

ANNALS

Australasia

Journal of Catholic Culture



2009 - 2

\$3.30*

PRINT POST APPROVED PP255003/01003

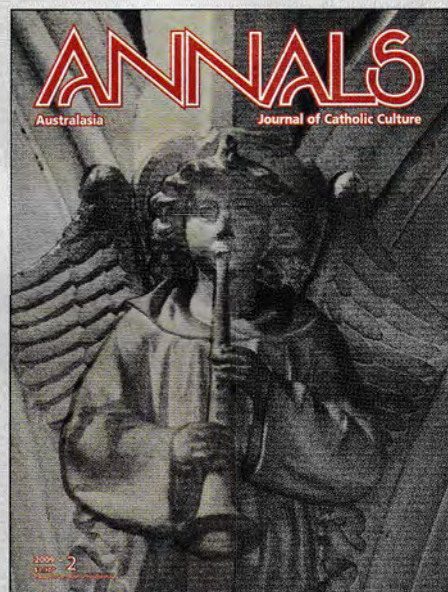
ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

Journal of Catholic Culture
Volume 120, Number 2 March 2009
[Sunday Year B/weekdays Year I]

Australia's Oldest Catholic Magazine

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

- 3 **A Church without Foundations**
CHRISTOPHER PEARSON
- 6 **Tiwi Islanders and the Pearl Gatherers**
JOHN LEARY, MSC
- 9 **Man-made Ideology**
GILES AUTY
- 12 **Clearing Minds of Cant**
R. J. STOVE
- 16 **If you don't like the rules, start your own Church**
MIRANDA DEVINE
- 19 **Tolerance**
JUDE DOUGHERTY
- 24 **The Language of Restraint**
REVIEW BY SUSAN MOORE
- 34 **Augustus Pugin**
KEVIN HILFERTY
- 44 **It's Wise to be Wary of the Pill**
ANGELA SHANAHAN



Front Cover: One of many carvings of angelic figures playing a variety of musical instruments that delight the eye and raise the mind to God as visitors enter the Catholic Church of St John the Evangelist, in Bath. One's eyes are naturally drawn to the Blessed Sacrament Chapel to the right of the Sanctuary, and to the spandels between the arches of the nave where numerous angels unceasingly play their flutes, trumpets, violins and harps to God's honour and glory. The architect of St John's was Charles Hansom, brother of Joseph Aloysius Hansom the designer of the popular horse-drawn cab that bore his name.

Back Cover: Act of Consecration of the Family to the Sacred Heart of Jesus with artwork by the late Kevin Drumm. This beautiful prayer of consecration is available from Chevalier Press both in A4 and A3 size. These may be obtained for 50 cents each if postage is not required. Orders not exceeding three copies and that require postage will cost an additional \$5 to cover the cost of a cylinder and postage. If more than three copies requiring postage are ordered, please ring Chevalier Press to check the cost of postage.

Cover Photo: Paul Stenhouse

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

RATES

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

(All rates include GST.)

Lord Jesus help us to bring your Salvation and Joy to the whole world.

— Post Communion Prayer from the Roman Missal, Mass for the 5th Sunday of the Year, Ordinary Time.

Printed by Blue Star Print, 22 Pirie Street, Fyshwick, ACT 2609, Phone: (02) 6280 7477.

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

ABN 40 938 805 168 Dewey Number: 248-88 AT ISSN 1444-4178. Recommended Retail Price only.

All rights reserved: Chevalier Press, Kensington © 2009



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

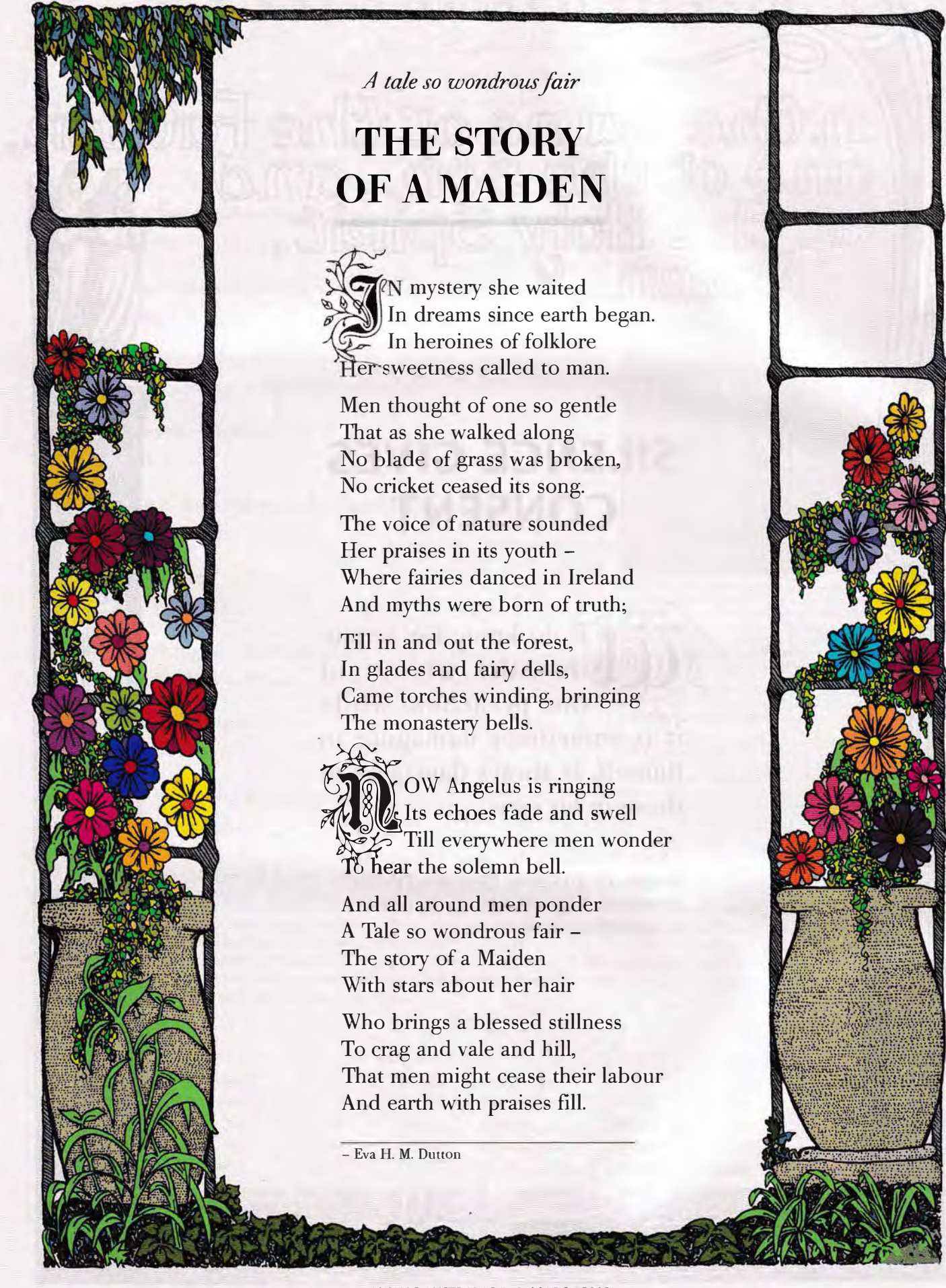


SILENCE GIVES CONSENT

WE do know for certain that the silence of the preacher, while it is sometimes damaging to himself, is always damaging to those in his care.

– Pope St Gregory the Great 590-604 AD,
Homily 17, 3,14 from *The Roman Breviary*,
Second reading at Matins for Saturday
of the 27th week of the year.





A tale so wondrous fair

THE STORY OF A MAIDEN

IN mystery she waited
In dreams since earth began.
In heroines of folklore
Her sweetness called to man.

Men thought of one so gentle
That as she walked along
No blade of grass was broken,
No cricket ceased its song.

The voice of nature sounded
Her praises in its youth –
Where fairies danced in Ireland
And myths were born of truth;

Till in and out the forest,
In glades and fairy dells,
Came torches winding, bringing
The monastery bells.

NOW Angelus is ringing
Its echoes fade and swell
Till everywhere men wonder
To hear the solemn bell.

And all around men ponder
A Tale so wondrous fair –
The story of a Maiden
With stars about her hair

Who brings a blessed stillness
To crag and vale and hill,
That men might cease their labour
And earth with praises fill.

– Eva H. M. Dutton

A version of the church refashioned ad lib in the likeness of its members'

A CHURCH WITHOUT FOUNDATIONS

By Christopher Pearson



TOWARDS the end of Pope John Paul II's long reign, the term "cafeteria Catholic" was coined. It was a critical response to the free-ranging way middle-aged people in the First World had taken to picking those parts of the church's teaching and distinctive culture that they found congenial and unapologetically ignoring the rest, much as you might approach a smorgasbord. One extreme of the tendency was to focus on all the traditional aspects of church life except caring for the poor. Its polar opposite was to concentrate on social work initiatives and forget about the theological principles and habits of piety that used to underpin them.

In Australia, Catholicism long ago entered an unholy, tribal alliance with the ALP. Much of the national church has been captured by the clerical Left for upwards of 50 years and in the process come to trivialise what had always previously been regarded as non-negotiable elements of the faith. By some, for example, the sins of the flesh have been relativised away as anachronistic preoccupations, barely worth the bother of confessing by comparison with offences against the ideal of social justice. Universal salvation is pretty much expected and can best be ensured by good works. Insofar as it still registers, acknowledgement of the fatherhood of God generally plays second fiddle to an agenda based on the brotherhood of man.

Benedict XVI addressed the problem in a speech on the state of the church in Aosta in July 2005. He spoke of the West as "a world weary of its own culture. It is a world that has reached the time when there is no longer any evidence of the need for God, let

alone Christ, and when it seems that humans could build themselves on their own ... We see that the so-called 'great' churches seem to be dying. This is particularly true in Australia and Europe."

He might have added that the most precipitous collapses in Sunday Mass attendance and priestly vocations have been in Queensland. The controversial parish of St Mary's, South Brisbane, and its turbulent priest, Peter Kennedy, are interesting because they epitomise an extreme version of the cafeteria approach still often encountered north of the Tweed.

The well-heeled congregation at St Mary's – many of whom are from the upper echelons of the church's lay bureaucracy – have been dispensed by their pastors from the need to subscribe to the particulars of any credal statements or articles of faith that might prove problematic. The trinity, the virgin birth, the divinity of Christ and

his bodily resurrection, not to mention their own; in short, all the perennial stumbling blocks to faith have been in effect discarded. All that remains is a commitment to social justice, feminism and deep green ideology. No wonder the Raelian movement, a UFO cult with a similar radical Left agenda, and the Socialist Alliance should have sent members to demonstrate their support for St Mary's.

Beyond the refinements of theological argument, it's important to understand what's going on here from a sociological point of view. This is a version of the church refashioned ad lib in the likeness of its members. They are being taught to think of themselves as Catholics in good standing, in fact more virtuous than most because of their courageous openness to new ways of thinking. Sexual morality is seen as a matter for individuals to decide and unauthorised blessing ceremonies are available for gay and transgender

The Lenten Fast

FASTING represents an important ascetical practice, a spiritual arm to do battle against every possible disordered attachment to ourselves. Freely chosen detachment from the pleasure of food and other material goods helps the disciple of Christ to control the appetites of nature, weakened by original sin, whose negative effects have an impact on the entire human person. An ancient hymn of the Lenten liturgy exhorts us:

*Utamur ergo parcius,
Verbis, cibis et potibus,
somno, iocis et arctius
perstemus in custodia*

'Let us use sparingly
words, food and drink,
sleep and recreation.
May we be more alert
in controlling our senses.'

- Pope Benedict XVI, *Lenten Message to the Catholic world*. The verse he quotes is from *Ex More Doctis Mystico*, a Lenten hymn attributed to Pope St Gregory the Great [AD 540-604].

Heresy is a 'choice'

CAUGHT up in the trendy agendas of the day [defiant Catholics] have ... mistak[en] their favourite cause for the Catholic Faith. When they are confronted with clear, concise, and consistent Catholicism they are shocked and angry, and their response is (if they haven't done so already) to leave the Church, preferring their own wisdom to the wisdom of God. In the next 20 years, this sort of Catholic will become extinct. As America descends further into decadence and decline, the lines will be drawn between the forces of darkness and the forces of light. People will have to choose whether to serve God and His Church or the dark side. Catholics will have to choose to be fully committed or not. If they choose to be Catholic, let them be informed and involved and integrated. If they choose to leave the Church, then they should be honest and stop referring to themselves as Catholic.

– 'Newman in the Lion's Den,' by Father Dwight Longenecker,
InsideCatholic.com, March 7, 2009

couples. Kennedy insists on using baptismal formulas that the Vatican has officially rejected as invalid. He also relies on dubious consecrational forms, together with lay eucharistic celebrants, both of which are radically inconsistent with a Catholic understanding of the priest's function in the Mass.

Justifying his disregard of any attempts to bring practices at St Mary's into conformity with liturgical norms, Kennedy said: "Jesus broke a lot of rules for the people. If Jesus came back today, there's no way he would be a Catholic. He never was a Catholic. He didn't start it." This is to ignore Christ's messianic claims about replacing the Old Testament's covenant with the Chosen People with a new and everlasting covenant extending to all the Gentiles and sealed in his own blood. In particular it disregards Catholicism's consistent teaching about the foundation of the church and the institution of the Last Supper from the earliest times. Stranger still, when asked if he and Brisbane Archbishop John Bathersby were talking to the same deity, Kennedy said: "No, not at all. In fact I wouldn't talk to God, really."

It is easy enough to make Kennedy sound like an oddball. However, I find it hard not to feel some sympathy

with him because it's clear he's only been saying out loud and a bit more insistently what a number of his brother clergy also think. His sense of injustice is understandable because he's held and taught his unorthodox views and made a habit of designing homemade liturgies without censure for most of the 28 years he's been at St Mary's. Some dissident observers in Queensland go so far as to say that the South Brisbane parish and Brisbane's cathedral are both run on Gnostic principles, covertly at odds with official church teaching, the only difference being that the cathedral version is more discreet and up-market.

To see why St Mary's represents a pervasive threat to the survival of Australian Catholicism, it's necessary to say something about the sacramental system. The sacraments are rites that relate to different stages in people's lives, held to confer particular graces through the mediation of the church, and believed to have cumulative effect. If someone's baptism is deemed invalid it is a grave matter, foundational rather than a mere technicality, and has to be rectified by going through the rite a second time. This is because baptism is axiomatically "the gateway to the other sacraments" and no subsequent

sacrament – such as confirmation, marriage or ordination – can be validly conferred on the unbaptised.

Until recently all the mainstream churches took a very conservative attitude towards their formulas for administering the sacraments. Safety lay in strictly following Christ's example in the New Testament as interpreted by apostolic custom. To authorise anything else was held to be *ultra vires*, simply beyond the scope of their authority. What's more, in the universal church it is a given that the laity are entitled to certainty about the validity of the sacraments offered them. A decade's worth of controversy over invalid baptisms at St Mary's is profoundly subversive and leaves uncertainty or worse over hundreds of subsequent church marriages. To anyone with a delicate conscience, or on the other hand anyone who may be looking for convenient grounds for an annulment, uncertainty over baptismal efficacy is a big deal.

We may never understand quite why Kennedy was so insistent on using defective baptismal formulas, except that he couldn't bring himself to invoke the patriarchal trinity. Instead he preferred the creator, sustainer and liberator, others prefer the mother goddess, Christa and Sophia. A more important question is why Archbishop Bathersby did not intervene decisively when the issue first surfaced about 10 years ago. It's hard to see his failure to do so as anything other than scandalously remiss. Correcting such abuses has always been understood as one of a bishop's primary responsibilities.

In the end, as Bathersby confided to Radio National's Religion Report last year, it was no less than three powerful congregations in Rome that told him to act.

The curial offices in charge of worship, the clergy and bishops have finally forced his hand. They are unlikely to settle for the kind of procedural delay or protracted stalemate Kennedy is aiming for. Rather, the signal they want to send Australian Catholics is that the cafeteria is finally closed.

CHRISTOPHER PEARSON is a well-known journalist and columnist. This article first appeared in *The Australian*, February 28, 2009.

'... not from the consent ... of mankind'

THE CHURCH IS NOT A DEMOCRACY



CHRISTIANITY is at once the revelation of the inadequacy of human knowledge and human civilization and the communication of the Divine life by which alone human nature can be healed and restored. Thus when Christianity came it did not attempt to reform the world in the sense of the social idealist. It did not try to destroy the Roman Empire, or to abolish slavery. It simply brought a new principle of life to the human race.

As Robert Wilberforce, one of the ablest, if the least remembered, of the converts of the Oxford Movement puts it : 'It was as when the seeds of plants, which have lain dormant during the cold of winter, are quickened into life by the warmth of spring. For the long winter of heathenism had passed away ; the Sun of Righteousness had arisen ; it was the spring-time of the new creation : 'Ver illud erat, ver magnus agebat orbis.' Just as plants, then, at this season, have a power of assimilating to themselves the inert materials of the earth, and of moulding them into organic shapes, so had a Spirit gone forth among the nations, which was everywhere displaying itself in the forms of social life ...' And 'in nothing was the effect of this Spirit more remarkable, than in the manner in which it united many wills into a sacred unity, and absorbed all other ties in the fellowship of the Church.

The martyr Sanctus, write the Christians of Gaul, withstood his torturers 'so manfully, that he would neither tell his name nor his nation, nor of what city he was, nor whether bond or free, but to every question he replied, 'I am a Christian.' This stood in place of name and city and race. And this forgetfulness of all other ties, was accompanied by that intense attachment to those with whom their new relationship connected them, which attracted the attention even of the heathen?'

Thus, he goes on to point out, the new life found organic expression in a new society: 'The Church was not a mere democratic confederacy, having its principle of union in the consent of mankind ; but it was the infusing into the world of a supernatural life. . . . The Church did not derive its existence from the consent or necessities of mankind, but from the Incarnation of the Son of God.'

- Christopher Dawson, *Religion and the Modern State*, London, Sheed and Ward, 1935, pp.-112-113.

Aboriginal trading links with Australia's neighbours

TIWI ISLANDERS AND THE PEARL GATHERERS

By John Leary



BATHURST Island has a long association with Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, dating back to the founding of the Mission by Bishop F. X. Gzell, M.S.C. in 1911. It has a far longer association – ages longer – with the closer islands of Indonesia.

The history of Indonesian traders and *trepangers* and storm-tossed mariners along the coast of Bathurst and Melville islands is mainly unwritten. Oral history is very patchy.

The most surprising fact in oral tradition is that there are still Japanese-speaking and Indonesian-speaking Tiwis in both islands.

In a recent international bicentenary outrigger canoe race from Ambon to Darwin, the two Indonesian crews, much to their astonishment, were welcomed on the beach at Garden Point, Melville Island, by Justin Puruntatameri in their own language. A similar welcome by Barney Tipuamantumerri awaited them at Bathurst Island.

Soon after my arrival at Garden Point in January 1953, I had the unusual experience of having to supervise the burial of a Japanese pearl diver.

About sixty Japanese from a pearling fleet operating to the north of Bathurst and Melville islands came ashore. All were well dressed; many sported movie cameras.

They presented an incongruous scene on the lonely bush-lined beach at the top of the island.

Among the mourners was a tall Japanese, beautifully dressed in a silky suit, whom I took to be the doctor. He insisted on holding before me a script in Japanese which I presumed to be the death certificate. I had prior instructions from the government to make the burial

as brief as possible. It was to be by burial, not cremation.

From the beginning things became complicated. On landing the visitors immediately began hurrying in and out of the bush collecting pieces of wood for the cremation pyre. No one spoke a word of English. I made frantic digging actions in the sand with a stick in one hand; with the other hand I tried to cancel by gesture present burial preparations. The doctor looked puzzled, but solved his doubts by giving me a broad smile and many gracious bows of the head.

Meanwhile, the wood gathering proceeded at a brisk pace. I next drew on my limited linguistic ability. Surely any doctor would follow simple rudimentary Latin. Mine must have been too rudimentary. The smiling and head-bowing continued. Next, a few concise instructions in French with appropriate gestures.

By this time I was becoming somewhat self-conscious. I started to suspect that smiling face. Perhaps he was missing the point altogether. Perhaps he was actually enjoying my nonsensical play-acting. Perhaps his head bows were an indication of approval and encouragement to keep it up.

At this critical point when the doctor appeared to be fumbling in his pocket for the matches, my good friend and Tiwi elder, Charlie One (there was a lesser gentleman called Charlie Two), appeared out of the nearby mangroves where he had been crabbing, covered in mud and dressed in nothing but his slender lion-cloth, short in stature and, so attired, Charlie was in complete contrast to the tall, elegant, neatly dressed doctor.

Searching desperately for another mode of communication I asked Charlie about his Indonesian. At mention of the

word, the doctor immediately addressed me in that language. Charlie to the rescue! He seemed not to hesitate for a word. We soon had the poor diver buried, his grave decorated with gifts of food, and the burial party heading for the sea. Before leaving, the doctor with grateful smiles and bows presented us with a beautiful bottle of *sake*.

As we sat together on the beach Charlie began reminiscing about his pearling days as a youth on Indonesian luggers. He also recalled his pre-war experiences working for Japanese pearlers. He told me that while the Japanese doctor was talking Indonesian he was waiting for him to speak his own language because he, Charlie, also spoke Japanese.

He went on to speak of his exploits during the war on an Australian submarine. Charlie would board the submarine at Snake Bay, Melville Island. The vessel would head north to Japanese-occupied islands. Under cover of night, Charlie would be put ashore in a dinghy to locate enemy positions.

Back at Garden Point some days after the burial, Charlie was going off to Darwin for a visit. He asked me to look after his bulging wallet. I expressed my surprise at such opulence. He then opened his wallet to show me its content, along with his rifle and an old summons for being drunk and disorderly in a public place. I am sure it was the only summons Charlie ever got.

As a temporary farewell he then took my kitchen broom and did a polished job of presenting arms. Indeed, Charlie was a delightful and accomplished gentleman by any standards. He was without education - or was he?

So much for the Tiwis and their trading connections with Indonesia. I have almost lost the thread joining Tiwis, Indonesia and M.S.C. In

December, 1988 Bathurst island had an unexpected visit from an M.S.C. priest – a member of our Indonesian Province, Father Matheus Gonimasela. He also is a gatherer of pearls, though pearls of much greater value.

It seemed as though history had run a full circle. I took him up to meet Barney Tipuamantumirri, one of our senior Tiwi men. Barney and his family have been in close partnership with the M.S.C. and the development of the mission.

Barney helped with the building of the church, the convent and presbytery. His wife Sophie (R.I.P.) was for many years the faithful and outstanding catechist. Their daughter, Eileen Mary, has followed with great dedication in the footsteps of her mother.

Barney's eyes caught fire as I introduced Matheus – priest, M.S.C. and Indonesian. The conversation between them in Indonesian went on and on. I understood not a word of what they were saying; I simply stood there somehow feeling very much part of it all. At one stage Barney put his arms around Father and remarked, so Matheus told me later: "Father, you are very welcome. You have many friends here."

Matheus, in that conversation, discovered a little more of that strange, intriguing history that lingers in this silent land among its silent people.

Father Matheus wrote out briefly Barney's story for me: When Barney was a boy of fifteen years, he joined a passing pearling lugger belonging to master pearler Nicholas Paspalis. His crew consisted of six Japanese and four Indonesians. They sailed among the nearer Indonesian islands, trading and looking for pearl shell and trepang.

Barney remained eight months in the area, spending a lot of time in various Indonesian villages. His last two months were lived at Saumlaki, the main city of Tanimbar Island. It so happened that Saumlaki is the very town where Father Matheus, M.S.C. was born and grew up.

History, even when we know so little of it, does take some strange turns.

FATHER JOHN LEARY, MSC who died recently was a veteran and much-loved missionary who spent almost all his priestly life among the aboriginal communities in Australia's Northern Territory. This is the second in a series of articles that he wrote for *Annals* during his long sojourn among his beloved Aborigines.



DONATIONS RECEIVED

FROM 11/12/08 – 15/12/08

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

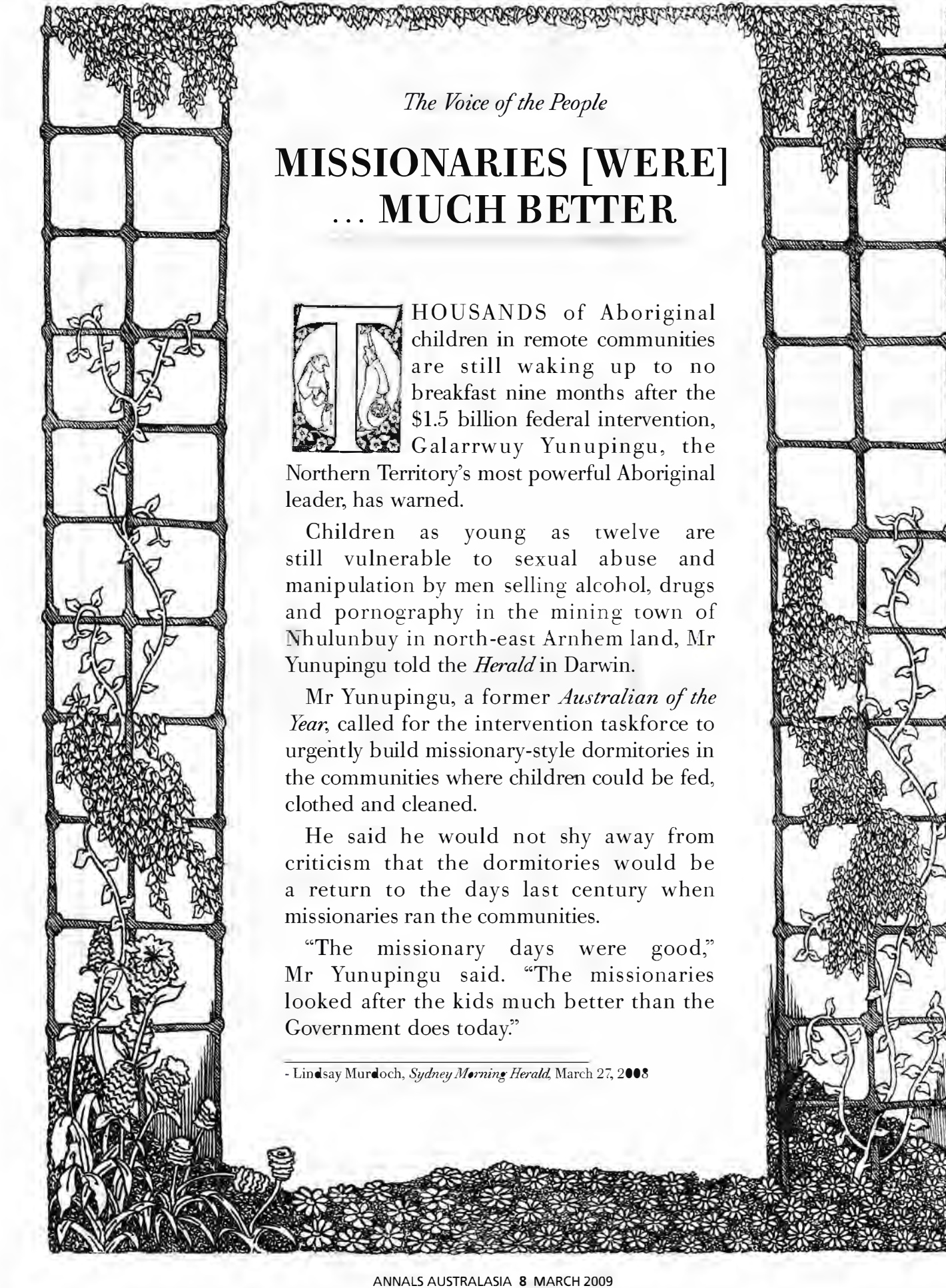
– Editor, *Annals*

22103 MR E J HOGAN	\$24.00	2023 MR D DROULERS	\$20.00
2112 MRS IRIS TURNER	\$27.00	2020 MR C BURNS	\$14.00
2114 MR D F LEO	\$17.00	2023 DR G J COOREY	\$25.00
2117 MRS S M LAWTON	\$2.36	2025 MISS D HOLLINGWORTH	\$10.00
2125 MR E V KREJCI	\$17.00	2027 MISS H REED	\$15.00
2121 MR & MRS C J RIGNEY	\$50.00	2028 MRS J PEOPLES	\$20.00
2122 MR & MRS J DUFFY	\$4.00	2030 MRS FAY HUGHES	\$3.00
2122 MR B J ROSEWORN	\$49.00	2031 MRS M DOOLAN	\$7.00
2134 THE RUDOLPH FAMILY	\$37.00	2031 MR R LEON	\$24.00
2210 MR P J NEARY	\$17.00	2035 MRS E HIBBARD	\$4.00
2263 MR J B CHAFFER	\$24.00	2035 MRS J LONG	\$10.00
2230 REV FR L J WHOLOHAN	\$20.00	2035 MR W J MCDEED	\$14.00
2207 MR W QUINLAN	\$17.00	2033 MRS M E MCKOY	\$50.00
2216 MISS J BLEAKLEY	\$17.00	2035 MR B P MOY	\$4.00
2222 MR M V LYNCH	\$24.00	2430 MRS P A MURPHY	\$7.00
2283 MR & MRS C COYNE	\$14.00	2039 MRS PATRICIA LAWRENCE	\$17.00
2260 MR J SMITH	\$17.00	2076 MR C A THOMPSON	\$14.00
2261 MR RAYMOND NOLAN	\$4.00	2081 MR J RYAN	\$100.00
2500 MRS F E MUNRO	\$4.00	2086 MRS C ELLAM	\$17.00
2518 MR M P O'HARA	\$30.00	2112 MARGARET GAMBLEY	\$17.00
2519 MRS M HAYES	\$4.00	2112 MR R CARLSON	\$4.00
2525 MR D C CONROY	\$14.00	2480 MR B J VENESS	\$20.00
2565 MRS P M HAY	\$10.00	2114 MR P PINEL	\$17.00
3032 MRS F RAUDYS	\$10.00	2119 MR GERALD GOODEN	\$52.00
3204 MRS V BRETHERTON	\$4.00	2120 MR & MRS T ADAMSKI	\$50.00
2148 MRS P GIDDEY	\$10.00	2125 MRS E MILLER	\$4.00
2148 MR G A SLATTERY	\$17.00	2119 MR P SAMBUCCO	\$67.00
2075 MR & MRS K J CALLINAN	\$33.00	2121 MRS JOAN COLES	\$5.00
2905 MR J BREWER	\$17.00	2121 MR V J GWYNNE	\$17.00
2098 MR C J PARKER	\$4.00	2121 MR P J HANNAGAN	\$4.00
2101 MRS M CAPPETTA	\$4.00	2121 MR B J PEARSON	\$17.00
2209 JUNE ROEBUCK	\$24.00	2576 MR JOHN V WARD	\$30.00
2131 MARGARET V BOUFFLER	\$167.00	2137 MR T J O'NEILL	\$100.00
2120 MRS M MCMAHON	\$74.00	2134 MR J CARROLL	\$7.00
4171 K O'LOGHLEN	\$24.00	2103 MR D BURDEN	\$10.00
2350 THERESIA TURNER	\$9.00	2135 MRS F M SPICER	\$17.00
3189 MRS M ERNST	\$10.00	2136 MISS R A SPOKAS	\$20.00
2567 RALPH & LEILA HANNA	\$17.00	2145 MISS MARY O'KEEFE	\$17.00
1593 MR EDWIN DYGA	\$17.00	2153 SISTER IN CHARGE	\$17.00
2323 MR W MARKHAM	\$4.00	2161 REV L J BRESLAN	\$33.00
2097 MRS DOROTHY CAHILL	\$14.00	2261 MRS JUNE MAHER	\$50.00
2035 MR DAVID LEWIS	\$17.00	2256 MRS RITA SHEIL	\$7.00
2206 MRS H MORRISON	\$4.00	2031 MRS J MCNAMARA	\$7.00
2100 MISS M P REEN	\$14.00	2199 MR JOHN ASHE	\$27.00
2046 U SULEAU	\$9.00	2203 MRS P GEOGHEGAN	\$7.00
2230 MR B H J ROWE	\$2.36	2207 MR LES WALLWORTH	\$4.00
2256 MRS P M QUINN	\$14.00	2208 MRS MARGARET DENNY	\$50.00
2095 MR J MCCARTNEY	\$24.00	2315 MR J BURGESS	\$14.00
2031 W B LYNCH	\$17.00	2213 N & J O'MEARA	\$24.00
2777 MR NOEL P LONG	\$15.00		
1480 MR L J MCAVINUE	\$27.00		
		TOTAL:	\$2135.72

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

We need your support and we need new subscribers.

Annals has the answer! Try it.



The Voice of the People

MISSIONARIES [WERE] ... MUCH BETTER

THOUSANDS of Aboriginal children in remote communities are still waking up to no breakfast nine months after the \$1.5 billion federal intervention, Galarrwuy Yunupingu, the Northern Territory's most powerful Aboriginal leader, has warned.

Children as young as twelve are still vulnerable to sexual abuse and manipulation by men selling alcohol, drugs and pornography in the mining town of Nhulunbuy in north-east Arnhem land, Mr Yunupingu told the *Herald* in Darwin.

Mr Yunupingu, a former *Australian of the Year*, called for the intervention taskforce to urgently build missionary-style dormitories in the communities where children could be fed, clothed and cleaned.

He said he would not shy away from criticism that the dormitories would be a return to the days last century when missionaries ran the communities.

"The missionary days were good," Mr Yunupingu said. "The missionaries looked after the kids much better than the Government does today."

- Lindsay Murdoch, *Sydney Morning Herald*, March 27, 2008

How well will post-modernism stand up when life ceases to be easy?

MAN-MADE IDEOLOGY

By Giles Auty



THE beginning of 2009 marks for me the start of my 14th year of living in Australia. Regrettably, this particular year began somewhat unpromisingly here, by common consent, with a large-scale riot at the inaptly-named suburb of Rosemeadow near Campbelltown in Sydney's South West.

As happens frequently in modern Australia, whenever social boils erupt or burst, armies of 'expert' commentators were instantly called in to explain this apparently inexplicable event to the rest of the community.

Was it the strange architectural configuration of the 1980s housing estate which was to blame, or was the excessive heat and boredom – common Australian afflictions surely – or was it, perhaps, an excessive consumption of the alcohol and drugs seemingly sponsored by the federal government's pre-Christmas generosity?

Yet even before we begin to debate such issues in depth, an underlying assumption needs to be faced.

Events at Rosemeadow or similar riots in recent years at Macquarie Fields and Cronulla only appear 'inexplicable' providing that Australia really is now the enlightened social paradise that many commentators like to claim – or fondly imagine.

At a weekend conference held some years ago in the Blue Mountains at which we both spoke, prospective Australian Prime Minister of the time Mark Latham talked eloquently of what he saw as the 'natural' virtue of many of the younger members of his electorate – which was located likewise in Sydney's South West.

In the debate which followed his address, I suggested that 'natural' virtue is – and always has been – an illusion

notwithstanding the claims made for it by such as Latham or Jean-Jacques Rousseau and is instead invariably a consequence of social or spiritual forces which can be readily identified and named e.g. exceptional local schools and churches or community facilities or leaders. In short, community virtue, like community vice or violence, does not simply – let alone inexplicably – erupt.

At one time a phenomenon I can best describe as secularised Christianity provided an unobtrusive social cement in Australia as it did also in a great many other Western or westernised countries. Such social cement has certainly proved itself invaluable in times of great national stress such as wars so there is little reason to doubt it would work just as well in an era of acute economic austerity such as much of the world now apparently faces.

All else is Post-modern Chatter

CHRISTIANITY, and nothing else, is the ultimate foundation of liberty, conscience, human rights, and democracy, the benchmarks of Western civilization. To this day, we have no other options [than Christianity]. We continue to nourish ourselves from this source. Everything else is post-modern chatter.

– Jurgen Habermas, German
Philosopher and Sociologist

Unfortunately for me, this phenomenon had largely disappeared before I arrived here – as it had also in most Western and westernised countries including my birthplace.

What, if anything, has replaced it?

The replacement ideology – if that is the correct word – is an entirely man-made phenomenon which passes under the confusing yet innocent-seeming title of post-modernism.

However, for Christians, at least, post-modernism is rather less innocent than its title suggests. This is because virtually all of the ideas which together constitute its orthodoxy are basically Marxist, anarchistic or antinomian in nature. As such, they are thus naturally opposed to most of the central tenets of Christianity since antinomianism, for instance, is avowed rejection of the obligations of moral law. Karl Marx himself, of course, had unconcealed contempt for Christianity or other religions which he dismissed as "the opium of the people".

What, then, constitutes post-modernism?

Some of the more familiar movements or issues which march under the post-modernist banner are political correctness, multiculturalism, gender issues, feminism, post-colonialism, historical revisionism and deconstruction.

Sometimes those who adhere to some of all of these effective orthodoxies will also embrace green, environmental and climatic issues as though these were the sole, or most important issues facing the human race.

Relativism, a curious and philosophically unsustainable notion that no singular truth properly applies to anything, is another of the prime delicacies set out to tempt us on what could be fairly described as the post-modernist smorgasbord.

Indeed, unlike Christians or members

of other long-established faiths who are, broadly speaking, committed to fairly circumscribed systems of behaviour and belief, post-modernists can simply pick and mix from the post-modernist smorgasbord motivated by nothing more demanding than personal whim.

In consequence, having disposed of anything as inconvenient or supposedly anachronistic as a shared system of belief, the post-modernist faithful can and often do set themselves up as fonts of social wisdom. This puts them in the happy position of being self-righteous arbiters on any and every subject affecting community life.

Short of cutting down a gum tree, blessed post-modernists are enviably incapable – in their own eyes, at least – of doing the least wrong.

Where, in Australia, are such human marvels to be found?

Outside Australia's seats of tertiary learning which help spread the glad anarchy of the post-modernist gospel into the wider community, especially favoured post-modernist habitats include the SBS, ABC and Fairfax Press.

Indeed, a small number of journals and journalists apart, the world of intelligent journalistic influence in Australia is very largely – and increasingly – post-modern.

Outside *Annals*, *Quadrant* and *The Spectator* and regular contributions to intellectual sanity from such as Greg Sheridan and Christopher Pearson in the pages of *The Australian*, our antipodean cupboard has become regrettably bare.

Good journalism provides some degree, at least, of human guidance and much of the food for thought provided in the three relatively low-circulation journals I have cited provides some resistance, at least, to the swelling tide and inflated conceits of post-modernist orthodoxy.

Yet, on recent evidence, the very existence of magazines such as *Quadrant* – which offer well-argued alternative views to the prevailing post-modernist orthodoxy – is a source of major offence to the panjandrums of the other side.

Thus, in *The Sydney Morning Herald's* weekend edition of January 10-11, David Marr devoted an entire column to pouring scorn on the January/February edition of *Quadrant* and its contributors.

We learn pretty quickly that Marr's general opinion of that journal "isn't

Silly – but well received

SIR William [Temple] was now in his seventieth year. He had played a distinguished part in the government of Charles II, had maintained a dignified neutrality in the Revolution of 1688, and had for some years lived in retirement at Moor Park, with Jonathan Swift for a secretary. There he wrote his memoirs, several treatises (the best of them on *Gardening*), and a number of rather boring essays (the worst of them on *Heroic Virtue*). He was an elder statesman, rather vain, much accustomed to deference, and quite unaccustomed to 'rude collision'. The least wise thing he ever did was to publish his *Essay on Ancient and Modern Learning*. He went to school at Bishop's Stortford, and he knew a little less Greek than Shakespeare. 'This Essay,' wrote Lord Macaulay, 'silly as it is, was exceedingly well received both in England and on the Continent.'

- R.J.White, *Dr. Bentley: A Study in Scarlet*, Eyre & Spottiswood, London, 1965, p.98.

high" and he is utterly dismissive of an article that questions the role played by Nugget Coombs in formulating an Aboriginal policy which has proved itself absolutely disastrous. The article, by former Minister for Aboriginal Affairs the late Peter Howson, is among the best I have encountered on this subject.

Indeed, while Marr merely showed withering contempt on a national basis for one of the few publications in Australia which encourages necessary thought and debate, his colleague Adele Horin had not been hesitant, a couple of weeks earlier, to climb upon an international stage whence she could instruct Pope Benedict XVI on the serious shortcomings of his teachings.

Horin is a professed Catholic while Prime Minister Kevin Rudd is somewhat less specifically a professed Christian yet both seem apparently intent on sacrificing traditional Christian moral values and teaching to the new, post-modernist imperatives of political correctness wherever a conflict of interests arises between the two.

In an excellent article drawn from the December 2008 issue of *Quadrant*, the magazine for which David Marr shows such scorn, Kevin Donnelly sets out what is likely to happen to Christian schools in Australia if a new national

curriculum is implemented under Rudd and Julia Gillard "...schools are told they *must* provide an education free from discrimination based on gender, language, sexual orientation, pregnancy, culture, ethnicity, religion or disability, and differences arising from students' socioeconomic background and geographic location. One wonders what the impact of such policy will be on enrolment practices and curriculum of schools committed to the Christian faith – no doubt, as a condition of Commonwealth funding, such schools will be made to enrol students from a range of religions and sexual orientations and curriculum will have to adopt a politically correct attitude to diversity and difference, based on the concept of cultural relativism and the belief that all lifestyles are of equal value".

Whether at present, you realise this or not, post-modernist dogma is intent on dictating the way all of us will be allowed to live in the future. Is this really what we deserve?

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

Pope Pius XII worked to save Jews before, during and after World War II

THE POPE AND THE JEWS



War II.

The Pave the Way Foundation, which works to promote dialogue between religions, publicized this on Thursday February 19.

The discoveries were made by the German historian and advisor of the foundation, Michael Hesemann, author of the books "The Pope Who Defied Hitler" and "The Truth About Pius XII." Hesemann found a number of documents in the Vatican Secret Archives that certified Pope Pacelli's numerous interventions in favor of Jews.

He noted that Archbishop Pacelli intervened in 1917 while papal nuncio in Bavaria, going through the German government to demand that Palestine Jews be protected from the Turkish Ottoman Empire.

Hesemann also shows that in 1917, the future Pius XII used his personal influence to enable the World Zionist Organization representative, Nachum Sokolov, to meet personally Benedict XV to talk about a Jewish homeland in Palestine.

In 1926, Archbishop Pacelli urged German Catholics to support the Committee for Palestine, which supported Jewish settlements in the Holy Land.

The foundation's president, Gary Krupp, added these findings to the evidence he already had compiled for a Pius XII symposium last September in Rome. Since this event, 300 new pages of original documents have been uncovered.

These documents, available for downloading from the foundation's web site, include a nun's manuscript from

RECENTLY uncovered documents show gestures of friendship and protection that Pius XII showed to Jews before, during and after World

1943, detailing the Pope's order to hide Jews in Rome, and a list of protected Jews.

Another document is a 1939 report on the "new Pope" by the U.S. Foreign Service, from the American consul in Cologne. The diplomat reported surprise at the "extreme dislike" of Pacelli towards Hitler and the Nazi regime, and his support of the German bishops in their opposition to Nazism, even at the cost of losing German Catholic youth.

The foundation also provides a 1938 document, signed by then Secretary of State Eugenio Pacelli, in which he opposes the Polish bill outlawing kosher slaughter because he understood that this law would be a "grave persecution" against the Jewish people.

During the war, Pius XII saved 80,000 lives by persuading the Hungarian regent to prevent the deportation of the Jews. He also requested the Brazilian government to receive 3,000 "non-Aryans."

Another document provided by the foundation is an interview with Monsignor Giovanni Ferrofino, secretary of the nuncio in Haiti. The priest said 11,000 Jews were saved by Pius XII's continual requests for visas from General Trujillo, president of the Dominican Republic.

There is also evidence that the Vatican secretly issued baptismal papers to allow Jews to emigrate to many countries as "Catholics."

Personal discovery

The commitment of the Pave the Way foundation reflects that of its president, a Jewish American, who acknowledges that he grew up "despising Pius XII." This changed when he read Dan Kurzman's book, "A Special Mission: Hitler's Secret Plot to Seize the Vatican and Kidnap Pope Pius XII."

The foundation acknowledged that there were spies in the Vatican and German snipers less than 200 yards from the papal windows.

The foundation stated that the lack of public statements by the Pope, which has been a source of criticism against him, is explained by the increased punishment in concentration camps, witnessed by former prisoners, when Church leaders spoke openly against the Nazi regime.

Krupp also discovered a secret plot of the Communist KGB, revealed by Lieutenant General Ion Mihai Pacepa, to manipulate Vatican documents and discredit the Holy See in international public opinion.

Krupp said: "I was surprised when I personally researched archived news stories from the *New York Times* and the *Palestine Post* from 1939-1958. I could not find one negative article about Pius XII."

The foundation undertakes the correction of Pius XII's image in order to "eliminate an obstacle" to understanding between Jews and Catholics, "which impacts over one billion people."

Krupp added: "In the interest of Jewish justice we must acknowledge the efforts of one man during a period when as a people we were abandoned by the rest of the world."

"It's time," he said, "to recognize Pope Pius XII for what he really did rather than what he didn't say."

Source: ZENIT, the International Catholic News Service.



Dr Rumble's Apologetics

CLEARING MINDS OF CANT

By R. J. Stove



HOW quickly we forget. One of post-conciliar Catholicism's greatest, and least mentioned, tragedies is the almost complete fading from the public mind of its catechetical heritage, not merely as bequeathed by the Church Fathers, but in its twentieth-century forms.

Millions, no doubt, still read Chesterton; GKC's innate beauty of soul ensures him an audience even among those indifferent, or hostile, to his ultimate religion. Tens of thousands, no doubt, still read Belloc, though more for his *Cautionary Tales* and other enrichments of juvenile literature than for the productions that he valued most. Alas, to visit a Catholic lending library – wherever such an institution remains allowed – is to experience a dispiriting phenomenon numerous times. True, you find the better-known titles from Chesterton's and Belloc's pens; they reveal recent use. Also, you find the best-selling publications of Fulton Sheen; these too reveal recent use, as do video recordings of Bishop Sheen's actual telecasts. F. J. Sheed's introductions to theology continue to be read (at least one Melbourne priest bases his confirmation classes on them). But when you consult a non-fiction volume by Arnold Lunn, Ronald Knox, Christopher Dawson, Christopher Hollis, J. B. Morton, or any of several other significant English-speaking Catholic writers who achieved their greatest fame during the 1930s and 1940s, you discover from the Date Due rubber-stamping – in eleven cases out of every dozen – that no-one has actually borrowed the book since about 1966.

This, of course, is great news for the innately idle among us. On the celebrated analogy of the one-eyed man's power in the country of the

blind, we can attain a reputation for considerable expertise after doing almost no labour at all, merely because others have done still less than we. Whether this situation serves the Church even half as well as it serves our own intellectual pride, is, nevertheless, unclear. And in one respect, at any rate, it is downright deplorable. For the apologists listed above had one characteristic in common, which transcended all their obvious differences of temperament. The characteristic is this: they opposed, with leonine zeal, every trace of sentimental codswallop. Their faith rested (or rather, it flourished) upon the firmest cerebral foundations. Therefore they had the deepest contempt for fideism, Lunn having memorably described fideism as a 'F.I.F. [Funny Internal Feeling]':

The relevance of their profound logic to our own time hardly needs emphasis. In 2009, a Catholic writer who publicly apostatises will be at the very least tolerated, and will be usually embraced, by hordes of cyberpundits and talk-show hosts who are as clueless and as emotionally incontinent as he is. Should he reveal, when apostatising,

that he derived his entire knowledge of Catholic culture from *The New York Post*, *The Boston Globe*, *The New Republic*, *National Enquirer*, Fox News, and similar monuments to scholarship, he will generally be cheered even more. What doth it harm a man to lose his soul, when he gaineth the whole Oprah world?

In such a situation it is, perhaps, tactless to recall a time when Catholic spokesmen appealed to readers' intellects, rather than disparaging reason as – in Luther's eloquent words – 'that harlot'. Still, for proof that such appeals did enjoy a huge following, all we need to do is glance at a flawlessly polite but unsparingly logical Australian catechist of genius: Father Leslie Audoen Rumble, who belonged to the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart. Happily, Dr Rumble's apologetics have been reissued in modern editions and are still, one trusts, winning souls to the Faith. In the decades since they initially emerged, they have sold a total of seven million copies, mostly to American buyers. (American editions are credited to 'Rumble and Carty,' Minnesota priest Father Charles M. Carty having first advocated and carried out the U.S. distribution for these works.) Yet ask the average Catholic under fifty years old if he recognises Dr Rumble's name, and you will be fortunate to receive more than an uncomprehending stare.

This is sad. While Dr Rumble – whose unaffected speaking voice the *Australian Dictionary of Biography* likened to 'worn sandpaper'¹ – lacked the charismatic charm of Bishop Sheen (who contributed a preface to one edition of Dr Rumble's *Radio Replies*), he ranked at least alongside Bishop Sheen in terms of prose style. In one respect he proved definitely superior to the American proselyte: he demonstrated a complete failure to be awed by chic converts.

Learning to Love

WE were born in a dark age out of due time. But there is this comfort: otherwise we should not know, or so much love, what we do love. I imagine the fish out of water is the only fish to have an inkling of water.

– J. R. R. Tolkien, author of *Lord of the Rings*, written during the darkest days of World War II. Tolkien was a daily Mass-goer. He called Holy Communion 'The only cure for sagging or fainting faith'.

The life of Dr Rumble is quickly told and oddly shaped: a flurry of religious change at the beginning, followed by a long, outwardly uneventful career of proclaiming Catholic truth to anyone who would give it (the following phrase is from Evelyn Waugh's life of St Edmund Campion) 'an indifferent and quiet audience.' Born in Sydney in 1892, and baptised into Anglicanism, he had a father whose own religious development was nothing if not eventful. After years in the Church of England, Harry Humphrey Rumble converted to Rome in 1908, and compelled his son to follow him. The son soon resumed the Anglican practice of his childhood, but after a while abandoned it, and took his rediscovered Catholicism so seriously that in 1913 he began studying for holy orders. By this time Rumble senior, to complicate matters, had abandoned the Catholic Church, but he re-entered it shortly before Rumble junior was ordained in 1924. Four years after his ordination, the latter began his career as radio apologist, with the establishment of his *Question Box* program on Sydney's 2SM.

The program had a simple format, which it retained throughout its forty years of life. Dr Rumble – as he had been since 1927 – would answer specific questions about Catholicism, furnished by letters from his hearers. Many a pundit relies on fake questions of a 'Dorothy Dix' type, supplied either by himself or by staffers; all the questions Dr Rumble discussed, however, appear to have been entirely genuine. Some of those letters came from atheists, expressing every shade of doubt from mere bemusement at Catholic practices to outright loathing thereof. (Reading *Radio Replies* suggests that a better class of atheist existed in those days. Even the more boorish of Dr Rumble's godless questioners lacked the maniacal arrogance familiar to us today from a Christopher Hitchens, a Richard Dawkins, and a Catherine Deveny.)

More often the questions came from Protestants of various sorts. Some expressed genuine puzzlement at Catholic teachings. Some were respectfully hostile. Still others had their heads full of Titus Oates, Maria Monk, Charles Chiniquy, and other such celebrated theologians. Dr Rumble did not consider it his business to mock them. He answered their questions in

CHEVALIER

RESOURCE CENTRE



IDEAL FOR CONFERENCES

- ★ Conference Rooms and Hall
- ★ Accommodation for 56 people
- ★ Dining room for up to 80 people
- ★ Tennis Court
- ★ Extensive Grounds
- ★ Ample parking

Contact (02) 9315 2222

CHEVALIER RESOURCE CENTRE
is in the beautiful grounds of
Sacred Heart Monastery
1 Roma Avenue Kensington 2033 NSW

a firm, measured style, without either personal invective or the superficial cleverness on which certain English-language Catholic writers have unduly relied. First comes the original enquiry, then Dr Rumble's response. A few samples:

Catholicism says Mary is omnipotent in power and infinite in mercy.

It does not say that Mary is omnipotent in power and infinite in mercy. It says that her prayer and intercession have a special efficacy in winning for us the protection of the Omnipotent power of God and His infinite mercy.

To apply [for confessing of sins] to a priest seems like snubbing the Almighty.

It is no more like snubbing God than it would be like snubbing the King to respect and submit to the authority of an Ambassador fully accredited by the King. In fact, to refuse to acknowledge the spiritual

authority of those men who have been commissioned by God to exercise it, is to snub God ...

Many modern readers will find it amazing that Dr Rumble had to spend so much of his on-air time refuting, as well as denying, charges of treason to the British Empire. Unfortunately, he did:

Does not your allegiance to the Pope conflict with your duty as a British subject? ...

To British Catholics the Church is not controlled by a foreigner. She is controlled by the Vicar of Christ. It would be just the same if St Peter were there today, and he was a Palestinian Jew. ... Until the Reformation all Englishmen were subject to the Pope, yet were filled with great love for their country. You would not presume to say that there was not a single loyal Englishman in the time of Henry V. Yet all England was Catholic then, and any Catholic can do today what Catholics could do then ...

One correspondent went so far as to demand of Dr Rumble: 'Ought not the Catholic Church to elect a Britisher as Pope sometimes, just to prove to the world its Catholicity? We may smile now at such naïve Anglophile chauvinism; nevertheless it was as sincerely meant as, and incomparably less harmful than, the present-day heresy – whose leading exponents include Michael Novak – that Rome's redemption depends upon utter obeisance to neoconservatism and George W. Bush. In fact every form of democratist idolatry is demolished in one brief Rumble sentence: 'The Catholic Church preaches, not democracy, but Christian doctrine.' Well may we wonder how difficult that is for even the Michael Novaks of this world to understand.

Who and What Faith sees

THE WORLD disclosed to faith is immense. It opens up vistas that extend beyond the world of sense and into a realm not reached by telescopes and astronomical instruments, however powerful. . . . Its population includes the living and the dead, saints and angels, and even, at the summit, divine persons. . . . We cannot even sketch it, still less enter it, unless we receive and accept God's loving revelation.

- Avery Cardinal Dulles, S.J., *The New World of Faith*

No corner of Church history seemed too obscure for Dr Rumble to illuminate. Here he answers a question about Pope Liberius, who died in 366, and who has been periodically credited as a refutation of papal infallibility's claims on Catholic souls. (Of course Dr Rumble knew far better than to confuse papal infallibility with papal impeccability.)

If the Popes were always infallible, how does Pope Liberius measure up to the doctrine?

In every necessary way. In their efforts to refute the Catholic doctrine, enemies of the Church have ransacked history in the hope of finding a Pope who has taught heretical ideas. They thought that they had found such a Pope in Liberius, urging that he subscribed to the Arian heresy condemned by the Council of Nicaea in 325 AD. But let us take the facts. Liberius became Pope in the year 352. From the outset he fought against the continued efforts of the Arians to corrupt the faith. The Emperor Constantius, himself an Arian, seized Pope Liberius by force and exiled him to Berea, in Thrace. It is said that, to escape this exile, and induced by fraud and threats, Pope Liberius signed a formula drawn up by the Arians. But historical research has shown that it is doubtful whether he signed the document at all. If he did sign, he was not a sufficiently free agent for a lawful exercise of his duty. And in any case, the document he is supposed to have signed was not directly heretical, but ambiguous ...

It will astonish numerous readers to learn that Dr Rumble never combined

False Devils

IDOLATRY is committed, not merely by setting up false gods, but also by setting up false devils; by making men afraid of war or alcohol, or economic law, when they should be afraid of spiritual corruption and cowardice."

- G. K. Chesterton, *Illustrated London News*, 9/11/1909

this incisive didactic tone with touchy-feely reportage from his home life. What Dr Rumble would have said about the narcissism now proliferating on ostensibly Catholic websites – for instance, such recent treats as ‘Cutest Nephew Update’, ‘My Favourite Songs [Part II]’ and ‘Things I Wish I’d Known About Dating [Part III]’ – may be readily imagined.

Although even Dr Rumble's *Australian Dictionary of Biography* (ADB) biographer concedes that his subject ‘play[ed] fair with questioners, whom he always treated as honest inquirers,’² it would be dishonest to ignore the animus he occasionally aroused. During the 1950s’ Labor Split, Dr Rumble decided that his own immediate political loyalty belonged to Cardinal Gilroy’s supporters, rather than to the Cardinal’s opponents. This is not the place for a definitive pronouncement on the wisdom of that decision. It is merely the place to note rebukes of him by certain Melbourne Catholics.

In 1984 – by which time Dr Rumble

had been dead for nine years, and therefore could hardly produce an authoritative reply – he was accused by B.A. Santamaria of being ‘oblivious of the phrase in the [1957] Vatican decree’ against Communism, which forbade collaboration with Communists.³ This was a grave charge indeed, graver, one suspects, than Santamaria himself appreciated. It should hardly be required to point out the charge’s lack of substance. Dr Rumble was not remotely oblivious of this or any phrase in this or any other Vatican decree on the topic; he had been publicly condemning Communism when Santamaria was still in high school; and as a PhD from Rome’s Angelicum University – not to mention his country’s best-known instructor in Catholic doctrine – he might conceivably have possessed, in interpreting official documents with the *mens Catholica*, an expertise which surpassed Santamaria’s own.

Teaching his audiences to think was Dr Rumble’s vocation. ‘Clear your mind of cant’, Dr Johnson advised.⁴ Seldom has an Australian author acted more dutifully on this command than Dr Rumble did over four decades.

R.J. STOVE is a well-known contributor to Australian and overseas literary and political journals. He is the author of *The Unsleeping Eye: A Brief History of Secret Police and Their Victims* (Duffy & Snellgrove, 2002) and *A Student’s Guide to Music History* (ISI Books, 2008).

1. Edmund Campion, Rumble, Leslie Audoen (1892-1975); *Australian Dictionary of Biography*, Volume 16 (Melbourne University Press, Carlton, Victoria, 2002), pp. 150-151.
2. *Ibid.*
3. B. A. Santamaria, *Daniel Mannix* (Melbourne University Press, Carlton, Victoria, 1984), pp. 241-242.
4. Boswell’s *Life of Johnson*, vol. 1, p. 221, May 15, 1783.



NEW
pulpit/lectern
microphone
for any
voice – even
‘whisperers’

Perfect Sound Solutions

- Microphones
- Mixers
- Speakers
- Hearing Aid Loops
- Amplifiers
- Screens
- Data Projectors
- Digital Bell Systems

Call Donal O’Sullivan for a free consultation or for more information visit our website
www.clarecom.com.au



Clare Communications Co
PTY LTD

Phone: 02 9519 4443 ■ Fax: 02 9565 4545

Mobile: 0408 290 038 ■ E: sound@clarecom.com.au

Preferred supplier to churches and schools since 1975

Clarecom Sound Is Perfect Sound



Human Nature

BRITISH RULE IN INDIA

THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT has often been accused of acting on the maxim, *Divide et impera*. It is a libel. We do not divide, for there is no need. Division is already there. We have only to rejoice and rule. How well and justly we rule all the world knows, but only the initiated know how much we owe to the fact that the talents and energies which would otherwise be employed in thwarting our just intentions and phlebotomising the ryot are largely preoccupied with the more useful work of thwarting and undermining each other.

What could a collector do single-handed against a host of clerks and subordinate magistrates and petty officials of every grade, all armed with the awfulness of a heaven-born sanctity, all hedged round with the prestige of an ancient supremacy, endowed with a mole-like genius for underground work which the Englishman never fathoms, and all leagued together to suck to the uttermost the life blood of those inferior castes which were created expressly for their advantage?

- *Concerning Animals and Other Matters*, by Edward Hamilton-Aitken, (AKA Edward Hamilton). 'Divide et impera,' 'divide and rule'.

"The Trades and Labor Council have already offered us their place."

IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE RULES START YOUR OWN CHURCH

By Miranda Devine



THE Socialist Alliance posters outside St Mary's Catholic Church in Brisbane said it all. "Dump Intolerance, not Father Kennedy."

"Who would Jesus sack?" The father in question is Peter Kennedy, the 70-year-old Catholic priest who is being forced out of the church he has turned into a green-leftist New Age drop-in centre.

He is refusing to leave the church he has presided over for 28 years, despite repeated entreaties by Archbishop John Bathersby, and has refused to change any part of the unorthodox and decidedly non-Catholic religious practice he has instituted.

Footage of Mass – or whatever it is – at St Mary's on ABC TV this week showed a pony-tailed man – not a priest – in a bright shirt waving around a giant Communion host in a haphazard way, while people sat on the floor at his feet. It looked more like a yoga session, with

meditation and lay people taking to the pulpit to give "sermons" which have nothing to do with the Bible.

A weekend newspaper report recounted the "sermon" at one St Mary's service which consisted of a reading from a letter from a supporter of Kennedy's: "I don't come to St Mary's because it is a Catholic place of worship. I come because it has everything I seek in my own life – love, truth, authenticity, integrity, justice, unity, compassion, openness and friendship." Quite a smorgasbord. The only problem is that St Mary's is a Catholic place of worship – and has been since 1864.

Since the Archbishop tried to pull him into line last August, Kennedy and his supporters have waged a canny public relations war against the church, with protest banners, press conferences, blogs and the archbishop's pleading letters posted on the web.

"I take my authority from the people," Kennedy told reporters. Not God? No wonder the Socialist Alliance loves him. Socialism regards religion as a "spiritual

oppressor", in the words of Lenin, who also said "Atheism is a natural and inseparable part of Marxism".

It doesn't matter which dupes the left uses to destroy organised religion, or how they commandeer the social justice work of well-meaning church people, the aim is never to foster religious practice or nourish a love of God.

So vehement are Kennedy's supporters that opposition within the parish has been muted and mainly anonymous, with critics vilified as "extremists" doing the bidding of Rome, and not welcome at St Mary's. So much for tolerance and inclusiveness.

The extremism appears to be on the other side, with threats to bomb Bathersby's house and other provocations of which the archbishop complained in another letter to Kennedy.

"At times I am treated with scant respect [and there has been] abusive language of South Brisbane people directed over the past few months from the front gates of my house."

Churchgoers horrified by Kennedy's antics finally mustered the courage to officially complain to Archbishop Bathersby and the Vatican last year, armed with footage of an unorthodox baptism. The baptism last September, which was posted on YouTube, shows Kennedy in plain clothes, saying, "We baptise you in the name of the creator, sustainer and liberator of life", a form of word Kennedy had reportedly been told was not acceptable in the church.

Why Kennedy couldn't go along with the religion which ordained him and use the official words: "I baptise you in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit" is anyone's guess.

Egotism may play a part. After all, Kennedy claims "this community will

Pulling against the Church

IT IS impossible to be just to the Catholic Church. The moment men cease to pull against it they feel a tug towards it. The moment they cease to shout it down they begin to listen to it with pleasure. The moment they try to be fair to it they begin to be fond of it. But when that affection has passed a certain point it begins to take on the tragic and menacing grandeur of a great love affair.

– G.K. Chesterton, *The Catholic Church and Conversion* (1926)

die when I leave". The fact that he has been at St Mary's for 28 years should ring alarm bells. Like a political leader, a church leader can be tempted by hubris if in power for too long.

Bathersby, who denies being influenced by the Vatican, has made several attempts to bring St Mary's into line with church rules and teaching. Kennedy wasn't being told to toss out gays or divorcees or take down the Aboriginal flag or stop feeding the homeless; just to behave like a Catholic priest and preach the beliefs of the Catholic Church, which include that Jesus is the son of God.

"While it is admirable to read that St Mary's focuses on social justice its looseness of theology leaves much to be desired," wrote Bathersby in one letter. But Kennedy refused to "budge an inch". Instead of gently leading his flock back to the church, he likened himself to Jesus and made himself a martyr.

While you can feel pity for Bathersby, the mess is his own making. Having tolerated Kennedy's antics for years, and having presided over the transformation of Brisbane into the most progressive and least disciplined archdiocese in the country, he can hardly be surprised by the result.

There are plenty of religions that have protested more effectively about Catholic authority than Kennedy - he should try them. Or he could establish his own religion. He has said if he is forced out he will take his flock with him: "The reality is that, if we are excluded from this church, the Trades and Labor Council have already offered us their place just down the road."

Good luck to him. No one is forced to be a Catholic, and the Church - as it has been for 2000 years - is thriving the world over, wherever it has remained true to its teachings. The thousands of young people who spontaneously went to Rome for the funeral of the very orthodox Pope John Paul II were not activists trying to dismantle the Church. They are the future, not Kennedy's outdated mumbo jumbo socialism.

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

DONATIONS RECEIVED

FROM 15/12/08 - 15/12/08

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

- Editor, *Annals*

2216	MRS LORETA G HOLDER	\$7.00	2066	MR & MRS G ROBERTS	\$10.00
2219	MR MICHAEL DOWNING	\$17.00	2031	MR G A CLIFTON	\$17.00
2219	DR P J SWEENEY	\$17.00	4069	MR J W GEEVES	\$7.00
2220	MR A CALLAGHAN	\$7.00	2031	MISS L E WHITE	\$17.00
2220	MR T F KELLY	\$10.00	2148	MR PAUL ROUMANOS	\$7.00
2233	MRS MARGARET O'BRIEN	\$7.00	2073	MR ELLIS P HUNT	\$10.00
2250	MRS N FITZGERALD	\$9.00	2145	MISS E M BRACKEN	\$24.00
2250	MRS P FITZPATRICK	\$24.00	2250	DR J J TOOHEY	\$17.00
2260	MRS R MOSES	\$7.00	2063	MR & MRS B C COLLINS	\$17.00
2299	MRS P K MCTAGGART	\$14.00	3147	MR & MRS T G FAHY	\$27.00
2323	MRS P HEMMINGS	\$4.00	2233	MR P MCDougALL	\$10.00
2328	MRS HOPE JANSSEN	\$7.00	2097	MRS TERESA POWELL	\$7.00
2464	MRS P MCBURNEY	\$4.00	1670	MR C NIEUWENDYK	\$17.00
2500	MR B CLIFFORD	\$17.00	2118	MR H B SMITH	\$20.00
2540	MR J P QUILKEY	\$7.00	2097	MR R F KEAN	\$27.00
2530	MR & MRS T HOUGHTON	\$14.00	2074	ANONYMOUS	\$167.00
2528	MR A A HURRELL	\$7.00	5090	FR PETER R MILBURN	\$17.00
2564	MR J DE GIOVANNI	\$7.00	2227	MR N RYAN	\$24.00
2569	MRS P M SMITH	\$17.00	2219	MRS A P WHYTE	\$4.00
2580	MRS CONNIE CLANCY	\$4.00	2190	MR S MANGINI	\$12.00
2614	LADY SCHOLTENS	\$27.00	5136	MRS LINA VISENTIN	\$24.00
2614	MR & MRS P A HEMSLEY	\$10.00	2289	MRS JOAN FITZGERALD	\$17.00
2614	MR J H WALSH	\$17.00	2539	MRS V G CARMICHAEL	\$4.00
2443	A & E BOOK	\$20.00	5000	MR ANDREW CARROLL	\$10.00
2747	MR & MRS PL & JW GALE	\$4.00	2099	MRS M CONNORS	\$17.00
2795	FR H QUIGLEY	\$17.00	2324	REV MONS W V FULLER	\$17.00
3094	MRS E M COLLINS	\$24.00	2098	MR J J GAIR	\$25.00
3167	MRS LUCY WALISZ	\$10.00	2154	MR M T FAGAN	\$20.00
3195	MRS M NIXON	\$4.00	4034	MRS MARY MENNIS	\$17.00
4011	MR ROSARIO RUSSO	\$7.00	2066	MR MATTHEW KENNY	\$17.00
4012	MRS F D LAUD	\$24.00	2085	MR J LONG	\$33.00
4060	MRS M E WALTON	\$24.00	2541	MR & MRS K CAMM	\$17.00
4170	MR & MRS A PEARCY	\$14.00	2073	MRS R FOX	\$67.00
4558	MR & MRS B STRAZZARI	\$17.00	2285	MRS J DEPPE	\$24.00
6210	MR G R GREY	\$24.00	2033	MR YVES DINEL	\$17.00
2122	MRS M J HUNTER	\$4.00	2076	DR IAN EDMUNDS	\$50.00
6008	MR & MRS P MCEVOY	\$5.00	2615	SABINA VAN ROOY	\$20.00
2031	MRS PATRICIA FITZGERALD	\$7.00	2034	MR PASQUALE ORSINI	\$17.00
2031	MRS M CHADWICK	\$7.00	2217	MRS A E CHALONER	\$7.00
2074	MR M A BROWN	\$7.00	2065	MR RICHARD THOMAS	\$33.00
2019	MR S GARWELL	\$7.00	2211	M ROUMANOS	\$67.00
1585	MRS L CUMMINS	\$17.00	2211	MR & MRS J C MCGRATH	\$10.00
4557	MR H P JOHNSTON	\$17.00	2211	MR J P RYAN	\$27.00
2153	MRS S MCGEOUGH	\$4.00	6210	MR PETER J BARRON	\$4.00
2147	MR K SLOANE	\$24.00	6901	REV FR GORDON H BENNETT	\$30.72
2148	MRS P BAKER	\$50.00	2229	MR PAUL ATKINS	\$50.00
2148	MISS MARY BUCK	\$20.00	2229	MR ALAN ANDRE	\$24.00
2756	MRS M MITCHELL	\$4.00	2229	MRS C M ELLIS	\$3.00
2148	MR J SZENTIRMY	\$34.00	5062	DENIS O'LEARY	\$74.00
2067	MRS KATHY PETKOVIC	\$17.00			
2229	MRS M GLEESON	\$17.00			
				TOTAL:	\$1891.72

Please assist us by introducing *Annals* to relatives and friends.
We need your support and we need new subscribers.
Annals has the answer! Try it.

ATTENTION TO DETAIL AND LOVE OF TRUTH



CICERO somewhere has written of the *science of Law*: “It usually concerns itself with small things, and pays attention to individual letters of the alphabet and the separation of words”. Delete the “at times” and you have a fair description of the matter of textual criticism. Whether Euripides wrote “*it is necessary*” or “*it is fitting*” in a given passage is hardly of metaphysical import. But we must assume that he made a choice between them. This is sufficient justification for concerning ourselves with the problem. It made a difference to the poet; it should make a difference to us. This planet, I do not doubt, shall never want for people to despise such problems and those who try to resolve them. Such contempt is founded upon the remarkable premise that one who manifests a concern for minutiae must of necessity be both indifferent to and unequal to profound problems. The Greeks, on the contrary, in their simplicity had contrived a word to express this reverence before even the smallest truth; and that word is “*Philaletheia*” [*“Love of Truth”*].

– Robert Renehan, *Greek Textual Criticism A Reader*, Harvard University Press, 1969, p.134. The Passage he refers to is *res enim sunt parvae, prope in singulis litteris atque interpunctionibus verborum occupatae*. The reference is to Cicero’s *Oratio pro L. Murena*, 11. The translations have been added for those whose Latin or Greek may be a bit rusty. *Ed.*

The constitutive elements of "Christendom" cannot be maintained without reference to their source.

TOLERANCE

By Jude P. Dougherty



When Oswald Spengler published his multivolume study, *The Decline of the West*, few outside of professional academic circles understood his thesis or took the epitaph seriously.¹ Today, a century later, no attentive historian can ignore the cultural shift that took place in the West in the last half of the twentieth century, one that seriously eclipsed the spiritual resources which formerly animated it. As a philosopher of history, Spengler's study of the past and his cyclical view of history led him to the pessimistic conclusion that just as other cultures before it have decayed, Western culture has not only peaked but faces a period of irreversible decline. For more than 200 years the Western intellectual tradition has been subjected to the nihilistic criticism of forces launched by the Enlightenment. The result: we are now experiencing in the social order the eighteenth-century repudiation of the classical and Christian sources of Western culture. There is little doubt that Europe is living off a dying past, perhaps nearing the end of a great culture, not unlike that experienced before the fall of Rome when internal corruption made possible the barbarian invasion. The decline of morals apart, the birthrate of the native European population alone would attest to decline. The ruling elites of Brussels and the European capitals seem confident that the constitutive elements of what was once called "Christendom" can be maintained without reference to their source. Absent Christianity, Europe has little to defend but its material culture as it faces a tide of immigrants that threaten its very character. The newcomers, largely from Africa and the

Middle East, who are attracted by the material culture of Europe, nevertheless remain attached to their old ways and in refusing to assimilate extract privileges and exceptions to the common law that further contributes to their isolation within the larger society, so arises this question, how tolerant can Europe be in the face of a largely Muslim influx

whose Islamic leaders are convinced that they will one day rule the continent?

Are we driven to Spengler's pessimistic conclusion, albeit for different reasons? Perhaps not. In any event, intellectual honesty demands that we acknowledge the many formidable obstacles confronting not only the defence of Europe but of Western culture itself as it faces an alien and self-confident Islam convinced that it will one day govern. Those bold enough to predict that the future portends an "Islamic Republic of France" or the inevitability of what Bat Ye'Or has called "Eurabia" are given little credence, are largely ignored by major media, and can expect their books to be banned or removed from the shelves of major booksellers. Absent the moral and intellectual resources which prevailed, for example, in the decades preceding the founding of the American republic, Europe's ruling elites may be hard pressed to defend the republican institutions and the culture they have taken for granted.

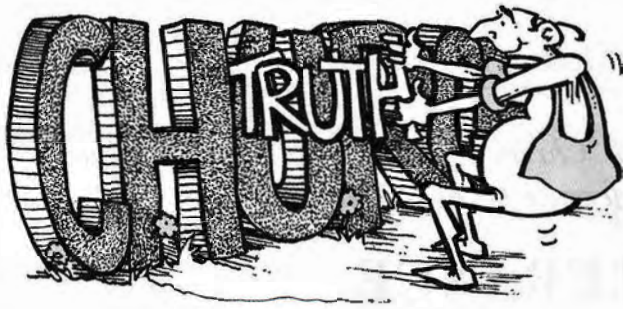
II

On both sides of the Atlantic, any effort to recapture the moral tradition that shaped the *Declaration of Independence* and the *U.S. Constitution* as well as the *U.N. Universal Declaration of Human Rights* is handicapped by the current propensity to regard all moral claims as equal. The concept of "procedural democracy," now regnant in Western intellectual circles, militates against the government's casting its weight behind any one conception of the good. The state according to this mode of thinking must remain neutral in the face of competing moral claims, favouring none. No moral system can claim superiority, it is argued, since each

The Great Depression

As an effect of rivalry between peoples there is an insensate competition in armaments which, in its turn, becomes the cause of enormous expenditure, diverting large sums of money from the public welfare; and this makes the present financial crisis more acute. Therefore We cannot refrain from renewing and from making Our own the solemn warnings of Our predecessor Benedict XV (Adhortatio De le. debut, 1 Aug., 1917) which have, alas! not been heeded, as well as Our own words (Alloc. die 24, Dec., 1930: Litt. Aut. Con vivo piacere, 7 Apr., 1922), We exhort you all, Venerable Brethren, to busy yourselves with the work of enlightening public opinion in this matter, by all the means at your disposal, including both pulpit and press, so that the hearts of men may be turned towards the dictates of right reason, and, still more, to the laws of Christ.

- Pope Pius XI, *Encyclical Nova Impendet* [on the Economic Crisis]
October 2, 1931



To learn the truth about
THE CATHOLIC CHURCH
A series of ten booklets
'Understanding Catholicism'

attractively printed, 24pp plus cover, pocket-sized

By Paul Stenhouse, MSC PhD

*Ideal for families, parish discussion groups,
 school RE courses, RCIA groups,
 Church book stalls, parish libraries etc.*

1. The Catholic Church founded by Christ
2. Christ's Church in the world
3. The Catholic Church and the New Testament
4. The Tradition of the Catholic Church
5. The Primacy of St Peter
6. The Primacy of the Bishop of Rome
7. The Mass – centre of Christian worship
8. Catholic devotion to Mary the Mother of God
9. Heaven and Hell
10. Purgatory, limbo and prayers for the dead

Price: for the set of 10 – \$33 (post free anywhere in Australia),
 All orders: Chevalier Press, P.O. Box 13, Kensington NSW 2033 Australia.
 Phone orders: (02) 9662 7894. Fax: (02) 9662 1910.
 (Price includes GST)

Name:

Address:

Postcode: Phone:

Please send me _____ sets of the complete series @ \$33 each

- Please find enclosed \$
- Bill me including Postage
- Please debit my:-
- VISA-CARD MASTERCARD BANKCARD

Signature: Expiry Date:/...../.....

is merely the product of its time and of the place-bound preferences of people advancing it.

Procedural democracy itself is supported by two ancillary principles, one, the seemingly innocent call for “tolerance,” and the other, the malevolent doctrine of “separation of church and state.” The principle of tolerance augurs against an unabashed defence of one’s own tradition, whereas the separation principle surrenders moral authority to the state or, worse still, is employed to eradicate religion from both the academy and the public square. To offer an egregious example of misplaced tolerance, one need recall only that the 57-member Muslim Organization of the Islamic Conference (OIC) has prevailed on the United Nations Human Rights Commission to adopt a resolution requiring the effective evisceration of the *Universal Declaration of Human Rights*. Henceforth, the guaranteed right of free expression will not extend to any criticism of Islam on the grounds that it amounts to an abusive act of religious discrimination. Western officials and governmental agencies appear increasingly disposed to go along with efforts to mute warnings about the danger that the recognition or incorporation of Sharia law poses to the West. The liberal attempt to silence criticism of Islam threatens to criminalize behaviour that has long been regarded as merely “politically incorrect.” If we follow the liberal agenda vis-a-vis Islam and its demand to recognize Sharia, we will mutate Western law, traditions, values, and societies beyond recognition.

III

Calls for tolerance abound, from papal statements to European conferences. Bumper stickers and postal imprints proclaim its value. One can understand John Paul II and Benedict XVI seeking tolerance for a Christian minority living amongst a largely Hindu population, but one is mystified by an apparent campaign for tolerance in the open societies of Western Europe, Australia, and North America. Considered abstractly, it would be easier to make the case that tolerance is a vice than to justify its putative status as a virtue. To employ a few homey examples: a parent cannot tolerate disobedience in the child; a teacher, sloppy homework or cheating

on an examination; a military officer, insubordination; a CEO, deviance from company policy; or an ecclesiastical body, divergent doctrinal teaching or liturgical practice within its ranks. No state can tolerate irresponsible fiscal policy nor can any state permit disrespect for its laws. An entity must preserve its unity to preserve its very being.

The promotion of the notion that tolerance is a virtue is of relatively recent origin. Tolerance is not mentioned as a virtue by Aristotle or by the Stoics. Nor does Aquinas speak of tolerance as a virtue. To the contrary, *Roget's Venerable English Language Dictionary of Synonyms and Antonyms* gives as synonyms for tolerance: leniency, clemency, indulgence, laxity, sufferance, concession, and permissiveness, terms generally regarded as designating questionable behaviour.

Of course, certain technical meanings of the term may be identified. "Tolerance" in biology is the ability of an organism to endure contact with a substance or its introduction into the body without ill effects. "Tolerance" in the industrial order is the range within which a dimension of a machined part may vary. "Religious tolerance," which many have in mind when they use the term, is the intellectual and practical acknowledgment of the right of others to live in accordance with religious beliefs different from one's own.

IV

Religious tolerance, though not confined to Christianity, seems to have a particular appeal to the Christian conscience. Perhaps it does so for reasons intrinsic to Christianity itself. Hindus and Muslims, by contrast, show no similar tolerance toward Christians in their midst, either subjugating them or forcing them to flee. The classical and biblical sources of Western civilization, although under attack for the past 200 years, may still remain the basis of Western culture, but that said, it must be acknowledged that the Western respect for intellect and for its role in the formation of law and the practice of religion is not characteristic of all who seek shelter within the West. Social cohesion becomes impossible if the classical and biblical heritage of the West is not respected by the immigrant whose enfranchisement can be used to undermine the institutions and freedoms

'As so often happens in cases of censorship in a free society, the attempts to suppress Sanger's voice only amplified it'.

— Daniel J. Flynn, *Intellectual Morons: How ideology makes Smart People fall for Stupid Ideas*, Crown Forum New York, 2004, p. 146. Margaret Sanger, the propagandist for birth control, abortion and Eugenics, praised three would-be terrorists who were blown up by their own bomb as they prepared to assassinate John D. Rockefeller in July 1914.

of the host country. The call for a tolerance that ignores a de facto conflict of cultures is inconsistent and destructive of its own warrant. We may ask, is it not incumbent upon the West to defend its intellectual and cultural patrimony while yet accommodating the other?

Goethe, when discussing tolerance in his *Maxims and Reflections*,² offers this insightful distinction. Tolerance, he thinks, is best understood as a state of mind in transition to something nobler, namely, "recognition." The latter is a mark of true liberality, an attitude equally removed from mindless appropriation and the outright rejection of the other's point of view or culture. The recognition of those who think and act differently is a feature of a confident mind. Upon our first encounter with another, we may derive pleasure in finding points of agreement, in a feeling of good will that follows a friendly contact. Upon closer acquaintance, differences are likely to become apparent. The important thing, says Goethe, is not to retreat but to hold fast to points of agreement and strive for a clear understanding of points of dispute without seeking an artificial agreement on them.

Throughout history, political entities have recognized the need for unity of outlook among their peoples. At times in classical Greece and Rome, atheism could be punished by death. Modern socialist regimes, whenever they come to power, recognize the influence of ideas and work to suppress religious education, if not religion itself. Within the Western democracies practical accommodation is one thing, but a nonjudgmental, non-discriminating acceptance is another. How tolerant can a society be and yet maintain itself in existence? Of course, where nothing is prized, everything can be tolerated.

Those who advocate tolerance must first establish the context in which it should be recognized and its limits. It is better to clearly designate a specific activity that calls for toleration than to reify an abstraction. There are times when leadership must insist on propriety, respect of the inherited, and adherence to the rule of law. In short, context determines whether tolerance is a virtue or vice.

V

"Procedural democracy," as defended in academic circles rests upon the assumption that there is no way to determine the good. The state in formulating its policies is not to draw upon any one moral tradition, certainly not on one advanced from a purely religious perspective or by an ecclesial body. Religion is deemed a purely private or subjective affair, not a trustworthy source of principles applicable to public policy. In this context, particularly in the United States, the separation doctrine is often invoked, but that doctrine is not found in the *U.S. Constitution*. It is rather the construct of a maverick interpretation of the U.S. Supreme Court acquiescing to the secular humanists who vigorously lobbied the Court. Any student of the American founding will recognize that the Constitution in its First Amendment sought only to prevent an established church for the nation as a whole and did not intend to undo establishment in the colonies where it prevailed. It doesn't take much research to discover that at the outbreak of the American Revolution there were established churches in nine of the thirteen colonies. At the time of the founding the positive role of religion in society was simply taken for granted. It was commonly recognized that man is by nature a spiritual and a material being and that government should not impede growth in either domain.

As a principle, religious tolerance prevails throughout the West, but the battle to shape the common mind has been shifted from the pulpit to the classroom. While John Locke, David Hume, and Adam Smith favored religious establishment, their contemporary disciples, recognizing the need for civic unity, are in the forefront of those who would achieve that unity by giving the state exclusive control over education.

Whereas David Hume maintained that, "The union of civil and ecclesiastical power serves extremely, in even civilized government, to the maintenance of peace and order," and Blackstone could hold that uniformity in religious matters is a civic good, contemporary defenders of "establishment" have shifted their focus to the control of education, effectively denying parents a choice education of their children. In the United States, in the name of separating church and state, the choice of a religiously informed education, though not denied outright, is rendered financially difficult if not impossible for most families at the crucial primary and secondary levels.

Unfortunately with the dismissal of religion often goes that other support of republican government, the classical learning which informed the political philosophy of the founding fathers of the American republic. At the time of the American founding, Cicero's discourses framed the issues that were addressed in the *Declaration of Independence* and *The U.S. Constitution*, topics such as liberty, the nature and source of law, the common good, security, patriotism, toleration, and the role of religion in society. Eighteenth-century readers understood Cicero to be a defender of rectitude, virtue and conservative customs and of the indispensable role which religion plays in fostering these values. For Cicero, the highest aim of the ruler is the security and welfare of the community because the common welfare is the indispensable condition for personal advancement. Security justifies the use of force against aggressors, but the maintenance of morality in the populace is also a fundamental responsibility of the ruler. The ruler, of necessity, must be able to distinguish between what is truly good (the *bonum honestum*) and what is merely expedient (the *bonum utile*). Cicero acknowledges that from one point of view, the pursuit of the *bonum honestum* is but a means for the realization of the common good in which it finds its purpose and limit; this makes *honestum* a form of *utile*. But Cicero also identifies *honestum* with the common good and *utile* with individual interest. To what extent, then, is the common good to be pursued against the interest of the individual?

This is the issue which confronts policy makers throughout the West.

No ancient text can provide a ready answer to contemporary problems, yet the ancients can speak to us across the ages about human fulfilment and the ends of government. In his own day when he wrote of a failing Rome, Livy recommended to his contemporaries the study of its founding.

I invite the reader's attention to the much more serious consideration of the kind of lives our ancestors lived, of who were the men and what the means, both in politics and war, by which Rome's power was first acquired and subsequently expanded. I would have him trace the processes of our moral decline, to watch first the sinking of the foundations of morality as the old teaching was allowed to lapse, then the final collapse of the whole edifice, and the dark dawning of our modern day when we can neither endure our vices nor face the remedies needed to cure them.³

Respect for ancestry, heritage, or tradition determines concretely the emphasis placed on the study of history, languages, art, and on the observance of religious and civic ritual. Failure to appreciate and defend the uniqueness of the moral and spiritual traditions of what was once called "Christendom" or in the name of tolerance treat them as only one among many can only end, as Spengler predicted, in the suicide of the West.

Benedict XVI could have been taking a page from Livy when he touched on these issues in his 2008 visit to Paris and again in his October visit to the Quirinal Palace in Rome. Assembled to hear him at the Bernardines, the ancient Cistercian abbey in Paris, were the leading civic

leaders of the French republic, including the minister of culture, two former presidents, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing and Jacques Chirac, and the present mayor of Paris. Given the setting of his lecture, Benedict said, "We are in a place that is associated with the culture of "monasticism," reminding his listeners of the Benedictine "l'amour des lettres et le desir de Dieu," and the role that monasticism played in the development of Western civilization. He went on to speak of the nature of the Church herself and of European culture. "A purely positive culture," he said, "which drives the question of God into the subjective realm, as being unscientific, would be the renunciation of reason, the renunciation of its highest possibilities, and hence a disaster for humanity with very grave consequences. That gave Europe's culture its foundations - the search for God and the readiness to listen to Him - remains today the basis for any genuine culture."

Prime Minister François Fillon, in his farewell remarks to the Holy Father, told Benedict that you have reminded us that "the fundamental separation of church and state does not prevent either from dialoging or from being mutually enriched." The Prime Minister spoke of an "open and reflective secularism" and stated, "The republic, profoundly secular, respects the existence of the religious fact. She appreciates the role of the Christian tradition in her history and her cultural and immaterial heritage." He thanked Benedict for "placing our civilization on guard regarding its material weakness." A weak acknowledgment of the role of religion in society, to be sure, but nevertheless an expression of what President Sarkozy has called a "more positive laicite." As a militant Islamic presence in Europe increases, even Brussels' secular elites may be faced with the limits of tolerance and the handicap imposed by their commitment to procedural democracy.

Capital that Lasts

WARN THOSE who are rich in this world's goods that they are not to look down on other people; and not to set their hopes on money, which is untrustworthy, but on God who, out of his riches, gives us all that we need for our happiness. Tell them that they are to do good, and be rich in good works, to be generous and willing to share. This is the way they can save up a good capital sum for the future if they want to make sure of the only life that is real.

- St Paul, First Letter to Timothy, 6, 17-19.

1. Oswald Spengler, *The Decline of the West* (New York: A. A. Knopf, 1926-28).
2. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, *Maxims and Reflections* (London: Penguin Classics, 1999), p. 116.
3. Titus Livius, *Preface to his History* (Cambridge, MA: Loeb Classical Library, Harvard University Press, 1924), p. 15.

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.



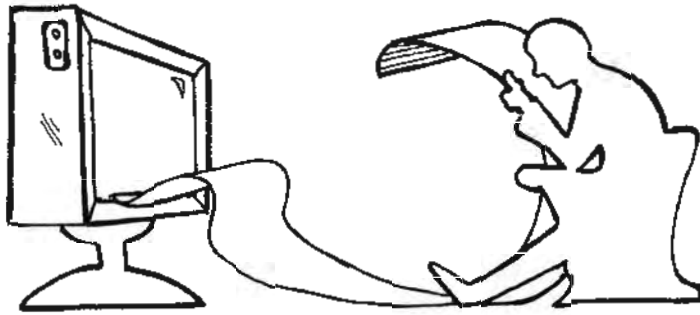
In the last decade or so there's been published a number of books of photographic essays depicting once grand modernist industrial hopes now gone to seed. Derelict rusting factories, weed-strewn carparks, abandoned shopping-centres, city wastelands, empty and crumbling hotels – they're all there in their full paint-peeling and grass-cracked cement glory. A glory that is wonderful because beautiful.

Often the same feeling of beauty comes upon us as we explore a vibrant city or suburb, when, in the midst of the shine and sheen, tucked away in a back-alley or side-street, we chance upon an old boarded-up shop or a piece of littered land with a long-time empty house upon it. It's like hearing a whisper beneath grand displays of thunders, shouts, and fireworks. One might not hear what is said but one experiences something; something delicate, yet stronger and longer lasting than all the yelling and grand displays. And the feeling which attends this experience is just as puzzling; a kind of sad joy.

This "sad joy" is more than poignancy for it is more than the mere intimation of mortality, it is deeper than that; it is an intimation of temporality, and thus of being itself. Which is to say an intimation of *created* being, and, thereby and there-through, a glimpse of God.

Although we can truly know God through the things He has made there is always *the* big difference: we are created and He is not. We do not have our existence in and of ourselves, while God, of course, does. He is unchanging, He is true and full Being; we change and our very beingness is radically dependent upon God. In short, we are temporal and God is not. We might say that temporality is the voice of creation telling us it is not God. It is, thereby, the means by which creation clears a space for the appearing of God, not under the form of an idol but in His very otherness to us.

As St Augustine argued, creation is beautiful because it defers to God for its very being. In its very essence created being witnesses to that which is other to it; in its very essence it sings of God. Its beauty ultimately belongs to God for created being is His reflection.



AN APPRECIATION OF DECAY

By ROBERT TILLEY

If creation is divorced from God then it loses its beauty, it becomes mere "stuff", mere "matter".

Even in everyday matters we cannot bottle beauty, try as advertisers might. As soon as we try to capture it, like Cupid with Psyche, it has always already fled.

Thing is we and the world dim this beauty not least through our pride and sense of self-sufficiency. The more modern things are, the more successful our economy, the more shine and sheen there is to go

around, the more we place our faith in youth so that things are not allowed to age but are immediately torn down or renovated – the more we can lose our sense of metaphysical dependency.

The prouder we are the uglier we become, for the simple reason that we think we can stand on our own merit. We come to believe that in our very being we do not need to defer to God. Thus do we try to bottle beauty, but by doing so we ensure it shrivels-up and dies. This is the effect of idolatry.

And yet, old and discarded idols can reflect this beauty in the same way decaying industry does. Now that they are no longer loudly boasting, now that they seem weak and past it, worthless and of no use – now the grace of existence itself begins to shine through and something of the beautiful complexion of God can be seen. Here is the wonderful paradox at the root of created being: through temporality we can see what is eternal. Creation can truly reveal what it is not and, by doing so, reveal itself in all its proper beauty.

Be it in the area of industry or pretensions, the decay of things can serve to clear a place for the apprehension of true being, and, as being witnesses to God its creator, to an intimation of God. One might even argue that decay is a sign of God's grace this side of the Fall, for, by putting paid to our conceits, it helps us to intimate something beyond our bottled world, something other to a world that we've subjected to closure and to death.

In this there's an explanation of sorts for the mystery of that sad joy: we feel sadness at the pain of passing, and yet joy at the whisper of the intimation of what remains. We can hear creation singing.

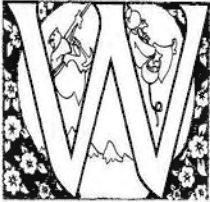


ROBERT TILLEY is a regular contributor to *Annals*.

Narratives for Children About the Holocaust

THE LANGUAGE OF RESTRAINT

Reviewed by SUSAN MOORE



WHEN I was a child growing up in a cultivated Jewish family with little money, I spent untold hours reading

fiction and biographies that I walked a mile each way to borrow. On sunny or cloudy days I made my way safely to the largest library in Elizabeth, NJ. Across the river from Manhattan, Elizabeth was a city of 100,000 housing many Jews in ghettos of diverse quality. We were among the last Jewish families to 'move up'.

My mother grew up in the Bronx. Her mother, Sidonie Löwy Lieban, a singer who was recorded with Caruso and conducted by Toscanini, was raised in a small town in Germany close to Berlin. The family of Sidie's husband, Simon, lived in Vienna. My maternal grandparents and others in their families left Europe for New York at the turn of the century.

My father's parents, Noah and Yetta Reibel, miraculously escaped pogroms during the same historical period by fleeing from a shtetl (village) near Lemberg (Lvov) in Poland. They spoke Yiddish – a bowdlerised version of German, similar in key respects to Hebrew – in their freezing cold apartment in the worst part of Elizabeth; but the children who managed to survive, 3 boys and 3 girls, learned English.

Daddy arrived at school, aged 5, with a heavy foreign accent. In response to Irish Catholic teachers, who made fun of the way he sounded, he had to show immense restraint; but he never forgot. NOT forgetting, but forgiving, is a key aspect of Jewish cultural history. The idea of making progress by blocking out earlier events as if they hadn't happened is regarded as a form of negligence, a culpable denial of reality.

The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas
by John Boyne (paperback)
Fickling Books, a division of Random House Children's Books, London, 2006
Price: \$8.99 (Amazon)

Emil and Karl
by Yankev Glatshyteyn (paperback)
Translated by Jeffrey Shandler
Text Publishing, Melbourne, 2008
Price: \$6.99 (Tower Books)

In every branch of the Reibel family Yiddish words and habits belonged to the furniture. When Charles Galea, the wonderful librarian at Redfield College in Northwest Sydney, lent me Yankev Glatshyteyn's *Emil and Karl* because he considered it an outstanding book for boys who are normally averse to reading, he had no idea how well I knew the cultural milieu from which this amazing novel had emerged in 1940: first Lublin in Poland and then the Yiddish literary scene in New York during the first half of the 20th century.

Reissued in paperback by Text in Australia this year in a new translation by Jeffrey Shandler of the Jewish Studies Department at Rutgers (the State university of New Jersey), Glatshyteyn's singular work received rave reviews in esteemed places in the US, the UK, and Australia when it came out in hardcover. Charles keeps abreast of developments of this kind. They led him to buy for the school a perfect companion piece to *Emil and Karl*: John Boyne's equally remarkable, fiendishly popular novel, *The Boy in the Striped Pyjamas*, now awaiting global film release.

I don't know that I've ever read two more powerful children's books, and I have read thousands. Both dramatise in their protagonists, who are helpless

children, and in the heroic adults who help them to survive, the humility signalled by extraordinary restraint in the face of provocation so wicked that it seems surreal.

Boyne was born in Ireland in 1971, the year of Glatshyteyn's death. His fable about the Holocaust, also published in 2006 (in the UK) but for the first time, is set first in Berlin in 1943 and then in a remote outpost miles away (Auschwitz, never named). Its narrative voice is as restrained – as utterly controlled and quiet, giving nothing away – as the voice heard as 'sub text' in *Emil and Karl*.

Boyne's book is about a highly intelligent 9-year-old boy named Bruno, from whose innocent point of view the story is told. Bruno's family, led by a forbidding, rigidly authoritarian Father, suddenly leaves their beautiful home in cosmopolitan Berlin at the behest of a self-invited, exceptionally rude, dinner guest called the Fury (Hitler). Afterwards, replete with Berlin maid Maria and servants acquired locally, they make do for an 'indeterminate' period at *Out-With* (Bruno's pronunciation).

This desolate outpost, miles away from grandparents, friends, shops, entertainment, beautiful parks and a civic centre, is detested by Bruno from the word Go. It robs him of all play and companionship except what is on offer from his 12-year-old sister Gretel, a 'Hopeless Case' – until he meets another 9-year-old boy, Shmuel, whose birthday is the same day as his: 15 April, 1934.

On a long walk taken by Bruno alone, since he is a self-proclaimed 'explorer', he sees first a speck and eventually an emaciated boy in striped pyjamas with a gray face and almost no hair sitting cross-legged on the ground on the opposite side of a barbed wire fence separating them. Their first secret

conversation, succeeded by many others each day for close to a year, takes place after he has bravely asked a question about the people he sees from his new window – not the soldiers, secretaries, and other staff that his dad, now called the Commandant, assumes he means:

‘No, not them,’ said Bruno. ‘The people I see . . . in the huts, the distance. They’re all dressed the same.’

‘Ah, those people,’ said Father, nodding his head and smiling slightly. ‘Those people . . . well, they’re not people at all, Bruno.’

Bruno frowned. ‘They’re not?’ he asked, unsure what Father meant by that.

‘Well, at least not as we understand the term,’ Father continued. ‘But you shouldn’t be worrying about them right now. They’re nothing to do with you. You have nothing whatsoever in common with them. Just settle into your new home and be good, that’s all I ask.’ (p. 53)

What being ‘good’ means and its corollary, what ‘people’ are, is explored with extraordinary brilliance by Boyne, as it also is in a very different way by Glatshiteyn. Both of these children’s writers are fundamentally concerned with language itself, and with everything that follows from a rigorous understanding of the Word’s implications.

Universally important subjects – family life, friendship, empathy, innocence and experience (in Blake’s sense), mortality, conventional pressures, the meaning of silence in the face of shocking provocation, ritual madness, bullying, violence, mindless Orwellian group-think, and other terrifying threats to the common good of humanity – assume centre stage. If the word masterpiece is sparingly used, as it is by children raised as I was, it applies perfectly to both novels.

In *Emil and Karl* the voices of two 9-year-old boys, Jewish and gentile, best friends, have near-equal prominence. We see them becoming orphans in Vienna in 1938. As utterly bewildered by what is going on around them as Bruno and Shmuel are, they are compelled by unfathomable violence to leave their homes. Terrified by threatening men in uniforms who have attacked their mothers in their presence and taken away their fathers,

they fend for themselves, defenceless, like ‘thousands of other Austrian children.’ Sleeping at first in a dark cellar, being found and surreptitiously fed by a neighbourly janitor and his wife until they mysteriously disappear and leave totally empty dwellings behind them, the boys find solace with one another.

Rescued by a couple in the Resistance (never named) called Hans and Matilda, who are prepared to lose their lives for the sake of Truth, Emil and Karl nonetheless experience a series of horrors: e.g. Jews in a public park compelled by officers to behave like animals; a drunken train signalman who speaks to them about what he has stolen from Jews (since, he says, Jews always have money and 3 or 4 of the same material objects like suits or watches, easily replaced); and, most important, Hans’s feigned craziness, dramatised by mad somersaults and the repeated laughing scream ‘Heil!’

Both novels are extraordinary page-turners, un-putdownable. As readers, we enter so intimately into every significant moment in the lives of Bruno and Shmuel, Emil and Karl, that the suspense which is a daily feature of their existence becomes ours. Glatshiteyn’s Vienna – described by him well before the Final Solution had been fully implemented or understood

– is uncannily similar to Boyne’s Berlin and Auschwitz.

Underlying the events that make the narratives of both works so compelling to children and adults is the sin of Pride: utter, unfeeling indifference to the lives of Others. Anyone and everyone is deemed an Outsider: someone less human, less capable of thought and feeling, than those with the power to control life and death. The unrestrained violence that follows from what Greek tragedians called *hubris* is of course linked with hideous, egregious failures in *self*-control. The disciplined narratives of Glatshiteyn and Boyne offer an apposite contrast.

Lest we believe that Nazis – including those who were once regular church-goers – are appreciably different from people currently alive in their capacity to deny the reality of other human beings, and to live as if their wishes, their judgments, their way of seeing things is equivalent to Holy Writ, Glatshiteyn and Boyne make it abundantly clear that such a belief is a terrifyingly common form of self-delusion.

Dr Susan Reibel Moore’s prize-winning *What Should My Child Read?* (2nd edition. Five Senses Education, 2002, 60 new authors) was the first book of its kind published in Australia. She is a grandmother who has lived in Sydney for 42 years.

‘New Age’ and the Rise of the ‘Hollow Generation’

THE mankind-without-a-history syndrome has made an impact on the Christian world where graduates of religious schools do not know the most basic Bible stories, the story of either Judaism or Christianity, the story of Western civilization and the United States, the story of art, architecture, philosophy, literature and culture. Religious and cultural amnesia leaves a vacuum that easily falls prey to the manipulation of ideological demagogues. Pol Pot eliminated persons with glasses because they might possibly be intelligent enough to question his sweeping imbecilities. It is not so easy to deceive people who have done their historical homework, and recognize the recurrence of dehumanizing, anti-social and self-destructive ideologies.

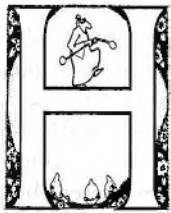
– No Tradition? No Civilization! by Fr. John Navone, S.J.,
Homiletic & Pastoral Review, October 2002.

Death of the Unicorn Man: Requiesat in Pace

CHRISTOPHER NOLAN

[1965-2009]

By RAYMOND ARROYO



HE WAS NOT a media fixture and certainly not one of those writers making appearances at the literary salons. He was a Dublin homebody.

But what an astounding person Christopher Nolan was. Nolan was born with cerebral palsy, could not speak, nor control his extremities. Confined to a wheelchair, he was the type of person our society looks at with pity or largely ignores. Thankfully, his family never saw him that way. They loved him unconditionally, interacted with him and taught him as one would any child. He would go on to school, though no one fully appreciated his mental acuity.

A drug was discovered that allowed Nolan to move one muscle in his neck. (Bono of U2, who attended school with Nolan wrote the song "Miracle Drug" about the boy). At the age of 11 he was equipped with a "unicorn stick" which was fastened to his head. With it Nolan would peck at a typewriter. His mother had to apply pressure to his chin to stabilize the boy's head, allowing him to work his art. It was a torturous process, taking him more than 15 minutes to produce one word on the page. And what words they were.

He published his first book at 15, a collection of poems appropriately titled *Dam-burst of Dreams*. His second book won Britain's "Whitbread Book of the Year:" in 1988. It was called *Under the Eye of the Clock*, a biographical work in which he refers to himself as Joseph Meehan. At one point in the book, Nolan writes of crying upon the realization that he is not like other children:

"Looking through his tears he saw [his mother] bent low in order to look into his eyes. '... Listen here Joseph, you can see, you can hear, you can think, you

can understand everything you hear. You like your food, you like nice clothes, you are loved by me and Dad. We love you just as you are."

"Pussing still, sniveling still, he was listening to his mother's voice. She spoke sort of matter-of-factly but he blubbered moaning sounds. His mother said her say and that was that. She got on with her work while he got on with his crying.

"The decision arrived at that day, was burnt forever in his mind. He was only three years in age but he was now fanning the only spark he saw, his being alive and more immediate, his being wanted just as he was....

"That day looked out through his eyes for the rest of his life. Comfort came in child-like notions, his clumsy body was his, but molested by mother-love he looked lollying looks at his limbs, and liked Joseph Meehan."

Nolan was a Catholic, one who was often frustrated by his inability to open his mouth at communion time. But the mark of his faith is evident in his work.

In *Under the Eye of the Clock* he wrote of Christmas:

"Bells pealed in all the Dublin churches as midnight nudged home its bashful meaning to all the crazy longing. Christ the God-child now breathed a human breath. The Word became flesh and dwelt amongst man. Manger-cradled

the Saviour lay. Midnight Mass marked the moment for Joseph; crested now with knowing, he marvelled at the nobility of the human person."

His mother Bernadette told the *Christian Science Monitor* in the late 80s: "He has shown (people with disabilities) that life is worth living, and it doesn't matter whether you're in a wheelchair or a bed; it's what's going on in your mind and your soul that is important."

Beyond his somersaulting innovation with language, the thing that lingers about Nolan is the improbable miracle of the man himself. I am in awe of the great sacrifices he made each day to share his voice with the world. Each overwhelming obstacle to communication was soberly considered, and ruthlessly overcome. Of writing he once said: "My mind is just like a spin dryer at full speed. My thoughts fly around my skull, while millions of beautiful words cascade down into my lap. Images gunfire across my consciousness and, while trying to discipline them, I jump in awe at the soul-filled bounty of mind's expanse."

How many able bodied people put off their calling, or make needless excuses for doing nothing. The next time those deadening temptations bubble up, we should think of Christopher Nolan. With a stick affixed to his head, in a body he could not control, his mother holding his chin, Nolan managed to produce a book of poetry, a play, a novel, a biography and an incredible witness for us all.

May Christopher Nolan rest in peace.

RAYMOND ARROYO is the news director and lead anchor of EWTN news. As creator and host of the news magazine *The World Over Live*, he is seen in more than 100 million households each week. He has worked at the Associated Press and the *New York Observer*, and for the political columnist team of Evans and Novak. His work has appeared in the *Wall Street Journal*, *The New Yorker*, and many other publications.



Old Foes resurface as Faith wanes

NEW AGE 'CRONES' OR STONE AGE SHAMANS?

By PAUL STENHOUSE



THE Melbourne Savage club was incorporated with the old [and about to be disbanded] Yorick Club in 1894. The skull on the landing of the Savage Club's main stairway still gives unsuspecting visitors a start, not unlike the shock Hamlet received when the gravediggers uncovered 'poor' Yorick's remains. Shallow graves can easily give up their bones.

I shared Hamlet's dismay when, some time ago, I read an article in Brisbane's *Courier Mail* about certain old bones that surfaced recently in Queensland.

The article mentioned the improbable symbiosis between well-known Catholic congregations of nuns and New Age pagan rituals involving pantheism, geomancy, pseudo-science and pseudo-'mysticism' in Metropolitan Brisbane.

'Sacred Circles' and 'Dark Mothers'

Who would have expected 'crone' to be a term of endearment and honour among some female religious in this country? Or to find 'Divine Women' walking around our urban areas, embracing, among others, the 'Dark Mother' that allegedly resides within them as they 'learn how to reunite with [their] beautiful and sometimes lonely inner child'? Not I, for one.

Counselling sessions involving 'Sacred Circles' and honouring 'the ancient and emerging Goddess [sic!]', following the basic ritual format of the contemporary Goddess [sic!] tradition, 'Shamanic practices,' 'Celtic oracles,' and 'mapping out a personal journey based on ancient Immrama or wonder journeys' send us reeling back to the theological drawing board. How, we wonder, can nature-worship,

THE parish of St Mary's South Brisbane has been in the headlines in recent days because New Agers of every religious persuasion and none led by [or leading] Father Peter Kennedy, the former Administrator of St Mary's, are refusing to vacate the sacred building, and defying the Archbishop who up till now has tolerated their religious and irreligious practices. As we go to press the matter is unresolved. Because it throws light on how pervasive New Age/Green Theology is in the Catholic Archdiocese of Brisbane, we reprint here from Annals 1/2003 a longer version of an article that originally appeared in Brisbane's Courier Mail Saturday November 17, 2001.

reincarnation and age-old pagan practices help any women, let alone Catholic women, find 'some direction' for their 'spiritual journeying'. Here we are not in the land of Tolkien or Harry Potter but in another, spiritually ambiguous, world which at best is confusing and at worst can be destructive.

Worshipping Nature

CULMINATING in the 1920s, an assortment of occult and pseudo-scientific ideas coalesced around the idea of a German *Volk* into a romantic nationalism, romantic racism, and a mystical nature-worshipping faith.

— Janet Biehl, *'Ecology' and the Modernization of Fascism in the German Ultra-right*, AK Press. See <http://www.spunk.org/texts/places/germany/sp001630/peter.html>

Terms like 'spirituality' and 'sacred' take on new meaning for these religious women *cum* spirit-guides. Who would have suspected, for instance, that we have 'power animals' that help us 'connect reverently with the earth'? We are offered an introduction 'to the basic techniques of making a shamanic journey to the Other Worlds (Upper, Middle or Lower)'. This 'will not make you a shaman but it will help you to breathe life into your spiritual path, and deepen your mystical yearnings?'

Consulting 'Celtic Oracles' – 'a set of cards based on the symbolism of the sacred trees of the druidic alphabet, the ogham, used in the transmission of hidden or inner knowledge,' seems to this bemused writer to be as appropriate a way for Catholic nuns to be helping women map out their 'personal journey' as ouija-boards, tarot cards and 'spirit-writing'.

New Age? Old Age?

All the above has a familiar ring to it. At the very beginning of her existence, the provincial and nationalistic elements within the Roman Empire started to muster their forces against the Catholic Church.

With the spread of Catholicism to the remote provinces of the Empire we find religious provincialism [analogous to later Protestantism] reacting against the universalist, organised and hierarchical Catholic Church whose central authority lay not in Greece, or Carthage or Scythia or Bithynia or Phrygia but in Rome, and whose doctrines were uniformly taught and believed everywhere.

Historians call these provincial sects by many names – Montanists, Cataphrygians, Pepuzans, Donatists, Arians – but they all shared one feature: they tended to separatism and division, and rejected the doctrinal and moral

HOLLOW, ROOTLESS, HOMOGENIZED

WITHIN the Christian community, the people-without-a-history syndrome has a New Age flavor that abstracts from the historical concreteness of the history of the community. The New Age syndrome surfaces in the stream of abstractions issuing from Catholics who studiously avoid such words as "God," "Jesus," "Father," "Son," "Spirit," "Christian," "Church," "Catholic," "Mass," "sacraments," and the like. The New Age virus has infected the Christian world no less than the rest of the cultural world. No less than Marxism, it represents another manifestation of the people-without-a-history syndrome, anonymous, hollow, rootless, homogenized people without traditions. The existence of Israel, on the contrary, bears witness to the vitality and identity of a people who, despite centuries without a nation, have successfully preserved their identity/tradition.

– 'No Tradition? No Civilization!' by Fr. John Navone, S.J., *Homiletic & Pastoral Review*, October 2002.

unity of the Catholic Church centred on the bishopric of Rome.

The old paganism, meanwhile, lay quietly beneath the surface, waiting its chance to re-assert its control over the minds and hearts of the people. It is not surprising that there should have been such a confrontation between Catholicity and paganism in all its most attractive guises. What is surprising is that so many moderns cannot see beneath many of the movements and doctrines and ideologies that fill our TV screens and newspapers [more often than not quoted approvingly] and recognize them for what they are: revivals of a pre- and anti-Christian paganism. Like Dracula, this ancient cultural force has been lying under myriad forms in dank vaults waiting to be released by the religiously and morally confused, by atheists and 'free-thinkers' or by incautious dabblers in the exotic and the occult.

There is little new about New Age religions other than the name. They are really Old Age religions, if not Stone Age religions. Under all aspects: religious, cultural, economic, political and linguistic, they are reactions against a universal Church on the part of primitive and highly regionalised folk-religions.

'Well, there is a limit ...'

James Fox, in his book *White Mischief*, which tackles the mystery of the death of the Earl of Errol in 1941 in Kenya,

describes an incident at the Muthaiga Club in Nairobi in 1928 when a white hunter was tossed out of the Club. Sir Derek Erskine commented: 'Well, there is a limit, even in Kenya and when someone offers cocaine to the heir of the throne [Edward, Prince of Wales] something has to be done about it, particularly when it is between courses at dinner.'

What would the redoubtable Sir Derek say about courses offered by *Womenspace* to 'young [presumably Catholic] school-age maidens' to help them 'connect [their] menstrual cycle with the energies and phases of the moon?' or to 'tell tales of the moon, sing moon songs, [and] see where the full moon leads us'?

If these courses formed part of exotic rituals under the 'spiritual' guidance of someone like the late Roslyn Norton in Sydney's Kings Cross, parents would be alarmed. When they form part of a programme designed by Catholic sisters 'to shape and challenge our society,' and 'to nurture the growth of a sense of the sacred – whether it be in our understanding of Goddess/God/the Divine, or in our sense of ourselves and our relationship with others, including the cosmos and planet earth and all its beings,' alarm turns to grief.

It's all happened before

One marvels at the way feminist and New Age psycho- and geo-babble

have replaced Catholic doctrine and symbolism in the hearts of responsible people in the 21st century. But like those endless re-runs of old B-C-D-grade movies on TV, it's all happened before.

In 18th century Germany there was the *Hügel und Hain* ['hill and coppice'] movement, whose members met by moonlight, dressed in fanciful robes, bedecked with oak-leaf garlands in quest of the supposed purity of earlier days, and the essence of Germanic culture.² They fell easy prey to the fallacies of the Enlightenment and the horrors unleashed by the French Revolution.

Catholicism had been so insensitively mocked and derided by such as Voltaire that at the height of the French Revolution the religious instinct found all sorts of absurd outlets. 'Bereft of the dogmatic framework of the Church's teaching, society [was] ridiculously prone to any mystical nonsense on offer.'³

When the poet Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock was sent a cane from Boston after the American revolution 'he would invite visitors to his house to kiss it as though it were a fragment of the true cross.'⁴

Rubbing shoulders with pseudo-science, occultism provided a rich hunting ground for charlatans like Giuseppe Balsamo *aka* Count Cagliostro, and the infamous Jacques Casanova de Seingalt, who progressed from seminarian to soldier, violinist, womaniser, magician, alchemist, spy and kabbalist. In this post-Christian era of enlightened atheism people like Lafayette could sit for hours in bubbling vats filled with dubious chemicals holding hands in dimmed interiors with plenty of mirrors and soft music while Friedrich Mesmer drifted about dressed as a children's-party magician waving a wand over his victims.⁵

These were too sophisticated to believe in the teachings of the Catholic Church, but gullible enough to hand out money to any con-artist who promised 'inner peace,' 'eternal youth' or 'oneness with the Divine within you.'

Whatever happened to Advent and Lent?

Coming forward more than 200 years we discover that the 'mystery of

ANNALS AUSTRALASIA

Australia's favourite Catholic magazine since 1889

Give yourself and your family a treat
Subscribe to *Annals Australasia*
The best gift you can give yourself

RATE WITHIN AUSTRALIA

\$33 for one year [10 issues – incl. GST]
\$60.50 for two years [20 issues – incl. GST]

ORDER FORM

To: *Annals Australasia* P.O. Box 13, Kensington NSW 2033

Please mail us *Annals Australasia* for 1 year 2 years

Name

Address

..... Postcode.....

Phone: ()

Payment [Please tick appropriate box]

Cheque made payable to *Annals Australasia*

Please accept \$..... as a donation to *Annals*

Australasia

Please debit my Visa/Master/Bankcard A/c with \$.....

Signature Card expiry Date.....

Name [block letters]

Womenspace' has been made possible by the Presentation Sisters who bought the property, and the Mercy Sisters, who pay the salary of the Sister who is the Chairperson.

Since the 60s, a number of the schools that religious orders of women once ran in the name of Catholicism, vied with one another in becoming pluralistic, ecumenical and post-Vatican II in every way. Their summons to a fresher and greener future without 'absolutist theology,' or 'authoritarian' male clergy, forms the melody line we hear being sung by feminist nuns whose programmes for uplifting

women celebrate the Winter Solstice – not Lent and Easter – and rituals for the Spring Equinox – not Advent or Christmas.

Instead of courses in traditional Catholic theology they offer courses that set out to 'explore the stories of Demeter, Mary, Isis, Diana, Brigid, Kwan-Yin, The Dark Goddesses, Sophia [and] Inanna,' and sing the praises of 'the Celts [who] were closely aligned with the spirits of nature. Druids were trained to observe the movements of nature, as in the flight of the birds, for example. From their observation they could discern signs and omens which

offered guidance in various situations. Instead of Catholic liturgy we find 'rituals honour[ing] the ancient and emerging Goddess.'

If, as some critics of an earlier article I wrote for Brisbane's *Courier Mail* suggested, the courses are intended to be 'holistic' – the word covers a multitude of 'body-therapies,' 'biofeedback,' 'guided imagery,' 'visualization' and the like – and are aimed at a wider audience than Catholic women, then they should be run by New Age ideologues, not Catholic nuns. Unless of course the Catholic nuns are New Age ideologues.

If the latter be the case, then they should seek alternative funding, and dissociate *Womenspace* with its feminist and pagan overtones entirely from the Catholic Church.

I admit to having drawn on the brochures and web-site of *Womenspace* for insights into their workshops and rituals. Men, not surprisingly, have no place in *Womenspace*.

With Sir Derek Erskine [and with apologies to Sts Matthew and Luke], I suggest that there must surely be a limit to what can be tolerated, even in long-suffering Brisbane Catholic Archdiocese. Bishops, priests, religious, parents, teachers, counsellors or 'carers,' who offer those for whom they are responsible, a snake instead of a fish, or stones instead of bread,⁶ or a scorpion instead of an egg,⁷ risk – like the hunter in Nairobi – getting tossed out of the Club.

Annals understands that *Womenspace* still occupies premises purchased by the Presentation Sisters. The Sisters of Mercy appear no longer to be represented on their management committee. *Womenspace* continues to instruct in astrology, tarot reading, numerology, working with animal spirits, Egyptian emotional clearing techniques, learning to balance your energy with seven sacred sounds, etc. On their website, for only \$35, women are offered insights into PaGaian Cosmology – 'an eco-spirituality grounded in indigenous Western religious celebration of the Earth-Sun annual cycle. By linking to story of the unfolding universe this practice can be deepened. And a sense of the Triple Goddess – central to the cycle and known in ancient cultures – may be developed as a dynamic innate to all being.'

1. November 11, 2001
2. Richard Friedenthal, *Goethe, his life and times*, London, 1993, pp. 106, 112.
3. Adam Zamoyski, *Holy Madness*, London, 1999 p.51.
4. G.P.Gooch, *Germany and the French Revolution*, London, 1920, p.36.
5. Zamoyski, op. cit. p.53.
6. Mt 7, 9-10.
7. Lk 11,12.

Violence and self-delusion

LET POSTERITY BE THE JUDGE



THE PRINCE of Seville [Mu'tadid]'s hatred, on the other hand, was an insatiable passion: his victims were pursued by it after their death; he loved to whet his savage appetite by gloating over their mutilated remains. Following the example of the Khalif Mahdi, he caused flowers to be planted in the skulls of his enemies, and set them in the court of his palace. A label attached to each bore the name of its former owner. He often took pleasure in visiting what he called his 'garden'. But the 'garden' did not contain the heads most precious in his sight, namely, those of princes whom he had conquered: these were preserved with great care in a coffer beneath his palace. And yet this monster of cruelty was in his own eyes the best of princes. 'If it is Thy will, O God,' he exclaims in poetic fervour, 'that felicity should be the lot of mortals, suffer me to reign over Arabs and barbarians alike ; for never have I strayed from the right way, never have I treated my subjects save as becometh a generous and magnanimous prince. I have ever shielded them from the aggressor, and turned aside the calamity that threatened them!'

— Reinhart Dozy, *Spanish Islam*, Chatto and Windus, London, 1913, p. 633, describing Abu Amr Abbad bin Muhammad al-Mu'tadid, 1014-1068 AD, ruler of Seville during the alleged *Golden Age of Islam* in Spain. Dozy, a Dutch Protestant, is an acknowledged authority on this period of Spanish history.



MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Cheers

And still they come: surveys of alcohol's evil effects including cancer. The one out of France was an absolute elbow stopper. But your correspondent, having done extensive field-work, has questions inspired by survey computer modelling.

Does the data input include whether the alcohol was contained in plastic or involved preservatives? Does it also take account of whether the alcohol was briskly quaffed or drunk as an accompaniment to a longish meal, mineral water also on the table along with passing port and a cigar?

Your correspondent's co-researcher, admittedly on less field-work, wonders whether the data input included whether the alcohol was mixed with the contraceptive pill or any other oestrogen treatment.

Who funds these surveys: us or them, the latter transnational pharmaceutical companies?

Jones the Q

Back again: the ABC's *Q&A*, Tony Jones presiding with assurance and a tendency to be both conductor and first violin. Critical thought: shouldn't the audience be restricted to those of voting age? Okay, out of the mouth of babes. But school-age participants make you wonder why they're not asleep in bed or reading Harry Potter by torchlight under the blankets.

And surely there are too many active politicians having at each other with naked cliches? Not

a question that survives a second thought: print journalists became the Fourth Estate; television has become the Prime Time Parliament, Congress or whatever.

Hyperbole? Consider television-made politicians. Ronald Reagan is the outstanding, overseas exemplar. His matriarch, Maggie Thatcher,

another, along with Tony Blair who adopted and adapted much of her policy by branding it New Labor. Barack Obama is yet another.

Locally, Bob Hawke, weeping or rolling-eyed, snarling or incisive, was television made. So, too, was Mark Latham. And as swiftly unmade. On the current, opposing front benches, both Kevin Rudd and Joe Hockey were television made, specifically by the Seven Network's *Sunrise*, Hockey screen-left, the power side, the Mel Doherty side, Rudd on the David (Bald Eagle) Koch side.

Belatedly – and it is proof positive of his continuing ambition – Peter Costello has caught on, his gratuitously criticised smirk replaced by the grin of a winner, a veteran, reading the game and awaiting his moment to take the highest mark.

Malcolm Turnbull has a commanding presence. But, like his party tactics in trying to checkmate Costello, he can be too clever by half. On television he displays an inimitable style particularly in encounters with the ABC's Kerry O'Brien on *The 750 Report*.

O'Brien is meticulous in addressing him as, 'Mr Turnbull.' Invariably Turnbull's response begins, 'Kerry..'

Speak Up

CHRISTIANS IN GENERAL and Catholics in particular do not, and should not, seek to 'force' their religious beliefs on society. But working to form the public conscience is not coercion any more than teaching the difference between poison and a steak is a form of bullying. Actively witnessing to and advancing what we believe to be true about key moral issues in public life is not 'coercion.' It's honesty. And it's also a duty – not only of faith but of citizenship.

– Archbishop Charles J. Chaput, O.F.M. Cap. *"Why We're Here"*



The result: Turnbull sounds like an omniscient headmaster patiently addressing an ignorant, albeit tough, schoolboy. Taunting – and it doesn't pay to taunt a member of the Fourth Estate during questions in the Prime-Time Parliament.

Money. Money

Various more or less distinguished executives, male and female, have been criticised for the Midas on Everest level of their financial packages. Rightly. When high-flying tycoon Richard Branson and below the radar operator Warren Buffett join the popular chorus something is rotten in the state of Mammon.

What the criticism lacks is historical context. The assumption is that executive package growth is of recent origin. Not so. Its modern roots go back to 1941 when James Burnham published *The Managerial Revolution*. In this, he put the view that control was passing from politicians and capitalists to trained administrators and technicians.

While the French – if they had time to during World War II – may have wondered what was new about trained administrators, America, then still neutral, took to the notion and, during and after the war, propagated it liberally.

The unintended consequence, through an *entente* between supposedly independent boards and the trained administrators, both became plutocratic in their expectations, each gearing up t'other's packages despite in-built conflict of interest. This, ironically, while working behind a screen of righteous opposition to trade unions seeking living wages for their members.

Salter Chips

David (*Media Watch*) Salter has been a most perceptive critic of print, radio and television. How about *The Week*, the magazine of which he is editor-in-chief? It is encyclopedic with news and current events from round the world, so encyclopedic it is difficult to do it justice.

Chum Meaty Bites for news-hounds?

Myth's End?

Has the plight of the Royal Bank of Scotland killed the stereotype of the canny Scot, fox-brained in the spread-sheet version of double-entry book-keeping, hound-quick on the scent of profit?

True, the bank's losses are humungous. They are not, as reports have suggested, the worst in Scotland's history. In real terms that distinction goes to the Company of Scotland, launched in 1695 to counter the naval dominance and sea-faring mercantile success of England by establishing a settlement on the Isthmus of Panama. Objective: trade with the Indies via a landlink between the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard.

Five years later, the Darien Scheme was a disaster due to terrain, disease, withdrawal of England's investment and its refusal to aid the settlement, the crowns of England and Scotland then being united but not their parliaments or respective grandees.

Irrelevant? The multiplier of loss was a mix of avarice, bad planning and patriotism. Irrelevant? The promoter of the Company of Scotland was William Paterson, also founder of the Bank of England. In 1715, the British Government indemnified him for his Darien losses, an indemnity not bestowed on Scotland's Maw 'n' Paw investors.

The indemnity was arguably history's first golden parachute, not quite matched by Royal Bank of Scotland's chief executive Fred Goodwin and his million-dollar-plus annual, life pension (under review).

The Challenge of being Catholic

IN A world where so many people are not aware of the beauty of the truth and the joy of being Christian, the church relies on laypeople to share "the treasure of grace and holiness, charity, doctrine, culture and works that make up the Catholic tradition."

– Pope Benedict XVI, Address to the Pontifical Council for the Laity, November 15, 2008

Sunnyside Up

Give the poor, rich guy Sol Trujillo a break. He gets head-hunted on behalf of a recently privatised government cash-cow, Telstra. His contract ensures a generous share of the golden milk. Just in time to avoid Australian tax, he ends his contract and heads home to the US where his milk will doubtless be welcome for Republican



The Father of the Gothic Revival, and his influence in Australia

AUGUSTUS PUGIN

By KEVIN HILFERTY



WHEN the first of Australia's pioneer bishops, Bede Polding OSB of Sydney (1794-1877), and Robert Willson of Hobart Town (1794-1866), arrived from England they brought with them embroidered silk vestments, complete altars and fine metalwork, including chalices and monstrances, all of which had been designed by their friend, the architect and originator of the Gothic revival, Augustus Pugin.

They also had Pugin's designs for churches and chapels and Willson even had three small-scale models of those which would in time be built in Tasmania.

The importance of Pugin's work and concepts has become more widely recognised worldwide and a few years ago a travelling exhibition *Creating a Gothic Paradise: Pugin in the Antipodes* toured Australian galleries and museums. This contained more than 280 exhibits including furniture, embroidered silk textiles, carved stonework, metalwork, books, ceramics, paintings and engravings, documents, photographs and drawings. The multi-talented Pugin had them made at the Birmingham factory of John Hardman & Co, of which he was chief designer.

Pugin, born in London in 1812 to a French-born draughtsman, architect and water-colourist Auguste and his wife Catherine Welby, had become famous for his commission from the architect of the Houses of Parliament, Sir John Barry, to create the Gothic interiors and furniture of the Palace of Westminster and design the great clock tower of Big Ben and for churches, monasteries and cathedrals. He is also credited with developing the style of the modern self-contained suburban family home which spread across the world and his work

In the July 2008 issue of Annals Australasia, Roger Sandall reviewed a book on the life and achievements of the architect Augustus Welby Northmore Pugin: God's Architect: Pugin and the Building of Romantic Britain, by Rosemary Hill. Regular contributor Kevin Hilferty draws on this book and other sources for this account of Pugin's influence on architecture in Australia.

foreshadowed the creation of the Arts and Craft movement.

Even as a child Pugin showed considerable talent as a designer and a passion for mediaeval architecture. When he was 12 his father took him to Paris to study Gothic architecture and at 15 he was commissioned to design the Gothic furniture for King George IV's refurbishment of Windsor Castle.

His reverence for the faith which had built the great cathedrals, monasteries and alms-houses of the Middle Ages, led him to become a Catholic in his early twenties. With Catholic emancipation

in Britain, there was a demand for new churches, and Pugin was commissioned to design many of these. Polding and Willson met Pugin at the consecrations and openings of these buildings.

Dr Polding arrived in Sydney in September 1835 and found the original St Mary's Cathedral far from finished, despite the efforts of the Irishman Father John Joseph Therry, but with limited support from the colonial governors. Pugin's churches for Polding and Willson would not be built for many years.

In 1843 Polding visited Rome to discuss the creation of new dioceses and to be consecrated as Archbishop and in England he again met Pugin. In a letter to Father Therry dated April 4, 1843, Polding wrote: "I am in daily expectation of eight bells of St Mary's; the biggest weighs nearly 40 cwt (635 kg). What a delightful thing it will be to hear the angelus announced. The tower I will set about, and also the lengthening of the Metropolitan Church so soon as I have the funds. The plan of the tower, which must be built with great skill by reason of the continued vibration of the bells, I shall receive very shortly from Mr Pugin, the celebrated architect."

Polding had requested the appointment of the English priest Robert Willson as bishop for Hobart Town, but Willson had twice declined the Pope's offer of the bishopric in the remote penal colony then still known as Van Diemen's Land. He eventually accepted it but set Polding two conditions: that the new diocese be free of debt and that Father Therry, Vicar-General there since 1835, be recalled before the new bishop arrived as he was aware of Therry's difficult nature. Polding accepted Therry's claim that there was no debt and agreed to Willson's conditions but did nothing to enforce them.

Willson was the brother of Pugin's



Portrait of Pugin by John Rogers Herbert, 1845. Courtesy of the Palace of Westminster. Photo: George M. Carbutt

close friend and collaborator, the builder Edward Willson, and the architect was delighted to help him in his difficult new mission. In a letter to his patron, the Earl of Shrewsbury, in January 1844, Pugin wrote (spelling and grammar were not among his skills) that he had provided Willson with “40 large chasubles!!! Several tombs 2 altars compleat, fonts &c & 3 models of small churches all to take to pieces with the roofs &c framed, simple buildings that can easily be constructed.” The bishop took these things on the five-month voyage to Hobart Town.

All Willson’s fears were to be realised. On his arrival, he found that Therry was in full control and had organised the predominantly Irish congregation against him. Therry had gone on a spending spree, incurring a debt of 3000 pounds on St Joseph’s church alone, and refused to hand over church property unless the bishop accepted responsibility for his debts. Polding promised to settle the problem but did nothing and the dispute dragged on for almost 20 years, embittering all concerned and numerous court hearings revealing that Therry was a wealthy man.

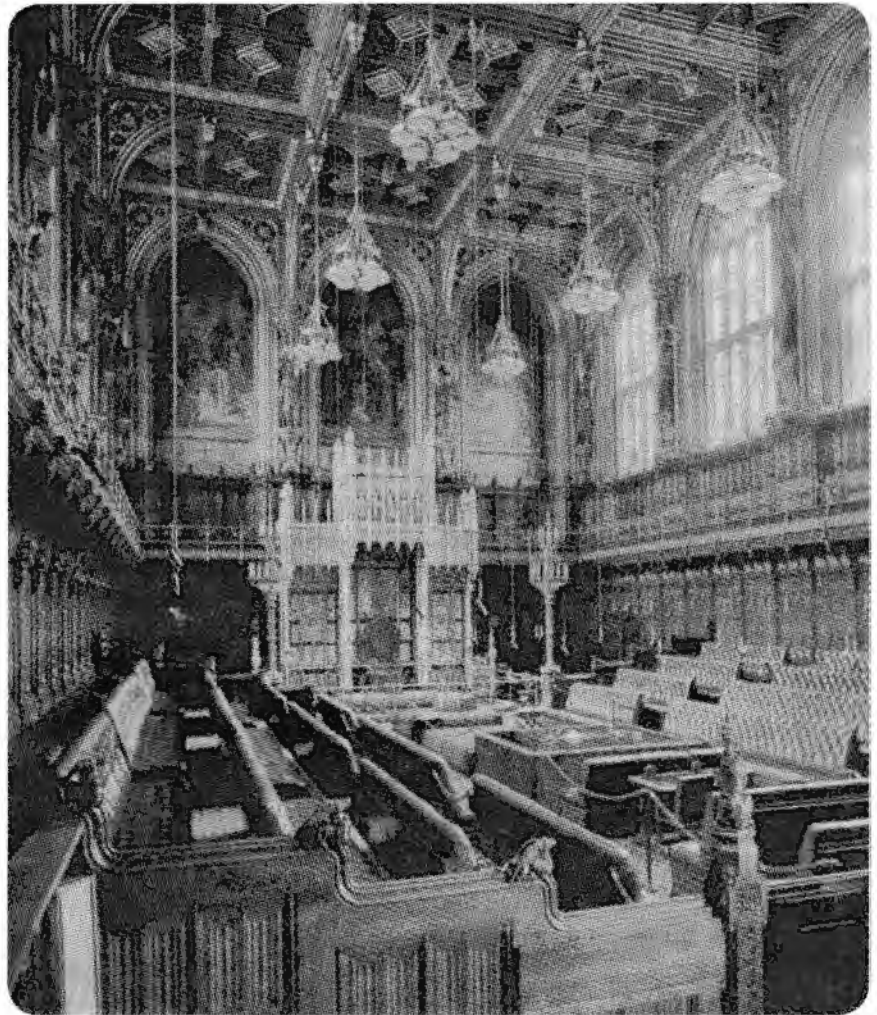
Back in England again Archbishop Polding was present at the opening of Pugin’s church of St Giles, in Cheadle, Cheshire, in September 1846. The design of this church was to be widely copied by architects across the English-speaking world over the next century and their copies can be seen in every Australian suburb and country town.

Pugin’s last months were clouded by illness and the exhausting demands of his life’s work. He died in the home he had built beside one his churches in Ramsgate, Kent, aged 40, in 1852.

The original St Mary’s was destroyed by fire on June 29, 1865. Among the many treasures lost in the blaze was a fine organ case by Pugin.

Pugin’s Australian churches were built over the years, but few remain in their original state. In Sydney the triple-gabled church of St Benedict’s, Broadway, was built between 1845 and 1856 and was shortened and widened in 1942 to make way for the widening of Broadway. It is now the chapel for the Broadway campus of Notre Dame University.

In Brisbane, St Stephen’s Chapel, a small two-compartment church next



Interior of the House of Lords. Courtesy of the Palace of Westminster.
Photo: George M. Carbutt

to St Stephen’s Cathedral in Elizabeth Street, was built 1849-1850 and restored in 1999.

At Berrima, in the NSW southern highlands, St Francis Xavier’s Church was built 1849-51. This small two-compartment church is substantially unaltered. Brian Matthews of the Tasmanian Museum and Art Gallery, who curated the Pugin exhibition, describes this church as “the most perfect Pugin”: and adds: “It looks as if it has been picked up by helicopter from somewhere in the English countryside and dumped in the middle of Australia.”

The parish church of Balmain, Sydney, St Augustine of Hippo, was built to Pugin’s design 1849-51 but with a tower and spire substituted for the western bellcote. Subsequent alterations have seen further changes and additions.

The parish church of Ryde, Sydney, St Charles Borromeo, was built 1855-57. Much of the church was demolished

in 1934 and a larger building created, incorporating the old nave columns and arches.

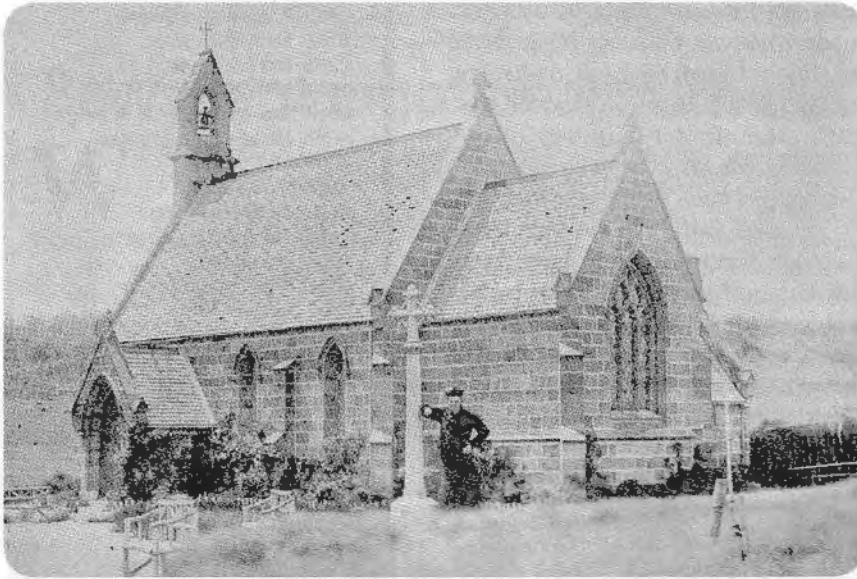
St Patrick’s Church (now Cathedral) at Parramatta, western Sydney, was built 1854-81 but all was demolished except for the tower and spire in 1935 to make way for a larger church. This was destroyed by fire in 1996 but was repaired and rebuilt by 2003.

The three small churches Pugin designed in 1843 for Bishop Willson of Hobart Town are:

St Patrick’s Church, Colebrook, constructed from Pugin’s detailed scale model, 1856-57;

St Paul’s Church, Oatlands, a small two-compartment church constructed from a scale model 1850-51;

St John the Evangelist’s Church, Richmond, built in 1859 using details derived from Pugin’s scale model. Pugin designed the baptismal font in 1843 and had it carved by men employed by his builder, George Myers.



St Paul's Catholic Church Oatlands, Tasmania 1860s. Unidentified photographer.

Bishop Willson returned to England and died there in 1866; he is buried in Pugin's cathedral of St Barnabas, Nottingham. His old antagonist Father Therry returned to Sydney in 1856 and became parish priest of Balmain where church and presbytery had been built to a Pugin design. He died in the presbytery in 1864 and was buried in the Devonshire Street cemetery, later closed to make way for Central Station. His body was reburied in the crypt of St Mary's not far from the tomb of Polding who died in Sydney in 1877.

On the priest's tomb are carved the words Here Lie the Remains of the Venerable Archpriest John Joseph Therry, Founder of St Mary's. In 1856 Therry had given 2000 pounds to the Cathedral building fund and in his will he left 1500 pounds towards rebuilding the burned-out Cathedral and a considerable sum to help the Jesuits become established in Australia.

The Australian link with Pugin was to continue. In 1843 Pugin had met a young London architect and engineer, William Wilkinson Wardell, who was engaged on surveying for projected railway lines. Wardell became Pugin's disciple and developed an interest in Gothic revival architecture. When not surveying for railways across England, he devoted his spare time to surveying and measuring mediaeval buildings. Under the influence of Pugin and John Henry (later Cardinal) Newman, Wardell became a Catholic and between 1846 and 1857 he designed some 30 Catholic churches.

In 1848 the Redemptorists commissioned him to design for them a large church, Our Immaculate Lady of Victories, on Clapham Common, South London, which owed much to Pugin's ideas. Wardell also designed another large church, Sts Mary and Michael in Commercial Road, Whitechapel, East London.

In the last months of Pugin's life he was engaged on selecting material from the Great Exhibition of 1850 (for which he had been a Commissioner) to go into a museum, now the Victoria and Albert. He was also designing the furniture and fittings for the Palace of Westminster. But he accepted a commission for the fittings for Wardell's church at Greenwich, Our Lady Star of the Sea.

Ill health caused Wardell to migrate to Australia. He settled in Melbourne and in 1859 was appointed chief architect of the Victorian Department of Works and Buildings and was later promoted to Inspector General of Public Works with the right of private practice.

While still with Public Works, Wardell was appointed to design in Gothic revival style and supervise the construction of St Patrick's Cathedral, Melbourne. He also designed many Catholic churches in Melbourne.

Another Gothic revival project based on Pugin's ideas was the design and construction of St John's College within the University of Sydney. But he resigned in 1860 after falling out with the College council and the work

was completed to Wardell's design by Edmund Blackett.

Wardell's other major Gothic revival project, awarded in 1865, was to design and supervise construction of the new St Mary's Cathedral, Sydney, and construction began in 1866, with the architect travelling regularly from Melbourne.

He took up full-time private practice when the financially troubled Victorian government dismissed him and other professional staff in 1878 and Archbishop Polding influenced him to move to Sydney. Wardell died at his home, Upton Grange, North Sydney, in 1899 when the Cathedral was still unfinished. His son, Herbert Wardell, was given the task of completing his father's great work, but the project was given to Hennessy and Hennessy.

Rosemary Hill records another intriguing link between the Pugin family and Tasmania. This relates to Frederick Hugh Thomas, supposedly Pugin's illegitimate half-brother, the son of Auguste Pugin and the poet Margaret Harries, who lived near Pugin and his wife in Bloomsbury. At age 15 in 1834, Thomas was convicted of stealing a hat and sentenced to transportation to Van Diemen's Land. In 1846 he was taken on as a clerk by the architect William Kay and developed a career in the Public Works Department; he was granted a conditional pardon in 1852.

In December 1852 Bishop Willson wrote to him asking "on what terms would you undertake the carrying out of Mr Pugin's design" for a church in Hobart. Thomas replied to Willson on January 14 1853 expressing his admiration for the "master spirit of the late and lamented Pugin" and accepted the work. Rosemary Hill says it seems plausible that Thomas and Pugin were really half-brothers and that Thomas should complete a Pugin church in Hobart was a coincidence of Dickensian proportions.

Rosemary Hill's *God's Architect, Pugin and the Building of Romantic Britain*, published by Allen Lane, won the 2008 £5000 Elizabeth Longford Prize for historical biography. The hardback edition retails here for \$69.95 and the paperback for \$29.95. The Pugin Foundation in Australia has an interesting website with information about Pugin on <http://www.puginfoundation.org/pugin/> and another website with photographs and details about his Australian buildings on <http://www.puginfoundation.org/buildings/>

A little-known pioneer of Australian Music Theatre, and Religious Music

ANNE THÉRÈSE CLARKE/PART II

By John Colborne-Veel



ANNE Thérèse Clarke arrived in Hobart from London as an assisted immigrant in 1833. For seven years she worked as a respected theatrical performer, then, after managing the Royal Victoria Theatre for a time, decided to sail to London to engage a first-rate professional cast with the intention of bringing them back to Australia as assisted immigrants. Mrs Clarke succeeded and her enterprise, foresight and imagination literally enhanced and changed the face of Australian music theatre.

There are no recorded details of Mrs Clarke's time in London or of the long sea voyage there and back. But immigrant ships with more than 200 passengers in open accommodation with no privacy were not renowned for their comfort. Suffice to say that, for four months, from the time they

left Gravesend until their ship dropped anchor at Hobart, Mrs Clarke and her company would have been confined (unless becalmed and stifling hot) to a heaving, pitching, airless damp hell hole.

Contemporary accounts show that on 1840s immigrant ships it was dangerous to move around without hanging on to something; there was only one galley and few amenities, so much of the day was taken up with standing in endless queues; many immigrants spent days just lying down trying to blot out the high pitched thunderous cacophony of wind and waves combined with the groaning and creaking of a ship undersail.

After exactly twelve months away Mrs Clarke arrived back in Hobart in February 1842 with a star cast of all-rounders and a large library of the latest operas, plays, farces and melodramas from London. What Mrs

Clarke and her patrons called operas were different from what is known as opera today. English Opera at that time was closely related to what we now call *musicals* (topical plays in English with lots of songs); it was popular theatre and there was no snobbishness attached to either seeing it or performing it.

On her arrival in Hobart Mrs Clarke announced that the reason for her trip to England had been, "For the purpose of selecting such constituent members of a company as might enable me to offer a miniature of those theatrical entertainments which have reached a popularity so generally in the Mother-country."

Hobart's first chance to evaluate Mrs Clarke's new company was at a concert in the Argyle Rooms on February 11 1842. The public were invited to hear, "Some of the new and popular music as now performed at the London concerts." The concert was followed up with a series of 'Theatrical Olios' and 'Musical Melanges' at which every singing, acting, dancing and instrumental talent that the various performers possessed was pressed into service.

Through all this activity Mrs Clarke had to make do with the Argyle rooms, a proper theatrical presentation of her performers having been delayed because the Royal Victoria was leased to another company operated by her former ticket seller and usher F B Watson. Early in March, Mrs Clarke countered by fitting out the Argyle Rooms as a theatre. She renamed the rejuvenated venue The Albert Theatre.

At last, the Company, starring Mrs Clarke, Mrs Stirling (Theodosia Yates), Signor Carandini, Frank and John Howson, Mrs F Howson and Miss Emma Young made their Australian debut as a theatre troupe on March 29 at the 'Albert' with a programme that featured Charles Dibdin's opera 'The Quaker' (1777) dances and musical items as well

Answers that raise Questions

Who was Muhammad? Muhammad was born in 570 and orphaned as a young child. As he grew up people noticed that he was a truthful, generous and sincere person. He was deeply religious and contemplative. He was known as a fair arbitrator. According to Islamic belief when Muhammad was forty years old he received his first revelation from God through the Angel Gabriel. His revelations continued for 23 years. The revelations were written down and formed the Islamic holy book or Qur'an (Koran). The Qur'an has passages very similar to the Hebrew and Christian scriptures, plus unique revelations that Muhammad received.

Do Christians believe in Muhammad? Christians recognize Muhammad as a great religious leader. The Catholic Church has a high regard for Muslims.

- Information prepared by Sister Beryl Amedee of the Brisbane [Australia] Catholic Commission for Ecumenism and Interfaith Relations regarding Muslims and Related Issues. September 2001.

as scenes from the play, Jack Sheppard (1839).

The company were an extremely hardworking, versatile and resourceful bunch of people. Everything they needed on the stage had to be supplied by them. Costumes, props, sets, musical arrangements and a multitude of other paraphernalia all had to be either acquired, designed, cut out, nailed, sewed or painted by the performers, who were also expected to diligently learn their parts and take part in Mrs Clarke's painstaking rehearsals. The company performed twice a week on Monday and Friday nights.

Naturally all in the company could turn their hand to whatever skills were required, singing, acting, dancing and an assortment of odd jobs but, some of the principals' special talents deserve a mention.

Frank Howson, a baritone, was Mrs Clarke's stage manager. Apart from being a capable director with a vast knowledge of English opera he was also a multi instrumentalist who would knock out a few numbers on the trombone if the occasion arose. His brother John, a tenor (also from the Drury Lane Co.), was an arranger and composer.

Soprano Theodosia Yates (Nellie Stewart's mother), could write out whole operas from memory – a skill she had learned as a young girl while working as chorus mistress at Drury Lane – and Mrs Clarke made good use of her skill.

Exiled Italian nobleman Jerome Carandini, a counter tenor from the Modena Opera House who specialised in linguistics, was also a fine dancer and ballet director.

In July, Mrs Clarke took control of the Royal Victoria and after installing extra boxes had the theatre refurbished so that she could mount full-scale productions. The opening season at the Royal Victoria would seem to be one of the highlights of her career and her achievements were widely proclaimed by both the press and the public. With an orchestra that included almost every musician in Hobart, under the direction of Mr Leffler, the Royal Victoria was opened with a performance of Boieldieu's comic opera 'John of Paris' on July 11 1842. The Cornwall Chronicle observed on the July 16 1842 that, 'Her Company is in toto very superior.'

Another View of History

WHEN HISTORY was taught properly, the sequence was usually organized by chapter headings that read something like "Ancient Civilizations," "Greece and Rome," "the Dark Ages," "the Middle Ages," "Renaissance and Reformation," "the Age of Reason," "the Age of Revolution," "the Age of Science," "the Space Age," or some such. From a Christian perspective, however, that is history read on its surface. For there is another way to schematize the human story. Its chapter headings would run something like this: "Creation," "Fall," "Promise," "Prophecy," "Incarnation," "Redemption," "Sanctification," "Proclamation," "the Kingdom of God." That story – the biblical story, if you will – does not, however, run parallel to the "real" story as taught in the history textbooks. The story that begins with "Creation" and culminates in "the Kingdom of God" is the human story, read in its proper depth and against its most ample horizon. For the central truth of history is that history is His-story: the story of God's coming into time and our learning to take the same path that God takes toward the future.

– George Weigel. "The Christian Story and the World's Story." *The Catholic Difference* (November 5, 2008).

By October 7, 1842, the praise was still rolling in and 'The True Colonist' noted that, "The Colony is indebted to Mrs Clarke for introducing a better class of performer and a superior style of management." And it would seem from the report that respectable families were now prepared to attend Mrs Clarke's theatre.

The bubble seems to have burst when Frank Howson chose to premier Auber's *Fra Diavolo* for his Benefit night and, not to be outdone, his brother John made the mistake of introducing *La Sonnambula* by Bellini for his. The Hobart Town Courier October 14 1842 was not impressed with Bellini's opera

"The music was too scientific to render it generally popular; and to be really enjoyed, there are many requisites which our little company could not command – a very extensive and perfect orchestra – a first rate operatic company – a powerful and well drilled chorus – are absolutely necessary for such an opera; add to which the audience should possess no small musical skill and knowledge of composition. It will easily be imagined, under these circumstances, *La Sonnambula* passed off rather heavily."

The Courier's criticism, with its superficial knowledge of music and

suggestion of ludicrous qualifications that an audience would need to enjoy Bellini's opera, must have been written by someone with an axe to grind (probably the only musician who missed out on being in the orchestra on the company's opening night).

Mrs Clarke was an astute manager, before leaving England the performers were bound over to work for her for three years. In turn she was obliged to find work for them. Naturally, under the circumstances, she could not afford to trifle with public taste so the Howsons' 'Fra Diavolo' – 'La Sonnambula' experiment was abandoned in favour of a mixture of English opera, melodrama, farce burlesque and concerts of popular music.

Having successfully established her company and presented the latest 'new and popular music' from London Mrs Clarke set about capitalising on her investment with a series of performances in both Hobart and Launceston.

[Next Issue: Romance and Adversity in the company]

JOHN COLBORNE-VEEL is a regular contributor to *Annals*. For six years President of the Fellowship of Australian Composers, John is a distinguished jazz musician, composer and librettist.

Samson and Delilah

Confusing title, but writer/director Warwick Thornton may have been trying to avoid comparison with the Will Shakespeare work, *Romeo and Juliet*, already over-covered.

This has not prevented Thornton producing an Aboriginal romance as gritty and substantial as a damper straight from the ashes of an outback campfire. His actors in the title roles, Rowan McNamara and Marissa Gibson, are novices. They give performances of fine maturity in which toughness mixes with tendernesses in a landscape of hard-rock violence, booze and petrol sniffing.

Dead-end. Or so it seems. But Thornton shows what sustains the couple – especially Delilah: a stubborn sense of their native culture allied to the virtue of fortitude engendered by a compatible belief, the latter depicted with a power in inverse proportion to the absolutely basic economy of its symbolism: the cross.

MA15+★★★★NFFV

Blindness

No gore. No gross disfigurement. No zombies. Yet from Nobel Prize laureate Jose Saramago's novel, director Fernando Meirelles and scriptwriter Don McKellar have drawn a movie of compelling horror.

Saramago's premise was simple: a modern city stricken with a plague of contagious blindness, early sufferers including the Doctor (Mark Ruffalo) and the Doctor's Wife (Julianne Moore) confined in a disused lunatic asylum.

They move not in darkness but in a light equivalent to a blizzard white-out due to cinematographer Cesar Charlone's skill. How in different ways the sufferers react to their fate forms the narrative.

Saramago has built in a safety-twist which Meirelles and McKellar wisely retain. And Julianne Moore uses the twist to superlative effect. Others in a fine ensemble cast are Danny Glover and Gael Garcia Bernal.

MA15+★★★★NFFV

Frozen River

is a people smuggler's backdoor in Mohawk tribal land on the United States-Canadian border. And a

MOVIES

By JAMES MURRAY

temptation for Ray Eddy (Melissa Leo) struggling to make real her plan to provide a better home for her two sons. Not a big plan: merely a pre-fabricated house; the obstacle, banal: her rambling, gambling husband has scarpereed with their deposit.

The debut feature movie of writer/director Courtney Hunt, it began as one of her poems and was shot in 24 days on a budget of \$US 1 million. She catches a usually unremarked aspect of a life such as Ray Eddy's: her home is rented, small, but it contains a flat-screen TV perpetually showing cartoons, a fridge, a microwave oven, a food-mixer and she and her husband shared a couple of cars.

Oh, she also smokes and has a mobile phone. But she is poor, not African or Indian poor, American, working poor, relying on the part-time wages of a supermarket cashier. What she needs is a chunk of change.

How she tries to get it in the menacing, snow-bound landscape

Credo

AT THIS POINT I reveal myself in my true colours, as a stick-in-the-mud. I hold a number of beliefs that have been repudiated by the liveliest intellects of our time. I believe that order is better than chaos, creation better than destruction. I prefer gentleness to violence, forgiveness to vendetta. On the whole I think that knowledge is preferable to ignorance, and I am sure that human sympathy is more valuable than ideology. I believe that in spite of the recent triumphs of science, men haven't changed much in the last two thousand years; and in consequence we must still try to learn from history.

-Sir Kenneth Clarke, *Civilisation*, 1971 ed. With thanks to Roger Sandall.
http://www.rogersandall.com/Spiked_By-the-Skin-of-our-Teeth.php

through a happenstance alliance with Mohawk Lila Littlewolf (neophyte Misty Upham) makes for enthrallment and shows Melissa Leo to be one of her generation's greatest screen players..

MA15+★★★★NFFV

Knowing

turns on a diamond of an idea by Ryne Douglas Pearson. In 1959 a time capsule is buried at an American primary school. When opened on the day before yesterday, it is found to contain a screed of numbers.

What do the numbers mean? Astrophysicist John Koestler (Nicolas Cage) aims to find out when they reach him through his son, Caleb (Chandler Canterbury).

Director Alex Proyas is not one to spare the uncanny. And his quintet of co-writers Pearson, Stuart Hazeldine, Juliet Snowden, Stiles White and Simon Duggan give him plenty, including one of those spooky weatherboard houses that go back to Hitchcock's *Psycho*.

Cage does baffled scepticism turning to appalled belief. He is aided by Diana Wayland (Rose Byrne) and her daughter Lucinda (Lara Robinson) both with links to the screed's original writer.

Phil Beckman, Koestler's brother-in-law, is played by Ben Mendelsohn. To add to the Australian trio, and to key crew members, Melbourne stands in for Boston.

Early scenes, shot by Richard Learoyd on the latest, lightweight, digital Red One Camera, are seemingly untoppable enough to make the maestro of movie cataclysm, Jerry Bruckheimer, reach for his ear-muffs while munching comfort-food popcorn.

To no avail. Mysterious strangers lurk around Caleb and Lucinda. The earth moves. Or at least the cinema shakes. The ultimate catastrophe conjures visions of biblical validity beyond any global economic crisis even as described by the World Chorus of Doomsters.

No hope? Well, the children are given white rabbits. And white rabbits never die. For some the ending may be reminiscent of Spielberg's, *Brief Encounters of the Third Kind*. Others may recall an older story: the chariot of fire that took the prophet Elijah from the earth.

TBA★★★★NFFV

The Changeling

There may have been better actors, writers, composers, directors and producers. No one in movie history has bettered Clint Eastwood in all five roles. His latest, exhibited movie is further proof of his pre-eminence.

He and scriptwriter Michael Straczynski have taken an episode from the history of Los Angeles (Sydney of the North); it involved a lost boy and what happened when his mother Christine Collins (Angelina Jolie) tried to find him while the local cops went for a quick, political fix through detective JJ Jones (Jeffrey Donovan).

The 1920s-30s period detail is meticulous, the pace slow but as tense as fate. Eastwood uses Donovan's Irish charm to set up an expectation of romance. But here is a cop – superlative casting against type – ready to do whatever it takes to provide the desired fix.

This, even though it involves ignoring a coincidental case of serial kidnapping plus appalling deception and lunatic-asylum treatment of Christine Collins (a name hinting at a back-story Eastwood prefers to omit).

Impossible to avoid John Malkovich playing the Presbyterian minister Gustav Briegleb who saved Collins. Compelling – except for a subversive wig and moustache that make him look like Vincent Price, late, lamented master of schlock-horror.

Jolie's casting is even less apt. No failure of ability But so exotic is her beauty she is not totally credible. Nor does her off-screen, rag-mag celebrity help. Stars, ancient and modern, who avoid the hype-light do themselves and cinema-goers a favour.

MA15+★★★★NFFV

The Class (Entre les Murs)

looks like a documentary, sounds like a documentary but is an ingenious mix of a high-definition, professional acting and amateur improvisation set in a French high school. Francois Begaudeau, working from his own memoir, is the schoolmaster who takes his mixed-race class, not to the *hautes ecoles*, merely to job-worthy literacy by teaching them, wait for it, French.

Okay, a naif remark from days

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.

struggling with irregular verbs, thinking enviously of lucky French kids, born speaking like Brigitte Bardot or St Vincent de Paul.

M★★★SFFV

A Pain in the Ass (L'Emmerdeur)

Rude title both ways although writer/director Francis Veber begins superlatively with a tense, James-Bondish anti-terrorist sequence – prelude to his trade-mark character Francois Pignon (Patrick Timsit) coming on as an accident-prone photo-journalist intent on winning back his wife (Virginie Ledoyen) from her seducer-pyschiatrist (Pascal Elbe).

Simple, action-packed farce, ample use being made of connecting doors and bedrooms complicated by Pignon becoming suicidal and hired-sniper Ralph Milan (Richard Berry) being compelled to aid him or miss his target.

Veber, usually subtle and understated, seems to be trying for guffaws rather than chuckles. He achieves few of either, and should have been content with the original movie he made 25 years ago.

MA15+★★NFFV

The Uninvited

The Guard brothers, Thomas and Charles, try to bring a fresh directorial approach to the horror genre. They are bravely served by their cast. They include Emily Browning as Anna returned from a psychiatric unit to the

family home (mouldering mansion, natch) where their father (David Strathairn) has taken up with Rachel (Elizabeth Banks), his dead wife's former nurse

Alex (Arielle Kebbell) his other daughter appears to rouse Anna's suspicions about Rachel's part in their mother's death, suspicions intensified by the seeming appearance of her ghost.

Appears, seeming are the clues to the way the Guards and the writing team, Carla Bernard, Dough Miro and Craig Rosenberg, cheat the genre's conventions by obliterating the line between paranoia and reality.

MA15+★★★★NFFV

The Secret Life of Bees

The incomparable Dakota Fanning reverses the showbiz lore about not appearing with children. A child on the cusp of maturity, she dares to contend with Queen Latifah at her most commandingly matriarchal.

Fanning plays Lily Owens, on the run from her harsh father (Paul Bettany) in the deep south accompanied by housekeeper Rosaleen (Jennifer Hudson). Latifah is August, eldest of three Boatwright sisters who control a honey-making business.

Gina Prince-Bythewood directs from her own script-based Sue Monk Kidd's novel in which a label from a jar of Black Madonna Honey links Lily to August and to her dead mother's past.

The Black Madonna motif is extended to a cult where a group of women in their Sunday best say the rosary. Okay, a Madonna giving the black-power, clenched-fist salute is a stretch. But faith, hope and charity drive the movie.

Some critics disagree, seeing it as too honeyed. Predictable. In the production credits Will Smith is listed as a producer and his wife Jada Pinkett Smith as executive producer.

In other words, here are young, African-Americans exploring a hinterland of the heart to show that even before President Lyndon Johnson enacted civil rights, while racist custom still prevailed, some of their forebears had been able to cultivate patches of civilization inspired by family-based forms of Christianity, not moonshine fecklessness and all that jazz.

M★★★NFFV

New in Town

Renee Zellweger is a star like Venus. She rises to brilliant heights in *Chicago* and elsewhere falls dimly. Here she is betwixt and between as Lucy Hill, a high-heeled Miami executive sent north, no, not to Alaska, but to snow-bound Minnesota, where she is supposed to down-size the local yoghurt factory.

On arrival, she is literally blown away but makes it to the factory, and what she calls her executive assistant, Blanche Gunderson (Siobhan Fallon), who responds by saying she thought she was a secretary.

Director Jonas Elmer and writers Ken Rance and CJ Cox have a wry, old time contrasting big city pomposity with small-town matter-of-factness, Lucy finding her high-heel ambition caught between the hobbies of ice-fishing, crow-shooting and boozing (male) and quilting, scrap-books and cooking the local delicacy, tapioca (female).

Trade unionist Ted Mitchell (Harry Connick Jr), a romantic charmer, might seem implausible to those few who do not know of Bob Hawke. What goes a long way to reinforcing the plot is a secret recipe for tapioca pudding. Ah, tapioca. Who would not swap 10 Choc Tops for one serve with strawberry jam.

New in Town is one of those comedies where you regret having seen the trailer because it contains not merely one bit but all the best bits. Recommended on the brass-monkey criterion of see no trailers.

PG★★★SFFV

Rachel Getting Married,

Frothy? Yes, like Guinness, the froth concealing dark, bitter depths which, while intoxicating, leave a hang-over of uncertainty.

Director Jonathan Demme and scriptwriter Jenny Lumet, overdo the faux spontaneity of the garden-wedding rituals. Despite enough guests for a royal wedding, this is essentially a two-hander.

During it – and it is a long *during* – Rachel (Rosemarie DeWitt) and her sister Kym (Anne Hathaway) re-embark on a voyage of sibling rivalry exacerbated by a family secret for which Kym is being treated in a psychiatric unit while self-treating at a kind of Alcoholics Anonymous circle.

Abortion 'The Only Solution'?

IN MARCH at the United Nations (UN), thousands of activists, government officials and UN officials gathered in New York for the annual Commission on the Status of Women (CSW). Norway and Sweden partnered with the International Planned Parenthood Federation to host a panel on "Promoting Sexual and Reproductive Empowerment." Both governments expressed the need to prioritize "sexual and reproductive rights." In his brief address, Norwegian State Secretary Hakon Gulbrandsen proclaimed that "sexual rights are a cornerstone to gender equality" and that "safe abortion is a crucial component of sexual and reproductive rights."

Gulbrandsen criticized "those who claim to be pro-life and yet wish to abolish abortion" as sometimes "abortion is the only solution to premature, unwanted pregnancies."

– Samantha Singson, 'Catholic Church Becomes Punching Bag at Annual UN Conference' Catholic Family and Human Rights Institute, March 5, 2009

Everyone psycho-babbles to such an extent you wonder what happened to the craft of editing. Reconciliation – or its modern equivalent, *closure* – does prevail over a wedding cake in the shape of a blue-iced, Indian elephant.

M★★★NFFV

International

Daft title. Not quite on a level with *Australia*. But down there. Director Tom (*Run Lola, Run*) Tykwer and scriptwriter Eric Warren Singer's thriller plot is, however, by no means daft. On the contrary, it's all too probable: an international bank supplying weaponry finance to a would-be African dictator, not to get control of his country but the servicing of its debts.

As Interpol agent Louis Salinger, Clive Owen has the unkempt, dirty-mac air of the late, great, Peter (*Colombo*) Falk and an anthracite hardness (Query: isn't Interpol strictly an intelligence exchange without active field agents?)

If Naomi Watts, as US district attorney Eleanor Whitman, appears frail by comparison, that's appropriate to her role. Ulrich Thomsen comes on as Jonas Skarssen, the kind of banker you won't see in a friendly-cardigan television

advertisement. Armin Mueller-Stahl is Wilhelm Wexler, an ex-Stasi agent who has hopped aboard the capitalist gravy train. And Brian F O'Byrne is The Consultant (read sniper).

What weaves these characters and the plot-strands together is an automatic firefight of ultra-intensity between Salinger and a team of hired assassins in a Manhattan art gallery.

Look for performance-art imitations everywhere from the National Gallery, Canberra (*Blue Poles* shredded) to the Glasgow Museum and Art Gallery (William Wallace's two-handed sword used with devastating effect).

So what should the movie have been called? No problem: *Gunfight at the Guggenheim*.

MA15+★★★NFFV

He's Not that Into You

Star-dusted cast: Ben Affleck (alphabetical order), the Jennifers, Aniston and Connelly, Scarlett Johansson and Drew Barrymore (despite a producer's credit taking a modest part).

But it is another Jennifer, the relatively unknown Ginnifer Goodwin in the part of Gigi, desperate and dateless, who catalyses this comedy of manners



Coogee
FIRST NATIONAL
REAL ESTATE

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



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

PROPERTY MANAGEMENT • SALES • INVESTMENTS

(or ill-manners) in concert with Jason Long as Alex, a singles-bar manager.

Have director Ken Kwapis and scriptwriters Abby Kohn and Marc Silverstein created a 21st century comedy based on Greg Behrendt and Liz Tuccillo's book? Give us a break. They are into neo-Restoration, working from models provided by William Shakespeare in turn working from the Italian *commedia dell'arte*. (Data from a soft-drink label).

Too long for a romantic comedy. But that's the downside of a production team trying for an upside on television-ad butchery. Forget TV. See it at your local cinema or buy/rent the DVD and make your own popcorn.

M★★★★NFV

Milk

Unbalanced, less in its point of view than in its structure. Director Brian de Palma and writer Dustin Lance Black take too much time setting up their homosexual protagonist Harvey Milk (Sean Penn) a winsome, shaggy bearded, be-jeaned photographer on the make in the Castro neighbourhood of San Francisco.

Undoubtedly Penn's performance is genius-touched as, clean-shaves and suited up, he romps from bed to the corridors of local power to be a civil libertarian. In his pseudo feyness, Penn manages to create a sense of what it must have been like for Elizabethan theatre-goers to watch boys playing

women. Worthy of his Best Actor Oscar? No way. Mickey (*The Wrestler*) Rourke wuz robbed.

Beside the point. The de Palma-Black structure leaves no time for what should have been the movie's dramatic core: the trial of a fellow local pol and Catholic, Dan White (Josh Brolin), for Milk's murder.

As it is, the trial and its fatal results come by way of end-credit captions. So,

too, does the information that two of the principals involved died of AIDS related illnesses. Two others turned from Lesbianism to heterosexual marriage and children.

Milk is too po-faced a movie to contain the non-politically correct thought that associating with male homosexuals may turn female homosexuals into heterosexual breeders. Or – perish the thought – *vice versa*.

More seriously, the omission of AIDS from the movie itself makes it like *Love in the Time of Cholera* without the cholera. Inadvertently, this points to the question: under civil liberties, has HIV/AIDS enjoyed a peculiar public-health status not given to typhus, cholera, gonorrhoea, syphilis and tuberculosis?

All are legally notifiable diseases with rigorous checks and follow-ups, not only of patients but their contacts, the kind of measures that defeated pandemic smallpox.

M★★★★NFV

Love the Beast

It may be that there are two movies here. One is about Eric Bana, star, chatting light-heartedly to celebrities such as TV anchors Jeremy Clarkson and Jay Leno about their shared obsession with shiny, fast, noisy vehicles, and to Dr Phil for analysis of the obsession. The other is about the heavy-duty tensions within Bana's group of old mates, the latter benefiting from a fictional approach.

Bana's vehicle is a souped up Ford GT Falcon Coupe, a gift from his father he has cherished for 25 years. Quote of the movie goes to the ever witty, ever voluble Clarkson: 'So, 600hp and leaf springs ... are you mad?'

The answer is in a twist surpassing fiction when Bana and his mates team-up to participate once more in the Targa Tasmania rally. Life-altering episode.

M★★★★NFV

Note: In the review of Baz Luhrmann's, *Australia*, last month, your critic referred to its 'Mills and Swoon' aspects. This was before he heard that the redoubtable player-author Judy Nunn had achieved an out-of-court financial settlement for similarities between a story-line of hers and narrative elements in the movie. Accordingly, for 'Mills and Swoon', read 'Nunn pareil'.

(C) Austral-Media Pty Ltd 2009

Electrical Contractor

30 YEARS EXPERIENCE
 FULLY INSURED

- Repairs
- Safety switches
- Fans, ceiling and exhaust
- Stoves repaired and replaced
- Computer and phone cabling
- Minor demolition work
- Rubbish removal
- Strata maintenance

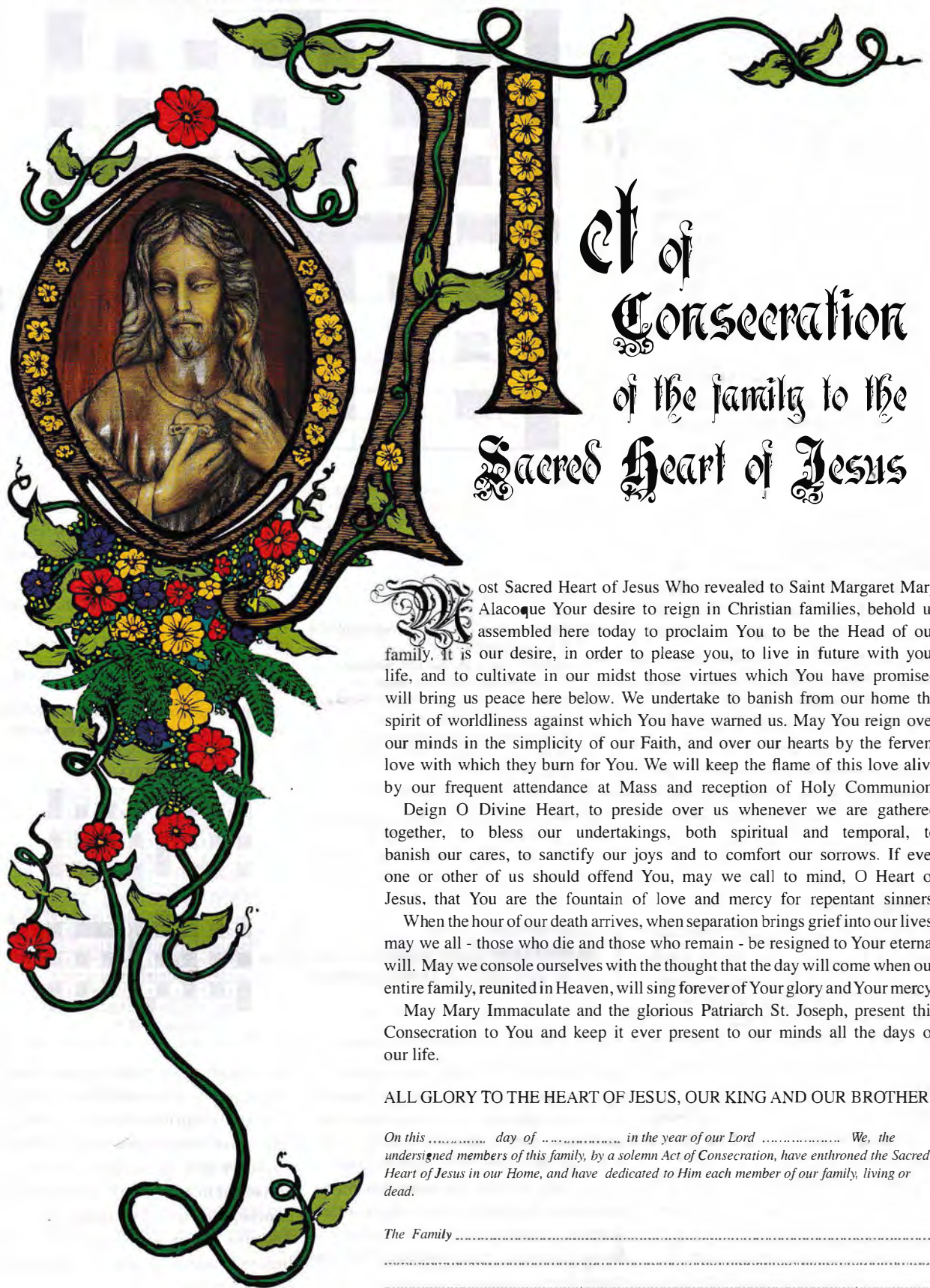
For free quotes call
JEROME CRUIKSHANK

0415 240 415

or

(02) 9587 9486 (a.h.)

3 Grey Street Carlton
 NSW 2218



Act of Consecration of the family to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

Most Sacred Heart of Jesus Who revealed to Saint Margaret Mary Alacoque Your desire to reign in Christian families, behold us assembled here today to proclaim You to be the Head of our family. It is our desire, in order to please you, to live in future with your life, and to cultivate in our midst those virtues which You have promised will bring us peace here below. We undertake to banish from our home the spirit of worldliness against which You have warned us. May You reign over our minds in the simplicity of our Faith, and over our hearts by the fervent love with which they burn for You. We will keep the flame of this love alive by our frequent attendance at Mass and reception of Holy Communion.

Deign O Divine Heart, to preside over us whenever we are gathered together, to bless our undertakings, both spiritual and temporal, to banish our cares, to sanctify our joys and to comfort our sorrows. If ever one or other of us should offend You, may we call to mind, O Heart of Jesus, that You are the fountain of love and mercy for repentant sinners.

When the hour of our death arrives, when separation brings grief into our lives, may we all - those who die and those who remain - be resigned to Your eternal will. May we console ourselves with the thought that the day will come when our entire family, reunited in Heaven, will sing forever of Your glory and Your mercy.

May Mary Immaculate and the glorious Patriarch St. Joseph, present this Consecration to You and keep it ever present to our minds all the days of our life.

ALL GLORY TO THE HEART OF JESUS, OUR KING AND OUR BROTHER.

On this day of in the year of our Lord We, the undersigned members of this family, by a solemn Act of Consecration, have enthroned the Sacred Heart of Jesus in our Home, and have dedicated to Him each member of our family, living or dead.

The Family

.....

.....

.....

N.B. The Consecration should be renewed annually on the Feast of the Sacred Heart, which should be observed as a Family Feast day.
Missionaries of the Sacred Heart, Sacred Heart Monastery, Kensington NSW 2033 [02] 9662-7894. Imprimatur, George Cardinal Pell, Archbishop of Sydney Dec 20, 2006