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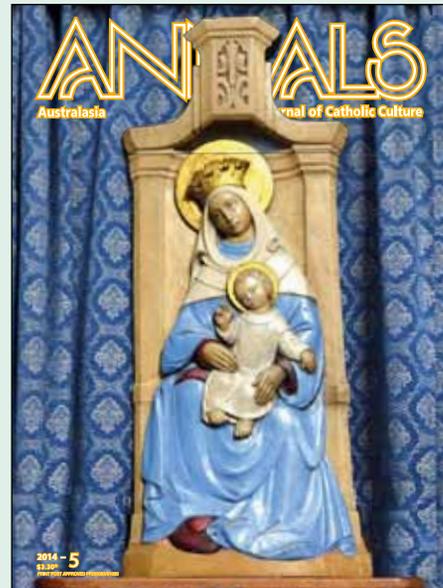
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[Sunday readings at Mass: Year A/Weekday readings: Year II]

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Front Cover: The Madonna and child known as 'Our Lady of Pluscarden,' in Pluscarden Abbey Church in the glen of Black Burn not far from Elgin in Moray, Scotland. Pluscarden was first founded in AD 1230 as a Vallis-caulian Priory, so named after that Order's first foundation in Burgundy, France, at 'Val-des-Choux' [Valley of the Cabbages]. The Valliscaulian monks followed a part-Cistercian and part-Carthusian rule. In 1454 Pluscarden become a Benedictine Abbey for the first time. After the Reformation in Scotland the Abbey fell into ruins. The 3rd Marquess of Bute, who became a Catholic in 1868, restored the Abbey Church. The present Abbey is a foundation by Benedictine monks from Prinknash Abbey in Gloucestershire in 1948. The statue of our Lady of Pluscarden on our cover is beautifully carved from wood – the work of Alfred James Oakley [1878-1959]. Oakley was received into the Catholic Church in the middle forties, and in 1947 joined St Michael's Abbey at Farnham in Surrey.

Cover Photo: John Madden

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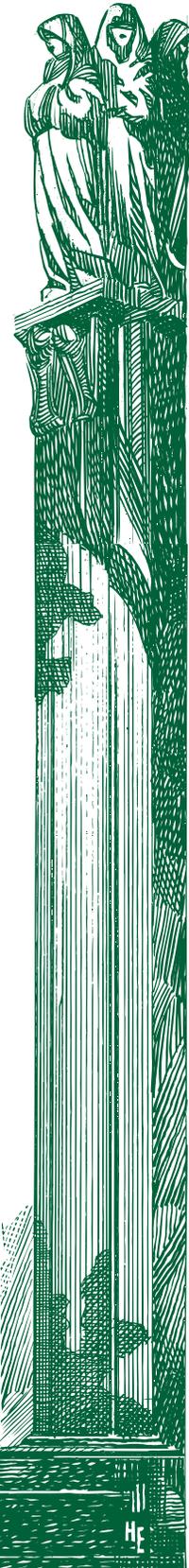
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FOR GOD has said only one thing: only two do I know: that to God alone belongs power and to you, Lord, love; and that you repay each man according to his deeds.
– Psalm 61 [62]



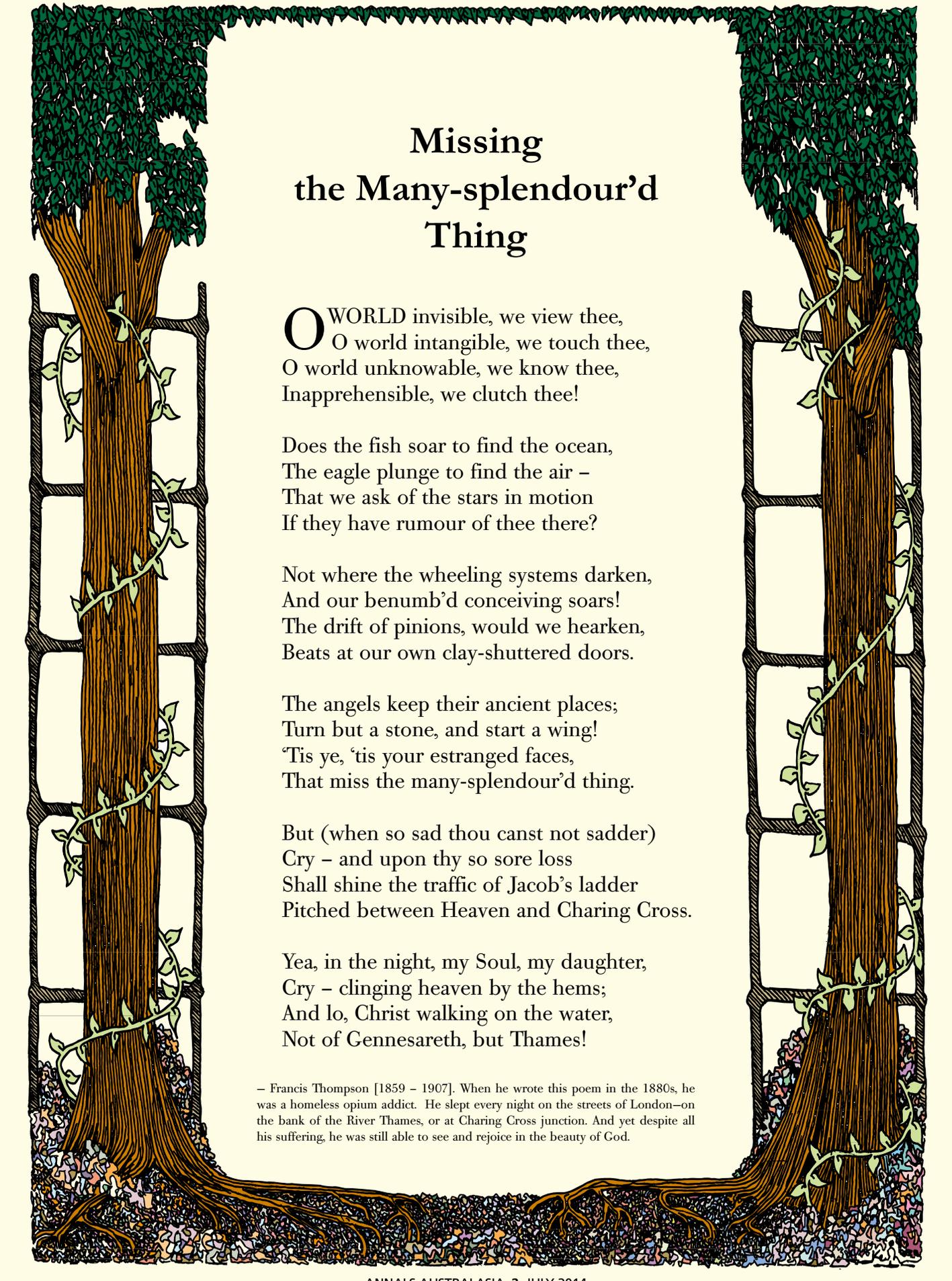
n the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

WE SHALL SEE GOD AS HE IS



BEG YOU, join with me in love. Run with me in faith. Let us yearn for our heavenly home. Let us sigh for it. Let us realize that we are strangers here below. What shall we see then? Listen to the words of the gospel now: ‘In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.’ You will come to the fountain from which flows the water with which you have been sprinkled. You will see that light in all its clarity from which fitful and broken gleams shone into your heart whilst it was in darkness here below. You are being made pure, that you may see and be able to look into that light. John himself says: ‘Beloved, we are God’s children; it does not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he appears we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.’

– St Augustine of Hippo [354-430] Homily 35, 8-9. From the *Roman Breviary*, Second Reading at Matins, for the 34th week of the year.



Missing the Many-splendour'd Thing

O WORLD invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air –
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumb'd conceiving soars!
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estranged faces,
That miss the many-splendour'd thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry – and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry – clinging heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

– Francis Thompson [1859 – 1907]. When he wrote this poem in the 1880s, he was a homeless opium addict. He slept every night on the streets of London—on the bank of the River Thames, or at Charing Cross junction. And yet despite all his suffering, he was still able to see and rejoice in the beauty of God.

We are often told that man is nothing but an extremely complex machine and that computers will soon be rivalling him for supremacy as the most complex machine in existence – I want to discredit such dogmatic statements and bring you to realize how tremendous is the mystery of the existence of each one of us. – Professor Sir John Eccles, F.R.S.

MEMORIES ‘R’ US

By Paul Stenhouse, MSC



ALL OF US, from time to time, encounter memories that swish and swirl around us, touching our hearts and reaching to the inmost parts of our being. Alice Meynell – a long-forgotten Catholic poet – once compared these memories to homing pigeons: they come in flocks, she tells us, soft wings sweeping, to the dovecots of sleep.¹

But also to the dovecots of wakefulness.

Recently I was offering Mass to commemorate the one-hundred-and-five English and Welsh Catholics who died on Tyburn tree in the time of Queen Elizabeth I. They were put to death for their faith in the Mass, in Papal primacy and in the Catholic Church and all her teachings.

The ‘Tree,’ as you’ve probably guessed, was not a real tree. The term is a euphemism for the wooden gallows built in such a way that up to 24 persons could be hanged at once. It was erected in 1571.

Our Mass was offered in Tyburn Convent’s crypt which teemed with memories. The convent is dedicated to the martyrs whose horrific deaths took place only a few hundred metres from where the Mass was being offered.

All of the martyrs were hanged – some until they were dead, and others until they were almost

the Tower, or on London Bridge.

The Tyburn martyrs who, as the words of the Mass keep reminding us, were ‘joined to Jesus in a death like His,’ have never been forgotten. They are remembered, above all, in that Christian Memorial *par excellence* – the Mass – which is offered ‘from the rising of the sun to its setting,’² in response to the command of Jesus to do as He did at the Last Supper before his passion and crucifixion – and to do it ‘in memory of me.’³

Through the centuries the Catholic Church has surrounded the Mass, a unique Treasury of Memories and Mystery, with all the beauty of sense and intellect, of sight and sound, and scent that human creativity inspired by love and faith, could devise.

The Tyburn Nuns, a contemplative offshoot of the Benedictine Order, have twenty-four-hour adoration of the Blessed Sacrament

in their monastery chapel. A continuous stream of passers-by joins in their prayer, as there is access to the chapel from Hyde Park Place which is just down from Marble Arch and faces Hyde Park in London.



Coat of arms of St Thomas Garnet SJ [1574-1608] who was hanged, drawn and quartered at Tyburn Tree on June 23rd, 1608.

dead. The latter were then taken down, ‘drawn’ [a euphemism for ‘emasculated’ and ‘disembowelled’] and quartered [another euphemism for their body’s being cut into four parts], and beheaded. Their heads were displayed on spears set up on

I and my Shadow

My first clear *individual* memory is of my brother Richard, aged about three, walking past me, or more accurately, walking *underneath* me, one day in the mid-1930s as I was sitting in an old-fashioned high chair, placed on large flagstones near the front entrance of an old Coaching Inn – long since demolished in the name of progress – that was our grandmother’s home in Argyle Street Camden. My brother was strolling past the chair wearing a brightly coloured cap.

I must have been around eighteen-months-old. My extra height, thanks to the chair, seems somehow to have gone to my head, or perhaps I wanted Richard to notice me.

Whatever the case I distinctly remember leaning over and trying to grab his cap. Naturally he clung on to it, and in the tussle that ensued, my high chair and I toppled over.

I have no idea what happened to the chair, and I suppose that I must have been hurt, but I have

no memory of any of that. I do remember stretching for the cap, and certainly remember falling. My brother recalls the incident too, though I’ve never thought to apologise to him for trying to grab his cap.

I’m not sure about pride, but certainly a very foolish bout of acquisitiveness came before my undoubtedly very hard fall. I blame no one but me.

All this may seem rather frivolous and irrelevant in 2014 as the Russian Bear fresh out of ideological hibernation, menaces Ukraine and the Baltic states; and as Syria continues to reel under the blows of Islamic Extremists intent on toppling the Assad regime even if this means destroying Syria in the process; and as Sunni Jihadists are reportedly poised to take and terrorise Baghdad – to mention only three of the myriad problems facing our troubled planet.

Yet, as I reflect on the childish prank described above, questions occur to me that are not irrelevant to our world – hard-wired as it is

with atheism and materialism, and inhabited, I regret to say, by many people with short and defective memories – both individual and collective.

For instance, if God doesn’t exist, and if we are wholly material beings, how can any allegedly *material* adult and, much less any material *old* man *know* that he was responsible for the impetuous action of an 18-month-old baby? And how can this old man recall and *know* that the tiny hand that tried to snatch that cap, was *his*?

He may bear the same name as the baby, and even have a birth certificate to prove it, but if I’m not mistaken, not a molecule of his physical being corresponds *numerically* to the molecules of that little child. They may have *specific* similarities, but his memories and his sense of responsibility fly in the face of those who would have it that human beings are wholly material – sophisticated material maybe, but wholly material.

Moreover, strands of self consciousness, or feelings of joy or guilt or, for that matter, feelings of any kind, do not exist in or between purely material objects.

Memory, God, Creation and Life after death

Sometime in the late 1960s I recalled my childhood crash onto the flagstones as I read excerpts from The Boyer Lectures delivered over the ABC in 1965 by Sir John Eccles, 1963 Nobel Prize-winning Australian neurologist; and a Catholic.

Sir John delivered the Boyer Lectures for the ABC in a bygone era – before political correctness had invaded and corrupted our planet’s educational systems and media. He introduced his first lecture by saying that he wished to do all that he could to restore to mankind the sense of wonder and mystery that arises from our attempting to face up to the reality of our existence as conscious beings.⁵

He went on,

Unity Of Conscious Experience

Our knowledge of physics and physiology is far too primitive to allow the development of clear ideas on the nature of man and the manner in which our conscious experience is dependent on brain action. ... we have two cerebral hemispheres, each with an immense amount of localized performance, with inputs of general body sensation and vision channelled into the one or other side, and with movement likewise dependent on the one or the other side of the motor cortex; yet we experience what we may call a ‘mental unity’. We can ask: ‘How can the diversity and the tremendous dispersion of activity in the spatio-temporal patterns of the brain give rise to this unity and, from moment to moment, the relative simplicity of our conscious experience, so that the play of experience appears to be, as it were, all on the stage before one single conscious self?’ Undoubtedly the neurological correlate of this unification of experience arising from neural events in the two cerebral hemispheres is to a large extent the enormous commissural tract, the corpus callosum that links the mirror-image areas of the two hemispheres. As is well known, this mental unity in man remains intact after large lesions or surgical destructions of the cerebral hemispheres, even the intergration areas for symbolic expression in language being destroyed; and we can all experience even in dreams the fragmentary and chaotic imagery which is part of our experiencing unitary self.

— Sir John Eccles, FRS, *The Brain and the Person, The Boyer Lectures for 1965*, The Australian Broadcasting Commission [undated] p.36.

Too often we hear statements that a man is but a clever animal and entirely explicable materially. And again, we are often told that man is nothing but an extremely complex machine and that computers will soon be rivalling him for supremacy as the most complex machine in existence, and that they will have performances outstripping him in all that matters. I want to discredit such dogmatic statements and bring you to realize how tremendous is the mystery of the existence of each one of us.⁶

In his fifth and concluding lecture he spoke of what he called the ‘continuity in memory’ which – no matter how extreme the change that can be produced by the exigencies of time and ageing – flows between a little child ‘of one year or so’ and the same person as an adult of fifty, seventy or ninety years who identifies with the child as ‘the same self’.

Despite all the changes, Sir John said, ‘I would still be the same self’. The one-year-old and the seventy-year-old are ‘the same self in a quite other guise’.⁷

Earlier in that concluding lecture, Sir John had rejected what he called ‘the materialistic doctrine that the uniqueness of my conscious experiencing self is derived from the uniqueness of my genetic make-up’.⁸

He went on to quote approvingly from ‘The Biological Basis of human nature’ by H. S. Jennings, an American biologist who invited his readers to ponder what ‘interesting corollaries might be drawn’ from the view that the human self is an entity existing independently of genes and gene combinations, and spoke of ‘the further independent existence of selves after the dispersal of the gene combinations to which they have been attached’.⁹

Sir John admits the cogency of the arguments and inferences of Jennings, and concludes that they lead us to the religious concept of the soul, and its special creation by God.

I believe that there is a fundamental mystery in my

existence, transcending any biological account of the development of my body (including my brain) with its genetic inheritance and its evolutionary origin; and that being so, I must believe similarly for each one of you and for every human being. And just as I cannot give a scientific account for my origin – I woke up in life, as it were, to find myself existing as an embodied self with this body and brain – so I cannot believe that this wonderful divine gift of a conscious existence has no further future, no possibility of another existence under some other unimaginable conditions. At least I would maintain that this possibility of a future existence cannot be denied on scientific grounds.¹⁰

I can hear somebody saying, ‘All right, but that was in 1965; it was easier to think like that then.’ It *wasn’t* easier to think like that. It was more commonplace to think; and to remember.

A World without Memories

Many of us seem to have had a ‘memory wipe’ – no easy task since

‘Identical’ but ‘distinctive’

The superficially attractive assumption that it is diversity of gene combination that gives origin to distinctiveness of selves ... is refuted by the distinctiveness that is experienced by identical twins with their *identical* gene combinations. Alike as these twins are to external observers, each *in its own conscious experience and selfhood* is as distinct from its fellow-twin, as it is from any other self. Evidently, identity of gene combination must be compatible with distinctiveness of experiencing selves.

— Sir John Eccles, FRS, *The Brain and the Person, The Boyer Lectures for 1965*, The Australian Broadcasting Commission [undated] p.41.

our conscious selves have in-built defence systems called consciences, virtues, principles and instincts. We are not coextensive with our brains.

On the other hand, TV, radio, the web and the social media are tools that excel in brainwashing and mind-changing. They are as addictive as the chemical drugs that infest our school playgrounds and university campuses, our clubs and discos, our sports fields and theatre and movie sets.

We seem to have broken the ‘continuity’ of individual ‘self-consciousness’ of which Sir John Eccles wrote, just as reformers and opportunistic rulers had broken the ‘continuity of our collective self-consciousness’ centuries ago for countless millions who once shared our Catholic faith.

We are not unlike the Tom Cruise character Jack Harper, in the 2013 Hollywood movie *Oblivion*. He and his female colleague Victoria had a mandatory memory wipe by aliens who had destroyed earth, and to keep Jack and Victoria docile destroyed their memories. Victoria warned Jack when he thought he recalled something, ‘Our job is not to remember’.

Our planet has not been destroyed ... yet – by us, or by aliens. However many of us appear to have lost touch not only with our origins and our roots – but with our very selves. Don’t some of us have a nagging memory, somewhere in our minds, of Our Lord warning us about something?

Wasn’t He saying something about the danger of our losing not just our bodies [minds] but our very souls [selves]?¹¹

Does anyone *remember*?

1. ‘At night’, in *Return to Tradition*, A Directive Anthology, Francis Thornton, The Bruce Publishing Company, 1948, ‘Alice Meynell’, p.76.
2. Third Canon of the Mass
3. St Luke 22,19; see St Paul, 1 Cor. 11,24, 25.
4. St Paul, 1 Cor 4,1.
5. The Brain and the Person, The Boyer Lectures for 1965, The Australian Broadcasting Commission, p.1
6. op.cit., loc. cit.
7. ibid., p.42.
8. ibid., p.41.
9. ibid., p.42.
10. ibid., p.43.
11. St Matthew 10,28.

I am not ashamed to say that I believe in God and that I pray the Rosary every day

THE SILESIAN AND THE ROSARY

By Paul Ischier, OMI



DURING THE years after World War II in Germany, some bricklayers and labourers worked for the same contractor. They knew each other only by name and where they lived, except for one who said he came from Silesia, a land situated in the south eastern corner of Germany. Before the war, one part of Silesia belonged to Germany, the other to Poland. Now it is all part of Poland.

One lunch hour, when all were all together, a young labourer swung a rosary around and said, 'Hey, I found this thing on the ground next to the ladder. It doesn't belong to any of you, does it?'

The Silesian stood. 'Yes, it is mine.' All laughed, but he continued, 'Do not laugh. I cherish it greatly and will tell you why.'

'During the war I was on the Russian front, was taken prisoner, and shipped to a camp in Siberia. When you live in Siberia's bitter winter cold and sweltering hot summer with mosquitoes carrying typhoid or other diseases, when you see men who once were stronger and healthier than yourself sicken and die, you realize there is no one who can help you but God. You begin to pray and continue to pray. I am not ashamed to admit I believe in God and pray the Rosary every day.'

'There is still another reason: After seven years in Siberia, I and other survivors were sent home through the efforts of our Chancellor, Konrad Adenauer.

I returned to Silesia. Former neighbours of my family told me my father had died, my mother was expelled to West Germany, and my brothers and sisters had been sent to Siberia where they perished.

'The Red Cross told me that the train carrying my mother had unloaded expatriates in this region. So I came here. Every day I was free, I went from village to village looking for her. One Sunday evening as I approached a village,

I saw a procession of pilgrims leaving the church and boarding the train. I went into the church. The organ was silent and the bells had stopped ringing. Darkness and quiet enveloped me. I prayed to find my mother. When I got up to leave, I stepped on something. It was a Rosary. My mother's rosary. I recognized it, because as a boy I had initialled the cross with my pocketknife.

'The Rosary told me my mother had been here with the other pilgrims. I hurried to the railroad station. The stationmaster told me that only one train had come and gone with pilgrims, and that in fifteen minutes I could board a train that would take me to where the pilgrims were.

'Upon arriving there, I went to the police to get my mother's address. When I explained my situation, the police brought me to a house, knocked on the door, and called out, 'We are the police. Don't be afraid. Open the door! We have a happy surprise for you!' My mother opened the door. It was 12:30 a.m. Mother and I embraced.'

The man was silent a moment before he continued. 'Please give me the Rosary. It is a reminder of all the wonderful ways of God.'

The men were quiet. Some wiped away tears. The labourer who found the Rosary handed it over with reverence. From that day, they weren't mere acquaintances, they were friends.

Nothing New under the Sun

IN MEDIEVAL times the Church had its courts in which it investigated and set right what was wrong, and that without the world knowing much about it. Now the state of things is the very reverse. With a whole population able to read, with cheap newspapers day by day conveying the news of every court, great and small to every home or even cottage, it is plain that we are at the mercy of even one unworthy member or false brother. ... There is an immense store of curiosity directed upon us in this country, and in great measure an unkind, a malicious curiosity.

— Blessed John Henry Cardinal Newman, *Sermon 9, The Infidelity of the Future*, delivered on the occasion of the opening of St. Bernard's Seminary, 2nd October 1873

FATHER PAUL ISCHIER, an Oblate of Mary Immaculate, lived and worked in Poland after the War. I am grateful to Anne Van Tilburg and Dino Buccini for their help in identifying him as the author of this story. See their website: [Eucharistic Adoration.com](http://EucharisticAdoration.com)

We parted as though we were old friends. As we drove away, I read the inscription he had written in his book, Jesus: The Man Who Lives. 'God bless Jesus – may He thrive.'

MEMORIES OF MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

By George J. Marlin



WHEN I WAS a philosophy major at Iona College in the early 1970s, my mentor was the distinguished Thomistic philosopher, Dr. Larry Azar. The professor earned his doctorate at the University of Toronto's Pontifical Institute of Mediaeval Studies and was a classmate and lifelong friend of Ralph McInerney – a co-founder of *The Catholic Thing*. Azar had been a student of Etienne Gilson, Anton Pegis, and Armand Maurer and had served as an assistant to Jacques Maritain at the *Institute for Advanced Studies* in Princeton.

I took every course Azar taught, and we remained close friends until his death in 2007. I spoke at his requiem and his widow, Pat, asked me to go through his papers and to dispose of his library. A number of young priests and seminarians are now making good use of Latin editions of Aquinas's major works and scores of works by or on the Angelic Doctor.

Last year, Mrs. Azar died and I became administrator of her estate. Emptying out the Azar home in New Rochelle, I came across long forgotten photographs of Pat and me when we visited Malcolm Muggeridge at his home in England in November 1988. I made extensive notes after the meeting and found them stuffed in a Muggeridge book that the great man had autographed.

In 1988, Mrs. Azar, a retired English professor, and I, went over to the U.K. to examine the papers in the attic of 'Top Meadow,' the home of Dorothy Collins, the late executrix of G.K. Chesterton's literary estate. Our

labours were related to the Collected Works of G.K. Chesterton that Ignatius Press has been publishing since 1986.

During our trip, we drove to Oxford to visit C.S. Lewis' literary executor, Walter Hooper, who had just 'crossed the Tiber.' Walter, who proudly called himself a 'Mackerel Snapper,' gave us the phone number of a fellow convert, the world-famous journalist Malcolm Muggeridge, and encouraged me to call him.

Muggeridge's son answered the phone. I introduced myself, and inquired if it would be okay to pay

a visit. His son said they would be delighted to have some company, and I made an appointment for the next day to go to Parks Cottage in Robertsbridge – the Muggeridge home since 1958.

When Mrs. Azar and I arrived, the 86-year-old came out to greet us with a firm handshake. The bright blue eyes were familiar, as was the halo of snow-white hair – the familiar 'St. Mugg' known to his readers.

We sat by the fire directly across from him because one of the ravages of time was his increasing deafness. As Muggeridge once quoted Charles De Gaulle, 'old age is a shipwreck.' His wife, Kitty, summed things up less picturesquely: 'Older people should quietly fall asleep and die.' She did not intend to have her cataracts treated.

'I am old,' Muggeridge began the conversation. 'And when you reach 80, 90, or 100, you begin to forget things. So, if I forget something, bear with me, and when I remember, we will go back to it.'

The conversation turned briefly to matters temporal. 'I believe that Ronald Reagan will be viewed as an honorable and effective president,' he said. He asked what I thought the future held for Reagan in retirement, and when I said I thought he would continue to promote his principles on the lecture circuit, he seemed pleased that this 'old man' would remain active.

He continued, discussing some of his favorite people: 'Mother Teresa is very old, and should slow down, but this will not happen,' he said. 'I am convinced she will drop dead caring for a dying person.'

On William F. Buckley Jr.: 'He must be in his sixties. Do you

Does the State alone have Power?

THE CHURCH could cease to assert her right only if she ceased to be conscious of the divine good which it is her mission to dispense to mankind. We should be grateful to St. Gregory VII, to Innocent III, to Gregory IX, to Boniface VIII, for having given this unhappy world the strongest testimony of the rights and power of the Spirit. Canossa will always remain the consolation of free minds. 'We fear no threats,' said St. Thomas à Becket, the legate of Pope Alexander III to Henry II of England, 'because the Court from which we come is accustomed to give orders to emperors and kings.'

- Jacques Maritain, *The Things that are not Caesar's*, London, Sheed & Ward, 1930, 'The Two Powers,' p.176.

think he will retire or slow down? Muggeridge fondly remembered the Firing Line shows they taped together at Park Cottage, and later added, 'When you get back to New York, call Buckley and thank him for the many letters and parcels he sends me. Tell him I do not write to anyone anymore and that he should not be offended.'

On Archbishop Fulton Sheen, whom Muggeridge met one month before Sheen died in 1979: 'It was a meeting of two old men and I never forgot what Sheen said to me - 'Christendom is over, but not Christ,' a phrase he would repeat again and again during our conversation.

We moved on to social issues: 'Abortion and the homosexual rights movement are the two bad things in our time,' he said. I described New York City's moral bankruptcy, and he replied: 'The Devil is a very big and clever person, particularly in New York. And he fools many New Yorkers by convincing them they are very smart.'

At 1:00 p.m., Kitty announced that Pat Azar and I were staying for lunch - a plain, vegetarian affair at the Muggeridge's plank-board table: cheese, bread, tomatoes, fruit, and lemonade. Before lunch finished, Kitty prepared Malcolm an unappetizing drink comprised of cream, yogurt, and herbs. When she left the room, he gave Pat Azar a wink and said with a big grin, 'Oh, help me with this.' She obliged.

We parted as though we were old friends. As we drove away, I read the inscription he had written in his book, *Jesus: The Man Who Lives*. 'God bless Jesus - may He thrive.'

Malcolm Muggeridge, who wrote in *Confessions of a Twentieth Century Pilgrim* that he 'longed to be gone,' died two years after we met him - almost to the day - on November 14, 1990. The good Lord gave him what he wanted, the chance 'to disengage my tired mind from interminable conundrums and my tired ego from its wearisome insistences.'

GEORGE J. MARLIN, Chairman of the Board of Aid to the Church in Need USA, is an editor of *The Quotable Fulton Sheen* and the author of *The American Catholic Voter*. His most recent book is *Narcissist Nation: Reflections of a Blue-State Conservative*. © 2013 The Catholic Thing. All rights reserved.



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The indomitable old 'hobo' Choi Kwi-Dong, and Father Oh Woong-Jin

GOD'S 'HOBO' AND THE AMAZING STORY OF KKOTTONGNAE

By Paul Glynn, SM



AS A SMALL boy I remember being embarrassed during a family dinner when I asked an aunt to tell me what it was like 'in the olden days.' Aunty and all the adults laughed and Dad said my aunt was far too young to know what it was like in the olden days. When I finished high school and went to the seminary, reading books on the lives of saints was on the daily agenda, occasioning the thought that it must have been marvellous to have worked with one of the saints like Francis, Dominic or Ignatius. But as I studied more I began to see that all Christians are called to be saints.

St. John Paul II, in his 2001 Apostolic Letter, *At the Beginning of the New Millennium*, reminded us of a key emphasis of Vatican II: the New Testament clearly teaches that 'all the baptized are called to holiness.' That means becoming 'saints,' as Paul reminds readers in his introduction to his letters to 2 Corinthians, Ephesians etc. by addressing them as 'saints.'

In St. John Paul II's *Apostolic Letter*, the Pope says he beatified and canonized many saintly lay folk and this should remind

the People of God of the beautiful Gospel invitation to holiness. The high spirituality of Jesus's Sermon on the Mount –that responded to the unfulfilled yearnings of the Greeks praying on sacred places like Mt. Olympus, for instance – was addressed to all of us, though sadly most of us don't quite climb that far. As French convert Leon Bloy lamented, 'There is only one real sadness, the sadness that we have not become saints.'

Earlier last year I worked with a man, South Korean Fr. John Oh, who struck me as a modern saint. I was helping at a week's retreat at the headquarters of a new Religious Order with the jaw twister name of Kkottongnae

Though Fr. John Oh had begun his work earlier he officially launched the Order dedicated to helping the poorest of the poor in 1989. With a few sisters, brothers and priests he promised that anyone who came to them or were

brought to them in need would not be rejected, not even physically deformed infants that have been abandoned, which were soon being brought to them.

I was amazed and delighted to learn that already in 2013, just 24 years since the official beginning, Fr. John's Order already numbers, in vows, 230 nuns, 90 brothers and enough priests to look after Mass and the Sacraments in their houses scattered across seven nations.

The retreat where I helped out this year became a week of reconciliation for the South Korean and Japanese participants. I'm sure most readers know that the Koreans suffered horrendously from 1910 until 1945 when Japanese Militarists imitated the West's colonizing of most Asian, African and South American peoples.

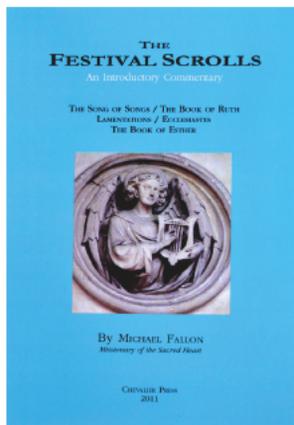


Choi Kwi-Dong and Father Oh in 1976 when they first met. For 40 years after he lost his home, his family, his wife and his parents, and his health 'Grandfather' Kwi-Dong cared for the dying sick whom he found on the streets and under bridges.

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By Father Michael Fallon, MSC

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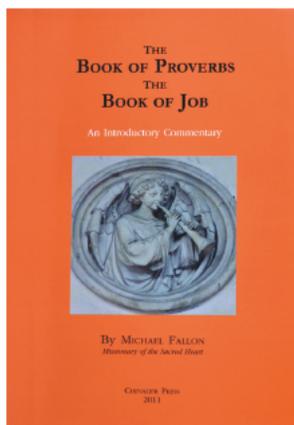


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The Japanese Militarists invaded Korea, annexing the smaller nation as part of Japan! Koreans suffered the further indignity of enforced adoption of Japanese names, language and customs. The two nations gradually began to co-operate to a degree after the Pacific War ended in 1945. That was when they happily became important parts of the U.S. Cold War alliance, because of the very real threat posed by the Communist governments in the north.

However there is one running sore in South Korea, caused by Japan's failure to attempt to heal, or even acknowledge, the deep wounds inflicted by the Japanese Militarists on many young Korean women, horribly termed 'Comfort Women.'

Often as young as 16, these women were literally picked up randomly off Korean city streets and farms, and forced into the horrific life of sex slaves of the Japanese Military in newly conquered places like the

(then) Dutch East Indies.

The Militarist invaders of many lands decided that taking along their own Army brothels would stop their soldiers raping local women, which would make the Japanese invaders unpopular! The Japanese Army slogan, in the effort to win local support for the invasion of Asian and South Pacific lands was 'Asia for the Asians – Western Colonizers Out!'

Before getting into the evils of 20th century Japanese Militarism it is salutary to remember the evils of the Militarism of the early European settlers in Australia, in solving 'the Aboriginal problem.' For instance, take the early 19th century settlement of Europeans along the Hawkesbury River. I read up this history because my great grandparents came from troubled Ireland to live there in 1841, by which time the Aboriginal Dharug People had all but disappeared!

Before any Europeans appeared, Aborigines who had lived on the banks and valleys of the Hawkesbury River for many thousands years, were particularly strong and healthy. The fertile lands around the majestic river teemed with nourishing food – kangaroos, wallabies, goannas, possums, etc. There were plenty of fish to be caught in tidal rock traps or with fishing lines made from plant fibres. There was other food too, such as the damper-like 'bush bread' made from pounded native seeds.

In 1794 the Colonial Governor decided that the lands bordering the Hawkesbury were ideal for growing wheat and corn that officers, soldiers, free settlers and the convicts needed down in Sydney Town. He 'granted' 22 settler families the fertile land that stretched 48 kilometres along both sides of the wide river.

Two years later 400 white settlers were farming there. Most of them ignored the rights and even humanity of the Dharug Aborigines and built sturdy fences that denied the latter access to river water and prevented them fishing from the river banks.

The new settlers shot all the kangaroos, wallabies, possums on sight, driving the remaining animals up over the mountains beetling over the river. The Dharug People, seeing their livelihood being systematically



One of the Kkottongnae Sisters chatting with one of the elderly poor at the headquarters of the Order.

destroyed, retaliated, pulling down fences and taking some of the settlers' crops.

Governor Bligh solved 'the Aboriginal problem' by sending up 62 armed soldiers with orders to drive the Aboriginals right away from the river and over the mountains—to wild bush-choked places where it was hard to get food. Anthropologist W. E. Stanner has written of the rape of a whole people, making the Hawkesbury 'the secret river of blood.' Secret, because settlers long euphemized the tragedy as 'necessary progress.'

The Japanese government has done itself no service – as was once the case with Australian governments concerning the White Australia Policy and the treatment of the Aborigines – by coldly ignoring South Koreans' demands for an acknowledgement by the Japanese government of the horrendous war crimes inflicted on the sex slaves.

After the Pacific War ended, these women victims were too humiliated and demoralized to go public at first. They also knew it would be most humiliating for their families, too. So they stayed silent. They only began demonstrating publicly, to my knowledge, about 14 years ago.

Admittedly they were victims of Japanese Militarists who had hijacked the Japanese government by assassinating any of the elected politicians who opposed them, and terrified the Japanese civilians by the

feared Kenpeitai, the Thought Police. I am not suggesting that the normal Japanese were barbaric and cruel, but the Militarists were.

Many of the Korean sex victims disappeared from sight after the Pacific War. Some suicided, some were too ashamed to return home and ended up leading the miserable lives of demoralized outcasts. The ones who first began demonstrating in Tokyo a little over a dozen years ago stated that they were not seeking financial reparations, but only an apology for their slave years and subsequent ruined lives.

The modern Japanese politicians responded by saying it was the old Japanese Army problem, not theirs, and refused to respond to the still bleeding wounds of many Koreans. Last year the civic authorities in Seoul 'responded' by cementing into the footpath, right outside the Japanese Embassy a very beautiful stone statue of a Korean lass, looking about 16 years old.

During our retreat in Kkottongnae this year, Japanese participants asked pardon of the Korean participants for the colonial barbarism of the past, with tears running down their faces.

At the retreat's conclusion Japanese women retreatants knelt on the cold and grimy footpath beside the beautiful stone statue that represented all of the tragic 'Comfort Women.'

Bowing low they took out their Rosary beads and prayed. They

voiced their sadness and heartfelt apologies and asked Mary, Mother of all peoples, to reach out her healing hands and touch the wounds inflicted on so many young Korean women, and their shocked and traumatized families.

Then they took from their pockets letters of apology written in Japanese, placing stones on the pages to anchor them beside the stone sculpture, hoping Japanese Embassy staff would come out when it was dark to collect and read them.

But back to the very saintly South Korean man who organized the reconciliation retreat.

Oh Woong-Jin was born in 1944 in Cheongju, in what is now South Korea. His mother, Yang Yuk Soon, daughter of a well to do family, ended her fine classical education aged just 16 and left her family to marry Oh Tok Man, a small-time farmer with little education but a good heart.

She married so young and below her class because the Japanese Army did not seize married women for the brothels and send them to distant war theatres – for most Korean women and their families, a fate worse than death.

She was a religious person, and prayed every night to 'Heaven', asking for the gift of sons who would help to liberate her homeland. Oh Tok was blessed with two daughters and four sons, of whom Woong-Jin was the fourth, and very specially loved because of a dream the mother had before his birth: the dream told her he would grow up and do much for Korean liberation.

The Oh Tok Man family rejoiced ecstatically when Japan surrendered and the U.S. army arrived in Korea in 1945. Two Maryknoll priests came to their district and the mother drank eagerly of the optimistic Catholic Faith they taught, and asked for baptism. Her fourth son Oh Woong-Jin followed her and was baptized John. From now on he will be called John Oh.

Then disaster struck. The Soviets had moved into North Korea when the war ended. They helped set up the first of the Kim line of dictators to communize the North and planned to make the South communist too. In

the meantime the South concentrated on setting up a democracy under elected President Syngman Rhee, and resettling refugees streaming in from Japan and elsewhere.

The North, having been helped to militarize by the Soviets, invaded the South in 1950, planning to create a united Communist Korea. The North Korean blitzkrieg swept over the Oh Tok Man farm, its soldiers ransacking every building, taking all their rice, food of any kind, and butchering the livestock to feed their soldiers. Counter-attack shelling from the United Nations Army under General MacArthur then destroyed their fruit trees and wrecked the rice paddies. On top of that, refugees fleeing the fighting poured into their 400 year old wooden homesteads, sheds and barns.

John Oh and his family were now penniless, experiencing desperate hunger for the first time in their lives. The parents found great difficulty in getting any formal schooling for the younger children. John Oh still speaks of one powerful incident that was an important part of his rough education. A girl about 10 caught a big yabby in a creek, and brought it to her father, who was hobbling on crutches and one leg, the other leg lost in an air-raid. Both were ill-clad and obviously hungry, as John Oh was too. He was deeply moved as father and daughter kept insisting on the other eating the morsel.

John Oh's father died and, as an elder brother was looking after the mother and younger siblings, John left the farm for the city and



One of the many hundreds of volunteers who care for the sick and the dying

managed to get through high school. He was planning to go to university and become a politician, as the best way to help his ravaged nation. But on 15 August, 1963 the 18 year old attended a public civic ceremony marking Korea's liberation from the Japanese.

A highlight at that gala event was the presentation of the prestigious President's Award to village priest Fr. Oh Ki-sun. This priest with few resources had housed and fed 3000 war orphans during the North/South Korean war. John was by now disillusioned with politicians because they were doing very little for the hordes of homeless and destitute commoners.

Then and there John Oh decided to try to become a priest like Fr. Oh Ki-sun. He commenced daily Mass

going and asked American Fr. Maneo to help him get to a seminary. The priest first tested his resolve, letting him stay in his rectory and do odd jobs around the parish, look after the garden etc. The priest gave John Oh a course of vitamins plus regular decent food to put more flesh on his skinny frame.

Six months later, just after Fr. Maneo decided that John probably had a vocation and had begun looking for a seminary, a post card came ordering John to report for three years military service. It was January 1966. John's last act before leaving for the army camp was to go into the church and ask the Eucharistic Jesus to help him keep his resolve 'and remain chaste', because he had heard that many soldiers played fast and loose with women.

Academic hostility to Galileo

BUT THERE existed a powerful body of men whose hostility to Galileo never abated: the Aristotelians at the universities. The inertia of the human mind and its resistance to innovation are most clearly demonstrated not, as one might expect, by the ignorant mass — which is easily swayed once its imagination is caught—but by professionals with a vested interest in tradition and in the monopoly of learning. Innovation is a twofold threat to academic mediocrities: it endangers their oracular authority, and it evokes the deeper fear that their whole, laboriously constructed intellectual edifice might collapse. The academic backwoodsmen have been the curse of genius from Aristarchus to Darwin and Freud; they stretch, a solid and hostile phalanx of pedantic mediocrities, across the centuries. It was this threat — not Bishop Dantiscus or Pope Paul III — which had cowed Canon Koppemigk into lifelong silence.

— Arthur Koestler, *The Sleepwalkers: A History of Man's Changing Vision of the Universe*, Hutchinson of London, 1961, p.427.

John and the other new recruits soon discovered that victimizing the new recruits was accepted practice, and they could do nothing to stop the bullying and being belted on the rear with thick sticks. John made a resolution: 'A priest must be ready to serve others, so I will not be resentful, and I will go out of my way to assist the seniors who hit me.' He soon was promoted to corporal.

Some time after that, he was put in charge of the warehouse where army rations were stored. He began a prayer group and they eventually set about the difficult task of getting permission and the materials and in their free time to build a Catholic chapel on the base.

Archbishop Kim, later a cardinal, came to bless the chapel. Knowing the difficulties John had to surmount to get permission and the materials for the new chapel, said in the homily: 'Corporal John Oh showed that he had stronger faith than I have.' John did his three years in the military, went to a seminary and was ordained in May, 1976, aged 32. His first posting was as curate to a church at Cheongju. He impressed his bishop and was made pastor of the one-priest parish in Geumwang.

On an early autumn day in 1976 he saw a man dressed in ragged clothing limping past the rectory with a heavy rice pot in one hand and a big sack over his shoulder. Intrigued, John left the rectory and followed

A Matter of Opinion

LIBERALISM IN religion is the doctrine that there is no positive truth in religion, but that one creed is as good as another, and this is the teaching which is gaining substance and force daily. It is inconsistent with any recognition of any religion, as true. It teaches that all are to be tolerated, for all are matters of opinion. Revealed religion is not a truth, but a sentiment and a taste; not an objective fact, not miraculous; and it is the right of each individual to make it say just what strikes his fancy. Devotion is nor necessarily founded on faith. Men may go to Protestant Churches and to Catholic, may get good from both and belong to neither. They may fraternise together in spiritual thoughts and feelings, without having any views at all of doctrine in common, or seeing the need for them. Since, then, religion is so personal a peculiarity and so private a possession, we must of necessity ignore it in the intercourse of man with man. If a man puts on a new religion every morning, what is that to you? It is as impertinent to think about a man's religion as about his sources of income.

— Blessed John Henry Cardinal Newman, from his 'Biglietto Speech,' the address he made to the Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII on the occasion of his being named Cardinal of the Roman Church with the title of *St George in Velabro*.

the stranger. To John's astonishment the 'hobo' went in under a bridge and distributed food to a dozen sick and destitute people who had set up 'home' there.

The priest asked the man who he was and who were the people living under the bridge. The Good Samaritan's name was Choi Kwi Dong and the bridge dwellers were 'homeless, penniless people who are too sick to go out begging themselves, so I was doing it for them.'

The priest was told by Choi Kwi Dong of many other homeless sick

'outcasts' struggling to survive.

When Fr. John Oh first appealed for money to build some basic dwelling places for these marginalized people living close to the church, the parishioners objected: it would only attract more and more 'no hoppers.' A disappointed John replied in his next Sunday homily: 'I have just met an impressive, Cho Kwi Dong, who is not a Christian. However he is really living the Gospel of Jesus, out on the cold streets, helping destitute, homeless people stay alive, and he is doing this right close to us in our warm homes.'

That touched hearts and stopped the opposition. They bought land and built a house big enough to house those people from under the bridge. Choi Kwi Dong willingly responded to the priest's questions about the number and whereabouts of suffering, homeless people, becoming the priest's mentor concerning the poor. Eventually he became Fr. John Oh's disciple and co-worker. He was later baptized, choosing Peter for his baptismal name.

But before long, as predicted by the initially opposed parishioners, more and more homeless began turning up at the rectory for help, overwhelming the priest who had spent all the money he and the parish had on buying the land and putting up a house for the first



The Kkottongnae Sisters care not only for the desperately poor, sick and dying, but also provide a home for orphaned children.

Evolution Inadequate

BUT NOW many biologists are realizing that a kind of pseudo-religion-Darwinism-is being foisted on us; to wit, that we are in and of a cosmic process of evolution that, in principle, gives a complete explanation of our origin and our nature. You will realize that I am attacking Darwinism, not the scientific theory of evolution, which I accept as a partial and limited explanation of my origin; but for me it fails as a complete and satisfactory explanation of my own personal existence. For me there is a profound mystery in existence. We cannot even anticipate any fundamental break-through in understanding; but at least we should have a far-ranging vision of the marvellous adventure we co-jointly find ourselves in-the adventure of life and, in particular, our own personal, conscious life. This gives us all our civilization, our art as well as our science. It also provides the rationale of our devoted struggle for the ideals of individual freedom that is given in the quest for an open Society, where, though we may have boundaries dependent on our attainments and talents, there are no barriers to the development and fulfilment of each one of us. We need today a renewal of faith in the great mystery and dignity of human existence, and to have hope that there will eventually come to each of us a realization of the cosmic meaning of this wonderful gift-our own personal self-consciousness, which in some mysterious way derives in part from the evolutionary development of life.

— Sir John Eccles, *The Brain and the Person*, ABC, The Boyer Lectures 1965, p.35.

group of homeless. Fr. John began to feel overwhelmed but something happened to strengthen his resolve.

On 16 August, 1978 he was in his car heading for the diocesan office 20km away when he saw someone collapsed on Bantan Bridge. 'I stopped the car and saw the old man was dying. His clothing reeked of urine and excrement. I lifted him into my car and set off for a hospital but I suddenly vomited because of the stench. I stopped the car and prayed to God that I not to be overcome by the smell so I could get him medical treatment, hopefully to save his life.

I began driving again and suddenly heard a shout from the sky: 'How joyful and proud I am today. Father Oh has saved a son whom I love. I am grateful and thankful. I will give you, Father John a new promise and make a covenant with you. From now on, if you welcome these pitiable people, I will be responsible for all of them.'

Francis of Assisi heard the voice of Jesus coming from the Byzantine icon of the crucifixion.' Francis, go repair my house which is falling in ruins.'

From that experience came a new religious Order, which in time would become a number of Franciscan Orders of men and women, dedicated to a very joyful and wholesome spirituality, and a reform, doing great good around the whole world, continuing until today, and showing no sign of slackening.



In 2006 the Kkottongnae community had taken in 13,000 homeless people along with physically and mentally disadvantaged children and adults abandoned by their families.

Beside the great number of canonized Franciscan nuns, brothers and priests there are 53 canonized saints and 76 beatified, who belonged to the Franciscan Third Order *Secular*, that is lay people—accentuating St. John Paul II's call to holiness of all the baptized. All because *Il Poverello* believed what the voice from the Cross told him to do!

Fr. John Oh heard that voice from the skies in mid-August 1978, and began to look more and more into the sad underworld of rejected people... and to ask the Lord what He wanted him to do about them?

The indomitable old 'hobo', Choi Kwi-Dong knew this world intimately and had been doing something about it for years. He became one of the priest's constant companions and helpers, eventually dying a contented old man in one of Kkottongnae's homes for the homeless.

By 1989 Fr. John had his new Order of Kkottongnae accredited by Church authorities and was accepting vocations. As the special charisma of his Order, they promised 'never to turn away anyone who needed help, no matter how difficult or desperate.'

Jesus spoke of knowing a good tree by its fruit. Watching Fr. John in action during our retreat, and preaching daily at the 6 a.m. Mass that is crowded with Religious and lay people, and witnessing all the work being done, so cheerfully in the many large buildings for the

needy at Kkottongnae headquarters, I felt I was witnessing a dynamic new outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

I saw one statistic dated 2006, 17 years after its foundation that Kkottongnae Headquarters had taken in 13,000 homeless people. Almost all these homeless had been abandoned by their family but Kkottongnae had given each a decent burial in their huge cemetery that stretches across acres of consecrated ground.

I also saw at the wide ranging headquarters seven ambulances that go out daily, especially during Korea's harsh winter looking for sick and homeless living under bridges etc.

The South Korean population is decreasing every year, like the populations of Japan, Italy, etc., and the government is closing schools. The Order has acquired a large, three storey redundant government school where children, disadvantaged physically or mentally are lovingly educated by the Order, helped by many dedicated lay volunteers.

Some of these children were born with very serious physical deformities and abandoned. Next to their school the Order has built a modern bakery. 'Graduates' from the school are taught how to bake bread and cakes as a career for their future.

I visited two large Retirement Homes that the Order has built for homeless people found living under bridges etc. who accepted the invitation to come to Kkottongnae

Members of the Order and an ever-increasing number of volunteers from South Korea and even overseas tend to them with touching concern. Nearby the Order has built a large hospital where the sick, including very physically deformed patients are cared for. Many of the latter were abandoned or handed over to the state as infants because their parents felt they could not look after them.

There is a beautiful atmosphere of loving, smiling volunteers helping the nuns, brothers and priests to care for them. Close by is the government-accredited Kkottongnae University that gives degrees in welfare work. The linchpin motto of the university courses is simple: people caring for the disadvantaged and destitute

The Power of Words

AT THE PRESENT time, we have a population that is literate, in the sense that everybody is able to read and write; but, owing to the emphasis placed on scientific and technical training at the expense of the humanities, very few of our people have been taught to understand and handle language as an instrument of power. This means that, in this country alone, forty million innocents or thereabouts are wandering inquisitively about the laboratory, enthusiastically pulling handles and pushing buttons, thereby releasing uncontrollable currents of electric speech, with results that astonish themselves and the world. Nothing is more intoxicating than a sense of power: the demagogue who can sway crowds, the journalist who can push up the sales of his paper to the two million mark, the playwright who can plunge an audience into an orgy of facile emotion, the parliamentary candidate who is carried to the top of the poll on a flood of meaningless rhetoric, the ranting preacher, the advertising salesman of material or spiritual commodities, are all playing perilously and irresponsibly with the power of words, and are equally dangerous whether they are cynically unscrupulous or (as frequently happens) have fallen under the spell of their own eloquence and become the victims of their own propaganda. For the great majority of those whom they are addressing have no skill in assessing the value of words and are as helpless under verbal attack as were the citizens of Rotterdam against assault from the air. When we first began to realize the way in which the common sense of Europe had been undermined and battered down by Nazi propaganda, we were astonished as well as horrified; yet there was nothing astonishing about it. It was simply another exhibition of ruthless force: the employment of a very powerful weapon by experts who understood it perfectly against people who were not armed to resist it and had never really understood that it was a weapon at all. And the defense against the misuse of words is not flight, nor yet the random setting off of verbal fireworks, but the wary determination to understand the potentialities of language and to use it with resolution and skill.

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

will only get satisfactory results if they love them. Love is taught as a conscious decision, as a verb in the active tense, not a noun.

Several months before he became Pope Francis, the Cardinal Archbishop of Buenos Aires, knowing

the Order's work with the poor and disadvantaged is based on love, and personal prayer, asked Kkottongnae to begin working for the poor in the slums of his city. Since he has been elected Pope the world has learned how important the poor are to him.

Brother James Shin Sang Hyun was a medical doctor when he joined the Order. He handles English very well. Should anyone have questions about the Order, his address is: Kkottongnae, San 1-45, Ingok-ri, Maengdongmyon, Eumseong-gun, Choongbuk-do, South Korea 369-711.

FATHER PAUL GLYNN, SM has spent 25 years as a missionary in Japan. Author of *A Song for Nagasaki*, and *Healing Fire From Frozen Earth*, Father Glynn is stationed at Villa Maria, Hunters Hill, NSW.



Robinson's six massive paintings which make up his Creation Series are possibly the most significant and life-enhancing works of art produced anywhere in the world during the past two decades

CULTURE, BEAUTY AND CHAOS

By Giles Auty

IN THE PAST few weeks I have been privileged to revisit places of outstanding beauty in Britain and Holland which I first set eyes on decades ago. At the astonishing Dutch gardens at Keukenhof, half an hour's drive from Amsterdam, the countless thousands of tulips, hyacinths and other flowers were even perfectly in bloom at the time of my visit.

How reassuring it is to be reminded occasionally that the human race can create incomparable beauty as well as the misery and chaos in which it otherwise seems to specialize today.

No less life-enhancing was a visit to the equally amazing village of Portmeirion in North Wales which was built in the 1920s to replicate – and somewhat romanticize – the appearance of an Italian fishing village on the Amalfi coast.

The site covers a steep slope towards the water and even enjoys a micro-climate being closely sheltered by the surrounding hills. The brightly painted village was the brainchild of local architect Clough Williams-Ellis who otherwise designed rural retreats for the local gentry of his day.

While staying in the village for a few days I could not help wondering what today's dour local planning

authorities in Britain – let alone in Australia – would make of such a brilliant and high-spirited product of imagination and talent. Australia is a land of wild natural beauty but this is hardly reflected in the grim and often mindless utilitarianism of so many of its buildings – whether public or private.

In the Blue Mountains where I



An aspect of the beautiful village of Portmeirion

live when in Australia even the pitch of roofs is strictly controlled by the local planning authority in case such roofs might look 'too European'. Could someone kindly explain to me why looking 'too European' should suddenly be regarded as a sin?

I fear it would be impossible to build anything like Porthmeirion today anywhere in the Western world. But our world would be much the poorer for its absence as the hundreds of thousands who have visited the village would surely testify.

A major part of the urgency behind the recent rash of trips my wife and I have made was the knowledge that we would shortly be returning full-time – for the present at least – to Australia.

It is the hoariest of truisms, I agree, that travel broadens the mind yet the first thing which struck us both on our return here is just how unaware so many Australians seem to be – including members of this country's much-vaunted media – about the gravity of economic conditions which prevail now in so much of Europe – not forgetting the UK. For whole nations the threat of imminent economic collapse circles in the sky like an ever-present vulture.

Such lack of global awareness was also amply demonstrated

for us by the howls and screeches that greeted Australia's moderate-seeming recent federal budget. I also saw footage while still in the UK of screaming students at an Australian university who seemed anxious to proclaim to the world just how privileged, spoilt and ignorant they were.

Our present-day world is surely not what it was forty years ago and the fantastical Whitlamesque dream of free university education for all is, if possible, even more unrealistic now than it was in his time.

In a world context Australia still remains a relatively safe and economically secure haven. We should all give thanks on bended knee that it is so.

In recent times many of the world's banks have been the subject of severe criticism which in some cases at least is thoroughly deserved and I am reminded constantly of how much the entire culture of banking has changed in a relatively short period.

For instance, in the ten years before I came to Australia to work in 1995, I helped run a modest annual art competition which was sponsored jointly by a small Scottish private bank and the magazine for which I was then the established art critic: *The Spectator*. In spite of modest prizes, the competition attracted many hundreds of entries, the best and most successful of which subsequently made up a popular touring exhibition.

The headquarters of the bank in question was then situated in a beautiful Georgian square in Edinburgh's Newtown – of which the affix 'new' refers paradoxically to the late 18th century. Given even a tolerable climate, Edinburgh would possibly be the finest and most habitable city in Northern Europe. However on a very recent visit there I saw ample evidence of a creeping decline for which the Global Financial Crisis is undoubtedly to blame.

In the days of the art prize in question the bank appeared to be owned and run by gentlemen of the highest professional probity but owing to the unregulated actions of some of the bank's international money traders – shades here of Nick Leeson and Barings Bank – it shortly found itself sold into the gargantuan hands of the Royal Bank of Scotland which has since become famous for all the wrong reasons.

Today if UK banks sponsor anything it is likely to be professional sport rather than any kind of culture. If our world seeks organisations keen to sponsor beauty I fear it must look elsewhere. During the past two



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decades many banks in America and Europe have made reputations only for personal and corporate greed. Indeed the visual arts themselves – to which I have devoted a fair proportion of my life – have now, at a certain level, become only an effective arm of commodity banking.

In this relatively new game, the works of certain artists are chosen more or less arbitrarily to become some kind of banking commodity or stock which can be sold or exchanged at pre-agreed values. Regrettably few of such agreed



Ooops !! The caption under the pic on page 18 of Annals 4/2014 – should read: 'Window on Penzance 1975, oil on canvas, 85x65 cm'.

valuations have anything to do with intrinsic worth yet many economic advisers now actively encourage their clients to diversify into commodities such as gold and the fine arts.

Regrettably, dealers, auction houses and investors have much greater influence on the prices set for various artists today than do top critics, say, or art historians whose hard-earned expertise is now largely disregarded.

To cite merely one example of this, during his lifetime Australia's own Robert Hughes was very critical indeed of the work of short-lived graffiti artist Jean-Michel Basquiat, a protege of the equally overrated American artist Andy Warhol, as a look into Hughes's anthology of critical writing *Nothing If Not Critical* will confirm.

According to saleroom reports, Basquiat's incoherent ramblings – he also had drug problems – are now 'worth' up to 25 million dollars US.

Top of the American 'art commodity' tree however remain the often intensely sad abstract works of

Mark Rothko who ultimately became so disillusioned by the art and its ramifications of his time that he took his own life. Many of his remaining smaller works on paper are highly unstable – an apt analogy for the economy of the United States itself.

In Britain the overblown works of artists such as Hirst, Kapoor, Gormley and Emin have become that country's version of art as 'bankable' commodity. For example an unmade bed 'by' Emin embroidered with the names of her previous lovers which was bought originally by advertising tycoon Charles Saatchi for the equivalent of \$AU 200,000 has suddenly popped up again on the market there priced now at the equivalent of \$AU 2 million. The art market in Britain, in short, now simply reflects the insanity of the age in which we are obliged to live.

To counter our feelings of disquiet a small group of us met periodically during my recent prolonged sojourn in Britain for so-called 'fogeys' dinners. Our number was made up of two critics, two excellent traditional painters, a world authority on art restorations and an eminent art historian. Total calm, unanimity and fellowship typified our meetings which I believe aided all of us to carry on in a world of contemporary art which is utterly alien to our hard-won instincts and beliefs.

If you would refresh your own aesthetic soul, try to locate and obtain a book which was published in my temporary absence from Australia. This is William Robinson: *The Transfigured Landscape* which is co-published by Queensland University of Technology and Piper Press (ISBN 9780980834710).

In my view at least, Robinson's six massive paintings which make up his *Creation Series* are possibly the most significant and life-enhancing works of art produced anywhere in the world during the past two decades.

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

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– Editor, *Annals*

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THE WAR TO END ALL WARS



ALL WENT WELL until 1914. But when the First World War broke out, I thought it was a folly and a crime on the part of every one of the Powers involved on both sides. I hoped that England might remain neutral and, when this did not happen, I continued to protest.

I found myself isolated from most of my former friends and, what I minded even more, estranged from the current of the national life. I had to fall back upon sources of strength that I hardly knew myself to possess. But something, that if I had been religious I should have called the Voice of God, compelled me to persist.

Neither then nor later did I think all war wrong. It was that war, not all war, that I condemned. The Second World War I thought necessary, not because I had changed my opinions on war, but because the circumstances were different.

In fact all that made the Second War necessary was an outcome of the First War.

We owe to the First War and its aftermath Russian Communism, Italian Fascism and German Nazism. We owe to the First War the creation of a chaotic unstable world where there is every reason to fear that the Second World War was not the last, where there is the vast horror of Russian Communism to be combatted, where Germany, France and what used to be the Austro-Hungarian Empire have all fallen lower in the scale of civilization, where there is every prospect of chaos in Asia and Africa, where the prospect of vast and horrible carnage inspires daily and hourly terror.

All these evils have sprung with the inevitability of Greek tragedy,

ONE HUNDRED years ago this summer, Europe braced itself for war. The assassination of Archduke Franz Ferdinand in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914, set off a cascade of events as France, Great Britain, Russia, Germany and Austria-Hungary mobilized troops. By August – in a summer still remembered for its lovely weather – battles erupted across the continent. The German army invaded Belgium, then France, and brawled with Russia. Sides dug in; the trenches that scarred the landscape became one of the ghastly icons of the 20th century. Some 8.5 million soldiers died fighting the First World War; millions more were wounded. Empires were swept away; new nations were born. The historical consequences were profound. - Matthew Price, 'WWI: Books for the anniversary of the Great War,' *Newsday*, June 11, 2014.

out of the First World War.

Consider by way of contrast what would have happened if Britain had remained neutral in that war.

The war would have been short. It would have ended in victory for Germany. America would not have been dragged in. Britain would have remained strong and prosperous. Germany would not have been driven into Nazism; Russia, though it would have had a revolution, would in all likelihood have not had the Communist Revolution, since it could not in a short war have been reduced to the condition of utter chaos which prevailed in 1917.

The Kaiser's Germany, although war propaganda on our side represented it as atrocious, was in fact only swashbuckling and

a little absurd. I had lived in the Kaiser's Germany and I knew that progressive forces in that country were very strong and had every prospect of ultimate success.

There was more freedom in the Kaiser's Germany than there is now in any country outside Britain and Scandinavia. We were told at the time that it was a war for freedom, a war for democracy and a war against militarism. As a result of that war freedom has vastly diminished and militarism has vastly increased. As for democracy, its future is still in doubt.

I cannot think that the world would now be in anything like the bad state in which it is if English neutrality in the First War had allowed a quick victory to Germany.

On these grounds I have never thought that I was mistaken in the line that I took at that time. I also do not regret having attempted throughout the war years to persuade people that the Germans were less wicked than official propaganda represented them as being, for a great deal of the subsequent evil resulted from the severity of the Treaty of Versailles and this severity would not have been possible but for the moral horror with which Germany was viewed.

The Second World War was a totally different matter. Very largely as a result of our follies, Nazi Germany had to be fought if human life was to remain tolerable. If the Russians seek world dominion it is to be feared that war with them will be supposed equally necessary. But all this dreadful sequence is an outcome of the mistakes of 1914 and would not have occurred if those mistakes had been avoided.

Portraits from Memory and Other Essays, 'An Autobiographical Epitome,' by Bertrand Russell, Simon and Schuster, New York, 1956.

Bishop Burbidge [of Raleigh North Carolina] explained the diocese has seen 180% growth since 1990. By 2030, the diocese is expected to serve more than one million Catholics. 'We are a vibrant diocese,' he said.

THE MYTH OF CATHOLIC DECLINE

By Greg Kandra

IT CAN BE tempting, when ingesting a daily diet of internet chatter, to think the Catholic Church these days is a disaster. Things have never been worse. Vatican II destroyed the faith. Batten down the hatches. The barque of Peter is taking on water, and sinking fast.

So goes the popular thinking among some on the web. Clearly, the institution's days are numbered.

Really?

This morning, I read about a new church being built in the heart of the South, an area once dominated by Protestants. It is, in fact, a new Cathedral, rising in Raleigh, North Carolina:

Bishop Michael Burbidge announced the construction of Holy Name of Jesus Cathedral at a press conference in May.

Noting the rapid growth of the diocese, the bishop said it is his 'hope, dream and prayer to build a mother church, to build a cathedral' to replace the existing Sacred Heart Cathedral in downtown Raleigh.

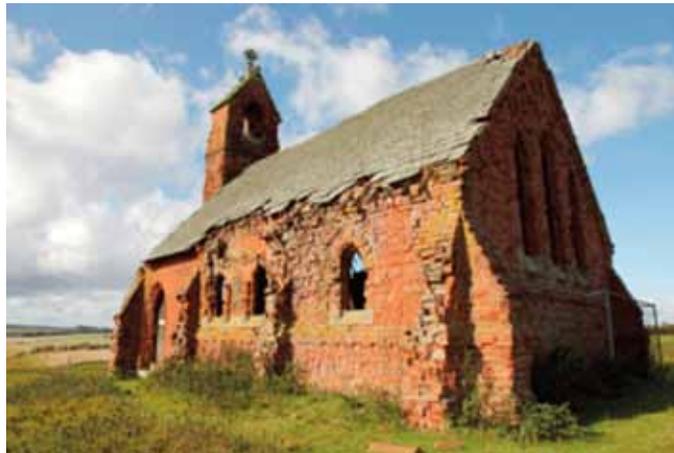
The current Sacred Heart Cathedral has a capacity of 320 people and was originally completed in 1924, when the Catholic population of the state was just 6,000. Today, however, the cathedral has burst its seams,

servicing a parish base of 3,000 Catholics in a diocese that is home to almost half a million Catholics, or 4.8% of the state's population.

'We have people literally out in the street,' the bishop said, pointing out that Christmas and Easter celebrations see typically 13-14 Masses, with overflow locations at the cathedral-school basement and local Clarion hotel unable to serve the influx of worshippers.

Bishop Burbidge told reporters that the cathedral helps the bishop 'gather the faithful of the diocese to worship as one.'

'Our current cathedral does



The Church is not in decline though some church buildings may deteriorate

not [allow that], because it is the smallest one in the U.S., except for Juneau, Alaska.'

Bishop Burbidge [of Raleigh North Carolina] explained the diocese has seen 180% growth since 1990. By 2030, the diocese is expected to serve more than 1 million Catholics. 'We are a vibrant diocese,' he said.

The bishop added that 1,200 people came into the Church at this year's Easter vigil, he is conferring the Sacrament of Confirmation on 3,500 high-schoolers in 2014, and he just dedicated his 11th new church in his eight years as bishop.

This sent me on a search for more information about the state of the Catholic Church—and I found it, on a site called *Catholic Voices*.

This posting from March of 2013 didn't get much attention last year, maybe because it is a site based in the UK. But it's a treasure trove of facts and statistics. If you want a clear and unbiased picture of the state of global Catholicism these days, here it is:

Viewed globally the Church experienced a spectacular growth over the twentieth century which shows little sign of slowing.

In 1900 there were roughly 266 million Catholics in the world. This rose to 1,045 million by 2000. By 2010 there were 1,197 million [just over a billion], according to

the 2012 edition of the *Annuarium Statisticum Ecclesiae*, the 'Statistical Yearbook of the Church'. Over the last 40 years, Catholics have consistently made up between 17 and 18 per cent of the world's population; having been steadily about 17.3 per cent in recent years, they now are probably about 17.5 per cent. Current growth in

the world's Catholic population is slightly outpacing general population growth.

Peter Seewald was right to say to Pope Benedict, when interviewing him for 2010's *Light of the World*, that: 'Never before has the Catholic Church had more believers, never before such extension, literally to the ends of the earth.'

Over the course of the twentieth century, the population of Latin America and the Caribbean rose from about 60 million to 561 million, while the number of Catholics there rose from 53 million to about 449 million.

Pentecostalism has made strong inroads, partly a consequence of the low numbers of priests to population (one priest per 8,000 Catholics). But seminary enrolment is on the rise, according to John Allen's *Future Church*, increasing 440 per cent between 1984 and 2009. (The number of seminarians in Bolivia, for example, rose from 49 to 714 between 1972 and 2001, while the number in Honduras rose from 40 to 170 between 1989 and 2007.)

Catholicism has grown more dramatically in Africa than anywhere else in the world over the last century. In 1900, there were fewer than two million Catholics in sub-Saharan Africa, whereas by 2000, there were more than 130 million; this, as John Allen points out in *The Future Church*, represents a staggering growth rate of more than 6,000 per cent.

Current estimates reckon that there are about 160 million Catholics in Africa, though even these estimates may be too low; the Church in Africa lacks the institutional framework to track growth accurately, and if the Gallup World Poll can be trusted, there may already be almost 200 million Africans claiming to be Catholic. Either way, growth in Africa's Catholic population is far higher than among the general population.

This spectacular growth is a truly indigenous phenomenon. The number of Western missionaries

The Spirit of Truth

THE HOLY SPIRIT it is who is that rushing river giving joy to God's city (Ps 46[45],5). If, when he has come, he finds you to be humble and without anxiety, in awe of God's word, then he will come to rest on you and reveal to you those things that God hides from the wise and learned of this world (Mt 11,25). Then all those truths will begin to shine out before you that Wisdom spoke to the disciples while on earth but which they could not bear before the coming of the Spirit of truth that was to teach them all truth ...

— William of Saint-Thierry, *The Mirror of Faith*, 6; Migne Patres Latini, vol. clxxx, 384. William (c.1085-1149), was a Benedictine monk who then became a Cistercian monk.

active in Africa has been declining since the mid-1960s, while the African Church has produced vast numbers of priests.

Interviewed by John Allen in 2005, the then Archbishop on Nairobi said that among his biggest problems was an excess of vocations, such that 'seminaries built for one hundred now have almost two hundred.'

In Nigeria, where there are about 20 million Catholics, one seminary alone has more than a thousand students. This may be the biggest seminary in the world, but even then the Nigerian Church is overstretched, as, in Allen's words, 'Africans are being baptized even more rapidly than they're being ordained.'

If Africa ended 2010 with 765 more clergy than in 2009, Asia did even better; the latest edition of *Annuarium Statisticum Ecclesiae* records that Asia was the continent which saw the most growth in priest and deacon numbers during that period, resulting in 1,695 more clergy in Asia in 2010 than in 2009.

In Asia overall, the proportion of Catholics more than doubled over the course of the twentieth century (just 1.2 per cent of Asians were Catholic in 1900, but three per cent of Asians were in 2000).

This growth has taken place not only in traditional Catholic countries such as the Philippines – the third largest Catholic country in the world, where there were more Catholic baptisms in 2000 than in France, Spain, Italy, and Poland combined – but in mission countries such as South Korea, where the number of Catholics doubled to more than five million people between 1985 and 2005; as well as India, whose Catholic population rose from two million to more than 17 million over the course of the twentieth century.

I could go on. But you get the idea. Check out the *Catholic Voices* site for a fuller picture—which includes the genuinely impressive recovery of vocations in Europe and North America. Truth be told, the numbers in parts of the United States—like Raleigh, for example—are historic. (I was thunderstruck by a visit I made to a parish in Dallas last year; the place is so busy and bustling, one woman told me, some nights you can't find a parking space in the church lot.)

And converts, of course, keep coming; the Archdiocese of Washington just logged a record number of new Catholics who joined the faith through RCIA.

I found all of this inspiring—putting a lie to what the *Catholic Voices* site aptly calls 'the myth of Catholic decline.'

Be of good cheer. This is not the story of a faith nearing the end of the road.

In many places, in fact, the journey is just beginning.

GREG KANDRA is a Catholic deacon serving the Diocese of Brooklyn, New York. A veteran broadcast journalist, Deacon Greg worked for 26 years as a writer and producer for CBS News in both New York and Washington. He now serves as the Multimedia Editor of Catholic Near East Welfare Association (CNEWA), overseeing editorial content for its popular magazine, ONE, and its award-winning blog, ONE-TO-ONE

APOSTOLIC EXHORTATION 'ALLORCHÉ FUMMO' OF POPE BENEDICT XV

TO THE PEOPLES NOW AT WAR AND TO THEIR RULERS

July 28, 1915



WHEN WE, though all unworthy, were called to succeed on the Apostolic Throne the meek Pius X, whose life of holiness and well-doing was cut short by grief at the fratricidal struggle that had just burst forth in Europe, We, too, on turning a fearful glance on the blood-stained battle-fields, felt the anguish of a father, who sees his homestead devastated and in ruins before the fury of the hurricane.

And thinking with unspeakable regret of our young sons, who were being mown down by death in thousands, We opened Our heart, enlarged by the charity of Christ, to all the crushing sorrow of the mothers, and of the wives made widows before their time, and to all the inconsolable laments of the little ones, too early bereft of a father's care.

Sharing in the anxious fears of innumerable families, and fully conscious of the imperative duties imposed upon Us by the sublime mission of peace and of love, entrusted to Our care in days of so much sadness, We conceived at once the firm purpose of consecrating all Our energy and all Our power to the reconciling of the peoples at war: indeed, We made it a solemn promise to Our Divine Saviour, who willed to make all men brothers at the cost of His Blood.

The abounding wealth, with which God the Creator has enriched the lands that are subject to You, allow You to go on with the struggle; but at what cost? Let the thousands of young lives quenched every day on the fields of battle make answer:

THE HOLY SEE had been excluded from the Peace Conference of 1919. Pope Benedict XV considered the conditions imposed on Germany at the Versailles Peace Conference to be harsh. The Vatican Secretary of State, Cardinal Gasparri, predicted that the peace treaty's humiliation of Germany could result in another war as soon as Germany had rearmed.

answer, the ruins of so many towns and villages, of so many monuments raised by the piety and genius of your ancestors. And the bitter tears shed in the secrecy of home, or at the foot of altars where suppliants beseech, do not these also repeat that the price of the long drawn-out struggle is great – too great?

Nor let it be said that the immense conflict cannot be settled without the violence of war. Lay aside your mutual purpose of destruction; remember that Nations do not die; humbled and oppressed, they chafe under the yoke imposed upon them, preparing a renewal of the combat, and passing down from generation to generation a mournful heritage of hatred and revenge.

Why not from this moment weigh with serene mind the rights and lawful aspirations of the peoples? Why not initiate with a good will an exchange of views, directly or indirectly, with the object of holding in due account, within the limits of possibility, those rights and aspirations, and thus succeed in putting an end to the monstrous struggle, as has been done under other similar circumstances?

Blessed be he who will first raise the olive-branch, and hold out his right hand to the enemy with an offer of reasonable terms of peace. The equilibrium of the world, and the prosperity and assured tranquillity of Nations rest upon mutual benevolence and respect for the rights and the dignity of others, much more than upon hosts of armed men and the ring of formidable fortresses.

This is the cry of peace which breaks forth from Our heart with added vehemence on this mournful day; and We invite all, whosoever are the friends of peace the world over, to give Us a helping hand in order to hasten the termination of the war, which for a long year has changed Europe into one vast battle-field. May the merciful Jesus, through the intercession of His Sorrowful Mother, grant that at last, after so horrible a storm, the dawn of peace may break, placid and radiant, an image of His own Divine Countenance.

May hymns of thanksgiving soon rise to the Most High, the Giver of all good things, for the accomplished reconciliation of the States; may the peoples, bound in bonds of brotherly love, return to the peaceful rivalry of studies, of arts, of industries, and, with the empire of right re-established, may they resolve from now henceforth to entrust the settlement of their differences, not to the sword's edge, but to reasons of equity and justice, pondered with due calm and deliberation. This will be their most splendid and glorious conquest!

Source: http://www.vatican.va/holy_father/benedict_xv/apost_exhortations/documents/hf_ben-xv_exh_19150728_fummo-chiamati_en.html

Many communist controlled unions often did not co-operate with the war effort.

AUSTRALIA'S SECRET WAR

By Ross Fitzgerald

IT IS USEFUL to be reminded that, as a result of the Nazi-Soviet Non-Aggression Pact, signed on 21 August 1939, Hitler and Stalin were allies. This meant that, at that time, Australian Communists loyal to Moscow were obliged to support the German war machine.

As Hal G P Colebatch points out, in his provocative new book *Australia's Secret War*, this arrangement lasted until Hitler invaded Russia on 22 June 1941. From then on, all members of the Communist Party of Australia and all militant communists in the trade union movement were supposed to actively support the Allied cause. But this, he argued, did not apply to all communist trade unionists, especially members of the Seamen's Union and the Waterside Workers' Union.

In this well-produced and copiously referenced book, Colebatch is at least half right. Until the Soviet Union entered the war in June 1941 communists were totally opposed to the war, and the waterside workers in particular were resentful about the tough way they had been treated by their bosses during the 1930s Depression.

After June 1941, some leading Western Australian communist union leaders like Paddy Troy in Fremantle, were heart and soul behind the Allied war effort, and did what they could to stop loafing and sabotage at the docks. But other communist unionists, in Townsville for example, remained utterly bloody-minded and seem to have been as bad as they are portrayed in *Australia's Secret War*.

Australia's Secret War: How unions sabotaged our troops in World War II, by Hal Colebatch.
Quadrant Books, H/B, 2013,
RRP \$44.95.

However, to me it is doubtful that these militant workers were obeying orders from Moscow. Essentially, it was the sheer inability of wharf labourers and other communist unionists to rise above their own grievances and their ingrained sense that the capitalist world was against them. Hence, many communist controlled unions often did not co-operate with the war effort. As Colebatch explains, this ranged from employing deliberate go-slow tactics (what communists and anarcho-

syndicalists called 'letting the old man in') to constant refusals to work at all until their demands for substantial 'danger money,' itself several times more than the soldiers' five shillings a day, were met.

All in all, it was not a pretty story.

As Colebatch documents in detail, even after June 1941 it was not always the case that Australian communists wholeheartedly supported the Allied war effort. To put it mildly, throughout the whole of World War II, there was little love lost between wharfies and Australian and American soldiers, sailors, and aircraftmen. At a number of ports around Australia, waterside workers in particular went on strike and/or sabotaged military operations - even during the most desperate periods of the war.

Colebatch also makes it clear that John Curtin's militant Minister for Labour and National Service, the East Sydney-based firebrand Eddie Ward, did virtually nothing to curb the excesses of communists in industries on which our war effort relied. This especially applied to strikes on the waterfront as well as in our coalmines.

Subtitled 'How unionists sabotaged our troops in World War II' *Australia's Secret War* draws on a broad range of sources. These include official and unofficial documents about the war from archival materials, to scores of letters and first-person interviews between the author and Australian and American ex-servicemen.

Colebatch's fundamental thesis is that what he calls 'the secret war' was a conflict that may have cost the lives of many Australian and allied



servicemen and women. Indeed, in a key chapter, entitled 'Killing John Curtin,' he argues that striking trade unionists and militants in the NSW branch of the Labor Party, such as Ward and future federal leader Dr H. Evatt, may have eventually cost the life of the 60 year old John Curtin - our teetotal, wartime Labor prime minister who died, ill and exhausted, on 5 July 1945.

However, what certainly seems indisputable is that, as an alcoholic

who had stopped drinking entirely, Prime Minister Curtin was prone to attacks of nervous anxiety - which may have exacerbated his stress.

For the record, the Hal G P Colebatch who wrote this often disturbing book is not the same person as the distinguished West Australian political scientist Dr Hal Kempley Colebatch.

ROSS FITZGERALD is Emeritus Professor of History and Politics at Griffith University. This review appeared first in The Sydney Institute Quarterly, February 2014, and is reprinted with permission.

It did not become more universal; it became much less universal; for it only picked up and polished the fragments of a shattered universe. In other words, the improvement was the sort of improvement which is seen when medicine becomes purely specialist or football becomes purely professional. The mediaeval man was really ruder and more ineffective in many ways; but his outlook on life was really larger and more human. Thus the revival of learning was not an extension of learning; the public schools ceased to be popular schools. More gentlemen learnt Greek, but fewer peasants learnt Latin. Thus the Reformation intensified religion into sects; but it was no longer possible to reconcile men through religion. Thus in the drama, it is obvious that greater plays were produced, but fewer people produced them. Shakespeare emerged to make fun of Snout and Snug producing a play; but there was something to be said for the old guild theatre in which all the Snouts and Snugs could produce plays. Literature grew more finished because language grew more finished; but for good and evil it was narrowed into national languages; there was no longer a really European Esperanto. In a hundred ways human beings had lost the conception of a complete humanity.

— G.K. Chesterton, 'Introduction to a New Edition,' of *A Short History of England*, London, Chatto & Windus, 1924, pp. viii-x.

OUR MEDIAEVAL PAST

WHAT HAS BEEN LOST

By G. K. Chesterton

WHEN THIS BOOK [A Short History of England] was written ... all that world which regarded Mr. Bernard Shaw as the supreme modernist regarded me as a sort of moonstruck antiquary for being a mediaevalist. Yet I only praised the best of mediaevalism, and especially the morning of mediaevalism; I definitely admitted that in its last twilight were many monsters: and I particularly instanced the perverted zeal of the priests who persecuted St. Joan. I have lived to see Bernard Shaw the Modernist complete the case for Chesterton the Mediaevalist. I have lived to see him, of all men, proving that there

was something to be said even for the monsters of mediaevalism. Where I defended its glory he has defended even its decay; and defended it triumphantly. For he has defended it on the fundamental ground; the fact that has to be grasped by everybody before he is fit to discuss the question; the fact that the mediaeval men's vision of Christendom was something much larger than our empires and races and vested interests; and that where our best can only die gloriously for the flag, they could commit even their crimes for the Cross. In becoming more and more solidly certain of such a thing as a truth, one loses the temptation to exaggerate it as a challenge. A fair statement of the transition from the Middle Ages would, I think, be something like this. With that change the world improved in many things, but not in the one thing needful; the one thing that can make them all one.



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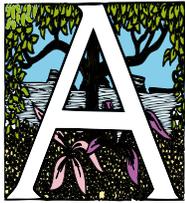
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Edith and her sister Rosa, after a brief stay at Westerbork concentration camp, died in the gas chambers at Auschwitz on August 9 1942. Several eyewitnesses reported seeing and speaking to her, still in her Carmelite habit, when she was en route to the east and the train, crammed with prisoners, made a long stop at Wroclaw station on the night of August 7, en route to Auschwitz.

THE WROCLAW STREETSCAPES OF EDITH STEIN

By Tess Livingstone



NAME ON the in-flight tracker en route from London to Australia, the Polish city of Wroclaw had beckoned to be visited “one day,” ever since Pope John Paul II canonised Edith Stein, its most famous daughter, in 1998.

For me, that “one day” was early this year, when an unusually mild European winter had kept snow to a minimum. The experience was worth the 7 hour train trip north from Vienna, with one change in Katowice in southern Poland.

Wroclaw, Poland’s fourth largest city – known as Breslau for much of its 1100 year history – is a heady mix of medieval splendour (much of it restored after the ravages of World War II and Soviet occupation), history, faith, and emerging enterprises. In a city of 630,000, its 300 year-old university with 40,000 students from Poland and elsewhere helps make the city a lively social

and cultural hub, day and night.

Over a single weekend, time for exploration was limited. But even with the temperature hovering at around -11deg Celsius a pale gold sun on a still day made for a bracing, enjoyable adventure. The city spreads across a dozen islands, connected by 120 bridges crossing the Orda River and its canals. In



Three young people outside the Cathedral of St John the Baptist

January, many of these were frozen solid, with ducks and other birds walking and sliding on the snow and ice.

Hotels are plentiful, comfortable and affordable. And their indoor swimming pools are well heated,

even in mid-winter. My hotel room, beside the medieval market square in the Old Town, looked directly across to the splendour of St Elizabeth’s Church, where Pope John Paul II offered Mass in 1997. On a dark afternoon, its interior gloom was brightened by the lights of its spectacular Christmas trees.

By European standards, taxis are cheap and English-speaking drivers are readily available. First stop was Nowowiejska 38, Edith Stein’s family home, close to the centre of the city. Her mother, Augusta, who had successfully carried on her husband’s timber business after his death in 1893, when Edith was two, bought the impressive Victorian villa in 1910. It remained the family home until 1939, when it was confiscated under the Nazi’s Aryianisation program.

Early on a quiet Saturday morning the house and museum were open, as they are year round. As well as displaying an overview of Edith Stein’s life, the house is centre for the Edith Stein Society,

fostering cultural dialogue, Polish-German relations and religious discussion.

Outside, as the trams rattled along nearby, it was easy to imagine the teenage Edith, a precocious intellectual who flirted with the suffragette movement and atheism in her youth (when she abandoned Judaism), striding down the street with her books. After excelling at school, she enrolled at the university where she studied German, history and philosophy. These were her main academic interests before she discovered theology and church history years later.

Such a serious minded young woman would have been in her element at the university, the alma mater of 9 Nobel prize winners. In her youth it was a strong centre for the humanities and science and remains so. The campus, centrally located beside the river, is worth visiting for the beauty of the University Church of the Blessed Name of Jesus (and its frequent concerts). The church was built by the Jesuits in the late 17th century on the site of a disused castle.

On a hilltop across the river from the university, on Ostrow Tumski (the Cathedral Island) St John the Baptist's Cathedral dominates one of Wroclaw's most historic precincts. The Cathedral, which is the fourth Catholic Church on the site, was rebuilt after being almost destroyed, along with much of the city, by the Red Army during the Siege of Wroclaw from February to May 1945.

Inside, the Cathedral, with its richly coloured stained glass windows, has a strong sense of living faith. Visitors and locals were praying before the Blessed Sacrament and lining up for Confession. Outside, a sandstone sculpture of Edith Stein is attached to the Cathedral's southern tower.

At dusk, the Cathedral precinct is the place to spot the city's lamplighter in his cape and top hat lighting the tiny island's 103 gas lamps. Lamplighters have



Edith Stein's home in Nowowiejska Street, Wroclaw.

largely gone the way of town criers and court jesters, but Wroclaw's lamplighter is a drawcard for tourists and not out of place in a city that evokes a strong sense of the past. A more modern addition to the city, hundreds of dwarf sculptures in bronze that have been placed outside important buildings, on busy corners and in parks and gardens over the past 15 years, add to the atmosphere.

Wroclaw's rich Jewish heritage is an intrinsic part of the city's identity and a must for historically-minded visitors to discover. As children, Edith Stein and her 10 brothers and sisters were part of Wroclaw's 30,000-strong Jewish community. With their mother, a devout woman, they worshipped at the White Stork Synagogue, the only synagogue not razed on Kristallnacht.

It was there, during the war, that the Nazis rounded up members of the Jewish community for deportation to the death camps. Paradoxically, after Wroclaw's Jewish population was decimated by the Nazis, it briefly swelled to 70,000 in the immediate aftermath of the war as displaced Russian Jews sought sanctuary in the city. The brutality of the Soviet regime

that dominated Poland for decades after the war, however, drove them out again until few, if any, were left by 1968.

The White Stork Synagogue was left to rot during the Communist years until a small, resurgent Jewish community recovered it from the government in 1996, after the fall of Communism. After restoration, it re-opened in 2010 and is now a religious and cultural focal point for Wroclaw's 1,000 Jewish citizens. Tours are available in English Sundays to Fridays. The Old Jewish Cemetery, with the graves of Augusta and Siegfried Stein, among many others, has also been restored and is open to visitors.

Edith Stein, who perished in Auschwitz, has no known grave. She left Wroclaw in 1913 to study for a doctorate in philosophy in Germany, a process that was interrupted by her serving at an Austrian field hospital during World War I. After converting to the Catholic faith in 1922 and working as a university academic she entered the Discalced Carmelite monastery in Cologne in 1933, becoming Sister Teresia Benedicta of the Cross.

After her conversion, on visits home, she prayed and attended Mass at St Michael the Archangel church near her family home in Wroclaw. The church now has a chapel dedicated in her honour and a statue in her memory. Edith's last



definite, recorded visit to Wroclaw was in 1933, shortly before entering the convent, when she came to say goodbye to her mother in Nowowiejska Street. Augusta Stein died three years later, in 1936.

The story of Edith's arrest by the Gestapo, along with her sister Rosa, also a convert, from the Carmel at Echt in Holland on August 2 1942 is well known. As Pope John Paul II said at her beatification in Cologne in 1987, Edith Stein was a daughter of Israel and a daughter of Carmel whose rich life "embodied a dramatic synthesis of our century."

After giving up the practice of her Jewish faith at the age of 14, the pope recalled, Edith had only begun to feel Jewish again after her conversion to Catholicism because: "From this moment on she was continually aware that she belonged to Christ not only spiritually, but also through her blood."

A year before her death, Edith wrote "I spoke to our Saviour and told Him that I knew it was his Cross which was now being laid on the Jewish people. Most of them did not understand it, but those who did understand must accept it willingly in the name of all."

Edith and Rosa, after a brief stay at Westerbork concentration camp, died in the gas chambers at Auschwitz on August 9 1942. Several eyewitnesses reported seeing and speaking to her, still in her Carmelite habit, when she was en route to the east and the train, crammed with prisoners, made a long stop at Wroclaw station on the night of August 7, en route to Auschwitz. So near and yet so painfully far from home.....

Wroclaw station has been restored to its 19th century glory and bustles with tourists, students and commuters. But seventy-two years after Edith's final rail journey, it was impossible not to think about her thoughts, feelings and prayers as the train pulled out through the districts and landscapes she knew so well.

TESS LIVINGSTONE is a leader writer and senior journalist for *The Australian*.

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Europe's Debt to Christianity

No doubt European civilization, even when secularized, still retains the mark of its spiritual origins. The new social ideals and secular forms of cultures themselves represent partial and one-sided survivals of the Christian social tradition. Nevertheless, the spiritual forces that owe their existence to Christianity have turned against it and have become the centres of anti-Christian revolt. Nationalism owes to Christianity its high and almost mystical conception of the nation as a spiritual unity—a sacred community for which the individual will gladly sacrifice his life; yet, divorced from Christianity, this conception becomes a principle of hatred and destruction.

- Christopher Dawson, *Religion and the Modern State*, London, Sheed and Ward, 1935, p. xxi.

The Hindu 'lotus position' and the Catholic 'kneeling position' come from very different religious worldviews. ... Why this reluctance to explain the truth about yoga?

ISN'T YOGA JUST EXERCISE?

By Wanda Skowronska

LT IS not uncommon to see yoga promoted in schools, whether secular or Catholic. When asked why this is so, its proponents will inevitably answer along the lines of 'yoga is just exercise'. But just as people might examine food they buy in a supermarket, to check its ingredients, so they might well examine yoga and see what it really is. Students and parents have the right to know at least what yoga is before they start classes.

One has merely to *google* 'yoga' to learn from Wikipedia that all forms of yoga derive from a Hindu text called the Yoga Sutra. Some say the Yoga Sutra was written by Patañjali around the second century BC but others say the text predates this time. Whatever the actual date there is no doubt that the Yoga Sutra is a *Hindu religious text*. Read that again – Yoga derives from the Yoga Sutra which is a *Hindu religious text*. So yoga is part of a religion. In fact, the aim of all the schools of yoga that have developed over the years, is to unite oneself with Brahman. And who is Brahman? Brahman is no less than the Hindu deity. But one may ask, what has the lotus pose and deep breathing at the local school got to do with Brahman?

Australian author Max Sculley gives an excellent outline of Yoga for Westerners, in his book *Yoga Tai Chi and Reiki* (2012), explaining that there are two main forms of Yoga practised in the western world – Hatha yoga and Raja yoga. Hatha (or physical yoga) involves a series of poses performed in silent, controlled, slow rhythmic breathing. The person focuses mind on breathing and the repetition of a mantra.

In Raja yoga there are similar poses, slowed breathing and use of a mantra. Raja yoga differs from Hatha yoga, however, in having more refined techniques of concentration and meditation and more direct seeking of altered state of consciousness and psychic powers. The purpose of all

types of yoga, however, remains one and the same – it is to call on the divine energy pervading the universe to come and enter your being. It is not just to relax after a hard day's work.

The purpose of slow breathing and yoga poses is to absorb the divine energy from the air (called 'prana') so that the energy can be stored in the energy centres of the body (called 'chakras').

If a Catholic is not already uneasy at this point, then he/she might ask some questions about the next step. The purpose of absorbing divine energy in yoga poses is to become one with the universe. If your yoga teacher has not told you this, you have been conned. For while breathing deeply and voiding the mind, you are supposed to reach your higher self which is called 'atman'. Then if you keep doing this your 'atman' will become fully united to the universe (this is called Samahdi) and to its divine energy which is no less than god Brahman.

Yoga is meant to unite your consciousness with that of Brahman. Once you have done this– you and the god Brahman are one.

As Max Sculley explains, *The ultimate purpose of both ratha and raja is the same – the realisation of one's own divinity, a concept utterly at odds with Christianity.*¹

It is important to remember that Brahman is an impersonal force and when you join with him your personhood melts away, as it were, into this divine energy pervading the universe. This is based on a 'monist' concept of God, that is, everything is one and everything is god. Now there are some interesting events along the way.

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As you go along the path of union you get to the point of the ‘Kundalini awakening’. This is common to all types of yoga and is the unleashing of inner powers within the consciousness – the ‘Kundalini’ powers. It is often described as the unleashing the energy of the coiled serpent which is meant to reside at the base of your spine. When aroused during your yoga exercises, it becomes uncoiled and can send you into a wild frenzy.

Apparently people in this state literally leap around screaming as they commune with Brahman but in some cases have been taken to psychiatric wards for recovery. There has been a recognition of ‘spiritual emergencies’ in such situations as the uncontrolled frenzy can become over the top- even for Kundalini devotees.²

Trojan Horse

THE BOOK *Yoga, Tai Chi & Reiki*, by Max Sculley...reveals the underlying ‘philosophies’ or world views that have given rise to these techniques. He [Sculley] shows clearly that using the techniques leads many into a new spiritual world... This world into which the practitioner is introduced is inimical to the Christian faith. While they may offer practices that can be helpful at a superficial level they are a Trojan horse for dangerous spiritual infiltration’.

— Archbishop Julian Porteous, in Foreword to: Max Sculley, *Yoga Tai Chi Reiki: a Guide for Christians* (Victoria: Connor Court Publishing, 2013), p.2.

Of course there has always been a distinction between psychopathology and religious experience but the

point here is that the practice of yoga can, in some cases unleash a predisposition to psychosis that may otherwise not have happened.

Such concerns are far from the Atman Yoga Centre in Queensland which claims that ‘Yoga is an ancient science that has long been renowned for its benefits for complete health and fitness’.³

Without doubt *exercise* is good for us but this linking of ‘yoga’ with ‘science’ is first inaccurate as it conflates the benefits of all exercise with yoga exercises. Second, it is an insult to Hindus to leave out the religious significance of yoga – Hindus know full well that yoga is deeply religious and not just a science. Fr. James Manjackal, a Catholic priest who was raised in a traditional Catholic family in India, states, ‘Yoga is not an elaborate system of physical exercises, it is a *spiritual discipline* purporting to lead the soul to Samadhi, the state in which the natural and divine become one. It is interesting to note that postures and breathing exercises, often considered to be the whole of Yoga in the West, are steps three and four towards union with Brahman.’⁴

Why do Christians who engage in yoga not enquire ecumenically of Hindus from India what yoga truly is? To ignore the spiritual essence of yoga is to denigrate its Hindu origins and its practitioners. It is a failure to ‘listen’ to Hindus. It is a failure to understand yoga.

One might well try a Catholic equivalent of the ‘don’t worry, it’s just about exercise’ approach and ask Hindus, Jews, Protestants and atheists to do some deep breathing in front of some candles and then adopt the kneeling pose holding rosary beads while chanting ‘Hail Mary full of grace, the Lord is with thee’ over and over as a mantra.

One could insist to the participants ‘it’s only an exercise’ and a ‘mantra’ and ‘it will help you relax’. No doubt both yoga and saying the rosary do help one relax but to understand what in fact they are, requires asking some questions about their origins and what they purport to be.

The Hindu ‘lotus position’ and the Catholic ‘kneeling position’

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Michael Fallon, MSC

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come from very different religious worldviews. Students deserve an explanation as to what they are doing when they undertake yoga or the rosary. It might give them the time to consider the meaning of what they are doing.

There have been legal battles in the US about yoga being practised in state schools. In one case parents complained about a type of yoga called 'Ashanti yoga' being part of the Encinitas Public School curriculum. A question was raised as to whether running yoga classes violated the religious clause of the American Constitution's First Amendment.⁵

The Superior Court Judge John Meyer concluded that yoga was in fact 'religious' but that children could do in schools as they would *not be aware of it*. Hold that thought ... this is tantamount to saying that 'what they don't know won't hurt them' and is an attempt to keep children from gaining knowledge about yoga.

Is this not a violation of basic human rights to know the truth of what is being presented to them? An expert witness in the trial said that this form of yoga begins with Surya Namaskara – that is, Sun Salutations to 'pray to the sun god,' Surya, the chief Hindu solar deity. It then coordinates breath with movement leading to lotus poses which symbolise meditation which of course leads to unity with the divine.⁶

This is not mere exercise.

Why this reluctance to explain the truth about yoga? Is it because the deception is too hard to seek under fashionable and comfortable slogans? Is it because there is a reluctance to distinguish between religions in the 'all paths are the same' type of thinking of our times?

Is it a deeper reluctance to make distinctions at all – a turning away from questions of what things are in themselves? Or even more fundamentally is it a turning away from reality – a revolt against being itself?

The answers to this might elicit much debate but in the end saying that 'yoga is just exercise' in schools, or anywhere, is false advertising. More fundamentally it is a violation

of children's and parents' rights to a full explanation of what is done when undertaking practices intimately bound up with the Hindu worldview. And not least, it is an anti-ecumenical denigration of our Hindu brothers and sisters, to reduce the spiritual significance of yoga to mere 'relaxation' and 'exercise.'

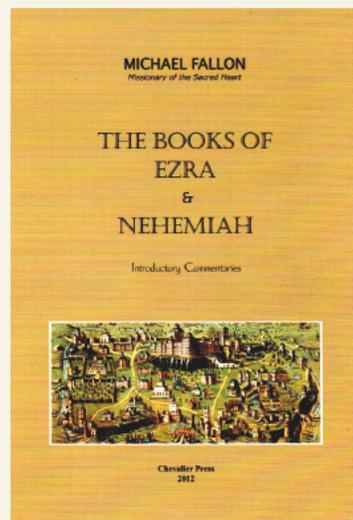
WANDA SKOWRONSKA is a registered psychologist who works as a counsellor in inner city schools in Sydney. She has recently been awarded a PhD in Psychology/Theology at Melbourne's *John-Paul II Institute*. She has done voluntary work

for the Catholic pro-life organisation *Family Life International*, and is a regular contributor to *Annals*.

1. Max Sculley DLS, *Yoga Tai Chi Reiki: a Guide for Christians* (Victoria: Connor Court Publishing, 2013), 16.
2. The Diagnostic and Statistical Manual 4th edition (1994). This concern has continued in the latest 5th edition (2013).
3. 'Body Mind Soul in Balance'. <http://www.atmanyoga.com.au/> (Accessed 15/8/2013).
4. Fr James Manjackal MSFS, 'Yoga in Philosophy and Practice is Incompatible with Christianity'. <http://www.jmanjackal.net/eng/engyoga.htm> (Accessed 13/2/2010).
5. Candy Gunther Brown, 'Is Yoga Religious? Understanding the Encinitas Public School Yoga Trial'. <http://blog.oup.com/2013/08/is-yoga-religious-encinitas-public-school-trial/> (Accessed 14/8/2013)/
6. Ibid.

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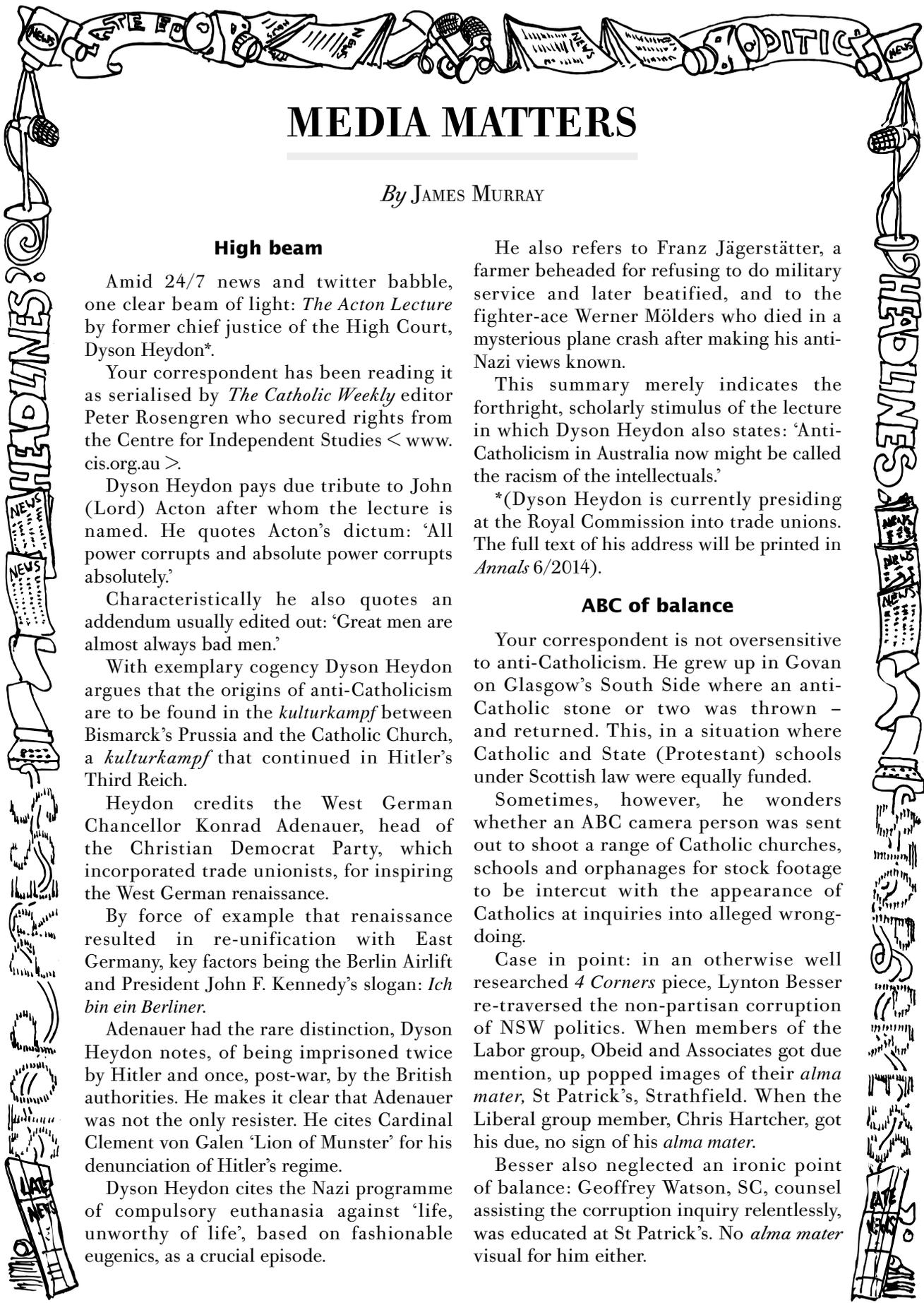
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MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

High beam

Amid 24/7 news and twitter babble, one clear beam of light: *The Acton Lecture* by former chief justice of the High Court, Dyson Heydon*.

Your correspondent has been reading it as serialised by *The Catholic Weekly* editor Peter Rosengren who secured rights from the Centre for Independent Studies < www.cis.org.au >.

Dyson Heydon pays due tribute to John (Lord) Acton after whom the lecture is named. He quotes Acton's dictum: 'All power corrupts and absolute power corrupts absolutely.'

Characteristically he also quotes an addendum usually edited out: 'Great men are almost always bad men.'

With exemplary cogency Dyson Heydon argues that the origins of anti-Catholicism are to be found in the *kulturkampf* between Bismarck's Prussia and the Catholic Church, a *kulturkampf* that continued in Hitler's Third Reich.

Heydon credits the West German Chancellor Konrad Adenauer, head of the Christian Democrat Party, which incorporated trade unionists, for inspiring the West German renaissance.

By force of example that renaissance resulted in re-unification with East Germany, key factors being the Berlin Airlift and President John F. Kennedy's slogan: *Ich bin ein Berliner*.

Adenauer had the rare distinction, Dyson Heydon notes, of being imprisoned twice by Hitler and once, post-war, by the British authorities. He makes it clear that Adenauer was not the only resister. He cites Cardinal Clement von Galen 'Lion of Munster' for his denunciation of Hitler's regime.

Dyson Heydon cites the Nazi programme of compulsory euthanasia against 'life, unworthy of life', based on fashionable eugenics, as a crucial episode.

He also refers to Franz Jägerstätter, a farmer beheaded for refusing to do military service and later beatified, and to the fighter-ace Werner Mölders who died in a mysterious plane crash after making his anti-Nazi views known.

This summary merely indicates the forthright, scholarly stimulus of the lecture in which Dyson Heydon also states: 'Anti-Catholicism in Australia now might be called the racism of the intellectuals.'

*(Dyson Heydon is currently presiding at the Royal Commission into trade unions. The full text of his address will be printed in *Annals* 6/2014).

ABC of balance

Your correspondent is not oversensitive to anti-Catholicism. He grew up in Govan on Glasgow's South Side where an anti-Catholic stone or two was thrown – and returned. This, in a situation where Catholic and State (Protestant) schools under Scottish law were equally funded.

Sometimes, however, he wonders whether an ABC camera person was sent out to shoot a range of Catholic churches, schools and orphanages for stock footage to be intercut with the appearance of Catholics at inquiries into alleged wrongdoing.

Case in point: in an otherwise well researched *4 Corners* piece, Lynton Besser re-traversed the non-partisan corruption of NSW politics. When members of the Labor group, Obeid and Associates got due mention, up popped images of their *alma mater*, St Patrick's, Strathfield. When the Liberal group member, Chris Hartcher, got his due, no sign of his *alma mater*.

Besser also neglected an ironic point of balance: Geoffrey Watson, SC, counsel assisting the corruption inquiry relentlessly, was educated at St Patrick's. No *alma mater* visual for him either.



Shouldn't the ABC house-style be consistent? If Catholics figuring at inquiries rate an image of their school, so, too, should everyone, including presiding officers.

ABC budgetary restraints may have caused this imbalance, your correspondent is ready to make a contribution to provide equivalent visuals for non-Catholic premises, including Masonic Lodges, mosques and the Sydney Opera House where atheists have been known to foregather.

Rupert's Brooks

Difficult to begin comment on London's Old Bailey trial which found, Rebekah Brooks, Red Top journalism personified, not guilty of the phone hacking that resulted in the closure of *The News of the World* by its principal proprietor Rupert Murdoch.

Simultaneously with the Brooks verdict came a guilty verdict on her colleague (and sometime lover) Andy Coulson, additional charges of bribery against him being unresolved at this writing.

Less difficult to end comment: as further trials involve other British newspapers, the focus will not necessarily shift from what is now branded News Corp.

Bribery charges in particular may lead to a re-examination of bribery disclosures resulting from News co-operation with police.

In relation to the whole matter of who knew what and when, the terms 'invincible ignorance' and 'culpable ignorance' come to mind.

So, too, does the reported criticism of Brooks by Rupert Murdoch's daughter Elizabeth, unprintable here. It may, however, get a re-airing in a quickie book or in the event of Brooks, as rumoured, being posted out of London.

One option is Australia, following the precedent set by Larry Lamb who, like Brooks was an ex-*Sun* editor; his tenure as editor-in-chief of *The Australian* was not totally happy. Another option could be *The Wall Street Journal*, an option that would add edge to its coverage of pending regulatory matters.

PR PM

In making his premature apology for hiring Andy Coulson as his chief

communications adviser, British Prime Minister David Cameron was into self-serving spin. Not only was the apology criticised for its potential impact on Coulson's bribery trial, it made no reference to the reported influence of Rebekah Brooks on the Coulson hiring.

When world 19th, 20th and 21st journalism is summed up two points may be worth considering: first journalism can be seen (to borrow old terms) as AM (Ante Murdoch) and PM (Post Murdoch). Second, post-Murdoch the nexus between journalists and politicians increased.

Blair's New Labour built on the relatively modest Thatcherite nexus and Cameron, himself a one-time TV PR, extended the Blair model. But where did the prototype originate? Some would say the United States. This gives less than credit to the Whitlam Labor model in which many of Australia's finest hacks enlisted as apparatchiks.

Pass enemy

Islam's principal constituent parts, Sunni and Shi'a, contend for primacy across what used to be called the Middle East, collateral deaths being Christians. From the shambles one element becomes clearer: for a significant number of contenders the word 'democracy' is a *shibboleth*.

That is to say, it is a password (meaning flood), its origin recorded in Judges as used by the Gileadites to identify their enemy the Ephraimites who could not pronounce it.

Fundamentalist Muslims may be able to pronounce 'democracy'; they cannot practise it: their ultimate polity a caliphate based on Koranic Shari'a. Accordingly they use democracy as a *shibboleth* to attain elected government and, duly elected, drop the use of the *shibboleth* in their ultimate polity.

The classic example of *shibboleth* 'democracy' is ongoing in Arabised Egypt. After a people's uprising, Mohamed Morsi, representing the Muslim Brotherhood, used the *shibboleth* as his password to presidential power.

Once elected he introduced (or re-introduced) elements of Shari'a which resulted in a further protest, a military coup and the election in plain clothes of former army commander in chief, Khalil al-Sisi.





Tunnel vision

Illumination of the *shibboleth* factor, albeit inadvertently, came from Hizb ut-Tahrir spokesman Uthman Badar designated to speak at the Festival of Dangerous Ideas on the topic. ‘Honour killings are morally justified.’

When members of the public reacted negatively, the festival organisers cancelled the gig. Badar did not resile. He played the *shibboleth* card.

The festival involves the St James Ethics Centre’s Simon Longstaff; he above all should have realised Badar would not be talking about an idea but about an all too prevalent actuality.

Should Badar have been allowed to speak so that his argument could be destroyed? If it has not already been destroyed, women – wives, sisters, daughter – uncounted by any UN committee have died in vain.

Greste agonistes

It was to Egypt’s maelstrom of *shibboleth* democracy that Peter Greste was assigned by his employer *Al-Jazeera* English as distinct from *Al-Jazeera* Arabic, both headquartered in Qatar which supports the Muslim Brotherhood.

Reportedly Greste’s assignment was to provide ‘Christmas cover’ for a holidaying colleague. His cover turned to nightmare; he and two colleagues were arrested, arraigned for trial on charges alleging support for the Muslim Brotherhood, his sentence: seven years jail.

The sentence was a judicial paradox; it was ferocious in proportion to the paucity of the prosecution evidence. Had the sentence matched the evidence, Peter Greste, visa cancelled, would have been expelled from Egypt.

As it is, he must await the result of an appeal. Here Prime Minister Tony Abbott and Communications Minister Malcolm Turnbull, both ex-journalists, have been in substantial agreement: care has to be taken lest the stridency of protest affect the outcome. Until then President Al Sisi cannot act on any plea for clemency.

He could, however, follow the example of the legendary Saladin, a Kurdish Muslim, who even in his fiercest campaigns was recorded as treating captives with courtesy.

In other words, Peter Greste and his colleagues should be bailed for however much it takes to await the appeal in a Cairo Hotel.

Coverage by Australian print, radio and TV journalists assigned to the trial was of the highest quality. Your correspondent noted a report that Peter Greste’s prime assignment was an interview with the ousted Mohamed Morsi yet he saw no clips of the interview.

Who holds it? The Egyptian Government? *Al-Jazeera* English? In any case, priceless footage which prompts a double question: was the interview on Peter Greste’s initiative or was it suggested by his producer colleague Mohamed Famy whose sentence topped Greste’s by three years?

Clive of chooks

If politics is showbiz for the ugly, former US vice-president Al Gore & Senator Clive Palmer are a bill-topping, double-act to rival Don Lane & Bert Newton.

Okay, hyperbole: Gore’s slightly bewildered turn was more reminiscent of John Wayne’s turn at the Logies in the mid-1970s after which he secured a lucrative footwear commercial (Grosby if memory, rather than Google, serves).

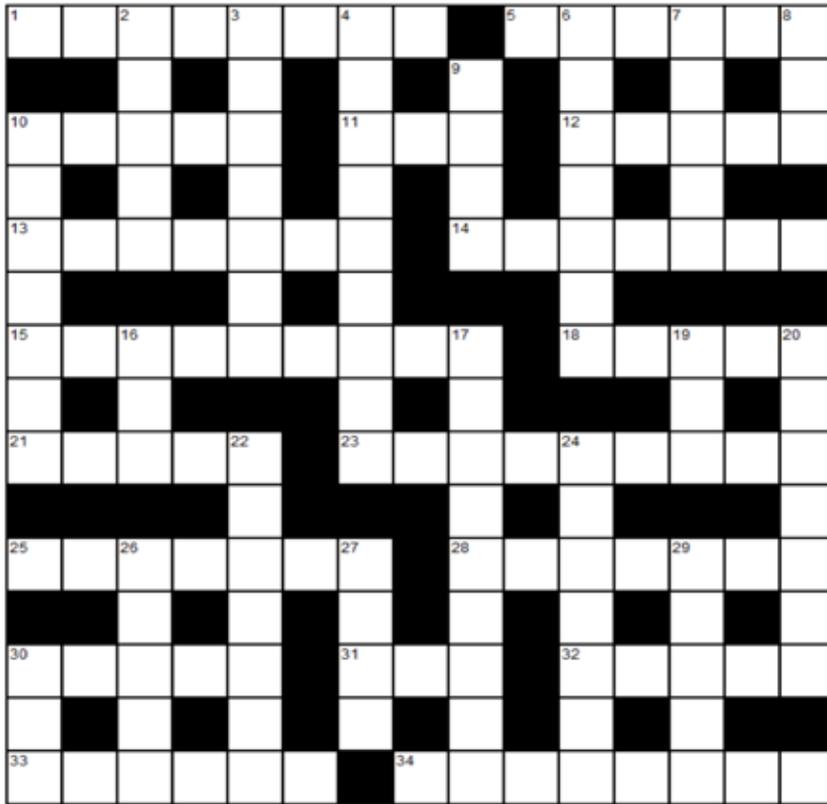
Strange that Gore, who needs further study at the Ronald Reagan Method Studio, was not afforded a commercial for Birkenstock, sandals of the truly green.

Palmer? He’s made of classic stuff, built according to the wish of Shakespeare’s Caesar, ‘Let me have men about me who are fat.’

As such he comes on as cross: Falstaff, Polonius and Puck with an authentic touch of Bjelke Petersen chook-feeder – a living satire on the petty politicking that catalysed the electoral disaffection which gave him his spot at the Canberra Vaudeville Theatre.

Nevertheless it must be added that the Gore & Palmer act included a piece of conjuring that made the Carbon Tax disappear. © Austral-Media Pty Ltd 2014.

ANNALS CRYPTIC CROSSWORD NO. 37



Across Clues

- 1 Heartless Moses covers girl with syrup (8)
- 5 Peron returns nude, five hundred leave street (6)
- 10 24 hours with a new senior Rabbi (5)
- 11 Latvia's capital loses a horse drawn carriage (3)
- 12 Treasurer not allowed fresh water fish (5)
- 13 Ethically may roll all over the place (7)
- 14 After a short month, one in seven endlessly mislead (7)
- 15 To start with, no earthing loses heart with narrow escape (4-5)
- 18 Ancient city egg producer returns former leader (5)
- 21 Leading Capuchin to imitate what last king of France, Hugo? (5)
- 23 Committed to wrong dicta indeed (9)
- 25 Rich now out in English city (7)
- 28 Is diner somehow in possession of exclusive information? (7)
- 30 Quietly leave old Greek city for one in India (5)
- 31 First woman to put English five at end of line? (3)
- 32 Trunk in motor somewhere on the highway (5)
- 33 Rocking Sex Pistols toss out small components of pictures (6)
- 34 Property evaluator gives fool cut roses (8)

Down Clues

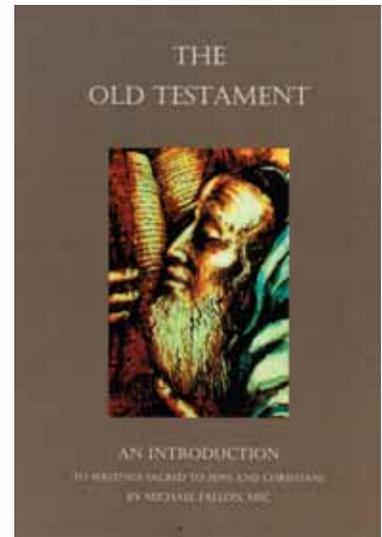
- 2 Lawyer Williams initially leaving brickie? (5)
- 3 Put cooked fish in under garment (7)
- 4 31 across perhaps, arriving before the shops open? (5,4)
- 6 Act Ivan performed in Italian palace (7)
- 7 Marconi, upset, dumps heads of radio corporations for biblical mother-in-law (5)
- 8 Dine in middle of theatre (3)
- 9 Matured after being cured? (4)
- 10 Party skirt carried by conservative for patron of astronomers (7)
- 16 Snake like post (3)
- 17 With some Divine piety, cur turns over line on ship (9)
- 19 What, without starting, makes a chapeau? (3)
- 20 Experience working as a miner? (7)
- 22 Frivolous four in test (7)
- 24 Blanchett set inside photographer's cartridge (7)
- 26 Watch function with ten (5)
- 27 Pay attention to some of the educated (4)
- 29 Challenges disorderly Padres to quietly leave (5)
- 30 A brief swim may leave you drippy in odd places (3)

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Virtues gone Mad

THE MODERN world is full of the old Christian virtues gone mad. The virtues have gone mad because they have been isolated from each other and are wandering alone. Thus some scientists care for truth; and their truth is pitiless. Thus some humanitarians only care for pity; and their pity (I am sorry to say) is often untruthful. For example, Mr. Blatchford attacks Christianity because he is mad on one Christian virtue: the merely mystical and almost irrational virtue of charity. He has a strange idea that he will make it easier to forgive sins by saying that there are no sins to forgive.

— G.K.Chesterton, *Orthodoxy*, The Bodley Head, London, 1957, 'The suicide of thought,' p.39.

More and more Chinese, denied children, are rejecting family life altogether

THE ONE-CHILD POLICY IN CHINA

By Steven W. Mosher

IT WASN'T so long ago that the ideal Chinese family was large, consisting of multiple generations, and sometimes multiple families, living together. In fact, author Lao She entitled his bestselling novel about life in Beijing under Japanese rule, *Four Generations Under One Roof*.

But that was before the one-child policy decimated Chinese families, discouraging the young from marrying and having children, aborting, and sterilizing hundreds of millions of expectant mothers, and leaving the elderly bereft of the children and grandchildren who would have loved and supported them in old age.

The upheaval caused by the Party-State's intervention into the private lives of its citizens is reflected in a new report China's National Health and Family Planning Commission (NHFPC), the bureau charged with enforcing the one-child policy. Not surprisingly, the report shows that family size is shrinking rapidly, from 5.3 people at the time of the Communist revolution, to only around three today.

The primary driver of this decline is, of course, the one-child policy, which allows urban couples only one child and rural couples two. This trend has been

accelerated as the young flee to the cities in search of economic opportunity, leaving villages peopled by the very old and the very young.

There are now tens of millions of unmarried young workers living in and around the cities, along with large numbers of couples who have delayed having children or decided to remain childless. Then there is China's huge and growing population of elderly, living alone as singletons or as couples.

Although the report, written by the population control enforcers themselves, doesn't blame these

on cars or houses, fulfill lifestyle choices, or wait to find the right mate. It somehow fails to emphasize the primary reason why young people are waiting: Early marriage is against the law. The rules state that men can't marry until they are in their mid-to-late twenties, while women can't marry until they reach the age of 23 to 25.

And don't forget that, because of the selective abortion and infanticide of tens of millions of girls, there are an equal number of young men who will never marry. The girls they would have married have been killed.

The constant barrage of anti-people propaganda has also had an anti-natal effect. When they are finally allowed to marry, many young couples choose to delay having their only child, or decide to opt-out of the child raising business altogether. The number of married couples with children has, according to the report, declined "significantly", while the number of dingke families, (a

Chinese transliteration of DINK, or which stands for families with "dual income, no kids"), has been on the rise.

Finally, there is the rapid and ongoing aging of the Chinese population, which is again a direct consequence of the Party-States policies of restricting the number of babies born. True to form, the report talks at length about the



The number of married couples with children has declined 'significantly'

trends on the Party-State's policies, they are clearly to blame in every case. Take the tens of millions of unmarried young workers, for instance, who range in age from their mid-teens to their late twenties.

The report blames the young for delaying marriage to pursue career goals, save up for down payments

fact that millions of young Chinese now work in cities far from home, or choose to live in their own apartments rather than with their parents. It blames the epidemic of loneliness among the elderly on the selfish young, castigating them for not taking the time to visit their elderly parents.

But wait a minute. When you only allow couples to have one, or at most two, children, you are going to have a problem with elder neglect. A certain amount is simply baked into the policy.

For thousands of years, elderly Chinese had lived with their children and grandchildren, but that is rapidly changing too, as young people leave their hometowns for education and employment opportunities. According to the report, 90 percent of China's elderly live at home instead of assisted living facilities. But their children and grandchildren

often choose not to live with them, or cannot live with them. The problem is particularly acute in rural areas: Millions of young farmhands have left for factories and construction sites, while rural social security and healthcare resources are comparatively sparse, leaving many elderly to fend for themselves in squalid conditions.

A nascent social security safety net is being built in rural areas, but is not yet particularly sturdy. According to the report, over 40 percent of senior citizens above the age of 80 live alone. The report cites another study that shows 37.5 million elderly Chinese citizens lacked the ability to care for themselves in 2013. A quarter of all elderly lived below the poverty line. In a survey released by the NHFPC, 80 percent of Chinese households say they are worried about supporting their elderly relatives.

Responding to the report on social media, Chinese web users expressed concerns about the future of Chinese families and what it means for the country's economic and social development. Zhi Xiefei, a professor at Nanjing Information Technology University in wealthy Jiangsu province, wrote that China "would not be able to achieve sustainable growth" based on these demographic trends. Many blamed China's longstanding family planning policy, which restricts millions of urban families to only one child per couple. Despite a major reform to the policy in December 2013 that allowed certain urban couples to have two children, bureaucratic red tape remains thick, and the cost of raising children may prove prohibitive to some couples.

To be sure, there is one bright spot in the report, at least for enterprising real estate developers with an eye on the long term. The report projects that China will have 500 million households in 2040, compared to 430 million today, because of the trends toward smaller families. That could mean more demand for urban housing units in the decades to come.

For everyone else, the report is likely to stoke concern. It shows anxieties about the expense of caring for children and parents weighing on Chinese families; that, in turn, is likely to reduce their propensity to spend, just as the Chinese economy becomes increasingly reliant on a burgeoning consumer culture to bolster its growth. For Chinese policymakers, this may be the wake-up call they need to continue to reform the country's much-maligned family planning policy. It may get increasingly rare for four Chinese generations to live in one home. But neither need there be so many families of one.

STEVEN W. MOSHER is President of the Population Research Institute, a social scientist and author, who specializes in the areas of demographics and Chinese population control. Source: *Aleteia*, May 29, 2014. *Annals* is proud to recommend *Aleteia* as a Catholic website.

City of Man and City of God

THERE IS a general feeling to-day that the Victorian compromise was wrong - that war is unchristian, that business is unchristian and that even the State is to a great extent unchristian also. We have lost both the optimism of the Victorian Liberals and the old Conservative acceptance of the State and the social hierarchy as a God-given order. We find it much easier to understand the attitude of the early Church with its uncompromising hostility to the world and to the power of Mammon. To the self-satisfied prosperous society of Victorian England that attitude was something of a stumbling block; indeed Dr. Abbott, a well-known writer in his day, who wrote a very long and very disagreeable work on the Anglican career of Cardinal Newman, blames Newman severely for not having realised that this attitude was entirely out of date and was only relevant to the special circumstances of the Church in relation to the Roman Empire. Actually, however, this attitude is so deeply rooted in Christianity - in the Bible and the Fathers and the tradition of the Church - that Christianity would be an entirely different religion without it. The whole Christian tradition, and the prophetic tradition which lies behind it, are a standing protest against the injustice and falsehood of that which is commonly called civilization. The world which is the natural enemy of the Church is not a moral abstraction, it is an historical reality which finds its embodiment in the empires and world cities of history - in Babylon and Tyre and Rome. Wherever the city of man sets itself up as an end in itself and becomes the centre of a self-contained and self-regarding order, it becomes the natural enemy of the city of God.

— Christopher Dawson, *Religion and the Modern State*, London, Sheed and Ward, 1935, pp.-104-105

It is not hard to be popular and have political support when you have ten years of growth of real income at 10 percent per year.

VLADIMIR PUTIN'S RUSSIA

By Jude P. Dougherty



THE economist, Yegor Gaidar, in his authoritative study, *Russia: A Long View*, has shown convincingly that “The Soviet Union of 1989, the Russia of 1992, and particularly the Russia of 2008 are different countries. Their economies, property ownership, state and public institutions are organized differently. The collapse of socialism set in motion a period of institutional disarray, when the old rules no longer worked and the new ones were not yet accepted [because] they lacked tradition, familiarity and public recognition.” The Russia of 1992, Gaidar explains, was a time of weak and unstable governments, unreliable money, and poorly obeyed laws. The situation, he found, was much different in 2009, the year of his death.¹

President Vladimir Putin, since assuming power in 1999, has not only grappled with the problems identified by Gaidar but has taken upon himself the task of defining Russian national identity and promoting unity, in an effort to restore the power and prestige to the Russian state. In a remarkably astute address, “Russia -The Ethnic Issue”² he set forth his view of a post-Soviet Russia and the means of attaining it through a Western-inspired industrial modernization and the cultivation of patriotism through a common educational program. Patriotism, he believes, depends on an awareness of national identity, depends on

a sense that one belongs to an identifiable whole, that is, a national unit in which one can take pride. Unity, he recognizes is challenging since historical (Imperial) Russia itself was a composite of many national identities. “We need a national policy based on civic patriotism,” he said in that January speech. “Any person living in our country must not forget his faith and ethnic affiliation. But he must above all be a citizen of Russia and be proud of that. No one has the right to place distinctive ethnic and religious features above the laws of the state. But at the same time, the laws of the state themselves must take into account the distinctive ethnic and religious features.”³

Putin hopes to advance civic unity or patriot allegiance primarily through instruction in Russian history and literature. In an effort to stimulate a sense of Russian identity, he has called for a Russian version of Mortimer Adler’s *Great Books of the Western World*. “Let us conduct a poll of our cultural authorities and form a list of 100 books that each graduate of a Russian school will have to read. Not memorize in school but read on his own.”

Believing that Russia is not simply European but *Western* European, Putin has made several attempts to create a broad Western-oriented partnership. His attempts to forge a network of economic, political, and even security ties between Russia and the West have been rebuffed by the United States but have been relatively successful with France and Germany. In an

address to the German Bundestag in 2002 (the first ever by a Russian head of state), he acknowledged the great cultural debt Russia owes to Germany, citing the works of Schiller, Lessing, von Humboldt, Kant, and Goethe. Renewing a call for a Russian-Western partnership, he expressed regret that the Cold War years of Soviet ideology had led to his country’s estrangement. In the German parliament address he called for international collaboration in the face of a common threat to Western civilization from radical Islam.⁴ Economic ties he could take for granted. By 2005 the European Union had become Russia’s leading trading partner, and today the majority of foreign investment comes from firms based in the European Union.

In the drive for an expression of Russian unity, Putin recognizes the unifying role of religion. “We are a multi-ethnic society, but we are held together by a Russian core.” That core, he believes, is one of unshakable values, fundamental knowledge, and a common world view. Speaking of the diversity of religions found within Russian boundaries, he says, “Despite all their differences and distinctive features, the basic, common, moral, ethical and spiritual values are based on Russian Orthodoxy, Islam, Buddhism and Judaism – compassion, mutual assistance, truth, justice, respect for elders, and the ideals of family and work. It is impossible to replace those moral guidelines with anything, and we need to strengthen them.”⁵

Thus the civil goal of education, of the educational system, is to give every person sufficient knowledge of the humanities to form the basis of collective self-identity. To that end, Putin says, “The state, society, should welcome and support the work of Russia’s traditional religions in the system of education, in the social sphere, and in the Armed Forces. At the same time, the secular nature of the state, of course, must be preserved.”⁶

At a ceremony recognizing the unification of the Russian Orthodox Church with the Russian Church Abroad, the latter having been formed in 1922 in the wake of the Revolution, President Putin proclaimed, “Today’s revival of the Church’s unity is a crucial precondition for restoring the unity of the entire Russian world which has always seen Orthodoxy as its spiritual foundation.” With Ivan Ilyin he could have said, “Nationality is a climate of the soul and the soil of the spirit, and nationalism is the striving to be part of that. . . . We have been called to create our own culture in our own way, a Russian culture in a Russian manner.”⁷

Putin is not reluctant to express his own Christian faith. Secretly baptized as an infant, his mother retained his baptismal cross and gave it to him 1993, when he as president on official business took it with him to Israel to have it blessed on the tomb of Christ.⁸ Lynch relates, “He has not taken it off (at least in public) to the present day.”

In the early pages of his biography, Allen C. Lynch, professor of history at the University of Virginia, observed, “During the twelve years (now 13) of his rule the impression most American and Europeans have developed about Putin and his policies diverge almost completely. Americans as well as Europeans tend to regard Putin as an aggressive, authoritarian, nostalgic for the old Soviet order, and ruthlessly bent on eliminating opposition at home and asserting Russian power abroad.

No Comparisons

LET US then humbly and pragmatically put into practice the advice Saint Bernard rightly gives in his sermon on the Canticle, ‘I do not want you to compare yourself to those greater or lesser than you, to a particular few, not even to a single person, etc.’ For we do not even know for sure what state we are in or what shall become of us tomorrow – much less can we know the truth about others. We are all created by one Creator, who establishes the members of the Body of Christ not according to our judgements but according to his own knowledge.

— Guigo de Ponte (died 1297) was a Carthusian monk of the Grande Chartreuse in the French Alps, reflecting on a gloss or comment written in the margin of a MSS of the Epistle to the Hebrews.

Most Russians, by contrast, view Putin as having staunched the bleeding of the Russian state, presided over the recovery of the economy after a decade of depression, and defended Russian dignity in the councils of the nations.”⁹ Putin’s approval rate in Russia hovers between 68 and 87 per cent.

Allen Lynch’s own assessment of the Putin years is cautious but on the whole favorable. Lynch suggests that the ways in which Putin has attempted to establish state authority has seriously hindered Russia’s chance for modernization. How so? “Throughout his presidency, he has tended to see the main danger to Russia as stemming from disintegration rather than stagnation.”¹⁰

In a much more positive assessment, Yegor Gaidar in his socioeconomic history of Russia reached a different conclusion: “As

I write now (2009), the basic goals of the post-socialist transition in the Russian economy have been met. Market institutions, albeit weak, have been formed. The transformational recession is behind us. The economy has been growing steadily for the last ten years. Social, economic, and political problems still cause anxiety, but they are different problems now.”¹¹

Russia, Gaidar believes, has entered the modern economic order. “Having gone through a stressful post-socialist transition, Russia found herself not in a stagnant traditional world, but in a dynamic changing world of modern economic growth”¹² The macroeconomic decisions made by Russian authorities in the Putin years were already bearing fruit in Gaidar’s judgment as he completed his book in 2009.¹³ Furthermore, “They are changing the political situation of the country.

It is not hard to be popular and have political support when you have ten years of growth of real income at 10 percent per year.”¹⁴ To borrow a line from Pierre Manent, “People prefer to be governed well rather than governed badly.”¹⁵

PROFESSOR JUDE DOUCHERTY is Dean Emeritus of the Philosophy Faculty, Catholic University of America, 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*.

1. Yegor Gaidar, *Russia: A Long View*, trans. by Antonina W. Bovis (Cambridge, Mass., The MIT Press, 2012), p. xiii.
2. Russkiy Mir Foundation, Publ. 0235, January 23, 2012.
3. Ibid.
4. Cf. Allen C. Lynch, *Vladimir Putin and Russian Stagecraft* (Washington, D.C., Potomac Books, 2011), p. 105.
5. Russkiy Mir Foundation, Publ. 0235, January 23, 2012.
6. Ibid. Here as in many of his public addresses, Putin may be following the lead of the distinguished Russian philosopher, Ivan Ilyin (1883-1954) (Cf. Ivan Ilyin, *The National Philosophy of Putin’s Russia* (Washington, D.C., Office of Russian and European Analysis, 2007).
7. Ivan Ilyin, *The National Philosophy of Putin’s Russia*, p.75.
8. Lynch, *Vladimir Putin*, p. 13.
9. Lynch, *Vladimir Putin*, p. xiii.
10. Lynch, *Vladimir Putin*, p. 128.
11. Gaidar, *Russia*, p. xiv.
12. Gaidar, *Russia*, p. 367.
13. Gaidar may have had something to do with those economic decisions, given that he held a series of government positions in those years, serving as Minister of Finance and as Boris Yeltsin’s acting Prime Minister in the 1990s.
14. Gaidar, *Russia*, p. 367.
15. Pierre Manent, “Birth of a Nation,” *Citi Journal*, Winter 2013.

Tim's Vermeer

Photo-realism in modern art tends to be derogated as of recent origin and technically aided. But what if the genre is old? In an absolutely compelling documentary, inventor Tim Jenison answers the question by theorising that 150 years before photography was invented, the Dutch master Johannes Vermeer (1632-1675) had a technical aid: the *camera obscura*.

Jenison went beyond theorising, he built a *camera obscura* (think a giant box Brownie into which pinhole casts a reverse image). Working within his contraption, Jenison proceeded to copy meticulously the image of a Vermeer light-filled interior.

He took more than a 1000 days to complete the task. Overall, he spent eight years, from 'go to whoa', his travels including visits to Delft, Vermeer's home in the Netherlands: Yorkshire for talks with the painter David Hockney and a visit to London to see a Vermeer in the Queen's Buckingham Palace collection.

All this Jenison and his production team compressed into a running time of 80 minutes. His Vermeer? It hangs in the bedroom of his home in America.

Every art student should see *Tim's Vermeer*. It may not be readily available, it is, however, worth the search; it analyses the method of a Dutch master, a method that makes for comparisons with non-aided Italian and Spanish masters.

PG★★★★SFFV

Calvary

Writer/director John Michael McDonagh's opening credits include words usually attributed to Samuel Beckett here attributed to St Augustine: one was saved, do not despair; one was damned do not presume.

McDonagh's Ireland is not Beckett's nor is his setting Augustine's *The City of God*; it is modern Ireland where Father James Lavelle (Brendan Gleeson) a widower, ministers to parishioners who despise him simply for his office, some of them while sniffing the cocaine that ensures profits for cartels of moral anarchy.

MOVIES

By James Murray

In the confessional, Father Lavelle is threatened with death by a parishioner abused as a child.

Which parishioner: smart millionaire (Dylan Moran), begrudging butcher (Chris O'Dowd), snotty doctor (Aiden Gillen), the pub keeper (Pat Shortt) or A.N. Other?

Father Lavelle guesses the parishioner's identity. Though not bound by the seal of confession, he does not go to the police. Roman collared and black cassocked, he continues his pastoral duties, saying Mass, giving the Last Sacraments to a parishioner while reconciling with the visiting daughter of his marriage (Kelly Reilly, ethereally tough).

Surely not by accident McDonagh locates his drama in County Sligo. Key scenes feature 'Bare Ben Bulben's Head' celebrated by WB Yeats who also celebrated the name McDonagh.

Through Father James Lavelle, McDonagh appears to be suggesting that good priests in modern Ireland are suffering a metaphorical martyrdom; he actualises the metaphor, intensifying the shock effect by shooting the scene from the point of view of an altar boy turned painter Father Lavelle has befriended innocently.

In the role, Brendan Gleeson (star of McDonagh's debut movie *The Guard*) adds to his lustre as one of Ireland's foremost actors – not a few, given GK Chesterton's remark that all great actors have Celtic blood.

McDonagh displays a gift for bardic narration in the idiom of cinema. Yet his *Calvary* is not easy to interpret. He does not appear to be a cynic; as a worker bee in the film industry, however, he knows the price of things but he also knows the value of priceless things, otherwise why would he refer to the Augustinian dictum quoted above?

TBA★★★★NFFV

Frank

Fact being stranger (and funnier) than fiction, it has long been an entertainment convention to base

fiction on fact. Director Lenny Abrahamson does so with gleeful effect. He casts Michael Fassbender in the title role (inspired by the oddball English band leader Daniel Johnston, who insisted on wearing a false head on and off stage).

Undoubtedly Fassbender is a player of commanding presence and in publicity material has been given most credit for the movie's success. This is less than fair to Domhnall Gleeson; he, without a false-head prop, plays Jon, a keyboard player who with more than a touch of serendipity joins Frank's band, the Soronprfbs (not one of your reviewer's typos but the band's name).

It is completely unfair to Maggie Gyllenhal who plays Clara, Frank's muse-carer with such an icy demeanour that it seems to cool the hot tub into which she takes a brief Nordic plunge with Gleeson.

Carla Azar is cast as the band's drummer, Nana, the bassist Baraque is Francois Civil, who contrives to suggest he should be the lead.

Supremely, this an ensemble piece rather than a star vehicle. Not for the first time Irish wit has transformed English material, a transformation recognised in the source of the comedy's funding: Ireland's Telefis Eirean and Britain's National Lottery.

M★★★★NFFV.

Magic in the Moonlight

He's back; indeed he never seems to go away: writer/director Woody Allen new romantic comedy demonstrates that he is a one-man MGM in his ability to call on so many stars.

They include Colin Firth as Stanley, alias the magician Wei Ling Soo, called on to expose the spiritualist medium Sophie. Firth is characteristically charming but his acting is not as high performance as the car he drives: a Buggati.

It is Emma Stone as Sophie who provides the romantic comedy's enthrallment.

Marcia Gaye Harden and Jacki Weaver engage in a duel of matriarchs, Harden as Sophie's mother and Weaver as the aunt of a rich suitor (Hamish Linklater). Eileen Atkins, as Stanley's aunt, is on hand to advise.

The story line is clearly based on

Harry Houdini's exposure of fake mediums. The location is a beachside house closer to F Scott Fitzgerald's 1920s version of the Riviera than actuality.

Will Stanley's jolly scepticism of Sophie's power be changed to love? Does Woody Allen prefer jazz as his background music?

TBA★★★★SFFV.

A Most Wanted Man

Director Anton Corbijn and writer Andrew Bovell co-create a hidden war that is being waged in cities throughout the world; their choice is Hamburg where Mohammed Atta and his Islamist associates planned the 9/11 attacks.

Corbijn and Bovell work from the novel of the same title by John Le Carré who during the Cold War served under consular cover in Hamburg as a British agent.

The hidden war, however, is even more complicated in its plots, counter plots and inter-service rivalries than the Cold War.

Yet its hero-figure Gunther Bachmann, played by Philip Seymour Hoffmann has more than a hint of Le Carré's Cold War hero Smiley. He's shabby, drinks as prodigiously as he smokes and is unorthodox, preferring to play a long game against colleagues who arrest first and interrogate later.

The arrival in Hamburg of a beaten Chechen-Russian Issa Karpov (Grigoriy Dobrygin) gives Bachmann and his team 72 hours for a coup. Karpov holds the key to a fortune that can be used to bait a trap for Dr Faisal Abdullah (Homayoun Ershadi) a suspect terrorist fund raiser.

The entrapment involves a reluctant human rights advocate Annabel Richter (Rachel McAdams).

In a memorable exchange she says to Bachmann: 'I am a lawyer.'

He replies: 'You're a social worker for terrorists.'

Willem Dafoe at his most urbane plays the other reluctant ally, Tommy Brue, a banker.

To say more would be to spoil the final twist of twists. But among Bachmann's rivals is a CIA agent Martha Sullivan (Robin Wright) who is too elegant to be good for anyone.

M★★★★NFFV

20,000 Days on Earth

This hybrid biopic – part drama, part documentary – features Nick Cave, leader of the various talented musicians who have worked under the band name, Bad Seed.

Directed by Iain Forsyth and Jane Pollard, the biopic is positively and negatively pretentious; positively in that Cave is a pretender, that is a genuine claimant, to considerable talent as songwriter, musician and singer; negatively in that Forsyth and Pollard's treatment is too reverential.

Interesting to see Cave in studio sessions with other musicians; do we really need to see him chatting with his psychiatrist who does queries, understanding smiles and nods with the practised ease of a well-paid TV interviewer?

As for visits to Cave's cotton-gloved archivist to view the diary he kept on the weather in England where most of the bio-pic is set – too much. Thankfully Forsyth and Pollard resist the temptation to have a graphologist examine Cave's handwriting, a compliment to his school in Melbourne.

In filming Cave's exchanges with the likes of Ray Winstone, actor, and Kylie Minogue, singer, Forsyth and Pollard display ingenuity.

Digital editing makes his interlocutors fade from the screen to

leave him alone driving, driving. His vehicle, however, is clearly on a low loader, being shaken vigorously by film crew against back-projected film.

The title intrigues; is it an echo of the Jules Verne title: *20,000 Leagues Under the Sea* or does 54 years and 270 days have some mystic significance? All in all, the Forsyth-Pollard work is worthy of a place in the Cave archive if only because it shows a discrepancy, not confined to Cave, between rock-'n'-roll dissidence and domestic life-style.

Cave lives in English middle class style, oh, all right, upper-middle; Elvis Presley, whose photograph appears in the bio-pic, lived in an *ante-bellum*-style plantation mansion. Co-lead Beatle John Lennon, before he took up with Yoko Ono, lived in stockbroker Weybridge, Surrey. By and large, the Rolling Stones live in mansions.

Hypocrisy? More a kind of double think which raises questions about fans who took up dissidence yet do not share the rock-'n'-rich life-style.

TBA★★★★SFFV

Jersey Boys

Not all stage musicals transfer well to the screen. What makes the difference with this one is director Clint Eastwood. He brings to his task memories of a high-calibre film version of a stage musical: *Paint Your Wagon*, directed by Joshua Logan in which Eastwood co-starred with Jean Seberg and Lee Marvin whose version of *Wand'rin' Star* is a hoarse opera (sorry) aria to the hang-over.

Jersey Boys is a different kind of musical; essentially it consists of the Fifties and post-Fifties hits of Frankie Valli and the Four Seasons framed in the drama of their private lives which were not as sweet, expletive free or as swinging as their songs.

Eastwood dispenses with tedious, voice-over narration, relying instead on having characters make sly-funny remarks to camera. He also solves brilliantly the main problem of stage-to-screen transferences: opening up the action. His street scenes are vivid with the reservation that they lack any reference to the Korean War. His final all-cast, on-the-street song-and-dance number is exhilarating.

Official Classifications key

G: for general exhibition;
PG: parental guidance
recommended for
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SFFV: Suitable For Family Viewing;
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TBA: classification to be
announced

John Lloyd Young plays singer Frankie Valli. Erich Bergman, Michael Lomenda and Vincent Piazza come on as his backing musicians. Christopher Walken tops them all as a sympathetic mob boss with a penchant for Noel Coward-style silk dressing gowns: another in the gallery of characters who, intentionally or not, domesticate the loan-sharking, drug-trafficking and murderous dealings of mafia capos.

M★★★SFFV.

The Rover

The difficulty of bringing off a second successful movie after a brilliant first is analogous with bringing off a second novel in similar circumstances. And it has to be said David Michod does not completely transcend the difficulty.

His breakthrough movie *Animal Kingdom* was compellingly urban. In *The Rover*, he goes Outback, so often the star location of Australian movies. His is an Outback of post-collapse desolation where Mad Max-style fugitives and desperados roam like descendants of Mad Max. Two of the worst are played by Guy Pearce and Robert Pattinson.

Worth remarking perhaps that the difficulty is compounded when a writer-director's vision and technical skill exceeds his narrative power.

The single-genius notion was enhanced, if not started by Orson Welles with *Citizen Kane* despite his having worked closely from a script by Herman Mankiewicz who brought his experience as a Chicago newspaperman to Hollywood.

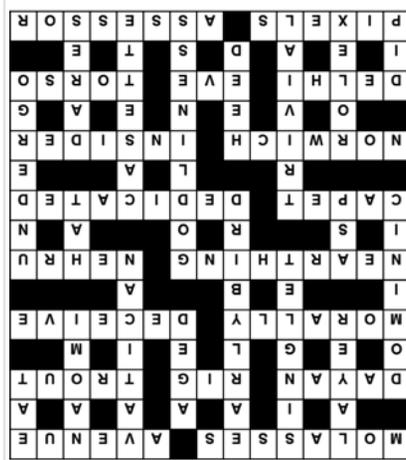
MA15+★★NFFV

The Two Faces of January

The well-made play has been eclipsed by works of personal vision, so, too, has the well-made movie. The eclipse, however, is not total; director Hossein Amini demonstrates this in his thriller based on Patricia Highsmith's novel.

She, like Eric Ambler and Graham Greene, wrote with a pen dipped in ambiguity. Amini distils the element through the superlative playing of Viggo Mortensen as conman Chester MacFarland, Kirsten Dunst as his wife, Colette, and Oscar Isaac as their shifty guide, Rydal.

SOLUTION TO CRIPTIC CROSSWORD NO. 37



A fatal error by MacFarland and the complicity of Colette and Rydal mean they must flee from police in Athens, via the isles of Greece to that metropolis of ambiguity Istanbul, its minarets forever haunted by the faith of its great predecessor, Constantinople.

Not a perfect movie. Nevertheless it could have been crafted in a studio (Columbia?) during what are now called 'The Golden Years of Hollywood'.

M★★★NFFV

All This Mayhem

Fun can have unfunny consequences as director Eddie Martin shows in his documentary about the Pappas brothers, Tas and Ben, who shot from skateboarding venues in Melbourne to become International World Champions in California by defeating their legendary peer, Tony Hawk.

Shot and fell, grasping big, sponsorship cheques.

Martin, through unbleeped interviews and archival footage, makes it clear how sad their fall was. Unbearable were it not for the manner in which Tas (short for Tasso) sums up: stoic, and at his neck a cross gleams.

MA15+★★NFFV.

Yves Saint Laurent

The name change of Yves Henri Donat Mathieu-Saint Laurent was part of his evolution to the fashion-brand logo YSL.

Director Jalil Lespert's melodrama traverses the evolution with due

regard to his Algerian-born subject's getting the key to the door of the House of Christian Dior at 21 and, three years later, setting up his own shop on waves of sex, drugs and nervous breakdowns rather than rock-'n'-roll.

Pierre Niney bears a remarkable physical resemblance to Saint Laurent, enhanced by the acting skills that have made him a member of La Comedie Francaise.

As Pierre Berge his older business colleague and long-time companion, Guillaume Gallienne combines solicitude with the shrewd strictness appropriate to the managing director of a business stitched with gold.

High fashion abounds; joy is not unconfined. Saint Laurent withdrew to tortured reclusion and death, aged 54.

Lespert's movie is an authorised life. This may explain why he and his co-writers, Jacques Fieschi, Jeremie Guez and Marie-Pierre Huster baulked at their subject's final, reclusiveness.

Given early scenes where he, before meeting Berge, proposed marriage to Victoire Doutreleau (the enthralling Charlotte Le Bon) they might have just asked whether she could have kept him sewing (and sowing) longer and more happily than Berge. (A documentary, *Saint Laurent*, is in the pipeline).

M★★★NFFV.

The Babadook

Writer/director Jennifer Kent sets her movie in Adelaide but its inspirational location is not Medindie, Unley or delightful Kensington Park, it is Amityville, classic locus of hocus-pocus houses where things (unmentioned by real estate agents) go bump in the night.

Heroically Essie Davis, far from her glamorous TV persona Miss Phryne Fisher, plays a widow Amelia, mourning her husband and seeking to protect herself and son Sam (Noah Wiseman) from spooky phenomena. These appear to be inspired by a pop-up story book.

Jennifer Kent, backed by six producers, directs with considerable skill but popcorn schlock is a stale genre.

M★★★NFFV.

The Fault Is in Our Stars

Best-sellers have long been the basis of hit movies. Margaret Mitchell's *Gone with Wind* is still the outstanding example. Her work was deemed unfilmable until producer David O Selznick made it Hollywood's greatest box-office hit.

Latterday best-sellers, particularly those in the young-adult marketing category - *Twilight*, *The Hunger Games*, *Divergent* - seem designed for film not least because of YouTube promotion.

Director Josh Boone's romance, based on John Green's novel, is in this category. What distinguishes it is Green's religious outlook which Boone and scriptwriters Scott Neustadter and Michael H Weber do not fudge.

Gus Waters and Hazel Grace Lancaster meet at a support group to confront the possibility of their death from different forms of cancer.

Ansel Elgort as Gus personifies nonchalant amiability. Shailene Woodley as Hazel, stalwart quietude.

Comparisons with earlier romances such as *Love Story* made in 1970 starring Ali MacGraw and Ryan O'Neal are not odious, merely dated.

M★★★SFFV

Edge of Tomorrow

Continental Europe has been conquered by aliens who appear to be descended from mud crabs crossed with squid; obviously, therefore, not from Mars which is dry.

Fear not, earthlings have united, their staging post for reconquest is London to which a rear-echelon PR officer, William Cage (Tom Cruise) is posted.

He meets the commander of the allied force, General Brigham (Brendan Gleeson) and expects the order: carry on spinning. Instead he is sent to an elite unit of chopper-borne shock troops whose kit includes American football-style body armour incorporating multiple automatic weaponry.

The toughest of the tough is Master Sergeant Farrell Bartolome (Bill Paxton) - until Emily Blunt appears as Rita Vrataski.

Director Doug Liman and scriptwriters Christopher McQuarrie and Jez & John Henry Butterworth

interweave a Ground Hog Day element. Cage, though killed early, keeps reviving to repeat experiences, and no equivalent of a psychological indigestion tablet is available.

Will the phantasmic Cage and the ferocious Vrataski reconquer Europe? Hint: brilliant marketing involved the Australian evening premiere being shown across time zones simultaneously with the early-morning British premiere in London.

The American premiere was scheduled for June 6, confirming the impression that in counter-offensive scenes Liman worked off archival footage of the D-day invasion armada.

Summing up: a thriller as fatuous as it is noisy and vice versa.

M★★NFFV

Grace of Monaco

Director Olivier Dahan sets his movie within a movie, relying on Nicole Kidman's star power to dazzle as Grace Kelly's did when she became Princess of Monaco in the 1950s.

Tim Roth, cast as Prince Rainier, is surprisingly effective as the principality's world-weary, chain-smoking ruler. Roger Ashton-Griffiths enters as Alfred Hitchcock who arrives to tempt Kelly back to Hollywood, his bait, the lead role in *Marnie*.

As she comes to a decision, her American chaplain (Frank Langella) persuades her that she has a more important role: helping to resolve an impasse between Monaco and France over tax avoidance for which independent Monaco provided a location if not active encouragement.

The French leader Charles De Gaulle (Andre Penvern) objected; he closed the France-Monaco border, a pro-active tactic to be envied by current leaders dealing with trans-jurisdictional corporate tax dodging.

Perhaps there's a French-language version; the English-version presents sequences showing Grace Kelly learning about blue bloods from an effete count (Derek Jacobi) and taking lessons in French.

Yet at a climactic Red Cross fundraiser to which Princess Grace had inveigled de Gaulle she speaks English.

Jacqueline Kennedy knew better. When she met De Gaulle, she spoke

French. Politesse wins. But in Dahan's romance charm trumps politesse: De Gaulle opened the borders.

The biopic is, however, less romantic than necromantic as was the recent biopic on Diana Princess of Wales (played by Kidman's friend Naomi Watts).

PG★★★SFFV

22 Jump Street

The funniest bit in this sequel to *21 Jump Street* (spun from the TV series) consists of possible franchise variations.

Trouble is the bit is superimposed on the end credits; you have to endure about 100 long minutes of other bits from any number of cop shows, high-school football movies and romantic comedies.

The cop duo Jenko and Schmidt (Channing Tatum and Jonah Hill), directed by Phil Lord and Chris Miller play with less elan than the characters in their comedy, *The Lego Movie*.

Jenko and Schmidt come on like kids raised on thin man/fat man comedies starring Laurel and Hardy or Abbott and Costello (none of which, it must be said, contained the kind of gratuitous insult to a religious image displayed by Lord and Miller).

MA15+★★NFFV

A Million Ways to Die in the West

Director Seth McFarlane gives himself a starring role as Albert Stark a sheep farmer who confronts every cliché in westerns, from bar room brawls to gunfights against a backdrop of John Ford's favourite location Monument Valley.

Amanda Seyfried plays Stark's love interest until the arrival of Anna (Charlize Theron, paying tribute to Doris Day's Calamity Jane). The romance is further complicated by the onset of the villain: Liam Neeson, acting some where between the two Jacks, Palance and Elum.

By comparison with Mel Brooks's *Blazing Saddles* and Elliott Silverstein's *Cat Ballou*, McFarlane's spoof is simply too gross for comfort. And there isn't even a song like *Buttons an' Bows* to enliven proceedings as there was in Bob Hope's *The Pale Face*.

MA15+★★NFFV

Every day more than one million passengers travel on 2365 daily services over the 2080 kms of railway tracks around New South Wales. Among the one million passengers was Joe Meagher.

THE MEAGHERS WORK ON AN ASSIGNMENT

By Max Barrett



AN EXCITED buzz ran the length of the long Cronulla platform; it was as though royalty had arrived. The reality was not far removed: a tall, distinguished-looking man, flanked by two grandchildren. One of the latter was Josie Meagher. Paid-up CityRail passengers darted quickly into positions where they could see and be seen, greet and be greeted. “Good morning, Josie,” The elegant little girl seemed to absorb each face as she smiled her reply.

“Why are they saying hullo, Gran?”

“I think it must be because they like you.”

“I like them, too.” She considered a moment. “I like everyone.”

The 8.05 pulled in. Rather beautifully, the Compartment One commuters held back to let the Meaghers in first. Josie sat beside Joe, leaning comfortably on his arm. Her brother Michael, fully twice her age, sat opposite his grandfather. The gaze he directed at Joe verged on

FATHER MAX BARRETT is a Redemptorist priest now resident in Sydney. This piece was the twelfth in a popular series that we ran in *Annals* in 2002, following the career of Joe Meagher over quite a few train rides. A number of readers have asked us to re-run the series. *Annals* is happy to do so and we hope that our new readers will enjoy Joe Meagher as much as we did when first we ran it.

adoration. It was Michael who opened the bowling.

“Gran, we have to do an assignment, an’ it has to be in by Friday, an’ we’re

allowed to ask our parents for help. Will you help, Gran? Please?”

“Mike, I’d be only too happy. But I’m afraid the computer has made me redundant. All you 12-year-olds have to do these days is to get onto the Internet and – provided you know how to press three or four buttons in the right order – a High Distinction mark is yours.

“There is, of course, the small matter of understanding what you have accessed; of wrestling with it; of subjecting it to your own thought-processes and making it yours, an enrichment of your mind, your personal property. Nope. Just press another button and load down –.”

“Download, Gran.”

That, too.”

“But our assignment is not like that. Our assignment starts: ‘If I were king ...’ . An’ we have to write two pages about what we would do if I were king ... Golly, Gran! Two pages!” The boy was a study in 12-year-old torment.

“Michael Brendan Meagher, it will be joy to help. ‘If I were king ...’ Wonderful! I didn’t know you were allowed to be imaginative any more. Wonderful!”

A wriggle served to remind the speakers that they were a threesome.



"Tell you what I'd do if I were king. I'd be Queen, of course. I'd -"

"Josie, a bit of shush. This is important." Michael did not mean to be sharp. He intended neither a put down or a down put of his sibling. He simply spoke out of a terrible urgency. Two whole pages ... !

In her turn, Josie may not have known the term *hauteur*, but she personified it there and then. "Michael, that's no way to speak to your sister. It's unscrasable."

"Disgraceful, Honey."

That, too."

Joe realised he had a Situation on his hands. Let's not rush this. He hummed a line from the Mikado: 'We really know our worth, the sun and I. There was something pathetically beautiful in the way this small one claimed her dignity. Michael was all but going down on his knees to apologise. Grandfather paused just the right time before stepping into his Kofi Annan conciliatory role.*

"Look, let's hear from Josie first, and then Michael, and then I'll add my twopence-worth. Okay?"

"Josie was all glow again. "It's simple. If I were queen, I would love all my people. That would be Number 1. I would sell all my castles, 'cepting one. And I'd put the money in the bank, to help the poor."

"A trust account?"

Josie blinked. "Something like that. And, Gran, I would make you my, ah -"

"Court jester?"

"No-ooo. My, ah -"

"Your *Go to Joseph* man. Your prime minister." This, from Richard Gleason who was eavesdropping shamelessly.

"YES! And I would tell everyone to go to Gran, because he knows everything."

Michael looked at his diminutive sister in amaze. "Hey, Josie, that's cool. Can I use that?" Her Majesty nodded a regal consent.

"Now, Michael," from facilitator Meagher Senior, "let's hear from you."

"Gran, remember that story we read about Harold Rashes?"

"Haroun Al-Raschid?"

"Something like that. Well, I'd dress myself in rags the ways he did, an' live with the people, an' see how they really thought an' felt."



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"Good for you, Mike. Actually, I think Haroun Al-Raschid, alias Harold Rashes, was quite a villain. But you could write about that other king, the one we call Christ the King, who became like us in everything except sin, and - Whoops! Martin Place. We get out here."

As usual, John Cash was sitting with Richard, who smiled sympathetically at the hungry look in his friend's eyes, still fixed on the Meagher trio as they moved along the platform. "If you were king, John, what would you do?"

"If I were king, ah, Lord, if I were king ... I would give away my kingdom

in exchange for that - the privilege of feeling two trusting hands in mine."

Richard Gleason shook his head. "As a banking man I would have to say that your kingdom would be weighed in the scales and found wanting. You would need immense collateral - like the investment of a selfless lifetime."

John Cash nodded his assent. "You're right." The train slid into Edgecliff. "Come on, you bushranger," Richard encouraged his friend. "We have to rob a bank."

Next month: *How much is Enough?* *United Nations Secretary General, 1997-2006)

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