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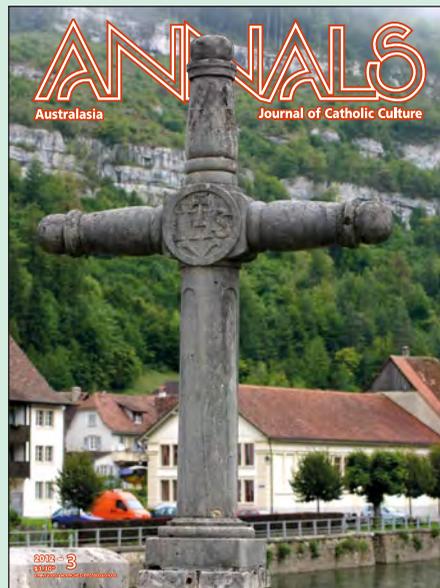
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[Sunday Readings at Mass: Year B/weekday readings: Year II]

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- 2 Saints and their Names**
EDITORIAL
- 6 Charles Dickens's Dream**
TONY EVANS
- 10 New Religion and New Irreligion**
G. K. CHESTERTON
- 13 ADHD : Hyperactivity or Hype?**
WANDA SKOWRONSKA
- 16 In Defence of Memory**
GILES AUTY
- 18 Anarchists Among Us**
REVIEW BY JUDE P. DOUGHERTY
- 21 Private Interpretation of the Bible**
PAUL STENHOUSE, MSC
- 26 Musical Sanity and César Franck**
STEPHANIE MCCALLUM
- 36 John Senior : In Piam Memoriam**
PHILIPPE MAXENCE



Front Cover: A distinctively Catholic Cross on the bridge over the river Doubs leading to the mediaeval town of Saint Ursanne in the Jura mountains of Switzerland. The town is named after St Ursicinus – patron saint of people with stiff necks – a seventh century monk who was a disciple of St Columban [543-605], the famous Irish monk who was one of the many Celtic Catholic missionaries who brought the Faith to as yet unevangelised parts of Europe. The mediaeval town boasts that its church of St Ursanne is one of the oldest churches in Switzerland.

Back Cover: *Annals Australasia* turns 123 this year. Help support Australia's oldest and most popular Catholic journal by encouraging your friends and relatives to subscribe. Or send them a gift subscription. See pages 4 and 15 of this issue for subscription forms.

Cover Photos: Paul Stenhouse

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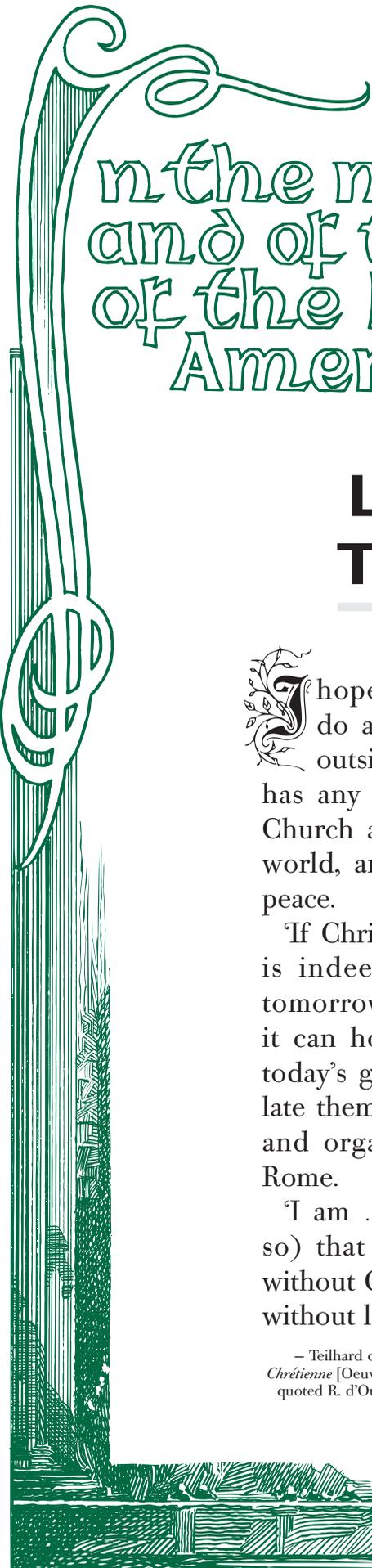
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- Proverb 17, 5..

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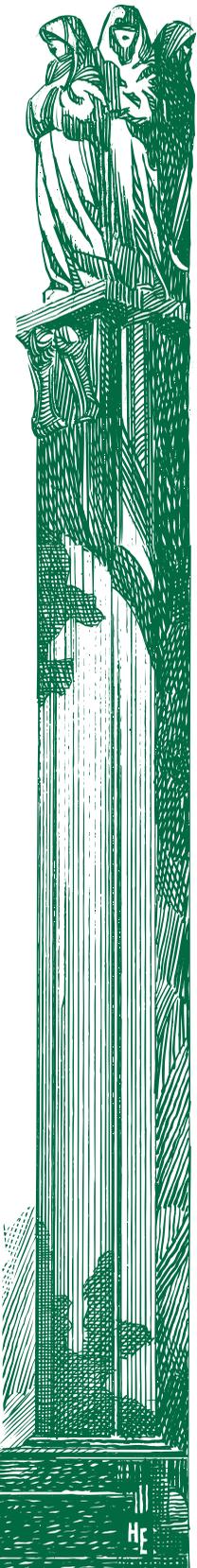
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In the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

LOYALTY TO THE CHURCH



Shope, with the help of God, never to do anything contrary to the Church, for outside her I can see no life-current that has any chance of success. I believe in the Church as ‘mediatrix’ between God and the world, and I love her. This brings me great peace.

‘If Christianity, as it professes and believes, is indeed destined to be the religion of tomorrow, there is only one way in which it can hope to come up to the measure of today’s great humanitarian trends and assimilate them; and that is through the axis, living and organic, of its Catholicism centred on Rome.

‘I am ... convinced (and continually more so) that the world cannot attain fulfilment without Christ and that there can be no Christ without loyalty to the Church.’

– Teilhard de Chardin, SJ: [1] Letter of July 4, 1920 [2] *Introduction à la Vie Chrétienne* [Oeuvres X] pp.196-7 and [3] letter to Father Jansens, September 25, 1947 quoted R. d’Ouinice, *L’obéissance du Père Teilhard de Chardin*, in *L’homme devant Dieu*.

How many people in Sydney know that Sydney is English for St Denis the Patron Saint of France?

SAINTS AND THEIR NAMES

by Paul Stenhouse, MSC, Ph.D



SAINTS have been a familiar sight in the Catholic landscape for 2000 years. Rome is the City of Martyrs and Saints *par excellence*; as well as being the Eternal City. Who, even among non-Catholics, hasn't heard of St Peter or St Paul? The many hundreds of Churches in Rome are dedicated to saints with unfamiliar names like St. Eustachius [died 118], St Prisca [3rd century], St Sabina [3rd century], Saints Nereus and Achilleus [died 100], San Pancratius [died 304], San Pantaleon [died 305]; and so on.

Hidden behind these unfamiliar names are some familiar ones. For instance, Pancratius, the boy-martyr who died under the emperor Diocletian, is St Pancras, well-known to Londoners even today. Pope Vitalian [657-671] sent relics of this saint who was buried in the catacomb of Calepodius, to king Oswi who built a Church dedicated to the saint. The second Church built by St Augustine of Canterbury was dedicated to Pancratius.¹

Eustachius was a soldier in the army of Titus, master of the horse under Trajan and a general under Hadrian. He and his wife and two sons were roasted alive in a brazen bull near the Colosseum in 118AD. Their relics are preserved in the altar of the church dedicated to him in the Piazza of the same name near the pantheon in Rome. He is better known to the English and French as St Eustace.

St Mary is the favourite mediaeval way of describing Our Lady, and she stands, rightly, at the head of any list of holy men and women. St John the evangelist, Sts Matthew, Mark and Luke were as well-known in every village and town in Europe and wherever the

faith was taken, as the local smithy or the mid-wife. In addition, local saints abounded: holy people who gave their lives in defence of the Faith or spent them in its practice.

All had their symbols: some of them obvious, others curious in the extreme – *Mother and Child*, for Our lady, *crossed keys* for Peter, *sword and book* for Paul, *eagle* for John, an *angel* for Matthew, a *winged lion* for Mark, a *winged bull* for Luke. These symbols decorated the facades and inner walls of churches, town squares, shop hoardings and public buildings in all Catholic countries.

St Jerome's symbol [he died in 420 AD] was a *man removing a thorn from the paw of a lion*; the symbol for St Nothburga of Klettgau [died 840 AD] who was a Scottish princess who is venerated in Germany: *seated with eight children in her lap, and the ninth at her feet*; the symbol for St Petronilla, a first

century martyr: a *broom*; the symbol for St Ammon, surnamed the Great [died in Egypt in 350]: *saying the rosary in bed with his wife*; for St Thuriaf, venerated in Brittany [died 749 AD]: *Man with a dove on his shoulder*; for St Dominic [died 1221]: *monkey putting out his candle*; for the young St Pancratius, *armour*; and for St Eustachius, a *stag*.²

There are many tens of thousands of saints³ – either popularly held to be so, or officially declared to be so, by the Catholic Church.

Up until the year 993 AD, contrary to a commonly held opinion, holy people were declared to be saints according to reasonably well-laid-down rules enacted by Church Councils and various Popes and other Bishops so as to guide priests and people in the correct way of paying homage to holiness in their fellow Christians; and in order to forestall abuses and excesses. These may not always have been observed, but on

The True Catholic

He is the true and genuine Catholic who loves the truth of God, who loves the Church, who loves the body of Christ, who esteems divine religion and the Catholic Faith above everything, above the authority, above the regard, above the genius, above the eloquence, above the philosophy, of every man whatsoever; who sets light by all of these, and continuing steadfast and established in the faith, resolves that he will believe that, and that only, which he is sure the Catholic Church has held universally and from ancient time . . . For outside the most secure harbour of the Catholic Faith, people are tossed about, beaten, and almost killed, by numerous tempestuous novelties, in order that they may take in the sails of self-conceit, which they had with ill advice unfurled to the blasts of novelty, and may betake themselves again to ...the most secure harbour of their placid and good mother, and may begin by vomiting up those bitter and turbid floods of error which they had swallowed, and thenceforward they may be able to drink the streams of fresh and living water. Let them unlearn well what they had learned not well, and let them receive so much of the entire doctrine of the Church as they can understand: what they cannot understand let them believe.

— st Vincent of Lerins [died 450 A.D.] "Commonitorium".

the whole we can only marvel at the wondrous ways in which God's grace works amongst his people.

After the canonization of St Ulrich of Augsburg in 993 by Pope John XV⁴ according to strict rules laid by the same Pope, every effort has been made to ensure that the entire life of everyone nominated for canonization be severely tested. Of course there are innumerable people in heaven deserving of the recognition that canonization gives. Only a few of these can be selected – and then only because of their special circumstances, or the needs of the times. They act as models for us, their weaker brethren, who need their encouragement and the support of their prayers.

Some of the old pagan favourites clung to their popularity by changing their names. St Expeditus, for instance, the patron saint of procrastinators who want to reform, in some parts of Germany since the 17th century, looks suspiciously like Mercury, and

From the Editor

Ann Als apologises to all our faithful subscribers and readers for the late arrival of this April-May issue. It was almost ready to be printed at easter time when i had to go to hospital. What was planned at first to be a short stay grew like Topsy into six weeks of enforced rest.

Our June issue should go to press in the last week of June, and from then on *Annals* should appear more regularly.

Thank you all for your patience and understanding. i wish you all every blessing from God, and happy reading.

— Paul Stenhouse, Ms C

moves just as fast. There was a real St Expeditus in Armenia in the fourth



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century, but this one of the same name seems to be a genial imposter. He is not encouraged by the Church.

Nor are Sts Barlaam and St Josaphat. These interesting figures are actually Buddhist figures in Christian guise, who are first mentioned by St John Damascene in the seventh century. In telling their story St John unwittingly tells a Christianised version of a Buddhist romance.⁵

It is an ill wind blows nobody any good. By preserving the story of Barlaam and Josaphat, St John Damascene also preserved the famous lost *Apology for Christianity* to emperor Antoninus Pius by Aristides the Athenian which was incorporated into the text of the Romance and hence has come down to us.

In much the same way as parts of the History of the Jihads against Abyssinia written by the sixteenth century Muslim writer Shihab ad-Din Ahmed bin 'Abd al-Qader has been found in the Arabic text of the Indian History of Gujarat.

In 1968 when a fresco was stolen from a Church in Rome, to everyone's surprise they discovered that there was a St Passera in the city. On checking, no trace could be found of such a saint.

The truth was that Pope Innocent I [401-417] placed relics of Sts Cyrus and John from Egypt in the church in question that the Matron Theodora had erected in their honour.

Sts Cyrus and John are perfectly reputable saints who were physicians in Alexandria. They were martyred at Canopus in Egypt in 303 AD while trying to help a Christian woman and her three daughters who were being persecuted. The name Cyrus was latinised to Abba Cyrus [Father Cyrus].

This gradually was corrupted by the ordinary faithful to Abbàciro [accent on the antepenultimate or third last syllable], then to Pàcero, then to Pacera, and finally to Passera. So the saint not only changed his name, but also his sex: becoming a woman in the process. Fortunately that all appears to have been sorted out now.⁶

The famous archaeologist De Rossi records a *Santa Famia* on the Via Appia.

Actually her name was Euphemia – another respectable saint. In the 80s I met an Indonesian girl whose name was Fina. I discovered that she had been baptized *Josephina*.

ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

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There is a *San Zannipalo* in Venice who is really two saints: Giovanni and Paolo – John and Paul. Another mysterious saint, *San Travano* in Milan is really, again, two saints, Sts Gervasio and Protasio [second century martyrs whose relics were discovered by St Ambrose in 386 AD]. The equally puzzling *San Zandegola* is the familiar San Giovanni Decollato [St John Beheaded] i.e. St John the Baptist.

A lot of these problems with names are only problems for sceptics and for foreigners who have trouble wending their way through the fascinating paths that local dialects beat through the Italian or Latin, English or French bush.

How many people in Sydney know that *Sydney* is English for St Denis, or that *Sinclair* is English for St Claire of Assisi, or that *Bennett* is English for Benedict, or that *Boston* means St Botolph's town?

Before leaving this subject may I mention two other saints who are even more curious: St Philomena of the *Catacomb of Priscilla* [for there are many St Philomenas] and St Decimil. One is a real saint whose name we don't know; and the other is only a trick played on the Christians by their pagan ancestors.

In 1802 a tomb was discovered in the catacomb of Priscilla on the Via Salaria with an inscription that read: LVMENA PAX TECUM FI. The inscription was broken into three sections. The finders re-arranged the sections to read: FILVMENA PAX TECUM [‘Philomena, Peace be with you’]. Sadly it appears that they jumped the gun and to this day we don't know the name of the martyr whose bones lay in that tomb for centuries waiting to be discovered. She/he did have a name however; we just don't know it. That Unknown Saint is probably waiting to answer a few prayers. So don't be too discouraged. It was only the honour paid to the *Philomena of the Catacombs of Priscilla* that the Church frowns on.⁷

As for St Decimil: he proved to be a stumbling block to the devout Catholic people of Provence in the South of France. In the Middle Ages his ‘headstone was found,’ and people thought he should not be forgotten.

But a wise person discovered that the ‘tombstone’ was a ‘milestone’ and instead of marking a grave of a martyr, the broken stone was a pointer to

Roman legionaries marching into Gaul.⁸

Some people take exception to the human element involved in the expression of our Faith in God and his saints. They miss the point. God is glorified by the saints' heroism and bravery and self-sacrifice; and by the simple trust and love that we who are still on the way to eternal life show towards our fellow Catholics who achieved what we can only dream of.

If occasionally we confuse a few names or become a little muddled, that can never off-set the love towards God that is in our hearts; or the glory that we give to him because of his holy ones.

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1. P J Chandley SJ, *Pilgrim Walks in Rome*, 1903, p.327.
2. For these symbols see, among other sources, Helen Roeder, *Saints and their Attributes*, London, 1955, *passim*.
3. There are 70 volumes in the *Acta Sanctorum* or *Lives of the Saints* of the Bollandists, the first great work of modern textual criticism produced by the Jesuits from 1615-1915. Ironically, even the French iconoclast and former Catholic priest turned sceptic Ernest Renan said [in his *Études Religieuses*] of the Bollandists' edition: 'It seems to me that for a true thinker, a prison cell with these [then] fifty five vols would be a veritable paradise'.
4. *The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church* ed. F.L.Cross, London 1958, p.1387.
5. *The Book of Saints*, by the Benedictines of Ramsgate, London, 1966, p.101. See also *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*, 32 vols, Paris 1932, vol 2, pp.409ff.
6. Italo De Tuddo, *I Diavoli del Panteon*, Roma, 1980, pp.83-85.
7. See *The Book of Saints*, ed.cit. p.577.
8. Helen Roeder, *op.cit.* p.viii.



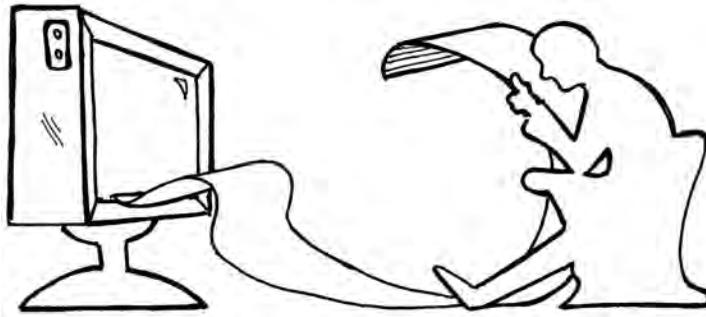
VEN IF we do not know its name I am reasonably sure that most of us

have seen the painting by Edward Hopper entitled *Nighthawks*. It depicts four individuals at night in an illuminated diner and the overwhelming effect is one of emptiness and loneliness – alienation we might say if we felt especially smart. Many of us would also have seen one of De Chirico's paintings, ones often depicting empty Italian piazzas graced by long shadows of figures not seen. Whatever the theme might be, for many modern artists there always seems to be an underlying sense of loneliness. De Chirico happens to be the best example of this not least because he loves his colonnades, and in this he serves well as a comparison with pre-modern art.

In early and mid-Renaissance art there are lots of colonnades - long lines of arches bordering open plazas - just as there are in the paintings of De Chirico, but whichever period's arches one might prefer I think it beyond dispute that the atmosphere is different. You don't look at a painting by Fra Angelico and think "How empty the colonnades are and how awfully lonely everything is," but you do look at a painting by De Chirico and feel sad and wistful because you know that something that was once there is now long gone. The pre-modern didn't do loneliness for it had a sense of presence; but as the modern grows so too does the sense of absence, something that reflects the birth of the modern in the Reformation when, having fractured the unity of the visible Church, Protestants lost the sense of the Real Presence of our Lord in the Eucharist.

Take what happens in the seventeenth century Protestant Netherlands. Religious art is gradually replaced by pictures depicting the new wealthy propertied class, and tied to these are paintings that serve as moral lessons extolling the values that served best the rise of this new mercantile economy. Prior to the Reformation, more often than not wealthy people would have themselves depicted kneeling, paying homage to a saint, or to Our Lady, or to our Lord – but now in the Netherlands, the wealthy burghers glow with stolid no nonsense self-regard; and why shouldn't they when there are no saints present with which to share their glory!

But with things divine gone soon enough humanity begins to disappear. In pre-modern art it is the divine and



A SENSE OF PRESENCE

By ROBERT TILLEY

telling of all is the depiction of the interior of the 'reformed' churches, for what were once places full of sacred and human imagery are now, thanks to the Reformers, empty whitewashed shells, but nevertheless large enough to dwarf the humans present, who anyway look like groups of sightseers.

Although the drift in the seventeenth century is towards a sense of empty space the feeling of loneliness and alienation has not yet hit, there is more a sense of individual self-regard and getting-on in the world. Contrast this to the Baroque art of the Counter-Reformation; art that was done to oppose things Protestant. Whatever one thinks of Baroque art it is never lonely, or for that matter austere and self-focused. Quite the contrary, it swells out in a luxurious exuberance for things divine, it is full of rich and gaudy piety, full of sensual decoration and colour. If the beginning of modern art was marked by a growing sense of absence, then the Catholic reaction was marked by a sense of overflowing presence.

It is in the twentieth century that the lack of presence in modernity is understood to be of a piece with loneliness, and although many tried to find an answer in creative destruction and things irrational, by the 1960s none of it really mattered anymore. As Pop Art morphed into Post-modern art, and they morphed into the gimmickry of computer graphics, increasingly all that matters is the art of the virtual world; a world in which all substantial presence has vanished, and where everything is possible because nothing is real.

So it is that the real world has lost the sense of its own presence, which means that it has conquered loneliness for it has lost its soul.

And the conclusion is? - It is up to Catholics to redeem the arts.



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

Dickens was too compassionate a reformer and campaigner on behalf of the poor and mistreated, to allow his 'no Popery' to prejudice his comradeship with his friends and with his wide public.

CHARLES DICKENS'S DREAM

By Tony Evans



THIS IS Charles Dickens's year, the bi-centenary of his birth. His name is everywhere. Not only are there celebrations in his native England with a major biography recently published, there are also numerous learned articles, television programs and exhibitions.

Like Shakespeare, however, he is too important a genius to be confined to England alone.

For most Australians, and indeed for non-English speaking readers world-wide, Charles Dickens, even in translation, is simply the greatest English novelist of all time. He dominates the world of literature like a colossus. His characters and their speech have become part of our shared culture.

Of themselves these facts, as impressive as they are, may not be sufficient to justify exposure in a journal of Catholic culture. After all, Dickens was no friend of the Catholic Church.

Like most Victorians of his class he was firmly Protestant, and at times vocally dismissive of 'Popery'. To take just one example: when writing from Italy in 1865 to his friend John Forster, he observes how Pope Gregory XVI conducted Holy Week in Rome. He could not hide his disdain for the Catholic Church whose 'empty rituals' seemed to him 'a farce', and whose power he blamed for the 'oppression and poverty of the people'.

This anti-Catholic slant found its way into *Pictures From Italy* to the point where his Catholic convert friend, artist Clarkson Stanfield, who had agreed to illustrate the book, later refused.

But this bias, together with other numerous examples, is not the complete picture. Dickens remained on the warmest of terms with Stanfield and dedicated *Little Dorrit* to him. He had other Catholic friends – among them the architect William Wardell, (architect of St Mary's Cathedral in Sydney and St Patrick's in Melbourne).

Dickens was too much of a compassionate reformer and campaigner on behalf of the poor and maltreated, to allow his 'no Popery' to prejudice his comradeship with his friends and with his wide public.

After acknowledging Dickens's strong Protestant bias, G. K. Chesterton nevertheless thought Dickens had a Catholic mind. As he wrote in his biography of Dickens, 'His triumph is a religious triumph; it rests upon his perpetual assertion of the value of the human soul and of human daily life...' and elsewhere, "It would be hard to find a better example [of his Catholicity] than Dickens's great defence of Christmas. In fighting for Christmas he was fighting for the old European festival ...that trinity of eating, drinking and praying which to moderns

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appears irreverent, for the holy day is really a holiday?

Chesterton's opinion was derived from an insightful reading and rare understanding of all Dickens's works. Even after one hundred and six years, and within that time countless books published on Dickens, Chesterton's biography, first published 1906, is still rated as 'Simply the best book on Dickens'. In a special article, (*Australian Review* 4-5 Feb) marking the two-hundredth anniversary, Geordie Williamson, Chief Literary Critic of *The Australian*, places Chesterton's biography at the head of a list of four.

Williamson argues:

'Chesterton was one of the few writers with demonic energy to equal that of Dickens. His slender book is packed with more insights than a hundred scholarly monographs. Dickens's reputation was wrenched – almost single-handedly – from its post-Victorian slide and the book set the author on the path of literary immortality. Dickens was no puritan, argued Chesterton, but a survival from the Merry England of Chaucer and the Elizabethans.'

Some scholars have made a good case for believing that Shakespeare was a secret Catholic. As we have seen above, a similar case could hardly be made for Dickens. And yet there is one incident in his life, unremarked by Chesterton and little publicised, which recounts what can only be described as a transcendental spiritual experience, a dream in which – as Dickens believed afterwards – appeared the spirit of his deceased sister-in-law, beloved Mary Hogarth.

Eminent Catholic journalist and biographer, William Oddie, writing in the London *Catholic Herald* (15/2/12), argued that it was more likely to be a vision of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Oddie quotes from a Dickens' letter dated September of 1844 written from Venice to John Forster. There he described the dream in meticulous detail. 'The vision,' he wrote, 'was veiled in blue like the Madonna.' He was much struck by its appearance and pleaded for a sign that the visit was real by asking of it the question: "What is the true religion?" As it paused without replying, I said—Good God, in such an agony of haste, lest it should go away!



Charles Dickens, 1812-1870 *David Copperfield* is regarded as his most autobiographical work

– "You think, as I do, that the Form of religion does not so greatly matter, if we try to do good?—or," I said, observing that it still hesitated, and was moved with the greatest compassion for me, "perhaps the Roman Catholic is the best?" "For you," said the Spirit, full of such heavenly tenderness for me that I felt as if my heart would break, "for you, it is the best!" Then I awoke, with the tears running down my face.'

Oddie then comments in his article for the *Catholic Herald*: "The experience would seem to epitomize a revelatory vision: the spirit of a woman he idolized comes to him from the other world and answers one of the profound

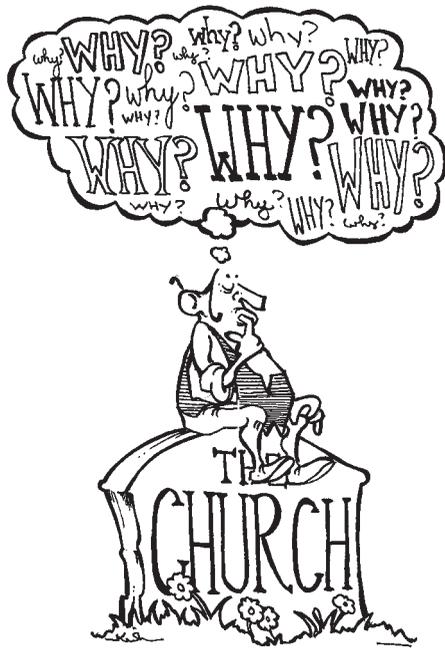
questions of his life. Yet rather than musing on any serious significance in the dream, Dickens instead explains it away. He speculates on "the fragments of reality ... which helped to make it up," including a painful recurrence of rheumatism which upset his sleep, the near drowning of his son Fred the week before which directed his thoughts toward death, the presence in the room of an altar with a missing religious picture (which had caused Dickens to wonder what the face in the picture had looked like), and the nearby convent bells which had supplied the "thought, no doubt, of Roman Catholic services".

"This letter suggests Dickens was not only familiar with the standard scientific explanations of dreams, but tended to accept them and apply them to his own dreams."

As Oddie points out, Dickens drew no nearer to Catholicism after his 'Marian' dream, nor is there any evidence that he looked more kindly on Catholic practices. He hated displays of religiosity. But he had a distinct religious belief of his own, sincerely held.



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In 1868, for example, he gave a New Testament to a son setting out for Australia, 'because it is the best book that ever was, or will be, known in the world'; and he wrote to him in order 'most solemnly [to] impress upon [him] the truth and beauty of the Christian Religion, as it came from Christ Himself. "Never," he went on, "abandon the wholesome practice of saying your own private prayers, night and morning. I have never abandoned it myself, and I know the comfort of it."

A clue to Dickens' Unitarian beliefs can be found in his *Life of Our Lord* unpublished during his lifetime. For a Catholic it is far from orthodox – glossing over central Catholic beliefs in the Divinity of Christ, the Virgin Birth, the Eucharist, and the Resurrection. Near the end of his life he wrote to a reader: 'I have always striven in my writings to express veneration for the life and lessons of Our Saviour; because I feel it; and because I re-wrote that history for my children—every one of whom knew it from having it repeated to them—long before they could read, and almost as soon as they could speak. But I have never made proclamation of this from the house tops.'

We cannot know whether Dickens' great dream in September 1844 was a Marian vision or, as Dickens supposed, Mary Hogarth, but there is much in Dickens' description of the lady in blue to at least suppose that it could have been the Madonna. In view of Dickens later rationalising the advice he had been given, the vision's 'greatest compassion' for him, and her show of 'such heavenly tenderness' would seem the only logical response.

Little wonder that Dickens awoke with the tears streaming down his face. Had he rejected direct heavenly advice?

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

Th E PARISH P R I E S T



PARISH P R I E S T was of the pilgrim train,
An awful, reverend and religious man.
His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
And charity itself was in his face.
Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor,

For such on earth his blessed Redeemer bore.
Of sixty years he seemed, and well might last
To sixty more, but that he lived too fast,
Refined himself to soul to curb the sense,
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promised him sincere.
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see;
But sweet regards and pleasing sanctity.
With eloquence innate his tongue was armed;
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charmed:
He preached the joys of heaven and pains of hell,
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal,
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law,
And forced himself to drive, but loved to draw.
A living sermon of the truths he taught;
For priests, said he, are patterns for the rest,
The gold of Heaven, who bear the God impressed;
But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
The Sovereign's image is no longer seen.
His Saviour came not with a gaudy show,
Nor was His kingdom of the world below;
Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
These marks of church and churchmen he designed.
The crown He wore was of the pointed thorn;
In purple He was crucified, not born

— John Dryden, [1631-1700] in a paraphrase of Chaucer's 'Priest's Tale'.
When William and Mary came to the throne in 1688, Catholics could not be Poets
Laureate or Historiographers Royal. John Dryden lost both positions which he
had held from 1668 and 1670 respectively.

Never before ... in the intellectual history of the world have words been used with so idiotic an indifference to their actual meaning'

NEW RELIGION AND NEW IRRIGION

By G.K. Chesterton



OUR generation professes to be scientific and particular about the things it says; but unfortunately it is never scientific and particular about the words in which it says them. It is difficult to believe that people who are obviously careless about language can really be very careful about anything else.

If an astronomer is careless about words, one cannot help fancying that he may be careless about stars. If a botanist is vague about words, he may be vague about plants.

The modern man, regarding himself as a second Adam, has undertaken to give all the creatures new names; and when we discover that he is silly about the names, the thought will cross our minds that he may be silly about the creatures.

And never before, I should imagine, in the intellectual history of the world have words been used with so idiotic an indifference to their actual meaning.

A word has no loyalty; it can be betrayed into any service or twisted to any treason. There has arisen an intolerable habit of using special and partisan terms with words like 'true' or 'nobler' put in front of them.

I see in a Liberal daily paper such a sentence as this: 'We are concerned with that higher and nobler Imperialism which devotes itself solely to the destiny of the poor at our own doors.'

I see in a Conservative daily paper something like this: 'The so-called Liberals — who are, indeed, only demagogues — may ramp and roar; we appeal to that truer Liberalism which is expressed in submission to a patriotic discipline, in trust in a patriotic

monarchy, and in defence of a patriotic House of Lords.'

Then recent religious teachers will cry out 'I am for that real Christianity which can do without help from a supernatural world, that truer Christianity which does not believe in God or any such symbolic dogma.'

In the same way the people who believe in Protection tell us that they are 'the true Free Traders.'

And if the Parliamentary wheel takes another turn we shall no doubt hear the

Free Traders saying that they, after all, are the 'true' Protectionists.

A true Free Trader is a man who believes in import duties; a true Christian is a man who does not believe in Christ.

Really, I do not see why I should not carry this principle to any length whatever. I cannot see why I should not call myself a true Mahometan because I believe in Christianity, or a true Confucian because I do not believe in Confucius, that fine but pharisaical agnostic.

Or one might say (speaking of some trade dispute in the neighbourhood), 'Jones was a greengrocer — he was a greengrocer in the purest and highest sense. He was that best type of greengrocer who sells boots for the benefit of humanity.'

Or if a house has been burgled by a man dressed up as a policeman, we might say, 'And was he not indeed a policeman? May he not have had the policeman's essence, the care for mankind, the appeal to eternal law, more perfectly than any common constable on the beat? Is not every man, in a sense, a policeman? Is he not set as a silent watch over society, etc., etc.'

Or again, if the burglar had dressed up as a chimney-sweep, it might be said by someone who loved him, 'And who could be more a chimney-sweep than he who devotes himself to eternal truth? What man has more right to call himself a chimney-sweep than he whose eyes have ever been fixed upon a vision of happiness beyond the world? In the sense, surely, we are all chimneysweeps, etc., etc.'

It is all very earnest and emotional, and for all I know it may mean something. But I think that an ordinary poor person in the Battersea High Road would pay the tax to a man who said

Not politics — apostasy

IT is the fashion among politicians to attribute all our modern evils to political causes, but it was not because Hitler repudiated democracy but because Hitler substituted the worship of race for the worship of Christ, that Jews were gassed by the hundred thousand. Dachau is the by-product not so much of dictatorship as of apostasy. It is not only because the Russian Marxists destroyed the embryo of Kerensky democracy that the oppression in Russia is infinitely more evil than the worst tyrannies of the pagan world to which Christ was born. The key to Russia's troubles is not political but theological. They have substituted the worship of the proletariat for the worship of God.

— sir Arnold Lunn, in *Difficulties: A correspondence about the Catholic Religion between Mgr. Ronald Knox, and sir Arnold Lunn*, Eyre & Spottiswoode, London, 1958, pp.254-255.

he was the tax-collector; but would certainly refuse it to the man who said he was the true tax-collector.

The fact is, that all this evasive use of words is unworthy of our human intellect. To concentrate political attention on the tortured population of England is not 'sane Imperialism.' It is sane anti-Imperialism; and more power to its elbow!

To put a special trust in the tact of the Monarchy or in the commonsense of the House of Lords may or may not be rational, but it is not Liberal; it is not any kind of Liberalism, true or false.

A man who desires to erect import duties at all the ports of his country is not 'a true Free Trader,' but a perfectly reasonable Protectionist. And a man who thinks that men can get on perfectly well with the secular emotions of kindness and aspiration is not 'a true Christian,' but a perfectly reasonable agnostic.

If we are to look for a new religion or a new irreligion, I think we might at least keep our eyes clear to look for it, our heads clear to understand what it means. If we are to dissect historic religion, we might at least clean our knives; if we are to look out for a new Star of Bethlehem, we might at least clean our telescopes.

But in this matter words are our knives, words are our telescopes. And we have not made any effort to clean our words at all, to wash off them all the alien substances of habitual sophistry and sentimental misuse. The modern man who prides himself on looking the world in the face and

How did we not notice?

AT THE present time the old forms of individualism are everywhere passing away before the pressure of the modern state; but although this destroys some social injustices, it also creates others and contains the possibility of a new and more serious menace to spiritual freedom. And this tendency is not confined to a single country or to any one particular political or social system. It may, I think, even be argued that Communism in Russia, National Socialism in Germany, and Capitalism and Liberal Democracy in the Western countries are really three forms of the same thing, and that they are all moving by different but parallel paths to the same goal, which is the mechanization of human life and the complete subordination of the individual to the state and to the economic process.

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

seeing what it means does not look one single word in the face and see what that means. Those very men who most boldly reject the creeds are those who most meekly accept the words of which creeds are made.

Here is one case out of a hundred of the utterly thoughtless way in which 'advanced' people use their phrases; they never think of their words as they use them, or look at them as they write them down. I quote this passage from an interesting interview with the Rev. R. J. Campbell in the current *Review of Reviews*. The interviewer is trying to persuade Mr. Campbell that he, Mr. Campbell, is a Christian. Mr. Campbell, on the other hand, maintains that he, Mr. Campbell, is a true Christian. The interviewer smells danger in this discussion, and goes swiftly on

'Now I go to the next phrase: "transcendent as Maker and Ruler of all things".'

'I do not like that phrase,' said Mr. Campbell. 'But,' said I, 'why?'

'It is an attempt to define the indefinable.'

'That is exactly what they mean when they say it is transcendent, as it transcends or is beyond our limited capacity to define it.'

'Yes, you can take it in that way,' said Mr. Campbell.

'Of course I will take it in that way,' I said, 'and you would not object to "the Maker and Ruler of all things." Although you dislike the phrase, how would you phrase it?'

'As the Source of Life and the Author of the universal law of being.'



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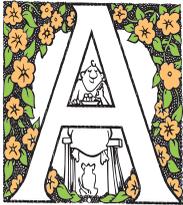
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Our increased understanding of ADHD has highlighted the difference between those who are deliberately inattentive and those who cannot help being so

ADh D: h YPERACTIVITY o R h YPE?

By Wanda Skowronska



YOUNG GIRL came to my school counsellor's office and not long into our conversation she announced she had 'ADD' and took medication for it. She added that her mother said she 'got it' from her father and that her father said she 'got it' from her mother. She herself was not quite sure though she knew she had a problem.

Several decades ago, no one talked about 'Attention Deficit' as a disorder. The usual pedagogical solution to inattention was to shout 'pay attention' with increasing volume adding threats of 'consequences'. It was thought that not paying attention was a deficit of the will, a moral flaw. And yes, with some it surely is, for attending well to something is hard to do if you don't want to do it.

This is especially so in our age of multiple distractions where many have a kind of spiritual deficit disorder, enjoying ipods, androids or twitter more than anything else. Some may simply be indifferent to what others say and yawn to show them. Yet others are simply tired. There is, however, a very real condition due to which some people, otherwise intelligent, just cannot focus on anything.

It is only in the past 20 years that the inability to attend has come to the fore in counselling psychology and research. What is commonly referred to as 'ADD' is really Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder – now known as ADHD – which encompasses underactive and hyperactive forms of inattention. It is a developmental disorder and yes, the girl in my counsellor's office had a point in wondering about her mother and father's contribution to her situation, for there is heritable dimension to it,

though pinpointing who exactly got what from whom is difficult to say.

Put simply, people diagnosed with ADHD have a biochemical imbalance which prevents them being able to focus on daily tasks and live life reasonably. Of course nearly everyone shows some disorganisation, daydreaming and inattention at times and we can all blurt out things without thinking.

But with ADHD this is the norm, not the exception and such people, especially the extremely hyperactive ones, often have those around them at their wit's end trying to relieve the misery and frustration they are being put through. The principal characteristics of ADHD are inattention,

hyperactivity and impulsivity as persistent features of behaviour.

Such children move around, squirm in their seats, cannot finish tasks, don't 'hear' what others say and are constantly on the go. And if such problems affect home, school and social situations over a period of more than 6 months, then there is a chance that ADHD is present. It is more common in boys than girls, and the US National Institute of Mental Health states it affects 3-5 percent of American children and this is probably an accurate reflection of its frequency elsewhere.¹

Hyperactivity has been around a long time. There are some people in all cultures who seem driven and have 'ants in their pants', such as portrayed in the character Dennis the Menace. Little was understood about this 'hyperactivity' phenomenon, however, until the early twentieth century.

Interestingly enough, our understanding of ADHD was greatly boosted through the study of *encephalitis lethargica*, commonly known as 'sleeping sickness' and which involved inflammation of brain tissue. The latter was uncovered by Constantin Freiherr Von Economo, a brilliant Romanian neurologist of Greek origin.

At the time when many people became sick in the great flu epidemic of 1918-20, Von Economo noted that others developed an illness which made them lethargic, feverish and sometimes prone to hallucinations. Some thought that this resulted from the flu but recent post-mortem research indicates they were separate illnesses and in fact 'sleeping sickness' predated the flu, first appearing in 1915.²

Now one might ask what has sleeping sickness got to do with hyperactivity? It is not the sleeping sickness *per se* which is of interest here but its *sequelae*, or consequences, in

Not abandoned

IT FOLLOWS that it is this, Christ's possession, His Heritage, His Body and One Church, this Unity which we are, which cries from the ends of the earth. What is its cry? As I have said above, its cry is 'O Lord; listen to my prayer; from the ends of the earth I called you.' ... This one who cries from the ends of the earth may be faint and weak but he is not abandoned. He is not alone because according to our Lord's plan, in His own Body he prefigures us who are the members of that Body. In that Body he has already risen again and ascended into heaven, and so we, His members can trust that, where our Head has gone before us, we will surely follow.

— St Augustine, *In Psalmum* lx, 2-3. First reading at Matins for the first Sunday of Lent, from the *Roman Breviary*.

those lucky enough to recover. Medical researchers in the 1920s noted several mental impairments in the survivors - particularly irritability, impaired memory, hyperactivity and a lack of ability to organise anything - among 27 symptoms in all.³

In 1924 US researcher Roger Kennedy published his study entitled 'The Progress of Sequelae of Epidemic Encephalitis in Children', an attempt to understand what was happening in the brains of these hyperactive, disorganised children.⁴ Kennedy described a boy who returned to school after recovering, but who was unable to sit still and kept touching things on other students' desks, whereas prior to his illness he had not been like this.

Kennedy's study set the course for future understanding of neuro-chemical problems in hyperactivity until finally, in 1980, ADD (with or without hyperactivity) was included in the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorder (Third Edition known as DSM III). It was not until the later revised edition of 1987 that the new term ADHD was introduced and this is the one in current use.

Various stimulant drugs - such as ritalin and dextroamphetamines - have been found to alleviate the symptoms of the disorder. Again one might ask what has stimulant medication got to do with helping an overstimulated person? There is a reason for this and it lies in the fact that whatever it takes to help us to attend to a particular matter, is missing in people with ADHD. The latter are pounded constantly with stimuli from everywhere which they are unable to *filter out* of their minds. This weak 'attention filter' needs to be stimulated and to put it simply, stimulant medications such as dextroamphetamine do this.

Without a properly functioning 'attention filter' we would all be bombarded with never-ending stimuli and would be hyperactive, restless and annoying and people would be at their wit's end trying to relieve the misery and frustration they are being put through by us.

Some years ago I witnessed the dramatic good effects of medication on a 6 year old boy with ADHD. He was constantly on overdrive and seemed a cross between the Terminator Two and

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Conan the barbarian. He had arrived with his parents from China where he had been unable to attend school as none there would take him.

In his Sydney school, he swept books off tables, ran around, jumped up and down, wrestled with other children and generally upset everyone, leading some to think of early retirement. After a referral to a specialist in which the diagnosis of ADHD was made, the boy returned to school on medication. The result was that he slept in class which suited the teacher fine after what she had been through. But this did not help the boy's education. I sent the family back to the specialist with a letter explaining what had happened. New medication was given - Ritalin in this case - and what followed was akin to Lazarus rising from the dead. The boy returned to school calm and attentive and greeted the teacher.

To her shock, he sat down and started to do his work and soon became one of the top students in the class, especially in Maths. The boy could not understand why people stared at him in amazement for long periods of time. The parents wept with joy on 'meeting' a son they had never known, a son with whom they could now interact. Elated, they bought champagne and chocolates for the principal, me and the boy's teacher and then for every teacher in the entire school.

This example illustrates that medication does work with ADHD but what suits one person may not suit another. In fact medication may not suit a person at all. It also illustrates the profound relief parents experience when their child with ADHD tones down and can live a more normal life. In most

situations, a combination of medication and behavioural intervention - that is structuring a child's environment and ridding it of unnecessary distractions - works the best.

Some are convinced that sugar can trigger hyperactivity but studies have not found any link, although the jury is still out on food additives which may trigger existing symptoms but not *cause* ADHD. It must be remembered that ADHD is a complex pattern of symptoms needing careful investigation and intervention. Other brain disorders need to be ruled out. Of course misdiagnoses can occur but ongoing research is continually refining the diagnostic criteria. Some seem to 'grow out' of the dramatic symptoms as they get older but many do not, and just learn to manage them.

Many books and websites give tips to parents and teachers concerning suitable behavioural strategies at home and at school.⁵ Of central importance is providing a structured environment, giving clear expectations, reducing distractions, dividing large tasks into smaller sections and rewarding on-task behaviour.

It is fair to say that our increased understanding of ADHD has highlighted the difference between those who are deliberately inattentive and those who cannot help being so.

Drugs and behaviour strategies may not always turn a Demolition Boy or Girl into an angel overnight, but they are worth attempting as they have worked for many in the past. Somewhere along the way, people with ADHD may focus on a task with pleasure for the first time and see the outlines of the face of the helper trying to lead them out of the surrounding frenzy.

1. <http://www.nlm.nih.gov/medlineplus/attentiondeficithyperactivitydisorder.html>
2. Angela Vincent, *Brain: A Journal of Neurology*, 2004, 127 (1), 2-3.
3. Adam Rafalovitch 'A Conceptual History of Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder....' *Deviant Behaviour: An Interdisciplinary Journal*, 2001, 22, 107.
4. Roger Kennedy, 'The Progress of Sequelae of Epidemic Encephalitis in Children', *American Journal of Diseases of Children*, 1924, 28:158-172.
5. For example: http://raisingchildren.net.au/articles/managing_adhd.html

WANDA SKOWRONSKA is a registered psychologist who works as a counsellor in inner city schools in Sydney. She has recently been awarded a PhD in Psychology/Theology at Melbourne's John Paul II Institute. She has done voluntary work for the Catholic pro-life organisation Family Life International, and is a regular contributor to *Annals*.

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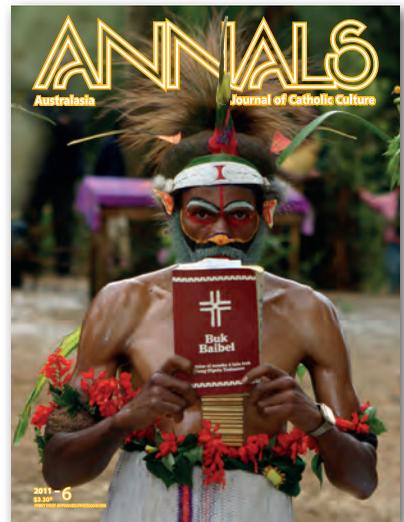
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Standards of culture and civilisation do not automatically sustain themselves but demand our most diligent concern and interest.

IN DEFENCE o F mEmo RY

By Giles Auty



AFTER NEARLY 17 years of living away from England I return to find that a great deal has changed – unfortunately and to my mind rather noticeably for the worse. This is certainly not the country I left behind when I boarded my flight for Sydney getting on for two decades ago.

So am I just another example of that familiar and supposedly tiresome syndrome: a person who, as the years slip by, views the present over-critically and the past, by contrast, with unwarranted benevolence?

Am I, in short, simply taking a myopic and rose-tinted view of my country as it once was and as I once believed I knew it?

Not long before I left Australia last year I finished work on a book of memoirs which I had begun but discontinued a decade or so earlier.

A book of memoirs is indeed a very real test of memory especially when working without copious notes. To my surprise, however, my efforts to recall the past with every scrap of accuracy I could muster were very generally and sometimes surprisingly rewarded. Indeed, former events I had largely forgotten often emerged from the morass of the past with quite astonishing clarity and certainty.

So why should I be asked to believe that the memories of older people on the whole automatically deceive them – unless, of course, some form of deliberate self-deception is the aim? If we try to remember clearly I believe that nothing much can stop us.

So does the scorn shown so regularly for the recollections of older people really serve some other and less obvious purpose which we have been slow to recognise?

I sense increasingly that it does.

For example by pouring scorn on the notion held by a great many older people that the world in which they grew up was somehow better and more morally decent – albeit in ways some cannot necessarily explain or articulate



fully – politicians and their advisers and other modern so-called communicators deliberately protect the debased currency that is associated with their largely rhetorical and thus imaginary conceptions of ‘progress’.

To put this idea even more simply if, like many people of my generation, I continue to believe that the world in

which I grew up was superior in a great number of basic and easily identifiable ways to the world that most of us in Western countries inhabit today, then this represents an ideological and political threat to the hucksters of supposed progress.

Thus older people must simply be dismissed by the latter, whether singly or collectively, as dumb or dodderly or deliberately forgetful.

Here it seems worth pointing out that the young – who necessarily lack experience as adults of other eras – simply cannot produce the kind of comparisons their elders can make which are based on first-hand knowledge and experience.

What I suggest here is that the validity – or lack of it – of the memories of older people has become a largely unexplored aspect of a novel ideological battleground.

In former times automatic respect for tribal and political elders once underwrote many of the more successful human societies and civilisations but there seems little hope of anything of that kind happening today – in so-called First World countries at least.

Today almost any trendy but untested notion can be and often is described as ‘progress’.

In Britain, for example, the present Prime Minister David Cameron who

thinks of himself as that strange contradiction in terms 'a progressive conservative' has said recently that he would regard his plan to legalise gay marriage, if successful, as the primary achievement of his administration.

Progress, I suggest, is very largely in the eye of the beholder - or, at least, of his political or public relations advisers.

Let us therefore try to agree on what progress has genuinely taken place in certain areas of human life which are, however, usually technological in nature. Thus few would argue against the rightful inclusion here of medicine and medical research or of the developments which have taken place in means of transport.

But what is entirely wrong is to try to sell ideas which are simply novel under a catch-all banner of 'progress'. Change, as we all must surely know, can just as easily be for the worse as for the better.



If, simply for your own amusement, you were to list all the areas in which you think the human race is going forward as against those where you feel it is going backwards or regressing, I suspect you may surprise yourself.

For my part, I would suggest that in all of the arts, in public education and entertainment and in terms of courtesy, kindness and social cohesion as well as in public morality and spiritual understanding we are now, far from progressing at all, hurtling backwards with gathering speed.

Thus In London the first major exhibition of art I have seen since my return was at London's formerly august Royal Academy of Arts. The show comprised landscapes, often on a gigantic scale by an artist who, in spite of admitted skills in other areas, has never shown the least aptitude for that particular medium.

Royal academicians of a century ago would surely have regarded David Hockney's admirably earnest attempts at landscape simply as a joke yet enormous crowds attended the recent show apparently in awe.

Can standards really have slipped thus far in a land which produced such 19th century masters of landscape as Constable and Turner? Incredibly the Hockney show travels on after London to major museums in Bilbao and Cologne.

To cite the list of great masters produced by Spain and Germany merely makes the presence of a show such as this in those lands even more ridiculous.

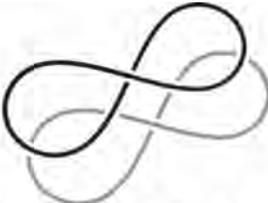
The visual arts were admittedly my specialist area but recently I saw on TV a production of a Handel opera - Rinaldo - which was so bad that even the show by Hockney seemed tolerable by comparison. Here neither the music nor the singing was to blame but instead a ludicrously pretentious and ignorant avant-garde production. Handel would have turned in his grave.

In the course of my former career as an art critic I had the great privilege of seeing more than a hundred major exhibitions of works by the greatest artists in Western history. Based on such an experience the shortcomings of a would-be modern master such as Hockney become blatantly obvious and unwise to ignore.

Standards of culture and civilisation do not automatically sustain themselves but demand our most diligent concern and interest.

If we do nothing else let us at least learn to distinguish regress from progress in all aspects of our lives. The fate of all of us may, in the long run, depend more than we now realise on this precise ability.

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



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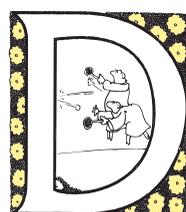
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*Good and evil, in the absence of an authoritative moral tradition,
tend to be determined by parliamentary vote.*

ANARChISTS Amo Ng US

By Jude P. Dougherty



DO WE DARE call them ‘anarchists’-environmentalists, federal regulators, whimsical judges, and other officials who seem to have abandoned the rule of law, if not reason itself? Without doubt the most serious form of anarchy is that perpetrated by the intellectuals. By definition an anarchist is one who disregards law and order, challenges inherited and cherished traditions, or in the case of the intellectual, one who embraces a political or social ideology at the expense of reasoned and unbiased examination of cultural phenomena.

That a state of cultural and political disorder exists within both the European Union and the United States is widely acknowledged and hardly needs illustration. Western nations on both sides of the Atlantic are confronted by massive immigrations of alien peoples who refuse assimilation within their adopted country and demand accommodation for the customs they bring. The host countries themselves find it difficult to agree with respect to what may be demanded of the newcomer. Confusion abounds even with respect to what constitutes the national identity that the newcomer is encouraged to adopt. No one has asserted this more clearly than Pierre Manent in his book, *Democracy without Nations?: The Fate of Self-Government in Europe*.¹

Manent is convinced that Europe is on the verge of self-destruction. The democratic nation, he fears, has been lost in Europe, the very first place it appeared. ‘The European Union’s political contrivances,’ he writes, ‘have become more and more artificial. With each day they recede further from the natural desires and movements of their citizens’ souls.’²

A nation, he holds, is the same people living in the same place, observing the same customs, abiding by the same moral principles. In Manent’s judgment, Europe’s governing classes, without explicitly saying so, aspire to create a homogeneous and limitless human world. In fact, given its intellectual climate, what distinguishes Europeans from one another and others cannot be evaluated or even publicly discussed.

Jocelyn Maclure and Charles Taylor, both Canadians, in a recent work claim that ‘One of the most important challenges facing contemporary societies is how to manage moral and religious diversity.’³ Taylor and Maclure find that a broad consensus exists to the effect that ‘secularism is an essential component of any liberal democracy comprised of citizens who adhere to a plurality of conceptions of the world and of the good, whether these conceptions be religious, spiritual, or secular.’⁴ Secularism they define as ‘a political and legal system whose function is to establish a certain distance between the state and religion.’⁵

But as conceived by Taylor and Maclure, it is more than that. The state in their view must be neutral toward the multiple values, beliefs, and life plans of citizens within modern societies. The state must be the state of all citizens and not identify itself with one particular religion or world view. And yet, ‘A liberal and democratic society cannot remain indifferent to certain core principles such as human dignity, basic human rights, and popular sovereignty.’⁶



Several questions are clearly begged. Is the human intellect so impoverished that it cannot discern what leads to personal freedom and social equanimity? How can there be a society unless there is a certain cultural unity among the people who presumably form it? The core principles alluded to are not universal or found in the culture of all who seek asylum in the West.

Still, Taylor and Maclure maintain: ‘In showing itself to be agnostic on questions of the aims of human existence, the secular state recognizes the sovereignty of the person in his or her choice of conscience.’⁷ This amounts to an invitation to civil war, as like-minded individuals group for ascendancy. Even within a Muslim country, where Islam is proclaimed in common, Sunni and Shi’a vie for control.

A compelling response to Taylor and Maclure is to be found in a recent work by Marcello Pera, former president of the Italian Senate, now professor of political philosophy at the Pontifical Lateran University, Rome.⁸ Pera takes the title of his book, *Why We Should Call Ourselves Christians* from an essay by Benedetto Croce, a professed atheist who nevertheless said of *we Europeans*, ‘Why We Cannot but Call Ourselves Christian.’

Croce, in spite of his materialism, was convinced that the objective and transcendent formulation of man’s dignity and freedom was to be found in Christianity. Pera is specific: ‘We should call ourselves Christian if we want to maintain our liberties and preserve our civilization . . .

If, as Thomas Jefferson claimed, our liberties must have, or must be felt as if they had, a religious foundation in order to bind the union together, then today’s secularized Europe, which rejects that foundation, can never be politically united.’⁹

Pera continues, 'Unlike Americans, Europeans cannot adopt a constitution beginning with the words *We the people* because 'the people' must exist as a moral and spiritual community before such a constitution could be conceived and asked for.'¹⁰ The version of the European Constitution that was finally adopted after being rejected in popular referendums by the French and the Dutch made no reference to God or to Christianity and amounted to no more than a treaty between nations.

In addressing the moral decline which he finds on both sides of the Atlantic, Pera writes: 'Liberal civilization was born in defense of the negative liberties of man. When the positive liberties of citizens burgeoned forth, everything started changing.'

The liberal state first became democratic, next paternalistic, and finally entered the totalitarian phase of the dictatorship of the majority and the tyranny of absolute authorities. No aspect of life today, from cradle to the grave, has been left untouched by legislation, and most of all by the verdicts of judges or supreme courts, or by the decisions of supranational institutions.'¹¹

He fears that within democracies decisional authority is today being handed over to powerful interest groups and bureaucracies. Good and evil, he maintains, in the absence of an authoritative moral tradition tend to be determined by parliamentary vote.

Pera lauds Benedict XVI for his effort to awaken European intellectuals to the Christian roots of the order and freedoms they take for granted. The Holy Father himself has provided a foreword to this volume.

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5. *Ibid.*, p. 3.
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hAP PIER CURLED UP WITH A g o o D B o o K

ONCE AGAIN that old sick feeling of being unwanted is beginning to creep over me. Normally, we foreigners living in France get off pretty lightly: the natives take us in their stride; they watch us pouring mint sauce over our lamb with an indulgent smile, our inability to use the pluperfect subjunctive is met with a reassuring pat on the shoulder.

But it would be a mistake to confuse their tolerance with weakness: there are some things which the French regard as downright provocative and, of these, nothing arouses their hatred and contempt more thoroughly than a disrespectful attitude toward bicycles.

Criticise their cooking, their government, their climate or their morals – but, unless you want to be regarded as a real stinker, just lay off their bicycles, and, more especially, their bicycle races.

Well, I know it's all wrong, but personally I can very soon be sated with bicycles. I incline to get tetchy when a gendarme orders me to pull into the side of the road and wait for three-quarters of an hour while a long string of cyclists goes trailing past; I decline to go into full mourning because so-and-so has failed to pedal as fast as what's-his-name. I have tried – I alone know how earnestly I have tried – to lash myself into a state of psychotic excitement over the spectacle of one bicycle creeping ahead of another but, deep down, I'm happier when curled up with a good book.

It all makes me realise that I can never truly integrate. Frenchmen can more easily conceive of a world without sunlight than a world without bicycle races.

Fortunately for them, they don't have to. The main event – the Tour de France – begins, as nearly as I can work out, around about New Year's Day and terminates in late December. Simultaneously, no local mayor takes office, no village sweethearts get married, no prodigal son comes home without the event being celebrated by yet another bicycle race.

Day or night, winter, spring, summer or autumn, somewhere in France a bicycle race is taking place and everyone for miles around is goggling at it – and the chances are that, at any given moment, there are no fewer than twenty bicycle races going on throughout the country or, if you include Corsica, twenty-one.

The bedridden and the infirm are not forgotten. Apart from a couple of lines on the back page to the effect that a mixed team of Russian and American astronauts have landed on Mars, the newspapers are virtually given over in their entirety to you-know-what.

On the radio, a first performance of a hitherto unknown symphony by Beethoven is interrupted to bring one the news that a competitor in a race being held in a small Alpine hamlet has just had a flat tire. Not one whit behindhand, the cinema and television provide gripping shots of handlebars and powerful sequences of front-wheel spokes.

It's all very depressing, as I say, for foreigners like myself – not so much because we are oppressed by an hysterical tendency to cry like hurt children whenever another bicycle flashes on the screen of our local cinema, as because of our feeling of simply not belonging.

Mind you, it's less hard on Australians than on anyone else. The French may not be very clear as to whether Sydney is a sheep station or the name of the Australian President but there isn't one that hasn't heard of Hubert Opperman. I can always explain my reluctance to watch bicycle races by saying that they're not worth looking at since he retired and there's an immediate murmur of sympathetic understanding.

Alistair Kershaw, poet, writer and broadcaster, was born in Melbourne in 1921. He died in Sury-en-Vaux in 1995. He left Australia in 1947 and for some years was secretary to the British writer Richard Aldington. The above excerpt is from *A Word from Paris*, Angus and Robertson, Sydney, 1991, pp. 63-65.

PRIVATE INTERPRETATION OF THE BIBLE

By Paul Stenhouse, MSC



FRIEND recently questioned what he called 'the wisdom of revisiting the past' by publishing our current series of article prompted by the four-hundredth anniversary of the Authorised Version of the Bible. I gently demurred, suggesting that we were not *revisiting* the past – we were taking what could well be for many products of our Catholic schools a *first, focused*, look at past events whose long-term effects are still being felt, and left largely unchallenged five hundred years after they occurred.

And in case anyone feels that our articles are poisoning the wells of Christian charity and Ecumenism, let me refer to a recent book *The Bible in English* by David Daniell,¹ Emeritus Professor of English at University College, London, and Honorary Fellow of Hertford and St Catherine's Colleges, Oxford.

In the course of its 900 pages we find the wells brimful of old-fashioned anti-Catholicism that spoils what could otherwise have been a rewarding and even interesting book.

Among many other gratuitous assertions, we are told by its author [1] that 'St Peter was not the first' Pope; [2] that 'the weasel word [sic!] 'puritan' ... was adopted in the 1570s by Roman Catholic writers as a vaguely insulting term for their reforming enemies'; [3] that 'For the mediaeval Church ... the whole bible was not in the picture'; [4] that the bible 'remained inaccessible in Latin for a thousand years'; [5] that 'the translation [of the bible] from the originals into the many spoken languages of the known world was blocked by the increasing power of the Bishop of Rome'; [6] that [the

Bishop of Rome] 'claimed supreme authority over the whole Church as Pope (an authority always denied by the Orthodox Churches to the East)'; [7] and that 'The Old and New Testaments did not just take second place to the Pope's personal authority: as far as the ordinary faithful men and women were concerned, they largely disappeared'. The author even takes issue with Thomas Hobbes who in his *Leviathan* makes use of the Catholic Latin Vulgate translation of the Bible, and quoting Ex 19,5 writes of a 'sacerdotal kingdom'. Daniell's anti-Catholicism is such that he describes 'sacerdotal' as 'a horrible word'.

None of the above should be beyond the capacity of a reasonably well-educated Catholic to refute. I include them only to show that the prejudices of the past are alive and well in London, New Haven and Oxford in 2003 [the year Yale University Press published the book].

William Tyndale

I also mention this book because of the publisher's claim that William Tyndale, the Protestant translator of the Bible into English, was martyred in 1536 'for his work'. Like much else in the book, this is a half-truth. He was



put to death in 1536, but it was his *mistranslations* [not his translations] and the political and social overtones of his writings that played a decisive role in the sad end of this gifted but disturbed man.

James Cairdner, of all the 19th century Protestant scholars one of the best informed on this period, summed up Tyndale's 'work' as follows:

Tyndale's Testament, like his other works, was intended to produce an ecclesiastical and social revolution, of a highly dangerous character, aided by mistranslations of Holy Writ and sophistical glosses in the margin ... we should be aware that the great shipwreck of the old system really did produce disastrous and demoralising results.²

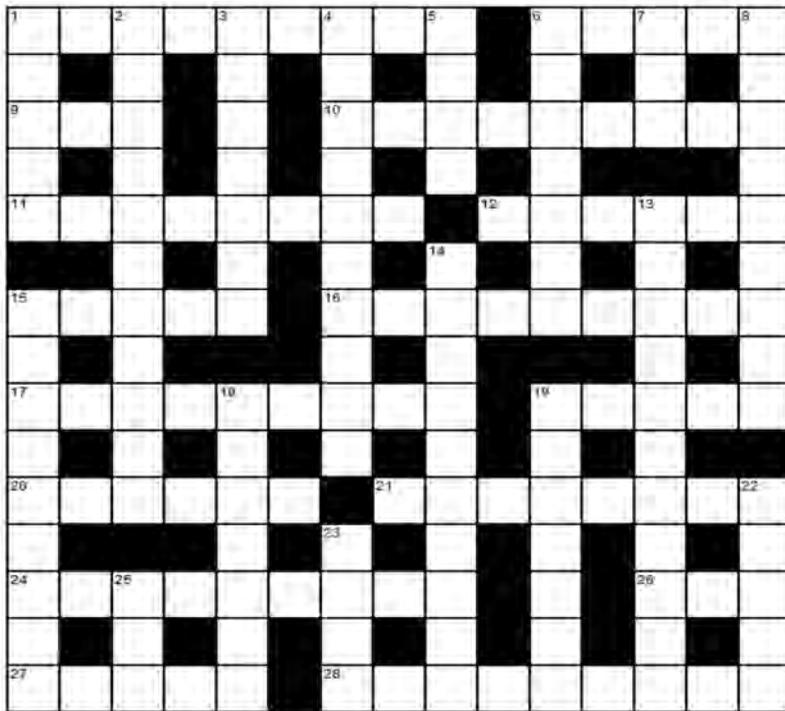
The 'disastrous and demoralising results' of what Cairdner called the 'great shipwreck' of the Old Faith, were described graphically and defiantly in the epitaph³ on the tombstone of one of the reformers, Faustus Socinus [1539-1604], over whose life and radical anti-Christian teachings a veil is usually drawn by those who laud the Reformation as a return to primitive Christianity. The epitaph reads:

Tota iacet Babylon: destruxit tecta
Lutherus,
Calvinus muros, sedfundamenta
Socinus.

Rome lies in ruins:
Luther tore off the roof,
Calvin knocked down the walls,
And Socinus destroyed its
foundations.

The teachings of Socinus were a logical consequence of the violence done to Christian unity of faith and belief by Luther, Calvin and Zwingli. Socinus followed them in repudiating not only the Papacy, but Catholic tradition and dogma along with it. He went further, into territory that most of

ANNALS CROSSWORD NO. 70



Across Clues

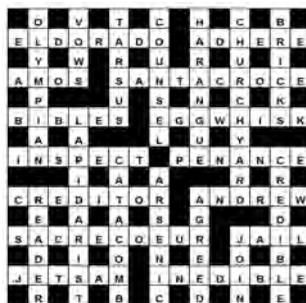
1. and 6 down. Founder of the "Redemptorists" (9,7)
6. Language of ancient Rome (5)
9. High rocky hill (3)
10. Child (9)
11. Circle of prehistoric standing stones (8)
12. A monotonous drumming sound (3-3)
15. Old Testament prophet (5)
16. Electrical device used in the kitchen (9)
17. A lizard with the ability to change colour (9)
19. Fetch (5)
20. Toughen (6)
21. Another name for hemp (8)
24. Abnormally thin (9)
26. "It will be as it was in the time of ..."(Luke 17:28) (3)
27. Adversary of God (5)
28. Followers of Gautama Siddhartha (9)

Down Clues

1. Member of a nation overthrown by Cortes (5)
2. Capital of Trinidad and Tobago (4,2,5)
3. Another name for Scripture (7)
4. A very tall building (10)

5. Paul's name prior to his conversion (4)
6. See 1 across
7. A small measure of spirits (3)
8. German city, scene of war crimes trials (9)
13. They are used at Wimbledon (6,5)
14. Generous, liberal (4-6)
15. The last two books of the Apocrypha (9)
18. High spirits (7)
19. Below (7)
22. Paving stones; the burrows of a badger (5)
23. To pierce or injure with a knife (4)

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Scriptura Sola – Only the Bible

In this last essay inspired by the 400th anniversary of the King James Bible, our interest lies principally with the two foundational doctrines of the Reformation – [1] private interpretation of the Bible and [2] Luther's anti-Papal authority and Catholic Tradition catch-cry: *Scriptura Sola*, i.e. 'Only the Bible'.⁵

These were premises, assumptions, that characterized, and still characterize the first Protestant Church founded by Martin Luther, and the myriad Churches that have arisen since Martin Luther's day. They lay like some mutating virus attacking the spiritual immune system of Catholicism during the period covered in our previous seven essays. The Thirty-nine Articles of the Anglican Church enshrine these assumptions as unassailable truths.

Let us treat the second point first: *Scriptura Sola* or 'Only the Bible'.

All Christians agree that our Lord came from heaven to teach us his Father's will; and to make clear to us what we must do if we are to inherit eternal life.

If you ask a well-instructed Catholic *how* to discern God's will, and *how* to know what must be done and believed in order to merit eternal life, you will be told – you should be told – that Jesus chose certain apostles and disciples whom he taught and carefully instructed in all that concerned the Kingdom of God and whom he sent to teach all nations. He authorized them to appoint others to succeed them in this teaching role, and promised to be with them until the end of the world.

If you ask a devout Evangelical Protestant this same question, you will be told that our Lord saw to it that all that was necessary was written down in a book that we call The Bible. Anyone who wants to know what to do and believe in order to be saved has only to read the Bible and he will be guided by the Holy Spirit to a correct understanding of the words and he will find the right path.

The difference between the two answers reflects a major difference between Catholics and non-Catholics. The former refer questioners to living persons who trace their spiritual ancestry back to the apostles.

those who reject the authority of the Catholic Church and the validity of its tradition tremble to enter.

This 'reformer' rejected the divinity of Christ, and the doctrine of the Trinity. He is the father of an anti-Trinitarian belief system called 'Socinianism'. Today his followers are known as Christadelphians, and Unitarian churches throughout the world look back to him with pride as their prophet.

Edward Pusey was a leading light

in the 'Oxford Movement'. Unlike John Henry Newman, Pusey never returned to the Catholic Faith. He described Socinus's teaching as 'heresy' and as 'deadly,' and 'stupefying'. Of the Reformation – the 'Great Commotion,' as he described it, that 'brought to the surface not only treasures ... but froth and scum also ... one might say froth and scum only' – Pusey said that it produced Protestantism 'then as now ... often as negative as its very name'.⁴

The latter refer questioners to a Book, the whole Book and only the Book.

But do they?

In the first place, Protestants don't accept what they call the 'apocrypha' or 'secret,' 'esoteric' books that are always to be found in the Catholic Bible. Before the Reformation Christians always accepted these books. Catholics call them 'Deuterocanonical,' i.e. belonging to the second Canon.

In the second place, Martin Luther refused to accept the Book of Esther [he wished it didn't exist and wanted to throw it in the Elbe], or the Book of Jonah [the 'history' it contained was, he declared, 'unbelievable'], or the Epistle to the Hebrews [it was 'a mixture of wood, straw and hay'], or the Epistles of St James ['an epistle of straw'] and St Jude, or the Book of the Apocalypse [he couldn't believe it was Scriptural].⁶

The real difficulty for *Scriptura Sola* Christians is that there are many passages of the Scriptures that they have to tamper with in order to remain faithful to this doctrine of the Reform. For instance, see Matthew xxviii, 19, 20 which reads:

Go therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world.

Any devout evangelical Christian has to think his way around this clear statement of Catholic doctrine. His answer will sound something like this: 'frail human beings *were* used at first to bring the good news the nations, but this was not meant to continue until the end of time. 'The Lord intended,' we are told, 'to withdraw his special assistance from the successors of the apostles when the Bible was written down. From that time onwards, all promises applied not to the preachers of the Gospel, but to the Book of the Bible or the Gospels.'

But how do they know this is what our Lord intended. It isn't what the text says.

Matthew xviii, 17 likewise poses a grave problem: 'Whoever neglects to hear the Church, let me be to thee as a heathen and a publican.'

Evangelical Christians are driven to claiming that there is no Church or group of men whom others are obliged to listen to and obey in matters

Translations no substitute for the original

THOUGHTFUL STUDY of the text of any part of the scriptures only reveals the inadequacy of all language to express fully the deep truths of inspiration. It was impossible even for the original writers of the New Testament to put into classical Greek ideas which were familiar among the Hebrews; they used Hebrew idioms and even invented new Greek words. Then, when both the Old and the New Testaments were translated into Latin, hosts of words and phrases were employed in ways quite unknown to the pagan writers of Rome. The Church required a vocabulary and phraseology of her own; and when these had become sacred by usage in Latin it was equally difficult to find English substitutes for them ... Any translation, in fact, of such a book as the Bible can only convey the meaning of the original with the help of commentary and traditional interpretation ... But, though much is gained by traditional interpretation, it is a drawback to the study of Holy scripture to this day that men too easily satisfy themselves with translations as if they could be perfect substitutes for the original.

— James Gairdner, *Lollardy and the Reformation in England: An Historical Survey*, Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London, 1908, vol. i, pp. 368-369. Gairdner was not a Catholic.

of religion. Once again, this flatly contradicts the text. And where does that leave their ministers who are their 'teachers' [despite *Scriptura sola*] whom they obey in matters of interpretation and belief.

The inescapable truth is that as soon as someone repudiates the authority of the Catholic Church, he finds another

Church more to his liking; or abandons Christianity altogether. Whenever someone refuses to acknowledge the authority of the Bishop of Rome, the Pope, he finds another pope more to his liking; usually the minister of the bible-church to which he turns.

Scriptural texts that pose similar problems for *Scriptura Sola* are legion. See John xx, 21, 22; Luke x, 16; John xvii, 18, 20; 2 Tim I, 13, 14; 2 Tim ii, 2; I Cor 11, 16; I John iv, 1, 6; 2 Thess ii, 15 etc.

This problem existed from the very beginning of the Reformation period. An edition of the Geneva English Bible printed in 1589 by the deputies of Christopher Barker in London contained an alphabetical concordance written by a certain Robert Herry. The latter wrote an introduction to his concordance in which he admitted that through the 'wickedness of time' and the 'blindness of former ages' the text of the Bible had been abused and corrupted. He then informed the reader that he had taken all these 'corrupt' sections and for the right understanding of Scripture 'He hath set [them] to rights'.

Commenting on this, Thomas Bailey an English Catholic writer living in exile in Italy wrote '... that the Holy Ghost infallibly assisted him in the rectification of these corruptions no man will acknowledge'. He goes on to ask how Herry could have corrected the

Private judgement

THE RIGHT of private judgment is recognised and claimed by every one, and it includes, of course, the right of pronouncing very rash judgements on very insufficient grounds. Every one may think as he pleases, and the uneducated layman, who may give one hour a week to thoughts about theology against forty which he devotes to the state of the markets, has but little misgivings on the question of faith and works, or even perhaps as to the mystery of the Real Presence. Whatever theology may say upon these subjects, he believes his own view to be pure common sense.

— James Gairdner, *Lollardy and the Reformation in England: An Historical Survey*, Macmillan and Co., Ltd., London, 1908, vol. i, p. 508. Gairdner was not a Catholic.

Rooted attachment to the Old Faith

LONG DOWN into the reign of Elizabeth, according to the testimony of a modern historian, the old Faith still numbered a majority of adherents in England. ... This rooted attachment to the old Faith and the difficulty everywhere experienced by the government and the [Protestant] bishops in weaning the clergy and their flocks from their ancient tendencies, is a sufficient proof that it [the old Faith] was not unpopular.

— J. S. Brewer, *The Reign of Henry VIII from his accession to the death of Wolsey*, John Murray, London, 1884, vol.ii, pp.469-470. Brewer was not a Catholic.

'corruptions' when he had never seen the original text and had no clue what the non-corrupted text looked like:

Yet he tells us that he hath mended all; according to what? His own hearing? In his inspection of such copies as he hath a mind to look into or could find: which copies are impossible to know whether they be true or false. ... Now whether the Holy Catholic Church or Robert Herrey is to be relied upon in matters of such concernment. There's the business.⁷

At the risk of tiring the reader may I add a few questions that the same author put to his contemporaries who had swallowed the *Scriptura Sola* Pill without employing what, in modern jargon, we call 'due diligence':

There is no such thing as [a] Scripture [text] to decide the highest controversies in Theology, as for example:

1. What Scripture [text] is there to confute the *Arians*? or to decide that controversy, namely whether a spiritual and indivisible Essence such as God is, may have a natural son?
2. Or, if there were, how would you decide the matter so clearly as to allay the fury of any heat, without an Authority so acknowledged by both parties as that necessarily it must be yielded unto by either, when it shall declare itself for one, and say: 'this is the meaning of that place of Scripture, and not that'?
3. What Scripture [text] shall satisfy the *Trinitarians* and *Sabellians*, how the same indivisible thing could be three persons?
4. What Scripture [text] shall satisfy the *Nestorians* and the *Eutycheans* how one person could subsist in two natures?
5. What Scripture [text] have you for the Procession of the Holy Ghost from the Father and the Son? For the Father's being unbegotten? the Son's [being] consubstantial with the Father?

6. What Scripture [text] have you for the [inspiration of] Scripture itself?
7. Or that this book of Scripture should be canonical, and not that?⁸

Private Interpretation of the Bible

Finally we come to the crux of the matter: the keystone upon which these Evangelical and other Bible-based Churches and their teachings – often at variance with one another – stand or fall: private interpretation of the Bible.

These Churches are like a massive inverted pyramid standing delicately balanced on a single point – private interpretation. If that point be dislodged, the whole structure collapses.

Tyndale believed in the importance of having the Bible translated into English, but he believed just as passionately in his own way of translating and interpreting it. Thomas Bailey, writing in 1654, summed up the dilemma posed by this belief:

... Can there be a more mad-like thing than ... to think that every or any sectary shall have the spirit of interpretation, when the Catholic Church shall go without it?

For, after all, the Protestants received the text of the Bible from the Catholics; and the Catholic Church had been its custodian from its beginnings.

James Gairdner points out that Tyndale held the view that the meaning of Scripture could only be hidden from those who were lost. He also believed that individual Christians were obliged to study the Scriptures to find its true, literal, meaning.⁹ For this reason he preserved and popularized a positive *mistranslation* of the Gospel of John, v, 39, giving the [false] impression that Jesus had ordered all his followers to 'search the Scriptures' and implying that they must be able

to do so if Jesus commanded them to do so.

This mistranslation is found in the Authorised King James Bible, and David Daniell from whose book *The Bible in English* I quoted at the beginning of this article, slavishly follows it. He tells his readers: 'At John 5,39, Christ exhorted his followers to "Search the Scriptures". They found barriers in the way.'

Daniell, like his hero Tyndale, leaves no doubt in the mind of the reader that the 'Pharisees' who shut up the kingdom of heaven against men,' and the 'lawyers' who 'have taken away the key of knowledge,' represent the Catholic Church.

The problem is that Tyndale and all who followed him in following Wycliffe mistranslated in their turn [deliberately or indeliberately] the meaning of John 5, 39. The correct translation of the passage which is addressed to the Pharisees [not to the followers of Jesus], is as follows:

You search the Scriptures diligently, thinking that in having them, you have eternal life. Yet although their testimony points to me, you refuse to come to me for that life. I do not look to men for honour. But with you it is different, as I know well, for you have no love of God in you!

The verb 'to search' is in the indicative, not the imperative. The sense of the passage is not a command: 'Search the Scriptures.' It is a criticism by Jesus of the Pharisees. It is expressed in the indicative mood: 'You search the scriptures diligently, thinking ...'

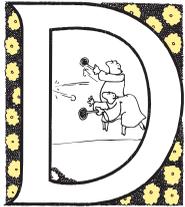
This mistranslation led to the reformed doctrine of private interpretation of the Scriptures, which in turn led to *Sola Scriptura* and all the social and political consequences that flowed and still flow from it.

The single point upon which the inverted Pyramid of Evangelical and reformed Christianity stands is flawed. So was the Reformation to which this flawed assumption gave rise.

1. Yale University Press, New Haven and London, 2003.
2. *Lollardy and the Reformation in England*, MacMillan & Co, Ltd, London 1908, vol. ii, pp. 228-229.
3. Quoted 'Scriptural Views of Holy Baptism,' by Edward Pusey, *Tracts for the Times*, No. 69, *ad clerum*, 1835. Note 3, p. 199.
4. *Ibid.* p. 193.
5. See Martin Luther, *Smalcald Articles* II, 15 'God's word alone shall establish articles of faith; and no one else.'
6. *The Catholic Encyclopedia*, Volume III Copyright © 1908 by Robert Appleton Company
7. *An end to Controversie*, by Thomas Bailey, 'printed at Doway' anno 1654 p. 118
8. *Ibid.* pp. 124-125.
9. *Op.cit.* vol. I, pp. 369-370.

Message of His Holiness Pope Benedict XVI, Christmas Day 2011

‘URBI ET ORBI’ To The CITY, AND To The World



DEAR BROTHERS AND SISTERS in Rome and throughout the world. Christ is born for us. Glory to God in the

highest and peace on earth to the men and women whom he loves. May all people hear an echo of the message of Bethlehem which the Catholic Church repeats in every continent, beyond the confines of every nation, language and culture. The Son of the Virgin Mary is born for everyone; he is the Saviour of all.

This is how Christ is invoked in an ancient liturgical antiphon: ‘O Emmanuel, our king and lawgiver, hope and salvation of the peoples: come to save us, O Lord our God’. *Veni ad salvandum nos!* Come to save us! This is the cry raised by men and women in every age, who sense that by themselves they cannot prevail over difficulties and dangers.

They need to put their hands in a greater and stronger hand, a hand which reaches out to them from on high. Dear brothers and sisters, this hand is Jesus, born in Bethlehem of the Virgin Mary. He is the hand that God extends to humanity, to draw us out of the mire of sin and to set us firmly on rock, the secure rock of his Truth and his Love (cf. Ps 40:2).

This is the meaning of the Child’s name, the name which, by God’s will, Mary and Joseph gave him: he is named Jesus, which means ‘Saviour’ (cf. Mt 1:21; Lk 1:31). He was sent by God the Father to save us above all from the evil deeply rooted in man and in history: the evil of separation from God, the prideful presumption of being self-sufficient, of trying to compete with God and to take his place, to decide what is good and evil, to be the master of life and death (cf. Gen 3:1-7).

This is the great evil, the great sin, from which we human beings cannot save ourselves unless we rely on God’s help, unless we cry out to him: *Veni ad salvandum nos!* – Come to save us!

The very fact that we cry to heaven in this way already sets us aright; it makes us true to ourselves: we are in fact those who cried out to God and were saved (cf. Esther [LXX] 10:3ff.). God is the Saviour; we are those who are in peril. He is the physician; we are the infirm.

To realize this is the first step towards salvation, towards emerging from the maze in which we have been locked by our pride. To lift our eyes to heaven, to stretch out our hands and call for help is our means of escape, provided that there is Someone who hears us and can come to our assistance.

Jesus Christ is the proof that God has heard our cry. And not only this! God’s love for us is so strong that he cannot remain aloof; he comes out of himself to enter into our midst and to share fully in our human condition (cf. Ex 3:7-12).

The answer to our cry which God gave in Jesus infinitely transcends our expectations, achieving a solidarity which cannot be human alone, but divine. Only the God who is love, and the love which is God, could choose to save us in this way, which is certainly the lengthiest way, yet the way which respects the truth about him and about us: the way of reconciliation, dialogue and cooperation.

Dear brothers and sisters in Rome and throughout the world, on this Christmas 2011, let us then turn to the Child of Bethlehem, to the Son of the Virgin Mary, and say: ‘Come to save us!’ Let us repeat these words in spiritual union with the many people who experience particularly difficult situations; let us speak out for those who have no voice. Together let us ask God’s help for the peoples of the Horn of Africa, who suffer from hunger and food shortages,

aggravated at times by a persistent state of insecurity. May the international community not fail to offer assistance to the many displaced persons coming from that region and whose dignity has been sorely tried.

May the Lord grant comfort to the peoples of South-East Asia, particularly Thailand and the Philippines, who are still enduring grave hardships as a result of the recent floods.

May the Lord come to the aid of our world torn by so many conflicts which even today stain the earth with blood. May the Prince of Peace grant peace and stability to that Land where he chose to come into the world, and encourage the resumption of dialogue between Israelis and Palestinians.

May he bring an end to the violence in Syria, where so much blood has already been shed. May he foster full reconciliation and stability in Iraq and Afghanistan. May he grant renewed vigour to all elements of society in the countries of North Africa and the Middle East as they strive to advance the common good.

May the birth of the Saviour support the prospects of dialogue and cooperation in Myanmar, in the pursuit of shared solutions. May the Nativity of the Redeemer ensure political stability to the countries of the Great Lakes Region of Africa, and assist the people of South Sudan in their commitment to safeguarding the rights of all citizens.

Dear Brothers and Sisters, let us turn our gaze anew to the grotto of Bethlehem. The Child whom we contemplate is our salvation! He has brought to the world a universal message of reconciliation and peace. Let us open our hearts to him; let us receive him into our lives. Once more let us say to him, with joy and confidence: *Veni ad salvandum nos!* Come and save us!

Source: Vatican Information Service: News.Va

How many among your musical friends do you know who run to every respectable organ recital and collect records by the great performers?

mUSICAL SANITY AND CÉSAR FRANCK

By Stephanie McCallum



WE WOULD all have heard Franck's violin sonata,

so often played in my musical institution that it is affectionately known as the Frank Sinatra, but for such an important and influential figure among composers, Franck has not achieved the sort of star quality that attracts a lot of literary attention. This is an admirably thorough and detailed exploration not only of

César Franck His Life and Times by R.J. Stove The Scarecrow Press UK, 2012. For copies please contact DA information services, Mitcham Vic. Phone: 03-9210-7777. E-mail: nslater@dadirect.com. Also Lesley McKay's Bookshop, Woollahra, NSW: 02-9328-2733.

Franck himself, but also of his historical environment and varied connections, done with obvious sympathy and admiration but without failing to present all sides in the critical spectrum.

We get a wide range of opinion about the man and his music and a feeling that the author knows intimately the music he describes with care and detail. And we have confidence that he has gone the extra mile to correct little discrepancies and inaccuracies that have been perpetuated in Franck scholarship to date.

Franck is in many respects a father figure of late Romantic French music. His individual style is full of rich, sighing chromaticism, intensity and seriousness which one either embraces fervently or in a different mood, might make one feel that he could lighten up a little.

He was a highly productive musician, but mainly in the less glamorous and less publicised area of a church music environment as longstanding organist at Saint Clotilde in Paris. He was a prolific composer in many areas but especially for the organ, and a devoted teacher, eventually teaching at the Paris *Conservatoire*. He acquired a very loyal band of disciples who collectively had far reaching effects. Vincent d'Indy in particular, his first biographer, started the *Schola Cantorum* where Franck's musical values emphasising rigour and contrapuntal studies were taught as a counter-balance to the *Conservatoire* style of teaching.

Born in Belgium in 1822, César Franck, along with his brother, Joseph, was taken to Paris in 1835 as something of a child prodigy and, it seems, perhaps exploited for cash over a long period by his father in a manner not unlike Mozart and Liszt.

He arrived at a time of intensity in Parisian cultural life in the 30s, described by Stove as 'frighteningly competitive'. These are the years of Meyerbeer's extravagant operas, of recitals by Liszt, Chopin and Alkan, of



Photo of Jeanne Rongier's painting "César Franck at the console of the organ at St. Clotilde Basilica, Paris, 1885"

Paganini and Berlioz. It is fascinating reading, and the author has no hesitation in pursuing amusing side stories or interesting political historical settings. Don't miss the notes which are often very funny.

It is also good to read of Liszt's unfailing generosity to the emerging talent of the time. He read and responded to Franck's early work and provided letters of support.

However some were not so generous to the young composer. Stove keeps a running gag going on the acidic nature of one of Franck's long-term critics – a man named Blanchard, who is amused by the grandiosity of Franck's Christian name at early Franck performances. This is the first of many reviews by Blanchard to wring an increasingly weak pun out of César's names:

"The first concert appearance by either Franck brother during 1842 was on March 11. Once more both César and Joseph performed at Pape's salon... Blanchard comments:

A Roman Emperor and a Sovereign Pontiff joined together to give last Friday a musical evening at the rooms of the former chancellery of the Duc d'Orléans, corner of Rue Valois and Rue des Bon-Enfants. Pope and Emperor, Augustus Caesar and Pope, they distinguished themselves and gave each other mutual support . . ." (p.44)

As a pianist myself who is particularly interested in Charles Valentin Alkan, there are some really interesting overlaps here. We find that César studied piano with Zimmermann, the same piano teacher as Alkan. In 1838 we find Alkan on the examining jury for Franck's piano exam, a critical year in which Alkan stopped performing and became a recluse, and in which his illegitimate child was conceived – but that is material for another book.

Alkan is also an interesting interface of the worlds of the pianist and the organist, being a prolific composer for the now defunct instrument, the *pedalier*, a piano with an attached pedal board and second set of strings. Many of Alkan's *pedalier* works were printed for piano or organ and his pedal studies are highly regarded by organists. A score of Alkan's *Prières* was in Franck's collection of music and Alkan was the dedicatee of the *Grande Pièce Symphonique* from the *Six Pièces*.

As complex pedal parts took longer to get established in French than in

declare God's love ... 'with harmonious sound' [Ps. 92,3]

CHURCH ORGANISTS may not realise it, but theirs is reputedly the most ancient keyboard instrument. Ctesibius of Alexandria is credited with inventing a water organ in the third century BC – roughly from 285-222 – that was the precursor of the modern pipe organ. Its use spread throughout the Roman empire. Quintilian [35-100 AD], a Spanish Rhetorician, even refers to what seems to have been a musical contest among organ players¹ at the Capitoline Agon, or Games. But from the fourth century AD it was forbidden to be used in churches because it reminded the faithful of the organ music that had accompanied the slaying of Christians and gladiators for the amusement of the emperor and the rabble in the Colosseum and other amphitheatres throughout the empire for two and a half centuries, from the time of Nero to the edict of Toleration under Constantine. It was only in the seventh century that Pope Vitalian [Bishop of Rome from 657-672] authorised the use of organs during liturgical ceremonies. There was a time when there was no more numerous class of professional musicians than church organists, Arthur Sullivan [of Gilbert and Sullivan] and Ralph Vaughan Williams among them. Nowadays church organists like many fine jazz musicians and commercial artists, seem destined to live in metaphorical if not real garrets without much acknowledgement of their talents or their dreams. Critics might echo the sentiments of British musicologist Martin Cooper [1910-1986] who claimed that 'organ music has, for at least a century, interested nobody but organists.' Annals hopes that Stephanie McCallum's review of R. J. Stove's *César Franck* will help to restore the balance and give some appreciation of Franck, and of what Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart called 'The King of instruments'. – Editor, *Annals*.

1. *Institutio Oratoria*, lx, 4, 11; quoted, Ludwig Friedlander, *Roman Life and Manners*, London, George Routledge & Sons, 1913, vol. iv, p.265.

German music we can see why Alkan's pedal parts must have been influential. Saint Saens is another interesting figure, mentioned frequently in the book, who was influential in both piano and organ worlds. There is a lot of detail here for organists on instrument history and the famous organ builder, Cavallé-Coll, culminating in a marvellous description of the Trocadero's organ and similarly super-sized concerts.

Franck started life as a pianist but his career was made as an organist and this may have had a strong impact on his level of popular success in his lifetime. Stove is an organist – a breed that can sometimes feel left to one side of the musical world. In his preface he considers the following quotation from Jacques Barzun:

"How many among your musical friends do you know who run to every respectable organ recital and collect records by the great performers? Try, moreover to talk with confidence

about the masterpieces of organ music and their distinctive qualities. You will find, I think, that they do not present themselves with any vividness or charm to the minds of chamber-music enthusiasts, opera buffs, and symphony subscribers."

Later in the book Stove adds, 'The exceptionally high proportion of organ music in Franck's output meant that much of his finest thought remained inaccessible to those for whom the organ is a mere source of tedium.' Certainly, as organists seem to emerge from a first life as a pianist, they have far more knowledge of piano music than pianists have of organ music in my experience.

The strong last sentence in the Preface is: 'Franck's *oeuvre* has an individuality and fundamental sanity which we overlook at our peril.'

The idea of fundamental sanity ties in with a picture built up throughout the book of a simple, extremely hard-working man of enormous capabilities.

Amidst that normality and sanity it is interesting that he apparently had some quite long periods of nervous collapse – a hazard for those working very hard in creative areas. So many musicians of that era have well documented serious mental illness – the book mentions Bruckner as having similar problems to Franck, but there are also Alkan, Schumann, Hugo Wolff and Satie to name a few others – with differing levels of recovery in a world without targeted medications. There is also an interesting digression on Henri Duparc's extended writers block.

Franck comes across as uninterested in personal fame and glory, but well aware of his own level of achievement, whether recognised or not.

“To a pupil who passionately tried to convince him of *Tristan's* unique magnificence, he administered the gentle rebuke: “After *Tristan* take the score of *Les Béatitudes*: What Wagner has done for human love, I have done for divine.” (p.214)

The book is full of engaging and charming turns of phrase and wry observations. In Chapter 8 there is an intriguing detailed description of Andrew de Ternant's fabricated writings on late 19th century musical life, including assertions about Franck, which could easily have led many a thorough researcher astray. De Ternant's writings included elaborate and detailed stories about Franck's visits to England, and fascination with the English Renaissance, which appear an elaborate hoax to make fun of the then literary musical establishment's credulity.

The book also makes a substantial contribution to the performance history of Franck's music. Recently Sydney audiences had an opportunity to hear one of Franck's more colourful and popular orchestral works revived by the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, *Le Chasseur Maudit* [“The Accursed Huntsman”] conducted by Pinchas Steinberg in March 2010.

From Stove, we learn:

“From the première (the Société Nationale organized the first hearing of *Le Chasseur Maudit* on March 31, 1883, with Colonne conducting, while Padeloup included it in a concert the following January 18) until well after World War II, the piece was a crowd pleaser, the 1883 event being among the few occasions on which

No lasting City

There is NO doubt that religion was indeed the most important thing in Waugh's life. Any biographer who failed to recognise this would be wasting their time - and ours. Such a reproach was directed at Stannard by one critic, but seems to me unwarranted. Stannard not only provides a wealth of inspiring quotes from Waugh's writings, but has also unearthed impressive evidence of charitable deeds which Waugh secretly performed as a form of spiritual cultivation, and which bear eloquent testimony to the absolute seriousness of his commitment. If he sometimes brought to the everyday practice of his Catholic faith some of the eccentricity which also characterised most other aspects of his life (for instance, as an acquaintance recalled, during Lent, when having lunch in a restaurant, he would produce miniature scales at the table to weigh out precisely the quantities of allowable food!), his faith was not a matter for posturing: it cost him too dearly, in every respect, for its sincerity to be questioned. In his remarkable correspondence, whenever the subject of religion is being discussed, he relinquishes his usual whimsicality and writes with simplicity, depth, gravity and a most touching sense of urgency. For all his gluttony and drunkenness, his passionate attachment to all things of beauty, his selfishness, his impatience, his unkindness and anger (a close friend once asked how he could reconcile his generally beastly behaviour and his Christianity; Waugh replied: ‘you have no idea how much nastier I would be if I was not a Catholic. Without supernatural aid, I would hardly be a human being’), what he derived from his Catholicism was a fundamental ability not to take this world too seriously. Stannard shows a sound grasp of this central issue in his choice of a subtitle for the second and final volume of his biographical study, *No Abiding City* - a reference to St Paul (Hebrews XIII, 14): *non enim habemus hic manentem civitatem, sed futuram inquirimus* (‘For we have here no abiding city, but we seek one that is to come’), which Waugh was particularly fond of quoting. Chesterton had already observed: ‘The Church is the only thing that can save a man from the degrading servitude of being a child of one's own time,’ but for Waugh, the Church not only secured liberation from the world, it also provided a force and an inspiration to go against the world - *contra mundum*.

— Simon Leys, *The Angel and the Octopus*, Duffy & Snellgrove, Sydney 1999, pp.184-185.

Franck heard one of his own works being greeted with hearty applause. It would still be a crowd pleaser now, if it had not largely been dropped from orchestral repertoires after around 1970.” (p.241)



This is a very rich book, full of surprises and interest and written in a very appealing and lively way. It should re-ignite interest in works other than the few standard ones and round out our ideas of Franck's legacy. I strongly recommend it.

— STEPHANIE MCCALLUM is pianist and Associate professor in Piano at Sydney Conservatorium of Music, University of Sydney. She appears on over forty CDs (including fifteen solo CDs), her most recent disc being *A Romantic Christmas*, with a new version of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite* and the complete Liszt *Weihnachtsbaum* released last year. For a complete list of recordings and for reviews please visit Stephanie's website at www.stephaniemccallum.com. This is an abridged version of the talk given by Stephanie McCallum at the Sydney launch of the book on February 28, 2012.

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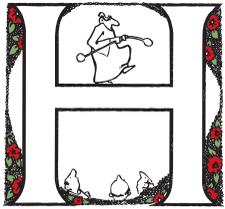
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What was at stake for the students was ... the task of recovering a mode of being and of taking hold of a way of learning rather than merely being familiar with a great number of things.

Joh N SENIo R: *IN PIAM MEMORIAM*

by Philippe Maxence



OW THE TIME does pass . . . it was on April 8, 1999—already thirteen years ago—that

Professor John Senior returned to our Father's House. Since then, we have been all the more orphaned and greater has been our yearning for Paradise.

By what right should I, a Frenchman, be writing today about this eminent professor of an American university, from my desk in a tiny village, lost in the countryside of the old Europe? To tell the truth, I have no title, nor any right at all to evoke this great figure of American Catholicism. His children, his many students, the large cohort of priests, bishops, nuns, and monks that he raised up: they could bring forward a thousand reasons in support of their claim to take up the quill in celebration of the memory of John Senior.

I have neither the title, nor the right, but the formidable duty to testify that we owe him a debt that will not be repaid within the bounds of time and that can only be understood in light of the natural virtue of piety. Professor Senior had a profound and real influence that reached all the way to Europe and to France. It was an influence that owed much to his talents and his craft, but that above all resided essentially in the fact that he took the path opposite to the one taken by his contemporaries: he travelled from the modern world to the Christian world.

We should undertake this same journey and take this same path, each day, by the love of Christ, of the Virgin Mary, and of the holy Catholic Church. Quite simply: there is no other.

Is it necessary here to recall that, having been born far from its banks

in 1923, John Senior, a graduate of Columbia and a professor at Cornell, was received into the Catholic Church in 1960?

The previous year, he had published his first book, *The Way Down and Out*, devoted to the theme of the occult in symbolist literature and marked by the development of his thinking, which was already on the path of conversion.

Very quickly he perceived that Cornell did not offer him an adequate setting for his work, and so he moved to the University of Kansas, where he would found the Integrated Humanities Program (IHP) together with his friends Dennis B. Quinn and Franklyn C. Nelick.

Can one change the course of things by teaching the Humanities? As astonishing as it may be, the question deserves to be posed with respect to what then unfolded at the University of Kansas. To change the course of things, even the world?

Surely, John Senior would have been astonished to have heard such an ambition attributed to his work as a professor. More simply, he understood that he was bound to accomplish the duties of an instructor in the best possible fashion, in constant fidelity to the truth.

It all began in 1971, a troubled time. At the University of Kansas, students were complaining that they were subjected to a highly fragmented program that lacked any connection to the fundamental questions of existence. In the context of this general crisis, Senior, Quinn, and Nelick put in place a program of instruction in the Humanities.

Before all else they were educators who understood that the student uprisings of the late 1960s were the indications of a deep crisis, of a search for meaning, by youth who had been unsettled by modernity—and especially in its contemporary incarnations. They knew that it was imperative to respond to this deep thirst and, first of all, to teach the students to conduct themselves as men, in the full sense of the term.

Was this elementary? Yes, it was elementary good sense, and it was one that no one then was even imagining. College teaching had all too often been reduced to a cramming of the cranium with a mixture of varied ideas, thrown together without any order. It belongs to the wise man to order, as Saint Thomas Aquinas explains.

But how was this to be done when one was merely a professor in a university? Senior, Quinn, and Nelick delved into the great experiences of humanity as found in the classics and gave their students a renewed taste for reading and for thinking deeply, that is to say, they taught them to quench their thirst by going to the sources.

John Senior and of his colleagues themselves took this path in their own teaching, and they took it resolutely. During their lectures, students were not to take notes, but instead, they were . . . to listen. They were to relearn the use of their senses both exterior



and interior, by seeing, imagining, memorizing, and understanding. Twice per week, for an hour and twenty minutes, they assisted at a unique spectacle: listening to a conversation that unfolded among Senior, Quinn, and Nelick.

This was in no way talk for talk's sake, but a true conversation, taking as point of departure Homer's *Odyssey* or Plato's *Republic* and establishing links and connections with other classic works of literature, history, and philosophy. According to the testimony of the students, this spectacle was fabulous, and silence reigned in the room except when the students broke out into genuine transports of laughter . . . Silence and laughter: it was a useful apprenticeship in being human for an era that both took itself too seriously and had forgotten the value of contemplation.

Between the two conferences, groups of students gathered to learn poems by heart. They also met their professors at night to contemplate the stars, to take courses in calligraphy, and to learn old songs—including drinking songs—which they sang in chorus. The goal was to re-educate the senses in order that these city-dwelling students might have the chance to encounter the real.

It was understood that what was at stake for the students was before all else to task of recovering a mode of being and of taking hold of a way of learning, rather than merely being familiar with a great number of things. Their direct model was the instruction of the middle ages and the medieval *lectio*—in the sense of a public reading—that gave the professor the occasion to offer a direct commentary on the text. The sense of nuance was thus given directly by the tone that was employed in reading the text aloud.

The three professors loved to use the analogy of a classical jazz group improvising on a well-known theme. That is exactly what they did. And, of course, the students had the chance to ask questions after the lectures, to meet the professors, and to form deep friendships, under the aegis of the IHP motto: *nascantur in admiratione, 'may they grow up in awe'*.

From this experience of education and from its extraordinary flowering of vocation (more than two hundred

Hot loaves from the oven of contemplation

THE CISTERCIANS ... produced a school of mystical theologians which, as Dom Berlière says, represents the finest flower of Benedictine spirituality. ... even if the Cistercians never wrote anything to pass on the fruit of their contemplation to the Church at large, *contemplata tradere* [to pass on the fruits of contemplation] would always be an essential element in Cistercian life to the extent that the abbot and those charged with the direction of souls would always be obliged to feed the rest of the monks with the good bread of mystical theology as it comes out in smoking hot loaves from the oven of contemplation. This was what saint Bernard told the learned cleric of York, Henry Murdach, to lure him from his books into the woods where the beeches and elms taught the monks wisdom.

— Thomas Merton, *The seven story Mountain*, 1948: from the Epilogue: 'Meditatio Pauperis in solitudine'. See p.44 for the text of the letter that St Bernard wrote to Henry Murdach inviting him to become a monk at Clairvaux.

converts came from the program), from his own life of faith and prayer according to the ancient Benedictine tradition and the liturgical tradition, and from his personal reading and meditation, John Senior drew forth the material for two fundamental works that offer the first steps for any true Christian renewal: *The Death of Christian Culture* and *The Restoration of Christian Culture* (IHS Press).

Some marvelled publicly that John Senior had so warmly recommended the return to literature, to poetry, as the necessary preliminary to the restoration of Christian culture. They were offended that this disciple of Saint Thomas, this reader of Garrigou-Lagrange and Charles De Koninck, could have written that the renewal of Thomism was then impossible: "So I do not advocate anything like a revival of St. Thomas. I think it is impossible under present conditions. He is better off where he is, and incidentally needs no 'revival' because he isn't dead; we're the ones who are dead, or almost dead; the rent is overdue and we are starving in a ruined tenement."

Faithful to Aristotle and to the Angelic Doctor, John Senior was persuaded that the intellect could not truly be restored except to the very degree to which sensibility had been able to avoid being deformed, disfigured, and massacred as it is today by modern culture.

Without this first step, the intellect cannot find the necessary foundation that would permit it to play its part.

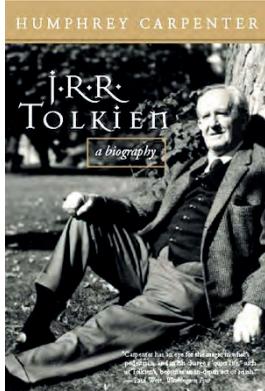
This approach reposed in all simplicity upon the fact that the real is first known to us by the senses before it is conceptualized by the intellect.

From this point of view, the existence of a Saint Thomas in the thirteenth century was not the result of chance. That century was the century of veritable realism, not only because Saint Thomas enlightened it and Saint Louis crowned it, but because human beings then were immersed in a cosmos whose sensibilities were healthy.

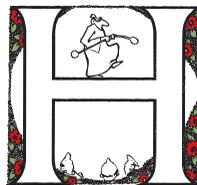
It was in this way that John Senior insisted upon a preliminary restoration of sensibility by the poetic mode. Never in any way was this mode set in opposition to the rational. But always and everywhere it preceded it. Before the Pre-Socratics, we find it already at work in Homer. Whence the insistent counsel of Senior to return to Virgil, to our Christian poets, and perhaps still more, to the traditional Office, the prayer of the Christian, that long poem that sings of God, praises Him, and has recourse to Him amidst the sufferings and joys of life.

"The restoration of reason presupposes that of love," insists John Senior once more. There is, in truth, no other path. *Caritas in Veritate!*

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LoRD oF ThE RINGs



is grave stands in suburban surroundings, very different from the English countryside that Tolkien loved, but not dissimilar to the man-made places in which he spent most of his days. So, even at the end, at this plain grave in a public cemetery, we are reminded of the antithesis between the ordinary life he led and the extra-ordinary imagination that created his mythology.

Where did it come from, this imagination that peopled Middle-earth with elves, orcs, and hobbits? What was the source of the literary vision that changed the life of this obscure scholar? And why did that vision so strike the minds and harmonise with the aspirations of numberless readers around the world?

Tolkien would have thought that these were unanswerable questions. His real biography is *The Hobbit*, *The Lord of the Rings*, and *The Silmarillions*, for the truth about him lies within their pages.

His Requiem Mass was held in Oxford four days after his death, in the plain modern church in Headington which he had attended so often. The prayers and readings were specially chosen by his son John, who said the Mass with the assistance of Tolkien's old friend Fr Robert Murray and his parish priest Mgr Doran. There was no sermon or quotation from his writings. However, when a few weeks later a memorial service was held in California by some of his American admirers, his short story *Leaf by Niggle* was read to the congregation. He would perhaps have considered it not inappropriate:

Before him stood the Tree, his Tree, finished. If you could say that of a Tree that was alive, its leaves opening, its branches growing and bending in the wind that Niggle had so often felt and guessed, and had so often failed to catch. He gazed at the Tree, and slowly he lifted his arms and opened them wide.

'It's a gift!' he said.

— From *J.R.R. Tolkien*, by Humphrey Carpenter



mEDIA mATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Priceless resource

If a means could be found to tax irony, it would generate more revenue than carbon. In a period that has seen an unprecedented number of more or less government tagged bodies calling for regulation of journalistic conduct, the Australian federal parliament faces the proposal of a code of conduct for its elected members.

Compounding a convergent irony as big as Mount Tom Price, the proposals are the result of charges against a minority of journalists and politicians in a context where both, like lawyers, footballers and jockeys, had independent, self-regulatory bodies.

Journalists had the Australian Press Council politicians had the longer-lived Privileges Committees of the House of Representatives and the Senate.

As newspaper readers letters, rather than leaders, have pointed out, there is already a code of conduct in place which covers minorities and majorities; it's called the Ten Commandments and has inspired many other codes of conduct.

dawkins nods

Arch-atheist Richard Dawkins has given a benign nod to the distribution of the King James Bible, not for religious purposes but because of its cultural value. It's a start, for who can separate a culture from the belief that inspired it?

Certainly not great scientists of the past including mathematician and physicist, Isaac Newton; his religious writings (7500 pages) have been digitised by Israel's National Library and placed on line.

Too much to suggest that those distributing the King James Bible pack with it a pamphlet containing the critical commentary on the King James Bible as published in *Annals Australasia* by its editor, Father Paul Stenhouse PhD?

Jones the Q

Not too late to mention the ABC Q&A encounter between Dr Richard Dawkins and Cardinal George Pell on Easter Monday. Tony Jones ensured that neither was allowed to give his best.

As remarked here before, Jones comes on as both orchestra conductor and first violinist. It may go deeper – and better. Jones was an absolutely brilliant correspondent in America. His instincts are to hunt, gather and present news. Thus, his constant digging for newpoints rather than eliciting the opinions of invited personalities. Always relentless, he now seems turbo-charged by the need to provide the ABC's 24/7 news cycle with material.

In other words what Q &A needs is more interplay less solo play, a task for which Jones's formidable professionalism in one-on-one interviews makes him bad casting.

Apropos: there should be a ban on active-duty politicians; they tend to turn Q&A into a rowdier parliamentary question time. Retired politicians by all means but more authors and artists in all their variety are needed to freshen the mix.

Nothing is worse than a hack rehearsing a line for the following day's paper except a hack repeating a line already written.

Plotting the past

Time, as batty plots abound, to take a look at, *Voodoo Histories: The Role of Conspiracy Theory in Shaping Modern History*. Clunky title but the author David Aaronovitch is wryly succinct in sweeping away a tangled web.

He ranges from the fictional basis of the 19th century *Protocols of the Seven Elders of Zion* through the Paris death of Diana (Princess Di) Spencer to post-9/11 conspiracies.

Along the way, Aaronovitch drives a bulldozer through the ruins of *The Da Vinci Code*, first and worst of the best-seller pre-fabs developed by Dan Brown (and his labourer, his missus, Blythe).

Aaronovitch pinpoints the fictional nature of the Priory of Sion: the organisation supposedly the keeper of the secret of Christ's lineal, blood descendants, allegedly covered up for centuries by the Catholic Church. Brown lent it factual status.

Tracing the origins of this shonky material, Aaronovitch makes due mention of Brown's debt to another confabulation, *The Holy Blood and the Holy Grail*, by Michael Baigent, Richard Leigh and Henry Lincoln.



He could scarcely refrain: Baigent, a New Zealander raised a Catholic, and Leigh an American, thrust themselves into the book by suing Brown for plagiarism in London. They lost and lost again on appeal at a reported cost of \$5 million plus 85 per cent of Brown's legal bills.

Lincoln (real name Henry Soskin), an English actor, was not a party to the plagiarism suit yet he was the most extraordinary of the trio. According to Aaronovitch, Lincoln co-writer of the Boris Karloff movie, *The Curse of the Crimson Altar*, was given a, 'remarkable commission to research an item for the BBC's main archeological series, *Chronicle*.'

Remarkable indeed. His point of departure was *The Accursed Treasure*, another confabulation, written by the French author Gerard de Sede. But Aaronovitch also makes it clear that Lincoln's partners, Baigent and Leigh, gained status from BBC credits on *Chronicle*. This was the BBC indulging in pseudo-scholarship about which it would have been snooty had it appeared in a Fleet Street tabloid feature.

Aaronovitch does not mention Tom Hanks star of the *Da Vinci Code* movies. Pity. During a promotional tour Hanks used the term 'tosh' to describe the movies, never quite explaining what impelled him to dedicate his talent to tosh. British star Michael Caine is more honest. Some movies, he says, he does to pay the rent.

Aaronovitch's conclusion, following playwright David Mamet, is that conspiracy theories are a way of making sense of the world.

It's a point. But it takes no account of the damage done to truth by such theories. Not only are they tosh, for too many they are pernicious tosh.

Tout tweet

As the legend of Rupert Murdoch, Warlock of Oz, grows he himself may be the only one able to do it justice. Late last century, he drafted a submission for an autobiography which he did not bring to pass. Meantime, there's an alternative: *The*

Collected Tweets of Rupert Murdoch would be a best-seller when published by HarperCollins.

Who wouldn't find it fascinating to read a tweet inspired by the resignation of his son James from BSkyB? Or one on his other son, Lachlan, returning from Bellevue Hill to Beverly Hills to take charge. Or the question of when does executive authority shade from *didn't know* to *should have known*? Or the question of when an organisation becomes too big for one-man control; not the Tyrannus Rex effect so much as the Octopus effect when refuge is taken in squirting ink at pursuers.

The Collected Tweets would be a Murdoch's prelude to the unfinished autobiography. His career has been fully documented; his inner motivations are less well known. One possible model, Conrad Black's *A Life in Progress*.

Black can write what Evelyn Waugh called 'mock Augustan prose'. But his profiles are succinct. His etching of Malcolm Turnbull would win the Archibald Prize if transferred from print to oil on canvas.

Above all, Black does show that his book's title is linked to *The Pilgrim's Progress* in which John Bunyan (like Black, jailed) created the town of Vanity and its year-round fair where lands, honours, kingdoms and other delights were sold although no mention is made of verbiage farms with stabling for hacks.

Labor pains

Commentary on Australian Labor Party reform has supplanted commentary on the less dire matter of climate reform. Mighty minds are bent on the task. Theses are nailed to branch-office doors. So desperate is the situation, some urge following the reform movement of the Labour Party in Britain.

One small suggestion: referring to Labor as a 'brand' cheapens it to a rusty can of worms. The Foreign Minister Senator Bob Carr seems to be aware of this; he has taken to calling Labor, 'The Grand Old Party' – a straight lift of the American tag for the Republican Party; it became current around 1876, during the presidency of America's hardest-drinking Civil War general, Ulysses S Grant.

dealing with Criticism

IT IS THE misfortune of this age that its Writers, too thoughtless of immortality, are exquisitely sensible to temporary praise or blame. They write with the fear of Reviews before their eyes. ... Poetry, and the art which professes to regulate and limit its powers cannot subsist together. ... this species of criticism never presumed to assert an understanding of its own: it has always, unlike true science, followed, not preceded, the opinion of mankind.

— Percy Bysshe Shelley, Preface, 'The Revolt of Islam,' in *The Complete Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, ed. Thomas Hutchinson, OUP, London 1935, p.36



The Anglo-Catholic Movement in the Church of England

NEW IDEAS IN 1833

By Augustine Birrell



THE GREAT PLOT, plan, or purpose, call it what you will, of the Tractarian movement was to make Churchmen believe with a personal conviction that the Church of England was not a mere National Institution, like the House of Commons or the game of cricket, but a living branch of that Catholic Church which God had, from the beginning, endowed with sacramental gifts and graces, with a Priesthood apostolically descended, with a Creed, precise and specific, which it was the Church's duty to teach, and man's to believe, and with a ritual and discipline to be practised and maintained with daily piety and entire submission.

These were new ideas in 1833. When Dr. Newman was ordained in 1824, he has told us, he did not look on ordination as a sacramental rite, nor did he ascribe to baptism any supernatural virtue.

It cannot be denied that the Tractarians had their work before them. But they had forces on their side. It is always pleasant to rediscover the meaning of words and forms which have been dulled by long usage. This is why etymology is so fascinating. By the natural bent of our minds we are lovers of whatever things are true and real. We hanker after facts. To get a grip of reality is a pleasure so keen – it is not to be wondered at that pious folk should have been found who rejoiced to be told that what they had been saying and doing all the years of their lives really had a meaning and a history of its own.

One would have to be very unsympathetic not to perceive that the time we are speaking of must have been a very happy one for many a devout soul. The dry bones lived – formal devotions were turned into joyous acts of faith

Pope Benedict XVI has recently invited Anglo-Catholics who wish for full communion with the Catholic Church and who hanker for a return to the pre-Reformation faith and practice in 'Mary's Dowry' as England once was called, to return to Catholicism, the faith of their ancestors; to return to the 'Old Faith'. His invitation has been taken up by many thousands throughout the English-speaking world. The following excerpts from an article on Cardinal Newman by non-Catholic essayist Augustine Birrell throw some light on the origins of Anglo-Catholicism – the Tractarian Movement – in 19th century England.

and piety. The [Anglican] Church became a Living Witness to the Truth. She could be interrogated – she could answer. The old calendar was revived, and Saint's Day followed Saint's Day, and season season, in the sweet procession of the Christian Year. Pretty girls got up early, made the sign of the Cross, and, unscared by devils, tripped across the dewy meadows to Communion. Grave men read the Fathers, and found themselves at home in the Fourth Century.

A great writer had, so it appears, all unconsciously prepared the way for this Neo-Catholicism. Dr. Newman has never forgotten to pay tribute to Sir Walter Scott.

Sir Walter's work has proved to be of so permanent a character, his insight into all things Scotch so deep and true, and his human worth and excellence so rare and noble, that it has hardly been worth-while to remember the froth and effervescence he at first occasioned; but that he did create a movement in the Oxford direction is certain. He made the old Catholic times interesting. He was not indeed, like the Tractarians,

a man of 'Primitive' mind; but he was romantic, and it all told. ...

Another precursor was [Samuel] Coleridge, who (among other things) called attention to the writings of the earlier Anglican divines – some of whom were men of primitive tempers and Catholic aspirations.

Andrews and Laud, Jackson, Bull, Hammond and Thorndyke – sound divines to a man – found the dust brushed off them. The second-hand booksellers, a wily and observant race, became alive to the fact that though Paley and Warburton, Horsley, and Hoadley, were not worth the brown paper they came wrapped up in, seventeenth-century theology would bear being marked high.

Thus was the long Polar Winter that had befallen Anglican theology broken up, and the icebergs began moving about after a haphazard and even dangerous fashion – but motion is always something.

What has come to the Movement? It is hard to say. Its great leader – Cardinal Newman – has written a book of fascinating interest to prove that it was not a genuine Anglican movement at all; that it was foreign to the National Church, and that neither was its life derived from, nor was its course in the direction of, the National Church. But this was after he himself had joined the Church of Rome. Nobody, however, ventured to contradict him, nor is this surprising when we remember the profusion of argument and imagery with which he supported his case.

A point was reached, and then things were allowed to drop. The Church of Rome received some distinguished converts with her usual well-bred composure, and gave them little things to do in their new places. The Tracts for the *Times*, neatly bound, repose on many shelves. Tract No. 90, that fierce bomb-shell which once scattered confusion

through clerical circles, is perhaps the only bit of Dr. Newman's writing one does not, on thinking of, wish to sit down at once to re-read. The fact is that the movement, as a movement with a *terminus ad quem*, was fairly beaten by a power fit to be matched with Rome herself – John Bullism.

John Bull could not be got to assume a Catholic demeanour. When his judges denied that the grace of Baptism was a dogma of his faith, Bull, instead of behaving as did the people of Milan when Ambrose was persecuted by an Arian Government, was hugely pleased, clapped his thigh, and exclaimed, through the mouth of Lord John Russell, that the ruling was 'sure to give general satisfaction,' as indeed it did.

The work of the movement can still be seen in the new spirit that has descended upon the Church of England and in the general heightening of Church principles; but the movement itself is no longer to be seen, or much of the temper or modes of thought of the Tractarians.

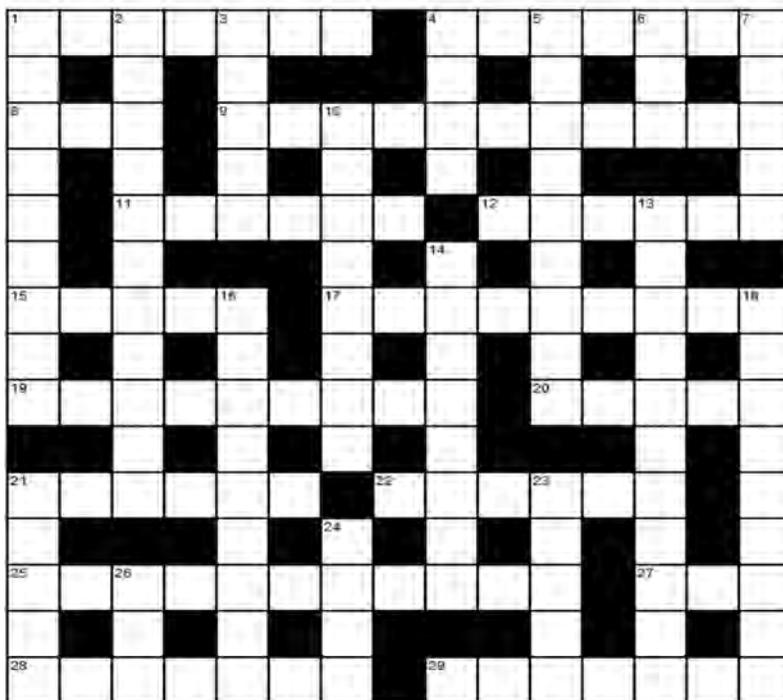
The High Church clergyman of today is no Theologian – he is an Opportunist. The Tractarian took his stand upon Antiquity – he laboured his points, he was always ready to prove his Rule of Faith and to define his position.

His successor, though he has appropriated the results of the struggle, does not trouble to go on waging it. He is as a rule no great reader – you may often search his scanty library in vain for the works of Dean Jackson. Were you to ask for them, it is quite possible he would not know to what Church dignitary of that name you were referring. He is as hazy about the Hypostatic Union as are many laymen about the Pragmatic Sanction.

He is all for the People and for filling his Church. The devouring claims of the Church of Rome do not disturb his peace of mind. He thinks it very rude of her to dispute the validity of his orders – but, then, foreigners are rude! And so he goes on his hardworking way, with his high doctrines and his early services, and has neither time nor inclination for those studies that lend support to his priestly pretensions.

This temper of mind has given us peace in our time, and has undoubtedly promoted the cause of Temperance and other good works; but some day or

ANNALS CRYPTIC CROSSWORD NO. 29



Across Clues

1. Get kind of cross after last out Eire lose the final (7)
4. Five hundred left livid when crushed by snake in South American republic (7)
8. Nip back for fastener in middle of sleeping car (3)
9. Devil's gallery holds first religious show (11)
11. Prizes for commercials about conflict (6)
12. Agreement with a city council or deputy head (6)
15. Next to cat in Polish city (5)
17. Advise newcomer to reform (9)
19. Flared up again when new ingredient lacked nitrogen (9)
20. Former Israeli leader Itzhak suffers brain damage (5)
21. Elope and produce lots of copies (3,3)
22. Weaken strength of little devil with tune (6)
25. Bandage clique with the best seats (5,6)
27. Greek letter from leading Basque separatists (3)
28. Criticize a brief review (3,4)
29. Greatly admired for changing diapers? (7)

Down clues

1. For thirty days Mr Bee's pet runs amok (9)
2. Sinatra clan sacrificed on a shaky Incan's altar by someone from northwest England (11)
3. Popular help turns up in subcontinent (5)
4. Setter, initially at start of day, with agent James (4)

5. A Celt more upset at being one who is overdue and dead on arrival? (9)
6. By way of some trivial method (3)
7. Old boys in commercial to change for the better (5)
10. Middle-of-the-road manner of speed (8)
13. Puts on excessive weight and gets badly burned in ovens (11)
14. A rotter chops mice belonging to a place of learning (8)
16. Public declaration by political party of inmates running riot ... (9)
18. ... and out with church group orchestra (9)
21. An additional clause for motorcyclist (5)
23. An ear bashed in scene of conflict (5)
24. A Scandinavian huckleberry for MacCool? (4)
26. A long time inside the onion (3)

So LUTIo N To CRIPTIC CRo SSWo RD No. 28



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another the old questions will have to be gone into again, and the Anglican claim to be a Church, Visible, Continuous,



Catholic, and Gifted, investigated – probably for the last time.

Cynics may declare that it will be but a storm in a teacup ... but it is not an obviously wise policy to be totally indifferent to what other people are thinking about – simply because your own thoughts are running in other directions.

From 'Cardinal Newman' by Augustine Birrell, *Collected Essays*, vol.II, London, Elliot Stock, 1902, pp.100-106.

The Battle on St Crispin's day, Agincourt, France, October 25, 1415.

ST CRISPIN AND ST CRISPINIAN

By Father George W. Rutler



THE LATE Danish pianist and wit, Victor Borge, said that his father and uncle were identical twins, but he was not sure which was the identical one. Of Saints Crispin and Crispinian, we know only that they were twins, possibly only fraternal. They preached the Gospel to the Gauls, supporting themselves by working nights as shoemakers. Around the year AD 287, in the time of the Roman Emperor Diocletian, the governor Rictius Varus tried to drown them, and when that failed they were beheaded at Soissons in France. Shakespeare put their names

on the lips of the 29-year-old King Henry V rallying his outnumbered troops at Agincourt:

This story shall the good man teach his son;

And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,

But we in it shall be remembered –
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me

Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition.

In life's daily spiritual battle, Christ promises to ennoble us as his brothers, once we offer our lives to Him. To initiate this process, He 'emptied

Himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men' (Philippians 2:7).

We speak with deceptive ease of the Word becoming flesh, but it was an astonishing condescension.

In 1915 Franz Kafka published a story, *Die Verwandlung*, or *The Metamorphosis*, about a salesman who turns into an insect. His agony is that his words cannot be understood by those around him.

The Incarnation of the Second Person of the Holy Trinity was more degrading than that, though the divine Love made it an act of beauty. Only love can understand the voice of the Incarnate Word: "His own people did not accept him, but to those who did accept Him, He gave power to become children of God" (John 1: 11-12).

In various expressions, the early Fathers taught what Clement of Alexandria said in a startling way: "The Logos of God became man so that you might learn from a man how a man may become God."

Lest this be misunderstood, Athanasius explains: "We are sons, not as the Son; as gods, not as He Himself." Our godliness is by grace, not nature: "not in essence but in sonship, which we shall partake from Him."

The Feast of All Saints celebrates holiness not as a spectator sport, like fans cheering the holy souls from the bleachers and then saying, "We won!" Those who only observe from the sidelines the spiritual battles in which our culture is now engaged, would be like those who were not at Agincourt.

(They) shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here,

And hold their manhoods cheap while any speaks

That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

Agincourt and the Catholic Faith

HOWEVER DIMLY or marginally religious doctrine impinged on the consciousness of the simple soldier or more unthinking knight, the religious preparations which all in the English army underwent before Agincourt must be counted among the most important factors affecting its mood. Henry himself heard Mass three times in succession before the battle, and took Communion, as presumably did most of his followers; there was a small army of priests in the expedition. The soldiers ritually entreated a blessing before entering the ranks, going down on their knees, making the sign of the cross, and taking earth into their mouths as a symbolic gesture of the death and burial they were thereby accepting.

— John Keegan, *The Face of Battle*, quoted Frank Weathers, <http://www.patheos.com/blogs/yimcatholic/2011/10/for-shakespeares-st-crispin-day-speech.html>

THE BATTLE of Balaklava, during the Crimean War was fought [and won by the Russians who defeated a British/French/Ottoman army] on St Crispin's Day 1854, and the most decisive battle of the Battle of Leyte Gulf during World War II was also fought on St Crispin's Day 1944. After this battle, the Japanese Fleet virtually ceased to exist. Balaklava is remembered because of Alfred Lord Tennyson's poem 'The Charge of the Light Brigade'. Leyte is remembered as the largest naval battle of World War II.

Father George Rutler is pastor of the Catholic Church of our Saviour. Reprinted with permission.

Where do We Go Now?

In a remote Lebanese village, Christians and Muslims live in a degree of amity – until its people acquire a communal television set complete with a satellite-dish aerial.

When the TV puts them in touch with outside violence, the amity is threatened and the women of the village must try to keep their menfolk in check.

They are inspired by Amale, a Christian widow, who runs the village café where the women meet for gossip. Amale is played by Nadine Labaki with fine-drawn wit and charm, qualities she also put into writing and directing the movie which mixes comedy and tragedy, slapstick and heartbreak.

Happy ending? Nadine Labaki is too wise to be so facile. Her title question is set in the village cemetery, divided into Christian and Muslim sections, to which the villagers carry the coffin of a young casualty of outside, random violence.

MA15+★★★★SFFV

Get the Gringo

As co-writer, co-producer and star, Mel Gibson gives himself a jail card as the Gringo of the title. And not just any jail: Mexico's El Centro de Readaptacion de la Mesa otherwise El Pueblito, Little Town, or la Universidad del crimen, the University of Crime where the convicts run the shanty community that has developed round the official jail.

No church. Only an image of Our Lady that is as startling as it is Mexican.

The opening car-chase sets the movie's breakneck pace – and its irony. The Gringo escapes from US border police pursuing him for the robbery of a crime boss but the escape lands him in El Pueblito. There he survives helped by Kid (Kevin Hernandez); he with his mother (Dolores Heredia) is protected by the jail's top-dog, Javi (Daniel Gimenez Cacho) for a reason connected to the latter's illness.

Totally improbable – except that El Pueblito did exist and was forcibly closed by the Mexican Federal Government in 2002. The closure is integrated into the movie's race-against-time finale by director and co-writer Adrian Grunberg (who with the other co-writer, Stacy Perskie, worked on

MOVIES

By James Murray

Gibson's previous Mexican movie, *Apocalypto*).

On the surface, *Get the Gringo* is all Action Man Mel. Indeed the temptation is to think of it as *Mad Max* goes Mexican. Beneath the surface, however, Gibson, the thinker, inspires the irony: El Pueblito is a metaphor for the larger world beyond the jail walls.

MA15+★★★★NFFV

Trishna

Only writer/director Michael Winterbottom would dare do it: set a non-Bollywood movie in and around Bollywood (aka Mumbai/Bombay). Not only that, he incorporates aspects of Bollywood filmmaking into his storyline while basing it on that most English of novels, Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

His *Tess* is called *Trishna*, a poor village girl of rural Rajasthan, who meets Jay (Riz Ahmed) returned from England to work in his father's tourist-hotel business. Love at first sight plus a chance for *Trishna* to help her family.

Pinto and Ahmed act with a charming authority that makes for a compelling story of rapture in a hot climate of caste distinction, complicated by the liberated atmosphere of showbiz Mumbai.

Burials not problem

He FREQUENTLY visited the Kinglake family at Taunton, and mention was made one afternoon of a neighbouring clergyman who had refused to read the burial service over a Dissenter. 'Would you object, Mr Smith, to bury a Dissenter?' asked old Mrs Kinglake. 'Not bury Dissenters!' exclaimed Sydney; 'I should like to be burying them all day.'

— Sydney Smith, [1771-1845] wit, co-founder of the *Edinburgh Review* and Anglican Clergyman, quoted in *The Smiths of Smiths*, by Hesketh Pearson, 1934.

Winterbottom and cinematographer Marcel Zyskind frame the city and country locations with a documentary realism that heightens the melodrama. Nonetheless *Winterbottom* could have clarified *Trishna's* motives as the movie reaches its climax of doom.

MA15+★★★★NFFV

King of devil's Island

Director Marius Holst bases his film on a true story set in a remote institution, Bastoy, on a bleak Norwegian Island. Holst, with writers Dennis Magnusson and Irmelin Wister, re-creates Bastoy. Its superintendent, Bestyrenen, as played by the great Stellan Skarsgaard, is as bleak as the landscape, his saving grace that he aims to make a life for his charges, mostly orphans.

Erling (Benjamin Helstad) a new arrival is different, he is older and a murderer who refuses to buckle under Bestyrenen's rigorous discipline which is alloyed with corruption. He plans to escape and his plan triggers a rebellion, secretly suppressed by military force in 1915 (Holst does not labour the coincidence of events elsewhere).

So another slice of the black bread of history? Not totally. Using Erling's past as a whaling ship deck boy, Holst and cinematographer John Andreas Andersen introduce a magnificent, recurring image of a harpooned whale, symbol, not of hope, but of striving against odds.

Holst shares a subtext with the Dardenne brothers whose movie, *The Kid with a Bicycle* was reviewed last month. Life, however unpromising, is worth living. Those who would use projection of suffering as an excuse for abortion are depriving others of what has made human beings what they are (under divine or atheistic dispensation): endurance.

M15+★★★★NFFV

Not Suitable for Children

Director Peter Templeman, working from a script by Michael Lucas, creates a share-house, party-house. A commodious mansion, the party-house could be anywhere though it appears to be located in Sydney's Balmain, basket-weaver country according to Paul Keating.

Wild? You bet. Kids throng to it on skateboards and bicycles and in skidding cars; you half-expect Noah Taylor to wander in haunted by the ghost of the late Michael Hutchence.

The house-sharers are Jonah (Ryan Kwanten) Gus (Ryan Corr) and Stevie (Sarah Snook). Jonah and Gus are carefree party guys. Stevie, while refraining from dusting at home, has a glossy career.

Merry times until Dr McKenzie (Lewis Fitz-Gerald), retired from quack medicine now a cancer specialist, gives Jonah bad news. Totally against his character, Jonah decides he must father a child while he can. His quest for a suitable mate is complicated by abundance and ends reluctantly with Stevie.

At this point, Kwanten turns on a neat mix of trepidation, shyness and embarrassment possibly inspired by Snook who has all the acting gifts – timing, wit, charm – so much so that her next temptation may be Hollywood. Their early scenes together are funny, subtle and beguiling.

Why then does Templeman, a noted short-film maker in his feature film debut, patch the clever fabric of their acting, and despoil his own flair, with what look suspiciously like out-of-focus, body-double soft-porn interludes?

The title says it all. It isn't suitable for children. Nor for discerning adults who reject the combination of fine and banal fake.

TBA★★NFFV

Salmon Fishing in the Yemen

Fred Jones (Ewan McGregor) is a dull, fisheries expert duty-bound to assist a dazzling PR Harriet Chetwode-Talbot (Emily Blunt), retained by a Yemeni sheikh (Amr Waked).

The sheikh's daft plan for a Yemeni salmon fishing industry becomes most urgent when the British Prime Minister's chief minder Patricia Maxwell (Kristen Scott-Thomas) pitches it to her boss as a necessary good-news story.

There's a sharp hook of satire within the lure of director Lasse Hallstrom and scriptwriter Simon Beaufoy's romantic comedy, based on a bestseller by Paul Torday. He depicted Maxwell as a clone of Tony Blair's minder in war and peace, Alistair Campbell. In-joke? The sheikh's

Right ? Wrong !

“He [Ronald Knox] never doubted that he was precluded from bearing arms [in WWI]; nor did he think it possible that he would be accepted as a chaplain. Maurice Child's application was refused on the grounds, it was said, that in his interview with the [Anglican] Chaplain-General he was asked what he would do for a dying man, and answered: 'Hear his confession and give him absolution.' The correct answer was: 'Give him a cigarette and take any last message he may have for his family.'”

— evelyn Waugh, *The Life of Ronald Knox*, Chapman & Hall, 1959 p.135: Rev. Maurice Child (Anglo-Catholic) was a friend of Ronald Knox and 4 years older.

British base of operations looks like Inverary Castle, Loch Fyne, ancestral seat of the Clan Campbell chieftain, the Duke of Argyle.

Scott-Thomas may not play the bagpipes as Campbell does but she manages a virtuoso, elegant and petulant rendering of his basic Anglo-Saxon while balancing maternal care and spin doctoring.

As is now a movie convention of Victorian strictness, the Jones-Chetwode-Talbot courtship has to be complicated by antecedent relationships; he has a shrewish, careerist wife, she a gallant, soldier-lover.

Hallstrom interweaves the convention with a strand of danger – will Yemeni extremists destroy the enlightened sheikh's plan? – and a strand of science – will farmed salmon run in strange waters? There's also a missed comedy twist: the sheikh wants the salmon to provide fish on Fridays for Catholics within his domain.

M★★★★NFFV

Le Chef

Take one celebrity chef, Alexandre Lagarde, mix with an aspirant, Jacky Bonnot, and the result when played by Jean Reno and Michael Youn is a banquet of laughter.

Reno comes on as a chef de brigade with the stature and dash to play Marshal Ney. Youn, who knows all Lagarde's recipes by heart and palate, cannot maintain momentum because he argues with everyone.

Under domestic pressure, he takes a job as a decorator and paints himself into the corner of a nursing-home kitchen and the attention of Lagarde who is under pressure from the son of his financial backer to go down-market.

Director Daniel Cohen adds a soupcon of romance before answering the question: will Jacky save his idol Lagarde's star-status or drive him mad?

PG★★★★SFFV

Mirror, Mirror

Yes, this life-action remake of Walt Disney's classic cartoon Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs has a constellation of stars, centred on Julia Roberts. She plays the Wicked Witch as an ageing glamour-puss, in the process boldly sending up her own star pretensions.

Lilly Collins is Snow White and looks like a revisitation of the late Elizabeth Taylor before she put so many rings on her finger and wedding bells on her toes. Armi Hammer is the Prince and looks slightly embarrassed as he did playing J Edgar Hoover's henchman. Nathan Lane is Brighton, a palace factotum, who grabs every laugh available like a thief nicking the family silver.



Special thanks to our faithful subscribers who help us perform our balancing tricks with the elusive dollar. In memory of Hal English our *Annals* artist [died 1986] whose artwork this is. Still greatly missed. — *Ed. Annals.*

The dwarfs? Their entry is so ingenious that to describe it is to spoil it. Tarsem Singh directs. Understandably his focus is on the marvellous costumes by the late Eiko Ishioka rather than the actors who only have to wear them to create a sensation. And there's more Bollywood than Disney in his grand finale.

PG★★★SFFV

Footnote

Sibling rivalry has been much dramatised, the father-son variety is a rarer subject. Writer/director Joseph Cedar intensifies the rivalry between Eliezer Shkolnik (Shlomo Bar Aba) and his son Uriel (Lior Ashkenazi) by making them professors and, as any academic will tell you, academic rivalry can make sporting, artistic and political rivalry seem tame.

Tightening the screw further Cedar makes the father and son Talmudic scholars; their expertise lies in the authentication of ancient documents by comparing written and printed texts based on oral versions.

Bar Aba plays the father as an absolute purist, his face as grim as a tablet of stone, Ashkenazi makes the son only slightly less dedicated, his zeal edged with bitterness at childhood neglect.

The catalyst is the Israel Prize, awarded for outstanding work. In Talmudic studies a single word can make or break prestige. Cedar's plot turns on such a word when father and son come into consideration for the prize.

With Einat Glaser Zarhin, Cedar edits to create pace and tension in a cloistered world where the cloisters are under Uzi security.

One for scholars not popcorn fans.

M★★★SFFV

The Best Exotic Marigold Hotel

West meets East. Or at least the Home Counties do. The meeting is by way of the Internet magic carpet after a mixed group of seniors book into the glowingly pictured hotel of the title, a kind of Fawley Towers East of Suez.

And what a group; all are played by Star Pensioners of England: Judi Dench and Maggie Smith, Celia Imrie and Penelope Wilton, Bill Nighy, Ronald

Official Classifications key

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

Annals supplementary advice

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

Pickup and Tom Wilkinson.

Male-female imbalance? The British in India always allowed for casualties. The movie's pairing-offs and splits are cleverly orchestrated by director John Madden through the hotel manager Sonny Kapoor, played with consummate exuberance by Dev Kapel. Only the narrow-minded will cavil at the group's lack of Scots, Irish, Welsh and indeed British-born Indian actors. With any luck they've been saved for sequels. Less funny things have happened in the movie franchise business.

PG★★★SFFV

The Hunger Games

Director Gary Ross takes on the first of the Suzanne Collins trilogy, a latterday version of the three-decker novels of yesteryear. Collins, it must be said, cleverly mixes futuristic fantasy with satire on current life-styles. The ruling burghers of Canberra are rich, the outback poor are equivalently poor.

Oops! Collins puts her rulers in the Capitol, her poor in hinterland districts of a country called Panem. From these districts, girl and boy candidates are chosen by lot to be trained to kill in the Hunger Games, an ultimate TV reality-show, the prize for the last person standing being de luxe fame.

Two of the candidates, Katniss, an archer, and Peeta, a baker, (Jennifer Lawrence and Josh Hutcherson) are from the backwoods, coal-mining District 12. Hutcherson plays his role

by the numbers; Lawrence invests hers with the intensity she brought to *Winter's Bone*.

In a splendid cast, Elizabeth Banks, costumed bizarrely as hostess Effie Trinkett, tries to steal scenes from Stanley Tucci and Toby Jones who play the television anchors, Caesar and Claudius. Banks has no chance. Tucci eats his part alive like a talking shark chewing into a school of mackerel; Jones makes a popcorn feast of his.

The conclusion is pre-ordained – until romance intervenes. Suzanne Collins has been influenced by a potent mix of *The Truman Show*, *Alice in Wonderland*, *Lord of the Flies*, 1984 and Greek mythology: Katniss, for example, is Diana, the huntress revisited. Donald Sutherland, as the benign seeming president of Panem, is 1984's ruthless O'Brien.

Younger scholars may disagree as the Collins trilogy proceeds to its sequels. Their keenness for her books augurs well: ad-dulled children were supposed to be immune to satire of consumerist fame.

M★★★SFFV

Streetdance 2

Co-directors Dania Pasquini and Max Giwa have concocted a 3D sequel to their wildly successful first *StreetDance*. They bring various crews - the Surge, the Invincibles, Breaking Point - to Paris for the Final Clash.

Location shots of Notre Dame inspire the thought that street dancing is a modern variation on the dancing madness of the Middle Ages. The crews get together to strut their stuff watched by crowds of fans who jump up and down, wave their arms and try to out-yell the industrial-strength music.

Falk Hentschel and Sofia Boutella take the honours as dancers Ash and Eva after an initial dancing encounter in a boxing ring.

Enter Tom Conti. He, for reasons best known to himself (and his agent), comes on as Manu, Eva's uncle, a club-owner with a trick or two to teach about Spanish dancing (Conti's boots are authentic but he may have had a double to do the foot-stamping close-ups).

PG★★★SFFV

Elena

In a post-Soviet city Vladimir (Andrey Smirnov) lives with Elena (Nadezhda Markina). He, while not a billionaire oligarch, is a prosperous businessman. She is his former nurse now his wife; their apartment life-style would once have been officially condemned as bourgeois (unless high, party membership had given it nomenklatura status).

Smirnov's performance shades from tough amiability to doomed ruthlessness. Markina portrays the kind of woman who keeps her heartfelt courage when all about her have lost theirs.

Each has a child by a previous marriage, his is a wayward daughter Katya (Elena Lyadova), hers is a feckless son, Sergey (Alexey Rozin).

Vladimir has a heart-attack. When Elena goes to a church to pray for him, she has to ask for instructions on how to light a candle.

Home from hospital Vladimir makes a decision about his will that confronts Elena with choice of loyalties: maternal or marital?

Director Andrey Zvyagintsev and co-writer Oleg Negin subtitle their film, Thy will be done. But its setting creates an ambivalence about the will being done. Paradoxically through this ambivalence Andrey Zvyagintsev shows the necessity of a divinely ordained rather than pragmatic or post-modern morality.

M★★★★NFV

Wrath of the Titans

The budget for hair in this schlock epic, loosely based on Greek mythology, would've financed half a dozen independent movies of quality such as Elena. No wonder its stars look slightly embarrassed.

The leader of the stellar push is Sam Worthington followed by Liam Neeson and Ralph Fiennes. Bill Nighy tops everyone by playing Hephaestus (aka Vulcan) as a village blacksmith complete with Yorkshire pudding accent.

Only Rosamund Pilcher as a warrior-Aphrodite seems blithe and bonny amid seismic special effects but Pilcher looks as if she might once have been a Girl Guide prepared for anything.

All in all, Jonathan Liebesman directs according to the Carry On

The 'Iron fist' of the Proletariat

OTHER PROVINCIAL journals also reported thousands of arrests and executions in the autumn of 1918. ... the single published issue of *izvestiya Tsaritsynskoi Gubcheka* (News of the Tsaritsyn Province Cheka) reported the execution of 103 people for the week of 3-10 September. From 1 to 8 November, 371 people appeared in the local Cheka court; 50 were condemned to death, the rest 'to a concentration camp ... 'in response to the assassination of Comrade Egorov, a Petrograd worker on a mission in one of the detachments of the Food Army, 150 White Guards have been executed by the Cheka. In the future, other, more rigorous measures will be taken against anyone who raises a hand in protest against the iron fist of the proletariat.'

—*The Black Book of Communism*, Stéphane Courtois et alii, Harvard University Press, 1999, p.77

Handbook And it's in 3D which adds to the effect of a barber's nightmare.

M★★NFV

declaration of War

Is difficult to categorise; director Valerie Donzelli and her co-writer Jeremie Elkaim see each other across a crowded nightclub. He throws her a tablet which she catches in her mouth. Preliminaries completed, they introduce themselves by name: Romeo and Juliette.

Nothing could more predict a madcap romantic movie, except it is based on Donzelli and Elkaim's own experience of romance colliding with reality which they relive through their counterparts Juliet and Romeo having a child Adam – a sick child (played as an infant by Cesar Deseix and as an eight-year-old by Gabriel Elkaim).

Donzelli and Elkaim are not easy on themselves; as Juliette and Romeo they have to battle their own spoilt-child selfishness while seeking a cure for their son. And their quest is not short-term, it is sleepless, sometimes faithless, long-term before they come to the joy of enduring parenthood. Above all the movie is vital, even Thomist in following the great Aquinas remark: *Primo vivere* – first live.

M★★★★NFV

delicacy

Nathalie (Audrey Tautou) is the perfect wife. When her husband dies, she becomes a perfect widow heavily disguised as a perfect business executive. Spontaneously she then combusts in a love affair with a colleague Markus (François Damiens) who is totally unlike her late husband.

Under the direction of husband-wife team David and Stephanie Foenkinos

Tautou and Damiens waltz into a fantasy that defies gravity.

M★★★★NFV

dangerous Method

Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung were never a comedy duo like Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy, Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis or even Don Lane and Bert Newton.

Apart from anything else, Freud and Jung were men of such Alpine egos, it is difficult to say who was the second banana as they played their roles of creative artists projecting on others psychological landscapes drawn largely from their own interiors.

For a time they also agreed on Freud's 'discovery' that talking to another person helps – something spiritual directors had demonstrated for centuries.

Nonetheless, there is a laughter quotient in the solemnity that Viggo Mortensen and Michael Fassbender bring to the duo especially when director David Cronenberg seats a formally-suited Freud low aboard a yacht steered by Jung. Will it capsize leaving them floundering in the lake of their subconscious? No such luck.

Cronenberg works from a Christopher Hampton-John Kerr script that sets the duo in Swiss locations of compelling grandeur. He also puts Jung alongside an obsessive patient Sabina Spielrein (Keira Knightley, bending it as Beckham never did). She tempts Jung beyond therapy and his marriage to his rich wife Emma (Sarah Gadon).

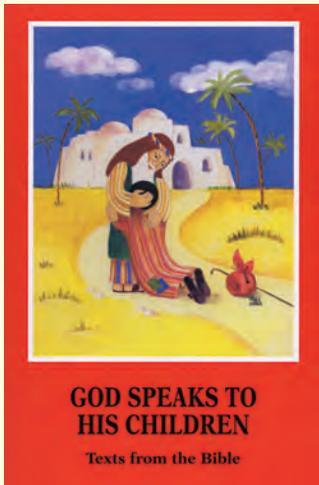
Historically Spielrein emerged to become a noted specialist in child development. No news as to whether Cronenberg plans a sequel on whether Spielrein was cured or cured herself.

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Annals

Believe one who knows: you will find much more in forests than in books.

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Translated from the Latin by Paul Stenhouse, MSC

From Bernard,¹ known as the Abbot of Clairvaux, to his beloved son Henry Murdach,² greetings from my heart.



OUR WEIGHING of pros and cons is not to be wondered at, since you've not yet put your feet firmly on the rock. And if you swear and state

that you are watching out for signs of God's just will [in this matter] is there anything here that could separate you from the Charity of Christ?

O, if only you knew of what I speak! 'O God, the eye cannot see, without your aid, what you have prepared for those who love you.' [Isaiah lxiv,4]

But then, brother, as I've heard, you pore over the Prophets.³ What do you understand of what you read? Because, if you understand you will definitely sense that the Prophetical reading refers to Christ.

If you want to draw close to him you can do this more speedily by following him, than by reading about him.⁴ What *word* are you seeking from The Word which has already become Man, visible to our eyes?⁵

He has already emerged from the secret hiding place of the Prophets, and been seen by the eyes of fishermen.

He has already hastened from the shady and forested mountain, like a groom from his bridal-bed, to the broad field of the Gospel.

Let him who has the ears for it hear him crying out in the temple: 'Whoever thirsts, let him come to me and drink.' [John vii,37] 'Come to me all you labour and are heavily weighed down, and I will revive you.' [Matthew xi,28]

How can you fear to be *deficient* when Truth himself promises to make you *efficient*?⁶

You may be sure that if the discoloured water from the clouds in the sky lightens your heart, how much

Henry Murdach

ST BERNARD wrote the letter that follows to Henry Murdach, an english scholar famous for his learning. Two of Murdach's students, William and ivo [yves], had become monks at the Cistercian Abbey of Clairvaux. Henry accepted St Bernard's invitation contained in this letter, and joined his former students at Clairvaux, as a monk. in 1135 st Bernard sent him as first Abbot to the Cistercian abbey of Vauclair in the diocese of Laon [now soissons] France. The new foundation was called in Latin Vallis clara [Vauclair] which is the same name as Clara vallis [Clairvaux]. And, like the mother house, the new abbey was built in a beautiful valley that ran from east to west and was filled with sunlight from the sun's rising to its setting – hence the name 'bright valley'. In 1138 Henry became Abbot of Fountains [Wells] Abbey in the diocese of york and later on was consecrated Archbishop of york by Pope eugenius at Trèves – the oldest city in Germany, and the oldest seat of a Christian bishop north of the Alps, on the Feast of st Andrew, the second s unday in Advent, 1147. Henry died on October 14, 1153.



In 1138 Henry became Abbot of Fountains Abbey in North Yorkshire. It was confiscated by Henry VIII in 1539 and sold to the founder of the Royal Exchange, Sir Richard Gresham in 1540. He sold much of the buildings to cover the cost.

more joyful will you be, drawing water from the most limpid fountains of the Saviour?

O if only once you could taste the choicest grain that satiated Jerusalem ! How willingly would you leave gnawing on their hard crusts to the Hebrew Grammarians.

O if only I might be worthy to have you as a student in the school of piety under Jesus as Magister.

Would that I were to be permitted to subject the purified vessel of your heart to the unction that teaches all things.

O if only I could hold out to you the warm breads which Christ from his



abundance repeatedly breaks for his poor: still steaming, and, as they say, as if served straight from the oven.

Would that God in his sweetness would deign to bedew me in my

poverty with a drop of the rain of His Will which he has set aside for his heirs. Would that I could soon pour this out over you, and then receive from you, in your turn, what you experience.

Believe one who knows: you will find much more in forests⁷ than in books. Trees and stones will teach you things that you won't learn from your teachers.

Or, perhaps you think you can't imbibe honey from a stone; or oil from the hardest rock ! Or that mountains don't drip sweetness; or that the hills don't flow with milk and honey; or that valleys don't abound in plentiful harvests!

I can barely restrain myself from saying all the things that should be said to you that come to my mind. But after all, you did request a prayer, not a lecture.

May the Lord open your heart to His law, and to his precepts.

Farewell.

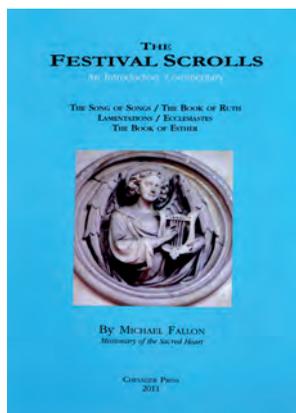
Post Scriptum: All the above goes for William and Ivo too.⁸ [They write]:

“Apart from these things what can we say to you? Because you know that we desire to see you, and why. *How much*, truly, neither we can say nor can you know. Let us pray to God that he might grant to you that you may excel us, or follow us. In this, we may esteem you to be a Master of great humility. For, as Master, you did not disdain to follow your disciples”.

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By Father Michael Fallon, MSC

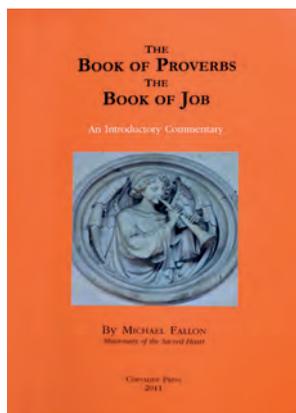
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1. Epistolae S. Bernardi Abbatis Clarae-Vallensis [Migne PL clxxxii, ed. 1854, Epistola cvi, cols.241-242]. Note that according to Migne's numbering the letter is not 16 but 106.
2. Bernard is inviting 'Magister' Murdach – presumably a *Magister Theologiae* [Master of Theology] – to become a monk of Clairvaux.
3. His learning seems to have been well-known. The fact that he was 'bookish' probably explains the types of metaphors that Bernard presents to him by way of inviting him to join the community at Clairvaux.
4. 'Quem videlicet si apprehendere cupis, citius illum sequendo, quam legendo, consequi potes.'
5. The emphasis is on 'iam,' 'already'. Henry seems to be studying Hebrew to trawl through the Prophecies regarding the Messiah – when as Bernard points out, the Messiah is come, perhaps suggesting that he should be careful not to miss 'The Word Incarnate' as he pores over the *words* of the Prophecies. As he will point out further on, printed books are not the only kind that we can read.
6. Excuse this clumsy translation. I'm trying to preserve the pun that Bernard employs: 'Tu ergo times *deficere*, ubi se Veritas *reficere* te promittit?'
7. Am I wrong in seeing a tongue-in-cheek comparison of the wooded beauty of Clairvaux with the bookish confines of Henry's study in England?
8. This is a post scriptum. I've put the words of William and Ivo, two monks of Clairvaux evidently known to Henry, in double quotes.

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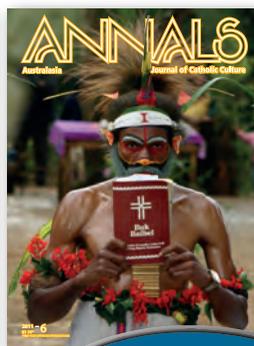
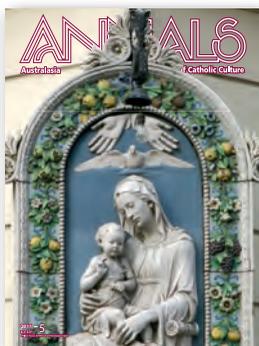
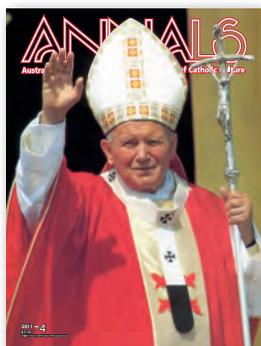
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