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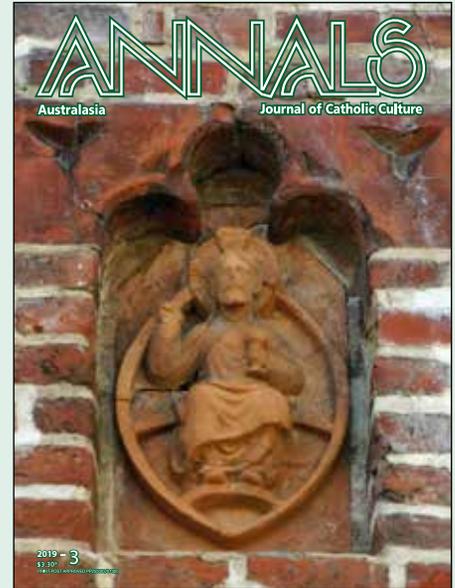
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[Sunday readings at Mass: Year C / Weekday readings at Mass: Year I]

Australia's Oldest Catholic Magazine

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- 3 **The Old Man who waited to be Baptized**
ANDRÉ DUPEYRAT
- 6 **Memoirs of a Sichuan Country Girl**
REVIEW BY MARTIN WALSH
- 7 **What Newman can tell us about the Cardinal Pell Verdict**
GEORGE W. RUTLER
- 10 **In Memoriam: Peter Coleman, AO**
PAUL STENHOUSE
- 14 **Fanny Calderón Barca's Journey to the Catholic Church**
DAVID A. GILBERT
- 18 **'Well met by Moonlight'**
GILES AUTY
- 24 **The Indian Tribe**
LESLIE RUMBLE
- 29 **Left-Right 'Alarums and Excursions'**
REVIEW BY JAMES MURRAY
- 40 **Alchemy, Astrology and Crystal Gazing**
MICHAEL WILDING



Front Cover: Our cover pic is of a terracotta image of Christ our Lord holding a chalice, set in the external wall of the Catholic Church consecrated to St John the Baptist in Tartu, Estonia, in 1323. The church is unique for the more than 1,000 terracotta religious figurines set in its walls. The foundations of the nave and the tower of the church were built on wooden raft structures, but now are supported by concrete piles. A 12th century wooden church originally stood on the site. At the time of the reformation Sweden ruled Estonia, from 1561–1710, and banned Catholicism in favour of the teachings of Martin Luther. It has been a Lutheran church since that time.

Cover Photo: Paul Stenhouse, MSC

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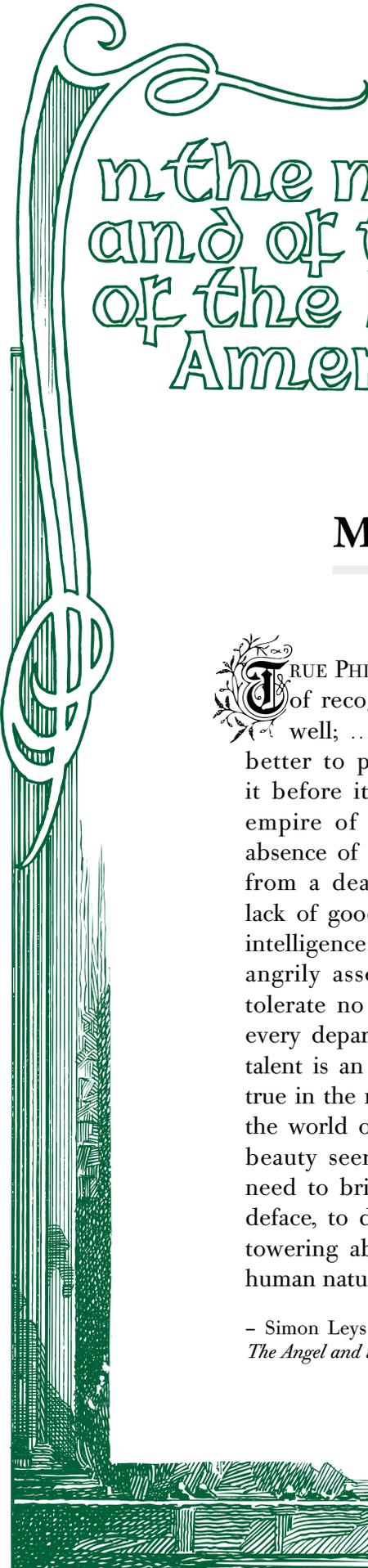
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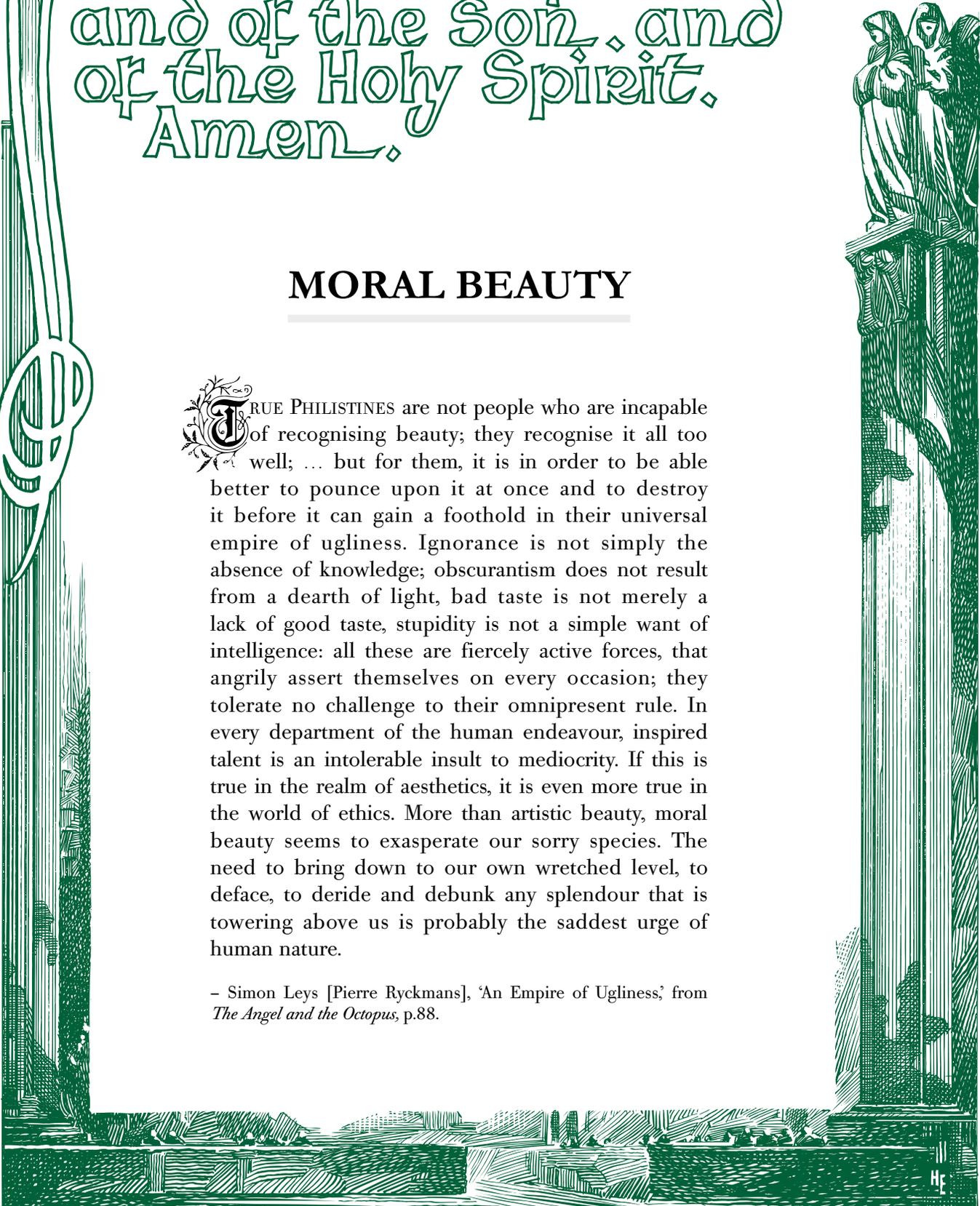
Let us not be dumb watchdogs, or silent spectators; Let us be watchful shepherds, guarding the flock of Christ.

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



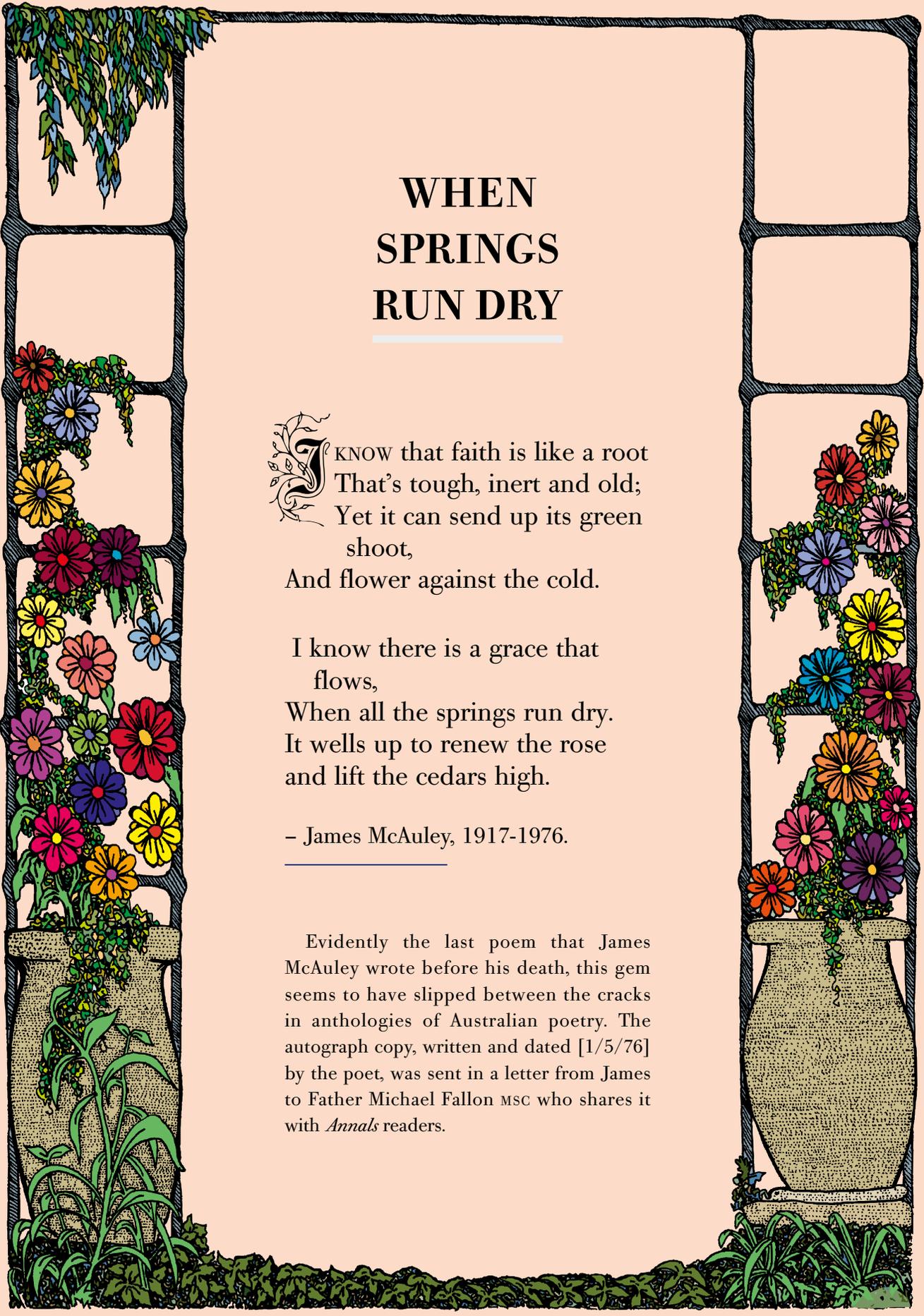
n the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

MORAL BEAUTY



TRUE PHILISTINES are not people who are incapable of recognising beauty; they recognise it all too well; ... but for them, it is in order to be able better to pounce upon it at once and to destroy it before it can gain a foothold in their universal empire of ugliness. Ignorance is not simply the absence of knowledge; obscurantism does not result from a dearth of light, bad taste is not merely a lack of good taste, stupidity is not a simple want of intelligence: all these are fiercely active forces, that angrily assert themselves on every occasion; they tolerate no challenge to their omnipresent rule. In every department of the human endeavour, inspired talent is an intolerable insult to mediocrity. If this is true in the realm of aesthetics, it is even more true in the world of ethics. More than artistic beauty, moral beauty seems to exasperate our sorry species. The need to bring down to our own wretched level, to deface, to deride and debunk any splendour that is towering above us is probably the saddest urge of human nature.

- Simon Leys [Pierre Ryckmans], 'An Empire of Ugliness,' from *The Angel and the Octopus*, p.88.



WHEN SPRINGS RUN DRY

I KNOW that faith is like a root
That's tough, inert and old;
Yet it can send up its green
shoot,
And flower against the cold.

I know there is a grace that
flows,
When all the springs run dry.
It wells up to renew the rose
and lift the cedars high.

— James McAuley, 1917-1976.

Evidently the last poem that James McAuley wrote before his death, this gem seems to have slipped between the cracks in anthologies of Australian poetry. The autograph copy, written and dated [1/5/76] by the poet, was sent in a letter from James to Father Michael Fallon MSC who shares it with *Annals* readers.

By the side of the track stood a small hut made of leaves ... I went over and raised a few of the leaves forming the roof. Within, in the shadow, lying on a pile of branches, I could see an old Papuan, whose poor naked body, wrinkled and filthy, looked like a skeleton. He raised red-rimmed eyes to me ... and his toothless mouth shaped itself into the phantom of a smile.

THE OLD MAN WHO WAITED TO BE BAPTIZED

By André Dupeyrat, MSC



SORCERY, ENCHANTED snakes, werewolves. Indeed, there are other strange stories I could tell, stories of the casting of spells, particularly in the curious form of the *éyé*, as it is practised in the Fuyughe district, and under different names in other districts. I know of several occurrences in which an *éyé* was concerned.

But I prefer not to speak about them since I cannot give such exact and circumstantial details as I could in the case of my challenge to the sorcerers, or of Isidoro AIn'u'Ku, the human cassowary. That does not alter the fact that I found those events highly disturbing.

But surely it is naïve, someone will say, to believe in all these phantasmagoria. Well, in the first place, I do not believe in them. I am simply stating the facts about events which I either witnessed or took part in, and for which I merely demand a reasonable explanation. If one is provided, I will submit it to the most rigorous and searching test - for this is, after all, a highly serious matter. And if one is obliged to be cautious, if one must even treat such extraordinary manifestations with an *a priori* scepticism, it remains a fact that in certain cases one is simply faced with the inexplicable.

But here I must make a frank admission: the so-called inexplicable loses much of its mystery when I regard it in the light of my own faith. For why should one complicate the issue by dragging in a host of those more or less ambiguous and suspect theories which proliferate among the philosophers in search of something new to say, the psychoanalysts in

search of patients or a reputation, the mediums and the quacks?

I place my trust quite frankly in the teachings of the catechism. I believe in a Heavenly Providence which watches over each one of us and all of us.

I believe that Satan is present in the world, 'seeking whom to devour' For centuries, right down to the present day, his existence has been recognized not only by the Catholic Church, which exercises particular caution over what it affirms, but by those seekers who do not recognize the infallibility which the See of Rome claims in its official teaching. Not only are devils present among us, but their action upon men is indirect and hidden as in the normal instance of temptation, or direct and manifest as in the more abnormal one of possession.

In a primitive country like Papua, it is easy to feel that the Prince of Darkness operates much more openly than elsewhere, for Papua is one of the few remaining countries in the world where the grossest, most radical paganism still holds sway.

I also believe, as the catechism teaches, that each man has a guardian angel. I have myself received such divine aid and protection too often not to acknowledge its gracious presence. More than once, especially during

Islamism and Racism

ISLAMISM has been unable to move beyond either nationalism or even ethnicity, and this inability has also been blamed on a Western plot. In Sudan, ... Dawud Bulad, assumed leadership in 1991 of a black guerrilla group in the Darfur that was against the 'Arabs' of Khartoum; behind the politics of Islamization, an age-old hostility between Arabs and blacks is also resurfacing. In Algeria, the Arabization extolled by the FIS is to the detriment of the Kabyles [Berbers]. In Malaysia, Islamism is also the expression of ethnic tension with the Chinese. In Afghanistan, the old oppositions between Pakhtuns and non-Pakhtuns is dominating politics.

— Olivier Roy, *The Failure of Political Islam*, Harvard University Press, Cambridge Massachusetts, 1996, p.201.

my eventful years in Papua, that aid and protection saved my life.

Furthermore, chance has sometimes led me in the strangest manner to the side of a dying pagan so that I am forced to share the opinion of St Thomas Aquinas, that supreme master of logic and creative thought, who taught that even if God must send an angel specially for that purpose, a sincere pagan could be saved even in the hour of death.

Nevertheless, it is not always angels whom God chooses to send. To illustrate the foregoing observations, which seemed to me to be needed for a full understanding of the strange events which I have recorded as a direct witness. I have been holding, in reserve an episode which ought to have been told among the other adventures which marked my first trip with the curé through the Yalohé valley.

Early in the morning we had left the sinister grottos of Buna, and had crossed the charming but deserted valley of the Badime. At last we reached the slopes of the Yalohé valley. At a certain Point in the forest, still miles away from any village, the track divided, one fork leading away to the right, the other to the left.

We were walking in file, three of our porters – strangers to the district – in front, then I, and behind me two other converts, including Laughing John, and the curé, Father Bachelier, plunged in grave meditation.

At the fork, the three porters took the left-hand track. Without hesitation, I turned into the one leading right. Why? I can give no explanation. Nevertheless, it was the first time I had entered that region. I had no idea of the direction we should be following, and my experience of the jungle at that time was nil. It was as if I had been forced to take the right-hand track.

A moment later, I heard the voices of the surprised natives calling me back, and then, above them, the voice of the curé:

Sound Familiar?

WE HAVE A system of education that does not serve us well; a public service, whether federal or state, that is bloated and incompetent; a justice system that is ‘rough,’ and ‘late’; organized crime that has no equal abroad; the fringes of our big cities are among the ugliest and most unlivable in the world; our water reticulation is falling apart; after heavy rainfall there are landslides and floods; museums, archaeological sites and libraries are in a pitiful state; anything public like tendering, or contracts, is prone to corruption; in the sphere of the economy – taxes and tax evasion are amongst the highest in the region; workers, on average, receive the lowest wages; our pension system is amongst the most exorbitant; Public debt, created by greasing palms, exhausts the State’s coffers, while paying interest on Government Bonds that are issued to pay the public debt, strangles development; there is no foreign investment, and foreign multinationals grab what remains of our best companies. In the meantime, the de-industrialization of the country goes on, and youth unemployment is very high.

–This assessment of the state of his country, translated by Paul Stenhouse, was written in 2010 by an author who shall remain unnamed because your editor can’t remember, yet hopes that readers will not miss the timeliness of his cautions.

‘Hey! Where are you off to? That path doesn’t lead anywhere. We have to go to the left.’

I made no reply, but even began to walk faster. The curé, meanwhile, continued to berate me loudly:

‘Have you gone crazy? ... I tell you, we have to turn left. Do I know the way or don’t I? You’ll only get lost in the bush. Stop playing the fool, and come back.’

But I still continued on my way towards the unknown, as if irresistibly impelled, unmoved by the curé’s somewhat virulent comments that betrayed his military past; and at length he began to follow me, uneasy and still grumbling.

Suddenly, I stopped. By the side of the track stood a small hut made of leaves, and, built so low that it seemed to be hiding in the undergrowth.

I went over and raised a few of the leaves forming the roof. Within, in the shadow, lying on a pile of branches, I could see an old Papuan, whose poor naked body, wrinkled and filthy, looked like a skeleton. He raised red-rimmed eyes towards the small wedge of light I had thus created, and his toothless mouth shaped itself into the phantom of a smile.

He murmured a few words which I could scarcely catch. Besides, I did not know enough of the language to ask for an explanation.

‘Curé!’ I called, ‘Come and look at this!’

The curé arrived, sweating and indignant, his spectacles askew and his eyes flashing fire.

‘Look there,’ I said to him, smiling.

He glanced quickly through the improvised fanlight. At once his anger vanished.

‘Well, I’ll be . . .’ he exploded. ‘No, that’s really a bit too thick.’

He crawled at once into the wretched little hut, bent over the old man who was visibly dying, and heard him utter a few quavering sentences. After a moment or so he straightened up.

‘So the angels have been taking a hand again,’ he said soberly. ‘This poor old chap comes from a village near Inaye where we’re going. They’re still pagans. Just wait till I get hold of them.’

Once more the curé’s nostrils quivered, and his spectacles glistened dangerously.

‘But I don’t understand ... what’s the old man doing here?’

‘They carried him into the forest to die. He was becoming too much of a burden for his family in the

village. He's already been here for at least four days, without food or attention. This hut was to be his grave. As soon as he saw me leaning over him, he said: "I have been waiting for you. . . . Baptize me, so that I may go to God our Father."

'You realize, however, that he couldn't have known of our arrival. No doubt he had heard something of God. He probably came to Inaye during one of my earlier visits there. But I never noticed him, and no one spoke to me about him. Poor old fellow! He's clearly sincere.... I tell you, the angels must have led us here!'

He looked me up and down disapprovingly, and added softly: 'And to think they had to pick on you to do it! Still, that's their business,' he added more briskly. 'Get everything ready so that we can baptize the old man. Meanwhile, I must give him the first and last instruction he'll ever get. He won't last long. Try and make a cup of beef tea, or something like that, as well, to cheer him up a little before the end.'

Whereupon the curé once more crawled to the side of the old man, who grasped his hands in gentle, resigned affection. While I was busying myself with our packs of provisions, I could hear them murmuring together. To everything the curé said, the old man would reply: 'Yes, I know . . .', with a happy, radiant smile.

And so it was that I knew the joy, of giving one of my first baptisms in the depths of the terrifying Papuan jungle. Old Peto - for so I had named him in honour of the Prince of Apostles ... died less than a quarter of an hour later, in the curé's arms.

His face was still bathed in the same radiant smile.

The angels had indeed 'taken a hand.'

FATHER ANDRÉ DUPEYRAT, MSC, arrived in 1930, as a young priest, in the district of Mafulu in the central mountains of Papua, six days' march from the little island of Yule on the south-east coast where in 1885 the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart from Issoudun in France, first brought the Catholic faith to Papua New Guinea.



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- Editor, *Annals*

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MEMOIRS OF A SICHUAN COUNTRY GIRL

Review by Martin Walsh



IN THE WORLD of China watchers, some loom larger than others. Audrey Donnithorne's star shone brightly among the China studies fraternity during the 1960's, 70's and 80's at a time when little was known about what was

really going on in the young People's Republic of China – and few were studying it.

I remember she was a revered academic in China studies at the Australian National University in the mid 1970's when I was a young undergraduate of Modern Chinese language at the University of Canberra. I had, at that time, heard of Donnithorne's seminal publication: 'China's Economic System'.

Now, after reading her autobiography all these years later, I'm disappointed that I never met Professor Donnithorne despite our common interests in China and colocation in Canberra. Her story is much more than that of a leading economist – it is a story of life in pre-war China; conversion to Catholicism; and contribution to helping oppressed Catholics in China in more recent decades.

Born in China in 1922 to British parents who were both missionaries for an evangelical Anglican group, Donnithorne had a unique start to a life that has repeatedly intersected with China. Life in Sichuan Province in the 1920's was difficult for expatriates and Chinese alike. The Qing Dynasty had disintegrated a few years earlier and the Republican movement was in its infancy. Warlords and bandits ruled much of the countryside.

When Audrey was only two, she and her parents were kidnapped by bandits and held for ransom. Their release was eventually secured. However, due to this and growing instability in China, at the age of five Donnithorne was taken back to London to start formal schooling. She spent another three years in China after finishing school and it was during this time

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

that her conversion to Catholicism took place. A devout and active Catholic ever since, Donnithorne has always maintained support for the often oppressed Catholics in China and especially Sichuan Province.

Her story tells of the major influences in her life; her spiritual growth; life at Oxford University and the challenges she had as a senior academic at a leading Australian university. She questions whether her support for the right-to-life movement and other conservative issues may have been the cause of perceived barriers to her advancement at the Australian National University in the 1980's.

Donnithorne in her book provides remarkable detail of people she has engaged with academically and socially over the course of her long life.

She was a friend to the former British Prime Minister, Margret Thatcher, when they were both young, university aged women in London. In Australia, Donnithorne touched many lives including helping a number of migrant families with accommodation in her home in Canberra, and at the same time mixing with the elite in government, diplomatic and religious circles.

A remarkable woman with a remarkable story. Now retired to Hong Kong Donnithorne, at the age of 97, is writing her 'final volume' of memoirs 'to be published well after my death,' to protect contacts in the Catholic Church in China with whom she has remained very active over recent years. This first volume of Audrey Donnithorne's autobiography 'China – in Life's Foreground,' will be of interest to those interested in 20th century China and the fate of the Catholic Church following the establishment of the People's Republic of China in 1949.

MARTIN WALSH was a student of Chinese language and economics. He served in a number of senior roles in Australia's diplomatic missions in China, Hong Kong, Taiwan and Korea.

The intimate sense will never fade away, will possess me more and more, of the true and tender Providence which has always watched over me for good, and of the power of that religion which is not degenerate from its ancient glory, of zeal for God, and of compassion towards the oppressed.

WHAT NEWMAN CAN TELL US ABOUT THE CARDINAL PELL VERDICT

By George W. Rutler



THE SCENE in the London courtroom in 1852 might have been out of a Gilbert and Sullivan operetta, with the defendant in simple clerical black standing in the dock before the bewigged representatives of ancient justice.

But one of the judges, John Coleridge, a great-nephew of the poet, saw behind the stooped figure of John Henry Newman the shade of the Armada and the ghosts of spies from Douai. Thus the trial of Newman was about more than the slander of which he was accused.

As a scion of Oxford, Coleridge, whose own wife Jane Fortescue Seymour had painted a portrait of Newman, resented that the Oxford Movement had been chipping away at the claim of the Established Church to apostolic validity and, worse, that it had become a halfway house to Rome.

Lord Campbell, who was the presiding judge, had authored the Libel Act of 1843: "If any person shall consciously publish any defamatory libel, knowing the same to be false, every such person, being convicted thereof, shall be liable to be imprisoned in the common

gaol or house of correction for any term not exceeding two years, and to pay such fine as the court shall award."

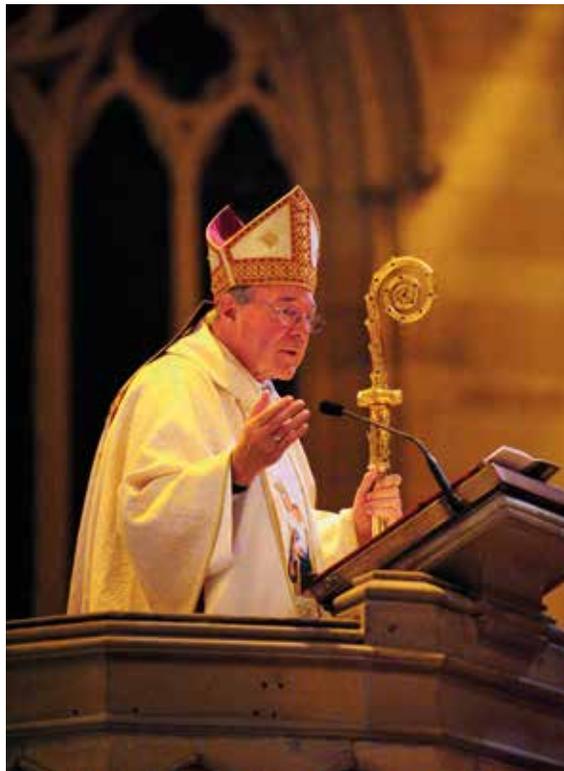
Newman had been arraigned under these provisions, for in a series of lectures on "The Present Position of Catholics in England" he had attracted large audiences, many of literary and political note, with an entertaining display of unfamiliar logic and eloquence

during which he had delicately exposed the indelicacies of a defrocked Dominican friar of Naples: "...a profligate under a cowl ... ravening after sin." One court reporter described the man: "He is a plain-featured, middle-sized man, about fifty years of age, and his face is strongly Italian. His forehead is low and receding, his nose prominent, the mouth and the muscles around it full of resolution and courage. He wears a black wig,

the hair of which is perfectly straight, and being close shaved, this wig gives to his appearance a certain air of the conventicle. Yet he retains many traces of the Roman Catholic priest, especially in his bearing, enunciation, and features, which have a sort of stealthy grace about them. His eyes are deep-set and lustrous, and with his black hair, dark complexion, and somber, demure aspect, leaves an impression on the mind of the observer by no means agreeable, and not readily to be forgotten."

Gaetano Achilli, having fled the outraged fathers of various Italian maidens, justified his exploits by what he asserted was a correction of the Petrine claims.

He hired himself out to an English No-Popery society called the Evangelical



Cardinal Pell preaching in St Mary's Cathedral Sydney

Alliance. The slowly emerging Catholic populace in England was inured to attacks by the crude and sophisticated alike, but it was intolerable to them that audiences were listening to the charmingly accented English of a Neapolitan friar who, having left a long line of defilements in his wake, including the rape of a 15-year-old girl in his church's sacristy on Good Friday, melodramatically described Rome as the Whore of Babylon.

He was forced to flee Malta after at least eighteen sexual offenses. His seductiveness took other forms, to the point of flattering the Secretary for Foreign Affairs, Lord Palmerston, for his stilted Italian, which was fashionable in the age of the poetical Brownings, though inferior to the Italian of Newman's mercurial friend Gladstone.

Cultural attitudes were stirred even more by the hysteria following the restoration of the Catholic episcopate to the United Kingdom in 1850, and Cardinal Wiseman did not help matters with his florid letter "From Out the Flaminian Gate," celebrating the fact. In the mind of the Anglican Archbishop of York, Thomas Musgrave, this was "Rome's ever wakeful ambition plotting for our captivity and ruin."

The Achilli Trial, as it came to be known, was one of the judicial dramas of the age. It would have had prime time on today's television.

It began on June 21 in 1852 and lasted five days. One thinks of what the sensitive personality of Newman, whose whole life was consecrated to the "Kindly Light" of truth and whose youthful and aged boast was that he had never sinned against it, endured during the trial.

Yet, he was more than Stoic because he was not a pagan Greek bowing to the cruel fate but was luminously a son of serene truth. On the night of his conviction for libel against Achilli, secured after a neglectful Cardinal Wiseman had mislaid corroborative letters, he wrote unperturbed to a

Freedom of Religion in Australia

ONE STANDARD furphy is that Australia does not need to protect religious freedom because it is not under attack.

Fact: religion and people of religion are relentlessly attacked in the correct-thought media every day. As in the present debate.

Fact: there are constant calls for the de-funding of religious health and education bodies unless they agree to abide by multifarious conditions contrary to their beliefs.

Fact: most of the states are on the way to abolishing the Catholic seal of confession.

Fact: under Victorian abortion legislation, health professionals with religious objections still must participate in the process of referring patients for abortion.

Fact: again in Victoria, the new assisted dying legislation allows conscientious objection by 'registered health practitioners,' but other healthcare workers who might be ordered to assist in the process despite religious objections, are left without protection. These are real issues of human rights; not imaginary confabulations. They deserve to be taken seriously. Exactly how one deals with them is a genuine question. A Commonwealth Religious Freedom Act would have the benefit of packaging a fundamental human right, and giving it a visibility and dignity it does not currently share with corresponding rights.

— GREG CRAVEN, vice-chancellor of *Australian Catholic University* and a professor of constitutional law. Excerpt from 'Deliver us from hostility to freedom of faith,' *The Australian*, October 12, 2018.

correspondent: "I could not help being amused at poor Coleridge's prose.... I think he wished to impress me, I trust I behaved respectfully, but he must have seen that I was as perfectly unconcerned as if I had been in my own room. I have not been the butt of slander for 20 years for nothing."

Newman's legal team was comprised of some of the finest barristers in the land, headed by the colorful Sir Alexander Cockburn. He would serve as Lord Chief Justice from 1875 to 1880, though Queen Victoria refused him a peerage because of his louche private life.

Newman had been subjected to the condescension of Coleridge who lamented Newman's "deterioration" from the heights of Protestantism. In his personal diary, Coleridge wrote: "Perhaps I have been so much accustomed to hear Newman's excellence talked of that I have received an exaggerated opinion of him. But I have a feeling that there was something almost out of place in my not merely pronouncing sentence on him, but in a way lecturing him.... Besides, in truth Newman is an over-praised man, he is made an idol of."

Newman was found guilty by the Queen's Bench and in the shocked aftermath even *The Times* observed: "We consider ... that a great blow has been given to the administration of justice in this country, and Roman Catholics will have henceforth only too good reason for asserting that there is no justice for them in cases tending to arouse the Protestant feelings of judges and juries."

In the annals of jurisprudence, the Achilli Trial helped to establish the bounds of the statutory defense of truth under the 1843 Libel Act.

It was a Pyrrhic victory for the Queen's Court and a moral victory for Newman—he had to pay a nominal fine of £100 but was not kept in custody.

Court costs, nonetheless, were nearly the equivalent of two million dollars today, and the donations from home and abroad were a proclamation of universal Catholic solidarity.

Newman saved letters from Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, towns in the Midwest, and San Francisco. The year after the trial, Newman published his immortal "Lectures on the Idea of a University" and inscribed the volume:

In grateful never-dying remembrance of his many friends and benefactors living and dead, at home and abroad, in Great Britain, Ireland, France, in Belgium, Germany, Poland, Italy, and Malta, in North America, and other countries, who, by their resolute prayers and penances, and by their generous stubborn efforts and by their munificent alms, have broken for him the stress of a great anxiety

On November 26, Newman wrote reflectively to his sister Jemima: “I consider that the Judges did me a far greater injury than the Jury, for they made me incur the expense, and the long proceeding. I believe they are now much annoyed at the Verdict—but I cannot help saying that educated men and judges have more to answer for when they do wrong, than a vulgar, prejudiced jury.”

It is hard to read those lines without consciousness of those many who now support the attestations of George Cardinal Pell as he stands in the vortex of a cultural tempest malignant in motive and design, preparing to appeal his conviction and sentence of six years in custody, handed down on March 13.

Theirs is the assurance from the apostolic fathers familiar with indictments and assaults, that those who endure will by their humiliations produce an abundant harvest.

Anti-Catholic hysteria, not unlike that which preceded Newman’s trial, animated charges against Cardinal Pell, indicting him for alleged profane acts witnessed by no one, which would have been impossible under the circumstances. Etymologists have traced the term “kangaroo court” to the makeshift jurisprudence of an Australian immigrant in the United States at the time of the 1849 gold rush—but Australia is the homeland of the marsupial.

Cardinal Pell stood against politically correct policies such as contraception, abortion, the Gnostic revision of sexuality, and attempts to teach anthropogenic climate change theories as dogma. These are not

welcome opinions in the courts of secular correctness. He also began with unprecedented vigour, not typical in Rome, the task of cleaning the Augean stable of Vatican finances.

The situation now is different from 1852 because George Pell was accused, and back then John Henry Newman was at first the accuser. But both subjects have claim to impeccable integrity, as well as being victims of justice miscarried.

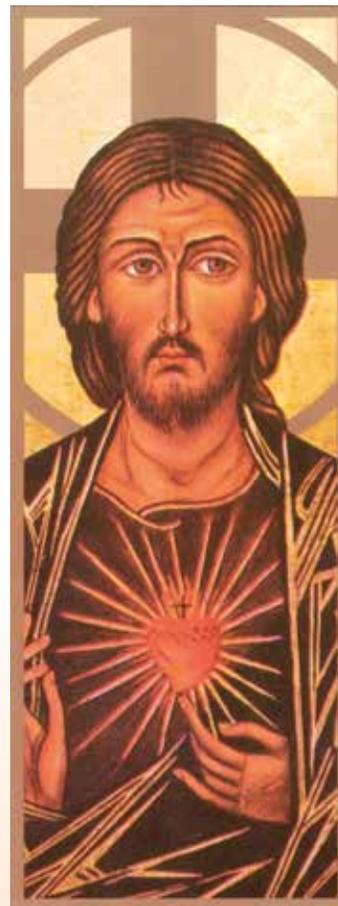
In the nineteenth century, Gaetano Achilli fled with his ruined reputation to the United States, having abandoned an acknowledged wife and son and at one point threatening suicide after some time in a utopian “free love” community in Oneida, New York. His grave has no mark for his end is unknown. This year, by divine grace and mortal assent, Newman will be raised to the altars. From a higher bar of consummate justice, Newman has the last word:

What is good, endures; what is evil, comes to naught. As time goes on, the memory will simply pass away from me of whatever has been done in the course of these proceedings, in hostility to me or in insult, whether on the part of those who invoked, or those who administered the law; but the intimate sense will never fade away, will possess me more and more, of the true and tender Providence which has always watched over me for good, and of the power of that religion which is not degenerate from its ancient glory, of zeal for God, and of compassion towards the oppressed.¹

FATHER GEORGE W. RUTLER is pastor of St. Michael’s church in New York City. He is the author of many books including *Principalities and Powers: Spiritual Combat 1942-1943* (South Bend, IN: St. Augustine’s Press) and *Hints of Heaven* (Sophia Institute Press). His latest books are *He Spoke To Us* (Ignatius, 2016); *The Stories of Hymns* (EWTN Publishing, 2017); and *Calm in Chaos* (Ignatius, 2018). Reprinted with permission from *Crisis Magazine*, March 14, 2019

1. *The Letters and Diaries of John Henry Newman* ed. John Stephen Dessain et al. vols xxxii: letter of John Henry Newman to Robert Whitty, 2 March, 1853. See xv: 319-320.

THE VOCATION OF AN MSC PRIEST OR BROTHER



**What’s life for?
Why was I born?**

**What is the greater purpose
and meaning of my life?**

How am I meant to be of service?

We follow Christ who ‘loves with a human heart’ It is this love in which we have learned to believe.

**Will you make known this
same love; the gentleness and
compassion, the patience and
the mercy of the heart of Jesus!**

Will you do this?

Are you being asked ‘to be on earth the heart of God,’ to be a Missionary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus [MSC] Priest or Brother?

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PETER COLEMAN, AO

[1928 – 2019]



ON THE 31ST of March, 2019, Peter Coleman, Chairman of our Editorial Board, and justly regarded as one of Australia's leading intellectuals, and a highly respected editor and writer, died in Sydney after a short illness. He was 90.

Your editor has lost a dear, close friend and mentor, and Australia has one fewer voice of eminent sanity, amid the cacophony of opinions, covert agendas and intrusive social media that dominate our intellectual, political, social and religious lives.

Peter's own path through the intellectual life was far from smooth. In his youth, to use the words of a self-professed atheist Paddy McGuinness, 'he was an outspoken adherent of the philosophy of the uncompromising atheist [Professor] John Anderson, and was distantly associated with the early Sydney Push and Libertarianism'.

But that was then. Many years later, Peter replied to a trenchant attack on the existence of God by the same Paddy McGuinness who was then editor of *Quadrant Magazine*. Peter, a former distinguished editor of *Quadrant* himself, wrote to Paddy :

There are of course cases of religious delusion. But a certain caution is sensible. Why not also say that irreligious or atheistic or pantheistic experience is neurotic? The primary question is: is it true?

Searching for the truth underlay all he wrote and asked and battled for from his youth. In asking this question – is it true? – Peter proved to be a disciple of Christ himself [John, 18³⁸], and of Richard of St Victor, who died 755 years ago in 1173.

Richard was a Scottish monk at the Abbey of St Victor in Paris and was one of the many famous poets and thinkers from that mediaeval Catholic centre of learning.

Unaware of the oblivion to which the Fathers of the Church and Catholic Tradition were to be consigned by Royal Decree in 16th century Protestant England, Richard asks readers of his *Commentary on the vision of Ezekiel* :

'Do you wish to honour and defend the authority of the Fathers? We cannot honour these

lovers of truth more than by seeking, finding, teaching, defending and loving the truth.' Then he adds: 'Do not ask if what I say is new; but whether it is true.'

The late poet James McAuley was Peter's close friend; and he, too, had studied under John Anderson at Sydney University. McAuley's memory has been all but obliterated from Australia's collective memory by, among others, vested interests in the literary and political fields.

McAuley, Peter came to realize, committed the unforgivable outrage. 'He became a Christian. He had been received into the Catholic Church.' And as Peter was fond of observing, quoting Les Murray, 'the non-God of Australian atheists is a jealous absence,' and the unbelievers will smite the Christian faithful hip and thigh. They may tolerate Buddhism or Islam or any belief from astrology to scientology to the Da Vinci Code, but not the Faith of our Fathers.

When his time came, Peter confronted death with equanimity, and the unfailing graciousness that always characterised him. He had well taken to heart the advice John Donne, another poet from a different time, had given to his contemporaries. He 'doubted wisely'.

In strange way,
To stand inquiring right, is not to stray;
To sleep, or run wrong, is. On a huge hill,
Cragged and steep, Truth stands, and he that will
Reach her, about must and about must go,
And what the hill's suddenness resists, win so.

When James McAuley died in October 1976, the Requiem Mass in St Mary's Cathedral Hobart was a moving public spectacle. The mourners knew what a loss Australia suffered with his death.

May I make my own, *mutatis mutandis*, a comment by one of the mourners on that occasion, recalled by Peter:

'Would that we all lived in a country where schoolboys bow their heads, and sirens sound on the Harbour, when a great Australian dies.'

– Paul Stenhouse, MSC

'When I was myself reproached with leaving the faith of my fathers, I used to console myself by reflecting that I had gone back to that of my forefathers.' Her personal journey is also reflected in her advice that James Buchanan take the necessary time for an 'impartial examination' of 'what after all is more important than everything else in the world.' 'Take the four years for it that will intervene before you are President,' she recommended.

FANNY CALDERÓN DE LA BARCA'S JOURNEY TO THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

By David A. Gilbert



FRANCES CALDERÓN de la Barca (1804-1882) was born in Scotland but lived most of her adult life in the United States (Boston, New York, and Washington, D.C.), Mexico, and Spain. Her most famous books describe the life and cultures of nineteenth-century Mexico and Spain based on her experiences there. But she was also part of the Anglo-American world and she inherited the typical Protestant prejudices of her day. Her conversion to the Catholic Church in mid-life highlights the factors that finally overcame such seemingly insurmountable cultural barriers. This article uses her books and letters to trace this important writer's unexpected journey of faith.

Frances Erskine Inglis was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1804, only a few weeks after Napoleon was crowned Emperor of France and Thomas Jefferson was re-elected president of the United States. At that time Mexico was still a quiet colony of Spain and Pope Pius VII, a Benedictine monk, reigned in Rome. When 'Fanny,' as she was always called, was baptized as a Presbyterian four months later, no one could have predicted that she would spend most of her life in those distant places, and that she would die, seventy-seven years later,

a Catholic. Her religious conversion, which occurred when she was 42 years old, would have been particularly unexpected, since her father was an elder of the Church of Scotland as well as a high-ranking official of the Scottish Masons.

Although Fanny never wrote an *Apologia* explaining her path to Rome, elements of her journey can be traced in her surviving correspondence and diaries.² Above all, her changing attitudes are reflected in the two works for which she is best known today, one about Mexico published before her conversion and one about Spain written after. The former is still considered an indispensable source for understanding the personalities and politics of post-independence Mexico. In fact, the book today is particularly celebrated as a uniquely 'female' vision of that history. But she was also an educated socialite acquainted with many of the notable people of her age. From that perspective alone, her conversion was an important event and deserves more serious scrutiny. Ultimately, as her writings reveal, her conversion was not merely a change of denominations, the exchange of one set of dogmas for another, but a rejection of an already worldly and materialistic 'modern' culture for an authentic experience of a living faith that she first encountered south of the border.

After the death of Fanny's father in 1830, the women of the Inglis family migrated to the United States. They settled in Boston, where the widowed mother, Jane Stein Inglis, and four of her daughters opened

Allaying Fears

IN ENGLAND the only great objection to the reconciliation [of England with the Catholic Church] had been the fear entertained by the grantees of Church lands that they would be required to give back their possessions to ecclesiastical uses. But on this subject assurance was obtained from Rome that present possessors were not to be disturbed; and on the 30th November 1554 Cardinal Pole, as the Pope's legate, in presence of a kneeling Parliament, even the King and Queen being on their knees before him, formally absolved the realm from excommunication for past disobedience and schism.

— James Gairdner, *Lollardy and the Reformation in England*, Macmillan and Co, London, 1908, vol.1, p.325. James Gairdner was a Protestant author, an authority on the period leading up to the reformation in England.

a school for young ladies. In 1837, Fanny would finally marry at the age of thirty-three. Her husband, fourteen years her senior, was the Spanish 'Minister Plenipotentiary' to the United States whom she had met in 1836. Angel Calderón de la Barca, born in Argentina and educated in England, was also a Catholic. They were married in New York City on September 24, 1838 by Father Felix Varela, a Cuban exile. There seems to have been no pressure on Fanny to convert at this time, and her biographers speculate that Varela was probably chosen to officiate at the mixed marriage because of his reputation as a progressive priest who had written essays on religious cooperation and tolerance.

The couple lived their first year in Washington, D.C., where Fanny adjusted to her recent advancement from spinster, school-teacher to diplomat's wife. She quickly became a part of the capital city's social scene, but she also had to adjust to the new reality of living with a Catholic. For instance, a letter written by the First Lady, President Van Buren's daughter-in-law Angelica, reports that Fanny had scheduled one of her popular evening soirées for Ash Wednesday in 1839, but since this was 'the holiest of all Catholic festivals, Calderon interfered to have it postponed.' An even bigger change, however, occurred after Easter when the Spanish government appointed her husband as its first ambassador to Mexico. Mexico had achieved its independence from Spain in 1821, but the Spanish government had not officially recognized its loss until 1836. Therefore, the appointment of the first Spanish envoy was a significant milestone and the success of the Calderon mission was crucial.

Fanny and Angel Calderón lived in Mexico from December 1839 until January 1842. During this period Fanny kept up a lively correspondence with family and friends documenting her experiences and impressions of the country and its people. Among

her correspondents was William Hickling Prescott, one of the most notable American historians of the nineteenth century. Prescott's writing focused on Spanish history and he was then working on his monumental *History of the Conquest of Mexico*. So he enlisted Fanny to provide him with local details during her sojourn in the country to enhance his scholarly work. It was also Prescott who convinced her to publish *Life in Mexico* in 1843, for which he provided a preface. As it turns out, his book and hers were both published in the same year, and both were eagerly utilized as guidebooks by the American invaders of Mexico in 1846.

As one of the few first-hand accounts in English, Fanny's book was instrumental in shaping American perceptions of their southern neighbour, for better or worse, for the rest of the nineteenth century. As a 'lady traveller,' her fifty-four letters naturally included a wealth of detail about women's fashion and the doings of fashionable society in Mexico. But they also record the reactions of a 'detached Protestant observer' to an intensely Catholic world. Although she found the culture fascinating, she arrived with an ingrained sense of Anglo-Protestant superiority and she reacted very negatively to what she perceived as Mexican indolence, disorder, and dirt. The typical Mexican, she decided, was 'gentle, superstitious and lazy,' 'A more decided contrast to the cautious, moral, industrious, money-loving, time-saving, incredulous, conceited, independent Yankees probably exists not under the sun,' she reflected.

On the other hand, Fanny's romantic inclinations were also triggered by the dilapidated ruins of the countryside and colorful dress of the people, not to mention the beauty of the numerous churches she visited. Tellingly, one of her most frequent adjectives was the romantic favourite, 'picturesque.' But her perspective was not entirely that

of an objective outsider, since Fanny often played a part in the scenes she observed. In particular, given her husband's sensitive position in Mexico, it was decided that she would present herself in public as a Catholic. This was actually not too difficult, since she was willing to attend Mass regularly and the reception of Holy Communion was infrequent at this time. For example, in her private diary she described her first visit with friends to the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe.

'Having put on veils, we entered this far-famed sanctuary and were dazzled by the profusion of silver, gold and diamonds with which it was ornamented. Before the high altar, Paulita immediately, popped down upon her knees, crossing herself. I followed her example.'

In fact, as a diplomatic gesture the Archbishop eventually acceded to her request that she be allowed to enter the cloisters of the major Mexico City convents, 'a unique privilege normally granted only to vice-queens and never to non-Catholics.' As she wrote to her friend Prescott in one of her unpublished letters.

'I pass a great part of my time in Convents and churches, which are the buildings best worth visiting in Mexico. I spent four hours rather pleasantly with the ladies of La Encarnacion, they little dreaming that a heretic was profaning their sanctuary.'

For Fanny, these undercover visits allowed her to see up-close what she most disliked about Catholicism. She had first attended Mass in Havana *en route* to Mexico. In romantic fashion, she judged the well-dressed congregation of mixed races, the music and the 'long-bearded priest,' 'very effective.' But as far as she could tell, the devotion consisted only of a 'good deal of crossing, much ringing of bells, and much low muttering in Latin on the part of the priest.'

Likewise, in Mexico City, she declared the great cathedral to be 'a very handsome building,' with 'some good paintings' and 'a good deal of bad taste' in the interior. But she

was also disgusted by the dirty floor on which she had to kneel and the numerous léperos (beggars), whose lice ‘swarm [in their hair] in greater numbers than the immigrant Irish in the United States.’ ‘The service,’ she again observed cynically, ‘was a mass muttered by the priest to himself with his back turned to the crowd.’

The elaborate ceremonies of Holy Week were altogether different, but here she found the level of popular participation disquieting. In reality, the emotion and pageantry of her first Holy Thursday in Mexico left her ‘dazzled’ and ‘bewildered’. Once recovered, Fanny adopted a condescending tone when describing the numerous religious processions that she had witnessed. ‘However childish and superstitious all this may seem,’ she opined, ‘I doubt whether it be not as well thus to impress certain religious truths on the minds of a people too ignorant to understand them by any other process.’ When she observed another ‘gaudy’ Good Friday procession a year later, she admitted that the overall ‘effect was beautiful’ from a distance, but the impression was still foreign. At that very moment, she recalled,

‘I thought of the simple service of the Scottish kirk, and of the country people coming out after a sermon, with their best Sunday gowns on, and their serious, intelligent faces discussing the merits of their minister’s discourse—and wondered at the contrasts in the same religion.’

This same disdainful ‘modern’ attitude was also displayed in Fanny’s negative response to what she had heard at the Guadalupe shrine. After viewing the sacred image, her party was introduced to the local abbot, who recounted for them the miraculous events that had occurred there in 1531. His account was included in her published letters for the amusement of her American readers, but her personal thoughts were relegated to her private diary. There she reflected that

It is a curious thing to hear, in this nineteenth century, a bishop

with the utmost seriousness recounting a tissue of the greatest absurdities—and not to a parcel of old women, upon whom he might wish to impose, but to Calderón and Count Cortina.’

‘That he was sincere in his assertions there could be no doubt,’ she observed, but such childlike faith in a supposedly educated man seemed to defy reason. On the other hand, the intense devotion of the Indian masses to the Virgin Mary she seemed to accept as a matter of course, a decided improvement over the bloody rites of the Aztecs.

From Fanny’s point of view, however, human sacrifice had not entirely vanished from Mexico. Although she had recently toured the major convents and made friends with some of the nuns, ‘human sacrifice’ was still how she described the entrance of young women into religious life. ‘I have now seen three nuns take the veil,’ she wrote to her family, ‘and, next to a death, consider it the saddest event that can occur in this nether sphere. Yet the frequency of these human sacrifices here is not so strange as might at first appear’. Like other Protestants, Fanny was convinced that the splendour of the ceremony and the thrill of being a focus of attention was very seductive to young girls. But she was indignant that these ‘poor entrapped things’ were encouraged by their confessors to break ties with their families and to lock themselves away before they had really tasted life.

After witnessing a third such ceremony she wrote, ‘I expressed my horror at the sacrifice of a girl so young, that could not possibly have known her own mind.’ Perhaps unwittingly, Fanny’s reaction mirrored some of the same themes as the infamous ‘convent novels’ of the nineteenth-century, one of the most popular genres of anti-Catholic literature. But her underlying attitude seems more that of the modern feminist than the bigoted Protestant, the typical ‘Radcliffean horror and fascination with convents

as sites of female confinement and autonomy,’ as one writer put it.

In general, Fanny was also suspicious of priests and friars, the latter she always referred to as ‘monks.’ Although she found the members of the hierarchy to be mostly cultured and inoffensive, she was bothered by the excessive deference shown to them by the people. In Mexico ‘the padres have still an overweening influence, and the superstition of the all classes is perfectly astonishing in this 19th century,’ she wrote to Prescott. On the other, hand, her distaste for the swarms of clergy, whose actual contribution to society she doubted, was challenged by her growing admiration for the accomplishments of the Franciscan missionaries. She was also quite taken with a ‘very handsome’ Jesuit priest she met, Father Juan Ignacio Lyon. Reflecting on this encounter she later wrote,

‘If there were many such, instead of the hundreds of narrow-minded, ignorant bigots—some sincere and others interested—who fill the pulpits and convents, the converts to the Catholic faith would be more numerous even than they are. But it is strange that in this age, when all old things seem done away, the old religion is assuming more power daily. The innumerable sects of Protestantism, and the intolerance of each toward the other is no doubt one of the chief causes of this fact ... But as to Padre Lyon, he is a monk amongst a thousand.’

Ironically, her exuberant praise of this particular cleric, in spite of the negative judgment it contained towards all the rest, also introduced, for the first time in writing, her awareness of the possibility of a Protestant conversion to ‘the old religion.’

Fanny and Angel returned to the United States in February, 1842. At Prescott’s urging and with his help, her edited letters were published in 1843. According to the historian Charles Hale, ‘she suppressed many of her original Protestant

and Anglo-Saxon reactions to Mexico culture,' in view of her husband's position and 'her own growing attachment to Catholicism and Hispanic life.' Nevertheless, the book received a very hostile reception in Mexico, where Fanny was denounced as a 'blue stocking' elite, who had betrayed Mexican hospitality with 'unjust, biased, virulent diatribes.' Ironically, a major British reviewer criticized her book for being too pro-Mexican and pro-Catholic. 'Madame Calderon was a Scotchwoman—and a Presbyterian. We have reason to suppose; she is now a Spaniard—and a Roman Catholic, as we have more than reason to suppose,' it proclaimed. But in fact, after her conversion Fanny considered some elements of her book so unfair to Catholicism that she forbade any reprint without substantial revision.

Having returned to Washington, the Calderóns attended the inauguration of President James Polk in 1845. Fanny recounted that experience in the letter to a friend in which she also sought to squelch the rumours started by the *London Review*. 'You are wrong about my being nearly a Catholic,' she wrote. 'I have now only studied enough to discover the width of the gulf which separates Protestants from Catholics [sic]—it now remains for me to discover, if I can, which is the right side of it—for there seems to be no medium. A year later, she wrote again to state 'I am writing nothing—I am reading theological books—and have not yet made up my mind to the truth.' Unfortunately, we do not know what books Fanny read.

In Mexico, when some of her friends discovered that she was a Protestant, they provided her copies of devotional works like *The Imitation of Christ* and *The Glories of Mary* to read. But she must have gone beyond such pious works to reach her final decision. In fact, two years after becoming Catholic, she wrote a letter to James Buchanan, then Polk's Secretary of State, urging him to read the lectures of

London's Bishop Nicholas Wiseman. Given Fanny's modern interests, these may very well have been his famous series of lectures on the 'Connection between Science and Revealed Religion,' delivered in 1835.

Eventually, Fanny's lingering doubts, whatever they were, were settled and she was received into the Church on May 10, 1847 by a Jesuit priest at Georgetown's Holy Trinity Church. 'So powerful is matrimony,' remarked one friend on hearing the news of her conversion. Indeed, a study by Anne Rose of nineteenth-century American converts concurs that wives of this era tended to follow their husbands into the Church of Rome, even if this violated their earlier religious upbringing. But Fanny's husband was a 'Cradle-Catholic' who seemed to have exerted no pressure on her decision, so Fanny's case does not follow the usual pattern. On the other hand, as Rose observes, '[w]hat is most arresting about the outlook of wives who would not have become Catholic on their own was the ultimate fervour of their devotion to the Church. Indeed, Fanny made just that impression on a travelling Jesuit who met her the following year. Although he misremembered her name, he wrote in his diary 'Made here an acquaintance with McCalderson de la Baria (Fanny Inglis), a charming woman & truly fervent Catholic, (lately converted):'

Fanny also exhibited the proverbial zeal of the convert when she began to encourage others to follow her 'across the Tiber.' For example, we may be certain that she had something to do with her youngest sister's conversion a year after her own. She also wrote to Prescott in 1849 where she identified herself sarcastically as 'a blood-thirsty Papist.' But her joy in her new faith is also palpable in her chiding of her old friend.

'No one will make me believe that you will remain for ever in the cold regions of Unitarianism—and when you do emerge from

these clouds, you will never stop in that half way house of Episcopalianism—but will I am sure take refuge in the Ark—in the grand, old unchangeable Church, founded upon a Rock—Petri cathedram—the one Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church.'

The emphasis on 'old' is in stark contrast to her former feelings in Mexico that the Church was out of date. But this new attitude was also present in her letter to James Buchanan. Hinting at her family's negative reaction to her conversion, she wrote, 'When I was myself reproached with leaving the faith of my fathers, I used to console myself by reflecting that I had gone back to that of my forefathers.' Her personal journey is also reflected in her advice that he take the necessary time for an 'impartial examination' of 'what after all is more important than everything else in the world.' 'Take the *four years* for it that will intervene before you are President,' she recommended.

Fanny's new identity also informed a letter to Orestes Brownson, written on behalf of her husband in 1851. At that time, the Spanish ambassador was cooperating with *Brownson Quarterly Review* in an attempt to defuse another U.S. campaign for the annexation of Cuba. Writing to her fellow convert, Fanny expressed her conviction that a chief motive for such a move, as well as for the recent invasion of Mexico, was simply 'an antipathy to the Catholic religion—the false idea that Catholicism and liberty are incompatible.' Added to this 'among the worst of the adventurers,' she thought, was 'a lurking notion of the riches to be found in the churches and religious houses,' an idea that her own writings may have enhanced.

After nine years in Washington, Angel Calderón was summoned to Spain in 1853 to serve as minister of state. When a liberal revolution toppled his government's administration in 1854, Fanny and her husband fled to France.

Nevertheless, the year spent in Spain provided enough material for another book, *The Attaché in Madrid; or, Sketches of the Court of Isabella II*, published in 1856. Because of the political tension created by her previous book about Mexico, this one appeared disguised as a translation of the letters of a German Count, an anonymous diplomat supposedly present in Madrid at the same time as Fanny. Similar to *Life in Mexico*, there is sharp-eyed, at times humorous, commentary on many aspects of Spanish society and politics. But this time her sympathies were clearly with Spain, and she consciously emphasized positive features of Spanish life to nullify the anti-Spanish stereotypes of other recent American writers. She also created key scenes to combat anti-Catholic prejudices, shedding further light on her own former attitudes.

For example, at one point in the book the subject of confession was raised in a fictional conversation between the German envoy and a foreign woman who resided in Madrid, probably representing Fanny herself. In response to his questions about female education in Spain, the woman described a girl's schooling and the preparation for her first Holy Communion. But at the mention of confession, an English lady who was also present interrupted to say, 'I should wish my children to have no other confidants but me, and should feel, very mortified if they were to tell any priest what they would conceal from their own mother.' 'Confession alone,' she declared, 'had I no other reason, would prevent me from becoming a Catholic.' 'Your opinion would be different if you were one,' responded the first woman, who then proceeded to relate the beautiful effects of confession on the young. But the Englishwoman countered with the common Protestant belief that 'the questions girls are asked, are enough to put bad notions into their heads.' No amount of evidence or explanation would dissuade the lady from

this opinion, making her position seem more and more irrational. At one time, Fanny had probably sympathized with the feelings of the woman who insisted that 'I would not confess my sins to a man, if you were to make me queen of England.' But in this story, the Catholic interlocutor, who knows better, only laughs.

Praying for the dead, another un-Protestant practice, also makes an appearance in *The Attaché*. Fanny had been moved, in a romantic way, by the sombre 'Day of the Dead' obsequies she witnessed in Mexico. But after one particularly elaborate funeral, she had questioned the usefulness of prayers and masses for the dead. If not effective, she thought, the practice at least 'showed a wonderful knowledge of human nature on the part of the inventor, as what source of profit could be more sure?' Her descriptions of the observances of All Souls' Day in Madrid were reminiscent of what she had seen in Mexico, but this time the doubter was not her. Instead, the narrator first encounters a saintly Jesuit priest at a crowded cemetery, who comments on the wonderful charity displayed by the crowds coming to pray for their beloved dead. But then the Count encounters a cynic on horseback trying to escape 'the saddest day of the year.' Echoing Fanny's own pre-conversion attitude, the cynic said, 'I confess that all this is very affecting, and very right on the part of those who believe in what to me seems an idle superstition, if not an interested invention of the priesthood.' However, being 'an unbeliever in this, and other Catholic doctrines,' the thoughts of death produced in him only 'an oppressive feeling of doom.' As he rode away, trying to avoid his own thoughts, the contrast between those with 'Faith, undoubting, unwavering,' and the haunted skeptic was obvious, as Fanny, no doubt remembering, meant it to be.

Most of the fictitious Count's observations were less didactic, but

some were still intended as amends for reckless remarks from Fanny's previous work. For instance, the distaste and discomfort she had expressed kneeling on the floor of Mexican churches was atoned for by effusive praise of the custom here. 'Nothing can have a more devotional effect than the kneeling figures on the floors of the churches,' the Count avowed, 'the complete absence of all distinction in dress or place; the women enveloped in their mantillas, rich and poor together.' 'How infinitely I prefer this to the cushioned pews of the London churches, or even to the chairs in Paris!'

The narrator also describes a Mass for soldiers that Fanny must have attended, where 'the troops lie prostrate at the elevation of the Host.' In Mexico, Fanny often seemed puzzled by the profound devotion shown to the Blessed Sacrament in public, but those acts may have played an important role in awakening her faith. 'The coldest and most unbelieving heart must feel touched at the sight of the brave and hardy soldier falling in mute acknowledgement of the presence of the Deity,' her German reporter now reflected.

As in Mexico, there are also numerous visits to convents, although the narrator, being male, could only hear their sweet singing from outside. Nevertheless, his praise for the charity provided by the sisters of various establishments is unstinting. As one character expressed it 'all the liberality and charity of a generous nation, cannot make up for the true spirit of charity which is alone to be found in Catholic countries.'

Fanny also attends the *Semana Santa* ceremonies in the person of the Count, who declared: 'Nothing can be more solemn and impressive than the ceremonies of the holy week in Madrid.' He/she found the sight of the queen herself washing the feet of poor women on Holy Thursday particularly moving. And 'the effect on the imagination' of the ceremony of the *siete palabras* (the

seven last words) performed in the royal chapel on Good Friday was 'almost overwhelming.' As in Mexico, the churches were packed with people of every class, but this time there were expressed none of those earlier misgivings about popular religion and excessive devotion.

Even more than her writing, Fanny's behaviour in Spain highlights the profound change that she had undergone since her time in Mexico. She had once disparaged the Latin Mass but in Madrid, if not earlier, she willingly attended it daily. In a letter to Prescott, she reported that she was very familiar with the street life in Madrid 'as I go to mass every morning in a mantilla with my veil down, so that I am not much known.' Even more impressive was the dangerous excursion she made during the 1854 coup to a shrine with a miraculous image of the Virgin to pray for the safety of her husband, who was hiding from the rebels in the Austrian embassy. As her biographers note, 'she who in Mexico had heaped scorn on the story of the Virgin of Guadalupe now credited divine intervention for saving her husband.' Later, in a letter to her brother-in-law she testified that she had offered two Masses and a novena in honour of the Virgin of La Paloma at her shrine. As it turned out, just as she returned home she met a stranger who helped her husband escape, and he reached safety in France on the last day of her novena.

While in exile in France, Fanny also published another book, this one an English version of a seventeenth-century Italian biography of the founder of the Jesuits. Her translation of the *History of the Life and Institutes of Ignatius Loyola* by Father Daniel Bartoli was published in two volumes in 1855. In a letter that she wrote to Charles Sumner, she described the book as 'eminently Catholic,' which meant not only that 'throughout, Protestants are called heretics or sectarians,' but that 'miracles are believed with firm faith.'

The Free Market

THE FREE MARKET is not a desirable economic arrangement. It has been condemned more than once by the magisterium of the Catholic Church, and our experience with approximations to such markets amply demonstrates their instability, their openness to manipulation by the powerful, and the harm they do to the social order. Some kind of regulation of fallen man's economic activity is necessary. . . . Hence the necessity of regulation. Catholics should be the first to recognize this, since the Church's social teaching has made this abundantly clear. If we truly have a docile spirit toward all the teachings of the Church's magisterium, then we will not resist the social doctrines taught by the popes, but instead embrace them. If we do not understand them or their rationale, we should study them more carefully, with an open mind, and with prayer. In this way we may hope to bear a Catholic attitude toward all things in our life, an attitude that will in turn contribute to our attainment of that eternal life which is our ultimate goal in this world.

– Thomas Storck, <https://www.lifesitenews.com/opinion/why-the-popes-had-a-problem-with-free-market-capitalism>

For Fanny, this kind of living faith, such as she had experienced during that dangerous time in Madrid, was more important than denominational labels. She was first confronted by that kind of belief in Mexico, but she had automatically rejected it as outdated superstition. Then, the unexpected intelligence of the attractive Fr. Lyon had challenged her modern prejudice. So perhaps her interest in the origin of the Jesuits was motivated, at least in part, by an enduring desire to understand the secret of that priest who had affected her so deeply fifteen years before.

It is interesting to note that before she became a Catholic, Fanny was not a particularly religious woman. She had been a fun-loving young girl who liked to dance and dress well and she continued to enjoy music and parties into her old age. Before her marriage, her cultural identity was that of an upper-class Protestant of an oldline denomination, which meant that her Christianity primarily consisted of a conventional morality whose main focus was the nuclear family. Her letters from that time, so full of other details, never mention God or prayer. Her conversion, then, was not so much a rejection

of Calvinist doctrine in favour of Romish dogma, as the replacement of a modern, worldly orientation with a spiritual one: a focus on 'what after all is more important than everything else in the world,' as she had expressed it to Buchanan. In fact, one suspects that it was not the unsettling exuberance of faith that she had witnessed in Mexico that set her to reading theological treatises, but rather her reaction to the emptiness of the materialistic 'modern' culture of the United States when she returned home.

Fanny and Angel Calderón were living back in Spain when he died in 1861. In her grief, Fanny retired to a convent, but was later called by the queen to be the tutor of the young princess. So after all those years, Fanny returned to the schoolroom and spent the rest of her life among the Spanish royal children. She even visited Rome with them during the First Vatican Council, and met Pope Pius IX while walking in the Vatican gardens.

The Marquesa de Calderón de la Barca died in Madrid in 1882.

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Listening to a radio show this morning I learned that three million Australians are apparently now on anti-depressants – almost the worst national figure that exists. Presumably the wonders of our often remarkable night skies no longer fill most of us with awe, even as children.

‘WELL MET BY MOONLIGHT’

By Giles Auty



ON THE DAY before Easter my wife and I began a familiar but increasingly unwelcome biennial chore: the cleaning and rearranging of

the main body of the books we own which are housed in extensive bookshelves that cover virtually a whole wall of what began life historically as a ballroom. Exactly as we stopped work for the day an enormous orange-coloured full moon began its ascent – viewed first through a window and shortly afterwards from our garden.

In my country of birth such awe-inspiring ‘harvest’ moons are of course a feature of October rather than of April. In my distant childhood in rural Kent, in fact, they signalled for certain cousins, my sister and me a trip or trips across fields to an oast-house belonging to a friendly farmer where we baked the potatoes we had brought with us in the ashes of the great kilns the primary purpose of which was the drying of recently picked hops.

The potatoes were baked in silver foil and – when ready – were cut open and spread liberally with butter. Delicious. In those days even tiny hamlets as well as villages and towns generally boasted oast-houses of their own – signifying the major importance of brewing as a local industry. In fact our local town – Faversham – still boasts the oldest brewery in England.

One of the major hazards of cleaning a library is a temptation to read passages of forgotten but happily re-encountered books. Yet at the end of a long day I allowed myself only one such absolute indulgence.

The Umpire’s Decision

AN UMPIRE’S decision; the degree to which one may transgress the spirit of a regulation without being trapped by the letter: on such questions as these, children are born casuists, and their natural propensity only needs to be developed and trained ... The newspapers are full of good material for such exercises: legal decisions, on the one hand, in cases where the cause at issue is not too abstruse; on the other, fallacious reasoning and muddleheaded arguments, with which the correspondence columns of certain papers one could name are abundantly stocked.

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

By sheer coincidence – not knowing what was to come – the book I selected featured beautiful colour illustrations of the youthful paintings of early 19th century British artist Samuel Palmer. Ironically Palmer went through a wonderful mystical phase at the very outset of his professional career. Have a guess, now, what formed the regular subjects of these magical early paintings? Congregations coming and going from evensong at country churches and local workers still out in the fields of an evening and the whole lot lit by the light of massive harvest moons.

The book in question is called simply *Samuel Palmer* and features an introduction by excellent art critic of the day Robert Melville who explains what he believed was the religious genesis of this extraordinary period in Palmer’s life. Faber & Faber were the publishers.

I must have been eight or nine at the time of the nocturnal excursions I describe because by the age of ten I had won a scholarship to an Anglican boarding school in another county. Even by that age all I ever wanted to be was a painter myself and now sense that the beauty of the rural countryside where I grew up gave me my first intimations of the omnipresence of God in the natural world. There was, of course, no television let alone any of the intrusive vulgarity of electronic media in those days

thus giving the night-time skies a perfect chance to impose the beauty and mystery of their being on our consciousness.

The early nineteenth paintings of Samuel Palmer are known generally as the Shoreham paintings which take their name from the Kentish village where Palmer then lived and which still remained amazingly unspoilt when I last visited less than ten years ago.

Palmer's intense 'visionary' epoch began in 1825 and lasted for about 6 years. In a sense Palmer is sadly as little known and appreciated in Australia as is the visionary 'outburst' of his direct Australian counterpart Lloyd Rees from just over a century later in Britain.

If my career as an art critic in Australia had lasted a bit longer I would like to have tried to organize and promote a joint exhibition of 1820s works by Palmer and 1930s works by Rees – as an exhibition to be shown in both countries. As it is I doubt that anything quite like such a show will ever be seen now.

Sadly art at all levels - like virtually every other cultural subject - has become heavily politicized by now, and lies largely in the hands of our would-be cultural commissars both here and in Britain. So I fear my suggestion may never get taken up.

There was no television when I was a child and we seldom even listened to the radio. The natural world and the passage of the seasons – plus extensive reading - thus played a preponderant role in our richly rewarding lives. In direct contrast listening to a radio show this morning I learned that three million Australians are apparently now on anti-depressants – almost the worst national figure that exists. Presumably the wonders of our often remarkable night skies no longer fill most of us with awe even as children.

The use of damaging drugs among the young is also apparently endemic now in rural NSW. Are such sad facts typical examples in fact of the 'progressive' nature

Ancestry of Social Media

IN MY WAY hither, Mrs. Malaprop,' said Sir Anthony Absolute, 'I observed your niece's maid coming forth from a circulating library! She had a book in each hand—they were half-bound volumes with marble covers! From that moment I guessed how full of duty I should see her mistress.' 'Those are vile places, indeed!' said the lady. 'Madam, a circulating library in a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge! It blossoms through the year! And depend on it, Mrs. Malaprop, that they who are so fond of handling the leaves, will long for the fruit at last.'

'Fy, fy, Sir Anthony ! You surely speak laconically.'

– From *The Rivals* by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, first performed in Covent Garden in January 1775.

which is so widely claimed for our society?

Recently tens of thousands of our largely uneducated schoolchildren 'went on strike' in apparent protest at 'climate change' which as those who bother to educate themselves at all know has always been with us. In earlier, pre-industrial periods, for example, our planet's climate was at times significantly warmer than it is today. Could it be that our nation's children of all ages are simply being used now as political pawns? Such a conclusion does not speak well of our political zealots.

Returning to Samuel Palmer for a moment, Robert Melville wrote: "The sources of his mystical vision of nature and the direct influences on his style were heterogeneous, but the work itself is the repository of a unique experience and every scrap of it bears the unmistakable stamp of a hand compelled to record the consequences of a revelation".

Would the average post-modern Australian child have even a clue what 'revelation' signifies? As we notionally progress we are now generally travelling backwards towards a new and ignorant barbarism which we may find very hard to arrest.

One of the few advantages of age is an ability for some to recollect the nature of earlier eras clearly

and to contrast those favourably or otherwise with that of our own time. Thus in youth we may lack experience and knowledge admittedly yet still be led nonetheless by sound intuitions. In my own case I was much drawn to the beauty and mystery of nature which I felt might help lead me in time to positive general conclusions.

The professional artist who first taught me to paint in my holidays from boarding school lost most of his right hand through military action in the First World War but valiantly taught himself to draw and paint with his other hand.

His welcoming house and studio lay about half an hour's bicycle ride away for me through then utterly unspoilt countryside so that the ambience regarding the lessons I received in the techniques of art seemed further heightened by thoughts of an idyllic nature.

No wonder some of Britain's finest rural artists made such an early impression on my immature mind: John Sell Cotman (1782-1842), John Constable (1776-1837) and Samuel Palmer (1805-1881). We will never see their like again.

As an adult I have been lucky enough to travel to some of the most beautiful locations in the world: Corsica, Sri Lanka and Tobago which all just happen – like Britain – to be islands.

In the twenty odd years which followed the Second World War a kind of relieved euphoria seemed to descend on many people in Britain. Competing totalitarian ideologies had not only failed but had done so for the most part in spectacular fashion. Neither of my parents was a practising Christian nor in the least ideologically inclined, so that love and respect for the arts and creativity were perhaps unusually strong in my family.

When I first lived in London as a young adult, intellectual life there was certainly left-leaning but I surely felt no overwhelming urge myself to attend the plays of Jean Paul Sartre and Bertold Brecht. Indeed from the early 1960s onwards I lived largely in West Cornwall for about twenty years which at that time boasted an international arts and cultural community up there with the best, to complement the wonders of its coastline, cheap housing and sea.

Political events in Paris in 1968 and social trends in America such as Woodstock still seemed comfortably remote. In the visual arts, the last days of Modernism seemed to be grinding to a close but in a sense Post-modernism – which simply represents neo-Marxism by stealth – was already waiting in the wings and ready to pounce by muddying all intellectual waters while simultaneously politicizing virtually every aspect of education and the arts.

The true aim of all aspects of Post-modernism is, in fact, the destruction of Christian democracies and above all the family which holds meaningful life together.

By becoming a Catholic in 1962 I effectively consigned myself to a life of cultural opposition for the rest of my days. But who is complaining? Certainly not I.

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



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– Editor, *Annals*

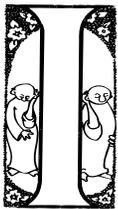
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Bilocation, and the strange case of the discalced Franciscan Sister Mary of Jesus

THE INDIAN TRIBE

By Leslie Rumble, MSC



IN 1623, Isleta was quite a small Indian settlement in New Mexico, some twenty-five miles south of Albuquerque. The Franciscan Fathers had established a mission there, dedicated to St Augustine, and they had built a typical adobe church of sun-dried bricks which was the pride of their handful of Indian converts.

The Catholics were only a handful, for at the time of the events to be described the missionaries were only just beginning their work in those parts.

James I was then King of England. The Mayflower had just landed the first English settlers in America on the coast over fifteen hundred miles to the north-east from Isleta; and of course they had no idea of the labours of the Spanish missionaries in the very heart of the continent. Those missionaries had been evangelising the South American States, Mexico, and California during nearly a hundred years before the arrival of the Mayflower] But the extension of their work to New Mexico was, at this time, a fairly recent venture.

One day, in the year 1623, as Father Alonzo de Benavides, O.F.M. was leaving the church-building at Isleta, he was met by five Indians. They said they had come from a tribe beyond the River Pecos, nearly a hundred and fifty miles to the east. No missionary priest had ever visited them, but they themselves wanted to be baptised, and to take a priest back with them to baptise the rest of the tribe.

Father Benavides explained to them as gently as he could that he could not baptise them until they were instructed in the faith. They replied, however, that they were fully instructed, and that a strangely-dressed lady had visited them almost daily for over a year. Where she lived and how she came they did not know; but she had converted and instructed their whole village, telling them to get a priest to come to them from Isleta.

Speechless for a moment with astonishment, Father Benavides at last asked them: 'What was this lady like?'

They said they had never seen anyone like her before; but from the minute description they gave of her appearance and dress, he felt sure that the lady was a Spanish nun.

Having a picture of a nun belonging to the Discalced Franciscan Sisters in Spain he showed it to them, and they at once recognised the habit as identical with that of their visitor, but said that the face was not that of the lady who had come to them. They then gave him an animated description of her features as best they could.

Father Benavides examined them in Christian doctrine, found them indeed well-instructed, and baptised the five of them. Then he set out with them and after three or four days' travelling came to their village. Finding all the adults there equally well-instructed, he baptised them all, together with their children, and promised that a priest would come, build a church, and stay with them.

Seven years later, in 1630, Father Benavides was back in Spain, staying for a time in Seville on business for his New Mexico missions. Whilst there he met Father Bernadine of Siena, the Superior General of the Franciscan Order. When he told Father Bernadine of the miraculous conversion of the Indian tribe from beyond the Pecos River, and said that he wanted if possible to trace the Spanish nun who had instructed them, the Father General seemed in no way astonished.

'I think I know her,' he said quietly. 'Back in 1622 a Discalced Franciscan Sister told me that

Real Emotions

IT IS very good! ... My opinion may be worthless or valuable according to two criteria. I read hardly anything outside what I have to read for my detestable hackwork. Therefore I am a bad comparer. On the other hand when I read anything, I nearly always put it down again in two minutes because I cannot understand or value the things now printed in this country. Therefore, if I not only understand but value your book it is a real emotion; and very strong! It deserves to [sell].'

— Hilaire Belloc to Evelyn Waugh
(quoted in A. N. Wilson's biography
of Belloc), upon receiving a
complimentary copy of Waugh's *Scoop*

often when at prayer she seemed to lose consciousness of all around her and to find herself in New Mexico, instructing people there in Christian doctrine. She lives in the Community at Agreda, and is known as Sister Mary of Jesus.

‘Could I see her?’ asked Father Benavides.

‘She belongs to an Enclosed Order,’ replied the Father General, ‘but I will give you a letter to her Superiors requesting permission for you to interview her. I have no doubt that they will grant it.’

The Superior of the Community at Agreda, having been shown the letter of the Father General, not only allowed Father Benavides to speak to Sister Mary of Jesus, but permitted the curtain behind the grille to be drawn aside so that he could see her. Moreover, she commanded her under obedience to give him all the information he sought.

The moment the priest set eyes on her he saw that she was the replica of the lady the Indians had described to him.

With complete frankness, yet humility, the Sister told him all. She ‘had long been accustomed to offer her prayers and mortifications for the conversion of the American Indians, especially those of New Mexico where missionary efforts had lately commenced. Throughout 1622 almost daily God had seemed to carry her out of herself during times of prayer and she felt as if she had been transported to the mission itself. There she taught Catholic doctrine to strange people who, although she spoke in Spanish, seemed to understand in their own language every word she said.

Father Benavides then questioned her about New Mexico. She gave him an exact account of the locality, mentioning landmarks only one who had been there could have known. She knew the Indian names of the surrounding hills and valleys and streams, and many other details the accuracy of which Father Benavides recognised from his own first-hand experience of the country.

What Society is Missing

TODAY, market forces based on “invisible hand” philosophies define progress via productivity. But growth defined by speed alone risks prioritizing profit over purpose. Bobby Kennedy’s “beyond GDP” speech pointed out fifty years ago that what society doesn’t measure isn’t valued. People have been trained to consider their data something like pocket change, giving it away without recognizing it as the core currency of their identity. (Perhaps the Cambridge Analytica scandal will prove useful in changing that). This devaluation of consent is one of today’s most ubiquitous examples of human reductionism, where our agency over access to personal data is removed, even as that data is shaping how our identity is manifested to the world. I first learned this term from Joi Ito’s seminal article, “Resisting Reduction: A Manifesto,” which warns of the risks that artificial intelligence poses for society if we allow it to make all of our decisions. He notes that many of the experts building AI systems believe our minds are essentially computers, or “wetware” – a notion of computationalism that ignores the possibility of a spiritual realm or the benefits of systems thinking that is inclusive of the surrounding environment.

– ‘While we Remain’ by John C. Havens, from ‘Living with Artificial Intelligence,’ *The Wilson Quarterly*, Spring 2018

‘Tell me, Sister,’ asked the missionary, ‘were you there personally; I mean physically?’

‘Father,’ she replied, ‘I haven’t the slightest idea of how these things happened. Although I am not a St Paul, I can only say with him: ‘Whether I was in the body or out of the body, I know not.’ I remember, however, that on one occasion I had a vivid impression of distributing rosaries whilst in a state of prayer to which God had lifted me; later, when I looked for the supply I had in my cell which I had been making for the missions, all the rosary beads were gone.’

‘But what do you yourself think the explanation of all this would be?’ persisted Father Benavides.

‘I can only think/’ she replied, ‘that an angel was sent from heaven to these people, as the angel Raphael appeared in human form to the young Tobias and guided him to the city of the Medes. Only this angel assumed my form and instructed the people, whilst God let me see during my prayers all that had happened there.’

Father Benavides had to content himself with that. Further probing on his part was fruitless.

Beyond the facts given and an explanation which was no more

than conjecture, Sister Mary of Jesus could throw no additional light on the whole mysterious affair. But so much as he had been able to ascertain Father Benavides published in Madrid in that same year, 1630, in the form of a ‘Memorandum’ concerning the Pecos River mission in New Mexico.

But it would not be fair to the reader to pass over the rather chequered history of the Cause of the Canonisation of the Venerable Mary of Agreda.

She was born in 1602 and died, as a Discalced Franciscan nun, in 1655. She wrote one very long book on spiritual matters called *The Mystical City of God*, which proved to be the great obstacle later to her Beatification.

There can be no doubt whatever concerning the heroic virtue, lofty states of prayer, and high degree of union with God attained by Sister Mary of Jesus. But it is one thing to have a fervent heart and generosity of will; quite another to have a well-informed intelligence and a balanced judgment.

It seems that Sister Mary of Jesus was never able to sort out what was of divine origin and what was the product of her own mind in her ‘dissociated state’ during

her ecstasies. She set down what she claimed to be the exact words spoken to her by Our Lord or by Our Lady, expressly saying that her least 'revelations' were directly inspired from heaven and that it would, therefore, be a 'sin' to question them, a sin which would be punished both in this life and the next!

Not for a moment did the humble nun think that she personally had any authority. Nor did she wish to usurp that of the Church. In her simplicity she thought she was vindicating the authority of Our Lord and Our Lady. But she was quite mistaken.

She even imagined it had been revealed to her that the diameter of the earth is 2,502 miles (its equatorial diameter is 7,927 miles!), and that the time from the Fall of our first parents to Our Lord's birth was 5,199 years to a day – although it is geologically certain that at least twenty thousand, possibly hundreds of thousands of years intervened between the beginnings of the human race and the coming of Christ.

Because of her undoubted and extraordinary holiness of life the Cause for her Canonisation was introduced at Rome; and she is entitled to the usual description of her as the Venerable Mary of Agreda as well as to the esteem of the faithful for her personal goodness.

But because of the manifest errors and her mistaken claim to divine inspiration in all she wrote, Pope Clement XIV, by a Decree dated March 12, 1771, forbade all further steps towards the next stage in the process, that of her Beatification.

Although the Venerable Mary of Agreda may never be beatified, let alone canonised, it does not follow that she is any the less holy for that. Nor does it follow that everything narrated of her is unreliable.

Certainly the visit of the Indians from beyond the River Pecos to Father Benavides at Isleta and his own experiences were of the

real world, and not merely of any dream-world in the mind and imagination of the Spanish nun of Agreda in Spain.

As for the transfer of the rosary-beads from the cell of the contemplative far across the seas to New Mexico, well, I just give up. Father Thurston, S.J., doubts the authenticity of the incident, noting that whilst the Venerable Mary of Agreda was convinced that the beads had disappeared from her cell, Father Benavides himself made no mention of the Indians having rosary-beads when he first met them.

But whilst there is room for doubt here, no one can say it could not have happened and did not happen. In any case, one mysterious incident more or less is of little importance in the presence of so much that we seem compelled to admit as true, and for which there is no explanation other than by admitting the intervention of God.

When Frederico Villasenor, the Spanish explorer, returned to Spain from America in 1748, he included in his book *Teatro Americano* a brief account of the Indian tribe which owed its conversion to 'a zealous Spanish missionary nun whom none of the Fathers there had ever seen.'

Later, the scholarly French Benedictine Dom Gueranger, 1805-1875, gave a more extensive account in *Marie d'Agreda et la Cité Mystique de Dieu*, whilst Dr John Gilmary Shea, 1824-1892, a most careful historian, in his *History of the Catholic Missions Among the Indian Tribes of the United States, 1529-1854*. New York. Arno Press, 1969, ranks the missionary influence of Sister Mary of Jesus as one of the contributing factors towards their success.

DR LESLIE RUMBLE was, in his day, one of the most widely-known 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 third of his fourteen articles on psychic phenomena which first appeared in *Annals* in 1958. The remaining articles will appear in subsequent issues. **Next Month:** The Clairvoyant and the Thief.

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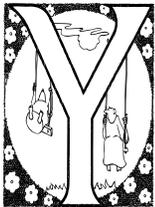
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Revelations that some pederasts have been sheltering in the Catholic Church's ranks as priests, religious or laity are extremely worrying but hardly surprising. They are at the end of a long line of disfunctional people who over the past two thousand years have tried to use the Church for their own ends.

RADICAL CHANGE CALLED FOR

By Paul Stenhouse



YOU MAY THINK, as I do, that pedophilia is a deeply entrenched psychological disorder that has afflicted our world since human records

first began to be kept. Like other disorders of the mind it is no respecter of persons: it afflicts every stratum of our society. I understand that it is largely incurable, and indications are that it is spreading by feeding on the immediacy of communication and gratification offered by modern electronic media.

Not everybody agrees with this judgement. 'Paedophilic interest is natural and normal for human males,' was one of the central claims proposed in an academic presentation delivered as recently as July 2013 to key experts on this topic at a conference held by Cambridge University.¹

An Australian Institute of Criminology Study on Paedophilia in this country, found that

'Offenders may be well-educated or not, rich or poor, married or unmarried, employed or unemployed. They are social workers, child care workers and teachers; church leaders, politicians, judges and doctors, neighbours and relatives. In other words they come from virtually all social, income, racial, ethnic and age groups.'²

Revelations that some pederasts have been sheltering in the Catholic Church's ranks as priests, religious

or laity are extremely worrying but hardly surprising. These pederasts are at the end of a long line of disfunctional people who over the past two thousand years have tried to use the Church for their own ends.

In recent years, and particularly after the collapse of the Soviet Union, Catholics have been shocked by revelations of Communists who infiltrated the Church and became priests and even bishops during the Marxist upheavals of the last century.

WAR

WITH THE WAR lost in France, the British launched the largest evacuation in history. 950 ships were involved. During the evacuation, 338,000 British, French, Belgian and Polish men escaped. The Allies left behind 2,472 guns, 20,000 motorcycles, and almost 65,000 other vehicles. They also left behind 377,000 tons of food, more than 68,000 tons of ammunition and 147,000 tons of fuel. Almost all of the 445 British tanks that were in France with the BEF were left. 250 of the 950 ships used in the evacuation sank. One British ship lost was an ocean liner carrying 4000 British soldiers. It went down with all hands.

— Carlyle Brady, *Quora*

Before that it was Modernists, and before them Freemasons, and before them Heretics of every hue, tint and shade. People of non-Catholic, anti-Catholic and even atheistic beliefs down the centuries have entered the service of the Church for a variety of self-interested motives that had little to do with religion, and nothing to do with fostering the Church's salvific role in a world that was hostile to her.

They took advantage of the Church's openness to infiltrate her ranks, inevitably confusing the faithful, wreaking havoc among unsuspecting victims, frustrating the Church's mission and playing into the hands of the Church's enemies who have been predicting her demise ever since our Lord was crucified.

The Catholic Church has consistently denounced and shunned sin; but not the sinner. Jesus Himself was charged with consorting with sinners. The parable of the prodigal son and the story of Mary Magdalen and the woman taken in adultery have profoundly influenced her thinking, and the Church has always offered sinners a home: on condition that they turn from their sin. Forgiveness for sin is always available through the Sacrament of Penance, provided the penitent is truly remorseful.

'Ay,' as Hamlet said, 'there's the rub'.³ The Church along with the rest of the world has learnt the hard way that pedophiles are incapable

of remorse. Their condition appears to be incurable. The best that can be hoped for is control. Their disordered minds will promise anything, but recidivism seems to be highly likely.

According to an Australian Government Report on *Organized Criminal Paedophile Activity*,

'most sexual offences against children are committed by their relatives and neighbours who are not paedophiles in the strict sense of the term and who do not operate in any organized or networked way.'⁴

The fact that Church authorities were deceived in this matter is hardly surprising. *No one* in our wider society – and that includes the media, the legal profession and politicians – was any wiser.

Fr Benedict Groeschel, an American psychologist/priest who has dealt with pedophiles for over 30 years and to whom I referred last month,⁵ writes from experience:

Thirty years ago no one knew much about pedophilia. In my ten years of training as a psychologist I never heard pedophilia mentioned once. When the cases emerged, therapists believed without sufficient evidence that pedophilia could be cured. Dedicated and believing clergy worked with them using spiritual remedies from the sacraments to thirty-day retreats. Time has proven that like most addictions this pathology can only be arrested and not cured. Sad experience has proven that while you may take a chance on a recovering alcoholic, one ought not take a chance on a pedophile because of the danger to children.⁶

So does the late Professor Nicholas Tonti-Filippini:

It is unfair to say that secrecy was preserved in order to protect the Church, because at that time it was generally accepted that confidentiality was in the interests of the victims. The change in psychiatric opinion to an understanding that promotes the need for admission and recognition of the harm done is more recent. If one compares the

Taliban working to set up an Islamic State

DID THE US consider before they invaded Afghanistan in 2002 that the Russians lost their war there because it was not just a war of liberation or resistance; it was also a jihad, and a modern revolutionary war to establish an Islamic State? ... Without organisation, a political party, or instructions from a central authority, a general insurrection conducted under the slogans of 'Allahu Akbar' and 'Long Live Islam' liberated two thirds of the Afghan territory from a Soviet backed government, during the period from the summer of 1978 to the autumn of 1979. Direct Western involvement in training the mujahidun, didn't commence until 1986.

See: *Fundamentalisms and the State*, ed. Martin E. Marty and R. Scott Appleby, University of Chicago Press, 1993, 'Afghanistan: An Islamic war of resistance,' by Olivier Roy, p.492. See also p.496.

Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders of 1980 (the DSM-III) with the DSM-IV of 1994, one of the major changes is in relation to the inclusion of childhood sexual abuse as one of the diagnostic criteria for mental disorders, especially borderline personality disorders. The latter were not even listed in the DSMIII. The DSM IV had the following new entry:

"Numerous studies have shown a strong correlation between child abuse, especially child sexual abuse, and development of BPD [Borderline Personality Disorder]. Many individuals with BPD report to have had a history of abuse and neglect as young children. Patients with BPD have been found to be significantly more likely to report having been verbally, emotionally, physically or sexually abused by caregivers of either gender. There has also been a high incidence of reported incest and loss of caregivers in early childhood for people with borderline personality disorder."⁷

Professor Tonti-Filippini adds:

That paedophilia is an orientation that is not to be cured or treated was not understood or at least not well understood. The emphasis on the primary means of preventing harm being to prevent access to children or to provide close supervision is also a significant development. There have thus been considerable changes in the psychiatric understanding of paedophilia.

As a matter of history, the Church authorities were not alone in not notifying the civil authorities when there was a reasonable suspicion or knowledge of sexual offences against a child.

It appears that most organisations lacked the capacity to deal with this issue adequately, including not only religious and State organisations that had the care of children, but also the armed forces which recruited pubescent children.

The latter seemingly did not provide the protection, supervision and avenues for complaint that are now thought to be essential wherever there are underage persons or persons who are otherwise vulnerable.

Organisations in general were ill-equipped to deal with the problem. Like the Church, most were also naive about the risks and the need to provide supervision. Most organisations and children in their care were easy prey for those paedophiles who had developed a deceptive lifestyle around their criminal activities.

This is no more evident than in the recent revelations about BBC legend Jimmy Savile.⁸

That some bishops and religious superiors mishandled this complex situation is deplorable yet understandable. How could they be expected to do better, granted the general ignorance in the community

about the virulence of this mental disease, and the difficulty in detecting and treating it?

Fr Groeschel calls for a unified effort to combat pedophilia, but his suggestions call for radical change on the part of many:

To stop the terrible scourge of the corruption of youth which is blatantly seen in the media every day and to protect children from all kinds of seduction should be a goal of every decent person. To single out the clergy and use them as a brick bat to bring Catholics into submission so that we will not oppose abortion and the destruction of the family is obviously the goal of many in the media. Surely, after all that has happened the bishops are sadder and wiser men, who are now more effectively facing the problem of sexual abuse by clergy. I pray that the rest of the country will show a real interest in how its youth are corrupted every day by pornography on television and on the Internet and, in fact, in the whole media, which pours sexual seduction into the home incessantly.⁹

1. 'Paedophilia is natural and normal for males,' Andrew Gilligan, *The Telegraph*, July 5, 2014.
 2. 1996. *Trends and Issues in Crime and Criminal Justice*, 'No 57 Paedophilia,' by Marianne James.
 3. Hamlet, III, I, 47.
 4. 1995. See Chapter 3: 'Paedophile Networks in Australia - Extent and Activities.'
 5. 'Anti-Catholicism,' *Annals Australasia*, Jan/Feb 2019, p.8
 6. See 'Wages of Relativism,' *National Review*, February 28, 2002.
 7. 'The Catholic Church and Paedophilia: Learning from Failures,' *ABC: Religion and Ethics*.
 8. June 4, 2013.
 9. Ibid.
 10. See 'Wages of Relativism,' *National Review*, February 28, 2002.



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– Editor, *Annals*

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Without an objective order to which our actions are accountable, 'we are free to construct the world as we want it to be, as if the truth of things does not exist.'

JAMES V. SCHALL

By Jude P. Dougherty



JAMES V. SCHALL is Emeritus Professor of Government at Georgetown University, known to generations of students at Georgetown, simply, as Fr. Schall. Now

retired, he continues to write with all the verve of a young man amazed by what is going on in the world, as the title of the book suggests.

The Universe We Think In is a collection of fourteen essays, plus a conclusion which brings it all together. His latest essay may be found in the April, 2019 issue of the *New Oxford Review*, where he writes under the title, 'Mind the Gap, On the Presence and Absence of Things.' The absence is modern philosophy's propensity to neglect the innate or purposeful direction of human life.

James V. Schall was formed in an intellectual tradition represented in the twentieth century by philosophers Jacques Maritain, Etienne Gilson, and Joseph Pieper. A scholar of first rank, in the classroom for college students James Schall is noted for bringing the abstract to earth and the abstruse to clarity.

Given his omnivorous intellect there is hardly any contemporary issue of consequence that eluded his attention. He could quote Plato and Harold Berman of Harvard University on one page, and on the next, Charlie Brown and Lucy [comic strip characters created by the thoughtful Charles Schulz].

In the spirit of Richard Weaver's *Ideas Have Consequences* (1948), he speaks of 'the world we discover and the world we make.'

Schall, James V. *The Universe We Think In*. Washington, D.C.: The Catholic University of America Press, 2019. Pp. ix + 208.

In the world we make we are not bound by any reality; we can make ourselves over into whatever we want to be. In such a polity, there is no accountability, no standard to which words and actions may be judged. 'This is why classical metaphysics and Christian theology are so dangerous to those who subscribe to this subjectivism, and why they are met with furious opposition.'



The multiculturalist's notion that all views of life are equally good and acceptable is a form of this subjectivism with its own consequences. A polity formed in such a light would have no interest in passing on the words and deeds of men who lived before.

Schall expresses it this way: 'To know who we are as a polity, we need to know what we have been and done. We need to know the record of great men and terrible tyrants, as well as the deeds and words of ordinary people.' That is why we have monuments, poems and written words.

Chapter Seven is devoted to the nature of political philosophy. 'Politics,' Schall writes, 'are concerned with human action and interaction insofar as men are organized together by custom and law to attain the common good.'

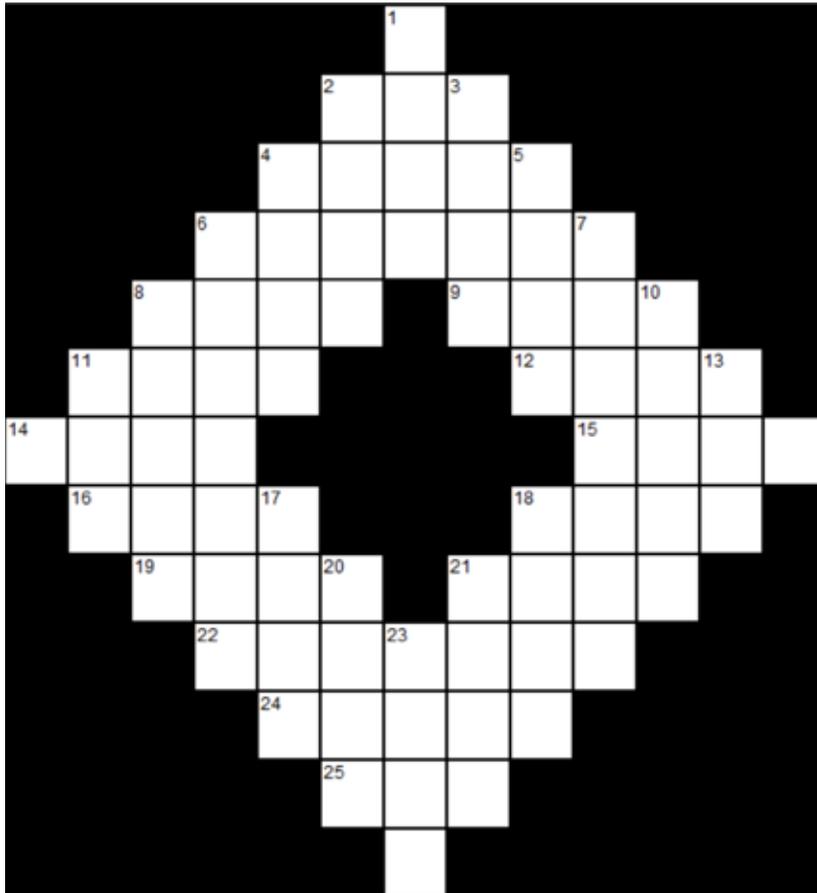
Politics, he finds, is a legitimate object of philosophical enquiry.

'The academy is,' he says, 'or ought to be, a sphere in which not only politics but what is beyond politics can be freely and reasonably addressed. The good of any polity requires that it create a space for what is not just political.'

It is as only through a free and open discussion of ends that the politician comes to understand the good of citizens who are to be ruled and guided by the policies he adopts, given the many options available. The temptation to tyranny lurks. If a party adopts a particular philosophy, 'it then allows no purpose but itself.'

The only way a polity can be held accountable for the acts of

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Across clues

- 2 Provide with weapons
- 4 Rapidity
- 6 Sweet course
- 8 Network of blood vessels
- 9 Astringent
- 11 Writing points of pens
- 12 Marshy area
- 14&15 Note well (Lat)
- 16 Pack of playing cards
- 18 Kitty
- 19 To shut with force and noise
- 21 Repair
- 22 Move to a higher place
- 24 Rub out
- 25 Ignited

Down clues

- 1 God of war (Greek myth)
- 2 Church recess
- 3 Come across
- 4 Hardens
- 5 Tot
- 6 A complete failure
- 7 A Bishops throne
- 8 Ceremonial acts
- 10 Fashion
- 11 Land to which Cain was exiled after killing Abel
- 13 Termination
- 17 Kind of cabbage
- 18 Bazaar in aid of charity
- 20 European blackbird
- 21 Fruit of trees used as pig food
- 23 Senseless or futile

© Brian O'Neill December 2018

its leaders and citizens is if there is a standard to which all words and actions are to be measured. Aristotle tells us that politics is the highest practical science, but not the highest science as such. Practical knowledge presupposes an end that is given to it, not one that is constructed or made by man.

The highest science is metaphysics or ontology whose proper object is the whole, all there

is. It is metaphysics that opens one to the transcendent. It enables one to recognize a natural order, the immaterial component of human nature, and speak to the ends of human life.

Schall points out that if we deny the force or existence of the metaphysical report, we are then free to construct a world in the light of our preferences. Without an objective order to which our

actions are accountable, 'we are free to construct the world as we want it to be, as if the truth of things does not exist.'

A particular target at this point is Machiavelli, often called the founder of modern political philosophy. A Renaissance humanist, Machiavelli is an empiricist who vigorously rejected not only the metaphysics of Aristotle but the Catholic moral tradition influenced by Aristotle's *Politics* and *Nicomachean Ethics*.

Schall, in the present volume doesn't spend much time addressing it, but he does say, 'From Machiavelli's premise as, carried forth by Hobbes, the good state is not one that is in conformity with human nature. Rather it is one that corresponds to what the prince or democrat wants.'

What the prince wills is the law, and he is entitled, Machiavelli says, to use any means, even unsavoury ones, to ensure the continuation of his rule.

Modern politics is defined by the loss of accountability to a natural order. Modern politics has been an endeavour to replace the normal with the perfect polity of its own design. 'In so doing it has distorted our understanding of ourselves, of our death, of our sins, of our very being.'

Near the end of this volume, Schall adds this insight: 'When we speak of Rousseau or Marx, or before them of Machiavelli, Bacon, Hobbes, and Locke, we are looking primarily at an intellectual history back from our time to those ideas and theses that made the world what it has become, a world in which the 'fantasies' of modern philosophers are no longer abstractions.'

Those not fortunate enough to have had Professor James Schall in the classroom, would do well to add this book to their reading list.

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*.

R.H. Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* demonstrates that opposition to laissez-faire markets was not confined to the Left but inspired opposition that had religious origins. The Papal, social-justice encyclicals, starting with *Rerum Novarum* (1891), were the basis of the Higgins Harvester Judgement, Charter of *Fair Go Australia*.

LEFT-RIGHT ALARUMS AND EXCURSIONS

By James Murray



IF YOU WONDER how we got to where we are on the shifting sands of political correctness (and who doesn't) this book is for you. Gerard Charles Wilson, author

of *Prison Hulk to Redemption* (2015) is the kind of biographer who is a more interesting than his hero Tony Abbott (see James Boswell, Laird of Auchinleck and Sam Johnson, Doctor of Bolt Court, off Fleet Street).

In a Stakhanovite feat of mining the archives of Sydney University's student newspaper *Honi Soit* Wilson has won the material for the road that took us to those shifting sands (Qattara Depression?).

The road is no Gun Barrel Highway; it meanders through 1973-80 in a style possibly less exciting to outsiders than to participants, not the least, Malcolm Turnbull, living his ancestral legend by turning the Marxist bull of left-wing *Honi Soit* mongers on themselves.

Indeed, it could be argued that Wilson is less than fair to Turnbull who acted before Tony Abbott made the scene. By invoking Abbott's name, has Wilson hitched his wagon to a falling star? Not Pygmalion-likely. Abbott is fearless according to his friend Greg Sheridan, now Foreign Editor of *The Australian*.

Wilson cites many names but it is fair to say that he exceeds their

Tony Abbott and the Times of Revolution, by Gerard Charles Wilson, rrp \$19.99.
Copies: 0419 002 163.
gerardcharleswilson@gmail.com

total in his references to Abbott and his book *Battlelines* (2009). Your reviewer edits all the quotations down to: 'In the real world, good doesn't always triumph and justice doesn't always prevail. Even the best turn out to have their flaws. Despite that ideals don't cease to matter because they're never perfectly

achieved or because their adherents are compromised.'

On Abbott's alleged, yet celebrated, 1977 Wall Punching episode involving a rival student-politician Barbara Ramjam, Wilson presents two takes. Admittedly, his second concerns crucial differences in reports about the alleged episode. However, he could, with benefit to his readers, have edited the takes together. For his part, your reviewer does not believe the reports that Abbott, a boxer, would, or could, have thrown, two, bare-fist punches at a brick wall. Fibre board, maybe; brick, no way.

The reports include those of the perfervid David Marr. In 2012, he broke the Wall Punching story in his Quarterly Essay, *Political Animal: the Making of Tony Abbott* – that is, 35 years after the alleged episode, an interval that may qualify the story for the Grub Street category, 'Old enough to be new?'

Certainly, compared to Richard Neville, super nova of Wilson's revolutionary galaxy, Marr is a staid old boy of Shore – Sydney Church of England Grammar School – as is the cooler, more incisive Richard Ackland, both lawyer-journos.

Neville's schtik, rather than agitprop, was Play Power, an amalgam of sex, drugs and rock-'n' roll with additives: self-described intercourse with an underage girl and an ABC show where pederasts promoted their inclination. Neville



The Nationalist Monster and Democracy

THE MONARCH regards all his subjects, so long as they are loyal to him, in the same light, whatever their race and creed. Hitler's followers have recently [1933] been slandering the memory of the Habsburgs for their tenderness to the Jews in the heyday of their power, but abuse from such a quarter and in such a connection is surely the highest of compliments. ... In the eighteenth century there was true cosmopolitanism, but the coming of democracy led to an excessive insistence upon nationality as the basis of the State, and that in its turn caused the minorities to agitate for independence. 'Big fleas have little fleas upon their backs to bite 'em, / And little fleas have lesser fleas, and so *ad infinitum*'. The Czechs, for instance, were largely responsible for the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire because they wanted to be autonomous, but no sooner had they achieved their purpose than 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. Democracy cannot rid itself of the charge of having encouraged the nationalist monster until nothing is safe from his depredations.

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

had secured the tag Futurist when he died demented in 2016, mourned by many, among them, Geoffrey Robertson, Sergeant Buzfuz to Neville's Artful Dodger in obscenity court proceedings.

Throughout his anti-bourgeois travails, here and elsewhere, Neville retained possession of an inherited haven in the Blue Mountains, an arrangement not uncommon for prosperous left-wingers: why not a cushy billet until the objective is won and everybody has such a billet?

Wilson's work conjures scenes of high intensity where the main bone (jawbone?) of contention is whether a separate department of political economy (Marxist) should be established. This with other left-right alarms and excursions, petty and obscene, inspires recall of Cyril Connolly's *Enemies of Promise*; in it, Connolly argued that the feats of Eton made life's later achievements minor. His is an argument that could be extended to cover all Australian university activities conducted in an antic spirit that continues to inspire perpetrators when they become State, Territory and Federal MPs.

Too much? Consider the recent casualty rate of Australian Prime

Ministers, a bi-partisan phenomenon set to increase no matter the result of the imminent federal election.

Student politics seem destined to increase their sway over mainstream politics as graduates join State, Territory and Federal Parliaments, first as staffers to prepare for MP fast-tracking. As MPs they find themselves under the scrutiny of graduates who opted for journalism and are more keen to be players than the reporters who came by way of country newspapers or metro-cadetships.

In the context of preferential voting, this not a factor for respect or balance though it may produce mutually beneficial leaks. Specifically, two casualties Abbott (who fast tracked) and Turnbull (who reportedly begged for a Labor seat) exemplify the wastage. Amid classic Menzies-style, Liberal-Conservative social politics, they could have been Roland and Oliver (Wilson's chivalric taste is catching).

Instead as incumbent PMs they distrusted each other, forgetful of the Chinese military philosopher Sun Tzu's sage dictum, 'Keep your friends close and your enemies closer.'

In *Media Matters*, your reviewer urged Abbott to put Turnbull in charge of a banking-industry task force. Had he done so, reform might have come sooner. The dreadnought Hayne Royal Commission has made its recommendations. Bankers and others appear to be reacting like octopuses: retreating behind a cloud of ink or soppy TV advertisements where you expect to see a benign bank manager in a moth-eaten cardigan.

Similarly if Turnbull, after reflection, had appointed Abbott Minister for Indigenous Welfare with Cabinet rank, Turnbull might still be PM. Too late? Not when a party of the centre that will hold is an absolute necessity. Impossible?

Former enemies but fellow Catholics, Konrad Adenauer and Charles De Gaulle knelt together in 1962 at a Mass for peace in Reims Cathedral. With another Mass at Cologne Cathedral, this helped to stabilise Europe for the long campaign that ended Soviet hegemony over its satellites, Poland, Hungary, the Baltic States and East Germany, an ending symbolised in the fall of the Berlin Wall.

Papal statements and documents inspired the Adenauer-De Gaulle entente, not least Pope Pius XI's *Divina Redemptoris: On Atheistic Communism (1937)*, judiciously quoted by Wilson.

For Abbott and Turnbull the precedent is clear: both are Catholics, both have shown Labor leanings (in Abbott's case, a datum that Wilson, himself a graduate of Sydney University, reveals). Again there is a clear precedent: the Democratic Labor Party, on the right side of Cold War history, perhaps because it attracted what Kim Beazley (Senior) called 'the cream of the working class' as distinct from 'the scum of the middle class.'

Wilson's major over-emphasis is that Capitalism is totally congruent with Western Civilisation, a dubious proposition. In a master's display, he evokes Edmund Burke's political

philosophy and summarises Karl Marx's economics. He implies that Abbott may be the last of Australia's Burkean MPs, but does not refer to Marx's charge that the 16th century Dissolution of the Monasteries provided the base means (pun intended) for English capitalism.

R.H. Tawney's *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism* demonstrates that opposition to laissez-faire markets was not confined to the Left but inspired opposition that had religious origins. The papal, social-justice encyclicals, starting with *Rerum Novarum* (1891), were the basis of the Higgins Harvester Judgement, Charter of *Fair Go Australia*.

The work is without an index, an odd omission for an author with considerable experience of publishing, and one whose work contains a shower of droppable names: Susan Mitchell, Michael Duffy, Germaine Greer, Bob Gould, Bruce Williams, David Patch ...

The misprint quota? Your reviewer, fearful of the infliction, is hesitant to mention it; despite Spellchecker misprints are seemingly inseparable from digital setting. Wilson's work may not necessarily commend itself to left-wing Honi Soitistes, but it should be on the library shelves of all Catholic universities and senior schools for its corrective attitude to the student politics of the last century and this one.

It is an attitude that must prevail as the quasi-religion of Chinese Marxism uses capitalism's tool to subvert Western civilisation while Islamists attempt a similar enterprise using a mix of democratic slogans – and terror, political correctness, itself an ersatz religion, being an aid to both.

And always worth remembering the wisdom of the ancients: 'Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad.'

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

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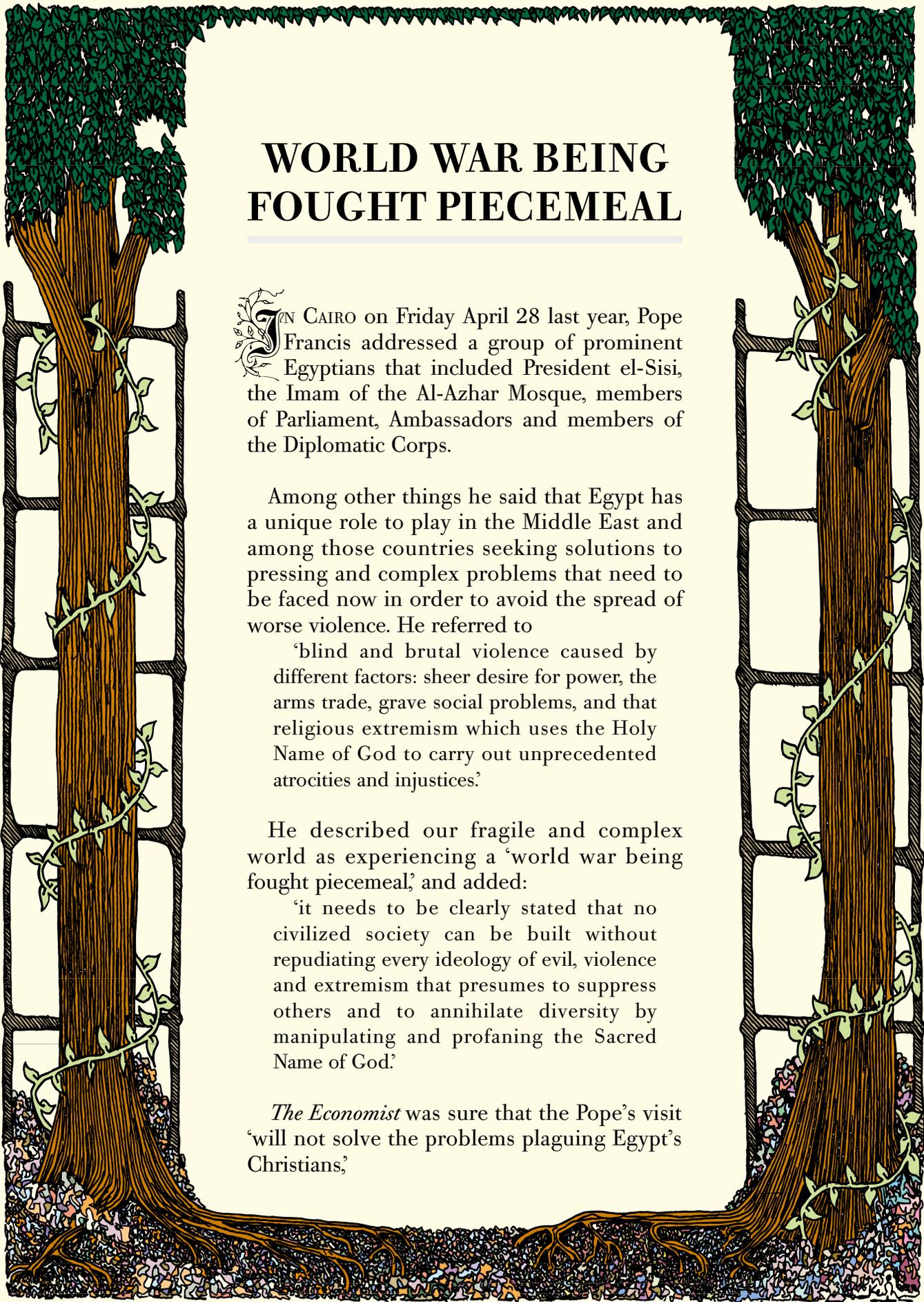
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WORLD WAR BEING FOUGHT PIECEMEAL

IN CAIRO on Friday April 28 last year, Pope Francis addressed a group of prominent Egyptians that included President el-Sisi, the Imam of the Al-Azhar Mosque, members of Parliament, Ambassadors and members of the Diplomatic Corps.

Among other things he said that Egypt has a unique role to play in the Middle East and among those countries seeking solutions to pressing and complex problems that need to be faced now in order to avoid the spread of worse violence. He referred to

‘blind and brutal violence caused by different factors: sheer desire for power, the arms trade, grave social problems, and that religious extremism which uses the Holy Name of God to carry out unprecedented atrocities and injustices.’

He described our fragile and complex world as experiencing a ‘world war being fought piecemeal,’ and added:

‘it needs to be clearly stated that no civilized society can be built without repudiating every ideology of evil, violence and extremism that presumes to suppress others and to annihilate diversity by manipulating and profaning the Sacred Name of God.’

The Economist was sure that the Pope’s visit ‘will not solve the problems plaguing Egypt’s Christians.’



MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Curried polls

The fascination of elections, particularly the spicy, Federal variety is tasting the comments of talented hacks. This time round they have excelled themselves yet none at this writing has topped ‘Eatanswill’ – invention of the supreme hack/novelist Charles Dickens in *The Pickwick Papers*, inspired by the Northamptonshire Borough election of 1835.

Your correspondent’s past effort, ‘Spendanspin’ is futile re Opposition leader Bill Shorten. Is he under the impression that he can tap into the box-office revenue of *The Avengers* franchise?

Silly question: the franchise revenue, even with the popcorn stream added, is a drop in a leaky bucket compared to the reported \$25 million a minute Shorten has promised to spend as he runs like he’s always run, trying to catch the tram, called success.

The Prime Minister Scott Morrison? He’s no niggard with Monopoly cash himself but he’s got incumbency, the support of Jenny, his own bonny wife and his table tennis might be useful in a ping-pong diplomacy with China’s supreme leader Xi Jinping.

Is this enough, however, against the dire weight of his denial of the need for a royal commission into the financial system.

Subsequently, the Hayne Royal Commission uncovered white-collar scams beyond those of criminals dreaming in their cells. As to the Commission’s 76 recommendations, they are being worked through but behind a screen of sentimental advertising which inadvertently raise the question: shouldn’t a time limit be set for the implementation of recommendations?

The debates? They’re basically duologues in which the participants try to make each other the second banana. Incidentally they should refuse to use the modish bar stools on which sitters appear precarious if not tidily.

Call it? This is more difficult than ever due to the social-media maelstrom, exacerbated by gleaners of old, risqué emails who purvey them for a fee, a development first noted by *The New Yorker*, which may explain the downfall of parliamentary aspirants silly enough to indulge in social-media.

What Australia needs at this juncture is stability; continuity makes this a more likely outcome. And it must start with someone. Is that Shorten supported by Emeritus PMs, Kevin Rudd and Julia Gillard, in whose rise and fall he was not an innocent bystander.

Emeritus PM Paul Keating? He was there to ensure to no low blows in the clinches.

A-Pauline

Aftershocks and Pauline Hanson’s tears continue from the Al Jazeera Investigations documentary, *How to Sell a Massacre*, aired on the ABC. Journalistic opinion remains divided on whether it involved entrapment by producer Peter Charley and his offsider Roger Muller.

Their marks were the One Nation emissaries James Ashby and Steve Dickson who thought they could gain stupendous funds from America’s National Rifle Association.

If it was not entrapment, then it was at least akin to the practices of Mazer Mahmood (known as the Fake Sheik). These were exposed by the BBC’s *Panorama* and in 2014 earned Mahmood 15 months jail for conspiracy to pervert the course of justice.

His practices were, with phone hacking, part of the culture that resulted in the closure of *The News of the World* in 2011, arguably the initial cause that has brought Rupert Murdoch’s News Corp to its present pass.

STOP PRESS HEADLINES?

HEADLINES STOP PRESS



Buttrose blooms

ABC chair Ita Buttrose has announced the formal appointment of David Anderson as managing director/ editor-in-chief. No doubt Anderson, a 30-year administrative veteran, will tap into her greater editorial experience to ensure that material emanating from Al Jazeera should at least be cross-checked by the national broadcaster's own investigative teams.

Similar cross checking should apply to outside-source footage. The live-cattle footage contributed by Animal Rights to *Four Corners* is a case in point, given later reports that ship members were paid to get the most graphic footage.

All this would, of course, be in line with way the ABC quietly dropped Al Jazeera English from its news schedules; it would also intensify the transparency the ABC urges on others, a transparency that might well include who authorised the Al Jazeera documentary acquisition.

This at a time when the ABC aired a highly competent documentary that among other things revealed that the Australian gun lobby is relatively as big a spender as the NRA.

Tolling Pell

In all great cases, evidence extraneous to court proceedings accumulates like shells on the shore that resonate contra verdicts. Such a case, that of Cardinal George Pell, imprisoned in solitary while he awaits a hearing in the NSW Court of Appeal on June 5 - 6.

Your correspondent has already mentioned his perception of a discrepancy between an account in Louise Milligan's *Cardinal: The Rise and Fall of George Pell*, and the one reportedly given in closed court by the sole living complainant, 'Victim J'.

Add to this, *Quadrant Online* editor Keith Windschuttle's account of similarities between Victim J's account and a 1998

Philadelphia case involving a priest Charles Englehardt (who died in prison) and 'Billy Doe', published in 2011 by *Rolling Stone*, a magazine noted for its investigative features.

The similarities include that both cases of sexual abuse occurred in the sacristy after Sunday Mass; both the victims had been drinking altar wine in the sacristy and the nature of the abuse was similar while both victims were the only witnesses who testified for the prosecution.

Windschuttle emphasises that he doesn't mean that 'Victim J' was deliberately making things up. 'He might have come to persuade himself the events actually happened or some therapist might have helped him "recover" his memory.'

Here, Windschuttle's point has a degree of similarity with your correspondent's 'possible false recovered memory'.

'Billy Doe' (who reportedly received \$5 million in compensation) was identified as Daniel Gallagher; his testimony also sent two priests, a teacher and Monsignor William Lynn to jail, even though Philadelphia police had arrested him as a drug dealer and petty thief.

The defence criticised the prosecuting authorities for giving him, 'red-carpet treatment' because he was one of the few whose allegations fell within the local statute of limitations.

There was no local equivalent of the ongoing McMurdo Royal Commission into the Victorian Police and Informant 3838/ Lawyer X/Nicola Gobbo.

The commission's terms of reference do not appear to cover, 'Operation Tether'-known also as 'Get Pell'.

Swing away

Emeritus Pope Benedict's essay in the German monthly *Klerusblatt* is not the first piece to comment on a link between Sixties amorality, a homosexual shift in seminary formation and child sexual abuse.

Nonetheless his essay is redolent of

The Jaws of power

THE JAWS of power are always open to devour, and her arm is always stretched out, if possible, to destroy freedom of thinking, speaking, and writing.

- John Adams, First Vice-President of the United States, and Second President of the United States, from his *A Dissertation on the Canon and Feudal Law* (1765)



the hard line he took as Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger, initiating reforms to sections of Canon Law he deemed gave too much protection to accused clerics, and defrocking many for child molestation.

Implicit in both the essay and the differing stance taken at the Pope Francis summit, is the absolute need for the Church's Canon Law to be applied strictly with condign sanctions on those found guilty. What must accompany this? The price of liberty – eternal vigilance.

Cat's leap

Is it a bird, is it a plane? No, it's the Cat – Anthony Catalano – who has acquired mastheads from Nine Entertainment News that were once part of the Fairfax Crown Jewel Collection. Undoubtedly, the brightest is *The Canberra Times*; Catalano can make it the hub of what might be called his Desmene (to distinguish it from Domain where he was once CEO from a start as a property writer).

The Desmene comprises 160 entities. On the basis of the total, reported \$125 million sale price (and a finger count) this equals an average \$78,125 – which wouldn't buy a pokey semi. The entities also include *The Newcastle Herald*, *The Illawarra Mercury*, *The Border Mail*, *The Examiner*, Launceston as well as *The Land*, *Queensland Country Life* and *Stock & Land*.

The deal has a poetic facet. Nine Entertainment chairman, Peter Costello, when Federal Treasurer, sold the nation's gold reserves to achieve a book surplus; the Nine CEO Hugh Marks is scion of a family renowned for selling jewels.

Will their deal poetry continue with *The Age*, *The Financial Review* and *The Sydney Morning Herald*? If it doesn't, refrain from betting against Catalano (and allies) making a bid for these papers in tune with his last-minute attempt to halt the Nine Entertainment-Fairfax merger.

Anthony Catalano is not the only buyer of newspapers. The Sage of Omaha, Warren Buffet, has acquired a string of them. But Catalano may be closer to Jeff (Amazon) Bezos newish owner of *The Washington Post*, which has exploited its capital-city status in a style Catalano can imitate with *The Canberra Times*.

Navigating Islamism

Generally right-wingers are less sympathetic to Islamists than left-wingers, possibly because the latter see the Islamists as destroyers of the system they themselves could not destroy: capitalism. Outstanding exceptions are Christopher Hitchens who coined the term Islamo-fascist and Brendan O'Neill, editor of *Spiked*.

Hitchens died in 2011, after prodigious labours in the verbiage fields. O'Neill soldiers on, his cogency unaffected by his Marxist atheism but perhaps by the osmotic effect of his Catholic education in London which included St James in a convent of the Dominicans, the Order of Preachers.

In the context of Western military campaigns, O'Neill catalogues Islamic terrorist action against Christians in plain terms, calling it 'barbarism'; in equivalent terms he criticises liberal elites and compares reactions to the white supremacist attack on the Christchurch mosques with reactions to anti-Christian terrorism.

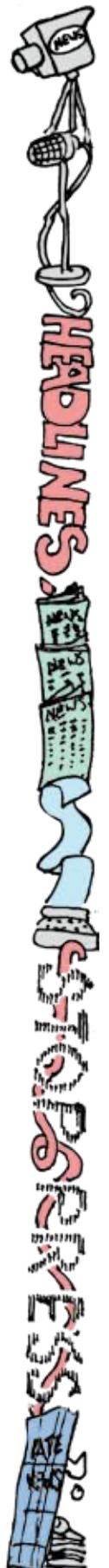
He concludes: '... We need a serious reckoning with the war on Christians, the rise of seventh century barbarism and the collapse of any semblance of moral restraint among the new terrorists.'

This comes courtesy *The Australian* (April 26), cue to praise the fortitude of its co-founder paterfamilias, Rupert Murdoch, a onetime lefty; he took a hit for his anti-Islamist stance when the Saudi Prince Alaweed bin Talal minimised his News Corporation shareholdings and later (under

Illegal Practices

DOES ANYONE in the modern world of the great newspapers experience the slightest setback in his profession, does any journalist, editor or owner smoke a single cigarette the fewer as the penalty for his nasty and illegal practices? The time, I think, is ripe for the restoration of the pillory.

– Evelyn Waugh, *The Spectator*,
22 March 1957





house arrest) sold out of 21st Century Fox at a crucial stage in negotiations with the Disney Corporation.

Notre Dame du Monde

Aflame Notre Dame made for horrific footage. But its restoration has started albeit President Emmanuel Macron was in re-election mode rather than with God when to set a five year deadline to coincide with the 2024 Paris Olympics.

Incidentally why not Marseilles, Nice or Orleans? Paris has already had three Olympic goes surely Montmartre's Moulin Rouge has lost its appeal for athletes?

Code breakdown

The rolling maul that is the Israel Folau affair failed to end at Rugby Australia's Sydney HQ before *Media Matters* deadline (May 6). But interim commentary suggested a code apocalypse if the maul is not resolved.

The case has already been mentioned here in pro-Folau terms, Rugby Australia having sanctioned Folau for breaching his \$4 million contract by quoting Pauline moral theology.

This was cited as hurtful to homosexuals but not apparently drunkards, liars and adulterers (rugby rarities?). Result: Rugby Australia may have to crash-tackle other than South Pacific Islanders who form the code's praetorian cohort.

There are schools, public, private, religious where such moral theology is taught along with St Paul's resounding line: 'If I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am like sounding brass or tinkling cymbal.'

It is a line that could well be recalled by both sides.

In Memoriam

The Australian Poet Laureate (by acclamation) Les Murray who died earlier this month aged 80, was highly praised by admirers and friends. Your correspondent was taken by two of the tributes, Peter Craven's (*The Australian*) and Thomas Keneally's (*The Sydney Morning Herald*).

Craven more eloquently than anyone else referred to Murray's faith: 'But he was also a Catholic convert and he believed passionately in the way a sense of the eternal, of immortality, could shine on life as a consequence of a belief in the breaking of bread that was also the taking in of the body of God...'

Keneally also referred to Murray's faith but *diminuendo*, his piece, set 'ragged right' created the impression of verse in this striking extract: 'Given your myth-making powers, you were approaching the church just as I was leaving it. And of course you were, given your powers to see a continuity between myth and modernity, between the myths of Jacobite rebellion say, and dairy farming on the Manning...'

Craven and Keneally's words speak for themselves. Your correspondent did not meet Les Murray; had he done so he might have been able to enlighten him that his surname is both Scots and Irish (your correspondent's case) and suggest that in its Erse form it came with the Scotti, Latin name for an Irish tribe of raiders, which came to be applied to what is still Scotland.

Les Murray was also Literary Editor of *Quadrant*. By sad coincidence your correspondent knew its most influential editor, the late Peter Coleman, one of that rare breed whose life encompassed Sydney University stagecraft with Gough Whitlam, Sudan school teaching, high political endeavour, the editorship of *The Bulletin*, biographies, memoirs and co-revival of the Australian Film industry (though rarely credited).

Cut 'rare breed': Peter Coleman was *sui generis* in Australia's history. The celebrant at his funeral service was Father Paul Stenhouse, veteran editor of *Annals Australasia*, of which Peter Coleman was honorary Chairman of the Board (his last literary office).

When the Coleman and Murray biographies are done, it will be seen that they had one great gift in common: they preferred to light a candle than curse the darkness – a saying that too often these days must be rendered as 'praise the darkness – the light is too challenging'.

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Behaviourist psychology in particular was 'one of the purest instances in history of an academic enclave dominated by a group delusion ... it could almost be defined as the institutionalisation of a delusion'

PSYCHOLOGY ON THE COUCH

Deconstructing some deeply imbedded myths

By Wanda Skowronska



EVERYONE uses the word 'psychology' but when you ask someone what it is, you get a great variety of answers. American

psychologist Sigismund Koch (1917-1996) strongly critiqued modern psychology's inadequate account of itself saying 'psychology is not a single or coherent discipline but rather a collectivity of studies of varied cast, some few of which may qualify as a science while most do not'.¹ Koch was psychology's *enfant terrible*, and his deconstruction of its myths, particularly those pertaining to behaviourism, became a dominating theme of his writing as time went on making him one of its most brilliant critics.

While Koch's parents had great ambitions for their son in giving him the name Sigismund (after Freud), by the time the young man got to university to study psychology at Iowa and Duke Universities in the 1940s, he was presented with such a strict diet of behaviourism (which ruled psychology departments between 1930-60) that it nearly was the death of him, intellectually

speaking. He was inducted into the anti-metaphysical tenor of the founder of behaviourism, John Watson, who had said:

Psychology as the behaviourist views it is a purely objective experimental branch of natural science. Its theoretical goal is

consciousness. The behaviourist, in his efforts to get a unitary scheme of animal response, recognizes no dividing line between man and brute.²

With Watson, Skinner and the behaviourists, psychology had ceased to be the science of consciousness and had become the science of 'behaviour data *per se*'. Koch's contemporary Mary Van Leeuwen observed that behaviourism's passion for quantification became the ruling paradigm in twentieth century psychology, even after 'behaviourism' ceased to be named as its dominant movement.

Such a paradigm was part of the view, strongly evident in our digital times, that science can explain everything, the Whig view that, 'psychology ... has progressed in slow but cumulative fashion to its present state which is considered to be both correct and inevitable'.³ No matter what field you wish to study, whether psycholinguistics, cognitive or abnormal psychology, all is submitted to the almighty empirical research project. Koch recalls:

[D]uring the initial ten years of my career, I was a dauntless rat-runner, concentrating on the differential testing of rival theories of learning and on

Insulting Tolerance

PHILOSOPHERS who think that all the significant questions men ask are either answerable by reason or not at all, are naturalists in a sense analogous to the positivism of scientists who think that science alone is valid knowledge, and that science is enough for the conduct of life. If the professors are positivists, they are certainly naturalists. They dishonor themselves as well as religion by tolerating it when, all equivocations overcome, they really think that faith is superstition, just as they really think philosophy is opinion. The kind of positivism and naturalism which is revealed in all their works and all their teaching, is at the root of modern secularized culture.

- Mortimer Adler, 'God and the Professors,' Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion (1941)

the prediction and control of behaviour. Introspection forms no essential part of its methods, nor is the scientific value of its data dependent upon the readiness with which they lend themselves to interpretation in terms of

Figments

Our Liberal democrats believe in a figment called a constitutional monarch, a sort of Punch puppet who cannot move until his Prime Minister's fingers are in his sleeves. They believe in another figment called a responsible minister, who moves only when similarly actuated by the million fingers of the electorate. But the most superficial inspection of any two such figures shows that they are not puppets but living men, and that the supposed control of one by the other and of both by the electorate amounts to no more than a not very deterrent fear of uncertain and under ordinary circumstances quite remote consequences. The nearest thing to a puppet in our political system is a cabinet minister at the head of a great public office. Unless he possesses a very exceptional share of dominating ability and relevant knowledge, he is helpless in the hands of his officials.

He must sign whatever documents they present to him, and repeat whatever words they put into his mouth when answering questions in parliament, with a docility which cannot be imposed on a king who works at his job; for the king works continuously whilst his ministers are in office for spells only, the spells being few and brief, and often occurring for the first time to men of advanced age with little or no training for and experience of supreme responsibility.

— George Bernard Shaw (1856-1950), Preface to *The Apple Cart* (1929)

the empirical determination of learning-motivation relationships.⁴

But after decades of dealing with rats and stats, Koch wondered if the behaviourist stronghold was a kind of ersatz scientism wrongly applied to the human person, saying 'psychological history can be seen as a form of scientific role-playing which, however sophisticated, entails the trivialization and even evasion of significant human problems'.⁵

Koch (not a Christian) knew something was missing and his instinct for intellectual and psychological survival led him to a 'hermeneutic of suspicion' against his own field of study, thus joining an honourable legion of mainly Christian critics throughout the twentieth century who have dared put psychology on the couch. Among these are Rudolf Allers, Philip Reiff, Hobart Mowrer, Mary Van Leeuwen, Paul Vitz, William Coulson and William Kilpatrick, who have dared to question the psychological *status quo* throughout its various phases.

But none was so trenchant as Koch, targeting behaviourist psychology in particular. He went so far as to say that behaviourist psychology in particular was 'one of the purest instances in history of an academic enclave dominated by a group delusion ... it could almost be defined as the institutionalisation of a delusion' adding that 'the delusion could be characterized as the presumption that this most ambitious...subject in the history of scholarship was at the very verge of total conquest of its problems before it had gotten under way'.⁶ He says of himself that 'there was in me a severe malaise of spirit which I warded off by an excess of certitude; indeed a jaunty crassness not uncommon among my peers and seniors'.⁷

Koch was so furious at having been lured into the labyrinthine ways of behaviourism that he wrote pungent critiques, among them *Psychology in a Human Context: Essays in Dissidence and Reconstruction* (1999). As psychologist Daniel Robinson remarked of Koch, 'As he inhaled

the toxins of a simplistic psychology, he exhaled some of the finest criticism that the discipline would produce."⁸

Koch largely blamed Auguste Comte, who after founding the social sciences on a strict positivistic basis, proceeded then to devise possibly the most obsessively rule-saturated religion in all history. Not mincing words, Koch spoke about a kind of intellectual autism which had narrowed the horizon of psychology to an empirical tunnel vision.

Koch finally emerged from the straightjacket of mazes, rats and rewards and fled from his behaviourist chains as valiantly as the French prisoner-hero escaped from Devil's Island in the novel *Papillon*.

He came up with unique ways of describing the Comptian 'religion' and modern psychology's jargon – using terms like 'word magic', 'single principle imperialism', 'epistemopathy', 'ameaning', 'pseudo-conceptualisation' and 'profession centred myths'.⁹

He carefully analysed the critiques of science in Michael Polanyi's *Personal Knowledge* (1958) and Kuhn's *The Structure of Scientific Revolutions* (1964), frustrated that few other psychologists did so. His proposal that psychology be renamed 'the psychological studies' and include philosophical anthropology (which he called personology), aesthetics, studies of creativity and the wider humanities.

Many psychology students have never come across critiques such as Koch's, as it seems it is not 'nice' to engage in such fervent deconstruction of psychological myths. Koch does not denounce all psychology but just pointed out that something was missing and that 'something' was the study of the philosophical, literary and historical contexts with which psychology has been intertwined throughout its history.

He pointed to the broader approach of the early modern pioneer psychologists, who had

studied many differing fields - one could include Johannes Müller, Wilhelm Wundt, Fr Edward Pace, Oswald Kulpe, Fr Verner Moore, Albert Michotte among many others. Koch pointed out that even the grand experimentalist Wilhelm Wundt, in his 53,735 pages of writing, wrote works on logic, ethics and epistemology among others and always saw experimental psychology in a context that allowed for wider considerations.

Wundt always considered that there were 'higher mental functions' that did not fall within the realm of empirical measurement.¹⁰ He explains Wundt's view that psychology occupied an intermediate position between the *Naturwissenschaften* (the natural sciences).¹¹ Koch condemned the narrow focus which forgot the wider focus, which forgot the rich history of psychology in western civilisation, which forgot the mystery of the human person.

Koch's continual advocacy of a multi-faceted approach to psychology and his insistence on the 'mystery' of the 'human being', could well have issued from a theologian or from Saint John Paul II himself.¹²

Koch saw what Thomas Oden, in the mid 1980s lamented as a drift toward forgetfulness of the previous traditions of pastoral counselling and wanted to apply intellectual and spiritual smelling salts to revive his peers.¹³ Perhaps it is time for psychologists to state the problem anew, and restate their 'Roots' in true, dramatic perspective not only to their Christian peers but to psychology's public square. Perhaps there is a need for 'Ramsay' proposal for courses on western civilisation to include psychology's own history - for western civilisation rests on its understanding of the human person.

Koch asserted that many of psychology's paradigms have been locked into a 'hubris with which we have contained our existential anguish in a terrifying age' which has led to 'grandiose

pseudoknowledge'.¹⁴ This needs to be recognised for what it is - an 'epistemopathology', a pathologically false way of seeing the world.

Perhaps the terms Koch uses are unusual and piquant ways of describing the situation but he certainly gets his points across and they boil down to this: Psychology is about persons who are embedded in a culture. It has its own history and its own analyses of itself, much of which derive from its philosophical, aesthetic, historical and spiritual roots in understanding of the human person.

And if this is the case, philosophical anthropology and the history of psychology need to be a compulsory part of any course in the psychological studies. And from this we can draw the conclusion that it would be helpful, at the very least, for all Catholic psychology graduates to have engaged with these broader canvases, before employment in any Catholic institution.

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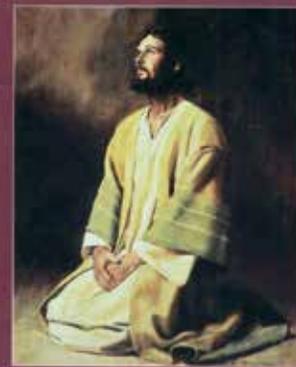
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13. Thomas C. Oden, *Care of Souls in the Classic Tradition* (New Jersey, Fortress Press, 1984).
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ALCHEMY, ASTROLOGY AND CRYSTAL GAZING IN ELIZABETHAN TIMES

By Michael Wilding



THREE HUNDRED years before Ned Kelly's career, there was another Edward Kelly of Irish descent whose exploits were even more spectacular. He was born in Worcester in the English Midlands in 1555 but he first comes to attention when John Dee sought out someone who claimed he could summon up spirits.

Dee was a mathematician and scientist. Consulted by political figures, his projects often involved political issues. He was closely involved in navigational calculations for England's earliest attempts at colonising North America. He drew up a proposal for Britain to reform the calendar and to come into line with the reforms of Pope Gregory XIII in 1582. But the English church and political establishment decided this would look like too much like conformity to Rome, and so Britain remained ten days out of phase with Europe for the next 160 years. But mathematics was not only a matter of numerical calculation, it also touched on astrological calculations, and Dee was commissioned to select the appropriate date for Elizabeth I's coronation.

Dee had the largest private library in England, some 2,500 books and manuscripts. But books could provide only so much

information. He wanted direct access to the divine. He wanted someone who could communicate with angels. And Kelly was introduced to him as a 'scryer,' or 'crystal gazer,' someone who could see visions in crystals, and could serve as a medium for spiritual communications.

A tiny bit of a Man

MODERN MAN, who moves with the times and seeks power without grace, is ... a much greater menace to human integrity than ... cannibals; thus, in *Brideshead Revisited*, we are told that Rex Mottram, politico and tycoon, epitome of worldly success (he is still very much alive among us today, forever aspiring to become our leader) 'wasn't a complete human being at all. He was a tiny bit of one, unnaturally developed; something in a bottle, an organ kept alive in a laboratory. I thought he was a sort of primitive savage, but he was something absolutely modern and up-to-date that only this ghastly age could produce: a tiny bit of a man pretending he was the whole.'

— Simon Leys, *The Angel and the Octopus*,
Duffy & Snellgrove, Sydney 1999, p.186.

This was a fraught practice and could lead to imprisonment. Dee's previous 'scryer' had been arrested, but released without charge. He promptly told Dee that 'he neither heard or saw any spiritual creature any more.' Four days later Dee was consulting spirits with Kelly.

When Kelly first arrived he went under the name of Edward Talbot, and Dee recorded in his diary that 'his coming was to entrap me, if I had had any dealing with wicked spirits, as he confessed often times after.'

Nonetheless, they proceeded to summon up a succession of angels and spirits, beginning with Uriel and Michael and moving on to the mysteriously named, like Nalvage, Ath, Galva'h, and more.

There were visions, fables and instructions. They in large part involved establishing a table of names and numbers which could be used to call up spiritual forces, in particular those governing political rulers.

Kelly looked into the crystal, Dee asked his questions, the spirits in the crystal 'spoke' through Kelly, and Dee wrote down what Kelly said. The notes were later transcribed, and the records of these sessions bound up into a score of books. Other manuscript books were compiled which abstracted and collated the information given. They survive in the British Library.

Sometimes other information was given. Dee asked about 'the vision which yester night was presented, unlooked for, to the sight of E. K. as he sat at supper with me, in my hall, I mean: the appearing of the very sea, and many ships thereon, and the cutting off the head of a woman, by a tall black man, what are we to imagine thereof?'

The date was May 5, 1583. Dee noted in the margin, 'The Queen of Scots to be beheaded.' At some later date he added, 'So she was, anno 1587 at Fotheringhay castle. And also the same year a great preparation of ships against England by the King of Spain, the Pope and other princes called Catholic, etc.'

What Dee neglected to note was that the fate of Mary queen of Scots, and the possible arrival of a Spanish fleet, were two of the most discussed topics in England when Kelly had his 'vision'.

And then a Polish count, Albert Laski, visited England and sought out Dee and Kelly. He was concerned to find out if he might succeed to the Polish crown, and whether he had English ancestry. He was also desperately short of money. So were Dee and Kelly. Holinshed, whose *Chronicles* Shakespeare, among others, drew upon, recorded that Laski had 'a white beard of such length and breadth, as that lying in his bed, and parting it with his hands, the same overspread all his breast and shoulders, himself greatly delighting therein, and reputing it an ornament.' But though English authorities provided one of their spies as a servant to Laski, they could not discover the purpose of his visit.

In 1583 Laski, Dee and Kelly left England at dead of night and set out for Poland. They had hoped Laski would support them financially in their spiritual researches, but Laski went bankrupt. The spirits told Kelly and Dee to go to the court of the Holy Roman Emperor, Rudolf II, in Prague. They gave Dee messages to deliver to the Emperor Rudolf and to King Stephen of Poland, instructing them

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to reform their ways. It was not the most ingratiating way to secure royal patronage. But Dee did write to Rudolf telling him that he could make the philosopher's stone.

Dee had one audience with Rudolf, and was then fobbed off to deal with senior court officials. In the meantime rumours of the spiritual predictions of imminent apocalyptic change reached the papal nuncio, Filippo Sega, who reported to Rome that Dee and Kelly 'are on the way to being the authors of a new superstition, not to say heresy, and are known to the Emperor and all of the court.'

The new nuncio, Lord Germanico Malaspina, Bishop of San Severo, asked Dee and Kelly to explain themselves to him. They delayed for eight months but finally met. Dee assured the nuncio that their activities were not irreligious.

Pressure was brought to bear on Rudolf, who then expelled Dee and Kelly from the Empire for necromancy and other prohibited

arts. Four months later Rudolf relented and let them settle on the estates of Count Vilém Rožmberk, at Trebon in southern Bohemia. They promptly undertook a series of alchemical experiments and, in December 1586, Dee recorded in his diary that 'E. K. made a public demonstration of the philosopher's stone in the proportion of one small grain, upon one ounce and a quarter of common mercury, and produced almost an ounce of most pure gold.'

Kelly's interests had now moved from summoning up spirits to making gold. His achievements soon became known to the Emperor Rudolf and to Queen Elizabeth and her senior statesman, Lord Burghley. Rudolf invited Kelly back to Prague, installed him in the court to work on alchemical experiments, and in 1589 appointed him to the order of the *Equites Aureati*. He was now 'Sir Edward,' and possessed of considerable property.

Burghley wrote to Kelly at the command of Queen Elizabeth,

suggesting that he might return to England and put his alchemical skills at the service of the state.

Kelly replied that 'being in security, and that in a country full of peace and liberty, seised in lands of inheritance yielding £1500 yearly, incorporated to the kingdom in the second order, of some expectation and use more than vulgar, of his Majesty's privy council ... chief regent in and over all the lands and affairs of the Prince Rožmberk: I cannot see how I might easily or honestly depart, much less so steal away'.

'But,' he added, 'if it may please my most gracious sovereign and country to redress the injuries done against me heretofore and to call me home to the like honour; assuring me of so much lands of inheritance by year to serve her, as I shall leave behind me in Bohemia for her; then will I declare myself openly, take leave of his Majesty and kingdom and repair home to her highness.'

Burghley then sent the poet and courtier Edward Dyer to try to persuade Kelly to return. But suddenly, Kelly was arrested and gaoled. The English diplomat Henry Wotton made a trip to Prague and reported back that some said it was for debt, others that an alchemist executed at Munich had named Kelly as an accomplice, some said that Dyer's visit made the Emperor suspect Kelly was about to return to England with his alchemical, or other, maybe political, secrets, some said Kelly had offended a powerful Czech family, the Poples, some said Kelly prepared a medicine for the Emperor which Kelly's enemies told the Emperor was designed to poison him, and lastly some said a rival alchemist had challenged Kelly to make proof of his art and Kelly refused.

Czech reports, not known in England, said that Kelly had killed a court official in a duel. The official had been asking Kelly why one of his ears had been lopped. Kelly at some point had one, if not both, ears lopped – a mark of punishment for some criminal offence that has never been explained.

And then towards the end of 1593, after some two and a half years in gaol in Pürglitz castle, Kelly was released, and back in favour with the Emperor. August 12, 1595, Dee records 'I received Sir Edward Kelly's letters of the Emperor's, inviting me to his service again.' Dee stayed in England, wisely enough. For November 1, 1596 Kelly was arrested again. Debt is generally believed to have been the cause.

Kelly was now imprisoned in Most Castle where he wrote his Latin treatise *The Stone of the Philosophers*, which he dedicated to Rudolf.

Nonetheless, he decided to escape.

John Weever wrote in his *Ancient Funerall Monuments* (1631) that Queen 'Elizabeth of famous memory, sent (very secretly) Captain Peter Gwynne with some others, to persuade him to return back to his own native home, which he was willing to do: and thinking to escape away in the night, by stealth, as he was clambering over a wall in his own house in Prague (which bears his name to this day, and which sometime was an old sanctuary) he fell down from the battlements, broke his legs, and bruised his body; of which hurts a while after he departed this world.'

It is generally believed that Kelly fell not from his house but from prison. The Czech scholars Vladimír Karpenko and Ivo Purš write that 'what is presumably the most authentic report about Kelly's imprisonment (and his death) is given in a manuscript written by the evangelical priest, Rudolf's alchemist and seeker of precious stones, Simon Thadeas Budek of Lessino and Falkenberg:



'That Keleus (Kelly) when he was imprisoned at the castle of Most (he had a wooden leg and was without both ears, and had long hair), was lowered through the toilet by his wife and daughter in the year 1597 at Christmas time ... His brother awaited him with a carriage, but he (Kelly) fell into a ditch and broke his leg in three places, so he was taken back to the castle to be tended to. He was to be transported to Prague to the Emperor, but he asked to have his wife and daughter with him, which they granted him. He then spoke to his wife in English and Welsh and with his daughter in Latin and asked to have some water brought to him and immediately after ingesting it, he died.'"

Had Kelly really succeeded in producing gold? Did he really have the secret of the philosopher's stone? Or was it a trick? In 1617 in his book on pseudo-alchemists Michael Maier concluded of Kelly: 'If he had anything except the colour extracted from gold, why did he not live for himself and avoid high positions, from which he would fall headlong as far as both his life and fame are concerned? However, with his skill of extracting sulphur from gold and projecting it into metals he not only won the prince's favour and a good reputation, but he also got money and fortune. And he would not have been in need of all these if he had not been foolish and a man of very poor judgement; and if he had had the real tincture.'

Kelly is still remembered in the Czech republic. His exploits have been celebrated in novel, radio play and movie, and the house he allegedly lived in in Prague is a tourist destination. But in his home town of Worcester he is quite forgotten.

MICHAEL WILDING is author of *Wild Bleak Bohemia: Marcus Clarke, Adam Lindsay Gordon and Henry Kendall* (Australian Scholarly Publishing), a critical monograph *Marcus Clarke* (Oxford U. P.), editor of a selection *Marcus Clarke* (University of Queensland U. P.) and co-editor of *Cyril Hopkins' Marcus Clarke* (Australian Scholarly). He is emeritus professor of English and Australian Literature at the University of Sydney.

MOVIES

The Man Who Killed Don Quixote

Writer/director Terry Gilliam's film is loosely based on the Miguel de Cervantes novel; make that very loosely; it is not the first time Gilliam has tilted at the work. In 1998, after almost a decade of trying, he secured \$32.1 million in funding, and went on to shoot a version starring Jean Rochefort as Quixote with Johnny Depp as Toby Grisoni, a marketing bod thrown back through time to become Quixote's squire, Sancho Panza.

Dire straits, including Rochefort's illness, meant the aborted version was not released although in 2002 Gilliam did show, *Lost in La Mancha*, a documentary. The likes of Robert Duvall, Michael Palin and John Hurt were mooted for Don Quixote and Ewan McGregor and Jack O'Connell for the part of Grisoni/Sancho.

Now Gilliam tilts again with Adam Driver in the Grisoni part and Jonathan Pryce as Don Quixote. And what a bravura Quixote he is, fantastical, funny, yet never quite losing his dignity.

Part of Gilliam's problem may be is that he treats the novel as a kind of prototypical Monty Python script, in which he can insert private jokes: giving a variant of co-writer Tony Grisoni's first name to a character; having Stellan Skarsgard play the Boss, a disagreeable producer (akin to Paulo Branco with whom Gilliam disputed legally).

Don Quixote is not a playpen for Gilliam. Miguel de Cervantes, ex-soldier, ex-galley slave, used tragic-comedy to lament the decay of a great past just as his fellow Catholic, William Shakespeare did. Both died in 1616.

M★★★★NFFV.

Hotel Mumbai

Director Anthony Maras and co-writer John Collee based their thriller on, *Surviving Mumbai*; it shows in the kind of gritty immediacy that director/co-writer Victoria Midwinter Pitt and crew brought to the documentary, released in 2009.

This was only a year after the Islamist terrorist attack on the Taj Mahal Palace Hotel, Mumbai,

By James Murray

one of 12 attacks that left 166 people murdered by 10 terrorists, co-ordinated by 'The Bull' (still at large).

Maras-Collee intensify the immediacy by using English sub-titles to translate the native language of the terrorists while cinematographer Nick Remy Matthews shoots as if under fire in a war zone.

As Arjun, the waiter who becomes the saving, cool hand, Dev Patel shows his increasing authority. Maras, however, refuses to indulge in heroics dictated by the status of action stars such as Jason Isaacs and Armie Hammer, the former an ex-KGB agent, the latter the spouse of Zahra (Nazanin Boniadi), an Iranian whose life is spared when she recites a Muslim prayer.

Maras prefers to focus on a turning point of counter-terrorism: whether local police should go in or await army special forces?

Mumbai is synonymous with Bollywood; Maras-Collee (with Pitt and crew) demonstrate that it can rise above extravaganzas in depicting the scourge of the era, notably

Official Classifications key

G: for general exhibition;
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described as 'a perpetual irritant'.

Carmen Duncan appears as hotel guest Lady Wynn, the last role of a distinguished Australian player (Et lux perpetua...)

MA15+★★★★NFFV.

All is True

Director/star Kenneth Branagh adds to his lustre as the peer of Laurence Olivier in bringing Shakespeare to the screen. Indeed his make-up as Shakespeare may be a sly tribute based on Vivien Leigh's quip: 'First you hear Larry, then you see his make-up, then you see Larry.'

Branagh's performance fits authentically with Shakespeare's Stratford envisioned by designer James Manfield, evoked in its seasonal, mellow fruitfulness by cinematographer Zac Nicholson, edited by Una Ni Dhonghaile and backed by the music of Patrick Doyle.

Judi Dench plays Anne Hathaway as if she has been waiting all her life for the part. Perfect? Not quite in the opinion of your reviewer (who has essayed a play on Shakespeare). Scriptwriter Ben Elton may abate his satirical jokiness but his focus on Shakespeare's mourning for his son Hamnet means he largely avoids the cataclysm known as The Reformation; this the playwright described as *The Tempest*, one of many coded terms he used for the benefit of his fellow Catholics.

M★★★★NFFV.

Top End Wedding

Where to start with this romantic comedy, starring Miranda Tapsell and Gwilym Lee as young lovers Lauren and Ned? At the final sequences where the storyline takes us to the Tiwi Islands and the profoundly impressive indigenous-Catholic customs of its people including the wedding, its celebrant a vested priest.

Until then director Wayne Blair appears tentative compared to the panache he brought to *The Sapphires* in which Miranda Tapsell co-starred. But the script's the key and Miranda Tapsell co-wrote with Joshua Tyler. It entails wandering, outback scenes, from which you get the impression Wayne Blair is doing two things at

once: giving cinematographer Eric Murray Liu room to film wonderful landscapes; waiting for pages (not necessarily a negative: *Casablanca*, timeless classic, was shot page by page).

Other talented players include Kerry Fox as Hampton, who gives Lauren her break as a lawyer, Tracy Mann who plays Annie, Ned's mother and Ursula Yovich as Daffy Ford married to Trevor (Huw Higginson, worthy of an award for bibulous weeping). The Fords are another facet not fully clarified yet they suggest a rare tribute to mixed-race marriages (Miranda Tapsell's father, Tony, was a public servant her mother Barbara, an Indigenous teacher).

As noted above, the end redeems the false start which, if you don't enjoy popcorn, calls for patience and meditation on Chaplin Syndrome, cause of a belief that everyone is a cine-genius.

M★★★NFFV.

The Chaperone

The well-made play fitted to the talent of an extraordinary star was once part of the theatre (*vide*, GB Shaw/Mrs Patrick Campbell/*Pygmalion*). Similarly, the well-made film was part of cinema (*vide*, JL Mankiewicz/Bette Davis/*All About Eve*).

Writer Julian Fellowes with director Michael Enger has revived the convention for Elizabeth McGovern; she plays Norma Carlisle, fictional chaperone to the real-life Louise Brooks (Haley Lu Richardson), travelling by train from Wichita to the New York of the Roaring Twenties.

While Brooks focuses on the dance training and high jinks that will prepare her for her rise and fall as a silent-movie star, Norma, an adopted orphan, searches for her biological mother. Despite the obduracy of the orphanage Mother Superior, she finds her with help from the handyman Joseph (Geza Rohrig).

Norma's park bench encounter with her mother Mary O'Dell provides Elizabeth McGovern and Blythe Danner with the chance to display their star facets, Danner

being the winner on tics and grimaces.

A subplot, involving ageing make-up and Norma-Joseph in a quartet ménage with her husband Alan (Campbell Scott) and his partner Raymond (Matt McGrath) demonstrates that the current zeitgeist did not create the progressively ludicrous.

Reservation: Julian Fellowes makes flashback scenes of Norma's orphan days and adoption grim without at least hinting that such grimness is preferable to an alternative: the surgical bucket.

PG★★★SFFV.

The Aftermath

The star of this post World War II melodrama, Keira Knightley, has two modes: spirited and android – or to be politically correct, gynoid. Under director James Kent it's the latter as she plays Rachael, entrained from London for a reunion with her husband, Colonel Lewis Morgan (Jason Clarke, in compelling form) who takes her through the bleak, snowy streets of war-ravaged Hamburg to the mansion that has been allotted to him.

There they meet the owner Stefan Lubert (Alexander Skarsgard), a widower-architect whom Colonel Morgan has permitted to remain in the attics with his daughter Frieda (Flora Thiemann), a kindness Rachael initially resents since her son was killed in the blitz.

The duty of Morgan's unit is to assist Hamburg's citizens to rebuild while coping with armed, last ditch Nazis. In his long absences,

propinquity propinks between Rachael and Stefan, complicated by Frieda's joining a Nazi resistance group.

Will Rachael decamp with Stefan? Scriptwriters Joe Shrapnel and Anna Waterhouse (channeling Daphne du Maurier?) base their answer on the factor that shared, past grief can bind as strongly as prospective happiness.

M★★★NFFV.

Swimming with Men

Director Oliver Parker and scriptwriter Aschlin Ditta credit the Swedish documentary *Men Who Swim* as the basis of their comedy drama. And in a grand international finale Parker has a Swedish team compete against the British team.

The latter is masterminded, rather than captained, by Rob Brydon, playing accountant Eric Scott to whom swimming is therapy for career stress and an unhappy marriage to Heather (Jane Horrocks).

Eric's therapy leads to his joining a team of male synchronized swimmers: Luke (Rupert Graves), Colin (Daniel Mays) Kurt (Adeel Akhtar), Tom (Thomas Turgoose) Ted (Jim Carter).

Basically they're dog-paddlers until Eric (little by little?) applies his numerate skills to their routines. Why he didn't show them Busby Berkeley's efforts is a minor mystery as they paddle towards that grand finale. This, it should be said, gives the Eric-Heather marriage the kiss of life and saves the movie from being a flopper.

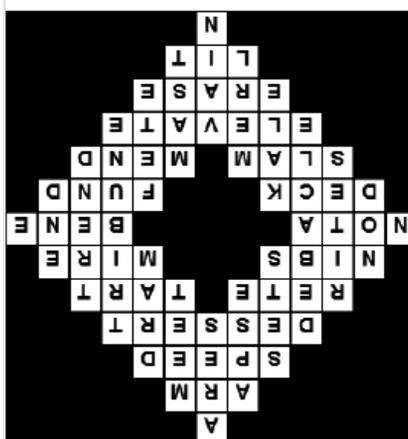
M★★★NFFV.

Shazam!

Director David F Sandberg's DC Comics movie can be seen as a funny, satirical corrective to the final Marvel Studio *Avengers Endgame* reaper of billions. Working from a story-script by Henry Gayden-Darren Lemke, Sandberg conjures the orphaned Billy Batson/adult Shazam, played respectively by Asher Angel and Zachary Levi.

In their battles with monsters, Angel and Levi's styles complement each other like, well, denim jackets and jeans. Levi, particularly, brings to the part a knowing irony: yeah,

SOLUTION TO QUICK CROSSWORD NO. 107



I'm aware this is popcorn with added schmaltz but I'm trying to keep it fresh and avoid stale franchise.

The movie does contain an unusual reference to the Seven Deadly Sin but does not name them. For the record they are: pride, greed, lust, envy, gluttony, wrath, sloth.

M★★★NFFV.

Five Feet Apart

Approximately that's the clinical distance cystic fibrosis patients must keep to avoid cross-infection. Stella and Will, patients at what appears to be an extremely relaxed facility, try to obey but, scripted by Mikki Daughtry-Tobias Iaconis and directed by Justin Baldoni, are overcome by what might be called 'Romeo-Juliet Syndrome'.

As patients, Haley Lu Richardson and Cole Sprouse bring remarkable zest to their roles. Moises Arias is another patient, Poe Ramirez who clowns while shadowing Stella and Wills. And Kimberley Herbert Gregory is Nurse Barbara who tries to keep health-giving order.

Since the prototypical *Now Voyager* (1942) starring Bette Davis-Paul Henreid, the producers of such pathology movies seem to combing through the *Pears Cyclopedia* medical section in search of inspiration.

M★★★NFFV.

Back of the Net

The title may suggest a sequel to *Bend it like Beckham* (2002). Director Louise Alston's romantic comedy has a different slant, however: its star Sofia Wiley plays Cory Bailey, an American science student travelling to the Harold Academy Australian Semester at Sea who finds herself at the Harold Soccer Academy.

At the academy she becomes first among an awkward squad whose opponents are captained by the academy's top player Edie (Tiarnie Coupland) who is mean and nasty. Can the awkward squad beat their rivals in the National Soccer Tournament? Sofia uses her science to calculate moves.

The redoubtable Kate Box is on hand as Coach Smith to ensure fair play on and off-field with the boys David Bailey (Christopher Kirby) and Olive (Trae Robin).

Happy ending? Alston and scriptwriters Cassie Tabonou and Alison Spuck contrive to score with the singing of *Advance Australia Fair*.

PG★★★SFFV.

The Happy Prince

Writer/director/star Rupert Everett's title alludes to a story Oscar Wilde used to read to Cyril and Vyvyan, sons of his marriage to Constance Mary (née Loyd). In his bio-pic, Everett links this reading to a couple of street kids Wilde befriends during his final, bedraggled sojourn in Paris.

Everett surrounds himself with a strong cast, although it must be said their parts seem underwritten compared to his: Colin Morgan plays Wilde's intimate friend Lord Alfred (Bosie) Douglas; Colin Firth is another friend Reggie Turner and Tom Wilkinson is Father Cuthbert Dunne who administered Wilde's Viaticum.

Everett's ending goes against the grain of this redemptive process and Wilde's *De Profundis*, written to Douglas; generally this is perceived as a love letter. But like many writers Wilde wrote on two levels: the title also resonates with the great psalm of King David and its line: 'If thou, Oh Lord, will mark iniquity, who shall endure it?/For with the Lord there is mercy...'

In opting to finish with a self-serving *Cabaret-Rocky Horror Show* montage, Everett suggests a mood in accord with Wilde's definition of a cynic, one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing.

MA15+★★NFFV.

Gloria Bell

Writer/director Sebastian Lelio's film is being marketed as a 're-imagining' of *Gloria* (2013). This is true enough but possibly not better: in the earlier version the context was Latino and Pauline Garcia played Gloria as a separated, ordinary housewife pursuing happiness with a new companion (Sergio Hernandez) amid daily worries.

In the 're-imagining' Julianne Moore plays Gloria and if Moore has a weakness, it is that she cannot play ordinary. Her persona always

has an exotic touch, accordingly her Gloria is not only glamorous, she is a successful careerist.

This makes her fall for Arnold (John Turturro) in a cocktail bar, on a dance floor and abed less than plausible given that Turturro's keynote as an actor is sinister ambivalence, leading to rackets outcomes.

Your reviewer's theory is that the Lelio's Gloria descends from the Gloria of John Cassavetes as played by his wife and muse, Gena Rowlands if not from the greatest of them all, Gloria May Josephine Swanson (interviewed 1964).

M★★★NFFV.

Dumbo

Why the Disney Corporation makes new versions of Walt Disney classics rather than re-issue digitised versions is a mystery. But there's no need to call Sherlock Holmes: Disney makes more money from the new versions.

Result: Tim Burton's live-action, computer generated image version which is darker for those who remember the cartoon version, released in 1941, a bright candle against wartime blackouts.

Burton, tailoring from Ehren (*Transformers*) Kruger's script, has Dumbo (voice Edd Osmond) being born in a circus run by Max Medici (Danny DeVito). Its cowboy star, Holt Farrier (Colin Farrell) returns wounded from the Great War to reclaim his motherless children Nico (Milly Farrier) and Joe (Finely Hobbins) protected by the circus performers including Rongo The Strongo (DeObia Operei).

All are in splendid form as are Alan Arkin as banker J Griffin Remington, Michael Keaton as impresario VA Vandevere and Roshan Seth as Pramesh Singh, a snake charmer who reverences all life. Need it be said that the happy ending turns on his reverence?

Worth remarking that when Evelyn Waugh visited Hollywood for what proved to be fruitless negotiations on the *Brideshead Revisited* film rights, his consolation was that he'd met the two great geniuses of film, Walt Disney – and Charlie Chaplin.

PG★★★SFFV.

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