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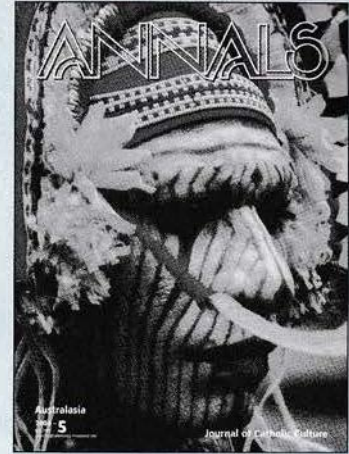
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Let's Face reality

MIRANDA DEVINE



Front Cover: A tribesman of Papua New Guinea painted for a ceremonial occasion. On July 4, 1885 Mass was offered for the first time on the soil of Papua New Guinea by Father [later Bishop] Henri Verjus who was to die tragically, worn out by his labours, seven years later. Mass would, of course, have been offered on board Spanish and Portuguese ships that plied the waters of this territory hundreds of years before, but this was the first recorded occasion of a Catholic priest offering Mass on Papuan soil.

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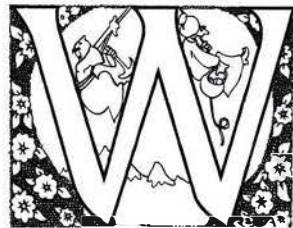
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In the name of the Father,
and of the Son, and
of the Holy Spirit.
Amen.

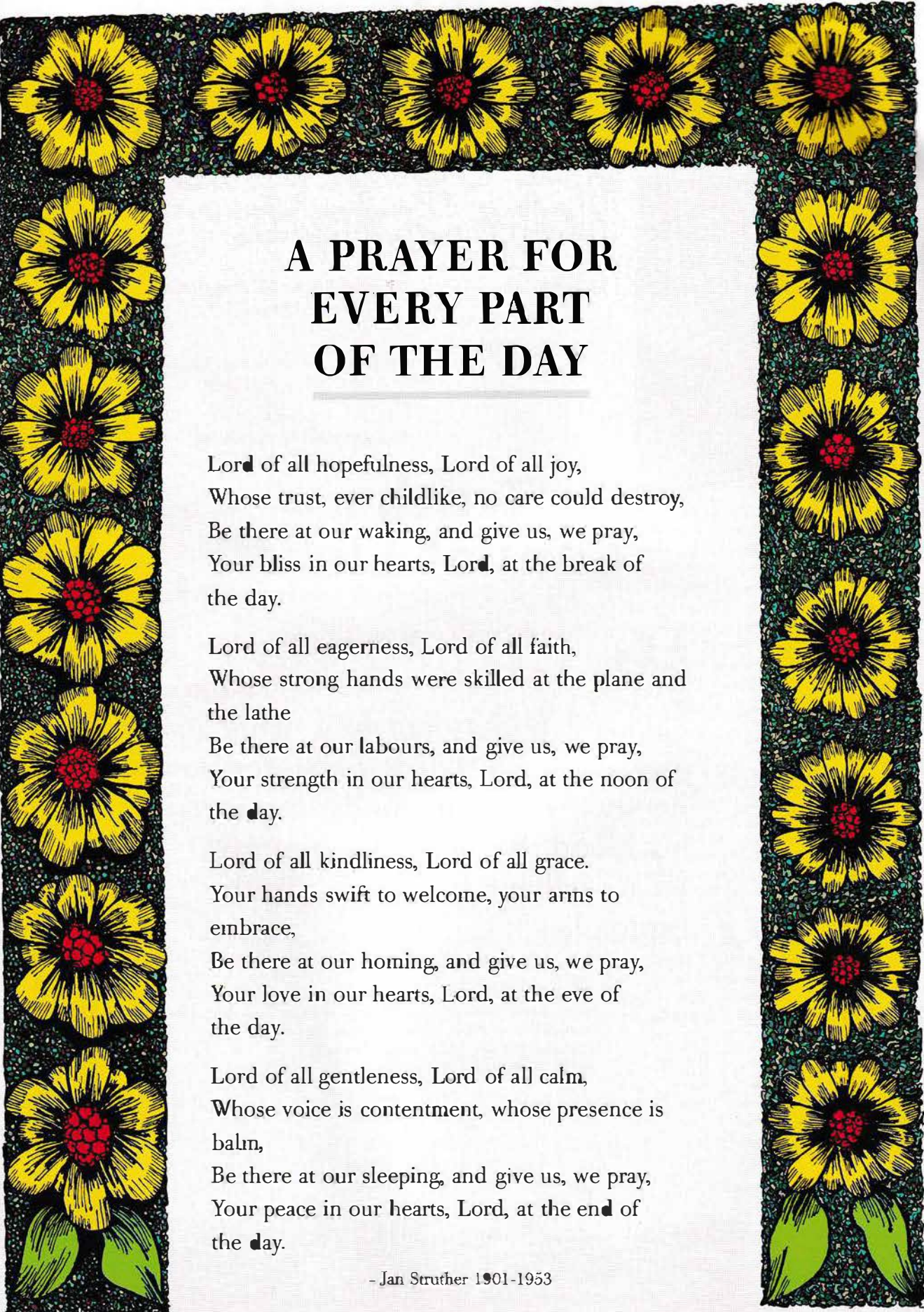
'Truth Cannot Lie'



WHEN he offered the consecrated bread and wine to his disciples, he said, 'This is my body; this is my blood'. We believe in him; so let us believe his words. Truth cannot lie.

- St Caudentius, *Treatise 2 On the Eucharist*.
Caudentius was a friend of St Ambrose of Milan,
became bishop of Brescia in 397 AD: From the
Roman Breviary, Office of Readings, Thursday
in week 5 in Eastertide.





A PRAYER FOR EVERY PART OF THE DAY

Lord of all hopefulness, Lord of all joy,
Whose trust, ever childlike, no care could destroy,
Be there at our waking, and give us, we pray,
Your bliss in our hearts, Lord, at the break of
the day.

Lord of all eagerness, Lord of all faith,
Whose strong hands were skilled at the plane and
the lathe
Be there at our labours, and give us, we pray,
Your strength in our hearts, Lord, at the noon of
the day.

Lord of all kindness, Lord of all grace.
Your hands swift to welcome, your arms to
embrace,
Be there at our homing, and give us, we pray,
Your love in our hearts, Lord, at the eve of
the day.

Lord of all gentleness, Lord of all calm,
Whose voice is contentment, whose presence is
balm,
Be there at our sleeping, and give us, we pray,
Your peace in our hearts, Lord, at the end of
the day.

- Jan Struther 1901-1953

THOUGHT FROM THE LITURGY OF THE DAY

By FATHER MICHAEL FALLON, MSC



AUGUST

- 8 Sun Week 19 Psalm 85:8
I will hear what the Lord God has to say, a voice that speaks of peace.
- 9 Mon Week 19 Ps 147:15
Praise the Lord. He sends his word to the earth.
- 10 Tues Lawrence John 12:26
If you serve me you will follow me. Where I am you also will be.
- 11 Wed Clare Psalm 131:2
I have set my soul in silence.
- 12 Thur Week 19 Ps. 119:135
Let your face shine on your servant and teach me your will.
- 13 Fri Week 19 Isaiah 12:3
With joy you will draw water from the wells of salvation.
- 14 Sat Max Kolbe 1Jn 3:16
We ought to lay down our lives for one another.
- 15 Sun Assumption Ps 45:10
Listen, O daughter, heed my words: the king desires your beauty.
- 16 Mon Week 20 Mat 19:16
What must I do to have eternal life?
- 17 Tues Week 20 Mat 19:24
It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a rich person to enter the kingdom of heaven.
- 18 Wed Week 20 Mat 20:16
Why are you envious because I am generous?
- 19 Thur John Eudes Mat 11:28
Come to me all you who labour and are overburdened and I will give you rest.
- 20 Fri Bernard John 17:26
May the love which you have for me be in them, so that I may be in them.
- 21 Sat Pius X John 21:17
Lord you know all things, you know that I love you.
- 22 Sun Week 21 Mat 16:18
You are Peter, and on this rock I will build my Church.
- 23 Mon Rose 2Cor 11:2
I arranged for you to marry Christ so that I might give you away as a chaste virgin to this one husband.
- 24 Tues Bartholomew Ps 145:18
The Lord is close to all who call on him from their hearts.
- 25 Wed Week 21 1Jn 2:5
Whoever keeps the word of Christ grows perfect in the love of God.
- 26 Thur Week 21 1Cor 1:9
By calling you God has joined you to his Son, and God is faithful.
- 27 Fri Monica Luke 7:13
When the Lord looked upon her he was moved with compassion. 'Do not weep', he said.
- 28 Sat Augustine 1Jn 4:12
As long as we love one another God will live in us.
- 29 Sun Week 22 Luke 14:13
When you have a party, invite the poor.
- 30 Mon Week 22 Luke 4:22
They were all astonished by the gracious words that came from Jesus' lips.
- 31 Tues Week 22 Ps 145:8
The Lord is kind and tenderly compassionate, long suffering and abounding in love.
- 1 Sun Week 18 Col 3:5
When Christ your life is revealed, you will be revealed in all your glory with him.
- 2 Mon Week 18 Mat 14:20
They all ate as much as they wanted.
- 3 Tues Week 18 Matthew 14:27
Take heart. It is I. Come to me across the water.
- 4 Wed Jn Vianney Ezek 3:21
Warn them and if they abstain from sin they shall live.
- 5 Thurs Dominic 1Cor 2:9
Eye has not seen, nor ear heard, nor can the mind conceive what God has prepared for those who love him.
- 6 Fri Transfiguration 2Pet 1:19
A lamp for lighting a way through the dark, until the dawn comes and the morning star rises in our minds.
- 7 Sat Week 18 Hab 2:4
We live because of God's faithfulness.

'Uninformed opinion' and the clash of cultures

THE WAR IN IRAQ: CAN IT STILL BE WON?

By PAUL STENHOUSE MSC PHD



IN the footpath along Anzac Parade Kensington, NSW, only a few paces away from the entrance to NIDA [The National Institute of Dramatic Art] is painted in red: 'Now. Death to Amerika [sic]: On a telegraph pole about 200 yards away is a poster featuring a burning tyre and the word 'Riot'.

These un-Australian sentiments cannot be dismissed as adolescent pranks or sick undergraduate humour. They represent a backwash from the turmoil that is afflicting the Middle East – and are driven by the disinformation that emanates from that region.

The world's media reported on June 28, two days ahead of schedule, that at 10:26 a.m. Paul Bremer, the head of the Coalition Provisional Authority in Iraq had restored formal sovereignty to Iraq in a ceremony inside the heavily fortified area in Baghdad called the Green Zone.

At a ceremony later, Dr. Allawi, the Prime Minister, promised that 'a national unity and tolerance and brotherly behavior and spirit of peace and prosperity will prevail.'

Mr. Bremer said 'Anybody who has any doubt about whether Iraq is a better place today than it was 14 months ago should go down to see the mass graves in Hilla, where thousands of victims of Saddam Hussein's regime lie buried. 'Anybody who has seen those things that I have will know that Iraq is a much better place.'

When he was notified, in a note delivered to him in Istanbul, that power had been transferred, Mr Bush wrote on the note: 'Let Freedom Reign.'

President Bush's grandiloquent gesture is a worthy one, but to whom did he address his words? Not to the new Iraqi government, for its power

over the Coalition forces, and even the Iraqi army and police, has yet to be tested. The Allawi government will be powerless without the cooperation of the multi-faceted religious and ethnic groups that make up the country. Will they listen to President Bush? All indications are to the contrary. Islamists are reported as saying 'God liberated us, not Mr Bush,' and declare that they owe nothing to the coalition, and insist that the 'occupation' must be resisted.

None but the most cynical would not wish that Mr Bush's wish be fulfilled, and that all Mr Allawi's promises become a reality in time, and that

the incoming Iraqi Government be successful in preparing for the general elections scheduled within six months.

Having said this, we have serious reservations about the future of any Western-brokered democracy in this tormented region. In fact, a much more difficult war against the myth of Saddam Hussein has yet to break out. Myths surrounding the 'heroic' deaths of Uday and Qusay Hussein may well be in the making² and during the recent court appearance of the dictator, some Iraqis watching the TV coverage expressed doubts that what they were seeing was real: 'That's not Saddam – the teeth and hair are all wrong. I heard that he's living on an island outside the country under US protection,' one said.³

Annals consistently opposed military intervention in the region in 1990 and again in 2003, because elements in the war-equation seemed flawed, unrealistic and dangerous for the future of the whole Middle East.

Nothing that has happened [including the more than 800 US military tragically killed by accident or by treachery after major coalition operations ended on April 14, 2003 and the war was declared by President Bush to be 'ended' on May 1] can be a surprise to anyone even vaguely conversant with the history of the region.

Iraq was not another Rwanda, where civil war, fuelled by tribalism caused the death of more than one million people. When military intervention would have helped the innocent Tutsis and the non-compliant Hutus, where were the interventionists? What calls for intervention to save these innocents were there in the world media? The UN was its usual impotent self, the US and the West inexplicably stood by and let it all happen.

If Iraq is to be free and democratic, this change in its direction must come from within: it cannot be imposed from without. Not even the might of the US



THE gender perspective of radical feminism is easy to ridicule but it must be taken seriously. It attacks not only men but the institution of the family, it is hostile to traditional religion, it demands quotas in every field for women, and it engages in serious misrepresentations of facts. Worst of all, it inflicts great damage on persons and essential institutions in a reckless attempt to remake human beings and create a world that can never exist. As we will see, among the institutions being severely damaged by radical feminism are the American educational system and the American military.

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

military can effect this change merely by ordering it. If the majority of Iraqis had genuinely opposed all Saddam Hussein's policies, they would have deposed him. Iraq's ancient and modern history is a saga of bloodshed and coups. How did Saddam Hussein cling to power when dictators before him were unseated? No one seriously thinks that all Iraqis wanted Saddam removed [his Takriti cronies least of all] but does the unsettled, not to say chaotic situation that obtains today indicate a chilling alternative: that in fact more people supported him than opposed him? The 'insurgents' disappear into the population; they kill alleged informers and collaborators. They could not do this without popular support.

Iraq is a majority Shi'ite state dominated by a Sunni minority – as it has been, on and off, since the Seljuk Turks captured Baghdad in 1055 AD. This worked well enough under the Sunni King, Feisal, the second son of the Sharif Husein of Mecca, who had been tossed out of Syria by the French in 1920. His appointment was approved by the Council of State, and, interestingly, by a referendum in which the diverse ethnic and religious groups concurred. In August 1921 he became a constitutional monarch, with a representative democratic government. The Government of Iyad Allawi is not the first attempt at Iraqi democracy.

King Feisal, almost alone of post-WWI Iraqi leaders was not deposed. He died of natural causes. His grandson, Feisal II, was less fortunate. He was butchered along with his family as recently as 1958, and his Prime Minister Nuri as-Said, suffered the same fate.

King Feisal's death on September 5, 1933, was a tragic loss – coming as it did after the terrible [and long-forgotten] massacre of some 60,000 Assyrian Christians by Iraqi regular army troops and the subsequent loss of British prestige in the region when the British government failed to take action against the perpetrators of the massacres whose leaders were well-known. 'Uninformed opinion could not believe that the British would desert their friends in time of trouble,' wrote Lieut. Col. R.F. Stafford in his report* on the massacres. As well, there were tribal uprisings among Sunni Arabs, Kurds and Shi'ites, and continuing anti-British agitation.



How to study ancient texts

BURCKHARDT rejected Berlin for Basel. He would not emulate, or even accept, the authority of those he called the *viri eruditissimi* – the professors at the German universities. They insisted that one must always use the latest critical edition of a text, cite all the technical secondary literature, read all the inscriptions and papyri that might offer evidence about such subjects as competitiveness in ancient Greece. Above all, the objective scholar must always wield the bright new tools of source criticism which Niebuhr and others had forged. Confronted with a bright tapestry of myth and fact, like Herodotus' account of the Persian wars or Livy's history of Rome, the philologist should not appreciate it but unpick it, reducing it to its original yarns by showing that the apparently coherent text was really a loose fabric of brightly colored stories, drawn by a lare compiler from lost and often unreliable early sources. Burckhardt, aware that no single scholar could study all of Greek history in the intensive, critical way seen as vital by the *viri eruditissimi*, also knew something more significant: that the scholar who worked this way would miss vital aspects of the culture he hoped to capture.

The scholar must not handle ancient texts violently, tearing them into their tiny original shreds, but gently, trying to release their original flavor and texture. Many nineteenth-century scholars particularly disliked Herodotus, whom they dismissed as gullible, over-imaginative, and unselective. Burckhardt used him constantly.

– Anthony Grafton, 'A Passion for the Past', reviewing *Basel in the Age of Burckhardt: A Study in Unseasonable Ideas*.

World media, especially TV, suffers from the tyranny of time. Presenters need images and editors need stories – and they need them now. So if bombs explode, cars are blown up, missiles are fired or there is a demonstration against the US and the coalition forces in Mosul or Kufa or Karbala or Baghdad there is no time for nuances and subtleties: this is presented as a sign of the disaffection of the Iraqis generally with the US and coalition presence in Iraq. It may indeed be so, but caution is needed as Colonel Stafford warned in his work referred to above:

'It has always been easy in Iraq, by the spending of a few pounds, to organise great demonstrations of the riff-raff; in such demonstrations men of any substance are invariably conspicuous by their absence, but to any uninformed stranger they look genuine ebullitions of popular feeling.'

'Ebullitions' aside [we would say 'outbursts'] what was true of Iraq in 1935 is clearly still true of the country in 2004. 'Uninformed strangers' abound and disinformation is seemingly grist for their media mill.

The lessons of the 1991 war waged by the US under Bush senior [ostensibly on behalf of Kuwait] seem not to have been learnt. Pandora's supply of boxes seems endless. And yet again they are being opened. I say 'yet again' because the on-going blood-bath that has been unleashed in north Africa, especially in Algeria, in the aftermath of Desert Storm, has its roots in the frustration of many North African Muslims at the apparent continuing US and Western support of corrupt regimes in the region – Syria, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait – and apparent indifference to the concerns and feelings of ordinary Muslim people.

In the mad rush to get the 'news' of the latest outrage perpetrated against or by the coalition forces on to the telly each night, no commentator seems to have noticed that whereas in Saddam Hussein's Iraq religious fanaticism was discouraged and punished often brutally, fanatics are thick on the streets of Baghdad now that Saddam is no more. In place of the secular state that Iraq was under the Ba'ath Party, we hear strident calls for an Islamic state and they threaten to drown out muted calls for democracy urged on the new Iraqi Government on June 28.

When a 14-Year-Old Went to His Martyrdom

Father Marcial Maciel Recalls Death of José Sánchez del Río

SEVENTY-SIX years after the fact, Father Marcial Maciel, founder of the Legionaries of Christ, still has a vivid memory of the martyrdom of his young friend José Sánchez del Río.

The Holy See today promulgated the decree recognizing the martyrdom of the 14-year-old Mexican adolescent, who died killed on Feb. 10, 1928.

Father Maciel explains in the book *Christ Is My Life* (Sophia Institute Press) how his vocation was influenced by the witness of José, who lived in a nearby village in the state of Michoacan.

Marcial Maciel's family had to leave their home in Cotija because of the persecution and discriminatory laws unleashed against Catholics.

Maciel, then 7, recalls how José invited him to run away with him to join the 'Cristeros,' Catholic rebels who opposed the central government's impositions.

'He was captured by the government forces, which desired to set an example to the civilian population supporting the Cristeros,' Father Maciel recalled.

José 'was asked to deny his faith in Christ, under pain of death. José rejected the apostasy. His mother was transfixed with grief and anguish, but encouraged her son,' he added.

They skinned the soles of his feet and forced him to walk through the town toward the cemetery. He cried and moaned from the pain, but did not give in. Every now and then they stopped and said: 'If you cry "Death to Christ the King" we will spare your life. Say "Death to Christ the King." But he answered, "Hail, Christ the King?"

Father Maciel continued: 'Already in the cemetery, before shooting him, they asked him for the last time if he wanted to deny his faith. He did not do so and was killed right there. He died crying out with many other Mexican martyrs, "Hail, Christ the King!"'

'These are indelible images in my memory and in the memory of the Mexican people,' the priest added, 'although there is not much talk about it in the official history.'

Before the US moved against Iraq did it ponder what happened when Britain was awarded a Mandate over the country in 1920 in the wake of the settlements after WWI? There was a bloody insurrection led by Sunni tribal sheikhs, and the pot was stirred by the Shi'ite mujtahids of Najaf and Karbala. Does all that sound familiar? In recent days Fallujah in the Sunni triangle north

of Baghdad has offered stiff resistance to the coalition forces, and militia sympathetic to Muqtada as-Sadr have led to fighting in the twin Shi'ite cities of Najaf and Karbala

The strong anti-British feeling, and agitation that characterised the history of Iraq until the Second World War broke out, has been replaced by strong anti-US feeling, and violent agitation

against US occupation of Iraqi territory. But the same elements are present now as then: Nationalist feelings at a grass-roots level, Islamic suspicion of non-Muslims, a proliferation of Muslims sects, and unresolved conflict between Kurds, Arabs, Persians and Turks whose roots lie in the distant past.

From its foundation on the ruins of the legendary Persian capital of Ctesiphon around 762 AD, until it was conquered [apparently with help from Imami Shi'ites] by the Mongols and the Sunni Caliphate came to an end in 1258 AD, Baghdad had consistently been regarded as the true religious and political capital of the Muslim world.

Memories of that former greatness linger, and undoubtedly feed the xenophobia and anti-Western feeling of some of the Islamist factions that are at the forefront of opposition to the setting up of what they would regard as a puppet government in Iraq. They are all too aware that Lebanon, with Western approval, has a puppet government controlled by the Syrians.

The Iraq the new government has inherited, is believed to have enough weapons to arm every one of its 24 million inhabitants. Civilians have access to rocket-propelled grenades, mortars and bombs as well as explosives. According to media reports quoted last year, 'the 3rd Infantry Division has already come across more than 2.5 million small-arms rounds, 50,000 heavy machine guns, 10,000 grenades, 50,000 rocket-propelled grenade rounds and nearly 20,000 mines in Baghdad. This is only the beginning.'⁵

The problems facing Iraq are not insurmountable, but they have been exacerbated, despite the evident goodwill of President Bush and the American people, by the presence of foreign troops on Iraqi soil.

Iraq will not be the death of America, but unless cooler and better-informed heads prevail Iraqi resistance may cause our principal ally more harm post-war, than Saddam Hussein and his Fedayeen and Republican Guard could achieve pre-war.



1. Jeffrey White and Michael Schmidmayr, 'Resistance in Iraq', *Middle East Quarterly*, Fall 2003.
2. Ibid.
3. Dan Murphy, 'Hussein's defiant day in Court', *The Christian Science Monitor*, July 2, 2004.
4. *The Tragedy of the Assyrians* [no publisher given] 1935.
5. Rachel Stahl, *The Christian Science Monitor*, May 28, 2003.

Bogus scholarship resurrects the Gnostic Gospels

LEONARDO À LA DAN BROWN

By FRANK DEVINE



HE red-haired chap on Jesus's right in Leonardo da Vinci's mural *The Last Supper* is not a chap at all, but a sheila. He/she is certainly not John the Evangelist, the beloved

disciple, as conventional thinkers claim. All self-respecting heretics know it's actually Mary Magdalene, who allegedly married Jesus. Their daughter Sarah, named for the wife of Abraham, is presumably at home with the baby-sitter – possibly her grandmother.

This is the central premise of *The da Vinci Code* by Dan Brown, a prodigiously best-selling and almost sublimely fatuous action thriller. Close to 8 million copies have been sold. A movie is to be made for release next year. I don't expect Mel Gibson to participate but the *New York Times*, which has already reviewed the book enthusiastically, may love it.

The big box office element of the novel is its assault on the Catholic Church. Central to the plot is an ancient secret society dedicated to battle against the domination by men of a church Jesus and its effective co-founder, Mary Magdalene, intended for men and women equally.

The thriller structure is rudimentary and derivative. The hero, Robert Langdon, tweedy professor of iconography and religious art at Harvard, is on the run from killer bad guys in the company of a beautiful girl. Hitchcock? John Buchan? Almost everybody.

At the end of *The da Vinci Code* Langdon, having laid no hand on her, makes an assignation with Sophie some months ahead. Probably nothing will come of it. Sophie is a direct descendant of Jesus and Mary Magdalene and this is not a family Harvard men lightly offend.

The only character with a semblance of life and, paradoxically, colour is a giant albino assassin. He is employed by Opus Dei, which pursues possession of the remains of Mary Magdalene so it

can blackmail a new pope with whom it is at odds. Needless to say, the Church will stop at nothing to prevent the truth about Mary Magdalene coming out.

The albino assassin is a giveaway. All good Catholics know Opus Dei is tolerant of assassins but hard on albinos.

To confirm this I parked for a couple of days outside Creston, the Opus Dei women's college at the University of New South Wales (a vigil foreshortened by plainclothes police who found my reasons for being there unsatisfactorily complex). Sure enough, the comers and goers were all tan or pinkish. Not an albino among them.

The only sinister, assassin-like figure turned out to be Les Murray, the ruddy-complected poet, who sometimes gives readings at Creston.

The da Vinci Code is easy to mock but for a sex-free trash novel to have such phenomenal sales is cause for unease.

Brown is leading practitioner of a dangerous new genre—popular fiction featuring a fictional guru who makes oracular pronouncements on real issues. In *da Vinci* it's Robert Langdon rubbishing Catholic beliefs. In the disaster movie, *The Day After Tomorrow*, Ian Holm, playing a climatologist, spouts nonsense about global warming – and, being an accomplished actor, makes it sound plausible.

Brown's attack on the Catholic church, under the cover of an airport novel, is clearly intended to cause damage. He asserts, for example, that its chauvinist abandonment of the 'sacred feminine' makes nonsense of the church's moral positions on sex.

Brown's reliance on Leonardo for

'evidence' is preposterous. The painter was a prankish homosexual. Who knows what mates he invited to supper, or which one was red-haired and effeminate-looking?

Brown sees portents of Church patriarchy in Leonardo's depiction of St Peter with his right hand raised. Through his spokesman, Langdon, he concludes Peter is about to slosh Mary Magdalene.

He casts doubt on the Catholic belief in transubstantiation, with the opaque reasoning that everybody at Leonardo's table has his own wine glass, not just Jesus. Nor is there a metal goblet to become the Holy Grail.

When he drags himself away from *The Last Supper*, Brown's scholarship is even more bogus. His book title is based on a non-existent surname. The artist's full name is Leonardo. From Vinci. Brown believes British knights are addressed as Mister. A cursory check of his references took an hour with Google. I doubt Brown probed much deeper.

His principal source is the Gnostic gospels, which are among the accounts of Jesus's life excluded as unauthentic by the Council of Nicea, attended in AD 325 by some 300 bishops and scholars.

Alas, *The da Vinci Code* probably has more contemporary readers than the Nicene Creed, and will certainly give anti-Catholicism a lift.

Brown's next novel is to be about the Masons. Maybe I'll enjoy that more. Alternatively, I could make my own fortune from the counterfeit guru genre by recasting history in a badly-written thriller. A number of people have said awfully nice things about Hitler and Stalin. Great theme!



MY enemies laid a snare
for my steps
My soul was bowed down.
They dug a pit in my path,
but fell into it themselves'

– Psalm 56(57) verse

FRANK DEVINE is a columnist for *The Australian* which once he edited, and for *Quadrant Magazine*. A New Zealand-born journalist and long-term resident in Australia, Frank has a distinguished service record on various literary fronts in this country and overseas. This article first appeared in *The Australian Friday* October 3, 2003.

In search of reconciliation and forgiveness

THE MARTYRDOM OF IVOLO KELETO

By ANDRÉ DUPEYRAT, MSC



WHEN I met Ivolo Keleto for the first time, he had just been baptized. He was at that time a handsome young man of twenty-five, with a fine physique which made him tower above his fellows, who tend to be short. He had a bronzed, powerful chest that stood out like the breastplate of a suit of armour, and his bearing was full of natural dignity. He walked with an elastic tread, and held his head high. For all that, his features were not particularly distinguished: he had a flattened nose, wide, thick lips, and protuberant forehead. But the eyes that gazed out beneath were ardent, full of life and fire, and his whole face bore an expression of innate nobility.

And in fact, Ivolo came from a line of chiefs. He was living at that time in the village of Koné, which was built on the saddle of a lofty mountain ridge dividing the Fuyughé and Tawadé countries. But while the Fuyughés, after more than twenty years of preparation, were then on the point of being finally and completely converted, the Tawadés were still sunk in all the horrors of the vast pagan night: abductions, rape, raids on enemy villages attended by all the most bestial forms of violence and bloodshed, grisly banquets of human flesh, the slaughter of babies and old people – all these things were for them perfectly normal occurrences.

The inhabitants of Koné, although they belonged to the Fuyughé group of tribes, maintained close relations with their Tawadé neighbours because of their position. They had entered into alliances with the surrounding villages, either for warlike expeditions or because of matrimonial exchanges, or because they felt the need to protect themselves from the brutal incursions of more distant tribes.

Father André Dupeyrat was but one of an heroic band of mainly French and Swiss Missionaries of the Sacred Heart who laid the foundations of the Catholic Church in Papua New Guinea. These missionaries battled malaria, black-water fever and a hostile terrain to bring knowledge of God's love revealed in Jesus Christ to the people of Papua New Guinea. How successfully they laboured can be judged from the vibrancy of the faith of the present-day descendants of those first Papuans with whom the missionaries lived and worked in the latter part of the nineteenth century. The story of Ivolo Keleto is excerpted from Father Dupeyrat's account of his early years among the people of PNG – *Mitsinari*.

For that reason, they still shared the savage customs of their friends when these customs had almost vanished from the rest of the Fuyughé territory.

From adolescence onwards, Ivolo had shown himself to be a superb and dauntless warrior. His strength, his skill in handling the long war spear and the great black bow of ironwood, his intelligence and audacity, his verve and his rank, all had invested him with an authority which won him a far-flung renown. At twenty-five, he proudly exhibited a cord in which had been tied some thirty knots, so that all could see how many men and women he had killed. There was nothing, however, to show how often he had taken part in cannibal feasts.

When, in 1927, Father Norin and Father Bachelier came to Koné, during one of their long apostolic journeys through the entire territory undertaken at the behest of the inhabitants who had begun to ask to be baptized, Ivolo watched their least gesture, weighed every word they uttered, and did not miss a single one of the instruction periods and ceremonies, including mass

and the erection of a cross in the village.

After that visit, people noticed that he had changed. He no longer showed the same enthusiasm for the old customs which the missionaries had denounced as evil. Without being one officially, he behaved like a catechumen. Sometimes, of his own accord, during the evenings spent in the communal hut, he expatiated on the new doctrine.

Then came the moment when Koné was faced with an insoluble dilemma, and Ivolo was among the chiefs and old men called to a special council to discuss it.

The leading chief of a nearby Tawadé village had delegated six of his men to carry a royal present to the people of Koné as a sign of his friendship and the continuing strength of their alliance. The present consisted of human thighs, smoked and ready to be eaten.

In former days, such a present would have been the signal for great joy in the village – cries, songs, dances, eulogies of the giver, and a banquet with his gifts. Now, however, everything had changed. Koné was coming into the Christian fold. Already, several of the villagers had been baptized. All, men and women, were catechumens or, like Ivolo, considered themselves as such. As a result, the entire village had renounced its former 'evil Customs'.

'If we eat this flesh,' said one old chief 'we are committing a mortal sin. Therefore, we will become enemies of our Father, God, and when we die we will go to hell, we will never see His Face, we will be for ever in misery ...'

'And if we do not eat it,' retorted a younger man, 'the Tawadés will take our refusal for a grave insult and a breaking-off of our alliance. They will take up arms, and catch us by surprise, and kill us all. That is their way.'

In the safety of the communal hut, the debate raged at length on this problem. What were they to do?

Become enemies of God and risk hell, or enemies of the Tawadés and risk being massacred?

Perhaps, someone suggested, they could accept the mournful gifts and bury them. That, too, was impossible. The Tawadé emissaries were there, waiting themselves to take part in the feast.

Then, perhaps they could give the present to the pigs. Yet that, too, was ruled out. The horrible morsels had to be consumed in whole or in part by actual representatives of the tribe.

There seemed to be no possible way out. Suddenly, someone thought of a solution.

The missionaries told us that the little children, who do not know what they are doing, do not commit sins. Therefore, let the Tawadés give their present to our children. They will be content. For they will see that we are depriving ourselves of something which they consider excellent, so that, through them, our children shall become strong. We can give the rest to our pigs, by explaining that we want to see them big and fat as well. Then, as a friendly gesture, we can kill a pig and give it to the Tawadés to take back with them. There, they will sing our praises, and our Father, God, will not be angry ...

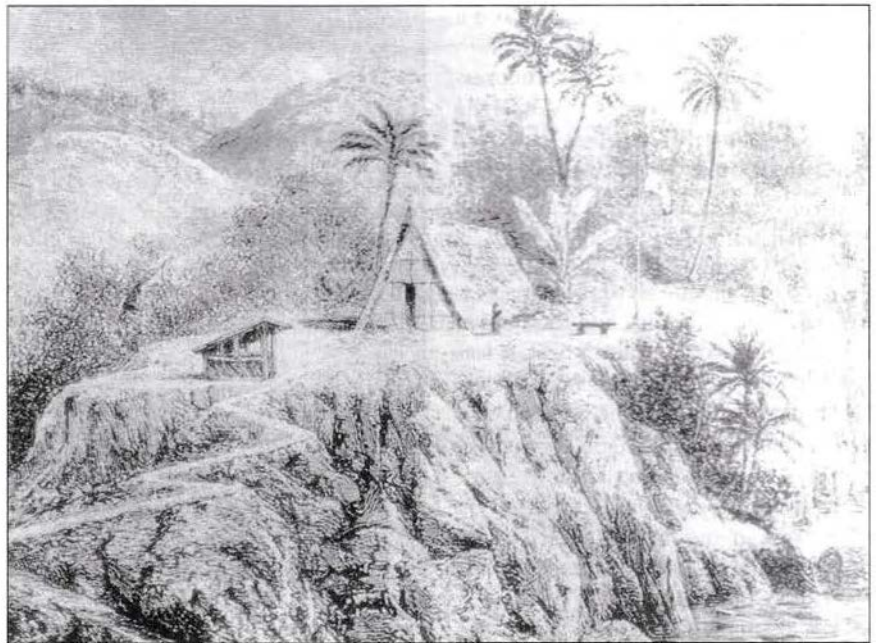
The whole council approved the plan, including Ivolo. It was put into execution, and the Tawadés returned home delighted. But Ivolo was not quite happy about the council's casuistry. (It shows, nevertheless, how mistaken are those people who imagine that primitive peoples are incapable of reflection.) Discussions started up once more, and it was decided that a delegation would leave at once for Fané les-Roses, where the missionaries were living, to get a ruling on the matter. Ivolo was to be the spokesman.

Two days later he plunged the missionary into considerable embarrassment when, sitting on the veranda with his companions, he explained the nature of the problem. But the former was overjoyed when the speaker added:

'Father, baptize me. My heart has been longing for the baptism for so many moons! ... I want to be a child of God.'

A year later, Ivolo, having thoroughly renounced his past ways, was baptized as Ivolo Keleto.

He was not content, however, to be merely a good Christian. He begged to be allowed to become a 'Kis' or cate-



On July 4, 1885 Mass was offered for the first time on the soil of Papua New Guinea by Father [later Bishop] Henri Verjus MSC [1860-1892]. This is a pen sketch of the site of the first Mission station where the Mass was celebrated. The sketch is almost certainly by Father [later Archbishop] Louis Couppé [1850-1926].

chumen, not only to teach his own people and keep them on the right path, but above all so that he could carry the holy word to the Tawadés.

Naturally, his request was at once and gladly granted.

Unfortunately, he was not able to remain for long at Koné. For extremely complicated family reasons he was obliged to take up residence among his mother's tribe, the Woitapé. There, he became the head 'Kis'.

The Woitapé was a tribe of the Ononghé district. That vast district, founded in 1913 by an amazing missionary, Father Dubuy, lay at the foot of the central mountain range, in the wide, open, grassy valley of the Upper Vanapa. The Woitapé villages were situated in this valley, near the source of the swift-running river, and near a projecting strip of Tawadé territory. The main mission station, Ononghé, lay further down the valley on a powerful spur which overlooked the whole region.

To reach Ononghé from Fané involved a seemingly endless journey. In actual fact, it took two days, but one had to climb almost constantly to a height of some six thousand feet, along a mountain track cut by Father Dubuy, using picks and dynamite, around a hundred rocky outcrops. At the end of the climb, one found oneself on the very summit of the central range...

Twelve years after the episode of the human thighs in Koné, fresh tasks called me out once more on the route to Ononghé. On the upward climb, I was accompanied all the way by a silvery bell-like sound, which seemed to come from under the ground. It consisted of three or four notes, casually scattered like tiny enchanted bells, in a tone of gentle, resigned melancholy ... It was the song of the pretty little toad called Toundulé, which seemed to greet the traveller on his way.

After that came the long descent into the Vanapa valley, down a labyrinthine jungle path bordered here and there with clumps of pandanus trees, like giant candles with long green flames, which were characteristic of the high regions. I was by then just putting one foot automatically in front of the other: but the arrival dispelled all my fatigue.

The infrequent voyager who ventured through the region was, in fact, bound to stop and ask himself if he had not fallen victim to a mirage when, turning a wide and level section of the track, he first saw the mission station of Ononghé. 'One was prepared for anything, in that wild landscape, except to encounter the little plateau perched at the tip of a mountain spur, with its impeccable, parallel rows of houses, and towering over them, the proud church with its tall, square tower, bound with

iron and surmounted by a belfry and a cross ...

At that period, however, the impression one had on first arriving at Ononghé of having stumbled into some garden of Eden was soon dispelled by contact with the natives. I had scarcely had time to shake hands with Father Dubuy, when he led me to see a man who lay dying beside a small fire in one of the clean, new houses. I bent over him, and the sudden shock made my heart miss a beat. It was Ivolo Keleto ... Some of the Woitapé men had brought him to the mission two days earlier, in a lamentable state. Throughout that night he had been delirious. In his convulsions, he had thrown himself on to the fire, giving himself severe burns in addition to his earlier wounds. Blood-stained dressings swathed his neck, chest and back, his left thigh and part of his right leg. For the time being, he seemed to be unconscious.

Bending nearer, I spoke softly in his ear a few words in the Fuyughé language. At once his eyes opened, eyes that were haggard and a little frightened.

'Who is speaking patave, who is speaking my own native language? ...' he stammered.

In the Ononghé country, the language is 'substantially the same as that spoken in Fuyughé territory, but the accent is different. Patave is the Fuyughé language spoken with the accent of the 'lower peoples' – that is to say, the inhabitants of the Auga valley, in which, on opposite slopes, both Fané les-Roses and Keleto's village of Koné are situated.

I smiled at him.

'It is your Father – don't you recognize me?'

He stared up at me intently. Then he seized and pressed my hand, closed his eyes, and his whole frame relaxed. A faint smile played over his lips with the small trickle of blood at one corner.

'So you have come?' he whispered. 'I am going to die. Tell all the other "Kis" down below that it was the Tawadés who killed me. I wanted to keep Yesu u'Maino, the Peace of Jesus. They struck me, and I am going to die. Be sure most of all to tell my dear friend, the "Kis" Keleto of Idou: "He who bears your name, Ivolo Keleto, 'Kis' of the Woitapé, is dead.'"

He stopped, exhausted; then sighed, and went on:

'My whole body is full of pain, but my heart is glad ... I am dying for my



Father Jules Chevalier, 1824-1907, founder of the Congregation of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, and of the Daughters of our Lady of the Sacred Heart.

Father, God ... Soon I shall see His Face ...'

His voice grew stronger. Once more his eyes shone with their former ardour and self-confidence.

'You know our customs,' he went on. 'When my people hear of my death, they will weep, and then they will take up arms to avenge me. I do not want that ... Go, and tell them the last words of their chief, the "Kis" Keleto, were these: "I forbid any revenge ... I forgive everything ... Let them pray for my soul, and let them all be children of our Father, God ..."'

He had propped himself up on one elbow, in his blood-stained bandages. But now he fell back, completely exhausted by the effort, by the extraordinary exertion of a Christian will which, even at the moment of death, triumphed over the old and powerful pagan atavism. He grimaced with pain, raised one hand to his wounded neck, strained to get more air, and sank into a sort of coma. He had received extreme unction the previous evening. I gave him a benediction, and went out.

It was then that Father Dubuy told me the story of his martyrdom.

Some fifteen years earlier, Government patrols were carrying out a campaign in the neighbourhood of Ononghé, in particular against the Woitapé tribe who were still unsubjected. To meet the threat of the British rifles, the Woitapé called on a tribe of Tawadés at Sopou, who were their friends and allies, to aid them. The Tawadé warriors arrived, but the white man had the greater force on his side. They were compelled to submit. The Tawadés, however, did not return home. To reward them, the Woitapés had ceded to them the use of several vegetable plots, so that they could grow their own food. And there they settled down.

Later, the Woitapés, converted by Father Dubuy, became Christians. The Tawadé group, living a short distance away, had just begun to follow suit. Alas, human nature sometimes has a terrible way of reasserting itself!



Aerial view of the Motherhouse of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart in Issoudun, France. The Basilica of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart has long been a popular destination for many thousands of pilgrims who come to honour the Mother of God.

In the end, and not without some justice, the *Woitapés* began to feel that their former allies were an encumbrance: and they could not bring themselves to hand over permanently the lands which they had originally merely lent to them. Their proximity gave rise to much friction.

Thus it was that four days earlier an excited band of armed *Tawadés* had burst into the *Woitapé* village in which the catechist *Ivolo Keleto* lived. Hurling insults and brandishing their spears, they stopped in the central clearing, accused the inhabitants of having stolen and killed several of their pigs, and threatened that if they received no payment, they would massacre the entire village.

The *Woitapés*, who were innocent, grew angry. They were a hot-blooded tribe. At once the young warriors leapt to their spears, and the rumour of war mounted over the village. At that point, conscious only of his duty as a messenger of peace, the former war chief *Ivolo Keleto*, advanced towards the frenzied *Tawadés*, demanding that they listen to the words of peace with which he, as catechist, felt bound to greet them. In a trice, the *Tawadés* had surrounded him, half-crazed at the prospect of spilling blood. They seized him, and while one stout warrior pinned his arms behind his back, another, stepping back a couple of paces, drove a spear full into his face. It entered by the mouth, breaking the teeth, and emerging at the back of the neck. Another spear transfixed his left thigh, another his right leg. A blow from an axe cut a deep gash in his back. He fell, and around him, a furious battle began between the villagers and the *Tawadés*, who now beat a retreat.

There were, however, no other deaths. *Ivolo Keleto* was, as he himself had said, the only victim.

On the morning of my departure from *Ononghé*, the former savage, the former war leader who had gloried in killing and had eaten human flesh, but had now become a Christian, an apostle and martyr, went to offer a fine red garland to 'his Father, God,' so that the 'Peace of Jesus' might indeed reign.



FATHER ANDRÉ DUPEYRAT MSC was a missionary who worked amongst the people of the *Fuyughe* mountains in New Guinea.

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— Editor, *Annals*

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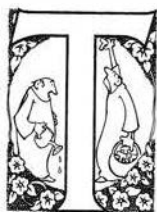
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The elderly can still have their dreams

THE CONSOLATION OF CROWING OLD

By KEN SCULLY

*Proclaim this great song aloud
That all the world may hear:
God has to me Himself endowed
With sweet music for mine ear.
Publish then this news abroad
For every eye to see
That once I visited the Lord,
But now He visits me.*



THESE thoughts came to me after the acolyte had brought me Holy Communion for the fiftieth time... to make a verse in thanks! Getting old is something I've had to accept as I am now 82 verging on 83 years and have been on the sick list for over 12 months.

It's been said that you've reached the oldie stage when your adult children start talking to you as if you were a child and, worse, treating you like one.

Thankfully that hasn't yet happened to me and gratefully I have lived to hear my grandchildren address me as 'Poopy' without any of the affection tinged by puppy love. As an extra consolation I have seen my great grandchildren, though they are perhaps wondering where I fit into the family scheme of things.

There is much for which I thank God... not the least that He granted me a wife who has endured all my faults for 58 years and shared with me a Faith that gives so much comfort.

Another consolation is that old age takes you, I suspect in most cases, beyond the temptations of the world and the flesh, though I still cock a weather eye out for the devil.

If I do have doubts they would be about the Church - why has She had to endure present scandals. Then I remember history and that even St Paul had to remind people of his time that the individual was not the Church - and, of course, I've enough of my

own sins without passing judgment on others.

To back up that stance I recall what Cardinal Newman wrote in his 'Meditations and Devotions':

"O my Lord Jesus, let me never forget that thou hast established on earth a kingdom of thine own, that the Church is thy work, thy establishment, thine instrument, that we are under thy rule, that where the Church speaks, thou dost speak. Let not familiarity with this wonderful truth lead me to be insensible to it - let not the weakness of thy human representatives lead me to forget that it is thou who dost speak and act through them."

As the body slows down and sometimes the spirit seems sluggish you think you glimpse the end - but like St Augustine with his chastity you pray 'not yet, Lord, not yet'.

Fitting in with Joel and his prophecy you accept as a young man you have had your visions and as an old one are grateful that you still have your dreams.

You look back on your life and accept that if your name will never be among the immortals (why call them that when we know earth and the things thereof will all pass away?) at least you have had a satisfying life. You may not have accomplished much, but you gave it of your best.

You thank God for the places you have lived in, for the family and education you had, for the discipline and adventure (let's admit it) of a soldier's life, for your escape from the Japanese invasion of Rabaul and early attacks on Moresby, the hard days in wartime Darwin.

With Proverbs you exclaim: 'children's children are the crown of old men; and the glory of children (thinking of your sons, and not forgetting daughters) are their fathers.'

Scripturally, again, you cannot but express gratitude for the words of Isaiah for what God has given you 'And even to your old age I am he; and even to hoary hairs I will carry you.'

What are aches and pains, even medical probings when you recall the sufferings of Christ for your redemption? And you can reflect on all the good days you have had as you look back through, as Francis Thompson called them, the arches of the years, through which like the poet did, you fled Him many times only to be caught by His unhurrying feet.

There is so much to console you - but none more so than the frequent coming of the new Tarcisius bringing you the Eucharistic Christ. The bell and candle, which announced His advent in the Ages of Faith, may have gone and the modern Christopher, the Christ-bearer, carries the Eucharist hidden past the crowds as in pagan Rome.

Is not that the great consolation when age may weary and your years may seem to condemn?

In gratitude you pray again a prayer of Newman:

May the Lord support {me/you} all the day long, till the shades lengthen and evening comes and the busy world is hushed and the fever of life is over and your work is done... then may He grant you safe lodging and holy rest and peace at last.



Depends on the Angle

No great works will seem great, and no wonders of the world will seem wonderful, unless the angle from which they are seen is that of historical humility.

- C.K. Chesterton, *The New Jerusalem*.

The destruction of our birth rate

CENTENARY OF CONCERNS OVER AUSTRALIA'S FERTILITY RATE

By GARRICK SMALL PHD



THE population debate tends to focus on the fall in fertility starting with the baby boom of 1945-65 as though the last half-century contains the whole of the fertility crisis. Few people are aware that this year actually marks the centenary of concern over the problem in the form of the first Royal Commission into the alarming decline in birth rates in NSW in the late nineteenth century. The conclusions of the Commission were unequivocal in their evaluation of the importance of a healthy birth rate for the community, something that is less apparent in the current debate. The Commissioners' evaluation offers a prophetic insight into the social dynamics that is currently emerging as the problem of the aging population.

The Commission was established as a result of the alarming drop in fertility in NSW in the closing decade of the nineteenth century. The Commissioners established that there was a serious drop in the birth rate of 20.8% between 1890 and 1900. Information tabled in the report indicated that similar drops had been found in other Australian states, in England and various parts of Europe. Something had happened in the Western world that the public leaders of NSW saw as a serious threat to the growth of the young state.

The Commission discovered two distinct factors. Evidence showed a marked increase in the availability of various physical aids for the prevention of birth. These could be grouped into physical objects used to prevent conception and chemical preparations used to either prevent conception or terminate pregnancy. It is well known that all current methods of contraception except for the contraceptive pill were developed to an effective level in the last

quarter of the nineteenth century. The Commissioners discretely alluded to evidence of the import of rubber goods and poisons used in this connection.

Contraception is one matter, but the

termination of birth is another, especially at the turn of the last century. It was indisputably recognised as murder. The methods employed were somewhat more barbaric than at present, and more hazardous for the mother of the child being murdered. Oral preparations were available that the Commission identified as poisons. In many cases they caused the death of the unborn baby, but they frequently killed the mother as well. The Commission recommended expanding the limitations on poisons to control substances used in this way. Physical invasive abortions were also dangerous and painful.

Something of the plight of women can be gleaned from these practices. They must have been either sufficiently fearful of the consequences of their pregnancies, or sufficiently at the mercy of men to submit to them. Either way, their dignity was not being respected. These facts could suggest that the fall in fertility was amongst those outside marriage, though the data does not show this.

The second factor that the Commissioners identified was an emerging attitude that was summarised in their conclusions as:

Forgetful of the lessons of history, ignoring the teachings of science, bent on gratifying their selfish desires, and on pursuing social advancement, they are seeking to follow the dictates of a narrow reasoning, and blindly imagine that, in raising the standard of their own physical comfort, they are smoothing the path of life for themselves and for posterity, while leaving to others the creation of that posterity for which they profess to be so concerned.

The Commissioners were scathing in their criticism of the guilty parties. The criticisms are not unlike those sometimes used today against the baby boomers for their part in the aging

Media: Risk and Richness

PARENTS, as the primary and most important educators of their children, are also the first to teach them about the media.

... When parents do that consistently and well, family life is greatly enriched. Even very young children can be taught important lessons about the media: that they are produced by people anxious to communicate messages; ... - to buy a product, to engage in dubious behaviour - that is not in the child's best interests or in accord with moral truth. ... Parents also need to regulate the use of media in the home. This would include planning and scheduling media use, strictly limiting the time children devote to media, making entertainment a family experience, putting some media entirely off limits and periodically excluding all of them for the sake of other family activities. Above all, parents should give good example to children by their own thoughtful and selective use of media. Often they will find it helpful to join with other families to study and discuss the problems and opportunities presented by the use of the media. Families should be outspoken in telling producers, advertisers, and public authorities what they like and dislike.

- From the Holy Father's address for World Communications Day, 2004.

population problem. The boomers chose material wealth over family in the 1970s and 80s. The boomers rode high on the turbulent self-indulgence of the sexual revolution. The boomers now complain that there is no one there to pay their pensions. The Commissioners went further, levelling immorality and the breakdown of family and society on those avoiding children. It would be a brave political figure today who would say that in public. Only Pope Paul VI said it in recent times and was pilloried for his trouble, despite saying nothing that was really new in Western thought.

Several medical witnesses to the Commission went further into the realms of the politically incorrect in offering the considered opinion that rising levels of mental illness were linked to contraceptive behaviours. While the Commission did not uphold this link, preferring instead to note that the decade was also blighted by an economic recession, it makes considerable sense. Doctors recognised elevated anxiety levels in persons actively contracepting. Given the fatal methods of terminating pregnancy, one could understand the stress women were under. Today, the mental stress of contraception may deserve renewed research.

The data on fertility shows the trend of the 1890s moderating in the first third of the twentieth century but then plummeting in the mid 1930s. Economic depressions could be linked to the two eras and may have contributed in part to their severity. The Royal Commission did not see the 1890 depression as significant and this is evident in the continued fall well past the depression years. Likewise, the fall following 1930 can be better linked to a change in community attitude to the ethics of contraception following the Anglican Lambeth conference of that year. At that conference the Anglican leaders transformed contraception from an evil to an acceptable practice and most Protestants and Jews followed suit.

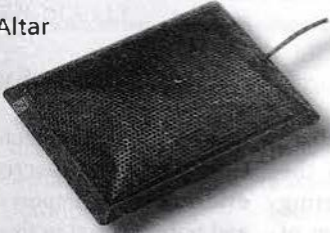
If effective contraception was only practised by the Godless in the 1890s, it could largely explain the first fall. The acceptance by most religions in the 1930s explains the sudden fall in that decade. The euphoria of the end of the war and the rising standard of living following it could explain the post war return to pre-1930 levels, though it was hardly an historical baby boom. But what happened to trigger

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the third major birth rate tumble?

In a time of affluence the birth rate fell to sub-replacement levels. Like the 1890s, two factors, one technical and one social, were responsible. The contraceptive pill provided a convenient contraceptive method of near perfect reliability with inconspicuous, though significant, side effects. Socially, radical sexual irresponsibility was being sold to the generation moving into the family formation demographic. At the same time the last major religion objecting to contraception caved in to an informal rebellion against its constant teaching.

The Royal Commissioners alluded to the lessons of history regarding birth control. The sociologist Karl Zimmerman studied all the great ancient civilisations and found an alarming commonality. In every case, in Greece, Rome, India and others, cultural atrophy began with birth control. The Romans became masters of contraceptive and abortive herbs and practices to the point where

the plural of child was a term of amusement. The result was the transformation of an expansive, moral, civilising culture into the most base, decadent and weak collection of self-indulgent individuals the world has known. History appears unambiguous on the topic of family values and civilisation.

Zimmerman's work, now a half-century old, is lost to view in the current debate, just as the Royal Commission into the Decline of the Birth Rate, 1904, is not cited in analyses of fertility trends. The baby boom is a misnomer, though the generation it delineates is unwittingly responsible for the final play in the destruction of our birth rate. It is perhaps unfair to level all the blame on the boomers, and solving the problem it poses may well require a wider view of the problem than is found in the current debate.



DR GARRICK SMALL is a senior lecturer at Sydney's University of Technology.

Satanic possession and diabolical PR

AN EXORCIST TELLS HIS STORY

Reviewed by MICHAEL DANIEL



openly admit that one of the purposes of my book is to contribute to the reestablishment of the pastoral practice of exorcisms in the Catholic Church. This is a precise mandate of our Lord, and the fact that it is not pursued is an unforgivable omission' (p. 174).

When the word exorcism or exorcist is mentioned, people tend to think of sensationalistic Hollywood movies or articles that appear on current affairs' programmes from time to time. Many people both within the community at large and the Church would assign belief in possession by a devil, let alone the existence of devils, to belief systems of bygone eras: what people once labelled demonic possession or activity is now ascribed, in our 'enlightened age' to mental or physical illnesses.

The Bible however, teaches the existence of devils as beings and the Gospels are replete with accounts of Jesus casting out demons. The existence of devils and the possibility of demonic possession have been, as Amorth reminds his readers, the constant teaching of the Church, teachings recently restated in the Catechism of the Catholic Church (cf. in particular para. 1673).

Amorth, a exorcist of the diocese of Rome, has written this part autobiographical, part expository work to counter the trend to dismiss the possibility of demonic possession. Amorth frequently responds to the criticism that all 'so called' cases of demonic possession are in fact mental illnesses by reminding his reader that an exorcist is only allowed to practise an exorcism after the possibility of a psychiatric illness is carefully examined by a competent psychiatrist and ruled out. Indeed, Amorth states that he is consulted from time to time by psychiatrists as to whether a certain patient may be possessed by a devil.

An Exorcist Tells his Story
 Gabriele Amorth
 Translation: Nicholetta MacKenzie. San Francisco, Ignatius Press, 1999
 (first published in Italian, 1990, 174pp plus appendices)

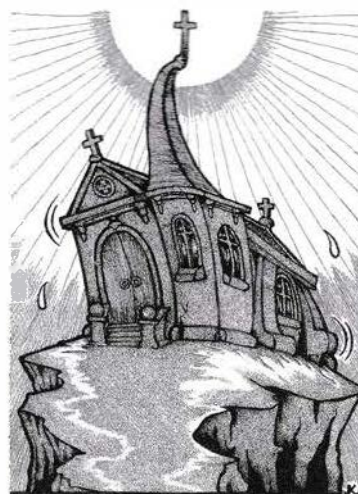
Demonic activity upon a person can take many different forms from temptation, to which all humans are subject to a full possession. Amorth frequently states that a person becomes possessed only if he or she allows the devil to take control of his or her life, either by handing himself or herself over to Satan and/or by living a lifestyle directly in contradiction to the Gospel. As demonic possession can last for a number of years, it can take an exor-

cist a number of years to fully exorcise a demon.

Amorth's account gives a frightening account of the power of the devil to afflict, influence and control people's lives. Nevertheless, at the same time *An Exorcist Tells his Story* bears testimony to the power of Jesus to overcome the forces of evil, through the ministrations of bishops and delegated exorcists. Given the lack of belief in the power of the devil together with the growth in satanic cults, Fr. Amorth's plea for a wider availability of exorcists would seem to require more consideration.



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.



Faith in the Church

I knew perfectly well that it was human as well as divine, that crimes had been committed within its walls; that the ways and customs and language of its citizens would be other than those of the dear homely town which I had left; that I should find hardness there, unfamiliar manners, even suspicion and blame.

But for all that it was divine . . .

- Robert Hugh Benson, *Confessions of a Convert*, 1991 Ed.

Whatever happened ... to the Apostles?

2. ST. JAMES THE GREATER¹

This is the second in a series of fourteen articles by PAUL STENHOUSE MSC discussing Catholic tradition concerning the twelve Apostles; their background, mission and manner of death. The thirteenth will be devoted to Judas Iscariot and the final article will treat of St Paul, the 'Apostle to the Gentiles.'



COMPOSTELA in north west Spain has been a centre for pilgrimages to the tomb of St James from all over Spain and the rest of the world since 'the day before the nones of September AD 867' – i.e. September 6 – when Ildefonsus² king of Galicia, ordered that a church be built in which the remains of the Apostle St James, the elder brother of St John could be fittingly venerated.³

St James is synonymous with Spain. He is her patron saint. The full name of the Spanish city in which Catholic tradition says that he is buried, is *Santiago di Compostela*. *Compostela* is allegedly a corruption of 'Ciacomo Apostolo' which is Italian and means *James the Apostle*,⁴ though E. Levy-Provencal derives the name from the latin *campus stellae*, or 'starry field' on the site of which the church was built.⁵ *Santiago* is a corruption of Spanish 'San Diego,' and means *Saint James*. The Muslims under Ibn Abi Amir, nicknamed *al-Mansur Allah*⁶ who razed the city and its shrine to the ground in 997 AD, called it in Arabic 'shant [sic.] Yakub'.

In Cordova, the Muslim capital, and throughout Andalusia, all the Muslims had heard of Compostela but no Arab army had ever penetrated that 'rugged and distant region'.⁷ After devastating the city – but sparing the tomb of St James – al-Mansur, the *Hâjib*⁸ and would-be Khalif, returned to Cordova with 'a multitude of Christian captives bearing on their shoulders the gates of Santiago and the bells of the Church. The doors were placed in the roof of the unfinished mosque and the bells were suspended in the same edifice to serve as lamps.'⁹

Whatever may be the truth of the claim made by the thirteenth century Spanish bishop Luc de Tuy who says¹⁰ that Charlemagne [742-814] visited the tomb of St James in Spain [he seems to have been misled by the writings of Turpinus of Rheims,¹¹] it is incontrovertible that from the time the remains of St James were first found in Calicia – in 835¹² – throngs of the faithful went on pilgrimage to his tomb. A beautiful poem written in 849 by Walafridus Strabo hails the saint whose remains lie in Compostela:

James ... [who] sprung from an illustrious line,

Defends the lofty shrine with his saintly protection.¹³

This James was the famous son of Zebadee who with his brother John, was first called by Jesus as they were in their boat overhauling their nets. They immediately left their father Zebadee in the boat with the hired men, and went off and followed him.¹⁴

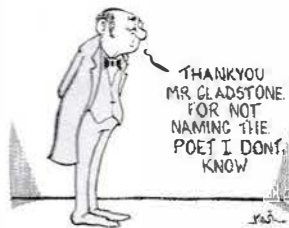
Jesus showed James special affection. He was present when Jesus healed Peter's mother-in-law, and when he restored the daughter of Jairus, the leader of the synagogue, to life. With Peter and John he witnessed the transfiguration of Jesus on Mount Thabor, and Jesus chose the three of them to be with him in his agony before his passion.

James and his brother John so presumed on our Lord's love that they¹⁵ or as St. Matthew says, their mother,¹⁶ begged Jesus to let them sit – one on his right, and the other on his left – in his kingdom.

Origen¹⁷ the Alexandrian biblical scholar [185-254] tells us that James's mother's name was Salome. He deduces this from Matthew's description of the three women who 'stood at a distance' during the crucifixion: Mary Magdalen, Mary the mother of James and Joseph [wife of Alphaeus], and the mother of the sons of Zebadee.¹⁸ Mark names the three: 'A number of women were also present: among them were Mary of Magdala, Mary the mother of James the younger, and Joseph, and Salome.'¹⁹

Like Peter, Andrew and Phillip, James and John came from the region around Bethsaida in Galilee.²⁰

Jesus was crucified on the Passover eve, 29 AD. Fifteen years later, at Passover time 44 AD, James the son of Zebadee was put to death by beheading.



In 1883, Gladstone rose and addressed the House of Commons:

Many members of this House will recollect, perhaps, the noble and majestic lines – for such they are – of the Latin poet:

'Omnis enim per se divum natura necesse est. Immortali aetvo summa cum pace fruatur...'

And so on, for six lines. Roy Jenkins, in his biography of Gladstone, gets it wrong: his version has Gladstone commending 'the majestic and nobles lines of Lucretius'. But Gladstone didn't need to add the names; he functioned on the principle that his listeners would already be acquainted with 'the Latin poet' in question, and that to specify him would be vulgar and insulting. If by any chance they failed to identify the quotation, he would flatter them with the implication that they *did* know it. Either way, he won.

– Anthony Lane, 'Take me to your reader', *The New Yorker*, October 16 & 23, 2000

'It was about this time,' writes St Luke in Acts,²¹ 'that king Herod attacked certain members of the church, He beheaded James, the brother of John ... this happened during the Festival of unleavened Bread'.

According to Eusebius, bishop of Caesarea,²² Herod died 'eaten up with worms'²³ not long after James was beheaded.²⁴ This is also the impression given in Acts which describes the death of Herod Agrippa, son of Aristobulus, grandson of Herod 'the Great'.²⁵

If Herod died at the end of April or the beginning of May 44 AD James could have been killed before Easter that year. Thus the accounts given by Josephus²⁶ [the turn-coat Jewish prince who served Rome better than he served his forefathers, who says that Herod died sometime after the month of January 44], and Eusebius [who says that Herod died shortly after Passover, not long after the beheading of James], would both be satisfied.

In the fifteen years that elapsed between the crucifixion of Jesus and the death of James, the apostles first went around Judaea and Samaria preaching the gospel, and then headed out to the known world: Peter to Antioch and Rome, Paul to Greece, Andrew to Achaia, John to Asia, Thomas and Bartholomew to India, Matthew to Parthia and Ethiopia, Phillip Galatia, James the younger, Jerusalem, Jude, Persia, Matthias Eastern Ethiopia, Barnabas Cyprus, Northern Italy. James went to Spain.

As most Protestant authors refuse to accept the authenticity of the tradition that James visited Spain, and that his body was taken there after his death,²⁷ it may be helpful to consider the background to this scepticism.

The doubts were originally sown by a Canon of Toledo, by name Garcia Loaisa [later to become Archbishop of Toledo], for nationalistic reasons. In 1593 Canon Loaisa published a history of the Councils of Spain, and a dissertation asserting the primacy of the Church, i.e. the Archdiocese, of Toledo over other Spanish jurisdictions.

In support of this claim to primacy, Loaisa reproduced a debate that allegedly took place during the Council of the Lateran under Innocent III in 1215 between Roderic the then Archbishop of Toledo, and the Archbishops of Braga [now in Portugal] and Tarragona and Compostela in Spain.

Media: Risk and Richness

THESE considerations apply in particular to the treatment of the family in the media.

On the one hand, marriage and family life are frequently depicted in a sensitive manner, realistic but also sympathetic, that celebrates virtues like love, fidelity, forgiveness, and generous self-giving for others. This is true also of media presentations which recognize the failures and disappointments inevitably experienced by married couples and families – tensions, conflicts, setbacks, evil choices and hurtful deeds – yet at the same time make an effort to separate right from wrong, to distinguish true love from its counterfeits, and to show the irreplaceable importance of the family as the fundamental unit of society. On the other hand, the family and family life are all too often inadequately portrayed in the media. Infidelity, sexual activity outside of marriage, and the absence of a moral and spiritual vision of the marriage covenant are depicted uncritically, while positive support is at times given to divorce; contraception, abortion and homosexuality. Such portrayals, by promoting causes inimical to marriage and the family, are detrimental to the common good of society.

– From the Holy Father's address for World Communications Day, 2004.

To bolster Toledo's claim to primacy, or more likely to weaken the position of Compostela which was a contender for the honour sought by Toledo, Garcia Loaisa has Roderic calling into doubt the tradition that Santiago di Compostela possessed the tomb of St James. There are good reasons for believing that Roderic staunchly promoted Toledo's claim to primacy over all the churches of Spain, and there was indeed a long-standing rivalry between Toledo and Braga over this matter. But the Archbishop of Toledo did not attend the Lateran Council, seems not to have been away from Spain in 1215 and the alleged 'debate' seems not to have taken place.

More recent non-Catholic arguments against James's having gone to Spain are based [curiously] on 'the tradition of the early Church according to which the apostles did not leave Jerusalem until after his [James's] death'.²⁸ In other words, they waited 15 years before leaving Judaea and Samaria.

This is not what St Mark implies. He tells of our Lord's appearing to the eleven. After reproaching them for their incredulity and dullness Jesus told them: 'Go forth to every part of the world and proclaim the good news to the whole creation'. After the ascension, Mark adds: 'and they [the eleven] went out to make their proclamation everywhere ...'.²⁹

Justin Martyr [100-165] similarly says in his famous *Apology* addressed to Antoninus Pius and his adopted sons Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus that 'twelve in number they left Jerusalem and went into the world, ignorant and unmannered, and endowed with no special talent for preaching, and by God's power they declared to every kind of race that they had been sent by Christ ...'.

Tertullian [160-225] writes of the Apostles who 'immediately [after Pentecost] went around Judaea preaching faith in Jesus Christ,' and 'from there set out into the world and promulgated the same doctrine of faith in him to the gentiles'.

St Jerome [345-420] alludes in numerous places to the apostles who went out to the whole world: 'one to India, one to Spain, another to Illyricum [Croatia, Bosnia, Slovenia] and another to Greece ...'.³⁰

Isidore of Seville [560-636] on the other hand refers explicitly to St James's time in Spain.³¹ As does St Julian, Archbishop of Toledo [644-690] whom we shall allow to settle the matter. 'These,' he writes, describing the Apostles, 'were the feet of the Lord, carrying him by their preaching to the whole world: Peter bore him to Rome, Andrew to Achaia, John to Asia, Phillip to Galatia, Bartholomew to Parthia, Simon to Egypt, James to Spain, Thomas to India, Matthew to Ethiopia, Judas Thaddaeus to Mesopotamia, while James the son of Alphaeus stayed with him in Jerusalem'.³²

As Guilielmus Cuper, SJ, author of the entry on St James in the *Acta*

Sanctorum asks: 'Why should what is affirmed of all the other Apostles [that they preached the Gospel outside Palestine] be denied only of James [son of Zebadee]?'³³ We know from Acts 12,1ff that James was put to death by order of Herod Agrippa. Certainly, the fifteen years that elapsed between the ascension of Jesus in 29 AD and James's death at the hands of Herod in 44 AD would have left the latter ample time to visit Spain and return to Jerusalem.

Eusebius, bishop of Caesarea, [260-340]³⁴ quoting Clement of Alexandria [150-215] adds a little-known detail to his account of the beheading of James:³⁵ 'He [Clement] says that the man who accused James before the tribunal, seeing how he bore his testimony to the faith, and being moved by this, declared himself to be a Christian and therefore both were led away to be executed. On their way he begged James to forgive him and James, after considering the matter said to him "Peace be to thee," and kissed him. They were beheaded at the same time.'

How the body of the saint came to be taken back to Spain is described in a letter of Pope Leo III [795-815].³⁶ In it the accuser described by Clement of Alexandria above, is called 'Josia'. It should be borne in mind that the body was not recovered from its resting place and moved eighteen miles to Compostela where it now lies, until

twenty years after the Pope's death.

After the Apostle had been put to death, writes the Pope who crowned Charlemagne Emperor of the West on Christmas Day 800 AD, his body was forbidden burial and thrown outside the city walls, to be consumed by dogs, birds and wild beasts. His disciples took the body by night to Jaffa by the sea, and while they were debating what to do next, a ship appeared. They went aboard, and with a fair wind, set sail for the port of Iria Galicia³⁷ in Spain.

Having reached Spain, 'they laid the body to rest,' says Pope Leo, 'in a field of a small farm called 'Liberum Donum'³⁸ about 18 miles away from the city in which the saint is venerated today.'

That the whereabouts of the tomb should have been forgotten becomes understandable when one reads Arnobius's *Adversus Nationes*. He flourished at the time of Diocletian [284-305] and he describes the terrible havoc wreaked upon the Christians and their culture in Spain during this persecution. 'Why,' he asks, 'did our writings merit being burned in the fires?' Prudentius, the Spanish poet [348-410] describes vividly the destruction of Spanish Christian books, especially their lists of martyrs, at the hands of pagan rabble-rousers. The Arab invasion of Spain in 711 AD completed the devastation of the Christian libraries and culture.

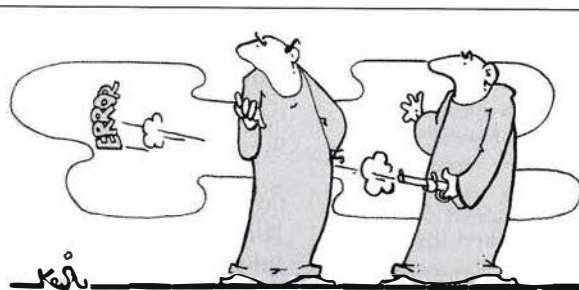
Arguing as some sceptics do from the

silence of Eusebius, Jerome and others about the resting place of the Apostle in Spain, proves nothing. They are equally silent about any resting place of James in Palestine. That the remains of James the Greater did not lie in Palestine after his beheading seems clear from what we have noted above, and from the fact that no tradition supports his having been buried there.

The only people who claim that St James preached the Gospel of Jesus to them, are Spaniards. The only city which in the world claims to possess his remains is Santiago di Compostela. We agree that there are good reasons for accepting the constant Catholic tradition that the son of Zebadee found his final resting place there.



1. This term could conceivably refer to the dignity of Zebadee's son who along with Peter and John his brother, was especially favoured by Jesus: more likely it refers to age. He was, of seemingly older than James the son of Alphaeus (surname 'the less') who became first bishop of Jerusalem.
2. Testament of Ildelonsus, King of Galicia 866-910 AD, quoted Guilelmus Cuperi, *Acta Sanctorum*, vol 33, July, tome 6 p. 17.
3. For the circumstances under which this Church came to built, see the text of a letter [in Latin] written by Ildelonus III in Maurus Castellus Fecarius, *Hispania S. Jacobi Historia* book 3, chapter 1.
4. This is the opinion of the Rev. Robert Sinket, in *A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, eds William Smith and Samuel Cheatham Hartford, 1880, p.870/ii.
5. *Histoire de l'Espagne Musulmane*, tome ii, ed. Massignon, ed. de 1950, p.242.
6. 'Victimus' with God's help!
7. Reinhart Dozy, *Spanish Islam*, Chatto and Windus, 1913, p.517.
8. i.e. Chamberlain.
9. *Ibid* p.520.
10. *Christian World* tome 4.
11. *Historia Caroli Magni* c.19.
12. Cesare Baronius [1538-1607] in tome ix of his *Annales Ecclesiastici* says that the Apostle's body was discovered in 816 AD.
13. [Hic quoque Jacobus] cretus genitore veusto/ *Deus unum sanctum defendit tegmine oclum*.
14. Mark 1:19,20.
15. Mark 10: 35.
16. *Mark* 20:20.
17. *In Mattheum* tractatus 35, ad finem.
18. *Ibid* 27:55.
19. Mark 15:40.
20. See Theoderet [393-460] bishop of Cyrillus, in *Passiones* *loci*.
21. 12:1-3.
22. 26C-30C AD.
23. Acts 12: 2,3.
24. *Historia Ecclesiastica* liber ii, chapters 9-10.
25. 12:18-23.
26. *Isaiam Antiquitates* liber xviii, chapter 8.
27. 'Deserving of little credit'. See *A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, ed.cit. p.870.
28. Thus, *The Oxford Dictionary of the Christian Church*, eds F.L.Crosby and E.A.Livingstone, OUP, 1997, p.857.
29. Mark 16:1+ff.
30. *In Isaiam* cap. 39: see also *In Isaiam* cap.42.
31. *De Vita et obitu Patrum* chapter lxxi.
32. *In Commentarium in prophetiam Nahum*.
33. op.cit. p.80.
34. *Institutiones* Book 7.
35. *Historia Ecclesiastica* ii.9.
36. Quoted by Cesare Baronius [1538-1607]. For the text, see also the *Breviarium Eboracense* [=Eborac, archdiocese in Portugal] quoted *Acta Sanctorum*, ed.cit. p.13.
37. Not 'Iria Flavia' in North West Spain *pace* the *Dictionary of Christian Antiquities*, ed.cit. p.870.
38. 'Free gift'.



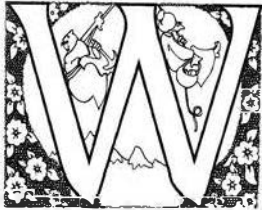
Not tolerating intolerance?

I AM sure that I realised the all-important distinction between intolerance of what we believe to be error and intolerance of men whom we believe to be in error. The former is usually right and the latter is usually wrong. Incidentally it is odd that the kind of Protestant who would never accuse the Socialists of intolerance because the Labour Party expelled an M.P. who disagreed with Mr. Attlee about the nationalisation of steel, is shocked by the intolerance of a Church which would not shrink from excommunicating a Catholic who disagreed with Christ about Hell or the remarriage of divorced persons.

— Arnold Lunn, writing in 1949 to Monsignor Ronald Knox

A former Lutheran Pastor speaks on the Priesthood

WOMEN'S ORDINATION



WHEN she was younger, Jennifer Ferrara never would have foreseen the day when she became a sort of apologist for the all male Catholic priesthood.

But that's what the former Lutheran minister who converted to Catholicism has become.

Ferrara, who became Catholic in 1998, recently told her conversion story in 'The Catholic Mystique: Fourteen Women Find Fulfillment in the Catholic Church' (Our Sunday Visitor), which she co-edited with Patricia Sodano Ireland, another former Lutheran pastor. This interview was conducted by Zenit.

Q: How did you as a former Lutheran pastor come to realize that women should not and cannot be ordained as priests?

Ferrara: When I entered seminary, I was a garden-variety feminist who believed men and women were basically the same. I thought it patently obvious that women should be ordained.

I really gave the issue little thought, but to the extent that I did, it was a matter of equal rights. I also was not particularly orthodox in my beliefs. I had studied religion in college; I did not lose my faith in the process but adopted a mishmash of heretical ideas.

While in the seminary, I gradually became theologically orthodox, which was – considering the environment of mainline Protestant seminaries – a minor miracle. Slowly, it began to dawn on me that women's ordination was a new development that needed theological justification. I did not come up with a full-blown defense until years later when I was a parish pastor.

By that time, I thought of myself as an 'evangelical catholic.' Evangelical Catholics view Lutheranism as a reform movement within and for the one

Church of Christ. Therefore, Lutherans have a responsibility to work toward reconciliation with Rome.

The fact that I was a Lutheran pastor put me in an awkward position, theologically speaking. I was an impediment to that reconciliation for which I longed. This forced me to take a hard look at the issue of women's ordination.

Ordaining women seemed like the best way to serve our Lord in this time and place.

When I started to think about becoming Catholic, I disagreed with the Church's teachings on women's ordination. I actually thought about writing an article outlining what I presumed to be the theological deficiencies with the Catholic position, which in retrospect seems like sheer hubris.

In order to prepare for it, I read John Paul II's theology of the body. There I encountered a vision of creation that challenged all my feminist notions about men and women.

Q: How so?

Ferrara: According to John Paul, men and women were not created essentially the same. Masculinity and femininity are not just attributes; rather, the function of sex is a constituent part of the person. Men and women both express the human but do so in different and complementary ways. Believe it or not, this was a radically new idea to me.

The differences between men and women lie in the way they express love for one another. Men have the more active role in the relationship: The husband is the one who loves while the wife is the one who is loved and, in return, gives love. True authority is exercised through service. As John Paul II says, "To reign is to serve."

However, men and women serve in particularly masculine and feminine ways. At the heart of this diversity in roles is the difference between motherhood and fatherhood.

No matter what men and women do, they bring paternal or maternal characteristics to their vocation. This is just as true of those who have chosen the religious life as it is of those who become biological parents.

This means the Catholic priest is not simply a father figure: He is a spiritual father. To state what has ceased to be obvious in a society governed by the principle of androgyny: Mothers and fathers are not interchangeable. Women are not men and, therefore, cannot be priests any more than they can be fathers in the physical sense. If women can step into the role of priest, then it is no longer one of fatherhood.

To understand all of this required me to give up my functional view of the ministry. In most Protestant denominations, the pastor serves a role within the priesthood of all believers. He or she preaches the Word and administers the sacraments.

In the Catholic Church, the priest acts "in persona Christi." Christ is the bridegroom; the Church is his bride. This nuptial mystery is proclaimed throughout the Old and New Testaments.

According to the Catholic understanding of the priesthood, the priest represents Christ himself, the author of the covenant, the bridegroom and head of the Church. This is especially true in the case of the Eucharist, when Christ is exercising his ministry of salvation.

One must utterly disregard the importance of the nuptial mystery for the economy of salvation in order to make an argument for women's ordination.

If the Church were to ordain women, the entire understanding of the importance of the feminine and masculine in the working out of our salvation would be lost. Much is at stake here. Once I really saw that, it was relatively easy for me to give up my ordination and embrace the Church's position.

– Zenit.org



Is poetic and/or musical mediocrity fatally infecting Church music?

HYMNODY AND POETRY

By RICHARD CONNOLLY



It is necessary to constantly discover and live the beauty of prayer and of the liturgy. One must pray to God not only with theologically precise formulas, but also in a beautiful and dignified way. In this connection, the Christian community must make an examination of conscience so that the beauty of music and song will return increasingly to the liturgy. It is necessary to purify worship of deformations, of careless forms of expression, of ill-prepared music and texts, which are not very suited to the grandeur of the act being celebrated. (Italics mine throughout)

Thus Pope John Paul II, reflecting on Psalm 150 at a general audience on February 26 last year. In welcoming the Pope's strong, clear and timely words, I found I was in good company. That same month saw the appearance, in the Melbourne liturgical magazine 'The Summit', of a long article by the American scripture scholar and liturgist, Fr. Gerard Sloyan. It was headed 'Praising God from Whom All Blessings Flow', and the line of thought was remarkably in tune with the Pope's. The one spoke of beauty, the other of poetry; the Pope of 'music and texts not very suited to the act being celebrated', Fr Sloyan of 'hymns unworthy of the worship act'. Was it just coincidence? Which are these unworthy hymns? asked Fr. Sloyan. His answer was 'Those that are marked by bad poetry, bad theology or bad music.' It's the poetry aspect I want to look at now.

Hymnody and Poetry. We can all say what hymnody is; but poetry? Dr Johnson, when asked 'What is poetry?' replied that 'it is much easier to say what it is not.' Perhaps the 'poetry' I want to invoke is, in part at least, what Les Murray was getting at when he told an audience in England that poetry is not something optional in life. We can't live without poetry, he said, but we don't all get it from poems. Some

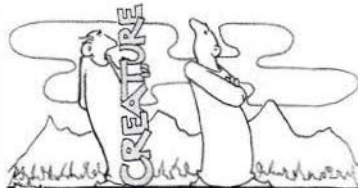
find it in their loves, in their marriage, in friendships, nature, &c. He was referring to that quality in things that raises our minds and hearts above the daily humdrum. And lifting up our hearts is an essential element of good liturgy. That is one of the ways I'll be thinking of 'poetry' in what follows. But it's only part of the truth. Hymns are made of words, and I'll also be assuming, with all that it implies, something like Coleridge's wise and homely definition of poetry: 'the best words in the best order.' (It sounds so easy!)

I am not for a moment suggesting that a hymn-text must be poetry as such. Some few blessedly are. Les Murray was stretching a point only slightly, if at all, when among a generous selection of

James McAuley's poetry he included two of the poet's hymn-texts in his UK publication, 'Fivefathers' (Manchester: Carcanet Press, 1994). Hymns like 'When I Survey the Wondrous Cross' (Isaac Watts) and various hymns of George Herbert (e.g., 'Let All the World in Every Corner Sing') stand alone as poems without their fine tunes. But good hymn-texts generally, although they mightn't manage to do that, are, if not poetry, at least 'poetic', and they blossom into 'poetry' in Les Murray's wider sense, when irrigated, as it were, with good music. Good hymn-texts certainly do not offend against the canons of good poetry, among whose many mortal enemies are sentimentality and semi-literacy. "Define your terms", I hear the reader say, quite justly. I'll return to this. But if your reaction is 'Elitist' or 'Cultural imposition!' then we part company: I'll return to this also.

Re-reading Fr. Sloyan's article, I notice that his title comes from a hymn by the 17th Century Anglican Bishop Ken, and the only two hymns he names with approval date from the early and mid-18th Century. He names no contemporary hymn. Some might criticise this omission. I prefer to interpret it as an indication, conscious or not, that good contemporary hymns are few, compared with the immense number that pour out from (mainly American) Catholic presses, and also as a sign that Dr Sloyan belongs to that generation of liturgical pioneers who were at work in the 1950s, when the wonders to be wrought by Vatican II seemed but a dream. I remember those days, when we knew well the sort of words we ought to be singing, but didn't have them. Apart from a very few decent texts like *Holy God We Praise Thy Name*, what we had were the contents of post-Cecilian compilations like the *St Basil's Hymnal*, and *The Crown of Jesus Hymn Book*.

So Catholics began perforce to look



In defence of 'creatures'

RONALD Knox said that when in a broadcast sermon he once said that man had been created out of nothing, he received a number of indignant letters from people who resented the slight. Presumably they thought he would demonstrate in his next sermon that they were necessarily nobodies, if they conceded the first fatal step in the argument.

I have often wondered why, seeing we are all created, the term 'creature' should be a term of obvious derogation. 'That creature, Mr. So-and-so' is not a complimentary form of address; whereas it ought to be considered as a mere tautological description.

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

into other traditions, and what riches they found. Soon, a typical Catholic congregation might be singing *Praise to the Lord, the Almighty* at the start of Mass, *Be Thou My Vision* at the Offertory, *The Lord's My Shepherd* at the Communion, *Now Thank We All Our God* at the end, and, in so doing, borrowing from Anglican, Presbyterian and Lutheran traditions at the one celebration. Our seasonal celebrations were enriched with, e.g., *O Come, O Come Emmanuel* in Advent, *All Glory, Praise and Honour* on Palm Sunday, *Christ the Lord is Risen Today* at Easter, *Come Down, O Love Divine* at Pentecost (all of them enlightened nineteenth-century Anglican translations from, as it happens, Catholic sources) and many others that are now a normal part of Catholic worship. This borrowing process might have continued, with appreciable ecumenical benefits, but it seemed to diminish as the trickle of largely inferior hymns that began in the late 1960s and early 1970s swelled to a flood. I am sorry that the borrowing has stopped not just for ecumenical reasons, but because all of the hymns I have named and many others not borrowed pass both the Les Murray and the Coleridge tests; and they resonate in the head and the heart, as a good hymn should.

I am not suggesting that a hymn-text has to be old to be good. Consider Luke Connaughton's fine 'Love Is His Word' or the consistently decent output of James Quinn SJ (e.g. 'Easter Glory Fills the Sky') or the fine, scripture-steeped texts of James McAuley already mentioned. But the passage of time is a wonderful strainer, separating the good from the mediocre and bad, in literature generally, not just hymnody. So we should not be surprised that there are more old than contemporary hymns 'worthy of the worship act.' (If only this were the sole explanation!)

Two fine examples of this quality-control effect of the passing years are the Anglican and Lutheran hymn traditions - with the odd exception, naturally. Another, supremely so, is the corpus of Latin hymnody in the Roman Liturgy that we all 'shared', but which in later times only a privileged few could make their own, because of the language barrier. It took centuries to make and our post-Conciliar proliferation has occurred over a single generation.

'If only this were the sole explanation,' I

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– A.H.N. Green-Armytage, quoted in *Taking Stock*, Collected Writings of A.H.N. Green-Armytage, ed. Janet Kovesi Watt, Perth 2001.

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just remarked. Alas, present space doesn't allow adequate examination of the many other reasons why I think that among the enormous number of hymns published over the past 30-odd years there are so few that stand out as really good, and so many, the majority, perhaps, that I find insipid or worse. And I'm not alone. I've heard the same opinion expressed, more or less vehemently, in presbyteries and also in the quiet conversation of thoughtful people after Mass; I've heard similar thoughts from well qualified people, including liturgists and people working in Universities in Literature and Language and other Humanities Departments – one a Professor of English in a leading UK University who is also a fine poet; I've heard the same from Catholics in five different English-speaking countries. The UK's most widely used hymnal includes Kumbaya among its choices. A priest-liturgist of some reputation described a widely used hymnal to me as '90 percent rubbish', and lamented that even the best Australian hymn book, in its most recent edition, plays around with truly poetic texts in the cause of a spurious relevance, political correctness, 'intelligibility'. These strongly held opinions are uttered *sub rosa* and rarely discussed in wider forums. Valid considerations of charity make public discussion of a sensitive problem difficult, and the problem persists.

The Snowbird Statement on Catholic Liturgical Music was published in 1995 after deliberations over three years by a group of distinguished Catholic liturgists

and musicians from four English-speaking countries, whose first meeting had been in the American town of Snowbird, Utah.

'... among the enormous number of hymns published over the past 30-odd years there are so few that stand out as really good, and so many, the majority, that I find insipid or worse'

Its closing words advert to 'a necessary conversation about the future of Catholic worship that must continue with intelligence, wisdom and charity'. And its paragraph 26 says:

We urge the liturgy secretariats of episcopal conferences to restore or advance the subcommittees on church music that emerged after the Second Vatican Council, but have atrophied in recent years. These subcommittees should seek consultation with competent, practising church musicians. Bishops' conferences also need to produce more adequate criteria for liturgical music publishing companies, so that the undue influence of commercial enterprises is kept in check. *Otherwise, the church's repertoire will be determined by market forces.*

Those italics at the end are mine. Dr Sloyan's article suggested in addition the participation of 'a poet or two'. Hard to find perhaps, and I think that liturgically aware people of known judgment and stature working in literary fields might be no less useful.

I am painfully aware that many good

people will judge what I have written as sadly deficient in approaching this several-sided problem from one side only. But there is a problem, and silence and stasis are not the answer. Mindful of Pope John Paul's admonition that we examine our consciences, I add just a few of the many questions we might be asking ourselves and others, *always with charity.*

1. *Should I join in a hymn for the sake of unity with my fellow worshippers if I believe it 'unworthy of the worship act'? (I do. Others disagree.)*
2. *If hymns the experts judge 'unworthy' seem to draw in and enthuse worshippers while hymns in approved styles don't, what if anything is to be done?*
3. *The Spirit works through history in particular times and places in an imperfect world. Was it, as someone said, 'bad luck' that Vatican II's liturgical recommendations issued into the folk revival era of the 1960s-70s? Or was it rather a happy circumstance?*
4. *Did the English-speaking Church, in the name of 'aggiornamento', submit or agree too uncritically to feminist and other 'PC' views on usage that some find prejudicial to beauty and continuity, and which can seem at odds with that sense of unfolding history which is essential for discerning the work of our salvation since Abraham's time?*
5. *From St Ambrose to about 1970 there was no liturgical hymn whose 'voice' or speaking persona was that of God speaking to us, not us to Him. Are such hymns out of place, usurping the role of the Liturgy of the Word?*
6. *Many, maybe most of us, talk privately in our hearts to God as familiarly, matter-of-factly, as if to Dad or Mum or a brother or sister. Is a similar mode of address appropriate in our public worship?*
7. *Should hymn-texts (especially, but not only, those that are true poetry) be altered to fit current sensitivities, or intelligibility, and if the latter, intelligibility by whom?*
8. *Is it advisable that children should sing exclusively 'children's hymns' and not also be introduced, perhaps with elucidation, to the general parish repertoire?*



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

WOMEN AND THE BUILDING OF A CULTURE OF LIFE

By ARCHBISHOP CHARLES CHAPUT, OFM CAP



want to talk about women today. So naturally I'm going to start by talking about men – not because they're more important than women, but because they're not

Back in June I had the pleasure of viewing an early version of Mel Gibson's new movie, *The Passion of Christ*. It's really a wonderful film. I hope all of you will see it and bring others to see it – although I need to warn you that it's not for young children. It's too real and too violent.

But it's also very moving. I saw it with five other men, just a small group in a small room. When the movie ended, it took at least a minute for anybody to say anything. The emotions were so strong that none of us could come up with the right words.

Now as a bishop, I talk about Jesus a lot, so I began to wonder why this one film had affected me so deeply. I began to notice that other men who saw the film had the same experience. I've known a lot of faithful Catholic men in my life. But I know a lot more who don't know how to articulate their faith, and many others who simply delegate the 'religion thing' off to their wives and daughters. *The Passion of Christ* does something unusual to men. Some can't get the film out of their head for weeks after seeing it. And now I think I know why. There are two reasons.

A lot of us grow up with a mental picture of Jesus that's really very strange. It doesn't correspond to his reality at all. Some of us tend to imagine Jesus as either an unearthly miracle-maker or a vaguely effeminate holy man. We don't know how to resolve who Christ is. We believe that Jesus is fully God and fully man. We say that publicly at every Sunday Mass in the Creed. But we have

nothing to look at to help us see what that means.

I think one reason men remember *The Passion of Christ* is because Jim Caviezel – who gives just an astonishing performance – shows us Jesus as someone who is absolutely real, both in the divinity of his person, and in the humanity of his nature, friendships and suffering. And that manliness of Jesus, that heroism, is something men can respect and love and want to follow.

But of course, manliness and heroism don't exist in a vacuum. They're shaped by many things, but especially by examples of courage. They're formed by a daily, intimate

experience of love, with all the little moments of joy and sorrow, teasing, correction and encouragement that are part of real life. And that's the second reason why men remember *The Passion of Christ*. Not every man has a wife or sisters, but almost every man has the memory of his mother's unconditional love. Every man knows in his heart that the best of what he is comes through his parents, and especially from his mother. And what Maya Morgenstern shows us so movingly as Mary in *The Passion of Christ* is how the love of a mother touched the life of Jesus Christ. Jesus shared exactly the same moments of maternal tenderness and humor that every son thrives on.

In our piety sometimes we tend to think of Mary as a 'means to an end,' the vehicle God used to bring his son into the world. But God chose Mary not to 'use' her like an instrument, but because he loved her. He saw in her the beauty and character of a woman who would freely and lovingly shape his son into the man he needed to be. We can't understand Jesus outside the love of his mother, any more than we can understand ourselves outside the experience of our families.

When we listen to the Sermon of Jesus on the Mount – 'Blessed are you who are poor; the kingdom of God is yours' (Luke 6:20) – we're also hearing Mary: 'My soul proclaims the greatness of the Lord, my spirit rejoices in God my savior ... [for] he has lifted up the lowly; the hungry he has filled with good things, while the rich he has sent away empty' (Luke 1:46-47, 52-53). Out of the faith and the flesh of Mary, the woman, God fashions the Redeemer of the world. Without Mary, there is no story of redemption. Without Mary, the woman of faith, there is no Jesus, the Son of God.

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Over the last few months, I've wondered many times why a film like *'The Passion of Christ'* would trigger so much controversy even before it gets to the theaters. Maybe you've heard about it in the media. One allegation against the film is anti-Semitism, which is a very serious sin. The Jewish community has good reason to always be alert for it. As Catholics, we need to understand and respect that concern. And we need to do everything we can to resist any prejudice against the Jewish people.

But having seen the film, I don't think anything in *'The Passion of Christ'* qualifies as anti-Semitism. I think that secular hostility to the film comes from something deeper and more inarticulate than any worries about religious prejudice. We might even track the source of that hostility to one particular moment in the film that every Christian already knows, whether we've seen the movie or not.

Near the very end of *'The Passion of Christ'*, soldiers take the body of Jesus down from the cross. They place him in the arms of his Mother. It's an image we all remember from the 13th Station of the Cross, and from Michelangelo's great sculpture, the Pietà. And we're left with a picture of a man who – out of love – has accepted betrayal, beatings, humiliation and death on the cross; and a woman who – out of love – has stayed with him as he suffered and died, and who now cradles her dead son in her arms, in the same way she held him as an infant.

I think we find the greatness of Mary right here, in this moment. She's lost everything. She's an image of humiliation and powerlessness. But she's also a picture of what Job meant when he said, 'Though [God] slay me, yet will I trust in him' (Job 13:15). Mary's kind of faith is unreasonable. Mary's kind of love is too deep, too strong and too unselfish – and it offends the pride of the modern world.

The reason the secular world hates films like *'The Passion of Christ'* is because they persuade the heart with the logic of love. The reason the secular world seeks to reinvent or reinterpret Mary is because she's dangerous. She's the model of

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mature human character – a human being who co-creates a new world not through power, but through unselfish love, faith in God, and the rejection of power.

That kind of witness goes against the spirit that dominates our world – the immaturity and selfishness in our personal consumption, our politics and our workplaces, and even within our families. André Malraux once asked a priest to name the single biggest lesson he had learned from hearing confessions. Without skipping a heartbeat the priest said, 'There are no grown-up people.'

The struggle for power is what the modern world is all about. It really doesn't take very long to go from Francis Bacon saying, 'Knowledge

is power'; to Napoleon Bonaparte saying, 'I love power. But I love it as an artist. I love it as a musician loves his violin, to draw on its sounds and chords and harmonies'; to Josef Stalin saying, 'One death is a tragedy; a million deaths is a statistic.'

Just read the newspapers. The result of our immaturity and selfishness at every level of American daily life is a competition that breeds an anger that breeds violence – the violence of open warfare; of religious terrorism; of unjust wages and unjust immigration policies; of simply putting our own comfort above the needs of others; the violence of abuse and infidelity between spouses; and even the polite violence of the language we use to smooth over the killing of new life.

On Oct. 8, the Associated Press reported that 'a new combination of blood tests and ultrasound can detect fetuses with Down syndrome sooner, and more accurately, than standard U.S. screening tests, offering women more peace of mind and more time to decide whether to end a pregnancy.' The article quoted one researcher as saying that, 'The absolute biggest advantage is that this allows women to make private decisions' before they're visibly pregnant.

Peace of mind and the power to decide are good things, but not if the price tag is a human life. Children with Down syndrome are not a mistake or a failure. Imagining them that way only reveals our own lack of humanity. A friend of mine who's the mother of a son with a disability likes to say that the only difference between German doctors in the 1930s and some of our own medical establishment today is that now we have better PR firms. The hostility to human weakness, the anger at human imperfection, is exactly the same now, as it was then.

Children with Down syndrome are children of God. They can live happy and fruitful lives. They give far more love back to their parents than they ever take. And because they belong first to God, killing them can never be a 'private decision.' It always has wider consequences – beginning with the grief of the mother. It's the woman who bears the spiritual cost of

an abortion. Not the doctor, not the researcher, and too often, not even the father. That's the lie in sanitized language like 'peace of mind' and 'private decision.' The mother always bears the cost, because every mother is always a part of her child.

I've spoken a lot, over the years, about our culture of selfishness – the unrest that forces us to keep feeding our appetites to prove that we control the world around us – but it bears repeating here, because our immaturity and self-absorption have created four big problems.

The first problem is our inability to reason. Reasoning takes time. It needs a vocabulary of ideas. Reasoning forces us to test and compare competing arguments. But the America we live in today is a culture built on marketing, and marketing works in just the opposite way. Marketing feeds our desires and emotions, and it suppresses critical thought, because thinking gets in the way of buying the product or the message. That's why marketing is tied so tightly to images – like fast cars on an empty road. Images work on our appetites, quickly and very effectively, at the subconscious level.

Here's a second problem: our inability to remember. The historian Christopher Lasch once said that Americans are a people stranded in the present moment. We like nostalgia, because it's a kind of entertainment. But we really don't like history because the past – as it really happened – burdens us with all sorts of unfinished business. It's a pain in the neck. History imposes obligations on the present, but Americans prefer to think that we invent ourselves, and that anything is possible. The result is that Americans usually have a very poor grasp of history, and we learn too little, too late, from the lessons of the past.

The third problem is our inability to imagine and hope. Americans like immediate results. We're practical. We're very good at making money, and we're very, very good at science and technology. But technology always comes with a price. Edward Tenner called this the 'revenge of unintended consequences.' And one of the unintended consequences



of our science is that we're now the victims of our own power.

When Cardinal Anthony Bevilacqua retired earlier this month, I had the privilege of succeeding him as

interim chair of the bishops' Pro-Life Activities Committee. And one of my first jobs was reviewing a proposed letter to congressional leaders that objected to granting patents on human beings and embryos. Thirty years ago, 'manufacturing' a human person was unimaginable. Now it's plausible. Now it's in the neighborhood, and what's worse, we've lost the moral vocabulary to deal with it. We've forgotten how to talk about the soul, and why the human person is more than just another animal or product.

Hope and imagination flow out of a belief in a higher purpose to our lives. If we're nothing more than very

Pro-Abortion Governor Says He'll Skip Holy Communion

TRENTON, New Jersey, MAY 6, 2004. New Jersey Governor James McGreevey, who supports legal abortion in spite of Church teaching, announced that he will no longer receive Communion at Mass.

McGreevey's statement at a press conference Wednesday follows the declarations of bishops that his stances on abortion, domestic partnership for homosexual couples and use of human stem cells in medical research are at odds with Catholic teaching.

The *New York Times* reported that Bishop John Smith of Trenton had said he would refuse to give the governor Communion. Last week, Bishop Joseph Galante of nearby Camden said he would refuse McGreevey if the governor sought Communion in his diocese, citing McGreevey's divorce and remarriage.

Also on Wednesday, the head of an archdiocese in New Jersey released a pastoral statement urging pro-abortion politicians to refrain from receiving Communion.

Archbishop John Myers of Newark wrote in this week's *Catholic Advocate*, the archdiocesan newspaper, "That some Catholics, who claim to believe what the Church believes, are willing to allow others to continue directly to kill the innocent is a grave scandal.

"The situation is much, much worse when these same leaders receive the Eucharist when they are not objectively in communion with Christ and His Church," he stated. "Their objective dishonesty serves to compound the scandal."

In his statement entitled 'A Time for Honesty,' Archbishop Myers explained "Although we must all follow our conscience, the task of conscience is not to create moral truth, but perceive it," he wrote. "It is quite possible for an individual to perceive the moral reality of a particular situation erroneously. Such a person may be sincere, but he or she is sincerely wrong."

The archbishop pointed out that dissent has natural consequences in a community of faith.

"Catholics who publicly dissent from the Church's teaching on the right to life of all unborn children should recognize that they have freely chosen by their own actions to separate themselves from what the Church believes and teaches," said the 62-year-old prelate. "They have also separated themselves in a significant way from the Catholic community."

The archbishop implored dissenters to be forthright:

"On this grave issue, public officials cannot hold themselves excused from their duties, especially if they claim to be Catholic," he added. "Every faithful Catholic must be not only 'personally opposed' to abortion, but also must live that opposition in his or her actions... As voters, Catholics are under an obligation to avoid implicating themselves in abortion, which is one of the gravest of injustices."

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intelligent carbon atoms, then hope and imagination are just quirks of our species. They don't really mean anything. And any talk about the 'sanctity of the human person' is just a lot of beautiful but empty words.

The fourth and final problem is our inability to live real freedom. Freedom is more than an endless supply of choices. Choice for its own sake is just another form of idolatry. Real freedom is the ability to see – and the courage to do – what's right. But when we begin to doubt that right and wrong exist, we also lose our ability to talk about things like freedom, truth and the sanctity of the human person in a common vocabulary.

What we get instead of freedom is a kind of anarchy of pressure groups and personal agendas held together by just one thing: the economy we all share ... and that's not the basis of a community or even a good conversation. In fact our economy, more than anything else in modern life, teaches us to see almost everything as an object to be bought or sold. This is what Jeremy Rifkin means when he describes American culture as more and more a 'paid-for experience' based on the commodification of passion, ideals, relationships and even time. If we want freedom, we buy it by purchasing this car or that computer. If we want romance, we buy it by purchasing this cruise or that hotel package.

The trouble is, the more that our advertising misuses the language of our dreams and ideals to sell consumer goods ... the more confused our dreams and ideals become. We trick ourselves to the point where we no longer recognize what real love, honest work, freedom, truth, family, patriotism – and even life itself – look like.

This is the world American women face in 2003. And they have two ways to deal with it. The first is to compete head on with men for a piece of the power. That means beating men at their own game. And of course, the record of the last 50 years shows that women have all of the same intellectual skills as men and many of the same physical abilities. In some areas, even in the military, women clearly outperform men.

But there's a catch. There's a cost. The price tag of this kind of 'equality' too often means denying the differences between women and men. It can mean being just as competitive and aggressive as men. It can mean putting career first. It can mean fearing the things that make up the feminine genius – the acts that make women, women. That's why so much of today's secular feminism hates fertility. That's why abortion and contraception are such important secular icons, even though they attack human sexuality at its roots. Fertility is seen as a weakness. Children mean taking responsibility for somebody else. Children mean – or should mean – that a woman will depend on the love of a husband. And that's frightening, because too many men today never learned how to be men.

This kind of false 'equality' doesn't work because it tries to escape who we are. It makes us look at and interpret the world through a broken piece of glass. Germans in the 1930s looked at everything through the lens of race. Marx saw the world through the lens of class struggle. And now we have a generation of new thinkers making exactly the same mistake, not with some bad racial or economic theory as their lens, but with gender.

Not one of these tools for understanding human experience works. All of them always lead to somebody suffering. The reason is pretty simple. We can't explain the human person without including God in the conversation. And God has something to say to us about ourselves, both in Scripture and through his Church.

Genesis tells us that, 'God created man in his own image, in the image of God he created him; male and female he created them' (Genesis 1:27). That one simple truth about the equality of men and women flows through 4,000 years of faith. Sometimes we've forgotten it. Many times we haven't lived it well. But it underpins all of Catholic culture so strongly that even Christianity's greatest enemies have seen it.

In 1665, right at the peak of Muslim conquest in Europe, a Turkish writer and diplomat – Evliya Celebi – visited Vienna. In his report home he wrote:

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WE are literally 'poisoned' by our adrenal humours; reason has little power over irritability or anxiety; it takes time to talk a person out of a mood, however valid the arguments; passion is blind to better judgement; anger and fear show physical after-effects long after their causes have been removed. If we could change our moods as quickly as we jump from one thought to another we would be acrobats of emotion.

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

'In this country I saw a most extraordinary spectacle. Whenever the emperor meets a woman in the street, if he is riding, he brings his horse to a standstill and lets her pass. If the emperor is on foot and meets a woman, he stands in a posture of politeness. The woman greets the emperor, who then takes his hat off his head to show respect for the woman. After the woman has passed, the emperor continues on his way. In this country and in general in the land of the [Christians], women have the main say. They are honored and respected out of love for Mother Mary.'

Bernard Lewis, the great Middle East scholar, once said that the status of women is the single most profound difference between Christian and Muslim civilization. He noted that early 'Muslim visitors to Europe [spoke] with astonishment, often with horror ... of the incredible freedom [and] deference' shown to Western women.

Of course, that little history lesson doesn't do a lot for women experiencing bias or mistreatment right here, right now. But it does show us two things.

First, no movement, ideology, political party or institution anywhere, in any country, can match the Christian faith in promoting the dignity of women. And second, women should always turn to the Church as their mother and defender, because in her arms, in her strength, they can begin to re-humanize the world.

People who criticize the Church for not ordaining women to the priesthood ignore her record of promoting the dignity of women. They also misunderstand the nature of the Church herself, the sacramental nature of the priesthood and the Christian understanding of equality based on different but complementary gifts from God.

Pope Paul VI once said that, 'Within Christianity, more than in any other religion and since its very beginning, women have had a special dignity.' The Closing Message of the Second Vatican Council said that, 'The hour is coming, in fact has already come, when the vocation of women is being acknowledged in its fullness; the hour



Do you remember when ...

WE fell out of trees, got cut and broke bones and teeth, and there were no lawsuits from these accidents. They were accidents. No one was to blame but us. Remember accidents?

in which women acquire in the world an influence, an effect and a power never hitherto achieved?

What that influence means and how that power is used – those are the questions that every woman in this audience will help answer.

‘Man and woman he created them.’ God made men and women equal but different for a reason – to love each other, to help and complete and depend on each other in the family and in the world. The genius of women is different from the genius of men. Every few months I visit my mother in Kansas, and each time it’s a little more difficult because she’s 93 now, and I know I won’t have her for much longer. But even now I can still look in her eyes, and beneath all the age and the cares and the memories, I can still see the young woman my father loved, and why he loved her.

Women express their genius through mercy, patience, endurance and forgiveness – a hunger to embrace and protect what Edith Stein described as the ‘living, personal and whole.’ But they also have a realism that comes from the labor of bearing new life. I think women, better than men, know what’s true and important about the world. Sigrid Undset, the great Norwegian woman writer, once said that, ‘Facts may be true, but they are not truths – just as wooden crates or fence posts or doors or furniture are not ‘wood’ in the same

way a forest is, since it consists of the living and growing material from which these things are made.’ Men usually understand the facts of their daily life. But I think women more easily see the truth of the people and the relationships hidden behind the facts.

The genius of every woman is to love; to protect and nourish the lives entrusted to her; and to support the full development of life in others. It’s the same whether you’re a mother, or a consecrated religious, or a woman who lives the single vocation. It was true for Dorothy Day in all of her political organizing. Day once described her radicalism as ‘works of mercy.’ And in converting to the Catholic faith she said, ‘I loved, [and] like all women in love, I wanted to be united to my love.’ The genius for love is written on the heart of every woman, and it’s the same whether you’re a teacher or lawyer, a scientist or secretary.

St. Teresa of Avila, one of the great doctors of the Church and the intellectual equal of any man of her day, reminded herself and her Carmelite sisters every morning to, ‘Accustom yourself continually to many acts of love, for they enkindle and melt the soul.’ Teresa knew what was true and important. Women who love well become real women. And in becoming real women, they draw men into being true men.

When the Catholic Daughters of the Americas began 100 years ago, the world was a very different place. As I was browsing through my copy of ‘A Century in Review’ – which is a wonderful history of the Daughters, and if you don’t have a copy, I hope you can get one – I was struck by the character I found in so many of the faces of the women who have led and served the Daughters over the years.

These were strong, intelligent women. They deeply loved their faith. Each of their lives was a seed that bore fruit in service to the Church, defense of the family, religious education, help for the poor, support for the missions – in other words, in almost every form of Catholic apostolic action in the world. Their legacy now belongs to this assembly today. And believe me, the Church needs you. Mother Church needs Catholic Daughters. And the world urgently needs the witness of Catholic women – because the next 100 years will be even more challenging than the last.

For each of us, the future belongs to the plan of God. He made each of us different to do different parts of his work, and to be saints by different paths. Earlier today Pope John Paul II beatified another Teresa, Mother Teresa of Calcutta, and I think in her understanding of love – the same unconditional love Mary had at the foot of the cross – we can end our words and begin our actions.

Blessed Teresa said, ‘Stay where you are. Find your own Calcutta. Find the sick, the suffering and the lonely right there where you are – in your own homes and in your own families, in your workplaces and in your schools ... You can find Calcutta all over the world, if you have the eyes to see. Everywhere, wherever you go, you find people who are unwanted, unloved, uncared for, just rejected by society – completely forgotten, completely left alone.’

So beginning here, today, right now, may God grant us the courage to be the women and men he created us to be. May God grant us the courage to love.

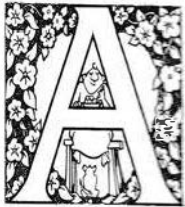


ARCHBISHOP CHARLES CHAPUT OFM CAP was appointed Bishop of Rapid City in 1988 and since 1997 has been Bishop of Denver Colorado. He is well-known as a fearless proponent of Catholic teaching on Faith and Morals.

Examining some of the theories about the scrolls and their authors

THE ARCHEOLOGY OF QUMRAN AND THE DEAD SEA SCROLLS

Reviewed by ALAN D. CROWN AM



study of the archaeology of Qumran by a competent archaeologist has long been a desideratum. Qumran, or Goumran, as it

was called in the nineteenth century, is the place where the Dead Sea Scrolls were found, and there is still no consensus today among scholars as to the nature of the ancient site and who wrote the scrolls and what they represent. Indeed, the lack of a properly published archaeological study has allowed many theories about the scrolls and their writers to flourish, including some absurd, bizarre and unsubstantiated ideas associating Qumran with theories about the nature of Jesus' death and resurrection.

As Jodi Magness, the writer of this study, explains in her introductory chapter, a full and final report of the original excavations has not been published, for the excavator, Père Roland de Vaux, died before this could be done. Admittedly he wrote a few small detailed reports on specific aspects of the site and he presented an overview to the British Academy in 1959 in the prestigious Schweich Lectures, but a comprehensive detailed study was not available to scholars.

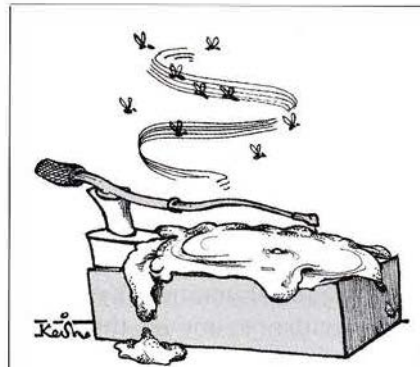
Moreover because of the tradition that the material from an excavation 'belongs' to the excavating archaeologist, artefacts may not be made available for publication by anyone other than the designated archaeological heirs. This is the case with the Qumran material. The inheriting heir is Jean-Baptiste Humbert, the staff archaeologist at the French school of Biblical Archaeology in Jerusalem

The Archeology of Qumran and the Dead Sea Scrolls

Jodi Magness

Eerdmans: Grand Rapids, Michigan,
Paperback edition 2003.
238 pp US \$12.60.

(the Dominican 'Ecole Biblique) who has published a volume of photographs from the original excavation but intends only to publish his own materials and not that of de Vaux, some time in the next few years.



THE [Time Warner] executives talked about finding the 'root causes of crime and violence. That is the standard liberal diversion when anybody suggests doing something serious about an obvious problem. They said Tucker and Bennett were talking about symptoms. Of course, because it is the symptoms and not the root causes that kill, physicians treat the symptoms. My favourite Time Warner response was "Elvis was more controversial in his day than some rap lyrics are today." That is less a justification of today's music than a measure of how far our culture has fallen. The very fact that we have gone from Elvis to Snoop Doggy Dogg is the heart of the case for censorship.

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

Thus, Magness had to write this work without the benefit of access to de Vaux's notes or to the artefacts. Compounding her problems was the fact that some of the artefacts are missing, in particular skeletons from the cemeteries associated with Qumran, some of which were sent to various museums in Germany and France for examination and some of which were lost. In consequence, Magness is obliged to rely on the published and incomplete work of others for much of her archaeological data with all the dangers that poses for a scholar.

Nevertheless, Magness has written a thoroughly intelligent and readable book, in which she has compensated for the lack of access to original materials by comparisons of known data with that from other, associated, desert-site excavations, so that her conclusions have some material backing. She has also made reference to recent radio carbon dating and advanced techniques for studying pottery so that she is able to add insights not previously available.

At every stage of her work Magness argues from general principles, describing how the archaeologist works and interprets material and then goes on to particularise. The text is thus a very instructive example of problem solving. In addition she has tied the literature - both the classical sources and matter from the Dead Sea Scrolls, i.e. the Qumran texts, closely to her archaeological views, resulting in comprehensive arguments. It should be acknowledged that she marshals her information, archaeological and historical, to provide substantial insights into the major issues. There are sections in her work for which few parallels are to be found in



When Bishops disagree ...

I think it probably is true that, when bishops are disagreed among themselves, the faithful laity adopt the right part in the quarrel, except where they are led astray by accidental circumstances, such as national prejudice or Caesarism. They do rally round, but they rally round – what? Nothing else that I could ever discover but the tradition of the Roman See. It is futile to talk as if the Catholic laity knew, by some private revelation or some process of ‘spiritual experience’, whether the Homousion was to be asserted or not; futile to suppose that, in those days, they could look up the library of ante-Nicene Fathers for themselves. No, they had to choose between certain Councils which had not been recognized by Rome, and an earlier Council at Nicea which had; they stood by Nicea.

– Monsignor Ronald Knox, *Difficulties*, 1930.

any other study, such as the matter of sectarian clothing, the Temple tax and coin hoards at Qumran and elsewhere, the design of Qumran as sacred space for ritual purposes and the toilet at Qumran.

Magness seems to have started with the hypothesis that the site was occupied by Essenes and though she describes the controversial issues and appears to test them and the arguments of those who do not accept the Essene hypothesis of the scroll origins, she sets aside evidence which does not support her views, though it is always done with reason. Since some of the evidence can be read in a variety of ways, by setting aside what does not suit her, she finds in the archaeological evidence comprehensive support for the Essene hypothesis.

Although she acknowledges the work of a rival archaeological ‘revisionist’, Gregory Doudna, only in a

bibliographical note, she has somewhat similar opinions about the length of occupation of the Qumran site, arguing that the first thirty-year period, period 1a (130-100BCE) never existed, and that the site was not temporarily abandoned after the earthquake of 31BCE, though her final date is some years later than that argued by Doudna, namely 74CE. One consequence of this shorter occupation period is that it has to be acknowledged that at least one third of the Dead Sea Scrolls were written long before Qumran was occupied, and must have been brought to the site from elsewhere, but that factor is not considered by her: she gives the impression instead that all the scrolls were written at Qumran.

Another problem area is her chapter on women at Qumran. She draws together the evidence on the basis of female remains in the ceme-

teries and the shortage of female artefacts – gendered objects such as jewellery, combs, mirrors, cosmetic remains, while pointing up the considerable handicaps of the loss of skeletal material and the inaccessibility of de Vaux’s records. She concludes that the population of Qumran was almost entirely a male society and on that basis supports the theory that the Qumranis were Essenes, though she recognises that the literature has much to say about marriage and women.

To support her conclusion she has to set aside an anomaly, that is the data relating to one of the cemeteries where there are rather more women and children buried than would be likely if Qumran were indeed an Essene sectarian residence. She sets this data aside on the basis that these women were buried with jewellery, which would make it improbable that they were of sectarian origin, but rather that they were Bedouin.

The possibility exists that these were women in transit through Qumran, not as Bedouin nomads but as pilgrims on their way to the annual pilgrim festival in Jerusalem and that they died en-route, in which case the jewellery would be irrelevant. Equally, the fact that they were interred separately rather than in family sepulchres as was commonly the case in the region would support the hypothesis that they were in transit and not in residence. The author cites excavations of parallel types and notes that in one case a Hebrew name was found indicating the Jewish origin of the skeleton. The contrary implications for her thesis of this piece of evidence are ignored.

Likewise, while one must support the conclusion that Qumran had a preponderance of males, on the basis of the evidence presented by Magness, that could have arisen not from a sectarian cause but because Qumran was staffed by Temple priests who lived in this outpost on the pilgrim route between Arabia, where there were substantial numbers of Jews, and Jerusalem. Priests worked in periodic courses in the service of the Temple and would scarcely have disrupted their families by bringing them to a place like Qumran.

Josephus' account of the pilgrimages to Jerusalem for the festive seasons makes it clear that three times a year there were vast numbers of travellers thronging every road to the sacred city. Places like Qumran, relatively close to Jerusalem, but at the edge of the desert through which pilgrims had travelled, must have been needed as staging posts for logistic control of crowds and indeed to act as cleansing and purifying places for those about to take part in temple rites. Such a situation would also account for the hoard of Tyrian shekels which might well have been a year's contribution to the temple by pilgrims, rather than a pool of communal funds as Magness suggest, which would surely have been in a more wide-ranging variety of coins.

Another example of the author's selective reading of the evidence is her study of the toilet facility at Qumran. Magness makes the point of drawing attention to the classical statements that the Essenes left the city to use toilet facilities and buried their stool in the ground. But she then accounts for the fact that there is a toilet in Qumran by arguing that the classical authors would have drawn attention only to exceptional behaviour and the norm would have gone unnoticed. She claims that the norm for the Essenes was the use of a secluded privy inside the site. In fairness she indicates that what was to be seen at Qumran was the norm for the priests in Jerusalem but then states that "The requirement for immersion after defecation and concern for toilet privacy among the priests serving in the temple were therefore made universal". (universal meaning here Qumran sectarian). The possibility that this was a priestly site as suggested above is ignored.

The author's theoretical starting point thus governs her interpretation of evidence and inhibits her from considering the full range of possibilities. Examples like this can be multiplied: they do not detract from the intrinsic merit and interest of a very fine and instructive text.

ALAN D CROWN AM is Emeritus Professor of Semitic Studies at the University of Sydney.



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Refugees or would-be Refugees: Australia's dilemma

LET'S FACE REALITY

By MIRANDA DEVINE



BIG Brother evictee Merlin Luck was booed by the audience and jeered with cries of 'loser' when he hijacked the program on Sunday night June 13, with a refugee protest.

There he sat on live television, lips sealed with black gaffer tape, holding a piece of T-shirt fabric on which was the message 'FREE TH REFUGEES' (The e had fallen off), refusing to talk to host Gretel Killeen, as she pleaded: 'This segment is five minutes long; are you going to speak at all?'

But loser or not, it's hard not to have a sneaking admiration for Luck, a 24-year-old record company employee. For one thing, he managed to sabotage Big Brother's tightly ordered reality pretence and, paradoxically, boosted the show's sagging ratings. An extra 150,000 viewers tuned in to Monday night's post mortem show, in which Luck explained his actions.

He also stole the publicity that Channel Ten had been hoping to get from the introduction into the Big Brother house of a weekend visitor, transsexual Miriam, star of *There's Something About Miriam*, a reality show in which heterosexual men are tricked into wooing her.

In an instant, Luck had transformed himself from forgettable runner-up to national star, exploiting a TV show that has made an art of exploiting young people in order to activate a divisive political issue. To some, the shaggy-haired, German-born Sydneysider was a shallow grandstander, latching on to a trendy cause that has been so poisoned by ideological agendas over the years it has ceased to have meaning. To others, he was a hero.

The Big Brother website claimed to have received 'overwhelming support' for Luck's stunt, posting letters of praise from nuns and refugee advocates. An online poll on the Big Brother website showed

65 per cent of respondents did not agree with his protest, 26 per cent agreed and the rest were not sure.

The Immigration Minister, Amanda Vanstone, immediately said that Luck 'is obviously not very well informed. The sign he had said 'Free the Refugees'. There are no refugees in Australian detention centres.' Which prompted

the Democrats leader, Andrew Bartlett, to congratulate Luck 'for bringing some reality to reality TV and stating a basic fact. It is very sad to see Minister Vanstone either not understanding or deliberately lying to the Australian people.'

On the internet, Luck quickly became a figure of fun. Tim Rowe, a 21-year-old Melbourne student and software developer, put a photo of Luck on his website into which you could insert your own slogan. Sydney blogger Tim Blair replaced 'FREE TH REFUGEES' with 'VOTE FOR JOHN HOWARD', and other such lines.

Even Luck's appearance on Rove Live was cause for mirth. His protest slogan was again altered, this time to read 'Free J-Lo's New Husband'.

'I'm excellent,' Luck told host Rove McManus. 'I'm so proud of myself.' The booing audience hadn't deterred him, he said, because 'there were pockets of people' supporting him.

McManus, who had a toy robot used in an earlier segment under his desk, said: 'You're boring the robot.'

Unfazed, Luck said: 'That robot reminds me of me. He looks really aggressive ... but he's just a really chilled, fun kind of dude.'

Much of the ridicule of Luck came from initial claims by Ten that he spent seven years in Australia as a refugee after arriving from Germany at age four. When Luck peeled off the gaffer tape, he revealed his family had overstayed their tourist visas and lived here illegally for seven years. In Luck's world, that seems to make you a refugee.

In a nutshell, that is the problem with the debate. Refugee advocates have commandeered the term 'refugee' to apply to all needy people who desire to move to Australia, even illegal immigrants claiming to be refugees. Mandatory detention of illegal entrants has been in place since 1992, with little fanfare until it became a political bludgeon against the

Media: Risk and Richness

IT is not so easy to resist commercial pressures or the demands of conformity to secular ideologies, but that is what responsible communicators must do. The stakes are high, since every attack on the fundamental value of the family is an attack on the true good of humanity. Public authorities themselves have a serious duty to uphold marriage and the family for the sake of society itself ... Without resorting to censorship, it is imperative that public authorities set in place regulatory policies and procedures to ensure that the media do not act against the good of the family. Family representatives should be part of this policy-making. Policymakers in the media and in the public sector also must work for an equitable distribution of media resources on the national and international levels, while respecting the integrity of traditional cultures. The media should not appear to have an agenda hostile to the sound family values of traditional cultures or the goal of replacing those values, as part of a process of globalization, with the secularized values of consumer society.

- From the Holy Father's address for World Communications Day, 2004.

Prime Minister, John Howard, before the last election

Mistakes have been made, and keeping children in detention appears to have been one of them. Violence, riots, and suicide attempts from rejected asylum seekers made the environment in many of the centres dangerous and unsuitable. But Vanstone has been quietly moving children out of the centres.

Detention is harsh, but judging by Vanstone's claim that there have been no illegal boat arrivals since December 2001, it appears the message sent to the criminal syndicates who run people-smuggling rackets has been heeded, allowing us to tailor our refugee intake to take in those most in need.

Australia has a generous resettlement program for genuine refugees, taking about 100,000 in the past decade, says Vanstone's office. The humanitarian intake has been 12,000 people a year for the past seven years, with an increase to 13,000 this year, of whom 6000 are refugees, mostly from Africa. You could argue the number is too low, but not that Australia lacks compassion.

... take those most in need

Take the treatment of the Bakhtiari family, who have claimed to be refugees from Afghanistan, even though four years of taxpayer-funded legal action, from the Refugee Review Tribunal to the High Court, has found them not to be refugees but Pakistan nationals. The mother, Roqia Bakhtiari, is now living with her six children in an Adelaide house, under supervision. But the ABC revealed this year that before she moved, she had been living with her newborn son in an Adelaide motel, at a cost to taxpayers of almost \$750,000.

Despite such ridiculous largesse, it suits some refugee activists to portray Australia as a land of cruel rednecks. Comedian Tim Ferguson derided Big Brother's live audience as 'Queensland squinting suburbanites', who had inexplicably rejected Luck's 'simple humanitarian message'.

But it's more likely the audience is just bored with the abuse and distortions.



MIRANDA DEVINE is a columnist for the *Sydney Morning Herald* and the *Sun-Herald*. Previously she worked as a reporter for *The Daily Telegraph* and, in the US, for the *Boston Herald*. She sits on the board of the *Catholic Weekly* and on the editorial advisory board of *Quadrant* magazine.

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— Editor, *Annals*

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MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Slow Times

POLITICIANS and clerics share at least one characteristic: they tend to be targeted by journalists for the length of time they take to reveal their derelictions and apologise for them. But what about the amount of time it can take newspapers to admit guilt?

Case in point: *The New York Times*. Only recently has it got round to admitting that its pre-Gulf War II coverage of Saddam Hussein's weapons of mass destruction 'was not as rigorous as it should have been'. The Fairfax newspapers, which take the *NYT* syndication service, were similarly laggard in their admission (*SMH* May 27). Apologies? Well, no. But the *SMH* was able to call the syndicated stories it published 'problematic'. Imagine the *SMH* indignation if a politician or a clergyman were to use such a self-serving term.

Journalists live in a time zone speedier than that of the world they report on. For journalists today is tomorrow so they are as conditioned to expect quicker reactions from others than they are prepared to give.

The advent of journalists turned spin-doctors has accelerated the process. They, too, are conditioned to speed. In addition their reputations, as well as the enhancement of future executive prospects back in journalism or in business, depend on their ability to persuade their political bosses that immediate responses are necessary.

Not so. Considered responses are better. Ask Mark Latham whose mouth moved so much faster than his brain that he gave the Labor Opposition a new, negative policy on Iraq quicker than a teenager could flip a Macdonald's burger.

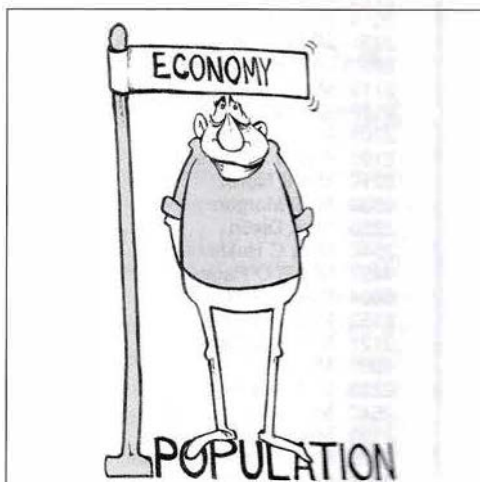
Pottering to Fortune

ACCORDING to legend, the original Harry Potter book, started in an Edinburgh coffee shop, landed on publishing slush pile in London along with other first-time MSS, and was rescued from oblivion by a secretary looking for a lunchtime read. Now Harry Potter and his friends continue to conjure golden waves of money in bookshops and cinemas, video stores and television, for the author JK Rowling and Time Warner as well as providing pension supplements for veteran British actors.

Perhaps executives of Time Warner rival, Viacom, should remember this, given that the Viacom subsidiary Simon and Schuster has announced it will accept no more MSS from first-time authors.

Certainly the Howard Coalition Government, synonymous with open competition, should encourage the Australia Council through its Literature Board to refuse any available

subsidies to publishers who operate what is effectively a closed shop. Subsidies should go to companies, including university presses, prepared to encourage new talent.



JULIAN Simon appears to be correct when stating that population growth does not have a statistically negative effect upon economic growth. We know that from 30 years of careful quantitative scientific studies - just the opposite of what the public believes. Because human knowledge allows us to produce more finished products out of fewer raw materials, natural resources are becoming more available. The air and water in rich countries is becoming cleaner. Most importantly, human beings are living much longer than ever before.

- 'Population Growth benefits the environment' Religion and Liberty 5 (2) pp1-3, quoted in Samuel Gregg, *Beyond Romanticism*, Centre for Independent Studies, Sydney, 2000



Morris Major

SPIN doctor non pareil Grahame Morris has achieved a world first. He writes a regular (and witty) column in the *Media* section of *The Australian*. More often than not, this is foot-noted with the information that Morris is director of Jackson Wells Morris. Just so, as if the trio's business activity were as well known as that of the Three Stooges rather than high-priced but discreet PR-ing. Sometimes there is an addendum that Morris worked as an adviser to Prime Minister John Howard. All in all, however, this is hardly the level of disclosure under which the likes of John Laws and Alan Jones now have to work.

With marvellouschutzpah, Morris calls his column *Beyond Spin*. Your correspondent awaits the column in which Morris explains who his clients are and how his PR work for them is beyond spin. Or even better reveals the spin he has wrought for them. And for cash. Okay he does not have to do this in his column. But he might manage it under questioning from Tony Jones when next he appears on the ABC's *Lecture*.

Eggs Macquarie

The best of the ABC's *Media Watch* anchors, Richard Ackland made an intriguing point in his column (*SMH*, June 25) about the growing influence of investment institutions on the practice of journalism. In this connection, he mentioned Macquarie Bank's Media Fund which aims to put together a battery of newspaper, radio and TV geese in the hope of a dozen or so golden eggs. And maybe some *pate de foie gras* for its legendary chevoos.

Reports, particularly those of Alan Kohler (*SMH*, June 8) and Michael West (*The Australian*, June 3) on the brilliant, not to say mind-boggling, way Macquarie Bank structures its ventures have

left your financially illiterate correspondent with the impression that if television is a licence to print money, Macquarie-style banking is a licence to print it twice using other people's paper and ink.

Gambling Aid

UNDER its editor in chief, Cary Linnell, *The Bulletin* has been going in hard on the subject of the gangs of Melbourne and their drug wars. Its interview (by Adam Shand) with Mike Catto, awaiting trial in jail on a charge of murder, stretched the limits of the word scoop. Catto was forthcoming on the need for a crime commission. He was less forthcoming on the advantages of Melbourne's splendidly opulent Crown Casino which, like *The Bulletin*, is also controlled by Kerry Packer.

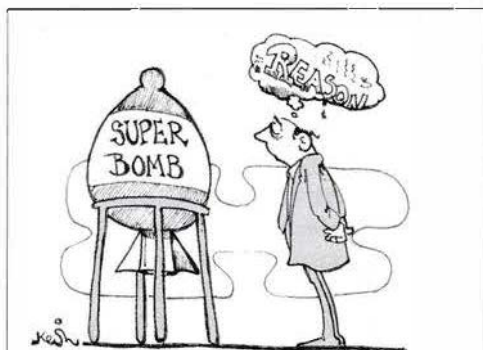
Surprising. If casinos did not exist, criminals would have to invent them for money laundering, a practice generally considered easier in direct ratio with the size of the casino. Chief Police Commissioner Christine Nixon made this clear on ABC radio when she said a major part of dealing with organised crime is looking at the casino. 'It's just part of the organised crime milieu,' she said.

Reagan Memorial

HECTARES of newsprint went into the coverage of President Ronald Reagan's death and obsequies - the equivalent, in his Irish ancestral culture, of at

least a week-long wake.

Amid the death-of-forests reportage, *Newsweek* magazine's Jon Meacham made two crucial points. First, Reagan's time as a trade-union leader in Hollywood (Screen Actors Guild) taught him the value of 'expansive, even extensive opening bids, knowing that in the end he would have to make a deal for less'. Second, it was Reagan, notorious as the progenitor of the Star Wars defensive system, who negotiated in 1987 a precedent-setting treaty



IN observing the quality of thinking in Alienated man, it is striking to see how his intelligence has developed and how his reason has deteriorated. He takes his reality for granted; he wants to eat it, consume it, touch it, manipulate it. He does not even ask what is behind it, why things are as they are, and where they are going. From the nineteenth century to our day, there seems to have occurred an observable increase in stupidity, if by this we mean the opposite to reason, rather than to intelligence. In spite of the fact that everybody reads the daily paper religiously, there is an absence of understanding of the meaning of political events which is truly frightening, because our intelligence helps us to produce weapons which our reason is not capable of controlling. Indeed, we have the know-how, but we do not have the know-why, nor the know-what-for. We have many persons with good and high intelligence quotients, but our intelligence tests measure the ability to memorize, to manipulate thoughts quickly - but not to reason.

- Erich Fromm, *The Sane Society*, 1968 edition, pp171-172



with Russia for nuclear disarmament.

Many suggestions have been made for the further commemoration of Ronald Reagan. What about a Reagan Foundation to enable trade union leaders to fulfil their potential as politicians, particularly when confronted with blow-in rock stars like Peter Garrett. More seriously what about the Reagan Reduction not only involving nuclear disarmament in America and Russia but also Britain, France, China, India, Pakistan and Israel?

Menadue's Matilda

THREE cheers, okay, two and a half, for John Menadue's plan to launch a weekly internet newsletter, *New Matilda* <www.newmatilda.com>

Menadue's CV includes stints as Ambassador to Japan, Canberra mandarin, Murdoch satrap and Qantas chief executive as well as work with the Matt Talbot Hostel, Sydney. He has reportedly said that *New Matilda* aims to 'break news that is relevant to a more modern and generous spirited Australia and professionally analyse events and issues'.

He has established a private company and gathered an impressive list of auxiliaries. *New Matilda* follows the establishment of another Menadue newsletter called *Online Catholics*, edited by Kate Mannix.

Westfield Mauled

HEADLINE of the millenium (so far): WESTFIELD PROMISES NOT TO BULLY (*SMH* June 18). This was over a report by Anthony Hughes. It detailed how Frank Lowy's Westfield Holdings had been forced by the Australian Competition and Consumers Commission through Federal Court action to deliver an undertaking not to use conditions in private tenancy dispute settlements that effectively stop tenants taking the matter further with parties

such as the ACCC. The settlement, it should be added, was on the basis of 'without admissions'.

Your correspondent first came across similarly tight, retail tenancy conditions when working for *The National Times* back in the early 1980s. They involved the Crown Agents who manage royal estate ventures. Your correspondent wonders whether a 'without admissions' settlement would have been reached had Buckingham Palace rather than Westfield Mall been involved.

Oily Policy

COUNTRY A helps to liberate country B from the post-colonial hegemony of country C and then insists on the validity of a pre-liberation treaty it negotiated with country C which is detrimental to the viability of country B.

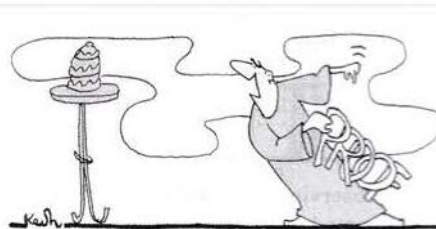
Extraordinary. Yet this is what Australia is doing to East Timor in relation to the oil resources under the sea between Australia and East Timor. And it is doing it to the tune of *Advance Australia Fair*. Sure, it can be argued that Australia has the letter of the law on its side. But it did not act on the letter of the law when it went into East Timor, it acted in the spirit of the law. There is power politics and oil politics, and the greedier and more pernicious of these is oil politics.

Question of Balance

THE doctrine of the separation of Church and State gets shorter shrift from the State when failures of the Church are involved than vice-versa. Why? Because as secularism advances state power increases, resulting

in the erosion of the freedoms secularists consider theirs rather than the products of Church teaching, acting as a countervailing force to state power which always tends to the totalitarian.

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'Uncommonly well-worked up'

THINK it is worth pointing out that the difficulties people find in accepting the Catholic position are not entirely of our making. Assuredly there is no institution in the world whose enemies have mugged up their brief against it so carefully, dragging to light every circumstance which could discredit it, and occasionally, with varying degrees of excuse, just lying about it. That mass of prejudice does weigh against us very heavily, especially in England, and provides ready excuses for anybody who is inclined to reject our position. I do not say there is nothing against us; I only say that what there is against us has been uncommonly well worked up and is easy to come by.

- Monsignor Ronald Knox. *Difficulties* 1930. Ronald Knox, son of the Anglican Bishop of Manchester, was received into the Catholic Church in 1917.

Let's not cut and run

VITAL CAUSE HAMPERED BY WEAK TOOLS

By MICHAEL O'CONNOR



HE seemingly endless parade of sanctimony and scorn directed at the United States in the multifarious outlets of opinion in Australia – and elsewhere – would

carry more conviction if they were to offer some credible alternative other than the 'cut and run' solution. Pontius Pilate could not have done better.

I recall expressing reservations about the Iraq crusade before last year's invasion, not out of any concern for the justice of the cause but because of the serious risks involved in the post-conflict stabilisation of Iraq. Whether under the auspices of the United Nations or the United States, the eminently predictable outcomes were a product of two realities: one, that Iraq is fundamentally an artificial state with such serious fissiparous tendencies that national unity is at best a tender plant; and, second, that peace operations demand exceptional skills that are notably lacking in most military forces including and, perhaps especially, those of the United States.

There is no doubt that the Americans are good at fighting high intensity conventional wars. Their ability to deploy, use and sustain massive combat power has never been equalled. At the same time, the US military culture is one which treats the individual soldier as little more than a purveyor of lethal force. Peace operations, essentially the establishment and maintenance of civil order, demand a much more focussed and restrained human and intellectual exercise of force.

Of course, exercising restraint is enormously difficult in the face of the frequent ambushes by insurgents using cheap, lethal and widely available weapons. That it can be done is evidenced by the much more stable areas under British control. The key to effectiveness lies in the training and

doctrine of those forces deployed for peace enforcement.

There can be no excuse for the recent appalling torture and humiliation of Iraqi detainees, however bloodstained they may or may not be as individuals. The culprits must be tracked down and dealt with publicly under the most severe provisions of military law. That includes their immediate commanders who are directly answerable for the conduct of their troops. No other course will serve to undo the damage that has been done.

The challenge to any military command is to ensure that troops are properly trained for the tasks they are given by their political masters. Effective peace enforcement in a conflict situation demands good fighting troops who, in addition, are trained in the very demanding techniques of exercising restraint and selectivity under the most difficult conditions. As one example, we hear much of the dangers to Iraqi civilians from US forces but the challenge for the soldier under fire is to determine just who is a civilian and who is an insurgent, the latter invariably in civilian clothing. This is made more difficult in Iraq because of a local culture of carrying and discharging firearms as some kind of machismo.



WE feel that we can acquire everything material or immaterial by buying it, and thus things become ours independently of any creative effort of our own in relation to them.

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

Perhaps the solution will be that anyone carrying a weapon who is not an identifiable member of an official law enforcement agency be given one chance to lay down that weapon or take the consequences. That practice, established and enforced by the Australians in Somalia in 1992, worked for the ordinary law abiding citizens of Baidoa who had been the victims of their own home-grown bandits.

Key factors contributing to the prisoner abuse disaster include the use of contracted civilian interrogators not subject to military law, and the use of inadequately trained reserve units. In the wider sense, the American occupation forces seem to be excessively tied to their vehicles which are very vulnerable to rocket propelled grenades or the roadside bombs. Nor do they seem to be sufficiently trained in detecting and dealing with ambushes before they occur. In such circumstances, their vehicles become coffins.

No one pretends that pacification is easy but the necessary doctrines are well understood and the skills can be taught. The British have shown that, as has the Australian Army in a number of dangerous missions that were concluded successfully and with almost no casualties. Of course, in Somalia, to our shame, we did cut and run, leaving the victims to their fate.

Even with properly trained troops, pacification in Iraq will be a long term issue, not helped by the continued external support of the insurgents. Copping out by putting a former Republican Guard general in command of even less well-trained troops in places like Fallujah will exacerbate rather than solve the problem. Nor is the process helped by the constant sniping of the holier-than-thou brigade.



MICHAEL O'CONNOR AM retired last year as executive director of the Australia Defence Association. The opinions expressed here are his own

Edmund Campion - A man who knew the measure of things

A MARTYR WITH A MESSAGE

By JOANNA BOGLE



CATHOLICS in Britain seem to be rediscovering one of their greatest heroes. Recently at a meeting in London I listened spellbound to the author of a new booklet on St Edmund Campion, one of the Forty English and Welsh Martyrs canonised by Pope Paul VI in 1970. The speaker was Alex Haydon, and in addition to addressing groups in London he has also spoken at a special pilgrimage to Lyford Grange, the house in the Thames Valley where the saint was captured.

Campion is being discovered by a new generation. 'Campion studies' are flourishing at Catholic colleges in the USA, while serious historians in Britain - already influenced by the new approach to the Reformation launched by Eamonn Duffy's *Stripping of the Altars* - are examining again the reign of Elizabeth I

and finding that she was perhaps not the Gloriana portrayed by the politically-correct historians of a Protestant milieu. St Edmund Campion was an Anglican deacon at Oxford, who gave up the prospect of a glittering career in order to follow his conscience and join the Catholic Church. As this was in the reign of Elizabeth I, this meant fleeing England and studying abroad. He joined the Jesuits and was ordained, returning eventually to England as a missionary.

Rumour has it that Campion is to be the subject of Mel Gibson's next film. It is certainly a tale overdue for dramatisation on the big screen - here is adventure, controversy, passionate debate, a hero of remarkable good looks and brilliant mind giving himself unreservedly to a great and noble cause. If Gibson can only get over his anti-English prejudices and do justice to Campion's heartfelt patriotism, and the awesome beauty

of the Thames valley countryside where much of the drama was played out, this could be an all-time great.

But why is Edmund Campion suddenly so popular? He has long ranked somewhere behind Saints Thomas More and John Fisher in Catholic imagination and folk memory. Is it perhaps that the manner of his death was so hideous, the torture inflicted on him in the Tower of London so terrifying, that we cannot bear to think about it? Or is it, yet more uncomfortably, that his life has a more challenging message than even those of Fisher and More? They were great men in public life - one a Bishop, the other Lord Chancellor. They died because they refused to acknowledge the power of the State to dissolve a genuine Catholic marriage, and because they knew that loyalty to the Pope, successor of St Peter, is central to the life of the Church and inextricably bound up with it. These are messages necessary and powerful for our day.

But Campion gives us something further - the dash and adventure of the hero who is not presented with risks inescapable from his deepest convictions, but deliberately seeks out those risks and dares all for Christ and the good cause.

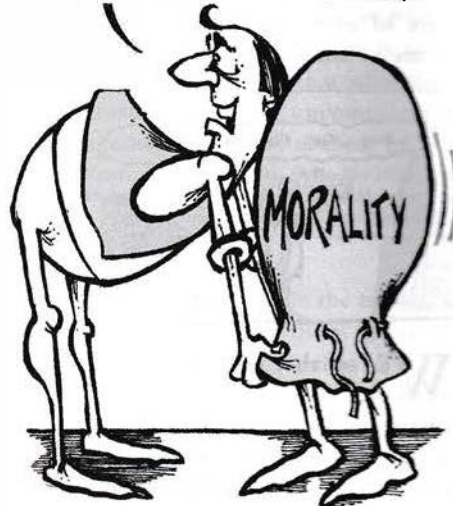
Edmund Campion could have had the highest prizes in life - he was an outstanding scholar, chosen to declaim the speech of welcome to the Queen when she made her stately visit to Oxford early in her reign, and he had natural gifts of energy, humour, common sense and charm. When he resigned Anglican orders and went abroad to join the Jesuits and study for the Catholic priesthood, he knew exactly what he was doing. Ahead lay danger, exhaustion, and, probably, a martyr's death.

By the time he returned to England as a missionary, Campion had already distinguished himself as a playwright, preacher, teacher and scholar at the court of the Emperor and in travels to

Frightening the masses

MODERN liberals try to frighten Americans by saying that religious conservatives 'want to impose their morality on others.' That is palpable foolishness. All participants in politics want to 'impose' on others as much of their morality as possible, and no group is more insistent on that than liberals. Religious conservatives are not authoritarian. To the degree they have their way, it will be through democratic processes. The culture would then resemble the better aspects of the 1950s; and that would be cause for rejoicing.

THAT SHOULD STOP THEM IMPOSING ON YOU!!



- Judge Robert H. Berk, *Slouthing towards Comorra*, Regan Books, 1996

various countries. Always obedient to the Church, he gave his talents generously and saw everything through the untroubled eyes of a Catholic for whom an unbroken tradition of consistent teaching was a central reality of the Faith. He had a robust way of speaking. It is not hard to imagine what his comments might be on those who try to claim, for example, that homosexual activity ceases to be a sin once it becomes fashionable, or that aborting an unborn child is a matter of personal choice which Christians should affirm and honour.

In his famous declaration to the nation, announcing his mission, Campion declaimed with passion his full commitment to the Catholic Faith, including its most controversial aspects, and his willingness to debate it with all comers. After his capture and imprisonment, he was to fulfil that pledge with honour – captivating his audience and impressing even his enemies with his knowledge and wisdom even after weeks of torture when forced into a public debate with the Anglican campaigners of his day who were attempting to refute Catholic teachings.

Herein lies his appeal to the current generation. This is a man who knew the measure of things. He could see – as others could not – the urgency of evangelisation, the impossibility of ‘waiting till things calmed down’ or hoping that heresy would simply go away. Here is some one who answers the call to the priesthood with a recognition that it demands heroism. He is not nostalgic for times past, though he dearly loves his nation’s noble history, and especially its loyalty and commitment to the faith passed on from one generation to the next. But his primary commitment is to the needs of the day – especially those of the Catholic faithful, confused and frightened by the lethal mixture of persecution and the structured delivery of heretical doctrine.

This is a saint that Catholics in Britain today identify as one with a message for here and now. This message does not so much concern physical martyrdom – all we can do in learning of what he suffered is remain in awe. We must all surely be under no illusion about how hopelessly anyone raised in the comforts of modern Britain would fare in conditions even vaguely approximating to those of an Elizabethan

prison. No, where we seek his message is in his refusal to bow to the accepted clichés of his day, even those uttered by fellow Catholics. He was not one for ducking the real issues, swerving aside to get embroiled in politics, or vaguely hoping that currying favour with the powers-that-be would produce a long-term solution. He was a priest with a missionary task, faithful to his orders, commissioned by those entrusted by the Church to do so, answerable only to them and to God.

Evelyn Waugh, in his superb biography of Edmund Campion, ends by pointing out the differences between this saint’s death and that of the better-known Thomas More. The latter walked

out to kneel before a swift blow from the headsman’s axe in bright June sunshine. Campion was dragged through the London streets with horse manure falling on his head, and disembowelled before a shouting mob at a sordid gallows. Both are great saints, but there is something about the human ghastliness of Campion’s death that speaks to any generation raised on humbug and cynicism. He challenges our souls. No wonder his life speaks to the present generation.



JOANNA BOGLE is a London-based author, journalist and broadcaster. She spent the early years of her married life in Germany where her husband Jamie was serving with the British Army. Her books include a biography of the last Emperor of Austria-Hungary, written jointly with Jamie.

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Coffee and Cigarettes

Writer/director Jim Jarmusch is a risk taker. Here he takes a big one by assembling a cast of well-known players to chat to each in what amounts to a series of short sketches. It could also be called *Celebrity Talking Heads* since it includes the likes of Roberto Benigni, Steve Buscemi, Iggy Pop, Tom Waits, Cate Blanchett, Alfred Molina, Steve Coogan and Bill Murray.

Despite this star power, not all the sketches work at full wattage. But when they do the results are brilliant – though not brilliant enough to illuminate the dull ones.

Cate Blanchett is both lustrous and green (with envy) playing a star and a cousin who drops in for a visit before a round of media interviews. The distinction with which Blanchett carries off the contrast between stellar courtesy and rude determination not to be impressed marks her as one of those consummate players destined for great character roles when young stardom fades.

Alfred Molina and Steve Coogan also hit the funny-bone as a pair of Brit actors playing the status game in Hollywood over a pot of tea rather than coffee. Molina shades from amiability to lethal put-down as Coogan – too late, too late – realises his coolness card has been out-trumped.

MA15+ SFFV ★★☆☆☆

Somersault

Yes, stars are born. In Cate Shortland's debut feature, the new-born star is Abbie Cornish who gives a performance of shining authority as Heidi, a teenager who mistakes sex for love. Shortland makes splendid use of the Jindabyne snow fields but not enough of the gap between wayfarers and permanent residents like Joe (Sam Worthington). Shortland is also resolute in her directing of sex scenes, yet irresolute in bringing her movie to a clear-cut conclusion as if forgetting that sex, like patriotism, is not enough for greatness.

MA15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

The Return (Vozrashchniye)

In his feature film debut film maker Andrey Zvyagintsev has set himself a mark he may find difficult to top during

ANNALS MOVIES

By JAMES MURRAY

the rest of his career. The power of his story is in direct ratio to its simplicity: brothers Vanya (Ivan Dobronravov) and Andrey (Vladimir Garin) live with their mother (Natali Volovina) in a bleak northern town. Back into their lives comes their father (Konstantin Lavronenko), whose harshness and survival skills may have been learned in the army – or prison.

He takes his sons on a fishing trip which turns into an exploration of their relationship and a test of their courage. Zvyagintsev draws from his cast performances which are at once both ordinary and extraordinary. He also uses the camera without tricksiness so that it becomes a clear window on a sombre world.

M15+ NFFV ★★★★★

Shaolin Soccer

Stephen Chow Sing-chi's comedy about a group of losers turning themselves into a champion football team is part Monty Python, part the Three Stooges and funny enough to stop a riot between lager louts and cops.

PG SFFV ★★★★★

Intermission

Irish stew of a movie. Colm Meaney, playing a hard but camera-conscious cop, is the spuds. Colin Farrell, as a vicious, petty crook with ambition, is the meat, tough and more than slightly rancid.

Neophyte director John Crowley (script Mark O'Rowe), sets up a multi-tiered story in the suburbs of Dublin where despite relative prosperity Irish eyes appear to be more often black than smiling.

From Scotland (to which an Irish tribe gave its name) come actresses Kelly Macdonald and Shirley Henderson. They combine darkly as Dublin sisters involved in the low-jinks. Henderson (sporting the kind of moustache Selma Hayek eschewed in *Frieda*) is subtly fine as the more timid sister with gruesome memories of an overseas trip.

Ultimately, however, the movie is so intently atrabillious that it elicits only

rueful amusement. To paraphrase WB Yeats: 'Romantic movie Ireland's dead and gone, it lies with John Ford's *Quiet Man* in the grave.' But do Crowley and O'Rowe have to shovel so much cynical, black sod on top of it?

MA15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

The Stepford Wives

Remake of the 1975 movie, directed by Bryan Forbes, scripted by William Goldman and based on Ira Levin's novel. Durable prototype. But not durable enough. The basic premise of husbands who secure for themselves perfectly submissive wives doesn't quite work anymore even with a cast that includes Nicole Kidman, Matthew Broderick, Christopher Walken and Glenn Close.

In a supporting role, Bette Midler does her formidable best but seems to decide that the movie is not worth stealing. Next time round, it should be called *The Stepford Husbands* with Kidman's husband a chef. As it is she looks skinny enough to have been carved from a kebab skewer.

M15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Harry Potter and The Prisoner of Azkaban

Director Alfonso Cuarón has darkened the landscape in which Harry Potter (Daniel Radcliffe) has his wizard adventures along with his friends Hermione (Emma Watson) and Ron (Rupert Grint). Cuarón has also increased the special effects shocks. Unfortunately, with scriptwriter Steve Kloves, he does not maintain a clear narrative line so that some may have to rely on younger Potter scholars of the JK Rowling books to understand what is going on.

PG SFFV ★★☆☆☆

The Control Room

Harvard graduate Jehane Noujaim's documentary is rough around the edges. Yet not so rough as what she describes: the campaign in Iraq as seen mainly from the perspective of executives and reporters of Al Jazeera, the Arab television station, based in Qatar, patterned after the BBC, watched by 40 million Muslims and monitored by the world's intelligence agencies.

She captures the sleepless dedica-

tion of Al Jazeera staff as they seek to penetrate the fog of war in Baghdad. And their ambivalence in the remark of an executive that he will be sending his children to America to live there permanently. Noujaim lets the remark hang in silence so that we wonder whether his children will be pro- or anti-American.

Her documentary ends with Americans dismantling the awning on the stage from which war communiqués were delivered. The shot implies that the circus is leaving town. Not so. Jehane Noujaim will surely make a sequel to her debut documentary.

M15+ NFFV ★★★★★

Jersey Girl

Incredibly, there is not enough Jennifer Lopez in this woebegone comedy. She dies in childbirth, leaving Ben Affleck, torn between his career as a hotshot publicist, Ollie, and bringing up baby, Gertie. As played by Raquel Castro she is a charmer who turns Ollie's hardheart to gold.

Writer/director Kevin Smith maintains a zippy pace except when he collides with yuckiness in the scenes where Ollie meets Maya (Liv Tyler) his replacement wife to be.

M15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Thunderstruck

So high is the opening decibel count on this rock-'n'-roll comedy, you half expect to see that the movie was financed by a hearing-aid company. And the plot echoes the recent Michael Caine comedy *Last Orders* in which a group of Cockneys got together to scatter the ashes of an old friend in the sea.

Here the friend Ronnie (Sam Worthington) is not so old. But he has asked for something more bizarre than sea-burial. He wants his ashes to be laid next to Bon Scott, legendary AC/DC drummer.

This entails a trans-continental journey from Sydney to Perth where the main landscape feature is a cameo by John Doyle playing a Hoganesque garage proprietor.

M15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Raising Helen

The half-pun in the title is indicative of this romantic comedy's less than full-measure delivery on its

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.

potential: the challenge to a whip-smart magazine editor to look after her suddenly orphaned nephew and neices.

Kate Hudson as the titular Helen displays her endearing young charms. But the antique remark 'curate's egg' applies with the variation that it is a Lutheran pastor's egg since director Gary Marshall elects to have Corbett bring on a Lutheran as the love-interest. He also gives Joan Cusack a splendid speech in defence of motherhood. Marshall is a latterday Frank Capra who doesn't enjoy Capra's confidence that his audience is with him.

PG SFFV ★★☆☆☆

Mean Girls

The premise of Tina Fey's script is promising, if implausible: Cady (Lindsay Lohan) finds herself having to deal with the wild rituals of education in America after living in a part of Africa still so remote that no high-school movies have penetrated to it.

Cady's solution is to go native, that is, join the school's Queen Bees led by Regina (Rachel McAdams). Director Mark (*Freaky Friday*) Waters keeps the corn popping but without Lohan's zest it would be instantly stale.

M15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Bon Voyage

Big budget movie with a bigger ambition: to provide context for the collapse of France under the Nazi blitzkrieg of 1940. Gerard Depardieu deploys his screen presence to advantage as a cabinet minister of the time,

caught between expedience and valour. But it is Isabel Adjani, as his (and everyone's) *femme fatale*, whose beauty, elegance and self-serving cleverness gives the melodrama its entertaining plausibility.

From the veneer of entertainment, however, a splinter of doubt rises. Is this merely a busy-busy melodrama? Or is it an attempt to make more palatable the shame of those who proved Napoleon's dictum that morale is to *materiel* as 3:1, by eroding French morale subsequently redeemed by Charles De Gaulle under the Cross of Lorraine, native province of St Joan of Arc. Yes, he does get a few frames in the movie.

M15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Safe

Carol (Julianne Moore) has everything in the California of the 1980s until she becomes allergic to everything, including her husband or at least his after-shave. Moore's performance is painstaking in every sense. Indeed it is a performance of the highest order (ordeal?) as she shades from ethereal to translucent in search of a cure, ending in a cabin presided over by a mansion-dwelling, self-help guru whose axioms, (without attribution) hover between Mary Baker Eddy, founder of Christian Science, and yadda, yadda, yadda.

Director Todd Haynes may have a point to make. But he doesn't seem to know what it is, an ignorance which means that the film moves at the pace of a tortoise with chronic gout.

M15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Dawn of the Dead

Sarah Polley seems to be working her way through the catalogue of movie genres. Here she plays a heroic nurse in a big-budget remake of the George A Romero 1978 horror movie. Unfortunately most of the big budget seems to have been spent on artificial gore, blank ammunition and horrific make-up. The result is sickening rather than shocking.

MA15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

The Whole Ten Yards

Sequel to the comedy thriller *The Whole Nine Yards*, involving gunman Jimmy Tudeski (Bruce Willis), dentist

Oz Oseranski (Matthew Perry) and their respective partners Jill (Amanda Peet) and Cynthia (Natasha Henstridge) as they seek to outwit crime boss Lazlo Gogolak (Kevin Pollack).

The plot piles confusion on convolutions. Director Howard Deutch and scriptwriter George Gallo work on the basis of, 'If in doubt, have the characters run about, bumping into the furniture and firing guns.' Gallo's script also contains badinage about Jewish and Catholic religious practices as well as abysmal ignorance. Gallo can't even seem to distinguish between a cross and a crucifix.

Maybe he'll get it right by the time the team gets to *The Whole Hundred Yards*.

MA15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

The Chronicles of Riddick

Writer/director David Twohy opens his futuristic thriller with a startling sequence of his hero Riddick (Vin Diesel) on the run from airborne bounty hunters on a distant planet. He continues to startle as Riddick flexes his muscles in battle with the planet's rulers who appear to be an inter-planetary version of the Knights Templar, living in a steel-grey castle, reminiscent of Fritz Lang's *Metropolis*, and practising a cult of death. Thandie Newton comes on as a svelte, inter-galactic Lady Macbeth, plotting to take over from the planet's dictator (Karl Urban).

Boom, bang tosh, of course. But spectacular, especially when Dame Judy Dench makes an appearance as a weird, wraithlike ambassador who retains

the stiff upper lip, rounded vowels and clipped consonants that made the British Empire.

M15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

Steal

Faster than a speeding bullet - or even a Macdonald's Big Mac, Gerard

Pires's thriller involves a team led by Slim (Stephen Dorff) in bank heists for which they use their roller-blading and parachuting skills to out-wit and out-run the Montreal police force.

But they are not as successful with rival criminals, represented by Surtayne (Steve Berkowitz), a southern preacher so phony he is initially discovered in a weatherboard chapel decorated with a crucifix (anathema to southern preachers). Berkowitz, never a low-key actor, plays Surtayne with a molasses accent and an appetite for lewdness. He takes the character so far over the top, he frightens himself when he doffs his Elvis-style wig.

Enter the supremely confident cop Karen (Natasha Henstridge). Can the bank robbers out-wit and out-run a blonde of such sophistication and long legs? And is that the obligatory crooked cop lurking in the background?

Pires gets the maximum of car crashes and plot twists from the script by Mark Ezra. But both forgets the key rule of classic heist movies: 'It's economy of means, stupid,' and slows the action with gratuitous sex scenes.

MA15+ NFFV ★★☆☆☆

THE GENESIANS

RELATIVE VALUES

POST-war England - changes in the class system - enormous social change - the pompous aristocracy - Hollywood stars - moral judgements - confusion of identity - put them all together and you have the 1951 comedy by Sir Noel Coward, the latest offering by the Genesian Theatre as part of their 60th anniversary year. Well directed and cleverly paced by first time Director Rebekah Jennings "Relative Values" has been described as a comedy of appalling manners. The Dowager Countess of Marshwood (Ros Bilbe - brilliantly adept at the Coward throwaway lines) faces a family crisis. Her son Nigel (Tom Massey) proposes to marry an English born Hollywood actress (Olivia Cox) who it is discovered is the sister of the Countess' personal maid Moxie (Shane Bates, an actress of considerable talent). Add to all of that the dashing ex-boyfriend (Dan Falshaw) and you have the basis of a very clever plot at the end of Act 1. All naturally worked out to a successful if somewhat expected end! Coward was able to remark after the opening night "whatever the press may say, I think the play is a big success." And, big success it is indeed for the Genesians. The talented cast of ten excel in their roles - special mention must be made of the wonderfully rotund P W Ryan with the wonderfully rotund rounded vowels as Creswell the butler. He probably has the best lines in the play and delivers them with great aplomb. The plush set design by George James Wright and the cleverly designed costumes by Susan Carvet both give a feeling for the 50s and add to the pleasure of the evening. - Laurence Bayliss, MSC.

At the Genesian Theatre, 420 Kent Street, Sydney to
August 14, playing Friday and Saturdays at 8.00pm and Sundays at
4.30pm. Bookings: MCA Ticketing (02) 9645 1611 www.mca-tix.com

Why learn Greek?

THE more I read the Greeks the more I realise that nothing like them has ever appeared in the world since... How can an educated person stay away from the Greeks? I have always been far more interested in them than in science.

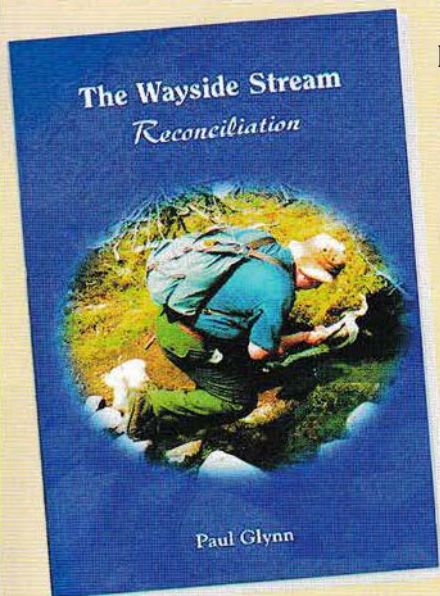
- Albert Einstein, in an interview with *The New Yorker*,



New Book release by Marist Father Paul Glynn

“The Wayside Stream - Reconciliation”

All proceeds to help the suffering Church in Sudan



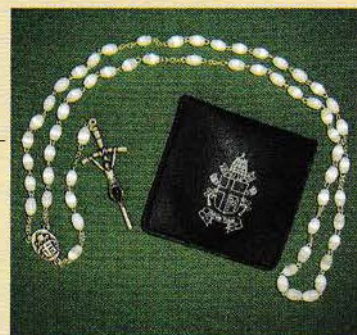
Forgiveness is the theme that runs through the latest book, *The Wayside Stream* by the prolific author Fr Paul Glynn.

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

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

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

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



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



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

PC 519

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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.

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BLOCK LETTERS PLEASE

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Keeping our political servants in touch

NO! MINISTER

By SAM SIMMONDS



ANNALS readers have good reason to feel well informed. Articles on a wide range of issues regularly appear herein,

stimulating discussion. Even where they are controversial, publication often occurs before the controversy explodes, which in today's challenging world is depressingly often.

One such article, published not so long ago under the title *Shoot the Messenger*, concerned the mass media and the extent of our reliance thereon for even the most basic intelligence about events outside our immediate sphere of experience. To quote briefly from it, 'We have to take nearly all of [this deluge of information] on trust from those who know – or profess to know – and who have a vested interest in communicating to us the facts they think we should receive.' Now, from beneath these brackish waters, something new has appeared that may give us media consumers some cause for alarm.

It seems that what is to be required of us is the unquestioning acceptance not only of the information but, more sinisterly, of the messenger as well. The Federal Government has been successful in making the first step towards its goal of repealing Australia's cross-media and foreign ownership restrictions. Rich pickings, therefore, may be 'up for grabs'.

The current situation is set out at length principally in two Acts of Parliament: the *Broadcasting Services Act 1992* and the *Foreign Acquisitions and Takeovers Act 1975*. It would be cruel to inflict on *Annals* readers the contents of these Acts at this time but at your leisure you may all avail yourselves of all the details set out in these fascinating works of legislation. Suffice it to say that, according to the Minister

for Communications, Information Technology and the Arts, the proposed reforms will 'facilitate investment in new technologies, improve Australian media companies' access to capital, enabling them to grow and expand in the new content-driven converging global media environment, and ensure that Australian consumers have access to high quality media offerings'.

Confirmed cynics among us might suggest that's rather like saying that since you can now buy a shiny new bicycle, with fifteen gears and an electronic hooter replacing the old bell, you'll be able to pedal further; or that amputating one leg will enable progress to be more efficiently achieved because fewer shoes and less leather will be needed. Surely even the most ardent technology 'freaks' among us admit that the 'converging global media environment', despite advances in electronics and transmission and distribu-

tion methods, have so far produced no improvement whatsoever in content quality. On the contrary, what we consumers tend to get is the same old slop, albeit served in different gravy.

How, then, can the Minister propose 'high quality media offerings'? It is not as if these new opportunities are to be routinely vested in people with creative expertise and respect for the material that they produce and distribute, whether the genre be news, entertainment, education or whatever. Such people tend to get short shrift in today's cut-throat, 'bottom line', corporate raiding, commercial world.

The 'market' in which media magnates jockey for position is not interested in quality, Minister; it cares only for profit. In an area of human experience in which quality is relegated to the status of a joke, the only 'buck' which is never passed is the fast buck, with which this market primarily concerns itself.

Even if, despite the Minister's assertions, we doubt we can rely on any of the new stuff being driven by improved content, who, it may be asked, decided that any 'global media environment' should 'converge', anyway? We are treated daily to the unedifying spectacle of globalisation, in its wider sense, ripping its way unceremoniously (some might say ruthlessly) through foreign cultures, economies and governments. In what ways will the media be able to converge globally without compromising the benefits of diversity of opinion, style, content, presentation, and so on: how will a global media avoid fouling its own nest?

Australia's current clutch of nestlings, whose future would be affected by the successful passage of the proposed legislation, is familiar to most of us. Major players in the predominantly press group include News Ltd (the Australian subsidiary of Rupert

Media: Risk and Richness

THE media of social communications have an enormous positive potential for promoting sound human and family values and thus contributing to the renewal of society. In view of their great power to shape ideas and influence behaviour, professional communicators should recognize that they have a moral responsibility not only to give families all possible encouragement, assistance, and support to that end, but also to exercise wisdom, good judgment and fairness in their presentation of issues involving sexuality, marriage and family life.

– From the Holy Father's address for World Communications Day, 2004.

Murdoch's 'global' News Corporation), John Fairfax Holdings, Rural Press Limited (chaired by John Fairfax), APN News and Media (partly owned by an Irish company and, with USA's Clear Channel Communications, controlling the Australian Radio Network among other entities), West Australian Newspaper Holdings, and, forming the major bridge with other media, Publishing and Broadcasting Ltd (PBL), part of the Packer empire.

The radio and television entities include, as well as PBL, TV Channels Seven (with real interests in pay TV and some publishing) and Ten, Southern Cross Broadcasting (with Ten as its largest shareholder), Prime, WIN, Village Roadshow (with a potential radio audience reach of 61% of the population) and DMG (Australia's largest radio network, controlled by, and initials standing for, the UK's Daily Mail and General Group).

Then there is Telstra, owning the vast majority of Australia's telcom infrastructure, as well as half of pay TV operator Foxtel and Bigpond Internet Services. The Commonwealth Government (that's actually you and I) currently own 51% of this enterprise. But tomorrow, who knows?

Experts on 'convergence' and the 'new media' will tell you that, thanks to the white heat of emerging technology, TV, telephone and computer stuff are now so integrated that the distinctions between them – and those who control them – are now hopelessly blurred, and that, therefore, many media outlet ownership limits are meaningless. Well, maybe, but that's not the same thing as declaring open season on who decides what we listen to, read, watch and access on-line.

● On that last point, among the media under the Minister's purview is the Internet. The fact that, through this agency, news, education, entertainment, and so on, can be disseminated with great facility has apparently finally found its mark. That the Minister has latterly chosen to embrace the Internet as a medium in its own right, with benefits (and not just moral threats) accruing to the user-as-media-consumer, sits strangely with his recent blanket condemnation of it as a limb of the Devil and all his works. Has he finally seen the light (shining through the darkness)? And *cui bono*? Is that for our



A belief in loveliness

THE propping quality in books, music, etc., is only a by-product of another quality in them; their power to give pleasure. Consequently, it is impossible to advise one's friends what to read in 'these bad days,' and even more impossible to advise people whom one doesn't know. All I can suggest is that where the fire was thence will the light come; where there was intense enjoyment, grave or gay, thence will proceed the help which every individual needs. And I don't want to exaggerate that help. Art is not enough, any more than love is enough, and thought isn't stronger than artillery parks now, whatever it may have been in the days of Carlyle. But art, love and thought can all do something, and art, the most nervous of the three, musn't be brushed aside like a butterfly. It is not all gossamer, what we have delighted in, it has become part of our armour, and we can gird it on, although there is no armour against fate.

Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet as the alter's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swelled by the early dew;
Smooth as the face of waters first appeared,
Ere tides began to strive or winds were heard –

I quote these lines, not because they are great poetry (it is only Sir William Davenant addressing Queen Henrietta Maria), nor because they bear on the matter in hand (he is only welcoming her to an evening at the Countess of Anglesey's), but because they have happened to deposit a grain of strength in my mind. They are so lovely in their little way, and they have helped towards that general belief in loveliness which is part of our outfit against brutality. And I thought I would try to bring this out in my present note rather than deal with 'actualities.' These lines of Davenant – not 'ready when wanted,' yet serviceable somehow – have gone down to a region in me which Matthew Arnold and Beethoven have also reached.

– E.M. Forster, *Abinger Harvest*, London, Edward Arnold & Co., 1946 ed.

benefit or just to suit the current political agenda?

Let us not be critical of the present proposals purely for the sake of doing so; but to examine what may be about to happen to a major influence on our lives – that concerning partly our recreation, partly our education, partly the information we receive – and decide for ourselves, as best we can, what we feel to be best for us. And then inform our political servants (not, remember, our masters) of our decision. Neither let us underestimate the effect upon us that a wrong decision, made on our behalf by

our elected representatives, may have upon us and our children.

Just because we may not be able individually to argue the ins and outs of the technological advantages does not mean that we must settle for being treated like battery chickens. So long as we elect our parliamentary representatives, we will decide which foreign invaders come to Australia, and the circumstances in which they come.



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

Stop Press!

ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

URNS 115 IN OCTOBER 2004

To celebrate our 115th birthday *Annals Australasia* is pleased to announce that Father Paul Stenhouse MSC, Editor of *Annals* will offer a

MASS OF THANKSGIVING

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

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

To help provide some much needed support for moving into our next 115 years, *Annals* also plans to hold a

115TH BIRTHDAY DINNER

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

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

Attendants will assist with parking.

Cost of the dinner: \$75 per person.

As we need to know well in advance what numbers we can expect please indicate your desire to attend this dinner by filling in the form below. **Please return this form to Annals Dinner, P● Box 13, Kensington NSW 2033: Phone (02) 9662-7894 Fax: (02) 9662-1910.**

Please tick where appropriate

- I/we will be attending: No. of persons
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