

ANNALS

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Journal of Catholic Culture



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ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

Journal of Catholic Culture

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Australia's Leading Catholic Magazine

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Gold among the Tinsel

Last year 'How the Grinch stole Christmas' was a box-office success despite its being an affront to the true spirit of Christmas. PAUL STENHOUSE looks at ways of re-affirming the spirit of the birthday of Jesus in 2001 *Anno Domini*.

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Brendan [Paddy] Finucane

Wing-Commander Paddy Finucane died before his 22nd birthday. You won't find his name in the Cambridge Biographical Encyclopedia, but when he died all Australia mourned. LANCE HOBAN recalls his short life and its significance for *Annals* readers.

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Hitler's Pope

Projectivism, or the tendency to blame in others what we sub-consciously know to be a fault in us, features in the psychological profile of those who attack Pope Pius XII for not doing more to save Jews during World War II.

PETER ROACH examines the evidence for and against claims that Eugenio Pacelli was Hitler's Pope.

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The Icelandic Sagas

Are the Icelandic Sagas historical events from 10th and 11th century Iceland, or creations of their authors' imaginations? TED MORRISBY discusses these questions as he shares some of the joy he experienced as he visited the places, and read the ancient tales that have delighted millions.

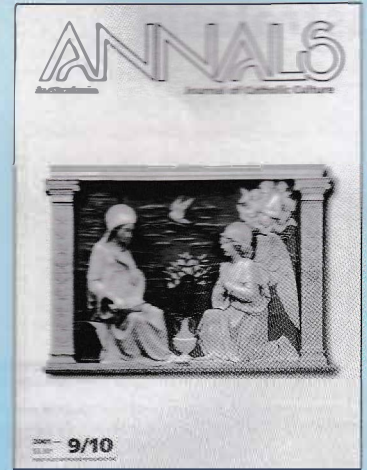
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Bolshevism's Early Secret Police

We are living through a time when the reality of terror and terrorism has been brought home in a way unimaginable for many before September 11.

R.J. STOVE reflects on the life and deeds of one of the authors of the modern terrorist's handbook.

Photo: The Annunciation by Andrea della Robbia – Archives.



Front Cover: The Della Robbia family is justly famous for numerous reliefs [i.e. works of art where the figures stand out from the plane] in terra-cotta and ceramic that its members produced between 1400 and 1550. Our cover depicts the renowned relief of the Annunciation by Andrea della Robbia [1435-1525], in the *Scanzano della Vigna*, at Arezzo in Tuscany, created between 1490 and 1495.

Back Cover: Jacob Majarian's exquisite book of photographs of Armenia [with a text provided by Cliff Baxter] would be a beautiful and lasting gift this Christmas. At a special price offered to *Annals* readers, we recommend Jacob's photography and the wonderful overview he provides of this ancient people, their customs of their traditional homeland, and their culture.

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

THE CLEAR MAY*

'The Spotless Maiden'



I saw once a clear May, was in a dark garden,
Lilting for joy to the babe at her breast,
*'Lullay, my little one; oh, lullay, my darling;
Earth is in tumult, but heaven is at rest.*

'Herod hath crushed out the grapes of the wine-press.
Proud ride the emperors to slaughter their fill.
*Lullay, my little one; the green leaves are growing;
Earth is in torment, but the stars are so still!*

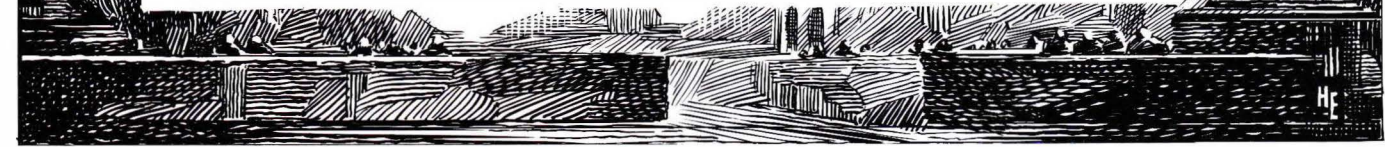
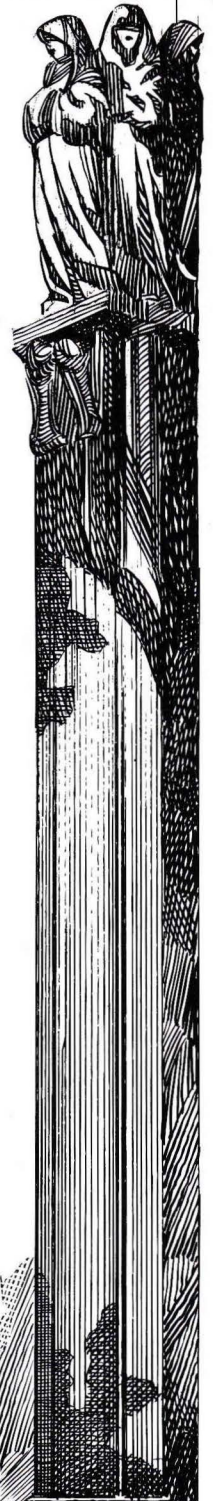
'Music,' said my May to me, 'music surroundeth us,
Whatsoever agonies entangle our feet!
*Though the sun die, and the stars leave their courses,
Heaven moveth round them in a music most sweet.*

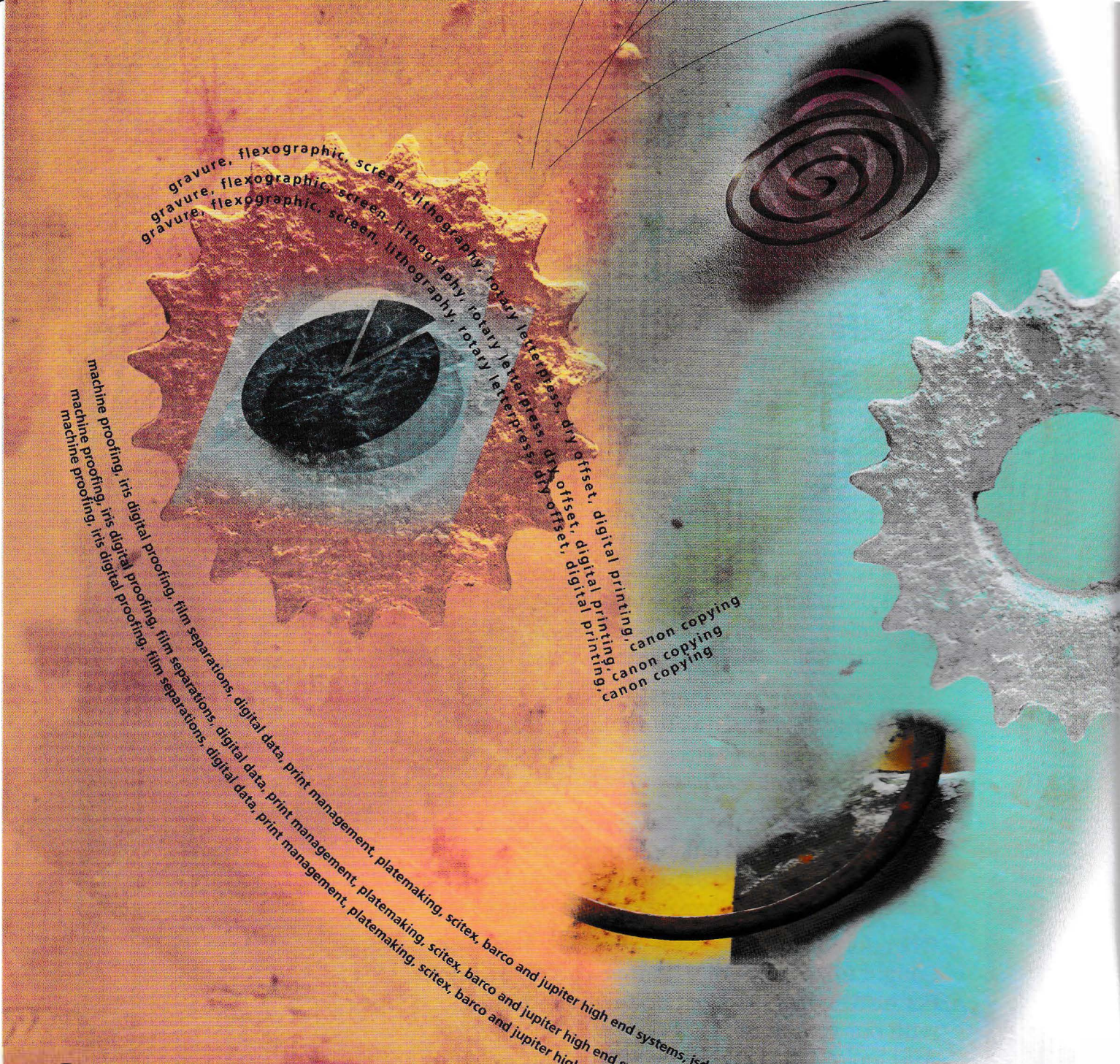
'Therefore I sing,' she said, 'I too sing *Magnificat*,
Caught up, as one voice, in that choir of delight;
For heaven hath stooped down to be clothed
with our weakness
And looked through the eyes of a child in our night.'

So darkly she sang, as that bird of old legend,
The bird whose warm breast was pierced through by a thorn,
*Lullay, my little one, oh, lullay, my darling,
Out of earth's anguish our heaven is reborn.*

— Alfred Noyes, Catholic poet and literateur [1880-1958].

*The *Clear May* is the Virgin Mary. Noyes is punning on the fact that 'May' means *Maiden* and is a popular form of *Mary*. 'Clear' means *pure*.





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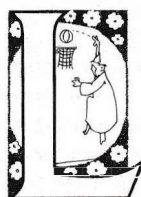


DAVID GRAPHICS
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A mediaeval refrain to remind us who we are

GOLD AMONG THE TINSEL

Last year 'How the Grinch stole Christmas' was a box-office success despite its being an affront to the true spirit of Christmas. PAUL STENHOUSE looks at ways of re-affirming the spirit of the birthday of Jesus in 2001 Anno Domini.



LAST Christmas [better known commercially as the 'Holiday Season'] the biggest box-office hit worldwide was Pixar Animation's *Toy Story 2*.

A delightful movie about what toys do when children aren't around, its hero is Woody [voice, Tom Hanks] who is falling apart, and whom Andy, his young owner, leaves behind when he goes on a camp. The real problem arises when Woody gets sold in a garage sale to Big Al, a scrap toy merchant who plans to repair him and send him to a toy museum in Japan.

The movie is about toys, and their young owners' responsibility for them. It is full of action, suspense and emotion; it is not, however, about Christmas.

Nor was that other movie that pushed the PR machines to the limit: *Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas*. The olympic-style athletic gyrations and face-pulling of Jim Carrey couldn't make The Grinch other than a disappointment. The sets were remarkable, the special effects and hi-tech tricks were memorable, but the movie exuded crass commercialism. No matter how hard Jim Carrey tried, it lacked heart. And the Grinch really was unlovable.

The remark by the Grinch who lived inside a garbage dump and who was planning on stealing all the Christmas gifts - 'One man's toxic sludge is another man's potpourri' - set the tone, and even little Cindy Lou who believed in the Grinch couldn't save the movie from descending into gloomy and often distasteful hi-jinks.

Its only saving feature was the fact that Christmas was a source of happi-

ness to the pig-snouted citizens of Whoville - though you get the impression the 'happiness' was derived entirely from the presents. Whatever the Grinch may have attempted to do to them, the movie itself is an affront to the *Spirit of Christmas*.

That said, *How the Grinch Stole Christmas* was a huge success commercially, and Jim Carrey earned more than US\$57 million, plus \$2 million from ancillary products like talking dolls and videogames 'bringing the 39-year-old high-school dropout's net worth to an estimated \$171 million.'

Does that prove that 'sludge' beats 'potpourri' every time?

Not at all. Reality will usually catch up with the hype. But if a lot of harm is not to be done, Catholics and

Christians generally need to be more energetic in defending their turf when 'sludge' makes an appearance. Attempts to remove Christmas cribs from the few supermarkets or malls where they are displayed in this country, or to prevent Christmas carols being sung in public places, or in school or hospitals [public or private] should not go unremarked. If multi-culturalism in Australia means anything it must also mean that the host culture [which is 27.03% Catholic and 70.88% Christian] should be respected.

Some years ago Hilaire Belloc's great-grandson retraced his distinguished ancestor's 1901 pilgrimage to Rome as described in Belloc's *Path to Rome*. The satisfaction this gave me wasn't simply a matter of appreciating the great-grandson's filial piety, though this counted for much; it was the fact that Louis Jebb had inherited his great-grandfather's Catholic faith and his sense of wonder. The years that separated them fell away as young Jebb set off to follow as nearly as possible the path the 30-year-old Hilaire trod, attending daily Mass as he did, and suffering many of the same privations.

The difference between a pilgrim like Belloc or his great-grandson, and a *tourist* is the difference between the sacred and the *secular*, between heaven and *earth*, between Christmas and the *Grinch* [not to mention *Hollywood*].

Before the devastation wreaked by the cultural, religious, intellectual and economic revolutions of the Renaissance, Reformation, Enlightenment and Capitalism, the sacred and the profane inter-mingled so comfortably that the secular was elevated, and the sacred came down to earth with a reassuring familiarity



Where all men are at home

TO an open house in the evening

Home shall men come,
To an older place than Eden
And a taller town than Rome.

To the end of the way of the wandering star,

To the things that cannot be and that are,

To the place where God was homeless

And all men are at home.

- G.K. Chesterton, *The House of Christmas*, Poems 1915.

and frequency. As reassuring as the birth of a child.

We can rely no longer on this overlapping of the two key elements in our make-up. The secular is daily encroaching on the territory of the sacred, and winning hearts and minds in the process. Religious and cultural pluralism and indifferentism have aided and abetted the process. There is an undeniable attraction and force in secular, materialistic society that owes more to opportunistic politics, Wall Street and the media [especially Hollywood] than it does to any genuine human values or authentic idealism.

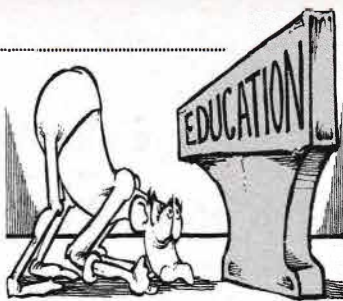
There is no rose of such vertu
As is the Rose that bare Jesu'

Compare this mediaeval refrain with its mix of metaphor and mystery with the cynicism and pragmatism of a recent commercialised Christmas:

'Twas the week before Christmas and
all across the land
Moms sat at computers with mice in
their hands.
They tried to buy gifts on eToys and
Amazon,
In hopes the sites would deliver
Pokemon.
The children were nestled all snug in
their beds,
While visions of Pikachu³ dance in
their heads.
But as moms surfed the net for 10
hours or 20,
there were orders unfilled and
hassles aplenty.
So up from their seats they flew like a
flash
And off to the malls they went with
their cash.⁴

That year [1999] more than \$5 billion was spent in the US on presents in the weeks up to Christmas. The political correctness of our society, not content with substituting Santa for St Nicholas, *Ho! Ho! Ho!* for the *Gloria in Excelsis* and a Christmas tree for a crib, has come up with *Pikachu* [a little electronic animal that children can feed, play with or adopt] for the baby Jesus.

The world of our mediaeval ancestors is light years away from this. Too few modern children ever succeed in



A two-faced god?

THE student is hardly to be blamed if he answers such questions negatively, or sceptically at least – if he comes to see his college education in distinctly cynical terms, as a means to self-advancement and no more, a way of getting some better-paid job, and never mind all that fancy talk about what an ideally 'liberal' education ought to be. He may even come to see the whole vast education-industry as a kind of racket or hoax or perhaps as an idol or sacred cow. Speaking personally, I myself have often suspected that 'education' is one of the great false gods worshipped – *faute de mieux** – by our otherwise godless society: countless people talk as though there were some kind of automatic and mystical value in the mere fact of being in a lecture-room, lectured by somebody about something for some purpose. In the abstract, knowledge is of course better than ignorance. But in any concrete case, I would want to know a great deal more before agreeing that this situation and experience was indeed desirable. It frequently is; but it is sometimes a complete waste of time, and it is occasionally a great deal worse. The great god Education could do with a certain amount of criticism and challenge: he seems to command rather more allegiance than he deserves.

– Christopher Derrick, *Escape from Scepticism*,
Ignatius Press, San Francisco, 1977.

* for want of something better

entering this world of humility and hope, of a mother and child, of poverty and fear, of caves, mangers, shepherds, angels, magi and gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.

The 'virtue' of which this mediaeval refrain sings, takes us back to the original meaning of the word *virtue*: womanliness [as the subject is the Virgin Mary], perfection, excellence.

As in all ancient carols the refrain sums up the meaning, and the feeling, of the song: it would have

given the village or the town or the castle through a chance to join in after each verse had been sung, usually by a solo voice. 'As with more recent examples of the same thing, [the] refrain [of a carol] has a simple, catchy tune, while the verse is musically more complicated'.⁵

There is no rose of such vertu
As is the Rose that bare Jesu'

Christmas is a time for simple, catchy refrains. We common folk, we 'faithful,' we Catholic people need to turn away from the TV or computer monitor and fix our gaze instead on the twinkling star that will lead us to a little babe with his mother [the 'Rose of Sharon'] and foster-father in Bethlehem. Perhaps the Magi knew, as we know, that the star would ultimately lead to Nazareth, to the hill towns, and to the dusty if unsafe roads of Galilee and Samaria, and eventually, outside the walls of Jerusalem, to the confrontation with evil and death as Mary and the apostles stand by the cross of Jesus on the hill of Calvary. We should never underestimate our privileged part in this ever-recurring Christmas Carol.

There is no rose of such vertu
As is the Rose that bare Jesu'

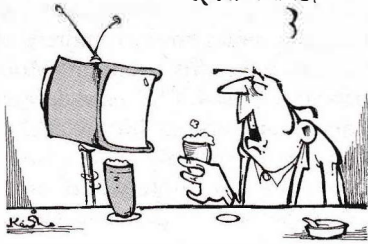
Let us be content with our refrain. Others may tackle the more complicated tunes of the verses. We can join in if we are able, but the refrain is ours by right. It is the rare and comforting balm that will heal our ills; it is the staff upon which we lean; the praise that springs to our lips in moments of joy or sadness; our catch-cry of faith when our spirits sag; our protection against the wiles of the evil one.

Most importantly it will bring joy to our children, and sow faith and hope where too often there is only noise, strobe-lighting, videogames, a drug culture and robotic movements of minds and limbs.



1. *Fortune*, September 17, 2001, p.89.
2. Source: 1996 *American Census*.
3. *Comic*: Japanese cartoon character rather like a cat.
4. *Idem*, January 24, 2000, 'The Nightmare before Christmas,' p.22.
5. Peter Phillips, 'The cream of the Carol,' *The Spectator*, 21-28 December 1985.

GOOD TO DRINK WITH A
REAL MATE!



Coronation Street

TWICE a week, with a haunting, trumpeted signature tune and a view of terraced roofs stretching away into infinity, *Coronation Street*, Granada Television's serial of North Country life, goes on the air. It has now had 200 issues and is coming up to its second birthday next week. It is one of Britain's most popular television programmes. Enthusiasts call it a major sociological phenomenon. In fact all marathon TV serials with fixed settings and regular characters are cunningly designed to turn the viewer into an addict. *Coronation Street* eschews glamour and sensation curtains and concentrates on trapping the rugged smug ambience on North Country working and lower middle-class life. It will follow a local event like a council election or an amateur theatrical through instalment after instalment with the tenacity of a parish magazine. Its characters provide parts that actors can sink their teeth into and digest and assimilate. They have become deeply planted, like the permanent set of seven terraced houses, the shop on the corner, the mission hall, and the pub.

The characters have devotees who insist on believing in their reality. When the buxom Elsie Tanner was involved with a sailor who, unknown to her, was married, she got scores of letters warning her of the danger. Jack Watson, the actor who played the sailor, was stopped outside the studio by one gallant mechanic who threatened to give him a hiding if he didn't leave Elsie alone.

The strongest personality of them all, the sturdy old bulldog bitch, Ena Sharples, has huge following. When she was sacked from the Mission Hall of which she was the caretaker, viewers from all over the country wrote offering her jobs. When she was in hospital temporarily bereft of speech, a fight broke out in Salford between a gang of her fans and an Irish Detractor who said he hoped the old bag would stay dumb till Kingdom come.

— *The Observer*, London 2/12/1962

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WE are happy to announce that four commentaries on the Synoptic Gospels and the Gospel of St John by Father Michael Fallon, MSC, have been published and are now available from Chevalier Press.

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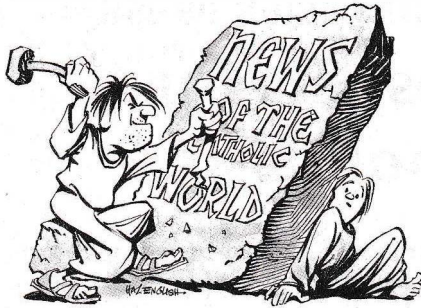
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(Source: CRTN Information Service, edited by Catherine Ancion for Aid to the Church in Need, Königstein, Germany.)

Franciscan Custody protests as Nazareth mosque building resumes

Israel/Palestine: Jerusalem. Earlier this week work resumed to lay the foundations for the Nazareth mosque that the Israeli government has conceded to Muslim extremists. In an official statement the Custodians of the Holy Land deplore the authorization given by the government to this project and calls for the immediate withdrawal of the building permit. The statement signed by Fr. David-Maria A. Jaeger, OFM, reads: 'This activity is taking place in total disregard of the often expressed feelings and pleas of the world-wide Christian community.' The statement recalls that the Holy See, Catholic hierarchies and other Christian leaders have repeatedly and insistently appealed to the government of Israel not to carry out the decision criticised by many Muslim and Jewish leaders, including the Palestinian president Yasser Arafat and Imam Hussein Tantawi, Egyptian Sheik of Al-Azhar.

Medical and Church workers collaborate to help drug addicts

Vietnam: Physicians in Vietnam say they welcome collaboration from clergy and religious in the fight against drug abuse. Doctors and religious leaders both serve suffering people and need to work together and complement each other's 'healing ministries', Doctor Truong Thin told participants at a recent training workshop there. Priests and nuns work out of their love and respect for patients, so they are likely to work

better with drug abusers, added the director of the Traditional Medicine Hospital in Ho Chi Minh City. The hospital provided technical assistance for the workshop that a group of Church workers organised to provide Catholics with skills to help Catholic drug addicts.

Christians plead for return of pilgrims to the Holy Land

Israel/Palestine: Jerusalem. The Holy Land Custody has appealed to pilgrims to return to Jerusalem, Nazareth and Bethlehem, in order to help sustain the region's Christians and economy. 'Do not leave us Christians of the Holy Land alone,' implored Father Vincenzo Ianniello, secretary of the Custody. Last weekend, the Franciscan Friar described Bethlehem: 'It is a deserted city. Among Christian families, whoever is able, helps others. But if the pilgrimages do not begin again, there is nothing to do.' The Holy Land Custody continues to pay its employees, the majority of whom are fathers of families, 75% of their

salary. But it is becoming harder to meet this commitment. Hundreds of families have this problem. More than 80% of Arab Christians depend economically on activities related to pilgrimages. They are either owners or personnel of hotels and small restaurants on pilgrimage itineraries.

Bishops emphasize forgiveness in wake of Oct. 28 massacre

Pakistan: Islamabad. Christ did not preach vengeance but forgiveness, the Catholic bishops of Pakistan said in a letter written after the Oct. 28 massacre at a church in Bahawalpur. In the letter, the bishops of this overwhelmingly Muslim country condemn every form of terrorism, and thank John Paul II, civil authorities and the Muslim community for their solidarity. The bishops also express deep concern for the suffering of the people of Afghanistan and pray that peace may soon be established in the country. 'In the meantime our Christian charitable organizations are doing their best to provide humanitarian assistance to the Afghan refugees and to those suffering inside Afghanistan,' the statement reads.

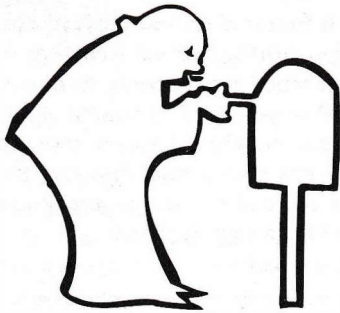
Bishop sends medication, clothes and shoes to kidnapped priest

Phillipines: Manila. The Bishop of Pagadian, Mgr. Zacharias Jimenez has sent - through a mediator - medication, clothes and shoes to Father Giuseppe Pierantoni, the missionary who was kidnapped Oct. 17 in Damataling in the diocese of Pagadian on the island of Mindanao in the South of the country. The 44-year-old Father is a member of the Congregation of the Holy Heart of Jesus, known as the Dehonians. For the time being, however, neither Mgr. Jimenez nor the Dehonian missionaries have received any demand of ransom from the kidnapers who are believed to be former members of the Moro Front of Islamic Liberation. This rebel group used to be active on Mindanao island for years but has signed a peace-agreement with the Philippine government only recently.



'Deductions have no power of persuasion; many a man will live and die upon a dogma ... no man will be a martyr for a conclusion'

- John Henry Cardinal Newman



Would like more

We came across some back copies of *Annals* courtesy of a friend. Needless to say we devoured the lot and now we would like some more.

We enclose our cheque for a 12 month subscription and trust that the amount will be adequate.

Peregian Beach 4573 DON & MARGARET WATT

An endarkend country

Timothy McVeigh was injected with sodium pentothal, pancuronium bromide and potassium chloride, an 'injecticide' which stops the heart and lungs within 10 to 15 minutes.

In the Netherlands, old and ill persons have been put down for years like diseased pets, albeit without being strapped down and even though they hadn't committed any crimes, heinous or otherwise.

The putting down is carried out by persons who graduated as 'physicians' – lifesavers – and is carried out unobtrusively and discreetly, without media persons present; and without fear of being prosecuted.

Very intriguing how a sizeable proportion of the Dutch population still believes it is inhabiting an enlightened rather than a neo-darkened country.

Beacon Hill, NSW 2100 HENK VERHOEVEN

Outstanding

I am sorry to have overlooked paying my *Annals* subscription to a journal which means so much to me and which has been coming into our home since I was a child. (I'm 90 years of age now).

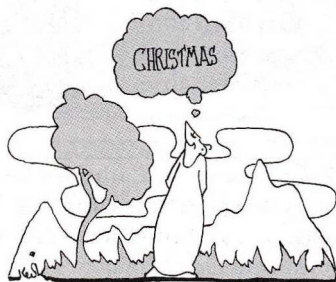
With my subscription is a small donation and the sincere hope that the *Annals* may long continue to maintain its present standard as outstanding Catholic literature.

Cessnock, NSW 2325 L.A. O'NEILL

Keeping Annals safe

Renewal enclosed (including donation). I only wish I were able to send more if only to keep *Annals* safe between the Scylla of materialism and the Charybdis of fundamentalism. God bless you and *Annals*: ave Annales, spes nostra! (apologies to Hillaire Belloc).

Coogee, NSW 2034 JACK MASON



A Christmas Thought

YOUTH is not a time of life. It is a state of mind. It is not a matter of ripe cheeks, red lips and supple knees; it is a vigour of the will, a quality of the imagination, a fine temper of the emotions; it is a freshness of the deep springs of life.

Nobody grows old merely living a number of years; people 'grow old' only by deserting their ideals. Years wrinkle the skin, but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul. Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair – these are the long, long years that bow the head and turn the growing spirit back to dust.

So long as your heart receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, courage, grandeur and power from the earth, from men and from God, so long are you young. When the wires are all down and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of pessimism and the ice of cynicism, then are you grown old indeed and may God have mercy on your soul.

The good die young for they never grow old. This is the greeting we would share with you at this season in which Christ made new all that had grown old in man.

– Author Unknown

Changing the System

I read 'Giving Teachers a Hand' (*Annals*, June 2001) with some dismay, not at the identification of many of the problems of education in Australia, but at the solutions suggested.

Education and employment go hand in hand, and it is the current high rate of women in the workforce which has exacerbated, if not caused, the dearth of jobs for the young. Even for the educated 'employable' there are simply no jobs available.

Furthermore, I believe, having been in the education sphere myself for some years, that what is currently required is an Australia-wide curriculum for each subject that is clear, cogent and easily understood by both teacher and student alike. It seems that each time a new 'method' is discovered/developed, it is then imposed on the already over-worked and burnt out teachers, requiring yet more time and in-service dollars to implement. Not only do these new 'methods' cause confusion, but they are a sheer waste of time and money. In my opinion, they only serve to keep the curriculum development staff in work; in short, to justify their jobs and pay.

And subjects don't need to be perceived as relevant by the students, but to be truly relevant to the requirements of particular vocations/employment. Only in maturity can we see any relevance (if any exists) in the subjects we were taught at school.

Finally, and to be honest, sending teachers to compulsory training courses in their holiday time would benefit very few. Teachers need clear curricula, smallish, controllable classes, effective authority, and students who respect education and their elders. It is almost impossible to teach those who refuse to learn.

Essentially, the system has to be radically changed, or else access to the elite, private colleges, for only the rich, will be the only way to secure effective education and employment for Australia's youth.

Educational problems in Australia are widespread and complex, but their roots lie within the essential disrespect of children for adults and of the authority, along with the

values they attempt to impart, which is introduced and fostered in most spheres of secular society. While we have steeply declining belief in God, truth, and moral absolutes, and the refusal to accept that often the 'tried and true' is the best, the attempts by the educational system and individual educators will only be to offer barren, values-free, more-of-the-same 'solutions' to self-perpetuating problems, which are often quite outside the educator's control.

Burswood WA 6100

CAROL V. PHILLIPS

Interesting

I picked up an old copy of *Annals* from our church and after reading it and finding it very interesting I would like to become a subscriber.

Quakers Hill NSW 2763

JOHN COOK

More Vocations

As an elderly man and a regular practising Catholic I am very concerned about the prevalent and desperate need for more priests. In other words - Vocations.

The Diocese of Broken Bay recently published a brochure in which was listed 'four mission focus areas' comprising forty-one points requiring immediate attention and action. Vocations was mentioned as being merely one of these forty-one points, requiring, ostensibly, no more necessary attention and action than the other forty points.

In my opinion this is wrong! The need for more Vocations is vital, and with every respect for other areas requiring attention, transcends them in urgency.

I am convinced that more Vocations will only come as a result of sustained dedicated prayer to Almighty God by the practising Catholics in every Parish of the Broken Bay Diocese. I suggest that if members of each Parish were to commit themselves to attending Mass one day each week (additionally of course to Sunday) and also to saying the Stations of the Cross one day each week and answer the prayers for more Vocations immediately!

I believe a priest to be the most necessary and important human being in our lives, for he is the modern day apostle and the representative of Christ here on earth.



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There are some Catholics who, regrettably, believe that more Vocations would arrive if the Catholic Church permitted Seminary aspirants to marry and have children before or after ordination. This belief is anti-celibate and quite wrong. It mocks the Sacraments of Holy Orders and Marriage and in my opinion would lead to domestic chaos.

Newport NSW 2106

NOEL F. HILL

Always in our home

I met you recently in George Street Sydney with my brother, Father Jim Esler SM.

For all my life the *Annals* has

been in our home, wherever I have lived. During my married life, we subscribed through the Sisters of St. Joseph at Krumbach, NSW. Since moving to my present address some months ago I've missed reading the *Annals*. Please send me a copy regularly.

Gladesville NSW 2111

MADGE MULLEN

Looking beyond Afghanistan

Thank you for your timely article on the above (*Annals* Oct 01).

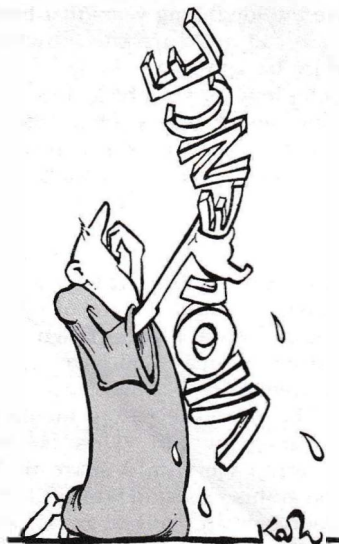
The western powers see Iraq as the enemy pure and simple when, while Saddam Hussein is not everyone's cup of tea, there is a degree of tolerance there not found in Saudi Arabia.

During the gulf war CNN reporters operated freely without threat of personal violence.

However Saudi Arabia, one of the countries that the war was fought for, would not allow outward show of Christian services for our soldiers, women in the US defence forces could not drive vehicles.

A report in the New York Times (21 Nov) quotes administration officials as making the argument that the Saudis are bad rulers but great allies, even as their bad rule threatened us more than their allied behaviour helped us.

It goes on to say 'The President



Suicidal exaltation of violence

IT has become more and more the custom to analyse everything in social and international life exclusively in terms of ... power, and to organise accordingly to impose one's own interests ... As long as selective support is given to certain forms of violence in line with interests or ideologies, ... restraint ... will periodically give way in the face of ... the suicidal exaltation of violence.'

- Pope John Paul II, New Year Peace Message, 1980.

told aides not to press the Saudis to change the strict Islamic teaching in school that encourages young men to die for Allah and hate western infidels. 'We didn't go to the American Methodists about Tim McVeigh' Mr Bush said to aides.'

There is a lot more but it emphasises the point made in your article that the trail to Islamic terrorism leads in a different direction than Iraq.

Terrey Hills NSW 2084

WILLIAM GALE

Thanks

We are in receipt of your note telling us of your generous donation. Our Catholic inmates are dependent on the generosity of organisations such as yours. Inspirational materials such as *Annals* provide guidance and help to our men, and can provide the inspirational direction needed to help them.

We would greatly appreciate it if you would keep us on your mailing list to receive any other items in the future, and to address them to Deacon Ned Quigley, Catholic Chaplain, Avenal State Prison, P.O. Box 8, Avenal, CA, USA 93204.

In advance, thank you for your generosity and help

Avenal State Prison (DEACON) NED QUIGLEY
California 93204 CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN, ASP

Judge Bork

I am sure that my eyes light up whenever I see in *Annals* another extract from the work 'Slouching Towards Gomorrah' by Judge Robert H Bork; and always, I say that I must find out more about that book.

Do you know whether the book is available in Australia? And is Regan Books an Australian distributor or publisher?

Albury, NSW 2640

KEITH HERTZOG

[The book can be ordered through any bookseller in Australia. It may take some weeks to arrive. Editor]

Worthwhile

I do enjoy your magazine very much.

It is truly an informative worthwhile Catholic magazine much needed today.

Normanhurst NSW 2076

AGNES WHITE



Andronikos Kyristes' clock also known as the Tower of the Winds

A joy to read

Annals maintains its excellent nature and is a joy to read. And I have now resumed reading, and appreciating what I have missed in the last year's hiatus. Only seven more issues to enjoy, but I expect a few more will arrive before I am caught up. Reading *Annals* is always worth the wait.

Kenmore, WA, USA

LINDSAY HARRIS

Tower of the winds

Apropos your article on the wind tunnel earlier this year, I thought you may be interested to know that it still exists!

We spotted it near the Plaka in Athens and enclose a pic from a Greek Govt. tourist bureau pamphlet.

Always a pleasure receiving our regular copy of the *Annals*, keep up the good work.

Vauchuse NSW 2030

HELEN HYNES

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Happy love of God

I would like to commence subscribing to *Annals*. I've been very impressed by your realistic approach to Catholic journalism – it seems to project an obvious happy love of God and His Church coupled with a worldly understanding (and acceptance) of its and our shortcomings. I look forward to my first issue.

Wodonga Vic. 3690

JEREMY WILSON

Much appreciated

Please find enclosed renewal of subscription plus a donation. The work by you and all concerned is very much appreciated. Keep it up – don't ever lose heart.

Rozelle, NSW 2039

PATRICIA LAWRENCE

(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 address, and include a daytime phone or fax number or e-mail address at which you can be reached. Editor, *Annals*.)



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For many years the old Catholic Central Library in Melbourne nourished the faith of Catholics and assisted non-Catholics seeking some knowledge of Catholicism. Today, in the Caroline Chisholm Library, Melbournians and visitors are fortunate that the efforts of many volunteers have ensured that one of the great collections of Catholic literature in the Southern Hemisphere is still accessible to Catholics willing to extend themselves and their faith. Such a haven is needed these days more than ever, if Catholics are to withstand the pressures of secularisation and liberalism that threaten not only the integrity of the Faith, but its very existence.

The Caroline Chisholm Library needs new members – hundreds more – if it is to be effective and if it is to survive. Shut off the TV, give the internet a break, cancel that golf or bridge game and experience the joy of renewing the acquaintance of the myriad giants of Catholic scholarship and fiction who delighted you when you were younger. They can offer you, along with your children and grandchildren, not only the pleasure of their company, but the benefit of their ageless wisdom. They are an unparalleled source of support and enlightenment for Catholics amid the intellectual and moral muddle that passes for 'modern culture'.

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Phone/Fax: 9670 1815. Members may take up to four books out at any one time for up to thirty days. The library opens at 12 noon from Tuesday to Friday and from 11 am on Saturday and Sunday. It is closed on Mondays and public holidays. Talks and seminars are organised regularly on current and traditional streams of Catholic thought. Manned by voluntary staff the Library depends on subscriptions (\$40 per annum or \$30 concession) and donations. Support it and give yourself and your faith a fillip.

In 2002 replace TV viewing by reading Catholic books

Commander of Britain's First Australian Fighter Squadron

BRENDAN (PADDY) FINUCANE

Wing-Commander Paddy Finucane died before his 22nd birthday. You won't find his name in the Cambridge Biographical Encyclopedia, but when he died all Australia mourned.

LANCE HOBAN recalls his short life and its significance for *Annals* readers.

BRENDAN Finucane was born on the 16th October, 1920, in Dublin, the capital of Ireland, where the peaceful Liffey flows through the heart of the city, Dublin Bay forms a sweeping crescent from the Hill of Howth to Dalkey, and the sapphire-tinted Wicklow Mountains beckon to the south. The Cathedral of St. Patrick's, founded in 1150 lies just beyond the O'Connell Bridge, and it was in this old historic Cathedral, on a crisp autumn morning, that the members of the Finucane family quietly gathered to witness the proud christening of their new born son, Brendan Patrick Finucane.

Paddy Finucane, as he was known, was educated at the high school at St. Winifred's Kew Gardens, where he excelled in mathematics and all sporting activities and where of an evening, he attended a youth club under church supervision, learning to box and becoming involved in a series of welter-weight contests, all of which he won. Upon leaving school, he found employment as a junior accountant in the office of a city brewery, but when war was declared in September 1939, left Ireland and joined the RAF at the age of 19, becoming a fledgling trainee pilot, then later at the age of 21, becoming the youngest Wing Commander in the history of British aviation, in the process being decorated three times, on one occasion at Buckingham Palace, accompanied by his mother, by the King of England himself.

Finucane died when his Spitfire aircraft was forced down in the English Channel by a chance bullet from a German ground machine

gunner. Two days prior to his death, the Editor-in-Chief of the London *Daily Telegraph* had requested him to write of his experiences with the Australian members of his fighter wing. This is what Finucane wrote;

'I have just been talking to an Australian pilot in my fighter wing and what he had said appeared to me to make a lot of common-sense. As his views therefore coincide with mine, I would like to discuss the position of the Australian lads over here and what they are doing in this greatest of all wars. The first fight in which we are all engaged is not for Great Britain, Australia, South Africa,

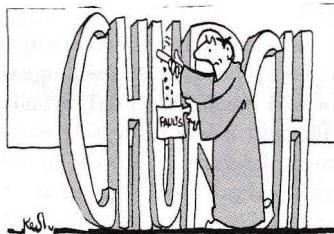
New Zealand, Russia or the United States or any where else. It is against oppression, cruelty and all the vile off-shoots of Germany's 'new order' which denies men the right to live, except as lackeys to an allegedly superior race. That is our fight, a very grim one, but we will win through by all pulling together.

'Since the first batch of twenty Australians arrived in this country on May 10, 1941, when we needed them most, I have met and lived with a lot of them, and my estimation of them all is that they are a marvellous bunch of fellows. A lot has been said of the friendship between Keith Truscott and myself, but it does not even touch upon the deep regard we share for one another. He came from Melbourne to England and I came from Dublin to England, and in the first moments of our meeting, our friendship began.

Truscott is Australia to me

'Keith (Bluey) Truscott is Australia to me and that is why I desire to see the Australian boys get the maximum out of their efforts. It is a duty we owe to fellows like Bill Eccleston, Keith Chisholm, Ian Maine, Dick Gazzard, Jim Hannigan, Ray Thorold-Smith and many others of whom Melbourne, Sydney, Charters Towers and in fact, all Australia must be justifiably proud.

'They were all with me in those crazy days when I helped to form No. 452 Squadron, from a clerk and an office table. They were raw lads and I was not much better myself, but they put their backs into it while we were still collecting enough planes and pilots to man the squadron for operations. My first impression of them when we first met was 'Begorra -



God and Church

TO me there is far more temptation not to believe in God than not to believe in the Church. For, as St. Thomas admitted, you have the whole fact of evil in Creation apparently against you, when you assert that God exists; and it is only because the proofs you have used are unget-awayable from (a pity there is not a more technical word for this idea) that you resist the contrary suggestion. Whereas the arguments against the Church always seem to scrape together; they are like the thousand and one holes which a disgruntled man will find to pick in the character of a man or an institution he has quarrelled with.

- Monsignor Ronald Knox, *Difficulties*, 1930.

what a bunch. But I very quickly put paid to that supposition. The eagerness, keenness and ability of those boys stood out like a beacon on a hill. When we went out on our first combat sweep over Occupied France, we had to draw eleven names out of a hat because the entire squadron all wanted to go. What a squadron that was, and still is. We were the first Australian squadron in this country. We destroyed 67 Hun aircraft in the first four months of operations, not counting those we knew could not possibly have made it back to their base, but were not definitely seen to crash. Here also, a word of praise for the 120 technicians and artificers who arrived from Australia in October 1941, to ensure our fighter aircraft were at all times in service and at the ready.'

Keith Truscott – Fighter Pilot

'Keith (Bluey) Truscott is one of the finest fighter pilots in the world. He is a brilliant leader with the uncanny gift of making the boys follow, in spite of all the odds. He and the rest all succeeded because they are fighting for a common cause – for Australia naturally, but above all, to save humanity from the Germans in the only way a fighter-pilot can – by sweeping Hun aircraft out of the skies. These lads did not care where they fought, and their successors should have the same ideals until the day when we can use aviation as the means to contact each other all over the world instead of using it for vile destruction.

'This brings me to a point which may have concerned and worried many Australians. Should Australian airmen be over here or back in their own country? Unhesitatingly I say and I know 'Bluey' is with me in this assumption; send them here when they are raw, let them proceed into action a few times and then take them back. Give them experience on the active front against a first class adversary – and we are not so foolish as to kid ourselves the Hun is not. To quote the Irish in me – the toughest school is always the hardest, but it is always the best.'

True or false

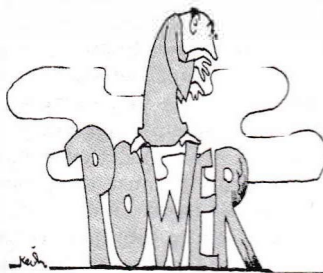
Some years ago, at a fancy-dress ball – in Monte Carlo, I believe – a competition was held to decide which among the dozen or so guests masquerading as Charlie Chaplin came nearest to the original. Chaplin himself happened to be among them – and got only the third prize.

Arthur Koestler, *The Act of Creation*, London, Pan Books, 1964.



Truscott – Should Return

'My personal opinion – and wish – is that 'Bluey' should be recalled to England, either as an advisor or a wing leader. As a wing leader, he would outshine everybody. And remember – 'Bluey' learnt all he knows about warfare in combat over the Lowlands and Occupied France, and not in the seat of an instructor's aircraft. I know of no more comforting sight on many of my past missions than to observe Truscott and his Spitfire, alert and ready, sitting on my starboard wing. I have still not told you what a youthful sergeant-pilot said when I inquired casually if he thought a few more sorties over occupied territory would do him much good prior to being returned to Australia. His reply was: "My ruddy oath, Sir".'



A harsh truth

'A power seldom falls being wholly faultless.'

– G. K. Chesterton, *The Crimes of England*, London 1915.

A Frosted Cake for Paddy

At the Spitfire fighter squadron at Kirton-in-Lindsey in Lincolnshire, the mess baker was a Czech who used to bake a special chocolate cake for every pilot who shot down a Nazi aircraft. Aircraft merely winged didn't count – no crash – no cake. For Paddy Finucane, he had baked 32 cakes with frosting, sugar shortage notwithstanding, up to the day when Paddy's Rolls Royce merlin engine froze from a German machine gun bullet and the ace of the Royal Air Force plunged to his death in the English Channel after a laconic radioed farewell to spitfire pilots circling overhead – 'This is it chaps.'

A Squadron in Mourning

The disappearance of Paddy was to cast a shadow of sadness and gloom which pervaded and diffused the entire squadron. Later that evening, the Czech went to his kitchen and baked Paddy his 33rd cake, and at the mess that night, carried it in centred with a small single lighted candle. 'I've made the wing Commander a cake' he said. A minutes silence was then observed, the candle extinguished, then the cake cut up into small pieces for souvenir purposes.

The loss of their wing Commander was a sad blow to the Australian pilots of his squadron who had held him in awe and affection, for his qualities of leadership, encouragement, guidance and humility. He was their man. He was so much their man that on his 21st birthday, they

had sent him this message: 'Many happy returns you little Irish blank – we all hate your skill, daring and courage'. That of course meant that they all loved him and so they did – the Dutchman who flew with him – the Frenchman – the Australian – the Canadian – the Englishman – the Scot and the Welshman. There were also other nationalities in Paddy's squadron and they all adored and admired that red-haired Irishman. In combat he had no equal, ever vigilant to the physical welfare of his pilots, in particular those on their first combat mission, lending support when ever possible to ensure their safety and ultimate survival. The loss of a pilot, a valued member of his large family, was always the cause of deep distress to him.

Australia's Grief

Australia mourned the loss of the Irish hero as one of their own sons, and news of his tragic end left most Australians with a sense of deep personal loss. Finucane at the time had become a symbol of air-force daring and manly courage, and as the leader of the first Australian Spitfire Squadron, had claimed him as a brother. It was to become one of the saddest farewells at the time, of the entire war.

This Is It – Chaps

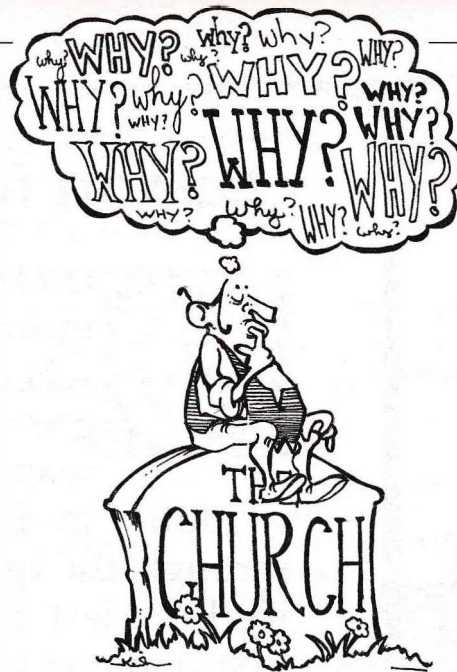
*No tears for him, raise up the flags;
Stifle the poignant ache of selfish loss,
would you have seen him fade, the sharp
eye dimmed,
The sure hand trembling – or heard him
tell an old man's time-dulled tales?
I think from some Elysian field,
A thousand silver planes took off to greet
That red-haired Irishman.
I think your boy – and ours
Forever as you knew them, shining, young,
shouted 'Here's Paddy'. And down the
wind
Age fled before the wings of splendid
death.*

– Dorothy Drain



KEITH (BLUEY) TRUSCOTT D.F.C. & Bar, was killed on March 28, 1943, whilst engaged in combat operations against the Japanese, in the Darwin theatre of War.

LANCE HOBAN was born in Young NSW and joined the Police Force in 1940. He retired as an Inspector First Class in 1978. He is a regular contributor to *Annals Australasia*.



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Lesson for life – 1

DURING my second month of nursing school, our professor gave us a pop quiz. I was a conscientious student and had breezed through the questions, until I read the last one: 'What is the first name of the woman who cleans the school'.

Surely this was some kind of joke. I had seen the cleaning woman several times. She was tall, dark haired and in her 50's, but how would I know her name? I handed in my paper, leaving the last question.

Just before class ended, one student asked if the last question would count towards the quiz grade. 'Absolutely,' said the professor. 'In our careers, you will meet many people. All are significant. They deserve your attention and care, even if all you do is smile and say 'hello'.' I've never forgotten that lesson. I also learned her name was Dorothy.

– Author unknown

Submitted by Anthony de Freitas, South Africa

The postmodernist defaming of Pope Pius XII

HITLER'S POPE ?

Projectivism, or the tendency to blame in others what we sub-consciously know to be a fault in us, features in the psychological profile of those who attack Pope Pius XII for not doing more to save Jews during World War II. PETER ROACH examines the evidence for and against claims that Eugenio Pacelli was Hitler's Pope.



THE title of John Cornwell's book 'Hitler's Pope' suggests that Pius XII was a willing associate and supporter of Hitler and Nazism: a sort of Papal puppet. But Cornwell makes no such contention. The worst allegations he makes are that as Pope Pius XII, Eugenio Pacelli was a racist anti-Semite and a morally weak man who failed the Jews and the world by not speaking out more forcibly in condemning Hitler and his Nazis and their persecution of the Jews.

Cornwell contends that more, and more explicit, condemnatory pronouncements by the Pope would have averted later disasters. How easy it is to be wise after the event! Pius XII had to make difficult decisions. And if fifty years after the event it can reasonably be argued that Pius should have made decisions other than those he did, that is a far cry from saying either that he was a willing puppet of Hitler or anti-Semitic. At the time neither Hitler nor the Jews of the world had any doubts about where Pius stood as a protector of the Jews.

So what is to be made of the allegations of anti-Semitism based on the book itself and not criticisms of it by others.

Following the liberation of the Papal States by Garibaldi in 1870, successive Popes had treated themselves as 'prisoners in the Vatican'. It was only with the negotiation in 1929 of a Concordat with the Fascist Government of Mussolini that their hold on the territory of the Vatican State was given some security of tenure and a measure of legitimacy. Even so from that point of time the

integrity of the Vatican State depended entirely on the will of the powers controlling the City of Rome. That power could deny life to persons in the Vatican. It could cut off supplies of water, food and power. There were no protective walls or other barriers. And the largely symbolic security forces of the Swiss Guard would have been totally inadequate to resist any armed military forces which chose to enter the Vatican.

Pacelli's formative years included service to Pope Benedict XV (1914 - 1922): pope of the years of the First World War. Benedict's efforts at mediation were largely unsuccessful

because he was accused by each side of favouring the other. For Pacelli, the problem was similar.

Throughout his life Pacelli believed, and no one doubted the sincerity of his belief, that the Holy Father, as Vicar on earth of Jesus Christ, was to be Christ to the entire world.

He held that view of the Papacy and the Church when in 1917, at the age of forty-one, he became the nuncio to Germany representing Benedict XV. He was charged with the difficult task of negotiating a Concordat with the German state: a pact between a political entity and the Roman Church intended to regu-



Pontius pilate a German?

IT is perhaps curious that, in the main, German scholars have preserved and circulated the medieval legend that Pontius Pilate was a German. According to this account he was the illegitimate son of a German tribal chief, King Atis, and a miller's daughter. He killed his brother, who was legitimate, and was sent to Rome as a hostage. The Romans sent him to fight in Pontus, and he made his name as a soldier, and was harsh with the Jews. One theory is that these stories of a German origin for Pilate began because many of the Roman troops in Palestine were Germans. The Westphalians, in particular, were accused of being the most brutal Roman soldiery.

— Douglas Woodruff, in *More Talking at Random*, London, 1944.

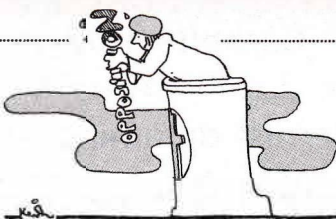
late the relationships between them. Pacelli had to overcome the fact that the relations between the Church and Germany had been devastated when Bismarck attacked the Church and its influence on the peoples of Germany in the 1870's.

His task was also made more difficult by the circumstance that in their resolve to punish the German people for the devastation of the First World War, the Allies – always referred to by Cornwell as if without fault – rejected the initiatives of Pope Benedict XV and imposed on Germany the extremely punitive conditions which led to the collapse of Germany in the 1920's and the rise to power of Hitler and the Nazis. By doing so the Allies created the conditions which led to the rise of Hitler, Nazism, World War II and the Holocaust.

Sixteen years later, three years after he left Germany, as Secretary of State to Pope Pius XI he finalised a Concordat with the German State. By that Concordat Germany acknowledged religious freedom for the Catholic community and support for its clergy and schools. In turn the Church pledged itself to respect the political freedom of the State and to abstain from politics. On the same day Germany entered into a similar arrangement with the Protestant Churches. By the terms of the Concordat, both State and Church bound themselves to honour its terms independently of the persons who happened to be in power from time to time in either Church or State.

Now it happened that by the time the Concordat was executed, Hitler and the Nazis were on the point of achieving absolute power in controlling the German State. As the world was to learn, the Nazis saw no limits to their power. As the Church was to learn, their concept of State power was an absolute. Barely had the Concordat been signed than the oppression of the Church began.

Moreover Pacelli was to learn, as others such as Neville Chamberlain and Joseph Stalin were to learn, that Hitler was totally untrustworthy. Concordats were no more to be honoured and respected than were treaties and promises. Protests at breaches of the Concordat were ignored.



Thanks to the nobles

THAT Act apparently did not go so far as the [Calvinist] preachers desired. Thus Archbishop Hamilton, writing to Archbishop Beaton in Paris, the day after the passing of the Act, says, 'All these new preachers openly persuade the nobility in the pulpit, to put violent hands, and slay all churchmen that will not concur and adopt their opinion. They only reproach my Lord Duke' (the Archbishop's brother), 'that he will not begin first, and either cause me to do as they do, or else to use rigour on me by slaughter, sword, or, at least, perpetual prison'. It is probable that the Archbishop was well-informed as to what the bigots were saying, though he is not likely to have 'sat under' them; moreover, he would hear of their advice from his brother, the Duke, with whom he had just held a long conference. Lesley, Bishop of Ross, in his 'History', praises the humanity of the nobles, 'for at this time few Catholics were banished, fewer were imprisoned, and none was executed.' The nobles interfering, the threatened capital punishment was not carried out. Mob violence, oppression by Protestant landlords, Kirk censure, imprisonment, fine, and exile, did their work in suppressing idolatry and promoting hypocrisy.

— John Knox and the Reformation
by Andrew Lang

Throughout the book Cornwell contends that, because he feared Russian Communism under Stalin more than Nazism under Hitler, Pacelli, both as a servant of Pius XI and later as Pius XII, was well disposed towards Nazism. The proposition is entirely without merit. His actions involved no support for Nazism. Moreover, it was reasonable for him to fear Russian Communism more than Nazism. Geoffrey Robertson Q.C. in his major work 'Crimes Against Humanity' records: 'In Nazi Germany, only a few thousand lives were lost in concentration camps before the war.....But between 1936-1938, in Moscow alone, 30,000 defendants were tried in the Supreme Court and sentenced to death by firing squad. And these were the trials reserved for important people: in the provinces millions were killed after summary proceedings or through beatings and starvation in the gulags'. Overall, the kill rate under Russian Communism was far worse than that under Nazism.

But the principal criticism from Cornwell relates to the public silence of Pius XII in face of the deportation of Roman Jews in 1943. Cornwell proposes that if the Pope had then spoken out in public condemnation they might have been saved. There is no evidence to support such a claim and a lot of evidence to the contrary. Moreover, Cornwell contends that the silence of Pius XII when faced with the deportation of the Jews of Rome, proves that he was an anti-Semite. The argument is quite fallacious. In 1941 when hundreds of Polish priests were deported to concentration camps by the Nazis, Pius did not publicly protest either. But it does not follow he hated Polish priests, or Catholic priests, or Poles. His failure to protest publicly can be explained in each case without imputing to him ill-will towards the victims.

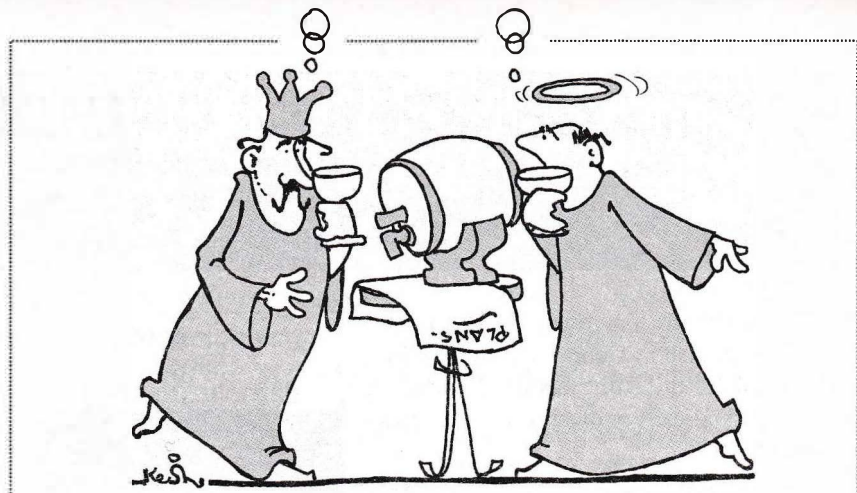
It is hard to imagine that anything Pius XII could have done in 1943 would have had any other result than to make matters worse. Consider the restraint of the great leaders of the modern world when George Speight took the legitimate Government of Fiji hostage. Despite the massive military forces at their

command, the leaders of the world were restrained lest any condemnation on their part make matters worse.

In 1943 it was known that Hitler was taking extreme measures against communities which opposed Nazi occupation. Pius was in no position to help anyone by further provoking Hitler. His condemnation of Nazism was already clear and well known to Hitler and the world. Pius would not have known that at one time Hitler declared his intention to occupy the Vatican or that at another time he had ordered a plan to be prepared for the kidnapping of Pius. From what the Pope knew, had he further enraged the irascible Hitler, it was to be expected that reprisals would be effected against more Roman Jews and against other Allied and Jewish refugees residing in the insecure shelter of the Vatican and hidden elsewhere throughout Rome.

Martin Gilbert in 'A History of the Twentieth Century' (at p.528) records: 'When the SS seized more than a thousand of Rome's Jews for deportation to Auschwitz, many more – an estimated four thousand – were given shelter in private homes, monasteries and convents; 477 of them were taken in by the Vatican'. Given the record of the Nazis of invading monasteries and convents to search out persons of Jewish descent, there was no reason for the Holy Father to suppose that the Nazis would suddenly and uncharacteristically have shown total respect for the defenceless Vatican and the Jews sheltered within it.

Cornwell records that one of the many sheltered from the Nazis within the confines of the Vatican was Israel Zolli, the Chief Rabbi of Rome. He later caused a great scandal within the international Jewish community when, some months after the liberation of Rome, he sought baptism. Zolli's baptism was not a means to ensure his safety from the Nazis. That risk had passed for him and for the other 476 Jews afforded sanctuary within the Vatican. Having survived the German occupation, he presided over his Synagogue at the first celebration of the liberation of Rome. Knowing all that he knew of the Holocaust and the persecution of his



Patron of heavy (royal) drinkers

WHAT a splendid Saint was St. Ethelwold, and how well we could do with many such now! He was made Abbot of Abingdon, and had King Edred to stay. In the morning they engaged in that favourite pastime of Abbots, planning new buildings. Then they sat down to dinner, well satisfied with the number of foundation lines they had traced out. The King called for quantities of mead, and ordered the doors to be shut so that no one could slip out and shirk his share of the heavy drinking. All day the royal party sat drinking, and, thanks to the holiness of the Abbot, the barrels of mead never got any less full, and the Northumbrian nobles returned north from the hospitable south as drunk as hogs, as the monastic chronicler proudly tells us. The historian must add that king Edred did not live very long after this, but died at Frome [955 AD].

—Douglas Woodruff, in *More Talking at Random*, London, 1944

Jewish community and of the survival of many Jews only because of the Christians of Rome and of the Vatican, some months later he followed the example of the Apostles. That alone is enough to answer the contention that Pius XII failed the Jews because of anti-Semitism.

Yet nothing better expresses the respect in which Pius was held at the time by those Jews in the best position to know than the honour extended to him by the Chief Rabbi.

On his baptism, Israel Zolli, the new Christian, did honour to Eugenio Pacelli, Pope Pius XII, protector of many Jews by taking the baptismal name Eugenio.

Puppet to Hitler, and supporter of Nazi racial policies and the Holocaust, Pius XII never was.



PETER ROACH is Barrister, with a special interest in Justice issues. He has a special rapport with the MSC priests and brothers because he was a member of the first class to matriculate from Chevalier College Bowral in 1950. He resides in Hobart.

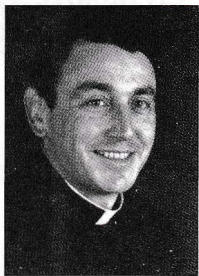
APOLOGETICS AND CATHOLIC DOCTRINE

Archbishop Michael Sheehan
 Co-adjutor Archbishop of Sydney
 Revised and Edited by Father Peter Joseph

Launched in Sydney by His Grace Archbishop George Pell on 24 July 2001, this long-awaited Catholic classic has already proved to be a runaway best-seller.

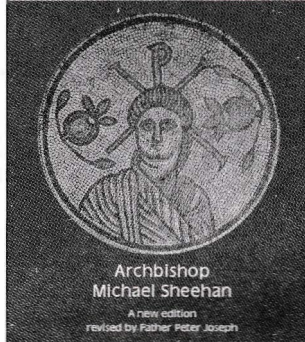
Archbishop Pell has commended Father Peter Joseph's work and the book itself to the Church of today, emphasising its freedom from "muddled thinking".

FATHER PETER JOSEPH was born in Wagga Wagga NSW and educated at St Ignatius College, Riverview. He studied for the priesthood at the Pontifical College of Propaganda Fide, Rome. He gained his Licentiate in Sacred Theology at the Pontifical Urban University, Rome in 1992. He was ordained for the Diocese of Wagga Wagga in 1992 and served in various parishes.



He is currently Vice Rector and Dean of Studies at Vianney College, the Diocesan seminary of Wagga Wagga. In that position he is also engaged on his Doctorate in Theology with the Gregorian University.

Apologetics and Catholic Doctrine

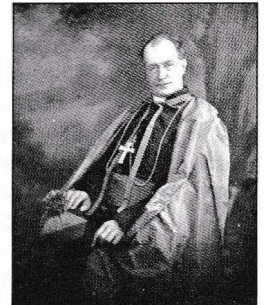


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'I was worst to him I loved the most' – Gudrun's lament

THE ICELANDIC SAGAS

Are the Icelandic Sagas historical events from 10th and 11th century Iceland, or creations of their authors' imaginations? TED MORRISBY discusses these questions as he shares some of the joy he experienced as he visited the places, and read the ancient tales that have delighted millions.



It was the summer of 1969 and I was living in London. Sterling was going through a difficult time and U.K. residents were not allowed to take more than 25 pounds with them when they went abroad unless their destination was a country in the sterling bloc. This included Gibraltar, Malta and Cyprus, which were Commonwealth countries, and Iceland, Libya and Jordan, which were not. Looking through the *New Statesman* one day I noticed an advertisement for a Saga Tour of Iceland. It was comparatively cheap and payable in sterling. The tour leader was Magnus Magnusson, an Icelander brought up in Scotland, who had worked for *The Scotsman* as a journalist and for the BBC as a television reporter. In addition he had translated some of the sagas and I knew him as a colleague.

I had not, at that stage, read any of the Icelandic sagas though I knew of them. A visit to a bookshop enabled me to buy *Njal's Saga* and the *Laxdale Saga* in the Penguins. Later, I obtained copies of *Egil's Saga*, the *Eyrbyggja Saga* and the *Saga of Grettir the Strong*. They are the five best-known sagas and for two weeks I immersed myself in

them. It is no exaggeration to say I was bowled over.

The Icelandic sagas have no counterpart in contemporary European literature. They were written in the 13th century when the population of Iceland is estimated to have been about 60,000 (today it is only 250,000). The events they describe took place in the so-called Saga Age – the hundred years following the establishment of the Althing (the Assembly of Freemen) and the republic in 930. This included the occupation and settlement of the country, Viking expeditions, feuds among families and clans and bitter legal disputes. On the Continent the 13th century is the era of scholasticism – Saint Thomas Aquinas flourished during this period. The end of the century saw the most outstanding work produced, Dante's *Divine Comedy*, which is an allegory.

In marked contrast to this the sagas are extraordinarily objective and realistic, far removed from metaphysical questioning. The writer expresses himself in simple, unadorned prose free from moral judgement. Indeed the style of the sagas reminded me of Hemingway. No passive voice, short sentences, avoidance of adjectives, direct speech. The emphasis is on

tangible, external facts and observable reactions. Dialogue is restricted to short utterances and an acceptance of fate.

As an example take the following extract from *Njal's Saga*. Gunnar has been outlawed by the Althing and two score of his enemies wait until he is alone in his house with his wife and mother before attacking. Gunnar keeps them at bay with his long bow. Then, a lucky slash by a sword severs his bow-string and he turns to Hallgerd, his wife.

'Let me have two locks of your hair and help my mother plait them into a bow-string for me.'

'Does anything depend on it?' asked Hallgerd.

'My life depends on it,' replied Gunnar 'for they will never overcome me as long as I can use my bow.'

'In that case,' said Hallgerd. 'I shall now remind you of the slap you once gave me. I do not care in the least whether you hold out a long time or not.'

'To each his own way of earning fame,' said Gunnar. 'You shall not be asked again.'

There are about forty major sagas. The word means story. The longest is *Njal's Saga* which runs to about 400 pages, closely followed by *Egil's Saga*. The shortest sagas, known as *thaettir* or strands may run to no more than ten or twenty pages. The stories are not history but rather historical novels. They are usually grouped according to the district in which they are set. The reason for this is that the landscape plays an essential role in the sagas with a profusion of place names and concrete topographical details which can be readily identified.

This was the basis of the Saga Tour. I still have the printed itinerary of the one I went on.

Good Advice? #1

'**B**E over-intimate with none, nor frequent any, nor be familiar with any; so shalt thou be safe from his mischief; for security lieth in seclusion of thought and a certain retirement from the society of thy fellows.'

– Advice of Nur al-Din Ali to his sons, translated by Richard Burton in *The Book of the Thousand Nights and a Night*, vol I, p.207

- 3rd day Drive east to the *Njal Saga* country. Two nights Skogar.
- 7th day Visit Thingvellir, site of Iceland's ancient parliament (Althing). Continuing north to Reykholt, home of the great historian Snorri Sturluson.
- 8th day Before continuing to Stykkisholm (three nights) visit Gilsbakki, home of Gunnalug Serpent-Tongue and Helgafell in the heart of the *Eyrbyggja Saga* country.
- 11th day *Laxdale Saga* country: visits to Hjarðarholt, Hvamm and Laugar. Overmight Reykir.
- 12th day Return to Reykjavik via Borg and the *Egil's Saga* country.

At night there were lectures and readings from the sagas. During the daytime excursions the actual sites of events in the sagas were pointed out.

Njal's Saga is acknowledged as the greatest. It is the story of the calamities brought about by the wickedness of Hallgerd, wife of Gunnar, culminating in the burning of Njal, their lawyer and most of his family. The *Laxdale (Salmon Valley) Saga* has as its theme the love life of Gudrun and how her violent emotions take a blood toll of the men involved. 'I was worst to him I loved the most', Gudrun confesses in her old age. *Egil's Saga* deals with the exploits of Egil, son of Skallagrim who, at the age of seven kills his first victim, an eleven year old playmate. He grows up to become a Viking taking part in many plundering expeditions, making an enemy of Eric Bloodaxe, King of Norway and a friend of Athelstan, King of England, finally ending his life as a defenceless blind old man. The *Eyrbyggja Saga* is a chronicle of the inhabitants of the mountainous Snaefellsjokull peninsula, of their settlement in the country and their feuds about prestige and property. It has no central plot but is rich in material about the traditions and customs of 10th and 11th century Icelanders. *Grettir the Strong* is the story of a scapegoat whose quarrelsome temper and slayings make him an outcast. He overcomes the ghost of the shepherd, Glam, but as a result of the ghost's curse is forced to live for years in remote corners of Iceland before dying a miserable death.

Two questions arise from the sagas.



The King's mercy

IN 1628, Leighton, a Scotchman and preacher, ventured to criticise the Government in various matters, religious and political. He was charged in 1630 with 'framing, publishing, and dispersing a scandalous book, against kings, peers, and prelates'. The book certainly contained criticisms of the King and Government, worded in very intemperate language, but nothing more.

The Court of Star Chamber was called upon to deal with him. The two chief justices informed him that it was by the goodness of the King's mercy that he was not charged with high treason. It was the King's mercy that had left him to be tried by Star Chamber. To show this mercy and goodness of the King, Leighton was condemned to pay a fine of £10,000, to be set in the pillory in Westminster, and there whipped, and after the whipping 'to have one of his ears cut off, to have his nose slit, and to be branded on the face with the letters SS (sower of sedition). At some later date he was to be taken to the pillory at Cheapside, again lashed, his other ear cut off, and then imprisoned for life'. The most insistent on his inhuman sentence were the bishops.

Before the horrible sentence was carried out, Leighton was degraded from his ministerial office by the High Commission, in order that he might not appear at the pillory in his clerical dress. He went nobly to his punishment. 'All the arguments brought against me,' he said, 'are prison, fine, brands, knife, and whip.' The sharp knife of the executioner cut away his ear, and he was carried back to prison bleeding and fainting. The 'great and noble heart' of Charles did not spare him the second mutilation. A week later, the sores on his back, nose, ears, and face unhealed, the rest of his sentence was carried out. He was whipped again at the pillory, his other ear was cut off, the other side of his nose slit, and the other cheek branded.

— L.A. Parry, *The History of Torture in England*.

Does their writing in the 13th century serve to fix an historical period some two hundred years earlier that had faithfully been preserved in the memory of people? Or are they the creations of their authors' imaginations? Scholars are almost equally divided between the free-prose or oral tradition theory and the book-prose or the product of an individual theory.

Icelanders of the Saga Age were noted for their phenomenal memories. The Law Speaker, for example, was expected to recite the entire body of law at the Althing. The very purpose of remembering something must have strengthened recollection in a society

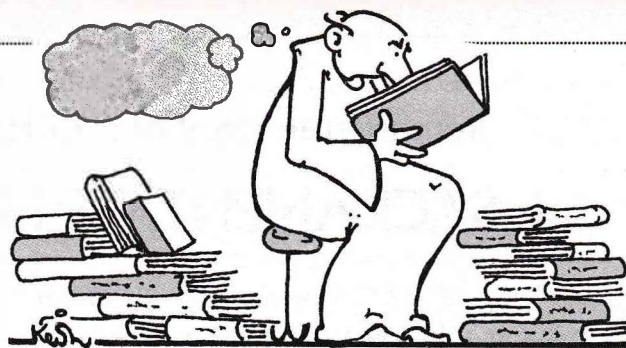
without books, radio, television, computers etc. The population was small and every summer came together at the Althing where they engaged in *sagnaskemmtan* – telling stories about actual or fictional happenings.

A feature of the Icelandic sagas is their unique style. When the same or a similar situation occurs the same turn of phrase is used: 'Helgi was the name of a man.' With this expression many a saga begins and it is regularly used to introduce a new character. This is a principle that holds true for all forms of oral transmission. The ballad, the folklore, the legend all have standing

formulae for identical situations. There is great importance attached to genealogy, something that also occurs in Polynesian oral chants and to skaldic poems honouring heroes and their deeds. I believe a good case can be made for the oral tradition theory providing the substance of the saga but it needed working over by authors.

After Iceland became Christian in 1000 writing became more common and knowledge of Latin spread among the priesthood. They laboriously copied the sagas by hand and in the process gave them some of the richness of book language. But the sagas still needed an author to put his stamp on the material. He had at his disposal the core of the story – the oral version which was not recorded on vellum until two hundred years had passed during which time it had been told and told again at gatherings where skaldic poems were incorporated into the body of the saga and genealogies constructed linking the main players to legendary figures. Then there were the written sources – the authorities we might call them. The Icelanders were assiduous translators and adopters of foreign works – the Latin classics, voluminous collections of stories concerning Our Lady, the Saints and the Apostles, fictitious accounts of the Trojan Wars, the story of Tristram and Iseult and so on. To all this the author applied his talent and imagination.

The sagas are undoubtedly works of deliberate literary composition and not mere transcriptions of oral tales. But who were these authors? Sadly we do not know though all the evidence points to at least one of them as being the composer of *Egil's Saga*. He was Snorri Sturluson (1179–1241) descended on his mother's side from Egil. Marrying well he lived in Borg where Egil had lived and later moved to Reykholt. He built a magnificent house there with a tiled bath heated by volcanic springs and became an influential man with a passionate interest in the older Icelandic culture. He was twice Law Speaker of the Althing and spent some time in Norway and Sweden. Snorri wrote the *Heimskringla* – a history of the Norse kings – and the *Prose Edda* – a handbook of skaldic poetry explaining



Literacy and intelligence

THE Sunday Dispatch, feeling, apparently, that the B.B.C. does not give the public sufficient opportunities of hearing Mr. Joad's views, has started a new feature in which he answers questions there. About reading, he asserts, as authors are so fond of doing, that 'the reading of books produces alert, critical, intelligent minds,' and so is anathema to dictators. Alas for Joad, no people read more books than the Germans in the half-century before 1933. After seventy years of popular education in England, the popular Press is something which could never be offered to minds that were alert or critical or intelligent. Yet nearly all the reading the majority of people do is newspaper reading. Literacy is not all the same as intelligence. What Joad praises is 'the open air of free criticism and the wind of ideas expressed without fear or favour,' just after praising the Soviet level of literacy, where 90 per cent can read, but only what they are allowed, not what they choose.

Books are fine things, but they are not magic. Reading is more truly described as the opium of the West than as a recipe for becoming intelligent. Above all, it is always a matter of which books, not just 'books.'

– Douglas Woodruff, in *More Talking at Random*, London 1944

its ornate diction, riddle-like kennings (figurative expressions referring to Norse mythology) and difficult metres with their internal alliteration.

The Family Sagas as the five are also known are at the very heart of Icelandic letters and the most significant contribution of Scandinavians to medieval literature. They have been described as the 'last and finest' expression of the heroic age of the Germanic peoples, the prose counterparts of *Beowulf* and *The Battle of Maldon*. Fate, say the sagas, is all powerful and implacable. Man is at its mercy but in this situation lies man's greatness. It is open to him to accept his destiny without surrendering to it. If he surrenders, complains or evades, he is diminished. There is a right way to act. The consequences may be dire but conduct is more important than consequences.

I returned to London bitten by the

saga bug read as many more of them as I could – *Gisli's Saga*, *Vatnsdale Saga*, *Hrafnkel's Saga*, *The Greenlander's Saga*, *Eric the Red's Saga*, *The Saga of Arrow Odd*, *Viga Glum's Saga*. I still dip into them from time to time but the best is *Njal's Saga* and the one I would recommend to anybody who wants to get the feel of a saga. It is the product of a skilled hand and a richly-stored mind. For the most part it is heroic and tragic but there is on occasions a subtle counterpointing of the comic. Above all it concerns what men do, why they do it and what happens to them – issues that still concern us.



EDWIN (TED) S MORRISBY is one of Australia's most distinguished journalists and documentary film makers. In addition to running his own independent film company for many years, he worked for the BBC and ITN London as a foreign correspondent and with the Grundy organisation in Australia. As a newspaper journalist he worked for both the *News Chronicle* and the *Guardian*, London. News of Ted's death reached us as we went to press. An obituary will appear in our Jan/Feb issue, 2002. – Ed.

Remarkable story of a Dutch 'Comfort Woman'

A SACRAMENT OF RECONCILIATION

Earlier this year, an Ecumenical Reconciliation Service was held in St Mary's Cathedral attended by people from the nations involved in the Pacific War, praying for Reconciliation of Hearts. PAUL GLYNN, SM describes the event for Annals.



It was a humid February day in 1944 at an internment camp for Dutch women at Ambarawa in what is now Indonesia. Japanese Army guards ordered all women between the ages of 17 and 27 to line up in the yard. An officer looked them up and down and ordered 10 to fall out, pack a bag of daily necessities and report back immediately. One of the 10, Jan Ruff, has written a book about what followed. A terrible fear came over her as she packed and she put her Bible, prayer book, crucifix and rosary into the bag. Jan noticed the anguish on her mother's face as they embraced in a hurried farewell.

The ten were hustled on to an army truck which sped along the main road to Semeran and screeched to a stop outside a large house just outside the town. A new wave of fear came over the women as they noted the tall barbed wire fencing completely surrounding the house.

They were herded into the house, Jan continues, and simply told by a Japanese officer that 'we were brought here for one purpose, the sexual pleasure of Japanese soldiers... My whole body began to tremble with fear... I felt my life was collapsing... Never before had I felt such paralysing fear... It was a fear I shall never forget, never lose... Now, years later, I still wake up with it in nightmares.' The women were served a meal which Jan could not eat. They were told to go alone to the room allotted to each of them. Jan went to her room and prayed.

After nightfall a soldier stomped into Jan's room. The sword hanging at his side indicated he was an officer. He moved to grab her. She screamed and resisted frantically, kicking him

in the shins. 'Then I ran into the corner, curling up like a hunted animal.'

He unsheathed his sword and shouted, 'I kill, I kill.' She believed him. Her book continues: 'Dying was better than being raped...'

Then I suddenly became aware of an enormous strength filling me, a strength I had never known before. It was as if Christ was taking possession of my whole being, giving me strength and taking over. I made an act of contrition. A serene feeling of peace came over me. When I was later reunited with my mother she told me that at that same hour on that same night she suddenly saw a great light that was almost blinding'. Jan calmly awaited the decapitating blow.

Suddenly the soldier seized her, and began running his sword point all over her body. Then he raped her. 'I thought he would never stop.' Eventually he did, leaving her numb with shock. 'I never knew suffering

could be as intense as this. I offered it all up to Jesus Christ.

Soon another soldier came in to rape her. This would be repeated again and again that night, and it would go on for another 90 nights – and sometimes by day! Jan used to find great strength, she writes, by reciting the Rosary with a fellow sex slave who was also a Catholic.

On April 24 this year an ecumenical Reconciliation Service was held in Sydney's St. Mary's Cathedral, attended by people from the nations involved in the Pacific War. Australians, Japanese, Korean, Chinese, Filipinos and many others prayed and sang together for 'reconciliation of hearts'. Jan who is now an Australian Citizen, living in Adelaide, heard about the Service, travelled over 'to pray for all the women, on all sides, who suffered in the War.' She went to the lectern after Bishop Cremin, Rev. Orishi a Japanese Buddhist priest and Anglican Fr. Dobinson had offered their prayers. Part of Jan's prayer went ' We thank God for our Japanese brothers and sisters present tonight, as we let go the wounds of the past, praying for peace... through the powers of love and forgiveness... We remember all women victims of the war, especially the so-called 'Comfort Women'. May they all experience healing of their wounds through forgiveness and reconciliation.'

Some weeks before the St. Mary's Cathedral Reconciliation Service, Mr Shigeki Chiba heard about it, and about Jan Ruff's participation. He asked that he be allowed to participate. He had asked for Baptism some 20 years ago after making a documentary on Mother Theresa of Calcutta. The documentary took out

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awards in his own native Japan and also in Europe. His apology to Jan and all the sad 'Comfort Women' would also be on behalf of Tokyo's Cardinal Shirayanagi, who has campaigned vigorously for them, on behalf of very many Japanese women.

He followed Jan to the lectern, accompanied by his wife, Yoshimi and 19 year old daughter Teresa. Here is some of Chiba-san's apology: 'We have come from Japan to ask your forgiveness, Jan Ruff, deeply moved by the courageous faith in the book you wrote which is now out in Japanese. Our daughter standing with us is about the same age as you when you were enslaved and horribly abused. Such evil must have been very hard to forgive... With bowed heads and hearts we ask forgiveness from you and the many other women enslaved by the Japanese army. With heartfelt sorrow we ask forgiveness also for what Australian P.O.W.s and their families have suffered because of the brutal treatment by the Japanese Militarists.

I am a movie director and chairman of the Catholic Media Association of Japan. I speak on behalf of the other members. I also speak on behalf of Cardinal Shirayanagi who has for years campaigned for reparation from the Japanese Government for the horrible treatment of the sex slaves of our Army.

I have tried to tell young Japanese about militarists' atrocities in my recent documentary, 'The Railroad of Love.'

Jesus, our Lord. Mary, Mother of Reconciliation, we ask forgiveness for the sins of Japanese militarists. Please help us now work for reconciliation and peace. Thank you, Jan Ruff for showing us the way.'

When Chiba-san had finished speaking Jan went over and warmly embraced him, his wife and daughter.

Two ex P.O.W.s, Tom Uren and Jack Mudie also spoke movingly that night. Tom Uren said he hated the Japanese, all Japanese, while working on the Burma-Thailand Railroad. At its completion he was sent to Japan, to work in a factory. He

discovered the ordinary Japanese were very hungry. He became friends with fellow Japanese workers. 'I came to realise', he said, 'that what I hated was Militarism and Fascism. I grew, I came to love my fellow Japanese workers as I loved my fellow Australians.'



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



Damned if you do Damned if you don't

HERE is another case of the same kind. I felt that a strong case against Christianity lay in the charge that there is something timid, monkish, and unmanly about all that is called 'Christian,' especially in its attitude towards resistance and fighting. The great sceptics of the nineteenth century were largely virile. Bradlaugh in an expansive way, Huxley in a reticent way, were decidedly men. In comparison, it did seem tenable that there was some-

thing weak and over patient about Christian counsels. The Gospel paradox about the other cheek, the fact that priests never fought, a hundred things made plausible the accusation that Christianity was an attempt to make a man too like a sheep. I read it and believed it, and if I had read nothing different, I should have gone on believing it. But I read something very different. I turned the next page in my agnostic manual, and my brain turned up-side down. Now I found that I was to hate Christianity not for fighting too little, but for fighting too much. Christianity, it seemed, was the mother of wars. Christianity had deluged the world with blood. I had got thoroughly angry with the Christian, because he never was angry. And now I was told to be angry with him because his anger had been the most huge and horrible thing in human history; because his anger had soaked the earth and smoked to the sun. The very people who reproached Christianity with the meekness and non-resistance of the monasteries were the very people who reproached it also with the violence and valour of the Crusades. It was the fault of poor old Christianity (somehow or other) both that Edward the Confessor did not fight and that Richard *Cœur de Lion* did.

- G.K. Chesterton, *Orthodoxy*.

Think of Angola before complaining

BISHOP Francisco Viti of Huambo in Angola has appealed to Catholics around the world to pray for justice and peace in his country.

'For the ordinary people of Angola there is now practically no form of employment; the farmers can no longer plant their fields, since they are covered in land mines. There is a permanent state of war throughout the country. Many families have been torn apart because individuals have been forced to abandon their family members in order to save their own lives.' This was how the bishop described the enduring crisis in this utterly isolated country, and he added, 'The hardest hit are the children and young people. All the schools and educational establishments have been destroyed, and so they have absolutely no prospects for the future. And what is worse, the Civil War has even destroyed people's moral values.' But despite this terrible situation there is a growing number of spiritual vocations, Bishop Viti explained. And so their formation is of huge importance. 'The seminars must be equipped to deal with the exceptional challenges of a pastoral apostolate among divided families. They must not be allowed to lose their sense of spirituality as a result of the devastating consequences of the war.' And the bishop concluded, 'If there is to be any future for the people - and indeed for the Church - in Angola, then continued outside help is an urgent necessity.'

- Last year *Aid to the Church in Need* gave over 330,000 Euros in aid for pastoral projects in Angola. See our *Advert Annals* p.43.

Telling the Truth in Charity

RELIGIOUS DIALOGUE IN DOMINUS IESUS

The recent Vatican Declaration on the Catholic Faith and other religions spells out what isn't negotiable in ecumenical and inter-religious dialogue. DENNIS MURPHY MSC, continues his analysis for Annals readers, of this pivotal document.

The document accepts that theology today, in its reflection on the existence of other religious experiences and on their meaning in the God's salvific plan, is invited to explore it and in what way the historical figures and positive elements of these religions may fall within the plan of salvation' (n.14b). This openness to Buddha, Muhammad, Zoroaster and others as being in some way 'within' God's plan for salvation seems to be an advance on Vatican Council II, even though the document insists that all religions are not equal in God's plan nor that objective truth about them is irrelevant. This of course leaves aside the question of subjective conscience, which is another matter entirely.

Some non-negotiables

While a 'Declaration' recognises that a particular topic is open for further development, it stresses, at the same time, that *everything* is not up for discussion. Certain elements are not negotiable if one wants to remain within the established Tradition of the Catholic Church. And Tradition is split with a capital 'T'. We are speaking about the Scriptures, the Creeds, the Eumenical Councils – including Vatican Council II, which is frequently quoted by the document. Thus the document lists a number of things that need to be *firmly believed* as matters of faith (italics in the original). The New Testament clearly supports this list.

- That the relation which comes to us in Christ is unique, quoting Jn 14:6; Mt 11:27; Jn 1:18; Col 2:9-10 (n.5a);
- that Jesus of Nazareth, son of Mary, and he alone, is the Son and

two realities. One comes across extreme statements that limit Christ to the salvation of Christians while it is God who brings salvation to all. And the historic incarnation of the Eternal Word is limited to a mere appearing of God in history on a par with the founders and prophets of other religions etc. Another example is too facile distinction between a 'church-centred', 'Christ-centred', and 'God (Kingdom)-centred' approach which degenerates into an opposition between them rather than a more integrated understanding which sees each inclusive of the others.

A variety of documents

There is a variety of categories of Vatican Documents. Failure to pay attention to this often leads to mistaken and even unfair interpretations of them. *Dominus Iesus*, for example, is a 'Declaration', a point made explicitly in its title. Technically, a 'Declaration' recognises that a particular issue is still in the process of being worked out and that no comprehensive, definitive answer is available at present on a number of points, even on what the document calls 'some fundamental questions' (n.3). In this context, therefore, *Dominus Iesus* admits that 'new questions arise that need to be addressed through pursuing new paths of research, advancing proposals and suggesting ways of acting that calls for attentive discernment' (n.3). Consequently, the document does not set out to present 'in a systematic manner the question of the unity and salvific universality of the mystery of Jesus Christ and the Church. Nor does it propose solutions to questions that are matters of free theological debate' (n.3).

ESPIE some statements in the media, *Dominus Iesus* holds explicitly that salvation does not depend on being formally a member of the Church, a believer in Christ, or even a believer in God. The salvific action of Jesus Christ, with and through the Spirit, extends beyond the visible boundaries of the Church to all humanity' (*Dominus Iesus* n.12c). The same text goes on to quote Vatican Council II, 'For since Christ died for all, and since all are in fact called to one and the same destiny, which is divine, we must hold that the Holy Spirit offers to all the possibility of being made part-

ners, in a way known to God, in the paschal mystery' (The Church in the Modern World, *Gaudium et spes* n.22). After Vatican II, theologians rightly, for that is their task, have sought to understand more precisely what the Council was content to term 'in a way known to God'. Some significant progress has been made, mainly along the lines of the universal presence of God's Word and Spirit in other religions, a point insisted on frequently by Pope John Paul II in his many reflections on this topic? However, it is a new area of research, and so it is understandable that at present no solution is completely satisfactory and that mistakes are made at times. *Dominus Iesus* concentrates specifically on this point.

The distinction between the Church and the Kingdom of God, between the incarnate Word and the eternal Word, between Christ and the Church has opened positive lines of approach to the problem. But at times this legitimate and even necessary *distinction* has led to a *separation* of the

Word of the Father, quoting Jn 1,2; Col 2:9; Jn 1:18 (n.10a);

- that the saving plan of the Triune God is centred on the incarnation of the Word, quoting Col 1:15-20; Eph 1:10; 1 Cor 1:30; Eph 1:4, 11; Rom 8:29-30 (n.11a);
- that the history of salvation has its 'fullness and centre' in the events of the incarnation, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ, quoting 1 Jn 4:14; Acts 4:12, 10:36, 42, 43; 1 Cor 8:5-6; Jn 3:16-17; 1 Tim 2:4-6 (13a);
- that the 'universal salvific will of the One and Triune God is offered once for all in the mystery of the incarnation, death and resurrection of the Son of God', quoting Vatican Council II, *Lumen gentium* n.62 and *Gaudium et spes* n.45 (14a).

These texts belong to the centre of New Testament faith and are in no way peripheral. Nor can one relativise them by claiming that we are more aware of other religions today than the New Testament. It was immeasurably more aware of them; for at that stage Christianity was but a miniscule movement within the politico-religious world of the Roman Empire and beyond; and, more immediately perhaps, within that mixture of religion, mysticism and philosophy referred to as Hellenism. And yet the early Church stuck by the claims cited above, even though it could have, in the short term, gained more members by taking the easier path of Docetism (by a denial of the full reality of the incarnation) or Gnosticism (by turning it into a myth). Furthermore, it did not take long for their claims to be viewed as treason punishable by death.

Facing Facts

Faced with these claims, it is not a matter of upholding one's reputation as a conservative, a progressive or a centrist. It's a matter of facing facts. And the central fact for a Catholic is the Incarnation – Jesus of Nazareth, truly God and truly human. And that fact, with its essential implications, has to be brought into inter-religious dialogue; for example, in theology, philosophy, culture and action in the

world, but above all in spirituality – as a way of life.

In speaking of the incarnation one is not speaking exclusively of Jesus Christ, much less of Jesus Christ as simply one of the great prophets or religious innovators. The more we are genuinely Christ-centred, the more we are centred also on the Father and the Spirit just as Jesus was; for belief in the Incarnation does not only reveal Jesus to us in isolation, but the

very nature of God who is equally, yet distinctly, Father, Son (Word) and Spirit. Thus the reality of God's Word incarnate in Jesus leads us into the mystery of the Tri-unity. And this faith gives us a comprehensive view of the whole of reality – of God, of the human race, of all forms of life and of the material universe. And it seems to me that sharing between religions would be set back and not promoted if this orthodox teaching was put aside or even diminished.

Defective religions

The statement in *Dominus Iesus* that other religions are 'defective' has been accused (I think rightly) of unnecessary insensitivity, but what it says remains true even if it could be expressed differently. If the Catholic concept of God who is Father, Son and Spirit involves objectively the incarnation of the Word, and is part of the very meaning of creation, we are bound to consider that any religion without this is certainly *lacking* in something infinitely beautiful that it would be to its advantage to possess.

It seems understandable and acceptable to me, however, that a committed Vedantist Hindu should feel the same way about religions that lack *advaita*; the same applies to *nirvana* and compassion for the Buddhists, and the oneness of God and submission to his will for the Muslim etc. And sharing between religions on a theological, philosophical and spiritual level would be seriously diminished without these convictions. In inter-religious sharing, each will find their own distinctive identity enriched by entering into these different views; on the other hand, they will be diminished by the careless, superficial relativism that the document deplores.

Understandably, therefore, *Dominus Iesus* in its very first paragraph, repeats Christ's commission to go to the whole world (Mk 16:15-16; Mt 28:18-20; cf Lk 24:46-48; Jn 17:18, 20, 21, Acts 1:8). It needs to be stressed, however, that this missionary commission does not have its origin in Christ, but in the Father – and more specifically in

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Jesus' *abba* experience. Fittingly also, the first paragraph of the Declaration repeats the Nicene creed.

Another fact

But belief in God who is Father transcending the world; God who is Son/Word immersed in it and sharing its fate; God who is Spirit at the heart of the Dynamism of the universe is not the only fact we have to face. There is also the fact that we have to present this to the world of our time and also in dialogue with other religions. It is not sufficient to continue repeating past dogmatic formulae in a loud clear voice. Neither the Congregation for the Doctrine of the faith nor *Dominus Iesus* deny this fact. What they deplore is a 'relativistic mentality which is becoming ever more common'.

We are truly blessed in having a wide range of mainline theologies of the Trinity and the Incarnation that cut across various denominations. And they also speak directly to our time. It is to them and to the theologians who simplify them for general reading that we need to go and not to popularisers on the periphery, especially if these latter show a lack of appreciation for and even clear ignorance of the extraordinary richness and beauty of the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity and Incarnation as it has developed over the centuries and continues to develop.³ History shows that in matters of Christian doctrine the quickest way to become irrelevant is by attempting to be relevant without deep roots in the past. *Dominus Iesus* does a service in reminding us of those roots.

A number of theologians in India have been upset and angered by *Dominus Iesus*, considering it untimely. At the same time, I have been told, they would admit that they have heard most of the items it condemns voiced by individuals at meetings they have attended. Many others have perhaps been upset more by what they have heard the media say about the Declaration rather than by reading it themselves – something that even some of the commentators apparently failed to do.

Now that the dust has settled, it is

clear that inter-religious dialogue continues as before despite dramatic forebodings in some quarters. And by its very definition, the Declaration is not the final word in the subject. Personally I do not see it as a disastrous obstacle to sharing with others. And it certainly challenges us to understand our identity more deeply, to approach other religions with the same love that God who is Father, Son and Spirit has approached us in the incarnation, and to learn from other ways in which we can understand more deeply this astounding gift that God has made of Himself to the world.

To be continued.



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1 The Council of Trent had already recognised what it called 'baptism by desire'; in 1854 and 1863 Pius IX had ruled out the exclusion of members of other religions from salvation; in 1949, Pius XII condemned the narrow interpretation of 'outside the Church no salvation' as did also his Encyclical on the Mystical Body, *Mystici corporis* in 1963; the same teaching was repeated even more emphatically by Vatican Council II (*Lumen Gentium* 16; *Ad gentes* 7; *Nostra aetate* 5c; *Dignitatis humanae* n.3c). The universal salvific will of God is stated clearly in Scripture (e.g.1 Tim 2:3-4; Rom 11:32; Jn 3:16; 1 Cor 15:21-22; 2 Cor 5:14f).

2 I hope to write a concluding article on this.

3 There is a misprint in my first article in *Annals* 111/7 (2000) p.13, where 'theology and spirituality of the Trinity is having a truly remarkable flowering' is written as 'following'.

FATHER DENNIS MURPHY, MSC is a graduate of the Biblicum in Rome. He taught Scripture for many years in Australian seminaries. He was for six years Provincial Superior of the Australian Province of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, and for twelve years Assistant General of the Order, based in Rome. He is now stationed in India.



ANNALS HISTORY OF CAROLS

[CONTINUED FROM OUR CHRISTMAS EDITION 2000]

By John Colborne-Veel • Illustrated by Kevin Drumm

CHRISTMAS MUSICAL FOLKLORE



St Francis of Assisi is often credited with introducing religious carols into the Liturgy at Greccio in 1223 when he set up the first crib of the infant Saviour and Holy Family to teach the doctrine of the incarnation. Since that time the simple, sincere and joyous songs of Christmas have touched the hearts of countless men and women the world over.

The words of carols make an interesting study for both contemplating the events that they describe and for the historical information that they contain about the place and era that they were composed in. For example, before the Reformation English carols were very Catholic and religious in sentiment. After the Reformation they start to take on pagan sentimentality – perhaps to either disguise their original Catholic purpose or to destroy its meaning.

In other English Catholic customs there is a parallel cycle of destruction and re-emergence with pagan associations. The best known example of this is the cult of Saint Nicholas, a greatly revered saint before the Reformation, who was associated with giving gifts to the poor became the pagan Father Christmas. Over the last century he developed into Santa Claus a character who gives the rich everything they want and leaves the poor to their own devices.

THE FEAST

WRITING in 386 A.D. St John Chrysostom states that the celebrating of Dec 25 as Our Lord's birthday was 'known from the beginning' to the Church of Rome. He refers those curious about the date to Archives in Rome which contain unimpeachable evidence and adds that 'it was from those who have an accurate knowledge of these things and dwell in Rome that we received this Feast'. [ii, p.354 ed. Montfaucon] St John Chrysostom called Christmas Day 'the Chief of all Feasts' [In B. Philogonium 4, vol. 1, 497]. Ed

The flood of materialism that surrounds Santa is accompanied by sentimental songs designed to encourage people to spend up big on themselves. Nothing could be further from the original cult of Saint Nicholas.

Good King Wenceslas

Every Christmas song was composed for a special occasion and many of them have interesting stories associated with their first performance. Good King Wenceslas for example was written by J.M. Neal (1880-1966), Neale took the melody from a very rare Swedish book of 'exquisite sixteenth-century tunes' called *Piae Cantiones*, and based the words on an obscure Bohemian legend about King Wenceslas. Unfortunately the tune he chose was originally

used for a spring carol 'Tempus adest floridum' which would have been better left alone. Authorities have denounced his work ever since as 'poor and commonplace doggerel'. Their criticism however, doesn't seem to have inhibited the popularity of 'Good King Wenceslas', probably because the words express something that is missing from the current Australian experience of Christmas.

Good King Wenceslas look'd out,
On the feast of Stephen,
When the snow lay round-a-bout,
Deep and crisp and even.
Brightly shone the moon that
night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight
Gath'ring winter fuel.

'Hither page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?'
'Sire he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain,
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes fountain'

'Bring me flesh, and bring me
wine,
Bring me pine logs hither:
Thou and I shall see him dine,
When we bear them thither.'
Page and monarch, forth they
went,
Forth they went together;
Through the rude wind's wild
lament
And the bitter weather.

'Sire the night is darker now,
And the wind grows stronger;
Fails my heart I know not how;
I can go no longer.'
'Mark my footsteps, my good
page,
Tread thou in them boldly;
Thou shall find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly.'

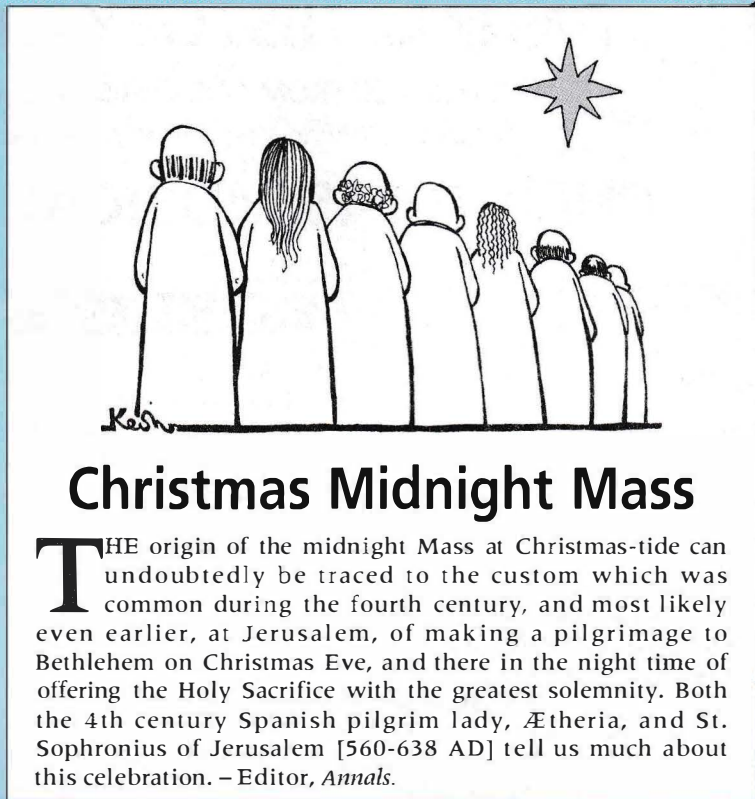
In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

Bohemian legend that Neal adapted to his carol would seem to be similar to the many European carols that tell a story of Christ appearing at Christmas in the guise of a beggar. The similarity between Good King Wenceslas and the following Ballad of Jesus Christ and Ring Little Bells is interesting.

The Ballad of Jesus Christ

A popular middle-European legend tells the story of Christ returning to earth at Christmas in the guise of a hungry child dressed in rags. When given food and shelter he reveals his true identity and bestows a blessing on his benefactor.

French versions of the legend are traditionally called 'Ballades de Jésus-Christ,' as is the following 17th century French carol. The words of this carol take the form of a dialogue between Christ and the charitable lady who helps him. The repetition of the first and second line of each verse suggests that the carol was written to be sung antiphonally. In fact, the carol seems to be in the form of a sung liturgical play.



Christmas Midnight Mass

THE origin of the midnight Mass at Christmas-tide can undoubtedly be traced to the custom which was common during the fourth century, and most likely even earlier, at Jerusalem, of making a pilgrimage to Bethlehem on Christmas Eve, and there in the night time of offering the Holy Sacrifice with the greatest solemnity. Both the 4th century Spanish pilgrim lady, Ætheria, and St. Sophronius of Jerusalem [560-638 AD] tell us much about this celebration. – Editor, *Annals*.

Jesus came in garment lowly:
'Give to me Thy charity!
Jesus came in garment lowly:
'Give to me Thy charity!
On crumbs that leave thy table,
I shall dine most gratefully'

'Lady standing by your window
Give to me your charity!'
'Lady standing by your window
Give to me your charity!'
'Come in from the cold my poor
One -
I will find a meal for Thee.'

As he softly stepped o'er the
threshold,
Round him hovered angels
bright.
As he softly stepped o'er the
threshold,
Round him hovered angels
bright.
'Lady, pray do not be fearful -
It is but the moons soft light.'

Ring Little Bells

The traditional German carol 'King Glöckchen' (Ring Little Bells) is another version of the same legend, except that Christ is accompanied by his mother when he returns at Christmas.

Ring, bells, go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
Ring little bells!
O how cold the winter!
Will you let me enter?
Do not bar the doorway
On my blessed birthday!
Ring, bells, go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
Ring little bells!

Ring, bells, go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
Ring little bells!
Maid and Infant tender
Will you let us enter?
To Us shelter giving,
And the Father praising?
Ring, bells, go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
Ring little bells!

Ring, bells, go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
Ring little bells!
In our hearts now stealing,
'mid the bells all pealing,
Joy and blessing holy
From the child so lowly,
Ring, bells, go ting-a-ling-a-ling,
Ring little bells!

It's possible to find out more about the reality of Christmas by contemplating the words of a few simple modern day carols than by studying far more comprehensive works. Take the following North American carols for example:

O little town of Bethlehem

O little town of Bethlehem!
How still we see thee lie;
Above thy deep and dreamless
sleep

The silent stars go by;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting light;
The hopes and fears of all the
years
Are met in thee tonight.

For Christ is born of Mary;
And gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels
keep
Their watch of wond'ring love.
O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth!
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is giv'n!
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heav'n.
No ear may hear His coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive
him still
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem!
Descend to us, we pray;
Cast out our sins, and enter in,

Be born in us today.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell,
O come to us, abide with us;
Our Lord Emmanuel!

Away in a manger

Away in a manger, no crib for a
bed,
The little Lord Jesus laid down
his sweet head;
The stars in the sky looked down
where he lay,
The little Lord Jesus,
Asleep on the hay.

The cattle are lowing, the poor
baby wakes,
But little Lord Jesus no crying he
makes,
I love Thee Lord Jesus! Look
down from the sky,
And stay by my cradle,
Till morning is nigh.

Be near me, Lord Jesus, I ask thee
to stay,
Close by me forever, and love me,
I pray;
Bless all the dear children in Thy
tender care,
And take us to heaven,
To live with Thee there.

We three kings

We three kings of Orient are;
Bearing gifts we traverse afar
Field and fountain moor and
mountain,
Following yonder star.

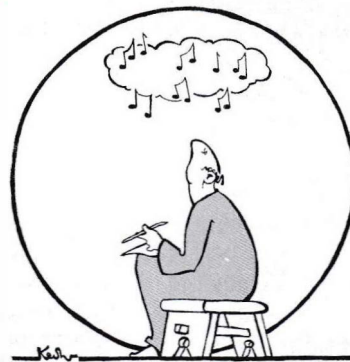
Refrain:
O star of wonder, star of night,
Star with royal beauty bright
Westward leading still
proceeding,
Guide us to Thy perfect light.

Melchior
Born a King on Bethlehem's
plain
Gold I bring to crown Him
again,
King forever ceasing never
Over us all to reign

Refrain:

Casper
Frankincense to offer have I,
Incense owns a Deity nigh.
Prayer and praising all men
raising,
Worship Him, God Most High.

Refrain:



Glory to God

IN the Middle Ages, especially in England, the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* said at Mass after the *Kyrie Eleison* was called the *Angelicus*, short for the *Hymnus Angelicus* (or Angelic Hymn) after the song of the Angels at our Lord's nativity. — Editor, *Annals*.



Balthazar
Myrrh is mine, its bitter perfume
Breaths a life of gathering gloom;
Sorr'wing, sighing, bleeding
dying,
Sealed in the stone cold tomb.

Refrain:

Glorious now behold Him arise,
King and God and Sacrifice,
Alleluia, Alleluia,
Earth to the heav'ns replies.

Refrain:

The stories of the composition of these and other popular carols are interesting. They show that when a song is written it leaves the composer and becomes the property of the people who sing it regardless of critical opinion, who wrote it or where it came from. A popular song has a life of its own in the hearts of people who associate it with a memorable event in their own life.

O Little Town of Bethlehem

'O Little Town of Bethlehem' comes from the United States.. it was written by Phillip Brookes in 1868. Brookes needed a new carol for his congregation's children and while thinking about what to write recalled his own feelings when three years earlier he had ridden across the Holy Land from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, catching his first glimpse of the village on Christmas eve, 'resting peacefully under the night sky of winter'. Brookes asked his organist Lewis H. Redner to set the poem to music.

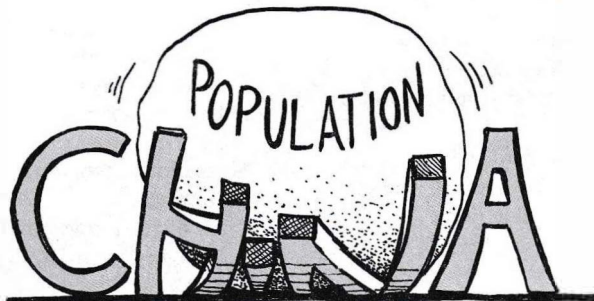
For the whole of Christmas week Redner tried unsuccessfully to set the words to a suitable melody, then, on Christmas Eve his sleep was disturbed by a dream of Angels singing; he

awoke and wrote out their song. Redner harmonised the tune early on Christmas morning and it was sung later that day. Traditionally Hymn tunes are named separately from the words, usually after some person, place or event, that is in some way linked to the song's composition. While discussing what to call the tune with the author of its words Redner suggested Saint Phillip. 'No' said Brookes, 'we will call it Saint Louis'. For the remainder of his life Redner referred to 'Saint Louis' as a gift from Heaven.

Away in a Manger

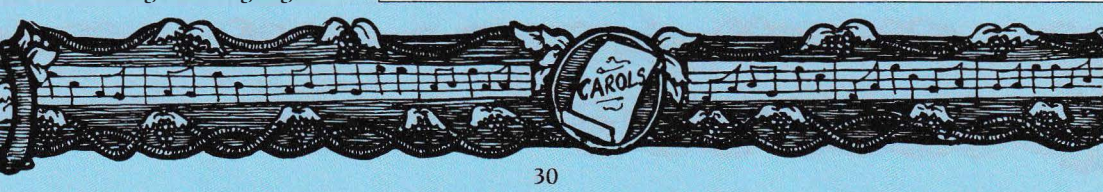
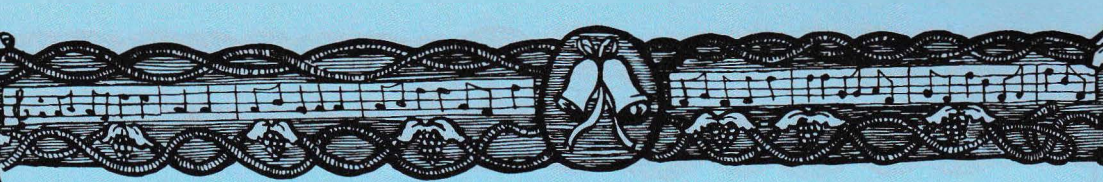
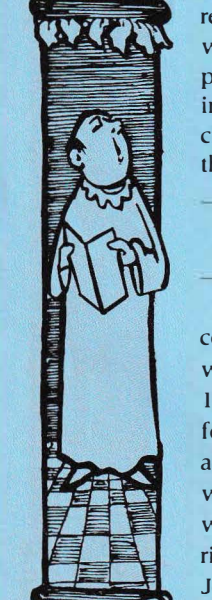
The American carol 'Away in a Manger' is often wrongly attributed to Martin Luther. This misconception was started by J.R. Murray, an arranger who harmonised the tune. Murray called his setting 'Luther's Cradle Hymn', and allowing his imagination to get the better of him added, 'Composed by Martin Luther for his children, and still sung by German mothers everywhere.'

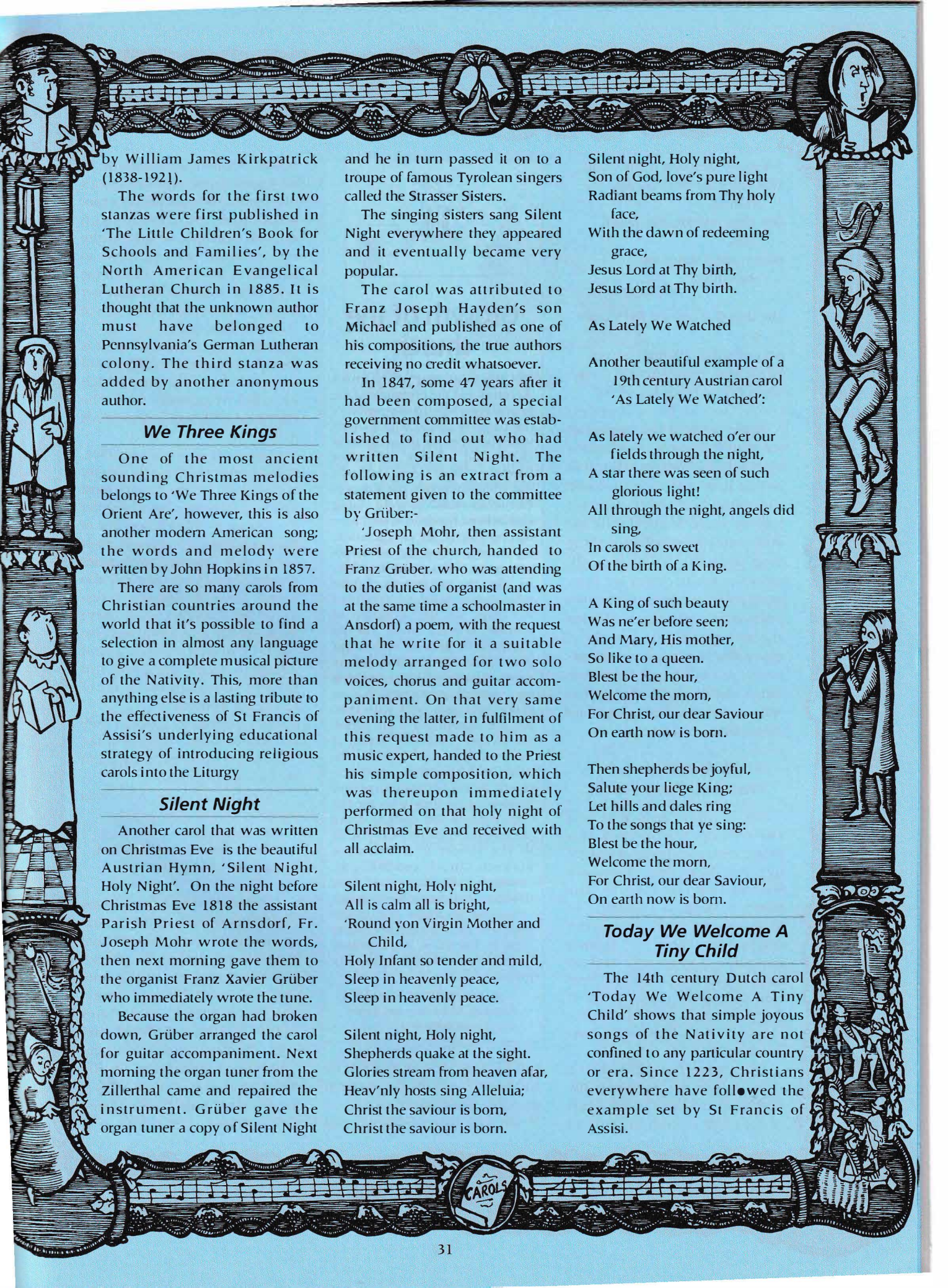
The melody of Away in a Manger was actually composed



Facts about China

- The Great Wall of China is NOT visible from the moon. Although it is 2500km [1500 miles] long, it is only 6m [20 ft] wide. So from the moon, 384,000 km [239,000 miles] away, the Great Wall appears no wider than the 3 mm [1/8 inch] cable connecting a mouse to a computer as viewed from a distance of 192 km [120 miles]. Astronauts in low orbit are 1000 times closer to the earth's surface than is the moon. They can spot the Great Wall without much difficulty.
- China's remaining 80 million hectares [32 million acres] of forests will all disappear in 10 years at current rate of logging. Denuded slopes cannot retain rainwater, thus aggravating summer's floods. As a result Beijing has banned logging and ordered the replanting of trees on a major scale.
- 1.2 million Mainland Chinese were connected to the Internet in late 1998, and that number is expected to grow to 10 million by the end of 2002.
- Having lost the bid to host the 2000 Olympics to Sydney, Beijing formally applied to be the site of the 2008 Olympics and won the bid. The number 4 is unlucky, since it sounds similar to 'death' in Chinese, so Beijing did not compete to host the 2004 games.
- In the past 20 years, 300,000 Mainland students have gone overseas, but only 1/3 of them has yet returned. A century ago, Chinese students preferred to go to Japan, which is closer and has a similar written language and Confucian tradition.
- There were 6 billion people in the world by mid-1999, 21% of them live in Mainland China. The population will peak at 1.6 billion in 2030 before declining.





by William James Kirkpatrick (1838-1921).

The words for the first two stanzas were first published in 'The Little Children's Book for Schools and Families', by the North American Evangelical Lutheran Church in 1885. It is thought that the unknown author must have belonged to Pennsylvania's German Lutheran colony. The third stanza was added by another anonymous author.

We Three Kings

One of the most ancient sounding Christmas melodies belongs to 'We Three Kings of the Orient Are', however, this is also another modern American song; the words and melody were written by John Hopkins in 1857.

There are so many carols from Christian countries around the world that it's possible to find a selection in almost any language to give a complete musical picture of the Nativity. This, more than anything else is a lasting tribute to the effectiveness of St Francis of Assisi's underlying educational strategy of introducing religious carols into the Liturgy

Silent Night

Another carol that was written on Christmas Eve is the beautiful Austrian Hymn, 'Silent Night, Holy Night'. On the night before Christmas Eve 1818 the assistant Parish Priest of Arnsdorf, Fr. Joseph Mohr wrote the words, then next morning gave them to the organist Franz Xavier Grüber who immediately wrote the tune.

Because the organ had broken down, Grüber arranged the carol for guitar accompaniment. Next morning the organ tuner from the Zillerthal came and repaired the instrument. Grüber gave the organ tuner a copy of Silent Night

and he in turn passed it on to a troupe of famous Tyrolean singers called the Strasser Sisters.

The singing sisters sang Silent Night everywhere they appeared and it eventually became very popular.

The carol was attributed to Franz Joseph Hayden's son Michael and published as one of his compositions, the true authors receiving no credit whatsoever.

In 1847, some 47 years after it had been composed, a special government committee was established to find out who had written Silent Night. The following is an extract from a statement given to the committee by Grüber:-

'Joseph Mohr, then assistant Priest of the church, handed to Franz Grüber, who was attending to the duties of organist (and was at the same time a schoolmaster in Ansdorf) a poem, with the request that he write for it a suitable melody arranged for two solo voices, chorus and guitar accompaniment. On that very same evening the latter, in fulfilment of this request made to him as a music expert, handed to the Priest his simple composition, which was thereupon immediately performed on that holy night of Christmas Eve and received with all acclaim.

Silent night, Holy night,
All is calm all is bright,
'Round yon Virgin Mother and
Child,

Holy Infant so tender and mild,
Sleep in heavenly peace,
Sleep in heavenly peace.

Silent night, Holy night,
Shepherds quake at the sight.
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heav'nly hosts sing Alleluia;
Christ the saviour is born,
Christ the saviour is born.

Silent night, Holy night,
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from Thy holy
face,
With the dawn of redeeming
grace,
Jesus Lord at Thy birth,
Jesus Lord at Thy birth.

As Lately We Watched

Another beautiful example of a
19th century Austrian carol
'As Lately We Watched':

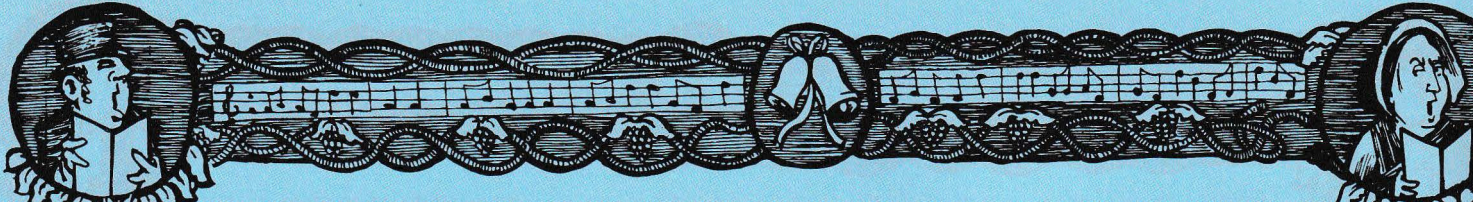
As lately we watched o'er our
fields through the night,
A star there was seen of such
glorious light!
All through the night, angels did
sing,
In carols so sweet
Of the birth of a King.

A King of such beauty
Was ne'er before seen;
And Mary, His mother,
So like to a queen.
Blest be the hour,
Welcome the morn,
For Christ, our dear Saviour
On earth now is born.

Then shepherds be joyful,
Salute your liege King;
Let hills and dales ring
To the songs that ye sing:
Blest be the hour,
Welcome the morn,
For Christ, our dear Saviour,
On earth now is born.

Today We Welcome A Tiny Child

The 14th century Dutch carol 'Today We Welcome A Tiny Child' shows that simple joyous songs of the Nativity are not confined to any particular country or era. Since 1223, Christians everywhere have followed the example set by St Francis of Assisi.



Today we welcome a tiny Child
That pales the sun's bright
shining;
Our hope and joy, this Infant
mild,
Whom angel songs are
enshrining.

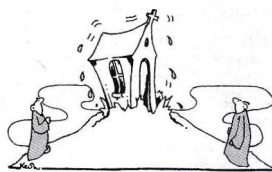
The stars that spangle the radiant
sky
Announce the gift from heaven,
While Mary adores her Holy boy
That God the father has given.

While many of the carols that we sing today are translations from other languages, English writers have also contributed an enormous body of traditional Nativity songs. Many of these are from anonymous scribes crafting their work on to existing folk melodies while others are from more celebrated and well-known poets and composers. Stories abound about the creation of many English carols, unfortunately, as can be seen from earlier in this article, the truth is often distorted as the legends are passed from era to era.

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks

While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks' was written as a literal verse translation of Luke 2 by the then Poet Laureate Nahum Tate (1652-1715). The hymn is sung to a number of tunes, among them 'Winchester Old' by Christopher Tye; Thomas Jarman's 'Lyngham'; and an adaptation of a soprano aria from Handel's opera 'Siro', King of Persia'. In Australia Tye's melody is probably the best known.

Christopher Tye (1497-1573) a Catholic, was the organist of Ely Cathedral and the Chapel Royal in the reign of both Edward VI



Growth of the church

IN the later part of the third century and the beginning of the fourth, especially in the period of comparative peace which intervened between the persecutions of Decius and Valerius and that of Diocletian, there can be no doubt that edifices formally given over to Christian worship were rising everywhere. Eusebius would have had no motive for exaggeration, and he tells us that they were very numerous. 'Who could describe,' he asks, 'the vast crowds of those who came daily to religious worship, or the number of churches in every town?' The old churches, he goes on to say, had grown too small, and everywhere new and vast churches were rising up. Other testimonies are completely in accord with this, and it is evident that at this period the picture commonly drawn of the worship carried on with difficulty in the depths of the catacombs and other similar places, however true it may be for the comparatively few years of active persecution, does not apply at all to the longer years of truce between Church and State. St. Optatus of Milevis counted forty Christian churches at Rome at this time, and we know that in the middle of the third century, under Pope St. Cornelius, Rome already possessed at least eighty-six priests.

— *The Early Church in the Light of the Monuments*, Arthur Staplyton Barnes, London 1913

and Elizabeth I. A manuscript by Anthony Wood in the Bodleian collection notes that:-

'Dr. Tye was a peevish and

humoursome man, especially in his latter dayes, and sometimes playing on ye Organ in ye chap. of qu. Elizab. wh. contained much musick, but little delight to the ear, she would send ye verger to tell him yt he played out of tune; whereupon he sent word yt her ears were out of tune.' [See Annals 8/1992. p.21]

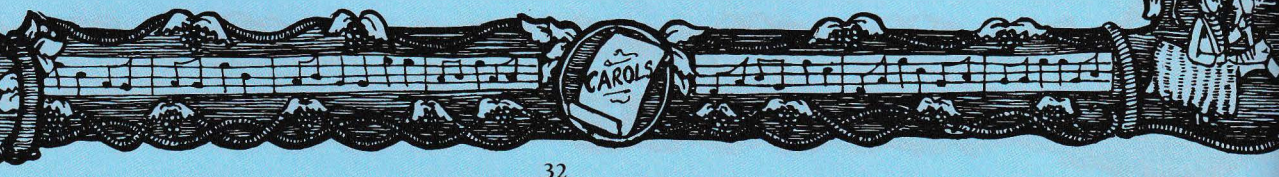
In 1553 Tye published what is thought to be the first collection of original hymn-tunes which included 'Winchester Old'. The title page of this collection reads as follows:-

'The Acts of The Apostles, translated into Englyshe Metre and dedicated to the Kynges most excellent Majestye by Christofer Tye Doctor in Musick and one of the Gentylnen of hys graces most honourable Chappell wyth notes to eche Chapter to synge and also to play upon the lute very necessarye for students after theyr studye to fyle thyr wyttes and also for all Christians that cannot synge to recite the good and Godlye storyes of the lyves of Christ hys Apostles.'

Tye's translation contains only the first fourteen chapters of the 'Acts of the Apostles', versified in the following manner:-

'A certayne man who was named
Ananias, trulye,
With Saphira hys wife famed
Unto the Lord a lye.'

By the end of the century many musical phrases from Tye's 'Acts of the Apostles' were turned into Psalter-tunes. Among the phrases that were adapted are two tunes that are well known today: 'Dundee' which is sometimes called 'French', and 'Winchester Old'. The version of Winchester Old that is used for 'While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks' comes from Thomas Este's 1592 Psalter.



Christopher Tye wrote a great deal of church music and influenced the development of English psalmody: he is sometimes referred to as 'The Father of the Anthem'.

While shepherds watched their
flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around,
And glory shone around.

'Fear not!' said he for mighty
dread
Had seized their troubled mind,
'Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
To you and all mankind,
To you and all mankind.'

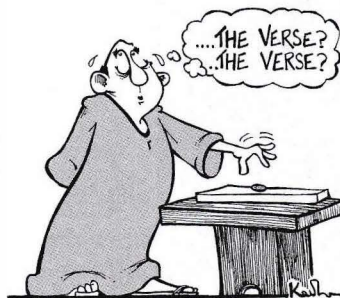
To you in David's town this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour who is Christ the
Lord;
And this shall be the sign,
And this shall be the sign:

'The heavenly Babe you there
shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing
bands,
And in a manger laid,
And in a manger laid.'

Hark the Herald Angels Sing

It is often said that Charles Wesley was inspired to write 'Hark the Herald Angels Sing' as he walked to church on Christmas morning 1730, 'and heard the pealing of the bells'. This old story may not be entirely true because Wesley's original opening line was: 'Hark how all the welkin (clouds or sky) rings, Glory to the King of Kings'. And he intended it to be a hymn dealing with the Incarnation rather than a hymn for Christmas.

Wesley's friend, George



Who makes the 'soul cakes' now?

IN a Salop* on All Souls' Day there is set on the board a high heap of soul-cakes lying one upon another like the picture of the shew bread in the old Bibles. They are about the bigness of twopenny cakes and nearly all the visitants that day take one; and there is an old rhyme or saying:

'A soul-cake, a soul-cake,
Have mercy on all Christian souls for a soul-cake.'

- John Aubrey, writing in 1686, in *Remains of Gentilism*. 'Soul cakes' were buns that in Catholic days used to be made to be given out on *All Souls Day*, November 2.

* 'Salop' refers to a shop selling 'Salop' or Sassafras tea, with milk and sugar.

Whitfield substituted 'Herald Angels' for 'Welkin rings'.

For one hundred years the hymn wasn't associated with any one particular tune, then in 1855 Dr. William Cummings, organist of Waltham Abbey, rearranged the stanzas from four lines to ten lines and set the hymn to the second chorus of Mendelssohn's *Festgesang*; a work written in 1840 to celebrate the introduction of printing.

Mendelssohn wrote about this chorus:-

'I am sure that piece will be liked very much by singers and hearers, but it will never do to sacred words.' Had he lived to hear Cummings arrangement, Mendelssohn may have disagreed with the result.

Hark the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.'
Joyful all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;

With th'angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem!
Hark the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!

Christ, by highest heav'n adored;
Christ, the everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Off-spring of the favoured one.
Veiled in flesh the God-head see;
Hail th'incarnate Deity,
Pleased as man with men to
dwell,

Jesus our Emanuel
Hark the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!

Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.
Risen with healing in his wings,
Light and life to all he brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Hail the heaven-born Prince of
Peace!

Hark the herald angels sing,
'Glory to the new-born King!'

Cornish Carolling customs and Catholicism

Carolling customs in Cornwall may well have been former Catholic celebrations that were deliberately paganised to save them from the Reformation. A local Cornish authority noted that the 'Hal-an-Tow' from Helston retained the memory of a riot in the town when the 'Book of Common Prayer' was forcibly introduced to take the peoples 'old religion' from them. He claimed that the lines:

"God bless Aunt Mary Moses
And all her power and might,
O,
And send us peace in Merry
England

Both now and evermore, O," were actually a prayer to the Blessed Virgin and a symbol that the old religion was still active. Aunt is a term of endearment in Cornwall and Moses was just there to disguise the obvious. *Annals* readers may like to find the meaning of the carol's other lines for themselves.

The Hal-an-tow [Ex: 1]

Robin Hood and Little John,
They are both gone to the fair, O,
And we will go to the merry
green wood
To see what they do there, O,
And for the chase, O,
To chase the buck and doe,
With Hal-an-tow, Jolly rumble O,
For we were up as soon as any
day, O,
And for to fetch the Summer
home,
The Summer and the May, O,
For Summer is a come, O,
And Winter is a gone, O.

Where are those Spaniards
That make so great a boast, O?

Hal-an-tow Example 1

Rob - in Hood ha Jow - an Vyghan An dheu res eth dhe'n
fer, O Ha ny 'wra mos dhe'nn gel - ly - wyk wer Pyth
'wrel - lons e - na dhe vyr - as, O Rag heigh - ya
yorgh, O Rag heigh - ya yorgh ha da
Hal - an - tow, fest ca - bu - ly,
O Rak ny a sef dyw -
orth an tarth a'n jeth, O Ha rag dhe he - dhes
Haf dhe dre An Haf ha'nn sper - nen wyn, O Rag
Haf üs ow - tos, O Ha Gwaf üs ow - mos O

They shall eat the grey goose
feather
And we shall eat the roast, O,
In every land, O,
The land where'er we go,
for we were up as soon as any
day, O,
And for to fetch the Summer
home,
The Summer and the May, O,
For Summer is a come, O,
And Winter is a gone, O.

As for St George, O,
St George he was a knight, O,
Of all the Knights in
Christendom
St George he is the right, O,

The land where'er we go,
For we were up as soon as any
day, O,
And for to fetch the Summer
home,
The Summer and the May, O,
For Summer is a come, O,
And Winter is a gone, O.

God bless Aunty Mary Moses
And all her power and might, O,
And send us peace in Merry
England
Both now and evermore, O,
for we were up as soon as any
day, O,
And for to fetch the Summer
home,

The Summer and the May, O,
For Summer is a come, O,
And Winter is a gone, O.

The Padstow Hobby Horse has long been associated with St Petroc which suggests that apart from other similarities it also have Catholic origins. The Poet Laureate John Betjeman wrote the following account of this Cornish carolling:-

"St Petroc may be neglected in Padstow today. But the Hobby Horse is not. Whether it came from the Danes who sacked the town in 981 and drove St Petroc's monks to Bodmin or whether it was a pagan rite which St Petroc may himself have witnessed with displeasure the Padstow Hobby Horse is a folk revival almost certainly of pagan origin. Moreover it is genuine and unselfconscious, and not even broadcasting it, or the influx of tourists will take the strange and secret character from the ceremonies concerned with it. For this is what happens: On the day before May Day green boughs are brought up against the houses. And that night every man and woman in Padstow is awake with excitement. I know someone who was next to a Padstow man in the trenches in the 1914 war. On the night before May day this Padstow man became so excited he couldn't keep still. The old 'Obby oss' was mounting in his blood and his mates couldn't hold him back from jumping over the top and dancing about in No-man's-Land.

Now imagine a still night, the last of April, the first of May, starlight above the chimney pots. Moon on the harbour. Moonlight shadows of houses on opposite

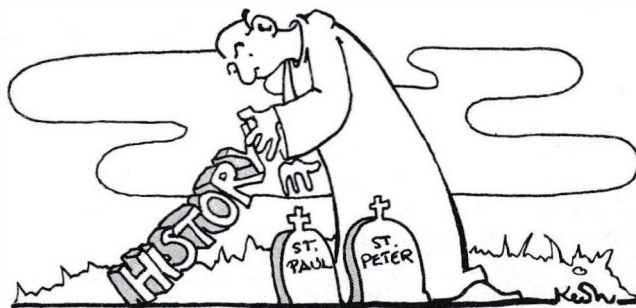
slate walls. At about two o'clock in the morning the song begins. Here are the words:

With a merry ring and with the joyful spring,
For summer is a-come unto day
How happy are those little birds which so merrily do sing
In the merry morning of May.

Then the men go round to the big houses of the town singing below windows a variety of verses:

'Arise up Mr Brabyn I know you well afine
You have a shilling in your purse and I wish it were in mine.'

Morning light shines on the water and the green-grey houses. Out of the quay comes the Hobby Horse - it used to be taken for a drink to a pool a mile away from the town. It is a man in a weird mask, painted red and black and white, he wears a huge hooped skirt made of black tarpaulin



FOR the archaeologist the presence and execution of SS. Peter and Paul in Rome are facts established beyond the shadow of a doubt by purely monumental evidence... There is no event of the imperial age, and of imperial Rome, which is attested by so many noble structures, all of which point to the same conclusion - the presence and execution of the Apostles within the capital of the empire. When Constantine raised the monumental basilicas over their tombs on the Via Cornelia and the Via Ostiensis; when Eudoxia built the church *ad Vincula*; when Damasus put a memorial tablet in the *Platonica ad Catacumbas*; when the houses of Pudens and Aquila were turned into Christian oratories; when the name of *Nymphae Sancti Petri* was given to the springs of the Catacombs of the Via Nomentana; when Christians and pagans alike named their children Peter and Paul; when the twenty-ninth day of June was accepted as the anniversary of St. Peter's execution; when sculptors, painters, medallists, goldsmiths, workers in glass and enamel, and engravers of precious stones, all began to reproduce in Rome the likenesses of the Apostles at the beginning of the second century and continued to do so until the fall of the empire; must we consider them all as labouring under a delusion or as conspiring in the commission of a gigantic fraud? Why were such proceedings accepted without protest from whatever city, from whatever community, if there were any other which claimed to own the genuine tombs of St. Peter and St. Paul?

- *Pagan and Christian Rome*, Professor Lanciani, London, 1893

which he is meant to lift up, rushing at the ladies to put it over one of their heads. The skirt used to have soot in it. A man dances with the Hobby Horse carrying a club. Suddenly at about 11.30 in the morning, there is a pause. The Hobby Horse bows down to the ground. The attendant lays the club on its head and the day song begins, a dirge like strain:

'Oh, where is St George? Oh,
where is he, O?
He's down in his long boat. All
on the sea, O.'

Then up jumps the Hobby Horse, loud shrieks the girls, louder sings the crowd, and wilder grows the dance.

"With a merry rigg and with
the joyful spring
For summer is a-come unto day
How happy are those little
birds which so merrily do sing
In the merry morning of May."

The above description by John Betjeman bears many similarities to the Helston tradition.

European and British Customs Related

The carolling customs of Europe and Britain are also closely related. The Plough Monday customs are a good example of this. Plough Monday is the first Monday after Epiphany of Our Lord January 5. The farm workers last holiday before they return to work. From this time onwards the fields are ploughed in readiness for the coming Spring. Plough Monday is also the traditional date of the Sword Dance Play.

The theme of the Sword Dance Play is that of life, death, and resurrection. A theme that is common to both the Sword Dance Play and the Mummer's Play, the main distinction between the two dramas is that the Mummer's Play has no enactment of a sword



The Price of Liberty

WE can now see the tendency of the Enlightenment, the Declaration of Independence, and [J.-S. Mill's] *On Liberty*. Each insisted on the expanding liberty of the individual and each assumed that order was not a serious problem and could be left, pretty much, to take care of itself. And, for a time, order did seem to take care of itself. But that was because the institutions – family, church, school, neighbourhood, inherited morality – remained strong. The constant underestimation of their value and the continual pressure for more individual autonomy necessarily weakened the restraints on individuals. The ideal slowly became the autonomous individual who stood in an adversarial relationship to any institution or group that attempted to set limits to acceptable thought and behaviour.

That process continues today, and hence we have an increasingly disorderly society. The street predator of the underclass may be the natural outcome of the mistake the founders of liberalism made. They would have done better had they remembered original sin. Or had they taken Edmund Burke seriously. Mill wrote: 'Liberty consists in doing what one desires.' That might have been said by a man who was both a libertine and an anarchist: Mill was neither, but his rhetoric encouraged those who would be either or both. Burke had it right earlier: 'The only liberty I mean is a liberty connected with order: that not only exists along with order and virtue, but which cannot exist at all without them. The effect of liberty to individuals is, that they may do what they please: We ought to see what it will please them to do, before we risk congratulations, which may soon be turned into complaints.' Burke, unlike the Mill of *On Liberty*, had a true understanding of the nature of men, and balanced liberty with restraint and order, which are, in truth, essential to the preservation of liberty.

– Judge Robert H. Bork, *Slouching towards Gomorrah* Regan Books, 1996.

dance. But both plays would seem to have been changed by the Reformation.

As a chain-dance, the performers of old carols linked arms and danced in procession, in a similar manner, sword dancers, 'hold the tip of their neighbours swords, weaving intricate patterns and never breaking the chain (which is an unbroken circle.!) Carol singing is very much a part of the sword-dance play and, likewise, the elements of the sword-dance play are closely related to carol singing.

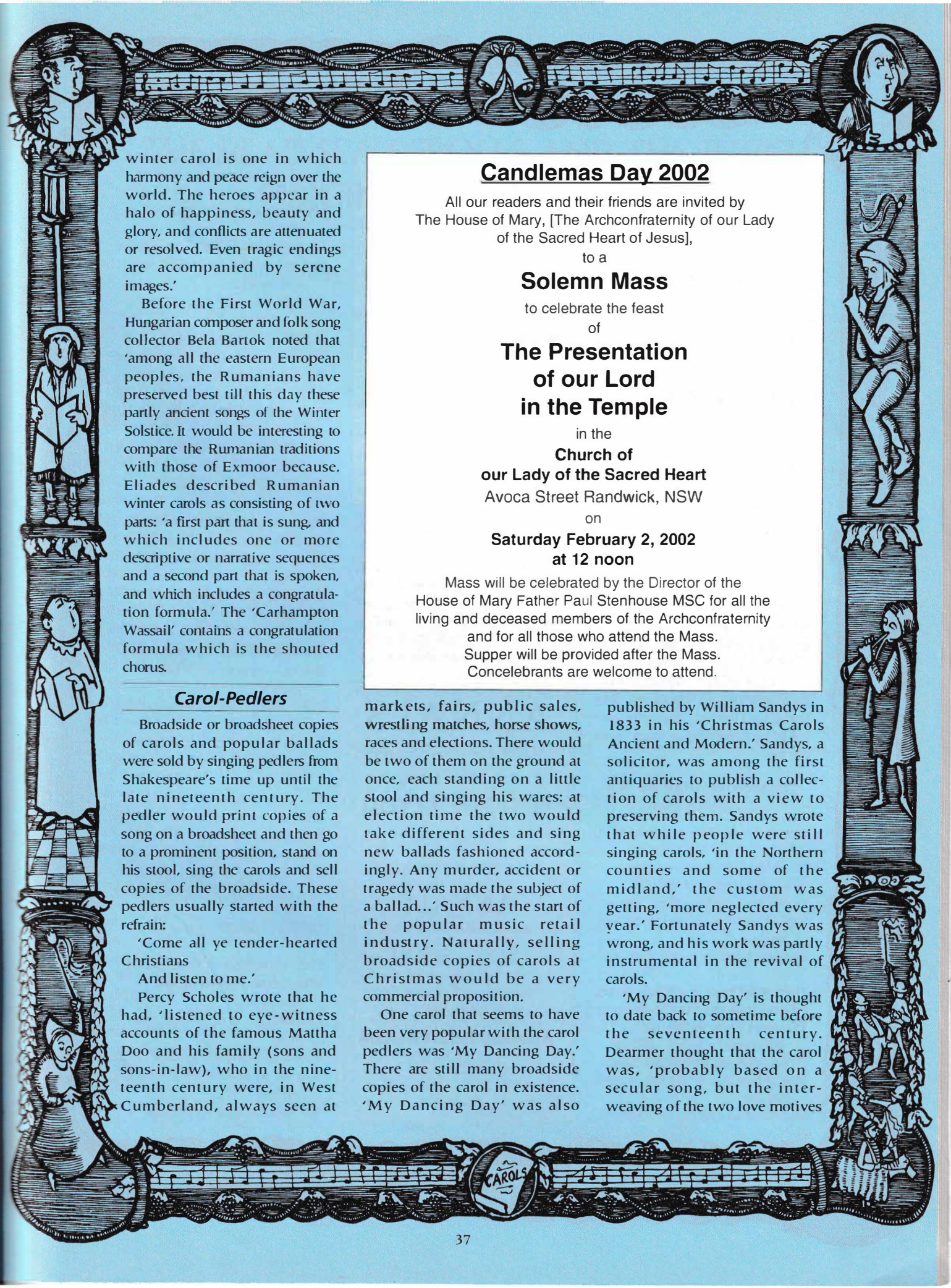
The form of the Sword-dance play is as follows.

1. Rafe the Fool presents the play.
2. There is a combat between the Fool and a Hobby-horse.
3. The Wild Worm or Dragon enters and departs.
4. The combat is resolved into a dance.
5. The Fool sees his face in a looking glass which is in reality the swords formed into a lock.
6. The Fool makes his will and is killed by his sons.
7. The Fool is resurrected.
8. The Fool and his sons court Cicely (a man disguised as a woman.)
9. After some dancing the Fool is triumphant in his courtship.

The close relationship between British and European carolling customs can be seen in the form of the Sword Dance which can be summarised as follows: scenes 1-5 Life; scene 6 Death; scene 7 Resurrection; scenes 8-9 the cycle starts again. In Rumanian carolling customs, a simulation of the death and resurrection of one of the carollers is enacted when their group is disbanded.¹⁶

In relation to carolling customs, Eliades noted that in Eastern Europe:-

'The vision presented by the



winter carol is one in which harmony and peace reign over the world. The heroes appear in a halo of happiness, beauty and glory, and conflicts are attenuated or resolved. Even tragic endings are accompanied by serene images.'

Before the First World War, Hungarian composer and folk song collector Bela Bartok noted that 'among all the eastern European peoples, the Rumanians have preserved best till this day these partly ancient songs of the Winter Solstice. It would be interesting to compare the Rumanian traditions with those of Exmoor because, Eliades described Rumanian winter carols as consisting of two parts: 'a first part that is sung, and which includes one or more descriptive or narrative sequences and a second part that is spoken, and which includes a congratulation formula.' The 'Carhampton Wassail' contains a congratulation formula which is the shouted chorus.

Carol-Pedlers

Broadside or broadsheet copies of carols and popular ballads were sold by singing pedlers from Shakespeare's time up until the late nineteenth century. The pedler would print copies of a song on a broadsheet and then go to a prominent position, stand on his stool, sing the carols and sell copies of the broadside. These pedlers usually started with the refrain:

'Come all ye tender-hearted Christians
And listen to me.'

Percy Scholes wrote that he had, 'listened to eye-witness accounts of the famous Mattha Doo and his family (sons and sons-in-law), who in the nineteenth century were, in West Cumberland, always seen at

markets, fairs, public sales, wrestling matches, horse shows, races and elections. There would be two of them on the ground at once, each standing on a little stool and singing his wares: at election time the two would take different sides and sing new ballads fashioned accordingly. Any murder, accident or tragedy was made the subject of a ballad...' Such was the start of the popular music retail industry. Naturally, selling broadside copies of carols at Christmas would be a very commercial proposition.

One carol that seems to have been very popular with the carol pedlers was 'My Dancing Day.' There are still many broadside copies of the carol in existence. 'My Dancing Day' was also

published by William Sandys in 1833 in his 'Christmas Carols Ancient and Modern.' Sandys, a solicitor, was among the first antiquaries to publish a collection of carols with a view to preserving them. Sandys wrote that while people were still singing carols, 'in the Northern counties and some of the midland,' the custom was getting, 'more neglected every year.' Fortunately Sandys was wrong, and his work was partly instrumental in the revival of carols.

'My Dancing Day' is thought to date back to sometime before the seventeenth century. Dearmer thought that the carol was, 'probably based on a secular song, but the interweaving of the two love motives

Candlemas Day 2002

All our readers and their friends are invited by
The House of Mary, [The Archconfraternity of our Lady
of the Sacred Heart of Jesus],

to a

Solemn Mass

to celebrate the feast

of

The Presentation of our Lord in the Temple

in the

Church of

our Lady of the Sacred Heart

Avoca Street Randwick, NSW

on

Saturday February 2, 2002

at 12 noon

Mass will be celebrated by the Director of the
House of Mary Father Paul Stenhouse MSC for all the
living and deceased members of the Archconfraternity
and for all those who attend the Mass.
Supper will be provided after the Mass.
Concelebrants are welcome to attend.

My Dancing Day Example 2



is as ancient and widespread as the association of religion with the dance.' But, I think that the carol's allegorical references seem to be reminiscent of the work of the poetry of St John of the Cross and that 'My Dancing Day' is a religious work in its own right with no association to secular song. As carols go, 'My Dancing Day' my dancing day could be described as – one with the lot.

Tomorrow Shall Be My Dancing Day

Tomorrow shall be my dancing day,
I would my true love so chance
To see the legend of my play,
To call my true love to my dance.
*Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love,
my love,
This have I done for my true love.*

Then was I born of a Virgin pure,
Of her I took my fleshy substance;
Thus was I knit to man's substance,
To call my true love to my dance.
*Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love,
my love,
This have I done for my true love.*

In a manger laid and wrapped I was,
So very poor, this was my chance,
Betwixt an ox and a silly poor ass,
To call my true love to my dance.
*Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love,
my love,
This have I done for my true love.*

Then afterwards baptized I was,
The Holy Ghost on me did glance,
My father's voice heard from above,
To call my true love to my dance.
*Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love,
my love,
This have I done for my true love.*

Into the desert I was led,
Where I fasted without substance;
The Devil bade me make stones my bread,
To have me break my true love's dance.
*Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love,
my love,
This have I done for my true love.*

For thirty pence Judas me sold,
His covetousness for to advance,
Mark whom I kiss, the same do hold,
The same is he shall lead the dance.

Then on the cross hanged I was,
Where a spear to my heart did glance,
There issued forth both water and blood,
To call my true love to my dance.
*Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love,
my love,
This have I done for my true love.*
Then down to hell I took my way,
for my true love's deliverance,
And rose again on the third day
Up to my true love and the dance.
*Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love,
my love,
This have I done for my true love.*

Then up to heaven I did ascend,
Where now I dwell in sure substance,
On the right hand of God, that man
May come unto the general dance.
*Sing, oh! my love, oh! my love, my love,
my love,
This have I done for my true love.*

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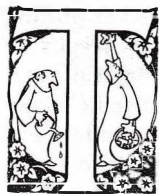
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Hijacking the Scrolls or a Storm in an Oil Lamp?

THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS AND THE JEWISH ORIGINS OF CHRISTIANITY

EMERITUS PROFESSOR ALAN D. CROWN AM, looks at some of the claims for a Christian 'Connection' made in a recent book on the Dead Sea Scrolls.



HERE have been, literally, thousands of books on the Dead Sea Qumran Scrolls and tens of thousands of articles. In fact there is a scrolls industry.

Why then, another book on the subject? The focus of this book is, as its title suggests, not just on the scrolls, but on what the scrolls can say about Jewish roots and Christianity. Which raises the fascinating question of why, when the scrolls are Jewish documents, mostly in Hebrew and Aramaic, they had been hijacked by Christian scholars in an attempt to amplify their understanding of the New Testament and their own religion?

The answer to this question is apparent. The publication between 1922 and 1928 of Strack-Billerbeck's *Commentary of the New Testament* which examined the Jewish background of Christianity and of C.G. Montefiore's *Rabbinic Literature and Gospel Teachings* in 1930 which did much the same task, left the Christian scholarly world in no doubt that early Christian literature was a literary expression of the Jewish world in which Christianity was born. In other words, Christian literature seemed to be an extension of Jewish literature, and early Christian practice and belief seemed to be very Jewish. However, the nature of the Judaism which underlay Christianity was not clear. There was felt to be a need to re-examine what this Judaism was.

Christian scholars were not convinced that the Judaism we know as Rabbinic Judaism was the same as Judaism in those days. It was argued that the Judaism described in rabbinic literature was

The Dead Sea Scrolls and the Jewish Origins of Christianity

By Carsten Peter Theide
Lion Publishing, 2000.

very different from the Judaism that Jesus knew, for the literature had a transmission history long enough to allow for editorial activity by several generations of Tannaim and Amoraim. This editorial activity, it was argued, had hidden the true nature of the Judaism into which Jesus was born. Thus, these early studies were not actively followed up in a disciplined and substantial manner. At the same time, Jewish scholars were not convinced that any comparison between Christian literature and Jewish literature was possible, for the New Testament text seemed to represent expressions of Christian belief including powerful

anti-Pharisaic attitudes, which did not seem possible to have arisen in the Jewish world described in the literature of the sages. Both sets of scholars, Jewish and Christian, were unnecessarily suspicious of the authenticity of each others' literature.

The discovery and continued publication of the Qumran scrolls emphasised to scholars the message that one must evaluate New Testament teachings against parallel data from the contemporary Jewish milieu. The literature of that milieu was now expanded and it was possible to sidestep the perceived Pharisaic levelling of Judaism (whether that levelling was real or imaginary). In consequence, an industry was born, the scrolls' industry.

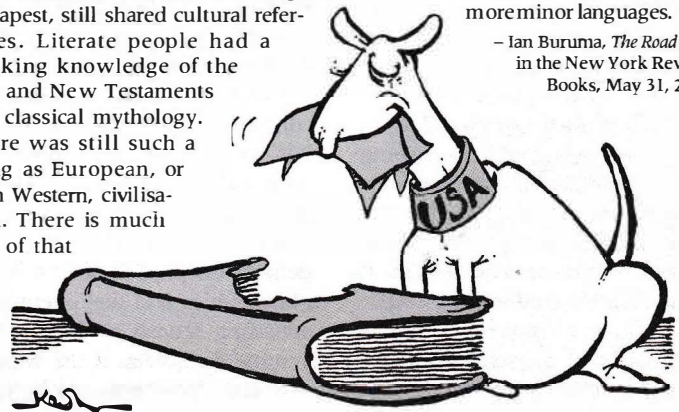
The consensus of scholarly authors saw in the Qumran scrolls a body of sectarian literature able to provide sources for a study of the Essene sect

Whatever happened to Western culture?

THE current generation of writers in English with a non-English background is living in a different world from the one inhabited by Conrad, Nabokov, or Arthur Koestler. Before World War II, writers and their readers, whether they came from London, St. Petersburg, or Budapest, still shared cultural references. Literate people had a working knowledge of the Old and New Testaments and classical mythology. There was still such a thing as European, or even Western, civilisation. There is much less of that

now. The common references today are both global and parochial, that is to say, they are by and large American: Hollywood, pop music, airline and computer jargon. And the consequences of this may be worse, in some respects, for Americans than for speakers of more minor languages.

— Ian Buruma, *The Road to Babel*, in the New York Review of Books, May 31, 2001.



and thence for the study of the wider Jewish world. Some argued that this literature showed that there was no such thing as normative Judaism but that the Judaism of the time of Christ was not uniform or had no mainstream but was the religion and literature of numerous rival philosophies, or sects, each with equal validity. To extend the argument, it is held by many that only after the fall of the temple and then the Bar Cochba rebellion did Judaism begin to develop a hard core of conformity, gradually excluding anything that looked offensive, so that by Talmudic times there was a consensus, normative or Rabbinic Judaism.

Many scholars searched the new literary finds for a nexus between Qumran and the New Testament. Some found no links. Others found direct connections. The literature which has described, analysed and explained the New Testament-Qumran relationship continued to flourish especially in the first three decades of the Qumran studies. Some of these writings have reached bizarre and extreme conclusions ostensibly based on interpretations of the *pesharim* among the scrolls. In practice they extend the evidence well beyond the point of proof, likelihood or even possibility. Tales have been fabricated, on the flimsiest allusions or hints of evidence, about the alleged life of Jesus after his crucifixion.

However, within the past two decades, scholars here and elsewhere have started to suggest that the attempt to draw any close or direct nexus between Qumran and Christianity has gone too far and should be abandoned. The Qumran literature is seen to be very Jewish and the argument is now being offered more widely that its study should be back on the Jewish agenda for the purposes of the amplification of the second temple period in a Jewish sense, quite strictly. This is indeed where scholarship is moving at an ever rapid pace in Israel and it is unusual to find a book like this that still sees parts of the scrolls as New Testament documents and sees them drawing their inspiration from Essene teachings. In that respect this book is a continuation of the scholarly traditions such as 'How much did the first

ONE must never underestimate what Richard John Neuhaus called 'the profound bigotry and anti-intellectualism and intolerance and illiberality of liberalism.'

— Judge Robert H. Bork, *Slouching towards Gomorrah*, Regan Books, 1996.

Christians know about the Essene movement?' and 'How much did the Essenes know about the Christians?' Whatever the answers to those questions they are not going to be found in or from the Dead Sea scrolls.

What makes this book more unusual is that within the past two years there has been a revision of the date of the scrolls based on a re-evaluation of the historical references and the archaeological data. A newly rising group of scholars is arguing for the latest date in the scrolls to be c. 63 BCE (revised by those same scholars in June 2001 to 57 BCE) which would make it improbable for any portion of the New Testament to be found among the Qumran scrolls unless one revises the dates of Jesus and the New Testament. Alternatively, one could argue that the New Testament incorporated pre-existing Jewish texts which were prepared for the mass of the Jewish people before Christianity was born and which were subsumed to the New Testament and given a Christian identity.

To some extent this is the conclusion reached by the author in his argument that there are passages in the Qumran scrolls which are highly significant for New Testament study as they can be recognised as the 'groundwork of the first Christian library, the later New Testament'. If we are to accept this conclusion then, in the light of the redating proposed for the Qumran scrolls, there is even stronger proof here than ever before existed that Christianity is more deeply grounded in Judaism than many Christians would want to admit. This is especially the case since it is also becoming clear that the documents are not necessarily Essene; these scrolls are not necessarily the work of a single sectarian group, but perhaps the product of several Jewish philosophies and they were used for educating Jewish pilgrims to Second Temple Jerusalem. If the wording of Christian documents can be matched

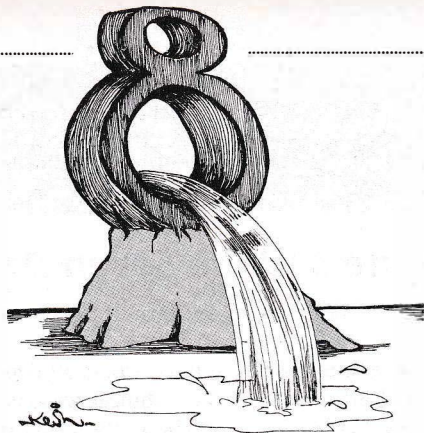
in the antecedent Qumran scrolls it is only because Christianity arose out of Judaism and there is no *direct* connection between the early Christians and Qumran.

The book is well-written and very readable, though because of its popular style and its treatment of the subject of Qumran-early Christian relations it is unlikely to find its way into the recommended reading lists of scholars at universities. It has the tendency to present information in the manner of a magician pulling rabbits from a hat, but the results are illusory rather than magical especially when pseudo-scientific games are played with the reader. For example the attempt to claim a relationship between the 'scroll' jars and the scrolls by a technique called Neutron Activation analysis fails because no results are available.

In fine, this book will appeal to those who want to know what questions are being asked by professionals who study the scrolls: the answers herein should not be taken as definitive. Several chapters contain unusual material some of which is irrelevant and some of which is ignored in popular writings on the scrolls. Chapter 2 canvasses data about scroll finds near Qumran over the centuries and even discusses the irrelevant finds of Gnostic material in Egypt: the Shapira scroll, which is far more relevant is not noted, however. Chapter 3 includes a long discussion on the import of the absence of the Book of Esther from the finds but the discussion fails to take account of the fact that several of the documents show knowledge of the Book of Esther. The last chapter is most unusual since it deals with techniques used for the preservation of the scrolls and the various electronic and biological means used to test fragments, to read illegible passages and piece texts together. The book thus has a semblance of being up-to-date while treating old ground and regurgitating dated material.

Emeritus Professor Alan D. Crown was until recently head of the Department of Semitic studies within the University of Sydney. A distinguished scholar, Professor Crown is a world authority on Samaritan Hebrew and Aramaic, and on Samaritan paleography. He is in charge of the Dead Sea Scrolls research centre at Yarmouk, Oxford.





Baptism – Mystery of the Ogdoad [Eight]

IT was on the eighth day that Christ rose from the dead, the day of Helios which for Christians now became the first day of the week, even as it had been the first day of creation. Now, in ancient Pythagorean thought the number eight was a symbol of perfection, the symbol denoting that which is everlasting and at rest. Eight is the number of the cube, a solid extending equally in all directions. Eight is the number of the spheres which moved around the earth and there is an old saying, 'all things are eight'. The Christian discovered the number eight at every turn and gave it a Christian interpretation. On the eighth day the Lord arose; the Christian himself will have received baptism on an Easter day, which is the Liturgical eighth day, and this is also the day on which the spirit brooded over the waters. Eight persons passed over the water in the ark, and the saving wood is a symbol of the cross. Already in the second Epistle of Peter (2. 5) we are told that God 'spared not the original world but preserved the eighth person Noe, the preacher of justice', a fact which is clearly regarded by the First Epistle of Peter as a prefiguration of baptism (3. 20-21), the ark 'wherein a few, that is eight souls, were saved by water. Whereunto baptism being of the like form now saveth you also... by the resurrection of Jesus Christ.'

This connects up with a whole treasury of images which have grown out of the mystery of eight and we find these fully developed in Justin as early as the second Century:

'The sense of the word God is this [he says in reference to the texts just quoted], that at the time of the flood, the mystery of the salvation of man had already been accomplished. For the righteous Noah together with the others who survived the flood, his wife, that is to say, and all his three sons together with their wives, making eight persons in all, became, by reason of this number, a symbol of the day on which our Christ arose from the dead, for this was the eighth day which nevertheless by reason of its power will always be the first.'

– *Greek myths and Christian mystery*, by Hugo Rahner.

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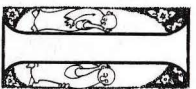
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Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

by Roger Ebert



If Walt Disney's 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs' had been primarily about Snow White, it might have been forgotten soon after its 1937 premiere, and treasured today only for historical reasons, as the first full-length animated feature in color. Snow White is, truth to tell, a bit of a bore, not a character who acts but one whose mere existence inspires others to act. The mistake of most of Disney's countless imitators over the years has been to confuse the titles of his movies with their subjects. 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs' is not so much about Snow White or Prince Charming as about the Seven Dwarfs and the evil Queen and the countless creatures of the forest and the skies, from a bluebird that blushes to a turtle who takes forever to climb up a flight of stairs.

Walt Disney's shorter cartoons all centered on one or a few central characters with strongly-defined personalities, starting with Mickey Mouse himself. They lived in simplified landscapes, and occupied stories in which clear objectives were boldly outlined. But when Disney decided in 1934 to make a full-length feature, he instinctively knew that the film would have to grow not only in length but in depth. The story of Snow White as told in his source, the Brothers Grimm, would scarcely occupy his running time, even at a brisk 83 minutes.

Disney's inspiration was not in creating Snow White but in creating her world. At a time when animation was a painstaking frame-by-frame activity and every additional moving detail took an artist days or weeks to draw, Disney imagined a film in which every corner and dimension would contain something that was alive and moving. From the top to the bottom, from the front to the back, he filled the frame (which is why Disney's decision in the 1980s to release a cropped 'widescreen' version was so wrong-headed, and quickly retracted).

So complex were his frames, indeed, that Disney and his team of animators found that the cels they used for their short cartoons were not large enough to contain all the details he wanted, and larger cels were needed. The

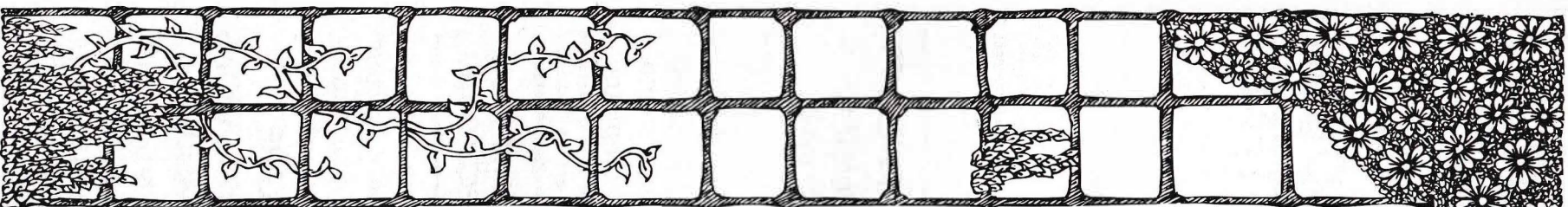
film's earliest audiences may not have known the technical reasons for the film's impact, but in the early scene where Snow White runs through the forest, they were thrilled by the way the branches reached out to snatch at her, and how the sinister eyes in the darkness were revealed to belong to friendly woodland animals. The trees didn't just sit there within the frame.

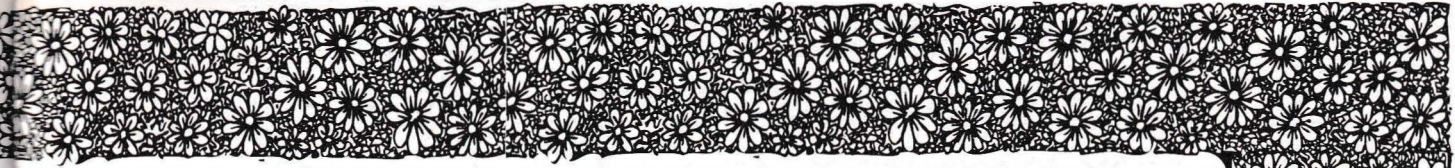
Disney's other innovation was the 'multiplane camera,' which gave the illusion of three dimensions by placing several levels of drawing one behind another and moving them separately, the ones in front faster than the ones behind, so that the background seemed to actually move instead of simply unscrolling. Multipane cameras were standard in animation until the very recent use of computers, which achieve a similar but more detailed effect too detailed, purists argue, because too lifelike.

Nothing like the techniques in 'Snow White' had been seen before. Animation itself was considered a child's entertainment, six minutes of gags involving mice and ducks, before the newsreel and the main feature. 'Snow White' demonstrated how animation could release a movie from its trap of space and time: how gravity, dimension, physical limitations and the rules of movement itself could be transcended by the imaginations of the animators.

Consider another early example, when Snow White is singing 'I'm Wishing,' while looking down into the well. Disney gives her an audience a dove that flutters away in momentary flight, and then returns to hear the rest of the song. Then the point of view shifts dramatically, and we are looking straight up at Snow White from beneath the shimmering surface of the water in the well. The drawing is as easy to achieve as any other, but where did the imagination come from, to supply that point of view?

Walt Disney often receives credit for everything done in his name (even sometimes after his death). He was a leader of a large group of dedicated and hard-working collaborators, who are thanked in the first frames of 'Snow White,' before the full credits. But he was the





visionary who guided them, and it is a little stunning to realize that modern Disney animated features like 'Beauty and the Beast,' 'The Lion King' and 'Aladdin,' as well as the rare hits made outside the Disney shop, like Dreamworks' 'Shrek' and Pixar's 'Toy Story,' still use to this day the basic approach that you can see full-blown in 'Snow White.'

The most important continuing element is the use of satellite and sidekick characters, minor and major, serious and comic. A frame is not allowed for long to contain only a single character, long speeches are rare, musical and dance numbers are frequent, and the central action is underlined by the bit characters, who mirror it or react to it.

Disney's other insight was to make the characters physically express their personalities. He did that not by giving them funny faces or distinctive clothes (although that was part of it) but studying styles of body language and then exaggerating them. When Snow White first comes across the cottage of the dwarfs, she goes upstairs and sees their beds, each one with a nameplate: Sleepy, Grumpy, Dopey, and so on. When the dwarfs return home from work ('Heigh-ho! Heigh-ho!') they are frightened and resentful to find a stranger stretched across their little beds, but she quickly wins them over by calling each one by name. She knows them, of course, because they personify their names. But that similarity alone would soon become boring if they didn't also act out every speech and movement with exaggerated body language, and if their very clothing didn't seem to move in sympathy with their personalities.

Richard Schickel's 1968 book *The Disney Version* points out Disney's inspiration in providing his heroes and supporting characters with different centers of gravity. A heroine like Snow White will stand upright and tall. But all of the comic characters will make movements centered on and emanating from their posteriors. Rump-butting is commonplace in Disney films, and characters often fall on their behinds and spin around. Schickel; attributed this to some kind of Disney anal fixation, but I think Disney did it because it works: It makes the comic characters rounder, lower, softer, bouncier and funnier, and the personalities of all seven Dwarfs are built from the seat up.

The animals are also divided into body

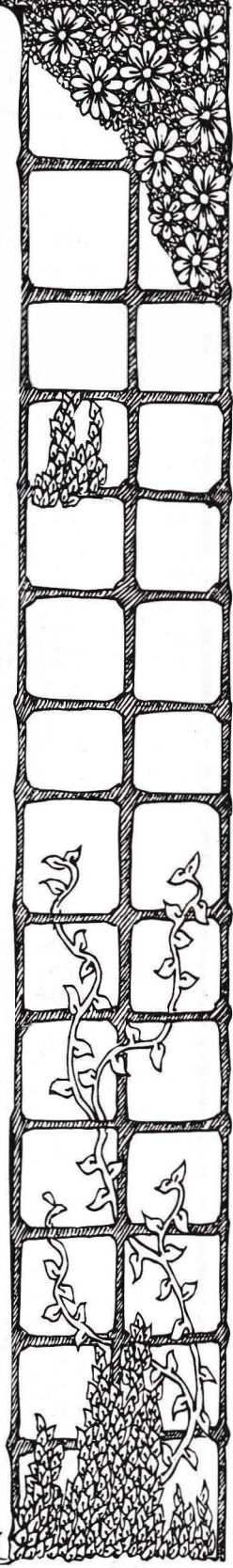
styles throughout Disney. 'Real' animals (like Pluto) look more like dogs, comic animals (like Goofy) stand upright and are more bottom-loaded. In the same movie a mouse will be a rodent but Mickey will somehow be other than a mouse; the stars transcend their species. In both versions, non-star animals and other supporting characters provide counterpoint and little parallel stories. Snow White doesn't simply climb up the stairs at the dwarves' house she's accompanied by a tumult of animals. And they don't simply follow her in one-dimensional movement. The chipmunks hurry so fast they seem to climb over each other's backs, but the turtle takes it one laborious step at a time, and provides a punch line when he tumbles back down again.

What you see in 'Snow White' is a canvas always shimmering, palpitating, with movement and invention. To this is linked the central story, which like all good fairy tales is terrifying, involving the evil Queen, the sinister Mirror on the Wall, the poisoned apple, entombment in the glass casket, the lightning storm, the rocky ledge, the Queen's fall to her death. What helps children deal with this material is that the birds and animals are as timid as they are, scurrying away and then returning for another curious look. The little creatures of 'Snow White' are like a chorus that feels like the kids in the audience do.

'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs' was immediately hailed as a masterpiece. (The Russian director Sergei Eisenstein called it the greatest movie ever made.) It remains the jewel in Disney's crown, and although inflated modern grosses have allowed other titles to pass it in dollar totals, it is likely that more people have seen it than any other animated feature. The word genius is easily used and has been cheapened, but when it is used to describe Walt Disney, reflect that he conceived of this film, in all of its length, revolutionary style and invention, when there was no other like it and that to one degree or another, every animated feature made since owes it something.

A two-disc DVD version of 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs' has been released with countless bells and whistles, and an audio commentary by Walt Disney himself.

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A Godly Instruction, Written by Sir Thomas More, Knight While He Was Prisoner in the Tower of London in 1534.

Bear no malice or evil will to any man living. For either the man is good or wicked. If he is good and I hate him, then I am wicked.

If he is wicked, either he will amend and die good and go to God, or live wickedly and die wickedly and go to the devil. And then let me remember that if he be saved, he will not fail (if I am saved too, as I trust to be) to love me very heartily, and I shall then in like manner love him.

And why should I now, then, hate one for this while who shall hereafter love me forevermore, and why should I be now, then, an enemy to him with whom I shall in time be coupled in an eternal friendship? And on the other side, if he will continue to be wicked and be damned, then is there such outrageous eternal sorrow before him that I may well think myself a deadly cruel wretch if I would not now rather pity his pain than malign his person. If one would say that we may with good conscience wish an evil man harm lest he should do harm to other folk who are innocent and good, I will not now dispute upon that point, for that root has more branches to be well weighed and considered that I can now conveniently write (having no other pen than a coal). But truly will I give counsel to every good friend of mine that unless he be put in such a position as to punish an evil man in his charge by reason of his office, he should leave the desire of punishing to God and such other folk who are so grounded in charity and so fast cleaved to God that no secretly malicious or cruel affection can creep in and undermine them under the cloak of a just and a virtuous zeal. But let us that are no better than men of a mean sort ever prey for such merciful amendment in other folk as our own conscience shows us that we have need of in ourselves.

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— Editor, *Annals Australasia*.

Appealing to prejudices, fears and grudges

TERRORISM OF THE MIND

GILES AUTY discusses how postmodernism somehow managed to sneak under Christianity's spiritual radar. Basing himself on ideas drawn from *The Death of Truth* by Dennis McCallum, he analyses postmodernism and alerts readers to the mechanisms that drive it.



If you would understand the world we mutually inhabit a great deal better, may I humbly recommend a paperback published five years ago in America as essential reading for you, your family and all of your friends? Its editor, Dennis McCallum, is an evangelical Christian who has invited expert contributors to respond to the assault which postmodernist theories are making today on so many vital areas of our lives.

Its title, appropriately, is *The Death of Truth*. The book was published by Bethany House Publishers in Minneapolis, USA in 1996. It costs \$25 or thereabouts in Australia. If the subject sounds dull, discouraging or irrelevant to your particular life, think again. You will receive a wonderful surprise if you actually take the trouble to obtain and read the book. What it provides is a series of penetrating insights into one of the greatest threats Christianity has faced in its entire history. What do we mean here by postmodernism? Postmodernism is a set of ideas and ideologies which managed to sneak in somehow under Christianity's old-fashioned radar. Its shock troops are disembarked now and are everywhere in our midst. What postmodernist ideology represents is a kind of intellectual terrorism. It does not attempt to destroy buildings but concentrates instead on trying to demolish the foundations on which western civilisation is built. It is also insidious in its ability to present arguments which are convincing enough to sway those who lack experience in thinking clearly for themselves.

Indeed, whatever counter-argument you suggest, postmodernist theory will come up with an answer which is calculated to appeal to some

prejudice you may have. Thus if you say – rightly – that many of postmodernism's arguments are irrational and illogical, this will be countered immediately by the claim that the use of reason and logic favours the causes of people who are educationally privileged. What about all the dumb, under-educated and inarticulate people who nevertheless know what they feel? Reason is also presented now – by radical feminists, at least – as an almost exclusively male means of problem-solving. Wherever you turn, in fact, postmodernist theory comes up with an answer calculated to appeal to a grudge you may hold against some supposedly privileged section of society. Its arguments are cleverly conceived yet fundamentally

dishonest. So guess what happens next. We are told that the notion of honesty itself is merely a social i.e. human 'construct'. No such thing as truth – let alone absolute truth – exists. 'Personal' truth is all that matters now – although it seems to have escaped the attention of postmodernism's relativists that their 'personal' truth is simply a synonym for personal opinion. So how does one set of personal opinions manage to prevail against another? The answer is power. You simply force people to live under your unreasonable decrees and unworkable systems by obtaining power over them. Postmodernism can easily sound awfully like communism by a different name. Most of postmodernism's ideological initiatives do, in



Religion and Science

'THE world ... a mere complex of phenomena that can be ... examined with reference only to its functionality ...'

The progress of humanity must be measured not only by the progress of science and technology, but also and chiefly by the primacy given to spiritual values and by the progress of moral life. So it is deplorable [that] legitimate pluralism is often confused with neutrality of values. In the name of misunderstood democracy, people think they can increasingly do without ethical norms, and ... the moral categories of good and evil in public life ...

It is as if knowledge and scientific research stretched out toward the infinite, only to snap back to their origins. The old problem of the connection between science and faith has not become outdated with the development of modern sciences; on the contrary, in a world more and more imbued with science, [faith] manifests ... vital importance ...

In the past, precursors of modern science fought against the Church with the slogans Reason, Freedom, and Progress. Today, in view of the crisis ... of science, the battle fronts have been inverted. Today ... the Church takes up the defence for reason and science ... both parties must continue listening to each other. We need each other.

– Pope John Paul II Nov 15, 1980, quoted in *Osservatore Romano*, Nov 24, 1980.

fact, stem from Karl Marx. Given these origins, it need surprise no-one that postmodernist ideology despises and openly scorns Christianity not only as Marx's 'opium of the people' but also as a symbol of Friedrich Nietzsche's idea of the inability of the weak to 'seize their own destiny'. While Marx can be held responsible, as its ideological founding father, for the phenomenon of communism, Nietzsche's philosophy certainly provided a philosophical underpinning to the psychology of European fascism which brought us, as you may remember, such marks of attempted cultural assertion as the Holocaust. If you add the names of Jean-Jacques Rousseau – whose ideology led to the French Revolution and the subsequent use of terror as a political tool – and Sigmund Freud, who is partly responsible, at least, for supplanting the priest's confessional with the psychoanalyst's couch, you will have identified the quartet whose ideologies permeate postmodernist thinking.

Most would agree that the personal lives of all four, to say nothing of their mental stability, left a great deal to be

desired yet they are held up today as examples of thinkers whose theories 'prove' the irrelevance of Christianity – and of liberal democracy as a desirable system of government. What McCallum's book demonstrates is the growing stranglehold postmodernist

ideas exert today not just in relatively obvious areas such as literature, religion, art and history but in much less evident ones such as science, medicine and law.

Basically such ideas have radiated out from academic institutions into the general community until we have largely forgotten why, how and where they first started. What about political correctness, for instance, which makes its presence felt now in Australia via all sorts of social legislation? It originated on the campus of Berkeley, California in 1964.

While most western ideas of justice and social legislation once reflected a form of secularised Christianity, today postmodernism resists all Christian social influences on the grounds that they are not fair to many of our newer immigrants.

As McCallum's book points out, much that many of us formerly cherished and thought worth defending as part of a 'western way of life' is effectively vanishing before our eyes.

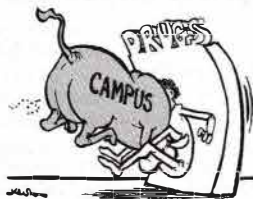
A particular virtue of this book is that it alerts us belatedly to the precise mechanisms which are effecting this change.



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 when he became national correspondent for *The Australian*. Currently he is writing for Brisbane's *Courier-Mail*.

Barbarian bitterness

GRANTED so much, there does seem to be a new bitterness nowadays, a new despair: on the average English or American campus today, students appear to be under exceptional pressure, of a kind which impels some towards drugs and the narcotic use of sex, some towards petty violence, some towards revolutionary extremism, some towards dull acquiescence in a mindless Babbitism, and too many towards suicide. Even in my own university – Oxford, 'tower city and branchy between towers' – the new and furious kind of 'student' seems to have taken over from the older-style 'undergraduate', with his tweeds and



his huge pipe and his reading-parties in the Black Forest and his possible wild bonneting of a bobby on Boat-Race night. The towers remain, even many of the branches; but the Oxford of sacred and perhaps sentimental memory – the Oxford of Newman, of *Sinister Street* and *Brideshead Revisited* – has vanished, 'submerged now and obliterated, irrecoverable as Lyonesse, so quickly have the waters come flooding in'. Even among all that mellow old stonework and those still-chiming bells, the spirit of barbarian bitterness appears to have taken over to a sad degree: it is a universal phenomenon, or getting on that way.

– Christopher Derrick, *Escape from Scepticism*, Ignatius Press, San Francisco, 1977.



Proud King Saul

HOW King Saul loses his calm and clear-sighted mind.

In Thomas More's last works, proud King Saul emerges as the recurring example of the danger facing any ruler...Saul was chosen by God and entrusted with enforcing the laws of Israel, and he began as a just and energetic advocate of Israel's common good.

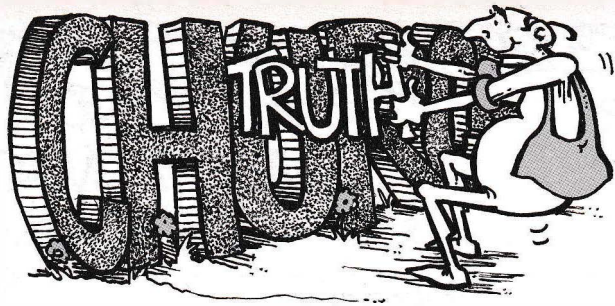
Yet faced with tribulations, Saul became impatient and 'murmured, grudged, and mistrusted God'...After 'boldly framing himself a conscience with a glass of his own making...', he ended up consulting witches, a practice explicitly forbidden by a law that Saul himself had proclaimed.

Contrast Saul's approach to the advice Thomas More gives while he is imprisoned:

'He will cover you with his pinions, and under his wings you will find refuge' (Psalm 91:4). Look, here is a sure promise for every faithful person. In the blistering heat of temptation or tribulation (for as I've said several times already, these overlap to a great extent: the devil uses every tribulation as a temptation to impatience, and therefore to murmuring and resentment and blasphemy; and every kind of temptation, to a good person who fights against it and refuses to follow it, is a very painful tribulation) in the blistering heat, I therefore say, of every temptation. God gives the faithful person who hopes in him the shade of his holy shoulders, which are broad and large. It is shade sufficient to cool and refresh anyone in the heart...

'He will cover you with his pinions, and under his wings you will find refuge. This verse says to the faithful person something further yet. It says that for the good hope you have in his help, God will take you as close to himself, just as snugly under his protection, as a hen nestles her young chicks together under her own wings to keep them safe from the hawk.

- More's *Dialogue of Comfort*, Scepter, pp. 109-110, emphasis added



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MEDIA MATTERS

By James Murray

Secularist pieties

The lethal events of September 11 have thrown into headline relief the distinctive characteristics of Christianity and Islam. Between them, acting as self-identified, neutral observers, are secularists.

But is secularism neutral? Not according to the distinguished historian of religions, William Cantwell Smith, in a new collection of essays, *Modern Culture from a Comparative Perspective* (State University of New York, \$14.95).

One essay, entitled *Islamic Resurgence*, suggests that liberal secularism has failed westernised Muslims. Perceptive point. Smith could have been writing of those who led the highjack, crash and burn operation. He adds: 'Secularist intellectuals have hardly yet begun to wrestle with the fact that secularism too is one human vision among others, an ideology of dignity and worth but not necessarily the best, and its categories certainly are not universally applicable (are not straightforwardly true).'

By the light of this perception, secularism can be seen for what it truly is: a quasi-religious aggregation of ideas and beliefs. If, as reported, Osama bin Laden's driving vision encompassed a universal Islamic caliphate, then Guy Secular (alias Phillip Adams) aims for the global hegemony of a self-appointed intellectual elite arbitrating the aggregated notions of secularism.

One of its notions, perhaps its key notion, is freedom from religion not freedom of religion. Case in point: the report that authorities at the Southern Cross University, New South Wales were planning to ban religious activity (specifically Christian) on campus.

Another notion secularists like to call their own is the separation of Church and State. But this is no more secularist than it is Calathumpian. In Europe, and wherever constitutions have been influenced by Europe, Church-State separation takes its prime rationale from the words of Jesus Christ: 'Render to Casesar, the things that are Casar's and to God the things that are God's.'

Inherent in this text is the tension between the civil and religious powers that has created the dynamism of many civilized polities, ancient and modern.

Telly views

The \$2 million-plus funding of *Islam: Empire of Faith*, repeated post September 11 on SBS, came from the United States Government through the Public Broadcasting System as part of a diplomatic rapprochement with Iran.

The series was notable for its emphasis on the cultural debt owed by the West to Arab civilization and for its dramatic reconstructions. Arab warriors were

depicted riding their fine steeds and brandishing their shining swords like extras in a remake of *The Desert Song*. Crusaders were reported to have ridden up to their stirrups in blood, a phenomenon for which smashed water melons substituted. At this point an explanation would have been welcome on how the Arabs won so often if they were simply sword wavers

True, Ottoman Turkish artillery was seen in action. But when it came to the decisive siege of Vienna, the artillery was said to have been bogged down and the Turkish forces to have retired because of the inclement weather.

No mention of the Pole Jan Sobieski and his forces. They raised the siege and certainly at the time were perceived to have saved Europe (hence French croisants (crescents) which commemorate the battle.

By contrast the BBC series *Son of God*, narrated by veteran correspondent Jeremy Bowen and shown on the ABC *Compass* programme, fudged no fudges, was comprehensive and critical. Some may object to such gimmickry as reconstructing a semblance of Christ using an ancient, nondescript skull and to the laboratory re-enactment of a crucifixion (without nails) Your correspondent has the view that one mark of truth is that it takes harder blows over a longer period than untruth.

Shibboleth times

Racism is a word whose use can be as facile and free from real meaning as the word fascist – a kind of scatergun, loaded with rusty prejudices but not enough to cover all cases.

How, for example, would you define the divide that has appeared in Britain between black people of East Indies and of Nigerian descent. According to *The Tablet* (September 29), the former resent the latter, alleging they benefit from early West Indian work in breaking down race barriers, not least in transport and health areas. They also perceive the Nigerians to be richer and better educated and to have been complicit in the slave trading that exiled West Indians from Africa to the Caribbean islands.

Shier triumph

Jonathan Shier performed a last service for the Liberal Party of which he was once an apparatchik. His resignation drove Kim Beazley's policy speech from the front-page lead position of *The Australian*. (His Labor apparatchik predecessors David Hill and Brian Johns performed no equivalent service).

Beazley was deep below the fold, an early indication of how the flagship of Global Admiral Rupert Murdoch's local fleet was going to position itself for the



Howard Coalition and against Beazley's Labor.

Not that there was a signal: 'Murdoch this day expects that every editor will tack to the right.' Nevertheless his fleet duly did. With the birth of his new child, Grace, Murdoch now has enough daughters to cast himself as King Lear in a 20th Century Fox movie directed by Baz Luhrmann. Not that he is likely to. Nor will the Murdoch succession necessarily follow current predictions. Consider American tycoon John Malone and his strategic holdings in News Corporation. Consider also the welcome possibility of the re-invigorated Rupert living to be one hundred.

By then his four older children would be heading towards their seventies. Grace would be 30, only slightly older than her papa when he took over *The News*, Adelaide, foundation of the empire on which *The Sun*, London never ceases to shock.

New game

The nature, if not the name, of the game has changed in Australia; politics are no longer really party politics. Not surprisingly given the reliance of politicians on sporting metaphors, politics have become a kind of sport with what were the main political parties Labor and Liberal as kind of national squad, one the Test team which actually has headline power, the other the A-team that gives the Test team a bit of practice from time to time.

What the A (Labor) team needs is a policy re-think from either its left or right (two labels from which all meaning has been leached). Once upon a time, its right used to derive inspiration from the papal encyclicals *Rerum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*. These helped to make 'social justice' part of the political vocabulary and helped to clean-up trade unions.

Time perhaps to peruse Pope John Paul II's social encyclicals, particularly *Centissimus Annus*, written to mark the centenary of *Rerum Novarum*. His constructive criticism of the unregulated market might be therapeutic as dotcoms, airlines and IT companies go crash, bang, wallop along with insurance companies and wait to be bailed out by the taxpayer, regulated from cradle to coffin.

Howard Crean

Criticism of Simon Crean's elevation to the leadership of the parliamentary Labor Party continues, based on his image problem. Odd. Image was never Prime Minister John Howard's strong point, as he acknowledged when he referred to his charisma by-pass. And he's been elected to a third term with a fourth a possibility (when others were writing him off your correspondent noted his wiliness and Anzac spirit).

Incidentally, the word charisma first passed from religion to politics when applied to Jack Kennedy by some hack looking for an alternative to glamour. Who needs it? Certainly not an efficient political operator.

Howard's fixing on his sixty-fourth birthday as his time for reconsideration of his career suggests that he is a closet Beatles fan, who remembers their

ditty: *When I'm 64*. But surely he cannot be subconsciously addressing the lines 'Will you still need me, will you still feed me?' to his loyal deputy Peter Costello.

Kerry spin

The post-OneTel James Packer might have been tempted to say 'Half your luck, Dad' when he viewed the positive spin put on his father Kerry's much touted investment in Indian IT. This was not portrayed as an uncharacteristically daft move but simply as Packer père switching from Indian IT to gold (sane India's own preferred investment).

Nelson Eye

From the furore over who said what and when about boat people and their children being thrown overboard, a clear message emerges: managed news tends to be high risk news. If there is a blowback, the Government has to cop the lot. Had journalists been assigned to the Royal Australian Navy ship involved, the intensity of the blowback might have been diminished.

As it was, the Defence Department, supposedly the beneficiary of leading edge communications technology, created a scenario that could not have been more confused if they had turned Nelson's blind eye on the situation and signaled with washed-out flags.

Yes, ultimate responsibility rests with government ministers. But allowance must be made if they receive duff gen.

Ernest example

Despite the influence of that ex-*Toronto Star* hack and Nobel Prize laureate Ernest Hemingway, an odd 19th century usage continues in 21st century local newspapers. Hemingway made it a rule that in relation to dialogue his characters simply 'said'.

They did not exclaim, state or use any other synonymous term. Yet in even the smartest of metropolitan newspapers people are reported to do this as well as expostulate, murmur, hiss, gasp, mutter, yell, shriek, declare, remark, respond, riposte, retort and refute (when what is meant is rebut). The reason for the survival is plain, of course. It's a means for journalists to slant or put spin on quotes.

Ignorance not bliss

Three pieces came together in recent reading. The first was about religious fundamentals. The second was a sad quote from rock singer Liam Gallagher describing how having been educated in England he knew nothing of Catholicism and had to rely on his contemporary, the Irish rock star Bono for enlightenment about his religious heritage.

The third was a statement by England's Cardinal Cormac Murphy-O'Connor that there needs to be more emphasis on what used to be called apologetics, that is a positive and cogent grasp of the historical

facts of Catholicism and its claim to be the one, true church founded by Jesus Christ on the rock called Peter.

Time possibly for the Catholic Education office to issue a new textbook, based on Paul Stenhouse's booklets *Understanding Catholicism* (if you can't plug your editor's work what can you plug?)

Uncle Tom RC

African-Americans have long excoriated their fellows for derogatory attitudes, definable as Uncle Tom. Does an equivalent exist for some humourists of Catholic background? Lately your correspondent has noticed television performers who make it part of their thing to joke about religious matters.

Catholicism, like Judaism, has a strong tradition of humour. But this is different. It comes on as bold where it is really creepy, a cringe to hoped for ratings, an extra minute or two of fame and to the spirit of the age that always tends to seem stronger than it is.

Charity rip-off

Is it a local coincidence or a national trend? This year, your correspondent has noted three, second-hand book shops in Sydney setting up in close proximity to St Vincent de Paul Society shops where newish editions of books are available at rock-bottom prices. He has also noted that copies of the same books later appear in the secondhand shops, marked up by anything between 25 and 100 per cent.

Isn't there something the Society can do about this kind of competition? What about separating read-to-pieces paperbacks and hardbacks from mint condition hardbacks, putting them in the front window and charging accordingly?

Two-voiced journos

In assessing reportage from overseas on such matters as Australia's politics, religious matters or alleged pariah status, it is wise to remember that a significant part of this reportage is filed by local stringers who may come on stronger for their foreign bosses than for their domestic bosses. Congratulations to Terry McCrann (*The Australian*, November 24-25) for blowing the whistle on this little trade secret in relation to *The Economist*.

Good guy

At the risk of contradiction from the odd baseball fan, Leo Durocher got it wrong when he said: 'Good guys finish last.' Good guys don't finish. They don't even fade away like old soldiers. Their influence continues. Such a good guy was Bruce Allen. Had he taken the mapped road, his talent as television journalist would have made him a contender for the ABC's

highest executive position. As it was, he resigned years ago on a point of principle to take the road less travelled as an independent producer.

His death, and the loss to his wife Helen Styles and their son Matthew as well as Australian media have been marked in appropriately generous obituaries. Your correspondent last greeted him at Martin Place, Sydney. He was obviously going for the line. Whose line? The good guy's line. RIP

Pearson wisdom

Indigenous leader Noel Pearson continues to say the unsayable as in his Dr Charles Perkins Memorial Oration at the University of Sydney when he called not for an apology but for zero tolerance on drug abuse (including alcohol) in Aboriginal communities.

'What our people need more urgently than an expansion of the healthcare system is an immediate dismantling of the passive welfare paradigm,' he said. 'And an end to permissive thinking about grog and drug policy because it is those factors that generate the endless flow of Aboriginal injuries, neglected children and unnecessarily sick people to the clinics.'

But it also needs to be emphasised surely that drug abuse is part of an overall national and international culture affecting the young of many nations.

Exclusive chuckle

Big exclusives frequently have a secret, unprinted chuckle behind them. Such was the exclusive about the official of the University of Technology, Sydney who for months and substantial bribes was prepared to wipe from computer records bad grades received by students.

The chuckle? The communications faculty of the university has on its staff some of the brightest of the reporters called investigative because they write more. And take longer.

Fels bells

Journalists can be ambivalent about public figures adept in using media. While happy to be by-lined reporting on such figures, they refer to them as headline or camera happy. One notable target is Professor Alan Fels, boss of the Consumer Competition Commission.

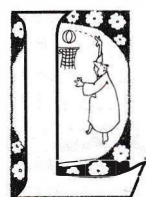
But how else is Fels to bring effective pressure to bear against big business if he doesn't use media? Apropos, some sectors of the healthcare and funeral business have a cosy arrangement: patients entering nursing homes are required as part of their contract to agree to use the funeral service nominated by the nursing home. Jessica Mitford in *The American Way of Death* cited nothing so intriguing. Talk about keeping businesses in the black ...

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The Cheka, GPU and OGPU

BOLSHEVISM'S EARLY SECRET POLICE

We are living through a time when the reality of terror and terrorism has been brought home in a way that was unimaginable for many, before September 11. R.J. STOVE reflects on the life and deeds of one of the authors of the modern terrorist's handbook.



LESS than a year after the Bolshevik Revolution had propelled Lenin from obscure exile to supreme rule of Russia, the first truly major figure in Soviet surveillance, Felix Edmondovich Dzerzhinsky, delivered himself of a statement remarkable for its frankness:

We stand for organised terror ...

Terror is an absolute necessity during times of revolution ... The Cheka is obliged to defend the revolution and conquer the enemy even if its sword does by chance sometimes fall on the heads of the innocent.¹

These accents – following as they did Lenin's signing, on 7 December 1917, of the statute that brought the Cheka surveillance force into being – announced something altogether novel even for the Russian mind. Nothing with half the Cheka's efficiency had existed under Tsarism. Yet Dzerzhinsky himself found total candour for Bolshevism's sake to be the most natural thing in the world. So dedicated that tradition credits him with a willingness to clean the Communist Party headquarters' lavatories – a chore which other Bolsheviks, preferring a more abstract lustration of Augean stables, all shirked – Dzerzhinsky blended with terrorist adroitness a fear-inducing virtue. As guiding spirit, and eventual director, of the Cheka – or, to give the department its full name, the All-Russian Extraordinary Commission for Combatting Counter-Revolution and Sabotage – he was usually likened to a mediæval monk, to Savonarola, or (most often) to Dostoyevsky's Grand Inquisitor.

This last analogy is all the more surprising in view of Dzerzhinsky's

origins: not Russian at all, or even Eastern Orthodox, but Polish and Catholic. Born in 1877 of aristocratic but impoverished Polish parents in what is now Belarus, he seems from the start to have been thoroughly indigestible. Intended at first for holy orders, he maintained his belief in Catholicism with a youthful fervour. It could be argued that, indeed, Dzerzhinsky never abandoned his religious zeal: merely transferred it from the supernatural sphere to the mundane. Tubercular from childhood, he put extra strains upon his physique by the regularity with which he received sentences of banishment to Siberia: banishment to which (between 1897 and 1908) he was condemned five times, and from which five times he made spectacular escapes.

In September 1912 the Polish police tracked Dzerzhinsky down to a café, where they arrested him. Accustomed to dealing with recognisably human troublemakers, they had

never met anyone like Dzerzhinsky before. Immured in Warsaw's Mokotovski Prison for almost a year and a half before sentence was passed, he repeatedly 'shook the bars ... screamed imprecations, clambered up like an animal, bit at the iron till all his teeth were broken, dashed round his cell looking for something to throw.'² A judge in April 1914 condemned him to two years' hard labour, mainly because of his preceding breakouts. Thirteen months later, the authorities transferred him to Moscow, where they announced that his term of confinement would be increased by a further six years. They proved unduly sanguine. The Tsar's downfall, so fatal to others' hopes of freedom, guaranteed Dzerzhinsky's own.

Once at liberty, Dzerzhinsky laboured with all his strength in the Bolshevik cause. During the Bolshevik Revolution itself he carried out the vitally important task of capturing Petrograd's telegraph offices, on behalf of his comrades' Military Revolutionary Committee. Yet he eschewed the chance of becoming the Cheka's first *de jure* boss.

That job went to a less formidable character: Moses Uritski, a comparative moderate, old-fashioned enough to assume that state terror on a grand scale would lead to anti-Bolshevik reprisals. Lenin knew better; and when twenty-one non-Bolshevik Socialists were arrested in July 1918 for having plotted to blow up the Smolny Institute (Bolshevism's Petrograd headquarters at the time), he persuaded Uritski to sign their death-warrant. One of the executed had a friend named L. A. Kanegisser, and this youth exacted revenge by fatally shooting Uritski in Moscow on the morning of 30 August.



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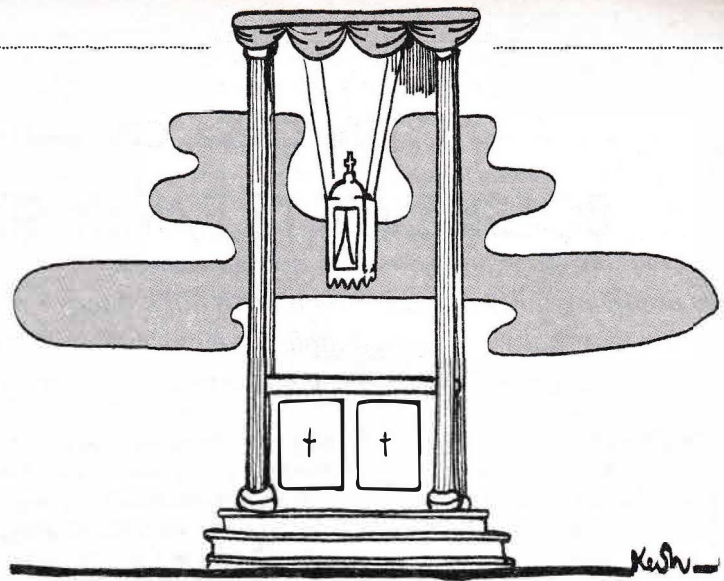
(Don't forget to mention *Annals Australasia*)

That very afternoon, also in Moscow, Lenin himself was shot and wounded in a wholly separate incident by a Socialist Revolutionary, Fanny Kaplan. Arrested within minutes, Mlle Kaplan was over the following week flayed with knives and forced to drink molten wax before being shot in the head within the Kremlin walls: either by Kremlin Commissioner Pavel Maltov or, according to some accounts, by Dzerzhinsky himself.

Certainly nothing in Dzerzhinsky's post-1917 character precluded such 'revolutionary justice' carried out with his own hands. Female suspects inspired him with particular disgust. In him, 'all human feeling for women had gone: they could be the most insidious agents of the Class Enemy.'³ It is worth noting that whereas usually earlier surveillance chiefs no more wanted to carry out their own tortures than an architect normally wants to lay his own building's bricks, Dzerzhinsky was among his own best thugs. When sleep evaded him (and it often did; he worked an average of sixteen hours a day, seven days a week),⁴ he would stride through the cells of the Lubyanka – which in 1920 had become the Cheka's chief prison – and beat up inmates, male or female, himself.⁵

If in his callousness towards women Dzerzhinsky followed a long revolutionary tradition within Russia, another of his chief aversions was as un-Russian as possible: he could not abide drunkards. On at least one occasion, though – New Year's Eve 1918 – Dzerzhinsky himself over-indulged in drink. This led to a scene of orgiastic self-reproach in which he blubbered to Lenin: 'I have spilt so much blood that I no longer have any right to live. You must shoot me now.'⁶ Secret police work, Dzerzhinsky whined, can be done by 'only saints or scoundrels ... but now the saints are running away from me and I am left with the scoundrels.'⁷ In Lenin's day, Communist strategies remained enough of an innovation to inspire a certain shock even among those implementing them.

Cheka killers, admittedly, had the legal right to extra rations of vodka⁸ and – by an unwritten, but rigorously enforced, law – the right to uncon-



Ciborium Altars

BY ciborium, of which the etymology and original meaning are variously interpreted by archaeologists, is understood the detached canopy of the altar, supported on four columns, and from which hung a vessel of costly material, containing the Sacred Elements, used especially for the Communion of the sick. This ciborium besides having a symbolical meaning, was intended to shield the Holy Sacrifice and the altar from the falling dust or any other possible impurity.

This erection over the Holy Sacrifice had been in use from a very early period of ecclesiastical art, and fashioned variously, according to the prevailing style of the time. The roof of the ciborium altar reposed on four columns, standing round the altar at a short distance from its corners, and their richly decorated capitals and shafts were often moulded in metal.

In the early period of Christian art, when it still clung to the classical forms of antiquity, these columns were simply united by architraves and covered by a rather flat ceiling, generally finished by four gables. In this case the horizontal band of the architrave often served as a support for the tapers which on festivals were sometimes used in great numbers to illuminate the upper part of the altar.

Besides the one now under consideration, the most ancient ciborium altars still preserved in this form are in the churches of St Clemente and St Giorgio in Velabro at Rome, at St Mark's, Venice, at the Cathedral of the Patriarchate of Aquileia in Friuli, and in the Cathedral church of Parenzo in Istria.

These, as well as most of the ciborium altars from the earliest Christian times until about the twelfth century, were furnished between the four columns with full curtains, which closed in the detached altar-table on its four sides.

– T. Francis Bumpus, *The Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy*.

tested ownership of their victims' gold teeth.⁹ Even these privileges could not always compensate Chekists for the unpleasantnesses of their jobs. Bolshevik Central Committee member Nikolai Bukharin warned:

Do not let us forget how many of them [Chekists] ... are nervous wrecks, and sometimes hopelessly ill. For their work was such torture, demanding such enormous concentration, it was so hellish, that it called for a truly iron character.¹⁰

For Bukharin, the solution to this problem was not (heaven – or, rather, Marx – forbid!) to cut back the Cheka's terror campaign, but to provide adequate accommodation and rest for frazzled Chekists to take time out. To the end of his days Bukharin revered Dzerzhinsky for his 'justified cruelty to enemies, which guarded the state against any kind of counter-revolution.'¹¹ Dzerzhinsky, for his part, inspired among his subordinates profound affection. Even the most improvident among them could rely on his tolerance for most forms of financial irresponsibility. Sometimes he even 'lent' sums to hard-up Chekists, knowing full well that he would never be repaid.¹² Communist males imprisoned for non-political and non-erotic crimes also benefited from his lenience. Not so the sexually immoral, who suffused Dzerzhinsky with white-hot loathing.

That some outright lunatics should have slipped through the net of recruitment, despite Dzerzhinsky's care for the highest ethical standards among his murderers, became inevitable in view of the Cheka's sheer size. As of January 1919, the Cheka had at least 37,000 members; by June 1921 this number had gone up to 261,000.¹³

On 6 February 1922 Lenin ordered the Cheka to be renamed the GPU, and in July 1923 the GPU became the OGPU. Almost all GPU and OGPU staff had worked as Cheka staff; but in accordance with its bland new name, the GPU – like the OGPU afterwards – showed itself to be an altogether more sanctimonious organisation than the Cheka had been. Cheka prisons were always

called Cheka prisons; the later organisations renamed them 'houses of correction', 'houses of isolation', and 'houses of supervision'. Typical of Dzerzhinsky's later years was the arrest and execution (August 1921) of sixty-one 'conspirators' in Petrograd, among whom only one enjoyed wide contemporary fame: Nikolai Gumilev, first husband of Anna Akhmatova, and himself a poet of consequence. To pleas by the literary community for Gumilev's life, Dzerzhinsky answered, with a genuine bewilderment that the more cynical and publicity-hungry Stalin never allowed himself: 'Are we entitled to make an exception of a poet and still shoot the others?'¹⁴

In his final years Dzerzhinsky combined his Cheka-GPU-OGPU

leadership with less exciting but almost equally demanding functions. He served as Trade Commissar; he directed the national railway system; he chaired the Friends of the Soviet Cinema; and he headed the Extraordinary Commission for the Struggle Against Snowdrifts.¹⁵ Quickly mastering the smallest official detail, he felt contempt for those among his fellow Bolsheviks who preferred theoretical blathering to administrative competence. Besides, a new generation of Party bosses was by this time emerging; men such as the aforementioned Bukharin, but also Grigori Zinoviev, Lev Kamenev, Genrikh Yagoda, Nikolai Yezhov, and V. M. Molotov. Several of these younger figures were, in terms of Bolshevik tradition, *arrivistes*. Many of

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them fancied themselves as intellectuals, and thus as members of a caste that the autodidact Dzerzhinsky had never cared for. Most were Jews. All had been born to comfortable, if not downright rich, bourgeois families. They represented a future force that Dzerzhinsky, on the whole, hated and feared.

On 20 July 1926 Dzerzhinsky, increasingly troubled by angina pectoris, addressed the yearly Plenum of the Communist Party in terms calculated to scandalise his hearers. The noisier the protests in the auditorium, the firmer Dzerzhinsky's rebukes grew.

You all know that whatever strength I have consists in the fact that *I have never spared myself*. You respect and believe me because I never mince matters, and if I see anything amiss attack it relentlessly ... It has never ceased to astonish me how persons in the posts occupied by the People's Commissars, their deputies and responsible subordinates should reveal so abysmal an ignorance of those very matters in which they claim to be expert ... [Shouts of 'Order!'] I can see that what I have said has gone home. No doubt such candour is unpalatable; but it is not within the power of anyone here to gag me. And if anyone thinks he can disown any of the fundamental principles of Bolshevism while I am here, let him take warning! For if he attempts any such iniquity I shall have him and his destroyed.¹⁶

Pandemonium among his hearers ended only when Stalin, according to unconfirmed but intrinsically plausible accounts, hurled an obscenity at Dzerzhinsky. Overcome with emotion at this public chastisement by one whom he had always viewed as a supporter, Dzerzhinsky staggered away from the building, went to the office which served as his bedroom, and locked himself in. A few hours later, to the amazement of those who had been peeking through the keyhole of his door, he fell dead of a heart attack.

Those who had followed him in order to scoff remained, if not to do anything so counter-revolutionary as pray, at least to mourn one whose

personal dedication could never be denied. Newspapers surrounded their front pages with black borders. At Dzerzhinsky's funeral the pallbearers included a future President of the Soviet Union (Marshal Kliment Voroshilov), two future Prime Ministers (Molotov and Anastas Mikoyan), and one General Secretary (Stalin). 'In Dzerzhinsky', Stalin proclaimed as part of his graveside encomium, 'the old guard of Lenin has lost yet another of his best directors and warriors.' Less predictable was a delirious tribute from assorted masochists at the other end of the penal system:

We, the occupants of the Odessa Isolation House, met together in



Keeping to oneself

THE name of a man is a numbing blow, from which he never recovers,' said C.H. Rolph, quoting Marshall McLuhan, in his *Letter from London* (World Service). Mr Rolph was reflecting on anonymity and its advantages. He was dismayed by 'the thought of these great computer banks full of information about people like me, as named and type-cast individuals: information about me that I don't even know myself. When I think of socially compassionate organisations like Alcoholics Anonymous, I am tempted to think we need an organisation called something like *Anonymity Unanimous*.'

— *Times Literary Supplement* 28/8/1975

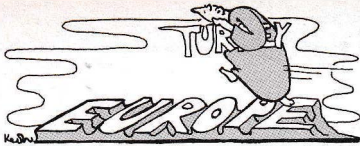
the club to hear the heart-rending news of the death of Felix Edmondovich Dzerzhinsky. We therefore passed a resolution asking the administration to convey our profound regrets for this irreparable loss ... in the firm faith that this terrible loss is only physical and that the great Cause to which Felix Edmondovich gave his life will continue to grow and spread until that happy day when the universe is converted to Socialism.¹⁷

As to Dzerzhinsky's true achievements, the official figure for the Cheka's victims was given by the Soviet régime itself, with suspicious fussiness, as 12,733. But this number fails to include the approximately 100,000 anti-Bolshevik captives during the Civil War, whom Cheka squads shot and sometimes (perhaps in deliberate homage to the French Revolution) drowned in barges, or a further 29,000 Ukrainians killed by the local Cheka after 1920. Robert Conquest has estimated the total deaths at Cheka, GPU or OGPU hands to have been 200,000 between 1917 and 1923.¹⁸ By contrast, the total deaths at Tsarist officials' hands during the last third of the nineteenth century amounted to only ninety-four.



- 1 Ronald Hingley, *The Russian Secret Service: Muscovite, Imperial Russian and Soviet Political Security Operations, 1565-1970* (Hutchinson, London, 1970), p. 12.
- 2 Bernard Bromage, *Man of Terror: Dzerzhinsky* (Peter Owen, London, 1956), p. 114.
- 3 Bromage, *op. cit.*, p. 153.
- 4 George Leggett, *The Cheka: Lenin's Political Police* (Oxford University Press, New York City, 1981), p. 253.
- 5 Bromage, *op. cit.*, p. 153.
- 6 Leggett, *op. cit.*, p. 251; Albert S. Lindemann, *Esau's Tears: Modern Anti-Semitism and the Rise of the Jews* (Cambridge University Press, New York City, 1997), p. 442.
- 7 Leggett, *op. cit.*, p. 266.
- 8 Leggett, *op. cit.*, p. 201.
- 9 Bromage, *op. cit.*, p. 156.
- 10 Leggett, *op. cit.*, p. 201.
- 11 Roy A. Medvedev, *Let History Judge: The Origins and Consequences of Stalinism*, trans. Colleen Taylor (Knopf, New York City, 1972), p. 183.
- 12 Bromage, *op. cit.*, p. 162.
- 13 Leggett, pp. 232-233.
- 14 Mikhail Hellar and Aleksandr Neckrich, *Utopia in Power: The History of the Soviet Union from 1917 to the Present*, trans. P. B. Carlos (Hutchinson, London, 1985), p. 140.
- 15 Hellar and Neckrich, *op. cit.*, p. 204.
- 16 Bromage, *op. cit.*, pp. 204-206.
- 17 Bromage, *op. cit.*, p. 207.
- 18 Leggett, *op. cit.*, p. 467.

R.J. STOVE is editor and publisher of the Sydney-based Internet magazine *Codex* [www.codexmag.com.au]. He is a well-known contributor to Australian literary and political journals.



The Turks, Catholic Volunteers and Lepanto

CONSIDERING the sixteenth century strength of the Turks and their aggressions it must have seemed to successive Popes that they were a greater danger to Christendom than a troublesome handful of heretics scattered about Northern Europe. At any rate they were a visible peril requiring urgent attention.

In 1522 Solyman I with a fleet of three hundred vessels besieged the Island of Rhodes and wrested it from the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. In 1526 the Sultan invaded Hungary with an army of over 100,000 men and 300 cannon, and, at the Battle of Mohrez, King Louis, the majority of the Magyar nobles, and 24,000 of the rank and file of the Hungarian army, were slain. Buda and Pesth were captured and the whole country devastated. For a whole month the Turkish armies burnt and pillaged; and when, laden with plunder, they turned homewards, they drove before them a miserable horde of 100,000 Christian men, women, and children to sell in the Turkish slave markets.

Three years later Solyman I again invaded Hungary, this time with an army of 250,000 men, and reached Vienna. After desperate battles the small defending force of Austrians, Germans, and Spaniards repulsed the Turks. Before the Turks retreated they set fire to the spoils they had amassed and could not carry away, and massacred thou-

sands of their Christian captives. The prettiest children were kept to be sold into slavery, but the rest were either put to the sword or thrown alive into the flames.

For the next forty years the Turks were a dreaded menace in the East of Europe.

The war on Hungary was renewed in 1537, and in 1547, when a truce was signed, the Turks were in possession of nearly the whole of Hungary and Transylvania.

And the Turkish fleets in the Mediterranean were as powerful a scourge as the armies on land. In 1560 the combined Christian fleet of two hundred vessels was defeated off the island of Djerbe. The whole of Southern Europe was threatened by power of the Porte.

The Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, driven from Rhodes, had established themselves at Malta, given to them by the Emperor Charles V. Knowing that, sooner or later, the Turkish fleet would attack them, they fortified the island. The Turks attacked with a powerful fleet in the spring of 1565. Under the heroic Grand Master La Vallette the 700 Knights and 8,500 soldiers defended the island gallantly. After a siege of months the Turkish invaders were driven off with a loss of 25,000 men. But 5,000 of the interpid defenders were killed; and when La Vallette marched out of the forts to take possession of the abandoned Turkish guns he could only muster 400 men fit for service.

The next year the conquering Turkish armies were again in Hungary, and in that year Solyman the Great died and was succeeded by Selim the Sot. In 1570, in spite of a Treaty of Peace between Venice and the Porte, Selim

declared war, attacked and subdued Cyprus, and subjected its heroic defenders to the grossest cruelty.

Where were the English?

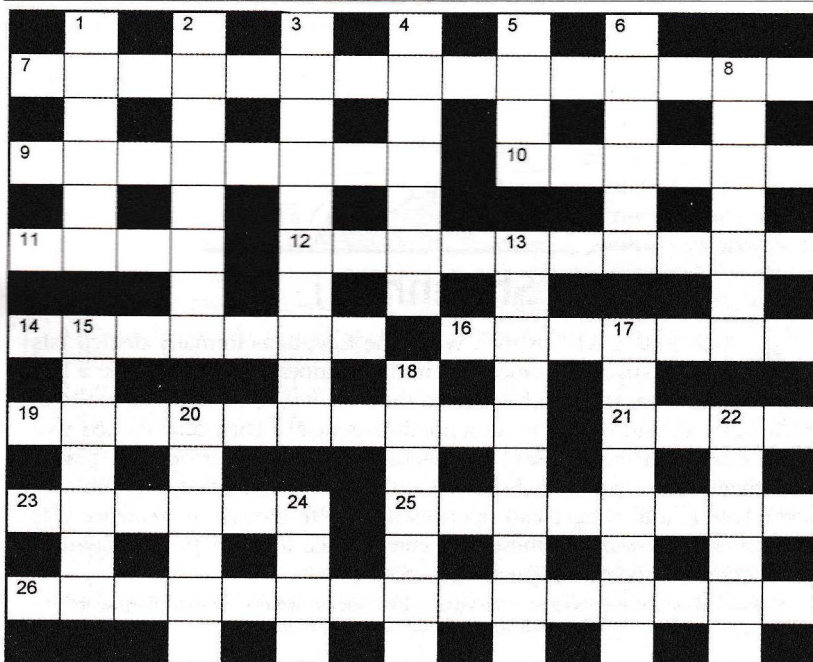
The fall of Cyprus, the unscrupulousness of the Turkish policy in attacking it in violation of her own Treaty, and the immense preparations Turkey was making in all her seaports and arsenals for further aggression, should have united all the European powers in defensive action. But the new Protestant Princes (including Queen Elizabeth of England) apparently hated their Catholic neighbours more than they hated their hereditary enemies the Turks. Pope Pius V succeeded in forming a maritime league principally consisting of the Spaniards, Venetians and the Knights of Malta. Catholic volunteers from all countries flocked to serve under Don John of Austria and at the Battle of Lepanto the Turks suffered a decisive defeat. They lost 260 ships, 20,000 Turks were slain and 15,000 Christians, who have been serving as galley slaves in the Turkish fleet, were rescued from captivity.

The Turkish conquest of Europe was arrested; as Cervantes (present as a volunteer and wounded in the battle) says in *Don Quixote*: 'on that day so fortunate to Christendom all nations were undeceived of their error in believing that the Turks were invincible at sea.'

The Battle of Lepanto was a turning-point in history; and is never mentioned in English history books; possibly because we ought to have been there, and, to our shame, were not.

— Olga Hartley, *Women and the Catholic Church* London, Burns Oates and Washbourne, 1935.

CROSSWORD



DOWN CLUES

1. Patron Saint of librarians (Feast Day 30 September) (6)
2. Of or pertaining to the shoulder (8)
3. Having a favourable effect on (10)
4. Postal worker (7)
5. Polish river (4)
6. Go. Away (6)
8. (and 10 across) Scythe-wielding spectre (3,4,6)
13. In a dignified manner (10)
15. Dispose of a body by fire (7)
17. Attend the Eucharist (4,4)
18. Underwater worker (7)
20. Old Testament book (6)
22. Minister to (6)
24. Tips (4)

ACROSS CLUES

7. Decalogue (3,12)
9. Communion cloth (8)
10. See 8 down (6)
11. Hades (4)
12. Massacres (10)
14. Astringent (7)
16. Units of depth (7)
19. European place of pilgrimage (10)
21. The first man (4)
23. Waxed taper (6)
25. Epicures (8)
26. Septet of fatal misdeeds (5,6,4)

Annals will carry a new Catholic crossword every month if our readers wish it. Please let us know what you think of this crossword. Would any reader enjoy a Catholic cryptic crossword? — Editor.

In search of an Australian identity

ROLF BOLDREWOOD

The hopes and dreams of one who strove to adjust to life in Colonial Australia in the last century are analysed in this review by TRACEY ROWLAND of Paul de Serville's biography of Thomas Browne.



HIS work is a biography of Thomas Alexander Browne, better known by his pen-name Rolf Boldrewood, and renowned for his novel *Robbery Under Arms*. Paul de Serville is a Melbourne based historian and author of two other studies of Victorian colonial society, *Port Phillip Gentlemen* (OUP 1980) and its sequel *Pounds and Pedigrees* (OUP 1991). In his introduction to the work de Serville states that Browne and his *alter ego* Boldrewood belong to old Australia – to that cultural landscape which flourished until the 1970's – and that this biography is written for those who are interested in old Australia and are prepared to examine it on its own terms. As a consequence the biographer offers no criticisms of the values of 'old Australia', merely an account of the life of one of its exemplary figures. For this reason the biography has been given some bad reviews by those who would prefer something like a Freudian analysis of Boldrewood. One reviewer has actually complained that the work contained too many factual details and that the biographer seemed to go to great lengths to verify each alleged fact.

One element of the mentality of 'old Australia' was an interest in one's own genealogy and general family heritage. Although such interests may seem to be perennial, in our post-modern times a family heritage is no longer taken to be determinative of loyalties and values, whereas de Serville emphasises that for Browne, heredity was a matter of fundamental importance – 'bloodlines dictate behaviour in men, horses and cattle.'

Leaving aside the philosophical provenance of such an outlook, de

Rolf Boldrewood: a Life
by Paul de Serville
403 pages rrp \$59
Meigunyah Press, Melbourne

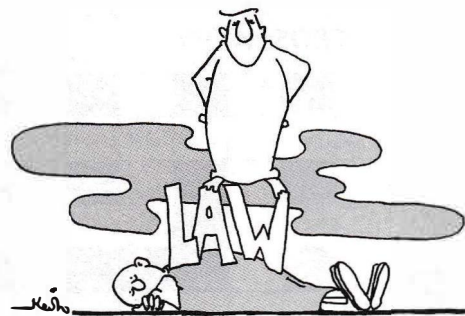
Serville notes that Browne held to this position notwithstanding his own undoubted illegitimacy and general lack of clarity about his own bloodlines. Some members of Browne's family claimed kinship with the Marquess of Sligo, descended from John Browne, an Englishman who settled in county Mayo about 1580. However Browne himself wrote that his father belonged to one of the 14 Tribes who ruled the City of Galway from the 15-17th centuries.

Despite this account of his father's origins, Browne did not consider Ireland his homeland and never referred to himself as an Irishman. He was rather an Anglophile Tory who

accepted the values of authority, hierarchy and property and argued that a wide suffrage led to the election of 'ignorant operatives, lying demagogues, or humbugs of the upper classes'.

De Serville describes Browne as a conventional Anglican, but a 'conservative Romantic who had an artist's appreciation of the Catholic Church.' Speaking of the 'resistless power of the Church of Rome', Browne observed:

In Catholic countries, you steal into cathedrals – those vast temples *never closed* to the worshippers – out of the busy street and noontide glare. The dim religious light, the manifold altars, the unconscious group of fellow travellers, all invite abstraction and devotion. The burden is for a while laid down, the knee is bent, and after a short interval

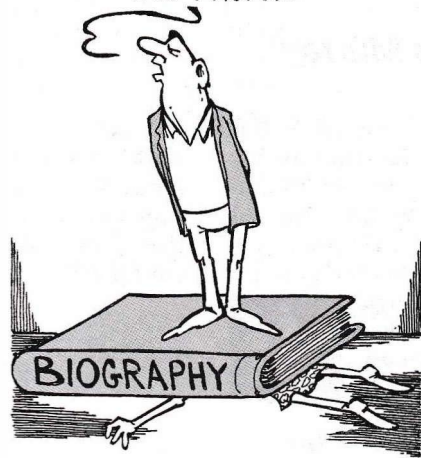


Shhhhhhh!

AUGUSTINE tells us that, when the Egyptians formally deified Isis and Serapis, they proceeded in this manner. First, they made a law that whosoever declared them to be mortal, or so much as spoke of their birth, should be put to an ignominious death. Then they erected two images; and that the aforesaid law should be strictly observed, they placed near them, in every temple dedicated to their honour, another of diminutive form, having a forefinger laid upon its lips, — to indicate that silence was indispensably required of those who entered their temples. In this way they endeavoured to repress the promulgation of truth.

— *Gesta Romanorum*, A Collection of tales drawn from ancient authors that gave pleasure and edification to our medieval Catholic forebears. Ed.

A TRUE STORY... ONLY THE FACTS
HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO ENSURE
THE PROFITS



Biographees beware

IT appears I had a deep relationship with Ronald Laing who claimed that I was his patient and that he gave me six doses of LSD. Isn't this kind of thing a slander? Libellous? No? But it is a lie. I met him half a dozen times and he came to my home, but only once, because he made my friends play the Truth Game, which ended as disagreeably as one might expect.

If I know the market – and I do, I do – my relationship with Ronald is now engraved in stone.

But one must have a sense of proportion. One must rise above the petty and stick to the important things. Never mind about the phantom farm, my poor family, Ronald Laing, the places I am supposed to have visited, the things I am supposed to have said. This woman says that my (naturally) curly hair was achieved with the aid of a home perm kit. Now that's fighting talk.

There is an additional hazard with American biographers. They over there across the pond, we over here, we laugh at different things. My jest, when asked by an interviewer if I prefer people to cats, that cats are better because people don't purr, was analysed solemnly as a symptom of misanthropy.

– Doris Lessing, *The Spectator*, April 15, 2000

of earnest prayer, the world's wayfarer resumes the dusty march, who shall say how lightened in spirit, how soothed, how supported.

This observation was made by Browne after a visit to the island of Malta while en route to England.

Although an Anglophile, de Serville notes that Browne rejected the notion that colonial products, whether people, animals, wine or food, were inferior to the British or European originals. In particular, when it came to boats, cricket, riding and shooting, Browne thought that the 'Australian Native-born type' could hold his own with European

counterparts. Browne also thought highly of colonial women, particularly those with artistic, literary, and more general intellectual interests. He praised the writers Tasma and Ada Cambridge, and he was always keen to assist the careers of women of talent, including his brother's sister-in-law, Mellan Stawell, who was a classical scholar.

The works include an Epilogue written by de Serville which advances something of the biographer's own views on old Australia. He notes that Browne deplored the Labor Party's anti-Asian sentiment and suggests that 'the author of the White Australia policy was not

Browne's conservative Australia, but popular Australia'. In a further defence of Browne's form of conservatism, de Serville writes:

It is noteworthy that Browne, a conservative and condemned by many later critics for his respect for good birth, should have chosen as his illustration of the native-born Australian not a squatter's son but an 'ordinary bush labourer'. The subject of his comments, if not the tone, could have come from the pen of one of the popular democratic school of Australian writers and in his admiration of the native-born he was at one with the *Bulletin* school. The difference, an ill-important one, was one of tone. Browne did not find it necessary to unite his pride and patriotism with the jeering iconoclasm of the *Bulletin* school, nor did he need to raise Australia by denigrating Britain. His was an appreciation born out of affection and expressed with geniality. In the shaping of these sentiments he represented the voice of conservative Australia at its most expansive and generous.

The work is thus likely to appeal to a wide spectrum of readers, including those with an interest in Australian literature, colonial social history and conservatives searching for the soul of Australian conservatism at a time when it seems to be without a philosophy or a direction. It is also a work which deserves to be praised for both the lucidity and general beauty of the prose, and would thus make a good resource book for teachers of Australian history and literature. Since so many colonial families are mentioned throughout the work, readers will enjoy flicking through the index for reference to their own forebears or those of friends, especially if they live in the Riverina or the Western Districts of Victoria.



TRACEY ROWLAND lectures in Continental Theology and Political Philosophy at the John Paul II Institute, Melbourne.

By James Murray

Behind Enemy Lines

The rebel reconciled to duty is a theme of American military movies going back at least to 1940 and *The Fighting 69th* starring James Cagney. In this update, Owen Wilson plays Burnett, a rebellious F/A 18 jet-fighter navigator, downed during the Balkans conflicts.

Gene Hackman is the resolute Admiral Reigart who must steer amid the currents of NATO politics to rescue Burnett who has learned a fearsome secret that makes him the target of Serbian forces.

Hackman can do tough honour in his sleep. And looks slightly somnambulistic here. Wilson has a harder time with the rebel. He's got attitude and the action-man bit but is so adenoidal you can't believe he would have passed the aircrew medical. Worth seeing for the aerial sequences, showing off the jet crew's efforts to avoid heat-seeking Surface to Air Missiles.

The film was made with the co-operation of the US Department of Defense. Look for more of the same – set in Afghanistan. MA



Amèlie

Without Audrey Tautou in the title role, this would be no more than a trifle about eccentrics ricocheting off each other in Paris. Her quintessential charm transmutes the trifle into enchanting gold.

Amèlie spends her life doing good deeds that finally bring her together with the love of her life Nino (Matthieu Kassovitz). He is the rarest eccentric of them all. Not only does he collect oddities, he works both in a sex shop and on a ghost train, a combination surely designed to epitomise ultimate vacuity.

One flaw: director Jean-Pierre Jeunet's quick montage of sex scenes is too blatant for the deli-

cate tracery of his narrative. But there can be no questioning his luck. He was able to cast Tautou only after Emily Watson decided against the part – a coup equivalent to William Wyler getting Audrey Hepburn instead of Lana Turner for *Roman Holiday*. M15+



Harry Potter and the Philosopher's Stone

JK Rowling wrote a pot-boiler which turned into crock of gold for her publishers and Warner Brothers, not to mention herself, thanks in part to more marketing hype than Coca-Cola which her work resembles: sweet, dark, lots of fizz, no solid nourishment.

The runaway success of the books may owe something to a generation largely deprived of Scotland's great cultural export: the DC Thomson, Dundee, *Wizard*, *Hotspur*, *Beano* and *Dandy* all containing ingredients used by JK Rowling.

On her thin story line, director Chris Columbus has strung many wonders by using computer magic. He has also cast a pantheon of British Isles actors (Richard Harris, Maggie Smith, Robbie Coltrane, John Hurt, Alan Rickman, Ian Hart and Zoë Wannamaker (the only one with the courage to blow the whistle on poor fees). All revel in a stately manner as if playing in a Royal Command charity pantomime.

Daniel Radcliffe plays Harry so well he may share the fate of Shirley Temple: generations as yet unborn, saying, 'Didn't you used to be?'

Some have criticized the story's dark side. Others have mocked the criticism. It is no coincidence that Rowling wrote her work in Edinburgh where dark memories of necromancy linger with the names of the bodysnatchers, Burke and Hare.

No doubt in time, film academics will make a comparison with

the imminent film version of JR Tolkien's, *Lord of the Rings*, a classic with a firmer moral base than the JK Rowling crockpot. PG



The Princess and the Warrior

Writer/director Tom Tykwer ventures further into a world he has made his own – a world related to reality yet out of kilter with it (as in *Run, Lola Run* which, with its hyper-fast edits and time-shifts, made Franka Potente a star).

Tykwer casts her as Sissi, a psychiatric hospital nurse, who on an outing saves a blind patient from death. And meets a stranger who in turn saves her life. She then begins to search for him. Tykwer's world being what it is, the blind patient helps her discover the stranger's identity: Bodo, an ex-soldier planning a robbery with his brother to finance a trip to a faraway place with a strange-sounding name, signified by a black and yellow road sign of a kangaroo.

Potente – blonde, overcast look quickly turning sunny times her performance to a heartbeat. Benno Furmann co-stars as Bodo, the reluctant warrior, Sissi eventually frees from his past. MA 15+



Enigma

Many battles and personalities contend for credit as the winning factor in World War II. The code-breakers of Bletchley Park would top most lists. Using the Germany's own Enigma cipher machines, this motley collection of civilian eggheads enabled Allied forces to outmanoeuvre the enemy, tactically and strategically.

The period detail is meticulously authentic. The acting is fine, particularly Kate Winslett as a brainy frump full of charm and

hidden beauty. Jeremy Northam's secret agent is so smooth, he makes James Bond look like a clodhopper and newcomer Saffron Burrows has the nostalgic blonde patina of wartime pin-up Betty Grable. Scots actor Dougray Scott is less convincing as a north-country genius. He sounds as if he is being voiced by the ever doleful Alan Bennett.

The film's Goebblesque treatment of history wrecks it. When the recent Hollywood movie *U531* credited the US Navy with capturing the first Enigma machine, British critics were justifiably enraged, given that a Royal Navy crew had acquired an Enigma machine even before the US entered the war.

But now British film makers in turn make only passing reference to the fact that it was the Poles who first broke the Enigma code and who courageously first conveyed an Enigma machine to the British.

The reason for the ludicrous fudging: an equally ludicrous plot twist involving a Polish character intent on revealing what was already known at the highest levels: that Soviet forces, not Nazis, were responsible for the Katyn Massacre of some 4000 members of the Polish officers corps - a lie supported by Communist fellow travelers and rectified only by Gorbachev almost fifty years after the war's end.

The fudging turns fascinating history into no more than a ripping yarn, complete with a climax in which a German submarine, sent to rescue the Pole, surfaces off the north coast of Scotland (shades of John Buchan's *Thirty Nine Steps*).

All this must be seen in the context that the Poles made a crucial contribution to World War II, not only by land, sea and air as members of the allied forces, but in their underground resistance movements, Jewish and Christian.

The movie is based on a best-seller by Robert Harris, scripted by Tom Stoppard and directed by Michael Apted, all seasoned professionals. How to sum up?

The principal producer's credit goes to Mick Jagger. The shabby treatment of the Polish contribution is as egregious as his performance as Ned Kelly, or indeed his reverse hypocrisy: posturing as a rockstar rebel while privately playing the social snob. *M15+*



The Others

Writer/director Alejandro Amenabar does not play fair with his winks and nods. Moreover his inclusion of Catholic doctrine on eternal punishment and limbo is confused. His setting is a mist-shrouded, shuttered mansion on the island of Jersey; the time war's end in 1945. Nicole Kidman plays Grace, a mother alone with her two children while awaiting her soldier husband (Christopher Ecclestone). Her cold, gravely commanding performance generates eeriness and unease. The children, as played by Alakina Mann and James Bentley, reinforce this.

Underpinning the film is Fionnula Flannagan's performance as the housekeeper who intrudes

into their existence. Despite the Jersey setting, her Irishness creates a sense of a ghost story told by the light of a turf fire with the wind bansheeing at the door out where the mountains of Mourne sweep down to the sea.

Less aptly cast is Eric Sykes as a gardener. His English lugubriousness serves only to make you think you're watching a Hammer horror movie with a goggle-eyed Peter Cushing due to arrive on the next stagecoach.

Amenabar's final sequence, however, goes away beyond Hammer horror into ancient realms of foreboding that encompass womb and tomb. *M*



The Deep End

Idyllic setting (Lake Tahoe, Nevada) contrasts with ugly criminality, seemingly inseparable from the culture of gambling. Tilda Swinton brings a drawn, fey intensity to her role of a mother seeking to protect her teenage son whose adolescent homosexuality has taken him to the zone where blackmailers and sudden death lurk.

Goran Visnjic does not bring enough steel to the part of the hard case, sent to collect the blackmail money who remains to protect the mother from more ruthless colleagues. *M*



The Last Castle

Robert Redford should stop going to jail. He played the eponymous *Brubaker*, a peaceable warden. Now he is a gung ho American general, Irwin, confined to a military prison for disobeying a presidential order.

Possibly Redford is in long rehearsal to play Jeremy Bentham whose Panopticon formed the basis of much modern penal architecture. Certainly his acting has a Benthamite quality; it is reminiscent of the latter's mummified body preserved in London.

Military prisons are hard places. This one, run by a glow-



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ering, desk-bound Colonel Winter (James Gandolfini), is exceptional in its dark brutality. Irwin inspires the inmates to fight for good order and military discipline. In a neat twist, their tactics and improvised weaponry are medi-aeval. Irwin dies but triumphs by raising the stars and stripes as the air cavalry ride to the rescue in helicopters. MA15+



Malena

Writer/director Giuseppe Tornatore's *Cinema Paradiso* had enough charm for two movies. Unfortunately he has used little of the surplus in his new film about a beauty and her travails in a Sicilian town after her husband is reported missing in action, presumed killed.

Monica Bellucci plays Malena with refulgent allure. Unhappily, as is in *Cinema Paradiso*, the narrator figure is Tornatore himself as a boy. The result is overproof self-indulgence in which adolescent masturbation fantasies get more screen time than World War II.

Thus Tornatore creates an impression of himself as a kind of little Jack Horner of cinema: sitting in his corner eating his personal pie, putting in his thumb and pulling out a plum and at the end, saying 'What a good boy am I.' MA 15+



Serendipity

For all its toughness, New York has always provided a location for fairy-tales. O Henry, Damon Runyon, F Scott Fitzgerald all caught this quality in their stories. And JP Donleavy even called one of his books *Fairy Tales of Old New York*.

In this fairy story John Cusack as an about-to-be wed film maker meets Kate Beckingsale playing a student psychologist. Cusack does his usual self-deprecating wry guy. Beckingsale's grin and voice make her look and sound like Bugs Bunny's sexy English cousin.

Scriptwriter Marc Klein's dialogue is witty. The toing and froing are as complicated as anything in Shakespeare. And all's well that ends well. PG



Vengo

Writer/director Tony Gatlif shoots with a minimum of set-ups to conserve the performance energy of his actors. The result is that his blood-feud saga set in Andalusia has enough energy to light up the whole Iberian peninsula, if not the Oscars.

The flamenco music and dancing are integral to the action (not a marketing ploy to hawk a few sound-track discs). The gypsy singer La Caita is in spine-tingling form. And the voice of the veteran La Paquera de Jerez rings with the truth of ancient legends.

Dancer/choreographer Antonio Canales is brilliantly cast as Caco, a lone father mourning his daughter while seeking a solution to the blood feud, initiated by his brother who is on the run.

When the avengers target his brother's son Diego (Orestes Rodriguez) who suffers from cerebral palsy, Caco must make a heroic and redemptive choice. MA15+



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The Score

Marlon Brando reportedly ridiculed director Frank Oz during the making of this movie. Brando should now thank Oz for drawing from him the best imitation of the late, great and fat Sydney Greenstreet in *The Maltese Falcon*. Like Greenstreet, Brando plays middleman between a veteran thief aiming to go straight (Robert De Niro) and a novice (Edward Norton) who has inside information for a multi-million dollar heist at Montreal's customs building.

The movie is a three-way duel of talents. Brando conjures with his legend. De Niro works his world-weariness to the bone and Norton shows why he is a contender for the title of best actor of his generation, doubling as a tough hotshot and a fake palsy sufferer.

The heist method is so authentic it may well be imitated. And exemplary use is made of Montreal as a location.

The final plot twist is artfully concealed. Norton's reaction to it is a miracle of minimalism. No prizes for guessing who gets the girl, the black Aphrodite, Angela Bassett. MA



Monsters, Inc

The G rating on this Pixar/Disney computerised cartoon is for grins, giggles and guffaws. It is suitable for all ages - though the decibel levels may blow the ears of the very young and the hearing aids of grandparents.

John Goodman voices Sullivan (a hairy monster with heart) and Billy Crystal his manager Mike (who looks like a one-eyed green onion). Mary Gibbs is the voice of Boo, the tiny child whose fearless winsomeness wrecks and transforms Monsters, Inc.

Beneath the laughter runs a welcome sub-text, suggesting that children are not rug-rats but individuals. G



Shadow Magic

Anna Wu's splendid account of the coming of cinema to China, early in the 20th century and its impact on the pre-revolutionary culture of the country, particularly its opera.

She makes tremendous use of archival footage from Europe and from early China, shot with daring simplicity when the wonder of the world was enough, a simplicity Chinese film makers retain.

Jared Harris (yes, chip off the old boozier Richard) plays the traveling showman who brings the shadows and the magic into the country and stays to record its activities, including the romance between his Chinese assistant (Yu Xia) and an opera star's beautiful daughter (Xing Yusheng Li). PG



One Night at McCool's

Femmes don't come much more fatales than Liv Tyler as Jewel in this black comedy that intertwines the stories of three hapless suitors: a bar-tender (Matt Dillon), a cop (John Goodman) and a lawyer (Paul Reiser).

Michael Douglas is a hitman so seedy he sets up his meetings in a bingo-parlour. He steals the picture (and what looks suspiciously like Liberace's hair). He also wins Jewel. She, despite her awesome beauty and wild antics, is a homebody whose ultimate aim is suburban bliss (ironing, dusting, cooking and dish washing) not sex.

Some might say you cannot mar a black comedy. But director Harald Zwart does with gratuitous comedy business involving a chalice, altar wine and communion hosts. MA



Original Sin

Bold title. But apart from its theological connotation, sin tends to be banal rather than original. And it is in this ramshackle melodrama that writer-director Michael Cristofer appears to have been time-warped out of a Victorian theatre. It comes complete with

hissable, moustache-twirling villain and much more than a glimpse of the stocking deemed shocking in olden days.

All involved (including Antonio Banderas, Angelina Jolie, Thomas Jane and – say it ain't so – Jack Thompson) deserve mini-Oscars for contriving to keep straight faces. MA15+



Joy Ride

Too early in her career Leelee Sobieski is in need of a society to save her from low rent movies. This is another involving two brothers, played as Mutt and Jeff by Paul Walker and Steve Zahn, who get her involved with a reminiscently relentless and murderous truck-driver. MA15+



Rock Star

After half a century – though it seems longer – the rock music industry is creating its own myths and legends. *Almost Famous* was the sunny myth. Now comes the sentimental legend of the fan who fulfilled his fantasies through recruitment as a replacement singer.

Mark Walberg, himself a former lead singer who confesses to hating rock music, makes a decent yell of the fan turned star. Jennifer Aniston plays the sweetheart who remains loyal as he decides sex, drugs and rock-'n'-roll are not really his thing. If only more performers would make the same decision before they reach pensionable age...

Meanwhile, the truth about rock-'n'-roll, its scams, rip-offs and subterfuges, is unlikely to be seen as long as the same companies that control the film industry control the record industry. MA15+



Zoolander

Director/star/co-writer Ben Stiller blows an idea for a sketch into a feature movie as bright as bubble gum and slightly more enduring. He plays the title character Derek Zoolander, an empty-headed supermodel. Set pieces include a duel

with a hippy rival (Owen Wilson) in which the contestants try to top each other's catwalk flourishes.

Be nice to see a sequel called *Zoolander's Sister*, starring one of Hollywood's models Andie McDowell, say. Or Elle McPherson. Or Sarah O'Hare. MA



What's the Worst that Could Happen

As a mini-tycoon, Max Fairbanks (Danny DeVito) has more bounce than a superball. As a professional thief, Kevin Caffrey (Martin Lawrence) doesn't know the meaning of less is more. Put them together and what have you got? Well, a kind of freewheeling, pinball comedy in which they compete to do each other down.

The durable Donald Westlake, who knows how to tie a plot in amusing knots, wrote the novel on which the movie is based. M



Don't Say A Word

Michael Douglas as a psychiatrist and Sean Bean as chief villain race against time and death. The reason: the psychiatrist has a patient with a clue to the whereabouts of a magnificent ruby, stolen earlier by the villain. The reward: return of the psychiatrist's abducted daughter.

Douglas repeats the acting tricks he learned as an apprentice to the old master Karl Malden in *Streets of San Francisco*. Bean is heavy and explosive enough to weigh against plutonium. But it is Mina Suvari's performance as the patient that locks the plot elements together into time-bomb of suspense. MA 15+



Training Day

Variation on the good cop, bad cop formula. Denzil Washington plays the latter with ruthless swagger and Ethan Hawke the former with a diffident persistence. Washington is the leader of Los Angeles Police Department undercover drug squad. Hawke is his

new offsider being introduced to the violently unorthodox methods used to control the mean streets of Los Angeles beneath the aerial tangle of its freeways.

Breathless stuff that climaxes in a shootout, showing how an American phobia has been realised: the Russians have come. Not as invaders, however, but as members of a new mafia. *MA 15+*



Ghosts of Mars

Director John Carpenter having run out of places to haunt on earth turns to Mars in the year 2176. And it isn't a sweet trip. His astronauts have to contend with a plague of monsters released by mining operations.

Alien toughie Sigourney Weaver was not available for the trip. As a space cop Natasha Henstridge fills in for her so effectively she almost has Icecube, as the badass killer she has been sent to collect, saying, 'Yes, Ma'am.' *MA 15+*



Town and Country

Warren Beatty meant this to be a sophisticated comedy after the style of Woody Allen with possible touches of Igmarm Bergman's *Smiles of a Summer's Night*. It misses by a country mile. Old Beatty mates Diane Keaton and Goldie Hawn. are also involved. So, too, are Andie McDowell and Gary Shandlin. Old is used advisedly, for Beatty contrives to look more decrepit than Charlton Heston who contributes an ironic cameo as a gun-toting loony.

All in all this has a curiosity value comparable to *Ishtar* in which Beatty accompanied by Dustin Hoffman and a camel tried to take the Hope-Crosby *Road to Morocco* and ended up in Clunkersville. *MA 15+*



Intimacy

Venturing boldly where so many have ventured before, that is into unconscious parody, director Patrice Chereau creates a basement

version of the French boudoir romance with squalor substituting for elegance. Involved is a London triangle: housewife-actress (Kerry Fox), barman (Mark Rylance) and cabbie husband (Timothy Spaul).

What is truly intriguing about such movies is the seeming belief of players of Fox and Rylance's calibre that doffing clothes and engaging in on-camera sexual contortions represents some kind of bold artistic breakthrough. Spaul as the non-complaisant husband keeps his clothes on. For this relief much thanks. *R 18+*



Glitter

Judy Garland did it successfully in the first remake of *A Star is Born*: played a singer like herself. So did Bette Midler in *The Rose*. Barbra Streisand was not quite so successful in the remake of *A Star is Born*. Nor is Mariah Carey in this one, though it does seem to bear a resemblance to her own life-story. *M*



The Invisible Circus

The Sixties: not so much a period, more a continuing life-style. This quest movie, based on Jennifer Egan's novel, makes pertinent criticism of the period's self-serving falsities about personal freedom, amazingly, like the *Strolling Bones*, still with us.

The story involves Faith (Cameron Diaz) a flower child who died mysteriously after exchanging blossoms for guns as a member of the Red Brigades. Her younger sibling Phoebe (Jordana Brewster) takes off for Europe and the hippy trail to find out why. The answer is with her sister's former lover,



played by Christopher Ecclestone. Such are the vagaries of international casting that Ecclestone's accent is halfway between coleslaw and Yorkshire pudding. Blythe Danner appears as the mother of the daughters but does little more than remind us from whom Gwyneth Paltrow inherited her beauty. *MA*



Mamadrama

Writer/director/producer Monica Schwartz had a positive image of Jewish mothers. The Jewish mothers she saw in the movies were less positive.

To fill the credibility gap, Schwartz created this documentary which could well inspire a new sub genre: O'Mamadrama (Irish mothers in the movies), M a c M a m a d r a m a (Scottish mothers) and O z M a m a d r a m a (Australian mothers). *G*



My Khmer Heart

Written, produced and directed by Janine Hosking, this film deservedly won Best Documentary Award at the Hollywood Film Festival in 2000. It is narrated by its subject Geraldine Cox and tells the story of her care for Cambodian orphans.

Cox emerges as one of the relatively few who not only light candles against the dark but realize the best candles, the brightest lights, are children. *MA 15+*



Brother

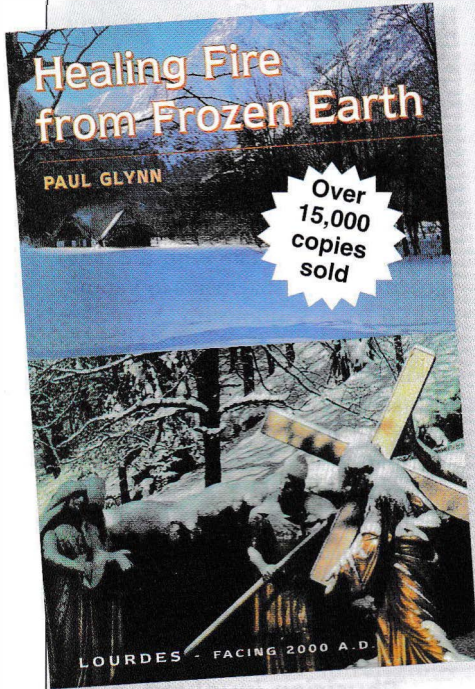
Writer/director/performer Takeshi Kitano (alias Beat Takeshi) is a phenomenon of the Japanese film and television industry – a Charlie Chaplin who has exchanged his cane for a samurai sword. Here he plays a yakuza, Aniki, who journeys to Los Angeles to see his brother Ken (Claude Maki), finds him working with drug-traffickers and proceeds to show what blood thirstiness means.

Replete with black humour but not for the faint-hearted. *R 18+*



“Healing Fire from Frozen Earth” by Marist Father Paul Glynn

All proceeds to help the Church in East Timor



In his latest book Fr Paul Glynn -the author of the best seller ‘A Song for Nagasaki’- intimately explores God’s healing power and grace which has been shown to His people throughout the ages.

Fr Paul shares stories about the people he met while visiting famous healing shrines in France, Poland, England, Ireland and Mexico. He not only talks with those who have been healed but he meets with relatives, doctors and Church authorities.

But “Healing Fire from Frozen Earth” also tackles more than healing. It deals with fundamental faith issues and seeks to bring fresh kind of hope to those who are searching for answers about God.

Bishop David Cremin of Sydney writes: “This is a book that can keep you awake into the ‘wee small hours’. Through his previous writings Paul Glynn has taught me so much about reconciliation and about the Book of Psalms. Now he has reopened my heart to the God who heals the broken, the wounded and the most wretched of the earth. People who claim to be agnostics or even atheists will certainly be challenged in their unbelief. Men and women of faith will have their faith strengthened. I can envision those in a state of depression being lifted up and given new direction.”

We especially thank those who buy Fr Paul’s book, which costs \$10 and who give a charity

donation to help the vital work of the Catholic Church in East Timor. A complimentary set of Vatican Rosary beads will be given to those who give a charity donation for East Timor*. Please tick the box below if you would like to receive the Papal Rosary beads.*



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(Source: CRTN Information Service, edited by Catherine Ancion for Aid to the Church in Need, Königstein, Germany.)

Pope's visit scheduled for May next year

Bulgaria: The Bulgarian government said recently that Pope John Paul II will visit the country next year and dispel lingering accusations that the former communist government was involved in the 1981 assassination attempt against the Holy Father. Mehmet Ali Agca, the Turk who tried to kill the Pope in Rome on 13 May 1981, had claimed that the Soviet KGB, through the Bulgarian secret police, had put him up to the attempt. 'We have received confirmation from the Pope's apostolic nuncio in Sofia. The visit will take place in the second half of May next year,' Foreign Minister, Solomon Passy, told reporters. 'This visit will help to clear the undeserved blemish from the name of our country about Bulgaria's alleged involvement in the assassination attempt against the Pope,' he added.

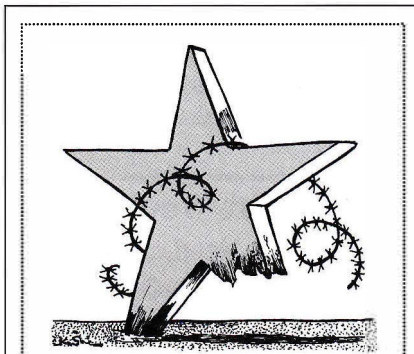
Government passes population control law with US, UN, World Bank pressure

Guatemala: Guatemala's first ever population control law has been signed by President Alfonso Portillo. The measure was fought vehemently by pro-life activists and was condemned by the Catholic Church. The Social Development and Population Law puts a 'reproductive health' agenda directly into national policy which calls for encouraging contraceptives and mandates sex education in the nation's schools. Archbishop Rodolfo Quezada of Guatemala City asked the President to veto the legislation before it was

signed, and expressed concern that the law would be manipulated to promote abortion. Various physicians and lawyers have formed a group called Parents in Defence of Families, in order to continue to combat the programme.

Young Journalists to fight anti-Church propaganda

India: Young Indian Catholics from five dioceses in Orissa are receiving journalism training to counter anti-Church propaganda in the Eastern state. The church needs Catholic reporters 'to represent its stance' especially when Christians are attacked by Hindu groups, Divine Word Bishop Lucas Kerketta of Sambalpur told the first in a series of training courses planned to be held in the region in the next two years. Priests were among the 25 trainees attending the first programme in Jharsuguda, some 1,400 kilometres south-east of New Delhi. The program will equip trainees to find jobs in mainstream print media 'so that the Church's voice will find a place in secular media,' the Bishop said.



'It is a popular belief that adversity inevitably nurtures virtue. Adversity may do so in some cases. In the case of Jews and camp inmates under Hitler's régime, adversity came in a too terrifying shape and quantity for there to be more than a handful of Jobs. Omnipresent death, terror, torture, starvation, and equal tribulations helped break and degrade Jews and other camp inmates. They – and the subhuman condition to which they brought their victims – fertilised the absolute corruption of victims and of the SS. They helped, or rather enabled, the concentration camp and extermination systems to work.'

– Peter Phillips *The Tragedy of Nazi Germany.*

Civil war ends as new government takes office

Burundi: A new provisional government took office in Burundi, ending an eight-year civil war between Hutus and Tutsis which left about 250,000 dead. The executive branch is headed by President Pierre Buyoya, a Tutsi, and Vice President Domitien Ndayizeye, a Hutu. In 18 months time, they are scheduled to exchange posts. According to the author of this diplomatic achievement, former South African President Nelson Mandela, the leaders of the two main rebel movements are prepared to negotiate with the new government. In statements to Vatican Radio from Bujumbura, Xaverian Missionary Father Claudio Marano said: 'For the first time, many heads of state and politicians have worked from abroad to attain peace in Burundi.' Commenting on the new government, Father Marano said that it 'might have difficulties, as it has been formed by representatives of 19 parties that, despite contrasts and differences, have now gathered the people to form a government.'

Physician involved in abortion sentenced to jail

Indonesia: Christian leaders in Eastern Indonesia have welcomed the sentencing of a doctor to prison for an abortion that led to a woman's death. In the first legal action ever undertaken on such a case in the region, the Manado Court of First Instance sentenced medical practitioner Gerald Edward Sondakh to 13 months in jail. Local Church leaders say the sentence is too light, but they still welcome it as a positive step in upholding the law and defending the right to life. Father John Montolalu, who lectures on moral theology at Manado diocese's Sacred Heart Major Seminary in Pineleng, said: 'The imposition of the sentence in this case marks a victory of the Church in its war against abortion.'

Bishop appeals for release of aid worker

Sudan: Rome. The bishop of a southern Sudan diocese appealed to the Islamic government in Khartoum to release a Kenyan aid worker

detained last week. Bishop Cesare Mazzolari of Rumbek told the Rome-based news agency MISNA that the detaining of humanitarian workers in the northern city of Bahr el Ghazal is more evidence of Khartoum's lack of respect for human rights. Juliana Mururi, a 27-year-old Kenyan nutritionist, was seized by a pro-government militia on Nov. 2. A spokesman of the rebel Sudan People's Liberation Army (SPLA) said she was taken together with two male Sudanese co-workers, whose names could not be identified. The SPLA, based in the mainly Christian and animist South, have been battling the extremist Islamic government based in the North for two decades. The ongoing war has left two million dead and millions more displaced from their homes.

Christians urge nation's leaders to protect churches

Malaysia: Kuala Lumpur. The Christian Federation of Malaysia has urged the country's leaders to protect churches after repeated attacks by arsonists. The acts of violence and sabotage are related to religious extremism but they were most probably carried out by members of the local community, Reverend Wong Kim-Kong, the federation's principal secretary told media. Two Catholic and two Protestant churches were attacked in the last month, Reverend Wong said, adding: 'Such attacks rarely happened in the past and escalated only after the September 11th attacks in the United States.' Christians make up 9 percent of Malaysia's 23.2 million people. The majority 60 percent are Muslim and the rest are Buddhist or Hindu.

The Catholic Church establishing largest TV channel in Central America

Panama: Panama City. The Catholic Church in Panama is building a TV channel that will be the largest in Central America, an official said. Father Manuel Blanquero Planells, the channel's director, said the cost of the project is \$6.3 million. He made the announcement at an official ceremony in the new premises of FETV-Channel 5. New infrastructure for the channel, at

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will allow for live broadcasts from three FETV studios. Father Blanquer, who has directed the Catholic channel since it opened a decade ago, said he hopes to have the channel's signal working in the new premises by February. Archbishop José Dimas Cedeno of Panama said that FETV's communicative work 'is a symbol of the society it hopes to build.'

Strained relations between the bishops and the government

Croatia: Zagreb. A public message issued by the Croatian bishops in which they sharply criticize the ineffectiveness of the government in solving social problems has provoked divided reactions among the public and a sharp response from the government. The bishops specifically criticized the high rate of unemployment, low wages and the reduction of welfare benefits to various groups of citizens. The groups particularly at risk are pensioners, young mothers and Croatian veterans. The government reacted to the bishops' message by nervously calling it 'superficial and lacking objectivity,' expressing concern due to 'the similarity of the positions of the Bishops' Conference with those of the opposition parties and radical political groups.'

Bishops lament corruption and poor governance

Kenya: Nairobi. At the end of their bi-annual Plenary Conference held in Nairobi earlier this month, the Catholic Bishops of Kenya have issued a statement 'as the conscience of society.' They address themselves to Kenya's most serious issues: corruption and poor governance. The Church leaders said that they could not admit that 'the government cannot curb the scandalous corruption which is found at so many levels, even at the very upper levels.' Other concerns given serious attention in the statement include the police and security. The shepherds urge more respect for life. Foreign donors have funded abortion, the statement says, creating a society with little respect for life, be it of the unborn or fellow students or family members.

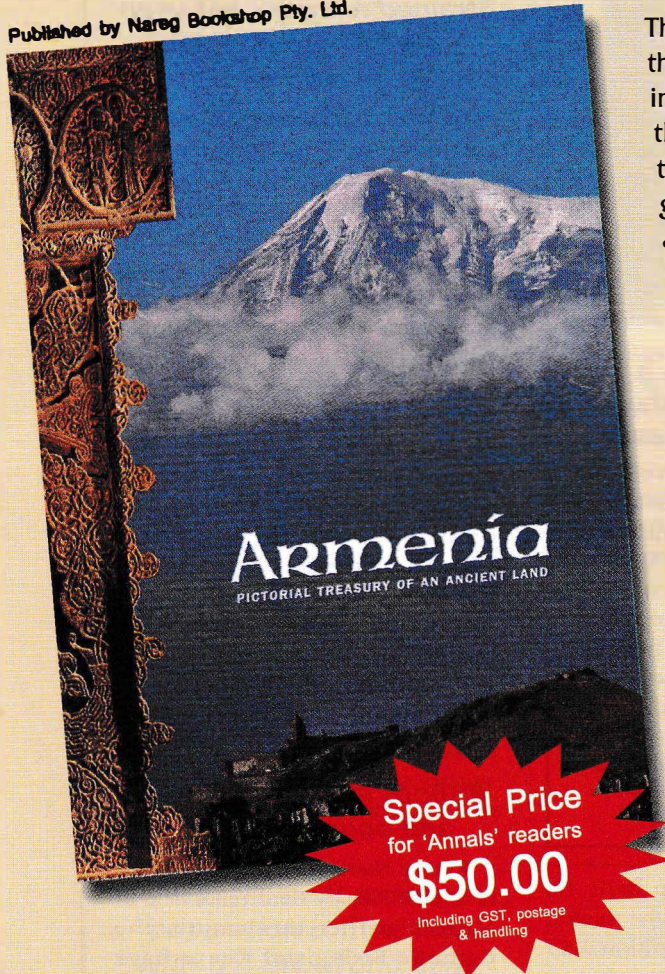
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Armenia

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