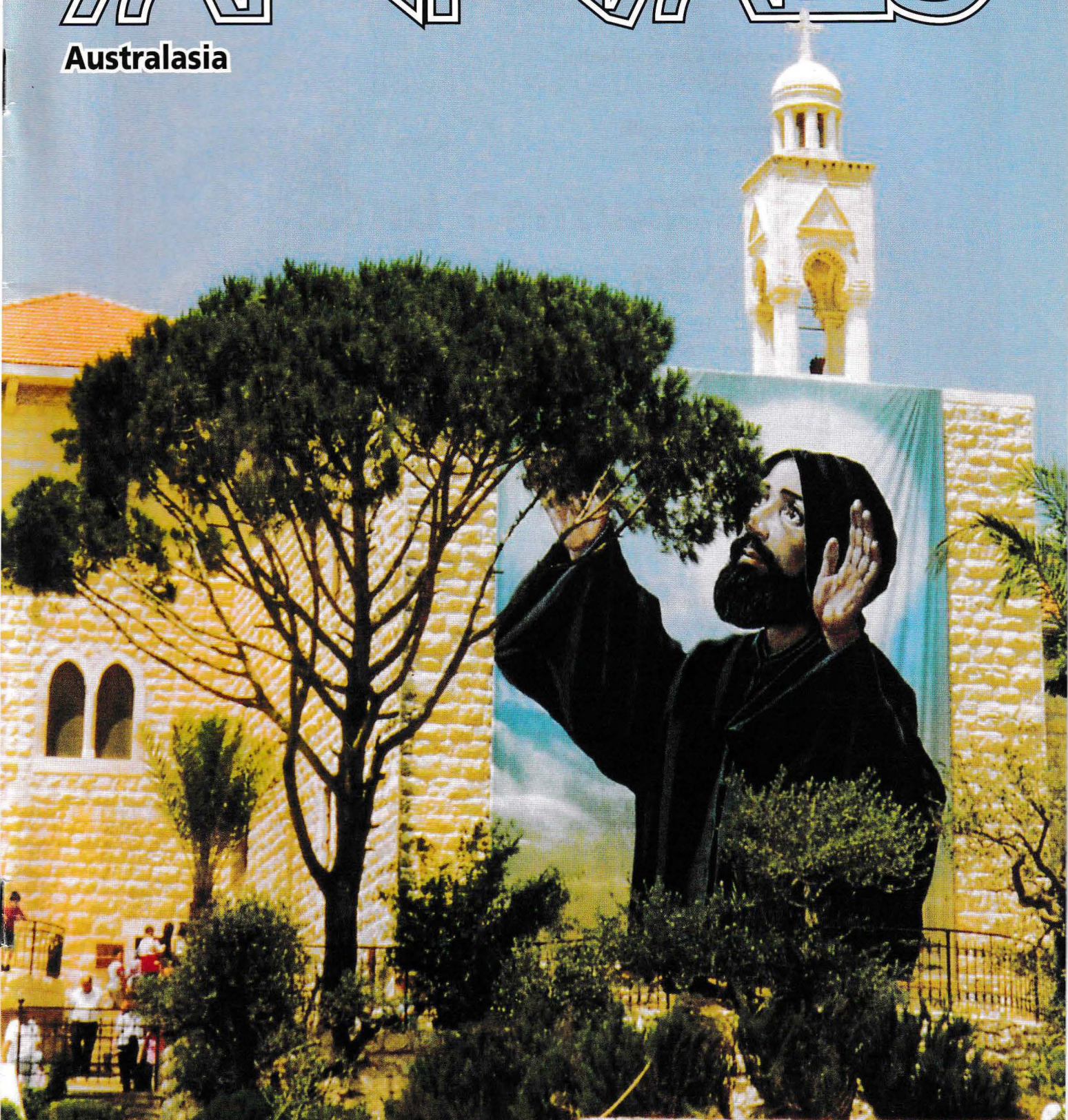


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4

Saint Nimatallah Kassab al-Hardini

EDITORIAL

11

Journey to Bonegilla

WANDA SKOWRONKA

15

Fun in Heaven

JAMES MUHREN MHM

17

Giulio Andreotti

DESMOND O'GRADY

19

Whatever Happened ... to the Twelve Apostles?

St John the Beloved Disciple

PAUL STENHOUSE MSC

23

The Folds of the Monarchy

R.J. STOVE

25

Two Roads Diverged in a wood

MAX BARRETT, CSSR

35

War Breaks out in Broken Hill

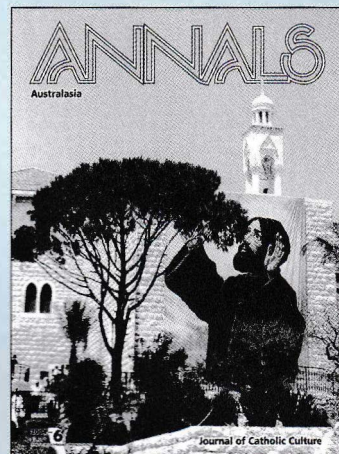
ALAN DUNSTAN PHD

44

Decadent – not us, surely?

GILES AUTY

Cover Photo: Paul Stenhouse MSC.



Front Cover: The Monastery of the Order of Lebanese Monks at Kfifane in the mountainous region of North Lebanon where Saint Nimatallah Kassab al-Hardini spent the greater part of his life. Kfifane is a locality a few km above Batroun, and about 20 kms from Tripoli. St Nimatallah, who was canonised by the Holy Father on May 16 this year, is buried there. His tomb has been a place of pilgrimage since his death in 1858.

Back Cover: Information about the celebrations to mark the 115th birthday of Annals: the Mass at Randwick on October 16, and the dinner at Randwick Racecourse, on October 27.

2nd Century Description of a Christian	1
A Prayer to the Holy Spirit	2
Thoughts from Liturgy of the Day	
– Michael Fallon MSC	3
Without a Priest for 50 Years	7
Managers need not apply – Frank Devine	10
For Shame – Paul W. Schroeder	29
Adolescents' slide into Satanism	31
Media Matters – James Murray	32
Movies – James Murray	40

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‘I have been at pains to send you this small essay so that, in addition to your faith, you may be put in complete possession of knowledge as well.’
 – St Barnabas, Epistle 1,1ff, written around 70AD.

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

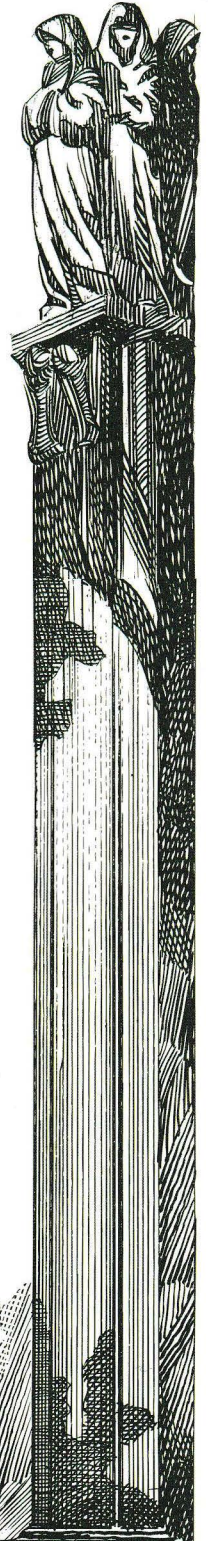
2nd Century description of a Christian



THE difference between Christians and the rest of mankind is not a matter of nationality, or language, or customs. Christians do not live apart in separate cities of their own, speak any special dialect, nor practise any eccentric way of life. The doctrine they profess is not the invention of busy human minds and brains, nor are they, like some, adherents of this or that school of human thought. They pass their lives in whatever township – Greek or foreign – each man's lot has determined; and conform to ordinary local usage in their clothing, diet, and other habits. Nevertheless, the organization of their community does exhibit some features that are remarkable, and even surprising. For instance, though they are residents at home in their own countries, their behaviour there is more like that of transients; they take their full part as citizens but they also submit themselves to anything and everything as if they were aliens. For them, any foreign country is a motherland and any motherland is a foreign country. Like other men they marry and beget children though they do not expose their infants. Any Christian is free to share his neighbour's table, but never his marriage bed.

They obey the prescribed laws but in their own private lives they transcend them. They show love to all men – and all men persecute them. They are misunderstood and hated; yet by suffering death they are quickened into life. They are poor, yet making many rich; lacking all things yet having all things in abundance. They are dishonoured, yet made glorious in their very dishonour; slandered, yet vindicated. They repay calumny with blessings and abuse with courtesy. For the good they do, they suffer stripes as evildoers; and under the strokes they rejoice like men given new life. Jews assail them as heretics and Greeks harass them with persecutions; and yet of all their ill-wishers there is not one who can produce good grounds for his hostility ... when Christians are every day subjected to ill-treatment they increase the more in numbers.

– *Letter of Diognetus*, an unknown 2nd century Christian. It survived antiquity in a single MSS, which was destroyed in 1870 at Strasbourg during the Franco-Prussian War.





A Prayer to the Holy Spirit

IN the hour of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
and with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the house doth sigh and weep,
And the world is drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the artless Doctor sees
No one hope but of his fees,
And his skill runs on the lees,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When his potion and his pill,
Has, none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing but to kill,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the Furies in a shoal,
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

- Robert Herrick, 1591-1674.

THOUGHT FROM THE LITURGY OF THE DAY

By FATHER MICHAEL FALLON, MSC



SEPTEMBER

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

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

3 Friday Gregory I 2Cor 4:6
God has shone in our minds to radiate the glory on the face of Jesus.

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

5 Sun Week 23 Luke 14:33
You can be my disciple only if you give up all your possessions.

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

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

8 Wed Mary's birthday Rom 8:30
He justified those whom he called, and shared with them his glory.

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

10 Fri Week 23 Psalm 84:2
My heart and my soul ring out their joy to God, the living God.

11 Sat Week 23 Psalm 116:18
My vows to the Lord I will fulfil before all his people.

12 Sun Week 24 Psalm 51:1
Have mercy on me, God, in your kindness.

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

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

15 Wed Mary's Sorrows Jn 19:25
Near the cross of Jesus stood his mother.

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

17 Fri Robert Psalm 17:8
Hide me in the shade of your wings.

18 Sat Week 24 Luke 8:15
They hear the word of God, take it to heart and yield a harvest through their perseverance.

19 Sun Week 25 Luke 16:13
You cannot serve both God and money.

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

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

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

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

24 Fri Week 25 Psalm 144:3-4
What are we that you care for us, mortal human beings that you keep us in mind. We are no more than a breath. Our life fades like a passing shadow.

25 Sat Week 25 Psalm 90:5-6
You sweep us away like a dream, like grass which springs up in the morning. By evening it withers and fades.

26 Sun Week 26 Psalm 146:8
The Lord raises up those who are bowed down.

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

28 Tues Week 26 Job 3:23
Why give us the gift of life, when we do not see our way, when you baulk us on every side?

29 Wed Archangels Psalm 103:20
Bless the Lord all you his angels, his ministers who do his will.

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

Lebanese monk with a message for the 21st century

SAINT NIMATALLAH KASSAB AL-HARDINI

[1808-1858]

By PAUL STENHOUSE MSC, PhD



T PETER'S Square in Rome was bathed in sunlight, and crowded to capacity with tens of thousands of pilgrims on May 16 this year when the Bishop of Rome, Pope John Paul II, after due process had been completed, solemnly proclaimed six 'Beati' to be saints.

Among their number was a Lebanese monk, Nimatallah Kassab known as *al-Hardini* from the name of his birthplace, whose Cause was first introduced at Rome in 1926, and who was proclaimed Venerable in 1989 and Blessed in 1998 by John Paul II.

The life and death of this saintly monk carry lessons for all of us: from George W. Bush, President of the

world's most powerful state, and looking for a way to understand the mentality of Usama bin Laden and his ilk, to the most vulnerable little child born in the world's poorest country.

Saint Nimatallah Kassab al-Hardini was born in 1808 in a beautiful but remote North Lebanon village called Hardine, one of the most ancient continually occupied Christian villages in the world.

He was named Yusef [Joseph] at his baptism, and lived a life of virtual obscurity and service of the poorest of the poor, as a member of the Maronite Order of Monks which he entered as a novice aged 20, in 1828. He died, worn out by works of charity and fidelity to his monastic vows, at the age of 50, in 1858.

What can his life possibly teach us? The ironies conjured up by the joyous Mass of Canonization celebrated by the Holy Father in what is acknowledged as the most beautiful square in the world designed by Bernini for the greater Glory of God, were not lost on most of those present.

President Emile Lahoud, a Maronite, and a strong ally of Syria, was present at the Mass, along with many thousands of Maronite Catholics from Lebanon and from the Lebanese Diaspora in Australia, the United States, South America and Europe.

Many of those present had become refugees from their homeland owing to the phony war which former Syrian President Hafiz al-Assad had fomented in Lebanon from 1975 to 1990, aided by local and foreign militias bankrolled by, among others, Iran and Syria.

Those privileged to be present on that Spring morning, heard the Pope of Rome pronounce in the presence of a vast concourse of the faithful from the four corners of the globe, the words



The sign about one of the arches that span the mountain road leading to Hardine, in North Lebanon, reads: *May the Blessing of our new saint, Nimatallah Kassab al-Hardini, travel with you.*

that proclaimed the long-dead son of Giris Kassab of Hardine and Mariam Raad of Tannourine, a saint of the Holy, Catholic and Roman Church.

Saint Nimatallah lived through times no less tumultuous and confusing than our own.

He was born only four years after the death of Pasha Ahmad (1755 – 1804), nicknamed *al-Jazzar* 'the butcher'. Ahmad ruled Egypt, and was virtual Viceroy of Syria and over-lord of Lebanon from 1780 until his death in 1804. His name was synonymous with terror and cruelty. On one occasion *al-Jazzar* had all thirty-seven of his harem burnt to death by his eunuchs because he suspected some of them of infidelity.

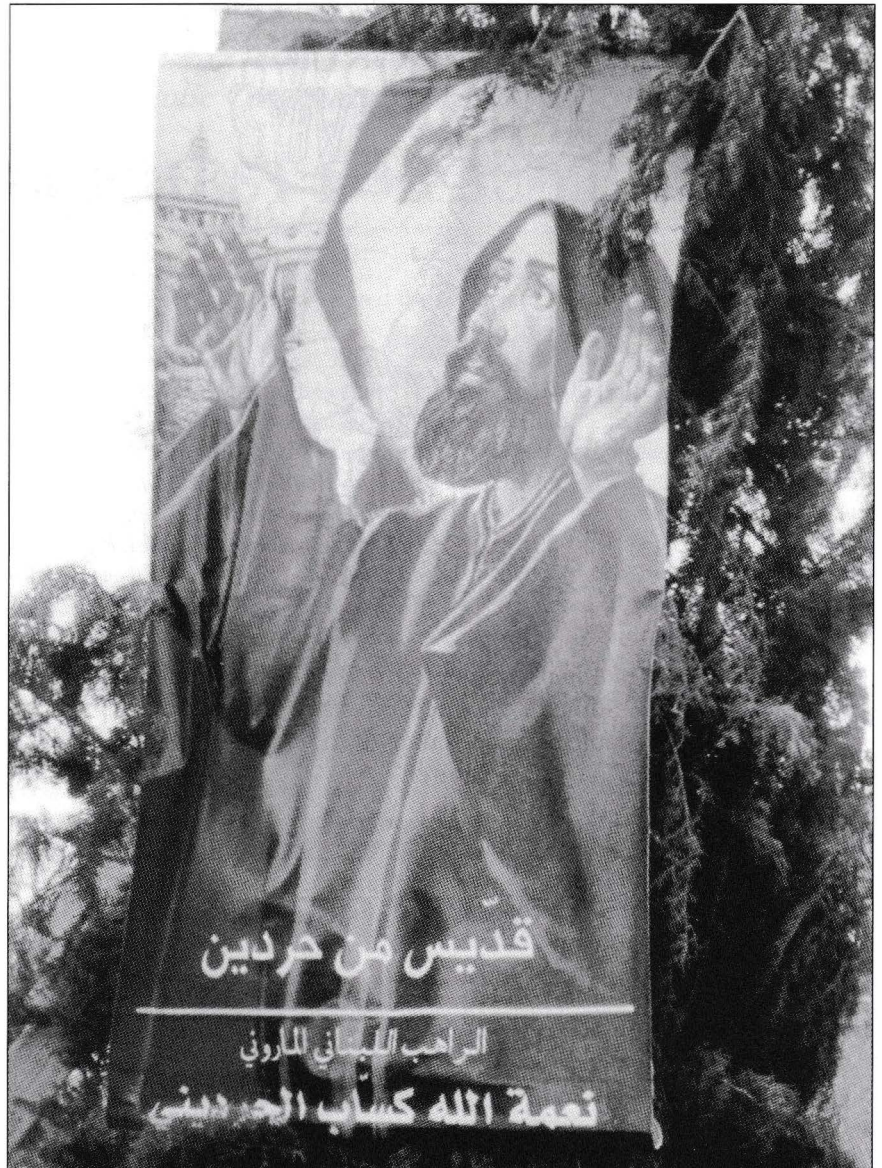
Nimatallah witnessed the invasion of Syria by the Egyptian ruler Muhammad Ali and his son Ibrahim Pasha in 1831, and their subsequent efforts at wooing the support of Lebanese Christians against their Turkish masters, and their later disastrous experiments with high taxation and conscription that led to rebellion in Lebanon in 1834.

He was ordained priest in 1835, and survived the massacres of 1841, 1843 and 1845 that resulted from the intervention by the British and French on behalf of the Sultan of Turkey, and the subsequent pulling out of Syria and Lebanon by the Egyptian forces of Muhammad Ali.

In 1841 Druze villagers attacked Christian villages in the Shuf and Matn regions and killed their inhabitants. In 1843, at Deir al-Qamar, more than a thousand Maronite homes, as well as churches and monasteries, were sacked and burned. And in the spring of 1845, the Druze and Shi'ites killed Christian villagers, priests, monks and European missionaries, razing churches and desecrating Christian cemeteries.

Amidst all these horrors – reminiscent of Lebanon from 1975 to 1990 – Nimatallah lived in the Monastery of Kfifan, a locality a few km above Batroun and about 20 kms from Tripoli, and taught theology to students for the priesthood. He would say 'The wise man is he who knows how to save his soul'. He devoted himself to communicating that much neglected art to the young monks, and others who came to him for counsel and spiritual direction.

He did not live to see, but almost certainly would have foreseen, the



The inscription on the image of the saint attached to a pole on the roadside leading to Hardine, reads: *Saint from Hardine. The Lebanese Maronite Monk Nimatallah Kassab al-Hardini.*

wholesale massacre of Christians under Turkish Sultan Abd-al-Majid I that occurred in 1860 – still known among the Maronites as the 'year of strife,' *sanat al-harakah*.

Eleven thousand mainly Maronite Catholics, perished in the massacres and one hundred and fifty Christian villages were burned to the ground as the *Porte* [the government of the Turkish Sultan in Istanbul] stirred up strife between Christians and Druze in its effort to bring Lebanon under its direct control.

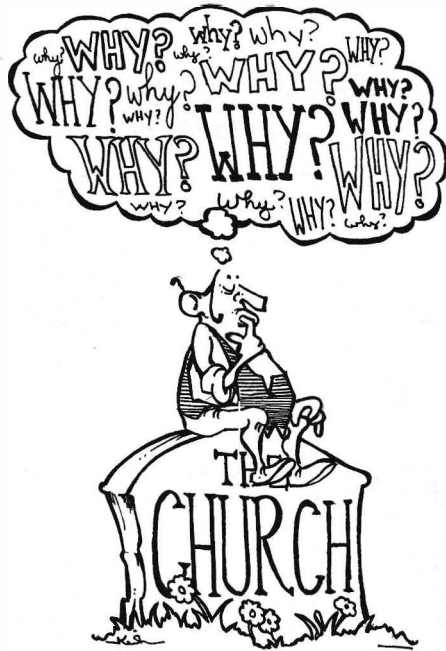
The Catholic Church is constantly being scrutinised for her unflinching emphasis on holiness and for her holding up as models for today's Catholics, exceptional men and women whom she declares, after rigorous investigation, to be 'saints'.

The Canonization of this holy man, little known outside Lebanon, but a giant among his contemporaries, validates the truth of words uttered by the prophet Isaiah [55,8] who lived in Northern Israel, only a few hundred kilometers from Nimatallah's beloved Lebanon.

Isaiah's words ring as true today as when he proclaimed them in God's name more than 2,600 years ago: 'My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, says the Lord'.

How many Lebanese today remember even the name of Ahmad al-Jazzar or of Abd-al-Majid, let alone their deeds? Yet in Nimatallah's day, in men's eyes, theirs was the power that counted.

The Pashas of Egypt are no more;



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they have disappeared without a trace – as has the *Porte*, the fabulous and once all-powerful government and court of the Sultan of Turkey, along with the Sultanate and the Caliphate.

Of the European Powers that backed Turkey in its bid to assert control of the Mountains of Lebanon and the fertile valleys that made it legendary millennia ago, Britain has lost its empire, as has France, and both countries admit, however grudgingly, the pre-eminence of the United States as the solitary world Super-Power. Russia's empire [Tsarist or Communist] has disappeared, as have the Empires of the Austrians and Germans.

The Maronite Catholics, on the other hand, still worship in their holy valley – where no Ottoman troops dared enter – and the monastery of Kfifan is, today, as I can vouch, having visited it only a few weeks ago, a popular centre for young and old alike – precisely because this monk, who was of no consequence in the eyes of the Power Brokers of his day, lived and taught there. Vocations continue to grow in numbers, and the monks offer Mass, administer the Sacraments and preach the gospel. Their Order is flourishing.

Nimatallah's tomb is in Kfifan. Thousands of pilgrims – Catholics, Orthodox and Muslims – flock there daily to visit the tomb of the saint. Buses crowd the narrow mountain roads leading to Hardine to bring pilgrims to the former home of Nimatallah which has been made into a chapel and museum. I was privileged to attend Mass there every day for about a week in late May.

Despite countless invasions and massacres the Lebanon of Nimatallah remains to astound the visitor with its antiquity and beauty. The faith that inspired him, and that inspired resistance to all attempts to destroy Christian culture and presence in Mount Lebanon, remains as a potent force today.

Lebanon was for centuries the window through which the Muslim world viewed the West. In the wake of the terror unleashed by al-Qaida on September 11, 2001, perhaps the West will finally consider that an independent and free Lebanon could well provide it with the window it needs, through which to view, and better understand, the East.



How a remote Chinese Catholic Community maintained its faith

WITHOUT A PRIEST FOR 50 YEARS



CATHOLICS in a remote mountain area of southwestern China continue to keep their faith alive, even though no priest has been stationed there for more than five decades.

Hu Junjie, a 64-year-old local lay leader, stated June 10 that despite the lack of a resident priest, about 5,000 Catholics, mainly Drung, Lisu, Nu and Tibetan ethnic minorities, in Gongshan Drungzu Nuzu Autonomous County in northwestern Yunnan province pray together daily. Gongshan, adjacent to Tibet Autonomous Region, is about 2,120 kilometers southwest of Beijing.

Hu, a Drung ethnic, also said that local Catholics have not only maintained their faith, they have also evangelized. During winter time when there was no farm work to do, he explained, Catholics would go in groups of two or three to visit and preach to non-Catholic villagers at their homes.

Given the many different ethnic minority groups in the county, Hu said it was hard to use the Bible to evangelize in that area because the Bible is available only in Chinese, Tibetan and Lisu. That is why Catholics here use hymns as a medium to spread the Good News instead, he pointed out. According to Hu, his own 100-year-old father has led other lay leaders in organizing catechism classes in Chinese, Lisu and Tibetan every winter.

Father Paul Chen Kaihua of Kunming diocese in the same province said that after learning about the community from one of his diocese' faithful, he has been visiting them twice a year since January 2002. Father Chen said he was impressed by their faith. Despite the absence of a priest, he said the number of churches has grown to 15 from the three established before the communists came to power in 1949. The number of Catholics also grew from 1,000 to 5,000, thanks to the laypeople's evangelization

endeavor. French missionaries served the area before 1949.

The priest recounted that the blessing of two new churches there on May 30 has encouraged the Catholics to continue expanding their community, much as they have been doing in recent years. Father Chen celebrates Mass and administers sacraments each time he visits.

Father John Fang Ping from Xinjiang Uygur Autonomous Region in northwestern China visited Gongshan in August 2002 after a Xinjiang parishioner working in Yunnan told him about the Catholics. Father Fang says it is one of China's poorest counties. 'The villagers seldom see a priest. Occasionally, priests from other places pay short visits. So the Catholics usually gather by themselves to pray.'

But now, thanks to their efforts, there are two nuns and a minor semi-

narian studying in Kunming, the provincial capital, and four seminarians studying in Xi'an, Shaanxi province, 1,200 kilometers northeast of Gongshan.

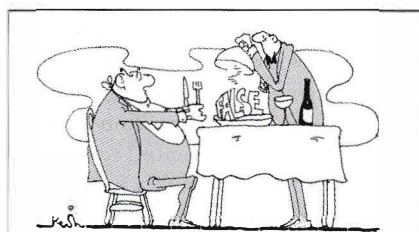
When Father Fang visited the county in 2002, the villagers told him they had just built two new churches but could find no priest to consecrate them. So he blessed the new churches, which are situated above the snow line. He also celebrated Mass with them in Putonghua (Mandarin), the national language, and lay parishioners translated into ethnic languages for the villagers.

Father Fang said the churches took three years to complete and the Catholics themselves carried every piece of brick, wood and rock uphill. At the blessing ceremony, he recalled, the villagers dressed in traditional ethnic costumes and offered their agricultural produce and chickens, lambs and cows as gifts to God. They celebrated with wine and dancing around the churches.

Father Fang said he was especially touched to see Gongshan's parishioners build their churches since his own parish in Xinjiang still has none due to a shortage of financial and human resources. At his parish in Hotan city in southern Xinjiang, he celebrates Mass for his 500 parishioners, mostly ethnic Han, only in their homes. His parish is near the Tibetan Region border and more than a 20-hour drive from Urumqi, the capital of Xinjiang.

In Gongshan county, he added, he learned to say the Hail Mary in Tibetan. 'They keep praying and singing old religious chants in their own languages. That is an important cultural heritage of the Catholic Church there,' he said.

Elsewhere in China, other churches or prayer houses are managed by local layleaders who, if a priest is unavailable, usually lead the rosary every morning and evening, as well as other prayers on Sundays.

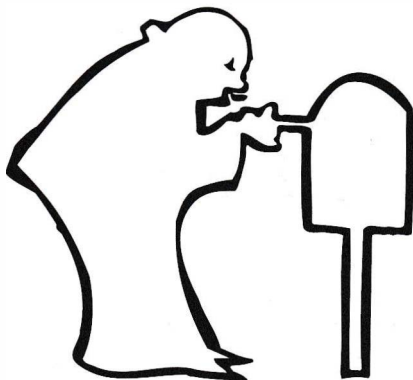


AS long as he lived, he did well for himself? This is what all men say, but their saying is false. The happiness is accord to the mind of him that pronounces it, but not according to the standard of truth. What do you say? Because he has eaten and drunk well, done as he liked and feasted sumptuously, therefore he has done well for himself? I say, he has done ill for himself. It is not I, but Christ that says it. That rich man (Luke xvi) feasted sumptuously every day, and thought he was doing well for himself, but when he began to burn in hell, that was found to be false.

- St Augustine, 354-430. In Ps. xlviii,8
(Preached at Hippo, Lent 412AD).

- Asia News/UCAN.

LETTERS



Marjorie Lawrence

What wonderful memories were awakened by Lance Hoban's article on Marjorie Lawrence [*Annals* March '04]! During her first visit to Australia in 1939, I saw and heard this magnificent dramatic soprano, in Sydney Town Hall. The arias she sang on that occasion were Brünnhilde's Immolation from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, and Salome's aria from Richard Strauss' opera of that name. No horse was necessary – Miss Lawrence's performance so stimulated the imagination that one almost became an eyewitness to the demigoddess' ride into the flames.

In a flowing white gown, her wonderful red hair falling over her shoulders, she did not just sing the parts – she WAS Brünnhilde and in the second aria, she WAS the depraved princess Salome, wooing the severed head of St. John the Baptist.

The next time I saw Marjorie Lawrence was when she returned in the 1940s, after polio had robbed her of the use of her legs. She was wheeled onto the stage of the Town Hall by her devoted husband. The tremendous dramatic power was not in evidence, but the warm personality and the richness of her voice were unimpaired. She sang several items, including some from the popular classic repertoire, and concluded the recital, to the delight of the audience, with 'Waltzing Matilda'! An indomitable lady, indeed!

Longueville NSW 2066

FRANCES HACKNEY

St James of Compostela

I am enjoying your articles on the Apostles. Relieved to see you giving credibility to the shrine of St James at Compostela. In his *History of Spain* 1900 W. Burke dismisses the claim as legend, but then I found that St Jerome

accepted it as fact. J.A. LeFrancois in *The New Catholic Encyclopedia* 7/806 does not seem convinced.

All the best, Father. Thank you for a great journal.

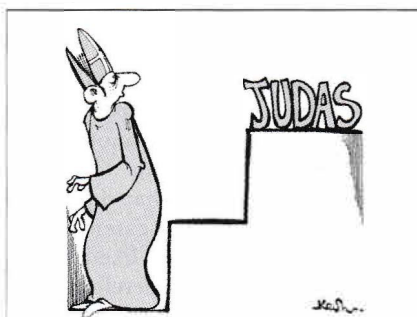
Ashfield NSW 2131 (SR) MARIE THERESE LEVEY

Iraq and the War

Thank you for yet another interesting, thought-provoking and enjoyable year of the *Annals*.

I appreciated your editorial 'The War in Iraq: Can it Still be Won?' We received a press release from Senator Brian Harradine recently (sadly, for those of us who greatly admire him, it announced that he will not recontest his seat). The press release contained an all too brief precis of his years in the Senate and particularly called to mind that in February 2003 he 'opposed the war in Iraq on the grounds that he was not convinced that it satisfied the tests for a "just war"':

The war never did satisfy those tests, despite so many protestations before, during and after the event that it was both just and necessary. Senator Harradine was not alone in thinking that the case for war had not been sufficiently made out in moral or legal terms before the event, but the principles underpinning what constitutes a just war have been forgotten or have suddenly been re-invented to suit the times and/or retrospectively justify what has occurred.



I must believe in the Apostolic Succession, there being no other way of accounting for the descent of the Bishop of Exeter from Judas Iscariot?

– Sydney Smith, [1771-1845] wit, co-founder of the Edinburgh Review and Anglican Clergyman, quoted in *The Smith of Smiths* by Hesketh Pearson, 1934. The Bishop of Exeter was Sydney's better-off brother.

In the light of the recent investigations regarding the presence of WMD's in Iraq, the case for war presented by various governments was even shakier than one had suspected initially. Some politicians have been attempting to spin *ex post facto* rationales for going to war, not merely by reinventing the contents of just war theory, but, it is particularly galling to me as a lawyer that the onus of proof now mentioned by some politicians to justify their actions was 'on the balance of probabilities' rather than the higher onus of 'beyond reasonable doubt'. Given the grim consequences of any war, I would have thought meeting the higher onus was the only way to adequately satisfy the probative and moral tests of a just war before embarking on pre-emptive action in Iraq. As we now know, assertions regarding WMD's and consequently a clear, direct and imminent threat to the United States were never sufficiently tested and proven.

That lack of moral authority will haunt us for a long time to come, further inflaming both the insurgency within Iraq and terrorist groups further afield.

Your point about Rwanda was also a depressing one – a reminder that nations act primarily in their own interests, regardless of the altruistic rhetoric they may pump out. Rwanda was of no strategic importance to most of the rest of the world. Ousting Saddam seems to have become the new motivating justification for the war but I doubt that the 'topple the evil dictator' rationale will see a wider application in countries with no strategic importance to the US, its allies or the UN (one must not forget that the UN voting bodies are made up of the favoured appointees of current governments).

Peter ACT 2607

DEBORAH DWYER

Managing our language

I was dismayed to see political correctness getting a toehold in your sane and level-headed journal. Father Michael Fallon's liturgical thoughts of the day quoted (for Easter Thursday) Psalm 8 verse 2 (actually verse 4): 'What is a human being that you should keep us in mind? Why (sic) am I that you should remember me?'

Surely the readers of *Annals* are not so offended by that shocking three-

letter word *man* as to object to: 'What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou dost care for him?'

That is poetry; the version quoted by Fr Fallon is ideology.

Claremont WA 6010

JANET KOVESI WATT

[Father Fallon replies: sadly, the translation that I used does lack beauty. The expression 'human being' comes from the New Revised Standard Version which is conveniently on my computer. Perhaps your correspondent could take up the issue with the editors in the USA.]

Child-abuse and Denigrating the Church

Commenting on a Vatican document about sexual-molester priests, a child abuse campaigners advocate 'zero-tolerance' policies in Australian dioceses with mandatory reporting of abuse. (*The Australian*, July 23)

Yes, that's OK - so long as all professions are treated the same - we wouldn't want child abuse policies motivated specifically by a desire to harm the Church.

Are the reports to be made to the police? Aren't our police forces themselves corruption-riddled?

Scapegoating the priesthood isn't enough. Society's whole attitude to sex must change.

Our media, governments and schools all currently spread the message that sex is non-sacred, a 'recreation', something one 'negotiates'.

Understanding the sacredness of sex can, arguably, only come from belief in the sacred - something only the Church seriously promotes.

Yes, let's be tough on molesters for sure, but let's value the Church.

Let's encourage it to do better its irreplaceable job in society - and not just knock it.

Mildura Vic 3052

ARNOLD JAC

Young Catholic gentlemen?

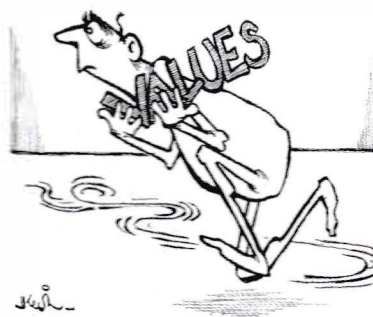
I am encouraged by the article by Wanda Skowronska in issue 8 of *Annals* last October. I am also encouraged by the recent letter (April/May 2004), by H. Bursle. So much so, that I feel compelled to state my own convictions on the matters raised. So much has changed both in liturgy and behaviour that a dear friend of mine, a convert of some fifty-five years, told me that 'this is not the Church that I joined; I might

Let's avoid Cafeteria Catholicism

BUREAUCRACY is not the most solid safeguard against mediocrity, and, next to the neglect and decline of religious communities, this has been most glaringly so in the schools. Not every clerical official has found the life of the mind agreeable. This may have something to do with the politics of the Church Militant, which I am not qualified to address. It has an iconic example in Newman's experience in Dublin as he tried to realise his idea

of a university. The bishops thwarted him, as they wanted not really a university at all, but rather something more of a training school in the modern model of a supermarket of courses measured by hours of credit, which Newman derisively called a Pantechinon. In our generation it has

George William Rutler, Introduction, *Escape from Scepticism*, by Christopher Derrick, Ignatius Press, San Francisco, 1977.



become a form of what we now call 'Cafeteria Catholicism'. The bishops in Ireland would have been appalled at any imputation of utilitarianism, but their discomfort with Newman's vision was agitated by a scepticism about the human potential which

the Benthamites dressed in different secular clothes, while sharing the same shortsightedness. Shane Leslie wrote that the archbishop who most frustrated Newman's efforts, Dr Cullen,

wanted Newman as a kind of window dressing for his university and was like a greengrocer using Newman as a decorative orchid among his vegetables. Lytton Strachey was more acid in comparing Newman and the local hierarchs to a thoroughbred trying to pull a hay wagon.

have well remained where I was'. This is a very frightening comment from one whose Catholicity would make anyone admire her and her willingness to be a catechist in order to share her treasure with others. We have both witnessed the decline of traditional beauty in Religious practice and the disappearance of Sodalties and Devotions which had always been a part of life for normal Catholics. Gone are the Children of Mary, the Holy Name Society, the Sacred Heart Sodality. Gone is the May Altar or the June Altar from our schools; in fact, gone is about everything we held so dear.

We can't blame Vatican II for this state of affairs, because most of the prime movers in this strange behaviour were not followers of the decisions of Vatican II, but modifiers of those decisions to what they had wished the decisions to be. Evidence of the bitterness of these self styled experts was apparent in a meeting held in Sydney University which I attended. It was declared to be

a meeting of 'young Catholic gentlemen' convened to discuss the Papal decision on birth control. This meeting was a night of discussion by various people who had the nod of the moderator. It was quite obvious that comments were to conform with the desired opinion of the convenors as only one dissenter managed to get to the microphone, and he was quickly howled down. I had made some interjections during the meeting and when it came my turn to speak it was decided that there was no time for any further comment and the meeting was wound down, with just time to accept one motion to be put to the meeting. The motion was passed. It was a motion of 'no confidence in the Pope!' Young Catholic gentlemen they called themselves.

Chatswood NSW 2067

John Henderson

(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*.)

Managerial over-kill, or how to destroy a good idea

MANAGERS NEED NOT APPLY

By FRANK DEVINE



FAILURE of Western intelligence on Iraq and Al-Qaeda may have been due to excessive managerialism in the intelligence agencies. As somebody believing that managerialism is inimical to professionalism, I find this theory entirely plausible.

It is put forward by George Friedman, an American political science professor, founder and chairman of Stratfor, a cooperative of former diplomats and, well, spies, that earns large fees by providing businesses with private intelligence and forecasts about international events.

Friedman's diagnosis of managerialism run wild, especially at the CIA, was published in Stratfor's highly-regarded, high-priced subscription newsletter (alert@stratfor.com). So I have to summarise cautiously, lest I breach Friedman's heavily-armed copyright defences and am attacked by a pack of Dobermans on the way home from the pub one evening.

Essentially, Friedman holds that the CIA has been underperforming for a generation, as demonstrated by its failure to anticipate the Soviet Union's collapse. The just-retired George Tenet applied a destructive crunch by introducing modern management techniques to the agency – the last thing it needed if it was to pull itself together.

Tenet's system aped a corporate culture that says people have done their job if they follow procedures laid down in a master plan. At the CIA, Tenet's pursuit of orderliness destroyed a culture of excellence and replaced it with a culture of process.

People who got on were those who could sit through endless meetings without falling asleep. The iconoclastic and brilliant, able to peer through the darkness and find the truth, were either subsumed by the 'surreal world of modern management' or shoved aside.

Since managerialism has been fashionable in the British and Australian

bureaucracies for at least 15 years, it's not unreasonable to assume that Friedman's assessment also covers their intelligence agencies.

The Stratfor founder's strike at managerialism brought back fond memories of Dr Douglas Cameron, former substance abuse specialist with Britain's National Health Service, who labelled managerialism 'a virus'.

For a time, Cameron believed Margaret Thatcher had ruined his life by vastly expanding his small unit, whose size and increased cost progressively reduced its priority ranking for government funding. But on retirement, Cameron wrote in *The Guardian* that he realised he had actually been destroyed by the Harvard School of Business Administration.

My most vivid observation of Cameron's viral theory in practice came when Catholic parishes in Sydney were required by their bishop to produce 'mission statements'.

It seemed unlikely to me that parishes would be able to improve on, 'to love and serve God in this life and be happy with him forever in the next' – the opening proposition in standard children's catechisms. Such has, indeed, proved to be the case.

However, the diocese still lies under a miasma of managerialist cant – 'faith formation,' 'planning and development,' 'facilitate,' 'ongoing,' 'models of participation,' 'identify and respond,' 'liaise,' 'coordination.' It also faces the threat of down-sizing – favourite strategy of managerialists – through combination or closing of parishes.

The recourse to managerialism is an attempt to manage around a shortage of human resources, ie priests, but I'd say its effect would be to repel anybody with priestly gifts.

Management is essentially a service industry, perhaps somewhat akin to domestic service in the old upstairs-downstairs era, but present day opportunities and temptations often lead to management-qualified individuals seizing command,

whereupon managerialism, or management as product, sets in.

I'm obliged to the Evatt Foundation for an excellent paper on managerialism by David Boyle, which introduced me to the McKinsey and Co slogan: 'Everything can be measured and what gets measured can be managed.'

Boyle cruelly illuminates the fallacy of this with Scotland Yard's response to a managerialist instruction in 2000 to recruit more from ethnic minorities. At the end of the year the Yard reported 218 such recruitments – but they turned out to include large numbers of Irish, Australians and New Zealanders.

Australia's most noticeable experience of managerialism rampant occurred when the American management specialist 'Chainsaw' Al Dunlap slashed and downsized at the Packer family's PBL conglomerate. PBL seems to have staunched the wounds he inflicted but 'Chainsaw' managerialised literally to death the next company he took over, back in the US.

I don't know what's become of him. Maybe he's gone into intelligence.

It's my belief that Rupert Murdoch's success is partly due to his shunning managerialism. He has relied instead on professional skill and entrepreneurial flair in his executives. (The more humbly beginning Lord Thomson recommended a similar course when he said that the way to success in publishing was to 'employ the greatest possible number of salaried eccentrics').

I don't think Murdoch has a single human resources manager – the signature job of managerialism – in his now vast enterprise.

Perhaps World War III could be held more securely at bay if Rupert were to take a non-controlling – say 20 per cent – position in the CIA.



FRANK DEVINE is a columnist for *The Australian* which once he edited, and for *Quadrant Magazine*. A New Zealand-born journalist and long-term resident in Australia, Frank has a distinguished service record on various literary fronts in this country and overseas.

A child of refugees looks back on a journey that ended happily

JOURNEY TO BONEGILLA

By WANDA SKROWONSKA



BONEGILLA – might seem a strange name to many Australians. It is, however, well known to the refugees and immigrants – the ‘nomads’ of the post-war years for whom Bonegilla migrant camp was the first stepping stone to a new life. It is engraved in their memories as their first experience of Australia. Not long ago the Australian Heritage Commission held a competition in which people had to name and describe the place in Australia that had the greatest hold on their hearts. There at the top of the list was, not unexpectedly, Uluru. However the second placegetter was a surprise. It was Bonegilla and many naturally asked ‘What or where is Bonegilla?’

Bonegilla Migrant and Reception Training Centre, located 320 kms north east of Melbourne near the border town of Albury-Wodonga, was the largest migrant camp in Australian history. There were other camps such as Greta and the Bathurst Migrant camp but Bonegilla took the bulk of new arrivals to Australia in the post-World War II years. It was a truly ‘international’ town, with its comings and goings, buildings, shops, hospital and people of all nationalities with their burden of memories, experiences of loss and hopes for the future. Having spent the first 5 years of my life there and with the recent revival of interest in this piece of migration history it has been a quasi-nomadic journey in reverse to try to ‘see’ the place as it was and what it meant to so many people. I have come to understand, as have so many others, that it is truly an iconic place in the land where the ‘journey’ takes on so much significance for the new Australians as well as the original ones. The town may be gone but it has acquired a symbolic significance beyond what anyone could have imagined.

Bonegilla in Victoria was the largest migrant camp in Australian history. Wanda Skrowovska, now a psychologist, recalls memories of the international ‘transit camp’ where she spent five years of her life, and finds, in her first ‘home’ in Australia, much to be grateful for.

The word ‘bonegilla’ meaning ‘big water hole’ in the local Aboriginal dialect, was the original location of the army barracks built near Wodonga in 1939 which were used by the Australian Army throughout World War II. After the war, the barrack type rows of huts were then put to accommodating the



THE time has, perhaps, not yet come to write the history of German historiography in the years between 1920 and 1945; and indeed one would want the Germans themselves to write it. But it is not too soon to admit that this ideological historiography was, and – given its vast ramifications – still is, an impediment to the understanding of ancient law and political institutions.

– Arnaldo Momigliano, *Studies in Historiography*, Harper Torchbooks, New York, 1966.

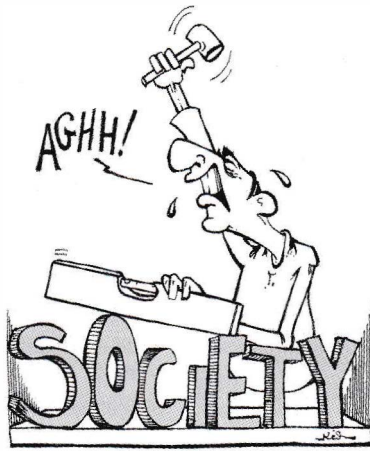
new influx of 320,000 refugees and migrants who came to Australia from 41 ethnic groups between 1947-1971. My father was one of the 60,000 Poles and my mother one of the smaller group of several thousand Latvians who lived there. They came as ‘Displaced Persons’, more commonly known as DPs. They were 2 of the 12 million Europeans displaced after World War II who ended up in ‘camps’ in Germany unable to return to Soviet controlled Poland or Soviet controlled Latvia. Their journeys to Bonegilla to a room in the barrack huts had begun, as for so many refugees in our times, long before their embarkation, long before they actually arrived at Port Melbourne. The following paragraphs recount a little of the journeys of these former Bonegillians.

It began for my father, Bogdan, in Lublin in south eastern Poland where he was born in 1928 and where he had witnessed in 1940, at age 12, the entire breakup of his family, in his mother being arrested and taken to Ravensbruck concentration camp (singing ‘The Litany of the Saints’ with friends along the way), his father missing and his little sister placed in a Warsaw orphanage. He joined the underground army in Warsaw and received a high school education for a few hours a day (to do ‘high school’ study in Nazi occupied Poland was punishable by death) and acted as a courier and trained to fight and tried to stay alive the rest of the time. He regularly visited his little sister in the orphanage though this was a dangerous activity as it involved crossing several zones within Warsaw. He fought in the Warsaw Uprising in 1944 as a 16 year old soldier, with a code name ‘Zaremba’ (his ‘commanding officer’ was 19). 200,000 people were killed in that single battle and Warsaw was literally razed to the ground afterwards in accordance with Hitler’s frenzied orders. This partisan battle is

Social Realism

IT must be first of all recognised that the condition of things inherent in human affairs must be borne with, for it is impossible to reduce civil society to one dead level. Socialists may in that intent do their utmost, but all striving against nature is in vain. There naturally exist among mankind manifold differences of the most important kind; people differ in capacity, skill, health, strength; and unequal fortune is a necessary result of unequal condition. Such inequality is far from being disadvantageous either to individuals or to the community. Social

and public life can only be maintained by means of various kinds of capacity for business and the playing of many parts; and each man, as a rule, chooses the part which suits his own peculiar domestic condition. As regards bodily labor, even had man never fallen from the state of innocence, he would not have remained wholly idle; but that which would then have been his free choice and his delight became afterwards compulsory, and the painful expiation for his disobedience. 'Cursed be the earth in thy work; in thy labor thou shalt eat of it all the days of thy life.'



- Pope Leo XIII, [1810-1903], *Rerum Novarum*, [On Capital and Labor] 1891.

described elsewhere in several books and on numerous websites. It is truly against the odds that my father survived. With 2 bullet wounds to the leg he was arrested and taken in a coal-transport train to prison in Germany. He survived to see the end of the war and the British Army 'adopted' these homeless Polish soldiers of the AK (*Armija Krajowa* - the Home Army). They certainly could not return to Soviet controlled Poland as their army did not officially 'exist' and they would have faced certain imprisonment. My father opted to take the chance to come to the edge of his known world, Australia. And so began his journey to Bonegilla...

The journey of my mother, Valerie, to Bonegilla began in the little known province of Latgale located in eastern Latvia. Latgale is the only one of the four Latvian provinces that remained Catholic after the Swedish invasions of 1558-1583 which resulted in mass conversions to Lutheranism. This small country has had many invading armies - the Germans, Russians and Swedes - and attained a brief period of independence in 1918 which only

lasted until 1940. Then came the Germans who occupied Latvia - then the Russians who fought the Germans and in turn then occupied Latvia for 50 years. The Soviet years succeeded in reducing greatly the numbers practising any form of religion, though since the 1990s a revival of both Lutheranism and Catholicism has been under way. However in the pre-Soviet years living in Catholic Latgale must have been like being in one giant monastery so numerous are the shrine-filled wooden Catholic churches which dot the coun-



tryside, some with Orthodox-style onion dome roofs, still replete with centuries old icons and statues which seem to have miraculously escaped destruction. In Latgale, this Catholic enclave where my mother grew up, surrounded by Russian orthodox and Lutheran populations, is located Latvia's equivalent to Fatima with its similar white basilica dedicated to Our Lady of Aglona. It was built in the eighteenth century and later a school and Dominican seminary were added. The seminary and library were totally destroyed by the Soviet army in 1945, transit roads to the shrine blocked and onerous taxes imposed on the region. Pope John Paul II visited Aglona in 1992 and to the Latvians, Lithuanians, Poles, Ukrainians, Byelorussians and Russians who came as pilgrims, his bending over to kiss its famous Aglona Icon of the Virgin Mary after the Soviet years of horror, was Christ Himself coming to visit them. Aglona's famous icon is closely related to the Virgin of Trakai in Lithuania and has had many miracles associated with it. Not far from this shrine was the wooden house which my grandfather had built on retirement from Latvian Railways in which my mother and family had lived and which was completely destroyed in a battle between the German and Russian armies. My mother had become separated from her parents in the panic of the Russian advance in 1944 and with her sister fled from one battle front to another, eventually ending up in a displaced persons' camp in Germany. From this her journey to barracks of Bonegilla began.

These are only two stories among many of those who made journeys to Bonegilla - journeys that were in some cases traumatic, unpredictable yet always hopeful. After reaching Australia it must have seemed for many like a landing on the moon in the Sea of Tranquillity. The first experiences of each DP would be worth recording for posterity. For my father it was buying his first loaf of bread in Bonegilla only to have it stolen by a possum when he sat down to rest and mistakenly put the bread down too. My mother was also impressed by the ubiquitous possums, on roofs and inside the barracks at night and had no word in Latvian, Polish, Russian or her nascent English to describe them. She wrote a letter to friends in Germany



Originally from Latvia, the author's mother, Valerie Skowronska is 3rd from the left with staff from Bonegilla hospital, around 1956.

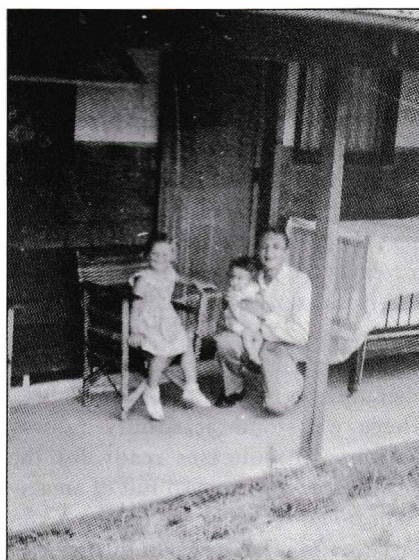
using the word 'monkey' in German to describe them. Her letters must have been a sensation with her friends in Munster for in later years when visiting Germany I was asked by these people how the 'monkey problem' was in Australia. It took a long time to work out that this misconception originated from my mother's letters from Bonegilla many years before!

This barrack town was a unique international post war society surrounded by gum trees, hills and picturesque lakes. I played with Estonian and Czech children, and people learnt to greet others in Hungarian, Lithuanian, German and Polish. We all thought the whole world was like this and were Internationalist Bonegillians before we learnt anything else. People came together, spoke about past and future and ate at the 'Mess' or tried to buy something at the shops most closely resembling some hankered for national food. In my mother's case it was herrings and sometimes dinner was a huge bowl of herrings and her special sauce. There were dramas when children became ill in the camp. Fear of epidemics was a constant – the polio epidemic was very real in the Bonegilla era and my mother was part of Bonegilla hospital's attempt to identify children at risk. There was a small school for children, people tried to learn English as

best they could and tried to work out how to do things in their new country.

People did not usually stay more than a few weeks or months in Bonegilla as they went on to do the 2 years work they had contracted to do on arrival. That could be anywhere in Australia, from the Snowy Mountains to far North Queensland. In the case of my parents they had their contract jobs assigned to them at Bonegilla hospital and so stayed longer than customary – in fact nearly 7 years- so their experience there was truly unusual. They actually met in the camp

hospital and were married in Bonegilla Catholic church. As my mother (with help from the Red Cross) had finished a medical degree in Germany in the post war years and my father had good language skills they could help out in a multitude of situations. And thus this transit camp was my first view of the world and like any origins has acquired, as for other Bonegilla children, some ethereal 'Eden-like' qualities. Life went on in the camp – people remembered birthdays, got together and spoke of their futures and hope in faraway places like 'Adelaide', 'Brisbane' and 'Sydney'. At some point people packed their bags and moved out of Bonegilla and on to the next place to try their chances at life – work at a job and a future. However, as for many of these first generation migrant children there was, amidst the smiles, a wordless absorption of something else, the transmission of what the poet Rilke calls the 'purely untellable things' that survivors of lost worlds carry on their journeys. Perhaps the experience of the unpredictability of life, of 'man's inhumanity to man' and the sense of life being a strange pilgrimage made Bonegilla something greater than its physical location – a spiritual transit camp which etched its inner template on the people who stayed there. It certainly did in my case.



The author (seated) with her father and a friend.

Speak the truth in love

I'M not really sure we need a 'new' apologetics, because the content of our faith hasn't changed, and the 'old' apologetics of Augustine, Irenaeus, Thomas Aquinas, Charles Borromeo and G.K. Chesterton is still very persuasive to anyone with an open mind. But the

style of some apologetics in recent centuries has had one big flaw. It has lacked love. The early history of the Church is peppered with accounts of pagans who converted because they saw how much the Christians

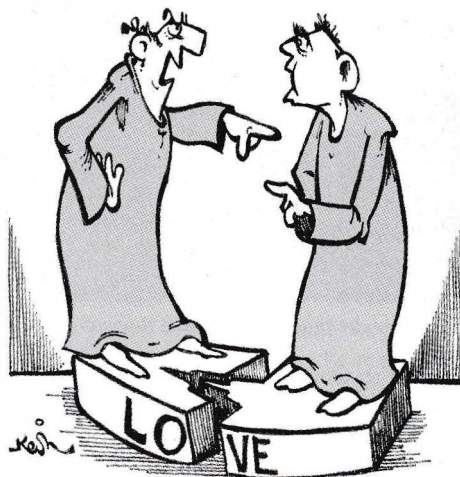
loved each other. That still happens today, of course. But far too much of our energy over the past 500 years has gone into doctrinal trench warfare, Christian against Christian, while the rest of the world has interpreted our divisions as a sign of our bankruptcy. You remember the hymn, 'They Will Know We are Christians

by Our Love.' Well, what will they know by our bickering?

One of the gifts which Vatican II left us, is the insight that what unites us as followers of Jesus Christ is much more important than what divides us. I'm not suggesting that

the differences among Catholics, Orthodox and Protestants don't count. They do count. They're often rooted in serious issues of truth, and we can't just ignore them or wish them away. Out of respect for each other,

we need to address our differences frankly and patiently, for as long as God wants it to take for us to achieve real unity. But we need to do it as brothers, not enemies. St Paul, who was certainly the greatest of all Christian apologists, tells us in Ephesians that we should be 'speaking the truth in love.'



- Archbishop Charles Chaput, OFM, Denver, Colorado, USA, *Speaking The Truth in Love*.

'Fear of epidemics was a constant'

When I met people who came in later waves of migration from Greece, Lebanon, Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia and from the former waves from Ireland and England there was an ease of communication not only about their journeys but what it all meant to them. A lot of time is spent by Australians describing their or their ancestors' journeys to get here. And yet these are just the stories that reach the light of day. There are millions of such stories untold because the journey overwhelms the pilgrims, the depth of the experience cannot reach the form of words,

or the pilgrims die on the way. When in later life, a psychologist by profession and wanting to know how it was 'on the inside' I visited Poland and Latvia retracing the steps of my parents' journeys, I sensed how far they had really travelled geographically and spiritually and could sense some echoes of their earlier lives.

Our stay in Bonegilla ended when my father was offered work in Sydney. There we stood at Albury railway station with suitcases ready for the next journey - I was so full of amazement it may as well have been a NASA space station. We went on to stay with my relations Zenia, Lazar and Michael who had already put a deposit on a

house and were able to give us a spare room for a year. They had also come out after the war but were sent to Bathurst Camp before they made their way to Sydney for work. Then adaptation to life in Australia began in earnest with its chapters of striving, education, endless mortgages, successes, tragedies and joys. The Bonegilla years faded into the past but never quite disappeared - nor did the years preceding them. My Polish/Latvian Catholic background developed a heavy Irish Australian overlay and a sense above all of the universality of the Catholic church. For Catholics the entire world is just an international transit camp like Bonegilla ('Here we seek no abiding city...') with everyone looking forward to the next stage of the journey, life in eternity.

As an adult I did manage to meet some of my former neighbours in Bonegilla and I keep coming across people who were there or who know people who were there. There are claims that over a million people can trace their 'ancestry' to Bonegilla - in any case there is a wide network of ex-Bonegillians in Australia. In the ephemeral nature of things the barracks are no longer there apart from one, 'Block 19', which will be preserved as part of a 'Bonegilla Museum'. The site has now been included on the Register of the National Estate and will soon be added to the Victorian Heritage Register for its significance to both migrants and the Australian population generally. Bonegilla migration stories and photos are now being archived. Part of my photo album will end up in a museum.

When these post war DPs first landed in Bonegilla they had a lot to think about as they unpacked their bags and looked at gum trees and possums for the first time. Probably the last thing they would ever think of is that this transit place would attain such historic and iconic significance. Yet, as with Uluru, this has happened. Not only are their journeys more than any individual retelling but Bonegilla has become, in a mysterious way, a symbol of the hopeful journey, that physical and spiritual template so indelibly at the heart of Australian history.



WANDA SKOWRONSKA is a registered psychologist who works as a counsellor in inner city schools in Sydney. She has done voluntary work for the Catholic pro life organisation Human Life International.

Coal and coke and a lively fire

FUN IN HEAVEN

By JAMES MUHREN MHM

FROM young it had been his ambition; his parents' home had been just along the railway line. Five to six times a day a long train would thunder past the house. They got used to the noise. Did not even notice it anymore. But in the young boy's heart there grew a strong desire one day to stand on a gigantic locomotive and to shuffle coal into a blazing fire. And then when the whistle rang, he would release the brakes and the monster would start rolling away and pulling forty carriages over long distances with an ever increasing "to maximum" speed.

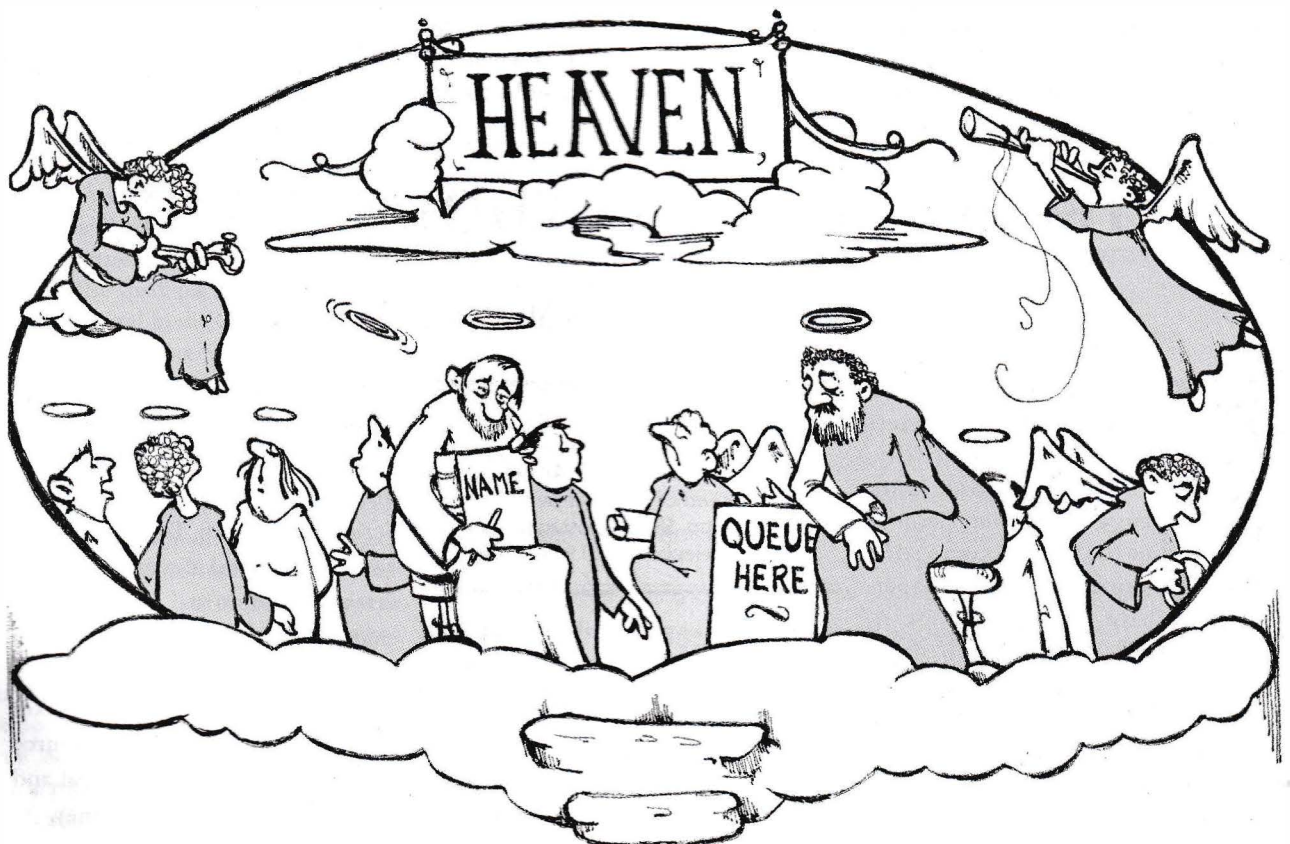
His dream became a reality. He entered the railway school and

became assistant machinist. He worked hard and studied the railway code and all the rules and regulations that were designed for safe traveling. He got his full certificate just two weeks before he happily married Mary, his sweetheart. The Lord blessed them with four healthy children, three boys and one girl. Perhaps because he was often away and then came home with the coal dust still in his ears, not one of the boys wanted to join the railways. Well, anyway the girl married the son of his oldest colleague and so the trains stayed in the family. No steam engines anymore, mind you, and no coal dust, but still a joy to ride on. Yes. His life had been quite satisfying. He had done a good job and thank

God, Mary was now with him in heaven. And so his joy was complete.

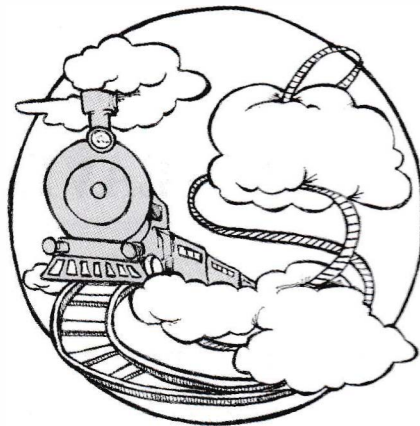
Well, not completely really. You can easily float from cloud to cloud and so visit many friends, but what he really missed was the coal and the coke and the fire. His guardian angel discovering his yearning had suggested that he might arrange for a short trip down-under. He could visit a huge railway replacement incognito, as it were. He might even invisibly ride on a big locomotive. But that was really not what he wanted. He wanted here and now and for all eternity to be the master of the biggest locomotive ever.

So he sought out the archangel Gabriel, patron saint of travellers. For good measure, he had also



contacted Boniface of Fulda who had traveled extensively in Frisia and Germany. They formed a committee with Christopher, patron of motorists as a reliable guide. After all, he had carried the Child Jesus across the stream. After long discussions they decided on a heavenly fun park. The main ingredient in life of the citizens of heaven was happiness. Fun is a cause of happiness. And true happiness is fun.

They decided to co-opt some engineers. Gabriel made a swift trip to the Engineering Paradise, a beautifully crafted cloud not too far away. Amidst many simple and highly complicated structures he met with two eminent engineers, Joseph of Nazareth and Patrick of Knock. Both had been declared patron saints of engineers by the Lord. Joseph because he was far more than just a carpenter, as his Divine Son knew very well. He could still see him hammering on red hot metal, as he made a scythe for one of the farmers in Galilee. Patrick had of course been a man of all trades as he needed to be when he first started to preach in primitive Ireland. Man does not live on bread alone as he well knew, having been only a little bit educated when he himself had arrived on his later field of labour. He had built monasteries and churches and more decent homes for the more



common people. Yes, engineering had been at his fingertips.

The fun park, they decided, would be walled in by a wall of fire, drawn from the eternal love of God. Admittance would be for simple souls only and little angels. Archangels and doctors of the Church could find their amusement somewhere else. The heavenly library was suggested to them. Plenty of books to read there and videos to look at, to enhance their learning. And in the middle of the fun park would be the railway line. A few hundred miles both ways. They decided that the heavenly train would pass over hills and down valleys, encircle beautiful lakes and huge outlook windows would open up all the beauty of God's heavenly creation. The seats would all be

recliners and fitted out with sleeping gear for those who got tired.

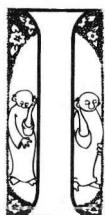
The engineers spent a lot of time on the huge locomotive. It was a modern one of course which ran on powerful steam drawn from nearby clouds. It was the coal stashed on both sides of the engine that drew the needed cloud power effortlessly into the gaping mouth of the locomotive. The coke was only there on standby. The saintly machinists would take turns shuffling some coke into the platform. The mining department had erected several deposits along the way. It was all very efficient. It was great fun when the Holy Innocents – not only those of Herod – but Holy Innocents of all ages, came crowding round and begging for a ride. No tickets were needed. In heaven all fun is free. And there were always enough places. The train would automatically add more carriages if need arose. Yes, in heaven the fire of God's eternal love, the coal of his creative power and to the cokes of man's humble response would all add up to human happiness, the happiness of body and soul, risen like the Lord Jesus to eternal Life.



FATHER JAMES MUHREN is a Mill Hill Missionary who has devoted his life to working among the people of Borneo, principally in the Parish of St Mary in Sibiu. He is now retired and living in Holland.

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Reviewed by FATHER PETER MURPHY, Ph.D.



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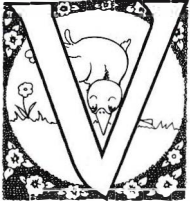
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A victim of dirty tricks, but something short of a martyr

GIULIO ANDREOTTI

By DESMOND O'CRADY



VILLAIN or victim? Giulio Andreotti seems more a victim than villain now that he has finally been absolved from the charges of collusion with the Sicilian Mafia and of ordering the murder of a muckraking journalist. The sentence in the mafia trial said that the seven-times Prime Minister had contacts with the Mafia before 1980, which were beyond the purview of the court, but he has appealed against that charge.

The charge of collusion with the Mafia was like an expression of disapproval of Andreotti's policies rather than an accusation over a criminal act. That was the danger of the other accusation but many could have wanted to kill the journalist and convincing proof was not tabled against Andreotti.

His trials took so long that they crippled his political career. Otherwise he may have been elected President of Italy. They also wrecked any possibility of Andreotti holding together the Christian Democratic Party which ruled Italy, with various partners or none, for over four decades. The small parties deriving from it are now found in the Centre-Right and Centre-Left but it occupied centre-stage.

That became its problem: it occupied centre-stage for so long that it did not renew itself by a spell in Opposition. The attitude was that the Marxist-inspired parties and neo-Fascists had to be kept out of the government until they shed their totalitarian reflexes. This meant that governments had to be composed of parties representing about two-thirds of the electorate in which the Christian Democrats dominated. When the Socialists abandoned Marxism, they were accepted as coalition partners and a reform program was proposed which aimed to undermine Communist support.

But the reforms took too long and the seemingly unbeatable position of the Christian Democrat-Socialist coalition induced smugness which fostered corruption.

Then unforeseen things happened close together: an economic downturn meant people found kickback payments more onerous; crusading magistrates uncovered widespread political-business corruption; and the Berlin Wall fell which meant there was no longer need for the Christian Democrats as a bulwark against Communism.

The Socialists and the Christian Democrats were disgraced by the corruption investigations but Andreotti, who lives frugally, was not involved. He was hit, however, by the graver Mafia-murder charges which completed the discreditation of his party.

It floored Andreotti whose political career had been built on shrewd calculation of possibilities. He foresaw everything but these accusations.

Andreotti began his career under the wing of Alcide De Gasperi, the Christian Democrat Prime Minister in the early post-war years when it seemed that Italy

might be absorbed into the Communist sphere like Czechoslovakia. De Gasperi found refuge in the Vatican during the war and worked in its library. When researching a thesis on the navy of the papal States, Andreotti met De Gasperi in the library. Andreotti entered parliament in 1948 and has been there ever since as Minister many times and now as life Senator.

He was one of the many Christian Democrat leaders influenced by the chaplain of the Catholic university students, Giovanni Battista Montini, the future Pope Paul VI. They were to form a new governing class which was to introduce a Christian politics. Two of the Christian Democrat leaders, De Gasperi and Giorgio La Pira who became mayor of Florence, are now being considered for sainthood.

In the early post-war years, the Christian Democrats were split between two groups. One group looked to Giuseppe Dossetti (later he became a priest and secretary of Cardinal Giacomo Lercaro at the Vatican Council where he [Dossetti] was influential) who wanted a radically different Italy to be built in

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collaboration with the Communists. The other group looked to De Gaspari who felt continuity was needed and Italy should be part of NATO and the Atlantic Alliance.

Andreotti turned out to be a consummate parliamentarian, seeing before others the only point of convergence of diverse approaches. Because of long service, he became identified with the Christian Democrats but he was never the Party Secretary and never had a big faction within the Party. His strength lay rather in building alliances with other parties.

His weakness, however, was in not conveying a vision, in being so close to the nitty-gritty that he did not rise above it. Recently he said that he should have resigned when abortion was introduced when he was Prime Minister.

Among countless prolix politicians Andreotti stands out for his dry wit. But one of his disillusioned comments 'to think badly of a person is a sin but is usually spot-on' could have been turned against him during his trials. He barracks for Rome soccer club and is a keen racegoer which contribute to his popularity. He participates frequently in television talk shows. He rises early and works like the devil: he has written many books, some good, some which seem dictated, of history, of profiles of contemporaries, and even fiction.

What tripped him up near the finishing line of a long career? There are suggestions that the United States, once the Communists were no longer consid-



ALL these historians – and I could mention others closer to strictly juristic research, such as the historian of Greek federalism, J. A. O. Larsen – are indicative of our time because they combine feeling for institutions with a sense of the individual, and they avoid arbitrary conjectures. Quite the contrary are those historians, so well known that I need not give their names, who, being unable to control their own fertile – often ingenious – imaginations by the study of institutions, linguistic usage, historiographic conventions, lapse continually into the arbitrary.

– Arnaldo Momigliano, *Studies in Historiography*, Harper Torchbooks, New York, 1966.



THE Gauls introduced trousers into Italy, and the Germans brought furs. But for the most part the Romans dressed in a coloured *tunica*, over which citizens of rank wore the white toga, with sandals or military boots which invariably left the toes bare. They were therefore obliged to wash their feet several times a day – an almost sacred ritual.

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

ered a threat, wanted to get rid of the Christian Democrats and were behind the accusations against Andreotti. The internal explanation is that he was hit with the Mafia charges because of a vendetta by some disgruntled Sicilian members of his own Party.

One effect of the trials of Andreotti is that he has become more popular with both the Right and the Left: the Right because its adherents claim he was attacked by the draconian leftwing magistrates and the Left because they contrast Andreotti's willingness to undergo trial with the refusal of Prime Minister Silvio Berlusconi to do so.

The sympathy for Andreotti, who received strong support from top Vatican figures when under accusation, has prevented a sober analysis of his career which, of course, is entwined with that of the Christian Democrats. The Christian Democrats indicated a path different both from that of the Communists and capitalist-linked Rightist parties. In De Gaspari's phrase, it was a 'centrist party looking Left'. It had a huge allied Trade Union movement and was a model for Christian Democrat parties in Latin America and elsewhere. It enabled political representation, for the first time, for Italy's Catholic majority. Many regret its passing because it had an ability to mediate which the present government lacks.

Some Catholic ginger groups asked what was the point of the Christian Democrats if, during its hey days, divorce and abortion were introduced. It did not play single issue politics but chose the democratic method and its long reign coincided with Italy's development from a predominantly agricultural nation badly damaged by World War II to the world's seventh industrial power.

However Christian Democrat politicians ignored the fact that Italy was menaced not only by Communism but also by growing mindless hedonism.

Andreotti is an intriguing figure but his career shows that, like many of his colleagues, he was surrounded by murky figures. And during his last spells as Prime Minister, Italy had receded to a disastrous financial situation.

He was the victim of some dirty tricks but is something short of a martyr.

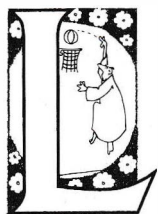


DESMOND O'GRADY is a Rome-based Australian freelance writer.

Whatever Happened ... to the Apostles?

3. ST. JOHN THE BELOVED DISCIPLE

This is the third 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.'



LAST month [Annals 2004/5] we wrote of St James, the son of Zebadee who with his brother St John was first called by our Lord as they were in their boat overhauling their nets. They immediately left their father Zebadee in the

boat with the hired men, and went off and followed Jesus.

Though these two brothers, along with most of the Apostles and disciples were from Galilee – after the day of Pentecost, certain of the crowd exclaimed ‘aren’t all these people who are speaking, Galileans?’¹ – we know from St Luke that the first organ-

ised Christian community after the death and resurrection of Jesus, was in Jerusalem, not in Galilee.

The Twelve, whose authority no one questioned because it was derived from Jesus himself, made Jerusalem their base. This was a dangerous decision granted the tensions that had led to the crucifixion of Jesus, and persisted afterwards, but it was one demanded by their mission to proclaim Jesus as the Messiah to their fellow-Judaeans.

They visited the Temple regularly,² and seemed to have conformed in every way to the regulations of the Law, differing from their fellow Judaeans only in that they taught that the crucified Jesus had truly risen from the dead, and proved himself to be the long-awaited Messiah.

Among the Twelve St Peter takes the lead on every occasion, is spokesman for the others and ‘occupies a position of undisputed pre-eminence.’³

St John, brother of James, the son of Zebadee, is singled out by name as being second only to St Peter in influence and authority.⁴

Along with his brother James, and Peter, John belonged to that special group of friends of Jesus who were present at the raising of Jairus’s daughter,⁵ the Transfiguration on Mt Tabor,⁶ and our Lord’s Agony in the garden of Gethsemini.⁷

He was present when John the Baptist pointed Jesus out as ‘the Lamb of God.’⁸

He was ‘the beloved disciple’ who at the last supper was asked by Peter to find out from Jesus who was going to betray him.⁹

He was acquainted with the High Priest and went with Jesus, accompanied by Peter, to the house of Caiphias after Jesus was arrested in the Garden.¹⁰

Public school discipline

‘**A**T a public school,’ he wrote, ‘every boy is alternately tyrant and slave. The power which the elder part of these communities exercises over the younger, is exceedingly great – very difficult to be controlled – and accompanied, not unfrequently, with cruelty and caprice. ... Now this system we cannot help considering as an evil – because it inflicts upon boys, for two or three years of their lives, many painful hardships, and much unpleasant servitude. These sufferings might perhaps be of some use in military schools; but to give to a boy the habit of enduring privations to which he will never again be called upon to submit – to inure him to pains which he will never again feel – and to subject him to the privation of comforts with which he will always

in future abound – is surely not a very useful and valuable severity in education. It is not the life in miniature which he is to lead hereafter – nor does it bear any relation to it: he will never again be subjected to so much insolence and caprice; nor ever, in all human probability, called upon to make so many sacrifices. ... Such a system makes many boys very miserable, and produces those bad effects upon the temper and disposition which unjust suffering always does produce. ... The morality of boys is generally very imperfect; their notions of honour extremely mistaken; and their objects of ambition frequently very absurd. The probability then is that the kind of discipline they exercise over each other will produce (when left to itself) a great deal of mischief.



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

He was the one at the foot of the cross to whom Jesus confided his mother.¹¹

He ran with Peter to the tomb after Mary Magdalen told them that Jesus had risen from the dead.¹²

He was the first to recognize Jesus when he appeared by the lakeside¹³ after the resurrection.

Along with the other eleven Apostles he was would remained 12 years in Jerusalem before going forth on a wider mission to the gentiles. This tradition is described by Adolf von Harnack, the nineteenth century

**'I am
not issuing
orders to you
as though I were
a Peter
or Paul;
they were Apostles ...**

**- St Ignatius of Antioch, [35-107 AD]
Letter to the Romans 3,1ff.**

German Protestant historian as 'very old and well-attested'.¹⁴ Appolonius of Tyana [died 98 AD] is described by St Jerome [345-420 AD] as 'having learnt it from the ancients',¹⁵ and Clement of Alexandria [150-215 AD] refers¹⁶ to it.

One day during those twelve years,¹⁷ around three in the afternoon, John was with Peter on their way to the Temple, when Peter cured the cripple who used to lie at the 'Beautiful Gate' and beg from the passers-by.

John was then arrested with Peter, and arraigned before the Sanhedrin¹⁸ the next day, and released.

He accompanied Peter to Samaria to bestow the gifts of the Holy Spirit on the new converts there.¹⁹

John was at the Council of Jerusalem, along with Peter and James, and is described by St Paul²⁰ as one of the 'pillars of our [Christian] community'.

We don't know when St John left Jerusalem and Palestine, but Catholic tradition is unanimous in affirming that he went to Ephesus and stayed there into extreme old age.

He seems to have been exiled to the Island of Patmos during the persecution of Domitian in 94 or 95 AD

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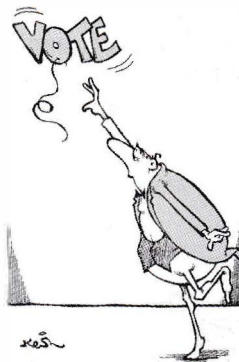
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THE author is deeply interested in what he fittingly calls the "floating vote", which is the nightmare of politicians in every election campaign. He suggests that, if the political parties were more expert, they should be able to capture this floating vote and use it for their own political purposes. But, for my part, I trust it will always remain the riddle that it is. For I am a democrat, and I believe that this perplexing, vexatious vote is and should remain the safety valve of democracy.

- Dr Daniel Mannix, [1864-1963]
Archbishop of Melbourne, in his
introduction to *Democracy in Australia*, by
James Murtagh, 1946.

- where he wrote the Apocalypse. Tertullian [160-225 AD] refers to a tradition²¹ that in the time of Domitian he was thrown into a cauldron of boiling oil 'in front of the Latin Gate' i.e. the Gate that led south towards Latium. He emerged unscathed, and was then exiled.

He returned to Ephesus, under the emperor Nerva [96-98 AD] where he wrote his Gospel and his three epistles.

He died in Ephesus and was buried there.

John the Presbyter

Eusebius the bishop of Caesarea [260-340 AD] quotes Papias [60 - 130 AD] the bishop of Hierapolis in Asia Minor²² in support of the tradition that there had been at Ephesus a 'disciple' called John 'the Presbyter,' i.e. 'the Elder,' apart from John the Apostle, the son of Zebadee whom we have been discussing up to this point.

Eusebius mentions that there were 'even to this day,' i.e. around 303 AD, two tombs in Ephesus 'and that both are called John's,' and adds, 'it is very possible that the Apocalypse, attributed to John, was revealed to this second, if not to the first John.'

Basing himself on Papias, Eusebius then distinguishes 'John' the Apostle, from 'John' who was a non-Apostolic witness, and was not an eye-witness to the events he describes.

Eusebius's comment, and his reference to Papias led some nineteenth century non-Catholic commentators to suggest that the Fourth Gospel, the letters of John and the Apocalypse were the work of this 'other' John, about whom we know nothing beyond his nickname 'the Presbyter'.

Justin Martyr, [100-165] on the other hand, who was a contemporary of Papias, along with Irenaeus of Lyons [130-200 AD] and Polycrates bishop of Ephesus [c.160] all attribute the Apocalypse to John the son of Zebadee.

It is curious that Papias alone of all the early Fathers mentions this 'other' John called the 'Presbyter'. Polycarp, [69-155 AD] who 'knew John the Apostle,' and who was bishop of Smyrna [now called Izmir] who was his contemporary and who lived next door [literally, in the next suburb]

to St John, knew nothing of another John called the 'Presbyter'.

Papias, on the other hand lived many days arduous journey away, in Hierapolis, at that time in Roman Syria, but today in Turkey and called Pamukkale, in a region of exquisite beauty. He appears to have relied on secondary sources for his information, and to have deduced from the two titles of John, 'Apostle' and 'Presbyter,' that there were two Johns.

St Peter was also called 'a Presbyter,'²³ and the common view of Catholic tradition is that 'the Presbyter' was a term used in Ephesus to describe St John the Apostle, the son of Zebadee. There would certainly have been people alive when Papias was writing who would have known John the Apostle, and have been familiar with his writings, and would have known if he were not the author of the writings ascribed to him.

The Feastday of St John, son of Zebadee, is December 27. It was customary in the Middle Ages for friends to send blessed wine to one another on this day. This custom seems to have arisen from a legend about St John being given poisoned wine to drink, and after blessing it with the sign of the cross, he drank it unhurt.²⁴ This is a custom that could well be revived. I, for one, would be happy to bless the wine to be sent to friends, especially those named 'John,' on the Feast of the Beloved Disciple.



1. Acts 2.7.
 2. Acts 2,46; 3,1;5,12,25,42.
 3. Rev. George Edmundson, *The Church of Rome in the First Four Centuries*, Longmans Green and Co., London, 1913, p.35.
 4. Acts 3,1; 4,13; 8,14; 21,20-24.
 5. Mark 5,37.
 6. Matthew 17,1.
 7. *ibid* 26,37.
 8. John 1,35-40
 9. *ibid* 13, 23-26.
 10. *ibid* 18,12-18.
 11. *ibid* 19,26
 12. *ibid* 20,2-8.
 13. *ibid* 21,7.
 14. *Const. and Law of the Church*, p.31.
 15. *De Viris Illustribus*
 16. Stromateis, book 6,5.
 17. Acts 3,1-11.
 18. *ibid* 4, 1-22.
 19. *ibid* 8, 14.
 20. Galatians 2, 9.
 21. *De Praescriptione Haereticorum*, 36. Patres Latini, Migne, t.ii, col.49.
 22. *Historia Ecclesiastica*, Book 3, chapter 39.
 23. 1 Peter, 5,1. For a closely reasoned argument in favour of St John the Apostle, the son of Zebadee's being the author of the Fourth Gospel, the letters and the Apocalypse, see *Saint Jean* in the *Dictionnaire de Theologie Catholique*, Paris, 1924, vol. viii/1, cols. 547ff.
 24. See William Smith and Samuel Cheerham, *A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, vol.1, *John the Evangelist, Festive of*.



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A.C.L.U. FINDS POT OF GOLD AT THE FOOT OF THE CROSS

By PHYLLIS SCHLAFLY



LOS Angeles County Supervisors decided to turn tail and run rather than fight a lawsuit threatened by the American Civil Liberties Union.

Why such weak-kneed response? Because lawyers for the county ominously warned that the county might lose the case and have to pay the ACLU's attorney's fees.

The ACLU is demanding that the county remove a tiny cross from its seal, one of nearly a dozen symbols it portrays. One need only look at the seal to see just how ridiculous is the ACLU's demand.

A third of the seal and the centerpiece is the Greek goddess Pomona standing on the shore of the Pacific Ocean. The ACLU doesn't object to her; portrayals of pagan goddesses are OK.

Six side sections of the seal depict historical motifs: the Spanish galleon San Salvador, a tuna fish, a cow, the Hollywood Bowl, two stars representing the movie and television industries, oil derricks and a couple of engineering instruments that signify industrial construction and space exploration. The cross is so tiny that it doesn't even have its own section and consumes maybe 2 percent of the seal's space.

Removing the cross is a blatant attempt to erase history, to drop it down the 'memory hole' as George Orwell would say. It is just as reasonable to recognize the historical fact that California was settled by Christians who built missions all over the state as it is to honor the Spanish ship, the San Salvador, which sailed into San Pedro Harbor on Oct. 8, 1542.

The reason that the Los Angeles County seal is such a big deal is not because it is a violation of the First Amendment. It is because there is a pot

of gold hidden under it attracting the ACLU like honey attracts bees.

A little-known 1976 federal law called the Civil Rights Attorney's Fees Awards Act enables the ACLU to collect attorneys' fees for its suits against crosses, the Pledge of Allegiance, and the Ten Commandments.

This law was designed to help plaintiffs in civil rights cases. But the ACLU is using it for First Amendment cases, asserting that it is a civil right NOT to see a cross or the Ten Commandments.

The financial lure created by this law is the engine that drives dozens of similar cases nationwide. Every state, county, city, public park or school that has a cross, a Ten Commandments monument, or recites the Pledge of Allegiance, has become a target for ACLU fundraising.

There are thousands of Ten Commandments plaques or monuments all over the country, and lawsuits to remove them have popped up in more than a dozen states. In Utah, the ACLU even announced a scavenger hunt with a prize for anyone who could find another Ten Commandments monument that the ACLU could persuade an activist judge to remove.

The most famous Ten Commandments monument case is the one in the State Judicial Building in Montgomery, Ala., installed by former Chief Justice Roy Moore and ordered removed by a Carter-appointed federal judge. As their reward for winning its removal, the ACLU, Americans United for Separation of Church and State and the Southern Poverty Law Center collected \$540,000

in attorney's fees and expenses from Alabama taxpayers.

Kentucky taxpayers have handed over \$121,500 to pay the ACLU for its action against the Ten Commandments display outside its state capitol. Taxpayers in one Tennessee county had to pay \$50,000 to the ACLU for the same 'offense.'

The ACLU profited enormously, collecting \$790,000 in legal fees, plus \$160,000 in court costs, as a result of its suit to deny the Boy Scouts of America the use of San Diego's Balboa Park for a summer camp, a city facility the Scouts had used since 1915. The ACLU argued that the Boy Scouts must be designated a 'religious organization' because it refuses to accept homosexual scoutmasters, and because the Scouts use an oath 'to do my duty to God and my country.'

In northern Minnesota, the Duluth city council voted 5-4 to acquiesce to the ACLU's demand to remove a Ten Commandments monument from public property because the city couldn't afford to pay the legal costs of defending the monument, plus the ACLU's legal fees. Redlands, Calif., likewise backed down after the ACLU threatened a lawsuit to force removal of a cross from part of the city logo.

Similar lawsuits could challenge 'under God' in the Pledge of Allegiance, since the U.S. Supreme Court ducked deciding the issue June 14 in the Michael Newdow case. There are 16,000 public school districts that could become targets of lawsuits to ban the pledge.

Rep. John N. Hostettler, R-Ind., has introduced H.R. 3609 to end this racket by amending the federal law that makes it possible. Most lawsuits do not award attorney's fees to the winner, and the law should not give a financial incentive to those suing to stop our acknowledgment of God, or to continue a practice or a symbol that the U.S. people have approved for decades.



'What brings joy to a clear, shining mind, causes pain to a mind that is corrupted.'
- Pope St Leo the Great [Pope 440-461AD]

A guided tour through the British Monarchy in the 20th century

THE FOLDS OF THE MONARCHY

Reviewed by R. J. STOVE



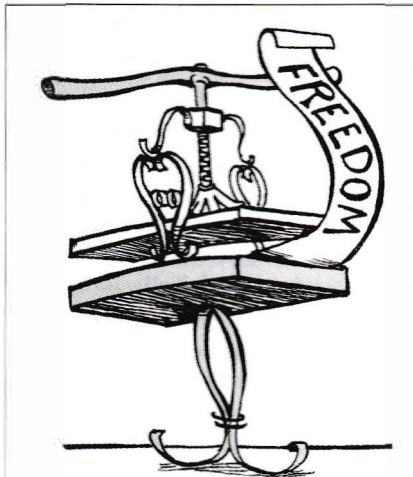
CHARLES Douglas-Home, who died in 1985 aged only 48, made an improbable historian and a still more improbable chronicler of king-

ship. For his main achievement had consisted of being, during his last three years, *The Times*' editor: in other words, the protégé of Rupert Murdoch, and thus bearing *ex officio* the same relationship to serious intellectual endeavour which the late Myra Hindley bore to child protection. (He is widely credited with – and he certainly never denied – screaming down the phone to his predecessor Harold Evans the authentically Murdochian promise: 'You little ... I'll come in there and wring your neck?') This fact makes it all the more astonishing that *Dignified and Efficient* should be a valuable, scholarly and elegant piece of work, one well worth retrieving. Douglas-Home finished only two-thirds of his intended project, dying before he could discuss post-1945 Britain; Saul Kelly has brought the tale up to the late 1990s.

Probably the best part of Douglas-Home's guided tour is the first part, which treats Edward VII's role in domestic and, above all, European policy. Through cool provision of primary source material, Douglas-Home dismantles the myth – perpetuated by historians J. A. Thompson, Arthur Mejia and John Cannon – of Edward as a marionette with successive Foreign Secretaries pulling the strings. (Cannon actually likened Edward to 'a retarded schoolboy'.) This was not how contemporaries interpreted his diplomatic manoeuvres. Both as Prince of Wales and as King he did, after all, charm even such tough French republicans as Léon Gambetta, Paul Cambon and Raymond Poincaré (to say nothing of the compa-

Dignified and Efficient: The British Monarchy in the Twentieth Century
Charles Douglas-Home and Saul Kelly
Claridge Press, 242pp
Available from News Weekly Books

rably outspoken Liberal Sir William Harcourt at home). And this despite his total absence of great intellectual powers, or even a talent for sustained concentration. The summary by Edward's Private Secretary Lord Esher remains, as Douglas-Home confirms, a valid one: 'He [Edward] had one supreme gift, and this was his unerring judgement of men and women.'



SCHUMPETER makes the point that prior to the Enlightenment intellectuals were few in number and dependent upon the support of the Church or some great patron. What freed them was the invention of the printing press and the rise of the bourgeoisie, which enabled intellectuals to find support from a new patron, the mass audience.

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

Douglas-Home's coverage of George V is necessarily less vivid, partly because of this sovereign's more introverted temperament – he preferred stamp-collecting to his father's round of yachting and womanising – yet partly because the exigencies of 1914-18 pushed him even more completely into the background than they did his fellow monarchs in Berlin and Vienna. Kaiser Wilhelm once complained, 'The General Staff tells me nothing ... I drink tea, chop wood and take walks, and from time to time I hear that this and that has been done.' George V could have used the same words: especially after the enforced wartime royal surname change from Saxe-Coburg-Gotha to Windsor announced his impotence against blind populist chauvinism.

The pity is that whenever given a chance, George showed substantial foresight. He distrusted Admiral Sir John Fisher's paranoia from the first; cordially loathed having to drop H. H. Asquith as Prime Minister in favour of the amoral Lloyd George (to whom he later somewhat warmed); reprimanded, on occasion, such Gradgrind-like pseudo-Conservative oafs as Lord Derby; behaved not just with fairness, but with a generous spirit, towards Ramsay Macdonald; and did what little he could, compatible with royal dignity, to win over De Valera after the Black and Tan excesses.

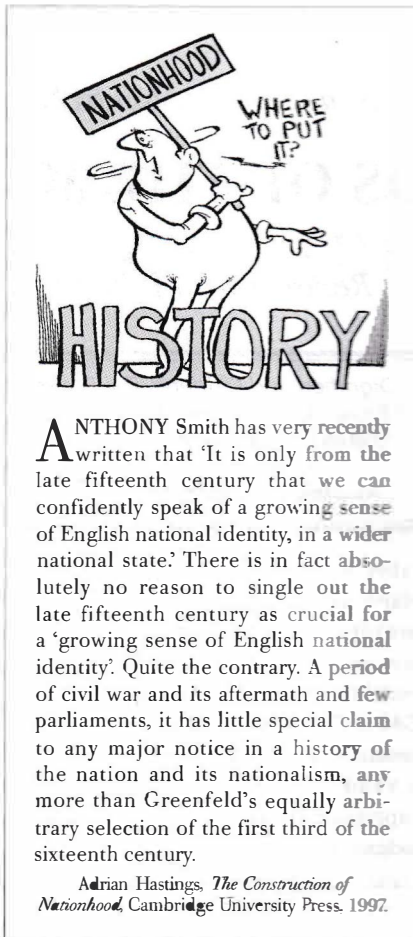
From these events emerges a pattern of lasting shrewdness that his eldest son notoriously failed to inherit. 'After I am dead,' George V prophesied with chilling accuracy, 'that boy [Edward VIII] will ruin himself in 12 months.' Neither Douglas-Home nor any other writer has fully conveyed the allure which 'that boy' must have possessed. How else but with such allure could he have turned Lloyd George, Churchill, H. G. Wells, and Oswald Mosley (united on no other topic) into passionate

admirers? And how much, or how little, responsibility for the ultimate 1936 disaster must Wallis Simpson bear? This question's definitive answer has eluded Douglas-Home, as it has eluded all previous commentators. The notion of the ex-King as slaving apologist for Hitler bears little relation to the facts Douglas-Home marshals. Nevertheless, Douglas-Home admits the tenacity with which Ribbentrop, among other leading Nazis, believed (with limited justification) in the Duke of Windsor's geopolitical usefulness.

So much has long been reasonably familiar fare to students of modern Britain; but George VI's political role is much less well recognised. On April 2, 2002 a certain *Sydney Morning Herald* hack – amid his characteristic occupation of lying in the gutter without the faintest ability to look at the stars – called George VI 'a real live Bertie Wooster character out of a P.G. Woodhouse [*sic*] novel'. Presumably this hack had either never condescended to learn of, or deliberately chose to suppress, the incidents Douglas-Home recounts here: all of them (save perhaps the King's initial hope – indiscreet but, in 1940, comprehensible – of having Lord Halifax as PM instead of Churchill) to the King's credit.

Well before D-Day, George VI realised – partly through being able to talk to De Gaulle in French, a skill not conspicuous in the American high command – that 'Mon général' was, like him or not, the Frenchman of the future. This at a time when Roosevelt and Eisenhower retained their bizarre belief in the eternal charismatic powers of that bumptious turncoat Admiral Darlan and of that amiable back-number General Giraud. The King also voiced alarm about Yalta, which is not only more than most of the general public did, but much more than FDR (by 1945 wholly senile) ever bothered doing. He revealed a pre-Hiroshima knowledge of the atomic bomb which compared very favourably to the ignorant scepticism of America's Admiral Leahy, who denied that it could ever work.

So much has 'changed, changed utterly' since George VI's death in 1952 that it comes as a shock to be reminded how short his lifespan was. Today even well-informed people commonly think of him as an old man, when in fact he



ANTHONY Smith has very recently written that 'It is only from the late fifteenth century that we can confidently speak of a growing sense of English national identity, in a wider national state.' There is in fact absolutely no reason to single out the late fifteenth century as crucial for a 'growing sense of English national identity'. Quite the contrary. A period of civil war and its aftermath and few parliaments, it has little special claim to any major notice in a history of the nation and its nationalism, any more than Greenfeld's equally arbitrary selection of the first third of the sixteenth century.

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

perished at only 56. Given another two decades on the throne, he would still have been younger than his daughter is now.

Disappointing after the book's earlier chapters is its treatment of the present Queen's reign. Saul Kelly is right to remind us of how Buckingham Palace held all the cards, in terms of public culture, as late as the early 1960s. When one Lord Altrincham delivered himself of public diatribes against his 'priggish schoolgirl' sovereign, a League of Empire Loyalists member publicly smacked his face. Muggerridge lost his BBC job because of his peevish republican prose in 1957, which he had deliberately timed to coincide with a royal tour of America. (A. L. Rowse – admittedly not always the most scrupulous guide – on this occasion correctly called Muggerridge 'that skunk'.) Even in 1977 a Labour Government could, and did, prevent the Sex Pistols' masterpiece *God Save The Queen And Her Fascist Regime* from sullyng BBC airwaves.

By the time Prince Charles' marriage ended there had, of course, occurred the little matter of Britain's cultural

revolution. Helped along, it must be said, by the Queen's own catastrophically misguided signings into law of – wholly fictive – 'rights' to abortion and homosexual intercourse. The full moral impact of these shameful actions (with which Dr Salazar bitterly reproached her at the time) has been so comprehensively recounted by British priest Fr Edward Black, in the May 1993 issue of *Catholic*, that no further comment is needed – or indeed possible – here. Nonetheless, *Dignified and Efficient* entirely ignores the issue. It is equally silent on one crucial factor which saddled us with Princess Diana in the first place: the howls of well orchestrated fury (from Norman Tebbit and his fellow members of the Paisleyite political underclass) at the possibility of Prince Charles taking a Catholic bride. Not for the first time in Britain's annals, the influence-peddling of what the late historian Sir Charles Petrie bluntly called 'public-house Protestantism' took precedence over the most basic national self-interest. (Curiously Sir Charles, whose histories of monarchism are indispensable to the serious student, receives no mention in this book.)

Kelly is better when it comes to describing that apparently endless nightmare of post-colonial grandstanding, the Commonwealth – of which Elizabeth II has been so regrettably determined an upholder – but refuses to examine even this too keenly, no doubt through justified terror of Whitehall's 'anti-racist' thought-police. As for the ever more obvious similarity between the Queen's role apropos Blair and Hindenburg's role apropos Hitler, that surely deserves an article (or, rather, a book) to itself.

Dignified and Efficient, therefore, finishes much less impressively than it starts. Its numerous typographical errors – 'apostacy', 'the worse news' where the context clearly requires 'the worst news', 'George V' in a footnote where the context equally clearly requires 'George VI, and, alas, so on – also irk. Still, however flawed, it contains in its earlier portions enough genuine scholarly meat to make for numerous satisfying meals.



R.J. STOVE is a well-known contributor to Australian literary and political journals. He is the author of *The Unsleping Eye: A Brief History of Secret Police and Their Victims* (Duffy & Snellgrove, 2002). Amid his other activities he is currently researching a book on the history of royal impersonators.

In training for the Heavenly Olympics

TWO ROADS DIVERGED IN A WOOD ...

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



F all the regulars in the 8.05 lead carriage out of Cronulla, none had derived more enjoyment from Joe Meagher than the two accountants, Richard Gleason and John Cash. Enjoyment – and confirmation. In their generation they stood out against the tide as committed Catholics. The rollicking Joseph Meagher functioned (for them) like a smiling sacrament, a reminder of how fortunate they were.

The two young men had been missing for a month. They had asked Joe to put in a prayer for them because they would be engaged on a ‘stu-vac’ leading in to their ‘finals’. Rather more than a month had passed before Joe saw Richard striding towards him, the young man’s body language as indicative as the words that followed.

‘Mr. Meagher, I made it. Passed. Accepted into the Fellowship of *The Australian Association of Actuaries*. How’s that?’

A world of warmth came across in Joe’s simple: ‘Congratulations. And John? John Cash?’

‘John, too. We had told each other that, outside the family, we would like you to be the first to know. But

John entrusted the pleasure to me because he is in overdrive right now.’ Richard made an elaborate gesture of consulting his watch: ‘In just twenty-eight hours he will be standing in St. Declan’s, Penshurst, nervously awaiting the arrival of the bride.’

The eyes of the white-haired patriarch dilated. ‘You mean to say he is going to commit matrimony? Your news grows wonderfuller and wonderfuller.’ Then, with a roguish look at his companion: ‘And Richard Gleason’s prospects?’

‘My prospects? Next March I will enter the seminary.’

At that moment there was, in Joe’s whole manner, instant warmth, wonder, reverence, respect. The 8.05 had pulled into the station. Joe took his young friend by the hand, led him into the compartment, sat him down in the place beside himself. His opening words were as unpredictable as ever.

‘We had a son named Richard. Our youngest. He sauntered into our living room one evening when my wife and I were there together, and he said quite casually: “Think I’ll be a priest. Okay?”’ What a beautiful bombshell. The ugly bomb exploded a few months later. A brain tumour. He died at eighteen.’

Joe suddenly realised he was still holding the other’s hand, gave it a squeeze and released it. Then, still the unpredictable one, he turned Devil’s Advocate.

‘Priests are currently getting a poor press.’

Richard nodded. ‘Yes. The word you did not use is paedophilia. The public’s reaction ... the Catholic’s reaction ... has varied from disbelief to bewilderment to dismay to disappointment to disgust ...’ He went on:

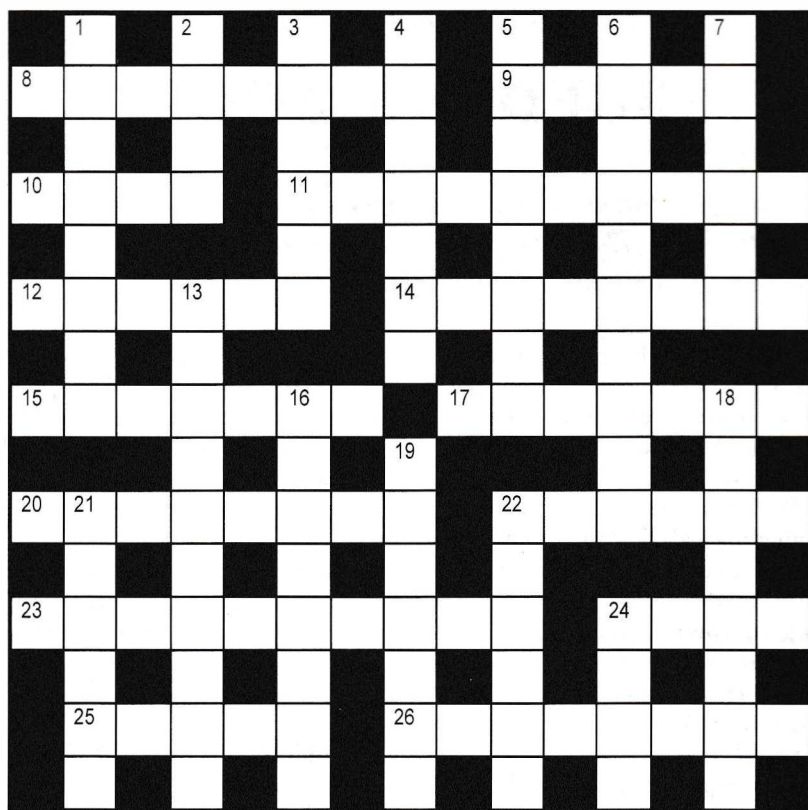
‘I suppose I’m lucky. You see, I belong to what you might call a priest-ridden family: religious vocations on both Mum and Dad’s side. Our uncles would show up unannounced at any time, sometimes with a brace of clerical cronies. The Gleason house didn’t really look like the Gleason house without a couple of Roman collars on the hat-rack.

‘As I say, I was lucky. I knew what priests were like *on their day off*. Great human beings ... with foibles. They seldom talked shop. But when the child-abuse stuff hit the fan, they would sometimes make a comment. Then awkward silence. And pain. Such pain.

‘It didn’t take the wisdom of Solomon to work out: these were the real priests. *They* represented the



ANNALS CROSSWORD No. 24



ACROSS CLUES

8. An unmarried man (8)
9. A belief, opinion or dogma (5)
10. Stern; severe (4)
11. Eleemosynary (10)
12. Covets (6)
14. Eerily evocative (8)
15. Anchorites (7)
17. Unblemished; excellent in all respects (7)
20. My fault (Latin) (3,5)
22. French saint; bishop of Poitiers; feast day 13th Jan (6)
23. A Jesuit cardinal and friend of Galileo; first name Robert (10)
24. The first murderer (4)
25. Language of ancient Rome (5)
26. A person or thing to be copied or imitated; model (8)

DOWN CLUES

1. Patron saint of cooks; feast day 10th Aug (8)
2. Eldest son of Noah (4)
3. Groups of people under pastoral care (6)
4. Garlands of flowers left on graves (7)
5. Frame of mind; posture (8)
6. Not true to a promise; treacherous (10)

7. Taken by theft (6)
13. Free of sin or corruption (10)
16. Broad-minded; permissive (8)
18. Member of Sacred College that elects a Pope (8)
19. Name of sea into which the Jordan flows (7)
21. Equally (6)
22. Payed close attention to (6)
24. A long ceremonial cloak; manage (4)

SOLUTION TO NO. 23



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Richard gave his companion a sharp look, then smiled. This was precisely the type of provocative statement he and John Cash would occasionally serve up in order to get Joe going. Richard was quite happy to be drawn out on the proposed topic.

‘The thought of marriage appeals very much. And I would dearly love children of my own. But -’

Joe interrupted. ‘If I were your bishop (now, there’s an interesting thought), and if you presented yourself to me for priesthood and if you said, “I’m not interested in marriage,” I’d tell you: “God bless you, my son. Get lost.” But I butted in at the wrong time, Richard. You said *but*?’

‘But ... Well ... All right, here goes. There’s something in the Bible about David, long before he became king. It was when he led a kind of mercenary army, I think. The war was not going well for him. He was holed up in a cave near Bethlehem: Bethlehem, where he had been born; Bethlehem, which was held by the Philistines. And David was depressed. He looked out on a familiar scene and I suppose nostalgia took over and he said: “Would that some man would bring me to drink of the water from the well by the gate into Bethlehem.” David obviously inspired incredible loyalty in his men. Three of his captains quietly slipped away, broke through the Philistine lines, drew water, returned safely and offered their prize to David.’ (Joe caught the excitement mounting in the other.) ‘And David said: “God forbid that I should drink it, for at risk of their lives was this brought to me.” And he poured the water on the ground as a libation to Yahweh.’

Richard looked self-conscious, but the earnestness remained. ‘The water is the precious gift of marriage. For me, it is an offering to Yahweh. Have I made sense?’

Joe wore one of his more blissful expressions: eyes half-closed; smile that would require delicate surgery to remove. He murmured:

*Two roads diverged in a wood, and I -
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.*

‘You make beautiful sense, young friend. My prayer goes with you.’



hundreds and thousands who never hit the headlines because they were faithful ... and they loved Jesus and were ready to do their damndest for Him. I’ve looked at them in their oddity and gruffness ... and goodness ... and I told myself: “I would be proud to be of their company”?

Joe nodded. He weighed up Richard’s reply to his implied question and awarded him eleven out of ten. Satisfied, the Devil’s Advocate trundled down his second delivery.

‘Of course, the priest’s lot will be easier when the requirement of celibacy is dropped.’

Little progress on World Disarmament

ARMS SPENDING FUELED BY IRAQ CONFLICT



THE Stockholm International Peace Research Institute this week published its annual study on armaments, disarmament and security issues in the world. The SIPRI Yearbook 2004 observed that the U.S.-led military action against Iraq starting in March 2003 was the dominant security issue of last year. The occupation both displayed the 'unique strength' possessed by the United States, as well as revealing the limitations of military power, in SIPRI's opinion.

According to the yearbook, world military spending in 2003 increased by about 11% in real terms. 'A remarkable rate of increase,' it commented, coming after the 6.5% rise a year earlier. Spending in 2003 reached \$956 billion. The main factor behind the increase is the U.S. reaction to the terrorist threat and its action in Iraq. The United States counts for almost half of the world total of military spending.

Military expenditure is also rising in several other major countries, but the increases are smaller. India and Japan have increased spending, roughly in line with their gross domestic product growth. China has also increased its military spending.

The study observes that the overwhelming share of the production of military goods and services takes place in China, Europe, Russia and the United States. Along with a continuing concentration of firms in the arms industry due to company takeovers, SIPRI notes that the traditional arms industry is moving into a new range of security products, in a gray zone between the military and commercial sectors.

The international arms trade has also increased in the last year, with Russia and the United States remaining as the major suppliers. Their major arms

importers last year were China, India, Taiwan, Egypt, the United Kingdom, Greece, Turkey and Japan.

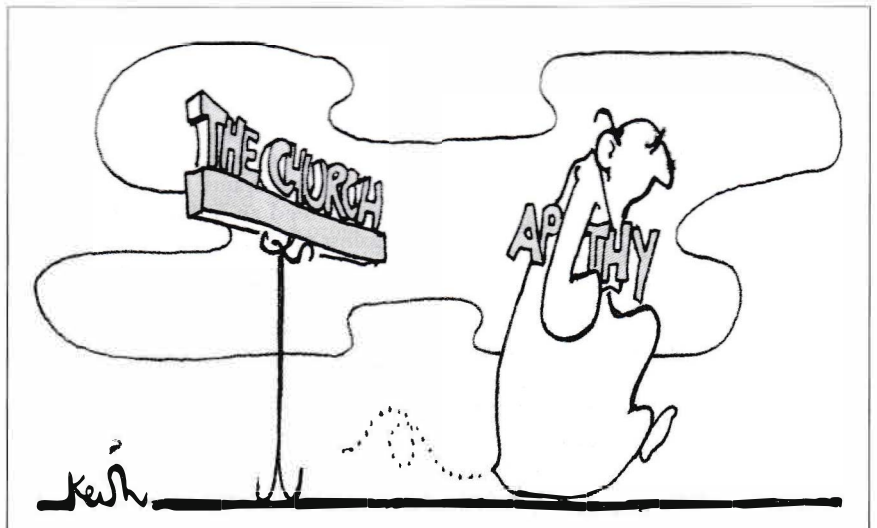
SIPRI noted that efforts to continue a conventional-arms reduction in Europe remain deadlocked. The main obstacle is Russia's noncompliance with the commitments it made at a 1999 summit of the Organization for Security and Cooperation in Europe, particularly on the question of withdrawing military forces from Georgia and Moldova.

In the Americas, progress is continuing within the framework of the Organization of American States. Meetings have been held on how to build confidence and deal with security threats.

Weapons of mass destruction

Concerning biological weapons, SIPRI noted that rapid developments in science, particularly in biotechnology, could open up new possibilities for future military or terrorist misuse. Another problem is the increased movement of people, knowledge and products across borders as well as the greater diffusion of information via the Internet.

Establishing effective controls in this area is not easy. It is difficult to gather reliable intelligence in assessing whether a country is developing biological weapons, as experience in Iraq demon-



THEOLOGICAL dissent is no longer the chief problem. Dissent, after all, presupposes that the dissenter has a deep concern for the institution and its traditions, and considers it important to persuade the authorities to change their position. The contemporary phenomenon is, rather, a general apathy – found especially among nontheologians – regarding the actions of official leaders. Many young people in the Church, and others not so young, have a habitual and general distrust of the hierarchy. It does not occur to them that Rome or the bishops are likely to offer valuable guidance on any of the serious religious problems confronting humanity.

– Avery Dulles, S.J. *A Faith to Believe In*, N.Y. 1982

strated. Difficult too is distinguishing between permitted and prohibited activities under the 1972 Biological and Toxin Weapons Convention, the yearbook commented.

On a positive note the yearbook mentioned that President Moammar Gadhafi last December made a commitment to dismantle Libya's weapons of mass destruction, including its chemical weapon stockpile.

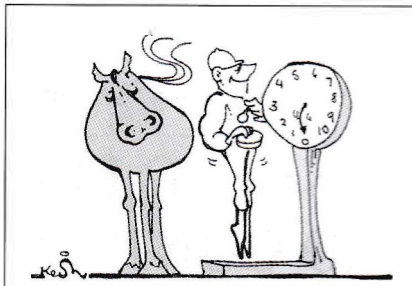
Regarding nuclear weapons SIPRI commented that non-proliferation efforts continued to face serious challenges in 2003. North Korea announced it would become the first party to withdraw from the 1968 Treaty on the Non-Proliferation of Nuclear Weapons, and later announced that it had developed a nuclear weapon capability. As well, evidence emerged that Iran had secretly pursued over several decades nuclear technologies with direct military applications, in contravention of an agreement with the International Atomic Energy Agency.

And last year also saw revelations highlighting the willingness of some states, or of individual scientists, to sell sensitive nuclear technologies and design expertise.

Good news on conflicts

The yearbook had some good news on the number of major armed conflicts. At 19 it was the lowest number for the post Cold War period, with the exception of 1997 which saw 18 conflicts. The main source of conflicts continues to be internal strife. In fact, only two of the 19 conflicts were fought between states: Iraq and the allied powers, and the long-standing conflict between India and Pakistan over Kashmir. The yearbook considers Afghanistan to be a mix of inter- and intra-state conflict.

Characteristic of the intra-state conflicts is their resistance to quick solutions. For example, the long-running conflicts in Colombia and Israel have defied repeated efforts to find peace. Last year also saw an intensification of internal conflicts in Burundi, Ivory Coast, Indonesia, Liberia and the Philippines. SIPRI judged that these intra-state conflicts can be brought to an end only through sustained efforts, and that in addition to the local parties help is needed from outside to assist in negotiating a settlement between warring parties.



Jockeying for the right diet

FOR dinner, during the hot summer months, I often went to a country hotel whose guests included a famous jockey. As jockeys require to be careful of their weight the friends of this particular rider were none too pleased to notice that the fine farm-house diet provided was causing him to grow fat. In great consternation they scurried round for an infallible specific for keeping him thin – a certain type of fruit. Unfortunately the season had just ended and none was to be had locally. Away up to London sped the alarmed friends, not returning until a supply had been secured. Presently everybody breathed freely to see the jockey's lines become normal again. I will not tantalize the reader by withholding the name of the fruit. It was black currants, freshly stewed, guaranteed an unfailing remedy against obesity.

He Laughed in Fleet Street, by Bernard Falk, London 1933.

In Africa, the yearbook saw notable progress. Peace processes, with some difficulties, got under way in Angola, Burundi, the Democratic Republic of the Congo, Liberia and Sudan. The report also noted that military governments, often a source of problems, also came under increasing pressure from the African Union and various states to withdraw from the political process.

Fourteen multilateral peace missions were launched, the highest number initiated in a single year since the Cold War. The peace missions were characterized by an increase in the role of regional organizations and multinational coalitions. Regional groups accounted for 11 of the 14 new peace operations established in 2003.

Regarding the organization of peace missions and the role of the United Nations, the yearbook observed that there was a wide variety of situations. In some cases the missions were short-term holding operations. Others were actions following on from U.N. operations, or were activities in a current U.N. mission. In some cases they were operations that received U.N. endorsement, but were outside of U.N. control. The yearbook noted that there are complex issues to be resolved in terms of the coordination between the United Nations and regional organizations.

Another important matter for peace missions last year was the increase in attacks against U.N. peacekeepers and humanitarian aid workers in Iraq, Afghanistan and elsewhere. A complex relationship exists between military forces and humanitarian aid workers and the report noted that the higher number of attacks last year reignited the debate on the issue within the humanitarian organizations concerning how closely they should be linked to the military.

Justice, trust and cooperation

Representatives of the Holy See continue to be active in promoting efforts to control arms. On March 8 Archbishop Silvano Tomasi, the Holy See permanent observer to the United Nations in Geneva, spoke at a conference of experts looking at ways to limit weapons that can cause high civilian casualties. Archbishop Tomasi urged participants to help develop a culture of conflict prevention and to 'ensure a security which is based on justice, trust and cooperation between states.'

On April 27 Archbishop Celestino Migliore, the Holy See permanent observer to the United Nations in New York, spoke at a meeting held to consider the non-proliferation of nuclear weapons. With the new threats posed by terrorism, Archbishop Migliore called upon countries to reinforce their commitment to limit the spread of nuclear technology and to negotiate measures leading to an eventual elimination of nuclear arsenals. The SIPRI report clearly shows the urgency of increasing efforts to reduce conflict and arms in the world.

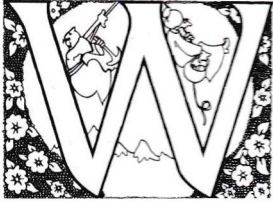
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What becomes of a country that loses its capacity for revulsion?

FOR SHAME

By PAUL W. SCHROEDER



E already know the administration's strategy for damage control on the latest erupting scandal in occupied Iraq, the abuse of Iraqi prisoners of war. The tactics have served more or less successfully, at least in America, to cover up and survive every earlier scandal and fiasco of this administration at home and abroad. President Bush has already raised his hands in holy disgust, pronouncing the actions contrary to his and the country's principles and the Army's policy, the work of a handful of miscreants whom Donald Rumsfeld solemnly promises to pursue and punish. We are already hearing the predictable excuses employed by defenders of corporate corruption, high-paid criminal athletes, and this administration - 'This does not represent us or America and its values,' 'mistakes have been made,' 'no one claimed we or democracy are perfect.' A few obvious culprits will be punished, a few mid-level superiors reprimanded or demoted, dangerous questions held at bay at hearings, a commission possibly named to study the problem, administrative changes promised, and then the administration, denying involvement and responsibility, will move on to other things to distract the public.

They must not get away with this.

Not only is this episode more sickening and shameful than others that have already stained the occupation of Iraq. Not only will it have an even more shattering effect on America's image and ability to lead abroad. Not only does it end any surviving hopes that Americans can be seen by Iraqis and other Arabs and Muslims as liberators, models, leaders, and friends. It

reveals as nothing has before the true character of this venture and of the whole policy by which this administration has chosen (allegedly) to fight terrorism and evil in the world. It ought finally to force every American, even the most loyal and patriotic, to face what this country under this leadership has done and is doing in this war. Where is it leading us?

This was not an isolated incident caused by a few bad apples, a shocking but minor and exceptional digression in an otherwise heroic and humane enterprise. This fish that now stinks to heaven began to rot long ago from the head down.

Consider when this happened - in October to December 2003, five to seven months ago. Think about how long many in the Army and outside have known about it; how long the official report investigating it has been in preparation and circulation; how long and often rumors and reports about this and other incidents of abuse of prisoners or civilians have appeared in the foreign press, especially the Arab press our authorities seek to control or repress. Yet in all this time, and to this day, all the higher officials in the Army, the Pentagon, and the White House

responsible for policy insist they knew nothing about it. It is not a question of whether there will be a cover-up. There already has been - we are now beginning to learn the extent.

Consider why it happened - not in the superficial sense of why it was allowed to happen rather than prevented, but in the deeper and more important sense of what concrete purpose this abuse served, where it fits into what overall policy. These incidents were not simply a case of a few reservists getting their sadistic kicks or a result of indiscipline, bad chain of command, or other incidental administrative snafus. That would be bad enough and would constitute one more indictment of the incredible levity and mismanagement demonstrated by this administration in the war and occupation. Anyone who knows anything about the history of war and military occupations knows that this is precisely the sort of thing likely to happen, and that if one's goal really is liberation and winning the hearts and minds of those occupied, this kind of conduct has to be prevented at all costs.

A historical aside: in the summer of 2003, when the Iraqi insurgency was just beginning and the administration still hotly denying its existence, Donald Rumsfeld and Condoleezza Rice insisted that the problem was merely last-ditch resistance by fanatical dead-enders like Nazi resisters in Germany in 1945. The assertion was false, of course - no civilian resistance worth mentioning developed in postwar Germany - but easily buried and forgotten under other more important administration untruths and deceptions. A different resemblance between the two occupations, however, is now dismayingly germane. By far the worst problem the Army faced in 1945 in the relations

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between troops and German civilians was American soldiers raping German women. The fact has gone relatively unnoticed except by historians, both because Americans at home closed their eyes to it and because it was overshadowed by far worse and vaster Soviet crimes in the Eastern Zone. Yet the Army and the Pentagon should have learned from that experience and from military history everywhere how grave the danger of this kind of conduct was.

The larger point is not, however, that they failed to prevent the abuse at Abu Ghraib prison and elsewhere. It is that they allowed and indirectly encouraged it, in pursuit of a wider and supposedly more important mission. This operation was an integral part of intelligence gathering by both military intelligence and private firms hired by the government for this purpose. The abuse was thus deliberate and purposive, intended to make prisoners psychologically ready for interrogation.

Consider further the context of that interrogation and intelligence gathering. The aim then was not simply or mainly to root out pockets of resistance and ongoing subversion or new terrorism and thereby pacify Iraq and protect American lives. This was the time when the administration was frantically bent on finding proof of the stocks of weapons of mass destruction and the alleged pre-war links to al-Qaeda that were advanced (as we now know, falsely) to justify the war. It was also part of a more massive program of detention of supposed evildoers in Iraq, numbering 10–12,000 by different accounts, an unknown number of them still held without charge or notification to their families – a little-known story with its own cargo of abuses. It fits into the broader pattern of the so-called War on Terror in which the United States covertly and overtly supports a Gulag Archipelago of detention camps and interrogation centers over the Middle East and Central Asia, either on its own bases or on the territory of other regimes, mostly repressive ones, with whom America works.

Consider the ethos behind this massive effort, and how it characterizes and shapes the administration's

entire view of the world and foreign policy. It flows seamlessly from the prevailing Ollie North or (to borrow a phrase from Professor George Lopez of Notre Dame University) Dirty Harry Callahan theory of international politics. It's a dangerous world out there; hordes of fanatical evildoers are bent on committing unspeakable crimes against us. If we play by the rules they despise, we will lose. We must play dirty to win, and ultimately only winning counts. The end and the unquestioned fact that we represent the forces of light and they the forces of darkness justify the means.

Consider the incentive structure this collective mentality held at the highest level of government creates for people down the line called on to wage this kind of campaign on the ground. Consider what it means to reservists, thrown into a situation for which they are wholly untrained, to be instructed to induce in prisoners a suitable physical and psychological readiness to yield information they were doubtless would save their country or their fellow soldiers' lives. Consider what it means for military intelligence officers to know that their promotion and careers depend on coming up with the right stuff; for so-called civilian intelligence agents to know their paychecks and their company's contracts depend on the results, and that nobody higher up worries too much about the methods used to obtain them. Consider what it means for a general commanding a large system of prisons to be told not to obstruct this critically important job of intelligence gathering, knowing that her career is on the line.

Consider also what it says about the administration as a whole when, on top of the many previous outright lies, false promises, failed predictions, abrupt changes of course, and multiple evidences of bad or no planning, corruption, confusion, and failure that have already plagued the occupation of Iraq, this supremely ugly scandal breaks, and no one at the highest level – not Richard Meyers or Wolfowitz or Rumsfeld or Rice or Cheney or Bush – takes responsibility, resigns, is fired, demoted, or even publicly reprimanded. In a government like that of Japan or some other countries, a sense

of shame alone would suffice to bring about resignations; in an earlier era it might have meant suicide. But to this crew apply the words that brought Sen. Joe McCarthy down in 1954: 'Has it come to this, at long last? Have you no shame – no shame at all?'

Consider finally what it must say about the American public, or at least a major portion of it, if this does not at last produce an overdue and overriding sense of revulsion against leaders and a policy that have led their country to this shameful pass. The Republican slogan in 1996 was 'Where's the outrage?' That outrage, understandable given the disgusting though essentially private misdeeds of President Clinton and important in the 2000 election, today seems strangely absent on the Right. Liberals can now ask conservatives, 'Where's the revulsion?' What must it mean if good, loyal, religious, family-values conservatives – the segment that George W. Bush overwhelmingly commands and that this journal appeals to – find even this degrading spectacle something they can swallow? What if at least a sizeable contingent does not deliver to Bush in November the message that Oliver Cromwell addressed to the English Long Parliament in 1649: 'You have been here too long for any good that you have done. In the name of God, go!'

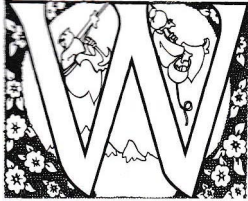
The 19th century Danish philosopher Søren Kierkegaard wrote in an essay that a sign of malfunctioning of the digestive system was the inability to become nauseated or to vomit upon eating spoiled food, and that the remedy was to take an emetic. The disorder that offended him then was spiritual, the failure of Danish Lutherans to share his revulsion at a complacent established church that he believed was betraying real Christianity. His analysis and advice apply in a different way to Americans today. Anyone who does not feel revulsion against this administration for what it is doing and has done in Iraq and elsewhere has something seriously wrong with his political digestive system.



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Interview with journalist Carlo Climati

FIVE PHASES OF AN ADOLESCENT'S SLIDE INTO SATANISM



WHAT do certain rock music and Internet groups, adolescent curiosity, and moral relativism have in common?

They are all doors of access to Satanism for young people, warns Italian journalist and writer Carlo Climati.

Italy is still shaken by the discovery, in early June, of the bodies of Chiara Marino, 16, and Fabio Tollis, 19, in the woods northwest of Milan. They were last seen in January 1998 with other members of their rock band, the Beasts of Satan. Investigators say they were victims of 'ritual' killings.

In this interview with ZENIT, Climati describes how adolescents get involved in Satanism and proposes ways to detect and prevent it.

Q: How widespread is the phenomenon of Satanism among young people?

Climati: It is certainly a phenomenon that is growing rapidly and is difficult to control. I would describe it especially as a do-it-yourself Satanism, which young people practice by listening to rock music and surfing the Internet.

Naturally, one must not fall into the error of generalizing and condemning all rock music. But at the same time, one must be realistic and realize that Satanic rock already turns over a volume of business worth billions. Too many singers spread the non-culture of violence, drugs and hatred.

Q: How can an adolescent enter into contact with the world of Satanism?

Climati: It is a process that takes place in "phases" and that can be easily explained because of young people's great familiarity with the new technolo-

gies and means of communication.

The first phase generally consists of the simple and banal interest in a Satanic singer. First, a young person buys his CDs and is passionate about his music. But then he feels the need to know more about the singer.

The second step is knowledge of the texts of the songs and the consequent exposure to a transgressive philosophy of life.

The third phase is the young person's purchase of music magazines that talk about his favorite singer. Lately, in certain rock periodicals, there is not just talk of music, but also of Satanism and esotericism. Sometimes even addresses are given of Satanic sects or Internet sites of singers linked to the world of the occult.

So, in order to know more, the fourth phase is entered: the search on Internet. Starting from simple curiosity for the sites of Satanic rock singers, there is the risk of going to the pages of authentic sects, or discussion groups frequented by Satanists.

The fifth and last phase is the young person's direct contact, through e-mail, with a sect or a practitioner of black magic.

Q: What is the philosophy of young people's Satanism?

Climati: In analyzing this phenomenon it is very important to examine it in depth. One must not stop at incidents of violence or macabre rites that are carried out in forests.

I want to stress especially the 'Do what you feel like' idea, an invitation to moral relativism and a life without rules. It is man with his presumption who wants to usurp God's place and live under the standard of his own egotistical pleasure.

Moreover, at the base of Satanism is the death of hope. The invitation to withdraw into oneself and believe in

nothing - in the fact that life is only a jungle in which the powerful triumph over the weak.

Unfortunately, many young people seem to be fascinated by certain terrible philosophies. It is not difficult to identify them at night, outside premises that offer this kind of music. In general, they are dressed in black. Often their arms are marked by small, self-inflicted wounds.

These cuts are a sign of rendition, of pessimism. They symbolize, perhaps, other deeper wounds, which are those of everyday life. A life often marked by inability to communicate, lack of conversation in the family, difficulties in school or at work.

Q: How can the phenomenon of Satanic rock be combated?

Climati: The solution lies in accustoming young people to have a greater critical sense. Young people should not 'imbibe' passively everything that certain rock stars say. We must help them to reflect, to understand, to reject those who promote the non-culture of death.

One must not allow oneself to be ensnared by terrible philosophies. If a singer promotes violence, we must not buy his records. Let's applaud those artists who communicate a positive message in favor of life. There is no lack of good examples. Suffice it to look for them.

This is the way that must be chosen to change the balance of the record market, a market that is often merciless and bent on making money at the cost of youth.

Before purchasing a CD, we must learn to ask ourselves what kind of ideology is behind it and what messages it is trying to impart. Otherwise, Satanic rock singers, imperturbable, will continue to hold the top spots in the charts.



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MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Oz Cheers

TWENTY-ONE guns. One hundred and one trombones. And one thousand and ten clichés. All justifiably went into the 40th Anniversary celebrations, organised by *The Australian* for itself, although topping this may be difficult on the 50th Golden Jubilee in 2014.

The Australian is a daily must, particularly for those conditioned to Britain's national, daily newspaper coverage. *The Sydney Morning Herald* provides comprehensive coverage as does *The Age* but both can be reminiscent of great provincial dailies such as *The Birmingham Post* and *The Yorkshire Post*.

Your correspondent was tempted to make a comparison with his birth-city newspaper *The Glasgow Herald*, where his first freelance copy appeared in 1952, until he remembered it is now simply *The Herald* and has always prided itself on being the world's first national newspaper.

Can the status of *The Australian* be enhanced? One way would involve a small sacrifice by its founder and principal proprietor Rupert Murdoch: give it trust status. Under a trust (like the one that for so long controlled *The Observer*, London) *The Australian* would be confirmed in independence and advance in prestige and international influence for the national good.

Future Headaches

TRUST or non-trust, the future of *The Australian* and its parent company News Corporation Limited, is likely to be more interesting in the next 10 years than in the previous 40. Not only has News become a fully-American based company, it has done this ahead of the immense changes in Austral-American relations that must result from the Free Trade Agreement.

Of all the pharmaceutical prices Mark Latham should try to keep low, headache powders and tranquillisers are probably the most important.

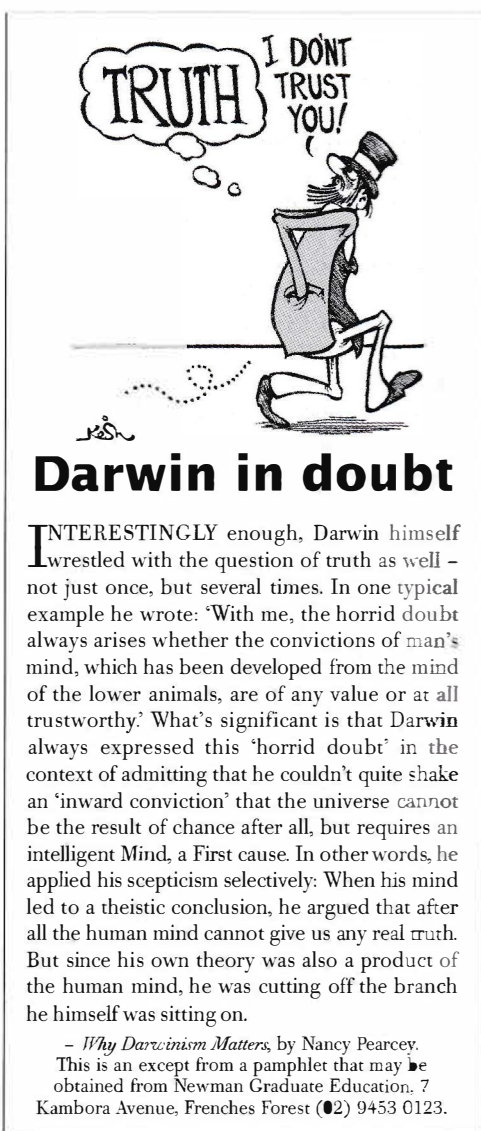
ABC of Checking

SCOOPS don't come Sany scoopier (or hazardous) than Paul McGeough's effort (*SMH* July 17-18) about the shooting by Iraqi strongman Dr Iyad Allawi of seven prisoners (six dead, one wounded). McGeough reported that he had interviewed two, separate eyewitnesses of the killings. Predictably neither wished to be named. Less predictably neither could give a precise time for the killings.

Nonetheless, newspapers do not operate on the basis of proof beyond reasonable doubt.

McGeough, a skilful, experienced and brave journalist, was on balance justified in filing his report.

The reaction of the national broadcaster the ABC was a different kettle of excitement. Maxine



Darwin in doubt

INTERESTINGLY enough, Darwin himself wrestled with the question of truth as well – not just once, but several times. In one typical example he wrote: 'With me, the horrid doubt always arises whether the convictions of man's mind, which has been developed from the mind of the lower animals, are of any value or at all trustworthy?' What's significant is that Darwin always expressed this 'horrid doubt' in the context of admitting that he couldn't quite shake an 'inward conviction' that the universe cannot be the result of chance after all, but requires an intelligent Mind, a First cause. In other words, he applied his scepticism selectively: When his mind led to a theistic conclusion, he argued that after all the human mind cannot give us any real truth. But since his own theory was also a product of the human mind, he was cutting off the branch he himself was sitting on.

- *Why Darwinism Matters*, by Nancy Pearcey.
This is an excerpt from a pamphlet that may be obtained from Newman Graduate Education, 7 Kambora Avenue, Frenches Forest (02) 9453 0123.



McKew, anchoring *LateLine*, was the conduit for use of the McGeough report even before it hit the streets in print. To his credit Michael Costello, appearing on the programme to discuss dodgy intelligence, cautioned against acceptance.

In response McKew was suprisingly insouciant. Yet under what used to be common working practice, the reaction of the ABC should have been to have its own reporters on the ground, also experienced and brave, seek to cross-check the story.

'Too good to check', is an old adage of journalism, meaning that denial is inevitable. But it does not apply to a national broadcaster like the ABC, particularly when it is in the process of criticising the government of the day for acting on dubious information.

At this writing, the McGeough report has yet to be confirmed from another source.

Kim Again

MARK Latham's decision to bringing Kim Beazley into his front bench team was a necessary but risky move. It strengthens Latham Labor going into the federal election. It also positions Beazley to become Lazarus with a quadruple by-pass should Latham be defeated.

Box-Office Blues

THE trouble with the Australian film industry is that it is also a national flag carrier. More is expected of it than financial results. And when these are bad, out of the equation goes the key factor: even in Hollywood only one movie in ten makes money.

This is not to deny Australian movies are in a bad patch, or if you prefer to be optimistic, at the nadir of a cycle of creativity. One reason is the invention of that rough and ready genius John Singleton. In the 1970s, he invented the ocker for advertising purposes. Now they are the staple of too many local movies.

When these movies have a broad, satirical or comedy aim, they tend not to work because

ockers are already caricature and you thus have caricature piled on caricature.

Second, they are made by two broad categories of people: the obsessive and the talented. The obsessive get their movies made because they persist even against the most adamant bureaucratic resistance. The talented, if they meet what they consider to be obtuse resistance, simply do something else.

Third is the narrow view taken off what constitutes Australians telling their own stories. In this view, the story must be located in Australia, preferably in a backyard or by a beach. Yet historically from its earliest days, Australia was engaging with the world in trade and war.

Fourth, already mentioned here, is that The Australian Film Finance Corporation still seems to be taking the main production credit on most movies. This smacks of the old Sovietexport approach. The main credit should go to the independent production house that puts the movie together. This is the way to give independents the critical mass they need to interact with their overseas counterparts.

One Per Cent

FEW myths are as hugely persistent as the killing scope of the inquisition. Now after a six-year investigation, Professor Agostino Borromeo of Rome's Sapienza University has come up with a new set

of figures. There were 125,000 trials of suspected heretics under the Spanish Inquisition (created in 1479). Of these only 1 per cent were executed, that is 1,250. Compare and contrast with the millions done to death by the great secularist trio: Hitler, Stalin and Mao Zedong.

Dulling Edge

BY co-incidence *The Australian* and *The SMH* (August 4) carried separate stories with a hidden linkage. In *The Australian*, Matthew



How others see us

'CERTAINLY, the Church of England, in the 19th century - despite all the stories which one used to hear - was very socialistically inclined, very critical of the inherited tradition. And a present, the churches - including the Catholic Church, which is the most tradition-bound of all - are busy jettisoning their traditions, good ones as well as bad, and, in a certain way, doing injury. I think, to the cause for which they are alleged to stand; assuming, that is, that they really mean business and the priests and clergymen are not atheists in dog collars.'

- Professor Edward Shils, Sociologist, *Times Literary Supplement*, Sept. 11, 1975.

Ricketson wrote about changes in the way The Royal Melbourne Institute of Technology chooses students for its journalism course.

He wrote: 'The old selection process is no longer essential because there are fewer applicants with the lean and hungry look. Fewer applicants want to work on daily newsgathering; more want to work on glossy magazines like *Marie Claire* or write columns.'

Or write columns. Time was when writing a column signified prestige at best or pension-supplement at worst. In any event, the softening of selection criteria can only lead to increased mushiness.

By contrast, *The SMH* piece focused on Paul Foot (1937-2004), one of the great foot-slogging reporters of his day. He began his career at *The Daily Record*, Glasgow in the 1960s. His later reports in *Private Eye* and *The Daily Mirror* were models of accuracy in fact and aim. Among his successful investigations were those involving the falsely accused Irish, known as the Birmingham Six and the Guildford Four.

An Irishman of a different stamp came into Foot's sights: the *Mirror's* chief executive David Montgomery. When the *Mirror* editor David Banks (ex-*Daily Telegraph*, Sydney) refused to publish Foot's critical reports, he gave them away in the streets, thus ending his *Mirror* career.

Without the lean and hungry like Paul Foot, journalism becomes no more than verbal embroidery to hold ads in place. (RIP).

Settling In

ODDLY Australian journalists have an easier time being accepted at senior level in Britain than British journalists do in Australia. Andrew Jaspán, 51, newly appointed editor-in-chief of *The Age*, Melbourne, is a particularly intriguing example.

As an Englishman who has survived transition through Glasgow, one of the toughest newspaper cities, Jaspán should have relatively few problems in Melbourne.

Black Doco

THE showing on ABC TV (August 8) of the Julia Black documentary *My Foetus* was undoubtedly an event of importance. But while it may alter perceptions, will it alter practice?

Only time, and it will be long rather than a short time, will tell. Human beings have an uncanny gift for dismissing from their decisions factors they find inconvenient.

And as we know from the showing of violent fiction and documentary films, we become desensitised to brutality.

Historic Retreat

THE Christian Brothers have decided to relinquish their role in Australian education and head for the mission fields of Asia with the Philippines as a first staging post. The Brothers arrived in Sydney in 1843. Just over half a century later, there were 826 of them teaching here and by 1965, 4000.

They readied generations of what are now called aspirationalists for life and careers. Their work faltered under pressure of scandal caused by

a minority. The majority held firm. In 1980, they were still a legion of 2,800. Now their numbers are down to 500, the majority veterans of more than 60.

Among those educated by the Brothers were a number of distinguished writers. If it has not yet been planned, a comprehensive tribute to their work should be written. Without them, a different and less egalitarian Australia would now exist.

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Just pretending

THE uses of hypnotism in dental surgery, child-birth, etc., are regarded as a modern discovery. In fact, Esdaile, who lived from 1808 to 1859, carried out three hundred major operations under 'Mesmeric trance'; but since Mesmer had been declared an imposter, medical journals refused to print Esdaile's papers. In 1842 Ward amputated a leg painlessly under hypnotic trance and made a Report to the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society. The Society refused to believe him. One of its most eminent members argued that the patient had merely pretended not to feel the pain, and the note of the paper having been read was struck from the minutes of the Society.

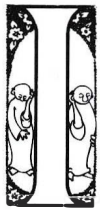
- Arthur Koestler, *The Act of Creation*, London, Pan Books, 1964.



'But where are the unanswering dead?' – Hilaire Belloc

WAR BREAKS OUT IN BROKEN HILL

Few people in Broken Hill imagined as they set out for a picnic on New Year's Day 1915 that the 15 mile ride to Silvertown in the special carriages provided by the Silvertown Tramway Company, would end in tragedy. ALAN DUNSTAN tries to unravel the motivation of the perpetrators.



In a recent interview on the Afternoon Show¹ on radio station 2BL, in Sydney, the claim was made that the Muslim religion had been operating in Australia longer than Catholicism. And, with apparently little knowledge of Australian history, the presenter allowed the claim to go unchallenged. Knowing this to be wrong, this writer contacted a media spokesman from the Lakemba Mosque who, in turn, referred me to an historian in Brisbane² who subsequently agreed that the claim was incorrect. The falsity established, we ended our brief telephonic meeting on good terms.

Muslims in Australia

Perhaps the first Muslims to come to this country were the cameleers brought out in 1840, to tend camels which were then mainly being shown as zoological curiosities.³ Camels and their foreign keepers were also in the Burke and Wills expedition of 1860-1861. At that time, Dost Mahomet, a Pathan from Kashmir, made the journey from Menindee to Coopers Creek (camp 65), with members of the rescue party. On returning to Menindee, however, Dost was injured by one of the animals and lost an arm. He remained in Menindee and was later awarded two hundred pounds for his disability, and in recognition of his meritorious service.⁴

Thomas Elder, the well-known pastoralist, imported a number of men, and their camels, from Afghanistan and the north-western part of the Indian sub-continent in 1866, to transport goods for his scattered pastoral empire in the semi-arid regions of South Australia and New South Wales. These men were overwhelmingly Muslim.⁵

Muslims also helped in the construction of the Overland Telegraph line from

Adelaide to Darwin in the early 1870s. And when supplies ran out for the gold-miners at Milparinka and Mount Browne in the 1880s, stores were brought in by camel teams which travelled from Port Augusta over the drought-stricken country to bring relief.⁶

For the most part, the religious needs of these men were met by travelling lay persons especially authorised to 'convey the message.' However, in outback towns such as Alice Springs and Murray Bridge,⁷ mosques were established. There was a small mosque, made of corrugated iron and wood, in Broken Hill⁸ where cameleers, who lived in 'camel camps' on the outskirts of town, could go for prayers.

Thus the sight of men wearing turbans in Broken Hill streets was, in the late 19th and early 20th centuries, commonplace.

The 'Battle of Broken Hill'

However, New Year's Day, 1915, is remembered as a day of 'infamy' in Broken Hill, for on that day two 'Turks' declared a Jihad and killed a number of locals, despite the fact that one of the men had lived in town for sixteen years. The 'Turks' were Gul Mehmet,⁹ an ice-cream vendor, and Molla Abdullah, a butcher. Accordingly, the first engagement between Turks and Australians occurred in Broken Hill, some months before the better-known battles of Canakkale and Gallipoli.

Attack on the Picnic Train

On 1 January, 1915, members of the combined Manchester Unity Lodges left the Sulphide-Street railway station at 10 a.m. for their annual picnic at Penrose Park, Silvertown, 15 miles north-west of Broken Hill. To cope with the large crowd, the Silvertown Tramway Company provided 40 open concentrate trucks, in which seating forms had been installed to transport 1,200 men, women and children for their day's outing.¹⁰

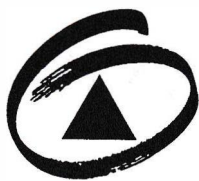
Sitting in the open ore trucks, people were very vulnerable, but in faraway Broken Hill, 850 km from Melbourne, and 1200 km from Sydney, in the magnificent western landscape, with the sun shining and high expectations of a 'good day out' ahead, in spite of the fact that war had been declared on Germany in August 1914, there were few who thought they were in any danger. As our troops were to learn to their cost in Singapore in 1941, our guns might have been pointed in the wrong direction.

Earlier in the day some of the passengers had seen Gul Mehmet driving around in his ice-cream cart accom-



WAR is a racket. It always has been. It is possibly the oldest, easily the most profitable, surely the most vicious. It is the only one international in scope. It is the only one in which the profits are reckoned in dollars and the losses in lives. A racket is best described, I believe, as something that is not what it seems to the majority of the people. Only a small 'inside' group knows what it is about. It is conducted for the benefit of the very few, at the expense of the very many. Out of war a few people make huge fortunes.⁷

– Major-General Smedley Butler (1881-1940), recipient of two Congressional Medals of Honor for extreme bravery in the US Marine Corps. From his book *War Is A Racket* (1933).



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panied by his friend Molla Abdullah, but this was such a familiar sight that people barely noticed. On this occasion, however, there was one vital difference, flying above the cart was a red flag, about 18 inches square, with a white crescent and white star – the flag of Turkey.

About two miles out of town a few of the picnickers noticed the ice-cream cart again, and two men with rifles crouching beside the bank of earth which marks the line of the water main from Umberumberka to Broken Hill. At first it was thought the men were working on the main, or shooting rabbits, but it was soon realized they were shooting at the train.

In the time that it took the train to pass, the Turks, using Snider and Martini-Henry rifles, got off about thirty rounds. The first person killed was Alma Priscilla Cowie, who died instantly after being shot as she stood with her friend, Clarrie O'Brien. Alma, one of thirteen adolescents, was just eighteen years old: A tragic end for a beautiful young woman.¹¹

William Shaw, a foreman with the sanitary department, was also killed, and Lucy Shaw, his daughter, was badly wounded. Another who was killed was Alf Millard, who just happened to be riding his bicycle beside the train on a routine inspection of the Umberumberka pipeline. He was killed by a shot through the head.

Amid the ensuing pandemonium, the train pulled up a safe distance from the shooters to establish who had been killed or wounded. This done, they then moved to the Tramway's Reservoir, where there was a telephone and doctors and police were immediately summoned. The train then returned to town, meeting on the way Dr. Moulton and others in motor cars who had responded to the calls.¹²

After the attack the 'Turks' moved off towards the low hills on the western edge of town, hotly pursued by the police and dozens of armed and angry Australians – an option no longer available since governments have disarmed the citizenry.

After shooting another man, Tom Campbell, who lived alone in a single-roomed stone hut on Rocky Hill, the 'Turks' took refuge behind a low outcrop of rocks, a few hundred yards west of the Cable Hotel at the end of Oxide Street. In the fight that followed, Constable Robert Mills was wounded, and James Craig, who was chopping wood in the backyard of his

home at the rear of the Cable Hotel. was shot dead.

Eventually, at around 1 o'clock, the Australians rushed the Turkish position, and found the two men lying on the ground behind their shelter. Both had been hit several times. Abdullah was dead, and Mehmet died at the Hospital shortly thereafter. Both died wearing turbans, and hand-made Turkish uniforms.

Other local Muslims were horrified by the attack and refused to be responsible for the burial of the 'Turks'. Hence the police took charge of the bodies, and the 'unhallowed' place in which they were secretly buried has never been disclosed. All told, of the Australians, one woman and three men were killed, and four women and three men wounded.¹³ In the first category, Alice Cowie, as previously mentioned, was 18, and James Craig was 69. In the second category, George Stokes was 14; Thomas Campbell was 70; and Lucy Shaw was 15.

Many townspeople wanted revenge, and it wasn't long before an angry crowd was heading for the camel camp. However the way to the camp was barred by police and militia. Subsequently, in what can best be described as an act of stupidity, the mob, in their infantile frustration, turned their fury upon the local German community by fire bombing the German Club.

The Identity of the Attackers

Mehmet and Abdullah have been variously described as 'Turks,' 'Afghans,' and 'Indians.' Most of the cameleers around Broken Hill were historically called Afghans, and while many did come from Afghanistan, most came from what is now called Pakistan. According to one historian; 'Khan is the surname most sighted, with others like Akbar, Singh, and Ariz.'¹⁴

In the 12-volume official *History of Australia During the Great War 1914-1918*, Mehmet and Abdullah are described as Turks. A few days after the attack, three statements were found in the rocks where they made their last stand. Written in Urdu, two of the documents revealed their motives whilst the third was an application by Mehmet to join the Turkish army – obtained on one of his visits to Turkey before the war.

Indeed Adullah was a butcher invested with religious rights in order to kill animals according to the Muslim religion. Some days before the attack on the picnic train, he had been convicted and fined

FORMING A CATHOLIC MIND

A new institution of Catholic higher learning, Campion College Australia, is being developed by the Campion Foundation. It will seek to blend faith and reason in the spirit of the original universities, offering a genuinely liberal education suffused by the light of Catholic wisdom.

'I support strongly the concept of Campion College embodying as it does the notion of Catholic people fortifying and exploring their faith, and balancing as it does those many secular tertiary institutions of our society.'

— General Peter Cosgrove, Chief of Australian Army and Australian of the Year 2001

The key features of Campion College Australia will be:

- ◆ A solid grounding in the **Liberal Arts**, embracing the humanities and the sciences – offering courses in history, language and literature, science and mathematics, philosophy and theology
- ◆ An immersion in **Catholic beliefs, values and traditions**, in consonance with the authoritative teaching of the Catholic Church
- ◆ A systematic **exposure to the greatest minds of Christian civilisation** – such as Augustine, Aquinas, Dante, Thomas More, Shakespeare, John Henry Newman, G. K. Chesterton, and John Paul II
- ◆ An **independent** institution, funded by private generosity and the sacrifices of those who want a real alternative to the prevailing pattern of higher education in Australia

Campion College Australia will open in Sydney in 2006, offering courses externally as well as on-campus.

Enquiries are welcome. Please contact Karl Schmude, Executive Director, Campion Foundation: (02) 6771 5902 or k.schmude@campion.org.au

BUILDING A CATHOLIC CULTURE

for slaughtering sheep on premises not licensed for slaughtering. He had previously been before the court on a similar charge.¹⁵

The so-called 'Battle for Broken Hill' served to draw attention to the numbers of people from countries with which Australia was now at war, living in Australia. Like the postman in G. K. Chesterton's novel *The Invisible Man*, they had moved about before January 1, 1915, without being 'seen.' 6890 aliens of various nationalities were rounded during World War I and placed in internment camps for the duration.



1 Between the presenter James Valentine and Trad Keyser, a representative of the Lebanese Australian Association, circa February 2003.

2 Abdul Quddoos.

3 R. H. B. Kearns, *Broken Hill A Pictorial History*, Broken Hill Historical Society, 1982, hereafter referred to as *Pictorial*, p. 189.

4 Letter to the author from James W. Fidderman, Broken Hill Historical Society.

5 R. J. Solomons, *The Richest Lode Broken Hill 1883-1988*, Sydney, Hale & Iremonger, hereafter referred to as *Lode*, p. 349.

6 Kearns, *Pictorial*, p. 189.

7 Information supplied by Abdul Quddoos, March-April, 2003.

8 At the corner of Buck and William Streets. Begun in 1891, the mosque fell into disrepair, restored by the Broken Hill Historical Society, the mosque was rededicated in 1968. From R. J. Solomon, *Lode*, p. 349.

9 This is the spelling used by Bilal Simsir, the Turkish Ambassador to Australia in his 'Proposal For the Erection of a Turkish Monument of Martyrdom in Broken Hill,' n.d. circa 2000. Hereafter referred to as 'Proposal.'

10 R. H. B. Kearns, *Broken Hill 1915-1939*, Broken Hill Historical Society, 1975, hereafter referred to as 1915, p. 4.

11 Jenny Camilleri, *Some Outstanding Women of Broken Hill and District*, Broken Hill Historical Society, 2002, p. 79.

12 *Barrier Miner*, 1 January, 1915.

13 *Ibidem*.

14 R. J. Solomon, *Lode*, p. 349.

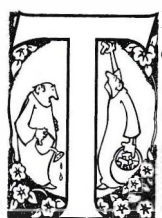
15 A. J. Liebich, *War in Broken Hill*, Charles Rasp Library, 1982.

ALAN DUNSTAN is a professional photographer with an abiding interest in Australian and Catholic Church history. He has recently been awarded a PhD by Macquarie University for a thesis on *The Land Question and the Early Labour Movement in Australia*.

The Healing of Memories

**'SKEETER' LOST HIS MUM AT FOUR,
BUT SHOWS THE HEALING PATH**

Reviewed by CLIFF BAXTER



THIS book is a gem. It comes from the hands of a master story-teller. In a time when people are stressed out by overwork, bewildered by disunity and squabbles at home or mechanistic, dehumanised policies at work, this collection of stories provides a wonderful balm for troubled spirits or those who nurse a deep anger over an ancient grievance. Whether your traumatic memory is of the sack, torture, terrorism, war, or devastation through bereavement or divorce, this little diamond is for you.

The splendid quality of Paul Glynn's work is that although he is a veteran in the pulpit as a Marist Father, and a missionary as well, he does not preach to the reader. Instead, he lets his stories, written with such delicacy and compassion that the reader gasps at the craftsmanship, do the job. How good it is to read a writer who respects the readers, leaves them to reach their own conclusions without a hard sell. Good, because many of the stories are about people who found themselves in impossible situations because of hardline positions, whether it was militarism, religious prejudice, racism or obsessions.

One of the conundrums we face is how to deal with the guilt from the wounds we inflict on others, and how to overcome the long and deep bitterness from the injustice meted out to us by others. When the injustice comes from those who espouse Christianity, the hurts can be unbearable.

Jesus said, 'Forgive them, Father, they do not know what they do', but it is not so easy for us to emulate. It is not healthy for us to keep self punishing or seeking vengeance. Funeral shrouds not only have no pockets for money, they do not have a cavity for the vengeful dagger or gun.

The Wayside Stream: Reconciliation
Paul Glynn SM

Marist Fathers Books, 1 Mary Street,
Hunters Hill, NSW 2110
Illustrated, paperback, 156pp
\$11.60 including packaging and postage.

For people who are haunted by an old wrong, the tales from *The Wayside Stream* offers a healing treasure chest, a gathering of yarns about people who have experienced reconciliation. We read how they

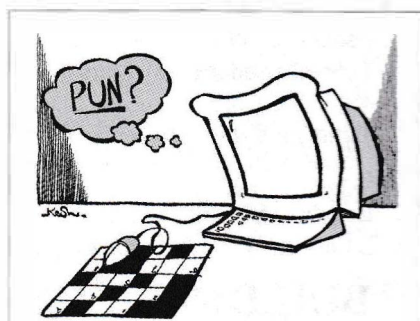
tackled the submerged log that threatened to sink their canoe, and how they went on to find peace and freedom.

Father Glynn is a small man whose childhood nickname was 'Skeeter', but he has a big heart and in this collection he opens up with a fine exposition of human stories that have touched his heart which is so filled with the Marian spirit of reconciliation.

Memories can be a joy, but also a source of great suffering, of yearnings, disappointments, regrets and anger. Some of our memories are nightmares. I wonder how in future times the children of Palestine, Afghanistan, Iraq and the United States will cope with dreadful memories. It is not enough to cope. Healing is needed. The book recommends the message of Dr Nagai, the hero of the spiritual renewal in Nagasaki after the A-bomb, who said: 'Let us be kind to one another, because we are all lonely.'

The ninth chapter of this book is devoted to *The Healing of Memories*. It is written in the light of the author's own experiences. While he worked in Japan he became seriously depressed. He felt that the Japanese were not that interested in Christianity. He compared himself unfavorably with his brother, Tony, also a Marist missionary. How fortunate we are that his 'crack-up' has in the longterm given us this healing book I would like to see on the shelf of every Catholic home as spiritual first-aid. Father Glynn spoke to a senior theologian who recommended a 'healing Confession'. 'Confession' was the word used before the Vatican Two expression, 'Reconciliation'. They go together. Cleansing and healing are inseparable.

His confessor, John Thornhill SM, asked about his parents. Glynn remembered how he was lifted up as a small child to kiss his dead mother, cold as marble, goodbye. Her death devastated his father. It left seven children, five under



Mind against matter

CHECKERS, chess, Othello - in recent years the mighty computer has been knocking down some of the best human players of those games like so many dominoes. But silicon-think may finally have met its match: the little old crossword puzzle. In March a team of computer scientists from Duke University in Durham, North Carolina, pitted their computerised crossword puzzler, named Proverb, against human players in the annual American Crossword Puzzle Tournament, held in Stamford, Connecticut. Proverb and 254 human competitors worked seven puzzles - and Proverb finished 147th. What tripped up the program, say its creators, was its lousy sense of word-play. Punning, jokey clues can stump it: spoonerisms - 'Home is near' for 'Alaska', instead of 'Nome is here' - are its mortal enemy.

- *The Sciences*, July/Aug 1999.

the age of 13. It made him rather aloof.

It is worthwhile to quote from what the confessor said: 'Maybe his grief caused what you saw as aloofness. I suggest you spend some time in prayer, going back to that lounge room and the coffin. Jesus was there and saw the whole thing. Become four years old again. Ask Him to pick you up in place of your sister Aileen, and lift you high enough to see your mother's body.

'Ask him why He allowed your mother to die. Complain about it if you like, howl if you like.'

It worked. This relived experience, to take Jesus with us, became part of Paul Glynn's healing philosophy that he shares with us.

Its effectiveness is shown in Chapter 10, An Execution and a Healing. It tells how an Australian army corporal, Don Ball from Murwillumbah, suffered for years from the memory of how he was forced to escort an innocent young Japanese officer, blindfold him and preside at his execution. The event is depicted in the film, Blood Oath.

Ball was a regular churchgoer, but it did not help his nightmares. So tormented was he that he even went to the Rabaul area as a lay mission helper. He hoped this would end his spiritual turmoil. But it did not take away the pain. It was still with him in 1980. He asked Paul Glynn about this 'healing of memories'. Paul told him how he had cracked up in Japan, but had recovered when he took Jesus with him to the source of the pain.

Father Glynn's advice to Don Ball:

'Go to some quiet spot where you won't be disturbed. Return to the execution ground and meet Jesus there. Tell him how terrible it is, how it is a terrible injustice ... Don, Jesus knows all about unjust executions, he suffered one Himself. He understands. Tell the Lord how much you have suffered because of this Rabaul execution. Then try to listen to what he replies. Don't rush, take plenty of time and remember how patient he was with Peter and the rest and all their problems.'

Don later wrote to Father Glynn: 'I found the reconstruction a deeply emotional experience and I shed a lot of tears. I now feel different about this terrible memory and I no longer need to force myself to obliterate it from my mind. I also feel very grateful



A Real Bishop

'I never remember in my time a real Bishop,' wrote Sydney on another occasion; 'a grave elderly man, full of Greek, with sound views of the middle voice and preter-perfect tense, gentle and kind to his poor clergy, of powerful and commanding eloquence; in Parliament never to be put down when the great interests of mankind were concerned; leaning to the Government when *it* was right, leaning to the People when *they* were right; feeling that if the Spirit of God had called him to that high office, he was called for no mean purpose, but rather that, seeing clearly, and acting boldly, and intending purely, he might confer lasting benefits upon mankind.'

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

to those Japanese pilgrims for coming to Australia and helping me to heal a memory that has been with me over 30 years.'

If this critique sounds like a testimonial for the philosophy of Father Glynn that's because it is. For years I suffered from guilt of something I did that had profound effects on several lives.

I took the Glynn advice and went back to the scene. I took only Jesus with me. It was at first a way of the Cross, but eventually it led me to healing and a resurrected life. We cannot live with either anger or guilt.

The titles of the chapters speak for themselves: A Terrorist Who Said Sorry, The Padre Who Hated, A Little Girl and

the Kamikaze, Reconciliation ANZAC Days.

All profits from the book will go to help education of East Timorese. But that is not why you should buy this book. You should buy it to savour the stories of people who have suffered either guilt or hatred and have learned to heal when they took Jesus with them. As I have said, this book is a gem and it belongs on your bookshelf as a first aid kit for healing of memories and how to live a new life according to God's plan.



CLIFF BAXTER is a distinguished Sydney-based journalist. For many years he was President of the Judiciary Committee of the Australian Journalists Association.

The Terminal

The young master Steven Spielberg is now an older master. But his camera eye has not lost its cunning nor his editing fingers their skill. And in Tom Hanks he has an actor prepared to dim his star quality to create an authentic character, in this case Viktor Navorski, stateless in John F Kennedy airport after a coup in his homeland.

The situation is reminiscent of the traveller mummified in red tape at Charles De Gaulle Airport. But Spielberg, with scriptwriters Sacha Gervasi and Jeff Nathanson, transmutes the mundane to shining fable for the times as Viktor becomes involved in the hidden lives of the airport workers.

Hanks has to transcend memories of his great turn in *Castaway*. He does so: impeccable accent, subtle touches, total control of his material. Catherine Zeeta-Jones may be a mini-light, or possibly a searchlight, too glamorous as the flight attendant who befriends Viktor but Stanley Tucci personifies manic bureaucracy.

Will dominate in-flight movies as long as Boeings fly. More immediately, not to be missed.

PG SFFV ★★★★★

My Architect

Louis I Kahn, born Estonia 1901, died America 1974, is deemed by many historians to have been the most important architect of the second half of the 20th century. Never heard of him? You are not alone.

Kahn for reasons of personality rather than talent did not enjoy the fame of his contemporaries, IM Pei, Frank Gehry, Mies van der Rohe and Philip Johnson. The number of projects he completed was limited but choice and evocative of the mystery and monumentality of ancient buildings.

In an act of filial piety, his illegitimate son Nathaniel Kahn spent five years retracing his father's life and work. He ends in Bangladesh where Kahn designed the Dhaka Capital Complex. He records a tribute from a Bangladeshi official more lustrous than any prize. 'He gave us,' the official says, 'not democracy but the means to practise democracy.'

As documentaries are pushed from the small screen by cheaper (and nastier) reality shows, they are finding their original place and audience in

ANNALS MOVIES

By JAMES MURRAY

cinemas. This superlative work is one of the reasons why, a key element being the music by Joseph Vitarelli.

M 15+ SFFV ★★★★★

Thunderbirds

The strings may have disappeared from the puppets that delighted television audiences back in the 1960s. But the current, live-action heroes led by Bill Paxton, as millionaire ex-astronaut Jeff Tracy, maintain aptly solid performances in their International Rescue missions, carried out despite The Hood, played with dastardly relish by Ben Kingsley.

Alan Tracy (Brady Corbet), Fermat (Soren Fulton) and Tin-Tin (Vanessa Anne Hudgens) are the novices of the rescue team, intent on proving their fitness for the main game. Sophia Myles plays Lady Penelope as to the manor born. Ron Cook as her factotum drives her air-limousine and gets away with the movie.

The spaceships and special effects are a whiz and this reviewer's squad of junior, auxiliary critics gave it their unanimous thumbs-up.

PG SFFV ★★★★★

Home on the Range

Disney musical cartoon comprising a medley of country and western songs strung on a thin plotline about a homesteader under threat of eviction. To her rescue come a trio of intrepid cows. As the trio's leader, Dame Judi Dench's how-now-brown-cow vowels have never been used to more commanding effect. Jennifer Tilly and Roseanne Barr voice the others. Randy Quaid voices Alameda Slim, the baddie.

For youngsters one difficulty may be that to follow the plotlines, you need to know the western genre. Who sees westerns today?

G SFFV ★★★★★

King Arthur

Pushing an ancient legend back to its origins may be a scholarly endeavour. But not as performed by producer Jerry Bruckheimer, director Anoine Fuqua and scriptwriter David Franzoni. In so

doing they have destroyed the mystique of a marvellous legend.

Arthur (Clive Owen) comes across as a muddled oaf. Guinevere (Keira Knightley) has to endure a leather costume that looks like something run up by Elle MacPherson on a bad day and a rusty sewing machine.

Not content with the ancient iconography, Bruckheimer ensures that the knights of the round table are reduced to, yes, seven as in *The Seven Samurai* and *The Magnificent Seven*.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

Man on Fire

Director Tony Scott has made a classic thriller. Or at least the classic first half of a thriller. John Creasy (Denzel Washington) hits Mexico City as a drunken ex-CIA gunman, intent on oblivion. His former comrade in arms Rayburn (Christopher Walken) gets him the job of bodyguarding Pita Ramos (Dakota Fanning), bright child of an industrialist (Marc Anthony) and his wife Lisa (Radha Mitchell).

The classic first half deals with the growing friendship between the gunman and the child. Scott opts for swimming coaching, not the step dancing of Shirley Temple and Bill Robinson in *The Little Colonel* (1935).

In the process, Creasy knocks back ludicrous quantities of Jack Daniels whisky. But not as ludicrous as the computer-enhanced explosions and crashes Scott deploys when in the second half Creasy seeks vengeance for Pita's kidnapping. The movie degenerates into just another bang-banger, although it must be said Scott does try for a redemptive ending.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

The Bourne Supremacy

Relies on the proven strength of the thriller genre as crafted by the late Robert Ludlum, enhanced by Tony Gilroy's script and the direction of Paul Greengrass who brings to the work the quasi-documentary grittiness of *Bloody Sunday*, his take on the British paratroopers' shooting of protesters in Derry.

Matt Damon again plays Jason Bourne, agent on the run from a secret project gone awry. Goa, where Bourne has an idyllic interlude with Marie

(Franka Potente), is the opening location for a worldwide chase in which Bourne is hunted not only by the CIA but by Russian mafia.

Joan Allen is the lethal Miss Frigiditaire determined to establish the truth. Brian Cox is a senior agent sweating on the same truth. Expect to see more: Bourne is a franchise with the potential of Bond

MA 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Spartan

Writer/director David Mamet's political thriller is incisive, witty and up-to-the-minute. Robert Scott (Val Kilmer) is a US Ranger (arguably the country's first special forces). He is given the task of rescuing an American president's wayward daughter (Kristen Bell) from white-slavers in the Middle East.

Scott goes about his task with grim-faced - Spartan - efficiency. But with an ambivalent agent (William H Macey) lurking, his mission is not as straightforward as it first appears.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Fahrenheit 9/11

Michael Moore's movie packs a punch. But it's neither a straight left nor a straight right, it's a wild haymaker. Or perhaps a flurry of open-handed swings. None quite hits the target but cumulatively they devastate.

To change the metaphor, it's a movie version of a newspaper cartoon. Such cartoons are effective to the extent that they selectively caricature. And Moore, himself a caricature Man in the Street, does this brilliantly.

His shot of President George W Bush sitting frozen after getting the news of the hijacked jumbo attack on the World Trade Towers while in a reading session with a class of children (shades of Mark Latham) is movie-making as surgery without an anaesthetic.

But it's all in the point of view. Sir Francis Drake has passed into legend for the coolness with which he continued to play bowls when told the Spanish Armada was on the high seas.

Did Moore's movie deserve to win at Cannes? Only if you believe a soapbox billy-cart should win the Formula One Grand Prix.

M 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

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.

Carla and Connie

Nia Vardelos's *My Big Fat Greek Wedding* was mainstream ethnic comedy more smashing than a bull in Myer's china department. Her follow-up in which Vardelos co-stars with Toni Collette, is about drag action, once mainly confined to theatre now a life-style choice.

The plot key, as in Billy Wilder's *Some Like It Hot*, involves the stars witnessing a crime and having to go on the run. They hide out by pretending to be men dressing as women. The complications are Aristophanic, the musical numbers, from shows like *Oklahoma!* and *South Pacific*, are performed with pizzazz. But there's more preaching about understanding than a comedy show warrants.

PG NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Spider Man 2

Director Sam Raimi has brought off the difficult trick of a sequel more compelling than the original. Tobey Maguire, as the daring, young man in the spider suit, and Christine Dunst, as his sweetheart, are settling in for a long haul. Indeed they look so comfortable in their roles, they may well end playing them in Zimmer frames. As Doc Ock, the villain of the piece, Alfred Molina works with a spectacularly ingenious device that would overwhelm a lesser player.

PG SFFV ★★☆☆☆

Against the Ropes

Meg Ryan plays Jackie Kallen, who became a successful manager in boxing,

a man's world where glass jaws are of more consequence than glass ceilings.

Against her are arrayed the male powers that be, epitomised by boxing king-pin Sam La Rocca (Tony Shaloub) who for a dollar signs over to Kallen the contract of a no-hoper Devon Greene (Tory Kittles). Instead, the ring-wise Kallen sees the potential of Luther Shaw (Omar Epps) when he beats up Greene over a drug debt.

Not pretty stuff. But when was boxing ever pretty? The script by Cheryl Edwards creates a tension between Kallen's celebrity as a female manager and Shaw's being overlooked as a pug.

Director Charles S Dutton fails in his casting: too many similar physical types in supporting roles create confusion. But if the movie is not quite the knock-out that *Rocky* was, it is certainly a win on points for Ryan (who needed it after *In the Cut*).

M 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

The Singing Detective

Robert Downey Jr is a star reborn, playing author Dan Dark in the Dennis Potter scripted movie version of his critically acclaimed television 1986 series. Downey brings tremendous distinction to Dark, as he battles psoriasis (the biblical leprosy) and memories of his past, transformed into scenes from Busby Berkeley-style musicals and detective thrillers.

Mel Gibson, who also produced, plays the more than slightly manic psychiatrist who helps Dark to elucidate his past. The supporting cast includes Robin Wright Penn, Katie Holmes and Carla Gugino as the women in Dark's life.

Such classics as James M Caine's *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and Raymond Chandler's *The Maltese Falcon* inspire the detective thriller scenes - except in one respect: where Caine and Chandler were discreet director Keith Gordon (and Potter) are startlingly explicit, proving in the end that one man's obsession can be another man's boredom.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Owning Mahowny

Warner Brothers used to say their movies were ripped from the day's headlines. This bleak morality tale is in

the Warner tradition. It concerns one of those gamblers who betray their trust and defraud their bank to pay their casino. Philip Seymour Hoffman gives a virtuoso performance in the title role. Like too many gamblers, he knows that it is not the house edge that is going to defeat him but his unwillingness to walk away even when he is winning.

Minnie Driver, her natural sparkle swamped by a pathetic blonde wig, is the colleague and lover who tries to help him. John Hurt, with a grin like the crack on a tombstone, is the casino boss who pities Mahowny even as he screws stolen money from him.

Maurice Chauvet's script and Richard Kwietniowski's direction combine to create a closed world of glitz, banality and pain. Their movie should be shown, big screen, in every casino where roulette wheels turns, dice click and cards are shuffled for profit and misery.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★★★☆

Laws of Attraction

Daniel Rafferty (Pierce Brosnan) is a celebrated divorce lawyer. So, too, is Audrey Woods (Julianne Moore). She practises law by the politically correct book, he by a whim of iron that includes a cutting sense of what divorce really involves. They clash on a case involving a rock star (Michael Sheen) and his wife (Parker Posey).

Will they do more than clash? Clue: the movie involves an interlude in an Irish castle not a stage-Irish mile from Ballykissangel.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★★★☆

I Robot

Inspired by the work of sci-fi, founding father Isaac Asimov, this thriller is set in Chicago, 2035. Perhaps a bit too close for robots so sensitive and intelligent when in the here and now robotic ATMs still chew credit cards for breakfast.

Will Smith plays Del Spooner, a cop with an aversion to robots called in to solve a killing involving them. Bridget Moynahan is a robot psychologist. Australian Alex Proyas directs with dark flair. Fellow Australian Paul Mercurio gets a collectors credit: robot choreography. But no credit for Arthur Koestler whose title *'The Ghost in the Machine'* is cited as dialogue. Another

of Koestler's books *'Darkness at Noon'* was one of the first exposes of Soviet torture and tyranny.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★★★☆

The Weeping Camel

This reviewer missed the camel's tears, not the charm of the documentary, shot in the Gobi Desert of South Mongolia.

Directed by Luigi Falorni and Byambasuren Davaa, it depicts a world of nomads, where wealth is still counted in camels but can be spent on a satellite disc aerial.

Central to the drama – it is the drama – is the painful birth of a rare, white calf whose mother must be persuaded to nurture. The cure is traditional and surprising.

M 15+ SFFV ★★★★★☆

Festival Express

Director Bob Smeaton's documentary has a fascinating subject: a five-day, train journey across Canada. It became a constant rock party which ceased only for concerts in major cities, and passed into legend as 'The Million Dollar Bash'. The performers and bands involved included Janis Joplin, Delaney and Bonnie, The Grateful Dead, The Band and Buddy Guy.

Unfortunately the train is more than a little late. The journey took place in 1970. Due to the bankruptcy of the original production company, the film was stored in the Canadian National Film Archives for 25 years. Vintage stuff. But only chronic nostalgics may enjoy it now.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★★★☆

Love Me If You Dare (Jeux d'enfants)

Film maker Yann Samuëll's fable combines elements of the cartoon with those of a romantic comedy in which Julien (Guillaume Canet) and Sophie (Marion Cotillard) indulge in a life-long series of mutual challenges to behave outrageously.

It's as if they had decided to test to the limit the old saying, 'The course of true love never did run smoothly.'

Shot mainly on location in Brussels and Liege, the movie strings, diamond-sharp images on a plot of startling twists while Canet and Cotillard personify

charm and wilfulness. Does the wilfulness destroy their love? Samuëll's penultimate shot is ambivalent but its ambivalence is redeemed by his final scene.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★★★☆

Godsend

Sci-horror thriller which is as modern as cloning and as antique as Frankenstein. Robert Di Niro plays Dr Richard Wells who offers a young couple Paul (Greg Kinnear) and Jessie (Rebecca Romijn Stamos) a replacement for their son Adam (Cameron Bright), killed in an accident. They accept. The results are distinctly creaky and that includes not only De Niro's acting, the house where they live but also the plot.

M 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Eurotrip

American comedy of email friendship which may offer bleak consolation to local film-makers criticised for the predictability of their work. It is so ill-made, the celluloid seems to squeal in protest. As for the actors, they include Scott Mechlowicz, Jessica Boehrs and Jacob Pitts who must surely be rehearsing for something better. They are not likely to be in anything so misbegotten again.

MA 15+ NFFV ★☆☆☆☆

Saved!

Writer/director Brian Dannelly and his co-writer Michael Urban had educations that included Catholic elementary, Christian high and Baptist fundamentalist. The result is this odd item in which Mary (Jena Malone) and her best friend Hilary (Mandy Moore) begin their final year at American Eagle Christian High School.

The most exuberant student at the school is also its lone Jew, Cassandra (Eva Amurri), expelled from all other available schools. She teams with the wheelchair-bound Roland (Macaulay Culkin). Star of the piece is Patrick (Patrick Fugit).

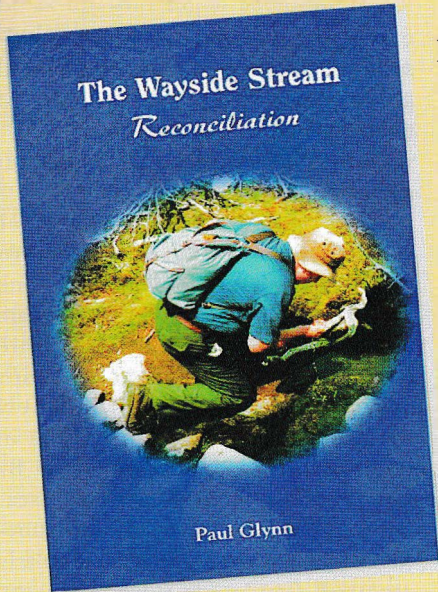
Mary, as the result of a vision seeks to cure her gay boyfriend and finds herself pregnant. Images and ideals are predictably trashed. Not so much a subversive comedy, as mooted, more an icky mish-mash.

M 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

New Book release by Marist Father Paul Glynn

“The Wayside Stream - Reconciliation”

All proceeds to help the suffering Church in Sudan



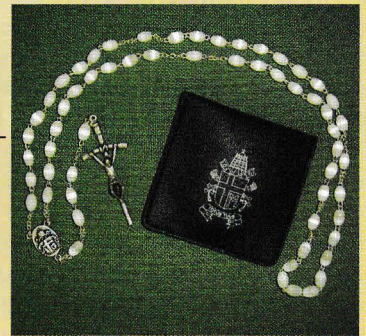
Forgiveness is the theme that runs through the latest book, *The Wayside Stream* by the prolific author Fr Paul Glynn.

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-ambulanceman 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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The publishers Marist Fathers have kindly allowed Aid to the Church in Need (ACN) to distribute Fr Glynn's book with all proceeds going to help the missionary projects of ACN in Sudan.

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Runaway materialism – its effects on how we think and act

DECADENT – NOT US SURELY?

By GILES AUTY



IN the current climate of confrontation between western nations – including Australia – and Islamic terrorist groups it is tempting to feel a strong sense of moral superiority to our more fanatical-seeming opponents. Yet they, at the same time, tend to see western countries as unrighteous and decadent even going so far as to characterise the United States as ‘the Great Satan’.

It is hard to imagine what America’s more law-abiding and well-established citizens make of such a charge. Probably most of them had previously imagined that they inhabited one of the more fortunate lands in human history. Obviously opponents in any conflict tend to denigrate each other yet it might be instructive to wonder whether our current feelings of moral superiority are any more or less justified than those felt by previous generations of Australians, British and Americans towards our joint opponents during the Second World War. Clearly both the type of confronta-

tion and of enemy we face now are very different but has not the basic nature of our own western societies also changed fairly radically since 60 years ago?

Whatever their other sentiments, I do not think the Germans or Japanese saw the nature of Australian or British societies, say, as decadent especially during the latter stages of the Second World War by which time our will to fight – and win – had been amply demonstrated.

In spite of their long string of early military successes against the Allied powers, Germany and Japan were finally overcome through collective fortitude and belief that our stated causes of freedom, democracy and respect for human life were eminently just ones.

Clearly our nations still believe in such ideals and continue to state them publicly. Yet any general perception of us as automatic and uncompromising opponents of oppression seems to have changed. Our terrorist enemies believe, in fact, that acts of terrorism will undermine the collective will of our seemingly

easy-going societies and that our citizens will then exert pressure on elected governments. But is this evidence of decadence or merely of softness?

Indeed, by what sensible criteria can decadence be judged?

The runaway materialism – or consumerism – of advanced western societies could be looked on as one such factor. Compared with the years following the Second World War, there is no doubt that most Australians or British people, say, are infinitely better off than their predecessors in terms of income and capital goods. By now our imagined needs have escalated to a point where perfectly functional kitchens, say, or cars are regularly replaced simply for a whim. In the meantime multitudes of adults and children own more clothes and toys respectively than either could ever conceivably use. Such material luxury – or decadence – would have been unthinkable to most Australian families in the 1950s.

In most western societies a watershed of change occurred in the 1960s when not just increasing prosperity but a new spirit of hedonistic irresponsibility influenced lifestyles in a manner which has never subsequently been reversed. It was this watershed which divided generations in terms of social attitudes and which also had an overwhelming influence on the collective face western societies present today.

Just one effect of the so-called cultural revolution of the Sixties has been to present every western nation with an intractable legacy of drug abuse together with associated networks of criminal hangers-on. It has been the experience of most western countries that three quarters of all urban crime is now related to drugs use. But is extensive use of drugs an accurate indicator of social decadence?

Those who have had to deal with its effects at first-hand would probably main-

Detering criminals

IT is not easy to deter the young male criminal; most criminals are young males. Deterrence needs to start earlier, at an age when criminal tendencies can still be stifled. This is not impossible. Though there is a lot of despairing talk about the underclass, it is neither as numerous as the dismay it arouses would suggest, nor so intractable. About 50 per cent of all crimes are committed by 5 per cent of males between the ages of 14 and 25; in other words, around a quarter of a million people. Let us deem them to be the core of the underclass – they are certainly its military wing – and let us assume that they have around seven relatives who are either former criminals, future criminals, or the likely parents of a



subsequent criminal generation. That gives us an underclass of around two million. If the other 53 million of us cannot subject that two million to a much greater degree of coercion than at present, we should be ashamed of ourselves.

– Bruce Anderson, *The Spectator*, April 29, 2000.

tain that it is, yet before the much-praised 1960s this particular problem scarcely existed.

The 1960's was also a time, of course, of other hugely influential social changes including the phenomenon often spoken of euphemistically as 'sexual liberation'. How outside witnesses, especially from much stricter societies, regard the blow-outs in, say, our rates of divorce, family break-ups and single parenting is not hard to imagine.

So-called sexual liberation also gave rise to a phenomenon even more commonly associated with decadence; the rise and rise of hard, soft and semi-pornographic and violent material of all kinds. The pervasiveness of this proliferation now seems unstoppable, largely because it is commercially driven. Does addiction to pornography or violent material degrade and deprave? By now only self-styled experts in the field seem incapable of understanding the profound effects pornography has on social attitudes. In the meantime, voices which question the effects of pornography are likely to find themselves characterised as puritanical.

Oddly, however, the latter description could be applied much more appropriately to the Islamic fundamentalism which drives certain terrorist activity. Seen purely from the latter perspective, much so-called western decadence is undoubtedly exaggerated. Yet contemporary western society often serves itself badly through apparent neglect of the spiritual and widespread contempt for its own traditional faiths.

Viewed dispassionately the case we present for ourselves is generally far worse than it needs be.

If I were the training master of future terrorists hoping to instil in them contempt for the West, I wonder whether I could do much better than simply screen for my charges parts of an average night's viewing on Australian television: Big Brother, Survivor, The Block, Queer Eye for the Straight Guy, Extreme Make-over ... the choice seems endless.

In short, if we are not genuinely decadent or hopeless perhaps the time has come to stop presenting ourselves as such.



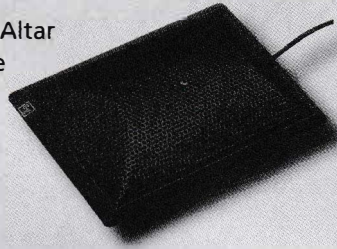
CILES AUTY was born in the UK and trained privately as a painter. He worked professionally as an artist for 20 years. Publication of his *The Art of Self Deception* swung his career towards criticism. He was art critic for *The Spectator* from 1984 to 1995 when he became national correspondent for *The Australian*.

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Bishop, Priests, Deacons & Laity

IT was my privilege to have a glimpse of you in the person of your saintly Bishop Damas and his two clergy, the worthy Bassus and Apollonius, as well as my fellow-servitor Zotion the deacon. I should be happy in that man's company; he is as deferential to his bishop as he is to the Grace of God, and to his clergy as to the law of Jesus Christ. For your part, the becoming thing for you to do is to take no advantage of your bishop's lack of years, but to show him every possible respect, having regard to the power God has conferred on him. My information is that the sacred clergy themselves never think of presuming on the apparent precocity of his rank; they give precedence to him as a sagacious man of God – or rather, not so much to him as to the Father of him who is the bishop of us all, Jesus Christ. So for the honour of him who loved us, propriety requires an obedience from you that is more than mere lip-service. It is not a question of imposing upon a particular bishop who is there before your eyes, but upon One who is unseen; and in such a case it is not flesh and blood we have to reckon with, but God, who is aware of all our secrets.

– Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, 35-107 AD, from his Letter to the Christians in Magnesia-on-the-Meander, written as he was on his way to Rome to suffer martyrdom in the Flavian amphitheatre, known as the Colosseum.

Stop Press!

ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

URNS 115 IN OCTOBER 2004

To celebrate our 115th birthday *Annals Australasia* is pleased to announce that Father Paul Stenhouse MSC, Editor of *Annals* 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 115 years, *Annals* also plans to hold a

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Wednesday October 27, 2004. 7pm for 7.30 pm.

Venue: The Galaxy Room, Royal Randwick NSW. Enter from Alison Rd.

Attendants will assist with parking.

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As 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. **Please return this form to Annals Dinner, PO Box 13, Kensington NSW 2033: Phone (02) 9662-7894 Fax: (02) 9662-1910.**

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