

ANNAALS

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Journal of Catholic Culture



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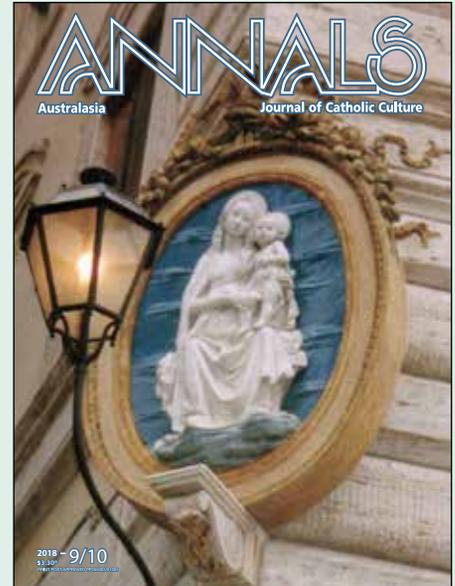
Volume 129, Number 9/10, Nov-Dec 2018

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

Australia's Oldest Catholic Magazine

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Front Cover: This beautiful ceramic medallion depicting Mary and the child Jesus with the single lamp always burning before it, is one of the many hundreds of such shrines to Our Lady on the streets of Rome. But this is unique. What the photo doesn't show is the sentry post beneath the shrine, and the carabinieri on duty. The building the medallion adorns is the Chigi palace located in the Piazza della Colonna, just off the Via del Corso. Begun in 1580 and completed in 1696 – and once the home of the princely Chigi family from which it takes its name – the palace now forms part of the Italian Parliament buildings and houses the Council of Ministers. It must be one of the few Parliament buildings in the world with a shrine to the Madonna attached to it.

Cover Photo: Paul Stenhouse

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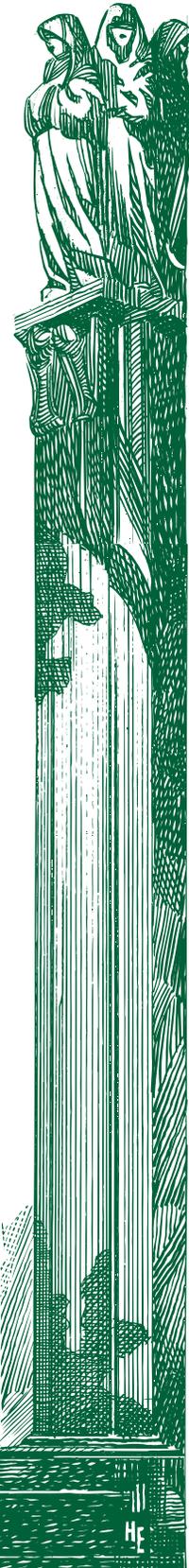
Let us not be dumb watchdogs, or silent spectators; Let us be watchful shepherds, guarding the flock of Christ.

– St Boniface, 672-754
Apostle to the German peoples, Letters, 78.



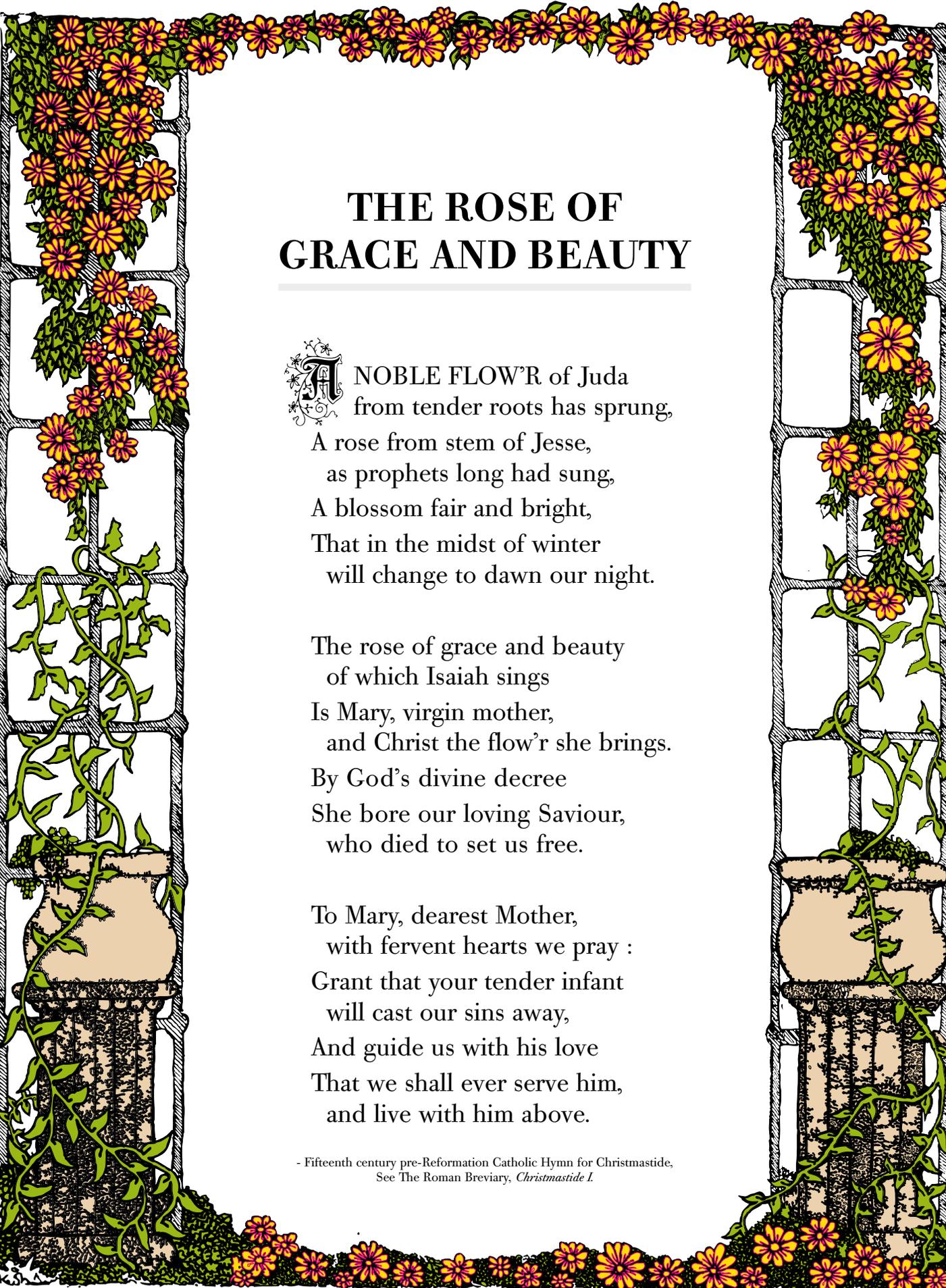
n the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

EASIER TO DESTROY THAN TO BUILD



THERE IS a story about an English high-brow who was a great mathematician and philosopher when he grew up; but he was, to start with, a little boy, and, like other little boys, he went to school. The first night he went to bed in his dormitory he noticed that all the other boys knelt down to say their prayers; but he, having been brought up among the ruthless, thought that to say one's prayers was a piece of old-fashioned and pernicious superstition, and he went to bed without saying his prayers; and all the other boys threw boots at his head and called him a heathen and other rude names; but at the end of the term none of the boys said their prayers.

– Maurice Baring, *Lost Lectures*, London, Peter Davies, 1932, p. 176. Baring, formerly an agnostic, became a Catholic in 1909: 'the only action in my life which I am quite certain I have never regretted.' See *The Puppet Show of Memory*, 1922, pp. 395-396.



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*

CHRISTMAS IN AUSTRALIA

Evidence abounds for the spectacular expansion of superficial atheism across the young and middle-aged in the last five or ten years. We believers are paying for our silence about God, sometimes even in parish sermons, sometimes in school retreats, across many years.

CELEBRATING CHRIST'S BIRTH

By George Cardinal Pell



CHRISTMAS, the celebration of the birth of Jesus 'the anointed one,' has been celebrated for more than two thousand years. We

presume Mary and Joseph remembered Jesus' birthday, which probably was some years before 1 AD, but we're not sure when the Christian communities first celebrated their Founder's birth with a memorial Eucharist. This is lost in the mists of antiquity when pagan emperors ruled the huge Roman Empire around the Mediterranean.

As Christianity spread across countries and continents and moved through the centuries, the circumstances surrounding the feast varied enormously. Jesus was born in the northern hemisphere during the cold winter season according to Catholic tradition. Many older Australians grew up with Bing Crosby dreaming of a 'white Christmas,' but Jesus comes in Australia in the heat of our summer, even if we still have roast turkey and plum pudding for dinner – a

meal much better suited to the cold of Ireland or England than to any part of our continent.

Christmas has been celebrated in times of peace, like today, and in times of war. During the First World War, the centenary



of whose final armistice we have just commemorated, the Allied and German soldiers stopped the hostilities on Christmas day 1914 to sing carols – especially Silent Night – and play soccer. The authorities never allowed this to be repeated for the duration of that ruinous

conflict which saw 17 million deaths.

Catholics gather for Christmas Masses in Africa, where the Faith numbers are growing neck and neck with expanding Islam. In the Philippines, a majority Catholic culture, the Christmas decorations actually feature Mary and Jesus and Joseph rather than Holly and Santa Claus, but in North Korea I suspect the Christmas Jesus would be invisible publicly.

In South America the popular religious traditions still love our Lady and remember the birth of her Son despite the spread of anti-catholic Protestantism and even in the Western world, to which Australia belongs, where Christianity seems tired, battered into silence by scandals and political defeats, Christmas remains

the most important civic holiday period.

Catholic congregations, at least in Sydney, will double or treble their size on the big day and hundreds of thousands will come during Advent in the evenings to see the Christmas light display on the façade of the

cathedral while many go inside this beautiful church for a look or a prayer or simply for a moment of peace and quiet reflection.

What exactly are we celebrating on Christmas 2018? What elements of the Christmas message should be emphasised in the Australia of today?

All Christians have to start from the Scriptures, especially the new Testament and this is true for Catholics too. The second Vatican Council beautifully explained the unity of tradition and scripture around Christ the Word of God.

It was writers drawn from the Christian communities who produced the Gospels and Epistles in the early decades after our Lord's crucifixion as Jesus himself did not leave any writing, and it was the church authority and communities who very slowly, over more than 250 years, decided which writings should be recognised as inspired by the Holy Spirit.

Today we have a couple of volumes of apocryphal writings which aspired to official status and were rejected. Sometimes the writings was so weird that the decision to exclude was easy but in other cases the decision was difficult. Many were unsure whether John's Apocalypse should be recognised as revelation inspired by the Holy Spirit.

Revelation ended with the last New Testament book to be written and no one, neither prince nor pauper, not even the Pope, has the right to override scriptural teaching. Every Christian stands under the Word of God in the Scriptures as it is explained in the Catholic creeds and tradition.

In many ways Luke's Gospel has the most beautiful and sensitive account of Jesus's life death and resurrection and he certainly has the fullest account of Jesus's birth and the earlier Annunciation to Our Lady by the Archangel Gabriel of her divine pregnancy.

Mary and Joseph were in Bethlehem for the Roman Census and it was then that she gave birth

Testing the Validity of Truth

IT IS NOT wonderful then, that, while I can prove Christianity divine to my own satisfaction, I shall not be able to force it upon anyone else. Multitudes indeed I ought to succeed in persuading of its truth without any force at all, because they and I start from the same principles, and what is a proof to me is a proof to them; but if any one starts from any other principles but ours, I have not the power to change his principles, or the conclusion which he draws from them, any more than I can make a crooked man straight. Whether his mind will ever grow straight, whether I can do anything towards its becoming straight, whether he is not responsible, responsible to his Maker, for being mentally crooked, is another matter; still the fact remains, that, in any inquiry about things in the concrete, men differ from each other, not so much in the soundness of their reasoning as in the principles which govern its exercise, that those principles are of a personal character, that where there is no common measure of minds, there is no common measure of arguments, and that the validity of proof is determined, not by any scientific test, but by the illative sense [i.e. the human power of judging and drawing conclusions. *Ed.*].

Accordingly, instead of saying that the truths of Revelation depend on those of Natural Religion, it is more pertinent to say that *belief* in revealed truths depends on *belief* in natural. Belief is a state of mind; belief generates belief; states of mind correspond to each other; the habits of thought and the reasonings which lead us on to a higher state of belief than our present, are the very same which we already possess in connexion with the lower state. Those Jews became Christians in Apostolic times who were already what may be called cryptoChristians; and those Christians in this day remain Christian only in name, and (if it so happen) at length fall away, who are nothing deeper or better than men of the world, *savants*, literary men, or politicians.

— Blessed John Henry Cardinal Newman, *An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent*, Image Books, New York, 1955, p.321.

to her son in a stable, probably a cave, because there was no room with Joseph's relatives or in the local inn because of the visitors for the Census.

The shepherds nearby who were looking after their flocks had nothing in common with the aristocratic youth of pagan Roman antiquity, whom we often see in statues of the Good Shepherd, with a manicured lamb around his shoulders. The Bethlehem shepherds were from the other end of the social spectrum, regularly suspected of causing trouble to passers-by during their long boring hours in the countryside.

Jesus later explained that his message was to be offered first of all to the poor and the simple, so the angel's invitation to the shepherds to visit the helpless child in the swaddling clothes was symbolic.

Here at the beginning, the last were the first to visit.

The angels, too, praised and glorified God in the highest, and proclaimed peace on earth especially for those of goodwill.

We don't find any account in Luke's Gospel of the visit of the wise men from the East, sometimes depicted as three kings. Matthew's account does not even explain that there were three visitors, but that they brought three gifts, of gold incense and myrrh. It is a more likely conjecture that they were searchers for the truth, perhaps from Persia, modern Iran, or maybe even from India.

Astrologers tried to identify the future from the study of the stars, and astrology was seen as a respectable pursuit for many centuries, with even the great seventeenth century English

scientist Isaac Newton, who discovered the laws of gravity, taking a serious interest in the topic.

Two thousand years ago, these, probably astrologers, certainly searchers for the truth, left the comforts and familiarity of their homes to travel thousands of kilometres before they discovered and revered the newborn Christ.

They figure prominently in nearly all our cribs dressed in splendid uniforms, sometimes with one of them depicted as an African to remind us of the universality of the call to faith, and of the need to find a meaning for living.

Happiness does not follow inevitably because a person is prosperous or well-educated. The need for meaning is universal, even if Richard Dawkins believes this is a stupid question. Why are so many young men suiciding in Australia and in the United States? Why is there so much unhappiness?

The apparently confident refusal to take an interest in the religious question, which is quite different from a passionate rejection of God, is a special problem today, not just for those who want to hand on the Christian faith but those who are disinterested. Do they recognise the vacuum? What will fill this vacuum?

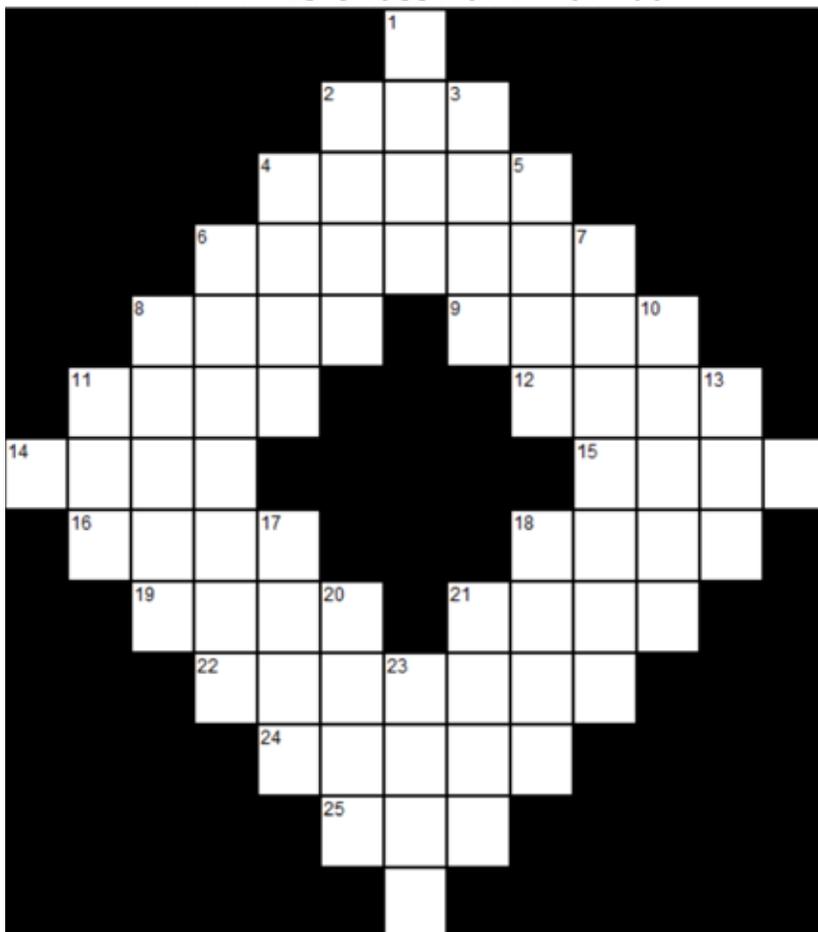
Evidence abounds for the spectacular expansion of superficial atheism across the young and middle-aged in the last five or ten years. We believers are paying for our silence about God, sometimes even in parish sermons, sometimes in school retreats, across many years.

At a recent Year Twelve retreat for boys in a middle-class Catholic school two thirds claimed to be atheists, while the remaining third was divided between those who believed in God, and those who were unsure.

I wonder, how many of them will come to Christmas Mass to celebrate Christ's birth?

HIS EMINENCE GEORGE CARDINAL PELL is Prefect of the Secretariat for the Economy of the Holy See. He is affectionately remembered by the Catholics of Melbourne and Sydney as their former Archbishop.

ANNALS CROSSWORD NO. 105



Across clues

- 2 To obstruct or prevent
- 4 One of Paul's companions
(2 Cor 8:23)
- 6 Highest part of tall woody plant
- 8 Fibre used to make rope or matting
- 9 Type of frost
- 11 One of the nomadic people of
Northern Scandinavia
- 12 Knot in a tree trunk
- 14 Very small
- 15 The Southern Cross
- 16 Amphibian
- 18 Baby carriage
- 19 Makes mistakes
- 21 Monetary unit of Iran
- 22 Northern soldiers in the American
Civil War
- 24 Furuncles
- 25 Drily humorous; sardonic

Down clues

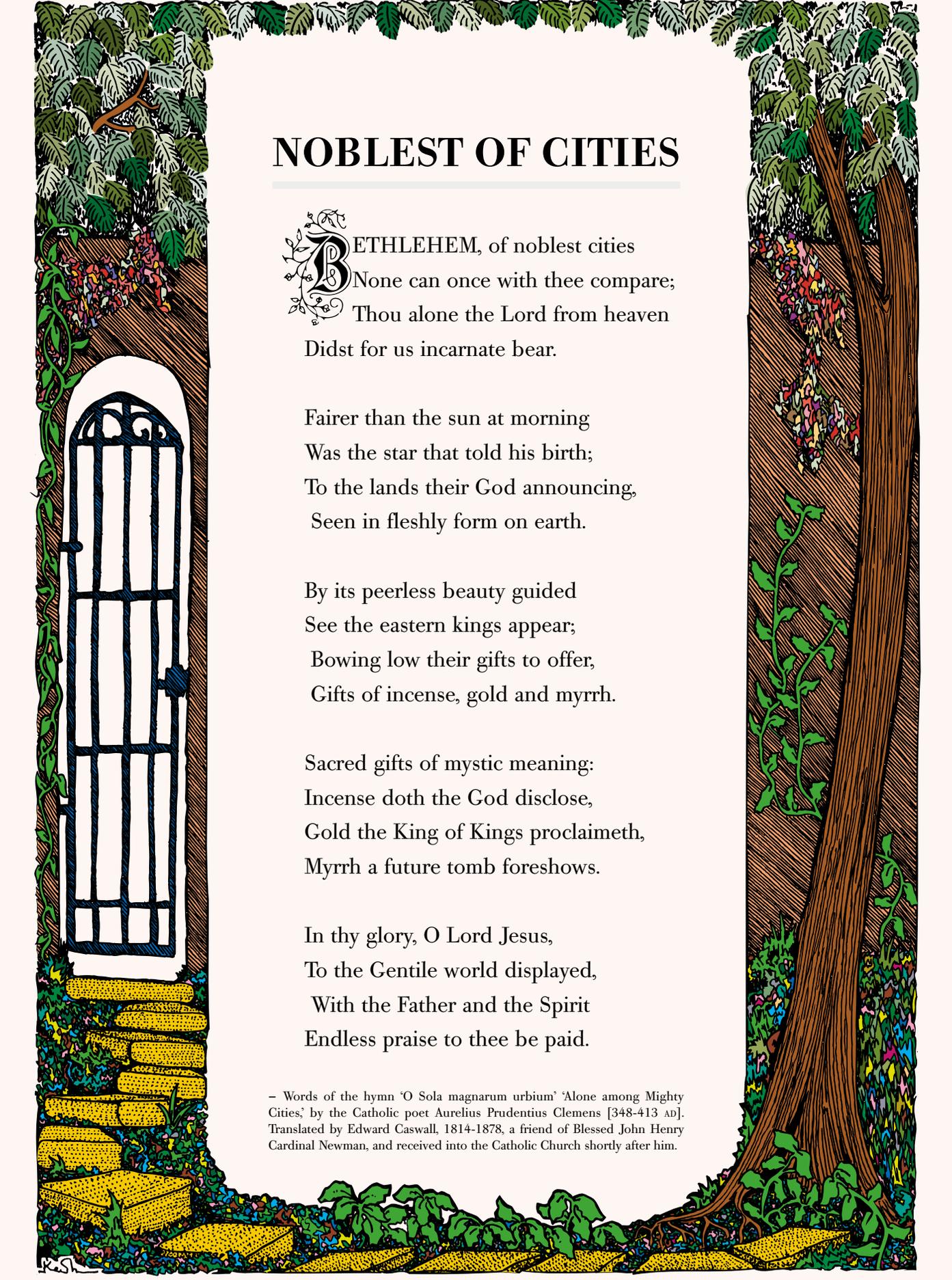
- 1 Inevitable destiny
- 2 Platform for a coffin
- 3 Moabite woman, an ancestor of David
- 4 Stumble
- 5 Timid, cowardly person (slang)
- 6 Bushes cut into decorative shapes
- 7 Early Christian martyr;
a London train station
- 8 Paddle boat
- 10 Relating to the country
- 11 Set fire to
- 13 Alcohol made from sugar cane
- 17 Dull and dingy
- 18 Baked goods
- 20 Flakes of ice crystals
- 21 Have confidence in
- 23 Scottish church

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Two coinages

THERE ARE two different coinages in circulation, Gods and the world's – each with its own distinctive marking. Unbelievers carry the stamp of the world; while the faithful in love bear the stamp of God the Father, through Jesus Christ.

– St Ignatius of Antioch, *Letter to the Magnesians*, 5, 2.



NOBLEST OF CITIES

BETHLEHEM, of noblest cities
None can once with thee compare;
Thou alone the Lord from heaven
Didst for us incarnate bear.

Fairer than the sun at morning
Was the star that told his birth;
To the lands their God announcing,
Seen in fleshly form on earth.

By its peerless beauty guided
See the eastern kings appear;
Bowing low their gifts to offer,
Gifts of incense, gold and myrrh.

Sacred gifts of mystic meaning:
Incense doth the God disclose,
Gold the King of Kings proclaimeth,
Myrrh a future tomb foreshows.

In thy glory, O Lord Jesus,
To the Gentile world displayed,
With the Father and the Spirit
Endless praise to thee be paid.

– Words of the hymn ‘O Sola magnarum urbium’ ‘Alone among Mighty Cities,’ by the Catholic poet Aurelius Prudentius Clemens [348-413 AD]. Translated by Edward Caswall, 1814-1878, a friend of Blessed John Henry Cardinal Newman, and received into the Catholic Church shortly after him.

BOOK REVIEW

Aged 36, he was killed in action, leading his platoon in what became the taking of Mont St Quentin, the most daring offensive planned by General Sir John Monash in the final phases of the war. Healy was buried where he fell, close to Sword Wood; his remains were later transferred to the New British Cemetery at Assevillers – Plot 2. Row F. Grave 6.

THE ONE AND ONLY

PAEAN FOR A FALLEN OLYMPIC HERO

By James Murray



AMONG THE many works that have marked the 100th Anniversary of the Great War of 1914-1918, John Devitt-Larry Writer's *Cecil*

Healy: A Biography comes late, but it is by no means least.

It is a labour of love that is not lost; it fulfils its sub-title: *The Epic Tale of Australia's Only Olympic Gold Medallist to Die at War*.

'Tale'? Given the meticulous scope of the work, your reviewer would have preferred 'chronicles'. In any case, like all enduring biographies, it not only depicts its subject, but is a social history of its subject's era, in this case the era before the Great War which DH Lawrence called a 'great wave of civilisation breaking'. Certainly it swept away millions in riptides of blood, and left millions more mourning.

John Devitt's prologue relates the circumstances of Lieutenant Cecil Healy's death in action on August 29, 1918, linking it to the 1912 Stockholm Olympics where Healy won silver in the 100 metres freestyle (against the Hawaiian Duke Kahanamoku's gold) and gold in the 4x200 metres relay.

With Larry Writer, Devitt moves on to survey the society into which Cecil Patrick Healy was born in

Cecil Healy: A Biography, By John Devitt and Larry Writer
Stoke Hill Press. Available from:
www.stokehillpress.com or wherever good books are sold. rrp hb \$39.95.

1881, fourth of seven children of a family of lawyers whose fortunes were modified by grog and gambling.

Above all, Healy's was a society of swimmers; his first baptism was into the Catholic Church, his

second into the Natator Nation – a term inspired by his first official swim at the Sydney Natatorium.

Eh? The Natatorium (now a car park) was an underground facility in Pitt Street, Sydney, one of the many inland, beach and floating pools the authors cite to demonstrate that swimming dominated, despite wowsers, cops, arrests and sharks, and went back to the indigenous swimmers of pre-European settlement.

They also show the well-organised nature of local, amateur swimming: in an era of trains, steamships and shoe-lace budgets, it was extended through the Olympic Games with competitions in the United States, mainland Europe and the United Kingdom.

In Glasgow, prices doubled when Healy swam; in Dundee, a record crowd turned out to watch him swim, despite the counter attraction of Winston Churchill's addressing his constituents.

In the Devitt-Writer work, there's material for a Netflix series, one potential highlight the evolution of the Australian crawl (now freestyle) and surf life-saving; another the advent of Healy's Olympic rival (and friend) Duke Kahanamoku, also a famed body surfer and board surfer.

When he arrived in Sydney, there was disappointment that he had



not brought his mighty redwood surfboard. No problem: he shaped another from local timber and duly showed his style at Manly – ‘seven miles from Sydney, a thousand miles from care.’

Perhaps the most hilarious Netflix scenes would be the clown frolics that preceded the serious swimming.

These anticipated the British comedy, *Swimming with Men* now on release which gets its effect from Olympic Synchronous Swimming, invented by Australia’s Hollywood star Annette Kellerman, later played in a bio-pic by another star, Esther Williams.

In a rare omission, neither rates a mention though the Australian swimmers Fanny Durack, Mina Wylie and Jennie Taylor are accorded their due accolade as Olympians.

For aficionados of statistics the book is omniscient. Times and conditions of every contest are given, raising the question whether records set then, allowing for varying pool lengths and turns, starts and finishes, would not stand against modern records.

The depth of research (aided by the eminent sports historian, Ian Heads) is shown in the description of how the outbreak of the Great War played havoc with the Anti-Lunch Brigade whose members preferred swimming at the Domain Municipal Baths to eating.

‘The German steamer *Elsass*, at anchor in Woolloomooloo Bay, to avoid being impounded and its crew imprisoned was ordered to quit Australian waters. At 7.30 am on August 4 in its haste to flee, the *Elsass* crashed into the baths with a dull, grinding crunch, demolishing 2.5 metres of heavy, hardwood fencing, planking and piles. Without stopping to inspect, let alone pay, for the damage, the captain of the ship went full steam ahead for the heads and the open sea...’

Another notable element is Healy’s journalism, particularly his prescient essay, *The Peace of Europe*, based on his travels there; published in 1913, it urged the need for preparations to counter Germany’s aggression. His prescience also covered the key part the United States would play in any future war. Overall, the essay (plus his sports journalism) suggests strongly his eligibility for inclusion

behind the lines in which troupes (as distinct from troops) such as the Anzac Coves, Cheer-O Girls and Dum Dum Dinkums entertained.

Healy competed more or less seriously and must also be mentioned for swimming in the Cam, when attending an officer-training course at Cambridge University, and in the Somme while on active service.

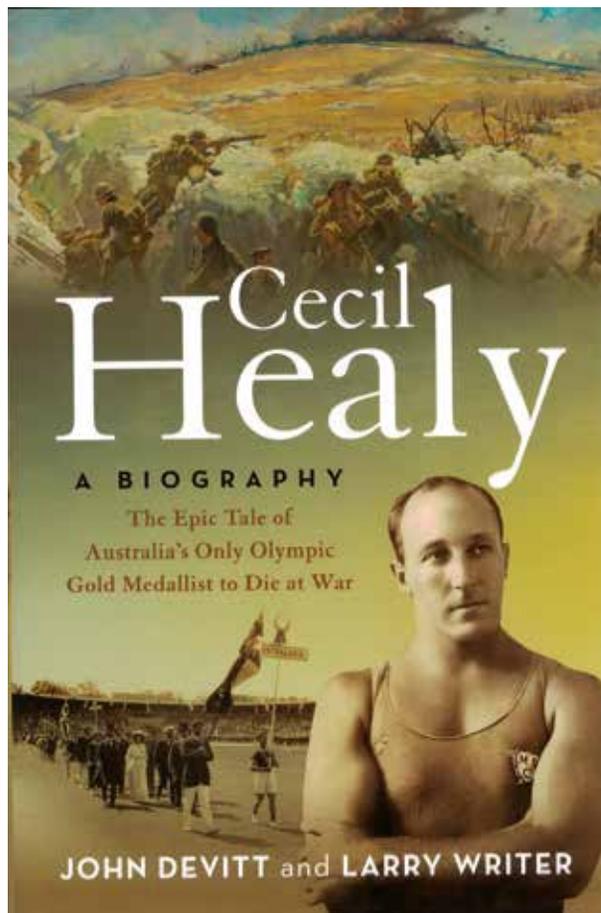
Originally posted to quartermaster duties in Egypt, Healy volunteered for front line service and was posted to the 19th Battalion – the Fighting Nineteenth. Aged 36, he was killed in action, leading his platoon in what became the taking of Mont St Quentin, the most daring offensive planned by General Sir John Monash in the final phases of the war.

Healy was buried where he fell, close to Sword Wood; his remains were later transferred to the New British Cemetery at Assevillers – Plot 2. Row F. Grave 6.

Posthumously, Healy exploits resulted in reports (fake news was not invented yesterday) that he had lead a unit of swimmers in a trans-Somme assault.

As a double Olympic Gold Medallist (Melbourne 1956, Rome 1960), John Devitt AM knows the value of pacing and the final, winning burst. He and Larry Writer (*wunderkind* author turned veteran literary coach?) display them in the final pages of their work.

They quote a letter dated September 5 1918 to Cecil Healy’s brother Harold from ‘Reverend Father Francis Clune’ (more exactly, Chaplain-Major Francis Clune CP who won the Military Cross while on duty throughout the war):



in the Australian Media Hall of Fame as an addition to his status in the Sport Australia Hall of Fame and the International Swimming Hall of Fame.

His personal letters are a vivid tribute to his education at St Aloysius College. By email standards the style may be elevated; had Healy been able to go to university, however, he would not have needed remedial English.

Mixed with letters from the field and its hazards are accounts of hilarious and serious sports events

‘Lieutenant Cecil Healy was one of my flock, and a man who was respected by everybody. He died the death of a hero with his face towards the enemy. He was not only a truly brave soldier, but also a faithful son of Mother Church to the end. I laid him to rest, surrounded as far as possible, in the ceremonies of the Church. He had been to his religious duties the Sunday before the end came. I have said Mass for the repose of his soul. May the good God give you the strength to bear the heavy cross that has fallen to your lot.’

And on September 23, hundreds of mourners attended a Requiem Mass for Cecil Patrick Healy at Sydney’s St Mary’s Cathedral – ‘just up the hill from the Domain baths’.

The Last Post was sounded – prelude surely to the final Reveille of resurrection. With it, your reviewer takes the liberty of mingling summaries from John Devitt’s postscript.

First, Cecil Healy left an estate of £341 for division between his mother Annie and his friend Muriel Maitland (who never married): she gave her share to Annie whose death meant distribution to siblings through the executor of the estate, Harold Healy.

Second, John Devitt arranged to have Cecil Healy’s name added to his own on the new indoor pool at the upgraded Manly Aquatic Centre.

These grace notes are characteristic of the generosity that imbues the entire work; it makes it a must-read for anyone seeking a history of more benign days as well as a focus on rare facets of the War to end War whose treaty terms begot a sequel 25 years after 1914; they lacked a crucial factor: the goodwill innate to Benedict XV’s attempts to mediate peace in 1916 and again in 1917.

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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Christians by Implication

I HAVE NO CONFIDENCE, then, in philosophers who cannot help being religious, and are Christians by implication. They sit at home, and reach forward to distances which astonish us; but they hit without grasping, and are sometimes as confident about shadows as about realities. They have worked out by a calculation the lie of a country which they never saw, and mapped it by means of a gazetteer; and like blind men, though they can put a stranger on his way, they cannot walk straight themselves, and do not feel it quite their business to walk at all.

– Blessed John Henry Cardinal Newman, *An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent*, Longmans Green & Co, 1892, pp.93-94

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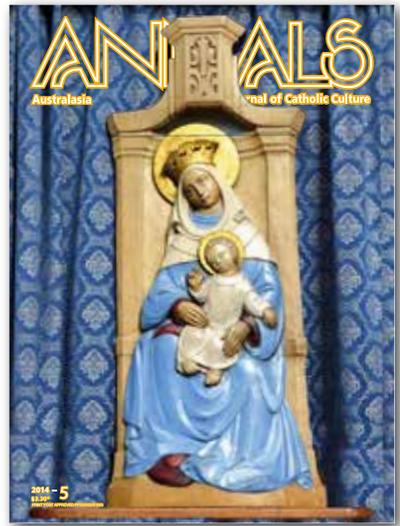
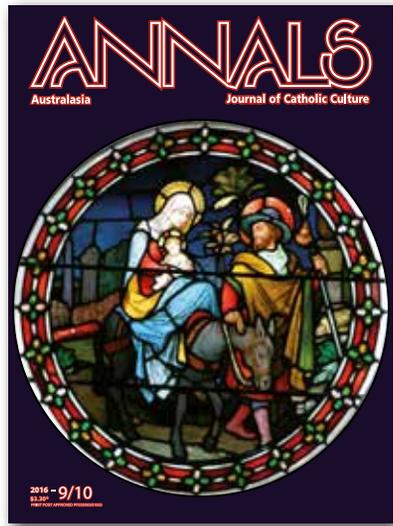
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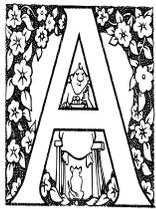


BECOMING MORE DEPRESSED?

There is the wide horizon of the transcendent world – God, the Blessed Virgin, the angels and saints, waiting and listening to prayers of the heart. These realities have been perennial lights in the Catholic worldview for millennia and even psychologists have finally noticed!

PROZAC/PRAAYER?

By Wanda Skowronska



DECADE AGO the World Health Organisation predicted that depression would become the leading cause of ill health in the world – by 2020. It seems their prediction has come true, all too soon:

Depression is the leading cause of ill health and disability worldwide. More than 300 million people are now living with depression, an increase of more than 18% between 2005 and 2015.¹

In Australia, according to the latest estimates from the World Health Organization (WHO), 1.3 million Australians (5.9% of the population) are experiencing a depressive disorder and if one includes co-morbid conditions such as anxiety – probably around 3 million.²

Apparently, this is the highest rate of depression among countries in the Western Pacific Region, with New Zealand following close behind.³ What is particularly worrying, as the Black Dog Institute reports, is the rising rate of depression (and other mental health problems) among young people in Australia.⁴

Apart from some having a tendency to depressive disorders, there are, of course, many reasons to trigger depression – fragmentation of family and relationships, as well as social, economic and psychological burdens of different kinds. There

are organisations helping young people with depression – Beyond Blue, Head Space and the Black Dog Institute – all receiving government funding.

When we look, however, at how non-depressed young people cope with stress that can lead to depression, what do we find? The Black Dog Institute, mentioned above, found that young people who were non-depressed were more likely to go to close personal connections for help, particularly parents, relatives/ family friends or a brother/sister.⁵ They were also more likely to go to a teacher or

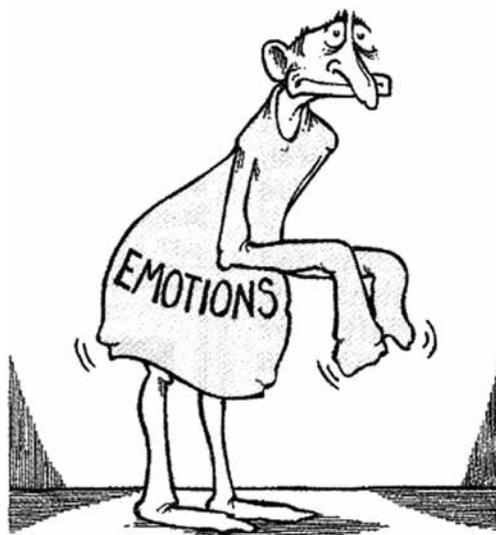
the cyber world seem safer than approaching human beings? Or is it that those seeking cyber help lack the social skills to seek help from a person?

It may well be that young people do not know how to ask for help. In my experience, I found it does not matter how much money the government provides to help young people, if a young person does not have the social skills to ask for help, they will not ask.

That is why I encourage any young person who has finally made it to the counsellor's door, to bring a friend, if they agree to this – and I continue the counselling in pairs. I stress this is only if the child wants it and many do. This creates an initial support network, and has been helpful for the person seeking help in developing the language of how to talk about problems with friends. It involves a rehearsal of help-seeking strategies – rather than masking the sadness with teenage banter.

Of course this does not preclude individual counselling where confidentiality is needed, but it is a start for a person feeling alone – and there are evidently plenty in our society. Some need to practise simple words like 'Hi, I really need to talk to you right now,' or something similar.

For each child the preferred mode of asking for help from adults or peers may differ. In counselling



counsellor.

Interestingly, those with more serious mental illness were more likely to go to the internet and online counselling websites. Why is that? Is it because for some people

sessions I also ask who is in the immediate support network. Some young people need to learn 'how to connect,' step-by-step, as a life-skill.

Psychologist Bruce Compas is lead author of a meta-analysis of more than 200 coping studies that included more than 80,000 young people. In his analysis he found that those who used communication, reaching out and positive strategies when feeling down, coped better with depression and other problems, than those who avoided people and their feelings.⁶

Engagement with others and having consciously articulated coping strategies had buffering effects against depression. That is, it is better to learn what one's coping strategies are, early on in life, for this is a protection against the debilitating effects of depression at all stages of life.

Australian psychologist Erica Frydenberg (incidentally, mother of deputy PM Joel Frydenberg) is one of our leading researchers in this area of coping and resilience and has devised relevant programs for young people. Having lost family in the Holocaust, she would have a keen interest in the subject. Her *Coping and the Challenge of Resilience* (2017) outlines how people, across many age groups, can rehearse their anti-stress strategies before being overwhelmed.

Of course some may question the need for teaching communication strategies – aren't we the most connected generation ever? Don't we have smartphones, instagram, snapchat, twitter and twitch – and don't we seek second opinions on problems after we first consult Dr Google? Well, yes, in one way. But while facebook and packaged information may give instant gratification, deeper communication is another thing altogether.

Perhaps the digital world is the culprit, eroding the social skills that young people had previously. Is there a need to rediscover 'real talk,' to name fears and anxieties, to relearn how to use 'non digital' time, to do something for the soul

Vegetating

TELEVISION, radio, and all the sources of amusement and information that surround us in our daily lives are also artificial props. They can give us the impression that our minds are active, because we are required to react to stimuli from the outside. But the power of those external stimuli to keep us going is limited. They are like drugs. We grow used to them, and we continuously need more and more of them. Eventually, they have little or no effect. Then, if we lack resources within ourselves, we cease to grow intellectually, morally, and spiritually. And when we cease to grow, we begin to die."

— Mortimer J. Adler, *How to Read a Book: The Classic Guide to Intelligent Reading*

– to disengage sometimes from cyberspace? By the time young people get to see the counsellor – they realise something is radically wrong. They desperately need to relearn deeper, 'real talk'.

Yes, social communication buffers against depression. But that is not all. Many studies do not mention the giant elephant in the room, namely the explicit findings that those having religious belief seem to have significantly lower levels of depression and anxiety.

According to a study conducted by the British Office for National Statistics which questioned more than 300,000 people across the country from 2012 to 2015, there were unexpected results.⁷ According to the study, people from all different faiths are happier (i.e. have well-being, (defined by a lack of depression and anxiety) than those who have no religion – Hindus, Christians, Sikhs and Buddhists were at the top of the league.⁸

Other studies have found this result to be robust across cultures and to be equally true for men as for women.⁹ Dr. Harold G. Koenig, director of the Centre for

Spirituality, Theology and Health at Duke University clarifies that this does not mean that religious people cannot get depressed – but religious people have statistically fewer depressive symptoms when compared with non-religious people. Koenig notes:

People who are more involved in religious practices and who are more religiously committed seem to cope better with stress ... One of the reasons is because [religion] gives people a sense of purpose and meaning in life, and that helps them to make sense of negative things that happen to them.¹⁰

Koenig adds that a person's religious community can provide support and encouragement through hard times. He added that it also depends on how the person is religious – if God is seen as continually punitive or through the lens of a psychotic illness, this is not what he considers religious. Koenig's point is that religious people who regularly integrated their beliefs into their lives, who were connected to the spiritual world, who saw God as merciful, simply have fewer depressive symptoms.

In addition to these findings concerning depression, there are studies on suicide which invite reflection. Researchers Pelham and Nviriri found that those countries that are more religious tend to have lower suicide rates.¹¹

They analysed data from the World Health Organization Mortality Database and the World Values Survey (1981–2007) across 42 countries, as well as a Gallup Poll, to establish levels of 'religiosity' in a given country. Religiosity was defined as religion being important to a person, attendance at a religious service in the past week and stated confidence in religious organisations.

According to this definition, they found a stable pattern – countries that are more religious tend to have lower suicide rates. For example, whereas the Philippines has one of the world's highest religiosity

scores, it has a suicide rate 12 times lower than Japan which has lower religiosity. Paraguayans, who are much more religious than Uruguayans, also have suicide rates about five times lower than in Uruguay.¹²

Of course, the gathering of such statistics begs many questions. But at the very least, lower suicide rates were correlated with religious belief and NOT to income levels.

The power of the spiritual life in promoting resilience is one of the greatest understated realities of our times. Those with a sense of social and spiritual connection cope best with depression, are less likely to commit suicide and fare better psychologically and spiritually. This is becoming better known through researchers such as Kenneth Pargament, Charles Koenig and Martin Seligman, leaders in the field.

That is, when people lose someone to tragic death, or to addictions, when families break up, when loneliness hits – amidst the suffering there is a spiritual anchor. For many it is a ‘spiritual’ family on earth, fellow believers, parishioners, friends and neighbours who ease the sadnesses. And there is the wide horizon of the transcendent world – God, the Blessed Virgin, the angels and saints, waiting and listening to prayers of the heart. These realities have been perennial lights in the Catholic worldview for millennia and even psychologists have finally noticed!

The psychologists do not know how to teach spiritual resilience – but priest and teachers do – through prayer, guided meditation, deepening our relationship with Christ and all that that entails.

So if you think that the rate of depression is rising – perhaps it is apt to also examine the declining rate of religious practice as a significant factor. Our societies are in desperate need of reconnection to the divine dimension at their core. While some need medical help, others who are overwhelmed, may have forgotten, as then Cardinal Ratzinger said:

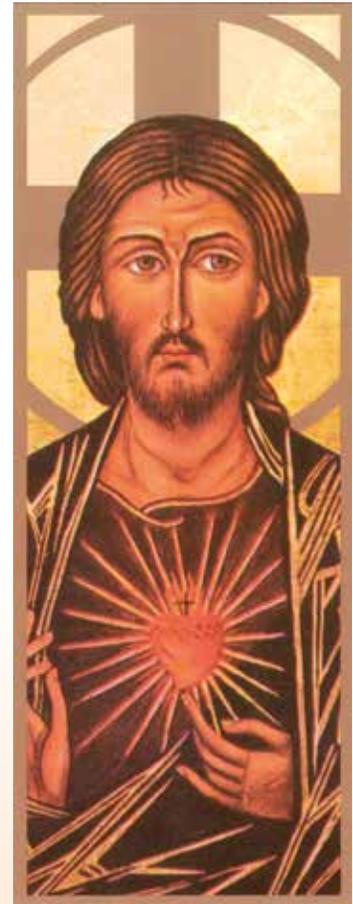
‘Blessed are they that mourn’... It is precisely in the sphere of suffering and mourning that God with his kingdom is particularly close do not be afraid in your distress; God is close to you and he will be your great comfort.¹³

Of course a deep faith does not prevent tragedy in our lives, nor does it prevent all depression, but communication with the spiritual ecology surrounding us is a proven buffer against life’s sufferings. This is a fact, not an opinion. It is not an optional extra – it can literally save our lives – and it is the core of our sanity and strength.

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

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Were we all just so profoundly thankful then in England that we had come through the war more or less unscathed? Was singing carols with real enthusiasm perhaps just our innocent way of thanking God that we still had not just our lives but an admirably resilient country to live in?

AWAY IN A 'MANAGER'

By Giles Auty



ES THAT LINE really was a 'correction' inflicted on me once by my computer – 'manger' no longer being a sufficiently common word.

However rather happily for me I began my writing career in an era before computer technology reached the present dizzying heights whereby your laptop is programmed to 'correct' your spelling – and possibly even your thinking – within a minute fraction of a second.

To me, however, language has always had a kind of sacred integrity dating from the distant days when I started learning Latin at an early age.

Some years ago I recall a would-be Australian intellectual pouring scorn on the learning of classical languages in the pages of *The Australian* – I even kept his article for a while because I could not altogether credit it. His suggestion was basically that all of us would be much better employed learning Aboriginal dialects which, so I believe, number around 600. There were then probably about 300,000 Aborigines to whom such 'clan' dialects might possibly have been at least vaguely familiar. In other words an average of about 500 persons per 'language'.

To me, at least, our would-be intellectual's argument seemed a little bit flawed because until 1964 and Vatican II about three

quarters of a billion people continued to make weekly use of Latin which was until that juncture the universal language of Catholic liturgy – and for me, at least, has always remained preferable to the vernacular versions on the grounds not just of its universality but superior linguistic beauty.

In a recent article for *Annals* I quoted the first verse from that highly lyrical mid 18th century poem known usually as *Gray's Elegy*. But what about this couplet from Alfred Lord Tennyson's *The Princess*: "*The moan of doves in immemorial elms/ And murmuring of innumerable bees*"? As in the case of the former verse this couplet from 1847 remained utterly evocative of the depths of the English countryside a whole century later – in days when I was a child myself living there in fact.

Polemics Unlimited

WHEN ONCE the ancient faith-marks of the Church are lost sight of and despised, any misled theologian may launch out on the boundless sea of polemical vexation.

- The Selected Writings of Sydney Smith, ed. W.H.Auden, Faber and Faber [undated] p.112. Sydney Smith [1771-1845] was an Anglican clergyman, essayist, wit, and founder of The Edinburgh Review.

Elms are most beautiful trees and until the advent of Dutch elm disease punctuated the myriad lanes and fields of rural England with their unique and ineffable beauty.

In my holidays from boarding school I cycled regularly to the home of a professional artist who first taught me the procedures of a proper working studio. His house, studio and grounds were compellingly beautiful and were located moreover on the edge of a hamlet called Old Wives' Lees. Who could invent such a name? At lunchtime the artist's wife brought us sandwiches filled with honey sourced from their own beehives and washed down with a tankard of ale.

When the time came finally to cycle home I was drunk not from the lunchtime refreshment but from the evocative sights, sounds and smells of the – in those days – utterly unspoilt Kentish countryside where I basically grew up. I was in love, in short, with the immemorial – to borrow that handy adjective from Lord Tennyson – beauty of life itself.

Australia is a land itself of often startling beauty but being relatively new in terms of European settlement tends to lack a sufficiency of fine old buildings. Because of the relative toughness of life here subsequent phases of building have further tended to be utilitarian or even downright ugly and those given charge of both the built and the natural environment these days are also often inadequately trained.

We have forgotten what Justice means

ACCUSATIONS of long-ago sexual crime have become a sort of industry in this country. People are so horrified by them that they almost always believe them. Because the crime is so foul, we stop thinking. To their shame, police and prosecutors use our horror to get easy convictions, when they must know that their cases are weak. The less actual evidence they have, the more they stress the disgusting nature of the alleged crime. And they forget to remind us that it is alleged, not proved. Equally shamefully, judges do not stop these trials and juries leave their brains at the door. They convict not because they are sure the case has been proved beyond reasonable doubt, but because they are angry and revolted. I am miserably sure there are disturbing numbers of people in British prisons now, prosecuted on such charges, who are innocent of the accusations against them. It is our fault, because we have forgotten what justice is supposed to be like, and that, if we do not guard it in our hearts, it will perish in the country. This is why I have spent a shockingly large part of my life in the past two years trying to rescue the reputation of a dead bishop, George Bell of Chichester.

– Peter Hitchens, 'Top Hats and Kierkegaard - Some Thoughts on a Buckingham Palace Garden Party,' *Daily Mail*, 17 December 2017.

Australia needs a proper understanding of beauty not just in all forms of domestic art and architecture but no less urgently in areas such as our total domestic environment. For example, beautiful and intelligently planted gardens do not necessarily cost any more than awkward and crass examples yet make a compelling visual difference to the lives and wellbeing of everyone around them.

In my first year at boarding school, I found myself for the first and last time in my life called upon to sing in a choir and was at that juncture able to sing part-song more or less in tune. Unfortunately when my voice broke it seemed to plumb uncharted depths but well before that happened I recall the pleasure of singing carols I have never subsequently encountered e.g. *The boar's head in hand bear I, decked in sage and rosemary* with each verse followed by a resounding chorus in Latin.

With just a bit of effort I can also recall at least some of the words of other fairly obscure carols I have probably never heard subsequently. These were sung nevertheless with great enthusiasm during the years immediately following the Second World War.

Were we all just so profoundly thankful then in England that we had come through the war more or less unscathed? Was singing carols with real enthusiasm perhaps just our innocent way of thanking God that we still had not just our lives but an admirably resilient country to live in?

The building of the 600 Gothic cathedrals and great churches which continue to grace Western and central Europe and Britain was largely complete by the mid 14th century often incorporating techniques we can still only marvel at today.

The great Gothic cathedrals of England thus preceded the birth of Shakespeare by at least two centuries. However, suddenly in recent months post-modernists in Australia and elsewhere have begun criticizing a number of the latter's plays on the grounds of their 'racism'.

Like so-called homophobia, racism is a supposedly unforgivable sin of recent invention based almost entirely on the teachings of Karl Marx rather than those of any Christian God. To me homophobia simply and literally means 'fear of the same' from its entirely Greek origin but as with almost all of

post-modernist language the word is loaded with implications which attempt to compel us to think in certain, usually very narrow and logically imperfect ways. By contrast, it is held quite rightly that the greatest art is essentially ageless.

Shakespeare used the imagery of his time which was available to illustrate themes *which in themselves often transcend time*. Thus for most Australians the topography of the battles between the English and French which feature in Shakespeare's *Henry V*, say, is probably hard to imagine whereas for me, having been born in Kent, they are almost second nature. I have crossed the English Channel to France what seem innumerable times and know the French roads which lead to Poitiers, say, and Agincourt especially well.

If I had been born roughly five centuries earlier I might well have been an archer myself in the last-mentioned battle so that Shakespeare's words from *Henry V* "*He that hath no stomach to this fight / Let him depart; his passport shall be made, / And crowns for convoy be put into his purse*" continue to have an absolutely clear, more or less contemporary meaning for me.

The coming of St. Augustine to England in 597 AD and his landing in Kent was prompted by Pope Gregory the Great's desire to convert the heathen English to Christianity. From such a juncture the literal birth of Christ Himself also becomes easier to imagine – albeit in a fairly distant land. But the Romans, of course, shortly provided a well-established link between the two countries.

In post-modernist times in Australia and elsewhere it has become the sorry habit of Marxists and other avowed atheists to dismiss the Christian story as mere, unsubstantiated superstition yet were not Australian Aboriginals physically established in this country 40 or even 50 thousand years ago?

Why therefore is the well-documented and relatively much more recent birth of Christ held

to be in any doubt to anyone whatsoever? I have personally seen Aboriginal drawings of an animal – a giant wombat – which has been extinct now for at least 8,000 years in a remote cave situated in the sandstone hills of Cape York and am thus in no doubt at all that such an animal existed historically.

Long-established history endorses almost all of the factual details of the Christian story and it has only been since the birth of Karl Marx 200 years ago that the truth and validity of the Christian narrative has come under much ignorant and sustained attack in the Western world.

The undoubted historic existence of Christ and the development of a Christian world with its own unique set of beliefs and morality was, of course, seen by Marx as the greatest obstacle to his alternative plans for humanity which involved, among other matters, the denial of the central importance of marriage and the family and the substitution of an entirely godless Marxist world in which Christianity and a long-established ethical system was soon to be crushed by force – a process which began in earnest in Russia a little more than a century ago now.

On the evidence of the horrors of communist Russia – and of communist everywhere else – the human race has never benefited in any way whatsoever from the teachings of Marx. So why are his theories forced down the throats of our children and young adults so consistently now in Australia?

Well may you ask.

Indeed here we find ourselves today in Australia, an historic democracy, being strangled slowly by Marxism in disguise which is the sinister, underlying reality of post-modernism.

On the recent occasion of Remembrance Sunday Australia's *Sunday Telegraph* bore the following headline: **DIGGERS LEFT A LEGACY THAT WILL NEVER BE FORGOTTEN** – but I beg to disagree. The Australia our gallant servicemen and women fought for in two world wars was on the whole

How to Walk in the Way of Light

FOR THE WAY of Light, a man who would make the pilgrimage to his appointed home must put his whole heart into his work. To aid our steps on the road, illumination has been given to us then - love your Maker; fear your Creator; give glory to him who redeemed you from death. Practise singleness of heart, and a richness of the spirit. Shun the company of those who walk in the Way of Death. Abhor anything that is displeasing to God, and hold every form of hypocrisy in detestation. Be sure that you never depart from the commandments of the Lord. Do not exaggerate your own importance, but be modest at all points, and never claim credit for yourself. Cherish no ill-natured designs upon your neighbour. Forbid yourself any appearance of presumption.

Love your neighbour more than your own life. Never do away with an unborn child, or destroy it after its birth. Do not withhold your hand from your son or your daughter, but bring them up in the fear of God from their childhood. Do not cast covetous eyes on a neighbour's possessions. Do not be greedy for gain. Do not set your heart on being intimate with the great, but look for the company of people who are humble and virtuous. Whatever experience comes your way, accept it as a blessing, in the certainty that nothing can happen without God. Never equivocate, either in thought or speech. A double tongue is a fatal snare.

Give your neighbour a share of all you have, and do not call anything your own. If you and he participate together in things immortal, how much more so in things that are mortal? Never be in a hurry to speak, for the tongue is a fatal snare. For your soul's sake, be as pure as you can. Do not be one of those who stretch out their hands to take, but draw back when the time comes for giving. Cherish as the apple of your eye anyone who expounds the word of the Lord to you.

Day and night keep the day of judgment in mind. Seek the company of God's people every day; either labouring by word of mouth-that is to say, by going among them for purposes of exhortation, and striving to save souls by the power of speech-or else working with your hands, to earn a ransom for your own sins.

Never hesitate to give; and when you are giving, do it without grumbling; you will soon find out who can be generous with his rewards. Keep the traditions you have received, without making any additions or deductions of your own. Never cease to detest evil. Make your decisions fairly and uprightly. Do nothing to encourage dissensions. Bring the disputants together and compose their quarrel. And make confession of your own faults; you are not to come to prayer with a bad conscience. That is the Way of Light.

– A reading from the epistle attributed to St Barnabas, Chapter 19, 1-3; 5-7; 8-12.

a vastly better and more deserving country in almost every respect than the one we live in today.

The old, 'steady-as-she-goes' Australia has been betrayed by our educators who were probably betrayed themselves by those who educated them.

In my two recent books published by Connor Court, I ask how many of our teachers and lecturers have ever visited any full-blown communist country in its prime? Before we even met my wife and I had travelled and worked in a number of communist countries before the system 'apparently' collapsed or temporarily appeared modified for the better.

In the land of Australia's biggest current trading partner Catholicism

remains banned: communism simply cannot cope with vastly superior alternatives.

In wishing a happy and rewarding Christmas to all readers I apologise for presenting the Christian narrative in such simplistic terms. All of you will understand the whole matter much more fully and clearly but I am basically talking of the case of unfortunates who have been persuaded that our faith amounts to mere superstition. So Happy Christmas to them as well.

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

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The imam's efforts to prevent what is called today 'radicalization,' and to forestall the rise of extremist Islamic sects like Al-Shabaab, Boko Haram, the Deobandists and the Taliban, Jemaah Islamiyah, ISIS, al-Qaeda and their Salafist and Wahhabist ilk, led to his being executed at the age of 76 as a heretic ... by Sudanese President Nimeiry, on January 18, 1985.

JOINING SOME OF THE DOTS

By Paul Stenhouse



AS THIS special Christmas issue of *Annals* prepares to go to press, Australian P.M. Scott Morrison has gone on record as saying that 'Islamist extremism ... present[s] the most dangerous form of radicalism in Australia.'¹

He was speaking in the wake of Melbourne's Bourke Street terrorist attack on Saturday November 10, in which Italian restaurateur Mr Sisto Malaspina was stabbed to death, and two other bystanders were wounded, as well as police officers. The Somali-born perpetrator, identified as Hassan Khalif Shire Ali, allegedly came under the influence of ISIS and has been identified by the so-called 'Islamic State' group, as one of its members.

Mr Morrison went on to say that the greatest threat of religious extremism ... is the radical and dangerous ideology of extremist Islam.²

He praised Muslim Australians who were trying to protect their children from radicalisation, and commended 'these Australians for the leadership and courage that I know they have had to show ... often at great risk to themselves and their families.'²

Reaction from some sections of the Muslim community to the response of the PM to the Bourke Street attack was quick. It ranged from the PM's

comments being 'ignorant,' 'politically desperate,'³ 'racist and simplistic,' and 'scapegoating' the Muslim community,⁴ to 'divisive,' 'politicising the incident,' and 'using it for political gain.'⁵

Australia's Grand Mufti Ibrahim Abu Mohamed 'rejected government calls for Muslim community leaders to do more to combat radicalism,'⁶ and said that the PM's comments 'constituted "serious discrimination" against Australia's Muslim community'.⁷

Labor MP Anne Aly said that Mr Morrison needed to do 'a little bit

of terrorism 101 ... and know what he's talking about before he starts dividing communities and pointing fingers at radical Islam.'⁸

Yet radical Sunni Islam, the political face of Islam, is the proverbial 'elephant in the room'; and it is radical Islam, not the PM, that is dividing the community.

The few thoughts that follow are inspired and encouraged by a courageous Sudanese Imam, Mahmoud Muhammad Taha, who foresaw the situation faced today by Sunni Muslim communities and their democratic host countries.

The imam's efforts to prevent what is today called 'radicalization,' and to forestall the rise of extremist Islamic sects like Al-Shabaab, Boko Haram, the Deobandists⁹ and the Taliban, Jemaah Islamiyah, ISIS, and al-Qaeda and their Salafist and Wahhabist ilk, led to his being executed at the age of 76 as a heretic, by a decision handed down in a mock trial ordered by Sudanese President Nimeiry, on January 18, 1985.¹⁰

Differences

The welcome given to Islamic refugees, and governmental funding of ways to help them integrate into Western democracies, contrast sharply with the wretched conditions under which many non-Muslims or other Muslim minorities, live in countries dominated by Sunni Islamic culture

The Catholic Church was where she is now

MY STRONGHOLD was Antiquity; now here, in the middle of the fifth century, I found, as it seemed to me, Christendom of the sixteenth and the nineteenth centuries reflected. I saw my face in that mirror, and I was a Monophysite. The Church of the Vias Media was in the position of the Oriental communion, Rome was, where she now is; and the Protestants were the Eutyrians.

— John Henry Cardinal Newman, *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, Quoted Ian Ker, *The Achievement of John Henry Newman*, HarperCollins, London, 1991, p.115.

and law – the same Law that many would wish to introduce into Western Societies.

In many Islamic countries non-Muslims and a-political Muslims have to keep their ‘differences’ below the radar in order to go about their lives in peace. Non-Muslim women may be obliged to wear the hijab or burqa if they wish to go out in public; they may also be obliged to travel in a different car from their husbands and other male relatives. Non-Muslims may be forbidden to practise their religion publicly, to bring into the Islamic country prayer books, missals or bibles or even rosary beads, and crucifixes, and are not allowed to buy or to drink alcohol, or eat pork.

In most Western democracies, on the other hand, Muslims have been treated with consideration and respect, often, nevertheless, leading to claims similar to the ones expressed in the aftermath of the Bourke Street attack, that ‘Muslims’ are victims of discrimination because of their religion: that they are being ‘scapegoated’ because they are different in their dress, religious and social laws and customs.

Two assumptions seem to underlie much media coverage of Muslims in non-Islamic societies: that they are, in fact, discriminated against because they are different; and that Islamic societies based on the Qur’an and Islamic Law, respect differences.

Many of the ‘differences’ between Muslims and non-Muslims – polygamy, radical inequality between men and women, arranged marriages, wearing the burqa, niqab and hijab, marriages of minors, so-called pharaonic circumcision, and separation of the sexes in swimming pools and schools and sports events – would have been unfamiliar to the average citizen of all Western democratic host-countries when first encountered.

As unfamiliar as were, years ago, the turbans and beards that Sikh men wear, or the traditional saris of Indian women, or the yarmulke

or skullcap worn by some Jewish men, or the facial and other tattoos of Maoris and some other Pacific Islanders, or the habits worn by Catholic nuns.

Yet, to the best of my knowledge, none of these differences between Sikhs, Indians, Jews, Maoris, Pacific Islanders, or Catholics, and their fellow Australians, prevented or prevents their integration into Australian society, or their being welcomed and accepted.

Not Compatible

The ‘X-factor’ that Western politicians and media – in thrall to political correctness – seem unable or unwilling to confront, is radical Sunni political Islam and its Law.

Far from respecting ‘differences,’ these latter fear and shun them, and brook no opposition or criticism. ‘Differences’ of colour, race, language, religion or political systems that it can’t sideline or ban, radical political Islam obliterates.

Critics are subjected either to character assassination, or to physical intimidation and death. The recent alleged torture and gruesome murder of Saudi journalist Jamal Khashoggi is a case in point.¹¹

And not just critics – also members of vulnerable minorities like Asia Bibi, a poor Catholic wife and mother, in heavily radicalized Muslim Pakistan.

Asia Bibi’s release from gaol after the Supreme Court overturned her 2010 sentencing to death for alleged blasphemy, was delayed, ‘after authorities agreed to prevent her from flying abroad following talks with radical Sunni Islamists who want her publicly hanged.

‘The agreement between the government and the Tehreek-e-Labbaik party was reached in the city of Lahore, where Islamists have been rallying for days.

‘Bibi’s acquittal has posed a challenge to the government of Pakistan’s new prime minister, the former cricketer Imran Khan, who came to power recently ‘partly by pursuing the Islamist agenda.’¹²

Frequently, the fate of Islamic minorities like Shi’a, Ismailis, Druze, Alawites Sufis, Alevis, Zaidis and Ahmadis, is murderous violence¹³ at the hands of their fellow Muslims in many Islamic countries, among them Saudi Arabia, Pakistan, Turkey, Syria and Yemen,¹⁴ and Malaysia.¹⁵

Zaidis, a sect of the Shi’a, represent about 35% of the Muslim population of Yemen, with Sunnis 65%. Houthi rebels who comprise a mix of Zaidi and Sunni, appear to be involved in a political, rather than a sectarian, conflict.

No one should doubt, however, that differences *do* matter to radical political Islamists, especially to Al-Qaeda in the Arabian Peninsular [AQAP] and to ISIS, both of which have joined Saudi Arabia in attacking Zaidis and Sulaimani and Dawoodi Ismailis in Yemen.

And the few Jews remaining in Yemen share the fate of all the minorities and face, like them, an uncertain future.¹⁶

Points of convergence between radical Sunni Islam and despotic totalitarian systems can only be ignored if logic and history are set aside. Tales of families compelled to live under ISIS in Syria and Iraq give the lie to recent claims that Wahhabism or Salafism or Deobandism can be compatible with civilized living in a free, democratic society.

Despite claims to the contrary, many of the Islamic practices that are said to be part of Islamic religious tradition do not take their origin from the Qur’an.

The word ‘hijab,’ for instance, occurs seven times in the Qur’an. On none of those occasions does it mean a head covering for women.¹⁷

Such practices may well be part of the cultural life of an individual Muslim, but they are not all religious or Islamic in origin. Many are derived from the traditions and customs of cultures conquered and assimilated by Islamist armies in the past; some may be derived from hadith or alleged sayings of Muhammad.

Depite this uncertainty, Mullah Rafiullah, head of the religious police of the Taliban in Afghanistan, once had 225 women whipped in a single day for violations of the dress code.¹⁸ They were fortunate not to have been killed.

Tolerance or Indifference

The custom some have of wearing the burqa [covering the body and entire face], niqab [covering the body and the face but revealing the eyes] and hijab [covering the hair and back of the head], is also a matter of dispute among many Muslims in Western host-countries, and in some Islamic countries.¹⁹

It took almost 10 years for the Danish parliament to move on banning the burqa and the niqab or full-face veil. The first attempt to get the parliament to ban them was in 2009. On May 31, this year, by seventy-five votes to 30, the Danish parliament finally banned Islamic full-face veils in public. From August 1, 2018, wearing a burqa or a niqab, has been an offence.

Denmark follows France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Bulgaria, Austria, Tajikistan, Cameroun, Chad, Republic of Congo, Gabon, Latvia and China.

In 2016, in the New South Wales District Court, Judge Audrey Balla ruled against a Muslim woman's wearing the niqab while giving evidence. There has been no ruling on the wearing of the burqa or the hijab by the Australian Parliament.

<> <> <>

Elsewhere in this issue, Professor Jude P. Dougherty reviews John J. Mearsheimer's *The Great Delusion: Liberal Dreams and International Realities*. Its relevance to our topic is self-evident.

Mearsheimer describes a post-Cold War America dedicated to 'regime change' in many Middle Eastern countries, and to turning them into so-called 'liberal democracies,' engineered by U.S. policy makers who, he says, 'know little' about the countries concerned,

'or even the difference between Sunni and Shi'a Islam'. For 'Post-Cold War America,' read 'Australia'.

Summing up, Mearsheimer notes that Washington, under Presidents George W. Bush and Barack Obama, played a key role in 'bringing widespread killing and devastation' throughout the Middle East and beyond.

The secular West is not religionless, but it has too many policy-makers and political parties that behave as if it were. These latter, like their Muslim counterparts, also claim to accept and even welcome 'differences'. They do this in the name of Affirmative Action, Equal Opportunity, Feminism, Multiculturalism, Ethnic Pride, Marriage Equality and myriad politically correct special interest groups; or just plain pragmatism because they need votes.

The West's much vaunted tolerance of 'difference' is often, in reality, a product of thinly disguised indifference, born of incomprehension regarding the present, and ignorance of the past, all shaken up and served with an unhealthy admixture of confusion and an underlying fear – not hatred – of Radical Islam.

A fear that most non-radicalized Muslims, and most common-sensed non-Muslims who have managed to join some of the dots, would share.

A fear that Mahmoud Muhammad Taha may well have allayed, had he not been brutally killed by the extremism he strove to eliminate from Islam.

A former radicalized young British Muslim, Ed Husain, who founded the world's first anti-extremism think tank, *Quilliam* in 2008, has advice for all concerned about radical political Islam and terrorism:

We cannot reverse the rising tide of jihadism unless we uproot its theology and ideology ... As long as the House of Islam provides shelter for Salafi jihadis the rest of the world will attack Islam and Muslims ... As long as

Muslims tolerate their presence, we will give licence even to the ideologues in both the East and West to conflate Islam with Salafi-jihadism. More Muslims will turn to jihadism, and another generation will be lost. We need to cleanse our mosques, publishing houses, schools, websites, satellite TV stations, madrases and ministries of Salafi-jihadi influences. Unless we do, Islamophobia will continue to rise, and we cannot complain when the West repeatedly suggests that Muslims are suspect. Unless we do, no matter how much Muslims protest, they will continue to share the opprobrium heaped on those who claim to represent us. Unless we do, we cannot credibly claim that 'they have nothing to do with us'. Sadly, they do come from within us.²⁰

1. *The Sydney Morning Herald*, Nov 10, 2018: 'Bourke Street attack: Scott Morrison demands Muslim leaders "call this out for what it is"', by David Wroe.
2. 9NEWS 'PM calls out radical, violent, extremist Islam'.
3. 'Bourke Street attack: Scott Morrison slammed for Islam remarks,' *The Australian*, November 10, 2018.
4. Melissa Davey, 'Bourke Street attack: Morrison accused of "scapegoating" Muslim Community,' *The Guardian*, November 12, 2018.
5. Fares Hassen, Nick Baker, 'Australia's Grand Mufti rejects government calls to do more to combat radicalization,' *SBS News*.
6. *ibid.*
7. *ibid.*
8. *The Australian*, November 10, 2018 *art.cit.*
9. See *Annals Australasia*, 2/2018 : 'The Antechamber of Islamic Fundamentalism,' p.31.
10. See Mahmoud Mohamed Taha, *The Second Message of Islam*, Abdullahi Ahmed An-Na'im, Syracuse University Press, 1987, *passim*.
11. *ibid.* See also, for example, Amnesty International, April 8, 1995, Human Rights Commission of Pakistan p.82 of its Annual Report 1995. Also 'Plight of Ahmadi Muslims in Pakistan [1899-1999], p.43. All non-Sunni minorities as well as moderate, non-radicalised Sunnis, are in danger from radical Sunni extremists.
12. See: 'Pakistan delays release of Christian woman after blasphemy acquittal,' *CBS NEWS* November 2, 2018.
13. Ramon Taylor, 'NYC Ahmadiyya Muslims hit with double discrimination,' *VOA*, April 15, 2018.
14. See, *Human Rights Watch* August 24, 2017: 'Anti-Shia Bias Driving Saudia Arabia Unrest' by Adam Coogole. 'Persecution of Alevis in Turkey,' by Uzay Bulut, Jan 18, 2018, *Gatestone Institute*. 'Why ISIS hates the Sufis and blows up their shrines,' by Nile Green, *Aeon*. See <https://aeon.co/ideas/could-sufism-offer-an-alternative-to-isis-for-young-muslims> etc *passim*.
15. *Middle East Institute*, 'Salafism and the Persecution of Shi'ites in Malaysia.'
16. Rania El Rajji, 'Even War discriminates,' Yemen's Minorities, exiled at home, in *Briefing*, Minority Rights Group International, *passim*.
17. Encyclopaedia of the Qur'an, Jane Dammen McAuliffe, gen. ed., Brill, Leiden, 2006, vol. 1, 346-7; vol. 5, 412-16 and *passim*. See also Chris Moore, 'The Burqa – Islamic or cultural?' [http://www.quran-islam.org/articles/part_3/the_burqa_\(P1357\).html](http://www.quran-islam.org/articles/part_3/the_burqa_(P1357).html) See also Mahmoud Mohamed Taha, *op.cit. passim*.
18. Reuters, December 3, 1996. Quoted Michael Griffin, *Reaping the Whirlwind, The Taliban Movement in Afghanistan*, London, Pluto Press, 2001, p.168.
19. Moba Ennaji, 'Why Morocco's burqa ban is more than just a security measure,' *The Conversation*, February 1, 2017.
20. Ed Husain, *The House of Islam: A Global History*, Bloomsbury 2018, p.280.

Archbishop's Letter to all Catholics in West Australia

'DOCTOR ASSISTED DYING' AKA 'EUTHANASIA'

I write to you today on a matter of extreme importance to all West Australians.

In State Parliament this week a Committee of Inquiry presented its report on end-of-life care in Western Australia. Over 700 submissions were received, including my own on behalf of the Catholic community in the Archdiocese of Perth. Less than 36 per cent of submissions favoured the introduction of some form of doctor-assisted suicide or euthanasia, but the Committee chose to recommend that laws to permit what it calls 'voluntary assisted dying' should be introduced in this State.

Doctor-assisted suicide involves authorising a medical professional to supply help so that a person can end their own life. In euthanasia, the doctor uses medical means to end the person's life directly. Both of these represent a radical breach in the universal prohibition on one person killing another, which is a foundation of every civilized society.

We must be very clear that doctor-assisted suicide and euthanasia are never acceptable in a truly compassionate society. Compassion is the ability of one person to accompany another caringly through their journey of pain and suffering. Compassion challenges us to become more humane and caring people. Doctor-assisted suicide and euthanasia represent a surrender to despair.

In contrast to these death-dealing measures we value the 'message of eternal life' that Jesus brings. Jesus' mission as the Good Shepherd, the one who comes 'that they may have life and have it to the full' (Jn 10:10), was to offer deep personal compassion that touched and healed every aspect of life for people who had known only diminishment by illness, fear, or social marginalisation.

As Jesus' followers, our Catholic community shares his mission in our own time and place. We are justifiably proud and grateful for the generous and compassionate care provided through our extensive network of hospitals, aged care facilities, and disability and social services.

We do not keep people alive at all costs, however, neither do we intentionally kill. To those whose lives are diminished by chronic pain and suffering we offer the best comfort care and pain control available, always in the context of excellent pastoral, social and spiritual support. Because it focuses on the needs of the whole person, this care brings profound comfort and peace not only to the patient or resident, but also to their family and friends.

The laws proposed in WA present a serious challenge to human dignity in this State.

I call on every Catholic to do whatever we can to extend compassionate life-affirming care for the elderly, the sick and the dying, so that no-one ever feels alone or abandoned.

And I call on all Members of Parliament to stand up for the human dignity of our most vulnerable citizens by devoting greater resources to specialist palliative and comfort care, and by refusing to legalise doctor-assisted suicide or euthanasia.

– Pastoral Letter from Archbishop Timothy Costelloe SDB, Archbishop of Perth, August 27, 2018.

If people are surrounded by ugly buildings, listen to ugly music, watch ugly films and read ugly literature, it is no wonder their view of the world is ugly, violent and lacking hope and meaning.

IN PRAISE OF BEAUTIFUL MUSIC

By Paul McCormack



ALMA DEUTSCHER, a 13-year-old music prodigy who is being hailed as the ‘new Mozart,’ asks; ‘What’s the point of music?’

She has been told that she composes music in the style of the past. Apparently, this is not allowed in the 21st century. In the past it was possible to compose attractive melodies and beautiful music. She has been told that she needs to discover the complexity of the modern world. Critics have assured her that this is the point of music.

In a recent interview, she shared this ‘secret.’ ‘I already know that the world is very complex, and can be very ugly,’ she said. ‘What would be the point of making it even uglier with ugly music? I have always tried to make my music as beautiful as I can.’ ‘Otherwise,’ she asks, ‘What is the point?’

‘Most people go to concerts because they want to hear beautiful music, music that speaks to the heart. There is enough ugliness in the world. I want to write beautiful music. Music which makes the world a better place.’ She hopes that in the future it will not be considered a failing to write beautiful music.

Alma was born in 2005 in the United Kingdom. Her mother is a professor of literature and her father is an Israeli linguist. She has demonstrated brilliant virtuosity on the piano and violin. She has composed extensively

and not surprisingly, is described as a genius. Her piano and violin concerti and her operas and sonatas are very melodious and are reminiscent of a previous musical era. She relies on tone, consonance and cadences.

Unfortunately, in the 21st century this is considered by some to be anachronistic. Her compositions are treated as musically inferior because they are not post tonal and rarely contain dissonances.

Which raises the question; why did the West reject ‘beautiful’ music? Why did it embrace dissonance?

Until around 1890, music relied on recognisable scales. It did not stray from the tone, or the key in which it was written. It contained cadences, was consonant and harmonious. That is until Arnold

Schoenberg and his Opus 11, three piano pieces in which there were no cadences, no harmonies, only dissonance.

Coincidentally, the artist Kandinsky was in the audience. The experience affected his experiments with abstraction profoundly. Abstract art could be described as visually dissonant.

The Dutchman Willem De Kooning belonged to a group of artists described as abstract expressionists. His painting ‘Woman III’ which critics described as a ‘seminal masterpiece’ was painted in 1953 and sold fifty years later for \$137.5 million dollars.

It is not a beautiful piece of art. Some would say it is hideous to look at. For those of us who are untutored in how to approach such a work of art, it simply is an ugly canvas which does nothing to make the world a better place. What happens when you put a painting like that next to the classical masterpieces? Is it the same as playing some 21st century rap music alongside Mozart?

Can dissonance be enjoyable? Have we become accustomed to dissonance? Is there some principle or law of tolerance where the dose or measure of the drug is gradually increased so that life is intolerable for the addict without it? If a person is surrounded by ugly buildings, listens to ugly music, watches ugly films and reads ugly literature, it is no wonder their view of the world is ugly, violent and lacking hope and meaning.

Music

BUT ACTORS lacking music
Do most excite my spleen,

They say it is more human
To shuffle, grunt and groan,
Not knowing what unearthly
stuff

Rounds a mighty scene,
*Said the man in the golden
breastplate*

Under the old stone Cross.

– *The Collected poems of W.B. Yeats,*
Macmillan and Co, London, 1950

It is certainly true that one of the purposes of music is to speak to the heart. Sad music in a minor key can move the listener to experience emotions associated with grief and loss. Untimely death, unrequited love, war, destruction and violence can all be represented musically. We observe that in film scores, operas and ballets. Examples would be *La Bohème*, *Carmen* and *Madame Butterfly*.

Now in the 21st century we have the extreme angst of rap music and the music of the ghettos. Aggressive, often obscene and violent themes are expressed with primitive rhythms and urgent dissonant blaring chords at painfully loud volumes and are pumped into the headphones and perhaps the psyche of its adherents, mostly the young.

Even so called 'pop music' in its banality and uncomplicated repetition, does not make for much beauty or loveliness. Is it a matter of personal taste? I wonder what would be the reaction of a young person who has never heard a live symphonic orchestra playing Beethoven or Mozart.

Russian composer Stravinsky, premiered his ballet 'Rites of Spring' in Paris in 1913. It is an example of atonal music with characteristic dissonance and no cadences or harmonies nor key signature. Fist fights broke out in the audience. It is interesting to speculate the connection, and to ponder whether there would have been violent altercations had the orchestra been playing Vivaldi's 'Spring' from his 'Four Seasons Suite,' first published two hundred years earlier in 1723 with its beautiful harmonies and cadences, so attractive to the ear.

Is there in the 21st century a connection between dissonant, atonal music, abstract art and the reform of the Church's liturgy? I would not be alone in thinking that the marginalising of Gregorian chant by Catholic liturgists has not seen an improvement in devotion, and participation in the Sacred Mysteries.

Ronald Knox and The Church of England

HIS [RONALD KNOX'S] view of the Church of England remained constant as long as he preached from her pulpits. He expressed it many times with ingenuity and eloquence. She was a true branch of the Latin Church of the West, which through an accident of history had been partly severed from the trunk. She was feloniously held in bondage by the State. She was justly entitled to all the privileges that had been hers in 1500, and to all the developments of the Council of Trent. It was her manifest destiny in God's own good time to return rejoicing to her proper obedience. He accepted the validity of her Orders on the a priori reasoning that it could not be God's will to leave so many excellent people, who in good faith sought them, deprived of the sacramental graces.

'Sorrowing she [Rome] calls us like that Mother of old, who sought her Son and could not find him, as he sat refuting the doctors in the Temple; but we too must be about our Father's business, though we meet our Mother again only after a Gethsemane, it may be, a Calvary. And surely we dare not doubt that Jesus will be our Shepherd, till the time when he gathers his fold together; and that though we do not live to see it, England will once again become the dowry of Mary, and the Church of England, will once again be builded on the rock she was hewn from, and find a place, although it be a place of penitence and tears, in the eternal purposes of God.'

And later:

'It is not for us, the glamour of the Seven Hills, and the consciousness of membership, living and actual, in the Church of the Ages; we cannot set our feet upon the rock of Peter, but only watch the shadow of Peter passing by, and hope that it may fall on us and heal us. . . And yet, even now, we are not left without hope ... Mary has not forgotten her children just because they have run away from their schoolmaster, and unlearned their lessons, and are trying to find their way home again, humbled and terrified in the darkness.'

— Evelyn Waugh, *Ronald Knox*, Collins Fontana Books, 1962, pp.92-93. Ronald Knox was received into the Catholic Church in 1917, and was ordained a Catholic priest in 1918.

That the reform of the liturgy could allow for the inclusion of childish, unsophisticated and simplistic music and superficial lyrics now seems to have been a regrettable development.

Do people now attend Mass and the local liturgies so that they can experience its Beauty and the loveliness and joy of beautiful, harmonious music and ritual? Does the liturgy speak to the heart of the person experiencing something really beautiful and heavenly?

The Mass is not a concert. It is not a performance. The local church is made up of ordinary people

not all of whom would be able to play, or sing in Bach's Mass in B minor. However, all are capable of participating in and being moved by a liturgy that is well prepared, thoughtful, religious and consonant with the idea of bringing the best and most beautiful things that we have and are, to worship our Creator, the Chief Musician, one of whose names, according to St Thomas Aquinas, is 'The Beautiful' [See *Summa Theologiae* I^a, Quæstio xxxix, art. viii].

Paul McCormack, is a Missionary of the Sacred Heart priest. He has taught in MSC schools, and is an artist and musician.

The Charter of Extremism

WHEN A group of prominent Muslims wrote an open letter to the American people soon after the strikes of 9/11 saying that Islam seeks to peacefully coexist, bin Laden wrote to castigate them:

'As to the relationship between Muslims and infidels, this is summarized by the Most High's Word: "We [Muslims] renounce you [non Muslims]. Enmity and hate shall forever reign between us - till you believe in God alone" [Qur'an 60:4]. So there is an enmity, evidenced by fierce hostility from the heart. And this fierce hostility, that is, battle - ceases only if the infidel submits to the authority of Islam, or if his blood is forbidden from being shed [i.e., a dhimmi, or protected minority], or if Muslims are at that point in time weak and incapable. But if the hate at any time extinguishes from the heart, this is great apostasy! ... Such then is the basis and foundation of the relationship between the infidel and the Muslim. Battle, animosity, and hatred - directed from the Muslim to the infidel - is the foundation of our religion. And we consider this a justice and kindness to them.'

Mainstream Islam's four schools of jurisprudence lend their support to this hostile *Weltanschauung* by speaking of the infidel in similar terms. Bin Laden's addresses to the West with his talk of justice and peace are clear instances of *taqiyya*. He is not only waging a physical jihad but a propaganda war, that is, a war of deceit.

If he can convince the West that the current conflict is entirely its fault, he garners greater sympathy for his cause. At the same time, he knows that if Americans were to realize that nothing short of their submission can ever bring peace, his propaganda campaign would be quickly compromised. Hence the constant need to dissemble and to cite grievances, for, as bin Laden's prophet asserted, "War is deceit."

— Raymond Ibrahim, 'How Taqiyya alters Islam's rules of War, *Middle East Quarterly*, Winter 2010 pp.11-12

FRIENDS REUNITED



IT CAN BE a shock to learn what becomes of childhood friends. My sister Frances, who lives in Berlin, was reading *The Guardian* one day and noticed a distinctive name from school days of 50 years ago: Winnie Kiap. My sister knew Winnie as a bubbly gentle-natured schoolgirl boarder. Now she is Papua New Guinea's High Commissioner to Britain, on social terms with the Queen.

My sister and I shared schooling with Winnie in a Catholic school in the Blue Mountains run by the Sisters of Charity. The school used to bring down girls from the

missions in PNG for secondary schooling in Australia. Why they brought them to the coldest school of their order is beyond me. The girls would fly home for the Christmas holidays but not the smaller term breaks, when they would stay with other students' families. Our family often hosted the girls, whose fresh company we enjoyed.

After *The Guardian* sighting, Frances contacted Winnie Kiap in London and arranged to meet when Winnie was next in Berlin.

Upon meeting, she remembered our family immediately as a respite from the loneliness of separation from her own. "You always remember such kindnesses" she said.

Winnie has led a life of steady advancement in the PNG public service, leading to this position. Her Australian schooling set her up well.

Equally amazing as her appointment is how the bond of two 15 year-old schoolgirls remains an anchor against a speed reading of fifty years of life thereafter.

Judy Wolff, who lives now in Melbourne, her sister Frances Calvert and Winnie Kiap attended Mount St Mary's College in Katoomba, conducted by the Sisters of Charity in the Blue Mountains close to Sydney.

Discovering What Matters

FOUND as I walked through the city [of Barcelona in 1937] that all the churches were closed and there was not a priest to be seen. To my astonishment, this discovery left me profoundly shocked and disturbed. The feeling was far too intense to be the result of a mere liberal dislike of intolerance, the notion that it is wrong to stop people from doing what they like, even if it is something silly like going to church. I could not escape acknowledging that, however I had consciously ignored and rejected the Church for many years, the existence of churches and what went on in them had all the time been very important to me.

— W. H. Auden (1907-1973), *Modern Canterbury Pilgrims* (1956). Auden had joined the Spanish Reds as an ambulance driver during the 1936-1939 civil war.

The Philippine-American War, Philippine Insurrection, Tagalog Insurgency, and Philippine War ... was a war of liberation against foreign imperialism, only this time with Americans in the role of oppressors. ... Estimates of the number of deaths start at around 250,000 and race up towards a million (comparable to the casualty estimates for Washington's recent Iraq misadventure).

TIME TO SEND HOME AMERICA'S WAR BOOTY FROM THE PHILIPPINES

By Doug Bandow



ANY AMERICANS view their country as a national Virgin Mary, blameless and without sin. When

Washington intervenes abroad, even when visiting death and destruction on foreign peoples, it is an act of righteousness on behalf of the Lord.

Yet for those on the other end of US bullets and bombs – think Yemeni schoolchildren killed by Saudi aircraft armed, refuelled, and guided by Washington – America looks like anything but an avenging angel. The tragic reality is that myopic policymakers are turning patriotic military personnel into war criminals for venal ends.

Yemen is not the first such shameful moment. Many conflicts in our history were foolish, counterproductive, and short-sighted. Several were justified by fraud and lies. Yet most retained at least a patina of moral justification, no matter how infirm in practice. For instance, while Eastern financial interests pushed for war to protect their abundant loans to Great Britain, Woodrow Wilson probably did believe that preserving the right of Americans to travel unmolested on British ships – armed reserve naval cruisers carrying munitions

through a war zone – constituted a righteous cause.

No such moral veneer can be applied to the Philippine-American War, waged more than a century ago. Indeed, most Americans probably are not even aware of that conflict. They are taught that Teddy Roosevelt and a few other guys, some of whom were on ships, defeated the murderous Spanish Empire and freed Cubans and Filipinos from horrid oppression. What came next is barely mentioned in most civics texts.

'I distinguish'

SCORN IN PLENTY has been spoured out upon the mediaeval passion for hair-splitting; but when we look at the shameless abuse made, in print and on the platform, of controversial expressions with shifting and ambiguous connotations, we may feel it in our hearts to wish that every reader and hearer had been so defensively armored by his education as to be able to cry: 'Distinguo,' ['I should like to draw a distinction'].

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

It turns out the Filipinos were already fighting to liberate themselves, and led by Emilio Aguinaldo, they undertook an armed insurgency against their Spanish overlords. Still, President William McKinley was focused on Cuba, pointing to atrocities by Madrid's forces to justify America's war against Spain – which, of course, in no way threatened the US. Madrid's policies were dreadful, but no worse than Washington's treatment of Native Americans. Nevertheless, American sanctimony was on full display.

Even if we'd had legitimate cause to 'liberate' Cuba, the Philippines was separate, largely ignored by William Randolph Hearst and other 'yellow journalists' who stirred up war fever. But for many American imperialists, the Philippines was the real objective. It offered a base for Pacific naval operations and could act as a station on the way to accessing the presumably limitless markets of China.

So Washington sent the navy under Commodore George Dewey to the island archipelago. Dewey brought Aguinaldo from Hong Kong, where he had been in exile, to the Philippines, to undermine the Spanish authorities, and his forces quickly gained control of several provinces and helped invest Manila. However, the US refused to

allow Aguinaldo to enter the capital after its capture and expected the Filipino rebels to obey their new conquerors.

Having ousted one colonial overlord, the Filipinos were not inclined to accept another, and fighting soon broke out, triggering the second round in the Filipino war of independence. The result has been called the Philippine-American War, Philippine Insurrection, Tagalog Insurgency, and Philippine War. It was a war of liberation against foreign imperialism, only this time with Americans in the role of oppressors.

Indeed, US forces eventually adopted the brutal Spanish practices used against insurgents in Cuba, which had spurred America's original declaration of war. American officials and officers actually pointed to the virtual extermination of the Native Americans as a possible model. Estimates of the number of deaths start at around 250,000 and race up towards a million (comparable to the casualty estimates for Washington's recent Iraq misadventure).

The conflict lasted more than three years. Aguinaldo was eventually captured and the struggle officially declared over on July 2, 1902. However, sporadic battles continued, especially on the southern Islamic islands, where fighting still occurs today. Washington eventually relaxed its control and freed its colony. Although the Philippines today is independent, it staggers along as a semi-failed state. Corrupt authoritarianism was the highlight of the Marcos' lengthy rule. Corrupt incompetence has been the measure since. Today's president, Rodrigo Duterte, is authoritarian and murderous, at least towards drug sellers and users, and a fan of China.

What is done is done, of course. Those needlessly killed by Washington's brutally aggressive strategy cannot be raised again, at least in advance of the

Resist the Pretence

PEOPLE say to me, that it is but a dream to suppose that Christianity should regain the organic power in human society which once it possessed. I cannot help that; I never said it could. I am not a politician; I am proposing no measures, but exposing a fallacy, and resisting a pretence. Let Benthamism reign, if men have no aspirations; but do not tell them to be romantic, and then solace them with glory; do not attempt by philosophy what once was done by religion. The ascendancy of Faith may be impracticable, but the reign of Knowledge is incomprehensible. The problem for statesmen of this age is how to educate the masses, and literature and science cannot give the solution.

— Blessed John Henry Cardinal Newman, *An Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent*, New York, Image Books, 1955, pp.88-89.

Second Coming. However, that doesn't mean no recompense is possible. An acknowledgement by current policymakers that bloody imperialism has no place in American foreign policy would be welcome, as well as a determination not to slaughter other peoples because doing so might serve some vague international objective of, at most, modest value.

The end of the Cold War offered Washington an opportunity to re-fashion its approach to the world and adopt what George W. Bush once called a 'humble foreign policy.' Yet becoming a unipower only made America aggressive in different ways. Indeed, as Washington's malign involvement in such wars as Iraq and Yemen demonstrates, the US became more dangerous, not less.

However, there are other small steps that Washington could take to make amends for its prior aggressions. For instance, the Pentagon is preparing to make an important act of symbolic repentance for its depredations during the Philippine-American War. Secretary of Defence Jim Mattis has informed Congress that the department intends to return what are known as the Bells of Balangiga, war booty seized more than a century ago.

One of the many fights in the Philippines occurred in the village of Balangiga on September 28, 1901, when Filipino insurgents surprised US military forces at

breakfast, killing 48 of them. It was but a modest victory over those who had inflicted so much harm and hardship on the Philippine people – and the triumph was only temporary.

Those representing 'the land of the free and the home of the brave' returned to exact brutal reprisals. General Jacob Smith instructed his soldiers to turn the land into a 'howling wilderness' and 'kill everyone over the age of ten.' Thousands of Filipinos died and Balangiga was burnt down. Among the buildings destroyed was the church. From the ruins the Americans took away three bells, one of which was used to signal the Filipino attack.

The 9th Infantry Regiment kept one bell, which is displayed at the divisional museum at Camp Red Cloud in South Korea. The 11th Infantry Regiment took the other two bells, and they are lodged at Warren Air Force Base (originally Fort Russell) at Cheyenne, Wyoming. Beginning in the 1990s, the Philippine government began asking for the bells' return. A decade later, the Catholic Church, which lost a sanctuary as well as bells, joined in the request. In fact, Balangiga's Church of St Lawrence the Martyr maintains an empty belfry, ready to receive the bells. Earlier this decade, the town also asked for the bells back.

Last year, Rodrigo Duterte requested that Washington turn over the bells. He made his case

powerfully: ‘Those bells are reminders of the gallantry and heroism of our forebears who resisted the American colonizers and sacrificed their lives in the process.’ He added that the bells ‘are part of our national heritage. Return them to us. It pains us.’

However, Americans remain attached to their war trophies. Past requests were ignored or denied. After Duterte’s request, legislators from Wyoming and two congressmen from other states objected, citing his encouragement of extrajudicial killings. But Duterte’s atrocities don’t mitigate Washington’s need to make peace with the memory of murdered Filipinos.

The bells are not, say, uniforms, letters, or guns. Rather, they are all that remains of an entire community whose buildings were destroyed and residents killed by American military personnel. This was done in a larger war undertaken for the immoral, unjust objective of enforcing Washington’s rule upon a foreign people seeking the same thing as American colonists did a century before – independence and self-rule.

While today’s veterans and the sacrifices they made deserve respect, we must not rewrite history to sanctify the wars in which they fought. This case should be easy, since acknowledging the truth of America’s tragic, brutal intervention would embarrass no one still living. All those who served in the Philippine-American War, including those who served badly, are long dead.

If America aspires to be great, it must confront its history in order to learn from it rather than repeat it. The Bells of Balangiga should go home.

DOUG BANDOW is a senior fellow at the Cato Institute. A former special assistant to President Ronald Reagan, he is author of *Foreign Follies: America’s New Global Empire*. This article appeared first in *The American Conservative*, 30/8/ 2018. Copyright *The American Conservative*. Reprinted with permission. URL to article: <https://www.theamericanconservative.com/articles/time-to-send-home-americas-war-booty-from-the-philippines>

No Abiding City

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

– Simon Leys (Pierre Ryckmans), *The Angel and the Octopus*, Duffy & Snellgrove, Sydney 1999, pp.184-185.

Lost Tools of Learning

WE LET our young men and women go out unarmed, in a day when armor was never so necessary. By teaching them all to read, we have left them at the mercy of the printed word. By the invention of the film and the radio, we have made certain that no aversion to reading shall secure them from the incessant battery of words, words, words. They do not know what the words mean; they do not know how to ward them off or blunt their edge or fling them back; they are a prey to words in their emotions instead of being the masters of them in their intellects.

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

Unfortunately, in implementing that policy under Presidents George W. Bush and Barack Obama, Washington has played a key role in sowing death and destruction throughout the Middle East. Far from promoting cooperation and peace, liberal policy has brought instability and conflict.

THE GREAT DELUSION

Review by Jude P. Dougherty

JOHAN J. MEARSHEIMER is a political theorist and international relations scholar who holds the Wendell Harrison Distinguished Service Professorship at the University of Chicago. The book is an indictment of post-Cold War United States foreign policy.

He tells us, 'When I began this book ten years ago, I was interested in why United States foreign policy in the post-Cold War period was so prone to failure. I was especially interested in explaining America's fiascoes in the greater Middle East.'

Mearsheimer finds that in the aftermath of the Cold War, the U.S. adopted a profoundly liberal foreign policy dedicated to turning as many countries as possible into liberal democracies, that is, to remake the world in its own image. It was driven by an idealistic assumption: 'The freedom we prize is not for us alone but is the right of all mankind.'

Unfortunately, in implementing that policy under Presidents George W. Bush and Barack Obama, Washington has played a key role in sowing death and destruction throughout the Middle East. Far from promoting cooperation and peace, liberal policy has brought instability and conflict.

Exploring the foundations of liberalism, Mearsheimer contrasts liberalism and its assumptions with what he calls nationalism, [the recognition that there are nations

Mearsheimer, John. J. *The Great Delusion: Liberal Dreams and International Realities* New Haven: Yale University Press, 2018. Pp. xi + 313. Available: Angus & Robertson.

each with its own culture]. First principles are important. It matters how one understands nature and human nature.

Rhetorically, he asks, 'Are men and women social beings above all else, or does it make more sense to emphasize their individuality? Nation states, [he answers], reflect the fact that human beings are

primarily social beings who have fundamental views on what constitutes the good life. Liberalism plays down that social nature to the point of almost ignoring it by treating individuals as atomistic players.' Furthermore, liberals ignore the geographic element which creates a social milieu that is foreign to others.

Jeremy Bentham may have called natural rights 'rhetorical nonsense', but nationalists, embracing the concept of 'natural rights,' are skeptical of positive rights which can be both conferred and taken away by a rudderless state. Nationalists, perhaps better called realists, maintain that the state should involve itself as little as possible in personal and family life. In common, they resist government attempts at social engineering in contrast to the liberal propensity to do so.

Mearsheimer presents himself as personally committed to liberal democracy. 'I define democracy as a form of government with a broad foundation in which citizens get to choose their leaders in periodic elections. Those leaders then write and implement the rules that govern the polity. A liberal state thus defined privileges the rights of citizens and protects them through laws.

Mearsheimer pursues his analysis under titles such as 'The Limits and Perils of Social Engineering,' 'The Costs of Ignoring Geopolitics,' and 'Liberal Blindness.'



Theocracy in Practice

BESIDE Allah's ordinances there was no room for laws, edicts and decrees. No legislative promulgations on paper or stone of any caliph or other Mohammedan ruler of the earliest centuries have been transmitted. The exegesis of the Law of Allah remained the task of the scholars and insofar as this Law provided no ruling, or was deviated from in practice - this was a rule rather than an exception - usages and customs came about which very often became tradition but were never regarded as binding rules of law. To a certain extent these usages were recognized as admissible by the scholars of the Law. In government practice, however, this situation led to far-reaching despotism, despotism not solely of the highest authority, but of his deputies alike. Under such circumstances we can hardly speak of a government apparatus. The higher officials were nominated and deposed by the caliph, and they in their turn nominated the officials under their authority. Everything depended to a great extent on their pleasure and whim, but fortunately also on a sense of religious responsibility, be it not always rightly understood.

— J. H. Kramers, 'In the Shadow of Allah,' in *Analecta Orientalia* of J. H. Kramers, Brill, Leiden, 1956, p.290.

Mearsheimer shows that the liberal world view dominated the thinking of the Bush and Obama administrations. Under their administrations, U.S. foreign policy supported the expansion of the European Union and NATO into Eastern Europe.

The United States and its allies, he finds, are mainly responsible for the ongoing crisis in the Ukraine. 'The taproot of the trouble is NATO's expansion, and its larger strategy to move all of Eastern Europe, including Ukraine, out of Russia's orbit and integrate that territory into the West.'

George Kennan, historian and diplomat, who supported 'containment policy' during the Cold War, after the collapse of the Soviet Union, advised against the expansion of NATO to Russia's frontiers. In a 1998 interview, as quoted by Mearsheimer, he said. 'I think it is a tragic mistake. There is no reason for it whatsoever. No one is threatening anyone else'

In short, in Mearsheimer's view, Russia and the West have been operating with totally different handbooks. Putin and his compatriots have been thinking

and acting as realists, whereas Washington remains adhered to progressive liberal ideas about United States hegemony.

It is clear that the liberal hegemony of the past twenty-five years does not work. It has left a legacy of futile wars, failed diplomacy and diminished prestige for the United States. The people who have paid the greatest cost for Washington's post-Cold War foreign policy are the foreigners who have had the misfortune of living in countries that American policy makers targeted for regime change.

Mearsheimer would prefer to remain on the theoretical or abstract level, addressing social engineering abroad and the failure of U.S. foreign policy in a general way, but he can't avoid illustrating what he is talking about. The U.S., he charges, has been operating in countries its policy makers know little about. He finds that few government officials speak Arabic or even know the difference between Sunni and Shi'a Islam

Perhaps the most egregious failure of the Obama administration was its attempt to bring down the legitimate government of Syria.

Taking the side of a rag-tag group rebelling against the government of Bashar al Assad, The United States demanded that Assad step down. Duly elected by his people, he refused. The United States then provided military and other support to 'moderate' rebel groups.

The CIA and the Pentagon spent more than \$ 1.5 billion on weapons and the training of the dissidents. The strategy failed completely. Assad is still in power. More than 400 thousand have died as a result of the U.S. intervention in the so called 'civil war.' Almost half the population of Syria has been forced to flee their homes.

Another example of ill-conceived U.S foreign policy is the State Department's meddling in the internal affairs of the government of the Ukraine. The trouble began when President Yanukovich rejected a major economic deal he had been negotiating with the European Union and decided instead to accept a counter offer from Russia.

That decision led to protests against the government in Kiev. The United States immediately backed the coup. Senator Mc Cain and other U.S. officials participated in the Maidan Square demonstrations. A U.S. government official later publicly admitted that the U.S. spent \$ 5 billion to bring about the removal of Yanukovich and provide support for the civil war that followed.

The Great Delusion does not end on a happy note. 'The case for a realistic foreign policy is straight forward,' writes John Mearsheimer, 'and it should be compelling to a large majority of Americans. But it is still a tough sell, mainly because many in the foreign policy elite are deeply committed to liberal hegemony and are willing to go to enormous lengths to defend it.'

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THE SEVEN GREAT 'O' ANTIPHONS

CHRISTMAS was a feast much beloved of our Catholic forebears. It heralds salvation for mankind, and gives meaning finally to tenderness as well as suffering. Among many pre-reformation Catholic writers, Wulfstan the anglo-saxon Benedictine monk who was Archbishop of York and died in 1023 A.D. expresses the wonder of Christmas, and the Incarnation: 'Christ made himself wonderfully humble ... when he was a child they fed him just as other children are fed. He lay wrapped, in a cradle, just as other children do, and they carried him until he could walk . . .'. The Great 'O's are offered to *Annals* readers in the hope that their sentiments and music will bring Christmas truly into our hearts this 2013th anniversary of Christ's birth. Wulfstan sang them, as did St. Thomas a Beckett and St. Thomas More. They are part of our heritage as Catholics.

What they are

For the seven days before the vigil of Christmas [December 17 to 23] all priests say [and monks and nuns sing] special antiphons before and after the Magnificat during the evening office of vespers. Each antiphon begins with 'O', and contains prayers and sentiments drawn from the Old and New Testaments referring to the hope for the coming of the Messiah.

Their origin

Originally of course they were in Latin, and four of the prayers [O Sapientia - O Wisdom; O Radix Jesse - O Root of Jesse; O Emmanuel, and O Clavis David - O David's Key] are found prefigured in a work by Pope Damasus [366-384 A.D.]. We find St. Ambrose of Milan [339-397 A.D.] also referring to Jesus as David's Key in his *Concerning the Institution of Virginity*. The same phrase was used in the ancient Roman Pontifical or Mass Book, during the Mass for the consecration of a King. The Antiphons were always seven in number, and are first found in their present form in the 8th century A.D. although some scholars attribute them to the 7th century.

Artwork: the late incomparable Hal English, RIP.
Transcription of Gregorian Chant: John Colborne-Veel
Text and English translation of Antiphons: Paul Stenhouse

December 17 O Wisdom

O Wisdom which came from
the mouth of the Al-migh-ty God's Red-ding
the world's furthest bounds.
Gent-ly ordering all things, Come
teach us the way of pru-dence.

December 18 O Adonai

O A-do-nai and royal prince
of Israel: who long a-go revealed; ourself to
Moses in fiery flame and gave to him
the law. Come to save us



Follow the Magi ->

How they were sung

The music, despite the modern notation, is the ancient Church chant called 'Gregorian' after Pope St Gregory the Great [590-604 A.D.]. During the singing of Vespers in the evening Office of the seven days preceding the Vigil Mass of Christmas, the singing of the Great 'O's, as they were called, was reserved to various dignitaries in Monasteries and Cathedral Chapters. Thus, the first [O Sapientia - O Wisdom] would be sung by the Abbot or Bishop, the second [O Adonai - O Lord] by the Prior; the third [O Radix Jesse - O Root of Jesse] by the Doorkeeper, the fifth by the Cellarer and so on until the last evening. The monastery church or cathedral would have been packed for the Vespers and the Singing of the Great 'O's. The atmosphere of expectancy proper to Advent was heightened by the singing and colour that accompanied the traditional Latin Vespers, and is still to be found in monasteries where the Divine Office is sung.

At the conclusion*

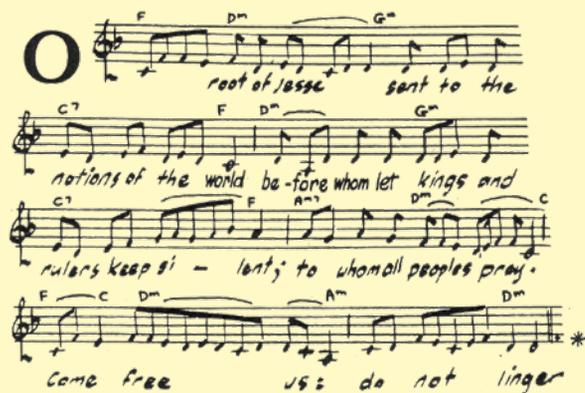
Each of the Antiphons concludes thus: 'You who live and reign with God the Father in the unity of the Holy Spirit, forever and ever. Amen.' This is sung in a monotone using the note F for all the syllables until the words 'forever and ever' for which the notes have been provided below. In the music, at the end of each 'O' antiphon, the final note with, an asterisk, is F. In singing the chant, it is important for the music to flow with the words and for that reason there are no bar lines.



Christmas banned!

Christmas was not a holiday in Communist countries, and Christmas is not celebrated in Muslim countries. The fairly general observance of this Catholic Feast in the West is all the more remarkable when we recall that in Britain in the 1600s it was banned! It was declared a fast day by Act of Parliament to stop the people from celebrating it; even eating plum puddings was forbidden! After the Restoration 'Yuletide' was called 'Foolstide' and in the early days of the United States the Feast was forbidden by law. Modern paganism seems intent, today, on reducing the Religious Feast to a time of merrymaking and holidays, without much reference to the birthday of Jesus Christ.

December 19 O Root of Jesse



December 20 O David's Key



Secret message of the Great 'O's

The singing of the O Antiphons was eagerly awaited each Christmas from early mediaeval times right up to the present century, when the liturgy was still exclusively in Latin. When the final antiphon has been sung on the Christmas Vigil, the initials of each prayer, in inverse order, form an acrostic. Thus (reading backwards): O Emmanuel, O Rex Gentium, O Oriens, O Clavis David, O Radix Jesse, O Adonai, O Sapientia form the words, in Latin, ERO CRAS - "I shall come tomorrow". This acrostic was interpreted by the faithful down through the Middle Ages as our Lord's response to the prayers that were offered during the preceding seven days.

The Nativity Of Christ

BEHOLD the father is
his daughter's son,
The bird that built the nest
is hatched therein,

The old of years
an hour hath not outrun,
Eternal life
to live doth now begin,
The Word is dumb,
the mirth of heaven doth weep,
Might feeble is,
and force doth faintly creep.

O dying souls,
behold your living spring;

O dazzled eyes,
behold your sun of grace;

Dull ears, attend what word
this Word doth bring;

Up heavy hearts,
with joy your joy embrace.

From death, from dark,
from deafness, from despair,

This life, this light,
this Word, this joy repairs.

Gift better than himself
God doth not know;

Gift better than his God
no man can see.

This gift doth here
the giver given bestow;

Gift to this gift
let each receiver be.

God is my gift,
himself he freely gave me;

God's gift am I,
and none but God shall have me.

Man altered was by sin
from man to beast;

Beast's food is hay,
hay is all mortal flesh.

Now God is flesh
and lies in manger pressed

As hay,
the brutest sinner to refresh.

O happy field
wherein this fodder grew,

Whose taste doth us
from beasts to men renew.

- *Saint Robert Southwell* (1561-1595). A native of Norfolk, Robert was educated by the Jesuits at Douai and Paris and entered the Jesuits in 1580. After working as a priest in England for 8 years, he was betrayed by Anne Bellamy, daughter of Richard Bellamy of Harrow. He was hanged, drawn and quartered as a traitor in 1595. He was canonized in 1929.

December 21 O Morning Star

O mor - ning star splen - dour of
light e - ter - nal and shi - ning sun of jus - tice
Come on - ligh - ten those who sit in
dark - ness, and shadow of death.

December 22 O King of Nations

O king of na - tions; hope of all the
peo - ple and cor - ner stone:
Band that unites us. Come and save
man - kind, whom from the earth you formed.

December 23 O Emmanuel

O E - ma - nu - el, king and
Giver of law; the hope of all na - tio -
ns and their Sa - viour: Come O our Lord
and God and save us.



ANNALS Australasia offers the Great 'O's in an English form, and with musical notation more easily sung by modern-day Catholics, in the hope that families or parish groups or school choirs may be able to join in the choral Preparation for Christmas in the traditional Catholic manner: A suggested format for the preparation, drawn from the Roman Breviary, is as follows:

Family/Parish/Group Preparation for Christmas

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

Leader: O God, come to our aid.

All: O Lord, make haste to help us.
Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Spirit.
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be. Amen.

Reading: (From St Paul's letter to Philemon) Rejoice in the Lord always; again I will say, rejoice. let all men know your forbearance. The Lord is at hand.

Leader: Let your face shine on us and we shall be safe.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Spirit.

All: Come to us and save us, Lord God Almighty.

Antiphon (depending on the day)

Magnificat: recited by all.

Intercessions:

Leader: The Son of God is coming with great power;
All mankind shall see his face and be reborn.

Response: Come Lord Jesus, do not delay!

All: You will bring us wisdom, fresh understanding and new Vision.

Response: Come Lord Jesus, do not delay!

All: You will bring us good news and power which will transform our lives.

Response: Come Lord Jesus, do not delay!

All: You will bring us Truth, showing us the way to your Father.

Response: Come Lord Jesus, do not delay!

All: Born of a woman, you will open in our flesh the way to eternal life and joy.

Response: Come Lord Jesus, do not delay!

All: Our Father, etc.

Prayer: Father, by your will your Son took upon himself that human nature which you fashioned and redeemed. Grant that the Word who took flesh in the womb of the ever-Virgin Mary and became a man like us, may share with us his Godhead. We make our prayer through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

Follow the Magi ->

Magnificat

*Song of Blessed Mary
the Virgin*

MY soul proclaims
the greatness of the Lord,
my spirit rejoices in God
my Saviour;
for he has looked with favour
on his lowly servant,
and from this day on
all generations will call me
blessed.

The Almighty as done
great things for me;
holy is his Name.
He has mercy on those
who fear him
in every generation.

He has shown
the strength of his arm,
he has scattered the proud
in their conceit.
He has cast down the mighty
from their thrones,
and has lifted up the lowly.
He has filled the hungry
with good things,
and has sent
the rich away empty.

He has come to the aid
of his servant Israel
for he has remembered
his promise of mercy,
the promise he made
to our fathers,
to Abraham and his children
for ever.



For him this “transgender pronoun issue” was landmark nonsense, contrary to the facts of biology, because human nature is not primarily determined by the environment and external manipulation. He rejects identity politics.

REFLECTIONS ON SKATEBOARDING

By George Cardinal Pell

JORDAN PETERSON, the Canadian jack of all trades and professor of psychology at the University of Toronto is now the best known pundit, or public philosopher in the English speaking world and probably has no rival among the Spanish speakers or the Chinese.

Modern technology has transformed daily life miraculously in the last 100 years. Radio, television and now social media regularly perform such miracles. Peterson’s videos on YouTube have been viewed more than 400 million times, his Podcast has been downloaded 60,000,000 times, his home website has had 10,000,000 page hits to date, without mentioning his followers on Twitter, Facebook, Instagram etc. His recent book tour which included Australia, was probably the biggest ever, with 200,000 ticketed attendees. Such an achievement merits examination.

Peterson was already well known as a public intellectual in Canada before his UK Channel 4 interview with Cathy Newman in January this year 2018 catapulted him into international fame and notoriety and ensured *12 Rules for Life* became a multimillion copy bestseller not only in the English speaking world, but in e.g. Sweden, Brazil and Norway. The publishers plan translations into 45 languages. With some emotion Peterson pointed out in the interview that he had received 25,000 letters from

Jordan B. Peterson. *12 Rules for Life. An Antidote to Chaos.* 2018, Allen Lane, Penguin Books, pp. 409.

young men in six months telling him that his message had brought them back from the brink of destruction.

Newman had interviewed him because in 2016 he had publicly announced that he would not obey the proposed Canadian laws, which were enacted in 2017, mandating the use of new pronouns invented for gender variants. He was willing to address every person as he or she desired, but would not be

compelled by law to do so. For him this “transgender pronoun issue” was landmark nonsense, contrary to the facts of biology, because human nature is not primarily determined by the environment and external manipulation. He rejects identity politics.

We do find an interesting tension between the claim that homosexuals are born so, not able to change, although no homosexual gene has been discovered, while gender is fluid, a matter of choice, despite the explicit physical differentiations between men and women.

The very title of this long book of 400 pages is a challenge to the prevailing political correctness because it recommends an antidote to chaos through the application of 12 rules. Order and chaos are fundamental and constitutive, not material things.

His rules have more interesting titles than the Ten Commandments, although we find little in them contrary to the last seven commandments, which outline our duties one to another.

His first rule tells us to stand up straight with our shoulders back, an injunction my mother urged on me more than seventy years ago with only limited success. Naturally Peterson’s messages from nature are more generalised, urging self-assertion in the struggle for territory, companions and include the now infamous example of the lobsters or crabs, the serotonin we share with them and our common evolutionary origins.



Peterson is a formidable debater and writer, because he is always courteous, learned in the great authors, with an extraordinary range of work experiences as well as the lessons from the tens of thousands of patients he has helped. He has also supported a daughter who was seriously ill for many years.

His insights on the bringing-up of children, of the need for love, limits, appropriate rewards and punishments seemed wise to me. The need for meaning, for an adult self-understanding, a recognition of the consequences of positive or negative criticism run in parallel with a moving explanation of the necessity of truth.

I appreciated, possibly for the wrong reasons, his advice that children should not be bothered while they are skateboarding. When I came to Sydney in 2001 the square in front of St. Mary's Cathedral often contained a goodly number of skateboarders. They were sometimes a nuisance and the new surface of the square makes it impossible to skateboard, but, on balance, I regret they are no longer there. Great cathedrals attract not only believers and the prayerful, but also the doubters and agnostics seeking a little quiet and healing and many unusual persons, some misfits. A living cathedral is surrounded by most variants of the living and I am sure the good God looked down benevolently on them all, and the skateboarders. Very few of the skateboarders were girls.

My instinct is somewhat different from the point Peterson is making, but we both agree that young people need their space, which is different for boys and girls.

In Australia the audience at Peterson's talks were generally young men; not the cohort who most frequently attends lectures. And it is his videos on men and manliness which have produced his immense following and the intense hostility.

His views are developed from a set of assumptions, which were once accepted as common sense. He does not regard human beings as a failed and corrupt species, being grateful for the many wonderful qualities in our society. "Every word we speak is a gift from our ancestors". Hierarchy he writes is common to both humans and the animal world and male leadership is essential for order, as an antidote to chaos. The world is to be loved, not hated and society cannot be reduced to inequality, domination and exploitation.

Central to his thesis is the claim that boys are suffering, mollycoddled in the language of my youth, feminised.

"Kids need playgrounds dangerous enough to be challenging", they should not be prevented from taking risks. Gender is not a social construct, but hard wired by nature.

Boys are more aggressive, less cooperative, and often less verbal and less likeable. They enjoy competition. Girls are "better" than young men, more obedient and less troublesome. According to Peterson, it is counterproductive, creating resentment, to deny that boys are different. For Peterson boys are in decline, society is suffering from a crisis of masculinity and he provocatively asks whether universities are becoming a girls' game, in the humanities at least. Why are so many young men suiciding, and in Australia?

Ideas have consequences and when the world view of academics and journalists changes we have to cope with the consequences. While Marxism has been defeated completely as a political and economic movement, even in

China, it remains powerful in the universities and the world of ideas as identity politics, where the inevitable conflict is no longer between the rich and the poor, but between the powerful few and the oppressed.

There is no truth, only my truth, your truth and the way forward is no longer robust debate or dialogue towards truth, but through abuse, silencing and demonising the opposition so that "my truth" prevails. All this bullying is justified, they believe. Those who want to talk about manliness are often rejected and demeaned, too politically incorrect for this new world.

For Peterson male aggression is one constituent of human nature, stronger in some males than others. It is counterproductive to deny this and to try to adapt boys to some feminine ideal, so producing resentment, even when it is masked by submission.

The index of this book of Rules contains no mention of sin or forgiveness, although these emerge here and there in the text. However, this resentment is fertile ground for the hatred of the world which emerges in those terrible public massacres such as at Columbine State High School. Resentment is one part of a trinity of evil, the currency of the devil, of the spirit of evil, with arrogance and deceit.

For Christians Peterson remains an enigma. He mentions God many times and he endorses beautifully many teachings from the Scripture, but I don't think he believes in a transcendent God. What is Being? Does it matter if we define "It" as we decide?

The struggle against suffering is central to his thesis; how we contain, control and reduce suffering. To pursue personal happiness is to head in the wrong direction. Hell is well referenced in the index, but we find heaven is unlisted. Goodness, truth and



No-fault divorce, out-of-wedlock births, paid surrogacy, absolutism about erotic freedom, disdain for traditional moral codes: The very policies and practices that chip away at the family and drive the subsequent flight to identity politics are those that liberals and progressives embrace.

THE PRIMAL SCREAM OF IDENTITY POLITICS

By Mary Eberstadt



JUST WHEN it seemed as if the election of Donald Trump had rendered his supporters incoherent with triumphalism and his detractors incoherent with rage—thereby dumbing-down political conversation for a long time to come—something different and more interesting

happened. A genuine debate has sprung up among liberals and progressives about the subject of the hour: identity politics.

Jump-started by a short manifesto called *The Once and Future Liberal: After Identity Politics* by Columbia University professor Mark Lilla, it's a conversation worth following for reasons beyond partisanship. As in his *New York Times* essay published 10 days after Trump's electoral victory, Lilla's purpose in this broadside is two-fold: to excoriate identity politics, sometimes called "identity liberalism," and to convince his "fellow liberals that their current way of looking

at the country, speaking to it, teaching the young, and engaging in practical politics has been misguided and counterproductive."

The discussion now underway on the left illuminates a fault line that has yet to be sufficiently mapped or explained. The deeper question raised is not the instrumental concern of Lilla and others—how liberalism can retool itself in order to win more

elections. Rather, it's the elemental one: How has the question of "identity" come to be emotional and political ground zero for so many in America, and elsewhere in the Western world?

As the online *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy* explains in its entry on identity politics, "wherever they line up in the debates, thinkers agree that the notion of *identity* has become indispensable to contemporary political discourse." In *The Once and Future Liberal*, Lilla offers one kind of answer to why that's so. "[T]hirty years of economic growth and technological advance that



followed the Second World War,” he argues, combined with new geographic, institutional, and erotic mobility and led to a “hyperindividualistic bourgeois society, materially and in our cultural dogmas.”

Flush with prosperity and unprecedented new freedoms, we moderns, Lilla believes, went on to atomize ourselves: “*Personal* choice. *Individual* rights. *Self*-definition. We speak these words as if a wedding vow.” By the 1980s, such hyperindividualism coalesced into what he calls the “Reagan Dispensation,” which prized self-reliance and small government over the collective—thus marking a radical break from the preceding “Roosevelt Dispensation” emphasizing more communal attachments, including duty and solidarity.

By embracing the politics of identity, Lilla says, liberals and progressives have unwittingly contaminated their politics with a “Reaganism for lefties,” resulting in the toxic consequences visible today: shutdowns of free speech on campuses, out-of-touch urban and globalized elites, and a political order deformed into a “victimhood Olympics.”

In effect, his is a supply-side answer to the “why” question: Identity politics became the order of the day *because it could*. What’s lacking from this analysis—as from other critiques, right as well as left—is what might be called the demand-side answer: Why have so many people found in identity politics the very centre of their political being?

After all: That identitarianism is now the heart and soul of politics for many is a visceral truth—as raw as the footage of violent political clashes making headlines with a frequency that would have shocked most citizens only a decade ago. What’s singular about such politics is exactly its profound and immediate emotivism, its frightening volatility, its instantaneous ignition into unreasoned violence. Lilla acknowledges this reality obliquely in describing “a kind of moral panic about racial, gender and sexual identity”—all true, as far as it goes. But the problem is that it doesn’t go nearly far enough.

When a mob of young men attack a 74-year-old man and a middle-aged woman, as happened at Middlebury College in March in the case of Charles Murray and Allison Stanger, something deeper is afoot than American individualism run amok. When debate after campus debate is preemptively shut down due to social media threats of violence, reasoned talk of a “Reagan Dispensation” doesn’t begin to capture the menace there.

Berkeley spent \$600,000 on “security” for a visit by the conservative author and pundit Ben Shapiro.

Non-progressive speakers who have nothing to do with racism or supremacism are regularly harassed, threatened, disinvited, and shouted down on campuses across the country. To ascribe these transgressions to identitarian narcissism alone is to miss what’s truly novel about them. And most chilling.

What’s unfolding on campuses today isn’t merely the “pseudo-politics of self-regard” of Lilla’s description. It’s all panic, all the time. Even “assaults on free speech” doesn’t capture the gravity of the new menace, though of course they are that, too. *Dangerous collective hysteria* is more like it.

Writing after she gave a 2015 lecture at Oberlin on feminism that was mocked and jeered and protested, including by people whose mouths were covered in duct tape, Christina Hoff Sommers observed that “some of those students need the services of a professional deprogrammer. What I saw was very cult-like.” “The inmates ran the asylum,” Charles Murray reported of the attack at Middlebury, adding that he had “never encountered anything close to this. . . . and the ferocity.” Ben Shapiro, who has been heckled all over the country, has pronounced his protesters “delusional.”

The trend toward preemptive silencing is, moreover, escalating. As Stanley Kurtz has documented in *National Review*, there were as many anti-speech incidents on U.S. campuses in the first six weeks of the fall 2017 semester as in the entire spring semester, including the

“disruption of a lecture at Reed College, the shout-down of former FBI Director James Comey at Howard University, the disruption of an immigration debate at the University of Pittsburgh, the shout-down of a spokesman for the ACLU at William and Mary, and the attempted shout-down of the President of Virginia Tech.”

This aggressive irrationalism goes missing from *The Once and Future Liberal*, as it does from most other accounts by liberals of identity politics. It is true, as Lilla observes, that today’s culture of victimization encourages people to “descend into the rabbit hole of self.” But the question remains: What gravitational force pulls them toward that hole in the first place?

In a widely discussed essay in the *Atlantic* in 2015, “The Coddling of the American Mind,” Jonathan Haidt and Greg Lukianoff offered another answer of sorts. “Something strange is happening at American colleges and universities,” they reported, and “some recent campus actions border on the surreal.” The authors dubbed the phenomenon “vindictive protectiveness”—a

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runaway effort to protect students from psychological harm, including by punishing putative transgressors.

Alarmed by this development for several reasons—not least because they fear that it teaches students to think “pathologically”—the authors pointed to empirical measures of campus devolution. Most arresting, they noted,

rates of mental illness in young adults have been rising, both on campus and off, in recent decades. Some portion of the increase is surely due to better diagnosis and greater willingness to seek help, but most experts seem to agree that some portion of the trend is real. *Nearly all of the campus mental-health directors surveyed in 2013 by the American College Counseling Association reported that the number of students with severe psychological problems was rising at their schools* [emphasis added].

The authors also mentioned “The rate of emotional distress reported by students themselves is also high, and rising.”

Such a generation-wide descent into psychiatric trouble calls for explanation. Haidt and Lukianoff, to their credit, were uncertain about the *why* question, writing, “It’s difficult to know exactly why vindictive protectiveness has burst forth so powerfully in the past few years.” They zeroed in on several possible contributors: the surge in crime in the 1960s and ’70s that made parents more protective of their children; the “zero tolerance” policies in schools after the Columbine shootings; increased political polarization; and the rise of social media.

No doubt social media are an inescapable part of what ails us. The question is no longer whether Google is making us stupid, as Nicholas Carr put it in 2008. It’s instead whether Facebook and Snapchat and Instagram are driving many to mutually assured social destruction. Yet for all that public life is being configured and disfigured by connectivity, even social media and the Internet do not answer the *why* question about identity frenzy. They beg it, for two reasons: first, because identity politics predates the Internet; and second, because the self-absorption and insecurity amplified by nonstop introspection online just summon the point of causality all over again. *Why can’t Narcissus stop looking at himself?* The frantic, habitual electronic construction of one’s self or selves underscores that identity is all the rage—often literally—especially, though not only, among people in their teens, 20s, and 30s.

Other writers suggest a third explanation of sorts for the fury behind identity politics: white racism.

In a piece titled “America’s First White President,” published on December 10, 2016, *Salon* executive editor Andrew O’Hehir delivered an example of this line of thought. “Trump,” he wrote, “is the first president defined by whiteness, the first whose glaring and overwhelming whiteness is a salient issue that lies at the core of his appeal.” The “presidential candidate’s race played a central role in his campaign, and is one of the key factors that got him elected.” The 2016 result, in O’Hehir’s telling, amounts to retribution of some kind for America’s having, twice, elected a black president (“the election of Barack Obama inflicted a psychic wound that demanded immediate payback, at almost any cost”).

In an essay published in September, “The First White President,” bestselling author Ta-Nehisi Coates issued a related indictment in the *Atlantic*. Drawn from

a new collection called *We Were Eight Years in Power: An American Tragedy*, Coates’s piece asserted that: “To Trump, whiteness is neither notional nor symbolic but is the very core of his power”; Trump “is a white man who would not be president were it not for this fact”; and Trump is “the first president whose entire political existence hinges on the fact of a black president.” The essay also included an attack on a number of high-profile writers, Mark Lilla among

them, as unreliable commentators on identity politics—on the grounds that “those charged with analyzing [Trump] cannot name his essential nature, because they too are implicated in it.”

As these analyses and associated commentary show, the idea that contemporary politics is rooted fundamentally in white racism endures. Once again, though, as an explanation for the prevalence and emotional staying power of identity politics at large, white racism doesn’t suffice—for the simple reason that so many other members in the identitarian coalition claim other motivations, other oppressors, and other grievances.

For starters, identity politics isn’t just a left-wing thing. As *Washingtonian* magazine noted of a pro-Trump rally on the National Mall in September, “There were Hispanics for Trump, Grandmas for Trump, Gays for Trump.” A member of the last explained, “Identity politics is very popular, and very important.” Some on the “alt-right” regard themselves as identitarians, too.

Then there are, perhaps most notable of all, the identitarians of sexual politics, whose influence on law and culture has been especially prodigious during the past quarter-century. In addition to the epiphenomenal

[R]ates of mental illness in young adults have been rising, both on campus and off, in recent decades. Some portion of the increase is surely due to better diagnosis and greater willingness to seek help, but most experts seem to agree that some portion of the trend is real. *Nearly all of the campus mental-health directors surveyed in 2013 by the American College Counseling Association reported that the number of students with severe psychological problems was rising at their schools* [emphasis added]

manifestations of the obsession over sexual and gender identity—Facebook’s 71 genders, media focus on intersex and transgendered people, the “bathroom wars,” and the rest—there are areas into which sexual identitarianism has sunk lasting roots.

At least eight countries—including India, Germany, and Australia—now allow for identification as something other than male or female, and a growing number of states and other authorities leave gender identity in official forms to personal say-so. Marriage, adoption, commercial surrogacy, and other areas of family law have been reconfigured around the world. In fact, viewing the whole of “identity politics” through the single lens of public efficacy, one would have to say that sexual identitarians have both exercised and obtained more power than any other single group.

The legalization of same-sex marriage, as observers both for and against the 2015 *Obergefell* decision came to agree, owed most to one factor: empathy for the moral claim that attraction to one’s own sex is like pigmentation or DNA, immutable and immune to change. Yet a split cultural second later, exactly the opposite case has come to be made for the intersex, transgendered, and other sexual minorities: that identity is fluid, indeterminate, perhaps even recalcitrant, rather than born that way.

In this head-on collision of purported creation stories about sexual and gender identity that cannot possibly both be true, we see once more that the question *Who am I?* is the most fraught of our time. It has become like a second skin: something that can’t be sloughed off, or even scratched, without excruciating pain to the subject—reason and logic and the rest of persuasion-as-usual be damned.

White racism, past and present, explains many terrible things. So do other evils, including the kind just revealed in the Harvey Weinstein scandal. But neither racism nor sexual predation nor related injustices can explain the primordial emotionalism and fierce irrationality that have come to be part and parcel of identitarianism for all.

Writing in *New York* magazine in September, Andrew Sullivan delivered an insight in the direction of the *why* question. American politics, he wrote, has become a war between “two tribes”: “Over the past couple of decades in America, the enduring, complicated divides of ideology, geography, party, class, religion, and race have mutated into something deeper, simpler to map, and therefore much more ominous.”

Yet what, exactly, has caused so many Americans to want to join one of these tribes in the first place? Sullivan advanced a list of many “accelerants” from the past few decades: the failed nomination of Judge Robert Bork to the Supreme Court, mass illegal Latino immigration, Newt Gingrich’s GOP revolution, talk radio, Fox News, MSNBC, partisan gerrymandering, the absence of compulsory military service, multiculturalism, declining Christianity, the rural brain drain, and more.

No doubt, taken together, these disparate events explain *something* about the political trajectory now behind us. But does one really become part of a horde, defined in opposition to other hordes, over relatively quotidian prompts like these? Doesn’t the very word “tribal” suggest that something more primal may be in the mix too?

Of course it does.

Just as “tribe” is antecedent to the state, something else is antecedent to the tribe—something missing from all the high-profile talk, pro and con, about how American and other Western societies have become mired in identitarianism.

In laying out the particulars of today’s “tribes,” Sullivan wrote of “unconditional pride, in our neighborhood and community; in our ethnic

and social identities and their rituals; among our fellow enthusiasts. There are hip-hop and country-music tribes; bros; nerds; Wasps; Dead Heads and Packers fans; Facebook groups. . . . And then, most critically, there is the *Uber*-tribe that constitutes the nation-state, a megatribe that unites a country around shared national rituals, symbols, music, history, mythology, and events.” And here we reach a turning point, not just in this essay but also in the widening argument, because that list omits what the majority of humanity would call the most important “tribe” of all.

It’s not that “America Wasn’t Built for Humans,” as the title of Sullivan’s piece has it. It’s rather that America, like other civilizations, was built for humans who learned community not from roving bands of unrelated nomads, but from those around them—beginning in the small civilization of the family.

In *Democracy in America*, Alexis de Tocqueville wrote of how democratic governance shapes familial relations, rendering fathers and sons more equal and closer and less hierarchical than they are in its aristocratic counterparts. If it’s obvious that a form of government can shape the family, isn’t it even more obvious that the first polity to which future citizens belong—the family—will shape the kind of citizens they become?

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Our macro-politics have gone tribal because our micro-politics are no longer familial. This, above all, is what's happened during the five decades in which identity politics went from being unheard of to ubiquitous.

To quote from the *Stanford Encyclopedia of Philosophy* once more, "although 'identity politics' can draw on intellectual precursors from Mary Wollstonecraft to Frantz Fanon, writing that actually uses this specific phrase, with all its contemporary baggage, is limited almost exclusively to the last thirty years." Its founding document is "The Combahee River Collective Statement," a 1977 declaration that grew out of several years of meetings among black feminists in Massachusetts.

The key assertion of this manifesto, which prefigured the politics to come, is "This focusing on our own oppression is embodied in the concept of identity politics. We believe that the most profound and potentially most radical politics come directly out of our own identity, as opposed to working to end somebody else's oppression."

And who is the "somebody else" to whom the document refers? Men. "Contemporary Black feminism," the Combahee River Collective explained, "is the outgrowth of countless generations of personal sacrifice, militancy, and work by *our mothers and sisters* [emphasis added]." When men are mentioned in the Combahee statement, it is largely as adversaries with "habitually sexist ways of interacting with and oppressing Black women." The writers mourn that male reaction to feminism "has been notoriously negative." Most evocative of all is the note of dejection: "We realize that the only people who care enough about us to work consistently for our liberation are us."

The founding document of identity politics, in other words, reflects reality as many African American women would have found it in the 1970s—one in which they were the canaries in the coal mine of the sexual revolution. It's a world in which men are ever less trusted, relations between the sexes are chronically estranged, and marriage is thin on the ground. African American women were—and still are—disproportionately affected by aspects of the sexual revolution like abortion, out-of-wedlock births, and fatherless homes. Isn't it suggestive that the earliest collective articulation of identity politics came from the community that was first to suffer from the accelerated fraying of family ties, a harbinger of what came next for all?

Identity politics cannot be understood apart from the preceding and concomitant social fact of family implosion. The year before the Combahee document's publication—1976—was a watershed of a sort. The out-of-wedlock birth rate for black Americans tipped over the 50-percent mark (the 1965 Moynihan Report worried over a rate half as high). This rate has kept climbing and exceeded 70 percent in 2016. At the same time, other measures indicating the splintering of the nuclear and extended family expanded too. By 2012, Millennial women—who were then under the age of 30—exhibited for the first time the out-of-wedlock birth rate of black women in 1976: i.e., more than 50 percent. Millennials, of course, are the demographic backbone of identity politics.

And the out-of-wedlock birth rate is just one measure of the unprecedented disruption of the family over the last half-century-plus. Consider, just in passing, the impact of abortion. In 2008, the Guttmacher Institute reported that 61 percent of women terminating pregnancies were already mothers of at least one child. Many children—and many grown children—have been deprived of potential siblings via pregnancy termination.

Abortion, like single motherhood, is only one engine of a phenomenon that has come to characterize more

and more American lives during the past half-century: what might be called the "family, interrupted." Many post-sexual revolutionary people now pass through life vaguely aware of family members who could have been but aren't—whether via parental disruption in childhood or the long string of exes now typical in Western mating or abortion or childlessness by choice or other romantic and sexual habits that did not exist en masse until after the 1960s.

Many of us now live in patterns of serial monogamy, for instance, in which one partner is followed by another. When children occur, this means a consistently shifting set of family members to whom one is sometimes biologically related and sometimes not: stepfathers, half-siblings, "uncles," and "cousins." As couples form and un-form, finding new partners and shedding old ones, these relations morph with them. The result for many people is the addition and subtraction of "family" members on a scale that was unimaginable until reliable contraception for women—the FDA approved the first oral contraceptive in 1960—and the legalizing of abortion. Together they made the de-institutionalization of traditional marriage and family possible.

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P.D. Eastman's famous children's book *Are You My Mother?* was published in 1960. In it, a baby bird goes from one creature to another trying to find one like him, finally to be re-united in a happy maternal ending. Imagine playing something like that game today.

Is That Your Stepsister? Maybe yes—if your mother is still married to that person's biological father. If instead this parental unit has split up and her father has moved with his daughter to a new state and acquired a new stepmother and new stepsiblings, likely no.

Is That Your Uncle? This too depends entirely on what other adults in the picture have decided to do. If your so-called "uncle" was your mother's boyfriend several boyfriends ago and she hasn't seen him in years, then you and he are probably not "related" anymore—or anyway, would be unlikely to describe yourselves as such. On the other hand, if that "uncle" is your biological father's biological brother, then likely the bond still holds—even if your biological mother and father never married.

Is That Your Niece? If she's your sister's biological or adopted child, you'd probably say yes. But if instead she's your sister's new live-in boyfriend's child from a previous liaison, you'd hesitate. By similar logic, say, the adult children of a man who takes a trophy wife their age are unlikely to refer to her as "Mom."

And round and round the game of musical identity chairs goes.

The result of all these shifting and swirling selves is that many people no longer know what almost all of humanity once knew, including in the great swath of history that was otherwise nastier, more brutish, and shorter than ours: a reliable circle of faces, many biologically related to oneself, present during early and adolescent life. That continuity helped to make possible the plank-by-plank construction of identity as son or daughter, cousin or grandfather, mother or aunt, and the rest of what's called, tellingly, the family tree.

For many people, for all kinds of reasons, the roots of that tree no longer hold. Whether you miss *Ozzie and Harriet* or are instead *Modern Family's* biggest fan—as the previous president claimed to be—is immaterial. The relative stability of yesterday's familial identity could not help but answer the question at the heart of today's politics—*Who am I?*—in a way that many of us can't answer it anymore.

And, of course, these tributaries poled by isolated pilots are pulled into powerful currents of politics. It is in this sense that identity politics does indeed explain something of Donald Trump's election—not so much because he is "our first white president," but because he's obviously a placeholder for something else. The faction of the country that includes the "resistance" treats him more like an abusive stepfather than an elected head of state. Then there is his base, whose loyalty in the face of one transgression after another has been remarked upon for many months. For at least some of those people, Trump is—as the alt-right provocateur Milo Yiannopoulos put it—"Daddy."

As a final proof that the roots of identity politics owe much to what used to be called modern nurture—or the lack of it—consider one more phenomenon baffling to non-identitarians that becomes clearer on applying this proposed familial lens: the otherwise-inexplicable frenzy over "cultural appropriation."

The emblematic eruption came at Yale in 2015, when the university's intercultural affairs committee preemptively asked students to avoid certain Halloween costumes that might offend. Faculty member Erika Christakis offered a mild demurral, suggesting in an email the logical consequences of such a policy—that it might bar blonde toddlers, say,

from dressing up as Asian characters from a popular Disney film. Her dissent sparked a protest letter signed by hundreds; an ugly public confrontation between menacing students and Christakis's husband, sociologist Nicholas Christakis; a social media campaign against both of them; and, ultimately, her departure from Yale.

Yet this was only the most visible of the costume controversies. The president of the University of Louisville issued a public apology in 2015 after it was revealed that he and a group of staffers had worn sombreros and other Mexican-themed attire at a lunch party. Surveying the Halloween-costume parameters handed down by authorities at Tufts, a writer for the *Daily Beast* in 2016 noted that "students who heed the above guidelines are presumably restricted from dressing up as samurais, hombres, geishas, belly dancers, Vikings, ninjas, rajas, French maids, Bollywood dancers, Rastafarians, Pocahontas, Aladdin, Zorro, or Thor." Even lingerie peddlers aren't immune from the politics of "appropriation." Victoria's Secret was outed in the fashion pages last year not because of what its

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models weren't wearing, ironically, but because of what they were: accessories that made sartorial reference to Chinese New Year and similar taboos.

Again, to perplexed bystanders who think a bongo drum is just a bongo drum and that tacos can be enjoyed by everyone, the cacophony over cultural "ownership" makes no sense. That's why appropriation-protesters are typically written off by non-progressives as "snowflakes," say, or the products of misguided "helicopter parenting"—i.e., spoiled brats. But what if the truth lies somewhere else?

"Mine! Mine! It's mine!" The manifest panic behind cries of "cultural appropriation" is real—as real as the tantrum of a toddler. It's as real as the developmental regression seen in the retreat to campus "safe spaces," those tiny non-treehouses stuffed with candy, coloring books, and Care Bears. In social science, the toddler's developmental "mine!" is called the "endowment effect"—the notion that humans ascribe extra value to possessions simply because they're theirs. Some theorists consider it a subset of another human proclivity: loss aversion.

Maybe that cultural scream of "mine!" is issuing from souls who *did* have something taken from them—only something more elemental than the totemic objects now functioning as figurative blankies for lost and angry former children. As of today, less than 65 percent of American children live with both biological parents, even as other familial boughs have broken via external forces like the opioid crisis, criminality and incarceration, and globalization. Maybe depression and anxiety have been rising steadily among children and teenagers for a reason. Maybe the furor over "appropriation" unveils the true foundation of identity politics, which is pathos.

Did anyone really think things would turn out otherwise—that the massive kinship dislocations of the past 60 years *wouldn't* produce increasingly visible, transformative effects not only in individual lives and households, but on politics and culture, too?

After all, it defies common sense to believe that the human surroundings during one's formative years have *no* effect on the life to come. There's also a library of social science, now over half a century in the making, tracing the links between fatherless homes and higher risks of truancy, criminality, psychiatric trouble, and the rest of the ledger suggesting that ripping up primordial ties hasn't done society any favors. It's all there, no matter how many of us have deep reasons for wishing otherwise.

One irony is certain. While identity politics has become an object of conversation in the left-leaning circles of Anglo-American and European political thought, deliverance from today's disfigurements cannot come from the same quarter. The reason is simple. Not only identitarians but also liberals and progressives who are now anti-identitarian or identitarian-skeptical all agree on one big thing: The sexual revolution is off-limits for revision anywhere, anytime. It is their moral bedrock.

No-fault divorce, out-of-wedlock births, paid surrogacy, absolutism about erotic freedom, disdain for traditional moral codes: The very policies and practices that chip away at the family and drive the subsequent flight to identity politics are those that liberals and progressives embrace.

Then there are related family-unfriendly social realities that they also deem benign. Pornography, which once upon a time some feminists objected to, is now the stuff of their full-throated enthusiasm. Prostitution has been re-defined as the more anodyne "sex work." And, of course, abortion is—in the unnervingly theological modifier applied to it by Hillary Clinton and many others on the left—"sacrosanct." In the end, asking liberals and progressives to solve the problem of identity politics is

like asking the proverbial orphan with chutzpah who murdered his parents.¹

Yes, conservatives have missed something major about identity politics: its authenticity. But the liberal-progressive side has missed something bigger. Identity politics is not so much politics as a primal scream. It's the result of what might be called the Great Scattering—the Western world's unprecedented familial dispersion.

Anyone who's ever heard a coyote in the desert, separated at night from the pack, knows the sound. Maybe the otherwise-unexplained hysteria of today's identity politics is just that: the collective human howl of our time, sent up by inescapably communal creatures who can no longer identify their own.

MARY EBERSTADT is a senior research fellow at the Faith and Reason Institute and author, most recently, of *It's Dangerous to Believe* and *How the West Really Lost God*. This article appeared first in Washington's *The Weekly Standard*, 6 November, 2017, (<http://www.weeklystandard.com>) and is reprinted with permission.

1. "The proverbial orphan with chutzpah who murdered his parents": i.e. he kills them and then [chutzpah] asks the judge for mercy because he's an orphan. *Ed.*

THE POWER OF WORDS

AT THE present time, we have a population that is literate, in the sense that everybody is able to read and write; but, owing to the emphasis placed on scientific and technical training at the expense of the humanities, very few of our people have been taught to understand and handle language as an instrument of power. This means that, in this country alone, forty million innocents or thereabouts are wandering inquisitively about the laboratory, enthusiastically pulling handles and pushing buttons, thereby releasing uncontrollable currents of electric speech, with results that astonish themselves and the world. Nothing is more intoxicating than a sense of power: the demagogue who can sway crowds, the journalist who can push up the sales of his paper to the two million mark, the playwright who can plunge an audience into an orgy of facile emotion, the parliamentary candidate who is carried to the top of the poll on a flood of meaningless rhetoric, the ranting preacher, the advertising salesman of material or spiritual commodities, are all playing perilously and irresponsibly with the power of words, and are equally dangerous whether they are cynically unscrupulous or (as frequently happens) have fallen under the spell of their own eloquence and become

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the victims of their own propaganda. For the great majority of those whom they are addressing have no skill in assessing the value of words ... When we first began to realize the way in which the common sense of Europe had been undermined and battered down by Nazi propaganda, we were astonished as well as horrified; yet there was nothing astonishing about it. It was simply another exhibition of ruthless force: the employment of a very powerful weapon by experts

who understood it perfectly against people who were not armed to resist it and had never really understood that it was a weapon at all. And the defense against the misuse of words is not flight ... but the wary determination to understand the potentialities of language and to use it with resolution and skill.

Dorothy Sayers, *Letters to a Diminished Church, Passionate Arguments for the relevance of Christian Doctrine*, Thomas Nelson, ed. 2004, pp.46-47.



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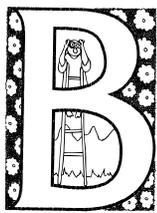
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One of the reasons Amazon has succeeded is that its customers do not have to pay state taxes or GST. The imposition of GST in Australia was done against UNESCO policy. There is no equivalent tax on books in the UK.

WHY WE SHOULD REMOVE GST FROM BOOKS

By Michael Wilding



BACK half a century ago I was lecturing at the University of Birmingham. Richard Hoggart, one of the professors there, was asked by UNESCO

to provide a report on Cultural Policy in Great Britain. Having better things to do, he passed it on to me and another assistant lecturer. I thought it might be a way to escape the university into the world of arts and culture and global travel.

'Well, it's not deathless prose,' Hoggart commented when we completed the report, but UNESCO liked it and published it. Hoggart got the job of Director-General of UNESCO. I continued teaching in universities for another thirty years.

Amongst the sections I wrote was the one on publishing and one of the pieces of information I discovered was that only fifteen per cent of the British population ever entered a bookshop. It was alarming information for someone who wanted to be a novelist.

It was something that alarmed the publishing industry and there were various attempts to make books more accessible. For a while newsagents would stock a selection of mass-market paperbacks. I seem to remember even petrol stations. Airports, anyway, soon became a venue and 'airport novels' became a descriptive term, both dismissive

and envious, of those books that sold well there.

A major breakthrough came with the emergence of such stores as Target, K-Mart and Big W as major retail outlets for books. The old department stores had always stocked books. But a new strategy developed. These new stores placed large orders and in return demanded large discounts.

Bookshops generally receive a forty per cent discount of the recommended retail price. The new stores asked for and got a sixty per cent discount. The books were supplied on firm sale and no returns were allowed.

With the abolition of retail price maintenance, a sixty per cent discount meant that the books could be marketed at twenty or thirty per cent off and, increasingly, at half price.

This moved a lot of books to people who would not have gone into a bookshop. And these stores became a ready source of books for Christmas and birthday presents. But the small independent bookshops suffered because they did not order in large enough quantities to get the sixty per cent discount, and so could not match the reduced prices in the stores. And these were the popular books the sale of which in the past had enabled independent bookshops to survive and offer a wide range of less popular titles.

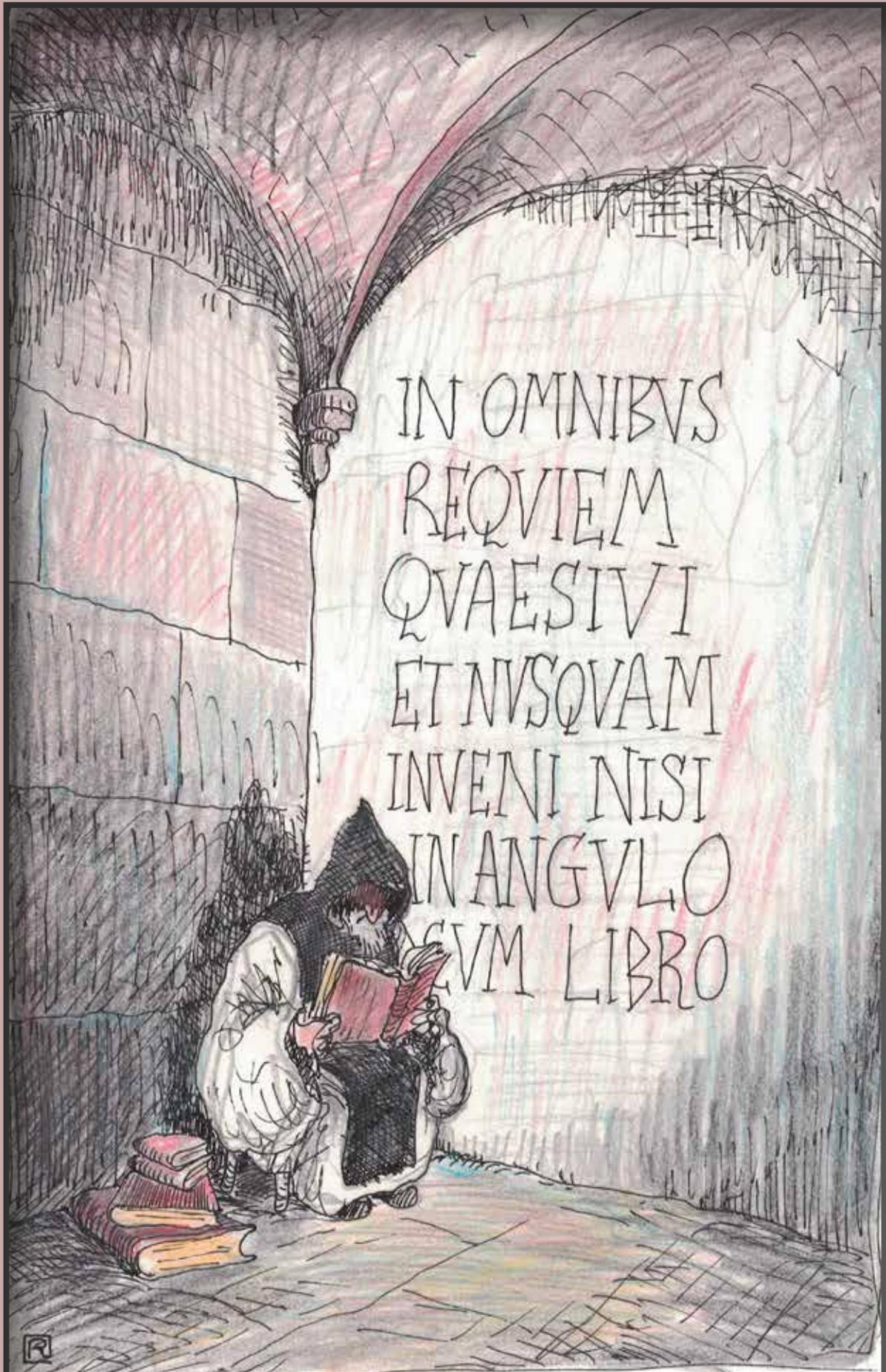
The chain stores approached marketing books the way they approached marketing in general. The look and size of the product mattered. Books became bigger in format, like eggplants and capsicums and fruit in the supermarkets.

Insofar as books had been reaching significant mass-markets in the mid twentieth century, those that did had generally been in the pocket book Penguin style paperback. They would fit into your pocket. They were popular in the second world war, they fitted into service uniforms. But the chain stores liked, and got, the big, overblown look.

Lemmings

FOR THE most part, I blame *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* for causing this breakdown. The two leading liberal newspapers were trying to top each other in their demonization of Trump and his supporters. They set the tone, and most of the rest of the media followed like lemmings.

— 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*.



Artwork and text: Pierre Ryckmans [Simon Leys], 1935-2014.

'I sought peace of mind, above all, and the only place I found it was in a corner with a book'

They also got a careful, narrow range of books. They were popular, and there's nothing wrong with that. But they were carefully vetted. These were not specialist bookshops but mass market stores, they could not afford to alienate their regular customers by displaying material that might offend. These shops were big business. They did not want trouble. In effect they operate a censorship system, as the television channels and cinemas always have done. When publishers' marketing departments reject a book on the grounds that the shops won't stock it, these are the shops they have in mind.

These were books that made money and increasingly the publishing industry focussed on these and became dependent on them. As the industry became globalised and corporatized and drive by accountants concerned with profit, dividends and servicing debt, the tradition of publishers providing significant works for minority audiences came under threat. In some cases that tradition was abolished.

How many of the major publishing conglomerates still publish poetry, if any? And as the independent booksellers went out of business, there were fewer and fewer outlets for non-mass market books.

In one way the internet has offered a means of countering some of these problems. If you can't find a book in your local bookshop, or you can't even find a local bookshop, then you can go on-line and look for it. But the success of Amazon and other internet bookstores has been at the cost of further disrupting traditional bookshops.

In Australia the *Angus and Robertson* and the *Borders* chains have both gone out of business. Independent shops have been even harder hit. This is a cultural loss, despite what cultural gains can be attributed to the internet.

The damage caused by the internet to traditional media, like newspapers and television, has

State Religion is no Religion

ISLAMISM is actually an agent in the secularization of Muslim societies because it brings the religious space into the political arena: although it claims to do so to the benefit of the former, its refusal to take the true functioning of politics and society into consideration causes it instead to follow the unwritten rules of the traditional exercise of power and social segmentation. The autonomous functioning of the political and social arenas wins out, but only after the religious sphere has been emptied of its value as a place of transcendence, refuge, and protest, since it is now identified with the new power.

— Olivier Roy, *The Failure of Political Islam*, Harvard University Press, Cambridge Massachusetts, 1996, p.199

prompted suggestions of some governmental response. The book trade in Australia could immediately be assisted by two simple reversals of governmental policy.

One would be to remove GST from books. One of the reasons Amazon has succeeded is that its customers do not have to pay state taxes or GST. The imposition of GST in Australia was done against UNESCO policy. There is no equivalent tax on books in the UK.

The second positive move would be to restore the concessional printed matter rate which was in place for years. Mailing books, whether for sending out review copies or posting presents, has become excessively expensive. It costs around \$8 to mail a single copy of the average book within Australia – \$5 if you stick to the old pocket book size. Overseas mailing costs between twenty and thirty dollars a book.

While internet trading has undermined the traditional independent bookshops, it has offered an alternative method of distribution. Similarly, while digitization has allowed the development of e-books which may threaten traditional hard copy books, at the same time it has vastly reduced costs for small print runs. Previously the way to get a low unit cost for an individual book was to print large numbers on an offset press - twenty thousand or more. But if the book was unlikely to be a bestseller, printing large

numbers that would not be sold was uneconomical and impractical. But now that printing presses do not need to be set up physically for each book but instead a key is simply pressed for the digital file to be printed, there is little difference to the unit cost whether fifty copies or fifty thousand are printed. This is excellent news for small circulation books - specialist, quality, innovative, experimental, niche market and the rest.

This has altered the situation of the small press and the dedicated literary publisher in a positive way. It creates the possibility of the ongoing survival of the physical book, alongside the electronic book. All you have to do is find out that the book exists. The decline of reviewing media through the closure of magazines and the reduction in the books pages of those newspapers that survive, along with the closure of bookshops, makes this harder. Internet searching offers a possible alternative.

Printed books have been around for over five and a half centuries. Technologies have changed vastly in type-setting, paper-making, printing and binding. Books have developed an amazing versatility in adapting to changed circumstances. And hopefully they will continue to do so.

MICHAEL WILDING'S latest books are the crime novels *Little Demon* and *The Travel Writer* (Arcadia). He is emeritus professor at the University of Sydney.

Soldier

IN A grave-deep trench of the War called
Great,

His feet freezing on the firestep, his rifle eye
unflinching to his front,

Stand-to reveries warmed his heart, amid the
dawn of *No Man's Land*

Its hedgerows all sharply barbed – their only
fruit tatters of men,

Who'd called death's bluff, among them the
brother he'd replaced.

A flashing head wound – shrapnel burst – brought his
reveries to pass

As if his cap-badge harp held Gaelic spells:

A woman – his only – sang gutter sparrows into far
rising larks,

And tenement streets into Tir na nÓg – Gaeldom's
prophecy of blood-won paradise.

Children – theirs – gathered to him, as if to a fire
unquenchable.

His fire was quenched. Yet his legend lived – tuned
to her mourning rhythms.

Oh Gaelic lullabies of long ago! She sang the
soldier-ganger

Who'd give a start to any man, how such as he are
hidden kings

Though vain usurpers snout full troughs in grunting rings.

Once on a day of rain, his pick uncovered in a closéd ditch
An ancient crucifix, confirming his open faith: Christ cannot
be buried.

He always rises to save us in our heart of hearts;
Our first light past, and our eternal last.

(In Memory Daniel Murray, Royal Irish Regiment.
Born All Ireland 1886 – Died Scotland 1935. JM).

Artwork: Tim Mirabello





MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Jerusalem the golden

How odd that a leadership trio – Benjamin ‘Bibi’ Netanyahu, Donald ‘Crazy Fox’ Trump and Scott ‘ScoMo’ Morrison – each in vote-catching mode, each shadowed by corruption allegations should back a plan to shift Israel’s capital from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, sacred to three faiths of global reach: Judaism, Christianity, Islam.

Israel’s founding Zionists saw it as a secular state and so, result of the Balfour Declaration, it became with Tel Aviv its appropriate capital.

The suggestion that Palestine takes East Jerusalem as its capital is not without problems, first hasn’t East Jerusalem been largely cleared of Palestinians?

In any case, it might help were the Foreign Minister Marise Payne to do what her predecessor, Julie Bishop, would have done: stared Defence Minister Christopher Pyne and Treasurer Josh Frydenberg out of her kitchen – unless, of course, Pyne plans the deployment of Australian combat engineers to build an offshoot to the existing West Bank barrier with Frydenberg financing it by shifting funds from pensioners.

Incidentally, it is not anti-Semitic to criticise the plan, it is sane as a significant number of Jewish people in and out of Israel would agree, seeing that the proposal can only lead to needless expense and strife, internal and external.

Faulty tower

Babel’s digital version is with us. Yet it is still possible to discern that the Commonwealth of Australia has fault lines: most obviously between political progressives and conservatives of varying degrees.

Less obvious are the fault lines congruent with Islam and with Chinese Communism (Marxist-Confucian), the latter

to be viewed as quasi-religious, both to be analysed in terms of benefits obtained through democratic principles, not actively reciprocated.

Reactions to terrorist actions, make it clear that the concept dar al-Islam – Land of Islam – and dar al-Harb – Land of Struggle – changes under democracy’s two-edged sword: mosque precincts can become enclaves, staging-posts or havens.

As to China’s quasi-religion, News Corp *taipan* Rupert Murdoch has quoted its philosopher Sun Tzu: ‘Strategy without tactics is the slowest route to victory – tactics without strategy is the noise before defeat.’

How – joke question – could Murdoch’s multi-media retainers miss this? Seriously, it was a quotation apt enough for New York executive gala dinner but not as relevant as Sun Tzu’s advice on occupying territory without war, cited here and continuing in the Pacific islands through debt-diplomacy.

Arguably, Australia – a Pacific island continent – opened the way with its generous, unreciprocated allowance of China’s property acquisitions, the Northern Territory leasing of Darwin Harbour, Victoria’s Memorandum of Understanding, NSW University’s admission of Chinese military students alongside Australians studying security-sensitive subjects – procedures calling up Sun Tzu’s five types of spies: native, internal, double, expendable, living.

Sending in the bailiffs was the traditional way of dealing with bankrupt debtors. What happens if the bailiffs arrive as a Chinese amphibious task force? Polyfills clichés may not be enough.

Silvery cloud

Commentators, plucking a silver lining from the clouded Asia Pacific Economic Cooperation summit, saw a diplomatic



triumph in Australia's getting the US alongside in the region visa-a-vis China.

This is to forget that America, despite President Trump's antic ways, has not been off-side since General Douglas MacArthur moved his HQ north from Melbourne to Brisbane.

The Battle of Milne Bay in 1942 then became the first land defeat of the Japanese army involving Australian-American military units as in the same year the Battle of the Coral Sea involving American-Australian naval and air forces was crucial to halting Japan's main sea thrust to Australia.

Boiling point

Originally UK MP Theresa (Mary) May (née Brasier) opposed Brexit; when it was passed by referendum and she became PM in a way huggemugger even by Canberra standards, she undertook to get the best deal possible.

Now there's a very rough poetry in the fact that May, a vicar's daughter, has boiled Brexit to curate's egg level – good in parts.

This does not appear to satisfy either pro or anti-Brexiteers despite its keeping open the border drawn in blood between Ireland and its six counties, alias Northern Ireland.

Impasse: the longer it continues, the more time to investigate the source of the funds used to promote Brexit, the more chance of an outcome in line with the profound aphorism of ex-Foreign Minister Gareth Evans (the Metternich of our day), 'It seemed like a good idea at the time.'

Given the dubiety of the funding reportedly by Aaron Banks and counter funding by George ('Palindrome') Soros, two options are open: first, another referendum, second, the EU brings the UK before the International Court in The Hague, arguing that the covert dealings

subverted the original referendum's validity.

Historically, it was a truism that British foreign policy consisted of breaking windows on the Continent with guineas. Could it be that there has been an equivalent covert action to free the City of London, that is, Britain's financial hub, from the EU's regulatory controls which are stricter than the British.

Are such controls necessary? Surely the market self-corrects? Or the poachers turned gamekeepers (and vice-versa) of the financial demi-monde regulate?

Rhetorical questions in view of the dreadnought, Hayne Royal Commission's interim findings. When its final report and its recommendations are published can the Four Pillars – ANZ, Commonwealth Bank, NAB, Westpac – and their pediment, Macquarie Bank, stand as they once stood, a wonder of the world?

Justice scales

An earlier item here mentioned that Mr Justice Peter McClellan had tried for balance in his final report,

distilled from the Royal Commission into Institutional Child Sexual Abuse, but that coverage tended to focus on the Catholic Church.

In last month's column, the boxed item headed *Truth* (The Editor's choice like all such items) further asserted McClellan's balance by quoting from his speech at the Local Courts of New South Wales Annual Conference 2006.

He emphasised how the reader relies on the journalist's word, going on to say television can create greater problems: not only can words mislead, but the power of the visual image can be such that the perception gained by the viewer can be wholly distorted.

What can we do?

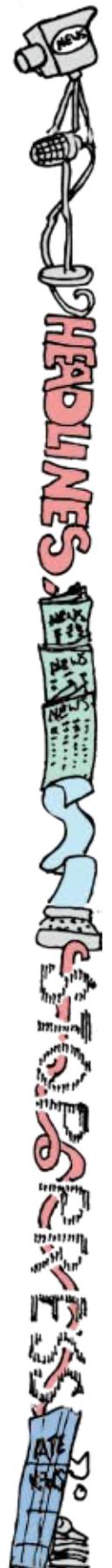
THE STOPLIGHT on the corner buzzes when it's safe to cross the street.

I was crossing with a co-worker of mine. She asked if I knew what the buzzer was for.

I explained that it signals blind people when the light is red.

Appalled, she responded, 'What on earth are blind people doing driving?!'

She was a probation officer in Wichita. KS





Examples are not hard to find: the ABC has regularly used voice-over footage of children in detention on Nauru, edited to exaggerate the impression of their behind-wire pathos rather than objectivity.

And who can forget the rippling, swimming-pool water used to enhance Louise Milligan and producer Andy Burns's 7.30 Report, citing allegations against Cardinal George Pell?

The ABC's cold-case investigative series provides more examples: reconstructions, lighting and music that create bias. Okay, police forces distribute their own raid coverage but they don't ham it up like Phryne Fisher or Sherlock Holmes.

There again, the hamboneries balance the outcome of the Actors Equity-Australian Journalists Association merger in the Media Entertainment & Arts Alliance which got comedians TV gigs once the prerogative of journo.

Let's have more ABC drama journo: for example Michael Rowland's Hamlet to Virginia Trioli's Gertrude or Tony Jones-Sarah Ferguson's *The Taming of the Shrew*.

Kitney's catch

The total excellence of Damon Kitney's, *The Price of Fortune* is beyond your correspondent's ken; he hasn't read it all. But the published extracts have been as widespread as Vegemite on hot toast, leaving little need for more, yet validating the sub-title, *The Untold Story of Being James Packer*.

Reports that Packer already regrets his frankness are scarcely surprising given his revelations about boozing, and his surrogate fathers, Warren Beattie and Kerry Stokes.

What more can be said? There's always the motto of Packer's old school, Cranbrook: *Esse quam videri* – *To be rather*

than to seem. Nothing could be more 'seeming' than the gambling industry. First, it is not an industry; its 'house percentage' makes it a fool-proof way of profiting from resort-casino whales and pokey-machine minnows.

Will-o'-the-wisp

The ABC Q&A on William Shakespeare was an alack-a-day effort. No mention was made of the Reformation and Counter Reformation within which Shakespeare wrote coded messages that evinced his Catholic faith.

In his Ramsay Centre lecture, *The Politicisation of the Western Canon*, John Carroll, Professor Emeritus Sociology, Latrobe University, did give Shakespeare due praise but did not refer to his Catholic faith.

Disclosure: your correspondent has written a play on the matter, held for 'private delectation' by John Bell, Australia's foremost actor-scholar who opted out of the Q&A.

Turnbull turn

Q&A's first violin-conductor, Tony Jones made few interventions during PM Emeritus Malcolm Turnbull solo

gig. Perhaps he was in Andrew Denton/Enough Rope mode. Certainly there were moments when Turnbull hung his ego out to dry.

It may be, however, that the key to Turnbull cannot be expressed in political lingo; the literary variety may be more apt, specifically as Edmund Wilson uses it in *The Wound and the Bow*, where he examines the effect of shock, particularly childhood shock, on geniuses such as the jurist Oliver Wendell Holmes, Giacomo Casanova, Charles Dickens and Ernest Hemingway.

Turnbull's mother, as he has bravely revealed, left him (and his father). Though

Parisian shopkeepers

YOU MIGHT get together a hundred thousand men individually brave, but without generals capable of commanding such a machine, it would be as useless as a first-rate man-of-war manned by Oxford clergymen, or Parisian shopkeepers.

– Sydney Smith, *The Peter Plymley Letters*, Letter v, quoted *The Selected Writings of Sydney Smith*, ed. W.H.Auden, Faber and Faber [undated] p30, 31. Sydney Smith [1771-1845] was an Anglican clergyman, essayist, wit, and founder of The Edinburgh Review.



Even before I began to practise my faith, tradition was hugely important to me. Abandoned traditions have always made me sad, and the revival of tradition has always struck me as a very noble cause.

PRAYING THE SERVITE ROSARY

By Maolsheachlann O Ceallaigh



I AM A CATHOLIC, and I am a traditionalist. Does this make me a traditionalist Catholic? My claim to the title would be disputed by those for whom attendance at the Latin Mass is the essence of Catholic traditionalism. I feel perfectly at home in the Ordinary Form of the Mass. And yet, tradition and traditionalism are of tremendous importance to me. Indeed, I would argue that the Ordinary Form itself is saturated in tradition from beginning to end. Perhaps I should call myself an Ordinary Form traditionalist in order to avoid misunderstandings.

Even before I began to practise my faith, tradition was hugely important to me. Abandoned traditions have always made me sad, and the revival of tradition has always struck me as a very noble cause.

Some months ago, I developed a strange hunger to augment my devotional life with some less-practised devotion, preferably a devotion that was somewhat obscure. In this I was motivated, not only by traditionalism, but by another deep-seated tendency of mine—the urge to stray from the beaten track, to do something different and unusual. However, I also wanted to be sure that whatever new devotion I took up was of impeccable orthodoxy.

There was no question of giving up my daily rosary, of course, or of removing it from its place of honour. The rosary (the Dominican

rosary, to give it its proper title) has been recommended by too many saints and too many Popes to treat with anything less than deference. St. Padre Pio, when he was approached by his fellow friars with some spiritual problem, often wordlessly lifted his rosary beads as the answer. Indeed, the idea for my book *Inspiration from the Saints* came to me when I was praying the rosary. I simply wanted something to supplement the rosary, as a daily observance. So I went looking.

Here is the great benefit, but also the great danger, of the internet: there is a lot of information out there, but its accuracy is hard to gauge. At one point, I had almost settled on an obscure devotion known as The Chaplet of the Holy Wounds, supposedly revealed to

Sister Marie Martha Chambon, a Visitation sister and visionary who died in 1906. Some sources list her as Venerable. The obscurity of this devotion was certainly sufficient to satisfy my urge to leave the beaten path. However, although there were various references to the chaplet having been approved by the Vatican, they were too vague for me to trust. I gave up this plan.

Next, I thought of taking up the Chaplet of Divine Mercy, based upon the visions of St. Faustina Kowalska. Like the Chaplet of the Holy Wounds, this is prayed on an ordinary Dominican set of rosary beads. I tried this for a while, but it wasn't really what I'd been hankering for. Although it's undoubtedly a wonderful devotion, it's popular enough and hardly qualifies as a neglected tradition.

The problem was that many of the 'lesser-known' devotions used special prayer beads, which were difficult to acquire. I could find Dominican rosary beads of many kinds, but no chaplets pertaining to other devotions.

Eventually, when visiting the gift shop of Whitefriar Street Church in Dublin (where I was married), I was overjoyed to find a different set of prayer beads on sale. These were for praying the Seven Sorrows of Mary devotion, or the Servite rosary. They weren't expensive; about eleven Australian dollars. I bought two sets, since I have long experience of snapping plastic rosary beads (my wife eventually bought me a cast-iron set which have proved indestructible so far).

Breaking the News

LITHGOW Iron worker: 'Well Maria, the works is closed, and what you an' me an' baby Cobden there's goin' to f'r a bit to eat, I dunno. But thank heaven the principles o' Free Trade has been preserved.' His Wife (bitterly): 'An' about them beautiful principles o' Free Trade, Bill: will ye have 'em biled [boiled] f'r supper, or would ye like 'em fried?'

— *The Bulletin*, 1908.

The Seven Sorrows of Mary rosary is of unquestionable orthodoxy, having been approved by several popes. It was developed by the Servite Order, a mendicant order of friars which was founded in Florence in 1233. It's almost as old as the Dominican rosary. Indeed, the Servite order promoted it during the Black Death of the fourteenth century. Despite its pedigree, I'd only heard about it once before, in a newspaper article.

Servite rosary beads are not the same as ordinary rosary beads. Rather than being divided into five decades, the chaplet is divided into seven segments of seven beads—a distribution that is numerically pleasing. I have taken to describing each segment as a 'week', a term I've borrowed from Anglican prayer beads (yes, these exist). As with the Dominican rosary, one meditates upon a different mystery while praying a 'Hail Mary' upon each of the seven beads in a section. The beads are generally black in colour, to symbolize sorrow.

There are several YouTube videos of the Seven Sorrows Chaplet being prayed by Fr. Peter Rookey, who is an interesting character. I learned about him through researching this devotion. He died in 2014, just short of his ninety-eighth birthday, after more than seven decades as a priest. He grew up in Wisconsin and was blinded by a firework as a boy. He credited the family rosary, regularly led by his mother, for his recovery.

He joined the Servite Order as a priest and came to Ireland in 1947, as prior of the new Servite monastery in Benburb, County Tyrone. As with the Dutch St. Charles of Mount Argus, his gift for healing only manifested itself when he came to Ireland. Later he moved to Belgium, Germany and America. A book has been written about him, entitled *Father Peter Rookey: Man of Miracles*. A saint of the future?

The Seven Sorrows chaplet was also recommended by Our Lady herself, according to a Marian

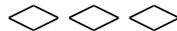
Politics of the world to come

IT IS NOTORIOUS that ecclesiastics often make the most unscrupulous politicians, as we see in the case of Wolsey, Richelieu, Mazarin, and Alberoni, and in the same way the political parties which adopt religious programmes and claim to represent the cause of God, like the thirteenth century Guelfs, the Holy League in the sixteenth century and the Covenanters and Puritans in the seventeenth, have always distinguished themselves by their fanaticism and violence: in fact by a general lack of all the political virtues. Political religion is an offence alike to religion and to politics: it takes from Caesar what belongs to him of right and fills the temple with the noise and dust of the market place. The only really and specifically Christian politics are the politics of the world to come, and they transform social life not by competing with secular politics on their own ground but: by altering the focus of human thought and opening the closed house of secular culture to the free light and air of a larger and more real world.

— Christopher Dawson, *Religion and the Modern State*, Sheed and Ward, London, 1935, pp.122-123.

apparition which has been approved by the local bishop. Kibeho is a village in Rwanda. Our Lady appeared to several schoolgirls there, in the early eighties.

She gave a Seven Sorrows chaplet to one of the visionaries, Marie Claire Mukangango, with the words: 'One must meditate on the Passion of Jesus, and on the deep sorrows of His Mother. One must recite the Rosary every day, and also the Rosary of the Seven Sorrows of Mary, to obtain the favour of repentance'. Sadly, Marie Claire died in the Rwandan massacre in 1994, which seems to have been foretold by the visionaries.



Here is the method of praying the Seven Sorrows Chaplet given in the *Raccolta*, an 1857 collection of devotions and prayers approved by the Holy See

Act of Contrition.

My Lord and my God, I am sorry with all my heart for all the sins of my life. By them I have merited before You, my judge, either temporal or eternal punishment. I am sorry particularly because I have been so ungrateful to you, my best benefactor, and because by my sins I have offended you, O infinitely good God. I sincerely intend to

amend my life and to sin no more. O Jesus, give me the necessary grace. Amen.

1. The First Sorrow, when Mary, Virgin Mother of my God, presented Jesus, her only Son, in the Temple, laid Him in the arms of holy aged Simeon, and heard his prophetic word, 'This One shall be a sword of pain to pierce thine own heart,' foretelling thereby the Passion and Death of her Son Jesus.

One Our Father and seven Hail Marys.

2. The Second Sorrow of the Blessed Virgin was when she was obliged to fly into Egypt by reason of the persecution of cruel Herod, who impiously sought to slay her well-beloved Son.

One Our Father and seven Hail Marys.

3. The Third Sorrow of the Blessed Virgin was when, after having gone up to Jerusalem at the Paschal Feast with Joseph her spouse and Jesus her dear Son, she lost Him on her return to her poor house, and for three days mourned the loss of her beloved only Son.

One Our Father and seven Hail Marys.

4. The Fourth Sorrow of the Blessed Virgin was when she met her dear Son Jesus carrying on His tender shoulders the heavy cross

whereon He was to be crucified for our salvation.

One Our Father and seven Hail Marys.

5. The Fifth Sorrow of the Blessed Virgin was when she saw her Son Jesus raised upon the tree of the cross, and Blood pouring forth from every part of His Sacred Body ; and when then, after three long hours' agony, she beheld Him die.

One Our Father and seven Hail Marys.

6. The Sixth Sorrow of the Blessed Virgin was when she saw the lance cleave the Sacred Side of Jesus, her beloved Son, and when taken down from the cross, His Holy Body was laid in her purest bosom.

One Our Father and seven Hail Marys.

7. The Seventh and last sorrow of the Blessed Virgin, Queen and Advocate of us her servants, miserable sinners, was when she saw the Holy Body of her Son laid in the tomb.

One Our Father and seven Hail Marys.

Then say three Hail Marys in veneration of the tears which Mary shed in her sorrows, to obtain thereby true sorrow for sins and the holy Indulgences attached to this pious exercise.

V. Pray for us, Virgin most sorrowful.R. That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

Let us pray.

Grant, we beseech Thee, O Lord Jesus Christ, that the most blessed Virgin Mary, Thy Mother, whose most holy soul was transfixed with the sword of sorrow in the hour of Thine own Passion, may intercede for us before the throne of Thy mercy, now and at the hour of our death., Through Thee, Jesus Christ, Saviour of the world, who livest and reignest with the Father and the Holy Ghost for ever and ever. Amen.

MAOLSHEACHLANN O CEALLAIGH is the author of *Inspiration from the Saints*, published by Angelico Press, and he blogs at *Irish Papist*. He works in the library of University College Dublin.



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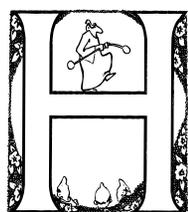
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The Catholic Church can rightly be acclaimed for its contribution to Western Music and education in general. Prior to the Renaissance the only notated music in the West was Gregorian Chant, the religious music or sung prayer of the Catholic Church.

RHYTHM, MUSIC, AND THE BLESSED TRINITY

By Marie Therese Levey



HAVE YOU EVER looked at music and wondered about its rhythm? Most of us older Catholics have sung Gregorian Chant at one time or another. Maybe you have endured a long lecture from an expert on the 'natural rhythm' of the chant. Then breathed a sigh of relief to return to regular rhythms with bar lines. Yet regular bar lines, which we now take for granted, are not so very old in the history of music. The question then arises – when and how did regular bar lines begin in music?

And another question. The most frequently used time signature today for regular rhythms with bar lines is four crotchets in a bar, or C. If you use the music computer programme Sibelius, the time signature for four crotchets in a bar is the default time. Perhaps you have even been told that the 'C,' instead of 4/4 time, stood for 'Common' time. Then one day a more enlightened teacher told you that when they first put 'C' in the time signature it did *not* stand for 'Common'.

Well how did we get the 'C' that does *not* stand for 'Common' time? Many years ago, in my first year of university Music, I braved the first question in class. 'How or when did regular rhythms and bar lines develop?' The reply from Head of Department came quickly and easily: 'From dances.' Which of course was/is true in its simplest

and most generalised form. But like all human history the story is substantially more complicated.

And what about the 'C' which is definitely *not* 'common'? The Catholic Church can rightly be acclaimed for its contribution to Western Music and education in general. Prior to the Renaissance the only notated music in the West was Gregorian Chant, the religious music or sung prayer of the Catholic Church.

Of course there were folk songs and dances going back to the creation story. Many of these were accompanied by instruments and with regular rhythms. But they were not notated.

The beautiful sound of sung prayer with several voices each singing at a different pitch was into written form as early as the ninth century – initially note by note. And the monasteries/convents which had the best reputations for Gregorian Chant, were frequently the very ones which experimented in polyphony, or 'figured music,' which conservatives viewed with suspicion.

The reality was, however, that if the voices were to synchronize, the price was the loss of the 'natural rhythm' of the chant. So the two, plainchant and simple polyphony (*organum*), went



From the *Missa Virgo Parens Christi*
by Jacobus Barbireau d.1491
showing both the circle representing Perfect Time
and a line through the circle representing Imperfect Time.
Facsimiles in Volume 7 of *Corpus Mensurabilis Musicae*

Love Stronger than Death

WHOEVER has pondered on ... the history of the labor movement understands that the central problem of our times is the temporal and spiritual problem of the *reintegration of the masses*. In my view, it is only an artificial and illusory solution of this problem when the attempt is made, as in the case of German National Socialism, to manufacture happy slaves through violence linked up with material ameliorations good in themselves but achieved in a spirit of domination, and with a psychotechnic solicitude vowed to satisfy and to numb appetites. The fact is that one manufactures only unhappy slaves, robots of non-being.

However difficult, slow and painful it may be, the reintegration of the proletariat within the national community, not to exercise a class dictatorship in it, but to collaborate body and soul in the work of the community, will take place really, which means humanly, only by a recasting of social structures worked out in the spirit of justice. I am not naive enough to believe that this reintegration can be accomplished without knocks and sacrifices, on the one hand as regards the wellbeing of the privileged sons of fortune and on the other as regards the theories and the destructive instincts of fanatical revolutionaries. But I am persuaded that it requires above all else the free cooperation of the workers' leaders (elites) and of the masses who follow them, and this cooperation must go along with a better general understanding of historical realities and with an awareness, not wiped out but heightened, of the human being's dignity as worker and citizen. In like manner the return of the masses to Christianity will be brought about only through love, I mean love stronger than death, the fire of the Gospel.

– Jacques Maritain, *Confession de Foi*, New York, Editions de la Maison Francaise, 1941, quoted in *The Social and Political Philosophy of Jacques Maritain*, ed. Joseph Evans and Leo Ward, Image Books, 1965, pp.340-341.

hand in hand for a hundred years or more.

A breakthrough came in the 13th century with developments at Notre Dame cathedral in Paris. It was called, by later historians, the *Ars Antiqua* 'The Old Way'. There were new, more sophisticated, formats in polyphony which required new methods of controlling rhythm. Since they had special latinized Greek names for modes in melody – *Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian etc.* – so they believed they should have special latinized Greek names for modes in rhythm – *Trochaeus, Iambus, Dactylus etc.*

Moreover, since music in the worship of God should be perfect because God is perfect, they should use the symbol of divine perfection

for rhythm, the symbol of the Eternal God Who has no beginning and no end - the perfect circle. The new rhythmic modes of the *Ars Antiqua* should all be in triple time - *tempus perfectum* – in honour of the Blessed Trinity.

The basic unit of time was called the *brevis* or 'short'. To it was added the *longa* which could be either twice or three times as long as the *brevis*.

This lasted for about a hundred years until the fourteenth century, a terrible period for the Catholic Church with schisms, and for humanity with the Great Plague.

In the *Ars nova*, 'The New Way,' the early Renaissance, mankind began to look beyond the Church. Why would they not try

an alternative to triple rhythms? Why not have *tempus imperfectum* 'Imperfect Time,' or double rhythm?

And the symbol? – they would cut the circle in halves – a semicircle! What do you have? Of course it became what looks like a 'C'. I'm sure you can see where we are going now, especially if you have used *Alla breve* 'using the *brevis*,' time with the line through the semicircle.

Now have a look at the facsimile of the fifteenth century Mass of Our Lady by Jacob Barbireau and you will see the Perfect symbol at the beginning, and the Imperfect symbol at the bottom.

This manuscript is one of three now held in the Sistine Chapel Collection copied probably in Brussels or Mechlin (Malines) at the court of Margaret of Austria, regent of the Netherlands, and sent to Rome as a gift for Pope Leo X (1513-21).

Jacobus Barbireau (1455-1491) was a South Netherlandish composer. His musical reputation does not appear to have been widespread at the time. He is believed to have won the admiration of The Holy Roman Emperor Maximilian I, who had a letter of recommendation written for him in January 1490 for his visit to the Hungarian court at Buda. During this visit Barbireau was spoken of by his host, Queen Beatrix, as *musicus prestantissimus* 'an outstanding musician,' and *familiaris* 'a close friend,' of Maximilian. His sacred musical style recalls that of Heinrich Isaac, another south Netherlandish composed whose *Choralis Constantinus* is the first known complete setting of the Proper of the Latin Mass for the entire year, containing around one hundred settings.

Marie Therese Levey is a Sister of St Joseph of the Sacred Heart. She has taught Music for much of her life, and is Patron of *The Gregorian Schola of Sydney*, based at St Beade's Historic Church. References: Hugh M. Miller *History of Music*, Barnes and Noble Books, New York, 1972. Rob C. Wegman www.oxfordmusiconline.com 'Barbireau [Barbirianus], Jacobus,' 2001 http://www.corpus-musicae.com/cmm/cmm_cc007.htm

Canada's ambassador to the kingdom, Dennis Horak, called on Saudi Arabia to release detained women activists, including Samar Badawi, whose brother in law, Raif Badawi, was arrested in 2012 and sentenced to ten years in prison and 1,000 lashes for promoting freedom of expression and women's rights.

SAUDI CONCEPT OF SOVEREIGNTY

By James M. Dorsey



THE FAILURE of Western allies to rally around Canada in its dispute with Saudi Arabia risks luring the kingdom into a false belief that economic sanctions will shield it from, if not reverse, mounting criticism of its human rights record and conduct of the war in Yemen. It also risks convincing Saudi Crown Prince Mohammed bin Salman that acting with impunity will not impinge on his efforts to attract badly needed foreign investment.

In a sign of the times, Canada was this week not the only country to take a critical approach towards Saudi Arabia. Weeks after announcing the withdrawal of Malaysian troops from the 41-nation, Saudi-sponsored Islamic Military Counter Terrorism Coalition (IMCTC), Malaysian defense minister Mohamad Sabu ordered the immediate closure of the Saudi-backed King Salman Centre for International Peace (KSCIP).

The Saudi-funded centre was established during a visit to Malaysia last year by King Salman to project the kingdom as a leader in the fight against political violence and the promotion of peace. The establishment of the centre constituted a shift in Saudi Arabia's soft power strategy that for decades was premised on generous global funding of ultra-conservative strands of Sunni Muslim Islam.

THE TRAGIC disappearance and the alleged torture and gruesome murder of journalist Jamal Khashoggi in the Saudi Consulate in Istanbul last week, shocked the world. It also gives this perceptive analysis of Saudi relations with and attitudes towards the global community by James Dorsey earlier this year, an especial timeliness. This is doubly true of the comment by Khashoggi – himself allegedly the victim of Saudi backlash over criticism of the kingdom – that ‘if business executives fear a backlash over any possible criticism regarding their investment, the new vision of Saudi Arabia would be in serious jeopardy.’ Ed. *Annals*.

The centre would have also helped extend Saudi influence in Southeast Asia by bringing together Islamic scholars and intelligence agencies in an effort to counter extremist interpretations of Islam in cooperation with the Saudi-funded Islamic Science University of Malaysia, and the Muslim World League, a Saudi governmental non-governmental organization that long served as a vehicle for global propagation of ultra-conservatism.

The Saudi-Canadian spat erupted after Canada's ambassador to the kingdom, Dennis Horak, called on Saudi Arabia to release detained women activists, including Samar

Badawi, the sister-in-law of a recently naturalized Canadian citizen, Ensaf Haidar. Ms. Haidar is married to Ms. Badawi's brother, Raif Badawi, who was arrested in 2012 and sentenced to ten years in prison and 1,000 lashes for promoting freedom of expression and women's rights.

The spat follows similar incidents with Sweden in 2015 and Germany in November of last year and is not dissimilar to approaches adopted by other autocracies like China which has responded similarly on issues such as Taiwan, the South China Sea and the deployment of a US anti-missile system on the Korean peninsula.

Saudi Arabia withdrew its ambassador to Sweden after Swedish foreign minister Margot Wallström criticized the kingdom's human rights record, including the sentencing and flogging of Mr. Badawi, and cancelled an arms agreement.

Similarly, Saudi Arabia recalled its ambassador in response to German criticism of the kingdom's attempt to interfere in Lebanon's internal affairs by putting Lebanese prime minister Saad Hariri under house arrest and forcing him to resign. The Saudi attempt backfired, and Mr. Hariri later withdrew his resignation.

In an indication that Saudi Arabia's intimidation tactics may be boomeranging, Germany in January said it was “immediately” stopping approving arms exports to anyone

participating in the war in Yemen, including Saudi Arabia.

The Hariri incident as well as Saudi lobbying against US President Barack Obama's nuclear deal with Iran, President Donald J. Trump's decision to move the American Embassy in Israel to Jerusalem, and what veteran Middle East journalist Brian Whitaker described as "hurling abuse at Qatar" puts Saudi complaints about interference in its internal affairs on thin ice.

In an editorial, The New York Times noted that the Saudi measures against Canada were "the kind of move that, in the past, would have immediately elicited a firm, unified opposition from the West. So far, there's hardly been even a whimper of protest."

The paper went on to say that "it's not unusual for countries to balk at external criticism. But this Saudi retribution is unnecessarily aggressive and clearly intended to intimidate critics into silence... The Saudis claim that the Canadian statement is 'an overt and blatant interference' in its internal affairs, but that argument is specious... Under Prince Mohammed, the Saudis have...not been shy about speaking out about, or directly intervening in, the affairs of other countries, including Yemen, Bahrain and Qatar."

In effect, the Saudi attempt to bully governments into refraining from criticism constitutes an attempt to curtail the sovereignty of others by dictating to them what they can and cannot say.

To the kingdom's detriment, it also blows incidents out of proportion that otherwise would have likely gone unnoticed. Few would have taken note of Mr. Horak's comment on Twitter had Saudi Arabia not put a glaring spotlight on them.

As a result, Saudi Arabia's harsh Saudi response to the Canadian ambassador's remarks, like earlier arbitrary arrests in the last year of hundreds of activists, religious figures, and prominent businessmen

Humiliating the Spirit

THE PRESENT state of nations obliges us to declare that never has the spirit been so profoundly humiliated in the world. And yet pessimism in the end always dupes itself. It disregards the great law which may be called the law of the double movement involving the energy of history. While the wear and tear of time naturally dissipates and degrades the things of this world and the "energy of history," and this means the mass of human activity on which the movement of history depends, the creative forces which are characteristic of spirit and freedom and are a witness to them, forces which ordinarily find their point of application in the effort of the few-who are thereby bound to sacrifice-improve more and more the quality of this energy. This is exactly the work of the sons of God in history, it is the work of Christians if they do not belie their name. People do not understand this work at all if they imagine that it aims at installing the world in a state from which all evil and all injustice would have disappeared. If this were the aim, it would be quite easy, considering the results, stupidly to condemn the Christian as utopian. The work the Christian has to do is to keep up and to increase in the world the internal tension and movement of slow and painful deliverance, a tension and movement due to the invisible powers of truth and justice, of goodness and love, acting on the mass which is opposed to them. This work cannot be in vain, it assuredly bears its fruit.

- Jacques Maritain, True Humanism, trans. M.R. Adamson, 1938. See The Social and Political Philosophy of Jacques Maritain, Image Books, 1965, p.329.

and senior members of the ruling Al Saud family on a host of charges ranging from treason to corruption and apostasy, threatens to further undermine investor confidence in the kingdom's adherence to the rule of law.

The Saudi assertion that Canada had interfered in its internal affairs ignores the kingdom's legal obligations as a signatory to various international human rights treaties that override national sovereignty as well as its role in the United Nations Human Rights Council that operates on the principle of governments monitoring and criticizing each other's human rights record.

Saudi journalist Jamal Khashoggi, who last year went into voluntary exile in the United States despite being critically supportive of Prince Mohammed's social and economic reforms and having close, long-standing ties to the Al Saud family, warned that Saudi Arabia was in effect cutting off its nose to spite itself.

"Saudi Arabia simply cannot afford to alienate any other sections of the global community in the midst of its unpopular military engagement in Yemen... Most importantly, Saudi Arabia's economic transformation requires more friends than enemies. For MBS to achieve the economic and transformative vision that he espoused on his foreign tour, he needs to use ways and means that investors are accustomed to. If business executives fear a backlash over any possible criticism regarding their investment, the new vision of Saudi Arabia would be in serious jeopardy," Mr. Khashoggi said, referring to Prince Mohammed by his initials.

DR. JAMES M. DORSEY is a senior fellow at the S. Rajaratnam School of International Studies, co-director of the University of Würzburg's Institute for Fan Culture, and co-host of the New Books in Middle Eastern Studies podcast. James has just published *China and the Middle East: Venturing into the Maelstrom*. This article appeared first in his blog *The Turbulent World of Middle East Soccer*. Copyright © James M. Dorsey, Global Research, 2018.

IN PRAISE OF PATIENCE AND HOPE

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, 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.

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,1-xii,1;13,1], 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. There are good reasons for thinking that this homily was written by one such priest, and that it was written before AD 96 and thus antedates the letter of Pope Clement with which it is always associated. From *The Roman Breviary*, Second Reading at Matins for Saturday in Week 32 of the Year.

At Eternity's Gate

No painter earned less from his work in his lifetime than Vincent Van Gogh – except perhaps for Fra Angelico (1394-1495), a mendicant Dominican, beatified by John Paul II in 1982.

Now Julian Schnabel, himself a painter, has directed the ninth Van Gogh biopic in a line that also includes last year's *Loving Vincent* and Paul Cox's *Vincent* (1987).

All have helped to make Van Gogh the artist whose works fetch prices equivalent to film budgets.

In the Schnabel version, Willem Dafoe depicts Van Gogh's final years: frugal, filled with painting in the fields around Arles, relieved more or less by Madame Genoux (Emmanuelle Seigner), his brothers Theo and Paul (Rupert Friend, Oscar Isaac) and Dr Paul Gachet (Mathieu Amalric).

Into the background, Schnabel inserts *The Priest* (a grim Mads Mikkelsen, costumed in black). How much more appropriate it would have been if he'd worn a Franciscan habit: Van Gogh's work is redolent of the 'Brother Sun, Sister Moon' of St Francis.

Schnabel also does something to clarify the circumstances of Van Gogh's death. And in a final bold stroke reveals an account book filled with Van Gogh drawings.

Authentic or forged? Either way, they have sequel potential.

Meanwhile, Fra Angelico paintings and frescoes can be viewed in San Marco, Florence.

TBA★★★★NFFV.

The Old Man & the Gun

Dull title for a crime romance that shimmers with the light of two stars, Sissy Spacek and Robert Redford; she playing a gracious, settled widow, Jewel, he a courtly bank robber, Forrest Tucker, who has spent his life on the run from orphanages and jails.

His nemesis is Detective John Hunt (Casey Affleck) a family man who comes to sympathise with Tucker. Others in the cast include Danny Glover and Tom Waits as Tucker's occasional accomplices.

Similarities with last year's *Going in Style* (Michael Caine and Alan

MOVIES

By James Murray

Arkin) are obvious. But for *The Old Man*, writer/director David Lowery worked from David Grann's *New Yorker* reportage about a lone 1980s bank robber.

And he creates a different mood, mixing nostalgia with regret appropriately; Redford has announced the movie as his farewell. May it be a long in the style of Barry Humphries.

M★★★★NFFV.

Journey's End

In this version of RC Sherriff's classic stage play, director Saul Dibb starts with an infantry unit assembling before going into the line – his main concession to opening the play up.

It is also a way of introducing the superlative cast: Asa Butterfield playing, the neophyte Second Lieutenant Raleigh, keen to join his old school hero Captain Stanhope (Sam Claflin) in the line along with Lieutenant Osborne (Paul Bettany), the ranker, Second Lieutenant Hibbert (Tom Sturridge) and the cook-liquor provider Private Mason (Toby Jones).

Official Classifications key

G: for general exhibition;
PG: parental guidance
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persons under 15 years;
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mature audiences 15 years and
over; MA 15+: restrictions apply
to persons under the age of 15;
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announced

Subsequently, Dibb, scriptwriter Simon Reade and cinematographer Laurie Rose stick to the dug-out where most of the action occurs.

Here Robert Glenister portrays The Colonel, all port and pomposity, as he orders futile actions.

Overall the film derives its power from two factors: the sense of its being based on a lived experience, and the timing of its release so close to the 100th remembrance of Armistice Day 1918.

Comparisons with other works based on personal experience are impossible; *Journey's End* is an absolute one-off: RC Sherriff remains the only soldier/writer to have transposed his front-line ordeals direct to the stage. Subsequently he was a scriptwriter, among his credits, *The Dam Busters*.

M★★★★NFFV.

They Shall Not Grow Old

Nor do they in Peter Jackson's documentary; they do, however, grow ghostly as he unspools 99 minutes of archival footage, leaving commentary to the recorded voices of those of so many nations who endured the horrors depicted on the screen.

The haunting effect is diminished where the footage is colourised and *Mademoiselle from Armentieres* is too jaunty an end song; *There's a long, long trail a-winding*, sung by John McCormack would have been more appropriate.

Yet all in all, if *Journey's End* is the Great War in small compass, Jackson's documentary, dedicated to his grandfather, is a panorama of that war in all its shambolic awfulness.

MA15+★★★★NFFV

The Children Act

Awkward title but scriptwriter Ian McEwan, drawing on his novel of the same title, may well have used it deliberately to emphasise how obscure legal documents tend be.

This is John Mortimer territory; expect no *Rumpole of the Bailey*, however, or Peter (*Rake*) Duncan mining the legal seam of Sydney's Waverley College alumnus, Charles (Christian) Waterstreet.

Under Richard Eyre's direction, all is posh and as smooth as the

Silver Shadow Rolls-Royce where the loudest noise came from the electric clock.

And most of the smoothness is down to Emma Thompson's Fiona Maye – risen to be the Honourable Mrs Justice Maye, Dame of the British Empire and the High Court, who begins with a swift verdict on whether or not conjoint twins should be separated.

Her super-Portia status established, she heads home, only to find that her puckish husband Jack (Stanley Tucci) aims to have an affaire – McEwan overdoing the analogy between surgical and marital separation?

While Jack has his affaire (off-camera), his wife has to deal with another fraught matter: should a teenager, Adam (Fionn Whitehead) have a blood transfusion despite the Jehovah Witness beliefs he shares with his parents, Kevin and Naomi Henry (Ben Chaplin, Eileen Walsh).

Result: Adam becomes fixated on Dame Fiona. To write more would be to destroy the film's delicate tracery of love, regret and reunion, epitomized in the use McEwan makes of the Yeats ballad: *Down by the Salley Gardens*, its second verse, *In a field by the river my love and I did stand/And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand./She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs;/But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.*

M★★★★NFFV

Colette

Co-writer/director Wash Westmoreland closes his biopic with archival shots of his subject in her life and times. Unfortunately he and cinematographer Giles Nuttgens do not imitate the sepia authenticity of this material.

In addition, despite the number of compatriot actresses who could have played Colette, no French feature based on her life appears to have been made.

Perhaps it was too rich a ragout with its mix of hetero and homosexual elements.

As it is, the Leeds-born Westmoreland's take is as English as bread-and butter pudding, not least because Keira Knightley

Saudi Arabia: the *Eminence* *Grise of the Middle East*

IS CURING the disease therefore a simple matter? Hardly. Saudi Arabia remains an ally of the West in the many chess games playing out in the Middle East. It is preferred to Iran ... And there's the trap. Denial creates the illusion of equilibrium. Jihadism is denounced as the scourge of the century but no consideration is given to what created it or supports it. This may allow saving face, but not saving lives. Daesh has a mother: the invasion of Iraq. But it also has a father: Saudi Arabia and its religious-industrial complex. Until that point is understood, battles may be won, but the war will be lost. Jihadists will be killed, only to be reborn again in future generations and raised on the same books. The attacks in Paris have exposed this contradiction again, but as happened after 9/11, it risks being erased from our analyses and our consciences.

– Kamel Daoudnov, 'Saudi Arabia, an ISIS that has made it,' *The New York Times*, Nov 20, 2015. Kamel Daoud, a columnist for *Quotidien d'Oran*, is the author of "The Meursault Investigation." This essay was translated by John Cullen from the French.

plays Colette and Dominic West her husband, Monsieur Willy, who pimped on the literary talent that made her a Nobel Prize contender.

Knightley has moments when she looks like a fugitive from St Trinian's rather than the seduced *jeune fille de bonne famille, bien élevé* that Colette was.

For his part, West comes on like a cross between the theatrical Vincent Crummies and the cruel Wackford Squeers in the Dickens novel *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Others in the cast, notably Denise Gough as Colette's transvestite friend, Missy, offset the Englishness of it all.

There again Francophone versions of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* lack champagne sparkle.

M★★★★NFFV.

Boy Erased

Co-producer/scriptwriter/director/star, Joel Edgerton aims to shed light on what is known as Gay Conversion Therapy.

This he, and cinematographer Eduard Grau, do through the prism of Garrard Conley's memoir about growing up in Georgia as Jared (Lucas Hedges), son of Baptist pastor Marshal Eamons (Russell Crowe) and his wife Nancy (Nicole Kidman).

Rather than light, however, Edgerton and Grau shed a gloom

like an eclipse of the sun. Okay, hyperbole. But the work does come off as more of a sociology lecture than a movie.

Edgerton seems to adhere to the idea that homosexuality is immutable without clarifying how this fits with the new concept of gender fluidity, or old examples of those who have gone through a homosexual period before reverting to heterosexuality.

To the role of Victor Sykes (now there's an apt name) ramrod of the GCT facility, Edgerton brings his gift of tough uncertainty.

As Nancy, Nicole Kidman is costumed-blonded to such a degree that she bears an uncanny resemblance to Vivien Leigh's Blanche Dubois in, *A Streetcar Named Desire*.

Russell Crowe is no Marlon Brando/St Stanley Kowalski. He comes on like a portly Mr Bumble the Beadle to continue his evolution as a character-actor star in the line of Spencer Tracey.

The movie's lectury tone is strengthened by a dismissive reference to alcoholism and by end-credit notes detailing the number States where GCT is practised – without reference, for example, to the therapies of Scientology, a powerful force in Hollywood.

MA15+★★NFFV.

Normandy Nude (Normandy Nue)

In the *Said Hanrahan* line, 'We'll all be rooned' Father Patrick Joseph Hartigan (alias John O'Brien) summed up rural ills.

These were relatively benign compared to all the Greenie horrors that fall on the townfolk of Melesur-Sarthe: a supermarket, low produce prices, carcinogenetic red meat and global warming deserts.

Yet writer/director Philippe Le Guay has contrived to extract a comedy-drama from them thanks to Francois Cluzet who plays the township's mayor Georges Balbuzard.

He sets out to persuade his people to strip in protest against the skinflint prices they have been receiving for their produce – a campaign triggered by an American photographer Newman (Toby Jones) whose speciality is crowded strips in Spencer Tunick's real-life style.

Le Guay's final twist combines hilarity with love. Cineastes may detect traces of *The Full Monty* (1997) and *Calendar Girls* (2003) in the comedy, your reviewer saw it as a funny-bone cure for the gloom of *Boy Erased* while he imagined Kidman, Edgerton and Crowe in the roles played by Judy Holliday, William Holden and Broderick Crawford in *Born Yesterday* (1950).

M★★★NFFV.

Hunter Killer

Director Donovan Marsh with cinematographer Tom Marais opens on a stag-hunting scene in the Highlands of Scotland that keys the character of US submarine commander Joe Glass.

As played by Gerard Butler, he steers a course between life-mimics-art and truth-is-stranger-than-fiction, plotted by writers Arne Schmidt and Jamie Moss.

Gary Oldman, in the role of Admiral Charles Donnegan, tries to steal the movie; he is beaten by Caroline Goodall, living Hilary Clinton's dream of being first female president of the United States.

Michael Nykvist (RIP) enters as Captain Sergei Andropov; after his rescue from a wrecked Russian sub, he helps Glass and a team of

SEALs subvert a dastardly coup against Russian President Zakarin (Alexander Diachenko).

Amid the high-tech undersea mayhem, Butler speaks Yankee rather than his native Scots.

Why this should be necessary is as baffling as the plot: the US Navy's foremost commander, John Paul Jones, spoke with a Scots accent when he said: 'I have not yet begun to fight', in response to a surrender call in British waters during the American revolutionary war (1755-1783). Subsequently he became a rear-admiral in the Imperial Russian Navy.

MA15+★★★NFFV.

The Girl in the Spider's Web

High in a Scandinavian *noir* mountain resort, two little sisters are beckoned into a bedroom by a genial-seeming man. One risks her life to escape; the other remains.

With this opening, director Fede Alvarez signals that Lisbeth Salander, who bears a Dragon Tattoo, will not fight covert Nazis as in the Stig Larsen *Millenium* novels but evil-doers who traffic in children.

As Salander, Claire Foy, all in black leather, rides the point-to-point twists of the plot on a high-powered motorcycle to find that the red-coated Web boss is... her sister Camilla (Sylvia Hoeks).

Security specialist Edwin Neeham (LaKeith Stanfield) intervenes, using a remote-imaging rifle that gives a new dimension to sniping.

Sverrir Gudnason takes over the role of journalist Mickael Blomkvist from Michael Nyqvist (who died

on his life-time quest to find his biological parents).

MA15+★★★NFFV.

Fahrenheit 11/9

The title is an economical reversal of Michael Moore's documentary *Fahrenheit 9/11* about the Islamist attack on New York's World Trade Centre in 2001.

Moore's target is President Donald John Trump. The documentary's sub-title – *Tyrant. Liar. Racist. A Hole in One* – suggests that Moore is as balanced as a pie-eyed Sweeney Todd.

With cinematographers Luke Geissbuhler and Jayme Roy, Moore does open with a wide shot of the election-eve Democratic convention: all is silence yet eloquent of victory over what candidate Hilary Clinton earlier called a, 'basket of deplorables'.

Victory as it turned out was theirs, not hers. And Moore spends the rest of the documentary analysing the reasons why. But he has become a professional grouch without Groucho Marx's's salving wit.

Perhaps the documentary is premature while Trump remains bloodied but unbowed. Or it may be that Moore, who predicted Trump's win, cannot quite reconcile his take with the fact that, 'the deplorables' are his kind of people.

M★★★NFFV.

Bad Times at the El Royale

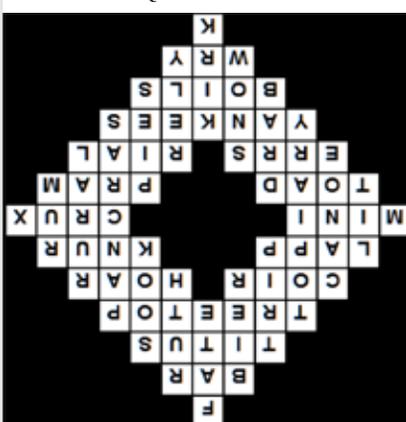
Jeff Bridges joins the list of actors who have played priests. But producer/writer/director Drew Goddard makes Father Daniel Flynn closer to Humphrey Bogart's priest in *The Left Hand of God* than Bing Crosby's in *Going My Way*.

That said, Goddard does not spare the pretzel plot twists, ketchup gore and aliases when Father Flynn arrives at the El Royale motel.

There he meets vacuum-cleaner salesman Laramie Seymour Sullivan (Jon Hamm), soul singer Darlene Sweet (Cynthia Erivo) and the motel's sole surviving employee Miles Miller (Lewis Pullman) who knows the secret of its past use.

Like dust under the carpet there's a subplot waiting for hoovering by Sullivan who in a neat pun is really FBI agent Dwight Broadbeck.

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Enough already? Not quite. Goddard adds Emily Summerspring (Dakota Johnson) seeking to save her sister Rose (Caillee Spaeny) from a Mansonlike cult lead by Billy Lee (Chris Hemsworth).

In a fiery climactic shoot-out all the secrets are revealed including Father Flynn's true identity: Donald 'Doc' O'Kelly, a bank robber seeking to recover hidden loot who opts for the redemptive, left-hand gesture of returning to Darlene a career-destructive tape of her earlier work at El Royale.

MA15+★★★★NFFV.

Charming

Writer/director Ross Venokur's cartoon tells the tale (untold by Disney) of Snow White (voiced by Avril Lavigne), Cinderella (Ashley Tisdale) and Sleeping Beauty (C.E.M.) who are enamoured of the same Prince Felipe (Wilmer Valderrama).

The singing, dancing work may not not quite live up to its title, it does, however, have its funny moments as the prince rides in quest of a solution and meets Lenore Quinonez (Demi Lovato) ostensibly a bandit.

To the surprise of many (and possibly himself) John Cleese, taking leave from Fawly Towers, voices the Fairy Godmother and the Executioner, a double that may make adults wonder whether the script was written by the Monty Python team.

G★★★★SFFV.

Patrick

Not to be confused with the twice-brewed Australian horror movie, director Mandie Fletcher's *Patrick* is the tale of Sarah Francis (Beattie Edmondson) who, much to her disgust, inherits the titular animal, an overindulged pug.

But as Sarah starts a new career as a teacher, the pug gets her life on track with her colleague, Becky (Emily Attack), and fellow dog walkers played by Ed Skrein and Tom Bennett.

Ruthlessly, Edmondson's real-life mother Jennifer (*Ab Fab*) Saunders steals the movie as an over-upholstered, over-the-top teacher

who dominates the staff room with her home-baked goodies.

PG★★★★SFFV.

Halloween

If you saw the first version of director John Carpenter's horror movie in 1976, there's really no need to see this new version directed by David Gordon Green. Though almost 50 years apart, both rely on the same old, same old gory tricks.

Their common factor is Jamie Leigh Curtis, 'Hollywood royalty' through her parents Janet Leigh and Tony Curtis as well as a baroness by her enduring marriage to Christopher Haden-Guest.

While she is by no means up for the pun on Petra, applied by Hilaire Belloc to the French star Mistinguett (née Bourgeois) - 'a rose-red cutie half as old as time' - Curtis, has reached her half-century.

The sadness is that a player of her subtle, comedic gifts should find it necessary to agree to do this kind of blatant hokum.

The movie's budget was \$10-15 million; it has reportedly grossed \$230.4 million - enough to enable the producers of a sequel to buy an inverted comma for the title: *Hallowe'n*.

MA15★★NFFV.

First Man

The space capsule used in director Damien Chazelle's lunar travelogue is dented as if it has passed through a meteor shower or two.

This is appropriate; the movie has a second-hand air, result of what we already know from documentary footage of the first man to walk on the moon in 1969, and from previous feature films, including *The Right Stuff* (1983).

True, Josh Singer's script, based on *First Man: the Life of Neil A Armstrong*, reveals the gentle relationship that Armstrong enjoyed with his little daughter before her early death and the feistiness of his first wife Janet Shearon (Claire Foy).

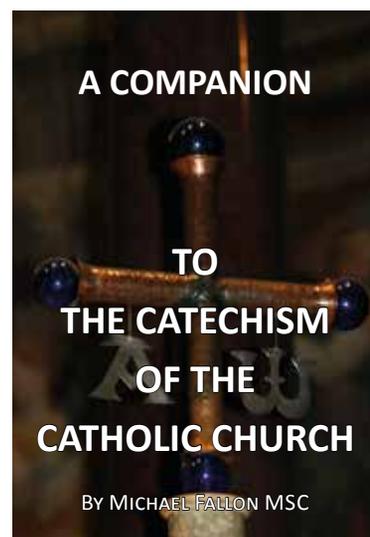
But for all his talent, Ryan Gosling fails to achieve lift-off as Armstrong, simply because he doesn't look like him.

M★★★★NFFV.

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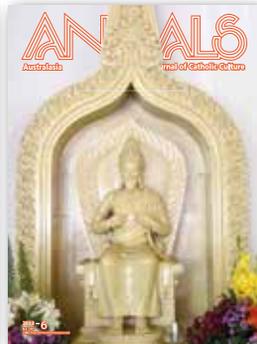
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