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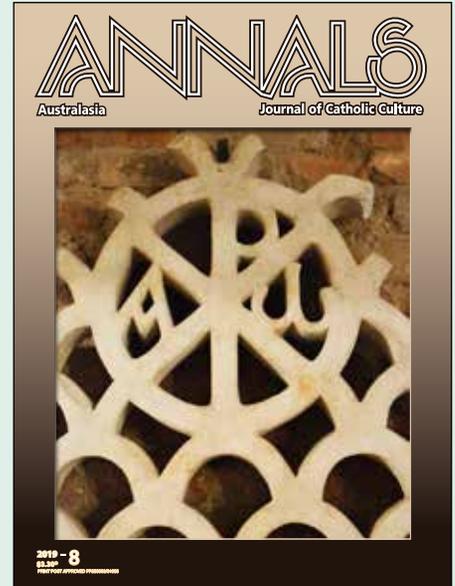
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[Sunday readings at Mass: Year C / Weekday readings at Mass: Year I]

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- 3 **A state's system of justice put on trial**
CHRIS MERRITT
- 4 **Bridging Chasms and Cobwebs**
PAUL STENHOUSE
- 8 **Achieving the Impossible**
JOHN PRATT
- 11 **The Battle of Baula**
ANDRÉ DUPEYRAT, MSC
- 15 **Death by Starvation**
SEAN HAMPSEY
- 24 **The Glories of Continuity**
GILES AUTY
- 28 **The Fate of the Pillagers**
PAUL STENHOUSE
- 36 **Campus Tragedy**
MICHAEL WILDING
- 41 **The Case of the Soldier's Ghost**
LESLIE RUMBLE



Front Cover: Every Catholic is familiar with the traditional symbol of Christ, the Chi Rho, the first two letters of the word Christ in Greek [X P]. It seems first to have been used by Constantine on the labarum or standard carried in his wars with Licinius. He attributed his victory to our Lord's protection and support. Our cover pic is of a marble representation of the Chi Rho, with alpha and omega, the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, and it is to be found in the fourth century [379 AD] basilica of Sant' Ambrogio, in Milan which St Ambrose built in 379-386, and dedicated it as *Basilica Martyrum*.

Cover Photo: Roland Liang

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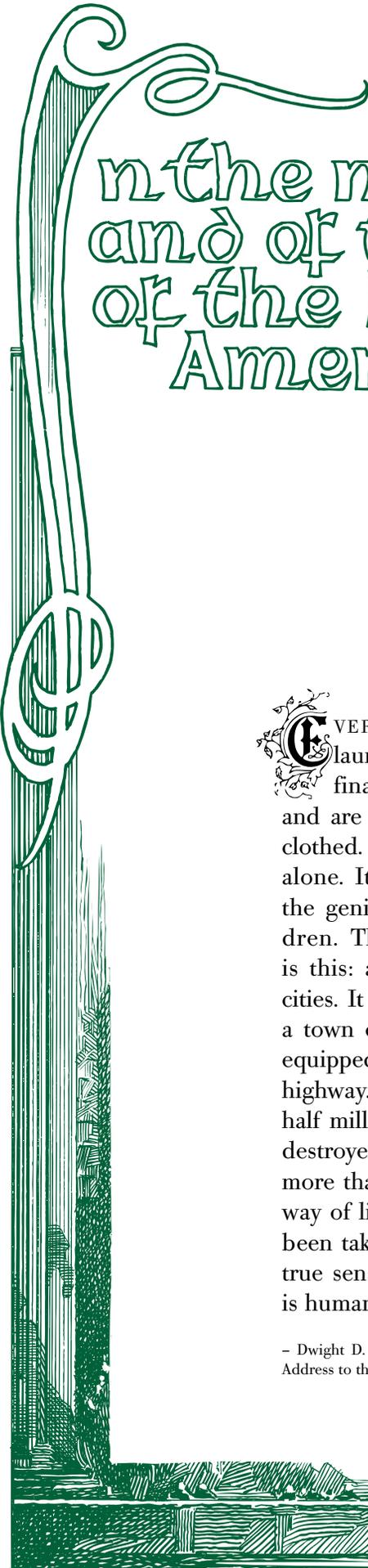
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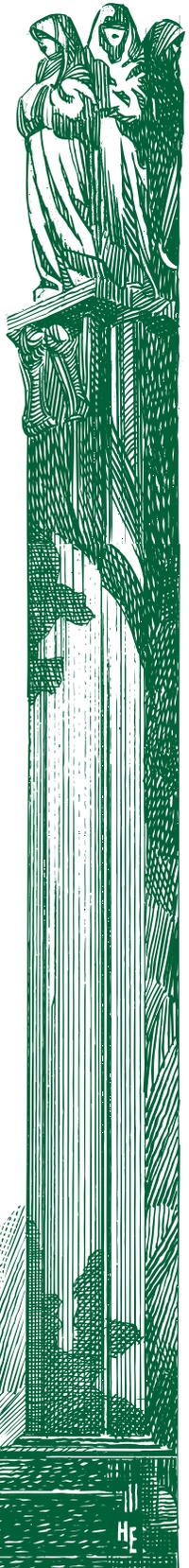
Let us not be dumb watchdogs, or silent spectators; Let us be watchful shepherds, guarding the flock of Christ.

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



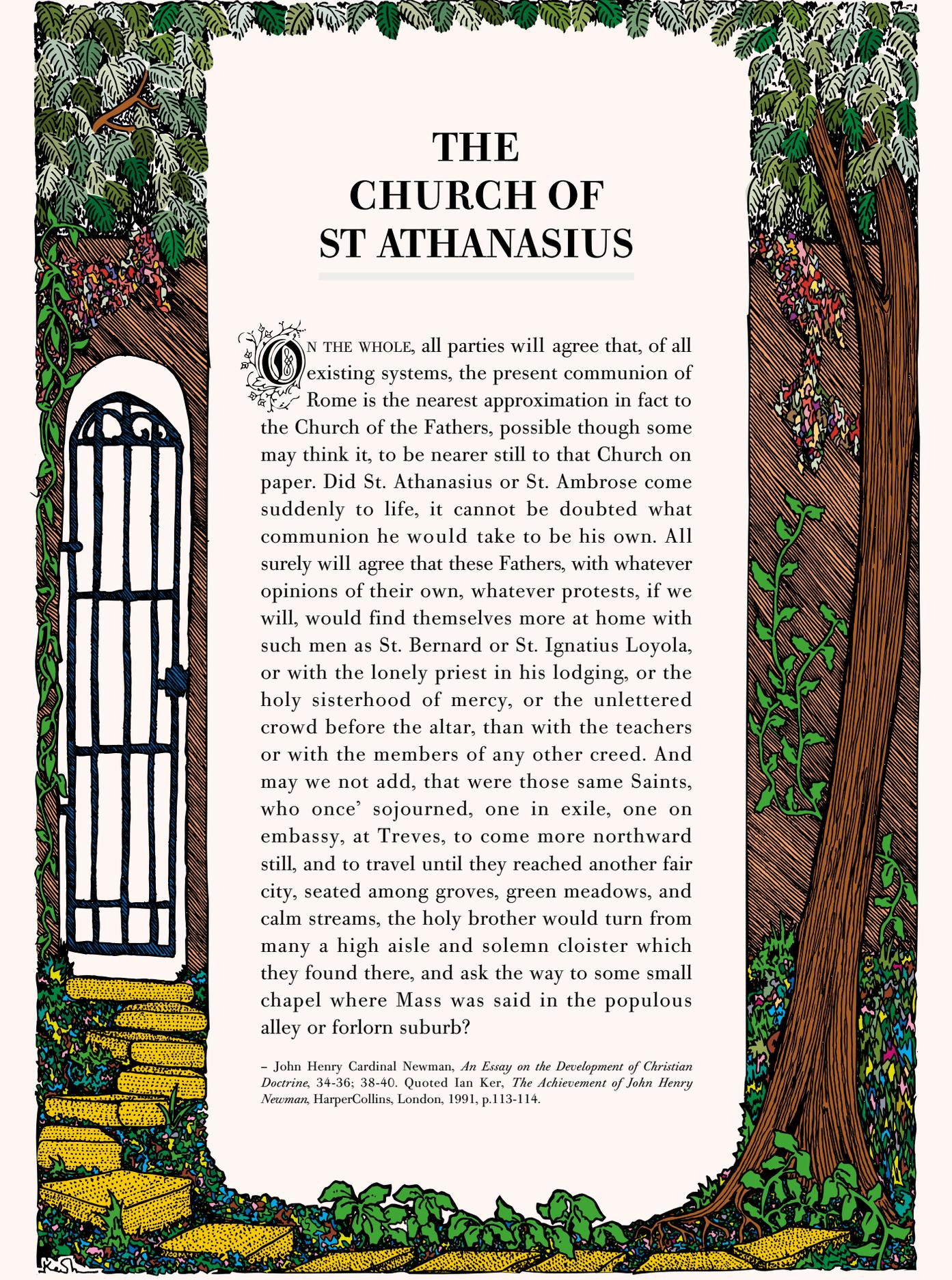
n the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

WAS ANYBODY LISTENING?



EVERY GUN that is made, every warship launched, every rocket fired signifies, in the final sense, a theft from those who hunger and are not fed, those who are cold and are not clothed. This world in arms is not spending money alone. It is spending the sweat of its labourers, the genius of its scientists, the hopes of its children. The cost of one modern heavy bomber is this: a modern brick school in more than 30 cities. It is two electric power plants, each serving a town of 60,000 population. It is two fine, fully equipped hospitals. It is some 50 miles of concrete highway. We pay for a single fighter plane with a half million bushels of wheat. We pay for a single destroyer with new homes that could have housed more than 8,000 people. This, I repeat, is the best way of life to be found on the road the world has been taking. This is not a way of life at all, in any true sense. Under the cloud of threatening war, it is humanity hanging from a cross of iron.

— Dwight D. Eisenhower, 34th President of America, 'The Chance for Peace,'
Address to the *American Society of Newspaper Editors*, April 16, 1953.



THE CHURCH OF ST ATHANASIUS

ON THE WHOLE, all parties will agree that, of all existing systems, the present communion of Rome is the nearest approximation in fact to the Church of the Fathers, possible though some may think it, to be nearer still to that Church on paper. Did St. Athanasius or St. Ambrose come suddenly to life, it cannot be doubted what communion he would take to be his own. All surely will agree that these Fathers, with whatever opinions of their own, whatever protests, if we will, would find themselves more at home with such men as St. Bernard or St. Ignatius Loyola, or with the lonely priest in his lodging, or the holy sisterhood of mercy, or the unlettered crowd before the altar, than with the teachers or with the members of any other creed. And may we not add, that were those same Saints, who once' sojourned, one in exile, one on embassy, at Treves, to come more northward still, and to travel until they reached another fair city, seated among groves, green meadows, and calm streams, the holy brother would turn from many a high aisle and solemn cloister which they found there, and ask the way to some small chapel where Mass was said in the populous alley or forlorn suburb?

- John Henry Cardinal Newman, *An Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, 34-36; 38-40. Quoted Ian Ker, *The Achievement of John Henry Newman*, HarperCollins, London, 1991, p.113-114.

A STATE’S SYSTEM OF JUSTICE PUT ON TRIAL

By Chris Merritt

BRET WALKER SC is an old-fashioned stickler for precise legal language. That is why his clinical evisceration of the judges who ruled against George Pell is so effective.

Without a skerrick of emotion or one wasted word, Walker has torn the guts out of the Court of Appeal majority who rejected the cardinal’s appeal against convictions for sexually assaulting choirboys.

The special leave application drawn up by Walker and barrister Ruth Shann leads to an unstated but obvious conclusion: two of Victoria’s most senior judges utterly botched the cardinal’s case, not just on the facts but on the law.

For the two judges who formed the majority, Chief Justice Anne Ferguson and Court of Appeal president Chris Maxwell, this document will make extremely difficult reading.

Walker is widely regarded as one of the nation’s greatest lawyers. Yet his signature appears at the end of a document that accuses Ferguson and Maxwell of effectively reversing the onus of proof, engaging in “unorthodox reasoning,” “circular reasoning” and “erroneous judicial method”.

If the High Court agrees to hear this appeal, it will need to grapple with those arguments and determine whether the judicial method demonstrated by Ferguson and Maxwell is actually as flawed as Walker and Shann believe.

The stakes are staggeringly high. This affair now concerns not just the freedom of a cardinal but the continued public standing of Victoria’s top judges and the man who might well be the nation’s greatest lawyer.

If the assessment of Walker and Shann is accepted by the High Court, it will amount to a crippling blow for Ferguson and Maxwell.

But consider the position of Walker and Shann. If this appeal fails, they will stand accused by their peers of making extraordinary assertions - amounting to judicial ineptitude - against the two most senior judges in Victoria.

Whoever loses this argument will forever be damaged goods.

But as things stand now, Walker and Shann have the better argument.

It does look as though the cardinal has been the victim of a shocking miscarriage of justice.

In order to succeed, Pell’s legal team merely needed to show there was a reasonable doubt about the prosecution’s case.

The onus of proof was up to the prosecution; it was not up to the cardinal to prove his innocence.

Yet the special leave application asserts that the Court of Appeal majority decided the cardinal’s fate on the improper basis that it was up to the defence to prove that the prosecution case was impossible.

If this is what happened – and a conclusive ruling is up to the High Court – it will devastate Victoria’s system of Criminal justice.

– CHRIS MERRITT has been legal affairs editor at *The Australian* since 2005. He was previously at the *Financial Review*. This piece appeared in *The Australian*, September 18, 2019. Reprinted with permission

In the West, the idea of the separation of Church and State has not infrequently been dumbed down in practice to the sidelining and patronising of the Church by the State. Islamists won't play that game.

BRIDGING CHASMS WITH COBWEBS

CHESTERTON, CICERO AND POLITICAL ISLAM

By Paul Stenhouse



CICERO ONCE WROTE of Themistocles that when he was asked for advice about a girl's marrying a

good but poor person, or a less well-thought-of rich man, replied: I prefer somebody in need of money, to money in need of somebody'.¹ Isn't he right? For 'money' read 'power'. A poor person genuinely in need of money may be helped, but a man [or woman] *sought* by wealth and power is often defenceless and may find himself in thrall to a monster that devours and destroys him.

Budding historians in our midst may have noticed how tragically unprepared empires and political and religious rulers have shown themselves to have been down the centuries when problems, revolutions, crises and disasters have struck. Isn't it possible that it is the unpreparedness, the ignorance, the indifference, the reluctance to take advice, and the underlying vanity and ambition of mankind, that *summons* the demons and creates the problems, crises and disasters?

Am I wrong in suggesting that C.K. Chesterton thought so? He proved the timelessness of his insights and touched a raw nerve in all of us, when he wrote of contemporary society,



'We cannot enrol people in our religion because we have not got one [so] we enrol them in our government, and if we are obliged to do that, the obvious essential is that like Roman rule before Christianity, or the English rule in India, it should profess to be impartial if only by being irreligious.'²

He could well have had in mind the confusion and alarm verging on panic felt by 'tolerant' and 'impartial,' and *de facto* if not *de iure* 'irreligious' secular Western Governments, confronted by militant Islam in their cities and on their doorsteps.

They have grown so accustomed to trivializing Christianity and honouring Christian values and tradition only in the breach, and damning them with faint praise, that they risk coming to grief on the rocks of their prejudices and presuppositions.

In the West, the idea of the *separation of Church and State* has not infrequently been dumbed down in practice to the sidelining and patronising of the Church by the State. Islamists won't play that game.

Secular states are not unnaturally at a loss to know how to deal with this unexpected turn of events – especially as current wisdom would have it that Islam is a 'tolerant' and 'peaceable' religion. So what's the problem? What difference can what a person believes make?

'It is the reverse of all reason,' says Chesterton, 'to suggest that

a man's politics matter, and his religion does not matter.³

Our political masters have forgotten, if they ever knew, that one shouldn't act without carefully considering the possible long-term consequences of one's actions.

That is the point of the hoary old political adage that you should never ask a question publicly to which you don't know the answer. For decades, successive Republican and Democrat administrations in the USA should have taken it to heart. Our world would be the safe place they wanted it to be, had they done so.

How good this advice is was borne out centuries ago in the case of the Stoic Cato the Younger who died in 46 BC. Cato suspected that Julius Caesar was an accomplice of Cataline in his conspiracy. So he challenged him in the Senate to read aloud a note that had just been discreetly passed to him. Caesar handed the note to Cato without comment. The latter began to read, and it proved to be a love letter from Cato's half-sister Servilia to Caesar.

G.K. Chesterton would have appreciated the irony of the situation. He also would not have been surprised that Servilia, who caused such mirth at Cato's expense, was, if not the cause, then at least the *occasion* of Caesar's ruin, for rumour had it that she had surrendered her daughter Tertia to Caesar as his mistress. At a public auction during the Civil War [50-48 BC] Caesar sold some confiscated Spanish estates to Servilia for a ridiculously low price. He punned that he did so, '*tertia deducta*', which meant either that he had sold them at 'a third discount' or, as was commonly believed, because 'Tertia has been given to him'. Tertia later on married Cassius, the prime mover in his assassination in 44 BC.

Cato's dilemma caused by his injudicious brashness and political bias against Caesar is not dissimilar to the situation of those of our religious, political and media contemporaries who,



in the words of Cicero, 'defend without hesitation what they have not sufficiently perceived or understood'.

Cicero suggests that this uncritical defence of the unknown and what is not clearly defensible, [*quod non satis et explore sit perceptum et cognitum*] is 'more deplorable in its rashness' [*turpius temeritate*] than simply 'being wrong' [*falsum sentire*].⁴

Being wrong is always a possibility for us humans. However, not checking, or not bothering to check, to see whether we or others might be wrong, betrays a character flaw that has potentially very serious consequences for the individual and society.

Cardinal Newman's declaration in his *Apologia Pro Vita Sua*, that

'there is no medium, in true philosophy, between Atheism and Catholicity ... a perfectly consistent mind, under those circumstances in which it finds itself here below must embrace either the one or the other'.⁵

... is reminiscent of Chesterton's equally unambiguous and prophetic challenge thrown out to the post-post-modernists of our day who are clearly at a loss to know how to react to the perceived threat of a militant Islam:

'It is foolish for us in the West to sneer at those who kill men when a foot is set in a holy place, when we ourselves kill hundreds of thousands when a foot is set across a frontier'.⁶

Chesterton's famous aphorism - much quoted [at least by me] that the main problem of the 20th century is going to be the 'ignorance of the experts' seems

borne out by media and left-wing willingness to defend Islam [not Muslims, let it be added] *by default* and against all comers, especially against criticism from without, and even from within Islam itself.

'If you had talked to a Utilitarian and Rationalist of [Jeremy] Bentham's time who told men to 'follow enlightened self-interest' he would have been considerably bewildered if you had replied brightly and briskly, "and to which self do you refer: the subconscious, the conscious, the latently criminal or suppressed, or others that we fortunately have in stock?"'⁷

Confronted by the strangeness of a religion that spreads itself by violence, and as Ibn Khaldun reminds us, is compelled by its Divine mandate to do so,⁸ we should heed the advice Chesterton offered readers of his *The New Jerusalem*:

'Our first safety is in seeing that it is a strange country; and our present preliminary peril [is] that we may fall into the habit of thinking it is a familiar country. It does no harm to put the facts in a fashion that seems disconnected; for the first fact of all is that they *are* disconnected. And the first danger of all is that we may allow some international nonsense or newspaper cant to imply that they are connected when they are not. It does no harm, at any rate to start with, to state the differences as irreconcilable ... the chief danger [is] that they may be persuaded that the wordy compromises of western politics can reconcile them; that such abysses can be filled with rubbish; or such chasms bridged with cobwebs'.⁹

To politicians, media personalities and religious men and women who have abandoned or neglected their Catholic, Protestant or Jewish faith and are so sure that they know how to deal with the phenomenon of a resurgent radical Islam, Chesterton cautions them about

'... the violent and unexpected reactions we shall produce

if we thrust our own unrealities amid the red-hot realities of the

near East; it is like pushing a snow man into a furnace ... I know what a cataract it could feed.¹⁰

We have learnt to our sorrow what Chesterton intuited. He was under no illusions about the poverty of modern Western man's spiritual and intellectual arsenal were he ever to be called upon to repel assaults on his 21st citadel of Godless modernity and technology.

To lessen our unpreparedness, he recalled quaint old Chronicles that traced

'... the genealogies of English kings through the chiefs of Troy to the children of Noah. The[se] tale[s] of the Dark Ages,' he said, 'can never be proved, while the travesty of the Darwinian theory can sometimes be disproved.'¹¹

'The whole of modern doubts about the supernatural, the miracles of Jesus, were,' Chesterton reminds us, 'founded on the fixity of facts. Miracles were monstrosities because they were against natural law which was necessarily immutable law. The prodigies of the Old Testament or the mighty works of the New were extravagances because they were exceptions; and they were exceptions because there was a rule, and that was an immutable rule ... as soon as the men of science began to doubt the rules of the game, the game was up. They could no longer rule out all the old marvels as impossible in face of the new marvels which they had to admit as possible ... their non-miraculous world was no longer watertight.'¹²

'We never find our own religion so right as when we are wrong about it.'¹³

And we never find Chesterton to be so right, as when we are so wrong about him. For all his love of paradox, he was a realist who noticed palm trees and desert storms.

He was not one to dodge confrontation. He was in no doubt that the differences in this case were crucial. He would have had little patience with those amongst us who continue to point to what

unites us, not what divides us; to stress the positive and ignore or play down the negative. Rather like a doctor telling patients that their hearts are in great shape, and their eyesight and hearing have never been better but out of delicacy omitting to mention the melanoma that will surely kill the patients if not treated. Differences matter; and are an important component of what make us who and what we are.

Nothing good, it seems, can be said, these days, of the Crusades, yet as Chesterton notes

'Christianity would have been entirely justified in the abstract in being alarmed or suspicious at the mere rise of a great power that was not Christian. Nobody nowadays would think it odd to express regret at the rise of a power because it was Militarist or Socialist or even Protectionist.'¹⁴

'Christianity might quite reasonably have been alarmed if it had not been attacked. But as a matter of history it had been attacked. The Crusader would have been quite justified in suspecting the Moslem even if the Moslem had merely been a new stranger; but as a matter of history he was already an old enemy. The critics of the Crusade talk as if it had sought out some inoffensive tribe or temple in the interior of Tibet, which was never discovered until it was invaded. They seem entirely to forget that long before the Crusaders had dreamed of riding to Jerusalem, the Moslems had already ridden into Paris.'¹⁵

Critics of the Crusades 'seem to forget that if the Crusaders nearly conquered Palestine, it was but a return upon the Moslems who had nearly conquered Europe.'¹⁶

I have meandered happily along Chesterton's road around the Holy Land, accompanied by wisdom from his *Obiter Dicta* – my pilgrim's *Vade Mecum*.

May I conclude by offering you samples of that wisdom which I suggest will send you scurrying back to the Master to sample for yourselves the intellectual feast that

Chesterton has prepared for those who care to accept his invitation:

'The king, with a few of the remaining nobles including Renaud de Chatillon, was brought before Saladin in his tent. There occurred a scene strangely typical of the mingled strains in the creed or the culture that triumphed on that day; the stately Eastern courtesy and hospitality; the wild Eastern hatred and self-will. Saladin welcomed the king and gracefully gave him a cup of sherbet which he passed to Renaud. "It is thou and not I who hast given him to drink," said the Saracen. Then he suddenly flung himself raving and reviling upon Renaud de Chatillon and killed the prisoner with his own hands. Outside two hundred Hospitallers and Templars were beheaded on the field of battle; by one account I have read, because Saladin disliked them, and by another, because they were Christian priests.'¹⁷

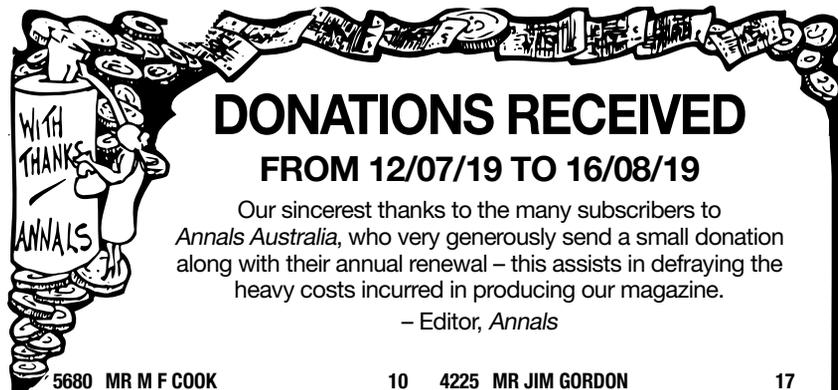
'Twenty historians mention the way in which the maddened Christian mob murdered the Moslems after the capture of Jerusalem, for one who mentions that the Moslem commander commanded in cold blood the murder of some two hundred of his most famous and valiant enemies after the victory of Hattin. The former cannot be shown to have been the act of Tancred, while the latter was certainly the act of Saladin. Yet Tancred is described as at best a doubtful character, while Saladin is represented as a Bayard¹⁸ without fear or blame.'¹⁹

'It may seem a paradox that there should be this prejudice in Western history in favour of [Moslem] heroes. But the cause is clear enough: it is the remains of the revolt among many Europeans against their old religious organization which naturally made them hunt through all ages for its crimes and its victims ... in this atmosphere of natural and even pardonable prejudice arose the habit of contrasting the intolerance of the Crusaders with the toleration shown by the Moslems. ... there are two sides to everything.'²⁰

“Those who complain of our creeds as elaborate often forget that the elaborate Western creeds have produced the elaborate Western constitutions; and that they are elaborate because they are emancipated. And the real moral of the relation of the two great religions is something much more subtle and sincere than any mere atrocity tales against Turks. It is the same moral of the Christian refusal of a pagan Pantheon in which Christ should rank with Ammon and Apollo. Twice the Christian Church refused what seemed like a handsome offer of a large latitudinarian sort: once to include Christ as a god and once to include him as a prophet; once by the admission of all idols; and once by the abandonment of all idols. Twice the Church took risk and twice the Church survived alone and succeeded alone, filling the world with her own children and leaving her rivals in a desert where the idols were dead and the iconoclasts were dying.”²¹

“The modern or rather the Victorian prejudice against Crusaders is positive and not relative; and it would still desire to condemn Tancred if it could not acquit Saladin. Indeed it is a prejudice not so much against Crusaders as against Christians.”²²

1. De Officiis, ii, xx, 71. *Malo virum qui pecunia egeat, quam pecuniam, quae viro.*
2. C.K. Chesterton, *The New Jerusalem*, Thomas Nelson and Sons, London [undated] p.118
3. C.K. Chesterton, *op.cit.*, p.187
4. *De natura deorum* I.1.
5. *History of My Religious Opinions*, Longman, Green & Co, London, 1865, p.198
6. *op.cit.*, p.186
7. *op.cit.*, p.137
8. ‘Abd al-Rahman abu-Zaid ibn Khaldun, *The Muqaddimah, an Introduction to History*, translated by Franz Rosenthal, Bollingen Series xliii, Princeton University Press, 1980, 3 vols., vol. 1, chapter iii, section 31, p.473.
9. *op.cit.*, pp.118-119
10. *op.cit.*, p.117
11. *op.cit.*, p.131
12. *op.cit.*, p.138
13. *op.cit.*, p.144
14. *op.cit.*, p.187
15. *op.cit.*, p.188. On this occasion, I suspect that Chesterton, like Homer, nodded. Muslims were in Narbonne and Poitiers, in Marseilles and Avignon and around Toulon, but I don’t know of their ever riding into Paris.
16. *op.cit.*, p.188
17. *op.cit.*, p.213
18. Pierre Terrail, Lord of Bayard [1473-1574] known to his contemporaries as ‘The fearless and faultless knight’ for his bravery, gaiety and kindness.
19. *op.cit.*, p.213-214
20. *op.cit.*, p.214
21. *op.cit.*, p.216
22. *op.cit.*, p.213



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– Editor, *Annals*

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It is said that Pope Paul III [1534-1549] had repeatedly approached Michelangelo about moving the obelisk – but he had refused, asking ‘What if it breaks?’ The granite monolith weighed 326 tons and was over 83 feet tall, although fifteen hundred years of detritus around its base made it appear only two-thirds that height when viewed alongside the uncompleted Basilica.

ACHIEVING THE IMPOSSIBLE

MOVING THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN OBELISK FROM CALIGULA’S CIRCUS TO ST PETER’S PIAZZA

By John Pratt



THE COASTAL TOWN of Bordighera lies where Italy meets France near Monaco and is renowned for the cut flowers it provides across

Europe.

During Holy Week at St Peter’s in Rome the town provides the palms for those important ceremonies and has been supplying these since 1586. How that custom arose is a fascinating story associated with the obelisk standing in the centre of the Piazza of St Peter’s.

That obelisk of pink granite from Egypt was first seen by the Emperor Caligula as it stood before the Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis after the Roman conquest of Egypt. Caligula included it among the spoils of the victors. It was brought to Rome in 37 A.D. and located in the northern boundary of Caligula’s circus between the Janiculum and the Vatican Hills.

When Constantine began the building of his Basilica of Saint Peter in Rome in 326 A.D., the obelisk proved an awkward

intrusion on the desired surrounds of his mighty church. But for over a thousand years, proposals to relocate it came to nothing.

It is said that Pope Paul III [1534-1549] had repeatedly approached Michelangelo about

Pope Sixtus V [1585 – 1590] was consecrated Pope in the open atrium of Constantine’s mighty but partly demolished church in 1585, the now famous dome still under construction – a backdrop to the ceremony.

As one of his first acts, Sixtus determined to shift the obelisk to the position it occupies today and first had a full scale wooden mock-up built to confirm the viability of this plan. He then announced a competition for the project that attracted entries from more than three hundred parties across Europe but many of these were preposterous and unworkable.

The winner, who used a tabletop model to show how his plan would work, was Domenico Fontana, an engineer-architect of a family of builders, already wealthy advisors of the

Pontiff. So determined was Fontana to win the commission and knowing how closely the Pope held the purse strings, he offered to meet his expenses himself.

However it was unlikely he was as confident as he made out,

Immigration

THE MEDIA need to look at how the influx of refugees in European countries, such as Sweden and Germany, has created major problems for the refugees and those countries. A key question the media should ask is why can’t the refugees from Arab countries, for example, go to countries like Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, the United Arab Emirates and Oman, where the language and culture are similar? ... Why can’t African countries take more Sudanese and Somali refugees? The cultural differences between the seven nations and the United States are huge. Data show that many of the people from these countries, with the possible exception of Iran and Iraq, do not have particularly good lives in America.’

– CHRISTOPHER HARPER, *MarcatorNet*, March 1, 2017. Harper is a Professor of Journalism in the School of Media and Communication at Temple University in the United States.

moving the obelisk – but he had refused, asking ‘What if it breaks?’

It is the only Egyptian obelisk in Rome that has withstood numerous earthquakes and sackings of the city, and remained standing since it was first erected.

as he had privately discussed his reservations with his intimate companions.

Sixtus was delighted with the plan, and gave him full power to requisition whatever was needed for the task. And what a task it was: the granite monolith weighed 326 tons and was over 83 feet tall, although fifteen hundred years of detritus around its base made it appear only two-thirds that height when viewed alongside the uncompleted Basilica.

Fontana studied Pliny's *Natural History* that described how the ancient Egyptians moved obelisks down the Nile and also recorded that it had taken the labour of twenty thousand slaves to erect the obelisk after its delivery to Caligula in Rome.

Fontana spent months in detailed preparations for the move, including having enormous quantities of very thick hemp rope made. In all 907 men, 75 horses and 40 cranes – powered manually by windlasses with radiating spokes and cranks, were required.

To take the weight of the monolith, he planned scaffolding with four legs, each of which comprised four tree trunks bound together. The obelisk was packed with straw and encased with timber frames secured with heavy iron brackets.

Preparations were completed on 30 April 1586, and following the Pope's celebration of an open-air Mass for the huge workforce, Fontana commenced the dramatic task of lowering the obelisk from its site alongside the Basilica of St Peter.

He had established 35 windlasses in a circle around the scaffolding, each manned by ten men and two horses and at 2.00 pm the engineer signalled to commence the windings.

The Pope had ordered the considerable Roman crowd to be silent for the operation, threatening dire penalties for any one making a noise, which might distract the tense procedure.

Don't Jump to Conclusions

ROBERT RENEHAN wrote in 1969 of a MS of Plato's *Symposium*, 'that the oldest witness is necessarily the most trustworthy, is a theory long-since exploded'.¹ He gives a number of instances where mediaeval MSS have preserved a genuine reading, where ancient witnesses have failed to do so. Thus, he comes out in support of the general principle in textual criticism – that applies to MSS as well as to textual variants – 'recentiores non deteriores,' 'More recent does not necessarily mean less reliable'.

- See *Greek Textual Criticism, A Reader*, Harvard University Press, 1969, p.8.

1. *Greek Textual Criticism A Reader*, Harvard University Press, 1969, p.8.

The first revolution of the windlasses tightened the many ropes that were directed to the top of the scaffolding and then around pulleys and directed downwards then secured to one of five iron bands around the upper length of the obelisk.

It is easy to realise the engineer's problem in coordinating the windings of so great a number of windlasses and appreciate the importance of silence. The take-up of the windings caused the obelisk to first shudder and then, perceptibly to move, while by the twelfth winding it had already risen a metre from the plinth on which it had sat for fifteen hundred years.

It was the 17th of May before the monolith was lowered to the horizontal using the same methods. It then rested on rolling logs drawn along an elevated ramp of compacted earth retained within a heavy wooden framework to its final location some hundred metres away. The first part was over; now for the positioning to be held in cooler weather.

Sixtus chose a Wednesday, 14 September, the Feast of the Exaltation of the Cross for the

finale. Fontana had relocated the scaffolding to rotate the monolith to the vertical and the windlasses operated as before, again in an agonising period of constrained silence. The winding resumed but in an instant, movement stopped as did the hideous screeching of the many ropes over the many pulleys.

The heated ropes were failing! In the terrible silence, a lone voice shouted out "*Aqua alle funi!*" – "Wet the ropes!" Fontana took the advice and as the ropes were wetted, the lifting resumed, the obelisk soon standing erect and secured within its scaffolding. The crowd responded as expected, wild with joy at the success. Celebratory guns were fired from Castel Sant'Angelo, and Rome rejoiced in the joyful completion of what had been considered an impossible project.

Considered at the time the greatest engineering accomplishment of the sixteenth century, the event, was fully recorded in 1590 in a magnificent volume produced by Fontana about this and other great Roman projects of Sixtus.

Today that obelisk, already ancient when Caligula found it, stands at the focus, in the centre, of the Piazza of St Peter's in Rome.

What was the town of Bordighera's involvement with this saga?

Well, the man who risked his life by breaking silence to shout a sailor's warning about failing rope was a fisherman from that town in the Liguria Region. Thanked by Pope Sixtus who asked what favour he would like granted in return, the man asked only that his town be given the right to supply palms for Rome's Holy Week celebrations in perpetuity and this Sixtus willingly granted.

Bordighera continues to supply the palms for St Peter's to this day!

JOHN PRATT is a retired RAAF Group Captain who has run a book shop and has an abiding love for Catholic culture and especially for mediaeval history. He lives in Canberra, ACT.



POPE PAUL VI PROCLAIMS JESUS CHRIST

Manila, Philippines
Sunday, 29 November 1970

PAUL, the successor of Saint Peter, charged with the pastoral mission for the whole Church, ... I feel the need to proclaim him, I cannot keep silent. «Woe to me if I do not preach the gospel!» (1 *Cor.* 9: 16). I am sent by him, by Christ himself, to do this. I am an apostle, I am a witness. The more distant the goal, the more difficult my mission the more pressing is the love that urges me to it (Cfr. 2 *Cor.* 5: 13). I must bear witness to his name: Jesus is the Christ, the Son of the living God (*Matth.* 16: 16). He reveals the invisible God, he is the firstborn of all creation, the foundation of everything created. He is the Teacher of mankind, and its Redeemer. He was born, he died and he rose again for us. He is the centre of history and of the world; he is the one who knows us and who loves us; he is the companion and the friend of our life.

He is the man of sorrows and of hope. It is he who will come and who one day will be our judge and – we hope – the everlasting fulness of our existence, our happiness. I could never finish speaking about him: he is the light and the truth; indeed, he is «the way, the truth and the life» (*Jo.* 14: 6). He is the bread and the spring of living water to satisfy our hunger and our thirst. He is our shepherd, our guide, our model, our comfort, our brother. Like us, and more than us, he has been little, poor, humiliated; he has been a worker; he has known misfortune and been patient. For our sake he spoke, worked miracles and founded a new kingdom where the poor are happy, where peace is the principle for living together, where the pure of heart and those who mourn are raised up and comforted, where those who hunger and thirst after justice have their fill, where sinners can be forgiven, where all are brothers.

Jesus Christ: you have heard him spoken of; indeed the greater part of you are already his: you are Christians. So, to you Christians I repeat his name, to everyone I proclaim him: Jesus Christ is the beginning and the end, the Alpha and the Omega; he is the king of the new world; he is the secret of history; he is the key to our destiny. He is the mediator, the bridge, between heaven and earth. He is more perfectly than anyone else the Son of Man, because he is the Son of God, eternal and infinite. He is the son of Mary, blessed among all women, his mother according to the flesh, and our mother through the sharing in the Spirit of his Mystical Body.

Jesus Christ is our constant preaching; it is his name that we proclaim to the ends of the earth (Cfr. *Rom.* 10: 18) and throughout all ages (*Rom.* 9: 5). Remember this and ponder on it: the Pope has come here among you and has proclaimed Jesus Christ!

In doing this I express also the second dynamic idea that brings me to you: that Jesus Christ is to be praised not only for what he is in himself; he is to be exalted and loved for what he is for us, for each one of us, for every people and for every culture. Christ is our Saviour. Christ is our greatest benefactor. Christ is our liberator. We need Christ, in order to be genuine and worthy men in the temporal order, and men saved and raised to the supernatural order.

At this point several questions present themselves. They are questions that torment our times, and I am sure that they are in your minds too. These questions are: Can Christ really be of any use to us for solving the practical and concrete problems of the present life? Did he not say that his kingdom is not of this world? What can he do for us? In other words, can Christianity give rise to a true humanism? Can the Christian view of life inspire a real renewal of society? Can that view harmonize with the demands of modern life, and favour progress and well-being of all? Can Christianity interpret peoples' yearnings and identify with the tendencies special to your culture?

These questions are many, and we cannot answer them with one single formula which would take account of the complexity of the problems and the different needs of man, spiritual, moral, economic, political, ethnic, historical and social. Yet, as far as the positive and happy development of your social conditions is concerned, we can give a positive answer: Christianity can be salvation also on the earthly and human level. Christ multiplied the loaves also to satisfy the physical hunger of the crowds following him. And Christ continues to work this miracle for those who truly believe in him, and who take from him the principles of a dynamic social order, that is, of an order that is continually progressing and being renewed.

– Source: https://w2.vatican.va/content/paul-vi/en/homilies/1970/documents/hf_p-vi_hom_19701129.html

'We will stay here,' Melchior said, 'to attend Mass and receive communion. Our souls are weak, as you know, and did you not tell us that Jesus was their support? So that our souls may become strong and faithful, we want you, while you are among us, to let Jesus into our hearts.'

THE BATTLE OF BAULA

By André Dupeyrat, MSC



SITUATED ON the ill-defined frontier between the Fuyughés and the Kunis, the Baula tribe had built its two large villages,

Upper and Lower Baula, on the steep banks of the Dilava, just before the point where the river makes a great circular sweep to find a clear passage down to the Coral Sea. This was a relatively low-lying region, and neither mists nor cold winds took the edge off the terrible ardour of the tropical sun. Thus, *mutatis mutandis*, the Baulans were rather like the Marseillaise: they were hot-blooded, shrewd, noisy, loquacious, vibrant, and given to exaggerated metaphor. The demon of discord was never long unemployed among these passionate beings, who instantly won one's affection just because they were so full of life and vitality in the best and, alas, in the worst sense as well.

Arriving in Baula during one of my round trips, I began to reflect on the combative nature of the Baulans, and decided to find a remedy for it.

They were nearly all Catholics, but had been converted less than twelve months before.

That first evening, all went well. After an exhausting day's march, I sat for more than three solid hours on the trunk of a tree,

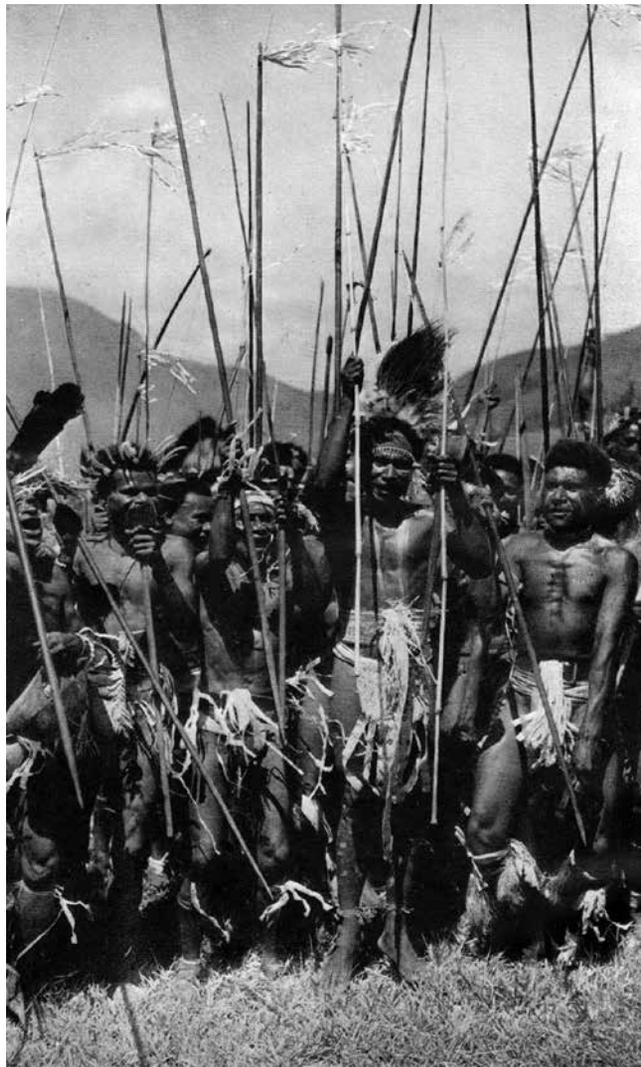
hearing confessions. The next day, the inhabitants of both villages' gathered on the small central plateau where I had set up my quarters, and where I celebrated Mass.

The theme of my sermon was: Z'ésu u maIno, the peace of Jesus. And how pleased I was with myself. The old men, nodding their heads, voiced their approval aloud:

'You hear that, all you young ones! . . . You must put an end to your squabbles. . . Listen! You heard what he said: we are all the sons of the same Father. . . ?

When I had finished, the old men were untiring in their commendation of my words. 'Now that we have heard the word of God', they said, 'our ways have changed. We no longer talk of war. Who would be bold enough to go on flourishing spears?'

In short, in my own humble opinion, the sermon was a complete success. After Mass, I retired to drink a cup of coffee to fortify myself before dressing some of the repulsive sores from which I had noticed many of my flock were suffering. I was just blowing on the hot liquid and quietly



Native dancers of welcome

congratulating myself; when a wild clamour made me leap from the stump of wood which served me as an armchair. And then, what a sight met my eyes!

Baula had split up into two camps; those from the upper village in one, and those from the lower village in the other. The men, standing face to face, were hurling insults at one another like the heroes of Homer, while the women danced round them in a wild frenzy, grimacing, gesticulating, uttering strange cries. Then I noticed a number of young men scampering back from the undergrowth with lances and clubs which they must have hidden there earlier. In former days, the battle would have begun immediately. Now, they hesitated. But the situation was nevertheless critical - for once those primitive creatures fell prey to anger, no one could say what they might not do.

I could not just stand there and look on; I knew that mere words would be futile. There was nothing else for it - I leapt at once into the midst of those possessed and screaming figures, and began to rain blows on all and sundry. A straight left to the jaw, and one man fell. . . - a clip over the ears for another, and he turned and fled . . . an uppercut to the chin of a third, who crumpled up. I pushed one out of my way, spun another round with a twist of the wrist, and jerked apart by their hair two other fanatics who had already come to blows.

Suddenly, in the midst of all this tumult, I noticed that hostilities had ceased. After the yells of the preceding few minutes, a great silence now descended on the plateau. I found myself abruptly deserted - men and women alike had hurried off to hide their shame in the surrounding long grass.

But I was determined not to let them off so lightly! Still clutching my two battling beauties by the topknot, I began to bellow at the top of my voice:

'What's the meaning of this? You've all just been at mass.

Not too much to expect

IS IT TOO much to expect from the schools that they train their students not only to interpret but to criticize; that is, to discriminate what is sound from error and falsehood, to suspend judgement if they are not convinced, or to judge with reason if they agree or disagree?"

— Mortimer J. Adler, *How to Read a Book*

Yesterday, the Christians came to confession, and just a little while ago they took communion. . . . You all heard my words on the Peace of Jesus, you all agreed with them. But you are double-faced, and your tongues lie, for straight away you went back to the old pagan ways, and began to kill your brothers. People of Baula, are you the Sons of God or the sons of the devil? My heart grows dark because of you. My entrails pain me to look upon your villages. Now you will get the reward your shameful conduct deserves.'

Here I paused and released my two captives, who stood there sheepishly hanging their heads. If they had wanted to, these two erstwhile savages could have torn me limb from limb in less time than it takes to tell. But far from that, there they stood, trembling with shame and fear. I resumed my speech to the empty, arena: but I knew that behind every bush, ears were pricked to catch my least word.

'This will be the reward for your evil ways: I am leaving you, I am leaving your territory, I am going to abandon you to your shame and your sins. When your hearts tell you to be good, send word to me and I will come back. But not before. I have spoken.'

Words were soon translated into actions. Having packed up the

altar and fastened my bags which I loaded on to the backs of the two fierce warriors who were now as gentle as lambs, I departed.

From the undergrowth the men called after me, and the women began to moan. But I had to remain hard and unbending if the lesson was to do any good. The results would soon be apparent. I plunged into the forest without a single backward glance.

Late that afternoon I arrived at Avèle, the next village. I was dead-beat with fatigue, famished, and feeling sad and discouraged. Nevertheless, I had to hear the villagers' confessions before I could retire to my hut. There, not even bothering to eat, I stretched out in my hammock, and sank at once into a feverish sleep.

The next moment I seemed to 'be plunged deep in a nightmare. All round the hut there were indistinct noises - stifled exclamations, footfalls, movements. Suddenly a bright light made me open my eyes completely: two shadows stood in my doorway, each holding a resin torch. There seemed a strong risk that some of the leaves dangling loose from the roof would catch fire, and my hut go up in flames! I sat upright.

'Who are you? What do you want? Have you come to set the house on fire?'

The torches were at once lowered, and a voice answered gently:

'Di Babe, our Father. . . Don't be angry! . . . It is us, your people from Baula.'

The people from Baula?... I pinched myself to make sure I was not dreaming. I looked at my watch: it was three o'clock in the morning. Papuans do not travel at night, least of all over such distances and on such ill-kept and dangerous tracks as I had followed that day and which they too must have taken.

'The people from Baula? What do you mean?'

'Yes, Father,' the voice continued. 'When you left us at midday, our hearts fell to the ground in

pieces. Then we said: If our Father abandons us, who will keep us on the path of God, we who are so wicked? So we followed you. The people from the upper village and the people from the lower village, they are all here, men, women and children. . . . We have made peace among ourselves, and this time it is for ever. . . . ?

I began to feel a lump in my throat.

The speaker, whom I now recognized as Melchior, who was training to be a 'Kis', went on:

'We have brought you a large pig to pay you for the pain your hands must have suffered when they hit us. . . . If you had not beaten us so hard, we would all have killed each other, for certain. So come out, and lay the betel-nut (the symbol of peace) on the bound pig, so that all may see that you accept our repentance.'

I could no longer distinguish clearly the crowd which thronged about my hut, and the gleams from the torches were blurred: my eyes had suddenly misted over...

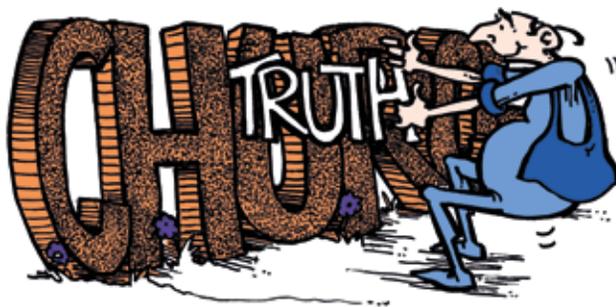
I placed the betel-nut on the animal.

'We will stay here,' Melchior said, 'to attend Mass and receive communion. Our souls are weak, as you know, and did you not tell us that Jesus was their support? So that our souls may become strong and faithful, we want you, while you are among us, to let Jesus into our hearts.'

I could scarcely believe my ears. . . . And yet, this was no dream!

'Now the dawn will soon be here,' concluded Melchior. 'We have all sinned. . . . Will you hear our confessions?'

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. Father Dupeyrat was born 8 March, 1902, in Cherbourg-Octeville, France. He died on 29 December, 1982 at Chateau Combert, Marseille, France after spending the greater part of his life in Papua. Excerpted from *Mitsinari*, London Staples Press, 1954. Translated from the French by Erik and Denyse de Mauny.



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DIALOGUE IN FAITH AND LOVE

SREGARD my counsel about self-control and chastity as very important indeed because anyone who heeds it will save himself and help to save me too, his mentor. It is no small thing to help to rescue and set on the right path a lost soul, and a dialogue in faith and love between Christians is something to thank God the Creator for. Let us persevere then in the faith and in holiness of life and open our hearts to God in prayer, remembering his words: 'While you are still speaking, I will answer: behold, I am with you.'

How encouraging these words are, showing us as they do that God is ever readier to give than we are to ask. His generosity as open to all of us but we must not envy one another such good fortune. God's message brings delight to those who obey him but judgment to those who disobey.

And so, brethren, everything conspires to make us repent and we must not lose the chance of turning to Jesus and answering his call. We shall all experience his compassion if we live disciplined lives and master our souls by not yielding to self-indulgence. Remember that 'the day of judgment is coming like a blazing furnace and the heavens shall melt and all the earth too like molten lead in the fire, and every human action, even the most secret, will be revealed'. Almsgiving is one form of repentance and a good one too; fasting is better than prayer; but almsgiving is better than both, because charity covers a multitude of sins. Prayer is a sure shield against death, and blessed is the man found perfect in these three ways. One last word: almsgiving lightens the load of sin.

Let us repent then with all our heart so that none of us may be lost. It is our duty as Christians to rescue people from idolatry and to instruct them in the faith but it is even more important that those who already know God should not perish. Let us collaborate in helping those whose faith is weak so that by our mutual advice and example we may all be saved.

— THE NAME OF THE AUTHOR of this excerpt from the homily usually referred to as *Second Clement to the Corinthians*, [xv,1-xvii,2], has been lost to us. Traditionally it has always been linked with the famous Letter of Pope Clement of Rome written around AD 96 to resolve dissensions that had broken out among the Christians of Corinth, and calling for the reinstatement of some priests. There are good reasons for thinking that this homily was written by one such priest, and that it was written before AD 96 and thus antedates the letter of Pope Clement with which it is always associated. From *The Roman Breviary*, Second Reading at Matins for Saturday in Week 32 of the Year.

These were all British ships that regularly plied the trade of the secret removal of food-stocks from Ireland during the peak of the so-called Irish famine that took almost two million Irish lives. As Genocide in a ghastly form and on an obscene scale, it would be hard to find an equal.

DEATH BY STARVATION

By Sean Hampsey



SOME BACKGROUND facts regarding the true situation of the avoidable famine which killed almost two million Irish men, women, and children, while driving another couple of million to emigrate and avoid the same fate, during the 19th century.

These data will give you some idea of the extent of the plundering rampage of England on the farmlands of Ireland during this period of death on such a massive scale. This small Island in the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, its people living simply and peacefully, who were harming no one until the invading English hordes came pillaging and plundering.

For almost one thousand years they have subjugated these Gaelic people by force of arms, but of all their savagery over the past 800 years, nothing compares to their intention to take advantage of a quirk of nature called the 'Potato Blight,' and attempt to wipe this nation off the face of the earth.

The result of this forcible famine, could have been resolved overnight, by simply allowing the native Irish to partake of their own crops and produce that wasn't affected by the Blight.

Instead, the British stole the nation's food to feed others judged more worthy of life than the Irish. This is evidenced by the undisputed records of maritime shipping from

Ireland at the time, which I produce below.

It has taken almost a hundred years for the Irish nation to recover, from this forced blight on our Holy and stoic land. But we have, and are all the better people for it, due to our indestructible Catholic faith.

The following details are indisputable:

From Cork Harbour on one day in 1847¹ the ship called the 'Ajax'

steamed for England with 1,514 firkins of butter, 102 casks of pork, 44 hogsheads of whisky, 844 sacks of oats, 247 sacks of wheat, 106 bales of bacon, 13 casks of hams, 145 casks of porter, 12 casks of fodder, 28 bales of heather, 8 sacks of lard, 296 boxes of eggs, 36 head of cattle, 90 Pigs, 220 Lambs, 34 Calves, 69 miscellaneous packages.

On November 14, 1848, 3 ships also sailed from Cork Harbour, carrying various goods aboard including, 147 bales of bacon, 120 casks of port, plus 135 barrels of pork, 5 casks of hams, 149 casks of miscellaneous foodstuffs, 1908 casks of oats, also 950 barrels of oats, 300 bags of flour, 300 head of cattle, 239 Sheep, 9,398 firkins of Butter, 542 boxes of eggs.²

In July 1848, a typical days shipment from Irish Ports, such as Limerick, Kilrush, Waterford, Clonmel, Cork and elsewhere. The ships, 'The Ann,' the 'John Guise,' the 'Messenger,' the 'Pelton,' The 'Clinton,' The 'City of Limerick,' The 'British Queen,' the 'Cambrian Maid,' the 'Ellen,' the 'Charles Fryer,' the 'Mary Elliot,' the 'John St Barbe,' the 'Mary Victoria,' The 'Diligence'.³

These were all British ships that plied regularly on a continuous basis, the trade of the secret removal of food-stocks from Ireland during the peak of the so-called Irish famine that took almost two million Irish lives. As Genocide in a ghastly form and on an obscene scale, it would be hard to find an equal.

Herd Instinct

INDIVIDUALLY and in the co-ordinated and purposive groups which constitute a healthy society, men and women display a certain capacity for rational thought and free choice in the light of ethical principles. Herded into mobs, the same men and women behave as though they possessed neither reason nor free will. Crowd-intoxication reduces them to a condition of infra-personal and anti-social irresponsibility. Drugged by the mysterious poison which every excited herd secretes, they fall into a state of heightened suggestibility, resembling that which follows an injection of sodium amytal or the induction, by whatever means, of a light hypnotic trance. While in this state they will believe any nonsense that may be bawled at them, will act upon any command or exhortation, however senseless, mad or criminal.

— Aldous Huxley, 1894-1963,
The Devils of Loudun, 1952.

Half-truths and Lies to defraud the Labourer

THE 'EDUCATION' canters* are the most curious fellows of all. They have seen 'education' as they call it, and crimes, go on increasing together, till the gaols, though six times their former dimensions will hardly suffice; and yet the canting creatures still cry that crimes arise from want of, what they call, 'education'.

They see the felon better fed, and better clad than the honest labourer. They see this; and yet they continually cry that the crimes arise from a want of 'education' What can be the cause of this perverseness?

It is not perverseness: it is roguery, corruption, and tyranny. The tyrant, the unfeeling tyrant, squeezes the labourers for gain's sake; and the corrupt politician and literary or tub rogue** find an excuse for him by pretending that it is not want of food and clothing, but want of education, that makes the poor, starving wretches thieves and robbers. If the press, if only the press, were to do its duty, or but a tenth part of its duty, this hellish system could not go on.

– William Cobbett, 'Winchester to Burghclere', *Rural Rides*, 1830.

[*'Canters,' people who drone on and on, promoting what they don't believe; hypocrites.

**This appears to be a 'tub-thumper,' or 'tub-orator,' i.e. someone who harangues a crowd to befuddle it. Ed.]

Representing a minimum of three thousand Irish lives per day, lost because they had nothing to eat but grass, while England was raping the rich farmlands of its produce to feed the hordes of the English proletariat who were cascading in waves from the rural areas of England into the new Industrial revolutionary factories of Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool and London, and they had to be fed, at the expense of seemingly dispensable Irish lives.⁴

Another 863 bushells of Limerick foodstuff including wheat, 126 bales of bacon, 267 head of cattle, 97 casks of ham, 1016 barrels of oats, 106 barrels of pork, 200 firkins of butter, 96 sheep, including 27 new-born lambs, 376 boxes of eggs, was commandeered and loaded on to the 'British Queen,' for delivery to the port of London.

From the Port of Kilrush in one day the ship 'Ellen,' bound for Bristol in England, the 'Charles Fryer' and the 'Mary Elliot,' bound for the Port of London, transported 550 tons of the finest County Clare's oats and 79 tons of barley.

From the port of Tralee, the ship 'John St Barbe' transported to

London 711 tons of County Kerry's finest oats, and 118 tons of barley.

From County Galway, we have recorded that boarded onto the ships the 'Mary Victoria,' the 'Diligence,' the 'Swan,' and the 'Union,' and surreptitiously removed was an assignment of 60 sacks of County Galway Flour, 30 sacks of oats, 292 tons of oatmeal, a further 292 tons of oats, and 140 tons of miscellaneous provisions, while British soldiers forcibly removed at gunpoint from groups of protesting Limerick, Clare, Kerry and county Galway citizens: vital supplies that could have saved thousands of suffering Irish lives.⁵

In Belmullet, County Mayo, the mission of 151 soldiers of the 49th Regiment, in addition to escorting livestock and crops to the nearest port for export to England, was to guard against the starving locals' retrieving misappropriated goods, consisting of tons of packaged meat and other foodstuffs for their own use.

To make life more miserable for the local population by depriving them of the only other source of food to keep them alive, the British Coast Guard arrested the fleet of enterprising Irish fishermen ten

miles out at sea while they were in the act of off-loading flour from a passing friendly ship. They were all sentenced to prison and their fishing Currachs confiscated.⁶

In the midst of the Famine, it is recorded that the Waterford Harbour British Army Commissariat officer wrote to British Treasury Chief Charles Trevelyan, April 24th 1846, "The barges leave Clonmel once a week for this place, with the export supplies under convoy which, last Tuesday consisted of 2 guns, 50 Cavalry, 80 Infantry escorting them on the banks of the Suir as far as Carrick."

While its people starved the Clonmel district exported annually, along with its other farm produce, approximately, sixty thousand, (60,000) pigs, in the form of cured Pork.⁷

Post Script.

From its total Island population during the times of the so-called famine, Ireland lost half to starvation or emigration. It is also worthy of note that other European countries' potato crops were also affected by the 'Potato Blight,' that hit Ireland and destroyed the crop; but these countries didn't suffer 'famine'. Because they had at least their other farm products as a 'back-up,' enabling them to survive through the 'Blight,' while England, with its brutal occupying armed forces, ensured the Irish people weren't allowed such a luxury.

SEAN HAMPSEY is an Irish/Australian playwright, poet, singer/songwriter and author. His books include *A Savage Beginning*, *My brother Sean*, *The Maori Conflict*, and *The Spanish Connection*. He resides in St Marys, NSW.

1. Thomas Gallagher, *Paddy's Lament*, Harcourt Brace International, 1987, p.149.
2. Robert Kee, *Ireland: A History*, Orion Publishing, 1980, p.100.
3. *Limerick Intelligencer*, July 29, 1848.
4. John Mitchel, *History of Ireland*, D & J Sadlier, 1884, p.204
5. Robert Kee, *op.cit.*, loc.cit.
6. Fr Sean Noone, *Mayo Paperback*, 1991, pp. 14, 76, 103.
7. See www.irishholocaust.org/britain'scoverup

Patsy Adam Smith's book 'Heart of Exile' published by Nelson, Melbourne 1986 says that during the 3 worst years of the so called Famine, 1846/47/and 48 foodstuffs to the minimum of 15 million Pounds Sterling were exported from Ireland to England. Eggs alone in those years was valued at over 1 million Pounds.

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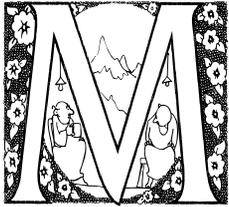
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Dawson's body of writing constitutes a powerful intellectual legacy for the Church. He was the Catholic mind at its most incisive.

THE LEGACY OF CHRISTOPHER DAWSON

By Karl Schmude



MORE AND MORE I find myself reaching back to earlier authors who can shed light on the

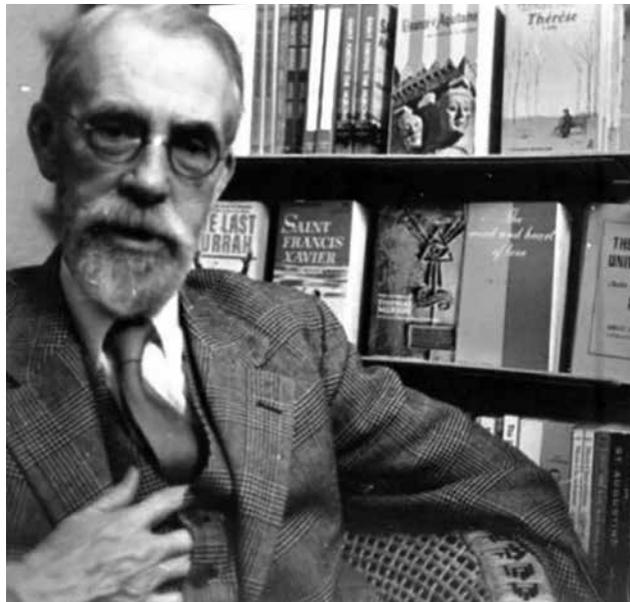
confusions of our time. The diet of daily media consumption - TV news, newspapers, current journals, online media - can make us well informed, but the pressure to “keep up” robs us of the time for being reflective and gaining fresh perspectives.

The writings of the English Catholic historian, Christopher Dawson (1889-1970), provide a prime opportunity for detachment - and re-engagement.

I first encountered Dawson in the late 1960s when my father recommended that I read his 1961 book, *The Crisis of Western Education*. A work of ground-breaking importance, it addressed the root causes of the plight of Western education. The book fired my youthful imagination about the need for a Catholic liberal arts institution in Australia, which eventually became Campion College in western Sydney.

Dawson believed that a fundamental fracture had occurred in the history of our culture, so that it ceased transmitting, from one generation to another, a clear tradition of learning and inherited wisdom founded on the Christian faith. Such a tradition had maintained a shared memory

OCTOBER 12 marks the 130th anniversary of the birth of Catholic historian, Christopher Dawson. This article discusses the enduring importance of his ideas on Christianity and culture.



and worldview and a set of unifying moral values among the peoples of the West, and its loss has meant that our society no longer has a compelling way of teaching the young.

It has lurched from one educational theory to another, each time adding to social division and alienation, and intensifying the experience of spiritual emptiness and moral confusion.

Dawson's insights into education

were part of a larger vision of the impact of religious faith on culture. He explored this central theme in many works, at first in *The Age of the Gods* (1928), a pioneering study of prehistoric cultures; then in *Progress and Religion* (1929), which analysed the relationship between religion and social progress; and in *Christianity and the New Age* (1931), which looked at the failure of humanist ideals divorced from their Christian roots. As in all his works, Dawson revealed a breadth of historical vision and a sharpness of contemporary insight.

In 1932 he published *The Making of Europe*, a work of seminal importance in which he explored the decisive role of Christianity during the so-called Dark Ages in inspiring and shaping Western civilisation. He returned to this theme throughout his life, in such works as *Religion and the Rise of Western Culture* (1950), *The Historic Reality of Christian Culture* (1960), and *The Formation of Christendom* (1967).

Acutely conscious of the fading influence of Christianity on the West, Dawson gave special attention to the secularisation of our culture - the extent to which religious faith has become privatised, and a sense of higher purpose no longer vitalises and guides our public institutions. A highly secularised culture produces divided natures - a kind of spiritual and social schizophrenia. It divorces

the inner life of the ordinary person from the external organisation and activity of society.

This separation has catastrophic effects. Dawson was among the earliest to recognise the link between the functioning of a de-Christianised society and the wellbeing of the individual who is now spiritually isolated and starved, and prey to such afflictions as loneliness and depression.

In *The Crisis of Western Education* and other books, he spelt out this connection, arguing that the sociological problem of a secularised culture is also the psychological problem of spiritual health and integration. When a culture neglects the spiritual needs of its people, it produces not only a deformed society but also distorted personalities. It spawns mental sickness – a rising scourge of our time – as well as social injustice and disorder.

For Christians especially, the split between spiritual and material life produces a profound dilemma. Either they can maintain their faith by creating some form of ghetto, a close-knit community separated from the world, which Rod Dreher's "Benedict Option" has recently highlighted; or else they can struggle to challenge and transform the public order so that it provides a fuller reflection of, and a more supportive environment for, their own faith.

In *The Crisis of Western Education*, Dawson explored ways of overcoming the separation between religion and culture through the medium of education. He recognised that Christian education had a crucial role to play in modern secularised society. To believers, it can reveal in compelling ways the cultural fruits of religious faith. Such expressions as music and literature, art and architecture, law and philosophy, social customs and institutions – all have historically served as channels of religious truth and inspiration, which strengthen a Christian people's sense of identity in the wider world.

At the same time, these cultural expressions testify to the ways in which a people defines and values itself. They have iconic value for the wider society, keeping open the points of access to divine realities. As the celebration of Christmas attests, even in its present secularised condition, the power of a religious festival can persist, shoring up the natural bonds and virtues – of family solidarity and charitable giving – that supply a basic social unity, which can be injected with higher meaning in the event of a religious revival.

In the biography of her father, *A Historian and His World* (1984), Christina Scott revealed how Dawson's personal upbringing had a formative influence on his career as a scholar and educator.

As a child in Wales, he inherited a strong spiritual tradition fused with a rich cultural inheritance. From this experience he acquired a love of history and an interest in the differences of cultures. He also developed a deep sense of the importance of religion in human life, as "a massive, objective, unquestioned power that impressed its seal on the outer and the inner world alike and held past and present together as a living whole." (*Tradition and Inheritance*, 1949).

As a result, Dawson was sensitive to the cultural value of Christianity long before he entered upon his formal education – chiefly at Winchester school and Trinity College, Oxford. Ironically, given his vastly impressive learning, he derived little from school and university, and he subsequently spent the bulk of his life outside official academic circles.

Yet this does not imply that he was an isolated figure without influence on the society of his time. He was, in fact, an independent historian who stood in the now largely vanished tradition of private scholarship outside of universities – exemplified by people like Lord Acton in the 19th century and Sir Roger Scruton in our own time – which has enriched scholarly studies so much in the past.

When Assumption University of Windsor in Canada conferred on Dawson the Christian Culture Award for 1951, Dawson called his acceptance speech, "Ploughing a Lone Furrow."

Near the end of his life, however, he received an opportunity to serve in a prestigious academic institution. In 1958, he was appointed to the new Chair of Catholic Studies at Harvard University, from which vantage point he was able to promote the value of studying Christian culture – as a means of challenging, not only the spiritual chaos and hollowness of the secular West, but also the social and political oppression of totalitarian countries.

Dawson worked tirelessly to gain acceptance for a new program of liberal arts education in American Catholic colleges and universities. The focus of this program was the study of Christian culture as a concrete expression of Christianity which brought God's graces within the orbit of ordinary people.

The Crisis of Western Education explained the need for such study, offering a set of proposals which, while they had a lamentably small influence on Catholic educational institutions in America, were of decisive importance in the design of the liberal arts program at Campion College.

Dawson never received in his lifetime the wider recognition that he deserved. A notable exception was the Australian Marist philosopher and theologian, Fr John Thornhill SM. Only last year, a few months before he died, he published *The Road All Peoples Travel*, a comprehensive digest of Dawson's thought on the providential relationship between Christianity and culture.

Dawson's body of writing constitutes a powerful intellectual legacy for the Church. He was the Catholic mind at its most incisive.

KARL SCHMUDE is co-founder of Campion College Australia and formerly University Librarian at the University of New England, Armidale NSW. He has contributed articles and book reviews to *Annals* since the 1970s.

CATHOLICISM

CHRISTIANITY is the fulfilment of the promise made to Abraham and of the Mosaic Revelations: this is how it has been able from the first to occupy the world and gain a hold on every class of human society to which its preachers reached; this is why the Roman power and the multitude of religions which it embraced could not stand against it; this is the secret of its sustained energy, and its never-flagging martyrdoms; this is how at present it is so mysteriously potent, in spite of the new and fearful adversaries which beset its path.

It has with it that gift of staunching and healing the wound of human nature, which avails more for its success than a full encyclopedia of scientific knowledge and a whole library of controversy, and therefore it must last while human nature lasts.

It is a living truth which never can grow old. Some persons speak of it as if it were a thing of history, with only indirect bearings upon modern times; I cannot allow that it is a mere historical religion. Certainly it has its foundations in past and glorious memories, but its power is in the present. It is no dreary matter of antiquarianism; we do not contemplate it in conclusions drawn from dumb documents and dead events, but by faith exercised in ever-living objects, and by the appropriation and use of ever-recurring gifts.

Our communion with it is in the unseen, not in the obsolete. At this very day its rites and ordinances are continually eliciting the active interposition of that Omnipotence in which the Religion long ago began. First and above all is the Holy Mass, in which He who once died for us upon the Cross, brings back and perpetuates, by His literal presence in it, that one and the same sacrifice which cannot be repeated.

Next, there is the actual entrance of Himself, soul and body, and divinity, into the soul and body of every worshipper who comes to Him for the gift, a privilege more intimate than if we lived with Him during His long-past sojourn upon earth. And then, moreover, there is His personal abidance in our churches, raising earthly service into a foretaste of heaven. Such is the profession of Christianity, and, I repeat, its very divination of our needs is in itself a proof that it is really the supply of them.

Upon the doctrines which I've mentioned as central truths, others, as we all know, follow, which rule our personal conduct - and course of life, and our social and civil relations. The promised Deliverer, the Expectation of the nations, has not done His work by halves. He has given us Saints and Angels for our protection He has taught us how by our prayers and services to benefit our departed friends, and to keep up a memorial of ourselves when we are gone. He has created a visible hierarchy and a succession of sacraments, to be the channels of His mercies, and the Crucifix secures the thought of Him in every house and chamber.

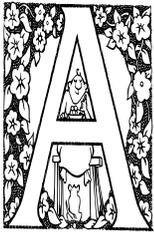
In all these ways He brings Himself before us. I am not here speaking of His gifts as gifts, but as memorials, not as what Christians know they convey, but in their visible character, and I say, that, as human nature itself is still in life and action as much as ever it was, so He too lives, to our imaginations, by His visible symbols, as if He were on earth, with a practical efficacy which even unbelievers cannot deny, so as to be the corrective of that nature, and its strength day by day, and that this power of perpetuating His Image, being altogether singular and special, and the prerogative of Him and Him alone, is a grand evidence how well He fulfils to this day that Sovereign Mission which, from the first beginning of the world's history, has been, in prophecy, assigned to Him.

- John Henry Cardinal Newman, *An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent*, New York, Image Books, 1955, pp.376, 377.

To his dying day (February 10, 1939), Pius XI fought the totalitarian menace because he knew, Fattorini writes, "it represented the final outcome of that impulse deriving from the French Revolution and according to which man can live without God."

PIUS XI AND THE TOTALITARIAN FORCES

By George Marlin



CONSENSUS has emerged among historians who have reviewed recently released Vatican archival documents covering the 1920s and 1930s that

Pope Pius XI and his closest collaborator, Secretary of State Eugenio Cardinal Pacelli (later Pius XII), did not sit around idly as the forces of totalitarianism grew. This, of course, refutes some longstanding criticism of both figures and the Church.

For instance, in *Hitler, Mussolini and the Vatican* historian Emma Fattorini states that Pius XI was intolerant of totalitarians and he was convinced that Europe was experiencing a "crisis of civilizations" that "could only be resolved by means of a 'Catholic solution,' by a return to the Christian roots of Western Civilization." The archives also reveal that the Holy Father strongly and consistently defended the Jews saying they shared with all Christians a common origin. "Spiritually we are all Semites," the pope famously proclaimed.

Pope Pius XI was born Achille Ratti in the town of Desio at the foot of the Alps in 1857. A brilliant student and avid mountain climber, he was ordained at twenty-two and studied at the Gregorian University

earning doctorates in canon law, philosophy, and theology.

For the next forty years, he led a quiet life teaching, researching, and serving as vice-prefect of the Vatican Library. Having written a monograph on Polish history, at sixty-one he was named nuncio to

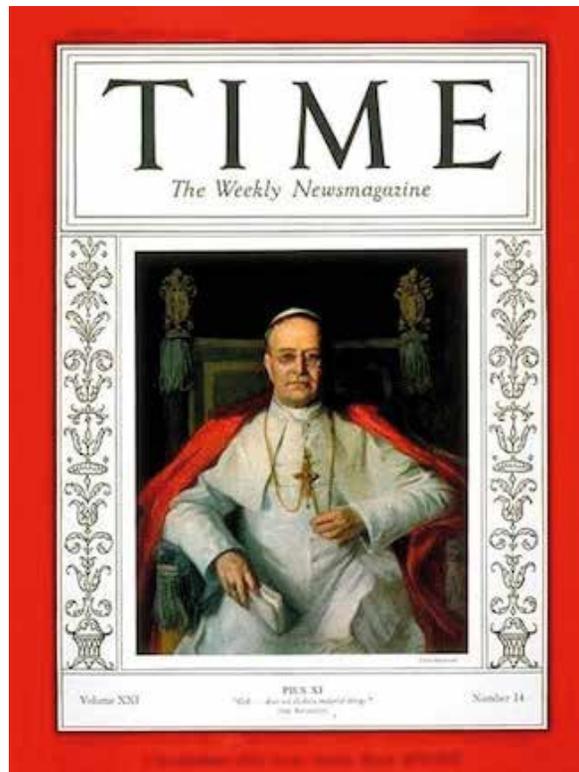
Warsaw. The nuncio stayed in the city throughout the siege, which was repulsed by the Polish Army led by General Pilsudski on August 15, 1920.

Recalled to Rome in June 1921, Ratti was named cardinal and archbishop of Milan. Seven months later, on the fourteenth ballot he was elected pope to succeed Benedict XV. Accepting the name Pius because of his desire "to devote my efforts to the peace of the world," he was the first pontiff since 1870 to appear on the balcony of St. Peter's to give the blessing *Urbi et Orbi*.

In the early years of his papacy, Pius XI carefully watched the rise of materialist totalitarian regimes in Italy, Germany, and Russia. The term itself, *totalitario*, was coined by "Il Duce," Benito Mussolini, who declared: "Nothing outside or above the state, nothing against the state, everything within the state, everything for the state." Fascism rejected the natural law, insisting that rights are granted by the state, not

God. The state transcended mere individuals and was "the immanent conscience of the nation."

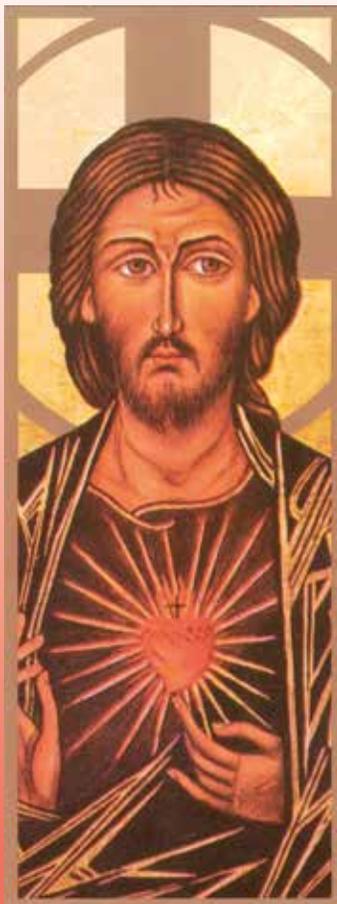
Mussolini's future ally, Adolph Hitler, also rejected the natural law and promoted the "blood and soil" principle of racial superiority. All races were inferior to the



Poland and consecrated a bishop in 1919. He successfully established diocesan boundaries and negotiated a concordat with the newly created Polish state.

During the Russian invasion led by the Communist radical Leon Trotsky, he assisted in relief work in

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Aryan. Hitler's totalitarian principle held that the state was "the vital expression, the living will of the national conscience." As Führer, he expressed the people's will, hence he had absolute power and all decrees he signed were binding on all.

In Russia, all law was in the hands of the omnipotent ruling party. The Communist Party justified any act to destroy the old society and to perpetuate the totalitarian, monistic state.

Pius XI was strong-willed and short-tempered. On one occasion, when a European archbishop's comments angered him, he leaped off his papal throne and yanked the cleric's beard. Knowing that he could be obstinate and impetuous, he collaborated with Cardinal Pacelli who was named Secretary of State in 1930.

"They were linked," Fattorini writes, "by a sort of complementarity that rendered each indispensable to the other. It was as though the pope knew that he could publicly give vent to his impulses, as Pacelli would smooth things out afterward."

Throughout the 1930s, Pius XI championed Catholic liberty and condemned totalitarian states as "anti-Christian" and "inhuman." In *Non Abbiamo Bisogno* (1931), he condemned Fascism: "We are happy and proud to wage the good fight for the liberty of conscience." In the 1937 encyclical *Mit Brennender Sorge*, the Nazis received the back of the papal hand:

None but superficial minds could stumble into concepts of a national god, or national religion, or attempt to lock within the frontiers of a single people, within narrow limits of a single race, God, Creator of the universe, King and legislator of all nations, before whose immensity they are drops in a bucket.

Pius warned the faithful not to embrace the claims of Communist ideology in *Divini Redemptoris* (1937): "Communism is intrinsically evil, and no one wishing to save Christian civilization can collaborate with it in any conceivable enterprise."

Pius condemned Mussolini's Ethiopian invasion (1935-1936) as an "unjust war of conquest." He publicly rebuked Vienna's Cardinal Innitzer for welcoming the Nazi *Anschluss* in March 1938. The day after Mussolini's decree expelling Jewish students from public schools was announced, September 6, 1938, the Pope told a group from the Belgian Catholic Radio Station, "Listen well, Abraham is our Patriarch, our ancestor. . . . [Anti-Semitism] is a hateful movement with which we Christians must have no relationship. . . . Through Christ we are the descendants of Abraham. . . . Spiritually we are all Semites."

During the Spanish Civil War (1936-1939), he condemned the brutality of the forces of both Franco and the Loyalists. After the Nationalist victory, when Franco and Hitler were negotiating an alignment in 1939, the Holy Father made it clear to the Spanish leader that he was displeased with the cultural accord because it "obviously opens the door to Nazi ideological propaganda filled as it is with a pagan spirit, in a country so profoundly Catholic as Spain." Heeding the Pope's warning, Franco did not pursue the accord.

To his dying day (February 10, 1939), Pius XI fought the totalitarian menace because he knew, Fattorini writes, "it represented the final outcome of that impulse deriving from the French Revolution and according to which man can live without God."

The Catholic Thing, August 8, 2012. Reprinted with permission. Pius XI on the cover of TIME, April 3, 1933

NO SOONER is a temple built to God,
but the devil builds a chapel hard by.

— Robert Herrick, 1591-1674, *Jacula Prudentium*.



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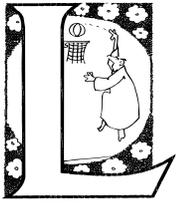
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Technology did self-evidently erupt and develop in quite spectacular ways in the early 20th century but art, as such, has no true umbilical links to any such evolution even though highly-paid art salesmen have consistently averred otherwise. Indeed human life itself let alone the arts has suffered tragically from largely deceptive notions of beneficial evolution.

THE GLORIES OF CONTINUITY

By Giles Auty



LOOKING BACK over the recent history of *Annals* I feel I should perhaps have followed up my article based broadly on the late

Robert Hughes's book and TV series of 1980 called *The Shock of the New* with a complete counter argument challengingly named – as you will notice above – *The Glories of Continuity*.

Indeed those precise words probably epitomize my attitudes to art and life as accurately as any obvious alternative. In short it is my belief that prior to the advent of post-modernism and even that of modernism itself, the human race as a whole did many things very reasonably and admirably and in a good many instances absolutely right. The human race really did not need or deserve total and increasingly fatal changes of outlook and behaviour to be imposed upon it.

At the time of my writing my previous article in *Annals* 7 I had only just become aware of the - for me - imminent and very sad closure of this magazine in its present printed form. The vigorous promotion of

sense and truth in the singular in these pages do provide some evidence at least that the virtues of articulacy and sanity continue to exist in public somewhere at least - even in present day Australia.



Peter Paul Rubens 1577 – 1640 St Peter with keys

Annals lasted 130 years, the last 51 of which were under the admirably wise editorship of my dear friend and much admired professional colleague Fr. Paul Stenhouse.

Prior to writing for *Annals* I had written more or less every week

for 11 years – i.e. 500 articles for an even older magazine, the British edition of *The Spectator* between 1984 and 1995. Indeed, between writing for the above publications I wrote for a few years for *The Australian* and *The Courier Mail* and with greater satisfaction - if lesser frequency - for the excellent Australian monthly *Quadrant*.

In an anthology of 50 of my foremost articles published in 2016 by Connor Court – *Culture at Crisis Point* – chapters 31-33 summarise exactly where and why the visual arts took such very wrong turnings in my eyes at least. Ironically almost the entire reason for this was the widespread use of a debased language known generally as rhetoric which belongs – if it has any desirable role at all – solely in the worlds of politics and advertising e.g. *Is not this more modern, progressive and cutting-edge than that? And might not that person sitting over there be a 'reactionary'?*

It is very easy in retrospect to see why such lazy use of language has proved so utterly fatal for the arts. Indeed almost my first published writing, a book called *The Art of Self Deception* (Libertarian Books 1977) took this matter as its central theme.

Technology did self-evidently erupt and develop in quite spectacular ways in the early 20th century but art, as such, has no true umbilical links to any such evolution even though highly-paid art salesmen have consistently averred otherwise. Indeed human life itself let alone the arts has suffered tragically from largely deceptive notions of beneficial evolution. I have lived through quite a number of these myself and remain fully aware of their frequently fatal consequences. In my defence it hardly takes a genius to do so when the evidence is so plain.

I began life as a professional painter at the beginning of the 1960s and did not begin writing art criticism formally for another 15 years. During that period, however, I had tried to see as many great historic collections of art as possible in the flesh.

Imagining one truly understands art from illustrations in books is a fatal mistake. I can especially recall seeing a certain small painting by Vermeer in the flesh for the first time in the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam and felt very nearly knocked flat. For me it was as though a force field surrounded the painting. Contemporary modernist art theory of that era suggested that art reached its evolutionary apogee largely via Abstract Expressionism – thus famous artists such as J.M.W. Turner who left behind a number of increasingly vague works towards the end of their lives were cunningly recruited posthumously as contributing to that process.

Does anyone other than directors of major public galleries and public funding bodies perhaps still believe such contrived nonsense now about Turner? All the suspicions you may have long entertained about much-feted works in public collections e.g. Jackson Pollock's *Blue Poles* are also very often liable to be correct. Pollock himself and his major supporters all had especially low opinions of that particular work. Ample written evidence exists to

St Peter's 'Exceptional Place' in the Church

IT WOULD APPEAR that the majority of those Christians, whom for the sake of convenience we may describe as non-papal, have not usually given sufficient weight to the evidence of Holy Scripture, in virtue of which it may be held that a some-what exceptional place was assigned to the Apostle St. Peter in the divine scheme for the constitution of the Christian *Church*. We do not believe real justice to that scheme can be done, so long as it is denied that both in teaching and in administration it was St. Peter's voice which was meant to possess a real *auctoritas* ... That he was ... its chief mouthpiece and spokesman can scarcely be rejected without doing violence to such knowledge as we possess.

- Trevor Jalland, *The Church and the Papacy*, London, 1944 p.542. Jalland was not a Catholic.

prove this, yet no-one in authority is ever likely to admit it.

If I were to say that various claimed 'evolutions' in public morality are every bit as misguided as the claimed evolution of modern art I would be grossly in error

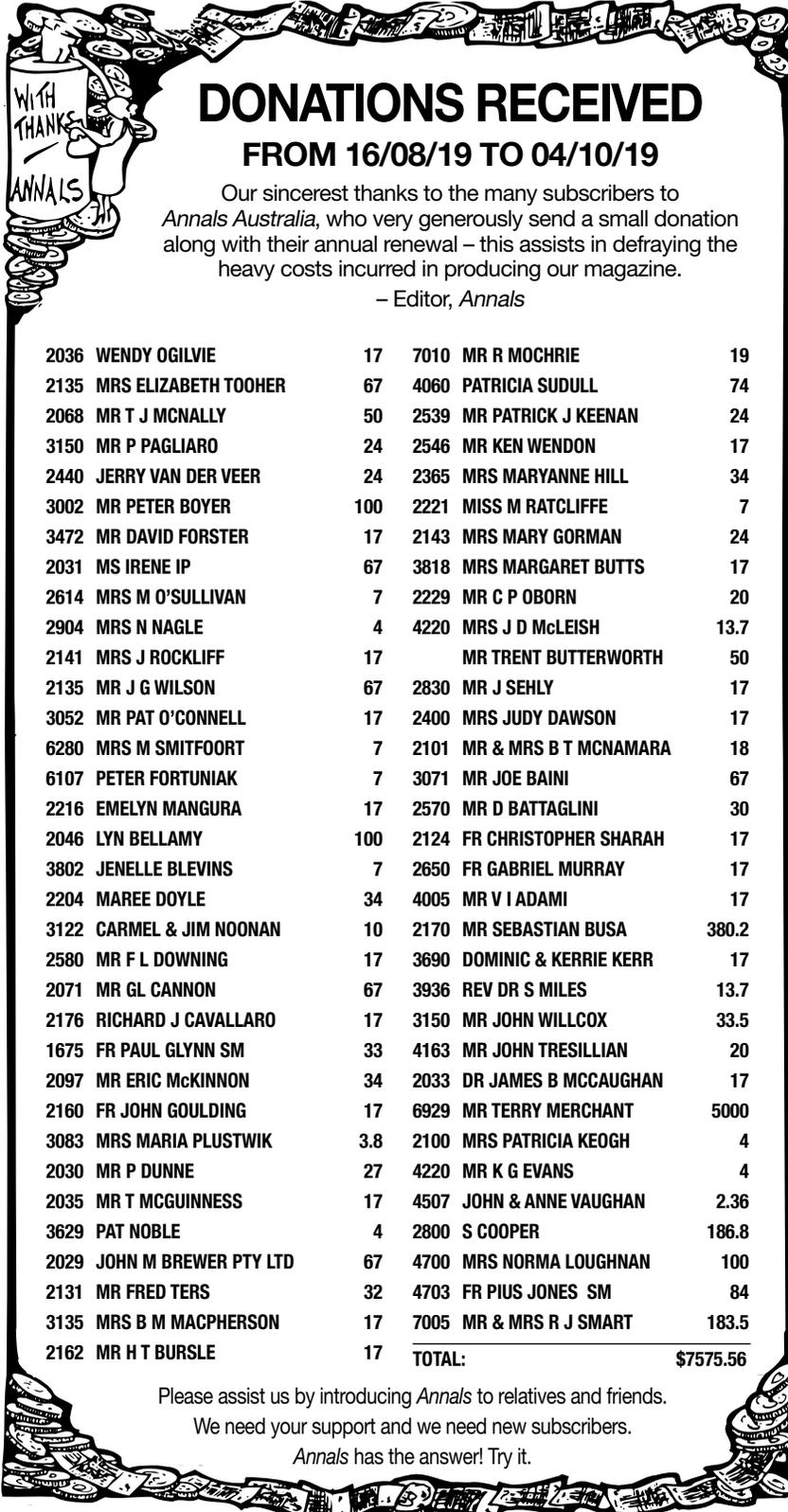
because the consequences of the former really could be fatal for us all.

Because I am lucky enough to have lived rather a long time I have personally witnessed the various forms of degeneration which have been inflicted on Western society as a whole. Do these truly represent a bettering of traditional, largely Christian Western democracies or simply deliberate attempts to destroy them from within? Post-modernism in all its aspects is simply neo-Marxism in disguise and for those of us who witnessed the latter days of openly communist societies at first hand our abject moral behaviour in the West is beyond inexplicable.

I have very clear memories of the six decades which have passed since I grew up. On the whole both our cultures and social ethics have grown steadily worse in the West, especially perhaps in Europe. As I wrote in my long chapter on Brexit which appeared in *Annals* in August 2016: "It is extremely easy to forget now that Charles de Gaulle and the German chancellor Konrad Adenauer were closely united not

just via their Catholic faith and belief in the vital importance of the family but also by a basic distrust of Britain and of that nation's longer-term motives... Adenauer himself saw the family – as opposed to the political party or some form or other of ideological program – not just as the basic building block of post-war German reconstruction but also as an essential bulwark against the ever-present threat of totalitarian political systems whether from the political Left or the Right. In short for him, at least, *Christian ethics were seen as the essential future basis of German communal life*."

Europe certainly had its chance to become a beacon to the rest of the world not least through the glories of continuity. The basic practice of Christian religion apart, Europe was basically the cultural rock on which Western civilization itself was built. The 600 great Christian churches and cathedrals of Europe were basically all built by the middle of the fourteenth century. Europe gave the world much of its greatest architecture, learning, literature, music, philosophy and visual art. In terms of human civilization its effect was thus incomparable... if I may kindly repeat myself once more *the glories of continuity* should never be overlooked for they are incomparable.



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 – Editor, *Annals*

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By comparison the so-called shock of the new is mere ephemera, often of an almost worthless human kind. Mere novelty never is or has been any guarantee of anything.

I have had the great advantage of seeing much of the greatest European art from around 1200 AD to the present day at first hand – a privilege shared by very few Australians. I am also lucky enough to have seen and understood the enormous benefits Christianity brought with it to Europe. The glories of continuity could be said to start conveniently for many of us in Rome where the great saints Peter and Paul were imprisoned and executed.

This is absolute historic fact as is the worldwide historic spread of Christianity. Yet consider here the wisdom of de Gaulle and Adenauer in seeing the Catholic Church as playing a central role in the rebuilding of Europe economically, morally and socially after the unprecedented horrors of the Second World War in which they were on opposed sides. Where can we find such vision today?

Post-modernist society which, as I have said already, is simply neo-Marxist society thinly disguised has through its hatred of established Western values diluted and dissipated the essential cores of many, if not all Western nations.

A principal means of doing so has been through the virtual capture of education at all levels. This is simply one aspect of Gramsci's Long March through the Institutions. What we are looking at is essentially communist infiltration of Western Society with the aim of substantially changing and perverting it. We need urgently to capture it back.

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*.

Only Love

In like manner the return of the masses to Christianity will be brought about only through love, I mean love stronger than death, the fire of the Gospel.

– Jacques Maritain, *True Humanism*, trans. M.R. Adamson, 1938. See *The Social and Political Philosophy of Jacques Maritain*, Image Books, 1965, p.328.

MODERN ART

By Maurice Baring

IHAVE NOTHING against modern art, but I want to know exactly what people mean when they talk of modern art. If they mean the products due to the fresh impressions and to the ardent vision of the young, I am with them; but if they mean that modern art ... must have no roots in the past, and no connection with anything that has gone before, I think they are talking nonsense. The laws of strategy, someone said in the war, are subject to the laws of common sense, and so are the laws of art.

When people make a thing, it is made with a special purpose and for special use, whether it is a house, a boat, a house-boat, a spoon, or a ship. A house is made to live in, a house-boat to catch cold in, a spoon to feed with, a ship to sail or to row in, a church to pray in, a theatre to hear plays in, a railway station is a place for people to get into a train from or for people to get out of a train into. (My prepositions are at the end of my sentence: and I mean them to be.)

Given that fact, these things are subject to certain laws. A spoon that is flat cannot hold foodstuffs; it may be beautiful as a work of art, but it is not a spoon. A ship which has masts on its keel and a spherical rudder at the end of the bowsprit may be interesting, but cannot be serviceable. A theatre in which there is no room for the audience is not a theatre, and so on.

Now the people who understood the laws of supply and demand with regard to concrete objects of use, and who made these things for use, most economically and most practically, so that while they were as closely appropriate to their functions they were also as pleasing to the eye as possible—the people who accomplished this feat as well as possible were the Greeks; so that when we admire a modern work of art because it is appropriate and fulfils its object, we are admiring the spirit and the example of the Greeks, whether we know it or not.

The Transylvania Railway Station, the Pierpont Library, and any skyscraper in New York are Greek in that they fulfil their purpose as economically and as beautifully as possible: and to admire American architecture and deny that Greek architecture is beautiful, is a contradiction, a nonsense.

“But”, someone will say, “I don’t care a button for the Parthenon; but I do admire Epstein’s Underground Station. The answer is that if Epstein’s Underground Station fulfils its purpose as a station for underground trains, it fulfils one of the aims of

Greek architecture; if the ornament on it strikes you as beautiful, it fulfils the other: that is all it aims at, for it is not trying to be useless or ugly. It is striving to be useful and beautiful; if it strikes some people as ugly, that is either their fault for not being able to understand Epstein’s meaning, or Epstein’s fault for not making his meaning clear or impressive, but the aim in both is the same.

In the case of a new work of art, the expression of a new-fashioned way of looking at things (which may turn out to be an old-fashioned but forgotten way), you need time before you can tell whether the artist has had enough skill to make his meaning plain to a sufficient number of people: if so, his work of art will live . . . for a time, perhaps a long time, perhaps for centuries. Or whether he has not: if so, it will be forgotten in a comparatively short time.

Nobody writes masterpieces, said Anatole France, but some people write what may become masterpieces with the aid of Time.

Mozart aimed at writing tuneful music, and when his first works were produced they were thought harsh. Wagner aimed at weaving webs of beautiful sound, and for a long time these webs were thought to be hideous, until they reached the great public, which never had the slightest difficulty in detecting and enjoying the intricate conglomeration of his recurring snatches of tune.

Whistler’s, nocturnes were abused by Ruskin and hissed at Christie’s when they were put up for auction; but Whistler, as is plain to small children now was not trying to destroy the art of the old masters; he was trying to do what they had done before him to depict nature as well as he could as he saw her.

So, the theory that because modern art is good, ancient art must be destroyed, is based on nothing at all.

And when people, as I have heard them do, in one breath praise masterpieces of Russian fiction and deplore time spent on the Classics, they are in one breath commending and abusing works that have been produced according to precisely the same standard, and which follow the same laws, and which are good or bad for the same reasons.

— MAURICE BARING, 1874-1945, was a noted English man of letters, a convert to Catholicism, of the Baring banking family. He travelled widely, particularly in Russia and northern China, and reported as an eye-witness on the Russo-Japanese war for the London *Morning Post*. See *Lost Lectures, or The Fruits of Experience*, London, Peter Davies, 1932, pp.164-167.

*The six-hundred-and-sixteen Families upon which the Curse
of the Pillaged English Monasteries Fell. [Part II]*

THE FATE OF THE PILLAGERS

By Paul Stenhouse PhD



THE DISSOLUTION [a euphemism for 'theft'] of the monasteries, and the usurpation of the rights and role of the Catholic Church in England by King Henry VIII, in the words of Sir Henry Spelman – one whose family benefited temporarily from the pillage – writing in 1632, exposed 'the most magnificent ornaments of the kingdom' to 'the axe and mattock,' and much worse besides.

John Bale, [1495-1563] formerly a Carmelite priest, and then a Protestant and eventually, under Edward VI, bishop of Ossary, described the destruction of the monastic libraries as follows:

'If there had been in every shire in England but one solemn library to the preservation of those noble works, and preferment of good learning in our posterity, it had been yet somewhat. But to destroy all without consideration, it is and will be unto England for ever, a most horrible infamy amongst the grave seniors of other nations.'

Bale goes on to describe how the rapacious new owners of the monasteries not only drove the monks and nuns [many of them elderly and infirm] from their homes but also took their libraries

as part of the booty. The precious books that had adorned the liturgy and beautified the libraries for generations were torn apart and used

'to serve their "jakes" [i.e. toilets], some to scour their candlesticks and some to rub their boots. Some they sold to the grocers and soap-sellers and some they sent over sea to the book binders: not in small numbers but at times whole shipfuls, to the wonderment of foreign nations.' He adds sorrowfully,



Whitby Abbey ruins: a 7th century monastery in which a famous Synod was held in 664. It set the date of Easter according to the practice of Rome. It was destroyed by Henry VIII in 1540 during the Dissolution of the Monasteries.

'I know a merchantman ... that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings each, a shame it is to be spoken: this stuff hath he occasioned instead of grey paper [wrapping paper] by the space of more than these ten years and yet he hath enough for many years to come: a prodigious example is this, and to be abhorred of all men who love their nation as they should do.'

What happened to the King, the Lords and Barons

During the years until his death, Henry's revenue increased four-fold, not just from the sale of the Church lands, but also from the treasure that was raised out of the money, gold and silver plate, jewels, ornaments, books and implements from the churches, monasteries and other properties that were confiscated along with their buildings, cattle, crops and assets of numerous kinds.

From the shrine of St Thomas of Canterbury the king's 'receiver' confessed that

'the gold, silver and precious stones and sacred vestments taken away filled six and twenty carts'. In the treasurer's Roll, the weight of the plunder was assessed as follows: 'Pure gold, 5,030 ounces; silver gilt 4,425 ounces; parcel gilt, 840 ounces; silver 5,286.'

Tomb of St Thomas

A Venetian visitor in 1500 described the tomb as follows:

'The tomb of St Thomas of Canterbury exceeds all belief. Notwithstanding its great size, it is wholly covered with plates of pure gold; yet the gold is scarcely seen because it is covered with various precious stones, as sapphires, balasses [resembling

rubies, Ed.] diamonds, rubies and emeralds; and wherever the eye turns something more beautiful than the rest is observed. Nor, in addition to these natural beauties, is the skill of art wanting, for in the midst of the gold are the most beautiful sculptured gems both small and large, as well such as are in relief as agates, onyxes, cornelians and cameos; and some cameos are of such size as I am afraid to name it. But everything is far surpassed by a ruby, not larger than a thumbnail, which is fixed at the right of the altar. The church is somewhat dark, and particularly where the shrine is placed, and when we went to see it the sun was near setting and the weather was cloudy. Nevertheless I saw the ruby as if I had it in my hand. They say it was given by a king of France.³

The ruby was a gift of King Louis VII of France, who visited the shrine in 1179. Henry VIII had it put in a thumb ring and wore it.

Property of ‘Traitors’

To all this over ten years must be added the vast wealth that came to the Crown from the properties and wealth of alleged ‘traitors’ whose goods, like their lives, were forfeit to a greedy king and his ministers; the property and wealth of Cardinal Wolsey, the king’s tutor and formerly the King’s good friend, among them.

Despite the vastness of this almost incalculable wealth, it was completely dissipated by the thirty-seventh year of Henry’s reign. And the king had his eye firmly set on the property of bishoprics when death intervened. He had already ‘exchanged’ infertile land and cramped buildings for more than 72 properties belonging to the diocese of York, 30 properties belonging formerly to the bishopric of Norwich [left with nothing save the residence of the bishop] and quite considerable properties belonging to the bishopric of London.

During those eleven years, he had to put down six rebellions, one in Lincolnshire, one in Somersetshire, and four in

Echoes of the Past

YOU MAY remember what (Cardinal) Newman said about the Greek and Roman poets: ‘Passages that to a boy were only commonplace of rhetoric come to him after long years and experience of life and pierce him as if he had never known them before, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. He understands then how a few lines, born of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation for thousands of years, with a power upon the mind and a charm which the literature of his own day is utterly unable to rival.’

– Alfred Noyes, English Catholic poet and scholar, in reply to a toast on his 70th birthday, January 10, 1951.

Yorkshire: He died aged fifty-six, so deteriorated physically and mentally in 1547 that he was a ruined and disillusioned man; but not as disillusioned as the monks and nuns whose homes had been taken from them, many whose lives had been taken, all whose lives had been destroyed, most of whom were reduced to begging or to living off their families.

Of Henry’s two sons and three daughters, one son and daughter died in infancy, and the other three succeeded to their father’s throne, but died without children; as did his illegitimate son, the Duke of Richmond.

With the death of Elizabeth who was, like her father, adept at sacrilege, and the murderess of Mary Queen of Scots as well as the destroyer of some of the noblest families in her kingdom – still known to many as ‘Good’ Queen Bess – the Tudor line was extinct and all that Henry had hoped for his family came to naught.

Thomas Cromwell, one of the principal instigators of the

suppression of the monasteries, who promised to make Henry the richest king ever in England, was beheaded by Henry less than eight weeks after being made Earl of Sussex, in 1540.

Fate of the seventeen Lay Lords who approved the Dissolution

The seventeen lay lords who formed the parliament that approved the dissolution suffered grievous misfortunes and most of their families became extinct.

1. Thomas Lord Audley of Waldon, died without male issue in 1544. The first husband of his only daughter died in battle, childless. The second husband was beheaded, in 1572. Her son by this second husband, along with his daughter, were put to death for murder.

2. The Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Howard, was committed to the Tower. His son Henry, was beheaded at the king’s command as he lay on his death bed. His grandson was beheaded by Elizabeth. The family of his son Thomas became extinct in the next generation.

3. The Duke of Suffolk, Charles Brandon, was married four times. By his first wife he had no children. By his second he had a daughter married to Lord Montague, whose title then became extinct. By his third he had one son who died as a child, and two daughters. One married Henry, Duke of Suffolk who was beheaded. By him she had a daughter, who was beheaded, and another daughter who after being divorced married Edward, Earl of Hertford, who was beheaded. A third daughter had no children. The duke’s second daughter had two sons who died as children. By his fourth wife, the duke had two sons who died as children in a single day. The duke’s name, family and title was wiped out.

4. The Marquis of Dorset, Henry Grey, was beheaded. His son died before him, childless. His daughter, Lady Jane Grey, and her husband, were beheaded.

5. The Earl of Oxon, John Vere. His grandson utterly wasted the inheritance of the earldom, and his great-grandson died without heirs.

6. The Earl of Southampton, William Fitz-William. Died without heirs.

7. The Earl of Arundel, William Fitz-Alan. His four daughters had no children. His son Henry had a son who died in his father's lifetime without children. The title became extinct in the male line.

8. The Earl of Shrewsbury, Francis Talbot. All his children died without issue, and the family became extinct.

9. The Earl of Essex, Henry Bouchier, broke his neck by a fall from a horse.

10. The Earl of Derby, Edward Lord Stanley. His family became extinct.

11. The Earl of Rutland, Thomas Manners. The title became extinct.

12. The Earl of Cumberland, Henry Clifford. The title became extinct.

13. The Earl of Sussex, Robert Ratcliff. The family became extinct.

14. The Earl of Huntingdon, George Lord Hastings. The family became extinct.

15. The Earl of Hertford, Edward Seymour. Beheaded. Two of his sons died without issue.

16. The Earl of Bridgewater, Henry Lord Daubeney. He died without issue and his name, family and dignity became extinct.

17. The Earl of Worcester, Henry Somerset. Of the lords who supported Henry, this family did not become extinct, but it did suffer grievous misfortune: Henry's son Thomas died in the Tower. His youngest son, Francis, was killed at Musselborough field, and his son-in-law was beheaded.

Of the 25 barons present in parliament on that occasion, the families and titles of all but three became extinct.

Leonard Lord Grey, lord lieutenant of Ireland, who called together the parliament that suppressed the abbeys in that country was, five years later, beheaded by Henry VIII.

The Dukes of Norfolk

The Norfolks, contrary to popular belief, shared in the pillage of the Monasteries like their peers. This unhappy family [see No. 2 above] took possession of the following religious houses:

Benedictine Nunnery, Bungay,

Suffolk Priory of the Austin

Canons, Butley, Suffolk

Priory of the Cluniac Monks,

Castle Acre, Norfolk

Priory of the Austin Canons,

Cokesford, Norfolk

Benedictine Cell,⁴ Deping,

Lincolnshire

Benedictine Cell, Felixstowe,

Suffolk

Cluniac Cell, Hitcham, Norfolk

Cistercian Abbey, Newenham,

Devon

Benedictine Cell, St Catherine,

Norwich

Benedictine Priory, Snape,

Suffolk

Cluniac Priory, Thetford, Norfolk

Cluniac College, Thetford,

Norfolk

Cluniac Cell, Wangford, Suffolk

I conclude this article with the words of Sir Henry Spelman, written in 1632: 'As the nobility spoiled God of his honour by pulling those things from him and communicating them to lazy and vulgar persons, so God, to requite them, hath taken the ancient honours of nobility and communicated them to the meanest of the people, to shopkeepers, taverners, tailors, tradesmen, burghers, brewers and graziers.'

Next Month: The Fate of the other families that took possession of the Abbeys, Convents and Monasteries dissolved by Henry VIII.

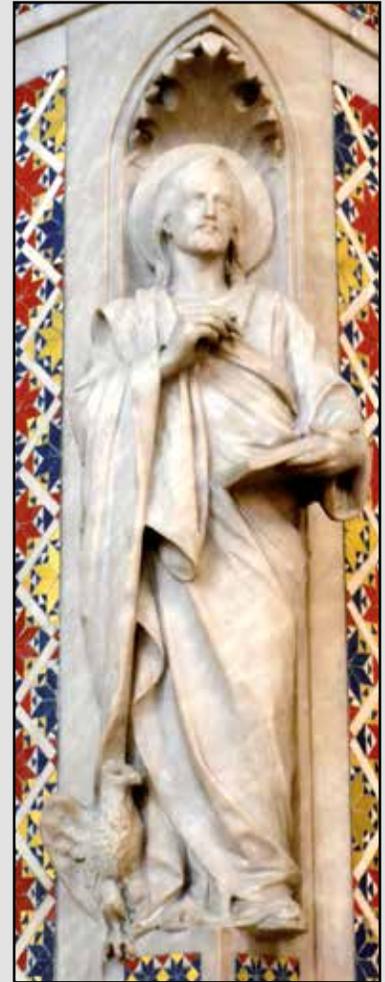
1. John Bale's epistle upon Leland's Journal, quoted Sir Henry Spelman, *The History and Fate of Sacrilege*, London, John Hartley, 1698, pp.112-113.

2. Turnbull, W.B., D.D. ed., Account of the monastic treasures confiscated at the dissolution of the various houses in England. By Sir John Williams, knight, late master and treasurer of the jewels to His Majesty King Henry VIII, Abbotsford Club, 5, Edinburgh: 1836.

3. Polydore Vergil's Relation. Camden Society, p.30.

4. Cells. Also called 'Alien Priors', these were convents or monasteries built on land that came into the possession of mainly French monasteries at the time of the Norman conquest. They were usually inhabited by French monks or nuns and their revenues belonged to their French Monastery or Abbey.

SAINT JOHN



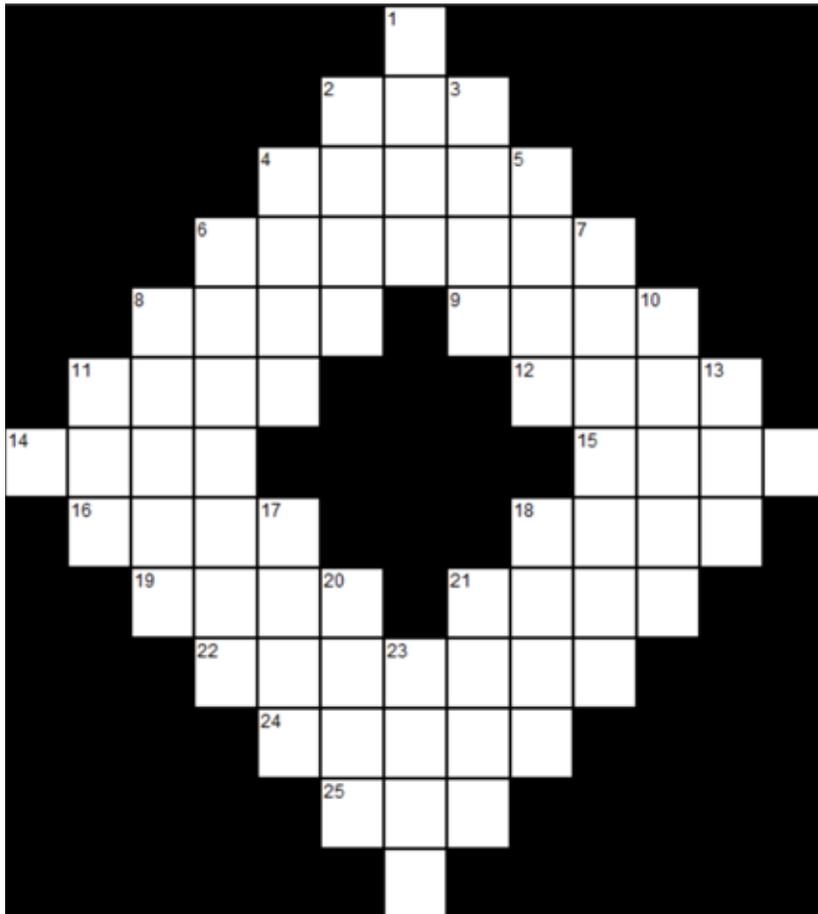
'St John wrote
for all'

— St Gregory of Nazianus,
329-389 AD

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

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

ANNALS QUICK CROSSWORD NO. 111



Across clues

- 2 Seed bearing head of cereal plant
- 4 Lawful
- 6 Pathological eating disorder
- 8 Cooking containers
- 9 English Quaker and founder of Pennsylvania
- 11 Gradually grow faint and disappear
- 12 Discontinue
- 14 Tenth letter of the Hebrew alphabet
- 15 Wading bird
- 16 Strays from accepted standards
- 18 Game played on horseback
- 19 Apiece
- 21 Name given to skeletal remains found in Ethiopia in 1974
- 22 Provide substance to
- 24 Waste material
- 25 Illuminated

Down Clues

- 1 Wise men from the East who visited the Holy Family
- 2 Slippery fish
- 3 An airport's moveable set of steps
- 4 Ancient plucked string instrument
- 5 Untruthful statements
- 6 Shallow, one-sided drum used in Irish music
- 7 City visited by Paul and Barnabas during their first missionary journey
- 8 (and 13 down) Stigmatist saint
- 10 In a magnanimous way
- 11 Enemy
- 13 See 8 down
- 17 Caledonian
- 18 Shove
- 20 To throw with great force
- 21 Lean over to one side
- 23 A sudden surprise attack

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NO MAN WILL DIE FOR A CONCLUSION

SIR ROBERT PEEL'S firm belief and hope is, 'that an increased sagacity will administer to an exalted faith; that it will make men not merely believe in the cold doctrines

of Natural Religion, but that it will so prepare and temper the spirit and understanding, that they will be better qualified to comprehend the great scheme of human redemption.' He certainly thinks that scientific pursuits have some considerable power of impressing religion upon the mind of the multitude. I think not, and will now say why.

Science gives us the grounds or premisses from which religious truths

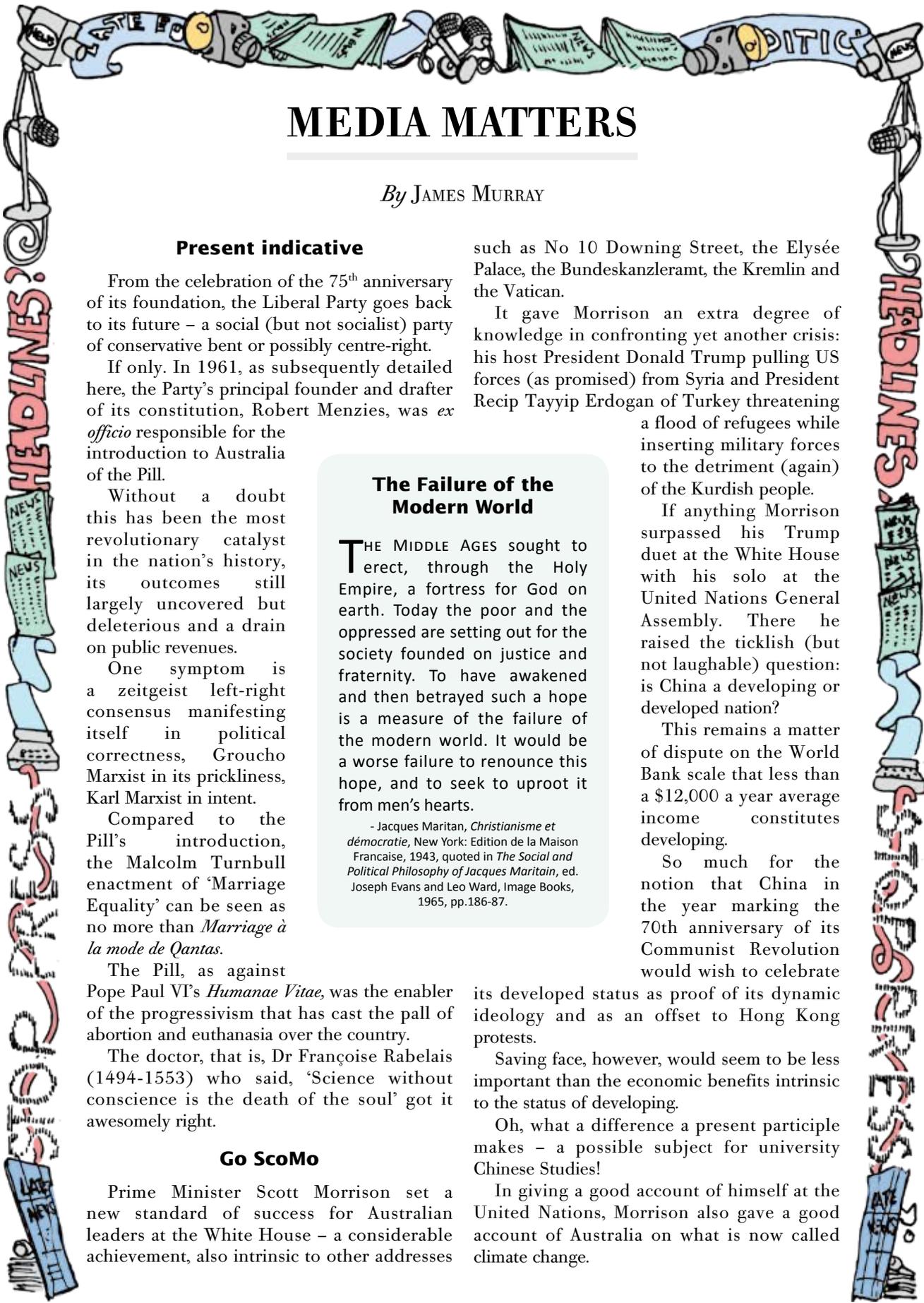
are to be inferred; but it does not set about inferring them, much less does it reach the inference;—that is not its province. It brings before us phenomena, and it leaves us, if we will, to call them works of design, wisdom, or benevolence; and further still, if we will, to proceed to confess an Intelligent Creator. We have to take its facts, and to give them a meaning, and to draw our own conclusions from them.

First comes Knowledge, then a view, then reasoning, and then belief. This is why Science has so little of a religious tendency; deductions have no power of persuasion. The heart is commonly reached, not through the reason, but through the imagination, by means of direct impressions, by the testimony of facts and events, by history, by description. Persons influence us, voices melt us, looks subdue us, deeds inflame us. Many a man will live and die upon a dogma: no man will be a martyr for a conclusion.

A conclusion is but an opinion; it is not a thing which *is*, but which *we are* 'certain about,' and it has often been observed, that we never say we are certain without implying that we doubt. To say that a thing *must* be, is to admit that *it may not* be. No one, I say, will die for his own calculations; he dies for realities. This is why a literary religion is so little to be depended upon; it looks well in fair weather, but its doctrines are opinions, and, when called to suffer for them, it slips them between its folios, or burns them at its hearth.

And this again is the secret of the distrust and raillery with which moralists have been so commonly visited. They say and do not. Why? Because they are contemplating the fitness of things, and they live by the square, when they should be realizing their high maxims in the concrete. Now Sir Robert thinks better of natural history, chemistry, and astronomy, than of such ethics; but they too, what are they more than divinity *in posse*? He protests against 'controversial divinity:' is *inferential* much better?

Blessed John Henry Cardinal Newman, *An Essay in aid of a Grammar of Assent*, Image Books, New York, 1955, pp.88-89 [see p.90]



MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Present indicative

From the celebration of the 75th anniversary of its foundation, the Liberal Party goes back to its future – a social (but not socialist) party of conservative bent or possibly centre-right.

If only. In 1961, as subsequently detailed here, the Party's principal founder and drafter of its constitution, Robert Menzies, was *ex officio* responsible for the introduction to Australia of the Pill.

Without a doubt this has been the most revolutionary catalyst in the nation's history, its outcomes still largely uncovered but deleterious and a drain on public revenues.

One symptom is a zeitgeist left-right consensus manifesting itself in political correctness, Groucho Marxist in its prickliness, Karl Marxist in intent.

Compared to the Pill's introduction, the Malcolm Turnbull enactment of 'Marriage Equality' can be seen as no more than *Marriage à la mode de Qantas*.

The Pill, as against Pope Paul VI's *Humanae Vitae*, was the enabler of the progressivism that has cast the pall of abortion and euthanasia over the country.

The doctor, that is, Dr Françoise Rabelais (1494-1553) who said, 'Science without conscience is the death of the soul' got it awesomely right.

Go ScoMo

Prime Minister Scott Morrison set a new standard of success for Australian leaders at the White House – a considerable achievement, also intrinsic to other addresses

such as No 10 Downing Street, the Elysée Palace, the Bundeskanzleramt, the Kremlin and the Vatican.

It gave Morrison an extra degree of knowledge in confronting yet another crisis: his host President Donald Trump pulling US forces (as promised) from Syria and President Recep Tayyip Erdogan of Turkey threatening a flood of refugees while inserting military forces to the detriment (again) of the Kurdish people.

If anything Morrison surpassed his Trump duet at the White House with his solo at the United Nations General Assembly. There he raised the ticklish (but not laughable) question: is China a developing or developed nation?

This remains a matter of dispute on the World Bank scale that less than a \$12,000 a year average income constitutes developing.

So much for the notion that China in the year marking the 70th anniversary of its Communist Revolution would wish to celebrate

its developed status as proof of its dynamic ideology and as an offset to Hong Kong protests.

Saving face, however, would seem to be less important than the economic benefits intrinsic to the status of developing.

Oh, what a difference a present participle makes – a possible subject for university Chinese Studies!

In giving a good account of himself at the United Nations, Morrison also gave a good account of Australia on what is now called climate change.

The Failure of the Modern World

THE MIDDLE AGES sought to erect, through the Holy Empire, a fortress for God on earth. Today the poor and the oppressed are setting out for the society founded on justice and fraternity. To have awakened and then betrayed such a hope is a measure of the failure of the modern world. It would be a worse failure to renounce this hope, and to seek to uproot it from men's hearts.

- Jacques Maritan, *Christianisme et démocratie*, New York: Edition de la Maison Française, 1943, quoted in *The Social and Political Philosophy of Jacques Maritain*, ed. Joseph Evans and Leo Ward, Image Books, 1965, pp.186-87.



Surprisingly the ABC's *News Breakfast* gave a decent Vegemite spread of what he said, against the tendency across television to cut verbatim and use vision as background for a correspondent's commentary or reportage.

Despite Morrison's cogency on climate there remains a tendency to exaggerate what Australia can in fact do. After all it is an island, continental nation and smaller island nations such as those of the Pacific or even of the Atlantic take their view from this.

Even Australia's own inhabitants tend to over-factor its size despite the judgment of Chief Scientist, Alan Finkel that nothing Australia can do makes a difference.

The bug in the equation is per capita by which Australia is deemed to be relatively a worse polluter than it is in absolute terms.

Per capita did not figure during the earliest days of the debate on global warming (as it then was). Who introduced it? Certainly it had general currency re World War I casualties, Australia's being the 'highest per capita'.

Does this justify its use in the climate debate? Other nations, not least China and India, measure emissions absolutely, that is, by empirically scientific standards. Per capita puts Australia into a realm beyond Disraeli's, 'Lies, damned lies and statistics.'

From other times, not the Pleistocene but the Flannery Era, your correspondent recalls predictions that the ocean would lap at the terraces of Woollahra, Sydney.

He himself was living higher up in Bellevue Hill. His rental habitat included a timber deck axable into a Murray Family Robinson raft, the crucial question being whether curtains or bed sheets would make the best sails for a voyage to Mount Kosciuszko.

Climate change is not funny? Agreed. The weather has always been a serious topic. But maybe a smile is better than children's distress and more rational than adults rioting in an Extinction Rebellion.

Pie eyed

The above was written before the meaty pie of the Alexander Downer-George Papadopoulos wine-bar rendezvous hit Prime Minister Morrison.

Yes, an old pie hot-sauced, subject of a phone call from President Trump asking that it be investigated – a plea that PM Morrison did not refuse his host in waiting.

With impeachment in the air, conspiracy theorists competed with fantasists. The reality? Trump has transferred to the White House the

biznik practice of doing favours and calling in favours, an exchange not unknown in traditional diplomacy but civilized through *ex gratia*, *détente*, *entente*, *démarche*, *aide-mémoire* and *modus vivendi*.

Trump's ways are crazy like a fox random. Perish the thought that he ever conflates the wine-bar rendezvous with the Saddam Hussein-Australian Wheat Board scandal, a Downer ministerial responsibility of which US authorities took a stricter view than the Australian courts eventually did.

What sticks in mind is that Downer had a gin and tonic with Papadopoulos. Can this be the Downer who held a family seat in South Australia, one of the world's great wine regions?

Couldn't he have shared a bottle from the Barossa, Clare Valley or McLaren Vale? Or, carrying a bottle of Australia House Grange Hermitage, met Papadopoulos on the trad spy rendezvous: a bench in St James's Park.

Having lived in South Kensington your correspondent double-checked the rendezvous. It would seem to be The Kensington Wine Rooms in Church Street, a locale of antique shops and the beautiful church of Our Lady of Mount Carmel and St Simon Stock where Princess Diana cherished the illusion she could re-marry.

Reality ads

Amid fiery comment-counter-comment about Fake News (Trumpery?), one related industry remains immune: the Advertising Industry. Yet its agencies are responsible for a plethora of fakery on what we eat, drink, wear and think.

The latter included its long depiction of the Big Four Banks as beneficent. Now it includes the Westpac one-minute weepie, *The Baker of Beirut* and the NAB *More than Money* campaign.

Post the Hayne Royal Commission, these are designed to leave the banks unabashed despite a refusal to pass on the Reserve Bank's full interest rate cut.

The banks justify the refusal on the basis that their first duty is to their shareholders. True. But the Commission's modified financial metric rules do not kick in until 2020. Bank executives appear to be making final hay under the old sunshine metric.

The headline figure of the loose change involved was \$14 billion (Michael Roddan, *The Australian*, Oct 7).

One possible explanation for Advertising's immunity is the ABC *Gruen*. This highly ingenious show, brainchild of the Andrew Denton team, is promoted as unpicking the dark arts of advertising.



Well, yes. But it also re-stitches them through the charm of its resident admen, Russel Howcroft and Todd Sampson, occasionally perturbed by the acerbic comedian-anchor Will Anderson.

In another part of its schedule, *Breakfast News*, the ABC plays host to a variety of non-staff, financial experts duly identified but without reference to the extent they are in the market.

The ABC's evening bird of finance, Alan Kohler, is as puzzling a high-flyer as a Great Auk. Identified in *The Australian* as editor-in-chief of InvestSmart.com.au, he is not so identified on the national broadcaster.

Kohler, once leading hand on *Business Spectator* (sold to News Corp for \$30 million in 2012), can be seen as part of convergence which has not finished with ex-Treasurer, Panjandrum Peter (Dollar Sweets) Costello's Nine Entertainment News or CBS Ten television.

Under the ABC charter, the question of the extent to which convergence serves the public interest vis-a-vis private interests is of crucial importance.

The *Media Watch* team and its anchor Paul Barry do their best to provide corrective insights. Is it enough? More time would help.

Cameron's charge

Excerpts in *The Australian* from UK PM Emeritus David Cameron's memoir, *For the Record*, indicated that the confrontation between adversarial English Common Law and EEC Law (based on Inquisitorial, truth-seeking law) has been of more importance than hitherto reported.

The major first impact? The Supreme Court, at the instance of Labour leader Tony Blair, displaced the Law Lords (intrinsic to the Westminster Parliamentary System).

The impact continues. Members of this court, like their Common Law counterparts in the United States, tend to be pro-active, a tendency

that led to the judgment that Prime Minister Boris Johnson's proroguing of parliament was illegal.

In assessing Johnson's counter-offensive it would be a great man too far to compare him to Turkey's Kemal Ataturk, set on the path to reform by a Dominican who recommended a reading of Enlightenment texts as a prelude to the New Testament.

But in his proroguing of Parliament, Johnson did evince a flash of Cromwellian zealotry, specifically that of Colonel Thomas Pride, famed for his Purge of the Rump Parliament.

This not to imply that Johnson's nonchalance over the fate off All Ireland in any way resembles the Lord Protector of England, Oliver Cromwell's order 'And no quarter!' at the Siege of Drogheda in 1649.

What is in play, however, is a factor mentioned here earlier: judges assuming a role akin to the Guardians of Plato's Republic.

Non compos

The sub-title of the ABC *Compass* programme – *What now for Catholics?* (Sept 29) – indicated its frailty: lack of context. Abuse of children is a heinous part of the human condition. It is even a tradition of certain cultures, a desired legal objective of paedophile groups, a multi-million dollar pornographic industry and not unknown in showbiz from Hollywood to the BBC, matrix of the ABC.

Geraldine Doogue, a Catholic, who anchored the programme made no attempt to delineate this context. Nor did the usually incisive Archbishop Coleridge, chair of

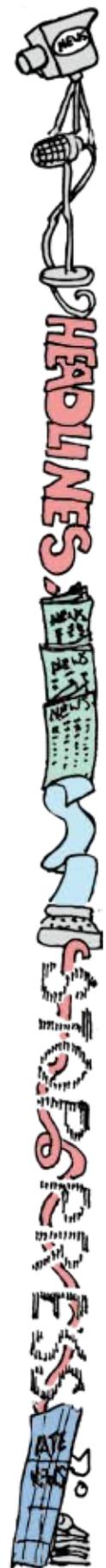
the Australian Bishops Conference. Responding to a Doogue leading question 'So do you see the Church hovering between life and death', he said: 'I absolutely do and I said as much to Pope Francis when we met.'

Francis Sullivan, a clarifying defender of the Catholic health system, and the chosen spokesman on the abuse question, talked of women deacons and more understanding for 'people of same sex attraction' without explaining how these connected to the topic under discussion.

St Peter and the Church: a Protestant View

IN THE FIRST place it would appear that the majority of those Christians, whom for the sake of convenience we may describe as non-papal, have not usually given sufficient weight to the evidence of Holy Scripture, in virtue of which it may be held that a somewhat exceptional place was assigned to the Apostle St. Peter in the divine scheme for the constitution of the Christian Church. We do not believe real justice to that scheme can be done, so long as it is denied that both in teaching and in administration it was St. Peter's voice which was meant to possess a real authority; that he was head of the Church in the sense of being its absolute Sovereign.

– *The Church and the Papacy*, Trevor Gervase Jalland, London, 1944, p.542. The author was a respected non-Catholic historian.





Okay, producer Mark Edmondson had less than 30 minutes of running time but a sketch of context would've taken no more than a minute.

In his final report on the Institutional Response to Child Sexual Abuse the Chief Commissioner Peter McClellan did try to put the Catholic Church's situation in context. On *Compass* his colleague Robert Fitzgerald failed to follow suit, say by pointing out that most of such abuse occurs in family circumstances.

Journalism's Tip of the Iceberg coverage has largely prevailed, this despite PM Emeritus Julia Gillard's framing the commission's terms of reference to avoid it.

The programme did make reference to the importance of next year's Plenary Council in Australia. The topic of Institutional Child Abuse will surely be aired. If done without context, it will be a further nullity.

To discuss without context is to ignore entomologist Dr Alfred Kinsey's thesis that any child sexuality veto is a social construct. The thesis influenced the libertarian Sixties. Did the Sixties ethos in turn interact negatively with the *aggiornamento* of Vatican II to the detriment of Christ's millstone judgment on anyone who scandalised a little one?

Pot black

The passage of legislation in the Australian Capital Territory decriminalising personal use of marijuana has been hailed as progressive. Fair enough – if that means progress to chaos given that Federal law forbids its use.

The Labor MP who pushed the act, Michael Petterson, a non-user, did so on the basis that Australians should have rights similar to the citizens of other countries, notably some States of the USA.

Short and sweet? Not necessarily, the more freedom for marijuana use the more opportunity for its industrialisation. Tobacco started as drug of personal use among Native Americans and was taken up by European colonists.

Over time, as with alcohol also originally a folk product, tobacco became a vast international industry, still fighting a rearguard action against those who would totally ban it for its carcinogenic effects and their health costs.

Whether the latter are covered by revenue, excises or taxes is moot.

Now events have been set in train that could lead to the widespread use of a drug with psychogenetic effects, known to US hoboes back in the 1920-30s who called it loco-weed. Sixties hippies also knew of these side effects.

International scientific studies confirm them. Adding them to the way we live is to opt for the ill effects that take your fancy.

This is may be called progress, it is in fact anarchy (which has its advocates).

Fletcher target

Every federal-parliament intake has a potential Prime Minister. The odds shorten with the bestowal of Cabinet rank. Paul Fletcher, Minister for Communications and the Arts is in this position.

His ministries give Fletcher oversight of a broad spectrum of high art – grand opera, ballet, music, literature – and of media which promotes and enhances them all while keeping the public informed.

If the ABC, SBS and their future are the pinnacle of Fletcher's challenge, Australia Post is its foothills.

Paradoxically, however, it is the latter that provides Fletcher with the opportunity to display the kind of ability that makes prime ministers: deploying one portfolio to aid another.

In this case it would be Australia Post aiding literature through a re-introduction of special postal rates for printed matter including newspapers magazines and books.

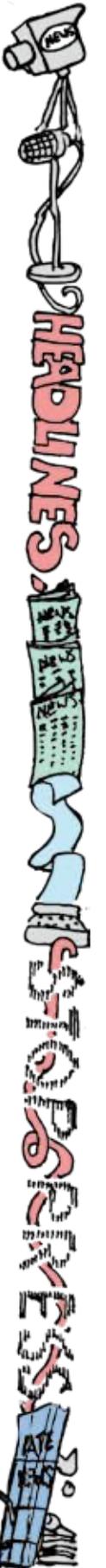
Too costly? Now that Australia Post, under its newish CEO Christine Holgate, has reasserted itself as a savings bank there should be additional revenue to offset against any postage loss.

The matter is close to the interests of *Annals Australasia* – too close. Postal costs were a significant factor in the decision to close the magazine after 130 years.

That is a period which takes us back to 1888, Centenary of the First Fleet Arrival, and *de facto* the foundation of Australia so named on the basis of *Terra Australis del Santo Spiritu* – the South Land of the Holy Spirit – as recalled in James McAuley's epic, *Terra Australis*.

In times to come, historians will get a bioptic view of Australia by scanning archival copies of *The Bulletin* and *Annals*.

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Publication used to be a mark of academic achievement. Now success in receiving funding is deemed more important. The emphasis has shifted from evidence of work produced to evidence of money received.

CAMPUS TRAGEDY

By Michael Wilding



THE SYSTEMATIC degradation of the universities has now been continuing for forty years. It began at the end of the 1970s with the election of Margaret Thatcher in Britain and Ronald Reagan in the USA. Australia dutifully followed suit. The policies were a mixture of reprisals for the radical political activism of the 1960s and 70s, and the systematic replacement of public and state ownership by privatisation.

Funding for the Arts – History, English, Philosophy etc – was drastically reduced since it was perceived that the protests had developed from those areas. Vocational courses were introduced in keeping with the new market economy business model. Staff were pressured to take early retirement. Those who remained found that the safeguards of the traditional concept of academic freedom were being removed. Tenure was steadily abolished. New appointments and promotions began to be made for a fixed term contract. If you said or wrote something deemed to be unacceptable – and the list of the unacceptable has grown rapidly – you were likely to find yourself out of a job at the end of your contract.

Then it was decided that too few students went to university. In the 1950s and 1960s around five per cent of the eligible population went to university. The new aim was

exceed fifty per cent. This was easily achieved by deciding that colleges of advanced education, institutes of technology, teachers' colleges, art schools, nursing colleges should all become universities, either by changing their name or by merging with existing universities.

These institutions had been primarily vocational. Their staff were often drawn from people who had had experience in industry, marketing, media and so on, and could impart practical experience. They had a higher teaching load than university staff, but they were

not expected to undertake research. These institutions had generally functioned well and their students were engaged with the practical and vocational orientation of their courses.

But the more abstract and theoretical nature of university courses was not something that has engaged the vastly increased number of students. Especially as most of them are struggling to hold down jobs, and to fit their courses into spaces in their employment schedule.

As a result, the traditional university courses have been dumbed down and reoriented. Foreign language courses withered away and in many cases perished. The classics of ancient Greece and Rome were taught in translation, insofar as they were taught at all. The number of characters a student of Chinese was expected to learn was halved. Indian studies shifted from historical and cultural studies to a business studies orientation. English courses withered away; exposure to works of literature was drastically reduced, as critical theory, creative writing and other developments occupied the syllabus space, while communications and media studies, despite having little credibility in media industries, further drew away traditional students.

Other factors came into play. During the 1960s there had been two federal funding bodies for academic research in Australia, one for the arts and one for sciences.

Pol Pot and Stalin

ANOTHER THOUGHT-PROVOKING testimony is provided by one of his [Pol Pot's] oldest companions, his brother-in-law Ieng Sary, who later accused him of megalomania: 'Pol Pot thought he was an incomparable genius in military and economic affairs, in hygiene, in song-writing, in music and dance, in cookery, in fashion, and in everything else, even in the art of lying. Pol Pot thought that he was above everyone else on the whole planet. He was a god on Earth. This portrait bears a remarkable similarity to certain portraits of Stalin.'

– *The Black Book of Communism*,
Stephane Courtois et alii, Harvard
University Press, 1999, p.630

The marked difference between them was that grants for the arts were modest. The arts researcher typically asked for no more than \$10,000 for some research assistance, for typing, for travel. The science grants were in the hundreds of thousands of dollars to support equipment and teams of research assistants.

It was a system that functioned well. Then the two funding bodies were merged and funding became pretty well entirely on the scientific scale. Grants of hundreds of thousands of dollars were available for the arts, small grants were no longer the model. This was wasteful enough but worse was to follow. A new concept of 'teaching relief' was introduced, allowing grant recipients to use research funds to hire someone to do their teaching for them.

One justification for research funding in the arts was that the discoveries made during research fed back into teaching, ensuring teaching was of a high quality and at the cutting edge of knowledge. Now, to adapt the old saying, as for teaching, our servants shall do that for us. And these servants hired to do the teaching were all employed as part time, casual staff.

They were paid around \$50 an hour during teaching term; during vacations they had to apply for welfare. While the grant recipients swanned around and never saw a student, let alone imparted any knowledge. The university administrators saw these research funds as a source of finance. They appointed further administrators, on high salaries, who coached academics in how to apply for research grants.

People who had acquired funding were made into 'distinguished research professors' on five year contracts. They moved from campus to campus and grant to grant, doing no teaching.

And much of the time no research conclusions were ever published. The scandal of this has never been exposed, but

The Pope's Cat

MY COMPANION is a large grey and red cat, banded with black. He was born in the Vatican, in the loggia of Raphael. Leo the Twelfth reared him on a fold of his white robe, where I used to look at him with envy when, as ambassador, I received my audiences. The successor of Saint Peter being dead, I inherited the bereaved animal. He is called Micetto, and surnamed 'the Pope's cat,' enjoying in that regard much consideration from pious souls. I endeavour to soften his exile and help him to forget the Sistine Chapel, and the vast dome of Saint Angelo, where far from earth, he was wont to take his daily promenade.

— Francois Auguste Chateaubriand (1768-1848): *Memoirs*. He obtained the Pope's cat as a pet when he was French Ambassador to Rome from 1828-1829.

thousands upon thousands of tax-payers' dollars were handed out with nothing to show for it in return. The universities took their cut of the funds, the distinguished professors took their salaries, but all too often nothing was published.

When a senior academic I knew tried to research into how the Australian Research Council awarded grants, he found it was impossible. All records of unsuccessful applications had been destroyed. There was no way of assessing the assessors and of examining the so called peer reviewing process. Nonetheless, the process continues. Publication used to be a mark of academic achievement. Now success in receiving funding is deemed more important. The emphasis has shifted from evidence of work produced to evidence of money received.

This is part of the shift to a business model. The universities

have spent millions of dollars hiring management consultants to restructure them from their original religious and cultural foundations to corporatized machines for making money.

Vice-chancellors now call themselves CEOs and are given grotesquely large salaries – \$1,800,00 a year plus bonuses at the University of Sydney. Bonuses! Gratifyingly, quite a few of them have been dismissed for plagiarism and other corrupt behaviour. And the number of administrators, paid far more than teaching staff, has proliferated absurdly.

One of the consequences of the merger of universities with art schools, nursing colleges, agricultural colleges and the rest, was that the heads of those institutions were all given highly paid administrative titles in the expanded university. Where there used to be a vice-chancellor and a deputy, now there are a dozen or more deputy vice-chancellors. They all seem to get sabbatical leave though rarely have any of them done any significant academic work. But this is just part of the insane growth of the administrative bureaucracies in the universities.

When I first taught at the university of Sydney there used to be one administrator for every twelve members of the teaching staff. Now fewer than fifty per cent of university staff are actually involved in teaching.

And now over forty per cent of students are foreign students, The universities have made themselves dependent on foreign students. They are now the economic base of the operation. Forget providing a cultural context and education for Australian students. The universities have become part of an immigration racket. Student visas allow residency, the opportunity to provide cut-price work, and the chance of citizenship. Some of the recruitment agencies that find overseas students not only receive a large finding fee but are also involved in the construction



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industry, building, renting and selling student apartments. This has nothing to do with education.

Indeed, it is the antithesis of education. In order to cater for the influx of foreign students, standards have been dropped, indeed abandoned. Most of the top rank of foreign students go to the USA or UK or Europe. Australia caters for the generally less able ones. And caters for them by lowering, or abandoning, standards. There are endless, authenticated stories of academics being instructed not to fail foreign students: they have paid their fees, they must be passed. Academics who attempt to maintain standards are overruled and disciplined.

Back at the beginning of the century when I published my *Academia Nuts*, I felt I had recorded the university in decline. In a comic way, of course. Campus farce. 'Unmistakeably the last waltz,' the *Times Higher Educational Supplement* called it. But 'tis not the end when we can say, this is the end.' The decline had a lot further to go. Now my portrait of an institution in decline looks quite idyllic compared with the current state of the universities.

My former colleague Professor Barry Spurr has written a searing indictment of the way things are now in what remains of the arts in the universities. The list of issues I have raised above is a mere fraction of the overall collapse, and Professor Spurr offers as many further examples again in a new book edited by William O. Coleman, *Campus Meltdown: the Deepening Crisis in Australian Universities* (Connor Court).

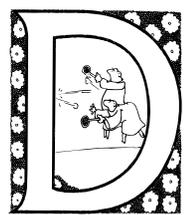
In fourteen chapters the contributors cover the range of university disciplines and the multitude of policy failures enacted. Tragedy rather than farce is the prevailing note.

MICHAEL WILDING is emeritus professor of English and Australian Literature at the University of Sydney. His latest book is *Wild About Books: Essays on Books and Writing* (Australian Scholarly Publishing, \$39.95).

Philosophy has always underpinned science and if philosophy becomes corrupted then eventually science will follow.

MAKING UP ONE'S OWN TRUTH

By Edmond O'Donovan



DURING MY somewhat uninspiring six years at University, one of the few really thought-provoking events I attended was a talk given by Stanley Jaki, a Benedictine Monk and a Cosmologist. The talk was given informally to the students at St John's College, within the University of Sydney, and entitled "From God to Science and Back Again."

The first part of the talk presented the idea that Christian Philosophy laid the foundation for the development of the physical sciences. While this is an unpopular idea to present in this day and age, it certainly hung together as far as I was concerned. The thrust of the argument was that while the general public regard people like Newton and Galileo as great scientists, they forget that they were, before everything else, devout Christians. Newton for instance spent more time writing on Theology than he did on Natural Philosophy, the term then used to describe what we now call Physics.

One of Newton's greatest achievements was the development of the "Universal" Law of Gravitation. It was "Universal" because it demonstrated that the

same laws govern the motions of things on earth as well as the moon, planets and other heavenly bodies.

This key development provided a basis for the expansion of the physical sciences. Before Newton's time, the general ideas of the universe came from the Greeks who had proposed that the laws

separation of the heavens and earth was not consistent with the mounting body of observed evidence. However, to conclude that the same laws might be governing the heavens and the earth meant that they would have to accept that the Greeks were wrong. This was no small ask.

The astounding thing that Dr Jaki was driving at was that the basis for rejecting the Greek approach had been laid down more than 1000 years earlier at the Council of Nicaea in 325AD. The key idea that heaven and earth came from the same origin was included in the Nicene Creed and expressed as "God, the Father Almighty, Creator of Heaven and Earth, of all things visible and invisible."

The Creed was regarded as an expression of universal truth by all Christians of the 17th Century and in this way, the unification of the laws governing the heavens and the earth was a natural extension of the prevailing Christian



philosophy. governing the heavens and the gods, were different from those that ruled the terrestrial domains.

The philosophers/astronomers of the 15th, 16th and 17th centuries gradually came to realise that this

philosophy.

There are a couple of important issues that need to be kept in mind when considering these developments. The people of the time believed absolutely that there

were fundamental truths. They were certain that the universe was ordered by God. These truths were founded in philosophy and theology as these were the premier fields of study at the time. Newton *et al* demonstrated that these truths could, over time, be discovered by man.

The confidence these people had in the existence of laws of nature came from a philosophical basis, and was as critical to scientific discoveries as any technical manipulations.

Following Newton's work, which confirmed that the heavens and earth were governed by the same laws, the search for an understanding of the fundamental order of the universe in all manner of fields could now progress with a general confidence that the answers to these puzzles could be found.

This process led to an explosion in scientific knowledge, and along with it the ability of man to control the world in which he lived. Over time however, the amazing advances in science led people to lose sight of the fact that the philosophy actually underpinned the science.

It is surprising for 21st century children to learn that until the early 19th century, people who studied in these areas were universally referred to as philosophers. The advance in scientific knowledge was accompanied by a general decline in both the status and the study of philosophy and theology. Over time these disciplines have been, at best, sidelined, and in many cases, corrupted beyond recognition.

In 1967 a number of American Catholic Universities and Colleges, with Notre Dame in the lead, issued the "Land O Lakes" declaration which essentially stated that, "To perform its teaching and research functions effectively, the Catholic university must have a true autonomy and academic freedom in the face of authority of whatever kind, lay or clerical, external to the academic community itself."

This is an astounding statement and implies that every institution

can find its own truths. When I first read this statement my immediate thought was "I hope they don't have an engineering faculty!"

All very well to make up your own theology, but best if we accept that the laws of physics are the same everywhere. The real areas where "freedom" was desired were of course in Theology and Philosophy, but you can't sensibly argue for it in one field and not another.

The idea that any autonomous academic community could make up its own truths really meant that these people did not believe that there were any fundamental truths. For if there were fundamental truths, any community that came up with a conflicting position would be wrong. If some of these institutions were wrong then someone might point that out. Then we would be back to the bad old days of "authority of whatever kind, lay or clerical, external to the academic community itself."

Once every external authority was dismissed, anyone could make up what ever they liked and all knowledge was just an opinion and all opinions were of equal merit. Post modernism had arrived.

The problem of course is where does all this lead and what happens if this muddle-headedness finds its way into other areas, particularly the physical sciences. Philosophy has always underpinned science and if philosophy becomes corrupted then eventually science will follow. Unfortunately I already see evidence of this. Mostly in small areas but they are increasing all the time.

The most striking example I have come across was some years ago. The company I worked for was staffed by some very talented people but for raw technical horsepower, one analyst stood out. He was perhaps the most brilliant mathematician I have ever met. He believed in as close to nothing as it is possible to get, and certainly did not believe that the universe was ordered by any external being.

The circumstances that led up to the event in question were that I had been to a mine site to carry out measurements on a piece of troublesome equipment. My employer had a theory as to what the problem was and I knew that the data that had been collected were not going to support the theory that he was convinced was correct. From previous experience I knew there would be acrimonious discussions about the testing methods, my competence and the general validity of the data. While wondering how I could avoid this unpleasantness, my friendly analyst came over to help. He also was well aware how unpleasant these discussions would be.

I explained my dilemma to him and, thinking it would be a great consolation, he came back with one of the most extraordinary statements I have ever heard. "Don't worry! I can fit any data to any theory!" While I had to be impressed with his data manipulation skills, the whole scenario depressed me greatly. The thought that one theory might be right and all the others wrong, and that we should try to find that correct theory, never entered his head.

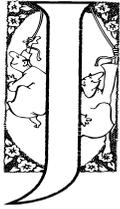
Over the years I have often wondered where we would be now if Newton & Co had adopted this approach. If there had been no underlying belief in the existence of fundamental truths, it is difficult to see why anyone would have looked for them or how there could have ever been a scientific or industrial revolution. It will be interesting to see where we go, now if all theories are equal and we have the expertise to "fit any data to any theory."

Edmond O'Donovan is a mechanical engineer who provides consulting services to the mining industry. He has a keen interest in Education and is a Trustee of Campion College, Australia's only Liberal Arts College. He lives in Brisbane with his wife and the younger three of his six children.

*Puzzling Happenings which can't be explained in a world
governed only by material and physical laws*

THE CASE OF THE SOLDIER'S GHOST

By Leslie Rumble, MSC



JOSEPH looked into Barbara's tear-filled eyes. At this last goodbye, she seemed more beautiful than ever; but, although he put a brave face on it, his heart was much heavier than any ordinary painting would warrant. For he had a presentiment that he would never set eyes on her again.

It was in the year 1943. In the August of that year Germany had reached the high-water mark of its Russian advance with the conquest of Stalingrad; but the tide had turned, and the German armies were now being driven back.

Joseph, an Austrian conscript in the Nazi military machine, had been granted leave after an already long period on active service. But now he had to return; and he was sure he would be sent to the Russian front, from which he felt he would never return.

Joseph Haresch was the son of a well-to-do farmer who lived in a small village not far from Linz, in Upper Austria. His father had valuable farm-lands which came almost to the outskirts of the village, and a fine house in which Barbara Heimer lived with the family as companion and help.

Barbara was a very good and pious girl, but deeply emotional; and when Farmer Haresch's second son Joseph has fallen in love with her the response of her own heart had caught up into it every fibre of her being and personality. Her mind became so completely attuned to his that his very moods became hers without any need on his part to explain how he felt.

The premonitions of the worried Joseph, therefore, made her almost as despondent as himself; and when he went, after a last embrace, it seemed as if her very soul had been rent in two, only half of her life remaining to her, the other half accompanying Joseph wherever he might be.

One night in November, 1943, all in the house were suddenly awakened by every door being noisily flung open, whilst in every room the electric light came on of its own accord.

The Way Home

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH is the exponent of reality. It is true. Its doctrines in matters large and small are statements of what is. This it is which the ultimate act of the intelligence accepts. This it is which the will deliberately confirms ... I affirm the sanctity, unity, the infallibility of the Catholic Church. By my very isolation do I affirm it, as a man in a desert knows that water is right for man; or as a wounded dog, not able to walk, yet knows the way home.

— Hilaire Belloc, from a letter he wrote to G.K. Chesterton on the latter's conversion to Catholicism. Quoted by Simon Leys [Pierre Ryckmans] in *The Angel and the Octopus*, Duffy and Snellgrove, Sydney, 1999, pp.187-188.

In the consternation which followed, the whole family having gathered in the living-room, Barbara told them all that Joseph was dead. She said that he had appeared to her but a moment or two ago. She also had been asleep, but the banging of the doors as they flew open and the coming on of the electric light had awakened her.

Although he had come in the dark, Joseph had seemed to linger on a few seconds after the light came on, and he had asked for her prayers. She could not mistake him. It was either Joseph or his ghost. So she had said a prayer for him, and then hastened to come to them.

Despatches later confirmed that Joseph had been killed on the Russian front at the exact hour of the apparition described by Barbara, together with the strange occurrences which all had experienced.

Barbara conscientiously offered her prayers daily for the repose of Joseph's soul; but from the moment of the first visitation he house seemed to have become permanently haunted. The most extraordinary things happened unpredictably, and apparently quite irrationally.

Glass and crockery utensils would suddenly hurl themselves from the table, yet invisible and ghostly hands seemed to catch them before they hit the floor, letting them down so gently that they were neither shattered nor had their contents spilled. Sometimes cupboards would be overturned, though again nothing in them would be broken.

At other times knocking on the walls would cause such a racket that

they could be heard in the house next door, which was some sixty feet away. Or brooms and other objects would take to flying in the air.

The parish priest, Father Wilhelm Pamitz (who sent a detailed report of all these happenings to the bishop) was called in, but even while he was blessing the house with holy water and reading the prayers of the ritual various objects flung themselves at him; and a knife which Barbara was holding was torn from her hand, falling to the floor at his feet.

In the end, the bishop advised that Barbara should leave the family and go elsewhere. She did so, securing a position with another household, and the weird phenomena completely ceased.

After a few months, early in 1944, Barbara returned. Father Pamitz was there on the day she came, and told her that the “haunting” was a thing of the past. Nothing at all had occurred during her absence.

“You’ll see,” she replied. Almost at once all the things described above began to happen again. Even as the priest was talking to her, he saw a basket lift itself from a nearby corner, sail out the window, and go rollicking across the yard. A broom came into the room, being pushed along by nobody, as if sweeping the floor.

The priest returned to his presbytery in bewilderment and came back to bless the house once more. But this made no difference, and the disturbances continued, causing great annoyance during the months that followed.

In July, 1944, however, Barbara announced she had had it made known to her – she did not, and perhaps could not, say how – that Joseph’s soul would be released from purgatory on 15th August next, the Feast of the Assumption, enter heaven, and thus attain to complete rest.

August the 15th came and went; but from that date onwards everything was quiet and no such disturbances ever again occurred.

“I am inclined to think,” wrote Abbot Wiesinger, a distinguished Cistercian theologian who had

specialised in psychic research and to whom Father Pamitz had sent a detailed account of the whole affair; “that Barbara herself – unconsciously – was the cause of it all. For here we have all the elements we expect to find when a ‘ghost’ is attached to a particular personality. She was naturally anxious about Joseph’s safety and by subconscious clairvoyance saw the hour of his death, the knowledge invading her consciousness as she was awakened from a vivid dream.”

It is not impossible, of course, that Joseph’s soul was permitted by God to manifest itself to her and appeal for prayers, besides causing the various disturbances. For as Professor Malfatti has said, in his *Menschenseele und Okkultismus*, p. 148: “There is no reason to suppose that the soul loses its ability to exert power over matter once it has left the body; after all, it remains even after death – such is its nature – the vital spiritual force of man.”

But I would add that the soul can thus act at times, even while united with the body, quite independently of the body; and it is possible that the subconscious areas of Barbara’s personality exercised queer psychic influences which she neither knew she possessed, nor recognised as her own.

It is significant that Joseph told her nothing about the war, and that all she attributed to him was in no way beyond the sphere of her own knowledge; also that during her absence from the house the phenomena ceased and did not occur in the other premises to which she went. She needed the environment associated with Joseph to inspire the strange outbreaks.

I would say, then, that all the weird phenomena were the result of the activities of her subconscious self, without any suspicion of this on her part. The opening of the doors, the turning on of the lights and all the senseless throwing around of the different objects were designed simply and solely to arrest attention.

Such things not infrequently happen in cases of hysteria. Moser

points out, in *Okkultismus*, p.845, that certain types of people associated with such happenings have been hypnotised and had suggested to them that such disturbances must cease, whereupon they have actually ceased.

In Barbara’s case, the belief that Joseph’s soul would be released from purgatory on 15th August through her prayers was strong enough to capture her subconscious, so that it ceased to be active and nothing occurred after that date.

I realise the immense difficulties to which my theory gives rise; but I am a great believer in treating everything as natural until the opposite is proved. Materialists, of course, could have no explanatory theory.

Despite all evidence for the fact, they would have to deny that such events ever occurred at all. But that is an attitude which it would be absurd to adopt. Perhaps this is another of life’s mysteries we are never likely to solve. Should prayers still be offered for the repose of Joseph’s soul? I would certainly say yes!

The names used in the above account – that is, of those involved in the incidents mentioned – are fictitious, except the Christian names of Joseph and Barbara. The documents were compiled in 1945, the still-living members of the family quite reasonably asking that they should not be identifiable. Their names appear in the records, therefore, merely under initial, as Joseph H., Barbara H., Father W.P., etc. But Abbot Alois Wiesinger, O.C.S.O., who was personally consulted in the case, vouches for its authenticity in his book “Occult Phenomena in the Light of Theology” (1957), pp.225-227.

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 ninth of his fourteen articles on psychic phenomena which first appeared in *Annals* in 1958. The remaining articles will appear in subsequent issues. *Next Month*: Who wrote on the slate?

Pavarotti

The titular surname sells this documentary. But who would've expected such a work about the Italian tenor to be directed by Ron (Happy Days) Howard?

Only those who do not realize as Howard did that you cannot fictionalize a character like Luciano Pavarotti. He was a one-off, born 1935, died 2007.

Howard has created a masterly swan song, selected warts and all, from his opening sequence: Pavarotti sailing up the Amazon to a jungle Opera House to the closing where he sings a plea for mercy intercut with a Requiem Mass in his birthplace, Modena.

As in Howard's previous documentary *The Beatles: Eight Days a Week*, the Pavarotti documentary abounds in hitherto unseen footage, featuring celebrities as diverse as Princess Diana, The Who, U2 and, pre-eminently, Pavarotti's companions in The Three Tenors (José Carrera and Plácido Domingo).

Through face-to-face interviews with Pavarotti's wife Adua Veroni (and daughters), Ron Howard deals tactfully with the tenor's marriage and its break-up involving a young assistant Nicoletta Mantovani.

This is documentary shading from grand opera to soap and if there has to be a manipulator it's Pavarotti's long-time impresario Herbert Breslin who delivered cascades of money.

Ron Howard, with writer Mark Monroe, cinematographers, Axel Baumann/Michael Dwyer and editor Paul Crowder, places Pavarotti in the great line of tenors beginning with Caruso and John McCormick. Thereby he raises a might've been: The Digitised Three Tenors (Caruso, McCormick, Pavarotti).

Pasta was Pavarotti's fuel, pasta, vino and all their accompaniments. Howard shows how much Pavarotti enjoyed them to such an extent you wonder why he didn't have an opera composed based on the Rabelais satire, *Gargantua and Pantagruel*. He could have played both parts

Parochial reservation. Although Pavarotti is filmed singing with Joan Sutherland, there is no exterior shot of the Sydney Opera House in a montage of the opera houses where he starred.

MOVIES

By James Murray

Summing up: a prodigal son returns to his father's house, his memorial, multiple charities.

M★★★★NFFV.

Judy

The performance of Renée Zellweger as Judy Garland is a diamond as big as the Ritz (pace F Scott Fitzgerald). Second thought: it's a black opal only such an opal has the requisite dark fire of pathos and shining talent.

Even a marvellous gem needs others to set it off. Director Rupert Goold provides them: Jessie (*Wild Rose*) Buckley mixes care with asperity as Rosalyn Wilder, charged with minding Garland who, as London swings, teeters between elation and despair.

Finn Wittrock is Mickey Deans who married Garland, hoping to save her career and failed. Rufus Sewell puts a razor edge on producer Sidney Luft, one of Garland's five husbands, fighting with her over custody of their children Lorna and Joey (Bella Ramsey and Lewin Lloyd).

In flashbacks to Hollywood, the prodigy Mickey Rooney (Gus Barry)

appears with Garland (Darci Shaw). Their scenes show how the child star (born Frances Gumm) who captivated the world in *The Wizard of Oz* was on a diet-pill regime ordered by producer Louis B Mayer (Richard Cordery in menace, not jolly, mode).

Goold and scriptwriter Tom Edge (working from Peter Quilter's *End of the Rainbow*) restrict the main time frame to 1968 and the Garland appearances at London's The Talk of the Town nightclub, run by Bernard Delfont (Michael Gambon).

The Garland songs as re-interpreted by Zellweger are paramount. In particular *Over the Rainbow* gets a new twist thanks to a couple of devoted fans, Burt and Askith (Royce Pierreson and Arthur McBain).

There's only vestigial reference to Liza Minnelli (Gemma-Leah Devereaux), a daughter of the Garland marriage to Vincente Minnelli, the great director of the classic *An American in Paris* (1957) and of the Garland movies *Meet Me in St Louis* (1944) and *The Pirate* (1948).

This suggests another bio-pic: Renée Zellweger in a magnificent double as Liza Minnelli with the possibility of an Oscar to add to a *Judy* Oscar and her Oscar for *Chicago* (2003).

M★★★★NFFV.

Joker

Director Todd Phillips is known for farces such as *Hangover* (I, II, III). Here, with co-writer Scott Silver and co-producer Bradley Cooper, he adds psychopathy and horrific gore to the mix.

The result is a long (122 minutes) dance of death in which Joaquin Phoenix demonstrates his protean talent as Arthur Fleck, the Joker of the title plus a plethora of Gotham City movies, not least Christopher Nolan's *The Dark Knight* (2008) starring Heath Ledger as The Joker.

Arthur Fleck earns a living in a commune of street clowns and lives with his mother Penny (Frances Conroy) in an apartment where (for this relief, much thanks) Phillips spares us the cobwebs.

Their neighbour is a winsome, single mother, Zazie Beetz (Sophie Dumond) whose romance with Fleck leads him deeper into his past, made

Official Classifications key

G: for general exhibition;
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announced

unutterably complex by Phillips and Silver as if to excuse his rampages.

It is a measure Phoenix's performance that he outguns (figuratively and literally) even Robert De Niro playing a mocking talk-show host Murray Franklin.

The derivative, not to say rancid, nature of the material may be why Phillips, his star and his crew decided to sauce it up.

It may also be worth remarking that *Joker* was the first live-action Comic Book film to receive a Motion Pictures of American R-rating for its violent and disturbing content, scarcely mitigated by a clip from a Charlie Chaplin silent movie.

It also won the Venice Film Festival's top Golden Lion Award. On a budget of \$55-60 million, it has reportedly returned \$234 million. Its Australian rating is below.

MA15+★NFFV.

Ad Astra

Using part of the motto *Per Ardua Ad Astra* – Through Hardships to the Stars – shared by the RAF the RAAF, RNZAF and RCAF makes for a challenging title.

Director James Gray with co-writer Ethan Gross does not stint on space exploration hardships in a future that has Moon and Mars colonies.

In Brad Pitt, Gray has an actor (and co-producer) with the ability to evince stoicism as Major Roy McBride assigned to find his father H Clifford McBride (Tommy Lee Jones).

Sixteen years earlier McBride senior led the Lima Project to find intelligent life forms in the solar systems, made it to the Mars space colony Neptune and disappeared.

The hardware is impressive. It must be said, however, with Apollo II realities still voyaging on screen, the fictional elements of *Ad Astra* give it aspects of *Flash Gordon*, *Star Trek* and *2001: A Space Odyssey*.

What does emerge as McBride searches for his father is that deep space is an incredibly hostile environment and the chances of making contact with intelligent life forms are remote.

Gray and Gross signal their skepticism: the closest McBride gets to an intelligent life form is an enraged

baboon, perhaps a jokey reference to the *Planet of the Apes* franchise.

Significantly the movie locks onto a fictional organization US Space Command (SpaceCom) not The National Aero Space Agency (NASA) whose budget does not allow of scepticism in relation to any aspect of space travel.

Running time 123 minutes. (*2001: A Space Odyssey*: 166 minutes).

M★★★NFFV.

The Goldfinch

Director John Crowley's melodrama is strictly for connoisseurs – connoisseurs of the kind of movie that starts with promising elements which by some weird alchemy turn leaden.

In this case Crowley and scriptwriter Peter Straughan began with Donna Tartt's Pulitzer Prize winning novel of the same title.

The star drive comes from Nicole Kidman, playing Samantha Barbour with the icy charm of a Popsicle, and Ansel Elgort as the adult Theo Decker for whom she cared after his mother Audrey (Hailey Wist) was killed in an art gallery terrorist act.

The main burden of the movie is carried by Oakes Fegley as the young Theo, survivor of the terrorist act and thief of the titular rare painting.

Finn Wolfhard shares the burden as young Theo's friend, Boris Pavlikovsky, a Ukrainian (played as an adult – and played brilliantly – by Aneurin Barnard).

The movie so replete with interesting characters you might be tempted to think of it as Woody Allen

Manhattan version of Jane Austen were it not for the extreme violence that marks the denouement.

Donna Tartt is a Catholic. She has written: '... Faith is vital to the process of making my work and in the reason I am driven to make it.' She added that writers should, 'shy from asserting those convictions directly in their work.'

It may be that Crowley and Straughan in following this have created a film that demonstrates the *taedium vitae*, melancholy, accidie born from lack of open faith, in this case exacerbated by 149 minutes of running time.

The Goldfinch is not alone in its boring eminence. *The Bonfire of the Vanities* (1990) is another example; it inspired Julie Salamon's, *The Devil's Candy: The Bonfire of the Vanities Goes to Hollywood*.

M★★NFFV.

Birds of Passage (Pajaros de verano)

Trafficking cocaine earned its practitioners the status enjoyed only by the biggest of businesses – banking, armaments, oil – the status of cartel, the most notorious being the one named after Medellin its city of origin in Colombia.

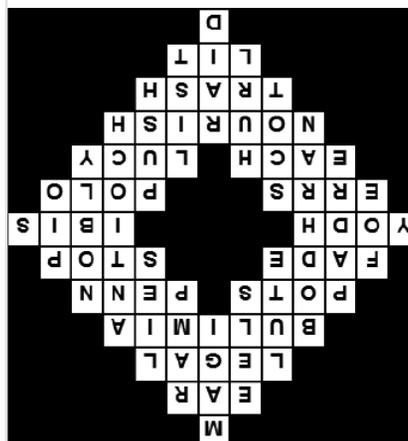
As directors Cristina Gallego and Ciro Guerra show with piercing vividness it was not a status enjoyed by the rural Wayuus of Colombia whose stock-in-trade during the 1960s-70s was marijuana.

Theirs was a cash-crop business. Scriptwriters Marie Camila Arias and Jacques Toulemonde Vidal describe it as intertwined with such family matters as dowries, betrothals, marriage and honour amid gory violence, divided folksong style into five cantos: Wild Grass, The Graves, Prosperity, The War, Limbo.

Carmina Martinez leads the cast as the matriarch Ursula who maintains her authority while others, cash-crazed, are intent on anarchy (with no Royal Commission in sight). Zaida, the calm Juliet of the piece is played by Natalie Reyes and José Acosta is Rapayet, her wilder suitor.

The film's pre-eminent feature is David Gallego's cinematography. He catches the desert terrain between

SOLUTION TO QUICK CROSSWORD NO. 111



sharp documentary and folklore romance.

Implicit in this film, as in others about drug trafficking, is the message: without end users prepared to pay high prices there's no trade. (See Media Matters).

MA15+★★★NFFV.

Blinded by the Light

Bruce Springsteen may seem an unlikely, bridge between East and West. That's his role, however, as a result of Safraz Manzoor's, *Greetings from Bury Park: Race, Religion and Rock-'n'-Roll*, its title a mix of a Springsteen album title and the author's ingenuity.

In co-operation with director Gurinder Chadh and co-writer Paul Mayeda, Manzoor has transmuted his book into the life of Anglo-Pakistani teenager Javed Khan (Viveik Kalra) who lives in Luton

with his parents Noor Khan (Meera Ganatra) and Malik Kahn (Kulvinder Ghir).

The movie's title is also the title of a Springsteen hit, and is used in the movie by Javed to illuminate his father's troubles – a problematical use to anyone who has sampled the Springsteen lyric.

The movie, as did Eddy Boyle's *Yesterday* with a selection of Beatles music, Gurinder Chadh's gives off a delicious whiff of curried nostalgia.

Running time: 117 minutes.

M★★★NFFV.

Abominable

The missing word of the title is 'Snowman'. In writing/directing her computer-generated adventure. Jill Culton was able to draw on a trove of science and legend about this creature also known as 'the yeti', still sought in remote regions such as the Himalayas and Siberia.

Culton simplifies and fictionalises. Teenager Yi, a violinist (voice, Chloe Bennet) encounters a stray Yeti on the rooftop of her Shanghai apartment block. Enlisting her friends Peng (Albert Tsai) and Jin (Tenzing Norgay Trainor), she decides to get the Yeti back to Everest.

Apart from the logistics, they have to deal with the villainous, rich collector Burnish (Eddie Izzard) and

the zoologist Dr Zara (Sarah Paulson).

All this in an exemplary 97-minutes of running time. Reservation: the Yeti doesn't look very amiable, possibly a scientific factor. Researchers describe an ape-like creature.

Coincidentally this year marks the 65th anniversary of *The Daily Mail* expedition to find a Himalayan yeti. The correspondent was Noel Barber.

Subsequently in 1956, on assignment in Morocco, Barber was stabbed five times and later the same year during the Hungarian Revolution was shot in the head by a Russian sentry. He wrote *Tanamara*, first of nine epic novels at 72 and died aged 79: the Admirable Go Man of Fleet Street.

G★★★SFFV.

Eulogy

Director Janine Hosking with co-writer Kate Grusovin takes the title of her documentary from the eulogy on virtuoso pianist Geoffrey Tozer delivered by PM Emeritus Paul Keating, his patron, at a memorial service in St Patrick's Cathedral in 2009.

Inspired by this – and it is Keating from the heart and hard head – the conductor Richard Gill undertook a journey of discovery into the life, and benighted death of the eight-year-old prodigy and De La Salle old boy whose adult musical and life-style eccentricities put him at odds with more orthodox authorities.

Running time: 103 minutes set to passages from Tozer's compositions.

M★★★NFFV.

Gemini Man

Brogan is a veteran, government assassin, rated the best in his black bag business. And Will Smith is an actor fit to play him as director Ang Lee shows in an opening sequence where Brogan, from a distant hillside, snipes a head of state on a speeding train.

Into peaceful retirement, Brogan finds himself under attack by a squad whose leader's lethal style uncannily resembles his own. He escapes with the help of Dani Zakarweski (Mary Elizabeth Winstead) and Baron (Benedict Wong) who stand by him as they run the gauntlet of computer-image mayhem.

Clive Owen at his most saturnine is Clay Varris, boss of the covert Gemini project contracted to clone killers of whom Brogan is a prototype, his Junior - Smith again result of computerized age reduction.

Scriptwriters David Benioff, Billy Ray and Darren Lemke contrive a surprise ending and it must be added Mary Elizabeth Winstead supplies a light, wry charm amid the shadows.

Running time: 117 minutes. Budget: \$138-158 million. Box office: \$15.1 million.

The movie has a history that illustrates Hollywood's vagaries. Originally conceived in 1997, the stars cast to play Brogan included Harrison Ford, Mel Gibson, Chris O'Donnell, Brad Pitt, Clint Eastwood and Sean Connery.

M★★★NFFV.

Hustlers

In 2015 Jessica Pressler, a contributing editor at *New York* magazine wrote an investigative piece, *The Hustlers at Scores* * on which writer/director Lorene Scafaria based her movie.

Had Scafaria opened with Pressler's fictional persona, Elizabeth, played with cool distinction by Julia Stiles, she might have had a work of more considerable substance.

As it is she goes for the undoubted star power of Jennifer Lopez in the role of Ramona Vega, a stripper but not of paint. Nor is her protégée, named Destiny, played by Constance Wu, who hustles reluctantly to help her grandma and child.

Others of similar bounteousness abound, their hustle being to drug and rook clients against the rules of the establishment, renamed Moves.

Slap-bang, shop-till-you-drop, pornographic flash trash sells. Running time: 110 minutes. Budget: \$20.1 million. Box office: \$114.8 million.

*Scores, a New York gentleman's club, is not unknown to Australian history. Labor politicians Kevin Rudd and Warren Snowdon visited the joint with *New York Post* editor Col Allen in 2003, long after the Scores strippers had done time and probation for their hustles.

MA15+★★NFFV.

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