

ANNALS

Australasia

Journal of Catholic Culture



2004 — 1
\$3.30*

PRINT POST APPROVED 255003/01005

ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

Journal of Catholic Culture

Volume 115, Number 1 January-February 2004

[Sunday Year C/weekdays Year II]

Australia's Oldest Catholic Magazine

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

3

Being Catholic in today's world

PAUL STENHOUSE

11

Requiem for the Handwritten Letter

TONY EVANS

13

A Summer in Bath

KEVIN HILFERTY

26

The Sovereign Military Order of Malta

JOHN PRATT

29

Media Matters

JAMES MURRAY

32

Land Monopoly: Who owned New South Wales?

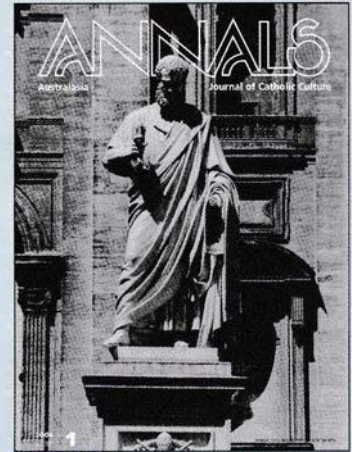
ALAN KATEN DUNSTAN

44

Humpty Dumpty Revisited

SUSAN MOORE

Cover photo: Paul Stenhouse, MSC.



Front Cover: Colossal Statue of St Peter sculpted by Giuseppe de Fabris standing at the side of Bernini's beautiful steps that lead, in three stages, to the entrance of the Basilica of St Peter in Rome. Numerous statues of the twin founders of the Church of Rome have stood in front of the old Basilica [started by Constantine in 320 and finished in 349] and the present one that was commenced in 1506 and completed in 1626. In 1847 the present statue by de Fabris replaced one sculpted by Mino del Reame in 1461-2.

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

In the Name of the Father	1
Letters	7
The meaning of Mercy	10
Has Father got it right?	18
Once more into the Murdoch psyche, dear reader	19
A danger to the State	36
Movies	37

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

RATES

Editorial Board		STANDARD	PENSIONER	SURFACE	AIRMAIL	
Alan David [Chairman]	Australia	☐ \$33.00	☐ \$26.00	India, Japan	☐ \$44.00	☐ \$53.00
Giles Auty	Overseas	<i>SURFACE</i>	<i>AIRMAIL</i>	Philippines	☐ \$44.00	☐ \$53.00
Garry Boyd	PNG, NZ	☐ \$42.00	☐ \$47.00	Canada	☐ \$44.00	☐ \$55.00
John David	Indonesia	☐ \$44.00	☐ \$50.00	USA, Israel	☐ \$44.00	☐ \$55.00
Frank Devine	Singapore	☐ \$44.00	☐ \$50.00	Latin America	☐ \$44.00	☐ \$60.00
Christopher Koch	Malaysia	☐ \$44.00	☐ \$50.00	Europe, UK	☐ \$44.00	☐ \$60.00
Pierre Ryckmans						

(All rates include GST.)

Printed by National Capital Printing, 22 Pirie Street, Fyshwick, ACT 2609, Phone: (02) 6280 7477.

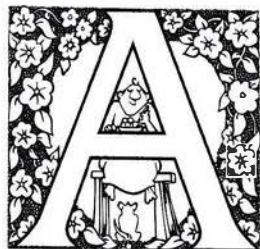
Colour Separation Digital Graphic Communications Pty Ltd, Suite 5, Level 2, 51-53 Bourke Rd, Alexandria 2015. Phone: (02) 9669 6144.

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

All rights reserved: Chevalier Press, Kensington © 2004

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

Thoughts on the death of a young friend



AND here the precious dust is laid;
whose purely-tempered clay was made
so fine, that it the guest betray'd.

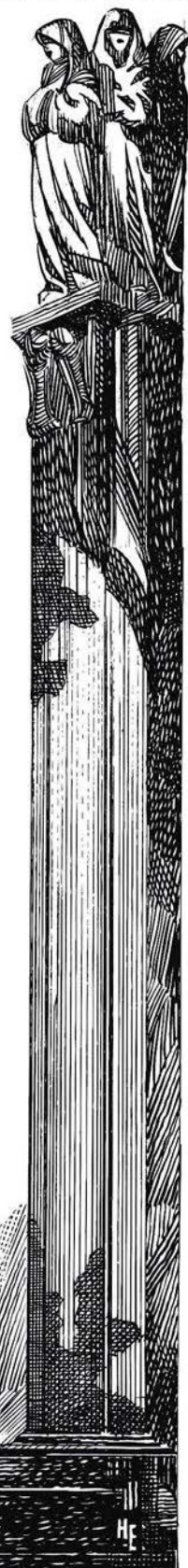
In height, it soar'd to God above;
in depth, it did to knowledge move,
and spread in breadth to general love.

Before, a pious duty shined
to Parents, courtesy behind,
on either side an equal mind.

Good to the Poor, to kindred dear,
to servants kind, to friendship clear,
to nothing but herself, severe.

Learn from hence (Reader) what small trust
we owe this world, where virtue must
frail as our flesh, crumble to dust.

- Thomas Carew [pronounced 'Carey'] 1598-1639, a disciple of Ben Jonson,
writing of Maria Wentworth who died aged 18, in 1632.





O KING OF KINGS

ALONE with none but thee, my God,
I journey on my way;
What need I fear, when thou art near,
O King of night and day?
More safe am I within thy hand,
Than if a host did round me stand.

My destined time is fixed by thee,
And death doth know his hour.
Did warriors strong around me throng,
They could not stay his power;
No walls of stone can man defend
When thou thy messenger dost send.

MY life I yield to thy decree,
And bow to thy control
In peaceful calm, for from thine arm
No power can wrest my soul.
Could earthy omens e'er appal
A man that heeds the heavenly call?

The child of God can fear no ill,
His chosen dread no foe;
We leave our fate with thee, and wait
Thy bidding when to go.
'Tis not from chance our comfort springs,
Thou art our trust, O King of kings.

Hymn from the Psalter of the *Roman Breviary* for Morning Prayer on Thursday of Week Two.
The *Roman Breviary* contains daily prayers, hymns, psalms and other readings from Sacred
Scripture and the Fathers, Saints and Councils of the Church, to be recited by all priests and
deacons and also, traditionally, by ancient Orders of monks and nuns.

'Generic Christianity' versus Catholicism

BEING CATHOLIC IN TODAY'S WORLD

By PAUL STENHOUSE, MSC PHD

IS not easy. It never was. Our world is a mirror image of the worlds that preceded it. The personal failures, moral dilemmas, misunderstandings, temptation to compromise, appeal to 'special circumstances' that confront and challenge each of us as we go about our lives, would be familiar to all our ancestors in the Faith.

It is not the 'world' that has changed, despite its hi-tech front, and the special FX that are found not just in movies, but in every aspect of our lives.

As we sit before our TV or computer screen and stare at the graven images and wince at the sounds [and the language] we are not all that different from St Paul walking through the areopagus¹ and glancing at the altar dedicated to the unknown god. There is a difference of course. And it is to be found in our attitude. St Paul was not complacent or compliant. He asked questions and challenged the crowd of would-be philosophers in Athens or frustrated silversmiths in Ephesus. How do we react?

We cannot deny that our attitude has changed [for the better we hear some mutter]. Better than what? Than the past? Yet can we deny that the downside of urbanisation and the subsequent alienation of Catholics from their familial and religious traditions by the 'reformation,' the 'renaissance,' the 'enlightenment,' and the aptly named and on-going 'industrial revolution,' lie behind most of the changes.

Haven't we become like those whom St Thomas More criticised as he lay in the Tower awaiting execution: they were happy to say *Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto*² – but they refused or had forgotten how important it was to add: *Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper, et in saecula saeculorum*.³

He was quoting King Ladislaus [our Lord assoil⁴ his soul!] who instructed his servants who might be tempted to

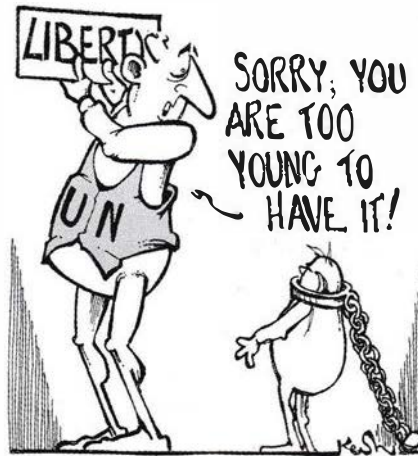
flatter him, never to omit the *Sicut erat*: '[tell me] even as it was and not otherwise: and lift me not up with lies, for I love it not'.⁵

I refuse to accept at face value the bland assurance that we are 'better off'. With the passing of time, and the development of technology, our attitudes have changed less under the influence of the Holy Spirit, than under the influence of the 'spirit' of the Age; less because the world is improving steadily under our influence, than because the obstacles to living the Faith have changed qualitatively, while increasing in size and number.

These obstacles have been accorded a status and respect undreamt of even in the heady days of pagan Rome which laid claim to possessing 'the true principles of social life' and 'laws'.

That redoubtable former-Catholic Edward Gibbon found these claims 'perfectly agreeable to historic truth'.⁶ Quintillian, on the other hand, a celebrated Rhetorician born in Spain who taught, among others, Pliny the Younger, and died in 95 AD, would beg to differ.

He wrote that youngsters in his day were corrupted even before they knew there was a difference between good



U.N. or U.G.? You Judge!

A quarter of a century ago, amidst the great hopes of all mankind, the United Nations Organisation was born. Alas, in an immoral world it too grew up immoral. It is not a United Nations Organisation, but a United Governments Organisation, which equates those governments which were freely elected, those which were imposed by force, and those which seized power by force of arms. Thanks to the venal prejudice of the majority of its members, the UN jealously guards the liberty of certain nations and neglects the liberty of others. It obsequiously voted against investigating private grievances—the groans, cries and entreaties of simple, humble individuals, insects too tiny for such a large organisation to concern itself with. The best document it put out in all its twenty-five years was the Declaration of Human Rights, yet the UN did not endeavour to make endorsement of it an obligatory condition of membership, and thus it left ordinary people at the mercy of governments not of their choosing.

Alexander Solzhenitsyn, *One World of Truth*, Nobel Speech, 1970.

and evil. Far from being demoralised by their peers at school, he said, they often brought the contagion with them from their homes.⁷

Husbands divorced their wives for the most trivial reasons, and wives divorced their husbands with equal ease. Cato seems to have divorced his wife Marcia in order that Hortentius should marry her, and after some years to have married her again when Hortentius died and she inherited a large fortune. 'Divorce was so common as to be almost inevitable.'⁸ It still is.

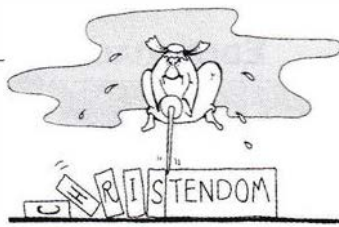
Abortion of children, especially illegitimate children, was common in pre-Christian Rome as it is throughout our allegedly post-Christian world today. According to St Ambrose [339-397 AD] infanticide and exposure of newly-born infants was common among the poor, and abortion was the practice of the wealthy.⁹

In 1991 future Cardinal Avery Dulles SJ summed up the situation in which Catholics found themselves after decades of compromise and wholesale abandonment of Catholic principles and practice by educationalists. He described it as a slippery path that leads from Catholicism to 'generic Christianity, then to vaguely defined religious values, and finally to total secularization.'¹⁰

An example of the way in which the Church's teaching and mission are distorted and misrepresented in the 'World-village' by courtesy of computer chips and broadband radio, and often at the hand of 'generic Christians' who have graduated from Catholicism to secularism via relativism and materialism, was given prominence on March 9, 2003.¹¹

The Sydney *Sun-Herald* carried the following duplicitous headline: 'Church Crumbles as faithful rally to girl, 9, who had abortion'. The alleged 'faithful' were, it turned out, members of Spanish feminist groups not usually conspicuous for being 'faithful' to Catholic teaching in Spain or elsewhere. The parents and doctor who had procured the abortion after the young girl from Nicaragua was raped had, according to the report, been declared to have excommunicated themselves 'ipso facto,' by Cardinal Miguel Obando y Bravo.

Faced with reportedly 'massive' opposition to the excommunication [26,000



End of a Dream

THE Horns of Hattin. On those hills, the last knights of an army of which half had fallen gathered in a final defiance and despair round the relic they carried in their midst, a fragment of the True Cross. In that hour fell, as I have fancied, more hopes than they themselves could number, and the glory departed from the Middle Ages. There fell with them all that New Jerusalem which was the symbol of a new world, all those great and growing promises and possibilities of Christendom of which this vision was the centre, all that 'justice for the bourgeois and the peasant, and for the trading communes, all the guilds that gained their charters by fighting for the Cross, all the hopes of a happier transformation of the Roman Law wedded to charity and to chivalry. There was the first slip and the great swerving of our fate; and in that wilderness we lost all the things we should have loved, and shall need so long a labour to find again.

Raymond of Tripoli had hewn his way through the enemy and ridden away to Tyre. The king, with a few of the remaining nobles, including Renaud de Chatillon, was brought before Saladin in his tent. There occurred a scene strangely typical of the mingled strains in the creed or the culture that triumphed on that day: the stately Eastern courtesy and hospitality; the wild Eastern hatred and self-will. Saladin welcomed the king and gracefully gave him a cup of sherbert, which he passed to Renaud. 'It is thou and not I who hast given him to drink,' said the Saracen, preserving the precise letter of the punctilio of hospitality. Then he suddenly flung himself raving and reviling upon Renaud de Chatillon, and killed the prisoner with his own hands. Outside, two hundred Hospitallers and Templars were beheaded on the field of battle; by one account I have read because Saladin disliked them, and by another because they were Christian priests.

— G. K. Chesterton, *The New Jerusalem*.

'supporters' allegedly demanded on the internet to be excommunicated in solidarity with the girl's parents and doctor] the Church authorities in Managua, according to the *Sun-Herald* 'backtracked on their excommunication threats'. 'They have turned back. Our mission is accomplished,' said spokeswoman Angeles Alvarez.

Little of this makes sense. According to Canon 1398 those who procure abortions are, it is true, automatically [*ipso facto*] excommunicated. The Archbishop of Managua certainly did not 'threaten them with excommunication,' nor did he, nor could he according to the Canon, 'excommunicate them.'

The excommunication occurred when the abortion was performed – provided the parents and the doctor had full knowledge, full consent and full freedom in what they did. Very often these conditions are not verified, at least in the case of parents or involved relatives, and the penalty of excommunication is not incurred. Doctors who run abortion clinics are a different proposition.

The fact that the Cardinal Archbishop came out publicly and declared that they had been 'ipso facto' excommunicated, means that the matter of the abortion of the 9-year-old's child must have become public knowledge.

Is one being harsh on the media in assuming that they leapt onto the story like a rabid dog after a leg to bite, and created yet another 'cause' for the anti-Catholic lobby?

The *Sun-Herald's* story assumes that having an abortion is less harmful to the child than going to term, and having the child adopted [if the family can't bring itself to raise it]. What evidence is there to prove this?

One does not need a great deal of imagination to see the *Sun-Herald's* counterpart in Managua hounding the Archbishop to get him to give a 'yes' or 'no' to the question: 'were they excommunicated?' and then gleefully launching into a denunciation of the Church no matter what the Cardinal said.

If 'perhaps' [which is probably all that he could have said], then the headline would be: 'Church wavers on abortion issue'. If 'yes' [which is simply stating the law as contained in Canon 1398] the headline would have screamed:

'Church excommunicates parents whose 9-year-old daughter was raped'; and if 'no' [which could be for any number of reasons the Cardinal would not be at liberty to share with the *Sun-Herald*] then – allegedly – the 'Church crumbles'. But does it?

Let us assume that all the 26,000 'faithful' who protested at the alleged excommunication were practising Catholics. They could not be 'excommunicated' at their request; they may well have excommunicated themselves, however, by making it. Nor could they lift an excommunication '*latae sententiae*' or '*ipso facto*',¹² by signing a petition.

If they were not practising Catholics, then the excommunication they called for would have been meaningless anyway.

Let us assume that the excommunication had, in fact, been incurred by the parents and the doctor. The excommunication's purpose is not vindictive – as a punishment – but rather to bring those who incur it to a frame of mind where they could see the seriously harmful nature of what they have done.

The tone of the *Sun-Herald's* report strongly suggests that there is no harm in the abortion. Its casting of the Catholic Church in the role of an evil tyrant reeks of melodrama, and the anti-Catholic paranoia that has become a feature of much of the Fairfax media.

When the bishops who attended the Council of Elvira in Spain in 306 AD and of Ancyra in Turkey in 314 AD decreed that mothers guilty of this crime were to be excluded by the Sacraments until the hour of death, they were not aiming to be punitive: they were trying to affirm the value of life.

They would have met with stiff resistance from opponents of Christianity – but nothing to compare with what Catholics today have to endure from hostile media determined to re-write the moral books.

Catholics, it would appear, have a choice: either to continue to obey the Catholic Church's allegedly 'inhuman' and 'outdated' moral laws, or embracing 'generic' Christianity, to turn to the Fairfax and other Media for the latest up-dates on what is OK for the cool generation.

Angela Alvarez was wrong Her over-confident claim 'they have turned back'

Come back O Caesar

CAESAR boldly met all his dangers half way, and never shirked any difficulty or hardship. He despised death and astounded everyone by the toughness of his constitution, for he was a lean man whose white skin made him look almost pale. What is seldom known is that he suffered from epilepsy and regarded military service as a kind of therapy, hoping that forced marches, an extremely simple diet and continuous outdoor exercise would cure his attacks. He normally slept in a carriage or a litter. By day he used to inspect fortresses, camps and towns. A secretary was in constant attendance on him, ready to take dictation even while on the march, and behind him



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

usually stood a solitary soldier armed with a sword.

Caesar used to travel so fast that it only took him a week to get from Rome to the Rhone. When he rode it was at a brisk trot, with his hands resting on his charger's neck. During campaigns he would dictate even on horseback, employing two or more scribes for that purpose. In Caesar's view 'written conversations' saved time, and he found short letters far less irksome than long conferences. We can see, therefore, that Caesar between the ages of forty-three and fifty was quite another person from the spoilt, versifying youth of twenty.

can only give false heart to the denizens of our 21st century Hell who find the Church at their very Gates challenging their right to the hearts and souls of innocent human beings.

'Lift me not up with lies For I like it not'

– King Ladislaus [Laszlo] of Hungary, died 1095.

So let's get back to work. This is no time for hesitancy or fear. If the Church were not standing firm – despite all – we would not be writing this editorial. If the Gates of Hell weren't shaking on their foundations, the Moguls of Phonydom would not be attacking so desperately.

St Thomas More put it this way:

'If the Faith were in our days as fervent as it hath been ere this in times past, little

counsel and little comfort would suffice. We should not [have] much need with words and reasoning to extenuate and [di]minish the vigor and asperity of the pains; but the greater, the more bitter that the passion were, the more ready was, of old time, the Faith to suffer it ... [and not be like] a reed ready to wave with every wind, nor like a rootless tree, scant set up on end in a loose heap of light sand, that will, with a blast or two, be blown down.'¹³



1. Acts of the Apostles, 17:23.
2. Glory be to the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit.
3. As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be, world without end. Amen.
4. i.e. 'absolve'.
5. *A Dialogue of Comfort in Tribulation*, by St Thomas More, London, Thomas Baker's Son [undated] p.225 [written in the Tower of London in 1534].
6. *The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, vol.1, Ward Lock & Co London [undated] ch. 2 p.41.
7. *Institutiones Oratoriae*, 1.4.8.
8. *Social Life at Rome in the Age of Cicero*, W. Ward Fowler, Macmillan & Co London, 1929.
9. Hexameron, v.18.
10. Quoted Msgr. George A. Kelly, 'The wrong lamentations over *Ex Corde Ecclesiae*' in *Fellowship of Catholic Scholars Quarterly*, 22 [1999/2] p.21.
11. Professor Patrick Quirk suggests the following as truer headlines: 'Church sad as abortionists excommunicate themselves'; 'Sound teaching directs the doubtful'; 'The Ignorant are instructed by a loving Church'; 'A wrong prevented'; 'Disputes end after Rome speaks'; 'Catholic Faithful thank God for wise Pastor' etc.
12. Both these terms refer to an excommunication that take place immediately the abortion is performed.
13. Thomas More, *Dialogue*, ed. cit. pp. 209-210



THOUGHT FROM THE LITURGY OF THE DAY

By FATHER MICHAEL FALLON, MSC



MARCH

1 Mon Lent Week 1 Ps 19:8
The precepts of the Lord gladden the heart.

2 Tues Lent Week 1 Ps 34:5
Look to the Lord and be radiant.

3 Wed Lent Week 1 Ps 51:10
A pure heart create for me, O God, put a steadfast spirit within me.

4 Thurs Lent Week 1 Esther 4:17
Come to my help, O Lord, for I am alone and have no one but you.

5 Fri Lent Week 1 Psalm 130:6
My soul is waiting for you, O Lord, more than watchman for daybreak.

6 Sat Lent Week 1 Mat 5:44,48
Love your enemies ... Be perfect in the same way as your Father is perfect.

7 Sun Lent Week 2 Ps 27:78
O Lord, hear my voice when I call; have mercy and answer. Of you my heart has spoken: "Seek his face".

8 Mon Lent Week 2 Psalm 79:8
Let your compassion hasten to meet us, for we are in the depths of distress.

9 Tue Lent Week 2 Isaiah 1:16
Cease doing evil and learn to do good.

10 Wed Lent Week 2 Ps 31:5
Into your hands I commend my spirit. It is you who will redeem me, O faithful God.

11 Thurs Lent Week 2 Jer 17:9
The heart is more devious than any other thing, perverse too. Who can pierce its secrets?

12 Fri Lent Week 2 Mat 21:43
The kingdom of God will be given to a people who will produce its fruit.

13 Sat Lent Week 2 Luke 15:8
I will rise and go to my Father

14 Sun Lent Week 3 1Cor 10:12
If you judge that you are safe, be careful lest you fall.

15 Mon Lent Week 3 Ps 95:8
If today you hear God's voice, do not harden your heart.

16 Tue Lent Week 3 Mat 18:23
You must forgive from your heart.

17 Wed Patrick Acts 13:46
I have made you a light to the nations, so that my salvation may reach to the ends of the earth.

18 Thu Lent Week 3 Psalm 95:8
O that today you would listen to his voice. Do not harden your heart.

19 Fri Joseph Psalm 89:1
I will sing forever of your love, O Lord, and always proclaim your truth.

20 Sat Lent Week 3 Hosea 6:4
Your love is like a morning cloud, like the dew that quickly disappears.

21 Sun Lent Week 4 2Cor 5:17
For anyone who is in Christ there is a new creation ... it is all God's work.

22 Mon Lent Week 4 Ps 30:10
You listened and had pity. You came to my help. I will thank you forever.

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

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

25 Tues Annunciation Jn 1:14
The Word was made flesh and pitched his tent among us.

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

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

28 Sun Lent Week 5 John 8:11
I do not condemn you. Go away, but do not sin any more.

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

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

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

LETTERS

Prof. Patrick O'Farrell

The loss of Prof. Patrick O'Farrell, who had held the Chair of History at the University of New South Wales, was of considerable significance for Catholic Australia. His achievements for the Irish were parallel to what the late Professor Cable had done for the Anglicans at the University of Sydney.

The Catholic Church in Australia by O'Farrell drew heavily from experience and clerical sources (even to its purple cover) and was compiled before histories of the religious congregations (male and female) were out in the market. The Research Foundation for Women religious at the Catholic University should remedy that. In O'Farrell's work a mild cynicism proved a cooling antidote to the somewhat turgid prose of Cardinal P Moran's History. However, even the assumed 'myths' have had considerable research done on them since O'Farrell's publication.

The heroism of the Professor is not to be underestimated. Few could have mastered the left hand for writing as did he. And the great span of his *opus* leaves nothing but admiration.

We can but bless the memory of a scholar from across the Tasman who brought much energy to the cause of the Irish, who since penal days had in many cases developed a reticence about themselves. The contribution of their more outspoken ones has contributed significantly to the Australia we know and thus indebtedness to Professor O'Farrell can never be gainsaid.

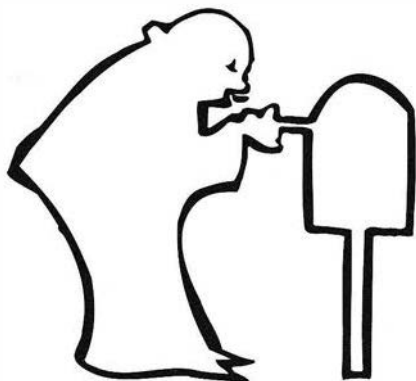
Point Point NSW 2010 CATHERINE O'CARRIGAN RSC

Confusing the flock

Thank you for yet another fine editorial (*Annals* 8/2003) and for Frank Devine's article on our new Cardinal and the troubled Bishop Power.

The day after the *Canberra Times* reported Bishop Power's confusing attack on Cardinal Pell, the *Times* included a Pryor cartoon which is the most disgusting cartoon I have ever seen. To make it worse, it was directed at our new Cardinal and our Catholic Faith.

I wrote to Archbishop Carroll pointing out the confusion for his flock caused by the conflicting messages Bishop Power sends us through the anti-Catholic *Canberra Times*. So far



Cloning

I sympathise with the question of Bill Quinn [*Annals* 2/2003]. It certainly raises many issues, but I was surprised at the Editorial comment.

There seems no realisation that there is a natural process of cloning, in the case of identical twins. Both have the same DNA but different bodies, different personalities and different souls, because they are different individuals. Because of what we now know about how this occurs, perhaps it is time to revise our definition of how soul and body are related, or accept that divine providence involved in such natural cloning cannot be logically excluded from some future scientific possibility.

More difficult to explain is the factual American case of 'incomplete' twin girls who share the one body. These are not Siamese twins, but two non-separated individuals. Each has her own head, but they share the one body. Each speaks differently, expressing her own personality, as we would expect different individuals to do, but they are not fully 'individual' at the bodily level.

The girls in question are now teenagers and express themselves quite explicitly as if two individuals and clearly two personalities. Could we exclude two souls from this truly human reality that is one body?

Perhaps our thinking is too often tinged by the approach of the editorial comment which reflects an ancient idea that the human soul is transmitted by the parents. If I can call this idea 'generationism' it neglects the crucial point, that it is God who creates the human soul *directly*. It directly means what we normally understand, then surely God has other possibilities open to his creative action.

Whatever scientists may eventually manage to do, from the Christian point of view they would be no more than manipulators. I suggest that the occurrence of identical twins, and the case I have quoted

of the American girls, should tell us that our imaginings and experience fall far short of God's possible creative activity, and therefore we should not attempt to close the conceptual door on a possible result – if ever it should occur.

Canberra Vic 3124

PETER MURRAY

[Your editor pleads Not Guilty to *Generationism* – which was an opinion condemned by Popes Benedict XII [1334-1342] and Leo XIII [1878-1903] among others. I have no problem with the Church's teaching that God creates each soul directly – my difficulty is with human beings tampering with, or subverting natural processes for motives that have little or nothing to do with human generation. I'd like to share our correspondent's confidence that 'from the Christian point of view the [scientists] would be no more than manipulators'. It would be interesting to know how the 'manipulators' in question define 'human,' and whether they have considered the possible long-term consequences of their research. *Ed.*]



Kicking the habit or taking the bait

MANY of the intellectuals of our generation boast, with Albert Camus as their model, that they have really confronted the monster. We must confront hopelessness. But there is a huge difference between confronting it and falling in love with it.

– William Lynch, S.J. *Images of Hope*, NY, 1974, p. 25.



For 112 years *Annals* has been throwing light on age-old questions. Some of the questions have changed but *Annals* is still available as a sure guide in the name of the Catholic Church.

TOO SHY TO ASK? DON'T BE!

**CATHOLIC ANSWERS TO BIBLE CHRISTIANS
VOLUME 1 \$12.00**
[Includes \$2 for postage and handling]

Frank discussion of arguments commonly raised against the Catholic Church. A *must* for every Catholic home and school.

[Volume 1 is available in Spanish for \$12.00 including postage]

**CATHOLIC ANSWERS TO BIBLE CHRISTIANS
VOLUME 2 \$12.00**
[Includes \$2 for postage and handling]

Exploring the true face of modern anti-Catholicism. The psychology of prejudice, unproven assumptions. 'No Popery, Bad Catholics.'

All prices include GST

Available now from:

CHEVALIER PRESS

PO Box 13

Kensington NSW 2033

Phone: (02) 9662 7894, (02) 962 7188 ext 252

Fax: (02) 9662 1910 Email: annalsaustralia@hotmail.com

ASK FOR A LIST OF OUR OTHER CATHOLIC PUBLICATIONS

there has been no reply, but I understand he has been in Rome.

In this time, when the most horrific acts of atrocity are being carried out in the name of a god, we Catholics need a strong and unified Church. We should be flocking to daily Mass, not being driven away as so many dear to me have done, in disgust.

I look forward to Cardinal Pell asserting the authority of his office, **not** just to pull all of us into line, **not** just to give us the guidance we all need, but to put Christ back into our daily lives, to have Him as the central focus of every Mass.

Perhaps Cardinal Pell might also address the horrors of Catholic education as outlined by Wanda Skowronska Dear God how we need You today.

Thank you again. Your editorial messages are often the only indicators I have in this ungodly capital city that I am not completely off the track. I remind myself every day that our Catholic faith flourishes in the face of such problems.

Wamissa ACT 2903

ALASTAIR BRIDGES

Lamentabili Sane revisited

According to Peter Malone MSC, 'early Christian communities assembled the Gospel incidents as we now have them' (*Jesus & the Cinema, Annals* [2003/6]). In the Syllabus Condemning the Errors of the Modernists, Saint Pius X condemned and proscribed the propositions:

'The Evangelists themselves as well as the Christians of the second and third generation, artificially arranged the evangelical parables. In such a way they explained the scanty fruit of the preaching of Christ among the Jews' (13).

'Until the time the canon was defined and constituted, the gospels were increased by additions and corrections. Therefore there remained in them only a faint and uncertain trace of the doctrine of Christ' (15).

'The narrations of John are not properly history... lacking historical truth concerning the mystery of salvation' (16).

Tuggerawong NSW 2259

ARTHUR NEGUS

[Our correspondent seems to be confusing the *Syllabus of Errors* issued by Pope Pius IX in 1864 with the decree *Lamentabili* issued by Pope Pius X in 1907. Father

Malone's comment is not, however, at variance with those latter decrees. The words quoted by our correspondent must be read in their context: 'The screenplay [of Franco Zeffirelli's *Jesus of Nazareth*] ... rearranged gospel incidents such as the early Christian communities assembled the Gospels as we now have them'. It is well always to bear in mind the old philosophical maxim: 'positive statements are not exclusive'. Others might have expressed the point more felicitously, but readers may be assured that Father Malone is no Alfred Loisy, George Tyrrell or Baron von Hugel. *Ed.*

Marriage re-defined

Annals is to be congratulated for publishing [*Annals* 6, 2003] the response of Cardinal George to the attack on the Pope and the Church by the *Chicago Sun-Times*. Who would ever have heard about it otherwise? It informs your readers that there is a growing opposition to the legalisation of same-sex marriages in the US and encourages them to hope that a similar opposition could be organised in this country when the time comes.

The reason for this letter is to bring to your attention an article that appeared in the October issue of *First Things*. The title is 'The Marriage Amendment' and it is written by The Editors (i.e. Fr Richard John Neuhaus et al.)

It concerns the change to the US Constitution by means of an amendment, towards which the courts are moving, that will mandate the radical redefinition of marriage and the family so as to allow the union of same-sex couples to be called 'marriage'. The article begins with a statement of a proposed counter-amendment which is gathering the support, in the Congress and several states, of those who are reluctant to amend the Constitution in a way that threatens marriage and the family. There then follows an essay on the effects on the nation if the changes being pursued by the courts were enacted etc. The worry is that, when the push begins in earnest, there will not be enough informed and organised Catholic leaders in the legal profession to resist it.

Swathfield NSW 2135

GERALD WILSON

Treasure Trove

We read *Annals* from cover to cover. There is a fund of historical wealth in its articles, reminding one that the study

Annals Australasia 1889 - 2004

From the editor

THIS year, 2004, *Annals* will celebrate its 115th year of continuous publication. *Annals* is, as best we can ascertain, the oldest continuously published Catholic magazine in the Southern Hemisphere, and after *The Bulletin*, one of the oldest magazines of any sort in Australia.

We hope to celebrate in some fitting way the contribution that *Annals* has made to the vitality of Catholic Life in this country and in every place throughout the world where it is read.

We thank our loyal readers for their support and encouragement. We should like to find the reader who has had the longest association with us. So, please write and tell us how long you [or others] have been receiving or reading *Annals*, as we should like to publish the names of the ten readers who have been with us the longest time.

Next issue, please God, we will give details of our plans for celebrating our 115th birthday.

- Paul Stenhouse, MSC

of our Catholic religion is indeed a treasure trove.

[One small point - one of your contributors referring to the Angelic Doctor, (St Thomas Aquinas) seemed to infer that he was a Benedictine, whereas he was a Dominican.]

Thank you for hours of enlightening literature. It has been very heartening over the past twenty-odd years to find in *Annals* a bastion of the Faith, when all around us those institutions one should have been able to rely on were turning out to be weak reeds. It has been a bad time.

Pray God the tide has now turned due in no small measure to publications such as yours, which were steadfast through thick and thin.

Westleigh NSW 2120

PETA AND DAVID YORK

Topical Issues

Several things I particularly enjoyed about the September issue. Can you

judge a book by its cover? Yes. Cover pictures for *Annals* are always attractive, usually reproductions of your own photographs. But the cover of the September issue is a masterpiece! The waterlily is a universal symbol of the triumph of beauty and purity over ugliness and mire, the muck from which this lovely flower arises.

The reputation of that great man, Pope Pius XII, will also continually arise, unsullied from the mire which it has become fashionable to throw at him! Your masterly refutation of all these derogatory attacks (*Annals* September 2003), backed up by no fewer than seventy-two references, deserves to be published as a separate small book, and to hold a place in every library.

The review of Anne B. Hendershott's 'The Politics of Deviance,' is also both timely and valuable.

On the very day of my receipt of *Annals*, in which the article 'The Ethical Alternative' appeared, evening news on ABC reported fresh successes at St Vincent's Hospital, Sydney, in the treatment of heart patients, using adult stem cells.

Thank you again. I hope you are well, and pray God will continue to bless us all in your splendid work.

Longueville NSW 2066

FRANCES

1993 Concordat with Germans

Fr. Stenhouse's article, 'Pope Pius XII under fire', [*Annals* 7, 2003] is timely, reasoned and to be commended, however, I would have liked to have seen more comment about the 1933 Concordat and Cardinal Pacelli's part in it.

It is my understanding that the Concordat virtually emasculated organised Catholic opposition to Nazism within Germany. Perhaps this could be the subject of a future article?

Newtown NSW 2042

DAVID WALL

Many letters have had to be held over until next issue. We apologise to our correspondents and invite comment on articles we carry or on issues that concern the wider Catholic community. *Ed.*

THE MEANING OF MERCY



THE Mercy of God has been one of the major themes of Pope John Paul's pontificate but it is a concept poorly understood: for some it means 'easy' salvation; that no matter what I do, everything will be O.K.; for others, it is a dimension of God that is untapped and a source for them, therefore, of an inability to approach God because of a feeling of the immensity of their sins.

Those who think God's mercy consists in forgiving people no matter what, underestimate the lofty nature of their calling; those who think their sins are too great to be forgiven underestimate the depth of God's love for them.

The perfect allegorical picture of mercy is, of course, the parable of the Prodigal Son. Lately commentators ask us to see ourselves in the ungrateful brother rather than the Prodigal Son and it is true that self-righteousness is a common failing. But I like to look at myself in the Prodigal as well. The word is best translated as 'spendthrift' rather than wanton or wicked. The son is misusing his father's gifts: he is not becoming what he could become given his wonderful inheritance.

You see how it goes? God is neither out to get us nor relaxing by the pool no matter what we do. He wants us to become the great beings he intended us to become.

This parable illustrates how mercy is played out in all of our lives. The first act must come from us (prompted of course by God but we have to respond). Mercy comes about not because

the father sorrows about his son but because the boy 'returns to himself'; he remembers, as we all must, what he could be; he turns around; he makes a movement towards the father. Conversion always consists in a movement of discovery. Seeing God's love, we want to return to it. The son recalls all that his father's household has: recalls the lavish generosity of his father and his own contrasting wretchedness. And returns home. Not to sonship, he thinks, that is no longer possible, but to service at least.

Upon his arrival he does again what we all must do, he falls at his father's feet and begs forgiveness: he does not presume forgiveness, nor does he see it, on the other hand, as a complete impossibility. He makes, in fact, his confession, in something like the terms we use today (Father, I have sinned against God and against you). Almost instantaneously the father's arms are flung around him. His heart is bursting with joy. This son of his was dead and is alive. 'Let the festivities begin.'

This then is the meaning of mercy. It is, on our part, recognition of our puniness, our ingratitude, our nothingness without God and a consequent action of appeal to him. On His part it is a response of immense love, a love that fills up the abyss between His greatness and our nothingness. God lifts us up in his arms to great heights.

The Church provides us with the perfect stage in which to enact the story of the Prodigal Son: the sacrament of confession, that divine means of healing, of letting us return to the Father.



- By Kate Cleary

A Farewell to Pens

REQUIEM FOR THE HANDWRITTEN LETTER

By TONY EVANS



NE of the most dramatic and yet least remarked-upon effects of the computer revolution has been the death of the handwritten letter.

If, at the post mortem, one of those clever pathologists favoured in television crime series were to examine the body the exact time and date of death would be hard to establish. And yet dead the handwritten letter certainly is, killed off in the last ten years; and like Marley's ghost, there is no doubt about that. Killed stone dead by the computer, email, and the prevalence of a general lethargy afflicting us all when it comes to hand writing anything longer than a shopping list.

No longer can we go to the post box each morning and expect to find what W.H. Auden described in his onomatopoeic poem, *Night Mail*: 'Letters of thanks, Letters from banks, Letters of joy from girl and boy, Letters with holiday snaps to enlarge in, Letters with faces scrawled in the margin, Letters from uncles, cousins and aunts, Letters from Scotland and the South of France, Written on paper of every hue, The pink, the violet, the white and the blue, The chatty, the catty, the boring, the adoring, The cold and the official and the hearts outpouring...'

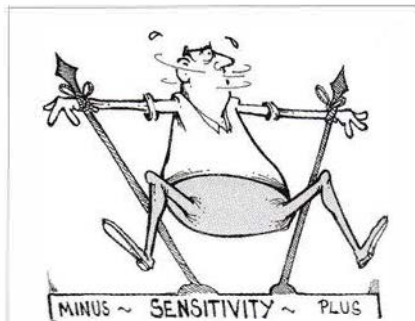
Only the 'cold and the official' letters in window envelopes (invariably demanding money) live on. The particular joy of discovering handwritten letters in the post has gone forever, and most letterboxes now defend themselves by displaying notices banning junk mail. The once ubiquitous human activity of handwriting letters (and later, even typing letters) has been consigned to the waste paper basket of history. No longer do modern day hero-

ines retire to their rooms after lunch to write letters like Lady Constance at Blandings Castle, or Emma Woodhouse rather disastrously to Mr Knightly. Neither do engaged couples exchange letters. G.K. Chesterton wrote daily to his fiancée, Frances Blogg, who lived as close as the next suburb, and he wrote explaining his engagement to his mother while she was sitting in the

same room. Today all communication is limited to text messages and email, or by the telephone. Email is fast, efficient, and far cheaper than a postage stamp enabling instant communication all over the world, and almost instant reply when necessary. The benefits, one has to admit, are enormous. And yet the losses are enormous too and may not be fully appreciated until well into the future.

Not only has a whole way of life with its attendant disciplines disappeared almost overnight, but the most accurate window into character, attitudes, beliefs and preoccupations of both the famous and the ordinary person has been lost to the historian, the biographer, and succeeding generations who would normally treasure private letters written by their family forebears. A handwritten letter conveys far more than is expressed by the words on the page. The character of the writing, the speed with which it is written, the age of the hand, the colours of both ink and paper, and the manner of addressing, the mistakes and the corrections, and the indefinable presence of the writer at those moments when the letter is being read, are all conveyed when the envelope is opened expectantly. Reading handwritten letters written in the past is like journeying in a time machine, enabling us to understand a little of the world as it was at the time the letter was written. Correspondence by email, designed to be time-saving is necessarily short and pithy, and often employs a contrived shorthand devoid of all character, with the result that it will not convey the heart and soul of the writer to future researchers who bother to delve into old computer files.

So what will there be to remember us by? Regrettably nothing as exciting and revealing as a bundle of hand-



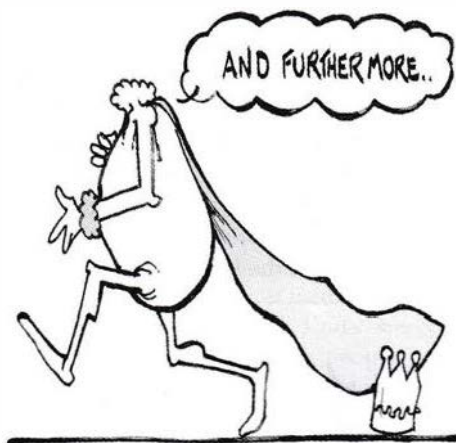
Confused

OUR military seems quite aware of such dangers, but because of the feminists, it would be politically dangerous to respond as the Israelis did by taking women out of harm's way. Instead, the American solution is to try to stifle the natural reactions of men. The Air Force, for example, established a mock prisoner of war camp to desensitise male recruits so they won't react like men when women prisoners scream under torture. There is a very considerable anomaly here. The military is training men to be more sensitive to women in order to prevent sexual harassment and also training men to be insensitive to women being raped and sodomized or screaming under torture. It is impossible to believe that both efforts can succeed simultaneously.

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

Learning and Forgetting Nothing

THE English and to some extent the American liberals were living in one sense even more in the past; for they were not destroying what had recently been destroyed. The Americans were defying George the Third, under the extraordinary idea that George the Third ruled England. When they set up their republic, the colonists probably really did think that England was a monarchy. The same illusion filled the English Whigs; but it was only because England had once been a monarchy.



The Whigs were engaged permanently in expelling the Stuarts, an enjoyable occupation that could be indefinitely repeated. They were always fighting the battles of Naseby and Newbury over again, and defying a divine right that nobody was defending. For them indeed Charles the First walked and talked half an hour, after his head was cut off; and they themselves could walk nowhere but in Whitehall, and talk of nothing but what happened there.

— C.K. Chesterton, *William Cobbett*, London, Hodder & Staughton.

written letters. I write this obsequy for the handwritten letter not to dismiss computers and email which I freely make use of, but as a life-long reader and a published writer of biographies. In the case of my own work I relied largely on the handwritten letters of my subjects, and I can think of no biography I have read in recent years that has not made use of, and been enriched by reference to numerous personal letters. Letters are the building blocks of good biographies. For the biographer there is no thrill to equal the handling and studying of letters handwritten by the subject one is writing about. If you happen to be famous (or infamous) enough to warrant a biography one hundred and fifty years hence, you had better start writing letters if you have not already done so. Yours will be a very dull biography indeed if the writer relies on your emails and text messages. You may plead, as most people do, that

modern life simply does not provide enough time for hand written letters which is invariably a labour-intensive exercise. It also requires the writer to think ahead of his writing because alterations and additions cannot be made as easily as on a computer. But surely lack of time is a feeble excuse unless it can be proved that there is less time available to us now than there was a hundred years ago, or that the clock moves faster now than it did in times past. Otherwise how can we explain why great historical figures who packed their lives with activity, creativity, and travel found time each day to write not only letters in great number, but diaries as well? The thousands of letters, all hand-written, of William Gladstone, arguably Britain's greatest and certainly longest-serving Prime Minister, fill 10 volumes, quite apart from the fourteen volumes of his diaries, also originally hand-written. Churchill, as well

as directing World War II, wrote thousands of letters by hand, and Abraham Lincoln is said to have replied by hand to every letter, numbered in their thousands, addressed to the President from however important or humble a source. Dickens who wrote all his novels by hand amounting to millions of words, wrote handwritten letters which fill an equal number of volumes in their published form. Vincent Van Gogh, besides his great paintings and his incarceration in an asylum, managed to write some of the most profoundly moving letters of any artist and which now fill two large volumes. We know so much more about the characters and activities of Beethoven and Mozart from their letters, in each case now filling three published volumes. Such examples from history are numberless and are not necessarily limited to the famous. This, in part, is why biographies of these and other historical characters are so riveting to read and revealing of the inner person.

No, lack of time cannot be the explanation. It has more to do with the impoverishment of modern education and the imagined urgency about everything that we do. We have no time because we think we have no time.

As we mourn the passing of the handwritten letter let us make an eleventh hour attempt, like good conservationists, to resuscitate the body, and experience the joy of receiving handwritten letters between friends and relatives. A handwritten letter is a treasure, a gift, an act of giving part of oneself to another – a privilege to write, and a privilege to receive. And to start the conservation movement I promise to write to any reader who cares to write to me. By hand, of course!



1. W.H.Auden, *Night Mail*. Written for the soundtrack of the classic documentary film of the same name in 1937 for the British Post Office. The rhythm of the poem imitates the sound and movement of an express train rushing letters to all parts of the country. The poem later published in *Collected Shorter Poems*, Faber & Faber, London 1966

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

Retracing Catholic History in Mary's Dowry

A SUMMER IN BATH

Sydney Journalist KEVIN HILFERTY *tells of spending Summer in this fine English city, and his observation of Catholic life there.*



ON July 1, 2003, the first day of the English summer, my wife and I again became temporary residents of the parish of Our Lady and St Alphege in Oldfield Lane, Bath.

It is one of the three Catholic parishes in this city of 80,000 people about 160km south west of London in a valley beside the River Avon.

We have been coming to Bath regularly over the past six years, as this is where our eldest daughter, her English husband and their four children, live,

I had never heard of St Alphege until we moved into the parish in 2001. Born near Bath in 953 he became a Benedictine monk in 970. In 984 he became Abbot of Bath then for 20 years was Bishop of Winchester. In 1005 he was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. Danish sea raiders

captured Alphege in 1016 and took him to Greenwich. When he refused to be ransomed, they stoned him with ox-bones and killed him with an axe.

The church named for him is a gem. It was built in 1929 as a station church served from St John's, in central Bath then staffed by Benedictines. The superior of the community had been at the great north country Benedictine school, Ampleforth, with the architect Sir Gilbert Scott, who designed the church for him.

It is a replica of the sixth century Roman church of Santa Maria in Cosmedin. Visitors to Rome may recall the adjacent Bocca della Verita, the Mouth of Truth, in the marble wall beside the church. Legend says it will bite off the arm of anyone who tells a lie.

To live for three months in a city is to experience life among the local community in a way not possible on a brief tourist visit.

There are subtle differences in the liturgy between Britain and Australia. Some phrases in the responses are different, Holy Communion is always offered under both species, there is but one collection, community prayers are said slowly and reverently. Most of the hymns are unfamiliar.

A bell sounds as the priest leaves the sacristy and the congregation stands immediately. At the conclusion of Mass, everyone remains until the priest has left the church, usually to wait outside to greet people. They make time to talk to strangers. It is all very well mannered.

I observed similar respectful behaviour visiting another daughter in London. There we attended Mass at St Monica's in the east end parish of Hoxton, staffed by Augustinian Friars. Reflecting the local population mix, the congregation is predominantly African.

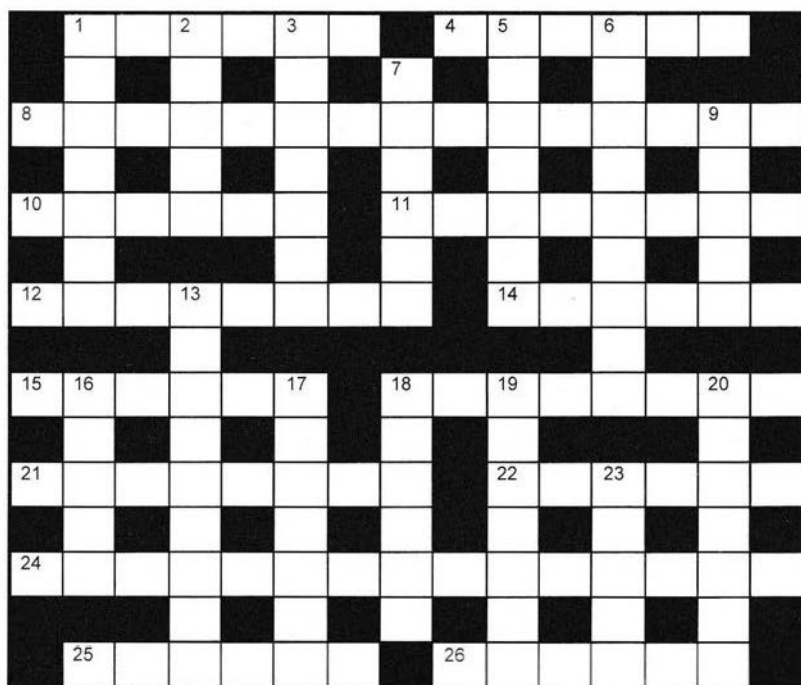
St Alphege people are generous in support of their parish and special collections, such as one for a former curate who went to a poor parish in Peru 30 years ago. Another regular collection is for heating the church, essential in winter when the snow lies on the hills and icy winds blow.

On our first Sunday at St Alphege's, Bishop Declan Lang of Clifton spoke at all Masses and greeted parishioners



In AD43 the Romans built a sophisticated series of baths around the hot springs. Over 1.1 million litres of water gush from the spring every day at a constant temperature of 46.5 degrees.

ANNALS CROSSWORD No. 20



ACROSS CLUES

1. A place of worship (6)
4. Save from danger or harm (6)
8. Formal prayer of contrition said at the beginning of Mass (1,4)
10. Music to be sung by the south side of a choir (6)
11. A member of a protestant denomination (8)
12. Church towers (8)
14. The indigenous religion of Japan (6)
15. Violent destruction or confusion (6)
18. Baptise (8)
21. An unmarried man (8)
22. Relating to Islam (6)
24. Festival commemorating the descent of the Holy Ghost on the apostles (9,6)
25. Biblical race of giants (Numbers13:22) (6)
26. Old Testament Book and prophet (6)

DOWN CLUES

1. Pope and Saint (feast day Nov 23) (7)
2. Grandson of Abraham (1Chronicles1:33) (5)
3. Old Testament Book and prophet (7)
5. One of Paul's helpers (Acts 19:22) (7)
6. Roman army captain who had a vision of an angel (Acts10:3) (9)

7. Priest's long scarf like vestments (6)
9. A religious pamphlet (5)
13. Word expressed by Jesus to the blind man (Mark 7:34) (9)
16. Proverb (5)
17. Old Testament Book in which The Lord reprimands the priests' (7)
18. The oil used to anoint the sick (6)
19. City from where the Israelites first set out to leave Egypt (Exodus12:37) (7)
20. Inscription on a headstone (7)
23. Mount upon which Moses was giving the Ten Commandments (5)

SOLUTION TO NO. 19



© Brian & Neil 2003

Due to a production error, Crossword No. 19 had the righthand column omitted. We apologise for this error and hope it did not cause too much confusion.

individually. He invited them to meet him on Sunday afternoon in the hall beside the parish school, acknowledging that this would clash with the televised Wimbledon men's final between Roger Federer and Mark Philippoussis.

Bath owns its name and existence to hot springs which each day produce a million litres of water at 46C. Their healing qualities were known to the Celts who named them after their god,

Sulis, but it was the Romans who realised their potential. They named the place Aquae Sulis (The Waters of Sulis) and built a temple dedicated to Sulis and their goddess Minerva and a complex of baths, with the water channelled through pipes sealed with lead.

The temple and the baths flourished for 400 years until Rome recalled its legions and the baths fell into ruin, covered by rubble and mud.

But the hot springs still flowed and the town revived. In 603 St Augustine, sent by Pope Gregory the Great to Christianise the Anglo-Saxons, visited Bath and in 670 the first Abbey was established.

A larger Abbey was built about a century later and in it in 973 the Archbishops of Canterbury and York, Saints Dunstan and Oswald, crowned Edgar as the first effective King of England.

The first Norman bishop, John de Villula, was a physician and created the King's Bath which won a reputation for curing skin diseases. He began a new Abbey and enclosed land in a valley south of the Avon for a farm and priory, which in time gave its name to one of Bath's great houses, Prior Park. In 1180 Bishop Roger founded St John's Hospital, under the direction of Augustinians.

Between 1499 and 1513, Bishop Oliver King of Bath and Wells cleared away the 400-year-old Norman Abbey which had fallen into decay and began the present Abbey. It was the last great church built before Henry VIII's break with Rome and was consecrated by the Bishop of Rochester, St John Fisher.

The King's Commissioners arrived at the uncompleted Abbey in 1535 and stole the library and other treasures. On the dissolution of the monasteries in 1539, the Abbey and its lands were seized and sold.

The local MP bought the Abbey and sold the stored building stone, timber and glass. Queen Elizabeth visited Bath in 1576 and gave money for the Abbey's restoration. She ordered the closure of all the churches within the city walls; the Abbey was to be the sole Protestant parish church in Bath.

The tower with its high glass windows was once called the lantern of England. Some carvings indicate that it was once a Catholic church. A recently restored chantry chapel honours William Birde OSB, the second-last Prior of Bath (1499-1525). Another recent restoration is a chapel dedicated to St Alphege.

Bath remained a local market town until Queen Anne began to take its healing waters in 1702. It became famous for its grand houses, fashionable shops and glittering social life of balls

and gambling at the Pump Room and Assembly Room.

The developer who changed Bath was Ralph Allen (1693-1764) who arrived as a young deputy postmaster and made a fortune from mail contracts. From his stone quarries he extracted golden Bath stone for buildings created by his architect, John Wood.

When people questioned the quality of the stone, Allen commissioned Wood to create a great country house on the land enclosed by Bishop John and called it Prior Park. He had the landscaping master Capability Brown design a park in the valley below with a Palladian stone bridge across a stream.

Wood began building his circle of fine houses, The Circus, in 1754 but died three months later. His son, also John Wood, completed The Circus. The younger Wood was responsible for the nearby Royal Crescent, one of the finest streetscapes in Europe. I enjoy walking around Bath looking at these fine buildings

Walking around Bath or viewing it from a high hill to the south, Beechen Cliff, was a favourite occupation of Jane Austen who lived there for five years. She did not much care for Bath or its social whirl but used it as the setting for her first novel, *Northanger Abbey* and her naval novel *Persuasion*.

Her inspiration for *Northanger Abbey* came from a visit to the ruined Netley Abbey, a Cistercian foundation beside the Solent between Southampton and Portsmouth. *Persuasion* reveals Jane's



The renowned Scottish architect Robert Adam designed the Pulteney Bridge in 1770 based on the Ponte Vecchio of Florence. Beneath the bridge flows the River Avon over the graceful weir.

observation of Bath's social life and her knowledge of the Royal Navy; two of her brothers became Admirals and made fortunes from prize money – the proceeds of the sale of captured enemy ships.

Bath was popular with naval officers who took its healing waters to recover from fevers and war wounds. Lord Nelson lived there while recovering from a fever contracted in an unsuccessful expedition against a Spanish fort in central America

Arthur Phillip, commander of the First Fleet and first Governor of New South Wales, also lived in Bath. He saw the infant colony through its first five years before returning to England with severe arthritis and the effects

of a spear wound suffered in a clash with Aborigines at Manly. He settled in Bath but returned to the Navy in 1797 and retired as a Rear Admiral in 1805. In 1806 Phillip bought a handsome Georgian house in Bennett Street near the Assembly Rooms, paying 2,200 pounds – about \$5 million in today's terms.

His death in 1814 is still a mystery. He died after falling from a third floor window to the pavement below. It is not clear whether this was an accident or a suicide prompted by intense arthritic pain. Perhaps for this reason, Phillip was not buried in the Abbey but in the parish church of St Nicholas in the village of Bathampton, about four km outside Bath.

Australia has restored the grave in which he lies with his second wife and built The Australia Chapel. In the Abbey a wall plaque beneath an Australian flag honours Phillip.

I usually take a bus to Bathampton. It is a pleasant walk back to Bath along the towpath beside the Kennett and Avon Canal, emerging near the Holbourne Museum of Art with its wonderful collection of silver and portraits of Bath society by Thomas Gainsborough (1727-89).

Gainsborough lived for 14 years in a large apartment in The Circus, now owned by a friend, an Australian writer. She likes to sit visitors in a chair used by Gainsborough's subjects, lit by a marvellous light streaming through a huge glass window extending over two



The Royal Circus, a circle of 33 houses, commenced building in 1754 and drew its inspiration from the Colosseum in Rome.

storeys. Gainsborough would work across from his subjects, using a brush attached to a 6ft rod.

By the early 19th century Bath's popularity waned as the rich and fashionable took up sea bathing. But it revived when the engineering genius Isambard Kingdom Brunel built the Great Western Railway from London, in 1840. It then went on to Bristol where it was to connect with Brunel's Great Britain, the first iron-hulled steamship, to take passengers to New York. It never quite worked. The ship carried troops to the Crimean War then took settlers to Australia and was a freighter until wrecked on the Falkland Islands. About 30 years ago the Great Britain was towed back to Bristol, passing beneath Brunel's wonderful Suspension Bridge across the Avon Gorge. It is now on exhibition in the Great Western Dock, where it was built in 1843.

North country railwaymen built the non-conformist chapels that dot Bath, along with numerous Anglican, Presbyterian and Methodist churches. When the founder of Methodism, John Wesley, broke from the Anglican church, his principal supporter was a wealthy Bath lady, Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, who funded his new churches in Bath and Bristol. She built her own chapel in 1765; it is now the Museum of the Building of Bath, with fascinating exhibits showing how the city was designed and built.

Bath was badly damaged by two German air raids in April, 1942 which killed 300 people and destroyed or damaged 19,000 properties. Almost as much damage was caused by ill-conceived post-war development until heritage controls were imposed.

To an Australian eye, there are few Catholic churches and institutions. This reflects the statistical reality that in Britain Catholics form a small minority. The latest Catholic yearbook shows that in a population of 50 million, Catholics in England, Scotland and Wales number just 4.1 million. In Australia with a population of 20 million, there are 5.4 million Catholics.

Bath has many parks – important in a city of apartments or houses with little, if any, garden space. When we lived for a summer below Beechen Cliff,



Dogmas against Dogma

IT is intensely interesting to study Thomas Jefferson's views upon education. The taxes shall not pay a cent to the propagation of dogma, but they shall maintain a public library of carefully selected secular volumes. The students are to be more dogmatically warned away from dogma than they have ever, in any seminary, been doctored with it. There shall be no Professor of Divinity; on the other hand, there shall be 'courses of ethical lectures, developing those moral obligations, in which all sects agree' – one hopes, in order to supplement the somewhat scanty hours allowed for sleep. For what place is more boring, as those who have suffered from it know, than that strange and last Nirvana of the non-sectarian, where progressive 'guides, philosophers and friends' teach impeccable Nothing to pubescent agnostics? The Presbyterians who objected to the appointment of a Unitarian professor are denounced for wishing to revive the Holy Inquisition, which with all its faults, was surely a far more intelligent institution than the University of Virginia.

– Christopher Hollis, *The American Heresy*.

we walked to St Alphege's along the Linear Parkway, once the right of way of the Midland Railway between Bath and the Channel coast. When the line was closed, the Council transformed it into a narrow strip of park which retains the feel of embankments, cuttings and bridges.

Another favourite walk is around Prior Park. This has links to the city's Benedictine tradition. During the penal years, Benedictines cared for the spiritual needs of the Catholics of Bath.

In 1839, the Vicar General of the Western District, Bishop William Baines OSB bought Prior Park and its grounds. He turned it into a seminary and school which was an academic success but a financial disaster. A fire caused much damage a few years later. My wife was in Bath in 1991 for the birth of our second grandson and saw Prior Park go

up in flames again because of an electrical fault in the library.

In 1993 the school, then conducted by the Christian Brothers, donated the gardens below Prior Park to the National Trust which has opened them to the public.

Prior Park, now under lay administration for Clifton diocese, is a co-educational senior school for day students and boarders with 560 pupils. The Chapel of the Snows is a Mass centre for local Catholics.

Bath offers direct train service to London, Oxford, Portsmouth, Exeter and Salisbury with its great cathedral which has the highest spire in England.

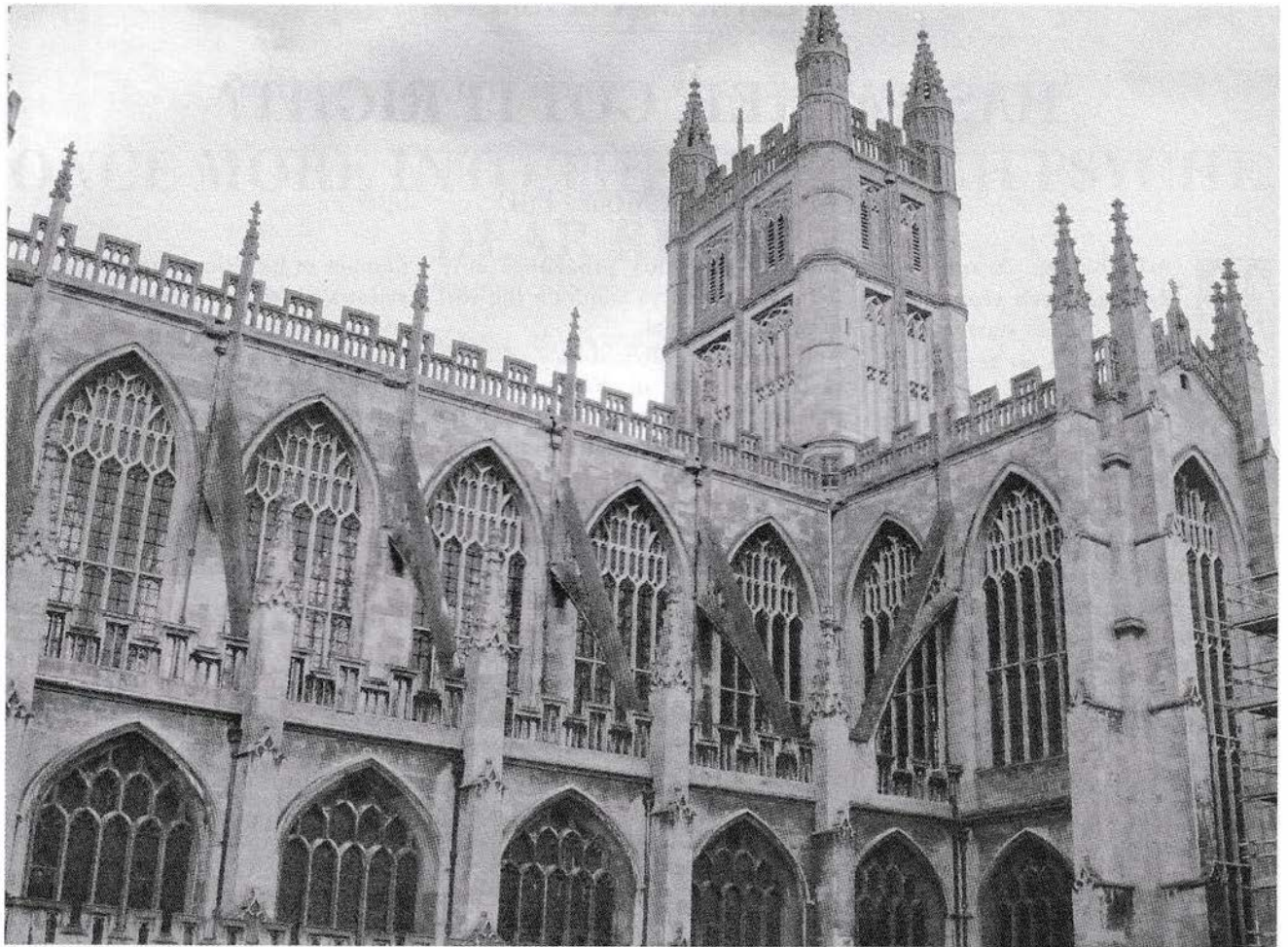
Just a few km from Bath is Bradford on Avon, which has a fine small Saxon church of the 10th century and a wonderful stone tithe barn, built for the local abbey in the 12th century. I often go to Bristol, 15 minutes by train from Bath. Its cathedral, once an Augustinian abbey, dates from 1140. I always visit St Mary's, Redcliffe, a good example of a mediaeval parish church. In St John's chapel is a piece of whalebone brought from Newfoundland in 1497 by the Bristol explorer John Cabot (an Italian, Sebastiano Caboto).

In St Mary's I always think of the last Catholic vicar of the parish, Blessed Edwin Powell. Born in Wales, he taught at Eton and Oxford and was executed at Smithfield, London, in July, 1540.

Similarly, when in Salisbury Cathedral I think of Blessed Margaret Pole, Countess of Salisbury, daughter of the Duke of Clarence and mother of the last Catholic Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal Reginald Pole.

The Cardinal infuriated Henry VIII by writing an open letter critical of his divorce, remarriage and policies: "Thy butcheries and horrible executions have made England the slaughterhouse of innocence... Lucifer alone may be fitly compared to thee." Unable to arrest the Cardinal, who was in Europe, Henry had his 80-year-old mother dragged to the Tower of London and executed.

Another favourite excursion is by bus to Wells, with its handsome small cathedral then on to Glastonbury to walk through the ruins of the great Abbey and to climb The Tor, where the last Abbot of Glastonbury, Blessed Richard



Begun in 1499, Bath Abbey is the last of the great medieval Catholic churches of England. During the past twelve and a half centuries, three different churches occupied this site.

Whiting, and two of his fellow monks were martyred in 1539.

Most Glastonbury shops now belong to new age people who peddle an amazing variety of junk: crystals, pagan and even Satanist images, shrines and spells, incense and beads. It is sad to see these charlatans flourish near what was once a great abbey and pilgrimage place.

Bath's biggest project for years is the \$50 million Thermae Bath Spa, aimed at restoring the city as a spa town – the old baths were closed 28 years ago when toxic amoeba were discovered in the water after the death of a child.

The new spa uses filtered water from the ancient springs. There are treatment rooms and a rooftop pool, open to the sky and overlooking the Abbey. The project was due to open in December 2002 yet no one will forecast an opening date. But the local water supplier, Wessex Water, spent \$5 million on a free concert by the Three Tenors: Luciano Pavarotti, Jose Carreras and

Placido Domingo to celebrate the spa.

In the park below the Royal Crescent they built a huge stage modelled on the arches of the Roman Baths, installed seating and provided an overflow area with giant TV screens in Victoria Park. Tickets were available through the Council and local newspapers. I went to this event.

The tenors were in good voice but the high point was the final sequence, with massed local choirs and the London Philharmonic. They played Elgar's Pomp and Circumstance synchronised with fireworks and everyone sang Land of Hope and Glory

then Blake's Jerusalem. As red, white and blue rockets burst overhead, we pledged in song to build Jerusalem in England's green and pleasant land. It was pure magic.

When we arrived in Bath, twilight came at 10pm. In August it was at 9pm and in September twilight was at 8pm and we felt the chills of autumn. It was time to confirm our flights: to Rome for a week, then to Sydney. But we'll be back.



Sydney Journalist KEVIN HILFERTY became interested in English Catholic history when based in London as correspondent for an Australian media group.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

OWING to a malfunction in the equipment of our mailing house an unspecified number of Subscribers did not receive our Christmas issue 9/10 2003. If you were among their number please let us know by phone, fax, email or letter (see Contents page) and we will send you your missing copy. We apologise for this inconvenience.

– Paul Stenhouse MSC, Editor *Annals*

HAS 'FATHER' GOT IT RIGHT?

By FRANK MOBBS PHD

JUST before Easter and Christmas each year, priests in my area start urging parishioners to receive the sacrament of Reconciliation (Penance, Confession).

This may seem to be a good Catholic custom but I cannot figure out why the priests do this. My puzzlement arises from the fact that in order for someone to confess his sins and receive forgiveness for them, he would have to have some sins to confess.

But I know we have no sinners in my district. *Father* (my collective name for the priests) has been telling us all the year that we are virtually sinless. True, we say the *Confiteor* at the beginning of Mass, but *Father* nearly always prefaces this act by such words as, 'Now if there is some little thing that you may have done in the past week which you regret, tell God you are sorry.' Clearly peccadilloes are all we are capable of around here. Apparently we are children who cannot commit anything which qualifies as serious sin.

In some years we have had dramatic confirmation of this conclusion. We have been invited to participate in a collective rite of Reconciliation wherein we are told to inscribe our sins on a piece of paper which we take to a priest standing in front of the altar. There he takes the folded paper and burns it in a tray, so that he never learns what teeny-weeny misdemeanours we have achieved. This shows clearly that whatever we have done adds up to very little in the sight of God, so little that the priest does not want to hear about it.

I have resisted such invitations. However, I have been tempted to write as my sins, 'Suicide three times. One or two murders. Embezzlement of half a million dollars,' and present this to the priest for incineration. I am sure my penance would have been as light as that awarded to the next, er, sinner

I add that this procedure sure helps the priest to maintain the seal of the confessional.

Further confirmation of our sinlessness lies in *Father's* never naming any sins. Occasionally he uses the words 'sins' and 'sinfulness' but these words, mercifully, are not attached to any particular acts. He never says that if one short-changes a customer, one is stealing. He never says that taking home a load of cement and timber from a building site is stealing. Nor that hiring someone desperate for work at the rate of \$15 an hour and then paying him half that because one calculates that the wretch will never sue - that is also stealing. Nor that buying goods which 'fell off the back of a truck' is robbery. *Father* would not dream of telling us that if we have stolen, then we are bound to restore to the owner what we have stolen before we can receive God's forgiveness.

None of our parishioners kill small humans by aborting them. Nor do any advise or permit members of their family to have an abortion or to perform one, if they are nurses or doctors. I think I have heard the words, 'The evil of abortion', but *Father* hastened to make clear that it is not to be found amongst us.

The most pleasing feature of the parishes around here is the number of saints therein. The present pope is credited with a world record in the

number of beatifications and canonizations which he has declared. I tell you he has rivals, for at funeral after funeral the priests assure us that the deceased is in Heaven with God. At times I have wondered how the priest knows the eternal fate of the deceased. But then I remember that *Father* has repeatedly assured us that we are (virtually) sinless, so it stands to reason that everyone goes to Heaven.

Father has engaging ways of making this point. One is the *Come as You Are* theme. God, you see, does not ask us to change. He is happy with us just as we are. We sing a hymn with that title. At times I feel like adding a few verses: 'Come as you are, dear paedophile, no need to worry' or 'Come as you are, dear Heinrich Himmler (Pol Pot, Bali bomber, aboriginal basher) ...'. No wonder *Father* feels free to canonise the dead.

Mind you, I think *Father* has problems. He gives a homily on the Scripture readings. When, for example, he comes to Our Lord's words: 'For if you forgive men their trespasses (sins), your heavenly Father will also forgive you', he hesitates to assert that we always forgive those who harm us, though that is what (virtually) sinless people like us would naturally do.

Moreover the New Testament often points to our sinfulness and our need for God's forgiveness. Take Acts 2:38 where Peter, after giving a rousing discourse to the crowd, was asked, 'What shall we do?' and replied, 'Repent and be baptised everyone of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the forgiveness of your sins'. *Father* is faced with the difficult task of explaining how there used to be lots of sinners but there are so few now.

Ah, well, Easter is approaching, so I had better go to Confession as custom demands. But what can a sinless-one confess?



Background to the Monarch of Mediadom, Rupert Murdoch

ONCE MORE INTO THE MURDOCH PSYCHE, DEAR READER

By JAMES MURRAY



HERE may be variations in the way observers view Rupert Murdoch, his empire, and the manner of his control over it: Augustus or Caligula? Rupert the Bear? Or Rupert the Fear? (as one of his ex-editor legion, Andrew Neil, nicknamed him). But there can be no denying that a mini-industry has coalesced around him over which he does not have total control: biographical works.

Bruce Page's book is another product of that mini-industry which began in 1976 with Simon Regan's rough prototype, *Rupert Murdoch: A Business Biography*, went plastic with William Shawcross's *Murdoch*, and attained superior quality with Neil Chenoweth's *Virtual Murdoch*.

Page comes to the production line with impressive, craft credentials. English-born, he trained as a journalist with the Herald and Weekly Times, Melbourne when the memory of Murdoch's father Sir Keith Murdoch, its chief executive, still lingered. The advent of Rupert Murdoch as its chief proprietor, particularly with a Labor Government assist, would then have been viewed as a fantasy from the Phoenix Hotel, where the landlord, and Collingwood legend, Lou Richards, prepared himself for his ghosted stints as a sports writer on *The Sun News Pictorial* by reading the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

Page went on to distinguish himself in Fleet Street, particularly on *The Sunday Times* as a member of a Mulga Mafia that included Phillip Knightley. His and Knightley's outstanding

The Murdoch Archipelago
By Bruce Page
Simon and Schuster \$49.95

work was on the SIS/KCB double agent Kim Philby before Rupert Murdoch's advent, as chief proprietor of *The Sunday Times* and *The Times*. Post-Murdoch, Page edited *The New Statesman* where he enhanced his reputation as an investigative journalist.

Page bases his book on an intriguing premise: a continuum between Rupert Murdoch and his father Sir Keith in the trading of what might called the beads and mirrors of slanting public opinion to benefit political parties for favours when the parties come to power.

He adduces fascinating evidence for his premise. His most timely comment on this Murdochian trading of opinions for favours is in the context of the People's Republic of China where Page writes: 'The Murdoch Doctrine, however, carried a saving guarantee.

Every inhibition of liberty was to be liquidated by revolutionary technologies, installed under NewsCorp's direction.'

Page does not detail the extent to which the Murdoch Doctrine influences Australian foreign policy, essentially on the basis that increased prosperity tends to transform a totalitarian society into a free one. Not so. Nazi Germany advanced to hell on earth as it grew more prosperous.

Too often, however, Page doffs his investigative deer-stalker for a pedagogical mortar-board and blathers about the theory rather than the practices of hackdom. Nor does he give due credit for the origins of investigative journalism in Fleet Street. It began not with the upmarket *Sunday Times* but with the down-market *People* and its intrepid crime reporter Duncan Webb.

Page's blathering is not without interest, and include the giddy gossip that *The Sun* horoscopes were rewritten to favour Murdoch. But generally the havers are a drag: tin-cans, red herrings and old boots tied to the wedding car. The narrative needed re-jigging from the kind of Fleet Street sub-editor Page rightly praises. It is not, for example, until late-on that he clarifies his title's connotations by mentioning the heroic Russian author Alexander Solzhenitzyn whose *Gulag Archipelago* detailed the Soviet Union's penal system, missed by such distinguished visitors as Australia's own Manning Clarke.

Perhaps Page was uncertain of his analogy. In the *Murdoch Archipelago*, the fetters are of share-option platinum and superannuation gold. Even the canteen snags are palat-

Ideal Gift for Priests

Clerical Shirts

Annals has a limited number of black, short-sleeved clerical shirts in three sizes:

- medium [41/42] • large [43/44]
- extra large [46]

Price \$25

[includes postage]

Orders to: Clerical Shirts,
Chevalier Press, PO Box 13
Kensington NSW 2003
Telephone (02) 9662 7894

able though the expenses gruel can be thin, and Scrooge-Marley, pre-Christmas firings not unknown.

As to the common anti-establishment factor in Murdoch father and son, Page fails to take account of its possible Free Presbyterian Church origins in the Rev Patrick Murdoch, the family grandfather. Even in Scotland, where the post-Reformation clash of religious opinion was inter-necine, the Wee Frees, as they are still known, were accounted redoubtably zealous with strong nationalist and radical propensities. These reached beyond religion into political and commercial spheres to create a counter-establishment all of their

own, as the Murdochs, father and son, did.

Indeed this Wee Free radicalism may account in part at least for Keith Murdoch's animus in his notorious Gallipoli Letter against British upper-class officers and the Gallipoli commander in chief Sir Ian Hamilton, a Scot, but by no means a Wee Free.

Page focuses on Fairfax and the Herald and Weekly Times as the main forces in Australian media. Yet neither was involved when, according to Page, Trevor (Pierpont) Sykes, editor of *Australian Business*, pulled a prepared, two-page feature by its Brisbane correspondent Neil Chenoweth. It revealed inside details

of how Queensland Press acquired NewsCorp shares, a transaction that, as Page emphasises, Australian Securities Commission lawyers subsequently concluded in 1991, meant Murdoch had taken over the Queensland enterprise by making use of its own financial resources.

This was at a time when Murdoch was organising an urgent rescheduling of his huge debts to a syndicate led by Australia's Commonwealth Bank and America's Citicorp, result of his 1986-1989 expansion campaign.

Had the facts become public – and the prospect of ASC action been reported – then the debt-override agreement, a touch-and-go exercise anyway, would have been likely to blow up, Page writes.

He adds: '*Australian Business* was not owned by News, but it operated in a market under Murdoch's monopoly interest.' Eh? *Australian Business* was controlled by Australian Consolidated Press and Kerry Packer who may be surprised to hear he ever operated under anyone's monopoly interest.

Like the other biographical works about Rupert Murdoch, this is an interim exercise. The definitive life may not even come when Murdoch has shuffled off this mortal coil, for he is, to use Winston Churchill's ever handy phrase about Soviet Russia, 'a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma.'

This reviewer is on record as believing Rupert Murdoch, ex-devotee of Lenin, is the greatest single, right-wing collectivist in history, and accordingly inimical to press freedom. Add a wild surmise, inspired by Page's book: Rupert Murdoch is his mother's son rather than his father's yet he mimicks his father, hence the mix of charm and ruthless ambition over which can fall the plaintive sadness of a boy wondering why everyone is picking on him because he likes to have lots of toys, and wants to pass them on to his children.



JAMES MURRAY is a Glasgow-born Catholic, a Sydney-based writer, his career includes ten years in Fleet Street, and contributions to Australia's major publications

Feminist hostility to Religion

THE hostility towards the traditional family goes hand in hand with the feminists' hostility towards traditional religion. They see religion as a male invention designed to control women. The final version of the *Platform for Action* ran to 180 pages. Earlier drafts mentioned religion only when warning against 'religious extremism.' Due to pressure from traditional believers, a paragraph was finally added in Beijing defending freedom of religion and acknowledging that religion can contribute to women's lives. The feminists in Beijing opposed

even that. Diane Knippers, president of the *Institute on Religion and Democracy*, reports that in Beijing feminists built a



shrine to the Goddesses out of red ribbons in the shape of a Christmas tree decorated with paper dolls representing the goddesses. Women were invited to make and add their own goddesses.

The organisation headed by Bella Abzug (a former member of the United States House of Representatives) held daily programs, each one dedicated to a different goddess – Songi, Athena, Tara, Pasowee, Ishtar, Ixmucane, Aditi and Nashe.

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

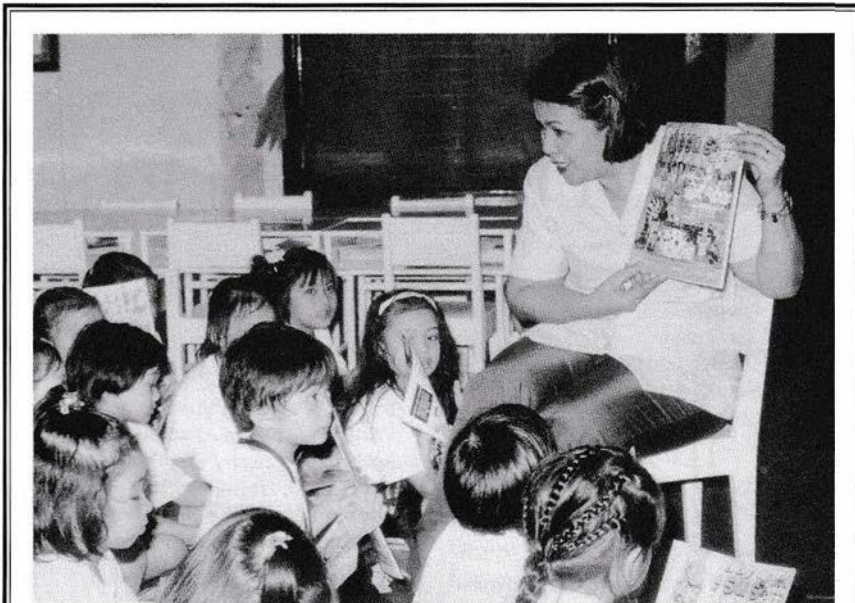
JOSEPH CONRAD

TRUTH ABOVE FRIENDSHIP

TOGETHER with these loyalties and prejudices and personal scruples, he holds another ideal, a universal, the love of Truth.

But Truth is a flower in whose neighbourhood others must wither, and Mr. Conrad has no intention that the blossoms he has culled with such pains and in so many lands should suffer and be thrown aside. So there are constant discrepancies between his nearer and his further vision, and here would seem to be the cause of his central obscurity. If he lived only in his experiences, never lifting his eyes to what lies beyond them: or if, having seen what lies beyond, he would subordinate his experiences to it—then in either case he would be easier to read. But he is in neither case. He is too much of a seer to restrain his spirit; he is too much Joseph Conrad, too jealous of personal honour, to give any but the fullest value to deeds and dangers he has known. Thus, 'in the whole record of human transactions there have never been performances so brazen and so vile as the manifestos of the German Emperor and the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia' to Poland at the beginning of the war; while psychical research, which he affects to examine, is rejected not on the ground that it is false, but because it will not benefit humanity.

Were these essays from a smaller writer, they would not set us worrying. But they are like the snow man that Michelangelo made for young Piero de' Medici at Florence. Every line in them is important because the material differs from the imperishable marble that we know, and may help to interpret the lines of that. Grave historians deplore the snow man, as derogatory to artistic majesty, and Mr. Conrad himself, in his preface, rather doubts whether he has been wise either to write or republish these fugitive articles. Perhaps he has been unwise, but that is his look-out; his readers have an extra volume to treasure. One realizes, more definitely, what a noble artist is



Needed Urgently Two [2] second-hand 4WD vehicles

ANNALS needs your generous support to help raise AUST\$ 20,000 so that *The Communications Federation of Asia* [CFA] can continue its work of distributing Catholic magazines, videos, tapes and other materials throughout the Philippines. Because the roads are poor, and the weather is often bad, we need safe and sturdy vehicles so that the drivers can carry out their important work.

CFA is a Catholic multi-media organisation based in Manila in the Philippines. For years this sister-organisation to *Chevalier Press* in Australia has been a major supplier of high quality, inexpensive Catholic catechetical material, Catholic books, radio programmes and Catholic TV and movie material to schools and parishes throughout the Philippines.

Founded by Father Cor Lagerwey MSC who died in 1995, it strives to serve the Church through providing access to Catholic teaching and culture via all forms of the media.

Please send your donation to CFA Appeal, PO Box 13, Kensington NSW 2033, or direct to Father Fil Pelingon, MSC, PO Box SM 434 Manila 1016 Philippines. Father Fil's email is: pelingon@mozcom.com

here, what an austere character, by whose side most of our contemporary writers appear obsequious. One would like to offer him not only praise but friendship, which cannot, however, be done; witness the fate of the unlucky reviewer who, hoping to be friendly, characterized the crew of one of his earlier works as 'a lot of engaging ruffians'. Most other novelists, pleased with the compliment, would have pardoned the indiscretion. Mr. Conrad takes the opportunity to growl.

'What on earth is an 'engaging ruffian.' He must, be a creature of literary imagination, – I thought, for the two words don't match in my personal experience. It has happened to me to meet a few

ruffians here and there, but I never found one of them 'engaging' I consoled myself, however, by reflecting that the friendly reviewer must have been talking like a parrot, which so often seems to understand what it says?

The castigation is merited, yet few writers, great or small, would have inflicted it, because they have a hankering for friendship. Neither explicitly nor implicitly does Mr. Conrad demand friendship: he desires no good wishes from his readers: the anonymous intimacy, so dear to most, is only an annoyance and a hindrance to him.

– E. M. Forster, *Joseph Conrad: A Note*, in *Abinger Haystack*, London, Edward Arnold & Co., 1946 ed.

In search of reconciliations and forgiveness

A TERRORIST WHO SAID SORRY

By PAUL GLYNN, SM



ON December 7, 1980 I received a telephone call from the Israeli Ministry of Justice. A woman who did not identify herself or encourage questions told me I could visit the Japanese terrorist Kozo Okamoto from 12.30 p.m. to 1 p.m. the following day.

You may remember the terrorist attack on Tel Aviv Airport in 1972, on May 30 to be precise. Three young members of Japan's Sekigun (Red Army) had succeeded in boarding a plane in Europe with automatic guns and hand grenades secreted in their hand luggage. They deplaned at Tel Aviv, entered the terminal and opened fire indiscriminately on the milling crowd of people, sowing steel seeds of death. 26 people died and 72 were wounded. One of the killers died when another accomplice swung his automatic in too wide an arc. A second was killed when a grenade bounced back on him. Kozo Okamoto, finding himself now alone, sprinted out on to the tarmac intending to shoot up a plane that had just landed. He was rugby tackled and pinned to the ground by an airport guard, hauled off to prison, convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment.

It was now December 1980. He was still in solitary confinement - double solitary, really. He spoke only Japanese and none of the jailers spoke that language. According to reports in Japanese newspapers he was gradually going mental, shouting out incoherently from his cell. Before I left Japan to do a Bible course in Jerusalem, I contacted the terrorist's father, telling him I would be in Jerusalem for three months. If the father wrote a letter requesting it, I would try to get permission from the Israeli authorities to visit the son.

I had never met the family but I knew the 71 year old father had been a high

The article that follows is excerpted from Father Glynn's book *The Wayside Stream*. Father Paul has authored many religious and spiritual best-sellers. He is well-known also as the priest-reconciler for his unremitting efforts to heal the wounds of the Pacific War, and bring the people of Japan and their Pacific neighbours closer together in a spirit of forgiveness and mutual respect. To obtain this book, see page 43 this issue for the advertisement for *Aid to the Church in Need*.

school principal down in the Kumamoto area of Kyushu and also President of the area's High School Principals' Association. I had read reports that he was now a broken man. Not only was his youngest son Kozo a convicted murderer but his second son was high on the Japanese Police's Wanted List. That son was one of a group of Red Army



Kozo Okamoto during his trial in Jerusalem, 1972.

members who had hijacked a Japanese domestic airliner to North Korea where they received a heroes' welcome from the Communist government.

The deep grief of the father was evident in the letter he sent me in reply. The writing was poor, lacking the mellifluous, polite expressions that distinguish the correspondence of most Japanese. In his brief reply he told me he worried daily about Kozo. He and his family saw my offer to visit the youngest son 'as a manifestation of the grace of God' and ardently hoped it would be possible. Neither Kozo nor any of his family were Christians to my knowledge.

I arrived in Jerusalem in time for the Feast of Huts when many observant Jews build flimsy huts on their verandah or some such place and eat and even sleep in them. The huts symbolise the Exodus when Moses led their ancestors across the desert to freedom. They lived in temporary shelters on that tough journey but it brought them to their homeland. The Feast is held at harvest time and in ancient times workers who were harvesting the grain or bringing in the grapes had their evening meal and slept in makeshift huts built beside the fields or vineyards. Hut or tent in Latin is 'tabernaculum' and so we have the English rendition, The Feast of Tabernacles, which is unfortunate because the beautiful meaning is lost. Tabernacles are both permanent and grandiose, quite the opposite of makeshift huts. Later in this chapter I shall point out a special connection with reconciliation, the subject of this book.

As soon as I had settled into my room and checked out the timetable, I went to Tel Aviv to ask advice and help from the Japanese Embassy. They listened kindly but were not in the least encouraging. They had gone to the prison any number of times but Okamoto-san was totally dismissive. He refused to speak to them or even acknowledge them, just sitting

dumbly with his eyes on the floor. My visit would be useless too, they told me. I replied that the Sekigun, the Red Army to which he belonged, followed the Marxist Marcuse, according to whom the Establishment was the enemy. They were the 'thesis' which was to be attacked and destroyed by the 'anti-thesis,' the revolutionaries, the Red Army. Then, according to Marxist dialectical materialism, the Synthesis, the glorious Workers Paradise would evolve. The Embassy man did not seem impressed by this philosophical jargon of Marcuse and the Sekigun so I simply said I wanted to talk about God, repentance and forgiveness, so that Okamoto-san and his father and family can find some peace of heart.... and maybe the families of the victims, too. The Embassy man said he would help in any way he could.

I next contacted the Israeli Ministry of Justice and explained the father's letter and asked permission to see Okamoto-san in the Ramla jail. It took months to get that permission, an obvious reason being that I might be connected with the Sekigun, the Red Army. Modern terrorism has done more than kill people, it has worsened the lack of trust between people. I have fond memories of my boyhood in Lismore, New South Wales when we didn't have to lock doors at night and unlocked cars were parked on the street.

The phone message on December 7 filled me with elation. But after an hour or two my mood went flat. What if Kozo Okamoto just stares at the floor and ignores me, as the Japanese Embassy said he would? What guarantee did I have that he would be in the slightest bit interested in saying, I'm Sorry. Maybe I would have absolutely no word of comfort to relay back to his father, either.

In an effort to calm my doubts and get rid of negativity I went out for a walk in a nearby pine forest that flows down to the western edge of Ain Karim, about eight kilometres from central Jerusalem. Ain Karim is the village 'in the mountain country of Judaea' that Christian tradition says was Elizabeth's home village when her young cousin Mary came to help her prepare for the birth of John the Baptist. Ain Karim means 'the spring of Karim'. The story of Mary's visit to Elizabeth has become a veritable spring of poetry and painting throughout Christian history as



Some of the helmets and five feet long staves confiscated by riot police from the radical Marxist students at Sophia University, Tokyo, after the barricades were cleared. Ordinary university life had been disrupted for six weeks in 1968 because of student riots by the Sekigun, the Red Army.

poets, writers, artists and preachers have contemplated its symbolism. Some saw Mary's visit as beginning the fulfillment of Isaiah 52:7: 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of the one who brings glad tidings, who heralds peace, brings happiness, proclaims salvation.' Mary was the first Christopher, the first Christ-bearer.

I once saw a symbolic painting of Mary as the youthful maiden-Mother, the fulfillment of those 'valiant women' in Israel's history. She strides quickly across mountain paths on her way to visit Elizabeth. Flowers, cereals and vines spring forth from her footprints. She carries the Messiah and Psalm 107 is being fulfilled: 'The Lord will transform arid land with springs of water for them

to sow fields and plant vines yielding harvests.'

I was thinking of Mary as I walked over the strewn pine needles because I knew I needed help to be able to respond helpfully in the short 30 minutes I would be allowed with the terrorist- who was a child of God, though I didn't know if he believed in God. As I pondered and prayed, a scene from Morris West's book, *The Tower of Babel* came into my mind. The scene is Jerusalem, 1966 and West has the psychiatrist Dr. Franz Lieberman counselling a distressed woman, Yehudith Ronen. He shares a conviction he has come to after dealing with many patients who were neurotic. 'The only way to stay human,' he tells her, 'is to say three things: I'm guilty. I'm sorry. I want to make amends.' Morris West is a perceptive commentator on modern people. When I read those lines 30 odd years ago, they struck me as wonderfully true. If tomorrow I could get Kozo Okamoto admitting he had wronged people and saying he is sorry...

Ah, tomorrow is December 8, the feast of Mary's Immaculate Conception in the Catholic liturgical year. It is a feast of God's sheer liberality and grace. Mary could do nothing to merit it. She was totally passive in the utter helplessness and darkness of her first moment of existence in her mother's womb. I am in darkness right now, totally ignorant of how to convince a terrorist of the need to say sorry, of the need to ask forgiveness from the families of the victims. Japanese in Tel Aviv Embassy assured me that my visit would achieve nothing. All I can do is turn to the Lord and say for Okamoto-san and for myself, Lord have mercy.



Rumour mongers Beware

APRIL 29, 1549: 'By King Edward VI. A Proclamation for tale tellers'. Any sower of sedition to be sent to the galleys to row in chains as a galley-slave or 'forsary'.

I expected a cold reception the next day when I travelled down to the suburbs of Tel Aviv and entered the Ramla high security jail. The Israeli guards however were friendly. One led me to the interview room while the other brought the prisoner from his cell. Okamoto-san was motioned to a chair in the small open room and he sat two feet from me, with his eyes on the floor. The seated guard offered him a cigarette. Okamoto-san took it in a natural way suggesting this had often happened. The guard lit it for him.

For 10 minutes I failed to elicit any response whatsoever from the Japanese. I had previously telephoned a teacher from the high school in Kumamoto where Okamoto-san had studied. This teacher said that as a high school student he was a 'sucker for any sob story'. The teacher had heard that the three terrorists attacked Tel Aviv to show solidarity with the Palestinians. 'The Americans have been pouring money and weapons into Israel and no one really cared about the impoverished Palestinians,' Okamoto said. The teacher had also mentioned one of Okamoto-san's teachers, chuckling that his nickname among the students was The Mole.

Trying a new tack I asked Okamoto-san if he remembered The Mole. A smile flitted across his face and he looked up at me. I told him The Mole was well and then spoke of a day I had spent walking around Asuka down in the south of Nara just before I came to Israel. I wondered if he had been there. He nodded. Most Japanese school students visit ancient Nara as part of their normal schooling. He would have heard the likes of The Mole explaining the world renowned wooden and clay Buddhas and Bodhisattvas, and the temples housing them, dating from the eighth century of the Christian era. I could see he was interested and began talking about Kasuga Shinto Shrine.

Suddenly he spoke: 'I don't know if God exists or not but I am trying to find out, *isshokenmei*'. The latter Japanese word is explained in the Kenkyusha Japanese-English Dictionary as meaning: 'with utmost effort, as hard as one can, for one's dear life, with undivided attention, desperately, frantically.' His listless look had now gone. Life had come into his eyes.

Moving?

Don't miss your next issue of

Annals Australasia

Journal of Catholic Culture

NEW ADDRESS

Name _____

Street Address _____

City _____

State _____

Post Code _____

Country _____

OLD ADDRESS (or attach the mailing label for your current issue)

Street Address _____

City _____

State _____

Post Code _____

Country _____

Mail this form immediately to

Annals Australasia

Subscription Department

1 Roma Avenue Kensington

NSW 2033 Australia

I replied that this question of God is the big question in everyone's life. It is not a simple question like a mathematical theorem or chemical formula. To answer requires wisdom more than mere knowledge, and prayer is an essential part of the search. I would certainly pray that he find God. 'After all, I'm your older brother, and kid brothers always need wise old brothers to help them,' I added jokingly. He smiled and I added, 'I am returning to Japan soon. May I tell my Japanese believer friends that you are searching for God, *isshokenmei*. They will certainly pray for you too.' He nodded his head firmly.

I pulled his father's letter out of my pocket and let him read it. I had been surprised on entering the jail that it

had not been confiscated, in case it contained some coded message from the Red Army. The friendliness and trust of the guards struck me as most humane for the whole time I was there.

Koozo-kun, I said, using the familiar 'kun' that men friends use with one another, you can see how your father is really concerned about you. He obviously loves you very much and is sad about your suffering here in prison. The people who died at Tel Aviv airport eight years ago had fathers and mothers and children, too. They are still suffering loneliness like your father, and I think you are sorry about that.

He lowered his gaze and nodded slowly.

Kozo-kun, if I could tell them that you are sorry about those deaths it would help them a lot. If I can contact them, may I tell them that you are sorry, and ask their forgiveness?

His eyes were still on the floor but he slowly nodded again, several times.

I noticed I had been with him nearly 45 minutes and the guard had not hastened me out after the allotted 30 minutes. During that 45 minutes Okamoto-san had said, three more times that he was searching for God. His obvious sincerity had given me confidence to ask him to say he was sorry.

The guard gave a cough and told me that time was up, so I stood up, and my Japanese brother did too. I said, Sayonara Kozo-kun, you are my younger brother and I won't forget you, and he let me embrace him.

My time in Israel was at an end and I was not able to get a list of names of the victims of the airport massacre. However I did learn that most of those killed and wounded were Puerto Ricans. A big group of them had come on pilgrimage to the Holy Land and were standing together when the firing started. After I returned to Japan and reported to Okamoto-san's father, I wrote to the Marist Brothers in Puerto Rico. The massacre had been the top story there and I soon received a letter with the name and address of a spokesman for the group. (The Protestant pastor who led them to the Holy Land was one of the dead.)

I wrote to the spokesman, Ruben Vivas Ruiz, of Vega Baja in Puerto Rico, telling him that Okamoto-san was sorry for the killing and wounding of the

Thanks

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

Puerto Ricans, and asked their forgiveness. Some Japanese women from my church got together presents and sent them as signs of their sorrow too.

I received a reply from Ruben Vivas, and he has given me permission to quote it in this book. After some preliminary greetings and expressions of thanks he wrote: 'Thanks so much again but tell it to him, if possible, that there is a long time we have forgiven him. He wounded me seriously and I am speaking in my wife's sake, whose father was killed at the same airport. We believe in God, and our Christian faith teaches us: Do not condemn, and we do not condemn KOZO OKAMOTO. If Jesus rewarded the good thief for his repentance, so we ask Him to be merciful with KOZO. We forgive him sincerely and gospely. We consent, if the authorities of Israel may change Solitary Confinement by a simple Confinement, or even without Confinement at all.

Please, make it know to them. God never forgets the sinner, He asks only for repentance, and joyously welcomes his return? (Luke 15 : 11-32.)

Sympathetically Yours, Ruben Vivas
Naemi Rodriguez Robes.

The Kozo Okamoto story took a dramatic turn in May of 1985. The Swiss Red Cross was asked to broker a prisoner exchange between Israel and the Syria based P.F.L.P, the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine. The latter held three Israeli soldiers captured in Israel's invasion of Lebanon, 1982. These three were to be exchanged for a very large number of P.F.L.P. prisoners. Kozo Okamoto was at the top of the list supplied by the P.F.L.P. The exchange took place at 1 a.m. on May 21 at Cointrin Airport, Geneva. The freed P.F.L.P. prisoners, including Kozo Okamoto landed at Tripoli Airport later that day.

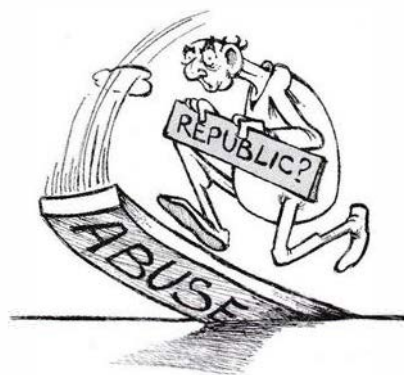
The Japanese police immediately asked Interpol to help apprehend him for trial in Japan. The last item about him in the Japanese media was the photo taken of him in Lebanon in March, 2000. Since then nothing has come out. I wonder if he has found God. I still pray for him.

I was told the Puerto Rican pilgrims to the Holy Land are Pentecostals. Therefore they share the belief of most practicing Christians that Heaven is real, and more real than this present life of

Turbulent Republics

IF that turbulent form of government [namely republics] should be established in a new hemisphere, and if popular assemblies and senates should be there entrusted with the right to exercise power, why might they not abuse it as shamefully as before? Why might not the ancient barbarities be renewed, the manners of men be again tainted with a savage ferocity.

- John Gillies, Royal Historiographer of Scotland. *The Oration of Lysias and Isocrates*, 1778. He is writing of the consequences of the American Revolution and comparing America to the Athens of Demosthenes.



ours which is so fragile and so captive to all manner of weaknesses, sicknesses, misses and accidents.

This present life is a journey, a pilgrimage to our real life where we share in the very life of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. This is often called the Beatific Vision because we 'see God face to face'. We see the Source of everything true, good, beautiful, meaningful, noble and loving that we experienced in this life. Spouses see in the vision of God the love they felt for each other and for their children, this and far greater love, the limitless love of God. Lovers of music see in God Beethoven's 9th Symphony and far greater music, too great for Beethoven's limited ability to have composed. St. Paul says the happiness of Heaven is greater than any happiness we have experienced on this present earth.

In 1 Corinthians 2: 9 he puts it: 'Eye has not seen nor ear heard, the things beyond the mind of man, all that God has prepared for those who love Him.'

The Feast of Huts reminds believers they are on a journey, travelling through

preparation life to full life. You can put up with the footsoreness, travel stains and weariness of a journey if the destination is worthwhile. As a 12 year old boy I was boarding at St. Joseph's College in Sydney. When the term holidays came my brother and I travelled for 18 hours, if I remember correctly, on the Mail train to our home in Lismore on the Far North Coast of New South Wales. It was wartime and delays were frequent. The train was not air conditioned and if we sped into a tunnel with the windows open, soot and smoke poured into the 'dog box' carriage. We sat up all night on hard seats and the hot pies available on the stations where we stopped were often, well, of suspicious contents, and not hot. But we were going home for the holidays. We were happy.

Naemi Rodriguez lost her father and she and Ruben lost their pastor and many friends to the bullets and grenades of the terrorists at Tel Aviv. But they did not lose them forever. Some of the pilgrims just finished their journey early, and would meet them next in Heaven. The airport lobby was the last 'hut' the slain used on their journey Home to the Lord, to the giver of their lives and of all the love and happiness they had experienced on earth. With St. Paul in the 15th chapter of his first letter to the Corinthians, all on that fatal pilgrimage could say, 'Death, where is your victory, Death, where is your sting?'



FATHER PAUL GLYNN, SM has spent 25 years as a missionary in Japan. Author of *A Song for Nagasaki* and *Healing Fire From Frozen Earth*, Father Glynn is stationed at Villa Maria, Hummers Hill, NSW.

Catholic Orders of Knighthood

THE SOVEREIGN MILITARY ORDER OF MALTA

By JOHN PRATT

FEW organizations exist today that have operated continuously for nine hundred years, as has the Order of Malta, which celebrated that milestone in 1999. It has a formal name – The Sovereign Military Hospitaller Order of St John of Jerusalem of Rhodes and of Malta, shortened to the Order of Malta or S.M.O.M. It is a Catholic religious Order, and its history mirrors that of Christendom throughout the second millennium. The origins of the Order preceded the Crusades although it has always been associated with those times.

From the earliest days, followers revered the sacred sites associated with Christ's ministry in Palestine. Soon after the adoption of Christianity as the Empire's official religion in 313AD, and the visit to the Holy Land by Helena, the mother of Emperor Constantine, there were more than two hundred monasteries and hospices serving the pilgrim flow¹.

Just five years after the death of their founder, Mohammed, in 632 AD, Muslims conquered the Holy Land as their influence spread. They tolerated both Christians and the Jews – *the People of the Book* – as they termed them, but imposed harsh conditions which were erratically enforced.

In 1010 AD, the Caliph Hakim Biamrillah came to power. An unstable fanatic, he unleashed a pogrom against Christians, pilgrims and residents alike, destroying the Church of the Holy Sepulchre and many hospices and monasteries. The pilgrim flow ceased.

The next Caliph restored a degree of toleration, and pilgrims returned. Around 1033, the one-thousandth

anniversary of Christ's crucifixion attracted many. Later, a German pilgrimage included over 7,000 people, who arrived by sea and overland. A wealthy Norman pilgrim then recorded his horror at finding on arrival that several hundred penniless European pilgrims lay starving outside Jerusalem's walls, ignored by the inhabitants and without assistance of any kind. Consternation arose when this report and others like it reached Europe.

Several of the Italian city-states had mercantile colonies in the Holy Land, among them Amalfi, near Naples. In 1070, the Caliph allowed the Amalfitan consul to select a site for a hospice for the benefit of the pilgrims from the West.

The site chosen might possibly have been that of a hospice established at the direction of Pope Gregory I around 600 AD, which had been restored and enlarged by the Emperor Charlemagne around the year 800 AD, and demolished by Hakim Biamrillah during his pogrom.² The rebuilt hospice, staffed mainly by Amalfitans, was dedicated to the revered seventh-century Patriarch of Alexandria, *St John the Almsgiver*. The staff took the vows of a religious order under the direction of the Benedictine Abbey of St Mary of the Latins, then a principal Christian foundation in Jerusalem. The master of the hospice was a Brother Gérard³, himself a former pilgrim from Martigues in Provence. Such was the origin of the *Hospitallers*, born at a time when problems with the Muslims were becoming intractable, alarming Christendom.

In late November 1095, Pope Urban II presided at the Council of Clermont. For months, he had urged his bishops to preach the crusade. At the close of the Council, he made his great announcement, urging Western Christendom to march to the rescue of their Christian brothers in the East, when summer had come. The idea took immediate hold, but it was July 1099 before Jerusalem fell to the Crusaders. Urban died two weeks later, unaware of the success of his great venture.

The massacre of Muslims and Jews in Jerusalem marred the victory⁴. The Hospitallers, who remained in the city



No quick fix

THIS strange contrast between blind belief and effective empirical treatment was typical of Roman medicine, as it was to its successor, mediaeval medicine. Undoubtedly, the most curious medicine of all time was Roman, though it survived into the pharmacopoeia of the 18th century. This was 'Theriac', from which we get our word 'treacle'. Theriac was supposed to be the universal antidote to all poisons and some claimed that it would cure all diseases. Its main constituent was viper's flesh, and there were 50 or 60 other ingredients; Galen's recipe called for no fewer than 73. It was to be taken twice a day for seven years. Theriac was still listed by the Royal College of Physicians as late as 1724.

– *Times Literary Supplement*, October 23, 1975.

during the siege, earned the gratitude of the wounded Crusaders they nursed after the siege, as well as that of their leaders. Godfrey of Bouillon, Duke of Lower Lorraine, elected as King of the first Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem, was so impressed by the hospice and its master, Gérard, that he endowed the Order with his manor of Montboise in Brabant. Other grateful Crusader leaders, following this example, conferred similar gifts, and under Gérard's persuasion, the new government did likewise. The returning pilgrims and soldiers spread the Order's fame in Europe, where pious citizens heaped praise and endowments on it, allowing a considerable expansion of its operations. One of these a 2,000-bed hospital for both men and women⁵. The Order's treatment of the sick was far in advance of the contemporary West, clearly deriving benefit from Eastern medicine and practice.

With its increasing prominence, the Order revised its constitution and decided to adopt the Augustinian rule followed by the canons of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, adopting their black habit – the *cappa clausa* – with a plain white cross on the breast, later changed to the eight-pointed cross taken from the Arms of Amalfi. Four centuries later, that cross became termed the Cross of Malta, as it is known today. In early 1113, Pope Paschal II approved of Gérard's Order with the title, The Order of the Hospital of St John of Jerusalem. He placed it under his care and attention as an *exempt* order, and allowed its members the right to elect their successor.⁶ Gérard was the first Master of the Order, although he termed himself 'rector' during his life. After his death at a venerable age in 1118, the Hospitallers elected Raymond du Puy as his successor, the first to use the title Master of the Order.

Another Order arose at this time, The Templars, with a solely military role to protect the Holy Land and the journeying pilgrims, in effect, a standing army. Their badge was the red cross, worn on a white tunic by its knights, and on a black one by its sergeants. The need for such a force



STATUES
IN NEED OF AID?
HELP IS AS
CLOSE AS YOUR
PHONE!

If you have
plaster statues
or ornaments
that need
re-painting or
re-plastering
contact:

KEVIN TAN
[02] 9310 4701
Restoration work is
our specialty.

highlighted the problems facing this young Christian kingdom – *Outremer* – as it was known, where widely scattered Christian communities, some quite tiny, were under pressure from the Muslims to renounce their Faith. Raymond du Puy's knightly upbringing stirred him to broaden the role of his Order to help keep the pilgrim routes open, which demanded greater military strength than was available to the kingdom.

Accordingly, in 1126 he added a military function to those of the Order, involving the recruitment for this purpose of knights not professed to the religious life. At the same time, he changed the patron of the Order⁷ from the gentle Almsgiver to the more militaristic sounding *St John the Baptist*. The Order added a Constable, later termed the Marshal, to satisfy the new role, and in 1136, became responsible for the castle of Ibelin, near Ascalon, its first recorded military activity. Despite this added role, the Hospitallers never forgot the spirit of charity from which their Order had sprung.

In 1291, the Muslims finally overran the Christian Kingdom of Jerusalem, a tiny parcel of land around the city of St Jean d'Acce [Acco] being the last to fall. The remnants of the two Orders, Hospitallers and Templars, seized the island of Rhodes from the Turks, establishing themselves there with the

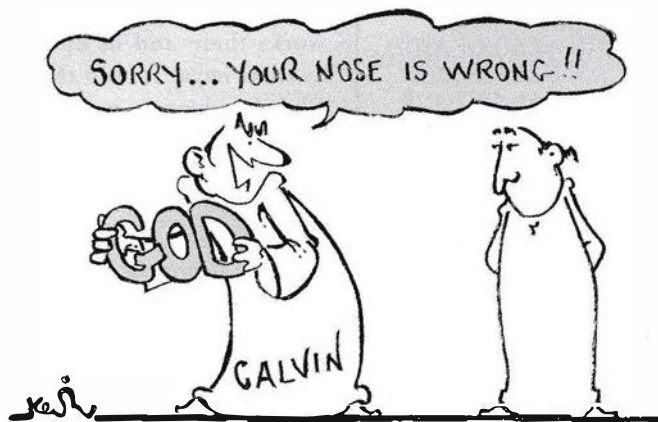
Hospitallers adding that name to their title. They continued their charitable works there and in Europe, as well as their naval role in the defence of Christian shipping in these waters.

The Templars, however, seemed to have lost the reason for their existence. They succumbed to kingly machinations and were suppressed by papal decree in 1312. That decree transferred the Templars' colossal assets to the Hospitallers, but in neither France nor England was that stipulation honoured. In England, Edward II considered the Templar assets to be his, stole them, and for more than a generation, ignored the resulting papal remonstrances⁸. When the English Hospitallers finally acquired the remains of the Templar assets, it proved an immense addition to the property of the English Order, although much had been lost. The French King, Philip, retained his booty and through the mechanism of the Inquisition executed most of his Templars.

The Hospitallers lost Rhodes to the Muslims in 1523, and after considerable difficulties, settled in Malta seven years later, adding that name to its title. There they considered they would be able to meet the objects for which the Order existed.

In their last great attack on the Order at Malta in 1565, the Muslims were defeated, leaving the naval forces of the Order masters of the Mediterranean, and participants in the final destruction of the Ottoman fleet at Lepanto in 1571. The French under Bonaparte occupied Malta in 1798 and evicted the Order, which moved first to Messina, then Catania, then Ferrara, and finally, Rome, where it exists today. Although in 1801, Britain occupied Malta and recognised the Order's sovereign rights there under the terms of the 1802 Treaty of Amiens, it never restored those rights to the Catholic Order.

The Order of Hospitallers, the Order of Malta, the Order of St John of Jerusalem, the S.M.O.M., all of these titles today attest to the unbroken continuation of that Order of the Hospital recognised in 1113. It remains a religious Order of the



Racism and religion

CALVIN'S theory of predestination has one implication which should be explicitly mentioned here, since it has found its most vigorous revival in Nazi ideology; the principle of the basic inequality of men. For Calvin there are two kinds of people – those who are saved and those who are destined to eternal damnation. Since this fate is determined before they are born and without their being able to change it by anything they do or do not do in their lives, the equality of mankind is denied in principle. Men are created unequal. This principle implies also that there is no solidarity between men, since the one factor which is the strongest basis for human solidarity is denied: the equality of man's fate. The Calvinists quite naively thought that they were the chosen ones and that all others were those whom God had condemned to damnation. It is obvious that this belief represented psychologically a deep contempt and hatred for other human beings – as a matter of fact, the same hatred with which they had endowed God. While modern thought has led to an increasing assertion of the equality of men, the Calvinists' principle has never been completely mute. The doctrine that men are basically unequal according to their racial background is confirmation of the same principle with a different rationalization. The psychological implications are the same.

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

Catholic Church and at the same time, a Catholic Order of Knighthood. It alone contains the governing nucleus of the professed Knights of Justice, direct successors of its founders, from among whom the Grand Master and most members of its Sovereign Council are elected. Pope Leo XIII restored the Grand Mastership in Rome in 1879.

In the early part of the 16th century, Luther in Germany and Henry VIII in England broke with the Catholic Church. As the Order's members owed allegiance to the Pope,

the branches of the Hospitallers in these countries found themselves in tragic situations. In England, Henry VIII dissolved the Order, sequestered its considerable assets, forbade the knights to wear their habit or badges of the Order or use its titles, and he executed numbers of those faithful knights who refused to abjure their Catholic Faith. Edward VI continued the suppression, but under Queen Mary, the Order recovered its assets in both England and Ireland, and much of its former glory. On Mary's death in 1558, however, Elizabeth

reverted England to Protestantism, and the confiscation of the Order's assets recurred, the last surrendered to the Crown in 1564. Over the next few centuries, English admirers of the history and work of the Order of Malta expended much effort to renew its existence there but to no avail.

It was re-instituted in England in 1858 as a national and Protestant one, with the Sovereign as its head, and terming itself The Grand Priory of The Order of St John of Jerusalem in England. The Order's ancient cross was then embellished in its principal angles with alternately a lion passant and a unicorn passant.

In time, the Grand Priory confirmed its charitable aims by forming the St John Ambulance Association, and later the St John Ambulance Brigade, which developed operations throughout the Commonwealth.

Commonly known as the Most Venerable Order of the Hospital of St John of Jerusalem, that Order entered into an understanding with the S.M.O.M. in 1963, jointly declaring that both Orders sought unlimited ways to collaborate in the furtherance of their common aim, *to promote God's glory and to alleviate the sufferings and miseries of mankind*. In 1987, the S.M.O.M. became associated with two additional Orders, the Johanniter Order (a German order with branches in Europe), and the Johanniter Order in Sweden, in the Chivalric Alliance of the Orders of St John of Jerusalem.

The Order of Malta came to Australia in 1974 as the Australian Association of the S.M.O.M. How satisfied would be the Blessed Gérard at the continuing charitable work of the Order he founded nearly one thousand years ago!



1. Steven Runciman. *A History of the Crusades*. CUP, 1951, Vol. 1, p.33.
2. Kay Prag. *Blue Guide JERUSALEM*, A&C Black, 1959, p. 199.
3. Prag.
4. Runciman. Vol.1, p 237.
5. Prag, p 200.
6. Runciman. Vol. 1, p. 126.
7. Runciman. Vol. 1, p. 127.
8. E.J.King. *The Knights of St John in the British Realm*, rev.1967, p. 27.

JOHN PRATT is a retired RAAF Group Captain who has run a bookshop and has an abiding love for mediaeval history. He lives in Kings Point, South Australia

MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Enter super clown

IN July last year, your correspondent suggested that it was too early to send in the clowns but that the Prime Minister John Howard was losing his timing. He has now completely lost it, possibly because a clown has been sent in. Not that the Labor Leader of the Opposition, Mark Latham, is a greasepaint clown like Grimaldi or Grock.

No way. Latham is an intellectual clown in the style of Steve Martin, starting in a remake of the Frank Capra classic *Mr Smith Goes to Washington*. What could be more Capraesque than Latham suggesting changes to the rich gravy-train of political superannuation only to have Howard see the righteous idealism of the suggestion?

Admirable to a point, the point that sitting members retain their gravy, only new members will be affected, and they, in due season, will get a pay increase which, since super is calculated as a percentage of pay, will mean more gravy again.

Next target for Latham-Howard: the executive gravy train? In any case, Howard no longer has the timing (as opposed to ticker) to lead the Coalition to victory in the next federal election. His main hope: Latham and Labor (Lathor?) will snatch defeat from the jaws of victory. Entirely possible, of course. Latham may be so inspired by his early win that he will overreach himself like Cough Whitlam, his predecessor and mentor in the seat of Werriwa, whose Periclean ascendancy ended in hubristic, triumphal catastrophe.

President Howard

FOR an avowed monarchist, John Howard is turning out to be, if not a thoroughgoing republican, then at least a protector of Cromwellian prominence. He certainly dares to protect photo-opportunities from ex-SAS commander and

Governor-General Michael Jeffrey. Which raises the question: is Howard consciously or sub-consciously edging Australia to a constitutional change entailing the prime minister doubling the role of governor-general or president?

The change has simplicity going for it. All that's needed is a box on election ballots marked President/Prime Minister. Liberal Coalition voters would write in the candidate of their choice. So, too, would Labor and other voters. But the voters' choice would become valid only if their candidate's party won sufficient seats to govern.

Values and virtues

CHATTER about state and independent schools and values, triggered by PM John Howard, has ignored a key factor: values shift; they reflect virtue as the inconstant moon reflects the sun. Virtue is bedrock as in the cardinal virtues of prudence, justice, fortitude and temperance and, more crucially, the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity.

For Thomas Aquinas (who drew on Augustine and Aristotle) virtue is a stable quality (*habitus*, habit) of the intellect, will or passions. Through this quality an individual can do what morality



Strange, if true

SURPRISINGLY, there is one segment of the population whose health often improves during an embargo: babies. Public-health specialists generally consider infant mortality rates the best indicators of a nation's overall health; in sanctioned countries, however, that rule does not always apply. The reason is that people can protect infants simply by breast-feeding them and by boiling their drinking water; and when a country is besieged, parents tend to be especially vigilant. In both Cuba and Haiti the mortality rate for children under one year old decreased under sanctions, a result of such protective measures
- Richard M. Carfield, 'Suffer the Innocents,' in *The Sciences*, Jan/Feb 1999



demands in a particular instance and do it with appropriate motivation.

Ike's word

PECULIAR how phrases tend to lose their currency. President Dwight D Eisenhower's 'military-industrial complex' is one such phrase though still apt to the context of the war in Iraq. Even more apt is the World War II acronym SNAFU which in its bowdlerised version means Situation Normal All Fouled Up.

Investigations in the US and the UK into pre-Iraq war intelligence (with Australia relying on a digest of both?) will be summed up in a way to pulp many a tree. Their quintessence, however, will be SNAFU although it is tempting to replace 'situation' with 'spin'.

Spin, much of it supplied by those highly paid to leave hackdom for the corridors of power, was a key factor in bringing on the Iraqi war. Lord Hutton's report on the interaction between No 10 Downing Street and the British Broadcasting Corporation made this clear, though the author appeared to confuse legal briefs designed to underpin proof beyond a reasonable doubt and copy to underpin breaking news.

As to a spinmeister like Alistair Campbell sexing up, or hardening, intelligence data for policy reasons, Hutton does not seem to have observed what an eloquent barrister can do with a solicitor's dull brief.

No mitigation for BBC reporter Andrew Gilligan.

His core error lay not in his broadcast interview with a colleague but in not completely protecting his source, Dr David Kelly, who as a result killed himself.

Bush feud

AS President George W Bush rides thataway on what was once his official position on his strategic reasons for the invasion of Iraq, investigations may clarify the extent to which he was influenced by Saddam Hussein's attempt on the life of his father President George Bush. The doctrine of the pre-emptive strike is dangerous enough. Global politics based on the spirit of the Hatfield-McCoy blood feud is too much already.

Wahhabi scoop

CONGRATULATIONS to Trudy Harris and Vanessa Walker for their exclusive on how the importation of books containing extremist Wahhabi doctrine is subsidised by Saudi Arabia (*Weekend Australian*, Jan 31-Feb 1). Even stronger congratulations to Islamic moderates without whom the report could not have been written.

Hooking Hinch

SPORT has often been misdescribed as the religion of Australia. The violent, untimely death of cavalier batsman David Hookes highlighted the notion. Not only were his Anglican obsequies held at the world's most paradisaical cricket ground, Adelaide Oval, he was accorded

treatment that in these sceptical days is not given even to saints.

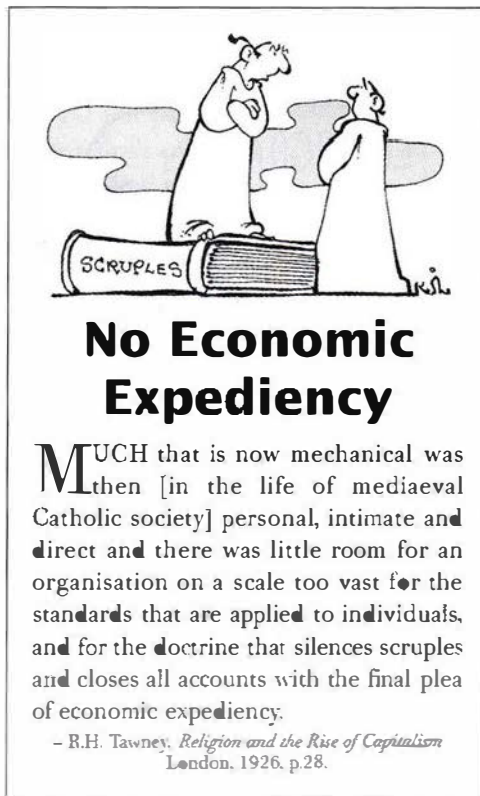
The result: when Derryn Hinch revealed on his 3AW Melbourne radio show that Hookes had been living apart from his wife with another woman, he (Hinch, not Hookes) was subject to slings and arrows of outrage, unprecedented even for a vintage hack whose record of hirings and firings is taking him towards the *Guinness Book of Records*.

Oddly rugby union laureate Peter FitzSimons was not subject to similar treatment when he revealed that Hookes was an atheist. Tenderness of feeling about the

dead is, of course, admirable. But only if it is consistent. No similar tenderness was exhibited when, for example, *Vanity Fair* mag-hack Christopher Hitchens attacked Mother Teresa who had spent a lifetime caring for the poor and dying of Kolcota.

Similarly the apotheosis of Steve Waugh had a pseudo-religious aspect. Even Kerry O'Brien exhibited signs of reverence when he interviewed the great captain on the *7.30 Report* after he (Waugh, not O'Brien) had been named Australian of the Year.

O'Brien did not even bowl up that old chestnut: 'Any regrets?' To be followed, if necessary, by the googlie: 'What about sledging?'



No Economic Expediency

MUCH that is now mechanical was then [in the life of mediaeval Catholic society] personal, intimate and direct and there was little room for an organisation on a scale too vast for the standards that are applied to individuals, and for the doctrine that silences scruples and closes all accounts with the final plea of economic expediency.

- R.H. Tawney, *Religion and the Rise of Capitalism*
London, 1926, p.28.



Boo to cricketers

STEVE Waugh was the third cricket captain to be named Australian of the Year, the others being ... (sorry, had to look their names up) Alan Border and the nice guy who does the air-conditioning ads, Mark Taylor.

Let's hear it for a creative artist. And please, no nonsense, about cricketers being artists; someone chucks them a ball, they hit it and run like mad, except if they hit it far enough they don't have to run, just grin like mad.

More seriously, after more than a quarter century's tenure, John Clark hands over the directorship of the National Institute of Dramatic to Aubrey Mellor at the end of this year. During the period, Clark has transformed NIDA into an institution of international prestige. Its graduates include Judy Davis, Mel Gibson, Wendy Hughes, Josephine Byrne, Jacqueline McKenzie, Angela Punch McGregor, Drew Forsythe and Geoffrey Rush as well as a Coliseum of producers, directors and designers.

So John Clark as Australian of the Year 2004. (Disclosure: John Clark has advised your correspondent on writing, but not of this column).

Nabbing clients

HEADLINE of the year (so far). *The SMH* (Business section, Feb 3): New man to win back hearts. This was apropos the appointment of Scotsman John Stewart to replace Frank Cicutto as boss of the National Australia Bank.

Unless Scots bankers have changed since your correspondent was a boy or, going further back, since William Paterson (1658-1719) founded the Bank of England, hearts are not what Stewart is after. Rather his focus will be on what Ben Chifley described as the most sensitive part of the Australian anatomy: the hip-pocket nerve.

Stewart does have potential cures for NAB. And not simply write-downs or redundancies. He could implement some of the practices of British banking: cut the multiple account-keeping charges, even pay decent interest on cheque accounts.

A bank that has just done \$360 million cold in the global casino of currency gambling, and paid its departing executive of the watch \$14 million, cannot really argue against such relief.

For those who consider such munificent treatment of executives to be a modern phenomenon, it is worth recalling that Paterson was a leader in the disastrous Darien Scheme, designed to create a land route across the Isthmus of Panama, and give Scotland a trading edge over England. He was awarded a government indemnity for his losses. Not so the thousands of Scots who lost their shirts on the venture.

Samuel's warning

THE Darien Scheme was, of course, as much a nationalistic as a financial venture. And the nationalism obscured the risks. How marvellous, therefore, to see the newish Australian Consumer and Competition Commission boss Craeme Samuel warning against companies seeking government subsidy so that they can fly the Australian flag overseas. Patriotism is not simply the last refuge of the scoundrel. It can be the first springboard of the entrepreneur seeking subventions from the taxpayer for his own enrichment.

But only the sound of one hand clapping for Samuel on the ACCC decision to have Ansell rubber gloves carry warnings about the dangers of skin problems for users. What about a like warning on Ansell's other best-selling product, supposedly guaranteed to protect a more important part of the anatomy?

© Austral-Media Pty Ltd 2004



Women Combatants

IT is clear that mindless feminist ideology is inflicting enormous damage on the readiness and fighting capability of the armed forces of the United States. Every other career is open to women. There is no reason why access to combat roles, for which they are not suited, has to be open as well. But political intimidation by radical feminists is so powerful that there seems little prospect that the continuing feminisation of the U.S. military can be reversed. At least not until some engagements are lost, or won at unacceptably high costs, and women and the men who tried to protect them begin coming back in great numbers in body bags.

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

Poverty and unemployment in the name of progress

LAND MONOPOLY: WHO OWNED NEW SOUTH WALES?

*I went to Illawarra, where my brother's got a farm,
he has to ask his landlord's leave before he lifts his arm;
The landlord owns the country side – man, woman, dog, and cat.
They haven't the cheek to dare to speak without they touch their hat...?*

A. B. PATERSON – *Man from Snowy River.*



THE almost standard historical view of New South Wales is that the years between the late 1840s and the 'Great Depression' of the 1890s, were generally prosperous with high growth. This view is supported by large increases in both the sheep and immigrant populations. It also received powerful

visual support from the construction of a number of very fine buildings. In Sydney these included Adam's Hotel (1873), the Lands Department (1877), the Colonial Secretary's Office (1878), and, not least, St. Mary's Cathedral (1883). Indeed so ingrained has the idea become that historians generally describe the period, somewhat loosely, as the 'long boom.'

But we might ask, just whose boom

was it? All who are acquainted with town life as described by the young Henry Lawson, for example, are aware that far from living amidst 'Sunny Australia's' millions of empty acres, the working population were crushed into small rooms in the city because of the high price of land.

The Curse of Landlordism

The seeds of this problem were planted in the first decades of the 19th century when the idea of maintaining 'Botany Bay' solely as a jail was re-jigged to create an Australian 'Virginia'.¹ Or, more plainly, when a clique of aristocratic pastoralists were given the 'whole of the country,' so far as it had been opened up, 'to divide among themselves.' In the wake of this madness Macquarie's scheme for fostering a society of healthy yeomen was scrapped in favour of a one-product export economy based on wool.

The chief beneficiaries of the policy were initially large individual landholders like Macarthur, and thereafter, corporate landholders such as the Australian Agricultural Company (AA Co.) which, in the 1820s, was given a million-acre grant at Port Stephens. Other imperial land grant companies were the Van Diemen's Land Company, the South Australian Land Company, and the Peel River Company. This last, and the AA Co. were practically one, owned and controlled by the same men. Linked

Many a Truth Spoken in Jest

THE building of Holborn Viaduct necessitated the removal of the graves from St Andrew's churchyard in 1868, but 130 years later, it was deemed necessary to remove the bodies that lay in the crypt. The church had been bombed in 1941, and subsequently rebuilt in 1961. The crypt survived the bombing, but in the subsequent clear up, tons of wartime rubble were deposited through holes in the church floor, resulting in severe damage to coffins beneath.

In recent years, the problem of rising damp caused concern, and so it was decided to clear the crypt of all human remains. This was started in November 2001, and the number of bodies removed has been in the region of 2,800, many

dating from the 16th century. Some of the bodies in the crypt suggest that they were the more wealthy parishioners, now re-interred to join those of their neighbours, friends and servants, re-buried 130 years earlier.

The ceremony of re-interment was conducted by the Anglican Bishop of Stepney, Dr John Sentamu, who has now gone on to be Bishop of Birmingham.

Since many of those buried would have been Catholics in what is now the parish of Ely Place, Fr Kit Cunningham represented the Catholics. On being asked how he should be introduced, he replied that he was the representative of the former management, a remark that went down rather well.



The Westminster Chronicle, August 2002.

with these estates were the 'old English gentry' who, by the simple act of 'squatting', appropriated still more millions of acres of seemingly endless pasturages.

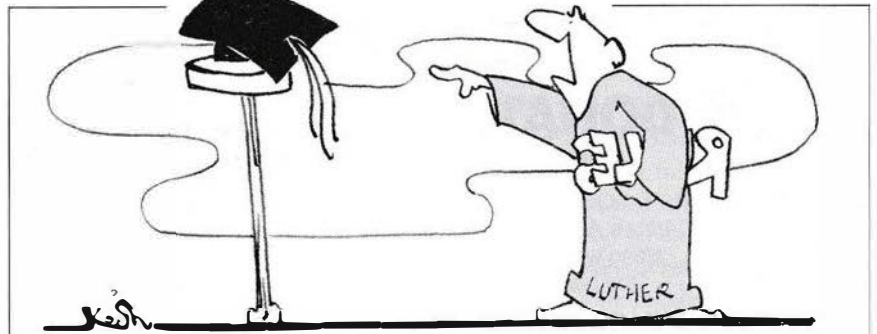
As to how these companies were run, the commissioner in charge of the AA Co. was Sir William Edward Parry (1790-1855), of North-West Passage fame, and under his leadership assigned servants did not receive a regular salary. Instead they were paid a 'gratuity' depending on their behaviour – the 'bad' received nothing, the 'better' received at the rate of three pounds per annum, and the 'best' at the rate of five pounds per annum!² Granted these costs, it was scarcely surprising that by 1833 the Company's shares had risen to ten guineas.³

And, given that New South Wales remained a jail for more than fifty years, it was scarcely surprising that prior to the gold discoveries only a few thinly populated towns had grown up. And these, for the most part, comprised a few government officials, Irishmen flying from the famine, and Scottish victims of the 'Highland clearances'.⁴ What is more, even after the discovery of gold, in 1859, or seventy-one years after the First Fleet, despite the recent influx of gold-seekers, the population of the whole of Australia was little more than one million souls.⁵

However, what emigrants endured in simply getting to the colonies might be inferred from the voyage of the *Ticonderoga*, which in 1854, took six months to sail from Liverpool to Melbourne and buried nearly three hundred passengers at sea.⁶

The Fight to Sub-Divide Squatter Holdings

As soon as the surface gold began to peter out many of the newcomers who had originally thought the earth was there just to be exploited, and who suddenly realized they would never amass a fortune nor return 'home' in triumph, started to look to the land for livelihood. So began the next phase – a battle to weaken the squatters and promote closer settle-



Luther's Judges

IN our appreciation of historical facts, let us not forget that, long before Rome Anathematized Luther, his doctrines had been submitted, at his own request, made in the dispute at Leipsic, to the examination of universities chosen by him, and afterwards to the judgment of other learned bodies; and that they had been uniformly condemned. It is not then the voice of a few obscure theologians who decide on this matter of faith, and who say: 'this is false' – 'that is heretical' – but learned and conscientious men, whom he himself chose for his judges, but whom he subsequently transformed into members of 'satanic synagogues' – 'theologasters,' and 'European swine.' If private judgment is so much extolled by Luther, when it inspires himself, and is regarded by him as the echo of inspiration, what will it not be, when it shall have for organs the universities of Louvain, Leipsic, Paris, and Cologne, whose intellectual superiority he himself has acknowledged? When, then, he condemns the Bull, and the decisions of the universities, what else does he do, but say – monk and theologian as he is – 'this is false, that is heretical!' Hochstraet burned Luther's books, after having answered them. Luther imitated this executioner and monkish hangman, and burned the Bull, without, however, knowing, as he himself tells us, whether it were the pope's Bull or that of some Louvain theologian. He himself recognised in the civil authority a power to deliver to the flames, books that contain errors in matters of religion. This maxim he often repeats in his answer to Latom: 'Yes; I approve of, and permit, the burning of dangerous books,' *Libros erroneos comburendos esse consentio et probo.*

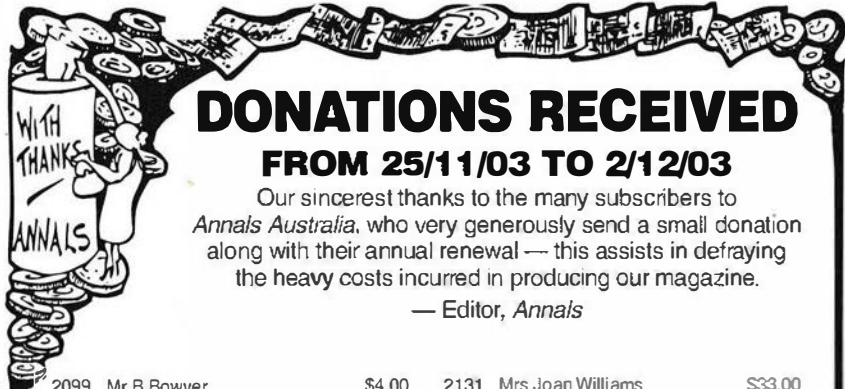
– *History of the Life, Writings and Doctrines of Martin Luther*, by J.M.V. Audin, Philadelphia 1841

ment so that the small settler, too, could enjoy a life on the land.

The fight to sub-divide the great squatter holdings raged between the 1860s and 1890s. Some land was prised away, but in fact the Land Acts of New South Wales achieved very little for the settlers. By 'peacocking', i.e., buying areas that included all the creek fronts and waterholes, squatters rendered the large intermediate spaces of their 'runs' useless to intruders. Similarly, by putting up their own relatives as 'dummies' when their lands were sub-divided, squatters managed to retain their wide acres. Meanwhile, as a result of the increased demand, the price of land

in both town and country began to rise steadily.

For those who could not afford land and for those who preferred to direct their lives elsewhere, work had to be found, and the colony was in desperate need of expansion. Houses, bridges, schools and roads were all needed, but borrowed money was necessary for such works. Sadly, within a few years the colony's indebtedness to English capitalists amounted to hundreds of millions of pounds. Of course, this enormous sum reached New South Wales mainly in the form of British merchandise, thereby 'benefiting the latter's manufacturers, shipping and insurance companies.'⁷ In the mean-



DONATIONS RECEIVED

FROM 25/11/03 TO 2/12/03

Our sincerest thanks to the many subscribers to *Annals Australia*, who very generously send a small donation along with their annual renewal — this assists in defraying the heavy costs incurred in producing our magazine.

— Editor, *Annals*

2099	Mr B Bowyer	\$4.00	2131	Mrs Joan Williams	\$33.00
6725	Catholic Church	\$33.00	3812	Mr V Tyler	\$34.00
2716	Judy Ryan	\$70.10	2453	Presentation Sisters	\$24.00
2486	A Coe	\$4.00	2163	Mr D O'gara	\$4.00
2209	Mrs M Weeks	\$67.00	2060	Mrs H Watkins	\$17.00
2147	Paul Grech	\$20.00	2077	L J De Souza	\$17.00
3941	Garry McDonell	\$33.00	4211	Dr E D De Ruyter	\$24.00
2250	Mr O Steffan	\$26.00	2046	Mr Giovanni Palamara	\$20.00
2136	Mr J Coyle	\$4.00	2131	Mr John Svitans	\$4.00
2031	Catholic Presbytery	\$33.00	2025	Miss D Hollingworth	\$10.00
3235	Miss Catherine McElholum	\$33.00	2027	Mr A J Nasser	\$17.00
2136	Mr Stephen Hitchings	\$45.00	2027	Miss Loyola Sweeney	\$2.36
2018	Miss Marie T Cunningham	\$10.00	2035	Mr W J Mcdeed	\$24.00
2031	Mrs Margaret Burg	\$17.00	2040	Miss C Schneider	\$7.00
2032	Mr A E Finneran	\$4.00	2121	Mrs Joan Coles	\$4.00
2032	Miss M Gallagher	\$17.00	2263	Mr J B Chaffer	\$4.00
2033	Miss D Whyte	\$4.00	2208	Mr Frank Jackson	\$4.00
2032	Mr A Wong	\$17.00	2212	Mrs J Weingott	\$30.00
2036	Mr Charles George	\$7.00	2032	Mrs E M Hill	\$24.00
2040	Mrs M Maunsell	\$17.00	2519	Mrs M Hayes	\$4.00
2066	Mrs M Brown	\$4.00	3818	Mrs M Clark	\$14.00
2075	Mrs K V Fletcher	\$100.00	2101	Mr R Collins	\$33.00
2065	R & A Clarke	\$4.00	2034	Mr Jack Mason	\$14.00
2120	Mrs J C Hord	\$7.00	2560	Mrs F Whitcher	\$4.00
2122	Mr H J Reid	\$7.00	2193	Mr Brian A Conlon	\$5.00
2225	Mr & Mrs G J Stroud	\$7.00	2017	Mr J F Toberty	\$9.00
2145	Mrs Madge Miranda	\$34.00	2031	Mrs C Wilcox	\$20.00
2162	Mrs M McIntyre	\$14.00	2031	Mr J S Nicol	\$4.00
2251	Mrs Joan Campbell	\$4.00	2031	Mrs E M Townsend	\$4.00
2208	Mrs A Schneiderberg	\$67.00	2033	Mr C D Goodchild	\$2.36
2209	Mr K G McLaren	\$67.00	2034	Mrs A M McGuinn	\$2.36
2212	Mrs S M Hartney	\$17.00	2035	Mr H S Cross MBE	\$2.36
2112	Mr & Mrs J D Killian	\$14.00	2045	Mrs K McCabe	\$2.36
2750	Mr Charles W Saunders	\$20.00	2112	Mrs D M Keogh	\$24.00
2298	Rev Mgr P D Cotter PP	\$7.00	2121	Mr B Johnson	\$17.00
2372	Miss C Hartmann	\$7.00	2132	Mrs T Farrington	\$14.00
2517	Mr M P O'Hara	\$20.00	2228	Mr F J Dalton	\$4.00
2500	Mrs Ann Dorahy	\$4.00	2261	Miss M Scott	\$24.00
2526	Mr R Costello	\$24.00	2527	Mrs M Young	\$4.00
2576	Mrs M Bain	\$9.00	2153	Mrs M A Brock	\$4.00
4065	Mrs E Mcdonell	\$37.00	2107	Mrs N M Kelly	\$10.00
5012	Mr K W Harman	\$20.00	2195	Mrs M E Mitchell	\$4.00
6020	Mr K R Rosam	\$24.00	2234	Mrs P R Taylor	\$4.00
6701	Presentation Sisters	\$24.00	2198	Mr Anton Sajn	\$10.00
6009	Mr & Mrs D H Plowman	\$17.00	2207	Mr H W Burns	\$9.00
2117	Mr G J Goodyer	\$67.00	2209	Mrs B Bubnij	\$10.00
2065	Drs Ks & Dc Kozlowski	\$4.00	2220	Mr P A Kelly	\$4.00
4031	Fr W M Mcp Ross	\$40.00	2222	Mrs A Davis	\$14.00
	Mr & Mrs J Stewart	\$53.00	2250	Mr & Mrs K Austin	\$24.00
2065	Mr Richard Thomas	\$17.00	2261	Mrs P Dwyer	\$9.00
2257	Mr V W Ryan	\$34.00	2259	Mr John Aquilina	\$4.00
2153	Mrs J Suljivan	\$17.00	2000	Br C Rafferty	\$14.00
2119	Mrs S Whitelock	\$7.00	2500	Mr B J & Mrs M T Trudgett	\$4.00
2250	Mrs Catherine Byrne	\$8.00			
2716	Judy Ryan	\$58.10			
	E J Maroulis	\$135.00			
2154	J Mousley	\$10.00			
	T TOTAL:			\$2,109.01	

Please assist us by introducing *Annals* to relatives and friends.

We need your support and we need new subscribers.

Annals has the answer! Try it.

time, secondary industry in the colony remained in a stunted state that could best be described as woebegone.

Unemployment and Alienation

No writer caught the mood of the times more eloquently than the Victorian-born William McNamara (the father-in-law of Henry Lawson and Jack Lang) who, in 1888 observed: 'Thousands of men are tramping the streets of Sydney... vainly seeking work. Hundreds of families are in a state of starvation in this 'prosperous' and sunny land of the property-shark and land-speculator.'⁸ Then in a phrase so heavily laden with meaning that it was almost incapable of misinterpretation, he added: 'This colony will be another Ireland before long.'⁹

Similarly one year before, in October 1887, the *Echo* reported that Cardinal Moran had opened a women's refuge on behalf of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, at Tempe. In the enveloping financial gloom it seems their old premises in Pitt-street which had provided for one hundred destitute women daily had become too small to cope with the rising number of those needing help, and Tempe was designed to care for almost twice that number.¹⁰

The myth of the long boom may also partly be judged by the fact that the Land Nationalization League and the Australian Socialist League were set-up in 1887, and the Melbourne Anarchist Club in 1886. And the favourable reaction to these groups did not just arise from what may now be superficially seen as a period of wide prosperity. It arose from a general sense of social and personal dislocation due to widespread unemployment on the one hand, and the sense that society could not be redeemed without radical change on the other.

Census and Statistics

Even our much-vaunted pastoral industries were feeling the pinch. At the census in 1889, while fewer than 700 persons owned more than half the

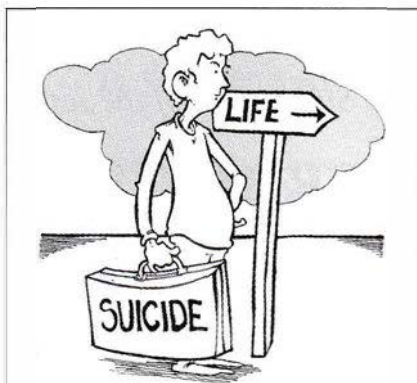
alienated land in New South Wales, there were sixty-five million acres held under pastoral lease made up of 1,035 holdings. Before the crises of the 1890s – not after – the number of holdings held in pawn by the various banks and building societies numbered 618. Assuming the pawned stations to be of average size, it would seem that of the sixty-five million acres, about 35 million acres were in the hands of the money-lenders.¹¹

These facts go some way in explaining several matters: Aboriginal dispossession; the colony's poor record on de-forestation; soil degradation through over-stocking; and the bitterness with which the Shearers' Union was hounded year after year.¹²

The Bank of New South Wales with 127 properties aggregating more than five million acres, held the most number of properties but it did not own the most land. That distinction belonged to the Australian Mortgage, Land and Finance Company (AML&F), with fifty-one properties totaling over 8.5 million acres. Dalgety's (merely a trade name), with 35 properties comprising nearly 7 million acres was the next largest landowner. Dalgety's was in fact, the Australian end of the Shaw Savill and White Star Lines, among others, and the Australian end of the Phoenix Insurance Co. Its connection with the pastoral industry arose mainly from the fact that it supervised estates for absentee English landlords.¹³

And, since these people were able to fence off their properties to keep ordinary Australians out, and, since it takes about 1,900,000 acres to make a property one mile in width stretching 3,000 miles, or from Sydney to Perth, it was not difficult to see in 1890: 'why one-third of the population was located within a radius of 15 miles of Sydney.'¹⁴

The amount of land encompassed in the pastoral leases was enormous. And because members of parliament held a further nine million acres between them, the same could not be said of government charges. The AML&F's Lake Victoria station for example, situated near Wentworth, comprised 1,400,000 acres at 1d. an acre! Similarly Connulpie Downs, a 500,000 acre run near Wilcannia was



Youth Suicide

MORE young people also seem to be turning to suicide. In Great Britain, suicide rates among young men aged fifteen to twenty-four have roughly doubled since 1970. Suicide rates among young men have also risen, though to a lesser extent in other industrialised countries, including the US, Canada, New Zealand, Australia, Finland, Norway, France, Belgium, the Netherlands, Australia, Spain, Italy and Switzerland.

– Helen Epstein, *Time of Indifference* in *New York Review of Books* April 12, 2001

the largest station leased by the Bank of New South Wales and it was leased for two-thirds of one penny per acre.

All in all, more than twenty-six million acres of New South Wales in 1890 was owned by politicians (who made the land laws), and just five banks; the Bank of New South Wales; the Commercial; the Bank of Australasia; the Australian Joint Stock Bank and the Union Bank. Fourteen other banks owned a further six million acres. On a similar scale, just four very rich men: Thomas Elder, James Tyson, Samuel Wilson and (Wilson's nephew) Samuel McCaughey, owned a further six-and-a-half million acres.

There was also the myth of the 'house and quarter-acre'. But many citizens in the capital lived precariously by paying rent. The three largest rentiers were Daniel Cooper, who owned most of Paddington; James Squire Farnell, who owned most of Ryde; and Sidney Burdekin, whose rent-rolls were the most extensive in the colony. Ironically it was Burdekin who, as lord mayor of Sydney, greeted the famous American land nationalist Henry George, when he visited

Australia in 1890 with his recipe for breaking up the big estates.¹⁵

On related matters, unfortunately for New South Wales, overseas loans involved more than interest. They included a camp following of monetary jackals and their hangers-on. And, at a time when two pounds per week was considered a good 'screw', Judge Manning received forty pounds a week as a pension, with a further sixteen pounds a week because he was once solicitor-general.¹⁶ Lord Loftus, however, was unable to make ends meet on a pension of 140 pounds per week, and in 1887 he was obliged to sell his possessions in Sydney and to be declared a bankrupt in London.¹⁷

Not so with governor Sir Robert Duff, who gained notoriety when he declared that wages paid to seamen were 'fair'. Their wages were five pounds a month! Sir Robert doubtless regarded his own salary as fair. The rate in his case was 583 pounds per month, to say nothing of the perquisites that went with his job.¹⁸ In New South Wales such *finesse* was what passed as statesmanship. But that, as they say, is another story.



1. Arthur Jose, *Australia Human and Economic*, London, Harrap, 1932, p. p. 34-35.
2. Sir Edward Parry, *Extracts from the Diary of Sir Edward Parry*, Reprinted by Cambridge Press, Newcastle, 1998, p. 21.
3. *Ibidem*, p. 152.
4. 'An Australian', 'Is Australia Ungrateful', *Austral Light*, Melbourne, 1 July 1904, hereafter referred to as *Austral*, p. 479.
5. W. J. Willcocks, 'Population in Australia: The Future of Immigration', Sydney, Angus & Robertson, 1937, p.p. 277-285.
6. *Austral*, p. 480.
7. *Ibidem*, p. 480.
8. William McNamara, 'The Battle of the Proletariat', *Australian Radical*, 24 March 1888.
9. *Ibidem*.
10. *Echo*, Sydney, 8 October 1887.
11. William Hanson, *Pastoral Possessions in New South Wales*, Sydney, circa 1895.
12. Harry Holland, *The Socialist*, Sydney, 10 September 1895.
13. Frank Anstey, *Money Power*, Melbourne, Fraser & Jenkinson, 1921, p. 62.
14. *The Bulletin*, Sydney, 22 March 1890.
15. John Farrell, *Daily Telegraph*, Sydney, 8 March 1890.
16. Anonymous, 'Our Pensions', *Radical*, Newcastle, 2 July 1887.
17. *Radical*, 27 August 1887.
18. John Farrell, *Single Tax*, Sydney, 20 November 1893.

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 Suppression of the Jesuits

**A DANGER TO THE STATE:
AN HISTORICAL NOVEL**

Reviewed by MICHAEL DANIEL



good novel, should, above all, be enjoyable to read'. So read the opening sentence of an introduction to a children's edition of classical fiction some years ago. *A Danger to the State*, resoundingly fulfils this primary criterion for a novel.

Whilst the storyline and most of the characters are fictional, the historical background, namely the suppression of the Jesuits by Pope Clement XVI in 1773, is genuine. The story revolves around the noble Spanish de Vallecas family. Maurice de Vallecas, the father, is a senior member of the Spanish Judiciary. His sons, Alfonso and Jaime are Jesuits, the former a priest, the latter a novice. His daughter, Beatriz, is betrothed to Rodrigo, who is tricked into believing the Jesuits are a force for evil and is determined to destroy them.

The bulk of the plot is set in Spain and in the Jesuit Reduction of San Miguel in Paraguay. Through the story, the reader gains an insight into both the efficient running of Reductions or Missions in Paraguay and the forces which were to destroy the Jesuits. Ours is an age which focuses on the negative aspects of missions to native peoples and seems to fail to see any redeeming features in such institutions. Trower illustrates that the native peoples were content to live on the Reductions: rather than losing their fundamental rights as human beings therein, the Jesuits protected these rights; natives joined the Reductions knowing they were places safe from abuse by Spaniards or other natives; the natives themselves were responsible for most of the organisation and running of the Reductions.

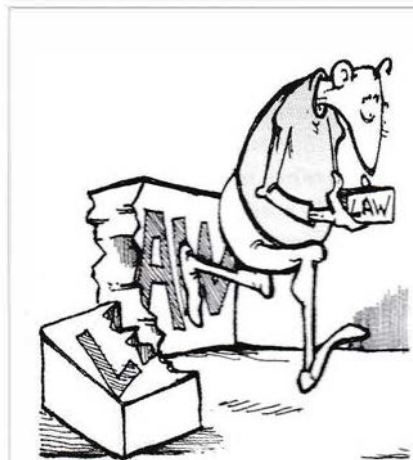
*A Danger to the State:
An Historical Novel*
Philip Trower
Ignatius Press, San Francisco, 1998. 475pp.

Trower also gives the reader an insight into the forces which conspired to destroy the Jesuits. The movement was not a popular one, but rather originated from France with the Enlightenment movement that saw the suppression of the Jesuits as the key stage in destroying the power of the Church. Eventually, devotees of the Enlightenment, largely through nefarious means (eg. Forged documents) were able to convince the monarchs of Europe firstly to suppress the Jesuits

within their kingdoms and territories, and then to pressure the Pope to suppress the Jesuits. On one level, this suppression was the triumph of the power of absolute monarchs over the Church. The victory was short lived: within sixteen years the French Revolution, ironically the child of the same Enlightenment which conspired to destroy the Jesuits, which would sweep most of them from power, would commence.

The novel concludes in Catherine the Great's Russia, one of the countries where the bulk of the Jesuits sought refuge, the other being England (for the suppression to be effective, the Papal decree had to be read by the ruler of each country: the non Catholic rulers of these countries refused to read the decree). Fr. Alfonso engages in a dialogue with Catherine the Great in which the atheistic Enlightenment philosophies are contrasted with religious belief: in the former, there are no absolute standards and fear of Judgement, hence men ultimately can do anything in order to create their 'paradise upon earth' (cf. The Terror during the French Revolution).

A Danger to the State is easy to read; indeed, the reviewer found it difficult to put down. This book would appeal to readers of all ages. It would be a particularly good wider reading book for middle and senior secondary students in Catholic or other schools: through reading a stimulating novel, they would be introduced to new topics in history and human thought.



WHEN you break great laws, you do not get liberty; you do not even get anarchy. You get small laws?

— Edmund Burke

MICHAEL DANIEL teaches Latin, English and RE. A convert to Catholicism, he is married and lives in Victoria. A number of articles and reviews by him have appeared in Australian and overseas publications.

Step into Liquid

By and large, sports practitioners are inarticulate when it comes to describing the mysteries of their particular game. There are exceptions: Jack Fingleton on cricket and Peter FitzSimons on rugby.

But the surfers interviewed for Dana Brown's documentary are neither Fingletons nor FitzSimonses. In fact, they sound downright nongy when compared to the magisterial eloquence with which they sign themselves on the thundering waves of the world's oceans.

Unmissable for the fantastic footage, including Australia's Christopher Keith and Daniel Malloy who bring together children from both sides of the Northern Ireland divide in the surf of Donegal. Forget the verbiage. Or in more kindly fashion, realise you're listening to guys speaking prose when their sport requires poetry.

PG SFFV ★★★★★

I'm Not Scared

Children run through the fields of Sicily and play amid the ruins of a farmhouse. One boy discovers a covered hole where a child lies. An orphan, an abandoned cripple? The boy keeps the secret as he gets to learn more about the child.

But his secret intersects with the secret of the village's adults, including his own parents with deadly consequences. Director Gabriele Salvatores and the cast which includes Aitana Sanchez-Gijon, Dino Abbrescia, Gorgio Careccia and Gieseppe Cristiano have made a small classic of the way evil can poison childhood.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

The Station Agent

When Finbar McBride (Peter Dinklage) inherits an old railway house in Newfoundland, New Jersey, he decides it is in the end of the line. Quickly he discovers, it has junctions into new friendships with local artist Olivia (Patricia Clarkson) and hot-dog vendor Joe (Bobby Cannavale).

Dinklage, a small guy, gives a giant of a performance and writer/director Tom McCarthy's debut film is so quiet, you can hear its heart beat.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

ANNALS MOVIES

By JAMES MURRAY

The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King

Director Peter Jackson has done it: pulled off the rare trick of transmuting a literary masterpiece, JR Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* into a three-part movie of equivalent status. Sure there are blemishes. But they are minor, discrepancies of the letter rather than the spirit of the work.

The main factor in the success of Jackson and his co-writer is that they came to the work seeking to enhance it cinematically rather than re-write it or re-interpret it. His casting was superlative. True Ian McKellen who played Gandalf did the movie no favours by blethering off-camera about his homosexuality, thus suggesting connotations in Tolkien's characters that his original work does not contain.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

In America

Sentimental. But so was Charles Dickens. Like him, writer/director Jim Sheridan has the talent to show courage amid squalor as in *My Left Foot*.

Johnny, an actor. (Paddy Considine) and his teacher wife Sarah (Samantha Morton) struggle to make it in New York with their daughters (Sarah and Emma Bolger) after the death in Ireland of a third child, Frankie.

Morton, as always, is a phenomenon of skill. But it is the Bolger sisters whose artlessness enthral. And it says something for Considine's screen presence that he can confront Djimon Hounsou as an African-American neighbour who looks to be in rehearsal to play the most powerful Othello since Paul Robeson.

The closing credits suggest a personal inspiration for the story, co-written with Naomi and Kirsten Sheridan, the director's daughters. The movie's shocking moments have the impact of experience. One brought gasps from the preview audience: the bill for \$US50,000 after the difficult birth of another child. It was as if the audience realised this kind of programme was coming to a hospital near them if present local trends continue.

M 15 + NFFV ★★★★★

The Last Samurai

Japanese western. Captain Nathan Algren (Tom Cruise) is a drunken survivor of Custer's Last Stand, hired in 1876 to train Japanese peasants as infantrymen for the new Imperial Japanese Army and lead them against the warlord Katsumoto (Ken Watanabe) who opposes the modernisation of the Meiji emperor.

In the process, Algren sobers up only to become besotted with the samurai way of life and joins Katsumoto in fighting modern firepower with swords and bows and arrows.

Timothy Spall has fun as a posh photographer, inspired by the Greek-born, Irish-American Lafcadio Hearn (aka Koisumi Yakumo). Less lucky is Billy Connolly as Algren's loyal NCO, Zebulon Gant. He is killed early along with his extraordinary accent which is halfway between a sergeant in the Hairy Legged Irish (aka the Highland Light Infantry) of his native Glasgow and Victor McLaglen in *Wee Willy Winkie*.

Cruise may be small but, as Connolly might agree, like Patsy (The Mighty Atom) Gallagher of Glasgow Celtic, a player of dominating skill. Director Edward Zwick's battle scenes show he has studied two masters: Akira (*Seven Samurai*) Kurasowa and John (*Fort Apache*) Ford.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

Sylvia

Not in contention for this year's Academy Awards, otherwise Gwyneth Paltrow would be clutching a second Oscar to add to her first (for *Shakespeare in Love*). Paltrow is radiantly convincing as Sylvia Plath who found that lyrical love with fellow poet Ted Hughes was not enough to stave off suicidal despair.

Daniel Craig has the physique for Hughes. But John Brownlow's script does not give him enough to work with. No family context, for example, whereas Plath's relatively prosperous American background is given. As a consequence Hughes comes on as such a Heathcliffian figure that you half-expect to see the ghost of Emily Bronte lurking behind him.

Director Christine Jeffs, brought in at short-notice, does well. But period detail escapes her including a soft-porn set-piece: making love without a blanket

(or a shilling for the gasfire) in winter digs in London was not a realistic option in the 1950s. Or indeed now.

Further weakness: the fatal nature of Hughes's love affair and adulterous second marriage with Assia Wevill (Amra Casar) is not shown. Nor is it mentioned in the film's end notes, possibly because of legal difficulties, the Plathites and the Hughesites having become fiercer in their posthumous feuding than the Monagues and the Capulets.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

The Cooler

Is Bernie Lootz (William H Macey), a loser whose luck is so bubonic that he is employed to infect the fortunes of those who gamble in Shangri-La, a seedy Las Vegas casino run by Shelly Kaplow (Alex Baldwin).

Lootz's luck turns when he meets Natalie Belisario (Maria Bello), a cocktail waitress. Macey, a great character actor, goes to the limit and dominates the movie with stellar dynamism. So effective is its satire that it is unlikely to be shown at any casino hotel.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

Stuck on You

The Farrelly Brothers, Peter and Bobby, are notorious for the outrageousness of their comedies. Here, they push beyond even their limits with conjoined twins Bob and Walt Tenor (Matt Damon and Greg Kinnear). Yet their usual approach is tempered with sympathy.

Bob and Walt share a liver and a lively sense of humour. While Bob is content to be a smalltown hamburger artist, Walt wants to be a movie star. So it's off to Hollywood, with Bob, so to speak, tagging along. There Walt (with Bob not always in frame) finds himself co-starring in a soap opera alongside Cher, who is to cosmetic surgery what the Sydney Opera House is to architectural refurbishment.

The soap-opera itself is a biting spoof on all the dramas that keep more and more advertisements less and less apart on television before, as a special treat, repackaging them with fewer advertisements on pay-TV that is the kind of TV that pays off company bank loans.

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

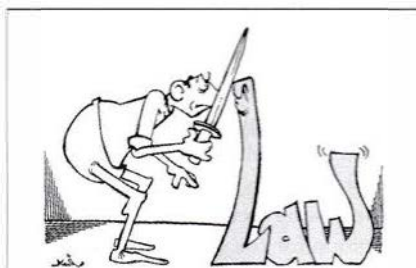
Meryl Streep also makes a lively cameo appearance. But the movie is Damon and Kinnear's – the funniest duo since Stan Laurel was joined to Oliver Hardy at the funny bone.

M15+ NFFV ★★★★★

Depuis qu' Otar est Parti [Since Otar Left]

Otar (unseen) works in Paris. Occasionally, he writes to his doting mother Eka (Esther Gorintin) in Georgia to the sibling chagrin of his sister Marina (Nina Khomoassouridze) and her daughter Ada (Dinara Droukarova) who eke out a living in Tblisi where flea-markets are more frequent than super-markets.

When Otar dies in an accident, they decide to forge letters from him to keep his mother happy. Their plan succeeds. But too well. She decides



Unjust Laws

PEOPLE crushed by law have no hopes but from power. If laws are their enemies, they will be enemies to laws; and those, who have much to hope and nothing to lose, will always be dangerous, more or less.

- Edmund Burke 1729-1797 Letter to the Hon. C.J. Fox, 8 Oct 1777

they should all go to Paris. The way she gets them there is as surprising as the denouement. The jewel in the movie is Esther Gorintin's performance: a matriarch, frail yet dauntless, remembering better times but still prepared to live indomitably in the present, an example imitated, each in her own way, by her daughter and granddaughter.

PG SFFV ★★★★★

House of Sand and Fog

Melodramatic title for a full-on melodrama in which Kathy (Jennifer Connelly) and Masoud Amir Behrani (Ben Kingsley) contend for the titular house.

Connelly is brilliantly nervy as the recovering addict for whom the house is an essential link with her better past. Kingsley dominates, a ramrod former air force colonel for the Shah of Persia, who sees in the house the makings of a solid future for his family.

The denouement is so blood-boltered and depressing that it could do more to cut real estate prices than the Reserve Bank of Australia.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

Paycheck

Is, like *Blade Runner*, based on a Philip K Dick fable. And although written in 1953, it has a prophetic, future-now persuasiveness. It opens startlingly with Michael Jennings (Ben Affleck), a computer whiz having a memory-wipe after an episode of industrial espionage.

His next assignment, provided by zillionaire entrepreneur Jimmy Rethrick (Aaron Eckhart), is even more lucrative and lethal. Jennings emerges from it with only a envelope of seemingly random clues. As he follows them with the help of Rachel (Uma Thurman), he becomes aware he has been dealing with something of greater hazard than a computer virus.

Unfortunately director John Woo, who should change his name by deed poll to Wow, cannot resist his trademark improbable car chase and climactic shoot-out. But the combined talents of Affleck, Thurman and Eckhart keep the characters and the fable ahead of the special effects.

M15+ NFFV ★★★★★

Something's Gotta Give

Romantic comedy in which Jack Nicholson gives the impression of having a string dangling from his back which writer/director Nancy Meyer tugs to elicit the repertoire of grins, grimaces and chuckles, Nicholson perfected 20 years ago in *Terms of Endearment*.

The force of talent and the paunch are still with him as Harry, a music-industry Lothario romancing the nubile Marin (Amanda Peet). But he finds his heart, or more exactly a coronary, leading him to her playwright mother Erica Barry (Diane Keaton) despite the competition of his surgeon Julian Mercer (Keanu Reeves).

Nicholson and Keaton make a witty pair, her voice, compared to the slow, molasses of his, sounding like Daisy Duck on speed. Frances McDormand is Erica's feminist sister, Zoe. She might have given a more stimulating performance than Keaton in the lead, avoiding the need for Nicholson to give Viagra gratuitous plugs.

Nicholson on Viagra? This is like being told Johnny Weismuller had a swimming double when he played Tarzan. Nice touch: the Keaton character's surname is doubtless a tribute to Philip Barry, author of the prototypical, sophisticated comedy *The Philadelphia Story*. But Barry knew how to finish a play. Meyer is reluctant to let her characters go. Result: a dragging end.

M 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Cheaper by Dozen

Has only the title in common with the original 1950 comedy based on a memoir about efficiency expert Frank Gilbreth which starred Clifton Webb and Myrna Loy. Here Steve Martin and Bonnie Hunt take on the roles of parenting 12 children. Say three laughs per child. Plus six for Martin and eight for Hunt. Total: 50. Not bad.

G SFFV ★★☆☆☆

Pieces of April

April (Katie Holmes) is the inner-city, free-spirited daughter of parents who are classic suburban, mortgage serfs. She decides to bridge the gap in their life-styles with a Thanksgiving turkey. Her parents Joy and Jim plus Grandma Dottie (Patricia Clarkson, Oliver Platt and Alice Drummond) duly

A precious gift for Easter
NOW AVAILABLE FROM CHEVALIER PRESS



STATUETTES of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart of Jesus

MOULDDED from volcanic Mash from Mt Pinatubo in the Philippines by the victims of the devastating eruption in 1991, these beautiful statues cost only \$10 (includes postage anywhere in Australia). All profit from the sale of these statues goes to the victims and their families.

Send your orders to: Chevalier Press,
P.O. Box 13, Kensington NSW 2033.
Phone: (02) 9662 7894/9662 7188.
Fax (02) 9662 1910

head for New York with her siblings Beth and Timmy (Alison Pill and John Gallagher Jr). Meanwhile, April finds the oven in her flat is colder than a banker during a credit squeeze.

Will her multi-racial neighbours help her get the turkey stuffed, basted and roasted in time for the arrival of her parents? Of lesser consequence is the fact that she has not told them her live-in boyfriend Bobby (Derek Luke) is African-American.

That the film itself is no turkey is due to writer/director Peter Hedges. He draws from his cast fine performances as ordinary people in circumstances that hover between tragedy and farce. Technically, the movie is the future and it works, being shot with great economy and style using digital video technology.

M 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Il Gattopardo [The Leopard]

Classics are rare – much rarer than diamonds. This is one of them, a restored version of director Luchino Visconti's faithful (in all senses) version of Giuseppe di Lampedusa's great novel about Sicily in political transition during Garibaldi's *risorgimento*, yet immutable in its character and perdurable in its faith in a human and divine saviour.

In the title role Burt Lancaster, returning to his ancestral Italian origins, personifies aristocratic gravitas, bowing but not breaking to winds of change. Alain Delon plays his nephew Tancredi. And Claudia Cardinale, the woman both love in their different ways.

Note for Trivial Pursuits: Lancaster was forced on Visconti by the Hollywood financiers. Visconti wanted Sir Laurence Olivier who would have surely turned Il Gattopardo into a cornetto.

PG SFFV ★★☆☆☆

21 Grams

Refers to the amount of weight a person supposedly loses on death. Naomi Watts may well add the greater weight of an Oscar to her reputation for her wrenching performance in director Alejandro Gonzales Inarritu's take on heart transplants. Watts plays the donor's widow, and Sean Penn the recipient who falls in love with her. Superlative. So, too, is Benecio Torres as the alcoholic driver who killed the donor, and now seeks forgiveness through evangelical fundamentalism.

But the edit has all the subtlety of a Mixmaster on overdrive. It's as if Inarritu is seeking to kill comparisons with Bonnie Hunt's earlier, straightforward, heart-transplant, romantic comedy *Return to Me*.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Une Femme de Menage [The Housekeeper]

The housekeeper is no dear, old duck with a bucket and mop but the beguiling Emile Dequenne. No surprise that propinquity propinks when she comes to clean for sourpuss Jean-Pierre Bacri who is estranged from his wife.

Director Claude Berri is too skilled a movie maker to let the predictable dominate the narrative.

M15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Out of Time

Tightly coiled thriller based on a first-time script by David Collard and directed by Carl Franklin. Matt (Denzel Washington) is the police chief in Banyan Key, Florida, proud of a drug bust, proceeds of which are held in his strongroom. In a mix of lust and quixotry, he uses the proceeds to help his inamorata Ann (Sanaa Lathan) when he learns she has a seemingly fatal cancer.

From then, he is in a race against time, seeking to unravel the mystery of her death along with her husband Chris (Dean Cain) while keeping his colleagues unaware of his involvement with her. That his colleagues include his estranged wife Alex (Eva Mendes) as the detective in charge of the murder investigation adds to the tension.

Washington displays mastery of ambivalence in the role of a decent man trying to correct a chain reaction of mistakes before it destroys him.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

Goodbye Lenin

Kills one stereotype dead – the one that suggests Germans don't have a sense of humour. Wolfgang Becker's comedy turns on the premise of a son Alex (Daniel Bruhl) seeking to protect his mother Christiane (Katrin Sass) from the knowledge that the People's Republic of East Germany alias Stasiland has reunited with West Germany and been converted to a land of supermarket plenty.

Now perhaps a serious movie about the true nature of Stasiland where little spies had greater spies upon their backs and so on to a nadir where the worst of Nazism combined with the worst of Soviet Communism.

M 15+ SFFV ★★★★★

Win A Date with Tad Hamilton

Smart, sweet-tempered romantic comedy, spun from fairy floss by writer Victor Levin. Supermarketeer Rosalee Futch (Kate Bosworth) gets to meet the eponymous star (Josh Duhamel) with surprising consequences for colleague Pete (Topher Grace).

Initially Bosworth looks as if she has just stepped from a Barbie Doll package on the supermarket shelf. But she displays brains, wit and timing

that give her the winning edge even in scenes with Nathan Lane and Sean Hayes as Tad's agent and his manager (both named Richard Levy). Australian Robert Luketic directs with the pace and wry eye for American foibles that made such a hit of *Legally Blonde*, his previous excursion into Cinderellaland.

PG SFFV ★★★★★

Drumline

Essentially a documentary about America's marching bands who entertain the crowds at gridiron football games. Onto the marvellous documentary footage has been tacked a storyline about genius rebel drummer (Orlando Jones) who must learn to play in accord with the band's motto: One band. One sound.

The drum sequences have tremendous panache and should find a special audience among the famed Orange Walk drummers of Northern Ireland.

M 15+ SFFV ★★★★★

Plots with a View

Dylan Thomas, who tried his hand at filmscripts, might have envied this one, located in Wroton Powys, a hop and a pun from his Llareggub Hill.

Local undertaker Boris Plotz (Alfred Molina), too fainthearted to win fair lady Betty (Brenda Blethyn), still pines for her despite her marriage to the dastardly local mayor Hugh Rhys-Jones (Robert Pugh) who is infatuated with his secretary Meredith (Naomi Watts,

displaying a self-deprecating gift for sexual comedy).

A courtship shuffle is triggered through rivalry with an American undertaker Frank Featherbed (Christopher Walken, deadpan working to perfection) and his high-concept funerals (shades of Evelyn Waugh's *The Loved One*).

Nick Hurran directs first-timer Frederick Ponzlov's script in a way that suggests the alternative title should be, *How Hilarious was My Valley*.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

One Perfect Day

Director Paul Currie makes a brave escape from the the backyard and barbecue genre with his story of Tommy Matisse (Dan Spielman) a genius fiddler and sound engineer who hears music in everything and aims to turn it all into a rock opera with the help of singer Alysse Green (Leanna Walsman).

The cast has enough energy to power a Wurlitzer organ. But the movie has a false premise: that rock-'n'-roll represents creative progress and freedom compared to the disciplines of classical music. The truth is rock-'n'-roll is a regression to the primitive.

M 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

Open Range

Come-back for Kevin Costner as an actor/director. He plays Charlie in a variation of the classic western about free-range cattlemen who fed their herds as they drove them to market, an option increasingly unpopular with the owners of fenced land.

Boss Spearman (Robert Duvall, trailing fine memories of *Lonesome Dove*) is the trail boss, Button (Diego Luna) an adopted orphan and Mose (Abraham Benrubi) is the cook who rates a board, but not a star of David, when he dies. Annette Benning is Sue who engages Charlie.

If Costner does quite reach the heights of John Ford's *The Searchers*, he does use at least three times the ammunition expended for John Sturges's *Gunfight at the OK Corral*. Irish actor Michael Gambon plays the villainous rancher Baxter, and has an ingenious solution to the problem of having to play with a phony Yankee accent. He simply adopts the accent of a Belfast gunman.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★★★★

ANNALS

AUSTRALASIA

OUR FUTURE

DEPENDS ON YOU

Thank you
for remembering

ANNALS

AUSTRALASIA

IN YOUR WILL

OUR LEGAL TITLE IS:

ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

1 Roma Avenue

Kensington NSW 2033

Australia



Coogee
FIRST NATIONAL
REAL ESTATE

206 Coogee Bay Rd, Coogee 2034
 For 32 years we have specialised in Property Management,
 Sales and Leasing.



Annals readers who need the service of an experienced Real Estate Company should contact:
 Bob Giltinan, or Jim Giltinan, on
 (02) 9665 3341 (Phone)
 (02) 9315 8704 (Fax)
 Email: coogecfn@bigpond.com
 Web: www.coogecfn.com.au

PROPERTY MANAGEMENT • SALES • INVESTMENTS

The Old Man Who Loved to Read Stories

Rolf de Heer is a film maker who likes to keep people, including, you suspect, himself, surprised. Here in a Franco-Australian production, he casts Richard Dreyfus, most cited of players, as a recluse, Simon, living by lamp-light and romantic novels in an Amazon jungle shack.

Just to keep things unbalanced, de Heer adds Hugo Weaving as a dissolute dentist and Timothy Spall as a petty tyrant, with Cathy Tyson as his woman who comes to prefer the old man and his stories. De Heer brings all this together with a jaguar hunt to brilliant effect.

M 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Big Fish

Director Tim Burton clearly intended this to be a frolic about truth and fiction as represented by a tall-tale teller (Albert Finney). Burton projects his untrammelled imagination vividly into his scenes. Unfortunately Finney's American accent is so ponderously phoney that it slows the frolic to the pace of a gouty elephant. Danny Devito as a circus master does what he can to move things along. But sometimes heroism is not enough.

PG SFFV ★★☆☆☆

Camp

Younger fans will see writer/director Todd Graff's musical as a reprise of *Fame* in which accomplished teenagers get to strut their stuff. Older fans will hear in it echoes of Judy Garland and Mickey Rooney deciding to put on their own show.

Yet Graff's effort is more than a reprise or an echo. Because of his difficulties in getting it produced, he defines it as a 'Hail Mary pass'. It is country rather than city based, and he contrives to integrate great songs, including those of Stephen Sondheim, into the action, not to mention the notoriously reclusive Sondheim himself.

His cast also includes Joanna Chilcoat as Ellen, a singer with an Ethel Merman sense of attack, Daniel Letterle as Vlad, guitarist and all-American straight guy, and Robin De Jesus as his opposite, Michael.

M 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Along Came Polly

Reuben (Ben Stiller) is less buttoned down than nailed into a coffin of predictability. As a risk assessor on the rebound from a disastrous first marriage (there are no other kind under Hollywood conventions which are as rigid as anything from Victorian England). His rebound sweet-

CHURCH AND SCHOOL P.A. SOUND SYSTEMS



Altar Microphone (AKG C680BL) ideal for altar use, inconspicuous and ultrasensitive



Exciting new Pulpit/Lectern Microphone for any voice, even the 'whisperers'

MICROPHONES AMPLIFIERS MIXERS SPEAKERS ETC.

References available to some 500 Church and School sound systems completed.

Consultations available interstate and country areas • Personal attention of Donal O'Sullivan

'CLARE-COM' SOUND IS PERFECT SOUND

Also suppliers of Church built-in Vacuum cleaning systems.

CLARE COMMUNICATIONS COMPANY, Pty Ltd

Suite 3, 39 Leighton Place,
 Hornsby NSW 2077
 Tel: (02) 9482 3581
 Fax: (02) 9482 3582
 AH: 0408 290 038

heart Polly (Jennifer Aniston) is so unconventional she keeps a ferret for a pet – a blind ferret.

Bryan Brown has a cameo – big cameo – as the adventurer-entrepreneur whose Australian accent is more authentic than his character name: Leland Van Lew. Great casting. Yet writer/director Richard Hamburg's romantic comedy has the look and sound of a pilot for a television series that got misrouted into cinemas.

Don't blame Jennifer Aniston, an accomplished player with marvellous comic timing. Blame Stiller, trying too hard to establish his character as if afraid it is going to be swamped by commercials. These, on the basis of Hamburg's humour, would undoubtedly be for loop paper.

M 15+ SFFV ★★☆☆☆

Capturing the Friedmans

Horror movie. But not schlock horror – a bleak documentary by Andrew Jarecki which examines what happens when Arnold Friedman, a seemingly respectable teacher, receives an item of paedophile literature in the mail. The follow-up police investigation destroys him and his family. More depressing than impressive, less entertaining than instructional, particularly in its emphasis on the need for investigators to take account of community (and media) hysteria in dealing with sexual allegations.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Cold Mountain

Opens with a bang during an American Civil War siege. And ends with a simper rather than a whimper. Writer/director Anthony Minghella, who should know better, fails to avoid the dreaded *Black Adder* effect where costumes dramas become funny no matter how serious the historical context.

His casting does not help. Key roles are played by Jude Law, Ray Winston and Eileen Atkins. Sure their southern accents are impeccable but their Englishness keeps breaking through with risible effect.

Nor is the inadvertent laughter offset by native Texan, Renee Zellweger, as a feisty handyperson. She comes on like a mini version of the late, great Marjorie Main in the *Ma and Pa Kettle* movie series.

But what of Nicole Kidman in the lead role of Ada (a name that conjures

up *Cold Comfort Farm*)? She is ethereal yet durable, unbelievably so, partly because of her phony blondness. For a natural redhead to go blonde is as weakening as Samson going bald.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

The Cat in the Hat

Not a totally faithful version of the Dr Seuss classic. But Mike Myers does a tireless virtuoso turn in the title role, aided and abetted by Dakota Fanning and Spencer Breslin as siblings who must protect their mother (Kelly Preston) from a smarmy suitor (Alec Baldwin).

Overall the movie might have been a decibel too raucous for the late Dr Seuss (Theodor Seuss Geisel) who always worried about the effect of his books on children.

PG SFFV ★★☆☆☆

The Human Stain

Nicole Kidman again, this time playing Faunia, the cleaning-woman innamorata of literature professor Coleman Silk (Anthony Hopkins). The May-September romance is basically a tease for the main story line: the irony of Silk, an African-American passing as a White Anglo-Saxon Protestant, who under academic political correctness rubrics is accused of being anti-black.

The internal logic of the narrative would seem to suggest that Silk's innamorata should also be African-American. Kidman is white. Her performance does not quite cover the credibility gap.

MA 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

In the Cut

Run of the cliché murder mystery. Director Jane Campion tries to sex it up by planting a clue where Sherlock Holmes or even Sergeant Joe Friday would never look. Meg Ryan puts her demureness on hold to play in the sordid pit.

R 18+ NFFV ★☆☆☆☆

Bright Young Things

If only Stephen Fry making in his debut as director had been content to serve the original text, in this case Evelyn Waugh's *Vile Bodies*. Michael Lindsay Hogg who shot the text of Waugh's *Brideshead Revisited* rather than John Mortimer's script.

But Fry is not content to serve. He injects a frantic note of his own. The result is a high-camp spoof rather than an authentic realisation of the novel despite a fine cast that includes Dan Ackroyd and Emily Mortimer.

M 15+ NFFV ★☆☆☆☆

Infernal Affairs

Hard-paced variation on the good cop-bad cop theme, set in post-colonial Hong Kong where no stiff upper lips restrain the Triads. Andy Lau is the bad cop working as a Triad spy. Tony Lau is the good cop working under cover.

Joint directors Andrew Lau and Alan Mak silyly commemorate the old police regime through a group of kilted Scotsman playing the bagpipes at a funeral (Lauren Order's?)

M 15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Love's Brother

Admirable in concept. Inconsequential in execution. Writer Jan Sardi appears to have been so intent on avoiding Australian-Italian stereotypes in his story of the immigrant Donnini brothers, Angelo (Giovanni Ribisi) and Angelo (Adam Garcia), that he achieves stiltedness rather than brio.

Casting does nothing to lessen the dullness. Ribisi, an intensely talented actor, achieves a kind of catatonic innocence in his attempt to pass himself off as his handsome brother in his letter wooing of the demure Rosetta (Marina Warner). Add Eleanor Bron as an Italian matchmaker and Barry Otto as the local Italian priest and you have a movie as authentically Italian as a spaghetti sandwich.

These difficulties are compounded by Sardi's decision to make his debut as a director, albeit with a master cinematographer Andrew Lesnie. Dialogue that an independent director would have cut or enlivened with action is left untouched so that the characters sound as if they are talking from an English language phrase book.

PG SFFV ★★☆☆☆

The Australian Chesterton Society

Fourth National Chesterton Conference

Bayview Conference Centre

Clayton, Victoria

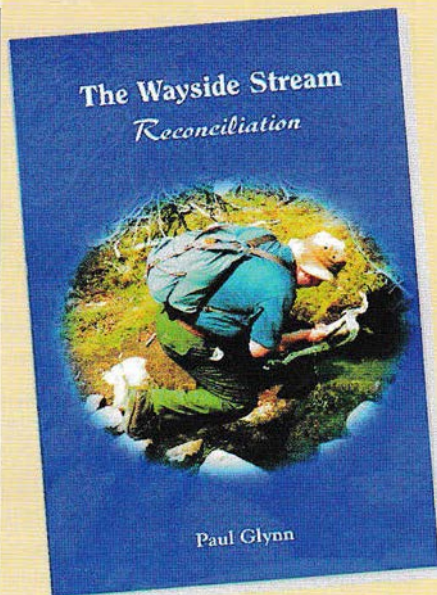
May 7-9, 2004

Enquiries (03) 9326 5757

New Book release by Marist Father Paul Glynn

“The Wayside Stream - Reconciliation”

All proceeds to help the suffering Church in Sudan



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

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

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

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

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



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



Order Form: “The Wayside Stream – Reconciliation” by Fr Paul Glynn

Send to: Aid to the Church in Need, PO Box 6245 Blacktown DC NSW 2148

Phone/Fax No: (02) 9679-1929 E-mail: info@aidtochurch.org Web: www.aidtochurch.org

RC 519

Please send me:

<u>Number</u>	<u>Amount</u>
..... The Wayside Stream (\$10)
Plus \$2 for postage and packaging
Charity donation for Sudan*
Total enclosed

Please send me the Vatican Rosary beads*

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.

ACN is an international Catholic charity dependent on the Holy See, supporting the faithful in countries where the Church is poor or persecuted.

Payment method: Cheque/money order enclosed

OR Please debit my credit card

Bankcard Visa Mastercard

--	--	--	--

Signature Exp Date ... / ...

BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

Mr/Mrs/Miss/Sr/Fr:

Address

..... Postcode

Ph: email:

Help familial trauma or scrap family life as we know it?

HUMPTY DUMPTY REVISITED

By SUSAN MOORE, PHD



IN a celebrated passage in Lewis Carroll's *Through the Looking Glass*, the following exchange takes place:

'When I use a word,' Humpty Dumpty said in rather a scornful tone, 'it means just what I

choose it to mean—neither more nor less.'

'The question is,' said Alice, 'whether you can make words mean so many different things.'

'The question is,' said Humpty Dumpty, 'which is to be master—that's all.'

Carroll's characteristically witty point, of course, is that every fundamental alteration of the meaning of words is a self-interested attempt to seize power. All such attempts, by their nature, are self-defeating, since words whose meaning has remained constant since the dawn of history cannot willy-nilly mean something else. Anyone who thinks they can is an ideal companion of the Mad Hatter.

Unfortunately, the judges who recently altered the definition of marriage in a Massachusetts court by a 4-3 vote appear never to have learned anything significant from Alice's adventures in Wonderland. Ignoring the most fundamental form of cultural organisation in every time and place, with straight faces they have decided that marriage is not necessarily a union between a man and a woman.

The more ridiculous implications of this decision have not been lost on serious students of language, or on legal experts intent on changing the US constitution to undo what these judges have done. But, ridiculous or not, the thinking behind the actions of Justice Margaret Marshall and her supporters needs to be understood. This thinking can be summarised as follows:

- Commitment in personal relations is, ipso facto, a good thing. It should be legally encouraged.

- Marital commitment confers social and economic privileges. These privileges should be available to any two people who decide to live together permanently, regardless of their gender
- Historically, in America and elsewhere, two groups have been deprived of fundamental social and economic privileges and oppressively marginalised: dark-skinned people and women. In recent times, gays have been similarly marginalised. This violation of 'civil' rights must be remedied, as earlier violations have been. Which remedies work best and fastest? Legal remedies. The way to restore social and economic privileges to gays, therefore, is to make gay marriage legal.

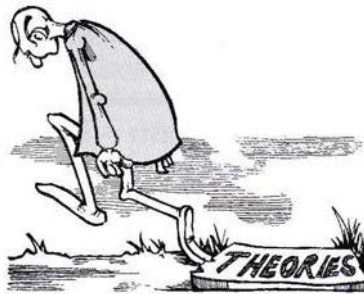
This glib expression of modern liberalism betrays a bedrock failure to appreciate the large differences between a) marriage and other forms of committed personal relations—especially, differences between a union whose dual aim is unitive and procreative and a union whose sole aim is unitive; b) forms of economic and social oppression that spring from choice, and those that do not; and c) 'legislated' and social remedies for marginalisation and isolation.

Although it is true that people who are devoted to one another for the whole of their lives know forms of happiness that those who flit from one person to another do not know, it is also true that marital commitment differs significantly from any other form of loving commitment. Since, traditionally, a man and woman who marry are open to the gift of children, and since the presence of children in their lives fosters levels of sharing that are unavailable along other life pathways, a married couple is in a position to *grow* in love in a way that is biologically distinctive and divinely intended.

In the words of the American bishops who met soon after the Massachusetts court decision was announced:

'the natural institution of marriage has been blessed and elevated by Christ Jesus to the dignity of a sacrament. In this way, the love of husband and wife becomes a living image of the way in which the Lord personally loves his people and is united with them.' As we all know, there are many people who do not share the bishops' view that the love of a married couple is an image of God's love for all of us. But very few would even try to argue that, in its selflessness, a love like this is undesirable.

Married couples – virtually everyone acknowledges – must be capable of endless self-sacrifice because they have so many responsibilities. At the very least, they must acquire a secure



Theories and the Truth

WHEN I was young I had of course an answer to all these questions, and I even printed it. I have now lost faith in my own theories, but I have not yet acquired faith in the theories of my colleagues. No doubt this will come with the years, too.

— Arnaldo Momigliano, *Studies in Historiography*, Harper Torchbooks, 1966.

income, care for a home, and provide for a family. What enables them to do this soundly is the complementary nature of men and women. Duties that are more suited to one gender than the other (e.g. nursing infants) can be readily completed singly, and those that are equally suited to men and women can be shared.

There are, of course, marriages that are not worthy of the name; children who are raised by unhappily married couples are always damaged; and there are diverse ties among people, some of them much more fulfilling than others. But the sensible solution to these facts of life is to prepare young people realistically for marriage and for every other form of adult commitment in personal relations, not to try to alter human history by disregarding its most fundamental organising principles.

Of late, what appears to have happened in many parts of the world is that the experience of unhappy marital and family situations has persuaded a powerful lobby that marriage itself, rather than human selfishness, is responsible for unmanageable domestic suffering. Instead of recognising that all responsible relationships require a humble give and take, this lobby has fooled itself, and tried to fool countless others, into believing that 'only' partnerships that were once conventionally unacceptable can work.

Since marriage unites two people and their material possessions legally, it does confer economic and social privileges. But because there are many avenues that bestow these privileges, and that prevent oppression and marginalisation, the question to be asked is how avenues that do not ignore basic cultural continuities can be more widely embraced. A related question is how more people can be encouraged to understand what the Czech novelist Milan Kundera dramatised in *The Unbearable Lightness of Being*: that without historical continuity, public and private life becomes weightless.

Whether we like it or not, race and gender are beyond any individual's initial control. We don't choose our colour or our maleness or femaleness. But we do make sexual choices that dramatise our fundamental dispositions. To pretend that forms of oppression suffered by people through choice

are no different from those suffered through lack of choice is light-headed in the extreme: not least because it dramatises a failure to appreciate the significance of human freedom. Because we are free to choose, we can meet challenges with 'civil' implications in wise or foolish ways.

The gay lobby, in its more extreme and militant branches, maintains that we don't choose our sexual orientation. But the claim that we are 'born' heterosexual or homosexual, rather than taught by osmosis in a familial setting to be straight or gay, has – understandably – never been proven. Nor has anybody been able to prove that the gender of adults who raise children, and the complementarity basic to gender, have no significant effect on a child's life.

'... we need to understand that the forms of exclusion from the socially and economically privileged mainstream which were of obvious concern to the judicial majority in Boston must be fought with an appropriately intelligent grasp of cultural history.'

What is widely recognised is that the unavoidable loss of a parent of either sex, though painful, need not be ruinous. It is also widely recognised that people with unfortunate sexual proclivities do not have to act them out or suffer from them indefinitely. What follows from the highly publicised contribution of Fr Harvey and his colleagues to our knowledge of sexuality is the awareness that a gay orientation engendered by familial dysfunction need not be permanently debilitating.

As Catholics, our responsibility is to disseminate knowledge about where help for familial trauma is to be found, and to avoid marginalising anybody if we can help it. In practice this means that we should not be involved in

activity that fosters an US/THEM mentality. Rather, we need to understand that the forms of exclusion from the socially and economically privileged mainstream which were of obvious concern to the judicial majority in Boston must be fought with an appropriately intelligent grasp of cultural history.

Traditionally, gays have spent their leisure time with other gays. They have not been included in the dominant forms of social activity that are a function of family life. By appreciating the consequences of this species of loneliness, strengthening 'extended' family circles, and including in their ordinary round of activity people who have been marginalised – not just gays, but divorcees, widows and widowers, and

those who have never married despite wanting to marry – we can reverse the trend that has resulted in the Massachusetts decision.

The painful reality, obvious from scores of testimonies, is that being gay is difficult. One solution to this difficulty is to organise, on a more generous scale, social activities that assuage it. Since there are so many opportunities today to do this through sporting events, shared meals, trivia nights or their equivalent, camping, concerts, trips to the movies or the theatre, retreats, and travel, there is no excuse for perpetuating the idea that only a 'new' definition of marital commitment will produce the requisite change.

For good political reasons, lodged in recent American history, Justice Marshall and her followers have stressed the 'civil' rights of gays. Our pressing responsibility is to change the direction of public discourse so that the looseness in thought that has fuelled this error and resulted in an embarrassing attempt to change the meaning of the word 'marriage' is better appreciated.



DR SUSAN MOORE is a grandparent raised in America, who has lived in Australia for 35 years. Her most recent book is *Text Types: A Basis for Classroom Study* (Five Senses, Sydney).

A decorative border surrounds the page, featuring stacks of colorful books (red, blue, yellow, green) and cartoon figures. At the top, a row of books is shown. On the left and right sides, figures are depicted sitting on or reading books. At the bottom, a figure is shown operating a typewriter, with another figure sitting nearby. The word 'BOOKS' is written on a sign at the bottom left and right.

NOW AVAILABLE FROM CHEVALIER PRESS

1 Roma Avenue, P.O. Box 13, Kensington, NSW 2033
(02) 9662 7894 (Phone) • (02) 9662 1910 (Fax)

CATHOLIC ANSWERS TO BIBLE CHRISTIANS

Volume One

By Paul Stenhouse, MSC Ph.D

Frank discussion of arguments commonly raised against the Catholic Church by fundamentalist sects. A must in every home and school.

\$12. (Includes postage and handling anywhere in Australia)

CATHOLIC ANSWERS TO BIBLE CHRISTIANS

Volume Two

By Paul Stenhouse, MSC Ph.D

Exposing the true face of modern anti-Catholicism: The psychology of prejudice; unproven assumptions; 'No Popery!'; 'Bad' Catholics.

\$12. (Includes postage and handling anywhere in Australia)

UNDERSTANDING CATHOLICISM

Ten (10) Booklets defending the Catholic Faith

By Paul Stenhouse, MSC Ph.D

Examine the unwritten and written Tradition of Christianity.

See the unassailable grounds upon which the Catholic Church bases her two thousand year old claim to be the True Church founded by Jesus Christ. Look at the doctrines of the Primacy of Peter, and the Primacy of his successor the bishop of Rome, along with many other important doctrines of the Catholic Church. Essential reading for priests, families, schools, RCIA, Catechists, Catechism classes, Church book-stalls, parish libraries, etc.

\$33 for the set of ten (10) booklets. (Includes postage and handling anywhere in Australia)

WHY DO CATHOLICS?

Answers to questions often asked

By Paul Stenhouse, MSC Ph.D

A simple explanation of Catholic culture, for genuine seekers after truth: and for all who love the beauty of Catholic liturgy and tradition.

\$10. (Includes postage and handling anywhere in Australia)

and also the most popular

ANNALS ALMANAC OF CATHOLIC CURIOSITIES

By Paul Stenhouse, MSC Ph.D

\$8. (Includes postage and handling anywhere in Australia)

All prices include GST.