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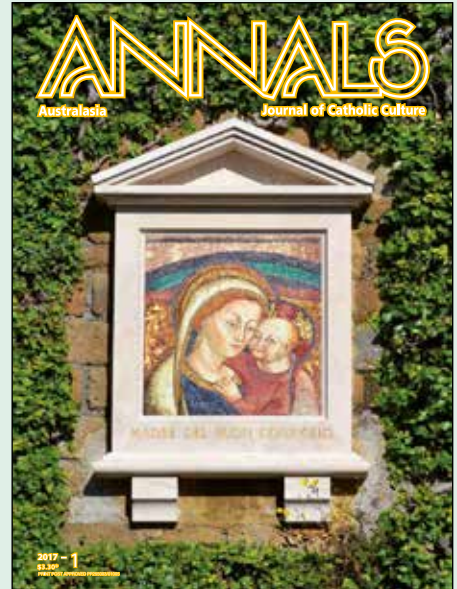
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Front Cover: An icon of Our Lady of Good Counsel, located in the Vatican Gardens, not far from the Torre San Giovanni, St John's Tower. This tower is one of 44 towers built by Pope Leo IV between AD 848-852, to guard St Peter's Basilica and the Vatican, after Muslim invaders sacked St Peter's, and St Paul's Outside the Walls, in AD 846. Our cover icon was placed in the garden and blessed by Pope Benedict XVI on July 9, 2009 and the little square in front of it was named 'Largo Madre del Buon Consiglio'. It is a faithful copy of an image that appeared in Genazzano, a hill-town south of Rome close to Palestrina, on April 25, 1467. At the hour of Vespers there was a crowd outside the church of the Mother of Good Counsel which was being restored, when suddenly the icon appeared on the wall. The original image lies on a thin layer of porcelain no thicker than egg shell. Pope Paul II [1417-1471] had the matter investigated and many Popes have prayed at the sanctuary, the last being Saint John Paul II on April 22, 1993.

Cover Photo: Paul Stenhouse MSC

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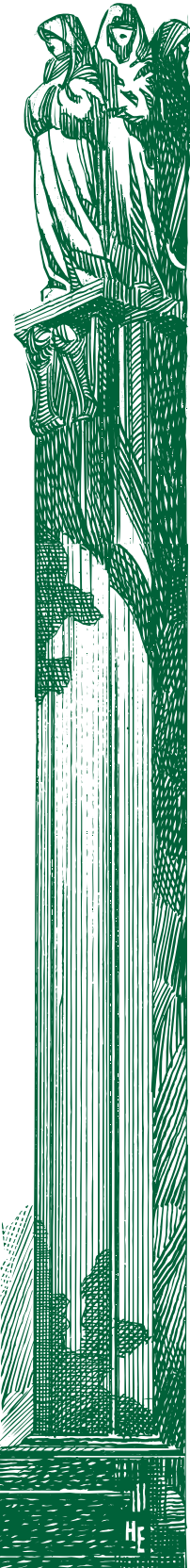
WHEN WE contemplate ourselves we are troubled ... when we contemplate God we are restored.

— St Bernard of Clairveaux, *De Diversis*, v. 4-5. From The Roman Breviary, 2nd reading at Matins, Wednesday in the 23rd Week of the Year.



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

CHILDREN OF THE LIGHT



THIS IS the day which David sang of in the Psalms: ‘All the nations you have made shall come and worship you, O Lord, and glorify your name;’ and again, ‘The Lord has made his salvation known; in the sight of the nations he has revealed his justice.’

This indeed we know to be taking place ever since the three Magi were called from their far-off land and were led by the star to recognize and worship the King of heaven and earth. And surely their worship of him exhorts us to imitation; that, as far as we can, we should be at the service of this grace which invites all people to Christ.

You ought to help one another, dearly-beloved, in this zeal, so that in the kingdom of God, which is reached by right faith and good works, you may shine as children of the light, through our Lord Jesus Christ, who lives and reigns with God the Father and the Holy Spirit for ever and ever. Amen.

– Pope St Leo the Great [c.400-461 AD]. The three concluding paragraphs from his Sermon III for the Feast of the Epiphany. See *The Roman Breviary*, second Reading from Matins for the Feast of the Epiphany. This sermon sets a fine example to priests. In its entirety it took just eleven minutes to deliver.

JOHN CARDINAL RIBAT, MSC



IN AN HISTORIC moment for the Catholic Church in Papua New Guinea, Pope Francis has named the Archbishop of Port Moresby as the nation's first locally-born cardinal and the first cardinal from the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart (MSC). Together with the Daughters of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart (OLSH), the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart were the first Catholic missionaries to evangelise the people of Papua New Guinea in the late 19th century.

The Most Reverend Archbishop John Ribat MSC was one of 17 new cardinals appointed by Pope Francis on October 19, 2016. Also on the list of 17 were archbishops from Bangladesh, the Central African Republic, Venezuela, Mexico, Mauritius and Malaysia. Among the new cardinals is a priest from the archdiocese of Shkodër-Pult, Albania.

Born at Volavolo in East New Britain Province in 1957, Archbishop Ribat came from a family of nine children of whom eight are still living. He was ordained priest in 1985 and worked for a time as a priest in the diocese of Bereina before becoming Novice Master in Rabaul and in Fiji for the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart from 1993 to 2000.

In 2000 he was consecrated auxiliary bishop of Bereina, and on February 11, he

became bishop of that diocese. On April 5, 2008, he was installed as 5th Archbishop of Port Moresby.

We join in congratulating Archbishop Ribat and the Catholic Church in PNG on this major milestone.

The Bishop of Bereina, the Most Reverend Rochus Tatamai said the Pope's decision to promote a Papua New Guinean to the dignity of cardinal was a great step forward for the local Catholic Church on the global stage.

Bishop Rochus said he hoped the move would help encourage more young Papua New Guineans to consider a religious vocation. "We need many more young men and women to answer and respond positively to God's invitation as a wonderful blessing and call to priesthood and religious life," Bishop Rochus said.

"Let us pray for more vocations to all states of life that from committed faith-filled families will come forth committed single people as well as committed men and women consecrated to God and his mystical body, His Church in the world today and into the future."

- See the website of the Daughters of our Lady of the Sacred Heart, <http://www.olshaustralia.org.au/index.php/news/item/159-congratulations-john-cardinal-ribat-msc-papua-new-guinea-s-first-cardinal>



Lebanese President MICHEL NAIM AOUN

LEBANON HOLDS THE KEY TO ITS FUTURE

By Paul Stenhouse



VISIT TO Syria and Lebanon in 1975 that coincided with the commencement of hostilities in Lebanon in April that year led to my writing an article – ‘Lebanon: civil war or invasion?’ – on the background to the fighting. It appeared in Sydney’s *Financial Review*, on January 28, 1976.

It was written in response to an earlier piece in the same paper, ‘Outsiders hold Key to Lebanon’s Future,’ and it provoked swift and negative reaction from various Arabic language newspapers of the day – now defunct – that were pro-Syrian or pro-Palestinian.

Despite the flak it provoked, over the ensuing years, that article proved to be the first of many others that would try to set the record straight and to expose the ignorance, the self-interest and spin, the half-truths and downright lies that too often characterise much of media coverage of Middle Eastern politics and life.

Over that time, political analysts and op-ed writers who should have known better, not only questioned little Lebanon’s chance of survival, but even its right to survive.

On one occasion in the early 1980s outside a recording studio in Sydney, an ‘expert’ analyst challenged my defence of Lebanon’s

right to exist as an independent State, saying ‘If a country isn’t able to defend itself militarily then its sovereignty is forfeit to any more powerful neighbour.’

‘Where does this leave the majority of Sovereign States including Australia,’ I asked, ‘that may be viable nations, but are not “Great Powers,” and for whom war and military intervention are exceptional, not *normal* means of establishing or maintaining peaceful relations among neighbours in a civilised world?’

He hadn’t been impressed during our earlier on-air discussion, and



Michel Aoun, President of the Republic of Lebanon

he was still not impressed by claims that Lebanon had a future. Thirty seven years on, there are still people in the media peddling the same wares yet Lebanon continues to defy the pundits.

A disclaimer often included with reports of a country’s or a multi-national’s financial position, runs something like this: ‘Past performance is not a reliable indicator of future results.’

This *caveat* reflects the tentativeness of much that passes as accurate reporting in journals that allegedly keep abreast of investment and general economic matters.

It also smacks of the ambiguity that characterised answers given by the notoriously unreliable Delphic and other Oracles in ancient Greece. That said, I should like to apply this disclaimer to the current media coverage of the political situation in Lebanon.

The parlous state in which all Middle Eastern countries find themselves – whether the country in question be Syria, Iraq, Lebanon, Jordan, Israel, Iran, Saudi Arabia, Yemen and the Gulf States – is a given.

The situation may be grave, but that is no reason for people to lose hope. Yet across a sampling of the spectrum of world media, think-tanks and institutes, bloggers and twitterers, we find that gloom merchants

seem to predominate.

Among other things, they predict that ‘Israel’s Next War in Lebanon is a Matter of Time,’¹ they talk down the importance of ‘any’ new President for Lebanon,² as well as talking down the election of Michel Aoun as Lebanon’s 13th President,³ accusing him of ‘tailoring his message to suit Iran,’⁴ and of being a puppet of Hizballah Chairman Hassan Nasrallah.⁵

'Our' ABC's foreign correspondent Matt Brown assures us that Lebanon's new president Michel Aoun 'does not signal [the] start of a new era,' implying, one can be forgiven for assuming, 'more of the same'. Repeating the accepted wisdom of the moment, Brown reveals that Aoun's election is 'a win for Iran, a loss for Saudi Arabia'.⁶

According to Brown – and presumably the ABC – Lebanon's voters are 'ill-served,' and Lebanon, dismissed derisively as 'militia territory,' is, we are told, run by 'rival war-lords'.

Brown takes particular exception to the new President's calling for the return of Syrian refugees to Syria as soon as practicable.

Evidently Brown is unaware that Lebanon's area [10,452 km²] is smaller than the City of Sydney's [12,145 km²]. Her population in 2012 [4,822,000] was only marginally greater than Sydney's [4,667,283] in 2012.

In the wake of the bloody conflict raging in Syria since 2011, tiny Lebanon has accepted more than 1,000,000 displaced persons who have fled across her border. It was estimated that this figure would have reached 1,800,000 by the beginning of 2016⁷. Unofficial numbers go as high as 2,000,000.⁸

In addition she has more than 500,000 Palestinian refugees, up to 10,000 Iraqis, Iranians, Somalis and Sudanese as well as Egyptian Copts, and others who have fled Egypt in the wake of the 'Arab Spring'.⁹

By 2014 the government had spent more than US\$ eight billion that it could ill-afford, providing accommodation, food, medical services, and schooling in the case of children, for displaced persons from Syria and elsewhere without discriminating on grounds of race or religion.¹⁰

That this can't continue indefinitely should be obvious, even to the ABC which announced in May 2016¹¹ that the Federal Government's triennial \$3.1 billion base funding for the ABC



across television, radio and digital services, would continue with a cut of \$6.2 million for each of those three years. *Aunty's* funding would surely have had to be cut even more severely if Sydney had the more than \$1,000,000 refugees that Lebanon has to house, feed, hospitalise and educate.

Hostile media ridicule the Lebanese parliamentary system which takes into account the country's sectarian nature, that is, its religious make-up: Muslim [Shia 29%; Sunni 28%],¹² Christian [41%]¹³ and Druze. According to the Constitution, the President is Maronite [Catholic], the Prime Minister is Sunni and the Speaker of the House is Shia.

May I quote Robert Fisk who some years ago lamented the fact that '[a]s long as it is sectarian, Lebanon cannot become a modern state. The problem is that without being sectarian, Lebanon will no longer exist'.¹⁴

I disagree with his first assertion: In fact, one hopes that Lebanon *won't* become a modern state in the sense of a secular, irreligious, cynical, pseudo-democratic state, that 'is a machine,' with 'everything in it tied to the machine' – 'a civilization that runs on wheels' – as Khalil Gibran¹⁵ once described the U.S. and the West in a moment of homesickness for Lebanon. Is *not* becoming a modern State, really such a bad thing?

On the other hand, I agree with his second assertion: Lebanon's multi-confessional pluralistic society makes it unique in an Islamised

Middle East where religious and political freedom is either severely circumscribed, or non-existent.

If Lebanon is to flourish, and if Lebanese politicians and powerbrokers, religious and clan leaders, are to make themselves immune to manipulation by self-interested insiders and outsiders, they need to set aside their own interests and recognize the value of entering into some equivalent of President Aoun's *Memorandum of Understanding* that he entered into with Hizballah just after he came back from exile in 2006, with *all* parties in Lebanon.

To his credit, despite pettifogging critics and doomsayers, President Michel Aoun has set the standard. He has shown that it can be done.

'Wehda,' 'Unity,' – once part of the slogan of Syria's discredited Ba'ath Party – is reappearing in Lebanon.

Despite media pessimism, many in Lebanon and the Arab world also see the election of Michel Aoun as President of Lebanon, as a reason for optimism in the region, and possibly a sign that Saudi Arabia is losing interest in sponsoring political parties and political organizations in the Arab world. – and in particular Hariri's anti-Syrian *March 14 Alliance*.

That, at least, was the assessment of *Haaretz*, the Israeli Daily, on the day Michel Aoun was elected.¹⁶

1. Ari Shavit, *Haaretz*, July 14, 2016.
2. Kareem Chehayeb, 'What will a new president mean for Lebanon?' *Aljazeera* October 30, 2016.
3. Arab News, November 1, 2016, Siraj Wahab 'What Aoun's election means for Lebanon and the region'.
4. The Guardian, November 1, 2016, Martin Chulov 'Iran Ally Michel Aoun elected as president of Lebanon'.
5. Ynet News.com Smadar Perry October 29, 2016.
6. ABC News Analysis Matt Brown, Nov 1, 2016.
7. Lebanon, www.lazardassetmanagement.com.au/.../EmergingMarketsSovereign-Lebanon, January 13, 2016.
8. 'Political Attitudes Surrounding the Lebanese Presidency,' by Manuela Paraipan, *Al-Jazeera Centre for Studies*, April 28, 2014.
9. 2014 UNHCR country operations profile – Lebanon: <http://www.unhcr.org/pages/49e486676.html>
10. See Paul Stenhouse 'Lebanon A Phoenix Rising,' *Annals Australasia*, August 2014, p.3.
11. abc.net.au/news/2016-05-03/budget-2016-abc-facing-budget-cuts/7380570
12. 'Time to Talk Taif' *The Economist*, November 5, 2016.
13. Lebanon, www.lazardassetmanagement.com.au/.../EmergingMarketsSovereign-Lebanon, January 13, 2016.
14. 'Robert Fisk: Who is running Lebanon?' *The Independent*, December 15, 2006.
15. 'Kahlil Gibran of America,' by Dr Suheil Bushri: <http://www.alhewar.com/Gibran.html>
16. October 31, 2016: <http://www.haaretz.com/middle-east-news/1.750039>

Father Damian was not a contemporary secular humanist. He was equally concerned, perhaps even more concerned, by the leprosy of the soul conceding that sometimes he had to be harsh, threatening unrepentant sinners with eternal punishment.

ST DAMIAN OF MOLOKAI

By George Cardinal Pell



DOZEF DE VEUSTER was the seventh child and the fourth son of the Flemish corn merchant Joannes Franciscus de Veuster and Cato Wouters. He was born at Tremelo in the Flemish Brabant.

On January 3, 1840, he

entered the novitiate of the Congregation of the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary (PICPUS) in Leuven, and took the name of Brother Damian.

He is sometimes described as coming from peasant stock, but early drawings of him show a handsome and vigorous man likely to have a no-nonsense approach. Even by our standards he was big and strong. Because he lacked education, the authorities were hesitant to accept him as a candidate for the priesthood. However he knew his Latin well, learned from his brother and was of considerable intelligence. He prayed each day before a picture of St Francis Xavier, the patron of missionaries.

He only came to Hawaii by chance, replacing his brother Father Pamphile who was too ill to take the post. He arrived in Honolulu on the 19th

THIS ARTICLE was preached as a homily by Cardinal Pell on November 28, 2016 at the Holy Mass offered on the occasion of the unveiling and blessing of a window dedicated to St Damian of Molokai in St Patrick's Church, Soho, London.

March 1864 and was ordained there to the priesthood on May 21st 1864.

It seems that Chinese workers carried leprosy (also known as Hansen's disease) to Hawaii in the 1830s and 40s. It spread rapidly, was regarded as contagious and in 1865 the Hawaiian legislature

passed the 'Act to Prevent the Spread of Leprosy,' isolating lepers on the island of Molokai. Between 1866-1969 about 8,000 Hawaiians were sent there to live and die.

The new colony was poorly organized and poorly resourced and it proved impractical for the inhabitants to grow their own crops.

Bishop Louis Maitre, Vicar Apostolic of Honolulu, asked for a priest volunteer to go to the island and work. Father Damian was the first to volunteer, arriving on the 10th May 1873 to care for the 873 lepers who lived there.

There is some dispute about just how bad the living conditions were. Certainly there was little food and shelter, inadequate medicine and many of the locals were without hope.



Father Damian's original grave on Molokai, before his remains were transferred to the crypt of the church of the Picpus Fathers in Leuven, Belgium, where he lies buried.

Some refused to leave the boats on arrival and were simply thrown overboard.

A group of Catholic lepers remained steadfast in their faith and practice, but a good number of others gave themselves up to the practice of all sorts of vices. Pockets of paganism and voodoo had survived.

Father Damian was under no illusion about his work, telling the bishop 'I was covered with a funeral pall on the day of my religious profession' and 'am ready to bury myself alive with those poor unfortunates.'

Initially he slept out under a pandanus tree because many of the lepers were also homeless. He suffered considerably, especially from isolation; often not seeing another priest for five months. He spoke of a deep sadness, a suffocating melancholy which caused him many 'black thoughts'

On one well-known occasion a supply ship with a priest stopped offshore. The captain refused to allow Fr Damian on board so he loudly shouted out his sins, probably in French to achieve some confidentiality, so that he could receive absolution from the priest above. We are told that the same captain later became a Catholic, remembering how deeply touched he was by the scene.

Father Damian was strong and energetic. He built houses and furniture, dug graves, built a reservoir and cared for the sick.

Naturally, he experienced the normal, natural revulsion at the terrible effects of the disease. On one occasion he heard the confession of a woman whose stomach had been eaten away by maggots exposing her rib cage and intestines. He quietly absolved her of her sins.

Two weeks after his arrival he was already able to write in his diary that 'all his repugnance towards the lepers had disappeared.' The sick often smelled terribly, causing him nausea and headaches that lasted for days so he took up

No Man will be a Martyr for an Opinion

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*, Longmans Green & Co, 1892, pp.92-93. 'In posse' means here 'potentially'. Ed.

smoking to combat these odors and purge them from his clothes.

Incidentally it was probably through his practice of passing his pipe around for a puff to his charges that he himself contracted his leprosy.

It was in December 1884 after eleven years of work with the sick that he realized that he too had contracted leprosy, feeling nothing when he put his foot into scalding hot water.

Father Damian was not a contemporary secular humanist. He was equally concerned, perhaps even more concerned, by the leprosy of the soul conceding that sometimes he had to be harsh, threatening unrepentant sinners with eternal punishment. Some of the lepers liked to take part in drunken festivals, dancing to a drum, the uli-uli. Often this dancing and drinking degenerated into debauchery involving children also.

The participants in these events used to regularly flee when they heard Fr Damian was coming. When he caught them unawares, he swung his cane vigorously, breaking cups, smashing gourds and striking them personally. He was not a sentimentalist.

He could now begin to address his parishioners by saying 'we lepers' although he continued his work, despite his declining health, red eyes, hoarse voice, puffy face. He died on the 15th of April 1889 'like a child going to sleep' at the age of only 49.

Everyone on the island attended his funeral and he was buried under the same pandanus tree where he had slept after his arrival.

During his life Father Damian was criticized and certainly this continued after his death. He worked in his own unique way and other clergy found it difficult to work with him. On one occasion

some petitioned for his recall from the island and originally the islanders would have preferred a locally born priest.

He had a direct approach to most problems, expelling in irons one of the local Protestant ministers, also a patient, because he believed he was too rebellious.

The bishop was also upset at one stage because too many foreign donations were going to Molokai rather than the diocese. The underlying objection was that Fr Damian's achievements as a European were exaggerated at the expense of the efforts of the local people.

News of Fr Damian's death was spread quickly by steamship, telegraph and cable. Most voices praised his work, but others were skeptical.

The Rev. Charles Hyde was a Presbyterian minister in Honolulu who wrote in August that year to a fellow minister the Rev. H. B. Gage of San Francisco describing Damian as a 'coarse, dirty man who contracted leprosy due to carelessness.' He too believed that the priest was being credited with reforms due to the local board of health. Gage published the letter without consulting Hyde.

Later in that same year the famous Scottish writer Robert Louis Stevenson author of *Treasure Island* and *Kidnapped* arrived to stay in Hawaii, seeking some relief from his incurable tuberculosis. While he was suspicious of the reliability of Catholic evidence, he went to Molokai for eight days and seven nights to judge for himself, speaking with residents from many different religious traditions. He then published a long 6,000 word letter to Hyde answering his criticisms.

This spread knowledge of Fr Damian throughout the world in much the same way that Malcom Muggeridge's interview with Mother Teresa spread the word of her achievements.

As Stevenson wrote 'the facts set down above were one and

all collected from the lips of Protestants who had opposed the Father in his life.' His conclusion was that Father Damian was 'with all his weakness, essentially heroic and alive with rugged honesty, generosity and mirth.' He dismissed Hyde with these words 'If that world at all remember you, on the day when Damian of Molokai shall be named a saint, it will be in virtue of one work: your letter to the Rev. H. B. Gage.'

It should be noted that in the succeeding years American Protestants raised significant funds for the work of the mission, while the Church of England sent many different supplies of food, medicine and clothing to the settlement.

Mahatma Gandhi, the father of Indian independence, said that Father Damian inspired his own social campaigns in India, while even President Obama has praised his memory.

As Robert Louis Stevenson predicted Father Damian was eventually canonized in Rome on Oct 11, 2009 in the presence of King Albert and Queen Paola of Belgium and the Belgian Prime Minister. His remains were translated from the original grave on Molokai to the crypt of the church of the PICPUS fathers, Leuven Belgium, where he is buried.

Father Damian in 2005, after public polling, was honoured with the title of the greatest Belgian, by the Flemish broadcasting service, and was rated third by the French speakers. He is commemorated by a statue outside the State Capitol building in Hawaii and in the national Statuary collection in the U.S Capitol building in Washington.

In many countries he is remembered in churches and schools and now he is commemorated in this beautiful window here in London.

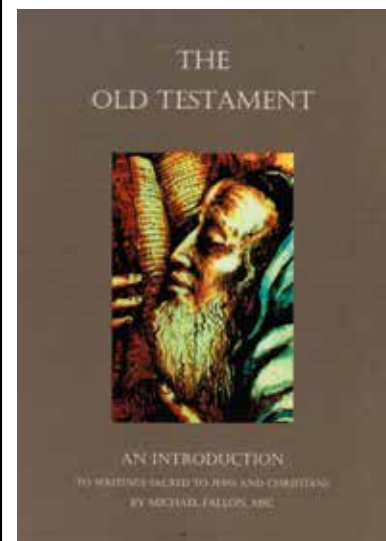
HIS EMINENCE GEORGE CARDINAL PELL is Prefect of the Secretariat for the Economy of the Holy See. He is affectionately remembered by the Catholics of Melbourne and Sydney as their former Archbishop.

From Chevalier Press

The Old Testament

MICHAEL FALLON, MSC

The term Old Testament came to be used by Christians to distinguish the inspired books of the Jewish faith from the writings of the New Testament that emerged within the Christian community in the first century AD.



Father Michael Fallon offers here an Introduction to the reading of books of the Older Testament – material he has been working on for over twenty-five years. Much of the material in this book can be found in the Introductions to the commentaries listed in the frontispiece. It is hoped that the reader will find it helpful to have the material available in a single volume.

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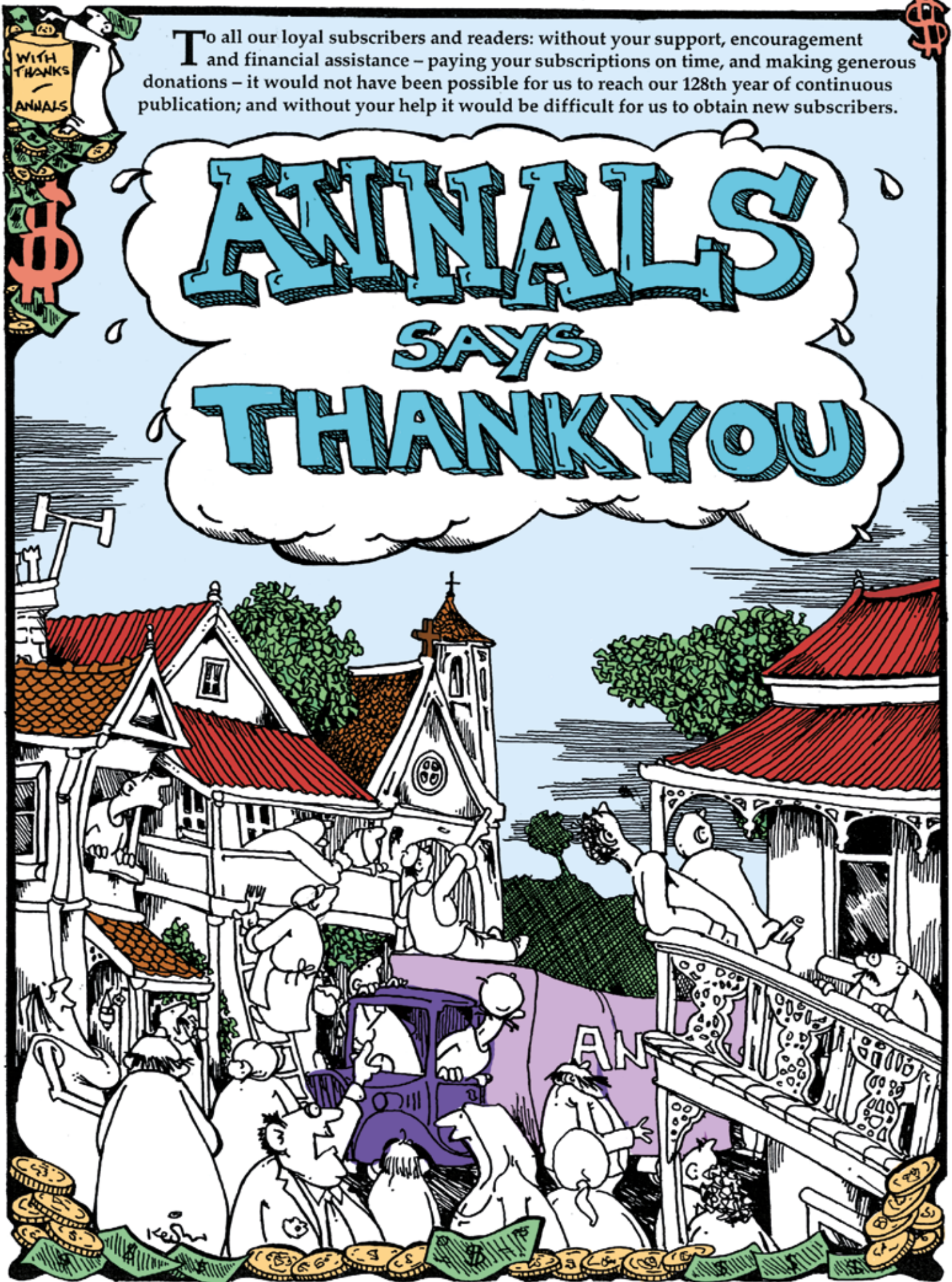
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ANIMALS SAYS THANK YOU



The Académie française attempted to ban words such as 'le football' and 'le weekend,' only to find that no-one was listening to them apart from the Académie. And in any case, now they have 'le blog,' 'le web,' 'le modem' and 'le wifi.'

GENDER WAR ON LANGUAGE AND PSYCHIC IDENTITY

By Wanda Skowronska



TEACHERS attending a staff meeting in a northwest Sydney high school were recently asked to replace terms such as “girls”, “ladies” and “women” with gender-neutral language. It did not take long for this directive to reach the media and wider community and there was understandable outrage and confusion.¹

While former NSW Education Minister, Adrian Piccoli, said mollifying words to reassure parents that gender specific words could still be used (the Department mercifully allowed it – for now), the department is caught up in an linguistic and ideological war being propelled by the Marxist, feminist/transgender supporters of the Safe Schools program now being trialed within government schools Australia-wide. The program is purportedly about bullying, but in reality promotes the notion of gender fluidity and sexual experimentation to young, vulnerable students in state schools.

This marks a new level of aggression in the gender wars for the battle scene is moving beyond bra burning and accusations of patriarchy. Language itself is the

enemy now - particularly pronouns.

In America there is a push to abolish ‘he’ and ‘she’ and to replace it with ‘they’ - to indicate anyone of any gender. If you think this is extreme and won’t get very far consider the following: in 2015, the word ‘hen’ was accepted by the Swedish Academy – the final arbiter of the Swedish language – as a *gender neutral pronoun*. This word offers an alternative to ‘hon’ (meaning ‘she’) or ‘han’ (meaning ‘he’).²



While it was coined in the 1960s it never took hold – until now. Sweden’s transgender community began to use it at the turn of the 21st Century, and ‘hen’ is now found in *government papers and court rulings*. And now we learn that in 2012, Sweden’s first ever gender neutral children’s book, *Kivi och*

Monsterhund (Kivi and the Monster Dog) used the neutral ‘hen’ to refer to its characters.

The pronoun has cropped up in the Swedish/Danish drama, ‘The Bridge’, when detective Saga Norén is mocked by a colleague for referring to the gender of a criminal. For Swedes nothing is ever much of a laughing matter, but the use of a *gendered* pronoun aroused more taciturnity than usual and elicited a stern admonition to use gender neutral pronouns.

Implementing politically correct language is a serious business.

The trouble is, the effort to de-gender language has some mighty hurdles ahead of it – involving more than ‘they’, and ‘hen’. Many of us can recall learning a foreign language and having to decide on the gender of the noun in use. For example if you wanted to state one of the best known French sentences of all time in grammar books, namely – ‘The pen of my aunt is on the table’ - you

would have to know the gender of the words ‘pen’ and ‘table’. For centuries classes have repeated ‘La plume de ma tante est sur la table’ of course also knowing that an aunt was female. But now, it is not so certain, according to the transgender nomenklatura, that an aunt is a woman – she might be any

one of dozens of genders or may be a transgendered uncle. Don't refer to LGBT anymore, but say correctly LGBTQI (Lesbian, Gay, Bi-gender, Transgender, Queer and Intersex).

No doubt, it is very disturbing for transgender enthusiasts to think that pens and tables are restricted to being feminine too. Most European languages, unfortunately, have the concept of gender threaded throughout their entire language and to use the wrong gender gets you less points in an exam though perhaps this will change. Or, in their war on gender, have the anti-gender enthusiasts bitten off more than they can chew? For this is not just a war on pronouns, it is a war on linguistics, psychic identity and history.

In some languages it is the verb, adjective, pronoun and noun which would all have to be changed and people are unlikely to change their ways of speaking when they want to buy noodles, bread and milk. In Polish, and most other Slavonic languages, you cannot say things like 'She asked him to go to the shop and buy some butter' without every single word being affected by gender. So what are the gender changers going to do - drive millions to silence? Hardly.

It is not so easy to make a shop or butter gender neutral without sounding like an idiot or someone into bad puns. And of course you cannot change 'she' and 'he' into gender neutral words either, without sounding like you were deprived in childhood and therefore immediately need remedial classes to overcome your disability. Even if an academy says it in Poland, the Czech Republic, Portugal and Russia, one suspects people will simply ignore them. And what about the Germans? There are supposedly 1,200 kinds of sausage in Germany - and each has a gender - will every sausage now be de-gendered?

While you may not care if your teacup is masculine or feminine in English (with its less gendered language), those using most

Meaning of Words

MAWDUDI declared that 'no creed in the world' had "shown more tolerance to the votaries of other faiths" than Islam. It offered 'full opportunity for self advancement to the people of other faiths under positions of peace and tranquillity and displays such magnanimity towards them that the world has yet to show a parallel example'.

— Ayesha Jalal, *Partisans of Allah*, Harvard University Press, 2008 p.247. Jalal is quoting Abdul Ala Mawdudi, from his book *Jihad in Islam*, reprint Lahore, Islamic Publications, 2001, pp.28-29

European languages will continue to use the correct form, no matter what linguistic reformers say. The Swedes may think they'll get away with it, but it will be one of those utopian changes destined to fall into the dustbin of history.

Remember how 'Esperanto' was to be the new international language? The Jewish physician L. L. Zamenhof, who devised Esperanto in Warsaw during the 1880's, was not just inventing a language, but a new way of seeing the world, much as *the transgenderists are trying to force on us now*. You need only ask yourself one question at this point - how often do you use Esperanto in your daily life? A basic understanding of psychology and linguistics could have told the language inventor that it would never take off - because coercive attempts to reform language rarely if ever take off.

Esperantists really believed that a new world order of harmony and cooperation would be ushered in through the adoption of their made-up, one-world language. George Soros' father, Tivadar Soros, was a great promoter of Esperanto and the notion that this new language would enable the Esperantist re-creation of the world.³

While the younger George Soros' passion for Esperanto is not known,

he is known for similar attempts to change the world in ways that accords with the Esperantists' aims. And although Esperanto did not take off, nor did the promised new world arrive, the Esperanto Society did prove to be a good cover for the escape of some Jews from Hungary under Nazi persecution during World War II, including George Soros himself.⁴

The most cursory glance at the history of language tells us that language use is impervious to change from forces above - you can try all you want, but people will speak the way they want to speak. The Académie française attempted to ban words such as 'le football' and 'le weekend' only to find that no-one was listening to them apart from the Académie. And in any case now they have 'le blog', 'le web', 'le modem' and 'le wiff'.

If the current revolutionaries wish to force their gender agenda on every language, we can use the weapons of laughter, derision and satire and Australians have a natural talent for this. Do the gender revolutionaries think they will get away with it and will build the brave new world they envisage? We, who can see a new kind of Babel arising from the efforts of those lost in a folly without borders, know their efforts are doomed to failure. While we continue to use our gendered pronouns and nouns, we need only bide our time till this new attempt to change language falls into yet another dustbin of history.

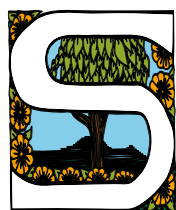
WANDA SKOWRONSKA is a registered psychologist who works as a counsellor in inner city schools in Sydney. She has recently been awarded a PhD in Psychology/Theology at Melbourne's John-Paul II Institute. She has done voluntary work for the Catholic pro-life organisation Family Life International, and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

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1. Simone Koob, 'Top School Probed on Gay Policy', *The Australian*, July 20, 2016. <http://www.theaustralian.com.au/news/briefs-nation/top-school-probed-on-gay-policy/news-story/d9d595e03f8406e832b8db940e1dc2a>
 2. Fiona McDonald, 'Sexual Revolutions', on *BBC Culture*, June 23, 2016. <http://www.bbc.com/culture/story/20160623-the-ultimate-21st-century-word>
 3. Kyle-Anne Shiver, 'The Religious Quest of George Soros', *American Thinker*, July, 2007. http://www.americanthinker.com/2007/10/the_religious_quest_of_george.html#ixzz4CmWtV52I
 4. Ibid.

The Martyrs of the Carmelite Abbey, one-hundred-and-eighty-nine in number, were beatified on October 17, 1926. In recent years, a miracle cure in Venezuela, attributed to the intercession of Blessed Brother Solomon, was thoroughly investigated leading to his canonization by Pope Francis on 16th October, 2016.

SAINT SOLOMON LECLERCQ

By Gerard Rummery FSC



SAINT John Baptist de La Salle, Patron of Teachers, founded free schools for poor boys in Rheims in 1680.

Some six years later his first group of teachers chose to call themselves ‘Brothers,’ defining themselves as ‘brothers to one another as a Community’ and ‘older brothers to the young people entrusted to them by God,’ thereby giving themselves both an *identity* and a *mission*, the prototype of later teaching brotherhoods in the Church.

His Institute, *Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes*, ‘Brothers of the Christian Schools,’ is known in English as the *De La Salle Brothers*.

One-hundred-and-ten years later, on the eve of the French Revolution of 1789, despite being mocked and derided by Voltaire and other *philosophes* of the 18th century for teaching the poor to read and write, the Brothers were almost one thousand in number, spread throughout France, growing by almost one hundred each year. The Brothers, who were loved by the poor, were seen by the *philosophes* as ‘dangerous’ because,

as one of them said, “hands better suited to holding the plough and the hoe are being taught to hold the pen ... where will this end?” – a most prophetic question!

After the monarchy had been overthrown early in the French Revolution, the Church

continue to function, priests and religious were forced to take an oath to support the constitution.

Most of the Brothers refused and so were forced gradually to abandon their schools and communities as they refused to take their pupils to Mass celebrated by priests who had taken the oath.

In 1792, despite speeches of appreciation for what the Brothers had done, the Assembly closed all monasteries, convents and religious groups involved in schools, their properties were seized and sold, and all members given a token pension from the sale. Except for three communities in Italy, the Institute officially ceased to exist.

Brother Solomon Leclercq, born at Boulogne, France November 14, 1745, was secretary to Brother Agathon, the Superior General. Brother Solomon had previously been a teacher and director of delinquent boys.

Having refused to take the oath, he lived alone in Paris keeping contact with the Brothers whose schools had been closed.

We still have many of his letters to his family. The last one is dated August 15, 1792. That very day he was arrested and imprisoned in the



Church of Saint Joseph of the Carmelites at 70 Rue de Vaugirard, Paris. In the garden attached to this church one-hundred-and-nineteen priests among them Brother Solomon, were ‘dispatched with pike thrusts, sabre cuts and blows from axes and shovels’.

was targeted. In 1790 the Civil Constitution of the Clergy gave the state complete control over the Church in France. In order to

Carmelite monastery, which had become a prison, together with several bishops and priests.

On September 2, almost all the prisoners were again requested to take the oath supporting the Civil Constitution of the Clergy. If they again refused, they had to pass down steps leading to the monastery garden and were killed by the sword or bludgeoned to death as they descended. Their bodies were thrown into a well in the garden and their clothing handed over to their assassins.

The Martyrs of the Carmelite Abbey, one-hundred-and-eighty-nine in number, were beatified on October 17, 1926. In recent years, a miracle cure in Venezuela, attributed to the intercession of Blessed Brother Solomon, was thoroughly investigated leading to his canonization by Pope Francis on 16th October, 2016.

Brother Solomon was the first De La Salle Brother martyr and also the first De La Salle Brother to be beatified. But he was not the only one.

In 1794, three Brothers, Brother Roger (Pierre Favergé), Brother Léon (Jean Mopinot) and Brother Uldaric (Jean Guillame), who had all refused to take the oath, were marched on foot over several months with some 800 priests and religious, insulted frequently as they passed through towns and villages towards the port of Rochefort in the west of France.

It was intended that they be transported to Guiana (north of Brazil) or simply abandoned on the shores of Africa or Madagascar but when the blockade by the British navy made this impossible, they were imprisoned on abandoned hulks at Rochefort and left to die.

The three De La Salle Brothers, among sixty-four of those who died as martyrs, were beatified in 1995. We know of another three Brothers who were executed by guillotine or who died on the Rochefort hulks, but their causes have not been studied by the Church because of inadequate documentation.

The martyrdom of St Agnes

A 12-YEAR-OLD GIRL SETS THE STANDARD

IT IS THE feast of a virgin – let us imitate her chastity; it is the feast of a martyr – let us offer our sacrifice. It is the feast of St Agnes. Her martyrdom is said to have taken place in her twelfth year; and the more hateful the cruelty that did not spare even so young a child, surely the greater the power of faith that found a witness in one of such tender years.

‘Was there even room for a wound in her little body? Yet even if she did not have space to take the sword, she was able to overcome the sword. Girls of that age cannot even take the angry looks of their parents, and they usually cry at the prick of a needle as though it were a wound. But Agnes was fearless under the bloody hands of the executioner – she was unmoved by the heavy weight of the clanging chains. She offered her whole body to the sword of the raging soldier. She had as yet no experience of death, but she was ready for it. If she was dragged unwillingly to the altar of sacrifice, she was ready to stretch forth her hands to Christ amid the flames – and even in the sacrilegious fires to give the triumphant sign of the Lord who conquers all; she was ready to put her hands and neck into the iron bands, even though none of the chains was small enough to enclose her little limbs.

‘Is this a new kind of martyrdom? Where the girl was still too young for punishment, but old enough for victory? too young for battle, yet ready to win the crown? Her tender age was a disadvantage, but she won the trial of virtue. If she had been a bride she would not have so hastened to the marriage coach as she, being a virgin, hurried with joyful step to the place of execution, her head adorned with Christ instead of plaits, and with her own virtues instead of garlands of flowers.

‘All were weeping, but she was dry-eyed. ... You can imagine with what threats the executioner tried to frighten her; and the allurements to persuade her, and how many people there were who would have wished to marry her. But her reply was: ‘It would be an insult to my spouse to think that I would consent to you. He who chose me first shall possess me. Why do you delay, executioner? Let this body perish which could be loved by eyes which I do not want.’ She stood in prayer and bowed her head. You could see the executioner trembling, as though it were he who was condemned. You could see his right hand shaking, his face growing pale at her danger, though the child had no fear of her own. In one victim, then you have a two-fold witness to martyrdom, to modesty and to religion.

– St Ambrose, bishop of Milan [339-397 AD] quoted in *Acta Sanctorum*,
January vol. ii (1643) pp.351ff. Translation: Roman Breviary, 2nd
Lesson, Office of Readings, Feast of St Agnes, January 21.

As the Reign of Terror subsided after the fall of Danton and Robespierre, a number of the Brothers’ schools away from Paris were opened at the request of the local people. Usually the Brothers dressed in ordinary clothes and were strongly supported by the local people.

The Brothers were the only group in France requested to open their schools again by a special decree from Napoleon in 1803.

BROTHER GERARD RUMMERY, FSC, Ph.D. was twice elected to the General Council of the De La Salle Brothers (1986-1993 and 1993-2000). Since 2000, he works mainly with educators as a presenter for Lasallian Education Services in Australia and as an Adjunct-Professor at the Australian Catholic University.

Most of the Australian weeklies and fortnightlies and monthlies - like The Bulletin, Nation, Nation Review, National Times, and the Independent - have ceased publication. And newsagents are steadily going out of business. The supermarkets already pick the eyes out of the available product, selling the daily papers and the most popular of the magazines.

PRINT VS. DIGITAL

By Michael Wilding

IT WAS only the other week. I entered the refurbished shopping mall to find that the newsagent was no longer there. I found one still surviving in the next suburb, bought the weekly I was looking for, only to find that this was the last print issue. In future it would be available only on-line.

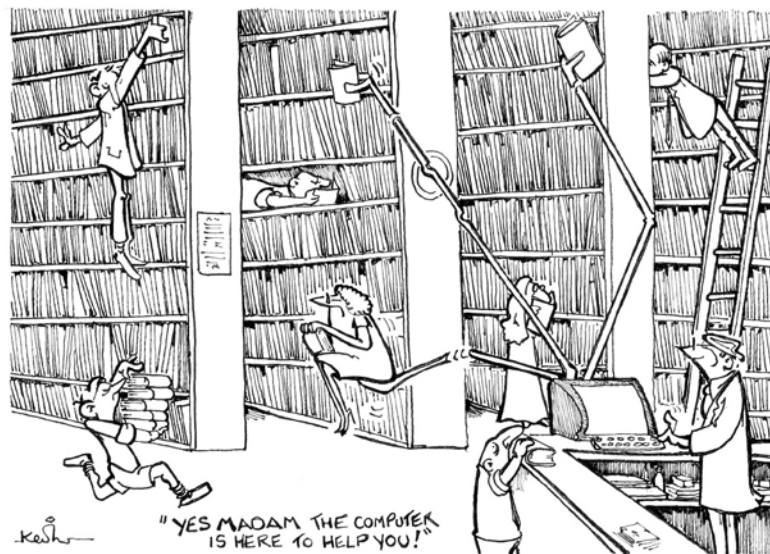
It was, if not the end of the world, the end of a world and culture I had inhabited for over half a century. Magazines, newspapers and books had been a basic part of my existence since childhood. Refusing to join the school's army cadet force from pacifist principles, I had been assigned to work in the school bursar's office. There a couple of older dissidents had shown me how to use the Gestetner duplicator. 'The machine gun of the revolution' we called it in those days. We started a magazine, an alternative to the official school magazine, undercutting it in price, offering more contentious and topical material.

I wrote a story about those compulsory cross-country runs I so hated; somebody slipping on the icy towpath of the canal, breaking a limb and freezing to death. We sold it along the mid-morning bun queue. We financed a second issue by selling advertisements round shops in town. If some shops bought space under the illusion it was the official magazine they

be a novelist, and the great novelists of the past like Dickens, Thackeray, Trollope, W. D. Howells and Marcus Clarke had been immersed in writing for magazines, editing them, publishing their novels and stories in them.

The oldest of the Australian weeklies with cultural credentials was the *Australasian*, which was established in Melbourne in 1864 and to which Marcus Clarke, Adam Lindsay Gordon, Henry Kendall and Father Tenison Woods amongst others had regularly contributed. Transmuted into the *Australasian Post*, it survived until 1996. Some twenty-five years after it *The Bulletin* was established in Sydney in 1880, publishing new Australian writing at a moment of cultural vigour - work by Henry Lawson, A. B. Paterson, Steele Rudd, Miles Franklin, Louis Becke, John Farrell and C. J. Dennis. It survived until 2008.

The Bulletin was never that significant in economic terms for writers. It never paid anything like the money that the great British



were supporting, it was not from explicit deception. But it helped the finances.

After that I edited the official school magazine, and at university threw myself into student journalism. By the age of twenty-one magazines had become a staple of my existence. I aimed to

and American magazines paid – *The Strand* or *Macmillan's* or *Saturday Evening Post* or *Harpers* or the *New Yorker*. Henry James didn't sell many books, but he did very well from serializations of his novels and from stories for the magazines. Conan Doyle, P. G. Wodehouse, F. Scott Fitzgerald similarly prospered. From the mid-nineteenth to the mid-twentieth century the magazines provided a starting place for new talent and a regular home for the established. They served a crucial function in the ongoing development of literature and in the encouragement and facilitation of new writing.

The basic publishing situation has changed markedly from a century ago. Most of those magazines that provided such a ready, and often lucrative, market for writers exist no longer. Even when the magazines survive, they are very different in nature. Insofar as short stories or poems find a home now, it is predominantly in literary journals, annuals and thematic anthologies. Some of the traditional women's magazines still run stories, and some of the broadsheet newspapers take the occasional poem. But the days of the general magazines, once the central medium of information and entertainment, are over, unable to retain sufficient readers and advertising revenue in competition with the spread of radio, movies, gramophone records, television and now the internet.

Most of the Australian weeklies and fortnightlies and monthlies – like *The Bulletin*, *Nation*, *Nation Review*, *National Times*, and the *Independent* – have ceased publication. And newsagents are steadily going out of business. The supermarkets already pick the eyes out of the available product, selling the daily papers and the most popular of the magazines. When the agreement to restrict lottery tickets from being sold in supermarkets comes to an end, the day of the newsagent will be over. And that will mean the end of many if not

Knowing what you want

MOST OF the modern nonsense may be summed up as the victory of the adjective over the noun. When I was a boy I was told that the adjective 'qualified the noun'; I had not the faintest notion of what it meant; but I have now. However gigantic or overpowering is the adjective, it cannot alter the nature of the noun to which it is applied. If I say (as I do most heartily say), 'I like big boots,' I do not mean that I like boots as big as Brixton villas. They would not be boots at all. I must mean something like 'Boots as big as boots can be,' or 'Boots much bigger than any that I have as yet obtained.' The adjective qualifies the noun; but it cannot abolish the noun. I want big boots; but it is boots I want, not bigness.

– G. K. Chesterton, *The Illustrated London News*, October 16, 1909

most of the magazines, which will no longer have a retail outlet.

Of course they can be subscribed to. There are many like *Annals* with a strong subscription base. But subscribing requires a decision and commitment. Whenever I subscribed, I eventually ended up leaving issue after issue unread. Buying a magazine on impulse, and more expensively, at a newsagent, I would read it as I waited to meet someone, sat on a bus, ate a meal.

It is a matter of habit. But one habit I cannot develop is reading a newspaper or magazine on a computer screen. Too many years at the keyboard of typewriters and computer have ruined my back. I can just about continue to use the computer to write – but to read, I prefer print and paper. I ration my writing time. But reading, I like to get lost in a work and forget about time and posture and getting up every twenty minutes.

Friends tell me I can read a magazine or a novel on a tablet or a mobile phone. The prospect does not appeal. That is a mark of my conditioning, I admit. For the not so conditioned, there is an increasing range of publications that offer an on-line version of their printed edition, as well as an increasing number that continue a literary tradition and that exist only on-line:

the *Newtown Review of Books*, the *Sydney Review of Books*, the *Review of Australian Fiction*.

No doubt there were scribes and copyists in fifteenth and sixteenth century Europe who lamented the end of manuscripts. No doubt they complained bitterly about the inconvenience of reading cumbersome books. 'What's wrong with scrolls? They were good enough for the Dead Sea. Who needs Gutenberg?'

And the invention of writing was no doubt similarly frowned up by the old bards who had learned everything by heart. They must have looked on parchment and ink with a distinct lack of charity. Writing, they predicted, will destroy our capacity for memorizing heroic poems and the myths of our ancestors. And it did.

Undoubtedly reading will continue. Undoubtedly good things will appear on-line. But it will be a different culture, one that will develop different habits and produce different achievements. And the three hundred year era of the printed paper magazine will have ended.

MICHAEL WILDING is a novelist and emeritus professor of English and Australian Literature at Sydney University. His memoir *Growing Wild* was published by Australian Scholarly Publishing in 2016.

In the 1950s, American universities made earnest attempts to broaden curricula to include the “great books” of past thinkers. Now great books are objects of resentment as purveyors of white patriarchy and are subject to trigger warnings to ensure students are protected from ideas that might offend them.

ONE OF THE BEST

By James Franklin

JUDE DOUGHERTY gained his PhD in philosophy (“Recent American naturalism”) from the Catholic University of America in 1960. He has been editor of the *Review of Metaphysics* since 1971. So he is well-placed to take the long view of how ideas on the most basic philosophical topics have developed in the West in the last sixty years.

He does not like what he sees. In the first of the brief essays collected in this book, ‘The loss of Maritain’s America,’ he laments the changes in his country since the sunny picture of its robust and faith-inspired democracy found in Jacques Maritain’s *Reflections in America* (1958).

Sixty-five years later, Dougherty writes, an observer will see serious faults.

“A largely uneducated public has instantiated an anti-Christian, socialist regime at the federal level ... The American character which Maritain lauded has been subverted by the anti-Christian, intellectual elite’s embrace of ‘multiculturalism’ and ‘globalization’. The public influence of Christianity has been muted. The once strong Catholic institutions of higher education are barely distinguishable from their state-supported counterparts.”

He is particularly concerned with the decline in understanding of the nature of scientific inquiry, despite the deluge of technical results in science.

Briefly Considered: From the Mainstream: Notes and Observations on the Sources of Western Culture,
by Jude P. Dougherty (St Augustine’s Press, 2015)

One could doubt that the decade of the 1950s was, in its intellectual aspects, entirely the golden age suffused with antique virtue of Dougherty’s fond recollection. That era was also the high tide of behaviourism and lobotomies, of false promises of imminent life in test tubes and minds in computers.



Those are extremes of simplistic scientific reductionism which would not be contemplated today. Some of America’s Catholic universities were still racially segregated. Nevertheless there is no doubt that Dougherty’s overall story of the regress of intellectual life is correct.

The last fifty years has seen a gradual attenuation of the grasp of academia and public discourse on central aspects of the Western tradition, in exactly the way Dougherty laments.

In the 1950s, American universities made earnest attempts to broaden curricula to include the “great books” of past thinkers. Now great books are objects of resentment as purveyors of white patriarchy and are subject to trigger warnings to ensure students are protected from ideas that might offend them.

There is a fundamental difference between trying to broaden students’ minds and trying to narrow them.

Dougherty takes a long view in another sense too. He is strongly aware of the dependence of modern thought, in philosophy, ethics, science and culture, on the “mainstream” of his title. He means the tradition of Plato, Aristotle and Aquinas. Those thinkers developed a realist vision of reality, with a nature whose scientific, mathematical and objective ethical properties were accessible to human understanding. It was the vision that underpinned the Scientific Revolution and the ethical perspective of the American

Declaration of Independence and of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights. It has become increasingly clouded by the simplistic pieties and materialistic values that have taken hold since the “Sixties”.

The second section of the book, headed ‘Science and the intelligibility of nature’, consists of short reviews of books on the history of and philosophy of science (he praises an Australian one, Stephen Gaukroger’s *The Emergence of a Scientific Culture: Science and the Shaping of Modernity 1210–1685*).

The general theme is that science is not a heap of facts and theories extracted by a mechanical method free of history and philosophy. Instead it is an enterprise that finds intelligibility in nature, driven by the vision of Aristotle’s *Posterior Analytics*, of understanding why the phenomena of nature must be the way they are.

This philosophy of science is developed more fully in Dougherty’s other recent book, *The Nature of Scientific Explanation* (Catholic University of America Press, 2013).

The third section of the book consists of book reviews on Islamic topics, mainly aspects of the history of Islamic thought.

Dougherty – and many of the authors he reviews – see Islam as not just one Abrahamic faith among others but as a militant ideology with certain inherently toxic tenets.

The review of Rémi Brague’s *The Legend of the Middle Ages: Philosophical Explorations of Medieval Christianity, Judaism and Islam*, looks at the opinions of Avicenna and Averroes, the Islamic philosophers who most influenced medieval Christianity.

Averroes

“approves without reservation the slaughter of dissidents, calling for the total elimination of a people whose continued existence might harm the state. Avicenna condones conquest and readily grants the leader of his ideal society the right to annihilate those who – called to truth – reject it. In general the philosophers express no remorse about widespread bloodletting.”

ANNALS CROSSWORD NO. 94

Across clues

- 2 Wager
- 4 Islands belonging to Denmark
- 6 Prophetess and judge in the Old Testament
- 8 One-time Brazilian soccer star
- 9 Former emperor of Russia
- 11 A flash of lightning
- 12 Territory inhabited by the descendants of Esau
- 14 Ruler of a duchy
- 15 Wander about
- 16 Third son of Adam
- 18 Sympathy for another’s misfortune
- 19 Cut or harvest
- 21 Periods of time; epochs
- 22 Mound of glacial drift
- 24 Last King of Troy (Greek mythology)
- 25 Shady tree

Down clues

- 1 Roman Emperor A.D. 54-68
- 2 Baby
- 3 Civil wrongdoing
- 4 Matted fabric of wool or hair
- 5 Free from discomfort
- 6 Removed something printed or written
- 7 Builder of famous British wall
- 8 Card game
- 10 Parts of plants
- 11 Form of public transport
- 13 Fifth month
- 17 Stringed musical instrument
- 18 Proper and precise
- 20 Unadulterated
- 21 Son of Seth; grandson of Noah
- 23 Unit of length in the UK and USA

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Western just war theory is not like that, and Western practices that may have resembled it, like the Baltic Crusades, did not persist. In the present geopolitical situation, more research would be well-advised on which views are characteristic of standard versions of Islam and which ones are misinterpretations by extremists.

Younger thinkers waking up to

the realisation that their parents’ academic generation have sold them a pup may be wondering how to reconnect with serious intellectual life. Reading the best of the grandparents’ generation would be a good start. Dougherty is one of the best.

James Franklin is Professor of Mathematics at the University of NSW, and is editor of the *Journal of the Australian Catholic Historical Society*.

The case studies in Barren Metal reveal the march of history as the love of money progressively outgunning the love of neighbour.

ECONOMICS AS IF GOD REALLY MATTERS

By Garrick Small



UPERT EDERER devoted a good part of his career as an economist to making Catholic Social Thought (CST) more accessible.

He demonstrated the economic themes behind the social encyclicals in his book *Economics as if God Really Matters*. He also translated the work of the key scholars behind them, Bishop Wilhelm von Kettler of Mainz, whose thought informed Pope Leo XIII's *Rerum Novarum*, and Heindrich Pesch who did similarly for Pope Pius XI's *Quadragesimo Anno*.

Pesch defined capitalism as 'state sponsored usury', setting a moral base to the economic question. Usury has been almost totally eclipsed as a moral concern in our time and along with it capitalism's moral credentials are no longer a topic for polite conversation in conservative Catholic circles.

The problem with the popes' preoccupation with usury and capitalism was that they did not engage in empirical science when framing the social encyclicals; and economics is an empirical science. Empirically, capitalism is claimed to have proven itself as the most effective economic system in history, so it must be good for society. This is where E. Michael Jones enters with 1,400 pages of economic history arrayed across ninety nine chapters of case studies of Western society and its economic adventures.

Barren Metal is not an economic treatise, but history, and not simply

E. Michael Jones, *Barren Metal: A History of Capitalism as the Conflict Between Labor and Usury*, Fidelity Press, 2014.

a history of economic behaviour, but an investigation into the interconnections between religion, society, and economic action. It follows Christopher Dawson's suggestion that culture should be the centrepiece for the study of humanity, and the other sciences, philosophy, economics, perhaps even theology, should be ranged about it and contextualised by it.

The first case study is taken from fourteenth century Florence where the banking industry

was labouring to break out of the constraints imposed by the immorality of usury within the Christian tradition. The success of that breakout was the destruction of the economy, at least in terms of its ability to provide a living wage to the average Florentine. Five hundred years before Marx, the organisation of the disenfranchised was spurred by their destitution, in what was otherwise a thriving community. The rebellion of the disenfranchised sought to achieve far less than the later Marxist rebellions by only asking for a living wage and not the property of the wealthy.

By being Christian it could not be truly revolutionary, but by being Christian, it exposed a political weakness to those who by the standards of the day were not. Fortunately, the result was not a massacre because even the usurers had to operate within broad Christian limits. The culture offered some protection to the weak, though perhaps not as much as before. The love of money had won a little victory over the love of God, but God still reigned over the culture.

The case studies in Barren Metal reveal the march of history as the love of money progressively outgunning the love of neighbour. It is impossible to summarise them all, or even to choose an exemplar. In some cases the Christian economy flourished, as in the South American Jesuit reductions where Indian communities practiced their new faith and worked for previously unknown material bounty. However,



in every case their very success provided no small incentive for their enemies to destroy them. In the case of the reductions, their successes challenged the profit motives of the secular entrepreneurs contributing extra vigour to the movement to suppress the Jesuits themselves.

The interplay between religion, society and economic action is also very evident in several of the case studies. The Scottish Catholic highlander lairds retained a sense of obligation attached to their property that lingered from times when Christian social bonds were stronger. The economic dimension of the so-called Glorious Revolution was the revolution of property ownership from focused on social integration to personal pleasure. For the Scots this was the seduction of the lairds into using their property for themselves and not those landless tenants whose livelihood had previously been maintained by what Pope Benedict XVI would note four centuries later was the gift that the economically powerful were morally obligated to offer the economically weak.

Money plays an important role through the whole work. The charms of easy money as easy credit or denatured coinage is explored in a hand full of cases across Europe. The Global Financial Crisis was mentioned in the introduction, but presaged by too many precedents. John Locke's term as master of the English mint which was lubricated by his covert interest in alchemy, John Law's term as finance minister in France, and even the public finances of the French revolution all tell a similar tale—easy money, short term boom, long term misery. The enemies of Christianity have consistently proposed easy paths to riches that have entered with a flourish, but left with the silverware.

One of the final case studies was nineteenth century Germany when Bismark adopted the economic advice of Bishop Von Kettler and an economic policy that propelled Germany into rapid industrialisation

Science does not infer

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.

— Blessed John Henry Cardinal Newman, *An Essay in Aid of a Grammar of Assent*, Longmans Green & Co, 1892, p.92

without an industrial revolution. Bismark was not noted for his fondness for the Catholic Church, but his engagement with Von Kettler's economics demonstrated his willingness to recognise policies that would work because they were in harmony with human nature.

Catholic thought has always been based on the truth of human nature and CST has been developed from an understanding of humanity and what is required for healthy human society. To that extent it is not narrowly Catholic, but something for the whole world. This is perhaps one reason why most successful cultures have embodied key principles from CST even though many of them were not Christian.

Economic exploitation, despite its popularity, is disordered. Disordered behaviour leads to misery. The English economic system was popular amongst that tiny class of English liberals who grew fat from it, but it spelt misery for the average Englishman. It spelt greater misery for the quasi-slaves who populated most the British Empire's colonial possessions and who worked and died to produce cheap goods that generally they enjoyed little share in.

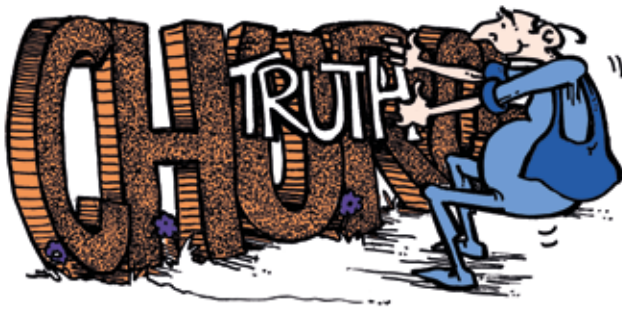
To sell those goods the British entrepreneurs needed wealthy markets, and that meant European markets. Selling cheap into Europe made handsom profits, though it did put the European producers out of business. Bismark recognised that the British system was disordered and that its disorder

threatened to infect and destroy Europe.

By contrast, Von Kettler's economics began by recognising that labour was the source of all production and deserved to be paid accordingly. Bismark adopted this approach and bolstered it with import tariffs to keep out the cheap British merchandise. With high wages came high domestic demand and healthy growth. It reinforced itself by its own rising capacity and focus on supplying its own demand. The German economy flourished, but it was not capitalist as that system is currently understood. It was circumscribed within a firm moral juridical framework that just happened to be conformable to the Catholic religion's understanding of a just economy. About a century later St. John Paul II would be describing a very similar vision of a just economy in his encyclical *Centesimus Annus* (n.42).

It was no surprise therefore that Pope Leo XIII turned to Bishop Von Kettler for a workable Catholic solution to the 'rapacious usury' that he observed in too much of the West. It was also no surprise that the British capitalists looked to other means for overcoming the commercial inconvenience of a competing system that denied them the markets they needed.

This first took the form of British naval blockades of German merchant ships and diplomatic moves to dissolve their African colonial possessions. The Germans responded by attempting to build



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the 'Berlin to Bagdad' railway through Turkey to connect Europe to the Persian Gulf and neutralise the British monopoly of the Suez Canal. World War I eventually resolved the matter in favour of the British and it is not unlikely that the economic tensions contributed to the array of issues that set the diplomatic tone leading into the war.

The unnaturalness of usury and the misuse of finance is a theme that recurs through Barren Metal. Jones notes that Dante placed usurers and sodomites in the lowest depths of hell. Today usury and sodomy are not considered evils at all, despite the Church's constant teaching that both are unnatural. In the past unnatural practices that undermined the family and the marketplace were amongst the first signs of cultural demise.

Pre-Christian Rome enslaved too much of its population to survive economically and the Romans indulged abortion, contraception and other unnatural sexual behaviours. Greece had done similar about half a millennia before and Karl Zimmerman¹ described them as examples of great civilisations that destroyed themselves never to return to cultural significance. Zimmerman was warning the West to avoid the same trap back in 1947 based on his broad study of ancient civilisations, and Jones may be read as reissuing that warning based on the economic history of the last seven centuries.

Barren Metal is a rich and readable tour through the rise of capitalism and its competition with Catholicism. Its focus is on culture, but it gives its reader insights into the social, moral and political dimensions of Christianity and its enemies. It also provides ample empirical support for the merits of Economics as if God Really Matters.

DR GARRICK SMALL is an Associate Professor at Central Queensland University's Sydney campus.

¹ Karl Zimmerman, Family and Civilization, 1947, Harper, New York.

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'State Art discriminates against any traditional styles, favours the contemporary over the historical, and colludes in a sleazy manner with the marketplace. It has contributed to the ruin of the Fine Art college system, which now teaches practically nothing but the transparent pretence of intellectualism, and produces 'artists' fit only for the State Art treadmill.'

MEANINGLESS CHAOS

By Giles Auty



EVERY TIME the issue of education occurs on TV, I seem to find myself looking at an unfortunate child who holds some kind of mark-making instrument in his or her hand with a degree of awkwardness at which I can only marvel.

Will a long-term wrist injury result, or 'only' an inability to form letters or other complex shapes with any degree of facility at all? If all children had always been allowed – or even encouraged – to hold their writing, drawing or painting implements in such a grotesque manner there might never have been a single good drawing or painting produced in the history of our world.

While regularly-conducted surveys reveal a continuous decline in the literacy and numeracy of Australia's schoolchildren such an 'elementary' factor as holding a writing or drawing instrument properly never seems to merit any mention at all.

I sense it may be thought improper of me here to compare the business of teaching to some form of manufacturing process. Yet both start fundamentally with raw materials which are converted

over time into more or less useful end products. Dare one, in fact, compare educating a child to designing and producing a car?

At an elementary level the final design of a car obviously needs to be agreed long before manufacturing can begin. Yet should not parents and teachers also have some imagined end product in mind right from the outset of the process of trying to educate our children?



'Men who could not stand Nero's singing any longer, climbed out furtively over the walls. Others pretended to be dead and were carried from the theatre feet first.' – *Power and Folly*, Ivar Lissner, London Jonathan Cape, 1958, p.129.

Ignorance is basically an absence of knowledge of facts which, in turn, form the basis of worthwhile opinions. Education was highly structured in my day but we were all also encouraged to read as widely as possible. Reading,

in fact, helped me form a viable means of exploration of the great world which existed beyond the somewhat limited confines of my particular boarding school's grounds.

During my school holidays I began, by contrast, to learn the traditional procedures of an artist's studio from a wise and amiable elderly painter who had lost much of his painting hand while on active service in the First World War. Later on he taught himself to paint left-handed with a facility which still amazes me.

I raise the matter of first learning to paint at least partly because a close friend in England has just sent me a copy of a 25,000 word essay he has written on the endlessly controversial subject of art education. As a former full-time artist and critic myself I can confirm that I have never read a better or more complete document about what has rightly become a divisive subject. Indeed, if general education has lapsed in recent times into

a morass of ill-conceived ideas then current art educational practice has by now sadly exceeded even the worst excesses and stupidities of its more general cousin.

To someone who spent much of his previous life exploring the

world's greatest collections of art, the follies of much current practice and teaching are a source of great sorrow to me. Might 2017 be the year when we at least try to get a grip once again on this timelessly relevant and highly rewarding subject?

The author of the piece in question, David Lee, studied at what is arguably the world's most eminent academy of art history - the Courtauld Institute in London - and worked subsequently as the respected editor of a major international art magazine. However, when ownership of the latter changed hands some twenty years ago, he was ordered by the new owners to 'cosy up' to leading art world figures of whom he had often been highly - and quite rightly - critical in the past.

Without further ado David apparently rose from his editor's chair and never returned even to the building itself. Indeed as soon as he could - aided by a loan from another equally far-seeing dissident figure - controversial art critic the late Brian Sewell - he founded in London an art newsletter called The Jackdaw which continues to offer what little sense is currently written about what was formerly one of the more sublime and deeply rewarding means of human expression.

The article as a whole traces what little we know for sure about the manner in which artists of all

kinds first learnt their business. Apprenticeship is surely the key word here; in short, masters imparted what they knew to pupils and in return often received assistance with the more mundane chores of a working studio. That is almost certainly the way in which sculptors working on the Acropolis trained in those far distant-seeming days of 438 BC and is quite certainly the manner in which one of the greatest painters who ever lived - Diego Velazquez - trained a mere 400 years ago in the studio of Francisco Pacheco. By the age of 17 Velazquez was an acknowledged master of his craft having begun his apprenticeship at the tender age of 11. In spite of the long hours involved in the studio, Velazquez's general education was by no means neglected.

The history of all aspects of art is of great interest to me but the real relevance for most people of what Lee has to say will probably not begin until he covers the years immediately following the Second World War. That was when art and art education properly began their long descent into the kind of meaningless chaos which generally prevails today.

Here, indeed, are the opening words of Lee's long and damning treatise: "Since its beginning, and until very recently, Fine Art education has been evolutionary. Received wisdom that the modus operandi of teaching was static until being gradually upset in the decades after 1945, is an exaggeration. The objective to produce basic competence in practical skills in painting and

The Soul of Society

JUSTICE AND moral virtues do not prevent the natural laws of ageing of human societies. They do not prevent physical catastrophes from destroying them. In what sense then are they the chief forces of the preservation and duration of societies? In the sense that they compose the very soul of society, its internal and spiritual force of life. Such a force does not secure immortality to the society, any more than my immortal soul protects me from death. Such a force ... insofar as it is spiritual, it is by itself indestructible. Corrupt this force, however, and an internal principle of death is introduced into the core of the society. Maintain and improve this force, and the internal principle of life is strengthened in the society.

- Jacques Maritain, *True Humanism*, trans. M. R. Adamson, 1938. See *The Social and Political Philosophy of Jacques Maritain*, Image Books, 1965, pp.302-303.



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uplift of Constable's sublime renderings of, say, Salisbury Cathedral?

What a refusal – and inability - to teach traditional skills ensures, is that there can now probably never be a revival of the kind of art people of genuine discernment would still travel to the ends of the earth to see.

Wander, if you ever have a chance, through the Prado, the refurbished Rijksmuseum, the Louvre and the National Gallery in London and reflect that no contemporary equivalent to the amazing and uplifting works of Velazquez and Goya, Rembrandt and Vermeer, Rubens and Courbet or Veronese and Caravaggio, may ever be possible again because we have by now not just utterly rejected but also wrecked the complex systems which were vital to producing such artists.

But of course - as we are now so used to being told - that is 'progress' for you.

How and why did our already senseless world manage to inflict its particular creed of artistic senselessness on the rest of us? Indeed will the much-vaunted, artistic bodies we pay to look after our cultural welfare shortly gallop now to our culture's greatly overdue rescue?

I wouldn't count on any such far-fetched idea because bodies such as Arts Councils are by now an integral and complicit part of an entire, seemingly insoluble worldwide problem. Possibly the correct question to ask such authorities is this: does or does not the kind of art we are asking your help to revive, serve your preferred cause of covert political revolution?

What has been taught in the arts and humanities in art schools and universities in the past three or four decades has largely been forms of New Left heavily politicised gibberish. However, tragically, in order for students to succeed they become obliged now to pretend to believe in at least some of the debilitating material set before them.

sculpture was indeed a constant ambition, but the methods by which this was to be achieved were subject to regular twists and turns of emphasis and direction. Even in post-war years disputes were endemic concerning best practice among reformers before the current impasse of teaching nothing of worth had been reached".

Before continuing with this theme, may I wonder what your reaction would be to viewing 'performances' by ballet dancers or musicians who were virtually or

totally untrained? In short, what price chaos and cacophony at the Opera House in Sydney if the alternative pleasures of the Bolshoi and Beethoven just happened to be equally available? Indeed, who on earth would have chosen Damian Hirst to 'represent' visual art in Britain in the year of the London Olympics if a contemporary artist with the extraordinary skills and sensitivity of a John Constable were waiting in the wings? Inert, pickled animals in tanks of preservative or the lyricism and

To provide merely one example of this, do you or your children believe that the matter of gender is simply a 'social construct' as prominent figures at Australia's La Trobe university continually assert? Indeed, if you just happen to be a farmer, should you now be forcibly re-educated so as to believe that bulls and cows or stallions and mares similarly represent 'social constructs' when you had always wrongly imagined that domestic animals are born into necessarily different genders in order for their species to survive? Perhaps Almighty God had a rather clearer idea of what He was doing than those enrolled on 'gender studies' courses at Sussex University in England or on that or other neo-Marxist courses at La Trobe University in the benighted city of Melbourne.

Is there something slightly strange which permeates the air there?

The various forms of intellectual madness which have been inflicted in recent times on the visual arts and other creative disciplines already defy belief. Indeed, there is only one general point I wish to add here to that specific indictment. For artists working in traditional ways provides a very high measure of inherent satisfaction. Indeed, traditionally such satisfaction was widely believed to be one of the major attractions of being an artist – or of being a composer, ballet dancer, actor, author, poet, or more or less any other species of traditional creative being. In short, the whole idea of the dedicated 'artist in the attic' was once a far from unwarranted myth. Before the whole notion of 'state art and its commissars' – to quote David Lee once more – made its unwelcome intrusion into our lives most forms of art were in the truest sense vocational.

I conclude with David Lee's words about what has happened in recent times in Britain . But they are not by any means without relevance also to what



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has been happening here: "State Art is an invention of my lifetime. I've watched it evolve. It has successfully infiltrated and now controls every corner of contemporary art, funding only what it deems challenging, conceptual, minimal etc. It is an outrageous travesty of what public funding should be. No artist should be excluded from assistance simply by virtue of an artistic path, or the use of a medium, which officialdom deems misguided. State Art discriminates against any traditional styles, favours the contemporary over the historical, and colludes in a sleazy manner with the marketplace. It has contributed to the ruin of the Fine Art college system, which now teaches practically nothing but the transparent pretence of intellectualism, and produces 'artists' fit only for the State Art treadmill. Artists excluded by State Art, a very large majority, must fend for themselves. Some do this

successfully against the odds: but they will be denied acclaim, they won't be collected by the state, they won't have books published about them by mainstream publishers and they will be condemned to having their work reviewed only rarely because print and broadcast media are also on message with State Art ... all I can do is await the day when a Minister has the guts to tell the Arts Council to close down its visual arts department and replace it with something fairer, less discriminatory and with a policy supportive of work by all good artists wherever they live in a miraculously diverse arts spectrum".

Sadly, the visual arts are by no means the only area in which the human race now habitually 'progresses' very rapidly backwards.

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*.

ST PHILIP NERI IN BRISBANE

More than 500 Oratorian priests live in 70 congregations around the world, including 12 in the US and four in Britain, with headquarters in Rome. Judging by the response of Brisbane Catholics to the Oratory, the congregation's spiritual and pastoral enrichment has been a good fit for the city.

THE BRISBANE ORATORY TAKES SHAPE

By Tess Livingstone



FEW YEARS ago, when a couple of secular priests who shared a dream were looking for a diocese in which to create Australia's first Oratorian community, Brisbane's Archbishop Coleridge "got in first", ahead of his brother bishops. The wisdom of his quick decision is now clear.

While the Oratory in Formation was established formally on May 26 2015, the feast of St Philip Neri, it began coming together in January 2014 when two of the founding priests started their community life. They were soon joined by two others; but the original group of four has since become seven. The Oratorian seminarians – one studying theology at Blackfriars, a house of studies run by English Dominicans in Oxford and three studying philosophy at the Oratorian St Philip's Seminary in Toronto – now outnumber the ordained priests. And they could not be happier about the imbalance.

In Brisbane, the community's first 20

months have been ones of pastoral outreach, especially to the young, and a concentration on prayer, liturgy and music. At the same time, the elderly and the needy of the parish and surrounding district are cared for with tenderness and generosity, through the parish with anointing Masses several times a year, social functions and outings. An active St Vincent de Paul Society reaches out to those in

need, whatever their problems and regardless of their religious beliefs or lack of them. No-one is turned away.

The results of the formation project were clear on a recent Monday night in Brisbane -- a quiet, rainy public holiday when the city's south side suburbs resembled a drizzly graveyard with traffic lights. The Oratory's main church, Mary Immaculate in Annerley was abuzz, packed 20 and 30 somethings, younger families and parish stalwarts of decades standing. By any standards, especially those of a suburban parish, the singing, boosted by members of the parish's four choirs, was sublime. The Oratory choirs, led by Prime Luce member and prominent ecclesial musician and teacher Ronan O'Raghallaigh, include a *schola* for singing Latin Masses, a parish choir, a Frassati choir of young men and women and a children's choir.

Archbishop Coleridge, concelebrating Mass with the Oratory's Moderator Father Adrian Sharp, was in the parish to install the first of the Oratorians' four seminarians, Brother Shawn Murphy, 27, to the ministry of Lector. It was a small but significant step, the Archbishop said, on Brother



Archbishop Coleridge, assisted by Father Adrian Sharp, installing Brother Shawn Murphy, 27, one of the Oratorians' four seminarians, in the ministry of Lector.

Photo: Maria Rose Anna Photography

Shawn's journey to the priesthood, at the start of his life's work of bringing the word of God to the people. As well as proclaiming the scriptures, Br Shawn's mission for the future, the Archbishop said, was to be a doer of the word, not just a hearer, and to encourage others to be the same.

More than 500 Oratorian priests live in 70 congregations around the world, including 12 in the US and four in Britain, with headquarters in Rome. Judging by the response of Brisbane Catholics to the Oratory, the congregation's spiritual and pastoral enrichment has been a good fit for the city. More than half way through its formation period, the Oratorian community, as well as establishing a rich and prayerful community life, has reached out to the people of south-east Queensland.

Theirs is a large parish – covering the sprawling suburbs of Annerley, Ekibin, Tarragindi -- with which for many years consisted of two parishes. The Oratorians cover two parish churches and a chapel that serves as a Mass centre, two Catholic primary schools and a girls' secondary school.

Father Andrew Wise, an Englishman by birth who emigrated to Australia as a child with his family as a "ten pound Pom" in 1963 is Parish Priest. As one of the Oratory founders, Father Wise transferred to Brisbane from the Victorian Diocese of Sale, where he had served as a parish priest and as Dean of St Mary's Cathedral for four years. His qualifications in spiritual direction and counselling enhance his pastoral work.

While retaining all Ordinary Form Masses in Annerley, Ekibin and Tarragindi that were established when they took over the parish, the Oratorians have added an Extraordinary Form Mass each day. During the year of Mercy instigated by Pope Francis they encouraged the faithful to participate in Reconciliation frequently, offering the Sacrament after most Masses and during some

What does History tell us?

IF WE WERE more familiar with history we ... would have less disposition to evolve social theories from our inner consciousness. This neglect of the experience of the past is no new thing; it is as old as civilization itself. Thus in criticizing some of the fantastic proposals of Plato for the reorganization of Greek society, Aristotle says: 'Let us remember that we should not disregard the experience of the ages; in the multitude of years, these things, if they were good, would certainly not have been unknown; for almost everything has been found out, although sometimes they are not put together; in other cases men do not use the knowledge that they have.' It would be a mistake to push this idea too far, and refuse to entertain any proposal which could not claim the authority of history, but it would be just as well before embarking on any new enterprise to inquire if history has anything to say about it. If we did we should find that debatable matter was confined within very narrow limits, and with minds enriched through the study of history we should not waste so much of our time in fruitless discussion. Above all, we should speedily discover that there is no such thing as a cure-all for social ills. We should become more interested in principles and have less regard for schemes.

– Arthur J. Penty, *A Guildsman's Interpretation of History*, London George Allen & Unwin, 1920, pp.5-6. [249]

Masses, when a priest is available. The Sacrament is well attended, seven days a week.

Father Wise is assisted with Masses, devotions and the weekly holy hour by Father Sharp, a canon lawyer who works full-time as the associate judicial vicar to the regional (marriage) tribunal of Queensland, and Father Scot Armstrong, another Oratory founder who transferred to Brisbane from Wagga Wagga. There, Father Armstrong was a parish priest, seminary professor and vice-rector at Vianney College. He has also taught at the John Paul II Institute in Melbourne and Notre Dame University, Fremantle. Father Armstrong is chaplain to St Gregory's Latin Mass community in Brisbane, parish sacramental co-ordinator, prefect of music at the Oratory and chaplain to its Frassati fraternity.

The Frassati fraternity was established by Father Paul Chandler, another Oratory founding father who has since moved on to priestly work outside the community.

The fraternity is named after Blessed Pier Giorgio Frassati, a charismatic Italian Catholic activist and youth leader who died in 1925 at the age of 24, who inspired the faith of thousands of young people in and around Turin. The Oratory's Frassati fraternity is an association of young men, at university and in their early years of work, striving to live authentically Catholic lives. Several members share houses in the Annerley-Ekibin parish, while others attend for Mass and a talk on Monday nights.

A Frassati Youth group for high school students, male and female, meets for dinner and activities on Friday evenings in the parish. A separate group for young women at university and in the workforce, the Flores Teresianes, meets monthly for shared dinners and a short talk on the faith. Their chaplain is Father Wise. Many of the group also join the young men for the Monday evening Mass and talk. The first Flores residential house for four young women is opening shortly, on a similar model to the Frassati houses.

The Oratory's pastoral focus, to borrow one of Pope Francis's phrases, is to be out among the sheep (especially the younger sheep), an approach that follows in the footsteps of St Philip Neri. As Saint John Paul II said of Saint Philip Neri, who founded the first Oratory in Rome in 1575, he was a joyful man who did not choose a life of solitude, but exercised his ministry to be the "salt" for all those who met him. "Like Jesus, he was equally able to enter into human misery in the noble palaces and in the alleys of Renaissance Rome," the late pope said.

Within the Oratory house, the rich spiritual tradition of St Philip and other Oratorians such as Blessed John Henry Newman and Father Frederick Faber is sustained by a community life which includes nightly community devotions by the fathers and brothers, spiritual reading at mealtimes and daily recreation at which the community "reconnects", sharing ideas and experiences.

The priests are in close contact with their seminarians, who have all "cut their teeth" with pastoral work and liturgical celebrations, both in the ordinary and extraordinary forms, in the parish. As Father Wise points out: "We are one of only two Catholic parishes in Queensland to offer the sublime beauty of competent Gregorian chant at our main Sunday Mass."

Brother Shawn, who has completed his philosophy studies in Toronto, left for Oxford in January where he is living at the Oxford Oratory while he studies theology. The decision to educate the Oratory seminarians at Blackfriars Oxford was made on the recommendation of noted author and London Oratory Parish Priest Father Michael Lang, the delegate of Father Mario Aviles, Procurator General of the Confederation of the Oratory of Saint Philip Neri, who is overseeing the formation of the Brisbane Oratory. Fr Lang visited the community in September and found it progressing well.

In keeping with the current trend towards more mature seminarians who have had time and experience to discern their vocations, the Oratory seminarians have all studied and worked outside the church before being drawn to the Oratorians' tradition of priestly holiness, charity, frequent preaching and forming young people in the faith.

Brother Shawn has a degree in English literature and journalism from Melbourne's Monash University. Brother Tyson King, also 27, who joined the Oratory from Western Australia completes his philosophy training in Toronto this year. He has a Bachelor of Arts majoring in Psychology and Criminology. Brother Conor Power, 33, from Brisbane, who was in the inaugural graduating class from Campion College with a Bachelor of Arts in the Liberal Arts, previously worked with Notre Dame's Philosophy and Theology School in Sydney and with an industry association. Brother Matthew Buckley, 28, also from Brisbane, qualified as a civil engineer and worked for several years in hydrology, flood modelling and floodplain management. He is a graduate of the University of Queensland, where he helped form the Queensland Chesterton Society.

Archbishop Coleridge readily acknowledges that when he was first approached about the Oratory establishing its first Australian community in Brisbane he was keen but questioned whether it would have the momentum required. Subsequently, as he wrote in a letter of support to the Oratory fathers, he was "pleasantly surprised to see how many doors have opened".

For the Archbishop, the presence of St Philip Neri "struck me greatly" during his years in Rome and "something of St Philip Neri's holiness and humanity is surely part of a new evangelisation in Australia".

TESS LIVINGSTONE is a well-known journalist and author. She has taken a keen interest in the Brisbane Oratory since its inception.

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FAMILY HOME IN A SHOT TOWER

By Alister Kershaw

make no outright prophecies, you understand, but I wouldn't be a whit surprised if Mediterranean villas and crenellated castles are on the way out. And along with them, secularised churches, disused wine cellars and converted tramcars.

Those of us who keep a firm, if deferential, finger on the pulse of fashionable Paris well know that where housing is concerned, the essence of chic lies in getting away from that silly nonsense of four walls and a roof.

So long as you live in a place that nobody else has so far thought of living in, then a fig for such minor inconveniences as the fact that you are nightly beset by hordes of rats or that the dining room is knee-deep in water whenever it rains.

Time was, I recall, when all that was fairest and bravest in Paris went hurtling like so many lemmings to set up house in barges moored on the Seine. Every time a motor boat went past, the barges wallowed with a nauseating motion; the occupants were forever misjudging the distance and taking a purler into the river; in winter, they shivered as with the palsy and below decks in summer they might just as well have taken up lodgings in Death Valley. The rest of us, pigging it in our apartments, could only incline our heads before their gallantry.

For another spell, it was mills. Everybody who was anybody had a mill; the wind whipped incessantly through the cracked walls, the vanes rotated day and night with an eldritch shriek at every moment, bats hung from the rafters. No matter; while the fit was upon them, Parisian exquisites wouldn't live anywhere else.

These reflections have been inspired by the announcement that the Maginot Line is coming up for sale. There were many, even in France itself, who were quite surprised to learn that it still existed: they'd vaguely imagined that, having proved a trifle ineffectual in 1940, it had since been merely ploughed up. Not a bit of it: the truth is that, while it may not have made much difference to the German army, it was actually too impregnable by half. It would have been almost impossible, it seems, to demolish it.

Besides, the French military authorities apparently had a sort of sentimental attachment to the dear old thing.

At any rate, for more than twenty years they've gone right on keeping it dusted and swept. Its gun turrets still move smoothly up and down, its electrical installations are all in order and running water, hot and cold, is still on tap.

The guns, one gathers, are to be removed but, apart from this, the whole Line, apart from one or two sections which will be turned into museums, is due to be thrown on the market. You can see the significance of this.

So far nobody has thought of building a little nest even in a pill-box, let alone in a vast underground fortress. It's going to be a sensation in Paris society.

A hundred miles of concrete galleries between 100 and 300 feet deep, blockhouses, observation posts, powder magazines—half a billion dollars' worth just waiting to be snapped up. Reconstructed barns and modernised shot towers are nothing to it.

My advice to anyone wanting to make his entrée into the right set would be to get busy now. The bidding is going to be something fierce.

— Alister Kershaw, poet, writer and broadcaster was born in Melbourne in 1921. He died in Sury-en-Vaux, France in 1995. He left Australia for France in 1947 and for some years was private secretary to the British writer Richard Aldington. The above piece was one of around one thousand written in the 1960s when Alister was the ABC's Paris Correspondent. See *A Word from Paris*, Angus and Robertson, 1991, pp.51-53.

On one occasion in Rwanda, Australian troops were required to observe a massacre of refugees without intervening. In an act of constructive and admirable disobedience they intervened, at great risk, to rescue and treat the injured. The UN command was outraged and insisted that the troops be disciplined. Shamefully, they were – but they were also decorated by the Australian government for their heroism.

INTERNATIONAL PEACEKEEPING

By Michael O'Connor



ARTICLE 1 of the United Nations Charter adopted in 1945 describes its primary purpose thus: “To maintain international peace and security, and to that end: to take effective collective measures for the prevention and removal of threats to the peace, and for the suppression of acts of aggression or other breaches of the peace...”

To achieve that objective, the United Nations Organisation established the Security Council and two systems of peacemaking – Chapter VI for peacekeeping, and Chapter VII for peace enforcement. It also established a chiefs of staff committee comprising the chiefs of staff of the five permanent members of the Security Council but that committee has never met. The peacekeeping function is under the control of the Secretary General and the department of Peacekeeping Operations.

UN peacekeeping has had a chequered history from the outset. The UN has ever been reluctant to use force to maintain or restore peace and has tended to use force only when its own peacekeeping forces are threatened. Of course throughout the Cold War, the Soviet Union typically vetoed any peacekeeping proposal that might have demanded an intervention



Not Syria or Iraq or Libya or Yemen, but Lebanon in the 1980s

contrary to Soviet interests. The only exception was the Korean War when the Soviet Union’s representative was unaccountably absent from the Security Council when the vote to intervene was taken.

After the end of the Cold War and when Iraq invaded Kuwait

in 1990, the Security Council authorised the United States and its allies with the support of the Soviet Union to conduct a peace enforcement mission to expel Iraq from Kuwait. As we know, that mission was successful but President George H Bush was heavily criticised for not going on and getting rid of the Iraqi dictator, Saddam Hussein. For a number of reasons, Bush was correct. To have done so would have invalidated the UN mandate and spelled the end of an opportunity to develop a working system of international peacekeeping. Moreover and unlike his son, he would have maintained Iraq as the buffer state between Iran and Saudi Arabia whose rivalry still bedevils the Middle East.

The decade of the nineties saw a string of UN-endorsed peacekeeping missions in Africa, Asia and the Balkans. Most failed through a mixture of incompetence and a too strict adherence to the concept of passive peacekeeping in situations where there was no peace

to keep. In the case of the former Yugoslavia, settlement was achieved only by more forceful Western intervention especially in Bosnia, Serbia and Kosovo. The opportunity won by the end of the Cold War was lost.

Australian troops were involved in a number of highly dangerous missions including those in Cambodia and Rwanda. Normally at the request of the UN, Australia provided only specialists such as engineers, signals or medical units. In the case of Rwanda and in the context of a very dangerous mission, the then Australian defence minister, Senator Robert Ray, insisted that the medical unit be accompanied by well-trained Australian infantry to protect the medics.

Then in 1999, Australia was asked to lead a peacekeeping mission in East Timor. Prime minister John Howard agreed but solely on condition that the mission be for peace enforcement under Chapter VII of the Charter for the simple reason that there was no peace to keep at that stage of the territory's history.

The request to Australia represented a change of attitude at the UN. The world organisation finally recognised that most conflicts were not between states but between insurgent groups within states. Typically these were combat organisations owing only the most token allegiance to a recognised political group. As was seen in such places as Bosnia and Rwanda, they were essentially vicious and under no overarching political control.

The UN's own processes were unhelpful. Based essentially upon traditional diplomacy, negotiated agreements between warring groups had a life measured, in some cases, of no more than hours. For peacekeeping troops, the UN insistence that force could be used only for the protection of UN personnel meant that there could be no peace to keep. Indeed, all too often, the troops themselves became

Self-destructive Social Pathology

WE NOW have societies in which quite large numbers of people have no religious belief, no interest in the life of the mind, and no struggle for survival. For them the difference in reward between working very hard and not working at all is not great. What then can engage their minds or impassion them, apart from personal crises of their own making? That is why self-destructive social pathology is so prevalent, but not just in Australia.

– Theodore Dalrymple, *Migration: Multiculturalism and its Metaphors*, Connor Court, 2016, p.13.

the target of insurgent groups. Hence Senator Ray's insistence that Australia would be responsible for protection at least of its own through the power of intimidation by highly disciplined and trained troops against an armed rabble.

On innumerable occasions, Australian peacekeepers ignored the UN rules to prevent or control bloodshed. On one occasion in Rwanda, Australian troops were required to observe, without intervening, a massacre of refugees. But in an act of constructive and admirable disobedience they intervened, at great risk, to rescue and treat the injured. The UN command was outraged and insisted that the troops be disciplined. Shamefully, they were – but they were also decorated by the Australian government for their heroism.

The UN philosophy, following the Charter, seeks not merely to avoid the use of force but also to draw its peacekeeping troops and police (an increasingly important element) from a wide range of countries. For too many, their troops are poorly equipped and trained, often corrupt, and certainly timid. Thus Australian combat engineers in Namibia were routinely called

upon to control riots because the UN troops charged with the job refused to take the risk.

Today the UN has authorised sixteen peacekeeping operations around the world – in Africa (9), Europe (5), Haiti (1) and Asia (1). In Asia, a truce supervising group has monitored India-Pakistan conflicts mainly in Kashmir since 1949! Other than in Africa, the peacekeepers are monitors of generally stable agreements although if conflict does break out, the UN force will politely step aside and let them go to it.

In Africa, large forces are in place in Liberia, Central African Republic, Ivory Coast, Congo, Darfur, South Sudan and Abyei (part of Sudan). In most cases, the troops are from other African countries reflecting the current UN policy of seeking regional organisations to take control. The UN has also endorsed an African Union operation in Somalia with troops and police drawn mostly from East Africa. Fearful of accusations of neo-colonialism, Western forces that are well-equipped, trained and disciplined are not wanted by the United Nations.

Progress towards peace in all of these operations has been limited, even barely perceptible. For that reason and because it tends to regard the UN's peacekeeping philosophy as fundamentally ineffectual and wrong-headed, Australia has, apart from a handful of military observers or police, virtually withdrawn from UN peacekeeping.

The current conflict in Afghanistan has been authorised by the UN but delegated to NATO whose International Security Assistance Force of more than 13,000 troops from 39 countries includes just 270 Australians. For specifically UN-endorsed missions, Australia ranks 85th out of 123 contributing countries.

MICHAEL O'CONNOR is a former patrol officer in Papua New Guinea. He also served in the Royal Australian Navy as an intelligence officer. He writes regularly for *Annals*.



MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Pop goes the US

Uncountable words have been written (and spouted) about the modern rise of populist leaders. The inauguration of Donald John Trump as 45th President of the United States means that even more verbiage is imminent.

The abundance will cover Trump rather than, say Australia's Pauline Hanson who has some claim to be his precursor, albeit from the more populist base of a fish-'n'-chippy rather than a self-named tycoon's tower.

Nothing said by the new president so far has caused your correspondent to change the opinion expressed in the Christmas issue: Trump is crazy like a fox.

But the continuing 'resistance' to his presidency, achieved by a free-vote, does call for further comment. Partly at least the 'resistance' has the quality of post-traumatic stress in those who believe straight and narrow progressivism is the way forward.

The truth is history is cyclical; it repeats itself and not always as Marxist farce. When Trump mentions dealing with his Russian counterpart Vladimir Putin he is not into the unprecedented, he is repeating what the Democratic President Franklin D Roosevelt did with Stalin - until reined in by death and the diplomat George F Kennan.

When Trump restricts foreign funds for abortion, he repeats President Ronald Reagan's policy, implicit in the Republican Party platform.

This not to say that democracy comes with a continuity warranty any more than its main alternative monarchy does: George III suffered from spells of madness and along his way lost the colonies that are now the United States. Yet the UK coped.

Kingdom rules

Apropos, the US presidency appears to be evolving to a dynastic mode akin to the monarchical. Your correspondent's prediction that Hillary Clinton might make another presidential run has been overtaken by reports that Michelle Obama will offer herself as a post-Trump candidate.

With this and the Bill and Hillary Clinton precedent in mind should there be a First Lady Succession Amendment?

Which begets another question: if, as is likely, a woman makes it to the White House on her ownio will her husband have a right to nomination as her lesser half?

And why didn't Maggie Thatcher's

hubbie, the imperturbable Dennis get a chance to hold the Number 10 keys. No question about Lucy Turnbull's qualifications to succeed Malcolm and hold the keys to The Lodge.

Paper tigers

What of Team Trump's criticism of US media, its freedom constitutionally guaranteed? As relayed here the coverage has been patchy which recalls Ben

A Fresh look at Rome

FOOLISHLY, I thought the City they call Rome was like our town, to which we shepherds often are accustomed to drive the tender young lambs of our flocks. In fact, I took puppies to be dogs, kids to be nanny goats, putting the great on a par with the small. But this city has lifted her head as high among others as cypress trees are accustomed to tower over weeping willows.

— Virgil, 70 BC – 19 BC, Eclogues, I



(Washington Post) Bradlee's quip about journalists writing the first draft of history.

There's the rub: too many journalists, under 24/7 deadlines and social media-pressure, keep writing first drafts, not second drafts taking account of first drafts or third drafts taking account of both.

Newspapers distinguish between news and comment and analysis. They should add context. Social media's instant comment is destroying context as instant coffee destroys the real stuff.

Professional journalists who tweet add substance to amateur discourse and then criticise populism, are part of the problem.

Accordingly much was made of Trump's taking a congratulatory call from President Tsai Ing-wen of Taiwan, the sub-text being it would offend China, its Marxist government scarcely a beacon of press freedom.

No equivalent praise came when Trump reportedly contacted Egypt's President Abdel Fattah el-Sisi, like Trump, *ex-officio* commander-in-chief of his nation's armed forces.

President Sisi's call to the Imams for Islamic reformation remains the most eloquent by a Muslim political leader.

The term 'the smack of firm government' is no longer in the commentary lexicon maybe because 'smack' now has connotations of drug use. It is inapplicable to Trump who is into sucker-punch governance as his 120-day ban on travellers from various Muslim countries has demonstrated. This triggered headlines about a war against Islam – little or no contextual mention of pre and post 9/11/01 Islamist attacks.

On the ban, Trump had other options: he could have dumped it, postponed it *sine die* or set a definite later date for it, as many other leaders would. He chose to fulfil his electioneering promise.

As to Trump's Mexican Wall, it has led to an apt Mexican stand-off. Australia's Ambassador to Washington Joe Hockey must know this country's fencing regulations; don't they entail shared costs between even surly neighbours?

Show time

Politics has been called showbiz for the ugly. President Trump has made it a reality show in which he interchanges the roles of Don Juan and Don John of Austria; the show works because it creates a sense of things promised being done, if not dusted.

As the Trump era continues we may find ourselves echoing the Abbé Siyes who, asked what he did in the French Revolution remarked, I survived.

Not that the Abbé educated at St Sulpice, was an innocent bystander. He participated fully in revolutionary politics – *à la mode* progressive.

Executioners became Victims

UNDER STALIN, the executioners eventually became victims. Bukharin, after the execution of his old Party comrades Zinoviev and Kamenev, publicly declared: 'I am so happy that they have been shot like dogs.'³ Less than two years later Bukharin himself was shot like a dog. This characteristic of Stalinism was to become widespread in Communist States throughout the world.

– The Black Book of Communism, Stephane Courtois et alii, Harvard University Press, 1999, p.746 [76]

Presidential pipes

In the event that Trump, having recast probability theory, goes to a second term, he should refashion the inauguration ceremonies. His bullet-proof limousine had a funereal air, mitigated by the Sousa brass band and the courage of his walkabouts.

But they should have been the cue for a pibroch, inspired by the president's matrilineal Hebridean ancestry and the ancient Gaelic brag, *Dumnobellonnus* – *World*

Ruler – First of Donalds.

The 'picked piper' for the task? Who else but the distinguished military historian Christopher Dawson, ex-Cameron Highlanders and veteran of many a long lunch in Surry Hills and Fleet Street.

President Richard Nixon smartened the dress kit of White House honor guards. President Trump should add pipes, drums and the kilt.





Souper seniors

Congratulations to Sister Anne Gardiner, the 2017 Senior Citizen of the Year, for her long and continuing work among the people of the Tiwi Islands.

Your correspondent would like to see a meeting between Sister Anne and Stasia Dabrowski, nominated for running a soup kitchen in Canberra's Carema Plce since 1979.

The point? Soup, of course. In the Grand Book of Soup, Kangaroo Tail is up there for nourishment with minestrone, *pot au feu*, Scots Cock-a-leekie, Irish stew and the Polish Czernina which involves duck, chicken or rabbit.

Trivia point: surnames are compressed history. Gardiner resonates to the Scots-born bushranger Frank Gardiner, Dabrowski to the military leader, Jan Dabrowski, who gets a rousing mention in the Polish national anthem.

Banking on criticism

In examining the derelictions of the banking system, *The Australian* has combined broadsheet and broadside. So there was a poetic irony in the issue of January 30: a reassurance, double-page advertisement, repeated in the same issue, and sponsored by an array of banks – Commonwealth to Arab Bank Australia – surely a Per Reader World First.

The sponsors were mustered by ABA (Australian Bankers' Association), possibly the last institution that can afford the increasingly rare possessive apostrophe.

Mal-Don duet

Is Prime Minister Malcolm Turnbull singing from the same song book as m President Donald Trump when describing himself as practical and pragmatic businessman-leader?

Both do share a penchant for keeping the management of their private business interests in the family, as did the late Nationalist Party Prime Minister Stanley Melbourne Bruce (1923-29).

In a resounding validation of the biz/politician he described himself as 'the managing director of the greatest company in Australia, the Commonwealth Government.'

Bruce was duly defeated by James Scullin, a sometime grocer/journalist whose tenure was brief after the 1929 Wall Street Crash led to the Great Depression.

All that was back when the Australian Labor Party had leaders whose Catholic faith influenced their political success not vice-versa. The latter reaction is now commonplace in representative, western democratic systems.

Market progress

Inspired by ancestry search, your correspondent grandchildren ask him about his parents, that is, their great grandparents. He explained to one of them that his Irish father, an ex-soldier ploughman met his mother, a Hebridean milkmaid, at a hiring fair in Glasgow.

By way of explanation he then offered the family lore that when they met n the 1920s the custom was for farm workers to be laid off after harvest time in autumn and rehired in

springtime.

The well-educated questioner is employed by a government entity on six-month contract basis – roughly equivalent to the spring-autumn cycle.

China sale

Odd that at a time when the Federal Government has outlined tighter security on foreign sales of assets. Doubly odd: Rio

The Papacy

IT IS A strange form of historical blindness which is unable to perceive in its [the Papacy's] long and remarkable history a supernatural grandeur which no mere secular institution has ever attained in equal measure. Its strange, almost mystical, faithfulness to type, its marked degree of changelessness, its steadfast clinging to tradition and precedent, above all its burning zeal for order and *justitia* compel us to acknowledge that the Papacy must always defy a categorization which is purely of this world.

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



Tinto reveals a deal to sell Hunter Valley coal interest to a Chinese Government body. Triply odd: China is reported to be cutting its use of fossil fuels.

Are they acquiring the Hunter assets as a reserve against another Ice Age? Or is there true interest in the acquisition of sea ports that are integral to the deal?

Either way it is another example of the tension between national and corporate power. It is also a variation on what used to be called 'inertia selling' – dumping goods on a customer's doorstep expecting them to pay up.

Corporations like Rio should warn the Government (commercial in confidence) what they contemplate to avoid the political angst of having to judge on a pre-set deal.

The mantra of Menzies era was 'great and powerful friends.' The Turnbull Government should not allow itself to be cast as the client of a great and powerful trading partner.

Nifty Mufti

Comment on the plea of Australia's Grand Mufti, Dr Ibrahim Abu Mohammed, for Muslim quasi ethnic status treated it as unprecedented.

Not quite. The Croatian Josef Broz known as Tito gave Muslims the equivalent of ethnic status, the outcome: former Yugoslavia.

Book end

Assessing his books for retention or re-cycling through the St. Vincent de Paul Society, result of a change of address, your correspondent came across, *The Popes: A History* by John Julius Norwich. (Chatto & Windus, 2011).

In his introduction, Norwich writes: 'After nearly 2000 years of existence, the papacy is the oldest continuing absolute monarchy in the world. To millions, the Pope is the Vicar of Christ on Earth, the infallible interpreter of divine revelation. To millions more, he is the fulfilment of biblical prophecies of the Antichrist. What cannot be denied is that Roman Catholicism began with Christianity itself; all other Christian religions – and there are more than 22,000 of them – are offshoots or deviations from it.'

As an incidental, Norwich also writes: 'I can claim some personal experience of the Vatican, having worked in its Library and having had two private audiences – with Pius XII and Paul VI – the latter when I was lucky enough to attend his coronation as dogsbody to the Duke of Norfolk, who was representing the Queen.'

Dogsbody. That's the kind of self-deprecation only a nanny-reinforced Englishman can carry off, similar in spirit to Churchill describing himself as 'a former naval person'.

Stop Press

Breaking news suggests that the Trump-Turnbull duet song book (above) may have been torn apart. Reportedly after 35 minutes of a scheduled 60-minute hook-up with PM Turnbull to discuss the Obama-authorized Manus Island refugee transfer deal, President Trump broke off, describing it as 'a dumb deal'. But he was also reported to be still considering it.

Your correspondent (on monthly deadlines) cites this as a token of respect for journalists working to multi-platform, hourly deadlines.

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Boast of a Christian soul

By Blessed John Henry Newman

I HAVE NO sway amid the crowd, no art
In speech, no plea in council or in mart.
Nor human law, nor judges throned on high
Smile on my face, and to my words reply.
Let others seek earth's honours; be it mine
One law to cherish, and to track one line,
Straight on towards heaven to press
with single bent,
To know and love my God, and then
to die content.

– From 'The Married and the Single,' based on a fragment from St Gregory Nazianzen, ad 329-389.

Not one to compromise after he reached a decision, he would make no attempt to accommodate the views of his fellow jurists or to reach a consensus with them. Frequently dissenting from majority opinions, he regarded his dissenting opinion as the correct one, and one that might serve as principled guidance to future courts.

JUDGE ANTONIN SCALIA



THIS IS an excellent biography of an extraordinary man, a jurist of first rank, an exemplary Catholic, and a devoted family man, not to mention his exceptional talent as a pianist and tuba player. The opening pages of the book provide an account of the old world origins of the Scalia family.

Antonin Gregory Scalia was the only child of Salvatore Eugene Scalia and Catherine Panaro Scalia. In the Sicilian tradition he was named after his paternal grandfather Antonin Scalia. Salvatore Eugene Scalia was born in 1903 in Sicily where his father, Antonin, was a mechanic in Palermo.

Salvatore arrived at Ellis Island after his father decided to emigrate with his family to the United States. The immigration officer who admitted the family classified Salvatore as a “laborer,” his father as a “mechanic.” Salvatore was anything but a laborer.

With the advantage of a superior Italian secondary education, at age seventeen, he enrolled at Rutgers University where he earned a BA. He subsequently earned a PhD in Romance Languages at Columbia University and went on to become a Professor of Romance Languages and Literature at Brooklyn College. In later years, Antonin was quick to tell anyone who wanted to know that he was not the son of a poor immigrant father.

Murphy, Bruce Allen, *Scalia: A Court of One*, New York, Simon and Schuster, 2014, pp. xii +641.

Antonin Scalia grew up in Elmhurst, a region of Queens, in what he called a “middle class neighborhood.” His father put him in Public School #13 where he would be exposed to fellow students with a variety of ethnic backgrounds rather than just fellow Catholics in a parochial school.

New York Public Schools at that time had “released time” on Wednesday afternoons which allowed students to learn something

of their religious faith at a neighboring church or synagogue. When it became clear that in order to have proper Catholic training something more was needed, Antonin was then enrolled in Jesuit run Xavier Military High School at East 16th Street near Union Square in lower Manhattan. There he received a top-flight classical and Catholic education. Students were subjected to three years of Greek, reading Homer, four years of Latin, reading Caesar’s *Gallic Wars*, Cicero’s *Orations*, and Virgil’s *Aeneid*. As a classmate tells it, there was no time for girlfriends.

Students were expected to do three or four hours of homework a night and if you were involved in other school activities, you went to school, came home, studied and went to bed. Scalia made straight A’s and was first in his class every year. Among other activities, he became a lieutenant in the elite Junior Reserve Officers Training Corps, was commander of the school band and had the lead in the school’s production of *Macbeth*.

Leaving New York City, Scalia furthered his education by earning a BA in history at Georgetown University in Washington and a law degree at Harvard University. In 1977, after some experience in a law firm, he accepted a professorship at the University of Chicago Law School where he remained for five years with the exception of one year that he spent as a visiting professor at Stanford.

At that time, with his university salary and speaking and consulting



fees he could easily support his family with the eight children he and Maureen had at that time. When at age 46, he joined the United States Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia he was obliged to suffer a severe loss of income. A judge's salary at that time was less than Scalia's professorial earnings, because as a judge he could no longer accept consultancies and other work to supplement his base salary. The family made the move and Scalia remained in the Washington area for the remainder of his career.

On the Court of Appeals, Judge Scalia earned a reputation as an exacting jurist. Not one to compromise after he reached a decision, he would make no attempt to accommodate the views of his fellow jurists or to reach a consensus with them. Frequently dissenting from majority opinions, he regarded his dissenting opinion as the correct one, and one that might serve as principled guidance to future courts.

Those who follow the Washington political landscape will value the insights provided by Justice Scalia's encounter with the nation's political and intellectual elites as recounted by Bruce Murphy.

In early 1986, Chief Justice Warren Burger submitted his resignation effective with the end of the current term in May. The search for a successor ended on August 14 when the Senate Judiciary Committee approved Scalia's nomination in an 18-0 vote; the full Senate followed by approving his appointment by a 98-0 vote. He had been

chosen over Robert Bork, a close contender.

The narrative that follows examines chronologically the opinions Scalia rendered in

significant cases that reached Supreme Court. They are too numerous to mention here.

The volume is graced by a set of photographs that span Scalia's life from his early years at Xavier High School to a lovely image of Antonin and Maureen, his wife of fifty years, as they enter the White House for a dinner in 2012.

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

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Marcus Cato [234-249 BC]

HE WAS indicted more than fifty times; and the last time it happened he was eighty-six years old. It was on this occasion that he said what has been quoted often since: 'It is tiresome, after living in one century, to have to render an account of one's life to someone from a different century.'

— See *Lives of Illustrious Men*, by Plutarch [45-120 AD].

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Silence

With the opening shot – figures in a misty landscape after the style of a Hokusai print – director Martin Scorsese establishes the mood and the magisterial scope of his latest work which relates the story of the two younger Jesuits assigned to check on information that a veteran Jesuit missionary has apostasised in Japan.

With the work, almost 30 years in the making, Scorsese, co-writer Jay Cocks and director of photography Rodrigo Prieto have put together a cathedral of film, their floor-plan, Shusaku Endo's novel of the same title published in 1966.

Scorsese has a cast to match his scope; Liam Neeson plays the veteran, Christovao Ferreira – 'Padre' to repeat the form of address also used to the younger Jesuits, Sebastian Rodrigues (Andrew Garfield) and Francisco Garupe (Adam Driver).

Their search reveals a situation where Japan's 17th century government is determined to extirpate Catholicism brought to the country by Portuguese missionaries, a situation where missionaries are faced with the decision of recanting or watching their parishioners die under torture, a situation of hope against despair.

Small groups of Christians hide from the forces of the government representative Inoue Masashige (Issey Ogata), their recognition gesture the sign of the cross.

To say more would be to weaken narrative tension; enough to say that there are moments when that moribund cliché, 'heart-stopping,' lives.

Scorsese ends with a sequence where an icon of redemption prevails against fiery oblivion. He may have been tempted by another sequence: atomic bombs explode over Hiroshima and Nagasaki. In the aftermath, the US and its allies occupy Japan.

An American chaplain, crosses upon his uniform collar, is approached by a Japanese who indicates he, too, is a Christian and invites the chaplain to his home and shows him the family shrine.

It contains an ivory statue of the Buddhist goddess of fertility; the

MOVIES

By James Murray

family call it, 'Maria Kanon' and use it to honour the Virgin Mother of God.

One other factor needs mention: in 1988 at special screening of the controversial, *The Last Temptation of Christ*, New York's episcopal Archbishop Paul Moore gave Scorsese a copy of *Silence*, a novel highly commended by Graham Greene.

Scorsese ends with a caption your reviewer has not seen before on a cinema-screen: *Ad Maiorem Dei Gloriam* – To the Greater Glory of God.

It is a caption aligned to his statement about *Silence*. 'I was raised in a strong Catholic family and was very much involved in religion. The bedrock I still have is the spirituality of Roman Catholicism I was immersed in as child...'

TBA★★★★NFFV.

A Street Cat Named Bob

Cute title leading to an ending so sentimental that even the maestro of sentiment Charles Dickens might have hesitated to use it – except that it is solidly based on reality.

The West in Denial

THE WEST'S denial regarding Saudi Arabia is striking: It salutes the theocracy as its ally but pretends not to notice that it is the world's chief ideological sponsor of Islamist culture. The younger generations of radicals in the so-called Arab world were not born jihadists. They were suckled in the bosom of Fatwa Valley, a kind of Islamist Vatican with a vast industry that produces theologians, religious laws, books, and aggressive editorial policies and media campaigns.

– Kamel Daoudnov, 'Saudi Arabia, an ISIS that has made it,' *The New York Times*, Nov 20, 2015.

Indeed director Roger Spottiswoode and scriptwriters Tim John and Maria Nation bring off their climax by relying on the sentimental ending: homeless, recovered drug-addict, guitarist-busker James Bowen's best-seller of the same title.

Bob, the ginger Tom, is played by Bob, a performance of such feline authority that Luke Treadaway has difficulty in matching it as James Bowen who has to deal with Bob's cataclysms piled on catastrophes (sorry about that) before the triumphal publication that still keeps them well fed.

Basically it's a two-hander but Ruta Gedmintas and Joanne Froggatt provide charming support as Betty (Bowen's sweetheart) and Val (his social worker).

For London nostalgics, cinematographer Peter Wunstorff provides wonderful cityscapes, particularly of the Covent Garden precinct and Soho where buskers and the homeless abound.

Spottiswoode and his crew also find space for sellers of *The Big Issue* which may help local sellers of that admirable journal.

Although the film is rated as below, there are confronting sequences where Bowen, who is on a methadone programme, beats his addiction by going 'cold turkey.'

PG★★★★SFFV.

Live by Night

Westerns and gangster movies were the twin pillars of old Hollywood. The latter continue to enjoy a greater vogue than the former, perhaps because they echo the spirit of the times.

Certainly Ben Affleck puts everything he has into writing, co-producing, directing and starring as Joe Coughlin in a take on gangsterism in his native Boston during Prohibition's Roaring Twenties.

Working from Dennis Lehane's novel of the same title, Affleck opens with archival footage of the Great War in which Coughlin served as an infantryman, his voice-over drawing specious justification for neighbourhood gangsterism from international capitalist wars.

Affleck adds a further twist: the rivalry between Irish-American and Italian-American gangs, one led by Albert White (Robert Glenister) the other by Maso Pescatore (Remo Girone).

Coughlin weaves between them despite remonstrance by his father, a police captain (Brendan Gleeson).

A similar interplay is involved in Coughlin's love life between White's mistress Emma Gould (Sienna Miller) and the free-spirited Graciela Corrales (Zoe Saldana).

With his off-sider Dion Bartolo (Chris Messina) Coughlin shifts from Mafia rum distilling in Florida to a casino project. Here Affleck, writer, director, star delivers a resounding line. When Coughlin meets a Ku Klux Klan chieftain, the latter says: 'I don't shake hands with Papists.'

The Tommy-gun violence is extreme and the car chases faster than anything provided by the Keystone Kops. Obviously little good can come of it.

Well, no. Affleck introduces Loretta Figgis (Elle Fanning), daughter of a dubious police chief (Chris Cooper). She aims to be a Hollywood star but becomes a preacher billed as 'Madonna' and opposed to casinos.

After a meeting with her, Coughlin opts for happy domesticity with Graciela and their son, symbolised by their enjoyment of a William Boyd/Hopalong Cassidy movie.

This leaves Affleck open to the charge that like Francis Ford Coppola with *The Godfather*, he has domesticated the Mafia vulture into the goose that lays golden box-office eggs.

M15+★★★NFFV.

Jackie

In the title role Natalie Portman performs definitively down to the last shy but resolute hesitancy. She rivets together director Pablo Larrain and scriptwriter Noah Oppenheim's narrative structure; this combines three elements: an interview Jackie Kennedy gave to Theodore H White, then with *Life* magazine, her guided tour of the White House and the assassination of President John F Kennedy in Dallas, Texas.

Billy Crudup gives a well-turned performance as White (credited for some reason as 'The Journalist').

In the role of Nancy Tuckerman, social secretary, Greta Gerwig transmutes her signature mischievous wit into deft reassurance for her shy boss.

Playing the Johnsons, Lyndon and Ladybird, character actors John Carroll Lynch, and Beth Grant could be in rehearsal for another biopic etched in nostalgia.

John Hurt contributes a portrait of Jackie Kennedy's spiritual director, Father Richard McSorley that owes something to Hurt's father being an Anglo-Catholic cleric.

Part of the movie's attraction is spotting members of the Kennedy clan including his mother and father, sisters and brothers. As JFK, Caspar Phillipson is like a remote beach shack; he offers glimpses.

One puzzle: during the interview White, who went on to become the chronicler of presidencies, scribbles with a pencil on a spiral-bound notebook.

Authentic stuff. But it leads to a melodramatic flourish: Mrs Kennedy snatches the notebook and crosses out passages. How so? Didn't White do shorthand? In any case, a reporter's notes tend to be as illegible as a doctor's prescriptions.

Add to this a sequence where White ends what appears to be

dictation of his story, and gives Jackie a compliant glance as he makes her celebrated quote about Camelot his punch line.

The quote was, of course, inspired by the Lerner-Loewe musical, not the Arthurian legend whose dark, Celtic themes are closer to the Kennedy saga.

The Arthurian element may show more bleakly if there's a sequel: *Jackie Kennedy Onassis* (in which Aristotle of that ilk is her Merlin).

MA 15+★★★NFFV.

Split

Kevin Wendell Crumb (James McAvoy) suffers from DID – Dissociative Identity Disorder – which means he is haunted by 23 different personalities. McAvoy is an actor of considerable range,

Fortunately, however, writer/director M Night Shyamalan requires him to act out only a few of the more chilling personalities, known collectively as the Horde and dedicated to the service of the Beast.

The acting out encompasses the kidnapping and imprisonment underground of not one but three teenage friends, Claire Benoit (Haley Lu Richardson), Marcia (Jessica Sula) and Casey Cooke (Anya Taylor-Joy) who retains flashback memories of a childhood sexual predator.

Also caught up is Crumb's psychotherapist Dr Karen Fletcher (Betty Buckley). Shyamalan and his cast work through this with a degree of subtlety but there are sequences which resemble any other shock-horror, popcorn noir movie.

Shyamalan shot on location in Philadelphia, but there's no twinkle in his eye as he springs the revelation of where the underground prison is situated and tops it with a final cameo appearance by Bruce Willis, dark star of Shyamalan's classic of the uncanny, *The Sixth Sense*.

M★★★NFFV.

Passengers

Outward bound from earth, on a voyage scheduled to take 130 years, the spaceship Avalon carries 5000 colonists in hibernation pods to Homestead II.

Official Classifications key

G: for general exhibition;
PG: parental guidance
recommended for
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M 15+: recommended for
mature audiences 15 years
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R 18+: Restricted to adults,
18 years and over.

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NFFV: Not For Family Viewing.
TBA: classification to be
announced

Avoiding clichés, writer Jon Spaihts and director Morten Tyldum do not introduce monsters but an asteroid does damage the ship. As a consequence Jim Preston (Chris Pratt) awakes from hibernation 90 years early.

What to do? What else but have a stiffening whisky served by a legless android barman, Arthur, played by Michael Sheen in a style that shows Tyldum does not lack irony: Sheen is the most skilled actor in the cast which also includes Jennifer Lawrence as Aurora, a writer, awakened by Jim when Arthur's deadpan humour palls.

Romeo and Juliet revisited? Only to an extent: Aurora is enraged when Arthur (in Puckish mischief-making mode) tells her Jim roused her. They are reconciled on the ship's basketball court, dance floor and honeymoon suite.

Here it must be said the spaceship Avalon resembles the luxury liners in the days when Clyde-built Cunarders ruled the waves.

There's also a swimming pool which provides the location for Jennifer Lawrence to take part in one of the most scary computer generated images ever shot.

Laurence Fishburne enters as Crew Chief Gus Mancuso. But can he save Jim and Aurora to live happily ever after on Homestead II?

M★★★★NFFV.

Moonlight

Writer/director Barry Jenkins has made a movie that has already won a Best Motion Picture Golden Globe and is an Oscar contender.

The movie's protagonist is Chiron (played across childhood, teenhood and adulthood by Alex Hibbert, Ashton Sanders and Trevante Rhodes). He lives in a Florida neighbourhood with his mother Paul (Naomie Harris, cast against type) and is befriended by a Juan (Mahershala Alt), a drug dealer.

Chiron's only school friend is Kevin (played across his time by Jaden Piner, Jharrel Jerome and André Holland). In a schoolyard sequence Kevin beats Chiron to win acceptance from bullies.

Inevitably, due to the movie's trans-generational nature, there's

Coffee with Cowboys

THE IMMEDIATE (practical) purpose of drinking a cup of coffee is to wash the biscuit down; the proximate (ethical) purpose is the intimate communion of (say) cowboys standing around a campfire in a drenching rain, water curling off their Stetsons, over yellow slickers, splashing on the rowels of spurs, their faces creased with squinting at the sun, drawing the bitter liquid down their several throats into the single moral belly of their comradeship. The remote (political) purpose of coffee at the campfire, especially in the rain, is the making of Americans: born on the frontier, free, frank, friendly, touchy about honor, despisers of fences, lovers of horses, worshippers of eagles and women. Nations have their drinks: the English tea, the Irish whiskey, the Germans beer. Drinking coffee from a can is us. The ultimate purpose is mystical. To drink a can of coffee with the cowboys in the rain is as Odysseus said of Alcinous's banquet: something like perfection.

- Professor John Senior, 'On Cowboy Coffee'.

a difficulty over casting adult actors who look like their younger counterparts.

The film can scarcely be called personal since it's based on Tarell Alvin McCraney's play, *In Moonlight Black Boys look Blue*.

Though compellingly acted *Moonlight* comes across as piece of misery theatre transformed into sombre movie of homosexual love.

M★★★★NFFV.

Patriots Day

The most remarkable element in this docu-thriller is the credit list. Although based on the book *Boston Strong* by Casey Sherman and David Wedge, it gives screenplay/story credit to its director Peter Berg, Matt

Cook, Joshua Zetumer, Paul Tamasy and Eric Johnson.

Essentially, however, it is a powerful re-enactment of the 2013 Boston Marathon bombing and its aftermath: the hunt for the perpetrators, the brothers Dzhokhar and Tamerlun Tsarnaev (Alex Wolff and Themo Melkidze).

Kevin Bacon plays FBI Special Agent Richard DesLauriers who takes charge of the investigation across a turf-line drawn by Boston Police Commissioner Ed Davis (John Goodman).

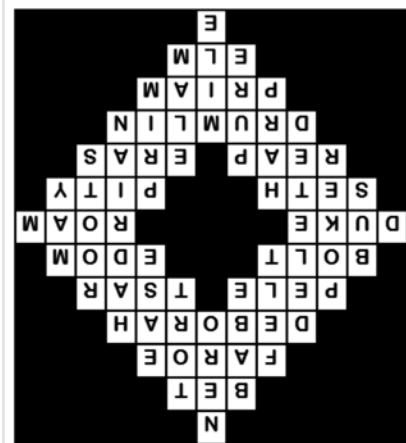
Others in the long list of players who have co-starred with Bacon, include Mark Wahlberg as Police Sergeant Tommy Saunders, Michelle Monaghan as his wife Carol, JK Simmons as Watertown Police Sergeant Jeffrey Pugliese and Jimmy O Yang as Dun Meng, the driver car-jacked by the Tsarnaevs, whose evidence led to their capture.

Peter Berg's direction encompasses all the digital gizmos of modern policing with the courage of individual cops up to a shoot-out where Dzhokhar is killed and Tamerlun escapes only to be discovered hiding in a backyard boat.

Post-credit captions make it clear Tamerlun is appealing against his death sentence and that others involved are still under investigation.

M★★★★NFFV

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD NO.94



La La Land

The term 'pastiche' (admiring imitation) covers writer/director Damien Chazelle's musical-comedy. Yet some critics have taken umbrage because Emma Stone is not Debbie (Mary Frances) Reynolds and Ryan Gosling isn't Gene (Eugene Curran) Kelly.

Okay. Neither Stone nor Gosling, playing aspiring actress Mia and jazzman Sebastian, are dancers. Both, however, are finer actors than Reynolds or Kelly (or indeed Donald O'Connor but not James Cagney in *Yankee Doodle Dandy*).

Perhaps Chazelle goes a pastiche too far: Mia departs to be an international star married to a mogul, leaving Sebastian to the implied lesser dream of his own jazz club.

And both to regret.

M★★★★NFFV.

Lion

Director Garth Davis and scriptwriter Luke Davies base their film squarely on the true story of the adopted Indian Saroo Brierley who sought his birth mother and found her through Google Earth.

The opening sequences owe their emotional impact to Sunny Pawar's playing of Saroo, lost as a child while working with his brother Guddu Khan (Ahbisek Bharate).

Dev Patel takes over as the adult Saroo, adopted by Australian husband and wife Sue and John Brierley (Nicole Kidman and David Wenham).

Cinematographer Greig Fraser ensures a railway view of India's wide plains, mountains and crowded cities.

Faultless? Not quite. Saroo, his girlfriend Lucy (Rooney Mara) in attendance, obsessively sticks pins in maps, only to sweep his research away and opt for Google Earth.

But Davis and Davies do bring off the climactic reunion of Saroo and his birth mother Kamla Munshi (Priyanka Bose).

All in all a triumph of Australian filmmaking, with international appeal and promotion by the Weinstein Brothers.

PG★★★★SFFV.

Gold

Is also based on a true story but more loosely (and louchely) than *Lion*. To play Kenny Wells, a legally-safe version of the Canadian entrepreneur behind the 1993 Bre-X mining boom-bust, Matthew McConaughey goes bald, pot-bellied and snaggle-toothed while losing his shirt actually and metaphorically.

With apt ambiguity, Edgar Ramirez plays Michael Acosta, the geologist who puts Wells onto what appears to be the Indonesian equivalent of Eureka.

Bryce Dallas Howard is Kenny's companion Kay, loyal through dreams, wealth and suburban frugality.

Writer/director Stephen Gaghan, cinematographer Robert Elswit and editor Douglas Crise intercut graphically between malaria-fevered outlands and the greed-fevered offices of America.

Gold is one of those American movies that raise the question why local filmmakers, aiming to tell Australia's own stories, appear to have missed out on Judy Nunn's epic goldfields novel, *Kal*.

M★★★★NFFV.

Perfect Strangers (Perfetti Sconosciuti)

Seven friends meet for dinner at the home of Rocco (Marco Giallini), a plastic surgeon, and his wife Eva (Kasia Smutniak). She, not content with the scrumptious food and wine, suggests that they swap mobile phone messages.

Too much? Not for Cosimo (Edoardo Leo) and his new wife Bianca (Alba Rohrwacher); Lele (Valerio Mastandrea) and his wife Carlotta (Anna Foglietta) and Peppe (Giuseppe Battiston), a bachelor who arrives without the girlfriend he has promised to introduce.

The phone swap makes for a saucy but bitter comedy. Perhaps director Paolo Genovese would have got a sweeter dish had he filmed creative sessions with his co-writers Paolo Costella, Roland Ravello, Filippo Bologna and Paolo Mammini.

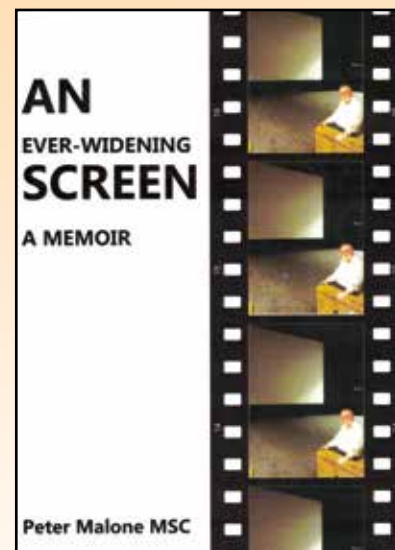
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Mother Teresa, now St Teresa of Calcutta, was canonised on September 4th 2016. The rosary carries the following inscriptions on the

reverse side of the crucifix and central medal: "A little pencil in the hand of God" and "It is not how much we do, but how much love we put into what we do".

The colours of the rosary beads represent the simple white sari worn by Mother Teresa and the blue, her devotion to the Virgin Mary.



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'One day a Shi'a [Muslim] was shot right in front of me. The terrorists told me: 'If you do not convert to Islam, we will shoot you as well'. That is when I converted to Islam. From that time on, we concealed that we were Christians.'

'CONVERT OR WE WILL SHOOT YOU'

By Murcadha O Flaherty and Jaco Klamer



CHRISTIAN mother and son in Iraq have told their story of survival after two years of terror living under Daesh (ISIS). In an interview with Catholic charity *Aid to the Church in Need*, widow Jandark Behnam Mansour Nassi, 55, and her son, 16-year-old Ismail, describe their experiences at the hands of Daesh extremists.

Ismail, who the militants jailed, recounts seeing gun-wielding Jihadi children kill orange-clad Daesh prisoners and how he witnessed a woman bound hand and foot being stoned to death. The teenager goes on to describe how Daesh threatened to kill him if he refused to convert to Islam. He recalls the pain of later converting to Islam against his will and how he went to a Daesh 'correctional camp' where the Jihadi militants tried to force him to marry in spite of him being only 15 at the time.

When Daesh found the cross he was wearing round his neck, they beat him and he was hit again when he was unable to answer questions

while being forced to study the Qur'an. Ismail's mother was 'pierced with long needles' for her failure to study the Islamic sacred text.

The climax of their account comes after the two were abandoned by Daesh forces.

They tried to get away but were caught again. When they made a second bid for freedom, they came under Daesh sniper fire. They took cover in a house and when they appeared waving a white flag they were rescued by forces fighting Daesh.



Christian widow Jandark Behnam Mansour Nassi and her son Ismail describe their capture and treatment at the hand of ISIS in Iraq.

Two months later, mother and son are in Erbil, the capital of the Kurdish Autonomous Region, in northern Iraq, where Aid to the Church in Need is providing pastoral and emergency aid. It is in Erbil that this ACN interview took place.

The account begins with the Daesh invasion of their home village of Bartella, in the Nineveh Plains in August 2014: 'My mother and I were at home in Bartella, one of the Christian villages in the Nineveh Plains,' says Ismail. 'When we woke up one August morning, the city had been taken by Daesh (ISIS). We tried to get away, but we were robbed by the Jihadists, captured and taken to Mosul.'

'I was very afraid,' says his mother, Jandark, a widow. 'Our names were written down, and we had no idea where we were and what would happen to us. We were completely shut off from the outside world. Shortly after, we received permission to return to Bartella, but at a check point we had to convert to Islam and when we refused, they hit us. My son was put in prison. He was only 14 years old.'

'I was put in the prison of Bartella,' confirms Ismail. 'One day a Shi'a [Muslim] was shot right in front of me. The terrorists told me: 'If you do not convert to Islam, we will shoot you as well'. That is when I converted to Islam. From that time on, we concealed that we were Christians.'

Ismail was released and, with his mother, dragged from pillar

to post: from Bartella, to many neighbourhoods in Mosul, and to the small village Bazwaya, very close to Mosul.

'We received a paper from Daesh stating that we were Muslims,' continues Ismail. 'That way, I could go on the street in Mosul, but on the streets, you could not be sure of your life. Once, I was beaten up because my trousers were too long. Once, when I was going to the mosque with the Jihadists early in the morning, our path was blocked. Suddenly we were passed by men in orange suits, held at gunpoint by a group of Daesh children. The children executed them with pleasure.'

'Another time I ran into a big crowd on the street. There was a woman; her hands and feet were tied. The Daesh terrorists drew a circle around her. If she got out of the circle, she would live, but that was impossible because she was tied. While her relatives were crying and begging for a pardon, the Jihadists threw stones at her until she died.'

'Daesh made me go to a correctional camp. I had to grow out my hair and grow my beard. My mother got a black, concealing robe, but was not allowed to go on the streets. Daesh warriors wanted me to marry, so I would be one of them. I objected, stating that I was too young: 15 years. They were not impressed, because even boys of thirteen were married. The terrorists wanted me to join them. They were convinced: 'Our state will survive everything.'

'My son was forced by Daesh to practise Islam and I was tortured for not knowing anything about Islam and the Qur'an,' says his mother, Jandark. 'Yes, I am embarrassed for having had to profess Islam,' affirms Ismail.

'Daesh warriors made me pray,' says Ismail. 'I received a prayer rug on which I could call upon Allah. Men were obligated to pray in the mosque on Friday. Anyone who would walk on the streets during the Friday prayer would be beaten.'

In the mosque, we were told that Assyrians were evil and that Christians did not believe in the right way. My mother should have to pray at home but she did not pray to Allah.

'Then the Daesh warriors found my necklace with a cross, a sign that I am a Christian. The Jihadists beat me and I had to study the Qur'an for a month. I was hit whenever I could not answer their questions the way they wanted me to, and my mother was stung with long needles because she had not studied anything from the Qur'an.'

'One day we heard that Qaraqosh – another Christian village in the Nineveh plain occupied by Daesh – had been freed, and that the liberation troops had chased the Jihadists out of Bartella. Soon after that, the air attacks on Mosul started, and many people fled. Daesh also fled and, in the hurry, even left some weapons. However, they did take people with them on their way through Mosul, including my mother and me. For three days, we were under the control of a Jihadist.'

'When the terrorists grew too busy with the battle, they abandoned us. Again, we heard about the advancing army. We took a taxi to the front, heading towards our freedom, but Jihadists blocked us. Later, we tried to escape again. On our way, we ended up at the front: Daesh snipers tried to shoot us. We ran for cover into a house. After hours of fighting, my mother and I were able to leave the house, waving a white flag. Soldiers of the Iraqi liberation army welcomed us. We were free.'

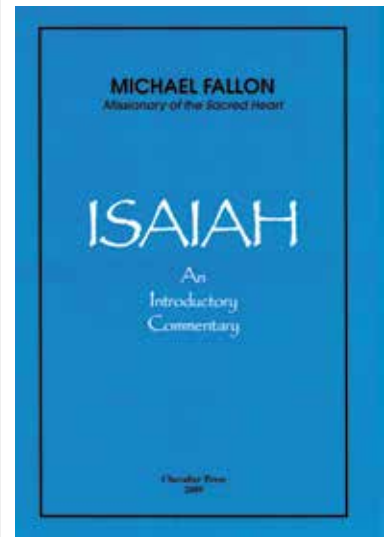
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— Isaiah 49, 18, 22.



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