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Cambridge Spies and Marxism's 'Post-Modernist' Front

History, especially 'bad' history, has a habit of repeating itself. The world built on the phony foundations of materialism, individualism and deconstructionism is unravelling, and our editorial looks back in order to understand the present.

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A walk with the 8-O-Fiver

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 fifth in our series of articles by FATHER MAX BARRETT CSSR on commuter extraordinaire Joseph Meagher.

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Cornwell rides off in all directions - again

Annals asked IAN MACDONALD to review John Cornwell's most recent book on the Catholic Church and the Papacy. Cornwell's book offers the usual fare: criticism [some constructive] and a very personal, and deceptively selective, overview of the world's oldest surviving institution that deserves better of its critics.

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Why Belloc still matters

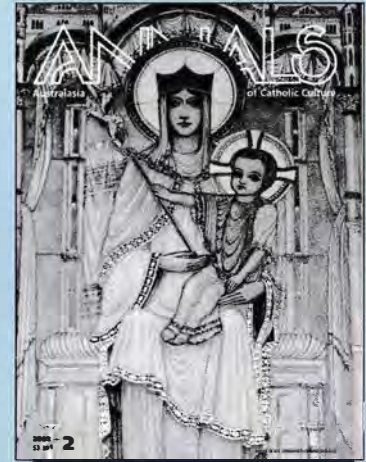
Was Hilaire Belloc sometimes careless? Yes. Impolitic? Certainly. Is he irrelevant to twenty-first century concerns? Never. R.J. STOVE surveys for Annals readers the prodigious literary output of the 'Christian Shropshire Lad' [to use Evelyn Waugh's phrase]

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Restore Democracy and Peace to Lebanon

Thirteen years ago the west stood by and watched as Lebanon - a tiny former democracy - was abandoned to the merciless power of Syria. GENERAL MICHEL AOUN, Lebanon's Prime Minister in exile, appeals to the west to make amends and restore democracy to Lebanon.

Front cover photo: Paul Stenhouse MSC.



Front Cover: Walsingham in Norfolk, England, was one of the most popular places of pilgrimage in England throughout the Middle Ages. A replica of the Holy House of Nazareth that had stood there since the 11th century was destroyed in 1538 in the anti-Catholic frenzy that accompanied Henry VIII's seizure of monasteries, guild-halls, shrines and churches. The image of Blessed Mary of Walsingham with the child Jesus on our cover is from Westminster Catholic Cathedral, London.

Back Cover: A selection of books published by Chevalier Press. Ideal as Christmas or Easter gifts for relatives and friends interested in the Catholic Faith, for RCIA groups following catechism courses in preparation for baptism at Eastertide, or as school prizes.

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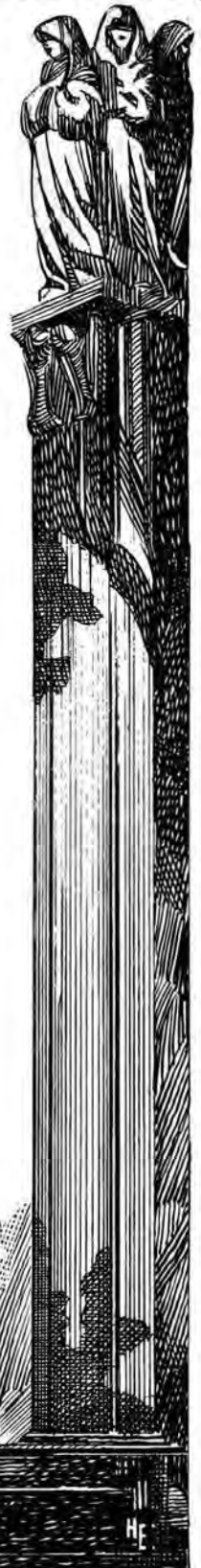
n the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

In defence of Catholic Symbols



THOSE who resisted the successful movement to have crucifixes put in the classrooms at Georgetown University argued that the presence of crucifixes would offend the sensibilities of members of the academic community who do not profess the Catholic Faith. A Georgetown undergraduate spoke on behalf of the campaign for crucifixes, identifying herself as a non-Catholic not even sure of the existence of God. She exposed the flaw in the multicultural argument against Catholic symbolism, saying that she realised on enrolling at Georgetown that she would be attending a Catholic university and expected its Catholic commitment to be made evident not least in the various symbols that reflect it. She added that to assume that non-Catholic members of the Georgetown community would be provoked by such symbolism at a university that calls itself Catholic, is offensive, for such an assumption inevitably implies that they are intolerant.

— Peter Ryan, S.J., 'Gateway to a Uniquely Georgetown Education,' in *Fellowship of Catholic Scholars Quarterly*, 22[1999/2] p.15.





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The effects of 'bad history' and 'bad philosophy'

CAMBRIDGE SPIES AND MARXISM'S POST-MODERNIST FRONT

History, especially 'bad' history, has a habit of repeating itself. We are poised on the brink of yet another war being waged by basically decent, if ignorant, people, for all the old, wrong, reasons. The world built on the phony foundations of materialism, individualism and deconstructionism is unravelling, and our editorial looks back in order to understand the present.

THINGS are seldom what they seem / Skim milk masquerades as cream'. W.S. Gilbert's caution, offered to patrons enjoying a night out on HMS Pinafore, is as timely for us as it was when the lyrics first penned the lines in 1878.

I doubt that even Gilbert could have foreseen that amidst the cream of upper class society that joined the dining club ~~was~~ secret society called 'The Apostles' in Cambridge in the 30s, there was some British milk that had been well-skimmed by agents of the Russian Secret Service variously known in the 30s as the GPU, OGPU and NKVD.

Of the six known to posterity as the 'Cambridge spies' - Guy Burgess, Donald MacLean, Anthony Blunt, John Cairncross, James Klugman and Kim Philby - two [Burgess and Blunt] were members of 'The Apostles' and well-skimmed. None was ever caught or imprisoned. All in some way or other came under the spell of the esoteric university club that before world war II numbered the poet Rupert Brooke, the biographer Lytton Strachey, the novelist E.M. Forster, the economist J.M. Keynes and the philosopher Bertrand Russell among its members.

Explaining the mind-set of the members of this secret society with strong Marxist leanings, Michael

Straight - a wealthy American student whom Blunt tried to recruit for the Russians - says:

'We were the forerunners of a new dispensation; we were not afraid of anything ... nothing mattered except states of mind ... timeless, passionate states of contemplation ... The appropriate person, beauty and truth, and one's prime objects in life were love, the creation and enjoyment of aesthetic experience and the pursuit of knowledge. Of these, love came a long way first ...'

'We were among the last of the Utopians ... we repudiated all versions of original sin ... we were not aware that civilization was a thin and precarious trust ... only maintained by rules and conventions skilfully put across and guilefully preserved. We had no respect for traditional wisdom and the restraints of custom. We lacked reverence ...'

Granted the above, it is hardly to be wondered at that Blunt and Burgess should have been vulnerable as members of 'The Apostles' to recruitment as Russian spies. What is surprising is that only four others, from the general student body that came under the intellectual and cultural sway of many of the other members of 'The Apostles' who taught at Cambridge over those years, took the bait.

Among its members in the 30s 'The Apostles' still numbered E.M. Forster and J.M. Keynes, along with G.E. Moore, the philosopher, G.M. Trevelyan, the historian, Shppard



No use, thank God

A former student of mine had gone into business and was in the habit of bringing a Homer or a Vergil in his pocket to the office. His colleagues twitted him: there might be some sense in learning modern languages, but what was the use of this Greek and Latin? "No use, thank God," he replied. Perhaps he went too far, but all the same he was right. The value of a classical education does not lie in its immediate usefulness. It has a much higher aim than any vocational purpose:

the training of the mind and character to meet life and its problems, and the filling of the mind, as Plato has it, "with breezes blowing from pleasant places."

- Cyril Bailey, Oxford

the Provost of Kings and Michael Straight. Of these, again according to Straight, Keynes was the most influential member.

It was as much the fashion among university undergraduates in the 30s in England to be 'Bolshie,' as it was in Australia in the late 60s to be 'anti-establishment' and against the war in Vietnam. Uncle Ho [Chi Minh], who died in 1969, was as much a hero for numbers of idealistic and impressionable Australian undergraduates of the 60s, as Uncle Joe [Stalin], who died 1953, was for the idealistic and uncomprehending Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates in the 30s.

How wrong these political neophytes proved to be in their assessment of the world-scene is summed up by Hugh Trevor-Roper² as follows:

'We did not appreciate the concealed but impassable gulf that separated [Communism] from the next most radical doctrine in the political spectrum [Fascism]. This was a common, liberal illusion of the time – the time of the Spanish Civil War and the Popular Front against the mounting aggression of Hitler and Mussolini – for if Communism may be a political nuisance to some, to others it is a religion – perhaps the only religion that can still totally paralyse the mental and moral faculties of its converts ...'.

The summation by Michael Straight of the ideals, or lack of them, that inspired the members of 'The Apostles' has a modern [or rather post-modern] ring to it. Sometimes post-modernists call themselves 'deconstructionists'. In reality they are old-fashioned pessimists and sceptics.

New recruits for a hypothetical 21st century post-modernist university dining-club at a university near you, would be bombarded with scepticism about the past and the present. 'The truth is unknowable and beyond the reach of us all,' they will be told. 'Historical research is impossible, because history is "fiction".' 'The difference between historical "fact"

and "falsehood" is ideological.' 'As we can't know anything about the past, it's better to ignore it; or to dismiss it as ideologically distorted by those who recorded it. So we are free to say whatever we like.' 'We can know nothing about others, who or what they are, what they think, or how they think.' 'There is no proof that the world exists outside our subjective experience of it.' And so on.

None of this is new. Quite the



Spring in Summer to spite the Pope

JULIUS Caesar's calendar, for instance, added a leap day every four years to keep everything on schedule, but still ended up gaining about eleven minutes on the solar year with each passing year. By 1582 the first day of spring was falling ten days too soon. Pope Gregory XIII, following the recommendations of astronomers, issued a papal bull that year declaring the elimination of leap days from three out of every four century years, specifically 1700, 1800 and 1900 (but not 2000). That seemed no great loss, but Gregory also dropped ten days from the current year to bring the seasons back in line. For creditors with bills due from October 5 to October 14, 1582, the decree was no doubt a source of great distress, and some European nations, unwilling to take orders from the Pope, did not adopt the reform for centuries. Russia remained on the Julian calendar until the 1917 revolution; as a result, the Imperial Russian Olympic team arrived almost two weeks late for the London games in 1908.

– Lawrence Marschall, *The Sciences*,
Jan/Feb 1999.

contrary. But people infected with the easily identifiable virus don't respond well to the usual treatments – a hefty dose of common sense three times a day or an injection of realism. Failing that, extensive bed rest with frequent ice-packs to reduce the fever may help.

In the meantime, a different generation of historians has arisen who are willing to tackle the cant of the new breed of 'Apostles' and to risk accusations of political incorrectness by pointing out significant flaws in the newest version of the post-modernist manifesto.³

Others, like Marxist historian Eric Hobsbawm, are sitting on the sidelines waiting to see which clone of Marxist ideology will take in western soil. In the wake of the euphoria following on the breaching of the Berlin Wall and the collapse of Communism in the Eastern Bloc in 1989, and the dissolution of the Soviet Empire in December 1991, Hobsbawm reluctantly admits the failure, not of Communism *per se*, but of 'the communism [sic] initiated by the October Revolution'.⁴

He reminds an exultant west that 'there is nothing which can sharpen the historian's mind like defeat'. He implies that there are other 'communisms' that will continue surfacing. Nothing is surer. As long as in western universities and teachers' colleges that have forgotten – or never learnt – the lessons of the 30s, there are ideologues prepared to undermine democracy and traditional Christian values by infecting new generations of youngsters with the untenable dogmas of Feuerbach, Hegel, Marx and Engels.

One of the unstated goals of post-modernism is to continue the Marxist invasion of western society by means different from the discredited and crude ones employed by Lenin, Stalin *et al.* Whatever pretensions Marxism may have had to intellectual credibility were exposed for the fatuous nonsense they were long before the abolition of the Communist Party and the dissolution of the Soviet Union in December 1991. Fresh triggers of oppression had to be found – race,

gender and religion being the tried and preferred ones.

It is not by accident that Marxist-Leninist-orientated Liberation and Feminist 'Theology' demand the dismantling of what they call 'the patriarchal system of domination and subordination that structures the institutional [Catholic] Church' whose 'clericalism' and 'oppression of women' are viewed as the 'specific incarnation of patriarchy'.³ This system, we are warned, is not

just 'a few unenlightened or old-fashioned men,' or the result of 'well-intentioned but bumbling ecclesiastical manoeuvring,' but 'a deliberately constructed system'. The Catholic Church as it exists today, 'cannot be salvaged'.⁶

The Marxist new guard – male and female – protect themselves, chameleon-like, against the criticism levelled at their old Soviet teachers of Marxist ideology by abandoning the phoney 'happy ending' scenario

– difficult to sustain in the light of the more than 100 million' who died at the hand of Marxist ideologues – and settling instead for a deep pessimism that will always provide them with something to deconstruct and demolish.

Neo-Marxist post-modernism manifests the anti-intellectualism that characterised it under Lenin and Stalin and their successors, in the New Age fascination with the occult and with alternative medicine; and in 'religious' fundamentalism ranging across the spectrum from evangelical Protestant revivalism to blatantly pantheistic and pagan nature religions. It espouses religious indifferentism and relativism, and sees all religions as the enemy of material 'betterment' for the world's impoverished masses.

Eric Hobsbaum, the disappointed Marxist historian quoted above, notes that

'... as the situation in large parts of the world at the end of our millennium demonstrates, bad history is not harmless history. It is dangerous.'

If truth be told, the strongest argument in support of his final statements about 'bad history' and its dangers can be drawn not just from the situation 'at the end of our millennium' but from the myriad lies and political management of 'facts' that characterised some 'official' English 'historians' since the sixteenth century, and most if not all Soviet 'historians' since the October Revolution. 'Bad history,' and 'bad philosophy' doubtless contributed to the recruitment of the Cambridge spies in the 30s. It is still with us, and wreaking its terrible toll in human misery and the perpetuating of prejudice and oppression.

Must 'bad' history continue to repeat itself?



PAUL STENHOUSE, MSC.

1. *After Long Silence*, 1983, Norton.
2. Quoted Andrew Boyle, *The Spectator*, 'The Apostolic Succession,' March 12, 1983 p.24.
3. See *In Defence of History*, by Richard J. Evans, Granta.
4. *On History*, Weidenfeld and Nicholson, London 1997, p.240.
5. *Finding the Treasure*, by Sandra Schneiders IHM, Paulist Press, 2000, p.355.
6. *idem*, *loc. cit.*
7. A conservative estimate. See *The Black Book of Communism*, Harvard University Press, 1999, p.4ff.

The Mayor was not at all pleased

IT so happened that [Rev. Sydney Smith] was chosen to deliver the Gunpowder Plot anniversary sermon in Bristol Cathedral before the Mayor and Corporation. Little did the authorities realise what they were doing. The usual pulpit utterances on such an occasion were reactionary and patriotic, that is to say, anti-Catholic and idiotic. The clergy dined at the Mansion House and drank a number of absurd toasts, and the civic authorities went to the Cathedral service and heard a number of ridiculous sentiments. Sydney had no intention of drinking the usual toasts or talking the usual nonsense. Instead he preached a carefully reasoned sermon on Toleration, in which the



TOLERANCE

most Protestant Corporation in England was informed that 'to do wrong, and to gain nothing by it, is surely to add folly to fault', that 'other sects may be right', and that every religion was as fallible as human judgment could make it. The sermon caused great offence. The Mayor and Corporation glared at the preacher. 'Several of them,' he said, 'could not keep the turtle on their stomachs.' Whether from indigestion or indignation the city fathers discontinued their official attendance at the 5th of November service from that date, and the new canon was assailed in pamphlet and pulpit for several weeks. But Sydney had become hardened to abuse and generously helped to increase it by publishing his sermon.

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

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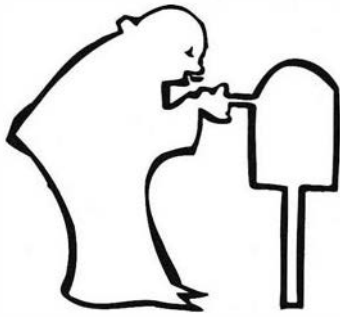
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Relics

I have found many of your articles particularly useful for home schooling, especially those on relics.
 Craigieburn VIC 3064
 CELIA DENNEY

A joy to read

Annals maintains its excellent nature and is a joy to read, although sadly I have not been reading much in the last month or two. Summer is the time to be outdoors and appreciate God's creation - and more so here, seeing as summer (read sunny, warm weather) lasts but two to three months. But the converse is the mist and rain and cool weather of winter which makes for wonderful reading!

Kenmore, Washington, USA
 LINDSAY HARRIS

Defending the Defendant

May I respond to your correspondent, Malcolm Mackinnon, (*Annals* 7-2002) in which he tilts his lance in the direction of the Australian Chesterton Society?

Lance, as a metaphor, is aptly chosen because Chesterton himself is depicted in a famous cartoon as wielding a lance which looks mightily like his pen. Unfortunately, Mr Mackinnon's lance, unlike Chesterton's, misses the target when he criticises the name of our newsletter, *The Defendant*.

The name, Defendant, was chosen nine years ago because it was the title of Chesterton's first published book of essays (1901). Each essay is a defence of unpopular attitudes and causes commonly thought to be indefensible - in defence of patriotism, of rash vows, of baby-worship, of detective stories - sixteen essays in total. Chesterton writes in the forward "I have imagined that the main business of a man, however humble, is

defence." Defendant is a noble, brave word; the Oxford dictionary defines it as 'defending oneself, or an opinion, or a cause, against attack'. And are not the opinions and principles that Chesterton held in his day under attack today? We in the Chesterton society are proud to defend Chesterton, his writings and his philosophy against the prevailing un-wisdom of the world.

Mr Mackinnon's second point, his hope that you (presumably the editor of *Annals*?) will "put some ginger into those Chestertonians" is accepted as a fair reproof that we are not doing enough to promote Chesterton; this may well be true. In an age when most people - even students at Catholic colleges and universities - no longer read books, it is an uphill battle to get people to read and appreciate the wisdom of Chesterton.

So to Mr Mackinnon I would say: "Come along and join us in the Australian Chesterton Society and share your ideas on how we are going to 'ginger up' our important apostolate.

East Fremantle WA 6158

A. G. EVANS

Irreplaceable

How true are those letters proclaiming that *Annals* is indispensable, irreplaceable, etc.

We thank God for it while you are still here.

Kensington 2033

YVES DINEL

Claiming to be Catholic

Having had my attention drawn to the Editorial on 'Islamic Fundamentalism' (pages 3-4) and the article entitled 'Something Rotten in Denmark' (page 29) in *Annals* no 6, 2002, I would like to register my deep concern that such material on Islam, affecting Christian-Muslim relations, is being disseminated in a journal that claims to be Catholic.

The teaching of the Second Vatican Council affirmed that 'ever aware of its duty to foster unity and charity among individuals and even among nations (the Church) reflects at the outset on what people have in common and what tends to bring them together' (*Nostra Aetate*, n. 1). By focussing on fundamentalist Islam these articles miss an opportunity to affirm what Christians and Muslims have in common.

Trusting relationships need to be built on accurate information and truthful encounter. They must not be subjected to the partiality and misrepresentation found in these articles. One could wonder about the motive for publishing such material.

To comment on merely two areas of inaccuracy:

The Editorial states 'In the Qur'an the Prophet decreed that 'infidels', i.e. Jews and Christians, along with atheists, rationalists, agnostics, humanists, and free-thinkers, are to be warred against'. This is hopelessly inaccurate. In fact, many passages in the Qur'an mention Jews and Christians in a positive light and count them as 'believers' in the one God.

The word 'jihad' for the vast majority of Muslims today does not mean 'the conquest of all non-Muslim territories'. It is understood in a way that many committed Christians would also see as similar to their own vocation - a struggle to develop personal spiritual maturity and to promote the values of God's kingdom, the values of compassion, peace and justice, wherever they are absent.



Minority rule Democracy

DEMOCRACY is merely the best disguise yet devised for minority rule. Convince the majority that they are ruling themselves, and they will submit to anything.'

- Joseph Sobran, *Sobran's Magazine*, Feb 2002

For the ongoing development of a multicultural Australian society, in which all can feel safe and valued, we should be doing everything we can to build trusting relationships between all our different ethnic and religious groupings. This is particularly so at the present time when community relationships are under some strain and somewhat fragile.

Commission for Ecumenical and Interfaith Relations

Sydney NSW 2000 (SISTER) TRISH MADIGAN OP

[I thank Sister Madigan for writing so frankly and in so impassioned a way about matters that touch on the important area of Catholic/Islamic relations. She complains of 'partiality' and 'misrepresentation' in our editorial, and questions our motives.

Sister Madigan, quite rightly, seeks to affirm what Christians and Muslims hold in common. *Annals*, for its part, has always striven to achieve this goal in the light of *Nostra Aetate* and other and older Church teachings. We are not focussing on Islamic fundamentalism. But we realise that denying the Qur'anic roots of this phenomenon does nothing to support moderate and reformist Muslims, and gives joy only to the extremists. We were responding then to a plethora of claims similar to the ones she has made and which we discuss below. She lists two specific 'areas of inaccuracy'.

1st: she says that our statement that the Prophet decreed that 'infidels,' i.e. Jews and Christians, along with atheists, rationalists, agnostics, humanists and free thinkers are to be warred against, is 'hopelessly inaccurate,' as there are many passages in the Qur'an that mention Jews and Christians in a positive light.

This is not the place to give our correspondent a lesson in Islamic history: suffice to say that the favourable passages to which she refers occur in the Suras [or chapters] that belong to the Mecca period [the first 13 years of Muhammad's 'prophethood'] in which, it is true, there is no reference to a 'Holy War'.

Our correspondent seems unaware that these 'positive' Mecca passages are generally regarded as 'abrogated' in Islamic law. The Suras that belong to the Medina period [the last 10 years of Muhammad's life], on the other hand, are in full force, and contain so many verses dealing with the 'Holy War' that this obligation appears to be more heavily stressed than any other.

Muslim scholars have been put to death for trying to mitigate or explain away the violence of the Medina verses, and to come up with a formula for revoking the 'abrogation' of the Meccan verses. Comments like those of our correspondent do these courageous people less than justice.

2nd: Sister Madigan wrote: 'The word "jihad" for the vast majority of Muslims does not mean the "conquest of all non-Muslim territories"'. It is allegedly 'a struggle to develop personal spiritual maturity and to promote the values of God's kingdom, the values of peace and justice wherever they are absent'. I can't imagine how Sister Madigan could know what 'the vast majority of Muslims' think. Her statement defies all logic, literary evidence and Islamic history. All the Suras that command 'jihad' belong to the Medina period; that they mean what they say can be



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deduced from Muhammad's own actions and from the reactions of his early followers.

I refer Sister Madigan and any interested reader, to Sura 9th which deals with Muslims who refused to accompany Muhammad on a military expedition near the borders of modern-day Syria and Jordan. Muhammad criticised them for refusing to 'wage war [the Arabic reads: 'to fight the jihad'] for the sake of Allah'. Those who refused were not objecting to a call to 'develop personal spiritual maturity'. They refused to risk their lives in a war, and were condemned by Muhammad for doing so.

The issues of which we speak are complex, and require openness to the truth and clarity of thought on the part of all - Muslims and Christians - if they are to be discussed profitably. Uncritical acceptance of statements that fly in the face of truth do nothing to advance the process. Editor, *Annals*]

Pray for Vocations

In your September issue, the article 'Re-priesting the Catholic world' gives one great hope. Though in upper Europe there is a big fall in vocations, in some countries vocations have increased in the past 10 years.

The Lord Himself told us to pray that God would send labourers into the harvest.

Here in Australia vocations are not plentiful. Going from one parish to another I find no prayer for vocations in the Sunday 'Prayers of the Faithful'. Yet Bishop Myers in USA ordained 78 priests for his diocese in 1991-1998. What is his secret? It is weekly adoration of Blessed Sacrament in every Parish. Maybe if this practice could be introduced into every Parish, vocations would flower.

Asking around I find some people say 'Why should I'. Isn't prayer for vocations obligatory on us all who

cherish our faith? It is the Lord's command.

Unfortunately there is no family prayer in many families, yet this is the seed of vocations and of solid faith. While our society accepts divorce, it is true that the 'family that prays together stays together'. Prayer for vocations is a 'must' if we are to pass on to coming generations the rich treasures of our faith.

Terrigal NSW 2260

MONSIGNOR V. MARLEY

Laundered facts

I was intrigued by a Dutch *Amnesty International* report on the Net displaying a number of 'facts and figures' about Sudan. Strangely, in my opinion, no reference is made in the religion section to 'Christianity' even though most of the 2 million non-Muslims already slaughtered on the instigation of the Khartoum-based Islamic-fundamentalist government were Christians, the others being animists.

Does someone in AI perchance assume that soon there won't be any Christians left anyway?

Beacon Hill NSW 2100

HENK VERHOEVEN

12 Apostles

Thank you for a publication of such high quality and for being so informative.

A comment: I think that one of the best series of articles which you have run was the "Whatever Happened to..." series. I have kept them and will re-read them occasionally.

Would it be possible to produce a similar series of articles entitled "What Ever Happened to (the twelve apostles)" - treated one at a time of course.

I think most of us have only vague information on the lives of the apostles - information such as St Peter was crucified upside down, St John died of natural causes etc.

Perhaps Apostolic Tradition does not leave us with a lot of knowledge about the 12 (11?) but I would like to know more. Can you help.

Clanmire NSW 2795

GEORGE JACKSON

[Thank you for the suggestion. We have been planning such a series for quite some time, and will try to run something on the Apostles and what tradition tells us of their lives, work and manner of death, later this year. Editor, *Annals*]

Will 'clones' have souls?

I have not been able to obtain an answer locally to a question which I think is important. If scientists succeed in cloning a human being, will the clone have a soul of its own?

Crescent Head NSW 2440

BILL QUINN

[Your question is a good one. My instinct is to deny the initial premiss - i.e. that scientists if they succeed in cloning 'something' will succeed in cloning a 'human being'. That is an assumption - it remains to be proven. And with our notoriously politically correct approach to anything to do with 'human nature' I fear the result. What scientists may produce will be what St Thomas would have called a 'tertium quid' - a third 'something'. What that something proves to be will have to be faced if and when they do it. I seriously doubt for all sorts of philosophical reasons that I can't go into here, that it will be 'human' in anything but appearance. Questions about 'individuality' and 'personality' are all tied in with the question you raise. These questions seem clearly **not** to have occurred to the members of *Cloners inc.* Editor, *Annals*]

Vatican II thoughts

I belong to that group of Catholics who had come of age, if **not** to spiritual maturity, before Vatican II and continue as regular churchgoers. During that time many other Catholics have for a variety of reasons given up on religious practice or have found a spiritual haven elsewhere. Why have people like me hung on? Well, I can only answer for myself and say that while regularly having to confront my failures to live out the Christian ideal I have to date been able to cling to and nourish the faith inherited from my forbears, particularly faith in the real presence of Jesus Christ as God in the Blessed Eucharist. For me it is still the Mass that matters!

Over the years we have experienced the various changes in liturgy, language, music and sanctuary layout imposed by priests, religious and active members of the laity and if occasionally some of us were of a mind to and in a position to question particular changes the subject was speedily closed with an appeal to Vatican II.

More often than not of course many of the changes for which Vatican II was cited as authority were made without reference to people like me in the pews and when the particular point at issue was pursued,

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for example, the ousting of Gregorian Chant or the total abandonment of Latin, it would be found either that the claimed support was wholly lacking or at best questionable.

So we have had to somehow accommodate ourselves to an acceptance of the reality that many of those educated in the post Vatican II climate do not share our way of thinking about the banality of many modern hymns and music, our reverence for Our Lord present in the reserved Blessed Sacrament and after the Consecration at Mass as well as our preference for fidelity to the approved language and rubrics of the liturgy instead of subjective variations founded on personal spirituality and insights.

Recently however I have sensed that the high water mark has been reached. Maybe the days when the purpose of the liturgy in some places seemed to be more about entertaining than edifying those in attendance are coming to an end and those who are now ministering in the name of the Church are coming to a much better understanding of Vatican II.

Two recent experiences illustrate my point. A religious sister speaking to a parish group used the beautiful example of bringing along some Easter water when visiting the homes of those recently baptised for blessing the person as a reminder of the baptismal ceremony. Sister, in commending the use of this sacramental, alluded to the post Vatican II letting go of such ancient practices and it was noticeable how receptive her mainly mature age listeners were to the implication that in other areas too some rethinking might be a good thing.

In another setting the very next day I heard one of our younger priests talk on the priestly office. He spoke of the centrality of his role as representing Christ in the celebration of the Eucharist and while acknowledging the other many and varied activities involved and new emphasis on the consultative, communal dimension, he very profoundly spoke of the primary importance, as a priest, of 'being' rather than 'doing' and of being seen to be a priest called to holiness of life! He, too, referred to the need to revisit the documents of Vatican II so as to better understand what they really say. *Deo Gratias.*

Huntsfield Heights SA 5163 DENIS O'LEARY

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Many thanks for my copy of the current *Annals* - I remember when it was 6d a copy when my children were at school at St Therese Mascot - so am very pleased to re-acquaint myself.

Innaloo WA 6018

MARGARET MILLS

Great work

Enclosed is my cheque for another year's subscription for *Annals*; the balance of the cheque is a donation to help your great work.

Beverly Hills NSW 2209

KEITH McLAREN



How charming customs can cloak abuses

ACCORDING to the idea generally held over almost all Asia the subject, with all he possesses, belongs to the Prince. The descendants or relatives of the former Princes gladly make use of the ignorance of the people, who do not clearly understand that their Tommongong or Adhipatti or Pangérang is now a *paid official* who has sold his own rights and theirs for a fixed income, and that therefore the poorly paid labour in coffee plantation or sugar-cane field has taken the place of the taxes which were formerly exacted from the dwellers on the land by their lords. Accordingly, nothing is more normal than that hundreds of families should be summoned from a great distance to work, *without payment*, on fields that belong to the Regent. Nothing is more normal than the supply, unpaid for, of food for the Regent's court. And should the horse, the buffalo, the daughter, the wife of the common man find favour in the Regent's sight, it would be unheard-of for the possessor to refuse to give up the desired object unconditionally.

There are Regents who make only moderate use of such arbitrary powers, and do not exact from the humble more than is absolutely necessary to support their rank. Others go a little further. Nowhere is this illegality altogether absent. And undoubtedly it is difficult, if not impossible, to extirpate such an abuse *entirely*, since it is deeply rooted in the very nature of the population which suffers by it. The Javanese is generous, especially when it is a matter of proving his attachment to his Chief, to the descendant of those his forefathers obeyed. He would even think he was failing in the respect due to his hereditary lord if he entered the *Kraton* [Palace] without

bringing gifts. These gifts are, admittedly, often of such small value that to refuse them would be tantamount to humiliating the giver; and often, therefore, this custom might rather be compared to the homage of a child, who seeks to express his love for his father by offering a small present, than be conceived as a tribute to tyrannical despotism.

But... in this way the existence of a *charming custom* makes it difficult to abolish an *abuse*.

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

GENESIAN THEATRE

A Disfunctional Royal Family

MOST people agree that William Shakespeare's plays are not easy to put on even with a professional theatre company. Which makes the Genesians' presentation of his "King Lear" (widely regarded as his greatest play) an extraordinary achievement. The Director (and designer) Gary Dooley has given an intense and absorbing reading of the play - in association with Jane Kempier whom he describes as "a remarkable woman". The story of Lear is complex when the king decides to divide up his kingdom between his three daughters based on which one professes to love him the most. This rash decision is the catalyst for a bloody chain of events culminating in civil war and personal tragedy. Gary and Jane combine the tragedy and extreme violence (at times almost sickening) with some of the most beautiful writing of the English language. The full stage, clever lighting, and the two side aisles and the doors of the theatre are used to great effect.

And they are helped considerably by a group of really talented people, who during the week are working at ordinary jobs - but at weekends become Genesian actors, spending Friday and Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons on

stage. Most notable in a towering, almost overwhelming performance is Keith Potten as Lear. His acting skills never wavered in his descent from kingly power to madness to death. Andrew Purches as Fool, Jason Murdoch as Edmund and Rohan Maloy as his brother Edgar have three very different and equally difficult characters to play. Their acting is most convincing, particularly Jason Murdoch who speaks the Shakespearian poetry with a deeply beautiful voice. In all, the entire cast responds admirably to the direction of Gary Dooley and to the words of William Shakespeare. The Genesians are one of the most ambitious non-professional theatre companies and this production proves it. "King Lear" is being studied this year for the HSC in NSW, and English teachers would do well to take their students to performances until May 3. (Bookings 9645 1611 or www.mca-tix.com).

The next Genesian performance is a murder-mystery musical spoof "Something's Afoot" opening May 17. The Genesians are the only Catholic performing arts group in Australia and are to be found at 420 Kent Street, Sydney, just down from the QVB.

— Laurence Bayliss, MSC

Annals Cover Nov-Dec 2002

We thank all our readers who wrote identifying the artist who painted the picture we carried on our last issue for 2002. The most popular suggestions were Fr Filippo Lippi, known as *Lippi* [1406-1459] and Alessandro Filipepe [1445-1510] known as *Botticelli*, one of Lippi's students. The correct answer was... *Botticelli*. Editor, *Annals*

In training for the Heavenly Olympics

A WALK WITH THE EIGHT-O-FIVER

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 fifth in our series of articles by FATHER MAX BARRETT CSSR on commuter extraordinaire Joseph Meagher.

IT WAS the sort of day one would like to clone and repeat endlessly: yachts manoeuvring in the bay with the grace of swans; a pleasant sun imparting a million mobile dimples to a lovely harbour.

It was all lost on the anxious-looking gentleman who stood in the vicinity of Circular Quay and who kept peering this way and that. At last he gave a start of recognition: his quarry approached, elderly, tall, smiling. It was the smile of "God's in his heaven, all's right with the world".

The gent on sentry duty stepped forward. He spoke an apologetic 'ahem' into his hand and seemed uncertain how to proceed. The sheer kindness in the tall man's eyes loosened the hesitant one's tongue and he began: "You don't know me ..."

"Don't know you!" Joe Meagher echoed reproachfully. "You have shared the 8.05 with me on many a fair morn and foul. Your preferred seat has generally been four rows behind me, near the dear lady whose scent has the aroma of a pungent fly-spray. Any frequenter of the 8.05 is a friend of mine."

There was no need for further *ahems*. "I retired earlier this year. By the way, my name is Bruce Morris. I'll be quite honest. I've come into the city a couple of times already, hoping to waylay you. You once mentioned that this walk along to Mrs. Macquarie's Chair is one of your favourites.

"Did I mention that? Strange. Because I'm a very private person."

Bruce kept a straight face; he wanted to get on with his own agenda. "I ... ah ..." He was on the verge of another *ahem*. Instead, he plunged *in medias res*: "I think you are a Catholic."

Joe feigned a look of utter surprise. "Now, what on earth would make you think that?" Bruce came on in a surge of confidence, like one passing from a Dr. Watson to a Sherlock Holmes role. "Well, there was a morning you were holding your coat kind of awkwardly (no offence meant) and a string of beads fell out. Now of course they could have been worry beads; but our Eastern cousins don't usually come equipped with blue eyes, and, well, dammit, you *sound* like a Catholic!

"That's an odd thing for me to say," Bruce continued: 'You sound

like a Catholic' – because, all my life, I've had minimal contact with people outside my own church. I attended a denominational school. I did teacher training at an institute conducted by our own church. I taught all my life at one of our own education centres. Consequently I've remained ..."

"Uncontaminated," Joe suggested.

"Uninformed," Bruce came back. Both men's eyes were twinkling. Bruce ploughed on. "The Roman Catholic Church is under fire today. It is being mauled, on the receiving end of very unpleasant limelight, and ... and, I'm not really sure why but it makes me angry, and anxious. I feel I am being attacked. Then a couple of weeks ago I had a brainstorm: *have a yarn with Joe Meagher!* You always give the impression of being completely unperturbed. You might be able to explain me to myself! You might be able to provide answers to questions I don't know how to formulate." Bruce Morris gulped relief at having said what he wanted to said.

Joe gazed at a decent man whom he was liking more and more by the minute. "Bruce, just around this bend there is a friendly bench ... There we are. I find I need friendly benches these days.



"What you have said about the Catholic Church today is the straightforward, sad truth. The worst aspect of the current crisis is the betrayal *within* the Church, and the disharmony within. And the hatred of the world – which Jesus predicted – feasts on these self-inflicted wounds. And the imperial press of this post-Christian period pronounces a lofty sentence: Disappear. Join the Dodo. Stop the cant, the hypocrisy. End the charade. Perish.

"I think I can understand, Bruce, that you would feel threatened; because, if Christ were to disappear in this large, sprawling Christ-fold, what would happen to the Christ in those other Christ allegiances?

Right away, dear friend, I would like to thank you for your gracious assessment of me when you say that I 'always give the impression of being completely unperturbed'. I'm afraid I have deceived you. In recent years I have done my share of bleeding. I was not prepared for the face of the domestic enemy." Bruce Morris was momentarily unnerved as he looked into the other man's cornflower blue eyes and saw all the colour drain from them.

Joe noticed his companion's concern and was quick to reassure him. "But now, all is well. I've got over my own small Gethsemane. I eventually recalled that the Church is a divine outfit. Its members can be shoddy, but its soul is the poured-out Spirit of Pentecost. It is permeated by the Christ who loves the Church and gave up his life for it and continues to give his abundant life and who said *I am with you. Always.* There is a constant, deadly contest being waged between the Church and the powers of evil. *But the game is not played on a level playing-field! It can't be level when God is on one side.*

"There have been times in the Church's history when Augean stables have had to be mucked out. That's the situation again now." There was a depth of feeling in Joe's voice as he sang, very softly:

Come back to me with all your heart ...

Long have I waited for your coming ...

"The scandal in some parts of the Western world will be put right, will

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be atoned for. I speak like a one-eyed Catholic, Bruce. But what I know *by faith* is something that has been acknowledged by observers from the outside. Thomas Macauley devoted a life-time to the study of history, and his ultimate reflection was: 'The Catholic Church ... saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had

set foot on Britain ... And she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's.'

"And talking of broken arches, Bruce, you might let me lean on your shoulder. Time I headed for home. Thank heaven there is an escalator on Circular Quay Station."



[TO BE CONTINUED]

THOUGHT FROM THE LITURGY OF THE DAY



APRIL

1 Tue Lent Week 4 Psalm 46:1
God is a refuge for us, a helper close at hand in time of distress.

2 Wed Lent Wk 4 Isaiah 49:15
Even if a mother were to forget the child at her breast, I will not forget you.

3 Thur Lent Week 4 Ps 106:21
They forgot the God who was their Saviour.

4 Fri Lent Week 4 Psalm 34:18
The Lord is close to the broken hearted, to those whose spirit is crushed.

5 Sat Lent Week 4 Psalm 7:9
Make the just stand firm, you who test mind and heart, O just God.

6 Sun Lent Week 5 Jer 31:33
Deep within you I will plant my law, writing it on your heart.

7 Mon Lent Week 5 John 8:12
I am the light of the world. If you follow me you will not walk in darkness.

8 Tues Lent Week 5 Psalm 102:2
Turn your ear towards me, O Lord, and answer me quickly when I call.

9 Wed Lent Week 5 John 8:31
Make my word your home and you will be truly my disciples. You will learn the truth and the truth will set you free.

10 Thur Lent Week 5 Ps 105:8
The Lord remembers his covenant for ever, his promises for a thousand generations.

11 Friday Lent Week 5 Ps 18:7
In my anguish I called to the Lord and he heard my voice.

12 Sat Lent Week 5 Jer 31:10
The Lord will stand guard over us as a shepherd guards his flock.

13 Palm Sunday Phil 2:7
Being as we all are, he accepted death - even death on a cross.

14 Mon Holy Week Isaiah 42:7
You are to open the eyes of the blind and to free those who are in prison.

15 Tues Holy Week Isaiah 49:3
I was thinking: 'I have exhausted myself for nothing'. But all the while my cause was with the Lord.

16 Wed Holy Week Isaiah 50:5
Each morning the Lord wakes me to listen like a disciple.

17 Holy Thursday 1Cor 11:26
Each time you eat this bread and drink this cup, you are proclaiming his death.

18 Good Friday Psalm 31:12
I am like someone who is dead and forgotten in people's hearts, like a thing thrown away.

19 Holy Saturday Psalm 104:30
Send forth your Spirit, O Lord, and renew the face of the earth.

20 Easter Sunday Psalm 118:16
The Lord's right hand raised me up. I shall live and recount his deeds.

21 Easter Monday Psalm 16:11
You show me the path of life, the fullness of joy in your presence.

22 Easter Tuesday Psalm 33:5
The Lord loves justice and right, and fills the earth with his love.

23 Easter Wednesday Ps 105:4
Think of the Lord and his strength; continually seek his face.

24 Easter Thursday Psalm 8:2
What is a human being that you should keep us in mind? Why am I that you should remember me?

25 Easter Friday Psalm 118:1
Give thanks to the Lord for he is good. His love has no end.

26 Easter Saturday Acts 4:20
We cannot stop proclaiming what we have seen and heard.

27 Sunday Easter 2 John 20:23
Receive the Holy Spirit. Those whose sins you forgive are forgiven.

28 Monday Easter 2 Acts 4:31
As they prayed they were all filled with the Holy Spirit.

29 Tuesday Easter 2 Apoc 1:5
You have loved us and washed away our sins with your blood.

30 Wed St. Mark 1John 1:1
We declare to you what we have looked at and touched with our hands - the word of life.

Thoughts compiled by Father Michael Fallon, MSC.

A spin bowler's view of contemporary Catholicism

CORNWELL RIDES OFF IN ALL DIRECTIONS - AGAIN

By IAN MACDONALD



HE ambivalence of the main title calls up an image of the author who has created for himself what many writers desire: a niche market where they reign supreme. Think John Le Carre's spy stories. Or John Grisham's legal thrillers. Or Joanna Trollope's domestic romances done to a tune on an Aga cooker.

Cornwell's niche is slightly bigger: the Catholic Church in all its long history, particularly during the riptides and whirlpools of controversy that have buffeted it post-Vatican II. Cornwell does need a biggish niche. He is director of the Science and Human Dimensions Project at Jesus College, Cambridge. His books include: *A Thief in the Night: The Death of Pope John Paul I*, *The Power to Harm and Hitler's Pope: The Secret History of Pius XII*.

And the image he calls up? Cornwell the Magnificent, a razzle-dazzle circus performer straddling two horses. Alternatively he favours one horse or another (distinguishing the horses as left or right, inside or out or calling them Conservative or Progressive is optional). Cornwell moves from horse to horse so deftly that one thinks of an equestrian, a disputant, Fred Astaire or Gene Kelly.

On the one horse, he initially praises Pope John Paul II for the enduring greatness of his achievement, in alliance with the Polish trade union movement Solidarity: bringing down the most pervasive tyranny of the 20th century, Soviet Communism. On the other horse, he condemns the Pope for his strict approach on questions of sexual morality because it runs counter to popular practice, forgetting that for many, particularly of the inelligentsia, the hegemony of Communism was also viewed not

*Breaking Faith:
The Pope, the People
and the Fate of Catholicism*
By John Cornwell
Penguin/Viking \$23.95

merely as popular but as beneficial.

He again dances between horses in discussing countervailing approaches within the Church pre-and post-Vatican II. He quotes the late Peter Hebblethwaite (former Jesuit) 'on what had become a new and alarming image for the Church in the

eyes of conservatives: 'a runaway Church lurching out of control.'

And he again quotes Hebblethwaite about how the movement from pre-conciliar to post-conciliar meant a transition: 'from arrogance to humility, from unjustifiable certainty to legitimate doubt, from security to hesitation, from swagger to stammer; from triumphalism to 'sharing in the joys and hopes, the griefs and anxieties of the men of this age'.

Swagger to stammer. Now there's a neat antithesis. But when did members of the Church, triumphalist or not, fail to share in the griefs and anxieties of the men of any age?

He praises Henri De Lubac as a Pre-Vatican II seminal thinker who implicitly challenged the power structure of the 20th century Church. But in switching horses to post-Vatican II, he must deal with the slight embarrassment that De Lubac summed up its aftermath from a traditionalist perspective. Undaunted, Cornwell the Magificent somersaults on the horse and compresses De Lubac 'single lengthy sentence' of criticism of post-Vatican II failures into an 'extracted version':

'... A resentment against the abuses of yesterday producing blindness to the benefits received from the Church...the opening up to the world to be evangelised turning into a mediocre and sometimes scandalous wordliness ... the arrogance of theologians wishing to impose their own thinking on the Church ... small pressure groups getting control of the information media and doing their best to intimidate the bishops ... an insidious campaign against the papacy ... a rejection of dogmatics, which is to say a rejection of the Christian faith in its original twofold character ... a moral laxity presented as the adult man's irreversible progress which the Church must confirm ... a politicization of the Gospel.'



Hear before
you Hiss

I always think of a prima donna at Trieste with regard to the public. We [in Trieste where she lived] import our operas from Milan two years before they appear in London. We have an excellent Opera house and three theatres, always full, and the Triestines are so severe and so critical that artistes become extremely nervous; they know if they can pass Trieste they may sing anywhere. One evening a very plain but first rate prima donna appeared on the stage. She had not yet opened her mouth; they all began to hiss and hoot: "Cari Triestini, I know I am frightful, but I did not come to be looked at: I came to sing. Hear me before you hiss." There was dead silence. She opened her mouth and before she had finished the first few bars, the applause was deafening and prolonged. She remained a favourite ever after.'

- Isabel Burton, Introduction to *Arabia, Egypt, India*, William Mullen and son, London, 1879.

On the subject of the The Internet, Cornwell is at his most acrobatic. He describes all the riches of The Internet's secular manifestations without a hint of its morally and intellectually anarchic elements. The Church's Internet site (ex-Vatican, you see) is praised with faint *damns* about its marble background. What did he expect? 'Vatican! Vatican! Oi! Oi! Oil!'

While stringent on the Church's failings, Cornwell the Magnificent can mention the French Revolution and the Enlightenment in the same paragraph without linking the first to the second; state terror was a perverse fruit of the Enlightenment, state terror continued in Hitler's Germany and Stalin's Russia. The Enlightenment's other fruits are many. They include nuclear weapons and a pharmaceutical industry not content with the profits from iatrogenic pills but zealous in inventing illnesses for potions it already has lined up. Indeed triumphalism, it can be argued (but not by Cornwell) passed from the Church to the Enlightenment.

And so Cornwell the Magnificent's act proceeds, one breathtaking turn after another. He does provide a clue to his ambivalence when he writes of his education in English junior and senior seminaries as well as Oxford and Cambridge Universities, and of a long period of agnosticism before his return to the faith of his fathers, or more exactly his mother, for it was she who formed his early belief.

Of his agnostic period he writes: 'I was in love for a time with a girl who was not a Catholic, and religion began to recede from my conscious everyday life. I turned to literature and found new spiritual sustenance, especially in the Romantic poets. Wordsworth's 'spots of time' in *Tintern Abbey* and *The Prelude* described a sense of transcendent mystery that was far more impressive and true, I felt, than any of the sterile propositions about God, propounded in our versions of the works of the Angelic Doctor, Thomas Aquinas.'

Sterile? The author of those dynamic, poetic and mystical compressions: *Adoro te* and *Pange Lingua...* Sterile? The Benedictine defender of the mendicant orders? Sterile? The writer who with



Oops! It's only a story

IN one of iris Murdoch's novels the chief character is a wine merchant. His very livelihood depends on the delicacy of his palate as a wine taster. But you don't need to belong to the Downside Vintners Society to catch this man out in all sorts of ways. He is continually getting drunk on whisky, for instance, and he warms up a bottle of Burgundy in front of the fire. The result is that you cease to believe in him as a wine taster and consequently cease to believe in him at all. You are reminded that the whole thing is 'only a story'. Another example is the last chapter of *The Mill on the Floss* where Maggie Tulliver sets out to rescue her brother in the great flood. Here the behaviour of both the flood-waters and Maggie herself are quite unintelligible. Maggie rows first with one oar and then, in order to go faster, she uses two. It is scarcely credible that George Eliot didn't know what happens when you try to row a boat with only one oar but there seems to be no other explanation; and this and other absurdities quite spoil what should have been the exciting climax of a very great novel. They show how important it is for the cobbler to stick to his last, and for the novelist who wants to describe cobblers to do a little homework on the cobbling trade.

— A.H.N. Green-Armytage, quoted in *Taking Stock, Collected Writings of A.H.N. Green-Armytage*, ed. Janet Kovesi Watt, Perth 2001 [available from 1, Kott Tce, Claremont WA 6010. \$28 includes postage anywhere in Australia]

consummate daring used all fellow writers who could aid him to truth: Christian (Origen, John Damascene), Jewish (Avicebron, Maimonides), Muslim (Avicenna, Averroes) or pagan: (Aristotle, Proclus, Cicero).

Cornwell, like Le Carre, Grisham and Trollope is an expert in his field. Occasionally he lapses on fact (as distinct from bias). He writes, for example, that local hero Paul Collins was condemned by the Vatican. Not so. Some of the Collins oeuvre (French for potboilers) was delated (that is assigned for assessment) to the appropriate ecclesiastical authority (a reliable sub-editor might have prevented this).

Like many performers Cornwell is a compulsive He tacks onto his book a final speculative chapter entitled the *Next Pope* in which he favours one

horse and takes his final stand on it (yes, the nag called Progressive, by Enlightenment out of Sentiment). But that word final must be qualified; it applies only to this book.

St Thomas, known as Didymus, the Doubter, sought and was given, the proof of Christ's resurrection in the wounds of his hands, feet and side. John Cornwell has been probing the metaphorical wounds in Christ's Mystical Body, the Church, for years. In them, he may yet find the cure for his ambivalence, and possibly remember that St Thomas Aquinas in the year 1273 had a mystical experience of such intensity that he could no longer write.

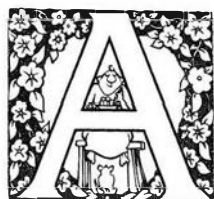


IAN MACDONALD is the pen-name of a prominent Sydney journalist and author.

'A failure worth all the successes of the age'

WHY BELLOC STILL MATTERS

Was Hilaire Belloc sometimes careless? Yes. Impolitic? Certainly. Is he irrelevant to twenty-first-century concerns? Never. R. J. STOVE surveys for *Annals* readers the prodigious literary output of the 'Christian Shropshire Lad' [to use Evelyn Waugh's phrase].



N author too robust and significant to be wholly unpersonned can still be marginalized. Consider this elegant pasquinade, which years ago won a parody-contest award in Britain's *New Statesman*, and which employs the same rhyme scheme and meter as Belloc's own 'The chief defect of Henry King':

The chief defect of dear Hilaire
Was not the clothes he used to wear,
The curious hat and monstrous cloak,
Paraded as some kind of joke.
No, Hilaire's fault, and well he knew it,
Was, all he did, he'd overdo it. . .
There's more – he held the strongest views
On politicians, and on Jews,
Such as, today, might give one cause
To think of Race Relations Laws.
But that of Belloc is the worst
That can be said. His comic verse,
His *Cautionary Tales*, his *Peers*,
His *Beasts* will last for countless years,
Delighting readers old or young
Who share Hilaire's adopted tongue.

Well, that's put Dear Hilaire back in his box, hasn't it. If Belloc's entire literary merit lies in his having catered to the A. A. Milne and Edward Lear demographic, we need no more bother ourselves with Belloc's wider aims than seek deep metaphysical insight from re-reading about Pooh Bear or The Dong With The Luminous Nose. But then the *New Statesman* has never claimed theological expertise (and nor did G. M. Trevelyan, Regius

Professor of History at Cambridge 1927-1940, who flatly called Belloc 'a liar'). Others, who do lay such claims, and who in many instances share Belloc's Catholicism, have been at least as hostile. Malcolm Muggeridge complained of Belloc that 'although he has written about religion all his life, there seemed to be very little in him.' At a higher scholarly level St Louis University's

James Hitchcock, in the May 1996 issue of *Crisis*, likened Belloc to 'a man with a machine gun – by spraying shots everywhere he inevitably hit some targets, but many of his bullets went astray.'

This allegation can at any rate be argued over, unlike certain antics of the occasional self-confessed Belloc fan. John Anderson, who passed as the doyen of Australian philosophy during the 1930s, 1940s and 1950s, laboured with grotesque persistence to reinterpret Belloc as an antipodean atheist head-kicker: as, in short, a kind of flawed but worthy trial run for John Anderson. He bragged about having purged Belloc's *The Servile State* of all its medievalist Catholic nonsense (just as one might, if sufficiently narcissistic, brag about having 'purged' Dante's *Inferno* of all that tiresome garbage about hell). When Belloc's admirers included historical illiterates like Anderson, he hardly needed detractors.

How stands the case for the prosecution? In particular, was Belloc ever the liar that Trevelyan bemoaned? Sometimes, sadly, yes. He confided as much himself, to a co-religionist at that: the British historian, newspaperman and editor Douglas Woodruff. While going several debating rounds in print against his merciless ultra-Protestant foe, the once celebrated controversialist G. G. Coulton, Belloc came out with one assertion so breathtakingly implausible that it moved Woodruff to enquire: 'But is it true?' 'Oh, not at all', Belloc retorted. 'But won't it annoy Coulton?' Such a deliberate falsehood clearly sprang from insensate bravado and lust for combat, rather than from malice. It remains doubtful, moreover, whether the historian who hastily



TV not harmless

TELEVISION is the enemy of civilisation, the chief threat to the good taste, morals and decency of society, the corrupter of the young and the daily inciter to depravity and violence. I would ban it. If all the sets in Britain, nearly 40 million, I believe, went suddenly and permanently dark, it would be as if the nation were waking from a gaudy, drug-induced dream of horrors to a natural world of sweet scents and birdsong, of crystal streams tumbling by the side of green meadows, under a flawless, unpolluted sky. People could begin to live again, to exercise their imaginations, to recover their individuality.

— Paul Johnson, *The Spectator*, 24/5/97

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and occasionally deceives others is half as noxious to society as the historian who consistently and lucratively deceives himself. (Many a reader obligated to plough through the sustained canting sanctimony of more recent and more fashionable gurus than Belloc – Arthur Schlesinger expounding the immaculate conception of JFK; Eric Hobsbawm assigning a similar redemptive role to the proletariat; Francis Fukuyama hyperventilating about the limitless appeal of free-market dogma to any polis, however Lower Slobbovian – must have felt increasingly inclined to welcome from these sources an honest lie or two.) Still, there is no excusing Belloc's behavior at that juncture, and no explanation for it can dispel the ugly odour it leaves behind.

An even graver sin, curiously slighted by Belloc's most recent biographers A. N. Wilson (*Hilaire Belloc*, 1984) and Joseph Pearce (the shorter, more reverential *Old Thunder: A Life of Hilaire Belloc*, 2002), occurs repeatedly in Belloc's analyses of the French Revolution. Notwithstanding the fervor with which pope after pope – especially, in Belloc's youth, St Pius X – had declared support for Girondins and Jacobins alike to be incompatible with Catholic belief and indeed with the most basic Christian decency, Belloc remained as eupeptic as any Charles James Fox about the entire pageant of French politics from the Bastille's fall via Robespierre to Napoleon. Revolutionary genocide against the Vendéens and the Chouans scarcely touched Belloc's consciousness. On his last (1937) tour of the U.S., he accused Americans of wanting to hear '48,376,277 times . . . that war is all wrawng and why cahunt everyone in Yurrupe live peaceably same as us; that Religion don't count same as it useter 'cos there's more enlight'nment now.' So he *could* perceive, and denounce, lunatic world-saving Woodrow-Wilsonian optimism when it fell from his hosts' lips. Why that optimism somehow became acceptable when the increase in 'enlight'nment' had been effected by the guillotine, instead of by American presidential overreach, Belloc never explained.

This all amounts to a grim indictment. What case for the defence can outweigh it? There actually exist two such cases: first, Belloc's often daunting percipience; second, his equally daunting versatility as poet.

Given Belloc's prophetic skill, it comes as a severe jolt to recollect that he was born back in 1870 (he died in 1953, but a stroke robbed him of his authorial powers in 1942). Almost every major political trend of the last hundred years – whether the Third Reich, or the pseudo-bipartisan welfarism familiar from our own experience, or the socialization of agriculture, or incessant Middle East massacres, or the spirit of *jihād*, or the willful confusion between legitimate private enterprise and piratical paper-shuffling, or the sexual revolution, or mad-scientist reproductive technology – Belloc predicted. His thought retains an immediacy for our time which it is impossible to discern in his now-forgotten journalistic confreres. At a time when H. G. Wells, John Dewey and (pity help us) Bertrand Russell counted as forward-looking thinkers – while notching up an almost 100% failure rate when it came to even the least contentious prophesying about global trends five weeks, let alone five years, down the track – Belloc plodded on: fortified by nothing more glamorous than exceptional energy and a world-view too European and synoptic to countenance the least parochialism. Plodding of that type seldom facilitates benignity, genial tolerance towards opponents, or leisurely musings on the joys of artistic creation. Nor does life in the House of Commons, where Belloc sat for four dispiriting years (1906-1910) as a maverick Liberal parliamentarian.

Little wonder that Belloc at times blustered when he should have insinuated; at times cut corners on fine detail when he should have checked and checked and checked afresh a specific date or fact. His antagonists went to town when they caught him crediting the early-seventeenth-century Spanish poet Francisco de Quevedo with having influenced France's Joachim du Bellay (who perished exactly two decades before Quevedo was born)



Mother is Happy in greasing a wheel

I remember my mother, day that we met,
 A thing I shall never entirely forget;
 And I toy with the fancy that, young as I am,
 I should know her again if we met in a tram.
 But mother is happy in turning a crank
 That increases the balance at somebody's bank;
 And I feel satisfaction that mother is free
 From the sinister task of attending to me.

They have brightened our room, that is spacious and cool,
 With diagrams used in the Idiot School,
 And Books for the Blind that will teach us to see;
 But mother is happy, for mother is free.

For mother is dancing up forty-eight floors,
 For love of the Leeds International Stores,
 And the flame of that faith might perhaps have grown cold,
 With the care of a baby of seven weeks old.

For mother is happy in greasing a wheel
 For somebody else, who is cornering Steel;
 And though our one meeting was not very long,
 She took the occasion to sing me this song:

"O, hush thee, my baby, the time will soon come
 When they sleep will be broken with hooting and hum;
 There are handles want turning and turning all day,
 And knobs to be pressed in the usual way;

O, hush thee, my baby, take rest while I croon,
 For Progress comes early, and Freedom too soon."

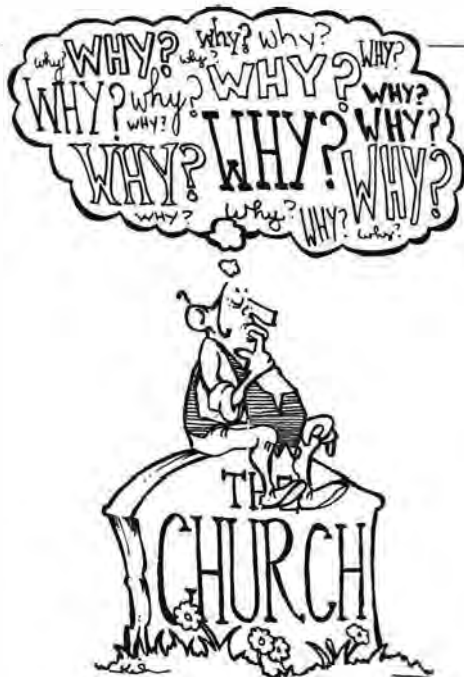
– G.K. Chesterton: *Songs of Education: 'Songs for the creche.'*

or citing a chronicler dead since 1259 as an authority on conflicts occurring in 1265. They would have benefited from devoting equal attention to this passage, which marks the closest approach Belloc ever made to explicating his historiographical outlook:

[Coulton] does not appreciate the weight of a whole stream of tradition, supported by a parallel stream of documentary evidence. If these combined make for a certain conclusion which no rational man can doubt, he would think it sufficient to bring out against it one isolated exception.

Many generations hence there will be a broad stream of tradition and document to show that Englishmen in the nineteenth century did not eat human flesh, but I am sure that if Coulton were on the other side he would triumphantly quote the shipwrecked mariners of the *Mignonette* and continue to say that the Victorians were cannibals.

Where on occasion excessively stringent deadlines made Belloc careless in small (although still important) matters, his mixture of erudition and depressive realism made him authoritative in large ones. True, he overestimated



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Russia's liberal imagination to the disastrous extent of buying Kerensky Government bonds. Yet his comprehension of Bolshevism, when that plague-germ started on its pandemic course, transcended not only anything which Wells or Beatrice Webb or Bernard Shaw revealed – not that outsmarting those sages on the Soviet issue required notable effort – but much official scholarship as well. Naïfs might well have spent the Cold War unable to grasp how every Kremlin boss from Lenin to Gorbachev enjoyed the shameless backing of Armand Hammer and allied plutocrats on Wall Street. At such an outcome Belloc felt no surprise whatever. Spain's civil war merely confirmed him in his realization that the capitalist and the communist alike have always hated any Catholic society far more than they have ever hated each other. Thanks partly to the examples of his hero Cardinal Manning and the *Rerum Novarum* encyclical by Pope Leo XIII, Belloc had learnt this simple truth by 1902. It continues to elude the average Republican Party apparatchik in 2003.

Because neither on this topic nor on any other did mealy-mouthedness come naturally, or at all, to Belloc, a veritable heavy industry has arisen for the specific purpose of forever associating his name with Nazi hatred. Mere facts like Belloc's loud and clear condemnations of Hitler from 1933 onwards – and of wider Teutonic militarism from, it often seems, the very day he learned to talk – have achieved little momentum against this industry, which has ensured that millions who have never read a line he wrote consider it as natural to link the words 'Belloc' and 'anti-Semitism' as to link 'Gilbert' with 'Sullivan', or 'Rolls' with 'Royce'. (Sometimes Belloc's aversion to Nazism led him into anti-Pius-XII rhetoric little different from John Cornwell's and Daniel Jonah Goldhagen's diatribes today. 'The Pope continues to be mum', he lamented in 1940, 'and to confine himself to generalities. He is to be blamed.') A good answer to myths of Belloc's Jew-baiting is the book which he actually called *The*

Jews, published in 1922. Here he overtly reprehends (Chapter VII) Jew-baiters' driving obsession: 'The Anti-Semite will confuse the action of any particular Jew with his general odium for the race . . . [he is] so absorbed in his subject that he at last loses interest in any matter, unless he can give it some association with his delusion, for delusion it is.'

Worse still, *The Jews* maintains, is the glutinous progressive double-think which let Anglophone Gentiles imagine in 1922 – and long afterwards – that Central and Eastern Europe would overnight become as easily governable as New England or New Zealand, if only their peoples could be administered an adequately stiff dose of pagan laissez-faire. (Does the name 'Fukuyama' ring a bell or three in this context?) Belloc's pan-European credo – 'The Faith is Europe', he observed, 'and Europe is the Faith' – sharpened his awareness of the emotional allure which nationalism possessed for other minds more flaccid and less educated than his own. Far from advocating anything like the Final Solution, *The Jews*, if properly pondered by Europe's leaders, would have done more than any other English-language book to prevent the Final Solution. Its Chapters XI and XV also foresaw (a generation before the world had heard of Irgun and the Stern Gang) the price that Zionism would extract in Jewish blood.

Just as *The Jews* and its sequel *The Battleground* (1936) can illustrate for modern man far more about the Middle East's anguish than the collected works of Dick Cheney, so a better-known and wider-ranging production of Belloc's, *Survivals and New Arrivals* (1929), furnishes – in its scrutiny of militant Islam – a far better guide to what makes Osama run than any State Department verbiage. Even some of the pamphlets Belloc churned out to propitiate his children's alleged 'howl[ing] for pearls and caviar' contain more useful information than many a lesser scribe's life work. *The Free Press* (1918, but lately reprinted by IRS Press, Norfolk,



Virginia) can teach us much more about the Rupert Murdoch mentality's fundamental nihilistic spite than is obtainable from any journalism degree course. And this is to leave out the travel books which many would rank with the best things from Belloc's pen: particularly *The Path to Rome* and *The Cruise of the Nona*, where epigrams will be tossed off that stay in the mind long after the more conventional scene-painting fades from memory.

But it would be a bold reader who actually preferred such books to Belloc's collected poems. Though this year Belloc will have been dead for half a century, the charm, tang and inspired mischief of his children's verse – *Cautionary Tales*, *The Bad Child's Book of Beasts*, *More Beasts for Worse Children*, *More Peers*, and so on and so on – appear as addictive to many a primary-school child in our own era as they were to us, and to our parents, and to their parents. Yet only the ill-informed would assume that those volumes constitute Belloc's sole, or indeed his main, poetical achievement. His muse's many-sidedness is hair-raising. The finest tributes he lavished on his (platonically) adored friend Lady Diana Cooper exhibit, even at the lowest possible estimate, a brilliant ear for Elizabethan pastiche:

That I grow sour, who only lack delight,
That I descend to sneer, who only grieve;
That from my depth I should condemn your height,
That with my blame my mockery you receive –
Huntress and splendour of the woodland night –
Diana of this world, do not believe.
Elsewhere he evokes seven-

teenth- rather than sixteenth-century verse idioms, as in 'Ballade to Our Lady of Czestochowa', which could almost be by one of the Metaphysical Poets:

Lady and Queen and Mystery manifold
And very Regent of the untroubled sky,
Whom in a dream St Hilda did behold
And heard a woodland music passing by:
You shall receive me when the clouds are high
With evening and the sheep attain the fold . . .
Prince of the degradations, bought and sold,
These verses, written in your crumbling sty,
Proclaim the faith that I have held and hold
And publish that in which I mean to die.

Now and then he matches A. E. Housman's freakish gift for achieving permanent and dignified memorability while using almost no words of more than one syllable. Who can happily contemplate life in the average nursing home after reading Belloc's description – which in its lucid stoicism even Housman might have envied – of decrepitude?

You find that middle age goes rushing past.
You find despair: and at the very last
You find as you are giving up the ghost
That those who loved you best despise you most.

Evelyn Waugh noted the Housman resemblance in 1954: 'His [Belloc's] diction and prosody are the fruit of classical schooling. He was a Christian Shropshire Lad and, by that enrichment, immeasurably Housman's superior.'

Did Belloc fail? In terms of personal wealth, of stemming history's tide, he failed miserably. But perhaps a stray phrase from Ezra Pound's Cantos best sums Belloc up: 'a failure worth all the successes of the age.'



R. J. STOVE lives in Melbourne. A slightly different version of this article appeared in *The American Conservative* January 13, 2003.

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

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

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

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

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

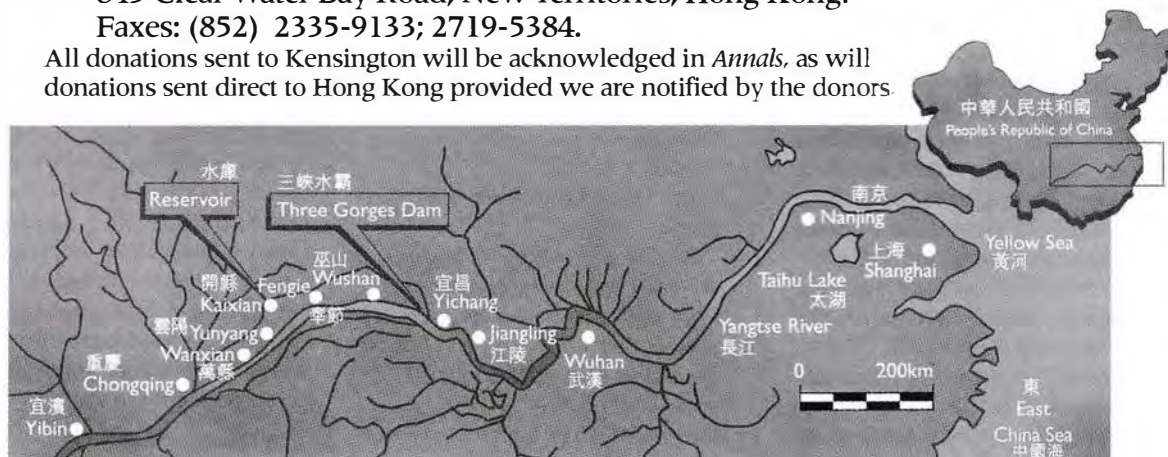
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Education not aimed at producing media consumers

HOME-SCHOOLING IN IMPERIAL ROME

Numbers of Australian parents have become home-schoolers through disillusion with the political correctness of much that passes for education these days. PAUL STENHOUSE gives some examples of famous parents who 2000 years ago turned their hand to the same plough.



IN Plutarch's *Lives*,¹ the historian tells a tale about the son born to Cato the Elder in 95 BC. Thanks to Plutarch we know the name of Cato the Younger's *paedagogus* or 'tutor' – he was called Sarpedon – and from what we are told he was driven mad by the boy's interminably asking 'Why?'.

On one occasion one of his cousins invited young Cato and other friends to his home to celebrate his birthday. They played a game. It consisted of accusations levelled at various boys, trials with judge, lawyers and jury, and the arrest and incarceration of those convicted of the crimes of which they were accused.

Do we need to be reminded that this game took place in those terrible and uncertain years of the last century of the Roman Republic? Society was wracked by civil wars and proscription of prominent people; death by murder and execution were daily events.

More than 2000 years later, children's games still reflect the society in which they live. From 1975-1990 the dogs of war ranged freely in Lebanon. No man's life was safe, and international and domestic neighbours preyed on Lebanon and on one another. Children's games during those years were often of the violent and war-like kind – hardly to be wondered at when you consider the horrors witnessed by children. In 1990 no child under fifteen in Lebanon knew what peace was. One cannot help wondering about the significance of the veritable arsenals [electronic and otherwise] under which the shelves of children's stores groan in

peaceful Australia at Christmas-time.

Cicero knew the danger inherent in an education that does not teach *sapientia* – i.e. 'good sense' and 'discernment'. He knew, for instance, that it wasn't enough for the orator to act in such a way that the opinions expressed *appear* to be true and honest – *id agere, ut iudici quae proposita fuerint, vera et honesta videantur*.² He knew, though too many of us seem not to, that education cannot be aimed at producing media performers or, for that matter, media consumers.

He had two boys to educate – Marcus his own son born in 65 BC and Quintus his nephew born in 66 BC. When the two boys were aged eleven and twelve they were being taught in Cicero's home because his brother, the father of Quintus, was with Caesar in Gaul. Cicero, beset with public duties, complained in words that Australian parents will empathise with, that he had little time to oversee their lessons 'for there [is] hardly even time to breathe in Rome' – *nam Romae respirandi non est locus*.³

In the fourth book of his *De Republica*, Cicero says that the Romans never wanted the State to involve itself in education; and they in no way wanted education to be of one kind. Roman parents considered that the advantage of home-schooling over private schools was that morals were not corrupted.⁴

Education, at home or at school, started at age six or seven.⁵ Discipline was enforced by the cane and the whip.⁶ The student's day lasted six hours.⁷ The scholastic year lasted eight months.⁸ Lessons began before daybreak.⁹ Tutors worked hard for little return.¹⁰

Cato the Elder washed and dressed his baby boy, and even wrote books for him to read, in large letters. He taught his son to box and to swim, and Plutarch¹¹ tells us that he was as careful never to utter an indecent word in front of him as if he were a Vestal Virgin. According to Cicero, 'a very modest youngster' – *adolescens pudentissimus* – was the highest praise that could be given to a young man.¹² Greek and Latin were taught, Homer, Hesiod, Menander, Virgil and Ovid were studied. Virtues like *fortitudo*, *patientia*, *abstinentia*, *moderatio*, *pietas erga parentes* and *amicitia* were taught, and inculcated in the students. Boys and girls waited on their parents at table.¹³

Cicero, one of the most learned men of his day or any other, still challenges modern educators, politicians and 'power brokers': '[I consider that] wisdom without eloquence is of little use to society; and eloquence without wisdom is often downright harmful, and of no use whatsoever'

*[existimem] sapientiam sine eloquentia parum prodesse civitatibus, eloquentiam vero sine sapientia nimium obesse plerumque, prodesse nunquam.*¹⁴



1. Cato minor, 1 *ad finem*.
2. See Quintilian, xii, 1, 11.
3. *Ep. ad Q. Fratrem* lib.iii,1.
4. Quintilian I.2.4.
5. *Ibid* 1,15.
6. Marquardt, *Privatleben*, i, p.113,7.
7. Ausonius, *Epist.* 18,10.
8. Marquardt *op. cit.* p. 113,9.
9. Juvenal 7, 222.
10. P. Annii Florus, fr.
11. *op.cit.* 20. Virgil *Aeneid* ix, 602ff.
12. *Pro Cluentio* lx 165 'adolescens pudentissimo et in primis honesto'.
13. Varro.
14. *De Inventione Rhetorica*, lib. 1^o, I,1.

This article, written for *The Mature Australian*, first appeared in the Jan/Feb issue, 2003.

Spin Doctors and the War against Iraq

THE NUCLEUS OF A THREAT

PHILLIP KNIGHTLY weighs arguments brought forward by politicians and others in support of war against Iraq. Nearly half the population of Iraq is children and teenagers. 'Is waging war on them when they had no say in bringing Saddam to power and no chance to get rid of him, really the way for a great nation like Australia to behave'?



he rush to war, the momentum for an invasion of Iraq that most us feel powerless to stop, seems to have killed our caution. We are in danger of failing to think for ourselves, failing to ask the right questions and falling prey to the barrage of propaganda and disinformation that is constantly pumped at us. So let's begin at the beginning. Why is the United States so obsessed with weapons of mass destruction?

At the end of the Second World War, the United States came under strong domestic pressure to end the draft. But the Soviet Union still had the world's largest land forces. So Washington decided to rely on the atom bomb—and an air force to deliver it—to assert its military superiority.

Then in 1949, the Soviet Union developed an atom bomb too. With its nuclear monopoly ended, the United States was reduced to trying to prevent other countries that might be future enemies from acquiring nuclear weapons, a policy that, as Immanuel Wallerstein of Yale University points out, can hardly be termed a resounding success.

However, it was one thing for the major western powers to develop their own nuclear weapons—a war between, say Britain and America, is so remote as to be unthinkable—and hopefully India and Pakistan will follow the policy of Mutually Assured Destruction that kept the nuclear peace between America and the Soviet Union for nearly fifty years. But what about Iraq?

There is no doubt that Saddam

Hussein has been trying for years to build an atom bomb. But there is also no doubt that he has failed. One project was levelled by Israeli bombers. One programme was too complex for Iraqi science or technology. Another was destroyed by the International Atomic Energy Agency before it left Iraq in 1998. Norman Dombey, who teaches theoretical physics at the University of Sussex, says that as far as nuclear weapons are concerned, Iraq is

much less of a threat now than it was in 1991.

The International Institute of Strategic Studies agrees with this assessment and so, to a lesser extent, does Britain's Joint Intelligence Committee. Sir Andrew Green, former British ambassador to Syria and Saudi Arabia, says 'Talk of the Saddam threat to the West is, frankly, largely manufactured.'

But George W. Bush, Tony Blair and John Howard do not want us to believe this and their black propagandists and spin doctors have put a lot of effort into trying to convince us that Iraq is only months away from getting a bomb which it will either itself use against the West or will make available to al-Qaeda.

It is instructive to trace the origins of such worrying stories. The main source is Khidhir Hamza, an Iraqi defector. In testimony before the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations he said that Iraq would have nuclear weapons by 2005. Elsewhere he reduced the time to a matter of months. (*The Times*, 16 September 2002).

How does Hamza know this, and if he does not know it, why is he saying it? He has not been in Iraq for eight years, so he cannot have any first-hand information. He says that when he was there he was a 'nuclear engineer'. But his CV, which is on the web, reveals him to be a specialist in scientific computation and modelling. Dombey describes him as 'a glorified computer scientist'.

The point about all defectors is that they tend to say what they feel their new hosts want them to say. When they first defect, their residence visa may depend on doing



What 'Reform'

WHAT was the matter with most reformers hitherto was that the reformers were never contented or even concerned to reform. They were not satisfied to alter the abnormal in favour of the normal; they were much more eager to alter the normal in favour of the novel. The trick that has tripped up generation after generation of perfectly just reformers is that they were more interested in some particular new-fangled plan than they were in pointing out the old and obvious evil. The removal of every abuse of abomination was always tangled and tied hand and foot with some contemporary and trumpery find.

— G.K. Chesterton, Illustrated London News, October 28, 1992. From 'More Quotable Chesterton', Ignatius Press, 1988

this. When they are established in their new country, their well-being and prospects are linked to their public performance.

For instance, Hamza defected after the CIA planted a story in the London Sunday Times in 1995 when he was visiting Libya. The story said that Hamza had admitted that Iraq had a secret weapons programme and referred to documents he possessed which confirmed this. Realising that the story was a death sentence if he returned to Baghdad, Hamza managed to persuade the CIA to take him and his family to the US. Hamza knew that the documents were CIA forgeries but he said nothing when Madeline Albright quoted them to the UN Security Council in order to prevent any relaxation of the sanctions on Iraq.

What about the story that Iraq has sought the supply of significant quantities of uranium from Africa? Dombey answers this succinctly. 'So what? The IAEA has told me that Iraq already has hundreds of tons of uranium at its disposal. Without enrichment facilities this material is useless for nuclear weapons though it could conceivably be used in conventional weapons in the same way that depleted uranium is used by the UK and the US.'

Dombey points out that more than 50 countries would be able to build an atom bomb given sufficient fissile material. All it would require would be a research institution with a good physics department and an army familiar with explosives. 'Every major Arab country and every EU country, except, perhaps Luxembourg can call on these assets.' But how do you deliver it? A gun-type bomb is too big to fit into a missile and a compact bomb for a missile has to be tested to see if it will work. The Iraqis may have been working on these problems for years but there is not the slightest indication that they have solved them.

Meanwhile, the disinformation war and the dirty tricks campaigns to convince us that we are about to be nuked by Saddam Hussein go on. It is quite possible that the

African uranium story was another CIA operation along the lines of the capacitors 'destined for Iraq' found at Heathrow airport in 1990. It turned out that they had been planted by the FBI. Or take the case of the website called Asia Times Online (www.atimes.com).

Last November 14 Asia Times Online ran a feature quoting, it said, from an interview on the Arab TV channel al-Jazeera. In the interview, one Mohamed al-Asuquf, 'third in command of al-Qaeda', said there were terrorist plans for a nuclear attack on the US.

But there was no such interview on al-Jazeera and the name Mohamed al-Asuquf appears to have been made up. Yet the story not only appeared on Asia Times Online but was picked up and reproduced around the world. Owning up to being duped, Asia Times Online said the story had come from 'a usually reliable source' in Singapore but did not reveal his or her identity. I suggest it was almost certainly a Western intelligence officer.

There are other compelling reasons not to allow ourselves be stampeded by disinformation into a war with Iraq, and many questions which the Australian government cannot or does not want to answer. What, for instance, are our war aims? Britain and the United States have announced what they want to achieve. What is Australia after? All military manuals emphasize that war aims must be achievable and should be related to the degree of risk the aggressor is prepared to accept.

History suggests that the decisive aims Britain and America have set out—the invasion of Iraq, the subjugation of its armed forces, and the overthrow of its government have often resulted in a strategy of annihilation, heavy casualties and

prolonged conflict. Annihilation is the American way of war. It has an historical—some say psychological—affinity with it: Gettysburg, the Indian wars, the weight of superior fire power in the two World Wars and Korea, the body counts in Vietnam and the events in Somalia. (see 'The American Way of War', by R. F. Weigley, Macmillan, New York, 1973.)

And once the Iraqi forces are destroyed, what then? Occupation forces require one soldier or police officer for each 500 locals, plus one supervisor for each ten policemen. To control the 23 million Iraqis, that would mean a force of about 50,000. How many would Australia contribute? How many years would they have to stay there? How long would the domestic electorates tolerate a protracted occupation of another, far away country.

If our war aim is to ingratiate ourselves with Washington, then we should be told and the risks spelt out. The main one is, of course, that foreign policy imperatives of super powers change and that if we hope that by leaping to do America's bidding now, America will be there for us if, God forbid, we ever need her, then we may end up being terribly disappointed—betrayed and abandoned as Britain abandoned us when it suited her in 1942.

Then there's the moral issue. Tying Australia to America's war aims without reservation could well tie us to a strategy of annihilation, the merciless destruction of Iraq's armed forces, no doubt with weapons that include depleted uranium that will poison the country and usher in another round of 'Gulf War syndrome.'

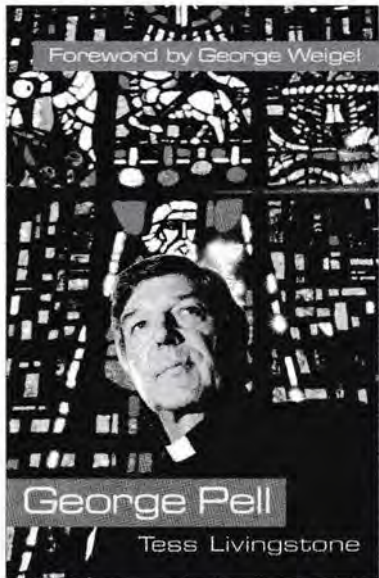
And what about Iraq's civilians? Iraq is a nation of kids—nearly half its population are children and teenagers. Is waging war on them when they had no say in bringing Saddam Hussein to power and no chance to get rid of him, really the way for a great nation like Australia to behave?



London-based PHILLIP KNIGHTLEY is the author of *The First Casualty* (Prion), a history of war correspondents and propaganda.

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— Editor. *Annals Australasia*.



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by Tess Livingstone

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JOHN FARRELL Albury Remembers the first Australian Bush Balladist

Recent Federation celebrations brought new interest in the border town of Albury where in the *Border Mail* of Tuesday 20th June, 2000 the question is asked 'What sort of democracy would lose most of its federation documents and only realise it 100 years later?'

To mark the Centenary of Federation in 2001 the National Archives searched for papers documenting Australia's nationhood.

After looking in anonymous vaults in both Australia and Britain, most were unearthed. But at least eight are still missing.

Anxious to conserve the documents they had discovered, the National Trust with just \$250,000 to spend, decided to digitise the documents and publish them on a website. The documents can be seen at <www.foundingdocs.gov.au>.

The site includes Queen Victoria's Royal Assent to the Commonwealth of Australia Constitution Act 1900, and letters patent constituting the Office of Governor General.

Also from Albury comes a recently published book 'John Farrell, An Illud of Albury', by Dr Dirk Spennemann, a Charles Sturt University academic, and Ms Jane Dowling a Community Worker at the Wommera Aboriginal Corporation, both of whom are fostering research into past Albury writing.

This book compiles all the poems John Farrell is known to have published while living and working in Albury and the title is taken from 'Ephemera An Illud of Albury' written by Farrell and published by George Mott owner of the *Border Post* in 1878. The only known copy of this book is held in the Mitchell Library, Sydney.

John Farrell lived in Albury from 1878, initially at the Turk's Head Hotel, to 1883, and his daughter Olivia, my mother, was born there in 1883.

'New Albury Writing', a previous publication edited by Dr Spennemann, Ms Dowling and Graham Jackson was made possible through an Albury City Council cultural grant and features the work of 29 writers. These include a number of Albury school students.

- Anastasia Cuddy

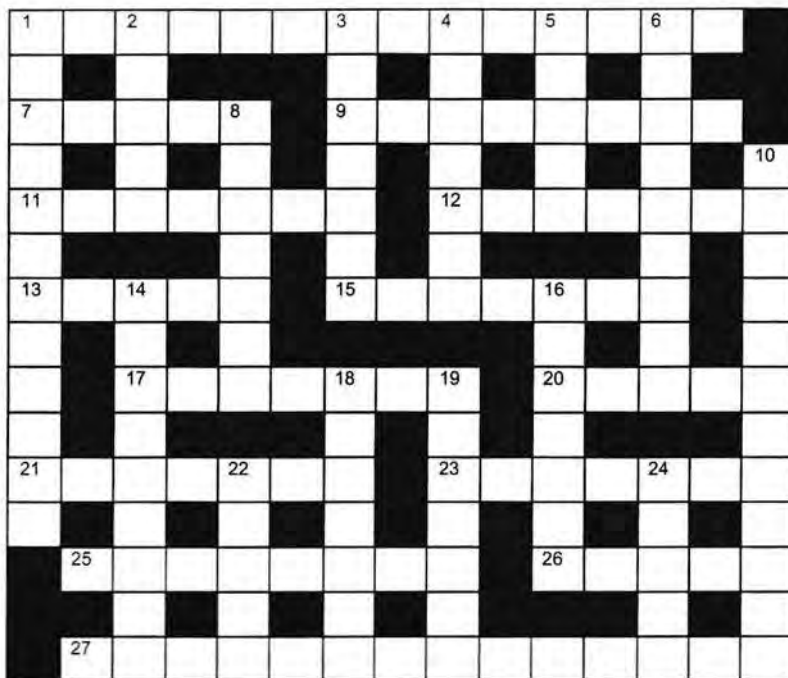


Rejoicing in the Truth

A CHRISTIAN who understands his own religion laughs when unbelievers expect to trouble him by the assertion that Jesus uttered no command which had not been anticipated by the Rabbis - few, indeed, which cannot be paralleled in classical, ancient Egyptian, Ninevite, Babylonian, or Chinese texts. We have long recognized that truth with rejoicing. Our faith is not pinned on a crank.

- C.S. Lewis, quoted by Judge Robert H. Bork, *Slouching towards Gomorroah* Regan Books, 1996

ANNALS CROSSWORD No. 12



ACROSS CLUES

- The restoration of harmony with God through the Sacrament of Penance (14)
- The end of life (5)
- In a state of mental anxiety (8)
- A Mosque official who calls the faithful to prayer (7)
- Achieves (tasks, goals, aims, etc) (7)
- Daughter of David (5)
- First Christian martyr (7)
- Inhabits (7)
- What Peter, James and John did while Jesus prayed in Gethsemane (5)
- Those in need of 1 across (7)
- A defect in memory (7)
- Vociferous (8)
- First letter of the Hebrew alphabet (5)
- Lima born saint; Patron of hairdressers (Feast day 3 Nov) (6,2,6)

DOWN CLUES

- A member of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer (12)
- Founder of Franciscan nuns (Feast day 11 Aug) (5)
- Has in mind to do (7)
- Cause to be alone (7)

- First Deuterocanonical Book (5)
- The act of dutiful behaviour (9)
- Perils (7)
- , dust to dust (5,2,5)
- Our Lord, come! (1 Cor 16: 22) (9)
- An exclamation of praise to God (7)
- Perceive (7)
- Surprise or frighten with alarm (7)
- To expel (a tenant) by process of law; oust (5)
- Declare a statement to be true (5)

SOLUTION TO NO. 11



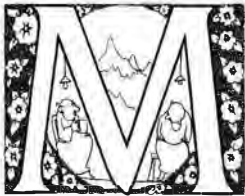
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Psst! Remember Lebanon? It is waiting to be rescued from Syria

RESTORE DEMOCRACY AND PEACE TO LEBANON

U.S., U.K. and Australian forces have been committed to ousting Saddam Hussein and introducing democracy to Iraq. Thirteen years ago the west stood by and watched as Lebanon – a tiny former democracy – was abandoned to the merciless power of Syria.

GENERAL MICHEL AOUN, Lebanon's Prime Minister in exile, appeals to the west to make amends and restore democracy to Lebanon.



MANY regions of the world today are in a state of a global and f a t e f u l confrontation with terrorism. I say 'global' because terrorism, by its very nature, reaches into several aspects of public and private life and knows no limit. I say 'fateful' because the outcome of this confrontation will lead to one of two critical directions and set of consequences for human civilization: either terrorism will be defeated under the leadership of the United States, and thus a foundation for positive interaction will be built among diverse societies, or, God forbid, terrorism will prevail and humanity will enter into an age of darkness and decline.

Lebanon, a small country by size but much larger in mission, was the first victim of modern terrorism. At the end of the 1960s, Lebanon, a multicultural society, began to absorb the shocks of the conflict between the East and the West. In the early 1980s it found itself at the frontlines of confrontation with Islamic fundamentalists.

As a democracy and free market economy surrounded by autocratic regimes and directed economies, Lebanon strived to live under its secular and democratic constitution. In addition, Lebanon contributed to the drafting of the Human Rights Charter of the United Nations and it is the only Arab country that has signed it as of today. From their

daily lives to their intellectual and cultural discourse, the Lebanese people lived and practiced tolerance and moderation. Lebanon became a model for all Arab intellectuals and a shelter for the persecuted among them, and was in fact commonly known then as the 'Switzerland of the East.'

Indeed, Lebanon was an oasis of freedom in the midst of the human desert that surrounded it. It was a cultural bridge between East and West, savoring the value of freedom in all its dimensions, from the freedom of creed to the freedom of speech, the right to differ, political plurality and diversity, and all the way to economic freedom.

These universal values cherished in Lebanon presented a threat to the single-ideology theocracies and dictatorships that dominated the region. Lebanon became a target for these regimes which believed it imperative to kill its pioneering role in the region. At the time, some regional and international parties believed that some benefit could be drawn from the demise of Lebanon. They remained silent and refrained from helping it. The Syrian regime played the major role in this conflict. It first claimed to be protecting the Palestinian Revolution against the Lebanese, and so it allied itself with the Palestinian movement until it was able to undermine the stability of Lebanese society and destroy the country's security institutions. At that point, Syria changed direction and claimed to be protecting Lebanon from the Palestinians, and it legitimized its entry into the

country under the banner of the Arab Deterrence Force in 1976.

Between 1976 and 1982, the Arab Deterrence Force was under the authority of the Lebanese President, but the Syrian contingent—which was the largest—operated independently of the other contingents and of the president. The Syrians shelled residential areas and carried out massacres. They imposed censorship on the press and began shutting down some of the media. They assassinated politicians, clergymen, reporters, and diplomats. They bombed embassies and chased out virtually all diplomatic missions from Beirut. They kidnapped people, both individuals and groups, and liquidated them. They incited massacres in some areas of the country and executed military prisoners. Many Lebanese nationals remain incarcerated in Syrian jails even today.

For all these reasons, the other Arab contingents of the Deterrence Force left Lebanon, and the Syrian regime managed to achieve an exclusive, solid grip over most of Lebanon. The Syrian regime transformed the nation into a refuge and breeding ground for all types of international terrorist groups operating in areas under its control. It was in this environment that a massive industry of drug cultivation, processing, and distribution prospered, and the Lebanese coast became peppered with illicit harbors controlled by various militias that used them as a launching pad for terrorist activities and other illegal actions.

In 1982, the Israeli invasion of Lebanon evicted the PLO from Beirut. The Lebanese government abolished the mandate of the Arab Deterrence Force and requested Syria to withdraw its forces. However, the Syrian regime ignored the Lebanese request, in violation of the UN Charter, and instead of withdrawing, it rearmed the Palestinian organizations and its allied militias and political parties in Lebanon. This caused a return to the situation that had preceded the Israeli invasion: military clashes, kidnappings, and killings. It was then that the embassies of the United States and France were bombed, twice each by the Syrian-protected and -supported terrorists, and that the French and American contingents of the Multi-National Force were attacked.

The Multi-National Force withdrew in the aftermath of these suicide attacks, leaving Lebanon to confront its fate alone. Syria then forced Lebanon to abrogate the May 1983 Accord that Lebanon had negotiated with Israel. Israel pulled back to the border zone, and Syria returned to its task of gnawing, destabilizing, and disintegrating Lebanon. This period climaxed with the Syrian invasion of the last free bastion in Lebanon on October 13, 1990, and the resulting eviction of the constitutional government. Syria had thus completed its takeover of Lebanon.

Since 1990, the Syrian regime has undertaken the systematic destruction of the entire infrastructure of Lebanese society. Throughout all political and administrative institutions of the state, Syria has installed puppets that take their orders directly from Syrian intelligence officers. These minions are required to execute their wishes and justify their policies. Syria has broken up each political party into numerous sub-entities and imposed on them a single ideology.

Thus the Syrian regime has all but eliminated Lebanon from the international political map. It has halted all bilateral negotiations between Israel and Lebanon. It has rendered the prospect of peace between Lebanon and Israel contingent upon the dragging and slow process of the Syrian track with Israel.



What we Expect

WHEN we pick up our newspaper at breakfast, we expect – we even demand – that it bring us momentous events since the night before. We turn on the car radio as we drive to work and expect ‘news’ to have occurred since the morning newspaper went to press. Returning in the evening, we expect our house not only to shelter us, to keep us warm in winter and cool in summer, but to relax us, to dignify us, to encompass us with soft music and interesting hobbies, to be a playground, a theater, and a bar. We expect our two-week vacation to be romantic, exotic, cheap, and effortless. We expect a faraway atmosphere if we go to a nearby place; and we expect everything to be relaxing, sanitary, and Americanized if we go to a faraway place. We expect new heroes every season, a literary masterpiece every month, a dramatic spectacular every week, a rare sensation every night. We expect everybody to feel free to disagree, yet we expect everybody to be loyal, not to rock the boat or take the Fifth Amendment. We expect everybody to believe deeply in his religion, yet not to think less of others for not believing. We expect our nation to be strong and great and vast and varied and prepared for every challenge: yet we expect our ‘national purpose’ to be clear and simple, something that gives direction the lives of nearly two hundred million people and yet can be bought in a paperback at the corner drugstore for a dollar.

We expect anything and everything. We expect the contradictory and the impossible. We expect compact cars which are spacious; luxurious cars which are economical. We expect to be rich and charitable, powerful and merciful, active and reflective, kind and competitive. We expect to be inspired by mediocre appeals for ‘excellence,’ to be made literate by illiterate appeals for literacy. We expect to eat and stay thin, to be constantly on the move and ever more neighbourly, to go to a ‘church of our choice’ and yet feel its guiding power over us, to revere God, and to be God.

Never have people been more the masters of their environment. Yet never has a people felt more deceived and disappointed. For never has a people expected so much more than the world could offer.

– Daniel Boorstill, *The Image or What happened to the American Dream?* NY, 1962



One good turn deserves another

HIS name was Fleming, and he was a poor Scottish farmer. One day, while trying to eke out a living for his family, he heard a cry for help coming from a nearby bog. He dropped his tools and rang to the bog. There, mired to his waist in black muck, was a terrified boy, screaming and struggling to free himself. Farmer Fleming saved the lad from what could have been a slow and terrifying death. The next day, a fancy carriage pulled up to the Scotsman's sparse surroundings. An elegantly dressed nobleman stepped out and introduced himself as the father of the boy Farmer Fleming had saved.

'I want to repay you,' said the nobleman. 'You saved my son's life.' 'No, I can't accept payment for what I did,' the Scottish farmer replied, waving off the offer. At that moment, the farmer's own son came to the door of the family hovel. 'Is that your son?' the nobleman asked. 'Yes,' the farmer replied proudly. 'I'll make you a deal. Let me take him and give him a good education. If the lad is anything like his father, he'll grow to a man you can be proud of.'

'And that he did. In time, Farmer Fleming's son graduated from St. Mary's Hospital Medical School in London, and went on to become known throughout the world as the noted Sir Alexander Fleming, the discoverer of Penicillin. Years afterward, the nobleman's son was stricken with pneumonia. What saved him? Penicillin. The name of the nobleman? Lord Randolph Churchill. His son's name? Sir Winston Churchill.

In addition to the sad reality of the political and security aspects of their lives, the economic reality for the Lebanese people is even worse. The middle class has all but vanished, and the ranks of the poor have swelled. Illiteracy has soared even after being nearly eliminated in the past. One third of the Lebanese people have been forced to emigrate because of the government's economic policies, which, incidentally, twenty years of war could not accomplish. Whereas some societies have to combat organized crime as one element of corruption, Lebanese society has become, thanks to the Syrian occupation, totally owned and ruled by a Mafia class responsible for most of the corruption in the country.

This brief overview of the situa-

tion in Lebanon is a reflection of the larger context of the region. Its roots are ideological, economical, and psychological. And if we are to manage the present state of affairs and avert future mistakes, we must address these roots.

The terrorists operating in this region come from states and countries with dictatorial and theocratic regimes that do not recognize or respect human rights. A second dimension is the religious motivation behind the suicide bombings, which are considered an act of martyrdom that open the gates of paradise to those who commit them. The autocrats, whether theocrats or dictators, will not admit any wrongdoing: the theocrats contend that divine law is infallible, and the dictators will not admit that their

ideological discourse inspires violence. In both cases, these autocrats preempt the people's quest for the reasons behind their failure by shifting responsibility to their political opponents, whose liquidation is thus justified, or on external enemies to which the people's hostility is channeled, thus shielding the autocrats from the anger of the citizenry.

If we are to fight terrorism effectively, we have to understand that it is inseparable from the regimes that harbor it. Terrorism is an internal safety valve for these regimes and constitutes a key instrument of their foreign policy, used to blackmail other nations. Therefore, the eradication of terrorism must, by necessity, begin with the toppling of tyrannical regimes that teach people to hate and kill and that push people to acts of murder-suicide.

Our security concerns about terrorism should not blind us to the importance of democracy in building free economic systems, because it would be naïve to think that free economies could thrive under political systems that are not free, or under a justice system that is subservient to the ruler instead of the rule of law that guarantees people's rights.

As I write these words in the capital of the most deeply rooted and ancient democracy in the world, I cannot but see the magnitude of the difficulties in implementing democratic systems in countries that have never known democracy, countries that never had the kind of political culture that helps develop in people the ability to live in freedom. That seems to me to be much harder to achieve than victory in the battlefield, the outcome of which can be sealed in days or weeks.

Democracy is not an infrastructure that one builds in few months, and it is not a topography that one can draw on paper. It cannot be achieved through a simple voting exercise. It is first and foremost an education of concepts. This is why any regime change must be accompanied by a fundamental change in the system of education to facilitate the learning of new concepts and their application to public life.

Democracy cannot survive in a place where schools call for the annihilation of other peoples. It is no longer sufficient to denounce the crime and arrest the criminal. We must close the schools that are teaching the criminals.

If democracy is the key to liberating the individual from fear, economic development is the key to liberating the individual from need, and it is a means to promote international trade, investment, and economic cooperation among nations.

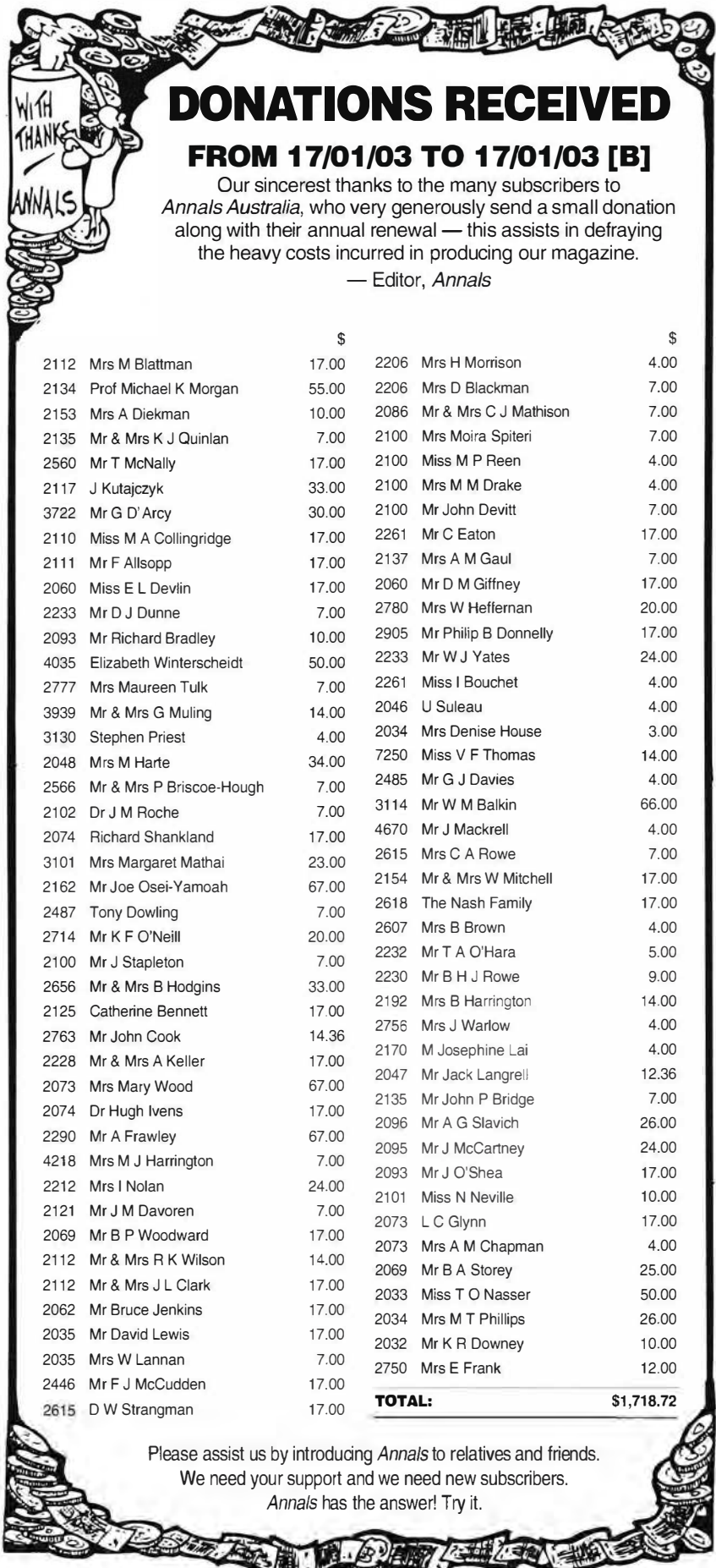
In spite of all the repression by the occupying Syrian regime and its collaborators in the ruling apparatus, and in spite of the international community's neglect for the cause of Lebanon and its repeated admonitions to submit to the role of the Syrian occupation, the Lebanese have built a peaceful resistance consisting of university students and civil and professional organizations at its core, which enjoys the support of the majority of the Lebanese people. This Free Patriotic Movement comprises members from all communities in all regions of Lebanon.

Although the Lebanese regime has been willingly submissive under the yoke of the Syrian occupation, the Lebanese people have not yet given up, and they have rejected dictatorship in all of its forms. The Lebanese people remain highly competent to play a pioneering role in promoting freedom and democracy in the Middle East. They possess the required experience and culture and cherish the right values and principles.

The return of free democracy to Lebanon would pay genuine homage to the memory of the fallen Americans who gave their lives for the defense of freedom and democracy in Lebanon. They came to Lebanon for peace, and rejoining the quest for peace in Lebanon would be the most fitting tribute to their memory. God bless their souls.



GENERAL MICHEL AOUN was Lebanese Prime Minister from 1988 to 1990. This article is adapted from a speech delivered on March 7, 2003, at a Hudson Institute conference on the future of Lebanon.



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— Editor, *Annals*

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God and/or Caesar

At a personal, popular or communal level things could be different. The lower clergy could in Ireland be more nationalist than the bishops, though in Fascist Italy or Nazi Germany the opposite could be the case, and ordinary priests often stood out against the new nationalism more firmly than their superiors. The point is that Catholic Christianity, understood in a wide sense, was both incarnationalist and universalist – it tended both to identify closely with particular communities, cultures and nations, and to insist upon a communion transcending such particularities. It oscillated, one might say, between Old and New Testament sources of inspiration. It would be quite wrong to think of Christianity's relationship to the nation in terms of only one of these two characteristics, particularly western Christianity with its long commitment to dualism – the distinction of the two swords in classical Gelasian theory, church and state, pope and emperor. The shrine of Edward the Confessor, saint and king, was central to the royal church of Westminster but the still more popular shrine of Thomas Becket, archbishop and martyr at a king's hands, was central to the Cathedral of Canterbury. Unsurprisingly Thomas's shrine was destroyed with particular ferocity by Henry VIII. Thomas Becket, nevertheless, expressed a dualism central to Christianity which distinguishes the claims of God from those of Caesar and brings with it a necessary restraint upon the claims of sovereignty, not only that of Caesar but of nationalism too. In the words of another Thomas, whom Henry beheaded: 'The king's good servant but God's first'.

– Adrian Hastings, *The Construction of Nationhood*, Cambridge University Press, 1997.



MEDIA MATTERS

By James Murray

New Elizabethan

The new boss of the Australian Secret Intelligence Service, David Irvine, took an honours degree in Elizabethan history at the University of Western Australia in Perth. Those who consider his degree to have a tenuous connection with his covert work have forgotten that the Elizabethan era saw the ascendancy of espionage as an instrument of statecraft.

The great Elizabethan spymaster, the Smiley, the M, of his day, was Sir Francis Walsingham (1530-90), Secretary of State to Queen Elizabeth, who set up a system of espionage at home and abroad, still extant in MI5 and MI6. His principal targets were Catholics, and he uncovered the Throckmorton and Babington plots against Elizabeth.

Walsingham was as ruthless as any KGB commissar. He was a commissioner at the trial of the lovely but ill-fated Mary Queen of Scots which resulted in her beheading at Fotheringay Castle in 1587. Her remains are interred in the Henry VII chapel at Westminster, London (RIP).

Golden Oldie

When in doubt read an old book. Your correspondent's trust in this saying was reinforced by a paperback copy of Edward St John's, *A Time to Speak*, found in a Sydney secondhand book shop (to which, after its publication in 1969, it had boomeranged via book exchanges in Cairns, far north Queensland).

St John was a QC, so his book has the succinctness of deft cross-examination and the elan of a 18th century pamphlet. True, his main adversary was his Liberal Party colleague, former Prime Minister John Gorton who, like St John himself, has gone to the state where the gurgle of Famous Grouse is not heard. But the book is still relevant.

St John, main voice raised against Gorton's indiscretions, emerges as lawyer-politician passionate for Christianity and parliamentary democracy. He is scathing about the indulgence shown to behaviour excused as larrikin. And equivalently pertinent about the individual power that accrues to that first among equals, aka the prime minister, the non-democratic nexus between ministers and public servants and the interaction between proprietors, hacks and politicians.

Surprisingly no biography of Edward St John has been written. Who to write it? There's that

other redoubtable Liberal of intellect, probity and talent: Peter Coleman. Or even erstwhile hack and political minder now a Liberal Minister, Tony Abbott, who holds St John's old, federal seat, Warringah.

Home Again

The ebullient, not to say hell-raising, French actor Gerard Depardieu shares the view about old books. He has credited *The Confessions of St Augustine* ('sublime') for his renewed faith in Catholicism, that is, the Catholicism of his childhood, not the variety, proudly if vacuously labelled progressive (*The Observer*, London, Sunday, February 15).

Depardieu (his name means From God) made a public profession of his renewed faith in Notre Dame Cathedral on that Sunday before reading from *The Confessions*. The ceremony was broadcast live from the packed cathedral.

Earlier in the year, Depardieu read from *The Confessions* at the funeral of Maurice Pialat, the director who cast him as a troubled priest in *Sous le Soleil de Satan* (*Under Satan's Sun*), winner of the Cannes Film Festival Palme D'Or in 1987.

It was not, however, the priestly role that inspired him to read *The Confessions*. For that Depardieu, 54, credits Pope John Paul II whom he met in 2000.

'I have a mystical, religious temperament, coloured by a persistent temptation to ask: Why?' Depardieu says. 'In Augustine, I have rediscovered these questions, the quest for truth – the why of what we are.'

Doogue-Willesee Show

The close encounter of the interview kind between another renewed Catholic, Mike Willesee, and the ABC's Geraldine Doogue (*Compass* March 9) was intriguing. At one point Doogue mentioned that she and Willesee shared an 'Irish Catholic' upbringing.

Was there perhaps a pejorative smidgin in her use of the term? Surely not. To use this term pejoratively is to go along with those who put down all things Irish Catholic, a put-down deriving from the iniquitous Penal Laws; it is also to forget that there are people throughout the world who are Irish Catholic in that the Faith was brought to them by Irish missionaries.

Another intriguing element in the interview



consisted of shots of people paying for a video Willesee has made about the Eucharist. No balancing cut to Doogue collecting her pittance from the ABC.

Bit Rich

Occasionally you come across words by a fellow hack that are, well, sensational. Example: the intro to Nick Cohen's column Without Prejudice (*The Observer*, London, February 9):

'All who scrambled to get their tax returns in before 31 January will be cheered to know that the newspapers who speak for middle England aren't worried about meeting the Revenue's demands. *The Mail* and *Mail on Sunday* are controlled by the Lord Rothermere's family trusts in Channel Island tax havens. Rupert Murdoch's *Times*, *Sunday Times*, *News of the World* and *Sun* are small parts of his News Corporation conglomerate, which shovels money to banks in the Virgin Islands and Bermuda faster than its hacks can denounce scroungers who fiddle the dole.

'Between 1988 and 1999, its British division didn't pay a penny in corporation tax, despite making profits of 1.4 billion pounds. The tax burden Murdoch dumped on the public would have paid for seven new hospitals, or 50 secondary schools or 300 primary schools.' Can this be true? Of decadent Britain maybe. But of egalitarian Australia? Say it ain't so, Pete (Treasurer Peter Costello). Say your tax officials would not countenance tax avoidance by media moguls measured in so many, much-needed hospitals and schools.

Old Time Religion

Russia is to re-introduce religious education in its state schools. For the first time since the Tzars, school children will be taught about such important matters as Orthodox Christian asceticism, liturgy, literature, art and the Bible.

Too much to imagine that those secular intellectuals, Trotskyites et al, who once saw in Russia the

best hope of the world, will campaign for similar wide-ranging Christian education in Australasia's state schools.

Fatal Division

As the divisive privatisation of what were once integrated transport systems proceeds, a warning of a new liability has come from British author Nina Bawden. She talks of 'corporate manslaughter' following her own injuries and the death of her

husband of 48 years, journalist Austen Kark, in a rail crash last year that killed seven and injured 70. Cause: points misalignment (*International Express*, January 14).

She holds private transport contractors Jarvis responsible. They deny responsibility.

'Now I would like to see the whole of the Jarvis board facing corporate manslaughter charges. . . ' she said. 'I lay in my bed with a smashed collar bone, a smashed leg and no husband, and I heard the chairman of Jarvis saying the alignment of the points was not in the maintenance contract which seems strange to me. Maybe there is one contractor who is responsible for the points and one for the weeds that grow between the rails.'

How long before a similar action has to be mounted in Australasia which also has its programmes of divisive privatisation? These, plus over-emphasis on the bottom line, can turn all too rapidly into a body count.

Dean One

It is going to be difficult for anyone to beat the Rt. Reverend Phillip Jensen, Anglican Dean of Sydney for the Chutzpah Award of 2003. Chutzpah is, of course, Yiddish for cheek or front. And Phillip Jensen has more of either than Ginger Meggs or St Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, where Jensen preached his first sermon as dean.

While sparing Catholics (Thank you, sir, thank you), Jensen mentioned 'lovely, wonderful Hindus and Muslims and Jews and athiests', adding: 'But their different religions cannot all be right. Some, or all of them, are wrong. And if wrong are the



The roots of Genocide

SERBIA, on the other hand, was a country already gripped by an obsessive nationalism, basically of a German sort, bent on the 'ethnic cleansing' of a 'Greater Serbia' long before the 1990s. Ethnic cleansing had been written into Serb nationalism from the early nineteenth century. 'Greater Serbianism' was in fact a close cousin to what in Germany became Nazi 'National Socialism'. In each case extreme ethnic nationalism led finally to genocide. It was impossible that a Serbia dominated by a nationalism of this sort could conceivably provide the core of a far larger union of disparate peoples.

- Adrian Hastings, *The Construction of Nationhood*, Cambridge University Press, 1997



monstrous lies and deceits of Satan – devised to destroy the life of believers.' (Kelly Burke, *SMH*, March 10)

Not bad, not bad at all, for a cleric who is simply a member of the evangelical wing in a single diocese of the Anglican communion. There again John Henry Newman, once an Anglican cleric, later a Catholic cardinal, is on record with words to the effect that Anglican evangelicals held a more sustainable position than Anglo-Catholics.

As to Jensen's citing of Jews, Newman might well have reminded him that Jewish law is God given, that Christ was a Jew who came not to destroy that law but to fulfil it more abundantly.

Muslims? Their prophet Mohammed (570-632) did give Christ an honoured place. Moreover, he honoured Christ's mother, Mary, possibly to an extent greater than some evangelical Anglicans.

Hindus? They have a multitude of deities in their belief system, a multitude born of the inherent, human quest for God which manifests itself (see GK Chesterton's *The Everlasting Man*), in prefigurations of Christ's miraculously heroic and divine, redemptive intervention in history.

Atheists? They believe they have established the truth. God is truth. Therefore atheists willynilly link themselves to God.

This must be added: Phillip Jensen and his brother Peter, Sydney's Anglican Archbishop, are the kind of public figures for whom even atheistic hacks might pray; both are perennially quotable.

Only those who, with deadline looming, search notebooks or tape-recorders for quotes to build a story on, know what a Godsend such figures are.

Oi! Oi! Oi!

Usually local journalists are quick to note countries that imitate Australian initiatives. But the fact that the United Kingdom is mimicking Australia's policy on off-shore detention centres for illegal immigrants was reported without hurrahs.

In February, the British Home Office noted that 110,000 refugees had sought asylum in the previous year. The Isle of Man was once Britain's favoured location for alien internment camps as Christmas Island was Australia's. Now Britain prefers Albania, poorest country in Europe, and for ages a Stalinist redoubt.

Olympic Hijinks (Cont)

Just when you think it might be safe to say Olympics, more rows and shenanigans break on that overhyped and overfinanced movement for the further aggrandisement of grandees. Locally there's the row between the Australian Olympic Committee and the Federal Government about the \$100 million in spoils the AOC contrived to extract

from the Government of New South Wales, not to mention its people who largely footed the multi-billion dollar bill for the frabjous Sydney 2000 Olympics. This row is observed with a measure of awe.

Not so Olympic shenanigans overseas. 'More enduring than the Olympic flame is the seamy context of scandal, tooth-and-claw politicking and world-class mismanagement that finds the U.S. Olympic Committee bumbling its way towards the Games in Athens next year.' (editorial *International Herald Tribune*, Jan 29)

The Tribune adds: 'There is an urgent need to restructure the unwieldy committee and restore its focus to athletic competition rather than the turf-war combat and flirtation with corruption that have become its hallmark.'

Win Win

Buddhists enjoy such a reputation for ascetism and general saintliness that it was with relief your sinful correspondent read an obituary of Burmese dictator Ne Win (1911-2002). He meditated daily yet his 26-year tyranny brought poverty to his once prosperous nation. He was an astrologist and numerologist who on his 90th birthday invited 90 monks to help him celebrate after he was flown round his birthplace nine times. He bathed in dolphins blood to maintain his youthful vigour. He needed it. He drank, gambled and kept several mistresses. Your correspondent drinks wine. He assumes Ne Win drank water.

DH Abhorrence

Debate continues about pornography in all its lucrative vileness on the Internet and elsewhere. But what is pornography? One definition: 'Pornography is the attempt to insult sex, to do dirt on it.' But who said this: the redoubtable Rev Fred Nile? The late Mary Whitehouse?

No, DH Lawrence in his 1936 collection of essays *Phoenix*. Earlier in 1929, in another essay entitled *Leave Sex Alone*, he wrote 'For while we have sex in the mind, we truly have none in the body.'

So what about Lady Chatterley's Lover? The fantasy aberration of a writer who was sick to the point of impotence. And death. Aldous Huxley remarked in his introduction to Lawrence's *Selected Letters*, that his view of male-female relationships was 'constantly invoked by people of whom Lawrence would passionately have disapproved, in defence of behaviour which he would have found deplorable or even revolting.'

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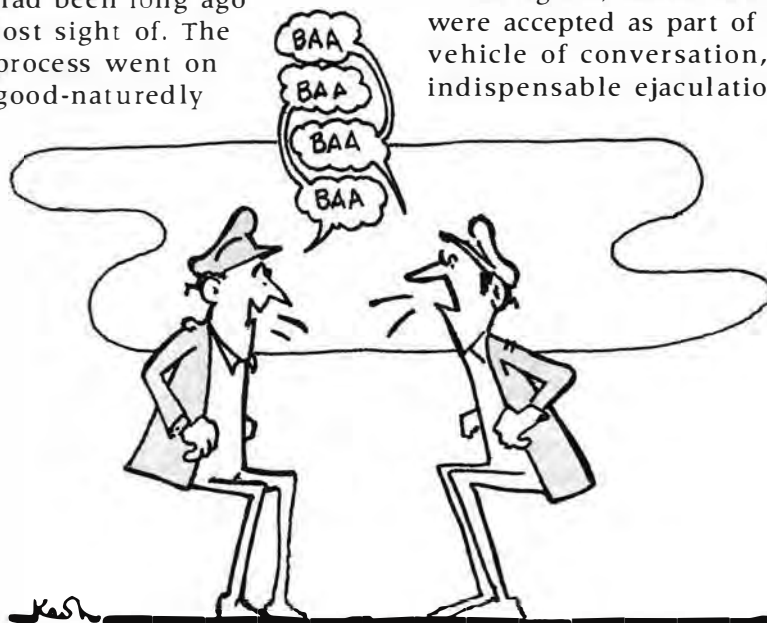
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Feeling Sheepish about bad Language!

TWO soldiers were calling each other names which would not only be quite unprintable but seemed to be the last word of all abusive language. Since, however, the terms employed formed part and parcel of the everyday language of those men, all their sting had gone. The coins were so debased by constant circulation that their intrinsic value had been long ago lost sight of. The process went on good-naturedly

sheep, and that a man who called another a sheep without any reason or justification was fit to be killed. All this was bawled out at the top of his voice, and interlarded with terms of abuse to find equivalents for which it would be necessary to have recourse to the language of the East. They reflected slightly on the pedigree of the man addressed.

But again, these words were accepted as part of the vehicle of conversation, as indispensable ejaculations,



enough until one of the men called the other a sheep. This seemed to me to be first harmless word which had been bandied during the conversation. The effect produced was tremendous. The man who was called a sheep threw down a plank he was handling, and declared to the world at large that was more than human nature could bear, that he refused to work with a man who called him a

such as 'Good gracious!' The infuriated soldier finally called everyone to witness, and exclaimed that here was a man who had called him a *sheep*, and who was a *sheep* himself. This seemed to me rather to spoil the argument. Two officers arrived and told the men to go on with their work, but the argument was still going on when the train started, and the last words I heard were 'Sheep! sheep! He called me a sheep!'

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

For those interested in Linguisticide and Litter-ature

FAKING LITERATURE

EMERITUS PROFESSOR ALAN CROWN reviews a study of spuriousity and faking in the history of literature – including faked letters of Cleopatra and Mary Magdalene. He takes a hard look at the weakness inherent in publishing, reviewing and modernistic poetry which is described as ‘nonsense published and admired by the critically incompetent’.



THIS is an elegantly written book, for the most part, that is well worth the effort that it takes to read it, via a dictionary. Indeed it was difficult to put down. On almost every page there are phrases which are worth recording whether for their astute observations or for the elegance of their presentation. There are numerous places where the reader is likely to burst into laughter at irony, hubris (sometimes that of the author) and the rapier-sharp phrasing.

If only all critical works contained such elegant pearls of expression as ‘By concealing its actual origins and then inventing a factitious source for itself after the event, Macphossian plays havoc with the unidirectional theory of time that underpins diachronic forms of literary scholarship — which regards the sources of a text as always antecedent to it.’ Likewise, ‘Popular suspicion of experts is justifiably prudent behaviour given the history of inexpert judgements made by ‘experts’ fluent in the rhetoric of authority’.

Not all the sharp phrasing is the author’s; quite a few are quoted pearls. The subject seems to bring out the best in critical writing as it seems to do in the practitioners of faking.

The references and the bibliography show that there is a continuing and substantial interest in the subject of faked literature and other types of faking or forging, and our author seems to be supremely well read in all of it. He seems to be particularly at home with lexicography, particularly with Greek words; this facility seems to have enabled him to substitute unusual bound morphemes on to stems, so that if there is a commonly

Faking Literature
K. K. Ruthven
Cambridge University Press \$49.95

used term with a morphemic introduction he is able to use an unusual version of the same word.

The author is apparently least comfortable with biblical literature where virtually every book is a pseudograph, a fact that he misses. Also he seems to believe that the Holy Bible is a text unafflicted by problems of authenticity and authority. (p. 34)

The book deals with a broad spectrum of issues in literature, prize and award giving, art, language (a case, among others, of a glossolalic medium, Elise Müller, who spoke Martian), the Hitler and Mussolini diaries, including the nature of fakery, the difficulty of spotting fakery, and some classic fakes. Among the classic fakes some are described at length, such as those of Macpherson, Ireland, Wise, Chatterton, Clifford and Irving.

Others are mentioned *en passant* and we are left to guess at the nature of their faking. If one is to judge from



THE oldest Roman Sacramentary, compiled in the course of the sixth century and known as the *Sacramentarium Leoninum*, is unfortunately mutilated and the section containing the Easter baptisms is missing, but in the Whitsuntide baptisms milk and honey appear. The following blessing is ordered to be used:

‘Bless, O Lord, these thy creatures of the spring, of honey, of milk; let thy servants drink out of this spring the invisible water of Life, which is the spirit of Truth, and feed them with this milk and honey, as thou hast promised to our fathers, Abraham, Isaacs, and Jacob, to lead them into the land of Promise, the land flowing with milk and honey. Unite thy servants, O Lord, with the Holy Spirit, as here honey and milk are united, as a sign that heavenly and earthly substances is united in Christ Jesus our Lord.’

– Editor, *Annals*

the names of those involved in the business of spuriousity, fakery has been a more rewarding business than producing legitimate literature, if that is indeed the antithesis of fakery. Some of the statistics are staggering such as the 27,320 forged letters by Denis Vrain-Lucas (p.177) including letters of Mary Magdalen and Cleopatra. The author sets the record straight in the matter of female fakers, who are not without number, but are regularly occluded from such discussions.

There is some discrepancy in style between the chapters, which makes one wonder whether the intention of the author had been to write a series of associated, but detached essays over a substantial period of time.

The first two chapters need to be packaged with the Oxford English Dictionary, or at very least, the shorter version thereof, as they are replete with words so rare that this reader has never before seen them in print, whereas the concluding chapters are in plain and lucid English, marred only by the professional terminology of writers on English literature, including that outrageous, oxymoronic term 'post-modern'.

There are also some fine neologisms such as *linguisticide*, used to describe what the English tried to do to Gaelic, and *litterature*, for the study of the culture of garbage, written or otherwise.

The author seems also not to have been restrained by the fact that in received-standard English some words appear as adjectives or nouns or verbs or adverbs but are not always to be found in every form. So far as the author is concerned one gains the impression that he has been influenced so much by his studies of fakery, that if a form is needed to round out his ideas then it is created. The highly successful result of this technique suggests that the constraints imposed on word forms by the demands of English grammar are truly unnecessary and limiting for expression.

Some of Ruthven's expressions are ambiguous, and in so erudite and controlled a writer one wonders whether a word such as *epigones* for the successors of the critic Leavis is deliberately chosen for its ambiguity.



The Peasants' War

SUCH was the end of the war of the peasants. In the short time, in which they were permitted to afflict society, it is estimated that more than one hundred thousand men fell on the field of battle, seven cities were dismantled, fifty monasteries razed to the ground, and three churches burned – not to mention the immense treasures of painting and sculpture, of stained glass, and of beautifully written manuscripts – which were annihilated. Had they triumphed, Germany would have relapsed into barbarism: literature, arts, poetry, morality, faith and authority would have been buried under the same ruin. The rebellion, which Luther had caused, was the daughter of disobedience: her father, however, knew how to chastise her. If there were innocent blood shed, let it be on his head. 'For,' says the reformer, 'It is I who have shed it, by order of God; and who ever has perished in this combat, has lost both soul and body, and is eternally damned.'

It was the blood of the peasants, for whom Luther had no longer any sympathy, because he no longer needed them.

'Give the ass, thistles, a pack-saddle, and the whip, said the wiseman'-writes Luther to Ruhel – 'Give the peasants, oat-straw. If they were not satisfied, give them the stick, and the gun. This is their due. Let us pray that they may obey. If not, no pity. Without the arquebuse, they would be a hundred times more wicked.'

– JMV Audin, *History of the Life, Writings and Doctrines of Martin Luther*, Paris 1840

Does the author want us to consider that the epigones of Leavis were simply successors or does he mean us to see them as undistinguished descendents of a great man.

Ruthven argues that fakers or hoaxers are motivated to prove the ineptitude of critics and sometimes include clues or absurdities in their works to 'raise the stakes', gambling that the poorer the work/clue the greater the critical ineptitude. However he defends critics by demonstrating that one needs to be suspicious of a work in advance to be able to spot the clues left by the perpetrators as for example in the Ern Mally poems where clues are obvious in retrospect and there may be clues of which authors themselves were unconscious.

Ruthven suggests that it is a romantic notion to expect a work to be the *ipsissima verba* of but one author when many works are the results of collaborative efforts such as the writings of Wordsworth-Coleridge, or Keats with several others. He notes that the use of the first person in romantic poetry gives an illusion of personal testimony whether or not the events happened.

False authorial testimony is only one form of fakery. Others include speechwriting, ghost writing or imputing to someone else one's own work. The reviewer confesses to have been guilty of this. He collaborated in a translation from Yiddish while knowing no Yiddish with some who knew Yiddish but no English, by re-Englishing the crude translation to level the quality of the end product. The two translators used a concocted name – a process described in this book as textual intercourse. It has been amusing to see our concocted name quoted in anthologies of Australian writing and our work plagiarised.

When one thinks about all the issues involved in fakery one asks the question whether in creating literary or scholarly works there is anything else but fakery. Supervisors of academic theses who have any input into the work of their students are guilty of fakery as are examiners who like to see their lecture notes reproduced by candidates.

In fact in Ruthven's various definitions of fakery and forgery there is immense latitude, but it should be realised that there is almost no literary work or so-called scientific work which is not to some extent faked. Are autobiographers who overlook the public mention of some part of their careers that they don't wish to remember any less fakers than those who concoct false autobiographies?

Can an historian be anything but a faker when he has to select details out of a mass of possible material which he regards as factual and relate this material to other facts to create a personal philosophical presentation which is then called history? What but fakery can be an edition of an ancient text when part of it is reconstructed from illegible source material, when it is of uncertain provenance and authorship (as in the 'critical' editions of the Dead Sea Scrolls)? It goes without saying that the secondary literature based on texts so treated must be pure invention.

Are archaeologists who attribute a causal sequence of events to remains in layers of soil be anything but imaginative fakers telling us only what current historical or humanities theory inclines him to believe? There are very few works, whether authored multiply or singly, whether by the author named, or pseudonymous, that could not be counted to some degree fictitious or at very least factitious.

Once a work moves from facts to ideas it must be a fake. Perhaps the only genuine works are abecidiaries or reading primers. Likewise virtually every film must be classed as a fake since scripts are seldom faithful to source books and are often multiple authored. Documentaries are probably the worst fakes since they allege themselves to be factual.

Among the many worthwhile insights in the book is the statement that one is obliged to debate with holocaust deniers who masquerade as historical revisionists, otherwise their writings will circulate as *samizdat* texts outside the arenas where debate and refutation take place.

Ruthven suggests that one should



Making the Worst of a Good Idea

WHICH is the properest day to remove a nuisance? We answer, the very first day a man can be found to propose the removal of it; and whoever opposes the removal of it on that day will (if he dare) oppose it on every other. There is in the minds of many feeble friends to virtue and improvement, an imaginary period for the removal of evils, which it would certainly be worth while to wait for, if there was the smallest chance of its ever arriving – a period of unexampled peace and prosperity, when a patriotic king and an enlightened mob united their ardent efforts for the amelioration of human affairs; when the oppressor is as delighted to give up the oppression, as the oppressed is to be liberated from it; when the difficulty and the unpopularity would be to continue the evil, not to abolish it! These are the periods when fair-weather philosophers are willing to venture out, and hazard a little for the general good. But the history of human nature is so contrary to all this, that almost all improvements are made after the bitterest resistance, and in the midst of tumults and civil violence—the worst period at which they can be made, compared to which any period is eligible, and should be seized hold by the friends of salutary reform.

— Rev. Sydney South, *Edinburgh Review*, August 1825.

not introduce barriers to forgeries or fakes winning literary prizes as they expose the weaknesses in publishing, reviewing and prize-giving practices. He also suggests that there should be a moratorium on demonising literary forgeries as they tell us things about the genuine article. Literary forgery is literature or criticism by other means.

Despite the latter conclusion he observes of the Ern Mally affair that modernistic poetry is nonsense published and admired by the critically incompetent.

The one serious weakness in the book is the index. The index is grossly idiosyncratic, obviously prepared with malice aforethought to make it difficult to use: apparently it functions as some sort of intelligence test or noetic stimulus. If the intended

readership of this book is what the cover says – teachers and students – then the index should be rendered as an aid rather than a curio.

Many matters are discussed in the book which are not noted in the index such as the long discussion of ossianic texts edited or faked by Macpherson, which he names Macphossian. Neither the names Macpherson or Macphossian appear in the index despite the frequency of the references to them in the text. The words Ossianic texts do appear but only as a sub-heading to 'simulacra'



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

Ned Kelly

Director Gregor Jordan and cinematographer Oliver Stapleton create a film that is visually spare, sombre, powerful. And Heath Ledger, as the protagonist, acts as to the armour born (although his Irish accent is more Rev. Ian Paisley than Daniel O'Connell). Geoffrey Rush as his antagonist, Superintendent Francis Hare, gets maximum impact from minimalist technique.

And as the Widow Kelly, Kris McQuade is the strongest player on screen. Yet the film may not make all Irish-Australian eyes smile. Scriptwriter John Michael McDonagh has gone along with a romance between Kelly and English squatter's wife Julia Cook (Naomi Watts), a dim fiction concocted by Robert Drewe in his original novel, *Our Sunshine*, and dimly endured by the usually lustrous Watts.

The fiction trails a whiff of *Lady Chatterley's Lover*, DH Lawrence's literary expansion of his sick man's notion that female toffs (with more less impotent husbands) pant for working class lads like himself. As if this were not enough, there is another Lawrentian episode involving a genteel but naughty lady (Rachel Griffiths) and Ned's offsider Joe Byrne (Orlando Bloom).

Other false notes (which may be due to the race for the screen with similar project): Kelly refers to his father as a 'Dumb Paddy'. Throughout the movie, Kelly is said to be persecuted because he was Irish. This is fudging; discrimination was because he was Irish and Catholic, a discrimination still strong despite the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829. No similar discrimination was inflicted on Irish Protestants such as Mr Justice Barry who sentenced Kelly to death (his trial and hanging are not included in the movie).

Top falsetto note: a scene involving a buddy suicide pact between Dan Kelly (Laurence Kinlan) and Steve Hart (Philip Barolini) in the blazing Glenrowan Hotel after the climactic shoot-out. No sign of the brave priest who

By James Murray

entered the hotel to administer the Last Sacraments.

The film is an official Australian/UK Co-production. It is being promoted with the line: 'You can kill a man. But not a legend.' Maybe so. But you can diminish it. And you don't need Hollywood (or Mick Jagger) to help you.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★

Who Is Cletos Tout?

Clumsy title for a movie wrought with intricate precision by writer/director Chris Ver Wiel. Tim Allen (never better) is Critical Jim, a hitman who is also a connoisseur of vintage movies. His killing of a professional crim Finch (Christian Slater) is stymied when the latter starts to pitch him the story of why he is on the run from jail, the cops and the Mob.

Portia De Rossi shines as Tess Donnelly despite competition from Richard Dreyfuss, as her father, a jewel thief with a magical touch, and Billy Connolly as a post mortem pathologist with a lucrative sideline in passports to a different life.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

All Or Nothing

Phil (Timothy Spall) is a dozey mini-cab driver. His wife Penny (Lesley Manville) is a check-out chook (rather than chick). Their daughter Rachel (Alison Garland) works in an old folks home. And their son Rory (James Corden) is an angry couch potato.

Not exactly the happiest of families. But this is writer/director Mike Leigh once again dissecting English working-class tissue for his own delight if not the audience's. Over his movie hangs the faint aroma of performing seals. What are these prosperous mummies doing hanging about in front of the camera pretending to work through the problems of being poor in south London (albeit in Lesley Manville's case with a skill deserving of a better role)?

Whether Leigh realises it or not they are being reminiscent of two old comedies: radio's *The Glums* and the *Carry On* movies. Call this one *Carry On Being Lugubrious, Leigh*.

MA 15+ SFFV ★

Real Women Have Curves

Another piece of working class tissue but by no means dead. It involves a Mexican-American family living in Los Angeles while ministering to its glamour suburbs such as Beverley Hills.

The family's younger daughter Ana (America Ferrera) fairly bounces with ambition to go to university. Instead she finds herself working in the factory of her sister Estela (Ingrid Oliu) along with her mother Carmen (Lupe Ontiveros) where in a classic example of trickle-down economics (active greed?) dresses, made on contract for \$18 each, retail in Beverley Hills for \$600.

Here and there, the movie seems to be skewed in favour of Anglo and against Latino culture. But both the original writer Josefina Lopez and the director Patricia Cardoso have formidable credentials. It would be fascinating to see a sequel in which Ana is shown reacting to the Anglo culture into which her ambition has taken her.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★

Swimming Upstream

Oscaristos Judy Davis and Geoffrey Rush play Dora and Harold Fingleton, parents of a lively family of five amid the summer-glittering waters of 1950s Brisbane. But behind the glitter are the shadows of a wife and children driven by a hard-drinking, hard-hitting father, pushing one sibling against another, his stopwatch focus being on the family's swimmers Tony (Jesse Spencer) and John (Tim Draxl).

Working from a script by Tony Fingleton, Russell Mulcahy directs like a kid who has forgotten to take his anti-hyperactivity pill: split screens, jump cuts, all the visual tricks he learned as a director of music videos.

Ludicrous scenes **mar the movie**: First, Fingleton senior, **with wife** in tow, negotiates a **scholarship** to a Brisbane Catholic school, the cleric **involved laying** out the terms **between** intoning the **responses** during a Latin Mass. Pre-Vatican II liturgy was never so **laissez-faire**. Second, Fingleton senior is seen strolling through a swirl of wharfies. One or two carry what appear to be small bags of cotton wool. Come on, Mulcahy, wharfies back then humped sweating loads measured by the hundredweight.

But all in all the movie is a compelling-repelling study of how the creative tensions of family life can become destructive if ratcheted up by parents ambitious for their children to make good their failures.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★

How to Lose a Guy in Ten Days

Heavily contrived but lightly enacted romantic comedy. Andie Anderson (Kate Hudson) is a magazine hackette assigned to write a how-to feature on the title matter. Her target is adman Ben Barry (Matthew McConaughey) who in turn has a bet with colleagues that he can make any woman fall in love with him.

Director Donald Petrie and scriptwriters Kristen Buckley, Brian Regan and Burr Steers keep the chuckle factor high as the pair meet, recoil and reconcile in a courtship dance, set against a background of office machinations over a campaign to promote a girl's best friend: diamonds. Bebe Neuwirth's turn as a sort of Yankee, Ita Buttrose magazine editor is cooler and edgier than any diamond.

McConaughey lets his teeth do most of the work. Hudson is more subtly varied, demonstrating that there is a gene for comedy; she is the daughter of Goldie (The Giggle) Hawn.

PG SFFV ★★★

The Jungle Book 2

Nobel Prize winner Rudyard Kipling's childhood was not exactly

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.

Anna's supplementary advice

SFFV: Suitable For Family Viewing; NFFV: Not For Family Viewing.

fun-filled. Marvellously ironic, therefore, that he should have given so much delight to so many children through his *Jungle Books* (1894-95). Their hero was Mowgli, nurtured by wild animals. Walt Disney's studio provided its softer but engaging version of the books in 1967. Now comes a sequel, the two versions being linked by Terry Gilkyson's Oscar-winning song, *Bare Necessities*. Local musician Paul Grabowsky and Lorraine Feather add other new music and words.

Haley Joel Osment provides the voice for Mowgli, John Goodman for Baloo the Bear and Tony Jay for Sher Khan, Mowgli's enemy.

The cartoon's 72 minutes are packed with excitement, songs and adventures, leaving enough time to acquire the original books for reading.

G SFFV ★★★



Solaris

Writer-director Steven Soderbergh seems to be chomping his way through the movie menu: comedy, crime, romance. Here he's into a space movie which is not so much *Star Trek* as *Bizarre Trek*, a rejig of the Stanislaw Lem/Andrei Tarkovsky's 1972 classic.

Chris Kelvin (George Clooney) is a space doctor despatched from Planet Earth to deal with an emergency on a space station, orbiting the planet Solaris. Kelvin finds a couple of dead crewmen and a couple of survivors, Snow (Jeremy Davies) and Gordon (Viola Davis). But no cannibalistic aliens needing laser-blasting.

Instead he is haunted by his dead wife Rhea. She, as played by Natascha McElhone, is haunting indeed, like a reincarnation of a Celtic heroine: Deirdre, Maeve or Guinevere.

Shrewdly Clooney underplays to her, shutting down his charm drive, to display enthralled haplessness. The movie echoes the myth of Orpheus and his search for Euridice in the underworld, an underworld – could it be? – with a stratum of limbo (that state of natural happiness for the unbaptized dead).

M 15+ NFFV ★★★

Antwone Fisher

Denzel Washington makes his debut as a director and stars in this true story, scripted by the man who endured it, and succeeded despite it. Washington does not, however, hog the movie. Indeed he gives superior billing to Derek Luke in the title role, and to Joy Bryant as Luke's girl friend.

Luke plays an African-American seaman whose childhood experiences puts him at turbulent odds with US Navy discipline. Washington is Commander Davenport, the navy psychiatrist who has to straighten him out despite kinks in his own seemingly idyllic domestic life.

In his one-on-one sequences with the always formidable Washington, newcomer Luke shows that he deserves his billing. True the movie could do with editing. But in the

rush to cynicism, it takes a brave, creative spirit to deal with decency and the struggle to achieve against odds while simultaneously demolishing racial stereotypes.

Denzel Washington may direct better movies in future. But he will not do anything braver or more generous in spirit.

MA 15+ SFFV ★★★★★

24 Hour Party People

Steve Coogan's performance hammers, welds and rivets together what could have been a ramshackle pseudo-documentary about Factory Records which during the Seventies and Eighties made Manchester (Madchester) the hub of a rock revolution as it had once been the hub of the industrial revolution.

Coogan plays Tony Wilson, Granada television interviewer turned music mogul, club controller and self-described 'armchair anarchist' who promoted such noise-mongers as Joy Division, New Order and Happy Mondays.

Director Michael Winterbottom is unsparing in his re-creation of the manic, drug-fuelled excesses of those involved. But he avoids the creepy reverence that recently sent so many mature adults, aptly sporting the kind of plastic identity bracelets worn by infants, to worship the Rolling Stones in concert. Their adulation for the Rolling Stones in coffin doesn't bear thinking about.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★★

The Truth About Charlie

The Charlie of the title (Stephen Dillane) is a mercenary with a kitbag full of tricks, one of which is the key to a multi-million fortune of war. His wife Regina (Thandie Newton) inherits the key when he dies mysteriously only to be pursued through Paris by his former comrades.

Director Jonathan Demme's new movie is a perfectly acceptable romantic thriller. But only if you do not (or cannot) compare it to Stanley Donen/Peter Stone's 1963 original *Charade*, which starred Audrey Hepburn. Not that the tremulously charming Thandie Newton suffers



Condescending

GENTLEMEN punishers are sometimes apt to forget that the common people have any mental feelings at all, and think, if body and belly are attended to, that persons under a certain income have no right to likes and dislikes.'

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

by comparison with Hepburn. But Mark Wahlberg is no Cary Grant and Tim Robbins is not up to the menace weight of Walter Matthau.

Christine Boisson, however, is finely cast as a cop. She looks tough and elegant enough to arrest George Bush after a gunfight at the OK White House.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★

Daredevil

Hollywood's favourite literary goldfield is not Shakespeare or Dickens but Marvel Comics (*The Incredible Hulk*, *Super-Man*, and *Spider-Man*). Now comes the comic-book myth of Matt Murdock, a kid blinded in an accident who matures into a pro bono lawyer with the compensatory superhuman hearing, smell, taste and touch of wonder dog Rin-Tin-Tin.

Ben Affleck makes a stalwart hero. But the movie belongs to Jennifer Garner as Electra Natchios, a Greek heiress whose forte is martial rather than marital. Colin Farrell, far, far from *Ballykissangel*,

has fun with the baddie Bullseye. And as Kingpin, the biggest villain of them all, Michael Clarke Duncan makes the wide screen look snapshot size..

Both Catholic and Greek Orthodox rituals get screentime. And a Catholic church is the location for a climactic fight. The movie is a joint production of 20th Century Fox and Regency. Not surprisingly there are plugs for Fox affiliate *The New York Post*. None, however, for Regency affiliate *The Australian Women's Weekly*. And without its Knit Your Own Mantrap pattern no uber woman called Electra could survive.

One caveat: comic book violence has long been under scrutiny. Recent research shows that exposure to even relatively gentle cartoons can have later, negative effects. So who knows the effect of Marvel, maximised by big screen and bigger sound?

M 15+ NFFV ★★★

Roger Dodger

The verbal riffs of adman Roger Swanson (Campbell Scott) on life, lust and the pursuit of women are the most corruscating element in writer/director Dylan Kidd's dark and jagged debut feature.

Nick (Jesse Eisenberg) is Roger's nephew, a nerd eager to play apprentice to his uncle's sorcerer. Campbell Scott was the first actor of substance to agree to work with Kidd. His risk has paid off: not only does he get an executive producer credit, he has separated himself from the ruck of amiable supporting players to body forth the kind of star power displayed by his father, the late, great George C Scott.

M15+ NFFV ★★★

Final Destination 2

Like a prolonged road-safety ad: gore and crashes galore. Plus uncannily brutal accidents. It is a parable about death and attempts to cheat it by a group whose leader Kimberly (AJ Cook) has second sight (and first-rate acting talent).

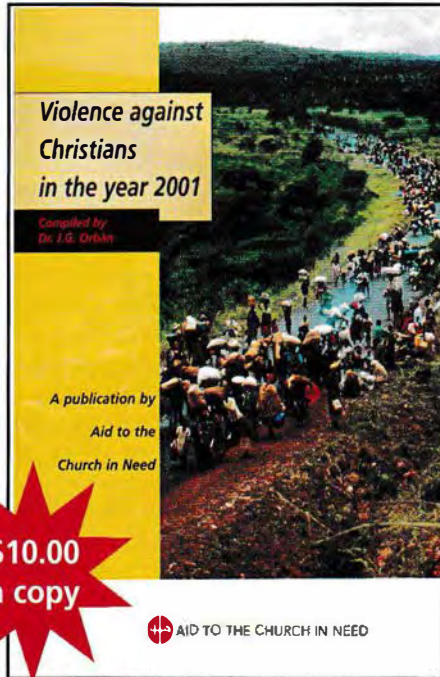
MA 15+ NFFV ★

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Out of work and fast running out of patience

REBIRTH OF A SALESMAN

By SAM SIMMONDS



STANLEY visited his local Centrelink office the other day. He doesn't go there often. He hates going there. He always feels that, despite his obviously straitened circumstances, he is made to queue, cap in hand, to beg for everything.

He actually has no income but, according to the authorities who devised Centrelink, his circumstances are affluent enough to disqualify him for any of the catalogue of benefits it was created to provide in cases just like his. Stanley has come to regard this as some kind of cruel game devised by the so-called powers-that-be to reward criminals at the expense of those genuinely in need. He doesn't quite know how the counter staff regard him but, judging by their offhand attitude, they probably also feel that he's only there to beg: the 'next' in an endless line of no-hopers.

Needless to say, Stanley never actually receives any benefit from this agency. Every time he turns up – with ever-increasing reluctance and diffidence – they always seem to be able to find, somewhere in the cupboard, a weighty folder full of new forms for him to take away to complete and which, once completed, will automatically deprive him of the few measly bucks he needs to stay clinging to the wreckage of his life.

But Stanley has lost the ability to defend himself. When he was younger he could have found the energy to make a stand on his own behalf – to sell his case to them. Now he's getting on a bit and the seemingly endless knock-backs have had a serious effect on his health, particularly his mental state. He is slipping into chronic depression, adding to his already considerable physical deterioration.

This time, though, it was going to be different. At least, that was the theory. His doctor had recently determined that Stanley's physical and mental condition had worsened sufficiently to entitle him to a Disability Allowance or Sickness Benefit or Support payment or Pension or something-or-other-else. (Stanley can never remember which; they all sound equally unlikely and guaranteed not to apply to him, anyway.) This time the doc had written a letter for him to hand over the counter to the impassive inquisition on the other side. And since he's not quite dead yet, he reckoned that while there's life there's hope.

Having followed the signs subdividing the lines of people into those who will not qualify for support from those who will fail to receive pensions, Stanley walked through the familiar door and joined the familiar queue. It was an average day: six people in front of him, another four filling out forms at the side tables; a single counter, with space for three officials but only one in evidence, talking endlessly and to no obvious effect to someone with a tenuous grasp of English, who was pushing back and forth in desultory fashion a baby walker containing a noisy, fractious, child. Elsewhere in that long room, more than a dozen 'work stations' – vacant, of course.

In this modern ante-chamber to Hell, there was the usual lighting: fluorescent, wattage just a little too low to illuminate the place enough to enable anyone with failing eyesight – such as Stanley – to focus on anything more than a few metres away. Within that small range, however, a young man was marginally visible. Perhaps in his late teens, rugged up against the winter cold, he had a plaster cast on his leg and nursed two clumsy, old fashioned crutches.

The youth seemed to be coping with his lot at first, or as much as any of the lost souls in that dreadful place could be expected to do. But suddenly a tiny event, of absolutely no meaning or consequence to any other person in the room, transformed him utterly into a screaming banshee. A moment before the outburst, Stanley had been aware of someone entering the door behind the tail of the queue and, bypassing it, going straight to one of the empty 'work stations'. The young man had observed this and now dragged himself upright to protest that his right to service was being usurped.

As Stanley and the rest of the



Not easy to combine contrasts

IT is necessary to insist that the contrasts are not easy to turn into combinations; that the red robes of Rome and the green scarves of Islam will not very easily fade into a dingy russet; that the gold of Byzantium and the brass of Babylon will require a hot furnace to melt them into any kind of amalgam.

– *The New Jerusalem*, by G.K. Chesterton, 1874-1936



Torture is ok . . . but

Froude in discussing the use of torture in Elizabethan and Puritan England says, 'A practice which by the law was always forbidden, could be palliated by a danger so great that the nation had become like an army in the field. It was repudiated on the return of calmer times, and the employment of it rests as a stain on the memory of those by whom it was used. It was none the less certain however that the danger was real and terrible, and the same causes which relieve a commander on active service from the restraints of the common law, apply to the conduct of statesmen who are dealing with organised treason. The law is made for the nation, and not the nation for the law. Those who transgress, do it at their own risk, but they may plead circumstances at the bar of history, and have a right to be heard'.

— Quoted by LA Parry in his *The History of Torture in England*.

astonished occupants of Limbo were to learn over the following ten minutes of concentrated abuse, the young man, a Melbourmian, had that day been robbed of his wallet, suffered a road accident, broken his leg, been fitted with a cast and needed help to quit soulless Sydney to return home by the next available transport – assisted, of course, by Centrelink, an organization created for just such a purpose. He was, moreover, in considerable pain. Among his complaints was that having been told, over an hour earlier, to wait, there seemed to be nobody in this God-forsaken city evincing the slightest interest in getting him out of his excruciatingly painful misery.

The pain and distress visited upon this individual in no way inhibited him from liberally sprinkling his protestations with extremely colourful expletives

delivered at full volume to anyone and everyone, whether they wanted to listen or not. To Stanley's surprise, a half dozen or so 'work stations' instantly became manned with Centrelink staff, all very eager to assist the young man – as well, doubtless, as to modify his intemperate shrieking. The queue of lost souls, still awaiting the services of the local Charon to ferry them over the Sydney Styx, being mostly well-bred – or at least polite – pretended to ignore the X-rated explosion.

Not so Stanley. Somewhere inside his tortured being, Stanley recognized that this was the kind of thing he'd wanted to do for so long himself, in this terrible place, to these terrible people. He was barely able to stop himself surrendering his turn in the line and going in fellowship to offer comfort and support to the youth, who by this time, with an

audience of at least four highly attentive Centrelink staff, was still threatening that he was about to 'lose it'. It seemed to Stanley that he already had, but he continued watching and listening, just to see how this kind of thing might be emulated in the future.

Stanley felt like slapping the young man on the back – or some other unfractured part of his anatomy – just for the joy of communing with someone else who felt the same as he did about this 'house of pain'. Then, almost by way of anticlimax, Stanley found himself at the head of the queue and being invited to approach the counter. With a new spring in his step, he did so and handed over his doctor's letter. The staff member on the other side was – and this was unique in Stanley's experience – conciliatory, helpful, with a pleasantly modulated voice and amiable manner. Which rather took the wind out of Stanley's sails: with his confidence newly returned in some measure, he had been squaring up for a fight.

It didn't last, of course. Apparently completely unfazed by the unstoppable stream of obscenities emanating fortissimo from distant reaches of the room, Stanley's 'counsellor' – as ever – reached under the counter and produced an 'information package' full of forms that had to be fully completed and quickly returned – doubtless, thought Stanley, to the confounding of my hopes and aspirations. And he was not mistaken: Stanley knew the old saying, 'Blessed is he who expecteth the worst, for he shall never be disappointed'.

But he is now practising the unfamiliar art of raising his voice and learning how to pronounce all those arcane words in that strange but obviously effective crypto-language. It has been well said that it is the squeakiest wheel that gets the oil. Stanley is broadening his horizons.



SAM SIMMONDS is a writer, broadcaster and film and video producer, Sam has worked in all aspects of media in the UK and Australia and runs a media consultancy Simmonds Media (Australia).

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring stacks of colorful books (red, blue, yellow, green) and small cartoon figures of people reading or writing. The border is framed by ornate, classical-style columns.

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