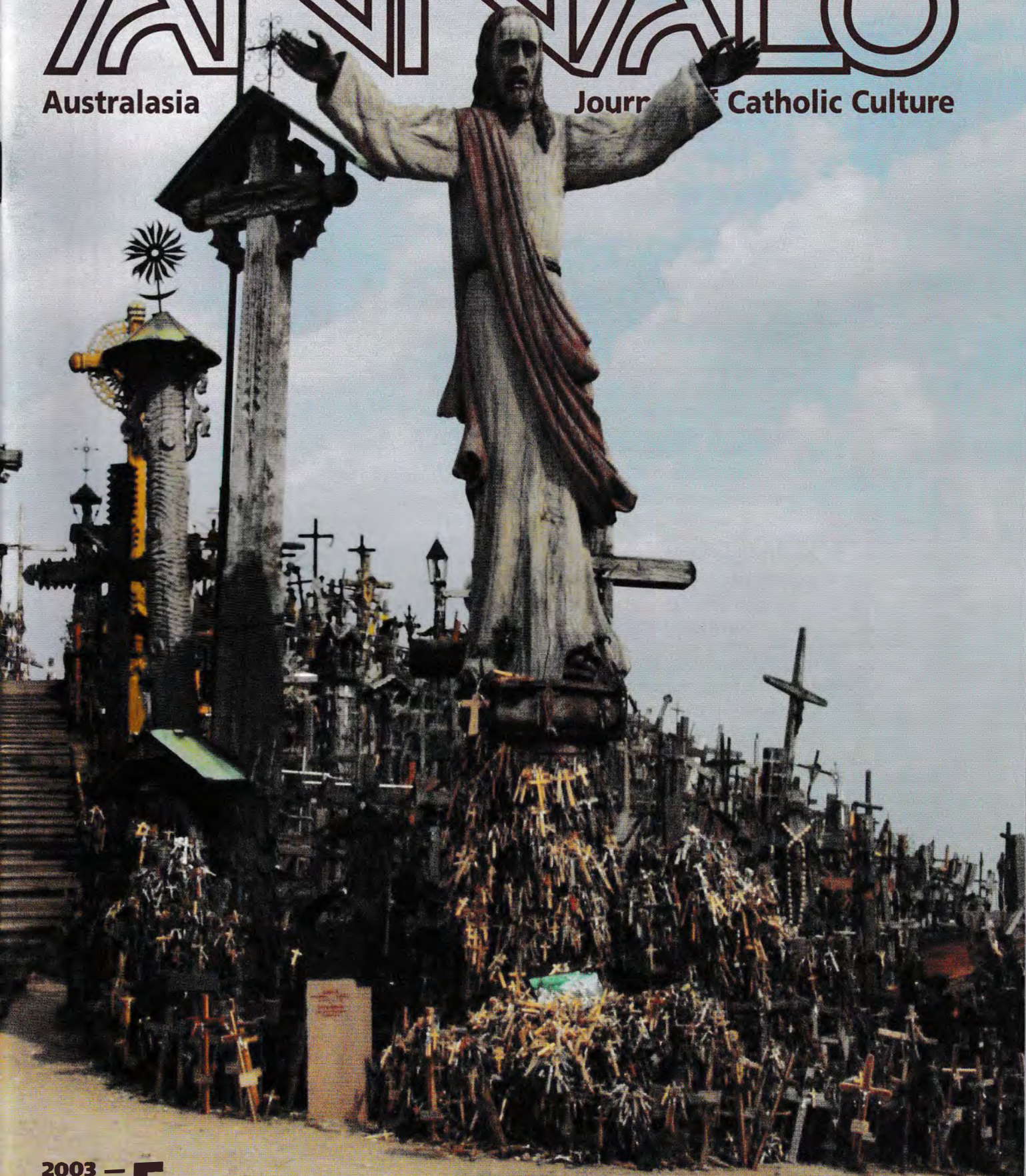


ANNALS

Australasia

Journal of Catholic Culture



2003 — 5

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PRINT POST APPROVED PP255003/01005

ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

Journal of Catholic Culture

Volume 114, Number 5 July 2003

[Sunday Year B/weekdays Year I]

Australia's Leading Catholic Magazine

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

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Pius XII, the Holocaust and the 'Canossa Syndrome'

What more Pope Pius XII could or should have done to try to save the millions of Jews trapped by Hitler's Third Reich has been debated since Hochhuth's play defaming the Pope appeared in 1963. PAUL STENHOUSE looks at some of the factors working against the Pope's rescuing Jews already in Hitler's clutches, and examines the efforts he made to save the living.

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Land of Crosses and New Hope

There are difficulties and challenges ahead for all the countries of the former Soviet Union. As Lithuania went to the polls earlier this year to decide on joining the EU, NEVILLE KYRKE-SMITH was there, and shares with Annals readers his impressions of a Catholic country struggling to exorcise its Communist demons.

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Stalin and the Cambridge Traitors

The Australian Left never ceases denouncing Hitler and Mussolini but finds Stalin's fascist regime, 100 million victims later, acceptable even now. GERARD HENDERSON comments on the four-part 'historical' drama Cambridge Spies recently aired on prime time TV by the ABC.

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Celebrating Hilaire Belloc

50 years ago on July 16, 1953, leading Catholic writer, essayist, poet and political theorist Hilaire Belloc died in a nursing home in the south of England. TONY EVANS argues that Belloc's political acuity and his defence of the Faith are as important today as when he was at his most prolific in the first half of the last century.

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Saving Kawasbeh

Parallel to the legendary unofficial truce called by German and Allied troops for Christmas 1914, is this story of a Jewish Hospital in Jerusalem fighting to save the life of a young Bethlehem Arab shot by an Israeli sniper as he left the sanctuary of Bethlehem's Church of the Nativity during the siege last year.

Cover photo: © Neville Kyrke-Smith



Front Cover: Hill of Crosses in Siauliai, Lithuania. The soviet authorities used to seal off this monument to Faith, attempting to bulldoze the hill, to clear it of crosses. Now the faithful simply come and place crosses or rosaries there. The bizarre tinkling of these crosses and rosaries in the Lithuanian breeze is a witness to a calm faith, whilst the message from the Pope inscribed on the base of the cross he presented in 1993, still inspires: "Thank you, Lithuanians, for this Hill of Crosses which testifies to the nations of Europe and the whole world the faith of the people of this land". See story page 16.

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

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Colour Separation David Graphics, 54 Rosebery Avenue, Rosebery, NSW 2018, Phone: (02) 8344 6700.

ABN 40 938 805 168 Dewey Number. 248-88 AT ISSN 0812-9355. Recommended Retail Price only.

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

A Death Bed Conversion



A bizarre eleventh-hour change of heart came in the person of the Marquess of Queensbury, Wilde's old adversary. Queensbury, a committed agnostic, had particularly requested in his will that 'no Christian mummeries or tomfooleries be performed over my grave but that I be buried as a Secularist and an Agnostic'. It was surprising, therefore, that before his death on 31 January 1900, Queensbury was said to have renounced his agnostic views, professed his love for Christ 'to whom I have confessed all my sins', and received conditional absolution by a Catholic priest. In the wake of the bitterness of the libel action in which Wilde and the Marquess of Queensbury had been embroiled only five years earlier, their posthumous reconciliation in the same communion is stranger than fiction. One can imagine Wilde smiling at the thought that fate had brought together such unlikely bedfellows.

— Joseph Pearce, *Literary Converts*, Ignatius Press, San Francisco, 2000, pp. 6, 7.





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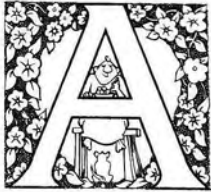


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The Problem is in us – and won't be fixed by v-chips

MARKETING VIOLENCE TO CHILDREN

ARCHBISHOP CHARLES CHAPUT



ARCHBISHOP Charles Chaput appeared before the United States' Senate Committee on Commerce,

Science, and Transportation during a hearing on 'Marketing Violence to Children' on May 4, 1999, following the April 20 tragedy at Columbine High School in Littleton, CO. His testimony follows:

Good morning. I know our time is limited and your work is important, so forgive me if I'm very direct.

Exactly one week ago today, I buried the third of four Catholic teenagers shot to death at Columbine High School. More than 1,000 people turned out for each of the funerals. Other pastors from other churches did exactly the same for the other eight students and the teacher who were murdered. They had exactly the same experience. These killings broke the heart of my community. You may not know Littleton—but I do. It's a good place, with good people. However terrible the Columbine tragedy seemed on television, it's another thing altogether to sit privately with parents as they learn that the child they kissed goodbye yesterday won't be coming home again—ever. For their sake, I'm grateful to be here.

The discussion today is 'marketing violence to children'. I'd like to offer just two observations from a pastor's point of view.

First, as a nation, we've lost our common sense, and we urgently need to recover it. The reasonable person understands that what we eat, drink and breathe will make us healthy or sick. In like manner, what we hear and what we see lifts us up – or drags us down. It forms us inside. Pornography degrades women. It also coarsens men. I don't need to prove that because we all know it. It's common sense.

The weekend after the Columbine killings, I saw a film called *The Matrix*

The roots of violence

IN 1816 a band of Red-Indian fur traders speaking in Gaelic and led by Cuthbert Grant, a Scot, confronted William Semple, another Scot holding the British outpost of Winnipeg. The Battle of Seven Oaks was won by the traders who prevailed over the less aggressive settlers. Scots colonists looking to make a new home for themselves in the wilderness were hacked to death by tomahawk-wielding Indians led by a fellow Scot seeking profit and glory. Ed.

with a friend. The theatre was filled with teenagers. One scene left me completely stunned: the heroes wear trench coats, and in a violent, elegant, slow-motion blood bath they cut down about a dozen people with their guns. It occurred to me that Mr Harris and Mr Klebold may have seen that film. If so, it certainly didn't deter them.

My point is this: People of religious faith have been involved in music, art, literature and architecture for thousands of years because we know—from experience—that these things shape the soul. And through the soul they shape our behaviour. The roots of violence in our culture are much more complicated than just bad rock lyrics or brutal screenplays. And it's clear that the Columbine killings were planned well before *The Matrix* ever opened. But common sense tells us that the violence of our music, our video games, our films, and our television has to go somewhere, and it goes straight into the hearts of our children to bear fruit in ways we can't imagine—until something like Littleton happens.

My second observation is this: Blaming shock-rock performers like Marilyn Manson for the violence in our culture is easy. It's also, in a way, probably right. But the problem of violence isn't out there in bad music and bloody films. The real problem is here, in us, and it won't be fixed

by v-chips. In the last four decades we've created a culture that markets violence in dozens of different ways, seven days a week. It's part of our social fabric. When we build our advertising campaigns on consumer selfishness and greed, and when money becomes the universal measure of value, how can we be surprised when our sense of community erodes? When we glorify and multiply guns, why are we shocked when kids use them?

When we answer murder with more violence in the death penalty, we put the state's seal of approval on revenge. When the most dangerous place in the country is a mother's womb and the unborn child can have his or her head crushed in an abortion, even in the process of being born, the body language of that message is that life isn't sacred and may not be worth much at all. In fact, certain kinds of killing no longer even count officially as 'killing'. Certain kinds of killing we enshrine as rights and protect by law. When we live this kind of contradiction, why are we surprised at the results?

The Columbine murders will mark my community for years to come. They're a wound felt by the entire country – but I don't think they'll be the last. We live in the most violent century in history. Nothing makes us immune from that violence except a relentless commitment of respect the sanctity of each human life, from womb to natural death. The civility and community we've built in this country are fragile. We're losing them. In examining how and why our culture markets violence, I ask you not to stop with the symptoms. Look deeper. The families in Littleton and throughout the country deserve at least that much.



ARCHBISHOP CHARLES CHAPUT OFM CAP was appointed Bishop of Rapid City in 1988 and since 1997 has been Bishop of Denver Colorado. He is well-known as a fearless proponent of Catholic teaching on Faith and Morals. This copy of a speech he gave on May 4, 1999 is reprinted with permission from *Origins*, May 20, 1999.

Could Pius XII have done more to save the Jews?

PIUS XII, THE HOLOCAUST AND THE 'CANOSSA SYNDROME'

By PAUL STENHOUSE, MSC PHD



THOMAS Hobbes of Malmesbury in Wiltshire, was a political theorist who died in 1679. He described the Papacy which was [and still is] supreme over the Christian Church spread throughout the world by Jewish fishermen, a tax-collector and a Pharisee from Tarsus, and systematised [as Richard Aldington put it]¹ by Greeks, as 'the ghost of the Roman Empire sitting crowned on the ruins thereof'.

Hobbes was no friend of the Papacy and he meant his description to be insulting. There is a truth inherent in it, however, that throws some light on the question of Pope Pius XII and the Holocaust.

It was, and to a certain extent still is, true that some externals of the old Roman empire have continued on in the Catholic Church which inherited them by default, and has spiritualised them.

Some critics of the Pope's alleged 'silence' over Hitler's 'final solution' regarding the Jews, write and speak as if the Papacy were trapped in a time warp: as if the political and social turmoil in the wake of the Reformation never occurred; as if the Papal States still existed; as if Pope Pius XII in 1939 were Pope Gregory VII in 1076, and Hitler were the recalcitrant young [26-year-old] German Emperor Henry IV – able to be called to heel by being excommunicated by the Pope and forced to do penance outside his aunt's castle at Canossa in Reggio Emilia in Northern Italy.

There was nothing static or

time warpish about the Germany in the 1920s and 1930s that ushered in the horrors of Hitler and the Third Reich. The Catholic Church, with its Pope in Rome, was targeted along with the Jews, in the Nazi obsession with Aryan 'racial' purity and patriotism. And German Catholics were still trying to recover from nineteenth century accusations of 'loyalty to a foreign power,' that marked the *Kulturkampf* against the German Catholic Church and the authority of the Papacy, under the 'Iron Chancellor' Bismarck.

William Rubenstein, in his recent book *The Myth of Rescue*, concludes that

'In all likelihood – a likelihood probably amounting to a near-certainty – Hitler would have paid no heed whatever to any pronouncement on the Jews made by the Vatican [which had denounced Nazi anti-Semitism before the war began].²

Hitler, consciously or unconsciously, modelled himself on the Prussian nationalist Otto von Bismarck. He entitled his Manifesto *Mein Kampf*, 'My Struggle,' after Bismarck's *Kulturkampf* or 'Culture Struggle' with Pope Pius IX [allegedly defending Germany against 'foreign' elements]. Hitler would have been familiar with Bismarck's defiant phrase³ about having no intention of going to 'Canossa'.

Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli inherited the keys of St Peter at a time when other ghosts were rising from other ashes. Secularism and atheistic Nazism and Communism had risen wraith-like out of the ruins of the Byzantine, Russian and Prussian Empires, and were not only invading the Catholic sanctuaries – but desecrating and attempting to supplant them. The tiny Vatican City State [0.44 sq.km] was all that was left to the Pope of the physical glory that was the old Rome, was besieged by evil forces that held the Pope and his Cardinals prisoners.

As I write we find Pope Pius XII [as Eugenio Pacelli became] and the Catholic Church, accused of not having done enough to help the embattled Jews escape the horrors of Dachau, Belsen, Auschwitz-Birkenau, Buchenwald, Ravensbrück and many dozens of other death camps.

If the Protestant reformers, the Deists, the Encyclopaedists, the Rationalists, the Materialists and Secularists, along with the forces of nationalism, socialism and anarchy, had not worked steadily at undermining the authority of the Pope and the Church; if the moral authority of the Catholic

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Church had been better accepted by Christians; *if* the Treaty of Versailles had been less harsh; *if* the Allies had worked harder at avoiding war; *if* the Allies had supported opposition movements in Germany; *if* there had been a Jewish State in Palestine in the 30s; *if* the Jews in Poland and elsewhere had voted to emigrate; *if*... then just maybe some effective deterrent to war and its concomitant horrors might have existed; and the tragedy of Nazi Germany might have been averted.

Like Roger Whittaker, at the risk of seeming to be flippant, 'I don't believe in *If* anymore. *If*'s an illusion.' 'If I knew then what I know now'. 'If I could have my time over again'. 'If only things had been different'.

Nominal Catholics, along with protagonists of secular and atheistic states, have vied with one another for generations in trivialising the Church's moral authority while appealing to it, perversely, when they find their own authority proves to be ineffectual. Martin Luther's appeal to the authority of the Pope and the Catholic Church⁴ against the Sacramentarians [who refused to obey him] is one example among many, that comes to mind.

Today, as I write, when the Catholic Church takes a stand in matters that concern how particular States deal with their citizens or their neighbours, she is accused of interfering in politics. When she holds back, she is accused of cowardice for allegedly standing by and doing nothing.

When she takes a stand on moral issues such as abortion, contraception or euthanasia, to say nothing of divorce, in-vitro fertilization, stem-cell research or homosexuality, she is not only not listened to: she is pilloried in the media, and ignored by other religious and moral bodies. Yet she does what she has to do – even if her actions are misconstrued, or seemingly ineffectual.

Pope Pius X was denounced because he was 'apolitical' and allegedly did nothing to prevent the first World War. His

'Going to Canossa'

CANOSSA was a Castle in Northern Italy belonging to Countess Matilda of Tuscany, aunt of the German king, Henry IV and supporter and friend of the reforming Pope Gregory VII, known as Hildebrand. In the winter of 1076-1077 the king of Germany was deposed and excommunicated by Pope Gregory VII because the king opposed the Pope's decrees enforced by Papal Legates against simony [selling Church benefices] and clerics who were not living a celibate life. After the Pope freed the Germans from their oath of allegiance to him, Henry's support dried up and his situation became desperate: no one would even talk to him – let alone feed or support him. In February 1076 the shunned king crossed the Alps and appeared before the Castle at Canossa as a penitent, begging the Pope to lift the excommunication. He waited three days in the snow and on January 28, 1077 the Pope acceded to the pleas of Matilda, Countess of Tuscany and St Hugh, the Abbot of Cluny, and lifted the excommunication. Since the Reformation this submission [whose terms he repudiated not long afterwards] of the king to the Pope at Canossa has been perceived as a humiliation of the Royal Power and has left a mark on the mythology of Germany reflected in Bismarck's comment in 1872: 'We will not go to Canossa'.

predecessor, Pope Pius IX was denounced because he was 'too political'.

When Pope Benedict XV offered the Allies and Central Powers a seven-point peace plan on August 1, 1917 the French and British rejected it because they regarded it as too favourable to the Germans. The Germans rejected it because, among other things, it was regarded as interfering with plans to pick up the spoils in a fast collapsing Russia.

After the war, the Pope pleaded for reconciliation but the victorious Allies by the secret Treaty of London [April 26, 1915] had already deliberately excluded the Vatican from the infamous Treaty of Versailles that was to sow dragons' teeth in the furrows it dug through a defeated Germany, and led inexorably to Hitler and Nazism.

G.K.Chesterton commented at the end of World War I that the Catholic Church was the only voice that did not say that war would not break out; and when it inevitably did, everybody turned on her and blamed her for not stopping it.

Secular governments that have consistently weakened the

Church's authority, lessened her credit in the eyes of her members and others, excluded her from education and attacked her at every level of public life, cannot reasonably complain that her authority is not stronger when their own authority crumbles away, and they are looking somewhere for help.

Expectations that excommunicating Hitler would have helped, ignore the fact that Hitler had been *ipso facto* excommunicated years before war broke out. He was only known to have entered a Church once during his political career – at the funeral for von Hindenburg; he had no religion. 'Whether it is the Old Testament or the New – it's all the same old Jewish swindle,' he complained.⁵ Those who suggest that formal excommunication might have worked should reflect on the effect of excommunication on the 'Catholic' members of the IRA.

Pope John Paul II appealed to George W. Bush not to go to war against Iraq. He offered the same counsel to George Bush Sr in 1990. His appeals fell on deaf ears. If otherwise decent people won't listen when sound counsel is offered them, what reason-

able hope would there have been that Hitler would have ceased his 'Final Solution' at the behest of the Pope? Would Hitler be likely to 'go to Canossa,' when Bismarck's proud boast was that Germany would never again defer to the Pope.⁶

Elected Pope on March 2, 1939, Pope Pius XII appealed unsuccessfully for an International Conference to settle differences peaceably on May 3; and on August 24, he begged the world's leaders over the radio not to go to war. He begged the Allies to take early opposition to Hitler seriously, and to support the German military in any coup; he pleaded with them not to demand unconditional surrender of the Germans at Casablanca – his voice went unheeded.

Rumours of gas-chambers and extermination camps were met with incredulity by Jews and non-Jews alike. As late as August 30, 1943 the American Secretary of State could declare: 'there is insufficient proof to justify a statement regarding execution in gas chambers'.⁷

Reports of the death-camps began filtering through to the West after mid-1941 and the first description of the gas-chambers reached the West in mid-1942⁸. The Pope had received reports of 'severe measures' taken against the Jews by October 10, 1942 'but up till now it has not been possible to verify the reports'.⁹ In 1943 the Pope had his Nuncio in Berlin, Cesare Orsenigo approach Hitler directly to protest at the persecution of the Jews in Germany and the occupied territories:

'A few days ago I finally was able to go to Berchtesgaden where I was received by Hitler. As soon as I touched upon the Jewish question our discussion lost all sense of serenity. Hitler turned his back on me, went to the window and started to drum on the glass with his fingers ... while I continued to spell out our complaints. All of a sudden Hitler turned around, grabbed a glass off a nearby table and hurled it to the floor with an angry gesture. Faced with this kind of diplomatic behaviour, I thought my mission was over.'¹⁰

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Innumerable Jews alive today can testify to the fact that there was much effective intervention on their behalf on the part of the Catholic Church and the Pope. That it wasn't enough is obvious, tragic and regrettable.

But in a world that didn't recognise any role for the Catholic Church and her Pope up to the declaration of war, how can the Pope be criticised for not exerting more influence on events over which he had absolutely no control, and that occurred despite his protests?

Roosevelt was as acquainted as the Pope with the plight of the Jews and his dilemma was as acute. It was his considered judgement that,

'... we cannot treat these matters in normal ways. We are dealing with an insane man – Hitler, and the group that surrounds him represents an example of a national psychopathic case. We cannot act towards them by normal means. That is why the problem is very difficult.'¹¹

Had the Pope *publicly* called

Hitler to go to his 'Canossa,' the consequences would have been only too easy to predict: the Vatican would have been occupied by Nazi forces; the Pope killed or imprisoned; all Nunciatures closed; all Catholic institutions in the occupied territories would have been seized and those Jews, Allied or Axis soldiers or others fleeing persecution hidden in them would have lost their lives.

As William Rubenstein puts it, 'Neither the West's Jewish leaders in late 1942 nor the American Government had the slightest power to stop Hitler's genocide, and knowledge of the Holocaust in the West did not – and could not – have halted or diminished the death toll given Hitler's psychotic monomania'.¹²

However frustrated those who wanted Pius XII to speak out may have felt, his own frustration and sorrow equalled and probably surpassed theirs. The Pope wrote in 1941 that 'every time he wanted to cry out aloud in a strong voice, sadly, it was waiting and silence that were imposed; every time he wanted to do something and to help, he found himself obliged to wait patiently'.¹³ He knew that nothing could be done to save those trapped in Hitler's far-flung net of terror. He dedicated himself to saving those who had escaped that net, and were still alive.

In his book *The Last Three Popes and the Jews*, Pinchas Lapide, himself a Jew, responds to critics who claim that the Pope should have done more, and done it differently. He notes that Pius XII tried, and had others try, every avenue to help the victims of Nazi brutality – but found that explicit references to atrocities provoked more horrible reprisals.

55,000,000 people are estimated to have died during World War II. Of these, 15,883,614 were military personnel. The deaths of all, and especially of the 39,116,386 non-combatants lie heavily upon the consciences of all who played any role in the events that led up to, or occurred during, the war.

What, if anything, could be done for the Jews trapped in Hitler's vast killing fields? William

Rubenstein points out in his book *The Myth of Rescue*¹⁴ that the Jews of the *Yishuv* could do little more than remain passive onlookers in both the war against the Nazis and the struggle to save European Jewry. Only a few dramatic gestures were possible; for the most part these proved to be fruitless.

The most tragic and famous of these gestures was the parachuting of *Yishuv* volunteers behind Axis lines in mid-1944. The heroine, Hannah Senesh who was captured, tortured and judicially executed at the age of 23 went with the group to try to help her mother escape from Budapest. Her mother survived the war.

I recall the stories of Jewish friends who took all kinds of measures to save their children or their other family members, only to discover to their horror that their actions were ill-advised: they themselves survived, while their children and other family members did not.

It is too easy to have 20-20 vision *post factum*. Winston Churchill, whose situation was entirely other than that of the Pope, has nevertheless been criticised for condemning Hitler's atrocities and not mentioning the Jews. That he did not speak out reflects the degree of difficulty facing him, and the need to choose his words carefully, so as not to enflame an already nightmarish situation.

Like the Pope

'every word uttered ... to the competent authorities, and every public gesture had to be agonisingly weighed and measured in the interests of the victims themselves so as not to render their situation, inadvertently, more serious and unbearable'.¹⁵

As we face a politically uncertain world future, the resurgence of anti-Semitism in some countries, and among certain groups of people [especially on the internet] is a cause of great concern. Catholics should read and ponder the 1998 Document, *We Remember: a Reflection of the Shoah*, by the Commission for Relations with the Jews, and the 1965 Declaration of Vatican Council II, *Nostra Aetate*



Difficult questions

FASSBINDER, a horrifying and demonic personality, had the courage and the pertinacity to ask and go on asking in one television play-cum-film, or just film, after another the questions, creatively explored with the resource and insight of the greatest artists: How can an individual be good in a corrupt society? How can society be good, seeing that it is composed of corrupt individuals? No one could ever answer those questions; to have kept them in mind during a short life seemingly devoted to drugs, drink, destruction and self-destruction is a feat to inspire, whatever else, awe.

— Michael Tanner, *The Spectator*, April 3, 1999.

that inaugurated a new age of Catholic Jewish relations.

The Holocaust and forgiveness are complex and difficult topics for all – Jews and Christians – to confront.

Some weeks ago I shared a podium with Rabbi Pesach Schindler from Jerusalem. We were discussing the topic: *The Holocaust and the Existence of God*. Naturally one's attitude towards suffering, and towards forgiving one's enemies came up.

The Talmud points the way. It describes the Egyptian soldiers of Pharaoh perishing in the Red Sea; and has God rebuking the angels for rejoicing at the death of the Egyptians: 'My handiwork [the Egyptians] are drowning in the sea; would you utter song before me?'¹⁶

On the seventh day of Pesach,

when according to tradition the Egyptians drowned, only half the Halleluia Psalms are recited in the Synagogue service out of respect for God's rebuke to the angels.¹⁷

Can we all – Catholics and Jews – try to take that rebuke to heart, and try to see things from God's perspective? In the words of St Francis, let us try to sow love where there was, or is, hatred.

Hatred is a deadly virus. Inexorably it destroys all who embrace it. It was not just the millions of Jews and other innocents who were destroyed by the hatred engendered by the Third Reich. The very hatred that fired the gas chambers of Belsen destroyed Hitler and his henchmen, along with his Reich.

Love and its other face, forgiveness, are our most effective response to racists and revisionists, to hate-mongers and war-mongers. It is the only way to ensure that no one is ever forced again to make the sacrifices and decisions that were so cruelly imposed on the millions of innocent victims, the perpetrators and those obliged to stand on the sidelines helpless to prevent the carnage – during the Holocaust and the war that made it possible.



1. *A Tourist's Rome*, The Melissa Press, Draguignan, 1961, p.7.
2. Routledge, New York, 1997 p.101.
3. Made in 1872 in the Prussian Parliament.
4. For the text see *De Rebus Eucharistiae Controversiis per Cl. De Sainctes episcopum Ebroicensem in Normaniae provincia*. Paris, 1775.
5. Hermann Rauschnig, *The Voice of Destruction*, New York, 1940, p.49.
6. The 'Canossa syndrome,' has to be taken into account, I suggest, when discussing e.g. the writings of Rolf Hochhuth, or Hans Kung.
7. Pierre Blet, SJ, *Pio XII e la Seconda Guerra Mondiale negli Archivi Vaticani*, Rome, San Paolo, 1997, p.219.
8. Rubenstein, *op.cit.* p.85
9. *Actes et Documents du Saint Siege Relatifs a la Seconde Guerre Mondiale*, Libreria Editrice Vaticana, vol.8, 1974, Letter 507, p.679.
10. *National Catholic Register*, July 5-11, 1998, p.6, quoting Monica Biffi, *Msgr. Cesare Orsenigo: Apostolic Nuncio in Germany 1930-1946*.
11. Quoted Rubenstein, *op.cit.*, p.88
12. *Ibid.* p.87.
13. Letter, February 20, 1941: 'Là dove il Papa vorrebbe gridare forte, è purtroppo un silenzio di attesa che talora gli viene imposto; là dove vorrebbe agire e aiutare [gli è imposta] un attesta paziente'. Quoted Pierre Blet, SJ *op.cit.*, pp.369-370.
14. *Ed.cit.* pp.144-145.
15. *Discourse of the Pope to the Cardinals*, June 2, 1943. See Blet, *loc.cit.*
16. *Sanhedrin* 39b
17. See Erich Fromm, *You shall be as gods*, Fawcett Books, 1966, p.68

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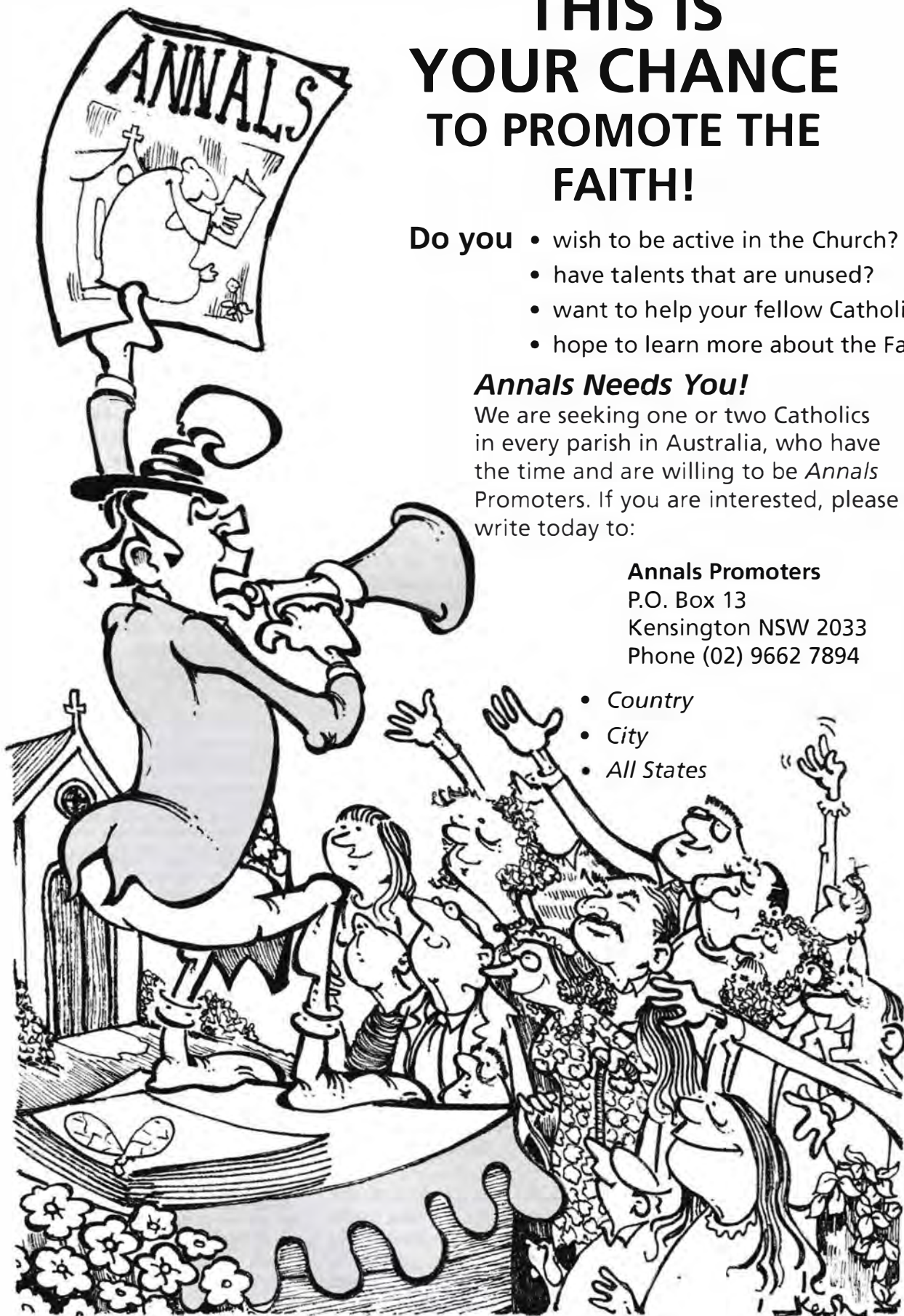
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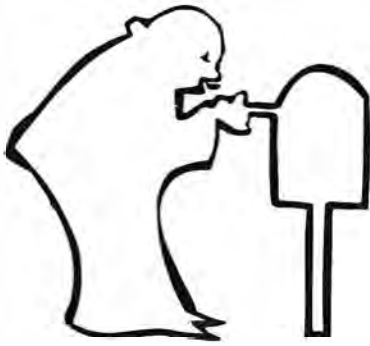
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**Centrelink:
Rebirth of a Salesman**

I refer to the article, Rebirth of a Salesman, and wish to make a few remarks. Having, at a few stages of my life, to visit the great Centrelink offices and apply for the sole parent pension, I can relate in some way to Sam's oppression and overall sense of malaise at the thought of visiting the local branch. There have been times when the children and I have been faced with the prospect of homelessness - have you ever tried to find accommodation for yourself and seven children which is not situated in a refuge? We could not even rate on the one year emergency housing list because we were too large a family.

However, the times I did visit Centrelink were generally not that stressful in that the reception I received was always kind, caring and certainly not patronising. What can a government service offer when it is forced to run on extremely straitened and lean lines? The people at Centrelink have to put up with an alarming array of people - it must be debilitating for the staff at the best of times but once again, I have always been treated well and can understand the viewpoint of many of the workers who have seen clients abuse and re-use the system on many occasions.

The government is hell-bent on creating two classes; those that rely totally on welfare and those that don't come within cooe of it. We have deleted the middle class or upper working class and with the riffraff firmly at the bottom they (government), can control and direct the traffic. A pity so many Australians fall in the middle ground but if we don't look too hard

and listen too well they may eventually go away.

Thank you for letting us read a religious magazine which is always on the ball and never fails to tantalize with cute little snippets of interest for all the family.

Ridleyton SA 5008

MARY GAZZOLA

True and False

Some of the beliefs of Jews, Muslims, Hindus and atheists are false, given the truth of some Christian beliefs.

That was the point made by Anglican Dean of Sydney, Phillip Jensen in March. Your correspondent, James Murray, sets out to correct Jensen (*Annals* 2/2003), but Murray's tactic is to refer to beliefs

which Christians and Jews etc., hold in common, such as that Christ was a Jew, and Christ is worthy of honour. Murray's criticism misses the mark.

He thinks that Jewish law is God given. We are supposed to infer that all Jewish beliefs are true, But the 613 commandments of the law were not God given. I do not believe God forbade a group of Hebrews to take the mother bird with her chicks (Deuteronomy 22:5), or to sow different species of seed together (Leviticus 19:19), or that 'Anyone who curses father or mother will be put to death' (Exodus 21:17).

Muslims honour Christ and Mary, says Murray. Honour them as what? 'The Messiah, son of Mary, was only a Messenger; Messengers before him passed away; his mother was just a woman', says the Koran (Sur 5:75 - Arberry's translation). Christ was neither killed nor crucified (4:156).

Atheists search for truth. God is truth. Therefore, atheists link themselves to God, argues Murray. But God is not truth, which is clear from the fact that when we ask, 'Is God truth?' we are not asking whether God is God. Seeing that atheists are those who believe God does not exist, it is difficult to see how this false belief links them to God.

I shall continue to enjoy most of James Murray's pungent comments on the media.

Gosford NSW 2250

FRANK MOBBS

Positives and Negatives

Thanks for keeping up such a high standard in informing us on such topical subjects such as Islam and Iraq etc, as well as our past Heritage in Catholicism, so that we can value all the positive things that have occurred, as well as owning up to our past and present weaknesses.

Could I suggest that we have some more articles on the positive side that was meant to emerge from Vatican II and may not have been noticed by the laity, especially when some were not even born when it was completed. Also some of the negative outcomes that have emerged.

Waverley NSW 2024

(Bro) ALAN BRADSTREET AFC.



Looted Heirlooms

GIVEN the scale of the burgling industry, Britain's antique shops must be awash with looted heirlooms. Lots of respectable dealers, who would be outraged if accused of being fences, avoid enquiring too closely about the provenance of goods offered at tempting prices by unlikely vendors. If such property were likely to be reclaimed on its lawful owner's behalf, and without compensation to the dealer, the price of stolen antiques would drop rapidly. That would diminish the attraction of burglary, and longer sentences could also help; there must be some equivalence between crime and punishment.

That said, we should not overestimate the value of deterrent sentences. Those who retain their faith in deterrence should ponder the experience of a mid 19th century clergyman attached to Newgate Gaol who attended around 120 prisoners in the death cell (I have mislaid the exact reference and would be grateful to any reader who could supply it). All but four of those men awaiting the gallows had themselves witnessed a public hanging.

- Ernie Anderson, *The Spectator*,
April 29, 2000.

Centrelink: cont.

I really enjoyed the *Annals* magazine. It gives a different point of view on our world and our humanity. Your historical pieces behind current world events are very world worthwhile.

But I appreciated the current comment 'Rebirth of a Salesman' by Sam Simmonds in 2/2003; it really hit a nerve. Thank you Sam Simmonds for writing so well and covering the multitude of emotions I experience when visiting Centrelink.

We qualify for our daughter to receive financial help while attending Uni but Centrelink's delaying tactics for funding know no bounds. I felt great anger towards them because we have worked all our lives and our daughter as well since she was 14 and 9 months. The frustration builds when I fill out detailed forms and hand them in at an interview but it is not until 6 weeks later that they say they haven't got that information.

And yes I did get the point in the story that the bee that buzzes the loudest gets the most attention.

I photocopied the story and took it to the two local Centrelinks and posted it to the one in WA where my daughter lives. I addressed it to the office manager at each one.

Berkley Vale NSW 2261

KAYE JOSEPH

Net surfer hits a dumper

An article on Science versus Religion quotes a net-surfer as reducing spirituality to pure sensation (*Annals* 9/10/2002).

Does sensation have here a journalistic meaning like 'man bites dog' or 'film star weds tenth husband'? Probably not. Does it mean immediate knowledge via sight, smell, taste, touch or hearing of some particular? Who can tell what the net-surfer means?

Certainly the conclusions of empirical science are derived from experiment and field observation which are sensory exercises. The conclusions from experiment and observation are, however, supraphysical. They are not the *thingy* things of experiment and observation; they are *thinky* things such as 'time rate of momentum is proportional to external impressed force' or 'strong heating causes lead nitrate to decrepitate'.

Religion, which is the *thinky* ligature binding the self to God, involves the senses and the supraphysicals of intellect and will-power because these are the relevant faculties of the person herein.

The scientist as 'logical positivist' is pronged by the intellectual judgement (sic) that nothing is to be believed that cannot be demonstrated by experiment in the laboratory or observation. It is not detectable by experiment in the laboratory or observable in the field. It is a supraphysical. Our net-surfer has pronged himself on the unicorn of self-contradiction.

Tuggerawong NSW 2259

ARTHUR NEGUS

Kevin – take a bow

Herewith cheque for annual subscription renewal, plus a little extra. A very small price to pay for my continued education in Catholic culture.

Many thanks for *Annals* – all contributors are worthy of the highest praise, but I hope you will allow me to single out one for special mention. I refer to your cartoonist, Kevin Drumm, who, with a few strokes of the pen, tells us all about what is in the accompanying article.

These little illustrations go a long way toward making the journal so very readable. Sir, you have a genius on your payroll.

Albury NSW 2640

KEITH HERTZOG

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tance. You don't resile from contentious issues – thank you.

Normanhurst NSW 2076

JUDY & COLIN THOMPSON

Annals Poetess

I have enjoyed the recent issues; you seem to have found a poetess of great merit in Anastasia Cuddy and her poems. They are a joy to read.

Bensville NSW 2231

KEN SCULLY

Enheartened

Thank you for printing in the February-March my article Sing a New Song. I hope that the poem Sequence by James McAuley will appeal to many people who will see the Virgin Mary as the '*Star of evening, shining calm! On dark, uneasy waters*' for this is certainly the state of our world at present.

While I am writing this, I must thank you for the wonderful work you are doing in maintaining, despite cost and other difficulties, a Journal of Christian Culture and surely, one of the high standard so often lacking in the print media. Like many people I know, I read it from cover to cover, even glancing at the film reviews, though I hardly expect to see any of those films. I am eighty-six years of age and most of the time is spent translating for the Sydney Archdiocesan Archives and taking Communion to people in the parish. Living with Sisters whose eyesight is failing, I often write letters or notes for them. A side-line at present is a close study of Margaret Walsh's book 'Good Sams'.

To go back to *Annals*, I appreciate the historical 'bits', the quirky pieces, the drawings and the 'amazing revelations' when you tap the source of old customs or words. Also I am enheartened when I read the letters saying how much *Annals* does for their faith and for their family. Keep on, Father! What a splendid tribute to Father Werenfried! God bless you always!

Glebe Point NSW 2037

SISTER M. PETER DAMIAN SGS

(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



AUGUST

1 Fri Alphonsus Romans 8:1
The law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus has set you free from the law of sin and death

2 Saturday Week 17 Mat 5:10
You are blessed if you suffer persecution because of justice; the kingdom of heaven is yours

3 Sun Week 18 Eph 4:22
Resist the corruption and delusion of lust and renewed in your mind by the Spirit.

4 Mon JnVianney Ezek 3:21
Warn them and if they abstain from sin they shall live.

5 Tues Dominic 1Cor 2:9
We teach what no eye has seen, nor ear heard, nor the human heart conceived – what God has prepared for those who love him.

6 Wed Transfiguratr Mark 9:6
This is my Son, the Beloved. Listen to him.

7 Thur Week 18 Mat 16:23
You are an obstacle in my path, because the way you think does not come from God.

8 Fri M. MacKillop Mat 6:33
Do not worry. Strive for the kingdom of God and his justice.

9 Sat Week 18 Deut 6:12
When your desires have been satisfied be sure you do not forget the Lord your God

10 Sun Week 19 John 6:51
The bread that I will give for the life of the world is my flesh.

11 Mon Clare Psalm 16:11
You will show me the path of life, the fullness of joy in your presence.

12 Tues Week 19 Mat 18:5
Whoever welcomes a little child in my name welcomes me.

13 Wed Week 19 Mat 18:20
Where two or three gather in my name I shall be there with them.

14 Thur MaxKolbe John 15:16
I chose you to go out and to bear fruit that will last.

15 Wed Assumptn Luke 1:47
My spirit exults in God my Saviour, because he has looked upon his lowly handmaid.

16 Sat Week 19 Mat 19:14
Let the little children come to me, for it is to such that the kingdom of heaven belongs.

18 Sun Week 20 Eph 5:16
This may be a wicked time, but your lives should redeem it. Do not be thoughtless but recognise what is the will of God.

19 Mon Week 20 Psalm 106:4
Lord, remember me because of the love you have for your people.

20 Tues Bernard John 17:26
Father, may they be one in us ... May the love with which you love me be in them so that I may be in them.

Thoughts compiled by Father Michael Fallon, MSC.

21 Wed Pius X John 21:17
Peter said: Lord, you know everything. You know I love you. And Jesus said: Feed my sheep.

22 Fri BVMQueen Luke 1:45
Blessed are you for believing the promises made you by the Lord.

23 Sat Week 20 Mat 23:12
if you exalt yourself you will be humbled. If you humble yourself you will be exalted.

24 Sun Week 21 John 6:69
Lord, to whom would we go? You have the words of eternal life..

25 Mon Week 21 John 10:27
My sheep listen to my voice. I know them and they follow me.

26 Tues Week 21 Heb 4:12
The word of God is living and active. It probes the thoughts and motives of the heart.

27 Wed Monica Psalm 130
In you, Lord, I have found my peace.

28 Thurs Augustine 1John 4:12
As long as we love one another God will live in us and his love with be complete in us.

29 Wed JnBaptist Jer 1:19
They will not overcome you, for I am with you to save you.

30 Sat Week 21 John 13:34
Love one another as I have loved you.

31 Sun Week 22 Mark 7:9
How readily you set aside the commandment of God to preserve your own tradition!

The ABC loses the plot

OPUS DEI, MYTHS AND LIES

A recent ABC programme reminds one of the Louisville Chronicle in the US that warned Americans in the last century of 'an organisation of Jesuit Bishops, priests and other papists who aim by secret oaths and horrible prejudices and midnight plottings to sap the foundations of all our political edifices ...' BILL WEST looks at the latest ABC sponsored warning against Catholic organisations and their 'midnight plottings.'



On Wednesday, October 6 last year, a program went to air on ABC television that amounted to a cynical attack on the Catholic Church's personal prelature Opus Dei, as well as on Pope John Paul II and the church itself.

On the surface, the Foreign Correspondent program's report, 'Saints, Sinners and Secret Sects', focused on the canonisation of the church's newest saint, Saint Josemaría Escrivá. But the report

turned out to be a superficial, nasty swipe at what has become one of the most popular and dynamic new organizations within the church and the saint who founded it. What was presented as investigative reporting was in reality little more than tabloid-style, muckraking.

The whole program was based on what certain critics have had to say about Opus Dei and Saint Josemaría. These critics were mostly unnamed and the program offered little or no evidence to substantiate many of the claims it repeated. Instead, viewers were presented

with a litany of objectionable labels that created the impression of a sinister and dangerous organisation.

Fifteen years ago, when I wrote the book, *Opus Dei: Exploding a Myth*, such claims, made by a small group of people, attracted considerable publicity, particularly from some of the worst elements of the media. But a lot of water has passed under the bridge since then. Most of the claims made by detractors have been conclusively rejected as false.

To their credit, most media outlets have since backed off from repeating these claims, but not our fearless ABC. Foreign Correspondent insisted on telling its audience that Opus Dei and its members were seen not only as 'secretive' and 'mysterious', but as 'Catholic Masons' and 'God's Mafia'. Colourful stuff! Never mind that there is no substance at all to the claims.

Before considering what Opus Dei is not, it is important to understand what it is. First, it is not some phantom institution that has infiltrated the Holy See from a mysterious back door. It has been around for more than 70 years and its development was carried out under the watchful eye of the Popes and the bishops.

When it was founded in 1928 by Saint Josemaría, he was a dedicated diocesan priest who had shown no ambition to found anything. As detailed in biographies of the saint's life, Fr Josemaría was known for his good humour and warmth, for his great faith and for his life of personal poverty. While earning a modest living from teaching law and journalism Fr Josemaría was

Harpers & Heralds

THE harpers and gleemen were the Anglo-Saxon equivalent of the bards and scalds of earlier times, and the minstrels of the Middle Ages were their successors, and among the most romantic figures of all the picturesque pageantry of the Age of Chivalry. The King's minstrel had the right to ride into battle before the King, singing. They were as important as, or more important than, the heralds. Like the heralds they had their own kings. In fact the original of our surviving heraldic officer, Norroy (Roy de North), was the title of the *Minstrel King*; the Herald King of the North was known as 'Roy d'Armes de North'. Yet, by some freak, 'Norroy' survives as the herald's



title, and the minstrels vanished from the national life so suddenly and completely that much less is known about them than about many of their less important contemporaries.

- Olga Harley, *Women and the Catholic Church*.

also carrying out a tireless apostolate among the poorest of the poor in the slums of Madrid. When his university students came to know of his work with the poor, they could not believe it until they followed him on his long trek across Madrid to the city's poorest areas where the young priest often had to wipe the noses and dirty faces of children before he could hear their confessions.

After God called Saint Josemaría to found Opus Dei, he soon won the support of his local archbishop and of the church in Rome. While the ABC acknowledged that Opus Dei is strongly supported by Pope John Paul II, it neglected to point out that it has also been enthusiastically embraced by all of the popes since its foundation – Pope Pius XII, Pope John XXIII, Pope Paul VI, and Pope John Paul I.

At every stage of its growth from a diocesan body in Madrid to the church's first personal prelature, the church's highest authorities have carefully vetted its progress.

So what does Opus Dei do? Its central mission is to spread the Catholic faith among the lay faithful, with a special emphasis on the 'universal call to holiness'. This concept of the universal call to holiness was not well understood before the Second Vatican Council and this was one reason that Opus Dei itself was initially so misunderstood. In the early 20th century there was a strong belief in some circles within the church that lay people were not called to holiness. Basically, it was said that lay people did what they could, but only priests and members of religious orders were to take the call to sanctity seriously.

Because of this, some people in the church attacked Opus Dei, claiming it was heretical. (It is interesting to note that similar opposition has been experienced by other divinely inspired institutions within the church, from the Franciscans to the Discalced Carmelites.)

But much of the early criticism of Opus Dei was definitively answered by the Second Vatican Council's constitution on the modern church, *Lumen Gentium*, a document which devotes much space to proclaiming the 'universal call to holiness' and



**I wish
the buck
stopped
here; I could
sure use a
few . . .**

urging lay people to take seriously their responsibility to seek sanctity in their ordinary lives.

So this is the essence of Opus Dei: helping ordinary lay people to sanctify themselves, their work and those around them.

The vast majority of Opus Dei members (around 70 per cent) marry and have families. Some remain single (numeraries and associates) as well as the prelature's priests, to be more available to help carry out

the formation of other members. But Saint Josemaría always insisted that despite this difference in their lifestyles, all were called to live the same vocation – sanctifying ordinary life.

Opus Dei is also well known for the many social welfare projects initiated by its members, including hospitals, schools, study centres and universities. These have included Strathmore College in Kenya (the first multi-racial school in Africa), the University of Piura in Peru (where wealthier students give financial assistance to the poorer students) and a number of study centres in the United States that help children from disadvantaged areas to improve themselves academically and socially. They include the Midtown centre for boys in Chicago and the Rosedale centre for girls in New York's Bronx.

So what of the specific claims repeated on the ABC's Foreign Correspondent? As already mentioned, one problem with trying to answer them is that they are mostly vague and add up to little more than name calling. Nevertheless ...

In what sense can Opus Dei be said to be 'secretive'? Foreign Correspondent gave us no real indication. And it is hard to see how Opus Dei could be considered as being secretive. Its statutes explicitly forbid any secrecy. Its premises are listed in phone books and official directories of the Catholic Church. The statutes under which it operates are freely available and have been re-published in a number of books about Opus Dei. The writings of its founder have been published in books that have been circulated by the millions. Members are generally happy, even enthusiastic, to talk about Opus Dei. Of course, they don't wear uniforms like members of religious orders, but that is simply because they are ordinary lay people trying to live in a natural way in the middle of the world.

Is Opus Dei a sect? How could an organisation that has been approved in every possibly way by the Holy See and operates in hundreds of dioceses around the world with the official approval of local bishops, be considered as a 'sect'? It is headed

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by a bishop, ordained by the Pope himself and about 2000 Catholic priests. It even operates a pontifical university in Rome. If Opus Dei is a sect (in the sense of a 'dissenting clique' separated from the main body of a religion) it is time to re-write the dictionary.

In what sense can Opus Dei be considered a Catholic 'mafia'? Foreign Correspondent kept the answer to that under its hat. But in reality the only similarity seems to be in the mind of journalists determined not to let the facts get in the way of a good story.

Was Saint Josemaría fast-tracked to sainthood in 'record time'? Here we are talking about facts. Opinions don't count. A number of others have been canonised much more quickly than the founder of Opus Dei. The African nun who was beatified on the same day as Saint Josemaría in 1992, Josefina Bakhita, beat him to canonisation by two full years. The cause of Padre Pio, canonised in June of this year, lasted 19 years, while Josemaría Escrivá's has taken 21 years. The beatification of 'El Pelé' in 1997, took place only four years after his cause began – compared with 11 years for Saint Josemaría. Those whose beatifications occurred more quickly include the Italian couple Beltrami Quattrocchi, (seven years), and Carlos Manuel Rodríguez (nine years).

Is Opus Dei 'unashamedly elitist'? In the past, this misconception has arisen mainly in countries where Opus Dei is not well established. As happened in Australia, Opus Dei's first apostolate is often carried out through university colleges and it therefore deals mainly with people engaged in the professions. But over time its membership tends to spread to people of all backgrounds and in all sectors of society. In fact the founder often stressed that the only human quality that interests Opus Dei is holiness and that in this sense a street sweeper could be considered higher in Opus Dei than a university professor.

Does Opus Dei promote extreme penances and mortifications? The answer is a very definite NO. Members are urged to carry out only

Solving an Enigma

PEOPLE without Faith sometimes reject ancient Catholic Tradition and Customs because they are *religious*.

People with Faith sometimes reject ancient Catholic Tradition and Customs because they are *ancient*.

Fundamentalist Christians sometimes reject ancient Catholic Tradition and Customs because they are *not written down in the Bible*.

St Paul's advice is, nevertheless, clear:

'Hold fast to the Traditions that you were taught, either by word of mouth, or by our letter'. [2 Thessalonians 2,15]

– Paul Stenhouse, MSC

small mortifications, like avoiding overeating or accepting everyday discomforts with a smile. While a small percentage of members do use some traditional forms of corporal mortification, they are the same mortifications that have been used in the church since the earliest times. Raising this old bogey is like accosting all Catholics with this issue whenever a program is done on the church. Most observers would agree that such an emphasis would be both unfair and irrelevant.

Does Opus Dei provide funds to cash-strapped bishops in return for their loyalty? This claim is patently ridiculous. Foreign Correspondent made no attempt to substantiate it. It is the first time I have come across it in 20 years of researching and reporting on Opus Dei. But it certainly added colour to the report.

Does Opus Dei seek to separate children from their families? On the contrary, most parents of Opus Dei members are very happy with their children's involvement in Opus Dei. Some parents I have interviewed have become members themselves and others have encouraged their children's involvement from the beginning. A small proportion of parents have not been able to understand their children's vocation to Opus. As we all know this has also occurred

with parents whose children respond to other vocations throughout the history of the Church.

The most common experience has been that the vocation of children to Opus Dei has been a source of spiritual growth for the whole family and in the long run those children have helped unite the whole family closer to each other and to the faith.

Ultimately, Opus Dei's success speaks for itself. Today it has more than 80,000 members from all over the world, and as Saint Josemaría's canonisation demonstrated, many times that number of supporters. As the editor of *Annals*, Father Paul Stenhouse, estimated in a recent edition, around 700,000 people travelled to Rome for the event. Many of them were people of very modest means from African and South America.

The one thing they had in common was that they had been encouraged by a saintly priest to try to grow in holiness through their professional work and their ordinary duties as Christians, by living according to the Gospel and the teachings of the Catholic Church. They receive the sacraments regularly and are encouraged to turn their whole lives into a form of prayer.

Ultimately, this is Opus Dei's real secret. Certainly it is the secret to its success. And as the founder's canonisation showed, ultimately it is not the criticism and calumnies of detractors which counts, but the quest to seek God in what might seem to be the most insignificant events of life.

As Saint Josemaría put it: 'when a Christian carries out with love the most insignificant everyday action, that action overflows with the transcendence of God. That is why I have told you so often, and hammered away at it, that the Christian vocation consists in making heroic verse out of the prose of each day. Heaven and earth seem to merge, my children, on the horizon. But where they really meet is in your hearts, when you sanctify your everyday lives...'



BILL WEST is a freelance journalist from Sydney, author of *Opus Dei: Exploding a myth*. He is a member of Opus Dei.



Rendezvous Revisited

EVER so gently travelling,
Tinkling, murmuring

as you flow,

Around the polished river stones
Embedded in the sand below,
Shy crocus still are hiding here,
Crushed, sadly, by my careless feet,
Their wounded roots remembering
That this is where we used to meet,
When willow trees, young,

bending low

Captured reflections mirrored there,
Or listened to the trysts we made,
Are stooped with age, grey
branches bare.

Tadpoles escaped us 'neath the reeds,
Our searching hands no bounty drew,
Dear stream, our dream is vanishing,
The frogs are gone, and so are you.

– Anastasia Cuddy

Lithuania emerges from the Soviet Nightmare

LAND OF CROSSES AND NEW HOPE

There are difficulties and challenges ahead for all the countries of the former Soviet Union. As Lithuania went to the polls earlier this year to decide on joining the EU

NEVILLE KYRKE-SMITH was there, and shares with Annals readers his impression of a Catholic country struggling to exorcise its Communist demons.



THE EU umbrellas were up and the music was playing as the celebrations took place outside the Presidential Palace in Vilnius on the night of Sunday May 11th.

Whether everyone who voted for Lithuania to join the EU was celebrating in the same way is doubtful – many were knocking back the free beer that they had been awarded for bothering to vote. Welcome to democracy Lithuanian style! President Rolandas Paksas had entertained the voters over the weekend by performing stunt flying around the country – zooming under bridges and looping-the-loop. The former communist leader was prepared to make a spectacle of himself simply to encourage the vote.

The vote required a 50% turn out, and 63% of Lithuanians eventually made it to the polls over the allotted two days of voting in the EU referendum and nearly 90% voted in favour. The Catholic bishops had written a letter urging Catholics to vote; 350,000 copies were distributed – but I saw piles of them left untouched in the churches. In the parishes the priests passionately encouraged the faithful to vote; one priest I met was wearing a 'Tap EU' ('Yes EU') sweat-shirt over his clerical shirt. I heard Archbishop Sigitas Tamkevicus trying to shepherd his flock to vote, during his homily at a confirmation of 250 people at an outside Mass on Good Shepherd Sunday in Dainavy, a soviet-style suburb of Kaunas.

I spoke to Cardinal Audrys Juozas Bakis of Vilnius just before the EU referendum. He posed the point of the vote as 'Do we want to turn back to a Christian Europe? Many people

say "We were in the Soviet Union, now we are being asked about the European Union – we don't want to be a member of any union!" But we have to build a new Europe – and we must work for the dignity of man and better conditions.'

The fear expressed time and again was that if the Lithuanians did not look to the West then their future would be to be a conduit for all that was worst in the East. As another priest told me: 'To live outside the EU means to become the corridor

for the Soviet Union.' In discussion, the Cardinal, priests and people I spoke to said they were aware that the EU has fostered some corruption, bureaucracy and anti-Christian laws, but they looked to the Christian roots of Europe. As Bishop Jonas Kauneckas of Panevyszys, one of the authors of the famous Chronicles of the Lithuanian Catholic Church, put it: 'It is best to join – otherwise Lithuania will become part of Russia again. Europe has respected human rights – Russia never has!'

Perhaps the somewhat surreal politics of Lithuania over the last decade has also led to this hope that joining the EU in 2004 will bring stability and prosperity to the country. Apparently even now the first independent leader in 1990, Landsbergis, is blamed for everything by the old communists in power, even for the problems over the former collective farms and the bad rural economy, and even the lack of rain: 'Landsbergis' they cry!

I asked Cardinal Bakis about 'Mystic Lena', Lena Lolishvili, who plays the role of an unofficial 'special adviser' to President Rolandas Paksas. This Georgian woman is close to the President's wife, Laima, and predicted some years ago that Paksas would be President – and he claims that she helped save his life from alcoholism with her healing hands. 'A sorcerer,' the Cardinal exclaimed, 'for me she smells of Satan, even if she is not a Satanist.'

Lena sat behind the President at the inaugural Mass in the Cathedral, but also described the Pope as 'evil' after communion was refused when the Prime Minister Algirdas Brazauskas came for communion with his second wife at Christmas. There are also odd political strings attached to the



Independent

THE American Revolution may, if you care to argue so, have been for the people. Those who made it certainly honestly believed that it was. Yet certainly it was not by the people. All the thought, all the leadership came from men who, according to the old Greek advice, 'first got an independent income and then practised virtue.' Only persons of independence, the eighteenth-century American felt, should be allowed to sign declarations of it.

– Christopher Hollis, *The American Heresy*.

government – and it is well known that the election of Paksas in January 2003 was backed by Russian money, with reports of a helicopter firm and the secret service being involved. Therefore the hope of many in the Church is that by moving towards Europe there will be less Russian influence and more sanity in politics. Yet, the Cardinal recognised that many of the old communists claim now to be full Catholics – which is probably an astute political move where over 80% of the population of 3.5 million consider themselves Catholic.

There are seven Masses at the Cathedral in Vilnius on Sunday – all are full. Perhaps 10-15% of Catholics practise in towns, whilst more practise in villages. The Cardinal says: 'There is almost a lost generation aged 30 to 60 who do not come. The young and old come more!' Cardinal Bakis admits that the new movements have arrived in Lithuania – the Neo-Catechumenate, Opus Dei, Faith and Light communities and Focolare are all active, but there are also some strong locally grown charismatic groups, including one called Living Stones which will attract a few thousand people this Pentecost with a fire in fields on a small holding outside Kaunas. The Cardinal welcomes and embraces this new life in the Church and the energy of the young: 'After the fall of Communism the Church was seen as a defender of rights. Yet people did not find a dialogue and old priests could not cope with questions. The faith is more mature amongst the young. I hope for the future – the young want to do some good. Now there are small groups, young families and young people in many churches – we have summer camps, a family centre and a lot of socially active young Christians. There is one hundred per cent devotion and a depth of faith amongst many.'

In a land where 300-500,000 were deported to Siberia – and where the population fell by over a million between 1939 and 1956 – there are still mysteries over what happened to at least 100,000 of the population. Yet the mystery today is that there is no big anti-Russian feeling amongst the Lithuanian population. I saw Russians coming to lay flowers at the tombs of their fathers and grandfathers, and this

was respected by all the Lithuanians I spoke to. Even at the Hill of Crosses which is the Catholic and nationalistic heart of Lithuania, near Siauliai, there was no sense of bitterness or revenge – even though the soviet authorities used to seal off this monument to faith, attempting to bulldoze the hill, trying to turn it into an inaccessible island and clearing it of crosses. Now the faithful simply come and place crosses or rosaries there, and the bizarre tinkling of these crosses and rosaries in the Lithuanian breeze is a witness to a calm faith, whilst the message from the Pope inscribed on the base of the cross he presented in 1993 still



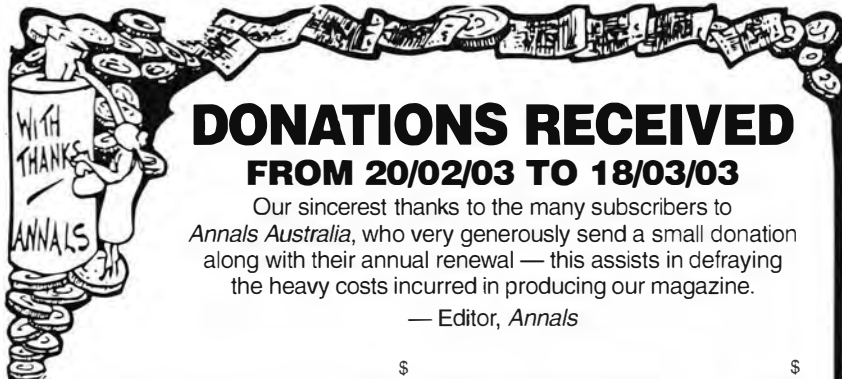
ROUSSEAU suggested that, contrary to his contemporaries' view, human manners and morals had been corrupted by the advancement of the arts and sciences. Rousseau's fundamental thesis was that those who claimed that history illustrated humanity's progressive development from a barbarous 'state of nature' towards a more civilised society were wrong. The state of nature was, as imagined by Rousseau, not at all barbarous. Instead, it was a world in which humans were simple animal-like creatures. Far from being fallen beings (as Christianity holds), Rousseau claimed that primitive man lived happily in an unreflective state of pure being. He spent his time meandering 'up and down forests, without industry, without speech, and without home, an equal stranger to war and to all ties, neither standing in need of his fellow creatures nor having any desire, to hurt them, and perhaps even not distinguishing them from one another'.

– Samuel Gregg, *Beyond Romanticism*, Centre for Independent Studies, Sydney, 2000

inspires: 'Thank you, Lithuanians, for this Hill of Crosses which testifies to the nations of Europe and the whole world the faith of the people of this land.'

Cardinal Bakis emphasised how important Catholic Media work was in building up the faith of the people – thanking Aid to the Church in Need for funding Catholic radio which broadcasts about one hour per day, with fifteen minutes every morning, including readings and meditation. There are Catholic papers, a magazine once per month and an important youth paper. All means and energies are being used in a new evangelisation of the people. The Cardinal thanked those who have helped Catholics in Lithuania over the years: 'Your assistance has meant so much. When we reached liberty you were there with us – in solidarity with prayer and helping our material needs including supporting our seminaries and broadcasting the faith. Now we need to form the people for the reconstruction of the Church – please do not forget us. We have the facilities to build up our catechetical work – with lots of people – but we rely on Aid to the Church in Need and other organisations. There are many local difficulties, yet you have taught us not just to look in on ourselves after the Soviet period. It was for us a good lesson of charity, as St Paul said, which you have showed us in your help. We remember before God all those who support us – those who simply out of charity help us in prayer and solidarity.'

Compared to Ukraine and Belarus, Lithuania is quite Western and has recovered from atheistic communism in a way that shows that it never really transformed the minds and soul of the people. In this Land of Crosses, the faith of many of the people and the energy of young Christians can be something for us to learn from. The European Bishops' Conference meet in Vilnius later in the year – and perhaps it will be a fruitful exchange of ideas. Starting with more of a blank canvas, there is a real desire to promote the 'new evangelisation' the Pope has called for – and there is more cooperation and less suspicion between communities and the dioceses than you often find in the West. I met many seminarians who had been



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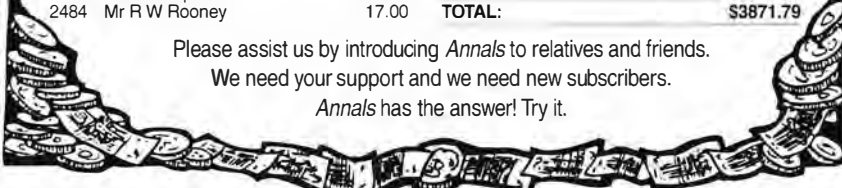
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involved in charismatic groups, or the Faith and Light communities – and it was amazing to meet the impressive pro-Rector of Vilnius seminary, Fr Robertas Slasevicius, who is aged 29 and the active Rector of Vilnius seminary, Fr Aurelijus Zukauskas, who is 32 years old. The bishops and faithful are certainly prepared to 'reach out into the deep' ('duc in altum') as the Pope has challenged us to do.

I was reflecting on this – the need to change and the search for hope in the depths of the Gospel and the Christian history of Europe – when I spoke to Bishop Jonas Kauneckas of Panevėžys. Bishop Jonas cycles or walks around the town and seems a real and holy shepherd loved and respected by his people. He told me that he sees it as his job to speak out for the poor and those who suffer in a land where there is much 'cowboy capitalism'. He told me that if he speaks out during a homily he receives an SMS text message: 'You're putting your word up against a gun.' Bishop Jonas commented, 'Who I can turn to complain, or to do anything? If we raise issue then we are told to provide the facts and the evidence – but people are too afraid to provide it. The mafia are probably the same people who were against me now who were against me when I was involved in the underground Chronicle and they were in the KGB. Yet, I must speak up for the weak who can do nothing.'

So this country is still caught between East and West, but moving somewhat painfully and erratically away from totalitarian ways. The final word I can quote – reflecting on the search for hope – is from an energetic layman called Tomas who has been three years in the Evangelisation Centre in Kaunas: 'As we go to towards the EU ... it is modern to exercise free choice and not believe in God. The young seek other values from their parents. They often say they don't get answers at Mass or from priests. Yet, we need to evangelise – even teenager suicide is too high ... a few years ago it was the highest in the world.'



NEVILLE KYRKE-SMITH is the UK Director of the well-known International Catholic Relief Organisation *Aid to the Church in Need*, based in Koenigstein in Germany.

Pity the Poor

HOSPITALS, orphan-ages, alms-houses, schools, the asylums and refuges of all those in poverty and distress were either shut up or knocked down in post-Reformation England. The hungry were not fed, the poor travellers had no shelter, the widows and orphans and the sick poor had no succour. Some of the contemporary lamentations that found their way into print have survived. E.g. 'Lamentacyon of a Christian against the Cytte of London, 1545.

'London beyng one of the flowers of the worlde, as touching worldye riches, hath so manye, yea innumerable of poore people forced to go from dore to dore, and to syt openly in the stretes a beggyng, and many lye in their howses in most grevus paynes, and dye for lack of ayde of the riche. I thinke in my judgement under heaven is not so lyttle provision made for the pore as in London, of so riche a cytie.'

Here is a quotation from *A Supplication of Poore Commons* (1546) which speaks of poor impotent creatures as 'now in more penurye than ever they were.' Once they had scraps, now they have nothing. 'Then had they hospitals and alms houses to be lodged in, but now they lye and starve in the stretes. Then was there number great, but now much greater.'

Women not only suffered the general loss and misery as receivers of charity, but they also lost their vocations, their spiritual and temporal vocations. Religion had always given an alternative career to marriage. They were now deprived of the opportunity of organising and performing the

corporal works of mercy. Apart from the convents there were literally hundreds of hospitals distributed all over the country. (Miss Rotha Clay has compiled a list of these in her book *The Mediæval Hospitals in England*.) These were run by the different monastic orders, or by Augustinian canons and canonesses. Women had always taken their full share in the active work of charity. But definitely 'good works' were discouraged by the 'new theology'. They were described as 'works of supererogation.' Man was 'justified by faith alone.'

Obviously natural humanity and feelings of compassion could not be eradicated from human hearts; but instead of the Church of the land being the instigator and prime mover of works of rescue and corporal works of mercy, the Guilds and charities, the result of centuries of accumulated work and experience of the Catholic Church, were destroyed, and the new Church of England and the Puritanical sects by no means considered it necessary to replace them.

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

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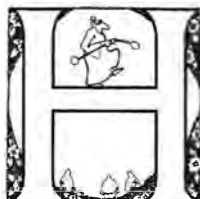
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'A Giant of Australian Politics'

LISTENING TO ANCESTRAL VOICES

For all the controversy he inspired, B.A. Santamaria struck a chord with many Australians,
writes PETER COLEMAN.



HISTORIAN
Ross Fitzgerald describes B.A. Santamaria as 'a giant of Australian politics'.

He is not alone among Labor sympathisers in taking this view. That celebrated Dickensian figure and Labor speech-writer Graham Freudenberg saw Santamaria as Australia's 'only political intellectual in the high European tradition'. After his death in February 1998, critics from left, right and centre queued up to pay tribute.

Yet those same commentators insist that Santamaria was usually, if not always, wrong in his political judgements. Some had defamed him time and again. Why then this deep admiration? It is not just a matter of acknowledging his great intelligence, his organising genius, his fiery polemics.

Here is my theory. As Australians we like to tell ourselves that our country is the envy of the world. We enjoy one of the freest, most democratic and prosperous societies in the history of the human race. Immigrants rush to join us, legally and illegally. This country, we are convinced, must be the best in the world.

But a voice from history sometimes whispers even to the most purblindly patriotic among us that we may be perhaps a little, shall we say, spiritually arid and culturally sterile; that some of our Napoleons of commerce, politics, sport and entertainment are louts, yahoos and pygmies; that we might as a nation disappear from the face of the earth and few in the world would care or notice.

The same ancestral voice may

The Pope's Battalions: Santamaria, Catholicism and the Labor Split
By Ross Fitzgerald, University of Queensland Press, 342 pp, \$35

also hint that all is not lost, and that we may yet astound our critics, if we would only face the facts about ourselves.

This voice appears to the pre-modern in us. Many hear it, especially when we are most dissatisfied with the modern, the progressive and the secular, with the rat race. Few politicians hear it and none dares repeat it. But



S.A.G.

St. Anthony Guide

THE custom of invoking St. Anthony's protection in regard to mail dates back to 1729.

It is related that a certain merchant left Spain for Peru. Although his wife wrote several letters to him, she never received a reply, which greatly worried her. Finally she invoked St. Anthony's aid. Filled with childlike confidence she went to the Franciscan Church in Oviedo where she placed a letter in the hands of a statue of St. Anthony begging him to deliver it to her husband. Later she returned to the church and to her great joy found, in place of her letter, a reply from her husband together with several gold pieces.

The letter, which may still be seen at Oviedo, is dated Lima, July 23, 1729, and states that the wife's letter was delivered by a Franciscan Father.

From this grew the custom of writing S. A. G. on letters and of sealing with St. Anthony Guide stamps.

it was the basis of Santamaria's appeal and he expressed it more eloquently and honestly than anyone before or since. Despite all his late protestations that his life had been a failure, he touched and influenced the lives of thousands of Australians. This is what his critics acknowledge as they look back on his extraordinary career.

When Santamaria boasted that he was a peasant, he meant he belonged to that pre-modern age, to the age of faith, small holdings and trades and small communities utterly alien to the world of mass manufacture, big business and globalisation. Its prophet is Hilaire Belloc, not Adam Smith. It is a vision that still has power to enchant, even if in the end we know that it is hopelessly nostalgic.

All of this came together in a political and national program during the Cold War. Drawing on his voices, Santemaria set out to educate Australians and not just the Labor movement on the evil of communism but he went beyond publicity and created the successful Movement and Industrial Groups to frustrate communists in the trade unions.

This involved him in furious disputes with his former collaborators in the Labor Party, especially after the Labor leader Dr H.V. Evatt precipitated the Labor split by purging the anti-communist industrial Groupers. It also involved bitter disputes with his co-religionists who (as his friend, poet Jim McAuley put it) confused Room 32 (Labor Party headquarters) with the upper room (of the Last Supper). These feuds lasted for more than 30 years.

The situation changed dramatically with the end of the Cold War.

Of course Santamaria welcomed the collapse of the Soviet Union.

But it was plainly no triumph for Christianity. Indeed he believed it made it clearer than ever the spiritual sterility of the secular and hedonist West. It also intensified both his pessimism and his commitment to traditional Catholicism.

He returned to the anti-capitalist teachings of his Catholic Action youth and sought to revive his Movement on a platform of protectionism, economic regulation and antiglobalisation always buttressed by prophecies of economic apocalypse. His followers gradually fell away – apart from those still persuaded by his conservative family values and traditional theology. I recall one conference at this time when Santamaria spoke for more than two hours on economic policy, convincing no one.

Late in his life I published in *Quadrant* a poem of tribute to him by Hal Colebatch. Called *Lost Causes*, it saluted history's untimely heroes from King Alfred to Ernest Shackleton to Alexander Solzhenitsyn. Santamaria remarked to me wryly that all these figures were defeated. I told him that the point of Colebatch's poem was that they all triumphed in the end. Santamaria smiled sceptically. He died unreconciled to the nihilist spirit of the age, convinced that he had been defeated in all the great campaigns to which he dedicated his life.

In retelling this fascinating story, Fitzgerald omits none of its drama. He also strives for objectivity. He admires Santamaria, especially his anti-Stalinism, but does not romanticise his lost causes. He believes that Archbishop George Pell may yet be able to restate Santamaria's ideas in the language of this time and place.

Nor does Fitzgerald conceal his Labor Party sympathies and low opinion of the Liberal Party. Occasionally he overdoes it, as when he harps on what he says was Santamaria's personal dislike of John Howard. There is no doubt about Santamaria's disdain for both the Liberal Party and



Reward for truth-telling

THE martyrology of science mentions only a few conspicuous cases which ended in public tragedies.

Robert Mayer, co-discoverer of the Principle of the Conservation of Energy, went insane because of lack of recognition for his work. So did Ignaz Semmelweiss, who discovered, in 1847, that the cause of childbed fever was infection of the patient with the 'cadaveric material' which surgeons and students carried on their hands. As an assistant at the General Hospital in Vienna, Semmelweiss introduced the strict rule of washing hands in chlorinated lime water before entering the ward. Before this innovation, one out of every eight women in the ward had died of puerperal fever; immediately afterwards mortality fell to one in thirty; and the next year to one in a hundred. Semmelweiss's reward was to be hounded out of Vienna by the medical profession – which was moved, apart from stupidity, by resentment of the suggestion that they might be carrying death on their hands. He went to Budapest, but made little headway with his doctrine, denounced his opponents as murderers, became raving mad, was put into a restraining jacket, and died in a mental hospital.

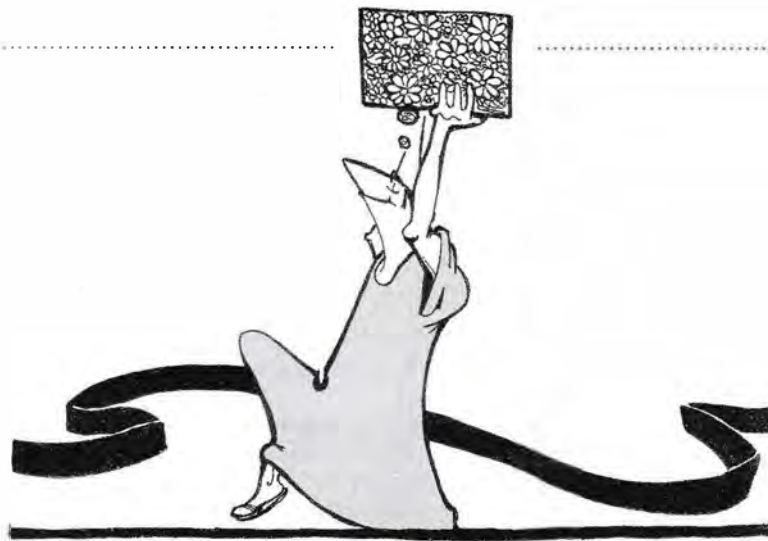
– Arthur Koestler, *The Act of Creation*, London, Pan Books, 1964.

the Labor Party, but this vogueish, alleged dislike of Howard possibly comes from tendentious gossipmongers whom Fitzgerald usually dismisses. Maybe he is right, but in many conversations with Santamaria about Australian politics, I saw no sign of it.

He once came close to exploding with rage with me. It was when I had a kind word to say about Margaret Thatcher.



– This article first appeared in *The Weekend Australian Review*, June 7-8. Reprinted with permission.



A lateral thinker finds true peace

THERE are two ways of getting peace, if you do want it. The first is wholly in your own power; to make yourselves nests of pleasant thoughts. Those are nests on the sea indeed, but safe beyond all others; only they need much art in the building. None of us yet know, for none of us have yet been taught in early youth, what fairy palaces we may build of beautiful thought – proof against all adversity. Bright fancies, satisfied memories, noble histories, faithful sayings, treasure-houses of precious and restful thoughts, which care cannot disturb, nor pain make gloomy, nor poverty take away from us – houses built without hands, for our souls to live in.

And in actual life, let me assure you, in conclusion, the first 'wisdom of calm,' is to plan, and resolve to labour for, the comfort and beauty of a home such as, if we could obtain it, we would quit no more. Not a compartment of a model lodging-house, not the number so-and-so of Paradise Row; but a cottage all of our own, with its little garden, its pleasant view, its surrounding fields, its neighbouring stream, its healthy air, and clean kitchen, parlours, and bedrooms. Less than this, no man should be content with for his nest; more than this few should seek; but if it seems to you impossible, or wildly imaginary, that such houses should ever be obtained for the greater part of the English people, again believe me, the obstacles which are in the way of our obtaining them are the things which it must be the main object now of all true science, true art, and true literature to overcome. Science does its duty, not in telling us the causes of spots in

the sun; but in explaining to us the laws of our own life, and the consequences of their violation. Art does its duty, not in filling monster galleries with frivolous, or dreadful, or indecent pictures; but in completing the comforts and refining the pleasures of daily occurrence, and familiar service; and literature does its duty, not in wasting our hours in political discussion, or in idle fiction; but in raising our fancy to the height of what may be noble, honest, and felicitous in actual life – in giving us, though we may ourselves be poor and unknown, the companionship of the wisest fellow-spirits of every age and country – and in aiding the communication of clear thoughts and faithful purposes, among distant nations, which will at last breathe calm upon the sea of lawless passion, and change into such halcyon days the winter of the world, that the birds of the air may have their nests in peace, and the Son of Man, where to lay His Head.

– John Ruskin, 1819-1900, *The Eagle's Nest*, 1872, IX, 204-206

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THE 8.05 FAMILY GROWS

Every day more than 1 million passengers travel in 1458 carriages over the 2,060 kms of railway tracks around New South Wales. This is the eighth in our series of articles by FATHER MAX BARRETT CSSR on commuter extraordinaire Joseph Meagher.



TWO regulars on the 8.05 were accountants, bachelor friends, Richard Gleason and John Cash. Both were in their late twenties; both good-natured and good-living. They worked together at a bank in Edgecliff. Even though they were good at their job and on their way to becoming actuaries, they had already discovered that nicely balanced columns of figures didn't send them home at night with their blood pounding. It had become a conscious effort to face up to the 8.05 each morning.

However, the daily round had lost something of its numbing edge since the advent of the 8.05-er. Richard had spoken to Joe Meagher on one occasion only and at that, very briefly; but, unbeknownst to the latter, Richard was the Oracle's most fervent admirer. He and John tried to commandeer a two-seater diagonally across from Joe, and Richard – quite unscrupulously – began to assume the role of *agent provocateur*. Maybe Joe did not need to be stimulated, but Richard was taking no risks.

'Did you watch that documentary on Cambodia last night, John?' (in a louder-than-necessary voice). 'All those maimed

young men ... and women ... limbless, courtesy of a land mine ... land mines, along with whole arsenals of other destructive stuff, introduced from other countries. Downright immoral. Wouldn't you think there would be a total ban on trade in weapons of destruction? ... However, I suppose people in the manufacturing countries have to live. At least we can take comfort in the fact that Australia is not an exporter of arms.'

Richard did his stuff well. It would be wrong to say that the hackles rose visibly on Joe Meagher's neck; but involuntarily he stiffened; then relaxed; then gave tongue.

'That documentary you saw,' (this, with a glance in the direction of the Edgecliff-bound bankers) 'was probably a re-run of the TV coverage first released a few years back. A scene from that presentation is lodged indelibly in my mind: a 10-year-old boy with a crude-looking hand-whittled stump as a substitute leg; and the youngster was careering around with his companions, *playing soccer*. Just inspirational. The indomi-

table something of the human spirit. *Yet woe to those by whom scandals come. Better a millstone be tied around their necks ...'*

'As you say, it's hard to eliminate the sale of killing devices; people have to live.'

Joe leant his head back a moment, as though he had first to work out what he would say next.

'I sometimes imagine the breadwinner of the family coming back from work and his kid asking, 'Daddy, what did you do today?' And Daddy takes his youngster on his knee and informs him: 'Today, son, I was part of the grid making cluster bombs. Beautiful devices. Immense power of destruction.' Or a boy asks his grandfather, 'Gramps, what kind of work did you do?' Gramps glows as he recalls his halcyon days. 'In my time, laddie, I made contraceptives. The kind that back up as abortifacients if they fail to do their job the first time round.' Or he might say: 'I sold drugs. Heroin and stuff.' And if the youngster asks, 'Didn't the drugs hurt people?' Gramps pushes the kid off his knee and asks: 'How the hell do you think your father got to be educated at a private school?'



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Catilina: The Master Conspirator

CATILINA was really nothing more nor less than a cunning criminal with an unstable personality. In spite of this, he managed to gain the office of praetor and even became governor of the province of Africa. He came of a patrician family, and his great-grandfather was a tough soldier who had served with distinction in the campaigns against Hannibal, during which he sustained no less than twenty-seven wounds.

As for his descendant, he was a pale-faced, shy man with a strong liking for the bottle. One moment he seemed the personification of idleness, and the next he was to be seen hurrying, with flying footsteps, about his nefarious business. He had tarnished his name as a young man by joining Sulla's terrorists and indulging in bloodshed and brutality. He later fell in love with Aurelia Orestilla,



'in whom, apart from her personal appearance, no one ever found anything praiseworthy' (Sallust). To clear his house for Rome's most unholy marriage, Catilina murdered his son.

The master-conspirator was impervious to cold, hunger or lack of sleep. He was sly, an expert at hypocrisy and dissimulation, eloquent but not over-intelligent. Every debauched and degenerate young man who had squandered his property or inheritance on loose living, depravity and gambling, was his boon companion by nature. Libertines, adulterers, murderers, internationally-known looters of temples, notorious perjurers, criminals who had already been convicted and other criminals still at large – all of them saw in revolution a chance of regaining their money and reputations.

– Ivar Lissner, *Power And Folly*, London 1958: [Catilina conspired in 63 BC to overthrow the existing government. Cicero obtained evidence of the list of the conspirators, and Catilina died in battle.]

Joe shook himself. 'Where were we? Oh, yes: the manufacture and selling of destructive weapons. So I haven't really got off the point. Is Australia squeaky-clean in this regard? For instance, over the years we have exported quite a load of high-grade uranium bauxite.'

Strictly speaking there was no need to stir the pot; but Richard decided that it wouldn't do any harm. 'Hold it. Uranium is not *per se* a destructive commodity. It doesn't *have* to end up as an atomic bomb. It serves a variety of industrial, scientific purposes, you know.'


'That's a fine touch: 'not *per se* destructive'. Mmmm. Well, it leaves an enormous residue of atomic waste which is not *per se* life-giving. And,' Joe added dryly, 'the purchaser *may* have innocuous ends in mind. He might need it to manufacture marshmallows.'

Richard rubbed his hands; they were really cooking with gas. 'Hey, fair go, Mr. Meagher. It's in Hansard that the export of

uranium from our country, or the sale of arms, is rigidly, scrupulously controlled at top government level. Stringent security procedures. The purchaser has to sign a document. Then, a follow-up of rigorous inspection routines and meticulous scrutiny.'

At this point, Joe Meagher's mind started to race. Where had he heard this gobbledegook before? The penny dropped! Paul Eddington. Nigel Hawthorne. Deryk Fowlds. He looked directly at Richard and uttered an obsequious:

'Yes, Minister.'

It was time for song. Joe started to hum theme music from the very anti-war film, *Gallipoli*. The two accountants came in almost immediately. Within a bar there was a sprinkling of sound from other commuters. Non-singers looked mystified but pleased. Behind vibrating lips, Joe mused: 'Madam Butterfly, are your choristers in this class?' 

– [TO BE CONTINUED]



Cynical Robbery

ASSUREDLY, theirs is a noble Avocation. To stand for justice, to protect the lowly against the exalted, to defend the weak against the strong, to demand the return of the poor man's ewe-lamb from the pen of the princely robber ... is it not enough to make a man's heart glow with joy, the thought of being called to so glorious a task? And if at times the official in Java should be dissatisfied with his station or his reward, let him turn his gaze to the sublime duty devolving upon him - to the supreme delight which fulfilment of such a duty brings with it; and he will desire no other reward.

But ... that duty is not easy. First of all, he has to decide precisely where use has ceased and made room for abuse. And ... where abuse does exist, where robbery or tyranny has indeed been practised, the victims themselves are only too often accomplices, either from excessive submissiveness, or from fear, or from lack of confidence in the will or power of the person appointed to protect them. Everyone knows that the European official may be called away at any moment to take up another post, whereas the Regent, the powerful Regent, remains. Besides, there are so many ways of appropriating the possessions of a poor, ignorant man. If an overseer tells him that the Regent would like his horse, the animal is soon after to be found in the Regent's stables; but this by no means proves that the Regent does not intend to pay a high price for it ... sometime. If hundreds of people are working in a Chief's fields, without receiving payment, it by no means follows that this is being done for his benefit. May it not have been his object to make the harvest over to them, from the purely philanthropic calculation that his land was better situated and more fertile than theirs, and so would reward their labour more liberally?

- Max Havaalar, or the Coffee Auctions of a Dutch Trading Company, by Multatuli, pen-name of Eduard Douwes Dekker. First published 1860.

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How our Ancestors dealt with abuse of public monies

INEFFICIENCY, GRAFT AND CORRUPTION IN MANAGING THE WATER SUPPLY

By PAUL STENHOUSE



THE alleged unpreparedness of the Greek Olympic Committee for meeting the deadline set by the IOC for the completion of the infrastructure in time for the 2004 Olympic Games in Athens recently was front-page news.

This summer's terrible bush fires and the continuing drought have re-kindled debate about how best to use [and increase] public monies allocated for combatting bushfires and water shortages in various Australian States.

I am reminded of a letter that Pliny the Younger sent to the emperor Trajan from Bithynia, in

modern-day Turkey, where Pliny had been imperial legate since 111 AD.¹

Perhaps we have something to learn from how Pliny and the Emperor Trajan dealt with water shortages and sought to make the best use of public monies.

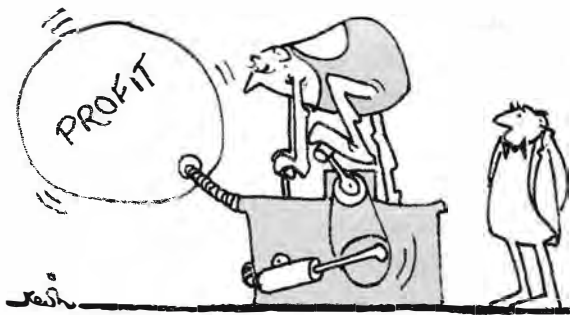
Bithynia was by way of exception in the usually well-run Roman empire. Under previous administrators it had been allowed to fall into chaos: finances were a mess, public buildings were falling down, and two of the governors had recently been accused of extortion and fiscal corruption [*'pecuniae repetundae'*].

Pliny was a worthy adopted son of his uncle, the famous Caius Plinius Secundus. He was only eighteen years old when his uncle who was Prefect of the Fleet at Misenum and known to future generations as Pliny the Elder, took the fleet to Naples in August 79 AD when Vesuvius erupted, and was asphyxiated, along with the whole fleet, by the gasses that were emitted from the volcano.

The citizens of Nicomedia had wasted more than three million sesterces² in order to bring water to the city along an aqueduct that was poorly made, had been abandoned and ultimately fallen into ruin – *'qui imperfectus, adhuc relictus et destructus etiam est'*.

An initial grant of a further 200,000 sesterces had been made towards the cost of another aqueduct. This, too, had to be abandoned.

Pliny complains to Trajan that fresh expense must be undergone so that these spendthrift people may have water – *'novo impendio est opus ut aquam habeant qui tantam pecuniam male perdidērunt'*.



The Down-side of Progress

IN all social and personal relations the laws of the market are the rule. It is obvious that the relationship between competitors has to be based on mutual human indifference. Otherwise any one of them would be paralysed in the fulfilment of his economic tasks – to fight each other and not to refrain from the actual economic destruction of each other if necessary.

The relationship between employer and employee is permeated by the same spirit of indifference. The word 'employer' contains the whole story: the owner of capital employs another human being as he 'employs' a machine. They both use each other for the pursuit of their economic interests; their relationship is one in which both are means to an end, both are instrumental to each other. It is not a relationship of two human beings who have any interests in the other outside of this mutual usefulness. The same instrumentality is the rule in the relationship between the business man and his customer. The customer is an object to be manipulated, not a concrete person whose aims the business man is interested to satisfy. The attitude towards work has the quality of instrumentality; in contrast to a medieval artisan the modern manufacturer is not primarily interested in what he produces; he produces essentially in order to make a profit from his capital investments, and what he produces depends essentially on the market which promises that the investment of capital in a certain branch will prove to be profitable.

– Erich Fromm, *The Fear of Freedom*, 1960. p. 102.

He then goes on to say that he had himself examined a *spring of pure water* – ‘Ipse perveni ad fontem purissimum’ – which could supply the city.

The aqueduct, Pliny suggests, must be raised on arches if the water is not just to go to the level and lower parts of the city. This seems, however, not to have been an accurate assessment of the options. The main reason aqueducts were raised on arches was economical – they were cheaper to construct – and it was easier to clean the pipes.³ Pliny’s uncle knew, apparently better than he, that water in a closed pipe finds its own level.⁴

In fact aqueducts were of two kinds: those we are more familiar with which were raised on arches of either stone or brick sometimes reaching a height of 150 feet in deep valleys, in which case the water channels were made of stone lined with a particularly water-tight cement made of potsherds and lime called ‘opus signinum’; and subterranean ones in which the water flowed through lead or clay pipes [‘fistulae’] with outlets to the fresh air by shafts at intervals. Either system would have been able to reach the upper parts of the city. The Anio Nova in Rome ran above ground and underground for 62 miles.

Pliny notes that a few arches of the Nicomedian aqueduct remain and others could be made of the solid masonry taken from the earlier attempt, and new portions made of brick *as this is easier to work with, and cheaper* – ‘id enim et facilius et vilius’.

He then suggests to the emperor: *you should send an inspector of aqueducts* [‘aquilegem’] or an architect [‘vel architectum’] to prevent the same thing happening again. [‘ne rursus eveniat quod accidit’].

The ‘aquileges’ or ‘circuitores’ were inspectors of aqueducts, something like our Clerks of Works on a building site. ‘Architecti’ were in fact engineers, more akin to our Master Builders who also designed what they built.

Other officials whom Pliny undoubtedly could have called upon would have been the ‘libratores’ who measured the levels of the water; ‘aquarii’ who laid the pipes; and the ‘castellarii’ whose job it was to maintain the reservoirs in good condition. There were also ‘silicarii’ who took up and relaid the ‘silex’ or lava pavement of the street when mains had to be laid or repaired; and ‘tectores’ or tilers, bricklayers and masons and crushers of the pottery [‘testae tunsae’] used in making the ‘opus signinum’ for lining the channels and reservoirs.⁵

Trajan compliments Pliny on tackling the problem: *Nicomediae must indeed be supplied with water* – ‘Curandum est ut aqua in Nicomedensem civitatem perdu-

catu’. But, he writes, *you must also find out who is to blame for wasting the money* – ‘ad eandem diligentiam tuam pertinet inquirere quorum vitio tantam pecuniam Nicomedenses perdiderint’.⁶

It is never too late for the idea that there are lessons to be learnt from mismanagement of public funds, and from having to correct poor workmanship, to sink in.

We should heed Pliny’s warning that we may have another disaster like the last – ‘ne rursus eveniat quod accidit’ – if we don’t.



1. C. Plinius Traiano Imperatori Ep. xxxvii [xlvii]
2. One sesterius was roughly equivalent to US\$0.25, so three million would be roughly equivalent to AUST\$1,500,000.
3. J.H. Middleton, *Ancient Rome*, Edinburgh, 1888, p.452.
4. *Hist. Nat.* xxxi,6.
5. Frontinus, *De Aquaeduct.* 117.
6. Traianus Plinio S Ep. xxxviii [xlviii]

Sad and Cruel Nonsense

A man gets well pummelled at a public school; is subject to every misery and every indignity which seventeen years of age can inflict upon nine and ten; has his eye nearly knocked out, and his clothes stolen and cut to pieces; and twenty years afterwards, when he is a chrysalis, and has forgotten the miseries of his grub state, is determined to act a manly part in life, and says, ‘I passed through all that myself, and I am determined my son shall pass



through it as I have done’; and away goes his bleating progeny to the tyranny and servitude of the long chamber or the large dormitory. It would surely be much more rational to say, ‘Because I have passed through it, I am determined my son shall not pass through it; because I

was kicked for nothing, and cuffed for nothing, and fagged for everything, I will spare all these miseries to my child’. It is not for any good which may be derived from this rough usage; that has not been weighed and considered; few persons are capable of weighing its effects upon character; but there is a sort of compensatory and consolatory notion, that the present generation (whether useful or not, no matter) are not to come off scot-free, but are to have their share

of ill-usage; as if the black eye and bloody nose which Master John Jackson received in 1800, are less black and bloody by the application of similar violence to similar parts of Master Thomas Jackson, the son, in 1830. This is not only sad nonsense, but cruel nonsense.

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

How to make 'patriotism' a dirty word

STALIN AND THE CAMBRIDGE TRAITORS

The Australian Left never ceases denouncing Hitler and Mussolini but finds *Stalin's* fascist regime acceptable even now, 100 million victims later. GERARD HENDERSON comments on the four-part 'historical' drama *Cambridge Spies* recently aired on prime time TV by the ABC.



SEXED-UP has become a term of abuse in the latest row between Tony Blair's Labour government and the BBC. Right now, the BBC is heavily into self-justification as it continues to rationalise the fact that it used only one (anonymous) source in making its serious allegation that the British government 'sexed-up', or exaggerated, intelligence reports about Saddam Hussein's weapons of mass destruction.

In fact, the BBC has been into a bit of sexing-up itself in recent times. This is evident in the four-part historical drama *Cambridge Spies* which screened on ABC TV in the prime 8.30pm time slot on Sunday evenings. Written by Peter Moffat and produced by Mark Shivas, the film purports to tell the stories of Kim Philby, Guy Burgess, Donald Maclean, Anthony Blunt and to a lesser extent, John Cairncross – all of whom spied for the Soviet Union in the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s. At different times, all five worked in the Foreign Office and/or in British intelligence.

ABC TV Publicity's blurb gives an accurate summary of the line in *Cambridge Spies*. It presents the film as commencing at Cambridge University in the early 1930s when Philby, Burgess, Maclean and Blunt 'are recruited to spy' for the Soviet Union. The four, 'fuelled by youthful idealism, a passion for communism, a talent for lying and a hatred for Hitler and fascism ... take huge personal risks to pass Britain's biggest secrets to Moscow'. Or so we are told.

If anything, the publicity which accompanied the release of

Cambridge Spies in Britain was even, well, sexier. Rupert Penry-Jones (who plays McLean) described the quartet as 'heroic'. And Jane Tranter (the BBC controller of drama commissioning) defended the film by declaring: 'We don't forget to be witty and cheeky and a little bit controversial ... otherwise we are going to have a drama which says

"what-ho, these chaps are traitors and we hate them ...".'

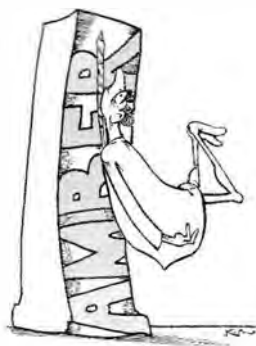
Now, just imagine how the likes of Penry-Jones or Tranter would have approached four, or five, chaps who spied for Adolf Hitler and Nazi Germany in the 1930s and 1940s. It is impossible to envisage that such traitors would be presented by the BBC as idealistic or heroic. Nor should they be. But why the double standard when the spies are communist, rather than fascist?

Cambridge Spies is not a documentary and viewers are advised that 'certain events and characters have been created or changed for dramatic effect'. Certainly any historical dramatist is entitled to a degree of literary licence. Even so, Peter Moffat maintains that his story is 'rooted in truth'. What garbage.

Oleg Gordievsky (the one-time KGB operative who spied for the West) has remarked that *Cambridge Spies* reminded him of how Britain was depicted by communist propagandists in the Soviet Union in the 1950s and 1960s. Namely as a society dominated by an upper class 'indolent, stupid and viciously anti-semitic, lording it over their poor, honest, proletarian servants'.

Certainly Britain at the time was not perfect. But nor was it as depicted by Moffat. More seriously, *Cambridge Spies* contains no information whatsoever about the Soviet Union for which Philby and company spied – at a time when the communist totalitarian despot Josef Stalin was entrenched in Moscow.

In the 1920s the Bolshevik leader Vladimir Lenin established the basis for the police state which was to thrive under his successor Stalin. By the early 1930s the brutal land collectivisation program had been



Forever Amber

THE first mention of electricity on record occurs in the fragments of the *History of Physics* by Theophrastus, the successor of Aristotle at the head of the Athenian Lyceum. He innocently remarks that when amber is rubbed it acquires the curious virtue of attracting flimsy objects. The Greek word for amber is *elektron*. Although the Greeks were not interested in the *elektron's* virtues, *Forever Amber* would be an appropriate name for modern science.

For two thousand years little more is heard of electricity, until we again come to Dr Gilbert, who demonstrated that the peculiar properties of amber were shared by glass, sulphur, crystals, resin, and a number of other substances, which he accordingly called 'electrics'. To account for electric attraction he created the concept of an electric effluvium, as distinct from the magnetic effluvium – but with an equally lasting influence on further developments.

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

implemented – the resultant forced famine lead to some five million deaths in Ukraine alone. By the mid 1930s the show-trials and purges were under way.

Then there was the notorious Nazi-Soviet Pact of 1939 – by means of which Hitler and Stalin divided Eastern Europe between them and which made it possible for Nazi Germany to launch the Second World War by invading Poland. *Cambridge Spies* (incorrectly) maintains that Stalin made friends with Hitler in order to find time for the Soviet Union to re-arm. In fact, the Soviet leadership was content for Nazi Germany to wage war against Britain and its allies while it solidified its ill-gotten gains in Eastern Europe.

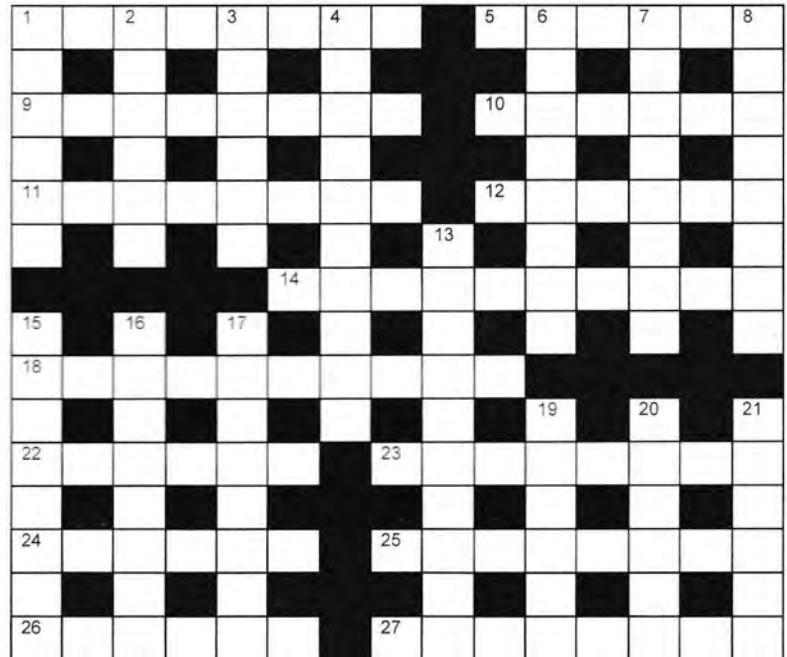
Philby, Burgess, Maclean, Blunt and Cairncross knew what was happening in the Soviet Union. But they chose to believe what they wanted to believe. The case of Goronwy Rees demonstrates the point. As Rees wrote in his memoir *A Chapter of Accidents* (1972), he was a communist up until the Nazi Soviet Pact. Then he decided that he did not want to 'have anything to do' with Moscow for the rest of his life. Soon after Burgess proposed that Rees should be murdered – see Miranda Carter *Anthony Blunt: His Lives* (Macmillan, 2001).

This should come as no surprise. The fact is that Burgess and his (spying) comrades barracked for the mass murderers in Moscow all their lives. Moreover, from mid 1939 to mid 1941 (when Germany attacked the Soviet Union), they were even prepared to support the mass murderers in Berlin. Seems like an idealism-free zone – but not, alas, to the powers-that-be at the BBC.

Like the real life Cambridge spies, Peter Moffat and Mark Shivas know about the evils of Soviet totalitarianism. After all, there is plenty of material about – including such recent publications as the edited collection *The Black Book of Communism* (Harvard University Press, 1999) and Anne Applebaum's *Gulag: A History* (Doubleday, 2003).

It's just that, for whatever reason, it is still intellectually fashionable to be softer on communism than

ANNALS CROSSWORD No. 15



ACROSS CLUES

1. Owner of the slave Onesimus (8)
5. Town of Paul's birth (6)
9. Deserving or worthy of praise (8)
10. Prophet who forecast a great famine (Acts 11:27-28) (6)
11. Studied by those training for the priesthood (8)
12. A long angry speech or denunciation (6)
14. Patriarch (several times) of Alexandria (Feast day 2nd May) (10)
18. Founder of Christian Brothers in Ireland (6,4)
22. One dedicated to a monastic or religious life (6)
23. Lidded vessel used to hold consecrated wafers (8)
24. Aim, purpose or design; preoccupied (6)
25. The scattering of a nations people throughout the world (8)
26. Title given to a nun (6)
27. Reveres (8)

DOWN CLUES

1. Roman procurator of Judea at the time of Christ (6)
2. Caused to become hardened to; habituated (6)
3. To make possible (6)

4. Required to be done; compulsory (10)
6. A member of the Church of England (8)
7. Relating to Sunday as a day of religious observance (8)
8. Mental uncertainty; anxiety (8)
13. Made Holy; freed from sin (10)
15. Mother of Salome (8)
16. Attempts to equal or surpass, especially by imitation (8)
17. A case or particular example (8)
19. A medieval name for Eucharist (6)
20. Religiously or racially intolerant people (6)
21. A village about seven miles from Jerusalem (Luke 24:13) (6)

SOLUTION TO NO. 14



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on nazism/fascism. Which explains why some leftist Western intellectuals still find reason to praise Fidel Castro and to support the brutal communist dictators in Cuba. The Australian leftist weekly *Green Left Review* even sees fit to run Castro's diatribes at length and without criticism (see GLR, May 21, 2003).

As Anne Applebaum has argued, if we forget the countless millions

of victims of Soviet communism we 'will find it hard to understand' why the West fought the Cold War. It is important to remember that there was nothing idealistic nor heroic about Stalin – or his followers. It may not be sexy to say so, but it is important nevertheless.



GERARD HENDERSON is Executive Director of The Sydney Institute.

Fearless, Outspoken defender of Catholicism

CELEBRATING HILAIRE BELLOC

Fifty years ago, on 16th July 1953, leading Catholic writer, essayist, poet and political theorist, Hilaire Belloc, died in a nursing home in the south of England. Reclusive and senile, he had not published any books for the previous eleven years but the news of his death and the fulsome tributes that followed were reported worldwide. Today his works are virtually ignored in most colleges and universities, but his admirers are many and events are taking place both in England and Australia to commemorate Belloc's centenary. Here, TONY EVANS argues that Belloc's influence, his political acuity and his defence of the Faith, are as important today as when he was at his most prolific in the first half of the last century.



F Belloc is remembered at all by the general public, it is probably as the author of two early books, *Cautionary Verses for Children*, and *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*. Countless children of all ages have delighted in the misdeeds of little characters like Matilda who told such dreadful lies and was burnt to death, and Jim who ran away from his nurse and was eaten by a lion, and many more, all described with wit, moral wisdom and impish humour. But these are only a small part of his total output and of much less significance when compared with his serious prose and poetry.

In one of his witty epigrams Belloc expresses the wish: 'When I am dead, I hope it may be said that his sins were scarlet but his books were read.' His wish has been only partially granted. True, Belloc still has a large, appreciative following (there's an international Belloc Society), but in common with so many other eminent writers he suffered a decline in popularity in the years following his death. Although there are encouraging signs that he may have survived that eclipse, his outspoken defence of the Faith, his challenging histories, and his political theories will ensure that the literary establishment will never accord him the eminence he once enjoyed and yet surely deserves. Among well-read columnists he is still quoted in literary reviews

and articles; a number of his best books are readily available in new editions; and during this year events have been planned both in England and Australia to celebrate his anniversary. But where once every student in Catholic schools

and seminaries studied Belloc's books with pleasure and profit and were able to quote from them in argument, there is now ignorance of him and little interest, bordering on disdain, among most academics.

One reason is Belloc's fearless, outspoken defence of his religion in his writings, his poetry and on the public platform, all of which sits uneasily with the deferential, ecumenical attitudes of today. Belloc's blustering, self-confident humour which produced the following lines tend to disturb the politically correct sensitivities of today:

Heretics all, wherever you be,
In Tarbes, or Nimes, or across the sea,
You never shall have good words from me

Caritas non conturbat me.

But Catholic men that live upon wine

Are deep in the water and frank and fine;

Wherever I travel I find it so,

Benedicamus Domino.

When these lines were written (and others like them), they were precisely what Catholics needed to raise their self-esteem, to boost their confidence because in the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries the Church was struggling to shed its Cinderella-like status; prejudice was wide-spread in public service, university and government employment. Belloc, with heroic certainty,



Pontius Pilate

WE don't know the names of those who nailed Jesus to the cross. We barely remember the names of those who falsely judged him and unjustly condemned him to death.

On the other hand, the name of Pontius Pilate, the man who washed his hands and kept himself on the sidelines, lives on in everyone's mind.

The executioners were more vicious, the judges more cruel. In Pilate, there was only tepidity, timorousness and finally indifference. In spite of this, it is his memory that remains. We recall him both in the Creed and in everyday expressions. His cowardice, his lack of commitment, lives on.

I find a lesson in this. We should condemn those who do evil, but, even more, those who have the chance to stop it, but do nothing. Evil is guilty, but indifference is even guiltier. That is what Pilate shows us as he continues to wash his hands.

— Amondo Fuentes Aguirre, *Reforma*, Mexico. Contributed by Paul Chigwidden, Ganmain.

did more than any other popular writer at the time to tell the world at large that Catholics were deserving of respect, proud, intelligent, and intellectually capable of taking their place in positions of influence. He raised the profile of the Catholic Church – although he probably would not have approved that modern cliché himself. For this, if for no other, he should be honoured and remembered by Catholics. (It may also be thought that we are in dire need of another Belloc today).

Belloc's histories, of which he wrote a large number in attempting to correct the anti-Catholic slant of so much official English history published at the time, are now virtually ignored even by Catholic historians. And yet in these he is often proved right. One critic wrote recently, when reviewing a new book on Henry VIII's wives, that its author, popular historian David Starkey, in concluding that the King had made himself head of the Church for no other reason than that he lusted after Anne Boleyn, was echoing precisely Belloc's views in his book on the Reformation written seventy-five years previously. Belloc's histories were never accepted by his peers as quite legitimate in spite of the author's first-class honours from Balliol College, Oxford, and his demonstrably brilliant mind. Belloc was not one to bother with references and bibliographies; his mind was encyclopaedic and he once argued that you have to write history with your feet. By this he meant that to write about the past you must go over the ground literally; observe the weather, the position of the sun, and the distances from one arena to another, and so on. When writing about the Battle of the Boyne for example, he waded across the river himself to prove that King William's army could only have crossed at a certain position of the tide. These details drawn from experience make the reading of Belloc's histories and biographies so lively and absorbing.

Hilaire Belloc was born in France in 1870 of a French father and English mother. After Louis Belloc, a barrister, died in 1872 his widow and young son moved back



The English In 1600

BAGPIPERS, fiddlers, tanners, tinkers,
Cardmakers, cobblers, common drinkers;
Carters, and catchpoles, chimney-sweepers,
Fishmongers, butchers, cattlekeepers;
Bricklayers, blacksmiths, weavers, tailors,
Goldfinders, scavengers, and jailors,
To rail against the Church of Rome,
To preach its downfall, and its doom,
And curse the pope, as they were made,
Was the main article they had;
And who perform'd it best were then
Cry'd up for mighty gifted men;
And those were held for sound divines,
Who pelted images and shrines;
And bang'd the saints, till black and blue,
And Pelion upon Ossa threw;*
On top of which to plant their engines,
For battering heaven with a vengeance;
Because the saints and angels there
Presume to pray for mortals here;
And are by God for guardians sent
To us of the Church militant,
But they were had in much esteem,
Who did the Mass the most blaspheme,
In short, their learning did consist
In railing who could rail the best.

– *England's reformation*, by Thomas Ward (1652-1708)

*Pelion was a mountain in Thessaly on which the giants according to Greek legend heaped Mt Ossa [another nearby lofty mountain] so as to scale the very walls of heaven.

to England. So began an intense love of his adopted county, Sussex – a love that was to inspire much of Belloc's writing, particularly his poetry. But he never forgot his French roots and returned there countless times, on the first occasion after completing his schooling at the Birmingham Oratory, to serve a year in the French artillery at Toul, eastern France. Later, Toul was chosen as the starting point for his great walk across the Alps to Rome recounted in his most celebrated book, *The Path To Rome*.

In 1893 he went up to Oxford to study history and took a brilliant first only two years later. The hoped for Fellowship was not awarded him, a denial that he claimed was on account of his religion. It left

him bitter ever afterwards. Was this in his mind when, years later, he wrote of his rightful garden in one of his best poems?

England, to me that never have
malingered,
Nor spoken falsely, nor your flattery used,
Nor even in my rightful garden
lingered: -
What have you not refused?

Without the security of a Fellowship Belloc spent the rest of his life a relatively poor man writing incessantly to keep his family from poverty. And it is his great output, approximately 120 books, some of them considered pot-boilers, which has tended to injure his lasting reputation. The

best of them are masterpieces – *The Path to Rome*, *The Cruise of the Nona*, *The Four Men*, and virtually all the volumes of essays. He hoped his poetry would live and certainly even his severest critics admit that the finest deserves a place in the English canon. His light verse, his drinking songs, and epigrams are widely remembered and quoted.

The Devil, having nothing else to do,
Went off to tempt My Lady Poltagrue.

My Lady, tempted by a private whim,
To his extreme annoyance,
tempted him.

Through all his poetry there runs a Catholic foundation, sometimes subtle, but often overt such as his most famous poem, *On Courtesy* for example, and culminating with his epic poem in praise of wine. After tracing and celebrating the history of wine in the development of western civilisation he ends by praying that Christ's sacred cup will not desert him in the end:

But when the hour of mine adventure's near
Just and benignant, let my youth appear
Bearing a chalice, open, golden, wide,
With benediction graven on its side
So touch my dying lip: so bridge

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the deep:
So pledge my waking from the
gift of sleep,
And, sacramental, raise me the
Divine:
Strong brother in God and last
companion, Wine.

Belloc's political philosophy, inspired by the papal encyclicals *Reum Novarum* and *Quadragesimo Anno*, and which he called Distributism, is generally dismissed as hopelessly impractical in an age of giantism and the global economy. He wanted a more equal distribution of property and the means of production and argued that where the wealth of the state was owned and controlled by a ruling few forcing the majority to work for a wage, there you have the institution of slavery. He believed that owning property was a fundamental right. His advocacy of small farming and manufacture on a human scale has influenced a new generation of political theorists such as F. Schumacher; the American poet and farmer, Wendall Berry; and in Australia, one-time Gough Whitlam aide, Race Mathews.

In our sad, mad world of irreligion where orthodox Christianity is battered by criticism and scandal, a return to the high spirits, the fearlessness, and the commonsense of Belloc's prose, and the inspirational beauty of his poetry is a rewarding antidote.

In this anniversary year let us hope that all young, thinking Catholics may be encouraged to discover, or rediscover the pleasure of reading this great champion of the Faith, Hilaire Belloc.



The English In 1500

THE English are great lovers of themselves and of everything belonging to them; they think that there is no other men than themselves, and no other world but England, and whenever they see a handsome foreigner they say that "he looks like an Englishman", or that "it is a pity that he should not be an Englishman". When they partake of any delicacy with a foreigner they ask him "if such a thing be made in his country". In regard to their religious practice, he added: 'They all attend Mass every day and say many *Pater Nosters* in public. The women carry long rosaries in their hands and any who can read take the Office of Our lady with them, and with some companion recite it in church, verse by verse in a low voice, after the manner of clerics. On Sunday they always hear Mass in their parish church and give liberal aims'.

– *The Venetian Traveller*, Camden Soc. 163.





MEDIA MATTERS

By James Murray

Not So Nobel

The citation of the Nobel Prize awarded to Cambridge scientists Francis Crick, James Watson and Maurice Wilkins for DNA research should be modified to include post-humous mention of their colleague Rosalind Franklin.

Franklin was responsible for the critical breakthrough of using X-ray crystallography

to photograph the double-helix shape of DNA. The Nobel Laureates used her research without her knowledge. Watson added insult to non-acknowledgement by dismissing her as frumpish. She died in 1958. Four years later, the trio strutted her stuff when they received their Nobel Prize in Stockholm.

An international award for young, female scientists has now been named after Rosalind Franklin. This, however, is merely the obverse of the sexism practised against her. Enshrining her name with the other Nobel Laureates would rectify an injustice which, had it been perpetrated in the religious field, would have had feminists using their bras as slingshots to hurl stale buns at the Vatican.

Irving-Hochhuth

The shemuzzle over whether Holocaust revisionist David Irving's quasi-monologue, *The Search for the Truth in History*, should be shown at the Underground Film Festival in Melbourne raises a question of wider

significance than movie bans and/or festival publicity plays.

Irving can be seen as a red-herring monger, a wild-goose chaser. He began in the 1960s by suggesting the air-crash death of Free Polish leader Wladyslaw Sikorski was due to British sabotage. He went on to criticising the bombing of Dresden and nay-saying on the Nazi policy of extermination of the Jews, initially called The Final Solution and later the Holocaust.

In so doing, did the Englishman Irving give Germans their premissive excuse to start their own revisionism? One of the first such revisionists was Rolf Hochhuth. His 1963 play *The Representative* focused on the role of Pius XII vis-a-vis The Final Solution. His 1967 play *Soldiers* focused on Allied war morality, including such strategies as the bombing of Dresden.

The common, Irving-Hochhuth mindset creates a sharp dilemma for a significant number of Jews. On the one hand, they seek to ban Irving's revisionism, particularly

on the Holocaust, its extent, methods and Hitler's knowledge of it. On the other hand, they seek to propagate his co-revisionist Hochhuth's idea that Pius XII, and Pius XII alone, could have halted the Holocaust by speaking out.

Hochhuth, as has been noted before in this column, was of the first generation to come of age after World War II. He faced a moral problem: his parental generation (with heroic exceptions) had chosen to sup with Hitler, and not use a long spoon.

Chilling Comment

NATURALLY the common people don't want war; neither in Russia, nor in England, nor in America, nor in Germany. That is understood. But after all, it is the leaders of the country who determine policy, and it is always a simple matter to drag the people along, whether it is a democracy, or a fascist dictatorship, or a parliament, or a communist dictatorship. ... Voice or no voice the people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is to tell them they are being attacked, and denounce the pacifists for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger. It works the same in any country.'

— Hermann Goering. [Source: interview with Gustave Gilbert during the Easter Recess of the Nuremberg Trials, April 18, 1946, quoted in Gilbert's *Nuremberg Diary*]

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What more facile way to avoid the national, if not personal, nature of this problem than by Irvingite revisionism: The Final Solution was not the fault of Nazi Germany; it was the fault of Pope Pius XII.

This is, of course, a classic example of scapegoating. It exculpates all those, including Jewish community leaders, who either thought they could treat with Hitler or could not comprehend the relentless evil of his reich.

Anyone who doubts the effectiveness of the scapgoating need only read the statements on Pius XII's wartime conduct by Jewish leaders before and after the worldwide staging of Hochhuth's play. Before, the statements are generally positive; after, they are equivalently negative. Thus, it can be argued, the last victim of Germanic lie-propaganda was not a Jew but the Catholic Pius XII.

Howard's Tick-tock

Too early to send in the clowns. Nonetheless it looks as if Prime Minister John Howard is losing his timing at this stage of his career. How else explain his daft call for changes to the Senate, followed by the relaunch of his Government's policy on cross-media ownership?

First result of his bad timing: the media policy was rejected in the Senate. The second result will be rejection by the electorate of Senate changes, and of John Howard.

Incidentally, it was noticeable that journalists from organisations in favour of media changes defined them as 'reforms', a term loaded with proprietorial bias rather than reportorial objectivity.

Was Howard's decision to join in the pre-emptive war against Iraq another sign of bad timing? Probably. His footwork and spin have always had a virtuoso quality. He is already the Fred Astaire of the core-non-core promise. It will be fascinating to watch his Gene Kelly shuffle as the United States moves towards the truth: it was deceived as to the war readiness of Saddam Hussein by exile Iraqis, seeking to replace his regime but with neither the will nor the means to strike themselves.

And as the US talks up North Korea as the next target, even enthusiasts must wonder at the quality of its intelligence, given its nil intelligence (nilligence?) on Iraq.

If Howard thinks he is having a bad time from local critics over this, he should consider what has been said to his UK opposite number Tony Blair. The quintes-

sence came from Max Hastings, no lefty, former war correspondent and former editor of *The Daily Telegraph*, London. In *The Sunday Telegraph*, he wrote: 'The Prime Minister committed British troops and sacrificed British lives on the basis of deceit, and it stinks.'

The fog of war, it seems, has shifted from the battlefield to the conference room.

Gallery Foxtrot

Newspaper journalists rightly castigated radio tribunes John Laws and Alan Jones for their sponsorship deals, and duly listed them. It would be fascinating to hear the views of Laws and Jones on the subject of the sponsorships that make the Parliamentary Gallery Ball one of the social highlights of the Canberra year.

True funds raised by the ball go to charity. But should journalists as influential as those in the Gallery, already subject to high-powered lobbying, not to mention spin doctoring by former colleagues, accept business sponsorships to enable them to trip the light fantastic, sip the odd noggin and enhance the odder relationship?

Hayden Con Brio

Born again grazier Bill Hayden still shows signs of being the Bluntest if not the Best Prime Minister Australia Never Had. In a letter (*SMH*, July 8) he revealed just how influential journalists can be when they switch to being minders (and counsellors).

Hayden's letter was inspired by a piece from veteran galleryman Alan Ramsey about Simon Crean's appointment of Mark Latham as Shadow Treasurer which Ramsay linked disparagingly to Hayden's 1983 appointment of Paul Keating as Shadow Treasurer with all that it entailed.

First, Hayden revealed Ramsey had urged the appointment; second, he revealed tax-policy was left in the hands of Ralph Willis because such policy terrified Keating (now we know why like man yof us he didn't get hi tax return in on time); third, Hayden pointed out Ramsey had neglected to mention that he was on Hayden's staff at the time.

There should be more Haydenesque revelations to show the extent to which unelected minder-ha esha e joined public servants as the court r's ecret rulers.

And the Latham appointment? It has the potential to break the policy dominance of the Treasury mandarins. Liberal Treasurer Peter Costello not only mimicks Keating's speech patterns, like him, he also



sings from the Treasury songs in praise of Mammon. Latham has some ideas of his own, ideas of a distributist cast. It would be worth voting Labor just to see him play bull in the Treasury china shop where a lot of the crockery is borrowed from overseas, including the GST, that totalitarian non-panacea for economic ills.

Train Slaughter

The term corporate manslaughter is now a legal reality. Prosecutors in England are to bring manslaughter charges of this kind against the maintenance firm Balfour Beatty after a train crash north of London three years ago in which four people died. Individuals accused could face life sentences; firms involved, unlimited fines. The context for the accident was the splitting and privatisation of an integrated rail system to create different entities, controlling rolling stock, signals and track. No need to emphasise the local relevance of this.

Branded DNA

Branding of clean-skin cattle is part of Australian folklore. Intriguing to see it applied to the human genome system in the patenting by local scientist Dr Malcolm Simons of 'junk DNA' in the 1980s. He on-sold his patent to Genetic Technologies of Melbourne which now seeks to commercialise 'junk DNA', that is DNA without genes, by charging a 'peppercorn' \$1000 (some peppercorn) for using it in academic research. Resistance is led by Dr Francis Collins, American head of the genome sequencing team.

Market forces will doubtless be cited. Your correspondent will believe in their validity when their proponents stop straining at the

gnat of individual welfare and swallowing the camel of corporate welfare.

Collins also emphasised (Deborah Smith *SMH*, July 8) that science and faith were entirely compatible, and that religious leaders should be involved in discussion on the ethical issues inherent in genetic research. 'If God has any meaning at all,' he added. 'He has to be outside the natural world. Science is the wrong tool to try and understand him.'

Thin End of Wedgewood

Globalisation is a fact of life. Occasionally, its manifestations shock: Wedgewood (or more exactly Waterford Wedgewood) is cutting 1000 jobs in Stoke-on-Trent and switching production to China. (*The Scotsman*, June 30). According to chief executive Redmond O'Donoghue (magnificent moniker) this will save 70 per cent on costs. But will the China Wedgewood have the same prestige value as the Wedgewood produced in Stoke since 1759? And what's the shattering news on Waterford crystal? Will it also be switched to China?

Fat Chance

The transfer of Tony Squires (the Thinking Woman's Billy Bunter) and teammates on *The Fat* from the ABC to the Seven Network prompts a question they may care to discuss. Should the ABC be paid a transfer fee when players it has discovered and trained move to another, more lucrative station? After all Leeds United did get a share of their discovery footballer Harry Kewell's record fee when he transferred to Liverpool.

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MRS Fry was a famous prison reformer. Sydney once accompanied her on a visit to a prison and was much touched by her humanity and the affection she inspired among the prisoners. But –

'Mrs Fry,' he wrote, 'is very unpopular with the clergy: examples of living, active virtue disturb our repose, and give birth to distressing comparisons: we long to burn her alive.'

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

A second look at Ross Fitzgerald and B.A. Santamaria

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE POPE'S BATTALIONS

By IAN MACDONALD



ROSS Fitzgerald, with the aid of Adam Carr and William J. Dealy, has undertaken Herculean research for *The Pope's Battalions: Santamaria, Catholicism and the Labor Split*. Unlike Hercules, or indeed Santamaria, he tends to be overwhelmed by his research material instead of basing clear analysis on it.

All too often, he lists dates, meetings and names, names, names as if working to the local newspaper mantra: 'Names sell papers.' And when it comes to emphasis on aspects of his material, his choices can be intriguing. He gives in full a cameo of a stern nun confronting a non-Grouper Catholic in Melbourne and accusing him of being a Communist. But he eschews detail on the multiple-vote forging used by Communists in their attempt to control the Federated Ironworkers' Association, an attempt thwarted mainly by the pertinacious Laurie Short, and remarkably similar to that involving the Electricians Union in Britain.

In his emphases, Fitzgerald shows himself to be a romantic of the Left, not necessarily a morally fatal condition. Hard-faced capitalism, which holds that the poor can feed off its dribble, is more pernicious. Fitzgerald continually suggests that the threat represented by the Soviet Union was overstated as if its forces were the equivalent of Potemkin villages, all facade and blow them down. But the same forces that suppressed uprisings in Hungary, Czechoslovakia and

East Germany were as real as their killings.

Given less resolution (and nuclear capability) by the NATO countries, they might well have been unleashed against the West as their predecessors under Trotsky were in 1922 until halted by Pilsudski's Poles at the decisive battle of the Vistula.

Similarly, Fitzgerald suggests that local Communist trade union leaders were good blokes more interested in bettering working conditions and wages than furthering world revolution along Soviet lines. Significantly he makes no mention of the Venona transcripts which detail the extent of Soviet ideological and mercenary linkages with trade unions, politicians and academics.

In this, he shares in the odd revisionism through which the Cambridge traitors Burgess, MacLean, Philby, Blunt and Cairncross were depicted in the recent BBC/ABC series (a kind of Bratsbed Revisited) as bright, young toffs who loved the working poor no less than they loved each other, and for that reason became Soviet agents.

Fitzgerald, a vivid writer in other contexts (See his column in *The Australian*) makes little attempt to characterise his principals. For example the late Archbishop James Carroll, a key player in keeping New South Wales Labor within the national ALP tent, is simply named. Nothing is made of his tough-minded yet deeply pastoral character which made him, in this reviewer's parishioner knowledge, part-Talleyrand, part-Cure of Ars.

As with Carroll, so with Santamaria. In Fitzgerald's view,

he is merely a name attached to an anti-Communist movement, focused mainly on the trade unions and through them on the Australian Labor Party with unsatisfactory, if not catastrophic results, for all concerned.

The Soviet Union, Fitzgerald seems to suggest, collapsed on its own. No sense that the collapse was triggered by Solidarity, an anti-Communist trade union movement remarkably akin to Santamaria's except that in Poland, a nation of profoundly Catholic culture, it was not subject to sectarian prejudice nor the likes of that brilliant nutter Herbert Vere (Doc) Evatt.

Where Fitzgerald demonstrates a potentially great historian's prowess is in pointing out Santamaria's constant criticism of international, laissez faire capitalism and his late-life preoccupation with the state of the Catholic Church.

Without the moral strength and social justice doctrine of the latter, it needs to be said, the former will never be humanised. Nor saved from its own collapse as its leading proponent, the United States of America fights multi-billion wars while trying to ignore a multi-trillion San Andreas Fault of debt.

Fitzgerald's title derives, of course, from Stalin's cynical question: 'How many battalions does the Pope have?' Perhaps both should have known Napoleon's less celebrated dictum on how to deal with the Pope: 'As though he had 200,000 men.'

B.A. Santamaria, like his literary heroes Hilaire Belloc and G.K. Chesterton, was of that number. And not the least.



A different face on the Israeli-Palestinian conflict

SAVING KAWASBEH

By ISABEL KERSHNER

IN the topsy-turvy world of one Jerusalem hospital, a brilliant Israeli surgeon, famed for trauma work on victims of terrorist bombings, has taken on as a project the treatment of a gravely injured Palestinian, shot during the siege of the Church of the Nativity.

Samer Kawasbeh, 26, emerged from Bethlehem's Church of the Nativity in the middle of the Israeli siege last April as if from the grave.

Twelve days earlier, he'd been shot in the stomach, apparently by an army sniper when he went to draw some water from a well within the church compound. The details are sketchy, but Kawasbeh somehow ended up back inside the sanctuary. Franciscan nuns cared for him as best they could in primitive conditions, while the Palestinian militants holed up inside the church, according to Israel, refused to let anyone leave. By the time the army could transfer Kawasbeh to hospital on April 15, his stomach was a gaping, festering hole.

'His small bowel was gangrenous and maggots were already eating away at his insides,' recalls Prof. Avi Rivkind, head of surgery and trauma at Hadassah Ein Kerem hospital in Jerusalem. 'We've never seen anything like it, alive.'

Nine months on, Kawasbeh is still with us. In fact, says the effervescent Rivkind, he's 'just wonderful.' It's not only the medical challenges and achievements that enthuse the professor, better known for his cutting-edge treatment of victims of terrorist attacks. About a thousand Israelis injured in suicide bombings and other attacks have passed through this hospital in the past two years, gaining Rivkind and his unit international coverage and recognition. For Rivkind, though,

WAR has many faces. Parallel to the famous unofficial truce called by the German and Allied troops for Christmas 1914, is this story of the Jewish Hospital in Jerusalem fighting to save the life of a young Arab shot by an Israeli sniper as he left the sanctuary of Bethlehem's Church of the nativity during the siege last year. As we go to press Bethlehem is adjusting to the end of Israeli military occupation of the town. Father Ibrahim Faltas, OFM superior of the Nativity Church comments: 'Israelis and Palestinians cannot take any more. Everyone wants a better life. The cease-fire offers a glimpse of hope that we must not let go.'

Kawasbeh's case is symbolic. It is, he says, what being Jewish is all about.

For one thing, only an advanced facility like Hadassah's could have

kept Kawasbeh alive. If he'd been taken to a Bethlehem hospital, says Rivkind, he'd have surely died. For another, Kawasbeh, who has spent three months in intensive care, has undergone over a dozen operations and still has months of hospitalization (in the best case) and complicated reconstructive surgery ahead, has no medical insurance. The cost of saving Kawasbeh, a resident of Bethlehem in the Palestinian Authority area of the West Bank, is, says Rivkind, so far being covered by 'you, me, and of course, Hadassah.' According to hospital officials, Kawasbeh's care has already cost some quarter of a million dollars. The hospital hopes at least some of it will be reimbursed by the government, which may, in turn, eventually reach a settlement with the PA over such cases. In the meantime, the bill is outstanding.

'They'll say we're crazy, but it doesn't matter,' says Rivkind, acknowledging that some of Hadassah's donors from the United States are furious when they hear

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about it. 'I can understand them, but I don't agree,' says the doctor. 'That's what makes the Jewish people and the Jewish tradition special. Obviously we'll treat him. He's here. What are we meant to do? Strangle him?'

Kawasbeh Shuffles out of his cubicle in the surgery ward, his mobile metal attachment of drips and infusions in tow. He is extremely thin and unshaven, but smiling. He seems pleased for the visit, even if it is only from an unfamiliar reporter.

'How are you?' I ask. 'Barukh Hashem,' he replies, God be Blessed, in the basic Hebrew he's picked up during his hospital stay.

The last thing Kawasbeh remembers is locking up the Sababa restaurant on Manger Street, where he worked, at about 3 p.m. on April 2. That afternoon Israeli forces, as part of Operation Defensive Shield, rolled rapidly into Bethlehem and toward Manger Square, where armed members of the Fatah Tanzim militia were gathered. They had assumed, wrongly, that the Israeli tanks and troops would not venture into the city's historic and religious core.

By Kawasbeh's account, he got shot there and then in the street, and was taken into the safety of the church in nearby Manger Square by passersby. He says he has no idea who shot him – the army or the Tanzim. The next thing he says he remembers is waking up in Hadassah.

It's not clear whether Kawasbeh's total memory lapse is pathological or diplomatic, perhaps intended to avoid giving any information or taking any stand about the goings-on inside the church. Israel said the armed militiamen were holding the civilians and 40 or so monks and nuns inside the church hostage. The Palestinians were, for the most part, too afraid of the Israeli snipers stationed outside to leave, despite the appalling sanitary conditions and the lack of food and water inside. Some also reported having been threatened that if they left, they would be considered collaborators or traitors. The Franciscan monks denied being held hostage, though



Why the Fuss?

'Tell me comrade,
What is capitalism?'

'The exploitation
of man by man.'

'And what is communism?'

'The reverse.'

– An anecdote circulating in East Bloc countries in the '60s. Quoted in Arthur Koestler's *The Act of Creation*, Pan Books, 1964.

some spoke out against the militants' desecration of the holy place.

Certainly, Kawasbeh was unconscious for much of his stay. But according to his older brother, Jamil, he ran into the church himself, in one piece. Speaking to *The Report* by phone from the family home behind the Church of the Nativity, Jamil says Samer was making his way home from the restaurant across Manger Square when shooting broke out. Along with everyone else, he ran for cover into the church. He spoke with the family by cell phone a couple of times, and described the poor conditions. Then a couple of days into the siege, he was shot by a sniper when he ventured outdoors to collect water from the well by St. Catherine's, one of the chapels in the compound.

Whatever the case, the fact that Kawasbeh is not under police guard or supervision suggests that he is not wanted on any security count. Like scores of other innocent civilians, he simply got caught up in

the Church of the Nativity stand off, which eventually ended after 39 days with a European-brokered deal that involved sending 13 militants wanted by Israel into exile abroad and another 26 to Gaza.

Rivkind, for his part, has never asked Kawasbeh about his background or what he was doing in the church. 'It doesn't interest me; I don't want to embarrass him,' he says.

Kawasbeh's case received little, if any, media coverage, though other shootings within the church compound were well-documented. Taher Manasra, a 20-year-old who was transferred to Hadassah Ein Kerem at the same time as Kawasbeh, with a gunshot wound to the leg, was able to tell reporters how he'd been targeted by a sniper while gathering grass to eat in the church compound. Then there was the bell-ringer, Samir Salman, a 45-year-old mentally impaired man who decided to leave the church on day two of the siege. He was killed by a sniper who reportedly thought he might be carrying a bomb. Four others, including two members of the Palestinian police, were shot dead inside the compound during the siege.

One report from the time, in the London *Daily Telegraph*, speaks of a man who'd been shot in the stomach by an Israeli sniper – presumably Kawasbeh – and who 'had his guts spilling out.' A doctor from a nearby Bethlehem hospital reportedly gave advice over the phone to the nuns caring for him, telling them to 'push the intestines back inside and line up the skin so that it can heal, and then wrap him in a linen sheet.'

The Telephone Doctor couldn't have known, but Kawasbeh's abdomen was way beyond natural healing. Even today, the wound is covered only partially by skin grafts. There are no muscles, says Rivkind. 'We are now debating how to close him up; there's nothing to sew.' Special sticking agents have had to be flown from England. 'Every minute staffers come to me and say Kawasbeh needs this or Kawasbeh needs that,' declares Rivkind, savoring every bit of what he terms 'the complete craziness' of the case.

Kawasbeh still has an 8-11 hour operation ahead of him to reconstruct his digestive system. For now, he gets

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nourishment by infusion. He's obviously become something of a project for Rivkind, who says: 'It's also a professional thing now. We've already invested so much. We want to send him off like a mensch. His wound needs to heal totally. Kawasbeh has to get completely better.'

Ensnared in his new sanctuary of Hadassah's Surgery A department, Kawasbeh is not arguing. He gives everyone here the thumbs up. 'I thank them all. What can I say?' he says, adding that Rivkind is an 'ahlah' professor – meaning, in both Arabic and Hebrew slang, the best.

In fact he's made himself quite at home, playing backgammon with the Arabic-speaking cleaning staff and other patients, including soldiers who've passed through. He passes the time with a small TV. And when Bethlehem's checkpoints aren't completely closed, he gets a family visit once a week thanks to permits obtained through Hadassah.

According to the head nurse, he's a fixture, an integral part of the department. Here and there, he tries to help out, feeding patients who need assistance. 'He doesn't want to go anywhere,' she says, 'and there's no end in sight.'

And though Hadassah is so far shelling out the vast sums to cover Kawasbeh's case, his family in Bethlehem is appealing for help. They are only asked to keep Kawasbeh in diapers and pay 600 shekels a month (roughly \$125) to rent the TV, but they can barely afford that. Depending on work in Bethlehem's cafés and restaurants, the family is facing hard times between army-imposed curfews and the flight of tourism. 'Last month we could only give the hospital 500 shekels for the TV. We promised to bring the other 100 when we can,' says Jamil. The broke and barely functioning PA and its Ministry of Health are no help. 'We have tried talking to them, but it's like talking to the air,' he laments. He ends his plea for help with a de rigueur pronouncement: 'We are praying and praying for peace to come,' he says, 'and to live together in peace. We want to live.'

The patient had only a passing acquaintance with Israel before he

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ended up in Hadassah. He'd worked on construction sites in Netanyahu for a while in the 90s, and together with some of his relatives, in the kitchen of a restaurant in Abu Ghosh, an Arab Israeli village near Jerusalem.

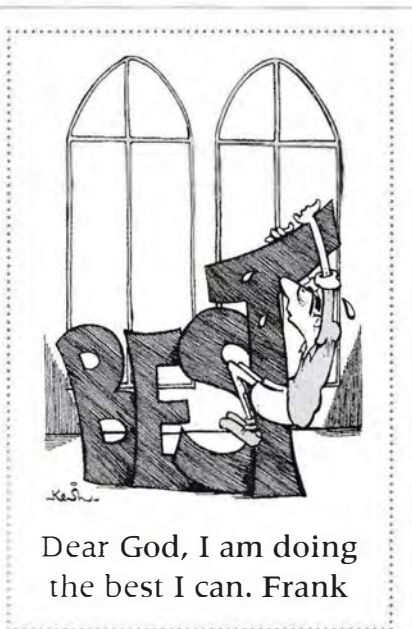
Even now, he's not given to profound political musings on the meaning of his new life. He says he doesn't know if there'll be peace. 'If there is,' he says, 'I'll go to Bethlehem. If not, I'm staying right here.'

Trauma has almost become Hadassah Ein Kerem's second name.

Some 15 staff members of the institution have lost close relatives to terrorism in the past two years. And one of its specialists, Shmuel Gillis, a hematologist with a world reputation, was shot dead on a West Bank road on his way home from work in February 2001. 'He died instantly. We didn't even get the chance to try to treat him,' says Rivkind. 'That was an international disaster.'

In this context, saving Kawasbeh has taken on a special significance for Rivkind, an affirmation of humanity above all. 'It's a microcosm, a ray of light,' he declares. 'The strongest trees start as little saplings. Who knows, maybe once he leaves here he'll go and be a leader for peace. Or maybe not.'

Even after all that Rivkind has seen in the past two years – the dozens of bodies shattered by bombs, those he could save and those he couldn't – he says he doesn't despair. 'Not at all. Those who've been killed have been killed. But those who are not dead yet – I'm motivated to get them out alive. Even Kawasbeh!'



Dear God, I am doing
the best I can. Frank

This article first appeared in *The Jerusalem Report*, January 27, 2003. Reprinted with permission.

I Capture the Castle

Quintessences by their nature take time. And this is the quintessence of Dodie Smith's novel, published in the 1950s yet nostalgic for an earlier England. Scriptwriter Heidi Thomas and director Tim Fywell triumph by going both for the novel's spirit and letter which concern a literary family in the days before grants were available to secure a mortgage, help a writer through block, booze or downright sloth.

Bill Nighy is the writer-father, feckless genius personified, stuck in a ruined castle between a first success and ... Well, mainly his daughters Rose (Rose Byrne) and Cassandra (Romola Garai) and, having wounded his wife with a cake-knife, his mistress Topaz (Tara Fitzgerald).

Byrne's subtle playing matches her beauty. Garai, less exquisite perhaps, surpasses her in a duel of angelic siblings, contending for a brace of rich American brothers who happen into their frugal idyll. Here the movie sags. The brothers, as played by Marc Blucas and Henry Thomas, are the offspring of cigar-store Indians, that is, they have a gene for woodenness.

But that may be too harsh. Byrne and Garai (and Fitzgerald) are actresses of such spirited beguilement they would make even Al Pacino look like a teak log.

PG SFFV ★★★★★

Hulk

Director Ang Lee is eager to give a new look to this antique, comic-book character who has already had a long run on television: Result: he overdoes the special effects and the split-screen edits. In addition, his computer-image Hulk looks like King Kong with an all-over body shave, a green paint job and an appointment to lead an uproarious St Patrick's Day parade.

Nonetheless the movie does convey a serious warning about

science untrammelled by morality or ethics. Eric Bana, having played Mark (*Chopper*) Reed, has no trouble fitting into the monstrous transformation scenes. Jennifer Connelly tops her Academy Award winning role in *A Beautiful Mind*. Hers is a jewel of a performance, a marvellous emerald set in a gaudy, fairground plastic ring.

The open-ended nature of the movie indicates that she and Bana will reprise their roles in a sequel. This should confirm Bana's status not only as a Hollywood star like Russell Crowe but also, again like Crowe, as a star of the Sydney real estate firmament.

M 15+ SFFV ★★★★★

Monsieur Batignole

Director Gerald Jugnot does a Chaplin by starring in this fact-inspired story of a pork butcher in Paris who finds himself the reluctant carer of a trio of Jewish children whose parents have disappeared into the Nazi extermination machine.

Jugnot the director maintains a fine balance between tragedy and comedy without shirking the extent to which some French collaborated with the Nazis. Jugnot the star embodies *petit bourgeois* courage as the hen-pecked husband recalling his military service as he seeks to break the Nazi cordon and bring his charges to a safe haven.

M 15+ SFFV ★★★★★

It Runs in the Family

Michael Douglas and his father Kirk Douglas co-star in this family saga. The latter's divorced wife Diana appears, ironically, as his spouse of more than forty years. And Michael Douglas's son Cameron makes his feature film debut.

At times it looks like a series of *Home Beautiful* spreads but everyone avoids bumping into the elegant furniture as they enact their roles as the Grombergs, legal

eagles who carry their torts into their home life. The Douglasses act up a storm (about Force 10) in which the great Broadway diva Bernadette Peters as Michael Douglas's wife is the calm centre.

Michael Douglas also produced the film. Fred Schepisi directs the script by Jesse Wigutow and Paul Grabowsky provides sprightly music for the family charades.

Kirk Douglas? He shows in his 86th year, and movie, that despite a stroke, he is still what he was in his 1949 breakthrough role: *Champion*.

M 15+ SFFV ★★★★★

Baran

Iranian writer-director Majid Majidi works under a strict Islamic censorship regime. Yet his films are dynamic, possibly because they are not blatant, quasi-documentary replication but subtle works of art which draw their power from the creative tension between restriction and imagination.

He presents us with a Tehran building site which would make any local, self-respecting unionist, or even a market-force minister, call up the spirit of Norm Gallagher to make it safe.

On the building site, working as a rouseabout, is a tough Iranian boy Lateef (Hossein Abedni) whose job is taken by a disguised Afghan refugee Rahmat (Zahra Bahrani). He hates his replacement until one day he catches sight of her combing the secret glory of her hair.

Love instant. Love constant. Love unfulfilled as she returns to Afghanistan with her family thanks to money he has provided. Not quite unfulfilled. See this film for the ending alone.

PG SFFV ★★★★★

A Mighty Wind

Director Christopher Guest showed his mastery of mockumentary comedy in *Best In Show*. Here he goes from the dogs to folk

singers, creating riffs of hilarity as he brings back a warble of Sixties folkies in a one-night tribute show to their late mentor Irving Steinbloom.

The pseudo-folkies include Mitch and Mickey, played by the great character-comedian Eugene Levy and the wonderfully wry Catherine O'Hara. Levy co-wrote the script with Guest who also makes an appearance as one of the Folksmen. The show is a triumph of nostalgia over catastrophe and folksong over the blues.

PG SFFV ★★★★★

The 25th Hour

Ed Norton, often cited as the finest actor of his generation, proves it in this Spike Lee movie about a brash, young drug dealer, Monty, spending a last day before going to jail for seven years.

The intensity of Norton's acting and Lee's brooding style conceal what would seem to be a plot weakness: a convicted drug dealer being allowed to make his own way to a federal penitentiary as if it were boarding school.

And a minor quibble: it's unlikely that an Irish-American, ex-fireman bar-owner (Brian Cox) would regale his son with the Scottish ballad *Loch Lomond*. He would have given him *The Minstrel Boy*. The choice of the ballad is surely a tribute to Cox's Scottish experience at Dundee Repertory Theatre.

Nonetheless an exemplary underworld film, fit to join classics of the genre in which the likes of James Cagney, Spencer Tracy and Lee Marvin starred.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

Danny Deckchair

The castles in this comedy are Aussie suburban and country. Danny (Rhys Ifans) is a cement truck driver who dreams of flight. And achieves it by means of the titular deckchair and a lift of helium balloons.

He crash-lands into the life of Glenda (Miranda Otto), the only parking cop in the country town

Official Classifications key

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

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of Clarence. Television fame and his girlfriend Trudy beckon. Will Danny succumb?

Ifans is extremely funny as the flying Danny. He would have been even funnier had he played native Welsh instead of dinkum Aussie. Otto makes Glenda a nice mix of authoritarian and minx.

PG SFFV ★★★★★

Autofocus

Bob Crane played Colonel Hogan in *Hogan's Heroes*, a long-running, prison-camp TV comedy which can doubtless still be seen somewhere on cable as an example of its antique riches. On screen, Crane was a sly charmer. Off screen, he was a good Catholic boy making bad, so bad his life ended in a fatal morass of



sexual sleaze 25 years ago when he was bludgeoned to death, a killing still unsolved.

Director Paul Schrader, from a puritan rather than Catholic background, essays a scrutiny of Crane's life. He faces but does not solve the problem of how to convey sexual degeneracy without exploiting it. Nor is Schrader able to give virtue its strength against vice. He shows us scenes of the young Crane living a good life with his wife (Rita Wilson). But the usually lustrous Wilson's character is a dim-out, thus heightening the dark glamour of Crane's secret life.

Greg Kinnear as Crane is superlative, shifting from suburban good guy to TV star to zealot for sleaze to sad soul wishing to have done with it all, a wish that triggers murder in Willem Dafoe, playing John Carpenter, the predatory video whiz, who is Crane's companion in excess.

R 18+ NFFV ★★★★★

Travelling Birds

Not many documentaries remind you of a prayer. Director/producer Jacques Perrin's splendid effort about migratory birds does. It includes puffins in Iceland, cranes in Japan, snow geese across New York, condors in Argentina, albatrosses in New Zealand and pelicans in Senegal.

Perrin and his team filmed with such extraordinary authenticity that you seem to fly with the birds on their globe-girdling flights. And the prayer? An old one: 'All ye birds of the air bless the Lord, praise and exhalt Him forever.'

G SFFV ★★★★★

2 Fast 2 Furious

And 2 Much Already. The sequel to *The Fast and the Furious*, driven by the force of a franchise in which vroom-vroom, high-octane vehicles, competing in illegal street racing for instant prize-money, outperform the actors. Paul Walker and Vin Diesel co-starred in the first movie. Walker is again the chief rev-head. But Diesel has acceler-

ated his career in other directions, and has been replaced by an actor with even more menacing musculature called Tyrese. Eva Mendes plays the government agent who assists them in a plot with more twists than a Grand Prix circuit. And Cole Hauser gives everyone lessons in how to out-act automobiles. These include the Mitsubishi EVO 7, Nissan Skyline GTR, 1979 Hemi Dodge Challenger and 1998 BMW M3. Odd to remember the first feature starring a vehicle was *Genevieve* in 1953 which co-starred Kenneth More and Kay Kendall.

M 15+ SFFV ★★☆☆☆

Undead

The Spierig Brothers (Peter and Michael) who wrote, produced, edited and directed, cannot decide whether they're making a space horror flick like *Alien* or a faux spiritual *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. The result, a piece of Outback Gothic, a saturnine mess in which blood boltered scenes of zombie mayhem are intermixed with magnificent special effects. The movie includes the loner who seeks to save the human race. He is called Marion (after Marion Morrison real name of John Wayne) and is played by Mungo McKay to whom this reviewer apologises for thinking he was Jeremy Sims. In any case, McKay will never be better in a worse part.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Morvern Callar

Great name for a lead character. Great actress to play her (Samantha Morton). Director Lynn Ramsay's film which she co-scripted with Liani Dognini is a bleak take on the young, based on Alan Warner's novel.

In a Scottish fishing port, Morvern disposes of the body of her boyfriend who has died of an overdose. She also takes over his bank account and the print-out of his unpublished novel as means to get away.

With the novel she achieves fame but this separates her from her friend Lanna (gifted newcomer



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Kathleen McDermott) yet delivers her back to what she has fled: the dead-end world of drink, drugs and clubbing.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Bruce the Almighty

Jim Carrey is a bit like Heinz: too many varieties of expression to be taken seriously. And like all comics, Carrey wants to be taken seriously. Here he plays a television reporter Bruce whose forte is cute stories and whose ambition is to be Kerry O'Brien or his American equivalent (is there someone called Walter Cronkite?)

He contacts God (Morgan Freeman) who grants him His powers for a week. Bruce fulfills his ambition. But is it his destiny?

M 15+ SFFV ★★☆☆☆

A Man Apart

Vin Diesel muscles up as an anti-drug agent, warring against

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- Editor. *Annals Australasia*.

South American cocaine barons. By the standards of CNN, live-action coverage of real war, the fire-power in the movie's multiple skirmishes is ridiculous. The movie itself is not exactly serious stuff.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Respiro

Set on the island of Lampedusa, off Sicily, writer/director Emanuele Crialesi's movie is like a spaghetti marinara in which all the ingredients don't quite come together but which is nevertheless enjoyable with a bottle of Frascati.

The Frascati is Valeria Golina who plays Grazia, a free spirit, protected by her husband (Vincenzo Amato), loved by her son (Francesco Casisa) and despised by fellow villagers - until she disappears.

M 15+ SFFV ★★☆☆☆

My Little Eye

Big Brother meets *The Blair Witch Project* in this thriller about five young people (Sean CW Johnson, Kris Lemche, Stephen O'Reilly, Laura Reagan and Jennifer Sky). All are ambitious for fame plus a prize of one million dollars. To win it, they must stay under camera surveillance in a remote country house. But when killing begins, their resolution is put to an ultimate test. With a twist.

MA 15+ NFFV ★☆☆☆☆

The Italian Job

Cars (Mini-Coopers) also star in this remake of the 1969 Michael Caine-Noel Coward heist-thriller. The original was set in Turin. The remake is set in Venice and its opening sequences are both a tribute to *La Serenissima* and a demonstration that remakes can be superior to originals.

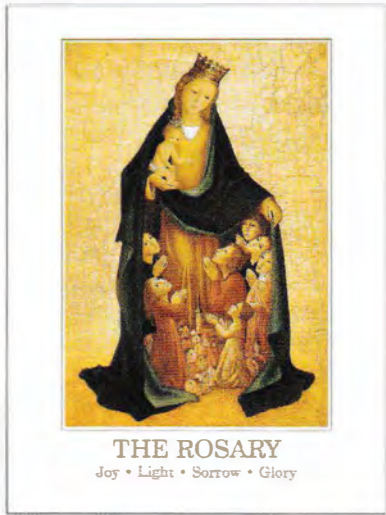
Mark Wahlberg and Edward Norton head the cast. Donald Sutherland adds class. So does Charlize Theron although of a different variety.

M 15+ SFFV ★★☆☆☆

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Of the 12 army nurses, Sister Ellen Savage was the sole survivor

SINKING THE HOSPITAL SHIP *CENTAUR* MAY 14, 1943

Few disasters during World War II touched the Australian people more deeply than the sinking of the Centaur. LANCE HOBAN recalls the sinking of this hospital ship by a Japanese submarine at 4 a.m. on May 14, 1943. Of the 332 personnel aboard, only 64 were to survive.



HE tragic meaning of the grim futility of war was to be indelibly inscribed within the hearts and minds of the Australian people, when news of the sinking of the hospital ship *Centaur*, without warning and with the loss of 268 lives, was released by the Australian naval authorities.

Prior to the outbreak of World War II, the *Centaur*, a passenger vessel of approximately 7,000 tons, provided a passenger service between Fremantle, Hong Kong and Singapore until converted in 1941 to a hospital ship for general medical purposes. At the time, Notice of Intention to convert the *Centaur* to a hospital ship was communicated by the Commonwealth Government to the Axis Powers and the Japanese Government, with particulars of her dimensions, markings and appearance, so there was little excuse for her subsequent wanton destruction. The ship had already come under notice in 1941 when she reportedly rescued survivors of the German auxiliary armed cruiser *Kormoran* after it had sunk, and been sunk by, HMAS Sydney.

On 12 May, 1943, at 0900 hours, the *Centaur* sailed unescorted from Sydney, bound for Port Moresby to embark casualties from the Buna and Gona battles. On board were 75 crew of the Merchant Navy, a ship's pilot, 64 medical staff, 12 nurses of the Australian Army Nursing Service, and 149 men of the 2/12 Field Ambulance Brigade, together with stores and equipment but no combatants. When about

50 miles east of Brisbane, the ship was torpedoed without warning by a Japanese submarine at approximately 0400 hours on 14 May. At the time, the *Centaur* was fully illuminated and clearly marked to indicate that she was a hospital ship, with prominent red crosses and green lines painted along her hull. Red crosses were also displayed on her funnel and stern, with another brightly illuminated cross on her after deck house. Of the 332 personnel on board, only 64 were to survive. These survivors were to spend 36 hours on makeshift rafts and wreckage until assistance finally arrived – of the complement of 12 Army Nurses, Sister Ellen Savage was the sole survivor.

The Arrival of Assistance

On 15 May at 1400 hours, an Arvo Anson from 71 RAAF Squadron based at Lowood Airfield, on a general coastal patrol, spotted the survivors in the water, and then radioed the United States destroyer *Mugford* to proceed to the scene to rescue them. At the time the *Mugford* had been escorting

the British freighter *Sussex* clear of coastal waters.

Protest to Japan

The sinking of the *Centaur* was regarded as an atrocity, and the Australian Government delivered an official protest to Japan over the tragic incident. The Japanese, however, did not acknowledge any responsibility concerning the loss of the *Centaur*, and the War Crimes Tribunal was unable to identify the submarine responsible. It was later proven, however, that it was submarine I-177 under the command of Lt Commander Nakagawa that had sunk the *Centaur*. Nakagawa was later convicted as a war criminal for firing on the survivors of the cargo vessel *British Chivalry* which his submarine had sunk earlier in the Indian Ocean.

The Survival of Sister Savage

Sister Ellen Savage was asleep in her cabin when she was suddenly awakened by a violent explosion and practically thrown from her berth. Registering mentally that it was a torpedo explosion, she called to her companion, Sister Merle Moston, to follow. With both in their night attire, they hurried to an upper deck where she met her commanding officer, Colonel Manson, who gently said: "That's right girlies, jump for it now." Querying with him if there was time for her to retrieve her greatcoat, Manson replied: "No, girlie; jump." He then climbed over the



When I'm finally holding all the cards, why does everyone decide to play chess?

deck railing and jumped, and Sister Savage and her companion quickly followed.

The suction of the sinking *Centaur* immediately dragged Sister Savage into a whirlpool of oil and debris, then propelled her back to the surface where she found her way to a makeshift raft, being a portion of the ship's wheelhouse, which was already supporting a number of survivors, in night attire and huddled together in an endeavour to combat the cold. Her plunge into the sea had been at serious physical cost – her ribs, nose and palate were broken, her ear drums perforated and she was suffering multiple bruising. Despite her injuries and the desperate situation confronting her, she rendered medical care to fellow victims as best she could, comforting those with serious injuries, reciting the Rosary, and exhorting all to hold fast as deliverance from their precarious plight was on the way and near at hand. Later, for her courage and inspirational assistance to her fellow

survivors throughout their ordeal, Sister Savage was awarded the coveted George medal.

Condolences from General Macarthur

The following message of condolence from General Douglas Macarthur to the Australian Government was received:

I cannot express the revulsion I feel at this unnecessary act of cruelty. Its limitless savagery represents the continuation of a calculated attempt to create a sense of trepidation through the practice of horrors designed to shock normal sensibilities. The brutal excesses of the Philippines campaign, the execution of our captured airmen, the barbarity of Papua, are all of a pattern. The enemy does not understand – he apparently cannot understand – that our invincible strength is not so much of the body, as it is of the soul, and rises with adversity. The Red Cross will not

falter under this foul blow. Its light of mercy will but shine the brighter on our way to inevitable victory.

Victims Remembered

Few disasters during World War II touched the Australian community more deeply than the loss of the *Centaur*. The *Centaur* is remembered at two sites – at Caloundra, Queensland, where a memorial on a cliff is pointing towards the ship's final resting place; and another at Point Danger, Coolangatta, Queensland, where a memorial erected in 1993 marks the 50th anniversary of the atrocity. Remembered also are the names of the victims – brave hearts who lost their lives for love of country, humanity and freedom, and now at rest sleeping peacefully in the calm of the ocean depths.



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



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