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ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

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'Dividual' Psycho-Pathology

Communist theorists sought to replace the Individual [unique, singular, as distinct from other] by the Collective or 'dividual' [not unique, singular or distinct from others]. OUR EDITORIAL reflects on ways in which 'Dividual Man' has survived into the 21st Century.

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Seven Deadly Virtues

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The 'Other Half' Barely Survives

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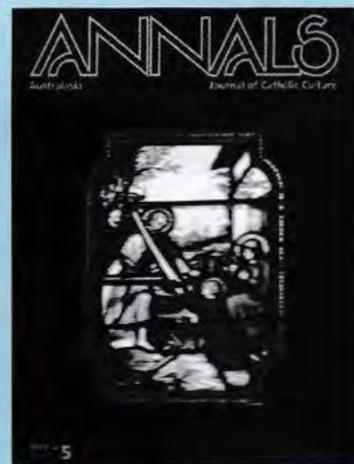
Les Darcy – Australian Folk Hero

His life ended before his 22nd birthday but his memory still lingers among Australians who cherish courage and encourage talent. PATRICK DOWNIE looks at the complex and tragic elements that made up the life of Les Darcy.

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Saints and their Names

How many people know that Sydney is English for St Denis, or that Bennett is English for Benedict, or that Austin is English for Augustine, or that Seymour is English for St Maur? And what about Boston – St Botolph's TOWN? PAUL STENHOUSE examines the saintly origins of well-known names that we take for granted.



Front Cover: Stained Glass window in the remarkable Cathedral of Aïss in the south of France. The young boy Jesus is represented working with his foster-father St Joseph while Mary, his mother, sits on the left. The Cathedral is built like a fortress, symbolising the struggle between the Catholic Faith and the rise of Catharism among the Albigensians whose Manichaean doctrines were condemned by the Church from 1022 until the Fourth Lateran Council in 1215. The Cathari rejected material wealth as well as the idea that Jesus was an angel who had only a human body. They denied the Incarnation, death and resurrection of Jesus and rejected all the sacraments. The stained glass window is a graphic and beautiful challenge to our modern world.

Backs Cover: A selection of books published by Chevalier Press. Ideal as gifts for readers and friends interested in the Catholic faith, for RCIA groups, for teaching catechism courses or presentations at various liturgical events, or as school prizes.

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Front cover photo: Paul Stenhouse, MSC.

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

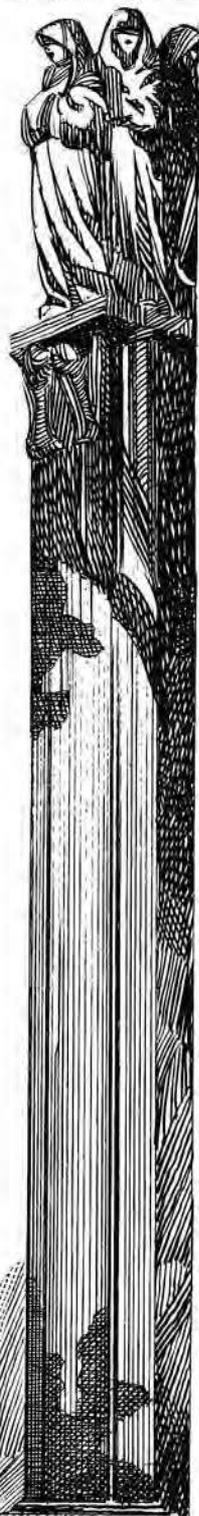
Re-making us in God's image

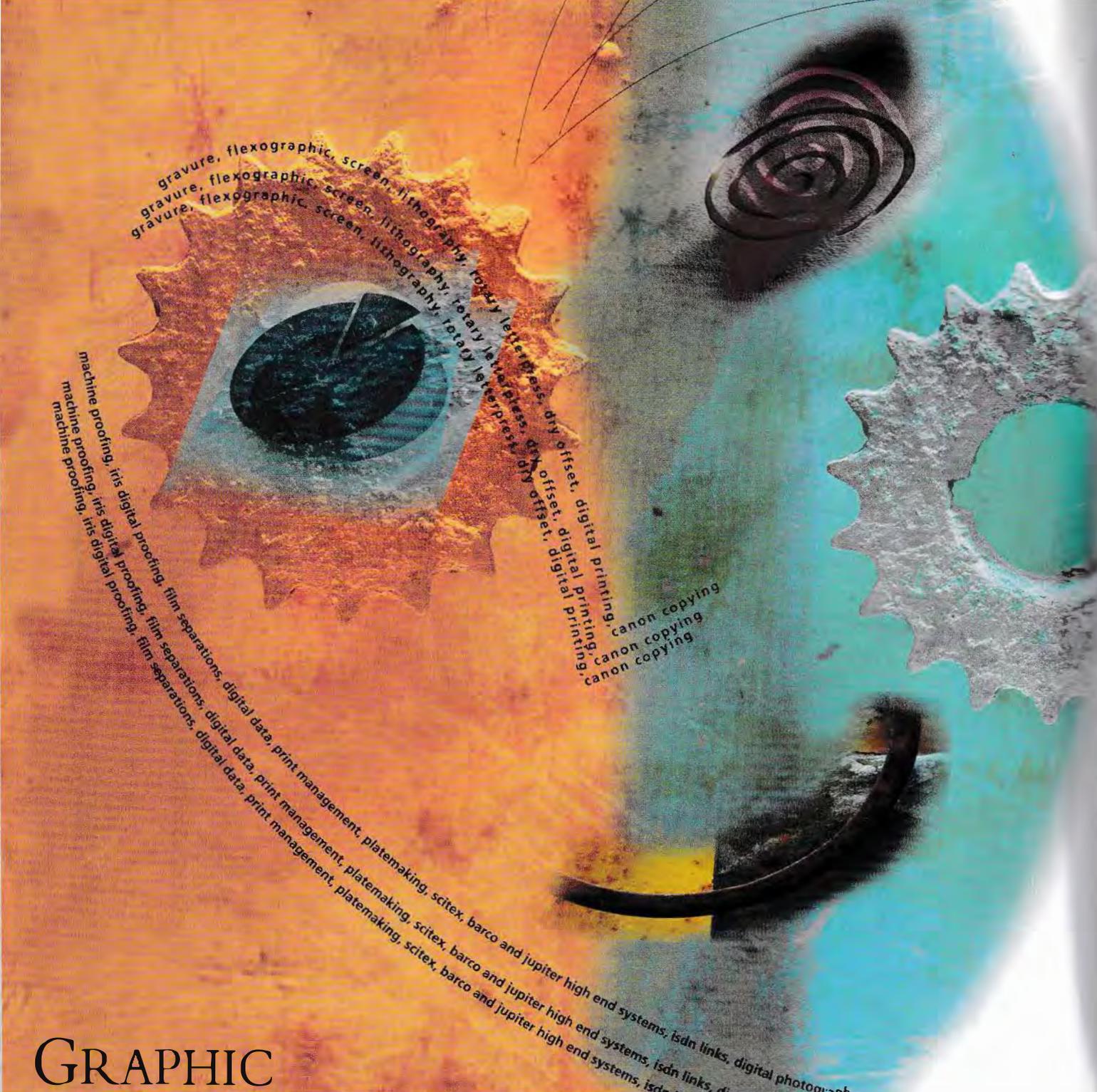


G. K. Chesterton used to say that one of the main reasons why he became a Catholic was to get rid of his sins, and that the Church of Rome was the only religious system that professed to do so. He went on to explain:

"It is confirmed by the logic, which to many seems startling, by which the Church deduces that sin confessed and adequately repented is actually abolished; and that the sinner does really begin again as if he had never sinned. When a Catholic comes from Confession, he does truly, by definition, step out again into the dawn of his own beginning, and look with new eyes across the world. . . He believes that in that dim corner, and in that brief ritual, God has already remade him in His own image. He is now a new experiment of the Creator. Thus the Sacrament of Penance gives a new life, and reconciles a man to all the living, but it does not do it as the optimists and the hedonists and the heathen preachers of happiness do. The gift is given at a price, and is conditioned by a confession. In other words, the name of the price is Truth, which also may be called Reality; but it is facing the reality of oneself." "

— G. K. Chesterton, *Autobiography*, London, 1937, p. 329-330. See Thomas J. McGovern, *Priestly Identity*, Dublin 2002, p. 252.





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WARNING: a virus that attacks our spirit and culture

'DIVIDUAL' PSYCHO-PATHOLOGY

Communist theorists sought to replace the Individual [unique, singular, as distinct from others] by the Collective or 'dividual' [not unique, singular or distinct from others]. PAUL STENHOUSE reflects on ways in which 'Dividual Man' has survived into the 21st Century.



COLLECTIVE MAN, that much vaunted 'New Godless Man' of the Marxist-Leninist word-spinners, once was thought to be an aberration peculiar to the decadent Tsarist Russian empire with a long tradition of serfs and politically impotent individuals.

Long before the fall of Communism, a new variety of the Collective Man virus appeared in the West, different from the overtly violent, lumbering, million-headed impersonal, indistinct mass whose festival was May 1, whose natural meeting place was Red Square, and whose moods ranged from passive compliance to mad rage and savage cruelty.

This new Western strain for all its subtlety is just as brain-washed as the prototype developed by the Soviets. It is just as much under the control of its masters. Unlike the Russian model, it thinks that it is expressing its individuality and exercising its basic freedoms. In reality, it is following the usual game plan.

Insanity on a grand scale

Mass media, mass consumerism, mass education, mass production, mass culture, mass circulation news papers - even mass hysteria, mass prejudice, mass delusion - are as commonplace these days in the West as they were for years in the Soviet Union and still are, in the new entity that has replaced it.

People *en masse*, as Erich Fromm was quick to point out years ago, are as susceptible to phobias and neuroses as the individual.

'Just as there is *folie à deux* there is

folie à millions, and consensus in error does not transform error into truth. To later generations, years after the outbreak of mass insanity, the insane character of such thinking even though it is shared by almost everybody, may be clear ...but usually there is little awareness of the pathological character of much that passes for 'thinking' while it is occurring."

Vladimir Mayakovsky committed suicide in 1930, at the age of 37, but not before he had become the propaganda mouthpiece of the Bolshevik Revolutionaries. The acknowledged

leader of Futurist poetry and theatre in Russia, Mayakovsky spent his short life mechanizing and 'de-souling' art to the point where poems inciting hatred, violence and murder were commonplace, and where mockery could succeed 'in shattering by mighty merriment the sneaking fear of the old gods which still persists in the proletarian masses'.

Demyan Bednyi could produce inflammatory battle-songs on demand and in any quantity to inspire soldiers and workers, and fan the pathological thinking of the mass. His service of the Communist Party Executive who said of him 'He hates with the well-weighed hate of the revolutionary party of the world,' earned for him a festival and a feast day, like a saint.

You workers, now smash to pulp
with your fists that phantom, God!
You are masters of the Fate of the
world!

The end is come, you rulers, the
end is come.

Onwards, triumph! March! March!
Onwards! Shot on shore?

Contemporary Art

Closer to home, Roger Kimball, reviewing' an exhibition of pictures by Gilbert & George' in New York in 1997 asked,

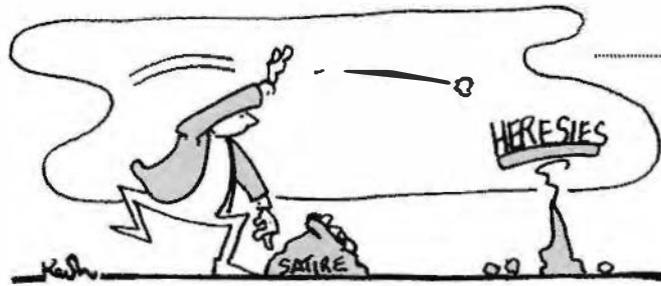
'How much 'cutting-edge' contemporary art has anything to do with beauty? To ask such questions is to highlight the fact that much of what is regarded as art today ... is not merely indifferent but downright antithetical to beauty: it is ugly, yes, and also perverse, disgusting, banal, tendentious, blasphemous, silly and vapid. The real novelty of contemporary art - the part of it that counts as 'avant



Shakespeare the Catholic recusant

SCREENWRITERS are already working on a sequel to *Shakespeare in Love*, this time non-fiction: unlikely as it may sound, Shakespeare in Lancashire. Hollywood hotshots are among 150 eminent scholars from all over the world descending on north-west England this week for a conference to consecrate this new fact of Shakespeare's life. Lectures, concerts and performances will be staged at Houghton Tower, near Preston, the ancestral manse where delegates believe the young poet-in-the-making fetched up, fleeing persecution as an illegally recusant Catholic. His adventures in Lancashire, the theory goes, left their mark throughout his work.

- Anthony Holden, 'William the younger'
Observer, July 18, 1999.



Saved by a smile

BEING what he was, he could only express himself in his own language, and his language was full of epigrams, burlesque images, invective and intellectual sword-play. He was called brilliant, but he never wished to shine. His genuine humility prevented him from using the preacher's tone. He hurled against what he called the heresies and fads of his time all the missiles at his disposal. He emptied against them the quiver of his satire and the bulging bags of his humour. He was indeed brilliant, in the sense that he made the Christian virtues shine with the sparkle of his wit, and covered the corresponding vices with contumely. Having been himself an unbeliever in his youth, he remained in touch with the sceptics and agnostics among whom he had lived, fighting them with their own weapons and ridiculing their new creeds as they had ridiculed conventional Victorian morality. It is doubtful whether he would have adopted methods if he had not waged such a vanguard action. He lived in dread of gravity and pomposity, and only raised his tone to eloquence after dispelling all suspicion of spiritual pride and clearing the air with his laughter. He seemed to sense the danger of talking solemnly to people who had been driven into the desert of unbelief by a surfeit of solemn talk.

— Emile Cammaerts, *The Laughing Prophet*, writing of G.K. Chesterton.

guard,' anyway - is that it manages to be so many of these things at the same time: ugly and silly; disgusting and vapid; perverse and banal ... it is quite an achievement - though not, of course, an artistic achievement.'

Their photographs, like those of Andres Serrano whose big photograph of a crucifix immersed in urine called 'Piss Christ' was exhibited by the National Gallery of Victoria amid protests from Christians across the theological divide, constitute a new kind of scatological Pop Art. The backgrounds of their pictures are images of bodily fluids or waste products. When the waste product is excrement it is magnified.

Their pictures fetch from \$US40,000 to \$US120,000. They have been described, according to Kimhall, as England's most famous and richest contemporary artists. In 1995 when they exhibited their 'Naked Shit' pictures John McEwan in the *Sunday Telegraph* praised their 'self-sacrifice for a higher cause which is purposely moral and indeed Christian'.

Apeing Religious truths

I watched Director Tim Burton's re-make of Franklin Schaffner's 1968 *Planet of the Apes* some months ago. The make-up of the apes was extraordinary and some of the special effects impressive. By now we have grown used to social or religious issues being satirised in movies, but the new release was in overdrive, reminiscent of the old Soviet propaganda machine, with its Apes praying at altars to a Simian god, with their own Ape version of Genesis, debating amongst themselves whether humans have a soul, and looking forward to a Second Coming. The implications were not lost on many of the mainly young audience who hooted with delight at what they took to be a crack at 'Judaeo-Christianity.'

Mayakovsky would have been impressed by the way 21st century capitalism in the persona of messrs Broyles, Konner and Rosenthal, the script-writers of the 2001 version of *Planet of the Apes*, managed to give the

movie goers an upside-down religious picture that was worthy of radical socialism's best effort. And all in the guise of entertainment for the masses.

Futurism: an under-rated player

To understand the aesthetic and moral quagmire in which we find ourselves we would need to spend a lifetime studying human nature - if anyone in a post-modern university could be found to accept that there is such a thing and to be willing to teach about it. In lieu of that probably futile course, I suggest we consider the political and aesthetic platform of the Futurists whose influence on almost every aspect of life in the 20th century has been far-reaching and malign.

Futurism was the child of Filippo Marinetti who along with his followers was intoxicated by the machine - by what the Bolsheviks were to call the 'Visible God' - and by speed, youth, action, violence, conflict, noise and all the sensations of life in the world that was 'modern' in the early 20th century.

In 1909 the Futurists declared:

'There is no beauty except in strife. No masterpiece without aggression. Poetry must be a violent onslaught upon unknown forces ... why should we look behind us when we have to break down the mysterious portals of the Impossible. We wish to glorify war - the only health giver of the world - militarism, patriotism, the destructive arm of the anarchist, the beautiful ideas that kill and contempt for women.'

Burn the Libraries, Flood the Museums

The Futurists sang of great crowds excited by labour and rebellion:

'Come then, the good incendiaries, with their charred fingers. Set fire to the shelves of libraries. Divert the course of canals to flood the cellars of museums. Seize pick-axes and hammers. Weaken the foundations of ancient cities. The oldest amongst us is thirty; we have therefore ten years

at least to accomplish our task. When we are forty, let others younger and more valiant throw us into the wastepaper basket like useless manuscripts. And injustice, strong and healthy, will burst forth radiantly in their eyes. For art can be naught but violence, cruelty and injustice."

On March 8, 1910 the Manifesto of Futurist Painters was proclaimed from the stage of the Teatro Chiarella in Turin. Its proponents declared themselves to be dedicated to destroying the cult of the past, obsession with antiquity, pedantry and academic formalism: to despising any kind of imitation; to exalting every form of originality, no matter how rash, no matter how violent.

Humans in Pain or Mechanical Failure?

The 'renovated consciousness' of these Futurists forbade them to look on man as 'the centre of universal life'. 'The suffering of man,' they wrote, 'is of the same interest to us as the suffering of an electric lamp which with spasmodic starts shrieks out the most heartrending expression of colour?'

The true extent of the artistic, religious, political and chemical pollution spread by the misguided idealism of the Russian Revolutionaries and their successors will probably never be fully assessed. Too many nameless and unremembered millions died from a surfeit of it before the Soviet Union fell apart in 1989.

Some idea of what was in store for the West if the Futurists had had their way, was given in July 1910 when they threw down 800,000 leaflets containing their Manifesto against 'passéist Venice' from the clock tower of St Mark's in the Piazza San Marco. They advocated demolishing the decaying Palaces and filling in the 'smelly canals' and rebuilding Venice as a modern city [like Milan, which once rivalled Venice with its canals] with highways and factories. Rome, Florence and Venice, 'three festering sores on the Italian Peninsula,' were to be destroyed and rebuilt from the ground up into modern cities.⁸

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Futurism in Literature

When I was a student at Sydney University in the late 60s I was given by Frederick May, the then Professor of Italian, a copy of the *Technical Manifesto of Futurist Literature* [1912], which reads like a manual for many of the educational theorists of the 60s and 70s in this country: abolish grammar, abolish adjectives, adverbs and conjunctions. An effort must be made to introduce noise, weight and colour into literature:

'To be understood is not a necessity ... we shall use brutal sounds, all the expressive shrieks of the violent life that surrounds us. Let us courageously introduce the "ugly" into literature and let us kill solemnity wherever we find it. We must spit every day on the altar of art. We are entering the unrestricted domains of free intuition. Following on free verse, finally free words.'

The Futurists welcomed the outbreak of the first World War as the highest, the most perfect kind of art. A country without rebellion and violence was no place for a Futurist. They were anti-clerical, anti-parlia-

mentary, and [ironically in the light of the Futurists' influence on Bolshevik art and literature] anti-socialist.

Mayakovsky's debt to the Futurists is too well-attested to be denied. 'We do not need,' he wrote, 'a dead mausoleum of art where dead works are worshipped but a living factory of the human spirit in the streets, in the tramways, in the factories, workshops and workers' homes'.

Cubism, Expressionism, the Dadaists - all drew heavily upon Futurism and shared its desire to shock and to do violence to bourgeois sensibilities. Dada was to carry the Futurist message to succeeding generations.

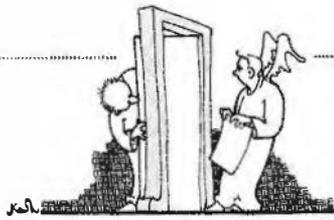
Futurism Still with us

Many of our galleries are, sometimes unknowingly, temples to the spirit of Futurism. Much that we watch on TV or read in the press is affected by its malign spirit. We are still coming to terms with the irrationality, the negativity, the violence, the noise and the rebellion that the Futurists worshipped and that their Marxist-Leninist disciples put into diabolical practice.

Roger Kimball comments:

"The preposterous praise critics have lavished upon Gilbert & George is a sign of a deep cultural malaise. After all, without the collusion of critics Gilbert & George would have remained where they belong, as a footnote to late 20th century cultural pathology. Instead they are celebrated as important artists."

Art critics and gallery owners notwithstanding, Mussolini wasn't fooled. He is reported as having described the Futurist founder as 'this extravagant buffoon who wants to play politics and whom nobody in Italy, least of all me, takes seriously'.⁹ Could he have been influenced by Marinetti's having written a book on Futurist Cooking which he dedicated to *Il Duce* and in which he described pastasciutta [familarly known as pasta] as 'an obsolete food, whose nutritive qualities are deceptive, and which induces scepticism, sloth and pessimism'.¹⁰



Angels of life and death

ANGELS of Life and Death alike are His;

Without His leave they pass no threshold o'er;

Who, then, would wish or dare, believing this,

Against His messengers to shut the door?

— Henry Wordsworth Longfellow 1807-1882.

Nur were the Russian peasants en masse as devoid of taste as their masters took them to be. When Boris Korolyev's ultra modern cubo-futuristic monument to Bukunin (to be shot by Stalin in 1937) was erected, the authorities didn't dare unveil it for fear of the anger of the mass. It was kept permanently behind a wooden fence. When some poor

people took down the fence in winter for firewood, and one day the monument stood revealed in all its ugliness, the populace rebelled and the authorities had it demolished." This, in Soviet Russia in the 1920s.

One wonders what those long dead Bolshevik proletarians would have thought of the New Capitalist Collective Man, and the ugliness and perversity of art like that of Gilbert & George or Andres Serrano, and much else that passes for art or entertainment these days in the West.



1. Rene Philip-Miller, *The mind and face of Bolshevism*, London 1927, pp. 100-101.
2. *Ibid.*, p.157.
3. *The Spectator*, May 17, 1997
4. Gilbert & George.
5. George Penzance.
6. Marinetti, 'Futurist Manifesto of Futurism,' *Le Figaro*, February 20, 1909 quoted Futurism, by Jane Rye, Studio Vista/Dutton Paperback (undated) p.7.
7. Jane Rye, *op. cit.* p.23.
8. *Ibid.*, p.106.
9. quoted Jane Rye, *op. cit.* p.127.
10. See Alexander Chacollan, *The Spectator* September 3, 1993
11. Rene Philip-Miller, *op. cit.* p.95.

A teenage Pro-lifer

MY name is Nicholas Lastman. I am 16 years of age and I go to a Catholic Secondary College and am currently in year 11. My mum asked me to write a short piece so she wouldn't have to write so much of her newsletter (she's getting old). I agreed to do this because she threatened not to cook for me any more, and she further threatened not to take me to school. Not that I would have minded staying home, but being in year 11, I think its important to turn up for my classes especially R.E. (mum made me write that). Anyway, I think I better get to the point of my piece. Mother has asked me write about a teenager's perspective on abortion and how other kids my age view the topic. I do not know exactly what to write, and am apprehensive as I sit here locked in the computer room, isolated from the outside world (mum hid the key and she's breathing down my neck). Here goes, I will tell you about some experiences that I have had when abortion has arisen as the topic of conversation. First of all, I have to explain that at my school, although it is a Catholic one, only about 20 per cent of students who go there are actually practising Catholics. Everyday when wearing my normal uniform, I wear the 'Precious Feet' badge (interna-

tional pro life symbol) near the top of my tie. In this way people who look at me notice it, and I get a lot of friends and teachers asking me about it. Thus, by wearing the 'feet', I can spread the Pro-life message to a lot of people who do not even know what an abortion is. An example of this was when I first started wearing these 'feet' in year 9. My best friend asked me what I was wearing on

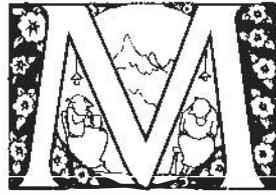


my tie, and I proceeded to inform him what the 'feet' were and what it meant to wear them. After explaining this, he asked me, 'but what is wrong with an abortion? I thought it was just when a girl gets pregnant, they take a pill, and the baby inside which is not fully a baby yet, comes out the backside' (at the time, more colourful language was used but

mum wouldn't let me write it). Well... with the many years of being trapped in my mother's car when she drove us to and from school, and having to listen to the tapes you people sent her, and her sermons, I had a chance to actually use some of this knowledge. After explaining what really happens in an abortion, and showing him a picture from one of mum's books of the baby in the womb and then after it was aborted, he was absolutely shocked at the horrific nature of this practice and wanted to know how this was legal. Since that day, my mate has been totally Pro-life and has backed me up whenever the topic has risen. I have included this example to show just how, teenagers especially, are unaware of what is actually occurring in an abortion. I have to finish this off now as my mum is getting jealous of my fine work. I will write again soon and in future articles will tell you about other experiences I have had as a teenage Pro-lifer. Please feel free to send in any compliments about this piece, but I will not accept complaints. Your favourite features writer Nick

— Reprinted with permission from *Broken Branches*, a newsletter for victims of abortion. Telephone (03) 9663 9032.

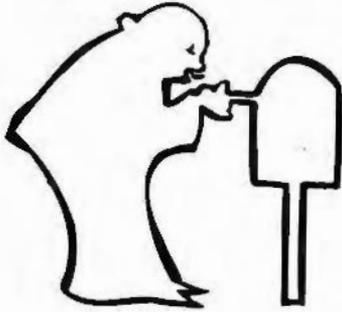
Lesson for life – 5



ANY years ago, when I worked as a volunteer at a hospital, I got to know a little girl named Liz who was suffering from a rare and serious disease. Her only chance of recovery appeared to be a blood transfusion from her 5-year old brother, who had miraculously survived the same disease and had developed the antibodies needed to combat the illness. The doctor explained the situation to her little brother, and asked the little boy if he would be willing to give his blood to his sister. I saw him hesitate for only a moment before taking a deep breath and saying, 'Yes, I'll do it if it will save her.' As the transfusion progressed, he lay in bed next to his sister and smiled, as we all did, seeing the colour returning to her cheeks. Then his face grew pale and his smile faded. He looked up at the doctor and asked him with a trembling voice, 'Will I start to die straight away?'

Being young, the little boy had misunderstood the doctor. He thought he was going to have to give his sister all of his blood in order to save her.

– Contributed by Tony de Freitas, South Africa



Competent

I had the good fortune recently to have need to borrow a recent copy (March 2002) in order to read an article on Islam which someone had mentioned to me. My interest in the subject had been sparked not only by the September 2001 events in New York, but also by an account of the 'birth' of Islam given me by an acquaintance who was born in Iraq, into a family who were members of the Chaldean Rite of the Catholic Church. His account, part of the oral tradition of his forebears, differs rather markedly from that given by Muslims.

Certainly the *Annals* has changed a great deal from the format that I know of so many years ago. I found this borrowed copy a very interesting journal with a wide range of subjects competently treated.

Adamstown Heights 2289 NAME SUPPLIED

Watching our 'ands'

I am a devoted reader of your journal *Annals Australasia* and enjoy the open and catholic views of the articles therein. I was amazed by an article in Sept 2001. It was written by Archbishop Charles Chaput of Denver USA entitled *The Devil is a Big-Time Loser*. In this article I read sentences starting with the word 'and' not once but three times.

When I went to school at Marist Bros St. Benedicts, Broadway, we were told never begin a sentence with 'and', then I thought 'well, he is an American and they may do it over there'. But to my amazement up it pops again, in Nov-Dec 2001, this time not three but ten times. The article is *Telling the Truth in Charity*, by Dennis Murphy MSC.

I am not an academic, but this stood out like a beacon in the night. I do not know if other readers have

said anything about this, but, if I am not wrong could this be fixed in the future? As for the journal, it is a ripper!

Trunkay NSW 2795 BRUCE J. BURKE
[We are grateful to Bruce for making us watch our and's as well as our P's and Q's. We try not to sacrifice nicety of expression to the demands of deadlines. Ed.]

A Town Called Alice

On my fourth and recent visit to Alice Springs I was struck by its microcosm of the Catholicity of the Church.

My wife Norma and I attended evening Mass at the beautiful Sacred Heart church and were impressed not only by the building but by the multiculturalism of the congregation, priest and ministers.

The celebrant was Vietnamese (I was told), the acolyte Irish, the reader US American and the father and boys taking up the collection were Australians.

The congregation itself was a mixture of Aboriginal and (as the police say) Caucasian Australians. It, and the Alice itself, was so very different from what I had seen in 1943 when I passed through as a soldier on the way to Darwin.

As a personal note may I say how delighted I was to see articles by Dr Paul D'Arbon in the *Annals*, whose vice-president I was when he founded Canterbury Community Service and Kevin Hilferty, a journalist colleague of some years back.

I suppose to adapt the words of St Augustine when you have floated on 'the tide of (80) years,' these things have point.

Bensville NSW 2251 KEN SCHELLY

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Power of Prayer

My grandson Ryan (7½ years) was eager to attend the recent pilgrimage of the relics of St Therese of the Child Jesus.

Along with his family, he arrived early and was seen to be praying very intently. Afterwards, his mother asked what he prayed for. Always one to get his priorities right, Ryan nominated a family member, and added that he asked St Therese to help the Broncos beat the Newcastle Knights in Friday night's rugby league clash.

He, along with some of my other grandchildren are great supporters of the Broncos. I take them to watch the Broncos train on Saturday mornings and sometimes to their Sunday games.

Apparently Ryan was concerned that even coach, Wayne Bennett, publicly had given his team no chance of defeating the then competition leaders, Newcastle. They, in turn, were confident of beating the Broncos, but had not taken into consideration the fact that St Therese and Ryan got their heads together to send champion team Newcastle packing with a great win for the Brisbane Broncos.

Petrie Qld 4592 FRANK BELLET

Excellent Overview

We are writing to congratulate you on your recent editorial in the April-May issue of *Annals*. We have been greatly encouraged by this excellent overview of the sorry state of our Church at present. We will try to follow the good advice you have given through John Dryden and be impudent.

Vincentia NSW 2540 JOHN & MARGARET BROOMHEAD

Cryptic

I would like the crossword to be a usual feature. I love cryptic crosswords!

Clifton Hill Vic 3068 J. BRIDSON

Breadth

I love getting *Annals*, so informative and so much. It amazes me, the breadth and the world events past and present it covers. That was an excellent article (one of many) on

Osama Bin Laden. I was not surprised, even though horrified, at the attack on the US. Your own article confirmed America's blunders, regarding its effect and its foreign policies.

Hi Clare NSW 2250

G. BYERS

Illegal Immigrants

Congratulations on your recent editorial in *Annals* March 2002. Amid all the emotional hysteria and media hype, it is refreshing to read an article presenting some genuine information and solid statistics, about the problems associated with illegal immigrants and genuine refugees.

The briefest glance at the figures for 'boat people' arriving here since 1976 will explain why the mechanism for processing their claims has become jammed – an average of 149 per year, between 1976 and 1989; increasing to an average of 319 per year, between 1989 and 1998; then the astonishing increase to a total of 10,395 in the brief period between 1999 and October 2001!

All these in addition to the claims of people who have arrived through the legal channels, who in fairness, have a right to be cleared first.

Our sympathy must, of course, go out to those unfortunate people who have been duped by unscrupulous 'people smugglers', into parting with their savings and, perhaps, documents, into the belief that Australia's doors are open to all, without proper investigation. But, like any other country, we have the right to decide who is to gain citizenship here and caution is not unreasonable.

Longueville NSW 2066

FRANCES HACKNEY
FROHLICH

Thank you

Thank you for *Annals* – I would not be without it – keep up your great work.

Ashley Qld 4034

MARY HUTCHINSON

Honourable and Competent

The Police Service, very much maligned and under unfavourable scrutiny at present, is generally to my belief, still a law enforcement agency of efficiency and responsibility.

Regrettably, through the despicable actions of a few Plainclothes

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Officers, the reputation of the Service is adjudged to be, a corrupt organisation, but this is far from reality. I found during my 37 1/2 years service that my uniformed confreres, comprising 80% of the work force were competent and honourable and performing their duties with efficiency and reliability.

Bellevue Hill NSW 2023

LANCE HOBAN

Inspiring

Thank you for *Annals*. We love its format and content – I hope it doesn't change. We enjoy the scholarly well-researched articles, they are always a good read.

Over the many years we've subscribed we have enjoyed stories

about saints and church history, the 'yellow pages' about music, and comments on Catholic practice. We like stories about Catholics who have been great artists, poets, scientists, musicians, writers etc. – or those who are now!

Thank you for your own editorial comment and translations of ancient poetry.

I like the layout of the magazine too with its occasional illustrations and the borders – classy! I do miss Hal English's back covers – pity you can't find another Catholic artist to fill his shoes/hold his brush.

Please, more discussions about current controversial issues – it is always refreshing to read Catholic opinion that is conservative but still moving with the times. Vatican II brought us into a new millennium but some of us still sorely miss the beauty and mystery of the old liturgies and music. We can't discard tradition altogether.

I would like to see a series on lay Catholic orders in Australia e.g., the Secular Franciscans, lay Carmelites etc.

Also – more about great Catholic music of the past! How about a look at the medieval 'greats' such as Guillaume Machant? Some of the medieval/renaissance composers were such colourful characters that I'm sure your readers would enjoy a glimpse into their lives and works – whether or not they are readers with musical training.

Berkley Vale NSW 2261 SHARI MARIA BREWSTER

Hope

Loved the piece 'A two-faced God?' in 9/10 2001. The magazine continues to inspire and bring hope.

Ashwood VIC 3147

MADGE FAHY

Wonderful

A wonderful magazine – always looked forward to. Thank God for *Annals*

Pennant Hills NSW 2120

MARIE McMAHON

(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 day-time phone or fax number or e-mail address at which you can be reached. Editor, *Annals*.)

THOUGHT FROM THE LITURGY OF THE DAY



SEPTEMBER

1 Sunday Week 22 Psalm 63:1
O God, you are my God, for you I long.

2 Monday Week 22 Luke 4:18
The Lord has sent me ... to set the downtrodden free, to proclaim the Lord's year of favour.

3 Tuesday Week 22 Psalm 145:8
The Lord is kind and full of compassion to all his creatures.

4 Wednesday Week 22 1Cor 3:7
One does the planting, another the watering. Only God makes things grow.

5 Thursday Week 22 Luke 5:5
We worked hard all night and caught nothing, but at your word we will let down our net.

6 Friday Week 22 Psalm 37:4
If you find your delight in the Lord, he will grant your heart's desire.

7 Saturday Week 22 1Cor 4:7
What do you have that was not given to you?

8 Sun Week 23 Psalm 95:7
O that today you would listen to his voice. Harden not your hearts.

9 Monday Week 23 John 10:27
My sheep listen to my voice. I know them and they follow me.

10 Tuesday Week 23 Luke 6:12
Jesus went out into the hills to pray; and he spent the whole night in prayer to God.

11 Wed Week 23 Luke 6:20
Blessed are you who are poor: yours is the kingdom of God.

12 Thur Week 23 Psalm 139:14
I thank you for the wonder of my being, for the wonders of all your creation.

13 Fri Jn Chrysostom Ps 40:8
I delight in your law in the depth of my heart.

14 Sat Triumph of Cross Jn 3:16
God so loved the world that he gave his only Son.

15 Sun Week 24 Psalm 103:3
It is the Lord who forgives all your guilt, who heals every one of your ills.

16 Mon Cornelius Ps 126:5
Those who are sowing in tears will sing when they reap.

17 Tues Robert B. Wisdom 7:7
I prayed, and understanding was given me; I entreated, and the spirit of Wisdom came to me.

18 Wed Week 24 1Cor 13:7
Love is always ready to excuse, to trust, to hope, and to endure whatever comes.

19 Thur Week 24 Luke 7:50
Jesus said to the woman: 'Your faith has saved you. Go in peace'.

20 Fri Korean martyrs 1Cor 13:7
Love is always ready to excuse, to trust, to hope and to endure whatever comes.

21 Sat Matthew Eph 4:2
Do all you can to preserve the unity of the Spirit by the peace that binds you together.

22 Sun Week 25 Isaiah 55:6
Seek the Lord while he is still to be found. Call to him while he is still near.

23 Monday Week 25 Luke 8:17
Nothing is hidden but it will be made clear, nothing secret but it will be known and brought to light.

24 Tuesday Week 25 Luke 8:21
My mother, my brother and sister, is the one who does the will of my Father.

25 Wed Week 25 Psalm 119:29
Keep me, Lord, from the way of error and teach me your law.

26 Thursday Week 25 Ps 90:12
Make us know the shortness of our life, that we may gain wisdom of heart.

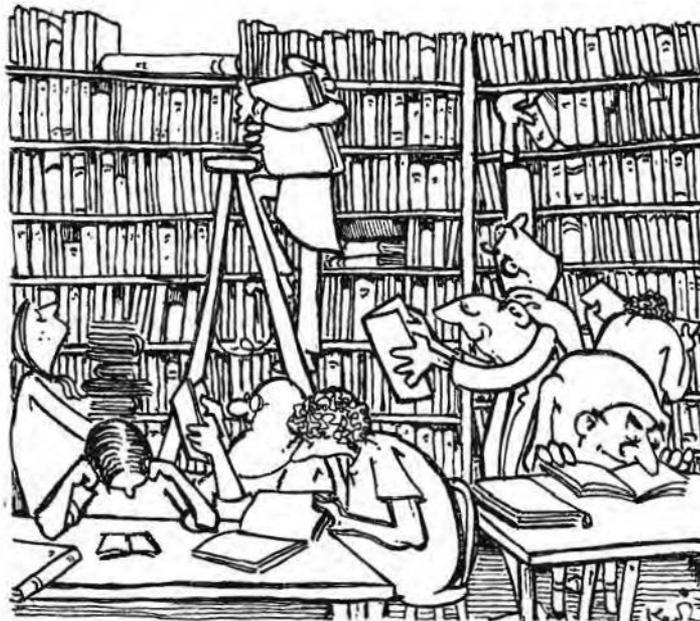
27 Fri Vincent de Paul Mat 9:36
Jesus felt sorry for them, for they were like sheep without a shepherd.

28 Sat Week 25 Eccles 11:10
Follow the promptings of your heart and the desires of your eyes. But this you must know: for all these things God will bring you to judgment.

29 Sun Week 26 Phil 2:5
In your minds you must be the same as Christ Jesus.

30 Mon Jerome 2Tim 3:16
Scripture is inspired by God and can profitably be used for teaching, for refuting error, for guiding people's lives and for teaching them to be holy.

Thoughts compiled by Father Michael Fallon, MSC.



CAROLINE CHISHOLM LIBRARY

(Incorporating the Catholic Central Library)

MELBOURNE'S SPIRITUAL OASIS FOR BUSY CATHOLICS

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'.

Address: The Library is situated on the third floor of Mitchell House at 358 Lonsdale Street, on the corner of Elizabeth and Lonsdale Streets, Melbourne. Its entrance is from Lonsdale Street.

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.

Is there a down-side to certain social virtues?

SEVEN DEADLY VIRTUES

KEVIN GRANT offers some light-hearted but incisive comments on politically-correct 'virtues' that for some people have replaced more traditional Christian values.

IT was a throwaway line. 'I wonder if there are seven deadly virtues, too?' I was warming to my theme - sloth - in a sermon to Christ's College, Cambridge, one of a Lenten series visiting preachers were giving on the seven deadly sins. Canon Law debarbs Catholic lay people from preaching in their own churches but the Anglican convention is different. I was not in orders but not out of order either.

I invited my congregation of staff, divines and students to reflect on this interesting question, if their minds were to fall away from my rumblings and ramblings. To start them off I suggested punctuality and candour. And then I forgot all about the idea.

Or I thought I had. One morning, sleepless under summer light, I found my mind picking up on the intriguing task I had lightly set for others. Would I be able to find five more? I ended up having to make choices. This is my list. It has no canonical force. But why not join those Cambridge Anglicans and compile your own? It is likely to be better than mine.

Punctuality

Punctuality is the courtesy of kings but can be the terror of tyrants. I mean that being on time is good but forcing others to your schedule might not be. An American singer once told me the rules for rehearsal under which he had served as a chorister. 'If you're early you're on time. If you're on time, you're late. And if you're late, you're dead.' Punctuality imposed droppeth like the gentle Chinese torture. It is twice cursed. It curses those who insist on it, making them monsters. And it curses those of us driven by it. We

are tormented by our fear of being late and by the pointless, stupid things that make us late when being late is more grief to us than to anyone who awaits us. I remember the lament of a friend who had missed a vital train. 'It was a very long train and I missed all of it.'

When I was in charge of one of the Catholic papers, based in London,

I told people coming to see me to tolerance all meetings or appointments by a quarter of an hour. My mercy was born of the plain fact that you cannot be exact with London appointments except by the device of squandering half your day to ensure it. City bosses everywhere, please copy.

Now that I live out in the country, in a cottage that's hard to find, I have grown vaguer yet. 'Come in the later pan of the morning,' I will say. Or 'Turn up around the bottom of the clock' to save my visitors fighting to arrive on the long Greenwich pip of six.

Candour

'Quite frankly, detestably frank' was a phrase that echoed as I reflected on the unloveliness, the unlovingness of candour. When you ask a friend what he thinks about something you have done and he begins his reply by saying that he is sure you wouldn't want him to be less than perfectly candid you always know that what follows will hurt you. It is nobler to mind our speech than to speak our mind.

The real sense of the word is of whiteness. 'Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,' said crabby Pope. 'Let us be candid and speak out our minds,' wrote bold Goldsmith. I hide with cowering Canning: 'Save, save, oh save me from the candid friend!'

Niceness

There is a natural opposition between niceness and candour. The candid person is not nice. The nice person is not candid. Both are defects in my catechism.

Niceness counsels the need to be loved at all costs. It is not much



Pirates Ahoy!

IT is fascinating, too, to read of the plot by O'Flynn to frustrate an attempt by an American pirate to stage *The Mikado* before the official version could reach New York. While rehearsing a company to tour the provinces, he sent a 'Very Private' letter to Cunard booking 50 passengers to America. Then, when he learned the pirate's opening date, he informed the company of their altered destination, swore them to secrecy and warned that relatives would not be welcome to see them off. The surprise was complete and so was the pirate's discomfiture. Would Equity allow a ploy like that today? It remains to add that a suit against the plagiarists in New York was dismissed by a Tammany judge in the memorable words: 'Copyright or no Copyright, Commercial Honesty or Commercial Buccaneering, no Englishman possesses any rights which a true-born American is bound to respect.'

- *Times Literary Supplement*, 23/10/1975

'all things to all men' as 'however the next man wants me to seem'. It passes by on the other side if what lies before it is - well, not nice. It is a layer of sugared crust, like the veneer of monogamy on serial marriages. It is in the paid-for smile of the air hostess. The dictionary is very hard on the word, tracing it to 'nescius', meaning ignorant, but it has accumulated 'wanton', and 'affectedly modest' over the centuries, rallying to mean 'kind' and 'considerate' on the way to its current sense of anodyne ingratiolation.

The most interesting man I ever met wasn't nice at all. He told me once, over a quiet Friday whisky, that he was probably the only man I would ever meet who had received all seven sacraments and broken all ten commandments. A one-line CV of some force, I felt.

(Readers may pause here to consider their own scores.) But my friend was a beloved son of St Benedict.

Hindsight

The finest satirical columnist who ever wrote in the English papers was Beachcomber of the Daily Express, in that paper's greater days. He was J B Morton in real life. Beachcomber had a notion of hindsight in his fabled product 'Snibbo' which did everything and cured everything. He somewhere wrote that this amazing preparation would stop cliff erosion and mend broken hearts. Hindsight can certainly do either, or indeed both.

Hindsight is what we use to rebuke the brave for daring and getting it wrong. We even use it against ourselves. What we should have done, what we could have done. The truth is that we probably did our best in the circumstances. Hindsight is, above all, the jawbone swung by the historian.

Hindsight has a satellite circling it called 'I told you so'. When I was getting married my parents told me this was the one reproach we were never to level against each other. I am sure they had found this out the hard way.



Insane Offering

A number of loyal people had said, after the death of George III, that we should not pass measures for Catholic relief because his late Majesty had disapproved of them. Sydney dealt with this objection: 'Of all human nonsense, it is surely the greatest to talk of respect to the late king - by not voting for the Catholic question. Bad enough to bum widows when the husband dies - bad enough to bum horses, dogs, butlers, footmen, and coachmen, on the funeral pile of a Scythian warrior - but to offer up the happiness of seven millions of people to the memory of the dead, is certainly the most insane sepulchral oblation of which history makes mention.'

- Sydney Smith, [1771-1845] wit, co-founder of the *Edinburgh Review* and Anglican Clergyman, quoted in *The Smith of Smiths*, by Hesketh Pearson, 1934.

Charm

Charm is akin to niceness but is still a separate territory. It is charisma without the 'is'. The word originates in the field of magic and spells, suggesting its danger. Unconscious charm is as lovely as unconscious happiness. But once make charm a conscious thing, an instrument, and it is drained of grace and its deadliness is established. Charm sets up *Les Liaisons Dangereuses*. They always decay to *Les Liaisons Miserables*. It was brutally said of an empty-headed woman that she had a reputation as a beauty and it was her life's work to maintain it. Give a man a reputation for charm and he will be lost as surely as she was.

Caution

In tabling caution I distinguish it from noble prudence. Prudence is driven by love, caution by fear. Caution will never fully take love's

risks. Caution will not lose because it will not love. Caution will bury its talent, fearing criticism and failure. Avoiding all risks, caution in reality risks all, is vomited out.

Father Werenfried, the 'Bacon Priest', a beggar whose servant I had the honour to be, said that at the crossroads of love there were three main groups, the persecuted, the persecutors, and those who brought their love and gifts to help. But we spoke together sometimes about another group; those who coldly stood away, the unengaged, the cautious.

Correctitude

This is my own tenn for political correctness, that dismal blight on current western culture. Today, when old bondages parade as new freedoms, and tradition succumbs everywhere to the liberal onslaught, we are progressively invited to deny the existence of real sins, and indeed to banish any sense of them from our souls. This is why most Catholics have abandoned the Sacrament of Reconciliation. It has not been a failure of pastoral invitation, just the smoke of the world getting into the Church. This obscuring of sin has opened up a gap that our moral natures abhor.

Correctitude tries to fill that gap by inventing new sins. It strains at the gnats of fox-hunting, smoking, wearing furs, putting on weight and whatever other fads the smart columns are filled with. But it swallows the camels of selfishness, avarice, persecuting asylum-seekers, co-habitation, abortion, cloning, same-sex 'marriage' and the rest of the dismal catalogue. The price of being a Catholic is going up very fast. Correctitude blinds us to paying it.

A picture of the portals of Hell once came vividly into my mind. 'Abandon hope all ye who enter here' was of course carved in huge letters above their curving arch. You would expect that. But the surprise was the little notice on the reception desk inside. 'Thank you for not smoking'.



KEVIN GRANT is a British journalist, and more recently a Catholic book distributor. He has first-hand, and first-rate, knowledge of the principal currents of Catholic life and thought in the United Kingdom.

APOLOGETICS AND CATHOLIC DOCTRINE

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

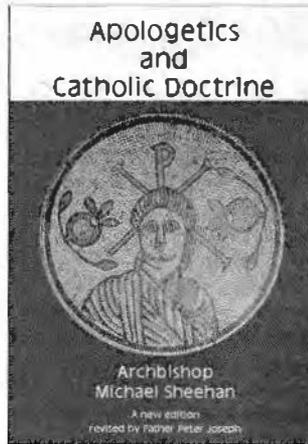
Launched in Sydney by His Grace Archbishop George Pell on 24 July 2001, this long-awaited Catholic classic has already proved to be a runaway best-seller.

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.



ARCHBISHOP MICHAEL SHEEHAN was a brilliant Maynooth scholar and Co-adjutor Archbishop of Sydney from 1922 to 1937. He was a dedicated promoter of Catholic education and untiring in his scholarly efforts to promote the Faith.

This masterpiece of Archbishop Sheehan's writing became a standard work throughout much of the English-speaking world in upper secondary religious education, adult education and instruction of converts as well as general readership.

Archbishop Sheehan's legacy is no doubt his remarkable book and the faith of many of the generations of young English-speaking Catholics who went to serve in World War II—the best educated Catholics, and the most devout—for generations.

This new edition is fully related to the Catechism of the Catholic Church, and incorporates the changes in discipline, liturgy and canon law since the second Vatican Council. It also reflects the teachings of the Council and Papal teachings since the Council.



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Helping the Unloved of NSW's Central Coast

THE 'OTHER HALF' BARELY SURVIVES

JOHN AND ROBYN NEVIN write of their experiences working with the young and old homeless on NSW's central coast for the past 10 years. They explain the part that prayer plays in the success stories that make all the work and heartbreak worthwhile.



WE ARE Working with the homeless on the central Coast. We run a three-month crisis centre for two very disturbed children. Our role is to settle them down enough so they can be successfully fostered.

We work with Central Coast Emergency Accommodation Services, a group which has been working with the homeless on the coast for the last ten years.

When we came to the coast a few years ago we were looking for something to do for the disadvantaged. Our five kids were grown up and had been 'good' kids so to speak, with no major problems. We thought we were people of the world who knew how the 'other half' lived. How little we did know. We have seen and heard stories of abuse that would make your hair stand on end. How some of our young ones survived the abuse they suffered we do not know. We hesitate to put it on paper.

One young girl was found by the police chained naked to a bare metal bed, she was starving and covered in welts where she had been beaten. Mum's boyfriend had continually sexually assaulted her. She was just 12 years old. With us in a caring environment she gradually thrived. The nightmares and bed-wetting stopped and she gradually learnt to control her anger outbursts. She is now in a loving foster family and doing well, though she sometimes regresses.

Currently our service looks after 105 people each night. The government only funds for thirty people so we have a constant battle to raise funds to cover the difference. It cost us just over \$1,200,000 last year to supply the 30,000 bed nights we provided. We had to turn away 1,730 people during the year because we were full.

We have a girls refuge, a youth refuge, a centre for women and their children, a men's refuge and our house. We also have six bed-sitters and several houses where we support people as they get

their lives back together and start back into mainstream living. People ask us why there are so many homeless people on The Coast. In this very beautiful area of pristine beaches and meandering waterways we have the highest rate of homelessness in Australia. We also have one of the highest rates of unemployment in Australia. Even for those who are employed in Sydney the stress sometimes exacts a terrible toll on family life. (Some folk leave home at 5 a.m. and get back at 8 p.m.). Domestic violence, drug abuse, family breakdown and unemployment are the major reasons for homelessness on the coast.

All of our clients, men, women and children, have to do some form of living skill education whilst they are with us. The kids in our refuge have to go to school or TAFE. At our house, 'The Ridge', they even have to do lessons at home if they are suspended from school. As the behaviour of our young ones is mainly anti-social we often have to come home from school for 20 days at a time. We sometimes have a wonderful breakthrough at these times as we show these young ones that God gave them billion dollar brains. Brains that they can reprogram and use to work for their good and the good of the world. In the last 2½ years at 'The Ridge' we have looked after 15 boys and 6 girls. Tearaways, runaways, violent and abusive children. We believe one of the major reasons that we have had such great success is because we pray for them each and every day. We ask God to show us how to reach inside all the hurt and find a response. And we continue to pray



Pressed Out and Running Over

AMONGST the Arabs, the wine of raisins or dates or any fermented liquor, is called *nabidh* a word that comes from a Syriac root that means 'to press out'. From the same root comes the word *tilmidh*, 'a student,' or 'pupil'. School-teachers would sympathise, I'm sure with the derivation. Good students, like good wine, mature with age. — Ed.



Adventurous capitalism

CAPITALISM – You have two cows. You sell one and buy a bull. Your herd multiplies, and the economy grows. You sell them and retire on the income.

Enron Venture Capitalism – You have two cows. You sell three of them to your publicly listed company, using letters of credit opened by your brother-in-law at the bank, then execute a debt/equity swap with an associated general offer so that you get all four cows back, with a tax exemption for five cows. The milk rights of the six cows are transferred via an intermediary to a Cayman Island company secretly owned by the majority shareholder who sells the rights to all seven cows, with an option on one more.

– Contributed, Sam Simmonds.

for them after they leave us. We ask your readers to include us, and all the clients in our refuge, in their prayers.

We also have some wonderful success stories. One girl in our girl's refuge got her HSC last year and is now employed. Four young men in our youth refuge have held down part-time jobs for the last four months, two of them going to full employment just this week. One man came to our men's refuge several years ago with gambling, drug and alcohol addiction. The

ANNALS CROSSWORD No. 6

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ACROSS CLUES

- Patron of all Europe, feast day 11 July (8)
- Period before Christmas (6)
- Disgrace or public shame (8)
- Prophets who curse was turned into a blessing (Nch 13:2) (6)
- Apostolic letters (8)
- Trustworthy (6)
- A Grey Friar (10)
- Almightily powerful (10)
- Fruit of the mount that will be split in two from east to west (Zec 14:4) (6)
- See 15 down (8)
- Fervently (6)
- 'God is with us' (Mat 1:23) (8)
- Anticipates with apprehension (6)
- A follower (8)

- Tofade gradually from sight (8)
- Attractive and inviting (8)
- Not told about the facts (10)
- and 23 across. Two biblical cities destroyed by God (5,3,8)
- Never-ending (8)
- Requested aid: stimulated interest (8)
- Subscribe: give to a charity (6)
- To awaken from sleep (6)
- Swiss lodge (6)

SOLUTION TO NO. 5

P	S	A	L	M	S	P	A	G	A	N	S		
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S	Y	N	O	D	S	S	T	A	T	U	S		

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staff worked long and hard to help him get his life back together and conquer his addictions. Last year he asked if he could work with us as a volunteer. We put him in charge of sourcing grants and funds to help the service and he did a terrific job. A few months ago he got a job in Sydney, \$50,000 p.a. plus car, working for another service organisation. We just wish we had enough funds to employ him ourselves.

We work with 25 people in this very stressful area looking after

our 105 clients. The average take home pay is \$20,000-\$25,000 per annum and there's no overtime. Unfortunately the burn out rate is high. But with Him all things are possible. Even unbelievable damage and hurt may be healed with His help, and He continues to send us people with love in their hearts for the unloved on the Central Coast.



JOHN NEVIN is a former CEO of World Book Encyclopedia, and Rowan, his wife, has been a catechist for more than thirty years. Any reader able to help them in any way in their work for the underprivileged can contact them on 02 4324 0021 or 0103 052 229.



Women without choice

IT is in families ... that the cruelest discrimination against women takes place ... [T]he patterns of family life limit their opportunities in many ways: by assigning them to unpaid work with low prestige; by denying them equal opportunities to outside jobs and education; by insisting they do most or all of the housework and child care even when they are also earning wages. Especially troubling are ways that women may suffer from the altruism of marriage itself ... [A] woman who accepts the traditional tasks of housekeeping and provides support for her husband's work is not likely to be well prepared to look after herself and her family in the event (which is increasingly likely) of a divorce or an accident that leaves her alone.

It would be foolish to deny that there is some truth in Nussbaum's argument, though it is inaccurate to depict the family as denying women equal opportunities to outside work and education. The question is what to do about the problems she describes, particularly those arising from the altruism of marriage. Feminists have cooperated in creating the problem by establishing no-fault divorce, and, in their celebration of female autonomy, can hardly agree to make divorce difficult once more. This is one instance of many where feminists have done damage to women. There is no apparent solution to the problems of divorce and widowhood other than denying women the right to choose a traditional family role. The feminist solution is: All women must work.

That was the position taken by the *w*-feminist Simone de Beauvoir in her interview with Betty Friedan: 'No woman should be authorised to stay at home and raise her children. Society should be totally different. Women should not have that choice, precisely because if there is such a choice, too many women will make that one.' Feminism is not about giving women freedom to choose; it is about taking away choices of which feminists disapprove. And one choice they disapprove is participation in a conventional family.

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

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A Subtle Portrait of a much misunderstood Politician LIGHT ON A DARK THOROUGHbred

By IAN MACDONALD



THIS is a book big in spirit but more than a cliché too fat. Result: the author's gift for epigram tends to be overwhelmed by his flabulous (sorry) recall of all that happened when he was speech-writer-adviser to Paul Keating during the latter's turbulent years as Prime Minister of Australia.

At more than 700 pages, it's as if the author had imitated Jack Kerouac and inserted a roll of shelf paper (some say teleprinter paper) into his typewriter and began to bash out his work until the paper was finished and his fingers were stumps.

Kerouac's endeavours created the Beat Generation classic *On the Road*. Watson's work is a classic among political memoirs. Occasionally, however, this reviewer wished that he had cut his profligate redundancies. Time and time again, he offers three verbs where one would do. Ditto adjectives. Ditto adverbs. Ditto metaphors. Ditto hyperboles. It's as if he were still drafting speeches and giving his master the chance to cut what he does not want.

The book's editor, Carl Harrison Ford, has done cosmetic surgery on many a manuscript (including this reviewer's). Here he appears to have spared the scalpel. But he hasn't spoiled the work. Despite its overwrought, third-person narrative style, it becomes like force of nature or possibly a sumo wrestler. And it achieves its purpose: a subtle portrait of a politician, much misunderstood, not least by himself.

Watson has a talent for satire but he can be as wide-eyed as any groupie or Jonathan Swift writing to his Stella. He recounts how

Recollections of a Bleeding Heart: A Portrait of Paul Keating PM
By Don Watson
Random House Australia \$45

Keating told him it was John F Kennedy who inspired him. This on the basis that if a tyke like Kennedy could make it to the American presidency, a tyke like Keating could become the Australian Prime Minister.

EH? By the time Kennedy ran for president as a Catholic, Australia had had three tyke Prime Ministers: James Scullin, John Curtin and Ben Chifley. It's at least as likely that Kennedy, serving in the Pacific area as a torpedo boat skipper, might have heard of Scullin or Curtin and

been inspired to his run. After all, he and they had to confront similar White Anglo-Saxon Protestant ascendancies.

What most impress are Watson's epigrams, glittering amid the slurry tsunami of his prose:

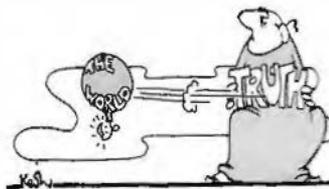
'Leaders are the opposite of Proustian: they must put everything including their disappointments and their mothers behind them.'

'As an interviewer Channel Nine's Laurie Oakes is a minimalist. If you concentrate you can see the trace of a smile sometimes; the lips do move. Little else shows. He sits there still as a frog on a lily pad while his subjects buzz in the spotlight. He rarely strikes: it's enough to know he can, and, if he wants to, he will.'

'It always seems a pity to reduce politics to material bribes, but such things reveal the truth about the system which visions things never do. These are the organ meats of politics – the essentials to some minds, offal to others.'

And of Keating's choice as Governor General Sir William Deane: 'The man left an impression of grace. Good Catholics can have that effect on lapsed Protestants.'

Watson's lapsed Protestantism is of the Presbyterian variety. This, rather than dulling his understanding of Keating, enlivens it. At one point, Watson refers to Pope John Paul II's visit to Australia. 'I thought the Pope's visit might have helped to weld the Prime Minister's old-fashioned Catholicism to a new-fashioned conservatism ... This was what the people wanted according to the polls. To give it to them Paul Keating did not have to reinvent himself just rediscover the



Some Satisfaction

WE Catholics may be unable to arrest the world's progress to self-destruction, but at least we understand what is destroying us. We have at least the melancholy satisfaction of not being simultaneously bewildered and annihilated. We can say with Clough:

'It fortifies my soul to know that, though I perish, Truth is so.'

— Arnold Lunan writing in 1949 to Monsignor Ronald Knox who received him into the church in 1933.

Need for a culture change

THE truth is that the judiciary's view of pornographic sex and pornographic violence will not change until the culture to which the Court responds changes. There is no sign that that will occur any time soon. The public debate in the area of the 'arts' is not encouraging. Mapplethorpe's homoerotic photos and Serrano's 'Piss Christ' were displayed with grants from the National Endowment for the Arts. So intimidating has the culture of modern liberation become that cultural conservatives were reduced to complaining that works like those should not be subsidized with 'taxpayers' dollars,' as if taxpayers should never be required to subsidize things they don't like. If that were the case, government would have to close down altogether. Both spending and

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



taxation would be at zero. To complain about the source of the dollars involved is to cheapen a moral position. The photographs would be just as offensive if their display were financed by a scatter-brained billionaire. We seem too timid to state that Mapplethorpe's and Serrano's pictures should not be shown in public, whoever pays for them. We are going to have to overcome that timidity if our culture is not to decline still further.

original buried under two decades of modern Labor orthodoxy and economics. John Howard would have to do the reinventing and when he did, I thought, Keating could ambush him. Howard would say he loved trees and different cultures and other things he had not loved before but needed to neutralise. And Keating would emerge dressed in his natural garb – his father's garb – and say it was time to get back to core values and personal responsibility. Governments don't raise children, parents do. And Howard would be left without a stream to swim in.'

Easier thought than done. Subsequently on Perth radio Keating cited Pope John Paul II as a way of rebutting John Howard's advocacy of pure (or puritan) market forces 'and might have done it more vigorously still,' Watson writes, 'had not the Protestant and female members of his travelling staff argued that a large majority of Australians were disinclined to acknowledge the

Pope's authority.'

Odd interlude in a multicultural country where any nut can have his say. Why the objection to the Pope's views? It cannot be racial or religious surely, for such factors are banned by secular law. Or is anti-Catholicism now the last refuge of the bigot as patriotism has for so long been the last refuge of the scoundrel?

From another perspective what Watson has created is the basis for a magnificent political novel. Fiction would enhance his factual takes on:

The Prime Minister's Office with its interplay of bleeding hearts and econocrats, of egos and ideals and its plethora of plans, designed to placate the insatiable Market (aka Mammon).

The Canberra press gallery's aces and jokers who must also be placated – or outwitted.

Watson disparages Peter Barron who after journalism became a Labor apparatchik and then one of media baron Kerry Packer's quasi-feudal retainers while maintaining

ties to Keating – until the split between the House of Keating and the House of Packer. But when Watson refers to his own colleague Tom Mockridge, he refrains from saying that he became a baron Rupert Murdoch retainer and continued his links with Keating.

What about conflict of interests? you may ask. This is confluence of interests with the possible exception of the public interest. Such linkages are as potentially subversive of democratic process as they were in the 18th century when pioneered by Daniel Defoe. He combined writing with being what we now call an agent of influence, acting covertly for English interests in the union of the English and Scots Parliaments which in its day was as controversial as, well, the Foxtel-Optus merger.

And what could be more dramatic as fiction than John Howard, back from Charisma Bypass to replace John Hewson's replacement Alexander Downer, and to defeat Paul Keating who had already half-defeated himself in the Battle of Piggery Hill.

In his memoir Don Watson lets the defeat speak for itself as he does the break-down of Keating and his wife Annita's marriage (the stuff of an opera rather than a novel?) And Watson says nothing of Paul Keating's retreat, like his stubborn predecessor Bob Hawke to the mountains of high finance where gravy trains rumble across bridges of gold heading for a celestial cutting as narrow as the eye of a needle (the Watson style is infectious).

Footnote. The word processor's soporific hum tends to cause textual errors: Keating was 'a student with the Christian Brothers at De La Salle, Bankstown'. This is akin to suggesting his unlikely hero Winston Churchill was educated at Eton by Harnvian masters. Discomfort is used for discomfit; grizzly for grisly. And surely the aria is *Che gelida manina* not *Che manina gelida*? 

IAN MACDONALD is the penname of a prominent Sydney journalist and author.

WANXIAN DIOCESAN APPEAL TO REBUILD CATHOLIC CHURCHES SUBMERGED BY THE THREE GORGES DAM

THE YANGTSE RIVER cleaves its way through the centre of China from the highlands of Central Asia down to the Pacific Ocean. Half-way down the river tower the Three Gorges, the gate between Sichuan province and the outside world. For thousands of years the Yangtse, which brought material and cultural benefits to the regions it touched, brought in its wake calamitous floods and great loss of life and property.

To prevent the disastrous floods, the world's largest dam is in the process of being built covering a surface area of 1,000 square kms. The dam will stretch 600 kms in length, from above Yichang to a point below Chongqing. Recent TV coverage in Australia has focussed attention on the project. Six Catholic churches are to be submerged – those of Wanxian, Wuling, Kaixian, Yunyang, Fengjie and Wushan – and many thousands of Catholics are to be relocated far from their traditional religious centres. In addition to churches, there is urgent need for clinics, hostels, kindergartens and convents around the church compounds.

Compensation is to be made - based on 1992 valuation and far from sufficient to cover the cost of purchasing land and erecting new churches and ancillary buildings. In most of the new towns the Catholic Church will need more land than before if it is to continue to carry out its vital work of evangelisation.

Through the generosity of individuals and agencies in Hong Kong and abroad, nearly HK\$9 million has already been raised – sufficient to cover the cost of the land and some preliminary site formation. More than HK\$15 million is needed to cover the cost of construction.

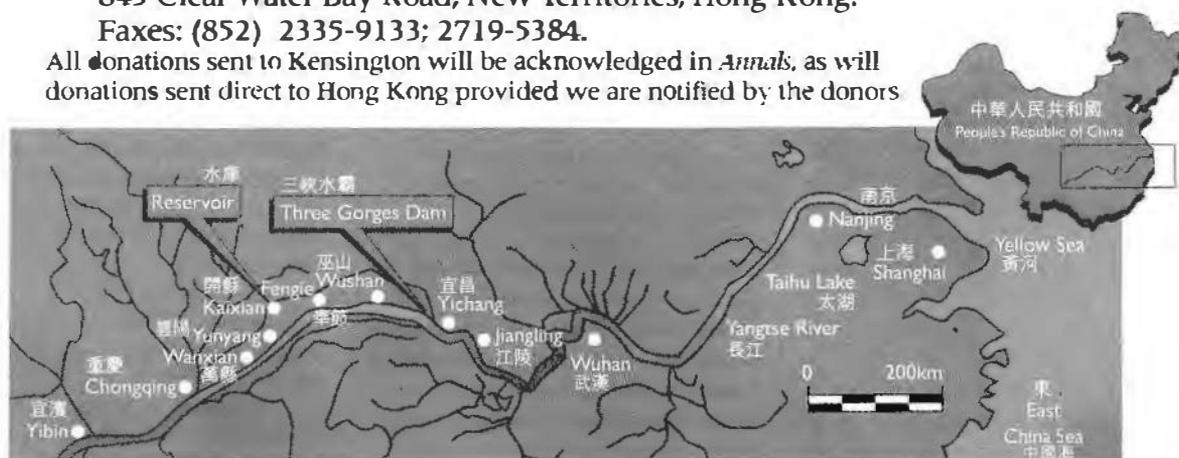
Donations no matter how big or small are much needed and will be greatly appreciated. God will undoubtedly reward with the promised hundred-fold those who devote what they can spare to this work so important for the survival of the Catholic Faith along the banks of the Yangtse River in central China.

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'A profound defect in psycho-sexual development' A PSYCHOLOGIST LOOKS AT PEDOPHILIA

By RONALD CONWAY



NE of the saddest social outcomes from the revelations of the sexual molestation of minors in

Western societies has been the increasingly prevalent atmosphere of hostility to institutionalised religion – the Catholic Church in particular.

Religious indifference in former Christian societies has been quietly advancing since at least the 1920s, but most secular authorities have kept nodding (officially at least) to the benefits of a grounding in faith and morals to support civil law, government, clinical endeavour and education.

Because of sensational media reporting of child abuse in the USA, Australia and elsewhere, religious indifference lately threatens to merge into open anger and cynicism. 'If you can't trust a priest, who can you trust?' queried one irate Boston citizen. Which is very hard on the great majority of priests who have honoured their vows over a lifetime.

It is important to note that even in the US where TV, newspapers and the criminal justice system and the Catholic hierarchy of Bishops have become entangled publicly in recrimination, the number of priests and religious believed to be involved in indecent approaches to children and adolescents averages about 2.5%. This is significantly below the estimated number of adult child molesters in other groups, families and in secular life generally. One would hope as much anyway.

Because of the presumed innocence of youngsters aged under 16, sexual approaches to the young become the more shocking when a

priest-cum-confessor may be involved. However, it has been a badly-kept secret for centuries that a smallish minority of priests and religious have not always been true to their vows of chastity.

In some countries clerical concubinage, though uncommon, has still occurred. In Latin-American communities it is often thought that a priest 'is less than a man' if there is not some sexual partnership with a woman. Celibacy is seen as a legal requirement of the Church, chastity a moral one. It can often be thought too great a strain to pursue a busy religious and/or missionary life without some form of supportive conjugal intimacy. Meanwhile, a devout apostolic life may be still valid and sincerely offered in both sacramental and pastoral endeav-

ours.

Whether the Church's demand that priests and religious maintain an unattached or celibate physical state has some bearing on the problem of pedophilia is hotly debated nowadays. Clinical evidence and good research suggests that such a link has little evidence to support it.

A child molester trespasses illicitly into the sexual world of childhood. This suggests a second remove from normality. Here the molester cannot even manage an attachment of a fully adult nature to another adult – be this behaviour right or wrong.

One of the crueler ironies of the current community fever to indiscriminately search out and punish child molesters is that the loudest voices demanding the harshest measure often come from those who know least about the complexities of pedophilia. We do not live in a community of sexual saints. Even many adult accusers themselves have not led blameless sexual lives.

Usually the most incorrigible pedophiles are repeat or serial offenders who should never be employed in positions of dutiful care such as in teaching, the ministry, social work or as workers in home care or orphanages. The prognosis for many offenders (mostly but not invariably male) is a wretched one. Many children have suffered needlessly in the past from giving such workers 'a second chance'.

There are even some terrible but, fortunately, rare cases where a mixture of sadism and social panic has led to child killings. Well over half of all pedophile activities are random approaches to a single victim, as the offender moves on to another target. Depending on the

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extent of the pleasure-versus-fear quotient of the encounter, a child victim given quiet counselling in a healing environment usually recovers from the fear that she or he has been either wicked or compliant with the molester.

The most insidious pedophile contacts are those entangling power with sexual excitement whereby psychologically disturbed criminals alternately tempt and assault the victim. Usually the boy or girl is sensitive, emotionally deprived and willing to be seduced into situations where real care and understanding seems to be easily available. In the course of time a clever program of intimidation and threat followed by plausible gestures of affection and reassurance alternate to the point where the child victim is too confused to do other than submit. There are many cases where this cycle of menace combined with offers of pleasure may persist for years.

Put simply, repeated approaches to a single victim or serial offences to several, usually merit gaol sentences or extended confinement as patients in psychiatric hospital. Hundreds of cases, however, can easily be inflated for more than what they are – as reckless approaches by temporarily disturbed, lonely individuals who cannot form a mature erotic relationship with an adult person. These men usually have a conscience of sorts and can suffer guilt and self-disgust. Yet they feel too forlorn and isolated to resist another lapse with someone who is unwittingly seductive enough to represent an easy target. Some have even committed suicide.

It is not very uncommon for elderly men with a pre-senile condition to touch one of their own grandchildren indecently. Tormented or otherwise rejected older teenagers not uncommonly 'experiment' sexually with pubescent girls or younger boys to obtain confidence from the adventure. Such cases need careful appraisal lest *two* young lives be damaged by too much righteous adult fury. This can turn a morally

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ambiguous encounter into a source of lasting social shame. Over-reaction to improper touching is now becoming increasingly common. It can easily turn a sad passing situation into a pathological one if parents and authorities are not prepared to walk softly and get at the probable facts.

Twenty five years ago I was a witness at the prosecution of a homosexual pedophile for alleged molestation of two boys aged 11 and seven years. As the trial went on, it was revealed that the 11 year old had been approaching known pedophiles with the aim of selling his younger brother's body for a fee! As the judge observed, it was difficult to decide in this bizarre case who had been more victimised. It raises an uncomfortable question as to when child innocence properly ends. Even so, the primary responsibility of the *adult* 'seducer' must always be accepted.

Unfortunately, there are no infallible psychological tests to uncover a potential child abuser in an applicant for the secular clergy or the religious life. A note of hope can be cautiously sounded, however, when it is realised how recent any sort of deep enquiry into the sexual history of such candidates has been undertaken. Evidence from US dioceses has indeed exposed the occasional practice of protecting a sexually delinquent person. But in many more cases, the habit of moving a suspect priest from parish to parish or sending him for 'the cure' at a house of religious retreat signified naivety or ignorance on the part of some bishops or authorities as to what they were dealing with, a clinical illness as much as a moral fault or crime. It is only since World War II that modern psychiatry has shown much of a grasp of the nature of pedophilia as a profound defect in psychosexual development. This defect can lie hidden under a facade of intellectual and social maturity. It is only a few years since the condition in some cases has been found to be incurable. In a religious environment this should have resulted in a withdrawal of priestly faculties and dismissal from diocesan service. Alas, it has now become a subject for criminal law.

It is significant that most of the cases of pedophilia in the Australian priesthood or religious profession have been of now elderly men who were admitted to seminary life directly from secondary school. They frequently came from well-meaning families where silence and stern secrecy about matters sexual were treated as a badge of modesty and piety. Indeed, few parents of that era felt able to mention sexual aspects of human feeling and physiology with any confidence or coherence. It was considered better to leave the issue to the inaccurate smuttiness of the schoolyard or to the confessional where 'Father' himself was regarded as a bit 'nutty' if he ventured beyond the purely oral explanatory dimension

of sexual and conjugal life. The stern duties of reproduction rather than the valid ecstasy of conjugal union were the usual themes of religious homily up to the late 1950s.

From my own standpoint as an assisting psychologist assessor of aspiring seminarians for over 35 years, it is possible to see that with increasing psychological vigilance and with more caring, courteous but firm enquiry, most potential cases of serious sexual maladjustment can be either picked up or dealt with in the first year of admission. The rise in average age of seminary entrants has also ensured that young men with some experience of the vagaries of worldly life are more likely to understand the deeper implications of celibacy.

The Church is undergoing a terrible chastisement over the scandal of pedophilia with more courage required from seminary aspirants than at any time since the Reformation. Happily, while the applicants are fewer, they rarely suffer from the 'hot-house' notions of holiness and pastoral zeal which once allowed immature or devious persons to escape honest scrutiny. To quote one shrewd director of vocations I have known since boyhood: 'There are some poor blokes who need protection from themselves as much as the lay people they may later harm.' All too true, alas, and a terrible burden for the good virtuous priests who have loved and faithfully served.

There has also been some suspicion of modern clinical psychology and psychiatry in seminary circles. About 20 years ago, the psychological practitioner, even if a lay person of good Catholic repute, was often thought to be 'poaching' on the territory of personal enquiry into the mind of religious aspirants which should be confined to the spiritual directors who were thought to be sufficiently wise for the whole task. This attitude served to reinforce the closed circle of 'hot-house' formation which had begun in very conservative families to

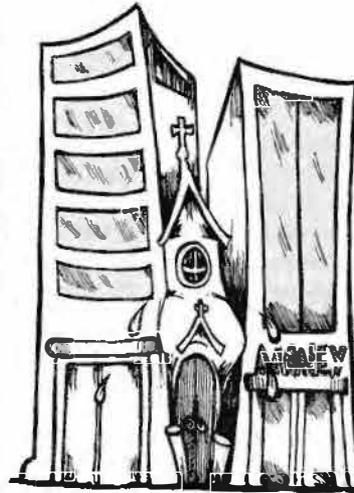
Nothing but the truth

HENRI de Lubac wrote about an incident in the life of Paul Claudel, the

French statesman, poet, and playwright. In 1907 Claudel received a letter from Jacques Riviere, 'a young intellectual nearly destroyed by the pernicious philosophies of the day.' Riviere wrote, 'I can see that Christianity is dying... People no longer know why our towns are still surmounted by spires which are no longer the prayers of any of us; they don't know what is the point of those

great buildings which are now hemmed in by railway stations and hospitals and from which

the people themselves have expelled the monks; they don't know why the graveyards display pretentious stucco crosses of execrable design.' De Lubac remarked, 'And Claudel's answer to that cry of anguish was undoubtedly a good one: "Truth is not concerned with how many people it convinces."'



- Kase Keating, *Nothing but the Truth*, quoting Louis Chaigue, *Paul Claudel: The Man and the Mystic*, NY, 1961, p.108

begin with.

It appears with hindsight that only the mercy of God has prevented the pedophile or otherwise sexually troubled personality from being more common in the religious environment than has been revealed.

The Church has been more vulnerable to attacks from her enemies concerning sexually aberrant behaviour because of the stringency and explicitness of teachings from the Magisterium on matters of sexual reproduction and about sexual acts generally.

It has been difficult for loyal sections of the laity not to complain when the actions of some of the Church's own ministers have pointed to disgraceful double standards.

Yet maintaining an age-old faith in the Holy Spirit, I have little doubt that the Church will survive the present crisis and that we shall be collectively humble enough to learn that sexual behaviour may

be schooled and wisely re-channelled but never suppressed or taken for granted.

The 'pray-up and shut up' approach to the issue clearly will no longer suffice. The modern world is saturated with loudness and answers must be found to its seductions.

We have both a spiritual nature and an animal one. There are no occasions of sin where we are more prone to delude ourselves and gloss over our own appetites than those related to the Sixth Commandment. Sex can be a vigorous ally in the service of virile good works but a bad master when overlooked or scorned. Meanwhile the clergy were never more in need of prayers for patience and steadfastness than they are today. Peace be with them in this time of trial.



RONALD CONWAY is a well-known clinical and former hospital psychologist in Melbourne who writes extensively in Catholic and other journals.

The tragic Saga of young Australian 'battler'

LES DARCY – AUSTRALIAN FOLK HERO

His life ended before his 22nd birthday, but his memory still lingers among Australians who cherish courage and encourage talent. PATRICK DOWNIE looks at the complex and tragic elements that make up the life of Les Darcy.



WHEN the S.S. Sonoma docked at Sydney on 28th June, 1917, thousands gathered to pay their last respects to the man whose body it had carried across the Pacific. He was not an eminent politician, or a war hero from the battle fields of France and Flanders, but a boxer who had distinguished himself in the Welter and Middle Weight divisions, on the verge of becoming a folk hero, Les Darcy.

Born James Leslie Darcy, at Stradbroke, near Maitland, NSW, on 31st October, 1895, he was the second son of Australian born parents of Irish origin. As his father, an illiterate labourer and later share farmer, was a drunkard, often unemployed, Les had to help support the family from an early age. He had a milk run after school; and on leaving Oakhampton Public School in 1907 he worked for a time as a carter before becoming apprenticed to a blacksmith, at East Maitland.

Les Darcy made his first money in the ring at the age of 14. During the years 1912-13 he won several fights at Newcastle and Maitland.

Boxing was extremely popular among Australians in the late 19th and 20th Centuries, medical science not yet having discovered its potential for causing brain damage. There were stadiums at Newcastle, Maitland and a number of Sydney suburbs in addition to the main Sydney Stadium at Rushcutters Bay.

Touring boxing troupes visited the numerous agricultural shows, at which they pitched their tents and invited the local young men to 'go three rounds' with one of their alleged champions. Many a working-

class boy dreamed of the fame and the money boxing could bring to emancipate him from the poverty and dreariness of existence.

Darcy's big chance came in November, 1913, when he was matched against Whitelaw, the

Australian Welter-Weight champion. Though he lost the bout, his performance aroused the interest of the Sydney promoters, including Sydney Stadium manager, Reginald (Snowy) Baker.

Training had to be done after work; for Darcy did not buy himself out of his indentures until late 1914, when he moved to Sydney, where it would be easier for him to train. Realising his footwork was clumsy, he learned dancing to improve his agility.

Les Darcy was a practising Catholic. While training in Sydney, he attended Mass and received Communion most days. Before each fight at the Sydney Stadium, he went to Confession at St. Mary's Cathedral, because he knew it sometimes happened that a boxer was killed in the ring.

On 18th July, 1914, Darcy appeared for the first time at Sydney Stadium, in a contest against the American, Fritz Holland. Les Darcy was by then a local hero. So popular was he in his home town that two special trains were required to bring his supporters to Sydney. Holland won on points and Darcy's supporters almost staged a riot at the Stadium. There was a rematch two months later, which Darcy lost on a foul. It was said that Holland had contrived the incident to avoid defeat.

Darcy's next fight at the Sydney Stadium, billed as a World Welter-Weight championship bout was against another American, Jeff Smith. Darcy lost the fight. He forfeited because his seconds would not allow him to continue after being hurt by a blow the referee did not see.

He had become the Stadium's greatest drawcard, earning £300 a



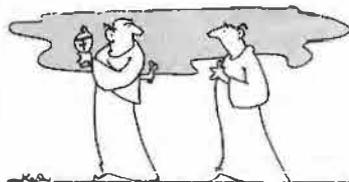
Warm Heart – Weak Head

THE same principle of division runs through the whole of thought. In the matter of the development of religion, everybody outside the Catholic body talks as though the development of the Catholic religion were a human process. They answer the famous question: 'Is religion of God or of man?' with a hearty affirmation of the second hypothesis. In this mood they examine such a story as that of the Mass, the Papacy, or the doctrine of our Lord's divinity. They take it for granted that all was man-made. In this mood they interpret (usually with guesses of the wildest sort, which the much stricter and more rational Catholic scholarship soon disproves) the origin of the Scriptures, and in particular the Gospels. Now the Catholic admits *all* evidence in these matters: that is a matter of course, for if you exclude any evidence your conclusion is vitiated. But the difference between him and the others is that he regards the action at work as divine, willed, and, to repeat the word I have used, 'illumined.' That is why the Catholic thinks of the modernist as a man of warm heart, but of poor intelligence.

– Hilaire Belloc, *The Cruise of the Nona*, London 1925

Receiving Holy Communion

AROUND 250AD, a view arose that the Eucharist was too sacred to be received by sinful men and women. This opinion began to circulate in Antioch in Syria, adjacent to Palestine. There is evidence that within fifty years (284-305) it had penetrated into Scythia, near the mouth of the Danube, and even into Spain, for at a council at Elvira, in 305AD, a penance of temporary excommunication is passed against anyone staying away from the Sacrament for three Sundays. In Egypt, still in the force of the old ways but being influenced by the new, St. Macarius, around 340AD punished a woman who had gone five weeks without communicating (*Hist. Laus.*, 17). But in Antioch itself, in 341AD, people were being excommunicated for 'entering the church, and



listening to the Scriptures... but refusing participation in the communal prayer and Communion.' Again, at an important anti-Arian council held at Sardica (Asia Minor) in 343AD, a ban of excommunication is decreed against any person going three Sundays without 'attending the mass.' 348AD St. Cyril of Jerusalem, in his famous Sermons for Neophytes, inculcates the notions of 'fear and dread' in connection with

the celebration of 'the dread mysteries!' But at the same time (340AD) St. Hilary is fearlessly telling his people in faraway Poitiers that 'the Eucharist is our daily Bread, and what does God wish more but that Christ, who is Bread of life and our Bread come down from heaven, should daily dwell in us?'

fight. Darcy was also paid handsomely for exhibition bouts and for appearing in a silent film. As in his childhood, Darcy continued to help support his family.

One contest in his following run of victories was to have a significance nobody dreamed of at the time. In defeating Harold Hardwick, he had two teeth knocked out. A dentist successfully replaced them; and the incident was forgotten.

When Darcy ran out of opponents in Australia, he wished to fight in the United States, with the world championship in mind, but, circumstances not of his making, were against him. Causality figures from the Western Front were trickling back to Australia and the initial enthusiasm for 'joining-up' was diminishing. Consequently, Prime Minister W.M. Hughes was seeking to introduce conscription for military service overseas. The conscription issue divided the nation. The proconscription press and fight promoters tried to pressure Darcy into enlisting, as an example to the young men of Australia. However, he wished to have four or

five major fights in the U.S. so he could leave his family financially secure. Then, he intended to go to Canada, or Britain to enlist.

Having been refused a visa, he planned to leave the country illegally. His mother and Father Coady, his good friend and Parish Priest in the Maitland area, opposed his decision.

Accompanied by E.T. O'Sullivan, 'a suave adventurer', Darcy stowed away, at Newcastle, on a freighter bound for America. His departure from Australia occurred on the eve of the first Conscription Referendum which, if it had been carried out, would have rendered him liable for military service. The patriotic press denounced Darcy as a shirker, as did Stadium manager, Snowy Baker.

On Darcy's arrival in New York, a major fight was arranged for him, but it was banned by the New York Governor Whirman because of the manner in which he had left Australia. Other States also banned him and promoters began to lose interest. He gave some vaudeville exhibitions and broke with O'Sullivan.

As a last resort, he took out U.S. citizenship on 5th April, 1917. A fortnight later, he joined the U.S. Army.

A fight had been arranged for Darcy in Memphis Tennessee. With help from the Mayor of that city, his call-up was deferred to give him time to prepare.

During training on 24th April, Darcy collapsed and was admitted to hospital, where septicaemia (possibly caused by infection from the replacement of his two teeth, knocked out in his fight with Hardwick) and endocarditis were diagnosed. His tonsils were removed, but he continued to deteriorate. Pneumonia set in and he was given the last sacraments. Winnie O'Sullivan, his fiancée, arrived from Australia in time to be at his death bed.

Les Darcy died on 24th May, 1917. His body was brought back to Australia after funeral processions in Memphis and San Francisco. When Darcy's body arrived in Sydney, thousands filed past his coffin as he lay in state. He was finally interred in the Catholic section of the East Maitland Cemetery.

Les Darcy's life contained the elements that went to make up myth and led to his folk hero status. He lost only four professional fights and was never knocked out. Though hounded by the Establishment in both Australia and the U.S., he battled courageously and with quiet dignity against insuperable odds. Darcy's death in the arms of his beloved followed by the bringing home of his body added the final touches.

Some people said Darcy had been poisoned, as was to be maintained about Pharlap, the racehorse, years later; while others believed he died of a broken heart, because of the treatment he received from the Australian press.

The Darcy legend continues. Fifty years later, Sir William McKell, former Governor General, dedicated a memorial to him at his birthplace. Recently an operetta telling the Les Darcy story opened in Sydney.



PATRICK DOWNE is a retired public servant with an interest in history. He is a contributor to a number of Catholic and secular journals.

Doyen of the Chardonnay Socialist set of Australia

HARDY AS HERO?

Melbourne's Trades Hall Choir sang 'The Internationale' when Frank Hardy's remains were interred. R.J. STOVE reviews a recent book that disinters some of the myths surrounding the Australian Communist Party, and one of Australia's best known Communists.



VER half a century after it finished, the *Power Without Glory* law-case continues to obsess multitudes. No amount of hard evidence stops True Believers (to coin a phrase) from endowing Frank Hardy (1917-94) with a hero's accolades. It gives you a taste of what American life must have been like during the Sacco-Vanzetti Affair: with the crucial difference that the Italian Reds had real sufferings to complain about, whereas Hardy was not just guilty as hell – a lapsed Catholic, he would have appreciated that phrase's theological exactitude – but, as Pauline Armstrong's fine volume reveals, entirely capable of selling his grandmother for tuppence and considering this transaction to have netted him a vast profit. (Not for him the caution once voiced by a P. G. Wodehouse character: 'A good grandmother ought to fetch at least five bob'.)

Considering the passions *Power Without Glory* still rouses, any reviewer of Hardy-related material must state his own position and background, as he would certainly not need to do if discussing (say) a treatise on the Hundred Years' War. Briefly: I never met Hardy. I slightly knew Hardy's brother-in-law, and hope that this piece, if he ever reads it, will not mortally affront him. I knew Bob Santamaria quite well, but not till his last seven years. I know one daughter of Santamaria's quite well, and have met another. I had occasional and always cordial dealings, more often than not epistolary, with two important secondary figures – neither, alas, still alive – in the Hardy saga: Clement Semmler (who revered Hardy) and Max Harris (who mostly loathed him). I worked at the National Civic Council office from

*Frank Hardy and the making of
Power Without Glory*
by Pauline Armstrong
(Melbourne University Press, 249pp)

February 2001 to February 2002. I last voted ALP in 1980. I first visited a racetrack in 2001. I have never felt a particle of sympathy for Communism, let alone Stalinism. Between my upbringing and Hardy's, there existed a chasm greater than could possibly have been manifest even if I had grown up on Mars. (Hardy would

have mocked my parents as 'wowsers'.) Given all the above, let the reader make of the following remarks what he wills.

Dr Armstrong shines, above all, in her perspicacity on what might be called the Communist Party of Australia's *mechanics*. From Stuart Macintyre's history of the CPA (*The Reds*) we can glean certain extra details about Australian Communist leaders' thinking: their quasi-spastic lurches from the siegementality of deriding moderate leftists as 'social fascists' (early 1930s) to 'Popular Front' get-togetherism (after Abyssinia and Spain). Yet Macintyre – although by no means as obsessively fascinated by Macintyre as Jim Griffin is by Jim Griffin – disdains many of the hard data in which Dr Armstrong revels. If you want inside knowledge on how pro-CPA typesetters operated during and after the years of Party illegality; who sewed signatures of completed print pages together; how Australian interpretations of Communist dialectic expanded to incorporate the concept of SP bookies (a philosophical development that somehow escaped Marx); how consignments of banned Communist books were moved from A to B; how non-Communists joined the ranks of useful idiots: look no further. Dr Armstrong (herself an ex-Catholic, later an ex-Communist) has been there, done that, and conveyed it all in lucid expository terms.

A good working rule for studying Hardyana is to examine each public statement Hardy made, and then to conclude that the truth is this statement's precise opposite. This rule is not failsafe, but works on a better-than-even-money basis. The self-mythologising Hardy, 'battler from the bush', turns out to have had a father who – how many Australian

Letters to God 2



DEAR God, I do not think anybody could be a better God. Well, I just want you to know but I am not just saying that because you are God.

– Charles

males could have made this claim during the 1930s? – remained in work throughout even the harshest Depression years. Hardy the Great Researcher, the relentless picker of scabs on capitalism's unacceptable face, turns out when cobbling together *Power Without Glory* to have enlisted apparatchik after apparatchik for doing most of the real, sometimes risky, fact- and factoid -finding stuff. Singularly few such apparatchiks kept many illusions about Hardy's authorial gifts. The donkey-work might have been theirs; the final product's style, exemplifying what H. L. Mencken once called 'incurable antipathy to the *mot juste*', remained Hardy's alone. Witnesses agree that Hardy talked far better than he wrote; he could scarcely have talked worse. (Dr Armstrong supplies the astonishing news that Hardy valued at least one book by Elizabeth Bowen, though what he could have learnt from that refined and supple chronicler of fading Anglo-Irish aristocratic *moeurs* defies conjecture. As readily imagine Eminem valuing Delius.)

That an element – if no more – of seeking martyrdom existed in Hardy's soul, it is surely impossible to deny. Not only do libel laws in all Australian states favour the plaintiff (less markedly in Victoria, time, than in New South Wales), but a novelist whose prime desire is to evade legal action would never show – as Hardy showed – a stupendous lack of initiative in the naming of his *vman à clef's* cast. The *Power Without Glory* case made national headlines partly because Hardy's models, in Hardy's narrative, wore almost nonexistent disguises. Everybody knew 'John West' to be intended as a caricature of Melbourne wheeler-dealer John Wren, 'Archbishop Malone' to be Archbishop Mannix, 'William Brady' to be William Barry (Housing Minister during John Cain Senior's Premiership of Victoria), and so on. Had Hardy demonstrated a modicum of creative licence he could have called the John Wren character Fred Bloggs or Peregrine Snodgrass or some such thing, while keeping intact his principles of denouncing plutocratic corruption.

As for Wren himself, whether or not he deserved the title of Melbourne's greatest crook, he



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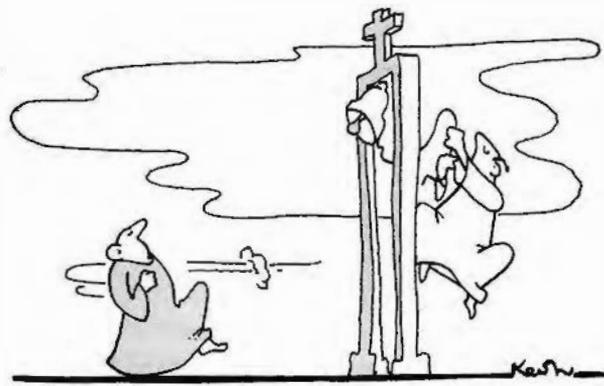
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certainly seems to posterity well in the running for the title of Melbourne's greatest bore. An interesting enough chap, no doubt, to persons with hopes of gatecrashing his once-celebrated Collingwood Tote or of unscating his tame parliamentarians; but of the swashbuckler he had about him absolutely nothing. A shame, really, when you recall the prodigious entertainment value still obtainable from reading of Wren's American counterparts in roguery: the Warren Hardings, the Huey Longs, the Jimmy Hoffas, the Joe Kennedys, the Mayor Daleys. Incidentally, Bob Santamaria appears on the printed record to have been in two minds about Wren. He assured Dr Armstrong that 'Wren was nobody's hero . . . I have no reason for defending him', yet maintained (*Against The Tide*, 1981) that Wren had been 'unjustly maligned'. (Certainly not an iota of evidence emerged to support Hardy's charge that Mrs Wren had committed adultery.)

Perhaps Hardy's sole endearing characteristic in later years was a chronic inability to stay out of trouble. The grog, the womanising, the truly demented level of gambling – how could his wife have run a household at all? – the fights with other Communists over Hungary, the eventual souring on Stalinism after Soviet tanks rolled into Prague, the failed libel suit against Max Harris: you wonder how he had a friend left in the world. In 1975 Harris (amid what must have been a sudden rush of blood to the head) had likened *But The Dead Are Many* – credited on the cover to Hardy, although Dr Armstrong proves scathingly instructive regarding the book's real authorship – to the novelistic masterpieces of Thomas Mann and Robert Musil. Four years later Harris woke up to himself, and in stinging language used his *Weekend Australian* column to emphasise the madness of subsidising Hardy with five-figure sums of public lucre:

For most of his life old Frank Hardy devoted himself to the replacement of Australia's social democratic structure with a Communist dictatorship, and here he is, milking the old social democratic cow with bucolic skill.



Pray by the Bells' Chimes

BELLS for summoning to worship were scarcely known in Europe till the close of the sixth century, and were then first heard in monasteries. In primitive times the faithful used to be apprised, from day to day, of the hours for religious assembly by their priests addressing congregations; or in some clusters by the sound of a trumpet breaking on the silence of the cell at the hour of prayer.

The Italian terms *campana*, *campanile*, originate in a tradition, not now admitted, that the first sacred bells were heard at Nola in the Neopolitan province of Campania, now Terra di Lavoro. Towers began to be built for the reception of bells soon after their introduction in the sixth century. The earliest known instance occurs about A.D. 560 at Merida in Portugal; but the first belfry was not raised in Rome until about the year 770. It was ordered by Pope Stephen III and was raised beside the great basilica of St Peter. It is probable that the campanili of the Ravenna churches were not originally built for the reception of bells, as they appear to be contemporary, or at any rate very little subsequent to the basilicas whose positions they indicate. The beautiful form of blessing, popularly called the *baptizing*, of bells was inserted in the Pontifical in the course of the eighth century; and as the religious use of these instruments for exciting memories or devotion became multifarious, bells were introduced, first in the eleventh century at the most solemn passages in rites, and in processions at marriages and funerals; and were ordered in 1095 by Urban II to be rung before sunrise and sunset, for inviting all to pray by the chimes, called, from the first words in the prayer appointed, the *Angelus* and the *Ave Maria*.

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

Never mind. Frank is a tradition. Let's keep him as a reformed pet. Here's \$10,000.

Not that mere commonsensical rebukes from Harris could keep Hardy down for long. A few months before his death, we bailed him out with our taxes yet again: this time to the tune of an \$80,000 – yes, \$80,000 – literary fellowship.

Hardy's memorial service became a big production number on Gallic rather than antipodean lines. André Malraux's remains were not interred in the Panthéon with more pomp and circumstance than Hardy's obsequies inspired. To (presumably) no-one's

surprise, these obsequies' climactic moment occurred when Gough Whitlam audibly choked with grief during his tribute. Melbourne's Trades Hall Choir concluded the rite by performing (what else?) *The Internationale*. It must have been a genuinely poignant experience for all those present who could forget, or who simply remained pig-ignorant of, the 100 million corpses which Hardy's religion left in its twentieth-century wake.



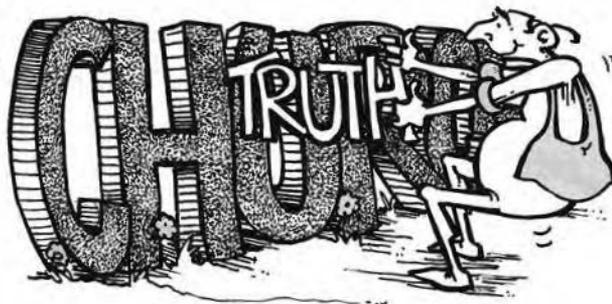
R.J. STOVE is editor and publisher of the Sydney-based Internet magazine *Codex* [www.codexmag.com.au]. A shorter version of this article appeared in *Nine Weekly* on May 19, 2001. Reprinted with permission.



Chinese Catholics and the faith

ON the following day the doctor, another officer, and myself, set out on an expedition to visit a neighbouring village where we heard there was a church and a Catholic Chinese priest. After some difficulty we found the village, and entered the presbytery. It was a scrupulously clean Chinese house, and there sat an old, bronzed Chinaman, reading his breviary. He greeted us in French, which he spoke hesitatingly with an admixture of Chinese, but with the purest accent, a provincial accent smelling of the French soil. He gave us a glass of *fine champagne*, which had come from Bordeaux, and was of the epoch of Louis Philippe. It was the only time I tasted anything good to drink during the whole time I was in Manchuria. It was wasted, however, on the doctor, because brandy, old or new, made him sick. He was obliged to drink it, so as not to offend. The priest told us that he had never been in France, but had been taught French by the missionaries. There were many Catholics, he told us, in the neighbourhood. During the Boxer revolution he had been put in prison, and condemned to death, and led to the scaffold; then he had been pardoned for some unknown reason, and set free. We asked him if the Boxers would be likely to repeat such conduct. Nothing, he said, was more likely; but whatever they did they would be unable to make a single Chinese Catholic repudiate his faith: once converted, always converted, in spite of any inducement such as torture.

— Maurice Baring, *What I saw in Russia*, 1904/1905



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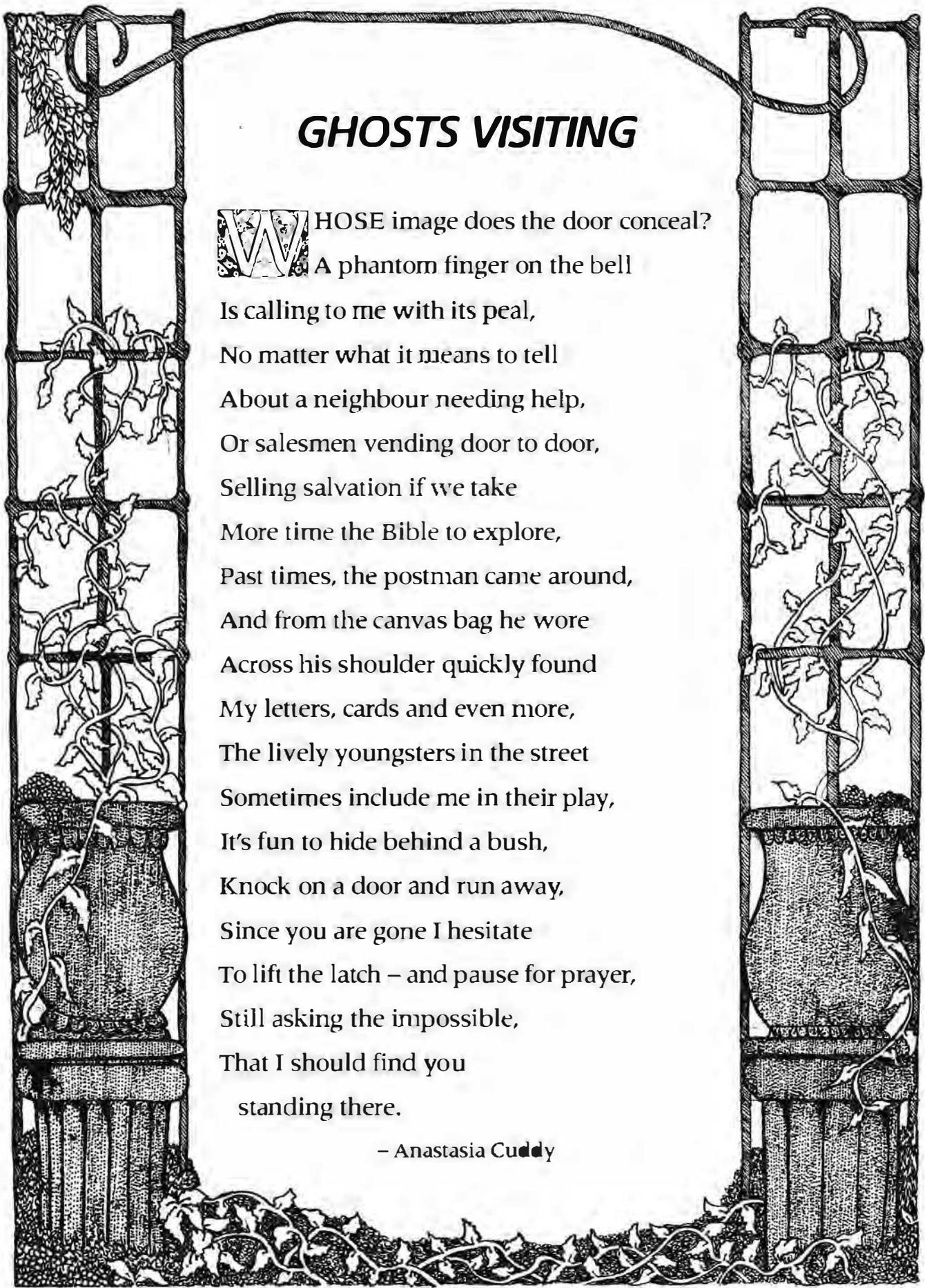
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GHOSTS VISITING

WHOSE image does the door conceal?
A phantom finger on the bell

Is calling to me with its peal,
No matter what it means to tell
About a neighbour needing help,
Or salesmen vending door to door,
Selling salvation if we take
More time the Bible to explore,
Past times, the postman came around,
And from the canvas bag he wore
Across his shoulder quickly found
My letters, cards and even more,
The lively youngsters in the street
Sometimes include me in their play,
It's fun to hide behind a bush,
Knock on a door and run away,
Since you are gone I hesitate
To lift the latch – and pause for prayer,
Still asking the impossible,
That I should find you
standing there.

– Anastasia Cuddy

Checking the genealogy of our ancestors in the Faith

SAINTS AND THEIR NAMES

How many people know that Sydney is English for St. Denis, or that Bennett is English for Benedict, or that Austin is English for Augustine, or that Seymour is English for St Maur? And what about Boston – St Botolph's Town? PAUL STENHOUSE examines the saintly origins of well-known names that we take for granted.

SAINTS have been a familiar sight in the Catholic landscape for 2000 years. Rome is the City of Martyrs and Saints par excellence; as well as being the Eternal City. Who, even among non-Catholics, hasn't heard of St Peter or St Paul? The many hundreds of Churches in Rome are dedicated to saints with unfamiliar names like St. Eustachius (died 118), St Prisca (3rd century), St Sabina (3rd century), Saints Nereus and Achilleus (died 100), San Pancratius (died 304), San Pantaleon (died 305); and so on.

Hidden behind these unfamiliar names are some familiar ones. For instance, Pancratius, the boy-martyr who died under the emperor Diocletian, is St Pancras, well-known to Londoners even today. Pope Vitalian (657 – 671) sent relics of this saint who was buried in the catacomb of Calepodius, to King Oswi who built a Church dedicated to the saint. The second Church built by St Augustine of Canterbury was dedicated to Pancratius.¹

St Mary is the favourite mediaeval way of describing Our Lady, and she stands, rightly, at the head of any list of holy men and women. St John the evangelist, Sts Matthew, Mark and Luke were as well-known in every village and town in Europe and wherever the Faith was taken, as was the local smithy or the midwife. In addition, local saints abounded: holy people who gave their lives in defence of the Faith or spent them in its practice.

St Eustachius

Eustachius was a soldier in the army of Titus, master of the horse under Trajan and a general under Hadrian. He and his wife and two sons were roasted alive in a brazen bull near the Colosseum in 118 AD. Their relics are preserved in the altar of the church dedicated to him in the Piazza of the same name near the pantheon in Rome. He is better known to the English and French as St Eustace.

Saints and their symbols

All had their symbols: some of them obvious, others curious in the extreme – *Mother and Child*, for Our Lady, *crossed keys* for Peter, *sword and book* for Paul, *eagle* for John, an *angel* for Matthew, a *winged lion* for Mark, a *winged bull* for Luke. These symbols decorated the facades and inner walls of churches, town squares, shop hoardings and public buildings in all Catholic countries.

St Jerome's symbol (he died in 420 AD) was a *man removing a thorn from the paw of a lion*; the symbol for

St Nothburga of Klettgau (died 840 AD) who was a Scottish princess who is venerated in Germany: *seated with eight children in her lap, and the ninth at her feet*; the symbol for St Petronilla, a first century martyr: a *broom*; the symbol for St Ammon, surnamed the Great (died in Egypt in 350): *saying the rosary in bed with his wife*; for St Thurial, venerated in Brittany (died 749 AD): *Man with a dove on his shoulder*; for St Dominic (died 1221): *Monkey putting out his candle*; for the young St Pancratius, *armour*, and for St Eustachius, a *stag*.²

There are many tens of thousands of saints – either popularly held to be so, or officially declared to be so, by the Catholic Church. Up until the year 993 AD, contrary to commonly held opinion, holy people were declared to be saints according to reasonably well-laid-down rules enacted by the

AND WHAT NAME WILL THAT BE SIR?



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— Editor, *Annals*

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Church Councils and various Popes and other Bishops in order to guide priests and people in the correct way of paying homage to holiness in their fellow Christians; and in order to forestall abuses and excesses. These may not always have been observed, but on the whole we can only marvel at the wondrous ways in which God's grace works amongst his people.

Saintly imposters

Since the canonization of St Ulrich of Augsburg in 993 by Pope John XVth according to strict rules laid by the same Pope, every effort has been made to ensure that the entire life of everyone nominated for canonization be severely tested. Of course there are innumerable people in heaven deserving of the recognition that canonization gives. Only a few of these can be selected — and then only because of their special circumstances, or the needs of the times. They act as models for us, their weaker brethren, who need their encouragement and the support of their prayers.

Some of the old pagan favourites clung to their popularity by changing their names. St Expeditus, for instance, the patron saint of procrastinators who need to reform, in some parts of Germany since the 17th century, looks suspiciously like Mercury, and moves just as fast. There was a real St Expeditus in Armenia in the fourth century, but this one of the same name seems to be a genial imposter. He is not encouraged by the Church.

Lost treasures presented

Nor are Sts Barlaam and St Josaphat. These interesting figures are actually Buddhist figures in Christian guise, who are first mentioned by St John Damascene in the seventh century. In telling their story St John unwittingly tells a Christianised version of a Buddhist romance.⁵

It is an ill wind blows nobody any good. By preserving the story of Barlaam and Josaphat, St John Damascene also preserved the

famous lost *Apology for Christianity* to emperor Antoninus Pius by Aristides the Athenian which was incorporated into the text of the Romance and hence has come down to us. In much the same way as parts of the History of the Jihads against Abyssinia written by the sixteenth century Muslim writer Shihab ad-Din Ahmed bin 'Abd al-Qader have been found in the Arabic text of the Indian History of Gujarat.

St Passera aka St Cyrus

In 1968 when a fresco was stolen from a Church in Rome, to everyone's surprise they discovered that there was a St Passera in the city. On checking, no trace could be found of such a saint.

The truth was that Pope Innocent I (401 - 417) placed relics of Sts Cyrus and John from Egypt in the church in question that the Matron Theodora had erected in their honour. Sts Cyrus and John are perfectly reputable saints who were physicians in Alexandria. They were martyred at Canopus in Egypt in 303 AD while trying to help a Christian woman and her three daughters who were being persecuted. The name Cyrus was latinised to Abba Cyrus (Father Cyrus). This gradually was corrupted by the ordinary faithful to Abbàcīro (accent on the antepenultimate or third last syllable), then to Pàcero, then to Pacera, and finally to Passera. So the saint not only changed his name, but also his sex: becoming a woman in the process. Fortunately that all appears to have been sorted out now.

The famous archaeologist De Rossi records a *Santa Fama* on the *Via Appia*. Actually her name was *Euphemia* - another respectable saint. I recall meeting an Indonesian girl whose name was Fina. I discovered that she had been baptised Josephina.

There is a *San Zannipalo* in Venice who is really two saints: Giovanni and Paolo - John and Paul. Another mysterious saint. *San Travano* in Milan is really, again, two saints, Sts Gervasio and Protasio (second century martyrs whose relics were discovered by St Ambrose in 386 AD). The equally puzzling *San Zandegoli* is the familiar San Giovanni

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Decollato (St John Beheaded) i.e. St John the Baptist.

A lot of these problems with names are only problems for sceptics and for foreigners who have trouble wending their way through the fascinating paths that local dialects beat through the Italian or Latin, English or French bush.

St Denis - St Philomena

How many people in Sydney know that *Sydney* is English for St Denis, or that *Sinclair* is English for St Claire of Assisi, or that *Bennett* is English for Benedict, as *Austin* is English for Augustine, or that *Boston*

means St Botolph's town?

Before leaving this subject may I mention two other saints who are even more curious: St Philomena of the *Catacomb of Priscilla* (for there are many St Philomenas) and St Decimil. One is a real saint whose name we don't know; and the other is only a trick played on the Christians by their pagan ancestors.

In 1802 a tomb was discovered in the catacomb of Priscilla on the *Via Salaria* with an inscription that read: LVMENA PAX TECUM FI. The inscription was broken into three sections. The finders re-arranged the sections to read: FILVMENA PAX TECUM ('Philomena, Peace be with

you'). Sadly it appears that they jumped the gun and to this day we don't know the name of the martyr whose bones lay in that tomb for centuries waiting to be discovered. She/he did have a name however; we just don't know it. That Unknown Saint is probably waiting to answer a few prayers. So don't be too discouraged. It was only the honour paid to the *Philomena of the Catacombs of Priscilla* that the Church frowns on.⁷

Saintly millstone

As for St Decimus: he proved to be a stumbling block to the devout Catholic people of Provence in the South of France. In the Middle Ages his 'headstone was found,' and people thought he should not be forgotten. But a wise person discovered that the 'tombstone' was a 'millstone' and instead of marking a grave of a martyr, the broken stone was a pointer for Roman legionaries marching into Gaul.⁸

Some people take exception to the human element involved in the expression of our Faith in God and his saints. They miss the point. God is glorified by the saints' heroism and

bravery and self-sacrifice; and by the simple trust and love that we who are still on the way to eternal life show towards our fellow Catholics who achieved what we can only dream of. If occasionally we confuse a few

names or become a little muddled, that can never off-set the love towards God that is in our hearts; or the glory that we give to him because of his holy ones.



Tricky failures

SALES of magic are rare events. There was, in the mid-Seventies, one at Sotherby's: a large and splendid sale of conjuring tricks, books on conjuring, playbills and other conjuring ephemera. The sale went very well, but collectors have had to wait 15 years and no sign of another proper sale. There was just one lot this week, a lot that belonged to Tommy Cooper, the group of tricks that he used on the night he died – on the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre in the middle of his act. Now Tommy Cooper was my sort of magician. His tricks, always failures, were, in the end, spectacularly successful. He played the humour of failure to the limit with his seemingly off-hand and clumsy performance. The lot before his suitcase full of conjuring tricks was a collection of his old prompt cards, showing the reverse to be true: every move, every mistake in his act had been given the maximum of thought.

— Alister McAlpine, *The Spectator*, December 22, 1990.

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1. P.J. Chandlery SJ, *Pilgrim Walks in Rome*, 1903, p.327
2. For these symbols see, among other sources, Helen Roeder, *Saints and their Attributes*. London 1955, *passim*
3. There are 70 volumes in the *Acta Sanctorum* or *Lives of the Saints* of the Bollandists, the first great work of modern textual criticism produced by the Jesuits from 1615-1915. Ironically, even the French iconoclast and former Catholic priest turned sceptic Ernest Renan said (in his *Études Religieuses*) of the Bollandists' edition: 'It seems to me that for a true thinker, a prison cell with these (then) fifty five vols would be a veritable paradise'.
4. *The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church* ed. F.L. Cross, London 1958, p.1387.
5. *The Book of Saints*, by the Benedictines of Ramsgate, London, 1966, p.101. See also *Dictionnaire de Théologie Catholique*, 32 vols. Paris 1932, vol 2, pp.409ff.
6. Italo De Tuddo, *I Diavoli del Panteon*, Roma, 1980, pp.83-85.
7. See *The Book of Saints*, ed.cit. p.577.
8. Helen Roeder, *op.cit* p.viii.

Judge with an equal balance

THERE is a strong bias against the Christians and in favour of the Moslems and the Jews in most of the Victorian historical works, especially historical novels.

And most people of modern, or rather of very recent times got all their notions of history from dipping into historical novels.

In those romances the Jew is always the oppressed where in reality he was often the oppressor. In those romances the Arab is always credited with oriental dignity and courtesy and never with oriental crookedness and cruelty.

The same injustice is introduced into history, which by means of selection and omission can be made as fictitious as any fiction.

Twenty historians mention the way in which the maddened Christian mob murdered the Moslems after the capture of Jerusalem, for one who mentions that the Moslem commander commanded in cold blood the murder of some two hundred of his most famous and valiant enemies after the victory of Hattin.

The former cannot be shown to have been the act of Tancred, while the latter was quite certainly the act of Saladin.

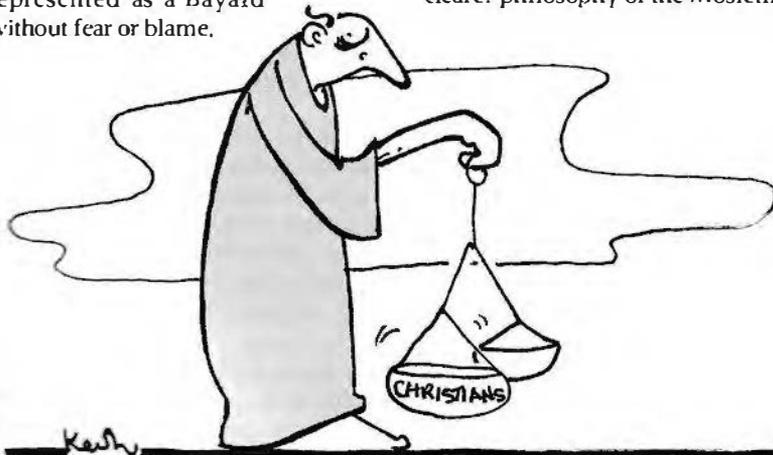
Yet Tancred is described as at best a doubtful character, while Saladin is represented as a Bayard without fear or blame.

Both of them doubtless were ordinary faulty fighting men, but they are not judged by an equal balance. It may seem a paradox that there should be this prejudice in Western history in favour of Eastern heroes.

The cause is clear enough; it is the remains of the revolt among many Europeans against their own old religious organisation, which naturally made them hunt through all ages for its crimes and its victims.

It was natural that Voltaire should sympathise more with a Brahmin he had never seen than with a Jesuit with whom he was engaged in a violent controversy; and should similarly feel more dislike of a Catholic who was his enemy than of a Moslem who was the enemy of his enemy.

In this atmosphere of natural and even pardonable prejudice arose the habit of contrasting the intolerance of the Crusaders with the toleration shown by the Moslems ... As the modern world does not know what it means itself by religious liberty and equality, as the moderns have not thought out any logical theory of toleration at all (for their vague generalisations can always be upset by twenty tests from Thugs to Christian Science) it would obviously be unreasonable to expect the moderns to understand the much clearer philosophy of the Moslems.



- G.K. Chesterton. *The New Jerusalem.*

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MEDIA MATTERS

By James Murray

Low Business

New catastrophes multiply in businesses worldwide. On them are piled derelictions by executives and auditors of what used to be called fiduciary duty. And voracious exactions by bankers.

Market force looks like market farce. Yet the voice of the Church as contained in its traditions and encyclicals is largely ignored in commentary on the situation. It was not always so as RH Tawney makes clear in *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*, first published in 1926 but still relevant today.

Discussing the criticism which dismisses the concerns of the Churches with economic relations and social organizations, he says: 'What requires explanation is not the view that these matters are part of the province of religion, but the view that they are not. When the age of the Reformation begins, economics is still a branch of ethics, and ethics of theology; all human activities are treated as falling within a single scheme whose character is determined by the spiritual destiny of mankind; the appeal of theorists is to natural law, not to utility; the legitimacy of economic transactions is tried less by reference to the movement of the market, than to moral standards derived from the traditional teaching of the Christian Church; the Church itself is regarded as a society wielding theoretical and sometimes practical authority in social affairs.'

Tawney makes it clear that the Church was not always perfect in its practice though always consistent in its principle. He emphasizes that the secularization of political thought after the Reformation meant that 'the rule of right is replaced by economic expediency as the arbiter of policy and the criterion of conduct...'

'To the most representative minds of the Reformation as of the Middle Ages, a philosophy which treated the transactions of commerce and the institutions of society as indifferent to religion would have appeared, not merely morally reprehensible, but intellectually absurd.'

Not to the most representative minds of the present. Tawney quotes St Thomas Aquinas and his approval of St Ambrose's strong words about those who cling to the bread of the starving. What would St Thomas say of banking

charges that favour the rich by comparison with the poor?

Campbell Pibroch

The passing of the last Anzac Alec Campbell was splendidly marked. Less marked was the emphasis on his trade union membership. Yet the link between Anzac and trade unionism is strong. Of the 54,000 AIF recruits enlisted in the first five months of 1914, 43 per cent were trade unionists.

Their courage was matched by their union descendants who helped to defeat Communist subversion of unions. And by their fellow trade unionists in Poland's Solidarity who offered the critical resistance to Soviet tyranny for which capitalism now takes credit, a shameless credit given that it was a capitalist Arnold Hammer who began business dealings with Lenin and other Soviet leaders which were crucial to their success.

True some modern Australian trade union leaders have been guilty of malpractices. So, too, have business leaders. And for a similar reason: trade unions and business organizations suffer from Tyrannosaurus Rex syndrome; their bodies are too big for their brains.

Crisp Smith

So fraught with outrageous scandals and scams is business that Workplace Relations Minister Tony Abbott must be glad that for some peculiar reason the term workplace is not applied to boardrooms, otherwise he might have to come out swinging at executives as he does at trade unionists.

One quotation from the ancient father of economics Adam Smith's classic *An Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations* covers every scam: 'People of the same trade seldom meet together, even for merriment and diversion, but the conversation ends in a conspiracy against the public, or in some contrivance to raise prices.'

With the Canberra Press Ball in mind, the merriment and diversion parts of the quotation can be stretched to cover the conspiracy against the public by that elite corps, the Press Gallery of the Federal Parliament.

No need to rehearse the sad details. The



names Cheryl Kernot and Gareth Evans have joined all the star-crossed lovers who in the light words of the poet Ogden Nash found that 'nothing propquinks like propquinquity' and who, in heavier words, committed adultery, betraying their promises, their spouses and their children.

The Press Gallery learned of the affair. But its members deemed it to be private even after Kernot abandoned the leadership of the Democrats to join Labor, even after a question about the relationship was crudely raised in Parliament and vehemently denied by Evans.

Thus gallery members ignored a prime rule of their craft: 'The Press lives by disclosure', enunciated by Thaddeus Delane, editor of *The Times*, London when it earned its sobriquet The Thunderer. Some may say that the rule is not absolute, that Delane did not always disclose what he knew. Others may plead in mitigation that disclosure is more difficult in the news management culture that dominates Canberra where ex-hacks, opting to be party spioneisters, use their control of information to aid or hinder working journalists who in turn are aware that the party spinmeisters of today are the media executives of tomorrow. Still others may think too many gallery hacks see themselves less as reporters than players, using their knowledge to promote partisan agendas.

Even the story breaker Laurie Oakes failed the Delane rule. He did not make the earliest disclosure possible. He waited until after Cheryl Kernot criticised him in her book, *Speaking for Myself Again* (published by HarperCollins and promoted in its Murdoch satellite *The Weekend Australian Magazine*).

All in all, a dismal business. That said, once disclosure is made, the Murdoch rule should apply: no pursuit or harassment of the principals just as there was none after Rupert Murdoch announced the end of his long, second marriage.

names Cheryl Kernot and Gareth Evans have joined all the star-crossed lovers who in the light words of the poet Ogden Nash found that 'nothing propquinks like propquinquity' and who, in heavier words, committed adultery, betraying their promises, their spouses and their children.

Lethal Luncher

There can be no denying that the lady who lunches, Maxine McKew, lives by the Delane rule of disclosure. Once again her column in *The Bulletin* has claimed a victim in Mark Latham, the Labor MP with leadership pretensions who said he was talking like his Western suburbs constituents in his crude criticism of the Prime Minister John Howard's attitude to the US.

Some may wish Latham resembled his predecessor Gough Whitlam, who did not talk like his constituents. Or Winston Churchill who did not talk like his. Or Edmund Burke who did not talk like his.

McKew's first victim was the reputedly shrewd Sydney pol, John Dellabosca. She lunched him into doltish criticism of Kim Beazley's pre-election stance on the GST.

Her double reminded your correspondent of another Packeratchik, the late Alan Reid. He, too, was a journalist of Labor background. And he did more than any other journalist to deny Labor a return to power in another period when it had lost its way.

Ironic Feast

Paul Keating must be a glutton for irony.

How else explain his use of the John Curtin Memorial lecture to outline a take on Austral-American relations suggesting that subservience to the United States began with Bob Menzies?

This ignores John Curtin's realignment of Australia with America in 1942, a realignment that took President Franklin D Roosevelt by surprise. It shouldn't have. It was part of a long continuum. In 1908, against Colonial Office objections, Alfred Deakin invited America's White Fleet to visit Australian ports.

Moreover the realignment has an Anzac strand. During World War I, the AIF Chief of Staff, Lieutenant General Cyril Brudenell White, discussed with the official historian CEW Bean the need for Australia to put America in its debt, a concept that prefigures current policy.



Beheaded, but not harmed

I know very well that the time shall come, when God shall declare my truth toward his Grace [Henry VIII] before him and all the world ... I thanked God that my case was such in this matter through the clearness of my own conscience that though I might have pain I could not have harm, for a man may in such a case lose his head and have no harm.'

- St Thomas More *SL* p. 250.



As if to emphasise this, the Australian Corps commander, General Sir John Monash, said he would cancel the key battle of Le Hamel if American infantry under his command were withdrawn. Not coincidentally, Le Hamel, which changed Western Front battle tactics, was fought on July 4, American Independence Day. And during the climactic offensive against the Hindenburg Line, US infantry fought alongside the Australian Corps.

There may those on the left of politics who see all this, like Kurea and Vietnam, as the stuff of right-wing policy. But what could be more integral to leftwing myth than the Eureka rising of 1854? Yet the Californian Revolver Brigade was there as part of the miners' force.

Forget 'All the Way with LBJ'. Make it: 'All the way from Eureka.'

Round Cup

The World Cup was a triumph, particularly the manner in which it was organised by Japan and South Korea, for so long part of a conquered Japanese state. Compare and contrast the Rugby Union World Cup where Australia could not find a way to make common cause with its longtime ally New Zealand against international marketing forces.

But the World Cup was not a total triumph. Your correspondent being of Irish and Scots descent drew some excitement from Ireland's success and consoled himself with the instant myth that the South Koreans learned their football from the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the Black Watch and the King's Own Scottish Borderers during the Korean War. Australia? Hard to take seriously while it plays football under the name soccer. Now if the Soccer Australia Board would call itself the Football Australia Board - FAB - it might steer the game to where it is in the rest of the world: on top.

Secondhand Prose

The Australian Broadcasting Corporation has tended to criticise the narrow range of opinions in Australia due to limited media ownership. Now, however, it risks exacerbating the situation by hiring part-time commentators from newspapers. The latest is Mark Westfield of *The Australian* who has joined the 7.30 Report team as business and economics editor.

Radio commentator (and *Sydney Morning Herald* columnist) Mike Carlton was one of the few journalists, if not the only one, to criticise

the appointment. The programme's executive producer Jonathan Holmes attempted to rebut Carlton's view by saying he had not objected to ABC business reporter Alan Kohler who also writes for *The Financial Review*. But Holmes weakened the force of his rebuttal by admitting that he hired Westfield only because he could not afford a fulltime reporter.

Westfield, whom your correspondent met on *The Daily Mirror*, London, is a canny operator as is Kohler. But there does seem to be, if not a potential conflict of interest, then a conflict of precedence. Which employer, for example, gets first bite of any scoop? Who lashes Rupert Murdoch if he pulls another stunt like dropping the BBC World News Service to appease the Chinese Government? Do viewer/readers have to endure reporters taking two bites from different sides of new cherries and old chestnuts? And how do younger reporters get their national break if older reporters are holding two prestigious jobs, three ulcers and a coronary?

ABC boss Russell Balding should ensure that the national broadcaster has enough money to hire its key correspondents exclusively. Intriguingly Robert Gottliebsen also of *The Australian* who broadcasts on ABC radio lists this fact at the end of his column. So far Westfield has not similarly listed his ABC link although his link with *The Australian* runs on the 7.30 Report credits.

Hack's Epitaph

Ernest Hemingway memoir *A Moveable Feast* owes its title to the fourth of his wives, Mary Welsh Hemingway who did not post his letter to his publisher withdrawing the book from publication after his decision that it was untrue to his experience.

So what would Hemingway himself have called it? He had referred to Ecclesiastes for the title of his early novel, *The Sun Also Rises*. He referred to it again. Among his list of possible titles was, *The Eye and the Ear*.

According to Rose Marie Burwell in her study *Hemingway: The Postwar Years and the Posthumous Novels* this was taken from Ecclesiastes Chapter 1 Verse 8:

All things toil to weariness;

Man cannot utter it,

The eye is not satisfied with seeing,

Nor the ear filled with hearing.

Lines that could serve as an epitaph for any hack.

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Beware, the Passive Voice!

AN example which often crops up, and which has cropped up again recently (oddly, it often crops up in association with debates on capital punishment) is the one: 'Euthanasia ought to be carried out on infants who at birth are hopelessly deformed or crippled.' In this form the proposal sounds so reasonable. The spotlight is on the infants and their misfortune. We are invited to consider only some poor baby's misery which a painless death would relieve forever. Whether any death be really painless, of course, we cannot know. No one has yet returned to tell us. But let that pass. The point is that all words are a sort of spell, and words like these are designed to spell-bind our assent. Let this harmless, merciful thing called Euthanasia be administered to these poor sufferers. What can await them, if they live, but pain and wretchedness?

But the thing looks somewhat different if we turn it into the active voice. It then reads: 'the authorities ought to kill, painlessly if that be possible, all children who are incurably deformed'. This is not quite so soothing, and it becomes less soothing still if for that abstract word 'Authorities' we substitute a concrete noun. 'The parents (or the Doctor or a Ministry of Health official) ought to kill these babies.' Yet this is what the proposal really means. Somebody, some man or woman like you or me, is to take the life of another human being without there being even a possibility that the latter can be guilty of any crime. True, the child himself may be the gainer. We all must die, and for most of us life brings plenty of pain and trouble. Perhaps it would have been better to die young. But dying and killing are not quite the same. How does it affect, not the baby but the adult man, to execute such a sentence upon a fellow-human?

- A.F.N. Green-Armytage, quoted in *Taking Stock. Collected Writings of A.F.N. Green-Armytage*, ed. Janet Kovesi Watt, Perth 2001 [available from J. Kott Tor, Claremont WA 6010. \$28 includes postage anywhere in Australia]



Putting a value on Education

FOR most of us, it is a fact of experience and commonsense that education has to be governed by some set of human values, however sharply we may disagree about the content of these. We regard it as desirable to grow up as this sort of person, within a wide range of particular possibilities, and we therefore cannot help regarding it as a misfortune or even a disaster to grow up as that sort of person. But we should be able to discuss such questions calmly and charitably: the evils of snobbery and elitism arise only when this whole subject is made into a pretext for pride and contempt.

- Christopher Derrick, *Escape from Scientism*, Ignatius Press, San Francisco, 1977.

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Molokai: The Story of Father Damien

Occasionally – very occasionally – acting transcends mummery and takes on the aspect of total impersonation. David Wenham achieves this rare state as the Belgian-born priest Joseph de Veuster, otherwise known as Damien the Leper.

Director Paul Cox and writer John Briley (who scripted *Gandhi*) combine to give Wenham the material for his feat, enhanced by a constellation of supporting players: Peter O'Tuile, Derek Jacobi, Kris Kristofferson, Leo McKern, Sam Neill, Chris Haywood, Aden Young and Kate Ceberano.

Damien's story has passed from history to legend: how he volunteered to be a castaway for Christ in the leper colony on the Hawaiian island of Molokai; how by a mix of unsentimental holiness and peasant tenacity he transformed a squalid settlement into a place of hope.

It was a tenacity Damien continued to show even after he fatally succumbed to the disease though some of his patients, as a result of later sulfa treatment, survived. One, Kenso Seki, even lived to appear in the film.

For some reason the episode in which the writer Robert Louis Stevenson defended Damien against maliciously false allegations of sexual immorality with female patients is omitted. It may be Cox wished to keep the focus on Damien. He succeeds.

Wenham's performance is fit to stand with that of the great Pierre Fresnay who played another saint of proactive holiness, Vincent de Paul, in the French classic *Monsieur Vincent*. PG



Heaven

Cate Blanchett continues her glorious winning streak, playing an English language teacher based in Rome, confronting the consequences of her decision to kill a high-powered drug dealer. Giovanni Ribisi (who co-starred

By James Murray

with her in *The Gift*) is the young Carabinieri officer who seeks to help her escape those consequences.

Director Tom Tykwer, a master of cinema tension works from a script, spare but potent, by the late great Krzysztof Kieslowski and Krzysztof Piesiewicz, designed to form a trilogy with scripts entitled *Hell* and *Purgatory*.

Effectively the third main character is the wonderful Italian landscape, location for a relentless hunt. Tykwer's final shot is a triumph of his craft, at once sublime and ambivalent. It raises the hope that he will be enabled to make the other two films of the trilogy. MA



Last Orders

First-class version of Graham Swift's Booker Prize novel as scripted and directed by Fred Schepisi. He paces the work beautifully to give full scope to the talents of his extraordinary ensemble cast: Michael Caine, Tom Courtney, David Hemmings, Bob Hoskins and Ray Winstone. Above all, there is Helen Mirren, subduing her beauty to the role of a wife and mother, worn down, but not out, by the task of trying to care for a mentally handicapped daughter.

Courtney, Hemmings, Hoskins, Winstone play four friends on a journey from London's Bermondsey to the seaside resort of Margate in obedience to the last wish of a fifth, Caine, as a likely lad grown old. But they are also on an interior journey into their past in war and peace, love and dislike, which Paul Grahowsky's music counterpoints gracefully.

Their detours include Canterbury, creating a link with Chaucer's pilgrims, and the naval memorial at Chatham where the price of admiralty is written in row upon row of names.

GK Chesterton made the refrain

of one of his poems: 'We are the people of England. And we haven't spoken yet.' It is not the least achievement of the Italian-Australian Schepisi that in this film of mundane splendour, perhaps his best since his first, *The Devil's Playground*, that we hear the voice of the people of England: mournful yet humorous, bnozy yet dutiful, frail yet indomitable. MA 15+



Triumph of Love

Soufflés can rise more than once. At least this one by Pierre Marivaux does. It first rose on the stage in 18th century Paris. Now it rises again in the cinemas of the 21st century, directed by Clare Peploe and produced and scripted by her husband Bernardo Bertolucci. And it is difficult to refrain from betting that it has never had such a beguiling lead actress as Mira Sorvino. She plays the cross-dressing Princess who as a woman and as a man tempts two men, one young, one old, and a middle-aged woman to fall in love with her.

Jay Rodan plays the young man, Agis, Ben Kingsley the older, Hermocrates. And Fiona Shaw is the spinster and scientist, Leontine. The plot has a little to do with a usurped kingdom and everything to do with an elegant romance which ends as it should with everyone living happily, and more wisely, ever after. MA



Australian Rules

Director Paul Goldman's debut film is set in a small coastal town. But it is no idyllic *Seachange*. Based on co-script writer Phillip Gwynne's novel *Deadly, Unna?* it is a rough, bleak look into the divide between blacks and whites even when they play together.

Dummy Red (Luke Carroll) and Blacky (Nathan Phillips) are members of a mixed local team coached by Arky (Kevin Harrington). As they fight their way up the competition ladder,

tensions grow between the black players from the Mish and the white players from town. Despite this, Blacky remains mates with Dumby and forms a friendship with the Aborigine beauty Clarence (Lisa Flanagan).

But other disruptive factors impinge, including the brutal rivalry between Blacky's fisherman father (a stand-out performance by Simon Westaway) and Dumby's brother Tommy (Kelton Pell). The end is unsparing of all concerned. *MA*



The Cat's Mee-ow

Filmmaker Peter Bogdanovich has tended to go for style over substance. Here he integrates the two powerfully by rattling a skeleton in Hollywood's cupboard: the mysterious death of producer Thomas Ince (Cary Elwes), a guest aboard the luxury yacht of the inventor of yellow press journalism, William Randolph Hearst (Edward Herman).

Others on the lustrous guest list were comedian Charlie Chaplin (Eddie Izzard), novelist Elinor Glynn (Joanna Lumley) and gossip columnist Louella Parsons (Jennifer Tilly).

Bogdanovich suggests that Hearst, an expert in the expose, was also an expert in the cover-up, a suggestion that will surprise no one who knows how newspapers function. Nor will his explanation of how Parsons secured her lifetime contract with Hearst newspapers.

Tilly, Izzard and Lumley give performances finely attuned to their celebrity originals. But they appear as novices compared to Kirsten Dunst's virtuoso turn as Hearst's mistress Marion Davies whom he sought to make a dramatic star while Chaplin, to Hearst's anger, saw her as a comedienne – and his inamorata.

Readers who consider the title unworthy of the story are correct. *MA*



Spider-Man

The success of this screen version of the Marvel comic book character derives from the essential element of the Brothers Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen: the fantastic exploits are set in ordinary life. The casting of the nerdy Tobey Maguire in the title role reinforces this. Director Sam Raimi spins an all-embracing web by adding Kirsten Dunst as the girl next door and Willem Dafoe as the scientist from the military-industrial complex who transmogrifies into the Green Goblin. *M*



Minority Report

High fascination quotient because it is based on a novella by Philip K Dick whose work also inspired the future-world classic *Blade Runner*. Again we are in the future but not a future of decay. Washington thrives, its prosperity enhanced by a drop in crime, result of cops having pre-knowledge of intent, and arresting would-be perpetrators before they can commit the crime.

The weakness of the movie is paradoxically in its strengths: Steven Spielberg and Tom Cruise. Spielberg directs – or misdirects in that he cannot seem to resist gee-whiz effects that diminish the seriousness of the concept. Cruise stars as the chief cop, himself fingered as a potential killer. But too often he appears in sequences that could be out-takes from *Mission Improbable*. Max Von Sydow adds gravitas as the creator of the system with the key to beating it. *MA*



Bend It Like Beckham

The Irish once seemed fated to make the world laugh by doing stage-Irish versions of themselves. So did the Scots. Now it seems to be the Indians. Director Gurinder Chadha gives us a family of stage Indians (Sikhs) living in Hounslow whose daughter Jess (Parminder K Nagra) has a passion for football and its great exponent, England captain David Beckham.

Enter the representative of a local all-girl team with visions of a professional career in the United States where all girl teams abound. Nagra is a delight as she seeks to overcome family objections, though her ball skills may owe more to camera trickery than her own feet. Yes, stage Indians are right up there with stage Irish in the effect of their smiling eyes. Guffaws galore. And no untouchables to spoil the fun. *PG*



Unfaithful

Director Adrian Lynne is a specialist in marital strife (vide *Fatal Attraction*). Here he chooses to remake the Claude Chabrol 1968 film *La Femme Infidèle*. This gives unwonted emotional depth to a marital triangle involving a prosperous American couple Ed and Connie Sumner (Richard Gere and Diane Lane) and Paul, a scruffy French book dealer (Oliver Martinez).

Gere mutes his star power to play ordinary guy Ed. Lane, however, goes incandescent as Connie after she is literally blown into Paul on a visit to New York's SoHo area. But more than lust lurks in wait when Ed discovers his wife's affair. *MA 15+*



The Importance of Being Earnest

Oscar Wilde wrote his plays to maintain a certain lifestyle rather than for the ages. But they have

endured to make the fortunes of two generations of filmmakers. This remake directed by Oliver Parker appears 50 years after director Antony Asquith's version.

Whereas Asquith relied on a completely English cast, Parker has a mixed bunch: the Australian (Frances O'Connor) American (Reese Witherspoon) and English (Rupert Everett and Colin Firth) dance Wilde's quadrille as the lovers Gwendolen Fairfax, Cecily Cardew, Algy Moncreef and Jack Worthing who also answers to Earnest.

Judi Dench is cast as Lady Bracknell. Wisely she does not attempt to out-dame Edith Evans in the latter's fluting, imperious reading of the line: 'A handbag!' Dench opts for the whispered shock-horror tones of a woman discovering a ladder in her stocking.

The other lines and the plot twists still work as delightfully as a Swiss cuckoo clock. Which makes Oscar Wilde something he would have abhorred: a Victorian tradesman who built things that lasted. **G**



I Am Sam

Icky subject: Sam, a single father (mental age, seven) rears a bright daughter, Lucy. But the ickiness is transformed by magic of the players. In the title part, Sean Penn demolishes type casting to transform himself into a character all of whose potential is in loving his daughter.

Michele Pfeiffer is Rita, a lawyer whose eyes blink dollars and who has filial problems of her own. She is compelled into a *pro bono* case when Sam loses custody of Lucy. The solemn charm of Dakota Fanning as Lucy prevents the movie from drowning in its improbabilities and Penn and Pfeiffer going into stellar hyper-drive.

Director/co-writer Jessie Nelson creates a plethora of mentions for Starbucks and Pizza Hut as Sam's workplaces. She creates no specific plugs for tissues. She does not need to.

The movie might well be described as tissue generic. **MA 15+**



Orange County

Mad keen surfer Shaun Brumder finds a book on the beach, reads it and despite the author's misspelling the title *Strait Jacket* as *Straight Jacket* decides to study with him and become a writer. His quest for a university place is more complicated than jockeying for a wave at Bondi, Bells Beach or Margaret River. But as Shaun, Colin Hanks (son of Tom of that ilk) shows he has more than nepotism going for him.

In a sharp, pacy comedy, he is aided and abetted by the likes of Lily Tomlin as his daffy school counsellor, Jack Black as his oafish brother and John Lithgow as his long-distance father. Surf's up. And laughter. **PG**



Scooby-Doo

This could be worse. But not much. The laughs when they

come are thin and slow rather than thick and fast. Sarah Michelle Geller, Freddie Prinze Junior, Matthew Lillard and Linda Cardellini play the Hanna-Barbera TV cartoon characters Daphne, Fred, Shaggy and Velma opposite a highly ingenious, digitalised version of the lolling hound Scooby-Doo.

As members of a bickering team of ghost hunters (illegitimate offspring of the original Ghosbusters?), their mission is to clean up Spooky Island. Its boss is played by Mr Bean, sorry, Rowan Atkins.

The movie was shot on Queensland's Gold Coast at the Warner Brothers Wet 'n' Wild Water Theme Park. Result: the cast has the slightly bewildered look of Logie celebrity guests: Where am I? And what am I doing here? **G**



A Journey To Remember

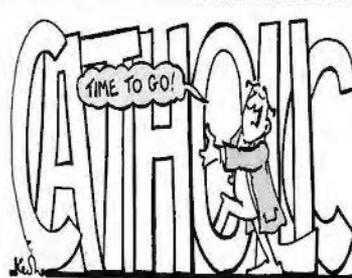
A brave effort because as its star Mandy Moore has said it tackles a modern taboo: religious virtue and its place in the lives of young people. Moore is Jamie Sullivan, daughter of a minister (Peter Coyote). Shane West plays Landon Carter, a wild one, compelled to join her in a school play as a punishment after a prank goes wrong.

They fall in love as a fatal but photogenic illness intervenes. **PG**



You're a Long Time Dead

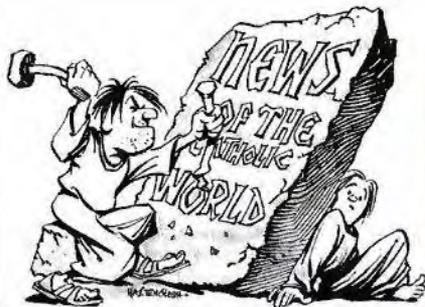
Scary Movie SW3 might be an alternative title for this one. The producers do introduce a new scary factor. Instead of the usual vampire or derivative, the evil spirit is a djinn from Morocco, brought back to London by the survivor of a group of hippies. Tom Bell, whose career was blighted back in the Sixties when he made the kind of remark about Prince Philip that would now earn him a knighthood, dominates. **MA 15+**



Good to die in

HE [Sir Richard Burton] now refused to attend the Church of England services, preferring instead to go to Mass at the local Catholic chapel of a half-caste Goanese priest who held services for the Catholic camp servants. Burton thought Catholicism 'a terrible religion for a man of the world to live in, but a good one to die in'.

— Burton. A biography of Sir Richard Burton, by Byron Farwell. [Richard Burton (1821-1890) Explorer who discovered Lake Tanganyika, travelled widely in Africa and Arabia and was a noted Arabic scholar. Ed]



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

Nuncio calls for negotiations to free hostages

COLOMBIA: Bogotá. The papal nuncio in Colombia has called for negotiations between the country's new government and guerrilla groups, aimed at the release of hostages held by the rebels. During a meeting with journalists held on Sunday morning, Archbishop Beiamino Stella noted that the fate of people kidnapped by the guerrillas has often been overlooked. According to official figures, some 350 persons - mostly members of the police and the military - are being held captive by the two main rebel groups, the Revolutionary Armed Forces of Colombia (FARC, Spanish acronym) and the National Liberation Army (ELN, Spanish acronym). Archbishop Stella said that he had been visited frequently by relatives of the hostages, who have asked him to intervene with government authorities to secure their release. FARC leaders have insisted they will only release their captives if the government agrees to free FARC leaders who are currently in prison. President Alvaro Uribe has said that he will not release the rebels who are now behind bars.

Catholic women opposed to 'two-child' norm

INDIA: New Delhi. A Catholic women's group in India has criticized suggestions that the government should counteract the widespread practice of sex-election by encouraging parents to have two children per family. The Women's Commission of the Catholic Bishops' Conference of India has remarked

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that the promotion of a two-child policy would be 'absolutely contradictory, for it is precisely the two-child norm, coupled with the preference for the male child, that is responsible for the killing of the female fetus or child.' That statement appeared in the commission's quarterly newsletter 'Magnificat'. A national census last year showed a steep decline in the ratio of female to

male newborns in India. The preponderance of baby boys is particularly acute in several regions, where there are fewer than 800 girl babies born alive for every 1,000 boys. This unnatural ratio reflects a tendency to procure an abortion when a prenatal examination shows that the child is a girl. In India - where Hindu traditions tend to favor males, and dowries for the marriage of daughters can be steep - many parents opt to have only male babies.

LRA rebels loot religious mission

UGANDA: Lira. Once again a Catholic mission station in Uganda has been attacked by the Lord's Resistance Army (LRA), a rebel movement led by Joseph Kony. According to local sources rebels attacked the religious mission of Iceme, 50 kilometers northwest of Lira on July 9th in the morning. While the three Combonian Missionary Fathers who run the mission were not injured, almost everything of value was stolen by the rebels. In the mission of Iceme which belongs to the diocese of Lira, there is also the diocesan shrine dedicated to Mary, Mother of the Church. This shrine is very popular in the whole northern region of the country and frequently visited by large numbers of pilgrims. With the new violence the same sources say, fear of further LRA attacks is growing now throughout northern Uganda and not only as before in the the district of Acholi.

Desecrator sentenced to seven years' imprisonment

INDONESIA: Bajawa. A court on Flores island in eastern Indonesia has imposed a seven-year prison sentence on a Muslim vendor accused of desecrating a consecrated host. Judge Edy Sudharmuhono sentenced Slamed Hariyadi on June 24th, less than three weeks after a woman was sentenced to four years' imprisonment on June 8th by another Flores court for degrading 'the most sacred object in Catholicism.' Hariyadi, a 50-year-old Javanese vendor who sold deco-

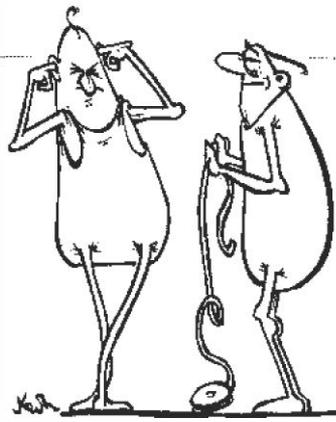
rative lamps on predominantly Catholic Flores, went on March 17th to St. Joseph Church in the district town of Bajawa. Witnesses said he received Communion but left the church without consuming the host. 'The defendant is found guilty of desecrating the sacred host, which according to Catholic faith is the body and blood of Christ. The defendant's deed has hurt the religious sentiments of Catholics,' said Judge Sudharmuhono, a Muslim.

War more lethal than ever, ICG report warns

SUDAN: The International Crisis Group (ICG) media report 'Dialogue or Destruction? Organising for Peace as the War in Sudan Escalates' warns of the purchase of arms on both sides. Khartoum is using oil revenues to buy lethal weapons including MiG fighters from Russia; the Sudan People's Liberation Army (SPLA) is boosting its manpower and also acquiring lethal arms. According to the report, the US and the European Union must work together to co-ordinate the peace process which should include all Sudanese political parties and civil society groups, and consult key countries like Egypt. The US should maintain pressure on the Sudanese government nervous about the war on terrorism, and block IMF and World Bank aid. And most importantly the US Congress should pass the Sudan Peace Act, including a capital markets sanctions provision to penalise oil companies operating in Sudan. The crucial issue to ending the war should be self-determination for the South and diplomatic support for self-determination, as the only way. Without it, the SPLA will not agree to a settlement.

'Catholic revival in the country,' priest says

RUSSIA: 'There is a tendency towards more vocations and a Catholic revival throughout the country,' said Father Otto Mesmer SJ, during a recent visit to Aid to the Church in Need. The Jesuit Father, who is director of the minor seminary in Novosibirsk/Western Siberia, explained that at present he



Last night I played a blank tape at full blast. The mime next door went nuts.

has 14 seminarians in the 1st year, seven of whom are ethnic Russians. The seminarians, Father Mesmer stated, 'come from all of Russia's four dioceses.' 'One of the main problems the Catholic Church in Russia is facing at the moment is the lack of financial resources. Therefore, support from abroad is paramount and we are very grateful for everything we receive from charities such as Aid to the Church in Need,' he concluded.

Hindu hard-liners' grip over government

INDIA: The appointment of a known Hindu hard-liner as Indian deputy prime minister, and the induction of others in the federal Cabinet, has raised concern among minority groups as well as secularists. Indian Prime Minister Atal Behari Vajpayee elevated federal Home Minister LK Advani as his deputy on 29 June, and included in the Cabinet two days later people from his Bharatiya Janata Party (BJP, Indian people's party). Social scientist Jesuit Father Prakash Luis views the latest changes as the formal 'coming to centre stage' of Hindu hard-liners. According to Father Donald De Souza, deputy secretary general of the bishops' conference, the changes make the BJP's right-wing agenda 'more visible'. Father Luis, head of the Jesuit-managed New Delhi-based Indian Social Institute, told reporters that the changes target the state

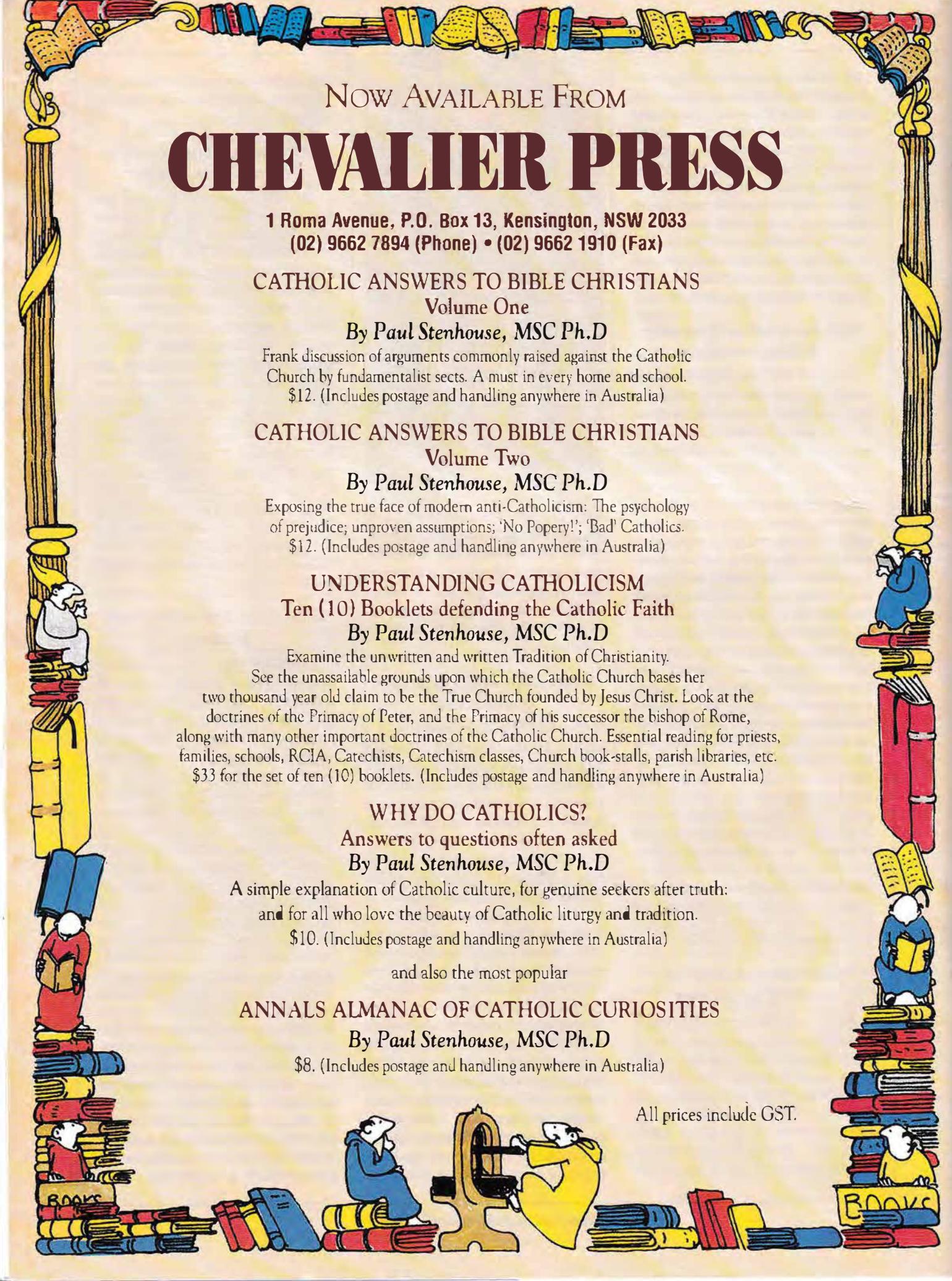
legislative elections scheduled for next year and the national elections in 2004.

First international congress on the Holy Shroud

BRAZIL: From 27-29 June, the first international congress on the Holy Shroud took place in Rio de Janeiro. Sixteen scholars from eight countries - Italy, USA, France, Australia, Portugal, Argentina, Peru and Brazil - held conferences proving the authenticity of the relic which is being kept in the Cathedral of Turin, Italy. About 400 people attended the event and were convinced that the Holy Shroud is not a fake. The meeting which was organised by the Association of the Holy Shroud of Jesus received a special blessing by Pope John Paul II and was inaugurated by Mgr Filippo Santoro, Auxiliary Bishop of Rio de Janeiro, on behalf of the local archbishop, Mgr Eusébio Oscar Scheid, who at that time was paying a visit to Rome.

Church leaders call for new elections

ZIMBABWE: Anglican Archbishop Desmond Tutu of Capetown, South Africa, and Catholic Archbishop Pius Ncube of Bulawayo, Zimbabwe, have called for new elections in Zimbabwe. In a report by the new Crisis in Zimbabwe Coalition, Archbishop Tutu - an anti-apartheid campaigner - appealed to the international community and Zimbabwe's neighbours: 'the hard facts... in Zimbabwe compiled in this report suggest an alarming array of policies and practices... leading the country to a catastrophic future.' Archbishop Pius Ncube said, 'Over the last two years I have seen a steady deterioration of respect for human dignity and rights. In the last two months I have known a number of persons who have died of hunger right here in my city.' The resolution to the Zimbabwe crisis can only be found in legitimising the government and returning it to a fair and just rule of law. Evidence shows that the presidential elections of March were not fair, thus the current government is not legitimate.

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stacks of colorful books and cartoon figures. At the top, a row of books is shown. On the left and right sides, vertical stacks of books are topped with figures: a white figure on the left, a blue figure on the right, and a yellow figure at the bottom right. At the bottom, two figures are shown: one in a blue robe sitting on a stack of books, and another in a yellow robe operating a printing press. The word 'BOOKS' is written on the stacks at the bottom left and right.

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