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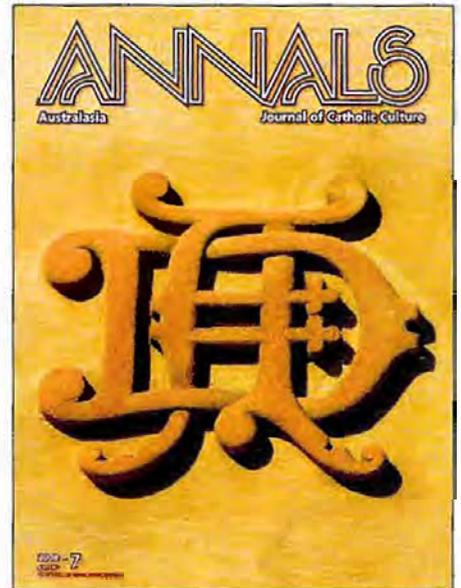
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Front Cover: Ornate representation of 'AD: Anno Domini, 'In the Year of Our Lord'. It is cut in the stone façade of the Sacred Heart Monastery, Kensington NSW, on the eastern side of the main entrance. Les Missionnaires du Sacré Coeur [Missionaries of the Sacred Heart] came to Australia from France in 1885. They had been given charge of the vast new mission areas of Micronesia and Melanesia, [Papua New Guinea and Central Pacific Islands] by Pope Leo XIII. In 2008 about 180 Australian MSC Priests and Brothers work in PNG, Japan, Central Pacific, India, Vietnam, China and South Africa. They also work in parishes, with Aboriginal people, in Colleges, Retreat and Spirituality Centres, in the Media, Chaplaincies to Hospitals, Gaols and Ethnic communities, and more.

Back Cover: '1896' - the date of the completion of the building of the Sacred Heart Monastery at Kensington, NSW. The date is on the façade, on the western side of the main entrance.

Cover photos: Paul Stenhouse, MSC

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Those Who Dishonour Religion
 Church is it I whom they hurt?
 - it is the Lord who speaks -
 Is it not, in fact, themselves, to their own confusion?
 - Jeremiah the Hebrew Prophet, [born c.650 BC] vii.19.

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



TRUTH AND LOVE



IN CHRIST, truth and love coincide. To the extent that we draw near to Christ, in our own life, truth and love merge.

Love without truth would be blind; truth without love would be like a 'resounding gong or a clashing cymbal'.

– From Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger's homily at the opening Mass of the Conclave that elected him Pope, April 18, 2005.



The origins of Fountains Abbey, Bolton, UK

REMEMBER THE BOY OF EGREMOND



THE PICTURESQUE remains of this once magnificent monastic establishment are situated in the West Riding of Yorkshire, on the banks of the river Wharfe, about six miles from Skipton. A priory was founded at Embassy, about two miles from Bolton, by William de Meschines and Cecilia, his wife, in the year 1121, for Canons Regular of the order of St. Augustine. On the founders' deaths, they left a daughter, who adopted her mother's name, Romille, and was married to William Fitz Duncan, nephew of David, King of Scotland. They had two sons: the elder died young, the younger, called from the place of his birth, the Boy of Egremond, became the last hope of his widowed mother. In the deep solitude of the woods between Bolton and Barden, four miles up the river, the Wharfe suddenly contracts itself into a rocky channel little more than four feet wide, and pours through the fissure with a rapidity proportioned to its confinement. The place was then, as it is now, called the Strid, from a feat often exercised by persons of more agility than prudence, who strode from brink to brink, regardless of the destruction that awaited a faltering step. Such was the fate of young Romille, the Boy of Egremond, who inconsiderately hounding over the chasm, with a greyhound in his leash, the animal hung back, and drew his unfortunate master into the foaming torrent. To perpetuate the memory of this event, his grieving mother determined to remove the priory from Embassy to the nearest convenient spot, and accordingly, erected a magnificent priory at Bolton. It was dissolved June 11, 1540.

- John Timbs, *Abbeys, Castles and Ancient Halls of England and Wales*. London, Frederick Warne and Co, North. [undated] p.p.177-178. quoting *The History of the Deanery of Craven*, by Dr Whitaker.

Islamisation of the State in Malaysia

**SPEAK OUT
AGAINST INTOLERANCE**

THERE is no doubt that Islamisation has moved beyond the mere absorption of Islamic values to demands that are beginning to distress not only those outside the faith but also those of the faith.

When it began in the 1980s, the values that Malaysians were encouraged to absorb and practise in their daily lives were universal ones like honesty, hard work, respect, kindness and generosity. Unfortunately the policy played into the hands of bigots who wanted to see a more formal Islam practised throughout the country and who also wanted to see it become more visible than just the domes and the minarets.

Thus more of Islam has entered educational institutions and work places. Almost unnoticed, Islamic elements have also entered many state constitutions. Gradually, Islamisation takes on a form that begins to alarm many people. It has moved from mere exhortation and persuasion to a crude enforcement of laws that prohibit Muslims from, among other things, drinking or serving alcohol, gambling, singing and dancing, and punishing them for not praying and fasting.

In their overzealousness, the Islamic religious authorities send out enforcement teams to raid entertainment outlets – the latest being the pub in a hotel in Glenmarie, Selangor on Friday – to discourage Muslims from patronising these places. But in the process they annoy and inconvenience foreign visitors and other Malaysians who are not of the faith.

Malaysia used to take pride in its multireligious character and the easy co-existence that prevailed among people of the various faiths. Prime Minister Datuk Seri Abdullah Ahmad Badawi's visit to a church on Christmas Eve almost five years ago was cheered by almost everyone, including those in other countries, as a strong mark of Malaysian religious tolerance. But then came the raids, the end of efforts to set up an interfaith commission, and the end of discussion over Article 121 (1A) of the Federal Constitution which gave the Syariah Court jurisdiction over matters concerning conversion to Islam and because of it, the tussle over the dead.

All these have emboldened the religious authorities and it looks as though they have now assumed control of the government Islamisation agenda. In the interest of national unity, harmony and peace, these authorities must be reminded and told that they cannot go overboard. Above all, those who want the halcyon days of religious tolerance to return must be forever vigilant and brave.

– Editorial in the *Sun Daily*, the third most prominent English daily in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, owned by Vincent Tan Chee Yioun.

A Catholic reflection on altering the way we designate our Era

ANNO DOMINI 2008 THE YEAR OF OUR LORD

By PAUL STENHOUSE



An era is a succession of years calculated from some special event called an epoch. In ancient times there were eras of political or civil origin like the 'Era of Alexander the Great,' whose epoch was Alexander's capture of Persepolis in Persia in 330 BC.

The Romans took their epoch to be the founding of Rome in 753 BC. They designated their era by the initials AUC – *Anno Urbis Condita* – 'From the year of the City's Foundation,' though as youngsters studying Latin I think we always took AUC to represent *Ab Urbe Condita* – 'From the founding of the City.'

Greek writers and especially historians calculated their era [OL] from the first Olympiad in 776 BC. Their epoch was July 13th 776 BC – the date of the victory of Coroebus in the foot race.

Jews took 3760 BC for their epoch because they believed it to be the date of the Creation of the world. 3761 became the first year of their era *Anno Mundi* [AM].

Provinces and even cities had their own eras. For example, Arahia had an era whose epoch was March 22, 106 AD, when it was made a Province of Rome by Trajan. Ascalon in Palestine had two eras whose epochs were 104 BC and 57 BC; Beirut in Lebanon had one dating from 81 BC. Tyre had two eras, 274 BC and 116 BC, and the year began on October 19.

Before 533 AD Western [Latin Rite] and Eastern [Byzantine Rite] Catholics used a number of different eras to calculate the years: the Roman, the Greek, etc., depending on where they lived. From 284 AD, however, they used the 'Era of Diocletian,' which they called the 'Era of Martyrs,' [*Anno Martyrum*], because of the ferocity of the persecution

of Christians under Diocletian. The epoch of this era was August 29, 284 AD, the year that Diocles [later Diocletian] became Emperor of Rome. The Great Persecution broke out in 303 AD.

Since 533 AD when a Scythian abbot in Rome, Dionysius Exiguus, calculated the Epoch of the birth of Jesus [1 AD] to have occurred in 754 AUC – actually Jesus was born four years earlier in 750 AUC – the words *Anno Domini* [AD] 'Year of the Lord' have been written after the year ever since. Our era is known as 'Diouysian' after the monk who introduced it. Since 533 AD this Catholic reckoning has become the principal chronological epoch not just for the West, but throughout the world.

Dionysius called this the 'Era of the Incarnation of the Word' [*Anno Incarnationis Verbi*] and sometimes it was called 'The Era of Grace' [*Anno Gratiae*]. It replaced the 'Era of Martyrs' [*Anno Martyrum*] throughout the Christian world, except for Ethiopia and Egypt.

Muslims have their own dating system. Their epoch is July 16, 622 AD when Muhammad entered Medina after fleeing Mecca. It is called 'The Era of the Flight' [A.H. *Anno Hegirae*].

Naturally, non-Christians [Hindus, Bnddhists, Jews, Muslims, and others] have maintained their own systems of eras parallel to the Christian one.

This year, 2008 AD, in Jewish diaries, is 5768 AM [*Anno Mundi*] 'The Year of the World'. The epoch (the date of the creation of the world) according to the modern Jewish calendar is 1 Tishri 1 AM which corresponds to October 7, 3761 BC in the Christian reckoning.

Usually, when giving Muslim dates [AH *Anno Hegirae*] the Christian Era [AD *Anno Domini*] is given with them – otherwise the chronology would be incomprehensible to the non-Muslim [and many Muslim] readers. In Muslim

Re-branding 'Capitulation'

Abe Greenwald

Britain's Daily Telegraph reports that Dutch Catholics have "re-branded" the Lent fast "Christian Ramadan." Marlin Van der Kuil, director of the Catholic charity Vastenactie said, "The image of the Catholic Lent must be polished. The fact that we use a Muslim term is related to the fact that Ramadan is a better-known concept among young people than Lent."

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Rowan Williams, has recommended that England formally adopt certain aspects of shari'a law to "help maintain social cohesion."

As this plays out, former Dutch MP Ayaan Hirsi Ali, who was forced to flee the Netherlands under Islamist death threats, can't find her way to the "social cohesion" of an interfaith Europe. She's going from country to country in the hopes of persuading a government to protect her from would-be assassins.

The "re-branding" of Lent is really a re-defining of several things: Catholicism, European culture, and the fate of nations. "Re-branding" is one of those weasel terms common to market-driven societies such as the Netherlands, Great Britain, and the U.S.. What's really happening isn't marketing, but product development: Anglican shari'a and Catholic Ramadan. When some version of this trend hits America, we savvy consumers should at least be able to call it by its name.

– For the full text see Commentarymagazine.com, Contentions, February 12, 2008

diaries this year, 2008 AD is 1429 AH.

A Clash of Eras?

Samuel Huntington's book *The Clash of Civilizations*, for all its generalizing and reliance on anecdotal evidence, drew attention to the ephemeralness of what once might have been thought to be unchangeable aspects of social and political life in Europe and the West.

If I may be permitted to coin a phrase, I suggest that we now await the appearance of its companion volume *The Clash of Eras*. Various groups are agitating to replace AD, the Year of our Lord *Anno Domini*, with CE 'Common Era,' and *Before Christ* with BCE, 'Before the Common Era'.

These abbreviations have been long used by individuals and groups - mainly non-Christian scholars - but it is only in recent years that attempts have been made to have them used more generally.

To complaints some time ago that the Board of Studies in NSW was encouraging this change, the Minister for Education let it be known that there has been

... no policy on the part of the Board of Studies to replace reference to the terms, "Before Christ" (BC) and "Anno Domini" (AD), which are used predominantly in NSW syllabuses. In the Years 7-10 History syllabus, BCE is listed in addition to BC to assist students to understand a range of terms used in texts to describe historical time periods. There is no requirement in any of the syllabuses for schools to use particular terms such as BCE. In fact, the Board of Studies sets its examinations using the terms BC and AD.'

Numbers of internet websites dealing with this issue nevertheless predict that 'CE ... a relatively new term that is experiencing increased usage ... is eventually expected to replace AD. BCE ... is eventually expected to replace BC, which means 'Before Christ'?

Among others, the following are the most commonly given reasons for the change:

1. The use of AD or BC offends or distresses non-Christians and using BCE, CE is a sign of sensitivity to them, and reduces religious anger and conflict.
2. A universal notation needs to be religiously neutral.
3. The word 'Common' simply means that this is the most frequently

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used calendar system: the one revised by Pope Gregory XIII.

4. One is free to interpret the C in BCE and CE as 'Christian' if one wishes to do so.



Earlier Attempts at Redesigning the Era

The French revolutionaries, the Nazis and Communists all tried their hand at introducing new eras in their respective empires of terror and 'progress,' but only the French redesigned the calendar, created their own epoch and even redesigned the clock. In the French Republican Era, a new epoch began on September 22, 1792 - the day the Republic was proclaimed. The Christian era was abolished, along with its epoch and the Gregorian Calendar. All references to Christian beliefs and saints were eliminated. Each month had 30 days, and the additional days necessary to complete the year were added at the end of the last month. Instead of weeks

of seven days, there were to be three decades, i.e. periods of ten days each. The days were all renamed as 1st, 2nd, 3rd or 4th etc before or after the decade i.e. before or after the 10th, 20th and 30th. *Sunday* was abolished in favour of the *Decade*.

The first month began on September 22 which was the 1st day of the year. The months were re-named [I give the names in English]: Vintage [Sept], Foggy [Oct], Sleety [Nov], Snowy [Dec], Rainy [Jan], Windy [Feb], Budding [Mar], Flowery [Apr], Pasture [May], Harvest [June], Hot [July], Fruit [Aug].

The Republican calendar used a rule which would give 31 leap years [called Olympic Years] in every 128 year period. Of the centurial or hundredth years [1800, 1900, 2000, 2100 etc] only the fourth hundredth year, 2100, was to be a leap year.

There was never to be a fourth hundredth year of the Godless French Republic. This grandiose scheme concocted by revolutionaries who aimed at the destruction of Christianity in France, lasted only until the 31st of December 1805 when it was discontinued, and the Gregorian system re-introduced.

The Tsarist Russians had stubbornly refused to introduce the revised Calendar drawn up under Pope Gregory XIII in 1582 AD. They retained the defective Julian calendar.

On February 1, 1918 [Julian reckoning] it was, ironically, the atheistic Bolsheviks who introduced the Gregorian calendar and omitted the thirteen excess days that had accumulated since 325 AD, thus making that day February 14, 1918 AD. The Russian Orthodox Church and other Eastern Christian churches continue to use the defective Julian calendar.

The Thousand Year Reich of the Nazis lasted only 12 years, from 1933 until 1945. The French Revolutionary Republic lasted 13 years – a year longer. The Marxist Soviet Era lasted from 1917 until 1989 – 72 years.

AD/BC not Imposed

How did the calculations of a Catholic monk from Scythia living in Rome in 533 AD, come to be observed throughout most of the world for the past almost 1500 years? Islam did not even exist when the Dionysian Era

St George's Cross deemed 'offensive'

RECENTLY, Ben Smith, an English football fan, decided to show his team support by displaying the flag of England – the red St. George's Cross – on his car. Mr. Smith was pulled over by police on a routine traffic stop but the gist of the stop was far from "routine" – or is it?

Ben was stunned to be told by the policeman that his Flag of England was racist and "offensive to immigrants" and that he would be fined \$60 if he refused to remove it from view.

"Mr Smith, of Melksham, Wiltshire, said: "I honestly could not believe what the police officer was saying. "He wasn't rude about it at all. He was just very matter-of-fact about the flag being racist and offensive to immigrants." Mr Smith, an avid England football fan, said he used the flag to cover up a new set of speakers, which he wanted to hide from would-be thieves. He said: "I just thought he was joking and started to laugh, but he looked at me very seriously and said that I would have to pay a £30 on-the-spot fine if I refused. "It was really strange and I drove home quite shocked."

Upon further question as to why and when the display of the English flag IN ENGLAND – became a racist act – the police spokespersons stumbled through a few lame excuses:

1. It could be viewed as an "inflammatory act – citing Polish immigrants might be offended?? Highly unlikely the predominantly Catholic Polish would find a cross offensive.

2. The officer asked Mr. Smith to remove the flag as an issue of "road safety" – the officer rationalized "Road safety and the ability to have a clear view at all times of what is behind you is of great public importance." Oddly enough there is no log of Mr Smith being stopped indicating there was nothing wrong with his car.

- Source: The Opinionator, May 25, 2008.

was first accepted. It was not imposed. It gradually replaced the former *Era of Martyrs*, and spread around the world as Catholicism spread.

Even after the Reformation, it continued to be used in most Protestant countries. When the new, more accurate calendar of Pope Gregory XIII was introduced in 1582 it was immediately implemented in Italy, France, Spain and Portugal, and accepted in the Catholic Cantons of Switzerland, the Catholic parts of Holland and Zealand, and the Catholic States of Germany in 1583, in Poland in 1586, in Hungary in 1587.

Many Protestant countries refused to adopt the reformed calendar. Sweden accepted Gregory's reforms only in 1696, the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland and the Protestant States of German in 1700. England held out until 1752. The Russian Orthodox and the Greeks still use the old calendar.

For many years, dates according to the Dionysian and Gregorian Eras were put side by side, so that e.g. the Protestants in the Netherlands and the Catholics in Spain or Italy could meaningfully communicate.

Sensitivity

The principal argument advanced for dropping AD and BC and replacing them with CE and BCE is that the use of the former offends or 'distresses non-Christians,' and using the latter 'is a sign of sensitivity to them, and reduces religious anger and conflict'. No one can quarrel with the goal of reducing religious conflict. And being sensitive to others' beliefs and feelings is a worthy objective. But when it requires discarding or denying one's own beliefs or traditions, warning bells should be sounding.

One recalls Jews who in Otto von Bismarck's time, out of sensitivity to the prevailing Lutheran Protestant culture, abandoned circumcision and their Jewish culture generally in order not to offend the politically correct norms of the day and to be accepted as 'good' Germans. We are still suffering from the legacy of that ill-fated misjudgement.⁴

A recent example may suffice to indicate the lop-sidedness of much that passes for 'sensitivity' to others' religious beliefs:

'British Midland International has banned flight crews from wearing crucifixes or St Christopher or other medals on flights to Saudi Arabia in case they offend Muslims. Stewardesses must also walk two paces behind male colleagues, have been forbidden to take bibles or cuddly toys and must wear the abaya when they arrive in Saudi Arabia. Saudi Arabia requires women to wear a headscarf and the voluminous kaftan that covers them from head to foot called the abaya in public: the niqab [or face covering] is optional. Abaya-wearing is enforced by the religious police, the mutaw'n. There are no Christian churches permitted in Saudi Arabia; Christian vestments, religious articles or books are banned. British Midland representative Phil Shepherd said, '...we have an obligation to respect the customs of the destination country.'⁵

Will Italy, France, Spain, Portugal and Romania have to stop using *Domenica*, *Dimanche*, *Domingo*, *Duminica* [Lord's Day] as the name for Sunday – because it affronts certain people's religious beliefs? The meaning of the term has taken on a non-religious colouring, as has *Good Bye* [a contraction of 'God-be-with-you'].⁶ Will the latter have to go, along with *Adieu* and *Addio*, because atheists are, or may be, offended? Will terms like *Sunday* and *Monday* [Moonday] *Wodensday*, *Thorsday* and even *Easter* or *Florit* [the Romanian word for Palm Sunday] be abandoned because some fundamentalist Christians find these terms disturbing?

The Current Era?

The Christian Era whose epoch is the birth of Jesus has become since 533 AD the best known and the most widely used system for designating dates.

If objections to using BC [Before Christ] /AD [Anno Domini] to designate the Christian Era be based on genuine religious or cultural sensibilities, then non-Christians have their own distinctive religious systems of dating to use, as they currently do, parallel to the Christian one. To use this generally, however, would be impractical, though they do not have to use *only* the Christian Era when giving dates, and are certainly not obliged to use the designations BC/AD.

When referring to the Christian Era, they can do so in brackets [as has been the case for centuries in scholarly circles] or, as Theodore Mommsen did in his

Necessary Conclusions

WE SHOULD encourage genuinely peace-loving Muslims to take a hard, unflinching look at their religion and to draw the necessary conclusion: as have prominent apostates such as Ibn Warraq, Walid Shoebat, and Ayaan Hirsi Ali. They have had the intellectual integrity to acknowledge the violent nature of Islam and to reject it by renouncing Islam in its totality. That sort of courage is a tall order – apostasy is a capital offence in Islam – and we in the West should do everything to encourage and protect such acts of conscience. But the half-measure of encouraging peaceful Muslims to take up a 'moderate' form of Islam is not only an act of intellectual dishonesty, it is a sure way to foster future acts of jihad. Many of the Islamic terrorists of recent years have been formerly 'moderate' Muslims who reawakened to an orthodox interpretation of their faith. The European 'youths' responsible for the intermittent riots in France and elsewhere are largely the offspring of 'moderate' Muslim immigrants who fled the repression of their native Islamic lands. Trying to foster a 'moderate' form of Islam is like trying to foster a 'moderate' form of Communism or National Socialism.

– Gregory Davis, in an interview with Front Page's Jamie Glazov. Davis is author of *Religion of Peace? Islam's War Against the World*. He received a Ph.D. in political science from Stanford University. He is the managing director of Quixotic Media and producer of the feature documentary *Islam: What the West Needs to Know* – which has just been released on DVD.

four volume *History of Rome*, by putting the date AUC in the body of the text and the date BC in the margin.

Non-Christian scholars and others who continue to use the Christian Era [and therefore, use the birth of Jesus Christ as the epoch], and replace BC/AD with BCE/CE, are perfectly free to do so. But many Catholics and other Christians find the use of the term 'common' disquieting.

In the reasons for the change listed above it was claimed that 'the word "common" simply means that this is the most frequently used calendar system: the one revised by Pope Gregory XIII.

'Common,' it is true, may mean 'belonging equally to more than one,' but it may have various pejorative meanings that lie close to the surface to trap unsuspecting users.

For instance, it may mean 'vulgar,' 'of inferior quality,' 'undistinguished,' 'ordinary' as in 'commoner' and 'House of Commons,' or 'common soldier.' It also can mean 'not sacred,' 'not holy,' 'secular,' and 'unconsecrated'. In the English translation of I Samuel 21, 4 c.g. 'the priest answered David, and said, There is no common bread ... but there is hallowed bread.'

In I Corinthians, 1, 28 we find *common* used in the sense of 'low' and 'contemptible'. St Asterius of Amasea in Pontus [modern-day Turkey] a contemporary of St John Chrysostom, uses 'common' as a synonym for 'profane' and contrasts it with 'sacred' and 'holy.'⁷

I'm not suggesting that this is the intention of those who opt for 'common'.

My point is that the term *Common Era* is ambiguous and has overtones offensive to Catholics and other Christians, for whom the epoch [the birth of Jesus] is sacred.

If the designation BCE/CE be *defined* by those who use it as referring to the *Current Era* this should cause no offence to anyone, and should satisfy the scruples of those who for reasons of their own beliefs or preferences feel uncomfortable using BC/AD.

Catholics and other Christians, however, for whom the birth of Jesus is a sacred event, will continue to use BC/AD. They do this not from a desire to offend non-Christians but because this is an immemorial custom, and doing otherwise could well be interpreted as denying – or at the very least *disparaging* – the core Christian Mystery – the Incarnation.

1. The House of Wheels, July 23, 2005. <http://wheels128.blogspot.com/2005/07/ad-bc-bce-ce.html>
2. www.religious-tolerance.org
3. http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/International_Committee_of_the_Red_Cross. This link also lists those Red Cross personnel who were killed since 1992 in the line of duty.
4. *Relaunching of Catholic Scholars Newsletter* [1/13 December 1989] p 14.
5. *Sunday Mirror*, London Jan 8, 2006.
6. See e.g. Shakespeare, *Love's Labour Lost III* i 151: Henry VI, III ii 73.
7. Migne, *Patrologia Graeca* xl, homily xiii.

New translation more accurately mirrors the Latin original of the Roman Missal.

VATICAN APPROVES NEW ENGLISH TRANSLATION FOR MASS



THE Vatican has given formal approval to a new English translation of the central prayers of the Mass for use in the United States.

In a June 23 letter of Bishop Arthur Serratelli, the chairman of the US bishops' liturgy committee, the Congregation for Divine Worship announces its *recognitio* for the translation, which had already won the approval of the US bishops' conference, despite strong protests from some liberal prelates.

The new translation adheres more closely to the Latin of the Roman Missal. Since the 2001 publication of *Liturgiam Authenticam*, the instruction on the proper translation of liturgical texts, the

Vatican has pressed for more faithful translations of the official Latin texts.

Alluding gently to the fierce debates over English-language liturgical translations in the past decade, the Congregation for Divine Worship reports "no little satisfaction in arriving at this juncture." The letter from the Vatican is signed by Cardinal Francis Arinze and Archbishop Albert Malcom Ranjith, the prefect and secretary, respectively, of the Congregation.

The Vatican's binding approval covers only a portion of the entire Roman Missal. The entire process of translating the Roman Missal is expected to take at least until 2010. However, the prayers given the Vatican *recognitio* are the most common texts for the Order of the Mass.

The Vatican approval comes just after the US bishops' conference voted

against approval of another instalment in the series of translations that will be required to complete the overall project.

The new translation is not to be used immediately, the Vatican letter indicates. Instead the US bishops are directed to begin "pastoral preparation" for the changes in the language of the Mass. During this same period, the Congregation for Divine Worship notes, some musical settings for the text could be prepared.

Among the noteworthy changes that Catholics will notice when the new translation goes into effect are the following:

- At the Consecration, the priest will refer to Christ's blood which is "poured out for you and for many"—an accurate translation of *pro multis*—rather than "for all" in the current translation.
- In the Nicene Creed the opening word, *Credo*, will be correctly translated as "I believe" rather than "we believe."
- When the priest says, "The Lord be with you," the faithful respond, "And with your spirit," rather than simply, "And also with you."
- In the Eucharistic prayer, references to the Church will use the pronouns "she" and "her" rather than "it."
- In the *Agnus Dei*, the text cites the "Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world," rather than using the singular word "sin."
- In the preferred form of the penitential rite, the faithful will acknowledge that they have sinned "through my fault, through my fault, through my most grievous fault."

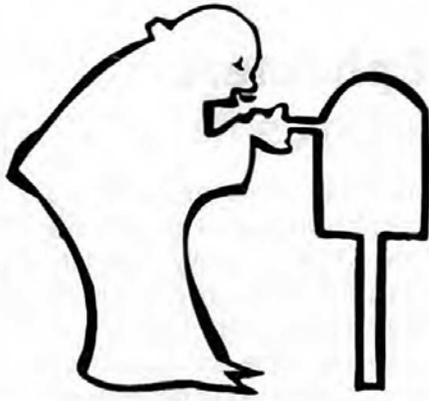
Throughout the translation of the Offertory and Eucharistic Prayer, the traditional phrases of supplication are restored, and the Church is identified as "holy"—in each case, matching the Latin original of the Roman Missal.

New Menander Verses discovered

A MANUSCRIPT containing possibly unknown verses by the ancient Greek playwright Menander have come to light at the Vatican Library. While half of the 400 verses in a 9th century manuscript appear to be come from Menander's only known play, *Dyskolos*, the other 200 verses, discovered by Francesco D'Aiuto, a Vatican specialist in Greek manuscripts, could be completely new. Although the details of the plot have yet to unfold, the Vatican daily newspaper *L'Osservatore Romano* reported that, according to initial studies, the protagonists of the new verses are an old woman, a newborn child, and a girl.

- Newsletter of The Association of Manuscripts and Archives in Research Collections, [AMARC] No.42, May 2004. [Menander was a comic poet of Athens whose verse never descended to the mean-minded or indecent, or even to callous satire. Apart from *Dyskolos*, only a few fragments of the 108 comedies he wrote have come down to us. He drowned in BC 293. Ed]

LETTERS



Prayer-room comparisons

Recently, with a delay at Sydney International Airport, there was time for a visit the prayer room, upstairs off the check-in counters. If the degree of dhimmification (submission to Muslim authority) of a Western country might be crudely measured by the contents and organisation of its airports' prayer rooms, then it may be instructive to consider comparing Sydney and Heathrow.

Flying out through Heathrow Terminal Three November last, and with time to spare (thanks to 9/11), I went into the small prayer room provided there. First visit, empty. There was a large doored cabinet, with the untidy left half ("Christian") containing assorted Bibles and tracts. The right half had three shelves, top "Islamic" filled with a variety of Korans in Arabic, English and what appeared to be Urdu, and the usual assorted Saudi/Kuwaiti-sponsored booklets. The middle ("Judaic") had no Judaic material, but contained the overflow from the Islamic top shelf. The bottom shelf ("Sikhism") had only several pamphlets.

Went in an hour later, hopping over 15 pairs of shoes strewn in the doorway, to find it crowded with 15 prostrate males, guided by the ceiling qibla compass and the one embossed into the lino. I was totally ignored, except by one small boy who appeared pleased to have a distraction for the five minutes I stayed.

Nevertheless, visiting that room during Muslim prayer time would be a daunting prospect for your average timid non-Muslim dhimmi.

The Sydney prayer room was somewhat different. There were only two faiths represented, Christianity and Islam. The Christian material was neatly

arranged on a table near the entrance, obvious and unavoidable, including mainly Bibles but also notably a hefty Redemptorist tome in Latin dated 1903.

In the far corner was a small untidy display and stand that included a few texts and pamphlets but mainly various Qur'ans, in Arabic, English-Arabic, Spanish-Arabic and what looked like Indonesian-Arabic. A small side cupboard contained a dozen or so prayer mats. The qibla was a crude black marker pen arrow on a ceiling tile above the corner display.

Of most interest was the content of the reading material:

* Several copies of the Drs Muhammad Taqi-ud-Din Al-Hilali and Muhammad Muhsin Khan translation and commentary of "The Noble Qur'an – a New Rendering...", much criticised by the author Patrick Sookhdeo for its advocacy of violence in the commentary

* Numerous copies of a pamphlet "Islam in a Nutshell: Tenets of Belief and the Pillars of Islam" distributed by the Islamic Information and Resource Centre 165 Haldon St Lakemba, published by Global Islamic Youth

Climate Change, or Climate Normal

A warming of 0.6° C over a century is a very modest bit of 'climate change,' given our planet's highly varied temperature history. Researchers recently cored seven species of long-dead trees that were growing in the year 1350 above the current tree line on California's Whitewing Mountain (and were killed then by a local volcanic explosion). The researchers say that the tree species and location mean the temperatures then were 3.2° C warmer than today – five times the warming of the 20th century.

– *Unstoppable Global Warming*, S. Fred Singer, Dennis T. Avery, Rowman and Littlefield, 2008, p.115.

Centre – Australia 265 George St
Liverpool NSW 2170 www.giyc.com.au

* A handsome 288-page hardcopy in translation of "An Explanation of Muhammad ibn Abd al-Wahhab's Kitab Al-Tawhid" by Allamah Abd al-Rahman al-Sa'di, published in Birmingham in 2003. The thoughts of the founder of Wahhabism, no less.

There was only one other visitor, at the Christian table, in the 25 minutes of the early afternoon I was there.

Conclusion and comparison? A stronger Christian presence at Sydney than at Heathrow, but a more radical Islamic presence also.

Auckland, New Zealand

MARK ROWLEY

Talking Back to TBR

Your editorial 'Arguing the point or missing it?' [Annals 7/2007] states *inter alia* that talk-back radio should be called 'Talk-around radio,' and that 'TV, talk-back radio and the daily press are not appropriate vehicles for handling in-depth discussion of serious matters. I could not agree more.. Let us look at talk-back radio (TBR). In Victoria it heads the ratings for a variety of reasons – it is therapy for some, and allows others to air their knowledge etc. It also allows the presenters to push their own views on moral and ethical issues of the day including abortion, IVF, embryonic stem-cell research cloning etc. These issues are complex and well beyond the learning of the presenters in my view. I have yet to learn of one who has a consistent life ethic – human life that is! For example one may be against capital punishment, but will support abortion.

These presenters have become opinion formers for the uninformed who get their moral values from them. That should be of grave concern to all of us. Early in March well-known Sydney radio personality Bob Rogers was interviewed on TV. As I recall he said that he rejected TBR in its infancy as he considered that it was abandoning professionalism to backyard chatter. One thing TBR does is keep presenters in jobs of the excessively well paid kind, with catch cries of 'call me back any time on any subject' and 'I'd love to hear from you.'

The exhortation in the final paragraph of the article at page 5 of *Annals* should be heeded.

Ashwood Vic 3147

LEO BOHAN

Permeated by Pellism

I have long subscribed to *Annals* and will continue for this year at least. But I almost didn't.

Much of your magazine has been stimulating and informative, especially on historical and cultural aspects relating to Catholic tradition.

However recent years have seen a progressively conservative tone and an increased obsession with denouncing all things Moslem. You seem to find the most extreme quotes and tidbits of news to inflame fear, suspicion and division. I'd like to think the post-Howard Australia has become more accommodating. There is a grimness and dourness about your publication that is almost unrelieved – a Pellism that permeates its pages. Your correspondent James Murray also is a concern. He has little to say, in spite of all his column space. His film reviews are a throw-back to the 1950s. I'm expecting an 'advised against' listing soon.

There, I thought I'd get it all off my chest.

Emu Plains NSW 2750

P.B.RYAN

[Our correspondent finds *Annals* too conservative. We endeavour to keep it middle-of-the-road, avoiding extremes of the left or the right. Does he really believe that it is the job of a Catholic magazine (or a Catholic priest) to set about modernising and redesigning the Church, as someone might modernise and redesign a car or a kitchen? Or to encourage our readers to bury their heads in the oil-rich sand of political correctness? Incidentally, we have never 'denounc[ed]' all things Moslem, nor are we aware of having 'inflamm[ed]' fear, suspicion or division. We have attempted to throw light on Islam to help Muslims and non-Muslims cope with the overwhelming mass of half-truths generated by Islamist PR machines, and spread abroad by indiscriminating media whose ignorance of Islam is surpassed only by their ignorance of Catholicism. This is sometimes a thankless task. But it is necessary. Ed James Murray writes: I have placed P.B. Ryan's comments in my trophy cabinet in the spot I had reserved for a 'Walkley Award'.]

Donation to Hanoi Cathedral

We have just finished reading your *Red Flows the River* [*Annals* 9/10 2007]. Congratulations on another fine piece of writing. Your penultimate paragraph struck a chord with us. 'Is it fanciful to dream that the Catholics of Australia may help us restore the beauty of this

Confusing Ephemera and Absolutes

WESTERN CULTURE to-day ... has been temporarily sustained by the stimulus it has derived from forms of social idealism like Liberalism, Nationalism and Socialism, which are really substitute religions and owe their appeal largely to habits of thought and conduct that have been generated by ages of religious faith. They are, in fact, intermediate phenomena which belong to the transition stage which a culture passes through when it is ceasing to be religious and before it is completely secularised. But in so far as these social faiths themselves forward the complete secularisation of culture, they are digging their own graves and that of the civilization which they dominate. As the religious element passes out of them with the growing secularisation of culture, they lose their power over men's minds and descend to the level of practical politics, as for instance continental Liberalism has done during the last generation. And as the vision fades, society is left to itself with no faith or hope to sustain it, and man is brought once again face to face with the vanity of human existence and the worthlessness of human achievement. *Acceperunt mercedem suam, vani vanam.*

- Christopher Dawson, *Religion and the Modern State*, Sheed & Ward, London, 1935 p.125. The Latin quotation at the end ['Hollow men have received their hollow reward'] is from St Augustine, *Enarratio in Psalmum CXVIII. Sermo II, par. 2* [Migne, Patres Latini, 37.1532-1533] Ed.

most important symbol of the Catholic Faith in North Vietnam?' To that end we enclose a cheque for \$100.

Collaroy NSW 2097 ERIC AND ROSEMARY MCKINNON

The One God?

Congratulations on the quality of *Annals*. You have made some perceptive and much needed, comments on Islam. I was interested in your letter in the *Catholic Weekly* a couple of months ago in which you pointed out the defective English translation 'the one God,' instead of 'one God'.

Melbourne Vic 3000

JOHN YOUNG

Thanks

to all our advertisers for their generous support. Special thanks to Alan David, *Digital Graphic Communication*, to Brian and Garry Boyd of *Paynter Dixon Constructions Pty Ltd*, and *DYOB Ventures, Pty Ltd*, and to John David, of *The Davids Group*.

Please pray for all our benefactors.
- Editor, *Annals Australasia*.

Faith in God

I was interested to read the piece in *Annals* [3/2008] from St Thomas Aquinas concerning Limitations of Human Reason. By contrast I had recently re-read the English philosopher A. J. Ayer's early work *Language, Truth and Logic* (1936) in which he wrestles with the same subject – leading him to the conclusion that faith in God, being beyond our sense experience, is essentially meaningless.

At my age, while it is true that to know the unknowable one is beyond me, I can say with certainty that my capacity to have faith in God is not thereby diminished. I am comforted in this by the eloquent testimony of such great saints as Teresa of Avila, John of the Cross, Teresa of Calcutta and our own Mary MacKillop who faced the same reality in their lives. Thanks again for your always thoughtful magazine.

Thornleigh NSW 2120

KEVIN WALKER

(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 daytime phone or fax number or e-mail address at which you can be reached. Editor, *Annals*.)

Dity the postmodern philosopher. All the ills of Western thinking from the

seventeenth century onwards get laid at his door. Modern thinking is like the prim bourgeois lady who thinks God and serious religion are guff, but, nevertheless, when she gives birth to the twin evils of relativism and nihilism she affects surprise and claims they are not hers. They belong to those awful postmoderns, either that or to the gypsies.

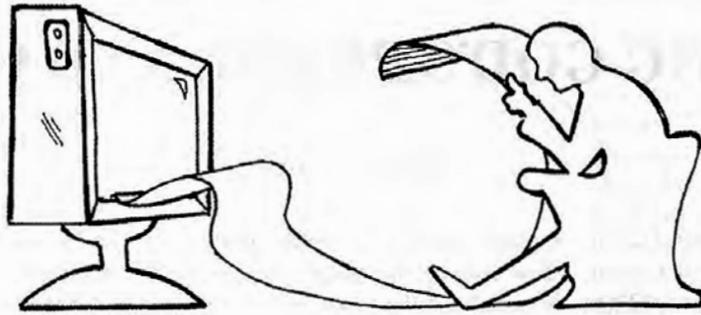
Contrary to what generations of commentators think, the atheist philosopher Nietzsche did not "invent" the Death of God. Rather was it his point that the modern world of the nineteenth century was a little too comfortable and content with the idea that God does not exist. God was dead, certainly, but why then were the bourgeoisie still holding to the morality and reasoning that God served to guarantee and support? Whether he was successful or not, Nietzsche wanted to be honest. He wanted to sincerely live what it meant if there were no God.

Whatever postmodernism means, and it means many things to many commentators, it means trying to think through, in a consistent and sincere way, the implications of the absence of God and the absence of the kind of metaphysics and reasoning which go with God. In other words, postmodernism sets out to rub the modern world's face in it.

One of the great philosophers of postmodernism was Jacques Derrida, a man who knew his classical philosophers, knew how to reason, and yes, wrote often obscurely, but who repays sincere attention. He is not easily dismissed. Having said that, I would argue he was wrong, but that's because I know what it is I am opposing him with: Christian metaphysics. It is less clear, however, what it is those who deride him are opposing him with: grumpiness. I suspect.

What Derrida often did was read another philosopher's text very carefully, he did so in order to show how what the philosopher was arguing against was the very thing which served to found and inform the logic of that philosopher's argument! A bit like showing that someone who had been demonstrating that feet were pernicious and did not exist, had, all the while, been proving the point by kicking a ball around while tap dancing.

Derrida set himself to show the "blind spot" upon which many systems and arguments were built and which were



DERRIDA AND THE MEANS OF GRACE

By ROBERT TILLEY

absolutely integral to their validity. A blind spot which was so effective *because* its presence was so resolutely denied Derrida may not have always been successful, but that he did have some successes is something that cannot be denied, especially with matters concerning modern philosophy.

Postmodernism proper is about revealing the blind spots in modernity. It is about acknowledging paternity. In a more homely vein, it's about chickens, homes, and roosts.

In the last decade or so of his life Derrida expressed

a great interest in the writings of St Augustine. Whether or not this worked the salvation of his soul I can't say, but I would like to think it did. You see, St Augustine was one of fathers of finding out blind spots, not least where it counts the most, *namely in oneself*.

In his *Confessions* the Saint set himself to find out why it was he'd been led to believe what he knew now to be incredibly silly ideas. He came to realise that he had done so not least because his very method, his very reasoning, was fundamentally flawed.

More seriously, he had deceived himself; he had, he wrote, 'hidden himself behind his own back.' The methods of reasoning he'd employed had aided him in this self-deception. God, however, worked to save Augustine by bringing him to radically reflect upon the very ground of reason itself. By doing this Augustine found that the only thing that could support reason proper was a Christian metaphysic.

God's prevenient grace worked through a radical critique of the dominant philosophies of the day, not least by revealing their blind spots and, thereby, revealing the philosopher to himself. As St Augustine found, there's another term for "blind spot" and it is "self-deception", the essence of which is pride. And pride, of course, is the source of all sin.

Pride is when we are blind yet insist that we can see something Jesus intimates in John 9.41. We keep our blind-spots safe by refusing to see them. After all they make us comfortable and content, and any evil results we simply put at someone else's door. But to do this, Jesus went on to add, is to have our sin remain. It's for this reason, as St Augustine found, that God's grace often works by making us uncomfortable and discontented. So, if Derrida irritates you, who knows? perhaps God is working the salvation of your soul.

ROBERT TILLEY is a regular contributor to *Annals*.



The life and legacy of a great nineteenth-century Catholic composer, Anton Bruckner

SINGING GOD'S PRAISE AND GLORY

By R. J. Stove



ONE OF Sir Isaiah Berlin's best-known essays is 'The Hedgehog and the Fox', which takes its title from a maxim by an obscure ancient Greek poet, Archilochus: 'The fox knows many things, but the hedgehog knows one big thing.' Berlin used this dichotomy to classify two sorts of writer (without attempting to suggest the superiority of one sort over the other). Foxes are eclectic, 'scattered or diffused' in thought, 'pursu[ing] many ends, often unrelated and even contradictory'; hedgehogs, on the other hand, have an 'unchanging, all-embracing ... unitary inner vision'. Among foxes, Berlin listed Shakespeare, Montaigne, Pushkin, Goethe, and Balzac; among hedgehogs, he listed Dante, Pascal, Dostoyevsky, Nietzsche and Proust. Berlin concentrated on authors, but his classification is equally appropriate to the other arts.

Anton Bruckner might be called the hedgehog's hedgehog, because he refracted his entire creative life through the sensibility of his changeless Catholic devotion. The phrase ascribed to Pasteur - 'I have the faith of a Breton peasant, and I hope, before I die, to have the faith of a Breton peasant's wife' - could equally well have been said by Bruckner. If he heard church bells while giving a lecture, he would fall to his knees and pray. None of his chief musical contemporaries, except for the Wallonian-born but French-domiciled César Franck, possessed anything like Bruckner's uncomplicated *pietas*. Against, in particular, most leading Teutonic composers of his time, he cut an incongruous figure indeed: against Wagner the mythic pagan; Brahms the tepid Protestant who often seemed no more than a deist; Johann Strauss the suave, euphoric and in matrimonially

eventful entertainer. Unlike all three of these men (even Brahms), Bruckner had no gift for self-promotion. He needed to be sought out. So he does even now, well over a century after his death.

There are those who instinctively recoil against Bruckner's music, finding it dull and enervating. Above all, his nine canonical symphonies - two other symphonies, student pieces both, appeared only posthumously - have been often censured for their length, thickness of texture, and sameness of emotion. But for anyone temperamentally attuned to coming under the spell of Bruckner's majestic art, such criticisms soon seem mere glib excuses. Those on whom this spell operates find that his most characteristic utterances have not only a powerful appeal, but a lasting one. Ernst Kurth, a German musicologist writing in the 1920s, remarked: 'Bruckner will be ready for the world when the world has to flee to him for refuge.'

Moreover, Bruckner's most severe antagonists tend to be persons who find his religion uncongenial. To such individuals one can only say, as Richard Strauss once teasingly said to someone who admitted a failure to appreciate *Der Rosenkavalier*: 'What a shame for you!'

Although Bruckner spent the last three decades of his life in Vienna, he came originally from Ansfelden in northern Austria (the home where he was born on 4 September 1824 is now a museum in his honour), and never lost his rustic bluntness. His black, baggy peasant attire, worn in all weathers, made him stand out among the elegant Viennese even more than did his thickset build, crew-cut coiffure, and bullet head. Before arriving in Vienna he had worked as organist at St Florian - an Augustinian monastery near Linz - and he continued to play the organ thereafter, occasionally giving recitals in Paris and London as well as nearer home. (When accorded an honorary

Love, Beauty and Christian Music

The beauty of the Christian cultural inheritance is not something that is "outdated," but rather something that will remain alive and current in the measure of a lively faith, says Benedict XVI.

The Pope said this upon delivering his weekly catechesis in which he commented on the Christian poetry of Romanus the Melodist, a theologian, poet and composer who was born in Syria at the end of the fifth century.

The Holy Father said that Romanus was an ordained deacon who dedicated himself to an original form of catechesis.

It is said that the Virgin Mary appeared to Romanus in a dream, explained the Pontiff, and gave him the gift of poetic charism. From that moment on he began preaching in the form of "chanted metrical hymns known as 'kontakia,' consisting of an introduction and a series of stanzas punctuated by a refrain."

"Faith is love," commented Benedict XVI, "and so it creates poetry and music. Faith is joy, and so it creates beauty."

Eighty-nine "kontakia" are attributed to Romanus, although tradition says he composed a thousand, recalled the Pope. He added that they "testify to the rich theological, liturgical and devotional content of the hymnography of that time."

- Source: ZENIT International Catholic News Service, May 21, 2008.

Weak Leaders Weaken Democracy

The chief weakness of democratic government is that it allows the mechanical element as represented by the party machine and the bureaucratic system to overpower the personal element as represented by the political leader on the one hand and the ordinary party member on the other. And it is one of the main appeals of Fascism that it has attempted to overcome this mechanizing tendency by establishing a direct relation of personal loyalty between the leader and the man in the street. But this appeal is not peculiar to Fascism, for we find the same thing in America where President Roosevelt has established the prestige of his personal leadership without resorting to violence or unconstitutional means. Consequently there seems to be no essential contradiction between democracy and leadership. On the contrary it is only by personal leadership that democratic institutions can be vivified and raised from the level of political machinery to become the organs of a truly free society.

- Christopher Dawson, *Religion and the Modern State*, London, Sheed and Ward, 1935, p. 40.

doctorate, he responded with eloquent naïveté: 'I cannot find the words to thank you as I would wish, but if there were an organ here, I could tell you.'

Meanwhile he submitted himself to punitive compositional instruction – mostly by correspondence – from an appallingly prolific Viennese pedagogue named Simon Sechter, who wrote no fewer than five thousand fugues, and who inculcated in his charge a similar diligence, albeit with less spectacularly abundant results. Sechter's teaching accentuated Bruckner's natural modesty, which made him continue undergoing lessons and exams long after he might have been expected to start taking some pride in what he had already done. Following his splendid playing in one organ test, a judge commented: 'This man should be examining us.'

There was always something for Bruckner to be diffident about, particularly after he had discovered Wagner's work. Wagner left Bruckner flabbergasted with admiration (not for Bruckner, or for Pius XII, the subsequent belief among certain American ultra-traditionalists that Catholics must shun Wagner like the devil); after finishing his Second and Third Symphonies, he took both scores along to Wagner, hoping to be able to dedicate to his hero whichever piece Wagner preferred.

Unfortunately the sheer excitement of meeting Wagner caused Bruckner to drink so much beer that he promptly forgot which symphony the great man liked better. On realising this lapse, he frantically scribbled a note to Wagner, who replied by saying that it was the Third which he especially admired.

Even this favourable verdict could not prevent Bruckner from incessantly revising most of his symphonies, these revisions being a minefield for subsequent editors, who have bitterly quarrelled with one another as to which amendments are justified in musical terms and which were forced on him by outside opinion. In his dozens of wonderful sacred compositions, strangely enough, he avoided such tinkering. He seemed to gain fortitude from the sixteenth-century heritage of choral polyphony, which – thanks in part to Sechter's example – meant so much to him. Paradoxically, the sacred works derive from recognisably the same pen as the symphonies. All are grave, solemn, short on vivacity (Vienna's wits called Bruckner '*der Adagio-Komponist*', 'the *Adagio* composer'), apt to halt in portentous silences, clearly influenced by Wagner – particularly the Seventh Symphony, written as a Wagner memorial – yet in no sense a direct imitation.

Always Bruckner had admirers, especially after he became professor of organ and music theory at the Vienna Conservatorium. Some of these admirers overtly championed him, including the conductor Hans Richter, whose rehearsals of the Fourth Symphony pleased Bruckner so much that he insisted on giving Richter a silver coin: 'Take this, and drink a mug of beer to my health.' (The gesture so touched Richter that instead of spending the coin, he kept it on his watch-chain.) Bruckner's retirement from the professorship, in 1891, occasioned an official eulogy to his powers as a teacher.

In contrast to César Franck, who managed to train almost the entire officer caste of late nineteenth-century French music, Bruckner did not have a whole group of brilliant protégés. Mahler and Hugo Wolf never formally studied with Bruckner, though they eagerly defended him. Nonetheless his students continued to cherish his memory long afterwards. One of them, the subsequent Viennese journalist Max Graf, reported:

'When Bruckner left the lecturer's table and sat at the old piano which stood beside it, to play one of his symphonies, one could understand the religious background of his music. In its highest climaxes the themes are transformed into hymns. Sometimes the music sounds ... like the organ – and what are the abrupt pauses of his symphonic music if not the Elevation of the Host in the Mass, when the priest lifts up the chalice, the bell is rung thrice, and the worshipper kneels and bows his head? ... He pondered over chords and chord associations as a mediaeval architect must have contemplated the mysteries of arches, rose windows, and buttresses. They were his path to the Kingdom of God.'

Alas for Bruckner, his detractors included Brahms – who referred with scorn to Bruckner's 'symphonic boa-constrictors' – and Vienna's leading music critic, Eduard Hanslick, whose invective terrified Bruckner into begging the Emperor Franz Josef: 'Oh, Your Majesty, please stop that man Hanslick from writing horrible things about me.'

Some composers can console themselves for public humiliations

by a comfortable domestic life. Not Bruckner, who spent most of his days in excruciating loneliness. Awkward by any standards (let alone Viennese standards) with women, he had a habit of proposing marriage to ladies whom he scarcely knew.

The one time where matrimony might have resulted, it came to nothing; the woman's father, a Lutheran, forbade it on religious grounds. Bruckner's nerves periodically overcame him, a severe breakdown in 1867 having confined him to hospital for three months; and he never lost an obsession with numbers, which led him not only to write down the prayers he said each day, but to count the turrets on buildings, the leaves on trees, windows, weather-vanes, church crosses, even buttons. Which makes it all the sadder that he should have died, apparently, without a priest present. On the last afternoon of his life, 11 October 1896 (during the morning he had worked on his Ninth Symphony's finale), he suddenly felt ill, asked his housekeeper for some hot tea, went to bed, and there passed away.

It is to Bruckner's credit that his output, even at its most agitated, conveys a fundamental serenity of aim which suggests a kind of inspired somnambulism. In accordance with his unworldly detachment, he talked of his Maker with a frankness more mediaeval than modern. Not long before his death he informed an astonished well-wisher: 'He [God] will say: 'Why else have I given you talent, you son of a bitch, than that you should sing My praise and glory? But you have accomplished much too little.'

As for his compositional worries, let us note that he insisted on depositing in Vienna's Court Library (*Hofbibliothek*) his original manuscripts – however comprehensively they had been worked over at others' behest – for future generations to scrutinise. He deserves to have the last word:

"They want me to compose in a different way. I could, but I must not. Out of thousands, God gave talent to me ... One day, I shall have to give an account of myself. How would the Father in Heaven judge me if I followed others and not Him?"

R. J. Stove lives in Melbourne. This article originally appeared in the January-March 2008 issue of *Oriens*. Canberra.



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– Editor, *Annals*

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Six Catholic priests murdered in Iraq in eleven months

CATHOLIC MARTYRS IN IRAQ

By Robert Mickens

NOTHING BRINGS HOME the impact of war [in Iraq] as does a personal encounter with those affected. Some three months ago, two Dominican professors at the Angelicum University in Rome – Fr Bruce Williams and Fr Robert Christian – had lunch with one of their former students who was then a Chaldean priest in northern Iraq. The young man had been ordained a few years earlier and was serving in a parish in his home town of Mosul. During his visit to Rome, where he had lived at the Irish College, he told his former professors of the difficulties in his native country. He spoke of the suffering of the people there – especially the small Christian community – and the personal dangers he faced each and every day. The young Iraqi priest said he could no longer walk around freely, but had to be driven everywhere – often having to change cars in order to keep from being an easy target for bandits and terrorists. ‘There is no future for Christians in Iraq,’ the young man said grimly. But he promised that he would stay in the country as long as the very last Christian remained. When he left the Angelicum that day, the two Dominican professors turned to one another and said, ‘I think we were in the presence of a future martyr.’ The young priest’s name was Fr Ragheed Ganni. And on 3 June, after celebrating Mass, he and three deacons were ambushed in their car and murdered. The 34-year-old Fr Ganni was at least the sixth priest to be killed or kidnapped in Iraq since last July. When he entered theology at the Angelicum several years ago one of the first classes he took was Fr Williams’s course on the cardinal virtues. The course includes the virtue of fortitude. ‘We cover the theology of martyrdom in that section,’ Fr Williams told me the other day. And he has no doubt that his Iraqi student personified the virtue.

‘I believe he truly is a martyr,’ the Dominican said.

- Source: The Tablet, June 16, 2007

Catholics are called in a special way to bond cultures and nations together

CREATING A CIVILIZATION OF LOVE

By Dennis Murphy MSC



A good team is one in which the members work well together. No one would doubt this about a football team. And it can't be a good football team unless the individual members are prepared to make sacrifices for its common good. The same applies to all groups: a marriage, a family, a business, a city, a nation, and even humanity itself. We readily accept that this ability to co-operate is an inbuilt pattern in human beings and other animals: harmony remains nature's ideal even when faced with the reality of disharmony.

In Rome at some times of the year in the evening, I used to watch flocks of birds whirling around together at full speed, like a cloud in the sky, yet in complete harmony; there were no collisions. Some watched fascinated; others simply took it for granted. But all accepted that co-operation for good, whether it is instinctive or consciously planned, is beautiful. However, unlike other animals, human beings are capable of acting in an opposite way even to the extent of the self-destruction of a group. This is because we have the unique power to reflect on what we are doing, to be conscious of other possibilities, and to choose to do otherwise.

For this reason, when we find harmony and balance in human beings, either as individuals or together, it is particularly admirable because it does not simply happen; difficulties have been overcome. It resembles in some ways the seemingly impossible balance that circus acrobats and gymnasts achieve. The more difficult it is to attain, the more beautiful it appears, especially when it is not imposed as a burden but comes as a natural, satisfying achievement.

If we recognize our cooperation with

others to be a human value, logically we should recognize its absence as inhuman. Too often we use the expression "We are only human" as an excuse for any wrong we do. There is some truth in that, but we can forget the whole truth: to be truly human is a very high ideal indeed; we have to work at it; we have to make sacrifices; we also need help from others.

God's plan

Since God is perfect Unity-in-Diversity – the Trinity – it is not surprising that unity in diversity is reflected in what he brings into being. And when he gives himself to us in Jesus Christ, he both heals and enhances this human aptitude for harmony and co-operation.

In the incarnation, God unites himself with our humanity and hence also with the material universe of which we are a part. Thus, when the transcendent Unity-in-Diversity shares existence with us and draws us into union with himself, he also draws us into unity among ourselves.

In doing this, God affirms the essential individuality of a human person. In my own way, I can say like God "I am who I am": I am this individual person and no other. And at the same time, God makes relationship with others an intrinsic part of being a person: we say not only "I am" but also, of necessity and even more basically, "We are". The Catholic philosopher Gabriel Marcel shows how this is not a theory but emerges from concrete reflection on ourselves. Thus, the aim of all reality is unity in diversity. And understandably, this is also at the centre of our Christian faith.

Jesus prays for us:

[Father] the glory that you have

given me I have given them, so that they may be one, as we are one. I in them and you in me, that they may become completely one, so that the world may know that you have sent me and have loved them even as you have loved me (Jn 17:22f).

In this light, St Paul beautifully spells out for the Colossians and for us the significance of the incarnation:

He is before all things, and in him all things hold together. He is the head of the body, the church; he is the beginning, the first born from the dead that he might come to have first place in everything. For in him all the fullness of God was pleased to dwell, to reconcile to himself all things, whether on earth or in heaven by making peace through the blood of the cross (Col 1: 17-20).

In view of Scripture texts like these, and in harmony with Tradition, Vatican Council II reminded us that

"in Christ, the Church is like a sacrament or as a sign and instrument both of a very close-knit union with God and of the unity of the whole human race... (Dogmatic Constitution on the Church, *Lumen gentium*, n.1).

At the same time, the Vatican Council II had no difficulty in admitting that we are also a 'pilgrim' Church – a Church that is still on the way to its ultimate destination where *God will be all in all* (1 Cor 15:28). There are no utopias during this journey, but nevertheless to reach the end of the road determines the direction in which we must walk here and now.

God has promised that he will not allow his Church to lose its way, even though it might stumble on its difficult journey. Its strength is not in itself as a human institution, but in the active presence in it of the one God who is Father, incarnate Son and Spirit. And this is our identity; we celebrate it above

all in the Sacrament of the Eucharist; and we are to give witness to it in our lives.

Christianity and society

It is not the role of the Church to run civil governments. God has given human beings the desire and ability to work for harmony and the common good. But if a society loses sight of the Giver, it can too easily consider that it has the right to do whatever it likes with his gift. When this happens, history shows that human values can become too easily subordinate to ideologies, lust for power, and self-interest. When this happens it is the God-given role of Christians and other religions to protest, for the State is not above morality, much less the creator of it.

The role of Christians is not merely to criticize and condemn abuses; we have a special obligation to support and work with civil governments. Furthermore, we have to work with others, of other religions or of none, in order to promote a society that is truly human in the full positive meaning of that word. As Christians, our reason is not only that we share the same humanity with them; our involvement is given special relevance because our faith centres on the incarnate God who shared and shares this same humanity with us.

Thus, our mindset as Catholics has to be truly 'catholic' — universal. A variety of cultures enriches the world; but if each does not take seriously the common humanity it shares with others, the results can be disastrous. As Catholics we are called in a special way to bond cultures and nations together. We have much to repent of concerning our failures, past and present, to do this.

Much of this underlay a number of the challenges that Benedict XVI put before us during the celebration of World Youth Day. They are common themes in his pastoral statements; above all his continual insistence, that Christian love is not merely a general statement about morality; it is a statement about a consequence of an 'event' — Jesus Christ himself.

By contemplating the pierced side of Christ (cf Jn 19:37) we can understand ... "God is love" (1 Jn 4:8). It is there that this truth can be contemplated. It is there that our

definition of love must begin. In this contemplation the Christian discovers the path along which his life and love must lead. (Deus caritas est n. 12)

Insistence on this path is not some new idea of Pope Benedict XVI. It may be useful to see a few concrete examples of it given by his predecessors.

Not a new idea

On August 6, 1964, shortly before the second session of Vatican Council II, Pope Paul VI issued his Encyclical *Ecclesiam suam*. As is usual for a first Encyclical, it outlined the policy the Pope had in mind for his pontificate. There were three main points: 1. Catholics had to become aware of what they should be as a Church. 2. They should make the changes needed in order to realize this ideal. 3. To achieve these aims the Church had to enter into dialogue with all human beings (including unbelievers); with all non-Christian religions; with all other Christian denominations; and with all fellow Catholics. The Church's dialogue with the world involved more than

The Pope's Thanks

BEFORE I take my leave, I wish to say to my hosts how much I have enjoyed my visit here and how grateful I am for your hospitality. ... The Federal Government and the State Government of New South Wales, as well as the residents and the business community of Sydney, have been most co-operative in their support of World Youth Day. An event of this kind requires an immense amount of preparation and organization, and I know that I speak on behalf of many thousands of young people when I express my appreciation and gratitude to you all. In characteristic Australian style, you have extended a warm welcome to me and to countless young pilgrims who have flocked here from every corner of the globe. To the host families in Australia and New Zealand who have made room for the young people in their homes, I am especially grateful. You have opened your doors and your hearts to the world's youth, and on their behalf I thank you.

— Farewell Address of Pope Benedict XVI, ZENIT, JULY 21, 2008

armchair chats. He wrote:

The aim of this encyclical will be to demonstrate with increasing clarity how vital it is for the world, and how greatly desired by the Catholic Church, that the two should meet together, and get to know and love one another.

On March 26, 1967, soon after the Council, the same Pope issued his second Encyclical, *Populorum progressio*, which mapped out in detail one of the practical concerns of dialogue: care for the socially disadvantaged and for an integral development of peoples. Normally, Encyclicals are addressed to members of the Church; in this case it was addressed also to "all men of good will". The opening words clearly indicated the direction the Encyclical was going to take.

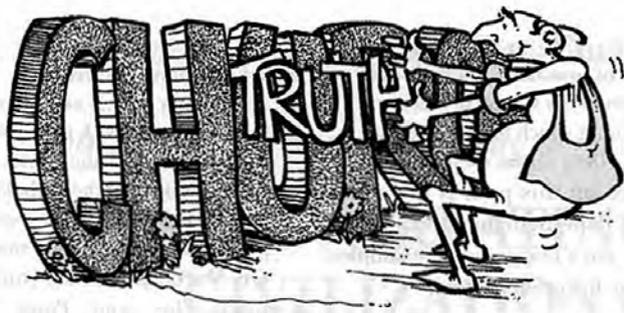
The progressive development of peoples is an object of deep interest and concern to the Church. This is particularly true in the case of those peoples who are trying to escape the ravages of hunger, poverty, endemic disease and ignorance; of those who are seeking a larger share in the benefits of civilization and a more active improvement of their human qualities; of those who are consciously striving for fuller growth.

In saying this, Paul VI recalled notable statements made by his predecessors.¹ Later, the Pope would help popularize the expression "creating a civilization of love", which summed up the wide aim of these two Encyclicals.

"Creating a civilization of love" was not a call to live in a fantasy world. It has to face the hard facts of division, injustice, conflict, oppression, and together with others seek solutions. In this, *doing* things to change society was essential, but without a change in attitudes, above all without charity, no change would be lasting.

Social justice and social charity

Pope Pius XI (1922-1939) in his Encyclical *Quadragesimo anno* (5 May 1931) had already laid a foundation for the expression "a civilization of love" precisely by facing the issues of justice in the world.² In doing this he distinguished justice that had in view the rights of individuals and 'social justice' that had in view the obligation on individuals and states to do "all that is necessary for the common good". He



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went further and distinguished 'social justice' and 'social charity'.

Even supposing that everyone should finally receive all that is due to them, the widest field for charity will always remain open. For justice alone can, if faithfully observed, remove the causes of social conflict but can never bring about union of minds and hearts. Indeed all the institutions for the establishment of peace and the promotion of mutual help among men, however perfect these may seem, have the principal foundation of their stability in the mutual bond of minds and hearts whereby the members are united with one another. If this bond is lacking, the best of regulations come to nought, as we have learned by too frequent experience (n.137).

Pope John Paul II would continue the same sort of emphasis with his use of the word 'solidarity', which was based on his experience of *solidarnosc* - the Polish workers' movement for democracy. That context had the advantage of reminding us that 'creating a civilization of love', 'social justice' and 'social charity' are not airy ideals; they require continual struggle in the face of continual obstacles and disappointment. Above all, they require changes within ourselves. Without perseverance and self-sacrifice, little advance can be made.

A "civilization of love", like any civilization, needs outstanding representatives in religion, art, literature, politics etc. It needs saints. But outstanding figures are not sufficient. A civilization continues and grows through the attitudes and actions of ordinary people. Each person, even within their limited circle, can be a promoter of harmony - of justice, charity and peace. St Thérèse of Lisieux, even within the confines of a cloistered community of nuns, reminded them that "Each small task of everyday life is part of the total harmony of the universe".

1. Leo XIII's encyclical *Rerum Novarum* (1892); Pius XI's encyclical *Quadragesimo Anno* (1931); Pius XII's radio message for the 50th anniversary of Leo XIII's Encyclical and his Radio message on Christmas 1942; John XXIII's two encyclicals, *Mater et Magistra* (1961) and *Pacem in Terris* (1963).
2. I am grateful for an article in *The Homiletic and Pastoral Review* that drew my attention to this.

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.

'The Holy Spirit ... knows what you truly need.'

FREED HOSTAGE SAYS 'JESUS KEPT HIS WORD'

By Christian de Lisle



AFTER six years in captivity Ingrid Betancourt, the French-Colombian hostage, was rescued by Colombian special forces. Her first action was to arrange to go to the Basilica of the Sacred Heart in Paris. In an interview earlier this month she spoke to Pèlerin magazine about her faith and how it saw her through her ordeal.

Mrs Betancourt's first gesture on being rescued was the sign of the cross. 'Why? Because without Him at my side I would never have managed to survive the pain,' she said.

She went on to say that 'being a hostage places you in a situation of constant humiliation ... Faced with this you can take one of two possible paths. Either you allow yourself to become ugly and bitter, filled with hate and vindictiveness, or you follow the other

path, that is shown by Jesus.' She said this insight was what preserved her from being consumed by hate for her captors and anger at her predicament.

'He [Jesus] said "bless your enemies". Each time I read the Bible I felt those words were directed at me as though Jesus were standing in front of me, He knew what to say to me,' she said. 'Of course I realised that when your enemy is awful it is hard to live out those words faithfully and therefore I felt like saying the exact opposite. When I said these words, however, it was like magic. I felt a kind of relief. The hatred simply vanished... I feel that a transformation took place within me and I owe that change to being able to listen to what God wanted for me. It was a constant dialogue with the gospels.'

Mrs Betancourt said that the Bible had been her constant companion. 'At the start of my captivity I said to myself "you are going to be here for months

and months so you might as well read the Bible" which I had not done previously. Opening it, it fell open on the epistles of St Paul on the passage which I can recite more or less from memory: 'You may ask for what you will but the Holy Spirit will ask better as He knows what you truly need.'

'When I read that I exclaimed: "My God, I know what I want: to be free!" Re-reading the epistle six years later I understood at last what it meant and thought "lucky the Holy Spirit has interceded for me, because I do not know what I need!"

She said that after being angry with God for allowing the death of her father, Gabriel Betancourt Mejia, 'later I understood that I had to thank God for taking him, because my father would never have been able to endure those six years of suffering.'

Finally Mrs Betancourt explained why she had been so keen to visit the shrine of the Sacred Heart. 'I was listening to Radio Maria [the international Catholic radio station] and I discovered that June is the month dedicated to the Sacred Heart... so I said this prayer: "My Jesus, I have never asked anything of you, because I am so ashamed because of your greatness, I am simply too ashamed to ask but now I am going to ask you for something very specific. I do not know exactly what it means to consecrate oneself to the Sacred Heart but if you tell me, during the month of June I will be all yours."

On June 27 Mrs Betancourt's rescuers arrived and the ordeal was over. 'I thought "there we go, he's on time"... the fact of the matter is that Jesus kept his word. I experienced a miracle.'

No Restless Nights

THANKS to a certain kind of intellectual 'progress,' the rulers of the modern world no longer believe that they will be tortured everlastingly, if they are wicked. The eschatological sanction, which was one of the principal weapons in the hands of the prophets of past times, has disappeared. This would not matter, if moral had kept pace with intellectual 'progress'. But it has not. Twentieth-century rulers behave just as vilely and ruthlessly as did rulers in the seventeenth or any other century. But unlike their predecessors, they do not lie awake at nights wondering whether they are damned.

- Aldous Huxley (1894-1963), *Grey Eminence* (1942)

Source: The Catholic Herald (UK) (www.catholic-herald.co.uk/)

Hospitals become Death Camps

LETTING UNWANTED CHILDREN DIE

By Elizabeth Lev



FOR historians, who inhabit the remote world of the past, the injustices and sufferings of people are sufficiently distant in time to ever have much emotional impact on them.

Thus, history can serve as a convenient escape from turbulent contemporary issues.

Studying the plague in 1348 or slavery in the South, it's easy to feel complacent about man's progress through the centuries. Abolition and penicillin seem to testify to humanity's ability to overcome illness and degradation.

And then, as if rudely awakened from a deep sleep, some event will reveal the horrific truth that we haven't budged as much as we would like to think from the darkest practices of antiquity. Human traffickers buy and sell women and children for the

pleasure and profit of men, while malaria kills more people than the bubonic plague ever did.

A dear friend shocked me out of my academic coma by sending me a video link. It has already been widely circulated among pro-life circles since 2003, but I was unaware of it until, taking a break from Early Christian Architecture, I clicked on the link.

I watched Jill Stanek, a registered nurse, describing how a child dies after surviving a late-term abortion. I profess total ignorance; I did not realize that these abortions often involved inducing early labor and letting the exposed child die because it no longer had the protective home of its mother's womb. Expelled from the mother's body, and left to die alone among the garbage, a living and breathing child was deemed unworthy to live.

Making matters worse, those who sought to provide protection for those infants by sponsoring the Born Alive

Infants Protection Act, were opposed by persons who claim that those children who survive abortions should be left nut to die.

It seemed as though I had time-travelled back to antiquity where, in Greece and Rome, the civilized veneer of their clever laws, philosophical speculations and brilliant engineering, co-existed with their sadly primitive customs of slavery, blood sport and exposing unwanted infant children.

In books, it seems so easy to look down on the Ancients for doing something so barbaric as leaving a child out to die. But what are we to make of the tolerance of the presence of this same brutal practice in our modern liberal democracies?

In both Greece and Rome, among the majestic temples and sophisticated societies, the harsh utilitarianism of their world began at birth. Children were discarded because of birth defects, single parenthood, economic strain or because they somehow interfered with the well-being of the parents (Oedipus Rex is a famous example of the latter).

The Greek author Plutarch wrote that "the father took his child and brought it to the elders of the tribe. They examined the child, and if it was well formed and strong, ordered it to be raised, but if the child was ill-born and maimed, they discarded it in the so-called Apothetae, a kind of pit, on the grounds that it was not worth the rearing."

Under the Roman law, fathers, called "paterfamilias," had power of life and death over all the members of their family. Romans claimed that "Romulus compelled the citizens to raise every male child and the first-born of the females, and he forbade them to put to death any child under three years of age, unless it was a cripple or a monster from birth. He did

No Religious second-thoughts

IN Egypt ... converting to Christianity, while not illegal, is practically impossible. Citizens are required to carry their personal ID cards at all times. Without an ID card, one has no access to basic services. In January, a court rejected a request by a Christian convert from Islam, Mohammed Higazi, to have his new religion written on his identity card. The following month however, a court decision authorised 12 converts to Islam who then reverted to Christianity to have their original faith marked on their ID cards. In Higazi's case, the judge based his decision on Sharia, Islamic law, to prove that one cannot convert to an 'older religion'. 'Monotheistic religions were sent by God in chronological order... As a result, it is unusual to go from the latest religion to the one that preceded it,' the judge said at the time.

— Source: Agence France Presse

not prevent the parents from exposing such children, provided that they had displayed them first to the five nearest neighbors and had secured their approval."

Compared to our age of abortion on demand, the Romans had more rigorous strictures on putting their children to death.

Both in Greece and Rome, the parent exposed his own child. In our world, we make others complicit in our evil. Babies who are born alive after attempted abortions are handed over to nurses to be abandoned. Not only is the child's life destroyed, but forcing nurses, who have pledged to assist and care for people, to stand by as a baby feebly kicks and fights for each dragging breath is to deprive them of their essential humanity.

It is a sad irony that the Ancients come across as more humane than those who oppose the Infants Born Alive Protection Act. By exposing children, they at least left open the possibility of the child being saved whether by a compassionate passerby or the will of the gods. Both Roman and Greek cultures, pious in their own way, left a certain amount of leeway for the gods to act.

Those today who oppose legislation protecting survivors of abortions want to preclude any assistance, any compassion or any recognition of these little lives; their brief experience of the world destined to be cold, lonely, unalleviated suffering.

Two thousand years ago, Christianity came to the rescue of these abandoned children. As early as the first century A.D., they possessed a manual of catechesis, the "Didache." In it the first Christians learned about the ways of life and the way of death. The way of life was a way of love where they were explicitly commanded, "Do not kill a fetus by abortion, or commit infanticide."

Thanks to Christianity, the exposed infants were saved, nurtured and raised. In our post-Christian culture, these children have lost the protection they enjoyed for a while. Sometimes, sadly, history comes full circle.

ELIZABETH LEV teaches Christian Art and Architecture at Duquesne University's Italian campus. She can be reached at lizlev@zenit.org.

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- Editor, *Annals*

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*His hands and legs were broken, he was stabbed eighteen times,
and his eyes were gouged out.*

PRIEST MURDERED IN INDIA

By Karna Swanson

HYDERABAD, India. More than 2,000 Catholics gathered in Hyderabad to denounce the killing of Father Thomas Pandippally earlier this month, as he headed home after saying Mass.

Archbishop Marampudi Joji of Hyderabad led the protest rally attended by priests, religious sisters and brothers, and lay faithful.

Father Thomas Pandippally, 38, was killed late Aug. 16 as he rode alone on a motorcycle to Yellareddy, a village in the eastern state of Andhra Pradesh, after having said Mass in Burigida.

The attackers ambushed the Carmelite of Mary Immaculate. He was found dead the next morning, little less than a mile from his motorcycle, with his hands and legs broken, 18 stab wounds inflicted on his body and his eyes gouged out.

Archbishop Joji stated at the protest that the authorities have yet to arrest those responsible for the killing. Other speakers urged the public to denounce violence and promote religious freedom, while voicing resentment over the murders of Christians in Andhra Pradesh.

Father Sony Sebastian Palabra, a Carmelite of Mary Immaculate who studied for three years in the seminary alongside Father Pandippally, told ZENIT he was "upset" and "shocked" to hear of the murder.

He said the murdered priest was "so quiet, holy and committed to the work of the Lord and service of the poor. His motto in life was, 'To wipe the tears of the poor.'"

Father Jose Panthaplamthottiyil, prior general of the Carmelites of Mary Immaculate, said in a letter written Aug. 20, the day of Father Pandippally's funeral, that the congregation had "lost a young, holy, dynamic, dedicated, talented and committed priest ... one of the promising jewels of our congregation."

"However," continued the prior general, "we have also gained a true martyr in heaven."

"The history of the Church tells us that it was always through the blood of martyrs that the message of Jesus spread to the four corners of the earth," he said. "The shedding of the blood of Father Thomas in the name of Jesus will not be in vain. It will bring manifold blessings on the local Church as well as on every one of us."

Father Jose Panthaplamthottiyil announced that the episcopal conference of India has declared Sept. 7 to be a day of prayer for missionaries "in the context of the death of Father Thomas Pandippally."

The protest in Hyderabad took place as a wave of violence against Christians spread over the neighbouring state of Orissa. The Christians are being blamed for the murder of a Hindu political leader Swami Laxmananada Saraswati. Eleven people have been killed over three days of attack.

- Source: ZENIT International Catholic News Service

The Natural Foundation of the Theological Virtue of Hope

ALL MAY YET BE RIGHT WITH THE WORLD

By Jude P. Dougherty



THEOGNIS of Megara, a sixth-century B.C. philosopher and poet, reflecting on the social deterioration of his day, lamented the lack of piety in the people. In a poetic work cited through the ages, notably by Plato, Xenophon, Aristotle, and Clement of Alexandria and known to us as a poem entitled "Hope," he claims that all the gods have left the earth and returned to Olympus. Faith and Temperance and the Graces have abandoned earth. Humans, having lost a sense of piety, no longer venerate those immortal gods. As a consequence, oaths are no longer reliable. The only divinity still remaining on earth is Hope. If this divinity were to leave, he warns, civilization would surely collapse.¹

The poet stimulates reflection. What if a people, a community, a society were to lose hope? Indeed, we may ask an even more fundamental question: Can there be "collective hope" or its contrary, "collective despair?" Each day we are informed by an omnipresent global media of a calamity in some part of the world where the victims are presented as having little more than hope. We need not look beyond this continent to find a culture under siege where thoughtful men offer little hope for the perpetuation of a once great civilization.

Following the lead of Theognis, I wish to discuss the role that hope plays within a community. Cultural historians tell us that discussions of hope usually emerge at a time of crisis. Indeed, theological discussions of hope gained a following in the mid-decades of the twentieth century when, in the context of a Europe ravaged by two major wars, the topic was addressed by a number of German scholars. Jurgen Moltmann's

Theology of Hope (1964)² is perhaps the most influential, although his work was preceded by that of Josef Pieper (1945) and Ernst Bloch (3 volumes, 1952-1959)³. Hope is often presented as one of the three theological virtues, and indeed it has the status of a virtue but only within a religious context. In this presentation, I intend first to examine hope as a movement of the irascible appetite, treating it from a purely philosophical viewpoint. Only then will I ask: Is there a connection between the passion of hope and the theological virtue? As a passion, hope is not a virtue.

Hope has been discussed from a philosophical point of view since antiquity, through the course of Stoicism, to be sure. Like courage, the Stoics discussed hope as a movement of the irascible appetite, an emotive power. From that vantage point, human choice is a free initiative, but the outcome of choice is ruled by fate. Unable to change

the course of sensible events, humans are able to control only their internal attitude toward the unfortunate events of life. Fate is inexorable, but hope is still possible.

St. Thomas similarly locates hope in the appetitive power, not in the cognitive faculty.⁴ "Hope regards the good," Thomas writes, describing it as a "stretching out of the appetite to the good," that is, toward a possible good, attainable by one's own power or through another's activity. Hope presupposes the desire of some future good. When a person desires a thing, Thomas continues, it is because he has reason to believe that he can get it. But hope is more than that and rather different, too. We do not hope for what we are sure to obtain. What characterizes hope is the awareness that difficulties stand between our desire and its fulfilment. We only hope for what is more-or-less difficult to obtain. Thus, hope as an interior disposition is

Trivialising the Sacred

Either for the defence of the Church and the inalienable rights of the Church, or to direct itself properly towards its peculiar end, the State has the right and the duty to intervene in such matters, as it has the right and the duty to see that justice is observed in private contracts. The crime committed by many modern states is not *restraining* such liberties (they constantly invoke them), but *restraining them in an unjust and perverse way*, which is as contrary to the law of God and the laws of the Church as it is contrary to the moral good of man and the common good of the State. The order is then completely reversed in this sense that the temporal power, instead of legislating in conformity with divine laws, of which the spiritual power has charge, does so in contempt of those laws and that power, and so turns things upside down.

- Jacques Maritain, *The Things that are not Caesar's*, London, Sheed & Ward, 1930, 'On Liberalism,' p.142

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maintained in the face of some obstacle. If the obstacle becomes insurmountable, desire is succeeded by hate. Then not only is the pursuit abandoned but we no longer wish to have the impossible good so much as mentioned. You can imagine a disappointed teenager saying, "I did not want to go to the dance with him anyway, and besides I hate him." The retreat of the appetite from itself and the accompanying rancour against its former object is called despair.⁵

Hope is bound up, Thomas reminds us, with man's constant effort to live, act, and fulfil himself; it beats in the hearts of all. As a sensory passion, it may be predicated of dumb animals as well as of man. To illustrate this point, Thomas uses the homey example of a dog that sees a hare far off but makes no movement toward it because he has no hope of reaching it, whereas if the hare is near, the dog would likely make a movement toward it.

Given that the object of hope is an arduous good, one difficult to obtain, doubt with respect to its attainment may lead to despair. Experience may play a role in fostering hope, but it may just as easily lead to despair. Men of age and wisdom may be of great hope because their experience enables them to undertake tasks which seem to others impossible. In the course of a long life, how often have men seen the un hoped for come to pass? The young are full of hope but for the opposite reason.⁶ The young have little past and a vast future, little memory and great expectations. The ardor of youth, which has never encountered a check, makes the young believe that nothing is impossible. The young will try almost anything and sometimes, to the surprise of all, succeed. Without doubt, hope is a driving force, but we must not make a virtue out of it. It remains an impulse of the sensitive appetite.⁷ As an impulse of the sensitive appetite, it is not based on prudent calculation and chance of success. A daring man instinctively hurls himself into danger. Once he is at grips with it, he often finds more difficulties than he expected. Courage may then come into play. The merely daring man gives up, while the courageous man, once he has taken on the danger after reasoned deliberation, often finds the task less arduous than he feared and carries it though successfully.⁸

Following Aquinas, Pieper treats hope within the context of his discourse on human fulfilment, that is, within a teleological conception of human nature. It is an Aristotelian concept, to be sure, but one developed by Thomas within a theological context. Thus Pieper talks of man's *status viatoris*, man on the way, and means more by that than Aristotle could have meant since Pieper, even when writing as a philosopher, cannot forget man's eternal destiny as disclosed by revelation. "The positive side of the concept of being on the way, the creature's natural orientation toward fulfilment, is revealed, above all, in man's ability to establish, by his own effort, a kind of justifiable 'claim' to the happy outcome of his pilgrimage."⁹ I am not sure that Robert Browning had hope in mind when he wrote: "Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp—or what's a heaven for,"¹⁰ but Pieper would find the notion congenial. The "way of man" leads to death as it does for all members of the animal kingdom. If man is merely a "being in time," as some philosophers would have it, man's ultimate fulfilment would be, as it is for dumb animals, merely the perpetuation of the species. Fulfilment beyond time escapes the purview of philosophers such as Heidegger and Sartre but not Aristotle, insofar as he saw that by nature man has a natural desire for immortality.

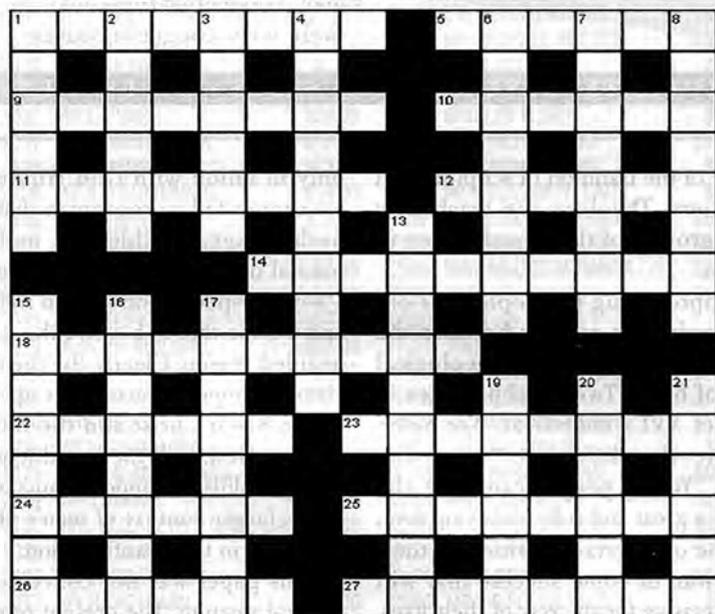
From a philosophical standpoint, it may be said that hope is something that can be empirically encountered, phenomenologically described, and understood as a function of the human psyche. The philosopher who reflects on existence as a whole cannot avoid attention to hope as a human disposition. What people hope for, almost by definition, is something that is welcome, desirable, loved, something good that can be attained. Josef Pieper, commenting on Johannes Hoffmeister's definition of hope as "joyful expectation" agrees that hope, given its implicit element of confidence, implies also the anticipation of fulfilment, namely, joy. Pieper adds this distinction: "Hope is aimed at being granted something good, and thus something loved, while joy is by nature nothing other than the response to being granted what we love."¹¹

Turning to Jurgern Moltmann's

Theology of Hope we find a suggestive passage in a section entitled, "The Tradition of Eschatological Hope," where he focuses on the social aspect of hope—that is, hope within a community—and speaks of the role that history plays by engendering hope or by dashing hope within a community. He speaks of "the messianic light of hopeful reason." "There is solidarity," he writes, "between the present and ages past, a certain contemporaneity both in historical disappointment and eschatological hope."¹² The horrors revisited by history can undermine hope for the future, but on the other hand a recognition of positive elements in the present can engender hope. It is in this context that Moltmann explores the role that

tradition plays in preserving equilibrium within a people, grounding hope and mitigating fear. "Traditions are alive and binding, current and familiar, where, and as long as, they are taken as a matter of course and as such link fathers to sons in the course of the generations and provide continuity in time. When this unquestioned familiarity and trustworthiness becomes problematical, an essential element in tradition is already lost. Where reflection sets in and subjects the tradition to critical questioning, with the result that the accepting or rejecting of them becomes a conscious act, the traditions lose their propitious force."¹³ We are horrified, he says, by the error of those who in theology put the arguments of reason

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ACROSS CLUES

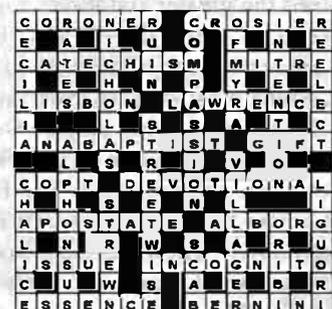
1. Something serving as a remembrance (8)
5. Frantic; feverish (6)
9. Indefatigable (8)
10. Cryptic (6)
11. Coordinate (8)
12. Small piece of bread with savoury topping (6)
14. Basilica in Montmartre overlooking Paris (5,5)
18. Nobleman (10)
22. Commendation; belief in the truth (6)
23. Suave and refined; courteous (8)
24. Capital of the Czech Republic (6)
25. Reprove (8)
26. Required (6)
27. Comes uninvited; encroaches (8)

DOWN CLUES

1. Head nurse (6)
2. An optical illusion (6)
3. Change one's mind; become milder (6)
4. Help; support (10)
6. Dignified grace in appearance (8)
7. Menace (8)

8. Bishop's chair (8)
13. The final battle (10)
15. Cooking utensil (8)
16. Large rough-haired breed of terrier (8)
17. Disposition; theatrical pose (8)
19. Personal integrity; fame or glory (6)
20. Assorted (6)
21. German composer (6)

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in place of the tradition of scripture and the fathers. Theology can teach only on the ground of the "word" given in tradition.

In approaching this topic I set out to determine the relation between the passion of hope and the theological virtue of hope. Two brief passages in Benedict XVI's encyclical, *Spe Salve*, illustrate the difference.¹⁴ Benedict writes: "Young people can have the hope of a great and fully satisfying love; the hope of a certain position in their profession, or some success that will prove decisive for the rest of their lives. When these hopes are fulfilled, however, it becomes clear that they were not in reality the whole."¹⁵ Aristotle would concur and add that human fulfilment is achieved only in and through the contemplative life. Benedict then moves to the theological level when he writes: "We need the greater and lesser hopes that keep us going day by day. But these are not enough without the great hope, which must surpass everything else. This great hope can only be God. . . . who can bestow upon us what we, by ourselves, cannot attain. The fact that it comes to us as a gift is actually part of hope."¹⁶ These passages make clear that natural reason can carry us only so far. The ultimate fruit of the contemplative life can be achieved

only in union with God Himself. Yet we cannot fail to recognize that grace both makes possible and perfects a natural disposition. Revelation gives us a new perspective on human fulfilment and a hope that is beyond the grasp of unaided reason. Clearly the theological virtue of hope is consequent upon faith in the Risen Christ and the Revealed word of God. Still the irascible passion of hope fulfils its temporal function even in the larger context of man's ultimate fulfilment in the Beatific Vision.

This paper was not conceived in a cultural vacuum. The present resembles the mid-decades of the last century when, the Catholic Pieper, the Marxist Bloch, and the Protestant Moltmann were writing. This presentation has not focused solely on abstract or theoretical considerations of hope. It is the present that has generated discussions of hope on both sides of the Atlantic. Those of a certain age and experience recognize that within what was once called Christendom something has been lost. A sense of loss naturally leads to expectations for the future. The decline of the West is not a fiction.

Seventy-five years ago, the Spanish-born American philosopher George Santayana lamented: "Our society has lost its soul. The landscape of Christendom is covered with lava:

a great eruption of brute humanity threatens to overwhelm all the treasures that artful humanity has created."¹⁷ Writing today, Pierre Manent reinforces Santayana's judgment, fearing that Europe is on the verge of self-destruction. The democratic nation, he believes, has been lost in Europe, the very place where it first appeared. "Europe's political contrivances," he writes, "have become more and more artificial. With each day they recede further from the natural desires and movements of their citizen's souls."¹⁸

European countries, the political philosopher Pierre Manent is convinced, are no longer sovereign, nor do they aspire to retain their identity. European nations are caught between their old identity and that of a new European Union. After Maastricht, the EU's bureaucratic contrivance detached itself from the national political bodies that formed the Union.¹⁹ The artifice, Manent thinks, took on a life of its own. "Europe" crystallized an idea endowed with legitimacy, suppressing all others, and that idea became equipped and fortified with institutional mechanisms capable of reconstructing all aspects of European life. Instead of increasing self-governance, Europe's new instruments of governance shackle it more with each passing day, promising an infinite extension that no one wills and no one knows how to stop. Enlightened despotism has returned in the form of agencies, administrations, courts of justice, and commissions that lay down the law or create rules, ever more meticulously contrived. In creating an uncontrollable bureaucracy, Europe, in effect, has institutionalized the political paralysis of democracy. So much so that its nations cannot control their borders let alone their economies and distinctive cultures.

We may ask, what does the future hold? With Santayana we recognize that the civilization characteristic of Christendom has given way. In his words, "The shell of Christendom is broken. The unconquerable mind of the East, the pagan past, the industrial socialistic future confront it with their equal authority."²⁰ What does this portend for the West? Should those who value their cultural heritage merely acquiesce and hope for the best? Of course, not. Just as hope can play an

important function in the life of an individual, it may stimulate a society as a whole. We have the example of Churchill and de Gaulle in the darkest hours of World War II and the more recent example of John Paul II, who through his leadership in the Solidarity movement inspired hope not only in his own people but in others of the Soviet bloc at the time. Hope is not a guide, to be sure, but it can engender confidence and call men to action. Both the passion of hope and the theological virtue of hope can each play a positive role in the life of an individual. Hope as a passion is an integral part of human nature. The theological virtue is a gift but, I submit, it need not concern only "last things." To paraphrase the poet, God is in his Heaven and all may yet be right with the world.²¹

PROFESSOR JUDE DOUGHERTY is Dean Emeritus of the Philosophy Faculty, Catholic University of America, Editor, *The Review of Metaphysics*, and General Editor, *Series Studies in Philosophy and the History of Philosophy*, Washington, D.C.

1. *Theognis, 1 v 1135-1150*, ed. D. Young (Teubner), p.69. Cf. Gerard Verbeke, *Moral Education in Aristotle* (Washington, DC: The Catholic University of America Press, 1990), p. 32.
2. Jorgen Moltmann, *Theologie der Hoffnung*, 5th ed. (Munich: Kaiser Verlag, 1965); trans. by James W. Leitek as *Theology of Hope* (New York: Harper and Row, 1967).
3. Cf. Josef Pieper, *Über die Hoffnung* (trans. from the 7th ed. as *On Hope*) (Munich: Über die Hoffnunft Munich: Kösel-Verlag, 1977); trans. by Mary Frances McCarthy, in *Faith Hope and Love* (San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 1986); and Ernst Bloch *Das Prinzip Hoffnung*, trans. as *The Principle of Hope* (Cambridge, MA: MIT Press, 1986).
4. St. Thomas recognizes six passions of the concupiscent appetite: love and hate, desire and aversion, joy and sadness; five for the irascible appetite: hope, despair, courage, fear, and anger (*Summa Theologiae*, I-II, Q.23, a.4).
5. Thomas Aquinas, *Summa Theologiae*, I-II 40, 4.
6. *Ibid.*, I-II 40, 6.
7. *Ibid.*, I-II 40, 8, ad 3.
8. *Ibid.*, I-II 45, 4.
9. Josef Pieper, *Faith, Hope, and Love*, trans. by Mary Frances McCarthy et al. from the German *Lieben, Hoffen, Glauben* (San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 1997), p. 93.
10. Andrea del Sarto 1855.
11. Josef Pieper, *Hope and History*, trans. by David Kipp from the German *Hoffnung und Geschichte* (San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 1994), p. 21.
12. Jorgen Moltmann, *Theology of Hope: On the Ground and the Implications of a Christian Eschatology* trans. by James W. Leitek from the German (New York: Harper and Row, 1967), p. 291
13. *Ibid.*
14. Promulgated in English by Liberia Editrice Vaticana as *Saved by Hope* (San Francisco: Ignatius Press, 2008).
15. *Ibid.*, p. 64.
16. *Ibid.*, p. 66.
17. George Santayana, "Winds of Doctrine," in *The Works of George Santayana* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1937), p. 3.
18. Pierre Manent, *Democracy without Nations: The Fate of Self-Government in Europe*, trans. by Paul Secator from the French (Wilmington, DE, ISI Books, 2007), p. 33.
19. Pierre Manent, *op. cit.*, cf. p. 34 ff.
20. *Ibid.*, p. 3.
21. Robert Browning, *Pippa Passes*, 1841.

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History or Fiction?

KATHY'S STORY

By THÉRÈSE TAYLOR



THE cover of the book *Kathy's Story. The True Story of a Childhood Hell inside Ireland's Magdalen Laundries* gives a ringing endorsement from the

reviewer of the *Irish Independent*. It is:

'A devastating account of a childhood stolen by the twin evils of sexual abuse and an unholy church-state alliance.'

According to this book, Kathy O'Beirne, born in the late 1950s to a large working-class Irish family, was constantly beaten by her father, who even broke her pelvis, and held her hand in a pan of boiling grease. She was then sent to a juvenile justice institution at the age of eight. She was held there for years, then after being raped by a priest was transferred to a psychiatric hospital at the age of ten. At the hospital she was drugged and given electric shock therapy.

Whippings and ill-treatment were inflicted on Kathy when she then entered a Magdalene Laundry at the age of only thirteen years. Again she was raped, and had a child. She did not escape from the institutions until she was in her late teens, and ran away to live on the streets of Dublin, where she was arrested for shoplifting and served a sentence in Mountjoy Prison. After all this, she was able to rebuild her life. Rather surprisingly, she went home to live with her parents, and stayed with them in their old age.

The publication of the memoir was greeted with acclaim. The foreword of the American edition, however, suggested that: 'She is breaking long years of silence – a silence we don't want broken, because if we believe the extent and the amount of abuse she endured, then we will have to admit some horrid truths ... that there are some who call themselves men and women of God who act out of evil, and that this happened in Ireland.'

The picture which Kathy draws of Catholic institutions is certainly evil. For instance, in the Magdalene Laundry, when one of the inmates died:

'The body was wrapped in a sheet and laid on the cart in the open. A black cross was placed on the body by one of the nuns. The black cross was the symbol of the Devil and was used to ensure that the person who had died went straight to hell.'

Art as a Commodity

Modern art dealers' and collectors' ... disturbing propensity to value the signature on a work more highly than the work itself led Salvador Dali to decide that instead of scrupulously overseeing the production of prints bearing his name he might just as well sign and sell otherwise blank pieces of paper on which printmakers could execute Dalis of their own. Similarly, once the second-hand books trade succumbed to what William Roberts denounced in 1894 as the 'first edition mania,' the commodity exchanged was no longer books but the dates on their title-pages. This enabled Wise, a commodity dealer by profession, to market his spurious first editions of texts by collectable authors. Dali's boldly minimalist ... was mercenary ... it was also a well-directed assault on the commodification of art as a market in which investors purchase signatures rather than works.

– K. K. Ruthven, *Faking literature*.
Cambridge University Press, 2001, p. 164

None of the reviewers who praised this book ever bothered to interrogate such fantastic descriptions. Only a spoilsport would point out that no such bizarre ceremony exists in Catholicism.

After the publication of the book, Kathy O'Beirne could not resist adding to her story. While in *Kathy's Story* she states she had one child who died, subsequently, she has stated that she had two children, who both died. *Kathy's Story* includes several scenes of sexual assault, and more recently, Kathy has said that she will be writing a second book which will explain that she was also raped by four more men – three priests and a police sergeant.

While the book has sold in huge numbers, and Kathy O'Beirne has become Ireland's best selling author of non-fiction, increasing numbers of people have disputed the veracity of her book. Recently, Irish journalist Hermann Kelly has published *Kathy's Real Story* – a detailed study of the factual errors in the book, and the history of the events which lie behind it.

A Disputed Past

Everyone will have their own reasons, when confronted with a memoir such as *Kathy's Story*, to either believe or disbelieve it. One can read review after review by people who found this book so fascinating they could not put it down, and so compelling that it seems undoubtedly true.

Critics of the book appeared more slowly. Kathy's siblings strongly disputed her account of her past. They claimed that she had never been imprisoned in a Magdalene Laundry, and also denied the stories that their father was a hate-filled abuser. However, one of her brothers said that he agreed with Kathy that their father was 'a hard man' and that they were beaten. They acknowledged that Kathy had many problems when growing up. Because of

'behavioural difficulties' she was sent for a short period in a children's home, and later, as a teenager, had been in psychiatric institutions and had been a runaway living in a shelter for the homeless.

The religious orders deny that Kathy O'Beirne was ever in a Magdalene Laundry. Their denial should have some weight, as there is no record of an Irish religious order later denying contact with any of their charges.

'The Sisters of our Lady of Charity wish to emphatically and categorically state that Kathy O'Beirne never spent any time in our laundries or related institutions, commonly known as Magdalene Homes. A professional archivist has checked our records in detail and there is no reference to Kathy O'Beirne.' They found evidence that she spent six weeks in an industrial school run by the same order. This confirms the account of her childhood given by her siblings.

According to Mary O'Beirne, 'Our sister was not in a Magdalene laundry, or Magdalene home, she was in St Anne's children's home, Kilmacud; St Loman's psychiatric hospital, Mountjoy prison and Sherrard house for homeless people.' There has been confirmation of her attendance at these institutions. If she was in Sherrard House during her teenage years, as affirmed by people who knew her there, then she could not have been incarcerated for fourteen years in the Magdalene laundries, as stated in her memoir.

Evidence has been brought forward confirming Kathy's account of being sexually abused as a young girl, while she was living at home. On September 23 2006, *The Guardian* reported that they had been shown legal documentation, concerning police statements she made about her childhood rapes by an older boy and legal documents relating to a recent out-of-court settlement the man made with her.

One feels that these incidents may have been the beginning of her mental health problems.

However, these early incidents are described very vaguely and briefly in the memoir. They belong to the period when she was living at home, and the memoir soon progresses to more lurid scenes where Kathy is imprisoned, raped

repeatedly by priests, made available to visitors for sexual services while in a church institution, and then became pregnant at the age of thirteen. No confirmation of this has ever surfaced, and it is most definitely in need of clarification. Numerous witnesses who are acquainted with Kathy O'Beirne have stated that she had no child. No birth certificate or death certificate for this supposed child has been produced.

Evidence

While the people who have come forward to denounce Kathy O'Beirne have their own stories to tell, one thing is very conspicuous in this controversy. It is the people who have not come forward.

There is no record of any survivor of a Magdalene Laundry who has said that they remember Kathy, who claims to have spent so many years in such institutions. A woman who was an inmate of the Dublin laundry, Lorraine King, said that the book 'has not been written by someone who has been there.'

Witnesses who had been in youth shelters remember Kathy O'Beirne as a teenager. Their account of events is entirely different from that given in the memoir. They deny that she was in a Magdalene Laundry. Margaret Power, who knew Kathy during her years as a homeless teenager said to the *Daily Mail* on 31 October 2007 that: 'she didn't even have one baby, never mind a second. I would remember if she was pregnant.'

Historian's View

One of the first things which strike any scholar of history, is that *Kathy's*

Story does not have any information which can be checked. There is not a name or a date in the book, and scenes shift and change like a dreamscape. Sudden personal transformations are common, there are confusions in chronology, and several notable contradictions.

To give but one example, Kathy claims to have been entirely deprived of education after the age of eight. She was taken out of the classrooms and made to work like a slave. 'The nuns were supposed to be educating the girls in their care and they were being paid by the State to do so. But little attention was paid to such rules.' A girl subjected to such a regime would soon lose her early education and indeed, Kathy's publisher, Mainstream, described her as being: 'an Irish "Maggie" who still can't read or write ... a ghost-writer, Michael Sheridan, was engaged to help the illiterate O'Beirne ...' However, in the later chapters of that same book, Kathy describes herself writing poetry, doing archival research and reading letters. So she was literate after all.

Further enquiries to the historical record explain this. Hermann Kelly cites the records of her local school. The roll shows that: 'she spent the years 1961 to June 1969 in Scoil Mhuire, her local national school in the village of Clondalkin, which she left at the age of 12.' Kathy is not illiterate, and she did attend school, and therefore she was not in an asylum or a children's institution during the ages of eight to twelve. One cannot admit of any doubt about this, and it is such a central point of her memoir, that this inaccuracy, alone, is enough to put the entire tale into disrepute.

Memoirs and Fiction

It is all too easy to write and publish a fake memoir.

Publishers know that misery literature sells. In our time, novels are much less popular than they were, and memoirs have become a best-selling form of literature. One of the results of this is that books which ought to be published as fiction have been introduced to the public as authentic memoirs.

There are endless examples of the scandals arising from false memoirs. Australians will be particularly aware of the story of Norma Khouri. Norma



appeared in 2003, as the author of a tragic memoir *Forbidden Love*. This told the story of her best friend Dalia, a Muslim victim of an honour killing in Jordan. There was a major scandal in 2004, when the *Sydney Morning Herald* published an article by Malcolm Knox, proving that Norma Khouri was in fact an American, had not lived in Jordan, and that Dalia was a fictional person.

In 1995 Benjamin Wilkomirski, the author of a Holocaust memoir *Fragments*, moved audiences to tears with his accounts of a childhood in Auschwitz. He won numerous historical awards, and this puts the standards of European scholarship in doubt, because a journalist exposed him as an impostor. The memoir was a fake, written by Bruno Grosjean – a Swiss citizen who had only visited the death camps as a tourist.

Examples of this type can be found everywhere. A slightly comic touch to the Wilkomirski saga is that when he toured America he was 'recognised' by a woman who also claimed to have been tortured by Dr Mengele in Auschwitz. She went by the name of Laura Grabowski, but was in fact Laurel Wilson. Under the pen name Lauren Stratford this same woman was the author of a discredited memoir *Satan's Underground* – the story of her life as a victim of Satanic ritual abuse. After that was revealed as a fraud, she went on to create a new story that she was a Holocaust survivor, and teamed up with her fellow fantasist Wilkomirski.

A consistent feature of fake memoirs is that they are written by people who have experienced troubled lives, but whose experiences are not particularly sensational. They then recast this history of pain into a new story, which adheres to the preoccupations of the wider society. Bruno Grosjean was an illegitimate child who was passed into foster care and never communicated well with the family who adopted him. Norma Khouri grew up in working-class Chicago, and her Jordanian immigrant parents had a bitter divorce, which included allegations that Norma had been subject to years of sexual abuse by her father. Laurel Wilson was adopted by a couple who argued often and then separated. They provided for her, but she moved between their residences and had no settled home.

A Rose by any other Name

It is worth remembering that the acclaimed author of *The Golden Notebook* (1962) had a novel turned down by her own publisher when, wanting 'to be reviewed on merit, as a new writer, without the benefit of a "name", she submitted *The Diary of a Good Neighbour* (1983) under the name of Jane Somers instead of Doris Lessing. This is not an isolated case. In 1975, when Chuck Ross typed out the first twenty-one pages of Jerzy Kosinski's National Book Award-winning *Steps* (1969) and submitted them under a pseudonym to the original publisher they were rejected.

- K. K. Ruthven, *Faking literature*,
Cambridge University Press, 2001, p.154

Each of these people found new roles as a Holocaust survivor, as the witness to an honour murder, and as the child slave of a Satanic cult. With these dramatic stories, they were finally able to get people to listen.

Kathy O'Beirne's life story, as told by her family, includes much suffering. But merely being a troubled teenager might be considered dull. The Magdalene Laundry has become a cultural preoccupation in a generation of the new millennium who have cast off the Catholic past. To have been a 'Maggie' is striking and interesting. It is a much more engaging story than merely being yet another abused child in secular society.

Memoirs are a commodity. Because of the current state of the publishing industry, ethics are unimportant, and the ruling motive is the desire for profits. Books such as *Forbidden Love*

and *Kathy's Story* have made millions for their publishers, and substantial amounts for their authors. It would be fair to say that neither publishers nor authors care about the truth.

It is disconcerting that, because of their status as 'non fiction', books such as *Kathy's Story* are recommended to colleges and schools, and are studied by pupils learning about religious history. We all need to be extremely careful about what we read. If the author cannot provide any references, any dates or names, in their story, then it is possibly false. If they make wild claims and appear to be playing on racist or sectarian stereotypes, then one ought to consider the possibility that they are dishonest or psychologically ill.

My final comment on *Kathy's Story* is that it puts the Irish media in a bad light. How could such a book have been so uncritically praised? What has happened to the Irish journalists who used to be so sharp, so well able to interrogate the claims of any 'great talker'? Literature is important in their culture, standards are high, and one would expect more discernment. The sentimentality and credulity of esteemed papers is cast in an awful light by their gushing initial recommendations for this memoir. Only one writer, Hermann Kelly, came out to do his job – to tell the truth about fiction.

Therese Taylor lectures in history at Charles Sturt University, Australia. She is the author of a scholarly biography, *Bernadette of Lourdes, Her Life, Death and Visions*, (London 2003). She has published numerous articles on history, memoirs and life writing. Her critique of the disputed memoir, *Burned Alive*, by Souad, is available online.

Change Your Money

There are two different coinages, so to speak, in circulation. God's and the world's, each with its own distinctive marking. Unbelievers carry the stamp of the world; while the faithful, in love, bear the stamp of God the Father, through Jesus Christ.

- St Ignatius, bishop of Antioch (35-107 AD), writing to the Christians at Magnesia-on-the-Meander, on his way to be put to death in the Flavian Amphitheatre of Rome in 107.



MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Two Peters View

Book of the Month in terms of print, radio and TV coverage: *The Costello Memoirs* (Melbourne University Publishing, rrp \$54.99), by-line Peter Costello with Peter Coleman.

Significant preposition. Coleman's high-calibre talent for quote picking and incisive comment, is unobtrusive but influential throughout the narrative; it is a talent that made him one of the best in the line of editors of *The Bulletin* and *Quadrant*, (as well as a contributor to *Annals Australasia*).

His experience as a State and Federal MP also inform his contribution. Nevertheless Costello is very much the lead writer champing at the bit which means his potentially fascinating family background is all plain bread and no ale, stereotypical of Baptists. In the background, however, is a Catholic immigrant great-grandfather and pubkeeper, Patrick Costello, who contrived to get himself jailed for matters electoral.

Costello treats this as worth recording but no spark of delight at the irony. He deals similarly with the fact that, 'a Catholic priest would regularly attend our home to give the mass to my maternal grandmother, Honora, when she was infirm and dying with us in her declining years'.

Forget the redundancy of the final phrase. But, 'give the mass to' is a blatant solecism. It should be either, 'say Mass for' or (more likely), 'give Communion to'.

This is relatively minor in the context of Costello's survey of his career from the Dollar Sweets case to the Treasury: the GST, Work Choices and his version of the irresistible force meeting the immovable object, John Howard.

That other force, Malcolm Turnbull, gets due mentions but the lottery of publishing lead-times and deadlines means that the mentions have been overtaken by events. Turnbull has become the irresistible force, albeit against a too movable object, Brendan Nelson.

The survey is also unflinching. It includes Labor Senator Nick Sherry who attempted suicide after Costello roused on him wittily in Parliament over shouky travel allowances which involved the Opossum Bay home of his mother. The wit was sharpened on the whetstone of Sherry's earlier

attacks on Coalition MPs, nailed for similar offences, and sacked by John Howard.

No facile apology from Costello. He does make it clear he subsequently modified his parliamentary style.

Overall Peter Costello has produced a solicitor's brief, solid, informative, precise, rather than a barrister's plea complete with eloquent oratorical flourishes. As if conscious of this, he decorates his prose with exclamation marks like, well, Dollar Sweets sprinkles on a plain cake.

The solicitor's brief may be more valuable in transmuting past experience into future policy, Costello's intent. And he is capable of panache, nowhere more significantly than early in the book when he quotes his speech after a personal best victory against the countrywide run of play which resulted in Labor winning the 2007 Federal election.

'I want to say two things about our country. Our ambitions for our country should be as large as the country itself. As I flew from Brisbane to Perth after our national campaign launch and I saw our broad and vast and expansive country, I thought to myself I want a country with ambitions as big as the continent itself. The second thing I want to say is that I believe in the future of Australia. The best years of our country are in front of us. We are young and we have boundless opportunities.'

Emotional, bold, non-ghost written, utterly spontaneous, oddly recalling Labor chieftain FX Connor's line: 'Give me men to match my mountains...' Which raises the question: what happened to change his mind, or more exactly his mood, between the speech and his decision not to accept the parliamentary leadership of the Liberal Party?

One possibly pertinent factor is mentioned: a telephone call to John Howard. Yet despite Costello's emphasis on how his legal training conditioned him to getting the verbatim, he reports this conversation by way of indirect speech and generalities.

It is fair to ask whether something tonal or negatively specific in Howard's response made Costello think, what am I doing here? What he is doing at this writing is his elected duty to his constituents in Higgins (named for the great



Irish-born, non-Catholic judge whose Harvester Judgement legally defined Fair-Go Australia taking due account of *Rerum Novarum*, first of the papal social justice encyclicals).

In writing this book Costello (with Coleman) has rendered the State some service. Too few active politicians write memoirs with intrinsic transformative proposals for the future. What of hacks who criticised him for working on the book while still on the public payroll?

Give him a break At any given time, any number of hacks work on personal projects while on company payrolls. Political hacks in particular may resent books by real insiders which spoil the market for the quickie books by which they add lustre to their bylines and fizz to their cafeteria staples.

To go for a sports metaphor, Peter Costello is one of those players who can seemingly disappear from the game yet suddenly come back to kick the winning goal. And fellow backbencher Brendan Nelson could be the one to assist.

Stop Press: Peter Costello's departure for the World Bank (what timing), conveyed by my ever alert editor, Paul Stenhouse, makes that final sporting metaphor inept. But Costello is two years younger than Turnbull and everyone loves a comeback by a heavyweight veteran who has mixed it with the best overseas.

Nelson Lines

Brendan Nelson is worth more than passing mentions. His gutsy action in bringing on the leadership challenge recalls the lines of Montrose, the 17th century Scottish royalist Presbyterian whose shock troops were Catholics of true Ulster, not the gerrymandered later polity:

'He either fears his fate too much,
'Or his desserts are small,
'Who fears to put it to the touch
'To win or lose it all'

Buck Passing

There he was on the television screen, a bespectacled buffer talking about the global financial crisis as if it were what insurance companies still call an Act of God, a cyclone, say, or a hurricane. The buffer was Alan Greenspan on whose long watch as skipper of the US Federal Reserve Bank the market was allowed to go mad with avarice disguised as sub-prime mortgages, securitised debt et cetera, et cetera.

No apology from Greenspan. Politicians and clerics who get things wrong should be so lucky. Other incongruities abounded: finance institutions were called 'victims' instead of what they were –

engineers of the crisis; some hacks urged other hacks to go easy in their coverage and all hacks continued to interview representatives of banks and other guilty institutions.

And suddenly it became nefarious to make a profit by selling what you do not own, otherwise described as 'naked short trading', a technique which if practised outside the market would cause the Fraud Squad to call.

No one appeared to remember the elephant – or the dragon – in the room: China and the possible effect of the withdrawal of its trillions of dollars in foreign reserve.

President George W Bush, authorising more and more tipper trucks of money for black holes of debt, did say it was tax-payer money. Bluntly what he was doing, however, was nationalising private debt without as much as a throwaway line about beneficent market forces embodied in Adam Smith's concept of 'the invisible hand'.

If only the present crisis would destroy this irrational (and Enlightenment) concept. It won't, anymore than the Great Depression did. All hands to change the deck-chairs on the Good Ship Global Economy.

Turnbull Ink

If ink were water, enough has been spilled over Malcolm Bligh Turnbull's ascent of the Liberal Party leadership molehill to replenish the Murray-Darling river system. Much of the ink has been cheapshot when it hasn't been envy green

To an extent Turnbull, 53, brought the ink on himself with his recall of his short-money and rented-flat boyhood with his father Bruce, his mother Coral Lansbury, courteously unmentioned, being a beauty a gifted writer, an academic and what the English call, 'a bolter'.

Turnbull may have been seeking to emulate Kevin Rudd's homespun yarn about sleeping in a motor car or Mark Latham's fibro-encased childhood, all reminiscent of Abe Lincoln's Log Cabin or possibly Ned Kelly's slab hut.

Here your correspondent admits to a problem. Born to extreme privilege in Scotland on his Irish father and his Hebridean mother's side, noble both, he admits to difficulty in comprehending why so many egalitarian Australians make so much of their humble origins.

That said, there is still a degree of interest in the coverage of Turnbull's family background. His father died in a plane crash in 1982, his mother in 1991 Predictably his mother's being a cousin of the actress Angela (Brigid) Lansbury was mentioned.

Overlooked their relative George Lansbury

(1859-1940), a pre-eminent (and Catholic) member of the British Labor Party, founder editor of *The Daily Herald*, up-marketed in the Sixties as *The Sun* by Hugh Cudlipp and sold as a pup to Rupert Murdoch who further transformed it into a monstrously profitable rag

No doubt play will be made of this Labour connection by those who aver that Turnbull once had a yen for ALP pre-selection. It may also modify the effusions of those who put his conversion to Catholicism down to his marriage into the Australian-Irish Catholic Hughes clan.

Arguably, like many who explore the family tree, up to and including the Reformation, Turnbull has returned to the faith of his ancestors. More ink will undoubtedly be spilt on him. But fiction rather than facts about his career as Rhodes Scholar, hack, lawyer and merchant banker may do more to interpret his character and his fate.

Whose fiction? His mother's. In the opening to the fourth and last of her novels, *The Grotto*, dedicated 'For Malcolm', she writes: 'Great lovers are monsters of selfishness who break every social bond and discard all ties of family to live in a world that reflects nothing but the other.'

Too much to see this as exculpation for the way she left her nine-year old son? What about these lines from the novel's end where the heroine Gwen nurses a child called Bessie?

'The road was still shining from the rain but the sun was rising and the asphalt began to steam. Bessie moved sleepily in my arms and I rocked her gently. Across the road a thin, dark boy stared at me but I did not speak, and after a few moments, he hunched his shoulders and walked up towards the greengrocer's shop on the corner.'

For greengrocer's shop, read Parliament House, Canberra and realise Malcolm Turnbull has armoured himself against the pain of maternal abandonment in what is seen as arrogance, wife Lucy, family, friends and supporters further shielding him. Your correspondent is not among them. He voted against Turnbull in favour of Pat Shiel, a hack yet to rise beyond column inches.

Baying Rudd

Kevin Rudd has set a precedent. In a speech about the battle of Milne Bay, he defined it as an Australian and American victory. Absolutely correct and admirable in face of a growing tendency among local historians to suggest that

Australian forces, particularly the military, won campaigns on their Pat Malone.

Almost as admirable is the ritual evolving round Rudd as Prime Minister Plenipotentiary. Po-faced alongside him at the lectern when he makes a speech is the minister with portfolio responsible for the subject matter of the speech.

Impressive. But isn't there a minister with enough larrikin sense of fun to start moving his lips so that he makes the PMP look like a ventriloquist's dummy?

How will Turnbull react to Rudd's PMP approach? By becoming more presidential as befits someone who put his money where his mouth was in support of the Republic of Australia.

Truth to tell. Ideology is dead. Both Rudd and Turnbull are managerialists rather than politicians. Don't think Labor or Liberal. Think the political equivalent of Woolworths and Coles. The winner is the one that delivers the most at the apparently cheapest price.

Bully's Pat

The Bulletin is dead, killed to make a more profitable bottom line. So, too, is its Godfather I, Sir Frank Packer and its Godfather II, Kerry Packer and their revivalist editor, Donald Horne. Now the magazine's one and only Godmother, Patricia Rolfe, is also dead.

Her Requiem Mass was at St Francis Xavier Church, Lavender Bay, Sydney, Father Edmund Campion, the celebrant, speaking eloquently of her talent as a mentor and editor.

On her coffin was laid a copy of *The Journalistic Javelin*, her history of *The Bulletin*, her portable typewriter and her rosary beads. Sentimental? But, of course – as sentimental as the rosary beads on the coffin of Jack Gibson, Rugby League Coach of the Century.

Or the Irish Guards during World War II when ordered to make a seaborne landing at Narvik in an attempt to thwart the Nazi invasion of Norway. Their ship hit rocks and was taking water fast.

Their chaplain began the rosary and, steady in their ranks on deck, the guardsmen joined him, the ship inching to safety in the rhythm of their prayer. Their beachhead achieved, they deployed. Forlorn hope but unforgettable. Like Patricia Rolfe to all she helped, and they were many, including your correspondent.

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Lament for the destruction of the spiritual and cultural heritage of Western man

OMINOUS WESTERN SUNSET

By Giles Auty



little more than a year ago, while foraging in a bookshop in St. Ives, Sydney, I stumbled upon a book which I can best describe as trying valiantly to attract my attention.

Indeed, what led me to that particular bookshop – which I had never visited before – on that particular day, is a further part of the mystery.

More to the point, perhaps, is that the title of the book *How the West was Lost* is a brilliant summary of an idea with which I am in complete agreement. I, too, believe that Western society has largely lost its way – most evidently, perhaps, in the decades since I began to grow up in post-war Britain.

I was also interested to learn that, like me, the author Alexander Boot had at some stage written art criticism.

However, unlike me he grew up in Russia where he attended Moscow University and excited the unwelcome attentions of the KGB before emigrating to the USA in 1973 only, in his words “to find that the West he was seeking was no longer there”.

Some 33 years later, Alexander Boot fleshed out the disappointment he felt in a book of 340 pages published by I.B.Tauris.

In essence *How the West was Lost* is a lament for the destruction of the priceless spiritual and cultural heritage of Western man by the seemingly inexorable onrush of what could be described broadly as ‘modernism’ but which in Boot’s terms, at least, is a process which began in the 18th century with the Enlightenment.

For the sake of brevity, Boot abbreviates Western man to Westman and Modern man to Modman.

Like some other readers, social historians may object to the apparent inexactitude of such terms. However, for

those willing to hunt for absolute gems in occasional thickets of prolixity, Boot generally comes up with concise and credible distinctions. Thus what for him distinguishes ‘Westman’ society – which he sees as endangered and more or less extinct – from ‘Modman’ society, is acknowledgement of the existence and importance of the human soul which he describes succinctly as “man’s inner metaphysical self”.

Unlike Boot’s trenchant offering, many contemporary books which attempt to deal with the human condition do so with little regard for history or the kind of simple commonsense people once brought to their problems.

Today, one of the few genuinely funny sights on Australian television often features the summoning of

academic ‘experts’ to comment on the findings of recent sociological research which ‘proves’ at great expense a finding our grandmothers could have forecast with utter certainty.

For example, do tiny infants who are farmed out to the care of others – so that their mothers can rush back to their ‘important’ jobs – suffer more subsequent psychological problems than children raised full-time in secure home environments?

The answer to such a question ought to be obvious even to a nincompoop but often contemporary social research will see its findings ‘massaged’ vigorously to fall into line with modish social orthodoxies – in this particular case that of feminism – which seek the status of ‘unquestionable’ truth.

Refreshingly, Alexander Boot jumps into such ‘forbidden’ areas with both feet. His book is consistently original and outspoken and informed by an underlying – and understandable – hatred of totalitarian systems. In Australia, it would almost certainly never have found a publisher because here much ‘serious’ publishing is controlled by Australian universities where Karl Marx, rather than Jesus, tends to be revered as the ‘saviour’ of humanity.

To its great credit *How the West was Lost* tackles most of the problems inherent in our attempts to live in ‘modern’ Western society. Here, for example, the author deals with the familiar phenomenon of ‘rationalism’:

“When the mind begins to act as the principal conduit of God or, more perilously, his judge, religion has no chance of surviving as a social force. For while it can withstand enquiry it cannot survive vulgarisation. And the mind with its verbal tools always becomes vulgar when it overreaches. If someone had never heard a Bach fugue, no amount of commentary will ever approach the effect the music would have in its normal context. Even

Never Abandon Hope

WHEN Mary Magdalen came to the grave and did not find the Lord’s body, she imagined that it had been taken away and went to tell the disciples. They came, looked, and believed that it actually had happened as Magdalen told them. The gospel account continues: ‘The disciples, therefore, went away again to their home. But Mary remained standing at the tomb, weeping.’ At this point we must stop and reflect upon the ardent love in the heart of this woman who would not leave the Lord’s grave even after his own disciples had gone away. She continued seeking him whom she could not find: in tears she kept searching; and, afire with love, she yearned for him whom she believed had been removed. Thus it happened that she alone saw him, she who had remained behind to seek him, simply because a truly good act involves the virtue of perseverance. For the lips of Truth itself have said: ‘He who perseveres to the end, he shall be saved.’

– Pope St Gregory the Great
[590-604 AD] *Homily 25*

something as trivial as, say, the taste of avocado is inexplicable in words. Anyone trying to apply words to the task of explaining either the fugue or the fruit, first having sampled them properly, will see how vulgar language can become out of its natural sphere. It is logical that the most complex feeling of all, faith, should suffer from excessive reasoning to the greatest extent".

And here he has a few words to say on "Darwinism":

"A man and his bull terrier have kidneys and a urinary tract and so both are capable of passing urine onto the wall of a nearby building. The totalitarian scientist notes the similarity and leaves it at that, ignoring the salient difference; Fido can only irrigate the building, his owner can also design it. Against the background of this undeniable fact, the atavisms dug up as proof of man's descent from lower organisms serve exactly the opposite purpose. The trite similarities emphasise the sublime difference, much as darkness makes light seem brighter".

The imaginative vigour of the author's prose attacks contemporary complacency at its roots. Alexander Boot was once an art critic and his loss to an increasingly pessimistic and conformist profession is confirmed amply by paragraphs such as the following:

"Until the 19th century it had been universally accepted that looking for truth was the real purpose of art. Because of that, traditional forms had a liberating rather than constricting effect. The artist could take the canonical foundation of his art as a given and concentrate instead on the higher goal. As long as truth did emerge, it did not matter to the artist whether he was the first to uncover it or the thousandth. Westman did not see life as a race, and he was free of the hubristic desire to be original at any cost".

The author rips into modern society with joyous abandon. Here he makes a telling and very apposite analogy between fruit and vegetables and the art we consume:

"A useful parallel can be drawn with fruit and vegetables over the last half-century. Victorious Modmen have decreed that most produce should be available to most people throughout the year, irrespective of seasons. And so it is, except to achieve that goal Modmen have had to sacrifice

Farewelling the Holy Water Stoup

THE minute inquisition carried out by the authorities after the quashing of the rebellion into the present whereabouts of the altar-stones and holy-water stoups is a testimony to their awareness of the imaginative potency of such sacred objects, as is, in a different way, the account of Roland Hinxson, churchwarden of Sedgfield, who hid the holy-water stoup in a midden on the collapse of the rebellion, covering it with straw and bidding it farewell with "Dominus Vobiscum".

— *The Stripping of the Altars: Traditional religion in England 1400-1580*, Eamon Duffy, Yale University Press, 1992 p.584.

everything that used to make produce worth eating: taste, fragrance, texture, nutritive value. Such a fate has befallen art as well, and for the same reason, but Modmen do not mind. They have little taste anyway, so it is no hardship to them to munch what passes for food, while listening with a half-ear to what passes for music".

I sense that reading certain sections of 'How the West was Lost' may even cause some readers to cheer out loud. Try this: "*That 'all men are created equal' is, self-evidently, rather the opposite of truth. All men are created unequal physically, intellectually, morally, socially.*"

Or this:

"It is questionable whether the term 'rights' has any serious discourse on political matters. Today we are served up any number of rights: to marriage, education, health, development of personality, leisure time, orgasms, warm and loving family or – barring that – warm and loving social services, employment, paternity leave and so forth. These 'rights' are manifestly bogus as they fail the test of not presupposing a concomitant obligation on somebody else's part".

One of the major problems facing contemporary Australians is that so many of the stimuli we receive actively discourage, rather than encourage independent thinking of any kind. Almost all of our television and an alarmingly high percentage of our printed media favour ephemeral fashions of thinking in the most abject of ways.

When this factor is allied to our geographical isolation and a growing national ignorance of the history of the rest of the world, we have a promising formula for national moral and intellectual collapse. For example, if the following paragraph from Boot's book

were reproduced in *The Sydney Morning Herald*, rather than in this magazine, how many readers would begin to understand the sentiment expressed in the following paragraph, let alone agree with it:

"The pre-Enlightenment system of thought mentioned earlier is based on the belief that most things in life are reducible to the underlying moral choice, which is mostly intuitive and has little to do with a rational weighing of pros and cons. This system is quite a versatile tool, lending itself to thinking on such diverse subjects as music, literature, painting, education, politics, philosophy, foreign policy, history, architecture, theology. That the same system of thought can be applied, in however a rudimentary way, to all these fields should mean that they have an element on which they overlap. And so they have: they are all glints on various facets of moral choice. The facets refract moral choice, distorting it and sometimes obscuring its presence at the core of everything that happens in the world. But it is there all right, shining through".

Having grown up in the former Soviet Union, Boot is no stranger to the numbing horror and spiritual emptiness of life under communist regimes.

Indeed, it is probably this precise factor which makes him unusually qualified to understand how – with so much apparently in its favour – Western society seems so wilfully intent on destroying its long-established spiritual and moral foundations.

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

Kidnapped Catholic girls are forced to convert and marry Muslims

PLIGHT OF CATHOLICS IN PAKISTAN

By Qaiser Felix

THERE are slim hopes for the return home of the two Catholic girls kidnapped by a group of Muslims on June 26 from Chowk Munda village in Punjab. According to the defence attorney, the situation is more complicated for the older of the two sisters, Saba Younas, who was forced to convert to Islam and marry a young Muslim the day after she was kidnapped.

On August 6 the judge Malak Saeed Ejaz of Multan Bench of Lahore High Court ordered the medical examination of Saha Younas to ascertain her age. The medical report concluded that the girl is 16 to 17 years old and had reached puberty despite the fact that her Catholic birth certificate plainly states she is 13.

'After the medical report the chances of Saba's return are less,' family lawyer Rashid Rehman says, 'because a 16 to 17 years old girl has reached puberty and "is able" to get married'. Rehman noted another unfavourable factor was that on being questioned, the girl stated in the court that she is 17 years old and had 'converted to Islam and got married of her own will'.

If hopes for the older sister are virtually non-existent, the battle to free the younger of the two, 10-year-old Anila, continues. What's more, the return of Anila could persuade Saba to change her mind, on finding herself alone in a family she is not part of. According to the girl's uncle, Khalid Raheel, Saba was 'pressured and threatened' into giving false testimony and he says that he has documents proving that 'she is only 13'.

The family's lawyers announce that the court hearings have ended; the sentence is set for Tuesday September 9th. Until that moment both sisters must remain in the women's shelter where they were brought at the beginning of August, under the judge's orders. 'If there is no positive outcome,' announces Rashid Rehman, 'we will appeal to Pakistan's Supreme Court'.

- Source: AsiaNews

The Role of the Catholic Family in the Healing of Hurts

THE RECONCILER

Reviewed by DENNIS MURPHY MSC



HIS book and its subject have already been highlighted in the *Annals* – and deservedly so. Though details of the story are by this time well known, it remains, and will remain, something to reflect on. It is an inspiring account of what one man can achieve in promoting peace in the world against formidable opposition and misunderstanding. It is a healing of hurts on an international scale. But it is not merely an account of the things Father Tony Glynn did ‘out there’; the author takes us through his personal development and struggles as well.

The Marist Fathers decided to send missionaries to Japan shortly after the war in the Pacific when memories of atrocities committed by the Japanese military were still very much alive in Australia, not merely as past history in books, but as a rankling memory in many ex-soldiers and families who had lost loved ones. One of the Marists, Fr Marsden, had been an army chaplain in the war and had suffered in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp. Nevertheless, he felt called to go to Japan as a missionary. Chapter Three gives further information about him.

In 1952, Fr Tony Glynn followed him to Japan and at a later date his brother, Paul Glynn, the author of the book, joined them. Since the details of the extraordinary story are already available in the *Annals*, I will simply reflect here on what appears to me to be its basic lesson.

On getting to know the Japanese personally, Tony and the other Marists not only ministered to them as priests but accepted them as friends. This experience convinced Tony that he had to work towards reconciliation between Australia and Japan.

The argument he used with ex-soldiers and others was simple: there

Like a Samurai - The Tony Glynn Story
by Paul Glynn, SM, Hunters Hill: Marist
Fathers Books, 2008, pp. 185.

was no benefit for them in keeping alive bitterness about past wrongs; in this way they were only making themselves unhappy; they had to look to the future; they had to help build up a better world for their children to live in; and to do this practical steps towards reconciliation had to be taken.

One of the practical steps Tony thought of was to ask those who had taken samurai swords from both dead and live Japanese to return them to the families concerned as a gesture towards building up a more human world. Against all odds, his efforts were largely successful.

When I first read this book, I have to admit that I skimmed quickly over the first four chapters, which were mainly about the family and its ancestors. This was something I later corrected. I

spent a bit more time on the next three chapters because they touched on people and places I was familiar with: Chapter Five on Father Woodbury, the ‘Doc’; Chapter Six on the Marist Seminary in Toongabbie; and finally Chapter Seven on Fr Lionel Marsden, plus mention of Fulton Sheen and some Trappist monks – Thomas Merton for one – who had influenced Tony.

One thing especially attracted me in these last mentioned three chapters: I found it a relief to come across an author who did not feel compelled to look back in anger at his novitiate and seminary days; he could accept limitations in the formation received but at the same time be grateful for the good he had obtained from it. His memories were mainly happy memories. In this I found a certain resemblance between the reconciler Tony and his brother who was writing about him.

Though I read rather quickly, this first part of the book did prepare me more for the following twenty

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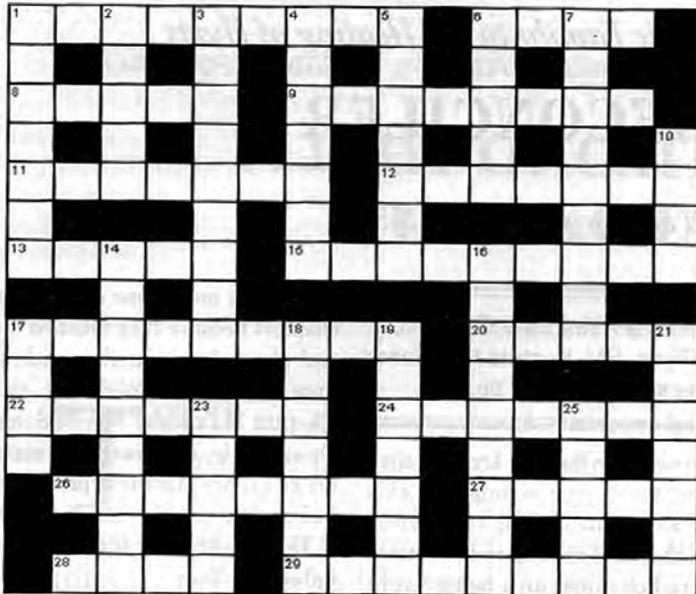
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ACROSS CLUES

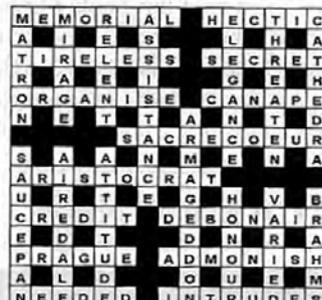
- 1 & 9. Fifth book of the New Testament (4,2,3,8)
6. Smoking accessory (4)
8. Pickpocket (5)
9. See 1 across
11. To receive by succession (7)
12. Examine closely (7)
13. Polio vaccine (5)
15. Port in the Netherlands (9)
17. Apparently believable (9)
20. Young military trainee (5)
22. Personal liberty (7)
24. A small roundish boat made of waterproof hides (7)
26. Early disciple, martyr and Bishop of Antioch (8)
27. Icon (5)
28. Egyptian goddess; local name for the river Thames at Oxford (4)
29. An authoritative regulation, decree or law (9)

DOWN CLUES

1. Achieves or fulfils (a task, goal, etc) (7)
2. Part of the leg (5)
3. Contributions to the funds of a religious organisation (9)
4. Betrayer (7)
5. A concited boastful person (7)

6. Narrow tracks (5)
7. Made-believe (9)
10. Forward end of a ship (4)
14. Name given to James and John by Jesus; a fiery preacher with a powerful voice (9)
16. A short journey; an outing (9)
17. Pant (4)
18. A young Italian child (7)
19. Pardon; exempted (7)
21. Carmelite saint, known as "The Little Flower" (7)
23. Business transactions (5)
25. A flexible length of metal links (5)

SOLUTION TO NO. 59



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Justice tinged with Mercy

RICHARD Cumberland also tells us of [Bentley's] sending away a man who had been caught stealing his plate, with the advice to take a more honest occupation. 'Harkee, fellow, thou see'st the trade which thou hast taken up is an unprofitable trade, therefore get thee gone, lay aside an occupation by which thou canst gain nothing but a halter.' To those who urged him to prosecute the thief he said: 'Why tell the man he is a thief? He knows that well enough without thy information.' The man was penitent, and the master bade him go his ways and never steal again. It is not every day that a great scholar bears out his scholarly critics with such a practical example of his sanity and good sense. It was in these years – to be precise, in 1739, when he was seventy-seven.

– R.J. White, Dr. Bentley: *A Study in Scarlet*, Eyre & Spottiswood, London, 1965, p.98. Dr Bentley was the eccentric, dictatorial and often over-bearing Master of Holy Trinity College, Cambridge. His saving grace was his undoubted scholarship, and a strong sense of fair play.

chapters written about Tony Glynn's life as a parish priest in Japan and as an international reconciler. Like all of us, he had his limitations, but he certainly was not imprisoned by them. Later in life, through the charismatic movement, he experienced a great deepening of his faith which brought the reconciliation he had achieved between nations to full fruition in his own heart. Paul Glynn quotes his brother's moving account of this on pages 136-141.

After finishing the book, the significance of the first three chapters I had skimmed through came home to

me: I read them again, this time more attentively. I realized that Tony's family, including the extended family, was the seed ground for all that followed. There were some 'black sheep' of course; but the Catholic faith of the family comes across as almost tangible. There are still exemplary Catholic families like that in the world, but what a different world they live in!

Because of this roundabout way of reading the book, a final thought I took away with me was the crucial role of Catholic families today in a world where faith is growing dim in an environment

largely hostile to it. We give much time and effort to the formation of priests and religious; it is disproportionate compared with the help given to families. Yet the role they have to play today is basic not only for the Catholic Church, but, in a growing way, for humanity itself.

This is a book well worth reading. Paul Glynn is an accomplished writer and keeps the story flowing. Furthermore, *Like a Samurai* will be a good addition to any school library as well as a good source for faith education. All profits from the sales go to the third world for educational and medical help.

A frequently heard argument against the institutional Church runs as follows: in order to fulfill the most important concern of the Church, love of neighbor, it is not necessary to belong to the institutional Church. How can this be answered?

ONE WOULD have to ask first what is understood here by love of neighbor. If, for example, I believe that the most magnificent and radical act of love of neighbor is not simply to provide food and clothing but rather to see to it that the absolute and incomprehensible God takes this person into his own inner life; if, in other words, I consider the bringing of the good news the highest act of human love, then it is obvious how such a broad notion of love of neighbor automatically leads into the realm of the Church.

Persons who love themselves in God, who see themselves as not just biological living things, which, although a little crazier than "rational animals," are destined like everything else in the world to end in nothingness, these persons, I say, who respect and love the other as someone addressed by the message of eternal life, they have already established the foundation for the Church.

A private love of neighbor



WE NEED THE CHURCH

... is no full and total love at all. As an old man, I belong to an individualistic epoch in the history of ideas. I wonder, however, how it is that a slogan like "socialism" can be so plausible to the younger generation when in their relation to the Church they remain critical individualists.

Something here clearly does not quite fit together.

Let me add an example from my own life. Most of you surely know Roger Garaudy, the former "chief ideologist" of the French Communist party. Later, as I understand it, he was thrown out of the party.

I met him once at Chiemsee where we discussed the possibility of founding a journal for dialogue between Christians and Marxists. I said that I had nothing against it; he agreed but added that he would have to consult the central administration of his party.

At the time I wondered what typical Catholic theologian today, wanting to be enlightened, liberal, and critical in regard to the Church, would say that he would first have to ask his bishop. He would consider such a thing as beneath his dignity as a free and critical human being.

Garaudy, on the other hand, did not feel that at all, because as a socialist he understood the social implications of even the smallest questions and decisions.

— KARL RAHNER, *Faith in a Wintry Season, Conversations and Interviews with Karl Rahner in the Last Days of his Life*, Crossroad, New York, 1991 p.147-148. [Chiemsee is a resort in Bavaria, Germany, on the western side of the Chiemsee Lake. Ed.]



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Eagle Eye

Mysterious calls from an unknown woman throw drop-out, Jerry Shaw (Shia LeBoeuf), together with mother-of-one Rachel Holloman (Michelle Monaghan). Hair-raising adventure is then piled on bald improbability, he seeking to discover the fate of his identical twin brother, Ethan, a US Air Force officer, she to save her son, a cornetist scheduled to play before the US President.

'Big Brother is watching you' has passed into the language from George Orwell's 1984. Following him Stauley Kubrick in 2001: *A Space Odyssey* gave us HAL, a master computer gone bonkers. Here director DJ Caruso and writers Dan McDermott, John Glenn, Travis Adam Wright and Hilary Seitz, possibly reacting to feminist pressure, give us Big Sister whose wicked omniscience leaves Big Brother and HAL looking witlessly obsolete.

LeBoeuf and Monaghan display actor heroism above and beyond hokum. Playing secret agents Billy Bob Thornton and Rosarin Dawson try to keep up. One of the credited producer is Stephen Spielberg but the spirit of Jerry Bruckheimer is in the multiple vehicle chases and crashes which among other vehicles involve a Porsche Cayenne and pilotless drone aircraft.

As noted, baldly improbable but only until your cranky PC informs you: 'A fatal error has been committed at ...' and you wonder, what did I do except rush to meet a deadline?

M★★★NFFV

How to Lose Friends and Alienate People

Director Robert Weide and writer Straughan take liberties with Toby Young's book about hacking for *Vanity Fair* magazine in New Ynrk. Their first liberty is casting Simon Pegg in the lead role of Sidney Young alias Clark Baxter, mock-Cockney determined to worm his way into the core of the Big Apple.

Pegg's playing is too twitish to be plausible, unbalancing the performances of Danny Huston as a rival and Kirsten Dunst as the romantic interest. Young doesn't initially rate since he is besotted by Sophie Maes (Megan Fox) star of a send up bio-pic about Mother Teresa.

As Clayton Harding (read Graydon

MOVIES

By JAMES MURRAY

Carter, editor *Vanity Fair*) Jeff Bridges cuts his performance close to the bone – the hambone. Close to the bone in another sense are scenes involving a transexual stripper.

This is male version of the recent hit, *The Devil Wears Prada*. OK, a funny romantic comedy. But also the kind of movie that assumes it can be irreverent about the serious through its send-up Mother Teresa bio-pic yet expect audiences to take seriously a cliché ending dipped in stale schmaltz.

M★★NFFV

The Duchess

The eponymous aristo is Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire (Keira Knightley) who, married to the Duke of Devonshire (Ralph Fiennes), cut a sparkling swathe through 18th century politics, hob-nobbing with the likes of the prototypical liberal, Charles James Fox, and the playwright, James Sheridan.

In this tranche of history, sliced by director Saul Dibb and writers Amanda Foreman (book) and Jeffrey Hatcher (script), no sign of Pitt the Younger or the Prince Regent who standing in for mad King George III dominated political and social life.

Nor indeed any indication of the source of the Devonshire wealth. Originally Cavendishes, they were beneficiaries of Henry VIII's privatisation of the Catholic Church's community property much as latterday billionaires have been of tax-payer property in the former Soviet Union: flood-down as distinct from trickle-down economics.

There is, however, enough marital and child hearing drama in the Devnshires for a score of soap operas. Knightley comes on like a delicate figurine spun not from porcelain but rapier steel. Fiennes has the dyspeptic air of a snap-frozen cod. Between them lurks Lady Elizabeth Foster (Hayley Atwell), the duchess's friend, the duke's mistress and subsequently, on the death of Georgiana, his second duchess.

Charlotte Rampling makes an effective appearance as Georgiana's mother, Lady

Spencer. Not the Marks and Spencer Spencers but the ones who produced Diana, Princess of Wales, another victim of dynastic marriage.

The BBC is credited as a co-producer. Never has its costume department shown to more splendid advantage. Knightley wears the costumes and the wigs as if she'd never heard of mini-skirts, cueing Fiennes into one of the funniest lines in historical drama: 'Put out my wife's hair.'

M★★★★NFFV

My Blueberry Nights

Director Wong Kar Wai's romantic comedy has real locations all across America including Memphis, Tennessee. And there lies the clue to its aesthetic locatiou: Tennessee Williams-land where in his shadowy diner Englishman Jeremy (Jude Law) meets Elizabeth (Norah Jones) and begins the cure of her broken heart with a piece of the eponymous pie.

Elizabeth's travels as a waitress enable Wong, and his co-writer Lawrence Block, to explore Williams-land including a bar, again shadowy, where Aruie (David Strathairn) a cop drinks to forget his unfaithful wife Sue Lynne. She is played by Rachel Weisz in smouldering form. Accordingly Arnie has to visit the bottom of a lot of whisky glasses before a crash ends his gloom. A nondescript sedan but also A Street Car Named Desire

Neon glitter dispels the shadows in Las Vegas where Elizabeth meets Leslie (Natalie Portman), a gambler who certainly has no sleeves to conceal aces. The meeting enables Elizabeth to travel back to the diner and Jeremy.

Jones, a singer, making her movie debut, has a lively charm. Wong tricks out the movie with dramatic captions. But all the shadows make for woeful sluggishness. The main amusement is listening to Law, in flight from his cockney Alfie character, essay a Manchester accent but keep sliding back to Saf (South) London as if auditioning for a role in *The Bill*.

M★★★★NFFV

The Women

Writer/director Diane English refashions the corruscating original by Claire Boothe Luce to provide a cosy vehicle about best friends: homebody

Mary Haines (Meg Ryan) and magazine editor Sylvie Fowler (Annette Bening).

The movie is not without a high laughter quotient given a cast that also includes Debra Messing, Jada Pinkett Smith, Cloris Leachman, Bette Midler, Carrie Fisher, Barbara Delacorte and Candice Bergen.

Their characters interweave with Haines as she deals with her unseen husband having an *affaire* with Crystall Allen (Eva Mendes, carrying all before her) while Fowler faces career challenges.

It must be added that Diane English has more front than Craumann's Chinese Theatre. Her work is less a remake than a travesty of the previous movie version (director George Cukor, co-script writer Anita Loos, and a cast that included: Joan Crawford, Moira Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Fontaine, Marjorie Main, Ruth Hussey, Virginia Grey and Hedda Hopper).

Only Annette Benning could live in such company and possibly Leachman in the housekeeper part played by Marjorie Main (before she went on to immortality as Ma Kettle).

English adds to her front by providing a sustained product placement for Macy's Fifth Avenue store. Modern authors have acquired moral rights in their work. These should be applied retrospectively to prevent the maltreatment of classics like *The Women*.

PG★★★SFFV

Traitor

Opens explosively. The blast drives Samir Horn (Don Cheadle) from boyhood in Yemen to life in the United States. There he professes to be a devout Muslim, his area of expertise, military explosives. After returning to the Middle East to traffic such explosives, he goes to prison where he joins a violent gang and has to prove himself.

When their escape is engineered, he goes along with them, journeying by way of London and Nice deeper into a major terrorist plot to which FBI agent Roy Clayton (Guy Pearce) seeks the key.

Writer/director Jeffrey Nachmanoff has rung the changes on what is now the standard terrorist thriller. His Muslims are not all as devout as Horn, his value to them is his expertise which includes the manufacture of suicide bomber vests.

Official Classifications key

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

Annals supplementary advice

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

Cheadle's performance is remarkably controlled and ambivalent. Pearce defines resolute puzzlement where all the evidence points one way but instinct tells him he is in a classic wilderness of mirrors through which the veteran CIA contractor Carter (Jeff Daniels) knows the path. Nachmanoff conceals his violent denouement behind a double bluff of live or die.

M★★★★NFFV

Funny Games

Deceptive title for a coldly repellent thriller written and directed from his German original by Michael Haneke. It opens idyllically: Anna (Nanmi Watts), George (Tim Roth) and Georgie (Devon Gearhart) driving to their holiday home for a summer of golf and sailing.

Grand opera soars from the car's sound system, then a blast of heavy metal music presaging entrapment by a brace of psychopaths Paul (Michael Pitt) and Peter (Brady Corbett).

Haneke has Pitt and Corbett, dressed in tennis whites plus white cotton gloves, go about their murderous business with ruthless politeness. Watts, up against monsters less benign than King Kong, shades her performance from bravery to despair. Roth epitomises a helpless doggedness and Gearhart is asked too much for such a young actor.

The movie's fault, therefore, is not with the players; it is with Haneke's wink-wink attempt to have the audience empathise in the action. This

appears to derive from his belief that the nature of violence changed with the ascendancy of Adolf Hitler and that he can realise it on screen.

True for Haneke perhaps, many of whose Austrian kinsfolk were complicit in Hitlerian violence with the Germans. It is not true for those, including heroic Austrians and Germans, who opposed that violence with their lives.

Haneke's belief and work lies along the same parallel of guilt projection as the German playwright Rolf Hochhuth's *The Representative*. This sought to scapegoat Pius XII for the Holocaust, an attempt reinforced in *Hitler's Pope* by John Cornwell who more recently has admitted uncertainty about his thesis, an admission that may owe something to evidence that Hochhuth was influenced by Stasi disinformation documents.

MA15+★NFFV

Journey to the Centre of the Earth

Even Jules Verne, who wrote the original, might have been lost in admiration at the 3D special effects in this totally digital movie version of his novel.

As it is, director Eric Brevig has difficulty in getting the stalwart Brendan Fraser, playing visionary scientist Trevor Anderson, to deploy enough gasps, ouches and grimaces to match the shock-horror of a journey starting in Iceland's volcanic region and ending in ... but that would be to spoil the seismic climax.

Anderson's travelling companions are his nephew Sean (Josh Hutcherson) and a beautiful local guide Hannah (Anita Briem). Worth a detour round your art-house cinema to your local multiplex.

PG★★★★SFFV

The Tender Hook

All credit, if not quite an Oscar, to writer/director Jonathan Ogilvie for essaying a vision of Sydney that does not focus on its Western Suburbs. Instead, using Melbourne locations, he creates a highly stylised 1920s city, a city of sly grog, jazz and a sinister Rolls-Royce gliding through mist.

He uses colourised archival footage to convincing effect, the unfinished harbour bridge looming throughout

the action. But it takes all of Hugo Weaving's considerable talent to carry off the character of McHeath – a ruthless gangster who croons anachronistic Leonard Cohen and Bob Dylan songs in a boxing ring, prelude to a bout: Art (Matt Le Nevez) versus the Aboriginal boxer Alby (Luke Carroll).

Rose Byrne, whose exquisite beauty tends to affect appreciation of her acting skills, is Iris, McHeath's mistress attracted to Art.

Initially Byrne presents as a gangland Juliet. Subsequently, aided by her friend Daisy (Pia Miranda) and McHeath's henchmen Ronnie and Donnie (John Batchelor and Tyler Coppin), she takes on aspects of Lady Macbeth (or local legend Tilly Devine).

Overloaded? Absolutely. McHeath, you see, is an Englishman destined to dominate until overthrown by the dinkum Iris. Perhaps only a New Zealander like Ogilvie could see Australia for what it truly is: a matriarchy. Roll on President Germaine Greer.

M★★★NFFV

Waltz with Bashir

The Bashir of the title was the extraordinarily charismatic Christian Lebanese leader, Basbir Gemayal, who, elected President of Lebanon in 1982, was killed in East Beirut by a massive explosive charge.

The assassination created a dark mood of vengeance explored by writer/producer/director Ari Folman. His is a murky, shifting memory piece in which he uses animation by the Bridgit Folman Film Gang. With this he combines the voices of interviewees who served with the Israel Defence Force at the time.

The combination makes for a powerful exploration of the massacres in the Sabra and Shatila camps, sheltering Palestinian refugees and, as was thought, guerillas.

In the action Israel was complicit, its defence force providing illumination rounds authorised by then Minister of Defence, Ariel Sharon. Adjudged guilty by an inquiry, he was dismissed. Twenty years later he became Prime Minister of Israel and served until hospitalised after a stroke and at this writing is in a coma.

Folman's own military service means that he brings to the work an understanding of what can happen

when the fog of war is thickened by the gore of vengeance.

MA15+★★★NFFV

Not Quite Hollywood

Formidable editing skills have gone into the crafting of Mark Hartley's documentary about local exploitation movies. He intercuts talking heads with excerpts from these movies – everything from *Alvin Purple* via *Stone* to *The Adventures of Barry McKenzie* (based on the *Private Eye* comic strip Barrie Humphries co-created with Nicholas Garland).

Above all the talking heads looms American director Quentin Tarantino. This guy is not simply a movie buff, he is into a realm of total ratbaggery, finding merit even in works that were less movies than R-rated celluloid tax breaks.

These mocked the estimable purpose of Phillip Adams, Peter Coleman and Barry Jones who secured government funding for what was supposed to be a renaissance of the Australian film industry.

Never in film history have so many mummies doffed so many clothes to pay off so few mortgages. The genre died of its own inanity and the law of diminishing returns. Its legacy is two-fold: the reluctance of present day cinema-goers to watch Australian movies; the private porn-industry.

Essentially the documentary is for those who want to be reminded of the worst movies they have ever seen in the category *botched* and *debauched*; alternatively it is for those who have a masochistic urge to sample movies they were lucky to miss first time round.

MA15+★★★NFFV



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Bonneville

Not the salt-flat racing strip of that name but a vehicle like a bedstead painted red on which wheels have replaced brass knobs, possibly some type of queen-size Pontiac. In any case, it becomes the hearse in which Arvilla Holden (Jessica Lang) accompanied by Margene Cunningham (Kathy Bates) and Carol Brimm (Joan Allen) carry Arvilla's husband's ashes across America.

Their destination is a funeral-parlour service arranged by his grasping daughter Francine Holden Packard (perhaps an in-joke for petrol-heads but definitely played by Christine Baranski at her most haughty).

Splendid cast which also includes the durable Tom Skerritt as truck-driver Emmett L. Johnson, there to romance the ladies after their brief tyre-changing encounter with Bo (Victor Rasuka). You win Trivial Pursuit points if you find this scenario reminiscent of a more genteel *Thelma and Louise* (1991), starring Susan Sarandon and Geena Davis.

The script by Daniel D. Davis, based on a story by him and director Christopher N. Rowley means that the players appear to be battling chronic fatigue syndrome or simply the weight of their shining, Forest Lawn, tombstone teeth.

PG★★★SFFV

The Sisterhood of the Travelling Pants 2

Older but not wiser, Tibby (Amber Tamblyn), Carmen (America Ferrera), Bridget (Blake Lively) and Lena (Alexis Bledel) reunite for summer holidays linked by the pants – embroidered jeans.

Director Sanaa Hamri and scriptwriter Elizabeth Chandler ensure an equitable share of locations and romantic adventures: Tibby wraps as film project in New York, Bridget travels to an archeological dig in Turkey, Lena, to an ancestral Greek island. But it is Carmen who scores the movie's stand-out scenes starring in a Vermont barn theatre production of *Romeo and Juliet*, the director played by Kyle MacLachlan to the outer limits of feyness.

Fluff but fluff so charming that – perish the thought – it could run to 70

parts and end with the quartet racing each other on Zimmer frames.

M★☆☆NFFV

Angus, Thongs and Perfect Snogging

Producer/director Gurinder Chadha's teen-age comedy is based on the first two books of a best-selling series by Louise Rennison. To transform them Chadha worked on the film script with Paul Mayeda Berges (her husband), Will McRobb and Chris Viscardi.

The result is England's St Trinian's crossed with any number of American High School movies. Georgia Nicholson (Georgia Cronme) is sustained in her romantic aims by her friends Jas (Eleanor Thomlinson), Rosie (Georgia Henshaw) and Ellen (Manjeevan Grewal).

Angus? He is Georgia's pet, a cross between Scottish wildcat and English moggie, who gives Chadha and her team a movie first: cat chases dog while owner chases boyfriend Robbie (Aaron Johnson).

From the opening sequence of Georgia, costumed as an olive, trotting along a beachside promenade to a fancy-dress party, Chadha maintains a breathlessly funny pace, broken here and there by discomfiture at the precocity of her characters.

The Eastbourne and Brighton locations are so spiffy that even the beach pebbles look as if they have been hand-washed in detergent by the Great Housewife, Maggie Thatcher.

PG★☆☆SFFV

Taken

Formula 1 paced thriller directed by Pierre Morel and co-written by Luc Besson and Robert Mark Kamen. CIA agent Bryan (Liam Neeson) has retired but is by no means burnt-out. He demonstrates this when his beloved daughter Kim (Maggie Grace) is kidnapped in Paris by a group of nasties from behind what used to be the Iron Curtain.

The violence and the fusillades are so extreme they blur the movie's theme: trafficking in women, once called white slavery, is back and is not confined to foreign parts while its advocates call for deregulation and the play of market forces.

MA15+★☆☆NFFV

Information overload

IN THE midst of an information tsunami, most of us know all sorts of things we 'don't know we know.' And we don't want to know what we 'don't know we know'... because we can barely handle what we know we know.

• Bishop Charles J. Chaput, *Deus ex Machina: How to Think About Technology*, 16 CRISIS 18, 18-22 (Oct. 1998).

Hairtales

Feature movies are *life cooked*. Documentaries are *life raw*. Which may be why, as the technical elaboration of features has increased through digitalisation and computer generated images, documentaries have made a comeback so strong it sometimes appears that all topics have been covered.

Despite this, the young documentary team, director Scott Anderson, writer/director Cath Moore and producer Oliver Lawrance, have found the ultimately commonplace topic: hair. Perhaps not so commonplace: *Hair* was a stage and movie hit and Alexander Pope's *The Rape of the Lock* remains one of the wittiest narrative poems in English literature.

Easy to play off their punning title and say, 'Hair today, gone tomorrow.' But the work has an enduring fascination. The 12 interviewees, selected from 100, short-listed to 25, include Gaby a teenager whose hair and dark skin suggest an African heritage yet, as she reveals, her parents are white leaving her to wonder whether her father really was a French diplomat.

Margaret, another interviewee, takes delight in her eccentric collecting of hair to weave into various objects. Lance, an embalmer, talks ebulliently of styling the hair of the dead.

Contrasting comedy is provided by Sam, 'a Jew from Calcutta', and a hair regrowth specialist whose expertise does not apply to himself. He sports a splendid wig and believes that bald men are both accident prone and selfish. The interlinking interviewee is Esther, a Canadian-Australian, who gives an overall academic view of the subject.

The stand-out segments involve Mim, a home-visit hairdresser, and are potentially the basis for a Hitchcockian thriller. In the course of snipping and

clipping, Mim acquired a client who insisted she vary his hairstyle on each visit. Subsequently the police came calling. Her client was a serial killer of women whose murders were linked with his haircuts. He is now in jail. She no longer makes house calls.

The work is part of Fringe, an initiative of the Screen Producers Association of Australia and has its world premiere this month. A TV broadcast is also scheduled. Whether it is picked up for cinema screening remains, like the next haircut, to be seen.

No rating issued yet. NFFV

Towelhead

Writer/director Alan Ball bases his movie on a novel by Alicia Erian; it echoes another, *Lolita*, by Vladimir Nabokov and more distantly the archetypal TV series *Peyton Place*.

During Gulf War I, Jasira Maroun (Summer Bishill), aged 13, is sent to a cul-de-sac of Macmansions in Texas by her wayward mother Gail Monahan (Maria Bello) in California after her mother's lover Barry (Chris Messina) moves on her.

Her refuge is the Macmansion of her womanising father Rifat (Peter Macdissi). Among the neighbours are Travis Vuoso (Aaron Eckhart) a waspy, army reservist and Thomas Bradley (Eugene Jones) an African-American schoolmate of Jasira's.

Toni Collette comes on as Melina Hines, the caring liberal who with her Arabic speaking husband Gil (Matt Letscher) tries to help Jasira through puberty while she is torn between Vuoso and Thomas, not to mention fantasies and behaviour inspired by Vuoso's porn magazine collection, discovered when she babysits his son, Zack (Chase Ellison).

Fine cast although their characters seem to be predetermined by demography not plausibility. In any case, they cannot overcome the embarrassment compounded by Ball shuffling stereotypes and giving Rifat, a Lebanese Christian, reactions usually associated with Lebanese Muslims.

MA15+★NFFV

(Note in the U.S the film was rated R for strong disturbing sexual content and abuse involving a young teen and for language).

Monuments to diplomacy but little or no value in ending conflict.

KEEPING THE 'PEACE'?

By Michael O'Connor



IN the readings for the 14th Sunday in Ordinary time, Year A, the prophet Zechariah referring to the coming of the Christ proclaims that: "He will banish chariots from Ephraim and horses from Jerusalem; the bow of war will be banished. He will proclaim peace for the nations."

To many people, peace means the absence of conflict, especially armed conflict. As Christians, we know that perfect peace cannot be achieved in this life. In an imperfect world, conflict is an everyday reality in any society. The challenge for humanity is less to eliminate than to manage conflict, to achieve the resolution of the differences that lead to conflict with the minimum of force.

Conflict occurs at all levels - in the family, the neighbourhood, the wider community, the nation and between nations. It is the normal function of even primitive communities to seek to limit conflict by all sorts of formal and informal means including such measures

as conciliation, arbitration, inter-marriage, trade, the establishment and enforcement of laws, and diplomacy.

Sometimes, all these measures fail and force is used. Force used to enforce the judgements of legitimate tribunals is likewise legitimate but is normally limited in extent and restrained by law. Thus, police may use force to disarm an offender but will normally use lethal force only when all other means fail or where innocent life is in immediate danger.

The Church in its wisdom understands that force, even lethal force, may need to be used in the interests of peace. The Catechism of the Catholic Church sets out at Article 2309 the precise conditions that must be met if force is to be used legitimately.

When we are urged to 'work for peace', we need to clearly understand what is meant by working. For most people, the ability to work for peace will be limited to conflict resolution within their families. It may mean intervening in a violent situation in the community to restore peace. Some may

work professionally in the wide range of community institutions that have been established to manage conflict.

All too often, the charge to work for peace is understood to mean taking some public political position in respect of some overseas conflict. This can be risky in the absence of complete knowledge of the issues involved, knowledge which is often denied to ordinary people not least because of the inadequacy of our sources of information. It is also likely to be totally ineffectual if not actually counter-productive.

At the international level, numerous attempts have been made over the centuries to establish structures and procedures for limiting or ending wars and ameliorating their effects. The scorecard has been mixed at best and the old school teacher's comment of "could do better" would be an understatement.

The United Nations, established at the close of World War II, was intended to provide a mechanism for resolving conflict. Unlike the preceding League of Nations, the UN through its Security Council was designed to enforce peace where ordinary diplomatic exchange failed. But the UN has failed not because the mechanism was inadequate but because its members have declined to carry out the peacekeeping function in any realistic way.

The UN Charter provides two operational levels for peacemaking - peacekeeping and peace enforcement. The peacekeeping process provides for the military and police supervision of a formal peace agreement between contending parties. Peace enforcement is a more robust process where a UN or UN-authorized military force engages in active operations against an aggressor. Implicit in each case is the military support for a diplomatic solution to the conflict.

Indiscriminate Liberties

It follows, therefore, from what has been said that it is in no way permissible to demand, to defend or to accord indiscriminate liberty of thought, of writing, of teaching, of religious worship, as so many rights bestowed on man by nature. For if nature had really bestowed them, it would be lawful to reject the sovereignty of God and no law could restrain human liberty.

It also follows that such diverse sorts of liberties can for adequate reasons be tolerated, provided that an appropriate moderation prevents them from degenerating into licence and disorder.

Lastly, wherever custom has established such liberties, the citizen must profit by them to do good and consider them in the same light as the Church. For every liberty must be accounted legitimate to the extent that it increases the power of doing good, and beyond that, never.

- Pope Leo XIII, Encyclical Letter, June 20, 1888, *Libertas* [On Human Liberty]

Successful peacekeeping is dependent upon honest adherence by the contending parties to a formal agreement. The success rate for peacekeeping operations is dismal. Peacekeeping forces have been in place in Kashmir and the Middle East since the 1940s without any solution to the conflicts in sight. With the end of the Cold War in 1990, hopes grew that, freed from the almost inevitable Soviet veto in the Security Council, UN-based peacekeeping could be made effective. Rwanda, Sierra Leone and the former Yugoslavia put paid to that. Peacekeeping can also be very dangerous for the peacekeepers who, all too often, become hostages to the combatants because of the ludicrously passive rules of engagement imposed by their UN masters.

The UN is reluctant to authorise much less undertake any peace enforcement. Yet, especially in the case of internal conflicts, enforcement is often inescapable because the contesting parties owe allegiance to no recognised authority other than themselves. The UN has authorised peace enforcement missions in Korea in 1950, the Congo later in that decade, in Kuwait in 1990 and in East Timor and Kosovo. In each case, except the Congo which failed dismally, leadership and control had to be provided by the United States or another Western country. The UN itself was simply unable to do the job. Even so, the outcomes have been far less than peaceful and tensions remain.

In theory, the UN is in charge of peace missions. The Security Council will confer the authority while implementation is in the hands of the Secretary General. He is advised through the Under-Secretary General for Peacekeeping Operations by a military adviser, typically a senior Army officer from a member country. The necessary troops - and often police - are provided by member countries on a voluntary basis from their own forces. The problem is that too many of those troops are ill-trained, disciplined or equipped. Many from poorer countries are 'volunteered' so as to garner UN subsidies for their armed forces. The more professional forces tend not to play any but a logistic support role because the UN command system and operational policies are not trusted.

"Their Peace is no Peace"

EVERYONE, without exception, wants happiness, blessedness. However they all have different ideas about it: one thinks it lies in the delight of the senses and an easy life; another, in virtue; another, in knowledge of the truth. Hence He who teaches all men... begins by correcting those who stray, guiding those who are on the way, and welcoming those who are knocking at the door... So he who is *the Way, the Truth and the Life* (Jn 14,6) both corrects and guides and welcomes, and he begins with these words: *Blessed are the poor in spirit*. The false wisdom of this world, which is really foolishness (1Cor. 3,19), gives its opinions without understanding what it is saying. It pronounces blessed *aliens, whose mouths swear false promises while their right hands are filled with perjury because their garners are full, affording every kind of store, their sheep increase to myriads, their oxen are fat*, (cf. Ps 144 [143] 7-13). Yet all their wealth is unstable and their peace is no peace (Jer. 6,14), their satisfaction is unthinking.

- Isaac of Estella, died AD 1171. Cistercian monk. Sermon 1 for the Feast of All Saints

The UN military adviser has no troops of his own and his tiny military staff tends to be as bureaucratic as the rest of the UN as well as seriously understaffed. Some years ago when I studied the UN's peacekeeping role, the deputy military adviser was a seriously depressed Indian brigadier. At about that time, a number of the Western nations offered to and did contribute professional staff officers at their own expense to boost the UN's military planning, operations and logistic capabilities. Very soon on the motion of that great military power, the Bahamas, the UN General Assembly's finance committee resolved to send these officers home. Their crime: they were effectively excluding officers from smaller countries from the UN gravy train.

Service in a UN peacekeeping force can be very dangerous as well as ineffectual because, typically, their rules of engagement prevent the use of force unless the troops are attacked. They may not defend the civilian communities whose peace they are keeping and this restriction has led to a number of massacres, notably in Rwanda and Bosnia as the peacekeepers stood by and watched. Casualties among peacekeepers have not been insignificant.

The diplomats who staff the UN have a naive and constitutional antagonism to the use of force. This becomes so intense that, as a very senior and experienced UN peacekeeping official

told me, there is no need for UN troops to collect intelligence; whatever is necessary can be provided by a team of academics. So ingrained is this view that the original UN commander in Rwanda, Canada's General Romeo Dallaire, whose informal intelligence gathering convinced him of the forthcoming 1994 massacre, was told by UN headquarters in New York to stop collecting intelligence. More recently, an Australian soldier who sought intelligence about Timorese militia was disciplined and sent home!

For most people, the object of peacekeeping diplomacy should be to save life. The UN, however, seems more intent on producing peace agreements which can be filed as monuments to diplomacy but which, especially in the case of internal conflicts, have little or no value in ending conflict. Peace will not be achieved by diplomats, bureaucrats or even soldiers and police. Any hope that peace can be achieved under their auspices is a delusion that our politicians should recognise. The effort is certainly worthy and may even ameliorate some of the sufferings of the victims. Ultimately, however, peace comes from the hearts of men illuminated, one hopes, by the teachings of Our Lord.

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