

ANNUALS

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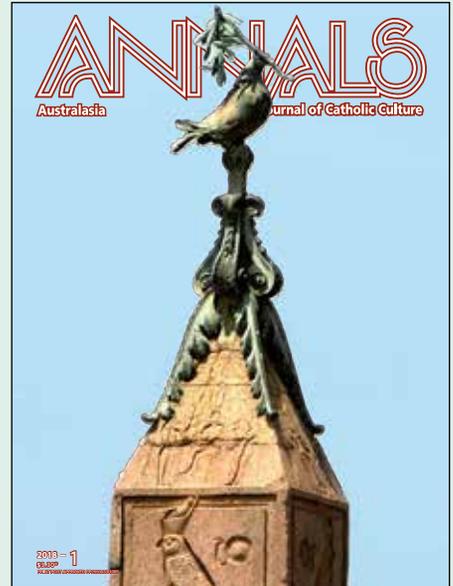
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[Sunday readings at Mass: Year B / Weekday readings at Mass: Year II]

Australia's Oldest Catholic Magazine

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Front Cover: There are eight ancient Egyptian obelisks and five ancient Roman obelisks in Rome. The obelisk on our cover this month was erected over the fountain of the Four Rivers in the Piazza Navona by Gianlorenzo Bernini in 1651. It is a copy of an Egyptian obelisk that was commissioned by the Emperor Domitian [81-96 AD] who built the Stadium Flavianum – the littlest circus in Rome, whose open space the Piazza Navona now occupies. Navona is a corruption of Agon, and takes its name from the Agon, the contest or combat to the death that took place in the circus for centuries. The obelisk originally stood in the circus of Maxentius. It is 98 feet in height and at its summit now stands a dove of peace, with an olive branch in its beak. The symbolism is powerful: the dove of peace bearing the sprig of olive, perched on the symbol of the might of Pharaonic Egypt, and Imperial Rome. See this issue: 'Exporting Defence 'Assets': Avoiding the Pitfalls, pp. 10-12.

Cover Photo: Paul Stenhouse

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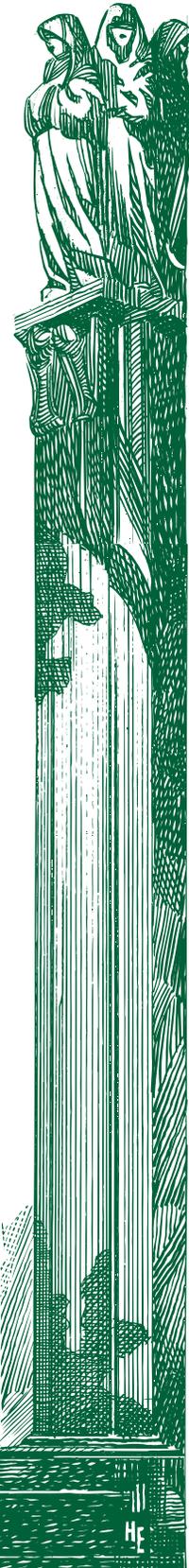
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Let us not be
Ldumb watch-
dogs, or silent
spectators; Let
us be watchful
shepherds,
guarding the
flock of Christ.
- St Boniface, 672-754
Apostle to the German
peoples, Letters, 78.



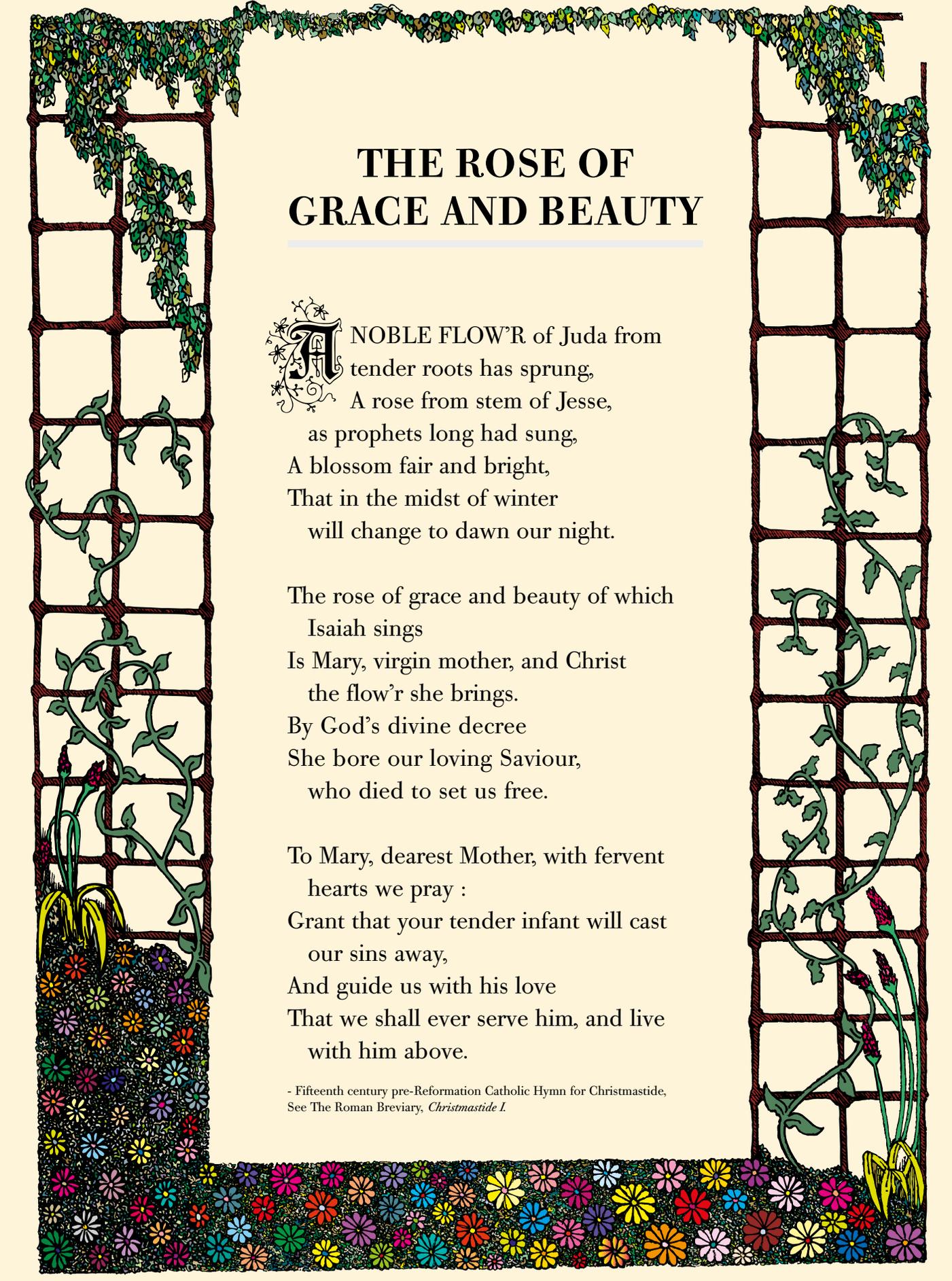
n the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

FILL YOUR HEARTS WITH THESE THINGS



LET YOUR magnanimity be manifest to all. The Lord is near; have no anxiety, but in everything make your requests known to God in prayer and petition with thanksgiving. Then the peace of God, which is beyond our utmost understanding, will keep guard over your hearts and your thoughts, in Christ Jesus. And now, my friends, all that is true, all that is noble, all that is just and pure, all that is lovable and gracious, whatever is excellent and admirable, fill all your thoughts with these things. The lessons I taught you, the tradition I have passed on, all that you heard me say or saw me do, put into practice; and the God of peace will be with you.

– St Paul of Tarsus, *Letter to the Christians of Philippi*, 4, 5-9.



THE ROSE OF GRACE AND BEAUTY

A NOBLE FLOW’R of Juda from
tender roots has sprung,
A rose from stem of Jesse,
as prophets long had sung,
A blossom fair and bright,
That in the midst of winter
will change to dawn our night.

The rose of grace and beauty of which
Isaiah sings
Is Mary, virgin mother, and Christ
the flow’r she brings.
By God’s divine decree
She bore our loving Saviour,
who died to set us free.

To Mary, dearest Mother, with fervent
hearts we pray :
Grant that your tender infant will cast
our sins away,
And guide us with his love
That we shall ever serve him, and live
with him above.

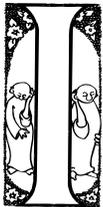
- Fifteenth century pre-Reformation Catholic Hymn for Christmastide,
See The Roman Breviary, *Christmastide I*.

ROYAL COMMISSION FINDINGS

McClellan [Royal Commission chairman] did not hold public findings into the institutional responses of Muslim organisations to child sexual assault. Likewise with government schools. Also, the royal commission did not hold public hearings into the media.

FOCUS ON CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS

By Gerard Henderson



IN HIS FINAL address to the Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse on Thursday, chairman Peter McClellan said: “The greatest number of

alleged perpetrators and abused children, in church-managed facilities that we are aware of, were in Roman Catholic institutions.”

That’s true. However, it is also true that the Catholic Church, in the period after World War II, ran many more schools, orphanages and hospitals than any other church. And the Catholic Church in Australia was the first institution to address the crime of child sexual abuse within its own ranks.

George Pell, then Catholic archbishop of Melbourne, set up the Melbourne Response to handle clerical child sexual assault in 1996. His fellow archbishops and bishops established Towards Healing the following year in the rest of Australia. This means the Catholic Church was addressing this crime about six years before the revelations in *The Boston Globe* about the Catholic Archdiocese of Boston

and about 16 years before prime minister Julia Gillard set up the royal commission.

As John Ferguson wrote in *The Australian* on December 11: “It’s fair to say ... that after Pell took charge of Melbourne (in 1996)

She added: “The largest proportion of first alleged incidents of child sexual abuse ... occurred in the 1970s.” That is, about four decades ago.

It is this fact that explains the reality of the Catholic Church in Australia today. Despite suffering enormous reputational damage because of the royal commission’s public hearings, Catholic institutions enjoy widespread backing.

Many parents, Catholic and non-Catholic alike, want their children educated in the Catholic school system. There is also support for hospitals and related institutions run by Catholic organisations. In short, Australians



Cardinal Pell incensing the altar at St Mary’s Cathedral, Sydney

there were significant attempts to deal with the sex abuse scandal, chiefly the Melbourne Response compensation scheme, and the veil lifted on offending under (Pell’s predecessor archbishop Frank) Little.”

As counsel assisting Gail Furness SC told the royal commission on February 16 this year: “The vast majority of claims (against Catholic clergy) alleged abuse that started in the period 1950 to 1989 inclusive.”

understand that child sexual abuse in the Catholic Church is essentially a historical crime.

This is not evident to anyone who followed the royal commission on the ABC or in Fairfax Media, where the emphasis was on historical crimes in the Catholic Church and not on more recent offending in other institutions.

For example, Peter FitzSimons wrote in *The Sun-Herald* on July 2 this year that the royal commission

Religion in the Public Space

THE CHURCH plays an important role as a source of morality and actively engages individuals within the context of the state. To do otherwise would be a serious denial of her responsibility to teach those souls entrusted to her care.' Thus, religion cannot be relegated solely to the private space and barred from the public sphere. It is the most basic right of the human person, which the Church clearly recognizes in her Declaration on Religious Liberty, *Dignitatis Humanae*. It shapes an individual's values and beliefs, which naturally flow into the public realm. Along with this right comes responsibility. The Code of Canon Law makes it clear that the Christian faithful are 'bound by a particular duty to imbue and perfect the order of temporal affairs with the spirit of the gospel and thus to give witness to Christ, especially in carrying out these same affairs and in exercising secular functions.' Therefore, the Church has a solemn duty to teach with the intention of forming properly ordered consciences, and individuals have the duty to act accordingly in the public space.

- Andrew Essig, 'Faithful Citizenship,' *Catholic Social Science Review*, 15[2010] p.238.

was set up to inquire into "child sexual abuse". Not so – the remit was to examine institutional responses to child sexual abuse, not contemporary crimes. FitzSimons then wrote that the royal commission "has accomplished so much in turning a much-needed spotlight into the horrors of rampant sexual abuse by the Catholic clergy over the decades".

This may have been how the Fairfax Media columnist interpreted the royal commission's proceedings. But the fact is that it heard accounts of pedophilia in Jewish and other Christian institutions along with secular and state-run organisations. It just appeared to be focused on the Catholic Church.

Writing in *The Weekend Australian* on August 19 this year, Greg Craven commented that "by any reasonable standard of legal assessment, this has been one of the most indifferently conducted royal commissions in recent history". He said that "adored by media groupies," the royal commission's "public flavour has been as a virtual trial of the Catholic Church".

Craven warned that the focus on "the Catholics" has "all but

crowded out the scrutiny of other institutions, with predictable results". He added: "The rule is, if an inquiry gives the impression it is about one subject, the public will take it at its word." And so will many a journalist, which explains FitzSimons's confusion.

The adulation of the royal commission is evident in the ABC TV documentary *Undeniable*, which went to air on Tuesday. Presented by journalist-activist Paul Kennedy and produced by Ben Knight, *Undeniable* focused on historical child sexual abuse cases in the Catholic Church in Melbourne and Ballarat and the Anglican Church in Newcastle. Kennedy co-authored the book *Hell on the Way to Heaven* with Chrissie Foster, whose two daughters were abused by a Catholic priest between 1987 and 1993.

Kennedy and Knight forewent the opportunity to look objectively at the royal commission's failures as well as its successes. For example, McClellan did not hold public findings into the institutional responses of Muslim organisations to child sexual assault. Likewise with government schools.

Also, the royal commission did not hold public hearings into the media. This despite the scandal involving Jimmy Savile's multiple child sexual assaults while at the BBC. In Australia there have been convictions for child sexual assault by media identities – namely, former Channel 7 star Robert Hughes and former ABC TV producer Jon Stephens. Both men were jailed for their offending, the latter pleading guilty.

In publicising his documentary, Kennedy called for the media to raise awareness of child sexual abuse. However, the ABC has failed to properly report Stephens's crime and ABC managing director Michelle Guthrie was not able to inform the Senate two months ago as to whether the public broadcaster has adopted a duty of care to Stephens's victim or offered compensation.

Moreover, serving ABC chairman Justin Milne and his predecessor, James Spigelman, have declined to distance the public broadcaster from the claim made by Richard Downing in 1975 that "in general, men will sleep with young boys". Downing made this statement in his capacity as ABC chairman. At this time, the ABC allowed self-declared pederasts to be interviewed in the ABC's studio in Sydney without reporting the matter to NSW Police.

Then there is the royal commission's acceptance of recovered memories as evidence and its closeness to the controversial Blue Knot Foundation, which was critically examined in *The Weekend Australian* on December 2 by Richard Guillatt.

The royal commission's apparent obsession with historical child sexual abuse in the Catholic Church entailed that its investigations were not as wide or as contemporary as might otherwise have been the case.

GERARD HENDERSON is executive director of the Sydney Institute. His *Media Watch Dog* blog can be found at theaustralian.com.au. This article appeared first in *The Australian*, December 16, 2017. Reprinted with permission.

Our Secular Universe – a Dough without Leaven

INFINITE PROMISES [were] made to man at the dawn of modern times. The great undertaking of secularized Christian man has achieved splendid results for everyone but man himself; in what concerns man himself things have turned out badly – and this is not surprising.

The process of secularization of the Christian man concerns above all the idea of man and the philosophy of life which developed in the modern age. ... the split had progressively increased between the real behaviour of this secularized Christian world and the moral and spiritual principles which had given it its meaning and its internal consistency, and which it came to ignore.

Thus, this world seemed emptied of its own principles; it tended to become a universe of words, a nominalistic universe, a dough without leaven. It lived and endured by habit and by force acquired from the past, not by its own power; it was pushed forward by a *vis a tergo*, [a 'force from behind'] not by an internal dynamism.

It was utilitarian, its supreme rule was utility. Yet utility, which is not a means toward a goal, is of no use at all. ... Despite the wrong ideology I have just described, and the disfigured image of man which is linked to it, our civilization bears in its very substance

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the sacred heritage of human and divine values which depends on the struggle of our forefathers for freedom, on Judaeo-Christian tradition, and on classical antiquity, and which has been sadly weakened in its efficiency but not at all destroyed in its potential reserves.

The most alarming symptom in the present crisis is that, while engaged in a death struggle for the defense of

these values, we have too often lost faith and confidence in the principles on which what we are defending is founded, because we have more often than not forgotten the true and authentic principles, and because, at the same time, we feel more or less consciously the weakness of the insubstantial ideology which has preyed upon them like a parasite.

– Jacques Maritain, *The Range of Reason*, New York, Scribners, 1952.



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If government gives no avowed attention to religion, it is saying that it's not important. If it lets Wiccans lead prayers just like Christians, it's saying that witchcraft is on the same level as Christianity.

RECLAIMING AMERICA'S CHRISTIAN CULTURE

(For AMERICA read AUSTRALIA)

By Stephen M. Krason



FTEN TODAY, we hear of Christians and other religious people engaged in struggles in the U.S. just to be able to project expressions of their faith into the public domain.

Thus, for years now we have witnessed secularists of various stripes—those with a particular animosity toward anything religious—conduct a veritable assault on Christmas. The reports from the Catholic League for Religious and Civil Rights provide a yearly documentary history of this. Unbelievers seem unsatisfied to be hopeless and joyless on their own but insist on making as many others as possible share in their misery.

Aggressive secularists, spear-headed today by such groups as the *Freedom from Religion Foundation* [FFRF]—the scuttlebutt is that the *American Civil Liberties Union* [ACLU] lets them handle the cases even they find too hot to handle—use a combination of legal threats and action to drive from the public domain any vestige, even slightly symbolic, of religion. Their aim, of course, is to forge not just a secular state but as much as possible a secular culture surrounding it, as well.

If local governments—increasingly the battleground

for these matters—do not just cave in to their threats to avoid the high costs of constitutional litigation, they try to accommodate by allowing all religious—and irreligious—perspectives to be presented.

So, when a Christian group wants to put up a religious symbol on public property, atheists are allowed, to put up a billboard criticizing religion or extolling

‘reason’ (it’s interesting that those claiming to extol ‘reason’ never mention that human reason unaided by Revelation’ proves, with certitude, the existence God).

In a case now going before the Supreme Court, *Town of Greece v. Galloway*, the town council had an ‘inclusive’ policy of who could lead prayers at the start of their meetings, so that even Wiccans and atheists – praying, I guess, to some great nothingness—took part.

Still, that was not enough for some secularists, who sued. [Ed. note: In 2014, the Supreme Court decided this case, holding that the town’s practice of beginning their meetings with prayers, was constitutional.]

The momentum to push religion out of the public arena began with the line of Supreme Court establishment clause decisions, beginning almost seventy years ago. As Donald L. Drakeman and others have written, the Court’s ‘new direction’ then was partly driven by suspicion of the Catholic Church. The Court also opened itself to the views of secular post-World War II liberal intellectuals, whose separationist interpretation of the establishment clause had its roots in the 1870s.

The Court’s separationist jurisprudence has forced government to be neutral not just among different religious beliefs,

One-sided thinking

AMOSLEM man may marry a Christian or Jewish woman, but a Moslem woman may not become the wife of any but a Moslem male. We are apt, when we eulogise Islam for its unification of races, to forget that this unification is somewhat one-sided. The system regularly demands that the mate of a Moslem woman must be her equal, but makes no similar claim for the Moslem man – in whose case the word “mate” is scarcely suitable.

– David S. Margouliouth,
*The early development of
Mohammedanism*, London, Williams
and Norgate, 1914, p. 102.

but between belief and unbelief (that's why Wiccans and atheists get 'equal access' with Christians leading prayers).

The fact that the Court also in 1968 carved out a special exception for the establishment clause from the normal legal requirement of having to show that a legal harm was sustained before one can even get a case into court has opened the door to the legal pressure tactics of outfits such as the FFRF.

In other words, any taxpayer could sue. Anyone whose feelings have somehow been hurt by the most innocuous public accommodation of religion can line up a willing advocacy group and begin a constitutional case.

The entire idea of neutrality between belief and unbelief is a falsehood. If government gives no avowed attention to religion, it is saying that it's not important. If it lets Wiccans lead prayers just like Christians, it's saying that witchcraft is on the same level as Christianity.

This is an embracing of an official stance of utter religious indifferentism. To say that religion is irrelevant to the condition of a state or culture is adoption of an all-but-official religion of secularism. As the late, great Catholic constitutional lawyer William Bentley Ball once caustically said about this, 'A secularist establishment, anyone?'

This perspective cannot be farther from that of America's Founding Fathers, as a small sampling of their statements makes apparent.

In the famous Farewell Address, George Washington said that '[o]f all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports.' He referred to God as the "Great Author of every public and private good".

John Adams wrote that, 'Our Constitution was made only for a moral and religious people.

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It is wholly inadequate to the government of any other.

At the Constitutional Convention of 1787 Benjamin Franklin—a supposed deist—said that, 'God governs in the affairs of men. . . without his concurring aid we shall succeed in this political building no better than the Builders of Babel.'

Another seeming deist, Thomas Jefferson, said, 'No nation has ever yet existed or been governed without religion. Nor can be.' James Madison (the 'Father of the Constitution') affirmed: "Religion is the basis and Foundation of Government."

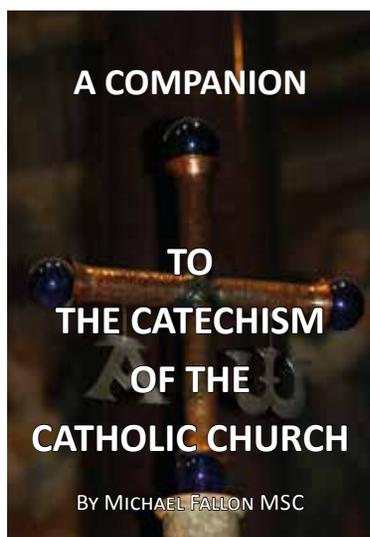
Nor was the religious heritage of America some vague, indefinite notion, or anything anyone wanted to turn it into. It was Christian. Tocqueville observed, 'Christianity has kept a strong hold over the minds of Americans,' which in spite of a 'multitude of sects' meant 'the same morality.'



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As my good friend, the late historian Donald J. D'Elia, wrote, '[t]he social way of life' in eighteenth-century America was 'largely based on the Christian faith.'

The great twentieth-century scholar Russell Kirk said, the 'American faith' was 'a biblical Christianity, securely rooted in popular conviction.'

In short, while America never had a Christian state—and was never anything like a theocracy—it was clearly a Christian culture, with distinctly Christian morality and mores, and had a notion of government inspired by a Christian understanding of man.

Reclaiming America's religious and Christian culture is no quick or easy task. We, of course, do not know if—in the final analysis—it is possible. It has taken almost a century and a half to get from the first serious push for separationism until the current effort to rinse American public life clean of religion.

What we do know is that it is not impossible. This is a time for political, legal, and cultural counterattack—which has to take place on many fronts.

Aggressive legal efforts—not just to lead the defence of religious liberty at a time when it is coming under unprecedented attack, but also to oppose and try to reverse the continued twisting of the establishment clause—are essential.

In this sense, organizations like the *Alliance Defending Freedom*, are 'spot-on.' There is a need to aggressively counter the secularists' every legal move. The overall constitutional objective, however, must be to bury the Court's separationist jurisprudence, which has long been on life-support (with obvious contradictions and a bevy of judicial zigs and zags to try to keep it intact).

The target should be, substantively, the reversal of the neutrality-between-belief-and-unbelief doctrine and, procedurally, changing the rule allowing mere taxpayer suits.

There is no question about protecting the citizen rights of unbelievers, Wiccans, or anyone with offbeat religious beliefs, but they have no right—under the American constitutional tradition or certainly in the natural law tradition behind it—to expect their beliefs to be given the same official respect as Christianity or other traditional religions.

The political counterattack has begun in some local communities with officials and citizens standing up to the veiled threats of the FFRF and refusing to remove religious symbols.

Such resolve must expand. More and persistent vocal opposition in newspaper letter columns and online forums, citizen presence at public meetings, and legal public demonstrations against further attempts at secularizing our communities are needed.

The opportunities for cultural counterattack are almost innumerable: making a point to say 'God bless you' and 'Happy Christmas' at the store check-out counter, putting religious symbols in a very visible place on one's lawn, commending or urging local businesses to display religious symbols or sayings, church and religious organizations playing an increasingly visible role in community activities with a strong emphasis on their distinct character as they do it, organizing talks and study groups on the religious tradition of early America and the Founders' thinking on religion. and so on and on.

Does anyone believe that Islamic countries are going to surrender their Islamic cultural character? So, why don't we have a right to reclaim the Christian character of ours?

STEPHEN M KRASON is President of the Society of Catholic Social Scientists, and Professor at the Franciscan University of Steubenville. This was one of his 'Neither Left nor Right, but Catholic' columns that appeared initially in *Crisismagazine.com* on February 3, 2013. Reprinted with permission of the author.

The Catholic Church and the See of Peter

St Augustine Responds to a Manichaeon Disbeliever

IN THE Catholic Church – setting aside her most pure wisdom that only a select few in this life achieve even partial, if sure knowledge of, because of their human condition – it is not *lively intelligence* but *simple faith* that makes the rest of her members most secure in their belief.

‘For the sake of argument, I am willing to set aside this wisdom, which you do not believe to be in the Catholic Church, for there are many other things that keep me in her embrace.

‘For instance, the *judgement* of peoples and races holds me there; as does the Church’s *authority* which is founded on miracles, nourished by hope, spread by charity and held firm by its antiquity.

‘The very *See of Peter the Apostle* to whom, after his resurrection, the Lord entrusted the feeding of his flock, holds me there; as does the [*Apostolic*] *succession* of her bishops and priests to the present day. And finally, *the very name ‘Catholic’* keeps me there.

‘Not without reason this Church – in the midst of so many heresies – alone bears this name. All heretics want to be called Catholics, but when a passer-by enquires of someone where the Catholic Church is, no heretic would dare point out his ‘basilica’ or ‘house-church’.

– St Aurelius Augustinus, bishop of Hippo, AD 354-430, *Contra Epistolam Manichaei*, Lib. Unus, cap.4,5. Migne, *Patrologia Latina*, tome .xlii, 175. The saint establishes beyond a shadow of doubt in what follows that the teachings of Mani were false. Note: it is in the following chapter [5] that St Augustine declares: *Ego vero Evangelio non crederem, nisi me Catholicae Ecclesiae commoveret auctoritas*: ‘I would not believe in the Gospel if the authority of the Catholic Church did not move me to do so’. Migne op.cit. p.176.

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2073 MRS J PATTESON	7	2350 DR & MRS SWAN	4
2320 MRS JULIET CLARKE	17	2033 MOTHER SUPERIOR	50
2602 MS MARY O'BRIEN	37	2101 MR JOHN DEVITT	17
4700 VERONICA MARGARET FREESTONE	7	2060 MR T J MCNALLY	100
2155 D J TOWNER	4	2018 MR & MRS P KENNEDY	17
QUINNEY LAM	1000	2220 MR K D CUMMINGS	34
2010 MISS M DUNNE	17	2320 MRS PATRICIA CONNELLY	14
2112 MR RAY SWINFIELD	33	2350 DR & MRS SWAN	4
3075 MR & MRS M B DE CHALAIN	7	2033 MOTHER SUPERIOR	50
2125 D TOMIC	101	2101 MR JOHN DEVITT	17
2107 MR H F WHITE	10	2060 MR T J MCNALLY	100
4305 MRS MARY BREWER	7	2222 MICHAEL FRAWLEY	17
2138 MR E MORRIS	24	4034 MRS S M PROWSE	17
2077 MR ROBERT J MURDOCK	50	2120 COMMODORE & MRS YORK	27
2119 MR J BLACK	7	2380 MR P HERDEN	34
2500 MR B J & MRS M T TRUDGETT	50	3356 MRS NORMA LOUGHNAN	100
PETER & LEONIE MAHONY	10	2001 MR & MRS LAURIE BRERETON	167
4350 MRS C MCAULIFFE	50	2207 MR & MRS M WINKLER	5
2533 MRS IRENE COOK	50	2047 MRS E FERNON	134
2570 MR & MRS P BRISCOE-HOUGH	17		
4701 JOHN KENNEDY	27	TOTAL:	\$3685

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'This is all about Australian jobs,' Mr Turnbull has been quoted as saying. But it can't only be 'about Australian jobs'. It is, surely, about manufacturing weapons of war and military equipment and selling them to other countries. And being aware all the while that once a weapon is sold, the seller has little or no influence on how it will be used.

EXPORTING 'DEFENCE ASSETS'

DODGING THE PITFALLS

By Paul Stenhouse



AUSTRALIANS woke up on January 29 to a call from Prime Minister Malcolm Turnbull for Australia

to become 'one of the world's top 10 weapons exporters within the next decade'.¹

'Weapons exporters' is a euphemism for 'arms dealers'. Australia was known to be the sixth-largest arms *importer* after the US, Canada, Indonesia, Saudi Arabia and Germany – but that Australia was planning to manufacture weapons on a large scale for export overseas came, it must be said, as an unnerving wake-up call.

The Government has even listed its 'priority markets': the Middle East, the Indo-Pacific region, Europe, the US, the UK, Canada and New Zealand.

Defence Industry Minister Christopher Pyne reportedly said that staff in embassies will be receiving special training to push the Australian defence 'product'.

At the unveiling of the plan by Mr Turnbull, assurances were given that controls would be put in place

to ensure that whatever military 'products' and 'assets' are to be exported they will not find their way into the wrong hands.

Keeping weapons out of 'the wrong hands' has been a problem since Cain slew Abel. These days, the term used to describe 'defence assets' falling into the wrong hands

instance, the US supplied over a million infantry weapons to Iraqi security forces. Because of faulty or non-existent government tracking systems, many of those guns have gone missing. Serial numbers were logged in for only 2.7% of 370,000 of them; and a July 2007 Report by the US Government Accountability Office revealed that at least 190,000 weapons 'were unaccounted for' in Iraq. They had fallen into the wrong hands.

'It is likely that a large proportion of the hundreds of thousands of small arms and light weapons that have 'gone missing' in Iraq are either in the hands of anti-U.S. insurgents or in other countries, fueling conflicts there,' says William Hartung, the director of the Arms and Security Initiative of the *New America Foundation*.

'In order to prevent similar security risks in the future, the corporate and

government officials responsible for putting U.S. troops at risk by failing to maintain control of these weapons must be held accountable.'²

'This is all about Australian jobs,' Mr Turnbull has been quoted as saying. But it can't only be 'about Australian jobs'. It is, surely, about manufacturing weapons of war and



Tokyo after the firebombing by 300 B29 bombers on March 9, 1945. Most of the 100,000 dead and one million maimed, and one million made homeless, were women, children and old people.

is 'blowback' which covers the case where a former ally who was supplied with weapons becomes an enemy, and also, and perhaps more commonly, when an ally who has been supplied with weapons is unable to prevent their being seized by the enemy.

Between 2003 and 2008, for

military equipment and selling them to other countries. And being aware all the while that once a weapon is sold, the seller has little or no influence on how it will be used.

ISIS, the extremist Sunni militant Islamic group notorious for its mass butchery of minorities and moderate Muslims who refused to join their self-styled Caliphate, would never have been able to dominate significant parts of Iraq and Syria if it hadn't been able to seize weapons from government sources – most of them supplied from the US. A UN Security Council Report in 2014 noted that in 2014, ISIS 'seized sufficient Iraqi government stocks from the provinces of Anbar and Salah al-Din to arm and equip more than three Iraqi conventional army divisions'.³

A 'Defence Export Facility' will be set up to assist companies – presumably mainly private companies that are to manufacture the 'Defence Assets' – to find overseas markets.

These companies, we are told, 'can't send off military hardware to just anyone. There are controls to ensure that buyers don't offend Australia's foreign policy, and strategic and humanitarian priorities. For example, no matter how much money the Taliban might offer, it won't be getting any Australian equipment'.⁴

The reality is, of course, that the Taliban don't need to buy weapons from Australia. They are already awash with US arms and military vehicles and equipment seized by infiltrators from police or army checkpoints, or acquired through corruption or battlefield losses.

The longer the war in Afghanistan drags on, the more US war material is being lost, turning the Taliban into the best armed terrorist group outside of Syria where the US has actually been arming the anti-government insurgents.⁵

It should be remembered, too, that in July 1979 the CIA – not the US military – began to fund and arm Afghan Islamic insurgents, the

The 'Free' Market

LET US LOOK at the behaviour the market requires. What values does it celebrate? Who are its heroes? The market celebrates the self-made man, not the man who evidences solidarity. The market, drenched in Calvinistic roots, celebrates frugality and thrift, not gratuitousness and generosity. The market requires self-assertiveness, not self-surrender. The market is all about activity and not at all about contemplation. The market evidences competition not cooperation. Let us state it very clearly: There is nothing protean, nothing self-made, nothing frugal or thrifty, nothing self-assertive, nothing competitive, nothing greedy or self-interested in the lives of Jesus and His Mother.

The personal characteristics that the market demands and champions are not discernible in the life of Him Who is most obviously characterized by His radical submission to the will of His Father, nor in the life of His Mother. This is deeper than ethics. It gets to the very stance a human person takes towards reality.

If you get this wrong, you tend to get everything wrong, which is why Pope Pius XI famously referred to free-market economics as a 'poisoned spring'. Libertarian economists get self-interest wrong by trying to wiggle it into a virtue. They get ideas about the common good wrong, about the universal destination of goods, about our obligations to the environment, about the need to change established Western ways of life.

– Michael Sean Winters, *National Catholic Reporter*, May 30, 2017, 'Distinctly Catholic'.

so-called *mujahidun*, against the pro-Russian government in Kabul, with the intention of provoking Soviet intervention in Afghanistan.⁶

The United States supplied funds, weapons and general supervision. Saudi Arabia matched United States financial contributions, and China's government sold and donated weapons. But the dominant operational role on the front lines belonged to Pakistan's ISI (the Inter-services Intelligence Directorate), which insisted on control.⁷

Much of this aid was surreptitiously diverted by Pakistani Intelligence which used it to support Islamic extremists engaged in terrorism in South East Asia.⁸ Without any monitoring by the CIA most of the U.S. weapons were given to *mujahidun* who were openly dedicated to setting up an Islamic and anti-American regime in Kabul when the Russians left. And after the Russians left, the US weapons for the *mujahidun* kept coming.⁹ All the above set the

scene for classic and devastating 'blowback' which continues to the time of writing.

The camps in Pakistan and Afghanistan where they [the *mujahidun*] trained became virtual universities for promoting pan-Islamic radicalism in Algeria, Egypt, Yemen, Sudan, Jordan, the Philippines, and Bangladesh. Americans woke up to the danger only in 1993, when Afghan-trained Arab militants blew up the World Trade Centre in New York, killing six people and injuring 1,000. The bombers believed that, just as Afghanistan had defeated one superpower – the Soviet Union – they would defeat a second – the United States.¹⁰

Mr Ciobo, Minister for Trade and Tourism, said that at the end of the day the proposed deal 'wasn't about war'. It was about having "strong defence assets". And he pointed out that 'Strong defence assets are the greatest safeguard you could have against conflict.'¹¹

But the global arms trade is notoriously corrupt, and countries

perceived as being more corrupt tend to spend more on the military.¹² Even if weapons end up in the hands of so-called legitimate buyers, these may be the ‘wrong hands’ if the country concerned is corrupt or despotic.

Rwanda, for instance, in the early 90s spent the majority of its state budget on arms from the then-apartheid government in South Africa, from Egypt and from France, and then used all these ‘strong defence assets’ in a genocidal extermination of 75% of its Tutsi population in 1994. Moderate Hutu leaders and anyone who objected to the orgy of rape and murder were also eliminated.¹³

Try telling the people of Rwanda, or Iraq, or Afghanistan, Syria, Libya, Kenya or Nigeria that ‘strong defence assets are the greatest safeguard you could have against conflict’.¹⁴

The Australian government announcement of its plan to compete in the world arms market has been presented in the context

of job creation in manufacturing industries and economic growth. However laudible these latter goals may be, serious studies exist that question any significant boost to the economy by armaments industries which more often than not rely on subsidies from their governments to remain viable. And the impact of defence spending on job creation in the US, has been seriously questioned by researchers from the Political Economy Research Institute at the University of Massachusetts.¹⁵

The news that President Trump’s approved budget for military power and domestic security for 2018 is \$US824.6 billion¹⁶ while his proposed budget for the State Department and International Aid is \$28.2 billion [a decrease of 29.1%]¹⁷ highlights the Trump administration’s worrying priorities.

Shouldn’t we give building bridges, forming alliances and seeking non-military solutions, a chance? It would take only a tiny

fraction of what the world’s biggest superpower spends on weapons, to be spent on peacekeeping, and enforcing agreements and protecting oppressed minorities for a cogent case to be made for this being ‘the greatest safeguard you could have against conflict’.

It’s worth trying. Especially as military spending is only the US government’s *second* largest expenditure: the largest for 2018 is Social Security – at \$1 trillion.¹⁸

In the words of the chief executive of *Save the Children Australia*: ‘Australia is known as a stable, peaceful democracy. We should be exporting those values to build a more peaceful world, rather than potentially fuelling insecurity and instability.’

A Young Person’s World

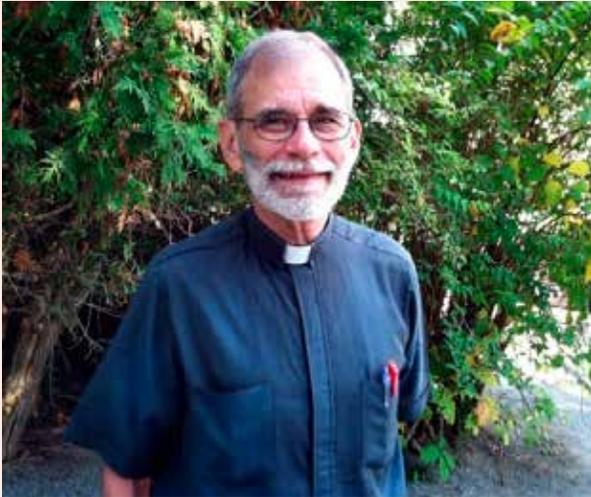
ENGLISH LIFE expectancy at birth was, on average, a miserable thirty-seven years between 1540 and 1800; the figure for London was in the twenties. Roughly one in five English children died in the first year of life; in London the figure was nearly one in three. Henry V himself became king at the age of twenty-six and was dead from dysentery at the age of thirty-five - a reminder that most history until relatively recently was made by quite young, short-lived people. Violence was endemic. War with France was almost a permanent condition. When not fighting the French, the English fought the Welsh, the Scots and the Irish. When not fighting the Celts, they fought one another in a succession of wars for control of the crown. Henry V’s father had come to the throne by violence; his son Henry VI lost it by similar means with the outbreak of the Wars of the Roses, which saw four kings lose their thrones and forty adult peers die in battle or on the scaffold. Between 1330 and 1479 a quarter of deaths in the English aristocracy were violent. And ordinary homicide was commonplace. Data from the fourteenth century suggest an annual homicide rate in Oxford of above a hundred per 100,000 inhabitants. London was somewhat safer with a rate of around fifty per 100,000. The worst murder rates in the world today are in South Africa (sixty-nine per 100,000), Colombia (fifty-three) and Jamaica (thirty-four). Even Detroit at its worst in the 1980s had a rate of just forty-five per 100,000.

- Niall Ferguson, *Civilization: The West and the Rest*, Allen Lane, 2011, p.24 [278]

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CARITAS AUSTRALIA DEVELOPING NEW OPPORTUNITIES FOR CAMBODIA'S DEAF

UNTIL RECENTLY, Cambodia was one of the only countries in the world without its own dialect of sign language. An estimated 50 000 deaf people live in Cambodia, but only around 2000 receive professional help and learning how to communicate frees these lucky few from the bitter confines of a prison-like existence.



Father Charles Dittmeier, Director of Caritas Australia's Cambodian partner, the Deaf Development program

Caritas Australia, the Aid and Development Agency of the Catholic Church in Australia has supported this life changing development work in the South-East Asian nation. Father Charles Dittmeier, Director of Caritas Australia's Cambodian partner, the Maryknoll Deaf Development program, has been centrally involved in the development and codification of Cambodian sign language, teaching it to locals through the DDP.

"Typically the people who come to us at the Deaf Development Programme are in their early 20s and they have no sign language, no spoken or written language, and most have never communicated with even their own parents," says Fr. Dittmeier.

"Many of the families believe that these young people have a mental problem. They have no idea what deafness is and they don't know that deaf people can be educated - we try to turn that all around".

Father Charles spoke of the particular challenges which the deaf face in Cambodia.

"I've met deaf people from around the world, but in Cambodia there are so many deaf people who have no sign language and can't communicate," Fr. Dittmeier says. "Most have never gone to school; they need a lot of support."

"With this support from Maryknoll and Caritas Australia, many are turning their lives around and learning skills to get jobs and build their own businesses."

Rattanak is one of the success stories coming out of the Deaf Development Program.

"Before I really complained a lot and was very frustrated. Before I felt rejected by others. I was poor, I didn't have any money. I had a disability, I was deaf," Rattanak says.

"They taught me the alphabet and slowly I was able to develop my skills so that I could meet and communicate with other deaf people. I was very happy about that."

During Lent, Australians are invited to support Project Compassion and young people like Rattanak by making a donation, or by hosting fundraising events in their local school, parish, community or neighbourhood.



Rattanak, a participant in Caritas Australia's Cambodian partner, the Deaf Development Program Photo: Richard Wainwright

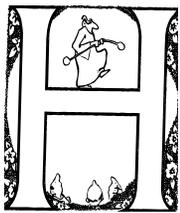
Supporters can also to share their stories on social media at #ProjectCompassion. To donate to Project Compassion or for fundraising ideas visit www.caritas.org.au/projectcompassion or phone 1800 024 413

- Daniel Nour is the Content Specialist at Caritas Australia

Simon Leys, prodigy of grace under pressure.

NAVIGATOR BETWEEN WORLDS

By James Murray



HOW TO assess this work, monumental in its foreword, prologue, text, acknowledgements, chronology, epilogue and endnotes? Admirably, Philippe Paquet provides the key at the beginning by quoting his subject: 'A good biographer basically just provides the material for a trial in which the final judgement is handed down by the reader: the mission of the first, then is to deliver to the second a file containing information that is as full and accurate as possible.'

Ironically, despite the shrewdness of that advice, Simon Leys was proactive in avoiding biographers. Could his co-operation with his fellow-Belgian Paquet have been because he appreciated the baroque quality of the latter's style – a style Leys appreciated in architecture?

Whatever the case, Paquet has delivered a classic of biography in the noble line of the Greek archetype, Plutarch, translated by the Catholic revert John Dryden.

After noting his subject's birth as Pierre Ryckmans and his education in Belgium, Paquet in a series of grand sweeps takes us over the peaks of his subject's career: *The Chairman's New Clothes*, *Chinese Shadows*, *The Hall of Uselessness*, *Other People's*

Simon Leys/Pierre Ryckmans, *Navigator between Worlds*, by Philippe Paquet La Trobe University Press in conjunction with Black Inc. rrp hb \$59.99.

Thoughts, *The Wreck of the Batavia* and *The Death of Napoleon*.

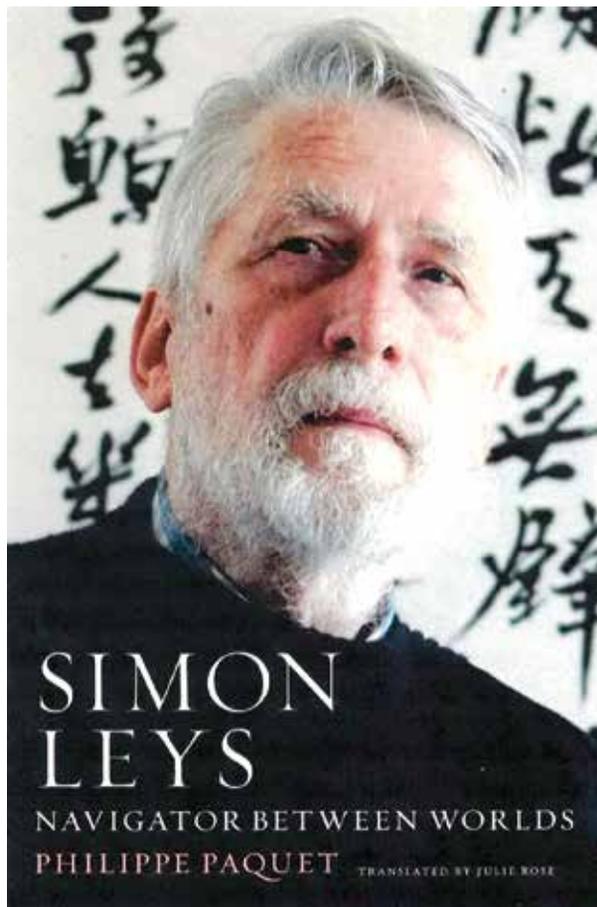
It is fair to say that the film of his only novel, *The Death of Napoleon*, made Leys popularly known but the blaze of controversy over *The Chairman's New Clothes* with its exposure of Mao Tse Tung's homicidal regime, illuminated, and still illuminates, his reputation.

Paquet shows a nice wit in describing the Peking-Brussels comic opera that resulted in the *nom de plume* (*nom de guerre*?) Simon Leys.

Like his fellow seafarer Hilaire Belloc, Leys also contributed widely at the high end of journalism: *Quadrant*, *The Monthly*, *Le Monde*, *Le Figaro littéraire* and *The New York Review of Books*. Like Belloc he was also a paterfamilias who might have agreed with Belloc's quip when asked why he wrote so much: 'Because my children are howling for pearls and caviar.'

Unlike Belloc, rejected for a Fellowship of All Souls, Oxford possibly because he placed a statue of the Virgin Mary on the exam desk, Leys, a China watcher who could actually speak the language, won many academic distinctions, not least at the Australian National University, Canberra (where Kevin Rudd was among his students) and a professorship at the University of Sydney.

This post was not a totally happy fortune cookie. Leys resigned early when the authorities ruled that 'students' should be called 'customers'. What he would have made of professorial administrators advertising for a speechwriter lies in the realm beyond discombobulation where great orators from Demosthenes to Winston Churchill lie.



Safer to emphasise the high merit of Paquet's translator, Julie Rose, whose other translations include Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*, Racine's *Phédre* and Chantal Thomas's *The Wicked Queen*.

And then there's the foreword by Julian Patrick Barnes, a biographer of the fictive kind through *Flaubert's Parrot*, who provides a generous grace note: 'Leys was a writer of great virtue and great competence; he was obscure mainly in the minds of those who think of writing in terms of the bestseller lists. He was read by good readers in many parts of the world, and this was, I would guess, exactly what he wanted. Will this biography make him less obscure? I suspect that he would not have cared one way or the other; he would be serene about the matter. But for those of us who admire his daring, darting and capacious mind, I hope very much that it does. He may not have resented his comparative obscurity; but with his death, the rest of us are liberated to resent it on his behalf.'

Can a biographer ever equal his subject? Perhaps not. Yet the archive of James Boswell (1740-1795), recovered in the 20th century, demonstrates that he was Crown Prince to his autocratic subject, Samuel Johnson. Similarly, Philippe Paquet, himself a distinguished sinologist and biographer of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, can be seen as a duke to the prince of Simon Leys.

No reservations? Only two: minor and major. First, Chinese cuisine figures largely, particularly dumplings. But there is no mention of haggis, 'Great chieftain of the pudding race' apostrophised by Rabbie Burns, the only great poet Leys seems not to have read.

Second, Paquet notes his subject's reference to Pontius Pilate: 'Pilate's problem was not to ascertain Jesus's innocence. This was easy enough: it was obvious. No, the real problem was in the end – like all of us, most of the time – he found it more expedient to wash his hands of the truth.' There is an

A Key Question

IT IS IRONIC and discouraging that many non-Muslim, Western intellectuals—who unceasingly claim to support human rights—have become obstacles to reforming Islam. Political correctness among Westerners obstructs unambiguous criticism of Shariah's inhumanity. They find socioeconomic or political excuses for Islamist terrorism such as poverty, colonialism, discrimination or the existence of Israel. What incentive is there for Muslims to demand reform when Western 'progressives' pave the way for Islamist barbarity? Indeed, if the problem is not one of religious beliefs, it leaves one to wonder why Christians who live among Muslims under identical circumstances refrain from contributing to wide-scale, systematic campaigns of terror.

— Tawfik Hamid, *The Wall Street Journal*, Tuesday, April 3, 2007. A onetime member of *Jemaah Islamiya*, an Islamist terrorist group led by al Qaeda's second in command, Ayman al-Zawahiri, Dr Hamid is a medical doctor.

addendum: Pilate, responding to objections to the superscription on the cross, 'Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews,' also said: *Quod scripsi, scripsi* – 'what I have written, I have written.'

Succinct, like Simon Leys himself, rebutting criticism from those with useful idiot views of Chairman Mao, views akin to those of useful idiots on the Soviet regime of which Lincoln Steffens opined, 'I have seen the future and it works.'

Such views continue through the lens, 'Trade with them and they will come round to our way of thinking.' In their sophistry, these views are at odds with the faux-religious nature of expansionist Marxism, defeatable only by the Catholic truth lived by Pierre Ryckmans/Simon Leys, still lived under threat by Chinese Catholics of the Middle Kingdom and its diaspora.

Philippe Paquet's encyclopedic work, likely to be mined by others, concludes with a quotation from Leo Tolstoy's *War and Peace*, re-read by Leys towards the end of his life in 2014.

In the novel, Prince Andrei is blown onto his back, seriously wounded at Austerlitz, and thinks: 'How is it I haven't seen this lofty sky before? And how happy I am that I've finally come to know it. Yes! Everything is empty, everything is a deception, except the infinite

sky. There is nothing, nothing except that. But there is not even that, there is nothing except tranquillity. And thank God!'

Okay: tribute via one literary prodigy to another. But your reviewer would have preferred a mention of the subject's final ritual: his Requiem Mass, calling up remembrance of the prayer beginning: 'Go forth, O Christian soul from this world in the name of God the Father Almighty who created thee; in the name of Jesus Christ who suffered for thee; in the name of the Holy Spirit who was poured forth upon thee...'

It is a prayer echoed by another literary prodigy, the hidden Catholic, William Shakespeare, who in *Hamlet* has Horatio say: '*Good night, sweet prince. And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest.*'

The Requiem Mass at St. Joseph's Franciscan Church, Edgecliff, Sydney was attended by the subject's widow Han-Fang and immediate family; it was offered by Father Paul Stenhouse MSC, editor *Annals Australasia*, honorary chaplain and friend to the great writer, as he has been to many lesser wordsmiths.

JAMES MURRAY is a Sydney-based writer whose career includes ten years in Fleet Street, and contributions to Australia's major publications. He writes *Annals* film reviews, and is the author of our ever-popular *Media Matters*.

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THE STRANGE DEATH OF EUROPE

Disguising communism as 'neo-Marxism' or even as post-modernism does not make a scrap of difference in the long run. Even in the West, ruling urban elites now rely largely on keeping the populations of their countries dumb and distracted while various forms of quasi-communism are quietly ushered in.

MULTICULTURAL MISADVENTURES

FROM POST-MODERNISM TO IMMIGRATION

By Giles Auty



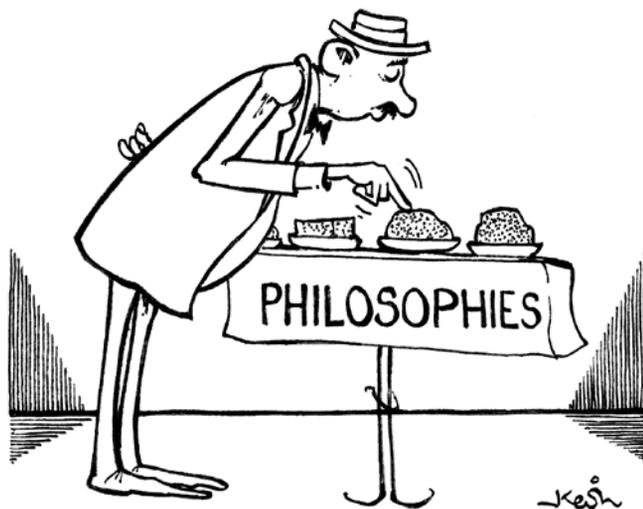
ONCE IN A while a truly remarkable book appears, not necessarily because its themes are groundbreaking but because it brings matters to our attention forcefully which probably ought to have been obvious to us all along.

In such a category Douglas Murray's *The Strange Death of Europe* (Bloomsbury 2017) sets a very high standard indeed. The author is associate editor of *The Spectator*.

What, then is what the author calls 'the strange death' of a continent and what factor or combination of factors principally brought that about? In days when I wrote regularly for *The Spectator* myself we seldom advertised as such but I do remember a campaign of small so-called 'tube cards' which were to be found in the carriages of trains on the London Underground. Our 'tube card', as I remember it, bore a very simple message: THE SPECTATOR: POLITICALLY INCORRECT.

Post-modernism had yet to exert a virtual choke-hold on Western

society and Western intellectual thought back then although it has always done its best to do so. Indeed, my respected colleague, the late Brian Sewell – for many years art critic on London's *Evening Standard* – so inflamed the self-righteous, politically correct faction of the British media and would-be intelligentsia of the day that many



such signed a public petition calling for his instant dismissal from his job. I remember Brian particularly fondly for once describing The Arts Council of Great Britain as 'a nest of vipers' – a description that was even possibly too kind.

Like Douglas Murray, Brian regularly 'spoke his mind' and

I very seldom disagreed with his choice of targets. But a most important difference between then and now, of course, was that free speech really *was* very largely 'free' in those days. Now, however, attempts are regularly made to divert public attention from the true sources of our problems through making 'multiculturalism', so-called 'racism' and similar topics, virtually forbidden areas for open public debate. Such curbs are, of course, basically totalitarian and anti-democratic in nature.

Multiculturalism, like feminism and political correctness is one of the true cornerstones of post-modernist doctrines and beliefs. Yet its fundamental reasoning has always struck me as obviously flawed because historically the human race has almost always preferred living among others of its own kind. When such a course becomes impossible for a variety of reasons certain nations such as Australia, for example, in the years following the Second World War adapt very well and the nation's 'culture' may even be genuinely enriched - but such adaptation and enrichment are far from inevitable. Almost all depends, as in cooking, on the

choice of ingredients before any mixing takes place.

The most important factor for success is very often overlooked today because those who attempt to set up laws relating to immigration often do not hold any forms of religious conviction themselves. Beliefs, for that very reason, are often ignored or wrongly and even deliberately confused with 'race' or 'country of origin'.

In earlier times wars of conquest and other such factors evidently confused or even disguised such issues but in modern times another vital factor has raised its head: the vexed question almost everywhere of immigration on a major scale. In post-war Britain, for example, just one of the factors evidently involved was a shortage of personnel willing to fill poorly-paid jobs. Immigrants flowed into that country from Pakistan and the West Indies – both much warmer countries than Britain but otherwise with very little in common. The word ghetto has become most commonly used in recent times to describe areas, usually of major cities, in which close groups of people from certain places of origin tend to set up their homes.

Cheap suburbs rapidly become colonized by immigrants and

in the case of many Western countries, at least, may rapidly gain a reputation for street violence and crime. To residents of surrounding areas the supposed benefits of 'multiculturalism' often rapidly become far from obvious. In historically West Indian localities in London, for instance, drugs-related crime, school truancy and abandoned mothers set serious social problems which were originally novel to local authorities – yet they were not necessarily novel, of course, in the homelands of the immigrants themselves.

Multiculturalism, like most other primary aspects of post-modernism is presented today as an invariable and indeed self-obvious virtue whereas its consequences may often truly benefit only a few while seriously disadvantaging a great many others. Would it be impolite here to mention Melbourne and its well-known problems with what has been called 'African gang crime'?

At the very start of his book Douglas Murray suggests: "Europe is committing suicide. Or at least its leaders have decided to commit suicide. Whether the European people choose to go along with this is naturally another matter...by the end of the lifespans of most people currently alive Europe will not be

Europe and the peoples of Europe will have lost the only place in the world we had to call home".

I suggest humankind is not and has never been much good at inventing an entirely new set of virtues and vices not least because none such has withstood any of the agreed tests of time. Like communism from which it ultimately springs, post-modernism tries to enforce the apparent acceptance of its doctrines now largely through legislation.

Some Polish friends who are devout Catholics and who fled their homeland thirty odd years ago to escape the unpleasant realities of communism tell me that Australia is rapidly becoming more and more totalitarian in nature, an observation I would readily endorse. To my mind every single theory of post-modernism is misguided largely because, in the words I have quoted already of Kevin Donnelly "The intent is to overthrow capitalism and bring about the long sought-after socialist utopia".

No such utopia has ever existed or will ever exist basically because the doctrines on which such an idea is based are obviously and fundamentally flawed. In any case the sought-after utopia is essentially communist rather than socialist in nature because the ideas in question have their basic origin in the teachings of Marx. Regrettably for any dreams of a utopia those teachings have been utterly disastrous wherever they have taken root. For example, Lenin and Stalin began their communistic 'social engineering' as did most other left-wing tyrants by closing down almost all Churches and traditional religious institutions of all kinds. In a particularly odious sense they were possibly right because ultimately the Catholic Church in Poland played a major role in supporting what shortly became the final breakdown of communism in Eastern Europe.

But the familiar horrors of communism had ruled the roost by then for some 70 years. When

Social Engineering by Alcohol

THE GOVERNMENT'S response [to addiction to alcohol in Russia] has been weak—raising the tax on liquor and restricting advertising—for a reason, Brown argues. Traditionally, the Russian state has nursed its own booze addiction. In tsarist times, levies on spirits accounted for nearly half of the government's tax revenues, and during the Soviet era, 30 percent. Vodka, a liquor distilled from rye, wheat, or other plant pulp high in starch or sugar, has been winter-chilled Russians' nip of choice for the past thousand years; unlike beer or wine, it won't freeze. If it has raked in state revenue, it has also been a handy tool for bringing the populace to heel. In the 18th century, Peter the Great encouraged drinking, then allowed indebted boozers to avoid prison by serving in the military—for enlistments of 25 years. Landowners paid their serfs in the clear spirit, and 'during World War II, Stalin ordered his generals to give their soldiers a daily portion of vodka . . . 100 grams for courage,' Brown notes. 'This helped numb the malnourished, underequipped, and terrified young men.'

— "Drinking Games: Can Russia Admit It Has a Problem?" by Heidi Brown, in *World Policy Journal*, Summer 2011, quoted: *The Wilson Quarterly*, Autumn 2011.

archives in former communist countries were finally opened they revealed a catalogue of unprecedented horrors which were previously unknown to or disbelieved by the many who were lucky enough to live outside their reach: terror, torture, famine, mass deportations and massacres all feature highly. I quote here from the English translation of *The Black Book of Communism* (Harvard University Press 1999).

Here is a book everyone entering an Australian university today should be obliged to read – if not by his or her lecturers then certainly by the students' own parents. In the course of over 850 pages the history of the horrors of communism from everywhere in our world are revealed in generally gruesome detail. Like other people who take the trouble to be well informed I read the book the moment it was published in English (the original edition was in French). I well recall discussing its findings with such former journalistic colleagues as Frank Devine and Paddy McGuinness. But how many Australian politicians have ever studied the book properly then or subsequently?

Communism is a system reliant almost entirely on terror whether in Cuba or Cambodia or anywhere else: forget any silly dreams you may have of some future 'utopia'. Disguising communism as 'neo-Marxism' or even as post-modernism does not make a scrap of difference in the long run. Even in the West, ruling urban elites now rely largely on keeping the populations of their countries dumb and distracted while various forms of quasi-communism are quietly ushered in. Australia is by no means immune now from this particular process as well-informed residents here may shortly realise.

Australia's compulsory voting system becomes much less impressive when even brief consideration is given to the relative value of specific votes. The ALP has always favoured larger volumes

Western Art

IT IS VERY striking, too, how few art students have any interest in or knowledge of the art of the past. Do you visit galleries, I ask them?

No, they reply, a little shocked at the very suggestion, and as if to do so would inhibit them in their creativity or to condone plagiarism.

As for art history, they are taught and know very little. This is all part of the programme of disconnecting them radically from the past, of making them free-floating molecules in the vast vacuum of art.

It is true that they are sometimes taught just a little art history. I had what was for me a memorable conversation with an art student when she was my patient. She was in her second year of art school, and told me that one of the things she enjoyed most about it was art history. I asked what they taught in art history.

'The first year,' she said, 'we did African art. But now in the second year we're doing western art.'

I asked what particular aspect of western art they were doing.

'Roy Liechtenstein.'

– Theodore Dalrymple, 'Beauty and the Best.' *The New English Review*, January, 2009.

of immigration than their political opponents so that people who have contributed consistently to the building of Australia are valued no more highly now than newcomers who are often unable even to speak the language. The old chestnut that many new immigrants voted Labor because they associated such a word with a personal opportunity to get work is possibly truer than is generally acknowledged.

I have lived in Australia since 1995 and have been a citizen for over a decade but have no recollection of ever being consulted on the hugely increased levels of immigration here in recent years. These put a vast and very noticeable strain on our infrastructure in NSW e.g. roads, schools and hospitals but seem only to benefit state government coffers. That last certainly occurs through such imposts as 'stamp duty' on housing but the Keynesian belief that growing numbers of immigrants inevitably 'grow' an economy seems to me open to doubt.

Vast 'new town' developments in the Sydney area generally seem very poorly planned indeed and occupy unwelcoming areas often deemed in the past to be unfit for human habitation. At Marsden Park a huge mosque overshadows even the vast retail outlets found there which are otherwise about all the area offers.

Followers of Islam which has a long history of association with inhospitable desert regions may even feel a sense of belonging there.

Islam's faithful believe, often very devoutly, and however much in the last analysis I may disagree with their views these can hardly be compared with the dreams of teachers and lecturers to found a neo-Marxist 'utopia' here in Australia. Of course, Islam has hardly any history anywhere of peaceful co-existence with Christianity so presumably the governing 'urban elites' who now largely control our lives must hope that Christianity – which many such profess to regard as an outdated superstition – may soon conveniently die out. It has certainly been given as much encouragement as possible by our 'public authorities' here – such as the ABC – to do so.

Christianity contributed hugely, to the founding of a sound and stable Australia. It would be the absolute height of folly to forget that.

GILES AUTY was born in the UK and trained privately as a painter. He worked professionally as an artist for 20 years. Publication of his *The Art of Self Deception* swung his career towards criticism. He was art critic for *The Spectator* from 1984 to 1995. He continues to devote himself to his original love – painting. He is a regular contributor to *Annals*. This article is taken from a chapter of a forthcoming book by Giles to be published by Connor Court.

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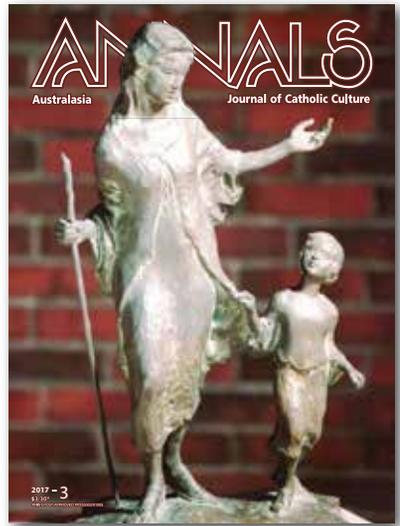
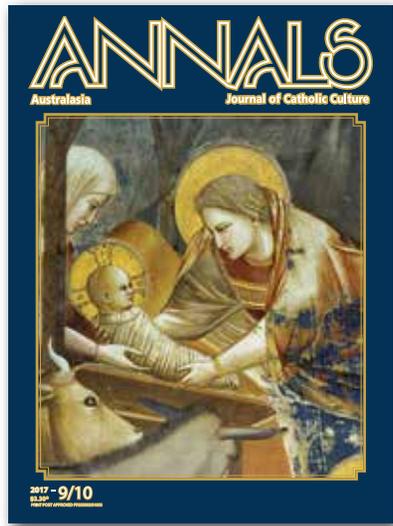
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He believed that we should all be filled with wonder and joy at the miracle of life: 'Unless we can bring men back to enjoying the daily life which moderns call a dull life, our whole civilisation will be in ruins in about fifteen years.'

CHESTERTON AS A BROADCASTER

By Tony Evans



CHESTERTON received his first invitation from the BBC to broadcast on their overseas service to America, a full year before his regular Home Service broadcasts began. This broadcast went to air on 25 December, 1931.

Why to America? A possible explanation is that Chesterton's reputation in the United States at that time had been enhanced by his six-week lecture tour a year previously, and an alert Head of Talks in the Overseas Service must have noted his popularity and stolen a march on his Home Service colleagues.

The subject suggested for him was dear to his heart, 'Dickens and Christmas'.

There were no recordings in those days, and so Chesterton was obliged to make the journey from his home in Beaconsfield to Broadcasting House in central London to broadcast live on Christmas Day. Luckily the script of the talk has survived, complete with additions and deletions. Thus we know that he first alluded to his journey by apologising for interrupting the listeners' Christmas holiday, and then adding ruefully, 'the equally disgusting interruption to *my* Christmas Day'.

The BBC, only five years old at that time, was still under the iron control of the formidable Sir John Reith. The highest standards of decorum were maintained; all talks were scripted and rehearsed,

IN HIS LATER YEARS Chesterton attracted an expanded audience as a result of his radio talks. This important, but previously neglected, part of his writing and public speaking was the subject of this address by the late Founding President of the Australian Chesterton Society, Tony Evans, at its 2001 conference in Sydney.

and male announcers wore evening dress to read the news. Even to be invited to give talks on the BBC was a passport to national fame.

Chesterton must have passed the test because within twelve months he received his invitation to broadcast on the BBC Home Service the following September. His second 15-minute talk was scheduled for 31 October and this led to an unbroken series of talks, roughly at monthly intervals until his death in 1936, with gaps only when he was away travelling; a total of 33 broadcasts if we include the debate with Bertrand Russell entitled, *Who Should Bring Up Our Children?*

Letters in the BBC files show plainly how successful Chesterton was as a broadcaster. 'You do admirably' declares one enthusiastically. Another writes, '[You are] Quite superb at the microphone'.

All broadcasters in those days had to submit scripts which were

carefully vetted before broadcast. Invariably speakers were rehearsed until the required standard was reached. In a letter to Chesterton from a BBC producer he was told, contrary to usual practice, that he need not keep to the letter of his script, 'We should like you to make variations as these occur to you as you speak at the microphone. Only in this way can the talk have a real spontaneity about it.'

Most of Chesterton's thirty-three talks were presented under the general title of *Books and Authors*, each with its own individual title, but there were other contributions in the series too. They were book reviews only in a loose sense, because although he spoke of books and writers, they were selected to support a particular theme. In typical Chesterton style he then included his own views and ideas arising from that theme. Thus, in his first broadcast under the general title '*Some Famous Historical Characters*' he used as a peg, *Phillip of Spain* by Donald Loth; *Prince Charlie* by Compton MacKenzie; *Tallyrand* by Duff Cooper, and *Napoleon* by Jacques Bain.

Much has been written about Chesterton's super-human output, and his capacity to work on several books, write poetry, prepare lectures, and so on, at the one time. We read this in the biographies but it is only when delving into these broadcasts that one becomes fully aware of Chesterton's formidable mental ability and the mountain of work he managed to get through.

Not always like this

I'VE BEEN A journalist for a long time. Long enough to know that it wasn't always like this. There was a time not so long ago when journalists were trusted and admired. We were generally seen as trying to report the news in a fair and straightforward manner. Today, all that has changed. For that, we can blame the 2016 election or, more accurately, how some news organizations chose to cover it. Among the many firsts, last year's election gave us the gobsmacking revelation that most of the mainstream media puts both thumbs on the scale—that most of what you read, watch, and listen to is distorted by intentional bias and hostility. I have never seen anything like it. Not even close. It's not exactly breaking news that most journalists lean left. I used to do that myself. I grew up at *The New York Times*, so I'm -- familiar with the species.

- Michael Goodwin, 'The 2016 Election and the Demise of Journalistic Standards,' *Imprimis*, May/June 2017. Michael Goodwin is the chief political columnist for The New York Post.

Each month he would read and absorb eight books as preparation for his talk. We may be sure that he wasn't one of those reviewers – and there were many – who skim read and, as in Chesterton's satirical verse, rely on 'the back of the cover to tell them the plot.' This was not Chesterton's way of working. He obviously had a photographic mind.

At the same time as making his broadcasts – for example in 1932 – he was writing and editing *G.K.'s Weekly*; writing his weekly essay for *The Illustrated London News*; writing *Christendom in Dublin* published in November that year; writing *St Thomas Aquinas* published the following year, and in that same year appeared his book of essays, *All I Survey*.

But this is not the final tally: his faithful Secretary, Dorothy Collins, lists forty lectures in her diary in that one year alone, including a debate at the Oxford Union, and various other lesser engagements.

Chesterton made eight broadcasts in 1933. One, on 25 September, in which he reviewed books on the French Revolution, one on Marie Antoinette, and three books dealing with the Napoleonic dynasty.

Chesterton characteristically launched into his own opinions and accused Marshall Ney of betraying Napoleon, which brought

a friendly but forthright rebuke in the correspondence columns of *The Listener* from historian, Maurice Healy. The following week, Chesterton admitted that Maurice Healy was right to correct him. 'I apologise to the ghost of that great soldier – I had meant to name Marmont as the traitor.'

Again there were eight radio broadcasts in 1934 – seven of them in the Autumn and Winter. He maintained that, throughout his life, we should give thanks to God for our existence;

It was a theme that he would return to poignantly in his final broadcast before he died two years later.

Incidentally, Chesterton's estimate of fifteen years would take us to 1949 – the desolate years after World War II, when the economies of Europe, including England, were all but in ruins, and the full murderous truth of the Holocaust was then being revealed. Did Chesterton pluck fifteen years out of the air, or was that estimate born out of his extraordinary prescience?

Chesterton's religious beliefs permeated his radio talks. He was subject to no strictures from BBC officials, and always spoke as an Orthodox Catholic.

In pre-war England there was not that disaffection towards Christianity that has become

a characteristic of public life today. It was a time when, broadly speaking, the majority of the population believed in God and religion. Thus in one talk he was able to defend and praise the Book of Genesis. 'Do not jeer at the Book of Genesis,' he says, 'It would be better for all of us if [we remembered] that Genesis was a series of symbolic services reminding us of Creation.'

The edition of BBC weekly magazine, *The Listener*, published in the week following Chesterton's death in 1936 contained an editorial eulogy praising him as 'he took his place in the forefront of the best of broadcast talkers,' and added: 'Chesterton had enormous gusto in his broadcast talks and gusto is one of the essential qualities of a good broadcaster.'

The eulogy concludes by referring to a paradox 'which Chesterton himself would have loved ... that when he was being most individual he was being most universal.'

A simple story which illustrates just how popular Chesterton was as a broadcaster is told by Maisie Ward in her definitive 1944 biography.

She relates that, on the Monday morning following the Sunday of Chesterton's death, a barber in Chancery Lane, London, rushed out of his shop, shaving-brush in hand, and accosted Chesterton's friend Edward Macdonald whom he recognised. He asked Macdonald if he had heard the terrible news. When Macdonald asked the barber if he had known Chesterton well, the barber admitted that he had never read any of Chesterton's books, but would never miss listening to his broadcasts.

TONY EVANS was Founding President of the Australian Chesterton Society. His death only a few weeks ago will be much mourned by *Annals* readers and all who knew him. Our sympathy goes to Claire his widow, and Alice and Emily his daughters and his extended family. This article first appeared in the Spring 2017 issue of the Society's newsletter, *The Defendant*, and is reprinted with permission. A tribute to Tony will appear in our March issue. May he rest in peace.

PHILLIP COLLIGNON: 70 MILLION DOLLAR MAN

By Catherine Sheehan

HE'S THE \$70 million man – literally. Over nearly three decades, Sydney man Phillip Collignon has raised \$70 million in aid of poor and persecuted Christians around the world but most people would not have heard of this humble and softly-spoken man. Phillip is retiring at the end of this year after 27 years as National Director of the Australian branch of Catholic charity *Aid to the Church in Need*.

Although reluctant to talk about his achievement of raising \$70 million during his time with ACN, he admitted that when he first started with the organisation he never imagined such a thing would be possible. “I would not have been able to predict that that would be the case when I started,” he said.

Modestly deflecting the achievement onto others, Phillip described ACN's benefactors as “Quite extraordinary.”

“We've got a very loyal benefactor base. Last year they contributed over \$5 million.”

For Phillip, ACN has been very much a family affair. Both his father and his sister were Directors of ACN's Australian office before him. His wife Debbie is also Office Manager at their Annangrove office. “She keeps me on my toes and I've got to account for every last cent. If I don't I'm in trouble,” Phillip laughed.

On the day Phillip had his job interview with ACN in 1989, newspaper headlines were announcing the fall of the Berlin Wall in Germany. “That was providential I think,” Phillip says. “My career really started with the collapse of the Berlin Wall.”

Stepping into the role in February 1990, was “an intense learning-curve” he says. “They were the heady days of the collapse of Communism and all our efforts to try to resurrect the Church in all those Eastern bloc countries.”

His most memorable experience was travelling to the Ukraine in 1991 and witnessing first-hand the revival of the Ukrainian Byzantine Catholic Church which had been forced underground by Communism.

“About six million of these so-called non-existent Ukrainian Byzantine Catholics came out from the woodwork to rebuild their Church. It was my first year in the job and to actually be part of that historical event was very, very moving.”

Phillip says ACN's current campaign in support of Iraqi and Syrian Christians who wish to return to their homelands following the demise of ISIS is “the biggest campaign ACN has ever funded.”

It is a “mammoth task” he says, with about \$250 million needed to rebuild destroyed homes and churches.

From the beginning of the genocide of Christians in Iraq and Syria, ACN were on the ground assisting the fleeing Christians. “Without ACN and a number of other Christian groups those displaced people would not have survived,” Phillip said. “The world did not come to their aid.”

The main focus of ACN's pastoral aid is on training seminarians and helping poor priests with Mass offerings. Phillip says last year ACN helped 43,000 priests with 1.4 million Mass offerings. “Without those Mass offerings, many a priest would not survive,” he said.

“ACN is unique in the Catholic world in that we're a pastoral aid organisation,”

Phillip said. “When Fr Werenfried van Straaten founded ACN in 1947, little did he know it would become the number one pastoral Catholic charity in the world, looking after the pastoral needs of the Church.”

Phillips describes the 27 years he's worked with ACN as “a truly wonderful and inspiring time” and expressed his gratitude to all their benefactors.

“The work we do is vital—helping the Church wherever she's poor and persecuted.”

He describes retiring from ACN after almost three decades as “a rather emotional experience.”

“It's just dawning on me now that it's been 27 years. Where did it go?”

– This article appeared first in Sydney's *Catholic Weekly*, 10 October, 2017. Reprinted with permission.



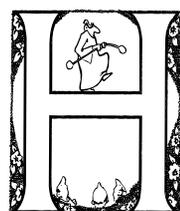
Phillip and Debbie Collignon

The political left [is] increasingly keen on advocating so-called progressive issues: environmentalism, climate alarmism, abortion, 'gay marriage,' 'safe schools' and euthanasia, seemingly as top priority matters. ... its strong advocacy of minority rights issues has led to increasingly more instances of Catholics and other Christians being victimised or ridiculed for their conscientiously held beliefs.

DISORIENTATION

In the Political Landscape

By Peter Fisher



READING rapidly into my dotage yet presumably equipped with the wisdom of mature age, I am finding it increasingly

difficult to reconcile my Christianity and Catholicism in particular, within the political spectrum of our times. I suspect I am not alone.

Having regard to the teachings of Our Lord as recorded in the Gospels in which He placed great emphasis on what in modern terms is called social justice, one could fairly incline in theory at least, to democratic socialism. No less a Catholic than Pope Francis himself seems in recent informal politico/economic comments to have lent in this direction. Some sincere Catholics have criticised His Holiness's comments as being economically naïve and in the following discourse I attempt to raise a few questions about that.

For over half of my adult life I nestled comfortably in the bosom of the ideology and broad social policies of the Australian Labor Party. Raised in a large working class family where my father was a meat worker and strong unionist and my mother a full time housewife, such affiliations seemed a natural fit. In addition, both my parents had in their early adulthood

experienced the privations and hardships of the Great Depression which left lasting scars on them, particularly my father who retained a deep suspicion of the capitalist system and the vulnerability of the working class.

The relating of these experiences and general family discussion about the politics of the recent past and those then current, naturally led us all into accepting the ALP as the party which best represented our interests and indeed those of Australia at large. Labor Prime Ministers Curtin and Chifley were rightly regarded as national heroes whereas Menzies was then (probably unfairly) regarded as an opportunistic elite with little sympathy for the working class.

With its very strong post-war social justice agenda the ALP enjoyed widespread Catholic support in an era when Catholics were striving hard to emerge from the strictures of religious sectarianism in the workplace. There was little in the ALP manifesto which ran overtly counter to Catholic doctrine and indeed there were many common goals. For many years the Church annually celebrated Social Justice Sunday.

Divisions began to appear in the 1950s with the emergence of Bob Santamaria's *Movement* aimed

mainly at countering Communist influence in the Trade Unions but also through *Catholic Action* in broader politics. Anti-Communism was forcefully preached from pulpits and in Catholic classrooms and the emergence of the Democratic Labor Party split the political centre/left and indeed Catholic support.

The erratic actions of Evatt as Labor leader further stirred anxiety amongst loyal Catholic support but it remained strong, particularly in NSW. Although the centre/right of the party was then in ascendancy, the collapse of Communism in eastern Europe saw a large migration of its former intellectual sympathisers in Australia into the ALP with very serious long-term effects. These people held strong atheistic and secularist beliefs and despised traditional Christian doctrine and values but were beginning to gain influence.

Famously, at a state ALP conference in 1970, with a program that included legalising abortion and adoption for gay couples, Kim Beasley Snr said:

'When I joined the Labor Party, it contained the cream of the working class. But as I look about me now all I see are the dregs of the middle class. And what I want to know is when you middle class perverts are going to stop using the Labor Party as a spiritual spittoon.'

Very strong words indeed, but how prescient they were for there is abundant evidence now that through the efforts of the 'progressives' the spittoon is near overflowing.

My personal disaffection was aroused about a decade later when as a professional in the forestry industry I witnessed thousands of rural forest and timber workers in Australia summarily tossed out of their jobs by a series of Labor governments all round Australia seduced by the ideological environmental movement very much more unjustifiably concerned with native biota than with human welfare.

So here we are today with the political left increasingly keen on advocating so-called progressive issues eg environmentalism, climate alarmism, abortion, 'gay marriage', 'safe schools' and euthanasia, seemingly as top priority matters. Also, its strong advocacy of minority rights issues has led to increasingly more instances of Catholics and other Christians being victimised or ridiculed for their conscientiously held beliefs. Witness the Leader of the Opposition branding those opposing 'gay marriage' as bigots having crawled from under a rock. Voices within the centre/left like those of Beasley Snr or even of his son Kim, are quickly fading into obscurity.

The Left's relentless pursuit of a state controlled 'liberal' agenda in the name of human rights and other minority causes brings to mind that famous, salient quote from GK Chesterson's masterpiece, 'Orthodoxy':

"The modern world is not evil; in some ways the modern world is far too good. It is full of wild and wasted virtues. When a religious scheme is shattered (as Christianity was shattered at the Reformation), it is not merely the vices that are let loose. The vices are, indeed, let loose, and they wander and do damage. But the virtues are let loose also; and the virtues wander more widely, and the virtues do more terrible

Muddled Thinking

THE THINKING that currently prevails in the West regarding the universal features of the West is that none of them has universal value. According to the proponents of these ideas, the universality of Western institutions is an illusion, because in reality they are only one particularity among many, with a dignity equal to that of others, and without any intrinsic value superior to that of others. Consequently to recommend these institutions as universal would be a gesture of intellectual arrogance or an attempt at cultural hegemony, imposed by arms, politics, economics, or propaganda. Moreover it only goes to follow that seeking to export these same institutions to cultures or traditions that are different from our own would be an act of imperialism. Samuel Huntington summarized this widespread Western trend in his celebrated book, more reviled than read, on the clash of civilizations.

- Marcello Pera, 'The West, Relativism, Christianity, Islam, Without Roots, Basic Books, New York, 2007, p.3.

damage. The modern world is full of old Christian virtues gone mad. The virtues have gone mad because they have been isolated from each other and are wandering alone.

In a previous contribution to *Annals* I postulated that many of our current social problems, particularly affecting the disadvantaged, can be attributable directly and indirectly to the widespread abandonment of traditional moral values in the 1960s and 1970s championed by the progressive left in the name of sexual freedom and individual libertarianism.

It seems to me also that the ALP is increasingly being pulled to the 'progressive' left as it attempts to combat the Green invasion in inner city Sydney and Melbourne. In the meantime it seems to have largely departed its rural base in favour of city-centric politics. It also seems to have lost support from much of its traditional working class base that remain socially conservative. As exemplified in Victoria in particular, the ALP is actually at the vanguard of an overt agenda of radical social change.

When the Left does turn its mind to economic policy its many proposed measures tend to be economic dampeners which may be counterproductive to its stated

aims of assisting the lesser well off, particularly in the longer term. While Labor's genuine concern for the needy and disadvantaged is commendable, one wonders whether in the context of its overall economic policies (post Hawke and Keating) such support is economically sustainable at existing levels. There needs to be care that in cutting up the cake it is not one that has inadequately risen in the oven.

On the other hand, obviously the capitalist system is far from perfect. The reverberations from the Global Financial Crisis are testimony to unfettered financial shenanigans. While capitalism does generate enormous wealth, even perversely in Communist China, that wealth tends to be concentrated in the middle to upper social strata.

The expansion of global trade has led to a burgeoning middle class in developing countries and improved conditions in some under-developed countries, but large cohorts of disadvantaged persist, as noted by Pope Francis.

They indeed remain in Australia, particularly in Aboriginal communities despite billions of dollars of special government funding over many decades. On the other hand social security may be an area where the Right's traditional call to individual responsibility and

SAINT JOHN



‘St John wrote
for all’

— St Gregory of Nazianzus,
329-389 AD

‘In the centre, round the throne itself were four living creatures ...the fourth was like an eagle in flight ...’ See St John’s *Apocalypse*, 4,6-7.

ST JOHN, the teacher of all the world, Jew, Gentile, slave or free, is represented with the royal eagle which can gaze unblinkingly at the sun. It was his privilege to look upon the face of God, and live. He understood and loved the Word made flesh and his Gospel appeals most directly to the heart as well as to the intellect. The eagle is the symbol of the Ascension of our Lord.

self-development may have some relevance.

Globalisation and open trade have lifted average living standards but in joining them, nations and their industries are forced onto a fiercely competitive treadmill on which the less efficient cannot keep up the pace and tumble off at the rear, taking with them many human casualties. One easily sympathises with retrenched workers as more manufacturing industries close by reason of cheap labour overseas. Protectionism may put a break on the treadmill but has been proven not to be a long-term solution as against industry innovation and efficiency.

One would like to think that well-regulated capitalism should provide a sound economic base for growth and a fair distribution of wealth. The trick, however, seems to be in ensuring that productive industries are not over-regulated to the extent that they seek better opportunities overseas.

Youth unemployment rates are very high leading in turn to serious social problems. The so-called ‘trickle-down effect’ appears to have impediments at the lower end for this cohort.

On the other hand, I have personal experience of witnessing NSW Corrective Services attempting to school young third generation unemployed inmates in the basic habits of rising and preparing oneself for daily work. Very valuable fruit and vegetable crops continue to go unharvested because of the unwillingness of many unemployed to seek such work.

The plight of refugees is also of some concern and while there are cogent arguments for the Coalition’s current policies which have halted the flow of illegal immigration, humane treatment of those in the queue and those still in detention needs to be assured.

Perversely there are increasingly strong elements of progressive liberalism on the conservative side of politics in response to growing

secularism in society, championed by large sections of the media. Those of a more culturally and socially conservative bent with whom I am inclined to identify, are increasingly being lampooned and vilified as troglodytes and reactionaries or even worse, bigots.

I have reconciled myself to the outcome of the marriage plebiscite, recognising that it reflects the Australian ethos of tolerance and a fair go for all, if not the sound basic principles of natural and moral law as held by Church doctrine. I confess however to a feeling of despondency as a member of a diminishing minority in our society witnessing rampant secularism systematically abolishing our long held moral traditions. One wonders what sacred institution will be the next victim of the progressives’ inexorable march. That the Labor Left is a willing and vociferous champion of this momentum is a matter of great sadness and shame.

My heart yearns for the Labor of old, one in which a culturally conservative Christian can feel at ease – encapsulating care for the working class through progressive but sound economic management, strategic infrastructural investment, relative stability in industrial relations, appreciation of the contribution and welfare of rural communities, social conservatism based on Christian values and support for the genuinely disadvantaged. Perhaps nowadays this is too idealistic a notion, but my head says the political Left will not deliver anything like this package any time soon.

My wider family remain staunch Labor supporters to this day and, I suspect, wonder why I have wavered. I would like to be with them but cannot and perhaps the above may explain why. That is not to say that I am entirely comfortably positioned elsewhere on the political spectrum.

PETER FISHER is a retired professional forester with over forty years experience in all facets of forest management. He is a former Assistant Commissioner of the Forestry Commission of NSW.

Of Torment and Joy

BRETHREN, LET US do the will of the Father who has called us so that we may have life and practise virtue more faithfully. And let us part company with wickedness, sin's fellow-traveller, and with ungodliness which brings evil down on our heads. If on the contrary we are intent on doing good, we shall be at peace. For this reason those who are led astray by human fears and who prefer present enjoyment to the promise of happiness in the future, cannot find any peace. They cannot know what torment worldly pleasure brings and what joy the next world has in store for us. It would not be so bad if their activity was confined to themselves but their bad example affects many simple, innocent people and they forget that besides themselves those who listen to them will also be involved in judgment.

Let it be our concern then to serve God with a pure heart and we shall live good lives. If we are unwilling to serve him because we do not believe in God's promises, woe betide us. For the prophetic message is this: 'Unhappy are the fickle who will not stand firm, who say, This was what our fathers told us, but though we have waited day after day we have no evidence that what they say is true. You fools, compare yourselves to a tree, to a vine for example. First it sheds its leaves, then it becomes a shoot, then an unripe grape, then in due season it bears ripe fruit. It is the same with my people. They must first know instability and distress before finding happiness.'

And so, my dear brethren, let us not be fickle; let us be patient and hope, so that we may gain the reward. God is faithful and he will make good his promise to reward everyone according to his deeds. If we practise justice before God, we shall enter into his kingdom and we shall receive the promised blessings which ear has not heard nor eye seen nor has it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

ANNALS CROSSWORD NO. 101

Across

- 2 Tibetan ox
- 4 Hot steam bath
- 6 Uncaring
- 8 Domesticated
- 9 Top of a hill
- 11 Native American nation (Arizona)
- 12 River in Yorkshire (UK) and Victoria (AUS)
- 14 Cobbler's tool
- 15 Spanish Romantic painter
- 16 Improvised vocals (jazz)
- 18 Patron Saint of mothers
- 19 Well ventilated
- 21 Sediment in a liquid
- 22 New born baby
- 24 Continuously streams
- 25 One's range of knowledge

Down

- 1 Saul of Tarsus
- 2 Prestigious university (USA)
- 3 Rounded door handle
- 4 Indigenous people of Lapland
- 5 A person's distinctive air
- 6 Naval officer
- 7 Elegant and well dressed
- 8 Puccini opera
- 10 Inaccurate
- 11 Possesses
- 13 Small hole in needle
- 17 Ritually unclean; opposite of Kosher
- 18 Non-scientific branches of knowledge
- 20 Part of an egg
- 21 Daybreak
- 23 Christmas

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Therefore let us await the kingdom of God in love and holiness at every hour, since we do not know the day when the Lord will appear. Let us repent at once, living sober and upright lives, for we are men of great wickedness and folly. Let us wipe away our former sins, doing penance from our hearts so that we may be saved. We are not to curry favour with men, but we should seek the approval not only

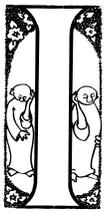
of one another but also of those outside the Church by our holy lives: God's name must not be blasphemed because of us.

– The name of the author of this excerpt from the homily usually referred to as *Second Clement to the Corinthians*, x-xiii, has been lost to us. Traditionally it has always been linked with the famous Letter of Pope Clement of Rome written around ad 96 to resolve dissensions that had broken out among the Christians of Corinth, and calling for the reinstatement of some priests.

The way to the future was by building on, and adapting, and dialectically responding to the achievements of the past. The displacement of the study of literature by creative writing courses may prove to be our cultural undoing. The shift of our universities to market values will ensure our cultural collapse.

WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE WRITING FOR?

By Michael Wilding



INVITED TO a conference to discuss the topic of 'Writing for new and different audiences,' I could only say that with my own fiction I have rarely written for an audience. The responsibility of writers is to their art. Writers write what they are driven to or inspired to or motivated to write. Writing is a vocation, a calling, a mission. The writer endeavours to tell the truth. To evoke the world in all its richness and complexity and contradictions. A vision is a vision, not something to be tailored or trimmed or compromised by concerns about audience reception. As a young Chinese student said to me, to write what an audience expects is to fail to offer anything new. 'Stale water,' was how she put it.

It is not that I do not want an audience. But it is only after I have written the work that I look for an outlet. It is at this point that I consider the possibilities: will this publication accept this material? Can I slip this piece into this newspaper? Can I get this past the editorial board of that journal?

This is the stage at which you draw on your knowledge of the agendas and prejudices and benightedness and strengths and limitations of the available media. But you don't shape your initial vision to this audience or

that outlet. To do that is to be irrevocably compromised and corrupted. And if you are willing to be compromised and corrupted, there are many much easier and more profitable occupations to take up than that of being a writer.

In getting work into print there is every opportunity for subterfuge and dissimulation and calculated cunning. The writer inevitably learns those skills. But they are the compromises and corruptions of the process of reaching audiences and should be kept in those areas. They should not be brought into play to contaminate the process of creation.

What can we do?

WE HAD to have the garage door repaired.

The Sears repairman told us that one of our problems was that we did not have a 'large' enough motor on the opener.

I thought for a minute, and said that we had the largest one Sears made at that time, a 1/2 horsepower.

He shook his head and said, 'Lady, you need a 1/4 horsepower.' I responded that 1/2 was larger than 1/4.

He said, 'NO, it's not...' Four is larger than two.'

As for the right to be heard, another conference topic, this is a splendid concept. If only there were any reality to it. Writers have to find ways to make themselves heard. In the harsh realities of contemporary human existence, there are few if any inalienable rights. Let us not delude ourselves. Serious writers have to struggle to make themselves heard. That is part of the writer's calling. As for the market for writing, global or parochial, the question to be asked is, why a market? Is the whole purpose of human existence the market? Are there no other values than market values? Looking at the dominant culture of our societies, the answer would seem to be No.

Yet this has not always been the case. In living memory there have been other centres of value in our societies. The centrality of religious values with their morality and ethics began to be challenged in the west throughout the last century. Culture began to occupy the space religion held, and for a while there were multiple sites for cultural value, before they were all surrendered to the monopoly of the market.

There were the universities, which enshrined and preserved and transmitted the accumulated achievements and wisdom of the western cultural tradition. Writing was a major part of them. Departments of literature used to be huge, four times their current

size. The literary tradition was perpetuated by them; the great books of the past were interpreted and reinterpreted. This was one of the ways in which you learned to be a writer – by reading and studying the work of earlier writers.

Of course, to the young writer this often seemed to be annoyingly focussed on the past. We wanted to become the future. But the way to the future was by building on, and adapting, and dialectically responding to the achievements of the past. The displacement of the study of literature by creative writing courses may prove to be our cultural undoing. The shift of our universities to market values will ensure our cultural collapse.

Universities used to preserve the past. The publishing industry promoted the present, and kept the classics in print. Publishing was generally oriented to commercial profit – though there were distinguished publishers, like Rupert Hart-Davis, who would never publish a book simply because it would make money. Quality was essential. And while most publishers were hopeful of making money, they would use some of the profits from their commercial titles to subsidize non-profitable poetry and fiction in whose quality they believed. But gradually those independent publishers have been taken over by and absorbed into multinational global corporations, all carrying huge levels of tax-deductible debt and requiring substantial cash returns on their operations, all committed to the free market economics and managerial ideologies, by which every title must stand alone and make a profit. Of course much of what they publish fails dismally to sell, but that is a separate issue.

And then there was the literary community, the world of the writers. They distinguished themselves from the universities' focus on the past and from the publishers' commitment to financial

profit. The literary community offered a third centre of value – of contemporary creation, of innovation, of art. It was not preoccupied with adjusting to this market, with providing that product, nor trapped into being well enough behaved to be bought off by government grants. It believed in its own values. Of course it was, and still is, delighted to achieve commercial success. I am very happy when my books sell, and I would be happy if they sold more.

Well, there are still some writers who believe in uncompromised literary values. Just as some publishers still believe in literature, and just as some university academics still believe in maintaining the cultural tradition.

They may all be in a small minority. But the contemporary world situation, both economic and cultural, is in deep crisis. The values of the market economy are in question. Out of the imminent chaos, there is the hope that true values will once again emerge.

So yes, it is good to have an audience. Yes, it is good when one's books sell. But the true reward of writing is the writing itself, the act of creation, making something worth while, something beautiful, something true.

MICHAEL WILDING'S crime novels include *The Prisoner of Mount Warning*, *The Magic of it*, *Asian Dawn*, and more recently, *Little Demon*, all published by Arcadia, Melbourne. He is emeritus professor of English and Australian literature at the University of Sydney.

Calling Yellow White

THE TRUTH is that it is quite an error to suppose that the absence of definite convictions gives the mind freedom and agility. A man who believes something, is ready and witty, because he has all his weapons about him. He can apply his test in an instant. The man engaged in conflict with a man like Mr Bernard Shaw may fancy he has ten faces; similarly a man engaged against a brilliant duellist may fancy that the sword of his foe has turned to ten swords in his hand. But this is not really because the man is playing with ten swords, it is because he is aiming very straight with one. Moreover, a man with a definite belief always appears bizarre, because he does not change with the world. He has climbed into a fixed star. Millions of mild black coated men call themselves sane because they always catch the fashionable insanity, because they are hurried into madness after madness by the maelstrom of the world. People accuse Mr Shaw and many much sillier persons of 'proving that black is white.' But they never ask whether the current colour language is always correct. Ordinary sensible phraseology sometimes calls black white; it certainly calls yellow white, and green white, and reddish-brown white. We call wine 'white wine,' which is yellow ... We call grapes 'white grapes,' which are manifestly pale green. We give to the European whose complexion is a sort of pink drab, the horrible title of 'white man' – a picture more bloodcurdling than any spectre in the Poe. Now, it is undoubtedly true that if a man asked the waiter in a restaurant for a bottle of yellow wine and some greenish yellow grapes, the waiter would think him mad. It is undoubtedly true that if a government official reporting on the Europeans in Burma, said, 'there are only two thousand pinkish men here,' he would be accused of cracking jokes, and kicked out of his post. But it is equally obvious that both men would have come to grief through telling the strict truth.

– G.K. Chesterton, *Heretics*, John Lane, The Bodley Head, London, 1909, pp.58-60

Tyndale and State Despotism

IT IS CLEAR ... from Tyndale's argument that he considered the sense of Scripture to be always definite, and that it always ought to be attainable.

Moreover he, like the Lollards, considered it a duty in the individual Christian to study the Scriptures in order to find this definite sense; and accordingly he preserved a positive mistranslation of one text, which unfortunately has been handed down from the days of Wycliffe to those of our authorised Bible of King James.

For in John v. 39 we read to this day (except in the Revised Version), 'Search the Scriptures,' as if our Lord declared that to be a duty, whereas the verb is plainly in the indicative mood; and our Lord, speaking to the learned of his own nation, tells them, 'Ye search the Scriptures, because ye think that in them ye have eternal life; and these are they which bear witness of me.'

Now, what was to be expected when an enthusiast possessed of such ideas, and encouraged by at least one sympathising London merchant, who financed his great undertaking, published in a foreign country an English translation of the whole New Testament, and got it smuggled into England in considerable numbers?

We have been accustomed for nearly four centuries to the phraseology of Tyndale's translation, with some of its more flagrant faults corrected; and we do not see, in what remains unaltered, very much of the peculiar philosophy which animated Tyndale himself.

But Tyndale's philosophy was of a very disturbing kind, which in a practical age like our own would have been met, not by burning either his books or himself, nor even by fierce diatribes against him like those of Sir Thomas More, but by quiet irony and exposure.

For, in truth, in his utter antagonism to Church authority Tyndale, besides propagating opinions which went to maintain uncontrolled despotism in the State, does occasionally verge in other matters on the ridiculous.

- James Gairdner, *Lollardy and the Reformation in England*, Macmillan and Co, London, 1908, vol. 1, pp.370-371.



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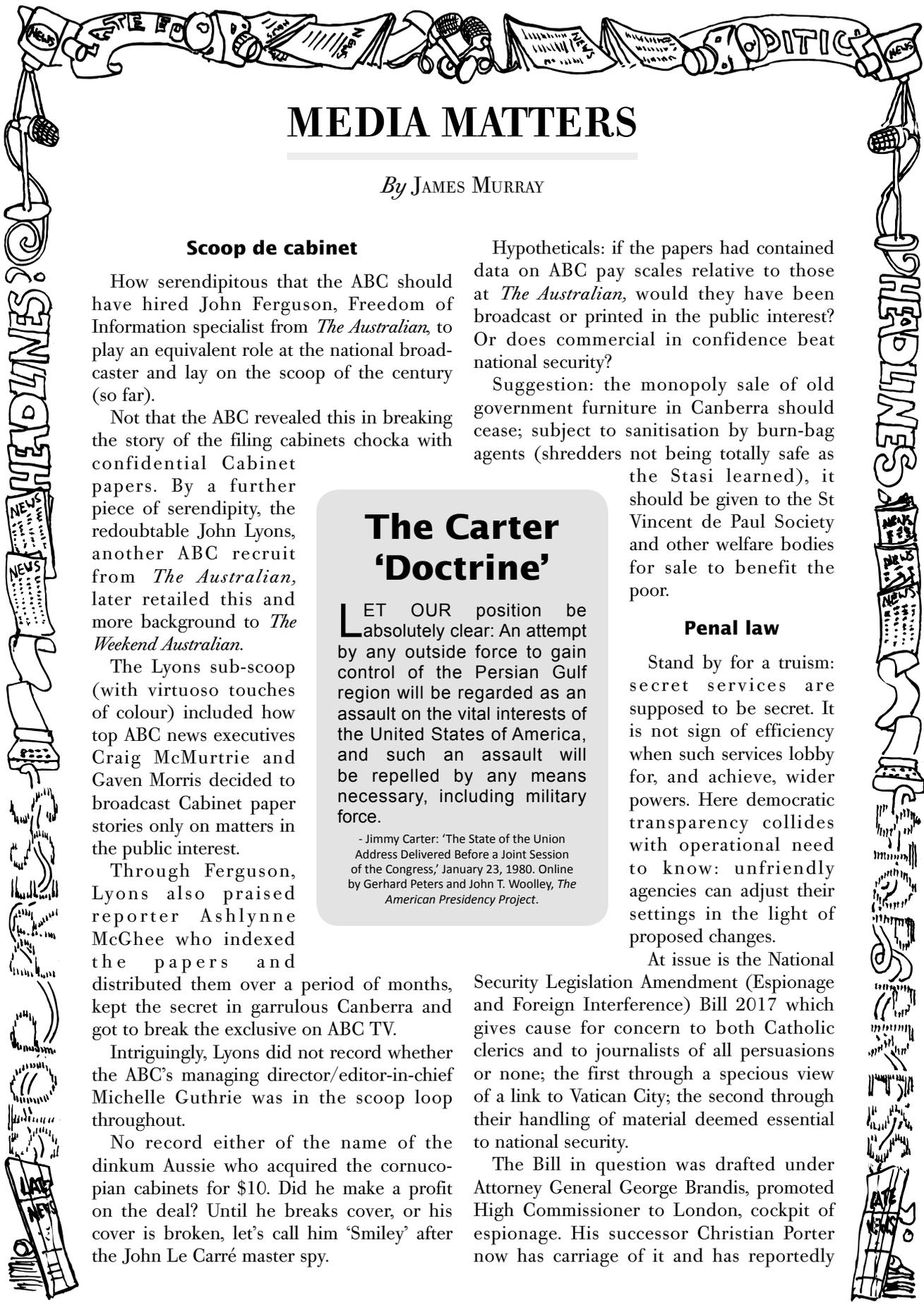
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– Editor, *Annals*

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MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Scoop de cabinet

How serendipitous that the ABC should have hired John Ferguson, Freedom of Information specialist from *The Australian*, to play an equivalent role at the national broadcaster and lay on the scoop of the century (so far).

Not that the ABC revealed this in breaking the story of the filing cabinets chocka with confidential Cabinet papers. By a further piece of serendipity, the redoubtable John Lyons, another ABC recruit from *The Australian*, later retailed this and more background to *The Weekend Australian*.

The Lyons sub-scoop (with virtuoso touches of colour) included how top ABC news executives Craig McMurtrie and Gaven Morris decided to broadcast Cabinet paper stories only on matters in the public interest.

Through Ferguson, Lyons also praised reporter Ashlynn McGhee who indexed the papers and distributed them over a period of months, kept the secret in garrulous Canberra and got to break the exclusive on ABC TV.

Intriguingly, Lyons did not record whether the ABC's managing director/editor-in-chief Michelle Guthrie was in the scoop loop throughout.

No record either of the name of the dinkum Aussie who acquired the cornucopian cabinets for \$10. Did he make a profit on the deal? Until he breaks cover, or his cover is broken, let's call him 'Smiley' after the John Le Carré master spy.

Hypotheticals: if the papers had contained data on ABC pay scales relative to those at *The Australian*, would they have been broadcast or printed in the public interest? Or does commercial in confidence beat national security?

Suggestion: the monopoly sale of old government furniture in Canberra should cease; subject to sanitisation by burn-bag agents (shredders not being totally safe as the Stasi learned), it should be given to the St Vincent de Paul Society and other welfare bodies for sale to benefit the poor.

The Carter 'Doctrine'

LET OUR position be absolutely clear: An attempt by any outside force to gain control of the Persian Gulf region will be regarded as an assault on the vital interests of the United States of America, and such an assault will be repelled by any means necessary, including military force.

- Jimmy Carter: 'The State of the Union Address Delivered Before a Joint Session of the Congress,' January 23, 1980. Online by Gerhard Peters and John T. Woolley, *The American Presidency Project*.

Penal law

Stand by for a truism: secret services are supposed to be secret. It is not sign of efficiency when such services lobby for, and achieve, wider powers. Here democratic transparency collides with operational need to know: unfriendly agencies can adjust their settings in the light of proposed changes.

At issue is the National Security Legislation Amendment (Espionage and Foreign Interference) Bill 2017 which gives cause for concern to both Catholic clerics and to journalists of all persuasions or none; the first through a specious view of a link to Vatican City; the second through their handling of material deemed essential to national security.

The Bill in question was drafted under Attorney General George Brandis, promoted High Commissioner to London, cockpit of espionage. His successor Christian Porter now has carriage of it and has reportedly



said that it is not designed to catch journalists.

But it may, particularly those whose copy is syndicated overseas, stringers and staff foreign correspondents as well as journalists at online editions of *The Guardian* and *The Daily Mail*.

Porter, a distinguished lawyer, comes on as less of a blunt instrument than Brandis. He should specify exemptions in print not offer verbal reassurances.

Clerics? Porter should deal similarly with their right to freedom of speech – otherwise he risks high irony: in the reign of Queen Elizabeth I of England, Catholic clerics were martyred, ostensibly for treason because of their links with Rome. How strange that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth II, whose realms include Australia, that clerics should again face martyrdom, albeit less bloody. And what of Catholic chaplains?

Will they do time in civilian or military jails? All this, nearly two centuries after the Emancipation Act that freed Catholics and Dissenters from their disabilities, an act passed on the casting vote of the Prime Minister, the Duke of Wellington, who recalled the valour of Catholic soldiers in Britain's service.

Sam's shared cuppa

No keyhole is needed to see that the Porter counter-espionage law is designed to tackle China's growing hegemony. In the record of events ex-Labor Senator Sam Dastyari will have at least a footnote.

Dastyari, however, was no lone ranger. He could be said to have followed the example of his elders and betters in both major parties, numbers of whom sat at Chinese Lazy Susans and at boardroom tables as well as on intercultural councils.

When Rupert Murdoch had mogul ambitions in China, *The Australian* set new levels of puffery, believing that trading with China would reform it despite the nexus between China's armed forces and its

corporations, possibly mimicry of America's military-industrial complex - or the guard mounted on the Crown Jewels in the Tower of London.

Trumpalism

Now into his fourth 100 days, President Donald Trump continues to validate the tag, 'Crazy as a fox' amid memo blizzards and twitter tornadoes. If anything, he has become foxier, as foxes do when they sniff danger. Having defied talk of impeachment, he was made aware of the 25th Amendment which turns on a president's demonstrable ability to govern (an amendment passed in 1963 while President John F. Kennedy lay in a coma after the Dallas, Texas shooting).

Hence Trump's State of the Union address, so judicious that commentators here saw in it justification for Australian company tax reduction.

Overall, Trump has not invaded the chook house. But he has changed the pecking order in the planetary yard with a rare stroke: he has done what he promised his electorate he would do.

Hillary Clinton by right of marriage still a possible candidate? She volunteered for a gig (fee not disclosed) at the Grammy Awards, her prop James Wolf's *Fire and Fury* – a title apt for Janis Joplin treatment. Clinton, however, simply read excerpts not even a *recitativo* in the style of Rex Harrison/Professor Higgins in *My Fair Lady*.

It may be that Clinton was seeking to burnish her aura given the rush to showbiz candidates that included the chat-show empress, Oprah Winfrey. She rejected the idea. But changes of mind are integral to showbiz since the song-an-dance man George Murphy was elected a Senator for California in 1952, predating the star dusted political careers of Ronald Reagan (also a trade unionist as President of the Screen Actors Guild), and Arnold Schwarzenegger.

Moneyspeak
WHAT makes all doctrines plain and clear?
About two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was prov'd true before
Prove false again?
Two hundred more!
– Samuel Butler 1612-1680, *Hudibras*. Part iii. Canto i. Line 1277. [38] *Hudibras* was a satirical poem on the Puritans, the Royalists and Presbyterians fighting in the English Civil War [1642-1651].



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Jesus comes as a merciful, divine healer in white robes to the field hospital which our century has become - so full of war, anguish, broken hopes and crushed spirits. Jesus reaches out to from the Divine Mercy Image to each person in the world.

COSMIC POWER OF ONE LAY MISSIONARY

By Wanda Skowronska



NE COULD say that the Divine Mercy image and prayer has cut across all boundaries, languages and groups and ‘speaks’ to people everywhere. The image was first shown to the world in 1935 and has now become one of the most ‘international’ devotions in the Catholic world today – as Christ predicted it would when he appeared to Saint Faustina in Poland in 1931, asking for the image of what she saw to be painted and spread around the world.

On a recent journey from Sydney to New Caledonia, I witnessed the ‘power of one’ lay missionary spreading this devotion in a very upfront, dramatic way.

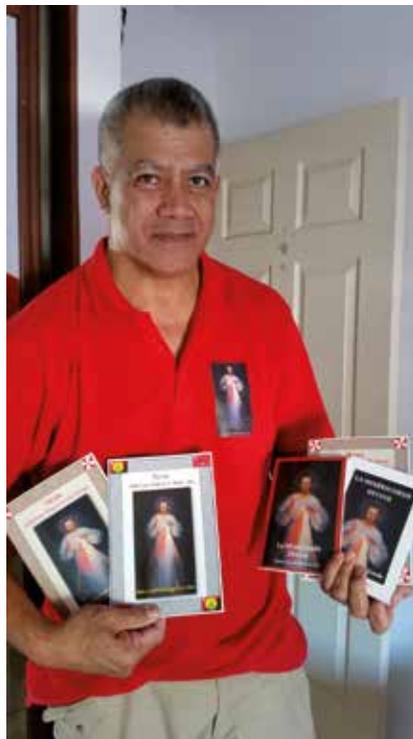
Nisié Filitoga, from a Catholic family of 10 children, retired early from his job as gendarme and has devoted his life to spreading news of the Divine Mercy in New Caledonia and on many of the islands of the South Pacific.

This is not as easy as it sounds, for while the language of New Caledonia is French, each island has its own language and translations take time. New Caledonia, whose capital is Nouméa, is part of what is called a special collectivity of France located in the southwest Pacific Ocean, 1,210 km (750 mi) east of Australia. It is not just one island but several – including the main island of Grande Terre, Wallis,

Fortuna the Loyalty Islands, the Chesterfield Islands, the Belep archipelago, the Isle of Pines, and a few remote islets.

New Caledonia’s population of 271,926 consists of a mix of Kanak people (the original inhabitants) Europeans, Polynesians and Southeast Asian peoples. Catholics constitute 60% of the population.

In any church one enters on the island there will be large (ceiling to floor) pictures of the Divine Mercy on the walls, and sometimes even outside the churches - not to mention their pervasiveness in houses and apartments. People



Nisié Filitoga

know who Saint Faustina is. I came across children called ‘Faustina’ in the saint’s honour. I even heard people saying ‘Jesus I trust in you’ in Polish - ‘Jezu ufam Tobie’! Nisié, a deacon, has the support of the local bishop and priests and his family.

Quite simply, the people of New Caledonia seem never to tire of hearing the dramatic story of Saint Faustina, who in her diary, *Divine Mercy in My Soul (Diary)* records seeing Jesus literally walking through the wall of her monastic cell (in Plock, in Poland) on February 22, 1931. (It was the Sunday after Easter – when Christ walked through the wall to greet the apostles).

Jesus greeted the astonished sister, calling her the secretary of the Divine Mercy and saying ‘My daughter be diligent in writing down every sentence I tell you concerning my mercy’. The saint records it thus:

In the evening when I was in my cell I saw the Lord Jesus clothed in a white garment. One hand was raised in a gesture of blessing, the other was touching the garment at the breast. From beneath the garment lightly drawn aside at the breast, there were emanating two large rays, one red, the other pale ... After a while Jesus said to me “Paint an image according to the pattern you see, with the text: “Jesus I trust in You”. I desire that this image should be venerated, first in your chapel and [then] throughout the world. I promise that the soul that will venerate this image will not perish. (Diary, #47).

Our Lord went on to say:

Proclaim that mercy is the greatest attribute of God. All the works of my hands are crowned with Mercy (Diary #301).

Jesus gave Saint Faustina an understanding that ‘mercy is the flower of love ... God is love and mercy is His deed’ (Diary #651), indicating a unique union of mercy and love, being the door to the realm of the divine.

In reflecting on this and other aspects of the Divine Mercy, there is much to say, and Nisié often accompanies his talks with inspiring catecheses on mercy. There is no better way it seems, to get straight through to the depths of people’s suffering souls in our era than to speak of the Divine Mercy pointing to the picture which depicts Jesus walking to us.

He comes as a merciful, divine healer in white robes to the field hospital which our century has become - so full of war, anguish, broken hopes and crushed spirits. Jesus reaches out to from the Divine Mercy Image to each person in the world.

For not all is palm trees, sunshine and banana plants on these beautiful islands – there are tribal battles such as the one reported between the Bati and Kabue clans when I was there - where knives were drawn and 2 clan members killed.

Tourist boat after tourist boat sails in, and the toxic, seedier aspects of ‘western culture’ are on display in casinos and souvenir shops. In this situation, however, the Divine Mercy Image ‘speaks’ its silent but eloquent message.

Nisié, a relentless missionary, a fusion of St Paul and Indiana Jones, has forged paths to as many churches as he can, often paying for the printing of leaflets from his own retirement pension, and paying for many of the Divine Mercy images throughout the country. He has translated the story of the Divine Mercy into many local languages and uses the devotion as the starting



Some of Nisié’s family who assist him in spreading the Divine Mercy devotion in New Caledonia

point of many retreats. For the Divine Mercy is the ‘way in’, to re-evangelise his people.

The devotion has been warmly welcomed everywhere he has gone - on the islands of- Ouvea, Lifou, Tiga, Mare, Phare Amedee, Ile des Pins, Wallis and on the island of Fortuna where Saint Peter Chanel was martyred. The words ‘Jesus I trust in you’ in the language of Fortuna is ‘Sesu, Alikihau Maava’ofa ateape’ - and in the language of another island is ‘Sesu, e au falala atu kia te Koe’.

The point is, everyone seems to know about this devotion, no matter what their local language. And it is largely due to Nisié that the story and its associated prayers and that the Divine Mercy have spoken so powerfully to the people there.

Few tourists are shown the Catholic history and presence of New Caledonia. Tourists are rarely if ever shown the grotto up north where the first Marist missionaries said Mass on the Island in 1843. Nor are they shown the suburbs where one can see house after house with crosses on prominent display in the front yards.

Few are shown the church of Our Lady of the Vows, which was built in fulfilment of vows made to Our Lady in WWII if

she would intercede and prevent the Japanese from invading the country. The Japanese did not invade and the church was built.

Perhaps the most hidden Catholic gem in New Caledonia, not far from the casinos and malls, is the restaurant called ‘L’eau vive’ ‘Living Water,’ which has biblical quotations and passages from the writings of JP II and Saint Faustina on the walls. There are even biblical and Divine Mercy quotations on the menus! And each evening, the cooks and waiters come out and sing ‘Ave, Ave, Ave Maria’ with the customers who want to sing along.

The restaurant has a huge Divine Mercy image at the entrance, along with a statue of Our Lady. This place encapsulates the ‘real’ New Caledonia, not what the huge tourist boats see. And especially that spirit is to be found in the houses and churches where families pray at night, and the pervasive Divine Mercy devotion among the families illustrates the cosmic reach of one lay missionary’s work.

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.

MEN'S FASHION: TOO EASY GOING

By Alister Kerhaw

EVERY YEAR around about this time, in obedience to some peculiar natural law for which science has not so far found any satisfactory explanation, the chaps who decide on matters of male fashion may be seen frolicking on the hills and in the dales of the nearest newspaper squeaking out their ideas on what we ought to wear for the next twelve months.

What I personally love and admire about the cuddle-some little creatures is their innate chumminess. I mean, they're so different from those whose dread task it is to design women's fashion. The latter, as we all know, are an authoritative lot. There is no appeal from their rulings.

Once they've decided that women will wear black bombazine trimmed with broken bottles or whatever it may be, then their subjects have no alternative but to obey or go to the wall.

There's none of this business, this arrogant insistence on strict uniformity, about those who clothe males. They leave us free to pick and choose, offering us a tempting range of possibilities.

This year, for instance, those of us who have no wish to wear roll-top sweaters are very decently being allowed to go abroad in high-necked jackets as worn by the boys running things in romantic Peking, nay, more, those who rebel against both roll-top sweaters and high-necked jackets have been given to understand that no action will be taken against them should they be seen in public with a Russian peasant's blouse.

Nor does this exhaust the designers' rich and glittering display of raiment. For those hard-to-please croakers who decline to assume the costume of Chinese war lord, horse-trainer or moujik, there are fetching creations closely modelled on the garments habitually endured by deep-sea divers as they go about their daily work, and still others frankly inspired by the accoutrement of astronauts.

Finally, it has been laid down that your Parisian dandy will not be made an object of mockery should he prefer to deck himself out in the frippery which was once favoured by Chicago gangsters—tight double-breasted chalk-stripe suits, grey hats with the brim pulled down in front, diamonds glittering coldly in a striped tie—and that the designers will look tolerantly on those who favour the hippy costume, garments made especially dilapidated and tattered by a newly discovered process which is a closely guarded secret.

You'd think, would you not, that the most exigent would find something in his taste among all this finery. Yet a survey just carried out reveals that Parisian men are so perverse and wilful that they don't want any of the costumes so painstakingly prepared for their pleasure. Nine out of ten, it seems, want to wear perfectly ordinary suits, just as they've always done.

And it's not as if the designers hadn't taken even that possibility into account. There are suits on the market but do you think you can get the pig-headed Parisians to wear them?

No; just because the jackets have gilded safety-pins instead of buttons or because the coat and trousers are made of different colours or because the coat-collar comes halfway down the back like a shawl or for some equally trivial reason, they're rejecting the lovely things on offer and hunting out drab old suits such as their fathers wore.

It's quite clear that those responsible for men's fashions have been too easy going; it's time they insisted on men wearing what they're told, just as women do.

— Alister Kershaw, poet, writer and broadcaster was born in Melbourne in 1921. He died in Sury-en-Vaux, France in 1995. He left Australia for France in 1947 and for some years was private secretary to the British writer Richard Aldington. The above piece was one of around one thousand written in the 1960s when Alister was the ABC's Paris Correspondent. See *A Word from Paris*, Angus and Robertson, 1991, pp.105-106.

Paddington 2

Wunderbar! He's back, the marmalade-eating bear from Peru, created by the late Michael Bond. As in the initial 2014 movie, Paul King directs while leaving an impression of free-wheeling farce.

Central to the entertainment is the deft animatronic performance of Paddington (voiced by Ben Wishaw).

In a scintillating ensemble cast, it may be invidious to single out individuals. But continuity requires mention that Sally Hawkins and Hugh Bonneville again lead as Mary and Henry Brown, Paddington's adoptive parents.

And Brendan Gleeson rates mention as Knuckles McGinty, safe-cracker and cook, reformed by Paddington in jail. So, too, does Noah Taylor as Phibs, if only because he has the nous to underplay against the animatronic Paddington (whose every twitch is controlled by Pablo Grillo and his Framstore team).

No underplaying for Hugh Grant as the narcissistic actor and villain of the piece Phoenix Buchanan who purloins the McGuffin of the plot: a pop-up book of London with clues to a hidden treasure.

Reservation: unless the ABC, as it might in these digitised days, has missed the overdue return of the Church of England to the Catholic Church, the nuns in a St Paul's Cathedral sequence should have been habited like the Anglican nuns in *Call the Mid-wife* rather than as Catholic nuns.

Note: one of the junior critics who accompanied your reviewer gave the movie 10/10. The other cried because it was over.

G★★★★SFFV.

Phantom Thread

Writer-director Paul Thomas Anderson and master-actor Daniel Day-Lewis re-unite in the high-fashion world of 1950s London, 10 years after *There Will be Blood*, set in the oil fields of America.

The locations could not be more different. The atmosphere is similarly melodramatic; Day-Lewis comes on as the dressmaker Reynolds Woodcock, living above his shop, protected by his sister Cyril (Lesley

MOVIES

By James Murray

Manville) who arranges every detail of his life including tidying away his muses.

The latest of these is Alma (Vicky Krieps) who Woodcock spots waitressing in a pub, less convincing than Coronation Street's Rover's Return.

Enough to say Alma is not as demure as Krieps first makes her appear, and that her kitchen skills include a bewitching way with mushrooms.

Gina McKee makes a too brief an appearance as Countess Henrietta Harding yet contrives to out shine her frock

Day-Lewis? As said, a master of his craft. But his style does have a down side; he allows us to see too much. He resembles one of those Swiss-engineered clocks where you can see the cogs go round.

He has said that this is a farewell performance; may it be as long as Dame Nellie Melba's or Dame Edna Everage's.

Apart from anything else, Day-Lewis still has to give us a performance as his father, the poet Cecil Day-Lewis, for whom his role as the muse-obsessed Reynolds Woodcock may be merely a surrogate. And actresses will vie to play Jill Balcon, glamorous mother of Day-Lewis and daughter of Sir Michael Balcon, Boss of Ealing Studios.

Anderson is not the first American director to create a credibility problem for himself: his Fifties London is pristine; in reality, even the city's posh areas were then still bomb scarred; the Queen's dressmaker Hardy Amies had served with the Special Operations Executive and could jest about meeting Kim Philby: 'He was always trying to get information out of me – especially the name of my tailor.'

M★★★★NFFV.

The Post

The Pentagon Papers, last seen on St Vincent de Paul shelves, were the core of one of the great

controversies of the Seventies. Director Steven Spielberg opens with a Vietnam sequence that demonstrates his command of close-combat action; it also validates the role of the hero Daniel Ellsberg (Matthew Rhys).

Meryl Streep brings extraordinary authority to the role of Katharine Graham, publisher of her family's newspaper *The Washington Post*. It's as if Streep has made a cocktail of her roles as Maggie Thatcher and the Queen.

As Ben Bradlee, the newspaper's editor, Tom Hanks is less impressive, perhaps because of star power erosion due to his appearance in the Da Vinci Code tosh (his word).

In a superlative supporting cast, Bob Odenkirk gives a shabby reality to Ben Bagdikian, the reporter who secured copies of the Pentagon Papers for *The Post*.

Steven Spielberg, with his magisterial *Lincoln*, redefined period-movie authenticity. However, in following Liz Hannah and Josh Singer's script, he over-cooks *The Washington Post* part in The Pentagon Papers revelations.

The New York Times broke the story, not as a result of the cant term 'investigative reporting' but because Ellsberg gave them photocopies.

Accordingly, the Graham-Bradlee option was whether to follow-up on *The NYT* exclusive despite opposition from boardroomers and Graham's friendship with Secretary of Defense, Robert McNamara (Bruce Greenwood), who had yet to admit the futility of his strategy.

Thus Spielberg bends if he does not break history to suit his narrative arc. The movie was produced in the expectation of Hilary Clinton's winning the presidency, an expectation Donald Trump tweeted away; it, concludes with the Watergate break-in that led to the resignation of President Richard Nixon, another triumph for *The Washington Post*.

For veterans of the trade, Spielberg provides a nostalgia snack: footage of printing presses and hot-metal Linotype operations. He even includes a sequence of a pencil in the hand of copy-editor subbing the story before it is air-tubed down to the printers for further subbing

on the stone. Slightly dubious, the latter: the copy fits perfectly.

No need for stone-subbing, a process now more archaic than the Maundy Thursday holiday which once marked that no newspapers were published on Good Friday, date of history's most significant death, and prelude to resurrection.

M★★★NFFV.

I, Tonya

Applause plus an Oscar nomination for this bio-pic, framed as a mock documentary, has gone mainly to Margot Robbie given the power of her turns in the lead role of figure skater Tonya Harding.

But main credit must go to the writer Steven Rogers; intrigued by a TV reference to Harding, he researched and put together a spec script about her being caught up in the scandal of an attack on Olympic skater Nancy Kerrigan in 1994.

In the role of Tonya's ex-husband Jeff Gillooly, who plotted the attack, Sebastian Stan personifies muscle-bound brain yet he seems an Einstein compared to his buddy Shawn Eckhardt (Paul Walter Hauser).

The stand-out performance is realized by Alison Janney as Tonya's mother. She distills enough foul venom to power Goneril and Regan.

The attack was correspondingly shocking because of figure-skating's glamour, engendered by the peerless Norwegian-American Olympian Sonja Henie (1912-1969) to whom there is a passing reference.

In an exemplary gesture Rogers is listed as a producer with Robbie and her husband Tom Ackerley.

The Rogers script is redemptive. As happens often, director Graig Gillespie details this element in end-credit notes rather than in the movie itself.

MA15+★★★NFFV.

Lady Bird

Sweet title for a slice of high-school life. Not, however, just another slice: writer/director Greta Gerwig's high school life inspired by, rather than based on, the nuns who taught her at St Francis High School, Sacramento which she attended as a Unitarian Universalist.

In the role of Gerwig's alter ego, Christine ('Lady Bird') McPherson, Saoirse Ronan plays a rebel whose cause is sly mischief disguising her serious intent to go to college and become a writer.

Gerwig's movie high school staff includes clerics, nuns and laity and is co-educational. Perish the thought that a filmmaker of Gerwig's rare talent contrives to use the latter for risky hi-jinks that could be out-takes from any Hollywood high-school movie: broken romances, friendships and snobberies.

In the main, cinematographer Sam Levy shoots with a lens coated in fond nostalgia. Yet the suspicion lingers that Gerwig's antic, zany approach may mean that she uses Catholic faith and ritual merely as decoration and not as innate.

Rightly she has been nominated for an Oscar. So, too, have Saoirse Ronan and Laurie Metcalf, the latter for the more difficult supporting role of Marion McPherson, the mother who holds the McPherson family together while conveying, through gesture only, apologies for not doing better.

MA15+★★★NFFV.

The Darkest Hour

In the pantheon of actors who have played Winston Churchill, Gary Oldman must rate highly if only

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.
TBA: classification to be
announced

because he totes more make-up than the rest put together.

Among the prestigious cast of supporting players, Ben Mendelsohn, pared down to his core talent, gives the film's outstanding performance as George VI.

Despite such distinctions, however, director Joe Wright and scriptwriter Anthony McCarten must face a queasy fact: their work contains one of the silliest sequences ever shot.

They depict Churchill descending into the London Underground system and getting a passenger to give him a match to light his cigar, thus starting a rousing conversation with other passengers.

Arguably Wright needed a transition point to the House of Commons and Churchill's mighty speech about fighting on the beaches so McCarten had to supply total fiction.

Not so. They could have gone the full cliché: Churchill having his celebrated postprandial zzzz and dreaming the sequence.

Alternatively a sequence grounded in reality was available: Printing House Square, a journalist checking a galley proof of *The Times* editorial, headed:

'I tell you not for your comfort.
'Yea, not for your desire,
'Save that the sky grows darker
yet

'And the sea rises higher...'
Lines from *The Ballad of the White Horse* by the genius hack of Fleet Street, GK Chesterton, which *The Times* did print.

Enough of Churchill given the Brian Cox's version, released here last year? Hardly. Still to come: Churchill and his son Randolph, Churchill and his daughters, Mary, Marigold, Sarah and Diana and all the other Churchills whose deeds and misdeeds would be too much for a single movie but would make a Netflix franchise.

PG★★★SFFV.

Faces, Places (Visages, Villages)

In this meandering documentary, writer/director Agnes Varda adds herself and her companion JR to film's odd-couple list.

Don't expect the hilarity of Laurel and Hardy, however, or Abbott and Costello, Martin and Lewis, Lemmon and Matthau. This is a quirky piece in which Varda and JR are pictured driving through France in the latter's studio-van recording life-size images of people which JR and his crew then paste in startling places.

The wrap-up sequence involves a visit to the rural home of filmmaker Francois Truffaut with whom Varda worked during the Sixties New Wave period.

Truffaut fails to answer her door knock. She utters an apt expletive but leaves a bag of brioches on the door handle, perhaps in hopes of a sequel where Truffaut eats a brioche and recants his saying: 'Film lovers are sick people.'

Of their nature JR's images fade. Apart from a sequence showing an acrobatic bell-ringer in a church, there is no reference to the faith that sustained the people who created the landscapes. That's the avant-garde for you: ever in retreat from reality.

G★★★SFFV.

Den of Thieves

The protagonist, Nick 'Big Nick' O'Brien (Gerard Butler), ramrods a Los Angeles sheriff's office squad 'The Regulators' who have tattoos to prove it. The antagonist is Ray Merriman (Pablo Schreiber) boss of a motley crew of desperados whose international origins writer/director Christian Gudegast tends to conceal.

The prize, beneath a fog of feints, is a branch of the Federal Reserve Bank in Los Angeles, promoted in pre-title captions as the world capital of bank robberies; that is, robberies of banks not robberies by banks where Australia would have to be a per capita contender.

This is not a heist movie as Gudegast must know. After all, he is a top graduate of the University College of Los Angeles film school; he surely studied the John Huston classic *Asphalt Jungle* (1950) and Jules Dassin's *Rififi* (1954) where the plan not violence is the thrill key.

Gudegast's effort is more robbery with violence as initially depicted in *The Story of the Kelly Gang* (1906) which he may not have studied. All

that has changed is the gun-fire rate and Kevlar for ploughshare iron.

MA15+★NFFV.

Happy End

Writer/director Michael Haneke opens with a smart-phone sequence: a dying woman covered by ambiguous comment.

He intercuts this with footage of Anne Laurent (Isabelle Huppert). She is trying to maintain the family construction business while her father Georges (Jean-Louis Trintignant) declines into dementia, a reprise of Haneke's *Amour* which also co-starred Huppert and Trintignant.

Further complications include Anne's irresponsible son and heir Pierre, a construction site accident, the arrival of Eve (Fantine Harduin), daughter of the dying woman, African refugees from the Calais 'jungle' interrupting a reception and the attempted suicide of Georges aided by Eve and filmed on her smart phone.

This is happy? Only if like Haneke you are into triple distilled irony bottled at a Calvinist gin mill.

TBA★★★NFFV.

The Secret Scripture

Lady Rose (Vanessa Redgrave), committed to an asylum for half a century, is visited by Dr. Stephen Greene (Eric Bana) while demolition preparations ensue.

Director Jim Sheridan, mining Sebastian Barry's Booker prize novel, draws from this situation Rose's secret.

Its key is a Bible on which Rose has scrawled notes which

cue flashbacks to her younger self, played by Rooney Mara with spirit and perhaps an exile's sadness.

Sheridan's way with flashbacks conjures World War II in Northern Ireland and Rose caught between love for a downed RAF pilot, the obsession of the local curate and the vengeance of the IRA.

Dark Irish stuff. Yet Sheridan contrives to distil from it a mead of reconciliation appropriate to the Bible.

M★★★NFFV.

The Commuter

The title's train connotations have caused some to label director Jaume Collet-Serra's thriller Hitchcockian. There's more. In the role of Joanne, the mystery woman who makes Michael MacCaully (Liam Neeson) an offer he can't refuse, Collet-Serra cast Vera Farmiga, a blonde in the beguiling line of Grace Kelly, Tippi Hedren and Eve Marie Saint.

The plot, conceived by Byron Willinger, Phillip de Blas and Ryan Engle, has more complexities than Bondi and Clapham Junctions combined.

And the train involved may not have a dining car but as in previous Collet-Serra & Neeson excursions - *Taken*, *Unknown*, *Non-Stop* - a surfeit of knuckle sandwiches is dispensed to sundry suspects.

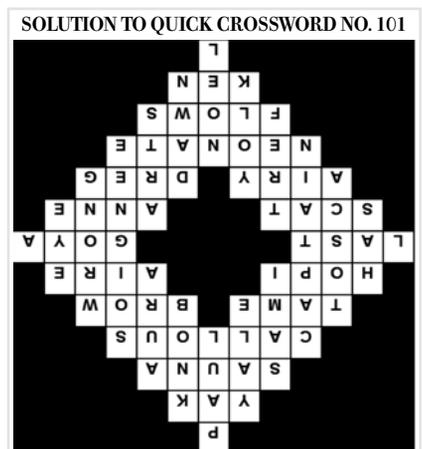
M★★NFFV.

Swinging Safari

The Outback has provided many film locations. But there is a competing hinterland: wild screen suburbia and its coastal offshoots, pioneered by writer/director PJ Hogan in *Muriel's Wedding* (1994).

In that year, writer-director Stephan Elliott made *The Adventures of Priscilla Queen of the Desert* and could then be said to have squatted on Hogan's land with *A Few Best Men* (2011) and *A Few Less Men* (2017).

Not that *Swinging Safari* is a direct sequel. And it does bring together notable actors to play its Seventies couples: Guy Pearce and Kylie Minogue as Keith and Kaye Hall; Julian McMahon and Radha Mitchell as Rick and Jo Jones; Jeremy Sims and Asher Keddie as Bob and Gale Marsh.



But Elliott does shift from outrageous caricature to obnoxious. Sure, it's satire but by and large there's no correlative of decency. Indeed there are scenes which could be criticised for pushing the director's vision of how it was for him growing up in the 1970s.

At one point in the swinging antics, Bob Marsh yells: 'This isn't right.' It may be, however, that this isn't Sims in character but Sims, the skilled director.

Stephan Elliott's signature ending – boldly scrawled – is the rolling catastrophe. He employs it here in the blowing up a blue whale, possibly a metaphor for his waywardness, restrained only in *Easy Virtue* (2008), co-adapted with Sheridan Jobbins from the play of the same title by Noel Coward who knew that farce works only if it is disciplined.

M★★NFFV.

The BBQ

Back to wild, screen suburbia. But director Stephen Amis keeps the frolics merry and bright. With co-writers Serge De Nardo, Angelo Salamanca and David Richardson, Amis has crafted a funny lead for Shane Jacobson who plays Dazza Cook, backyard supernova who finds himself competing internationally with a barbecue that is a thing of beauty. If Barbecues Galore, abundantly tied into the movie, put it on the market, it will sell like, well, hot cakes

Julia Zemiro is Dazza's wife Diane, huntress for promotion at the Albury-Wodonga IGA store. Frederick Simpson is their son Jayden, challenged to prove that Dazza is truly a descendant of Captain James Cook.

Magda Szubanski enters as a once great chef who now earns her grog ration as The Butcher at the local beef boutique run by Carver (Nicholas Hamond, yes, former boy star of *The Sound of Music*).

Questing for prime beef, Dazza and The Butcher visit the waygu farm of Mr. Yoshimura (Kuni Hashimoto) who chops his firewood with his bare hands.

About Jacobson and Szubanski's casting there is a degree of

predictability, there isn't a skerrick about the villain, André Mont Blanc's. Manu Fieldel plays him with all the panache he brings to TV's *MKR (My Kitchen Rules)*.

Puns such as panache may be too much, yet it must also be said that the waygu steak steals the movie, a facile outcome: Aberdeen Angus doesn't rate a mention, despite Magda Szubanski's authentic Scots accent.

Nor is there a mention of the primeval meat: kangaroo, barbecued sustainer of the Great Southland's first people.

PG★★SFFV.

Film Stars Don't Die in Liverpool

Director Paul McGuigan based his elegy for a fallen star on a 30-year vintage memoir by Peter Turner who co-wrote the more or less fictive script with Matt Greenhalgh.

At its heart – and it has plenty of heart – is the fact that Oscar-winner Gloria Grahame* played a theatre season of Somerset Maugham's *Rain* in Liverpool in 1978.

Annette Bening, best of a list of players who vied for the part, brings to it her combination of command and charm.

Jamie Bell is Turner, an actor 'resting' at Grahame's hotel; he may have surpassed his debut in *Billy Elliot*, he has not lost his dancing skills.

His courtship dance with Bening/Grahame illuminates their affair as she succumbs to illness. Turner, aided by his Catholic family, must then get her back to the home of the brave as she was in enduring the fall-out of refusing to travel alone with Howard Hughes, a noted Lothario of his era.

*Gloria Grahame's Oscar was for her supporting role in *Crossfire*



(1947). Her speech was exemplary. 'Thank you.'

M★★★NFFV.

Jumaji: Welcome to the Jungle

Sequels tend to lack the zing of originals. Not this one, thanks to Dwayne (The Rock) Johnson; he plays Dr Smolder Bravestone whose name matches his muscles.

To the extent that he needs it, Bravestone has the backing of Professor Sheldon 'Shelly' Oberon (Jack Black) Franklin 'Mouse' Finbar (Kevin Hart) and Ruby Roundhouse (Karen Gillan).

Their objective: restoring a jewel, 'The Jaguar's Eye' to a jungle idol so as to escape back to the real world and their true selves, high school students Spencer (Alex Wolff), Bethany (Madison Iseman), Fridge (Ser' Darius Blain) and Martha (Morgan Turner).

To complete this fantasy-thriller, director Jake Kasdan worked from a script by Chris McKenna, Erik Sommers, Scott Rosenberg and Jeff Pinkner based on Chris Van Allsburg's book Jumaji, also the source of the late Robin Williams 1995 version.

PG★★SFFV.

Wonder Wheel

With this tragi-comedy, writer/director Woody Allen has gone off his reservation, Manhattan. And as he did in *Blue Jasmine* (2013) – cast a great actress Cate Blanchett – he does again with Kate Winslet, casting her as Ginny, wife to Humpty Rannell (Jim Belushi) who runs the 1950s Coney Island Wonder Wheel.

As it turns, Ginny and Humpty's troubled life – their son Richie (Jack Gore) is a juvenile arsonist – is further complicated by Micky Rubin (Justin Timberlake), a lifeguard, and aspiring writer, Humpty's daughter from a previous marriage, Carolina (Juno Temple) and a carload of gangsters, surplus to *Bullets Over Broadway* (1994).

The PG rating is generous given scenes between Ginny and Micky. However, Kate Winslet does get off a splendid aria of protest, fuelled possibly by the inner question, 'What am I doing here?'

Martin Luther ... was to rail against classical learning, particularly Aristotle, and the use made of Greek and Roman learning by the scholastics. As he put it, 'Virtually the entire Ethics [of Aristotle] is the worst enemy of grace.' Reason is contrary to faith, Luther maintained, and it is impossible to harmonize the two.

CLASSICAL LEARNING, PHILOSOPHY AND CATHOLICISM

By Jude P. Dougherty



THE WASHINGTON POST devoted most of its Sunday, 29 October 2017 'Outlook' section to the legacy of Martin Luther.

Stanley Hauerwas, among the six who contributed, provided an essay entitled, 'What is the Point of Protestantism?'

He pays tribute to an early teacher who introduced him to Frederick Copleston's multivolume *History of Philosophy*. Copleston provided an eye-opening experience, and Hauerwas wanted more. From Southwestern University in Texas, he began graduate work at Yale's Divinity School, to study theology but not with ordination in mind. 'We students read Catholic theologians – Rahner, Haring, de Lubac and Congar. We also read Martin Luther and John Calvin, but we considered them to be late Medieval thinkers who had more in common with Thomas Aquinas than our divinity school mentors.' Hauerwas went on to teach theology at the University of Notre Dame and Duke University.

Many have discovered the roots of Christianity by reading historians of philosophy such as Copleston and Etienne Gilson. John Henry Newman is remembered for his dictum: 'To be steeped in history is to cease to be a Protestant.' Hauerwas may be a test case.

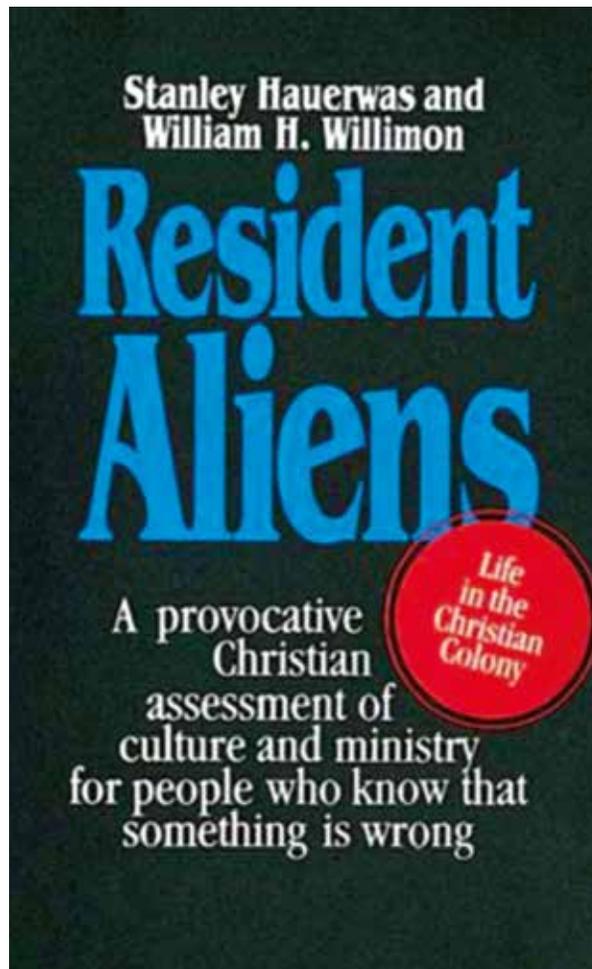
'Wretched Aristotle.' The words are those of Tertullian (c. 160–c. 220), better known for his rhetorical question, 'What does Athens have to do with Jerusalem?'

In Tertullian's words, 'God has spoken to us; it is no longer necessary to philosophize. Revelation is all that is required.

He who believes in the word of God knows more than the greatest philosophers have ever known concerning the only matter of vital importance.'

Tertullian was not the first or the last to reject the use of classical learning in an attempt to understand the Gospels. Tatian, who preceded him by at least generation, similarly rejected all efforts to employ Hellenistic learning in biblical exegesis or Christian apologetics.

Justin Martyr and Clement of Alexandria, on the other hand, used all the intellectual tools available to understand and defend the faith. Justin, a Greek who flourished in the mid-decades of the second century, brought to his apologetics a knowledge of Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, and the Stoics. He had read Plato's *Apology*, *Crito*, *Phaedrus*, and *Phaedo*. As a result of his study, Justin concluded that philosophy leads to Christianity as its fulfilment. Pagan



philosophy is not to be feared, for it is consistent with biblical teaching.

Clement, similarly educated, became so immersed in Greek philosophy that some regard him as a philosopher rather than as the theologian he surely was. Clement was convinced that Jewish law and Greek philosophy are the two rivers at whose confluence Christianity has sprung forth. Sacred Scripture allows us to make use of profane learning without mistaking philosophical wisdom for the superior wisdom of Christianity. Assuredly, the doctrine of Christ is sufficient unto salvation, but philosophy can be used to lead men to Christ and further used to elucidate his teaching among those who have accepted his doctrine.

Centuries later, Martin Luther, like his ancient predecessors, was to rail against classical learning, particularly Aristotle, and the use made of Greek and Roman learning by the scholastics. As he put it, 'Virtually the entire *Ethics* [of Aristotle] is the worst enemy of grace.' Reason is contrary to faith, Luther maintained, and it is impossible to harmonize the two.

Modern versions of this doctrine are to be found in the anti-metaphysical and fideistic views of Kierkegaard and his twentieth-century disciples. Dismissal of Greek learning and philosophy as exemplified by Tatian and Tertullian remains in a major segment of Protestantism. Luther, in keeping with his doctrine of Adam's fall and its debilitating effect on human intelligence, wrote, 'Aristotle is to theology what darkness is to light,' and further, 'Aquinas [as a result of his indebtedness to Aristotle] never understood a chapter of the Gospels.' It is impossible, Luther declared, to reform the Church if scholastic philosophy and theology are not torn out by the roots with canon law. In contrast to Clement, Luther claimed that 'one should learn philosophy as one learns witchcraft, that is, to destroy it, as one finds out errors in order to refute them.'

Good Advice

WHEN we are seeking for the real merits of a man it is unwise to go to his enemies, and much more foolish to go to himself.

- G. K. Chesterton, 'On Rudyard Kipling,' in *Heretics*, John Lane: The Bodley Head: London, 1909, pp.43-44.

In the long line of theologians stretching from Luther himself to Brunner, Barth, and Bultmann, Søren Kierkegaard holds a unique place. He was the first to state in more or less modern form the case against the use of philosophy as a preamble to theology. Luther had stated it before him, but the rationalism that Luther opposed was the comparatively modest rationalism of the Schoolmen and Erasmus. What Kierkegaard had to contend with was the rationalism of Hegel and his disciples. Drawing upon Kant in his attack on Hegel, Kierkegaard goes one step further, robbing religion, specifically Christianity, of any objective content.

'Faith,' he declared, 'is not a matter of belief that can be set forth in propositional form, nor is religion a rational affair.' Making a distinction between the world of universals (scientific generalizations) and the subjective world (inwardness), Kierkegaard asserts that whereas philosophy teaches us to become objective, Christianity teaches us to become subjective. Evidence for God's existence is an objective question, but we find no conclusive evidence for his existence. That we cannot demonstrate the existence of God makes no difference from the standpoint of faith. Far more important is what happens to the individual who is called upon to believe that which cannot be objectively known. With respect to objective matters, there will always be doubt. The believer

is not turned away by objective uncertainty, but instead passionately affirms. Kierkegaard calls this 'subjective truth.'

Subjective truth is not truth in the ordinary sense of the term. Such is normally called Faith. But in Kierkegaard's words, 'If I am capable of grasping God objectively, I am not believing, but precisely because I cannot so grasp God, I must believe if I wish to preserve myself in faith, I must constantly be intent on holding fast the objective uncertainty, so as to remain out upon the deep, over seventy thousand fathoms of water, still preserving my faith.'

Kierkegaard plays into the hand of the agnostic and atheist, insofar as he provides a self-confessed acknowledgement of the gratuity of Faith. From the materialist's point of view, religion is a kind of psychological crutch employed by the weak or the ignorant.

Belief, of course, is a personal act, an act of assent to propositions acknowledged to be true. The Fathers of the Church who made the most of classical learning believed, because what they found, what they had learned from Greek and Roman sources, not only cohered with Revelation but in utilizing the categories of philosophical learning they were better able to grasp the truths of Revelation.

Now stands the matter thus. In Hauerwas' judgment, 500 years after the Reformation there is little to protest. Yet he remains a Protestant, although his intellectual journey may have yet to reach its logical term. He tells us that over the years, many of his Protestant graduate students have become Catholics. 'So many have crossed the Tiber that my colleagues have joked that I was an agent for Opus Dei.'

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