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Journal of Catholic Culture

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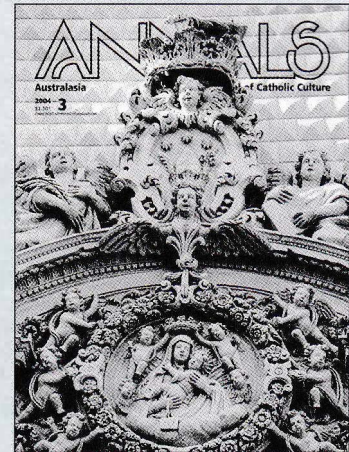
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Cover Photo: Paul Stenhouse, MSC



Front Cover: Detail of the Baroque façade of the Dominican Church of the Holy Rosary in the city of Lecce, in the region of Puglia, Italy – in the heel of the Italian boot, in the southernmost part of Italy midway along the Salentine peninsula. What is called the 'Lecce Baroque' style was made possible by the unusually soft and beautiful local yellow limestone that lent itself to intricate carving, and which hardened with age. The modern curse of air pollution is threatening the beauty of Lecce's centuries' old Baroque architecture – all of it the work of local artists.

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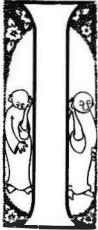
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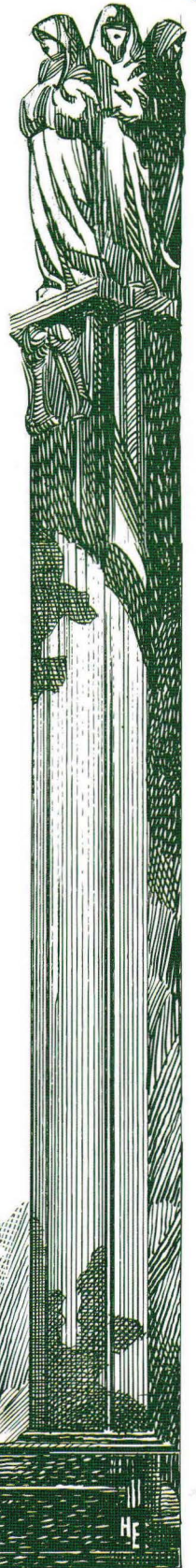
In the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

Searching for the Church of Christ



IF I were not a Catholic, and were looking for the true Church in the world today, I would look for the one Church which did not get along well with the world; in other words, I would look for the Church which the world hates. My reason for doing this would be, that if Christ is in any one of the churches in the world today, He must still be hated as He was when He was on earth in the flesh. If you would find Christ today, then find the Church that does not get along with the world. Look for the Church which is hated by the world, as Christ was hated by the world. Look for the Church which is accused of being behind the times, as Our Lord was accused of being ignorant and of never having learned. Look for the Church which men sneer at as socially inferior, as they sneered at Our Lord because He came from Nazareth. Look for the Church which is accused of having a devil, as Our Lord was accused of being possessed by Beelzebub, the Prince of Devils. Look for the Church which, in seasons of bigotry, men say must be destroyed in the name of God as men crucified Christ and thought they had done a service to God. Look for the Church which the world rejects because it claims it is infallible, as Pilate rejected Christ because He called Himself The Truth. Look for the Church which is rejected by the world as Our Lord was rejected by men. Look for the Church which amid the confusion of conflicting opinions, its members love as they love Christ, and respect its Voice as the very voice of its Founder, and the suspicion will grow, that if the Church is unpopular with the spirit of the world, then it is unworldly, and if it is unworldly, it is other-worldly. Since it is other-worldly it is infinitely loved and infinitely hated as was Christ Himself. But only that which is Divine can be infinitely hated and infinitely loved. Therefore the Church is Divine.

- Bishop Fulton Sheen, Introduction to *Radio Replies*, by Dr Leslie Rumble, MSC.





O GENTLE JESUS BE OUR LIGHT

Sweet Saviour, bless us e'er we go,
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

The day is done, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all,
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.
Through life's long day and death's dark
night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful – unto thee we call;
O let thy mercy make us glad;
Thou art our Jesus and our All. Through
life's long day and death's dark night,
O gentle Jesus, be our light.

– Frederick William Faber, 1814-1863.
From the *Roman Breviary, Hymns for Night Prayers.*

Confounding the 'lie-mongers,' and settling for the 'truth'

HEARD ANY 'SOOTHSAYERS' LATELY?

By PAUL STENHOUSE PHD



As I write, Iraq appears to be imploding,¹ and coalition peace-keeping soldiers, and innocent civilians working to reconstitute social, economic and political infrastructure in the country, are being slaughtered by the people they have come to help; Iran is blatantly meddling in the affairs of an Iraq that she now, undoubtedly, regards as her exclusive Shi'ite bailiwick; the Islamist Sunni government in the Sudan is showing no signs of abandoning its genocidal policy towards its Christian, Animist and moderate Muslim minorities; the anniversary of the Rwanda genocide has shown the UN to be the paper-tiger that it is; Israel and the Palestinians seems further away than ever from a political solution to their differences; Afghanistan is harried by a resurgent Taliban; President Bush seems no closer to apprehending Usama bin Laden; ... and Christians in Sydney were subjected in Holy Week to a visiting UK convert to Islam, Abdur-Raheen Green, giving a public lecture in the Bankstown [NSW] Town Hall entitled 'The Truth about Jesus,' which was, by all accounts, very light on truth. When his anti-Christian rantings were challenged Green declared that Christian beliefs 'deserve to be mocked'.

Soothsayers are thin on the ground these days.

The term 'soothsayer,' and the 'sooth' or 'truth' they are saying have taken a hammering over the past millennium. From its original meaning, 'one who speaks the truth,' well known in the ninth century AD to King Alfred of 'burnt cakes' fame, 'soothsayer' dropped out of common usage after the Reformation – probably because 'sooth' was the principal victim in those days. By the time of Edward VI it seems alto-

gether to have shed its original meaning, and 'soothsayer' had come to mean 'one who *pretends* to speak the truth'.

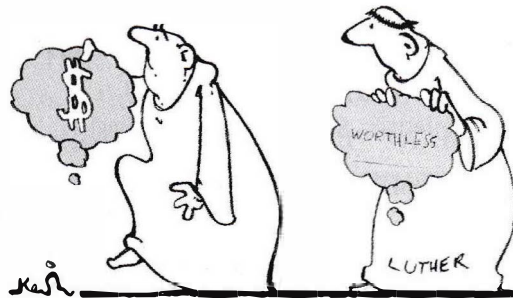
'Soothsayers,' since then, have been lumped with alchemists [evidently still trying to convert base metals into gold] and other con-artists who trade on people's credulousness for their own ignoble purposes.

All that notwithstanding, 'soothsaying,' or 'truthtelling' is surely a most honourable profession. It is also fraught with danger.

Just how little credence is given to it has bothered me since I first took up journalism as a career in the early 50s. It is brought home to us all daily, via the internet, movies, newspapers, and TV.

The opposite of 'soothsaying,' - what our ancestors called 'lie-mongering' – can be relied upon to get plenty of air-time. For some sick reason, modern media are fascinated by the stomach-turning sweet smell of decaying bodies and minds; healthy bodies and minds look in vain for access to radio or TV studios, or to the op.ed pages of the daily Blog.

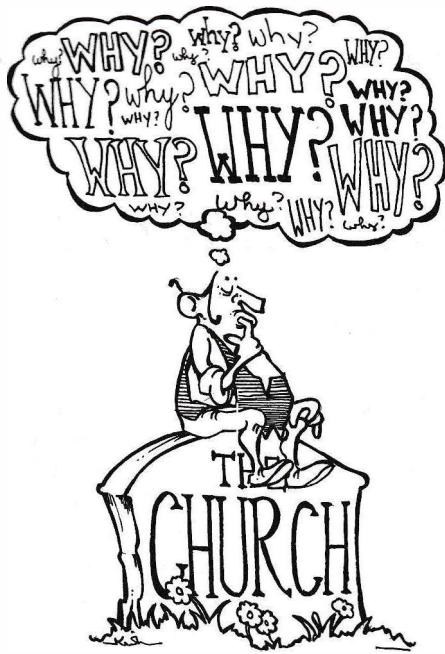
Recently, if I may digress slightly, while walking through Sydney's crowded thoroughfares, I have been struck by a phenomenon that I thought had disappeared from our society twenty years ago: myriad cigarette butts littering the streets, public gardens, paths and parkways, and cluttering



A Servant of the Economy

IN making the individual feel worthless and insignificant as far as his own merits are concerned, in making him feel like a powerless tool in the hands of God, Luther deprived man of the self-confidence and of the feeling of human dignity which is the premise for any firm stand against oppressing secular authorities. In the course of the historical evolution the results of Luther's teachings were still more far-reaching. Once the individual had lost his sense of pride and dignity, he was psychologically prepared to lose the feeling which had been characteristic of the medieval thinking, namely, that man, his spiritual salvation, and his spiritual aims, were the purpose of life; he was prepared to accept a role in which his life became a means to purposes outside himself, those of economic productivity and accumulation of capital. While his thinking on economic matters was the traditional one, his emphasis on the nothingness of the individual was in contrast to, and paved the way for, a development in which man not only was to obey secular authorities but had to subordinate his life to the ends of economic achievements.

– Eric Fromm, *The Fear of Freedom*, 1960.



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the drains. It seems as if every second person who passes you on the crowded streets is smoking, and smokers banned from restaurants or office buildings are forced to loiter in doorways almost furtively puffing their lungs away.

Many of these smokers are youngsters, and even more of them young women who must surely have taken up the habit only recently. This, despite warnings on cigarette packets about potential health hazards, and the increasingly high cost of cigarettes.

How is this possible? Haven't we been told that smoking is decreasing across the board in the community? If cigarette smoking is on the increase, this can only be despite the warnings given by doctors and government health bodies that cigarette smoke contains over 4,000 chemicals including nicotine, carbon monoxide, hydrogen cyanide, acetone, and ammonia. Arsenic, phenol, naphthalene, cadmium and vinyl chloride; that 43 cancer-causing agents have been identified in tobacco smoke; that 1 in 2 babies in Australia are born with nicotine in their system to mothers who do not smoke; that asthma is one of the major preventable diseases largely caused from passive smoking; etc etc.

If the truth about smoking can't drown out the din kicked up by parties interested in promoting the habit, is it any wonder that 'soothsayers' speaking on other issues of vital importance to the health and survival of democratic societies around the world are given little or no air-time, and relegated to the status of cranks and fanatics or, most damning of all, religious cranks and fanatics?

Take the myth of 'safe sex' by way of condom use, offered as a means of avoiding being infected with HIV. If a Catholic moralist, Archbishop, or, Heaven forbid, official from one of the Vatican Congregations were to suggest that condoms are not the answer, they would be held up to universal ridicule by a press subservient to the authoritarian Left that would prefer to see millions die in agony, as long as the Catholic Church's counsel be disregarded.

But it isn't just the Catholic Church that warns about the futility of condom use. A few years ago a columnist in *The Spectator* warned against 'the failure rate of condoms during safe sex.'² Was that

accompanied by loud jeering and sneers from the totalitarian and libertarian Left? Not to the best of my knowledge.

Just how difficult 'soothsaying' can be when important moral and social issues are being filtered through a political spectrum was demonstrated when assassins were sent by the Iranian Islamic government to kill the former Prime Minister of Iran under the Shah, Chapour Bakhtiar, on July 18, 1981.

The attempt failed, Bakhtiar was wounded, a policeman and a neighbour were killed, and a policeman was crippled for life. The ring leader, Anis Naccache, a Lebanese Shi'ite, was sentenced to life imprisonment but eventually released, controversially, in exchange for French hostages held prisoner in Lebanon.

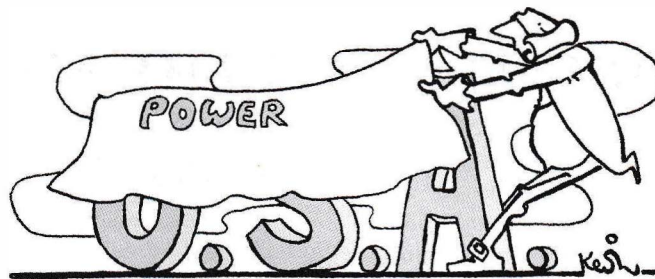
No sooner was he released, than a second attempt on the life of Mr Bakhtiar was made on August 6, 1991. This time it succeeded. Assassins sent by the Iranian government slit Bakhtiar's throat and stabbed his personal assistant to death in his residence in Paris – at the very time that France was setting about normalising relations with Iran, despite the 13 people killed and 255 wounded in bombing incidents organised by Iranian government-supported Shi'ite terrorists. One official of the Quai d'Orsay was quoted as saying 'One has to know when to turn the page.'

One also needs to know when the book should be revised.

The difference between containing Islamic Fundamentalism – whether in Iran, Saudi Arabia, Palestine, Indonesia or the Sudan – and pandering to it seems to have been lost sight of in the mad rush by some Western Nations to make friends of the Mammon of Iniquity.

The Ayatollah Khomeini may have taken the initiative by branding the USA as the 'Great Satan,' but he and the Islamic fundamentalists who have succeeded him after his death in 1989 represent an acknowledged new low point in human history.

With small pockets of Iraq in turmoil, aided and abetted by Iranian religious leaders anxious to assert their authority over the Shi'ite population, and forestall Iranian Qum's being superseded by Iraqi Najaf in the eyes of the Shi'ites – Najaf is where Ali's two murdered sons Hassan and Hussein are buried –



An Argument for an Upperhouse

JEFFERSON was still an ardent democrat, but by now he had learnt to be anxious lest all power in the new state should be concentrated in the legislature. 'An elective despotism,' he wrote, 'is not what we fought for.' And he foresaw that in time the American would follow the British legislature into corruption. There was, it seemed to him, but one ingenious safeguard. For he shrewdly thought that democracy was less liable to corruption than oligarchy, not through any sentimental infallibility of the General Will, but simply because, under it, political power is so widely distributed that there are not enough bribes to go round. Somebody, therefore, having been omitted from the distribution, will have an interest in exposing the system. That you cannot bribe all of the people all of the time, is a fundamental motto of economics, while the eighteenth-century oligarchy of England could comfortably be managed upon the principle of One Man – One Bribe.

– Christopher Hollis. *The American Heresy*.

the West may finally have to confront the 'Great Lie-mongers' of Iran who under the guise of religion, continue to unleash terror in its myriad forms on a world still unprepared, despite the lessons of September 11.

Were Fundamentalist Iran, with its grisely record of support for jihad [read 'terror']³ intimidation, spying, assassination and kidnapping, to be removed from the equation, Usama bin Laden and Islamists of whatever ilk – Sunni or Shi'ite – would find themselves hamstrung and even more isolated. And the future for the vast majority of Iraqis and Iranians who long for freedom, and for the free world that has sacrificed a lot to gain their freedom for them, will be appreciably brighter.

The West's chance of succeeding, however, is minimal, unless 'soothsayers' are restored to their rightful eminence, and economic rationalists, and politically correct fence-sitters are no longer welcome as advisers in the halls of Power.

1. See *Annals* 2003/1 pp.3-8: 'Fantasy versus Reality about Iraq'.
2. July 14, 2001. 'Tolerance means Terror' by Mark Sreyn. See p.17.
3. 'The meaning of the term 'terror' used by the media ... is jihad for the sake of Allah. Jihad ... is the pinnacle of terror as far as the enemies of Allah are concerned. The Mujahid who goes out to die a martyr's death, or returns victorious with booty, is a terrorist as far as the enemies of Allah are concerned'. Sermon of Sheikh Wajdi Hamza al-Ghazawi, editor of the website al-Minbar, in the al-Manshawi Mosque in Mecca. See MEMRI, Friday Sermons in Saudi Mosques, Special Report Series. www.alminbar.cc/alkhutab/khutbaa.asp?mediaURL=5628, October 6, 2001.

THOUGHT FROM THE LITURGY OF THE DAY

By FATHER MICHAEL FALLON, MSC



MAY

- 1 Sat Joseph the worker Col 3:23-24
Whatever your task, put yourselves into it ... you serve the Lord Jesus.
- 2 Sun Easter 4 John 10:27
The sheep that belong to me listen to my voice. I know them and they follow me.
- 3 Mon Philip & James John 14:9
To have seen me, Philip, is to have seen the Father.
- 4 Tues Easter 4 Psalm 87:7
While they dance they will sing: 'In you all find their home'.
- 5 Wed Easter 4 John 12:46
I, the light, have come so that whoever believes in me need not stay in the dark any more.
- 6 Thur Easter 4 Psalm 89:1
I will sing for ever of your love, O Lord.
- 7 Fri Easter 4 John 14:1
Do not let your hearts be troubled. Trust in God still and trust in me.
- 8 Sat Easter 4 John 14:11
You must believe me when I say that I am in the Father and the Father is in me.
- 9 Sun Easter 5 John 13:34
Just as I have loved you, you also must love one another.
- 10 Mon Easter 5 John 14:23
If you love me, you will keep my word, and my Father will love you, and we shall come to you and make our home in you.
- 11 Tues Easter 5 John 14:31
The world must be brought to know that I love the Father, and that I am doing exactly what the Father told me.
- 12 Wed Easter 5 John 15:4
Make your home in me, as I make mine in you.
- 13 Thur Easter 5 John 15:9
As the Father has loved me, I have loved you. Remain in my love.
- 14 Fri Matthias John 15:16
I chose you to go out and to bear fruit that will last.
- 15 Sat Easter 5 Psalm 100:5
How good is the Lord, eternal his merciful love.
- 16 Sun Easter 6 John 14:27
Peace I bequeath to you, my own peace I give you.
- 17 Mon Easter 6 John 15:26-27
The Spirit of truth will bear witness to me, and you also will be my witnesses.
- 18 Tues Easter 6 Psalm 138:4
On the day I called, you answered; you increased the strength of my soul.
- 19 Wed Easter 6 John 16:13
When the Spirit of truth comes he will lead you to the complete truth.
- 20 Thur Easter 6 Psalm 98:4
All the ends of the earth have seen the saving power of our God.
- 21 Fri Mexican martyrs John 16:23
I will see you again and your hearts will be filled with joy.
- 22 Sat Rita of Cascia Jn 16:27
The Father loves you for loving me, and for believing that I come from the Father.
- 23 The Ascension Eph 1:23
God has made him ruler of all, head of the Church, which is his body, the fullness of him who fills the whole creation.
- 24 Mon Mary help of Christians Lk 8:21
My mother is the one who hears God's word and does it.
- 25 Tues Bede John 17:11
Father, protect those you have given to me so that they may be one as we are one.
- 26 Wed Philip Neri John 17:18
I have sent them into the world. As you have sent me.
- 27 Thur Augustine of Canterbury John 17:23
Father, I have loved them even as you have loved me.
- 28 Fri Easter 7 John 21:17
Lord, you know everything. You know that I love you.
- 29 Sat Our Lady of the Sacred Heart John 19:25
By the cross of Jesus stood his mother, Mary. Jesus said to her: Woman, behold your son.
- 30 Sun Pentecost John 14:23
If you love me you will keep my word, and my Father will love you, and we will come to you and make our home in you.
- 31 Mon Visitation Zeph 3:18
The Lord God will dance with shouts of joy over you.

LETTERS

Who will champion the younger generation?

Thank you for *Annals* 8/2003. Many items of interest, in particular the article on Catholic Education page 19. For some time I have harboured similar views on the Religious Education syllabus, but Wanda Skowronska is to be commended for her analytical and concise review of Eammon Keane's book uncovering a scandal of great proportions. Unfortunately and simultaneously Catholics in some Parishes are under attack from clergy whose influence is derived from gullibility and brainwashing or deliberate infiltration with evil intent. I refer, of course, to the removal of crucifixes from the altar, kneelers and religious images, and repositioning of Tabernacles. Letters to the *Catholic Weekly* and other publications attest to parishioner's dissatisfaction regarding these manipulations.

In summary, divisions are being created in the Church. The younger generations, to a great degree, have been alienated and lost. The main core consists of people seemingly willing to accept such aberrations of mysticism and tradition, and a third section of an older generation who for many years have given much to the Church and received much in return, whose main wish is to leave the Church in as good a condition as they found it. They have two choices, to accept that which they know to be false, or leave the Parish in search of a more stable environment. This appears to me to be a betrayal more cynical than the betrayal of the younger generation. Where is a voice to champion such people? Attempts to discuss these difficulties meet with a wall of silence. Perhaps you may consider these words as a basis for some future article or forum inviting discussions on such matters.

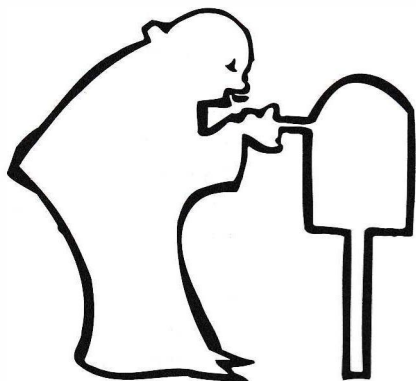
Chester Hill NSW 2162

H. BURSLE

Field Marshal Slim

I refer to the comment by James Murray in *Annals* (9/10 2003). *Contra* Mr Murray, Field Marshal Viscount William Slim did not join the British Army as a private soldier but as an officer-cadet in a university training unit.

William Joseph Slim, who was educated at a Catholic school and



Essential

I find the *Annals* is now my 'most essential reading' to remain an informed Catholic.

With many thanks for the many interesting and varied articles.

Roseville NSW 2069

E. WALLS

CNNNN Tasteless

The letter on blasphemy, Jesuits and chat rooms by Cliff Baxter [*Annals* 8, 2003] prompts the question why any Catholic in his or her right mind would be watching CNNNN in any case. There is only one way to deal with this tasteless and second rate humour and that is to avoid it in the first place.

I also note Cliff's concern at the response of the Cathnews website's co-administrator to Loretta's posted message on the website. Once again, a recalcitrant Catholic website is best treated with the same disdain as CNNNN deserves. Interestingly the website is a charitable trust. There are plenty of other good Catholic publications to support, not the least *Annals Australasia*.

Ballarat Vic. 3550

PETER DENTON

Fr Tom Dunlea's saddle

The delightful article (*Annals* 8/2003) told so well by Anastasia Cuddy, moves me to write and tell how I met Father Dunlea (T.V.D.) once only in 1936.

I was a boarder at St Marys Convent High School, Liverpool, and my fellow pupil and good friend Gwyn Boyle who came from Sutherland was always talking about her priest 'back home', Father Dunlea.

One day she was called to the front office and I tagged along with her. It seemed that a visitor from Sutherland

had called at the Convent to see one of his parishioners. It was, of course, Father Dunlea.

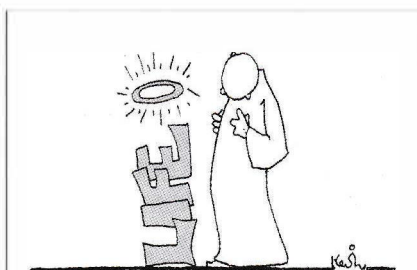
The good priest had ridden his horse across country from Sutherland to visit our P.P. Father McCormick.

I recall how splendid he looked in his polished leggings and I immediately fell in love with his Irish brogue. Ever since that day I have followed his career through the media.

The reference to the saddle in the cramped office at Boys Town was not lost on me.

Pendle Hill NSW 2145

MARY HORDER (MRS)

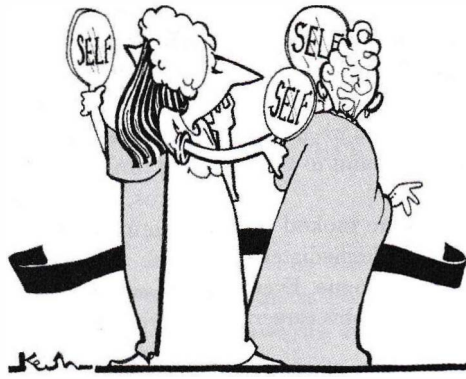


Prove it?

I WAS much struck last September by an exchange which took place at an Oxford conference on medical ethics which my wife organised at St Anne's College. One of the speakers, Melanie Philips, used the phrase 'the sanctity of human life'. Another, a dauntingly clever philosopher, interjected, 'Now wait a moment - let's look at that expression, 'the sanctity of life'. You may be right. Perhaps life *is* sacred to us. But I don't know it as a fact. Prove it to me. *Why* should human life be sacred?'

I found this a chilling moment, and many of those to whom I described the exchange found it a chilling moment too. I had always thought that the sanctity of life was one of those 'truths' which sensible men and women 'held to be self-evident'. It did not need to be proved. It just was. Proving it is not easy. I doubt if I could prove it. But then I do not need to prove it because I know it to be true as surely as I know I am a human being. I think most of us feel that way. There are a number of beliefs to do with behaviour and morality and civilisation which are so self-evident that the request to prove them creates uneasiness.

-Paul Johnson, *The Spectator*, April 8, 1995.



Self-forgetfulness

PEOPLE would instantly care for others as well as themselves if only they could *imagine* others as well as themselves. Let a child fall into the river before the roughest man's eyes; – he will usually do what he can to get it out, even at some risk to himself; and all the town will triumph in the saving of one little life. Let the same man be shown that hundreds of children are dying of fever for want of some sanitary measure which will cost him trouble to urge, and he will make no effort; and probably all the town would resist him if he did. So, also, the lives of many deserving women are passed in a succession of petty anxieties about themselves, and gleaning of minute interests and mean pleasures in their immediate circle, because they are never taught to make any effort to look beyond it; or to know anything about the mighty world in which their lives are fading, like blades of bitter grass in fruitless fields.

– John Ruskin, *Lectures on Art*, 1870 III. 93.

was a Catholic of varying degrees of zeal, commenced his military career in Birmingham University's Officer Training Corps (OTC) in 1912. Slim himself was not a student at Birmingham University but his brother was, and somehow the combination of Slim's brother and Slim's own initiative effected Slim's entry into the OTC. With the outbreak of war in 1914, Slim was commissioned in the Royal Warwickshire Regiment. The rest is, as they say, history. In a career of enormous personal valour, genius in the operational art of war, and inspiration and stoicism in his leadership of men, Slim was also possessed of a very dry wit. One of his more amusing observations was that the battles fought by the British Army *... are always fought uphill and always at the junction of two or more map sheets.*

I write to correct this as, having spent the early period of my reserve career in the Australian Defence Force as an officer-cadet in a university regiment, Slim's extraordinary career was

something from which all officer-cadets of varying degrees of ability could draw comfort. This was especially the case as agitated non-commissioned officers, no doubt provoked by students trying to be soldiers, regularly fulminated that there were only two forms of human life lower than that of a recruit: a civilian and an officer-cadet (presumably in that order). Even now I can recall my earnest hopes, no doubt stimulated by interminable drill on scorching parade grounds, that the great Field Marshal Slim had once been similarly inspired.

Neutral Bay NSW 2089

GRAY CONNOLLY

Professor O'Farrell: RIP

It is with sadness but also deep appreciation of a life well lived that I hear the word that Professor Patrick James O'Farrell, Emeritus Scientia Professor of History, passed on to eternal life on December 25, 2003 at the age of 70 years.

Generations of Australian Catholics

will be indebted to his scholarship, wit, honesty and clear-headedness. Unless we know where we have come from, we will not know where we are heading. Patrick O'Farrell was the natural enemy of muddle-headed, populist nonsense and his Tipperary genes rose in uproar against its practitioners, and yet he was a such a gentleman, always ready to give his cool but friendly guidance to those seeking the true message from our past. For the honest journalist or fair dinkum amateur historian or dedicated student he was the best friend to have. If you passed the O'Farrell test you had it right.

He had the great gift to bring our ancestors in faith back to life, to tell their stories in context without the impediment of false prophetic visions or irrelevant claptrap. I am sure that he and the late Dr Eris O'Brien will continue their reflections on the history of Australian Catholicism far into eternity. In my ten years at *The Catholic Weekly* I constantly turned to Professor O'Farrell for guidance, along with Sister Catherine O'Carrigan, another guardian of our historic treasure, bless them. So it was with a sense of honour and pleasure that I discovered at the Catholic Weekly relaunch dinner that I had been seated with Professor O'Farrell and his wife Deidre. Indeed it was a place of honour, to hear the great man's gentle observations on past and present developments. Later I sent him an academic paper I had written on how Australia's indiginous press will influence future history-writing. Characteristically he sent me an appreciative critique saying he admired my optimism. Typical of the man, such a gentleman, and oh, how we will miss him, with our hearts and minds, and also with our Christian imaginations.

Newtown NSW 2042

CLIFF BAXTER

Great Relief

I constantly re-read past editions before handing them on, and continue to thank you and bless you for your superb articles and comments. A great relief after all the rubbish in the secular press.

Mosman NSW 2088

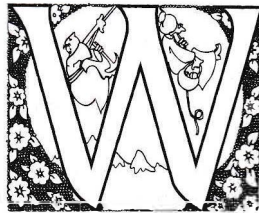
PAT FLYNN

(Readers' comments are welcomed, not just on material that appears in *Annals*, but on issues that concern the Catholic and the wider community. Please keep your letters short. They may be edited if too long. Always print your full name and address, and include a day-time phone or fax number or e-mail address at which you can be reached. Editor, *Annals*).

High Flyers risk having their wings clipped

THE ULTIMATE DE-FEMINISATION

By FRANCES HACKNEY, DSC



WHEN it comes to promoting a drug, there seems to be no limit to the opportunism of the drug companies, or the gullibility of the people who swallow their hype. Viagra having lost its novelty, the latest hot favorite is the 'male' hormone testosterone. This is normally produced in the ovaries and adrenals of women, but in far smaller quantities than in men. On the other hand, men produce small concentrations of the 'female' hormone, oestrogen. Although sex is determined genetically, the expression of visible sexual characteristics and, to some extent, behaviour are affected by the balance of male and female hormones in each person's body. But human behaviour is more complex than is fully understood. We are governed not only by our biology but by social controls and ambient culture.

In the normal body, testosterone helps maintain muscle and bone density and sexual function. There is much evidence that women with abnormally low testosterone production may benefit from dosage with that hormone. These include women who have had their ovaries removed or have impaired pituitary function, and menopausal women who have osteoporosis.¹ Women on oestrogen replacement therapy have lower testosterone production, so may also benefit (one artificially administered hormone to counteract the side effects of another!).

But the latest trend in America is that more and more women in their 20s and 30s are accepting testosterone as a lifestyle drug. It is being promoted as a booster for self confidence, energy level and career advancement. Women aiming to compete with men in the cut-throat world of corporate business are being sold the idea that the hormone credited with responsibility for male aggression

and self assertiveness will enable them to hold their own in the boardroom. A London doctor, Malcolm Whitehead, is reported as having prescribed testo-

sterone to female high flyers and MPs who wanted to compete with male colleagues.²

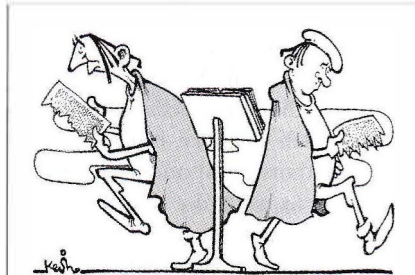
The market in testosterone supplements is surging ahead in America, where many are available without prescription. In Britain, scientists and manufacturers hope to have patches infused with testosterone, to boost women's sex drive, available on the market soon.

Women should be warned that testosterone dosage can produce unwelcome side effects, such as acne, or fluid retention. The amount of "good" cholesterol in the body may be lowered. And, of course, pregnancy must be avoided at all costs when taking testosterone. Normal secondary sexual characteristics in men include prolific facial hair (beard growth) and loss of hair. The gene for baldness is sex linked and inherited (from the man's maternal grandfather).

Its expression depends upon the build-up of male hormone with the man's advancing maturity. A woman may carry the gene on one or both her 'X' chromosomes without losing her hair, because she has insufficient testosterone for its expression. Apart from the possibility of fundamental health problems brought on by meddling with hormonal balance, about which we really know very little, how will the high flyer feel when she grows a beard and begins to go bald?

Whatever happened to woman's pride in being women?

[For further information see www.drdonnica/display.asp?article=3043, created by Donnica Moore MD]



Private interpretation of the Bible

AND, in that wilderness of letter,
Hunt for your faith, tho' ne'er
the better.

It is from thence they bid you take
Your faith, and your religion make
Just as you please, each man his own,
Without consulting with the gown:
Nor are you to believe a synod,
With twice five hundred doctors in it,
The reason that for this they give ye,
Is, 'Such a synod may deceive me:
'Because our church nor can, nor will
'Pretend to be infallible'.

When you have fit faith to your mind,
And each self-judgment is inclin'd;
Yet he who likes it not when done,
May change't again; and so go on,
Till into thousand forms he turns it,
Like Cranmer, Stillingfleet, or Burnet;
And when you can transform no more,
Then all turn Atheists, and give o'er.

This first allowing Bible freedom
To all that could, or could not read
'em,
Has authoris'd each mad division,
That since Luther's fall had risen;
For hence it is, that any man
May be at first a Lutheran,
And by and by may turn an Arian,
Socinian, or Unitarian,
A Zuinglian, or Calvinist,
An Adamite, or Familist,
An Anabaptist, or a Dipper,
(To wash from sin his female neighbour)
A Quaker, Hobbist or Cranmerian,
A Jansenist, or Presbyterian.

- *England's Reformation*, by Thomas Ward
(1652-1708) - consequences of private
interpretation of the bible.

1. André Guay and Susan A. Davis: "Testosterone insufficiency in Women: fact or fiction?" *World Journal of Urology* 2002.20.

2. *The London Daily Mail*, Quoted by *Sydney Morning Herald*, November 20, 2003.

DR FRANCES HACKNEY is a distinguished scientist, artist and poet. For many years she lectured in Botany and Biology at the Universities of Sydney and New South Wales. She is a regular contributor to *Annals*.

A call for a positive approach to Catholic hymnody

SOME THOUGHTS ON HYMNS

By RICHARD CONNOLLY



CHRISTIAN hymn singing began at the beginning, with Christ and his apostles. The Gospels of Matthew and Mark tell us (Revised Standard Version) that after the Last Supper, 'When they had sung a hymn, they went out to the Mount of Olives.' The New Jerusalem Bible gives this as 'After the psalms had been sung they left for the Mount of Olives,' for the hymn that had been sung was the great Hallel, which comprised Psalms 113-118 (Hebrew numbering). That was quite a lot of singing. When trying to encourage Catholic congregations to sing - an uphill task in some Australian parishes, I'm finding - I like to remind them of this.

The Psalms, then, were the first hymns of the early Church. But they were not the only ones. We have only to think of the Magnificat, and the other canticles. And there are numerous passages in St Paul's Epistles that seem to be quotes from early hymns. An example is Ephesians, 5.14:

Wake up, sleeper,
rise from the dead,
and Christ will shine on you.

Another such passage occurs at the end of Revelation (22.17), which my dear friend and collaborator, the late James McAuley, made the basis of what may well be his finest hymn (still unpublished):

Come, Lord Jesus,
the Spirit and the Bride say, Come.

Another important reference is in a famous letter of the younger Pliny, written when he was Roman Governor of Bithynia around 104 AD. Reporting to the Emperor Trajan, he tells of having interrogated some Christians, and of being told that it was their custom to meet together before dawn on a fixed day ('Sunday') 'to sing songs alternately (= 'antiphonally') to Christ as to a god'.

It is interesting, indeed heartening, to reflect that only 70-odd years after Our Lord's death and Resurrection we have what must be the first recorded mention of hymns at Mass. The best authority on Pliny, Sherwin White, suggests that what is being referred to is prototypically what we now call the Liturgy of the Word, preceding the Eucharist proper.

By the 4th Century, both the texts and the authorship of numerous hymns are known to us, and a number of the authors are famous for other reasons: in the East, where hymn singing was more developed, e.g., St Gregory Nazianzen and St. John Chrysostom; in the West, Prudentius, Hilary of Poitiers and, most important of all, St. Ambrose.

**'It is good to give thanks
to the Lord to make music
to your name Most High, to
proclaim your love in the
morning and your truth in
the watches of the night, on
the ten-stringed lyre and the
lute, with the murmuring
sound of the harp.'**

- Psalm 91 [92]

F.J.E. Raby, editor of *The Oxford Book of Medieval Latin Verse*, calls Ambrose 'the real father of Western hymnody.' Why is Ambrose singled out? Doubtless because although others had written hymns, Ambrose was Bishop of Milan, which around this time became the capital of the Western Empire, and so he was well placed not just to write hymns but to make their use widespread. Moreover, as Raby says, it was Ambrose's peculiar genius 'to see in the simple iambic dimeter the measure for his purpose, a measure which was soon to be adapted for rhythmical and rhymed compositions - the so-called Ambrosian hymns' which would shortly form the core of Western hymnaries, and be gathered for use especially in the recently developed monastic offices.

Such was the cultural prestige of the Greeks in the ancient world that from about 200BC to around 400AD Roman poets worked exclusively by fashioning their language to the elaborate requirements of foreign, Greek metres, which counted not stresses, but 'long' and 'short' syllables. But at a more popular level native stress-based metres had survived, for instance in the marching songs of the Roman legions, and it is this native, popular versification that Ambrose and his imitators adopted.

In selecting the 'iambic dimeter', Ambrose was starting something that has never stopped; it has persisted to our own day, and shows every sign of continuing. This metre that he launched into hymnody, in itself and in its variations, has been the vehicle *par excellence* for hymns ever since. An Ambrosian line, e.g., 'Tu lux refulge sensibus' (c.380 AD) is identical in shape and rhythmic detail to, e.g., 'O God, our help in ages past' (c. 1720) or 'When Adam fell God gave his Word' (1960). This four-beat line is as basic to us as the rhythm of walking, and it has been traced in many languages, including Sanscrit. It is capable of infinite variation. It can be split down the middle into 2-beats, or doubled to give 8. It can become an apparent 3-beat line like 'Adoro te devote' or 'Godhead here in hiding' with an 'unrealised' beat at the end of each line making up the four. (If I haven't made myself clear, try reciting a few lines of 'Ding dong bell / Pussy's in the well', running the lines on without pausing at the end of each for the unrealised beat.) Four- and three-stress lines can be alternated, giving us what is called Common Metre (e.g., 'Praise to the holiest in the height/ And in the depth be praise'). They can be iambic or trochaic. And so on.

From the early Middle Ages, this was the measure for glorious sequences like the Easter 'Victimae paschali laudes'.

Before the Reformation, in Germany, it had become the vehicle for vernacular hymns that were sung during Mass. Later, in the hands of Luther and his followers, with the music of Walther, Praetorius, Cruger and Bach, it attained a marvellous perfection. With stressed languages like German and English it has a special affinity, and we are not surprised that a fine hymnody begins to flower in England from around 1700.

Why am I devoting so much attention to this kind of hymn-construction?

Through the early 1990s, a group of eminent Catholic liturgists and musicians from the USA, Canada, England and Ireland (including such well known figures as James O'Donnell of Westminster Cathedral, and Richard Proulx of Chicago) met and consulted and in 1995 issued *The Snowbird Statement on Catholic Liturgical Music*, named after the place in the USA where they first met. I believe it to be the charter for liturgical music in our time, and can think of no word in it with which I'd disagree. Calling for a positive approach to hymnody in our liturgy, it refers to the tradition which I've been tracing, and singles out 'strophic' hymnody (i.e. the kind I've been talking about) for particular approbation and recommendation, on the grounds of its honoured tradition and its time-tested value for stimulating congregational participation; of the illumination that well-crafted hymn-texts can bring to lectionary themes, and of its ecumenical importance as a bond between various Christian traditions.

I would add the further consideration that this type of hymn-text, with its simple four-square shape, has historically given rise to tunes that achieve beauty through simplicity, and so are memorable. Because of its very nature, it issues in word-tune combinations that are syllabic, i.e. with one or at most two (rarely more) notes per syllable, and that in turn seems to entail simple words of one or two syllables. Think of the heart-piercing simplicity of Isaac Watts' 'When I Survey the Wondrous Cross' (c.1700). It is the format that served James McAuley for all the hymns that I was privileged to make with him (with the addition of responsorial refrains to make participation easier). It is to one of McAuley's hymn-texts,

Beware of Emperors eating Apples

EMPEROR Tiberius used to stroll through his gardens on the island of Capri in moody silence, a humourless, obstinate old man with a pathological anxiety neurosis and a marked streak of cruelty in his nature. A modern psychologist would have seen great significance in the way he used his hands. One of this left-handed Emperor's favourite habits was to bore into a crisp apple with his index finger and, on the rare occasions when he joined in a conversation, he would accompany his remarks with a series of affected gestures. It is probable that Tiberius, with his large eyes, nervous mannerisms and penchant for murder, was



not actually insane but had been driven to the border-line of insanity by inner loneliness and misery. That is how accurately we can assess his mental condition.

Emperor Claudius was an extraordinary casual and absent-minded person – so vague and forgetful, in fact, that after his wife Messalina had been done away with on his orders he asked his courtiers why the Empress had not come to the table.

As for Nero, he not only wrote really good poetry, but wrote it with his own hand. This we have on the authority of an eye-witness who actually saw the original manuscripts covered in the Emperor's corrections.

– Ivar Lissner, *Power and Folly*, London 1958.

that I now turn to illustrate this deeply moving but *unsentimental* simplicity and what it can achieve in our own time. Deliberately, I choose something that never came into wide parish use and therefore, being unfamiliar, may better illustrate my point: a Christmas hymn:

Refrain: Now let men and angels sing
A new song;
Christ is born, our Saviour King.

1. The old world has vanished,
A new age begun,
Darkness is banished,
Bright shines our sun.
2. The old times have ended,
The last age begun,
Man is befriended,
Run, Shepherds, run.
3. The wise men have found him,
Their searching is done;
Shepherds, kneel round him,
Mary's sweet son.

Not a word that would be unfamiliar to a child. Yet the mystery is there, as it too often isn't in many of our hymns. The images ('darkness', 'banished', 'sun', 'found', 'searching') are simple, primordial, deeply 'everyday' ones, as Our Lord's are. The shape is that of a homily in miniature. Verse one states its general theme; verse two clarifies and intensifies it with a more precise and essential statement, adding an admonition, for 'Run Shepherds, run' is meant

for us, too; and this is reinforced in verse three, where both 'wise men' and 'shepherds' have wider reference. The whole is summed up in the joyous imperative of the refrain. The words are plain, in fact five out of every six are monosyllables, and only one (the key word, 'befriended') has more than two. Yet what history and super-history, what concentration of theology, what wealth of meaning and mystery they contain, and how gracefully. Such a text brings me back to St Ambrose, to one of his Office hymns which contains this couplet:

*Laeti bibamus sobriam
ebrietatem Spiritus.
Joyfully let us drink
the Spirit's sober drunkenness.*

I long ago adopted those last two lines as my motto in things liturgical: I believe they embody perfectly the kind and degree of expressiveness that should inform our ceremonial, our language and our music. I don't recall discussing them with James McAuley, but they certainly appealed to him, too.

Years before his hymns, he had written,

Living is thirst for joy;
That is what art rehearses.
Let sober drunkenness give
Its splendour to your verses.



RICHARD CONNOLLY, former Head of Radio Drama and Features at the ABC, composed some twenty hymns with the poet James McAuley in the 1950s and '60s. As a young man he studied theology and liturgical music in Rome.

ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

115th Birthday

To celebrate our 115th birthday this October
Annals is pleased to announce that
Father Paul Stenhouse MSC will offer a

Mass of Thanksgiving

in the Church of our Lady
of the Sacred Heart Randwick, NSW
on Saturday October 16, 2004.

All our subscribers, benefactors, contributors and friends
who can do so are invited to join us for this
Birthday Mass at 12 noon.

To help provide some much needed
support for moving into our next 100 years,
Annals also plans to hold a

Fund-raising Dinner

in Sydney on October 27 this year at a venue to be decided. Cost
of the dinner: \$75 per person. Naturally we need to know well in
advance what numbers we can expect. Please indicate your desire to
attend this dinner by filling in the form below, and ticking the appro-
priate box. Thank you for helping us to make this occasion a success.



Name:

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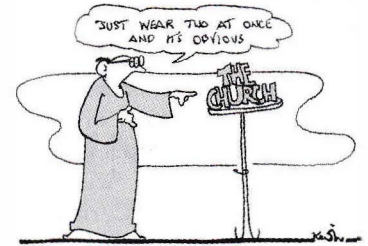
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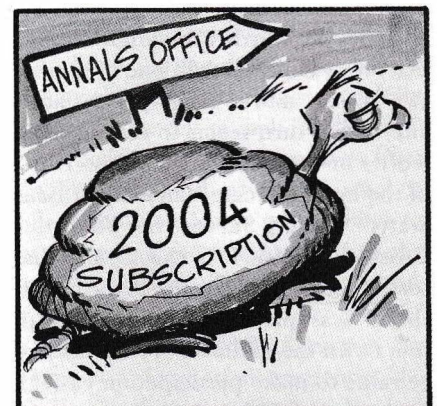
- I/we will be attending; No. of persons
- Please reserve me a table for eight (8) persons



Logic notwithstanding

CERTAIN sceptics wrote that the
great crime of Christianity had been
its attack on the family; it had dragged
women to the loneliness and contem-
plation of the cloister, away from their
homes and their children. But, then,
other sceptics (slightly more advanced)
said that the great crime of Christianity
was forcing the family and marriage
upon us; that it doomed women to
the drudgery of their homes and chil-
dren, and forbade them loneliness and
contemplation. The charge was actu-
ally reversed. Or, again, certain phrases
in the epistles or the Marriage Service,
were said by the anti-Christians to show
contempt for woman's intellect. But I
found that the anti-Christians themselves
had a contempt for woman's intellect;
for it was their great sneer at the Church
on the Continent that 'only women'
went to it. Or again, Christianity was
reproached with its naked and hungry
habits; with its sackcloth and dried peas.
But the next minute Christianity was
being reproached with its pomp and its
ritualism; its shrines of porphyry and its
robes of gold. It was abused for being
too plain and for being too coloured.
Again Christianity had always been
accused of restraining sexuality too
much, when Bradlaugh the Malthusian
discovered that it restrained it too little.
It is often accused in the same breath
of prim respectability and of religious
extravagance. Between the covers of the
same atheistic pamphlet I have found
the faith rebuked for its disunion, 'One
thinks one thing, and one another,' and
rebuked also for its union.

- G.K. Chesterton, *Orthodoxy*.

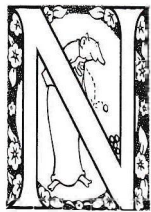


Whatever happened to the Apostles?

1. ST. PETER THE 'ROCK,' ON WHICH THE CHURCH IS BUILT

This is the first of a series of fourteen articles by PAUL STENHOUSE MSC discussing Catholic tradition concerning the twelve Apostles their background, mission and manner of death.

The thirteenth will be devoted to Judas Iscariot and the final article will treat of St Paul, the 'Apostle to the Gentiles.'



NOTWITHSTANDING the destruction wreaked on anything Catholic, and especially on 'the name which was so closely associated with the Papacy,' during the Reformation in England, there were still 1,140 churches dedicated to St Peter in England in the 1950s, and Peter was still 'one of the commonest names in every country [of post-Reformation Europe]':¹

In a wonderful aside² in his Gospel, St Luke demonstrates the pre-eminence of St Peter, and the instant recognition given to his name from the earliest years after the death and resurrection of Jesus.

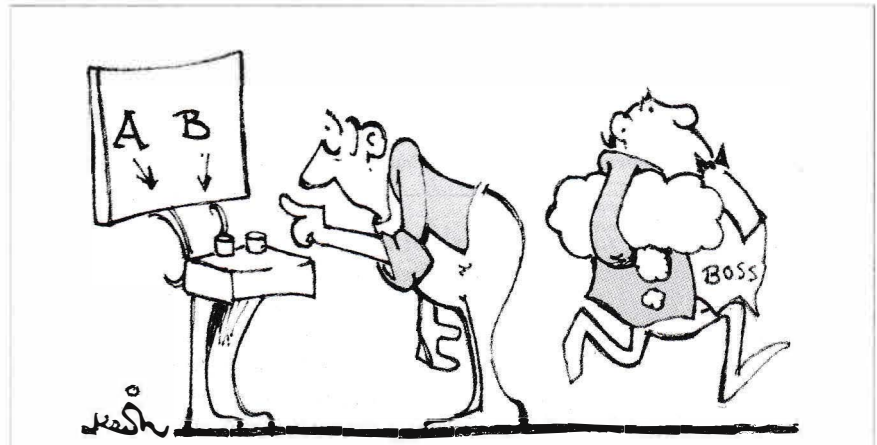
According to Eusebius of Caesaria, [260-340 AD] the first historian of Christianity, St Luke the evangelist was a gentile physician born in Antioch 'for the most part connected with Paul, and familiarly acquainted with the rest of the Apostles'.³ Quoting St Irenaeus [made bishop of Lyons in 178 AD] Eusebius notes, 'and Luke, the companion of Paul, committed to writing the Gospel preached by him, i.e. Paul.'

In this Gospel addressed to the Gentiles, after describing the circumstances surrounding the conception and birth of Jesus, and his baptism by St John, his cousin, and his being tempted by the devil for forty days in the desert, St Luke describes the beginning of the mission of Jesus. After Jesus visited the synagogue at Capernaum, 'he went to Simon's house. Simon's mother-in-law was in the grip of a high fever; and they asked him to help her. He came and

stood over her and rebuked the fever. It left her, and she got up at once and waited on them'.⁴

There had been no previous mention of the Apostles in the preceding chapters of Luke; nor had Simon been mentioned until then. It wasn't until the next chapter that Luke was to describe how by Lake Gennesareth Jesus called Simon the fisherman, and James and John, his partners, to follow him.

Simon Peter is spoken of by Luke as one speaks of a well-known and well-loved friend. Evidently there was no need to introduce him to his 'Excellency' Theophilus to whom Luke addressed his Gospel, nor was there any need to spell out who he was to the readers of that Gospel. He was Simon, called 'Peter,' the 'Rock,' the head of the Twelve Apostles, to whom Jesus gave the keys of the kingdom of

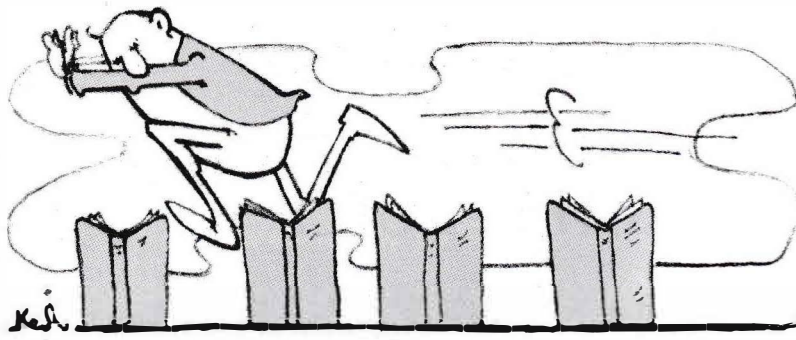


Not just in industry

WHAT happens to the *worker*? To put it in the words of a thoughtful and thorough observer of the industrial scene: 'In industry the person becomes an economic atom that dances to the tune of atomistic management. Your place is just here, you will sit in this fashion, your arms will move x inches in a course of y radius and the time of movement will be .000 minutes.'

'Work is becoming more repetitive and thoughtless as the planners, the micromotionists, and the scientific managers further strip the worker of his right to think and move freely. Life is being denied; need to control, creativeness, curiosity, and independent thought are being baulked, and the result, the inevitable result, is flight or fight on the part of the worker, apathy or destructiveness, psychic regression.'

- Erich Fromm, *The Sane Society*, ed. 1968, p.125 quoting J.J. Gillespie, *Free Expressions in Industry*, London 1948.



Advice to authors

AUTHORS may also advantageously remember that we live in hurried times, and enjoy scanty leisure for reading, and that of necessity the greater fraction of that leisure belongs to the dead. Merely a nodding acquaintance with Shakespeare is not maintained without a considerable expenditure of time. The volumes with which every man of ordinary literary taste would wish to be familiar can only be numbered by thousands. We must therefore be allowed time, and there is always plenty. Every good poem, novel, play, at once joins and becomes part and parcel of the permanent stock of English literature, and some time or another will be read and criticised. It is quite safe. Every author of spirit repudiates with lofty scorn the notion that he writes in obedience to any mandate from the public. It is the wretched, degraded politician whose talk is of mandates; authors know nothing of mandates, they have missions. But if so, they must be content to bide their time. If a town does turn out to meet a missionary, it is usually not with loud applause, but with sharp stones.

— Augustine Birrell, *Authors and Critics, Collected Essays, Vol. 2.*

heaven, and the power to bind and to loose, as St Matthew describes in his Gospel.⁶

Simon Peter was too well-known to need an introduction.

St Peter, Prince of the Apostles

Our Lord's death and resurrection took place in 33 AD. After his ascension the Apostles visited the Temple regularly, and seem to have obeyed the Mosaic Law, and differed from the other Judeans around them only in their preaching that the crucified Jesus – to whose resurrection from the dead they could testify as witnesses – was the Messiah.

St Peter took the lead, was the spokesman for the other Apostles, and held a position of undisputed pre-eminence.⁷

It is unthinkable that these personal disciples of Jesus would have acted in any way contrary to the last wishes

of their Master. Peter was their head, because that was the will of Jesus.

The apostles would eventually leave for a wider mission to all peoples, but for a time – an ancient tradition says this was twelve years⁸ – they stayed in and around Jerusalem.

Peter and John, the two leaders, were sent off to Samaria⁹ after Philip's success in preaching there.¹⁰ While there Peter was confronted by Simon the magician who was to cross his path years later in Rome.¹¹

St Peter – Founder of the Church at Antioch

After the stoning of Stephen, the disciples led by Peter made their way to Phoenicia [Lebanon], following the Orontes river, as far as Antioch,¹² while others of them went on by ship to Cyprus.

Pope Gregory the Great records a tradition that St Peter's episcopate in Antioch lasted seven years.¹³ This poses

a difficulty for some, for if Peter went to Antioch in 40 AD he could not have stayed there seven years.

This has led some scholars to date Peter's founding of the Church in Antioch from 47 to 54 AD, i.e. seven years before his second visit to Rome that lasted until 56 AD.¹⁴ This has the merit of making Antioch the starting point for Peter's well attested visits to Mesopotamia in the east, and to Cappadocia and Pontus in the north, as well as making visits to Jerusalem for the Feasts manageable.

The difficulty with the later date is that Peter's founding of the Church in Antioch seems to have preceded his visit to Simon the tanner, for the Church he instructed in the faith was disturbed when some believers from Cyprus, and Cyrene in Libya, went to Antioch¹⁵ and started preaching to the gentiles.

JOSEPH, whose surname was Bar-nabas [Son of prophetic utterance], a Levite and a Cypriot, was sent by the Apostles in Jerusalem to assess the situation. He approved of their preaching because he found, as St Luke says, that 'the power of the Lord was with them,' and as St Luke adds, he himself, Bar-nabas, 'was a good man, full of the Holy Spirit and of faith.'¹⁶

Not only did Bar-nabas [imbued with the openness to the gentiles that followed on Peter's dream on the roof of the house of Simon] approve of the outreach to the pagans in Antioch, he went to Tarsus too for his friend Paul. He found him with some difficulty and took him with him back to Antioch where they preached to the pagans for two years.

According to John of Antioch¹⁷ the place where Paul usually preached in Antioch was a street called *Singon*, not far from the Panteon and the Forum, on the upper part of the city which Epiphanes had built along the slopes of Mt Silpius.

I favour the earlier date, 40 AD and agree with Abbé Constant Foudard that what Pope Gregory and the *Liber Pontificalis* seem to have meant by this is that from Peter's going to Antioch seven years elapsed before the accession of Evodius¹⁸ as the second bishop of Antioch after him. Until the appointment of Evodius Peter remained bishop of Antioch, even while in Rome [on and off from 42AD until 67 AD when he was

martyred] or on apostolic visitations throughout Asia Minor and Greece.

St Peter in the house of Simon the Tanner in Jaffa

Around 41 AD we find that the persecution by the Judaeen authorities had slackened off,¹⁹ and Peter, back in Jerusalem, went on a visitation of the Christian communities in Judaea, Galilee and Samaria.²⁰

It was during this tour of Lydda [Lod] and Joppa [Jaffa] that he stayed with one Simon, a tanner. The fact that he stayed with a man whose trade was unclean in

the eyes of the observant indicates that he was moving towards non-Hebrews, and it was there, on the flat roof of Simon's house, in the full heat of the midday sun, that he had his vision²¹ that was to reveal God's will that uncircumcised gentiles should also have the Gospel preached to them. It would take years to settle the question of how far gentile Christians should conform to Hebrew tradition, but Peter's 'dream' was decisive.

Towards the end of 41 AD Claudius became emperor of Rome after the assassination of Caligula. He granted Herod Agrippa the territory of Judaea

and Samaria and Abilene [a little country NW of Damascus in Syria]. Agrippa, to prove to his restless subjects in Judaea that he was observant, had James, the son of Zebadee and brother of St John, executed.

St Peter Escapes from Prison

He then turned on Peter, and had him imprisoned, postponing his execution until the days of unleavened bread ended, intending to bring him before the people when the Passover was concluded. On the night before the Passover ended, however, Peter escaped from prison and the story of his dramatic escape has all the signs of a first-hand description by the maid of the house of John Mark's mother, and Bar-nabas's aunt, Maria. It was the maid who opened the door of the house when Peter knocked seeking refuge. The maid's name was Rhoda.²²

After telling the amazed household what had happened, Peter asked them to notify James the son of Alphaeus and the other brethren, and while it was still dark disappeared into the night in search of a safe hiding place. And as Peter heads out into the night, he disappears – apart from a brief mention in Acts 15,6-11 – from St Luke's narrative, until he reappears in Rome.



Why some Catholics abandon their faith

THE process that brings Catholics out of the Church and into other religions almost always includes appeals to the intellect. Call these appeals what you will – proselytism, proof texting, or just plain arguing – the appeals work, and they work because they are couched in terms of the duty of Catholics to apply reason to their faith. These Catholics, many of them habitual Mass-goers, have received little intellectual sustenance from their parishes. They are effectively uncatechized. In not a few cases they have been decatechized: Private doubts have been thrust upon them, and they quietly wonder why they should remain in a church whose leaders issue contradictory messages from the pulpit and in the confessional.

– Karl Keating, *Nothing But the Truth*, Catholic Answers, San Diego, 1999.

1. E.C. Withycombe, comp. *The Oxford Dictionary of English Christian Names*, OUP, 1950, p.p.231-232.
2. 4,38-39.
3. *Ecclesiastical History*, London, G. Bell and Sons, 1911, p.73.
4. op.cit. p.176.
5. 4,38-39.
6. 16,18-19.
7. St John is singled out as second only to St Peter: Acts 3,1; 4,13; 8,14. See Galatians 1,18, etc.
8. St Jerome. 345-420 AD, [*De Viris Illustribus*.] says that Appolonius of Ephesus, writing in 210, 'learnt it from the ancients'. It is also found in in the *Stromateis*, [vi,5] of Clement of Alexandria 150-215 AD.
9. Acts 8,14
10. *ibid.* 8,5ff.
11. Eusebius, 260-340 AD, *Hist. Eccl.* ii, 13.14 on the authority of Justin Martyr, 100-165 AD *Apologia* i,26.
12. Acts 11,19.
13. Epistle 1, vii, 40. See also the *Liber Pontificalis* which both in its original form, and in its later recension, gives seven years as the time Peter spent in Antioch.
14. See e.g. C. Edmundson, *The Church in Rome in the First Century*, Longmans Green & Co London, 1913, p.77ff.
15. Acts 11, 19-21.
16. Acts 11,22ff.
17. See Migne, *Patrologia Graeca*, t.xcvii, 371. John's surname was Malala or Orator.
18. See *A Dictionary of Christian Biography and Literature to the end of the Sixth Century*, Henry Wace and William Piercy, London John Murray, 1911, p360.
19. Acts 8,5-24.
20. *ibid.* 9,32.
21. *ibid.* 10,9ff.
22. *ibid.* 12, 1-19.

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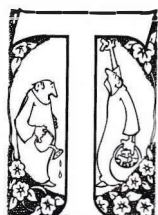
THE second possibility is that of the virtual elimination of the existing population; in which case the immigrants establish what becomes quickly enough a new nation or ethnicity, detached from its home base though in some continuity with it, but entirely discontinuous from the communities hitherto in the country. This is what happened with the English settlers in America, what has happened more recently in Australia, and – a thousand years earlier – what happened in the eastern parts of the country that then became known as England. It is what the New English would at times like to have happened in Ireland, and even half pretended had happened, as in an amazing assertion in William Mollyneux's famous pamphlet, *The Case of Ireland's being Bound by Acts of Parliament in England Stated*, the first unfurling of a Protestant Ireland's nationalist flag. But the plausibility of the nationalism was dependent upon swallowing this assertion in all its implausibility: 'The great Body of the present People of Ireland are the Progeny (sic!) of the English and Britains (Britons), that from time to time have come over into this kingdom, and there remains but a mere handful of the Ancient Irish at this day, I may say, not one in a thousand! If Spencer's hint had been adopted and genocide carried out, then the New English in Ireland might have become the Irish Nation just as the New English in America became the American Nation. It was the obstinate refusal of the Old Irish to die out which made that inherently impossible, though for a century after the Battle of the Boyne native quiescence made it possible almost to pretend that it had happened and for Protestants to evolve towards an anti-English patriotism in consequence.

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

A fresh look at a controversial Italian Prime Minister

ARE WE ALL MUSSOLINIANS NOW

Reviewed by R.J. STOVE



THE hero of that minor movie classic *Groundhog Day* might have resented needing to endure the same twenty-four hours again and again, but others view such incurable chronological repetitiveness as positively wonderful. Leftist English-language commentators on Mussolini, for example, seldom weary from contemplating the joys of 26 April 1945. For them, the treatment upon that date of the ex-dictator's bullet-riddled, mud-spattered, bloodied, and generally befouled corpse (in Milan's Piazzale Loreto) is the perfect pill to purge melancholy. But since even the most assiduous leftist majoritarian cannot very well make an entire book out of one day's mob vengeance, it follows that few full-length guides in English to Mussolini exist, and that even fewer are reliable. Sadly, the two best Italian studies of *Il Duce* – one from the 1950s by Giorgio Pini and Duilio Susmel, the other and later production by Renzo De Felice – have never been translated. The most recent attempt in our tongue at a comprehensive life was that of Western Australia's Richard Bosworth: an attempt simultaneously so pretentious, so vapid, and so damaging to Bosworth's dreams of intellectual stature that it ranks among the longest suicide notes in history. Readers with no Italian (and with a healthy distaste for cold-eyed Marxist ideologues like Denis Mack Smith) have therefore needed to fall back on the 1962 volume by Christopher Hibbert: very well written, but inevitably outdated, and with all too sketchy a coverage of Mussolini's pre-war government. Now, at last, comes a grippingly recommendable modern account – in trenchant, sardonic prose – of Italy's longest-serving Prime Minister,

Mussolini: A New Life
 Nicholas Farrell
 Weidenfeld & Nicolson, London, 2003 533pp.

although we must still hope that some enterprising American academic publisher will one day issue a complete rendering for English readers of De Felice's *magnum opus*.

Nicholas Farrell's *Duce* is a more complex figure than has been conveyed to us by (in Farrell's own words) 'British historians of a certain age weaned on the wartime propaganda image of Mussolini as unprincipled opportunist and buffoon.' Underlying the



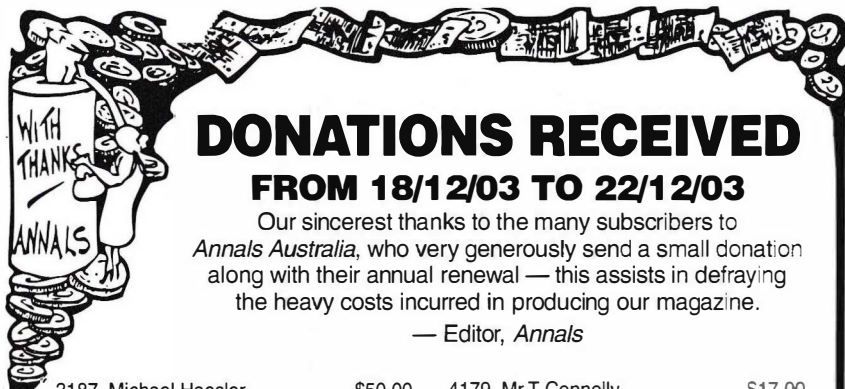
How determined are we?

THERE is one small thing neglected in all our talk about self-determination; and that is determination. There is a great deal more difference than there is between most motions and amendments between the things for which a democracy will vote and the things on which a democracy is determined. You can take a vote among Jews and Christians and Moslems about whether lamp-posts should be painted green or portraits of politicians painted at all, and even their solid unanimity may be solid indifference. Most of what is called self-determination is like that; but there is no self-determination about it. The people are not determined. You cannot take a vote when the people are determined. You accept a vote, or something very much more obvious than a vote.

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

Farrell narrative, though never actually quoted, are two epigrams. One comes from the late chronicler and editor Sir Charles Petrie: 'what made Fascism unpopular was not its tyranny but its failure.' The second comes from the late novelist Alberto Moravia, who with his early satire shocked Fascist censors but received encouragement from Mussolini himself: 'If he'd had a foreign policy as clever as his domestic one perhaps he'd be *Duce* today.' Italian Fascism's great unknown is, of course, the impact of 1940. What if Mussolini, during and after Hitler's *Drang nach Westen*, had simply remained neutral (a policy that paid lifetime dividends for Franco and almost-lifetime dividends for Salazar)? Or, if a German alliance really had been unavoidable, what if Mussolini had made his military support dependent on Hitler moderating his racial hatred and tearing up the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact? This might even have healed the *Duce's* eventual breach with King Victor Emmanuel III, who willingly lamented the 1938 race laws, and who learned from experience what befell royals who irked the Nazis (his own daughter Mafalda perished in Buchenwald). Thanks to works like Zeev Sternhell's *The Birth of Fascist Ideology*, we now know that Jews were almost unbelievably over-represented among Italian Fascists, until the 1938 statutes chased them away from party ranks. Eighty-five per cent of all Jews in Italy survived the German occupation: a figure astonishingly high even by Denmark's standards, let alone Poland's or Romania's. Those who most loudly deplored anti-Jewish bloodshed included the Fascist philosopher Giovanni Gentile.

Farrell is at his very best in dealing with Mussolini's pre-1922 and post-1943 actions. Unlike Lenin and Stalin, the Italian leader underwent real suffering in childhood – he never even learned to speak until he was three, a



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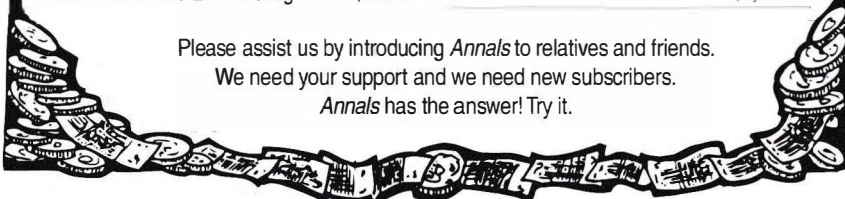
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— Editor, *Annals*

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fact surely connected to his subsequent eloquence – and real poverty in youth. He revered imaginative literature (Dante remained a lifelong favourite) and positively adored sociology; during his years as a day-labourer in Switzerland, he attended public lectures by Vilfredo Pareto, and he lost count of the number of times he had read Gustave Le Bon's *Psychology of the Crowd*. As a journalist he showed immense talent and possibly genius, dispensing with the ornate poetisms that then typified Italian newspapers, in favour of pugnacious invective. When he took over the Socialist newspaper *Avanti!*, it had a circulation of 28,000. He sent it soaring to an average of 60,000, and at times it reached 100,000. His move in 1914 from an anti-war to a pro-war attitude derived not from rejection of socialism, but from continued trust in it: 'The blood-bath of war would be the midwife of revolution,' he believed. Three years afterwards the Russian upheavals and the French army mutinies vindicated his belief. Moreover, most other European countries' Socialists – unlike Italy's – had been pro-war all along.

Once Italy entered the conflict, Mussolini enlisted, confirming the physical courage that he routinely displayed elsewhere: notably in duels (one of them with his fellow Socialist Claudio Treves), in a near-fatal 1921 plane accident, and in the face of repeated assassination attempts once he had gained power. Of equal significance is the contrast between his comparative steadfastness in 1918-22, and the intricate bungling of mainstream parliamentary hacks. Between 1914 and the March on Rome, Italy had eight different Prime Ministers, all blatantly incompetent – save for the veteran Giovanni Giolitti, who was subtly incompetent – and unable to meet even the most basic Italian governmental obligation at the time, namely protecting private property against Socialist gangsterism. 'The Socialist party', Mussolini accurately observed in 1920 (shortly before the Communists broke away to establish their own machine), 'is a Russian army camped out in Italy.' He backed Gabriele D'Annunzio – often called 'Fascism's John the Baptist' – during the latter's political zenith, but not in so overt a fashion as to suffer once D'Annunzio's career faded from 1921 onwards.

When treating Mussolini's own rule, Farrell (an Italian resident himself) is especially authoritative on aspects of Italian administrative life that Anglophone commentators are usually too parochial, and insufficiently conspiratorial, to consider. Among these aspects: the Fascist leadership's exceptionally decentralised structure, which vested great authority in each regional party chief (or *ras*, as Italians called him, adopting – ironically enough in view of later events – an Abyssinian word). Many a *ras* therefore could, and did, show an unscrupulous vigour that guaranteed an enduring headache for Mussolini himself. Roberto Farinacci and Italo Balbo, to name only two, governed their party branches as more or less independent kingdoms; Farinacci showed what he thought of the *Duce* by acting as the lawyer for the killers of Socialist parliamentarian Giacomo Matteotti. Farrell also excels in specifying the threat posed to Fascism by Freemasonry. No student of politics can hope to understand Italian lodges (or their counterparts in France, Spain, Portugal, and Latin America) if he thinks of them as equivalents to the gentlemanly dining-clubs of Anglo-Saxon experience. Since the French Revolution, Continental Freemasonry has comprised an extremely efficient network of anti-Christian thugs and infiltrators, differing in name rather than in substance from such celebrated humanitarian outfits as Hamas, Sinn Fein, Sendero Luminoso, and Irgun Zvei Leumi. Italy's chief Masons never forgave Mussolini for hitting them hard: just as Mafiosi never forgave him for the successes which one of his abler administrators, Cesare Mori, achieved during the 1920s in bringing organised Sicilian crime under control. (The Mafia owed its ensuing revival, need one say, to unctuous meddling by American invaders in 1943-44.)

Like any other accurate depiction of Fascist Italy's drama, Farrell's writing pays due attention to that often overlooked spear-carrier who in the second-last act became a protagonist: the King. Mussolini mocked his diminutive sovereign repeatedly, calling him in private 'the little sardine'. 'It's not my fault,' the dictator snapped on another occasion, 'that he's no better than a half-cartridge.' Official photographers who trained their lenses upon the shirtless

Duce's manly chest frequently emphasised, in the same pictures, the fully-clad monarch's small (five feet three inches) stature. Alas for the Fascists, Victor Emmanuel considered revenge to be a dish best eaten cold: as he demonstrated with bland irrevocability in the bloodless July 1943 coup that brought Mussolini down.


Historians traditionally dismiss Mussolini's final role – the Presidency of that Nazi satellite state, the Salò Republic – as a boringly sordid anticlimax to his active life. Farrell demonstrates (by his words and his illustrations) the strength of the popular following that Salò, for good and ill, could sometimes inspire. Its eventual defeat, if not (like Waterloo) 'the damndest close-run thing', owed more to Stalinist partisans' terror tactics – and to the lightly veiled antagonism of such Teutonophil extremists as Farinacci – than to its own moral shortcomings, which included the judicial murder of Mussolini's own son-in-law, erstwhile Foreign Minister Galeazzo Ciano.

Mystery still surrounds the exact circumstances in which Mussolini and his loyal mistress Claretta Petacci lost their lives. Walter Audisio, the

Anti Christian thugs and infiltrators

Communist (and future Senator) who died in 1973 after boasting for years that he had presided over the shootings, may not have fired the fatal bullets. Rumours that Mussolini's assassin, or assassins, acted on instructions from Churchill remain mere unsubstantiated gossip. Farrell conjectures that one of the actual gunmen may have been Stalinist boss Luigi Longo, who as a former fighter for Republican Spain certainly spoke Spanish (which we know Mussolini's killer did). Shortly before his own death in 1980, Longo emitted various Delphic grunts – phrased in impeccably turgid Stalin-speak – which implied his own responsibility for the killings. The Italian Communist apparatchiks did well to keep their public utterances unspecific for as long as possible, given the role of womanhood in Italian culture. After all, Italy's Communist rank-and-file included many a respectable family man who, left to himself (and however prepared he

might have been to give Mussolini the *coup de grâce*), would never have countenanced the butchering of poor, harmless, foolish Claretta in cold blood.

After finishing Farrell's analysis it is hard to escape the verdict that Mussolini – like Machiavelli, whom he so much esteemed and so strenuously laboured to emulate – owed his notoriety not to his falsehood but to his truth-telling. Much anti-Mussolinian rage derives from the extent to which, on issues ranging from socialism to sex, we are all Mussolinians now. Attacks on corporatism come oddly from champions of the New Deal. Denunciations of the *Duce's* erotomania acquire a grotesque sound when uttered by Camelot's and the Clintons' court toadies. Hymns to blasphemy and to adolescent violence, considered lamentable upon Fascist lips, are the very *raison d'être* of modern Hollywood (to say nothing of Mark Latham's worldview). The twenty-first-century antipodean obsession with watching semi-literate jersey-clad plutocrats kick, gouge and stomp their way through football matches echoes Italian Fascism's demands for ever-increasing sport, the sweatier the better. And by what cognitive dissonance can geopolitical lying be reprehended when broadcast from Rome, but hailed as a moral triumph when broadcast from Boston? (There Roosevelt said in October 1940: 'While I am talking to you mothers and fathers, I give you one more assurance . . . your boys are not going to be sent to any foreign wars.') Six decades before Francis Fukuyama reluctantly intimated that maybe the helots down on the plantation do not yet actually *want* unfettered laissez-faire, Mussolini boldly described laissez-faire as an unrevivable corpse. In this, he proved a better prophet than the legislators of our own time, who from Norway to New Zealand fling welfare benefit after welfare benefit at the idle and the villainous, but who meanwhile comically pretend to advocate 'smaller government'. At least Mussolini spelled out his credo: 'Everything for the state, nothing against the state, nothing outside the state.' Would that Bush or Blair could be so honest. 

This article originally appeared in the Summer 2004 issue of *National Observer*, and is here reprinted with permission.

Wheat and chaff on the threshing floor of the Catholic Church

LET them say what they like against us; we will love them, even though they don't want us to. We have known only too well, brothers, what kinds of tongues they have, and therefore we cannot be angry at them.

So bear patiently with us. Because they know that their cause has no credibility they unleash their tongues against us and begin to say evil about us: some things that they know about; others that they are ignorant of.

What they know belongs to our past – for we were, once, as St Paul says, stupid and unbelieving, and opposed to any good work. That we were attached childishly and insanely to perverse error, we don't deny.

And just as we don't deny our past, so much the more we do praise God who has forgiven it.

Why, therefore, you heretic, do you stop arguing your cause, and start attacking the man? For what am I? Am I the Catholic Church? Am I the inheritance of Christ scattered through the nations? It is sufficient for me to be a part of the inheritance.

You deplore my past evils. That is no big deal. I deplore them more roundly than you do. What you deplore, I condemn.

If only you could imitate me, and your error could be a thing of the past. For these past evils of mine were well known, especially in this town.

Here, I freely confess to have lived evilly. And as much as I rejoice over God's grace, that much do I – what shall I say – regret, my past sins. I would 'regret' were I still in that state. But what shall I say? 'Rejoice?' I cannot say that either. If only I had never sinned.

Whatever I was, in Christ's name belongs to the past. But what they now deplore they do not understand.

There is still much that is deplorable in me, but they can hardly be expected to know this. I toss around many things in my thoughts, fighting against my evil tendencies, daily and almost continuously in conflict with the temptations of the Enemy who seeks to seduce me. I groan to the Lord in my weakness: 'It is of little consequence to me,' as St Paul says, 'if you or any human court judges me. I will not even pass judgement on myself.'

I know myself better than the Donatists do. But God knows me better than I.

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Christ will not let them insult you because of me.

They say, 'Who are they (Augustine and the Catholics)?' 'Where have they come from?' 'We knew them to be evil men when they were here (in Africa); where they were baptised?'

If they know us that well, they should know that we sailed away on one occasion, that we travelled to foreign lands; that we were one person when we went, and another when we came back. We were not baptised here (in Carthage), but the Church where we were baptised (Milan) is famous throughout the whole world.

There are many of our brethren who know that we were baptised, and who were baptised with us. It is easy enough to verify this, if any of the brethren is anxious.

How can we satisfy the Donatists and prove something by the witness of a Church with which they are not in Communion?

There is no way that they could know that we were baptised in Christ overseas, because they do not possess Christ overseas. For he alone can have Christ overseas who is in Communion with the Catholic Church.

How can they know where I was baptised, when their communion hardly reaches overseas? Truly, brethren, what is there for me to say to them? If we are good, then we are wheat in the Church of Christ, if we are bad, then we are straw in the Church of Christ.

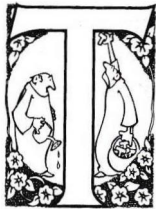
We do not leave the threshing floor which is the Church. You who fly about outside the Catholic Church, blown around by wind, what are you? No wind can blow the wheat away from the threshing floor. From where you are, therefore, recognise what you are!

– St Augustine, 354-430, In Ps. xxxvi, III, 19.
Writing on attacks on him, personally, by the Donatists, an heretical sect in North Africa.

Old myths about Catholics and their Church resurface

CHURCH AND STATE – THE NEW ANTI-CATHOLICISM

Reviewed by RYAN McMAKEN



HE unmitigated rage that has abounded on the American Left since Abe Foxman's buddies stole a copy of Mel Gibson's *The Passion of the Christ* should hardly produce anything more than a shrug from anyone who has spent any significant amount of time observing the treatment of Christians and Christianity in public universities and among journalists and 'public' philosophers.

While there once was a time when the intellectual classes could be relied on to side with Protestant Christian groups against Catholics and the Catholic Church, now even the most watered down versions of Christianity have become repugnant to virtually all media and mainstream intellectual outlets who view Christianity not as a preserving force of civilization, but as a retrograde tyranny standing in the way of the equality and multiculturalism promoted by those that Thomas Sowell calls 'the anointed'. In an interesting passing of the torch of sorts, the American Left has adopted the old tools of anti-Catholicism once so cherished by a few right-wing anti-Catholic groups in centuries past, and have become most enthusiastic in unleashing age-old prejudices and 'black legend' stories against Catholics at even the slightest provocation.

In his most recent book, *The New Anti-Catholicism*, religious studies scholar Phillip Jenkins examines how old myths about Catholics and their Church have persisted since before the Reformation, but are now being recycled and rehashed not by wild-eyed right-wing nativists, but by the allegedly enlightened classes of academics, journalists, left-wing clergy, and 'social activist' types who never seem to tire

The New Anti-Catholicism
Philip Jenkins
Oxford University Press, 2003.

of repeating the most horrible stereotypes about Catholicism no matter how outlandish or how tenuous the connection to established facts.

As the controversy over *The Passion* has made clear, the Left's ire over Christianity is hardly reserved for one group. Indeed, even the Gospels themselves have been dragged through the mud for allegedly being hateful and anti-Semitic with numerous calls to rewrite Christian doctrine itself to be little more than a tale about a secular Left-wing revolutionary killed for his very enlightened ideas about equality and socialism. Nevertheless, merely by virtue of being the largest single group of Christians, and being a highly organized hierarchical group that preserves (when it does its job) a cultural tradition visibly different from secular American society, the Catholic Church proves to be the central target of anti-Christian propaganda that reliably degenerates into specifically anti-Catholic tales of lurid sexual misconduct, political intrigue, and murderous conspiracy.

According to Jenkins, much of the Left has actually been helped along by angry Catholic groups themselves who have never tired of propagating stereotypes and rumors that might help their causes along. It was the liberal Catholics of the *National Catholic Reporter*, after all, who invented the phrase 'pedophile priest' in an attempt to promote their own agenda of ordaining women and eliminating the celibate priesthood. Angry conservative Catholics hopped on the bandwagon as well, with some groups happily repeating virtually anything they could find about semi-

naries being ruled by predatory homosexuals as long as the stories proved that the Church has been ruined by liberal reformers.

Over time, the 'pedophile priest' label has probably stuck better than any other Catholic-generated libel against the Church, and the image has been devastating. Jenkins has done considerable work on this topic, and is author of *Pedophiles and Priests*, a 1991 book examining the roots of the scandals and their effects on the Church. Being the most timely and persistent issue, Jenkins devotes a significant portion of *The New Anti-Catholicism* to examining the facts of the scandals, and then examining how already-existing stereotypes have been magnified by the scandals and have worked their way into not only biased news-reporting of the scandals, but into film, literature, and political activism that consistently portrays the Church as nothing less than 'The Perp Walk of Sacramental Perverts'.

At the heart of the controversy has been the image of the pedophile priest, the older man preying on pre-pubescent children in the confessional. As Jenkins explains, however, the term 'pedophile' applies in precious few of the cases of sexual abuse, and that the sexual relationship occurring between priests and parishioners are almost invariably between teenagers and priests, or even adults and priests. In one 2002 case, the news media reported a relationship between a Catholic Bishop and a 30-year-old man as 'abuse'. Jenkins also notes how the term pedophilia is also generically applied to long-time consensual relationships between adult females and male priests.

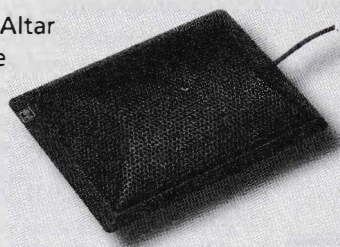
The language of abuse and victimization is used just as loosely in cases of heterosexual misconduct. When in 2002, a group of women convened a panel to

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discuss their abuse by Catholic priests, some of the victims were reporting sexual advances made to them when they were eighteen or older, and in some cases, consensual sexual relationships continued through their twenties and thirties. The priestly behaviour was reprehensible, but it meets no standard definition of child abuse, still less pedophilia. Nevertheless, the media reported these events in terms of the 'female victims of priests.'

Admittedly, there have still been disgracefully numerous cases of genuine child molestation, yet these numbers are never compared to any other institution of similar size of mission. Protestant churches, heavily decentralized, keep

no records that can be subpoenaed, and itinerant preachers and ministers who may abuse children in one place and then move on are never recorded, nor are their movements followed by any kind of central institution. As Jenkins notes, this could easily explain away the discrepancies between Catholic records of abusive priests and the non-records kept by everyone else. This hasn't kept American intellectuals and activist groups from contending that there is something ingrained in Catholicism that produces pedophiles, though. Long-time anti-Catholic author James Carroll explains the problem as being one of 'a corrupt, misogynist ... clerical elite', fitting nicely with Terrance Sweeney's

claims that 'If there were women priests and women bishops and married bishops, the likelihood of this [abuse crisis] happening in the first place would be close to nil'. 'Clearly', Jenkins responds, 'Sweeney has not examined conditions in the U.S. Episcopal Church or its British Anglican Counterpart'.

Jenkins notes that, appropriately, an issue that the media has been virtually silent on is the fact that children are far more likely to be abused by public school teachers than by Catholic priests, and that school districts transfer suspected pedophiles and abusers from district to district in a fashion far more alarming than that done at the height of the scandals by Catholic dioceses. Thanks to the paucity of media attention, the problem of pedophile teachers has received none of the reforms that have been pushed by the church in the wake of the scandal, and the abuse in public schools continues with not a peep from the *New York Times*.

Jenkins covers other territory about anti-Catholic activism as well, addressing the numerous 'black legends' of history such as the Inquisition and the perennial accusations surrounding the 'Nazi Pope' Pius XII. Many of these images find repeat usage within American films and literature where priests can regularly find themselves as symbols of perversion, corruption, and greed, with American audiences taking little notice of the sheer repetitiveness of the images. Indeed, such stereotypical images have become so tired and ubiquitous, that Jenkins considers them to be on a par with portraying Jews as greedy money-lenders with big noses.

Whether the Church is being denounced as homophobic or misogynistic or simply perverted, the suggested solution is virtually always the same – subject the Church to more control by the more 'enlightened' authorities of the state. In America, at least, the criticisms of the Church have never really changed. The Church is always identified as either an outdated organization impeding the progress of the American people, or simply as an alien organization filled with people torn between true patriotic fervor and loyalty to a despot in Rome.

At the root of the charge is the fact that the Church has always functioned independently of mainstream American



'His powers of observing were far beyond his powers of reasoning.'

- Lord John D'Alberg Acron 1834-1902.
writing on 23/11/1861.

culture, insulated both from mainstream secular trends and from the passions of nationalist zeal. The impassioned reaction to such separation means that ultimately, the battle will be over whether the Church in America can function independently, or if it will be forced to subject itself to the dictates of modern notions of equality and tolerance. The institution that will enforce this dissolution of independence, and indeed has always enforced it rather enthusiastically, will be the State. As examined by Martin Van Creveld in *The Rise and Decline of the State*, the Catholic Church has been fighting a losing battle against the State for centuries. The Western world has come a long way since the days of Thomas Becket when Church authorities could demand that clergy be tried for crimes only by other clergy, and the Church was exempt from State taxes.

Consequently, the triumph of the State over the minds of Americans has been so complete that even many Catholics would say that of course the Church should pay State taxes, and that members of the Church should be subject not to their own laws, but to the laws of the State. Even among its own members, Churchmen are less trusted than government officials, and there is little acceptance of any way of thinking outside the State doctrine that the government must have final control over all institutions within its borders.

This did not happen by accident.

Just as institutions that generate wealth in the free market are forced to submit to predation by the State, so too must all social, religious, and cultural institutions do the same. In the words of Murray Rothbard, 'it is precisely a molding of opinion that the State most desperately needs'. And it does this by working constantly to subvert, co-opt and seize all institutions that might provide a philosophy that may regard the State as irrelevant or even undesirable. In these efforts, the purveyors of multiculturalism have been largely successful. Thanks to the Leftist attacks on the Church, the days may not be far off when even the minutiae of church administration will have to be approved by government officials in the name of protecting the children, or promoting equality, or preventing hate crimes.

For some individuals, this day has already arrived. In the case of Dr. Cheryl Clark, a Christian ex-lesbian sharing custody of her daughter with her former partner, the judge has forbidden her from taking her daughter to any churches that promote 'homophobic' teachings. Although he will undoubtedly decide for himself after the fact, the judge has declined to provide a list of what churches are officially acceptable and what churches are officially verboten. But the message is clear -

all must be subject to the dictates of the State, and it will abide no organization that might pollute the minds of its subjects. It's unlikely we'll see any Leftists protesting *this* gaping hole in the sacred 'wall of separation'.

For these reasons, Jenkins sees no end to anti-Catholicism on the Left no matter how many liberal reforms might be adopted. As long as the Church exists as an independent international organization that is only partially subject to the will of the American multicultural State, it will always be seen as a threat to their agenda.

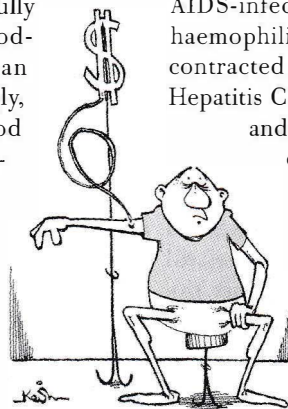
In the end, the competition between the Church and the State can only be resolved to the State's satisfaction when Churches - like individuals - are regulated in every aspect of their everyday workings. Just as private businesses may not hire and fire whom they please, and schools may not educate as they please, so too it must be with the Church. This conflict is at the heart of what Albert Jay Nock and Murray Rothbard called the contest between State power and social power. By its very nature, the State cannot rest until it has control over all the 'fruits of man's creative powers, confiscated and perverted to its own aims.'



RYAN McMAKEN is a regular columnist for LewRockwell.com.

Blood worth bottling

ACCORDING to [Douglas] Starr, who is codirector of the graduate program in science journalism at Boston University, the world market for blood today amounts to about \$18.5 billion a year, and a barrel of blood, fully processed into by-products, is worth more than \$67,000. Not surprisingly, the flourishing blood trade, for all its overtones of patriotism and human kindness, has been marked by 'business as usual - feuds, slander, and cutthroat competition'. Profitability, it seems, breeds contempt.



Moreover, with blood now flowing freely between nations, a major highway for disease transmission has been opened up. It is estimated that, before the discovery of effective screening procedures for AIDS-infected blood, fully half the haemophiliacs in the United States contracted HIV from transfusions. Hepatitis C presents a similar threat, and no one knows what new diseases might infect the blood supply in the future. Even in our technologically advanced era, blood remains a powerful and mysterious agent of both life and death.

- Laurence Marshall, *The Sciences*, Jan/Feb 1999.

An island of tears, island of hope

THE STORY OF BISHOP FORTICH

By FR NIAL O'BRIEN



WE were sitting at the table in the sacristy of the cathedral waiting to go out and concelebrate with Msgr. Fortich. He was coming to the end of his period as Bishop of Bacolod and while I sat there somebody pushed in front of me a photocopy of an article, a short article, aimed against Msgr. Fortich. It claimed he was a communist. I said to my companion at the table, the bishop will be along in a couple of minutes, he's not well, – at that time he had phlebitis – let's just not disturb his mind with this bit of invective. And I put it aside. But unfortunately my friend felt that the bishop should see it and he placed it in front of him when he arrived. We were sipping coffee, Msgr. read it silently then he put it down, thought for a moment and said aloud, 'I have no problem with a world in which there are rich and poor; you have an automobile, I have a bicycle, so what? But I cannot accept that some people have to live by scavenging for food in the garbage cans of others.' He said this with such a tremor in his voice that I was very moved. I felt for a moment that I saw into the depth of his soul and what had motivated him during this last quarter of a century as Bishop of Bacolod.

In 1967 when Bishop Emmanuel Yap died, Fortich, as it were, swept into power as Bishop of Bacolod by the sheer will of the people. All those who knew him begged the then Nuncio to make him Bishop of Bacolod. He had already become quite famous because of his open acceptance of the Vatican Council and his flamboyant support for the Cursillo de Cristianidad. He person-

ally gave the three and a half hour long rollo on sacraments. He kept us laughing as he spoke yet hit the nail on the head with practical and spiritual advice.

As soon as Msgr. Fortich became Bishop, on his very first day he said, The Bishop's Palace will be called 'the house of the people' and he immediately introduced a wide range of social amelioration projects. Here are some of them:

- the immediate implementation of land reform on Church Properties;
- the opening of the Social Action Centre under Fr. Luis Jalandoni;
- the purchase of an old sugar mill, transferring it, on a convoy of eighty trucks, to a remote mountain valley and the setting up of the Daconcogon Sugar, Rice and Corn Cooperative;
- the starting of a cottage industry to make cheap clothes for the cane-field workers who would do the sewing and get the profit from the project;
- the starting of a legal aid program eventually under Atty. Frank Cruz with two lawyers free for the poor;
- the setting up of a radio station and TV station to propagate the new thrust;
- the allowing of Fr. Edgar Saguinsin and Fr. Hector Mauri to start the National Federation of Sugarcane Workers (NFSW);
- the setting up of a scheme to liberate the sacadas with Bishop Cornelius De Wit of Antique on the neighboring island of Panay;
- the issuing of a pastoral letter on the rights of laborers and their present plight.

But probably the most important of all was that he convinced most of his own priests that service of the poor was essential to their ministry.

And indeed he carried many of the hacenderos and businessmen with him infecting them with his enthusiasm and encouraging them to get involved. What a man! It was like as if in some other life he had kissed the Blarney Stone and used his bit of magic for all it was worth to convince his flock to follow him on the road of social transformation.

The Magsaysay Award

As a result of these extraordinary activities he was nominated for the Magsaysay Award. It was with great pride that those of us who loved him went to Manila to support him when he received that prize. Of course, it's not that easy to start social projects. It may surprise you to know that most social projects started by priests and bishops fail. I am certain of this. I've been involved in too many to know otherwise. His secret was that he listened to lay people very carefully and genuinely allowed them to PARTICIPATE. This was the secret of the Vatican Council. The Pope had asked the bishops to help him to run the Church. He now expected the bishops to ask the priests and the people to help them to run the Church. Where this happened, where the bishops actually opened up and genuinely allowed people to participate, you had a vibrant wonderful Church. And that's what happened from the day that Msgr. Fortich took over.

His predecessor, the saintly Bishop Yap, was very conservative in the old fashioned way; Msgr. Fortich never criticized him but he did find ingenious ways around some of the extraordinary prohibitions which the bishop had introduced: I recall that Bishop Yap refused permission for a certain new church to be blessed;

he then flew off to Manila leaving Fortich to face the irate donors and patrons of the new church. But Fortich telegraphed Yap in Manila: 'request permission to bless tabernacle!' How could Bishop Yap refuse? And of course the patrons and sponsors did not notice the difference.

When Martial Law was declared, Bishop Fortich was now in a difficult position. His diocese was alive and thriving and he felt it unwise to have an open confrontation with the government which the Bishops agreed was the *de facto* government if not the *de jure* one. He needed government cooperation if his social projects were to work. At first he supported Marcos or at least, had an open mind at the beginning of Martial Law. But as time went on, it became very clear that the purpose of Martial Law was really to stop the ferment for social change that was taking place in the diocese of Bacolod and all over the Philippines. Development programs, yes, provided they cost nothing and that there was no sharing of the wealth. Many of Marcos' own highly publicized development programs which involved billions of pesos ended up in not ever getting to the poor at all. Many of the priests now were sympathetic to the New People's Army (NPA) and some of them actually joined the National Democratic Front which was the political face of the NPA. This was a dilemma to Msgr. Fortich. He strongly disagreed with these priests but in his usual way, he listened, and continued to plow ahead with his social projects. The sacada project was a noble failure. It never succeeded but strangely enough, it had quite a psychological impact on the land owners of Negros, and I believe that the treatment of sacadas notably improved as a result. It is important to say that to this day we are still receiving sacadas over from the neighboring island of Panay and their condition is still at an inhumane level.

Daconcogon - This Poor Man's Mill

In the case of the Daconcogon Sugar Mill, to which he personally gave thousands of hours, it was



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a quiet success and to this day has remained a major factor in improving the lives of the people in the inner mountains of southern Negros. I am sure of this because I myself have been involved with several small community farms in that area and have seen it at close hand. And while great and revered sugar mills toppled, Daconcogon has struggled on to this day. I do hope it succeeds in continuing because one of the major factors was that he himself kept a personal eye on finances and kept corruption down to a dull roar. People knew that with him at the helm, no matter what his age, basically the money was safe. God grant that it will continue that way in Daconcogon.

He had quite a balancing act to do. On the one hand some of his priests had clearly close connections with the NPA and on the other he was trying to run a diocese in which he had always been close friends with the land owners. Not just friends, he went out of his way to personally marry them and baptize their children. His room was always open to them. But there was a turning point for him when the scales fell from his eyes. We priests had been saying to him for a long time that the military showed one face to him - pinstriped, educated-in-military-academy, clean shaven, wide-eyed sincerity - and another face in the mountains where villages were burned down and people were being tortured and death

squads were allowed loose to do what they wanted to do. This is not the place for me to go over and retell the stories of the torture of Vilma Riopay and hundreds of others. These are well documented though we did not know the full story till Alfred McCoy wrote his controversial expose in the Philippine *Daily Inquirer*. Well, the turning point for Msgr. Fortich came when he was persuaded to arbitrate at a land problem in Bago City. The people, knowing that Msgr. Fortich would be there to plead their cause, came willingly together but when the meeting was over, police outside arrested the people - men, women and children. Fortich was livid. He had been lied to. His name was used as a means of bringing the people there. They had been promised safe passage and encouraged to speak up. He felt betrayed, and I suppose, he felt slightly ashamed in front of the people who had trusted him. He was never the same afterwards. So when it came to the famous 'cause celebre' of his period as bishop, the murder by the NPA of the mayor of Kabankalan, Pablito Sola, and when some of us priests were accused of plotting and executing that murder, he took our side openly and attended almost 50 sessions of the court case. Earlier on he had blotted his copy book in Marcos' eyes by being one of the fearless bishops to sign a protest against Martial Law. He had backed down for a while after that. But now he was convinced that Martial Law was devastatingly destructive of social and human life in the Philippines. Indeed to this day, we have not recovered from the heritage of Martial Law and some of its main pillars are still in government.

Greatness in Humility

You would be completely wrong if you saw Fortich as a rip roaring radical. He was a man who kept his balance. For him, sacramental life of the Church was very important. He rarely gave out to the priests or wagged his finger. But I recall on one occasion, at our monthly meeting, him standing up at the end and saying: 'it's great to be talking about these social issues and feel



Politicization by minorities

IT may be objected that many or even most persons on university faculties or other intellectual class institutions do not hold the views or display the fanaticisms described. But for liberalism to do its work and win its victories it is not necessary that they should. Institutions are regularly politicized by minorities within them. ‘Morson’s Law’, framed by Slavic scholar Gary Saul Morson, puts the tipping point at no more than 20 per cent. Activists are willing to spend much more time and energy politicizing than others are willing to spend resisting, and much of the faculty will ‘fall in line with the activists out of sheer conformist fear of being deemed retrograde’.

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

you’re part of the national struggle. But if someone is sick in your parish, are you there to attend them?’ The Nuncio, Msgr. Torpigliani, had no time for Msgr. Fortich because he stood up to him. In fact, the Nuncio took the side of President Marcos, one way or another and even tried to block the Philippine Bishops’ historic letter condemning Marcos and calling for non-violent resistance. And when it came time for Bishop Fortich to retire, he rushed that retirement with undue haste asking Archbishop Piamonte to come across from Jaro to remind him to put in his letter of resignation. And that’s where Msgr. Fortich’s greatness showed: the humility with which he accepted that public wound.

Fortich never accumulated money. Can I repeat that? He never accumulated money. He did have a beautiful house in Sum-ag, which he gave to the diocese to be used as a retreat center and which is still being used for Cursillos to this day. He retired to the spartan old priests’ home

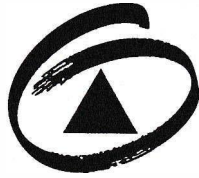
and lived quietly there, attending his plants. But as he himself said, ‘There is no retirement from work for the poor.’ He continued to carefully support and look after the Daconcogon Mill project and to be open to so many other projects for the poor which he did quietly. He was not a man for gallivanting around the world. He rarely left the diocese for abroad in his whole period as bishop. And if he went to Manila, he was usually back the next day. One day when he came back from Iloilo in a small bi-plane in a storm, I said to him: were you not afraid Msgr.? No, he said, the storm didn’t worry me, what did worry me was that most of the dashboard instruments were held together with rubber bands and scotch tape.

He was the elder statesman of the Bishops of the Philippines, revered by all for his wisdom. I myself would often go to him if I had a personal problem and share it with him. He would be silent for a while. He would never push his solution on you. But

when I’d come away, I’d have the drift of what he was hinting at. I suppose, what really has made him loved in Bacolod was his enduring personal relationships with so many people for whom he always had time. Frankly, I just don’t know how he did it; I need to escape. His door was always open and hundreds of people will tell you a story of how he fixed up their marriage, or helped them with problems with their children, or even with other complicated family problems and always with that lovely smile which we will all miss so much. Of course, there were many times when he felt deeply hurt, apart from the occasion of his retirement. It hurt when priests left the priesthood; he used to say that priesthood is a gift and you should never return a gift. But then they were welcomed back to visit him and their children called him, ‘lolo bishop’. Sometimes a priest would leave and join the NPA and forget to say goodbye; that did hurt.

Fortich, the Realist

After he retired he could not but be aware of scandals even among the clergy. He was a realist and knew that the fact that a priest was involved in social justice was no protection against temptation. In fact, social action work opens the door to foreign funding and that can easily be abused. That hurts. But he himself was never associated with scandal at anytime in his life. Yes, he had a battle with alcohol, we all knew that. He shared it with us, we discussed it with him and it wasn’t his fault. Hacenderos would come in and visit him always carrying a bottle and in Philippine hospitality there was no way you could refuse. However, there came a time when he knew he must stop and I had to smile when he would come up to visit us in Daconcogon for a board meeting and people would arrive carrying bottles, slamming them down on the table and saying, ‘this is Johnny Walker Black’ or whatever but his secretary would quietly say ‘well I have Msgr.’s own whisky here,’ and produce a bottle of what looked to be like special whisky just for the bishop. But the secretary, the bishop and I



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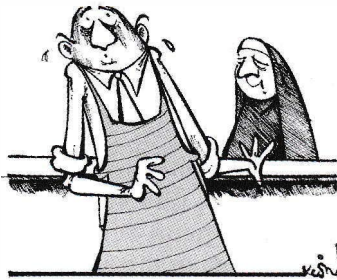


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knew that it was cold tea. Oh, there was one scandal in your life Bishop. You were a scandal because you as a bishop, at a time before others were thinking in these ways, took the side of the poor even though it really meant curtailing your own future and



Multicultural English

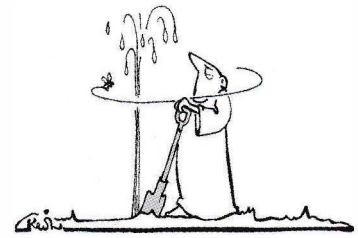
A French Reverend Mother, in England, noticing with rising perturbation the mounting totals on her butcher's bills, at last accosted him with these words: 'Why are you so much dearer to me now than when we first engaged?'

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

losing a chance of preferment which, since you belong to the human race, must have been a sacrifice.

The Zone of Peace

After his retirement, he took up work for peace and was a great inspiration behind the now historic Peace Zone in Cantomanyug in Candoni. This Peace Zone didn't just fall out of the sky. Twenty years earlier, with the donation from the Torres Family, Bishop Fortich had set up a model community farm in that place. It was no surprise when in that very spot the first peace zone in the Philippines arose. It was a decision by the local people that no military and no armed men from either side of the struggle could come into their area. It was a symbolic action, a cry in the darkness, calling for someone to do something about the endless killings. Fortich drove into the mountains for the inauguration of this peace zone. We were all there with him. Proud of him that even in his old age he'd make such a journey. While we were there in the Convento, a Huey helicopter arrived, blades screaming and firing up dust and dirt and disgorged a whole crowd of soldiers in fatigues with machine guns. I must admit that

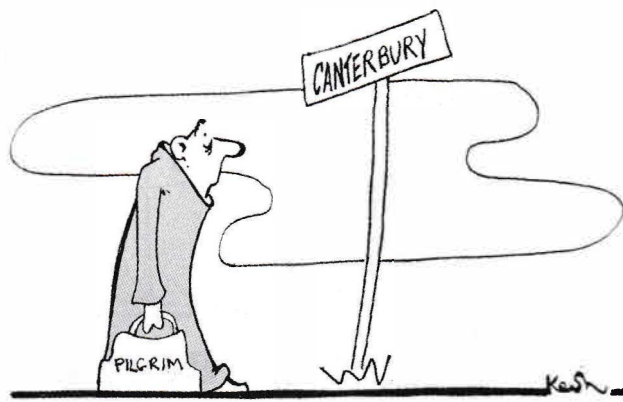


Bees and Wells

IN his *Scenes and Legends* Hugh Miller tells the story of William Fiddler and a companion, both of Cromarty, who were seized by consumption at the same time. The companion died, and Fiddler attended the funeral. That night in a dream he heard the voice of his dead companion asking him to meet him on the hillside to the east of Cromarty. He dreamt that he went to the place indicated and sat on a bank. He wept as he thought of his dead companion. At this moment a large bee came humming from the west and began to fly round his head. It hummed ceaselessly round and round him, until at length its murmurings seemed to be fashioned into words, articulated in the voice of his dead friend. 'Dig, Willie, and drink', it said. 'Dig, Willie, and drink'. He accordingly set himself to dig and no sooner had he turned a sod out of the bank than a spring of clear water gushed from the hollow; and the bee, taking a wide circuit, and humming in a voice of triumph, flew away. He looked after it, but as he looked the images of his dream began to mingle with those of the waking world, the scenery of the hill seemed to be obscured by a dark cloud, in the centre of which there glimmered a faint light; the rocks, the sea, the long declivity faded into the cloud, and turning round he saw only a dark apartment and the first beams of the morning sun coming in at the window. He rose and after digging the well, drank the waters and recovered.

Mr Donald Mackensie, who sent the writer this story, added: 'I know this well. It is still called "Fiddler's Well", and is supposed to cure consumption.'

- Hilda Ransome, *The Sacred Bee*.



English Catholic Holy Places

A PART from pilgrimages in fashion but for a time, English people usually went to Durham to visit the tomb of the holy Confessor Cuthbert, and the place where was kept his ever-victorious banner; to the shrine of King Edward the Confessor in Westminster; to St. Albans, St. Edmund's Bury, St. David's, on account of the saints after whom these towns are named; to Chichester, to worship the body of St. Richard the Bishop; to Glastonbury, with its holy thorn-tree, and its church founded by St. Joseph of Arimathea; to Waltham, where a cross of black marble had been miraculously found in the time of King Knut. Lincoln, York, Peterborough, Hayles with its Holy Blood, Winchester (for St. Swithin, who, among other merits, had had that of being a bridge builder), Holywell, Beverley with its St. John, and a number of other places, shrines and miraculous and wishing wells had also attractions for the pilgrim; but none could stand comparison with Walsingham and Canterbury.

- J. J. Jusserand, *English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages*.

I felt very hostile towards them as they poured up into the Convento. I could see the dismay on the face of Fr. Rolex Nueva, the parish priest. What was going to happen to our inauguration? I was stunned with what happened next. Msgr. Fortich had brought sandwiches and eggs, and soft drinks for his companions but he ordered me to share them with the military. As I handed them out, much against my will, I could not resist the temptation of saying, 'baka kulang pa ang inyong itlog.' They laughed and somehow I began to smile again and I realized that the Bishop knew something about active nonviolence which refuses to see the 'contra' as enemy and insists on appealing to their conscience. An action worthy of Gandhi which helped to diffuse a very tense situation. Eventually, we got into our jeep and made our way out to the remote hamlet of Cantomanyug. Unfortunately, a band of soldiers barred our way and wouldn't let us through, and not

only that, what appeared to me to be a rent-a-crowd was gathered with a bullhorn. A man with dark purple glasses and balaclava stood above the others shouting us down and particularly at Msgr. Fortich. He accused him of being a violent man and so many other accusations. Looking over and seeing the old bishop standing there, way up in the hills as we were, when he could have been relaxing quietly at home, my heart went out to him. Here he was being insulted and one of the worst things that this strange figure in the balaclava and dark glasses had to say was that Bishop Fortich was an oppressor of the poor. A lot of his other jargon and cant seemed to be taken from some sort of fundamentalist sect. The Bishop stood there quietly with head bowed. A man who had been awarded the Magsaysay Award, acclaimed throughout the Philippines for his indefatigable work for the poor, here he was being insulted and shouted at by ignorant paid hacks.

Finally, we decided to say mass there in the barrio and not continue to Sitio Cantomanyug. Indeed, we couldn't have continued if we wanted to because of the line of soldiers blocking our way. We began the mass, Bishop Fortich and maybe forty priests and loads of ordinary people; the shouting continued but as the mass progressed the shouting died down and to our amazement gradually the crowd swelled. Many people slipped past the military cordon and joined us. By the time of the consecration, a solemn silence fell over that entire crowd. I'll never forget it. I looked over at Fr. Rolex Nueva, the parish priest; his head was down and his hands were shielding his face, but from the angle I was standing, I could see underneath his hands, that tears were streaming in an unchecked flow down his face. He was saddened that people should be so badly led, so deceived, and taught to attack, humiliate, ridicule the only man in the whole island of Negros who has really tried to do something for them. At the end of the mass, a woman from Cantomanyug, from the peace zone, stepped forward. She was holding a baby, she took the microphone, and she asked and pleaded for peace. The scene was so beautiful. It reminded me of Our Lady and the Child Jesus coming into the world to bring us peace. That's just one of the many dramatic scenes from the life of Bishop Antonio Fortich. A man who gave up his future for the present; who decided once and for all that the Church is not a Church unless it is mother of the poor. Someday when peace has come to the mountains of Negros and land reform to the low lands, Bishop Fortich will be remembered for the great human being that he was and I would love to see a beautiful statue of him standing over our plaza in Bacolod, reminding us of a man who brought the church home to the poor.*

Columbian Fr. NIAL O'BRIEN has worked in the Diocese of Negros for almost 40 years and knew Bishop Fortich all that time. Fr. O'Brien is the author of the best selling book 'Revolution from the Heart', and a book dedicated personally to Msgr. Fortich called 'Island of Tears, Island of Hope.'

URGENT APPEAL FOR HELP

FROM THE CATHOLIC BISHOP OF AMBOINA

Herewith the Diocese of Amboina, Ambon, Moluccas, Indonesia, addresses the UNITED NATIONS and ALL COUNTRIES in the world providing the following information:

- On April 25, 2004, a ceremony was held in Ambon on the occasion of the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of the Republic of the South Moluccas (Republik Maluku Selatan – RMS). The police force of the Republic of Indonesia intervened, detained 24 people and secured them at the police headquarters to be interrogated.
- To a crowd of RMS adherents who had accompanied those detained to the police headquarters, their way home was blocked by another crowd that called itself ‘Pro-NKRI’ (NKRI = Negara Kesatuan Republik Indonesia = The Undivided Republic of Indonesia).
- That was the starting-point of severe turmoil in the city of Ambon which has been going on up to this moment.
- For five days in a row the turbulence has been going on, manifesting itself in the burning of houses and public facilities, killing of people, shooting all over the town and people’s fleeing for safety.
- Evaluating the latest condition from which there seems to be no way out and which causes much suffering to the civilians of the city of Ambon,

WE HEREWITH APPEAL TO THE UNITED NATIONS AND ALL NATIONS:

1. To safeguard the rights of the people of Ambon to live in security in this city.
2. To urge the Indonesian Government, particularly the Central Government, to put an end as soon as possible to:
 - All mutual attacking between Muslim and Christian groups
 - All burning and destroying of houses and public facilities.
3. To help in caring for the victims of this violence, especially the refugees whose number is increasing day by day.
4. If the violence cannot be stopped, to help and evacuate those Ambon people who want to live in peace, to places outside Ambon, outside the Moluccas or even outside Indonesia where they can live without fear or disturbance.
5. To pray for the well-being of the citizens of Ambon.

Thus we make public this SOS message. For your kind solidarity with the people of Ambon we are most grateful. May God’s Blessing be upon all of us.

Ambon, April 30, 2004

(signed)

Msgr. P.C. Mandagi MSC,
Bishop of Amboina

MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Copying a Kempis

THOMAS a Kempis, author of *The Imitation of Christ*, does not figure often in the life of journalists. Yet Mary McGrory, veteran columnist of *The Washington Post*, who died recently, quoted his words as a reason for not hobnobbing with politicians.

'Fawn not on the great,' a Kempis said. And Mary McGrory did not. Instead, she lambasted the great so effectively that the self-destructive Richard Nixon put her on his 'enemies list' and George Bush I complained of how she destroyed him again and again.

In Australia, reverse fawning is the go. Politicians fawn on medianiks, particularly talk-back radio commentators. Which brings us to the inevitable: the row involving those Beau Brummels of broadcasting: John Laws, David (oops, Alan) Jones and the chairman of the Australian Broadcasting Authority, Professor David Flint, who imprudently put himself in harm's way by writing a fan letter to Jones, thus triggering the seismic collision of the mightiest egos of the air.

Laws and Jones are, of course, also beneficiaries of the most lucrative income supplements in history through Telstra which, despite mind-boggling revenues, has shamelessly offset the Laws-Jones supplements with increases in line-rental charges.

At this writing, Laws is ahead on points. But Jones is a formidable counter-puncher. There again, his unauthorised biography by Chris Masters has yet to be published. And super-agent Harry M Miller has yet to speak. At least on an attributable basis.

What can be said with certainty is that Sydney's favourite cocktail is schadenfreude.

Bob 'n' Sam Show

THE departure of Bob Mansfield from Telstra had one side-effect: commentators did not use the ritual phrase about him falling on his sword. Commendable. In the context of modern business, the phrase is meaningless. Nowadays bosses fall on their bean bags, that is their accrued benefits, including shares, options and other corporate goodies.

In Mansfield's case, his bean bag was enhanced by the rise in Telstra's share price after his departure. And the main reason for it? The crossed business and political wires in his (and CEO Ziggy Switkowski's) plan for Telstra to acquire the John Fairfax Group.

Most commentators emphasised the wrong-headedness of the plan, given that the Federal Government still controls 50.1 per cent of Telstra and would have had at least an oversight of a major media organisation.

True. But not true enough. Had the plan gone through (and Prime Minister John Howard

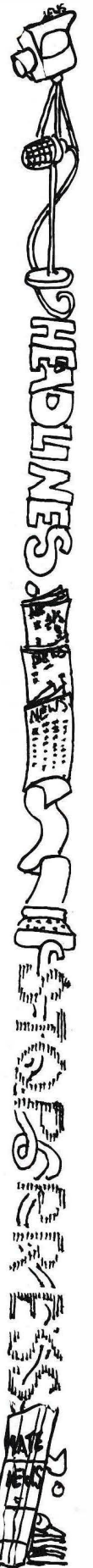


Not Cricket!

SISTER Frances of Pamplona, a drastic Spanish visionary who claimed to have visions about Purgatory, said she saw a Bishop there serving an extra five years merely for having wanted to be a Bishop; but whether for a sin against humility or against prudence, she offered no information.

It must have been a great temptation to monks and nuns with grievances, to say what people they had caught a glimpse of in purgatory, if not elsewhere. At the very beginning of the Catholic history of the English, in the seventh or eighth century, there was a famous vision of the monk of Much Wenlock, who saw in a trance what we should now call the landed gentry of the Midlands, men who had good names and were held zealous for the Church, but whose circumstances and prospects in the next world were equally unenviable. Perhaps from that date there was always an undercurrent of dislike for the monks, until it seemed to the landed gentry a much better idea to seize the abbeys and make them into country houses, where sport would be the great topic and nobody would have disconcerting visions about their neighbours.

- Douglas Woodruff, *More Talking at Random*, 1944.



did give it the nod), there was a potential twist: Howard could have stressed the urgent necessity of selling the Telstra share to avoid the manifest danger of government control of media, so making it virtually impossible for Labor, the minor parties and the independents to oppose the sell-off.

Moreover the Australian economy tends to duopoly. In media, the emerging duopoly is Murdoch-Packer. Telstra-Fairfax would have represented a new, and mightier, third force.

Sam Chisholm (of Telstra, Foxtel and Macquarie Radio, organisations not incompatible with Murdoch-Packer interests) played a key role in the Mansfield ouster. The Napoleon of deal-makers, Chisholm is longsighted enough to visualise the duopoly under the heirs apparent James Packer and Lachlan Murdoch.

Fanning Fame

JOURNALISTS are Jhindsight people. Thus Ellen Fanning's SBS series, involving interviews with more or less prominent journalists, is hindsight on hindsight.

It also engenders Woodward-Bernstein Syndrome. Sufferers see themselves as the kind of journalists who possess the star talent of Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman who played Woodford and Bernstein in *All the President's Men*.

To listen to Fanning extol the art of persuasion while watching the redoubtable Frank Walker on the telephone is to understand the meaning of bathos, and why the most influential hacks in the world belong to the anonymous team on *The Economist*.

Capitalising Islam

COINCIDENTAL to the rise (or revival) of fundamentalist Islam has been the suggestion that Protestant capitalism is its most formidable opponent. Proponents suggest that only

Protestants had a work ethic. So what about the commercial empires of Catholic Venice and Genoa and of Spain and Portugal?

Built on cunning, old chap, Italians, Spanish and Portuguese being people of the lazy sun not the hard-driving wind and rain. *Dolce far niente* people. Not sons of toil like those Protestants who ran one of the earliest of Golden Triangles:

trade goods out of Britain into Africa, slaves (with Arab assistance) out of Africa to the West Indies, tobacco from the West Indies to Britain. If you wish to see their commercial monuments, look around London, Bristol or Glasgow.

Beef and Fudge

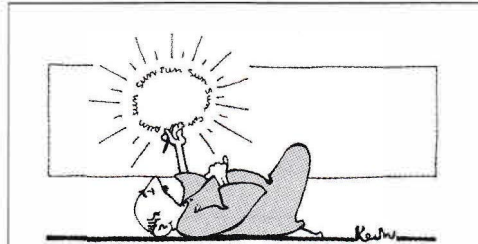
AS the nation waits for Prime Minister John Howard to exercise his prerogative and name the date of the next federal election, it becomes clear that the result will depend upon whether the electorate supports Howard or the neophyte leader of the Opposition Mark Latham.

Howard is bully beef and biscuits. Latham is fudge layer cake. Take your pick, bearing in mind that bully beef and biscuits may be dull fodder but too much fudge is sickening.

Ugg Fact

THE ugg boot trade may not be as lucrative as the spice trade once was. But a dispute has arisen between the United States and Australia about the rights to the global uggging of the golden fleece.

In the hope of inflaming matters, your correspondent must state that the ugg boot was invented by the Russians. During the 1960s, he attended a Soviet Trade Fair held in Earls Court, London. Among items on display were a nomenclatura-class dacha and a Soviet space vehicle, complete with a life-size model of a



The role of Analogy

BUT what is man? Are we to regard him simply as we regard horses and cows? That there is a relation between them is clear enough; but it is equally clear that all other things are related - all things are related by blood and some by marriage. In our very right and proper appreciation of the vast and impassable gulf that separates man from other animals, in our equally proper appreciation of the difference between men and things, we generally lose sight of the equally clear connections and relationships. While, from one point of view, all things are absolutely different from anything else, from another point of view all things are the same. Houses are clothes, clothes are houses from one point of view; from another, houses are bricks and mortar and those are the last materials from which we either can or would make clothes. From one point of view the sun is a ball of fire and no poet could use such a weapon as a pen. From another, a pen is precisely what the sun is and he writes his eloquent message on the sky, morning, noon and even night, and so much is this so that we commonly talk of 'reading' the heavens. To see the analogies of things is very high wisdom; to see no analogies, is to shut oneself in the darkest prison.

- Eric Gill, *Clothes*, 1931



cosmonaut wearing a high-tech space suit and low-tech sheepskin boots, reminiscent of those worn by mujiks.

These were identical in pattern to the ugg boots later sent to your correspondent from Australia, modelled surely after the cosmonautical sheepskin boots, seen by some keen-eyed Australian at the Earls Court Trade Fair.

Frankly Speaking

THE Devine called Frank devoted one of his columns (*The Australian*, April 30) to *Quadrant* (edited by PP McGuinness). After a nice dig at the magazine's parasitical (read mean) nature, he made due mention of former *Quadrant* editor Robert Manne and his part in exposing ex-*Daily Express* man Wilfred Burchett as a Communist spy.

Your correspondent believed that his late friend (and *Annals* contributor) Ted Morrisby's exposure, also in *Quadrant*, predated Manne's. Not so according to the greatest Q editor, Peter Coleman, who allowed that Morrisby's contribution was notable. Incidentally, Morrisby was an applicant for the *Quadrant* editorship. But it had already been embroidered with the monogram PP by that elegant needlewoman Dame Leonie Kramer.

Future Past

WHEN confused by current events, read a history book like *The Ottoman Impact on Europe* by Paul Coles. It is jam-packed with fascination, including how the Ottoman empire spread on the basis of booty, land and slaves, the latter rising to the highest positions of

power, rather like Rhodes Scholars in the British and American Empires.

Possibly the most startling suggestion for dealing with the Ottoman Empire at the height of its expansionist phase came from the French poet Pierre de Ronsard. In 1555, he proposed that European civilization might be saved 'by abandoning European territory to the Ottomans and transporting European societies *in toto* to the New World, where they could preserve their values and resume their development unhindered by Moslem attacks'.

If nothing else, this gives historical depth to the phrase 'cut and run'.

Dumb and Dumber

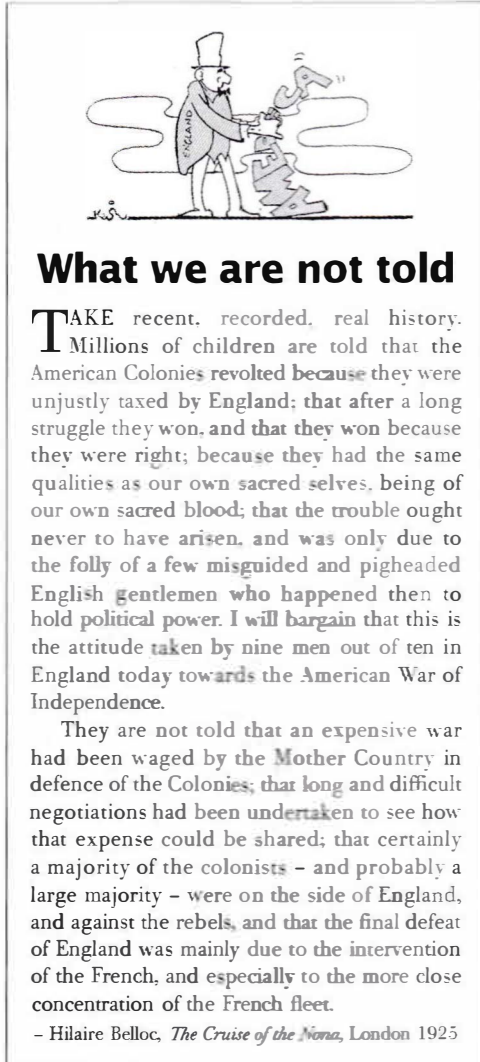
IN the declension of nonsense, there are tosh, twaddle, trash, hokum and hogwash. *The Da Vinci Code* by Dan Brown is an over-proof mix of all five, another draft of the kind of pseudo-history that is the modern equivalent of ancient apocrypha.

Brown does have a certain brash originality. He casts Opus Dei as the corporate baddie for most of the book only to declare the organisation not guilty and switch to a personal villain Leigh Teabing towards the end. Teabing is an aristocratic, crippled Englishman, the English,

crippled or otherwise, being among the last on the planet confident enough not to jump up and down when cast as baddies.

Yet Brown's book has become a best-seller. What it proves is that you can fool many of the people most of the time if you market in such a way that those who thirst for truth opt for the spurious which is like opting for tooth-rot cola when wine is available.

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What we are not told

TAKE recent, recorded, real history. Millions of children are told that the American Colonies revolted because they were unjustly taxed by England; that after a long struggle they won, and that they won because they were right; because they had the same qualities as our own sacred selves, being of our own sacred blood; that the trouble ought never to have arisen, and was only due to the folly of a few misguided and pigheaded English gentlemen who happened then to hold political power. I will bargain that this is the attitude taken by nine men out of ten in England today towards the American War of Independence.

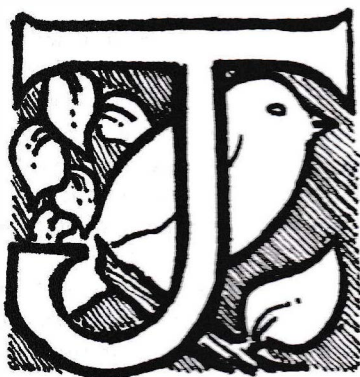
They are not told that an expensive war had been waged by the Mother Country in defence of the Colonies; that long and difficult negotiations had been undertaken to see how that expense could be shared; that certainly a majority of the colonists - and probably a large majority - were on the side of England, and against the rebels, and that the final defeat of England was mainly due to the intervention of the French, and especially to the more close concentration of the French fleet.

- Hilaire Belloc, *The Cruise of the Norma*, London 1925



THOUGHT FROM THE LITURGY OF THE DAY

By FATHER MICHAEL FALLON, MSC



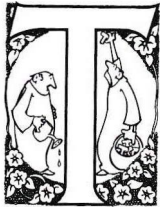
JUNE

- 1** Tues Justin, martyr 1Cor 1:23
We preach a **crucified Christ** ... the power and the **wisdom of God**.
- 2** Wed Week 9 2Tim 1:6
Fan into a **flame** the **gift** that God has given you.
- 3** Thur Uganda martyrs Mat 5:12
Blessed are **you when people** persecute you because of **me** ... **your** reward will be great.
- 4** Fri Week 9 2Tim 3:14
You must **keep to what** you have been taught and **know to be true**.
- 5** Sat Boniface John 10:11
The good **shepherd is one** who lays his life down for the sheep.
- 6** Sun Holy Trinity Rom 5:5
The love of **God has** been poured into our hearts by the Holy Spirit who has been given to us.
- 7** Mon Week 10 Ps 121:7-8
The Lord will guard you from evil, he will guard your soul. The Lord will guard your going and coming.
- 8** Tues Week 10 Psalm 4:2
How long will your hearts be closed? How long will you love what is futile and seek what is false?
- 9** Wed Ephrem Luke 6:45
Your words flow out of what fills your heart.
- 10** Thu Week 10 Ps 65:11-12
You crown the year with your goodness. Abundance flows in your steps.
- 11** Fri Barnabas Psalm 98:2
The Lord has made known his salvation; has shown his justice to the nations.
- 12** Sat Week 10 Ps 16:10
You will not leave my soul among the dead, nor let your beloved know decay.
- 13** Sun Body and Blood of Christ 1Cor 11:26
Every time you eat this bread and drink this cup you proclaim his death.
- 14** Mon Week 11 Ps 119:105
Your word is a lamp for my feet and a light on my path.
- 15** Tue Week 11 Mat 5:44
Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you.
- 16** Wed Week 11 Ps 31:19
O Lord, how great is the goodness that you show to those who trust you.
- 17** Thu Week 11 Sir 48:1
The prophet Elijah arose like a fire, his word flaring like a torch.
- 18** Fri Sacred Heart Ezek 34:11
I myself will search for my sheep and seek them out.
- 19** Sat Immaculate heart of Mary Isaiah 61:10
He has clothed me, like a bride, with the garments of salvation.
- 20** Sun Week 12 Luke 9:24
If you set out to save your life you will lose it. If you lose it because of me, you will save it.
- 21** Mon Aloysius 1Jn 5:4
This is the victory over the world – our faith.
- 22** Tue Week 12 Mat 7:14
It is a narrow gate and a hard road that leads to life, and only a few find it.
- 23** Wed Week 12 Mat 7:20
You can tell a tree by its fruit.
- 24** Thur John the Baptist Isa 49:6
I will make you the light of the nations so that my salvation may reach to the ends of the earth.
- 25** Fri Week 12 Matthew 8:3
Of course I want to heal you! Be cured!
- 26** Sat Week 12 Mat 8:17
He took our sicknesses away, and carried our diseases for us.
- 27** Sun Week 13 Luke 9:62
Once the hand is laid on the plough, no one who looks back is fit for the kingdom of God.
- 28** Mon Irenaeus Ps 37:4
If you find your delight in the Lord, he will grant you your heart's desire.
- 29** Tues Peter & Paul Mat 16:18
You are Peter and on this rock I will build my church. And the gates of the underworld can never hold out against it.
- 30** Wed Roman martyrs Amos 5:15
Hate evil, love good, and work for justice.

Let's try prayer

HELPING GOD'S PRECIOUS INFANTS

By STEPHEN HITCHINGS



HE young woman walked slowly toward the yellow door, eyes downcast, trying not to think about what lay ahead. Her husband walked silently beside her, unable to offer any comfort.

'Can I speak to you for a moment?' said a voice at her side. 'You know, you don't have to go through with this.'

She looked up. A man was smiling at her, and he seemed to be offering her a glimmer of hope. Cautiously she began to talk, and soon, between tears, the story came out.

She had come to have her child aborted – because she was not ready to look after a baby, and because of the shame they would suffer if her husband's parents found out that she had been pregnant before the wedding. He had not even told them he was married, knowing how much they would disapprove of his marrying a Catholic.

In their hearts, they wanted their child to live, but they were paralysed with fear.

A woman came to join in the conversation, and after a few minutes they called to a priest who was praying across the road. The priest spoke to them of God's mercy, and blessed the woman and her baby. The young parents decided then that there was no way they were going to let their child die.

The next day, by chance, or Providence, the couple ran into the man who had spoken to them. They greeted him enthusiastically and said, 'We just want to thank you for being there yesterday. If you weren't, we would have killed our baby.'

This is one of the many success stories recorded by the Helpers

of God's Precious Infants, a group started in 1989 by Msgr Philip Reilly, a former seminary rector in Brooklyn, New York. He came up with the idea of the Helpers after many years of trying to save unborn children. He says: 'I tried rescues. I tried everything. I decided: let's try prayer.'

Five days a week, Msgr Reilly says an early Mass and immediately heads down to a nearby abortion mill – he does not like the term 'abortion

clinic', because their ugly work is more like the action of a meat grinder than a genuine medical service – where he spends the day, alone or with others, praying and trying to convince women to save their babies. He refers to his technique as 'side-walk counselling'.

When he began, there were 43 abortion mills in the Brooklyn area; within five years, 15 of them had closed down.

The Helpers is an organization with no constitution, no headquarters, and no members. It runs prayer vigils outside abortion mills in numerous centres across the United States and in Ireland, the UK, Austria, Germany, Hungary, Italy, Slovakia, Switzerland and New Zealand. In Australia, the Helpers operate in Brisbane, Townsville, Newcastle, Cairns, Perth, Rockhampton, Canberra and Albany; in Melbourne, they pray and counsel six days a week outside the city's largest abortion mill. In Sydney, one group holds weekly vigils and another operates twice a month.

Numbers attending may be anything from half a dozen to several hundred or more. A few years ago, the late Cardinal O'Connor led eight thousand people through the streets of New York to pray before an abortion mill; he wore a bullet-proof vest, because someone had threatened to kill him if he took part.

The vigil begins with Mass and Holy Communion. The vigillers drive or walk in procession to the abortion mill, accompanied by Jesus, whom they have just received. While the counsellors try to speak to the women, the rest pray the Rosary and other prayers and hymns. A few people remain in adoration before the Blessed Sacrament, united in prayer with those at the killing centre.

The epidemic of abortion – more



'The Right of the Stronger'

GERMAN says a good thing which you may apply to our friend Napoleon: 'When the sense of right and respect for law is undermined, the *droit du plus fort* [the right of the stronger] prevails. But the *plus fort* [stronger] is generally up to a certain point he who is most unscrupulous in the choice of means.'

– Lord John D'Alberg Acton, 1834-1902, writing on December 1, 1860.

insidious than SARS, more devastating than AIDS, and more deadly than both – has become entrenched in almost every country in the world. Millions of children are killed every year. The laws ignore it or protect it; in some countries they enforce it. Msgr Reilly believes that the situation is now so bad that only divine intervention can overcome it. ‘You can’t stop the abortion until you change the heart of the mother,’ he says. ‘Only God can do this, and He does it through the prayer and fasting of people. So our primary purpose is the salvation of the mother and the conversion of the abortionist, and also to bring ourselves closer to God.’

The spirituality of the Helpers is based on Pope John Paul II’s encyclical *Evangelium Vitae*, which assures us that the fight for life is not merely a civil rights issue, but a spiritual struggle between the Kingdom of God and the kingdom opposed to God: the world has changed a Christian culture, a culture of life, into a culture of death, and we have a grave and clear obligation to oppose this culture of death with all our strength. For years most of us have ignored the problem or hoped it would go away, or else thought there was nothing we could do about it. According to the Holy Father, that is no longer an option: we are either part of the solution or part of the problem.

Jesus has told us that whatever we do to the least of His brothers and sisters, we do to Him: it is Jesus who is being persecuted in the abortion mills. Msgr Reilly links his vigils with the crucifixion: ‘We go to the killing centre with the attitude of Mary and St John at Calvary. It’s the place where innocent blood is being shed.’

Cardinal George of Chicago, when asked why he went to the abortion mill, answered: ‘The Church always accompanies the dying with prayer.’

Paul Hanrahan, Sydney co-ordinator of the Helpers, describes abortion as a war: ‘The victims are unborn children, and there are no prisoners taken. The children are going to die tomorrow – hundreds of them. And the next day. And the next day. Every week more than a thousand babies



are killed in the abortion mills of Australia.

‘Sometimes it is the man who is pushing the woman to have the abortion; other times he is trying to talk her out of it. One man was in tears, but I said to him: ‘Be a man and go and get her out. She wants you to tell her you love her.’ If he was stronger his girlfriend wouldn’t be having the abortion.’

Each turnaround means saving a life, and possibly a soul. Nevertheless, for every success, there are many failures. The majority of women go through with the abortion. But the work of the Helpers does not stop there; conversions can come about after the baby has been killed.

‘All the turnarounds are different,’ says Paul. ‘Some are grateful, but many won’t talk to you. Some will even abuse you, but if they come out soon after going in, you know they have not gone through with it. I often leave my phone number with the couple. Occasionally they ring back to tell me they have decided to keep their baby and to say thanks.’

The mother of a girl who decided to keep her baby told the Helpers, ‘You are like angels for being here.’ Another woman drove off without saying anything, but returned twenty minutes later with her boyfriend; she wound down the window and called out: ‘I just wanted him to see this disgusting place that exists because of pigs like him.’

Sometimes it is the woman who makes the approach. Recently one young woman approached the vigillers, attracted by a poster of an aborted baby. The counsellors did not know she was contemplating

having an abortion until she said, ‘I cannot do this. This is wrong. This is murder’. As she left, she told them: ‘You they have a greater effect than you know.’

Paul says: ‘If you stood there the rest of your life and saved one baby, it’s worth it.’ He adds that those attending the vigils also help to evangelise the people in the area, as they are a witness and a sign of contradiction; he points out that some hostile neighbours have become supportive.

The Helpers help save thousands of babies every year. The majority are unknown, but still Msgr Reilly’s Helpers have filled albums with pictures of children they have saved. However, even more important than the lives of the babies are the souls of the mothers, many of whom are now reconciled with God and devoted to life.

The abortionists are worried. Some let clients in through a rear entrance to avoid meeting the counsellors. Often they accuse the counsellors of harassing women, although the Helpers always speak compassionately and lovingly, and their policy is never to argue or stand in a woman’s way. Occasionally, ‘pro-choice’ activists try to drown out the Helpers by chanting and making a lot of noise, but this often has the beneficial result that the abortion mill is unable to operate.

The Helpers in most areas have a good relationship with senior police and phone them before a vigil. Police often visit the vigil, with the result that protesters become very docile.

Msgr Reilly tells the story of the Christians who used to attend a church in Germany during World War II. From time to time they would hear screams coming from a nearby railroad, and eventually they found out that trainloads of Jews were being taken away to the death camps. The Christians did not know what they could do, so they would sing a little louder to drown out the screams. He begs us not to ignore the silent screams of those being butchered in the death camps of our own times.



STEPHEN HITCHINGS is a science teacher at a state high school in Sydney. He has written several articles on pro-life issues and the relations between society and the Church.

Will America grow up before it grows old?

A FAMILY-FRIENDLY REFORM OF SOCIAL SECURITY

By J.P. ZMIRAK



EVERY weekday for the past five years, outside my apartment building in Queens, I have watched the old people gather like a flock of seagulls to wait for the tour bus. It disembarks daily from the neighbourhood travel agency. It makes my morning to walk my dog past folks who remind me of my parents. A few white-haired veterans of World War II and Korea escort their improbably golden-haired, gold-plated wives, but most are grey merry widows in brightly coloured sweatshirts bearing distant grandchildren's names – Heather, Robin, Brendan. The seniors file amicably on board with pockets full of quarters and wads of singles, *en route* to Atlantic City and its tinselled Trump casinos.

Since my late mother was a gambler, I know the drill: few venture past the lobby, anywhere near the poker or blackjack tables – the games of skill that might perk up an elderly brain. No, the elders congregate up front and perch for hours each day on stools at the slot machines – technological wonders precisely calibrated to make sure people lose at a certain pace so they don't walk out too quickly and never come out ahead. I used to joke, uncharitably, that the seats were equipped with a vacuum pump that sucked in cash directly from the Social Security 'trust fund.' When I reach retirement age, and there isn't anything left, no doubt I'll look back on those buses with a slow burn of annoyance, as I fry up a can of cat food.

But I really cannot begrudge these retirees their fun. They are simply accepting the benefits of programs that were built before they could vote. The Social Security system was created during Roosevelt's New Deal in response to genuine cases of destitution

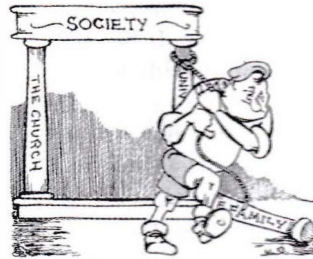
among the aged during the Depression. It was designed to support people who lived past the average life expectancy – then 62 – in the dignity and good health that befits an American citizen who had worked throughout his life. Born of a decent impulse, the system was gradually expanded and distorted,

inflated into a pyramid scheme that cannot sustain itself.

While most critiques of our Social Security program focus on its financial insolvency – which is serious enough – I prefer to direct attention to the moral and social costs it imposes, the barrier it builds between the generations, and the pressure it exerts on working families. I would like to propose in its place a new social insurance scheme that is more family-friendly and that reduces the artificially induced 'necessity' of mass immigration into the West with all its attendant social costs.

Before the Federal Government became the pension plan of first resort for most Americans, the elderly relied upon two more traditional sources of support: accumulated wealth and their grown children. These twin pillars have for millennia been the mainstays upon which retirees depended, and our current system erodes them both. By pretending to serve as what it was never meant to be – an all-purpose, complete national system of social insurance – the Social Security system has long drained away funds from private pension plans and diminished the perceived necessity of savings. It has also created in the minds of the younger generations the assumption that elderly parents are meant to be financially independent in their old age, safely collecting back the contributions they made over their working lives, plus a healthy return on investment – instead of depending, in part, on the support of their adult children.

The German social philosopher and economist Wilhelm Röpke saw that the growing importance of the state as the ordinary guarantor of well being for the individual must come at the expense of the family – the bedrock unit of any healthy society. He made that point with an anecdote:



Erosion of the other Authorities

CHAOS, which only government can control, results when other sources of authority are denigrated and diminished. Pierre Manent remarks that liberalism is based on two ideas, one of which is representative government. The idea of representation postulates that the only legitimate power is founded on the consent of those subject to power. In such a regime, all powers within civil society born from the spontaneous interplay of economic and social life or from traditions come to seem essentially illegitimate since they are not representative. Hence they are slowly but surely eroded.* The family is not representative, nor are business organizations, the Catholic Church, or universities. All have been attacked precisely on that ground. If freedom is to be limited in any way, it is argued, that should only be done by the votes or expressed desires of those affected. It also seems apparent that the authority of these institutions has, in varying degrees, been eroded and that of the state, which represents everyone, has been correspondingly enhanced. We already have reason to regret both developments.

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

'A short time ago, a member of the House of Commons movingly described her father's plight in order to prove how inadequate the welfare state still is. But this is no proof of the urgency of public help; it is merely an alarming sign of the disappearance of natural feelings in the welfare state. In fact, the lady in question received the only proper answer when another member of Parliament told her that she should be ashamed if her father was not adequately looked after by his own daughter.'

The state, by removing the financial impetus to family unity and rendering personal responsibility for one's family unnecessary, attacks two important virtues: loyalty and accountability. Such virtues, which some have called 'social capital,' are the very ground upon which a free society is built. Röpke, an architect of the post-war German economic 'miracle,' saw that the free market is an amazingly efficient producer of wealth and distributor of goods, which cannot be replaced by the state. (He was a student and lifelong friend of Ludwig von Mises.) But Röpke argued that the government had a larger role than simply playing 'night watchman,' protecting private property and enforcing contracts. For the market to survive, the state must take what minimal steps were necessary to insulate individuals from market failures, to promote the cohesion of the family, and to support the very virtues that make the market economy and a liberal society possible.

Following Röpke, a genuinely social conservative approach to reforming Social Security would aim to strengthen the family, encourage individual savings, and generally contribute to creating social capital – the non-economic, apolitical reserve of spontaneous order and co-operation that predates, underlies, and makes possible the survival of a free civil society. No society that refuses to save, indeed one that lives on an extended credit-card spree (as many Americans have been encouraged to do), can remain prosperous for long. It is sobering to recall the prone, bankrupt nation of Argentina was once – as late as the 1920s – almost as prosperous as the U.S. Reckless state spending that punished thrift helped impoverish that naturally rich country; can we avoid a similar fate?

Thanks

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Our current system is based on a lie: it does not pay people back what they put in, plus interest or investment income. It pays them far more – and confiscates that money from younger workers supporting children. As author Peter G. Peterson calculates,

'The average one-earner couple retiring today will get about \$123,000 more out of Social Security than the average earner and his or her employers ever paid into it, plus interest. Omit the employer's contribution and calculate only the payback on the personal taxes paid by the employee, and the windfall rises to \$173,000. With Medicare thrown in it rises to nearly \$310,000, much of that tax-free. These are not 'earned benefits' but unearned windfalls that our children will have to pay for and certainly will never enjoy themselves.'

A researcher for Peterson's 1989 book, *On Borrowed Time*, told me that the average American retiree today exhausts the money he put in, with interest accrued, within the first 19 months. After that, without realising it, he is effectively receiving welfare benefits – distributed not according to need but rather according to his previous level of income.

Most noxiously, the Social Security tax is capped at \$68,400. This means that Ted Turner and Bill Gates pay no Social Security tax at all on every dollar they earn above this amount, though they will collect vastly more in annual benefits than average workers. Thus the

poor continue to receive far less than the upper and upper-middle classes, and even the extremely wealthy continue to draw inflated benefits – which they understandably regard as rightly theirs. That is what the system has taught us all to think.

But it is not true, and it certainly is not fair. It is hard to imagine a more immoral system of redistributing wealth, which recalls the *ancien régime's* infamous tax on salt. Like today's high-earners, the nobility and clergy in pre-revolutionary France enjoyed exemptions commensurate not with need, but with political clout – until the wells ran dry.

The Social Security payment system is equally regressive. The tax that funds it is applied to wages – even those of the very poor – but not to investment or dividend income. The tax allows no exemptions for dependent children. Even the Earned Income Tax Credit (EIC), intended as a partial refund of this feudal tax to the poorest working families, is now the focus of harsh regulation and disproportionate audits by the Internal Revenue Service. Middle-class Americans – who do not even enjoy the EIC's cold comfort – must shoulder an ever-increasing financial burden that takes no account of their child-rearing costs. The Federal Government has already estimated the costs if current trends continue: in 2040, the average worker will pay between 35 and 55 percent of each paycheck for Social Security and Medicare – up from 17 percent in 1995.

Who comes out best under such an arrangement? Double-income, no-kids couples, who need not allot money for tuition or child-friendly medical insurance. The people who suffer the most are those who actually produce the next generation of workers: large families, who do not even benefit from per-child deductions, since Social Security is creamed right off the top of every paycheck at the same regressive rate. (In any case, per-child income tax deductions have declined precipitously, measured in real dollars, over the past 40 years.) Thus the system punishes the very people who make its continuation possible.

The only way to maintain a pay-as-you-go system is to combine growth in productivity with a growing popula-

tion. (The more productivity grows, the fewer new workers you need to support the elderly – and the converse.) But that combination does not exist, either in Europe or America, where productivity growth has stalled and birth rates have bottomed out. This is not the place to investigate why native-born Europeans and Americans have stopped having children; the fact is that they have, and as a result our pension plans grow more top-heavy by the year. The average woman in EU countries has 1.5 children in her lifetime, not enough to replace the current population; meanwhile, women across the Islamic world average four to five – enough to double the populations of many already crowded, impoverished nations.

The Western birth decline makes our own social insurance system untenable, as Peterson noted in *Will America Grow Up Before It Grows Old?* 'In 1960 there were 5.1 taxpaying workers to support each Social Security beneficiary. Today there are 3.3. By 2040 there will be no more than 2.0 – and perhaps as few as 1.6.'

In Europe, the addiction to lavish social insurance has already set in motion a vast reverse colonisation of the continent by peoples from the developing world. As readers of Pat Buchanan's *Death of the West* know, European politicians will soon be faced with a stark choice: cut benefits to ever more demanding senior citizens – the same spoiled Boomer generation that did not replace itself – or open the floodgates of Europe to young and fertile workers from outside. Most likely they will come from the teeming Middle East, where population grows steadily and political instability drives disgruntled millions from their homes.

This process will be made unstoppable if the European Union swallows the suicide pill that is Turkey – leaving that country's porous, ungovernable border with Iran, Iraq, and Syria the last barrier keeping millions of refugees and economic migrants out of Berlin, London, and Paris.

In America, with our birthrate a little above the replacement minimum of 2.1, mass immigration is already the only reason our population is increasing. While an influx from Christian Latin America is not nearly so troubling as the march of Islam into the heart of

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Europe, it does raise serious issues for national unity – particularly as so many of the immigrants to the U.S. come from a single neighboring country, Mexico, with a potent nationalism and irridentist claims upon large sections of our territory.

I have long said, half in jest, that the future of Europe is 'a brown hand pulling a white plug out of the wall.' At the very least, policy makers ought to wonder about the future of a pension system that relies upon heavily taxing poor recent immigrants and their children to support more prosperous elderly people of another race – particularly of a resented, displaced majority. A professor of Chicano Studies at California State University, Rodolfo Acuna, has applied

this logic to America. He said of the Latino community, 'There's a growing feeling 'Why should we pay for all these senior citizens' if the majority of them are white and all they were willing to pay for was prisons?'

Professor Acuna has a point. How exactly *do* we justify over-taxing struggling families with children to keep gassing up the Winnebagos of over-rewarded elders? That bumper sticker 'We're spending our children's inheritance' ought instead to end with 'birth-right'

And to buy what mess of pottage? A life of isolation from children and grandchildren, an 'independence' that many of them would cheerfully trade for closeness to the people whom they nurtured throughout their lives. Instead they subsist on e-mails, semi-annual visits, some Hallmark cards, a Web-ordered floral bouquet on Grandparents' Day – even as their descendants grow up with little or no exposure to their elders' wisdom and cultural memory. My own nephews and nieces know little of their grandfather's history, have absorbed almost nothing of his worldview, heard few of his tales, his recollections of the Great Depression and his service in occupied Germany – much less of our family's origins in the Adriatic islands long ruled by Venice. I do not think that my clan is exceptional in its rootlessness; in fact, we are all too typical. The chain of memory that has traditionally linked the generations has been stretched almost to snapping, with the hearty encouragement of a government policy that reduces elders to a second adolescence – an over-funded independence, shorn of responsibilities or community. Meanwhile, the next generation can barely afford to reproduce itself – not unless it is willing to subject its children to dangerous, degraded public schools and forgo the prospect of private college education.

There is another way, and I have seen it just a few blocks away. My best friend since childhood lives in the second story of his parents' two-family house in Queens, with his own wife and children. When the children are not at their (parochial) school, they are watched by their grandparents downstairs who speak to them in Italian, let the kids pitch in while they cook recipes from the Old Country, and teach them

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to all our advertisers for their generous support. Special thanks to Alan David, Digital Graphic Communication, to Brian and Garrie Boyd of *Paynter Dixon Constructions Pty Ltd*, and to John David, of *The Davids Group*.
– Editor, *Annals Australasia*.

to tend tomatoes in the backyard. At their other grandparents' house, the children learn some Tagalog and take part in the family rosary. They also spend plenty of time on the Internet and playing computer games, generally participating in modern life. But these two young Americans are privileged in ways that most of their contemporaries cannot even imagine – and their grandparents are blessed. They can pass along more than their genes and their money to the second generation; they can also offer their wisdom, their faith, and their hope.

So what kind of government policies would encourage this healthier model of family living? Instead of wading into the numbers, let me suggest a thought-experiment. Imagine a system that did not penalise families with children or over-reward childless, prosperous investors; that did not socialise the benefits of child-bearing, while imposing the costs on couples; that required prosperous adults to support their elderly parents – just as it had once required those parents to feed and educate their young. A simpler, fairer system aimed at promoting family unity, fertility, and solidarity among the generations – while providing a minimum benefit that ensured that no childless senior would live in poverty. How would such a system work?

It would provide a basic income, perhaps allotted according to cost of living in an individual city, to every retired American, regardless of his previous contributions or income. It would collect the money for this stipend through the income tax, with full deductions allowed for parents with children. On top of this basic stipend, it would draw from the salaries of every working adult a certain percentage, payable directly to his living parents – or whoever had claimed him regularly as a dependent on past tax returns. The more children one had borne (or adopted) and raised, the more sources of income one could expect. The more successful one's children became – at least, financially – the better one's own retirement. This might or might not change people's child-rearing decisions; massive subsidies to mothers do not seem enough to buy more Italian babies. But in the long run, I would argue, it would indeed encourage a higher birthrate – both



Catholicism versus Nationalism

[CATHOLIC] Church support for the nation had, on the other hand, for centuries been balanced by its restraining insertion of the nation within a wider moral community. At Canterbury Greek archbishops like Theodore, Italian archbishops like Anselm, Norman archbishops like Theobald, even mere English archbishops like Langton or Winchelsey, were anything but nationalists. On the contrary their principal role was much more to internationalise a narrow church both spiritually and institutionally. Authority within the church of such men could never be seen as a merely national one. For them national sovereignty, or whatever phrase you choose, must have its limits, and tension between the national and the international was already present. We see it, for instance, in Bishop Grosseteste's attempt to get English common law brought into line with canon law over the matter of legitimacy and the famous reply of the barons at Merton in 1236, '*Nolimus leges Angliæ mutare*'.¹

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

1. 'We are unwilling to change the laws of England.'

by reducing the tax burden on young couples and by offering a strong, long-term incentive: the prospect of a more comfortable retirement. In every traditional society, people look to their children as the comfort and support of their old age. By tapping into that instinctive behavior, rather than undermining or wishing it away, we might help blunt the Western demographic implosion.

Such a system would also be fairer. It would measure more accurately the vast contributions parents make to society. It would also greatly diminish the resentment young immigrant workers must feel at contributing to the nation's retirement system, by making their own parents their primary beneficiaries. Whatever the legal minimum contribution to parents' support mandated by law, an optional 'check-off' on one's income tax would allow a worker to pay more, in pre-tax dollars, to benefit his parents. Generous tax deductions would benefit adult children who provide their parents food and shelter.

To those who consider this system unjust to the childless, the minimum

benefit for every American must be sufficient to permit a dignified retirement. Also, it should be noted, the childless typically have more income available for savings and investment than those who are engaged in feeding, clothing, and educating the young. Those who have forgone consumption, investment, and leisure in order to raise up the next generation of citizens – of workers, soldiers, mothers, doctors, nurses, and firemen – deserve some direct reward from the society whose future they have created.

This is the outline of a truly pro-family social policy, one that accords with the best impulses of Americans old and new, bends public policy to mirror the natural order rather than undermine it – and pays due honor to our elderly citizens, recognising that we ourselves are their greatest achievement.

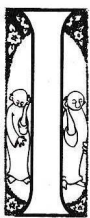


J.P. ZMIRAK is the author of *Wilhelm Röpke: Swiss Localist, Global Economist*. He writes frequently on economics, politics, popular culture, and theology. This article first appeared in *The American Conservative* 2003.

DANIEL PIPES

ENCYCLOPAEDIC WHITEWASHING OF ISLAM

The Oxford Dictionary of Islam
Edited by John L. Exposito
Oxford University Press, New York, 2003.
359pp. \$45.



IN 1995, I wrote about an earlier co-production by Exposito and the Oxford University Press, the four-volume *The Oxford Encyclopedia of the Modern Islamic World*, that 'Like many other reference works in the age of deconstruction, it faces problems of identity and purpose. An encyclopedia used to be a straightforward compendium of known and useful facts. But when scholars increasingly agree that truth depends on one's vantage point (and especially one's gender, race, and class), the encyclopedic function becomes far less obvious. A large number of the 450 contributors to this work would seem to accept the modern notion that objectivity being unobtainable, there's little point in even trying.'

Eight years later, the same problems bedevil the much smaller *Oxford Dictionary*, but this time, the lack of objectivity seems to have more of an agenda: namely, whitewashing Islamism. This theme pervades the volume. Thus, Ahmad Deedat, the Islamist attack dog against Christianity, while called 'controversial,' is described as 'widely respected' and noted as the winner of a prize for 'outstanding service to Islam.' Hizbullah, the Lebanese Islamist group, is said to finance a 'wide range of social, economic, and media projects,' while no mention is made of its being a mainstay of the U.S. government's terrorism list. The Tunisian Islamist Rashid al-Ghannushi might rant against conspiracies by 'Jewish Masonic Zionist atheistic gangs' but our dictionary respectfully defines him as an 'Islamic thinker, activist, and political leader.'



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Steven Pomerantz, the FBI's former chief of counterterrorism, may say about the Washington-based Council on American-Islamic Relations that the organization, 'its leaders and its activ-

ities effectively give aid to international terrorist groups,' but the *Oxford Dictionary* assures us it is merely 'a civil rights organization defending the right of Muslims to live and practice Islam in America without having to suffer discrimination.'

And on and on through the dictionary. One wishes that this handsomely produced and practical volume could be recommended but it should be strenuously avoided. 

DANIEL PIPES, is director of the Middle East Forum and a leading American commentator on the Middle East. He recently joined *The New York Sun* as a weekly columnist.

**You will need
endurance to do
God's will, and
gain what he has
promised.**

- Epistle to the Hebrews, 10³⁹.

ANNALS MOVIES

By JAMES MURRAY

Touching the Void

Based on climber Joe Simpson's book of the same title about a catastrophic expedition to the remote, 21,000-foot Siula Grande in the Peruvian Andes, this is one of the best of drama-documentaries, a tricky genre. Director Kevin MacDonald opens with into-camera interviews involving Simpson and his climbing mate Simon Yates.

These are as painfully honest as their climb is arduous when intercut with a re-enactment with look-alike actors and vertigo inducing locations. That it has taken 15 years to bring this story to the screen serves only to emphasise its extraordinary nature, distilled in Simpson's words: 'I don't like getting close to death or being so scared. It's a horrible sensation. Of course it was sickeningly frightening but part of the satisfaction is dealing with it, not cracking up, staying in control And getting out of it.'

PG SFFV ★★★★★

The Company

Is a behind the scenes look at the grandeurs and miseries of a ballet company. The movie is directed by the durable Robert Altman. Neve Campbell, herself a one time ballet dancer, not only brought the idea to him, she is the movie's star and is credited with the story.

Not that there's much: Dancer Ry (Campbell) supplementing her meagre wages by waitressing meets non-dancing chef Josh (James Franco) and they perform a pas de couch.

We do see bunions but no sweat as the dancers prepare for, and appear in, a succession of productions. Neve Campbell dances so beautifully in one of these that it becomes an elegy to might-have-been.

But the movie lacks Altman's characteristic whizbang energy and the climactic production, involving a snake that regurgitates people and a giant that re-swallows them while growling 'Fee-Fo-Fi-Fum' is over the top. So is Malcolm (*Clockwork Orange*) McDowell as Alberto Antonelli the leader of the company (played by Chicago's Joffrey Ballet).

M 15+ SFFV ★★★★★

Wondrous Oblivion

Has its heart in the right place. But its art is smothered by writer/director Paul Morrison's reliance on a vivid West Indian family, headed by cricket-loving Dennis (Delroy Lindo) and their impact on the lives of inhibited Londoners.

Perhaps conscious that this is something of a cliché, Morrison makes the Londoners, Jews and refugees, Victor (Stanley Townsend), his wife Ruth (Emily Woof) and their cricket-nut son David (Sam Smith).

The bridge between them is formed when Dennis decides to teach David calypso-style cricket. And it grows stronger under the threat of racism and anti-semitism.

PG SFFV ★★★★★

Twin Sisters

The sisters of the title are Anna and Lotte, separated at the age of six after the death of their parents. Anna remains in their native Germany working on the farm of her uncle and aunt, as harsh as characters out of a fairytale by the Brothers Grimm. Lotte, a consumptive child, is brought up, and made well, by benignly prosperous relatives in Holland.

Director Ben Sombogaart uses this relationship as a metaphor for the agonising divisions of World War II, and for post-war reconciliation. His work is a faithful version of Tessa De Loo's bestseller *De Tweeling*. Perhaps too faithful. Its running time of 135 minutes includes sequences that could have been edited down. Or out.

Yet the relationship of the children does provide extraordinary episodes which range from the idyllic to the chilling as they grow up in contrasting circumstances, meet and are again separated to fall in love, Anna with a member of the Waffen SS, Martin (Roman Kniza), Lotte with a Jew, David (Jeroen Spitzenberger) before a final reconciliation.

The casting of Germany's Kniza and Holland's Spitzenberger is part of Sombogaart's meticulous balancing of national talent. Not to be missed by those old enough to have war memo-

ries, nor by those young enough to want illumination from an unusual perspective on the way it was.

M 15+ ★★★★★

Tais Toi (Keep Quiet)

Difficult to obey the title, given that this marvellous comedy is packed with laughs. It stars Gerard Depardieu and Jean Reno as a pair of ill-assorted criminals take French farce from the bedroom to jail and the streets of Paris.

It tapers off towards the end. But this may be because director Francis Veber and his stars have had as much fun making the movie as the audience should have seeing it.

M 15+ SFFV ★★★★★

The Secret Window

Based on a Stephen King novella about a writer so it gets plottier and plottier. Johnny Depp as the writer Marcus struggles with the aftermath of a broken marriage. No small task since his spouse is played by Maria Bello and her new intended by Timothy Hutton. What makes the movie work is John Turturro's turn as a character claiming that Marcus has stolen one of his stories.

The plot ducks and dives in a woodland setting, and proves that King is the inheritor of Edgar Allen Poe.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

Osama

Film maker Siddiq Barmack shoots in raw, quasi-documentary style to enhance his fable of a girl who must dress as a boy to help her mother and grandmother survive under Afghanistan's Taliban regime.

As a boy she is identified with fine irony as Osama. And he/she is played by a Kabul street child, known as Marina, one of a 13-strong family. By such brave movies made by insiders rather than counter violence, extremist Muslims can be defeated

M 15 + NFFV ★★★★★

Starsky and Hutch

Hollywood is a cash cow. Not suprisingly it regurgitates and chews the cud of old product, in this case the long-running television series of the same title. Ben Stiller and Owen Wilson co-

star in the title roles. Their insouciance and interaction create a comedy of welcome liveliness involving hyper realistic Keystene Kop car chases and multiple bang-bang-bangery.

But what of the former TV stars David Soul and Paul Michael Glaser? Hollywood is also a sentimental cash cow. Soul and Glaser get – surprise, surprise – cameo roles.

PG SFFV ★★☆☆☆

50 First Dates

Charming idea more than slightly de-charmed by Adam Sandler's playing of the goofy, romantic lead Henry opposite Drew Barrymore's Lucy, who as a result of an accident starts each day with no memory of the previous day.

M 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Welcome to Mooseport

Donald Petrie directs this wide-screen debut of the small screen's Ray Romano who plays Handy Anderson, Mooseport's plumber and odd-jobber, who finds himself competing with ex-President Monroe 'Eagle' Cole (Gene Hackman) after his divorce in office and retirement to his Mooseport holiday home to improve his golf handicap, write his memoirs and negotiate corporate appointments in Clintonesque style.

That is until he meets the town vet and Handy's long-time girl-friend (Maura Tierney). The town's mayoralty then becomes the focus of competition for her love. Who wins? Everyone. The comedy has its moments. But not enough of the calibre that make Romano's TV comedy series *Everyone Loves Raymond* such an enduring hit.

PG SFFV ★★☆☆☆

The Fog of War

Documentary maker Errol Morris lifts military historian Michael Keegan's phrase about battlefield confusion. More exactly Morris's Academy Award winning documentary is about the static of war, the confusion that arises between political decision makers and soldiers in the field.

In this instance the field was Vietnam and one of its key figures was Robert S McNamara. Here he is in confessional mode, and to his confes-

Official Classifications key

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

Annals supplementary advice

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

sion he brings the unrelenting clarity that made him president of the Ford Motor Company before he joined the Kennedy administration as Secretary of State for Defence, remaining in that office under the Johnson administration.

Anti-Vietnam protesters will see in the documentary confirmation of their view that the war was as unwinnable as it was futile. Others may remember that without Vietnam other countries in Asia, including Thailand and South Korea, could not have achieved their levels of democratic governance and prosperity.

McNamara comes through as a frail yet still formidable figure. His mistake may have been to believe that military victory could be mass-produced like all the successors to the T-Model Ford ('Any colour as long as its black').

PG SFFV ★★☆☆☆

Strange Bedfellows

Paul Hogan retains his Aussie Pinnochio appeal, wooden but charming. And rumours to the contrary, his face shows no sign of plastic surgery although his kneecaps look suspiciously smooth.

Hogan plays against type by pretending to be gay to win a tax concession. His partner in campy is Michael Caton. He acts while Hogan reacts. But the taxman cometh to their hometown Yakandandah in the shape of Pete Postlethwaite. Under his scrutiny, Hogan and Caton are forced to redouble their efforts without an equivalent pay-off in laughter.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Twisted

Tough cop Jessica Shephard (Ashley Judd), tougher mentor (Samuel L Jackson) and not so tough partner (Andy Garcia) are involved in a serial killer mystery, the twist being that Jessica has slept with each of the victims.

Despite this, the three cops are unnecessarily bewildered because the solution depends on the equivalent of the old maxim, 'The butler did it.'

Director Philip Kaufman does contribute a bonus. He contrives to create magnificent fresh takes on San Francisco, one of the most filmed cities in the world.

MA 15+ NFFV ★☆☆☆☆

Taking Lives

FBI agent Illeana Scott (Angelina Jolie) is called in to help Montreal police who include Olivier Martinez who doesn't have much to do except brood like the wrong end of a shaving commercial. Their hunt is for an elusive serial killer. In the process, Scott gets too close and personal with a self-proclaimed witness (Ethan Hawke).

Jolie is all cool control until she breaks in passion. Hawke is ambivalence personified. But the great Gena Rowlands, playing the killer's mother, steals her scenes with him.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Walking Tall

Is a remake which doubles the violence and halves the talent of the 1973 original, made by Bing Crosby Productions and starring Joe Don Baker as the real-life Sheriff Buford Pusser who cleaned up a town by carrying a big stick and wielding it devastatingly.

In the remake, Pusser becomes Chris Vaughn (The Rock, born Dwayne Johnson), ex-Special Forces, who returns to his timberland hometown only to find it transformed for the worse by (surely not?) a casino with more pokie machines than ethics and stripper rooms where his high-school girl friend Deni (Ashley Scott) works.

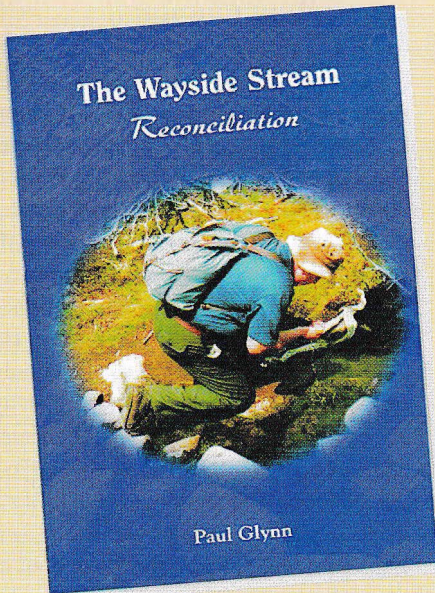
Yes, Chris carries and even bigger stick and wields it even more devastatingly. The Rock has an amiable and formidable screen presence. Too amiable and formidable for this movie.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

New Book release by Marist Father Paul Glynn

“The Wayside Stream - Reconciliation”

All proceeds to help the suffering Church in Sudan



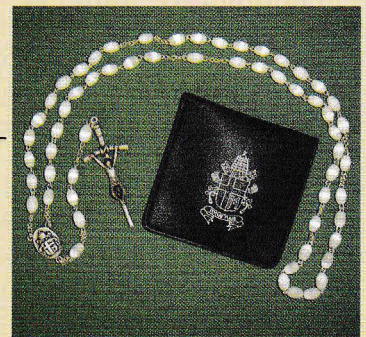
Forgiveness is the theme that runs through the latest book, *The Wayside Stream* by the prolific author Fr Paul Glynn.

The book is a collection of stories about people who experienced reconciliation. Some of them had been deeply hurt and thought they could never forgive, or come to peaceful terms with the wounds, with the injustice of it all.

They tell how they approached the problem, were helped to overcome it, and speak of the great peace and new freedom they experienced.

Fr Paul - the author of the best seller "A Song for Nagasaki" - tells about the terrorist who said sorry, the padre who hated, the Kamikaze, previously unpublished facts on the atom bomb that wiped out Hiroshima and Nagasaki, the horror jailing of the Archbishop of Saigon, the New Guinea execution of a Japanese Christian involving a soldier-ambulance man from Bonalbo and much more.

Even the cynics who read the book will recognise themselves in it and find enlightenment in the knowledge that there is a way to lift the weight off shoulders – forgiveness.



We especially thank those who buy Fr Paul's book which costs \$10.00 and who give an **additional charity donation*** to help the persecuted Church in Sudan. A complimentary pair of the Vatican Rosary beads blessed by Pope John Paul II will be given to all those who can give an additional donation to help this essential work. Please tick the box below if you would like to receive the Papal Rosary beads.



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PG 519

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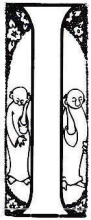
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On the surface life seemed sound

ON THE DISCOMFORT IN READING CERTAIN BOOKS

Reviewed by TONY EVANS



If, on average, it takes two weeks to read a substantial book we can only get through twenty-six books in a year and thus 260 books in ten years. This is a minuscule number compared to the number of worthwhile books published annually or the contents of a good library. I owe to Frank Devine, that doyen of Australian Catholic journalists, the observation that the person who reads twenty-six books a year can never be dull or a bore to talk to because a good book – and sometimes even a very ordinary book – can open the mind to experiences, characters and ideas that the reader does not normally meet in everyday life. 'Books do furnish the mind' and a well-furnished mind is always a pleasure to engage with.

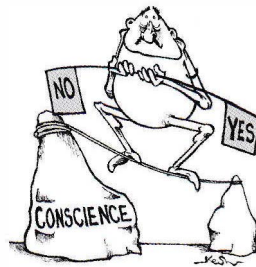
Reading some books, as well as a pleasure, can also be discomfoting.

These thoughts were provoked by a recent book that continues to haunt me, entitled *Defying Hitler* by Sebastian Haffner. Since the end of World War II there has been an epidemic of books about Hitler and the rise and fall of Nazi Germany, a subject of never-ending fascination to the reading public, even for the generations that did not experience the war. Haffner's book differs from most of these in being a German's intimate account of his boyhood and adolescence in the 1930s and his growing horror as he observes the changes occurring in the country he loved. There are poignant accounts of his love for a Jewish girl and how Nazi police burst into the inviolate stillness of the Law Library where he was studying; they came to identify and arrest Jewish students, many of them his friends. Often he would dive into a doorway in the street so as to avoid the requirement to salute storm troopers as they marched past – a heavy fine or imprisonment was

Defying Hitler: a Memoir
Sebastian Haffner
Weidenfeld and Nicholson, London 2002.

prescribed for failing to do so. He helped some of his Jewish friends to pack up and leave when they could, and consoled their parents who preferred to stay and take their chances.

I had read many histories and biographies of the period and, like many others of my generation, had asked how it was



Crisis of Conscience

If man is in crisis until he can find an answer to the question 'Can I trust my conscience?' the Christian answer – 'Yes; and No' – clearly solves the crisis only in part. This is as it ought to be. A man should always follow his conscience (when it speaks clearly), but he should never be satisfied with it. It can too easily be misinformed. As we have said, conscience may be supreme, but it is not infallible. It can in fact never give good service to anyone who is not aware that it is indeed a guide to be followed, but a fallible guide. Only if a man learns to appreciate both the greatness and the delicacy of conscience, only if he learns to obey it and to question it, to listen to it and to form it, will conscience serve him well.

– Cormac Burke, *Conscience and Freedom*,
Sinag-Tala, Manila, 1992

that an intelligent people, many of them fine artists, writers, philosophers, scientists and academics, had allowed – had even acquiesced in – the rise to power of the most murderous, satanic and most repulsive regime in twentieth century history.

In attempting an explanation Haffner goes to the heart of human psychology. He uncovers some unpleasant truths not only about the German character, but really about us all when threatened by a superior force. For this reason all the while I was reading of Germany in the 1930s I was uncomfortably thinking of our own times and how terrible things happen in much the same way depending on similar acquiescence, disbelief, and indifference. Of course we are not threatened by a cruel military regime but surely we are facing an ideologically-driven regime within our midst bent on destroying our Christian culture.

Hitler was first handed the Chancellorship by default (his Nazi party was an insignificant minority in Cabinet) and at first people were openly disbelieving of what was happening. There was a wide belief that he could not last and that the stupidity and danger of the appointment would soon be recognized and reversed. The weather and the parks and the countryside were still beautiful, the buses and the trains ran on time, schools and institutions were open and seemed much the same. Life continued to be comfortable for most people – providing people looked the other way, as surely most of us often do look the other way when something unpleasant and menacing appears on the horizon. 'Cheer up it may never happen' is a common enough reply to anyone who voices a concern at some unpleasant possibility. In Germany in 1933 it was widely believed that the authorities would come to their senses. The Jews themselves hung

on, believing that their persecution would be recognized not only by decent people in Germany but by the world at large and then the harsh restrictive laws would soon be rescinded. It was as if, Haffner suggests, the repressive police state crept up on the people, one edict and then another becoming law, amendments being written into statute books, while people either failed to realize the full significance of the changes, or if they did realize preferred to look the other way. Every day, writes Haffner, you looked around and something else had gone and left no trace. 'It was as if the ground on which one stood was continually trickling away from under one's feet, or rather as if the air one breathed was steadily, inexorably being sucked away'. The most basic reason for the failure of any resistance was fear. Better to join the thugs rather than be beaten up. Haffner does not shy away from criticizing the moral inadequacy of the German character... too monstrous to suppose that history will not one day call them to account for it'. With those words, written in 1939, Haffner foretells accurately the humiliating defeat of Germany five years later.

To draw a parallel between the rise of Nazism in the 1930s with our situation in the free western world will be regarded as faintly ludicrous. But I am not suggesting that we shall be engulfed in a despotic militaristic dictatorship; merely that the occasional glimpses of human behavior in the face of evil recounted in Haffner's book provide an uncomfortable parallel with the situation today. As Haffner reminds us, the cinemas and theatres and museums remained open, schools and courts functioned during the Nazi pogroms: on the surface life seemed normal. And all this is true today. Our children in the Christian west go to state-run schools, for the most part are well fed and laugh and play - although they may not display Christian symbols on the walls nor be taught Christian doctrine, nor act Nativity plays and sing carols. Loving couples get married as they always did, although fewer bother to do so and marriage is no longer a privileged state carrying no more benefits than a same sex union, and for tax purposes is penalised. Murderers are still goaled but tens of thousands of unborn children are murdered every year. Experiments are conducted on human embryos and we are

ANNALS CROSSWORD No. 22

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ACROSS CLUES

- Loose wide-sleeved liturgical vestment (8)
- Entices (6)
- Sinless (8)
- Christmas songs (6)
- Highly prize (8)
- Place of worship associated with a saint (6)
- Greek theologian and Doctor of the Church, Feast Day May 2 (10)
- City in Hampshire, England; site of Thomas a Becket cathedral (10)
- A God fearing man waiting for Israel to be saved, Luke 2:25 (6)
- Not subject to death, having perpetual life (8)
- Patron of gravediggers, Feast Day Jan 17 (6)
- Any prolonged feud or quarrel (8)
- Being the oldest surviving child (6)
- Evil demon responsible for the death of Sarah's seven husbands, Tobit 3:8 (8)

DOWN CLUES

- A member of one of the two great divisions of Islam (6)
- To provide (aid, charity, a service, etc) (6)
- One of the insects that plagued Egypt, Exodus 10:13-15 (6)

- Deeply felt remorse, penitence (10)
- Fellow prisoner and friend of Paul, Philemon 23 (8)
- To forbid by law (8)
- Nail-biting tension (8)
- Blind beggar cured by Jesus, Mark 10:46-52 (10)
- Person who abandons his religion (8)
- Reduced (a corpse) to ashes by fire (8)
- Overwhelms with amazement (8)
- Religious cult involving witchcraft (6)
- Sculpture of a human or animal figure (6)
- Communion tables (6)

SOLUTION TO NO. 21

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on the threshold of human cloning. These things happen with the stroke of a pen in a statute book contrary to the wishes of the majority of the people - just as the Nazi laws were enacted contrary to the wishes of the majority - the majority which looked the other way. Is it not that (to paraphrase Heffner) the ground on which we stand is continually trickling away from under our feet... and the air breathed is being sucked away inexorably?

Reading Haffner's book is worth-

while and compulsive, but uncomfortable reading if you happen to see beyond the Nazi situation to our own times. But, as the Germans probably said in the 1930s 'Cheer up; it may never happen'.



TONY EVANS was a producer with the ABC for many years and is now a freelance writer living in Western Australia. He has published three historical biographies, the latest being *C.Y. Connor, His Life and Legacy*, published by UWA Press. Evans founded the *G.K. Chesterton Society* in W.A. Recently it became the national *Australian Chesterton Society*.



Decorative border featuring a row of colorful books at the top, and vertical columns of books on the sides. Small cartoon figures are shown reading books: one on the left, one on the right, and two at the bottom center. The word 'BOOKS' is written on a yellow box at the bottom left and right.

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