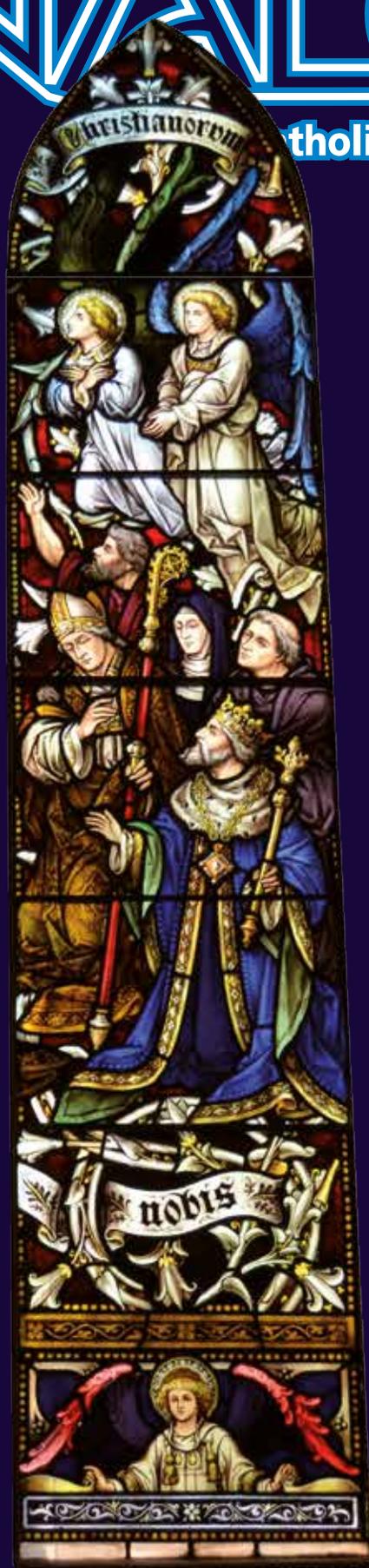


ANIMALS

Australasia

Catholic Culture



2017 - 5

\$3.30*

PRINT POST APPROVED PP255003/01005

ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

Journal of Catholic Culture

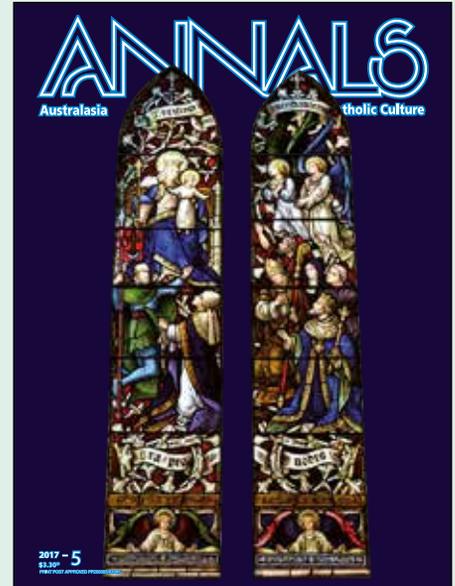
Volume 128, Number 5 July 2017

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

Australia's Oldest Catholic Magazine

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

- 3 **Don't Abort them**
PETER SAUNDERS
- 5 **The Angel Roofs of Mediaeval England**
REVIEW BY JOHN PRATT
- 9 **Waiting for a Shepherd**
ALBERT YELDS
- 12 **Graffiti, Ancient Inscriptions and Tombstones**
PAUL STENHOUSE
- 15 **Catholic Mother Raising 15 Children Alone**
JACK VALERO
- 18 **Removing the Thorn**
DESMOND O'GRADY
- 20 **For whom the Bell Tolls**
GILES AUTY
- 25 **Dumbing down the Virtue of Religion**
JUDE P. DOUGHERTY
- 29 **Tolerance, Diversity and Psychological Fragility**
WANDA SKOWRONSKA



Front Cover: Some Australians may be surprised to learn that Australia has had Mary, the mother of Jesus as special patroness under the title 'Our Lady Help of Christians' since Catholics first reached The Great South Land of the Holy Spirit. The stained glass window featured on our cover this month depicts our Lady with the child Jesus, along with her title *Auxilium Christianorum*, 'Help of Christians,' and the prayer, *Ora pro nobis*, 'Pray for us'. In September 1844, at the first assembly of bishops ever held in British dominions since the Reformation, the Holy See's permission was sought for the formalising of what had been a constant tradition. The title was first applied to our Lady by St John Chrysostom, in 345 AD, and is especially associated with the victory over Ottoman forces intent on invading Europe, at the Battle of Lepanto in 1572. The relevance of our heavenly patroness under this title today should not need stressing.

Cover Photo: Paul Stenhouse

Executive Editor *Chevalier Press*: **Editor** *Annals Australasia*: Paul Stenhouse, MSC Ph.D; **Layout and Design**: Paul Stenhouse MSC. **Administration**: Peter Macinante. **Subscription**: Visa/Master Cards accepted. Please make cheques, money orders payable to The Manager, *Annals Australasia*, 1 Roma Avenue (P.O. Box 13), Kensington, NSW Australia 2033. **Correspondence**: The Editor, P.O. Box 13, Kensington NSW Australia 2033. **Phones**: (02) 9662 7894/9662 7188 ext. 252. **Fax**: (02) 9662 1910, **Email**: [Annals editorial] editorannals@gmail.com; [Annals subscriptions] annalsaustralasia@gmail.com; [Chevalier Press]chevalierpress@gmail.com. **Unsolicited material**: We regret that unsolicited material cannot be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Editorial Board

Peter Coleman
[Chairman]
Giles Auty
Garry Boyd
Peter Fisher

	STANDARD	PENSIONER		AIRMAIL
Australia	<input type="checkbox"/> \$33.00	<input type="checkbox"/> \$26.00	India, Japan	<input type="checkbox"/> \$50.00
Overseas	AIRMAIL		Philippines	<input type="checkbox"/> \$50.00
PNG, NZ	<input type="checkbox"/> \$50.00	We regret that overseas surface mail is no longer provided. All Australian rates include GST.	Canada	<input type="checkbox"/> \$65.00
Indonesia	<input type="checkbox"/> \$50.00		USA, Israel	<input type="checkbox"/> \$65.00
Singapore	<input type="checkbox"/> \$50.00		Latin America	<input type="checkbox"/> \$65.00
Malaysia	<input type="checkbox"/> \$50.00		Europe, UK	<input type="checkbox"/> \$65.00

∇. Happy the man who shows mercy and compassion.
℞. He will be remembered forever.

∇ersical [∇] and Response [℞] for the Office of Prime, in The Roman Breviary; from the Psalter for Tuesday in Week Four. See Matthew, 5, 7.



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

YOU LOVED ME TRUE



OVEWORTHY Jesus,
hear my cry !
How could I not love you well?

Though not
because you open heaven,
nor lest I be consigned to hell;
nor yet from any hope of boon
but since you loved me true
I love and ever will love you;
because you are my loving God
and ever my most faithful King.

– St Francis Xavier [1506-1552] From his hymn:
O Deus ego amo te. Translation of the final
two verses by Paul Stenhouse, MSC





GOD MADE MANIFEST



SONGS of thankfulness and praise,
Jesus, Lord, to thee we raise;
manifested by the star
to the sages from afar;
branch of royal David's stem
in thy birth at Bethlehem:
anthems be to thee addressed,
God in flesh made manifest

Manifest at Jordan's stream,
prophet, priest and king supreme;
and at Cana wedding guest
in thy Godhead manifest;
manifest in pow'r divine,
changing water into wine;
anthems be to thee addressed,
God in flesh made manifest

Grant us grace to see thee, Lord,
present in thy holy word;
grace to imitate thee now
and be pure, as pure art thou;
that we might become like thee
at thy great epiphany,
and may praise thee, ever blest,
God in flesh made manifest.

– CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1807-1885, was the nephew of the popular Lakes-poet William Wordsworth. An Anglican minister, Wordsworth became bishop of Lincoln in 1869 and wrote many fine poems that were used as hymns.

99% of People with Down Syndrome are happy with their lives

DON'T ABORT THEM

By Dr. Peter Saunders



THE RECENT debate on abortion for anencephaly in Northern Ireland has reopened the wider debate on abortion for fetal disability.

It is worth, in this context, remarking the point that the most common disability for which babies are aborted in the UK is not anencephaly but Down's syndrome (DS).

This is usually on the basis of the perceived burden that children with DS will impose on families and the belief that the lives of disabled children are somehow not worth living. Is this justified?

Brian Skotko, a clinical fellow in genetics at Children's Hospital Boston, published a series of three studies in the *American Journal of Medical Genetics* in 2011 on the impact children with Down's syndrome have on families.

'So many American women' he says, 'are getting prenatal diagnoses of Down's syndrome, and asking: "What does this mean for my family? What does this diagnosis mean for my marriage? What impact

will it have on my other sons and daughters?"'

The results are incredibly revealing.

In his first study, 822 brothers and sisters were asked about their feelings and perceptions toward their sibling with Down's syndrome (DS).

More than 96% of brothers/sisters who responded to the survey indicated that they had affection toward their sibling with DS; and 94% of older siblings expressed feelings of pride. Less than 10%

because of their siblings with DS, and more than 90% planned to remain involved in their sibling's lives as they became adults. The vast majority of brothers and sisters described their relationship with their sibling with DS as positive and enhancing.

In the second study parents of children with Down's syndrome (DS) were asked how they felt about their lives. Of the 2,044 respondents, 99% reported that they loved their son or daughter; 97% were proud of them; 79% felt

their outlook on life was more positive because of them; 5% felt embarrassed by them; and 4% regretted having them.

The overwhelming majority of parents surveyed reported that they were happy with their decision to have their child with DS and indicated that their sons and daughters were great sources of love and pride.

But the third study was most interesting of all as it explored the self-perceptions of children with Down's syndrome.

Of 284 people with Down's syndrome (DS), ages 12 and older who were surveyed, nearly 99% indicated that they were happy with their lives, 97% liked who they were, and 96% liked how they looked.

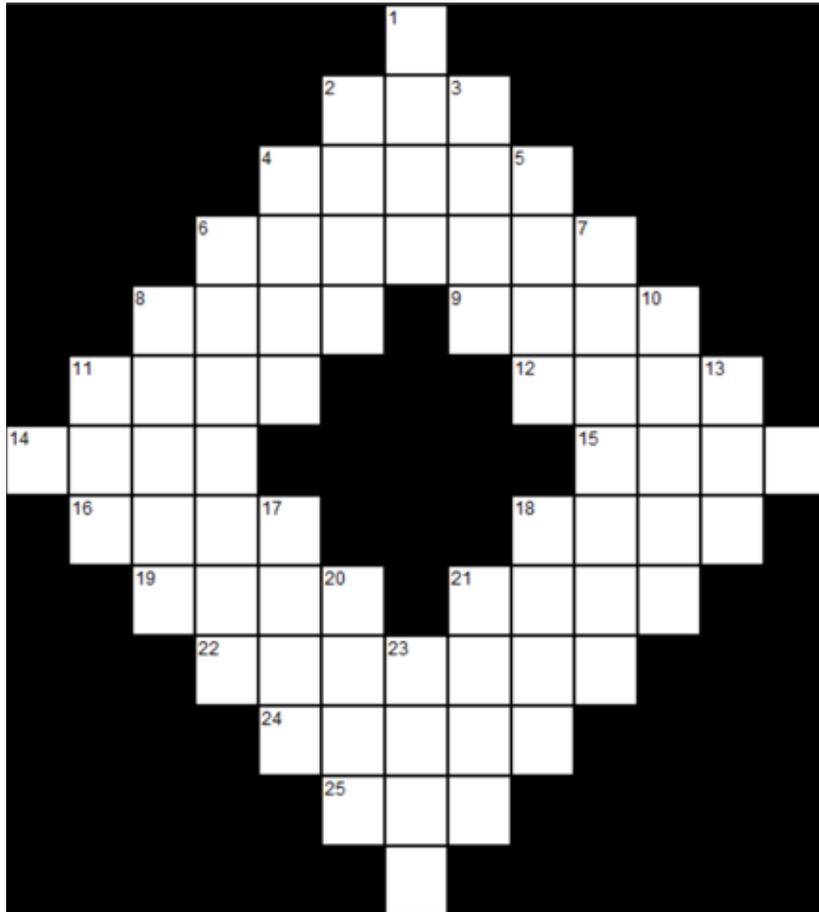


Over 90% of all babies found to have Down's Syndrome before birth are aborted

felt embarrassed, and less than 5% expressed a desire to trade their sibling in for another brother or sister without DS.

Among older siblings, 88% felt that they were better people

ANNALS CROSSWORD NO. 97



Across

- 2 Fermented beer
- 4 Braid
- 6 A wide belt (worn over shoulder) used for carrying a sword
- 8 Be dependent (on)
- 9 Prepare for publication
- 11 Largest island of the Marianas
- 12 Twin brother of Jacob
- 14 Suspend
- 15 An American variant spelling of through
- 16 Tug
- 18 Gas used in illuminated signs
- 19 Green vegetables
- 21 At this place
- 22 Erythema solare
- 24 Large cathedral in Florence
- 25 A passenger carrying vehicle

Down

- 1 Contented
- 2 Associate
- 3 Gaelic name for Ireland
- 4 Inner part of the hand
- 5 The rise and fall of sea levels
- 6 Small sturdy breed of hounds
- 7 A tank used for storing water
- 8 To amass or accumulate
- 10 Name of lake in the Sierra Nevada Mountains
- 11 Aperture
- 13 Ashes container
- 17 To praise or glorify
- 18 Cruel and corrupt Roman emperor
- 20 To treat with disdain or contempt
- 21 Makes a low and continuous droning sound
- 23 A boxing match

© Brian O'Neill October 2016

Nearly 99% people with DS expressed love for their families, and 97% liked their brothers and sisters. A small percentage expressed sadness about their life.

Rebecca Taylor, writing about this research for LifeNews when it was first published in 2011, suggested that doctors should give the news of a Down Syndrome diagnosis with a smile saying, 'There will be challenges but your

child is nearly guaranteed to be a happy adult!'

In Britain, where abortion is permitted for fetal disability right up until birth, there were 3,968 Down's syndrome babies aborted over the period 2002-2010 although the real number may actually be twice as high. Over 90% of all babies found to have Down's syndrome before birth have their lives ended in this way.

One wonders what their parents were told.

Fiona Bruce MP held a parliamentary inquiry into abortion for disability earlier this year, the findings of which were published in July.

One of its main conclusions was:

'It should be best practice that parents are provided with practical and balanced information as soon as possible after discovery of a fetal disability and before leaving hospital so that they can make an informed choice. This should include leaflets or other information written by relevant disability groups. Parents should be offered contact with families with a child with a similar diagnosis without delay'

The quicker this recommendation is implemented the better.

There is no doubt that bringing up a child with special needs involves challenges, and yet at the very heart of the Christian gospel is the Lord Jesus who chose to lay down his life to meet our own 'special needs'. The Apostle Paul tells us that Christ died for us 'when we were powerless' (Romans 5:6) and that 'bearing one another's burdens' is at the very heart of Christian morality (Galatians 6:1).

For Christian doctors bearing burdens involves not only providing the best medical care for the most vulnerable members of our society, but also supporting their families in the long haul, being prepared to speak out when they are being treated unjustly and doing what we can to oppose unjust and discriminatory legislation and health policy.

All of us are called in a whole variety of ways to engage in the fight for these very special people and others in a similar position of vulnerability. Let's pray that we fight these battles well.

DR. PETER SAUNDERS LifeNews.com is a doctor and the CEO of Christian Medical Fellowship, a British organization with 4,500 doctors and 1,000 medical students as members. This article originally appeared on his blog. He is also associated with the *Care Not Killing Alliance* in the UK. Reprinted with permission.

Over ninety percent of England's figurative medieval art was destroyed in the iconoclasm of the Reformation and the later depredations of Cromwell's soldiers. Of the some 9,000 medieval churches there today, most are largely devoid of medieval images and their sparse and monochrome interiors would be unrecognisable to the medieval worshipper

THE ANGEL ROOFS OF MEDIAEVAL ENGLAND

By John Pratt



MICHAEL RIMMER is an investment manager and an exacting architectural photographer.

Using those latter

skills, he has produced the first historical and photographic study of the many angel roofs of East Anglia, a subject on which he regularly lectures.

This attractively produced book is a memorable study of the satisfying conjunction of the work of the medieval artisan and his artistic brother and a worthy tribute to them both. Here is a view of the book by the art historian, Sir Roy Strong, former director of the National Portrait Gallery: "Look at this book and give thanks that these angelic hosts were beyond the reach of the destroyers. Here for the first time they are rightly celebrated as a precious legacy from late medieval England."

It is estimated that over ninety percent of England's figurative medieval art was destroyed in the iconoclasm of the Reformation and the later depredations of Cromwell's soldiers. Of the some 9,000 medieval churches there today, most are largely devoid of medieval images and their sparse and monochrome interiors would be unrecognisable to the medieval

The Angel Roofs of East Anglia: Unseen Masterpieces of the Middle Ages by Michael Rimmer, published by The Lutterworth Press, Cambridge, UK 2015 142 pp. £20.50.

worshipper whose churches blazed with colour and were filled with didactic and devotional images. When many could not read and manuscript books were uncommon and expensive, the propagation of



religion was intensely visual.

What is an angel roof? The earliest known English angel roof is that of Westminster Hall, not in East Anglia but in London, the largest medieval timber roof in Northern Europe, famous for its astonishing dimensions of width 20.7m, length 73.2m and height 28.4 m (68, 240 and 92 feet), a width without precedent. Readers might remember television views of the Hall, frequently the location of state ceremonial occasions in England.

This masterpiece of engineering and art installed between 1395 and 1398 uses a combination of timber arches and hammer beams to eliminate the need for columns, leaving open the Hall's vast floor space. It was the work of Hugh Herland, master carpenter to Richard II and its roof timbers alone weighed over 660 tons while the lead which covered the roof's exterior added another 176 tons to that total.

The twenty-six oak hammer beams projecting horizontally from the wall plate of Westminster Hall, each over 6.1m long and 99 by 64 cm in section (20 feet and 38.5 by 25 inches), are carved into the shape of full-length angels bearing shields blazoned with Richard II's arms.

Today, architectural and engineering experts disagree on

how this roof works, the author suggesting that even Herland himself is unlikely to have comprehended the physics of his plan. But as his King was to foot the bill and the glory in the Hall's ultimate grandeur, Herland's solution was to over-provide on his timbers to ensure a successful outcome. Repairs undertaken in the early 1900s showed that despite 70% of the roof timbers showed extensive decay, the roof stayed put: a legendary success!

While some roof parts of these churches were prepared offsite and in the absence of good roads were transported to the church by water, installation was often preceded by laying out the many components on the ground before the church to familiarise the carpenters with the complexities of assembling and raising the components to height.

Medieval angel roofs, timber structures in churches embellished with ornate carvings of angels, comprise the largest surviving body of major English medieval wood structure and one of the major survivals of pre-reformation Catholic England. This exists today because those structures were simply too difficult to be reached and destroyed many hundreds of years ago.

There is a preponderance of surviving angel roofs in churches of East Anglia, but fewer elsewhere in England, and why that is the case is discussed in useful detail. Despite being recognised as masterpieces of both sculpture and engineering, angel roofs have been neglected by historians and academics alike, probably because such roofs are fixed and inaccessible and so nearly impossible to be viewed clearly and easily photographed.

The author has traced several of the figure carvers whose works in angel roofs of East Anglia exist amongst those illustrated in this beautiful book. These men, specialist master carvers known as *imagers*, moved around the counties helping to spread the new technologies.

Of the almost 170 surviving angel roofs in England and Wales, 70 percent are in Norfolk, Suffolk and Cambridgeshire, all of whom survived destruction through the same inaccessibility that makes their appreciation today difficult, even with binoculars.



Church of St Mary, Bury St Edmonds, Suffolk: an archangel from the south side of the nave roof at St Mary's. He is clad in a suit of feathers and carries a wand, and a scroll.

Photo: Michael Rimmer

Skilful photography has restored this art to our vision, while the author's technical skill explains and overcomes the challenge that distance, low light and extremes of light and shade offer photographers of the ceilings.

With his digital camera at floor level, and using ambient light and occasional church lighting with a

range of lenses and exposure times of up to eight seconds, he enables readers to see the beauty and craftsmanship of these astonishing medieval works of art, perhaps their first clear viewing ever!

His book includes more than eighty pages of beautiful pictures of angel roofs together with a detailed and informative text, displaying considerable historical research, complemented with useful maps of their locations.

There is food for thought on reading this book and viewing these roof photographs, high above the view of their medieval congregations, although perhaps at accustomed angelic levels.

After seeing the beauty of these ceilings, today's churchgoers might be surprised at the level of perfection medieval congregations accorded the decoration of their sacred places of worship. Prosperous men, eager to show their status within their parish communities when living, would lavish spending on the adornment and reconstruction of their local church to alleviate the certain suffering of their souls after death, leaving a visual memento of their successful lives.

We view these old churches and compare them with those housing today's Australian congregations, wondering if our equivalents will, 600 years in the future, carry the message of ours, as

do these beautiful churches of East Anglia carry theirs today.

Those of us far from East Anglia who relish the long history of England's rise through the benefits Christendom endowed that people, must buy this strikingly novel exposition of a phase of beauty we will never see reproduced in our era.



Photo: Michael Rimmer

Church of St Agnes, Cawston, Norfolk. A roof angel, clad in a suit of feathers, with hands joined, standing on the hammer beam. It is over six feet tall.

The word angel is derived from the Greek word *angelos* meaning ‘messenger’ and there are references to such figures in both Old and New Testaments, where the term means ‘messenger of God’. In our liturgical calendars we celebrate the Feast of *The Holy Angels* on 2nd October (my old Daily Missal stipulates this a *Greater Double Feast*).

Today, the mystique of angels might have faded from positions we held of them in the days of our

upbringing. I recall a beautiful illustration on a classroom wall of my Dominican Sisters’ primary school showing a child guided by an adult-sized Guardian angel and below the prayer:

Angel of God, my guardian dear,
To whom God’s love commits me
here,
Ever this day be at my side,
To light and guard, to rule and guide.
Amen

Rarely today do we make requests for help that as children we directed to our guardian

angels, happy in the belief that our assigned companion was close and watching over us and would guide us. The answers are probably there on offer; we are too busy; the loss is ours! We would never forget the truly awesome salutation of a heavenly angelic messenger to a youthful Jewish woman, *Hail, Mary, full of grace!*

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



Become a Friend of Champion!

Campion College Australia is accredited to offer degrees/diplomas in the Liberal Arts and Classics. These courses focus on the riches of Western Civilisation as revealed in History, Literature, Theology, Philosophy, Science, Latin, Greek and Mathematics. Subjects are studied in an integrated way from the ancient world to modern times.

A Champion education offers a solid grounding in the Catholic intellectual tradition and western civilisation. Our students are taught to think and communicate clearly as well as to critically judge arguments.

We produce a Champion quarterly newsletter which updates Champion's friends on the college events, alumni stories, student achievements and reflects on building our future. If you would like to become a friend of Champion, please complete the form below or please contact the Director of Development, Yvette Nehme on 02 9896 9318 or foundation@campion.edu.au

Become a Friend of Champion

A friend of Champion College will receive a newsletter 4 times a year and invitations to exclusive college events. Please complete your details below and post to **PO Box 3052 Toongabbie East NSW 2146** or email: foundation@campion.edu.au

I would like to become a friend of Champion College.

Title: _____ First Name: _____ Surname: _____

Address: _____ Suburb: _____

State: _____ Postcode: _____

Phone: _____ Mobile: _____ Email: _____

I would like more information about becoming a financial supporter.

I would like to learn more about how to enrol in the Liberal Arts Degree.

Privacy statement: The information provided by you will only be used for the purpose of giving you information and activities about Champion Foundation Limited & Champion College Australia. For further information visit www.campion.edu.au/the-foundation/



There was no toy anywhere for Christmas but the families had a gift of \$150 for the Bishop from their fish and copra for the education of priests, hoping one day to have their own priest.

WAITING FOR A SHEPHERD

By Albert Yelds



NOTOA is an atoll, similar to many other atolls in Kiribati in the central Pacific ocean. It was my parish for Christmas some years ago. It had had no Priest or Sister or Brother for seven years, and there was one Catholic family for every six Protestant ones.

But it held many memories, because three Catholics were killed there for the faith fifty years ago, and the rest fled in canoes at night through dangerous seas to the next island. The catechist had buried the Blessed Sacrament in the sand before he was beaten with a crowbar, and there It remained intact for fifty years, until dreams at night led a woman to find It and consume It and return the Ciborium to the Sisters here at Tarawa, the capital of Kiribati.

After I arrived a catechist tidied the back room of the church for my living quarters, stamped three times with his bare foot on a scorpion to kill it and told me to watch for others.

Brother Barenaba did a lot of my work, and being formerly a policeman and a seaman he could win the attention of everyone. He enjoyed sitting crosslegged on the grass mats that covered the gravel

for our meals and talks - five hours a day, and ate well the salted fish and the big lumps of fat from the pigs that had been kept for our visit.

In the church a rickety table held a statue of Mary, whose hands were lost, but she always had a crown of flowers; two string rosaries lay nearby and people who visited could use them. They were no



use for individuals as they have no pockets, and the rosaries were too small to fit over their heads. Fortunately, I took a lot of medals and rosaries and holy pictures and the catechists sat round the box talking, sorting, distributing according to the size of their Communion classes and other needs.

The people crowded the dingy church for Masses, and the children

were a little lost in wondering what it all meant. So each day I gave instructions on basics, the Sign of the Cross - and what a difference that made to their witness of the faith! holy water; and the power the Church gives it against sickness and the devil and I was asked and asked until I had blessed 110 litres - for there are no large containers available.

I talked about Grace before Meals - for they needed to thank God for fish: Kiribati loses one small boat a week in these waters, and I loved to watch the flimsy canoes with their plastic sails beating shorewards in the early morning.

And then the meaning of the parts of the Mass, and catechists listened under the tree outside, for they have had little training, and receive no printed matter to help them. But their happiness is contagious. No privacy - but a modesty that would put our country to shame. I used the 'bathroom' of the catechist's family - sharp gravel floor and walls of pandanus thatch: an old basin of water with a hole in it and it was a couple of days before I managed the stones and kept a finger in the hole and used one hand for washing.

There was no toy anywhere for Christmas but the families had a gift of \$150 for the Bishop from their fish and copra for the education of priests, hoping one day to have their own priest.

Christmas Day was a feast for the fifty Catholic families, The powerful smell of fish got rid of mosquitoes and also of my appetite. Groups stood up to sing and joke, old couples deeply in love, downed and sang.

The next day there was a dancing competition for an hour, with a warm-up of one hour, and an “everyone’s welcome” for five hours, the oldest down to 2 year olds being decorated in tinsel and grass skirts, but they looked like princes and princesses, and the young men beat time on an old packing case, while every member of every village joined in the singing.

See how these Christians love one another!

They danced and sang themselves into exhaustion, but at midnight one of children I had baptised died. The mother ran to call me, cried and asked God loudly for help while she waited for me to take the Holy Oil from near the Tabernacle, and then we anointed the little one, and they massaged her and cried and tried other things while everyone in the maneaba gradually woke.

The parents wanted to return to their village with me, so we left at 2.00 am, arrived at 4.00 and the relatives came around. My position was to sleep on the edge of a platform next to the dead child. At 7.00 a girl gave me a cup of water and as I put it to my lips, she said ‘No, no, that’s to wash your face!’

I watched and listened, and remembered the words, “My sheep hear my voice”. They scorn the days of old, when women had little value, and the air and the darkness was full of dangerous spirits. This was the third child to die on the island that week - but in their sadness they still knew that this one was with God, and she loved them and would help them.

And then I had to return to the centre for Mass and a talk and a meal in the maneaba. A short sleep was possible even with the children playing and chuckling and gurgling around the building: they have nothing, except one another and an

As many as touched the tassel on his cloak were healed”

O TRUE God and my Lord! It is a great consolation for the soul wearied by the loneliness of being separated from you to see that you are everywhere. But when the vehemence of love and the great impulses of this pain increase, there’s no remedy, my God. For the intellect is disturbed and the reason is so kept from knowing the truth of Your omnipresence that it can neither understand nor know. It only knows it is separated from You and it accepts no remedy. For the heart that greatly loves receives no counsel or consolation except from the very one who wounded it, because from that one it hopes its pain will be cured. When You desire, Lord, You quickly heal the wound You have caused; prior to this there is no hope for healing or joy, except for the joy of such worthwhile suffering. O true Lover, with how much compassion, with how much gentleness, with how much delight, with how much favor and with what extraordinary signs of love You cure these wounds, which with the darts of this same love You have caused! O my God and my rest from all pains, how entranced I am! How could there be human means to cure what the divine fire has made sick? Who is there who knows how deep this wound goes, or how it came about, or how so painful and delightful a torment can be mitigated?... How right the bride of the Canticles is in saying: «My Beloved is for me and I for my Beloved» (Song of Songs 2,16) for it is impossible that a love like this should begin with something so lowly as is my love. And yet, if it is lowly, my Spouse, how is it that it is not so lowly in rising from the creature to its Creator?

— Saint Teresa of Avila (1515-1582), Carmelite, Doctor of the Church, Exclamation 16 ©Institute of Carmelite Studies.

immense trust in the truth that they are loved. And then a final Mass, and a journey to do the funeral before the small plane came.

The father and mother were still sitting on the platform - the family bedroom; the arms and legs of the little girl had swollen badly and the smell was oppressive, but this is necessary to make everyone agree to a burial.

We sang a hymn and the young men began digging a grave alongside, with shovel handles of rough limbs from a tree. We said some prayers, and had another hymn, and another, and then waited and talked - some smoked; some passed round a kettle of tea and toddy.

One lady rolled out a beautiful mat from pandanus leaves and I presumed they would wrap the body in that; but they had decided to be modern and made a huge coffin from inch thick wood out of a black packing case. The mother screamed when they dumped it alongside the baby, and the father beat the floor with his fist.

Everyone cried, despite the pillows and clothes put inside, and then they put it in the grave; more prayers and a hymn and they decided to hammer on a lid. Nails were missing, until they found a few twisted ones in a tree alongside. And the grave was filled.

Mother and father were exhausted with grief; something had died in them. So everybody stayed to cook and eat and talk until there was quietness and peace and a new beginning. They are sheep - lovely sheep, and, they have been waiting a long time for a shepherd.

FATHER ALBERT YELDS has been working among the people of Kiribati for the past twenty-six years. Kiribati, formerly the Gilbert Islands, consists of three widely separated main groups of southwest Pacific islands: the Gilberts on the equator, and the Line Islands farther east. Ocean Island, producer of phosphates until it was mined out in 1981, is also included in the 2 million square miles of ocean. Most of the islands of Kiribati are low-lying coral atolls built on a submerged volcanic chain and encircled by reefs. The population in 2006 was 105,000. 55% of the people are Catholic. The Missionaries of the Sacred Heart have charge of the diocese, under Bishop Paul Mea, MSC. Father Albert Yelds an Australian MSC priest, has been there since 1989.

WHAT A RESPONSIBILITY

 READ YESTERDAY a book which made me shudder – [Charles William] Philippe’s *Bubu de Montparnasse*. What a hell it is that surrounds us! Evil has always the same face, and as I followed this coarse and touching story there came to my mind memories of that hideous Paganism as the black historians of Rome describe it – Sejanus’s daughter, of whom I spoke to you yesterday, that beast Nero, an ‘artist’ after the heart of the iniquitous Renan, slaving over the victims of the arena, Batavia slavered over by Germanicus, and children and young girls sent by the hundreds to the brothels of Rome – What a responsibility for us!

You know that there are two sorts of duties – the duties of charity and the duties of justice. The duties of charity are to intervene to the limits of our strength in the necessities of our neighbour (prochain, proximus: he who is nearest). The duties of justice, which are still more binding, are founded on that great truth of the division of labour, which obtains throughout the whole of Christian society. Others have to bake our bread, slaughter beasts for us, and so on. And we also – it is of supreme importance – we also must shoulder, as good founders of families, the burden which is laid upon us of being such and such a flower or fruit.

When we appear before God’s tribunal, let us hope not to hear the appalling clamour of those unhappy multitudes, those submerged myriads who will give evidence against us and say: ‘O Lord, we others were born to ignorance, poverty, crime, and servitude. But look at those who were rich, whose parents were people of honesty and good character, who enjoyed leisure, education, and wide knowledge. We do not reproach them for not coming to our aid, for having left us, their brothers and Thy children, in our ghastly twilight. But let them be judged. What have they done with the rare and exceptional gifts which were accorded to them? Were these simply given in order that they could have a more amusing time? Or become artists and dilettantes? How have they fulfilled the mission which was given them before Thee, in our name and in our stead, in the name of ourselves, the miserable legion of the lost and the drowned?’

What a responsibility for us writers, above all, who are the leaders of men and the directors of their souls! The mere fact of our enlightenment makes us spread light all about us. We are delegated by the rest of the world to the way of knowledge and truth, and there is no other truth but Christ, who is the Way and the Life, and the duty of knowing and serving Him lies more heavily on us than on others, and lies upon us with a terrible urgency.

– Paul CLAUDEL, (1909) Letter to Andre Gide, in *Correspondence between Paul Claudel and Andre Gide*, ed. Robert Millet, New York, Pantheon Books, 1952, pp.42-44.

The relics of the martyred founders of the Church of Rome had for safety reasons been removed temporarily, from St Peter's tomb on the Vatican Hill, and from St Paul's tomb outside the walls of the city on the Ostian Way, during the persecution of the emperor Valerian in 258 AD.

GRAFFITI, ANCIENT INSCRIPTIONS AND TOMBSTONES

By Paul Stenhouse



GRAFFITI, IN 2017, conjures up images of often illegible handwriting and bright metallic colours scrawled and splashed by anonymous vandals who spray paint over unsuspecting neighbours' walls, or deface the seats, windows and sides of trains and buses.

Newly painted walls and fences are especially targeted by modern graffiti addicts and theoretically at least such defacing of public, or other people's private property, is illegal.

The instinct or 'drive' to leave some memento of once having been in a certain place appears to be deeply rooted in human nature.

Modern technology has turned what once may have been a harmless and, in retrospect, even a helpful exercise for would-be historians from another age, into an attack – often a costly attack – on the property and persons of others.

The graffiti of which I am writing here, was by individuals

and groups who through the millennia have left records cut into stone, or wood or plaster, of their having been in a certain place at a particular time.

Like the Christian pilgrims from the wide-spread Roman empire, who visited the remains of St Peter and St Paul in the catacomb of St Sebastian on the Appian way.

The relics of the martyred founders of the Church of Rome had for safety reasons been removed temporarily to the catacomb of St Sebastian, from St Peter's tomb on the Vatican Hill, and from St Paul's tomb outside the walls of the city on the Ostian Way, during the persecution of the emperor Valerian in 258 AD.

Hundreds of pilgrims scratched their names, and the names of Sts Peter and Paul in the plaster around the catacomb walls, along with prayers to God through the saints, for help and guidance.

Or, like the 'peregrini' or Roman soldiers – usually foreigners- who were not Roman citizens, who carved their names and the names of their regiments in the plaster of the guard house of the *Domus Gelotiana*¹ on the Palatine Hill in Rome. This was the house from which the emperor Caligula is recorded as having watched the races and games in the Circus Maximus.

These soldiers' names – usually preceded by *pereg* [for peregrinus] and followed by the initials MVDN: *Miles Veteranus Domini Nostris*, 'Veteran Soldier of our Lord the Emperor' – were sometimes scrawled in poor Latin and Greek: names like *Epitynchanos*, *Hilarus*, *Caius Emelius Afer* [Caius Emelius the African], *Doryphorus*, *Asiasticus*, *Felix*, and *Rogatus*.

It was in one of the rooms of this house on the Palatine Hill that a crude drawing of a crucified man with the head of an ass or



Artist's impression of the *Circus Maximus*, the largest stadium in the ancient Roman empire, built between the Aventine and Palatine hills in Rome. It was 621 metres long and 118 metres wide, and could accommodate over 150,000 spectators. It was especially famous for chariot races. Each race was seven laps of the circuit.

jackel and a figure standing nearby apparently worshipping the figure, was found. Under it was the rudely scratched inscription in Greek: 'Alexemenos worships his God'.

Some think this figure belongs to some esoteric Gnostic rite, but it is generally taken to be a mocking caricature of the crucified Christ, and a Christian worshipper.

In another room there is a badly scratched figure of an ass turning a corn-mill, and the inscription: *Labora, aselle, quomodo ego laboravi, et proderit tibi* – 'Work hard, little ass, as I have worked, and you'll find it will help you'.

Other graffiti [slightly misspelt] in the house seem to indicate that the emperor's slaves were taught there: *Corinthus exit de pedagogio*, 'Corinthus goes out from school'; or *Marianus Afer exit de pedagogio*, 'Marianus the African goes out from school'.

Don't forget that school, for the Romans, was not only a place for intellectual effort but also a place for *sport, games [ludus]*. 'To go to play games,' *Ire in ludum*, also meant 'to go to school'. This does not mean that Romans were frivolous; only that the whole man was to be educated.

Even our word 'school' was taken over from the Roman 'schola' which was taken from the Greek word 'skole,' which means, of all things, 'leisure'. They used *otium*, the Latin word for 'leisure' or 'idleness, and freedom from 'work' as a time for intellectual activity.

It surely won't come as a surprise to *Annals* readers to learn that, the Latin word for 'employment' is *negotium* which means, literally: *nec-otium* – 'no leisure'.

The point they were making – as relevant for today's students as it was for *Marianus* and *Corinthus* almost two thousand years ago – was that study should be a pleasure, because if you had the leisure for study this means that you are free of business or state responsibilities.

Probably the most famous of all imperial Roman inscriptions is the one known as the *Monumentum*

A Dream of Salvation and Heaven

CHESTERTON reminds us that dreams are functions of the human soul, and the human soul is the only thing that we cannot properly study, because it is at once both the study and the student. He tells us that the metaphysicians of the Middle Ages who talked a great deal more sense than they are nowadays given credit for, taught that every object had two parts: its accidents [colour, weight, height, length etc] and its substance [i.e. what *sub-stat* : what *stands beneath and supports* the accidents]. He goes on: 'The mediaeval doctors, of course, applied this principle most strongly to the idea of Transubstantiation, maintaining that a thing might be, in its accidents, bread, while being in its substance, divine. It all depends on what disguise the highest spiritual power took in appearing to [us]; the incognito in which the King chose to travel.' See G. K. Chesterton, *Lunacy and Letters*, Sheed & Ward, 1958, p.33.

Ancyranum. Ancyra was a Roman city in the province of Galatia. Fortunately its name is preserved in *Ankara*, the name of the capital of modern day Turkey, and the site of ancient *Ancyra*.

The walls of a temple to Augustus which is still standing, were covered with slabs of white marble on which was engraved a long list of the Emperor's deeds, in Latin and Greek.

We learn from this inscription, for example, that in his sixth consulship [28 BC] Augustus restored 'eighty-two temples of the gods,' and that in 27 BC in his seventh consulship, he re-paved at his own expense the Via Flaminia in Rome.

In the time of Augustus, this famous road commenced at what, today, is called the *Piazza del Popolo*. The *popolo* does not refer to 'people' as the Italian name for the Piazza suggests, but to the poplars [*populi* in Latin] that once grew there, and after which the church of *Santa Maria del Popolo* took its name.

We learn from the Ancyra inscription, too, that on twenty-six occasions Augustus provided fights with African beasts in the Circus Maximus, the Forum and the Amphitheatre of Statilius Taurus in the southern part of the Campus Martius.

During these fights, the inscription tells us, 3500 wild beasts

were killed. And that he organized gladiatorial fights [the number has been obliterated] in his own name, and in the names of his grandsons and nephews, in which 'about 10,000 gladiators fought'. There is no indication of the number who died.²

Roman tombs and catacombs are a minefield for the would-be young scholar cutting his teeth on inscriptions. Abbreviations and especially initial capitals, abound, but deciphering them repays one's efforts.

What, for instance would you make of the following list of initial capitals on a tombstone: HMDMA? They are an invitation to prayer - *Hoc Monumentum Dolus Malus Abesto* – 'May evil deceit be absent from this tomb'.

If you passed a tomb with the following inscription: TR.PD.STTL: would you realise that it meant 'Te Rogo Praeteriens Dicas: Sit Tibi Terra Levis,' – 'As you pass by, I beg you, say [for me] "May the earth sit lightly upon you"?'.

Living in the 21st century, we need to be reminded, as ancient passers-by were, more than 2,000 years ago, by the inscription NI on tombstones: *Nemo [est] Immortalis* – 'No one lives forever'.

1. Suetonius Cal. 18

2. *Ancient Rome in 1888*, J.H. Middleton, Edinburgh, Adam & Charles Black, 1888, pp.248-249.

NEWS IS RARELY 'NEWS'

THE "new media" carry the adjective because they began to emerge only in the 1980s, when the media of newspapers, newsmagazines, and network and local television news had long been firmly in place. Most newspapers had been around since the first decades of the 20th century, and though rising costs and competition caused some to be shuttered in the decades after World War II, there were still more than 1,700 papers published daily in the 1970s. Time and Newsweek were established, respectively, in 1923 and 1933. Network television newscasts were reaching most parts of the country by the 1950s, and local stations eventually provided their own news programs at various points in the day.

The most important old news organizations were the outlets that covered stories in the nation's capital and abroad. They included The New York Times and The Washington Post; Time and Newsweek; NBC News, CBS News, and ABC News; National Public Radio and public television's various iterations of what is now called The NewsHour with Jim Lehrer. When people talked about the "mainstream" or "establishment" media, these were the organizations they had in mind.

Reason and Liberty

THERE almost always is a human reason for all the merely human advice given by the Church to humanity; and to find out the principle of the thing is, among other things, one of the keenest of intellectual pleasures. But in any case the fact remains that the Church is right in the main in being tolerant in the main; but that where she is intolerant she is most right and even most reasonable. Adam lived in a garden where a thousand mercies were granted to him; but the one inhibition was the greatest mercy of all. In the same way, let the convert, or still more the semi-convert, face any one fact that does seem to him to deface the Catholic scheme as a falsehood; and if he faces it long enough he will probably find that it is the greatest truth of all. I have found this myself in that extreme logic of free will which is found in the fallen angels and the possibility of perdition. Such things are altogether beyond my imagination, but the lines of logic go out towards them in my reason. Indeed, I can undertake to justify the whole Catholic theology, if I be granted to start with the supreme sacredness and value of two things: Reason and Liberty.

- G.K.Chesterton, *The Catholic Church and Conversion*, London, Burns Oates and Washbourne, Ltd 1927 p.107.

They were leaders among the media generally, and shaped how regional and local outlets practiced journalism. They were also part of America's first sizable national elite, which emerged after World War II in response to the needs of a nation whose central government was larger and more invasive, costly, and ambitious than ever before.

Political leaders, lawyers, academics, businesspeople, and certain practitioners of that once-disreputable trade, journalism, populated this elite. As in the other elites, members of the media elite held degrees from many of the same (elite) universities. They believed that they had a responsibility to improve society, and they thought of themselves — as no ink-stained wretch had before — as professionals. The

most influential journalists understood that news is rarely news in the sense of being undisputed facts about people or policy, but news in the sense that it's a product made by reporters, editors, and producers. They knew that news is about facts, but that it fundamentally reflects editorial judgments about whether particular facts are "news," and if they are, what the news means and what its consequences may be. They knew, too, that those who define and present the news have a certain power, since news can set a public agenda. And they weren't shy about exercising this power. That's what made them dominant — an establishment, in fact.

The Collapse of Big Media, by Terry Eastland. See the Spring 2005 edition of *The Wilson Quarterly*.



Preferred supplier to Churches and Schools since 1975

AUDIO · VISION · LIGHTING

- Sound Reinforcement
- Auditorium PA & Intercom Systems
- Paging & Outdoor PA Systems
- Audio Visual Systems
- Hearing Aid Loop Systems
- Data Projectors, Video Walls, LED/LCD/Motorised or Touch Screens
- Digital Bell Systems
- Digital Signage/Information Displays
- Automated Camera Systems
- Microphones for All Applications
- Ducted Vacuum Systems
- Upgrade & Modification of Existing Systems
- Interior & Exterior Architectural Lighting

Please visit our new website
www.clarecom.com.au

T: 02 9698 3600

F: 02 9698 5400

E: sales@clarecom.com.au

Against the odds, Rosa Pich and her husband, Chema, became the parents of Spain's largest family. Then tragedy struck

CATHOLIC MOTHER RAISING 15 CHILDREN ALONE

By Jack Valero



WHEN I get in touch with Rosa Pich by Skype during Holy Week, I discover that she is on holiday with 12 of her children in Torreciudad, a shrine dedicated to Our Lady in northern Spain. "We are trying to return to normal life," she says, following the death of her husband, Chema, of liver cancer little more than a month earlier. "We have cried a lot, we have prayed a lot, but life continues," she says. "I have come to see that when God gives you a cross to carry, he always gives you the grace you need to bear it."

Rosa is a supernumerary member of Opus Dei and is the ninth of 16 siblings. Chema Postigo, who also belonged to Opus Dei, came from a family of 14. They got married young and aspired to have a family as large as those they came from. Their first child, however, was born with a congenital heart defect and was not expected to survive for long (although she actually lived till the age of 22). The second

and third children died in infancy. It was then that a doctor advised the couple not to have any more children.

But after much prayer and discernment they decided against this advice. "Nobody other than the spouses should enter the marriage bed," she explains, "not the doctor, or one's mother or mother-in-law, or the priest." Rosa and Chema resolved not to give up on their

How did they manage? They lived in an apartment in Barcelona with five bedrooms: two for boys, two for girls and one for the couple. In one of the boys' rooms, there is a four-level bunk bed and another two-level bunk bed with a spare bed for guests, since their children are positively encouraged to bring their friends home to play and to stay the night.

Each of the older children is assigned a younger sibling to look after, ensuring that they make their bed, eat enough, do their homework, clear their toys and get their clothes ready for the next day. Chores in the house are distributed monthly according to a schedule which is agreed by all. This allowed Chema to have a full-time job and Rosa to work part time in the mornings, while they spent many weekends travelling the world to help other couples make their



dream of a large family and went on to have 15 more children, all alive to this day, aged now from 25 down to seven. They became the parents of Spain's largest family and have appeared in documentaries in several countries including one made by the BBC.

families a success through a programme developed by the Family Development Foundation (FDF).

Rosa's daily schedule entails getting up early to go to Mass, then on to work as a sales executive in a textile firm, getting back home for lunch. Meanwhile, the children help

each other to get up, have breakfast, and travel to school and university.

Their dining table is round, with room for 20 people. This allows everyone to see and hear everyone else as the conversation around the dinner table is always very animated.

“We have three rules about our meals,” Rosa tells me. “First, you need to ensure the person to your right and to your left are served before you start eating. Secondly, when you get the tray of food, you should choose the worst for yourself, leaving the better portions for your siblings. And third, all of us, including mum and dad, should aim to do one small sacrifice in each meal.”

This sacrifice could be as simple as taking a bit more of what you don't like or a bit less of what you like, or delaying drinking the glass of water till the end of the meal – something small that shows solidarity with those who don't have enough to eat or are otherwise suffering.

These and many other experiences are collected in a book that Rosa wrote in 2013 and has now been translated into 10 languages, including Chinese. It was published in English by Scepter Publishers in New York this year, with the title *Rosa, What's Your Secret?: Raising a Large Family with Love*.

But isn't it very expensive to have such a large family? The Postigo-Pich family consumes 1,300 biscuits, 420 pints of milk and seven lots of a dozen eggs per month. But they are extremely careful where they buy their provisions, searching for the biggest discounts they can get. Every day one of the children walks to a bakery 15 minutes away from home because each loaf is 20 cents cheaper. This adds up to a saving of many euros per month. Sometimes the fridge becomes empty before the end of the month, so they have to skimp and make do with the basics until the next salary comes in.

In the last four months of Chema's life the couple were able to travel to six countries in three different continents to promote FDF

courses: South Korea, China, Ivory Coast, Portugal, Italy and Belarus. In the latter they had the distinct feeling they were being followed by KGB-type secret police who were about to deport them. But all was fine, and in fact they appeared in the main news programme in Minsk.

Chema felt ill during these months, losing almost two stone in weight. Eventually he went to hospital to have a number of tests. In late February, he was diagnosed with aggressive liver cancer with a metastasis in the lungs. Clearly he was not going to live much longer. He then called all his children together.

“Jesus is very good. He loves us a lot,” he told them. “He took Javi and Montse to himself when they were young and Carmina when she was 22. Now it is my turn.”

He then spoke to them one by one. Less than two weeks later he died.

The funeral was held in the largest church in Barcelona and was attended by more than 4,000 people from all over the world. At least 30 people told Rosa that Chema was their best friend. Each person who attended was given a rosary in a little pouch prepared by the children the day before. One of the people who came to the funeral said that “in the midst of the pain, these days we have touched heaven.”

Their son Gaby, 17, went to Rome for Holy Week and was able to greet Pope Francis personally after the Wednesday audience. Chema had written to the Pope, who had answered by sending his prayers and blessings. Gaby told the Holy Father that his father had died recently: would he have a message for his mother? Pope Francis said: “Tell your mother to always look up to heaven, as your father looks at her from there.”

How can Rosa cope as a young widow with so many children? Yet it is precisely having so many children which allows her to live surrounded by love. The week after the funeral there was a family meeting at which all the jobs done by Chema up to

then were distributed among the family members. Rosa admits that dealing with banks is not her forte and is happy that one of the older children has taken that on. As she puts it: “In a large family, joys are multiplied and sorrows are divided.”

Recently she spotted her 10-year-old reading the newspaper, something he had never done before. When she asked him, he said that dad would always explain the news to him every night but that now he had to find it out by himself.

Rosa knows she will never be alone. “The problem today in developed societies is loneliness,” she says, “something we have never known in our families.” She adds that, although having small children takes a lot of time and effort, the years of looking after them pass quickly, and then you have around you “these wonderful human beings, who will exist forever, forever, forever”.

Each child was a gift of God and there was nothing like it: “I have many friends,” Rosa says, “who later in life have one regret: not having had more children.” She believes this is the best present parents can give to their older children.

At school, many of the boys and girls want to be friends with her children because they are used to being generous and sharing their lives with others. “I believe in this house they are getting the best possible training to run multinationals,” she says, “because they learn to negotiate, to spot the needs of others, to make the case for their suggested course of action, to give in when needed, to ask for forgiveness when they make a mistake.”

What is the most important thing in a family, I ask her as we are finishing our conversation. She does not hesitate: “That the mum and dad love each other. Everything else comes from that.”

JACK VALERO is the press officer of Opus Dei UK and a founder of *Catholic Voices*. This article first appeared in the May 19, 2017 issue of the *Catholic Herald*.

Give a gift that will last a lifetime

YES ! Please send *ten issues* of **Annals Australasia** for twelve months commencing now to the person listed below for \$33 [normal rate] or \$26 [pensioner]

SEND GIFT TO

[Please print]

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode: _____ Phone: _____

Email _____

DONOR

[[Please print]]

Name _____

Address _____

Postcode: _____ Phone: _____

Email _____

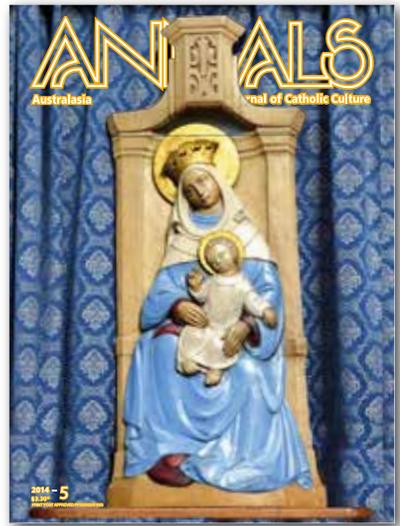
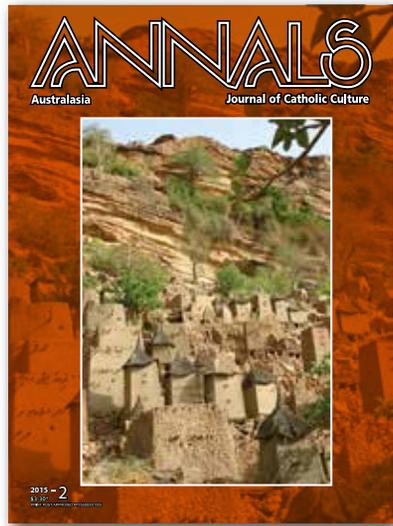
Cheque/M.O. enclosed
 Please debit my
 Visa Card
 Master Card

Subscription Amount: \$ _____
 Donation: \$ _____
TOTAL: \$ _____

_ _ _ _ / _ _ _ _ / _ _ _ _ / _ _ _ _

Expiry Date:/..... Signature

Contact us: Annals Australasia: PO Box 13, Kensington, NSW 2033.
Phone: 02-9662-7894; Fax: 02-9662-1910. Email: annalsaustralasia@gmail.com



For decades after the Italian capital was moved to Rome in 1870, the mood of successive governments was anti-clerical. For instance the new quarter, Prati, built alongside the Vatican, had streets placed purposely to prevent a view of St. Peter's dome.

REMOVING THE THORN

By Desmond O'Grady



ROME IS called the 'eternal city' and visitors are often unaware of the changes it has undergone.

In the earliest years of Rome the Vatican area was considered unhealthy, marshy even when not flooded by the Tiber, and under the influence of the hostile Etruscans.

Later Roman nobles began to cross the river to build villas there. It was also the site of a temple to the pagan goddess Cybele which functioned for some years during the Christian era. It was also the site of Emperor Nero's race course between the Janiculum and Vatican hills.

That was where St. Peter was crucified upside down and Emperor Constantine leveled the Vatican hill to build the first St. Peter's basilica to honour his tomb.

This drew pilgrims for whom national centres were packed into the area between the basilica and the Tiber along with other buildings. The centre for the Anglo-Saxons was on the site of the present-day hospital of

Santo Spirito in Sassia. In the 8th century several Anglo-Saxon kings from Wessex came to what they called 'the city of St Peter,' because they wanted to die near Peter's successor as he held the keys to heaven.

The buildings were so packed together that in 1499 two narrow streets were opened to allow pilgrims easier access to St. Peter's during the Jubilee of 1500. Rome's

urban history is linked to its Holy Years because transformations took place for most of them.

As the first St. Peter's, dating from the 4th century, was in bad shape, the current one was built around it between 1506 and 1626, in other words from the Renaissance period to the Baroque..

In 1657 Gian Lorenzo Bernini added the magnificent colonnades like open arms stretching into St.

Peter's square. He planned to add a further straight line of colonnade in front of the arms but fortunately some argued successfully that this would cancel the welcoming effect.

At that time the approach to the basilica was very different from what it is today. In front of the piazza, as already mentioned, was a built-up area which extended almost to the Tiber river and the Castel Sant'Angelo, some of it occupied by buildings for those working for the Roman Curia.

This block of buildings was flanked on either side by the narrow streets installed for the Jubilee of 1500.

The result was that pilgrims came abruptly on the huge space of the piazza with the extended arms of the colonnade which increased its surprise and its impact



St. Peter's, before the 'thorn' was removed

which was even stronger than what happens nowadays when you reach the extensive, elliptical *piazza Navona*. It was like the opening of a stage curtain on an extraordinary spectacle beneath the dome of St. Peter's.

Some veterans in Rome can still remember the 'contrast' effect because the buildings, in what was called *la spina* (the thorn), remained there until 1936.

For decades after the Italian capital was moved to Rome in 1870, the mood of the successive governments was anti-clerical. For instance the new quarter, Prati, built alongside the Vatican, had streets placed purposely to prevent a view of St. Peter's dome.

The Italian governments wanted to put their imprint on the papal city but it was a poor period for architects. Among the results were the erection of the massive 'typewriter' monument to the unknown soldier in central Rome in a startling white marble which clashes with the customary warmer tones, and the Palace of Justice by the Tiber which is sinking under its own excessive weight.

In 1929 the Lateran Pacts were signed by the Holy See and Italy, putting an end to the disputed questions between them which had lasted since the nation's unification. It was decided to celebrate this by building a broad thoroughfare between St. Peter's and the Tiber: *Via della Conciliazione*, whose name celebrates the reconciliation.

That meant removal of 'the thorn,' as the buildings that occupied the area were called. In October 1936, at the Tiber end, the head of the government Benito Mussolini, armed with a pick, began the demolition which took only a year. The new approach was designed by Marcello Piacentini, the leading architect of the Fascist era, whose simplified neo-classical style had a hint of imperial Rome.

But the 28 pylons which hold the street's lighting were not completed until the eve of the 1950 Jubilee. So the approach to

Coogee Real Estate

First National Real Estate Coogee was established in 1968. We have been in Coogee for 42 years and are the longest running agency in the Coogee District.

Annals readers who need the service of an Award Winning Real Estate Agency should contact: James Giltinan, son of the founder Robert Giltinan. James, along with his staff provide expertise in service and management that focuses on your needs and requirements. First national Real Estate Coogee has been the proud recipient of the Randwick City Business Excellence Awards in 2005 & 2009.

james@coogeefn.com.au



206 Coogee Bay Rd
COOGEE

coogerealestate.com.au

9665 3341

St. Peter's is a comparatively modern affair completed some quarter of a millennium after the basilica. Some aspects of the spine were saved by shifting them, such as the fountain which now functions somewhat forlornly before the church of Sant'Andrea della Valle over a mile distant.

At both the St. Peter's end and the Castel Sant'Angelo end, the Via della Conciliazione is flanked by Fascist-era buildings. In between there are several older buildings which deserve attention.

The Palazzo Torlonia at No 30 belonged to King Henry VII of England but, after his son broke relations with Rome, the Holy See seized it.

In No 34, for the last three years of his short life, lived a young painter who did a lot of work within the Vatican: Raphael.

Almost directly opposite is the Hotel Columbus in a building belonging once to the Della Rovere family which produced two popes:

Sixtus IV 1471- 94) who built the Sistine Chapel; and the 'warrior pope,' Julius II (1503- 1513).

Via della Conciliazione connects St. Peter's more easily with the city centre and can take big jubilee crowds but it is out-of-character with much of papal Rome: it is pompous, like a copy of a French boulevard, which suggests you doff your cap because you are approaching Power whereas papal Rome's traditional style is startling cheek-by-jowl, the popular alongside the monumental as you get when, at a few steps from the flower market (in the Piazza dei Fiori) you come across the magnificent Palazzo Farnese.

The Thorn did not stress that you were approaching something important, it startled you into recognizing it.

DESMOND O'GRADY is a Rome-based Australian freelance writer.



Few sensible people I have ever met are discriminatory in terms simply of nationality, 'race' or skin colour. Indeed the great success of post-war integration in Australia relied on a happy mingling of nationalities largely because initially, at least, many such immigrants were of European origin and thus the sharers of generic, if differing, forms of Christian belief.

FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS

By Giles Auty



THOSE OF you who have been kind enough to follow the themes of my writing in this and other magazines over the past 20 or so years will probably need no persuading of my consistent opposition not just to some but to virtually every aspect of the phenomenon of our times known as postmodernism.

Since their advent half a century ago, each aspect has played its distinctive role in the steady undermining, brainwashing and destruction of the unique Western civilization into which I was lucky enough to be born.

During my working life which has included travel to over 30 countries, I have been fortunate enough to see a good proportion of the world's finest civic and religious buildings, museums and collections of art to say nothing of glorious stretches of highly varied countryside.

Indeed France, Spain, Italy, Holland, Belgium and Switzerland are hardly less familiar to me than the country of my birth and I have a reasonable working knowledge also of Germany, Denmark, Portugal and the Republic of Ireland. My paternal ancestors were French and my odd-seeming surname itself stems simply from the name of an ancient village in South West France.

The Strange Death of Europe
by Douglas Murray (Bloomsbury
2017, 320pp \$34.95)

In short, Western Europe and its history could be said to be in the marrow of my bones. Whether or not this makes me a suitable writer about Douglas Murray's stirring new book *The Strange Death of Europe* may be debatable – but it certainly makes me a passionate one.

Douglas Murray, whom I have never met, is Associate Editor of *The Spectator*, the British magazine for which I wrote some 500 articles

myself prior to coming to Australia. Among his other accomplishments as a writer, Mr. Murray is an excellent and very persistent investigative journalist. He is thus able to present compelling – and to my mind utterly tragic – evidence that the Europe I have known and loved since childhood may already have become beyond saving.

What unutterable idiocy has persuaded the human race to destroy and despoil the time-honoured jewel in its civilizational crown?

“Never send to know for whom the bell tolls, it tolls for thee”. How the chilling words written by John Donne nearly 400 years ago resonate down the ages and how apposite his sentiment seems now regarding the possible fate of Europe.

The first words of Mr. Murray's introduction to his book read: “Europe is committing suicide. Or at least its leaders have decided to commit suicide. Whether the European people choose to go along with this is, naturally, another matter”.

Today we have become sadly accustomed to being lied to by our politicians on a daily basis and many voters feel increasingly and understandably cynical as a result. But the terrible truth is that the wishes of mere ‘people’ have seemingly come to matter less and less to a point of now hardly mattering at all – except perhaps



when elections draw near and cosy political livelihoods, pensions and perks are at stake.

Almost everything I dislike about the postmodern world has largely been imposed on us – very often today without our agreement or even knowledge. For example, did you personally agree to let at least 200,000 additional new migrants a year settle in Australia? Indeed, did you even have any idea at all that this is now happening?

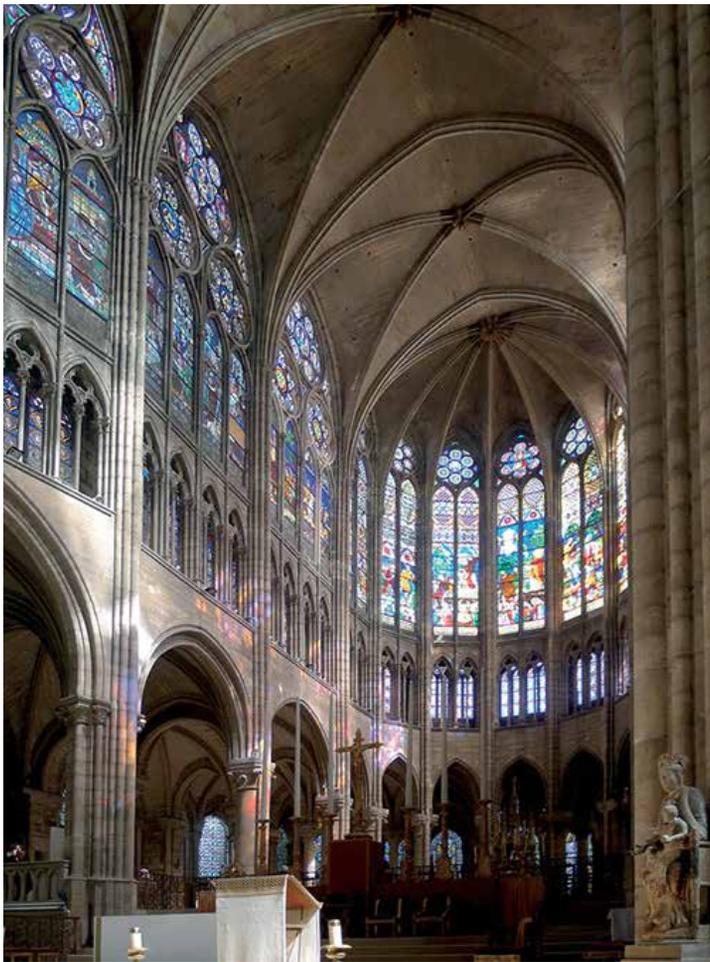
Quite early in his book, Mr. Murray refers to public concern about levels of immigration in Britain from as far back as almost half a century ago: “An April 1968 poll by Gallup found that 75% of the British public believed that controls on immigration were not strict enough. That figure would soon rise to 83%.

At this point there arose the only moment when immigration briefly had the potential to become a major political issue. In that same month the then Conservative shadow cabinet minister Enoch Powell gave a speech to a Conservative association in Birmingham that opened out the debate but just as quickly closed it down”.

Today Mr. Powell’s famous ‘rivers of blood’ speech may seem not just oddly apposite but truly prophetic yet almost its sole consequence at the time was the instant destruction of his political career. The late Mr. Powell, whom I knew, was an extremely well educated, responsible and intelligent man who could not possibly, in my view, have made a worse Prime Minister than the man who dismissed him: Edward Heath.

In the period shortly following the Second World War mass immigration was believed to be necessary in many European countries because of a great shortage of workers willing to fill low-paid jobs. In Germany, the latter became the particular province of Turkish immigrants whereas in Britain early mass immigration was at least partly from the West Indies.

Many such immigrants worked



The Basilica of St Denis, Paris. The bodies of French kings and queens that lay here were desecrated by French revolutionaries during the revolution.

subsequently in London’s public transport system and I recall especially the case of a very recent immigrant from Jamaica who crashed the bus he was driving by ‘going much too fast in icy conditions’ according to the magistrate who tried his case. But as the driver protested quite truthfully in court “What *is* ice exactly?” Jamaica, of course, is a tropical island.

In days when I played serious cricket I had a number of West Indian friends yet on the other side of that particular coin three other close friends who lived in suburbs adjoining the North bank of the Thames were set upon, injured and robbed by groups of young men of West Indian origin who crossed the river from conveniently adjacent suburbs lying to the South for that specific purpose.

Almost everyone then living in London was well aware of that specific problem yet was forbidden even to speak about it by London’s then Commissioner of Police. To do so would have been deemed ‘racist’ apparently – even thirty years ago.

What has happened in Britain and Europe is that various, often unpopular measures have been put in place by relatively recent governments which have subsequently proved problematic to say the least. Instead of making any attempt to solve such problems the ‘postmodern’ strategy has generally consisted of trying to prevent any of us from discussing such problems openly – principally by curbing our freedom of speech.

Few sensible people I have ever met are discriminatory in terms simply of nationality, ‘race’ or skin colour. Indeed the great success of post-war integration in Australia relied on a happy mingling of nationalities largely because initially, at least, many such immigrants were of European origin and thus the sharers of generic, if differing forms of Christian belief.

However, for growing numbers of self-styled atheists who claim not

to believe in any God, all forms of religious belief are characterised increasingly today as some kind of anachronistic superstition worthy only of ridicule. In theory, at least, such irreligious people would be as happy to live in Pakistan as in Poland yet might soon come to learn what the true differences would be if they ever tried to reside in the former. For me, multiculturalism is purely an invented, man-made virtue which is calculated to appeal largely to untravelled or otherwise ignorant and uneducated minds.

In the course of almost exactly five centuries, finishing in 1770, the following were born - with only one notable exception - in Continental Europe: Dante, Leonardo, Michelangelo, Titian, Shakespeare, Velazquez, Rembrandt, J.S.Bach, Handel, Goethe, Mozart and Beethoven.

Because of a history of writing primarily about culture such a chronological list sits fairly easily in my mind. Yet try now before we continue further to imagine a world in which such extraordinary talents had never existed. Then add a further dozen names of great scientific and other inventors and of religious and other persons of outstanding virtue to my list.

Can you even begin to imagine a world in which a recognisable Europe and its unparalleled historical influence in human affairs had either never existed at all - or will never do so again from the imminent future onwards?

The latter is the possibility which Douglas Murray sets before us now in his excellently argued and painstakingly researched book. In short this is not a book of 'lofty' opinions about the manner in which Western Europe has been increasingly overrun by would-be immigrants from Northern and sub-Saharan Africa and the Middle East.

The author personally interviewed people who had made desperate and frequently dangerous journeys to often obscure

Mediterranean islands in the hope of thus beginning a 'European' and by definition infinitely better life than was ever possible in their homelands. Who, on the face of it, could be unsympathetic to such a cause?

In my recent book *Culture at Crisis Point* I tell a story of driving through the Northern Paris suburb of Saint Denis. Every second person seemed to have a transistor radio to his ear back in that early autumn evening of 1973. What on earth was the cause?

The answer was the start of the so-called Yom Kippur war in which Arab states seemed to prosper initially in their fight to destroy Israel. All the men in question were Muslims who had ironically 'colonised' the suburb where French kings and queens were traditionally buried. Yet more ironically still that suburb contains the tomb of Charles Martel, the Frankish leader who a century after the death of Mohammed forced the Muslim armies back at the Battle of Tours. Had his army not succeeded no other power in Europe could have stopped the Muslim armies from conquering the continent. Today, however, rather more than a millennium later, Saint Denis bears a greater resemblance to North Africa than to France.

Two of the still faintly flickering but genuine virtues of the Western world remain kindness and compassion which are historic relics, for the most part, from a time when Christian teaching was pervasively influential in at least some areas of our planet. Unlike the purely invented postmodernist 'virtue' of multiculturalism, kindness and compassion are thus true virtues in their own right.

Of course, well-meaning people in the West often feel deeply about the economic circumstances of other grossly disadvantaged inhabitants of our planet but, to me at least, sensible thinking dictates at the same time that we question the precise nature of their feelings towards us. Do they wish

to become part of what was once a predominantly Christian and civilized world or would they prefer to replace it entirely - by violent means if necessary?

Sweden seems already to have lost control of its landmass completely whereas Poland and Hungary, say, are deeply resistant to changing the historic nature of their countries by being forced to accept immigrants who have no knowledge or interest in such matters. Of all stalwart European nations Poland, which is predominantly Catholic, most deserves our respect having suffered under both Hitler and Stalin followed by four decades of communist rule.

As Mr. Murray rightly points out communism as an ideology and social system has been entirely discredited and gullible fools such as Bernard Shaw and Jean-Paul Sartre have by now been exposed as such to clear-minded people.

Immigration has become the biggest issue of our time.

Here is another telling quote from Mr. Murray's book, this time about England: "...there are various claims as to how this post -1997 immigration surge occurred. One, famously made in 2009 by a former Labour speech-writer was that Tony Blair's government willfully eased the immigration rules because they wanted to 'rub the Right's nose in diversity' and create an electorate... which would be loyal to the Labour Party".

Where have we heard such a story before?

It is Mr. Murray's assertion that the Muslim invasion of Europe, successfully repelled by Charles Martel in the year 742, may within our lifetimes become accomplished, largely through our decades of inattention, by other less obvious means

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*.



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

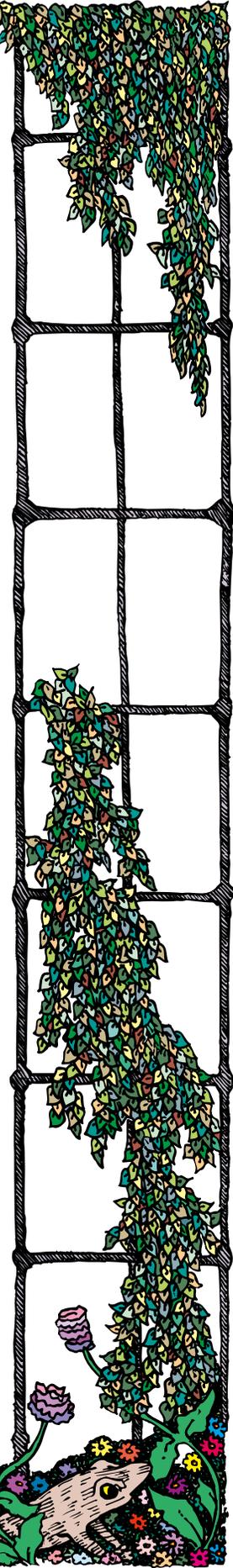
IT IS POSSIBLE, as we have seen, for those who are determined to do so, to explain away [the Church's] miracles; it is possible to make out excellent reasons for her success in uniting those whom nationality divided; it is possible to account for her sanctity by psychological arguments upon temperaments and the power of suggestion; it is possible to meet her philosophy with another philosophy, her statistics by other statistics, and her arguments by answers.

But is it possible to meet the phenomenon of her age-long Resurrection by any explanation that will not break down -- to account, on secular or social principles, for the fact that while she has met reverses which no other religion or empire or society has ever been called upon to meet, yet she is more vital than them all? That she is as young and as active as she was a thousand years ago, as much an obstacle to all worldly politicians, as much an offense to all who seek another ideal than hers, as much a scandal and a stumbling-block to her critics, as she was when Nero ruled or Elizabeth tyrannized or Arius or Voltaire sneered.

For I see through her eyes, the Eyes of God to shine; and through her lips I hear His words. In each of her hands as she raises them to bless, I see the wounds that dripped on Calvary, and her feet upon her Altar stairs are signed with the same marks as those which the Magdalene kissed. As she comforts me in the confessional I hear the voice that bade the sinner go and sin no more; and as she rebukes or pierces me with blame I shrink aside trembling with those who went out one by one, beginning with the eldest, till Jesus and the penitent were left alone.

As she cries her invitation through the world I hear the same ringing claim as that which called, 'Come unto me and find rest to your souls'; as she drives those who profess to serve her from her service I see the same flame of wrath that scourged the changers of money from the temple courts.

— Robert Hugh Benson, *Christ in the Church, A Volume of Religious Essays*, Herder, St. Louis, 1913, Part IV, Chapter 3: The Resurrection. Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson, 1871-1914, was the son and sixth and youngest child of Archbishop Edward White Benson, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1883-1896. A minister of the Church of England, he was received into the Catholic Church in 1903, and ordained priest in 1904.



Some future historian may find it mystifying that the combination of eighteenth century British empiricism and nineteenth century German philosophy could have led to the de-Christianization of Europe, destroying in less than two centuries what Western Culture took over two millennia to build.

DUMBING DOWN THE VIRTUE OF RELIGION

By Jude P. Dougherty



HERE IS an obligation to know God, and to fail to meet that obligation is not to err intellectually, but to sin morally. Belief is not a privilege but a duty. Man's knowledge or lack of it depends wholly on the attitude of his will and desires toward God."

Those are not my words but those of John Dewey, a newly minted Ph.D from Johns Hopkins University, speaking to the Christian Association at the University of Michigan in 1884. Dewey was not yet the naturalist or materialist he was to become.

Within little more than a decade, perhaps under the influence of Emil Durkheim and Frederick Schleiermacher, not to mention David Hume, Dewey changed his perspective.

In a new take on the subject, he voiced respect for religion because of its value as a "motivator," and to some extent for its moral component, but even the latter he came to question. "God," in his later thought, became an *ideal*, the imaginative personification of "the values we chose to hold dear." Given that God does not exist, Dewey saw no warrant for worship or for religion and inveighed against both.

It is not clear to what extent Dewey was familiar with classical conceptions of God at the time he wrote of "Our Obligation to Know God." His references to Plato and Aristotle were usually in the form of rejections.

It is the function of philosophy, he proclaimed, to challenge the inherited. To be sure, Aristotle's God was not a god to be worshiped, but one can make the case that Plato's *Summum Bonum* i.e. 'Most Perfect Good,' was worthy of



homage. For their part, neither Plato nor Aristotle could embrace Zeus, the providential god of folklore who determined the general course of events by maintaining order in the universe.

Zeus, it was thought, imparted to kings the principles by which they gave justice to their subjects, and it was Zeus who was the protector of

suppliants and strangers and who would punish any offence against them. These and other Aristotelian and Neo-Platonic ideas return in Islamic thought, notably in Alfarabi, Avicenna, and Averroes.

We may take Alfarabi as an example. Known in the Arab world as the "Second Teacher," after Aristotle, he entertained a conception of the universe as "one thoroughly ordered, with everything occurring within it to be part of an integrated whole." There is a first cause that is perfect in every respect, with nothing prior to it.

Alfarabi's universe is a hierarchical one. The first cause is distinct, complete and one, without matter, and ought to be thought of as divine, as the object of religious practice. In *The Political Regime*, after a discussion of first and secondary causes, there follows an explanation of how human beings fit into the cosmic order, and how political life allows them to fulfill their purpose, namely, the achievement of human perfection and ultimate happiness.

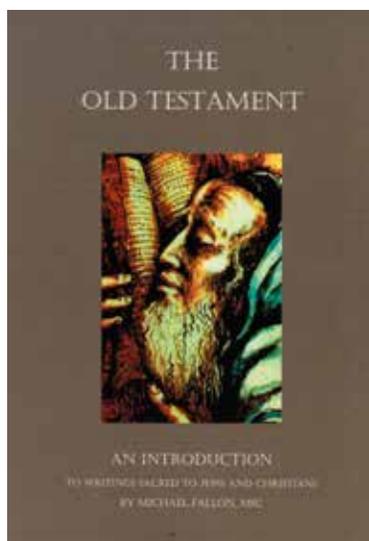
Alfarabi enumerates the reasons human beings associate and how civic life can be arranged to meet human need. He emphasizes the importance of religion for the social unification of all citizens. It is worth noting that Alfarabi's *The Political Regime* is still influential in the Islamic world. The Ayatollah Ali

From Chevalier Press

The Old Testament

MICHAEL FALLON, MSC

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



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

Price **\$30**

[includes postage in Australia + GST]

Available now from

CHEVALIER PRESS PO Box 13,
Kensington NSW 2033

Ph: (02) 9662 7894, Fax: (02) 9662 1910

Email : chevalierpress@gmail.com

ASK FOR A LIST OF OUR OTHER
CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS

Khamenei is known to quote him, as well as Plato and Aristotle, in some of his discourses.

Perhaps it was not until modernity that religion began to be regarded solely for its social utility, i.e., the promotion of selfless activity on behalf of the sick, the poor, the traveller, and others in need.

In the minds of many, concern for the poor has become the foremost identifying mark of religion. Within the West, secular agencies and anti-Christian governments alike profess to be concerned for the poor, but often for suspect motivations.

Where the social utility of religion is promoted, the true meaning of religion is likely to be neglected; worship and the things pertaining to worship are not likely to be addressed. Need one be reminded that concern for the poor did not build the great cathedrals and monastic edifices of Europe, but love of God did, as communities placed their wealth and art in the service of worship? Clearly Christianity is at odds with August Comte's "religion of humanity."

A recent work, *Interpreting the Middle Ages*, Charles Fried, brings to mind another kind of social utility that was addressed in the early Middle Ages by two extraordinary men, Pope Gregory the Great (590-604) and the Frankish Emperor Charlemagne (747-814).

Gregory is known to theologians for his *Commentaries on the Book of Job* and for his *Book of Pastoral Rule*. In Fried's judgment, it is the latter book that proved to be a seminal text for the governance of the Church insofar as it helped define the role of bishops and other Church leaders, not only with respect to the internal affairs, but with respect to the Church's relation to civic authority. Gregory, Fried tells the reader, made special efforts to secure correctness and uniformity in liturgical practice throughout the empire.

Two hundred years after Gregory, it was under Charlemagne that

the Church was to become firmly integrated into the Emperor's ruling system. Charlemagne regarded the prosperity of a religious culture to be in the interest of the empire and he acted accordingly.

His religious initiative was aimed first and foremost at promoting the worship of God and the liturgical reform it entailed. In Fried's account, Charlemagne believed that "in order not to offend the Lord, religious service called for correct liturgical language, error-free Latin, proper liturgical plainsong, and reliable scholarship."

In order to achieve his ecclesiastical reform, Charlemagne requested from Pope Adrian I the Roman Missal and from Pope Hadran I a definitive collection of canon law.

Given that the proper organization of the Church was seen as important to the empire, bishops were charged by the Emperor with the education of their clergy.

The fulfilment of that charge became the origin of the cathedral schools, which in the late Middle Ages became the embryos from which the great universities of Europe grew. From the tenth century on, dialectics and the sciences flourished in the cathedral schools that initially vied with exceptional monastery schools, but eventually the urban cathedral schools of Chartres, Reims, Leon, and Paris outstripped the latter.

It is important to remember that the era of Charlemagne heralded the dawning of a new age of reason. At that time scholars in the West were just beginning to absorb the first books of Aristotle's *Organon* in the original translation by Boethius.

By the High Middle Ages, Aristotle's entire *oeuvre* had become known to the West through successive waves of reception. Under Charlemagne's reign, and at his insistence, the seven liberal arts were resurrected. The study of Aristotle's *Categories* and Ciceronian rhetoric was encouraged. Aristotle soon became the mentor figure

of Western logic. Charlemagne's personal thirst for knowledge and the enrichment of his library saved many an ancient text. His favorite book is said to have been Augustine's *City of God*.

Discussions of religion as a virtue and its role in society predate Christianity. The Greek mind had a well-developed sense of "piety," in the sense of the virtue that it disposed one to acknowledge debt, e.g., to one's parents, to one's country, to the wellsprings of one's own being.

In Plato's *Euthyphro* Socrates discusses piety, which is that part of justice which concerns attention to the gods, the remaining part of justice concerns the service of men. The virtue of justice binds all other virtues into a harmony and brings unity to the person as a whole. What does attention to the gods mean? The gods are not benefited or brought to a greater degree of perfection by anything that men do. The kind of attention Socrates has in mind involves a certain kind of

service, a committing of one's self to divine service. Prayer and sacrifice are modes of service. Such acts as honour, praise, and gratitude, it was thought, bring salvation to individuals, families, and states.

On the subject of prayer, Xenophon records that Socrates' ideal was "to pray for that which is good, without further specification, believing that the gods know best what is good." In *Alcibiades II*, Plato has Socrates approve this old Spartan prayer: "Give us, O King Zeus, what is good, whether we pray for it or not, and avert from us the evil, even if we pray for it." Socrates' ideal of prayer is also shown in a beautiful prayer to Pan that occurs at the end of the *Phaedrus*: "O beloved Pan, and all ye other gods of this place, grant to me that I may be made beautiful in my soul within, and that all external possessions be in harmony with my inner man. May I consider the wise man rich; and may I have such wealth as only the self-restrained man can bear or endure." He then

turns to Phaedrus and asks, "Do we need anything more, Phaedrus? For me that prayer is enough."

Unlike Plato, Aristotle provides no significant texts on the subject of religion. There is no doubt, however, that Aristotle argues to a number of concepts associated with the divine, e.g., to an immaterial order of being, to a first efficient cause, to an ultimate cause which draws all things to itself, and to a self-thinking intellect. Yet one would look in vain for a text in which he prescribes homage or piety.

Marcus Tullius Cicero writing in the century before Christ regarded social organization as closely related to the divine.

In his *De Legibus III* he considers, first, the means by which the State should endeavour to win the favor of the gods and, second, the ways in which the state under divine favour should live and function.

In the first case the State acts through religious ceremony and priestly order, in the other through magistrates and groupings of the chief men and people. Cicero then sets forth a code of religious laws, introduced by a preamble in which he urges all citizens of the ideal commonwealth to believe implicitly in the supremacy of the deathless gods. For the gods not only govern the universe, but they also perceive and record the acts and feelings of each individual. Accordingly, if reverence does not of itself inspire adoration, prudence will at least suggest the expediency of the worship of those beings who will be both witnesses against us and judges of our conduct.

Seneca and Macrobius were to follow the lead of Cicero, and St. Thomas in his day would draw upon all three in treating religion as the payment of a debt. The formal acknowledgment of any indebtedness, says Thomas, whether it be to parents, nation, or God, is an act of piety. Thomas's most extended treatment of worship is found in the *Summa Theologiae* wherein he examines the

Not just the Catholic Church

TO ANYONE, however, acquainted with ecclesiastical history, the wonder will be not that Catholicism has partly lost the creative power it possessed in medieval times, but that it continues to exist at all. For a century past a series of hurricanes have swept upon the Western Church, which have reduced her policy to a desperate struggle for very existence. Perhaps no Church since the days of the Roman Empire has endured - and survived - so tremendous a persecution as that to which the Gallican Church was subjected at the close of the eighteenth century. In Italy a strong anti-Catholic movement, engendered by the secret societies, has culminated in the destruction of the Temporal Power, and is now again developing into a legislative policy, which will still further weaken and oppress the Italian clergy. In Germany the Catholics are just emerging from the obligations of the Falk laws. Everywhere education has passed out of the hands of the Church. The old universities are either Protestant or secularized, the primary schools are passing into the hands of the State. So complete is the de-Catholization of Europe, that at the Vatican Council - Rome's last appeal to the nations - representatives of the Catholic States were for the first time omitted from the Papal invitations. As Cardinal Antonelli said in his despatch to the Nuncio at Paris, 'If the Holy See has not thought fit to invite Catholic princes to the Council, as it did on other occasions, everyone will easily understand that this is chiefly to be attributed to the changed circumstances of the times.' But it is not the Latin Church alone which is threatened. Christianity itself is menaced.

- Frederick Stokes, Introduction, *The Dark Ages* by S.R. Maitland, John Hodges, London, 1890, p.vii, viii.
Neither Stokes nor Maitland was Catholic.

The Good Shepherd

THE Good Shepherd rejoiced more over the one that was found, than over all the others. The sheep and the shepherd in the story do not refer simply to an ordinary sheep and to the shepherd of dumb beasts. The whole story has a sacred meaning and it warns us not to think of any man as lost or beyond hope. We must not easily despair of those who are in danger or be slow to help them. If they stray from the path of virtue, we should lead them back and rejoice in their return.

— St Asterius of Amasea in the Black Sea region of modern-day Turkey, contemporary of St John Chrysostom 347-407 AD

moral and ceremonial precepts of the old law (I-II, q. 100 ff.).

In other passages, he discusses religion from an etymological point of view. In both the *Summa Theologiae* and the *Summa Contra Gentiles* he looks to the origin of the term itself. St. Augustine, he says, found the origin of the word *religio* in the verb *re eligere* (to re-elect), Cicero in the verb *re legit* (to ponder over, to read again), and Lactantius in the verb *religare* (to bind back) (II-II, q. 81, a. 1).

Thomas discusses all three views without dismissing any, although in a number of passages he seems to favour the last, which more directly connotes the bond which he takes to be the heart of religion. That binding of man to God, says Thomas, flows from several sources. Because God is a being of infinite excellence and worth, man owes him reverence; because God is his creator and the source of all that he possesses, man owes him service; and because God is man's last end, man owes him love.

In the *de Veritate*, Thomas addresses the presuppositions of religion by offering an analysis of the act of faith on which it is based. Belief, he holds, is a rational act residing in the judgment act of the intellect, not in simple apprehension.

We believe or disbelieve true or false statements. What is known and accepted on faith is rational insofar as it complements or perfects what is known through experience and reason. Thus it may be said that between a natural worldview and that provided by faith there is a continuum.

Belief is definitely not the satisfaction of a psychological need, nor does it involve a dramatic shift in perspective, as if a darkened intellect suddenly comes to light. A natural knowledge of nature and human nature opens the way for the truths of Revelation, truths which reinforce and supplement reason. Thus it was understood by Justin Martyr, a Greek who flourished in the mid-decades of the second century after Christ.

Justin brought to his analysis and defence of the faith knowledge of Plato, Aristotle, Pythagoras, and the Stoics. Philosophy, he taught, leads to Christianity as its fulfillment. Pagan philosophy, he maintained, is not to be feared, for it is consistent with biblical teaching.

Marius Victorinus, Boethius, and Augustine in the third and fourth centuries followed in Justin's footsteps. Clement of Alexandria was similarly convinced that knowledge of Greek philosophy was essential for an understanding and defence of the faith.

Jewish law and Greek philosophy, he held, are the two rivers from whose confluence Christianity sprung forth. Clearly the faith as taught by these Fathers was more than a preaching of the Gospels.

Their teaching was equally grounded in the *Acts of the Apostles*, in the Epistles, and in the natural intelligence by which one seeks to understand the teachings of Christ and their implications. The New Testament, Clement taught, presents not only the life of Jesus

but the response and reaction of those who experienced his life. There are consequences to the acceptance of the Gospels wherein Christ reveals the nature of the Godhead itself and presents himself as "The Way, the Truth, and the Life." As both Gregory the Great and Charlemagne recognized, the definition, conservation, and development of those truths become an important function of the religious body itself.

From a sociological point of view, a fact that cannot be ignored is that religious practice or its lack has cultural implications. Religion both presupposes and promotes virtue in the individual and morality in the people. A communal expression of faith through worship cannot take place without a common recognition of an obligation to honor God.

Here is where philosophy enters the picture. As Leo XIII recognized in *Aeterni Patris*, philosophy either opens one to religious belief or closes it down as an intellectual option.

I chose John Dewey's intellectual journey to open this essay because of the tremendous influence he has had on shaping public education in the United States. The German philosopher Ludwig Feuerbach could have been chosen as well. His work, *Essence of Christianity* may have had greater influence world-wide than Dewey. Certainly Karl Marx and Friedrich Engels were strongly influenced by it.

Some future historian may find it mystifying that the combination of eighteenth century British empiricism and nineteenth century German philosophy could have led to the de-Christianization of Europe, destroying in less than two centuries what Western Culture took over two millennia to build.

PROFESSOR JUDE DOUGHERTY 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*.

Catholics know only too well that merely stating their traditional beliefs about gay marriage, abortion or IVF in the public square can trigger others into such nervous frenzies of denunciation that they may need psychological help to recover.

TOLERANCE, DIVERSITY AND PSYCHOLOGICAL FRAGILITY

By Wanda Skowronska



USTRALIAN PSYCHIATRIST Ahmed Tanveer has wondered why so many people get offended so easily these days.

In an article entitled 'Australia's Nervous Breakdown: "Trauma" for various perceived "offences" is now the new national disorder', he notes that the undercurrent of our debates on the limits of free speech, particularly around race or sexuality, is the 'growing construction of vulnerability'.¹

Without denying the reality of trauma Tanveer says that the word 'trauma' is now misused for every perceived offence by someone - particularly by those who are politically correct and cannot bear a view different from their own.

Catholics know this only too well as merely stating their traditional beliefs about gay marriage, abortion or IVF in the public square can trigger others into such nervous frenzies of denunciation that they may need psychological help to recover.

When the Catholic Archbishop of Hobart described marriage as a 'heterosexual union between a man and a woman', he so deeply 'offended' Federal Greens

candidate Martine Delaney in 2015 that she/he lodged a complaint to the Tasmanian Anti-Discrimination Board.²

More recently, students at Cornell University were so shocked at Donald Trump's election victory, that they had a campus 'crying'. Some colleges across the US provided tissues, hot chocolate, therapy dogs and play-dough.

In the past people stoically

US cancelled classes and exams, offered emergency counselling and dog and colouring book therapies after Trump's victory.

Such *emergency counselling* is usually used at times of crisis such as when 9/11 occurred.³ One can imagine how that went down with those Russian viewers who were survivors of Stalinist era gulags.

What has happened to western society? Are people really so utterly harmed if they experience offence, that they can no longer engage in conversation as rational citizens? Have we forgotten the communication skill of agreeing to disagree in a civilised, rational manner?

Once, people with opposing views could go to the Domain and state their objections to each other, using facts, reasoning, some humour and colourful rhetoric. Have we already reached such a state of incivility where, as James Schall says:

Force seems increasingly to substitute for reason and compromise. No common agreement can be found when the very first principles of reason are said to be mere opinions, when they are based on what we will have, not on what it is right to have.

It is sobering to witness this process in which the truth of a statement is not to be weighed on



accepted election results they did not like. No more it seems - many have grown very emotionally fragile and cannot cope and scream in disgust. Media images of crying Democrats of all ages were beamed around the world. Television station *Russia Today* announced that colleges and schools across the

Jesus foundation of our Life (1Cor 3,11)

KINGS DO NOT live in houses empty of goods; it is not there that they make their home. But a complete furnishing of his house is demanded by the king in such a way that he lacks nothing ... It is the same with the man who has become a dwelling place for Christ, the Messiah: he supplies what is fitting for the service of the Messiah who dwells within him and for those things that will give him satisfaction. And so, the first thing he does is construct his building on rock, namely the Messiah himself.

On this rock is set faith and the whole building rises on top of this faith. So that the house may become a place where he can live, a pure fast is asked of him, founded on faith. Pure prayer is asked of him, received in faith. Love is necessary to him, set up on faith. Then, too, he must offer alms, given with faith. Let him ask for humility, loved with faith. Let him take to himself virginity, cherished in faith. Let him bring into his house holiness, planted on faith. And let him also meditate on wisdom, discovered in faith. Let him also ask for himself the condition of a stranger, whose worth is in faith. He will need simplicity, mixed with faith. And let him also ask for patience, fulfilled in faith. Through his gentleness may he acquire insight, which is gained through faith. Behold, these are the works the Messiah King asks for – the King who dwells within those who build themselves up by such works as these.

Indeed, faith is composed of things and adorns itself in many colours, for it is like a building constructed with numerous materials whose edifice rises up on high... So it is with our faith: its foundation is the true rock, our Lord Jesus, the Messiah... This foundation forms the base of the whole structure. If anyone attains faith, that person is set on rock, namely our Lord Jesus, the Messiah. And his building will not be overcome by floods nor endangered by winds; it will not fall in tempests since this building stands on rock, the true foundation.

- Saint Aphraates [died around AD 345], monk and Bishop at Nineveh, near Mosul in present day Iraq, *Expositions* no.1 (SC 349, p.210 rev.)

its own merits in public discourse but on the fact that the identity of the speaker and listener now determine its value.

When Kellyanne Conway was appointed as senior advisor to Donald Trump, the feminists might have applauded her achievement but it was not so. The politically correct media *chatterati* found out that Kellyanne was Catholic - and even worse publicly pro-life and pro-traditional family – and this led to strong disapproval of her, no matter what her achievement.

If only she had been pro-gay marriage and pro-abortion all would have been acceptable for the new ruling media *nomenklatura*. As it is, she is a feminist's worst nightmare – an intelligent working woman, who loves her family, and

is uncompromisingly Catholic in all her moral views.

Intelligent working women are not supposed to have such moral views in the radical feminists' universe.

While 'diversity' is championed, and hence supposedly tolerance of all views - in reality it is not. The proponents of 'diversity' do not tolerate traditional religious views on marriage and life but loudly insist that previously morally rejected sexual proclivities, no matter how perverse or extreme, are normal. For 'diversity' is the new 'virtue word' of our media and institutions. It aims to evoke positive feelings rather than convey any meaningful information.

This call for diversity has even infiltrated some Catholic

universities as Anthony Esolen, American professor of Renaissance studies at Catholic Providence College on Rhode Island found out. He was the object of some foaming wrath and angst when he dared to look into the use of the word 'diversity', as a man of letters might. He came to lament his Catholic college's caving into political correctness in its manipulative misuse of the word as a political slogan.

For example, the phrase *Celebrate Diversity* was brightly emblazoned on a conspicuous campus mural, and the school's website prominently featured a four-page Diversity Program which of course involved tolerating just about anything. Esolen asked if diversity were not being preached now as the universal value for every culture.⁴

In using it, he asked if Catholics were not surrendering their traditional beliefs to a push for tolerance of every sexual proclivity, in reality morphing into a political movement which is, for all its talk, is really a totalitarian push for homogeneity.

Esolen made the point that the church has always been a splendid many-cultured church so why have some forgotten this and the church's beliefs to chant the new 'diversity' mantra?

The result of his questioning? Esolen was publicly vilified by some students, faculty, and even the administration of the university (which ironically has the acronym PC) in a collective outrage that accused him of the crimes of 'racism, sexism, and every other kind of prejudice'.⁵

The emotional fragility that explodes when such virtue words are questioned is in reality a totalitarian form of bullying others into agreement.

This retreat from public support for traditional beliefs into emotional mantras like 'diversity', is nothing less than a retreat from reason. When he was Pope, Saint John Paul II, in *Veritatis Splendor*, spoke of a more

widespread 'deep seated distrust of reason' in the western world.⁶ For the very capacity to discern truth is not trusted any longer, and refuge is taken in subjective comfort states. When a statement is made often the listener will reply 'I am comfortable with that'. Truth is not the issue, comfort is.

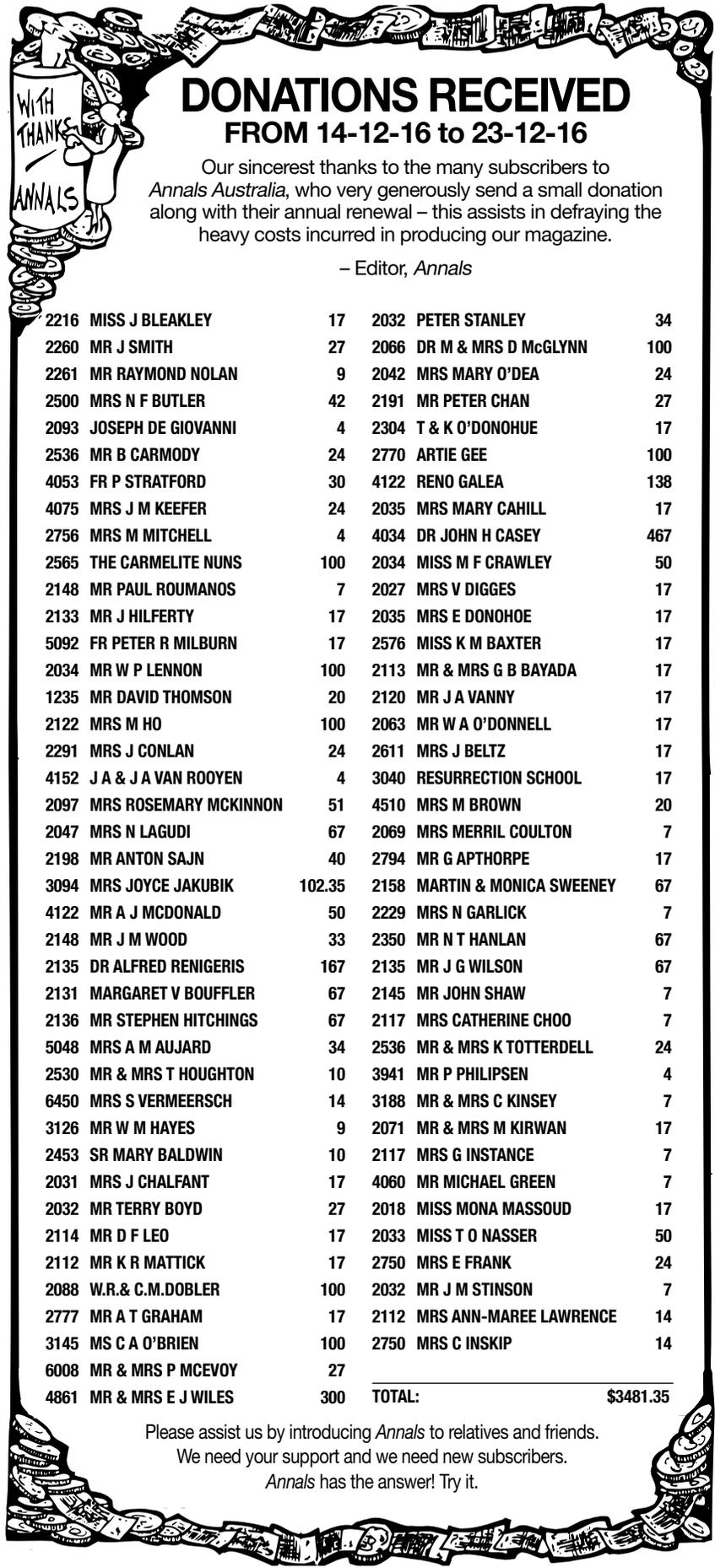
If you discomfort people, you could be traumatising them in triggering what is called 'micro-aggression' - which causes psychological harm and immediately labels you as guilty as if you had appeared as a political enemy of the state in a Soviet show trial in the 1930s.

Micro-aggression is commonly defined now as 'a comment or action that subtly and often unconsciously or unintentionally expresses a prejudiced attitude toward a member of a marginalized group'.⁷ For example if you speak to a transgender in a way that indicates the wrong gender, or if you speak about marriage being traditional, you have been guilty of micro-aggression if you are addressing people who are not comfortable with that. The offence is in the eyes of the perceiver.

The thing is, it does not work the other way. If someone expresses a prejudiced attitude towards Christians it does not count as micro- or macro-aggression, for in the past Christians were not a minority. Presumably, one just has to take it, if one is a believer.

If you are the micro-aggressor, you have little or no hope of redemption. There are now many programs to educate students how not to be guilty of micro-aggression on many American campuses. But some brave individuals are asking questions and raising discomfort.

American Psychology Professor Scott Lilienfeld, of Emory University has done the unthinkable and questioned whether micro-aggression really exists. He probably caused some kind of panic attack in some readers by saying in a scholarly article that the whole concept of micro-aggression



DONATIONS RECEIVED

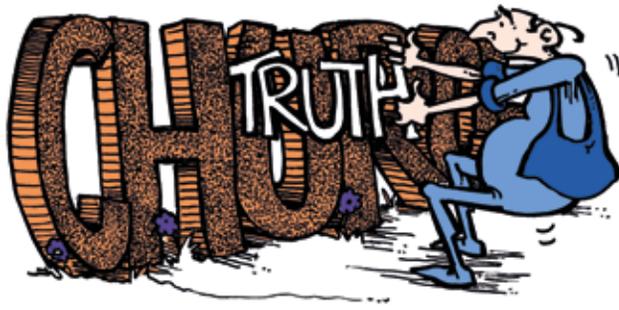
FROM 14-12-16 to 23-12-16

Our sincerest thanks to the many subscribers to *Annals Australia*, who very generously send a small donation along with their annual renewal - this assists in defraying the heavy costs incurred in producing our magazine.

- Editor, *Annals*

2216 MISS J BLEAKLEY	17	2032 PETER STANLEY	34
2260 MR J SMITH	27	2066 DR M & MRS D McGLYNN	100
2261 MR RAYMOND NOLAN	9	2042 MRS MARY O'DEA	24
2500 MRS N F BUTLER	42	2191 MR PETER CHAN	27
2093 JOSEPH DE GIOVANNI	4	2304 T & K O'DONOHUE	17
2536 MR B CARMODY	24	2770 ARTIE GEE	100
4053 FR P STRATFORD	30	4122 RENO GALEA	138
4075 MRS J M KEEFER	24	2035 MRS MARY CAHILL	17
2756 MRS M MITCHELL	4	4034 DR JOHN H CASEY	467
2565 THE CARMELITE NUNS	100	2034 MISS M F CRAWLEY	50
2148 MR PAUL ROUMANOS	7	2027 MRS V DIGGES	17
2133 MR J HILFERTY	17	2035 MRS E DONOHUE	17
5092 FR PETER R MILBURN	17	2576 MISS K M BAXTER	17
2034 MR W P LENNON	100	2113 MR & MRS G B BAYADA	17
1235 MR DAVID THOMSON	20	2120 MR J A VANNY	17
2122 MRS M HO	100	2063 MR W A O'DONNELL	17
2291 MRS J CONLAN	24	2611 MRS J BELTZ	17
4152 J A & J A VAN ROOYEN	4	3040 RESURRECTION SCHOOL	17
2097 MRS ROSEMARY MCKINNON	51	4510 MRS M BROWN	20
2047 MRS N LAGUDI	67	2069 MRS MERRIL COULTON	7
2198 MR ANTON SAJN	40	2794 MR G APHORPE	17
3094 MRS JOYCE JAKUBIK	102.35	2158 MARTIN & MONICA SWEENEY	67
4122 MR A J MCDONALD	50	2229 MRS N GARLICK	7
2148 MR J M WOOD	33	2350 MR N T HANLAN	67
2135 DR ALFRED RENIGERIS	167	2135 MR J G WILSON	67
2131 MARGARET V BOUFFLER	67	2145 MR JOHN SHAW	7
2136 MR STEPHEN HITCHINGS	67	2117 MRS CATHERINE CHOO	7
5048 MRS A M AUJARD	34	2536 MR & MRS K TOTTERDELL	24
2530 MR & MRS T HOUGHTON	10	3941 MR P PHILIPSEN	4
6450 MRS S VERMEERSCH	14	3188 MR & MRS C KINSEY	7
3126 MR W M HAYES	9	2071 MR & MRS M KIRWAN	17
2453 SR MARY BALDWIN	10	2117 MRS G INSTANCE	7
2031 MRS J CHALFANT	17	4060 MR MICHAEL GREEN	7
2032 MR TERRY BOYD	27	2018 MISS MONA MASSOUD	17
2114 MR D F LEO	17	2033 MISS T O NASSER	50
2112 MR K R MATTICK	17	2750 MRS E FRANK	24
2088 W.R. & C.M. DOBLER	100	2032 MR J M STINSON	7
2777 MR A T GRAHAM	17	2112 MRS ANN-MAREE LAWRENCE	14
3145 MS C A O'BRIEN	100	2750 MRS C INSKIP	14
6008 MR & MRS P MCEVOY	27		
4861 MR & MRS E J WILES	300	TOTAL:	\$3481.35

Please assist us by introducing *Annals* to relatives and friends.
We need your support and we need new subscribers.
Annals has the answer! Try it.



To learn the truth about

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

A series of ten booklets

'Understanding Catholicism'

attractively printed, 24pp plus cover, pocket-sized

By Paul Stenhouse, MSC PhD

Ideal for families, parish discussion groups, school RE courses, RCIA groups, Church book stalls, parish libraries etc.

1. The Catholic Church founded by Christ
2. Christ's Church in the world
3. The Catholic Church and the New Testament
4. The Tradition of the Catholic Church
5. The Primacy of St Peter
6. The Primacy of the Bishop of Rome
7. The Mass – centre of Christian worship
8. Catholic devotion to Mary the Mother of God
9. Heaven and Hell
10. Purgatory, limbo and prayers for the dead

Price: for the set of 10 – \$35 (post free anywhere in Australia)

All orders: Chevalier Press, P.O. Box 13, Kensington NSW 2033 Australia.

Phone orders: (02) 9662 7894. Fax: (02) 9662 1910.

(Price includes GST)

Name:

Address:

Postcode: Phone:

Please send me _____ sets of the complete series @ \$33 each

Please find enclosed \$

Bill me including Postage

Please debit my:-

VISA-CARD MASTERCARD

--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--	--

Signature: Expiry Date:/...../.....

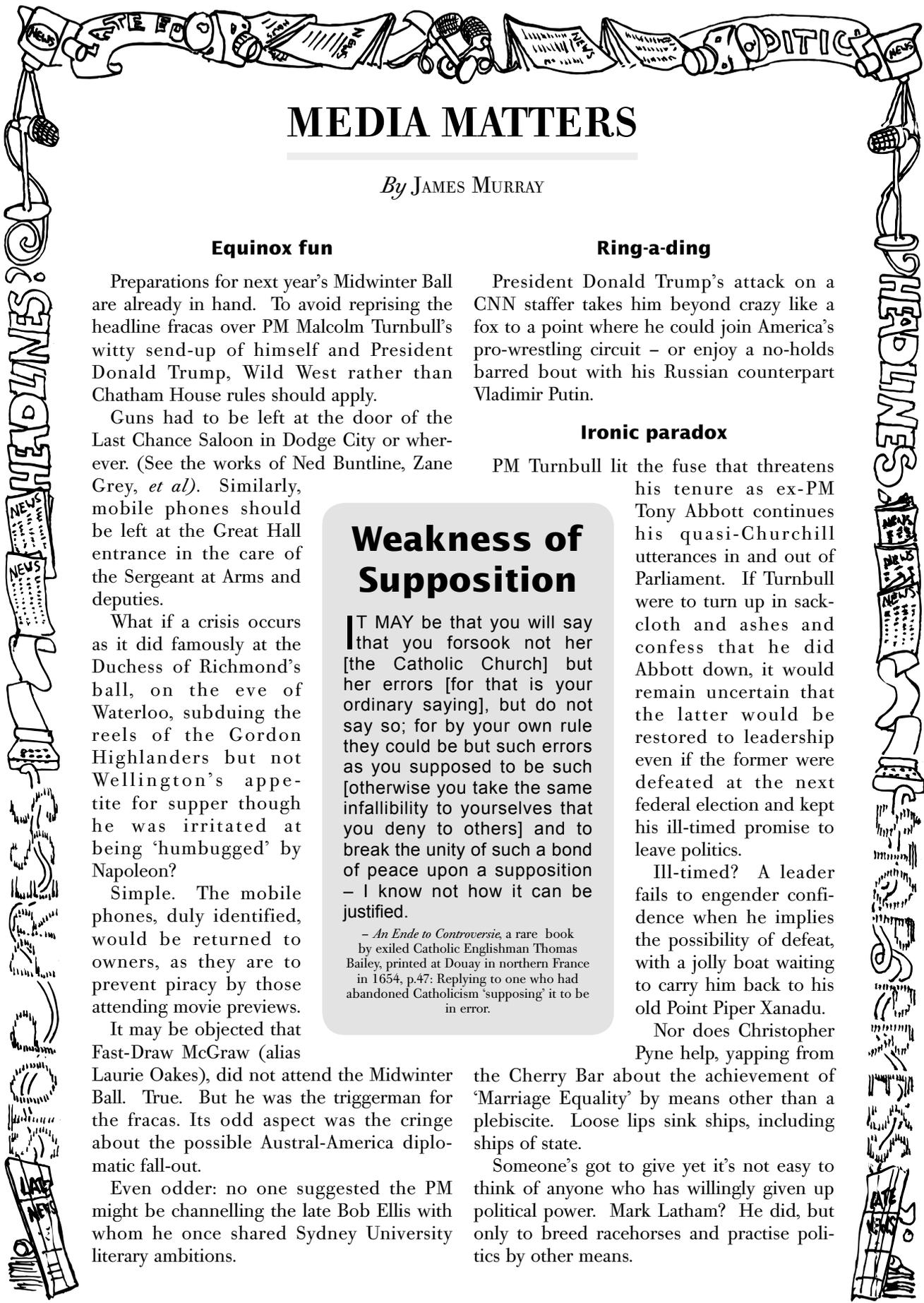
lacks scientific clarity and implies conscious intent to harm, and thus should be abandoned as it cannot be proven. Incredible that Lilienfield used a word like 'concept,' and dared to say micro-aggressions might be a figment of the imagination. Incredible that he has not been sacked yet. No doubt the PC brigades will be searching for a way to 'punish' him. ⁸

Perhaps questioning politically correct slogans may engender panic attacks in listeners but as well as suggesting deep breathing, also suggesting common sense and good doses of satire from time to time, can help counteract the waves of unreason swirling around us.

Reviving the use of the phrase 'let us agree to disagree' in a calm way can remind some in our 'fragile nation' that people can disagree on issues without wanting to scream in protest or collapse in a heap. And perhaps pointing out the manipulative intent of contemporary slogans, simply stating the truth and asserting the right to state it by our lay and church leaders – can go a long way.

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. Ahmed Tanveer, 'Australia's Nervous Breakdown: 'Trauma' for various perceived 'offences' is now the new national disorder', *Spectator*, Sept 16, 2016. <https://www.spectator.co.uk/2016/11/australias-nervous-breakdown/>
2. ABC News, 'Anti-discrimination complaint 'an attempt to silence' the Church over same-sex marriage', September 28, 2015. <http://www.abc.net.au/news/2015-09-28/anti-discrimination-complaint-an-attempt-to-silence-the-church/6810276>
3. 'Colleges delay classes and exams, offer stress-healing therapies after Trump victory'. *Russia Today*, documentary, 12 Nov, 2016. <https://www.rt.com/usa/366577-colleges-students-stress-exams/>
4. Editorial. 'Cult of Diversity at Providence College', *New Oxford Review*, Jan-Feb 2017. <http://www.newoxfordreview.org/note.jsp?did=0117-notes-diversity>
5. Dr. Michael J. Rubin 'Providence College and Dr Anthony Esolen: An Alumnus Speaks out'. *Crisis Magazine*, November 29, 2016. http://www.catholic-worldreport.com/Blog/5240/providence_college_and_dr_anthony_esolen_an_alumnus_speaks_out.aspx
6. John Paul II, *Fides et Ratio (Faith and Reason)* (Canada: Mediaspaul, 1998), par. 85, 96.
7. Entry of 'Microaggression' in Merriam-Webster. <https://www.merriam-webster.com/dictionary/micro-aggression>
8. Scott Lilienfield, 'Microaggressions: Strong Claims, Inadequate Evidence', *Perspectives on Psychological Science*, Vol 12, Issue 1, 2017



MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Equinox fun

Preparations for next year's Midwinter Ball are already in hand. To avoid reprising the headline fracas over PM Malcolm Turnbull's witty send-up of himself and President Donald Trump, Wild West rather than Chatham House rules should apply.

Guns had to be left at the door of the Last Chance Saloon in Dodge City or wherever. (See the works of Ned Buntline, Zane Grey, *et al*). Similarly, mobile phones should be left at the Great Hall entrance in the care of the Sergeant at Arms and deputies.

What if a crisis occurs as it did famously at the Duchess of Richmond's ball, on the eve of Waterloo, subduing the reels of the Gordon Highlanders but not Wellington's appetite for supper though he was irritated at being 'humbugged' by Napoleon?

Simple. The mobile phones, duly identified, would be returned to owners, as they are to prevent piracy by those attending movie previews.

It may be objected that Fast-Draw McGraw (alias Laurie Oakes), did not attend the Midwinter Ball. True. But he was the triggerman for the fracas. Its odd aspect was the cringe about the possible Austral-America diplomatic fall-out.

Even odder: no one suggested the PM might be channelling the late Bob Ellis with whom he once shared Sydney University literary ambitions.

Ring-a-ding

President Donald Trump's attack on a CNN staffer takes him beyond crazy like a fox to a point where he could join America's pro-wrestling circuit – or enjoy a no-holds barred bout with his Russian counterpart Vladimir Putin.

Ironic paradox

PM Turnbull lit the fuse that threatens his tenure as ex-PM Tony Abbott continues his quasi-Churchill utterances in and out of Parliament. If Turnbull were to turn up in sack-cloth and ashes and confess that he did Abbott down, it would remain uncertain that the latter would be restored to leadership even if the former were defeated at the next federal election and kept his ill-timed promise to leave politics.

Ill-timed? A leader fails to engender confidence when he implies the possibility of defeat, with a jolly boat waiting to carry him back to his old Point Piper Xanadu.

Nor does Christopher Pyne help, yapping from

the Cherry Bar about the achievement of 'Marriage Equality' by means other than a plebiscite. Loose lips sink ships, including ships of state.

Someone's got to give yet it's not easy to think of anyone who has willingly given up political power. Mark Latham? He did, but only to breed racehorses and practise politics by other means.

Weakness of Supposition

IT MAY be that you will say that you forsook not her [the Catholic Church] but her errors [for that is your ordinary saying], but do not say so; for by your own rule they could be but such errors as you supposed to be such [otherwise you take the same infallibility to yourselves that you deny to others] and to break the unity of such a bond of peace upon a supposition – I know not how it can be justified.

– *An Ende to Controversie*, a rare book by exiled Catholic Englishman Thomas Bailey, printed at Douay in northern France in 1654, p.47: Replying to one who had abandoned Catholicism 'supposing' it to be in error.



Sticky wickets

Australia, home of champions, has no cricket team due to a pay dispute between Cricket Australia and the Australian Cricketers Association in the wider context of allocation of revenue, commentary suggesting that AC is treating ACC members as human resources not elite athletes.

Add that Fairfax Media is for the nonce unsaleable and you have a double crisis beyond the ancient piling of Pelion on Ossa to reach heaven.

No sense in suggesting a Golden Oldies team led by Ian Chapell to play the scheduled South Africa test. They wouldn't go. Less sense in suggesting that AC executives pad up and head for Cape Town.

All of this suggests a reading of the Dutch philosopher Johan Huizinga's *Homo Ludens* which discusses the effect of extraneous factors on play.

Apropos Fairfax Media the situation is less dire. For the no-sale sign read negotiations in progress. Your correspondent favours the faction involving Antony Catalano, even though he has toys galore compared to Fairfax CEO Greg Hywood's solitary Maserati.

Why? Hywood reportedly sees the organisation's richest revenue producer, Domain, as a separate asset for profitable sale; Catalano sees it as integral to Fairfax Media's future profitability.

Here Catalano appears to follow GK Chesterton's quip about journalists writing on the back of advertisements. In other words, advertising particularly of real estate – the Chesterton family business – supports journalists while their factual reporting underpins advertising claims.

Catalano's key perception was that 'the rivers of gold' which supported Fairfax print

expansion and its quality journalism did not vanish into the sands of time but were diverted to on-line real estate advertising.

His position would be reinforced through emphasising that the vertical model (where each unit of a business organisation must show an individual profit) does not work long-term in media; there, news and advertising are co-dependent (synergetic?) as they have been, at least since *The Times* front page advertisements were its closest read feature.

Tehan's hackers

The Australian Defence Force has a cyber-warfare unit. The minister responsible, Dan Tehan, could not have timed the announcement better. This year marks the 100th anniversary of the intelligence coup that did more to win World War I than any feat of arms.

Hyperbole? Not to anyone who has read *The Zimmermann Telegram*. In this, the great Barbara

Tuchman recounts how British Naval Intelligence got a cross-fix on coded German wireless traffic (with a little help from experts at an Australia-based station).

Among the traffic was German Foreign Minister Arthur Zimmermann's telegram to Ambassador Heinrich von Eckhardt. Decoded it proved to be startling: a proposal that if Mexico were to ally itself with Germany, the latter would ensure the return to Mexico of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico.

Passed to the United States, the material was factored into its policy. Result: American soldiers fought alongside Australian Corps soldiers in the classic battle of Le Hamel under John Monash.

Another such intelligence coup was the acquisition by Poles of the German Enigma machine which, as Ultra, determined the

Understanding and Feeling

BISHOP BUTLER was right when he said that, 'if we say things over without feeling them, we become worse not better. Children, who are taught, since they were weaned, to rely on the Christian atonement, and in whose ears have been dinned the motives of gratitude for it before their hearts are trained to understand them, are deadened to them by the time they are 21. 'Emphasising Christian motives all the time,' something the apostles never did, 'leads ultimately to no men feeling them'.

– John Henry Cardinal Newman, *Letters & Diaries*, vol. 2, 308, quoted Ian Ker, *John Henry Newman: a biography* [OUP, 1988] p.114.





victorious outcome of World War II.

According to reports, Tehan's Hackers will have a major-general in command. Might he or she be too old? A younger whiz from the Defence Forces Academy might be more suitable after the style of David Stirling (educated at the Benedictine college Ampleforth). In 1941, he was only a major when he established the Special Air Service Regiment, a unit that until then existed only on paper, designed to hoax the enemy.

Tehan's Hackers is to be a mix of defence personnel and public servants. There is another recruit pool: members and ex-members of the Reserve who have become computer whizzes and have forensic qualifications.

Is your correspondent volunteering? No way; he is still trying to fulfil his grandchildren's slogan: 'Google it, Grandpa!'

Minus Ten

Bereft of its planetary influences Bruce Gordon, Lachlan Murdoch and James Packer, Network Ten orbits in the money space called administration without anyone asking: should Ten exist at all?

Given the total demographics of Australia, is their room for a network that bravely calls itself 'the third largest free-to-air' while omitting the ABC and SBS? There's a case to be made that Australia has too much TV as it has too much government.

After all, Ten's various manifestations from Austarama onwards connect it with business geniuses such as Reg Ansett, Rupert Murdoch and Frank Lowy. If they could not take it to viability when television was still a licence to print money, who can?

Yet market ambition, like hope, springs eternal. And ex-Murdoch senior executive

Persian Cats, Faith and Civilization

THE CONCEPTION of the faith of the brutes is surely a fine one; they build no temples and sing no litanies. So far as we know, the elephant never worships in monstrous temples, larger than the mountains, and graven with prodigious images of elephantine gods. The apes never write and hoard their indecipherable scriptures, written upon huge and tropical leaves. The birds do not sing to the image of a bird, nor the oxen kneel before a golden calf. Yet all these creatures truly have a religion, the dark, blind and triumphant religion of the goodness of God, of the supreme value of his terrible trumpet calling them together to life. What we primarily want just now is not intelligence and many-sidedness, and the turning of things over and over, but some one man, somewhere, who will lay down some one thing and say that he is certain it is true. It is our only chance of emerging into a constructive age, instead of pottering on until the crack of doom in a merely destructive one. If we could take one single common conviction, even if it were only that it is really worth while to keep a Persian cat, we could rebuild civilization and religion.

— G.K.Chesterton, *Lunacy and Letters*, Sheed and Ward, London, 1958, p.37.

John Menadue's warning about a Rupert Murdoch return to Ten could be prophetic. One of Murdoch's tweets, published in the invaluable Media section of *The Australian* would clarify the matter.

Messina strictures

Always reassuring to have an indication of a rigorously attentive reader such as Anthony Messina. In a e-mail to the editor, Fr. Paul Stenhouse, he has rightly castigated your correspondent for an error in his review of the film *Churchill*: getting the date of D-Day wrong – 1942 instead of the correct 1944 and compounding this by miscalculating the anniversary date as 75th instead of 73rd.

So much for finger counting; so much for seeing R.A.F. aircraft, distinctively banded in white, heading for the D-day beachheads in 1944.

© Austral-Media 2017



THE POPE, THE RABBI AND CONDOMS

By Laura Schlessinger



DURING HIS African trip, Pope Benedict XVI said that the distribution of condoms would not resolve the AIDS problem.

The Pope has made it clear that abstinence is going to be the best way to fight AIDS.

Google “Pope” and “condoms,” and you’ll never run out of reading material excoriating the Pope for his observation and opinion. Many health advocates have gone ballistic in their criticism of his comments. They feel it is one thing to promote abstinence as part of the Catholic religion, but that it is an entirely different thing to preach it to the world.

On a person-by-person basis, wearing a condom does, of course, offer some protection against contracting various venereal diseases and (of course) unwanted pregnancy. It is also true that condoms sometimes break, slip, or are put on incorrectly. Everything has its limitations ... except abstinence.

I remember listening to a rabbi describing a situation that occurred to his kosher family. His 7 year old child was invited to a birthday party for a classmate at one of those fast-food hamburger establishments. When he came to pick up his child at the end of the party, one of the mothers -- clearly annoyed -- chastised him for the pain he caused his son. “All the children had hamburgers, chicken nuggets, french fries and dessert, and your little boy had to sit there and eat none of it. Imagine how terrible your son must have felt? How could you do this to him? Food is food. There is nothing sinful about food. What you are doing to him is just cruel.” Just about at the end of her tirade, his son bounded up to him, gave him a huge hug around the waist, and said “I had a great time. This was a fun party.”

The woman blanched and walked away. The rabbi followed her and gently told her the following: animals will eat whatever is around, even if it will make them unhealthy. Humans are to rise above animals and become masters of their urges. Imagine my son in a dorm room where harmful illicit drugs are being passed about. We already know that peer pressure and urges will not force him to relent and give in to the impulse. Learning at his early age to control impulse and desire is not a harmful trait -- many times, it might be a life-saving one. Look at him. He enjoyed the company of your son and the rest of the children without giving up his values. He looks happy and satisfied. We really need to bring up our children to be masters of their instincts, not slaves to them, don’t you think?

The woman scowled, but listened to him.

Yes, in any one instance, a condom could protect, but in the overall scheme of humanity, why do so many people wish to push away the enormous protective power of moral values?

When the Pope suggests that human beings are best off saving their sexual passion for the stability of a covenant of marriage, he is making a statement that the act of sexuality is elevated by the context, and ultimately protects both man and woman from a myriad of hurtful consequences from venereal diseases to unwanted pregnancies (complete with abortions, abandonment, single-parenthood, and homelessness to name a few).

The naysayers all have one thing in common: they refuse to want, believe or accept that human beings can commit to a higher spiritual state of thought and behavior. The Pope believes in us more than that.

I am not Catholic, so this is no knee-jerk defense of my spiritual leader. The truth is that he is simply correct and too many people don’t want to hear it, because they want to live lives unfettered by rules. It is sad that they don’t realize that this makes them a slave to animal impulse versus a master of human potential.

- Dr. Laura Schlessinger, is one of the most popular talk show hosts in radio history. She reaches approximately 8.25 million listeners weekly. Dr. Laura Schlessinger is a best selling author of eleven adult books and four children’s books.

... as he put it in *The Perennial Philosophy*, 'the end of human life is contemplation, or the direct and intuitive awareness of God...'

THE PERENNIAL PROPHECIES OF ALDOUS HUXLEY

By Karl Schmude

IT IS STRANGELY fitting that Aldous Huxley should have died on the same day as President John F. Kennedy. Huxley was part of the post-war 'age of innocence' which ended abruptly on that fateful November afternoon in 1963. He had experimented with new sources of induced meaning – such as psychedelic drugs and a cultivated, almost mystical fascination with the flesh – before they became the all-consuming social cults of our time.

Yet his outlook and experience had a longer lineage, for he had a foot – or, perhaps more accurately, a brain cell – in the 19th century as well as the 20th century.

Huxley came from an extraordinary intellectual dynasty. His paternal grandfather was T.H. Huxley, the 19th century biologist who championed Darwinism and exalted the claims of science at the expense of religion; while his maternal great-

grandfather was Thomas Arnold of Rugby, the brother of Matthew Arnold. This background supplied the strains of scientific intellect and cultural imagination that were to be so vitally fused in Aldous Huxley.

While the genetic richness was unmistakable, environmental influence also played a part –

especially the social structure of professional life at that time, reflected, as J.H. Plumb once noted, in the 'the astonishing intermarriages of England's leading families in science, letters and scholarship.'

Aldous Huxley was acutely aware of the tension between his 19th century inheritance and 20th century experience. 'I was born wandering between two worlds,' he once commented to a friend, 'one dead, the other powerless to be born, and have made, in a curious way, the worst of both.' His first book of short stories, published in 1920, was called *Limbo* – an oddly prophetic title, as he himself admitted.

Huxley's intellectual curiosity was rationalist, but his nature was intensely mystical. He embodied the paradoxical qualities of our time – a scientific grounding in rationalism, allied to an attitude of spiritual searching. He was a poet who found himself in a laboratory, a person of spiritual instincts who, in a secularised society, had lost contact with his religious roots.



Photograph by W. Suschitzky

Aldous Huxley in London, 1958

His early novels contain hints of these powerful yearnings. In *Antic Hay* (1923), for example, the main character, Theodore Gumbriel, remarks:

‘I have a premonition . . . that one of these days I may become a saint. An unsuccessful flickering sort of saint, like a candle beginning to go out. . .’

This observation captured the impulses and tensions in Huxley’s life; though the manifest goodness of his character – attested by a great variety of people over the years, most notably in the tributes assembled in *Aldous Huxley, 1894-1963: a memorial volume* (1965) – prompts the half-facetious observation that Malcolm Muggeridge once made about Graham Greene, that he was ‘a saint trying unsuccessfully to be a sinner.’

Huxley’s sceptical upbringing served to inoculate him against earthly substitutes for ultimate loyalties. Certainly he dabbled with a succession of fads in the quest for enlightenment – fringe medicine, Eastern mysticism, extrasensory perception – but he resisted the promotion of politics or science as founts of salvation.

He was always dismayed at the ease with which political creeds were adopted in place of religion – and how an ingrained scepticism of miracles or the divinity of Christ seemed to co-exist comfortably with a readiness to idolise a nation or deify an individual leader.

Huxley was similarly dubious that materialism could account for the plenitude of reality. He came to realise the inadequacies of his rationalist inheritance, and did not look to science as a source of supreme meaning. He knew that reality is not confined to the experience of sensible objects: it ‘contains love, beauty, mystical ecstasy, intimations of godhead’ – aspects of life that science is not equipped to explain.

By the 1930s, Huxley’s writings seemed to reflect a profound affinity with Catholicism, to the point where various commentators

Worldly Foundations

WE PRAY that the city Constantinople may have its glory; and, protected by God’s right hand, may daily experience Your merciful rule. But matters of the world are not the same as matters Divine. No Christian structure built upon anything other than the Rock that the Lord put in place as the foundation of the Church, will stand secure.

– From a letter that Pope Leo the Great wrote to the Byzantine emperor Flavius Marcianus Augustus on May 22, 452, rejecting the infamous canon 28 of the Council of Chalcedon that claimed that the bishop of Constantinople had primacy over the Pope of Rome *because Constantinople was the seat of the Emperor*. Translation: Paul Stenhouse. See *Without Roots*, Josef Ratzinger and Marcello Pera, Basic Books, New York, 2006, footnote⁷, p.153.

– including G.K. Chesterton and the Jesuit Father Martindale – anticipated his entry into the Catholic Church. His views on economics, as the Australian poet and critic Martin Haley recalled many years later, were largely in harmony with Distributism – a Catholic-inspired social doctrine that represented a *via media* between capitalism and socialism.

Whereas these prevailing social philosophies focused on the issue of wealth – either in terms of its domination by a few or else its redistribution by the bureaucratic agencies of the State – Distributism espoused the distribution of power and the safeguarding of individual rights through private property.

Huxley’s educational philosophy also embodied Catholic ideas of freedom and responsibility. ‘The state,’ he wrote,

‘has everywhere assumed the role of universal educator – a position that exposes governments to peculiar temptations, to which sooner or later they all succumb, as we see at the present time, when the school system is used in almost every country as an instrument of regimentation, militarization and nationalistic propaganda. In any state that pursued goodness politics rather than power politics, education would remain a public charge, paid for out of the taxes, but would be returned, subject to the fulfilment of certain conditions, to private hands.’

Huxley nursed a deep interest in mysticism, and in 1946 published

The Perennial Philosophy, which drew on the writings of mystics throughout the ages. Yet he wrestled laboriously with the Catholic understanding of mystical experience. In *Ends and Means*, for example, the fruit of a long reflection on philosophic and religious truth, he placed the ethical and social effects of religion above what Catholic theology has traditionally held to be its primary purpose – namely, that of the human person’s communion with God. Within this communion, wrote E.I. Watkins in a review of *Ends and Means*, Huxley

‘ignores the central and most essential element, adoration of the Transcendent Godhead. Religion is theocentric, and its heart is God’s accidental glory in human worship and service, though this is itself man’s fullest satisfaction and deepest happiness. Mystical prayer, therefore, is not primarily a means to man’s spiritual improvement, and to attain non-attachment and thereby to improve and benefit the mystic’s fellowmen. It is first and foremost the highest human love of God for His own sake, because He is infinitely adorable, and that He may be all within us.’

Huxley’s fascination with mysticism arose in a most unexpected period, when British intellectual life had become politicised – and polarised – by the Spanish Civil War (1936-39). Huxley also espoused pacifism – a highly unpopular stand as the full force of Hitler’s ambitions became manifest.

He was, indeed, a man perpetually out of step with his time. In his early years, this intellectual eccentricity was reflected in physical abnormalities. His head was so large that it prevented him from walking until the age of two. He was exceptionally tall, reaching 1.93 metres (6ft 4ins) by the time he was fifteen. Most significant, he contracted a disease while at Eton that virtually destroyed his sight; and, in a person so intellectually sensitive, perhaps accentuated his desire to prise open the 'doors of perception' (the title of a book he published in 1954 on the effects of hallucinatory drugs).

In his youth, Huxley conveyed the impression of being brilliant but aloof; a 'walking encyclopaedia' who qualified, in Elizabeth Bowen's caustic praise, as 'the stupid person's idea of the clever person.' Ronald Clark has suggested that, like all the Huxleys, Aldous seemed less a human being than 'something more nearly approaching a controlled experiment.'

This image is remarkably at odds with the dominant quality of Huxley's personal and social philosophy – his passion for liberty. When he produced his vision of enslaved and dehumanised existence, *Brave New World*, in 1932, it was regarded as a 'novel of the future' – describing circumstances destined to materialise in five or six centuries.

Yet, within barely 25 years, he felt the need to examine his prophecies again, in a book of essays, *Brave New World Revisited* (1959), noting with dismay the degree to which his fantasy had become fact.

All prophets run the risk of being outdone by reality, either because events contradict their forecasts or else the truth turns out to be even stranger than fiction. The enduring insight of *Brave New World* is most powerfully revealed by a comparison with that other 'negative Utopia,' George Orwell's *Nineteen Eight-Four* (1949).

Whereas Orwell depicted a world of imposed and systematic brutality, Huxley envisaged less arduous and wasteful forms of governance. Relying on the revolutionary advances in biology and psychology, the rulers of the future would look to satisfying their lust for power 'by suggesting people into loving their servitude' rather than 'flogging and kicking them into obedience.' The prison of unwilling compliance would give way to a palace of self-indulgent conformity.

The nightmare which Huxley projected was a terrible resolution of the dilemmas of his intellectual ancestry. In the words of Sir Arnold Lunn, '*Brave New World* is the epitaph of a disillusioned Huxley on the dreams of his more sanguine grandfather.'

Huxley's formidable intellectual powers found expression in both fiction and non-fiction. He was a first-rate journalist, producing essays of sublime quality – probing, witty, elegantly crafted; blending shrewd perspectives with pointed examples. Who could resist a writer whose opening paragraph of an essay on 'Faith, Taste, and History' contained this distillation of a visit to Utah?

'Among tall stories, surely one of the tallest is the history of Mormonism. A founder whose obviously homemade revelations were accepted as more than gospel truth by thousands of followers; a lieutenant and successor who was "for daring a Cromwell, for intrigue a Machiavelli, for executive force a Moses, and for utter lack of conscience a Bonaparte"; a body of doctrine combining the most penetrating psychological insights with preposterous history and absurd metaphysics; a society of puritanical but theatre-going and music-loving polygamists; a church once condemned by the Supreme Court as an organised rebellion, but now a monolith of respectability; a passionately loyal membership distinguished, even in these middle years of the 20th century, by the old-fashioned Protestant and pioneering virtues

of self-reliance and mutual aid – together, these make up a tale which no self-respecting reader, even of Science Fiction, should be asked to swallow. And yet, in spite of its total lack of plausibility, the tale happens to be true.'

Huxley wrote novels and biographies as well, but the creation of character was not his strong suit. His imagination was more rational than artistic, his temperament didactic rather than indulgent. He did not work as happily with dialogue and narration as with the formulation of ideas. In novels like *Point Counter Point* (1928), *Ape and Essence* (1949) and *Island* (1962), his characters tend to be merely mouthpieces for opinions and arguments. The one figure missing from his novels, André Maurois once declared, is the 'ordinary man.' Huxley lacked the necessary vulgarity to reproduce life in all its voluptuous intensity. By contrast, Maurois commented, he was a penetrating biographer, 'for here reality supplied his imaginative deficiencies.'

Several years before his death, Huxley's home in Southern California was engulfed by fire, destroying all his possessions, books, manuscripts and letters. 'I am,' he wrote to a friend at the time, 'evidently intended to learn, a little in advance of the final denudation, that you can't take it with you.' It was a statement of spiritual composure that transcended his sceptical background, and reflected a maturity of outlook for which he had always striven – that, as he put it in *The Perennial Philosophy*, 'the end of human life is contemplation, or the direct and intuitive awareness of God. . . .'

Finally, Huxley's gaze was not time-bound – fixed, neither on the past nor even the future, but on eternity.

KARL SCHMUDE is a Founding Fellow of Australia's only liberal arts college of higher education, Campion College, in Sydney. He was formerly University Librarian at the University of New England in Armidale NSW. The footnotes that accompanied this article may be obtained from the author at kgschmude@gmail.com

Maudie

From the true story of the 1930s folk artist Maud Lewis (née Dowley) director Aisling Walsh and writer Sherry White draw a sweet fiction but its sweetness is that of wild honey, uncloying. In the title role, Sally Hawkins surpasses her gift for distilling extraordinary charm from the humdrum.

Suppressing his usual air of smartest-actor-on-set, Ethan Hawke creates a door-to-door fishmonger Everett Lewis, bewildered by the arthritic but brilliant bird he hires as a housekeeper and takes to wife. (Or, it may be, she decided to marry him, insisting on a church wedding).

The supporting cast includes Kari Matchett as Sandra the smart neighbour who recognises the wider saleability of Maud's paintings. Gabrielle Rose plays Aunt Ida, shocked that Maud should leave her comfortable abode to live in one-room cabin without starched linen antimacassars.

Cinematographer Guy Godfree ensures that the landscapes have the windswept bleakness tamed by immigrants, many of them Catholics from the Highland Clearances.

Walsh concludes with archival footage showing the real Maud and Everett. From this it is clear Everett was a SNAG (Sensitive New Age Guy) before his time. He did the housework.

PG★★★★SFFV.

Neruda

What a taut manhunt novel Graham Greene might have made from the life of Ricardo Elierici Neftall Reyes Basoalto, alias Pablo Neruda, diplomat, Chilean Communist senator and above all Nobel laureate poet.

What we get is director Pablo Larrain's highly-coloured take. He, with writer Guillermo Calderon and 10 producers, does not seem to realise that one visit to a steamy, plonk-soaked bordello is enough to establish dissoluteness.

As Neruda, Luis Gnecco is convincingly tubby and soulful even when lathered in champagne and wreathed in cigar smoke. But it is Gael Garcia Bernal, narrator and star, who gives the movie its whetted

MOVIES

By James Murray

edge as Oscar Peluchonneau, the government agent who hunts Neruda while falling in love with his poetry.

Few movies are without their scene-stealers. In this one, she is Mercedes Moran who plays Neruda's mistress Delia del Carril in an aristo style that suggests she would have preferred to be with him on the diplomatic cocktail circuit.

In the hunt through the Chilean hinterland and across the Andes to Argentina, Larrain and Calderon, with cinematographer Sergio Armstrong and editor Herve Schneid display tremendous virtuosity; they conduct the hunt to the cadences of Neruda's poetry.

Larrain's ending in Paris has a more than a touch of agitprop. Unresolved question: how did Neruda, a diplomat with inside knowledge, reconcile the reality of the Soviet Union with what he hoped to achieve for his native country? Were his bordello excesses his path to temporary oblivion?

M★★★★NFFV.

Paris Can Wait

Enticing title. Enticing romantic comedy in which writer/producer/director Eleanor Coppola demonstrates (at 80) that she shares a movie-making gene with her husband, Francis Ford Coppola.

Familiarity breeds Contempt

WHY CANNOT we understand that in art, as in everything else, there are some things to which we must not accustom ourselves?

- Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921),
Outspoken Essays on Music (1922)

She adds fresh zest to a left-over genre from the back of the Hollywood fridge: sophisticated Frenchman Jacques (Arnaud Viard) charms Anne (Diane Lane), naïve American wife of neglectful husband Michael (Alec Baldwin).

Coppola opens in the aftermath of the Cannes Film Festival where Michael is so busy wheeling and dealing he leaves Anne in the care of Jacques who agrees to drive her to Paris.

Diane Lane's persona is by no means naïve. Coppola's clever script gives her reason for a tincture of scepticism: Jacques borrows her credit card as he drives her towards Paris via highways, byways, *haute cuisine* and de luxe hotels.

In the midst of the frolicking, Eleanor Coppola does provide a spiritual sequence that is as true as bread.

Through Viard, Eleanor Coppola plucks a string going back to Charles Boyer (80 romantic movies, one wife, Patricia Paterson).

Coppola's twisty ending leaves room for a sequel. Hopefully it will not be made: enough is better than a franchise feast.

PG★★★★SFFV.

Tommy's Honour

Director Jason Connery's debut feature is a labour of love, and the love is not lost in his take on the life of Tom Morris, the 19th century Scots pro, foremost in making golf a worldwide fascination and infatuation.

The movie's basis is, *Tommy's Honour: The Story of Old Tom Morris and Young Tom Morris, Golf's Founding Father and Son*. In that title, there's a touch of blether; it percolates into the movie, perhaps because the book's author Kevin Cook and his wife Pamela Marin wrote the script.

But Connery's opening image of Old Tom rising from beneath the sea like a long-johnned Neptune lifts the movie to heights of legend. In the role, Peter Mullan is fiercely bewhiskered as if with seaweed as he re-tells his saga and that of his son Tommy (Jack Lowden), also a champion, who clashes with him.

Professionally the clashes concerned golf's administrators, led

by Alexander Boothby, Captain of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club, St Andrews; he is played by Sam Neill with a nice touch of wonderment: am I standing in for the director's father, Sean Connery?

Personally, the clashes concerned Tommy's marriage to Meg Drinnen (Ophelia Lovibond) considered beneath him and lost to him through childbirth death.

Jason Connery is generous with his period detail: the gambling through which the pros got paid, the handful of clubs used, fisticuffs on course, drinking, a stunt contest between an archer and golfer, a round played on snow-covered links.

His characters take their joys seriously and drown their sorrows in whisky. As a result there are moments when you wish for a dram of wit from that devotee of the game, PG Wodehouse.

End notes make it clear that Old Tom Morris did not invent golf. Of course, he didn't, a fact that begot a joke as old as the Royal and Ancient: 'The Dutch invented golf and let the Scots take the blame.'

M★★★★NFFV.

Lady Macbeth

Imagine that the Bronte sisters, urged by their father Patrick and brother Bramwell, had co-written their bleakest tale of a remote mansion, and you have the tone of director William Oldroyd's melodrama.

In fact, scriptwriter Alice Birch worked from another 19th century author Nikolai Leskov's novella, *Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District*.

The constant star of the piece is Florence Pugh. As Kathryn, Lady Macbeth, she acts with eye-of-a-cyclone serenity and ruthless passion in her dealing with her feckless husband Alexander (Paul Hilton) and her father-in-law Boris (Christopher Fairbank).

Trapped in finery, Kathryn relies on her black maid Anna (Naomi Ackie) – until the entry of stable hand Sebastian (Cosmo Jarvis); shades of DH Lawrence's *Lady Chatterley's Lover* then fall across the mansion.

With this melodrama Oldroyd, a celebrated theatre director, makes

his transit to cinema. As do others. He pushes beyond stage conventions to the point where, to paraphrase the great theatrical Mrs Patrick Campbell, he threatens to frighten the horses.

Formerly a student of theology, Oldroyd says he lost his faith; he makes no attempt to find it by way of the hidden Catholicism of Shakespeare's original work. Second thought: Kathryn's wedding music has a Plain Chant resonance and Sebastian does confess to a priest while Katherine remains implacable queen of her prison.

There is a cure for this kind of stuff: the Stella Gibbons classic, *Cold Comfort Farm*.

MA15+★★★★NFFV.

Monsieur Chocolat

In 1886, the above named mime became the first black artist of French showbiz after his recruitment for a double act by the white mime George Footit while both worked at a provincial circus.

On these basic facts director Roschdy Zem has erected a movie that teeters between high comedy and low drama as *Chocolat* (Omar Sy) and Footit (James Thiérrée) head for the bright lights of 19th century Paris cabaret.

Theirs was one of the earliest examples of a double act born in

adversity coming apart in success. *Chocolat*, the duo's put-upon member, takes to wine, women and song while planning a serious career.

Footit cannot control him. Nor can Marie (Clothilde Hesme) who marries him at his apogée and remains with him in the abyss of poverty.

The difference with *Monsieur Chocolat* is the period grandeur and the fact that its hero's real name was Rafael Padilla, a former Cuban slave and an illegal in France.

Zem, co-writer with Cyril Gely and Olivier Gorce drew on Gerard Noiriel's work, *Chocolat, clown negre. L'histoire oubliée du premier artiste noir de la scene francaise*.

The film ends with silent archival footage of *Chocolat* and Footit's act, a hint of what is lost when words are used in a bio-pic about mimes.

M★★★★NFFV.

A Ghost Story

For his variation on a perennial genre, writer/director/editor David Lowery lays a heavy burden on his talented cast: playing against a character costumed throughout in a white sheet with black holes, making it appear that they're up against a not so friendly Caspar, the cartoon ghost.

Hardest challenged are co-stars Rooney Mara and Casey Affleck as a young couple named M and C, the latter a musician; he is killed in an accident, revives in an autopsy room and rises to walk habited in the sheet but invisible to others including the grieving M.

Whether Affleck also plays the sheeted C is unclear. But if he did, it would certainly make for an interesting Academy Award: Best Supporting Actor in a Sheet.

Doubling down, Lowery inserts into the proceedings a Spirit Girl (Keisha, whose songs include *Die Young*). Everyone involved, including composer Daniel Hart, cinematographer Andrew Droz Palermo and production entity Zero Trans Fat, gets due credit except the person who laundered the sheets.

Is Lowery going for a jokey slice of the Amityville horror franchise? Maybe. Yet a serious purpose is discernable. The Prognosticator

Official Classifications key

G: for general exhibition;
PG: parental guidance
recommended for
persons under 15 years;
M 15+: recommended for
mature audiences 15 years
and over; MA 15+: restrictions apply
to persons under the age of 15;
R 18+: Restricted to adults,
18 years and over.

Annals supplementary advice

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

(Will Oldham) spins a speech about the futility of life.

Or is Lowery intimating that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in the Prognosticator's philosophy? This, of course, is what Shakespeare did in *Hamlet* through The Ghost and the character Horatio – the 'things' being Shakespeare's Catholic faith?

Running time: 87 minutes. For this relief much thanks.

M★★★NFFV.

My Cousin Rachel

Writer/director Roger Michell re-sculpts the monumental melodrama based on Daphne du Maurier's novel, and sets it up fit to be shown on a late-night TV double-bill, with the 1952 original starring Olivia de Havilland and Richard Burton.

In the title role, Rachel Weisz's coiffure is a hairfelt (sorry) tribute to de Havilland. But Weisz also displays her own enigma variations on virtue and malevolence. As Philip, heir to a great estate, Sam Claflin delivers a note of brooding enthrallment.

Pierfrancesco Favino plays the mysterious interloper, Rinaldi,

with all the subtlety of a fugitive from an ice-cream parlour. As in all period movies when the plot creaks, one or other of the principals gallops north, south, east or west.

For connoisseurs of bric-a-brac there's a bonus: enough fine stuff to stock a new series of the *Antique Road Show*.

Olivia de Havilland, aged 101, lives in Paris with her two Oscars (*To Each His Own*, 1947 and *The Heiress*, 1950).

PG★★★SFFV.

All Eyez on Me

Tupac Shakur, alias 2Pac and Makaveli, was rap artist (1971-1996). With writers Jeremy Haft, Eddie Gonzalez and Steven Bagatourian director Benny Boom has put together a bio-pic that reflects his subject's short life of sing hard, drink hard and die hard.

As Shakur, Demetrius Shipp Jr rises to the challenge of embodying a performer whose work was inspired by a lived violence

HIS SPEECH was smoother than butter, yet war was in his heart; his words were softer than oil, yet they were drawn swords.

- Psalm 55:21

including imprisonment and a charge of murder he defeated.

In the role of Shakur's mother, Afeni Shakur, a Black Panther activist, Danai Gurira's talent is of such quality she is not overshadowed by Shipp in scenes evoking what little tenderness Shakur's life had.

Shakur left a billion-dollar estate. His killer has yet to be found.

R18+★★NFFV.

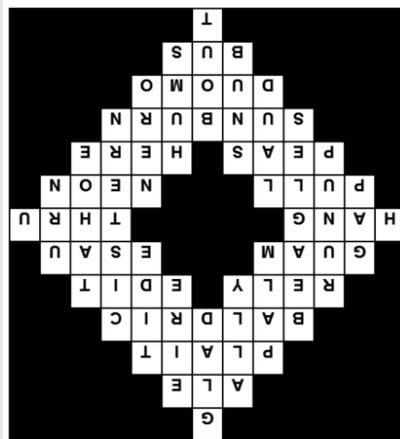
Baby Driver

Mayhem and rock-'n'-roll music go together (ask the Strolling Bones). But it is fair to suggest that no one has merged them so violently as writer/director Edgar Wright – with a little help from music director Steven Price.

What's more Wright frames the merger within a classic genre: the heist movie. In the Wright version, Kevin Spacey plays the mastermind Doc, perhaps a cheeky reference to Doc Reidenschneider (Sam Jaffe) in John Huston's *The Asphalt Jungle*.

Baby (Ansel Elgort) is the ace get-away driver for Doc's squad

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD NO.97



of crims who include Bats (Jamie Foxx), Monica (Eiza Gonzalez) and Jason, an ex-Wall Street trader (Jon Hamm, living up to his name).

Between heists Baby, survivor of a traumatic childhood crash, cares for his foster-father Joseph (CJ Jones). He also meets Debora (Lily James) where else but in a fast-food joint. He then aims to drive straight as a pizza delivery guy and live happily ever.

The climactic heist of a US Post Office puts paid to that. Yet he does live happily ever after behind bars dreaming of Debora waiting for him with a fast car.

Given all this, there are moments when the reaction to the Wright-Price opus has to be: never mind the plot be deafened by the music and the gunfire.

MA15+★★NFFV

Cars 3

Director Brian Fee brings back the legendary Piston Cup racer of *Cars 1 & Cars 2*, Lightning McQueen (voiced by Owen Wilson), still living at Radiator Springs on Route 66. But Lightning has a new adversary Jackson Storm (Armie Hammer), ready to use all means to win.

Caught between them is Sally Carrera (Bonnie Hunt) Lightning's girl friend, a winsome Porsche 999. Completing the quadrille is Cruz Ramirez (Cristela Alonzo), Lightning's trainer who dreams of being a racer.

Writers Kiel Murray, Bob Peterson and Mike Rich provide a story line for all the other characters and automobile antics. Junior reviewers who accompanied your reviewer found the antics more enjoyable than he did.

Disney (through Pixar) controls the *Cars* franchise. So far *Cars 3* has grossed \$143 million. *Cars 1* grossed \$462.2 million and *Cars 2* \$562.1 million for a grand total of \$1167.2 million.

On the basis of dollar for dollar investment is the *Cars* franchise more profitable than the Ford? Should the visionary South Australian government turn its surplus automobile factories into car-toon studios?

G★★★SFFV.

Pope Francis has gone so far in recent times to warn us against a church that has gone lazy. On May 21 last he warned at a morning Mass that the devil would like to see a church that never takes any risks, never speaks out with the truth and just settles on being wishy-washy, comfortable and business-savvy.

FAITH IN WONDERLAND

By John O’Carrigan



HERE ARE many Christian groups, authors and publicists who strive to get their message of love and faith to

the world. They are in many ways the light of the Church shining on that great symbol of hope and salvation, Christ crucified.

Yet there is also a world of Christian people asleep at the foot of the cross while there is increasing hostility and even war against the Christian faith in which they share through baptism.

Another challenge to our faith are intolerant atheists in the fields of

science, political and economic power and literature who hold Christian believers in contempt.

The Sydney Morning Herald recently reported that the British actor, Stephen Fry, could face blasphemy charges in Ireland. Well educated, employed in distinguished arenas, gifted, personable and well pastured, Fry’s response to his good fortunes was to claim that God is cruel, unloving, a liar and so forth.

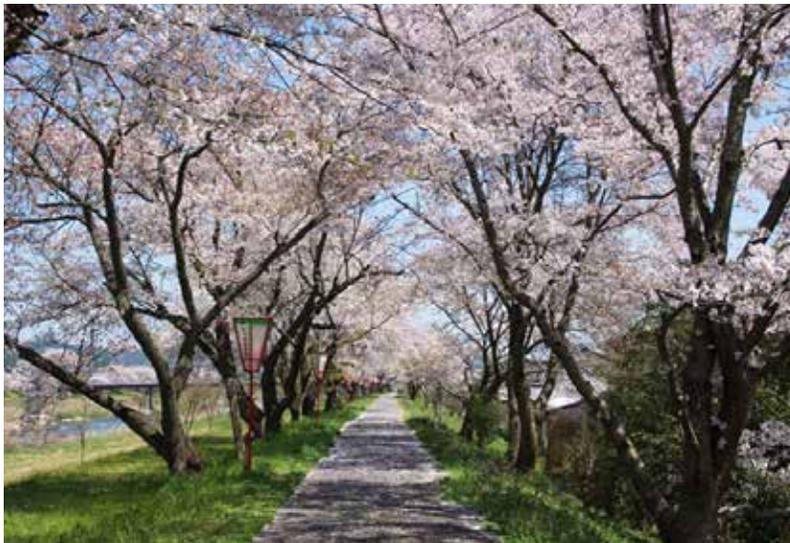
If the report is factual, it seems to fit in with his well-known atheistic targeting of Christian beliefs. He enjoys the company of some notable scientists who seek to find in the Big Bang scenario or in any future theory a scientific explanation for the existence of the universe without a God.

is under the influence of the Holy Spirit.’ Pope Francis adds his own insight into the effect of grace: ‘God’s mercy can make even the driest land become a garden; can restore life to dry bones.’

One problem confronting an atheist looking down upon the Universe without a God is the

remarkable order in the universe generated out of the chaos. Chaos is the word used in Genesis to describe the interminable stretch of black near-nothingness, the hard-to-imagine whirling jumble of newly created fragments belonging to the first day in the history of time.

The Spirit of God, we are told, moved over all, bringing harmony where once there was chaos, unity



A country lane in Japan in Springtime.

One positive result, perhaps, is that their brilliant scientific probes into the universe, the sun and other planets may not give them an answer to scientific queries but may give rise to more wonder at the magnificence of the universe and wonder can often progress into something deeper and more rewarding. It will require a touch of grace, however, as St Paul says.” (Corinthians 12,3-7), ‘No one can say “Jesus is Lord” unless he

into turmoil, peace amid the battle of the elements, and light to pierce the pervading gloom. This is the message of Genesis. It says that all things come from the creative hand of God. It is not a scientific treatise, nor is it merely a poetic display of imagery. In the language of the Hebrews and the mentality of the Hebrews, it proclaims simply but strongly that all things come from the hand of a loving God. This is our Christian belief.

In the godless world the atheist would have us believe in – what an extraordinary beginning. Let me take you for a walk with Moses and his sheep and goats across the hot, wind-blown desert around Sinai, the holy mountain.

There appears to be no one else around. There is a strange atmosphere that grips the whole area and suddenly Moses sees clearly a bush that is on fire but the bush is not burning up. ‘Strange,’ he thought, ‘I must go and see why the bush is not burning up.’ He goes forward. The voice of God calls to him from the burning bush, ‘Moses, do not come any closer, take off your sandals because you are standing on holy ground.’

God then tells Moses how he would be the instrument for bringing the suffering Israelites out of Egypt. To Moses’s question, ‘who will I say sent me because they will want to know?’ God said ‘Tell them: “I am who I am” sent you.’

Grasp that, if you can: God, pure Being with limitless existence with no beginning and no end, a God who is limitless majesty, limitless beauty, limitless love, limitless power, the source of the mighty cosmos, and of the earth where we share its power, glory and beauty with the magnificent array of animal and creature life to which Sir David Attenborough has introduced generations through his wild- life television.

The virtue of Faith, our catechism tells us, is infused into the soul with sanctifying grace and is lost only by a grave sin of unbelief. But those who have the faith need to guard it, need to preserve it, need to study it in order to help it grow.

It takes time for the tree to get its roots down into the stabilizing earth that holds it as it grows strong and mighty. Similarly, faith is the foundation of our Christian life from which we can grow with confidence and love in the practice and defence of our faith.

The faith that God expects of us is not the honey-drip type that seems to bring satisfaction to a

Selective Outrage

WESTERN feminists duly fight in their home countries for equal pay and opportunity, but seemingly ignore, under a façade of cultural relativism, that large numbers of women in the Islamic world live under threat of beating, execution and genital mutilation, or cannot vote, drive cars and dress as they please.

- Tawfik Hamid, *The Wall Street Journal*, Tuesday, April 3, 2007. A onetime member of *Jemaah Islamiya*, an Islamist terrorist group led by al Qaeda's second in command, Ayman al-Zawahiri, Dr Hamid is a medical doctor.

vast number of Catholics who pour into the church for baptisms, confirmation and marriage (though this less frequently) and pour out just as quickly after the social excitement, for many not to be seen again during the rest of the year.

This is a type of behaviour that would hardly strengthen one's faith. Pope Francis has gone so far in recent times to warn us against a church that has gone lazy. On May 21 last he warned at a morning Mass that the devil would like to see a church that never takes any risks, never speaks out with the truth and just settles on being wishy-washy, comfortable and business-savvy.

A Christian should never be afraid of following the commitment that Christ gave each of the baptized. Recall the event of Pentecost when the doors were locked in the room where the disciples were and they were terrified for fear of the Jews. Jesus came and stood among them and said to them, ‘peace be with you.’ And showing them his hands and feet and breathing on them the Holy Spirit, they became full of joy and courage and missionary zeal that ultimately would lead to their martyrdom.

That same Spirit is ours, that same courage, joy and love is our strength to make the world around us a little more Christ-like.

Faith can grow in many ways, not least through prayer and reading. It is interesting to observe our Catholic papers at Sunday Mass receiving scant attention. In these days they are a valuable tool for reading how the Church fares in Australia and overseas, how the Pope as the vicar of Christ outlines the areas for concern as well as for rejoicing throughout the Christian world, and how our local bishops bring insights into the challenges to our faith and tradition. And, as mentioned earlier, a zealous team of lay Catholics with their own brilliant inspirations laying before us a field of challenges.

Faith can burst beyond the humdrum of daily concerns and find delight in the contemplation of majestic nature.

James Plunkett was executed at the age of just 28 for his part in the Irish uprising against the British in 1916. He was allowed to marry the woman he loved, Grace Gifford, before they took him out and shot him in Kilmainem gaol.

His poem, ‘I see his blood upon the rose’ testifies to the presence of the divine in the world, reading in nature the iconography of the crucifixion.

I see his blood upon the rose
And in the stars the glory of his eyes
His body glistens amid eternal snows
His tears fall from the skies.
I see his face in every flower
The thunder and the singing of the birds
Are but his voice – and carven by his power
Rocks are his written word.
All pathways by his feet are trod,
His strong heart stirs the ever-beating sea
His crown of thorns is twined with every thorn,
His cross is every tree.

JOHN O’CARRIGAN is a member of Mary Help of Christians Catholic Parish, Sawtell, New South Wales.

2017

*This year, Australia's
oldest Catholic Magazine*

ANNALS

Australasia

Celebrates its 128th Birthday

Some of our popular features:

- * Catholic Culture
- * Catholic History
- * Catholic Life
- * Moral Issues
- * The Media
- * Social Comment
- * Church and State
- * Politics and Religion
- * Australian History
- * Other Religions
- * Book and Movie Reviews



**Subscribe
Today**

Telephone: +61-2-9662-7894

Mail: The Manager, Annals Australasia

P.O. Box 13, Kensington NSW 2033

Visa/Mastercards accepted. Please make cheques payable to:

The Manager, *Annals* Australasia

See inside *Annals* for Order Form

Standard \$33.00
Pensioner \$26.00