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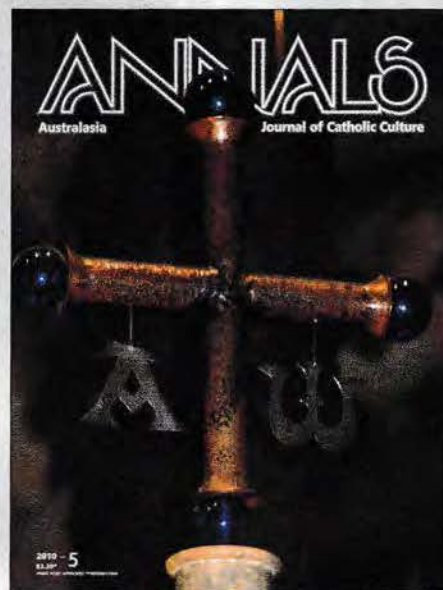
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- 4 **Rewakening Primal Instincts**
EDITORIAL
- 10 **The Bishop and the murdered Arch-Duke**
LESLIE RUMBLE, MSC
- 11 **Morality remains the real Bottom Line**
GILES AUTY
- 14 **Mysteries under Microscopes**
BRIAN POLLARD
- 21 **The Riddle of Father Hackett**
TONY EVANS
- 24 **The Pivot around which Catholicism Turns**
DENNIS MURPHY, MSC
- 28 **Aristotle at Mont Saint-Michel**
REVIEW BY THOMAS F. BERTONNEAU
- 37 **A Success Story on the Fly River**
MICHAEL O'CONNOR
- 44 **The Way we Were**
REVIEW BY IAN MACDONALD



Front Cover: This beautiful cross with Alpha and Omega [the Beginning and the End – see St John's Apocalypse I.8: xxi.6] attached to it, is on the High Altar of the Basilica of *Santa Maria in Trastevere* in Rome. Lampridius the Roman historian at the time of Diocletian, recalls an incident that concerned Pope Callixtus I [martyred 223] and this Church. The right of the Christians to use this site for worship was disputed by the corporation of *Popinari*, or tavern-keepers. Alexander Severus decided in favour of the Christians, saying that it was better for God to be worshipped there, in whatever fashion it might be, than that the place should be given over to revelry. The *Popinari* have long gone; but God is still worshipped on this site. The first oratory was built by Pope Callistus I in 223, enlarged by Popes Julius I in 340, and John VII in 705-707 and in its present form by Pope Innocent II in 1140.

Cover Photo: Paul Stenhouse

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DO not
Have Jesus
Christ on your
lips, and the
world in your
heart.

– St Ignatius of Antioch,
Martyred in 107 AD, in the
Colosseum in Rome.

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

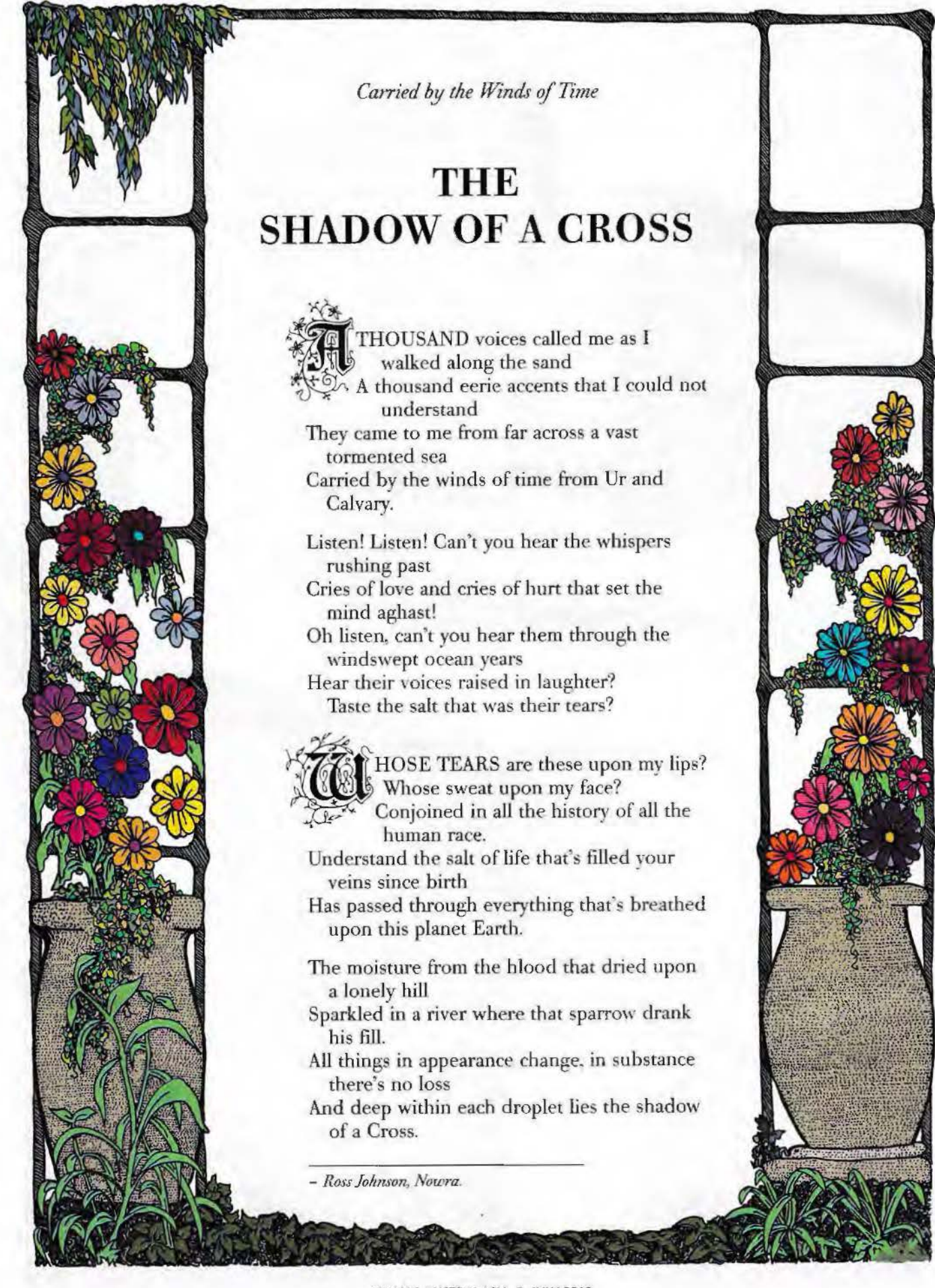
CONFESSION SIGN OF A CHRISTIAN

Confession twofold is,
as Austin says.
The first of *sin* is,
and the next of *praise*.

If ill it goes with thee,
thy faults confess;
If well, then chant God's praise
with cheerfulness.

- Robert Herrick, 1591-1634 [*Austin* is the English form of Augustine, and the reference is to the Confessions of St Augustine of Hippo. *Confiteri* in Latin means 'to admit ones sins' and also 'to praise']





Carried by the Winds of Time

THE SHADOW OF A CROSS

A THOUSAND voices called me as I
walked along the sand
A thousand eerie accents that I could not
understand

They came to me from far across a vast
tormented sea
Carried by the winds of time from Ur and
Calvary.

Listen! Listen! Can't you hear the whispers
rushing past
Cries of love and cries of hurt that set the
mind aghast!
Oh listen, can't you hear them through the
windswept ocean years
Hear their voices raised in laughter?
Taste the salt that was their tears?

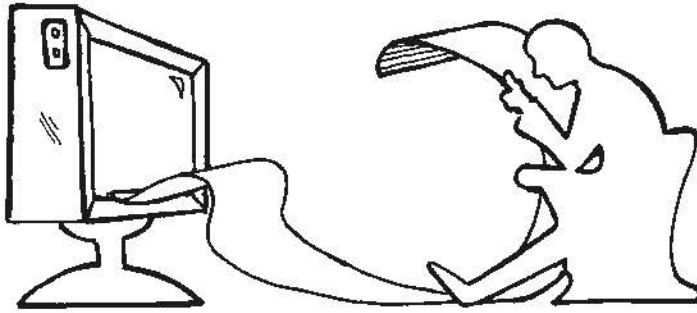
WHOSE TEARS are these upon my lips?
Whose sweat upon my face?
Conjoined in all the history of all the
human race.

Understand the salt of life that's filled your
veins since birth
Has passed through everything that's breathed
upon this planet Earth.

The moisture from the blood that dried upon
a lonely hill
Sparkled in a river where that sparrow drank
his fill.
All things in appearance change, in substance
there's no loss
And deep within each droplet lies the shadow
of a Cross.

- Ross Johnson, Nowra.

THE ATHEIST PHILOSOPHER Friedrich Nietzsche is credited with many things, one of which is that he was the first to announce that God was dead, thereby shaking Europe out of her dogmatic and pleasant slumber. But atheism did not begin with Nietzsche, nor did he coin the term 'the death of God'. Hegel used it a long time before he did. So why this common mistake?



ATHEISM AND DEATH

By ROBERT TILLEY

However we answer this question, the blame cannot be laid at Nietzsche's door – quite the reverse. It is in his book the *Joyful Science* (or *Gay Science*, but that translation is open to some misinterpretation today) that Nietzsche tells the tale of a madman who, in the early hours of the morn, comes into town waking up all and sundry by announcing "God is dead!" The point of this story was not that the madman started the townsfolk, quite the reverse: it irritated them, as it was something they all well knew. More importantly, they were quite comfortable with the fact, hence their ability to sleep soundly. If that is, there is no lunatic shouting out commonplace truisms. Nietzsche's point was that Europe too easily accepted the idea that God is dead, but that she did not want to live out the ramifications of that truth. In this, Europe had become bourgeois, and for that Nietzsche despised her.

God was gone but morals remained. Europe desired comfort and prosperity and these necessitated civil order and social virtue, hence the appearance of religion had its uses; it was good for industry and the free-market in that it encouraged sobriety and hard work. The substance was gone but the façade remained, and that's all that mattered. This disgusted Nietzsche. Not only did it point to the fundamental dishonesty of the bourgeoisie, but also to their insipidness: to their absence of nobility and a depth of soul. Why not smash the old values that were founded on God and create new ones? But Nietzsche knew why: to do this would necessitate looking into the abyss of meaninglessness, and his generation was not strong enough for this task.

Like a prophet, Nietzsche foretold that a generation would come that would truly live the death of God, that would look deep into the abyss and be strong enough to create and impose its own values on a world it knew to be devoid of all inherent and substantial meaning.

A generation that would be noble and have depth of soul. And, in one sense, Nietzsche was right, that generation *has* come and here we are! But he was also wrong in that it is nothing like he envisaged – for people skim the surface not particularly caring if there is any substance beneath the thin crust on which they live and float and have their being. When they look beneath they do not see an infinite abyss but rather the potential of illimitable shelf space. The void represents

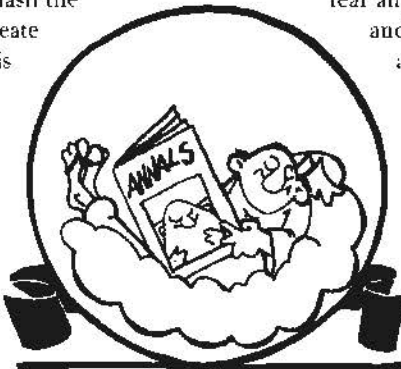
unrestrained market opportunities, something to be filled with an endless array of consumer items, all well fitted to entertain and distract. Which items include ethics and values, and if you're after meaning then you can, even if you're an atheist, pick and choose from a variety of religious beliefs. By reference to the abyss beneath all things, anything can be made to order!

If God is dead then all can be bought and sold. If God is dead, all is commodity! There is no soul, there is only lifestyle. There is no fear of God and thus no fear and trembling. There is no depth to frighten one, and thus there is no fear of death. *This* is what the Death of God looks like.

Nietzsche was wrong; the honest atheist is no aristocrat of the soul, for nothing is feared except surface considerations. But to fear God means to have a lively sense of something transcendent, something beyond one's grasp, something beyond the reach of one's reputation and wallet – something one has to answer to. Without God all becomes surface gloss and kitsch, and for the honest atheist the 'care of the soul' simply means that one keeps it from getting bored. Death means little because life means little. As to why an atheist should fear death is a puzzle, for there is literally nothing to fear.

But for the religious it is different.

It is the truly religious who fear death, not because they fear an abyss but because they know there is a God and there is judgment. They also hope in grace, and when grace and judgment are taken together then a soul becomes very deep indeed, for all things become both serious and wonderful. Which is, one might say, a good description of life.

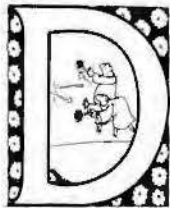


ROBERT TILLEY has a PhD from the University of Sydney. He currently lectures in Adult Education on Philosophy, Theology and History of Ideas. He also lectures in Greek and Biblical Studies at *The Catholic Institute of Sydney* [CIS] and in literature and theology at *Aquinas Academy*.

Modern man in search of a family

REWAKENING PRIMAL INSTINCTS

By Paul Stenhouse MSC



DOES ANY ONE of us need convincing that feelings often prevail over reason and logic? Ever since Eve and Adam took that apple, humans have been having trouble coming to terms with their emotions.

We who live in what is called 'the West' still carry the scars inflicted by the social revolutions that succeeded one another with bewildering speed in the wake of the eleventh [Byzantine] and sixteenth century [Protestant] religious revolutions that sought to overthrow the very foundations upon which Catholic society stood.

Our forebears, who should have acted and reacted more strenuously, looked on like sleepwalkers while the dominoes of Christian Civilization tumbled down. One after another they fell, under pressure from the dominance of 'feeling' over 'reason,' and its off-shoot in the cults of individualism and materialism. Most of the remaining dominoes fell during the sexual, military and political upheavals of the last century. The chaos that followed on their collapse was cloaked in our day by catch-cries like 'freedom!' 'conscience' and 'flower power!'

Now something unforeseen is occurring. This seductive subjectivism and its feeling-based culture, seems to be making a 'U' turn. The very phenomenon that, among other things, led to the reign of unreason that afflicts modern society, is fine-tuning itself.

Can anyone not have noticed how, despite ample evidence to the contrary, among materialistic and often poorly educated Westerners brought up in affluent, democratic and secularized communities, there is a curious and often unarticulated empathy with, and uncritical acceptance of, what are

called 'Islamic values'?

Some take this to be a proof that the allegedly religionless West is seeking to fill the vacuum created by centuries of scepticism and secularism. Others, following Claude Levi-Strauss, who described Islam as the ideal religion for an 'army corps,' or 'the barracks room,' might point to the attraction that Islamism holds for Western men emasculated by contemporary Western ideologies. Others again, who buy the populist spin put on Islamic history, may be drawn by the claim that Islam is peace-loving and merciful; a misunderstood and victim-like model of tolerance.

I see it differently. It shows, I suggest, that despite everything, we Westerners have not completely lost our soul, or our longing for a long-suppressed humanity, as we rush headlong down the slippery slope so well described by Judge Bork in his *Slouching Towards Gomorrah*.

What we are feeling, and having trouble identifying, are the stirrings

of a suppressed but innate need for a corporate identity; a sense of family. We have for too long been offered phoney substitutes for it; been deprived of it. We are missing it. Feminists amongst us are frightened of it. libertarians and atheists are wary of it. secular democrats are confused by it. corporations, venture-capitalists and politicians have shown themselves to be incapable of dealing with it other than by exploiting it.

I should like to say that these values for which we long are primarily religious; but they are not. Nor are they political. They are fundamentally social - familial.

We, isolated individualists that we have been forced to become, are being drawn by our very sense of intolerable loneliness to confront memories of a time not so long ago when life had more meaning. Suppressed memories have awakened of a time when spouses bore children, and belonged not just to a family but to an extended family; when a man married a wife in order to have and raise children; when children had a father who was a model and head for the family; and when children respected their elders and as they grew up, felt responsible for, and cared for, their parents and grandparents.

Some of the most striking features of the religion of the seventh-century Arabian 'prophet' Muhammad, and some of its undoubted strengths, are derived to a large extent from its clinging to pre-Islamic familial, tribal, values - and especially to one that is summed up by the Arabic term '*asabiya*'. The root '*a-s-b*' has generated myriad progeny - words expressing 'twisting,' 'tying,' 'binding,' 'clamping,' 'folding' and 'spinning'. We in the West might call the quality that the term '*asabiya*' describes, as '*esprit de corps*,' or 'family' or 'group' *cohesiveness*.

Regrettably, '*asabiya*, like *esprit*

Hope for All

If a thief was thought worthy of Paradise, why should not a Christian be thought worthy of forgiveness?

- St Maximus, Bishop of Turin [died c.408] *Sermon 53, 4*.
From *The Roman Breviary*,
the Second Reading at Matins
for the 5th Sunday of
Easteride.

de corps, can too easily degenerate into partisanship, bigotry and fanaticism. This is a side of it that we are witnessing today as the politico-religious system of Muhammad, spurred on by opportunistic media and self-serving politicians and academics, aggressively confronts an uncomprehending West.

In itself, however, the quality of *'asabiya* is more like the friskiness and wariness of a thoroughbred than the stubbornness of a self-willed and free roaming brumby.

A longing to 'belong' to a family, to have caring parents and the experience of growing up -surrounded by siblings and wider kindred, is one of the qualities of mind and heart and soul that all humans share in common. The materialistic and capitalistic West has sublimated it, and tinkered with it, with disastrous consequences for family life, social cohesion and especially for the individual's peace of mind.

So-called 'resurgent Islam' is more like a disoriented Rip Van Winkle than a rampaging Attila the Hun - despite the cruel violence and the unreason emanating from radical Islamists who continue to wreak havoc in the name of Allah and Muhammad.

We in the West for our part are like people who have discovered in their midst someone who has wakened after centuries of sleep to find that the society he emerged into has a deep-seated and unacknowledged need for some of the values that he still retains from his primaeval ancestry.

Despite the violence with which Islamists respond to what they perceive as unfamiliar and threatening surroundings, they have reawakened memories in the West that, if properly identified and marshalled in a way that is compatible with Catholic principles, may enable the world's most technically advanced nations to rediscover their identity and their humanity. In the process, peace and understanding may be promoted, and all concerned - including Muslims - may be led closer to the one, true God.

1. See *Plates Tropiques*, Paris, Plon, 1955, p.403, 407 quoted *Gone Primitive: Savage Intellectuals, Modern Lives* by Marianna Torgovnick, University of Chicago Press, 1996, p.216.



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- Editor, *Annals*

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*Jesus showed us that even in the face of suffering and death,
love is always stronger*

LOVE'S LABOUR NOT LOST

By Rachel Casey



FROM WHAT started off in a fairytale as something with which every damsel in distress ended living happily ever after, the idea of true love has been glorified, forbidden and even slightly forgotten throughout the ages. But what is true love to us today? True love, when heard of in this modern age has more often than not being manipulated by the media, made to serve as propaganda to excite, interest and catch attention.

The manipulation the meaning of true love has received has resulted in a twisted view of what love is really all about. With movies and television leading the way, love is perceived as a feeling which has less to do with the us and more to do with the me factor.

To understand this, it must be known how the obsession the media has with love has influenced people today. Everybody sees love as the *happily ever after* ending for themselves. But that is not what true love is all about. True love is selfless and does not guarantee happiness.

Love is actually a big risk. The media almost always presents love as dramatic and quite superficial. The main focus is always on feelings. Love in movies and TV usually seems to materialise, coming naturally and easily for any character. The funny thing is though that for all the goings-on about *love this* and *love that*, "Love" often cannot handle the first glitch and often ends quickly and rather pathetically.

The common thought that just being in love will make everything roll along smoothly is severely wrong. True love needs work, complete dedication and commitment. But why are we so sucked into this infatuation? Why do we read and watch crummy love stories like they are going out of fashion? Why do we crave the latest *goss* on Brad and

Angelina's *love life*? Is it because true love seems to be getting rarer and rarer? Divorce rates are high and the marriage rates are falling constantly. People's lives are so busy that they turn to the internet to connect with possible partners. We are trapped in a vicious cycle.

The media need publicity and attention and what catches attention? Politics, Beauty, Destruction and Love. But stories about the true version of love, say the one with a married couple who have a few children and grow old together, are *boring* so the media do

what they do best, taking out all the ordinary components which make love so special.

They turn love into a dramatic, physical thing, and put it in every movie and every magazine. This works beautifully. Everyone wants to watch it, hear it, see it, and touch it for themselves. But they have been given the wrong idea and so when their own relationships do not work out, they turn back to the media for answers. And the cycle starts again.

Now it's been shown that the way the media presents love is distorted and false. I should explain the true definition. The human ability to love and the devotion and happiness true love brings has boggled even the extensive explanations of philosophy and the laws of science.

True love does not need long definitions or explanations. It is simply the greatest force in all the world. Love is not as the media puts it, a physical and emotional experience between couples. True love is so much more than that and is not even necessarily just for couples in love. The love parents have for their child is so strong and real that it could be nothing but true.

But is the world too caught up in the media's spin to remember the simplicity and naturalness of true love? I don't think so. For the best answers about love we can, and do turn to the two people who hit the nail on the head when explaining true love: Jane Austen, who links love with reason and not just infatuation and drama: and (in another league altogether, of course), Jesus, who showed us that even in the face of suffering and death, love is always stronger.

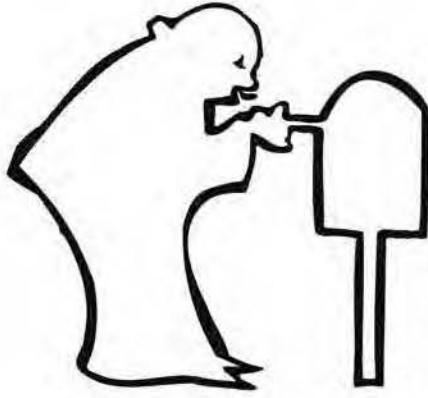
Extended Adolescents

WHAT HAPPENS to the extended adolescent who becomes a mother after spending her life-to-date tending to herself? Perhaps the child will jolt her into maturity; many adults only stop being children when they become parents. Or perhaps the child will become yet another extension of her own self-regard, not a child to be guided but another form of self-expression. Hence the hipster parent. Men are even more prone to this problem. Generally having less involvement in child raising, they can easily slide into thinking of the child as another playmate. Far from being jolted into maturity, the child becomes another reason to remain immature.

- Raymond J. de Souza, "Too old to mature," *National Post*, (Canada) October 15, 2009

RACHEL CASEY is in Year 10 at St Vincent's College, Port Phillip, Sydney. This article is based on a speech she gave for her year's oratory competition in August 2009.

LETTERS



Climate and Morality

Full marks to Paul Stenhouse for his factual and objective defence of the Catholic Church's record on pedophilia, [Annals 3/2010], in the face of self-serving and heavily biased commentary from sections of the press, but what a stark contrast to the editorial remarks on climate change in the same issue. As R. L. Kennedy pointed out, this is not the first time that the fragmented and self-interested misinformation spread by the doubters gets more credence from respected church spokesmen than the overwhelming evidence from mainstream science, regularly reported in the media by reputable and objective journalists, that global warming is real, is man-made and is on track to destroy our civilisation if we don't stop it. 'Serious scientific debate' has long gone. The debate has been had, the conclusion is inescapable, and the time left for effective concerted action is slipping away.

I am a scientist and a fan of *Annals*, but I'm not seeing or hearing any moral guidance on this from you or the pulpit. Please stop denying it and tell us what it all means.

Waterloo, NSW 2017

FRANK DONAGHY

Global Warming

Concerning your editorial comments in *Annals* 2010/3 [Letters, 'Climate and Morality'] a short note in the media signalled a new effort to convince the public that the 'science is settled' about anthropogenic global warming despite the scandals concerning exaggerated claims.

That the IPCC (Intergovernmental Panel on Climate Change) was the overseeing body ensured that politics was involved from the beginning. A

local example concerned our Academy of Science. The Howard government sought an answer, 'yes' or 'no,' to whether humans were responsible for global warming through their contribution to atmospheric carbon dioxide. Did the Academy decide 'yes' on the grounds that to say 'no,' and be proved wrong, would look worse than to say 'yes'? The real answer was that the members of the Academy did not know. And why should they, as few have expert knowledge of all the scientific fields that contribute data from nature, let alone from the

The Pope and the Martyred Bishop

ON SATURDAY, June 5, on his way to the Mass at the Catholic church of the Holy Cross in Nicosia – right on the border of the part of the island occupied by the Turks – Benedict XVI came across an elderly Sufi sheikh, Mohammed Nazim Abil Al-Haqqani. They greeted one another, and promised to pray for each other. So instead of the expected meeting with the mufti of Cyprus, Yusuf Suicmez, the highest Muslim authority on the island, there was the encounter of the Pope with a Sufi master, an exponent of a form of Islam that "presumably through Christian influence stresses the love of God for man and of man for God," instead of an inaccessible God "among whose 99 names that of Father is missing." The words just quoted are from Bishop Luigi Padovese, apostolic vicar for Anatolia and president of the Catholic episcopal conference of Turkey, beheaded in Iskenderun on June 3, the eve of the Pope's trip to Cyprus, in which he was supposed to participate.

voluminous computer codes of the models?

In hindsight it would have been better for the Academy to have stared down the government, as the Academy was responsible only for advice; the government was responsible for the decision.

However, the Academy put its reputation on the line, and public pronouncements had to be supportive. The situation amongst my colleagues now is that those who support the IPCC refuse to engage its critics, such as Lord Monckton and Ian Plimer; and rely on *ad hominem* arguments. Solidarity is conducive to departmental harmony but the community pays the price for accepting dubious science.

Lord Monckton finishes a series of telling points with the observation: 'How many examples of failed predictions, discredited assumptions, evidence of incorrect data and evidence of malpractice are required before the idea of human-induced climate change loses credibility?'

A less well-known book by Garth W. Paltridge - *The Climate Capers*, Connor Court, 2009 - shows why the science is not settled. A former Chief Research Scientist with the CSIRO Division of Atmospheric Research, Paltridge is best known internationally for his work on atmospheric radiation and the theoretical basis of climate. As a Fellow of the Australian Academy of Science he is one member who is very well informed and does not follow the Academy line.

My final observation concerns one piece of datum that epitomises the evidence against the IPCC claims: the records of the air temperature at Armagh Observatory, Northern Ireland for the period 1796-2002. There are ups and downs in the average temperature, but the long-term trend over two centuries is warming of 0.60 C per century. The warming since the 1970s is part of the long-term trend. If the anomalous ('hockey stick') warming is global, then it should have shown up in this record. That the climate changes, and is changing, is not denied; but there are grave doubts that we are the cause.

School of Physics,
University of Sydney

[DR] JAMES McCAGHAN
HON. SENIOR LECTURER

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The Goose and the Gander

In October 2007, Associated Press released a report on sexual misconduct committed by America's *public-school* teachers; it found 2,570 cases over a five-year period. The report also disclosed that "Most of the abuse never gets reported." According to AP, "School administrators make behind-the-scenes deals to avoid lawsuits and other trouble. And in state capitals and Congress, lawmakers shy from tough state punishments or any cohesive national policy for fear of disparaging a vital profession."

According to the same AP report, "Too often, problem teachers are allowed to leave quietly. That can mean future abuse for another student and

another school district." The practice is known as "passing the trash", or "passing the mobile molester."

Incidentally, in the US state of Maine, it is illegal to make public any cases involving public-school teachers. In California and Hawaii, Associated Press was shown the door when trying to elicit information about sexual abuse involving public-school teachers.

Obviously, there are two sex-abuse rules in the States: a benign one for public schools, and an utterly harsh one for non-public schools.

Beacon Hill / NSW 2100 HANK VERHOEVEN

Climate Change

I was pleased to read the letter Takaka New Zealand in the April/ May

ANNALS AUSTRALASIA 8 JULY 2010

2010 edition of *Annals* on Climate and Morality. But the response by the editor Paul Stenhouse was beyond belief. The *Annals* as a Journal of Catholic Culture and from which follows, Catholic morality/ truth, should accept basic scientific facts. Neither Cardinal Pell nor the editor has a training in science; even high school grade seems to have been lost

It is time that *Annals* joined the Universal Church on climate change, encouraged conservation of our natural resources and sought the use of renewable sources of energy.

Kiama 2533 NSW

JOHN BLOM

A Cardinal website

I have discovered this new service from His Eminence Cardinal Pell. By accessing the Cardinal's page on the Sydney archdiocesan Web site at <http://www.sydney.catholic.org.au/people/archbishop/> and completing the form, a subscriber can receive a range of his homilies, speeches and weekly *Sunday Telegraph* articles by email. There is no charge. It struck me that many of your readers, especially those of us who live outside Sydney would find this service of great value and it might be worth mentioning in *Annals*.

I am just reading his latest book *Test Everything* - it's a gem.

Gisborne, Vic., 3437 MICHAEL O'CONNOR AM

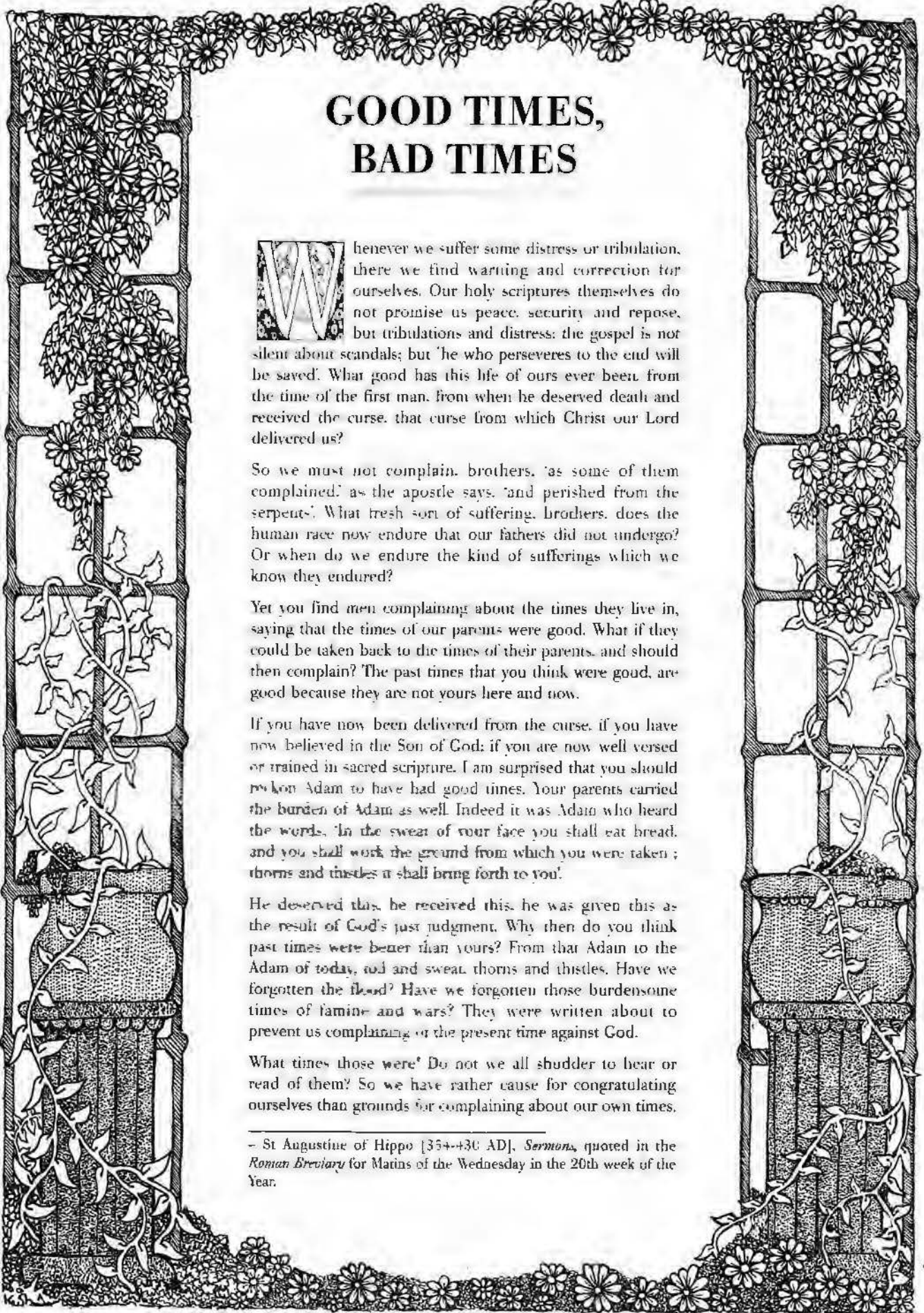
Narrow-mindedness?

It was curious to read in the letters of the latest *Annals* [2010/2] that you were taken to task for the 'narrow-mindedness' of your articles on Islam. I would have thought - and the evidence supports me - that the opposite is the case. Your articles provide information, expertise and a perspective that is for the most part missing in the mainstream media. I have found them without exception interesting and informative. Your critic John Blom may always challenge you on the historical detail and interpretation, but to accuse your articles of narrow-mindedness is ridiculous. It suggests a woolliness of thinking and bias that he might just as well reflect on.

Mornington Victoria 3931

GERARD WILSON

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



GOOD TIMES, BAD TIMES



Whenever we suffer some distress or tribulation, there we find warning and correction for ourselves. Our holy scriptures themselves do not promise us peace, security and repose, but tribulations and distress: the gospel is not silent about scandals; but 'he who perseveres to the end will be saved'. What good has this life of ours ever been, from the time of the first man, from when he deserved death and received the curse, that curse from which Christ our Lord delivered us?

So we must not complain, brothers, 'as some of them complained,' as the apostle says, 'and perished from the serpent'. What fresh sort of suffering, brothers, does the human race now endure that our fathers did not undergo? Or when do we endure the kind of sufferings which we know they endured?

Yet you find men complaining about the times they live in, saying that the times of our parents were good. What if they could be taken back to the times of their parents, and should then complain? The past times that you think were good, are good because they are not yours here and now.

If you have now been delivered from the curse, if you have now believed in the Son of God; if you are now well versed or trained in sacred scripture, I am surprised that you should reckon Adam to have had good times. Your parents carried the burden of Adam as well. Indeed it was Adam who heard the words, 'In the sweat of your face you shall eat bread, and you shall work the ground from which you were taken; thorns and thistles it shall bring forth to you.'

He deserved this, he received this, he was given this as the result of God's just judgment. Why then do you think past times were better than yours? From that Adam to the Adam of today, toil and sweat, thorns and thistles. Have we forgotten the flood? Have we forgotten those burdensome times of famine and wars? They were written about to prevent us complaining of the present time against God.

What times those were! Do not we all shudder to hear or read of them? So we have rather cause for congratulating ourselves than grounds for complaining about our own times.

— St Augustine of Hippo [354-430 AD], *Sermons*, quoted in the *Roman Breviary* for Matins of the Wednesday in the 20th week of the Year.

THE BISHOP AND THE MURDERED ARCHDUKE

By Leslie Rumble MSC



he world will presumably never be told all that was behind the murder of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand. 'Probably there is not, and never

was, any one person who knew what there was to know.' So wrote Viscount Grey in his memoirs, published in 1928.

But there was one outstanding mystery connected with this tragedy, certainly not even suspected by Viscount Grey, which leaves one almost breathless.

For Archduke Francis Ferdinand told a friend, Bishop Lanyi of Tino, that he had been assassinated before he was murdered!

First, a little history. Not much. Just enough to get the setting.

In 1914 the Balkans were seething with unrest. Austria hoped to build a central European empire peacefully, gradually gaining the willing allegiance of neighbouring territories inhabited by different nationalities. But the small border-states would have none of it, being determined to keep their independence. Above all this was true of Serbia, where feelings were very strung on the subject.

Now on June 28, 1914, the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, nephew of the Austrian Emperor Franz Joseph, attended a public function at Sarajevo, in Serbia. The Archduke was an admirable young man in every respect, who had not a personal enemy in the world. He was prepossessing in appearance, of profound faith and piety, highly intelligent, and endowed with all the gifts which made Austrians regard him as an ideal successor to the throne.

But, as the Archduke and his wife were leaving the ceremony at Sarajevo both were assassinated, and Austrian

dreams were shattered by a crime of hideous, inexcusable and dramatic villainy.

A storm of anger swept through Austria-Hungary. It was believed that the Serbian Government had prompted or at least connived at the senseless murder; and disastrous consequences followed quickly in its train. On July 23 Austria declared war on Serbia. Germany backed Austria; Russia took Serbia's part. France and England were soon drawn in, and the First World War was under way.

Bishop Joseph Lanyi, of Tino, awoke with a start. Deeply agitated, he involuntarily clasped his forehead, only to find it moist with cold perspiration. He sprang out of bed, looked at the clock which showed 3.15 a.m., and burst into tears. Wrapping a dressing-gown around himself, he went straight to his desk, sat down, and committed to paper, while it was still fresh in his mind, an exact account of all that he had experienced.

"At a quarter past three on the morning of June 28, 1914," he wrote, "I awoke from a terrible dream. I dreamed that I had gone to my desk early in the morning to look through the mail that had come in. On top of all the other letters there lay one with a

black border; a black seal, and the arms of the Archduke.

"I immediately recognised the letter's handwriting, and saw at the head of the notepaper in blue colouring a picture which showed me a street and a narrow side-street. Their Highnesses sat in a car, opposite them sat a General, and an Officer next to the chauffeur.

"On both sides of the street there was a large crowd. Two young men sprang forward and shot at their Highnesses.

"The text of the letter was as follows: To Dear Dr Lanyi: Your Excellency, I wish to inform you that my wife and I were the victims of a political assassination. We recommend ourselves to your prayers. Cordial greetings from your Archduke Franz, Sarajevo, 28th June, 3.15 a.m."

Having written the document, Bishop Lanyi dressed, called the household together, gave them the sad news he had received, and said that he would at once offer Mass for their Highnesses in his private chapel.

At 3.30 p.m. on that same day, June 28, 1914, a telegram came to say that the Archduke and his wife had been assassinated at Sarajevo. The crime occurred at 11 a.m., eight hours after the Archduke had notified Bishop Lanyi of his murder!

Bishop Lanyi died on September 28, 1931. The document was found among his papers. It was in his own handwriting, except for the letter of the Archduke, which was in that of the Archduke himself. So vivid had been the vision of the letter that the Bishop had unconsciously copied the very formation and characteristics of the writing he had "seen" so clearly in his dream.²

This particular case is one of the most baffling in the annals of physical



experience. Man, by his understanding of natural causes, can know future events which are determined by necessary physical laws; but God alone can know future things dependent on free decisions not yet made, or on pure chance. Man cannot know those, even through subconscious activities of his intelligence. And we cannot assume that the contents of dreams, however extraordinary, have been divinely revealed by God.

Moreover, in the present case, there are some significant errors. Whilst the Archduke was murdered at the corner of Appel Quay and a narrow street leading to Franz Josefs Strasse, and General Potoriak did sit opposite the Archducal pair as the Bishop had "foreseen," only one and not two assassins shot at the Archduke; and no one was sitting beside the chauffeur. These inaccuracies seem to rule out a God-given vision, and another and natural explanation must be sought.

It is impossible to put the whole thing down to coincidence. Was it, then, a case of telepathy? Materialists who do not want to admit purely spiritual activities of the soul independently of the body and its senses, are willing to admit the existence of telepathy because they think they can explain it on a physical basis of invisible brain-waves. But scientific research has shown that there is nothing in man's cerebral structure to justify assuming any kind of "wireless transmission and reception" between one physical brain and another.

Telepathy is a purely spiritual phenomenon in which one mind acts on the mind of another person merely by willing a sharing of the same thoughts.

But in Bishop Lanyi's case telepathy must be excluded because no one involved in it could have "willed" at the time of the dream that he should know of the tragedy that was to occur. The Archduke himself was not expecting it, and the conspirators would not have willed the transmission of their thoughts to him, even subconsciously.

The only possible explanation seems to be that the Bishop's dream was a remarkable case of clairvoyance. For the rather startling accuracies in it the subconscious mind of Bishop Lanyi drew on the published arrangements for the function at Sarajevo. The

Abortion Support Reaches New Low

By Elizabeth Gettelman

THE latest Pew poll finds that Americans are now split evenly on their opinion of abortion rights. In an August survey 45% of respondents said they thought abortion should be illegal in all/most cases, 47% said legal. Last year same time those numbers were 41% and 54%, respectively. Whether these numbers match up to similar polls or not, the fact that the same language was used year-to-year by Pew means the data is worth noting. Yes, it's a high bar that the respondent has to agree with the all/most cases assertion, but they also had to agree with it last year and the years before that.

As this graph shows, at least according to Pew measures, support for abortion is at its lowest since 1995, opposition near its highest. That people are more entrenched in their position after a hot election year and that conservatives are feeling defensive with a progressive in the White House who's already appointed a Supreme Court Justice, these numbers are not all that surprising, if discouraging.

The survey also asked how critical people feel abortion is as a political issue. In 2006, 28% of respondents said abortion was a critical issue, in August just about half as many felt that way, 15%. These days health care reform [HCR] and Climate are more the rage, and there is plenty else to get up in arms about. Still, it seems that conservatives can manage more pots on the stove; they can rally against finance reform, health care reform, Obama, et al and still keep up an effective fight against what might be secondary issues like abortion. Progressives are way too disorganized to handle such manoeuvring.

planned route of the procession was along the Appel Quay, turning down the narrow street leading to the Franz Josef's Strasse. The car would have had to slow down at the turn, providing the obvious place for an attempt on the life of the Archduke. The official programme had announced that General Potoriak would sit in the car opposite the Archducal pair.

Where the dream went wrong was in things which no one could have foreseen. An officer, Count Harrach, was to have been beside the chauffeur, but had changed his mind and was nearby, but not in the car. The conspirators had appointed six men to throw bombs; and it was not in their plans that one only should accomplish the murder, and at that by a revolver shot.

That Bishop Lanyi should have dreamed of the murder at all, and so vividly, can be accounted for by his subconscious mind having read the thoughts of one, or of all the conspirators. Their preoccupation with

their sinister intentions was so intense that the general trend of their thoughts could have become known clairvoyantly to even a sleeping person whose subconscious mind was particularly alert and active. Creative imagination and familiarity with the Archduke's handwriting could then have visualised the letter and its contents.

One great difficulty in the way of this natural explanation arises from the common teaching of theologians that God alone can read the secrets of men's hearts. How, then, could even the subconscious mind of the Bishop read the hidden thoughts and intentions of the conspirators?

If the explanation given be accepted, one would have to say that, while it remains true that God alone always knows all the secret thoughts and intentions of men, in rare and exceptional cases it is not impossible for the subconscious mind of one human being to read something - not everything - of what is occurring in the minds of others.

To do this the soul would not have to leave one's body, going on a journey to distant minds in a kind of "astral" or "etheric" body as Buddhists and Spiritualists imagine. It would act rather in virtue of its purely spiritual nature, as do the angels, ignoring bodily limitations, and independently of conditions of space and time. To deny this to be possible would be rash indeed. We do not yet know the full powers of the human soul in virtue of its being an immortal and intelligent spirit.

Writing fifty years ago, in his treatise on psychology, Cardinal Mercier said of such communications without the aid of bodily sense-organs: "It may be that certain natural factors in the events have not yet been disclosed. It may even be that all or part of the effect is due to some preternatural agencies. The solution of the problem remains for the future."

There seems no room, however, for the intervention of any preternatural agencies in Bishop Lanyi's case. And since Cardinal Mercier's time scientific psychical research has shown at least the existence of natural telepathic and clairvoyant powers proper to the human mind, even though experimentally manifested only in a very limited degree and in certain types of people with highly psychic temperaments.

That Bishop Lanyi's case is very baffling must be candidly admitted. One can attempt no more than a tentative solution of it. But it certainly renders impossible the materialistic theory which holds that mind does not differ essentially from matter, and that thought is but a secretion of the physical and material brain.

1 "Twenty-Five Years" Vol. II, p.152. By Viscount Grey of Falkland

2 The complete document, somewhat abbreviated in the above narrative, was published by the German psychologist, Dr E. Muser, in "Okkultismus," p.467 (1938).

3 "Manual of Modern Scientific Philosophy" Vol. I, p.192

DR LESLIE RUMBLE was, in his day, one of the most widely-known priests in the English-speaking world. His two-volume *Radio Replies* sold many millions of copies world-wide, as did his numerous pamphlets on aspects of Catholic faith and doctrine and on various non-Catholic Churches and sects. He died in 1975. In response to many requests we print the fourth of his fourteen articles on psychic phenomena which first appeared in *Annals* in 1958. The remaining articles will appear in subsequent issues. *Next Month: The Curious Case of Maria Talano*



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– Editor, *Annals*

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Tales of the Nankikurungurr

AGNES AND THE ELDERLY SUITOR

By John Leary, MSC



AGNES, about twelve years old, was one of the last to join the visiting group. The reader may have noticed that her age and the ages of the others are approximations. Till this time many births at the Daly River were not registered. One little fellow, at least knew the day of his birth. He was called 'Johnny Weekend' because he was born on a Saturday. So, when the priest came to write down ages he became involved in a guessing game. Having established the age of one by something noticeable that occurred at the time of his/her birth, he had a point of reference for the others of the clan. As a consequence, visitors to the Daly are puzzled to find so many children with birthdays on July the first. This, of course was a device to draw attention to the fact that the child's precise age was uncertain.

Getting back to Agnes. On this particular day four old men approached and informed me that one of their number was to marry Agnes. It was to have been a tribal marriage. I would have had nothing to do with it. Apart from being shocked by the fact that Agnes was (had) to marry someone five times her age. I was also surprised that they referred the matter to me.

In the midst of my bewilderment Agnes came rushing out of the scrub, threw herself on the ground in front of the group and screamed: "Me no more marry that old bugger!"

I was not only embarrassed, I was greatly alarmed. I realised that the girl, at great risk, was making some sort of desperate appeal to me and I was powerless to do anything about it. Besides, should I attempt any sort of rescue effort I would be crossing the

authority of the old men. That would be extremely dangerous for me and the future of the mission. In my confusion, I played for time: I asked the old men to come and see me next morning.

Next morning, at sunrise, the elderly four were on my door-step looking rather belligerent as I approached them. Still in utter confusion, I noticed the half-built school. A bolt of inspiration struck me. I knew the locals feared the government. There was the resident policeman. Patrol officers at times came searching for diagnosed lepers and took them off to the leprosarium on Channel Island. So I played the government.

"See that building over there; you know what that is?" I knew the children, with some pride, had shown the adults over the building. "Yes, we know that place," came the answer, "it belongs to kids for

school". "Well," I replied, "Government say every kid got to go to school. Agnes still kid. If you block her from school, then big trouble from government! More better you let her go to school first and after that get married". They thought this a good suggestion.

As things turned out, about the time the school opened the would-be husband died of old age. Agnes eventually married a young man called Jimmy Numbalu and continues to live happily at Daly River.

Nankikurungurr means 'Deep Water'. It is one of the principal language groups, along with Waugaman, Marathiel, Maringar, Mulluk Mulluk and Nangiumeri, on the Daly River, 250km south of Darwin in Australia's Northern Territory. Father Leary, now deceased, was a much loved priest who spent his life among the aboriginal people of the Daly and Port Keats [Wadeye] areas.

The Ears of Faith

THE APOSTLES set out after Jesus as soon as he called them and they heard his voice... Not a long process of instruction made disciples of them but the simple fact of their having heard the word of faith. Because their faith was alive, no sooner had they heard the living voice than they obeyed life. Without delay they immediately ran after him, from which we see that they were disciples in their hearts even before being called. This is how a faith acts that has kept its simplicity. It's not by force of argument that it accepts instruction but, just as an eye that is sound receives the rays of the sun transmitted to it, without either reasoning it out or working at it, and sees the light as soon as it opens... so those with a natural faith recognise God's voice as soon as they hear it. The light of his word arises in them; they throw themselves joyfully before it and take it to themselves, as our Lord said in the Gospel: «My sheep hear my voice and they follow me» (Jn 10.27).

- Philoxenes of Mabbug (died c.523 AD), Bishop in Syria. Homily no. 4, 76-79
[Sources Chretiennes, xlv, p. 95.]

A fresh look at the relationship between Science, Evolution and Religion

MYSTERIES UNDER MICROSCOPES

Reviewed by BRIAN POLLARD



PHYSICAL SCIENCE aims to expand knowledge by studying nature in any of its forms, where this is feasible. It sets itself to observe and record,

theorise, test and then conclude objectively on the evidence. If the matter is wholly or partly philosophical, the scientific method is not appropriate. In that case, a scientist has nothing authoritative to say about it, though he is as entitled as any other educated person to his private opinion. While most readers would already have known that, I have included it because it seems too often to be forgotten.

The word 'evolution' covers a range of possible meanings. At its simplest, it refers only to the gradual adaptation of species in response to environmental challenges. For others, it includes theories about the origin of life. What is called the general theory of evolution includes the development, by natural processes, of living cells from inanimate matter, plants from living cells, animals from plants, and finally man from animals. It suits some to maintain confusion about which understanding is at issue, while there remains lack of evidence for many of the claims made for evolution.

If the question 'Do you believe in evolution?' is answered in the affirmative, the questioner could claim support for many aspects of the subject with which the respondent may have actually disagreed. If it is answered in the negative, there is no way of knowing what the person does believe or why, or on what grounds evolution may be wholly or partially rejected. That would seem to explain why so much of the debate about evolution is unsatisfactory - opposing parties are at cross-purposes. It does not explain all the differences, however, as there

Francis Collins, *The Language of God*,
Simon and Schuster, paperback, pp. 305.
US\$29.95

are good reasons why fully informed participants may still strongly differ, if they have evidence for their position.

I am prompted to write now because of a recent TV series on evolution, titled 'Darwin's Brave New World', in which the non-scientist Richard Dawkins, who says he supports science because it is backed by evidence, makes the following statements. 'Darwin's work explains everything about nature' and it 'explains how bacteria have developed into human beings'. The ABC science reporter, Robyn Williams, wrote in praise of a Dawkins book on evolution 'It's all there, carefully argued and with every creationist chestnut demolished with evidence stacked to the sky'. In fact, such claims are simply inexcusable and unsupported bluster, as there is a complete lack of any evidence at all for such critical matters as: why there is something rather than nothing; at the Big Bang, what material went bang, where did it come from and what made it go bang; how any life began or how human beings have arrived at such concepts as truth, beauty or justice. Almost eighty years ago, Chesterton pithily wrote of such nonsense 'I am

being asked to believe that, given enough time, a swamp could give rise to Chartres cathedral'. It would seem that humility and honesty are steps too far for some.

The writings of scientists and other thinkers are used here to present a position nearer to where I believe truth lies. Francis Collins, head of the Human Genome Project and one of the world's leading scientists, has written a book 'The Language of God', in which he describes his journey from being an obnoxious young atheist to becoming a committed Christian scientist. He was first influenced by CS Lewis who, in his 'Mere Christianity', drew attention to the fact that the Moral Law has been found, since the earliest times, implanted in men's hearts.

Collins clearly has a great intellect and is no pushover. He is aware of and effectively deals with what he identifies as the four main objections to his personal conversion, namely 'Isn't the idea of God just wish fulfilment?' 'What about all the harm done in the name of religion?' 'Why would a loving God allow suffering?' and 'How can a rational person believe in miracles?' Clearly, I could do little justice here to Collins on those important topics, as each demands more space than I have available.

Regarding miracles, however, recall Chesterton's caution: 'Somehow or other, an extraordinary idea has arisen that the disbelievers in miracles consider them coldly and fairly, while believers in miracles accept them only in connection with some dogma. The fact is quite the other way. The believers accept them (rightly or wrongly) because they have evidence for them. The disbelievers deny them (rightly or wrongly) because they have a doctrine against them'.

Collins presents what is known to have happened at the Big Bang and

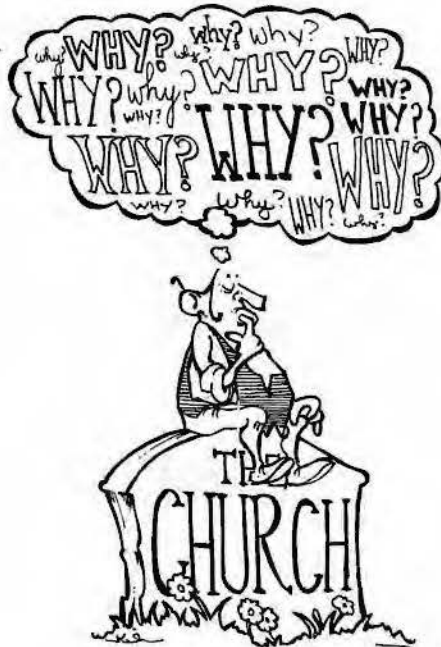


in the few micro-fractions of a second after it, and how critical that tiny interval was for the development of the universe. It prompted Stephen Hawking to write 'The odds against a universe like ours emerging out of something like the Big Bang are enormous. I think there are clearly religious implications. It would be very difficult to explain why the universe should have begun in just this way, except as the act of a God who intended to create beings like us'. Arno Penzias, a Nobel Prize-winning scientist, wrote 'The best data we have are exactly what I would have predicted, had I nothing to go on but the five Books of Moses, the Psalms and the Bible as a whole'.

The age of the universe is estimated at about 14 billion years and the age of Earth at 4.5 billion years, of which the first 500 million were inhospitable to life. Microbial life appeared about 150 million years later but as to the question of how life began, Collins says, with commendable brevity and candour, 'We simply do not know'. *Homo Sapiens* appeared about 195,000 years ago.

Darwin's book 'On the Origin of Species' described how organisms can adapt to the influence of environmental change but he had little to say about the *origin* of species. It has been his followers who have formed views about that. His own estimation of the relationship between his work and God seems to have waxed and waned. At one time he could write 'Agnostic would be the most correct description of my state of mind' and at another, 'I feel compelled to look to a first cause having an intelligent mind ... and I deserve to be called a Theist'. The final sentence in his book is 'There is a grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning. Endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved'.

One biographer suggests that the most critical event for his uncertainty about God was the death, from typhoid fever, of his ten-year-old daughter Annie, for whom he grieved for the rest of his life, without resolution. He thought Darwin's belief in God



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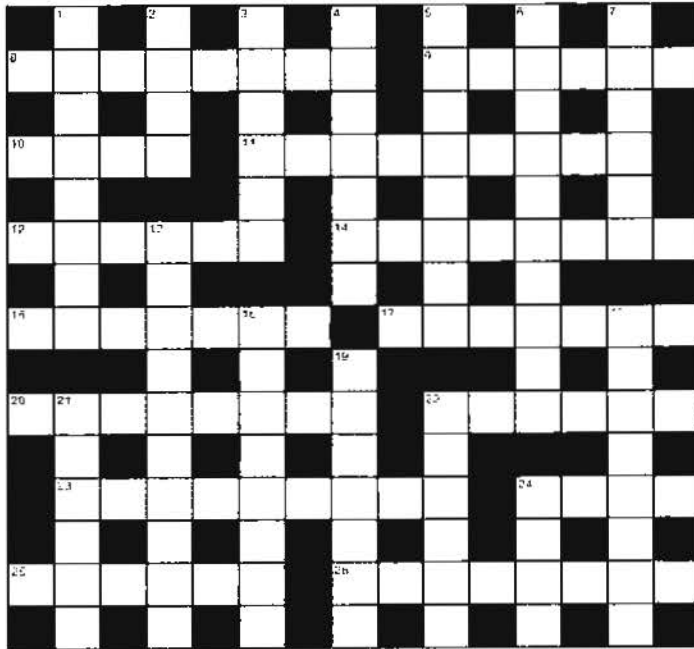
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ACROSS CLUES

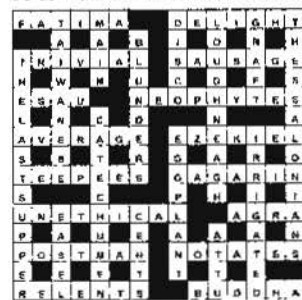
8. Ono has pig meat, followed by a port in Japan (8)
9. Times when southern hope returns around start of Christmas (6)
16. Refused to dump umpire taken advantaged of (4)
11. Woodworker inserts pen into heart of former president (9)
12. Move swiftly into vocation (6)
14. Turn away Muhammad, a teen out of control (8)
15. Point about a Royal Marine being the most cordial (7)
17. Non-believer at robbery (7)
20. Sort of goose found in bar scrubbed clean (8)
22. Creator gives gold to a hammer-wielding god (6)
23. Cain crosses road, also endless church hierarchy (9)
24. To govern some part of Peru, Lenny needs to be elected (4)
25. Not quite dead. Con becomes a minister's offsider (6)
26. St. signed out bandage (8)

DOWN CLUES

1. Snake wants to change inside African republic (8)
2. Cross two ducks in outskirts of Richmond (4)
3. Malignant growth of "The Crab" (6)

4. Person with right of abode in the U.K. plus personal assistant on probation (7)
5. Bent dice tossed to get church leader (8)
6. Subject to trick tin-man (10)
7. Yearn for new T-shirt (6)
13. Crooked Dundee crim a founder of school for poor boys? (6,4)
16. Notice changes in ship components (8)
18. Broken eels touch down in Caledonia (8)
19. Her lad's upset with barhangers (7)
21. An ache inside German city (6)
22. Wild lassie in church passageway (6)
24. This flower of Lima turns up in mosques or synagogues (4)

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD NO. 68



There are no fossils of the earliest men since none could have survived for so long, but we do know what early men were capable of, many thousands of years ago. Some of their paintings and drawings were found in the French caves at Lascaux in 1940, estimated to be about 17,000 years old, and at other sites. In them are some 1,500 depictions of various animals, caught in marvellous detail, some in realistic motion and up to 5 metres in length. Observers have commented how extraordinary is their sophistication and complex technique. One thought they 'reveal a mind akin to our own'. Though cave men are still commonly depicted as simple-minded brutes, this first encounter with them reveals them as intelligent, highly skilled and already capable of abstract thought. We don't know whether their forebears had ever been simple-minded.

With that as background, Chesterton continues 'There is no particle of proof that the transition from no intelligence to intelligence came slowly or that it came naturally. In a strictly scientific sense, we know nothing about how it grew, or whether it grew or what it is. There may be trails of stones and bones faintly suggesting the development of the human body. There is nothing even remotely suggesting such a development of a human mind. Something happened. It has all the appearance of a transaction outside of time. Man's body may have evolved from the brutes but we know nothing about any such transition that throws the smallest light upon his soul, as it has been shown in history'. Then he damns all the pseudo-scientific guesswork about the origins of life and human intelligence, for which no evidence exists, when he adds 'It is necessary to say that all this ignorance is simply covered by impudence'.

Lest anyone think this pays scant respect to the scientific mind, John Lennox, professor of mathematics and Fellow in the Philosophy of Science at Oxford University, said last year in Sydney 'We must consider the pre-suppositions we bring to the question of what Darwin's theory tells us about God. There are essentially only two options. Either the wonder of human intelligence ultimately owes its origin to mindless matter or there is a Creator. It remains a mystery to me why some people claim it is their intelligence that leads them to prefer the first to the second'.

and eternity was ended much more comprehensively by this, than anything uncovered in his scientific enquiries.

Again, Chesterton has some very arresting perceptions about evolution, which remain relevant despite so much new scientific discovery since his day. We are surely all now familiar with the cartoon of the progress of man's development from a small creature at

one end, through ever more developed apes, to confident, erect man at the top of the chain, striding on to greater things. So, when we meet Chesterton bluntly asserting 'There is not a shred of evidence that *man* [our italics] was evolved at all, what are we to make of that? The clue, of course, is that he was thinking of the *whole man*, body and soul, as one should.

Sound Familiar?

In the realm of scientific invention one cannot properly speak of truth; there are never anything but hypotheses, which can be superseded by other hypotheses and which are verified by their concrete effectiveness. Now, this criterion tends to become the measure of all things; and spiritual realities are denounced as lacking in pragmatic effectiveness in respect of the concrete transformation of human life. This is one of the objections which we find to be most current: Christianity is of no use to us for the task that lies before us, namely, the transformation of man's material conditions. The scientific approach associates criteria of certitude with possibilities of concrete experimentation - something impossible in the religious realm; and the upshot is that religious assertions are felt to have a gratuitous character, and to lack the same quality of certitude as possessed by what is susceptible to experimentation. The result is that for many scientists, even those who are Christians, religion is essentially a subjective affair, which arises from feeling and cannot be objectively and rationally based. ... it will be thought that a clear-thinking mind should be capable of dispensing with this recourse and of facing up to truth in all its unremitting coldness.

- Jean Cardinal Danielou, *The Scandal of Truth*, The Catholic Book Club, London, 1962, pp.119-120

Unnecessary confusion is created when some scientists abandon objectivity in the evolution debate. The chief current offender is Dawkins, whose book 'The God Delusion' offensively attacked a Christian explanation for evolution and, by extension, thousands of his Christian colleagues. Marxist Terry Eagleton described the book as 'appallingly bitchy and theologically illiterate,' while Richard Kirk said it was 'an exercise in contempt'. Others thought it was 'a kind of self-help guide for atheists,' its essential argument being that 'non-material reality does not exist, therefore God does not exist'.

When Francis Crick, a co-discoverer of DNA, became convinced that life could not conceivably have arisen from inanimate matter, he suggested, on no evidence at all and with no prospect of any ever becoming available, that life had mysteriously arrived from another planet at some time past. Not only was this stunningly fanciful, it made no contribution to the question of the origin of life, which was merely relocated. When scientists publicly abandon all pretence at rationality rather than critically examining the solution that many of their colleagues find credible and intellectually satisfying, science itself is discredited.

I return to Collins' book and the conclusion he reached, after 280 pages of a most wide-ranging and dispassionate weighing of the issues, about the common but regrettable view that the gap between science and religion is so wide as to be unbridgeable. 'For me, there is not a shred of disappointment in the discoveries of the nature of life - quite the contrary. How marvellous and intricate life turns out to be. How deeply satisfying is the digital excellence of DNA. How aesthetically pleasing and artistically sublime are the components of living things. Evolution, as a mechanism, can be and must be true. But that says nothing about the nature of its author. For those who believe in God, there are reasons now to be more in awe, not less.' Some may think that such excellence says a good deal about the nature of the author of nature. As an aside, he is a harsh critic of young Creationism, as being insulting to God by portraying Him as a cosmic trickster.

The following are taken *verbatim* from his concluding chapter.

'Scientists have a crucial role to play in these debates, since they possess special expertise in what is possible and what is not, but they are not the only ones at the table. A wide variety of other perspectives must be represented. The burden is heavy on them, however, to educate themselves about scientific matters.' [pp. 270, 271]

'Hardened positions can sometimes develop long before the nuances of the science have become clear, to the detriment of the potential for real dialogue.' [p.271]

'I hesitate, however, to advocate strongly for faith-based bioethics. The obvious danger is the historical record that believers can and will sometimes utilise their faith in a way never intended by God and will

move from loving concern to self-righteousness, demagoguery and extremism.' [ibid]

'Difficult decisions arise when a conflict appears between the mandate to heal and the moral obligation to do no harm. But we have no alternative but to face those dilemmas head-on, attempt to understand all of the nuances, include the perspectives of all the stakeholders and try to reach a consensus.' [p. 272]

'We desperately need not to be shouting at each other.' [ibid]

It may be well for readers to be reminded that our present Holy Father, Benedict XVI, aligned himself with his predecessors, Popes Pius XII and John Paul II, when in October 2008 he noted that 'there is no opposition between faith's understanding of creation and the evidence of the empirical sciences.' John Paul II was always careful to add that, however true this may be for the body, the soul is individually created for each person.

A wide readership for 'The Language of God' could greatly assist in making significant progress along the road to the earnestly desired understanding of, and agreement on, evolution.

DR BRIAN POLLARD is a retired anaesthetist/palliative care physician with an interest in bioethics. Most of his professional life was spent in private practice as a specialist anaesthetist. He was Director of anaesthetics at Concord Hospital NSW, and founding Director of the Palliative Care Service there.



There are no such things as irresponsible banks or profligate governments – there are only irresponsible bankers and profligate politicians.

MORALITY REMAINS THE REAL BOTTOM LINE

By Giles Auty



hen I was growing up it was deemed inappropriate as well as impolite to discuss politics or religion at dinner parties.

While clearly the latter taboo, at least, does not apply to a journal such as this, a sensitivity exists, probably rightly, about discussion of political issues in these pages.

Yet I cannot help thinking that today large numbers of overlaps occur between political and religious issues. Abortion is an obvious case in point where what is evidently a moral issue has mutated somehow, in the United States especially, into a political one. In short, where moral issues have an obvious capacity to swing elections they become also and unavoidably political.

In an as yet unpublished work by the Russian-born writer Alexander Boot, whose excellent *How the West was Lost* (I.B.Tauris, 2006) I reviewed some time ago for *Annals*, the author has taken the original step of analysing the global financial crisis in moral rather than economic terms, suggesting that the only lasting answers to that crisis will be moral ones. The proposed book is called *Virtual World, Real Crisis: Why Our Financial Problems Are Not Merely Financial* and I certainly hope it finds a worthwhile publisher soon.

Here I have little doubt that trained economists would be dismissive of a notion such as this. Modern society tends to be in awe of compartmentalised, specialist skills even when there seem reasons aplenty to doubt them. For example trained economists, for the most part, failed to foresee the global financial crisis entirely – a considerable professional

shortcoming among those on whose apparent foresight we are often obliged to rely.

Boot expounds his thesis eloquently: “If any of us were indeed professional economists, we would be tempted to see the world in general, and certainly the present crisis in particular, in terms of our speciality. That would be a mistake, for the problem we are facing

is really not economic at all. The economy is not the hole in the pipe. It is the puddle on the tiles – a symptom not the cause”.

And, as the author goes on to say “When we use terms like ‘irresponsible’ or ‘profligate’ to describe banks, governments and other institutions, we seem to be assigning them characteristics normally associated with individuals. In a way, by doing so we anthropomorphise the inanimate bodies, removing them from the flesh-and-blood people who run them. We seem to imply that institutions act of their own accord, and their actions are beyond anyone’s control. This is loose phrasing that betokens loose thinking.

There are no such things as irresponsible banks or profligate governments – there are only irresponsible bankers and profligate politicians. Now if we correct this linguistic solecism and begin to express ourselves with more rigour, before long we shall be talking about not bankers and politicians – and not even about consumers – but about people in general. We would begin by contemplating human nature, and only then see how it is reflected in various facets of life”.

What the global financial crisis is really about, in short, is the perennial imperfection of human nature. The causes of the crisis were therefore spiritual long before they were economic.

Regrettably, what the human race in general lacks today, in contrast to the past, is any widely-held view that greed, selfishness and gross hedonism are deplorable and antisocial human characteristics which we would all be better off without. What we are

Wash Your Hands

WE are often reminded that ‘there is nothing new under the sun’.¹ Take the insights of modern medicine: we are regularly being warned that germs and bugs are spread [and caught] by not washing our hands before eating, and by not using clean crockery and cutlery. Horace, the Roman Poet, admittedly in one of his Satires,² already drew perceptive readers’ attention to the fact that ‘the stomach turns queasy if a servant handles your wine cup with fingers greasy from licking it for a few stolen drops [of wine]’.³ Was the poet merely describing a gourmand’s fastidiousness, or was he remembering being violently ill about an unhygienic meal?

– Paul Stenhouse

1 Book of Ecclesiastes 1:9.

2 Satire 2, 4, 79.

3 ‘Magna movet stomacho fastidia, seu puer uncis Tractavit calicem manibus dum furta ligavit.’



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talking about, in fact, is not just a preponderantly amoral modern society but also one which does not take kindly to the least criticism.

Today, too many politicians pander to an absence of traditional, 'conservative' values among their electorates when a return to such traditional values as probity, prudence, hard work and a sense of communal responsibility is what society needs urgently now for its future survival.

I certainly do not intend to offend socialists or others of good will by characterising the above as traditionally 'conservative' and Christian values because I am using the word 'conservative' here in its social rather than political sense. Indeed, I believe that there is a great longing now – and not just from people of older generations – for a kinder and more structured society which acknowledges and rewards the sort of social values our parents might have recognised and would surely have approved.

In the recent British parliamentary elections I believe David Cameron made a serious error of judgement in not recognising or basically sympathising with such a widespread and entirely understandable longing among the British people. He presented himself instead as that contradiction in terms, a 'modern' conservative.

As Tom Switzer explained with great clarity in the May 15 edition of *The Spectator Australia*: "The odd thing is that so many pundits and political professionals deluded themselves for so long. For years, David Cameron had been the subject of breathless profiles in the Antipodes and the Old Dart. He was, we were told, a different, more modern conservative: one whose 'cool', 'caring' and 'compassionate' agenda of political correctness, gay rights and green activism was a recipe for success at the ballot box. He crafted a 'progressive conservatism' which was well past all that Thatcherite talk of free markets and fiscal discipline".

Indeed, as well-known British commentator Geoffrey Wheatcroft lamented, Cameron "wanted to remodel the Tories as a touchier, feelier version of Blairism" rather than to base his campaign simply on recognisable, traditional values. Yet as life grows more difficult, demanding and complex more and more of us understand what society has lost by a departure from values which have stood the test of time. In Western countries, at least, many of such values were specifically Christian in origin.

As readers who follow international news closely will know, the world's recent economic troubles are far from over – nor is Australia itself by any

means immune from their effects.

Over here, since the global financial crisis began, we have attempted to 'spend our way out of trouble' through fiscal stimulus packages and other economic examples of Keynesian theory which frequently seem to fly in the face of such traditional human virtues as prudence, not least by hugely increasing national debt.

Regrettably, modern politics often encourages the promotion of the interests of one social or demographic group against those of others when, in terms of any national crisis – whether economic or otherwise – the nation should instead really be encouraged by any responsible government to think – as in conditions of war, for example – in terms of pulling together as a whole.

The vexed question of interest rates provides an almost perfect example of the latter problem in action. How often have you heard supposedly neutral radio and television commentators here refer recently to 'fears' of another rate rise?

Here the 'fears' of one group of generally young Australians – first-home buyers, for instance – coincide closely with the 'hopes' of another, older group: self-funded retirees, for example.

Why precisely then are the 'fears' of one group prioritised over the 'hopes' of another?

What such commentators prioritise, whether consciously or otherwise, are the interests of a group of Australians who have yet to contribute greatly to the life of this country through work, service or taxes against the interests of another group who have often contributed considerably in all of those ways.

Here, once again, it is demonstrated clearly that what we have been conditioned to see largely as an 'economic' issue – interest rates – conceals what is basically an ethical one: the application of social and moral justice.

In short, to put the matter at its simplest: we are all in this together.

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. He continues to devote himself to his original love – painting.

Marrying young is not the answer for everyone, but neither is it the foolhardy move that our popular culture portrays it to be.

BOOMERANGERS

By Colleen Carroll Campbell

EVERYONE KNOWS it's a mistake to marry too soon. But are there drawbacks to dawdling on your way to the altar? The question is a pressing one, given the rising age of first marriage in America. At 28 for men and 26 for women, our median marrying age today is five years older for both men and women than it was in 1970, and the oldest it's been since the U.S. Census began tracking it in the 1890s.

The question of an ideal marriage age is even more pressing in light of a new Pew Research Center survey that found a spike in the number of young adults choosing to return to their parents' nest rather than build their own. Branded as 'boomerangers,' these young adults who move back in with Mom and Dad after college or a few years in the work force now account for a fifth of all Americans ages 25 to 34, up from just over a tenth in 1980.

While tight finances and a tough job market have fueled the cluttered-nest craze, researchers say delayed marriage is also a crucial driver. And they say the marrying age may keep rising as more young adults opt to extend their adolescent freedoms and dependence on their parents into their late 20s and beyond.

Many parents are happy to see their children take their time in tying the knot, given the conventional wisdom that an early marriage is a ticket to divorce. Teen marriage is, indeed, a risky venture: According to the University of Virginia's National Marriage Project, marrying as a teenager is the highest known risk factor for divorce. People who marry in their teens are two to three times more likely to divorce than those who marry at older ages.

Yet the major benefit for marital stability comes from delaying marriage past the teen years into the early 20s. After that, the benefits of delaying marriage are debatable, and some research suggests that couples who marry earlier may wind up happier.

A 2009 study led by University of Texas sociologist Norval Glenn, which measured marital success both in terms of marriage survival rates and the quality of marital relationships, found that couples who wed between the ages of 22 and 25 experienced 'the highest marital success.' The study concluded that 'most persons have little or nothing to gain in the way of marital success by deliberately postponing marriage beyond the mid-twenties.'

The reasons for greater marital success among these younger spouses surely vary. One factor may be the malleability of youth: Spouses may be more open to the compromises a successful marriage demands if they have not spent a decade or more getting set in their single ways. Another factor may be the intense bond spouses experience when they are living with a romantic partner for the first time, rather than having spent years on the treadmill of serial cohabitation with a revolving cast of potential mates. Although many young adults see living together as a harmless way to 'test drive' partners before opting for marriage, an analysis of studies on the topic published this year in the *Journal of Marriage and Family* found that cohabitation before marriage has 'a significant negative association with both marital stability and marital quality.'

Marrying young is not the answer for everyone, of course. But neither is it the foolhardy move that our popular culture portrays it to be.

COLLEEN CARROLL CAMPBELL is an author, television and radio host and St. Louis-based fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center. She is the author of *The New Faithful: Why Young Adults Are Embracing Christian Orthodoxy*. — *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, April 8, 2010.

The remarkable life of a spare, quick-moving, bicycling Jesuit who favoured intellectual accomplishments in young Catholic men, rather than sporting ones

THE RIDDLE OF FATHER HACKETT

Reviewed by TONY EVANS



READ no history, only biography' a father advises his son in a now seldom-read novel by Disraeli, and then justifies his remark by arguing

that good biography is 'history without the theory'. True to this advice *The Riddle of Father Hackett* is not only an engrossing account of an interesting life, but also a history of the times in which the subject lived both in Ireland and Australia. It is a book that will grip all those who have Irish connections, and further, all those who are interested in the history of the Australian Catholic Church – which should include the majority of readers of *Annals*.

The author begins by suggesting that biographies of priests are rare because priests lead – for the most part – hidden lives, and much of their work is of a confidential nature – not the sort to attract a publisher. Such might have been the case with Father Hackett

The Riddle of Father Hackett: A life in Ireland and Australia, by Brenda Niall, The National Library of Australia, 2009, RRP \$39.95.

SJ, but Brenda Niall, an experienced biographer, had the advantage, when a child, of a family friendship with the priest in his latter years. His humour, his courtesy, his disarming candour and his stories of his early life in Ireland, made a lasting impression on her. Much later, Niall realised that there was a lot more to that spare, quick-moving, bicycling Jesuit than appeared on the surface. This was confirmed when, long after his death from a cycling accident in 1954, the Jesuit archive collection of Hackett's letters and diaries was made available to her. The result is an exciting, and at times, a poignant tale.

William Hackett was born into a large middle-class family in Kilkenny in 1878. His father was a well-established Catholic doctor, whose

popularity, his reputation and his health suffered when he publicly appeared on a platform with Parnell the tarnished leader of the Home Rule Party in Westminster. Tempers flared, and missiles were thrown by an angry crowd. While riding in a carriage with him, a stone intended for Parnell hit Dr Hackett in the eye, smashed his glasses, and permanently affected his sight.

Charles Stewart Parnell – 'The Chief' – was the hope of the Republican cause until his involvement in a squalid divorce case and his subsequent marriage to Mrs Katherine O'Shea. Here was an act that split the rigorously orthodox Catholic country, and ended Parnell's career, and in the short term, severely damaged the Republican cause. The Bishops condemned him; many clergy preached against him. The nation divided on the issue, and even the daughters of Dr Hackett were, for a time, banned from attending their convent school.

The young William, also of school age at the time, could not but be affected by these events. His loyalty to his father and the family's friendship with Parnell sowed the first seeds of his lifelong Republican sympathies. Later these grew and matured when, as a young priest, he witnessed the poverty of his people, the injustices of absentee landlords, and the revengeful tyranny of the British troops, the 'Black and Tans', after the Easter Rising of 1916. The 'Riddle' of Father Hackett SJ is to what extent he was involved in the resistance movement against British rule in Ireland and why he was suddenly sent out to Australia by the Jesuit authorities. Niall makes clear that he was not a participant in military activities, and that his role was more likely to be as an intermediary – a source of information, a messenger. His was clearly humanitarian work.

Shrinking Consciousness

Pointless but intense excitement holds us in TV dramas. We hear threatening music. A killer with a gun steals into the bedroom of a sleeping woman. More subliminal sounds of danger, pointlessly ominous. The woman wakes and runs into the kitchen for a knife. The cops are on the case. We watch as the criminal is pursued through night streets; shots, a death; a body falls from a roof. Then time is up, another drama begins. Now we are in a church. No, we are in a lecture hall; no again – a drawer opens in a morgue. A woman is looking for her kidnapped child. Then that ends, and we are on the veld with zebras and giraffes. Then with Lenin at a mass meeting. And suddenly we flash away to a cooking school; we are shown how to stuff a turkey. Next the Berlin Wall comes down. Or flags are burning. Or a panel is worrying about the rug crisis. More and more public themes, with less and less personal consciousness. Clearly, personal consciousness is shrinking.

– Saul Bellow, "The Distracted Public" (1990), pp. 159-160

What makes the story of his life so compelling at this point was his friendship with the leaders of the Republican cause, with Michael Collins, Erskine Childers, with Eamon de Valera and others. Their revealing correspondence with Hackett enriches the story. The priest was due to meet Michael Collins in Cork on the night before the fatal skirmish that ended with the untimely death of the Nationalist leader.

Father Hackett's closest friendship seems to have been with Erskine Childers and his wife Molly. Molly's letter to Hackett (then in Australia) recounting the execution of her brave, utterly sincere patriotic husband is almost unbearably moving. Erskine Childers is best known for his classic spy tale, *The Riddle of the Sands*, revered by all yachtsmen and from which – of course – the title of Brenda Niall's book is derived.

Bound by obedience as a member of his order, Father Hackett took up his new life in Melbourne diocese in the spring of 1922. 'My world has been turned upside down' he wrote. It is to the biographer's credit that this second part of the book is no less absorbing than the first. With the autocratic, eccentric Dr Daniel Mannix ruling the Diocese at that time, we are never far from Irish politics, and Father Hackett maintains his connections with his old country. He is appointed by Mannix as chaplain adviser to Santamaria's 'Movement' clandestinely set up to fight communist dominance of the unions. There is much new material revealed here concerning church politics of the 1950s derived from the author's employment in Santamaria's office at that time.

With the practical support of Mannix, Hackett set up and directed the Catholic Library in Melbourne (now known as the Caroline Chisholm Library). He held seminars and lectures and amassed a valuable collection of books which he invariably had difficulty paying for. He believed in the imperative of educating and encouraging a Catholic intellectual elite and for this purpose was closely involved in establishing the Newman and Campion societies in Melbourne. In between times this busy man was variously teacher, priest attached to St Ignatius parish,

The Price of Resistance

THEIR CONFORMITY was not always ignoble. Christopher Trychay on Exmoor conformed and conformed again, but he was no vicar of Bray. Reading his church book it is hard to see what else such a man in such a time could have done. For him religion was above all local and particular, 'rooted in one dear perpetual place,' his piety centred on this parish, this church, these people. It was not a matter of mere fear, though going with his wardens to be quizzed yet again by the commissioners for church goods in Exeter he would have seen the rows of rebel heads above the gates, and registered the fate of those who resisted the Crown. Some priests had led their people against the new religion, and had been hanged in their chasubles for their pains, and still the altars had come down, the royal arms replaced the Rood, the beloved images been axed and burned. Some priests, probably more than we are likely to be able to count, refused to serve the new order, and moved away – to secular life, to a diminished role as a schoolmaster or a chaplain in a traditionalist and ultimately recusant household, to exile abroad. But for a man like Trychay there was nowhere to be except with the people he had baptized, shriven, married, and buried for two generations. A few years before Trychay had begun to minister at Morebath the wisest man in England had written:

'What part soever you have taken upon you, playe that aswel as you can and make the best of it: and doe not therefore disturbe and brynge oute of order the whole matter, bycause that an other, whyche is meryer and better commeth to your remembraunce ... you muste not forsake the shippe in a tempeste, because you can not rule and kepe downe the wyndes ... But you must with a crafty wile and subtell trayne studye and endeouore youre selfe, asmuche as in you lyeth, to handle the matter wyttelye and handsomelye for the purpose, and that whyche you can not turne to good, so to order it that it be not very badde.'

In parishes all over England decent, timid men and women set themselves to do just that. It was not for them to rule the winds: the conscience of the prince was in the hands of God, and the people must make shift to do as best they could under the prince. While Sir Christopher Trychay was priest of Morebath, Protestantism would be long in making headway, and when it did it would be tempered, transformed. But the price for such accommodation, of course, was the death of the past it sought to conserve.

- *The Stripping of the Altars*. Traditional religion in England 1400-1580, Eamon Duffy, Yale University Press, 1992 p.592. [The 'Wisest man in England' was, of course, St Thomas More, in his *Utopia*].

Richmond, and Principal of Newman College, Kew. The latter post evidently was not one of his successes. He was a poor administrator who favoured intellectual accomplishments in young Catholic men rather than sporting ones, and fell foul of the influential Old Boys Association. The dispute ended in his humiliating dismissal.

Perhaps the most memorable and amusing scenes in the book concern the irksome friendship between Mannix and Hackett and how for fourteen years, Father Hackett was commanded to accompany the aging, grey, autocratic Archbishop on his austere six weeks' holiday at Portsea on Port Phillip Bay. Mannix was

demanding of Hackett's time and relied on his company even though he could appear ungrateful, curt, and at times insulting. Hackett referred to himself as Mannix's poodle.

This is a fascinating journey through the life and times of a truly meritorious priest who engaged with the world but was not worldly, and who never compromised his vocation to the priesthood.

The Riddle of Father Hackett is clearly 'history without the theory' and is highly recommended.

TONY EVANS's biography of the architect, William Wardell, *Building with Conviction*, is to be published by Connor Court early this month.

A decorative border surrounds the text, featuring a grid pattern with vines and leaves climbing over it. The vines are detailed with small leaves and tendrils, and the grid is composed of thick, dark lines.

Learning from the Leper

“I DO WILL IT. BE MADE CLEAN”



EA CH ONE OF US can be healed by God every day. We have only to worship him with humility and love, and wherever we are to say with faith: ‘Lord, if you want to you can make me clean.’ ‘It is by believing from the heart that we are justified’ (Rom 10,10), so we must make our petitions with the utmost confidence, and without the slightest doubt of God’s power. If we pray with a faith springing from love, God’s will need be in no doubt. He will be ready and able to save us by an all-powerful command. He immediately answered the leper’s request, saying: ‘I do want to.’ Indeed, no sooner had the leper begun to pray with faith than the Saviour’s hand began to cure him of his leprosy.

This leper is an excellent teacher of the right way to make petitions. He did not doubt the Lord’s willingness through disbelief in his compassion, but neither did he take it for granted, for he knew the depths of his own sinfulness. Yet because he acknowledged that the Lord was able to cleanse him if he wished, we praise this declaration of firm faith just as we praise the Lord’s mighty power... If faith is weak it must be strengthened, for only then will it succeed in obtaining health of body or soul.

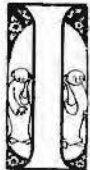
The Apostle’s words, ‘purifying their hearts by faith’ (Acts 15,9) referred, surely, to strong faith like this... A faith shown to be living by its love, steadfast by its perseverance, patient by its endurance of delay, humble by its confession, strong by its confidence, reverent by its way of presenting petitions, and discerning with regard to their content - such a faith may be certain that in every place it will hear the Lord saying: ‘I do want to.’

- Saint Paschasius Radbertus, died AD 849, Benedictine monk.
Commentary on Saint Matthew’s Gospel, 5, 8.

Jules Chevalier MSC (1824-1907) and Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus

THE PIVOT AROUND WHICH CATHOLICISM TURNS

By Dennis Murphy, MSC



IN 1854, though he had been a priest only for a few years, Jules Chevalier founded what he called in its Constitutions the "Missionaries of the Sacred Heart of JESUS". He wrote the name Jesus in capitals indicating that he was not concentrating on a part of Jesus but on *Jesus* himself. Before the end of the 18th century, 'Sacred Heart' had already become a name for Jesus Christ.

The idea of founding a Religious Congregation had first come to him when he was a seminarian studying the theology tract *de Verbo Incarnato* (concerning the Word Incarnate). At the end of the course, the seminary professor had given further talks on devotion to the Sacred Heart showing its close connections with what he had taught; in his opinion, the devotion was essentially "an excellent homage given to the adorable Word incarnate".¹

This emphasis on God's Word would remain with Jules Chevalier throughout his life. He wrote in 1900: "And who is the Word? From where does he come? What is his essence? His nature? The reply to these questions will remove a number of veils, clarify more than one mystery, and throw a strong light on devotion to the Sacred Heart".² To neglect this point would be to miss the full picture of what Jules Chevalier meant by 'Sacred Heart' and by 'devotion'. Jesus is *God's* Word to the world made flesh. And where God is, we are "on holy ground" and should act and live accordingly. 'Devotion' is called for.³

The Heart of the Word

In a preliminary note to his translation of Teilhard de Chardin's *Hymn of the Universe*, Simon

Bartholomew recalls Jacques Maritain's distinction between theologically 'poetical' and theologically 'scientific' language: the latter provides unambiguous statements *about* reality, the former aims to communicate *reality* itself as experienced, and to do this by means of imagery. He concludes: "That is not to say that poetic language is nebulous, vague, uncertain: on the contrary, the cutting edge of great poetry is sharper and digs deeper than that of any prose. But we shall never hear what the mystic (or the poet or the musician) has to tell us if we are listening on the wrong wave length."⁴

Jules Chevalier had known and practised devotion to the Sacred Heart from childhood; he was familiar with its images and its practices: the Nine First Fridays, Holy Hours, litanies, acts of consecration and of reparation. All this

he would have taken for granted.

With an enlightenment that would change his whole life, he saw that "the Heart of the Divine Master is the centre on which everything in the Old and New Testament converges, the pivot around which everything in Catholicism turns".⁵ Granted his focus, this was no exaggeration. He later wrote in a letter to a friend: "Devotion to the Sacred Heart is the essence of Christianity. The Heart of Jesus is the love of God, God himself, incarnate. God is love".⁶

His new enlightenment had a sound basis in St John's Gospel: *In the beginning was the Word: the Word was with God and the Word was God. Through him all things came into being... And the Word became flesh.*⁷ This fact convinced him also, as it had St John, that God is love. *We have recognized for ourselves, and put our faith in, the love God has for us. God is love and whoever remains in love remains in God and God in him.*⁸ It also followed that *our love must be not just words or mere talk, but something active and genuine.*⁹

The young seminarian's focus did not stop with written words and ideas in a Bible: he contemplated the reality of God's incarnate Word pierced to the Heart on the Cross. There, and not in a dictionary, he found the meaning of the statement 'God is love'. Pope Benedict XVI has mentioned the same point in his Encyclical *God is Love*. Commenting on contemplation of the pierced side of Christ,¹⁰ the Pope states, "In this contemplation the Christian discovers the path along which his life and his love must move".¹¹

In 1900, Jules Chevalier would write, "The Word, coming from the Heart of his Father, made the world emerge from nothing; and from the Heart of the incarnate Word, pierced on Calvary, I see a new world emerging, the world of those he has chosen... And it is the

Heart to Heart

IN ITS penetrating analysis of the modern world, the Second Vatican Council reached that most important point of the visible world, that is, man. Like Christ, it penetrated the depth of human consciousness and made contact with the inward mystery of man, which in Biblical and non-Biblical language is expressed by the word 'heart'. Christ, the Redeemer of the world, is the one who penetrated in a unique unrepeatable way into the mystery of man and entered his 'heart'.

- John Paul II, *Redemptor hominis*,
March 4, 1979, n.8.

Church, the mystical body of Christ, which makes this new creation present on earth until the end of time".¹²

Essentially social

Jules Chevalier insisted that devotion to the Sacred Heart was "essentially social".¹³ As a seminarian, looking at the world about him, he was convinced that society was seriously ill; and he diagnosed two symptoms: *egoism*: self-centredness, lack of concern for others; and *indifference*: lack of concern for religion and even a growing hostility towards it, despite the fact that Catholicism should be able to support and energize virtues essential for social progress.¹⁴

Jules Chevalier was disillusioned with post-revolutionary governments in France: the absolute monarchy of Bonaparte, then the attempts at constitutional monarchy and finally the republic - mainly because of their negative attitude towards the Church and the way they were curbing its freedom.

There was therefore an urgent need for the Church to present itself as a promoter of 'concern for others' and present 'religion' in an attractive form that answered the needs and aspirations of people. This led him to found a community of 'missionaries of the Sacred Heart of JESUS' who would make that their aim. He thought wider than a group of religious; he planned to associate others in this mission: diocesan priests, religious sisters and laity. If the aim was to change society,



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the mission would have to be carried out on a wide front.

A Jesuit, Henri Ramière (1821-1884), popularized the devotion to the Sacred Heart through the Apostleship of Prayer and the *Messenger du Sacré-Coeur*: a Jesuit publication that would be copied in many countries.

Ramière wrote: "Devotion to the Sacred Heart properly understood is not a particular devotional practice. It is the whole of religion, but religion seen under its most enlightening and consoling aspect".¹⁵

Father Chevalier wrote to him saying he fully agreed, adding that this was the way he had understood the devotion from the beginning.¹⁶

The human heart


It may come as a surprise to some that 'heart' in the Bible, even though used there 1163 times, is not used as a symbol of love. Its basic scriptural meaning, when used of people, is found in 1 Samuel 16:7. "God does not see as man sees; man looks at appearances but the LORD looks at the heart". The 'heart' denotes the real person, what we really are, the centre of our being, the *self*. Thus, the heart of Jesus is what makes Jesus to be *Jesus*.

John Paul II in describing the basic approach of his pontificate wrote in his first Encyclical: "Vatican Council, in its penetrating analysis of the 'contemporary world' reached the most important point of the visible world, that is, the human person. To do this, the Council descended, as did Christ, to the depths of the human consciousness, reaching right to the interior mystery of the human person which in the language of the Bible is expressed by the word 'heart'. Christ, Redeemer of the world, is he who has penetrated, in a unique and absolutely singular manner, into the mystery of humanity; he has entered into the human 'heart'".¹⁷

In popular piety and also in devotion to the Sacred Heart, Jesus may tend to absorb the whole of the Godhead, and the Father and Spirit be sidelined. Jules Chevalier's director in the Seminary advised him to read a biography of Margaret Mary by Bishop Languet. It was widely read and had been printed three times in the course of a hundred years. The Bishop described the object of the devotion quite simply: the infinite love of Jesus for his Father; his love for us, also infinite; and our response to that love. And finally, "We cannot express this reciprocal love better than by the world 'heart'".¹⁸

The 'heart' is the one centre where God and man can genuinely meet. *These people worship me with their lips, but their hearts are far from me.*¹⁹ The bond between the Incarnate Word and the Father is spelt out fully by Jesus in his prayer at the last supper.²⁰ And the main points in the chapter were expressed in a community prayer daily recited by early Missionaries of the Sacred Heart. In the Heart of Christ, the one God who is Father, incarnate Son and Spirit dwells with us and forms the Church.

The 'heart' stresses the fullness of the incarnation of the transcendent



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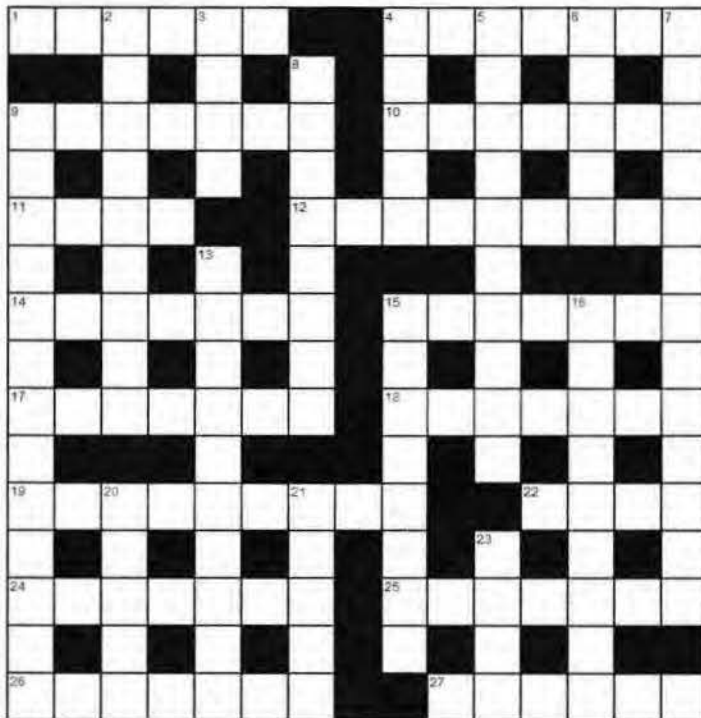
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ACROSS CLUES

1. A village in Portugal; a place of pilgrimage (6)
4. To please greatly (7)
9. Of little importance (7)
10. Seasoned meat stuffed into casing (7)
11. Eldest son of Isaac (4)
12. Novices in religious orders (9)
14. Par (7)
15. A Hebrew prophet of the 6th century BC; 26th book of the Old Testament (7)
17. Tents used by North American Indians (7)
18. First spaceman (7)
19. Immoral (9)
22. Indian city; site of the Taj Mahal (4)
24. He delivers mail (7)
25. Writes down (7)
26. Becomes more mild or amenable (7)
27. A title applied to Gautama Siddhartha (6)

DOWN CLUES

2. Inhabitants of an island formerly known as Formosa (9)
3. Chief (4)
4. Dance hall (5)
5. Largest lake in the British Isles (5,5)

6. Corruption (5)

7. Either of two books of the New Testament (13)
8. Embarrassing mistakes (8)
9. Painting by Leonardo Da Vinci (3,4,6)
13. One under instruction prior to baptism (10)
15. Aubergine (8)
16. Watered land (9)
20. Frame for supporting blackboard (5)
21. Monetary units (5)
23. The westernmost of the Aleutian Islands (4)

SOLUTION TO CRYPTIC NO. 20



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Word: Jesus fully human and fully divine. It is not sufficient to accept these words intellectually as orthodox 'statements'. They become an act of faith when we bow down in adoration, praise and thanksgiving before the God who comes to us in and through Jesus Christ. And we may do this with the finally convinced Thomas: *My*

Lord and my God! Or with the puzzled but nevertheless trusting Peter: *Lord, to whom shall we go. You have the words of eternal life; and we have believed and come to know, that you are the Holy One of God.*²¹ But if such a statement does not become a personal relationship between us and God, who is Father, Son and Spirit, it is not faith.

Devotion

We should need no argument that this supreme mystery of the union of God and human nature, which is essential to the symbol of the 'heart' of Christ, must be approached with the profoundest devotion. The word is used here as it was by St Francis de Sales meaning religion 'taken to heart' and put into practice in worship and in everyday life.

While there is no obligation for us to continue using the word 'devotion,' neither is there any need for us to play it down unnecessarily. It is still a strong word in ordinary English usage. Devotion is *great love*: a mother's love for her children; *the act of giving a lot of time, energy etc. to somebody or something*: e.g. devotion to duty; and, finally, *deep religious feeling*. When we speak of 'devotion' in relation to Jesus Christ, we mean that we give him our love, our time and our energy, with great religious feeling. That is what we should do, regardless of the word we use.

In the pierced Heart of Jesus on the cross, God comes to us and to the world. A lay association connected with the Missionaries of the Sacred Heart in France has taken for their motto: *To be on earth the Heart of God*. It certainly challenges us with a mission and is open to the vision of Jules Chevalier.

1. From the class notes of Jules Chevalier.
2. *Le Sacré-Coeur de Jésus* p. 139. Paris 1900.
3. Exodus 33-5.
4. p.9
5. Letter to Henri Ramiere SJ, 9 March 1962
6. Letter to Charles Jouët, 21 June 1887
7. Jn 1.1, 2, 13
8. 1 Jn 4.16
9. Job 3.18
10. Jo 19.37
11. n. 12
12. *Le Sacré-Coeur de Jésus* p. 145, Paris 1900.
13. op.cit. p. 280.
14. Cf. MS in the MSG General Archives, Rome. Printed in Personal Notes, p.
15. *L'Espérance de l'Eglise*, Paris, 1862, p.624.
16. Letter, December 9, 1862.
17. *Redemptor humanis* 4 March 1979, n. 8
18. Bishop Languet, *La vie de la Vénérable Mère Marguerite Marie* p.xvi.
19. Is 29:13.
20. Jn 17:1-26.
21. Jn 6:68, 69.

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



A PRAYER TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

IN THE HOUR of my distress,
When temptations me oppress,
And when I my sins confess,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When I lie within my bed,
Sick in heart and sick in head,
and with doubts discomforted,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

WHEN THE HOUSE doth sigh
and weep, And the world is
drowned in sleep,
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the artless Doctor sees
No one hope but of his fees.
And his skill runs on the lees.
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

WHEN HIS POTION and his pill,
Has, or none, or little skill,
Meet for nothing bnt to kill,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

When the passing-bell doth toll,
And the Furies in a shoal,
Come to fright a parting soul,
Sweet Spirit comfort me!

- Robert Herrick [1591-1633 AD]

How Greek philosophy reached the West

ARISTOTLE AT MONT SAINT-MICHEL

Reviewed by THOMAS F. BERTONNEAU



LONG before the late Eduard Said invented "Orientalism" to exalt Arab culture and Islamic society at the expense of the West, *bien-pensants* like Voltaire inclined to express their rebellion against the dwindling vestiges of Christendom by representing Europeans as bigots or clowns and raising up exotic foreigners – Voltaire himself wrote about Turks and Persians of the Muslim fold – to be the founts of wisdom and models of refined life in their tracts and stories. The sultan and dervish look with amused tolerance on the *gaucheries* of the European rubes. The rubes swing their elbows and knock over the pottery. It was the eighteenth-century *philosophes* and *illuminati* who coined the pejorative term *Dark Ages* to refer to the centuries immediately following the collapse of the Roman imperial administration in the West under pressure of the Gothic assertions of the fifth century.

Liberal discourse often casually extends the same term to apply it to *all* of medieval European civilization up to the Renaissance. Specialist historians have, however, long since demonstrated that no such absolute discontinuity as the term *Dark Ages* insinuates ever existed, which means that the Enlightenment version of history is at least partly wrong. And yet the usual story retains its currency, as an item in a kind of liberal folklore.

Part of that story is the motif of the Islamic middleman role in the transmission of classical knowledge to Christendom. According to this motif, the West in the eleventh century possessed no first-hand knowledge of the Greek and precious little of the Roman classics. Fortunately (so the story goes) the Muslims had translated

Sylvain Gouguenheim, *Aristote au Mont Saint-Michel: Les racines grecques de l'Europe Chrétienne*, Paris, Seuil, coll. "L'Univers Historique", 280 pages, 2008.

Plato and Aristotle into Arabic, knew all about them, and bestowed the gift of their lore on the benighted monks of Italy and France. The benefactors under this notion behave suavely and generously, while the beneficiaries are – to paraphrase a line from a David Lean film – ignorant, barbarous, and cruel.

In the spasm of western Islamophilia that followed the terrorist attacks of 2001, the myth of medieval Muslim learnedness and medieval European illiteracy gained strong new power for the Left, whose acolytes have disseminated it with vigour from their enconement in the colleges and universities. Facts might have dispelled the myth had anyone cared to notice them. For one thing, Europeans never

lost contact with the Byzantine Greeks, who blithely went on being scholarly classicists until Mehmet II bloodily vanquished Constantinople in 1453, slaughtering the literate elites and forcing the peasantry to submit to Allah. The eighth-century English church-chronicler Bede reports in his *Ecclesiastical History* that one of the first bishops of Canterbury, Theodore, was an educated Greek. The twelfth-century Icelandic myth-collector Snorri Sturlusson suggests in his *Edda* that the Norse gods were actually Trojan heroes escaping, like Aeneas, from Agamemnon's destruction of their city – an interpretation that implies his knowledge of the theory called Euhemerism. Eighth-century England and twelfth-century Iceland were remote places, but, in Bede and Snorri, one can attest links to the classical tradition.

Facts like these could easily be multiplied – and a man who multiplies them with muscularity and clear-sightedness is the French historian Sylvain Gouguenheim, who documents

Temporal and Spiritual 'Good'

It is, therefore, an error to consider, as is sometimes done, that the *temporal* common good, the end of the State, means an exclusively *material* good. It is both material and moral, but mainly moral: the upright life on this earth-in-time-of the human multitude assembled in a social body. But every man being ordered in the first place to an infinitely superior good, which is God, the supreme supernatural end of human life, the common good of the human State ought itself to be ordered to that supreme supernatural end; and whereas the common good of the State, being a *temporal* good, will cease with life on earth, the ultimate good, being eternal life, will never cease. This eternal and supernatural good ... is the peculiar end of that divinely instituted society, superior to every human society, the Church, the mystic Body of Christ.

- Jacques Maritain, *The Things that are not Caesar's*, London, Sheed & Ward, 1930, "On Liberalism," p.139.

Islamic Science in Decline

IN THE LAST chapter, the author discusses the decline of Arabic science - perhaps, he speculates, after the sixteenth century, but he offers little guidance. The lack of any significant innovations by Muslims in the science of motion after Ibn Bajja in the twelfth century, in optics after the early fourteenth century, or in astronomy after Shatir, suggests that scientific inquiry in the Muslim world has long been moribund. When the telescope arrived in the Middle East shortly after its invention in 1608 [in Holland. *Ed*], and with the publication of Galileo's *Starry Messenger* in 1610, Europeans were on fire with curiosity. But in the Muslim world, the device failed to excite astronomical interest and was not used for astronomical research until centuries later. The scientific curiosity Saliba trumpets in his book had inexplicably vanished. The author wishes exceedingly desperately to show a "seminal impact" of Arabic science on Renaissance Europe, but science in Europe had already moved far beyond the last innovations of Islamic civilization.

- Toby E. Huff, reviewing *Islamic Science and the Making of the European Renaissance*, by George Saliba. Cambridge MIT Press, 2008, in *Middle East Quarterly*, 15/4 Fall 2008.

them in his remarkable new book *Aristote au Mont Saint-Michel: Les racines grecques de l'Europe Chrétienne* (Seuil, 2008). [*Aristotle at Mont Saint-Michel: the Greek Roots of Christian Europe.*] The book is not as yet translated, but it deserves to be known to Anglophone audiences because it brings important truths to many a contemporary conversation.

For American readers, Gouguenheim's title will have a familiar resonance. Henry Adams called his study of medieval European civilization *Mont Saint-Michel and Chartres*. Adams took Gothic Christianity, as typified in the discourses of Aquinas and Abelard and in the architecture of the Lady Churches, to have begun its flowering in the monastery at Mont Saint-Michel on the French Atlantic coast that also figures in Gouguenheim's account. Adams thought of the High Middle Ages as a dynamic, spiritually adventurous, and, in its way, *modern* period, directly the precursor of our own technically accomplished and intellectually audacious modernity. Gouguenheim has something of Adams' view of the medieval world's clear-sightedness and vigor and he begins by addressing the prevalent *méconnaissance* of those vital centuries, which in his judgment indeed established the kernel, or rather the "roots," of our own. If, "for a long

time, the cultural history of Europe in the High Middle Ages was presented in negative terms," and if "the fall of the Roman Empire associated with the Germanic conquests had, in the course of the fifth century of our era, made a brutal rather than a progressive end to antiquity" - or if that is what people thought, Gouguenheim asserts: yet "in reality, recent work in ancient and medieval history has shown that the period of the fifth to the eighth centuries was not so catastrophic, the effects of dislocation, while quite real, being mitigated by elements

of continuity." Greek Christendom constituted one such continuity, as already mentioned. It stood in somewhat aloof reserve, but it had the character of a resource capable of responding to western queries.

Gouguenheim cites the fact that educated Latin-speaking westerners, even after Boethius, could command Greek as explaining in large part the dearth of Greek texts in Latin translation between 500 and 1100 AD. But Latin *compendia* of Platonist and Aristotelian teachings did circulate, as did medical handbooks in the tradition of Galen. The Latin-speaking Church Fathers thus undertook their reflections "with the help of the logical categories of Greek thought," such that classical philosophy "impregnated" their arguments as a type of "intellectual matrix." One could bolster Gouguenheim's observations in this regard by a reference to Bryan Ward-Perkins's recent study of *The Fall of Rome* (2005), in which he remarks that even among the Gothic usurpers of Roman sovereignty in Spain, Gaul, and Italy, civilized individuals emerged who prized classical learning and did their best to preserve it. Theodahad (he reigned as Ostrogothic king of Italy from 534 to 536) offers the outstanding case, having been "learned in Latin literature and Platonic philosophy," even though he "kept his Gothic moustache."

In *Aristote au Mont Saint-Michel*, Gouguenheim points out that a Greek demographic presence linked the culminating period of Late Antiquity with the incipient phase of the Middle Ages in the West; and that presence persisted for centuries. "In the Europe of the High Middle Ages, many regions sheltered knots of ethnic Hellenes: Sicily, Southern Italy, and again Rome." These communities supported literate elites, who contributed actively to the Latinate majorities among whom they lived, giving rise to such notable figures as Gregory of Agrigento (born 559), who became bishop in his native city later in life; George, Bishop of Syracuse, killed by the Arabs while on a mission to them in 724; Saint Gilsenus (mid-seventh century), a Greek-born monk living in a Roman monastery who evangelized in Hainault with Saint Armand; and Simeon of

Choose Love

WHILE a man was polishing his new car, his four-year-old son picked up a stone and scratched lines on the side of it. In anger, the man took the child's hand and hit it many times. Then he regretted his reaction. He went back to the car and sat in front of it and looked at the scratches. The child had written 'LOVE YOU DAD'.

Anger and Love have no limits; choose the latter.

- submitted by Father Stefan Koster, Germany

Reichenau, known as "The Achaean," who belongs to the tenth century. In men like Simeon this Byzantine Diaspora reached well beyond Mediterranean Europe into the Rhine and Danube regions. Not only Greek but also Syriac Christians became additional mediators of the classical heritage at this time, driven from their homeland by the *Jihad*.

"Paradoxically," writes Gougenheim, "Islam from its beginning transmitted Greek culture to the Occident by provoking the exile of those who refused its domination." So, to be fair, did the Puritanical spasms of Byzantine court-theology in its regular iconoclastic moods. The persecuted *iconodules*,¹ like the Syriac Christians, often sought refuge in Italy, Spain, or France.

Gougenheim makes clear the conscious and deliberate indebtedness of the Carolingian Renaissance to these sustained currents from the East; he emphasizes the importance of the Carolingian Hellenophile project to the preservation and recirculation of Neo-Platonic and Aristotelian thought before the school of Aquinas. "From the court of the Carolingians to that of the Germanic emperors of the tenth and eleventh centuries, one does not cease to encounter men who interested themselves in Greek knowledge and culture."

Gougenheim mentions how Pepin le Bref (reigned 751-768) petitioned the Pope for Greek texts and how Paul I responded by committing to royal custodianship various "liturgical books, manuals of grammar and orthography, of geometry [and] works of Aristotle and pseudo-Dionysius" along with "men capable of translating them." Charlemagne himself employed an Italian of Greek background, Paul Diacre (720-799), "to teach Greek to the clerics" at a moment when a marriage seemed possible between his daughter Rothrude and a Byzantine prince. Charles the Bald (reigned 840-877) "was fascinated by Greek culture, to the point that he asked the Irish savant Duns Scotus Erigena to translate the work of [pseudo-Dionysius] towards 855."

With respect to Aachen, Gougenheim senses an "irresistible attraction for the Greek authors," which

Jews and Islam

REMEMBER, my co-religionists, that on account of the vast number of our sins, God has hurled us in the midst of this people, the Arabs, who have persecuted us severely, and passed baneful and discriminatory legislation against us, as Scripture has forewarned us, 'Our enemies themselves shall judge us' (Deuteronomy 32:31). Never did a nation molest, degrade, debase and hate us as much as they Although we were dishonored by them beyond human endurance, and had to put with their fabrications, yet we behaved like him who is depicted by the inspired writer, "But I am as a deaf man, I hear not, and I am as a dumb man that openeth not his mouth." (Psalms 38:14). Similarly our sages instructed us to bear the prevarications and preposterousness of Ishmael in silence. They found a cryptic allusion for this attitude in the names of his sons "Mishma, Dumah, and Massa" (Genesis 25:14), which was interpreted to mean, "Listen, be silent, and endure." (*Targum Pseudo-Jonathan, ad locum*). We have acquiesced, both old and young, to inure ourselves to humiliation, as Isaiah instructed us "I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair." (50:6). All this notwithstanding, we do not escape this continued maltreatment which well nigh crushes us. No matter how much we suffer and elect to remain at peace with them, they stir up strife and sedition, as David predicted, "I am all peace, but when I speak, they are for war." (Psalms 120:7). If, therefore, we start trouble and claim power from them absurdly and preposterously, we certainly give ourselves up to destruction."

- Moses Maimonides, *Epistle to Yemen*, quoted in *A Maimonides Reader*, Isadore Twersky, Baker and Taylor, 1972, pp.457-458.

carries over into the Ottonian period and even intensifies. "The reputedly obscure centuries of the Middle Ages were in reality animated by multiple intellectual rebirths." Gothic Christianity, far from being averse to or irreconcilable with antique philosophy, "succeeded in the task of integrating antique culture within the Biblical framework of which [Christendom] was the issue."

In addition to passing remarks, Gougenheim devotes a separate chapter to the classicizing tendencies of the Syriac and Arab *Christians*, as distinct from their linguistic cousins and brethren in the Islamic faith. As part of Byzantium, of which their main region of Cappadocia was a province, Syriac Christians played a central role in constituting the Eastern theological discourse during the medieval centuries, continuing to do so even after they had fallen under the sway of the Caliphs, thereby assisting in the westward transmission of Attic and

Alexandrian lore. Gougenheim writes: "Insofar as one speaks of 'Arabic-Muslim culture' in the seventh through the tenth centuries, one commits an anachronism... because the culture was at that time barely Muslim and was Arab only by displaced appellation." Truly, "Syriac is closer to Hebrew than to Arabic," and the elites of the Nestorian and Monophysite dispensations could generally boast bilingualism in their own tongue and the *Koine* of the Empire. The jolly idea of Muslim competence in classical learning, as Gougenheim argues, rests on a misunderstanding: what Islam knew of Greco-Roman wisdom, which it possessed at no time extensively, it knew largely thanks to Syriac scholars.

"The Syriac [Christians] were in effect the essential intermediaries of the transmission into Arabic of the philosophical texts of the ancient Greeks," who generously gave far more than the reluctant takers took.

Obtuse westerners betray their lack of discrimination and their poverty of real knowledge in failing to differentiate between Syriac culture and the Arabic-Muslim culture which, by means of the *Jihad*, conquered and cruelly stamped out Nestorian (and Coptic and Byzantine) society.

Unlike their Muslim beneficiaries, however, the Syriac Christians could assimilate the full range of Greek logic and speculation. The Johannine Logos stemmed from the Greek Logos and the Christianity of the *Patres* – whether Greek, Latin, or Syriac – therefore comported itself as a *rational theology*; already in Late Antiquity, Cappadocians and Syrians stood out as the chief developers of Neo-Platonism; emperors both Pagan and Christian sought counsel from the professors of Antioch's renowned *Daphnaeum*.

In a chapter on "Islam and Greek Knowledge," Gouguenheim notes that for Muslims, on the other hand, the *Logos* constituted an inassimilable scandal, subversive of the absolute submission to Allah's commands, as articulated in the Koran, that the name *Islam* denotes. Islam kept of Greek thought "in general [only] that which could not come in contradiction with Koranic teaching." Furthermore, "Greece – and so too Rome – represented a world radically foreign to Islam, for reasons religious, but also political"; and, unlike the Latinate and Frankish peoples, "Muslims did not interest themselves in the languages of those whom they had conquered" because "Arabic was the sacred language *par excellence*, and that of revelation."

More aggressively, "Muslim rejection – or indifference – to Greek knowledge manifested itself again through the destruction of the cultural centres that were the monasteries, the Muslims not acting in this way any differently from the Vikings." One could remark here, however, that the Vikings at least had the decency after two centuries to cease their predatory behavior and settle down as members of Christendom.

Multiculturalists and Islamophiles have pointed to the Abbasid establishment in Spain (Andalusia) called the *Bayt al Hikma* or "House of Wisdom" as proof of Muslim

Muhammad, Model for Warfare

WE can see that the Prophet's life functioned as an enormously powerful paradigm for political activism and warfare, perhaps especially at moments of high ideological temperature.

– *Islamic Historiography*, Chase F. Robinson, Cambridge University Press, 2003 p.122

enthusiasm for classical learning. Gouguenheim demonstrates that this is another "seductive" misunderstanding, to which the fanciful eagerly yield. The "House of Wisdom" never functioned other than as a Koranic school, and even in that capacity it enjoyed only a truncated existence.

Aristote au Mont Saint-Michel celebrates a central figure, Jacques de Venise (twelfth century), who, not only metaphorically, brought Aristotle to Mont Saint-Michel. Jacques was a cleric of Venetian origin, as his name tells, who studied in Constantinople before re-establishing himself in France. Jacques, as Gouguenheim phrases it, through his Herculean labor of scholarship and translation, supplies "the missing link in the history of the passage of Aristotelian philosophy from the Greek world to the Latinate world."

It is a matter of colossal importance that Jacques, as Gouguenheim reports, "translated a considerable number of Aristotle's works *directly* from Greek to Latin, making him a pioneering figure." (*Emphasis added*) According to the story prevalent today, Aristotle in his fullness returned to the ken of Christendom through a complicated chain of transactions, beginning with supposed Arabic translations out of Greek, and then, by way of Moorish generosity, from Arabic back into Latin and over the Pyrenees. But the story does not wash. It is plagued by linguistic problems, which Gouguenheim duly rehearses, but it is flatly demolished by what Gouguenheim has discovered concerning Jacques' work.

Jacques' manuscripts, which are in almost every case the earliest attested for a given Aristotelian *opus*, swiftly

gained a reputation, well founded, for being the most accurate and idiomatic. Jacques' translations gained wide currency and formed the basis for an Aristotelian revival all across Western Europe.

As Gouguenheim writes, "The two great names of theological and philosophical reflection in the thirteenth century, Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas, utilized [Jacques'] Greco-Latin translations." In a manner, Jacques brought his project to too fine a point of perfection, re-establishing the Aristotelian tradition so effectively that his own pioneering status lapsed into oblivion, exactly in proportion as knowledge of *The Metaphysics* and the *Analytics* came to be taken for granted. Many of his original manuscripts lay unrecognized in the archives at Mont Saint-Michel until recent decades.

Perhaps the most stimulating of Gouguenheim's chapters is the antepenultimate one, under the title of "Problems of Civilization." "Medieval Islam," Gouguenheim notes, "had not developed any real curiosity for societies exterior to it." While the *magnum opus* of Persian literature, *The Thousand Nights and a Night*, saw its first European translation early in the eighteenth century, neither the *Iliad* nor the *Odyssey* ever interested any Muslim translator. "This absence of curiosity explains in part why the Middle Ages seem to comprise a paralyzing confrontation of several centuries, more often violent than peaceful, which the shared monotheistic belief better sustained than it ameliorated."

But the notion of a common monotheism, while hopeful, might be misleading:

To proclaim that Christians and Muslims have the same God, and to hold to that, believing thereby that one has brought the debate to its term, denotes only a superficial approach. Their Gods do not partake in the same discourse, do not put forward the same values, do not propose for humankind the same destiny and do not concern themselves with the same manner of political and legal organization in human society. The comparative reading of the Gaspel and the Koran by itself demonstrates that the two universes are unlike. From Christ, who refuses to

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punish the adulterous woman by stoning, one turns to see Mohammed ordaining, in the same circumstances, the putting to death of the unfaithful woman. One cannot follow Jesus and Mohammed.

Christianity was ready, moreover, to receive, not only the philosophy, but also certain basic political principles, of the ancient Greeks, particularly of the Athenians, such as "liberty, reason, and democracy." Christian Europe in the medieval centuries was, indeed, in a position to admire from the ancient heritage – and to adopt critically – whatever might enhance its Gospel-based conviction of the free will of the individual. Thus the Attic achievement in particular lies at the *elective root* of a paradoxically self-identifying European culture. Islam knows only that it is Islam whereas Europe, when at its best, has always understood that it is *itself and yet something else* at the same time.

A European sense of intellectual *insufficiency* and *need* gave *unexpected* strength to the progress and consolidation of the medieval *mind*. Europe would prove itself "*permeable*" in a way that Islam could not – *convinced* as it was of its own perfection *ab origine*. Thus, concludes Gouguenheim, "the Hellenization of medieval Europe was the fruit of Europeans," who discovered, on their own, their filiations with the ancient societies.

Aristote au Mont Saint-Michel is one of the most significant publications of the last few years. It is, I believe, destined to become a classic – not only in its original French, but also in the other European languages, once it has been translated. It dispels a myth, an invidious one that has long been central to the perverse palaver of western self-hatred. For those who, like me, command their French a bit unsurely, Gouguenheim's prose is a miracle of balanced sentences and clear meaning. I would say that Gouguenheim's study has a potentially large audience outside the academy and could become something of a popular success in the Anglophone nations.

1. i.e. people who reverence religious images
[Ed. Annals]

Civilization points not to itself but to what is beyond itself.

WHAT CIVILIZES US?

By Father James Schall, SJ

THE WORD 'CIVILIZATION' means, roughly, the capacity to live in the city while freely and intelligently participating in its order. The city is the 'this-worldly' locus wherein all the potentialities of mortal man, both those for good and for evil, can and usually do come forth. Civilizing distinguishes, in this living order, what is good from what is evil. Civilizing defines and accounts for what is noble through laws, customs, artifacts, and our self-articulation.

Yet something strange is always found in civilizations. At their best, all have some relation to an order that is more than civic. This social order, by being what it is, likewise points to what transcends man. Indeed, for man to be himself, he needs to transcend himself. If nothing is found beyond him, he ends up less than human.

In a recent address in Melbourne (*Spectator*, UK, April 3), George Cardinal Pell addressed the 'Key to Our Civilisation.' Pell began his lecture by citing 2002 studies from the Chinese Academy of the Social Sciences. In analyzing the superiority of their own culture, the Chinese have long been puzzled by the speed and causes of Western power. Why did this development of civilization happen there first?

By a process of elimination, the Chinese scholars recognized that this superiority was not due to guns, or political systems, or economies. The key was religion, specifically, Christianity.

The economist Zhao Xiao, as Pell cites him, observed that 'market economies promote efficiency, discourage laziness, force competition. They work and produce wealth. But . . . a market cannot discourage people from lying or causing harm and indeed may encourage people to harm others and pursue wealth by any means.' The Chinese concluded that we must combine an objective moral code with the spirit of enterprise, both of which require a proper and unified understanding of man and his destiny.

But in the context of China, this conclusion has a drawback. The Chinese 'these days do not believe in anything' no God, no judgment, no after-life. Pell reminds us that such skepticism and unbelief are quite prevalent in the West, though here, even among the atheists, a residue of Christian moral categories remains.

This 'residue' is also what continues to link Europe to its own historic and intellectual past. Was Christianity a mere sidelight or was it Europe's heart? Were the Chinese scholars more perceptive than the European politicians? Is Europe dying for the same reason the Chinese populace has no belief in anything?

Pell recalls the 1983 remark of Solzhenitsyn that 'Men have forgotten God.' This forgetfulness is not neutral. . . . A world filled with poor, numerous, meaningless people cannot really find motivation to reestablish the moral dignity that makes a civilization humane and honorable.

In a passage mindful of Benedict's profound *Spe Salvi*, Pell cites Czeslaw Milosz: 'The true opium of the people is a belief in nothingness after death – the huge solace of thinking that for our betrayals, greed, cowardice, murders, we are not going to be judged.' Of course, at the end of the *Republic*, Plato said that, for these same things, we are going to be judged. This belief in judgment upholds the central belief that the world is not made in injustice. But if nothing matters, as the Chinese see, unbelief leads to nothing but the rule of the powerful, something that Plato, not to mention Machiavelli, also saw.

– *The Catholic Thing*, April 8, 2010. Father James V. Schall, S.J., is Professor of Political Philosophy at Georgetown University and the author of many books in the areas of social issues, spirituality and literature.



could indicate he counts on the global-copy circuit. To it he contributes lucrative features and extracts from his longer works such as *God is not Great: How Religion Poisons Everything*, a theme unconsciously inspired by the false god of Communism and its spurious religion.

From his memoir, Hitchens emerges as a very, very English personality (although there is a throw-away line about his surname being Cornish, that is, Celtic). Despite this, non-English terms are needed to describe him; he is a *wunderkind* who has passed through being an *enfant terrible* and now faces being a *monstre sacre* who has had a *Vanity Fair* makeover.

Ultimately it is not in his memoir that we find the key to the Hitchen's enigma but in *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. His physical courage is Tom Brown's; his main-chance, celebrity-seeking opportunism, is Flashman's – a Brown-Flashman, an athiest, destined willynilly, at his loving and beloved mother's insistence, to bear the name Christopher – Christ-bearer – to the world.

Communist !

The term once had tremendous emotive power when used either as a compliment or an insult. Now it symbolises confusion particularly when mining entrepreneurs and executives, arguing against the Super-Profits Tax, deploy it against Rudd-Labor.

Have they no Confucian respect for the Chinese Communist cadres who have done so much to gild their salary packages and personal wealth?

Through its multi-million advertising counter-offensive to the mining industry's campaign, Rudd-Labor made a major tactical error; it also broke, or bent, much-needed legislation against using taxpayer funds for party-political purposes.

Shrewder to have let the mining industry bellow like an all-in wrestler in mock pain and allow voters to conclude: this is a re-run of that marvellous drama, David versus Goliath.

Except that Rudd has not seen himself as David. He has been the Prime Minister Plenipotentiary. Or, as it turned out, the boy who stood on the burning deck whence all but he had fled into a lifeboat skippered by Julia Gillard, carrying an old broom and a holey, baling bucket. Tony Abbott? He skipper the rusty dreadnought steaming in from starboard at election, ramming speed.

To change the metaphor, the Rudd-Gillard alliance was one of convenience, as remarked here early in its existence. And in last month's issue the shift from ideological-party politics

to the managerial-process variety was noted. Practitioners of this variety are treated more harshly for perceived derelictions. Kevin Rudd is a casualty of the shift; he compounded his difficulties by throwing banana skins ahead of himself.

Ham radio

John Laws, having hung his larynx out to dry, Alan Jones is the radio voice of Australia. Over his reputation, however, hangs remembrance of the Cash for Comment scandal. When this was sizzling, Jones reportedly said that he did not let the cash affect his opinion.

Guffaws all round at this unprecedented piece of overdone cheek. But was it unprecedented? During the reign of James Sixth of Scots and First of England, Francis Bacon was knighted, and royally pensioned while becoming successively Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Privy Councillor, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal and Lord Chancellor before being created Baron Verulam and Viscount St. Albans.

Even by the standard of modern, hand-out honours, a splendid list in which some have found evidence that he, not William Shakespeare, wrote the greatest plays of the era.

Insatiable, Bacon was charged with taking bribes in the Court of Chancery. He pleaded guilty and was convicted while claiming he had never allowed the bribes to influence his judgement.

The precedent supreme!

Back to the bench as a judge? Not exactly. He was fined 40,000 pounds (multiply by 500 for today's values), imprisoned in the Tower of London and debarred from holding any office under the Crown, sitting in Parliament or approaching within 12 miles of the court.

Okay, the greater part of his punishment was revoked; he retired to his country estate to write, leaving his reputation sprinkled with aphorisms, examples:

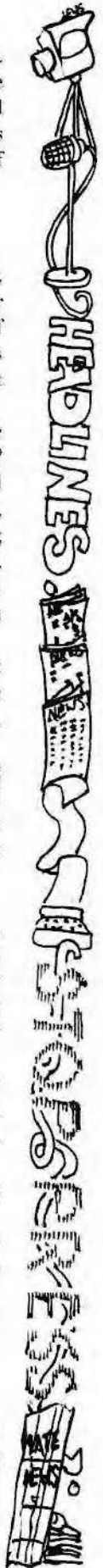
'All rising to a great place is by a winding stair.'

'A little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion.'

'The speaking in perpetual hyperbole is comely in nothing but love.'

Marr-vel

Never too late to comment on a classic. And the David Marr Quarterly Essay, *Power Trip: The Political Journey of Kevin Rudd* is a classic, if only in its peculiar mix of tabloid and broadsheet.



*Economic growth projects in developing countries
have too few benefits for local people*

A SUCCESS STORY ON THE FLY RIVER

By Michael O'Connor



IN A RECENT article for *Annals* [‘Peace and Justice – what do we mean?’ – 2/2010], I wrote: “The basic elements of production – even production of necessities at subsistence level – are land, capital (including entrepreneurship), labour and management (incorporating organisation) ... The most important element of production is labour. In a typical enterprise, labour contributes between 60 and 80 per cent of the added value of an enterprise. Coupled with management (itself an element of labour) and organisation, the effective use of labour is the key to achieving wealth.”

Too many economic growth projects in developing countries have minimal beneficial effects for the ordinary people of the target countries. Large capital-intensive projects such as mining generate valuable revenue for cash-strapped governments but do not provide significant numbers of jobs and personal income for the mass of the people.

In places like Papua New Guinea, such projects tend to have only a limited ‘trickle-down effect’ of government services with village lives barely improved from their traditional subsistence activities. On the other hand, the small-scale projects fostered by many non-government charitable organisations do marginally improve living standards but not much more. They are good for the souls of the giver, but all too often the programs reflect a significant degree of social engineering or are a response to some natural disaster. Development projects that will have a marked and sustained effect demand not only a good deal of capital and infrastructure but also the commitment of management skills to

support the employment of traditional village-based skills.

In late 1964, I was assistant district commissioner at Kiunga in Papua New Guinea. Five hundred miles up the Fly River in what is now the Western Province, the people of the district lived as they and their ancestors had for centuries. They had virtually no sources of cash income because their labour was not wanted by the expatriate industries. There were only the most basic services of health and education while such infrastructure as did exist was directed to the minimal needs of government and the Christian missions.

After some investigation and discussion with a very pessimistic Department of Agriculture, a beginning was made on the development of rubber as a cash crop. Rubber had several advantages: there would always be a substantial and generally consistent market for rubber; there was evidence that it would grow quite well and; there existed in the myriad rivers, creeks and lagoons a natural and effective transport system using the villagers’ canoes.

I left on leave and posting at the end of 1964, but my colleague Warren Dutton took up the challenge with great skill and energy. Warren was soon to leave government service and establish his own enterprise and later to

concentrate on the rubber development. As well, post independence, he enjoyed a distinguished political career, holding ministerial office on two separate occasions.

The establishment of the giant Ok Tedi gold and copper mine from 1981 proved a distraction for local villagers. Kiunga was to be the river port that would handle the mine product and the establishment of the mine’s infrastructure demanded well-paid labour from the villages between Kiunga and the mine in the Star Mountains.

The mine has been vitally important to Papua New Guinea’s economy contributing around one-third of its export income annually. The problem, though, with all such projects is that mining will cease by 2013 if not earlier, and the income to the people of the region sourced from mining-related operations will cease.

Rubber continued to be produced, albeit on a small scale, throughout the 1980s and ‘90s. By the end of the 1990s, the original low-yielding trees were nearing the end of their economic life. With the need for new higher-yielding trees and the foreseeable end to mining, there was a clear need to expand rubber production to provide sustainable economic development for the local people.

Seed capital in the form of redeemable shares was provided by the Ok Tedi Development Trust set up by Ok Tedi Mining, and by Dutton and his partner Davis Matthew’s company, Progress Limited. Over the years, 3039 village-based rubber growers’ throughout PNG’s Western Province subscribed to shares in the new company, North Fly Rubber Limited, amounting to just on 58 per cent of total equity capital of almost 477,000 kina². Membership continues to grow



as the rubber blocks are brought into production.

Crucially North Fly Rubber has thrived for the past seventeen years under the leadership of Boo Kui Chew, who had for twelve years been the factory manager of the government-owned rubber factory in Moreguina, in the Central Province to which all Western Province rubber had previously been sent for processing. "Chew Boo" designed, built and operates North Fly Rubber's factory in Kiunga, which now enjoys a worldwide reputation for producing the highest quality PNGCR10 rubber in Papua New Guinea.

While North Fly Rubber is structured as a corporation, the ownership is effectively that of a growers' cooperative. Consistent with their traditional culture, the growers are family-based and have traditional usufructuary rights to portions of communally owned land. Thus the potentially troublesome issue of land ownership does not come into play. The individual families own their rubber trees and their product. Unlike traditional sharecroppers, they are at liberty to develop and exploit their holdings or otherwise, and are paid according to the amount of rubber produced for processing. Immediate cash payment is made on delivery to the buying point with a second adjusting payment made at year-end according to the prices achieved by North Fly Rubber.

North Fly Rubber provides a range of expert management and technical services including rubber purchasing, processing, shipping and sale. The

Media and their Message

MARSHALL MCLUHAN once made the famous statement, "The medium is the message." Taken at face value, this aphorism is false, since every medium is capable of carrying a variety of messages. But the aphorism contains a truth, since every medium tends to shape the message according to its own inherent logic and to block out any message that does not suit its own mode of communication.

- Avery Dulles, S.J., 'Catholics in the world of Mass Media, Lecture for the Salesian Guild, Xavier University, Cincinnati, Ohio, January 23, 1999.

company also provides technical assistance, transport from several buying points and planting material. The company board of nine directors includes three grower members.

By the end of 2008, the province-wide project boasted 4618 hectares under cultivation or development and operated by 6274 grower families. The project aims to have the current average holding of 0.7 hectares increased to 3 hectares per family earning an average of 7000 kina annually.

In 2008, North Fly Rubber made first payments of more than 2,200,000

kina to some 3000 growers with a further 442,000 kina in hand for their second payments. Processed rubber was sold by the company for more than six million kina.

Since 1995, North Fly Rubber growers have produced 10,606 tonnes of high quality processed rubber worth 34.4 million kina in export revenue. More importantly, the family-based growers have earned 15.8 million kina. North Fly Rubber's ambition is to have 7000 families throughout the province with at least 10,000 hectares of rubber trees producing 40 million kina per year of rubber for export, and distributing 25 million kina in cash to those growers. Thus grower labour ('sweat' equity) represents 62.5 per cent of the value added of the enterprise with even more derived from the technical and management effort.

More importantly, should the Ok Tedi mine close some time (probably in the next three to ten years), the capable farmers of the province will enjoy a sustained and sustainable income for as long as they are prepared to work at it. Given that they also grow their own food, this represents prosperity for this once neglected community.

The people of the province owe an enormous debt to the vision and commitment of Boo, Matthews and Dutton as well as of Ok Tedi Mining Limited.

1. At 31 December 2009.
2. One PNC kina is currently equivalent to 40 cents Australian.

MICHAEL O'CONNOR is a former patrol officer in Papua New Guinea. He also served in the Royal Australian Navy as an intelligence officer.



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THE LORD, our Saviour, raised his voice and spoke with incomparable majesty. 'Let all know,' he said, 'that after sorrow grace follows; let them understand that without the burden of affliction one cannot arrive at the height of glory; that the measure of heavenly gifts is increased in proportion to the labours undertaken. Let them be on their guard against error or deception; this is the only ladder by which paradise is reached; without the cross there is no road to heaven.'

When I heard these words I felt a great impulse to rush out into the street and shout at the top of my voice to everybody, no matter what their age, sex or condition: 'Listen, all you people; listen, all you nations. By Christ's command, using the very words which he uttered, I tell you most solemnly; no grace without suffering. Labour must be heaped upon labour to plumb the depths of the divine nature, the glory of the sons of God and the perfect happiness of the soul.'

The same inspiration kept urging me to tell abroad the beauty of divine grace. So strong was it that I seemed unable to breathe and it caused me to perspire and pant. It appeared as if my soul could not be detained in the prison house of the body, but that it must burst its bonds, and free and unimpeded, rush through the whole world, calling out: 'Would that mortal men might know how wonderful is divine grace, how beautiful, how precious; what riches are hidden therein, what treasures, what joys, what delights. If they but knew, surely they would direct their energy with all care and diligence to procuring sufferings and afflictions for themselves. Instead of good fortune all men everywhere would seek out troubles, illness and suffering that they might obtain the inestimable treasure of grace. This is the final profit to be gained from patient endurance. No one would complain about the cross or about hardships coming seemingly by chance upon him, if he realized in what balance they are weighed before being distributed to men.'

- A reading from the writings of St Rose of Lima, quoted in the Roman Breviary for Matins, of the Feast of St Rose, August 23rd.

Farewell

Buchan, Fleming, Le Carre, Deighton: So many spy movies based on their work and its imitators. Now director Christian Carion gives us murky skulduggery to the nth degree of tension and double-cross complexity. He frames his movie in the 1980s when the Soviet Union was imploding on its own secularist, Communist vacuity under the buffoon supreme *apparatchik* Brezhnev.

Undoubtedly the movie, fact and fiction, is stamped with Carion's authority and the vision of his cameraman Walther Vanden Ende. Without director-actor Emir Kusturica, however, it would be a truck without a prime-mover. Kusturica embodies the KGB's Colonel Grigoriev (real name Vladimir Vetrov), disillusioned yet determined to change the world.

This while dealing with top secret, tradable files at work and family difficulties at home including his wife Jessica (Alexandra Maria Lara) and his rebel son Choukov (Oleksh Gorbunov). Add an office mistress Natasha (Ingeborga Dapkunaite) and you have a hero who believes good may still be done amid moral chaos.

He proceeds to change the world with the help of a Moscow-based French engineer Pierre (Guillaume Canet) doing favours for his boss who in turn is doing favours for a French secret service chieftain reporting directly to President Francois Mitterand (Phillipe Magnan).

Mitterand conveys Grigoriev's information to President Ronald Reagan enabling him to promote his 'Star Wars' project. Fred Ward does an extraordinary turn as the ex-Hollywood ham whose favourite movie is not one of his own oaters but the John Ford classic *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valence*. In showing this, Carion allows himself a neat gag that makes his movie *must see*.

Colonel Grigoriev, totem animal a wolf, emerges as a singular, doomed hero while his cub Pierre seeks to escape across the Finnish border with his wife and child.

If the movie has a flaw, it is Carion sentimental reliance on the rock band Queen as a symbol of western cultural resistance. No mention of real resistance in Soviet bloc nations including Poland where Solidarity, with the encouragement of Pope John Paul II,

MOVIES

By JAMES MURRAY

demonstrated the decisive power of unionised workers.

And Carion does depict the KGB as somehow more human than the CIA represented by Feeney (Willem Dafoe at his most cold-eyed). But who takes the final twist?

M★★★★NFFV

The Hedgehog (Le Herisson)

Finely spun story of a bright, precocious child's preoccupations. But writer-director Mona Achache does not spin candy floss. She works in the gold, silver and steel of reality. Her schoolgirl Paloma Josse (Garance Le Guillermic), living in a spacious apartment building in Paris with her cabinet minister father, spoilt sister and her mother whose diet is prescription pills and non-prescription champagne.

From this life, Paloma distances herself through a camera while contemplating death.

The difference is made by the building's concierge Renee (Josiane Balasko), too dowdy, too seemingly dull to be a fairy godmother. The more unlikely prince charming of the piece is a new neighbour Kakuro Ozu (Togo Igawa).

Each quietly transforms Paloma's outlook on life while their own relationship shifts through a shared love of Russian literature. Achache's script is a free adaptation of Muriel Barbery's best-seller *The Elegance of the Hedgehog*.

It is also faultless in the style with which she uses the gold, silver and steel as a setting for the diamond performances she draws from her principals. Her ending underlines the value of every life, even the lives of the working poor lived under the unseeing gaze of the rich.

M★★★★NFFV

Chloe

Writer-director Atom Egoyan, forgive the pun, has a split approach to his movies. Some display rare acuteness, others tend to blatancy. This is one is a mix of both. Catherine (Julianne Moore) is a successful gynaecologist, her husband David (Liam Neeson), an academic who has a weakness for his nubile students.

When he fails to turn up for his surprise birthday party in their plate-glass home, she diagnoses infidelity. Coincidentally, in a high shot from her consulting rooms, she spies a beautiful young woman emerging from a discreetly, opulent building and being farewell by a distinguished older man.

The woman is Chloe (Amanda Seyfried) a call-girl and Catherine arranges for her to test her husband. The results are more complicated than Catherine bargained for when Chloe, seemingly so cool, goes about her work with an unexpected obsessiveness that includes Catherine, David and their clever, wayward son.

Neeson displays a wary suavity, Moore an anxious determination. Seyfried, so naively charming in *Letters from Juliet*, broadens her range to portray a *femme fatale* whose status ricochets unto herself.

MA15+★★★★NFFV

The Tree

The star is *Ficus macrophylla*, alias the Moreton Bay Fig, and it says something for the talent of French director Julie Bertuccelli and her Austral-French cast that they are not completely overshadowed by its giant screen presence.

Nonetheless the movie is perhaps a whimsy too far. Charlotte Gainsbourg, Anglo-French by ancestry, comes on as Dawn (Dawn!), living in small-town Australia with her dinkum Aussie truck-driver husband played by Aiden Young.

He dies suddenly of a heart-attack in his ute. Their daughter Simone (Morgana Davies) becomes convinced that he is speaking to her from the leaves of *Ficus macrophylla* and converts her mother to her belief. She also converts her siblings played by Christian Byers, Gabriel Gotling and Tom Russell.

Drawing on the children, Bertuccelli diversifies from whimsy into welcome family comedy involving a dog and a flying fox.

The local plumber George (Marton Csokas), called in because *Ficus macrophylla* is threatening the ramshackle family home, is harder to convince. He does, however, fall in love with Dawn who has taken to sleeping with fallen branches of the tree draped over her. When the house and *Ficus macrophylla* are devastated by a cyclone, George is there for them in his trusty ute.

The movie, based on a novel *Our Father Who Art in the Tree*, received a seven minute standing ovation when shown at this year's Cannes Film Festival. Understandable the French love trees and against all odds have preserved the Bois de Boulogne.

M★★★NFFV

Lou

Writer-director Belinda Chayko's movie set in the sugar-cane country surrounding Murwillumbah, is difficult to categorise. Dysfunctional family drama might do except that Chayko is not into jargon. And she knows how to inject comedy and caring into her story. At its core is the tragedy of a beached and Alzheimer-bewildered seafarer Doyle, dumped on Rhia (Emily Barclay) the deserted wife of his uncaring son.

Lear amid the flames of cane-field burn-offs. The performance Chayko elicits from John Hurt as Doyle adds to his gallery of master characters. She walks a high wire by having Doyle mistake his granddaughter Lou for his dead wife. Mawkishness is one risk. Lolita complexity another.

But neophyte Lily Bell-Tindley in her uncannily assured playing of Lou matches the old master Hurt in subtle tenderness. Emily Barclay, adding Doyle's problems to her own, gives another of the performances that makes seeing her a must as a young actress on her way to a resounding maturity.

M★★★NFFV

The Father of my Children (Le pere de mes enfants)

Movies about movie-making are always problematical. Writer-director Mia Hansen-Love solves the problems by focusing not on a director or a writer but on a producer, most maligned of figures since Budd Schulberg, a Hollywood insider, wrote about producer Sammy Glick in *What Makes Sammy Run?*

Not only is Hansen-Love's producer Gregoire Canvel (Louis-Do de Lencquesaing) a charming guy, he is devoted to his wife Sylvia (Chiara Caselli) and their lively daughters Clemence (Alice de Lencquesaing), Valentine (Alice Cautier) and Billie (Manelle Driss).

His family devotion is surpassed by his attention to the complex financial and logistical arrangements that enable

**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.

actors, directors and other members of film crews to do their thing and earn their croissants.

De Lencquesaing brings a rumpled, nervy ambition to Canvel, a mobile phone seemingly grafted to his ear as he deals and counter-deals to keep the movie of a wayward director Stig Jansen (Magne Havard Brekke) on track for a genius award.

Clemence provides a sub-plot: a daughter who may follow in her father's track.

Canvel's attitude is debonair: gallant. When Hansen-Love explores what makes this producer run, she allows us to share her sense of discovery. To say more would be to wreck a plot twist that shifts the movie from frantic idyll to something portended yet totally unexpected.

TBA★★★NFFV

Every Jack Has a Jill

Suitcases have long been props in romantic comedies: identical suitcases, switched suitcases, wrong suitcases and lost and found suitcases. Writer-director Jennifer Devoldere works a beguiling variation on the latter. She makes the contents of the lost and found suitcase the reason why a young, French loner Chloe (Melanie Laurent) falls in love with the owner an American animator Jack (Justin Bartha).

Jennifer Devoldere is not content to focus on the young lovers in the foreground. She keeps her background busy with subplots involving a sad-sack father, hoteliers, neighbours, colleagues,

friends, strangers, DVD sellers and other suitors.

Billy Boyd, out of Hobbit gear, and into full Scots exile in New York mode, is Jack's mate. Will he outcharm Jack by singing he belongs to Glasgow but his heart belongs to Chloe?

Above all there is Paris, its streets, its cafes, its apartments rising against a misty sky

The movie does have a blemish: a banal bedroom scene which is not only out of character but out of sequence with the ending.

TBA★★★NFFV

The Secret in their Eyes (El Secreto De Sus Ojos)

The format for cops working under English Common Law and its variations is so well-known that audiences can frequently see the next twist before the cops do.

Procedures under the European inquisitorial system are more difficult and opaque, or slower but surer. Director Juan Jose Campanella (co-writing with Eduardo Sacheri) has created a classic of the genre set in Buenos Aires.

His veteran court investigator Benjamin Esposito (Ricardo Darin) works under the instruction of a judge. On retirement he decides to write a novel about a baffling rape-murder case in which he was involved.

His decision sets him on an investigation of the past including his own and an unspoken love for a judge colleague Irene (Soledad Villamil).

Campanella and his cameraman Felix Monti create a vivid contrast between the magnificence of the judicial buildings and the small, file-crammed rooms where the investigative teams work.

And their helicopter shot of a howling, football stadium by night seems to symbolise the era when the Argentine was caught up in its post-Peron upheavals, state terror and disappearances.

The movie's running time is 126 minutes. Campanella, who edits his movies, does not allow a single-idle frame as Esposito wraps the cold case and reaches an understanding with Irene, an understanding as tender as the opening flash-back rape-murder is brutal.

MA15+★★★NFFV

Mademoiselle Chambon

Quietude seems to scare many movie-makers. Not writer-director Stephane Brize. He may open with a jack-hammer scene in Marseilles but only to establish the believability of her protagonist Jean, a builder.

In any case Brize's quietude relates to the way Jean (Vincent Lindon) falls in love with a teacher at the school of his son Jeremy (Arthur Le Houerou).

Mademoiselle Chambon (Sandrine Kiberlain) is an elegant, intriguing wanderer from another higher life in Paris. Jean's love is no lightning flash splitting him from his wife Anne Marie (Aure Atika). They continue to live together in mutual respect and affection.

Lindon and Kiberlain's performances are marvels of quietness like a pause between the movements of a symphony (saddened by the knowledge that in life they have separated after a long marriage). As a counter to the sounds of Jean's builder's equipment, Brize makes Mademoiselle Chambon a talented violinist whom he has to cajole into playing.

It is a counterpoint matched to the action and the question: will Jean leave his wife and family for a new life with Mademoiselle Chambon? Or more profoundly can a new life truly be made through betrayal of an older one?

M★★★★NFFV

Sex and the City 2

Not a live-action movie but a hybrid cartoon in which actors play cartoon characters. Carrie (Sarah Jessica Parker), Miranda (Cynthia Nixon), Charlotte (Kristin Davis) and Samantha (Kim Cattrall), an impression strengthened by the way they speak in the accents of Donald Duck's nieces.

This puts Big (Chris Noth) and Aidan (John Corbett) at odds with the females, they speak like boring human beings. Big's hobby is watching black and white movie classics. These include Frank Capra's *It Happened One Night*, starring Clark Gable and Claudette Colbert.

Joke. But one that shows how maladroit *Sex and the City 2* is. When it heads for the Middle East, it degenerates to – no, rises to – the level of the Bob Hope-Bing Crosby comedy *Road to Morocco*.

No song to compare with Crosby singing *Moonlight Becomes You*. Only the crackle of popcorn as the audience munches along with the flash trash in which the more outrageous costumes are an argument for burqas.

Director Michael Patrick King directs. Unfortunately his direction did not include heading home before he started, and watching *It Happened One Night*.

MA15+★★NFFV

Toy Story 3

Tom Hanks again voices Woody, the John Waynesque leader of Disney-Pixar's posse of movie merchandise now filmed in 3D. The story line is even stronger than previous efforts so that the computer-generated cartoon puppets, particularly Buzz Lightyear (Tim Allen), continue to display virtues of love, fortitude and loyalty neglected in too many live-action movies.

Towards the end director Lee Unkrich includes a sequence that may be scary for those of all ages with an aversion to rubbish disposal involving incineration. And a new character, the pink, deceptively folksy bear Lots-o'-Huggin' (John Ratzeburger), could put teddyphiles off bears of any colour except traditional cuddly brown.

The ending itself suggests that Disney/Pixar may already be thinking of a trans-generational franchise, set to roll until the end of time.

G★★★SFFV

Shrek Forever After

Dreamworks the studio that made the original Shrek cartoon has been enfolded in Paramount Pictures. Hence the assurance that the franchise is to end with this one. No 3. Plus 3D.

The cartoon's main, distinctive strength has always been: its voice-actors: Mike Myers as Shrek (a send up Billy Connolly), Cameron Diaz as Princess Fiona his wife, Antonio Banderas as Puss in Boots (gone to 3D fat) and Eddie Murphy as his loyal donkey.

PG★★★SFFV

I am Love (Io Sono Amore)

Writer-director Luca Guadagnino open his movie with enthralling shots of a snow-covered Milan: he swoops

to a family mansion where the Recchis, a family of rich, textile manufacturers gather for the birthday of the family patriarch.

But it is Emma Recchi, a Russian exile married upwards to son and heir Edoardo Recchi, who is the family's anchor. And Tilda Swinton (an actress born to play Lady Macbeth) gives her an appropriate aura of matriarchal power as the family copes with the death of the patriarch and his succession plan.

Dealing with its surprises, Emma drives towards Nice. On the way, she stops at San Remo and re-meets the chef Antonio (Edoardo Gabbriellini) whose restaurant project is being backed by her son Edoardo junior (Flavio Parenti) who is also in negotiation for a take-over of the family company.

Antonio courts Emma by cooking for her. Some may detect a sly glimmer of amusement in the way Swinton goes through the enchanted moments of consuming his special love dish: prawns.

Nevertheless delicious prawns, and bedroom passion, are fated to be paid for and Emma's bill is the highest a mother can pay. Swinton should have sung her final line. But this is grand opera with cucina substituting for arias.

M★★★NFFV

The Back Up Plan

Okay Jennifer Lopez has a yen for comedy and Alex O'Loughlin is another Australian actor aiming for the big break in Hollywood. Even Lucille Ball and Bob Hope, delivering jokes by the thousand, would find it difficult to keep the laugh quotient high in a romantic-comedy based on artificial insemination.

Lopez plays Zoe, an ethical pet-dealer. Her biological clock ticking, she wants a baby the way a child might want a Barbie or Ken doll.

In a scene replete with all necessary clinical paraphernalia, she gets herself pregnant. This seems to extinguish the inventiveness of director Alan Poul who is reduced to having the newly pregnant Lopez meet Stan, the love of her next 10+ minutes, in a Manhattan taxi.

As Stan, an ethical cheese-maker, O'Loughlin faints convincingly when scenes become too much. This is not an option at the cinema. Stay at home.

M★NFFV

SOS! Christianity in the Middle East

THE urgent need to assure Christians of a future in the Middle East has become a defining mark of Benedict XVI's pontificate.

Profoundly saddened by the mass emigration of the faithful, the Pope's recent pilgrimage to the Holy Land showed that he was determined to throw a lifeline to Christian communities, enabling them to stay in the place that bore Our Lord and Saviour.

Weakened by grinding poverty, under threat from rising religious extremism and dwindling in numbers and influence, it takes courage for these ancient Christian families to be heralds of hope. They cannot do it all by themselves.

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'A conviction politician who was also a superlative operator'

THE WAY WE WERE

Reviewed by IAN MACDONALD



If you require John Joseph Cahill's monuments, look around Sydney's Circular Quay. And there they are, the ugly and the beautiful, one named after him, the other not: the Cahill Expressway and the Sydney Opera House.

Other memories are enshrined at St Brigid's Church, Marrickville, where he was a parishioner and where he and his wife Esme raised their five children.

St Mary's Cathedral also figures. After his death in 1959, aged 68, his Requiem Mass was said there and his coffin was borne to Rookwood Cemetery through streets lined hundred by hundred, thousand by thousand with his fellow citizens.

In his take on the Sydney Opera House (financed by the kind of community-project lottery that has been replaced by private profit first) Golding tracks an obscure, ground-level plaque which records Cahill's name.

He mentions that a bust of the conductor Eugene Coosens, who inspired Cahill, adorns the Opera House.

Golding makes it a prelude to his overall coverage of Cahill's career and an analysis of the Split involving the Australian Labor Party and what was to become the Democratic Labor Party.

He details the part played by Cahill, Cardinal Norman Gilroy and his bishop, Dr James Carroll, in ensuring that the Group designs of BA Santamaria were not as successful in New South Wales as they were elsewhere, particularly in Santamaria's home state of Victoria where Archbishop Daniel Mannix held sway.

This, of course, is to paint with a broad brush; Golding's work is detailed, meticulously researched, exact, *pointilliste*.

In effect he has created the draft libretto of an opera: colourful costumes, dynamic characters, plots and counterplots, benignity, corruption,

They Called Him Old Smoothie,
By Peter Golding. Australian Scholarly
Publishing Pty Ltd rrp pb \$49.95, hp \$59.95.

Trots, cops, crims and journalists, by no means *castrati*, providing the chorus.

He quotes an editorial from *The Catholic Weekly*: 'Let it be said in the clearest and most categorical terms the Catholic Church does not seek political power. Catholic Action is not "Moscow in reverse". Catholic workers want anxiously, desperately to be loyal to their church and loyal to the Labor party; there is no reason on earth why the two loyalties should ever be in conflict.'

By way of counterpoint, he quotes Labor leader Herbert Vere Evatt's analysis of Group tactics particularly in Victoria: '[By] adopting methods which strikingly resemble both communist and

fascist infiltration of larger groups some of these groups have created an almost intolerable situation calculated to deflect the Labor movement from the pursuit of established objectives and ideals.'

Over the top to imagine the statements, suitably modified, as solos for a Gilroyesque tenor and an Evattesque basso, the first in cardinal's robes, the second in motley.

As a by-product of his biography, Golding through his description of feuds, ploys and bitterness destroys the notion of a monolithic church comprising totally unified and blindly obedient adherents.

To a non-participant, like your reviewer, comment would have been welcome on whether intervention had the unintended consequence of depriving NSW Labor of sensitive elements of its institutional conscience.

There again, that comment may be implicit in print, radio and television archival material as well in current headlines and coverage.

Even at a remove of half a century, Golding deals boldly with minefield material. Oddly, despite skills honed initially on the *The Argus*, Melbourne, he does not make equivalent play with the other, more hidden split of the time: Freemasonry and Catholicism.

Okay. Outside his main terms of reference. Laudably Golding does make clear the fair-go openness of a country where a 13-year-old school leaver of Irish ancestry could make it from railway apprentice unionist to assured Premier, walking with royalty as to white tie and tails born.

In one of the book's fine set of pictures, he is seen with the Queen Mother; she is in full regal fig, he looks a bit like Jimmy Cagney putting on the Ritz. Little wonder he was nicknamed Old Smoothie.

But a smoothie with a flinty edge. He liked a bet on the gee-gees, meatpies, cigars and whisky but did not aspire to what has become the nirvana of many

Technology and Abuse

UNFORTUNATELY, as we never seem to learn, 'extend[ing] Man's power' can lead in some brutal directions. Recently the New York Times reported that Dutch police had discovered a ring of traders in child pornography 'whose images of abuse of even babies and infants were peddled over the Internet' to clients around the world. According to a psychologist consulting with police on the case, 'For professional reasons, I have seen a lot of such porn, but this left me speechless.'

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

latterday politicians, active and retired; membership of the *nouveaux riches*, also known as the glitterati or the financierati.

He lived and died in Marrickville (which the real estate industry, with not a little help from copy-hungry hacks, has taken to calling the *new Paddington*).

He emerges from Golding's biography as that rarity: a conviction politician who was also a superlative operator, not to be said in modern terms, a spinner, a speechifier of ghosted words who felt the need, in Joh Bjelke-Petersen's immortal phrase, 'to feed the chooks'.

Cahill was a hands-on achiever who realised that politics is always the art of the possible, its main medium *compromise*. Other such rarities, including the archtypal Liberal Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies, respected him.

Neatly Golding links Cahill with another conviction doer, Victoria's Premier Henry Bolte, through their formal inauguration of the Snowy Mountains Scheme which, with its multi-origin work force, did more for national unity than ten thousand starry summit yabberfests.

Golding makes something of an apology for the belated nature of his biography and mentions also the relative paucity of the Cahill archive. Absolutely no need; from that archive and numerous interviews, he has created a biography of vintage quality, exemplary in its nose for the orthodoxies and idiosyncracies of a classic Australian bloke.

It should be on the library shelves of every university in Australia, especially the Catholic ones. It should be read particularly by the new class of career politicians to remind them that the true meaning of grass-roots politics is not to be found in surveys or opinion polls but in streets and workplaces.

Among those whose help Golding acknowledges are Franco Belgiorno-Nettis, Bob Carr, Peter Coleman, Barrie Unsworth and JB (John) Johnson who supplies a foreword which mixes emotion with succinct appreciation.

Here is a quintet with the clout to ensure that a bust of Joe Cahill (and architect Joern Utzon?) should be created for placement in the Sydney Opera House alongside that of Eugene Goossens.

IAN MACDONALD is the pen-name of a well-known Sydney journalist.

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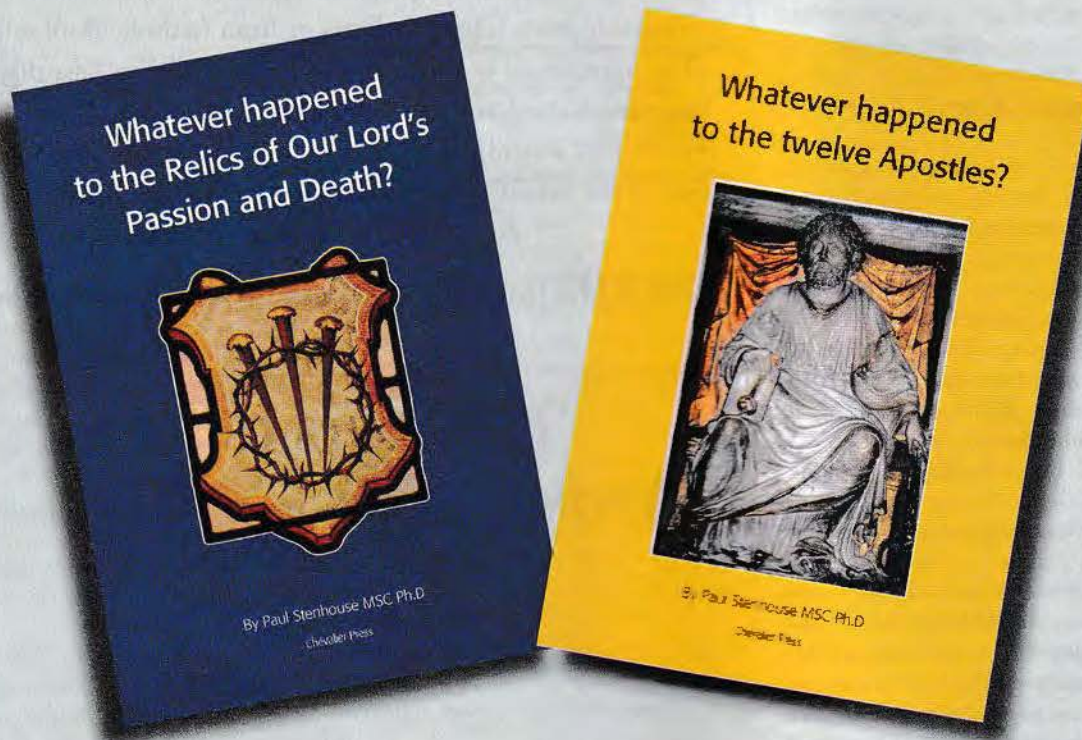
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