

# ANNUALS

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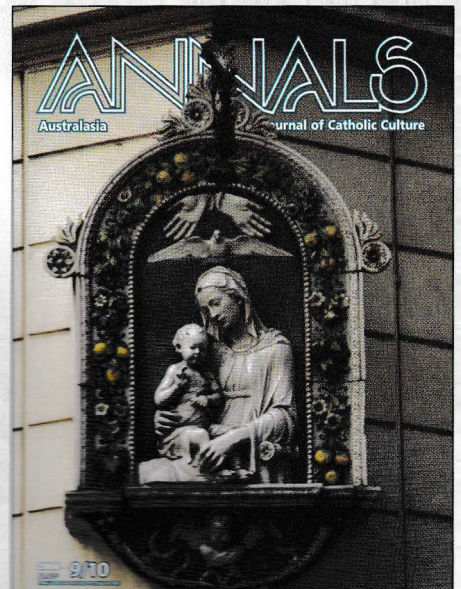
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1943 - 2006

EDITORIAL



*From Cover:* The image of the Blessed Virgin and child is a feature of the Via Sistina, the road that runs uphill from the Piazza Barberini to the Piazza Trinita dei Monti, in Rome. It overlooks the busy intersection of the Via Sistina and the Via Francesco Crispi. The Via Sistina is named after Sixtus V, 1585-1590, a Pope of extraordinary energy and vision who in five years turned Rome into a magnificent baroque city, with roads linking the seven pilgrimage Basilicas of St Peter, St Paul, St Mary Major, St John Lateran, St Laurence, Santa Croce and St Sebastian.

*Back Cover:* A selection of new booklets recently published by Chevalier Press. They are ideal as Christmas or birthday gifts or as gifts for relatives and friends interested in the Catholic Faith, for RCIA groups following catechism courses in preparation of baptism at Eastertide, or as school prizes. They make ideal bedtime reading, and we recommend them to all Catholics wishing to deepen their understanding of their history, and of their faith.

Cover Photo: Paul Stenhouse MSC.

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‘I have been at pains to send you this small essay so that, in addition to your faith, you may be put in complete possession of knowledge as well.’

– St Barnabas, Epistle 1.1ff, written around 70AD.

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

## I SING OF A MAIDEN

I sing of a maiden.  
That is matchless;  
King of all kings  
For her son she chose.

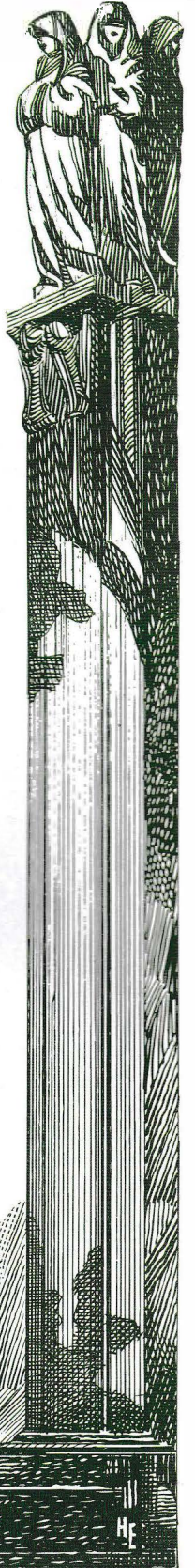
He came all so still  
Where his mother was,  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the grass.

He came all, so still  
To his mother's bowr,  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the flower.

He came all so still  
where his mother lay,  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden  
Was never none but she;  
Well may such a lady  
Godes mother be.

- Middle English carol







## THE NATIVITY OF CHRIST

**B**EHOLD the father is his daughter's  
son,  
The bird that built the nest is hatched  
therein.  
The old of years an hour hath not outrun,  
Eternal life to live doth now begin,  
The Word is dumb, the mirth of heaven  
doth weep,  
Might feeble is, and force doth faintly creep.

**O** DYING SOULS, behold your living  
spring;  
O dazzled eyes, behold your sun of grace;  
Dull ears, attend what word this Word doth  
bring;  
Up, heavy hearts, with joy your joy  
embrace.  
From death, from dark, from deafness, from  
despairs,  
This life, this light, this Word, this joy repairs.

**G**IFT better than himself God doth not  
know;  
Gift better than his God no man can see.  
This gift doth here the giver given bestow;  
Gift to this gift let each receiver be.  
God is my gift, himself he freely gave me;  
God's gift am I, and none but God shall  
have me.

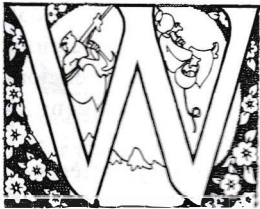
- St Robert Southwell 1561-1595, poet and Jesuit priest hanged and quartered as a traitor under Elizabeth I. He was betrayed by one Anne Bellamy who had herself been imprisoned for her faith, raped by her jailer, then prevailed upon to marry him, apostatise and turn informer.



*A four-hundred year-old dream of unity and pastoral training endures*

## A TALE OF FOUR SEMINARIES

By PAUL STENHOUSE PHD



ELL, really, there were not just four.

More than four hundred years have elapsed since

the Byzantine-Rite Catholics of Russia known to the Latins as Ruthenia, now Ukraine, sought in 1596 to be received back into communion with Rome after they had been engulfed in the tsunami-like schism that erupted between Constantinople and the Catholic Church in 1054.

Over the period since that historic reconciliation with the Apostolic See of St Peter in the sixteenth century, numerous seminaries for the education of their priests were built and maintained under difficult conditions in Galicia and in the trans-Carpathian region.

I should like to describe four only of these seminaries whose story highlights the miraculous nature of the survival of Byzantine Catholics. From virtual liquidation during the persecutions wreaked on Catholics in the heyday of the atheistic Soviet Union and its religious wing, the Russian Orthodox Church, they are going from strength to strength, with a faith that offers hope and encouragement to all their fellow Catholics.

Lawrence Uzzell, head of *International Religious Freedom Watch* and a frequent commentator on Russian Orthodox affairs, offers no comfort to those who might doubt the role played by the Russian Orthodox Church in the long history of the persecution of Ukraine's Catholics under the Tsars and then under the Communists.

He notes that the Moscow Patriarchate's relationship to the Soviet state was 'servile'. 'It had', he said, 'a long history of being Russian first and Orthodox second'. 'The Moscow

Patriarchate', comments Uzzell, 'is the last surviving Soviet institution both in terms of its statist and its imperialist mentality'. In this case 'Tsarist' and 'Soviet' are interchangeable.<sup>1</sup>

When Metropolitan Josef Slipyi, Patriarch of the Byzantine-Rite Catholics of Ukraine was released from imprisonment in the Russian Gulag in 1963 after a plea had been made to

the Soviets by Pope John XXIII, the KGB had him brought to Moscow for a meeting with the then-Monsignor Willibrands from Rome.

As the story goes, Metropolitan Slipyi was told that the Holy Father wanted him to go to Rome. He replied that he would rather stay with his people. He wanted to obey the Pope but was not sure that the meeting wasn't a KGB ploy, and so started to speak to Monsignor Willibrands in Latin. When Willibrands responded in the same language, the Archbishop knew that the invitation was genuine, and agreed to go into exile in Rome. There he was welcomed by Pope John XXIII. Pope Paul VI succeeded Pope John shortly afterwards, and named Archbishop Slipyi Cardinal of the Roman and Catholic Church.

The first seminary: virtually his first act as a free man after eighteen years [1945-1963] spent as a prisoner in Siberia was to open a seminary in Rome for Ukrainian students living in the diaspora. This seminary-cum-university was situated in Via Boccea 478. It symbolised the unconquered spirit of the Ukrainian Byzantine Catholics. Even though it housed only about fifteen students, all those students were loyal to Cardinal Slipyi's vision, and many went on to work for freedom for the Byzantine-Rite Catholics of their homeland.

The second seminary: when the Iron Curtain collapsed in 1989, and an independent Ukrainian State was proclaimed on August 24, 1991, the Byzantine-Rite Catholics who emerged from the underground where they had preserved their Catholic Faith against almost impossible odds, tried to regain possession of their pre-war seminary in Copernicus Street in central Lviv. The seminary church was completely destroyed during the war by a bomb, and the seminary building and the property that once housed two hundred

### What stands in the Way of Peace

WHEN the war is won, for every hundred boys and girls who now pass into higher schools and universities there must be a thousand [who do not]. Lack of money must be no impediment to bright minds. The almost diabolical skill of men's hands in the last 40 years must be supplemented by a celestial skill of men's minds and a generosity of men's hearts if we are not to be destroyed by the machines of our creation. In common with other members of Parliament, I must increasingly realise that my constituents are not seventy thousand votes, but seventy thousand men and women for whose welfare and growth I have some responsibility. To develop every human being to his fullest capacity for thought, for action, for sacrifice and for endurance is our major task; and no prejudice, stupidity, selfishness or vested interest must stand in the way.

— 'The Task of Democracy,' in *Forgotten People*, talks in 1942 on 2GB radio by Robert Gordon Menzies, quoted by Margo Kingston in 'Not Happy, John,' in *The Sydney Papers*, Spring 2004.



and eighty-five students was turned into a post office and factory in Soviet times. It is still not in Church hands as I write.

**The third seminary:** a former Communist youth camp at Rudno, some fifteen kilometres from Lviv, was turned into a temporary seminary. Wooden accommodation blocks became makeshift classrooms, dormitories, dining hall and a prayerful chapel. This chapel has a beautiful Iconostasis – an ornate screen adorned with icons with three doors that separate the sanctuary from the main body of the church in the Byzantine-Rite – exquisitely handcarved by local Catholic people. The icons were painted by the first seminarians who trained there in 1991.

I concelebrated Mass there on August 27 2005. More than 200 seminarians attended. The Rector, Father Bohdan Prakh, was principal celebrant. At the conclusion of the Mass the congregation and seminarians proceeded by bus to the site of the pre-war seminary in Copernicus Street Lviv, whence we processed to the new seminary built about five miles away.

It was a Saturday, and crowds of people stood and watched as we walked down the cobblestoned streets of Lviv. Some police whom we passed blessed themselves, as did numbers of the bystanders. The rosary was prayed, there were readings from scripture, and there were explanations of what was

happening so that the bystanders could understand. There was a short prayer service when we reached the Ukrainian Catholic University.

The procession was led by Father Prakh wearing chasuble and stole carrying the relics of the martyrs proclaimed saints by Pope John Paul II in 2001 when he visited Ukraine. These were to be inserted in the altar of the new seminary chapel the following day.

Behind him came about 250 seminarians – diocesan and religious – in black soutanes, and their religious habits, with a large contingent of laypeople in their wake.

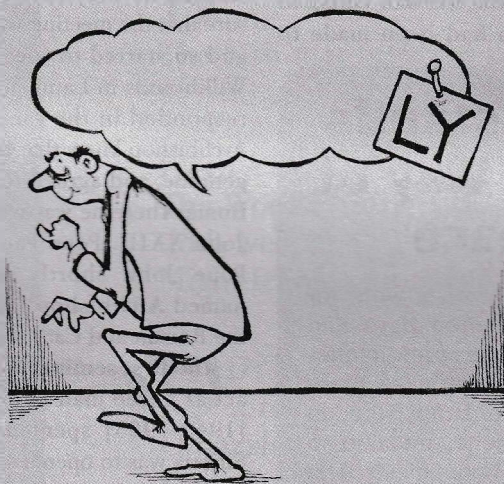
**The fourth seminary:** after two hours we arrived at the new seminary in Khutorivka Street. This impressive building, capable of housing 220 seminarians has been funded almost entirely by *Aid to the Church in Need*. While modern in style, its interior and especially its chapel remain faithful to the Byzantine traditions of the Ukrainian Catholics who reunited with Rome in 1596.

In its grounds is the as-yet uncompleted Faculty Building where Theology and Philosophy, Scripture, Church History, Spirituality, Canon Law and Liturgy will be taught, in association with the Ukrainian Catholic University based in Lviv.

The Great Metropolitan Archbishops of the Byzantine-Rite Catholics of Ukraine await the resurrection of the dead in the crypt of their Patriarchal See of St George, on the hill that once sheltered the first settlers in Lviv untold thousands of years ago.

None who witnessed the triumphant entry of the seminarians into their new home last year last could fail to be impressed by what has been achieved in the fourteen years since Cardinal Lubachivsky returned home to what was then still Soviet Lviv in 1991. None could doubt that, in great part, this achievement was the fruit of the sufferings borne with steadfast faith by the Byzantine-Rite Catholics over the past four hundred years.

Along with their many martyrs known and unknown, Joseph Cardinal Slipyi, can finally rest in peace.



## Political word power

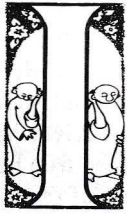
LUNTZ advises his candidates to say 'Department of Defence' instead of 'Pentagon', 'opportunity scholarship' instead of 'vouchers', 'tax relief' instead of 'tax cuts', and 'climate change' instead of 'global warming'. The term 'Washington' and 'I.R.S.', Luntz says always play as super-negative and should be attached to any policy you want to turn people against. 'Prosperity' is super-positive. In general, words starting with an 'r' or ending with an '-ity' are good – hence 'reform' and 'accountability' really works. Negative is over. (In 1996, Luntz got Newt Gringrich to give him a written pledge that he would never attack President Clinton by name, but Gringrich fell off the wagon after only eleven days.) Calling your opponent a liberal is over, too, although you may call him a politician, or, better yet, a Washington politician. You can attract female voters by using the words 'listening' and 'children' a lot. ('Why do you think Hillary Clinton went on a 'Listening Tour' of New York?' Luntz asks.) Specifics are better than generalities – that is why Al Gore, who Luntz says definitely reads his stuff, reframed George W. Bush's tax cut in his acceptance speech as a Diet Coke a day rather than \$1 trillion. If you're going to attack, do it through rhetorical questions – that's why Rick Lazio often says, on the campaign trail, 'Can you name one single thing that Hillary Clinton has ever done for New York?'

– *The word lab* by Nicholas Lemann, writing of Frank Luntz who advises Republicans running for office.

1. Quoted by Stephen Boyekewich, in his 'Russian Orthodox Church says that Revolution would be bloody', in *The Moscow Times*, July 25, 2005.



# THE BEATITUDES



In his sermon in St Peter's Basilica on All Saints Day, the Holy Father gave a key to the Beatitudes. It was not a new insight of his; he had made the same point some years ago.

"In truth, the blessed *par excellence* is only Jesus. He is, in fact, the true poor in spirit, the one afflicted, the meek one, the one hungering and thirsting for justice, the merciful, the pure of heart, the peacemaker. He is the one persecuted for the sake of justice.

"The beatitudes show us the spiritual features of Jesus and thus express his mystery, the mystery of his death and Resurrection, of his passion and of the joy of his Resurrection. This mystery, which is the mystery of true blessedness, invites us to follow Jesus and thus to walk toward it".<sup>1</sup>

The key to the beatitudes is not to be found in abstract ethical theories or erudite exegesis. We will find their meaning more in contemplating Our Lord. Bonnie Thurston<sup>2</sup> has suggested that a way to do this is through reflection, *lectio divina*,<sup>3</sup> on Phil 2:5-11, followed by a similar reflection on Phil 1:27-2:4. And the full answer will come to us by listening in silence to the silent Jesus on the Cross.

The beatitudes introduce and sum up the Sermon on the Mount. My life as a Christian, a follower of Christ, is not something for myself alone. It is to be a means of transforming the world in which I live. The powerlessness I feel when faced with the enormity of the world and its problems is no excuse for inaction. The Christopher Movement has the challenging slogan: *Rather than curse the darkness, light a candle*. If all Christians would each light their candle, what a different world we would live in. Even one candle in complete and universal darkness would make some difference. It would be a sign of hope. It would open up other possibilities.

Bonnie Thurston considers, with many others, that there are good reasons for seeing Mt 5:3-10 as a unit of eight beatitudes. The first and last end with the same phrase *the kingdom of heaven* a typical method used in Semitic languages to round off a literary passage.

v.3. Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

v.4. Blessed are those who mourn, for they will be comforted.

v.5. Blessed are the meek, for they will inherit the earth.

v.6. Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they will be filled.

v.7. Blessed are the merciful, for they will receive mercy.

v.8. Blessed are the pure in heart, for they will see God.

v.9. Blessed are the peacemakers, for they will be called children of God.

v.10. Blessed are those who are persecuted for righteousness sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

There are also good reasons for seeing the eight beatitudes divided into two groups of four. The first deals

with our relationship with God, the second with our relationship with others. The Ten Commandments and the Our Father follow a similar pattern.

Some see a natural sequence in the eight beatitudes. When we recognize our needs and limitations, we give up our pride. Humility is the first

step (v.3). We mourn to the extent that we recognize what is lacking in our life and where we are failing, but not without hope (v.4). The meek or gentle are those who are ready to find and submit to God's plan. They are, like Jesus, gentle and humble of heart (v.5). Being submissive to God's will is not something passive; it is a real yearning to follow the way he points out, to bring God's plan for creation (his Kingdom) on earth (v.6).

Three virtues sum up this way of life: *mercy*: a recognition of our own failures and willingness to bear with those of others (v.7); *purity*: that is, an undivided heart, a giving of oneself completely to God's plan for the world (v.8), and *peacemaking*: working for the sort of reconciled world God wants (v.9). Finally, blessed are they who, like Jesus, will be able to remain faithful to all this even in times of trial when they seem to be getting nowhere (v.10).

FATHER DENNIS MURPHY, MSC is a graduate of the Biblicum in Rome. He taught Scripture for many years in Australian seminaries. He was for six years Provincial Superior of the Australian Province of the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, and for twelve years Assistant General of the Order, based in Rome. He is now stationed in India.

1. *L'Osservatore Romano* (English), 8 November 2006, p. 7.  
 2. See her *Religious Vows, the Sermon on the Mount and Christian Living*.  
 3. For an explanation of this form of prayer see *Annals 1 and 2/2007*

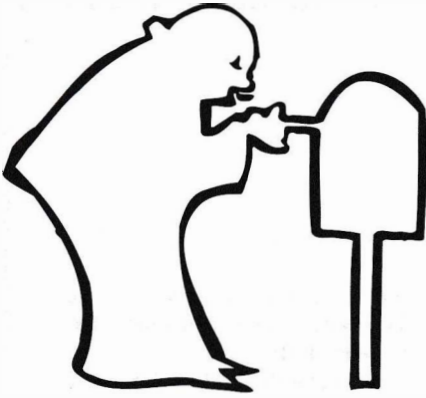
## Truly Blessed

Blessed is the man who walks not in the counsel of the wicked,  
 nor stands in the way of sinners, nor sits in the seat of scoffers;  
 but his delight is in the law of the Lord, and on his law he meditates  
 day and night. He is like a tree planted by streams of water,  
 that yields its fruit in its season, and its leaf does not wither.  
 In all that he does, he prospers. The wicked are not so, but are like  
 chaff which the wind drives away.

- Psalm 1, verses 1-4



## LETTERS



### The Language of East Timor

Michael O'Connor ("Peace in Timor," *Annals*, August/2006) has a problem with the use of Portuguese in higher education in East Timor. But what is the alternative?

Tetum, the first official language, thanks to its long and close association with Portuguese, has a vocabulary fully equipped to deal with modern scientific and philosophical concepts: any specialist word in Portuguese is automatically available to Tetum. But there are no textbooks in Tetum.

Indonesian is ideologically out of the question.

With no language other than these available to a sufficiently large proportion of the population, Portuguese is the only possible choice.

Haberfield NSW 2045 [DR] LANCE ECCLES

### Australia, France and Bavaria

Last year I had four days in Paris for research and - almost on the spur of the moment - I took a train one day from Gare d'Austerlitz to Issoudun. I was quite taken with the town itself. After some ten minutes walk I found the basilica, and renewed my devotion to the Sacred Heart and to Our Lady of the Sacred Heart. Everything there and in the surrounding buildings was very simple and 'un-touristic', rather a change from other shrines in Europe, even Notre-Dame and Rue Du Bac, both churches which I fondly cherish, and always visit.

Walking by their convent I also saw the OLSH nuns at the reception desk, but did not go in. I spent some time praying in the basilica: in the late afternoon it was quiet and uplifting.

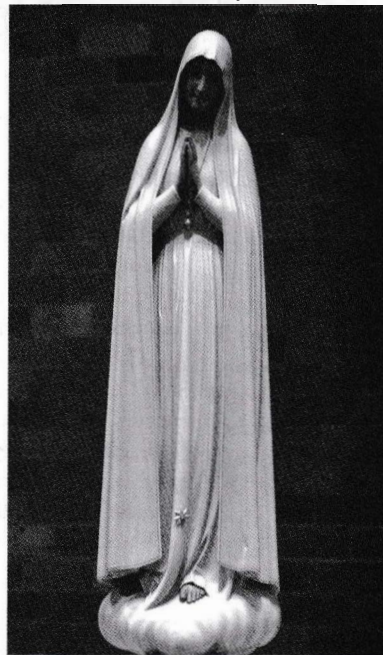
It marked quite a day for me in France, especially seeing the countryside south of Orleans. Needless to say I thought of you and your work, both in France and in Germany. Believe it or not, at Illertissen, well south in Bavaria, I read the then latest (Oct/Nov 2004) edition of the *Annals*. It was loaned to me by a German Brother of our congregation. 90 years old at least, and still sharp and lively. He had been a missionary in Asia, spoke English comfortably, and must have a subscription with you. A marvellous magazine.

Castle Hill NSW [BRO] DONALD NEWTON FSC

### Look Again at RU486

"My boy, Bill! He'll be tall  
And tough as a tree, will Bill!  
Like a tree he'll grow  
With his head held high  
And his feet planted firm on the ground"  
[Carousel Lyrics by Oskar  
Hamerstein II]

### URGENTLY SOUGHT Statue of Our Lady of Fatima



ANNALS is seeking a copy of the well-loved Statue of our Lady of Fatima similar to the one pictured here. It is a replica of the statue venerated in Fatima at the Sanctuary. Anyone knowing where we might obtain such a copy, please contact *Annals*, at the address/phone number given on our inside front cover. Ed

In the famous soliloquy from *Carousel*, Bill is swept away with enthusiasm when he hears the news that he is to be a father. The popularity and fame of the song all over the world suggests that Bill is not the only one excited by the thought of children. Children have the capacity to bring a soul to life and to fill the heart with joy; in short children bring true hope into the world.

The importance of true hope should never be underestimated. Lives have been laid down just to keep true hope alive. It is the foundation of the spiritual life. Suffering and pain do not compare to true hope because without it everything that happens may cause pain: but with true hope in one's heart anything can be borne.

The reason scientists find no sign of spirituality when they look at embryos or the comatose is that they are looking in the wrong place. A soul can never be seen, we can only see its reflection in other people. Physiologically, psychologically and spiritually people are tuned in to each other. At any moment a life may be transformed by a personal encounter. Moreover it does not matter which person is encountered or whether they are male, female, elderly, unborn, Down Syndrome or anything else.

There is no need for complex arguments about the spiritual status of human beings. It is decided on much simpler grounds. All people have the capacity to bring true hope into my life and I can never fully repay the debt I owe to any person that does.

RU486 interferes with the release of progesterone, one of the hormones released by the mother during pregnancy to protect and nourish the child. Thus we see the earliest physiological interaction between mother and child; the child may not look like much but what an effect it has on the mother! As surely as the small bundle of cells in the uterus is an embryonic child, progesterone is the embryo of the maternal instinct itself. Thus RU 486 attacks twice. The embryo is destroyed but so is the maternal instinct. For this reason RU486 is the worst of all of the materialist attacks on life. No one who loves his or her mother can approve of this device!

I am left to wonder about Australia's laws and culture on abortion, embry-





**A**N ACCIDENT, which happened to the gentleman engaged in reviewing this sermon, proves, in the most striking manner, the importance of the charity for which it was preached, in restoring to life persons in whom the vital power is suspended. He was discovered with Dr. Langford's discourse lying open before him, in a state of the most profound sleep; from which he could not, by any means, be awakened for a great length of time. By attending, however, to the rules prescribed by the Humane Society, flinging in the smoke of tobacco, applying hot flannels, and carefully removing the discourse itself to a great distance, the critic was restored to his disconsolate brothers.

- Sydney Smith, 1771-1845, *Edinburgh Review* 1826. Smith, an Anglican Clergyman and satirist and co-founder of *The Edinburgh Review*, found Rev. Dr. Langford's sermons put him to sleep as he was reviewing the book containing them.

onic stem cell research and euthanasia. Are we a pluralist society allowing freedom of religion and morals because our nation is made up of Christians, Muslims, atheists and a variety of other creeds or are we simply spiritually bankrupt? I am beginning to think it is the latter. I can accept that people don't believe in God but I have difficulty accepting their lack of belief in true hope, in the capacity of people to transform lives and in the debts we owe these people. Do we have to be pluralist about everything?

Heathcote NSW 2233 SIMON JOHN ROWNEY

### In Praise of Essayists

You are responsible for my finding Chesterton again and appreciating Baring and Belloc. I frequent with exciting regularity "Opportunity Shops" in particular the book sections. Even if I don't buy and that is rare, the smell of old things is enough. I visited two today, left empty-handed at the first but succeeded at the second, and purchased four tourist publications of different Cathedrals in England. I also purchased "English Essays of To-Day". The list of contents sold me immediately. The names of Baring, Belloc and Chesterton appeared three times. The word "serendipity" is most appropriate to Op shops.

I had to read it straight away. The essays are wonderful. They are written

by men, who write because it is a joy to write. The personal is not evident and there is room in each for the Divine. It gives whole new meaning to the expression "It is divinely written". There is no torrent of words as in Robert Hughes who seems to write with a fear that if he does not get the words down they will be lost for mankind forever. The essays in my new book are written with a minimum of fuss without the hint of self-importance and movement at enormous pace to make the point. Three writers spring to mind who write in such a pleasing and telling manner. They are Damon Runyan, Peter Roebuck and Les Carlyon. The fact that they at one time or another have been or are sports writers is perhaps the answer. Roebuck writes about cricketers and the other two have written about horse racing. Roebuck has the ability to write in the present in a manner that hints at what cricket has been and could still be without becoming maudlin. Runyon



with his characters and Carlyon with his horses and those mixed up in it, pitch a tale around that which they love. They and my essay writers in my new book all write impassionedly with no evident passion.

The upshot of all this is to say hurrah for Stenhouse, Op Shops, Runyon, Roebuck, Carlyon and English essay writers. I should have mentioned Father Max Barrett, Frank Devine and John O'Brien. Were they ever sports' writers? If they were I might have stumbled onto something.

Rye Victoria 3941

BRYAN CLOTHIER

### I.T.M.A.

As I recall it, I. T. M. A. was the title of a British radio program many years ago. It stood for 'Its that Man Again'. The memory came to mind when I read the latest issue of *Annals* [8/2006] and there found a piece entitled: *William Ullathorne, OSB: A Worthy descendant of St Thomas More* which I read with interest. But my curiosity was stirred to find that I was identified by name (Peter Roach) and associations (Barrister; Chevalier College; Hobart) as the author. Yet once again I cannot claim the credit - that honour belongs to another. If you would be good enough to provide the author's name and address I would like to clear the decks with him. After all, any friend of Thomas More is a friend of mine. Moreover Ullathorne was bishop to Newman - and paid a great tribute to Newman shortly before his death.

Hobart Tasmania 7000

PETER ROACH

[We should explain to *Annals* readers that in an earlier issue this year [4/2006] we also carried a story on Archbishop Challoner wrongly attributed to our correspondent. Gremlins in our editorial sanctum swapped Peter's name for the name of the author of the two articles in question. I'm happy to say that as a result of exhaustive investigation we have found the author to be JOHN PRATT a retired RAAF Group Captain now living in Canberra ACT and a contributor to *Annals*. Our belated apologies to John for inadvertently denying him the honour that is his due, and congratulations to Peter on having such fine articles attributed to him. Ed.]

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



*Discovered While Building a Parking Garage*

## VATICAN OPENS ANCIENT ROMAN NECROPOLIS



WHILE looking for a place to park, the Vatican made one of the most important archeological discoveries of the last decades, says the director of the Vatican museums.

Speaking on October 12 last, on Vatican Radio, Francesco Buranelli commented on the necropolis on Via Triumphalis, discovered in the Vatican three years ago, during works for the construction of the Santa Rosa parking facility.

As Vatican Radio explained, the archeological site represents “a complete image of Roman society, from the age of Augustus to that of Constantine, where the tombs of noblemen and those of poorer people coexist.”

The opening ceremony on Thursday was presided over by Archbishop Giovanni Lajolo, president of the Governorate of Vatican City. The event is part of the celebrations of the 5th centenary of the Vatican Museums.

Signor Buranelli said that the necropolis is “perhaps among the most important discoveries” made “in Rome and to a greater extent in the Vatican, in these last decades.”

Brought to light, he said, are “about 250 tombs of the first to fourth century after Christ, which offer a complete image of imperial Rome’s society and especially of the gradual conversions of Roman society from paganism to Christianity, which for the Holy See is, undoubtedly, of primary importance.”

“We have saved all that was ancient which was brought to light. Of course, we then restored the structures, the material and put back in place that which was in a lying position, but not that which was in the deposit terrain,” said Buranelli.

The necropolis will be open to the public on Fridays and Saturdays. Visitors will have to make reservations to tour the site.

Each group will have a maximum of 25 people.

In regard to the excavations already found under St. Peter’s, there are “two different and separate necropolises, which arose along the two ancient street directions that today go across Vatican City Square,” added Signor Buranelli.

“The one under St. Peter’s is the necropolis that appeared on the Via Cornelia, which led to the north, toward Cerveteri. Those that we found go along the course of Via Trionfale, a street that then joined Via Cassia and went toward Velo. They are the two different directions that served Rome toward Etruria.”

- Source: ZENIT Catholic News Service.



*From pizza delivery to educational deliverance.*

## TOM MONAGHAN'S DREAM

By Naomi Schaefer Riley



**T**O get as many people into heaven as possible." That is Tom Monaghan's (arguably immodest) goal. I sat down last week with Mr. Monaghan, founder of Domino's Pizza, to find out how he planned to accomplish it. Since selling his delivery empire in 1998 for an estimated \$1 billion, he has given over his life to philanthropy. A trim man with a soft voice, he explains his "philosophy of giving."

"So how do you get people into heaven?" Mr. Monaghan asks, rhetorically. "Help the Catholic Church. And what's the best way of doing that? Higher education." This kind of talk makes a lot of people – even a lot of Catholics – uncomfortable. Whether it's the notion that one person can steer another's ultimate fate, or that temporal education should be used explicitly for such a purpose, Mr. Monaghan's philosophy – and his giving – have brought him a lot of attention.

The pizza magnate grew up in an orphanage in Jackson, Mich., and he credits the nuns of the St. Joseph Home for Boys with inspiring his devotion to Catholicism. He even went to seminary briefly before joining the Marine Corps. In 1959, he returned to Michigan, attending the University of Michigan. He never graduated, but during his time there he and his brother bought a small pizza store called DomiNick's in Ypsilanti. (He eventually gave his brother a VW Beetle in return for his share of the company.)

Over the years, Mr. Monaghan has indulged in his share of vanity projects – such as purchasing the Detroit Tigers. But he also consistently gave to the church. Well, not directly. Rather than simply supporting existing institutions, he has made a habit of starting his own. He began with two Catholic elementary schools in the Ann Arbor area in the late '90s, and he thinks these schools are very effective at getting people to

heaven. "You give kids the faith and they'll keep it for life." But "the problem is you can only build so many grade schools and you're out of money." On the other hand, he continues, "if I can train a principal I can make an impact on a whole school. I can do that at a university. I can train thousands of school administrators, thousands of catechism teachers, provide thousands of vocations to the priesthood and religious life."

Thus was born the idea for the Ave Maria University. But there are 200 Catholic colleges and universities in the U.S., so why yet another? Even kids from strong Catholic families, Mr. Monaghan argues, tend to lose their faith when they go to college, and Catholic schools may be worse, here, than secular ones. He cites data from a UCLA survey showing that after attending a Catholic college for four years, Catholic students

tended to be more approving of abortion, gay marriage and premarital sex and spent less time praying than when they entered.

Mr. Monaghan began his university project with a liberal arts college in Ypsilanti in 1998. There has been a steep learning curve. But he says he's been "reading the Chronicle of Higher Education cover to cover." "Once I realized I was going to be in the pizza business, I learned everything I could learn about the pizza business. I'm a hound for knowledge about the area I'm in."

The idea of the university was "to have a combination of the highest academic standards and the highest spiritual standards in one school." It would, he hoped, "prepare someone not only for this world but the next world." This is the kind of language more generally associated with Protestant fundamentalists. But Mr. Monaghan is not the first person to start a new Catholic school with this idea in mind. In the past 25 years, a number of more traditional colleges, including Christendom in Virginia and Magdalen in New Hampshire, were founded for similar reasons. And unlike many of the older Catholic schools (e.g., Notre Dame) these are run by lay people, not by religious orders.

Mr. Monaghan thinks the more nettlesome liberal trends in Catholic theology and behavior have started to turn around, and he credits the revelations about sexual abuse by priests with this development: "It cleaned up the seminaries and some of the hierarchy. I thought the press did a great service to the Catholic Church – even though that wasn't their intention."

The next phase of Mr. Monaghan's pedagogical crusade began in 2000, when the Ave Maria School of Law opened its doors in Ann Arbor. Big-time conservative Catholics signed up. Clarence Thomas gave a lecture. Robert Bork co-taught a class. Princeton professor Robert George

### Christian Doctor 'forced out'

An eye specialist has accepted undisclosed damages after claiming that he was forced out of his job by Muslim colleagues (Frances Gibb writes). Joseph Brian took the United Lincolnshire Hospitals Trust to an employment tribunal, stating that he was made to resign from the ophthalmology department of Pilgrim Hospital, Boston, after staff there discovered that he was a Christian. The tribunal, which started this month, ended when the trust offered an out-of-court settlement and admitted that the problems surrounding Dr Brian's case "were not his fault".

Jane Jelly, a spokeswoman for Hunt Kidd, the law firm representing Dr Brian, said: "This is one of the most significant cases yet involving the new religious discrimination laws. There are many ethnic minority groups working within the NHS and the widespread existence of discrimination is a cause of great concern."

Dr Brian pursued his claim privately after the British Medical Association refused to back the case. He brought his case under the Employment Equality (Religion or Belief) Regulations 2003.

- The Times [London] November 30, 2005



joined the board; so did Henry Hyde and Cardinal O'Connor. Everyone involved, particularly the students and faculty, was vetted with care. They had to buy into the mission: "a legal education in fidelity to the Catholic Faith as expressed through Sacred Tradition, Sacred Scripture and the teaching authority of the Church." Mr. Monaghan estimates that he has put \$69 million into the law school and he has seen some outstanding results. The first class had the highest bar passage rate in the state, and the school earned full ABA accreditation in the shortest possible time.

Mr. Monaghan's real dream was to build a whole university on Domino's Farms, the 270 acres of land he owns in Ann Arbor. In 2002, though, the town decided it would not change zoning laws to allow this. From his vocal support of pro-life causes to his proposal to build a 250-foot crucifix right off a major highway in town, Mr. Monaghan has not always been well received by the Cambridge of the Midwest. So he moved on. In the fall of 2002, he struck a deal to build his 5,000-student university on 900 acres of land in Immokalee, Fla., just east of Naples. With an additional \$50 million investment from Mr. Monaghan, there would also be built an entire conurbation - called Ave Maria Town.

Set to open in the fall of 2007, Ave Maria Town will be unincorporated and governed by county officials. There are 8,000 homes scheduled to be built, and Mr. Monaghan already has one (though he laments that his wife refuses to live there full time). The town's website describes the community as one where "students and faculty of a new, major university will mix with young families and retirees in a real hometown, where they can live, work and play in a beautiful and safe neighborhood." Just how safe remains to be seen. Mr. Monaghan announced in 2004 that "you won't be able to buy a Playboy or Hustler magazine in Ave Maria Town. We're going to control the cable television that comes in the area. There is not going to be any pornographic television in Ave Maria Town. If you go to the drug store and you want to buy the pill or the condoms or contraception, you won't be able to get that in Ave Maria Town."

The American Civil Liberties Union

## Botswana Heaven

We have a story in Botswana about two children, a brother and sister, who are taken up to heaven by a whirlwind and find that heaven is full of beautiful white cattle. That is how I like to think of it, and I hope that it is true. I hope that when I die I find myself in a place where there are cattle like that, who have sweet breath, and who are all about me. If that is what awaits me, then I am happy to go tomorrow, or even now, right at this moment. I should like to say goodbye to Precious, though, and to hold my daughter's hand as I went. That would be a happy way to go.

-Alexander McCall Smith, *The No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency*, Abacus, 1998

[ACLU] threatened a lawsuit, and Mr. Monaghan backed down. He tells me he consulted his lawyers and realized "that some of the things I'm talking about we may not be able to prevent. We never ever intended to break the law." (But Mr. Monaghan seems to tailor his message to his audience. In June, he told a Catholic gathering in Denver that "our plan is that no adult material will appear on the town's cable system and the pharmacy will not sell contraceptives.")

Ave Maria University, which will move to its permanent home in the town next year, now has about 400 students. About a third of the 150 men are contemplating priesthood. Ultimately Mr. Monaghan would like the school to produce 10% of the country's

clergy - a very committed 10%, too. "I was in seminary," he says. "I knew what seminarians were like; they were there because of their mother . . . because of the prestige." But Mr. Monaghan says, "That's the wrong reason to become a priest. They ought to be willing to make sacrifices. Just like I'm making sacrifices doing what I'm doing."

Some law school faculty have fought the move away from Ann Arbor, saying that the school is not just a plaything that Mr. Monaghan can move at will. He says he is often accused of being "too much driven by numbers, that I'm a hard-nosed, insensitive, results-oriented person." But he adds that the people who know him tell him, "You're not that way." The Ave Maria Foundation is responsible for the bulk of the school's revenue and Mr. Monaghan is head of the foundation. "I'm in favor of the law school moving to Florida, and I think it would be a good thing for the university to have a law school on its campus." He adds, as if to counter the charge of capriciousness: "If I vote for the law school to move to Florida, it's because I believe the law school is better off in Florida."

The law school faculty, students and alumni disagree. Most of them are unhappy with the process by which the board has undertaken the decision, such as commissioning a second feasibility study when the first one suggested moving was a bad idea. But mostly the students, faculty and alumni just don't want the school to go south. They like Ann Arbor, and being surrounded by people of all stripes. One professor, Stephen Safranek, echoed the sentiments of faculty members: "We have a very robust notion of Catholicism and we're out to show its value not only for Catholics, but society in general. Having the law school in Ann Arbor captures what we're all about."

Mr. Monaghan decries the "campaign by faculty members to make Ave Maria Town out to be some kind of theocracy." He also says he is "tapped out" financially, and will soon stop giving money to the law school. The only way it would have access to his fortune would be to go to Florida, where it would be entitled to a portion of the profits that the university gets from the sale of the land. The school's board assured me (as well as the ABA accreditors) that the

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school could still survive without Mr. Monaghan's contributions (\$2 million a year). When I ask him about this, he shrugs, and notes sceptically, "If they feel that they can raise the money elsewhere, I'll take them for their word."

The battles between Mr. Monaghan and the Ave Maria faculties have become vitriolic. Some have even tried to unionize. When I ask if he sees a contradiction in trying to block such a move, even though unionization is supported by the Catholic Church, he says, "I think that the hierarchy doesn't know as much about those things as they do about their theology."

A number of professors have resigned; some have launched lawsuits; the contract of a prominent emeritus professor from Notre Dame was not renewed. Faculty members reported the college's administration to the Department of Education for fraud involving financial aid in 2002. The school denied any wrongdoing but paid back about \$300,000. An investigation by the education department's inspector general hasn't been concluded.

Mr. Monaghan takes all this in stride. In Ann Arbor, he played racquetball with some academics and said they liked to "complain about the most meaningless things." Board members of his schools have rushed to agree with him, suggesting, as theologian Michael Novak did recently, that "if it weren't Monaghan, it would be dissatisfaction with whomever."

Given how carefully the faculty for Ave Maria were chosen, and how fully they had to agree with the Monaghan vision, this seems unfair. Henry Kissinger once said that the battles in the academic world are so bitter because the stakes are so low. But at religious universities, the stakes are higher. After all, your mission is getting people to heaven.

Still, Mr. Monaghan does not see much difference between this venture and his previous ones: Higher education is "90% like business." To deal with the 10% that is unique to higher education, he has enlisted the help of administrators and board members. "I've always believed in hiring people smarter than I am. I should be the dumbest one in the room."  He's not.

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Ms. Riley is deputy editor of the Journal's Taste page and the author of "God on the Quad" (St. Martin's Press, 2004).





HERE'S the wisdom of the ancients and there's the wisdom of the moment, and then there's confusion. Well, there is if you try to marry them.

Let's say you're in search of a film script, you look to the classics, to Homer's Illiad. It's good, there's lots of violence, often graphic, that'll sell. It'll cross-over well to the

computer games market. Something's missing though. That's it, there's no sex! Where's the sex? There's talk of rape, but where are the visuals?

Wise in modern wisdom you shake your head and declaim on the hypocrisy of the ancients; violence is okay but not sex. Talk about warped values! We, however, being enlightened will have both sex and violence, so we'll bung in a few sexual scenes to help the Illiad along a bit.

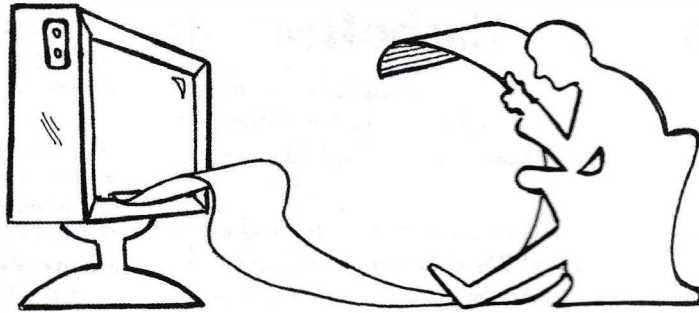
Modern wisdom is this: love is better than war, portraying sex is better than portraying violence. Sex doesn't inspire people to kill and maim, well not most of the time, whereas violence does. Consequently, if you can show violence in movies then you should also be allowed to show sex. That's pretty much the essence of the modern position.

But there's something even more essential and it's the rather strange assumption that sex and violence belong to the same category: they are both activities that remain the same whether they are concealed or out in the open.

This category happens to be a very large category indeed as far as the modern mind is concerned, for just about everything can be placed in it. There appears to be the assumption that if something can be filmed then it should be filmed. It won't do any harm, things remain the same filmed or not. That the media should hold to this assumption probably shouldn't surprise us; it's rather self-serving.

But is it true? Do things remain the same whether or not they are broadcast abroad? After all, it's not true for secrets. As soon as a secret is out and widely publicised it's no longer a secret. As soon as a secret is televised it's what one would call a nonsecret.

We all know that if we betray the secrets only we and our friend share, then our friendship is not going to last much longer. Indeed, one of the marks of intimacy is just that; the beloved share in what others do not. We share



## SEX AND VIOLENCE

By ROBERT TILLEY

something that's special, because only we two share in it. Get the cameras in, call it reality television, and you'll have ratings and an audience, but you won't have a friendship.

The same applies with secret societies. Let everyone know your passwords and rites and you've no longer got the Grand Mason Order of the Rosey Cross, Crowley Rite. No, now you've got a Rotary function. A good thing in itself but hardly a mysterious

cabal. Passwords and occult secrets change when made public. No longer do they seem fraught with derring-do and arcane mystery, they now seem laughable and stupid.

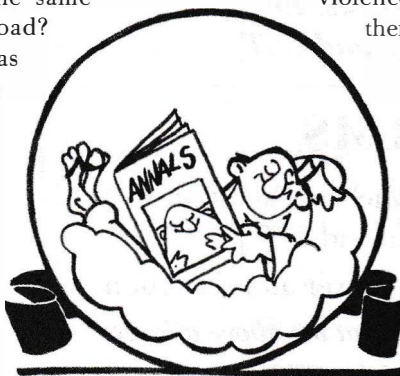
It's the same with matters religious. If you treat sacred objects as if they were ordinary everyday things then they soon cease to be sacred. It's what is meant by desecration. Once a chalice is in with the dinner plates then it's a very different chalice to what it once was when on the altar. When the sacred becomes ordinary, seen and handled by all, then it becomes something very different to what it once was.

The ancients understood that what is sacred must be hidden, for when it's out in the market place it's not even ordinary; it's polluted. Not only is it no longer the thing it was, it's something degraded and degrading. The same applies to sex but it doesn't to violence.

Violence can be portrayed openly because it's a nasty and brutish matter, although at times necessary. Violence is not sacred, and whether it is out in the open or hidden in dark cellars it doesn't change its nature. It's always an unpleasant thing.

But put sex on display and it changes, like the sacred it becomes polluted. Sex and the sacred to be what they are need to be surrounded by secrets and veils. Sex, when hidden and private, is akin to a mystery religion; out in public it's as hideous as an American teen-flick. Graphic violence may inspire horrible acts, but one is not, thereby, doing violence to violence.

One is, however, doing violence to sex, for one is degrading it. Out in the open it is polluted, and like all such things it is thereby polluting; it corrupts those who watch; it destroys the soul. One has, thereby, turned sex into a means of destruction, and having changed it one has made it conformable to the same category congenial to violence. A category we might want to call 'television.'

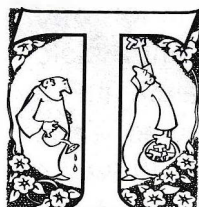




*No Business for Dummies'*

## NOT THE GREAT WAR

Reviewed by MICHAEL O'CONNOR



THE first thing to be said about this massive book is that it is not a history of the Great War. It is not even a history of Australia's participation in the war. Rather it purports to describe the experience of the five AIF divisions that fought on the Western Front from 1916 to 1918.

The second comment is that it is more an exercise in populist journalism than true history. *The Great War* comes 90 years after the events it describes and in the wake of a mass of better books. Perceiving a central purpose to the writing of this book is pretty difficult. Certainly, the production is excellent even though the product is somewhat unwieldy. Carlyon writes well, the layout and typeface are attractive and easily read. The bibliography,

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Les Carlyon *The Great War*  
MacMillan, Sydney, 2006, 863pp,  
hardcover, \$55.00 mp.

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index, maps and illustrations are beyond reproach.

The book seems to pursue three basic themes: that war is bad because people get killed; British professional soldiers were class-bound and resistant to new ideas in industrial age warfare; and citizen soldiers are usually better soldiers than the professionals.

Because it is an exercise in populism with an unsavoury overdose of Keatingesque Pom bashing, the book misses an opportunity to get to grips with some core issues for a peace-loving nation that is forced to resist aggression. Carlyon spends far too many words on a seemingly endless repetition of the gruesome details. Even for the reader unfamiliar with the essential bloodiness of

armed combat, the repetition quickly becomes tedious.

The problem for the Allies, and especially the British, was that while Germany was perceived, rightly, as spoiling for war before 1914, everyone hoped, Micawber-like, that the danger would pass. The French with their experience of 1870-71 and conscription were certainly better prepared with a large and generally well-trained and better equipped army than were the British who were focussed more on their navy.

Nevertheless, the British Expeditionary Force that went to France in August 1914 was considered then to have been the best trained and equipped land force ever sent overseas. Carlyon clearly thinks that it was poorly led and suited more to what he sneeringly calls colonial spats. He is right in arguing that the leaders - and the troops for that matter - had no understanding of the destructive nature and defensive power of the new military technologies, especially heavy artillery and machine guns. But neither did the French, the Russians or the Germans. All were struggling to find the doctrinal, tactical and technological edge that would lead to peace on acceptable terms.

Carlyon is critical of the British class system that, in his estimation, led to the army being commanded by ill-educated public school men with a penchant for horses and sport. In a cynical sentence early in the book, he argues that "One lesson of the Great War is that any nation...needs to cull its commanders ruthlessly." That simply begs the question: who replaces them? Younger professionals or civilians off the streets? Who then trains them? Who prepares the doctrine? What sort of learning curve are they on?

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divisions formed in two Army Corps. The Commander-in-Chief, Sir John French, was not up to the job and one of his two corps commanders, Douglas Haig, intrigued for his position and replaced him. Haig has had a bad press over the decades, some of which is undoubtedly justified. That does not, however, justify Carlyon's sneers about Haig's rigid daily program, so different from the chaos of a daily newspaper. Eighteen months after Britain went to war, Haig was commanding not two corps and five divisions but five armies, some 15-20 corps and 56 divisions, in all some three million men. He and his staffs had to wrestle not merely with operations but with intelligence, the vast logistics system that acquired and funnelled the masses of men and materiel to the front line and sustained them there - and kept them coming over ground torn up by constant artillery barrages. He had to deal with allied forces because, until mid-1918, there was no unified command. His men amounting in number to something like today's population of Melbourne had to be fed, clothed and housed, sent on leave, made fit after injury, retrained and punished for crimes. This was the biggest single enterprise in British history and no business for dummies.

Strategically, the Allies faced enormous difficulties. Once the opposing armies settled into their trenches, the puzzle was to break through the fortress line. The indirect approaches through Gallipoli, Salonika and Italy all failed. Russia, upon whom the Allies had placed most of their hopes, collapsed. Meanwhile virtually all of Belgium and a large part of France, including much of its industrial heart, had been occupied by the Germans. This was a poor basis for any just peace and, anyway, the Allies could not agree on any approach. The British placed more emphasis on blockading Germany, a strategy that was perhaps more successful than the field operations of the armies.

When the book opens with the Australians arriving in France and the French under immense pressure at Verdun, the British are given the job of mounting a major offensive on the Somme to take the heat off the French. The Australians with their

British, Canadian and other brethren were pushed into what was a badly planned and poorly executed series of attacks that caused immense losses for little gain.


Again, the problem for Haig was that the Germans had settled into very strong defensive fortresses with a mass of firepower. Strategically, they did not need to attack; the Allies did because their minimal task was to expel the Germans from France and Belgium. Haig was further hampered by a growing political distaste at home for the heavy casualties. British Prime Minister, David Lloyd George, seemingly had no better answer than to try to reduce the number of troops at Haig's command. Despite Carlyon's admiration for Lloyd George, Britain's political leadership had little to

## Political Stagecraft

Hitler's arrival was made dramatic. The band stopped playing. There was a hush over the thirty thousand people packed in the hall. Then the band struck up the *Badenweiler March*, a very catchy tune, and used only, I'm told, when Hitler makes his big entries. Hitler appeared in the back of the auditorium, and followed by his aides, Goring, Goebbels, Hess, Himmler, and the others, he strode slowly down the long centre aisle while thirty thousand hands were raised in salute. It is a ritual, the old-timers say, which is always followed. Then an immense symphony orchestra played Beethoven's *Egmont Overture*. Great Klieg lights played on the stage, where Hitler sat surrounded by a hundred party officials and officers of the army and navy. Behind them the "blood flag," the one carried down the streets of Munich in the ill-fated putsch. Behind this, four or five hundred S.A. standards. When the music was over, Rudolf Hess, Hitler's closest confidant, rose and slowly read the names of the Nazi 'martyrs' - brown-shirts who had been killed in the struggle for power - a roll-call of the dead, and the thirty thousand seemed very moved. In such an atmosphere no wonder, then, that every word dropped by Hitler seemed like an inspired Word from on high. Man's - or at least the German's - critical faculty is swept away at such moments, and every lie pronounced is accepted as high truth itself.

- William L. Shirer, *Berlin Diary*, Alfred Knopf, NY 1941, p.18. 'Nuremberg September 5, 1934.

commend it.

In the end, of course, the Allies prevailed over a weary and starving (thanks to the blockade) German army. But the first three years were a learning experience for the soldiers at all levels. Let it be said bluntly that the AIF did not become a professional army until probably the end of 1917 and this stricture applies to everyone from Monash down to the lowliest private. The same was true of World War II and it will remain true for every major war as long as peace-loving societies pretend that sensible people don't make war. 

MICHAEL O'CONNOR is executive director of the Australian Defence Association. A former patrol officer in Papua New Guinea he also served in the Royal Australian Navy as an intelligence officer.



# PRIEST BEFORE THE COURT FOR SAYING THAT JESUS EXISTED



**I**N Italian judge **heard** arguments earlier this year on whether a small-town parish priest **should stand trial** for asserting that Jesus Christ existed.

The priest's **atheist accuser**, Luigi Cascioli, said the Catholic Church has been **deceiving people for 2,000 years** with a fable that Christ existed, and that the Rev. **Enrico Righi violated two Italian laws** by reasserting the claim.

Lawyers for **Righi and Cascioli**, old schoolmates, made their arguments in a brief, **closed-door hearing before Judge Gaetano Mautone** in Viterbo, north of Rome.

Cascioli filed a **criminal complaint** in 2002 after Righi wrote in a parish bulletin that Jesus did indeed exist and lived in Nazareth.

Cascioli claims that Righi's assertion constituted two crimes under Italian law: so-called 'abuse of popular belief,' in which someone fraudulently deceives people; and 'impersonation,' in which someone gains by attributing a false name to a person.

'The point is not to establish whether Jesus existed or not, but if there is a question of possible fraud,' Cascioli's attorney, Mauro Fonzo, told reporters before the hearing.

Cascioli says the church has been gaining financially by 'impersonating' as Christ someone by the name of John of Gamala, the son of Judas from Gamala.

He has said he has little hope of the case succeeding in overwhelmingly Catholic Italy, but that he is merely going through the necessary legal steps to reach the European Court of Human Rights, where he intends to accuse the church of what he calls 'religious racism.'

Righi, 76, has stressed substantial historical evidence – both Christian and non-Christian – of Jesus' existence.

Cascioli's lawyer said that there have long been questions of Christ's existence and that the matter warranted discussion in the court.

'When somebody states a wrong fact, abusing the ignorance of people, and gains from that, that is one of the gravest crimes,' Cascioli told reporters.

Righi's brother, Luigi Righi, attended the hearing and said his brother was 'serene but bitter.'

Lawyers say that if Righi is convicted, he could face up to a year in prison, although under Italian law a sentence of up to two years is automatically suspended.

Outside Righi's parish in nearby Bagnoregio, newspaper salesman Ernesto Gambacorta said the case against the town priest was 'absurd.'

'Don Righi is a good priest who has been parish priest here all his life, and he has put up with this with tranquility,' Gambacorta said. 'In Bagnoregio, everybody is on his side.'

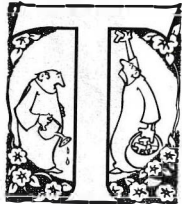
Originally, the Italian judge **threw out the case**, but the **Court of Appeal** asserted that there was a **genuine case to answer**. On **January 27, 2006** an Italian judge began taking initial hearings to **decide whether the case should be allowed to come to court**. On February 9, 2006, the judge **again threw out the case and recommended an investigation** of Cascioli for slander against **Father Righi**. On **March 20th, 2006**, the case was re-evaluated, and in July Cascioli was fined by an **Italian appeals court for bringing a fraudulent suit**.



*Brutality and Mythmaking in Colonial Australia*

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

By ALAN KATEN DUNSTAN



THE 'paradise' in the title of this article refers to two places: Norfolk Island, the penal settlement, and Melbourne in the 1890s when that city was an important part of the fantasy that suggested that a mainly secular Australia was a 'Workingman's Paradise.'

What is more, these places are linked for all time by three men scarcely remembered today, Father William Ullathorne, and John Price and Tom Price. The last two, father and son, both held high office and whilst holding those offices their actions reveal how man's nature may be brutalized by serving impoverished legal systems.

**Norfolk Island**

British occupation of the island began with the arrival of Lieutenant Philip Gidley King and twenty-two marines and convicts a few weeks after the First Fleet sailed into Port Jackson in January 1788. King had orders to establish an agricultural settlement that could, if or when the need arose, provide the fledgling colony at Sydney with food. He was also charged with harvesting pine trees and cultivating flax to make sails and masts for the navy.<sup>1</sup>

Unfortunately these endeavours proved fruitless, and in 1814 the Home Office ordered all buildings destroyed and the island evacuated. However, some eleven years later this decision was reversed and the island re-occupied, not for any farming venture, but as a place of extreme punishments for the hapless felons of New South Wales.

**The 'Second' Settlement**

For the interested reader (and Catholics in particular) the most edifying descriptions of the Second Settlement were made by Father William Ullathorne, a Benedictine, who in 1834 became the

first Catholic priest ever to visit Norfolk Island. Needless to say his descriptions and comments went to the heart of the matter:

'This earthly paradise was the spot selected for the entombment of the worst criminals from amongst the transported felons of New South Wales, and the scenes that should have served to ennoble men's thoughts, witnessed the deepest moral degradation. Earth's most magnificent verdure waved over a putrid stink of vice and wickedness and misery such as can hardly have had a parallel in the history of the human race.'<sup>2</sup>

**The Muslim Brotherhood**

The authoritarian [Syrian] regime was not without its critics, though most were quickly dealt with. A serious challenge arose in the late 1970s, however, from fundamentalist Sunni Muslims, who reject the basic values of the secular Ba'ath program and object to rule by the Alawis, whom they consider heretical. From 1976 until its suppression in 1982, the archconservative Muslim Brotherhood led an armed insurgency against the regime. In response to an attempted uprising by the brotherhood in February 1982, the government crushed the fundamentalist opposition centered in the city of Hama, levelling parts of the city with artillery fire and causing many thousands of dead and wounded. Since then, public manifestations of anti-regime activity have been very limited.

- Background Note: Syria, US Department of State, October 2005

**Convict Life**

Although Norfolk Island was quickly established as the harshest place in the entirety of the penal system, in the words of Governor Darling: 'a place of the extremist punishment short of death,' that is not to say that other places were easy. In Sydney, the cost for being a Catholic who did not attend Church of England services was fifty lashes. Fifty lashes was also the penalty for 'speaking Irish.'<sup>3</sup> Moreover, those convicts in the road-building gangs on the Great Western road were housed at night in wheeled boxes about fourteen feet long and seven feet wide; such 'caravans' each held twenty men in irons. Inside the boxes there was no provision for washing. The only facility was a urinal with an outlet to the ground outside. The inmates slept on the floor and on two upper shelves seventeen inches wide.<sup>4</sup> Similarly, aboard the Melbourne-based prison hulks *Sacramento*, *Deborah*, *Success* and *President*, where each inmate was fitted with irons weighing up to 36lbs, some punishments were diabolical. Punishment boxes on the *President*, whilst measuring seventy-eight inches in height to allow most men to stand fully upright, measured only thirty inches by twenty-six inches in length and width.<sup>5</sup>

Despite these and other facts too well known to need restating, discipline on Norfolk always exceeded that imposed anywhere else. And so it continued under Lieutenant Colonel James T. Morisset and Major Joseph Anderson in the 1830s until relieved somewhat in 1840 by 'a tall, scrawny Scot' named Alexander Maconochie.

Loathed by die-hards who preferred rigorous military law in prisons, Maconochie restored a modicum of human dignity to the inmates. Gardens were allotted to those who could keep out of trouble, and a select few were given the privilege of rearing pigs and



poultry. And while prior to his coming men were forced to eat with their fingers; under his stewardship, knives, forks and pannikins were freely issued.<sup>6</sup> But most notably he introduced the 'mark system' under which convicts would be awarded marks for good behavior, like school children. Convicts also received a wage and were allowed to buy their own food. Like free men they were fined for misdeeds, but they were rarely whipped. Extending this idea he appointed police and overseers from the prisoners' ranks and sacked sadistic guards; and shackles were taken off all but the most dangerous.

Yet despite his gentler rule – or because of it – in February 1844, Sir George Gipps dismissed Maconochie and stripped him of his stipend. Shortly thereafter the old regime of daily floggings, torture and hard labour were re-introduced. And two years further on, punishment was made even more cruel by John Price, a deeply troubled soul no doubt, who had helped himself up the 'greasy pole' [of life] by marrying the niece of Sir John Franklin, sometime Governor of Van Diemen's Land.

The Norfolk Island historian Mrs Merval Hoare,<sup>7</sup> informs us that on July 1, 1846, under Joseph Child's rigid discipline a breakout led by the bushranger William Westwood took place that resulted in the murder of three constables. The trials in connection with this matter were held from September 23, 1846, and resulted in the execution of twelve men on October 13, and a thirteenth man three days later. Sadly nine of the thirteen were Catholics.<sup>8</sup> [It should also be noted that Father John McEnroe, another pioneer priest, wrote that he had attended seventy-four executions in NSW in four years and that of those seventy-four [only] twenty-two were not Catholics']. John Price, in charge of the settlement at the time of the trials but not at the time of the breakout, then made the decision that all of those who were executed would be buried in unconsecrated ground in a mass grave outside the cemetery.

### Father William Ullathorne

The seemingly endless round of mindless crime and brutal punishment had been going on for years and Father William, in 1834, spent his first week on Norfolk Island preparing eleven

## The triumph of Love over Fear and Hatred

If anyone will study the deeds of those who have gone before him in order to find something worthy of imitation, he will discover that just one psalm contains the whole of their history; and in one short reading he will discover a complete treasury of past memories. If a man is trying to discover what gives law its force [it is the bond of love: 'he who loves his neighbour has fulfilled the law]. let him read in the psalms about the great love shown by one man in submitting to great dangers in order to wipe out the shame of a whole people. In this triumph of virtue he will recognize the great things of which love is capable.

– St Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, 339-397 AD. *Discourse on Psalm 1*, from *The Roman Breviary*, Second Reading at Matins on Friday in the 10<sup>th</sup> Week of the Year.

convicted men for death. He reported the practice of Catholics who were sentenced to die to sew large black crosses on their white caps and shirts,<sup>9</sup> and wrote that those whom he had comforted did the same. Ever mindful that 'Almighty grace' [alone] was powerful enough to convert and purify the heart, he added: 'as soon as they were on the scaffold ... the eleven men all repeated a prayer he had taught them, until the [hangman's] rope stopped their voices for ever.'<sup>11</sup>

After the hangings came the funerals. 'And a selected number of convicts followed each coffin to the most beautiful cemetery that the eye of man could possibly contemplate. Churchyard Gully opens upon the sea, being encircled on the land side with dark thickets of manchineel ...' To complete the picture Father offered some dismal details: 'Graves were recent and numerous ... The lives of those therein were brief and as agitated and restless as the waves that now break at their feet, and whose dying sound is their only requiem.'<sup>12</sup>

Father also noticed 'that all who lay in the cemetery had been executed, except one child, the son of an Highland officer over whose tomb was the touching inscription: 'Far from the land of his fathers.'<sup>13</sup> Another passage confirms that Father was once again, overwhelmed by the splendour of the landscape:

'There by an English oak grows the delicate cinnamon tree ... [and] all tropical fruits in perfection ... The air is most pure, the sky most brilliant. In the morning the whole is drenched with dew. As the sun comes out of his bed of amber and shoots over a bar of crimson rays, it is one embroidery of the pearl, the ruby, and the emerald; as the same sun at eventide slants his yellow rays between the pines and the mountain, they show like the spires of some vast cathedral flooded in golden light'<sup>14</sup>

Jumping ahead, under Price it soon became clear that if reformation had been the purpose of Norfolk Island, then the experiment had failed. Ergo, in 1852 Lieutenant-Governor Sir William Denison began moving the prisoners to Tasmania and turning the island over to the descendants of Fletcher Christian and the *Bounty* mutineers and their mainly Tahitian wives who had outgrown Pitcairn Island.<sup>15</sup> And who, on taking over in 1856, immediately set about dismantling the prison stone by stone.

### The Death of John Price

In June 1853, John Price was offered the job of Superintendent of Prisons in Victoria, which he accepted at a 'thousand a year.'<sup>16</sup> Victorian prisons however were then very primitive and many convicts, while labouring on public works during the day, spent their nights confined aboard the prison ships<sup>17</sup> moored off Cellibrand Point in Port Phillip Bay.

On March 26, 1857, when Price was visiting a quarry at Williamstown, where gangs of convicts spent the days breaking stones, an angry mob flung themselves on him, dragged him to the ground and battered him to death with pick handles and shovels.<sup>18</sup> Quickly surrounded by guards, fifteen convicts were then arrested and taken off to a summary trial and, of the fifteen, seven were found guilty and later died on the gallows.



Among those arrested, but who escaped punishment and actually received a ticket-of-leave soon after was Henry Garrett, a young Englishman who, maddened by the constant teasing of older men he had encountered on his enforced voyage to Australia (as a convict), had stabbed a man. Flung into chains for the rest of the voyage, on arrival in Melbourne Garrett was shipped to Norfolk Island where 2000 men and boys were regularly starved and flogged under the tyrannical rule of John Price.

Garrett was locked in a cell at night with thirty men of indeterminate background, forced to work all day in irons and fed on a gruel of bread and muddy water. One can only conjecture as to what this did to the young man's mind. Later he became New Zealand's 'first bushranger'.<sup>19</sup> Whatever the answer only one thing was certain. Of all those arrested for Price's murder, only Garrett had actually been on Norfolk Island; and since he was let off, may it be deduced that down at the quarry at least, Price's reputation had preceded him and the men thought it expedient to kill him before he killed them?

### Tom Price and his Times

The end of transportation in the 1840s (in NSW) was not the end of trouble. And by August 1890 the eastern mainland states [colonies] were in the throes of an industrial war [the Maritime Strike], the ramifications of which are impossible to exaggerate. At that time the inter-colonial shipping trade, including all colliers, was paralysed.

The true *casus belli* might appear at first sight as wholly insignificant and incommensurate with the far-reaching and disastrous consequences of the quarrel. It arose from demands made by certain ships' officers [who were all freemasons] for better pay and conditions that the owners refused to concede. But the demands might have been granted had the officers consented to withdraw from the affiliation of their association with the Trades Hall.<sup>20</sup> The owners argued that it would be subversive of discipline if both officers and crew were members of a powerful labour organization with mandatory powers.

The Seamen's Union and wharf labourers threw in their lot with the

officers, and kindred associates in Queensland and New South Wales followed. The Shearers' Union, too, quarreled with squatters and were locked out, their places taken by non-union labour. Shortly thereafter the whole of the wool trade was embroiled in boycotts of non-union stations. The situation became even more serious when stokers at the Gas Works also went on strike and it seemed that Melbourne would soon be left wholly in darkness.

Flushed with 'success,' and vainly believing that government and big capital would yield to any strike pressure, the grandiosely-titled 'Committee of Finance and Control,' then called a mass meeting for the afternoon of Sunday August 31 in Flinder's Park.<sup>21</sup> And it was at this stage that Tom Price<sup>22</sup> emerged from his cocoon of relative obscurity as Commander of the Victorian Mounted Rifles.

The unions announcement of their intention of holding a public meeting unsettled a timorous Government, and at a Cabinet meeting on August 29, a number of ill-conceived ideas were rushed out as proclamations, including one calling for a reading of the Riot Act and another calling out the Troops.<sup>23</sup>

On the Saturday evening before the mass meeting, Tom Price assembled his men at the Victoria Barracks and told them, in part: 'Fire low and lay them out.' And, 'if the order is given to fire, don't let me see one rifle pointed up in the air ... lay the disturbers out so that the duty will not again have to be performed. Let it be a lesson to them ...'<sup>24</sup>

However, over the next few days various versions of what Price had said were leaked to reporters and published; the newspapers loved it. But if calling out the troops was intended to intimidate unionists, the ploy failed. A crowd, variously estimated at 50,000 or 100,000 people, took the peaceful walk to the park and had their meeting whilst Price and his men remained in barracks. When it was all over, a Board of Inquiry set-up to investigate the matter, not surprisingly, found that Price had no case to answer.

What then should we conclude? On the evidence it seems that given the chance he might have been as brutal as his father. But did his father's death provide mitigating circumstances? Or

perhaps since no one was hurt on that afternoon in August, did it really matter? Probably all we can fairly say with certainty is that for many Australians, with these strikes, and the bank crash of 1893 and 'Great' Depression that followed, progress, in the sense that the word is used by the money-power,<sup>25</sup> was chimerical.

Finally, in understanding John Price in particular, it should be realized that the puritanical and pernicious doctrines that he held forbade him to have pity on the convicts or to restore to them any sense of pride. This writer was reminded of something in the Scriptures about 'visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation... etc.'<sup>26</sup>



- 1 Jane Lesley, *Quality Row, Kingston Norfolk Island*, Norfolk Island Museum, 1994, p. 3.
- 2 See Henry Norbert Birt, *Benedictine Pioneers in Australia*, London, Herbert and Daniel, 1911, hereafter referred to as *Pioneers*, p. 173.
- 3 *Ibidem*, p. 162.
- 4 James Semple Kerr, *Out of Sight, Out of Mind*, Sydney, National Trust, 1988, hereafter referred to as *Sight*, p. 29.
- 5 *Ibidem*, p. 74.
- 6 Author unnamed, 'Alexander Maconochie and His Fight on Norfolk Island,' *Parade Magazine*, Melbourne, Southdown Press, July 1961, p. 32-33.
- 7 Merval Hoare, *Norfolk Island - An Outline of its History 1774-1968*, UQP, 1978 edition, p. 60.
- 8 R. Nixon Dalkin, *Colonial Era Cemetery of Norfolk Island*, Brisbane, Robert Brown, 1995, p. 24.
- 9 *Pioneers*, p. 181.
- 10 *Pioneers*, p. 182.
- 11 *Ibidem*, p. 182.
- 12 *Ibidem*, p. 172.
- 13 *Pioneers*, p. 183.
- 14 *Ibidem*, p. 173.
- 15 Sir W. Denison to the Duke of Newcastle, *British Parliamentary Papers*, 'Papers relating to Pitcairn's [sic] Island and other Affairs in Australia, 1857, Colonies Australia 22. Dublin, Irish University Press, 1969 edition, p. 18.
- 16 *Sight*, p. 73.
- 17 *Ibidem*, p. 72.
- 18 *Victr cartoon*, 'New Zealand's First Bushranger,' *Parade Magazine*, Melbourne, Southdown Press, February 1961, p. 36-37.
- 19 *Sunday was rare* in the men-only world of the Island. When the cause of it was known Earl Grey wrote to Governor Denison: 'I instruct you ... without delay ... to at once break up the establishment at Norfolk Island.' Grey to Denison, 30.9.1846, No.4, BPP Transportation 7:184 (785) p p 66-67.
- 20 'Summary of Events,' *Illustrated Australian News*, Melbourne, 1 September 1890.
- 21 W.C. Spence, *Australia's Awakening*, n.p., 1909, hereafter referred to as *Awakening*, p. 93.
- 22 After the death of his father, Tom Price, who was born in 1842, was accepted into the East India Military College in England. He then spent twenty-two years serving in India, reaching the rank of major. He returned to Victoria after retirement and became a farmer. In 1885 he organized, and was appointed leader of the Victorian Mounted Rifle + Stuart Swensen, *The Sinners of War*, Sydney, UNSW Press, 1995, p. 128.
- 23 *Awakening*, p. 93.
- 24 J. A. Gordon's account in 'With the Military, Alexandra and the Separation 5 September 1890; see also J. A. Andrews' version, 'On the Verge of Revolution,' *Tocsin*, 31 May 1900.
- 25 For a thorough understanding of this 'progress,' see Hilaire Belloc, *Characters of the Reformation*, Tan Books, 1992 edition.
- 26 Exodus 20: 5, (Douay-Rheims version).



## THE NEW MAN IN ROME

by JANE FRASER

WE went to Rome to see the Pope. People were sceptical when Joseph Ratzinger was elected pontiff; after all, they muttered uneasily, he was called Pope John Paul's rottweiler; now, with the public and the thousands of tourists in Rome, Pope Benedict has become the gentle yet firm German shepherd, a guardian beloved of the people.

Traditionally, the papacy and Italy's ruling and Opposition political parties have been at loggerheads. But while we were there – and, according to Vatican sources, for the first time – the Italian legislature issued a written statement giving its unanimous support to the pontiff's lecture at the University of Regensburg on the relationship between reason and faith, in the course of which he cited a passage from a dialogue between a Byzantine emperor and a learned Persian on the relationship between Christianity and Islam.

He was accused of defamatory intentions towards Islam, being responsible for creating a religious brouhaha, earning opprobrium and retribution from Muslim fundamentalists.

The parliament stuck its neck out. "A complete reading of the text demonstrates in unequivocal fashion the sincere desire of Benedict XVI for dialogue between cultures and religions," it firmly stated.

We went to Castel Gandolfo, the Pope's summer palace; he'd returned to Rome but the passing of his second – and controversial – summer was marked by a large pronouncement posted on the castle wall by Mayor Maurizio Colacchi: "When your words were interpreted negatively, you, Holy Father, demonstrated by the tenacity of your actions and with the smile and meekness of your manner, that dialogue is not only desired, but possible.

"Castel Gandolfo became the theatre and cornice of your important purpose to re-establish ties and set the stage for the reciprocity that is beginning. The moral participation in your exalted plans make us, your mountain citizens, proud, and spur us to do our best to be worthy of such a privilege."

Priest Philip DeRea, chaplain to the Indy 500, stationed in Rome, told us Benedict was drawing a bigger crowd to his weekly audiences than John Paul: always exceeding 10,000 and often close to 35,000. One weekday in the middle of summer, having spoken for 20 minutes in five languages, he stopped and declared it was too hot for all this. The audience cheered and clapped.

Phil says the Pope is very sensitive to the world that was travelled by John Paul, but also is his own person, knows the world is aware of his presence, and wants this world to truly feel its Christian heritage, and not lose it, which would truly be a tragedy.

We went to Rome and saw Benedict XVI, the Pope of our times.

---

Jane Fraser [fraserj@theaustralian.com.au] is a columnist with *The Australian*. Reprinted with permission.



*Helping to keep Mythmakers truthful*

## MYTHS ABOUT THE MIDDLE AGES

By JAMES FRANKLIN



HERE are so many myths about the Middle Ages, that it has to be suspected that the general level of “knowledge” about things medieval is actually negative.

Here are some of the more famous ones:

### **In the Middle Ages it was believed the earth was flat.**

There’s a whole book devoted to refuting this one: J.B. Russell’s *Inventing the Flat Earth: Columbus and Modern Historians*. The myth stems mainly from a book on Columbus written by Washington Irving (author of *Rip van Winkle*) in 1828 and has been repeated by many gullible souls since.

The facts are that the Greeks knew the earth was spherical from about 500 BC, and all but a tiny number of educated persons have known it in all times since. Thomas Aquinas gives the roundness of the earth as a standard example of a scientific truth – and not in some obscure corner of his works, either, but in the first article of the first book of his major work, the *Summa Theologica*.

### **Vikings wore helmets with horns**

How would you know Hagar the Horrible was a Viking if he didn’t have horns? Not true, however – horned helmets would be very counterproductive in battle since the enemy could grab them. The few archaeological finds of horned helmets appear to be of ones used ceremonially.

### **Chastity belts.**

This was a favourite myth of Victorian times, possibly related to the Victorians’ sometimes overwrought sensibility in these matters. The British Museum in London removed from exhibition a supposedly medieval chastity belt which had been on view since 1846. “It is probable that the majority of existing

examples were made in the 19th century as curiosities for the prurient or jokes for the tasteless,” a spokesman for the museum was quoted as saying.

### **An early medieval church council declared (or almost declared) that women have no souls.**

This myth has had some currency in feminist circles, for obvious reasons. It began as a late sixteenth-century joke and somehow acquired a life of its own.

### **The medieval burning of witches.**

Medieval church law officially did not believe in witches. There were very occasional individual witch trials in the Middle Ages, but the persecution of witches only became a mass phenomenon from around 1500. The height of persecution was in the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries.

## The Mythmongers

“BUT you don’t suppose,” said Michael, “that people would believe a thing like that.”

“They will believe anything, my dear, that suggests corruption in public life. It’s one of the strongest traits in human nature. Anxiety about the integrity of public men would be admirable, if it wasn’t so usually felt by those who have so little integrity themselves that they can’t give others credit for it.”

- John Galsworthy, *The Silver Spoon*.

### **The scholastic philosophers of the Middle Ages debated how many angels could dance on the head of a pin.**

This unlikely topic has not been found in any scholastic, nor has the allegation been found earlier than in Chillingworth, a Protestant writer of 1638.

Aquinas does discuss “whether several angels can be in the same place at the same time” (*Summa theologiae* bk. I q. 52 art. 3), but that does not quite have the farcical ring of the original.

### **Medieval lords had a *ius primae noctis*: a legal or customary right to sexual relations with the newly-married wives of their underlings.**

This myth got a run in the film *Braveheart* and was the basis of one of Charlton Heston’s better efforts (*The War Lord*, 1965). There’s a whole book on this one, too: A. Boureau, *The Lord’s First Night: The Myth of the Droit de Cuissage*. In short, there’s nothing in the story.

(The same author wrote *The Myth of Pope Joan* but I don’t include this myth as I don’t think anyone has ever seriously believed that there was a medieval female pope.)

### **Some medieval Pope (unnamed, of course) instituted fasting from meat on Fridays to help the fishing industry of the Papal States.**

The origin of this myth seems not to have been tracked down. There are better questions to spend research time on.

### **The alleged fragments of the True Cross would have added up to a whole forest.**

In a truly obsessive piece of scholarship, Charles Rohault de Fleury’s *Memoire sur les instruments de la passion de N.-S. J.-C.* (1870) counted all the alleged fragments and showed



they only added up to considerably less than one cross.

### The feudal system.

Depending on how strictly it is defined, the feudal system, in the sense of a hierarchical system of property-based legal obligations between lords and vassals, is a later invention. This is argued in S. Reynolds, *Fiefs and Vassals*. However, it is true that there was in the early middle ages a manorial system or generalised protection racket, something like the "feudal system" of popular imagination.

### The Renaissance.

The thesis that there was a rebirth of learning in Europe in or around the fifteenth century after a thousand years of darkness is too diffuse to admit of clear agreement or disagreement. Nevertheless, there is much to be said for regarding the "Renaissance" as almost entirely a beat-up, put about by a gang of anti-Catholic art historians. Renaissance art is brilliant, but who can name an important work of literature that we now read between Chaucer (d. 1400) and Rabelais (1532), or an important scientific discovery – other than perhaps perspective in art – between about 1350 and Copernicus's heliocentric theory (1543)? Quite a gap ...

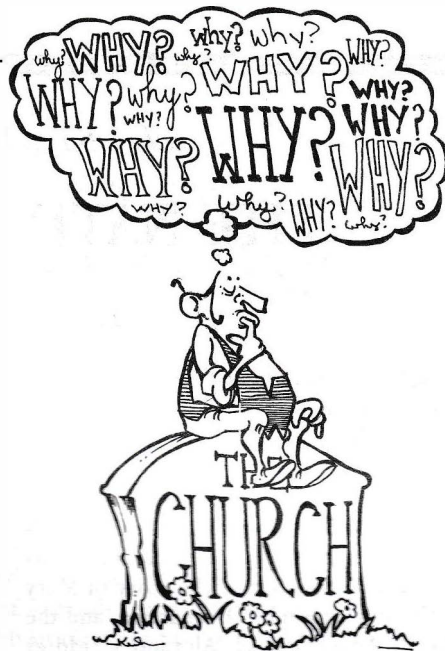
Hold that the characteristic of the present age is craving credulity

– Benjamin Disraeli Nov 25, 1869

Why so many myths? The answer is only too obvious. The men of the Reformation and later the men of the Enlightenment had anti-Catholic agenda. They were keen to blacken the period before themselves to demonstrate the need for their own product. It was hard to do anything about it until recent times. Hopefully the new age of Wikipedia and blogging, when a mass of amateurs enthusiastic for truth have learned how to keep the guardians of historical myths honest, will see a change.

For references to the claims of this article, go to [www.maths.unsw.edu.au/~jim/medmyths.html](http://www.maths.unsw.edu.au/~jim/medmyths.html)

JAMES FRANKLIN lectures in Mathematics at the University of NSW. He runs Australia's wackiest academic website [maths.unsw.edu.au/~jim/wackiest.html](http://maths.unsw.edu.au/~jim/wackiest.html).



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# THE NATIVITY STORY

by James Murray

No gaudy tinsel. No red-nosed reindeer. No endless jingles. Only the true story told simply and powerfully. The opening sequences are sombre even ponderous.

Director Catherine Hardwicke chooses to show us King Herod (Ciarin Hind, all bearded, swarthy, hard-taxed tyrant) ordering the massacre of the innocents before flashing back to the start of the story of Mary (Keisha Castle-Hughes), Joseph (Oscar Isaac), and the annunciation by the Angel Gabriel (Alexander Siddig) of her destiny as the mother of God made man.

The flashback is, of course, an attention grabbing cinematic device. But Hardwicke and scriptwriter Mike Rich, seasoned professionals, are not into boffo hokum or facile effects.

Faithfully, they bring together the New Testament accounts of Luke and Matthew, written about 40 years after Christ's death. To these they add the interpretation of biblical scholars to show the dynamic interactions of the nativity's elements.

Herod's paranoia about the effect of a Messiah on his local power deriving from the supreme power of Caesar Augustus in Rome.

The birth to Elizabeth (Shohreh Aghdashloo) in old age and Zachariah (Stanley Townsend) of a son John, the precursor to the Messiah.

The Magi, Melchior (Nadim Sawalha), the scholar, Balthasar (Eriq Ebouaney), the Ethiopian astronomer, Gaspar (Stefan Kalipha), the translator, becoming convinced through their studies of a forthcoming, great event in human history and following a guiding star to witness it.

Anna (Hiam Abbass, born in Nazareth) and Joaquin (Shaun Toub) Mary's parents informing her of her betrothal to Joseph and her visit to her cousin Elizabeth in the hill country of Judea for the birth of John.

Mary's soul has magnified the Lord. Yet her return, pregnant, to Nazareth is greeted with suspicion, resentment and the threat of stoning until Joseph intervenes to protect her.

Keisha Castle-Hughes brings to the role a serene innocence but not naiveté. This is no child caught up in

matters she cannot comprehend. This is a Jewish virgin who knows in precise moral terms the implications of the challenge to which she has given free assent.

Oscar Isaac distils a potent steadfastness that re-emphasises the part Joseph played, too often diminished or sweetly fudged. It was his fortitude, his virtue as guardian that brought them along the rough and hazardous road from Nazareth to Bethlehem.

Here the film triumphantly brings off its historic climax: the birth of the Saviour in a cave-stable because there was no room for Him at the inn; the adoration of the shepherds and the visit of the Magi, bringing their royal gifts of gold, Frankincense and myrrh, symbolic of the fact that the Jewish child born in a Jewish city

under Roman occupation was the saviour of all nations and all races.

And Hardwicke circles on her opening to show us Herod's soldiers riding through villages to slaughter the innocents but finding only an empty manger in the stable while Joseph leads Mary and the child Jesus across the Sinai desert into Egypt and safety.

All the cast bring to the work a high professionalism and dedication. In particular, Sawalha, Ebouaney and Kalipha as the Magi give life, wit and character to what are usually seen as cardboard cut-outs.

Director of cinematography Elliott Davis, production designer Stefano Maria Ortolani and costume designer Maurizio Millenotti, working with Hardwicke in the southern Italian town of Matera and in Morocco, validate the essential truth of the story.

The work's verisimilitude may, however, create a problem of perception. Audiences are so conditioned, particularly in English speaking countries, to the overdecorated, sentimentalised Victorian-Dickensian version of the story that there may be difficulty in fully appreciating the merits of this more austere classic.

It is a difficulty analogous to the one children experience when confronted with pure water after a drinking sugared, fizzy water. The movie incidentally had a premiere at the Vatican. Deservedly.

PC\*\*\*\*SFFV

## The Nativity Story - A Better way of Being Human

IN A SOCIETY where marriage has been reduced to the sham of Kid Rock and Pamela Anderson's four wedding ceremonies this past summer and their recent filing for divorce, and where life has been cheapened, The Nativity Story's message of fidelity to God's laws stands in stark contrast. If it does not convert the religious skeptic, it will at least present a better way of thinking and acting for all men and women of good will. This movie can make this Christmas and the ensuing New Year special and perhaps different.

-Father Michael Orsi, chaplain, Ave Maria School of Law, Ann Arbor USA



## AUSTRALIA AND THE REICH

*An intriguing collection of songs, swastikas and Nazi propaganda produced in Australia during the 1930s*

# HITLER DOWN UNDER

*By* Richard Stone



**A**DOLF HITLER turned 50 on 20 April 1939. In Berlin, the event was marked by huge parades, swathes of swastikas, adoring crowds and truck loads of gifts delivered to Der Führer. Australian newspapers which reported these events mostly repeated stories from the same AAP correspondent. The *Advertiser* in Adelaide, however, sourced its own 'Special Correspondent' with reports appearing over three days.

A front page story, 'Birthday for Hitler in Nazi way', gave a detailed account of the Berlin celebrations. Also included was a local story headed 'Adelaide Germans Honor Hitler's Birthday'.

It was reported that 'about 150 German residents of Adelaide' gathered at the German Club in Flinders Street where the Australian and German national anthems were sung as well as the 'Nazi Party's song'. This last named song, a bombastic Nazi paean, was increasingly used at official German events in Australia in the late 1930s. It

was commonly known as the 'Horst Wessel-Lied', or 'Wessel song', after Horst Wessel who wrote the original poem.

Horst Wessel was a storm trooper in the SA, the Sturmabteilung or Brown Shirts, a para-military group of street fighters that was part of Hitler's early power base. Wessel's mysterious death in 1930 was blamed on the Communists by the Nazi propaganda chief Joseph Goebbels and Wessel's funeral was staged as a pro-Nazi propaganda exercise. Music was soon added to Wessel's jingoistic words and it became both the



The German Club, Adelaide, decorated for Hitler's 50th birthday, April 20, 1939. Unknown Photographer.



## Misplaced Sympathy

In Germany it is a serious penal offence to listen to a foreign radio station. The other day the mother of a German airman received word from the Luftwaffe that her son was missing and must be presumed dead. A couple of days later the BBC in London, which broadcasts weekly a list of German prisoners, announced that her son had been captured. Next day she received *eight* letters from friends and acquaintances telling her they had heard her son was safe as a prisoner in England. Then the story takes a nasty turn. The mother denounced all eight to the police for listening to an English broadcast, and they were arrested.

— William L. Shirer, *Berlin Diary*, Alfred Knopf, NY 1941, p.288. 'February 4, 1940'.

marching song of the SA and the Nazi Party's official song. The National Library holds sheet music for the Wessel song published in the early 1930s in Leipzig, with a vivid cover depicting the martyred Wessel.

Setting the scene, the *Advertiser* described the most important decorative elements thus: 'Flanked by large German and Australian flags, a portrait of Hitler stood on the platform'. An unknown photographer captured this setting and a copy of the photograph is in the National Library's Pictures Collection. The image is carefully composed with the viewer's focus being led up from the highly polished floor to the steps between the flowered balustrade and the artificial bower framing the portrait of Hitler, the spiritual centre of the total composition. The symmetrical angles of the ceiling lines and the table corners add to the directed line of vision. The two national flags flanking the stage provide an additional frame within the photograph, although the German flag is larger and dominates with the bold geometry of the swastika. The Nazi imagery is reinforced by an extra swastika banner draped over a lectern from where the acting German Consul, Mr P. Beckman, delivered a rousing speech, reported by the *Advertiser*, in which he claimed that, 'Hitler was supported by the affection and loyalty of the whole German people ... (who) ... knew that everything he did was for the good of the country and themselves'.

The provenance of the photo in the National Library is unknown, but it probably came to the Library through the dispersal of property seized from the German Club in Adelaide at the outbreak of World War II. The Library has a manuscript item which is documented as

coming from this source. The Australian War Memorial has photos with German-Australian connections which have the source recorded as 'removed from the South Australian German Club, upon the outbreak of hostilities, 1939-45 war, by the Commonwealth Investigation Service'. One of these photos is the same image of Hitler as that in the National Library's photo of the decorated German Club. It is intriguing to speculate that the photograph in the War Memorial may well be the same photograph which was featured in Adelaide in April 1939.

The Sued-Australischer Allgemeiner Deutscher Vereins, or South Australian German Association, which included the German Club in Adelaide, had celebrated its own 50th birthday only three years earlier in March 1936. The association had been a vital presence in the local community with a busy program of social, musical and sporting activities. Political factors reflecting events in Germany had, however, a habit of disrupting life. During World War I, anti-German sentiment in Australia ran high and the German Club had closed with many members of the community interned as aliens. As well, German town-names were anglicised. In the 1920s, the association had lobbied successfully to have the German names restored.

With the rise to power of Hitler and the Third Reich, the German Club in Adelaide, along with other German societies in Australia, had been infiltrated by consular representatives of the Third Reich spreading their government's propaganda. These activities were monitored by the Australian government, and the Library has copies of two charts detailing the elaborate structure of command and trails of influence reaching back to Berlin which the Third

Reich constructed in order to influence Germans far away from the Fatherland. The charts were prepared at Sydney Police headquarters and presented to Australian Army Headquarters in January 1940, along with information from other states on Nazi activities in Australia. The comprehensive detail in the NSW charts shows how closely the authorities monitored three key Nazi outlets based in Sydney: the German Consulate General, the central office of the Australian branch of the Nazi Party and a local German newspaper, *Die Brücke*.

*Die Brücke (The Bridge)*, published monthly in German and English between 1934 and 1939, reportedly had only a small distribution and lost money. Its survival was ensured through the support of the German Consulate General and, as such, it became one of the public faces of Nazi propaganda in Australia. The National Library holds complete sets of *Die Brücke* in hard copy and microfilm. Trade and economic news, political reports and favourable accounts of life under the Third Reich featured along with images of traditional German culture. Significantly, *Die Brücke* regularly included reports on German clubs and societies around Australia. As a result, generous space was given to the 50th-anniversary celebrations of the South Australian German Association in March 1936. Thanks to these lengthy reports, a short report in the *Advertiser* and two pieces of ephemera in the Library's collection, this important event can be reconstructed.



Cover of the 'Horst Wessel-Lied' published in Leipzig around 1929.



The South Australian General German Club in Adelaide celebrated its 50th Anniversary from 2nd to 8th March. The high-light of the celebration was the Festival Evening on the 5th March at which Dr. LUITPOLD WERZ, as the representative of the German Reich was the main speaker, and he concluded his remarks as follows:-

"One thing is certain, we can to-day go on our way as Germans with the consciousness that, in the Homeland, a Government conscious of its responsibility is at work to lead our people out of the still existing difficulties to a better future.

To-day we can be proud again of our Fatherland."

Note describing the visit of Dr Luitpold Werz, representative of the German Reich, to the South Australian German Association

Anticipating the celebrations in March, the German Consul in Adelaide, Dr Hellenthal, visited the German Club on 20 February 1936. He delivered a rousing speech urging expatriate Germans to appreciate the 'New Germany', hoping that the 50th-anniversary celebrations would unite all German comrades. The Wessel song was sung and a threefold Sieg Heil salute was given to Hitler.

A week of celebrations followed including a concert and ball, a card evening, an occasion variously described as a 'gentlemen's evening' or 'smoke social' and, finally, a family excursion to Hahndorf for a picnic. The feature of the all-male social evening on 5 March was

a lengthy speech by Dr Luitpold Werz, the attaché from the German Consulate General in Sydney. A small typed card in the Library's collection gives a brief summary of the speech. *Die Brücke* quoted the speech at length, highlighting his appeal to overseas Germans to unite and appreciate the Fatherland. *Die Brücke* duly reported the performance of the Wessel song and a threefold Sieg Heil salute to the Führer, the German People and the Fatherland. Congratulations were delivered from the Third Reich's Minister for Foreign Affairs in Berlin.

The opening 'grand' concert and ball was reported only briefly by *Die Brücke*. It did, however, specifically mention

the program handed to guests—"The tastefully printed anniversary programme was decorated with the swastika flag in the German colours of black-white-red." It is not often that a piece of ephemera such as a program warrants specific mention in print. One can assume that the prominent inclusion of the swastika, and thus the promotion of the Third Reich, merited the paper's attention. As this program is the only source of details of the concert, it is fortunate that a copy is in the Library's collection.

Members of the German Association and club delivered four important speeches at the concert but, notably, there were none by German consular representatives. Reflecting the strong musical traditions of the club, there were no less than 11 musical items with instrumental solos, bands and singers performing Austrian and German music. Mozart was represented with the famous bass aria from *The Magic Flute* 'In diesen heiligen Hallen' paying tribute to a hallowed hall; no doubt it was an emotional reference to the club's premises as a home for German culture. Other musical items included a patriotic Prussian march by Richard Wagner, the romance of a Strauss Viennese waltz, Schubert's *Serenade* and two compositions by popular contemporary composer Robert Stoltz, including the title song from his hit operetta *White Horse Inn*. Stoltz's lilting music would have been familiar to members of the German Club as the show had been staged in Adelaide by J.C. Williamson's company only four months before the club's anniversary. The two national anthems were included in the concert but, for once, there were no reports of the Wessel song or Sieg Heil salutes being performed. Perhaps the intrusion of Nazi propaganda had its limits as far as some local German-Australians were concerned.

The Third Reich's propaganda machine in Australia, aimed at selling Hitler and the 'new' Germany to expatriate Germans, was a highly organised and persistent operation. Several key items in the Library's collection provide intriguing evidence of this aspect of the political and social mosaic in Australia in the years leading to World War II.



Richard Stone is a consultant on ephemera and Australian performing arts. His book, *Fragments of the Everyday: A Book of Australian Ephemera*, was published by the National Library in 2005

## How Many Visas were Granted?

Many public buildings have been quietly closed for lack of coal, including the Engineering College of the University, the State Library, and most of the schools. Churches are not allowed to burn coal until further notice. She relates that when she called on an elderly German woman the other day, the old lady met her wearing two sweaters, a fur coat, and overshoes. The temperature in her drawing-room was 4-6 degrees Fahrenheit. ... Through the quota of Germans allowed entrance into America annually is 27,000. [there was] found a waiting-list of 248,000 names at the American consulate. Ninety-eight per cent were Jews — or about half the Jewish population left in Germany.

- William L. Shirer, *Berlin Diary*, Alfred Knopf, NY 1941, p.292, February 27, 1940.



*Call by the Pope for rational discourse and dialogue*

## THE SCANDAL THAT IS CATHOLICISM

By Russell Shaw



**C**HRISTIANITY is a scandalous religion, and the Catholic Church is the most scandalous part of it. The scandal resides in the Church's belief that, through no special merit of its own, it has been given stewardship of the means of salvation in a way and to a degree unmatched by any other religious body on earth.

For a reasonably thoughtful and honest person, to accept that startling proposition must lead eventually to membership in the Catholic Church. To reject it leads just as certainly to the belief that Catholicism as a system is daft at best and dangerous at worst.

The basis of the Church's astonishing claim is clear and simple. To choose one text from among many: immediately after healing a cripple in the name of Jesus Christ, St. Peter in Acts 4.12 is quoted as saying this: "There is salvation in no one else, for there is no other name under heaven... by which we must be saved." If that is

true, then everything else follows in due course.

For the hyper-tolerant, relativistic mentality of contemporary secularism that is intolerable. Here is a mentality delighted to put up with everything except what contradicts its own ideological prejudices. And it is this mentality that supplied the context for much of the negative reaction to Pope Benedict XVI's now-famous remarks at Regensburg last month – not the negative reaction on the part of Muslims, who were furious at what they imagined to be papal slights to the Prophet and the Koran, but reactions by certain secular intellectuals who were furious with the Pope for very different reasons.

Consider David Nirenberg, historian and professor in the Committee on Social Thought at the University of Chicago and author of a book on "persecution of minorities in the Middle Ages." Writing in the October 9 issues of the liberal weekly *The New Republic*, Dr. Nirenberg claims that at Regensburg Pope Benedict issued "a declaration

of the ongoing and universal truth of Catholic dogma."

As even a cursory reading of the Pope's text makes clear, that is a major misreading of the Pope's remarks. That Benedict XVI does indeed believe in the ongoing and universal truth of Catholic dogma undoubtedly is true, but it isn't what his Regensburg talk was about. Professor Nirenberg gets somewhat closer to the heart of what the Pope actually said when he remarks that Benedict urged "a kind of conversion, or at least a convergence of all religions and cultures" toward a form of rational discourse and dialogue typical of the European Catholic tradition.

Set aside that loaded word "conversion." The good professor is correct in saying that the Pope at Regensburg called for interreligious dialogue based upon reason – and that this reasoned approach has historically typified European Catholicism at its best. Is that a terrible thing to say?

As it happens, Baylor University social scientist Rodney Stark makes the same point in his interesting book *The Victory of Reason* (Random House). He presents a heavily-documented case that it was a series of "victories of reason" grounded in the fundamentally rational theology of Christianity that accounted for the intellectual, cultural, political, scientific, and commercial rise of the West during centuries in which other societies shaped by other religious beliefs stagnated.

But face it: even if secular intellectuals like Dr. Nirenberg could accept that idea, they would still see behind it – and angrily reject – the Church's belief in its irreducibly unique and necessary role in the redemptive plan of God. That's where the scandal comes in. It always will.



RUSSELL SHAW is a freelance Catholic writer from Washington D.C. who is a former Secretary of Public Affairs for the National Conference of Bishops/United States Catholic Conference. He can be emailed at Rshaw10290@aol.com

### Exercising the Soul

**H**ISTORY instructs, the law disciplines, prophecy foretells, correction shows us our faults and morality suggests what should be done: but in the book of the psalms there is something more than all this and at the same time a sort of medicine for man's spiritual health. Whoever reads the psalms finds a special remedy to cure the wounds caused by his own passions. Whoever is at pains to read the psalms will find in them a sort of gymnasium for the use of all souls, a sort of stadium of virtue, where different sorts of exercises are set out before him, from which he can choose the best suited to train him to win his crown.

-St Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, 339-397 AD, *Discourse on Psalm 1*, from *The Roman Breviary*, Second Reading at Matins on Friday in the 10th Week of the Year.






# ANNALS HISTORY OF CAROLS 2006

[The 16th in a series that has appeared in Annals every Christmas since 1991]

By John Colborne-Veel • Illustrated by Kevin Drumm



**S**T Francis of Assisi is often credited with introducing religious carols into the liturgy at Greccio in 1223 when he set up the first crib of the infant Saviour and Holy Family to teach the doctrine of the incarnation. Since that time the simple, sincere and joyous songs of Christmas have touched the hearts of countless men and women the world over. But it wasn't always so.

During the Reformation, much of England's rich cultural heritage was destroyed and it is unlikely that it will ever be replaced; only the skeletal remains of carolling and a few scattered dances remained to show what there once was, and these have been preserved only by the dedication of a mere handful of musicians, scholars and editors. Of course, the efforts of antiquarians would have been futile if the remnants of English Catholic tradition hadn't been lovingly kept alive behind closed doors by a multitude of anonymous Catholics.

William Sandys published 'Christmas Carols Ancient and Modern' in 1833. In this anthology Sandys noted that while carol singing still existed in the Northern Counties of England and some of the Midland, the practice was steadily declining every year. If William Sandys could visit the English speaking world today, he would be pleasantly surprised to hear many of the carols that he documented being sung at most Christmas celebrations.

## THE FEAST

**W**RITING in 386 A.D. St John Chrysostom states that the celebrating of Dec 25 as Our Lord's birthday was 'known from the beginning' to the Church of Rome. He refers those curious about the date to Archives in Rome which contain unimpeachable evidence and adds that 'it was from those who have an accurate knowledge of these things and dwell in Rome that we received this Feast'. [ii, p.354 ed. Montfaucon] St John Chrysostom called Christmas Day 'the Chief of all Feasts' [In B. Philogonium 4, vol. 1, 497]. Ed

Among the carols that Sandys preserved in print are: The First Nowell; I Saw Three Ships; A Virgin Most Pure; The Cherry Tree Carol; A Child This Day Is Born, which of course has been passed down into the repertoire as a general purpose hymn under the name of Sandys; and God Rest You Merry. For the last named carol the old meaning of its title was 'God Keep You Merry' unfortunately, nowadays the comma is often misplaced changing the significance of both the blessing and the condition of the gentlemen.

Interest in the old carols increased and many were rescued from oblivion in a variety of ways. Some were discovered in collections of broadside ballads that in

days gone by had been printed from woodcuts and peddled on the streets and at the great country fairs by itinerant singers. Some were jotted down in the field by folk song collectors from the memories of old singers. Others were unearthed by scholars and church musicians. Ninety five years after Sandys published 'Christmas Carols Ancient and Modern' the situation had improved to the extent that Oxford University published The Oxford Book of Carols(1928).

The publication of The Oxford carol book caused a great deal of interest in the old carols and their traditional usage. Recently, in a second-hand bookshop, I was fortunate enough to find a play that would seem to have been written as a direct result of the the publicity surrounding the first edition of 'The Oxford Book of Carols'.

The play, 'The Carols Come To Life' was in an old, well-worn second hand book entitled, 'Let's Do A Play!' compiled by Rodney Bennett, father of Richard Rodney Bennett the musician, and published by Thomas Nelson and Sons Ltd. Of London, Edinburgh, New York, Toronto, and Paris. It seems to date from the late 1920s just after the publication of The Oxford Book of Carols.

'Let's Do A Play!' is a resourceful do it yourself type of book shows among other things, how to build a portable stage and how to fire-proof curtains. It discusses the relative merits of gas, oil, electricity or candle lighting for the stage and provides plans for making







flood-lights from tin biscuit boxes. Bennett notes that "biscuit-box floods are by no means unknown on the professional stage". A very practical book, in relation to lighting it also notes that "Effective dimmers can be made in drain-pipes containing water and sal-ammoniac". In fact, it provides solutions to most of the problems encountered by those who wish to put on a play with no resources even though from today's point of view the solution may seem a little quaint.

I was originally attracted to "Let's Do a Play" because it contained the Christmas Mummer's Play, 'Saint George and the Dragon'. I then realised that Bennett seemed to be using his book to gently reintroduce elements of Britain's rich cultural heritage before the Reformation.

For example, in "The Carols Come To Life" the audience is introduced, to the concept of Carollers (who were repressed by the Reformation), Wassailing, the Waits, the hobby-horse, the Lord of Misrule and Father Christmas.

However, Bennett's Father Christmas isn't Clement Clark Moore's materialistic tippy elf from 'A Visit From St Nicholas' 1822 - the image that lives on today but, a character whose role would seem to be that of St Nicholas, one of the most loved saints in Catholic England, a Bishop guiding his flock. Bennett's Father Christmas introduces the audience to a carol that was sung, "Many years ago in Merry England". Father Christmas also introduces the old communal chain dance 'Sir Roger de Coverley,' named after a Catholic knight from the time of Richard Coeur-de-Lion.

While "The Carols Come To Life" may seem to be by today's standards old-fashioned and very much a product of an England's class conscious society it could actually

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provide a worthwhile template for those who are interested in staging Christmas Carol entertainments within schools, churches and other community groups. Particularly from the point of view of using entertainment to edify in relation to our culture, which is currently being assailed by both political correctness and public liability insurance. I've given the complete play but, from a practical point of view the dialogue can easily be either paraphrased or rewritten to suit particular needs and other carols substituted.

From a community production point of view there is something for everybody because apart from the performers there is a definite need for a stage manager, scene shifters, props manager, lighting people, set designer/makers, costume designer/makers; in fact everybody you would need for a full scale production. Although

Bennett suggests that it is a modest production, by scene five "The Carols Come To Life" has become bigger than 'Ben Hur'. But, within what he has written there is plenty of scope for everybody to have a part.

### The Carols Come To Life

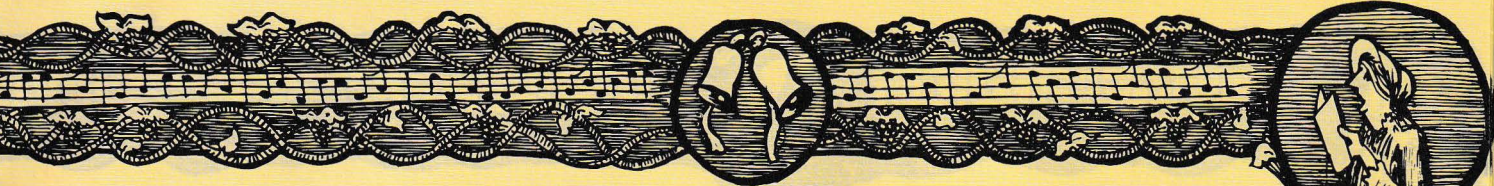
A Christmas Entertainment for young players

By Rodney Bennett

This is not so much of a play as a sketch of an entertainment which can be quickly rehearsed and presented. There is no need of course, to be bound by the particular carols suggested. The framework idea may be adapted to fit any which are preferred.

No elaborate stage is necessary. All that is really required is a single row of curtains, or even screens, which can be open and closed for





the various pictures.

Nor need the dresses be elaborate. A suggestion - a touch of colour - that will be enough.

The actual band of Carollers can be assisted by a small choir hidden off stage, with a conductor and a piano - or better still a fiddle - to keep them going smartly and in pitch. Also the people in the pictures can help.

### SCENE ONE

(The drawn curtains are supposed to be a house. The Carollers are heard singing. It will be good for them to walk through the audience as they sing.

They are rather poorly dressed, with mufflers and woollen gloves.

If possible, some of them should carry lanterns, and one electric torch. Its owner - for convenience we will call her Joan - wears mittens.)

First Carol "While Shepherds Watched"

(By the end of it the Carollers are up on stage in front of the curtain)

Tom: Isn't it cold! Some people are lucky, sitting round the fire eating mince pies and pulling crackers.

Joan: Never mind. At any rate it isn't raining, and that's something. But I do wish mittens had fingers.

(She holds up her hands.)

Betty: If mittens had fingers they wouldn't be mittens.

They'd be gloves.

Tom: I'm getting colder and colder. I believe I have a chilblain on my nose. It is that cold I can feel my breath hot on it when I sing.

Betty: Never mind, let us do the cabman's clip.

(They beat their arms around them)

Tom: That doesn't warm my nose much.

Betty: You had better hold it

against a lantern.

That will smell warm anyway.

Joan: Mine doesn't smell. Mine's an electric torch. Look!

(She switches it on, and then off.)

Tom: That's a fine torch! It's gone out.

Joan: I expect the battery's run out. It nearly always has.

Betty: How much have we got so far?

Tom: Fourpence three fathings.

Betty: Oh dear! We had better sing again. This looks a respectable sort of house. Let's sing "Wenceslas."

I say! Wouldn't it be fun if Wenceslas really happened?

Let's shut our eyes tight as we sing and imagine it really is happening.

(They get well to one side of the stage, face towards the middle and begin to sing. At that moment the curtains open showing Wenceslas ready for) -

### SCENE TWO

Second Carol "Good King Wenceslas"

CHARACTERS: Good King Wenceslas. He wears a robe and gilt

crown and carries a sceptre. The Page. A Butler. A Cook. A Poor Man with a bundle of sticks.

VERSE 1: Sung by everyone. As it begins the curtain parts and the King walks out, rubbing his hands and looking about. A white sheet on the ground is snow, and there should be a branch of holly for a bush.

VERSE 2: Sung by the King and Page, who enters with a lantern when called.

VERSE 3: First Half - the King. The Butler comes in with a basket of food and another of logs. Second Half - Chorus. Meanwhile the King and Page walk round the back with actions suitable to the words.

VERSE 4: Page and then King.

VERSE 5: Chorus, boldly. The Poor Man comes on to the corner of the stage, the King and Page come down to him, and he is seen thanking them as the verse ends and the curtains close.

### SCENE THREE

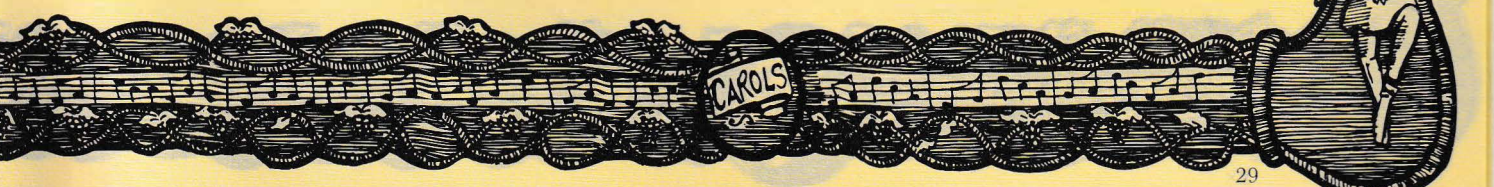
Tom: That wasn't so bad was it? My nose is warm already.

Joan: I saw it all as plain as plain. Didn't the King look fine,

## Be of Good Heart

The waves are many and the surging sea dangerous. But we are not afraid we may be drowned. For we are standing on the rock. Let the sea rage as it will; it cannot split the rock asunder. Though the waves tower on high, they cannot overwhelm the boat of Jesus. What, pray, are we afraid of? Death? 'For me life is Christ, and death gain.' But tell me, is it exile? 'The earth is the Lord's, and all it contains. Is it the loss of property? We brought nothing into the world. It is certain we can take nothing out of it. The terrors of the world I despise, its treasures I deem laughable. I am not afraid of poverty, I do not long for wealth. I do not dread death, I do not pray to live, except to help you advance in virtue. So I simply note what is happening at present and I call on you, my dear people, to be of good heart.

- St John Chrysostom, from his *Homilies* [Before his Exile, nn.1-3]. *The Roman Breviary*. Matins for the Feast of the Saint. Second Reading.







crown and all?

Betty: And didn't the Page look cold?

Joan: I expect he was wearing mittens.

Tom: Nobody seems to be rushing out of the front door with sixpence. We had better give them another. What shall it be?

Betty: Let's have "Here we come a-wassailing."

That ought to give them a strong hint. And let's shut our eyes again.

Joan: I shall have to shut my eyes very tight to imagine a good feed, let alone a mouldy cheese. How I do love cheese!

#### SCENE FOUR

Third Carol "Here we come a-wassailing."

(The curtains open, and a party of Waits, or band members, in costume, are seen singing outside a house, joining the children. They can be in any period that can be easily arranged. They carry lanterns.)

OTHER CHARACTERS:

A Butler, stout, with his hair powdered white, and an apron tied about his middle. Servants. A modern Boy or Girl

(AS the carol is sung the Waits show the purse and so on, and at the proper time the servants bring on a table with a white cloth, and the Butler the bread and cheese very pompously, and a large jug with a froth of wadding on the top. At the end the curtains close again.)

Tom: Oh! Wasn't it dreadfully real!

Joan: I could almost smell the cheese.

Betty: That's about as near as you will get, I think.

Let's give a good shout. Come on! One, two, three, four:

Knock at the knocker,

Ring at the bell,

Spare us a penny

For singing so ... (They stop dead and listen.)

Modern Boy: (Appearing between the curtains as at the door).

Very well sung! Father says here's a shilling for your pains.

All: A shilling! Oh thank you.

Girl: Good-night, and a Merry Christmas.

All: Good-night, and the same to you.

Girl: Good-night.

(She goes in.)

Betty: Isn't that splendid! A shilling! Come along.

Let's go to another house.

(They cross the stage. There is a moment's silence, then sounds of laughing and talking are heard behind the curtain.)

Tom: This looks like a good

house. I believe there's a party at this house. Some people are lucky. And here we are out in the cold, and my poor nose - I do believe there's an icicle on it.

Joan: Oh, your nose! You ought to take it off and leave it at home on the hob. Come along. One, two three, go.

(They all sing.)

Good King Wenceslas looked out

On the feast of Stephen!

#### SCENE FIVE

The Christmas Party.

(Before they have time to get any further, the curtain opens a little way, and a head wearing a fancy cap pops out. The owner of the head speaks back to her friends.

## A Crown of Prayer and Praise

*Deign at my hands this crown of prayer and praise,*

*Weav'd in my low devout melancholy,*

*Thou which of good, hast, yea art, treasury,*

*All changing unchanged Ancient of days.*

*But do not, with a vile crown of frail bays,*

*Reward my muse's white sincerity.*

*But what thy thorny crown gain'd, that give me,*

*A crown of Glory, which doth flower always.*

*The ends crown our works, but thou crown'st our ends,*

*For, at our end begins our endless rest*

*The first last end, now zealously possess'd,*

*With a strong sober thirst, my soul attends.*

*'Tis time that heart and voice be lifted high,*

*Salvation to all that will is nigh.*

- John Donne, 1571-1631. *La Corona* ["The Crown"]





## Glory to God in the Highest

In the Middle Ages, especially in Britain, the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* said at Mass after the three-fold *Kyrie Eleison*, was called the *Angelicus*, short for the *Hymnus Angelicus*, or 'Angelic Hymn,' after the song that the angels sang at our Lord's nativity.

-Editor, Annals

## The Leeds Wassail



Here we come a - was - sail - ing A - mong the leaves so  
Green, Here we come a - wan - der - ing, So  
fair - to be seen: Love and joy - come to  
you, And to you your was - sail too, And God  
bless you, and send you a hap - py New Year.

## Sir Roger De Coverley

English Country Dance



"I do believe here are some carollers. Yes! It is."

A number of children in fancy dress run out.)

All: Carollers! Carollers!

(The curtains part on a bright and festive room, with festoons of holly and a shining Christmas tree. By it stands Father Christmas. The Carollers are hurried in with much noise and laughter, a crowd of children, all in party frocks and clothes or fancy dresses, running round them.)

Father Christmas: Welcome Carollers! We are very glad to see you.

Joan: The same to you sir, thanking you kindly.

Father Christmas: Now that we have some real live Carollers, there's one thing we ought to have isn't there?

All: A carol! A carol!

Tom: (aside) I thought he meant a mince pie.

Father Christmas: What shall it be? (to the Carollers)

Do you know the carol that begins (he quotes the first line of the fourth carol.)

Betty: We do sir. It's probably our best piece.

Father Christmas: Splendid. They used to sing it many years ago in Merry England. There ought to be a Lord of Misrule on a hobby-horse, and a real procession with the boar's head and all.

Son of the House: I've got a hobby-horse. I'll run and get it.[exit]

Father Christmas: Then we shall want a dish for the boar's head. Has anyone a dish?

Someone: Here is a dish.

Father Christmas: And a boar's head?

All: (nonplussed) A boar's head?

Someone else: A tea-cosy will do for the boar's head.

All: Ha, ha, ha!

Father Christmas: Now





where is the Lord of Misrule?  
Son of the House:  
Here I am!

(He canters in on a hobby-horse, and prances round, pursuing every one and dealing blows with a bladder on a string. Meanwhile some one has pinned on to the tea-cosy boar's head a pair of ears and a large fiery eye made of a disk of paper with a red spot on it. The procession forms up.)

Father Christmas: (above all the hubbub) Are we ready?

(To Misrule) Now, my lord, be quiet a minute, if you please.

Now off we go.

Fourth Carol: "Make we Merry" (The Oxford Book of Carols 172). "Somerset Wassail" (32). or "The Boar's Head Carol" (19).

Father Christmas: Now a dance. Sir Roger de Coverley. Into lines, everybody. Take your partners.

(Dance: "Sir Roger de Coverley.")

Father Christmas: Now it's getting late. One more carol and then away home. "God rest you merry, gentlemen."

Fifth Carol: "God rest you merry, gentlemen."

(All line up facing the audience, Father Christmas and the Lord of Misrule in the middle, Tom, Joan and Betty on either side, and sing it.

Father Christmas: (Afterwards to the Audience) A Merry Christmas to you all.

All: Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!

Tom: Three cheers for Father Christmas. Hip! Hip!  
(Three cheers are lustily given.)

CURTAIN.

The following comments on the songs and images used in "The Carols Come To Life" give an interesting insight into our culture.

## Songs without Words

This is the way of singing God gives you; do not search for words. You cannot express in words the sentiments which please God: so, praise him with your jubilant singing. This is fine praise of God, when you sing with jubilation. You ask, what is 'singing in jubilation' [Psalm 32,3]? It means to realize that words are not enough to express what we are singing in our hearts. At the harvest, in the vineyard, whenever men must labour hard, they begin with songs whose words express their joy. But when their joy brims over and words are not enough, they abandon even this coherence and give themselves up to the sheer sound of singing.

What is this jubilation, this exultant song? It is the melody that means our hearts are bursting with feelings words cannot express. And to whom does this jubilation most belong? Surely to God who is unutterable. And does not unutterable mean what cannot be uttered? If words will not come and you may not remain silent, what else can you do but let the melody soar? What else, when the rejoicing heart has no words and the immensity of your joys will not be imprisoned in speech? What else can one do but 'sing out with jubilation'?

- St. Ambrose Augustinus known as Augustine of Hippo [354-430 AD]. Sermon 17-8: On Psalms 52 Quoted in *The Passion: Breviary for the Second Reading at Matins for the Feast of St Cecilia, November 22.*

## While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks:

'While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks' was written as a literal verse translation of Luke 2 by the then Poet Laureate Nahum Tate (1652-1715). The hymn is sung to a number of tunes, among them 'Winchester Old' by Christopher Tye; Thomas Jarman's 'Lyngham'; and an adaptation of a soprano aria from Handel's opera 'Siroe, King of Persia'.

In Australia, Tye's melody is probably the best known. The version of Winchester Old that is used for 'While Shepherds Watched Their Flocks' comes from Thomas Este's 1592 Psalter.

Christopher Tye (1497-1573) a Catholic, was the organist of Ely Cathedral and the Chapel Royal in the reign of both Edward VI and Elizabeth I. A manuscript by Anthony Wood in the Bodleian collection notes that

"Dr. Tye was a peevish and

humoursome man, especially in his latter dayes, and sometimes playing on ye Organ in ye chap. of qu. Elizab. wh. contained much musick, but little delight to the ear, she would send ye verger to tell him yt he played out of tune; whereupon he sent word yt her ears were out of tune."

Christopher Tye wrote a great deal of church music and influenced the development of English psalmody: he is sometimes referred to as "The Father of the Anthem".

## Good King Wenceslaus:

Every Christmas song was composed for a special occasion and many of them have interesting stories associated with their first performance. Good King Wenceslaus for example was written by J.M. Neal (1880-1966). Neale took the melody from a very rare Swedish book of "exquisite sixteenth-century tunes" called *Piae Cantiones*, and based the



## The Creed

THE faith which the Church hands down to you has all the authority of the scriptures behind it. This is the faith, and none other, which you must learn to proclaim and in which you must persevere. Our spiritual life must not be put at risk through ignorance, and since there are some who do not read the Bible, either because they are too busy or because they are illiterate, the essence and core of our faith has been captured, and can be memorized, in the few short lines of the creed.

Keep this faith ever by your side to help you on your way and close your ears and have nothing to do with any other, even if I myself should change my allegiance and preach another faith to you, or an angel of darkness be transformed into an angel of light to lead you into error. 'Even if we or an angel from heaven should preach to you a gospel contrary to that which we preached to you, let him be accursed!'

To begin with, simply take the words as they stand at their face value, put your faith in them and commit them to memory. Later, as opportunity offers, you can take the propositions one by one and study them as truths of the sacred scriptures. This summary of our faith is not a merely human composition but the more striking sayings of the scriptures have been assembled together to form one comprehensive statement. And as a small mustard seed carries within itself the potential of large branches, so the words of our creed are pregnant with the whole content of our religion as it is expressed both in the Old and the New Testament.

- St Cyril of Jerusalem Cat. 5.12-13.  
From the *Roman Breviary*, Second Reading at Matins for Thursday of the 31st week of the Year

words on an obscure Bohemian legend about King Wenceslas. Unfortunately the tune he chose was originally used for a spring carol 'Tempus adest floridum' which would have been better left alone. Authorities have denounced his work ever since as "poor and commonplace doggerel". Their criticism however, doesn't seem to have inhibited the popularity of this carol, that it still touches the heart of young and old.

Here we come a-wassailing:

'Wassail' is a hot spicy punch, beer or cider. Its name is a contraction of an Old English toast *wæs þu hæle* or "be thou hale!" (i.e., "be in good health"). The Leeds' wassail song used to be sung between Christmas and New Year in the North of England. The version given below is from the Oxford Book of Carols wherein Martin Shaw states that, as a boy, he learnt it from his father, "who had often heard it in the streets of Leeds in the eighteen-fifties" also that it was reported to have been sung by the 'waits' in West Riding some fifty years before that time. The melody given for the Leeds Wassail song is a very close relation of 'God rest you merry, gentleman'. The words for the Leeds Wassail are as follows:-

### (VERSE)

Here we come a-wassailing  
Among the leaves so green,  
Here we come  
a-wandering,  
So fair to be seen:

### (CHORUS)

Love and joy come to you,  
And to your wassail too  
And God bless you,  
*And send you a happy New Year*

As in all traditional carols, each verse is followed by a chorus. The remaining six verses of the Leeds Wassail are as follows:-

Our wassail cup was made -  
Of the rosemary tree,  
And so is your beer  
Of the best barley:

We are not daily beggars  
That beg from door to door,  
But we are neighbours'  
children

Whom you have seen  
before:

Call up the butler of this  
house,

Put on his golden ring;  
Let him bring us up a glass  
of beer,

And better we shall sing:

We have got a little purse  
Of stretching leather skin;  
We want a little of your  
money

To line it well within:

Bring us out the table,

And spread it with a cloth:

Bring us out a mouldy  
cheese,

And some of your Christmas  
loaf:

God bless the master of this  
house,

Likewise the mistress too;

And all the little children

That "round the table go:

Good master and good  
mistress,

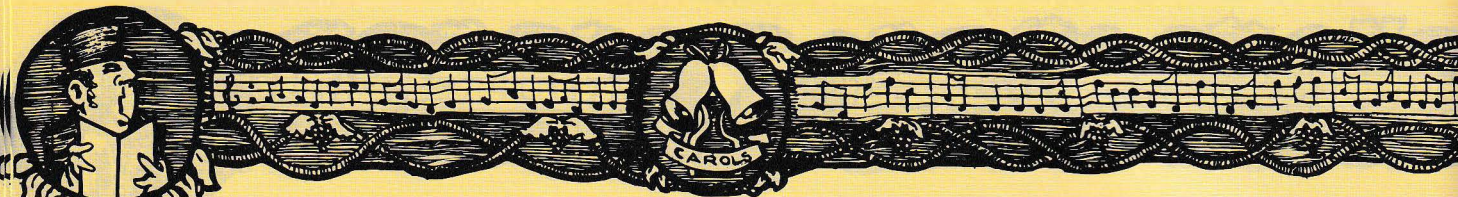
While you're sitting by the  
fire,

Pray think of us poor chil-  
dren

Who are wand'ring in the  
mire.

Martin Shaw includes two verses from Ritson's "Ancient Songs and Ballads" (1829) and notes that they were copied from "some source of the reign of James I or Charles I. Shaw speculates that "Shakespeare may well have heard them sung outside his house on Christmas night." The





additional verses given by Shaw are as follows:-

God bless the master of this house,

The mistress also,  
And all the little children  
That 'round the table go:


And all your kin and kins-folk,

That dwell both far and near:

I wish you a merry Christmas,

And a happy New Year.

### Make we Merry:



In 1850 a valuable collection of carols was found behind a bookcase in an old commonplace book that had belonged to Richard Hill, a London grocer. Between 1500 and 1536, Hill had collected a variety of information that was of interest to him. Apart from carols, this included tables of weights; dates of Fairs; recipes for cooking and brewing beer; notes on horse breaking; his children's birth dates; as well as a selection of puzzles, riddles, and poems in English, French, and Latin. Among the carols in Hill's commonplace book was the words for 'Make we Merry'. In 1928 the carol was published in the Oxford Book of Carols (No.172). For this publication it was given a new setting by Martin Shaw.

Make we merry, both more and less,

For now is the time of Christmass,  
of Christmass, of Christmass.

Let no man come into this hall,

Nor groom nor page nor yet marshall,

But that some sport he bring withal.

## What Christ means

'A man  
is drawn  
by Christ  
when  
he delights  
in truth,  
in blessedness,  
in holiness  
and in  
Eternal Life,  
all of which  
mean  
Christ'

- St Augustine Homily 26, 4-6

If that he say he cannot sing,  
Some other sport then let  
him bring,

That it may please at this feasting.

If he say he naught can do,  
Then, for my love, ask him  
no mo'

But to the stocks - then let  
him go.

Make we merry, both more  
and less,

For now is the time of  
Christmass,  
of Christmass, of  
Christmass.

In regard to the carols words, it's interesting to notice that Christmas used to be pronounced in three syllables (Chris-te-mass). While Christmass rhymes with less, marshall rhymes with hall (linguists make use of old rhymes to reconstruct the pronunciation of Old English). According to the

Oxford Dictionary marshall is a middle English word, in 1450 its meaning was, "to arrange in proper order at a feast, table etc."

'Make we Merry' outlines a complete Christmas entertainment in its own right and it gives the participant a choice, - if you can't sing or bring some other entertainment into the room you will end up being the entertainment (in the stocks). Maybe *Annals* readers could try it out; having a bit of a sing-song with the kids might make a pleasant change and a break from the electronic playing fields.

Martin Shaw's setting of 'Make we Merry' could be a bit long-winded for theatrical purposes in that it has a whole bar of twelve eight between the verses. For Rodney Bennett's Christmas entertainment outlined above and for the sake of simplicity, there are much older carol tunes that 'Make we Merry' could be coupled with by adapting either the words or music. There is plenty of precedence for doing this because many of the old carol tunes had more than one set of words depending on the time of the year and the occasion (sacred or convivial).

For example, in 'Popular Music of the Olden Time' (1859) William Chappell noted that, "Christmas Carols were of two sorts: the one serious, and commonly sung through the streets, or from house to house, to usher in the Christmas morning; the other of a convivial character, and adapted to the festive entertainments of the season. We have seen how, in the fifteenth century, a minstrel could make one tune to answer for both - singing

'Nowell, nowell, nowell,  
This is the salutation of the  
Angel Gabriel'

in the morning to the same  
tune as

'Bring us good ale, and bring  
us good ale,



For our blessed lady's sake,  
bring us good ale,  
in the evening."

The thrifty and inventive use of carol tunes in 'Merry England' as described by Chappell, paints a picture of a society with a sense of humour that is at ease with its religion. Merry Englanders didn't do one thing in the morning and another at night, just as they made, 'one tune answer for both' their religion unashamedly encompassed the complete celebration of Christmas and their lives.

### The Boar's Head Carol:

The boar's head in hand bear  
I,  
Bedeck'd with bays and rose-  
mary,  
And I pray you, my masters,  
be merry,

Quot estis in convivio

[All you who are at the Feast]

Chorus:

Caput apri defero,

Raddens laudes Domino

[I bring the wild boar's head,

Giving praise to the lord]

Solo:

The boar's head, as I  
understand,

Is the bravest dish in all the  
land;

When thus bedeck'd with a  
gay garland,

Let us servire cantico,

[Let us serve it with a song]

Chorus: Caput apri etc.

Solo:

Our steward hath provided  
this

In honour of the King of  
Bliss;

Which on this day to be  
served is

In regimensi atrio.

[In the fine hall of the squire]

Chorus: Caput apri &c.

The Boar's Head Carol is one of a handful of old carol melodies that survived the Reformation's destruction because they were

used to convey convivial words. In regard to this, Chappell found that, "The oldest printed collection of Christmas Carols is that which was published by Wynkyn de Worde in 1521, but the songs are of a festal character, including the famous 'Boar's-head Carol,' which is still sung annually, on Christmas Day, as Queen's Collage Oxford."

### Father Christmas:

Father as in Father Christmas is a respectful title given to an old man or a personification as in, Father Time, Father Thames or Father Christmas. Because of his generosity and the fact that his feast day is close to Christmas St Nicholas became in turn the personification of the joyous season.

### St Nicholas:

The cult of Saint Nicholas flourished in France from the 11th to the 12th centuries. St Nicholas

was renowned for his generosity and his feast day (December 6) became a traditional day for Catholics to exchange gifts.

The only known facts concerning St. Nicholas are that he was a bishop of Myra in Lycia, he died in 325 and his alleged relics were stolen by Italian merchants in 1087 and are now enshrined at Bari. St. Nicholas is venerated as the patron saint of sailors, scholars and children. He is also the patron saint of Russia. A life of St Nicholas was compiled by Simon Metaphrastes in the tenth century from an abundant supply of legend. There are many observances and customs connected with the saint.

As the most popular saint in Christendom after St Peter, St Nicholas was singled out by the Puritans and their successors as a traditional Catholic icon that should be neutralised and discarded along with Christmas

## Mary and the Church

Mary is holy. Mary is blessed. Yet the Church is greater than she is. What reason do I bring? Mary is part of the Church. She is a holy member of the Church: she is the holy member: she is the member *above all members*; but she is still one member of the whole body. And if a member is part of the whole body, the body is certainly greater than that member. The Lord is the head, and the whole Church is the head with its members. How shall I put it? It is a divine head we have. It is God we have as our head. Brethren, listen very closely, you are members of Christ's body and you are the body of Christ. And this is how you are what he said: 'Here are my mother and brethren.' But how does this prove you are Christ's mother? He goes on: 'Whoever hears and whoever does the will of God is my brother, and sister, and mother. Why brothers and sisters? Because we have a common heritage and Christ's heart of love would not be separated from us, though he is the only-begotten: he will have us be heirs of his Father and co-heirs with himself.

- St. Aurelius Augustinus known as Augustine of Hippo [354-430 AD], *Sermon* 25.7-8.  
Quoted in *The Roman Breviary* for the Second Reading at Matins for the Feast of the Presentation of the Blessed Virgin Mary, November 21.





Day and the image of the Christ child. In Holland, Dutch Protestants deliberately paganised the feast day of St. Nicholas by observing it as a children's holiday and encouraging youngsters to leave their clogs filled with hay for the saint's white horse in the hope of obtaining gifts. A cult that promoted charitable works through generosity quickly degenerated into one of rampant self interest and greed: Santa was born.

Santa Claus is an American term that first entered the English language in 1828. It is derived from the Dutch Sante Klaas, a pet name for Saint Nicholas. American poet and educator Clement Clark Moore (1779-1863) can be credited with creating the modern commercial cult image of St. Nicholas in 1822 when he wrote the poem 'A Visit From St Nicholas' which is generally called 'The Night Before Christmas' after its first line.

Taking into consideration that Clement Clark Moore was a professor of Biblical learning, his poetic image of St Nicholas as an eccentric, fat elf, dressed in a scruffy fur coat, riding through the winter skies on a magic sleigh dispensing gifts to children has very little to do with Christianity. But it was a very successful attempt to paganise Catholic tradition. Even today, Clement Clark Moore's goblin masquerading as a Christian saint is steadily forcing the Christ child out of Christmas.

In the play, Father Christmas declares that there must be a 'Lord of Misrule. At the beginning of the sixteenth century in England it was customary for a schoolboy to be elected bishop for one day on St Nicholas eve (December 5) by his fellow students. The recipient of this honour was known as the St.

## Glory to God, Peace to Men

**O**N CHRISTMAS NIGHT all Christians sing,  
To hear the news the angels bring—  
News of great joy, news of great mirth,  
News of our merciful King's birth.

Then why should men on earth be so sad,  
Since our Redeemer made us glad,  
When from our sin he set us free,  
All for to gain our liberty ?

**W**HEN SIN DEPARTS before his grace,  
Then life and health come in its place;  
Angels and men with joy may sing,  
All for to see the new-born King.

All out of darkness we have light,  
Which made the angels sing this night:  
'Glory to God and-peace to men,  
Now and for evermore. Amen.'

- Though often called 'Sussex Carol' after the region in which it was collected by Cecil Sharp and Vaughan Williams from Mrs Verrall of Monk's Gate in the early 20th century, the carol was first published in a work by an Irish bishop, Luke Wadding, *Small Garland of Pious and Godly Songs*, about 1684.

Nicholas bishop. This custom (which still survives in Montserrat in Catalonia) probably originated as a replacement for the Feast of Fools, which in itself had been a substitute for the Roman feast of Saturnalia (December 17). The St. Nicholas bishop would have been a substitute for the Lord

of Misrule, ruler of the Feast of Fools.

### The Christmas Tree:

The Christmas Tree is a comparative newcomer to Anglo-Celtic Nativity celebrations. It is said to have been introduced to England from Germany by Queen Victoria's



## A Gym for Spiritual Health

History instructs, the law disciplines, prophecy foretells, correction shows us our faults and morality suggests what should be done: but in the book of the psalms there is something more than all this and at the same time a sort of medicine for man's spiritual health. Whoever reads the psalms finds a special remedy to cure the wounds caused by his own passions. Whoever is at pains to read the psalms will find in them a sort of gymnasium for the use of all souls, a sort of stadium of virtue, where different sorts of exercises are set out before him, from which he can choose the best suited to train him to win his crown.

-St Ambrose, Bishop of Milan, 339-397 AD, *Discourse on Psalm 1*, from *The Roman Breviary*, Second Reading at Matins on Friday in the 10th Week of the Year.

consort Prince Albert, and, from there, to the various parts of the British Empire. Albert (1819-1862) was the second son of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha. He married Victoria in 1840 so, it is possible to say that if he did in fact introduce the Christmas Tree custom to England, it must have been sometime between 1840 and 1862. The Christmas Tree has no relationship to pagan tree-worshipping customs. It is derived from the so-called 'Paradise tree' of the German Mystery Plays where it was used to symbolise Eden.

### The Use Of Evergreens:

The custom of decorating houses with evergreens during the winter solstice is very old. Some say that it dates from prehistoric pagan tree worshipping customs and the belief that the branches of evergreen trees had a magical power that would ward off evil. But the custom is widespread throughout Europe and not everyone worshipped trees. Whatever its origin, decorating

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AUSTRALASIA

OUR  
FUTURE DEPENDS  
ON YOU

Thank you  
for remembering

ANNALS  
AUSTRALASIA

IN YOUR WILL

OUR LEGAL TITLE IS:  
ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

1 Roma Avenue  
Kensington NSW 2033  
Australia

houses with evergreens is a very powerful symbol of a fresh start.

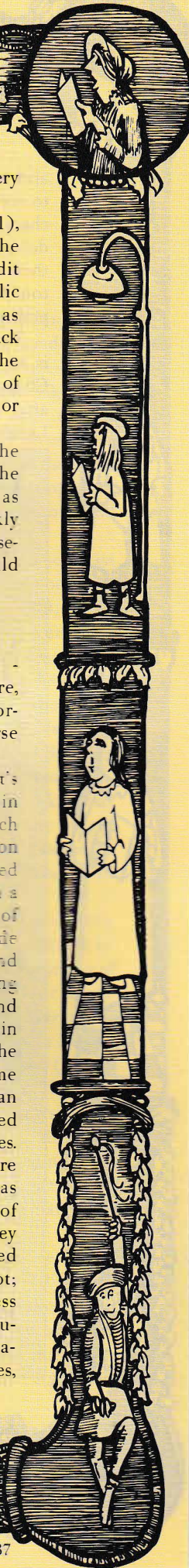
In 'Twelve Moneths' (1661), Stevenson, on behalf of the Puritans, tried to discredit England's ancient Catholic customs by denouncing them as ignorant superstition. In an attack on 'The Holly and the Ivy' he wrote, "Great is the contention of Holly and ivy, whether Master or Dame weares the breeches."

The superstition about the kind of holly that came into the household at Christmas was as follows: If the holly was prickly the husband would run the household; if smooth "the wife would be mistress and master too."

### The Hobby Horse:

Chappell quotes Dr. Plott - Natural History of Staffordshire, 1686 - for the following information about the hobby horse custom:

"At Abbot's, or now Paget's Bromley they had, within memory, a sort of sport, which they celebrated at Christmas, on New-Year and Twelfth Day, called the Hobby-Horse Dance, from a person that carried the image of a horse between his legs, made of thin boards, and in his hand a bow and arrow, which, passing through a hole in the bow, and stopping upon a shoulder it had in it, he made a snapping noise as he drew it to and fro, keeping time with the musick. With this man danced six others... They danced the hays and other country dances. To this Hobby-Horse dance there also belonged a pot, which was kept by turns by four or five of the chief of the town, whom they called Reeves, who pounded cakes and ale to put in this pot; all people who had any kindness for the good intent of the institution of the sport, giving pence a-piece for themselves and families,





and so foreigners too that came to see it; with which money - the charge of the cakes and ale being defrayed - they not only repaired their church, but kept their poor too; which charges are not now perhaps so cheerfully borne."

The tune of Roger de Coverley is an old Lancashire hornpipe. Chappell noted that it was named after a knight from Richard the Lionheart's time and quotes the

## I shall praise Him our Saviour and my God

You who have now put on christ and follow our guidance are like little fish on the hook: you are being pulled out of the deep waters of this world by the word of God. And so you can say: 'In us nature is changed.' For fish which are taken out of the sea die; but the apostles have fished and taken us out of the sea of this world in such a way that we have been brought to life from the dead. While we were in the world our eyes were in the depths and our life was spent amidst the mire. When we were snatched from the waves we began to see the sun, we began to gaze upon the true light, and, troubled with excess of joy, we said to our souls: 'Hope in God, for I shall praise him, our Saviour and my God.'

- St Eusebius Hieronymus [Jerome] 345-420, *Homily on Psalm 41*.  
From *The Roman Breviary*, Second Reading at Matins, Thursday, 13th Week of the Year.

## Father, whatever you do with me, I thank you

Father, into your hands I commend my spirit.' (Lk 23:46) That was our Master's, our Beloved's last prayer. May it be ours. And may it not only be the prayer of our last moment, but that of all our moments: 'Father, I place myself into your hands; Father, I entrust myself to you; Father, I abandon myself to you. Father, do with me as pleases you; whatever you do with me, I thank you. Thank you for everything. I am ready for everything. I accept everything. I thank you for everything so long as your will is done in me, my God, so long as your will is done in all your creatures, in all your children, in all whom your heart loves. I want nothing else, my God. Into your hands I commend my soul. I give it to you, my God, with all the love of my heart, because I love you, and because in my love I need to give myself, to place myself into your hands beyond all measure. I place myself into your hands with infinite trust, because you are my Father.'

- Blessed Charles de Foucauld (1858-1916), *Meditations on the Holy Gospels* (1898-1899). A hermit and missionary in the Sahara, Charles was killed by Muslim tribesmen, followers of Sheikh Senoussi [died 1859] noted for their hatred of Christians. They apparently gave him the chance to spare his life by renouncing his faith and reciting the shahada, the Muslim creed. He refused. He was shot through the back of the head on December 1, 1916.

following from a seventeenth century manuscript:- "Roger, so named from the Archbishop of York, was a person of renowned hospitality, since, at this day, the obsolete tune of Roger a Coverley is referred to him..." the quote continues with a discussion about Roger's minstrels. Chappell gives the following figure for the dance as it was being performed in the 1850s:-

"FIGURE OF ROGER DE COVERLEY:- The couples stand as in other English country-dances, the gentlemen facing the ladies. First - the gentleman at the top and the lady at the bottom of the dance advance to the centre, and turning round each other (giving the right hand) return to places (four bars of music). Second - the same figure repeated, but giving the left hand (four bars). Third -

the same couple advance a third time, the gentleman bowing and the lady curtseying, retire (four bars). The fourth is a chain figure, the first gentleman gives his right hand to his partner and left to the second lady, right to partner and left to third lady, and so on, the lady, in like manner, at the same time, giving her right hand to her partner and left to every gentleman, till they reach the bottom of the dance. They then hold up their hands joined, and every couple pass under them (beginning with the second gentleman and his partner) and turning outwards, i.e., gentlemen to the right and ladies to the left, return to places. Then the figure recommences with the second gentleman (now at the top, and the first lady, now at the bottom of the dance."



*Alleged 'fake' that baffles science*

# THE SHROUD OF TURIN

By IAN MACDONALD



HE work is immensely detailed yet never dull such is Brendan Whiting's skill in plaiting together the many strands of Shroud scholarship.

He begins as he means to go on, melding the spiritual and the scientific by clarifying how the Shroud icon indicates not only scourging, a crown of thorns and a lance wound but the facial and knee injuries Christ sustained when he fell on the upward road to Calvary, and the redemption of the human race.

Here Whiting makes it clear that whatever its provenance, whatever its authenticity, the Shroud is an extraordinary inspiration for those who prefer not to focus on the ego umbilicus as the be-all and end-all of meditation.

He paces his work like a detective story, following the passage of the Shroud from its mysterious origins in the Byzantine Empire through its hidden period in Edessa and after many hazards its transfer to Europe to come eventually into the guardianship of the royal House of Savoy which in turn generously abrogated its rights and put it under current papal protection.

Whiting emphasises that the Shroud was not always perceived devoutly. Early church authorities in France were stringent in denouncing it as a painted forgery at a time when false relics were supposedly as much ecclesiastical stock in trade as secular memorabilia now are among those whose quasi-religion is sport.

Indeed it can be said that the Shroud of Turin is unique in its transformation by science from being merely an object of pious reverence to a potentially authentic relic.

The science was the science of photography. In 1898, Secondo Pia was authorised to enter Turin Cathedral

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*The Shroud Story*  
By Brendan Whiting,  
Harbour Publishing/ Gary Allan Pty Ltd  
rrp, \$55

---

and take photographs (Voigtlander lens camera) of the faint frontal and dorsal images on the Shroud; to his astonishment these revealed that the images were a negative of a positive.

Since then scientists of varying disciplines, including aerospace, have subjected the Shroud to prolonged, rigorous tests using the latest technology; its study is now as much a scientific sub-discipline as a religious pursuit

During the years 1978–1985, under the aegis of STURP (Shroud of Turin Research Project) these tests came to their climax in the daunting revelation that carbon-dating techniques proved

## The Modern Dilemma

To say that the truth has no need of force to defend it is to deny the reality of sin in history and to collaborate in the persecution of virtue by sins of omission. It is also a radically anti-cultural statement because the purpose of culture is to make the choice of sin difficult and virtue relatively easy. If the Church were ever to abandon force in defence of the truth, she would effectively abandon public life to the *libido dominandi* of the powerful and unscrupulous. By eschewing force in defence of the truth, the Church would collaborate in the exploitation of the weak, whether they be Jews in Nazi Germany or the unborn in, say, the United States.

- E. Michael Jones. Culture Wars, May 2000

that the Shroud linen dated from after Christ's lifetime; *The Times*, London was particularly emphatic in its use of that handy headline monosyllable: fake.

Whiting, however, is able to cite subsequent rebuttals, if not refutations, from experts who assert that the linen samples taken for carbon-dating were from patches not from the original linen.

He also cites the Mexican scientist Leoncio Garza-Valdes whose book, *The DNA of God*, published in 1999, shows that the Shroud was over centuries subjected to biogenetic processes that adversely affected the carbon dating.

These, as well as other citations, are sufficient to suggest that *The Times* and other newspapers should read Brendan Whiting's book and do a follow-up.

If you have not read a book about the Shroud of Turin, this is the one. If you have, this is still the one because it is the quintessence of some 60 books in the bibliography.

These range from Mark Antonacci's *The Resurrection of the Shroud* (2000) to Frederick T Zugibe's *The Crucifixion of Christ* (2005) through the four major works of Ian Wilson *The Shroud of Turin* (1970), *The Evidence of the Shroud* (1986), *Holy Faces, Secret Places* (1991) and *The Blood and The Shroud* (1998).

From his meticulous analysis and assessment of such material, Brendan Whiting has written an engrossing brief for the defence in which objectivity is allied to faith, erudition to narrative drive.

Totally convincing? This reviewer prefers to rely on a variation of the Scots not-proven verdict: Not proven - yet, a verdict in line with the Church's announcement last year of its willingness to permit more scientific study of the Shroud.

---

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



*Rectifying the damage done to the senior student body*

# POLITICS AND CHRISTIANITY ON CAMPUS

By EDWIN DYGA



**R**EFORMING Australia's education system has been debated with some vigour over the last year. Social commentators and community leaders have strongly suggested that a return to more traditional modes of teaching in schools and universities is needed to re-establish confidence among parents and students alike. During last year's National Press Club Address, Cardinal George Pell similarly called for a re-emphasis on values-based education.<sup>1</sup>

However, education reform is not an end in itself, but rather a necessary process to correct the errors of the moral relativists who have succeeded in producing a generation of Australians ill-equipped to face the ethical challenges of the contemporary world. Education is a significant step in righting the wrongs, but as important as the curricula itself is, the problem of cultural decay is much broader when one considers the damage already done to the senior student body.

What have become known as the "culture wars" have been fought over the battlefields of history and education with increasing enthusiasm by both "progressives" and by those who favour a more orthodox approach to teaching in secondary and tertiary sectors. Since it appears that the traditionalist camp is often championed by those who do not shy away from expressing their religious convictions in public, often the divide between the parties is defined along religious and secular lines.

Whether this appraisal is accurate, is debatable. What is undeniable is that the religious lobby, and particularly the Catholic Church with its deep intellectual tradition, can be a formidable vehicle in the promotion of education and other social reforms among policy-makers. One of the greatest strengths of

this lobby is its "organisational diversity", which includes the vast number of community groups formed under the banner of Christianity, many of which find a strong following among youth at universities across the nation.

These groups are in a prime position to carry the message across to their fellow students and the general grassroots community. This is why these Christian campus fraternities are of paramount importance: they constitute a body of young Australians eager to practise their Christianity and have the time and vigour to invest promoting the values they claim to embrace.

## Workers who were never Born

Falling fertility is also responsible for many financial and economic problems that dominate today's headlines. The long-term financing of social security schemes, private pension plans, and healthcare systems has little to do with people living longer. Gains in life expectancy at older ages have actually been quite modest, and the rate of improvement in the United States has diminished for each of the last three decades. Instead, the falling ratio of workers to retirees is overwhelmingly caused by workers who were never born. As governments raise taxes on a dwindling working-age population to cover the growing burdens of supporting the elderly, young couples may conclude they are even less able to afford children than their parents were, thereby setting off a new cycle of population ageing and decline.

- 'The return to Patriarchy,' by Phillip Longman, in *Foreign Policy*, March/April 2006

Any Christian interest in education reforms cannot ignore young Christians on campus. Moreover, since it is at university that the next class of young professionals is mentored, the state of Christianity in this environment should be of particular concern to those with an interest in the broader "culture war" itself.

What should be a natural ally and invaluable resource to traditionalist camp, appears to have fallen victim to the relativist ideologies of the schooling and university system itself. Over the last few years, I have noticed a deepening cultural crisis in the philosophy of various Christian student groups. This crisis is evident in the manner these groups respond to contemporary controversy, and their reluctance to engage on an equal footing with lobbies hostile to Judaeo/Christian principles.

The manner in which many of these groups approach social and moral issues is disturbing. Witness their indifference to the almost complete take-over of student organisations by atheistic and nihilist factions. Stranger still is their apparent lack of concern with the resulting culture of gratuitous and unashamedly open intolerance towards Christianity and especially Catholicism at university.

This is merely a "storm in a teacup". One need only recall that the cultural trends that permeate the environment where these young professionals are mentored has a direct impact on the character of future society by shaping the attitudes of our future community, industry and political leaders.

Many Christians who have graduated from school and are pursuing higher education on university campuses need stronger and more assertive leadership. Reforming education curricula will certainly address a large part of the root of the problem of moral decay; however the damage that has already been done



must also be addressed.

As one who has agitated for traditionalist ideas and values for little under a decade on campuses in New South Wales, I have always looked to fellow-Christian students, Catholic, Protestant and Orthodox alike, for support in the face of insurmountable odds.

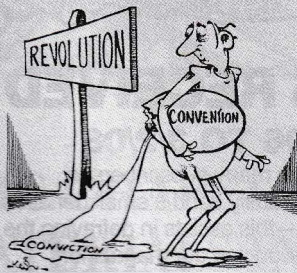
It is no mystery that campuses, and especially student governing bodies such as the National Union of Students (NUS) and its local affiliates, are defined by the politics of the extreme Left. The Australian campus is blighted by this hangover from the 1960s. Class war, aggressive and often offensive and tasteless lobbying from morally questionable pressure groups, the excesses of feminism [which contribute little to gender equity, but foster antagonism between young men and women preparing for life beyond the confines of the lecture hall], and twisted interpretations of civil disobedience and "Revolution," are not uncommon motifs.

Every time traditionalist political groups - the only alternative to the dominant cliques that have controlled the NUS for decades - run in campus elections, and point out the Left's outrageous track record to Christian fraternities, they are struck by the same response: 'we prefer to keep politics out of religion.'

That is no argument for keeping religion out of politics. Sadly, these young Christians have grown reluctant to stand and be counted among their peers. Why?

Since expressing an opinion on any moral issue today will inevitably provoke a political response, the reluctance of Christian campus groups to become politically active has rendered many incapable of taking a strong stance on the pressing moral questions of the day. Recent literature and activity (or lack thereof) of certain Christian clubs, in fact reveals that the only political expression that is tolerated fits into "politically correct" notions of society and the individual.

Perhaps the most extreme and telling example of this trend is the *Uniting Church in Australia Tertiary Students' Association* [UCATSA]. This is a campus group that presents itself as the most "progressive" at university. Its literature at UTS states that it 'is a group of and



## Conventions Without Conviction

The danger of our society is not so much an external revolution as an internal revolution with an external continuity. It is that we may continue to take our hats off to ladies, when we have avowedly abandoned all belief in chivalry; or that we may continue to take our hats off in church when we have avowedly abandoned all belief in churches. In short, the danger is that change may eat the heart out of conviction and leave the shell of convention.

- G. K. Chesterton, *Illustrated London News*, November 27, 1911, excerpted from *More Quotable Chesterton*, Ignatius Press, 1988

for funky young people who are serious about faith [...] everyone from any faith or non-faith background is welcome [...]. The UCATSA claims that they're 'about finding out what Jesus is really on about' and according to its club pamphlet of 2002, intended to hold a lecture coinciding with 'Sexuality Week' titled: 'The Sexuality of Jesus.'

Different interpretation of Biblical doctrine creates a diversity of perspectives capable of translating into a broad spectrum of even diametrically opposed policy initiatives.<sup>2</sup> To see the practical effect this difference has on the legislative process in very different policy arenas, one need only compare the Catholic conservatism of Tony Abbott, the Commonwealth Health Minister, on cloning and his opposition to the legalisation of abortifacient drugs, with the 'social justice' Evangelical leftism of the Opposition Commonwealth Shadow Minister for Foreign Affairs, Kevin Rudd.<sup>3</sup>

The likelihood that this difference can boil over into heated political debate whenever challenged, is perhaps why religion and politics is often considered a taboo subject, and may be why a politician like the Rev. Fred

Nile is perceived as controversial even among his own church community. However, political leaders from the late B. A. Santamaria to contemporaries such as NSW Upper House member David Clarke and Commonwealth Senator Steven Fielding, acknowledge that religious ethos plays a legitimate role in informing one's conscience when facing the legislative process.

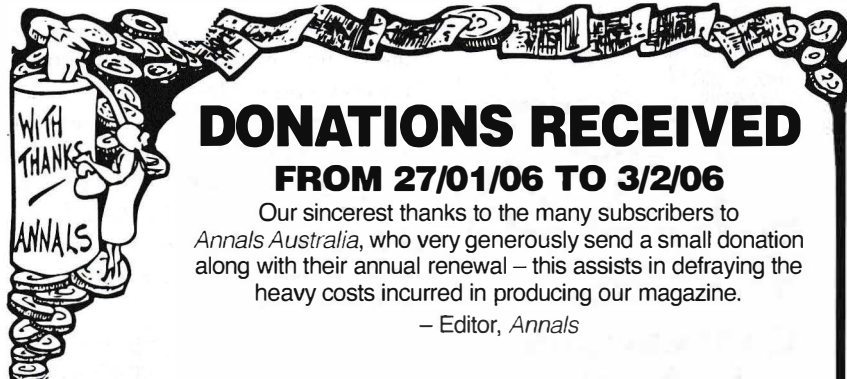
Traditionalists do not shy away from defending Christian principles against the secular onslaught waged in our houses of Parliament. Contrary to recent claims, the 'separation of Church and State' does *not* require the exclusion of religious conviction from political dialogue; to suggest that it does is to cut Christians off from commentary on political initiatives, and make them poor advocates for social policy reform. Educational institutes, and university campus, should be no exception. The reluctance to engage politically on campus is a litmus test for the ineffective nature of lobbying in other areas, such as education reform.

The disinclination of some of these campus groups to confront Marxist extremism that still dominates university culture today is abetting the destruction of the religion to which they allegedly adhere. While claiming to be the bulwarks of morality, none of these groups runs in student elections to offer effective accountability to campus governance. None of them encourages their members to vote in an election to a body that, in years past, they all paid mandatory fees to upkeep.<sup>4</sup> Individual members may challenge NUS, but it is the way in which they operate as a group that is most revealing about the state of Christianity on campus, and therefore of the future.

While hostile groups take advantage of their endemic passivity, the collective opposition to political involvement has rendered campus Christians a second-class citizenry in the marketplace of ideas. They try to fit into the new mould of politically correct 'tolerance,' which demands tolerating the intolerant. For all practical purposes, turning the other cheek becomes slapping oneself in the face.

Those like UCATSA who raise a voice, seem to be more interested in Christian revisionism than inquiry; but how far can the 'broad church' of





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– Editor, *Annals*

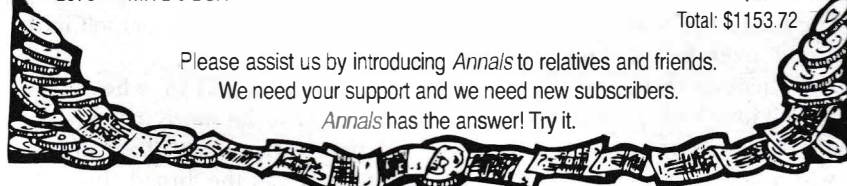
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doctrinal interpretation extend before the very essence of Christianity become diluted out of recognition? A bicycle with four wheels and an engine, is no longer a bicycle; it is a car. If their interpretation of Biblical truth panders to those who promote values in total contradiction to a Christian lifestyle, it is no longer **Christian**. The others look away **embarrassingly** when asked for help during **campus** elections or when confronted on **issues** such as abortion and the **trendy ideologies du jour**. The simple fact is **this**: **safeguarding** Christian values **frequently** requires one to be vocal and **proactive**. Regrettably, many **young Christians** have forgotten this.

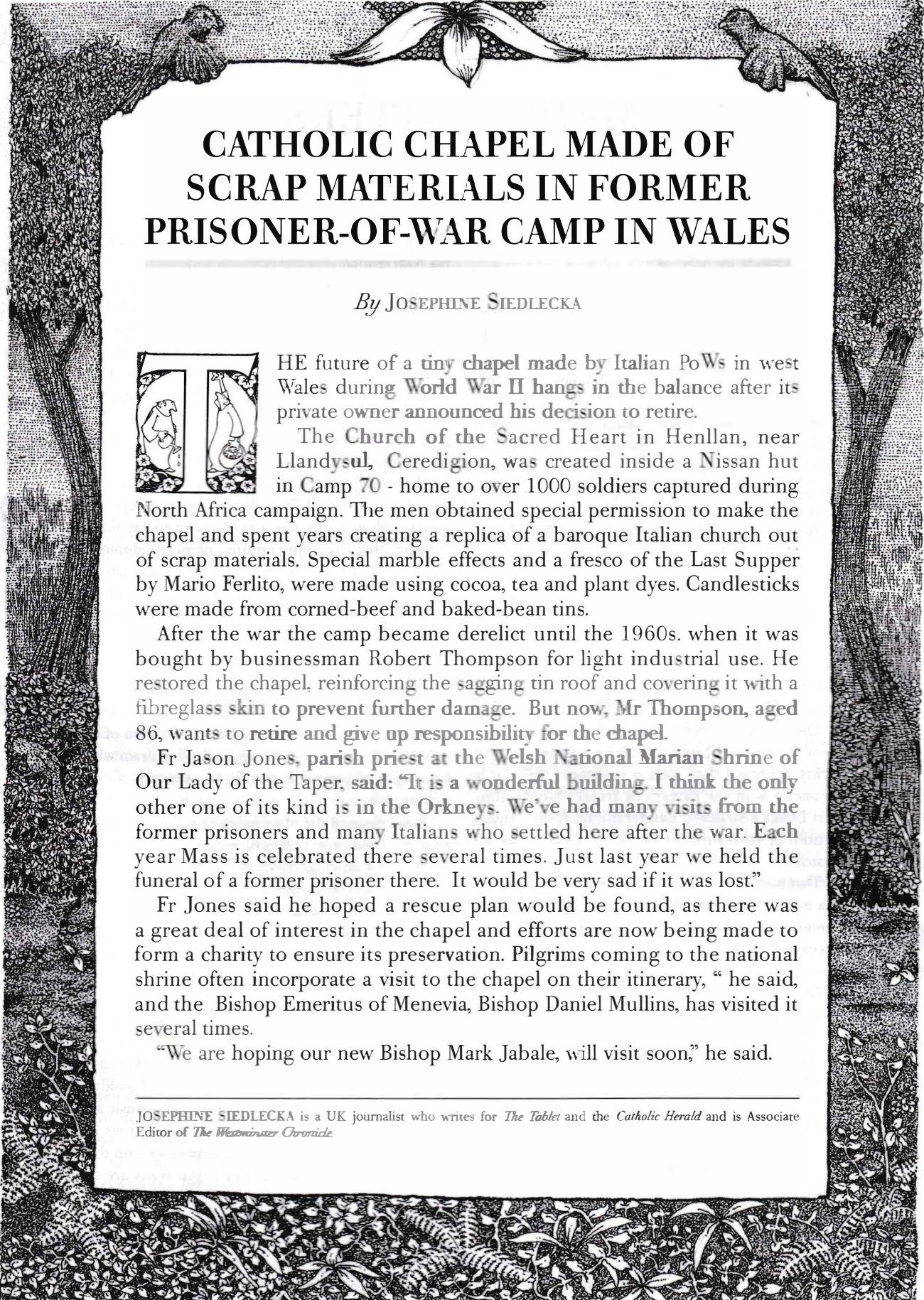
Thus the **crisis in values education** that **Cardinal Pell** alludes to is far broader than just the **ethics-neutral curricula** being taught at **primary** and **secondary schools**. The damage that was done in **schools** to students who are now in university is serious and cannot be remedied solely by education reform. If young Christians contribute to and engage in their campus community, the cultural crisis that is clearly present among their fraternities must be addressed with equal urgency. Otherwise, a generation will be produced that is unwilling or incapable of asserting itself on an equal footing socially, culturally and politically with the rest of Australian society. As this society is becoming increasingly secular, this problem will only grow more profound in coming years. A concerted effort is required to **intervene in the culture of Christianity on campus**, if our values are to be **safeguarded** among the future **leaders of this country**.



EDWIN DYCA is a solicitor admitted to the Supreme Court of NSW. He served on the Executive of the State Young Liberal Movement and was a founding member of the university based NSW Liberal Students' Association Inc. His dissertation concerning multiculturalism and assimilation will appear in issue 2 of *The Conservative* in November this year.

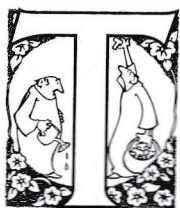
1. Linda Morris, "Pell Wants Return to the Good Books", *Sydney Morning Herald*, 22 September 2005.
2. For examples in the Australian and US context, see: Amanda Lohrey, "Voting for Jesus", *Quarterly Essay*, issue 22, 2006 at p 7 ff (re the different attitudes to abortion within Hillsong), and Walter Mead, "God's Country?", *Foreign Affairs*, September-October 2006 p 24 at p 30 ff (re Liberal, Evangelical and Fundamentalist Protestant Christianity's influence on US neo-conservative foreign policy).
3. Kevin Budd, "Faith in Politics", *The Monthly*, October 2006 p 22 ff.
4. See also by the author: "The NUS versus Freedom of Association", *Quadrant*, May 2005 p 46 ff.





## CATHOLIC CHAPEL MADE OF SCRAP MATERIALS IN FORMER PRISONER-OF-WAR CAMP IN WALES

By JOSEPHINE SIEDLECKA



THE future of a tiny chapel made by Italian PoWs in west Wales during World War II hangs in the balance after its private owner announced his decision to retire.

The Church of the Sacred Heart in Henllan, near Llandysul, Ceredigion, was created inside a Nissan hut in Camp 70 - home to over 1000 soldiers captured during North Africa campaign. The men obtained special permission to make the chapel and spent years creating a replica of a baroque Italian church out of scrap materials. Special marble effects and a fresco of the Last Supper by Mario Ferlito, were made using cocoa, tea and plant dyes. Candlesticks were made from corned-beef and baked-bean tins.

After the war the camp became derelict until the 1960s. when it was bought by businessman Robert Thompson for light industrial use. He restored the chapel, reinforcing the sagging tin roof and covering it with a fibreglass skin to prevent further damage. But now, Mr Thompson, aged 86, wants to retire and give up responsibility for the chapel.

Fr Jason Jones, parish priest at the Welsh National Marian Shrine of Our Lady of the Taper, said: "It is a wonderful building. I think the only other one of its kind is in the Orkneys. We've had many visits from the former prisoners and many Italians who settled here after the war. Each year Mass is celebrated there several times. Just last year we held the funeral of a former prisoner there. It would be very sad if it was lost."

Fr Jones said he hoped a rescue plan would be found, as there was a great deal of interest in the chapel and efforts are now being made to form a charity to ensure its preservation. Pilgrims coming to the national shrine often incorporate a visit to the chapel on their itinerary, "he said, and the Bishop Emeritus of Menevia, Bishop Daniel Mullins, has visited it several times.

"We are hoping our new Bishop Mark Jabale, will visit soon," he said.

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JOSEPHINE SIEDLECKA is a UK journalist who writes for *The Tablet* and the *Catholic Herald* and is Associate Editor of *The Westminster Chronicle*.





# MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

## Ruddy Fore

Back when Mark Latham was being touted as Labor leadership material, your correspondent tipped Kevin Rudd as Labor's best prospective leader. So why were his reactions mixtermaxter when Rudd achieved the position? Partly it was the impression conveyed by an early shot of Rudd and his deputy Julia Gillard.

In *The Australian*, the cartoonist Nicholson saw it wittily in terms of the celebrated painting *American Gothic*: Rudd the farmer, carrying a pitchfork, Gillard his grim faced missus carrying an urge for something better.

Your correspondent's reaction was: Hamlet, as played blond by Laurence Olivier, and *Lady Macbeth* as played by Sian Phillips (who maritally saw off Peter O'Toole). In other words, Rudd and Gillard are an ill-assorted pair, harnessed by expediency. Apart from anything else, he must win next year's election whereas she wins even if he loses; the ALP will be unable to resist the temptation of pushing a woman prime ministerial candidate.

The temptation derives, of course, from the sentiment that women bring to politics a more intuitive, caring approach than men, a sentiment difficult to reconcile with the careers of Israel's Golda Meir, Sri Lanka's Sirimavo Bandaranaike, India's Indira Gandhi or even Britain's demurely modest Maggie Thatcher.

That said, Rudd has only a short time to prove he is a match for Prime Minister John Howard. Rudd comes on as what he is: formidably clever, not a necessarily a drawback as some suggest including those who have never listened to an eloquent talker enthral a late-hour pub sated with sports yabber.

Howard? Throughout his career he has come on as bit of a mutt, allowing his opponents to discover (to their cost) that he is a mutt with blue heeler courage, a greyhound's eye for the chase and a setter's ability to retrieve victory from the bog of defeat.

## Enter Spin

The accession of a new leader involves spin. Your correspondent was intrigued by a couple of points in the Rudd spin. First, he was reported as saying that one of his heroes, the Lutheran pastor and theologian Deitrich Bonhoeffer, was a Holocaust victim. Not so. Bonhoeffer was jailed in 1943 and hanged

in 1945 because of his active resistance to Hitler and his Nazi regime.

Second, Rudd reportedly said another of his heroes was Thomas More. Magnificent hero. But no explanation of how Rudd reconciles his reported Anglican religious practice (from a Catholic family background) with the fact that More, Lord Chancellor of England, was beheaded for opposing the religious supremacy of that great family values guy, serial monogamist and disposer of wives, Henry VIII, virtual founder of the Church of England.

More had a relationship that may have apt lessons in relation to Rudd's political partnership with Gillard. More's wife was a strong, not to say domineering, character, the enduring of whose domestic tyranny was not the least part of More's saintliness.

Enter another St Kevin. The original, not incidentally, was said to have thrown from a Wicklow cliff a woman who approached him seeking a close working relationship.

## Kerry Gold

Irony is always a tonic. And Kerry O'Brien of the ABC *750 Report* provided a triple-distilled dram when he sought to portray Kevin Rudd as merely a risen apparatchik.

Rudd resisted the obvious temptation. Your correspondent will not: O'Brien, too, is an apparatchik, and of the golden, gravy-train Whidam years.

How much more effective it would have been for O'Brien to have said: 'As one former Labor apparatchik to another...' Or is being an apparatchik okay for journalists as a career move but not for would-be politicians?

Various prospects are proposed for the ABC under new boss of bosses, Mark Scott. O'Brien should be given a new role: his own interview show. Not, however, politically based like *Insiders*, anchored by that other former Labor apparatchik, Barry Cassidy.

O'Brien's show should cover literature, music and general showbiz. His interviews in these areas are compelling whereas his political interviews with their discursive set-ups and multiple questions are the opposite, a slow coach to Predictabilityville.

Another ABC prospect is the outsourcing of documentary and telemovie production. Not before time. The BBC has been doing this for years as witness the independent production of some of its best shows syndicated on the ABC.



## Milne's Migraine

Impossible to refer to Glenn Milne's rant and shove at the Walkley Awards as a stoush. Plethora of umbrage, maybe, a side-effect of migraine medication and that general balm, alcohol. Milne's apology was generous but his victim Crikey dot com's Stephen Mayne's immediate response was even more generous in its effect.

By saying Milne was already sacked, Mayne ensured the contrary. The umbrage plethora would be worth no more than a place in the legends of crapulous journalists (mea culpa) except that it is symptomatic of a situation needing remedy. Not journalistic sensitivity to criticism but the coverage of lobbying activities in Canberra.

By and large, these go unremarked, the press corps preferring to stay within established parameters. And no one discreetly briefs and leaks so bountifully as a lobbyist on the make. The Canberra press corps is not exceptional. Neither the Washington nor the London press corps is particularly beady-eyed to lobbying activities until corruption blows its own lid off.

Milne is a notably talented operator otherwise he would not have earned the Paul Keating honorific 'Poison Dwarf', originally applied by Germans to occupation force soldiers of Scottish regiments that had defeated Waffen SS and Panzer Grenadier supermen and helped to free Germany from Nazi tyranny.

New year position for Glenn Milne: covering Canberra lobbyists. Okay, his wife's a lobbyist. No problem. To borrow the title of Anthony Trollope's penetrating novel on power manipulation, it's the way we live now.

Even the unwaveringly observant Trollope might have blinked at the way the departure of John Howard chief of staff Arthur Sindinos departed for pastures greener at investment banker Goldman Sachs JB Weare. Whatever happened to the idea that public servants should have a cooling off period before taking up new, sensitive and influential positions?

## Turkey Time

In the issue covering preparation for Pope Benedict's XVI visit to Turkey, *Time* magazine did something worth imitating. It published a foot of the page chronology of key dates in Muslim history. It then did something not worth imitating; it ignored the chronology by implying that all Muslim conflict involved the defence of Islam.

Only if, '711-718 Arabs conquer Spain...' represents an anachronistic and wide interpretation of the Canberra doctrine of forward defence.

## Prime Crime

Television industry concern at the the slow uptake of digital equipment, particularly among 50-60 year olds ignores a key factor: commercial television is killing its appeal by a surfeit of advertising.

Case in point: Channel Seven's *Prime Suspect*, starring Helen Mirren was so crammed with ad breaks that they seemed to last longer than the drama, wrecking its pace and suspense. Okay, this is not a stop-watch judgment, simply a perception. But television is essentially perception.

Here reviewers could help by making it clear whether their enthusiasm for a particular show is based on an ad-free preview tape or DVD. Apropos. Sales of DVD equipment surge while digital sales hang fire. Reason: a growing number of viewers are creating their own home entertainment stations.

## Gell Question

Watching cricket is a non-activity your correspondent finds as exciting as tiddleywinks on a deep pile rug. Occasionally a technical matter intrigues. Around the time when allegations of ball-tampering flew like forked lightning, he caught a television shot of Shane Warne passing his hand over his hair before running up to bowl one of his spinners.

Totally ignorant query: can hair gell be passed to the surface of a cricket ball and what, if any, is its aerodynamic effect on spin?

## Long Live Beezer

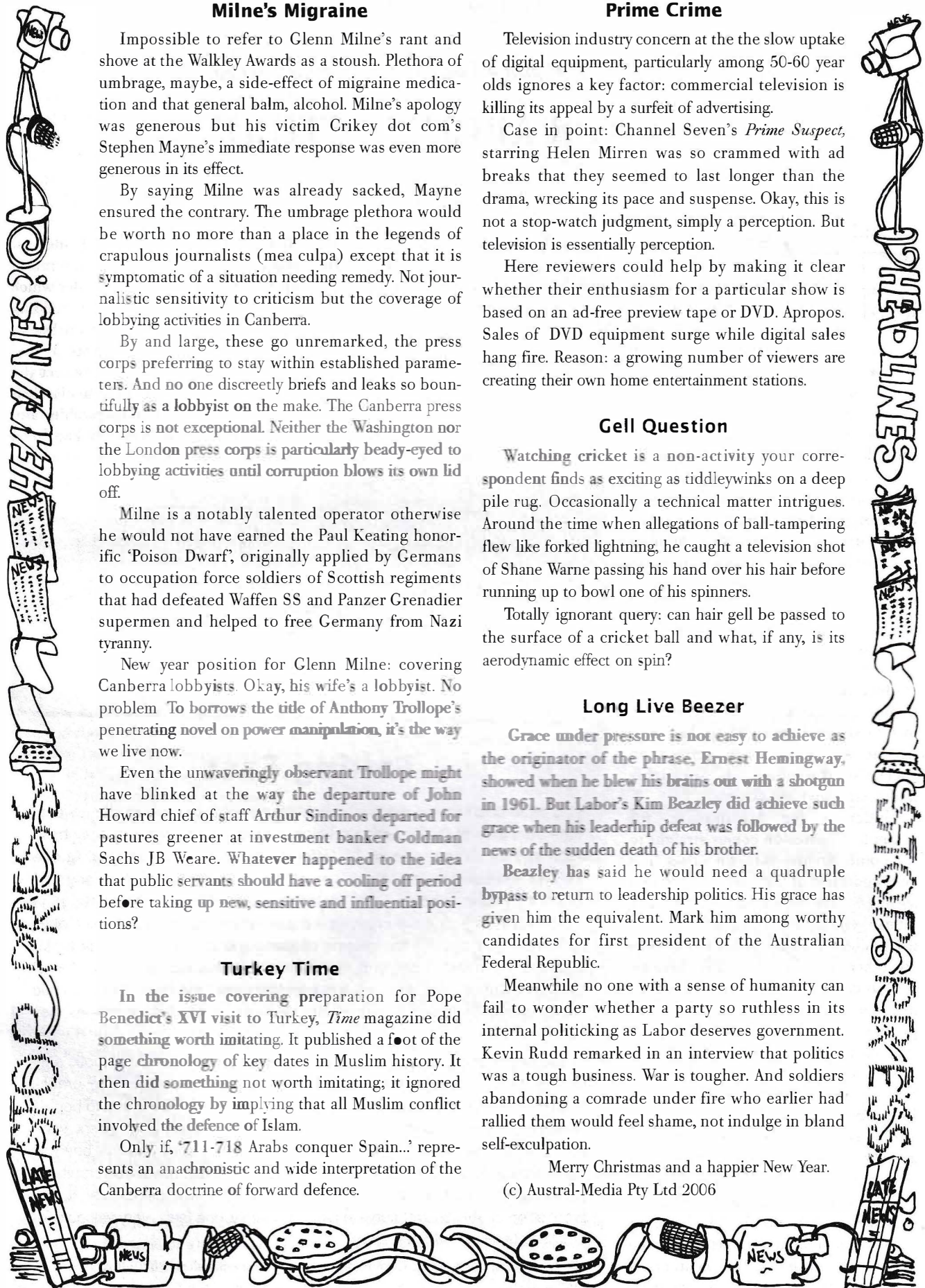
Grace under pressure is not easy to achieve as the originator of the phrase, Ernest Hemingway, showed when he blew his brains out with a shotgun in 1961. But Labor's Kim Beazley did achieve such grace when his leadership defeat was followed by the news of the sudden death of his brother.

Beazley has said he would need a quadruple bypass to return to leadership politics. His grace has given him the equivalent. Mark him among worthy candidates for first president of the Australian Federal Republic.

Meanwhile no one with a sense of humanity can fail to wonder whether a party so ruthless in its internal politicking as Labor deserves government. Kevin Rudd remarked in an interview that politics was a tough business. War is tougher. And soldiers abandoning a comrade under fire who earlier had rallied them would feel shame, not indulge in bland self-exculpation.

Merry Christmas and a happier New Year.

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*Negative and Positive Vandalism in Architecture*

**A IS FOR ARCHITECTURE**

By TONY EVANS



HE subjects covered in Chesterton's essays and books are so diverse that we can usually find him writing on any topic in an alphabetical list from A - Z. Yes, even Z - Zionism and Emile Zola.

Our age is one that looks for specialisation wherein we are urged to judge the value of an opinion by the number of degrees held by the person expressing it. How often do we witness the dismissal of someone's opinion because he or she is 'not qualified' to speak on the subject under discussion.

No such requirement inhibited Chesterton. His was an age which respected the man of letters, the polymath, the essayist whose vast reading, and wisdom, and insight, could be brought to bear on a variety of topics in a discursive fashion. What Chesterton had to say, even when writing on specialist disciplines, is invariably illuminating and provocative.

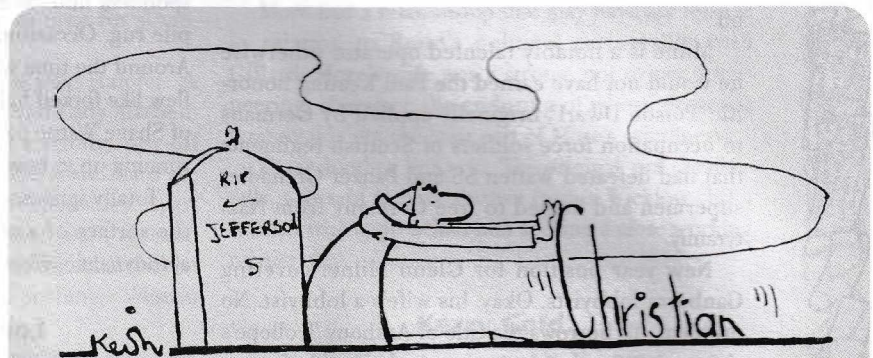
Under A for Architecture, for example, Chesterton comes straight to the point: 'Architecture', he writes, 'is a very good test of the true strength of a society, for the most valuable things in a human state are the irrevocable things.... it [architecture] approaches nearer than any other art to be irrevocable, because it is so difficult to get rid of.' He then goes on to argue that you can avoid a picture you don't like by turning its face to the wall, but you can hardly turn Rouen Cathedral to the wall. Architecture is the one art that cannot be avoided.<sup>1</sup>

Chesterton here uses the example of a medieval cathedral, and the essay itself is inspired by his visit to the Bastille. He might just as easily have used as his example modern buildings because for Chesterton, modern architecture was the architecture of the late 19<sup>th</sup> century, an innocent architectural age, for the most

part influenced and dependent upon past styles. Revolutionary Modernism and the post-Modernism of today - the cities of glass - were, as yet, a nightmare undreamed of by Chesterton and his contemporaries.

Chesterton could not have envisaged the public architecture of today, which rejects any kinship with the past; with classical orders, with columns, architraves and mouldings. As

Roger Scruton argues, the Modernist Movement in architecture was intent on overthrowing the social order which Greek and Gothic influences in building design represented. He goes further by suggesting that the modernists created an architecture that would reflect the moral vision of the age, 'a classless society from which all hierarchies and faith, honour and authority had been banished, a society with no absolute, but



**Failing Fast**

It is often said that, as men approach the grave, they grow kinder towards the doctrines of the Christian religion, whatever their feelings may have been in their stronger days. Of Jefferson the opposite was true. At one time he had been willing to call himself "a sort of Christian"—though he meant by that only some Early Victorian modernism about admitting the morality and rejecting the miracles—but in his old age he vigorously takes up the cudgels against the opinion of Mansfield that Christianity is a part of the common law of England. He preferred, it seemed, the mythical legal system of Connecticut, in which it is laid down that "the laws of God should be the laws of their land, except where their own contradict them"—as they frequently did.

These arguments led him to a line of preposterous reflection of patriotic anti-clericalism. "We are destined to be a barrier against the returns of ignorance and barbarism. Old Europe will have to lean on our shoulders and to hobble along by our side under the monkish trammels of priests and kings as she can." And to a lady he wrote, "My opinion is that there would never have been an infidel if there had never been a priest." That, if there had never been anything to disbelieve, there would never have been anyone who disbelieved it, is a proposition doubtless irrefutable in logic but hardly, one feels, very valuable for practical life. He was failing fast.

- Christopher Hollis, *The American Heresy*, London, Sheed and Ward, 1927.



only relative values.<sup>2</sup>

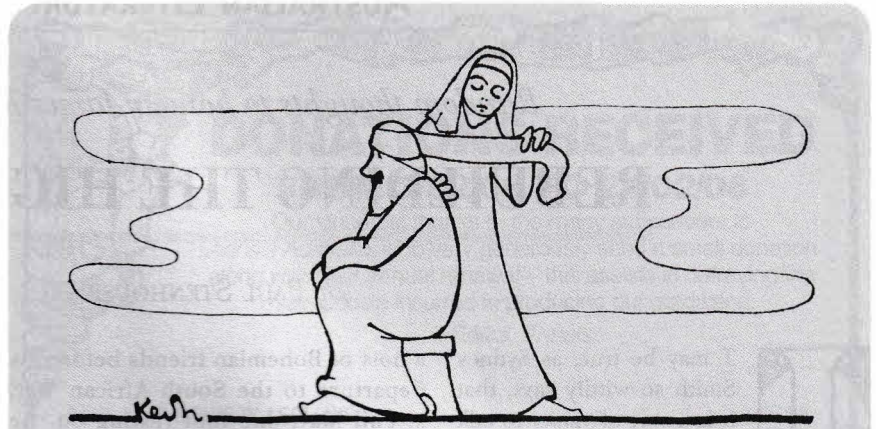
A later Chesterton essay suggests that Chesterton had, by then, noticed the decadence creeping into contemporary building styles. He posits that Vandalism is of two kinds, 'the negative and the positive; as in the Vandals of the ancient world who destroyed buildings, and the Vandals of the modern world who erect them.' He excuses the barbarian who destroys something which he dislikes for some reason or doesn't understand, and condemns the vulgarian 'who erects something exactly expressive of what he likes; and in that act rears a colossal image of the smallness of his soul.'<sup>3</sup>

Today we see about us - and to a degree have accepted - that 'smallness of the soul' - reflected in the glass cities of mammon reaching to the sky all over the world in the manner of identical Babels.

But should we similarly accept the transformation in church architecture which also is so clearly infected by the modernist virus? May not the evident decline of Faith, now widely admitted, and the general ignorance of doctrine even among church-goers, and the carelessness of observance, have been encouraged and then entrenched by a church architecture which rejects tradition and is devoid of aesthetic value or pedagogical intentions? Whether modern church architecture has actually changed the way we believe, or whether the architecture has responded to a change in belief is open to question.

We have travelled a long road - some would say a downward path - since Pugin propounded his principles of Catholic Church architecture in his classic books, *Contrasts*, and *True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture*. In the latter he agrees that the Mass, whether offered up in a garret, or a cathedral, is essentially the same sacrifice. 'And yet, who will not allow that, when surrounded by all the holy splendour of Catholic worship, these august mysteries appear ten times more overpowering and majestic? May we not confidently hope that, whilst the senses are rapt in ecstasy by the outward beauty of holiness, the divine truths will penetrate the soul thus prepared for that reception.'<sup>4</sup>

What would Chesterton make of churches that now look more like arenas, or theatres in the round, or trade exhibition halls lacking scarcely a recognisable feature defining traditional



## Mediaeval Nursing Orders

The military orders formed at the times of the Crusades had auxiliary orders for women who tended the sick and wounded. These women worked under the same spiritual rules and under the same patronage as the men.

One of the most famous of such orders was the Hospitaller Sisters of St. John of Jerusalem. They were first established in Jerusalem in the hospital of St. Mary Magdalen: from there they spread throughout Spain, Italy, Portugal and England.

The Hospitaller Sisters of the Holy Ghost was a branch of the men's order and was founded at Montpellier in 1180.

In Germany the first house of the Hospitaller Sisters of the Teutonic order was founded in 1200.

The Beguines started early in the twelfth century. They were women who, without taking the vows of perpetual poverty, chastity and obedience, devoted themselves to good works and the service of the poor. A Beguine was not a nun; as she took no vows she could return to the world, marry if she wished, and she did not renounce her property.

The Beguines managed all the hospitals in Flanders and the north of Europe, and managed them uncommonly well. They had pharmacies attached to their hospitals and prepared the medicines as well as administered them.

Two nursing orders of women were founded by St. Elizabeth of Hungary.

In Italy there were the Mantellates - the Third Order of the Servites - founded by St. Juliana Falconieri in 1284. They nursed the sick poor in their own homes as well as in the hospitals.

Some of the most famous mediaeval hospitals were very large - the Hotel Dieu in Paris, the Santo Spirito in Rome, the Santa Maria Nuova in Florence - but there were a very large number of small ones. There were more than 30 hospitals in Rome alone during the Middle Ages; Florence had 30 hospitals in the fourteenth century, Milan 11. There were hundreds of small ones scattered about every country. In England alone there were over 400. All these were run by the religious orders.

- Olga Hartlet, *Women and the Catholic Church*, London 1935 pp.58-59.

Christian belief?

Although Chesterton could not know the extent of the revolution in church design that our age has suffered he had seen the signs and with his characteristic insight was able to predict with sadness: 'the barbarians who laid waste the world may have prevailed...but they did not insist that their own base and barbarous things should be remembered. But that is exactly what the "constructive" vulgarian does. That is exactly what the

modern vandal does.'<sup>5</sup>

- 1 Chesterton, *Tremendous Trifles*, 12<sup>th</sup> ed. Lond. 1930. p.45
- 2 Roger Scruton, *Gentle Regrets, Thoughts from a Life*, Lond. 2005, p.198
- 3 Chesterton, *The Common Man*, Lond. 1950, p.181
- 4 A.W.N.Pugin, *True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture*, Lond., 1841
- 5 *The Common Man*, op cit, p.184

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



*Random thoughts to honour James McAuley*

## REBUILDING THE HIGH ROAD

By PAUL STENHOUSE



It may be true, as Sydney Smith so wittily says, that it is a sort of vanity to talk of and read obscure and half-forgotten authors because it passes as a matter of course that he who quotes authors which are so little read must be completely and thoroughly acquainted with those authors who are in everybody's mouth. 'It is very common to quote Shakespeare,' says the co-founder of the *Edinburgh Review*, 'but it makes a sort of stare to quote Massinger [poet, playwright, died 1640]. I have very little credit for being well acquainted with Virgil; but if I quote Silius Italicus I may stand some chance of being reckoned a great scholar.'

Well, I am not here to dig out of his grave some decayed scribbler, whom the silent verdict of the public has fairly condemned to everlasting oblivion. I'm here to sing the praises of one unjustly ignored and defamed - whose life and work offers insights and hope to a world that appears to have forgotten him.

The author of *The Heart of James McAuley*, Peter Coleman, among his many laurels, wears one that reads Former Editor of the *Bulletin*. The picture which a much younger *Bulletin's* W.E. FitzHenry paints of 'the bench' where contributors waited upon the good pleasure of Tom McMahon the *Bulletin's* accountant, in the late 19th and early 20th century, is a miniature that depicts some of the 'greats' in the literary world of pre-Federation Australia, and would undoubtedly have included James had he lived at that time:

'On the bench Louis Becke, home from the South Seas, often had a pleasant snooze, and Ernest Favenc and the poet John Farrell swapped many a yarn. From the old bench Harry Morant ('The Breaker') said goodbye to

a host of Bohemian friends before his departure to the South African War. ... Phil May, one foot resting on the bench, is said to have modelled the comical caricature of himself which he labelled 'That's Me When I'm Old.' On the bench, Rod Quinn smiled at Hugh McCrae who roared with wild laughter at Rod's gentle humour. Or Fred Broomfield boomed the literature of the world to all who would listen to him. Names that are forgotten now sat on the bench awaiting a cheque from Tom McMahon: P.T. Freeman, Steve O'Brien, Perce Abbott, Stefan von Kotze, Archibald Preston, and Phillip J. Holdsworth.'

James McAuley, like many of the now largely unknowns who sat on that bench, 'wasn't built to standard'. And that may partly explain why his memory has been allowed to fade in Australian literary circles, or at least to be trivialised or made commonplace.

The very term 'commonplace' itself has been abused and distorted. It means these days something trite,

lacking in originality. But once it referred to honoured themes, addressed to the hearer's emotions, to his mind and heart. These were called in Greek *κοινὸι τόποι*, in Latin, *loci communes*: intellectual themes, something grand, to be developed and modified. But now they are merely inconsequential, tawdry.

If the words bequeathed to us from the past are so ill-used, why are we surprised to find that distinguished scholars, thinkers, and poets have between pushed, or allowed to slip between the cracks of our collective memory?

I am honoured to have been invited by Peter Coleman to introduce this new edition of *The Heart of James McAuley* - his erudite and fitting tribute to his friend. What can I say to recommend this work to you that hasn't been better said by Rob Stove in his splendid Foreword, and by the author Peter Coleman in his Preface?

The Christopher Brennan Library here in St John's College is a fitting venue for such an occasion, holding as it does the Moran collection of Mallarmé-Brennan memorabilia, including unpublished letters and documents. Both Stéphane Mallarmé the Symbolist, and Brennan influenced the young McAuley as did the enigmatic and exotic Arthur Rimbaud whose French colonial house [if you are the believe the signs] or at least the house where he lodged for a time [if you believe his biographers] is still to be seen in the mud brick city of Harar near the Ethiopian border with Somalia.

Brennan died while McAuley was in high school. During his undergraduate years at Sydney University the young McAuley read English, Philosophy and Latin and wrote for the University publication *Hermes* [which first appeared in 1886]. He was its editor in 1937.

### God's thoughts are above our thoughts

'Far be it from God to do evil, or for the Almighty to play false.

For he pays a man according to his work and sees that he gets what his conduct deserves.

The truth is, God does no wrong, the Almighty does not pervert justice.

Who committed the earth to his keeping? Who but he established the whole world.'

- Book of Job, 34, 10-13.



Speaking of forgotten literary figures, who today recalls the long-dead John le Gay Brereton, another editor of *Hermes*, whose life followed a different literary and religious path from James McAuley?

McAuley's memory has been gratuitously tarnished, as Peter remarks in the Preface, by latter day allegations of 'poor poetry, bad character and reactionary politics. No calumny is now too gross but someone will pass it on.'

The attack on McAuley has come from several quarters.

Perhaps the most audacious antagonists are the literary modernists seeking revenge for the enormous success of the *Era Malley hoax*. They pretend, as Peter Coleman reminds us, that Ern's gabble is not only high art but McAuley's best work. They gloss over one of the great creations of Australian fiction - 'the story of the dying, despairing bohemian poet nursed by his loving sister Ethel as he coughs out his last masterwork, sixteen spasms of gibberish.'

Other antagonists include the Left, still enraged that McAuley's anti-Communism turned out to be right all along. He was one of the very few Australian writers who engaged with the great theme of the age - what Peter Coleman calls the 'totalitarian temptation' that gave the world Auschwitz and the Holocaust and the liquidation of the Kulaks and the Gulags. They also know that, if he were alive today, McAuley, like Irving Kristol, the founder of neo-conservatism, would see a new Cold War beginning - the struggle not against Communism but against American-style left-liberalism and political correctness. 'They will never forgive him for his prescience.'

Permit me to digress, as I lived in Sydney in the middle 60s through the Leavis years, with a confrère who was a Leavisite. Father Tim Kelly - a Cambridge man. Father Kelly's loyalty to Sam Goldberg lead him and Jock and Maggie Tomlinson and other followers of F. R. Leavis to accompany Professor Goldberg back into what the triumphant Wilkes faction may have considered literary exile in Melbourne.

Peter Coleman's very readable overview of the poetry and life of McAuley brought to mind this once must talked-about split in the English

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Department over Cambridge and Oxford approaches to literature and language.

The disciples of F.R. Leavis sought to broaden the concept of 'literary' to include 'life-values' and 'society at large,' and to encourage students to 'experience' texts, even in translation. McAuley strenuously opposed what he saw as Leavis's espousal of what today we would call value-free literary judgements but in those days were seen as an insistence that literary criticism should avoid any commitment to morality or doctrine.

Terry Collits remarked in an article some years ago in response to Andrew Reimer's reminiscences of those heady days [when, as I well recall, the Wallace Theatre was crammed to the roof with students eager to hear John Donne's sonnets read and discoursed upon by Tim Kelly among others] : 'The melding of moral and aesthetic had the effect of diluting the content of the moral so that 'vulgar' became for Leavis as damning a label as, say, 'evil'.

Whatever be the truth of this, and at the risk of appearing to be simplistic may I say that I find aspects of Leavis's 'sensitising' and 'experiential' approach, and Wilkes's more traditional/conservative 'analytical' or 'contextual' approach, complementary and equally rewarding. But, as always, one defers to the *cognoscenti*.

Another quarter from which McAuley's memory was assailed was what the author Peter Coleman calls - appropriately, at least to this former beekeeper - 'the swarm of the godless humanists.'

'In the early 1950s McAuley abandoned his atheism to return to Christ, to become indeed a Catholic. Some of the great poems of "the middle period" are Christian in inspiration. But as Les Murray has shown, the non-god of Australian atheism is a jealous absence. His followers will smite the Christian faithful, hip and thigh. They will tolerate any belief from astrology to Scientology to the Da Vinci code rather than the faith of our fathers. Allied with the atheists are some Catholic Liberals, appalled that McAuley's Catholicism was traditional.'

## Be Charitable

**W**e must admire those Christians, especially young Christians, who volunteer their services to help other men and other peoples, and we must give them our support. Indeed it is a duty for the whole people of God, under the guidance and example of the bishops, to do everything possible to alleviate the hardships of our times. It was the ancient custom of the Church to give generously not merely out of what was superfluous, but even out of what was necessary.

- *The Constitution of the Second Vatican Council: 'The Church in the Modern World,' 88-90.*  
From *The Roman Breviary*, Second Reading at Matins for Tuesday of the 31st Week of the Year.

While speaking of McAuley's Catholicism may I add a personal note. The catalyst in the young poet's conversion was a distinguished French priest and archbishop Alain Marie Guynot de Boismenu, who belonged to the same Order as that to which I belong, Missionaries of the Sacred Heart from Issoudun [an old Roman settlement] near Bourges; and Marie-Therese Noblet, a mystic, also French, whom Archbishop de Boismenu had brought from France as Superior of a convent of nuns.

In 1949, while he was in Papua, McAuley was impressed by the French priests and learnt something, as he said, 'of a remarkable woman Marie-Therese Noblet whom they revere as a saint and hope may be canonised.' She died in 1930 after having been for eight years first Superior of a little order of native nuns. 'In a sense it was the Gospels,' he said, 'that made me assent to Marie-Therese's [sanctity], not vice-versa. But having got to the case I found Marie-Therese's case personally important.'

By June 1950 he had got to what for him was the 'supreme question: whether

the Catholic Church is not in fact the sole mistress, guardian and nurse of the infinite spiritual wealth of the Christian Tradition, the only full and authentic source of that living water for which my soul in enflamed with an increasing thirst'.

McAuley's Catholicism led to his involvement with the Movement in Victoria, with the split in the Labor Party, the setting up of the DLP and the conflict between Archbishop Daniel Mannix and Cardinal Gilroy.

We learn of McAuley's dismay at the Sydney bishops and those Catholics who followed their lead. 'He brought to anti-communism a scholarly study of ideologies, personal experience of the "totalitarian temptation", a grounding in Andersonian anti-Stalinism, and an apocalyptic vision, all of which seemed to arouse little response in Sydney. He explained the "Sydney line" partly by historical reasons. The principal reason, it seemed to McAuley then, was the determination of the Catholic leadership to preserve the largely-Catholic State Labour Government. They confused, he would say bitterly, Room 32 (the then Labour headquarters in Trades Hall) with the Upper Room (of the Last Supper).'

Early in 1955 McAuley was invited to edit a new magazine which was to be called, after much rejection of alternative titles, *Quadrant*. It was to be literary journal, that would include history, politics, anthropology and industrial relations. It was also to be a journal of combat. 'In my hands,' he wrote, 'it is not going to exemplify or promote the ideal of a completely colourless, odourless, tasteless, inert and neutral mind on all fundamental





issues which some people mistake for liberalism?

When Dante published his *Divina Commedia* about 1320, Ernst Curtius tells us in his *European Literature and the Latin Middle Ages*, there were no literary reviews, no critics, and no highbrows. There was no lying in wait for rising geniuses and new masterpieces. People did not get excited about the fact that somebody had turned out a poem which was in keeping with Christian thought and feeling. Neither did they worry if another person wrote licentious verse. It was not yet the fashion for writers to proclaim from the housetops that they assented to the Catholic Creed or dissented from it.

The famous letter which Dante addressed in Latin to Can Francesco della Scala, Lord of Verona and his patron and protector, when he presented to him the completed *Paradiso*, offers insights into the poet's mind. This letter, says Curtius 'is a priceless document, for it reveals to us how Dante wished his poem to be considered. It has not yet received full attention because it bristles with allusions to the philosophical and rhetorical modes of expression which have baffled the commentators. Yet they can be deciphered and elucidated if placed in the context of the Latin terminology of the day. If we decode them, we get at Dante's clear meaning. It can be summed up in the statement: "My work offers poetry as well as philosophy." Dante, then, maintains that poetry has a cognitive function.'

If I've understood James McAuley properly, he too insisted against the Symbolists and Romanticists on the intellectual content of poetry. I'm not personally drawn to it in the poetic writings of many others, but McAuley seems to pull it off. No, he *does* pull it off.

There's no time, and I'm not the person, to do justice to McAuley's poetry in any detail. I leave the exploration of his poetic bequest to all of you who knew, admired and loved him. I met him only once, and then too briefly, in Tasmania in the middle 60s. On that occasion I recall that we had similar views on the inordinate length of an otherwise splendid sermon preached by Archbishop Guildford Young in Hobart Cathedral.

A few parting thoughts. Dante's

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story is full of instruction and may inspire hope in those of us who deplore McAuley's being overlooked by the Australian literary establishment. Fame was indeed meted out to Dante in no grudging measure by his Italian contemporaries, but by 1800, he was nearly forgotten in Italy and hardly appreciated outside it. It is only during the last hundred years or so that he has come into his own again. Shakespeare did not fare much better. Curtius wonders, as I do, whether anybody in Europe lamented in 1616 the death of one of the world's greatest poets.

The European Union notwithstanding, the indisputable bases of Western thought are the much

undervalued classical antiquity, and Catholicism. The triumph of the equally maligned Middle Ages was its receiving that deposit, and its transmitting and adapting it. I agree with Curtius that its most precious legacy is the faith-filled spirit which it created while performing this task. The lesson of the Middle Ages is reverent reception and faithful transmission of a precious deposit. This is also the lesson we may draw from McAuley.

The nineteenth and twentieth centuries produced a genre of writers whose revolutionary ideas and poetry exercised a profound influence on societies widely diverse in history and culture. As Toynbee points out, this is a feature which characterises an age of disintegration. The necessary equilibrium of culture will be preserved only if those disrupting forces are balanced by new ways of presenting and adapting the legacy which has been entrusted to us by our classical and Christian past. James McAuley wrestled with this imbalance all his life and sought to correct it as he tried to restore what the Symbolists rejected – what he called the 'High Road' of Vergil, Dante, Chaucer, Shakespeare and Milton.

Peter Coleman comments that this is not a matter of picking and choosing a few bits and pieces that may appeal to a poetic impulse. As Meister Eckhart observed, God is not a cow to be milked for man's use. There must be full submission to the will of Christ.

Writing to his friend, the poet



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Donovan Clarke in 1952, McAuley said: 'The divine tradition, the *res Christiana*, comes to us intact and entire, handed down from generation to generation. We may accept it or reject it, but we are not free to tamper with it, to cut and shape and elide in accordance with our specifications. . . the Church is a realm of infinite wealth and beauty, but over the gate is written the word SUBMISSION, and that is why so few enter in. They prefer Protestantism to Christianity, individual opinions to the mind of Christ.'

May I conclude with a few other observations of Curtius. He notes that one of the most striking things in Dante is his delight in the beautiful structure of the universe, in the glorious spectacles of nature, in the splendor of human life. When he meets acquaintances in Hell or Purgatory, they talk with longing and love of the sphere of earthly existence to which he is to return and where they wish to be remembered. His poetry teaches a joyful acceptance of our sojourn here. And yet nobody will dare to accuse him, or James McAuley, of being blind to the dark sides of humanity. Neither shuns pictures of its most terrible degradation. But that does not change their outlook, which

is reflected in the words of Miranda in *The Tempest*.

O wonder,  
How many goodly creatures  
are there here!  
How beauteous mankind is!  
O brave new world,  
That has such people in't.

If the whole domain of poetry is an enchanted island like Prospero's, then it must only be enlarged by every great poet, and enriched and nurtured by the wealth of metaphor and insight each poet brings as an offering at the altar of the God of Truth and Beauty.

What Peter Coleman calls 'the deliberate and shameful neglect of McAuley's achievement' has extended beyond his poetry and literary essays (many of which have at least been collected and re-published).

There has been no attempt to collect and republish most of his superb reviews, in magazines and newspapers, of the work of his formative influences or contemporaries - from, say, W.B. Yeats to Hal Porter. His many essays on New Guinea - some of the most enduring in the history of decolonization - remain uncollected. His brilliant and moving correspondence still awaits a publisher. There is not even a comprehensive

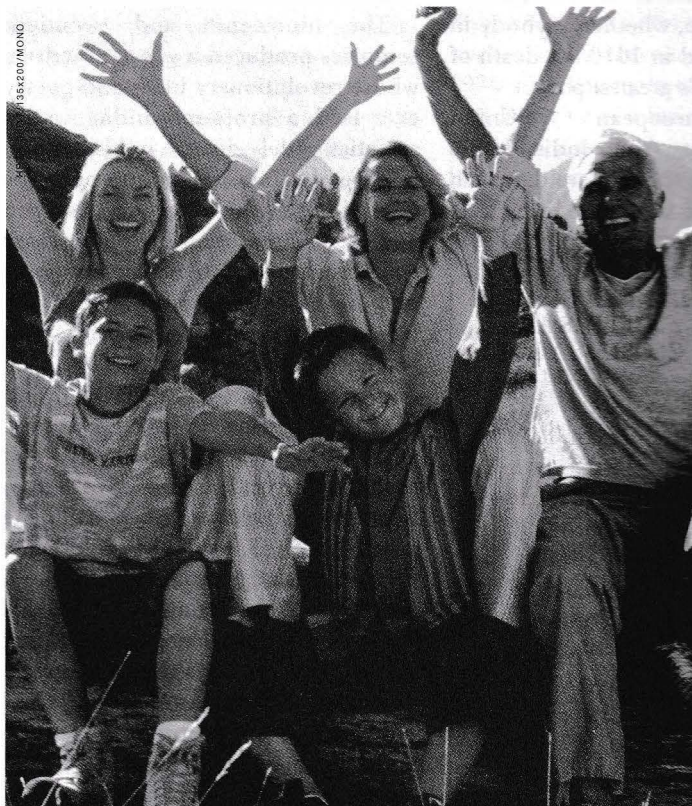
bibliography of his works.

'This neglect is the more scandalous that McAuley is one of the few Australian poets, perhaps the only one, whose work is informed by a comprehensive and hard-fought vision of the world, life and society. His poetry, poetics, politics and criticism all hang together. But his vision is against the Australian grain.'

When McAuley died Judith Little wished we lived in a country where children bow their heads, and Harbour sirens sound in salute, when a great poet dies. It is too late for that but we all have much reason to be glad now that Connor Court Publishing has placed in the public square what Peter Coleman too modestly calls his 'modest reappraisal' of a great Australian writer. I think there's no doubt that Jim McAuley's poetry that touched the hearts of his contemporaries, still speak on.

I know that faith is like a root  
That's tough, inert and cold;  
Yet it can send up its green shoot  
And flower against the cold.

I now that there is a grace that flows  
When all the springs run dry.  
It wells up to renew the rose  
and lifts the cedars high.



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*Celestial re-enacting of the birth of the Christ-child*

SILENT NIGHT

By JAMES MUHREN, MHM



IN good authority I am assured that in heaven all hymns and songs that are sent up from earth are registered properly. The Archangel in charge is Musichiel. He keeps careful track of all choirs and all gatherings at which faithful people sing religious songs. By far the most numerous in every language are the Christmas hymns and Christmas carols. Genuine hymns and truly religious carols narrate the greatest happening ever, when heaven and earth rejoiced exceedingly. 'Glory to God in the highest and peace to people of goodwill.'

And not to be forgotten by any of the angels are the time they spent in the sky above Bethlehem where the shepherds watched over their flock. They revere these moments so much that they have sent a deputation to the Blessed Mother and St Joseph to petition that a special

'Fields of Bethlehem cloud' may be assigned to them so that in perpetuity they may re-enact that glorious night.

Their petition has been heard gracefully and has been granted. So now there are the Shepherds watching their flocks at night. The angels can come down any time and sing their multi-harmonized songs as often as they wish.

From time to time when they are not too occupied with other obligations, the Blessed Mother and St Joseph also put in an appearance. Both of them also cherish those sacred moments of Jesus' birth and the wonderful happenings of the first Christmas night. They do not recall any more how cold it was and how hard the straw in the stable was. And how the ox and the donkeys had to provide some warmth. St Joseph cherishes his earthly mantle with which he covered the shivering baby wrapped in swaddling clothes and lying in the manger.

Of special interest to those guardian angels is one of the shepherd boys who offered his own little lamb to the

baby Jesus and the ones of the older shepherds. They all occupy a place of honour in heaven.

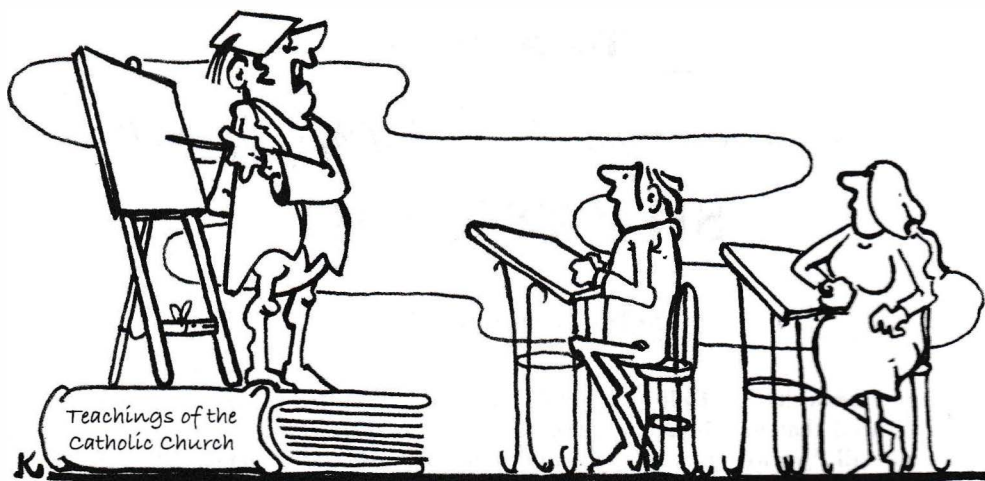
The Archangel Musichiel is also in charge of the angels of the three wise men and their entourage. They number well over a hundred and they need to be kept under proper control, as some of them are rather rough camel drivers and pretty uneducated at that.

The three wise men are accorded all respect and love for they dared to follow the star; just on the mere thought that it would lead them to a new born king. They have narrated their wonderful trip countless times. Even now in heaven they are often surrounded by angels who were not privileged to be in the sky on that night of all nights. And they cannot get enough of telling all that happened. Angels and saints rejoice forever.

Wait till you get to heaven and you can pay a visit to the Fields of Bethlehem cloud and join in that happy chorus of praise and thanksgiving.







## DOCTORS OF THE CHURCH

By MAX BARRETT, CSSR

This is the tenth in a series of articles that look briefly at the lives and teachings of those saints who have been honoured with the title of 'Doctor' of the Church. The title is awarded *sanctitatis sapientiaeque causa* by the reigning Pontiff.



OCASIONALLY - but only occasionally - one of the saints is declared a *Doctor of the Church*. This declaration, coming from the Pope, recognises the outstanding value of the saint's writings. Up to 2006 A.D., thirty-three 'teacher' saints have been declared *Doctor*.

What is offered in this series is an introduction to each of the thirty-three, and a sampling of each one's writing. Chronologically, the earliest of those officially declared *Doctor* is St. Athanasius of Alexandria (296-373 A.D.). The most recently recognised *Doctor* is St. Therese of Lisieux (1873-1897).

### St. Cyril of Jerusalem [315-386 AD]

Cyril [315-386] lived at approximately the same time as St. Athanasius [296-373]. Like Athanasius, he struggled to eradicate the error of Arius. Like Athanasius, he suffered for his orthodoxy: he was banished from his bishopric for just on sixteen years. [The five banishments of Athanasius from his see of Alexandria totalled seventeen years.]

Cyril was four-square with Athanasius in refuting the Arian heresy, although he was chary of Athanasius because the latter adopted the term *homoousios*, signifying that Jesus was "one in substance" with the Father. [One of his sentences of exile was bought about by the Athanasians!] Cyril eventually came to see that the *homoousios* wording best expressed the divine Father-Son relationship, and he voted for this formula at the Council of Constantinople in 381.

Cyril's bishopric of Jerusalem had already become a centre of pilgrimage, and Cyril developed a liturgy which was appreciated by the visiting worshippers and which was adopted by other Christian communities. Detailed descriptions of the Jerusalem liturgies have survived, thanks to a pilgrim, a Spanish nun named Egeria. [Her descriptions have been called "an historian's delight".] Cyril's main literary contributions to the body of Church teaching were [a] the eighteen instructions [catecheses] which he wrote for the candidates for baptism during Lent and [b] the five "mystagogical instructions" which were to be given to the newly baptised during Easter Week.

With reference to the Lenten catecheses, Cyril declared: "Herein, we bring you the stones of gnosis [spiritual

knowledge]". He added that the creed "embraces all the gnosis [knowledge] of the religion of the Old and New Testaments". His emphasis was always on the salvation that comes through faith in Jesus.

For instance, referring to the time in Moses' life when the prophet asked to see God's face, Cyril made the point:

The Lord replied, 'No one shall see my face and live.' This was the reason that, since no one can behold the face of the Godhead and live, the Lord took to himself a human face that we can look upon and live.

On the *atholicity* of the Church:

The Church is called Catholic or universal because it has spread throughout the entire world ... Again, it is called Catholic because it teaches fully and unfailingly all the doctrines which ought to be brought to men's knowledge ... Another reason for the name Catholic is that the Church brings under religious obedience all classes of people: rulers and subjects, learned and unlettered. Finally, it deserves the title Catholic because it heals and cures unrestrictedly every type of sin that can be committed in soul or in body, and because it possesses within itself every kind of virtue that can be named, whether exercised in actions or in words or in some kind of spiritual charism... Of this holy Catholic Church [Saint] Paul writes to Timothy: "That





you may know how to behave in the household of God, which is the Church of the living God, the pillar and bulwark of truth."

As regards Cyril's mystagogical instructions ['mystagogy' means 'pertaining to mystery'] two points of interest might be noted here.

\*He makes reference to the *disciplina arcani*, 'the discipline of the secret', the requirement on believers that they not speak to heathens and catechumens about the truths of faith, for fear of misrepresentation of the sacred mysteries.

\*Cyril speaks at length of the liturgical requirement for receiving the Sacred Species with due reverence.

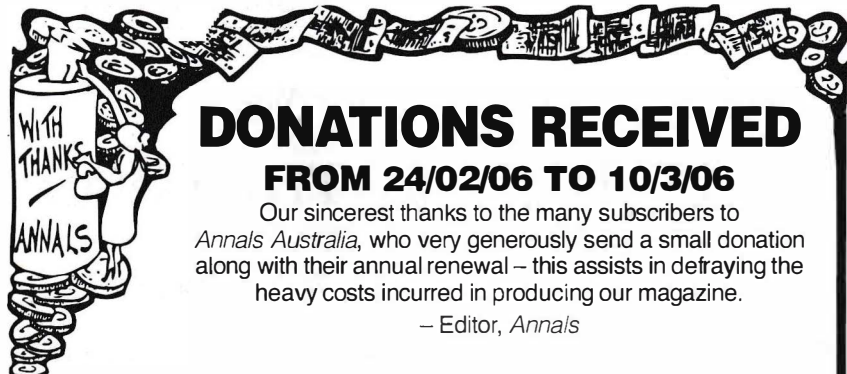
Approaching [the altar], do not come with your palms stretched flat or with fingers separated. But, making your left hand a seat for your right, and hollowing your palm, receive the Body of Christ, responding *Amen*. And, having with care hallowed your eyes by contact with the holy Body, take it, vigilant lest you drop any of it. For should you lose any of it, it is as though you were deprived of a member of your own body - Then, after Communion of the Body of Christ, approach the Chalice of his Blood, not extending your hands but bending low and with adoration and reverence saying *Amen*, sanctify yourself by receiving also the Blood of Christ. And while your lips are still wet, touch them with your hands and sanctify your eyes and your forehead and your other senses.

Cyril speaks of the *sign of the cross* as a sacramental:

We are to make the *sign of the cross* when we eat and drink, sit, go to bed, get up, talk, walk; in short, in every action. And when travelling:

If you are in some foreign city, do not simply ask where is the church [*kyriakon*,] for the heresies of the impious try to call their caves *kyriaka*, nor simply where is the church [*ecclesia*], but ask where is the *Catholic Church*, for this is the proper name of this holy Mother of all.

Next Month: St Basil the Great.



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*Meaningless Noise as a Marketing Ploy*

IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE ...

By SAM SIMMONDS



OME time ago - several decades, in fact - you and I were sitting in front of our television sets watching a recording of the soccer (or cricket, rugby, athletics or some other event), when a spectacular *coup de sport* was replayed in slow motion for our delight and reappraisal. Of itself, there was nothing especially unusual about this: we had become used to slomos as they're called in the trade over the preceding years. But this time, just as the goal was scored, the slip catch taken, the try made, the 100-metre tape breasted, suddenly, miraculously, as if from nowhere, a full orchestra - or at least a 26-piece band - burst into life and broke into twelve bars or so of what the uncritical might have termed 'music'.

Do you remember what your reaction was on this first occasion? Were you enchanted? Amused? Bemused? Irritated? Diverted? Distracted? Did you wonder if, perhaps, the sound mixer at the outside broadcast unit, or back in the master control room, had hit the wrong button by mistake? Or did you wonder what on earth a symphony orchestra - or a large dance band, for that matter - could possibly be doing on a sporting oval? And, when you regained your composure, did you snort with outraged disbelief, or did you look forward to the next such occasion? Well, if it was the latter, you will not have been disappointed because, since that inaugural event, we have been relentlessly bombarded with such random intrusions into our entertainments.

The problem is that this kind of rubbish now not only pervades our entertainments but affects our whole lives, even to the point of making us sick, or exacerbating our existing

sickness. What is called 'piped music', including background music played in shops, restaurants, lifts, hotels and so on, used to be referred to by the blanket title of 'Muzak', a name coined by its inventor, the name combining 'music' and, surprisingly, 'Kodak', the company he most admired. It is tolerated variously by different groups: in the UK it is deemed 'annoying' by 21% of 15-25-year olds, 45% of 45-54-year-olds and no less than 86% of the hard of hearing, for whom any kind of background noise drowns out speech and important announcements. For those of us with even a small amount of hearing loss, background noise makes it very hard to follow what is being said to us.

There is, however, a more insidious problem in modern Australia (and, doubtless, elsewhere too), in sound - not necessarily 'music' - used, for its own sake, to accompany repetitive activities. Managers of hotels, whose premises feature several - sometimes

many - poker machines, say that without the constant warbling emanating from them, punters tend to lose interest in playing them. When one considers that those hotels take several tens of thousands of dollars per year *per machine*, one begins to see the extent of the problem of addictive gambling.

This kind of meaningless noise can be addictive in several strange ways. When pocket calculators became a *sine qua non* for all and sundry, people with poor numeracy skills began to depend heavily on them, failing to understand that any error they might make could leave them seriously out of pocket. Perhaps we have all met people who, in acknowledging their heavy reliance on these tiny electronic devices, add that unless it makes a little sound to indicate that it has performed a particular function (whether they have entered the numbers right or not), they are lost and confused!

And we are all familiar with that favourite telephone ploy of companies who, after solemnly informing you that your call is important to them, then leave you for indefinitely long periods of time with 'music on hold'. When first introduced, this might have afforded some measure of solace, if only from sheer novelty. No more; it now serves only to irritate beyond endurance the customer reluctantly forced to wait. It does not matter whether it is your favourite singer, group, orchestra or composer - you know you are being fobbed off by someone who just doesn't care about your problem.

No solace pertains, either, for customers of over-zealous department stores exhorting us to 'deck the halls with boughs of holly', or proclaiming 'joy to the world' from late September onwards. Surveys have shown that of the improper uses of piped music, those around - or leading up to - dates of major festivals rate as the most

**BBC - A Toppled Idol**

At the secret meeting in London last month which was hosted by veteran broadcaster Sue Lawley ... one veteran BBC executive said: 'There was widespread acknowledgement that we may have gone too far in the direction of political correctness. Unfortunately, much of it is so deeply embedded in the BBC's culture, that it is very hard to change it.'

In one of a series of discussions, executives were asked to rule on how they would react if the controversial comedian Sacha Baron Cohen, known for his offensive characters Ali G and Borat - was a guest on the programme Room 101.

On the show, celebrities are invited to throw their pet hates into a dustbin and it was imagined that Baron Cohen chose some kosher food, the Archbishop of Canterbury, a Bible and the Koran.

Nearly everyone at the summit, including the show's actual producer and the BBC's head of drama, Alan Yentob, agreed they could all be thrown into the bin, except the Koran for fear of offending Muslims.

- This is London, October 21, 2006, 'We are Biased, Admit the Stars of BBC News'



unacceptable. Having been subjected during the previous 11-plus months to this sound pollution, customers are no more amused by the fake carols than by the phony tinsel.

Dining out can provide another source of annoyance. Many restaurants, whose managers and staff are quite happy to work in silence before you arrive, will insist on inflicting on you their choice of CD – or worse, the plain AM radio station output, complete with commercials! – to spoil your meal for you and your guests.

The British have found a number of ways to strike back at this gratuitous noise. Naturally, *Annals* deplores all such actions and dissociates itself from them. The following selection from the British suggestions is offered merely for your information and amusement:

- in a piped music store, leave your (full) shopping basket behind with a note saying that you would have bought all this but for the piped music, which drove you away. They will then realize that they have not only lost your custom but they have to re-stock the shelves too;
- save up (or copy) your till receipts from a quiet store and send them to a piped music store, indicating that you would have spent it all with them but for the noise;
- if you have a hearing disability, complain under the appropriate Act that you are being unfairly treated by virtue of the piped music, which adversely affects your condition.

Should you be one of those who actually enjoy the kind of noise so deplored by the rest of us, reflect that the quotation at the head of this article continues:

“... play on;  
Give me excess of it,  
that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken and  
so die.”

Shakespeare knew a thing or two. Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

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).

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*Shortage of priests: 'Self-fulfilling prophecy':*

## AUSTRALIAN CATHOLICS

By TESS LIVINGSTONE



HE training for future priests in the Catholic Church has come under scrutiny in a new book which has concluded that Queensland is by far the worst state in Australia at attracting new priests to its seminary.

In a new book published recently, *Lost!*, launched by Mike Willesee in Melbourne, author Michael Gilchrist, the editor of the conservative magazine *AD2000* and former university lecturer compares the numbers of students for the priesthood in different states in Australia.

Just seven students for the whole of Queensland are currently studying at Brisbane's Holy Spirit Seminary, including one man in his 60s.

This compares with 44 students in Sydney, 41 in Melbourne and 20 in Perth, where nine new priests were ordained last year and 81 since 1991.

In addition, both Sydney and Perth each have second seminaries with 20 students in each training to be missionary priests for the Neocatechumenate, a Catholic organisation that sends priests to areas of need around the world, including Australia.

Mr Gilchrist said the seminary numbers for the entire state of Queensland were about half the number of students in the seminary in the small rural New South Wales diocese of Wagga Wagga.

Approaches such as planning for priestless parishes, restructuring of parishes and organising more lay-led services were counterproductive.

"They become a self-fulfilling prophecy," he said.

"If the priesthood is devalued when lay people are seemingly presented as substitutes, who

would wish to enter a seminary with all the sacrifices that entails?"

Churches that were too open to modern culture and bent over backwards trying to be relevant were having problems all over the world attracting priests.

In contrast, those that were more traditional about the "harder edges" of Catholicism, including such issues as sin, confession and the need for weekly Mass attendance were attracting good numbers of new recruits.

"People who are willing to make sacrifices to become a priest will not do so for a religion that is lukewarm and does not challenge their comfort zone," he said.

The book also casts a critical eye over religious education in Catholic schools,

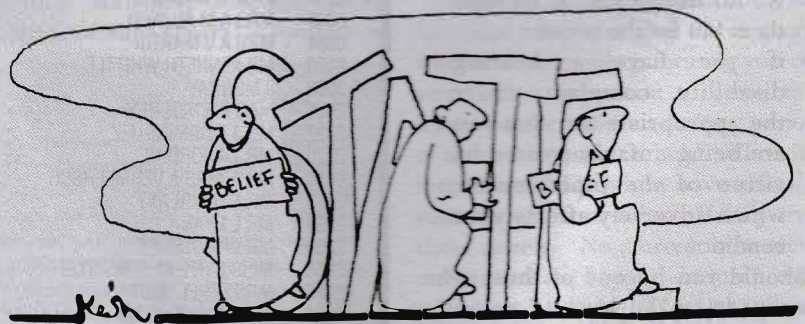
concluding that despite more than \$3 billion in Federal Government funding received per year by the Catholic school system, 97 per cent of young Catholics leave the church within 12 months of ending secondary school.

"Core Catholic beliefs, such as the divinity of Jesus, are not believed by increasing numbers of students in Catholic schools," Mr Gilchrist said.

"The state of Catholic religious education is so poor that many weekly mass-going Catholics are now sending their children to non-Catholic schools to protect their faith."

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Tess Livingstone is a well-known journalist and author. This article first appeared in Brisbane's *The Courier Mail*



### Turning Point, not End Point

It seems to us that we must state our complete disagreement with the prophets of misfortune, who always announce catastrophes as if the world were close to its end. In the present course of events when society seems to be at a turning point, it is better to acknowledge the mysterious plans of divine Providence which, through the succession of times and the work of human beings and most of the time against all expectations, reach their goal and arrange everything with wisdom for the good of the Church, even the events that are in opposition to it.

- Blessed John XXIII (1881-1963 AD), Pope. Address for the opening of the Second Vatican Council



## MOVIES

### Night at the Museum

Larry (Ben Stiller) is a schmuk who can't hold down a job until he becomes a night watchman at the Museum of Natural History in New York. He then has to hold down not just the job but a nightmare: the exhibits, human and animal coming alive.

The cast also includes Robin Williams as a lovelorn President Teddy Roosevelt and Dick Van Dyke and Mickey Rooney as a couple of watchman with a nefarious subplot. Owen Wilson and Steve Coogan appear as a tiny cowboy and a centurion from dioramas. Constantly inventive and hilarious.

PG\*\*\*\*SFFV

### The Holiday

Writer/director Nancy Meyer bases her romantic comedy on a house swap between Iris (Kate Winslet) in Home Counties England and Amanda (Cameron Diaz) in Los Angeles.

Meyer, through Arthur (Eli Wallach) a veteran screen writer, makes it clear she loves the conventions of old Hollywood (read Hayes Office rules). In Winslet and Diaz she has players fit to take their place with Irene Dunne and Rosamond Russell for wit, timing and glee. But their romantic opposite numbers Jude Law and Jack Black are not cut from the same material as Gary Grant and Spencer Tracy.

Nor does Meyer totally uphold the old Hollywood convention about Christmas: a tree, yes, Santa Claus, yes, children, yes but no visit to the nearby English church to mark what it's all about. Nonetheless jaunty comedy worth a long detour.

TBA\*\*\*\* NFFV

### Casino Royale

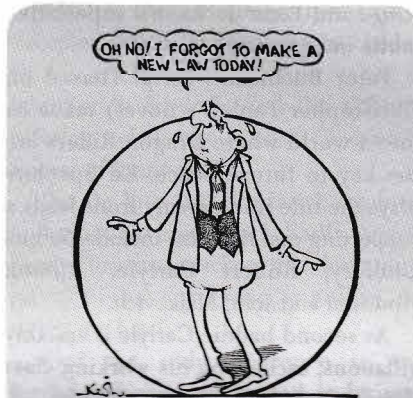
In an early sequence the new James Bond thriller has a minor technical implausibility involving an automatic pistol\* But it comes before director Martin Campbell shifts to a helter skelter editing pace, giving no time to note the magnificent implausibilities of the plot which ranges from Uganda to the Bahamas, Prague to Venice.

Daniel Craig brings a physically tough elegance to his debut in the the role, and doesn't give a damn whether his vodka-martini is shaken or stirred. Biff and boldness are his fortes.

### By JAMES MURRAY

Craig, however, doesn't clearly deliver what his predecessors, Sean Connery, Roger Moore, Timothy Dalton and Piers Brosnan did: the lines. His lean, mean pursed-mouth, posh utterance means quips are lost. By contrast his M (Judi Dench) loses never a syllable, crisp as a celery truncheon.

Nor does Eva Green as the charmer from Treasury, Vesper Lynd, who scores some kind of first in a Bond movie by mentioning religion, 'My parents were strict Roman Catholics', in an early fend off of 007. No sign of Miss Money Penny, M's elegantly flirtatious secretary



I went to the mines when I was eighteen. We were the Bechuanaland Protectorate then, and the British ran our country, to protect us from the Boers (or that is what they said). There was a Commissioner down in Mafikeng, over the border into South Africa, and he would come up the road and speak to the chiefs. He would say: 'You do this thing; you do that thing.' And the chiefs all obeyed him because they knew that if they did not he would have them deposed. But some of them were clever, and while the British said 'You do this', they would say 'Yes, yes, sir, I will do that' and all the time, behind their back, they did the other thing or they just pretended to do something. So for many years, nothing at all happened. It was a good system of government^ because most people want nothing to happen. That is the problem with governments these days. They want to do things all the time; they are always very busy thinking of what things they can do next. That is not what people want. People want to be left alone to look after their cattle.

- From *The No. 1 Ladies' Detective Agency*, Abacus, 1998, by Alexander McCall Smith.

The amorous scenes, as it turns out, are less extreme than a sadistic scene between Bond and the cardsharp villain Le Chiffre (Mads Mikkelsen) involving a bottomless chair (an old and all too real KGB method). The characters push the limits of violence towards obscenity. There again that's what torture does and is currently being touted here and in the US as morally justifiable

Casino Royale is the first and best of the Ian Fleming novels and, for mainly copyright reasons, has waited more than half a century for appropriate treatment. This is it. And it should revive the Bond franchise for another half century. Nonetheless there is an inescapable feeling that the character Bond is a worn toy into which a new battery has been inserted.

\*No experienced gunman could pick up an automatic pistol and not notice the full magazine had been extracted.

M\*\*\*NFFV

### The Queen

From the neo-classicist Anigoni to the classic-ocker Rolf Harris daubers in their scores have done portraits of Elizabeth II of England (first of Scotland and of Northern Ireland); it is safe to say, however, that the enduring portrait will be Helen Mirren's movie portrait.

Her performance goes beyond impersonation to capture the essence of a woman, not perfect, but duty bound as she confronts tabloidism gone feral in the aftermath of the death of Diana Spencer, erstwhile Princess of Wales, divorced wife of an inconstant husband who would be king, Charles.

Mirren would be the first to credit he fellow players Michael Sheen plays Prime Minister Tony Blair, all teeth, smiles and political advantage. In an epilogue, director Stephen Frears and scriptwriter Peter Morgan hits Blair with a timely prophecy from HM that he, too, could endure feral tabloidism.

No such prophecy for Cherie Blair (Helen McGrory) who fell among gurus similar to those who battered on Diana Spencer. And for a similar reason: both their fathers were boozers.

TBA\*\*\*\* SFFV

### Charlotte's Webb

In director Gary Winick's version of EB White's children's classic, Dakota



Fanning is Fern, showing once again that she is the most extraordinary child player since Shirley Temple. Not only does she out-act the anonymous, computer assisted piglet, Wilbur, she also out-acts all the other animals and the human adults

And for children with gappy, irregular teeth she could be a defence against the dreaded orthodontist

Charlotte is voiced charmingly by Julia Roberts, Steve Buscemi voices Templeton the sardonic rat, Oprah Winfrey, Gussy the goose, Robert Redford, Ike, the horse and Thomas Haden Church and Andre Benjamin, the dimwit crows Elwyn and Brooks.

G\*\*\*\*SFFV

### Dreamgirls

Is writer-director Bill Condon's lightly disguised version of Detroit's Motown, Diana Ross and the Supremes with Beyonce Knowles taking on the Diana Ross role and Jamie Foxx the role of record producer Svengal, Curtis Taylor.

Eddie Murphy puts in an appearance just this side of caricature as singer James 'Thunder' Early, master of soul and rock-'n'-roll in all its connotations. Danny Glover is superlatively forlorn as the ousted agent Marty.

The movie, based on the Broadway musical, is as high powered as a Mustang and as showy as a Cadillac. Newcomer Jennifer Hudson outlasts and outsings the established stars as Effie White.

M\*\*\*NFFV

### Eragon

Director Stefan Fangmeier faux history works suprisingly well despite (or because) it is reminiscent of two

### 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.

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masterpieces JR Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* and Peter Jackson's superlative movie interpretation.

Peter Buchman's script (based on Christopher Paolini's novel) takes us into a world where Dragon Riders are the key to future peace. Ed Speelers plays the title role. Jeremy Irons leads a supporting cast that also includes Sienna Guillory, Robert Carlyle, Djimon Hounsou and John Malkovich.

As second baddie Carlyle is suitably villainous, eschewing his working class Glasgow accent for posh to add bite.

The first baddie, John Malkovich is less in evidence, not not because he is doing a cameo to pay the mortgage, it's because the producers are saving him for Part II and Part III

M\*\*\*SFFV.

### Hollywoodland

Like *The Black Dahlia* another venture into the undergrowth of the suburb

called Hollywood, this one is inspired by career of prototypical superman George Reeves (Ben Affleck).

Adrian Brody plays the private eye whose private life parallels his investigation of the death of Reeves, reported as suicide, but possibly connected to the long running affair Reeves had with the wife (Diane Lane) of MGM boss Eddie Mannix (Bob Hoskins).

Lane morphs touchingly from smitten to despairing. Affleck's performance as Reeves is powerfully evocative of the actor who could not surmount his typecasting and includes contrasting sequences showing him as the ludicrous superman and in a powerful scene with Burt Lancaster in Fred Zinnemann's masterpiece, *From Here to Eternity*, from which he was edited by studio executives.

But it must be said a smidgin of ruthless editing would have speeded director Allen Coulter's pacing of the thriller.

MA15+\*\*\*NFFV

### Shut Up and Sing

The Dixie Chicks, Natalie Maines, Emily Robson and Martie Maguire, were just another band on the road until their lead singer Maines made disparaging remarks in London about President George W Bush and his Iraq excursion.

Barbara Kopple and Cecilia Peck's documentary follows the DCs as they face down criticism and by persisting, not least with their family lives, find themselves in tune again with the American public that has swung their way.

M\*\*\*\*NFFV

### Gone

Director Ringan Ledwidge and writers James Watkins and Andrew Upton provide another in the outback, anti-tourist thriller genre that began with *Wake in Fright*. Alex and Sophie (Shaun Evans and Amelia Warner) plan a dream backpacking trip which is transformed to nightmare by the intervention of the charming but sinister Taylor (Scott Mechlowicz)

In its final sequence Ledwidge relies heavily on the thriller convention: the car that will not start at a crucial moment though there has been no sign of previous trouble. It is a credit to the

## Admiration mingled with Contempt

You only have to look at the case of Saudi Arabia, a county where the most elementary human rights are systematically ignored, in the face of absolute silence even from the great powers. All the countries, Italy just as the United States, know that in Saudi Arabia the law for immigrant workers is contrary to all the rules of humanity. When you arrive they take away your passport and you become a slave. you cannot leave their country without their permission. Every now and then there is a diplomatic incident, because a Western worker has been maltreated, but then everything goes back to normal. The fact is that those who suffer the injustices are above all workers from the Third World (from the Philippines and Sri Lanka principally) and so no one says a word. I can understand the Philippines, because the money coming from these immigrant workers in Saudi Arabia is a principal source of wealth for the country, but this silence is disgusting in the case the Western nations. It is an amoral attitude that profoundly shocks the Arab peoples: today they look towards the West with the admiration one always retains for the powerful, but also with contempt, because they understand that it is the West that is without principles.

- 'Interview with Father Samir Khalil Samir,' by Vittorio Emanuele Vernole, Religious Freedom in the Majority Islamic Countries, 1998 Report, Aid to the Church in Need.



acting of Amelia Warner that it works despite its rustiness.

M\*\*NFFV

### Manderley

Nicole Kidman, otherwise engaged, does not appear in this sequel to writer/director Lars Von Triers *Dogville*. William Dafoe soldiers on as Adam and Bryce Dallas Howard replaces La Kidman as Grace in a trek through a parable about a plantation in modern Alabama owned by Mam (Lauren Bacall) where the African-Americans led by Wiilhelm (Danny Glover) don't seem to know slavery has been abolished.

The performances are fine, Howard radiating a dazzling energy in the gloom, Dafoe quiet menace and Glover an enigmatic authority. John Hurt supplies a sardonic wit in the voice over. And all the actors appear grateful, this being a Von Trier work, they don't have to worry about bumping into the furniture because there's very little of it.

Why doesn't it work? It is dragged down by ideology, not enlivened by a crude sex scene, and is way, way too long. Von Trier could have learned from the New Testament: the most effective parables are short.

MA\*\*NFFV

### Flushed Away

David Bowers and Sam Fell direct this highly ingenious computer animated cartoon with an equivalent HCRPF (High Chuckle Rate Per Frame). Veteran scriptwriters Dick Clement and Ian La Frenais provide bags of verbal gags for the voice talent that includes Kate Winslow as Rita, a lively cockney rat,

Hugh Jackman as Roddy St James, a mansion rat, Shane Ritchie as Sid, a sewer rat, and Ian McKellan as the gangster Toad.

G\*\*\*SFFV

### Deck the Halls

Steve Finch (Matthew Broderick) is the small town optometrist who over the years has created a niche for himself as Mr Christmas. Enter a new neighbour Buddy Hall (Danny DeVito), a car salesman who, inspired by the urge to ensure his house can be seen from outer space, proceeds to light it up in a way that should give suburban contestants here a new benchmark.

De Vito is marvellous performer, perhaps Hollywood's greatest, millimetre for millimetre, Tom Cruise excepted. Matthew Broderick has added to his tricks since he first came to attention in *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, now offering a challenge to John Cleese as a master of funny walks

Put De Vito and Broderick together and what have you got? Sadly, one of those Christmas crackers that don't quite go off because the cracker pullers are trying too hard.

And the only reference to the birthday being celebrated is by way of an expletive which Finch covers by breaking into a carol. Church? Well, Finch and Hall wash their hands in a holy water font. Enough already, particularly with a producer called Michael Costigan not to mention De Vito whose first stage appearance was in a school nativity play.

PG\*\*SFFV

### Deja Vu

Director Tony Scott opening sequence is so subtly paced and shocking that you know he will not be able to repeat its impact. Yet he comes close in his final sequence.

What vitiates that final sequence is what goes on between a hi-tech gizmo, which for all the computer babble is the HG Wells time machine revisited since it enables a special FBI geek team to dig into the past for clues with a little help from an ace detective Doug Carlin (Denzil Washington) from TFA (Tobacco, Firearms and Alcohol) bureau.

The producer is Jerry Bruckheimer which ensures the destruction of enough costly vehicles to provide the budget for half a dozen independent films. Washington is Washington, a monumental screen presence. He hefts the unlikely yarn onto his shoulders and carries it off aided by Jim Cavziel, as a patriotic terrorist.

M\*\*\*NFFV

### Volver

Writer/director Pedro Almodovar has curbed his penchant for the gratuitously outrageous to the benefit of this blackish romantic thriller in which Raimunda (Penelope Cruz) has to deal with the challenge of preventing her daughter Paula (Yohana Cobo) enduring the same fate as herself.

Raimunda's sister Sole (Lola Duenas) complicates matters when she returns to Madrid from their aunt's funeral in the village of La Mancha (nod to Don Quixote). In the boot of her car, she discovers a substantial ghost, their mother Irene (Carmen Maura).



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From this beginning Almodovar tracks to and fro between murderous present and present as Raimunda seeks to wipe both clean aided by her women friends. Cruz makes Raimunda dance through her difficulties and even sing the title song. Mills and Boon meets a dish of paella.

M\*\*\*NFFV

### Forget-Me-Not

Director Hiroshi Sugawara, in a bold yet subtle movie, uses a primitive peep-hole camera to define the limits of human memory. Runko Asaoka inhabits the part of a photographer going blind who returns to the countryside to which she was evacuated with her brother during World War II.

M\*\*\*SFFV

### Borat

Short title of comedy that is long on outrageous rudeness but also randomly funny. Director Larry Charles and Sacha Baron Cohen's mockumentary take on Kazalhstan TV hack Borat at first sight owes something to Gary McDonald's creation, Norman Gunston

But the comic lineage may be longer, going back to Howard De Vere Cole who hoaxed the Royal Navy as the Sultan of Zanzibar. Cohen is ruthless; his lampooning includes fellow Jews. Here is comedy relies mainly on abusing the unfailing courtesy of Americans to strangers. And unlike *Candid Camera*, he does not allow his targets in on the joke.

The general defence of this kind of satire is that it destroys or at least erodes bigotry. But does it? Johnny Speight's *Till Death Us Do Part* availed little against racism and bigotry in Britain. Nor did German cabaret satire, contrary to received belief, delay the rise of Naziism

MA15+\*\*NFFV

### A Prairie Home Companion

Director Robert Altman's last movie and a fitting monument to a one-off movie maker. Appropriately, there is an elegiac tone to his marvellous film version of Garrison Keilor's enduring radio variety show

Its constellation of stars includes Meryl Streep, Lily Tomlin, Lindsay Lohan, Kevin Kline, Woody Harrelson, John C Reilly, Tommy Lee Jones and Garrison Keilor who also wrote the script.

PG\*\*\*SFFV



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– Editor, *Annals*

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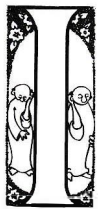
PG519



*Between the years 1550-1730, Algiers alone was home to around 25,000 European slaves. At times, there were around 50,000 captives. Slave markets also flourished in Tunis and Morocco.*

## ARAB SLAVERS IN BRITAIN

By MELANIE PHILLIPS



**I**N *White Gold*, [Hodder & Stoughton £18.99] Giles Milton records the appalling details – gleaned, it appears, from a wealth of historical documents including diaries and letters – of a seaborne Islamic jihad against Britain which lasted for no less than two centuries.

From the early seventeenth to nineteenth centuries, thousands of British men, women and children were kidnapped by Arab corsairs and sold into slavery in Morocco where they were kept in conditions of unspeakable barbarism. The astounding thing is

that these British victims were not merely seized at sea where they ran the gauntlet of such pirates in places such as the Straits of Gibraltar. They were actually abducted from Britain itself.

Corsairs from a place in Morocco called Sale – who became known in Britain as the ‘Sally Rovers’ – sailed up the Cornish coast in July 1625, for example, came ashore dressed in djellabas and wielding damascene scimitars, burst into the parish church at Mount’s Bay and dragged out 60 men, women and children whom they shipped off to Morocco. Thousands more Britons were seized from their villages or their

ships and dispatched to the hell-holes of the Moroccan slave pens, from where they were forced to work all hours in appalling conditions building the vast palace of the monstrous and psychopathic Sultan, Moulay Ismail, who tortured and butchered them at whim. Most of them perished, but the book records the survival of a tenacious Cornish boy, Thomas Pellow, who survived 23 years of this ordeal and whose descendant, Lord Exmouth, finally ended the white slave trade when he destroyed Algiers in 1816.

The book makes clear that this assault upon the British people (and upon Europeans and Americans who were similarly seized) was a jihad. The Sally Rovers, writes Milton, were called ‘al-ghuzat’ – the term once used for the soldiers who fought with the Prophet – and were hailed as religious warriors engaged in a holy war against the infidel Christians who were pressurised to convert to Islam under threat of hideous punishment. What is even more striking was the response of the British crown. For almost two centuries, it made only the most ineffectual attempts to rescue its enslaved subjects. Those who had succumbed to the torture and inhumanity of the Sultan and converted to Islam were deemed to be no longer British and therefore outside the scope of any rescue. The pleas of Pellow’s parents were simply brushed aside. Popular outrage forced successive Kings to dispatch a series of feeble emissaries to try to get the Sultan to end this vile traffic and release the slaves, all to no avail. For almost 200 years the British state either sat on its hands or wrung them impotently while the Islamic jihad seized, enslaved and butchered its people. And then it appears, this staggering onslaught was all but airbrushed out of our history.



### Mass Enslavement of Christians in Spain

**J**UST as the entire population of Carthage had been enslaved after its capture by Rome, so, in the early eighth century, the swift conquest of Visigothic Spain by the Moors was followed by mass enslavements of Christians. Thirty thousand Christian slaves are said to have been sent to Damascus, as the prescribed fifth of the booty due to the Caliph after the fall of the Visigoths. These slaves were fortunate, since the Koran allowed the killing of all males in cities which resisted, and merely the enslavement of their wives and children. Years later, Willibald, a Kentish pilgrim to the Holy Land, was helped by a Spanish ‘Chamberlain to the King of the Saracens,’ who may have been a survivor of these. In Medina it was for a long time easy to meet Christian slaves of Spanish origin. Abd ar-Rahman III, the most gifted of the caliphs in Cordoba, in Spain itself, employed nearly 4,000 Christian slaves in his palace of Madinat az-Zahra, outside that city. The great al-Mansur, Grand Vizier of that caliphate in the late tenth century, launched over fifty attacks on Christian territories, from all of which he brought back slaves: 30,000, it is said, after his conquest of Leon. When he died, at Medinaceli in 1002, his friends lamented that ‘our provider of slaves is no more.’ As late as 1311 Aragonese ambassadors at the General Council of the Church at Vienne claimed that there were still 30,000 Christian slaves in the kingdom of Granada. ...

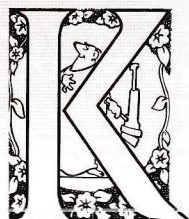
The Muslims of Spain carried on their pursuit of slaves beyond the borders of the old Visigothic realm. For example, they raided France for captives from a base in the Carmargue and they made razzias to Arles in 842, to Marseilles in 838 and to Valence in 869.

– Hugh Thomas, *The Slave Trade: The History of the Atlantic Slave Trade 1440-1870*, Picador, 1997, p.37.

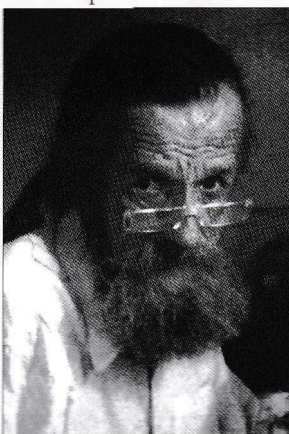


# KEVIN DRUMM

1943 - 2006



KEVIN THOMAS DRUMM was born on February 27, 1943 in Walkworth, a small country town 40 miles north of Auckland. He was for the past 18 years illustrator-cum-caricaturist for *Annals*, and a good friend. Kevin had been recommended to me by a mutual friend, Cliff Baxter, a well-known Sydney journalist, as a 'stop-gap' to fill the void created by the death of *Annals'* much loved illustrator Hal English. Hal, as all who remember him would agree, was a uniquely gifted artist, one of the great, if largely unrecognised, figure artists of this country. Hal had an unerring sense of proportion, perspective, form and line and was at home equally in pen and ink, line and wash, water-colour and oils. I discovered that Kevin's Kiwi talents, equally impressive, lay elsewhere. And far from a 'stop-gap', he stayed on with *Annals* until a few weeks before his death. We will all miss his cheeky sense of the incongruous and the bizarre, which at times he pushed to the limit. It wasn't safe, as I



found to my dismay at times, to ask him to do straight figure work – his muse was fascinated by the sense of the absurd in all of us, and Kevin managed effortlessly to slip into that impish mode when drawing human beings. Combined with his inclination to comic-irony, was a gentle, almost reverential, touch, and

loving attention to detail, where nature was concerned. This ever-present whimsy of his softened his caricatures, and delighted the eye.

Kevin's life – at least as long as I have known him – was not easy. He was almost the archetypal artist, for whom a lonely garret – could he have found one – would have been like a palace. He took a lot of knocks, but was invariably philosophical about life, and when the moment came, about death. He will be much missed by all of us who knew him. The ancient Romans used to put S.T.T.L. on the headstones of those they loved: we would do well to copy them. The initials stand for Sit Tibi Terra Levis, 'May the earth lie gently upon you'. May eternal light shine upon you, Kevin, good friend, and may you rest in the peace of Christ. Amen.

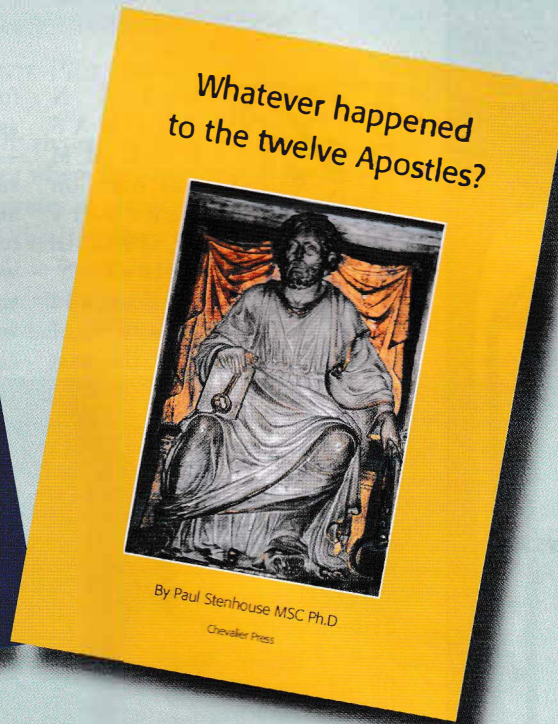
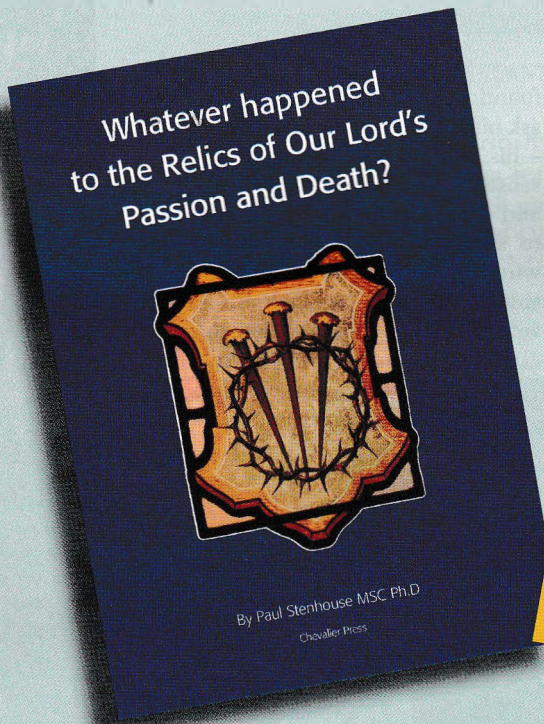
– Paul Stenhouse, MSC



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