-called *Pragmatic Sanction* of Justinian - they were *de iure* responsible. The continuity of this temporal authority exercised by successive bishops of Rome, baneful as it may have been in other respects, guaranteed, in practical terms, that Rome's pre-Italian, republican, imperial, early Christian, mediaeval and renaissance past was, at least in principle, protected and respected.

### Sackings of Rome

It may help visitors who could be tempted to complain, if we list some of the major upheavals that helped change the face of the Eternal City.

Rome was seized, sacked [and sometimes burnt], in 387 BC by the Gauls under Brennus; by Nero in 64 AD; by Alaric the Hun in 410 AD; by Genseric the Vandal in 455; by Odoacer the German Arian in 467; by Byzantine emperor Justinian's general Belisarius, and by the Ostrogoths in 536; by the Goths in 538; by Totila and his Goths in 546 and 548; by the Byzantine exarch Isaac from Ravenna in 640; by the Byzantine emperor Constans II in 663; by the Lombards in 750; by the Muslims in 846 and 886; by Arnulf and his Germans in 896; by Robert Guiscard and his French in 1084; by the army of German and Austrian Lutherans under Charles V in 1527; by Napoleon in 1797; and by the Italian forces in 1870.<sup>ii</sup>

### Brennus and the Gauls

On July 18, 387 BC Brennus defeated the Romans on the banks of the Allia river 15 km NE of Rome. He seized the city, burnt the greater portion of it down but failed to take the Capitol Hill which was strongly

## Rome in 594

EVERYWHERE, sighs Pope Gregory the Great, cities are destroyed... the country turned into a desert. Of the people, some we see led into captivity, some maimed, some slain. ... Rome herself, once the mistress of the world, in what a state is it now. Beaten to the ground on all sides by its ever-increasing woes, by the desolation of its citizens, and by the attacks of the enemy. ... Where is the senate, where the people? ... We few who remain are daily exposed to the sword. ... The very buildings we behold crumbling around us.

— See Horace K. Mann, *The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages*, Part I. — 590-657. Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co London 1902, p.105-106.

fortified. One night the Gauls tried to take the Capitol by stealth and the sacred geese raised the alarm. The Gauls only agreed to leave if they were paid 1000 lbs of gold. When the Romans complained that the weights the Gauls brought to weigh with had been jiggled Brennus threw his massive sword onto the scales and cried out *Vae victis*, or as Australians might be inclined to say: 'Tough luck; we won'. The Roman were obliged to add the sword's weight in gold to the 1000 lbs they already had to pay.

### **Nero Burns Rome**

In 64 AD Nero had Rome burnt down. He was unhappy with its winding, narrow streets and ancient buildings. 'Everybody knew he was responsible, but even when householders caught his servants red-handed setting fire to their homes with burning torches, they dared not lay a finger on them. The fire raged for seven days and six nights and two-thirds of Rome were burnt to the ground. Most of the city's places of interest were gutted, including numerous temples and large palaces.

Nero watched the fire from the tower of the Palace of Maecenas on the Esquiline Hill. Overwhelmed by the beauty of the scene he sang a ballad called *The Fall of Illium* and remarked that at last he could really picture the burning of Troy. He made as much money as possible out of the catastrophe by taking on the job of clearing away rubble and corpses and forbidding anyone to touch the ruins of his own property. He then proceeded to impoverish the citizens further by demanding 'voluntary' contributions to a relief fund.<sup>iii</sup>

### **Alaric and his Visigoths**

In 410 AD, in the evening of the 24th of August, Alaric besieged Rome while Pope Innocent I [401-417] was in Ravenna trying to negotiate a peace with the emperor Honorius. Entering by the Salarian Gate, the one that withstood Hannibal, he took it and gave Rome over to his soldiers who ran amok setting fire to many of the buildings.

In the space of a few hours, 1164 years since its foundation, Rome lost much of the magnificence that had

## **The Siege of Rome by Agilulph, 594**

**T**HE precipitate and ill-considered action of the Byzantine Exarch Romanus brought down Agilulph the Lombard Duke from Pavia in a fury. The important stronghold of Perugia was soon in his hands again, and he marched on Rome [593]. From the city walls the heartbroken Pontiff 'saw Romans, with ropes round their necks like dogs, being led away to be sold as slaves in Frank-land (Francia).' The wild warriors of Agilulph draw nearer to Rome. '... on all sides are we surrounded by the sword. . . . Some come back to us with their hands cut off, others we hear are captured; others killed.' Despite the efforts to prepare for a siege which had been made by the military men, Gregory saw that if Rome, with its weak walls, and want of men and corn, was to be saved, it must be by his exertions. And as Pope Leo the Great went forth to meet Attila, so Gregory the Great went forth to meet Agilulph. On the steps of St. Peter's, which was then outside the walls, the barbarian king and the Christian bishop met. And so 'overcome was the king by the prayers, so affected by the wisdom and religious gravity of so great a man, that he broke up the siege of the city and returned north [594].

- Horace K. Mann, *The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages, Part I. – 590-657.*  
Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co London 1902, p.105-107.

made it one of the wonders of the world. Yet Alaric forbade his soldiers to desecrate the Basilicas of Sts Peter and Paul. When the Goths forced their way into a home occupied by a woman who had devoted her life to serving in St Peter's Basilica they found there a vast quantity of treasure, including consecrated chalices, crucifixes and other sacred vessels belong to the Shrine.

When Alaric heard of this he commanded that everything be returned to the Basilica. Alaric withdrew after three days, but the shock-waves of Rome's fall touched every part of the known world. Rome, the Spoiler of cities had herself become the prey; the Mother City of the mighty Romans who had ruled the world, had been plundered.

When St Jerome in far off Bethlehem heard the news he was filled with horror and described the scene in graphic terms.<sup>iv</sup>

### **Attila and the Huns are turned back from Rome**

In 452, near Mantua, Pope Leo the Great [440-461] met Attila the Hun as he headed towards Rome to sack it. Attila boasted that 'along the tracks of my horses hoofs the very grass will disappear'. The emperor Valentinian had fled Rome, but the Pope refused to bow to brute force and personally

confronted 'The scourge of God' as Attila called himself, and persuaded him to turn back. It is said that Attila could see the twin patrons of Rome, Sts Peter and Paul in the air behind the Pope.

Whatever the reason, the Hun chieftain turned his wondering army back. This meeting is commemorated in a bas-relief by Agliardi over St Leo's altar in St Peter's Basilica.

### **Genseric and his Vandals**

In 455 the Vandal chieftain led his hordes against Rome which he besieged. Again it fell to the courageous Pope Leo the Great to meet him outside the walls of the city and plead with him to spare it. He didn't succeed with Genseric as he had with Attila the Hun, but Genseric agreed not to put the city to the torch, or to allow his soldiers to kill the citizens.

They contented themselves with 14 days of incessant plundering every house and public building which they stripped of everything that was portable. Treasures were crammed on board ship, only to sink on their way to Carthage. The seven branched candle-stick and other treasures brought by Titus from Jerusalem shared the same fate.<sup>v</sup>

They spared the Basilicas and Sts Peter and Paul and Genseric even allowed the sacred vessels and treasure from other churches to be deposited there for safe-keeping, but they so

severely damaged the basilica of St John Lateran that it has to be almost rebuilt by Pope Leo.

### **Totila and his Goths**

In 546 the most powerful of the kings of the Northern Goths, Totila, besieged Rome which had become little more than a *res nullius* – ravaged by massacres, disease, lawlessness and famine.

Pope Virgilius [537-555] has been arrested by Byzantine police while saying Mass in 545 and held first in Sicily and later in Constantinople by order of Justinian. The Pope's vicar in Rome was Pelagius, Pope from 556-561. During the siege by Totila he worked tirelessly to relieve famine and distress and when the Goths took the city on December 17 he managed to talk the Goth chieftain out of massacring the inhabitants. According to contemporary accounts, 'the famine in the city was so great that some were reduced to eating their own children'. When the Goths were finally driven out of Rome in 553 the population had been reduced to 'around 500 people' according to the Byzantine historian Procopius, and the city was in ruins.<sup>vi</sup>

### **The Exarch Isaac and the Byzantine army**

Pope Severinus in 640 resisted attempts by the emperor Heraclius to force him to subscribe to the Monothelite heresy [that Christ had only one will]. The elderly Pope was treated shamefully by the soldiery because of his resistance to the emperor's will.

The Byzantine army around Rome hadn't been paid by the military officials whose duty it was to supply the *stipendarium* and a malicious rumour went the rounds - spread, according to the *Liber Pontificalis*, by Mauritius the accountant of the Exarch Isaac - that Pope Severinus had received their money and wouldn't release it and pay them. The violence that ensued was meant to intimidate the Pope into signing the heretical declaration. The soldiers besieged the Pope in the area of the Lateran Palace, and when the Exarch Isaac arrived from Ravenna, instead of quelling the riot he expelled the senior clerics and proceeded to join in the looting.

The pillaging of the treasures 'that Christian emperors, patricians and consuls, for their souls' redemption, had bequeathed to Blessed Peter the apostle to be given as alms at specified times or for the redemption of captives' went on for eight days and some of the booty was sent to the emperor Heraclius in Constantinople. The Pope who was 'old' when he was consecrated stood his ground and the heresy died on the vine. Severinus died after only two months and five days on the throne of Peter.

### **Muslim Invaders**

Since the invasion of Spain by Muslim forces in 711 Europe lived in fear of conquest and conversion by Islamic *mujahidun* or 'holy warriors' whose principal interest, despite the high sounding name, was and still is, booty.

Muslims attacked the French cities of Tours and Poitiers in 732 and Narbonne was captured in 715, freed in 759, and attacked again in 793 and 840.

In August 846, during the pontificate of Pope Sergius II, Muslim forces landed in force attacked Rome from Ostia and plundered the Vatican and the two Basilicas of Sts Peter and Paul. While still a distance from Rome, the Muslim forces encountered some resistance from some brave foreigners living in Rome - English, Frisians and Franks. While these were trying to regain Rome they were cut to pieces by the Saracens. The Muslim fleet never reached Africa. It was totally destroyed in a storm off Sicily, and some of the plunder [estimated to be 3 tons of gold and 30 tons of silver] was cast up on the Roman coast.

In 849 Pope St Leo IV, the successor of Pope Sergius, defeated another Muslim fleet in a sea-battle near Ostia; and the walls of the Vatican that pilgrims walk around today were built by the same Pope St Leo IV who solemnly blessed these new defences on June 27, 842 AD.

### **Arnulf and his Germans**

In February 896 Arnulf king of the East Franks entered Italy and arrived at the gates of Rome expecting to be crowned emperor by Pope Formosus. He found the Pope a prisoner of Ageltruda of Spoleto and her son Lambert - another imperial candidate.

Arnulf stormed the city, and 'the defenders were driven back from the walls with showers of stones, the gates were battered in with axes and the walls battered with rams and scaled with ladders. By the close of the day "the Pope and the city were freed from the enemies"<sup>vii</sup>

Ageltruda fled to Spoleto, and Pope Formosus anointed and crowned Arnulf as Emperor on February 22, 896 AD.

### **Henry IV of Germany and Robert Guiscard the Norman**

Determined to be crowned Emperor, Henry IV besieged Rome in 1081. He raised this siege after it proved unsuccessful because of the resistance of the Romans and their support for Pope Gregory VII. Then Henry received nearly 150,000 golden *solidi* from the Byzantine emperor Alexius and renewed the siege in March 1082 only to have to raise it in May that year. In December 1082 Henry again besieged Rome and in April managed to break through the Leonine Wall and capture the Vatican and St Peter's but not the city proper.

Gregory refused to crown him, and the Romans said that if the king wasn't prepared to make amends for his faults, they 'would cause the Pope, with a curse, to drop the crown on his head by means of a stick, from the topmost wall of Castel Sant Angelo'<sup>viii</sup>

So Henry decided to besiege Rome a fourth time and on March 21, 1084 some treacherous Romans admitted him to the city. Pope Gregory VII fled to Castel Sant Angelo. Street fighting ensued for two months and terrible damage was done to persons and property. The beautiful columns of the Septizodium of Severus built in 203 were destroyed and Henry besieged the Pope in Castel Sant Angelo.

The pope appealed to Robert Guiscard and his Norman forces. Henry levelled the Leonine city to the ground and Guiscard's army arrived in Rome on May 28, 1084. Three days after Guiscard's entry into the city, his troops went on a rampage and set fire to the city.

It took the Pope three days to convince Guiscard to call his men to order but by then the flames had consumed everything between St John Lateran and the Coliseum and the whole appearance of the city was changed.

## Charles V and his Lutheran Army

In 1527, Charles V, enraged by Pope Clement VII's alliance with the French and resistance to the emperor's growing dominance, marched on Rome with a mercenary army of 16,000, mainly Lutheran, soldiers.

The city fell on May 6 and for 15 days it was subjected to the 'worst demonstration of hatred, sadism and cruelty that it had ever experienced'.<sup>ix</sup> More than 8,000 Romans died on the first day of fighting, and the Pope fled to Castel Sant Angelo. It fell on June 5 and the Pope was held prisoner until December 6.

On May 6, 1526 there had been 90,000 inhabitants in Rome. By December 6, 1526 only 32,000 people remained barely alive. The city was a desolate ruin: churches desecrated, homes gutted, streets impassable, the plague rampant, and the survivors a prey to terror.

## Napoleon and his French

Napoleon, a young general, had conquered Northern Italy and was menacing the Papal States and Rome until Pope Pius VI was forced to pay more than 2,000,000 francs and to hand over a collection of rare manuscripts and quantities of priceless works of art.

When Pius VI asked Austria to intervene, Napoleon invaded, and French troops sacked Loreto stripping the famous sanctuary of Our lady of its treasures – all of which found their way to France. The Pope was then obliged to pay 32,720,000 French francs, and as before, to hand over priceless works of art. On February 15, 1798 General Berthier occupied Rome and took the Pope captive.

Pope Pius VI was exiled successively to Siena, Florence, Parma, Turin and Susa in Italy; then to Briançon and Grenoble in France. He died a prisoner of tyranny in Valence.

## The Italian forces of king Victor Emmanuel II

On September 2, 1870, 2,624 years after Rome's founding, the king of the newly-founded State of Italy, Victor Emmanuel, demanded of the Pope that Rome become its capital. Pope

# Pope Gregory the Great and Ariulf

ROME was, of course, the goal which was aimed at by Ariulf. To do what he could to stop his advance, Pope Gregory despatched a governor to Nepi, endeavoured to stir up and guide the energy of the generals in the field, and to counteract the treasonable influences at work in Suana [now Sovana]. In vain. Ariulf appeared [July 592] before the walls of Rome; while Naples, to which Gregory had despatched the tribune Constantius as military commander, was being beset by Arichis. Worried by the inaction of the Byzantine exarch Romanus, and by the lack of spirit of the Theodosiac legion whom want of pay rendered loth to man the walls, and distressed by the sight of men killed or mutilated by Ariulf, no wonder that Gregory fell ill, and in his abandonment by all resolved to make peace with Ariulf on his own authority. This he seems to have done; and the Duke of Spoleto drew off his troops [before the end of July 592] and left Rome in peace.

— Horace K. Mann, *The Lives of the Popes in the Early Middle Ages, Part I. – 590-657.* Kegan, Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co London 1902, p.104.

Pius IX refused to acknowledge Italian sovereignty over Rome, and an Italian army of 50,000 advanced on the Eternal City.

The Papal defenders under General Kranzler numbered 13,000. On September 19 Rome was completely surrounded and in the morning of September 20 battle was joined. By 10 am the Italian forces had entered the city through the Porta Pia. To save lives and prevent further disorder, the Pope ordered the papal troops to lay down their arms. Much of the possessions of the Church was confiscated by the new State, including the Roman College and its library, along with the 150,000 volumes and 1,945 MSS of the famous Bibliotheca Angelica of the Austin friars near the Piazza Navona.

September 20, 1870 marked the end of an era of papal temporal authority that had commenced with the death of the emperor Constantine in 337 AD and despite extraordinary vicissitudes, had lasted 1,543 years.

## St Jerome's Lament

Writing to Ageruchia from Bethlehem in 409, a year before Rome was to be burnt and plundered by Alaric and his Visigoths, St Jerome commented: 'A remnant of us survives not by our own merits but by the mercy of God. Innumerable savage people have occupied the whole of Gaul. Time has dried our tears and apart from a few elderly people, the rest, born in

captivity and siege, no longer mourn for the liberty whose very memory is lost.. Who could believe that Rome, on her own soil fights no longer for glory but for her very existence, having to purchase her life by paying ransom in gold and priceless treasure.<sup>x</sup>

St Jerome must be delighted, and Alaric the Hun and successive plunderers of Rome must be astonished, to see the 265th successor of St Peter, Pope Benedict XVI, guiding the Catholic Church from the Cathedra or Chair of St Peter, as his predecessors have done for more than 1,900 years.

It is 2764 years since Rome was founded – and what has kept the city alive into her fourth millennium [only 236 years to go] is that same Faith in Jesus Christ that was brought to her by the Galilean fisherman and the learned Pharisee from Tarsus whom we know as Sts Peter and Paul.

- i. *Studies in Historiography*, Harper Torchbooks 1966 p.97.
- ii. For lists of the sackings of Rome see, *inter alia*, Francesco Gligora and Biagia Catanzaro, *Storia dei Papi*, 2 vols, Panda edizioni, 1989, p.777; P.J. Chandlery, SJ, *Pilgrim Walks in Rome*, London 1924, p.33.
- iii. Ivar Lissner, *Power and Folly*, Jonathan Cape London, 1958, pp. 133-134.
- iv. *Epistles* 127,12-13; 128.4; 130.5; etc. *Commentarium in Ezech*, I, praef.
- v. William Barry, *The Papal Monarchy*, London, 1902 p.45.
- vi. Francesco Gligora - Biagia Catanzaro, *Storia dei Papi da San Pietro a Giovanni-Paolo II*, Panda 1989, p.167.
- vii. Horace K. Mann, *The Lives of the Popes in the early Middle Ages* Vol 4, 1910, p.52.
- viii. Mann, *op. cit.* vol. VII p.157.
- ix. Francesco Gligora etc, *ob. cit.* vol 2, p.776.
- x. Letter cxxiii, 15-16.

## Midnight in Paris

Opens with postcard shots of locations, designed by writer/director Woody Allen to make us think: Here we go again: Another take on the Paris where legend has it good Americans go when they die.

Allen's brilliantly simple twist is to make that Paris available without dying. Owen Wilson plays Gil, a successful Hollywood hack trying to write a novel worthy of his talent. His fiancée Inez (Rachel McAdams) butterflies between boutiques while his prospective in-laws would rather he wrote cheques.

Alone in the backstreets of Paris, he pauses for a rest and is transported back to the 1920s Paris of Hemingway (Corey Stoll), F. Scott Fitzgerald (Tom Hiddleston) and Gertrude Stein (Kathy Bates). All are willing and able to offer advice while artists such as Salvador Dali (Adrien Brody) do walk-ons.

Along his way, Gil meets a number of French charmers including Marion Cotillard as *femme fatale* Adriana; Carla Bruni (French president Nicholas Sarkozy's second wife) as a Museum Guide and Leah Seydoux as a shopgirl.

On whom will Gil's choice fall? Allen's answer is written in the rain

TBA★★★★SFFV

## Face to Face

Director Michael Rymer breaks any sense of staginess in his adaptation of David Williamson's play about dispute resolution; he uses flashbacks to the dispute context, and elicits from his gifted cast highly individual performances while maintaining ensemble cohesion.

As Wayne, a young, sacked worker seeking reinstatement, Luke Ford starts by being mean, moody and insignificant but comes to dominate the outcome.

Vince Colosimo, as the boss, Greg Baldoni, grows in authority with every performance. His career problem may be to find material appropriate to his immense talent and camera presence.

Others in the cast, none idle, include Sigrid Thornton who contrives to be both shrewish and sweet as Baldoni's wife when the secrets of his life are unlocked by his demure accountant Therese (Ra Chapman) and his secretary Julie (Laura Gordon).

Rymer's most audacious casting

## MOVIES

### By James Murray

is Matthew Newton as the dispute mediator, Jack Manning. Newton has had his off-camera personal troubles but the steady, quiet intensity of his performance shows that he possesses an actor's prime gift: the ability to use the personal as yeast in the creation of fictional character.

The adaptation is clearly respectful of David Williamson's original play. This raises a question. Why, with Williamson's works to choose from, is the Sydney Theatre Company preparing to take an adaptation of a German play, *Gross und Klein*, on a tour coincident with the London Olympics? There could be a Williamson play in the question: title, *Synchronised Cringing*.

M★★★★NFFV

## Dealing with Destiny

Tarot cards provide the links in this episodic romantic comedy written and produced by Paul Condoleon and directed by Colm O'Murchu.

Their subject is university hijinks, a relatively rare subject in Australian movies given the number of people emerging with degrees in everything from anthropology to, well, film studies.

Splendid use is made of the main location, the University of Sydney's

including St John's College. O'Murchu and Condoleon are less assured in their treatment of episodes. You don't set up a prank where a small car is lifted into a college dining room and then removed with a jump cut.

You do what Laurel and Hardy (and others) did with an inconvenient piano: you shift it, camera running, to win more laughs.

As the students involved, Luke Arnold, Clayton Moss, Roger Sciberras, Steve Maresca and Catherine Jermanus take honours. Barry Quin does a very neat turn as a tutor seeking to bring some rigour to the proceedings.

PG★★★★SFFV

## Win Win

Writer/director Tom McCarthy's originality informed *The Visitor* and *The Station Agent*. Now he displays it again in this comedy-drama about a desperate lawyer who adds to his domesticity the care of a client.

The czar of quirkiness, Paul Giamatti, plays the lawyer, Mike Flaherty. He leads a fine ensemble cast which includes Amy Ryan, as Flaherty's wife, Bobby Cannavale, as his buddy, and Jeffrey Tambor, as his fellow lawyer.

The plot turns on the fact that Flaherty, his buddy and his fellow lawyer get together to coach a local high school team in what appears to be catch-as-catch wrestling (only the cynical will see this as a metaphor for the US way with English Common Law).

Flaherty's coaching intertwines with the life of his client Leo (Burt Young, in fine, scene-stealing form) when Leo's grandson Carl, in flight from his wayward Mom drops, by and proves to be a wrestling champion.

Predictable co-incidence? Yes, and no. In his plot resolution, McCarthy varies the outcome though some may find implausible the job he gives Flaherty to keep going when plumbing is implicit in the script (there's more gold in U-bends than torts).

The language is coarse; nonetheless, the title is apt; the movie is a winner for players and audience; it combines originality with wit and that rare element in modern movies: common decency.

M★★★★SFFV

## Civic Life

CIVIC LIFE is almost nonexistent. People do not know their neighbors. From kindergarten to the doctorate, there is no unifying vision of education, just some of this and some of that. The only thing approaching universality is cheating. The man who would be furious to discover an overcharge from his auto mechanic sees nothing wrong with corrupting another man's daughter. The woman who would call the Family Police if she caught her neighbor spanking an obstreperous child will protest for the same neighbor's right to kill the child, if it happens to dwell in the womb.

— 'Purity: Youth Restored' by Anthony Esolen, *The Catholic Thing*.

## The Help

Writer-director Tate Taylor's debut feature has a Norman-Rockwell-*Saturday Evening Post* look to it; this is America's South just before its racial segregation went up in flames.

Emma Stone plays Skeeter Phelan who keys the narrative arch by writing a book which uncovers hidden lives in Jackson Mississippi (a close reference to Kathryn Stockett's novel on which Taylor based his script).

Viola Davis is Aibileen Clark the black maid who was effectively Skeeter's foster mother and upon whose memories her book initially relies.

Skeeter and Abilene are into a duet of love and regret finely rendered by Davis and Stone. They are not unaccompanied. As Minnie, Octavia Spencer gives a performance comparable with that of Ethel Waters in Fred Zinnemann's *Member of the Wedding*. And Bryce Dallas Howard as Hilly could be channelling Bette Davis at her most acidic.

Jessica Chastain is Celia who hires Minnie after she is fired. Chastain gets so deeply in her ditsy, white-trash blonde character, it is almost impossible to believe she is the same actress who adorned Terrence Malick's *The Tree of Life*.

The movie's grammar is in period (early Sixties), no tricky zooms or jump cuts, a life-paced unfolding by way of establishing shots, two shots and close-ups. Due attention is paid to context: the murder of black civil rights activists and the assassination of President John F Kennedy.

More could have been done to show the source of the South's mansion and Cadillac prosperity. We see green fields but no field hands gathering cotton.

Occasionally a movie of independent genesis surprises Hollywood as well as us; this is one such occasion.

M★★★★SFFV

## Drive

Opens like a routine heist movie: a getaway car waits for robbers to emerge with their loot. Director Nicolas Refn double twists on the routine: Ryan Gosling is Driver (so named) who works both as a crim for hire and as a movie, stunt-car driver, a cool hand who find himself coveting Irene wife of

## Official Classifications key

G: for general exhibition;  
PG: parental guidance  
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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;  
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18 years and over.

## Annals supplementary advice

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

his jailed neighbour Standard (Oscar Isaac).

Gosling does a cool hand as if born in a fridge. Carey Mulligan gives Irene the pathos and charm of Little Nell if only Dickens had allowed her to grow up.

Refn uses the coveting to get Driver deeper into the local crime milieu where the kingpin is played by Albert Brooks (in an Oscar-calibre role unusual for Brooks, a light comedian who also directs wry, witty and wise comedies). Can Driver extricate himself, Irene and her son? The answer is in his stunt car driving rather in his criminality.

Refn is a minimalist except in violence and language; both, it must be said, are more extreme than anything deemed necessary for those heist classics Jules Dassin's *Riffifi* and John Huston's *The Asphalt Jungle*.

MA15+★★★★NFFV

## Submarine

Coming of age comedy drama written and directed by Richard Ayoade, inspired by Joe Dunthorpe's memoir novel. It's a compliment to them both that although shot in South Wales, the movie is witty enough to be located in Dylan Thomas's mythical seaside town of beguilement, Llarregub.

Craig Thomas plays the shy teenage Oliver who woos his schoolmate Jordana (Yasmin Paige). His wooing is not smooth; he is distracted by the need to save the dull marriage of his parents

(Noah Taylor and Sally Hawkins) from the threat of Graham, a new-agey charlatan (Paddy Considine).

Considine is one of the great character stars. He makes a private joke of playing the charlatan like actor Gary Oldham at his most manic.

For local audiences the treat performance is Noah Taylor's; he starred in John Duigan's coming of age movie, *The Year My Voice Broke*. As Oliver's father, Taylor looks durable and skilful enough to play the grandfather when a new generation comes of age sometime in 2036.

M★★★★NFFV

## Cave of Forgotten Dreams

Wonderful exposition of the animal murals of France's Chauvet Cave, discovered in 1994. Director Werner Herzog has shot in 3D for greater effect; he creates an almost claustrophobic sense of how it must have been for the artist who some 30,000 years ago worked the splendid animal murals on the glittering underground walls, and left a handprint as a signature.

Herzog, incidentally, gained access only last year by offering to become a French government employee, payment one Euro, on which he promised to pay tax.

At one point a paleontologist, plays a tune on bone flute carved all those years ago. Access to the caves is time restricted to prevent crowds of visitors damaging the murals as happened to the ones in Lascaux. Herzog mentions these as a childhood inspiration.

They were also an inspiration for one of GK Chesterton greatest books, *The Everlasting Man*. In this, against those who emphasised the primitive nature of human ancestors, he celebrated the transcendence of their spiritual and visual aspirations, aspirations also seen in the Aboriginal cave paintings and handprints of Australia.

PG★★★★SFFV

## Chalet Girl

Felicity Jones played Miranda in the recent production of *The Tempest*. In director Phil Trail's romantic comedy, Jones is still Miranda – someone to be wondered at for the seeming artlessness of her art and the grace of her on-camera presence.

As Kim, she dances through a script credited to Tom Williams but which archeologists might have discovered in the ruins of Ealing, Elstree or Shepparton studios. Essentially it's Cinderella goes skateboarding in and around London before taking to snowboarding in Switzerland.

Seasoned troupers such as Bill Nighy, as a tycoon, and Bill Bailey, as Kim's father, stand back and let Jones unleash Felicity. As the boyfriend, Ed Westwick, appears so luck struck at being cast opposite her, he doesn't bother to act.

PG★★★SFFV

### Page One: Inside The New York Times

Documentary, described as 'fly on the wall'. Fair enough, except that the fly is on the wrong wall. The makers, Andrew Rossi and Kate Novak, choose to focus on the NYT's newly established Media Desk rather than the interplay between boardroom and main newsroom.

The result is predictable: inordinate navel gazing while hacks examine other failing enterprises in the context of what is happening to their own newspaper as Internet tweets, blogs and aggregation prevail. Here executives regret having ever allowed their news content to be accessed free.

Rossi and Novak fail to provide the rationale for this. Back then, newspaper executives felt (rather than thought) that free Internet tastes would send people out to buy the real deal, hot from the presses.

It is a feeling that endures with newspapers allowing their journalists to become radio/TV pundits under the impression this enhances circulation figures; arguably the contrary is true. Having heard a print journalist punditing, people feel less inclined to pay cash to read him.

The documentary's outstanding character is David Carr, a gruff, ex-drug addict reporter who has replaced pencil and notebook with their computer equivalents.

Creditably NYT executives advert to their most recent self-inflicted wound: the blind zeal with which they pushed for the Iraq war on the basis that Saddam Hussein had mass destruction capability. Rossi and Novak give them

a helping of fudge by allowing them to say that Judith Miller, the reporter involved, lied to them.

Too simple. Under the source-protection convention, Miller did not reveal that her informants were rich Iraqi exiles plotting a US-led war to oust Saddam Hussein so that they could replace him. Miller, interviewed briefly, did jail time to protect her sources

It may be that newspapers estimated as 'great' are fated to make proportionate mistakes. In the 1930s, the NYT's special correspondent Walter Duranty purveyed a rosy picture of the Soviet Union when it was a place of vast terror and death. (See Malcolm Muggeridge's *Chronicles of Wasted Time*).

Rossi and Novak choose to end the documentary with a triumph by David Carr; examining the demise of Chicago's Tribune Company under its chairman Sam Zell, porn-eyed not inky-veined, Carr uncovers allegations of sexual harassment. His story is followed by the resignation of Tribune CEO, Randy (unavoidable pun) Michaels.

A footnote surely compared with the Iraqi matter or NYT's alliance with Julian Assange, an alliance which gave his purloined Wikileaks cables the clout he, not the NYT, needed?

M★★★SFFV

## Witness to the Faith

The leader of the Belarussian Catholic Church, Cardinal Kazimir Sviontek, has died aged 96 in July 21, 2011 in the southwestern town of Pinsk. He was sentenced to death for his religious views after the Soviet Union annexed what is now western Belarus in 1939. He spent two years on death row, but avoided execution due to the attack on the USSR by Nazi Germany in June 1941.

In 1944, he was sentenced to 10 years in a labor camp. In 1991, Pope John Paul II named him the first leader of the newly established Minsk-Mahileu Metropolitan, and apostolic administrator of the Pinsk diocese. The pope named him a cardinal in 1994, and bestowed on him the "Fidei Testis" (Witness to the Faith) award in 2004.

— Source Radio Free Europe

## A Quiet Life (Una Vita Tranquilla)

Director Claudio Cupellini gives us what might called a slow-cooked crime thriller with more than a touch of *cacciatore*. The hunter for a quiet life is Rosario Russo (Toni Servillo) who has fled Italy to become a chef/hotelier living with his new wife and son near Frankfurt.

Into his quiet life come Diego (Marco D'Amore) and Eduardo (Francesco Di Leva), artisans of violence, who have closer connections to Russo's past than he wants to remember.

From this trio, Cupellini draws high contrast performances which make his movie a transnational Euro classic; his plot is reminiscent of *The Killers* (based on Hemingway's short story); in secular fashion his denouement echoes Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven*: 'I fled Him down the nights and down the days...'

M★★★NFFV

## The Guard

When WB Yeats wrote: 'Romantic Ireland's dead and gone', he did not know the half of it. Writer/director John Michael McDonagh fills it in. And it's not pretty. The Guard is Sergeant Gerry Boyle. To him Brendan Gleeson gives a devil-may-care swagger: amiable, mocking, kill you with a grin. Don Cheadle is tight-buttoned FBI special agent Wendell Everett who enlists Boyle's help in investigating an international cocaine-smuggling ring.

Or tries to. Their exchanges are loaded with odd-couple wit. The location is Connemara. Gaelic speakers are heard. This does not quite offset the rest of the dialogue which is basic Anglo-Saxon.

Others in the fine cast include Mark Strong, doing his trademark cockney gangster impersonation, Sarah Greene and Dominique McElligott as ladies of Boyle's sleek days off, and Fionnula Flanagan as Boyle's dying ma whose theme is not Mother Machree.

In his writing, McDonagh appears to have been influenced by Elmore Leonard and in his directing by Quentin Tarantino. His ending is all Irish. For a final confrontation with the smugglers, Sergeant Boyle stops his jiggling and marches, as so many Irish have, to the drum of duty, recalling those other lines of Yeats: 'The years to

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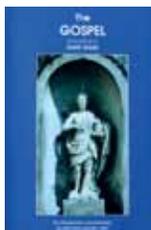
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come seemed waste of breath/A waste of breath the years behind/In balance with this life, this death?

MA15+★★NFFV

### Santa's Apprentice

Orphanage boy Nicholas is chosen as an apprentice by a Santa Claus reluctant to retire. The cartoon was released in France last year and did record business with a French voice cast.

The voice cast for its Australian release includes Jack Versace as Nicholas and Shane Jacobsen as Santa. Max Cullen leads the rest of the cast: Magda Szubanski, Delta Goodrem, Georgie Parker and Hugh Sheridan.

This is as Franco-Australian co-production which has won a special UNICEF award; it may say something for both countries and UNICEF that it is difficult to find any allusion to the great true story of Christmas: the birth in a stable of the child Jesus. To this story, Santa Claus is merely an appendage.

G★★★SFFV

### Horrible Bosses

Knock out the noun in the title, the adjective sums up this hectic comedy; a talented cast have allowed themselves to be trapped by a director, Seth Gordon, seemingly intent on beating their careers to death with a blunt instrument: the script.

Nick, (Jason Bateman), Kurt (Jason Sudeikis) and Dale (Charlie Day) are a trio of pals whose respective bosses are played by Kevin Spacey, Colin Farrell and Jennifer Aniston.

The plot turns into trivial pursuit involving *Strangers on a Train* after a confusing consultation with Dean Jones (Jamie Foxx). Spacey and Farrell vie with each other in going over the top and eventually collide

Obviously in its crude way, the movie is a tribute to an Alfred Hitchcock classic. If only Gordon had learned the lesson of another Hitchcock classic *The Trouble with Harry* in which restraint enhances the screwball comedy.

MA15+★★NFFV

### Jane Eyre

The fourth remake of Charlotte Brontë's classic is by no means fourth rate. Michael Fassbender brings a judicious brooding menace to the role

of Mr Rochester; in the title role Mia Wasikowska shows a gift for stillness, an attribute of great acting, Jamie Bell, as the trueheart cleric who seeks to intervene, is superlative and Judi Dench is there to housekeep the period aspects.

Director Cary Fukunaga and cinematographer Adriano Goldman, working from Moira Buffin's script give us the Yorkshire moors in all their windswept bleakness while adhering faithfully to main elements of the Brontë novel.

Familiarity with the movie versions may have bred contempt. Your reviewer entertains the notion that Charlotte Brontë is the matriarch of what is called 'chicklit' and might be called Mills & Doom. Disclosure: your reviewer dodged the Brontës in favour of Buchan, patriarch of spy novels.

M★★★SFFV

### One Day

Is a modern off-shoot of archetypal, Brontëque Mills & Doom, finely directed by Lone Scherfig and scripted by David Nicholls (based on his best-selling novel). Anne Hathaway and Jim Sturgess play students Emma Morley and Dexter Mayhew who meet on graduating from the University of Edinburgh.

On successive anniversaries (in a way vaguely reminiscent of the Alan Alda- Ellen Burstyn movie *Same Time Next Year*) they get together to mark their progress, *she* waitress, teacher, aspiring writer; *he* trainee TV producer, pop-show presenter. Both find other partners but maintain their best friends status.

Progress to resolution is tedious, paradoxically through the cleverness with which Sturgess plays a languidly dissolute rake (Hugh Grant's second cousin?) As ever Hathaway has a way of lifting scenes. But as a supposed Yorkshire lass she is more plum-in-mouth than pudding.

When resolution does come; it is white-screen shocking. Scherfig, however, prolongs the agony by taking us back into scenes we should have been given earlier.

Patricia Clarkson and Ken Stott appear as Dexter's parents. Emma does not appear to have any parents. For this relief much thanks.

M★★★NFFV

# Help Keep Christianity Alive in the Land of Christ's Birth

The Holy Father's concern for the Christian presence in the Holy Land and Middle East led him to call on the Catholic charity Aid to the Church in Need (ACN) to prioritise support for a Church that is "threatened in its very existence". Benedict's XVI's plea for the faithful in the Middle East follows an upsurge of anti-Christian fundamentalism, which has helped cause a mass exodus from the region.

Among the places worst affected is the Holy Land, where the number of Christians has dwindled to barely 150,000. Over the past 60 years, the percentage of Christians in Bethlehem has plummeted from 85% of the population to only 12%. In Jerusalem the figure has fallen from 20% to just 1.1%. What would Christmas Day at the birthplace of Christ be like if the faithful were no longer there to gather, worship and celebrate?

Please help us to sustain the 'living stones' - the faithful themselves - who walk the lands Christ knew so well, otherwise Christianity worldwide runs the risk of losing this first-hand witness and the Holy Places simply becoming museums for tourists to visit.

Your donation will help ACN's projects to support the faithful in the Cradle of Christianity. These include support for priests, religious and lay people, offering subsistence help to refugees and building and repairing churches and convents. Help is also given to crucial media projects aimed to promote the message of Christ.

A beautiful set of six handcrafted Christmas tree ornaments, made of olive wood in Bethlehem, will be sent to all those who give a donation of \$15.00 or more to help this campaign.

Please tick the box below if you would like to receive the Christmas tree ornaments\*.



*"... Churches in the Middle East are threatened in their very existence... May God grant ACN strength to help wherever the need is greatest."*  
Pope Benedict XVI



## Donation Form: Help Keep Christianity Alive in the Land of Christ's Birth

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Phone/Fax No: (02) 9679-1929 E-mail: [info@aidtochurch.org](mailto:info@aidtochurch.org) Web: [www.aidtochurch.org](http://www.aidtochurch.org)

I/We enclose \$..... to help keep Christianity alive in the land of Christ's birth.

Yes please send me the set of 6 Christmas tree ornaments\*

Made from olive wood, this delightful set of hand carved ornaments is powerfully evocative of Christ's birthplace, The Christmas tree ornaments are lovingly, handcrafted by families in need in Bethlehem and your donation helps them survive.



I enclose a cheque/money order payable to Aid to the Church in Need OR please debit my Visa or Mastercard

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Aid to the Church in Need .... a Catholic charity dependent on the Holy See, providing pastoral relief to needy and oppressed Churches

*Reflections from Clear Creek Abbey on September 11, 2001*

## A PRAYER OF HOPE

*By Anne Calovich*



WAY FROM the world, tragedy turns out to be very close. When I heard the news about the terrorist plane crashes last week, I was on the grounds of a cloistered Benedictine monastery in Oklahoma, taking part in a class on icon painting.

It was to be a peaceful and spiritual week during which each of the 20 participants would complete his own icon of the classic image of the baby Jesus in the arms of His mother, Mary. As the faces emerged through paint and prayer, we began to fall under their gaze.

Tuesday morning, a faceless enemy broke in on the gaze. The loved ones we spoke to over the phone told us we couldn't be in a better place at such a horrific time.

I believed that, too. But I also wondered whether I should leave. In times like these, everyone should do his duty. My duty as a journalist is to help get information to people that they can use to help others. The newspaper is a vital forum through which people can empathize and unite with one another in a time of crisis.

I knew The Eagle newsroom was mobilizing to do just that. But as much as I wanted to be part of the effort, I knew there were others who would do the job. That I, as one person, would not be missed.

Still I struggled. It came down to my own "need" to know. I usually have access to instant bulletins and loads of information. Here I was in a place where not only would I not have access to information today, but through Saturday. Could I make it that long without knowing the details? Without seeing?

I hurried to Mass at the monastery chapel, where the monks witnessed to

the one stable thing in a world that seemed to have gone mad. The liturgy for the day, in honor of the third-century martyrs Protus and Hyacinth, spoke directly to the tragedy.

"But the salvation of the just is from the Lord, and He is their protection in time of trouble."

"The just cried, and the Lord heard them and delivered them out of all their troubles."

"The souls of the just are in the hand of God, and the torment of death shall not touch them: in the sight of the

unwise they seemed to die, but they are in peace, alleluia."

"And I say to you my friends: Be not afraid of them who kill the body and after that have no more that they can do. But I will show you whom you shall fear: Fear ye him who, after he hath killed, hath power to cast into hell. Yea, I say to you: Fear him. Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? Yea, the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore: You are of more value than many sparrows."



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While it seemed the situation was chaos, God was in control of every single person affected, the monks said by their actions and by the few words they spoke to us. What we had to do individually was to be faithful, to do our duty and to pray.

I decided that continuing with the icon class, a form of prayer, was my duty. While in haunted moments I tried to imagine what two airplanes hitting the World Trade Center must look like, what I looked on were those images of Jesus and Mary. For the workshop participants, as for the monks, the horror was not any less real for not seeing it on television, nor was it avoided by a form of escapism. Instead it was caught up into a prayer of hope. Something could be done, and we were doing what we could.

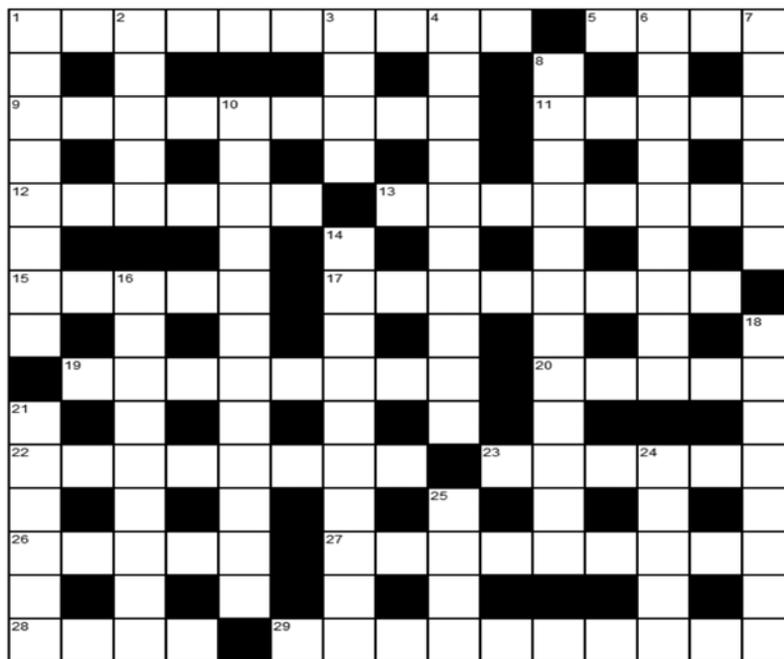
Anne Calovich has been a reporter for *The Wichita Eagle* in Kansas for many years. In 1999, she wrote the first article ever to appear in a secular publication about the foundation of Clear Creek Abbey in Oklahoma. Two years after the monastery was founded, Anne was at Clear Creek for an icon class on September 9 2001. She wrote this column a week later for her newspaper, but it was never published.

The monks, living apart from the world but in a union with it that most of us never enter into, went to the heart of the matter.

These men who already lead austere lives joined in a fast called for by Tulsa Bishop Edward Slattery. These men who already spend most of their day in silence and penance gave up their much-anticipated one long walk of the week to do penitential work. These men who already pray most of every 24 hours for our world no matter what the course of events held an all-night vigil Tuesday night.

That night, as I looked up at the stars, swept thickly across the sky in a way we don't get to see in the city, I was a little afraid. The quiet I normally long for was eerie this time, because I knew it existed not only out here in the country, but in every U.S. city as well. The beauty of nature wasn't untainted, because the tragedy didn't stop at the gates of the monastery.

## ANNALS CROSSWORD NO. 67



### Across Clues

1. Loose black robe with wide sleeves worn by academics or Protestant clerics (6,4)
5. Dutch cheese (4)
9. Spectral (9)
11. Also ran (5)
12. Hang about (6)
13. Relating to office workers (8)
15. A member of any of the dark skinned indigenous peoples of Africa (5)
17. 16th book of the Old Testament (8)
19. Capital of Finland (8)
20. Female relative (5)
22. Disciples (8)
23. Painter (1593-1652) of religious subjects, such as "St Joseph the Carpenter" on display in the Louvre (2,4)
26. The brightest star in the constellation of Virgo (5)
27. Careless of danger, as from despair; utterly reckless (9)
28. Female members of a religious order (4)
29. To serve as a judge or arbiter (10)

### Down Clues

1. Laughing nervously or foolishly (8)
2. Mother-in-law of Ruth (5)
3. Hold firmly (4)

4. Used for transporting invalids or others for whom walking is impossible (10)
6. To violate or outrage by blasphemous or sacrilegious action (9)
7. Ethics (6)
8. On the other side of the mountains; in favour of the centralized authority of the Pope (12)
10. Long running London play written by Agatha Christie (3,9)
14. Unplanned (10)
16. Calendar that followed the revision of the Julian Calendar in 1582 (9)
18. A postponement of punishment (8)
21. Clergyman (6)
24. 44th President of the United States (5)
25. Son of Isaac and Rebecca (4)

### SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD NO. 66



© Brian O'Neill December 2011

When I drove away from those gates last Saturday afternoon to re-enter the world, I didn't want to turn on the radio immediately. First I drove past gas stations whose signs read "God bless America." And then into the downtown area of the first small town I reached, Wagoner, where the streets were lined with flags.

The tears started falling.

I was heading back to do my duty. But it would be done in hope as well as in sorrow. Because the image I was taking back with me was the icon, and of the monks doing their duty, as they always would, reflecting the love and constancy of God, no matter what happened.

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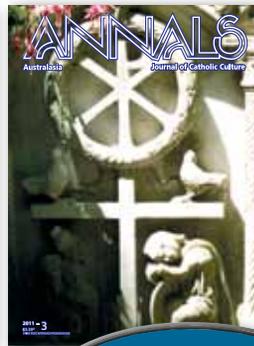
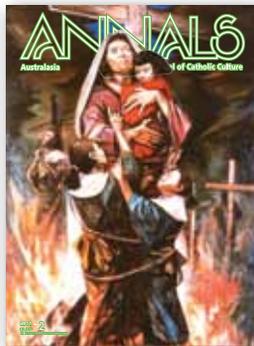
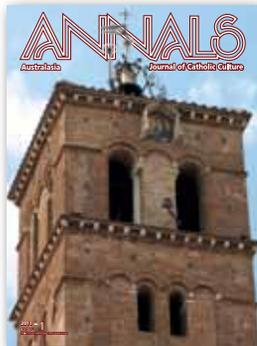
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