

ANNALS

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2014 - 7

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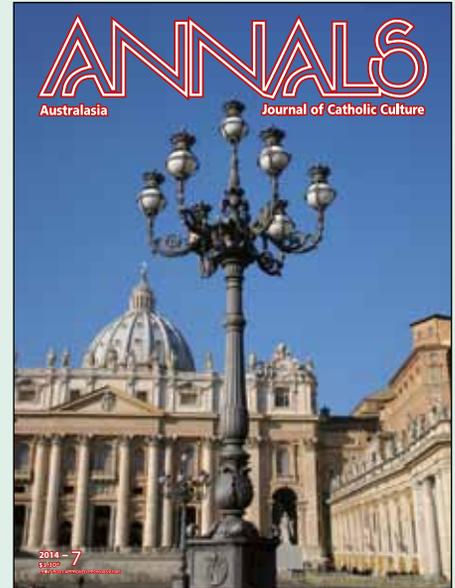
Volume 125, Number 7, September 2014

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

Australia's Oldest Catholic Magazine

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

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Front Cover: View of the façade of St Peter's Basilica, some of the Vatican buildings and a few columns of Bernini's famous colonnade, on an afternoon in late winter. In the foreground is one of the four grand *Lampioni* or large cast-iron ornamental street lights that stand on Trevi marble bases under which are *fontanelle* or 'little fountains' that provide water for pilgrims. Under the base is the date 1852. The four *Lampioni* surround the obelisk of an unknown Pharaoh of the fifth dynasty in Egypt [2494 BC to 2345 BC], that was originally erected by the Emperor Caligula in what is called Nero's Circus between the Janiculum hill and the Vatican hill, where St Peter was martyred. The obelisk was moved from the side of St Peter's Basilica to its present position in 1586 by Pope Sixtus V. It is the only obelisk in Rome that has never toppled over since it was first taken from Heliopolis and erected by the Emperor Augustus in the Forum in Alexandria, Egypt, where it stood until 37 AD when Caligula took it to Rome. See St John Chrysostom's homily [page 5 this issue]. The *Lampioni* of St Peter's remind us all of the sublime metaphor that our Lord used to describe his followers: 'You are the light of the world'.

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.

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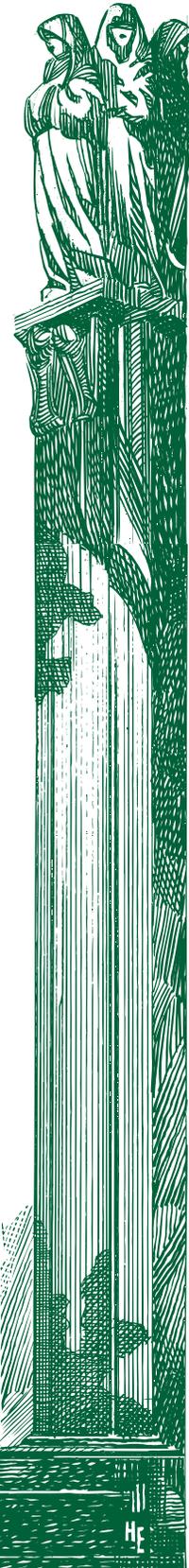
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FOR GOD has said only one thing: only two do I know: that to God alone belongs power and to you, Lord, love; and that you repay each man according to his deeds.
— Psalm 61 [62]



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

GRACE AND MERCY



IN THE EYES of the unwise, they did
appear to die,
their going looked like a disaster,
their leaving us, like annihilation;
but they are in peace.

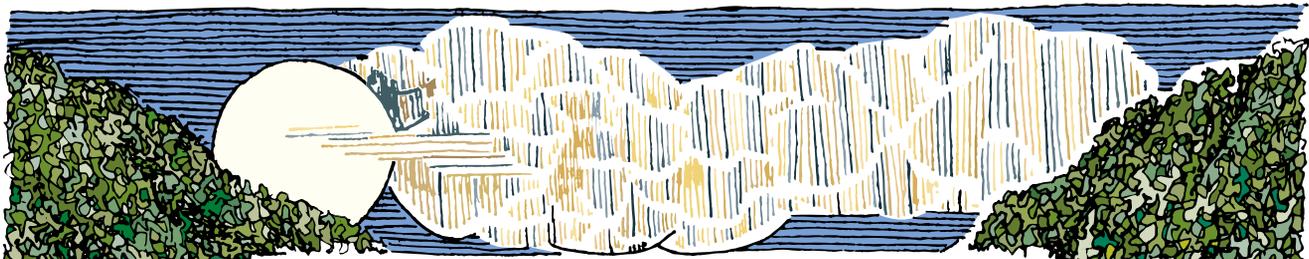
If they experienced punishment as men see it,
their hope was rich with immortality;
slight was their affliction,
great will their blessing be.

God has put them to the test
and proved them worthy to be with him;
he has tested them like gold in a furnace,
and accepted them as a holocaust.

They who trust in him will understand the truth;
those who are faithful will live with him in love;
for grace and mercy await those he has chosen.

— from the *Book of Wisdom* 3:1-6.9





A LITANY AS THE DAY WANES

IN THE hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
And with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep.
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

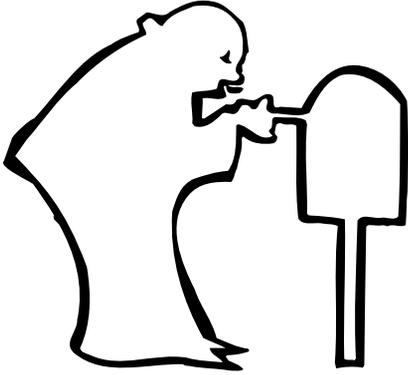
When the artless Doctor sees
No one hope but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
Has, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the Furies in a shoal,
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

— Robert Herrick, 1591-1674. An admirer of Ben Jonson, and a lyric poet, Herrick is the author of the well-known lines, 'Gather ye rosebuds while ye may/Old Time is still a-flying;/And this same flower that smiles today, Tomorrow will be dying.'

LETTERS



Better

Just to inform you that the excellent *Annals* has become an even better publication. Why? You now put the solutions to the crosswords in the same edition, instead of our having to wait a month or several months. This means that we can now complete them in a matter of minutes – no cheating of course! Thank you for the great work you are doing. Keep it up.

R.J.HARRIS

KINCUMBER NSW 2251

Who is training the next evangelists?

I recently took the opportunity to ask two of our 11 grandchildren, in years 9 and 10 respectively at a Catholic secondary school, what they understood by the term 'purgatory'. The answers were a revelation: 'may have heard of it but don't know what it means', and 'does it mean purging of crimes'? The older then went on to say that they are learning about 'stewardship' and 'relationships' in RE at present.

With such a fragmentary knowledge of purgatory and its associated doctrines one has to wonder if these students will be equipped to answer His Holiness Pope Francis' 'call to arms' for the evangelical mission he poses, most recently in *Gaudium evangelii*?

As a mature grandfather who has been involved with the lay apostolate one way or another for 50 years or more I know I represent other grandparents who feel cheated by the dumbing down of RE catechesis in our Catholic schools during the last 30-40 years, with the doctrinal 'hard stuff' replaced by soft, warm and fuzzy concepts like stewardship, relationships and even ecology. The result has been that the parents of our grandchildren, though caring, loving people, know very little about their Faith and are unable to defend it with confidence in the public arena, dealing with issues like same-sex marriage, euthanasia, divorce and all the other 'nasties' that, tsunami-like, are engulfing society because of lack of field 'warriors'.

Reform is urgently needed to reintroduce authentic, doctrinal-based curricula into the Catholic education system, and accelerated where reform is already being planned. Indeed, may I suggest that schools that are not gearing up to produce doctrinally-savvy, well-formed evangelists by year 12 maybe should not be entitled to claim the term 'Catholic'?

If the Pope's call for training of active evangelists is not answered by the Catholic education system, where else will they be formed; or, have I missed something? The challenge is formidable not only in training the trainers, but in evangelising those parents who have become indifferent to religious doctrine and practice.

This process not only includes the content of RE syllabuses, but the teaching method, based on a return to direct teaching in place of the constructivism-based experiential approach of recent vintage.

PETER FINLAYSON

SOUTH BUNBURY WA 6250

Make Promoting Extremism Illegal

What *The Islamic State of Iraq and Syria* [ISIS] is doing in Mosul, Iraq, in terms of persecuting Christians and seizing their property, is exactly what the Nazis did to the Jews before and during World War II. It is well-known that the USA and her



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allies are supporting the rebels in Syria, but what is not so well-known is the way they are turning a blind eye towards the encouragement and support extremists are receiving all around the world. If before World War II the allies had said 'there are Nazis in our country but they are not breaking our laws' then the Nazis would be running the world today. I am a Muslim and I condemn the actions of ISIS and I am concerned about the support they are gaining from radicals all around the world. It is true that the USA in the past used the *mujahidun* in Afghanistan against the Soviet Union; but that will not necessarily work this time. And to underestimate the consequences of doing so is dangerous. I think that humanitarian aid should be restricted to legally registered organisations; and promotion of, and recruitment for, extremist organisations should be made illegal.

HASSAN SABBAGH

SYDNEY NSW 2000

Militant Religious Movement

Peter Leahy, former Chief of Army for Australia has had the courage to write in the *Weekend Australian* (9th Aug. 2014) a piece headed, 'Secular societies must brace for a long war against the rise of radical Islamists'. I say 'courage' because there have been cries of protest from some Australian Muslims – particularly those who came to this country in order to live a life free from religious and political persecution – despite the evident presence amongst them of radical Islamists intent on creating a world governed by Sharia. Peter's assertion that 'we are seeing the start of another long war' should be of concern to all of us who value the freedoms we enjoy and which, significantly, Australians have fought to preserve in wars gone by. This long war, is a war mainly involving internecine battles between Islamic sects who view one another as apostates. ISIS, a new combatant group in the war to establish a world Islamic caliphate is in its early stages. Ominously though it has captured the imagination of thousands of young men both

The Power of Money

LIKE Stephen Leacock's comment on the observation – 'American politicians will do anything for money, English politicians take the money and won't do anything.'

— Malcolm Muggeridge [1903-1990]. Quoted in *Muggeridge Through the Microphone*, 1967.

born in the Islamic faith and well as converts from free world democratic nations. Even though there is no likelihood that ISIS could establish a Middle Eastern caliphate, it will increase its terrorist and propaganda activities in the democratic nations unless checked. Contrary to the extinguished threat of an atheistic Communist world, the threat is now from a militant religious movement based on the Koran. Claiming the authority of Allah to commit acts of extreme brutality, as soldiers of ISIS and other Islamic terrorist cells do, is a powerful justification for young men with an aggressive disposition. The threat to Australia of acts of terrorism is real. Peter Leahy asserts that we are too polite in dealing with it: it is time, he warns us to involve the public in detailed and frank discussion about

militant Islam before it is too late. In his closing paragraph he firmly asserts that efforts to counter radical Islamic ideology must come from the majority of peaceful Muslim citizens of Australia with the support of all Australians.

ERIC HORNE

GLEN WAVERLEY VICTORIA 3150

Values in a time of upheaval

The article by Prof. Dougherty (*Annals* 3/14) was no easy read. His condensing of 500 years of western history from the wonderful contributions of such an array of eminent scholars required that I read it several times before I could grasp the significance of the circumstances into which our 21st Century has descended. Here in our beloved Land of The Holy Spirit, we can hear the cacophony of competing claims from forces that either do not regard our traditional way of life as worth preserving or are definitely antagonistic to its values. How to respond to this mess? A very important teaching on this matter has been provided by Pope Benedict XVI when as Cardinal Ratzinger he wrote *Values in a Time of Upheaval*. In this book he passionately defends the role Judeo-Christian values should play in a pluralistic society and a multicultural world. We ought not be surprised that Jesus provides the answers for us today. His *Salvation* is just as available and necessary today as it was over 2000 years ago. The book is readily available and should be in every parish library.

KEVIN WALKER

THORNLEIGH NSW 2120

(Readers' comments are welcomed, not just on material that appears in *Annals* but on issues that concern the Catholic and the wider community. Please keep your letters short. They may be edited if too long. Always print your full name and street address [not post box, please] and include a daytime phone or fax number or preferably an email address at which you may be reached. Editor, *Annals*)

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*Live with all eyes upon [you]: contestants in the
centre of a Stadium that is the world.*

SALT OF THE EARTH

St John Chrysostom, A.D. 347-407

YOU ARE THE salt of the earth. The word is entrusted to you, Christ says, not for your life, but for the whole world. Nor am I sending you to two cities, or ten or twenty, nor to one people, as I once sent the prophets, but over land and sea, to the whole world, a world in very evil condition. For when he said, 'You are the salt of the earth,' he showed that all human nature was rendered unsavoury and corrupt by sin. Therefore he looks for those virtues in them principally which are the more necessary and useful for taking care of the many. The man who is gentle, modest, merciful and just does not shut up his good works in himself, but is concerned that those fair springs should flow for the benefit of others. Again, he who is clean of heart, and a peacemaker, who feels the urge for truth – such a man orders his life for the benefit of all.

Do not think, he says, that you are being drawn into minor skirmishes, nor that you are dealing with matters of little moment. 'You are the salt of the earth.' What then? Did they restore what was decayed? No. By mixing in salt they cannot help things already decayed. They certainly did not do this; but they mixed salt with what had already been renewed, freed from corruption, and handed over to them; and they preserved it in the newness received from the Lord. Deliverance from the corruption of sin required the power of Christ; to prevent a return to that corruption demanded hard work on their part.

You see how he gradually shows them to be superior to the prophets? He declares them to be teachers not of Palestine but of the whole world. So do not be surprised, he says, if I leave the rest and address you, and draw you on to such great dangers. Consider the number and vastness of the cities, peoples and races I am sending you to rule. So I desire not only that you be prudent, but that you should make others like yourselves. If you are not men of that kind, you will not be able even to look after yourselves.

For others who have lost their savour can recover it through your ministry; but if you fall into that evil condition, you draw others into ruin with you. So the greater the task entrusted to you, the greater effort you need. That is why Christ says: 'If the salt has lost its taste, how shall its saltiness be restored? It is no longer good for anything except to be thrown out and trodden under foot by men.'

To prevent their being afraid to go forth in public when hearing the words, 'When men revile you and persecute you and utter all kinds of evil against you', he says: If you are not ready for these things, you have been chosen in vain. You will inevitably be abused but it will do you no harm at all. Rather it will witness to your constancy. If, however, through fear of abuse you fall away from the zeal that befits you, you are likely to have much worse sufferings, to have a bad name with everyone, and to be an object of contempt to all: that is what being trodden under foot means.

Then he goes on to another and more sublime metaphor: 'You are the light of the world.' Once more, of the world, not of one nation or of twenty cities, but of the whole earth: a light to the mind, surpassing the rays of the sun, just as they are a spiritual salt. First salt, then light, to teach you what profit proceeds from ardent preaching, what benefit from serious doctrine. For their effect is to bind fast and make firm; they give clear sight and lead us on to virtue. 'A city set on a hill cannot be hid; nor do men light a lamp and put it under a bushel.' Again by these words he urges them to a well-ordered way of life, teaching them to be ready for action, since they live with all eyes upon them, contestants in the centre of a stadium that is the world.

– A reading from *The homilies of St John Chrysostom on St Matthew's Gospel*, Homily 15, 6, 7.
From the *Roman Breviary*, Second Reading at Matins of the 20th Sunday in Ordinary Time.

IN MEMORIAM

PIERRE RYCKMANS

September 28, 1935 – August 11, 2014

By Paul Stenhouse, MSC



AUSTRALIA has lost a world-renowned Chinese scholar and author who dared challenge the cult of Maoism among western ‘intellectuals’ in the late 60s by exposing the horrors of Mao Zedong’s ‘Cultural Revolution.’ *Annals* has lost the Chairman of its editorial board, and I have lost a friend.

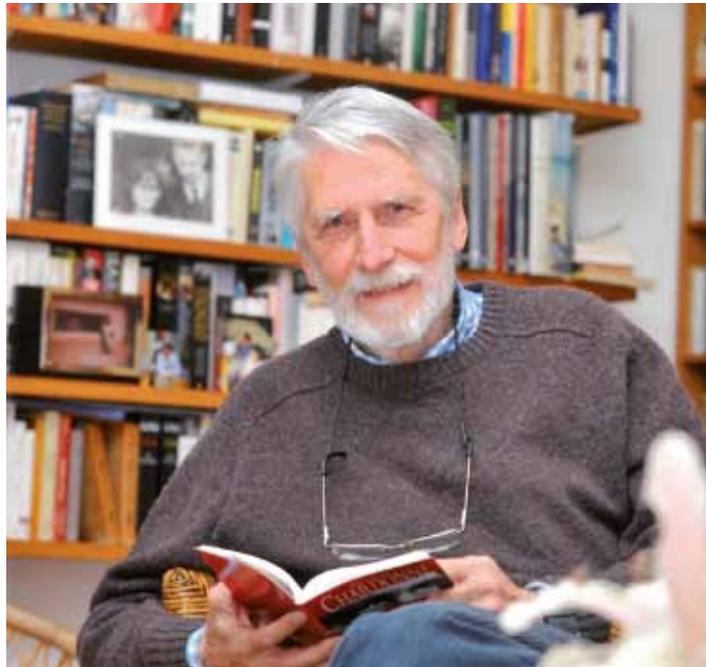
Pierre Ryckmans, better-known to some, perhaps, under his pen name of *Simon Leys*, died peacefully with his family around him on August 11 at his Sydney home. He was within a few weeks of his 79th birthday.

Pierre had been born into a distinguished Belgian family. References to his philologist uncle – Monsignor Gonzague Ryckmans [1887-1969] – abound in scholarly journals.

Gonzague was a pioneer in the study of pre-Islamic Arabian epigraphy, of South Semitic inscriptions, and especially of the ancient Sabaeo-Minaean language and culture that flourished in what was ancient Sheba – today called Yemen – from about 750 B.C. to 115 B.C. A cousin, Jacques Ryckmans [1924-2005] followed in his uncle’s footsteps, and excelled in the same scholarly field.

Pierre’s linguistic skills were equally formidable. His muse, however, took him in a different direction. In May 1955, when he was 19, he was the youngest in a delegation of Belgian youth that was invited to visit China. The programme included an audience with Premier Zhou Enlai.

From an interview he gave in 2011 to Daniel Sanderson, editor of the *Chinese Studies Association*



Pierre Ryckmans (Simon Leys) 1935—2014

of *Australia Newsletter*, we learn that his overwhelming impression from this visit was that ‘it would be inconceivable to live in this world, in our age, without a good knowledge of Chinese language and a direct access to Chinese culture.’

Pierre also said in the same interview that his childhood was a happy one. He added:

‘To paraphrase Tolstoy, all happy childhoods are alike – warm affection and much laughter. The recipe seems simple enough. The main benefit of this is that later on in life one feels no compulsion to waste time in ‘the pursuit of happiness’ – a rather foolish enterprise: as if happiness was something you could chase after.’

Despite his enthusiasm for Chinese language, art and literature, studying in mainland China was not an option, so he chose to go to Taiwan. It was there that he met HanFang, his future wife. He also spent time in Hong Kong and Singapore.

From 1970 when he moved to Australia with HanFang and their four children, until 1987 when he was appointed professor of Chinese at Sydney University, Pierre taught Chinese literature within the Department of Chinese at the Australian National University, Canberra. He retired from academic work in 1993 and devoted himself to writing. He was equally comfortable writing in English, Chinese or French.

Pierre’s vast knowledge of Chinese literature and painting – his special interests – was matched by his knowledge and appreciation of European literature and history.

A devoted Catholic, his knowledge of his Faith was profound, and his love of it unflagging.

In the interview in 2011 referred to above, he said that he regarded classical Chinese poetry as the purest, the most perfect and complete form of poetry one could conceive of. He thought it fitted W. H. Auden's definition of poetry as 'memorable speech' – carving itself effortlessly into one's memory, and 'like painting, splendidly occupying a visual space in its calligraphic incarnations.' 'It inhabits your mind,' he said, 'it accompanies your life and it sustains and illumines your daily experiences.'

His exposé of Mao's so-called Cultural Revolution appeared in French in 1971 as *Les Habits Neufs du Président Mao* and in English as *The Emperor's New Clothes*. The Cultural Revolution, he said, 'was a power struggle waged at the top between a handful of men and behind the smokescreen of a fictitious mass movement.' He described it as 'five years of upheaval, of blood and madness.' More than twenty other books in English and French – original works and translations – were to follow, among them: *Chinese Shadows*, published in 1974; *Orwell, ou l'horreur de la politique*, 1984; *The Death of Napoleon*, 1986; *Analects of Confucius* [translation] 1997; *The Angel and the Octopus*, 1999; *The Wreck of the Batavia*, 2003; *Other People's Thoughts*, 2007; *The Hall of Uselessness*, 2011.

Ten years ago, Pierre gave me his copy of Norman Malcolm's *Ludwig Wittgenstein, A Memoir*. I treasure it not only because of the light it throws on Wittgenstein's character and work, but because Pierre underlined in pencil whatever struck him in many of the phrases, lines, paragraphs and even notes and quotes in the margins. These offer precious insights into his own creative imagination, whimsical mindset and soul.

One such, was Wittgenstein's remark about Tolstoy: 'There's a real man; who has a right to write.'

Immortals

DO YOU grieve at the thought that your life must come to an end? The alternative could be worse – Swift showed it convincingly in *Gulliver's Travels*. Arriving in Luggnagg, Gulliver heard of the existence of 'Immortals' among the local population. From time to time a child is born with a large round mark on his forehead, a sure sign that he is a 'Struldbrugg': he will never die. This phenomenon is not hereditary; it is purely accidental – and extremely rare. Gulliver is transported with wonderment: so, there are some humans that are spared the anguish normally attached to our condition. These Struldbruggs must be able to store a prodigious wealth of moral and material resources through the ages – a treasure of knowledge, experience and wisdom! In the face of Gulliver's enthusiasm, his hosts can scarcely hide their smiles. Though the Struldbruggs are indeed immortal, they do age: after a few centuries they have lost their teeth, their hair, their memory; they can barely move; they are deaf and blind; they are hideously shrunken with age (the appearance of women is especially ghastly). The natural transformation of language deprives them of all means of communication with the new generations; they become strangers in their own society; burdened with all the miseries of old age, they survive endlessly in a state of desolate stupor. The progress of medicine provides us today with good illustrations of Swift's vision.

— Simon Leys, *The Hall of Uselessness*, Black Inc, 2011, p. 438.

Pierre and I discussed how our cyber generation would struggle to comprehend this, armed with its Apple or PC and spellcheck, and raised on a false belief in everyone's right to express their opinions no matter how wrong, bizarre or anti-social.

Of Christianity, Wittgenstein – who was baptised and buried a Catholic – wrote in 1944:

'The whole earth can suffer no greater torment than a *single* soul. The Christian faith – as I see it – is one's refuge in this ultimate moment. Anyone to whom it is given in this anguish to open his heart instead of contracting it, accepts the means of salvation in his heart.'

Pierre pencilled this, as he did the following observation of Wittgenstein:

'[Christianity] says that all wisdom is cold; and that you can no more use it for setting your life to rights than you can forge cold iron. ... Wisdom is without passion. Faith by contrast, is what Kierkegaard calls a passion.'

A tribute paid to Pierre in *The Australian* described him as 'a truly unique figure, in some ways the greatest to have lived in Australia during the past forty-four years.'

May I end this tribute to a dear and valued friend, with a final quote from Wittgenstein who had received a letter from an old friend, a Catholic priest in Austria. He comments:

'In it [the priest] says that he hopes my work will go well, if it should be God's will. Now that is all I want: if it should be God's will. Bach wrote on the title page of his *Orgelbüchlein*: "To the glory of the Most High God and that my neighbour may be benefitted thereby". That is what I would have liked to say about my own work.'

Pierre noted this, and underlined it in pencil. I don't doubt that this is what he would have liked said about his own life and work. It's my privilege to say it. May his dear soul rest in peace.



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[Hilary] Mantel has chosen to make [St Thomas] More the singular object of her anti-Catholic vitriol. More does not appear in the book other than in a damning light; no one speaks anything but ill of him and he is not allowed a redeeming feature.'

'WOLF HALL' AND THE REAL ST THOMAS MORE

By Graham Hutton



THE FIRST of a trilogy of novels about Thomas Cromwell by the successful English writer Hilary Mantel, 'Wolf Hall' has experienced a phenomenal success winning huge critical acclaim, selling over 1.2 million copies and winning the Mann Booker prize. It has now been turned into a stage play and at both Stratford-upon-Avon and London's West End this play, too, has been such a success that it is being described with such hyperboles as 'a landmark' and 'a phenomenon'. No doubt the forthcoming TV series will reach even more people.

Unfortunately, whatever the literary merits of the book, its popularity is something which Catholics can only regret. The great work of recent historians of the English Reformation such as Eamon Duffy, Christopher Haigh and Richard Rex, has done much to clear away the obfuscations of traditional English historiography around the medieval Church and the reformation.

Whereas the old Whig view of history portrayed the medieval Church as a deeply corrupt and unpopular institution and looked upon the events of the sixteenth century

as a shaking off of superstition, leading to the introduction of a more enlightened religion under the influence of which England was able to spread progressive values to the world, the new generation of historians showed that this was to oversimplify to the point of distortion.



St Thomas More: segment of a stained glass window in the Great Hall of Sydney University. The ribbon above reads: Thom. More Eques 'Thomas More, Knight'.

The English medieval Church could now be seen to have had a vitality and a claim on people's loyalties which made the Henrican and Elizabethan reformations deeply traumatic for the country as a whole. Moreover, in many ways the break with Rome came to be seen not so much as the throwing off of foreign tyranny as an act of state which, in raising the King in Parliament to the level of an unfettered sovereign authority, supreme over matters spiritual as well as temporal, actually facilitated the creation of an all-powerful state unrestrained by the wider laws of Christendom.

Unfortunately Hilary Mantel has ignored these insights and taken us back to the old mind set with a vengeance. The Catholics of Henry VIII's reign are seen as backward looking enemies of progress whilst the heroes, and above all the enlightened Thomas Cromwell, are the men on the side of history who see how the lot of humanity can be improved by the throwing off of Roman shackles.

This reversion to an outdated historiographical tradition is in itself to be regretted but what is quite unforgivable and calls for all Catholics to stand up and

object vociferously is the portrayal in the book of St Thomas More.

Mantel has chosen to make More the singular object of her anti-Catholic vitriol. My recent rereading of the book confirmed as literally true the impression that I had already formed: More does not appear even once in the book other than in a damning light; no one ever speaks anything but ill of him and he is not allowed a single redeeming feature.

In short he is not so much a life-like character (as one might expect in a novel which has been so widely praised) but rather a caricature, a personification of all that Mantel thinks evil about sixteenth century Catholicism. Since More is one of our greatest saints and the patron of both lawyers and politicians, it is worthwhile to look briefly at how Mantel falsely portrays him and then to compare this with the truth.

Even before More makes his first appearance in the book we are introduced to him as a bigot of the worst kind when Cardinal Wolsey (who, for some reason, Mantel has chosen to portray as some kind of broad-minded Anglican *avant la lettre*) is said to respond to those accused of heresy by praying for them and warning them to 'mend their manners, or Thomas More will get hold of them and shut them in his cellar. And all we will hear is the sound of screaming.'

This is the first example of the *leitmotif* which sounds at almost

When Christendom was Catholic

IT IS by no means easy for even impartial men to arrive at clear and accurate knowledge of the social and mental conditions of peoples and classes living under different conditions from themselves. ... In truth, the judgments which men form are to a large extent subjective ... In religious matters an impartial critic is the exception. ... it may be assumed as fairly certain that a Protestant writer dealing with the Dark Ages – a period when Christendom was Catholic - will have a tendency to deal out something less than justice.

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

every mention of More in 'Wolf Hall'. Often he is contrasted, as in the previous passage, with the enlightened Wolsey: thus 'when More and his clerical friends storm in, breathing hellfire about the newest heresy, the cardinal can make calming gestures'.

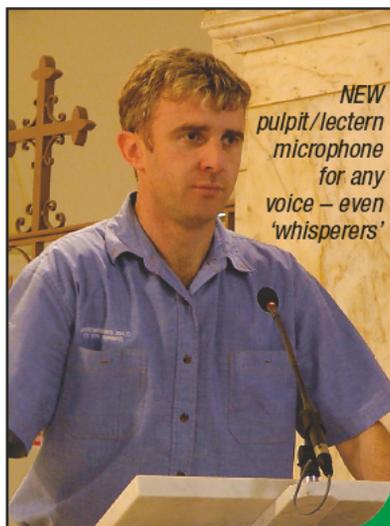
His bigotry is not only cruel but utterly pedantic: so Cromwell says of More 'He would chain you up for a mistranslation. He would, for a difference in your Greek, kill

you'. More is portrayed as almost sadistic for it is not sufficient for him to have men tortured; rather he must witness the torture himself or even carry it out personally. So, when John Fisher's cook is to be questioned after the poisoning of Fisher's household it is said that they need More 'a master in the twin acts of stretching and compressing the servants of God. He stands by at the Tower while heretics are tortured. He uses Sheffingham's Daughter [a machine of torture which crushed its victims] and whips at his own house'.

The second aspect of More's character as portrayed by Mantel is his perverted sexuality which is manifested both in his obsessive self flagellation and in his contemptuous attitude to women, especially his wife, Alice.

He is described as a 'failed priest' at one point and, again, we are told that he 'would have been a priest, but human flesh called him with its inconvenient demands'. Again Cromwell (or perhaps Mantel, for it is not always easy to discern who is meant to be expressing their thoughts) thinks More's view is that 'if you are so lenient with yourself as to insist on living with a woman, then for the sake of your soul you should make it a woman you really don't like'.

More certainly is shown as not liking Alice. He makes his guests speak Latin in her presence throughout the whole of



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dinner even though she does not understand a word of it and then humiliates her by inviting his guests to eat adding 'All except Alice who will burst out of her corset'. More takes equal delight in humiliating other women, such as his ward Anne Cresacre More, and only his daughter Meg is spared the effects of his misogyny.

Of course, this is all part of Mantel's anachronistic world view in which Catholics are backward looking obscurantists and misogynists whereas the reformers are almost children of the Enlightenment.

When Cromwell tells More that he is glad that 'I am not like you... my mind fixed on the next world. I realize that you see no prospect of improving this one', Mantel has slipped without noticing it, from the mindset of the sixteenth century (where the struggle was to discover the right way of having one's mind fixed on the next world) into that of the eighteenth.

The real More, the man who was to become a Catholic martyr and saint, was, of course, nothing like the monster whom Mantel depicts.

Far from being a bigot imprisoned in a crude and unquestioning medieval world view, More was a humanist scholar deeply influenced by such enlightened figures as Colet, Grocyn and Erasmus, the latter of whom became a lifelong friend and correspondent.

Under the influence of such men, More dedicated himself to the learning of Greek in order to be able to study the scriptures and the Fathers in their original language. He lectured on the Fathers in order to make their works more known by others. He prayed with the fathers of the Charterhouse not because he was a failed priest (for he was already lecturing on law at the time he attended their devotions) but in order to develop a deep lay spirituality.

When it comes to Mantel's portrayal of More's family life and view of women, nothing could

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be further from the truth. It is clear that he valued marriage as a sacrament and the Holbein portrait shows the significance to him of his family which he regarded as a kind of religious community of its own.

Although it is true that he married his second wife, Alice, within a month of the death of his first there is nothing to suggest that either marriage was entered into purely to satisfy the lusts of the flesh, still less that he deliberately married women whom he disliked as a perverse form of self denial.

On the contrary, he touchingly wrote that he could not say which

wife was dearer to him, the one who gave birth to his children or the one who raised them. In an age when women were often left uneducated, More was a model of enlightenment following the view of Plato and Pico della Mirandola that girls were as capable of learning as boys and so ensuring that all of his children, daughters as well as sons, were well educated.

Moreover they were given not a narrow backward looking education but a broad liberal arts education which included Latin and Greek, history, philosophy, the study of

scripture and the Fathers of the Church and practice in the art of letter writing.

In 'Wolf Hall,' More is sour and angry, a man of no wit other than a cruel one deployed to humiliate others. The real More had a delightful character on which many contemporaries commented. Erasmus, hardly an unreliable witness, wrote of More that he is 'always friendly and cheerful, with something of the air of one who smiles easily, and ... disposed to be merry rather than serious or solemn, but without a hint of the fool or the buffoon.'

More the humanist, far from despairing of the 'prospect of improving' this world, as Mantel would have us believe, dedicated much of his attention to helping the poor by building an alms house next to his mansion in Chelsea and to reforming the laws of the commonwealth. His praise of Cardinal Morton's reforms in his 'Utopia' and, indeed, the whole of the 'Dialogue of Counsel' section of that book, shows a profound understanding of and concern for precisely how 'this world' might be improved.

His biographer, John Guy, has shown how More used his brief

term as Lord Chancellor to reform the laws in a humane way and describes him as ensuring 'a smooth transition from the age of clerical to that of common-law chancellors.'

There is only one respect in which even the faintest glimmer of truth can be found in Mantel's portrayal of More: his hatred of heresy.

Of course, Mantel is anachronistic in the way she deals with this. No one in the 1520s thought that heresy was a thing to be tolerated; the only question was what constituted heresy. The vitriol which More poured out against heretics was no different in kind from that which Luther or Tyndale directed at Catholics.

Each side, unlike modern man, believed in objective truth and believed that holding to that truth was a matter of life and death: life and death of the soul. If it is true, then, that More hated heresy this is not something for which he is to be vilified, unless we are to make the historical error of vilifying everyone in the past who did not share the views of modern man.

Mantel might think that More persecuted heretics with a particular and unusual ferocity but this is far from the truth. In reality only

six people were burned for heresy while More was Chancellor. There had been burnings before him and they would continue after him. By contrast, there is no evidence of any personal cruelty on More's part towards the heretics. Those who recanted were merely allowed to do penance as the law required.

The accusation that More tortured heretics was first made by Foxe many years later to glorify the protestant martyrs and there is no contemporary evidence for it.

So distant from the truth is Mantel's depiction of More, then, that it is difficult to tell whether she is merely a bad student of history or, worse, is deliberately creating a calumny against the memory of a saint in order to make a point. Certainly it would not be impossible to believe this given the *animus* which Mantel (herself a lapsed Catholic) shows against the Church in 'Wolf Hall'.

Perhaps the supreme example of this, and one which is truly sickening, comes towards the end of the book. Shortly before his own execution More and his daughter, Meg, who was visiting him in his cell in the Tower, witnessed the leading away of the fathers of the London Charterhouse. They were to be dragged to Tyburn where, still wearing their habits, they would be hanged, drawn and quartered. This was the vicious death which the law of England laid down after 1534 for those who denied that Henry VIII was the Head of the Church.

History records a touching scene in More's cell when he turned to Meg and said 'Lo doest thou not see, Meg, that these blessed fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to the marriage?'

In the novel this scene is depicted in Mantel's typically twisted way. More is said to be pitiless and to have used Meg in order to strengthen his own resolve. It is perverse of Mantel to have her hero, Cromwell, disapproving of More's failure to protect Meg

The reality of Islamic domination

IT MUST, however, be emphasised that the duty of the Moslem sovereign to reduce all non-Moslem states to subjection by force of arms never actually lapsed, though circumstances may have rendered it difficult or even impossible to execute. The fact of an independent Christian state existing – or indeed of such a state existing belonging to any other religious community – is sufficient ground for an attack. And the court historian of the Ottomans, who wrote with the express object of glorifying the first eight Sultans of that dynasty, makes it the great merit of Othman, the founder, that he attacked the Christian strongholds in Asia Minor and so increased the territory of Islam; there were prosperous cities in his neighbourhoods, which owing to the weakness of Byzantium and the rival empire could not defend themselves against aggression, and pay with employment was wanted for the refugees, from the relics of the Seljuk empire; Othman, according to this chronicler, who took care to say nothing which his masters would not approve, attacked these cities, and forced the inhabitants either to adopt Islam or to pay tribute; the old industries were ruined, and the churches with few exceptions turned into mosques.

— David S. Margoliouth, *The early development of Mohammedanism*, London, Williams and Norgate, 1914, p. 102.

from the fearsome sight (as he says he would have done for his own daughter) when Cromwell himself has deliberately arranged for Meg to be in the cell at the requisite time so that she might witness the execution procession.

However, by far the most twisted passage in the entire book comes a few pages earlier when Mantel says of the Charterhouse fathers 'As April goes out, four treacherous monks are put on trial, their treason being their having refused the oath of Supremacy.

Mantel then goes on positively to gloat over what happens to them, first mocking their otherworldly response to Cromwell's attempts to persuade them to swear the oath: 'go away and leave me to my sanctified death' and then ending 'If they think that they will maintain to the end the equanimity of their prayer-lives, they are wrong, because the law demands the full traitor's penalty, the short spin in the wind and the conscious public disembowelling, a brazier alight for human entrails. It is the most horrible of all deaths, pain and rage and humiliation swallowed to the dregs, the fear so great that the strongest rebel is unmanned before the executioner with his knife can do the job'.

More was regarded by his most enlightened contemporaries as the glory of England and of his age. He behaved throughout his ordeals with the utmost bravery and integrity and died in the end for the truth that the Pope, not the King, is head of the Church on earth.

That was the true measure of the man and it is to be deplored that a novelist with a grudge against the Church can try to destroy his reputation so monstrously. Catholics should stand up for their saint and martyr against such calumny.

GRAHAM HUTTON is the founding partner of the private equity firm Hutton Collins. He studied History at Cambridge and Theology at Oxford as an Anglican before converting to Catholicism in 1982. He serves on a number of charity boards, including the Christian Heritage Centre as well as Aid to the Church in Need, UK, of which he has been chairman since last year.

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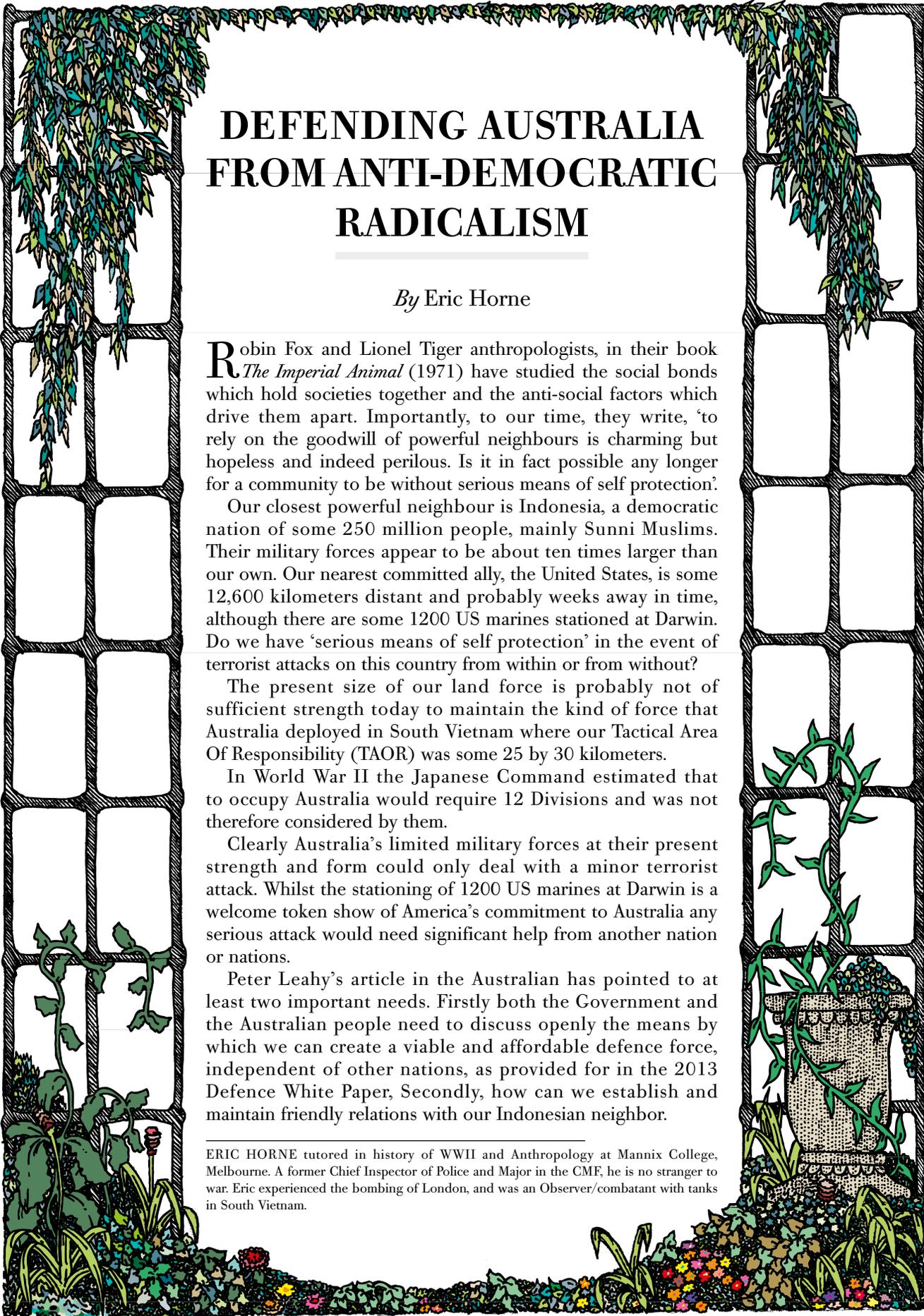
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– Editor, *Annals*

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DEFENDING AUSTRALIA FROM ANTI-DEMOCRATIC RADICALISM

By Eric Horne

Robin Fox and Lionel Tiger anthropologists, in their book *The Imperial Animal* (1971) have studied the social bonds which hold societies together and the anti-social factors which drive them apart. Importantly, to our time, they write, 'to rely on the goodwill of powerful neighbours is charming but hopeless and indeed perilous. Is it in fact possible any longer for a community to be without serious means of self protection?'

Our closest powerful neighbour is Indonesia, a democratic nation of some 250 million people, mainly Sunni Muslims. Their military forces appear to be about ten times larger than our own. Our nearest committed ally, the United States, is some 12,600 kilometers distant and probably weeks away in time, although there are some 1200 US marines stationed at Darwin. Do we have 'serious means of self protection' in the event of terrorist attacks on this country from within or from without?

The present size of our land force is probably not of sufficient strength today to maintain the kind of force that Australia deployed in South Vietnam where our Tactical Area Of Responsibility (TAOR) was some 25 by 30 kilometers.

In World War II the Japanese Command estimated that to occupy Australia would require 12 Divisions and was not therefore considered by them.

Clearly Australia's limited military forces at their present strength and form could only deal with a minor terrorist attack. Whilst the stationing of 1200 US marines at Darwin is a welcome token show of America's commitment to Australia any serious attack would need significant help from another nation or nations.

Peter Leahy's article in the Australian has pointed to at least two important needs. Firstly both the Government and the Australian people need to discuss openly the means by which we can create a viable and affordable defence force, independent of other nations, as provided for in the 2013 Defence White Paper, Secondly, how can we establish and maintain friendly relations with our Indonesian neighbor.

ERIC HORNE tutored in history of WWII and Anthropology at Mannix College, Melbourne. A former Chief Inspector of Police and Major in the CME, he is no stranger to war. Eric experienced the bombing of London, and was an Observer/combatant with tanks in South Vietnam.

Towards the end of my mother's life in England, our local greengrocer kept a special chair for her so that she could take a necessary rest in the middle of her shopping. Where is evidence of such basic humanity today?

FROM FARMERS' MARKETS TO MONEY MARKETS

By Giles Auty



BEFORE I first set foot on Australian soil some twenty years ago, almost the only Australians I had ever met – a sprinkling of fellow journalists and artists aside – were young men I played sport against on English tennis and squash courts and cricket grounds – three sports I played at fairly serious levels when I was younger.

What I should state here immediately is what excellent ambassadors for their country such sportive Australians once were: intensely competitive yet modest as well as excellent company after the matches were over.

What I suspect now is that quite a high percentage of these players were possibly country boys i.e. the sons of farmers or professional people who had been sent away to be educated privately in the capitals of their respective states.

Whoever they were all certainly showed a very welcome curiosity about life in other countries as well as the vital adaptability necessary to fit in well overseas.

Having lived in Australia myself for quite a number of years, I now tend to view such people as representing an 'old' Australia – the heyday of which had probably passed well before I came here myself.

Christianity, in its various guises, undoubtedly played an important

if largely unseen role in the basic psychology of this 'old' – and very likeable – Australia whereas it seemingly plays little or none at all in the psychology of 'new', politically correct, post-modernist Australia. Indeed, in post-modern, theory-bound Australia traditional Christianity is apt to find itself viewed today as little more than an anachronistic superstition. This is a very damaging change for our country.

I was reminded recently of my thoughts about 'old' Australia while attending a local farmers' market in the Blue Mountains. One of the participants at the market had driven for some five hours from very early that morning to bring excellent wines from vineyards he had planted himself some twenty years earlier. Before being so engaged he was an international rower based in England – just down the road from where I was then living myself, in fact.

However, his was just one of the fascinating stories of old-fashioned initiative to be met among the occupants of the stands – most of which retailed excellent, mainly rural produce.

Such markets are patronised very enthusiastically locally creating echoes of days when fresh Australian fare was marketed much more simply, locally and cheaply than is generally the case today. Many among sellers and buyers wore engaging smiles – another somewhat unusual trait when compared with the mood generally prevailing in any of the three gargantuan local supermarkets which are virtually our sole local outlets otherwise for the retailing of food.

Garish signboards proclaim the wonderful extent to which customers at this local duopoly are able to make huge savings.

Compared with what exactly?

Food prices have certainly escalated sharply during the past four years when I have been living largely abroad. Like power and fuel food is an unavoidable purchase yet how reassuring it would be to associate its purchase at least occasionally with some kind of pleasure or fulfilment.

At the time of day – mid-morning – at which I most often visit one or other of the vast local supermarkets they are generally at their emptiest except for seriously disorientated-seeming elderly people who

Rock 'n' Roll

ROCK journalism is people who can't write interviewing people who can't talk, for people who can't read.

— Frank Zappa, quoted by a talk-back caller speaking to Marty Moss Coane who was interviewing NYU journalism professor Jay Rosen.

generally cannot find the whereabouts of any of the things they seek amid all the brightly-lit acres of aisles. There is nowhere at all for any of them to sit and some seem to me to employ their supermarket trollies as substitute zimmer frames as they slowly traverse the vast distances which separate one corner of the store from another.

Towards the end of my mother's life in England, our local greengrocer kept a special chair for her so that she could take a necessary rest in the middle of her shopping. Where is evidence of such basic humanity today?

In the supermarket which I prefer – not least because of an absence of Jamie Oliver stickers – vast crudely drawn and printed hands point to the floor of the emporium which bear the legend DOWN – AND STAYING DOWN. In spite of my initial misapprehension that such severed limbs referred simply to the spirits of the shoppers I have since learned that they refer apparently to the prices of adjacent foodstuffs. Very possibly the inventor of this canny slogan was paid a king's ransom for his or her marketing genius yet I find that these vast stores now remind me perversely of nothing so much as the old GUM supermarket in central Moscow where, in the days shortly before the collapse of communism, there was virtually nothing to buy.

It would be wrong, I am sure, to describe the buying of food today as a minefield yet I find a good deal of the packaging plus the tiny size of the print which bears vital information about the food's place of origin deceptive to say the least. The thought crosses my mind at least occasionally that we may be exporting the very best of Australian produce and importing our own food instead from lands where local farming practices are not within our control.

To true capitalists the arbiter in all matters is supposed to be 'the market' yet playing about in any way with our main food supply can

Social Casualties

A RECURRENT story in world history is the potential for frustrated ex-combatants, shunned, devalued and jobless, to start insurrections and revolutions, turn to crime and mercenarism, or simply to become social casualties.

— Islamism and its enemies in the Horn of Africa, ed. Alex de Waal, Shama Books, Addis Ababa, 2004, p.46,47.

clearly affect the entire future health of our nation.

Let me remind you for a moment of the classic function of 'the market'. I quote here from excellent American economist James Rickards's book *The Death of Money*:

"The word market invokes images of everything from prehistoric trade goods to mediaeval town fairs to postmodern digital exchanges with nano-second bids and offers converging in a computational cloud. In essence, markets are places where buyers and sellers meet to conduct the sale of goods and services. In the world today, place may be an abstracted location, a digital venue; a meeting may amount to nothing more than a fleeting connection. But at their core, markets are unchanged since traders swapped amber for ebony on the shores of the Mediterranean during the Bronze Age".

In the small country town where I grew up in the UK – Faversham – supermarkets were in those days still many years from making an appearance.

Accordingly local shopkeepers still vied with one another in their general courtesy and helpfulness. Any who did not do so would probably not have lasted long. Meat, fish, eggs, fruit, vegetables and bread were all locally sourced and, in spite of the widespread post-war poverty which prevailed, I suspect

people generally ate better – and certainly cooked better – than many do today.

Branches of so-called high street banks competed similarly for local custom whereas today they seemingly compete only in the rapidity – and gross inconvenience – of their closures.

Looking back I find I can easily recall the names of local shopkeepers and bank managers even from the somewhat distant days of my youth. Individual human beings once clearly mattered in the greater scheme of things but I fear such days are increasingly behind us now.

The Global Financial Crisis of 2008 demonstrated clearly how little the concerns of ordinary citizens mattered to the world's super banks or insurance companies. In the general decline of useful manufacturing in Britain and the USA we have witnessed instead the rise and rise of artificially created bank products such as derivatives. In the West, in general, levels of national debt now threaten our long-held notions about civilisation itself yet in Australia we are still quibbling endlessly about the making even of minor economies.

In my youth the object of much of my reading was to gain as wide a knowledge as possible of Western culture and history. In recent years, however, a large part of my reading has been transferred to international economic theory. I fear much of this has been prompted by an understandable wish to survive.

If you have not yet embarked on such a course yourself may I recommend *Planet Ponzi* by Mitch Feierstein and *The Death of Money* by James Rickards as inexpensive paperback primers?

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*.

CONVERT TO ISLAM OR DIE

AN IRAQI CHRISTIAN woman described how she defied ISIS terrorists who put a sword to her throat and told her to either convert to Islam or lose her head. With the blade at her neck, she replied that she would rather die than give up her Christian faith. But instead of decapitating her, the Islamists – many of whom she described as foreigners with long beards – robbed her of all her possessions before eventually driving her from Qaraqosh. The woman, Khiria Al-Kas Isaac, 54, is one of a rising number of Christian refugees to escape over the border to Kurdish-controlled territory with tales of how they narrowly escaped with their lives after they refused to convert to Islam.

Weeping as she recounted her ordeal, Khiria said she and husband, M u f e e d Wadee' Tobiya, awoke on the morning of August 7 to find that Q a r a q o s h had been over-run by ISIS fighters. She was told repeatedly by the militants, 'who spoke

different languages,' from the first day, that if she did not convert to Islam she would be decapitated. When she refused, she and 46 women, who had also rejected such demands, were separated from their families and whipped and beaten over a 10-day period in an attempt to make them abandon their Christian faith.

Khiria said: 'I answered [the terrorists] immediately, I was born Christian and if that leads me to death, I prefer to die a Christian.' Quoting from the Gospel of St Matthew (10:33), she said: 'Jesus said: 'Whoever denies me before men, I will also deny him before

my Father who is in heaven'. Khiria said that the women were often assembled as a group to be whipped so that they could witness how the others were suffering grievously. She said that none of the women capitulated under the scourging and other cruelties inflicted upon them. 'All of us were crying but refused to convert,' Khiria said. She added that when an ISIS terrorist who was flogging her across her back told her he would 'hurt you more' unless she became a Muslim, she answered him: 'I am an old lady [and] sick. I have not got any daughter or son that may increase the number of Muslims or follow you, what is the benefit if I will convert?' On the 10th day all of the women were assembled together again and a

terrorist 'put the sword on my neck in front of all the ladies and said to me: "Convert or you will be killed"' Khiria answered: 'I am happy to be a martyr.' At that point the terrorists relented, and robbed



her of all possessions, including money she had saved for a kidney operation, and drove close to Kurdish territory where she was released on September 4 along with her husband and two other women.

The following day 14 men and women were also expelled from Qaraqosh. It is not known what has happened to the remaining Christians. Sahar Mansour, a refugee from Mosul who interviewed Khiria in Ankawa refugee camp near Irbil, said the woman was now unable to sleep because of nightmares about her experiences.

– Source: The Catholic Herald, London UK.

ISIS, stratagems, lies, Islamist terror, and political totalitarianism

IN PRAISE OF STRAIGHT TALKING

By Paul Stenhouse, MSC



YOUNG RELIGIOUS MUSLIMS from western democracies, impressed by the military hardware and the ruthless butchery and mayhem that the psychopathic, self-styled Caliph Abu Bakr al-Baghdadi, spreads in the name of Allah in Iraq and Syria, have joined his band of young, brainwashed jihadists calling themselves *The Islamic State*.

Al-Baghdadi has gone through many name changes; his latest *nom de guerre* is the title adopted by the legitimate Caliphs or Successors of Muhammad, viz.: *Amir al-Mu'minin* [Commander of the Faithful]. And he now wants to be called *Caliph Ibrahim*.

Whatever his name and his claims, would-be followers need to be aware that in the middle of the eleventh century A.D. there were no fewer than *four* self-styled Caliphs in Spain, each claiming to be the Commander of the Faithful, each claiming to be Sovereign over all Muslims in Andalusia: Hisham II at Seville; Muhammad I al-Mahdi at Malaga; Muhammad ben al-Qasim at Algeciras; and Idris II ibn Yahya [known as al-'Ali] the rightful Caliph of Malaga.¹

Their internecine quarrels unleashed murderous tribal, clan

and personal vendettas between Andalusians, Berbers, Arabs, Slavs and Black Muslims in Andalusia that resemble the internecine bloodbaths still engulfing Afghanistan, Iraq and Syria, and of the Arab Spring in Egypt and North Africa.

The tragedy is that in the 21st century we find what had been a feature of Islamic rule in Spain from the moment the Muslim Berber army entered Andalusia in 711, and

Feuds between Arab tribes, based on mutual hatred that existed in Arabia from time immemorial, in the words of historian Reinhart Dozy who was speaking specifically of the Yemenites and the Kaisites [or Ma'addites], would 'in the years to come ... drench Spain and Sicily, the deserts of Atlas and the banks of the Ganges, with blood.'²

It was ever thus: from the attack in Muhammad's lifetime on the village of Mu'tah in today's Jordan in 629 AD [to steal the renowned Mashrafiyeh swords manufactured in Mu'tah, for the imminent attack on Mecca] to the terrorist outrages of September 11, 2001, and the continuing bloody 'insurgent' attacks in Afghanistan, post-Saddam Hussein Iraq, and Syria.

Al-Baghdadi is just one of the more recent in this long line of Islamic 'prophets' and fanatics who have appeared after Muhammad's death, beginning with Abu Bakr – the first of the Caliphs – the successors of Muhammad – and al-Baghdadi's namesake.

Abu Bakr's ruthlessness when Caliph – towards 'infidels' and allegedly apostate Muslims – is well documented. Al-Tabari, the ninth century AD Islamic historian, tells us that Abu Bakr advised Khalid bin Walid not to spare any of the Arab tribes that would not accept Islam. He commanded him to torture the tribesmen with fire and kill them



From an Indonesian blog warning Muslims of the dangers of ISIS

throughout the Middle East since the death of Muhammad in 632, is continuing unabated and even spreading.

And while Christians and other non-Islamic minorities are butchered and pillaged by al-Baghdadi and his pawns, the majority of their victims are Muslims.

pitilessly, and capture their wives and children. This grim advice is repeated in a letter written by Abu Bakr to the Arab tribesmen who had repudiated Islam when Muhammad died.³

Ibn Khaldun, a Tunisian scholar who died in 1406 – regarded by some as one of the founders of modern sociology and economics – had this to say about Christians in his day: ‘We should not blacken the pages of this book [the *Muqaddimah*] with discussions of their doctrines of unbelief. ... to discuss or argue these things with them is not up to us. It is for them [to choose between] conversion to Islam, payment of the poll tax, or death.’⁴

Al-Baghdadi and his horde are not exceptions, they are the norm for political Islam.

Towards the end of the thirteenth century AD, an anonymous Arab author wrote a handbook on artifice and subterfuge entitled *Raqā’iq al-hilal fi daqā’iq al-hiyal*, which translates as ‘Fine weapons in subtle deceits’. The word *hiyal* is the plural of *hila*, which means ‘artifice,’ ‘cunning,’ ‘ruse,’ ‘stratagem,’ ‘trick,’ ‘subterfuge,’ ‘evasion,’ ‘machination,’ ‘plot’: a tactic that misleads, and thereby enables someone to circumvent the law, to act *in fraudem legis*. Its root *hala* principally means ‘to change,’ and can mean ‘withdraw,’ as in the sense of withdrawing from or repudiating a covenant or agreement.

The handbook’s content makes its point clear: to prevail in difficult and uncertain circumstances may call for refinement of skill in persuasion and, if necessary, in cheating and misleading in order to outwit an adversary or gain an ally. And not just in political or military matters. The book ranges widely, dealing with artifice, stratagems and lying ruses in politics, commerce, social intercourse and religion.

All the ploys, plots and ruses have a familiar and modern ring to them. Machiavelli would have recognized a kindred soul in our anonymous author, and would have been impressed.

Executed for violating Shari’a

THE USE of the death penalty to implement Shari’a, Islamic law, continues to increase year by year: in 2010 there were at least 714 executions, against 658 in 2009 and around 585 in the previous year, in 13 countries with a Muslim majority, many of which ordered by religious tribunals. The sentences were carried out by hanging, decapitation and execution by firing squad. Worldwide 24 of the 47 countries with a Muslim majority practise capital punishment; 18 of these have a judicial system that explicitly refers to Shari’a. There is only one Islamic country, Iran, that applied the death penalty in 2010 and in the first six months of 2011, to minors who were under the age of 18 when they committed their crime. Saudi Arabia, the United Arab Emirates, Mauritania and Egypt also sentenced minors to death, but did not execute the penalty. Shari’a has been applied through hanging, decapitation and execution by firing squad. In Iran, Nigeria and Pakistan people have been sentenced to death by stoning, but there are no reports of actual executions by this method, though stoning is used without regular trials in Somalia, Afghanistan and Pakistan. Hanging, often in public, is the most widespread method. The Iranian version is particularly cruel: in this country a crane or a low platform is used that causes the convicts to die a slow and painful death. The only country to apply decapitation is Saudi Arabia. In 2010 there were 27 executions, less than half the number recorded in 2009 (at least 69), but the number of decapitations increased significantly in 2011.

— EuropeNews August 5, 2011

The Abbasid Caliph Ma’mun [AD 813-833], for example, loved precious stones, and indulged in a spot of insider trading by devising a clever ruse to bring the price of gems down so that he could buy them more cheaply.⁵

Desire for revenge motivated Hamid, son of al-‘Abbas, who managed to dupe the honest Vizier ‘Ali bin Isa Ibn al-Jarrah who had imprisoned him for tax fraud.⁶

When Muhammad’s son-in-law and cousin ‘Ali was Caliph, Mu’awiya, who was to become first of the Umayyad Caliphs in Damascus, tricked ‘Ali into dismissing a most loyal friend and ally – Qais bin Sa’ad who was Governor of Egypt – by spreading lies about his loyalty in letters that he knew would reach ‘Ali. ‘Ali believed them, summarily dismissed Qais and Mu’awiya was able to seize control of Egypt.⁷

We even hear of an unnamed Sultan who was strapped for cash, and whose soldiers’ salaries had not been paid. He had ingots made of copper and covered with a light coating of gold, that he deposited

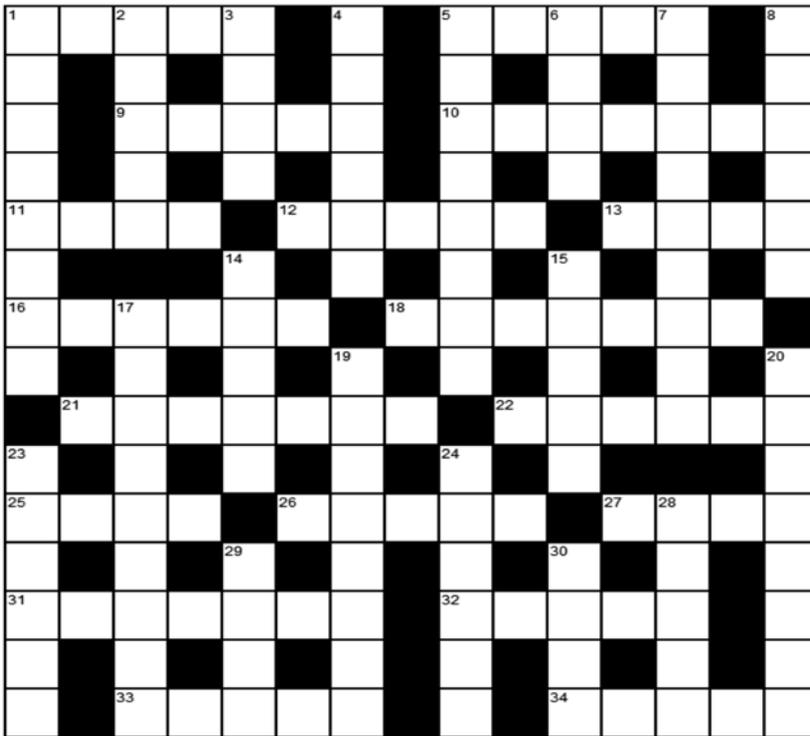
in his treasury. When his soldiers demanded to be paid *immediately* he showed them the spurious gold ingots and promised to pay them after he had coins struck from the gold. They agreed to wait. Afterwards, when taxes were paid, the Sultan paid his soldiers from the money he received.⁸

This tale is reminiscent of fraud perpetrated in AD 1078 by Mu’tamid king of Seville on Raymond Berenger II, Count of Barcelona. Mu’tamid paid in debased coinage thirty thousand ducats which he owed the Count – having minted the coins with a large admixture of alloy.⁹

In his introduction to the French edition of this book, Syrian-born René Khawam notes the modern ring to much in the MSS: ‘Nothing has changed in the soul of these desert dwellers who can be consecutively, and sometimes simultaneously, the proudest warriors and the most deceitful negotiators.’¹⁰

From the seventh century onwards, early and late mediaeval Christendom was aware of what

ANNALS CRYPTIC CROSSWORD NO. 38



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Across Clues

- 1 Moved around aimlessly on light motorcycle (5)
- 5 Dog seen in odd photo at church (5)
- 9 Medieval server of meals to stitch Queen into drain (5)
- 10 KO'd drawback to the exterior (7)
- 11 Doctor goes round before noon with umbrella (4)
- 12 Possessed parts of downtown Edinburgh (5)
- 13 Saint on outskirts of Yorkshire has eye infection (4)
- 16 Tied up English martyr Thomas before start of devotions (6)
- 18 Appeal to a non-drinker to return cart inside (7)
- 21 All hide out with haircutting temptress (7)
- 22 A very quiet listener to come into view (6)
- 25 Mecca, in Saudi Arabia, conceals Biblical murderer (4)
- 26 Thespian about to leave nuclear facility (5)
- 27 Pine log contains top of nail (4)
- 31 I left short skirt on whale in Mediterranean island (7)
- 32 The Spanish get it, English are superior (5)
- 33 Oops! Back after initially escaping Finland's second largest city (5)
- 34 Too much translating of classical language (5)

Down Clues

- 1 Ms Goya, I'm upset by a hatred of marriage (8)
- 2 Quiet Pam goes around to get cashmere wool (5)
- 3 Swallow feathers (4)
- 4 Prison guards propellers? (6)
- 5 It's appropriate to have half of city real estate (8)
- 6 Letter to a thief contains curse (4)
- 7 Each earth movement leads to anguish (9)
- 8 Put in order after it turned up and dropped dead (6)
- 14 There's danger when left to support Persian fairy (5)
- 15 Weep over physical training in underground chamber (5)
- 17 Dutiful behavior causes Job to lose his head over media boss with wayward niece (9)
- 19 Rocky Mao in car crash (8)
- 20 It's sunny on this seaside town (8)
- 23 Australian Catholic University takes old boys with discernment (6)
- 24 Extraterrestrial bodies arrive with Eliot (6)
- 28 It's quite plain to see endless poverty (5)
- 29 Catch unaware with two-wheeled carriage (4)
- 30 Take away half of William's last testament (4)

modern western democratic governments and intellectuals, and even many Muslims, seem to have forgotten - that ruses, deceit, wiles and betrayal were essential and respectable and even at times mandatory parts of the armoury of Arab and Islamic strategists and polemicists.

They also form part of the armoury of radical Islamic polemicists and propagandists who

today are multiplying in Western countries as the numbers of Muslim refugees and other migrants living in non-Islamic countries, increase.

‘The true soldier fights not because he hates what is in front of him, but because he loves what is behind him.’

— G. K. Chesterton *Illustrated London News*, January 14, 1911.

Flowing from its nature as a seventh-century politico-religious ideology of Arabian origin, Political Islam draws heavily on its religious texts to justify such devices aimed at subjugating heretics and infidels, and extricating believers from uncertain situations.

The neophyte Islamist being groomed as a suicide bomber, or a mujahid [jihadist], approaching the thirteenth century handbook to which I referred above, will find good grounds for confidence and lack of scruple.

Muhammad is quoted by the anonymous author of the Handbook as advising his followers thus:

‘Put more trust in a ruse than in your military prowess; attach more importance to being circumspect than to being courageous in battle, for war is a series of actions aimed at deceiving the enemy. It will truly prove to be a war if you throw yourself blindly into skirmishes, but it will be a mere passing cloud for anyone who is circumspect.’¹²

The teachings of Sayyid Qutb – twentieth century ideologue for the radical Islamist sect the *Ikhwan al-Muslimun*, the Muslim Brothers – are rightly considered to be – along with those of the Pakistani Islamist teacher Abu A’la Mawdudi – the inspiration behind modern-day militant Islamic extremists, including the barbarous fighters of *The Islamic State* led from a safe distance by their self-styled Caliph Abu Bakr Baghdadi.

Sayyid Qutb may seem to be an unlikely model for straight talking and honest dialogue. Nevertheless he vehemently deplored dissimulation, and criticised flattery and sychophancy.¹³

It is not too late for modern-day Islamic spin doctors and their influential dupes in Western political parties and media, to take at least this one leaf from Sayyid Qutb’s book. Fewer young men may be tempted to follow the persuasive ranting of ‘Caliph’ Ibrahim/Baghdadi and his ilk.

Like Niccolò Machiavelli, the anonymous Arab author of the

handbook on deceit described above has presented a disregard for the difference between good and evil as the very ‘rule ... of human politics’.¹⁴

I should like to make my own, comments by the noted Thomistic philosopher Jacques Maritain on *Il Principe, The Prince*, by Niccolò Machiavelli, and I suggest that what follows applies not only to Machiavelli but equally well to the anonymous thirteenth century Arab author quoted above:

‘Machiavelli belongs to that series of minds, and some of them more profound than his, which ... have endeavored to unmask the human being. ... Yet in unmasking the human being he maimed its very flesh, and wounded its eyes. To have thoroughly rejected ethics, metaphysics and theology from the realm of political knowledge and political prudence is his very own achievement, and it is also the most violent mutilation suffered by the human practical intellect and the organism of practical wisdom. Radical pessimism regarding human nature is the basis of Machiavelli’s thought. ... his crude empiricism cancels for him the indirect ordaining of political life toward the life of souls and immortality, so his concept of man is merely animal, and his crude empiricism cancels for him the image of God in man – a cancellation which is the metaphysical root of every power politics and every political totalitarianism.’¹⁵

ISIS well organised

THE TALIBAN may be paranoid and sceptical about vaccination campaigns, but ISIS conducts polio-vaccination campaigns to try and arrest the disease’s spread. While the governance and social services that ISIS provides shouldn’t overshadow the repression and deadly violence it carries out, they do illustrate that the group runs a sophisticated and well-organized operation. The \$425 million (almost half a billion) that ISIS seized from Mosul’s central bank this week won’t only aid the militants on the region’s battlefields. It will also help underwrite the group’s campaign to win hearts and minds. And that will make it even more difficult to dislodge the nascent proto-state from Syria and Iraq.

— Aaron Zelin, *The Atlantic*, June 13, 2014.

Worse than Genghis Khan

ISIS MILITANTS who drove Christians out of Mosul are worse than Mongol leader Genghis Khan and his grandson Hulagu who ransacked medieval Baghdad, according to the head of Iraq’s largest church. Chaldean Catholic Patriarch Louis Raphael Sako made the comments during a church service in east Baghdad, where around 200 Muslims joined Christians in solidarity. ‘The heinous crime of ISIS was carried out not just against Christians, but against humanity. How in the 21st century could people be forced from their houses just because they are Christian, or Shiite or Sunni or Yazidi?’ he asked. ‘Christian families have been expelled from their houses and their valuables were stolen and ... their houses and property expropriated in the name of ISIS. ... This has never happened in Christian or Islamic history. Even Genghis Khan or Hulagu didn’t do this,’ he said. Hulagu Khan led a Mongol army which sacked Baghdad in 1258, killing tens of thousands of people, destroying a caliphate that had lasted nearly 600 years, and leaving the city in ruins for centuries. Muslims at the service held up leaflets declaring ‘I am Iraqi, I am Christian,’ some writing it on their shirts. Others marked themselves with an ‘N,’ the first letter of the Arabic word for Christian, ‘Nasrani’ or Nazarene. ISIS has been putting an ‘N’ on Christian property slated for seizure.

— See more at: <http://dailystar.com.lb/News/Middle-East/2014/Jul-22/264664-worse-than-genghis-khan.ashx#sthash.z9liiPOM.dpuf>

Stopping the bloodshed in Iraq, Syria, Palestine and throughout the Islamic world, ending the religious and ethnic intolerance, the suicide bombings, the vendettas, the kidnappings, rapes and wholesale destruction, and facing a brave new world with courage and realism, is a nobler quest for young religious Muslims, than following a spurious self-proclaimed Caliph into totalitarian barbarism and oblivion in the name of Allah – two of whose most mentioned attributes are mercy and compassion.

It is the path of mercy and compassion – not the path of intolerance, racism and bloodshed – that is God’s path; and all who walk it will be blessed.

1. Reinhart Dozy, *Spanish Islam*, London, Chatto and Windus, 1913, p.626.
2. *Ibid.* p.68.
3. Abu Ja’afar Muhammad bin Jarir at-Tabari, *Tarikh al-Umam wa al-Muluk*, [History of Peoples and Kings], 2 vols. Dar ibn Hazim, Beirut, [Arabic text undated] vol. 1, p.876. See also Dozy, *op.cit.* p. 21.
4. Ibn Khaldun, *The Muqaddimah*, Franz Rosenthal trans. 3 vols Bollingen Series, Princeton University Press, 1980 ed. Vol. 1, p.480.
5. According to Ahmad ibn Muhammad ibn ‘Abd Rabbihi, born Cordova in 860 AD. See *Le Livre des Ruse: la strategie politique des Arabes*, Phebus, Paris 1976, pp. 206, 207.
6. Vizier of the Caliph al-Mouktadir from 918-923 AD. He amassed a great fortune during this time. *Ibid.* pp. 319-320.
7. The dismissal of Qais bin Sa’ad was a preamble to the eventual death of ‘Ali, and the killing of his sons. *Ibid.* pp.190-191.
8. *Le Livre des Ruse: la strategie politique des Arabes*, Phebus, Paris 1976, p. 287.
9. Reinhart Dozy, *op.cit.* p.681.
10. *ibid.* Introduction, p.10.
11. ‘makr’ [Makara]. See John Penrice, Dictionary and Glossary of the Korān, Biblo and Tannen, New York, 1969 [reprint of 1873 ed.] p.139.
12. *Op.cit.* p.43. Neither the name of the narrator nor the title of the collection in which this hadith is preserved was given by the author. But for a similar sentiment expressed by Muhammad and narrated by Ka’ab Ibn Malik, in the *Sunan* of Abu Dawood, see Hadith 1113.
13. Youssef M. Choueiri, *Islamic Fundamentalism*, Pinter Publishers, London, 1990, p.136.
14. *The Social and Political Philosophy of Jacques Maritain*, Image Books, New York, 1965 p.284.
15. *Ibid.* p.285.

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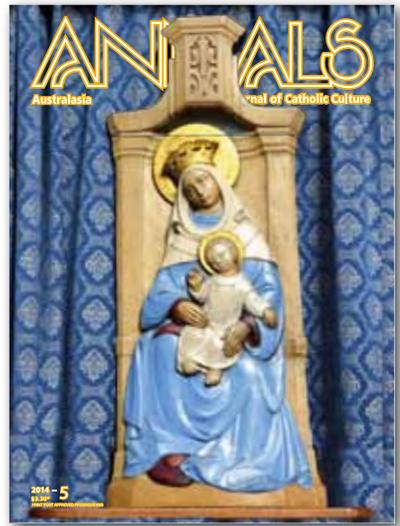
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Part I: From Aherne to Hagan.

TOP 100 IRISH CLAN NAMES

By Bryan Fitzgerald



FROM MURPHY to O’Connell we’ve got your Irish roots covered with the top 100 most common Irish surnames. IrishCentral brings you the low down on the top 100 most common Irish surnames with a little explanation of where these names come from. Whether you’re looking to trace your family crest or trying to explore your family’s roots, this list will point you in the right direction.

Aherne – (Ó hEachtighearna/Ó hEachthairn) (each, steed tightearna, lord). Originally Dalcassian, this sept migrated from east Clare to Co. Cork. In County Waterford the English name Hearn is a synonym of Aherne.

MacAleese – MacGiolla (son of the devotee of Jesus). The name of a prominent Derry sept. There are many variants of the name, such as McAleese (as in the former president of Ireland, Mary) MacIiese, MacLeese, MacLice, MacLise, etc. The best known holder of this last spelling was the painter Daniel MacLise. He was born to a family of the Scottish highlands who settled in Cork.

Allen – This is usually of Scottish or English origin, but the surname Ó hAillín, found

AROUND six million Australians, and seventy million people worldwide have Irish ancestry

As many of our readers share this privilege, Annals thought it would be of interest to them and others to include, in two parts because of its length, a list of the top 100 Irish Clan names.

The first part will range from Aherne to Hagan, and the second [to appear in our October issue] from Hogan to Whelan. We are indebted to IrishCentral for permission to reprint this study by Bryan Fitzgerald.

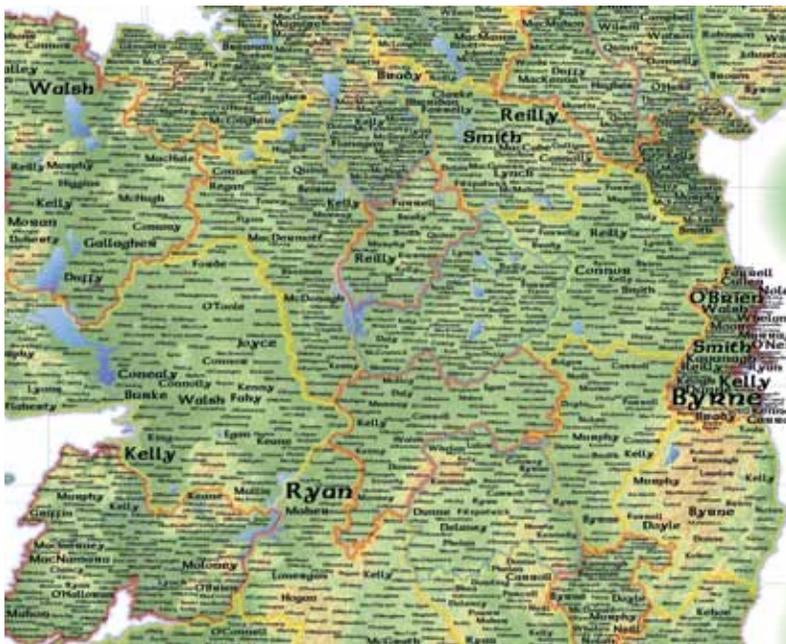
in Offaly and Tipperary, has been anglicized as Allen as well as Hallion or Hallinan. It also occurs frequently as Alleyn in mediaeval Anglo Irish records. The English name Allen is derived from that of a Welsh saint.

MacAteer – Mac an tSaoir (saor, craftsman). An Ulster name for which the Scottish MacIntyre, of similar derivation, is widely substituted. Ballymacateer is a place-name in Co. Armagh, where the surname has deep roots. Mac an tSaoir is sometimes anglicized Wright in Fermanagh.

MacAuley – Awley. There are two distinct septs of this name, viz. MacAmhalghaidh of Offaly and Westmeath, and the more numerous MacAmhlaoibh, a branch of the MacGuire, which as MacAmhlaoibh sometimes took on the anglicization of Gawley in Connacht. Both are derived from personal names. The latter must not be confused with MacAuliffe.

MacAuliffe – Mac Amhlaoibh. An important branch of the McCarthys, whose chief was seated at Castle MacAuliffe. The name is very particular to south-west Munster.

Barry – de Barra. The majority of these names are of Norman origin, i.e. de Barr (a place in Wales); they became completely hibernicized. Though still more numerous in Munster than elsewhere the name is widespread throughout Ireland. Barry is also the anglicized form of Ó Báire (see under Barr) and Ó Beargha



(meaning spear-like) a small sept originating in Co. Limerick.

Blake – deBláca (more correctly le Bláca). One of the «Tribes of Galway,» an epithet name meaning black, which superseded the original Cadell. They are descended from Richard Caddell, Sheriff of Connacht in 1303. They became and long remained very extensive landowners in Co. Galway. A branch settled in Co. Kildare, where their name is perpetuated in three town lands called Blakestown.

Brennan – Ó Braonáin. (The word braon has several meanings, possibly sorrow in this case). The name of four unrelated septs, located in Ossory (present-day eastern Munster and Leinster), east Galway, Kerry and Westmeath. The county Fermanagh sept of Ó Branáin was also anglicized Brennan as well as Brannan.

O'Brien – Ó Briain. A Dalcassian sept, deriving its name from historical importance from the family of King Brian Boru. Now very numerous in other provinces as well as Munster, it is the fifth most numerous name in Ireland. In some cases O'Brien has been made a synonym of O'Byrne and of the Norman Bryan.

Browne – De Brún, more correctly le Brún (brown). One of the Tribes of Galway. Other important families of Browne were established in Ireland from the Anglo-Norman invasion onwards. The Browns of Killarney, who came in the 16th century, intermarried with the leading Irish families and were noted for their survival as extensive Catholic landowners throughout the period of the Penal Laws. Yet another important family of the name was of Neale, Co. Mayo. In that county Browne has also been used as a synonym of (O) Bruen.

Burk – de Burgh de Búrca. This one of the most important and most numerous Hiberno-Norman names. First identified with Connacht it is now numerous in all the provinces (least in Ulster). Many sub-septs of it were formed, including

MacHugo, MacGibbon, Mac Seoinín (Jennings), MacRedmond, etc.

Butler – Always called deBuitléir in Irish, though it is of course properly le Butler not de. It is one of the great Norman-Anglo names which, however, did not soon become hibernicized like the Burkes, etc. Historically it is mainly identified with the Ormond country. It is now very numerous in all of the provinces except Ulster.

MacCabe – Mac Cába. A galloglass family with the O'Reillys and the O'Rourkes, which became a recognized Breffny sept. Noted authority Patrick Wolfe suggests cába, cape, a surname of the nickname. The name's origin likely stems from a non-Gaelic personal name.

Callaghan – Ó Ceallacháin. The derivation from ceallach, strife, which usually given, is questioned but no acceptable alternative has yet been suggested. The eponymous ancestor in this case was Ceallacháin, King of Munster (d. 952). The sept was important in Co. Cork until the 17th century and the name is still very numerous there. The chief family was transplanted under the Cromwellian regime to east Clare, where the village of O'Callaghan's Mills is named after them.

Campbell – Mac Cathmhaoil (cathmhaoil, battle chief). An Irish sept in Tyrone; in Donegal it is usually of Scottish galloglass origin, viz. Mac Ailín a branch of the clan Campbell (whose name is from cam béal, crooked mouth). Many Campbells are of more recent Scottish origin. See MacCawell. The name has been abbreviated to Camp and even Kemp in Co. Cavan.

MacCarthy – Mac Cárthaigh (cárthach, loving). The chief family of the Eoghanacht and one of the leading septs of Munster, prominent in the history of Ireland from the earliest times to the present. MacCarthy is the most numerous Mac name in Ireland.

Cassidy – Ó Caiside. A Fermanagh family of ollavs and physicians to the Maguires. Now

numerous in all of the provinces except Connacht.

Clery – Cleary Ó Cléirigh (cléireach, clerk). One of the earliest hereditary surnames. Originally of Kilmacduagh (Co. Galway) the sept was dispersed and after the 13th century settled in several parts of the country. The most important branch were in Donegal, where they became notable as poets and antiquaries. In modern times the name is found mainly in Munster and Dublin.

O'Connor – Ó Conchobhair. The name of six distinct and important septs. In Connacht there were O'Connor and O'Conor Don (from which came the last High King of Ireland) with its branches O'Conor Roe and O'Conor Sligo; Also O'Conor Faly (i.e. of Offaly), O'Connor Kerry and O'Connor of Corcomroe (north Clare). The prefix, O, formerly widely discarded, has been generally resumed. Similarly the variant from Connors is seen as O'Connor again.

(O) Conroy – Conree, Conary, Conry. These mainly Connacht names, owing to the similarity of the anglicized forms, have become virtually indistinguishable. They represent four Gaelic originals, viz. Mac Conraoi (Galway and Clare), Ó Conraoi (Galway), Ó Conaire (Munster and Ó Maolchonaire (an important literary family of Co. Roscommon)

Cooney – Ó Cuana (for the probable derivation see Coonan). Originally of Tyrone this family later migrated to north Connacht. The Cooneys of east Clare and south-east Galway may be of different origin.

MacCormack – Cormick, Mac Cormaic. This, like MacCormican, is formed from the forename Cormac. This name is numerous throughout all of the provinces, the spelling MacCormick being more usual in Ulster. For the most part it originated as a simple patronymic; the only recognized sept of the name was of the Fermanagh-Longford area. Many of the MacCormac(k) families of

Ulster are of Scottish origin, being a branch of the clan Buchanan-MacCormick of MacLaine.

Daly – Dawley, Ó Dálaigh (dálach, from dáil, assembly). One of the greatest names in Irish literature. Originally of Westmeath, but there are sub-septs in several different localities. As that of Desmond appears in the records as early as 1165 it is probable that this was a distinct sept.

Darcy – Ó Dorchaidhe (dacha, dark). One of the ‘Tribes of Galway’, also anglicized Dorsey. It is the name of two septs, one in Mayo and Galway, the other in Co. Wexford.

(O) Delaney – Ó Dubhshláine (another case of dubh, black-Sláine, perhaps the river Slaney). The prefix O has been completely discarded in the anglicized form of the name. It appears as Delane in Mayo. Both now and in the past it is of Leix and Kilkenny.

(O) **Dempsey** – Ó Díomasaigh (díomasach, proud). A powerful sept in Clanmalier. O’Dempsey was one of the very few chiefs who defeated Strongbow in a military engagement. Many of his successors distinguished themselves as Irish patriots and they were ruined as a result of their loyalty to James II. The name is now numerous in all of the provinces.

Disney – Derived from a French place-name and originally written as D’Isigny etc., the name Disney occurs quite frequently in the records of several Irish counties in the south and midlands, going back to the first half of the 17th century.

(O) **Dolan** – The general accepted form in Irish today is Ó Dúbhlaín (mod. Ó Dúláin) as given by Patrick Woulfe and others. O’Dolean, later Dolan, derives from Ó Dobhailen, the name of a family on record since the 12 century in the baronies of Clonmacnowen, Co. Galway, and Athlone, Co. Roscommon, in the heart of the Uí Mainecountry and quite distinct from Ó Doibhilin (Devlin). There has been a movement north-eastwards so that now the name

Dolan is numerous in Co. Leitrim, Fermanagh, and Cavan as well Co. Galway and Roscommon.

Mac Donagh – Mac Donnchadha (son of Donagh). A branch of the MacDermots of Connacht, where the name is very numerous. In Connemara the name is usually that of a branch of the O’Flahertys. The MacDonagh sept in Co. Cork were a branch of the McCarthys: the name is now rare there and apparently many of these resumed the name MacCarthy.

O’Donnell – Ó Domhnaill. The main sept, one of the most famous in Irish history, especially in the 17th century, is of Tirconnell; another is of Thomond and a third of the Uí Maine.

(O) **Donoghue** – Donohoe, ÓDonnchadha. An important sept in Desmond, where the name was perpetuated in the territory called Onaght O’Donoghue. There also were two others in Co. Galway and Co. Cavan, where the spelling Donohoe is usual. According to Dr. John Ryan there was another O’Donoghue sept in Co. Tipperary of Eoghanacht descent.

Mac Dowell – Mac Dubhghaill (dubh, black-gall, foreigner) This is the Irish form of the name of the Scottish family of Macdugall which came from the Hebrides of galloglasses, and settled in Co. Roscommon where Lismacdowell locates them. It is now mainly found in north Ulster, largely due to more recent immigration.

(O) **Duffy** – ÓDubhthaigh. A popular name in all of the provinces except Munster. Modern statistics show that it is now the most numerous name in Co. Monaghan.

(O) **Dwyer** – Ó Duibhir (dubh and odhar, gen. uidhir, duncoloured). Of Kilnamanagha, a leading sept in mid-Tipperary. A great name in resistance to English domination.

Mac Fadden – Fayden, Mac Pháidín (Paídín, a diminutive of Pádraig, Patrick). An Ulster name, of both Scottish and Irish origin. Without the Mac, it is found in Mayo.

Fanning – Fannin, Fainín. A name of Norman origin prominent in Co. Limerick, where Fanningstown, formerly of Ballyfanning, is located. They were formerly of Ballingarry, Co. Tipperary, where in the 15th century the head of the family was, like Irish chiefs, officially described as ‘captain of his nation’. Fannin is a variant.

Fitzgerald – Mac Gerailt. One of the two greatest families that came to Ireland as a result of the Anglo-Norman invasion. It had two main divisions, Desmond (some of whom are the holders of the ancient titles Knight of Kerry and Knight of Glin); and Kildare, whose leaders held almost regal sway up to the time of the Rebellion of Silken Thomas and the execution by order of Henry VIII of Thomas and his near relatives in 1537. The name is now very numerous.

Fitzpatrick – Mac Giolla Phádraig (devotee of St. Patrick). The only Fitz name of Gaelic-Irish origin, the main sept being located in Ossory (present-day eastern Munster and Leinster). The name is numerous also in Fermanagh, where families holding the name are said to be of MacGuire stock.

Flanagan – Ó Flannagáin (flann, ruddy or red). Of the several septs of the name, that of Connacht is the most important: their chief ranked as one of the ‘royal lords’ under O’Connor, King of Connacht.

Flood – Some Floods are of English extraction, but in Ireland they are mainly Ó Maoltuille or Mac Maoltuille, abbreviated to Mac an Tuile and Mac Tuile anglicized MacAtilla or MacTully as well as Flood. Tuile means flood but probably it is here for toile, gen. of toil, will, i.e. the will of God. In parts of Ulster, Flood is used for the Welsh Floyd. (Welsh llwyd. Grey)

(O) **Flynn** – Flyng, ÓFloinn (flann, ruddy). This numerous and widespread name originated in a number of different places, including Kerry and Clare. Of the two septs in Co. Cork one was a branch of the Corca Laoidhe, the other, lords of Muskerylinn (Muiscre

Uí Fhloinn); in north Connacht the O'Flynnns were leading men under the royal O'Connors; while further West on the shores of Lough Conn another distinct family was located. The name in Ulster is of an indigenous sept.

(O) Gallagher – ÓGallchobhair. This name (gallchobhar, foreign help) has at least 23 variant spellings in anglicized forms, several of them beginning with Gol instead of Gal. It is of one of the principal septs of Donegal.

MacGowan – Mac an Ghabhann, Mac Gabhann. In Co. Cavan, the homeland of this sept, the name has been widely changed by translation to Smith (though Smithson was a truer translation); but in outlying areas of Breffny (the ancient kingdom that occupied present-day Leitrim, Cavan and parts of Sligo), MacGowan is retained.

(O) Grady – Ó Grádaigh (gráda, illustrious). A Dalcassian sept. The leading family went to Co. Limerick but the majority are still Clare, where the prefix O is retained more than anywhere else. An important branch changed their name to Brady in the late sixteenth century. The well-known name Grady has to a large extent absorbed the rarer Gready, which is properly a Mayo name. This resulted in the name of Grady being numerous in north Connacht and adjacent areas of Ulster.

MacGrath – Magrath, Mac Graith, Mag Raith. The personal name in this case is Craith not Raith. The name of two distinct septs; viz. (i) that of Thomond, who supplied hereditary ollamhs in poetry to the O'Briens, a branch of whom migrated to Co. Wexford; and (ii) of Termon MacGrath in north-west Ulster, a coarb (officers of the late medieval church in Ireland) family. MacGrath is often called MacGraw in Co. Down and MacGragh in Donegal.

(O) Hagan – Ó hÁgáin. It is fairly well established that this name was originally Ó hÓgáin (from óg, young). It is that of an important Ulster sept: the leading family was

Ireland under English Rule

SO GREAT, and so long has been the misgovernment of that country, that we verily believe the empire would be much stronger, if everything was open sea between England and the Atlantic, and if *skates* and *cod-fish* swam over the fair land of Ulster. Such jobbing, such profligacy – so much direct tyranny and oppression – such an abuse of God's gifts – such a profanation of God's name for the purposes of bigotry and party spirit, cannot be exceeded in the history of civilised Europe, and will long remain a monument of infamy and shame to England.

The great misfortune of Ireland is, that the mass of the people have been given up for a century to a handful of Protestants, by whom they have been treated as *Helots*, and subjected to every species of persecution and disgrace. The sufferings of the Catholics have been so loudly chanted in the very streets, that it is almost needless to remind our readers that, during the reigns of Geo. I. and Geo. II, the Irish Catholics were disabled from holding any civil or military office, from voting at elections, from admission into corporations, from practising law or physic. A younger brother, by turning Protestant, might deprive his elder brother of his birth-right : by the same process, he might force his father, under the name of a liberal provision, to yield up to him a part of his landed property ; and, if an eldest son, he might, in the same way, reduce his father's fee-simple to a life-estate.

A Papist was disabled from purchasing freehold lands – and even from holding long leases and any person might take his Catholic neighbour's house by paying five pounds for it. If the child of a Catholic father turned Protestant, he was taken away from his father and put into the hands of a Protestant relation. No Papist could purchase a freehold, or lease for more than thirty years – or inherit from an intestate Protestant – nor from an intestate Catholic – nor dwell in Limerick or Galway – nor hold an advowson, nor buy an annuity for life.

£50 was given for discovering a popish Archbishop; £30 for a popish Clergyman-and 10s. for a Schoolmaster. No one was allowed to be trustee for Catholics; no Catholic was allowed to take more than two apprentices; no Papist to be solicitor, sheriff, or to serve on Grand Juries. Horses of Papists might be seized for the militia ; for which militia Papists were to pay double, and to find Protestant substitutes. Papists were prohibited from being present at vestries, or from being high or petty constables; and, when resident in towns, they were compelled to find Protestant watchmen.

Barristers and solicitors, marrying Catholics, were exposed to the penalties of Catholics. Persons plundered by privateers during a war with any Popish prince, were reimbursed by a levy on the Catholic inhabitants where they lived. All popish priests celebrating marriages, contrary to 12 George I, cap. 3, were to be hanged.

- Sydney Smith, 'Ireland,' *Edinburgh Review*, November 1820 in *Essays by Sydney Smith*, [undated] London, George Routledge and Sons, p.313 ff. Sydney Smith was a clergyman of the Church of England, a celebrated wit and one of the founders of the *Edinburgh Review*.

of Tullahogue. Ó hAodhagáin, also anglicized O'Hagan, is said to be a distinct sep of Oriel (the ancient kingdom that occupied portions of Leinster and Ulster), but owing to proximity of Co. Tyrone and Armagh, they are now indistinguishable. The Offaly name mentioned by Woulfe is

now extinct or absorbed by Egan in Leinster. ÉO Dowd (a) Ó Dubhda. A branch settled in Kerry where they are called Doody. Another small sept of Ó Dubhda settled in Co. Derry and they are usually Duddy now.

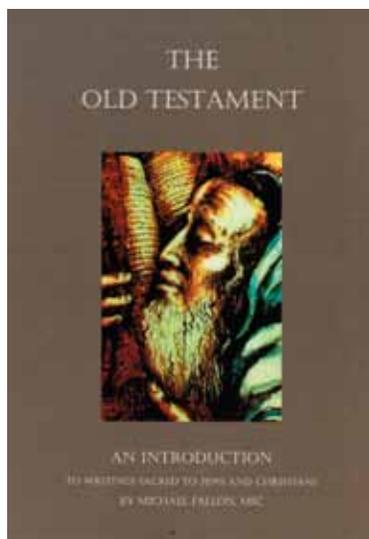
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CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS

Three priests Kidnapped

By Marta Petrosillo

I believe that my kidnappers had been watching me for some time already, because they had a lot of information both about me and about my parishioners, said Father Sergey, one of the three priests kidnapped in Ukraine between July and August this year. This Ukrainian Greek-Catholic priest, who belongs to the archiepiscopal exarchate of Donetsk, was abducted at the end of July while driving his car and imprisoned for 12 days by his captors. He recounted his ordeal in a recent interview with the Catholic charity Aid to the Church in Need (ACN).

‘Three men got out of a car next to me, belonging to the army of New Russia. I realised immediately that it was me they wanted. They forced me into their car and then knocked me out with a sponge soaked in chloroform.’ When Father Sergey woke up, his abductors explained to him what he had done ‘wrong’ – namely being one of the organisers of a day of prayer for peace and the unity of Ukraine. His crime? Leading a prayer campaign against New Russia. Several times his abductors threatened to shoot the priest.

‘They told me to pray, because these would be my last moments’, he recalled; ‘then they fired into the air’. Father Sergey was not actually subjected to torture, but he was deprived of the insulin he needed to keep his diabetes under control. ‘As the days passed, my condition grew worse and I begged them to give me the medicine’. After a week in prison, his abductors were joined by a man who spoke with a strong Muscovite accent – unlike the other kidnappers who were clearly from Donetsk – and who interrogated the priest for four days in succession.

‘The man had a great deal of information about me and even knew the names of my

parishioners’ said Fr Sergey. On the 12th day of his imprisonment Father Sergey was blindfolded and forced to get into a car. He was convinced that he was about to be killed at any moment, but after a short journey his abductors left him, completely alone in the car. He waited a couple of hours, and then began to drive to safety.

‘I went through some frightening moments, but I always managed to find strength in prayer’, he recalled. ‘When my blood pressure went up, as a result of the lack of medication, I began to recite the Rosary. And, as though miraculously, my heart began to beat more slowly again.’

Don Victor, a Catholic priest of the diocese of Kharkiv-Zaporizhzhja, was abducted in similar circumstances. ‘Some men from the Army of New Russia stopped me at a checkpoint’, he told ACN. ‘After checking my documents, they asked me to follow them for a brief interview, but I wasn’t freed again until eleven days later.’ He too was subjected to numerous interrogations and more than one mock execution. Initially, the separatists thought that Don Victor was a spy, because he came from central Ukraine.

Inside the small room in which he was held prisoner, a room of less than 12 square metres, there were at different times more than 50 other hostages, to whom Don Victor was able to give spiritual support.

The third priest to be abducted was Don Pavel, a Polish priest who had been working in Kazakhstan. He had gone to Ukraine to take part in the day of prayer for peace.

— Source: *Aid to the Church in Need*. To make a donation to help the work of Aid to the Church in Need, please contact us on (02) 9679-1929. e-mail: info@aidtochurch.org or write to Aid to the Church in Need PO Box 7246 Baulkham Hills NSW 2153.



MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Australia/Surveillia?

The push is on for a federal version of the NSW Independent Commission Against Corruption; it has been strengthened by the commission's revelations of corruption. These, senior counsel assisting Geoffrey Watson, linked to the Rum Corps.

Too much? Well, no. Watson was speaking during the first act of a show that may outrun Agatha Christie's *The Mouse Trap* as the revelations about non-partisan indulgence at the bribery trough become prosecutorial briefs.

Indeed 'trough' may be past its use-by date. Corruption appears to be a lazy-Susan that revolves for all and sundry.

Nevertheless, proponents of a federal anti-corruption body (FICAC?) have yet to explain whether it would have power to over-ride existing state investigative and law enforcement units as, for example, the Federal Bureau of Investigation does in the US.

Australia already has the reputation of being over-governed; a federal anti-corruption body would add a new stratum. So much surveillance risks transforming Australia from its origin as an experiment in penal settlement, which astounded earlier free inhabitants, into an electronic version of Jeremy Bentham's Panopticon.

And from where would the new federal body recruit its staff? From existing state bodies and police forces? And who would be its J Edgar Hoover?

Questions. Questions. And the oldest, wisest political question: *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes* – Who guards the guards themselves?

Quote worthy

Epigraphs – quotations that define the spirit of a work – are commonplace in literature but rare in governance documents. No epigraph decorated David Murray's interim report into the financial system.

His final report is imminent; it must take account of how Commonwealth Bank and Macquarie Bank advisers reportedly diddled investors. Murray, Commonwealth Bank chief during its transit from 'People's Bank' to the nation's biggest, might consider the epigraph: 'People of the same trade seldom meet together, even for merriment and diversion, but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public, or in some conspiracy to raise prices.'

Impossible for anyone to cry: Bank bashing. The epigraph is a quotation from, *An Inquiry into the Nature and Cause of the Wealth of Nations* by Adam Smith, Sage of Clydeside, and free-market progenitor.

Budget blues

Your correspondent in a previous issue opined that the Abbott Coalition budget had stalled. He had no idea it would be the longest stall in history. Treasurer Joe Hockey's valiant efforts to keep his budget airborne inspire a gear change; the budget is a hot-air balloon from which Hockey is jettisoning unnecessary paraphenalia.

Occasionally, he gives the impression that, if necessary, he will jettison himself. More broadly now that the Labor Party has formally abandoned 'the socialist objective', time for the Liberal Party to recall that its founder Bob Menzies envisioned a 'social' party. Surely this connotes a party that does not impose permanent taxes on the poor and temporary taxes on the rich?

Parkinson's law

In a further manifestation of the evolution of the Ozminster System, outgoing Treasury Secretary Martin Parkinson made a free-ranging speech on the need to reform the taxation system. Prominent in his speech was the GST (from a French socialist government to Australia and New Zealand via Britain).

Without reform, Parkinson emphasised,



the poor would suffer more. Admirable sentiment. It would have been more admirable had Parkinson (prepare for an alliterative broadside) mentioned the multi-national, multi-million problem of corporate tax avoidance facilitated by multi-national accountancy firms.

What exacerbates the problem is that no Australian government has ever had so much financial expertise as Abbott's; Joe Hockey has such expertise, so has Andrew Robb; the kingpin is Malcolm Turnbull whose banking expertise was honed by his journalistic and legal experience. Instead of messing about in communications, he should be leading a special all-party committee on corporate-tax avoidance.

Fairfax Media's Kate McClymont raised the problem where else but at an ABC Q&A (Sept 8); anchor Tony Jones cut her off, saying the answer was long. He gave her an equivalent brusque retort when she raised the problem of superannuation commissions.

Does Jones know something the rest of us don't: an ABC probe, led by its Editor-in-Chief, Mark Scott?

Until the problem is resolved, corporate tax avoidance is effectively a supplement to corporate welfare. Both breach classic market economics; they also signify that nation states are less powerful in caring for their people than transnational corporations are in caring for shareholders with whom immoderate executive remuneration packages are conjoint.

Tome time

The plethora of political tomes enjoying their brief non-remainder time brings to mind a quip attributed to George III: 'Another damned, thick, square book! Always scribble, scribble, scribble! Eh! Mr Gibbon?'

Impossible to give any of the plethora parity with the book in question, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*.

Paul Kelly's *Triumph and Demise* can, however, be assessed as impressive (this on the basis of extracts in *The Australian* of which Kelly is Editor-at-Large).

Why impressive? Kelly style is now less that of public-service briefing paper; he has achieved the wit and pace of that other daily newspaperman turned historian Gavin

Souter whose, *The Lion and the Kangaroo* is the liveliest post-federation history of Australia.

Kelly has also achieved the kind of status that Bob Woodward enjoys in the US; like Woodward, Kelly is the preferred confidant of politicians who believe his books (unlike their own) have staying power.

Substandard Bill

Valid cases can be made against policies with the potential to erode the national skills base. But in commenting on the prospect of Japanese submarines for the Royal Australian Navy, opposition leader Bill Shorten rode a polluted wave of anti-Japanese sentiment.

Earlier the PM Tony Abbott, in welcoming his Japanese counterpart Shinzo Abe was not quite so crass. On the contrary he was effusive in his praise of Japanese soldiers during World War II.

Shorten has assistance with his speeches. Abbott takes pride in writing his own; it would not diminish them if he had a sub-editor scan them as his copy must have been scanned (and improved) during his hacking stints.

In dealing with the Japanese on naval matters the password is *Ibuki*. Meaning? The Imperial Japanese Navy warship that was part of the Allied flotilla guarding the convoy that carried the First Australian Imperial Force to Egypt before it was committed to Gallipoli - a circumstance as yet unremarked in the ABC's 100th anniversary commemoration shows.

Abbott, Shorten and politicians of all stripes preparing to meet Japanese guests could do worse than chat to Father Paul Glynn; he, as demonstrated in these pages, has an unsurpassed understanding of Japanese culture.

Double dipping

Tough game politics, tougher even than showbiz for the ugly, more like cage-fighting, though the cage is leather upholstered and well-victualled. Occasionally the game throws up anomalies that by workaday standards are extraordinary.

One of the Federal Parliament's commissioned reports dealt with a statutory





need to raise the pay of the disabled in special workshops. Laudable - except that any increase would be contingent on a reduction in disabled pensions.

Inequitable, if not iniquitous, in the context of politicians of all parties who leave parliament handsomely superannuated and are appointed to lucrative diplomatic and pro-consular places in the package-tour capitals of the world: Rome, London, Washington, New York, San Francisco, Paris, Dublin, Tokyo, Shanghai.

Surely it would be more just if ex-politicians appointed to such places (never let it be said they lobby for them) took either a superannuation cut while *en poste* or in their pro-consular pay and perks? The amount saved could then be used to boost the wages of disabled workers whose performance day-to-day is heroic.

Perhaps PUP leader Clive Palmer in the House of Representatives (with visiting rights to his Senate members) could foster an appropriate measure. To his credit Palmer has not whined about the huge amounts he could have been earning had he opted to go into business; been there, still doing that.

As for the senators aligned with him, particularly those who have been jobless, they have the slightly bemused air of people wondering: how long has this gig been going on and how long does it last?

Costello for the union

Underemphasised to date has been the remark of former Treasurer (and current Future Fund overseer) Peter Costello that revelation of trade-union corruption came initially from honest trade unionists, a remark given weight by his having made his name as a lawyer in the Dollar Sweets V Union case.

Heydon Dyson, presiding at the Royal Commission into Trade Union Corruption, has long perspectives and is not likely to have missed Costello's remark. He could add to it the name Laurie Short who won an earlier battle against trade union corruption; this was Communist-ideological not open-slatheer financial and related to ballot papers not credit cards.

Former PM Julia Gillard's appearance? She was again forthright in denying allegations about her conduct in helping to set up what

has proved to be a bogus trade-union welfare fund.

Her summing up was lawyerly: she would not do now what she did then had she known the truth; its exegesis by Heydon Dyson will doubtless enter legal textbooks as a cautionary tale.

Ill-fortune cookies

Coverage of China continues to focus on mineral resources. Too little has been said about the resources designated human. China faces the problem of an ageing population more drastic and swift than that of any other developed country including this one.

All derive, more or less, from policies that took no account of renewed strictures against artificial contraception contained in the 1968 encyclical *Humanae Vitae* promulgated by Pope Paul VI.

It needs to be emphasised in China's case that the policies were neither Marxist nor Maoist, they were Malthusian, result of a People's Party neo-mandarin with travel privileges attending a conference; there he heard of the Rev TR Malthus and his, *Essay on the Principles of Population* (1798) where he argued that population had an intrinsic tendency to exceed the means of subsistence.

Malthus did include self-restraint and contraception in his nostrums, not abortion nor euthanasia. The latter (including in China forced abortion) are modern accelerants of humanity's ability to complicate life with solutions entailing unintended consequences.

Stop Press

It's on: the conflict provoked by the Islamic State (rhymes subliminally with caliphate). Its fatal alarms, excursions and complexities are the focus of a perpetual fog of discussion.

No need to add to it here except to say that two sets of maps are involved; one has national lines drawn by political and military readers; the other divides the world in two:

Dar al Islam (Islam's core abode) and Dar al Harb (the exterior abode of struggle).

This is the map the zealots of Islamic State live and die by.

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Plumbing the depths of our Faith: the Social dimensions of dogma

RETURNING TO THE CENTRE

By Josef Ratzinger

IT IS NOW almost forty years since, in late Autumn of 1949, a friend gave me de Lubac's book *Catholicism*. For me, the encounter with this book became an essential milestone on my theological journey. For in it de Lubac does not treat merely isolated questions. He makes visible to us in a new way the fundamental intuition of Christian Faith so that from this inner core all the particular elements appear in a new light.

He shows how the idea of community and universality, rooted in the trinitarian concept of God, permeates and shapes all the individual elements of Faith's content. The idea of the Catholic, the all-embracing, the inner unity of 'I' and 'Thou' and 'We' does not constitute one chapter of theology among others. It is the key that opens the door to the proper understanding of the whole.

What is most engaging, however, is that de Lubac is not expressing his own private opinions, which would fade as they had blossomed, but lets the Fathers of our Faith speak so that we hear the voice of the origin in all its freshness and astonishing relevance. Whoever reads de Lubac's book will see how much more relevant theology is, the more it returns to its center and draws from its deepest resources.

This book is not the clinging to a dead past. De Lubac is in dialogue with what is said by our most modern contemporaries. He hears it not as an outsider, but as one who is deeply sympathetic. Their questions are his own. He reads the Bible and the Fathers with the problems that we wrestle with in mind, and because he asks real questions, he finds real answers - and the Fathers become our contemporaries.

It was not only for me that de Lubac's book marked such a turning point. It fascinated theologians in the fifties everywhere and his fundamental insights quickly became the common patrimony of theological reflection. The narrow-minded individualistic Christianity against which he strove is hardly our problem today.

Everyone is teaching about the social dimension of dogma.

'Nevertheless, even today this book is much more than a witness to a constellation in the history of ideas that has now been surpassed. For the very spread of his ideas in popular theological thought has unfortunately led to their being considerably simplified and flattened.

The social dimension which de Lubac saw rooted in deepest mystery has often sunk to the merely sociological so that the unique Christian contribution to the right understanding of history and community has disappeared from sight. Instead of a leaven for the age, or its salt, we are often simply its echo.

If previously there was a narrowing of the Christian vision to an individualism, we are now in danger of a sociological levelling down. Sacraments are often seen merely as celebrations of the community where there is no more room for the personal dialogue between God and the soul - something many greet with condescending ridicule.

And so there has been a kind of reversal of the previous individualism that itself has fundamentally constricted the theological perspective and has also spread from the central theological themes to the most concrete and practical applications.

It is worthwhile, precisely in this situation, to return to de Lubac and to learn anew from him what the 'social dimension of dogma' really means.

We would read the book today with different eyes, but because it truly reaches the depths of our faith, it will be no less restorative and helpful than it was fifty years ago. So I am delighted that this classic work of modern theology is now being republished in English and can again be a guide for Catholic Faith.

– Preface written by the then Cardinal Ratzinger, for the 1988 edition of *Catholicism: Christ and the Common Destiny of Man*, by Henri de Lubac. Available from Ignatius Press. Fr de Lubac was created a Cardinal by Blessed Pope John Paul II.

Ronald Knox

ON THE MODERN DISTASTE FOR RELIGION

By George J. Marlin



WITHIN MOMENTS of Pope Benedict's announcement that he was abdicating the Chair of St. Peter, secularists began demanding that the College of Cardinals choose a less rigid, more progressive pontiff; in other words, a pope who would repudiate Church teachings on chastity, same-sex "marriage," divorce, contraception, abortion, and priestly celibacy.

Leading the charge was *The New York Times*, which devoted plenty of front page, above-the-fold space to castigating the Church and Benedict. The op-ed editor published, ad nauseam, the usual tired-old Catholic critics, including Garry Wills and Hans Küng.

And the moment secularists realized that Pope Francis is not a South American liberation theologian, but a bona fide Catholic, a smear campaign against him commenced. He was falsely accused of being sympathetic to authoritarian Argentine governments and responsible for the deaths of two outspoken anti-government Jesuits (who were liberation theologians).

We should not be discouraged by this viciousness: attacks on the Church and demands that it abandon dogmas are hardly new. Secularist objections to many Church teachings go back generations and in some cases centuries.

To get a sense of these age-old battles, I recommend readers turn to the writings of the British convert Monsignor Ronald Knox.

Ronald Arbuthnott Knox (1885-1957) was the son and grandson of Anglican bishops, attended Eton and Oxford, became a fellow at Trinity College, and then an Anglican cleric in 1912. While serving as a chaplain at Oxford, he embraced Catholicism in

1917, and two years later was ordained a priest. A noted preacher, essayist, and literary stylist, he published numerous collections of sermons, retreat talks, and radio broadcasts.

Like his contemporaries, G.K. Chesterton, Hilaire Belloc, and Martin D'Arcy, Knox was a champion of what T.S. Eliot called the "permanent things." He believed that to effectively combat modernists one must merely "trust orthodox tradition to determine what he is to believe, and common sense to determine what is orthodox tradition."

The forebears of contemporary Modernism, who today promote pantheism in cosmology and voluntarism in ethics, were peddling a similar agenda in Knox's time. He wrote that there existed:

philosophers who question the adequacy of thought itself as a method

of arriving at speculative truth; there are psychologists who deny the reality of human free will; there are anthropologists who would explain away religion as an illusion of the nursery; and meanwhile, aiming their shafts more directly at the Church to which I belong, historians are for ever turning up flaws in our title-deeds, and prophets of the age arraign our narrow outlook before the tribunal of human progress.

To counter these and other assaults on faith, Knox penned a work of classic apologetics entitled *The Belief of Catholics* (1927).

In the first chapter, "The Modern Distaste For Religion," he concedes that "agitators, publicists and quack physicians" have had a negative impact, with the result that religion "as a factor in English public life has steadily and visibly declined."

The Patience of the Fisherman

HOW SHE has waited, the Church of Christ, all down the centuries, and with how little regard to the maxims of human prudence and human skill! Not seizing her opportunity here and there, where circumstances seemed favourable; not trimming her sails to every passing breeze, but patiently issuing her invitation, and leaving grace to do its work. How many hopes she has seen fail, over how many apostasies has she wept; how she has seen the fashions of the world change about her, old creeds die down and new creeds replace them, the folly of yesterday turned into a the wisdom of today! Should she not by now have become hardened and cynical, her pity for mankind turned into a weary scorn, her ambitious hopes into the dogged persistency of despair? We might have expected it, but we were wrong. What if, here and there, she has toiled long and caught little for her Master? Still at his word she will let down the net; until his grace, bound by no law of proportion to human effort, brings her good fishing again. Despise her as you will, criticize her as you will, but do her the justice to admit that the patience of the fisherman is hers.

— Monsignor Ronald Knox, 'The Fisherman,' sermon published in *The Tablet*, 24 June 1939. From *Pastoral and Occasional Sermons*, reprinted 2002, Ignatius Press

For instance, the early twentieth-century Church of England experienced declining clerical vocations, falling charitable donations, weakening “Churchmanship” in the public square, and declining numbers of laity in the pews. In reaction, High Anglican churches panicked and abandoned many doctrines inherited from Catholic antiquity. They not only tolerated “the expression of views which their fathers would have branded as unorthodox” but became “infected by the contagion of their surroundings, and los[t] the substance of theology while they embrace[d] its shadow.”

To accommodate the latest secular trends, fundamental Christian dogmas were “subjected more and more to criticism and restatement.” Broadminded Anglican ministers preached that hell no longer existed and said very nearly the same about sin. Their churches became places one visited, not to hear a Gospel message, but to listen to good music and be served tea and cookies afterwards.

Knox concluded that the decline in church membership goes hand in hand with the decline in dogma: “The average citizen expects any religion which makes claims upon him to be a revealed religion; and if the doctrine of Christianity is a revealed doctrine, why all the perennial need of discussion and restatement? Is the stock [he put the question in a commercial context] really a sound investment, when those who hold it are so anxious to unload it on any terms?”

This is precisely what has happened to U.S. mainline Protestant denominations. The reducing of their doctrines to fashionable platitudes has not attracted people back to the pews, but instead has driven people out of institutions that seem now to stand for nothing much at all.

American Catholicism suffered similar losses after Vatican II for some of the same reasons. Vacillating bishops, rebellious priests and nuns, and revisionist theologians caused confusion in parishes, Church schools, and Catholic colleges. As a result, weekly Church attendance, 75 percent in 1960, dropped to 25 percent by 1980.

During the pontificates of John Paul II and Benedict XVI, the Church once again promoted and defended

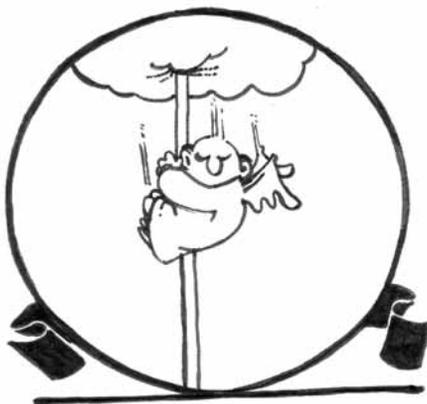
Blessed John Henry Cardinal Newman

By Augustine Birrell

I HAVE ELSEWHERE ventured upon a comparison between Burke and Newman. Both men, despite their subtlety and learning and super-refinement, their love of fine points and their splendid capacity for stating them in language so apt as to make one’s admiration breathless, took very broad, common-sense, matter-of-fact views of humanity, and ever had the ordinary man and woman in mind as they spoke and wrote. ... Politics and Religion existed, in their opinion, for the benefit of plain folk, for ... for living bundles of hopes and fears, doubts and certainties, prejudices and passions. Anarchy and Atheism are in their opinion the two great enemies of the Human Race. ... To take up almost any one of Dr. Newman’s books, and they are happily numerous – between twenty and thirty volumes – is to be led away from ‘evil tongues,’ and the ‘sneers of selfish men,’ from the mud and the mire, the shoving and pushing that gather and grow round the pig-troughs of life, into a diviner ether, a purer air, and is to spend your time in the company of one who, though he may sometimes astonish, yet never fails to make you feel (to use Carlyle’s words about a very different author), ‘that you have passed your evening well and nobly, as in a temple of wisdom, not ill and disgracefully, as in brawling tavern supper-rooms with fools and noisy persons.’ ... ‘Anything,’ says glorious John Dryden, ‘though ever so little, which a man speaks of himself – in my opinion – is still too much.’ A sound opinion most surely, and yet how interesting are the personal touches we find scattered up and down Dryden’s noble prefaces. So with Newman – his dignity, his self-restraint, his taste, are all the greatest stickler for a stiff upper lip ... could desire, and yet the personal note is frequently sounded. He is never afraid to strike it when the perfect harmony that exists between his character and his style demands its sound, and so it has come about that we love what he has written because he wrote it, and we love him who wrote it because of what he has written.

—*Collected Essays*, vol.II, Elliot Stock Paternoster Row London, 1902 pp.107-111.
Augustine Birrell was not a Catholic.

its core teachings, and the results are promising: the Church is growing by leaps and bounds in Africa and Asia; a generation of “John Paul II priests” has been ordained; orders of nuns loyal to the Magisterium, have waiting lists; and trendy bishops of the Seventies have mostly been replaced with orthodox ones.



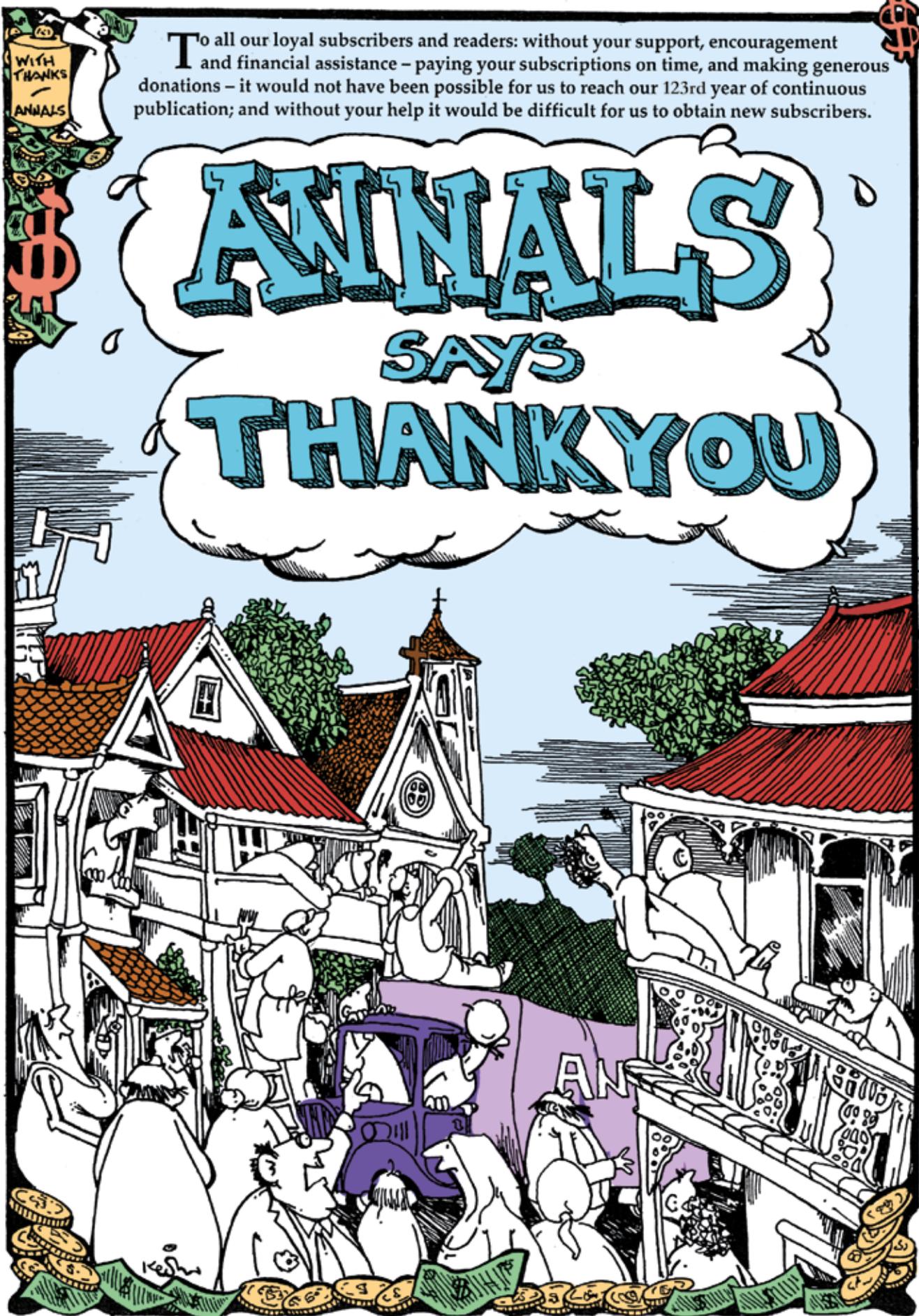
But the effort to re-instill the doctrine that God, not man, is the measure of all things is far from complete. It will take years of patience and hard work to undo two generations of damage.

No doubt Pope Francis will carry on the work of his two predecessors and would agree with Monsignor Knox’s observation that as Catholics, “we shall have to face, more and more, the glare of the world’s hostility. For that reason, we must rally closer than ever round our bishops, our clergy, our churches, our schools; we must be active Catholics, instructed Catholics, if need be combative Catholics, to meet the demands of the new age.”

GEORGE J. MARLIN is an editor of *The Quotable Fulton Sheen* and the author of *The American Catholic Voter*. His most recent book is *Narcissist Nation: Reflections of a Blue-State Conservative*. This article first appeared in *The Catholic Thing*, April 3, 2013. Reprinted with permission.

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ANNALS SAYS THANK YOU



Any intervention will be counter-productive even if, in the short term, as in Iraq in 2003, it can appear to be victorious

THE MUSLIM WORLD MUST SOLVE ITS OWN PROBLEMS

By Michael O'Connor



THE SUDDEN attempt by the so-called *Islamic State of Iraq and the Levant* (ISIL) to invade Iraq and topple its nominally democratic government should come as no surprise. ISIL is an offshoot of al-Qa'eda and is committed to a Sunni domination of Islam against what it regards as heretical Shias.

Iraq is a predominantly Shia community where a degree of sectarian peace was enforced under Saddam Hussein's brutal Sunni dictatorship until the United States and its allies (including Australia) invaded in 2003 and toppled Saddam's regime.

The aftermath of that invasion was years of civil war until a form of democratic but very corrupt government was installed at immense expense by the United States. Even so, the Sunni-Shia conflict continued with a relatively low-level but nonetheless bloody insurgency.

ISIL's invasion has clearly taken the Iraqi government - and the world - by surprise. ISIL itself has gained strength from the conflict in Syria that seemed to have reached something of a deadlock despite the West's support for the anti-government coalition in that country. Now the West, meaning essentially the United States, is muttering about helping the Iraqi government but according to President Obama without troops on the ground.

Australia's prime minister has responded with a fairly meaningless 'me too' and non-specific comment mainly because Australia has nothing to contribute except rhetoric. The media, of course, want no more than material that will generate conflict within the community.

Any sort of serious analysis is lacking if for no other reason than the media's total inability to understand what is happening. As I write, the West is pondering a range of options and will take more time than it has to make up its mind.

Anarchy in Mosul

THE SANT' Egidio community, which has been active in efforts to negotiate peace agreements and to build inter-religious understanding, said that the Islamic victory in Mosul has endangered the prospects of coexistence, and "it appears Christians are once more the victims of terrorism and bloodshed." Archbishop Shimoun Emil Nona of Mosul told the AsiaNews service that 500,000 people have fled Mosul. The city is in a state of anarchy, he said, with armed bands roaming the streets and the few remaining families "holed up in the house and prevails an atmosphere of fear and waiting for what will happen next."

— Catholic World News, June 12, 2014

Any Western involvement will be limited and probably ineffective. The Iraqi government will be supplied with advanced weaponry the use of which will be politically and probably militarily ineffective. Western forces will use air strikes, drone attacks and probably some special forces. Inevitably, mistakes will be made with innocents killed and that will make a bad situation worse.

Although it will be possible to target ISIL leaders, that force is so thoroughly indoctrinated that replacements will be readily available.

Western, especially American, military leaders have a limited understanding of the needs of effective counter-insurgency that demands not only large numbers of well-trained and motivated troops on the ground but also years of sustained effort. By refusing that option, Obama has ruled out any effective intervention.

The *Catechism of the Catholic Church* sets out the five principles of a just war very clearly in article 2309 which states in essence that a decision to go to war is the responsibility of government; that the threat by an aggressor must be lasting, grave, and certain; that there is no alternative means of resisting that aggression; that resistance must be assessed as likely to be successful; and that the resort to war must not produce greater evils and disorder.

These are the conditions that determine what is commonly

ISIS throws down the gauntlet

NO SOONER had it seized the Iraqi city of Mosul and surrounding villages, than the Islamic State of Iraq and Syria (ISIS) began outlining how it would govern its *dawla* (state). On Thursday, the Sunni militant group released a *wathiqat al-madina* (charter of the city) to Moslawis. Many residents of the largely Sunni city may have initially welcomed the "liberation" from Prime Minister Nouri al-Maliki's Shiite-dominated regime, which they had major grievances with, but they might have sobered up after reading the jihadists' interpretation of *sharia*. Those who steal will have their hands chopped off. Islam's five daily prayers must be performed on time. Drugs, alcohol, and cigarettes are forbidden. Carrying weapons and non-ISIS flags is illegal. All shrines and graves will be destroyed, since they are considered polytheistic. Women must dress modestly (a euphemism for the full-body *niqab*). The rules highlight the harsh realities of life in ISIS territory. But what's often overlooked is that the group also has a soft-power governing strategy that includes social services, religious lectures, and *da'wa* (proselytizing) to local populations, including parts of the northwestern Iraqi province of Anbar, which it seized this past winter. In its charter for Mosul, ISIS notes that Sunnis who worked in the Maliki government's institutions and security apparatus can atone for their actions and ward off imprisonment or execution.

— Aaron Zelin, *The Atlantic*, June 13, 2014.

referred to as the *jus ad bellum*, the justification for going to war. They are matters for considered judgment on the basis of information that is not normally available to the ordinary individual and the Church will rarely make its own dogmatic judgement.

The real difficulty is that the principles call for a high degree of certainty where certainty rarely exists. In the context of the conflict in Iraq and Syria, none of these principles seem to be met.

On my personal assessment of these principles, I have always held that the West's intervention to expel Iraq from Kuwait in 1991 was justified but that the invasions of Iraq in 2003 and Afghanistan were not justified because they could not succeed or that the result would not produce greater evils and disorder.

In my then role as director of the Australia Defence Association, I publicly and privately opposed Australia's involvement even before the commitment was made.

In the cases of Iraq and Afghanistan, the issue of religion is paramount. The question of Western involvement in these conflicts - and in Syria for that matter - is a one of war between the forces of a Muslim

people against a Christian (even pagan these days) people.

We of the West are too easily perceived as the ultimate enemy. We have no authority beyond the sophisticated weapons we can use. In my view, that issue condemns the West to irrelevance; any intervention will be counter-productive even if, in the short term as in Iraq in 2003, it can appear to be victorious.

In any resort to war, the ultimate objective must be the restoration of peace. In World War II, the end of the war came not in 1945 but in the early 1950s when Germany, Japan and Italy were as a result of a generous occupation restored to the peaceful community of nations. Of course, in the case of Eastern Europe, it took until the collapse of Communism in 1989 to end that part of the war. Paradoxically, the West's intervention in support of largely Muslim Bosnia against Christian Serbia in the early 1990s did not engage Muslim anathema as has Iraq and Afghanistan.

The issue of ISIL's current invasion of Iraq has attracted intense media attention not only because of the West's 2003 invasion of Iraq but because of the extreme brutality of ISIL's troops. Of course,

ISIL understands the power of the media and the impact of its horrific activities. It will note President Obama's reluctance to engage in Syria and now Iraq, and so will feel free to pursue its objectives.

Incidentally, Obama supported the Sunnis in Syria but now opposes them in Iraq yet the essence of the sectarian conflict has not changed. Clearly the American government is confused as well as largely helpless.

ISIL's objectives include the Islamisation not only of Iraq and Syria but also, as its name implies, Lebanon, Jordan and Israel. Ultimately, if successful, ISIL will be forced to confront Iran, an equally fundamentalist Shi'ite nation and one with a suspected nuclear weapons capability. The future for the Middle East looks excessively gloomy in the medium to long term.

Clearly the conflict in the Middle East is a conflict within Islam. The West is interested for fundamentally economic reasons relating to oil supply but also for humanitarian reasons, of more interest to the wider community than to national leaderships.

As readers of *Annals* will be only too aware, those at greatest risk in the Muslim world include significant numbers of Christian and other religious and ethnic minorities that generally do not attract the attention of the increasingly non-religious West. The West lacks any military, economic or philosophical ability to solve the problem. The United Nations, of course, can do nothing without the West's backing - or even with it.

The solution then clearly lies within Islam itself. Its spiritual leaders must take control of the theology of *jihad* away from the extremists within the community of Islam. That is an immense task given the economic power exercised by the political leaders especially in Iran and Saudi Arabia. The non-Muslim world can only pray.

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

RANDOM THOUGHTS ON THE TRAIN

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

GRAFFITI

By Max Barrett

IT WAS ONE of those special mornings when (a) the 8.05 departed on time and (b) the devotees of Compartment No. 1 were not waiting for Joe Meagher to put the ball into the scrum. There was among them a general murmur, a pained protest of ‘Oh, no!’ The entire carriage was littered with graffiti: graffiti on graffiti. There must have been a ‘tag’, a group, at work and each member had contributed of his energetic worst.

Joe looked as dismayed as any other passenger. But he was the first to recover and he sang, softly at first before ending on a robust crescendo:

The idiot who, in railway carriages, Scribbles on window panes;

We only suffer to ride on the buffer In Parliamentary Trains.

My object all sublime – ‘

The vocalist made an inclusive gesture towards his neighbour and explained, as it were, apologetically: ‘I used to do a bit of amateur Gilbert and Sullivan.’ After

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

a short walk down memory lane he added: ‘They said I would have been good if only I had a voice and a bit of acting ability and had been less bumble-footed in the choreography.’ Joe gave a

wonderfully fruity chuckle before continuing:

‘Graffiti. Do you recall the story about the gent who saw written up on a wall, ‘I hate graffiti.’ The gent took out his piece of chalk and wrote, ‘I hate *all* Italian cooking.’

Apparently a few in the carriage had not heard, because there was a light burst of laughter. Joe, oblivious as ever of the carrying power of his voice, looked around and wondered what smidgen of mirth he had missed, then returned to the seemingly limitless world of his own thoughts.

‘Did you know,’ again, his left flanker was the recipient of a confidence, ‘did you know that graffiti means ‘scratchings’? That interests me. You may recall at school how the teacher would sometimes run her nails down the blackboard, and the scratching sound made your blood run cold. I think that some of the graffiti merchants do much the same thing – deliberately. They feel the Establishment has let them down, and they’re angry, so they scratch to let us know that all is not well in the state of Denmark.’



The Saudi Nightmare

THE SUNNI *Islamic State* is a creature of the Saudis Wahhabi ideology. Both share the same hatred for Shi'a Islam, for Iran, and for all religions 'that do not fall within the realm of Sunni Islam'.

Viewed from a distance, *The Islamic State* and Wahhabis have more in common than Saudi Arabia cares to admit. The extremists of all extremists, *Islamic State* militants have merely pushed the envelope further than Saudi Arabia ever dared, or wanted to for that matter.

But if Saudi Arabia was willing to tolerate radicalism in the Middle East in order to rid itself of a few enemies and assert its hegemony over the region by creating a buffer to Iran's political and ideological traction, it did not intend *The Islamic State* to become the monster we all have learned to fear.

Having woken up to the threat that *The Islamic State* poses not only to the immediate Middle East and North Africa region but to the world, Saudi Arabia has been actively denouncing Islamic radicals as apostates of Islam, calling for all powers to unite and commit to their destruction.

— See, Catherine Shakdam, 'Saudi Arabia's U-turn on Islamic radicalism,' *Middle East Eye*, September 16, 2014

To Joe's delight, discussion took on something in the nature of an open forum. A man in uniform remarked ominously that graffiti styles are identifiable; that the police were able to trace scratchings to individual sources.

Among the passengers this day was a middle-aged lady, refinement personified, who gave the impression of one on the way to have her hair set before meeting her sister at City Tatts for lunch. She wore the most serious expression as she spoke her query with delightful, impeccable diction: 'I have sometimes wondered: could there be some genetic link between these graffiti people; something akin to a weak bladder in canines; some need to splatter, splatter, splatter all over the place? Do you know what I mean?' That broke up the discussion for quite a few moments.

Yet another lady volunteered an opinion: 'At least, today's graffiti is not coarse; not indecent. It seems to me the poor kids want to be noticed – like the people who dye their hair a deep scarlet or an electric blue.'

'Trouble is,' (this contribution proceeded from a standee) 'the kids today have too much.'

Joe's response was deferential. 'Could be. But it could also stem from the fact that they have too little.'

Regular passengers on the 8.05 knew well enough not to buy into one of the Meagher paradoxes, so they waited for him to elaborate. It was not an interminable wait.

'They may have too little supervision. They may have too little by way of limitation placed on them.'

'Permissiveness is part of our changed culture. But that is not always in the best interests of our young folk. Young people need reasonable and clearly-defined boundaries. Without clear borders, juveniles are insecure. And sometimes they strike out, angrily, because they are insecure.'

'One of my grandsons clued me in on something he had found on the Internet. In South Australia, I think it was, a number of graffiti freaks had been identified by reason of hidden surveillance cameras on railway stations. Together with parents and police officers, they viewed the video footage. The parents were surprised; they had no idea their son (or daughter) was at large at that time of night. That's my point

about too little. Too little structure about appropriate social freedoms for a young teenager.

'Do you recall the smart saying of some years back that 'There are no delinquent children – only delinquent parents'? I have always found that aphorism phoney and unfair. However, parents can be remiss in not insisting: while you are our responsibility, our loving responsibility: thus far, no further.'

'Establish reasonable limits, and trust. When young people know they are valued and trusted, they don't resort to ugly acts.'

Joe mused a while. He signalled his return to circulation by song, humming a bar of I still call Australia home. Then:

'I love this country. I am always proud to call Australia home. But we are not handling our heritage with due ... reverence. We've imported ugliness in the form of violence and greed. What the kids do with their spray paint is just the reflection of our own loss of direction.'

Joe rested his head back and directed a broad smile at the ceiling. 'I remember the Sesquicentenary celebrations in Sydney. I recall where we stood in Oxford Street, my Dad and brother and I. When all the floats had rolled by, we made our way to the Quay ... across to Manly ... We walked along the boulevard at South Steyne, under those magnificent Norfolk Pines. Dad had had a few sherbets by this time. He was mellow, and patriotic. 'We have brought these trees to this point. It's up to you to safeguard them into the future.' I remember being dismayed! I was all for what Dad had said. But, as a 10-year-old, I didn't feel adequate for the nurturing of these giants.

'Now I understand. This lovely country is ours; it is a trans-generationally ours. If I disfigure it, I am harming myself. At every stage of life, I have the honour of running for Australia. If I drop the baton, I let down both country and self.'

Freedom

The directorial debut of Peter Cousins may startle those who know him only as a musical theatre star; it's as if Gordon MacRae had jumped off the sully with the fringe on top, edged Fred Zinnemann aside, and directed *Oklahoma!*

Some have criticised the film's mix of music and slavery. This is to forget that what used to be called negro spirituals had a subtext of freedom. The anthem, *We shall overcome*, is essentially both political and spiritual.

Working from Timothy Chey's script, Cousins elicits a resolute, against-type performance from Cuba Gooding, Jr, playing Samuel Woodward a slave on the run with his family from a plantation in Virginia.

No random run. Woodward is on what was known as the Underground Railroad, set up to convey slaves to freedom not only in the northern states but all the way to Canada.

Pursued by bounty hunters, led by the hangdog Plimpton (William Sadler), Woodward is linked across a century with a slave-ship that carried a Woodward ancestor from Africa to America, a ship skippered by John Newton (Bernhard Forcher) whose experiences inspired the writing of the abolitionist hymn, *Amazing Grace*.

Cousins gives himself a Hitchcockian scene as plantation owner. The sweep and scale of his debut includes a diverting sequence featuring a theatrical troupe whose antics are reminiscent of the Shakespearean mummings in Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn*.

A final powerful montage shows archival photographs of former slaves who made it to Canada and the good, free life. End captions detail how numerous they were and damning statistics show that slavery is still widespread.

Such end-of-movie information is modish; it should come at the start. Creaky? It worked well as voice-over in the enduring TV series *Star Trek* and superlatively as a rolling-scroll opener to *Star Wars*.

M★★★★NFFV

MOVIES

By James Murray

Felony

No one does ambivalence enmeshed in hesitation, bravado and guilt like Joel Edgerton; he gave effect to this ambivalence in *Wish You Were Here*, and in director Matthew Saville's cop thriller (which Edgerton wrote and co-produced) he intensifies the effect.

He plays drug-squad detective, Malcolm Toohey; after a carouse to mark a drug raid, in which he took a hit, he heads for home, and his wife (Melissa George in suburban mode).

On the way, he clips a bicycling boy who falls to the road. Dead? Alive? Toohey hesitates before making the necessary call, a call that triggers a meeting with a senior colleague Carl (Tom Wilkinson) and his off-sider Jim (Jai Courtney).

While Carl is protective, Jim is suspicious and Toohey gets deeper into ambivalence. The plot resolution is itself suitably ambivalent.

Undoubtedly Edgerton is the star of his own show. Yet Wilkinson's performance, from his Aussie accent to his shambling swagger, anchors the plot. Could Edgerton and Saville have added further tension and international appeal by having Wilkinson play to his birth, that is, as an Englishman, transferred because of events in his past?

Angels can Fly

THINK it's very important to be able to see the funny side of life and its joyful dimension and not to take everything too tragically. I'd also say it's necessary for my ministry. A writer [Chesterton] once said that angels can fly because they don't take themselves too seriously. Maybe we could also fly a bit if we didn't think we were so important.

— Pope Benedict XVI, interview on German Television, Castel Gandolfo, August 8, 2006

Rhetorical question better replaced by praise: *Felony* is a match for the classic, *Detective Story*, in which Kirk Douglas played a cop torn between his private life and public duty.

M★★★★NFFV

Boyhood

Writer/director Richard Linklater stretched his talent, his luck and his completion guarantee over 12 years to make this family epic with the same group of actors. They include Patricia Arquette, Ethan Hawke, Lorelei Linklater (Richard Linklater's daughter) and Ellar Coltrane. The latter's performance has been singled out because of the way he ages from charming six-year-old to moody 18-year-old.

The epic is, however, anchored by Patricia Arquette's performance as the mother of the family; she deals briskly with career, children and separation from her good ol' boy husband played by Hawke and a subsequent pair of not so good ol' boy relationships.

Linklater's movie is reminiscent of Michael Apted's *Seven Up* and Gillian Armstrong's *Not 14 Again*. But while Apted and Armstrong's documentaries are reality infused, Linklater's fiction entails a mother's progress through three fractured relationships from which she, her children and stepchildren come smiling wryly.

Hey presto, a new kind of sentimentality, a view of modern family life through glasses that say 'I'm okay, you're okay.' And not a harassed social worker in sight; Linklater does, however, have the grace to show scenes of grandparent, Bible-belt life that indicate his characters are sustained by a residual moral capital.

M★★★★NFFV

The Skeleton Twins

More neo-sentimental tosh: Maggie and Milo are estranged twins played by Kristen Wiig and Bill Hader who, having cheated death on the same day, decide to find out where their lives went wrong.

Their quest involves the break-up Maggie's marriage to Lance (Luke Wilson) after she has a fling with her

scuba-diving instructor Billy) Boyd Holbrook while Milo is meeting, and rejecting, an old lover Rich (Ty Burrell).

Result: the twins drive off into the sunset aiming to raise the child Maggie begot with Billy.

Wiig is a constantly charming star. Even she, however, cannot lift this comedy-drama, credited to director Craig Johnson and co-writer Mark Heyman.

M★★NFFV

The Little Death

For his directorial debut, actor Josh Lawson has scripted for himself a comedy of manners with heart – a mechanical heart, its spring composed of sexual high-jinks and low-jinks, too many of them as if he'd googled fetishes and got more than he needed.

His cast includes Bojana Novakovic, Damon Herriman, Lisa McCune, Kim Gyngell and Lachy Hulme. His ending is smart enough to whip him to Hollywood – business class.

MA15+★★NFFV

The Giver

Director Phillip Noyce opens with a bird's-eye shot of a post-catastrophe city, seemingly built from all-white Lego blocks and set on cloud-wreathed plateau where the inhabitants bicycle sans fear, hunger or war.

Meryl Streep and Jeff Bridges co-star respectively as the city's Suprema who is beyond questioning and its Giver who passes on memories of the past to a selected pupil. Here Noyce gives us a two-for-one package: Streep, her voice soft, gentle, icy and Bridges, sounding as if he's swallowed a hacksaw, appear in actual and holographic form; oddly both are more impressive as the latter than the former.

At 18, inhabitants are assigned to lifetime roles. Jonas (Brenton Thwaites) becomes the Giver's pupil working with him in a library like a cavernous St Vincent de Paul book depot.

The more Jonas learns of the past the more doubtful he becomes about the present. The prospective fate of

less than perfect eugenic child makes him decide to escape with the child from the city and his ideal family (mother played by Katie Holmes possibly memory-haunted).

He does so with the help of his friend Fiona (Odeya Rush) though their escape is old-fashioned hide-and-peek, given the city's surveillance apparatus. Another friend Asher (Cameron Monaghan), pilot of remote controlled drone, also aids him.

Noyce and Lois Lowry, author of the original novel, appear to have been more influenced by Aldous Huxley's *Brave New World* and George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty Four* than by Thomas More's *Utopia*.

Yet Noyce ends on a scene that More might well have approved: Josh carrying the child stumbles through snow towards a chalet from which comes the sound of a Christmas carol.

M★★NFFV

Night Moves

Apparently casual travellers Josh (Jesse Eisenberg) and Dena (Dakota Fanning) survey a dam. Their casualness dissipates when they meet a marine veteran Harmon (Peter Sarsgaard) and gather the means for an eco-warrior coup.

Writer/director Kelly Reichardt has made a timely, low-key parable about

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

those who act as if the end justifies the means; Josh, Dena and Harmon's end is an idyllic greenie paradise of free-flowing, salmon-rich rivers set in Oregon; their explosive means fail to achieve it.

Other people's ends and means? Read the headlines. Watch the 24/7 TV. Listen to the 24/7 radio.

M★★★NFFV

The Immigrant

The main aim of director James Gray and his co-writer Richard Menello is to recall the rigorous treatment of those who came to Ellis Island pursuing happiness in the fabled land of America.

Gray and Menello are successful, perhaps too successful; their evocation of Ellis Island is all sepia-toned grimness. The 1920s period bordello and vaudeville scenes are dismally authentic. But Catholic church scenes fail the authenticity test; the altar is post-Vatican II. Against the grimness the star power of Marion Cotillard is a flickering votive candle. She plays a Polish Catholic, Ewa Cybulski, whose sister Magda (Angela Sarafyan) fails a health test. Joaquin Phoenix is a pimp, Bruno, who ensnares Ewa; Jeremy Renner is his magician cousin, Orlando.

Standard, slightly rusty triangle with Bruno and Orlando contending for Ewa? Not quite. At the movie's heart Gray and Menello set the moral question of love, forgiveness and redemption as if they have read Francois Mauriac and Graham Greene.

The latter distinguished between his serious works and his entertainments. The distinction is applicable to *The Immigrant*; it is not an entertainment.

R18+★★NFFV.

The Hundred-Foot Journey

Food glorious food, who could ask for anything more? The mix of lyrics is indicative of reactions to director Lasse Hallstrom's romantic comedy about a clash of saucepans between Frenchwoman, Madame Mallory (Helen Mirren) and an Indian, Papa Kadam (Om Puri), who with his family opens an Indian restaurant,

Maison Mumbai, across the road from her one-star Michelin establishment, Le Saule Pleureur.

Puri's performance is finely ground, Mirren's less so; presumably the greatest of Anglo-French players, Kristen Scott Thomas, was otherwise engaged.

The romance factor is borne by the Kadam eldest son Hassan (Manish Dayal) and *sous-chef*, Marguerite (Charlotte Le Bon). Will it survive the whisk of his ambition to combine East and West in one of those metropolitan establishments where gastronomy meets alchemy?

For some the movie's premise that the French should find Indian food exotic is undercut by a hard fact: France and Britain, through their respective East Indies Companies, fought wars in 19th century India for control of its wealth, including spices, wars where General Sir Charles Napier cabled news of a victory in one word: *Peccavi* (I have Sindh).

There again, the writer of the original fiction was the American Richard C Morais but surely British writer Steven Knight (See below) who wrote the screenplay should have known better. Nonetheless the movie is worth a detour to your cinema or a wait at your DVD store.

M★★★★SFFV

Locke

Writer/director Steven Knight's *tour de force* could not be more different from his *tour de fourchette*. To bring it off he asks a lot of his star Tom Hardy and Hardy renders it abundantly. He plays the title character, a construction manager during a long, solo drive on the night-time motorways of England.

While he drives, he talks almost incessantly to colleagues on his hands-free, mobile phone, seeking to hold his career together, his career and his personal life, the other voices on his mobile are those of his wife and his mistress.

Obviously chain smoking would have been a way to break-up the dialogue. But chain-smoking (unless it's pot) is a movie no-no these days. Knight has to resort to giving Locke a cold so that tissue-sniffing becomes the business used to breaks



the talkie-talk. This, just when it comes to the edge of dreary, Knight interrupts with the sound that means hope.

MA15+★★★★NFFV.

The Devil's Violinist

Violinist Niccolo Paganini displayed such showy brilliance that he made musicians who came before and after him seem like rustic fiddlers. In addition, he was a rake whose drug fuelled transgressions made even such a celebrated rock star as Keith Richards seem like a choirboy (some may object that Richards was a choirboy).

On this basic material writer/director Bernard Rose has erected a towering cine-memoir of Paganini. David Garrett, himself a violinist of prodigious virtuosity, embodies him in all his lank-haired talent.

The turn that counts, however, is that of Jared Harris who plays Paganini's manager Urbani with more than a touch of devilish cleverness. Christian McKay, another talented musician, is the London impresario who hopes to cash in on Paganini's continental success, and enlists his family including his daughter (Veronica Ferres). Joely Richardson contributes a lively cameo as top-hatted hackette, leader of the press pack that harries Paganini in competition with a band of early feminists while fog swirls and hansom cabs clatter.

Bernard Rose, as he demonstrated in his Beethoven bio-pic, *Immortal Beloved*, can be ridiculously

melodramatic and at the same time sublime, the latter quality springing from the counterpointing of Paganini's music and the seraphic voice of Veronica Ferres.

TBA★★★★NFFV.

Sin City: A Dame to Kill For

The advantage of movies based on graphic novels is that the latter provides a storyboard for the former. Robert Rodriguez increases the advantage by having the graphic novelist Frank Miller as his co-director.

Mickey Rourke (plus a kilo of latex make-up) steals the movie from other city denizens played by Bruce Willis, Rosario Dawson, Jessica Alba, Josh Brolin and Joseph Gordon Levitt.

How long ago it seems since Frederic Wertham and Max Allan Collins criticised lurid comics in their book, *Seduction of the Innocent*?

MA15+★★★★NFFV

Into the Storm

Director Steven Quale frames his enviro-thriller as a mockumentary in which Pete Moore (Matt Walsh) leads a posse of weather folk who put themselves in harm's way to obtain extreme close-ups of tornadoes.

Quale's serio-comic framing is at odds with the fearsome 3D footage of tornadoes dancing across the prairies of America. Okay, the footage is computer generated but you do wonder why safety belts weren't fitted to the cinema seats.

M★★★★SFFV

Deepsea Challenge 3D

Director James Cameron fulfils his boyhood ambition to go deeper into the ocean than anyone has before him. Deploying the skills of a master filmmaker, Cameron and his team, including local director Ray Quint, intercut scenes of building his undersea vessel in the Sydney suburb named after the Australian explorer, Leichhardt, tests in Sydney Harbour and sequences shot during the making of *The Titanic* before his kilometric descent.

Exciting as the documentary is, you cannot rid yourself of the suspicion that Cameron as he

descends is secretly disappointed that a giant squid does not emerge and grapple with his vessel as the squid emerged to grapple with Captain Nemo's vessel in *Twenty Thousand Leagues Beneath the Sea*.

G★★★★SFFV.

What We Do in the Shadows

Vampire movies rival Heinz in the variety of their combinations of basic shock-horror ingredients and ketchup. Now filmmaker Taika Waititi and Jemaine Clement have added a mockumentary variety, a dish for Waititi as Viago, chieftain of a vampire clan which includes Deacon (Jonny Brugh) and Vladislav (Jemaine Clement).

They share digs in a suitably mouldering house and confront the modern world in the night-time streets of Wellington while inducting a new recruit in how live immortally without robbing a blood bank.

Needless to add that the mockumentary is tasteless and achieves a level of humour comparable with a fractured funny-bone.

M★★NFFV.

Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles

Children dote on them as do adults who were children when the pizza-hungry turtles Leonardo, Raphael, Michelangelo and Donatello, inspired by an urban myth about less loveable crocs emerged from the sewers of New York, circa 1990.

Leading the turtles against the baddies is their ninja master, the giant rat Splinter; allied with them are Megan Fox and Will Arnett, playing TV reporter April O'Neill and cameraman Vern Fenwick like a pair of *60 Minutes* veterans, (say Jana Wendt and Brendan Ward).

Jonathan Liebesman directs the mayhem like a tipsy cop on traffic duty in Times Square on New Year's Eve.

Warning: for 'ninja' read 'noisy', the decibel level of the background music, including Careless Whisper, is beyond what would be allowed in a factory unless ear-muffs were mandatory.

M★★★★SFFV.

Sloppy Attention to the Facts

THE GENERAL PUBLIC is assailed with a mostly one-sided commentary on the forests conflict. A good example of this inequitable and skewed media coverage is evident in the substantial 'free kicks' given to a recent book entitled *Into the Woods* by Anna Krien, a former journalist at the *Age*. Ms Krien spent a year frequenting anti-logging blockades at the frontline of the conflict over Tasmania's forests. She was commissioned to write her book by another former *Age* journalist, Alan Attwood, who published a substantial twelve page feature article by Ms Krien about the Tasmanian forests conflict in the *Big Issue* in April 2009. ... Ms Krien has had the considerable advantage of a publisher, Black Inc, which also publishes the *Monthly*, as well as the backing of the *Age*, both of which are left-of-centre in their reporting of environmental issues, particularly forestry. With no particular expertise in forestry matters, Ms Krien has largely treated Tasmania's forests conflict as a human interest story, and produced a more marketable book than the reasonably dry analysis of facts and statistics which is typically the cornerstone of writings on this issue from the forestry perspective. Even so, the publicity given to Krien's book has been quite astonishing ... Her book was launched at Melbourne's iconic Readings bookstore in Carlton - where *The Forest Wars* was also launched and she was featured at the Melbourne Writers Festival, which chose her to help launch this year's event. Unsurprisingly, the literary critics have warmed to her writing - 'Her non-fiction style is undoubtedly poetic'. However, while the book's front cover betrays its thrust, its back-cover blurb raises immediate questions about factual credibility 'For many years, the Tasmanian wilderness has been the site of a fierce struggle. *At stake is the future of old growth forests*. Loggers and police face off with protesters deep in the forest ...' (emphasis added). Given that around 80 per cent of Tasmania's old-growth forests are already contained in national parks and conservation reserves where timber harvesting is not permitted, and a substantial part of the rest is unsuited for timber, the future of the state's old-growth forests is not reliant on ending logging. Yet, such sloppy attention to the facts is all too typical of most public commentary about the forests conflict emanating from the 'green' viewpoint and has been the key factor in hyping-up the issue to unwarranted heights.

— Excerpt from 'Is Native Forestry an Endangered Species?' by Mark Poynter, *Quadrant*, December 2010, p.68.

The Expendables 3

Writer/director/star Sylvester Stallone's *Rocky* franchise ran to a total of five. He looks set to do the same with *The Expendables*. Nonetheless Stallone, a savvy filmmaker, defuses criticism with a twist: after an exhausting opening sequence as the indispensable Barney Ross, he discharges his veterans, played by the likes of Arnold Schwarzenegger, Wesley Snipes and Jason Statham.

He then recruits a fresh platoon which includes a glamorous nightclub hostess played by Rhonda Rousey (who acts according to her name).

To trigger further hyper-violent action there's an arms-dealer, Conrad Stonebanks (Mel Gibson acting with that manic edge which has been his screen gift and public risk).

No prizes for guessing who turns up to aid the new recruits when Stonebanks makes the going tough.

In a further injection of zip, Stallone contracted Australian director Patrick (*Red Hill*) Hughes to supervise the bang-bangery. Hughes does this with such elan that he may be on the ready reserve to direct the next sequel involving Zimmer-frame rocket launchers.

M★★★★NFFV.

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*Deadly sin and its opposite, an equally deadly smugness and censoriousness;
and the Mean between the two that St Thomas Aquinas calls 'Virtue'*

THE SEVEN DEADLY NEUROSES

By John Zmirak



NE OF the most popular subjects for books about morals is the Seven Deadly Sins. This taxonomy of vices, first drawn up by Eastern Christian monks, is such an accurate device for diagnosing human behavior that even atheists like to read such books – and write them, too.

One of the best was penned by the broad-minded humanist, Henry Fairlie, who didn't choose that topic out of deference to old monks, but because he found their insights useful. Other fine books on the subject were penned by Solomon Schimmel, Fulton Sheen, Robert Barron and George Rutler. I added to this pile myself, with *The Bad Catholic's Guide to the Seven Deadly Sins*.

But I decided to do something a little different. I adopted something I found in St. Thomas Aquinas' treatment of these evils. Yes, he laid

out the sin, and the "opposing virtue." But as a good Aristotelian, he knew that moral reasoning is not a one dimensional line that runs from right to left, with the sin at one extreme and the virtue at the other. Instead, he saw a triangle, with one kind of vice at one extreme, an opposing vice at the opposite pole (of the sort we'd nowadays call a "neurosis"), and above them, at the top of a pyramid, the virtue that looms as the "golden mean."

Each deadly sin involves the abuse or perverted use of a good thing made by God. But there's more than one way to abuse something, and typically one straightforward way for each of us (given our state in life) to use it well. To choose just the most crowd-pleasing example, let's look at sex: One might indulge in the deadly sin of Lust, and engage in or obsess about illicit sex. Or if you'd mastered Chastity, you'd confine its use to its proper context, marriage.

Or—and here's the kicker—if you were consumed by fear of sin or disdain for fleshly creation, you might well conceive a phobia for the good thing God had made, and fall into the neurosis of Frigidity. Sexless marriages that end in divorce grow out of this particular vice. Celibates who look with contempt upon the married are equally guilty.

The same applies to each of the other six deadly sins:

The Greedy have too strong an attachment to the good things that come from hard work and wise stewardship. The Generous love wealth in due proportion, and have mastered the art of sharing it. The Prodigal, on other hand, treat wealth with jaded disdain and lavishly waste it—certain that more will somehow come to them down the pike.

Gluttony amounts to consuming fleshly pleasures like food or wine in the wrong quantities or the wrong way—and it doesn't matter if you're a sucker for quantity or quality. A sane Temperance keeps every appetite in check by the force of reason and self-restraint—while gnostic Insensibility learns to see food as interchangeable nutrition units and wine as evil in itself.

At the opposite pole from deadly Wrath is not holy Patience, but masochistic Servility, which teaches us to let aggressors win and bullies triumph, whatever the cost to the next victim that blunders into their paths.

Sloth is not so much a sin of laziness but of apathy, of the sort that can lead to despair. The Diligent learn how to apply themselves with sane resignation, and a realist's appreciation of their limitations and weaknesses—while Fanatics hurl themselves headfirst into walls, torment the people who love them,

The Albanian Martyrs

THE FIRST antireligious repressions ... probably took place in Albania. Gaspar Thaci, the [Catholic] archbishop of Shkoder, died under house arrest at the hands of the secret police. Vingent Predushi, [Catholic] archbishop of Durres, who was sentenced to thirty years of hard labor, died in February 1949, probably as a result of torture. In February 1948 five [Catholic] clergymen, including Bishops Gjergj Valaz and Fran Gjini of the Apostolic Delegation, were condemned to death and shot. More than a hundred priests, nuns, and seminarians were executed or died in custody. At least one Muslim also died as part of this wave of persecuton, a lawyer by the name of Mustafa Pipa, who was executed for coming to the defense of the Franciscans. Years later, in 1967, Enver Hoxha was to declare that Albania had become the first officially atheist state in the world. The official newspaper Nendori (November) proudly announced that same year that all mosques and churches, 2,169 in total, including 327 Catholic sanctuaries, had been destroyed or closed.

— *The Black Book of Communism*, Stephane Courtois, et alii, Harvard University Press, 1999, p.409.

and if they don't blow themselves up, they burn out and slump into... Sloth.

Vainglory teaches people to preen themselves and be proud of nothing real, or nothing for which they really deserve any credit—for instance, they're proud to be pretty or white or tall. You can counter this vice by the starkly honest practice of Humility, which takes a frank account of one's actual pluses and minuses. Or you can panic at the prospect you might, just might, be proud—and learn to rip yourself to little, despairing shreds through Scrupulosity. (That was the sin that goaded Martin Luther to leave the priesthood.)

The opposite of Envy, the devil's own sin which hates the good for being good, is not the large-souled virtue of Magnanimity, but the timid, vacuous sin called Pusillanimity—the kind of thing that drives a servant to bury his master's treasure in the yard.

So the opposite of starkly ugly modern religious art is accidentally ugly, cloying devotional art. Good religious art that can find beauty in our fallen state transcends them both, because its creators have stretched their souls and refined their techniques.

Much of the trouble and most of the self-torturing craziness we find in religious circles comes less from people sunk in deadly sins – though we've got our share of those – than from well-meaning people who have carelessly overreacted to a sin by embracing the opposite vice, just to be on the safe side.

For a sobering example, recall how the Church Father Origen dealt with lust by “cutting off” the sin at its root. Perhaps the reason we see so much mediocrity and neurotic backbiting in faithful Christian circles is that we've lost sight of St. Thomas, and his awareness that virtue is complex, fragile, and typically active.

We must work to form ourselves rightly, pray for good guidance, and use the minds God gave us to figure out – in the light of reason – what God really wants of us. It might not be exactly what you expect. He's full of surprises.

JOHN ZMIRAK is author of *The Bad Catholic's Guide to the Seven Deadly Sins*, and blogs at *The Bad Catholic's Bingo Hall*.



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– Editor, *Annals*

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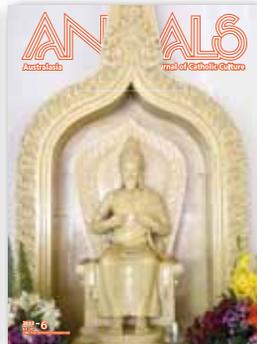
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