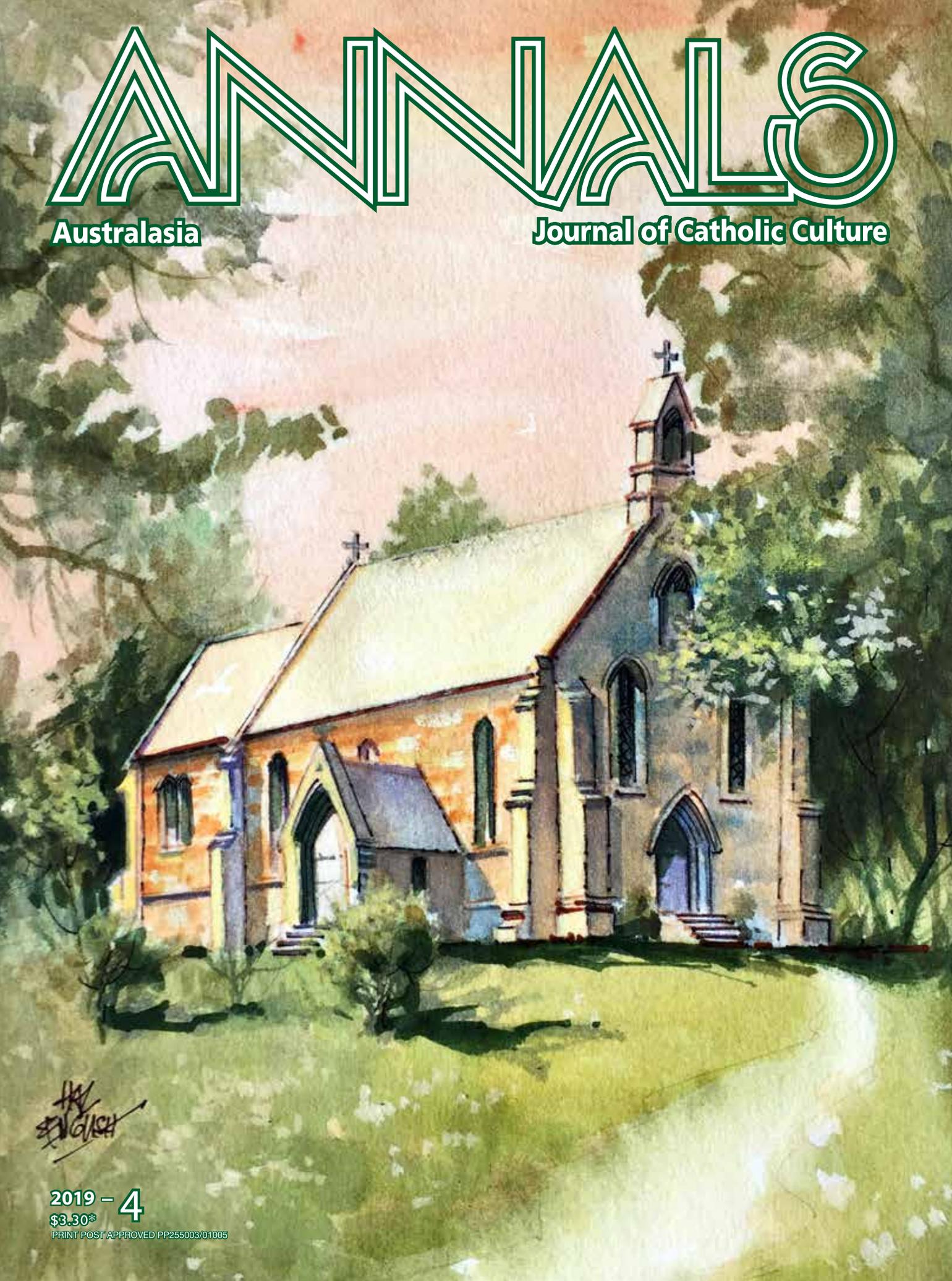


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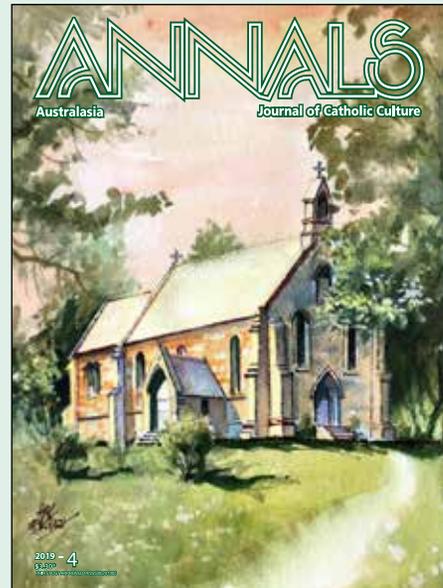
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[Sunday readings at Mass: Year C / Weekday readings at Mass: Year I]

Australia's Oldest Catholic Magazine

Published by the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart (MSC) since 1889.

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Front Cover: Our cover pic is a Hal English watercolour of St Francis Xavier's historic Catholic Church, Berrima, N.S.W. Built on the site of a convict stockade it was originally known as St Scholastica's. Its foundation stone was laid by Archbishop Polding in 1849. The church was designed by the architect Augustus Welby Northmore Pugin, who designed the interior of the Houses of Parliament in London. Pugin became a Catholic in 1835 - no mean feat at that time in England. Berrima was to be the administrative centre for the county of Camden. It is a unique and historic village, established in 1831 - we understand that it is the only example of an existing and largely preserved Australian Georgian colonial town. Pugin expert Brian Andrews describes the Berrima Church as 'the most perfect Pugin'.

Cover artwork: Hal English.

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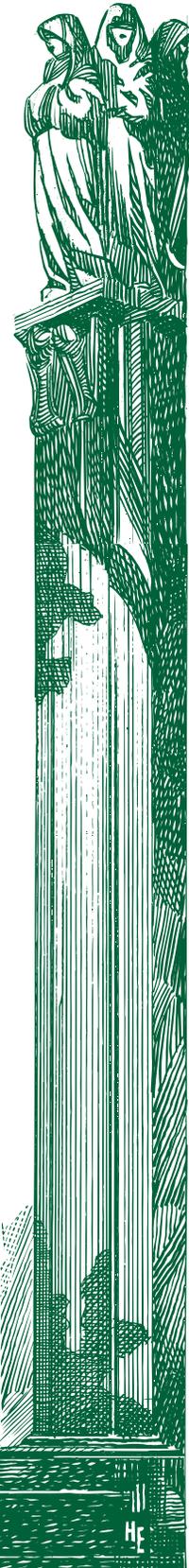
Let us not be Ldumb watch-dogs, or silent spectators; Let us be watchful shepherds, guarding the flock of Christ.

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



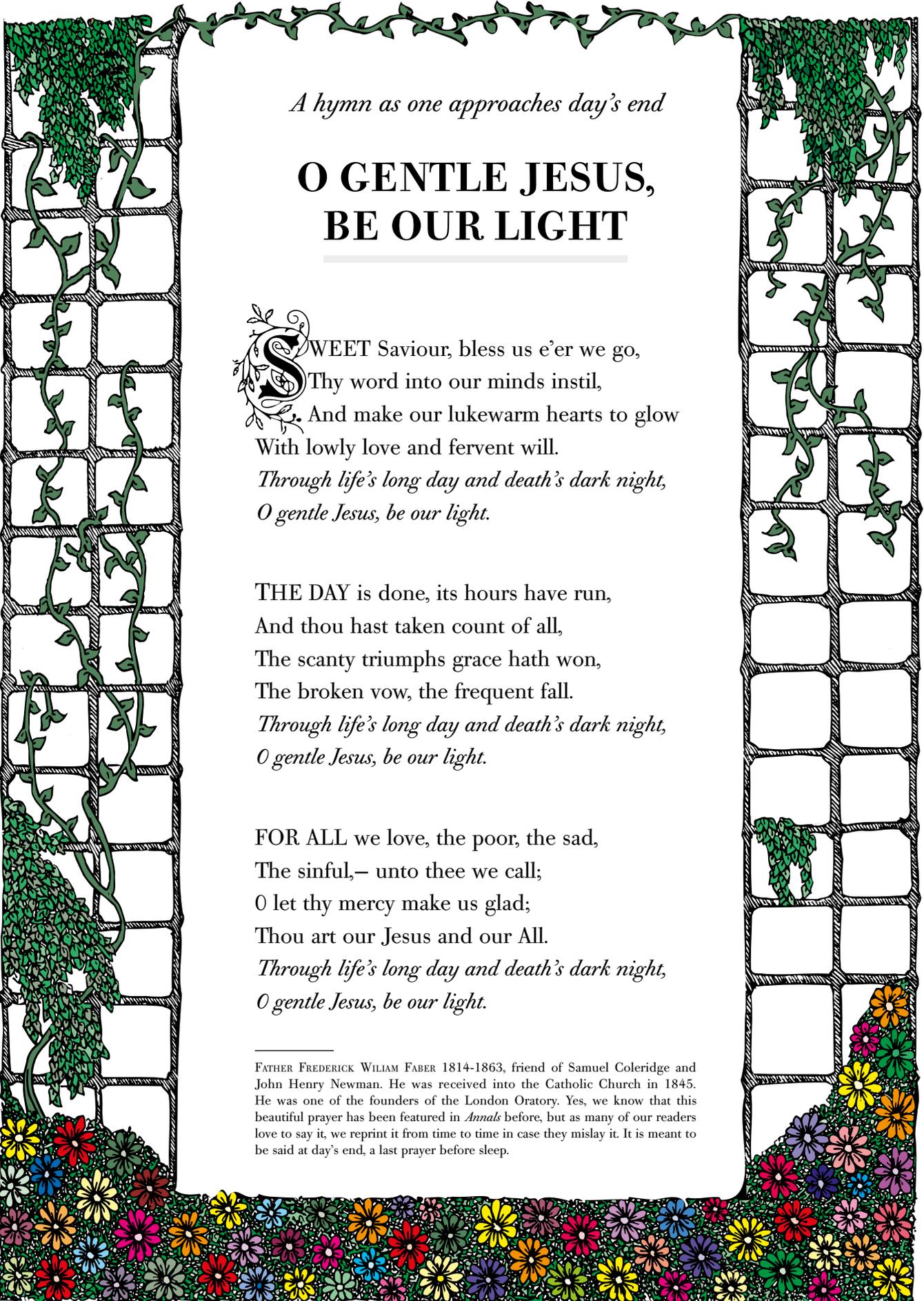
In the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

THE MOTHER OF US ALL



IN THIS holy Catholic Church, formed by its teaching and living as we ought, we shall possess the kingdom of heaven and inherit eternal life. For the sake of this we endure everything, that we may gain that life from the Lord. We have no modest aim, but the gaining of eternal life; that is the object of our striving. For this reason we are taught in the Creed that after ‘And in the resurrection of the flesh’ that is, of the dead, we affirm our belief ‘in life everlasting.’ This is the object of our efforts as Christians. Therefore, the Father is life really and truly. Through the Son he pours forth upon all, in the Holy Spirit, the gifts of heaven as from a fountain, and in his kindness to us he has promised truly to each the good gift of eternal life.

– St Cyril of Jerusalem [AD 313-386], *Instructions to Catechumens*,
Cat. 18,26-2.9



A hymn as one approaches day's end

O GENTLE JESUS, BE OUR LIGHT

SWEET Saviour, bless us e'er we go,
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
*Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.*

THE DAY is done, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
*Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.*

FOR ALL we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful,— unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our All.
*Through life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.*

FATHER FREDERICK WILIAM FABER 1814-1863, friend of Samuel Coleridge and John Henry Newman. He was received into the Catholic Church in 1845. He was one of the founders of the London Oratory. Yes, we know that this beautiful prayer has been featured in *Annals* before, but as many of our readers love to say it, we reprint it from time to time in case they mislay it. It is meant to be said at day's end, a last prayer before sleep.

On one occasion, returning from Darwin with me in a jeep, as we sped along, Tommy drew my attention to human tracks on the road, 'one man, two women, three children, not far ahead!' he announced. Sure enough, some minutes later we caught up with the group whose tracks Tommy had seen earlier so clearly on the bitumen.

TOMMY MUNGULUNG

NO LONGER GATHERS HIS SPEARS

By John Leary MSC



TOMMY Mungulung was the police tracker at Daly River in Australia's Northern Territory when the MSC Mission began there in 1955. Before we came, twenty-one Jesuit missionaries – priests and brothers – had also worked there from 1886 until 1899. As the small aboriginal community grew in numbers, Tommy joined us to become the hunter to supply meat in the form of wallaby or kangaroo and, in season, ducks and geese.

In a group of expert hunters Tommy was supreme. His reading of tracks was instantaneous and unerring. On one occasion, returning from Darwin with me in a jeep, as we sped along, Tommy drew my attention to human tracks on the road, 'one man, two women, three children, not far ahead!' he announced. Sure enough, some minutes later we caught up with the group whose tracks Tommy had seen earlier so clearly on the bitumen.

Shortly after there were fresh buffalo tracks. 'He's running,' said Tommy excitedly and, a little later, 'he's slowing down; he's walking; he's close up'. There was the buffalo around the next comer.

Emu on the menu

On another occasion an emu raced across the road in front of the jeep and into the bush. 'Stop, Father!' commanded Tommy as he jumped from the jeep, pulling from his head a large red and white spotted handkerchief, waving it wildly to the accompaniment of dancing and loud whistling. The

emu, now some three hundred metres or so into the bush, promptly stopped and slowly retraced its steps to investigate the handkerchief, the whistling and the dancing. When it arrived within a few metres of the jeep Tommy reached for his shotgun with one hand while continuing to wave the handkerchief with the other. And so one emu was added to the menu that evening.

While walking with Tommy, until I knew better I would often excitedly draw attention to many possum scratches on the bark of a tree. Just one quick look and Tommy would declare no possum at home. The most recent tracks were downwards, indicating, of course, that the possum had left the tree.

Two feller one bullet

It was the same with an array of tracks around a goanna hole. The last of them were outward bound. 'He's out hunting,' Tommy would say with a smile. When Tommy became enthusiastic about such tracks, a possum or a goanna was added to the menu.

When it came to hunting kangaroo, Tommy would assess how many were needed. Should it be four, Tommy would take four .303 bullets. Invariably he returned with four kangaroos. On one occasion he took four bullets and returned with five kangaroos.

Man's Dominion over Nature

I HAVE NO illusions on the subject of the country. The uneven, ankle twisting roads; the dusty hedges; the groups of children torturing something; the dull, toil-broken, prematurely old agricultural labourer; the savage tramp; the manure heaps with their terrible odour; the chain of mile stones from inn to inn, from cemetery to cemetery: all these I pass heavily by until a distant telegraph pole or signal post tells me that the blessed rescuing train is at hand. From the village street into the railway station is a leap across five centuries from the brutalizing torpor of Nature's tyranny over Man into the order and alertness of Man's organized dominion over Nature.

– George Bernard Shaw on his visit to the Tilford home of Henry Stephens Salt. *Pall Mall Gazette*, 28 April 1888

Violence against Women

BETWEEN 1 JANUARY 2002 and July 31, 2009, 4,063 women were killed in Turkey. Of this number 953 died in the first 7 months of 2009, averaging the deaths of 4 women per day and 31 women per week. These disturbing official figures were provided by Minister for Justice Sadullah Ergin, responding to a question presented in the Parliament by Fatma Kurtalan, a member of the Party for Democratic Society, a pro-Kurdish Party. Despite what the government has done to put an end to the plague of violence against women, the problem has increased exponentially. In 2002 the number of women killed was 66. In 2003, it was 83. This increased to 164 in 2004, 317 in 2005, 663 in 2006, 1011 in 2007, and 806 in 2008. ... Between January 1, 2002 and July 31, 2009, Turkish courts heard 12,678 cases of domestic violence against women. 5,736 people received jail sentences and 1,859 defendants were acquitted. 794 were freed under certain conditions.

– *Corrispondenza Romana*, 22 November 2009

‘How come five, Tommy? I asked. ‘I bin line ‘em up two feller with one bullet,’ explained Tommy. Tommy used infinite care and patience to position himself to snare his game. He would fade imperceptibly and silently into the bush background, becoming a part of it.

Duck or geese on a billabong would appear undisturbed by the slow approach of a patch of waterlilies shrouding Tommy’s head and shotgun. Taken completely by surprise, there was always a maximum number of ducks or geese per cartridge. Leaving the dead birds floating, Tommy would quickly secure those only slightly wounded, and ready to take off, by wringing their necks. Others that had fluttered off wounded into surrounding scrub were carefully noted and later retrieved.

Aboriginal ‘roads’

I well recall the days of the great flood in 1957 when the waters were receding from the airstrip. Magpie geese were everywhere. Tommy was out on the strip with his shotgun. Wounded geese were falling out of reach into deep water. He called on the services of three women to swim and retrieve the geese.

I protested to Tommy about leaving the difficult work to the women and not doing it himself. ‘Too dangerous, too

many crocodiles!’ Tommy replied honestly and with some traditional chauvinism. His gallantry was not equal to his hunting ability.

Each year, at the proper time, Tommy would take off to attend a ceremony at Timber Creek on the Victorian River. Dressed in a loincloth, with a bundle of spears in hand for hunting on the way, he would follow the ancient ‘blackfellow roads’ used for thousands of years by his ancestors.

I first became aware of these roads after they were pointed out to me by my aboriginal travelling companions on a walk from Port Keats to Daly River. They were narrow tracks no more than a foot wide, cleared and hardened over the centuries by the tramp of feet intent on trade or ceremony.

The memory of Tommy the hunter, Tommy the ceremony man, raised worrying questions in my mind when I returned to Daly River twenty years later. Tommy, still active, no longer practised his hunting; no longer gathered his spears or walked the traditional roads to Timber Creek.

No need for traditional skills

Young men had lost a model and a teacher. They, like Tommy, were caught up in a new system that was subtly replacing the need to

exercise those intricate skills that made them the most self-reliant and independent of all peoples.

A cash economy, based in great part on social security payments and a local store, had replaced the need to hunt. Vehicles had replaced the need to walk and all those good traditional things that went with a simple thing like walking.

My concern was not so much with the loss of hunting and walking, but with the speed and nature of the change. It gave no time for authentic cultural growth and became destructive of basic cultural values. So it tended to strip people like Tommy of their independence, their dignity, their sense of responsibility, their self-assurance and, in fact, opened the way to many harmful consequences.

About this time there was a young man at Port Keats, Claude Narjic, son of a leading traditional man, who was deeply concerned about the destructive effects the many pressures from the dominant white culture were having on him and his people. Late one night he knocked on my door. He simply wanted to speak of his anxiety, his feelings of helplessness in a situation where there appeared to be no answers, where all his past, even his identity was threatened. The one-sided conversation continued all night.

Slowly, carefully

When I was invited on one occasion to a Government sponsored meeting in Adelaide on aboriginal policy I asked Claude to accompany me. Claude addressed the meeting. He began by recalling that there was a word in his language very important to this occasion; it summed up all he wanted to say. The world was ‘thawait’. It had a double significance, namely ‘carefully’, and ‘slowly’.

He spoke of the confusion and the damage done to his people by the pressures and expectations of the dominant culture. He gave examples, and after each example added ‘thawait, thawait’. Aboriginal people, he said, before the coming

of the white man, for hundreds of years, did not have to hurry with change. They absorbed the small demands of change slowly. They had time to become comfortable with it and make it their own.

However, when the white man's culture arrived, so powerful and so very different from their own, demanding quick adjustments, they were completely exposed and totally unprepared. 'So, please, when you are dealing with us, he pleaded, let it be done carefully and slowly. The thing that hurts us most is when white people develop condemnatory attitudes by failing to understand us, and the past that has made us. 'Thawait, thawait, thawait!'

Leaving the 'old way'

Another prophetic figure at Port Keats at this time was Harry Pallada. After Harry received his first wage packet he became worried and called a community meeting. He saw the wage packet as representing a new way of living and as a challenge to the old. 'My old way of living,' he said, 'is part of me - living in the bush and from the bush, being secure and at home there, teaching my children to do the same. What if I leave the old way which is me and try to live this new way which is not me? I know I will end up 'makadu'. 'Makadu' means literally a 'non-person', a 'nobody'.

Both Claude and Harry realised to some degree, the great distance between their traditional way of living and that of the dominant white culture about them; and the immense risks and difficulties involved in trying to make up the distance. They also know that many non-Aboriginal Australians are succumbing to the pressures generated within their own culture, and would want to demand with Claude - 'thawait, thawait, thawait'.

FATHER JOHN LEARY, MSC, was a veteran and much-loved missionary of the Sacred Heart who spent almost all his priestly life among the aboriginal communities in Australia's vast Northern Territory. He died on January 10, 2009. He planned to write his memories of Aboriginal 'roads' that he walked, but died before they could be written down.

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– Editor, *Annals*

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'Her coffin bore a six-foot replica of the dollar sign.'

AYN RAND, ARCHITECT OF THE CULTURE OF DEATH

By Donald Demarco

NOW, THIS IS an age of moral crisis ... Your moral code has reached its climax, the blind alley and the end of its course. And if you wish to go on living, what you now need is not to return to morality ... but to discover it.

Thus spake, not Zarathustra, but Ayn Rand's philosophical mouthpiece, John Galt, the protagonist of her principal novel, *Atlas Shrugged*. The 'moral crisis' to which he refers is the conflict between altruism, which is radically immoral, and individualism, which provides the only form of true morality possible. Altruism, for Galt and Rand, leads to death; individualism furnishes the only path that leads to life. Thus, in order to go on living with any degree of authenticity, we must abandon the immoral code of altruism and embrace the vivifying practice of individualism.

Throughout the course of history, according to Ayn Rand, there have been three general views of morality. The first two are mystical, which, for Rand, means fictitious, or non-objective. The third is objective, something that can be verified by the senses. Initially, a mystical view reigned, in which the source of morality was believed to be God's will. This is not compatible either with Rand's atheism, or her objectivism. In due course, a neo-mystical view held sway, in which the 'good of society' replaced the 'will of God. The essential defect of this view, like the first, is that it does not correlate with an objective reality. 'There is no such entity as 'society,' she avers ... since only individuals really exist.

Only the third view of morality is realistic and worthwhile. This is Rand's objectivism, a philosophy that is centred exclusively on the individual. It is the individual alone that is real, objective, and the true foundation for ethics. ... An individual belongs to himself as an individual. He does not belong, in any measure, to God or to society. A corollary of Rand's basic premise is that 'altruism,' or the sacrifice of one's only reality – one's individuality – for a reality other than the self, is necessarily self-destructive and therefore immoral. This is why she can say that 'altruism holds death as its ultimate goal and standard of value.' On the other hand, individualism, cultivated through the 'virtue of selfishness,' is the only path to life. ...

Non-existence is the result of altruism and careens toward death. Making sacrifices for one's born or unborn children, one's elderly parents or other family members becomes anathema for Ayn Rand. She wants a Culture of Life to emerge, but she envisions that culture solely in terms of individuals choosing selfishly, the private goods of their own existence. If ever the anthem for a pro-choice philosophy has been recorded, it comes from the pen of Ayn Rand.

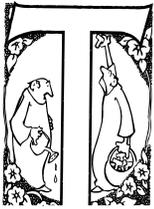
Barbara Branden tells us, in her book, *The Passion of Ayn Rand*, of how Miss Rand managed to make the lives of everyone around her miserable, and when her life was over, she had barely a friend in the world. She was contemptuous even of her followers. When Rand was laid to rest in 1982 at the age of 77, her coffin bore a six-foot replica of the dollar sign. Her philosophy, which she adopted from an early age, helped to assure her solitude: "Nothing existential gave me any great pleasure. And progressively, as my idea developed, I had more and more a sense of loneliness." It was inevitable, however, that a philosophy that centred on the self to the exclusion of all others would leave its practitioner in isolation and intensely lonely.

— DONALD DEMARCO is adjunct professor at Holy Apostles College & Seminary in Cromwell, Connecticut and Professor Emeritus at St. Jerome's University in Waterloo Ontario.

[The] jury made their decision not on the weight of evidence presented in court, which demonstrated that Pell could not possibly have done what the complainant said. Instead, the jurors accepted the sole evidence of the complainant, given in camera, with his identity shielded, and lacking corroboration of any kind.

OPERATION GET PELL

By Keith Windschuttle



THE WORST MOMENT in Julia Gillard's life must have come in 1996 when she was involved in a corruption scandal and forced to resign as a partner in Melbourne law firm Slater & Gordon. Her then boyfriend, Bruce Wilson, had been diverting funds, which employers thought they were paying to the Australian Workers Union, into a 'slush fund' of his own, which Gillard had set up for him. She was left unemployed, without a positive reference from her previous job. However, she was still an activist in the Left of the Labor Party. She had sought, unsuccessfully, political office at the 1993 and 1996 federal elections. With no other option in 1996, she gave up the law permanently for politics.

It was her salvation. She turned around her career, indeed her life. This critical factor was the creation of Emily's List, a feminist group founded in 1996 to provide a network of advice, volunteers and money to get like-minded, pro-abortion women elected to political office and to enforce the Labor Party's affirmative action target of 35 per cent of winnable seats for women. In 1998, when Barry Jones retired from his safe Melbourne seat of Lalor, Gillard put up her hand and won preselection and the seat in that year's election.

Gillard had been one of the founding members of Emily's List

and she helped get a young lawyer from her old firm, Vivian Waller, appointed its inaugural CEO. Gillard had interviewed her in 1994 at Slater & Gordon when Waller successfully applied for a position as articled clerk, a post highly prized by left-leaning law graduates in a scarce job market. (When Bill Shorten applied for the same job,

he too got an interview with Gillard but failed to make the cut.) So, four years later, Waller was able to return the favour by providing Gillard with Emily's List resources to gain the Lalor preselection, thereby rescuing her from oblivion and putting her on the road to The Lodge. Gillard now owed her.

In the memoirs of her time as Prime Minister, *My Story* (published 2014) Gillard says almost nothing about her travails in the 1990s but she does mention Waller, though not by name:

When I worked at Slater & Gordon, there was a young solicitor within the firm who was taking statements day after day from child sexual abuse survivors for a class-action claim being investigated. I remember how psychologically wearing it was for her. I understood and respected the decisions of people who could not face spending years of their life immersed in evidence of so much pain.

Gillard wrote this as part of the explanation for her 2012 decision to establish the Royal Commission into Institutional Responses to Child Sexual Abuse. By this time, Waller had turned her experience in child sexual abuse cases into her own highly successful legal practice, Waller Legal. She established the firm in 2006 to specialise in compensation cases for sexual assault and child abuse victims within the Catholic Church. By the time Gillard announced the royal commission, Waller's firm

The Iron and the Magnet

THIS NOTE on the stages of conversion is necessarily very negative and inadequate. There is in the last second of time or hair's breadth of space, before the iron leaps to the magnet, an abyss full of all the unfathomable forces of the universe. ... It is only possible here to give the reasons for Catholicism, not the cause of Catholicism. I have tried to suggest here some of the enlightenments and experiences which gradually teach those who have been taught to think ill of the Church to begin to think well of her. That anything described as so bad should turn out to be so good is itself a rather arresting process having a savour of something sensational and strange.

— G. K. Chesterton, *The Catholic Church and Conversion*, 1926.

A most ancient Memory of Jesus

THE OUR FATHER is quoted with minor variations by Matthew and Luke. It was known to Mark (11,25-26) who clearly refers to it when he writes: "When you stand to pray, offer pardon if you have anything against another, so that your Father in heaven may pardon you your offences [and if you don't offer pardon, your Father in heaven will not pardon your offences]." It is found reflected upon in extraordinary detail by John (17,1-15) in the Priestly Prayer of Jesus. The Our Father is earlier than the different sources drawn upon by the three Synoptic gospels and St John and can be considered one of the most ancient of the memories of Jesus that have come down to us by means of the gospels.

— From *Recherches sur le "Notre Pere"* by Jean Carmignac, Paris 1969, pp. 361-375. Translated by Paul Stenhouse MSC

dominated this field, outperforming even Melbourne's traditional compensation lawyers, Slater & Gordon and Maurice Blackburn. In her book *Cardinal*, ABC journalist Louise Milligan calls her 'the dogged lawyer who represents probably more victims of abuse than any other solicitor in Victoria'.

In an interview with the *Young Lawyers Journal* in 2011, Waller was asked about her formative influences. She said most of it came from Slater & Gordon's senior partners.

I learned a lot about looking for that matrix of facts around which to build a compelling case. From them all, I learned about the intersection of politics and the law. There is often a great deal of lobbying to be done to try and ensure that the law is, in fact, just.

In the prosecution of George Pell for an alleged sexual assault on two choirboys in 1996, Waller was the lawyer for the witness known as 'J', the sole complainant. After the Cardinal was convicted and jailed in March, she appeared before the television news cameras to read a statement from J saying he drew little comfort from the decision. On this occasion, she appeared modest and sombre but on the Waller Legal website, she was crowing about the victory, repeating the detailed text of local news stories in the mainstream media, publicising her appearance as a panelist on the

ABC's *Q&A*, and providing links to world-wide coverage by the BBC and the *New York Times*. <https://www.wallerlegal.com.au/cardinal-sentenced-to-six-years.html>

For Waller, this was a vindication of the strategy she had learned from the Slater & Gordon partners which she, with the help of other activists in this cause, had been working on for more than a decade.

Accompanying this article, *Quadrant* is also publishing one by the UK philosopher and theologian, Chris S. Friel, who has taken a close interest in Pell's fate. Friel has now made several article-length postings on *Academia*, based on his forensic investigation of the Twitter messages that have passed back and forth between several of the major players in what defence lawyer Robert Richter called the 'Get Pell' operation. <https://chrisfriel.academia.edu/research> Friel studies the Twitter networks that have worked in Australia to influence journalists writing on the subject, to connect police with journalists willing to publish leaks, and to pressure three governments, New South Wales, Victoria and the Commonwealth, to initiate separate inquiries based on the claims and interests of victims' lawyers and activist groups. 'Just as juries need softening in courts of law,' Friel has written, 'so public opinion must be shaped in trials by media. The last

decade has shown the effectiveness of social media for such purpose.'

Taking a broad view of Operation Get Pell, which really needs a book-length study to fully comprehend all that went into this campaign, there were at least seven stages in the following rough chronology:

1995: persuading then Catholic Archbishop of Melbourne, George Pell to establish the 'Melbourne Response' to investigate and deal with child sexual abuse and regulate the compensation paid to victims in the Melbourne diocese.

1997-2007: protesting to politicians and the media that the church was covering up the guilty and was more concerned about protecting its funds and resources than giving the victims just compensation.

2012-2013: calling on State and Commonwealth governments to launch parliamentary inquiries and a Royal Commission into child sexual abuse in institutions.

2012-2015: guiding the Victorian police to identify culprits, first in Taskforce Sano, followed by Operation Tethering, with the latter ultimately identifying George Pell as a target.

2016-2017: leaking to sympathetic journalists that prosecutions were looming and helping them make contact with alleged victims.

2016-2018: persuading the media, the police and the courts that the victims are so fragile – most allegedly suffer from Post Traumatic Stress Disorder – they must not be personally identified, they have to give evidence in camera, and they should be believed on the strength of their testimony alone.

2015-2019: urging and facilitating the prosecution and conviction of George Pell.

In this process, the key events were in late 2012 when the New South Wales and Victorian governments were persuaded that the issue amounted to a major social crisis. Liberal governments in

both states, under Barry O'Farrell and Denis Napthine, appointed their own inquiries. Even though child sexual abuse is plainly an issue for State governments, Julia Gillard paid her dues to Vivian Waller by joining the fray and appointing her own Royal Commission. All this attention transformed the issue from one held by a small number of activists with access to leftist media outlets, into a matter of great national concern.

It also transformed what was really at stake in these claims. For it soon became apparent that what the activists, lawyers and their media friends potentially threatened was the very existence of the Catholic Church itself. That is why those in this campaign responded with such vigour when it emerged as a possibility. The same thing had already been recognised in the United States where civil suits in Boston in 2002 alleged the church hierarchy had shielded priests guilty of rape. Once this finding came within the sights of activists, they could see much further possibilities. As journalist Sabrina Erdely wrote in *Rolling Stone* in 2011:

the Catholic hierarchy's failure to protect children from sexual abuse isn't the fault of an inept medieval bureaucracy, but rather the deliberate and criminal work of a cold and calculating organization. In a very real sense, it's not just [Monsignor William] Lynn who is on trial here. It's the Catholic Church itself.

When Gillard announced her Royal Commission in November 2012, there were some journalists in Australia who understood this too. Paul Kelly wrote in *The Australian* that although the Royal Commission would only amount to a high-cost, state-church shambles, it was a perfect fit for Gillard's political strategy – 'the combination of a moral crusade, a cast of victims and coming systemic dismantling of the Catholic Church'. Or as Richard Sipe, a former American Benedictine monk, now a psychologist who specializes in treating clergy, observed at the same time: 'If you

St Irenaeus of Lyons [130-190 A.D.]

Guard the Ancient Tradition

IF THE APOSTLES had not left us the Scriptures, would it not be necessary to follow the Tradition which they handed down to those to whom they committed the churches? To this Tradition many nations of the barbarians gave assent, of those who believe in Christ, having salvation written in their hearts by the Spirit without paper and ink, and guarding diligently ancient Tradition: Believing in one God, Maker of heaven and earth, and all that is in them: through Jesus Christ, the Son of God; who because of His astounding love towards His creatures sustained the birth of the Virgin, Himself uniting man to God, and suffered under Pontius Pilate, and rising again was received in brightness, and shall come again in glory as the Saviour of those who are saved and the judge of those who are judged, and sending into eternal fire the perverters of the truth and despisers of His Father and His coming."

– St Irenaeus of Lyons [130-190 A.D.] Born in Smyrna (now Izmir, in Turkey) he became Bishop of Lyons. He interceded with Pope Victor 1 (Pope 189-199 A.D.) on behalf of the Churches of Asia, concerning the date for the observance of Easter.

pull the string in a knitted sweater, you'll unravel the whole thing. This will unravel all the way to Rome.' The Australian Twitter *nom de plume* Lindsay Farlow followed suit, tweeting under the hashtag #AllRoadsLeadToRome.

In Australia, like the USA, the argument quickly shifted from a legitimate concern about the fate of those children abused by priests to the more debatable issue of the reluctance of the Catholic hierarchy to pay out large sums of money – from \$50,000 to \$200,000 per individual was the going rate in Victoria under the Melbourne Response. This was expected to be paid to anyone who turned up and claimed to be a victim, even some with unlikely, or indeed impossible, stories to tell. The church sometimes balked at this kind of thing. This allowed the victims' legal supporters to argue that the top echelons of the church were conspiring to silence the survivors and save money, thereby shifting the focus of attention from the failings of individual priests to the failure of the church itself. Vivian Waller told Emma Alberici in an ABC interview in May 2017:

If you're asking me is the Church living up to its testimony

in the Royal Commission about how it's responding to civil claims, no, it's not. There's been a procession of bishops and archbishops crying crocodile tears about how they're going to respond more compassionately to civil claims for compensation. But we're not finding that at the coalface. We're finding it that the diocese of Ballarat is taking most of the defences that are available to it and challenging claims on a very technical basis.

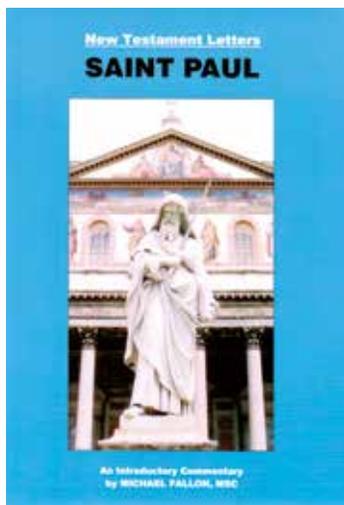
Some of those who think this way, and hope the child sexual abuse scandal will eventually destroy the church, are displaying their own political predilections. They are trying to beat up a scandal that is undoubtedly genuine but has affected a comparatively small number of people, into a cataclysm. They are arguing that because they have found one genuine fault – the penetration of the priesthood by a small number of homosexual pederasts – this proves the whole institution is rotten to the core. This is the thinking of a very fundamentalist kind of utopianism that wants to rid the Earth of corruption to create a perfect world. In history, it has often been the basis of the politics of revolution. It is also a kind of thinking that

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exploits the real suffering of genuine victims for the activists' own political ends.

The most revealing evidence for this interpretation comes from the differences between the findings of the New South Wales inquiry in 2012 and those conducted by the Victorian and Commonwealth governments. In New South Wales, the special commission headed by long-time Crown Prosecutor Margaret Cuneen SC was appointed to consider claims by police officer, Detective Chief Inspector Peter Fox, and his principal media spruiker, Fairfax reporter Joanne McCarthy. Cuneen's inquiry, which sat for 92 days and heard submissions from 161 people in both private and public sittings, did find some evidence of a cover-up within the church hierarchy. Church officials did have information they failed to reveal, which would have assisted police investigations. Cuneen named Bishop Leo Clarke, head of the Newcastle diocese for 20 years, for his 'inexcusable' conduct, motivated by a fear that it would bring scandal to the church. But the report was even more telling in its findings about those who blew the whistle. It was scathing in its criticism of Fox, arguing many of his claims were either 'implausible' or 'exaggerated':

The commission considers that by at least 2010 Fox had lost the objectivity required of an investigating officer regarding such matters. While he remained passionate about things involving the Catholic Church, he no longer possessed the detachment necessary for properly investigating such matters. In short, he had become a zealot.

And this is really what this whole issue comes down to: defenders of the church trying to protect it from questionable claims about its behaviour, versus zealots who want to use this issue to mortally wound the church itself.

For those of us who are not Catholics, there is still another equally important issue at stake: the fundamental legal principle that an accused person is innocent until

proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt. As has been argued several times in this journal and website, this was not how George Pell was treated. The jury made their decision not on the weight of evidence presented in court, which demonstrated that Pell could not possibly have done what the complainant said. Instead, the jurors accepted the sole evidence of the complainant, given in camera, with his identity shielded, and lacking corroboration of any kind.

In the United States, the same issue was central to the case of Supreme Court nominee Brett Kavanaugh, where a woman claimed she had been sexually assaulted by him at a university party when both were in their teens. Like J in the Pell case, when she told her version of events to the US Congress, she offered no corroboration for her story, which Kavanaugh vigorously denied. By assuming the status of victim, she expected Congress to take her on her word alone. She almost succeeded. Fortunately, Congress decided by the narrowest of margins that her claim was not credible, and Kavanaugh went on to become a judge of the United States Supreme Court.

In Australia, unfortunately, the outcome was the opposite. The claims made by one person against George Pell were believed by the second jury that heard them, and he remains in jail, his reputation and career destroyed, waiting to hear the outcome of his appeal. If the kind of court process that convicted him sets a precedent, then Pell's fate will be far more than a one-off misadventure. In the current climate of sexual politics, it is bound to be a model for the persecution of many others.

KEITH WINDSCHUTTLE is an historian and editor-in-chief of *Quadrant Magazine*, for which Cardinal George Pell has written a number of articles, the most recent in September 2018 titled 'The Church in a Post-Christian Age'.

ESSENTIALS OF RELIGION

WITH RESPECT to religion, the following propositions must be affirmed. He who denies any one of them denies religion, in any sense which makes it distinct in character from science and philosophy.

- (1) Religion involves knowledge of God and of man's destiny, knowledge which is not naturally acquired, in the sense in which both science and philosophy are natural knowledge.
- (2) Religious faith, on which sacred theology rests, is itself a supernatural act of the human intellect, and is thus a Divine gift.
- (3) Because God is its cause, faith is more certain than knowledge resulting from the purely natural action of the human faculties.
- (4) What is known by faith about God's nature and man's destiny is knowledge which exceeds the power of the human intellect to attain without God's revelation of Himself and His Providence.
- (5) Sacred theology is independent of philosophy, in that its principles are truths of faith, whereas philosophical principles are truths of reason, but this does not mean that theology can be speculatively developed without reason serving faith.
- (6) There can be no conflict between philosophical and theological truths, although theologians may correct the errors of philosophers who try to answer questions beyond the competence of natural reason, just as philosophers can correct the errors of theologians who violate the autonomy of reason.
- (7) Sacred theology is superior to philosophy, both theoretically and practically: theoretically, because it is more perfect knowledge of God and His creatures; practically, because moral philosophy is insufficient to direct man to God as his last end.
- (8) Just as there are no systems of philosophy, but only philosophical knowledge less or more adequately possessed by different men, so there is only one true religion, less or more adequately embodied in the existing diversity of creeds.

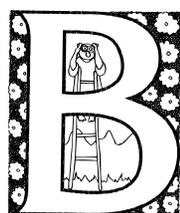
These eight propositions, like those concerning philosophy, are far from exhaustive. They are intended simply as a device to bring professorial positivism – or shall I call it ‘negativism?’ – out into the open. Those who claim to respect the distinct place of religion in modern culture, but refuse to grant that religion rests upon supernatural knowledge, or that it is superior to both philosophy and science, either know not what they say or are guilty of profound hypocrisy. For unless religion involves supernatural knowledge, it has no separate status whatsoever; and if it rests upon supernatural knowledge, it must be accorded the supreme place in the cultural hierarchy.

– Mortimer Adler, ‘God and the Professors,’ Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion (1941).

One thing I absorbed of my early childhood experience of being the only foreign child in a Chinese town [Anxian, to which the Donnithornes soon moved] may have been the feeling that being Chinese was the normal way of being human and that we foreigners were the odd ones out.

THE CHINA WATCHER

By Gary Scarrabelotti



BORN IN 1922 in Sichuan Province, China, to Vyvyan and Gladys Donnithorne of the China Inland Mission, Audrey

Donnithorne, an internationally respected China expert and former ANU scholar, has quite a story to tell.

As she describes herself in the opening sentence, "I am an overseas Brit and a Sichuan country girl." The China Inland Mission was a work of the Church Missionary Society, a project of evangelical Anglican inspiration traceable to the great Wilberforce. Vyvyan Donnithorne, after a fervent re-conversion, conceived the idea of going to China as a Christian missionary. To that end, he studied Chinese language and culture at Cambridge University and graduated with a first-class degree.

The Great War, however, military service and a war wound threw out his plans. Nevertheless, soon after his marriage in 1919 to the similarly minded - and stoutly feminist - Gladys Ingram, both were dispatched to China and to Sichuan Province by the CMS. And so, Audrey was born there on 27 November in, as it happened, a Quaker mission hospital in the town of Santai.

When and where you are born declare who you are:

One thing I absorbed of my early childhood experience of being the

China – in Life's Foreground, by Audrey G. Donnithorne, Published 2019, Australian Scholarly Press, Melbourne, pb. \$49.95. For copies from Scholarly Press: ring 03-9329-6963 or email: enquiry@scholarly.info

only foreign child in a Chinese town [Anxian, to which the Donnithornes soon moved] may have been the feeling that being Chinese was the normal way of being human, and that we foreigners were the odd ones out.

The family left China for England in 1927 as Guomindang forces began pushing into China's interior

and foreign nationals were ordered to evacuate. Audrey was not to return until 1940.

The next important stamp on a young girl's character was her parents' return, without Audrey, to China in 1929. They left her, at age six, in the hands of guardians and she did not see her parents again until 1935-36 when, at age twelve, they came back on leave to England.

In the autumn of '36, the Donnithornes returned to China, again without Audrey, this time after Vyvyan had turned down - on Gladys's insistence - the offer of a Cornwall parish and the prospect of a settled family life together.

Reflecting on these experiences, Audrey writes:

At the time, there was a firm opinion among the British that Asia was no place for their school-age children who consequently remained in ... Britain to live with relatives or guardians or at boarding school. ... No doubt it ... produced a considerable psychological impact on the children ... In my case, while it caused me unhappiness, both in my childhood and perhaps even more in later life, it also strengthened my psychological independence.

The observation signals the opening of a rift with her mother and, eventually, the rejection both of her feminism and evangelical religion. As Audrey frigidly remarks on her parents' passing up the Cornwall offer:

... my mother disliked the idea of becoming a housewife, a very low category in the feminist lexicon.

Other factors, however, were



at work, and these intellectual. Audrey's encounter, during 1933-35, with a 'progressive' high school ended up confirming her received ideas about God while, at the same time, activated within her a philosophical - as distinct from biblical - response to the most important challenge of her childhood. This happened at the Runton Hill school for girls, just a bike ride from the Norfolk rectory in which she then lived (1929-35) with her guardians and their family.

Runton was founded by a "high-minded and forceful" modernist, Janet Vernon Harcourt, who was still principal in the young Audrey's day:

She took religion seriously, but her beliefs were somewhat nebulous. She seemed to believe in an impersonal life force rather than the God of Christianity. For a time this influenced me ... However, before long I realised that an impersonal entity would be inferior to self-conscious human beings and therefore not God, the Supreme Being. So around the age of twelve, I drifted back to a belief and a consciousness of God in the traditional Christian sense which has been with me ever since.

During her parents' mid 30s leave, Audrey changed schools. From then until she finished her schooling in '39, she was a boarder at St Michael's, Limpsfield, Surrey. It was a happy period and one which further formed Audrey in ways that heralded her future. There was, for example, something that coloured her whole approach to study and to the academy:

Ernest Moule [the headmaster] was one of the many influences which have led me towards a somewhat sceptical view of the importance of education qualifications. Once, indeed, he did tell me that he knew I was expected to go on to university but that, really, I would get a better education by going away to some quiet country place and spending two or three years in solid reading.

There were also theological developments, though at odds with the founding evangelical spirit of St Michael's. Her reading rivetted her attentions to the material reality of Christ's Incarnation and left her with an "uncomfortable feeling"

Focus on the Web

THE DIRECTION of technological development in the commercial sector ... is influenced by the agenda of government agencies in ways largely unknown to the public. It's not difficult to trace, for example, the profound influence of In-Q-Tel, the CIA's wildly successful venture capital fund, which has sometimes been the sole investor in start-ups but now often invests in partnerships with the Big Five. In-Q-Tel was the initial sole investor in Palantir Technologies, Peter Thiel's software company specializing in big data analysis. A branch of the company called Palantir Gotham, which specializes in analysis for counterterrorism purposes, has won important national security contracts with the DHS, FBI, NSA, CDC, the Marine Corps, the Air Force, and Special Operations command, among other agencies. But In-Q-Tel's achievements are also familiar to us in more mundane forms: Google Earth originated in an In-Q-Tel sponsored company called Keyhole Inc., a 3-D mapping startup also partially owned by the NGIA. The cloud technology on which we all increasingly rely is being developed by companies like Frame, which is jointly funded by In-Q-Tel, Microsoft, and Bain Capital Ventures. Soon we will be able to use our computers to interact with 3-D holographic images, thanks to another In-Q-Tel-sponsored company, Infinite Z. Another of their companies, Aquifi, is producing scanners that can create a color 3-D model of any scanned object. Since many of the startups in which government agencies invest end up being absorbed by the Big Five, these companies all now have close relationships with the defence and intelligence agencies and advise them on technological innovation. Eric Schmidt, the former executive chairman of Alphabet, Inc., chairs the Pentagon's Defence Innovation Board (Jeff Bezos formerly served on it too), which in a January 2018 report recommended encouraging tech entrepreneurship within the military. The goal would be to create "incubators" like those used in the business and tech worlds that would help develop startups targeted to new defence needs, such as big data analysis.

– Tamsin Shaw, 'Beware the Big Five' Review of *The Darkening Web: The War for Cyberspace*, by Alexander Klimburg, *The New York Review of Books* April 5, 2018

that His Church ought likewise to be something more evident and concrete than the protestant ambiance of her upbringing had allowed.

Audrey was destined for Oxford. But her priority was to join her parents in China. So, in April 1940, she headed out to Sichuan Province and remained there until January 1943. It was a time dense with new experiences, deep changes and hard 'learnings'. Audrey threw herself into the study of Chinese language and writing; began teaching English at Chengdu University; read Maritain and Gilson whose books had been motored up the Burma Road to Sichuan; became in her heart a convinced Catholic; and painfully learned how things stood in her family:

I had the impression that my parents were yoked together primarily in a common devotion to their work, as colleagues, rather than with deep mutual understanding. I was a sort of extra addition rather than an essential

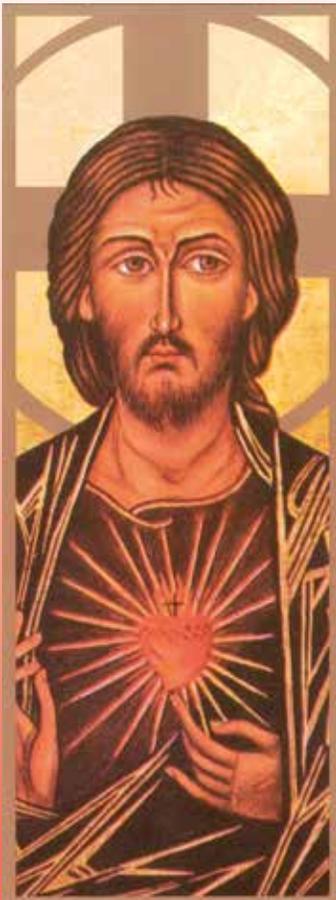
constituent of the family although I always felt an instinctive bond with my father.

Audrey's decision to become a Catholic was a shock to her parents and, to their missionary endeavour, a cause of embarrassment. Audrey also felt that she was missing out on the adventure of Britain's wartime struggle. So she decided to return to England. She landed back there in July 1943 and, on account of her China experience, was spotted immediately and soon after recruited by British Military Intelligence.

Audrey was received into the Catholic Church on 7 March 1944.

After the war, she went up to Oxford and to Somerville College where she settled into PPE. Her Oxford years (1945-48) were, she writes, "the least happy time of my life." The reasons were various: her desire, after wartime service in MI, to do something "practical"; her aversion to intensive, narrow (instead of broad) studies; and a

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heightened sense of homelessness. Audrey never envisioned nor sought an academic career. Her instincts, confirmed by recent Oxford experience, were against it.

Anxious for employment, though, she took a job, in October 1948, as a research assistant in the Department of Political Economy at University College London. Again, she got the position because of her China credentials. But Audrey saw it as a two-year stint, at most. Two years, however, turned to twenty. She stayed until December 1968, was promoted through the ranks to reader and established an international reputation, especially for her book *China's Economic System* published in 1967.

In 1969 Audrey moved to Australia and took up a position in the ANU's Research School of Pacific Studies. The ANU proved less congenial than UCL, professionally frustrating and unhappy. Had it not been, perhaps, that her "China watching" was supported by a constellation of international contacts and colleagues - even in the old Soviet Union - she might not have stayed so long in what proved to be an unsupportive environment.

Audrey had little patience with Maoist sympathizers among China scholars and, for that matter, anywhere in academe. Though few academics would have worked harder, her reservations about credentialism and annoyance with the cult of 'publish or perish' would not have helped. Then there was the fact that she threw herself into the Catholic life of Canberra and publicly so. Her being, for example, the moving agent behind the foundation of ACT Right to Life would have generated from her a kind of moral radiation considered in the ANU's corridors a form of contamination.

There are times when this auto-bio becomes more of a journal of record than one might wish. Good stretches of the book are spent recording how Audrey made and maintained collegial connections and friendships. At first blush, it

seems like a lack of economy. But what the reader might not appreciate until they have finished her last and, in many ways, best chapter, is that this apparent excess of attention is really an act of gratitude by someone who dearly wished to have a normal family life: something which, after age six, she never experienced, except vicariously. Audrey's close family was her cloud of friends and her colleagues, her numerous cousins.

Happily, the book picks up its early beat when Audrey returns to China in 1980. Beside her professional work, Audrey took on the role of an unofficial emissary between Rome and the Catholic bishops she was to meet along the way. Of this confidential work, which she long continued, we see only the tip. The rest lies submerged under the waters of discretion.

Reticence is a big feature of Audrey's book. We learn surprisingly little of what she learned about China - about the Great Leap Forward and the Cultural Revolution - from her years of study and professional networking. Also, we get to know little about the international community of "China watchers", of which she was so significant a member, about its internal combats and the rise and fall of careers. Audrey signals, however, another volume already well advanced. Let's hope that the restraints come off: may anecdotes abound, both sobering and merry; may we learn more.

Audrey Donnithorne retired from the ANU in 1985 and went to live in Hong Kong where she still resides. In 1997 the Chinese authorities banned her from further visits to the mainland. "The years after my retirement," she writes, "have been the happiest and most significant part of my life."

We have reason to hope, then, that Volume II could be a cracker.

GARY SCARRABELOTTI is a professional political consultant based in Canberra. He holds a Master's Degree in History from the ANU. He is an occasional essayist and blogger. Some of his recent works can be found at www.scarrablog.com.au

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As Francis himself has said, no conscientious Catholic has anything to fear from the truth about Church history, but should welcome it. Indeed, if anyone is going to be surprised by the new Pius XII archives, it may well be Pius XII's critics, because – as a long-time Pius XII researcher myself – I know that the Vatican is one of the few institutions on earth that is slow to release historical information favourable to its own cause. – William Doyno, Jnr.

POPE PIUS XII

HITLER'S POPE - OR A SAINTLY AND HEROIC PONTIFF ?

By Robert Moynihan



THE HOLY SEE has decided to open its secret archives for the years of World War II (1939-1945). The decision was announced on March 4, by Pope Francis.¹

Actually, the archives for the entire pontificate of Pope Pius XII will be opened, from 1939 until 1958. But the years that are likely to be most interesting and controversial are those first years, when the Second World War was raging.

This will not happen immediately; the archives will only be open starting in one year, on March 2, 2020 – the 81st anniversary of the election of Pius XII in 1939.

The usual practice in Rome is to open the archives for an entire pontificate, and this is usually done 70 years after the end of the pontificate. In this case, if one calculates 70 years from 1958 – the year Pius XII died – the opening year would normally have been 2028, but the decision has been taken to open the archives about eight years early, in 2020.

So scholars next March will be able to go into the Secret Archives and consult the material about the Vatican's actions during World War II.

Bishop Sergio Pagano, a scholar of ancient manuscripts who heads the Vatican Secret Archives (and

my professor in a Vatican Archives course in paleography in 1985) says historians will discover a 'superhuman work of Christian humanism.'²

In other words, Pagano believes the archives will show that the Vatican and Pope Pius XII, far from assisting the German National Socialist regime of Adolph Hitler, took a firm stand against it, and saved many lives, especially in the Jewish community, whom Hitler and his regime were savagely persecuting.

British author, John Cornwell, in 1999 published a book entitled *Hitler's Pope: The Secret History of Pius XII*, arguing that Pius XII was sympathetic to and aided Hitler; the thesis was widely seconded by critics of Pius XII and the Church, and contributed to a modern blackening of Pius's image in world opinion; critics of Cornwell argue that his book is tendentious and unfair to Pius; these critics believe that the documents the Vatican will open to public scrutiny will prove this.

In the court of public opinion, the case of Pope



Eugenio Pacelli, Pope Pius XII, 1876 – 1958

Pius XII has become pivotal for public opinion about the Church itself, and about the Christian faith in general.

For those who oppose the Christian message, the Catholic Church is a key obstacle to overcome; and to overcome the Catholic Church, the papacy, the reputation for holiness of the 'Holy Father,' is a key point to attack; and to attack the papacy, it is useful to expose, criticize and rebuke one or another Pope for immorality or evil actions; thus, the attack of many against Venerable Pius XII, accusing him of being 'Hitler's Pope,' and complicit in the persecutions of the German regime, is aimed at destroying the reputation for sanctity of Pius, which would then cast suspicion on all Popes, which would then blacken the reputation of the Catholic Church, which would then cast a shadow on Christianity and Christian belief in general.

This is why the defence of a compassionate and humane pontiff like Pius XII against his accusers becomes a defence of all honorable Popes, a defence of the Catholic Church in general, and a defence of the Christian faith in general.

Following Pope Francis's decision to open the archives from Pope Pius XII's pontificate (1939-1958), I asked long-time *Inside the Vatican* contributor William Doyno Jr., well-known for his leading role in defending Pius XII in the anthology, *The Pius War: Responses to the Critics of Pius XII*, in public debates, and in many articles and reviews, for his comments.

Below is his response:

'The announcement that Pope Francis has decided to open the remaining archives of Pius XII's pontificate next year is welcome news indeed.

'We should be very grateful to Francis for this decision.

'Why is it welcome? First and foremost, because it is the moral and just thing to do. For many years, researchers, historians, leaders of the Jewish and Catholic

communities, and especially survivors of the Holocaust, have requested—and have a right to know—all the documentation the Vatican has available on Pope Pius XII's record during World War II. To its credit, the Vatican did publish 11 volumes of primary source material on the Holy See's wartime activities, in instalments, from 1965-1981; and since then has released more documentation on the Vatican's humanitarian efforts during the War.³ But now that the large volume of remaining documents from Pius XII's pontificate will soon be officially catalogued and released, these heartfelt requests for a complete record of his pontificate will at last be fulfilled.

'Second, as Francis himself has said, no conscientious Catholic has anything to fear from the truth about Church history, but should welcome it. Indeed, if anyone is going to be surprised by the new Pius XII archives, it may well be Pius XII's critics, because -- as a long-time Pius XII researcher myself -- I know that the Vatican is one of the few institutions on earth that is slow to release historical information favourable to its own cause! This happened, for example, when the Vatican finally released the full archives from Pius XI's pontificate (1922-1939, during which Eugenio Pacelli, the future Pius XII, served as Pius XI's Cardinal Secretary of State, from 1930-1939) – and it was revealed that the Vatican's opposition to racism, anti-Semitism, fascism and Nazism at that time was far stronger than previously thought.

'Finally, because there have been so many egregious misrepresentations of Pius XII's life and legacy, the release of these remaining archives, as the Vatican's chief archivist, Monsignor Sergio Pagano has said,⁴ will finally set the record straight on Pius XII's impressive pontificate – which, with the abundance of testimonies and primary source material already available, we know was anything

but indifferent to the persecution of Jews and others during the Holocaust, and did not, as certain polemicists have claimed, appease the Nazis: Pope Pius XII, in fact, tried to overthrow Hitler.⁵

'As regards what the release of the new archives will mean for the ongoing Cause of Venerable Pius XII, I think it will certainly benefit it, because it removes an oft-heard reason for so much hesitation about Pius XII – namely, that 'we don't yet know everything that is in the Vatican archives about Pius XII's pontificate.'

'It is not an unreasonable point raised by sincere seekers of the truth, as I wrote in the *Times of London*⁶ after Pope Benedict XVI declared Pius XII 'Venerable' in 2009. But we have every reason to believe that these additional archives will only enhance Pius XII's stature.⁷ We also need to trust the Holy Spirit, who has His own timetable for the Church to formally recognize saints.

'Finally, it should be noted that Francis's announcement on the Pius XII archives comes at a time when even many secular institutions and historians have begun to express more support for Pius XII, acknowledging the growing body of evidence in his favour. The forthcoming release of the additional Pius XII archives can only help foster this ongoing re-evaluation and appreciation.'

ROBERT MOYNIHAN, editor of *Inside the Vatican Inc.*; reprinted with permission.

1. https://w2.vatican.va/content/francesco/en/speeches/2019/march/documents/papa-francesco_20190304_archivio-segretovaticano.html
2. Fanny Carrier, *AFP* 'Vatican to open secret archives of WWII Pope in 2020'.
3. Blet offers excellent Guide for volumes on Pius XII; review by Konrad Repgen, originally in German in the *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung*, March 5, 2001. For the English see *Osservatore Romano*, August 29, 2001 p.10.
4. Sergio Centofanti, 'Bishop Pagano: Opening the Archives will reveal the greatness of Pius XII,' *Vatican News* March 4, 2019.
5. William Doyno, 'Papal Espionage and the Third Reich,' *National Review*, October 19, 2015.
6. idem, 'Pius XII did help the Jews,' *The Times*, Jan 4, 2010.
7. *Catholic World News*, July 02, 2009, 'Curator says Vatican Secret Archives Vindicate Pius XII.'

CYBER STRATEGY

WHAT CONCERNS Klimburg most, though, is the extent to which US government agencies are prepared and willing to mislead the American people about its own cyber initiatives. Such disinformation creates exactly the kind of confusion that liberal states vulnerable to psychological and information warfare urgently need to avoid. This sort of deceit is now a crucial aspect of US policy and defence strategy. Klimburg suggests, for example, that the details about America's extraordinary intelligence-gathering programs, which Bob Woodward disclosed in his book *Obama's Wars* (2010), had been deliberately leaked to him as a warning to adversaries—an attempt on the government's part to impress the extent of US cyber power upon the rest of the world.

At the same time, other government agencies have sought to maintain a view, both domestically and internationally, of the Internet as a domain of cooperation, not conflict. The language employed in official cyber

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strategy documents, Klimburg tells us, is deliberately obfuscatory. The 2015 Defense Department statement of its cyber-strategy used terminology such as "Offensive Cyber Effects Operations" but gave no indication of what that term included or excluded. Fred Kaplan, in his book *Dark Territory: The Secret History of Cyber War* (2016), has also claimed that even in the early days of cyber-operations at

the NSA, under Michael Hayden's command, the already tenuous distinction between defensive and offensive operations was deliberately elided.

Klimburg suggests that a healthy democracy needs much greater transparency about its cyber-policy.

- Tamsin Shaw, 'Beware the Big Five,' Review of *The Darkening Web: The War for Cyberspace*, by Alexander Klimburg, *The New York Review of Books* April 5, 2018



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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By Pierre Batiffol



HERE IS NOTHING in the universe greater than Jesus Christ, and after Jesus Christ, there is nothing greater than His Church. The

Church exists for the purpose of continuing the work of Jesus Christ.

This work is the work of redemption, which continues, in the order of truth and in the order of grace, the mission that Jesus Christ entrusted to his Apostles and to their successors.

'As the Father sent me,' our Lord said, 'I send you. And so go, teach and baptize. Whoever believes in the doctrine that you will proclaim in my name, the one who will be baptized with the baptism that you will administer in my name, that one will be saved. You will teach the nations to keep all that I have commanded you. And here I am with you, every day until the end of the world, for, as well,

all power has been given to me in heaven and on earth.'

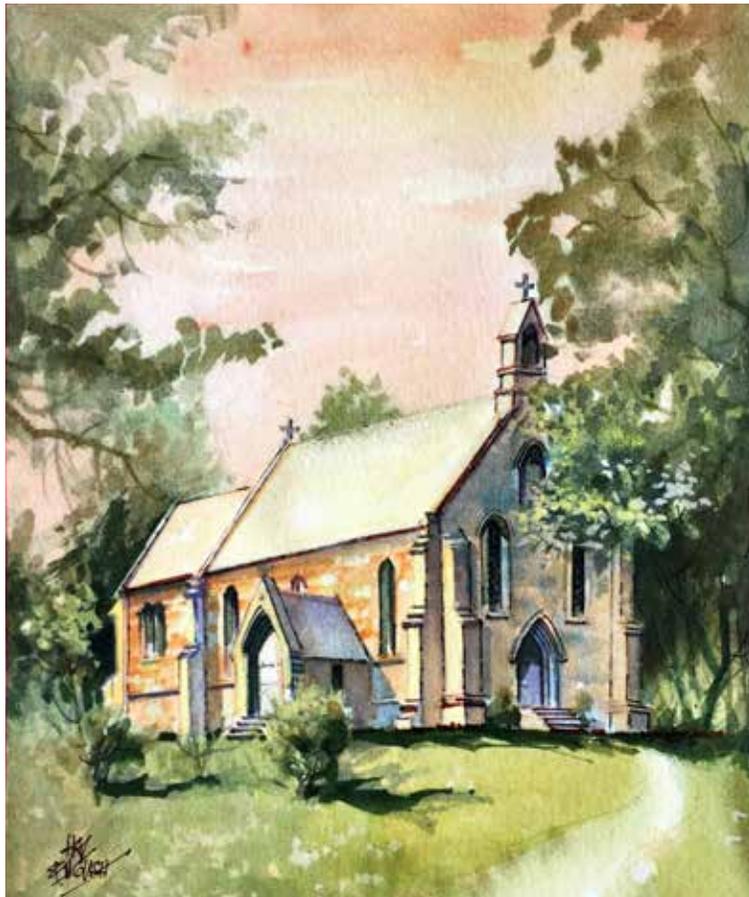
The Saviour's design was not that this supernatural work be done only in secret and for the individual. That is why the work of Redemption called for an organised society.

The Saviour, by his preaching and by his death, put an end to the history, as old as the world, of the wandering sheep.

The Apostle Peter, replying boldly to the Saviour, in an initiative whose meaning was better known to him than to anyone else,

wrote to some of the first-generation Christians: 'You were like wandering sheep, but now you have returned to the one who is shepherd and bishop of your souls.'¹ The terms 'shepherd' and 'bishop' applied to Jesus Christ by metaphor, refer to a reality that was instituted under the very eyes of the first generation of Christians.

Everywhere, indeed, where the Apostles carried the Gospel and baptism, everywhere a flock was formed, at the same time and everywhere this flock had a shepherd. It was as if the Saviour had put into



Saint Francis Xavier's Catholic Church, Berrima

the constitution of each community these four words: *unum ovile, unus pastor* 'One flock, one shepherd.'²

You understand, gentlemen,³ that a flock knows itself to be a flock, and a shepherd is a shepherd only because he has authority to graze the flock; and this authority is receivable here only in so far as the voice of the shepherd is the voice of Jesus Christ: *voce meam audient* 'they hear my voice.'⁴

And, finally, the unity of each flock would be illusory, if there were not a 'shepherd of shepherds,' a 'bishop of bishops,' a 'unity that keeps the unity,' a 'stone on which the whole Church is founded' by the very hand of Jesus Christ.

For the Church is a visible society - and a governed society. We must add one more thing, namely that the Church is, in the hands of God, an instrumental cause of salvation.

Our Lord could easily have ensured the preaching of the salvation of mankind by other means.

He could, for instance, have dealt with each of us individually; manifesting himself to each one of us, as he did to the persecuting Pharisee Paul on the road to Damascus, to convert us; as he did to the discouraged disciples on the way to Emmaus to embolden them; more simply, he could have drawn us to himself by an attraction similar to that which was the origin of our blessed vocation as priests; to give us the intuition of what we must believe by an inner and direct light, to operate our salvation by the keys of a subliminal providence, if you will allow me to put it this way.

The Saviour did not do this. He established a visible Church, outside of which there is no salvation. He incorporates us through baptism, he vivifies us by holy communion, he purifies us by the sacrament of penance, he governs us by the hierarchy, instructs us by Scripture, by Tradition, by a magisterium which he himself assists to preserve it from all error.

The Saviour, in a word, effects our salvation by means of constant heteronomy⁵ whose names are 'revelation,' 'sacraments,' 'priesthood,' and 'magisterium'.

Gentlemen, let us bless what once was called the 'politic' of God. Theologians will teach you its depth and you will learn the harmonies of the Church's dogmas. Historians, in their turn, will show you in what consists all the deeds of Christianity throughout history.

If I may be allowed to bring my humble testimony, I would say this to you: As the historical method we practise penetrates the secret of the very origins of Christianity, it discovers that the Ecclesiastical Organism, i.e. the Church - with its triple character of Visibility, Authority and its being the Instrumental Means of Salvation - is, after Jesus Christ, the origin and summit of our faith: the *primum vivens*⁶ of all that bears the name of Christianity.

And when, in the light of this observation which daily becomes more obvious, we place the arguments of the tendentious lawsuit which, for four hundred years, Protestantism has brought against Her who, since Saint Irenaeus of Lyons, all Christian centuries have called by the name of *Mater Ecclesia* 'Mother Church,' the justification of this mother is so dazzling that in truth we feel in a hurry to ask Her: *Ubi sunt qui te accusabant?* 'Where are they now - those who were accusing you?'

At the same time, we see all that, following the example of the Saviour, this Mother Church has suffered in the fulfilment of her divine mission. It was in pain that she gave birth to every Christian century. Perpetually betrayed or bruised by the infidelities or faults of her own children; holy, calling all her followers to holiness, and having to hold back, without ever wavering, the tide of prevarications, scandals, or incurable mediocrities; doing the work of liberating truth, and always suspected of being the enemy of the light, she goes her

way, her painful way, gentlemen, and we follow her.

She is the old Church whom we love more than any country, more than any mother. We love her for her holiness, we love her for her gravity, we love her for her very severity. Nothing in her authority troubles us or disturbs us, because we profess that to submit to her definitions or her judgments is simply to acknowledge rights that God has over us.

This is why, gentlemen, nothing in 'modernism,'⁷ since this word is now on everybody's lips, nothing frightened us more than its concept of the Church which was quite different from what we had found to be the reality.

Admittedly, this error is not the only one, nor indeed the foremost. We have all fought for ten years, the fundamental premisses of a system that repudiates natural theology, repudiates the objective motives of credibility, repudiates the very concept of external revelation; but the logical consequence of these premisses does not only imply integral immanentism,⁸ considered as the exclusive condition of all religious knowledge, and, with this immanentism, symbolism and evolutionism together conditioning the object of faith and the dogmatic formulas which are their expression.

The logical result of all this led to a definition of the Church which was no longer a divine heteronomy, but a collective of autonomies.⁹ It was this logical consequence that the encyclical *Pascendi*¹⁰ deduced with luminous rigour.

A purely theoretical deduction, some may say. No, gentlemen, for at the very moment when the encyclical was written, what was announced to us was a conception of the Church, 'new' and 'stronger,' according to the principle that its authority is totally inadmissible in the order of pure thought, and that if the Church is one, universal and infallible, it is simply because it expresses the religious experience of all, and that one is always infallible in describing oneself.

I will not mention a proper name, but I quote authentic statements. And the same writer [Pope Pius X] for us to better express his doctrine, assures us that dogma is the experience of the Christian community: to escape from it is as absurd, he says, as to want to study the psychology of crowds in the desert. Do you now understand, gentlemen, the powerful page in which Pius X describes and reproves the ecclesiology of the innovators?

Notice, indeed, that in this new and supposedly stronger notion of the Church, we are not told of the supernatural and sacramental action which its divine founder put in the hands of the true Church, and that is already a lacuna, but, more obviously, there is no place in this new conception for the magisterium instituted and assisted by Christ. The Pope will always be a servant of the servants of God, but in what way will he still and truly be Vicar of Jesus Christ, if all doctrinal authority is merely the result of the faith and the thought of individual consciences?¹¹

Finally, what kind of illusion is it to expect that this *consociatio conscientiarum singularium*, 'Society of Individual Consciences,' would be vital, stable, One and Catholic?

It's an orchestra, we are told, and we should like it out of respect for a famous phrase used by Saint Ignatius of Antioch.¹²

But who will believe that an orchestra is an orchestra if it does not have a written score to perform, and if each performer improvises his part by following only his musical conscience?

So, gentlemen, all of us who cling to the Church as to faith, as to grace, as to salvation; all of us who have defended the Church with our weak hands, suffering from our powerlessness to do better, and feeling all the risks of error that we ourselves were running into through such new and difficult controversies. All of us who turned to Rome and said, in the anxiety of our souls: *Emitte lucem tuam et*



veritatem tuam! 'Send forth your Light and your Truth,' received with deep gratitude the papal word [i.e. the encyclical *Pascendi. Ed.*].

'The Church,' said Bossuet,¹³ 'does not always stumble over incipient errors; she does not look at them, as long as she has hope that they will dissipate themselves, and she is unwilling to give them notoriety by her anathemas.'

But when she does intervene at last, let us not be disconcerted to hear her explain herself, so as to thwart the equivocations of heretics which so fascinate the world.

It is Bossuet who still speaks, and he adds: 'Heretics who seek faith, are groping their way: the Church, which always bears her faith formed in her heart, seeks only to explain it without hesitation and without equivocation. And as she contemplates the highest difficulties without surprise, she offers her guidance unceremoniously, anxious to find in her children a spirit always ready to be guided, and a docility capable of carrying all the weight of the divine Mystery.'

Let us submit gentlemen, let us give in with a feeling of filial respect. Let us not be of those who accept truth only reluctantly.

If in the performance of his sublime duty the Vicar of Jesus Christ meets with bitternesses and contradictions, may none of them come to him from the clergy of France.

The Vicar of Jesus Christ does not ask us to smash the tools of research which the Church has blessed; he only wants their use to be regulated. He does not ask us to abandon our times, but to be part of them, and to act upon them, and that our scholarly action, like our social action, be exercised wisely and opportunely in modern ways.

Let us submit ourselves with a supernatural docility that will be obvious from our love. We are surrounded by confused minds, who had sought in an ill thought-out philosophy, satisfaction of their pride and their curiosity, while others, more nobly, sought the solution of current difficulties with faith, and a strategy to bring back into traditional thinking, spirits who had departed from it.

The encyclical *Pascendi* has much in common with the encyclical *Mirari vos*.¹⁴ In 1907 as in 1832, there are grounds for thinking that these [to whom the encyclical was addressed] will follow the example of Lacordaire¹⁵ who was most religiously docile, and at the same time they will not sacrifice an iota of doctrine, will work to restore peace, to rally minds rather than to embitter them, and to soften the light and make it fertile rather than provoke a thunder storm.

Holy and maternal Church of Jesus Christ, we are your children and we seek no other honour than to be most docile, the most loving of your children. If the eternal enemy of unity and truth has called for the present generation to sift it like wheat, we feel that we are indebted to this docility and love, to be of those whose faith does not fail, and who, perhaps, with the grace of God, will be able to 'confirm their brethren,' if only by the example of their abandonment to your infallible authority.

But we know that this refers to one person only, and therefore it is to him alone that we are entrusting the practice of our faith. *Si quis Cathedrae Petri iungitur, meus est* 'whosoever is in communion with the See of Peter is in communion

During the past two thirds of a century, rhetoric – which simply implies language designed to persuade or impress and whose natural habitat is advertising and politics – has not just hugely increased its intrusions into everyday life, but most damagingly of all, perhaps, into our culture.

ABANDON ESTABLISHED WISDOM AT TERRIBLE COST

By Giles Auty



FEW WEEKS AGO while walking my dog near Long Reef on Sydney's Northern Beaches I witnessed a sky of such extraordinary complexity and beauty that I seriously wondered whether I had ever seen its equal before. This is a fairly large claim from me, at least, because I have been observing day and night-time skies fairly intently for most of my life – if only relatively recently from the shores of the Pacific.

So who, historically, have been among the finest painters of skies? The sky may not be the main focus of his painted imagery - while nevertheless consistently setting or reinforcing its overall mood – yet it is hard for me to go beyond Titian(1485-1576) or his earlier teacher from the renaissance Giovanni Bellini (c.1435-1516).

Likewise the man who effectively founded the visual renaissance Giotto di Bondone (1267-1337) not just broke with Byzantine stylization but introduced the whole idea of naturalism and convincing pictorial space on which so much future Western art depended. So in a way he preceded and was vital to a future brilliant rendering of skies.

Yet who in relatively recent times could even have begun to come to terms with the extraordinary sky I saw? The English painter John



The heading of this Italian billboard reads:

Dear Greta: If you want to save the planet, save human babies'

The 3 lines close to the baby read:

'Michellino at eleven weeks of conception'

The line at the bottom [obscured] reads: 'Scelgolavita'

'I choose life'.

Constable (1776-1837) drew and painted the sky obsessively as a key to understanding its secrets and today, in a less directly observational mode admittedly, we see an artist such as Queensland-based William Robinson who often allowed the sky to set the mood for his vast and deeply moving 'Creation Series' paintings.

He, happily, points consistently to a novel and rewarding vision in his work. What all such artists as those I have mentioned had in common, in fact, was the expression of a generally benign vision while similarly sharing vast inherent satisfaction from the actual making of their art. The abandonment of such satisfaction comes at a terrible cost.

I was still in the process of discovering Australia myself when asked quite frequently to teach mostly amateur Australian artists the basics of looking at the land, sea and sky at a series of bush camps set mostly in Far North Queensland.

What evocative place names! Jowalbinna near Laura, Yeppoon, Proserpine, Einasleigh and Cooktown were typical of the places where I taught, sometimes in the company of well-known Australian artist Tim Storrier, whose then young son was once most helpfully spirited away via Einasleigh's rudimentary airstrip by Australia's excellent Flying Doctor service.

I was happy to play some small part in this evacuation process myself simply by helping light up the nocturnal landing strip. What I quite often experienced in those days, in fact, was probably country Australia at its best.

Like the traditional virtues themselves those of creating meaningful art have become neglected increasingly in recent times in Australia – and elsewhere – in my years of living here usually on the grounds that they are insufficiently ‘progressive’ – but that is a sad as well as fairly typical untruth.

For a long time, so-called ‘progressive’ art largely led the way in its obscurity and irrelevance and indeed basically became the original cause of my becoming a writer – at first more or less exclusively about the visual arts.

But note here how the same pseudo-evolutionary arguments have subsequently become a prevailing fashion in umpteen other walks of recent Western life – often with similarly negative effects. For a long time the worst of modern art was inclined to lead the way in lack of approachable meaning yet since about 1975 we have seen how visual art has also become increasingly politicized in virtually every Western country including Australia.

What we have seen in truth is the cleverly concealed march of so-called post-modernism which is basically simply a form of cultural Marxism by stealth. Just think about this whole matter for a moment: political correctness, feminism, gender issues, multiculturalism and such were all ‘engineered’ during the so-called Long March through the Institutions which unquestionably began life as an openly communist initiative.

For those of us with no time at all for communism, how culpably naïve can we get in providing vital oxygen for such ideas? I began painting professionally in England’s most South Westerly county about 15 years after the ending of the Second World War where a number of my older colleagues had returned from wartime service and often from imprisonment overseas.

Small wonder they were delighted to be alive and free once more. For most such the major problem in life then was simply housing and feeding their families. Indeed in many ways their lives were much more closely linked to those of pre-war British artists and the whole previous history of art than to those of coming generations.

Why precisely was that? The first factor involved was state intervention mainly via national and regional arts councils. In theory this sounds beneficial but has hardly ever proved to be so in practice because the hidden price of state intervention has almost always been that of ever-increasing state control.

The second example of flaws was questions such as whether this was more ‘modern’ or more ‘advanced’ than that? During the past two thirds of a century, rhetoric – which simply implies language designed to persuade or impress and whose natural habitat is advertising and politics – has not just hugely increased its intrusions into everyday life but most damagingly of all perhaps into our culture.. So has any section at all of our culture largely escaped its influence?

Before I left England in 1995 I regularly saw my family doctor pedalling along the banks of the Thames – where we both lived – on his days off from work not just with a beatific smile on his face but a comprehensive painting kit packed into a vast basket on the handlebars of his bike. Begone dull care – this was his time off and it was in his view vitally necessary to provide food thereby for his soul.

Indeed similar cheering sights were probably commonplace at that time both in Europe and most American states. In short amateur artists were often enjoying making art much more than their professional counterparts who were engaged in ‘conceptual’ or other so-called ‘cutting edge’ art activities of that era. Artistic fashion was indeed often a very unkind master indeed back in those days.

My career as an official art critic lasted roughly twenty years and enabled me to see definitive exhibitions by virtually all of the West’s major artists at venues spread

throughout many parts of the world. When I cannot remember an image or an experience exactly I generally retain an often ponderous catalogue to remind me. For all I know my visual art library may be among the more comprehensive that exists in Australia and on almost every occasion I was actually present at the exhibitions such catalogues illustrated.

What a fortunate life! I taught painting and art history at tertiary level for some years in England. In Australia we now seemingly spurn the study of Western civilization very widely so demand for my services has always been negligible.

Imagine studying music and excluding say Handel, Bach, Mozart and Beethoven from the ambit of your course. Even when I first arrived here in the middle 1990s a book which was effectively someone’s doctorate on Manet managed on brief examination to exclude mention of Jules Bastien Lepage who was more influential than his famous fellow countryman during his lifetime. It was Tom Roberts, in fact, who brought knowledge of Bastien Lepage’s teaching – which had worldwide influence and significance – to Australia.

Curiously, the art of the former USSR which escaped the worst effects of Western modernism almost entirely produced many traditional artists of whom the Western canon could well have become proud. But what do we know about them in the West? We turn our backs on such cultural heritage not just at our peril but potentially in the cause of our cultural death.

Shorn of the history of its saints, martyrs and great spiritual leaders the Catholic church would have been left intellectually and spiritually disabled. In all walks of life, in fact, we abandon established wisdom of all kinds at terrible cost. Might there even be a bit of a message here for our new Australian government?

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*.

MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE?

By Christopher Dawson

REASONABLE DOUBT, by the foremost Sydney journalist, Hamish McDonald, is an outstanding work of investigative journalism and a gripping story. It tells the reader of a comprehensive ‘stitch up’ by an unreconstructed NSW Police Force which started on a hot summer’s night in 1979. Sticks of gelignite are found, and a Croatian family’s young men taken out by Sydney’s toughest ‘cops’ for a rough night at the CIB headquarters in Surry Hills. There are simultaneous raids across the city and an arrest in Lithgow. According to a story in the then *Daily Mirror*, police “had foiled a plan by Croatian ‘terrorists’ to plant four bombs around Sydney against targets that included Yugoslavian travel agencies, a packed theatre and even the city’s water supply pipeline from the Warragamba Dam”.

The scene is set by the now convicted murderer, (the then Detective-Sergeant and would be Dirty Harry) Roger Rogerson, and other armed plain clothed policemen pushing their way into a house in Livingston Street, Burwood. The Croatians who lived there were bewildered and intimidated. They had left hell when they came to Australia but another one was beginning. For them, and the whole community of Croatian migrants it was the start of a nightmare, ending in 15 year jail terms for terrorist conspiracy.

The past is another world. NSW and Australia at that time was gripped by a fear mania which had its origins in the effects of internecine warfare stemming from the political struggles in Croatia in the last days of Marshal Tito’s brutal dictatorship. Sydney journalists were excited by stories of squads of young Croatians carrying out training exercises in the rugged country beyond the Blue Mountains. There were scuffles at soccer matches between rival ethnic groups. There was general public disapproval for the public squabbles of New Australians. The Croatian Six, as they became, were charged with conspiracy to commit murder and conspiring to set off explosives that would endanger life and property.

The trial at the Supreme Court in Darlinghurst started in April 1980. Police snipers were visible on the roof of the court building. A police helicopter hovered. Police stood guard in the surrounding street. A rescue vehicle double-parked at the side of the court. Mr Justice Victor

Maxwell, who was described by his friend and later NSW Governor, Gordon Samuels, as “absolutely dependable – someone upon whose professional dedication the court could place the most complete reliance”. He will receive “heavy protection around the clock until (the trial) is over,” the *Daily Mirror* said. “Police believe the Judge who is presiding over a bomb conspiracy trial at Central Criminal Court is still a target”. Maxwell thereafter travelled to social events in a police car and came to and from court in a Special Branch car. He had police protection in his Woollahra home causing at times some domestic confusion. There was a fevered character to the 10 month trial and ultimately the Croatian Six were sent to jail for 15 years on the main conspiracy charges.

McDonald, however, shows through his meticulous attention to the evidence and material which has become available since then, the charges were largely a fabrication. Even during the 10-month trial, holes appeared in the police case. Later the chief crown witness confessed he had made up his crucial testimony.

He has undertaken a magnificent reconstruction of the events and provided a background of the Eastern European struggles. He looks at the roles played by the NSW Police Force, the Federal Police and ASIO while at the same time managing the challenging spellings of Croatian names. He uncovers evidence that authorities took pains to conceal from the court; that the crown witness was an agent of the Yugoslav secret service and had been under ASIO surveillance.

It is an important work with much new material and to which he attaches considered judgement. It is a glimpse back to some very unfortunate events in NSW. This miscarriage of justice has been described as Sydney’s underbelly with a dash of international intrigue and espionage. As Chris Masters, the foremost ABC Four Corners’ reporter, says: “How could a government look the other way, when confronted with evidence of miscarriage of justice?” *Reasonable Doubt* is an important work, he says, “rich in detail and revelation.” This work demonstrates what old fashioned, foot slogging, diligent journalism is about. It makes for very good reading.

'When we started the project which was called one in educational innovation, there were 600 nuns, and 59 schools, a college, eight high schools and fifty elementary schools. Now four years later as I write, a year following the formal completion of the project, there are two schools left and no nuns. We did some job.'

THE WONDERFUL (CATHOLIC) WORLD OF WANDA

By Ian MacDonald

IF NOSTALGIA IS a river, Wanda Skowronska has created her own Murrumbidgee. Make that Murrumbidgeine. Her memoir is a generous, even lyrical, tribute to the great Irish order of nuns, known as the Brigidine Sisters, specifically those who established schools in the Sydney suburbs of Randwick and Coogee.

Skowronska, child of Polish-Latvian Displaced Person parents who lived in Marrickville and Paddington, now gentrified, is a skilled pianist and composer.

This enables her to create medleys of the serious and funny: description of preparing for First Confession and Communion; a riff on how she learned the technique of eating a pie like a dinkum Aussie, the history of parish building in Marrickville with anecdotes of how her friend Lorraine, a fair, freckle-faced Aussie, became a member of the Latvian community; her own difficulty in explaining her Latvian background. 'But I had acquired my Irish blarney certificate.'

Despite the Sydney locations, this is not a narrowly focused memoir. For anyone who attended a Catholic school anywhere, anytime, it will kindle memories.

All is not sweetness, light and laughter, however; Skowronska

Angels, Incense and Revolution: Catholic Schooldays of the 1960s,
By Wanda Skowronska, Connor Court Publishing, rrp pp \$29.95.

describes family breakdown due less to immediate circumstances than to memories of Nazi death camps and the Soviet gulag, the main buffer against stress being the Catholic faith.

As opposition to her traditional education, she mentions the growing prevalence of humanities



psychology in America, citing Carl Rogers and his insistence that there was no such thing as sin.

'What a historical irony that Rogers was lecturing to huge American university classes, to predominantly Christian audiences at the very same time as we were making our first Confession, very aware of the human tendency to sin. Rogers insisted that human beings were basically good (and this after World War II) and that there was no such thing as objective morality. Rogers, in his highly popular work *On Becoming a Person* (1961), in attacking what he saw as an over-emphasis on guilt in the Christian legacy attacked all sense of guilt. He stated confidently that 'the inmost core of man...is positive' and that 'there is no beast in man. There is only man in Man.'

Proponents of progressive educational methods may be disturbed by the rote-learning discipline which included long list of words for spelling. Skowronska singles out Mother Pascal at Coogee as an exemplar of premier cru vintage teaching.

Mother Pascal (directs loudly) 'Listen to this sentence!' 'The woman read the book. Girls parse the word "Woman"!' Class replies (loudly) in unison. ' "Woman"! Common noun, third person, singular number, feminine gender, subject of the verb "read".'

The sweet-temper of the book makes it difficult to criticise but your reviewer was slightly taken aback by the nuns' criticism of the rock-'n'-roller Johnny O'Keefe.

Skowronska retails it without the mitigation that O’Keefe began his musical life as the bugler for the Waverley College Cadet Corps, another recruit of which was the Governor-General, Sir Peter Cosgrove, MC.

In effect Wanda Scowronska echoes in Australian terms what John J Fialka said in *Sisters: Catholic Nuns and the Making of America*. Their contributions to American culture are not small. They built the nation’s largest school and non-profit hospital systems. They were the nation’s first large network of female professionals in an age when the pervading sentiment was that a woman’s place was in the home.’

Those who cavort in mockery of nuns at the ill-timed, cultural appropriation known as the Sydney Gay Mardi Gras Festival might care to remember this, and desist.

As to the positive effect of such a Catholic education look no further than Wanda Skowronska: she has a PhD in Psychology /Theology, John Paul II Institute, Melbourne. It shows in her incisive analysis of the origins and influence of the 1960s, left-wing intelligentsia and her essays in the pages of *Annals Australasia*, a rare blend of professional expertise and that increasingly rare ingredient: common sense.

The period of Skowronski’s education was roughly co-terminous with Vatican II and its continuing aftermath; she admits she was largely unaware of it until different hymns began to be sung. From 1989, her final year, she recalls *Spirit of God in the Clear Running Water*. These contrasted with hymns of forthright faith, such as *Faith of Our Fathers* and *We Stand for God*.

Perhaps her most impressive analysis is her return to the humanistic, education theory of Carl Rogers as practised by William Coulson (who later split from Rogers).

Coulson contrived to gain access to the Immaculate Heart of

Political Remodelling of Society

THE SECULARIZATION of European culture was accompanied by a kind of social apocalypticism which gave rise to a new type of social unrest. Political disturbances are as old as human nature. In every age misgovernment and oppression has been met by violence and disorder, but it is a new thing, and perhaps a phenomenon peculiar to our modern Western civilization, that men should work and think and agitate for the complete remodelling of society according to some ideal of social perfection. It belongs to the order of religion, rather than to that of politics, as politics were formerly understood. It finds its only parallel in the past in movements of the most extreme religious type, like that of the Anabaptists in 16th century Germany and the Levellers and Fifth Monarchy Men of Puritan England. And when we study the lives of the founders of modern Socialism, the great Anarchists, and even some of the apostles of Nationalist Liberalism, like Mazzini, we feel at once that we are in the presence of religious leaders, whether prophets or heresiarchs, saints or fanatics. ... But the religious impulse behind these social movements is not a constructive one. It ... admits of no compromise with reality. As soon as the victory is gained and the phase of destruction and revolution is ended, the inspiration fades away before the tasks of practical realization. We look in vain in the history of united Italy for the religious enthusiasm that sustained Mazzini and his fellows, and it took very few years to transform the Rousseauian idealism of revolutionary France, the Religion of Humanity, into Napoleonic and even Machiavellian realism.

— Christopher Dawson, *Progress and Religion*, Sheed and Ward, 1938, pp.240-242. [283]

Mary Order in California with an ‘Education Innovation Program’.

‘When we started the project which was called one in educational innovation, there were 600 nuns, and 59 schools, a college, eight high schools and fifty elementary schools. Now four years later as I write, a year following the formal completion of the project, there are two schools left and no nuns. We did some job.’

Wanda Skowronska has created something else: the basis of what could be a work tapping her musical talents: a dramatic reading with hymns and projection of the wonderful pictures in her memoir.

This draws on the deep wellspring of faith which enabled the 19th century founder of the Brigidines, Bishop Daniel Delaney and the co-founder sisters, working against the effects of Penal Laws, to see the order as a continuation of a fifth century order which left only a memory as a result of the Reformation.

Such a sense of continuity is needed as we face the challenge of the instant, neo-religion Political Correctism (PolCorism?) with its variants.

And there’s a ready-made trans-generational circuit for her work (*Wanda’s World?*): the parents, children and grandchildren who benefit from Catholic schools and aged care institutions.

In the meantime, the memoir is required reading for all teachers, though it may irritate some as much as it inspires others.

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*.

How do you feel?

WE SHALL be judged by what we do, not by how we felt while we were doing it.

— Kenneth Tynan, 1927-1980, *Tynan Right and Left: Plays, Films, People, Places and Events*, 1967. Tynan’s motto was ‘Write heresy; pure heresy;’ and he delighted in shocking and scandalising people, but he really did write that Pascal-like epigram.

ADVICE TO A FRIEND: STUDY CATHOLICISM

By Maurice Baring

I SHOULD LIKE YOU some day to make a study of Catholicism—I daresay you think it is a kind of obscurantist whim or fad which no intelligent modern person could possibly take seriously but I do not think you would think that if you studied the question. One great truth about it burst on me last year in New Zealand when I was reading a book of Mallock's and which seemed to me to explain what had hitherto puzzled me in a million manifestations. It is this (I am quoting Mallock as far as I remember what he says). That in England the popular conception of Catholicism has been so distorted by familiarity with Protestantism that the true conception of Catholicism is something foreign to the English. The Protestant clergy talk as if Rome were a lapsed Protestant sect and are constantly attacking it for being false to doctrines that were never hers.

(And here I add, N.B., that it is not only the Protestant clergy but the Protestant-coloured agnostics, the Protestant-influenced politicians, statesman, men of business, playwrights, novelists—Galsworthy, Bernard Shaw, as well as the Rev. Cope or the Rev. Surplice, and there are hints of it in your last books.) ... This seems to me, for instance, precisely the point of view with regard to Catholicism of so high an intellect as Arthur Balfour, or so vigorous a mind as Shaw's. They take it for granted that Catholicism includes not only the professions but the actual words of Protestantism. That is why any Englishman who wants to obtain a true view of Catholicism must begin by cancelling all the views that he has imbibed by tradition about it.

You may perhaps say, 'Why should I pay the slightest attention to this thing? I think it may contain points of interest but it is to me an exotic phenomenon, a game in which I am not interested, and why should I bother about its complicated rules—if I do not want to play that game?'

Well, what I would answer to that is that Catholicism is the only real living religion at this moment that is influencing mature humanity. That it is a gigantic fact, that no discoveries of science which shake Bible-founded Protestantism or any Bible-founded sect to its foundation, have the slightest effect

on it. Its claim to infallibility is of such a nature when you understand it that no study of ecclesiastical history or of comparative mythology and no progress of criticism can possibly invalidate it.

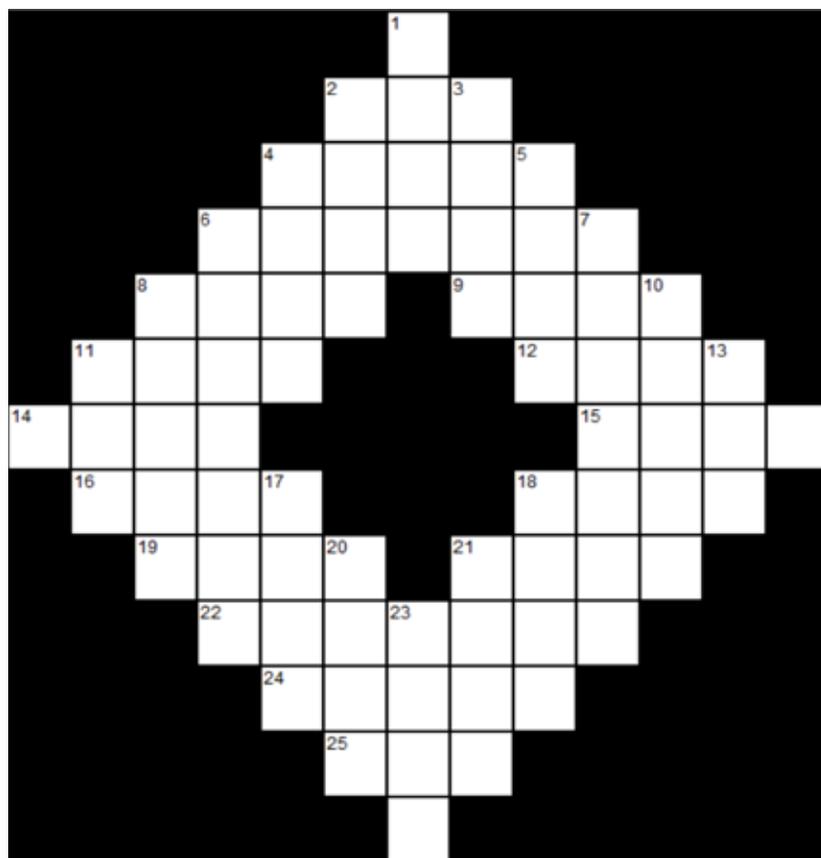
This is what our people do not realise, because they do not realise the claim.

And apart from this, as a code of philosophy and morals it is worth study, and apart from this as a living thing

which in its day from time to time is engaging intelligent thinkers in all the different countries of the world. These are some of the reasons I think it worthy of study.

Maurice Baring, 'Letter to H. C. Wells,' October 4, 1913: *Maurice Baring: Letters*, eds J. K. Hillgarth and J. Jeffs, Michael Russell, Norwich, 2007, quoted, *The Chesterton Review* (31/3 & 4, 2015) pp.409-411.

ANNALS CROSSWORD NO. 108



Across clues

- 2 Flittermouse
- 4 Eagle's nest
- 6 Principality between France and Spain
- 8 Location
- 9 A flirtatious look
- 11 To be concerned about
- 12 Shafts of wood for propelling a rowboat
- 14 String or thin rope
- 15 To disable a part of the body
- 16 Hospital room
- 18 A nuisance
- 19 A traditional Israeli dance
- 21 To surrender (something) to
- 22 Another name for Tadmor, an oasis fortified by Solomon (7)
- 24 A small beam of light
- 25 Monetary unit of Japan

Down clues

- 1 Edible rootstock, also known as Elephant's ear
- 2 Saint, the Venerable (673-735)
- 3 Novice
- 4 Gaming stake
- 5 Therefore
- 6 Delivery of supplies by parachute
- 7 A public walk or promenade in Southwestern US
- 8 Wife of Abraham
- 10 Obliterate
- 11 To frighten with threats
- 13 Pose for a portrait
- 17 Linger behind
- 18 A port in W Russia, on the Kama river
- 20 A country that cooperates with another
- 21 A green-blue colour
- 23 Be introduced to someone for the first time

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The Clairvoyant who called himself a Magnetopath, and the thief who always struck on January 28, the feast of St James the Hermit

THE CLAIRVOYANT AND THE THIEF

By Leslie Rumble, MSC



THE small village of Mastholte, near Bielefeld, a town in Westphalia some 36 miles east of Münster, Germany, had a great devotion to St James, a 6th century Palestinian hermit.

The story of this saint which local Crusaders had brought back from Palestine, was startling enough to grip the imagination of the simple villagers at home. In his youth he had taken to a life of crime from which he had been duly converted, becoming a hermit wholly devoted to penance and prayer.

But, alas, the devil, after a long siege, captured his soul once more, and he returned to his criminal career of robbery and violence. He had yielded to complete despair of his salvation, thinking it quite useless to attempt to repent again, when he met another hermit, a truly holy man, who convinced him otherwise.

So the wicked man abandoned his sinful ways, became a hermit again, and this time not only persevered, but attained to such heights of virtue that when he died everyone revered him as a Saint.

In Mastholte, however, the devil seems to have taken revenge on the villagers for their devotion to St James by inspiring outbreaks of robbery in imitation of the wicked periods of that Saint's life rather than of his virtues.

The morning newspaper from the nearby town of Bielefeld on 28 January, 1925 – the feast day of Saint James the hermit

of Palestine – carried an article saying that at the *Jacobimarkt* (the 'Market of St James') in Mastholte – still flourishing, let it be said, in 2019 – large-scale thefts had taken place every year for some time past during the festivities on the Feastday of St James, without anyone being able to trace the thief. And the paper wondered what was going to happen this year.

The family that owned the village inn facing the *Jacobimarkt* in Mastholte particularly dreaded the Feast of St James, because the thief, whoever he was, never failed to visit its rooms, escaping with valuables

belonging to proprietors and guests alike.

This time, therefore, with their fears re-kindled by the morning paper's report, it was decided to have recourse to a man named Theodor Petzold, who lived in Bielefeld and called himself a *Magnetopath*. He claimed to be able to put himself into a magnetised state in which he could see things hidden from everybody else, and which he would reveal for a stipulated fee.

There had been much argument before the *Magnetopath* was called in. When some said that he was possessed by the devil, others countered by saying that he had done much good and never any harm, so that it was more likely that he was inspired by an angel than possessed by the devil. But the retort came that the devil can pose as an angel of light and produce apparently good results just to get possession of people.

Others, again, said that whether angels or devils were involved, to try such methods was to indulge in superstition; but it was then argued that the man had perfectly natural clairvoyant powers, which it was quite lawful to use in a case such as this.

'Natural psychic powers have nothing whatever to do with religion,' the innkeeper said, 'any more than physical, mental or any other powers. And I'm going to get him. There's no other way.'

When Petzold arrived, he said he wanted complete quiet. Those present could remain in the room if they wished, but, while he

Truly Catholic

IN THE CATHOLIC Church itself, all possible care must be taken, that we hold the faith which has been believed everywhere, always, by all. For that is truly and in the strictest sense "Catholic", which, as the name itself and the reason of the thing declare, comprehends all universally. This rule we shall observe if we follow universality, antiquity, consent. We shall follow universality if we confess that one faith to be true which the whole Church throughout the world confesses; antiquity, if we in no wise depart from those interpretations which as is well known were clearly held by our holy ancestors and fathers.

– St Vincent of Lerins [died 450 AD]
"Commonitorium".

The Roman Emperor Diocletian

TO THIS there were added, a certain endless passion for building, and on that account, endless exactions from the provinces, for furnishing wages to labourers and artificers, and supplying carriages, and whatever else was requisite to the works which he projected. Here public halls, there a circus, here a mint, and there work house for making implements of war; in one place an habitation for his Empress, and in another, for his daughter. Presently a great part of the city was quitted, and all men removed with their wives and children, as from town taken by enemies and when those buildings were completed, to the destruction of whole provinces, he said, 'They are not right. Let them be done on another plan. They were to be pulled down, or altered, to undergo perhaps a future demolition By Such folly was he continually endeavouring to equal Nicomedia with the city of Rome in magnificence. I omit mentioning that many perished on account of their possessions or wealth for such evils were exceedingly frequent, and, through their frequency, appeared almost licit. But this was peculiar to him, that whenever he saw a field remarkably well cultivated, or a house of uncommon elegance, a false accusation and a capital punishment were straightaway prepared against the proprietor; so that it seemed if Diocletian could not be guilty of rapine, without also shedding blood.

-Translation by Sir D. Dalrymple, *Of the Manner in which the Persecutors died*, 1782.

concentrated, no one must speak or move, no matter what he himself might do or say. It was a necessary warning. They were in for a shock!

In the parlour of the inn, the family and some friends seated themselves around the walls, Petzold setting his chair in the centre of the room. In a few minutes, all colour seemed to leave his face and sweat broke out on his forehead, as he hypnotised himself and lapsed into a trance.

Then suddenly he leapt from his chair and began to dance around the room like some Indian fire-walking fakir, prancing over the hot coals. Stretching out his arms and spreading his fingers, with a light of madness shining from his wide-open eyes, he whirled and twisted and swayed, and then suddenly stood stock-still. He was staring into space as if completely carried away in a dream.

All looked on, frozen with horror at what surely seemed a case of devil-possession before their very eyes. No one could have moved or spoken, had he wanted to.

At last, after a few moments of tense silence and as if speaking from another world, Petzold said

slowly yet clearly, but in a queerly-strained and sepulchral tone of voice which did not seem to be his own voice at all:

'The thief will come again this year. I see a man with black hair, powerfully and stockily built, entering the Inn at the stroke of eleven. He goes right through the crowd in the bar room, to the stairs. He goes up the stairs. Now I lose sight of him. He disappears in a dark passage. This man is the thief you are looking for.'

Petzold then came out of his dream-state, sat down, rubbed his eyes, and had soon sufficiently recovered to collect his fee, and depart.

The police were notified and were present as the predicted hour approached. At the stroke of eleven the man arrived, true to the description that had been given of him. He pushed his way through the crowded bar with the utmost unconcern as if bent on legitimate business, and went up the stairs. There was no other way down, and the police gave him five minutes. Then they followed him, together with others who had volunteered to join in the search.

The thief was caught, hiding in the curing room with a number of articles, mainly cutlery, that he had already stolen; and a search of his home resulted in the recovery of much loot from other robberies. His arrest put an end to the troubles on the Feast of St James the hermit in Mastholte.

For long afterwards there were endless debates as to how Petzold obtained the knowledge which led to the thief's discovery and arrest.

In no way had he sought the information from 'spirits of the dead,' as is done in a spiritualistic seance. Was he under the control of the devil? Not necessarily. His extraordinary behaviour *could* have been due merely to his self-induced hypnotic state.

Was his knowledge due to natural psychic powers of telepathy and clairvoyance, so that he had been able to read the thoughts and intentions of the thief in advance? It is as difficult to deny the possibility of this, as it is to bring oneself to believe that such was the case.

All that can be said is that, whilst the reality of the events cannot be rejected, there is no adequate and satisfactory explanation of them available.

Petzold himself, when asked later on how he could get such a detailed knowledge of things with which he was wholly unacquainted, said simply: 'I cannot explain it. When I attain complete concentration, losing consciousness of all my surroundings, I see a thing and I hear a thing, but I do not know how this comes about.'

It is not surprising, then, that others do not comprehend a process he himself did not understand.

DR LESLIE RUMBLE was, in his day, one of the most widely-known and loved priests in the English-speaking world. His two-volume *Radio Replies* sold many millions of copies world-wide, as did his numerous pamphlets on aspects of Catholic faith and doctrine and on various non-Catholic Churches and sects. He died in 1975. In response to many requests we print the fourth of fourteen articles that he wrote on psychic phenomena which first appeared in *Annals* in 1958. The remaining articles will appear in subsequent issues. **Next Month:** *Kissed by a Ghost.*

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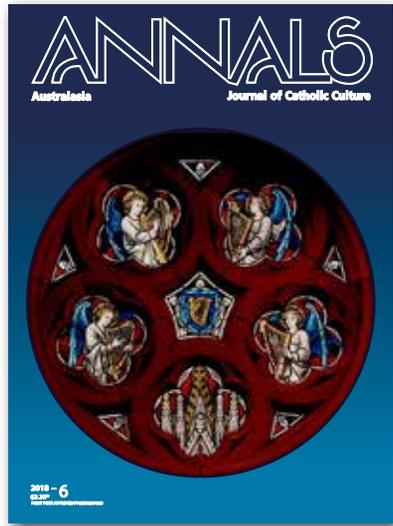
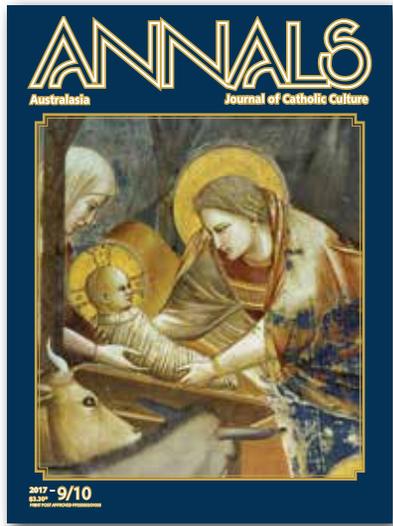
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MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Non-doubter Tom

Thomas Jefferson third president of the United States, is deemed progenitor of the First Amendment guaranteeing Freedom of the Press.

But when he wrote of a free press as a necessity of democracy (and he did as busily as a thirsty hack on a penny-a-line), he was writing when the United States had a multiplicity of independently owned newspapers.

This was a time before (to keep it short) international, multi-media corporate convergence was epitomised in the great Austral-Yankee, Rupert Murdoch.

Behind has come ex-Treasurer, Future Fundster and chairman of Nine Entertainment, Peter Costello who lead the charge to envelope Fairfax Media which had joint investigative teams with the ABC.

All this with a tallyho from the regulator, the ACCC. If there can be an Australasian epitome of an international epitome, it lies below with its unintended consequences.

Raiders of the Ita ark

Nothing concentrates the mind of journalists on freedom of the press like a police raid. If the Australian Federal Police had this positive outcome in mind, it overdid things with its successive raids on News Corp political editor Annika Smethurst's home and the HQ of the Ita Buttrose (and our) ABC.

What intrigues is that separate matters

were involved: the Smethurst raid concerned the possibility of covert surveillance of Australian citizens, the ABC's the conduct of Australian Special Forces in Afghanistan, hence its tag, *The Afghan Files*.

Here, unusually, the source's name is known: Major David McBride (Ret'd) who served in the theatre on attachment as a lawyer.

Yes, son of the late Dr Bill McBride and like father like son, outspoken; with a trial pending, he went on record to criticise the

time it took the ABC to use his material, and his dissatisfaction with the ABC's line which he differentiated from his own: he was after bad generals, the national broadcaster team went after bad soldiers.

From McBride's statements another impression formed: the impression of an elite journo force ready to put leaked info on-line before putting a version to air and on occasions co-operating with print specialists on subjects of public interest.

Apropos. When *The Australian* obtained a confidential document detailing the pay of

ABC guns such as Tony Jones and Virginia Trioli neither the guns nor the ABC were best pleased though they were in receipt of public money – inevitably a matter of public interest.

Which raises the question, what is a source: an altruist, a grump or someone with a barrow to push or more appropriately a mobile grindstone?

What's in a name?

LIFE ON THE MISSISSIPPI, a travel work recounts Samuel Clemens's [Mark Twain's] memories and new experiences after a 22-year absence from the Mississippi River. In it, he explains that his pen name, 'Mark Twain,' was the call made when the river boat was in safe water, indicating a depth of two fathoms (12 feet or 3.7 metres).

HEADLINES

STORIES

QUESTIONS

ANSWERS

HEADLINES

STORIES

QUESTIONS

ANSWERS



How copyright law-fair use and commercial-in-confidence fits into national security net post-9/11 remains a mystery. Yet a line lifted from a pop-song can trigger million-dollar legal action.

Perhaps the Australian Performing Rights Association should be put in overall charge rather than the Minister of Home Security, Peter Dutton, an ex-police officer, who seems to have forgotten the meaning of 'softly-softly'.

As it is, we may we have a multi-pronged security system, but it is the security of the Tower of Babel. And we know what happened to it – a prophecy of our fate.

Easy peasy

The solution for journalists is simple: rely on meetings at a covert, pre-arranged rendezvous. Too back to the future?

It was good enough for *The Washington Post*, Pulitzer Prize winners, Woodward & Bernstein, breakers of the Watergate story, Richard Nixon's presidency and, through the Redford-Hoffman movie, *All the President's Men*, inspirers of many to enter journalism by way of media courses.

Accepting documents, hard-copy or on-line, is fraught with the risk of source detection and/or recovery action because, public interest notwithstanding, something has been filched, nicked, souvenired.

Objection: the leaked documents comprised hundreds of detailed pages. But Woodward & Bernstein demonstrated that an Assange mass of detail is unnecessary: light the blue touch paper and stand back.

Pell agonistes

The time spent by Cardinal George Pell before the McClelland Royal Commissions into institutional child sexual abuse plus his time before a Victorian State inquiry caused

your correspondent to remark that the cardinal appeared to be undergoing a form of Trial by Ordeal.

The addition of his solitary confinement weeks and his appearance before the Appeal Court of the Victorian Supreme Court, a superior court of common law and equity, added to the impression.

At this writing, the Appeal Court had yet to hand down its verdict. However it goes, strong indications are that there will be a further appeal to the High Court of Australia.

Trial by Ordeal was once part of several judicial systems. In 1215, Pope Innocent III forbade clerical participation in it. Australia's foremost legal commentator, the late Evan Whitton, credited Innocent III as the architect of the inquisitorial – truth-seeking – system as against the Common Law adversarial system.

Whitton summarised his book, *Trial by Voodoo (1994)*: 'The line between ancient and modern legal voodoo in English law is straight and continuous. European law, by contrast, diverged into truth and rationality in 1215.'

As noted previously, the McMurdo Royal Commission is scrutinising Victoria Police operations re Informant 3838/Lawyer X/Nicola Gobbo and other officers of the court.

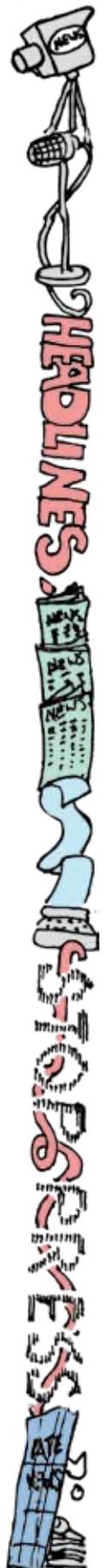
These operations were proceeding when senior police officers initiated 'Operation Tether', otherwise known as 'Get Pell'.

How this coincidence will play out if/when the Cardinal Pell appeal continues is a matter for conjecture. In commenting, your correspondent has in mind the advice of a one-time police detective source: 'Co-incidences connect.'

The Indispensible Nation

IN FEBRUARY 1998, while defending the policy of coercive diplomacy against Iraq over its limited cooperation with U.N. weapons inspectors when, during an interview on the "Today Show," Madeline Albright, then Secretary of State, said: "If we have to use force, it is because we are America; we are the indispensable nation. We stand tall and we see further than other countries into the future, and we see the danger here to all of us."

– See 'The Myth of the Indispensible Nation,' Micah Zenko, FP November 6, 2014.





What distorted the history was social Darwinism, a spin-off from *On the Origin of Species* which cast Australian indigenes at the most primitive levels of evolution though they combined a rich culture of myth and language with a strong survival lifestyle.

What uplifted it was missionary Christianity. Wyatt will surely remember this as he selects his team and goes about the business of prioritising many options.

TKO Tony

PM Emeritus Tony Abbott lost his seat in Warringah, NSW on a technical knock-out. But his defeat has more than local significance.

Arguably Abbott was the federal parliament's last, strong proponent of the great, political philosopher Edmund Burke's credo, summarised in his speech to the electors of Bristol in 1774: 'Your representative owns you not his industry only and he betrays instead of serving you, if he sacrifices it to your opinion.'

Abbott's projects are unlikely to be similar to those of his rival PM Emeritus Malcolm Turnbull who has added equity firm KKR to Goldman Sachs on his galactic CV.

Quantum of solace: Abbott may find it in another part of Burke's speech: 'As for the trifling petulance which the rage of party stirs up in little minds, though it should show itself even in court, it has not made the slightest impression on me. The highest flight of such clamorous birds is winged in an inferior region of the air.'

Any association of Abbott's victorious Independent opponent Zali Steggle and

her voters with 'clamorous birds' is purely co-incidental. But it should be added that as Burke operated during what was known as the Protestant Ascendancy, Abbott found himself amid a Political Correct Ascendancy.

Burke lost his seat because he favoured such policies as Catholic Emancipation, his mother having kept that faith though his father conformed to be able to practise law, then forbidden to Catholics.

Fox DJ

The pomp and circumstance of President Donald John Trump's visit to Buck House and environs was not unrelieved – no rendition of Edgar Elgar's *Pomp and Circumstance March No 1*.

But Trump did live up to his tag, 'Crazy like a fox.' He served outgoing Prime Minister Theresa May with a promised trade deal so prodigious that it recalled the post-World War II Marshall Plan.

And it had a similar purpose: to shift the US to the *status quo ante* the UK's joining the European Common Market, and enable May to claim credit for a deal to take up the Brexit slack before she herself exits stage-right for the House of Lords.

From there she may view the antics of the clowns sent in to succeed her – a woman of courage who tried to cook a fresh omelette with cuckoo eggs.

Trump, for his part, has reinforced his chances of adding to his improbable election victory an impossible second term that will, at least for a time, put him up with life-long leaders, Vladimir Putin and Xi Jinping.

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Sword of the Angel King

BUT VAIN the Sword
 and vain the Bow
 They never can
 work War's overthrow
 The Hermit's Prayer
 and the Widow's tear
 Alone can free the World from fear
 For a Tear is an Intellectual Thing
 And a Sigh is the Sword
 of an Angel King
 And the bitter groan of the
 Martyrs' woe
 Is an Arrow from the
 Almighty's Bow
 The hand of Vengeance
 found the Bed
 To which the Purple Tyrant fled;
 The iron hand crush'd
 the Tyrants' head
 And became a Tyrant in his stead
 – William Blake, 'The Grey Monk'

The age did not understand what Campion kept saying: that he was loyal to the queen as secular ruler, but obliged in non-secular affairs to follow his conscience. That is, he was obliged to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, but unto God the things that are God's.

LIVING UP TO THE WORTHY IDEALS OF A SAINTED NAMESAKE

By Dyson Heydon



CAMPION COLLEGE is a small liberal arts college covering key aspects of Western languages, literature, history, philosophy and theology, together with mathematics and science. It has a Catholic ethos.

Naming it after Edmund Campion made a significant statement. Campion was born in 1540. He was executed in 1581. He was canonised in 1970.

His biographer Evelyn Waugh said his career was that of scholar, priest, hero and martyr. He noted that Campion's life was "a simple, perfectly true story of heroism and holiness".

As a scholar – a fellow of St John's College, Oxford – Campion was both a theologian and a scientist.

He thus personified the long connection between the Jesuits and experimental science. Indeed, at 26 he achieved a brilliant success when, on Elizabeth I's visit to Oxford in 1566, he addressed her on scientific subjects.

Campion left England and became a Jesuit priest. He conceived the idea of returning as part of a Jesuit mission to convert England. The final 1½ years of his life were spent on it. In the middle of it, parliament enacted a statute in 1581 making it treason to convert the queen's subjects to Rome. He

was arrested and interrogated by his former patron the Earl of Leicester and other ministers. He was repeatedly subjected to very cruel tortures. But he revealed nothing that would significantly incriminate himself or others.

He was then tried for treason – not only under the 1581 statute but also a statute of 1351, for allegedly seeking to raise rebellion, invoke foreign invasion and kill the queen. Torture almost rendered him physically unfit for trial.

His trial was flawed by perjured evidence, much of it hearsay. It concentrated on the more serious charges under the 1351 act. His

brilliant conduct of his defence demonstrated those charges had no evidentiary support. But he was convicted. At the gallows he was heckled and pestered and taunted – for the Elizabethan mob, like all mobs, loved a good execution. He was hanged and then drawn and quartered.

A Catholic witness said he was "an honour to our country, a glass and mirror, a light and lantern, a pattern and example to youth, to age, to learned, to unlearned, to religious and to the laity of all sort, state and condition of modesty, gravity, eloquence, knowledge, virtue and piety". And in the ensuing centuries, that view of him became general in all circles.

Now that is a sad tale from a hard age of extreme intolerance. That age believed that dissent from the religion of the state was a dire threat to the state.

The age did not understand what Campion kept saying: that he was loyal to the queen as secular ruler, but obliged in non-secular affairs to follow his conscience. That is, he was obliged to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, but unto God the things that are God's.

How very different, we might complacently think, Elizabethan England is from our own fat, happy, easy-going and prosperous society. We might complacently think that a reversion to Elizabethan standards of poverty could not happen. We

Lawrence of Arabia

IDON'T believe in any form of religious revival in the Western Islamic countries. Their present passion for nationality has driven out their former fanatical interest in creeds ... In Turkey, Egypt, Persia and the Arab countries, orthodox Islam is no longer a fighting creed.

– Lawrence of Arabia, Letter 194,
to Lieutenant R. O'Connor, of H.M.S.
Excellent, February 8, 1923.

*The Letters of T. E. Lawrence, of
Arabia*, edited by David Garnett,
London – Jonathan Cape, 1938.

might complacently think that the evil of religious persecution could never rise again to Elizabethan levels.

Or could it?

Campion College is approved as a registered Australian higher education institution by the NSW Department of Education and Training. Yet it receives no funding or support from any level of government – unlike almost every other university and school in the country. That does appear to be quite extraordinary.

It invites a comparison between Campion and the standard university model in this country, spread over its many universities. Almost every one of those universities is based on a single model. That model is a stereotype. It is uniform. It is monolithic. The model of Campion is different. Unlike many of the universities based on the standard model, Campion does not:

- Employ a vast bureaucracy that substantially exceeds its teaching staff in numbers, or pay such staff salaries reminiscent of sleek bankers – way above their deserts, and way above even the most able and internationally respected of the teaching staff.

- Have a student population that mills about pointlessly and aimlessly, failing to find an enjoyable and fulfilling communal life.

- Perpetrate cruel deceptions on people from foreign lands who cannot speak English effectively by inducing them to enter Australia and undertake degrees that, if anything is to be gained from them, call for an excellent standard of English skill.

- Relax the standards of assessment to ensure that those foreign students obtain at least a piece of paper, however worthless.

- Engage in this conduct solely for the purpose of ensuring solvency in university funding and creating massive “invisible export earnings”, supposedly for the greater good of the nation.

- Overlook the fact that the expression “earnings” implies that something of value is supposed to be supplied in exchange for the money received.

- Ensure that staff promotion can be achieved only by conducting useless research, by obtaining (as distinct from fruitfully spending) research grants, and by nauseating exercises in self-boosting.

- Take great libraries that cultured and thoughtful academic staff assembled in earlier decades and destroy them by consigning their contents to landfill or worse.

- Operate an institution at which there is little liberty to express views diverging from the current orthodoxy because dissent is seen as a moral failing – that is, as a meanspirited and insolent refusal to jump on the virtue bandwagon.

- Instantly humiliate those few people who exercise even a small degree of liberty, and howl them down.

Campion College was created in the spirit of a great man. Though canonised a few years ago, he was best known by the name under which he achieved universal respect and fame as a theologian, writer, novelist and, like Campion, representative of the human conscience. The name is Cardinal Newman.

John Henry Newman had a vision similar to that underlying Campion College. The vision led to the Catholic University of Ireland. It rested on what Newman’s biographer, Ian Ker, called “the idea of a liberal education within a confessional religious context” – something resistant both to “utilitarian attacks” and “anti-intellectual clericalism”.

But the purpose and function of Campion College rests on even older ideas than that.

During a time of collapsing civilisation and cultural despair, monks such as Bede, living in their little communities in the Dark Ages, kept alive a tradition of learning and thought in a world poised halfway between the rising power

of persecuting barbarians and the decaying power of the Roman Empire and its successor kingdoms.

Those monks saved a large part of the intellectual capital of the West, and contributed to it.

Campion College flourishes in that tradition.

As the very long reign of the Queen proceeds, the world we are entering may or may not have emerging similarities with that world of the Dark Ages or the world of Elizabeth I – emerging similarities in material poverty and in moral and intellectual poverty. A career at Campion College may or may not in itself be an asset readily exchangeable into money.

But that career will have created a different sort of capital.

It will have created a stock of intellectual and moral treasure for those who have experienced it, whether or not they appreciate it fully right now.

Those who have experienced Campion College can draw repeatedly and with great advantage on that stock of treasure for the rest of their lives. A small institution such as Campion can help ensure the development of a pluralistic tradition, independently of mega-institutions emanating from and parasitic on the modern state. A small body can develop and preserve qualities that giants may have forgotten, or, if they remember them, may seek to destroy. That is especially so when a small body is independent of the state, uninfected by the state, and nourished by sources of which the state knows nothing.

THE HON J D HEYDON AC QC holds the degrees of BA (Sydney) and MA, BLC (Oxford). He was Rhodes Scholar for New South Wales in 1964 and Vinerian Scholar for 1967. He was a fellow of Keble College Oxford in 1967-1973, a Professor of Law at the University of Sydney from 1973, and Dean of the Faculty of Law in 1978-1979. He practised at the Bar from 1979 to 2000 and since 2013. He served on the New South Wales Court of Appeal (2000-2003) and on the High Court of Australia (2003 to 2013). This is an edited version of his Occasional Address, delivered at the graduation ceremony of Sydney’s Campion College that appeared first in *The Australian*, January 5, 2019. Reprinted with permission.

BOOK REVIEW

Manetti finds that Augustine in his analysis of the soul holds that its immateriality affirms man's creation in the likeness of God and proves mankind's superiority to the rest of creation. ... But God gave his best gift when His only Son took on the lowly mortal body.

RENAISSANCE WISDOM

Reviewed by Jude P. Dougherty



ONE DOES NOT have to be a Renaissance historian or know much medieval philosophy or theology to appreciate this delightful book. *On Human Worth and Excellence* was completed in 1452, less than a decade before the author's death in 1459 at the age of sixty three.

First a note about the origin of this volume. The present book is just one of the many major literary, historical, philosophical and scientific works of the Italian Renaissance that the Harvard University Press is reproducing in the English language from the I Tatti Renaissance Library.

Beautifully produced, each volume provides a reliable Latin text together with a readable English translation on facing pages. The present work is graced by a splendid introduction written by Brian P. Copenhaver, the book's translator.

Manetti is not easy to classify - diplomat, classical scholar, biblical exegete, philosopher, theologian, natural scientist - his interests spanned all of those disciplines.

A thorough going Aristotelian, he venerated Cicero and Lactantius, drew heavily on the Sentences of Peter Lombard, and contemporaries such as Bartolomeo Facio and Antonio da Barga.

He translated Hebrew texts as well as Greek texts into Latin, wrote

MANETTI, GIANNOZZO, *On Human Worth and Excellence*, edited and translated by Brian P. Copenhaver, Cambridge, MA, Harvard University Press, [The I Tatti Renaissance Library, 85] pp. li + 362

a history of Pistoia, and produced books on the lives of Boccaccio, Dante, Petrarch, Seneca and Socrates.

He traces human worth to the nobility of the human soul. Some pagans, he notes, understood the special nature of the human soul. Aristotle spoke more clearly

than Plato. He showed the soul to be 'rational, immortal, and indestructible.'

Cicero, taking his lead from Aristotle, in discussing the nature of the soul in the *Tusculan Disputations*, finds that the soul cannot be made but must be created. Add to that, Genesis's account of God's creation of the indestructible human soul from nothing, and you have a Christian anthropology.

On Human Worth and Excellence is divided into four books. Book I explores 'human body's perfect design,' and with the aid of Cicero and Lactantius comes to the conclusion that 'God so fashioned the human body as to be a worthy and also a fitting vessel for the human soul.'

Manetti is convinced that 'the soul is a substance, an incorporeal form created by God out of nothing.' Everything written in the Old and New Testaments presupposes the immortality of the human soul. Manetti finds support for this contention in the writings of Porphyry, Pythagoras and Seneca and the Older Cyrus whom he calls 'the noblest Persian king.' If the soul is not immortal, he reasons, nature's desire and appetite for happiness could not be fulfilled.

Manetti finds that Augustine in his analysis of the soul holds that its immateriality affirms man's creation in the likeness of God and proves mankind's superiority to the rest of creation. That rank, he thought, is confirmed 'by the ministrations of



angels in heaven, who guard every human from birth and give the holiest people special help.' But God gave his best gift when His only Son took on the lowly mortal body.

Book III is devoted to a discussion of the unity of body and soul. 'Some extraordinary things belong to the body,' Manetti says, 'while other remarkable and unique features belong to the soul.'

But there remain a few issues that need to be addressed concerning man's mortal existence. Some fail to see the work of divine providence when discussing the human being's origin. 'Many, like Leucippus, Democritus and Epicurus think the world was created by chance. Then too, many Peripatetics think it has always existed, but the Stoics, to the contrary, say that the world was formed and put in place by an all powerful god.'

Some ignore the beauty and pleasures of life that are part of God's providential plan. Life is not a shaky bridge over the chasm of hell as some imply. Stupidity and sin are not natural or essential features of human life. Man has the ability to manage and to govern the world that was made on his account.

Manetti quotes Lactantius's *Elements of Divinity* in support of his contention, 'God fashioned the world and everything in it for the sake of man.'

Book IV begins: 'I have brought together everything I found relevant to that special worth and singular excellence of man, everything important that bears on it.' The fourth book is largely a polemic against those who take a gloomy view of the human condition, those who focus on the misery and frailty of human life. A particular target is Lotario dei Segni [then Cardinal, later Innocent III] who produced in 1250 a book entitled, *On the Miseries of Human Life*. Most people, Manetti insists, rather than being racked by anguish and distress, are more taken with joys and pleasures they experience in ordinary life, the enjoyment of eating and drinking. They take

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pleasure in warming up, cooling off and resting?'

Acknowledging the work of two of his contemporaries upon whom he has drawn, two appendices are added: one by Antonio da Barga, *On Mankind's Worth and the Excellence of Human Life*, the other by Bartolomeo Facio, *On Human Excellence and Distinction*.

Manetti's knowledge of the ancients is astonishing, and, one may say, possessed by few today.

Since the 1980s magnetic resonance scanning has made the human brain visible in ways that have never been known before, but the human soul which Manetti describes with the help of Aristotle and Cicero will forever elude the modern day Leucippus or Democritus.

PROFESSOR JUDE P. DOUGHERTY is Dean Emeritus of the Philosophy Faculty, Catholic University of America. Formerly Editor, *The Review of Metaphysics*, and General Editor, *Series Studies in Philosophy and the History of Philosophy*, Washington, D.C. He is a regular contributor to *Annals*.

THE AMERICAN CIVIL WAR

Groans and shrieks and cries of agony rent the air. In the little yard of the church stood the amputating tables and the surgeons at them, bedabbed with blood, were ceaseless in their work, whilst legs and arms, deftly cut off, were being thrown upon an increasing pile.'

ST FRANCIS XAVIER'S CATHOLIC CHURCH, GETTYSBURG

And The Angels of the Battlefield

By J-P Mauro



IN THE MORNING of July 1, 1863, the Civil War reached the Pennsylvanian town of Gettysburg, in what would be remembered as the largest and bloodiest battle of the war. But while there have been dozens of documentaries and motion pictures depicting the hard-fought battle, the efforts of the citizens of Gettysburg to care for the wounded and dying are often overlooked. These charitable souls were fighting a battle of their own – one that would last far longer than two weeks after hostilities ceased – as they tackled the seemingly insurmountable task of caring for the endless stream of wounded and dying soldiers who sought respite from the nightmarish ordeal of war.

The wounded came in such great numbers that every large building in the town was commandeered as a hospital. One of the first buildings to open its doors was St. Francis Xavier's Catholic church, which was already in use as a hospital by noon of the first day, just 5 hours after the fighting began. It was primarily used as a place for amputation, a grisly task that was the only option to prevent gangrene, blood-poisoning, and death when dealing with shattered limbs.

St. Francis' was furnished with 64 pews, but every other one was removed so that attending doctors and nurses could better reach patients who, one account recalls, were lying in any open space on the church floor:

'So crowded was the Catholic church that the wounded lay in and under the seats and in the aisles. Later, when more arrived at the doors, they were placed in the sanctuary and in the gallery ... the men were laid so close together that the attendants could hardly move about.'

Certifiable

THERE ARE certain types of people who are political out of a kind of religious reason ... If you don't believe in heaven, then you believe in socialism. When I was in my real Communist phase, I and the people around me really believed – but, of course, this makes us certifiable – that something like ten years after World War II, the world would be Communist and perfect.

- Doris Lessing (1919-2013), *The New York Times Book Review*, 25 July 1982.

The records of J. Howard Wert, a citizen of Gettysburg who witnessed the horrors at St. Francis, describe the church on that day:

'There were gruesome sights all around. The sacred edifice was filled with suffering humanity. Groans and shrieks and cries of agony rent the air. In the little yard of the church stood the amputating tables and the surgeons at them, bedabbed with blood, were ceaseless in their work, whilst legs and arms, deftly cut off, were being thrown upon an increasing pile.'

In the fledgling church, which was only about 11 years old at the time, physicians were indiscriminate in their work, caring for Union and Confederate soldiers alike. Boards were placed across what pews remained in order to give the wounded a place to lie – the pews were too narrow to act as cots. The wooden floor was slippery with blood; with little time, and few workers to clean up between patients, piles of amputated limbs began to form.

The entire community pitched in during this time of hardship. Households were drafted to cook much-needed meals for the injured, and the young women of Gettysburg were drafted as nurses. One woman of note, Elizabeth 'Sallie' Salome Myers, kept a journal

which gives us great insight into the care these young women provided for men on their deathbeds:

‘I knelt beside the first man near the door and asked what I could do. ‘Nothing,’ he replied, ‘I am going to die.’ I went outside the church and cried. I returned and spoke to the man – he was wounded in the lungs and spine, and there was not the slightest hope for him. The man was Sgt. Alexander Stewart of the 149th Pennsylvania Volunteers. I read a chapter of the Bible to him; it was the last chapter his father had read before he left home.’

Along with her duties as a makeshift nurse – bringing food to patients, applying fresh bandages, helping doctors as directed – Sallie walked from man to man with a pen and paper, transcribing letters to the men’s families and reading letters that came for them. She also did what she could to comfort family and friends who came for their loved ones. Sallie performed her duties admirably and with humility. She wrote:

‘I would not care to live that summer again, yet I would not willingly erase that chapter from my life’s experience; and I shall always be thankful that I was permitted to minister to the wants and soothe the last hours of some of the brave men who lay suffering and dying for the dear old flag.’

Sallie and the other young women of Gettysburg would not work alone for long, however, as just to the south, over the Maryland border, was the convent of the Sisters of Charity. When the battle had ended, a priest and the Mother Superior led 14 nuns to brave the war-torn roads to Gettysburg. They began their charitable efforts immediately, caring for the infirm as the only trained nurses in the area.

These nuns worked tirelessly

to tend to the hordes of casualties brought to town. In the latter days of their work they ran out of bandages, at which point they began tearing what pieces they could spare from their habits and used them to patch wounds. One member of the order, Sister Camilla O’Keefe, wrote an account of St. Francis Church:

‘The Catholic church in Gettysburg was filled with sick and wounded ... The soldiers lay on the pew seats, under them and in every aisle. They were also in the sanctuary and the gallery, so close together that there was scarcely room to move about. Many of them lay in their own blood ... but no word of complaint escaped from their lips.’

The nurses not only provided comfort to the mangled bodies of the men, they also tended to their souls. Many of the men died with these holy women comforting them with the assurance of God’s infinite love and mercy; some even requested baptism. It is said that the doctors especially appreciated the presence of the nuns, as their order had accumulated hundreds of years of nursing experience. Indeed, in the 1860s nuns were the only trained nurses in the nation.

Today, in St. Francis Church, there is a stained glass window commemorating the service of these nuns, dubbed the ‘Angels of the Battlefield.’ The Catholic community there still thrives. More can be read about their efforts during the Civil War on their website <https://www.stfxcc.org/hospital.html>.

J-P MAURO is a musician/songwriter and an award-winning writer. This article appeared first in *Aleteia*, Monday September 24, 2018. *Aleteia* is an online publication (aleteia.org) distributed in eight languages (English, French, Portuguese, Spanish, Italian, Arabic, Polish and Slovenian). With more than 430,000 subscribers to their newsletter and more than 3 million fans on Facebook, *Aleteia* reaches more than 11 million unique visitors a month. Reprinted with permission.

THE CZECHS WERE largely responsible for the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire because they wanted to be autonomous. They found that there were minorities within their own borders prepared to play the same game with them that they had played with the Habsburgs.

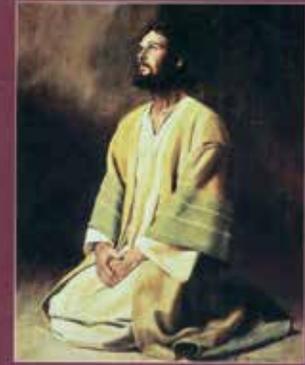
– Sir Charles Petrie (1895-1977, *Monarchy*, London, Eyre & Spottiswood, 1933.

NEW BIBLE COMMENTARY

Michael Fallon, MSC
Missionary of the Sacred Heart

Praying the Psalms with Jesus

Michael Fallon, MSC

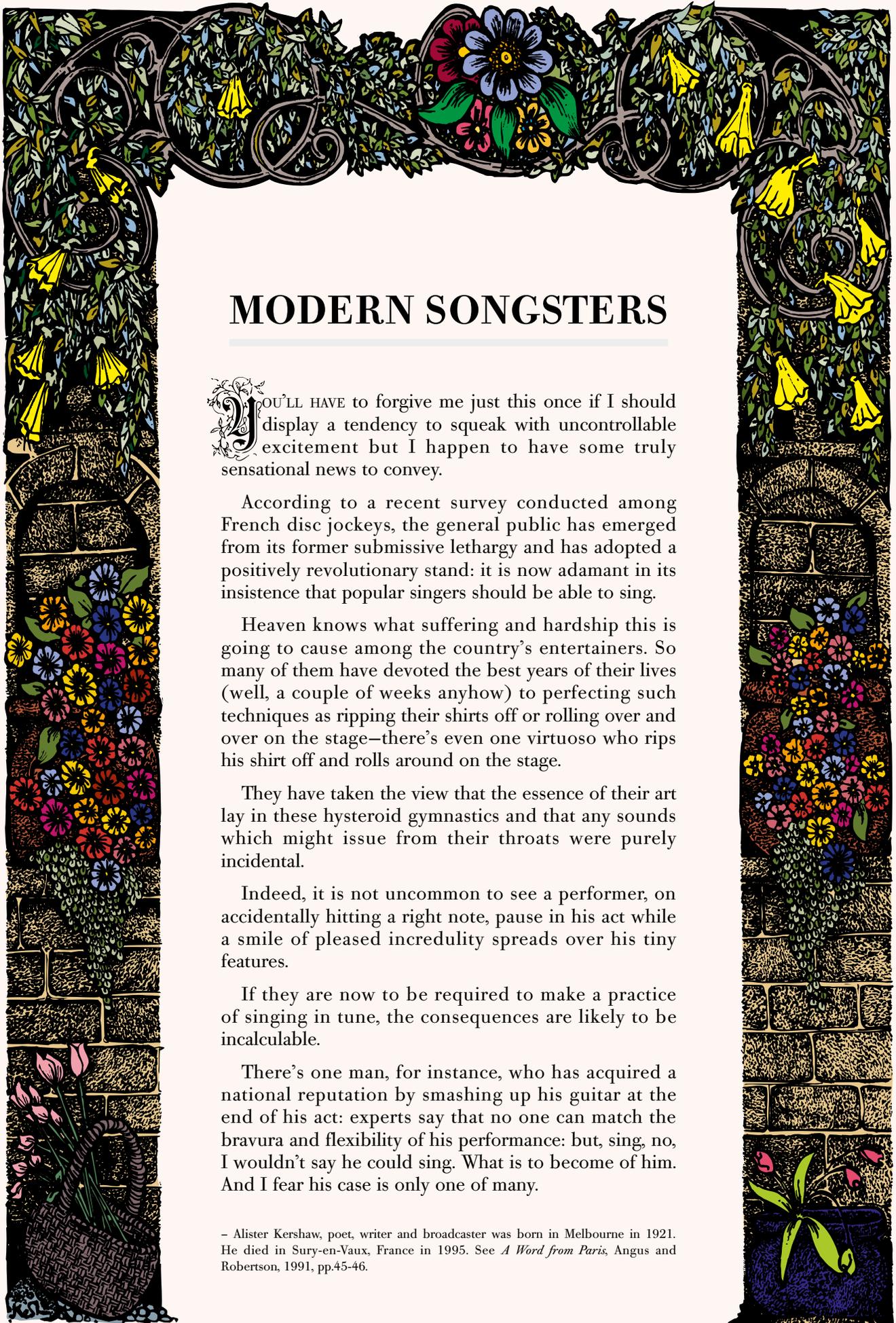


IN 2005 I published *The Psalms: an introductory commentary*. My aim was to discover and share the meaning that the psalms had for those who composed them and for those who prayed them in Ancient Israel, whether in the temple cult or in their own personal and family prayer. My aim here is different. I want to explore how Jesus would have prayed the psalms, based on what we know of his mind and heart from the New Testament. Necessarily this will involve an editing of the psalms, for there are sentiments in some of them that contradict what Jesus knew of God and of the kind of communion with God that we are invited to enjoy. After presenting a translation of a psalm that I hope Christians, in communion with Jesus, can pray today, I indicate any verses that I have omitted, and then go on to meditate on the psalm, praying it with Jesus.

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MODERN SONGSTERS

YOU'LL HAVE to forgive me just this once if I should display a tendency to squeak with uncontrollable excitement but I happen to have some truly sensational news to convey.

According to a recent survey conducted among French disc jockeys, the general public has emerged from its former submissive lethargy and has adopted a positively revolutionary stand: it is now adamant in its insistence that popular singers should be able to sing.

Heaven knows what suffering and hardship this is going to cause among the country's entertainers. So many of them have devoted the best years of their lives (well, a couple of weeks anyhow) to perfecting such techniques as ripping their shirts off or rolling over and over on the stage—there's even one virtuoso who rips his shirt off and rolls around on the stage.

They have taken the view that the essence of their art lay in these hysteroid gymnastics and that any sounds which might issue from their throats were purely incidental.

Indeed, it is not uncommon to see a performer, on accidentally hitting a right note, pause in his act while a smile of pleased incredulity spreads over his tiny features.

If they are now to be required to make a practice of singing in tune, the consequences are likely to be incalculable.

There's one man, for instance, who has acquired a national reputation by smashing up his guitar at the end of his act: experts say that no one can match the bravura and flexibility of his performance: but, sing, no, I wouldn't say he could sing. What is to become of him. And I fear his case is only one of many.

— Alister Kershaw, poet, writer and broadcaster was born in Melbourne in 1921. He died in Sury-en-Vaux, France in 1995. See *A Word from Paris*, Angus and Robertson, 1991, pp.45-46.

With Nicholas Hoult in the title role and Lily Collins as his wife-to-be, Edith Bratt, charmers both, director Dome Karukoski set out on a hazardous quest: to find the secret of the literary bio-pic that does justice to the creativity which made its subject famous.

Few, if any, of the genre are completely successful. Karukoski's take on JRR Tolkien is not one of them. Perhaps the imaginative scale of Tolkien's works: *The Hobbit*, *The Lord of the Rings*, *The Silmarillion* militates against the bio-pic. Or perhaps Peter Jackson's masterly, star-studded, CGI realisation of those works set up impossible expectations of Tolkien as a Gandalf of the Magic Pen.

More plausibly the deficiency may lie in the script. The prime writer David Gleeson, is also a director, the second writer Stephen Beresford is also an actor. Could this have caused a conflict of imaginations?

In any case, there is more emphasis on Tolkien's schooldays (shades of *Dead Poets Society*) and Oxford University (shades of *Brideshead Revisited*) than on his Catholic faith.

True, Tolkien's guardian, Father Francis Xavier Morgan, is played by Colm Meaney; redoubtable though he was as Miles O'Brien in *Star Trek*, Meaney fails to convince as a Birmingham Oratory priest and confrere of John Henry Cardinal Newman.

By stressing that Edith Bratt was a devotee of Wagner to whom she drew Tolkien (in the bio-pic's most entrancing sequence), Karukoski and the writers suggest that Tolkien may have been influenced by the Norse legends of the *Ring Cycle* rather than those of Saxon Old English.

Of the latter the Beowulf character Grendel has the distinction of being the subject of a world-first animated version in 1981 (creator Alex Stitt, producer Phillip Adams, financier Kerry Packer).

Certainly the images that Karukoski, cinematographer Lasse Frank and editor Harry Ylonen intercut with *Battle of the Somme* sequences are Wagnerian, though there is a brief shot of a crucifix.

By James Murray

Only in the final sequence of the 111-minute running time do we see Tolkien dip steel-nibbed pen in ink to write on blank paper and begin the labour of creation.

Somewhere along the competitive production line a bio-pic inspired by the friendship of JRR Tolkien and his fellow Inkling CS Lewis (also a Great War veteran) lost out to *Tolkien*.

The Catholic faith of Tolkien influenced Lewis's conversion to Christianity (his Belfast upbringing prevented his conversion to Catholicism). But in neither case was their faith merely an adjunct; it suffused their lives and writing.

M★★★NFFV.

Never Look Away

The title is superfluous. The fact is you cannot look away for a moment of the 188 minutes of writer/director Florian Henkel von Donnersmarck's superlatively imagined, acted and crafted reality-drama, anymore than you could from his earlier masterpiece, *The Lives of Others* (2006).

Von Donnersmarck has

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G: for general exhibition;
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created a horror-movie but not in the phantasmagorical style of *Frankenstein*; it is clinical horror, beginning in Dresden in 1937 as Hitler and the Nazi Party attained their daemonic ascendancy.

Thus, even amid the privileged light and comfort of its opening, the film is a *dance macabre*, in which a wide-eyed boy (Cai Cohrs) sees his beloved Aunt Elizabeth (Saskia Rosendahl) disappear, after due psychological testing, into the Nazi eugenics apparatus, manned not by the cliché SS brutes of so many war movies but by doctors of the highest repute.

Sebastian Koch brings a cold-scalpel authority to the part of SS obstetrician Carl Seeband who dealt with Elizabeth at one remove after pleas from her mother who had consulted him.

In a magnificent ensemble cast, Seeband's key antagonists prove to be his own daughter Ellie (Paula Beer), a fashion student who falls in love with Kurt Barnert (Tom Schilling), the wide-eyed boy grown to be an art student.

Post-war, Seeband is imprisoned but freed by a Russian commander whose wife and infant he saves. When the commander is recalled to Moscow, Seeband has to decamp from East to West.

Here Von Donnersmarck shows the distinction of his genius, complemented by cinematographer Caleb Deschanel and editor Patricia Rommel: Seeband is brought to confront his evil-doing not by authority but by art as Kurt Barnert devises a technique of painting from archival photographs – an outcome inspired by the wartime, childhood experience of the painter Gerhard Richter.

The film does contain marital scenes of challenging frankness. But they can be viewed as life-seeking assertions by Kurt and Ellie, herself a victim of her father's breaking of the Hippocratic Oath.

Amid the unblinking clarity, there's an ambiguity: on his desk, Seeband keeps a photograph of Pope Pius XII. Is von Donnersmarck, himself a Catholic, implying that Seeband is an apostate Catholic? Or is he reminding us that Pope Pius XII, as did his predecessor,

condemned Nazi race-theory eugenics?

A period piece? Not really: Pope Francis recently condemned abortion of those diagnosed *in utero* with genetic weaknesses.

M★★★★NFFV.

Danger Close: The Battle of Long Tan

Director Kriv (*Red Dog*) Stenders has delivered powerfully on an extreme challenge: creating a unified account from a script written by five writers*, its subject the most celebrated Australian action of the Vietnam war – on August 18, 1966, 108 infantrymen of Delta Company, 6th Battalion, the Royal Australian Regiment, engaged and halted an enemy force, estimated at up to 2,500.

Stenders, with cinematographer Ben Nott and editor Veronika Jenet, makes it clear Delta Company, would have failed without the aid of New Zealander artillery – and re-supply by RAAF helicopters, sequences which are among the movie's most fraught.

And then there was the matter of Little Pattie (Emmy Dougal) entertaining the troops back at main base Nui Dat. Stenders gives this beyond-fiction fact its due place but does not exaggerate it.

If his main focus is the battle and its hero Major Harry Smith, (Travis 'Viking' Fimmel) his second focus is on Brigadier David Jackson. His options were: reinforce his engaged unit and leave his HQ virtually undefended against enemy action or let the whole unit be killed in action.

As Jackson, Richard Roxburgh portrays an officer caught between courage and caution. In the role of Lieutenant Colonel Colin Townsend, second-in-command, Anthony Hayes is no urger but his stoic silences bespeak action in a style that makes Hayes a character star.

In any listing of war movies, *Danger Close* would be a Top Ten contender in the category 'close action'. This is a review of the movie not a military analysis of the battle tactics and enemy casualties that remain contentious.

Arguably Kriv Stenders has followed a variant of the John Ford

line in *'The Man who Shot Liberty Valence*, 'When the truth becomes legend, print the legend.' Stenders and his crew have shot the legend – with appropriate boldness.

*Stuart Beattie, James Nicholas, Karel Segers, Paul Sullivan, Jack Brislee. Space considerations preclude the naming of the 22 executive producers and producers. Okay, room for one: Martin Walsh, a veteran, who developed *Danger Close* from his 2007 documentary, *The Battle of Long Tan*.

TBA★★★★NFFV.

Red Joan

The supreme attraction of this spy film is watching how Judi Dench and Sophie Cookson meld in the roles of the older and younger Joan Stanley who pre- and post-World War II betrayed nuclear secrets that enabled the Soviet Union to build its bomb.

Trevor Nunn directed from a script by Lindsay Shapero based on her novel. This, with the superlative casting and playing of Dench-Cookson involves if not a white-wash then a pink-specs view of treason.

Dench comes on looking as harmless as a tea cosy, Cookson is all demure charm playing the Cambridge physics student recruited by her glamorous friend Sonya (Tereza Srobova) and the seductive Leo Galich (Tom Hughes). The Special Branch officers (played by Kevin Fuller and Ciaran Owens) are the baddies of the piece.

This makes for a different appreciation of the movie's

conclusion: Joan Stanley's betrayal ensured that there has been no nuclear war, a situation that used to be covered by the acronym MAD – Mutually Assured Destruction.

Due to further betrayals in other countries, the sense of Great Power mutuality no longer applies. Ask Kim Jong-un of North Korea. Or a terrorist. And the ultimate question; how did so many distinguished scientists, heirs of the Enlightenment get involved in projects to create the potential for hell on earth?

M★★★★NFFV.

God Exists: Her Name is Petrunya

Provocative title for a film as black – and nourishing – as rye bread which Zorica Nusheva in the title role transmutes into a majestic star vehicle.

Director Teona Struger Mitevaska imbues her film with the kind of lugubrious humour that runs through so many Russian classics, and resonates to the world.

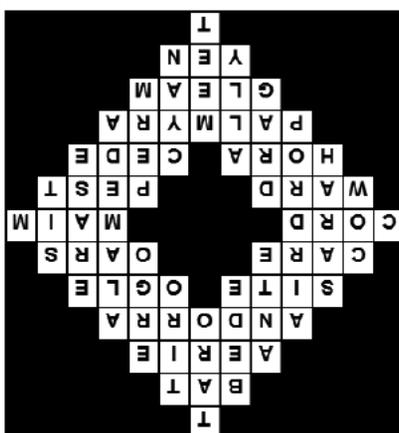
Petrunya, like too many of her contemporaries here and elsewhere, is highly qualified; she has a master's degree in history but cannot get work. At the urging of her mother, who does not want her to be a waitress, she tries for secretarial positions.

Returning from yet another unsuccessful interview, she happens on the enactment of a religious-folk ritual: a Russian Orthodox priest blessing a cross before throwing it into a river to be retrieved by the men of his parish.

On an impulse, Petrunya plunges into the river and seizes the cross first – point of departure for melodramatic comedy involving Church, State, the Media and Petrunya. Happy ending? More a hopeful smile.

As sometimes happens with Israeli films, this Russian production gives a clearer sense of reality from fiction than from factual reporting. In the Russian case it may well be the way ordinary people behave in extreme circumstances, holding to religious rituals, for example, through years of party-political atheism without the safety valve of elections to remind politicians of their due place.

SOLUTION TO QUICK CROSSWORD NO. 108



See *Petrunya* before Hollywood makes a white-bread version.

TBA★★★NFFV.

The Nightingale

As Clare, an Irish convict, Aisling Franciosi turns in a performance that combines the sweetness of wild honey with ironbark toughness. Baykali Ganambarr, as Billy the indigenous guide she hires to lead her through 1825 Van Dieman's Land, provides initial surliness with eventual loyalty to the death.

And Sam Claflin, as a British Army officer Hawkins, eschews his usual charm to give new meaning to the phrase, 'brutal, and licentious soldiery'.

This, however, is unfair to Damon Herriman who plays Ruse, a sergeant, who out-Kiplings Hawkins as they hunt and run from Clare who is bent on vengeance and is armed.

Writer/director/co-producer Jennifer (*The Babadook*) Kent does bring off a powerful ending which enables Baykali Ganambarr to display his star quality. But like Tipperary, it's a long, long way to go and if there's a melody, it certainly not a nightingale's.

Running time: 136 minutes. Another minute and your reviewer would have felt as if he'd been condemned like Rufus Dawes for the term of his natural life.

TBA★★NFFV.

The Heiresses (Las Herederas)

Chela and Chiquita are lifelong friends who have shared the bequests of rich families and live together in a crumbling mansion in Asuncion, Paraguay where they have begun to sell off the furniture, silver and dishes. These proceedings are interrupted when Chiquita is jailed over a tax matter, leaving Chela to manage on her own.

She does by using the family car to start a cab service for neighbours, opening up a fresh channel of life, aided by the lively Angy.

Writer/director Marcelo Martinessi draws from Ana Brun and Margarita Irun performances of crystal definition. As Angy, Ana Ivanova provides a tincture of sparkling wine and cinematographer

Luis Armando Arteaga shoots in a style that makes you think his lens is covered in funeral crepe. Running time a kindly 95 minutes.

M★★★NFFV.

The Hustle

The forever glamorous Anne Hathaway and the unmissable Rebel Wilson collide like dodgem cars as Josephine and Penny, con-artists preying on the prosperous in sunny places for shady people when not preying on each other.

Sounds familiar? It is. Director Chris Addison's comedy is a feminized re-make of *Dirty Rotten Scoundrels* (1988) starring Michael Caine and Steve Martin, in turn a remake of *Bedtime Story* (1964) starring Marlon Brando and David Niven.

The laugh quotient may not be as high as the annualised interest rate on a bank credit card but Hathaway and Wilson do what they can with their lines; given that four writers, Stanley Shapiro, Paul Henning, Dale Launer, and Jac Schaeffer were involved, the LQ works out at around 2.5 laughs per writer in 94 minutes of running time.

M★★★NFFV.

Poms*

Unfortunate title for a comedy that has nothing to do with the inexplicable nickname Australians, but not New Zealanders, give to the English who constitute the majority of their ancestry.

The Poms in question are a team of ladies; to relieve the tedium of life in an aged care facility, they get permission to wave Pom-Poms in the style of high-school cheerleaders.

The leader of the push, Martha, is played by Diane Keaton. The turbo-driver, Sheryl is Jacki Weaver. But even she cannot lift the proceedings beyond a slow foxtrot as the ladies proceed to a grand championship



against more limber, schoolgirl rivals.

The basic problem is that director Zara Hayes and her co-writer Shane Atkinson have to stretch what might have made an amusing short to cover 90 minutes of popcorn.

*Pom has several explanations: Prisoner of Mother England, Pomegranate, pommel (from what Cromwell's Ironsides did to the Irish) and Pommery & Greno (favourite champagne of a 19th century touring English amateur cricket team).

PG★★★SFFV.

John Wick: Chapter 3: Parabellum.

Director Chad Stahelski with writers Derek Kalstad and Shay Hatton continues the blood-boltered saga of the eponymous assassin. He is now on the run with a price on his head.

Keanu Reeves has made the character John Wick his own as Ian McShane has made Winston, manager of the Continental Hotel the de luxe hang-out of master criminals. Halle Berry enters as Sofia, Laurence Fishburne as the Bowery King and Angelica Huston as the Director.

Watching the MAM (Martial Arts Mayhem), your reviewer was gripped by a sense of reminiscence. The reminiscence? GK Chesterton's masterpiece *The Man Who Was Thursday: A Nightmare (1908)*. It tells how Gabriel Syme joins a club of anarchists named after the days of the week what ensues is distilled in GKC's dedication to his friend Edmund Clerihew Bentley: 'A cloud was on the mind of man and wailing went the weather. Yea, a sick cloud upon the soul when we were boys together...'

This is less a hint to see the movie than to read the novel (never out of print) of which Ignatius Press recently published an annotated edition. Orson Welles did a radio play version before doing his more celebrated radio version of *War of the Worlds* by HG Wells. The Hungarian director Balza Juszi completed a film version shown at the Edinburgh Film Festival in 2016 but not yet seen in Australasia.

MA15+★★NFFV.

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