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Journal of Catholic Culture

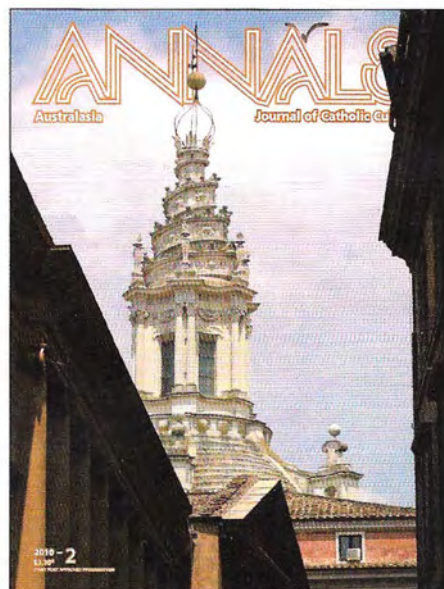
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Australia's Oldest Catholic Magazine

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Front Cover: The convoluted lantern built to admit light into the dome of the Church of St Ivo [completed in 1650], part of the old Roman University known as *La Sapienza* – Wisdom – originally built by Pope Innocent IV in 1244 as a law school, and later founded as a University by Pope Boniface VIII in 1303. The Lantern was designed and built by Francesco Borromini [1599-1667]. Today the University houses the State Archives of Rome, and contains documents relating to the Papal States from the ninth to the nineteenth century.

Back Cover: A selection of booklets available from Chevalier Press. They are ideal as Christmas or birthday gifts or as gifts for relatives and friends interested in the Catholic Faith, for RCIA groups following catechism courses in preparation of baptism at Eastertime, or as school prizes.

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, Martyr in 107 AD, in the Colosseum in Rome.



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

BY THEIR FRUITS

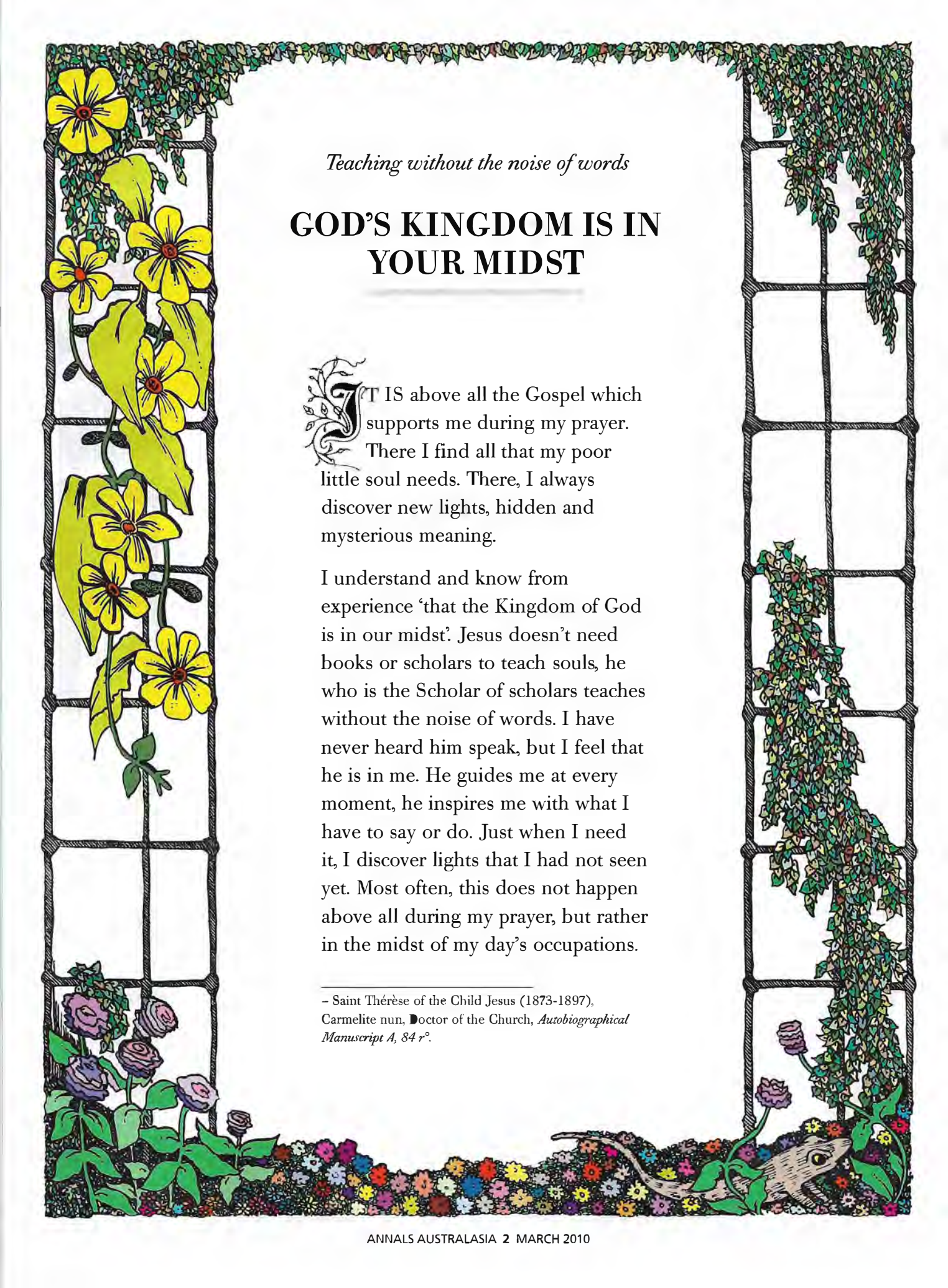


CONSIDER the trees in the forest, how strong they are, how fair and of great height. But if we had a garden we should much rather have pomegranates, or fruitful olive trees. Fair trees but unfruitful ... such are people who consider solely their own interest.

– St. John Chrysostom (345-407 AD), Patriarch of Antioch and later Patriarch of Constantinople, staunch supporter of the Primacy of the bishop of Rome, a devoted Catholic, who was killed by supporters of the Empress of Constantinople, Eudoxia, in 407.

Homily 20 on the Acts of the Apostles.





Teaching without the noise of words

GOD'S KINGDOM IS IN YOUR MIDST

IT IS above all the Gospel which supports me during my prayer. There I find all that my poor little soul needs. There, I always discover new lights, hidden and mysterious meaning.

I understand and know from experience 'that the Kingdom of God is in our midst'. Jesus doesn't need books or scholars to teach souls, he who is the Scholar of scholars teaches without the noise of words. I have never heard him speak, but I feel that he is in me. He guides me at every moment, he inspires me with what I have to say or do. Just when I need it, I discover lights that I had not seen yet. Most often, this does not happen above all during my prayer, but rather in the midst of my day's occupations.

– Saint Thérèse of the Child Jesus (1873-1897),
Carmelite nun, Doctor of the Church, *Autobiographical
Manuscript A, 84 r°*.

Kashmir – what is, and what might have been

REMEMBER BARAMULLA

By Paul Stenhouse, PhD



ASHMIR TODAY is a state divided: between India, which claims the whole of the former princely state of Jammu Kashmir and occupies 43% of it; and Pakistan which claims and occupies 37% of it to the west and the north-west; and China, which claims and occupies 20% of it to the north-east as part of its autonomous region of Xinjiang.

Before the Division

In 1947, when the British Raj or rule ended, and independence was granted to the former British colony, not all India had been part of British India. More than ninety million people lived in the more than five-hundred-and-sixty princely states that were, theoretically, autonomous. Jammu and Kashmir was one such princely state.

The timetable for the transfer of power wasn't made public until June 1947. The Indian Independence Act received Royal Assent on July 18, 1947 and the Indian princes were given less than a month – until August 14, the eve of independence – to decide which way they would swing: towards India or towards Pakistan.

Two princely states opted for neither: *Jammu and Kashmir* whose Hindu ruler governed a majority Muslim state; and Hyderabad, whose Muslim ruler governed a majority Hindu state. Hyderabad was absorbed into India in 1949, but Jammu and Kashmir was to prove a horse of quite a different colour.

Baramulla

Baramulla, gateway to the beautiful Kashmir Valley, is on the main road from Muzaffarabad [now capital of Pakistani-controlled Kashmir] and Rawalpindi [now in Pakistan]. In British days, the Baramulla road was

the only well-made road into Kashmir, and Rawalpindi was still a garrison town; today it is a bustling city, and not surprisingly, headquarters of the Pakistani army. Baramulla was destined to play a crucial role in the bloody events that were building up to a climax by October 1947.

In 1508 Akbar the Moghul Emperor entered the valley along this same road from Lahore [now in Pakistan], and stayed some days in Baramulla which has stunning mountain scenery.

It is well-known for its hill stations that still bear architectural and other traces of a now long-vanished British Raj.

One of the best known of these hill stations, Gulmarg, is transformed in winter into a popular ski resort, with chalets and ski-runs. It was, however, mid-summer when I and three other representatives of *Aid to the Church in Need* were dizzyingly zig-zagged up to it by car from Srinagar the summer capital of Indian Kashmir, on our way to Baramulla, site of the first Catholic Mission in Kashmir.

There Gulmarg sat, 2,730 metres high, a little valley on a ring-shaped mountain range dotted with pines. It was swathed in a carpet of the white wildflowers from which it took its name: 'Meadow of Flowers.' There were little islands of lupins and thistles here and there to add a splash of colour to the cool white look of the fields. Dozens of mainly excited school-children on horseback, and trekkers in variegated clothing, stood out against the background of wildflowers and hills as they rode or traipsed about the valley.

Echoes of a Colonial Past

Set in the middle of a rolling meadow covered in white flowers that looked for all the world like banked snow, we found St Mary's church, formerly Church of England but now,

according to some, belonging to the Church of North India, a Protestant Union of many churches; and according to others, a museum. Whatever be the case, it is a solitary, recently restored relic of a time not all that long ago when families belonging to the once-formidable British Empire gathered for prayer in this beautiful Himalayan setting.

The Muslim caretaker allowed us to enter and we uttered a silent prayer in what is now little more than an empty shell. We were told that it is used only once every year, on Christmas day, when Protestant worshippers gather for prayer.

Perhaps my French and Polish companions never heard them, but surely I could detect faint strains of familiar English voices, and the cries of happy children still echoing in and around the old stone church.

The Pakistan Factor

Nor is it just the towering peaks of the Himalayas that surround Gulmarg. The Indian army is present everywhere in Kashmir; but its presence in Gulmarg was not obtrusive. Though we learnt that only employees of the chalets and hotels and their guests are permitted to remain overnight. All others have to leave.

Surely the British cannot have been surprised that Pakistan would covet the princely state of Jammu and Kashmir whose crown jewel was the beautiful and fertile Kashmir Valley which was much closer to Islamabad than it was to Delhi.

Srinagar, Kashmir's summer capital, was a popular holiday destination during the Raj, with its shimmering Lake Dal, houseboats dotting its foreshores, and well-preserved Moghul gardens and palaces.

The very name Pakistan – a partial acronym devised in 1933 by a Muslim



Graves of five of the victims of the massacre. The grave of mother Teresalina is elsewhere in the grounds of the Hospital.

Indian student in Cambridge – took its ‘K’ from Kashmir. PAKISTAN is made up of the initial letters of the names of four provinces: Punjab, Afghania [the North West Frontier Province], and Kashmir. The ‘S’ of the suffix ‘-stan’ meaning ‘home’ or ‘region,’ denotes the province of Sindh. The province of East Bengal seems to have been omitted from the name for reasons of euphony and this may have been prognostic, because in 1971 it was to secede from Pakistan and became the independent state of Bangladesh.

Jihad and Booty

The tranquillity of Srinagar’s lake and gardens, the beauty of Baramulla and the rolling hills of flowery Gulmarg were about to be set at nought in October 1947 by events unfolding in the nearby North West Frontier Province next to Afghanistan which was, since August 15, 1947, part of the new state of Pakistan.

While the Maharaja of Jammu and Srinagar was procrastinating about the status of his principedom, Muslim Pathan tribal fighters were about to fire the first shots in a bloody and incalculably expensive war with India over Kashmir that continues to this day.

At the urging of, among others, the Pir [Sufi Master] of Manki Sharif, Amin ul Hasanat [1923-1960], tribesmen of the Mahsud, Waziri, Afridi and other clans were preparing to wage Jihad against the Hindu Maharaja and his state. They were not going to be paid

for fighting; they had been promised booty, and had agreed with their leader, Khurshid Anwar of the Muslim League, that they would loot non-Muslims.¹

Pakistan may not have planned the raid, but supported it when the Pathans took up the Jihadi challenge.

Between October 22 and 27, many thousands of Pathan *mujahidun* – some estimates go as high as 10,000 – murdered, raped, burnt and looted their way down the road from Muzaffarabad to Baramulla in the name of Allah and the newly emerged Muslim state of Pakistan.

The local soldiery were no match for the frenzied rabble. The Hindu Maharaja fled with whatever jewels and other possessions he could carry, to his relatively safer winter capital of Jammu.

October 27, 1947: St Joseph’s Hospital

In the meantime Baramulla, the site of the first Catholic school, convent and hospital in Kashmir, did what it

could to care for the large numbers of terrified refugees fleeing the Pathan advance.

Muslims fared little better than Hindus and Sikhs. As one of the *mujahidun* said many years later ‘We shot whoever we saw in Baramulla. We did not know how many we killed.’²

Among those killed within the first few minutes of the Catholic compound’s being overrun by the tribesmen rampaging from the hills above it, were Mrs Devi Kapoor, a Hindu woman patient in the hospital; Mrs Dykes, an Englishwoman preparing to leave the hospital that day with her new-born baby [a boy, who survived]; her husband, Lieutenant-Colonel Tom Dykes, acting commandant of the regimental centre of the Sikh Regiment that was eventually sent from Delhi to repel the invaders; Mother Teresalina, a twenty-nine year-old Spanish nun who had been in Baramulla only a few weeks; the Mother Superior of the Convent, Mother Aldertrude; Philomena, a nurse from south India who was a Tertiary of the Order; and Jose Barretto, husband of the doctor. All were shot, save Mrs Devi Kapoor who was stabbed to death.

The tribesmen had lined up the doctor and nine of the sisters and four young nurses and after taking their watches, glasses and anything of value from them were about to shoot them when a command rang out in their own language: ‘Stop! Stop! Don’t kill them!’

The newcomer was a former Pathan British Army Officer about to be seconded to the Pakistan army. When he had heard that there was a convent and hospital nearby he grabbed a motorbike and hurried to the compound fearful that the tribesmen would kill the sisters or their patients.

Major Saurab Hyat Khan had been educated by the Presentation Sisters in Peshawar and explained that he was ‘not likely to forget their kindness.’

He was too late to save those already dead or dying; but the rest of the sizeable religious community and group of refugees whom they were sheltering owed their lives to his intervention.

Hyat Khan’s concern for the well-being for the foreigners and non-Muslims was in contrast to the advice given by the Pir of Manki Sharif whose fiery sermons had helped ignite

Thanks

to all our advertisers for their generous support. Special thanks to Brian and Garry Boyd of Paynter Dixon Constructions Pty Ltd, and DYOB Ventures, Pty Ltd, and to John David, of The Davids Group. Please pray for all our benefactors. – Editor. *Annals Australasia*.

the conflagration. When the Sufi Master visited the tribal fighters in Baramulla he censured them for looting, and reportedly said that the raiders 'should ... confine themselves to killing the Kaffirs [non-believers] or converting them to Islam'.³

As well as the seriously injured and the dying, dozens of Hindus, Sikhs, Catholics and other Christians from Baramulla were all crowded with the priests and nuns into the baby ward of the hospital and remained there for days until Baramulla was relieved by the Indian Army. Colonel Dykes and Mother Teresalina died within twenty-four hours – all medication and surgical instruments had been looted along with anything of value that could be carried – and the survivors were protected by Pathan fighters under the command of Hyat Khan.

Learn from the Past

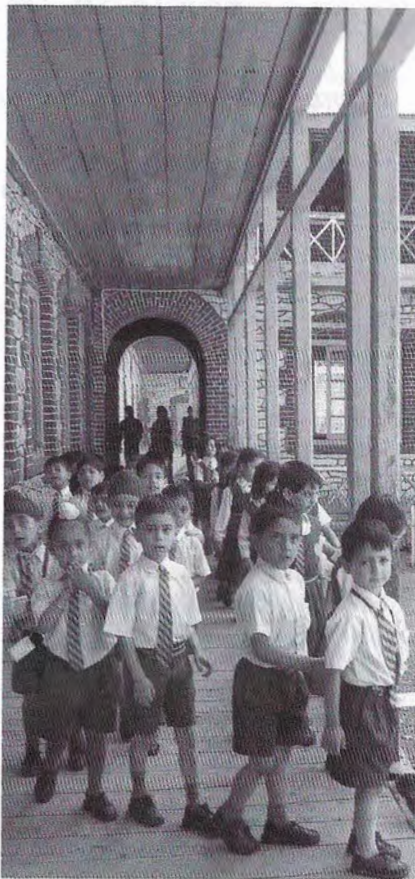
Despite the trauma of those October days in 1947, St Joseph's school, regarded today as the premier school not only of Baramulla but also of the whole of north Kashmir, the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary convent and St Joseph's Hospital continue to function as a tribute to the faith and courage of the missionaries, and of the Catholic diocese of Jammu Srinagar.

Visitors can see the graves of those who died, visit the places where they were killed and reflect on the way politics and religion, tribal loyalties and barbarism can be exploited in the name of God and the State.

Andrew Whitehead, in *A Mission in Kashmir*, his well-balanced analysis of the complex events that preceded and followed the invasion by the tribesmen in October, notes that 'The day the Baramulla convent and hospital was sacked – October 27, 1947 – was also the day that Lord Mountbatten ... accepted Maharaja Hari Singh's accession of his princely state to India'.⁴

The invasion of October 1947 in Kashmir was ill-conceived, ill-timed and counter-productive.

Had the bloody incursions not occurred, had Muzaffarabad, Baramulla and Srinagar not been attacked brutally by the undisciplined Pathan tribal forces, then the Maharaja may almost certainly have gone ahead with his plans to keep Kashmir independent.



Local children who attend the convent school in Baramulla.

Had the Kashmiris not welcomed the Pathans as liberators [which they were not; they were acting as proxies of the Pakistanis] then today the dream of a Kashmir independent of both Pakistan and India might be a reality.

Had Muslim Kashmiris not resented their Hindu Maharaja so deeply, by now [2009] there is every likelihood that the independent princely state of Kashmir might gradually have evolved into a democracy, while remaining independent of neighbouring states.

The Catholic Church has been obliged to tread a fine line over the centuries in Muslim regions because of the dire consequences for converts from Islam. Her presence has been 'exemplary' – by example, and indirect: striving to be the 'leaven in the dough' and the 'light on the lamp-stand'. She continues to nurture the hope that her presence as educator and healer will inspire more Saurab Hyat Khans to intervene to counter fanaticism and violence. And that employing peaceful means to achieve political goals may yet again be seen as an option. In that way all the suffering and violence that has plagued Kashmir since 1947 will not have been in vain.

1. Brigadier A.R.Siddiqi. *Defence Journal*, Karachi, 1985, p.18. quoted Andrew Whitehead, *A Mission in Kashmir*, Penguin/Viking, 2007, p.61.
2. Andrew Whitehead, *op.cit.*, p.7.
3. *ibid* pp.134-135.
4. *ibid* p.8

For background to present-day Kashmir readers would do well to consult Andrew Whitehead's fine *A Mission in Kashmir*. For the Pathan attack on St Joseph's Hospital, see also *I will be the first: The Story of Mother Mary Teresalina*, privately published by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, 1957, available from 'Prabhalaya' W 89, Greater Kailash II, New Delhi 110 048 India.

Magnanimity

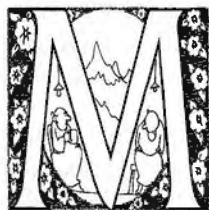
WE HONOUR great athletes, but athletic achievement is not great – at least not absolutely. A great athlete is not necessarily a great man. Neither is an intelligent and well educated man necessarily great and worthy of honour. Moral excellence is greater and more worthy of honour than is athletic and even academic excellence. But magnanimity is about the pursuit of great honours, and persons are honoured principally on account of their virtue. Magnanimity is thus not so much the pursuit of olympic gold, or musical stardom, or financial success, much less fame and international repute, as it is the pursuit of great moral achievement.

– Douglas McManaman, 'Teenage Magnanimity and the Beautiful'.
Douglas is past president of the Canadian Fellowship of Catholic Scholars.

What was once venerated is now, in many ways, dismissed and even despised.

CRUCIFIX OUT, GLOBAL WARMING IN

By Rex Murphy



AT THE W
ARNOLD, the
great Victorian
poet, marked the
turning moment.
He had early
intimations of
'the way we live now,' a way largely
evacuated of its Christian allegiances,
certainly – in the public sphere –
evacuated of the regard and respect
that the profession of Christianity once
automatically evoked.

'The Sea of Faith/ Was once, too, at
the full,' he wrote, before going on in
lines of immense power to record:

*But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges
drear
And naked shingles of the world.*

Arnold was more than a bit of a
prophet. Blasted by the great cold winds
of secularism and scientism, faith in the
old sense, faith in Christianity in once or
so-called Christian countries, is not only
in decline and defensive. Faith is, at the
public level, being actively pushed away,
visited with dismissive scorn. At the
same time, ideas, attitudes and 'positions'
that have never been seen under the
rubric of faith increasingly seek the
protections of 'sanctified' belief.

What else to make of a human-
rights ruling (no, not from one of our
own restless engines of pseudo equity)
from the European Court this week.
According to this ruling, the crucifixes
that hang in most Italian classrooms
violate religious and educational
freedoms. Yes, the cross in the
Catholic country violates religious and
educational freedoms. Is Dan Brown on
the European Court?

A case was brought before this noble
court (we know it's noble because it
bears the banner of human rights) by
a Finnish-born woman, an atheist, who
complained that her children – in Italian

classrooms, mind you – were 'exposed'
to crucifixes. Crucifixes in Italy – who
would have guessed? It's like going to
Newfoundland and complaining about
wharves.

The court said this imposition might
'disturb' children who weren't Christian
and, to ward off a wave of trauma,
ordered Italy to remove the crucifixes
from its schools.

A case could be made that, whenever
you hear of an action by a human-rights
tribunal of any kind, you should mark it
down that – quite likely – they are busy
circumscribing the real rights or dignity
of the various branches of Christianity,
with a particular focus on Catholicism.

In this case, the European Court
of Human Rights – in response to one
complaint, from one atheist – told an
entire country that has been the centre
of world Christianity for 2,000 years to
get rid of its most revered and cardinal
symbol. It's the same old story: In the
name of official tolerance, mandated
intolerance.

At least the Italian authorities
mustered something of an appropriate
response to this insolent busybodyness.
One government minister, Roberto
Calderoli, loosed this volley: 'The
European court has trodden on our
rights, our culture, our history, our
traditions and our values.' Another
minister noted that preventing the
crucifix from being displayed is 'an
act of violence against the deep-seated

feelings of the Italian people and all
persons of goodwill'

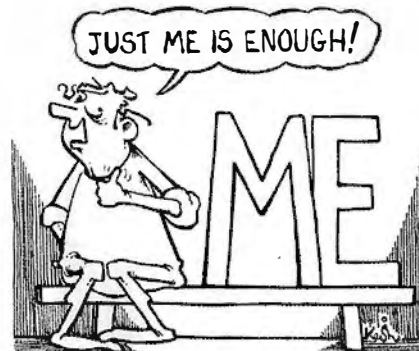
Meantime, in the country of Matthew
Arnold's birth, another judge was busy
passing an Alice in Wonderland verdict.
This case arose from a wrongful-
dismissal claim by a man of intense
Green passions who said he was
fired because of his global warming
beliefs. The judge ruled that 'a belief
in man-made climate change ... is
capable, if genuinely held, of being a
philosophical belief' for the purpose of
the Employment Equality (Religion and
Belief) Regulations. So there you have
it: Global warming is a philosophical
belief and, if you 'genuinely' believe
it, has the status of a religion. And will
be zealously protected by some courts
when an actual religious symbol is
objected to by someone who 'genuinely'
does not believe in any religion.

I have no idea what this 'genuinely'
believing something has to do with the
actual belief in question. Some people
genuinely believe the details of *An
Inconvenient Truth*. Is the Al Gore sermon
now protected as an 'article of faith'? A
PowerPoint version of the Mosaic tablets?

I have long thought that the 'ism'
in environmentalism was a very worrisome
suffix. All 'isms' are thought-blockers,
flags of ardent belief, signals more
of passionate intensity than mature
judgment.

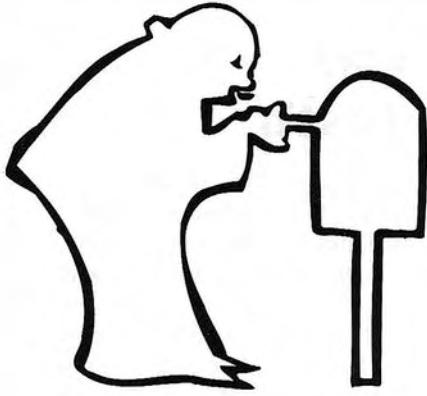
Well, now it's official. Global
warmingism has court-warranted
standing as a religion. And a
2,000-year-old religion is banned from
manifesting its most precious symbol
in front of the eyes of trauma-prone
atheists. Lord, have mercy on us. Please.

Is everything sacred – except religion?



REX MURPHY is host of CBC Radio One's
Cross-Country Checkup and writes book reviews,
commentaries, and a weekly column. 'Japes of
Wrath,' for the *Globe & Mail*. Reprinted with permis-
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[http://www.theglobeandmail.com/news/opinions/
crucifix-out-warming-in/article1354734/](http://www.theglobeandmail.com/news/opinions/crucifix-out-warming-in/article1354734/)

LETTERS



Negative historical facts?

Annals appears to have a preoccupation with Islam, highlighting negative historical facts. This is all well and true. However a total lack of presenting positive historical facts tends to veer the magazine into being a political, narrow-minded publication, rather than a vehicle for professing the love of God, the Christian faith and Catholicism in particular.

In the June 2008 issue the item 'Booty and Slavery - the Islamic Tradition' only tells half the story. Slavery existed in general amongst all groups, Muslims, Christians and pagans.

In the ninth century, King Boris of Bulgaria's letter to Pope Nicholas in 866 AD sought legal texts covering both secular and religious issues. He based his 'Court Law for the People' on that used in Byzantine law code. The law dealt with matters such as penalties for paganism, marital relations of witnesses, distribution of war booty, sexual morality, marital relations, arson, theft, illegal enslavement, responsibility of a master for the behavior of his slaves, etc.

Kiama 2533 NSW

JOHN BLOM

[Slavery, as it existed in the past, is no longer practised in countries with Christian majorities. Slavery remains a problem in some Islamic countries; and its proponents justify it by reference to Islamic Law. We share our correspondent's view that the role of Catholic media is one of encouraging the 'professing the love of God and the Christian faith, Catholicism in particular'. We also have an obligation to our readers to correct imbalance, and to offer an alternative view to one-sided interpretations of history. If a car's radiator is boiling and its transmission has failed, it would be remiss of onlookers to insist that there

was nothing wrong with the car. Is it 'negative' or 'narrow-minded' of the NRMA to come to the assistance of the driver? *Ed.*]

Ghosts

It was very interesting to read Rev Fr Rumble's article ['The Case of the Dead Boy's Return' *Annals*, November/December 2009]. It brought to mind Dr Kenneth McAll, who wrote a book 'Healing the Family Tree'.

In the 70s I attended a lecture of his in Brisbane. He was visiting from his UK base. He had been a medical missionary in China prior to World War II. A Scot and Congregationalist, he joined the China Inland Missionary Society with Eric Liddle (of the movie *Chariots of Fire* fame). Liddle died in prison, supposedly from a brain tumour. McAll said he died of malnutrition because he was always giving his food away to Chinese prisoners.

Growth of Islamism

SOURCES IN INDIA, where Muslims were a minority, reported that the construction in that country of new *madrasas* [Koranic schools] from 1980 to 2000, paid for by the Saudis and Kuwaitis, far exceeded the number built over eight centuries of Islamic rule. On the Indian frontier with Nepal, 384 had opened on the Indian side and 195 in Nepal. On Indian territory at the Bangladesh border, 208 had been built. In the Indian state of West Bengal, 238 *medresas* were founded between 1780 and 1977; and 269 between 1977 and 2002. The Communist government of West Bengal spent \$30 million for *madrasas* in 2001, and nothing on Hindu religious education.

- *The Two Faces of Islam*, Stephen Schwartz, Anchor Books, 2003 p.200

McAll saw so much demonic activity among the Chinese, that he resolved to investigate the phenomena, and to this end studied psychiatry after the war, and eventually became the Director of Mental Health for the UK.

During his lecture Dr McAll spoke of some fascinating experiences, e.g.

- In all his years treating thousands of patients, he only encountered one person who he thought was possessed by a devil.
- However a lot of patients were affected by the spirit of a deceased which he considered to be in a state of limbo (my word) or torment ... a lost soul who had never had a Christian burial service.
- His treatment often involved examining any past associations and arranging a Requiem Mass or a Service of Christian burial, instructing the spirit where to go, so to speak '.... angels of the Lord, present him to God the Most High'.
- He gave many, many examples of successful treatment with this. For instance:

A veteran of World War I had lost an arm, but suffered dreadfully with phantom pain from his missing limb. He became a grumpy old man, needing full-time care, and addicted to painkillers. He could not keep a nurse because he was so obnoxious and insufferably rude to them. One of these approached Dr. McAll. His investigation discovered that the veteran had lost his arm in a trench which was bombed. Questioned about any companions in the trench, he said that they were killed. 'Was there ever a burial service for them?' 'Don't be stupid,' he said, 'they were all blown to bits'. A Christian service was arranged for those dead soldiers. Grumpy's pain left, never to return; and he became an affable human being.

Forgive me if this all sounds like a movie script, but it was, with many of the other stories he told, very dramatic ... it is the one that sticks in mind after more than 30 years!

More recently I purchased a paperback called "Return from Tomorrow" by Dr George G Richie MD. His after-death experience as a young soldier when he was clinically dead for

nine minutes, was hauntingly similar to Dr McAll's theories and makes for fascinating reading.

Mt Gravatt, Qld 4122

MICHAEL DUNLEA

The Greatest Destroyer of Peace

The 1979 Nobel Peace Prize winner, Mother Teresa of Calcutta, once said that abortion was 'the greatest destroyer of peace'. By contrast, the latest Nobel Peace Prize winner, US President Barack Obama, acts as though abortion is a woman's sacred right.

America's leader seemingly does not accept that, from the moment of conception, a true member of the human community comes into existence. And while he would agree that it is prima facie morally wrong to kill any member of that human community, he might argue that conception does not result in the immediate formation of a new human being and that, therefore, abortion is prima facie not morally wrong.

One must wonder, however, how Obama responds to the scientific facts which confirm that a human being begins his/her existence at conception which has been described as the successful result of the process of fertilisation at which the male sperm and the female ovum unite; humanness is not acquired at some later stage of development.

Thanks to modern science, the moment that a new human being begins is now neither a theological nor a philosophical issue.

Beacon Hill NSW 2100

HENK VERHOEVEN

About the front cover

I've just started reading *Annals* 2010/1 and had quite some difficulty reading the story of the front cover pic on the Contents page. I realise that half the problem is that my eyes aren't what they used to be but surely the font size could be increased. This isn't a complaint, just a thought. I'd reckon there is a lot of half-blind people among your readers who also have trouble and could do with a bigger typeface.

Wodonga, Victoria 3690

JEREMY WILSON

[Thanks Jeremy; we're working on it. You may notice a difference this month. Ed.]

Can a War ever be Just?

THE JUST WAR tradition via Augustine, Aquinas, Suarez and Vitoria – some of the greatest names in the western intellectual canon – sees war as an instrument of policy, as a means of securing change. The doctrine does not assume that war is *per se* evil; and if it doesn't believe war can ever be intrinsically good, it foresees that, in the right circumstances and subject to the right conditions, war can be a necessary and sometimes the only means of preventing evil. The conditions are clear – applying them less so. The war must have a just cause (i.e. not imperial ambition, rivalry over resources, etc), and must be a last resort – all other means having been, literally, exhausted. It must be declared by a lawful authority – which eliminates terrorism, whatever the justice of the ends – and it must have a very good chance of success. Importantly, the means must be proportionate, and civilians must be spared.

- Austen Iverleigh, *Guardian.co.uk*, October 7, 2009

The New Romantics

It is often said that people grow to look like their pets. Whether this is true or not, I would suggest that our pets, if chosen by ourselves, do reflect our emotional needs. A man will keep fish for their tranquillity; a parrot for company. A dog; a cat – large, mutt or pedigree – all tell the emotional need of their owners.

In the same fashion, it has been suggested by some political commentators that the victories of Bush, and Blair in their time, and more recently Obama and Rudd, tell us something of something of the emotional needs of the people who voted for them. I speak here only of the democracies, for in the undemocratic nations the people are restricted to choosing only their pets.

I believe that the West has woken up in the brave new world only to question the new wonderland. Finding reality far

too real, it now wants to retreat to the drugged sleep of a new romanticism. This desire is seen best before the theatrical backdrop of world politics. In this, the lowest modality of human existence, the new romanticism is found in the world's desire for the sweeping perspectives of those impressionists: Bush, Al Gore, Obama ... or even our Rudd, who paint with broad brush the grand panorama of a simple life with simple solutions. World Terrorism ... Bomb Baghdad ... Global warming ... cut CO2 emissions. After decades of social disintegration of our indigenous communities ... say 'Sorry'. Like the classic Roman Poets they call for the stoic virtues in an effete and decaying civilisation. This picture in simple black and white is flashed at almost subliminal speed across the darkened living rooms of the nations, incapable of withstanding close scrutiny.

Like Plato's slaves chained in their cave we live in air-conditioned cells, sometimes many metres above the city, play with paper, and go home where we sit in darkened rooms and vicariously live other people's often violent lives, in colour and High Definition. Often the only definition allowed in an otherwise foggy framework.

Sunnybank Qld 4109

PETER GALLAGHER

(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*.)



BLUEY THE BICYCLE RIDER

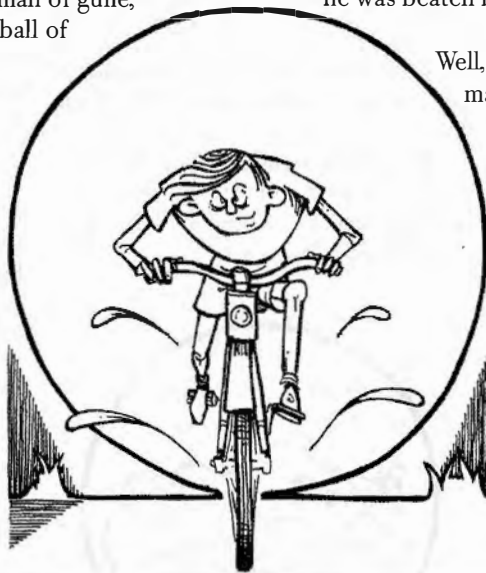
There were cycle races at Condo town
and the bushmen came from afar;
there were cyclists bearded, bandy and brown,
as had followed the banks of the Lachlan down;
and some were cyclists of fair renown,
and one was a Sydney Star.

Bluey was there on a weird machine
that wobbled about the track;
his hair was red, and his jersey green,
his bike the best of its days had seen,
it had fence wire where the spokes had been,
'cos he came from way outback.

The program offered a ten pound prize
and they called it the Lachlan Cup.
The bushmen read it with wide surprise,
and a thoughtful look in their far-off eyes,
as they stroked their sinewy calves and thighs,
and brushed their muscles up.

This Lachlan Cup was a four mile race,
and they reckoned each lap to the mile.
As Bluey went to his starting place,
little he knew about gear or pace,
but he said with a smile on his freckley face
'I'll shake 'em along for a while'.

The man on scratch was a man of guile,
his bike like himself was a ball of
style,
And he went to his mark
with a cocksure smile,
'cos the Limit Man was on
half a mile,
and Bluey was in
between.
The starter walked from
the Boughshed Bar,
he set them off in a
trice.



The bookie's voice sounded faint and far
yelling 'even money the Sydney Star;
Or, 'ladies and gentlemen here you are,
Bluey ... he's any price'.

They went like mad round the clay-pan track,
Bluey went with the flash of the gun
Past 'Mulga Mike' and 'the Cobar Crack'
and he collared them all - bar one.

He raised his head when he heard the bell,
to wipe from his brow the sweat;
but his spirits drooped, and his jawbone fell
on the handlebars as he muttered 'Hell !'
there's a bloke in front of me yet.

Well, he'd a hundred yards to gain
and he reckoned he had to win.
So he raced his rattletrap over the plain,
till the oil boiled up on the redhot chain,
and the crowd they cheered themselves insane,
and the Boughshed shook with the din

Then he sprinted home like the champions do
but his brain had commenced to reel;
he felt the tyres would soon burn through
if the chain didn't melt at the pace he flew
Then the white line flitted, and Bluey knew
he was beaten by half a wheel.

Well, he shook the hand of the
man that led,
admitted he'd met his
match;
the cyclist eyed him - said,
'Strike me Red,
You must be flamin' thick
in the head,
that was my third time
round,' he said
'I was the man on scratch'.

As told to Father John Conroy MSC by Norman Doyle who had a paint and paper shop in Condoblin NSW [Condo],
on the Lachlan river, in the 1950s. 'He said I wouldn't find it in any books,' Father Conroy reported.

Apathy and lack of forces did not undermine the heroism of the minority

THE TARGETING OF DARWIN

Reviewed by IAN MACDONALD



MONG Australian unit battle honours, Tobruk, Alamein, Milne Bay and Kokoda are only four of many that rank higher than Darwin, though it was

the main objective for the first air attack in history mounted against mainland Australia. And that by the same Imperial Japanese aircraft carrier force that only weeks earlier had bombed the US stronghold at Pearl Harbour.

Peter Grose gives the reason why. He clears the ground of canting chauvinism by quoting from a speech made to the Northern Territory Legislative Council in 1955 by Paul Hasluck when, as Federal Minister for Territories, he unveiled a plaque to commemorate civilians killed in the local Post Office during the initial bombing attack on 19 February 1942.

Hasluck described the date as, 'not an anniversary of national glory but one of national shame. Australians ran away because they did not know what else to do.'

Commendably, Grose makes it clear this was a verdict with which he initially agreed, adding that when he began his research, another story emerged.

'There was undoubted panic, incompetence, looting and desertion during and after the Darwin attack. But there was also a disciplined and dogged counter-attack from Australian anti-aircraft gunners and an exemplary display of heroism by a tiny handful of US Army Air Corps fighter pilots blown out of the sky as they squared up to an overwhelmingly superior Japanese force. The doomed yet magnificent reply by the destroyer USS Perry in Darwin harbour as Japanese dive-bombers swarmed around her deserves a place in the legend books of American military history. The heroism of the Australian rescuers who braved burning

*An Awkward Truth:
The Bombing of Darwin February 1942*
By Peter Grose Allen & Unwin
rrp \$24.95

oil, strafing aircraft and huge explosions from ships in Darwin harbour to pull their comrades to safety is simply beyond praise.'

Nor does Grose neglect to note the part played by Father John McGrath, who combined volunteer coast watching with his duties as a Missionary of the Sacred Heart at Nguiu, on the Tiwi Islands, Bathurst and Melville.

The Nguiu mission was equipped with a radio transceiver linked to the Amalgamated Wireless of Australia (AWA) Darwin Coastal Station, call sign VID. Father McGrath was working outdoors with Tiwi Islanders when they spotted a huge formation of planes on a bearing that would take them over Darwin.

Immediately he switched from missionary to coastwatcher, using the mission's call sign. 'Eight SE.'

'Eight SE to VID. Big flight of planes passed over going south. Very high. Over.'

The VID duty officer, Lou Curnock, told him to stand by. Always good advice but on this occasion ill-timed, as Peter Grose makes clear.

'At about that moment a Japanese aircraft screamed low over the mission on a strafing run, raking it with cannon and machine-gun fire on the way to destroying an American Beech aircraft on the ground at the Bathurst Island airfield. Father McGrath abandoned his radio and raced for shelter.'

Thus the MSC mission Tiwi Islands people became the first in Australia to experience Japanese enemy action. Obviously that early message could have made a difference in the readiness of the Darwin anti-aircraft defences.

Flying Fortresses were also in the air space, a confusion exacerbated by an RAAF Lockheed Hudson bomber group's failure to identify itself as 'friendly' to anti-aircraft gunners.

This first raid set the scene for the second (of many) that caused the run from Darwin, mainly by civilians, but also by service personnel while military policemen put the city under *de facto* martial law, which did not prevent the looting.

Summing up Peter Grose's work is difficult. He is not a stylist; he has neither the magisterial tone of war historian Les Carlyon, the *Boys Own* gusto of Peter Fitzsimons nor the on-the-spot memories of Rupert Lockwood, whose book is an enduring classic of reportage. Nonetheless, Grose has been admirably meticulous in assembling official documents, verbal instructions and lively quotes.

Some are outrageous such as the military doggerel that relies heavily on the Great Australian Adjective through eight quatrains, the last being:

'Best bloody place is bloody bed
'With bloody ice on bloody head,
'And then they say you're bloody dead.

'Oh bloody, bloody Darwin.'

Some are grimly funny, such as the instruction to kill pet cats and dogs but not chooks since the latter could be an



auxiliary food source. No mention of roos, goannas or barramundi.

Beyond grim is the conclusion to the resignation letter written by the director of First Aid, Brough Newell: 'I, therefore, recommend that ... the public of Darwin be advised through the press that in the event of their being wounded in an air (or other) attack, they must either walk to the new Civil Hospital or die on the spot.'

Brough Newell is only one of the Australian characters whom Grose resurrects. On the American side, it is difficult to bypass Major Floyd Pell, known as Slugger. He was the commander of a Kittyhawk Squadron ordered to the defence of Java in what was then the Dutch East Indies, but was caught up in the defence of Darwin. He was killed in action, one of that other few.

In his chapter on how the news of the first Darwin raid was brought to the world, Grose rightly gives credit to Post Master General engineers Harry Hawke and William Duke, who trekked south from Darwin to where the telegraph line was unbroken. There they hooked up a salvaged Morse sender and got a signal off.

While covering this and the various inter-service shifts to get the news out made under potentially fatal pressure, Grose appears to neglect a version given by Ann Moyal in her history, *Clear Across Australia*.

According to this, others beside Hawke and Duke, kept their heads when many around them were losing theirs. The Hawke-Duke signal was picked up by two other PMG engineers, Norman Lee and JL Skerrett, who were monitoring the status of the telegraph line using a galvanometer. The Morse-code flicker of the galvanometer needle alerted them to the message: 'Darwin bombed at 10am.'

Skerrett, according to Moyal, contacted the PMG HQ in Melbourne. His message was passed to Canberra and Prime Minister John Curtin's office. A news black-out was ordered. Fortunately, Duke had sent another message to Adelaide. Newspapers there broke the story.

As all historians of quality do, Peter Grose has written into his text an implicit warning. Japan was a nation on the rise, a nation that did not feel duly rewarded for

ANNALS CROSSWORD No. 64

ACROSS CLUES

8. Sluggishness; lassitude (8)
9. Elaborately decorated (6)
10. The young of a sheep (4)
11. Security pledged for the repayment of a loan (10)
12. Cook the books (6)
14. To reserve for a special purpose (3,5)
- 15 & 17 across. Independent places of learning (7,7)
20. The empty hard outer cover of a marine mollusc (8)
22. Creek island where John wrote the Apocalypse (6)
23. Beyond normal explanation (10)
24. The national emblem of Wales (4)
25. One of the three Gorgons of Greek mythology (6)

DOWN CLUES

1. Conduct (8)
2. Whaling captain in pursuit of "Moby Dick" (4)
3. A tableau of Christ's Nativity (6)
4. A competitor in The Tour De France (7)
5. Relating to feelings and thoughts of love; amorous (8)

6. To cause an aircraft to land short of a runway (10)
7. To drive aground; a wisp of hair (6)
13. Laid to waste; overwhelmed with grief (10)
16. Dinosaur (8)
18. Untied (8)
19. A public walk or promenade lined with trees (7)
21. Legislates (6)
22. Buff (6)
24. Large predatory feline (4)

SOLUTION TO CRYPTIC NO. 18

M	M	T	S	C	R								
M	I	R	A	C	L	E	S	P	R	O	T	O	N
D	S	A	U	O	N	M							
E	N	D	S	S	A	N	C	T	I	F	I	E	D
I		T	A	T	E								
A	G	R	E	E	S	M	A	I	N	S	T	A	Y
H	X												
S	T	E	P	H	E	N	A	G	R	I	P	P	A
W	R	I	T	E	O	F	F	O	N	O	R	S	
S	E	M	I	N	A	R	I	A	N	A	M	B	O
R	A	N	R	A	L	L							
T	O	I	T	O	I	M	O	H	A	M	M	E	D
S	E	A											

© Brian O'Neill 2009

its efforts on the allied side during World War I. It needed resources, particularly oil, to maintain its progress. These were denied it as part of a US-led, pro-China sanctions policy. Result: the militaristic fulfilment of the concept of the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere.

For Japan and its industrial *zaibatsus* read modern China and its statist corporations, hungry for resources and a power that is ideologically driven

by Marxism, always and everywhere expansionist.

There you have the context and the prudent rationale for the Rudd Labor Government's Force 2030 white paper which could be summed up as, 'No more Darwins where apathy combined with panic and lack of forces but did not undermine the heroism of the minority.'

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

How to Hide the Sun

CLIMATEGATE

By Dexter Wright



THE Climategate crowd successfully worked to obscure the connection between solar activity and climate. The leaked Climate Research Unit [CRU] e-mails reveal how.

In 2003, two Harvard-Smithsonian Professors, Willie Soon and Sallie Baliunas, published a peer-reviewed paper in the scientific journal *Climate Research* which identified solar activity as a major influence on Earth's climate. This paper also concluded that the twentieth century was not the warmest, nor was it the century with the most extreme weather over the past thousand years. These two scientists reviewed more than two hundred sources of data. The paper specifically examined climate variations observed to coincide with solar variations. One of the more notable correlations cited in this paper is the well-documented coincidence of the Little Ice Age and a solar quiet period, known as the Maunder Minimum, from A.D. 1300 to A.D. 1900. Soon and Baliunas asserted that the lack of solar activity resulted in cooler temperatures across the globe. The evidence they compiled also indicated that as the sun became more active global temperatures began to rise and the Little Ice Age ended.

In the past, the issue of the solar connection has always fallen down on one question; what is it about sunspots that cause a change in the climate? Soon and Baliunas identified the physical connection as solar wind, which varies on an eleven-year cycle similar to sunspots. The solar wind is made up of high-energy particulate radiation and when strong enough, it has a visible effect upon the atmosphere in the form of auroral displays in the polar regions (e.g., the Northern Lights). Some instances of solar wind were so powerful that the aurora was seen even in lower latitude, as happened during the Battle of Fredericksburg, Virginia during the War Between the States (Civil War). Both armies were so distracted by the intensity of the display that the battle actually paused as the soldiers, North and South, watched in awe.

With such convincing evidence, the Soon and Baliunas paper became the target of a great deal of criticism from the gang led by the now-discredited Dr. Jones of the Climate Research Unit (CRU) at East Anglia University in Britain. The recently uncovered e-mails from him and his collaborators show an orchestrated effort to discredit the work of these two scholars.

- Excerpt from 'Climategate: How to hide the sun,' *American Thinker*, February 24, 2010.

Many lack the ability now to spot the difference between self-righteousness and virtue'

PLEASE DON'T TELL THE THOUGHT POLICE

By Giles Auty



ON nights when I can't sleep I often find myself reflecting with pleasure on my latter days of playing serious cricket, on occasion with players who went on to become international stars.

One of these was the West Indian opening batsman Gordon Greenidge who combined prodigious talent with a charming and sunny personality even at a young age.

In days before political correctness blighted the lives of sportsmen – along with those of almost everyone else – Gordon was nevertheless sometimes the butt of typical cricketers' jokes of which some would undoubtedly be deemed racist today and possibly reported.

Thus if the light became dim while our side was fielding someone or other was almost bound to remark "Give us a smile Gordon so we can see where you are" – a time-honoured quip with which many black cricketers were once likely to be familiar.

I do not think Gordon or any other sensible young man of our day would have been in the least offended by this. Many of us had done military service in those days where humour was likely to be much blacker.

Indeed Gordon was entirely capable of turning jokes neatly himself even when these involved topics now regarded as unthinkable.

On one occasion he and I attempted to break an existing record for two men pulling a 'light' iron roller around the entire perimeter of a sloping cricket ground against the clock.

After our narrowly unsuccessful but utterly gut-wrenching attempt Gordon retreated behind the cricket pavilion where he vomited for some minutes before eventually emerging ashen-faced to rejoin the rest of us.

"I think that is the nearest I will ever come to being a white man" he remarked to our relieved applause.

Today, forty years on, we live in a world in which a variety of social ideologies such as political correctness masquerade as virtues when they are nothing of the kind. Political

correctness is, in fact, the first cousin of political 'spin' but is even more insidious since it is designed to fly under the radar of normal public consciousness.

Unfortunately, in what has become an increasingly unconfident and confused society, many lack the ability now to spot the difference between self-righteousness and virtue – an unfortunate problem which seems to have haunted the human race at least since the time of the New Testament.

At best, political correctness is an attempted form of social control which may alter apparent behaviour while leaving basic attitudes untouched. Frequently its advocates go to absurd extremes which defeat their own ends. In London a few years ago I passed a pub which advertised the availability there of 'ploughperson's lunch'. I could only hope its management was being ironic.

I count myself very fortunate indeed to have reached adulthood before the advent of political correctness or of any of the many 'isms' which together constitute that amorphous entity called post-modernism which today seeks to control – whether we like it or not – the general conduct of our lives.

Great numbers of people exist now, in short, who have never experienced any genuine form of social normality or reality. What has been destroyed most damagingly for great numbers of people is individual and communal moral certainty. They are told something is right and fair but do not in their bones believe it to be so. They are victims in other words of a cultural and moral revolution in which they – like most of us – never had any say.

TV and 'Belonging'

CAN WE find nothing good to say about TV? Well, yes, it brings scattered solitaries into a sort of communion. TV allows your isolated American to think that he participates in the life of the entire country. It does not actually place him in a community, but his heart is warmed with the suggestion (on the whole false) that there is a community somewhere in the vicinity and that his atomized consciousness will be drawn back toward the whole.

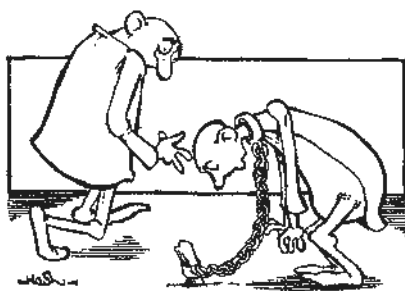
– Saul Bellow, 'The Distracted Public,' 1990, p. 159

Unlike the great religions of the world, post-modernism is a worldwide phenomenon of very recent origin and does not, in any case, tap into any of the moral traditions which underwrote the great civilisations of the past. Indeed, a major world religion such as Christianity is likely to find itself – along with the sublime artistic and architectural achievements it fostered – dismissed today by our new moral masters as anachronistic or superstitious. The world they desire is an atheistic one in which the social commandments they issue replace those handed down by God.

Post-modernism in its various forms and guises is a product of the so-called counter-culture of the Sixties which attempted to subvert all forms of traditional morality not through political revolution – which would never have succeeded – but through the effective ideological capture of such cornerstones of our civilisation as education and culture. Today, outside private and Church schools, secondary education as understood by people of my generation, can scarcely be said to exist.

The American cultural commentator Roger Kimball summarised this whole situation with great accuracy in the following way: “That ideology has insinuated itself, disastrously, into the curricula of our schools and colleges; it has significantly altered the texture of sexual relations and family life; it has played havoc with the authority of churches and other repositories of moral wisdom; it has undermined the claims of civic virtue and our national self-understanding; it has degraded the media, the entertainment industry, and popular culture; it has helped to subvert museums and other institutions entrusted with preserving and transmitting high culture. It has even, most poignantly, addled our hearts and innermost assumptions about what counts as the good life: it has perverted our dreams as much as it has prevented us from attaining them”.

Elsewhere in the same excellent book from which the above quotation was taken – *The Long March* (Encounter Books 2000) – Kimball makes the following equally astute observations: “For over two hundred years, the Left has had an effective but



unearned monopoly on the rhetoric of virtue... As with most revolutions, the counterculture’s call for total freedom quickly turned into a demand for total control. The phenomenon of ‘political correctness’, with its speech codes and other efforts to enforce ideological conformity, was one predictable result of this transformation. What began at the University of California at Berkeley with the Free Speech Movement soon degenerated into an effort to abridge freedom by dictating what could and could not be said about any number of politically sensitive issues”.

Political correctness had its origins less than 50 years ago on the other side of the world yet has infiltrated the behavioural norms of almost every Western nation, including Australia, and is frequently backed now by punitive forms of legislation.

Racism, which is contrary, of course, to civilised Christian behaviour, is now accorded the status of serious crime, while all sorts of other offences against traditional morality find themselves airbrushed away – highly conveniently – via a series of politically correct euphemisms.

The late Frank Devine, who was one of my former colleagues at *The Australian*, wrote once that he found class hatred every bit as objectionable as racial hatred, but I sense that not too many contemporary Australians will have fully appreciated the wisdom of his words.

Why is class hatred more apparently acceptable here than race hatred?

The reason is that the whole basis for the post-modernist counterculture which now effectively rules our lives is founded in neo-Marxist ideology – in which ‘class’ warfare, along with anti-religious sentiment is, of course, a cornerstone.

Race hatred thus becomes elevated way above class hatred as a civil crime in societies, such as that of Australia, in

which post-modernist ideologies such as political correctness now effectively rule us.

But that is not the sole reason.

Multiculturalism, of course, is another of the principal planks of the whole insidious post-modernist platform. According to multiculturalist ideology, no race or religion is more desirable or superior to any other. Therefore all kinds of immigrant, for example, should be welcomed equally to our shores.

In an ideal world, at least, the sheer humanitarianism of this argument seems beyond reproach. But regrettably this argument conceals a hidden agenda.

Prior to post-modernism the dominant social ideology of western countries was almost always some form of secularised Christianity and it is precisely this which post-modernism seeks to overthrow completely and eventually to eliminate. Therefore, the more such ideology can be diluted through an influx of non-Christian or even anti-Christian immigrants, the better.

Skin colour has thus become merely a convenient smokescreen.

In short, it is not people’s race that matters, but what, if anything, they essentially and strongly believe. Christians, like Hindus, Muslims, Buddhists or Orthodox Jews generally – and understandably – feel most comfortable when living amongst their own kind. The entire history of the world so far supports this view.

Of course, mutually tolerant communities can co-exist and should be encouraged to do so, but this is not necessarily a ‘natural’ answer.

The strongest proponents of multiculturalism are atheists who dismiss all forms of religious belief as anachronistic. Thus such people would at least pretend not to understand why a devout Catholic might prefer to live in the Republic of Ireland rather than Pakistan.

It really is as silly as that.

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 is a columnist for *The Australian* while continuing to devote himself to his original love – painting.

St Jerome [340-420 A.D.]

TRANSLATING THE BIBLE

You urge me to revise the old Latin version and, as it were, to sit in judgement on the copies of the Scriptures that are now scattered throughout the whole world; and, in as much as they differ from one another, you would have me decide which of them agree with the Greek original.

The labour is one of love, but at the same time both perilous and presumptuous; for, in judging others, I must be content to be judged by all; and how can I dare to change the language of the world in its hoary old age, and carry it back to the early days of its infancy?

Is there a man, learned or unlearned, who will not, when he takes the volumes into his hands, and perceives that what he reads does not suit his settled tastes, break out immediately into violent language, and call me a forger and a profane person for having the audacity to add anything to the ancient books, or to make any changes or corrections therein?

Now there are two consoling reflections which enable me to bear the odium – in the first place, the command is given by you who are the supreme bishop; and, secondly, even on the showing of those who revile us, readings at variance with the early copies cannot be right.

For if we are to pin our faith to the Latin texts, it is for our opponents to tell us which; for there are almost as many forms of texts as there are copies.

If, on the other hand, we are to glean the truth from a comparison of many, why not go back to the original Greek and correct the mistakes introduced by inaccurate translators, and the blundering alterations of confident but ignorant critics, and further all that has been inserted or changed by copyists more asleep than awake? . . .

I am now speaking of the New Testament. This was undoubtedly composed in Greek, with the exception of the work of Matthew the Apostle, who was the first to commit to writing the Gospel of Christ, and who published his work in Judaea in Hebrew characters. We must confess that as we have it in our language it is marked by discrepancies, and now that the stream is distributed into different channels we must go back to the fountainhead . . .

I promise in this short Preface the four Gospels only, which are to be taken in the following order, Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, as they have been revised by the comparison of Greek manuscripts. Only early ones have been used. But to avoid any great divergences from the Latin which we are accustomed to read, I have used my pen with some restraint: and while I have corrected only such passages as seemed to convey a different meaning, I have allowed the rest to remain as they are . . .

– St Jerome [340-420 A.D.] Born in what is today Croatia he went to Rome and was baptised by Pope Liberius in 360. Around 382 he was commissioned by Pope Damasus [374-384 A.D.] to translate the Bible into Latin from Greek, Hebrew and Aramaic – languages Jerome knew well. He was a careful historian and a good geographer.

*Puzzling happenings in a world allegedly governed
only by material and physical laws*

THE CLAIRVOYANT AND THE THIEF

By Leslie Rumble, MSC



THE small village of Mastholte near Bielefeld, a town some forty miles east of Munster, Germany, had a great devotion to the sixth century saint James the Hermit [Feast day, January 28] which dated from the time of the Crusades.

The story of this St James that the Crusaders brought back from Palestine was startling enough to grip the imagination of the simple villagers at home.

In his youth he had taken to a life of crime from which he had been duly converted, becoming a hermit wholly devoted to penance and prayer.

The devil, after a long siege, recaptured his soul, and he returned to his criminal career of robbery and violence. He had yielded to complete despair of his salvation, thinking it quite useless to attempt to repent again, when he met another hermit, a truly holy man, who convinced him otherwise. So the wicked man abandoned his sinful ways, became a hermit again, and this time not only persevered, but attained to such heights of virtue that when he died everyone revered him as a saint.

In Mastholte, however, the devil seems to have taken revenge on the villagers for their devotion to St James by inspiring outbreaks of robbery in imitation of the wicked periods of that Saint's life rather than of his virtues.

The morning newspaper from Bielefeld on 28th January, 1925, carried an article saying that at the *Jacobimarkt* (the 'Market of St James') in Mastholte, large-scale thefts had taken place every year for some time past during the festivities on the Day of St James, without anyone being

able to trace the thief. And the paper wondered what was going to happen this year.

The family that owned the village inn facing the *Jacobimarkt* in Mastholte particularly dreaded the Feast of St James because the thief, whoever he was, never failed to visit its rooms, getting off with valuables belonging to proprietors and guests alike.

This time, therefore, with their fears re-enchanted by the morning paper's report, it was decided to have

recourse to a man named Petzold, who lived in Bielefeld and called himself a *Magnetopath*. He claimed to be able to put himself into a magnetised state in which he could see things hidden from everybody else, and which he would reveal for a stipulated fee.

There had been much argument before the *Magnetopath* was called in. When it was said that he was possessed by the devil, others countered by saying that he had done much good and never any harm, so that it was more likely that he was inspired by an angel than possessed by the devil. But the retort came that the devil can pose as an angel of light and produce apparently good results just to get possession of people.

Others, again, said that whether angels or devils were involved, to try such methods was to indulge in superstition; but it was then argued that the man had perfectly natural clairvoyant powers, which it was quite lawful to use in a case such as this.

'Natural psychic powers have nothing whatever to do with religion,' the innkeeper said, 'any more than physical, mental or any other powers. And I'm going to get him. There's no other way.'

When Petzold arrived, he said he wanted complete quiet. They could be present in the room if they wished, but, while he concentrated, no one must speak or move whatever he himself might do or say. It was a necessary warning. They were in for a shock!

In the parlour of the inn, the family and some friends seated themselves around the walls, Petzold setting his chair in the centre of the room. In a few minutes, all colour seemed to leave his face and sweat broke out on his forehead, as he hypnotised himself and lapsed into a trance.

Tinkling Cymbals

ST PAUL ... the visionary and the intellectual, who saw things in their right relationship and proportion, distinguished means from ends: 'Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy and understand all mysteries and all knowledge; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing'.

Telepathic transmission of thought and ideas; precognition, learning; psychokinetic powers; none had any value in itself, none was of any importance beside what could exist without any of them, the love of God and man.

- Renée Haynes, *The Hidden Springs*.
An enquiry into extra-sensory perception,
London, Hollis and Carter, 1961, p.62.

Then suddenly he leapt from his chair and began to dance around the room like some Indian fire-walking fanatic prancing over the hot coals. Stretching out his arms and spreading his fingers, with a light of madness shining from his wide-open eyes, he whirled and twisted and swayed, and then suddenly stood stock-still. He was staring into space as if completely carried away in a dream.

All looked on, frozen with horror at what surely seemed a case of diabolical-possession before their very eyes. No one could have moved or spoken, had he wanted to. At last, after a few moments of tense silence and as if speaking from another world, Petzold said slowly yet clearly, but in a queerly-strained and sepulchral tone of voice which did not seem to be his own voice at all: "The-thief-will-come-again-this year. I-see-a-man-with-black-hair, powerfully-and-stockily-built, enter-ing-the-inn-at-the-stroke-of-eleven. He-goes-right-through-the-crowd-in-the-bar-room, through-to-the-stairs. He-goes~up-the-stairs. Now-I-lose-sight-of-him. He-disappears-in-a-dark-passage. This-man-is-the-thief-you-are-looking-for."

Petzold then came out of his dream-state, sat down, rubbed his eyes, and had soon sufficiently recovered to collect his fee and depart.

The police were notified and were present as the predicted hour approached. At the stroke of eleven the man arrived, true to the description that had been given of him. He pushed his way through the crowded bar with the utmost unconcern as if bent on legitimate business, and went up the stairs. There was no other way down, and the police gave him five minutes. Then they followed him, together with others who had volunteered to join in the search.

The thief was caught with a number of articles he had already stolen; and a search of his home resulted in the recovery of much loot from other robberies. His arrest put an end to the troubles on the Feast of St James in Mastholte.

For long afterwards there were endless debates as to how Petzold obtained the knowledge which led to the thief's discovery and arrest.

'Homing' Bushmen

COLONEL VAN DER POST'S fascinating book [*The Lost World of the Kalahari* (London, 1958)] about the vanishing Bushman tribes of South Africa gives admirable instances both of a 'homing' sense very much like that shown by birds, and of telepathy. He writes of his various journeyings with a group of Bushmen, that 'Nxou and his companions were always centred. They knew without conscious effort where their home was. ... Once indeed, more than a hundred and fifty miles from home, when asked where it lay they instantly turned and pointed out the direction. I had taken a compass bearing of our course, and checked it. Nxou's pointing arm might have been the magnetic needle of the instrument itself.' On a hunting expedition that made a kill some fifty miles from the sipwells where the rest of the tribe had camped, he remarked, 'I wonder what they'll say at the sipwells when they know we've killed an eland,' only to be told that they already knew. He asked how they knew, and a Bushman named Dobe replied that 'they know by wire'. To quote directly from Colonel van der Post: 'the English word "wire" on his Bushman tongue made me start with its unexpectedness. "Wire?" I exclaimed. "Yes, a wire, Master. I have seen my own master ... go to the District Commissioner ... and get him to send a wire. ... We Bushmen have a wire here;" he tapped his chest, "that brings us news". On their way back to the camp, long before even the fires were visible in the darkness, they heard the women singing the Eland Song.

To raise for a moment a curious side issue, why did the Bushman locate his 'wire' in his chest, while any contemporary Englishman who went so far as to admit that he 'had a hunch' would almost certainly locate it in his head ('I've an idea in my head. ... I can't get it out of my head that . . .')? This attribution is, of course, closely connected with the habit of thinking that personality indwells ... 'some two inches behind the midpoint of the eyes'.

- Renée Haynes, *The Hidden Springs, An enquiry into extra-sensory perception*, London, Hollis and Carter, 1961, p.62.

In no way had he sought the information from the 'spirits of the dead,' as is done in a spiritualistic seance.

Was he under the control of the devil? Not necessarily. His extraordinary behaviour could have been due merely to his self-induced hypnotic state.

Was his knowledge due to natural psychic powers of telepathy and clairvoyance, so that he had been able to read the thoughts and intentions of the thief in advance?

It is as impossible to deny the possibility of this, as it is to bring oneself to believe that such was the case.

All that can be said is that, while the reality of the events cannot be rejected, there is no adequate and satisfactory explanation of them available.

Petzold himself, when asked later on how he could get such a detailed

knowledge of things with which he was wholly unacquainted, said simply: 'I cannot explain it. When I attain complete concentration, losing consciousness of all my surroundings, I see a thing and I hear a thing, but I do not know how this comes about.'

It is not surprising, then, that others do not comprehend a process he himself did not understand.

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: Kissed by a Ghost.

Tales of the Legal Left

RADICAL ISLAM AND THE LEFT



THE indictment against the Holy Land Foundation and other [Islamic] ‘charities’ had nothing to do with their political advocacy or Islamic identity. The Holy Land Foundation had been launched with seed money provided by Moussa Abu Marzouk, the leader of the terrorist organization Hamas.

Marzouk had been arrested in the United States in 1995 with documents that established his Hamas position and detailed ‘a \$10 million commercial and non-profit empire in the United States, which he controlled allegedly to finance Hamas operations.’ Like those of other Islamic radicals, Marzouk’s defense was provided by the Center for Constitutional Rights and one of its lead lawyers, Stanley Cohen, who was an attorney and an advocate for both Hamas and the Syrian government. Marzouk was eventually deported and wound up in Syria as head of Hamas’s terrorist operations there. As with al-Arian, when the Holy Land Foundation was raided, the legal left rallied to its defense. They were joined in their protests by the radical Muslim ‘civil liberties’ fronts, the Council on American-Islamic Relations (CAIR) and the American Muslim Council, which claimed the raid was part of ‘an anti-Muslim witch-hunt promoted by the pro-Israel lobby in America.’ Documents seized in the raid revealed that the Holy Land Foundation was part of a large network of organizations that Hamas had created through Marzouk’s efforts, and that linked the Islamic Association for Palestine, CAIR, the Muslim Students Association, and al Qaeda. The common political agendas of the legal left and their terrorist clients are exemplified by Lynne Stewart, the attorney for the “blind sheik,” Omar Abdel Rahman. Since her indictment by the Ashcroft Justice Department, Stewart has become their martyr and icon.

— *Unholy Alliance, Radical Islam and the American Left*, by David Horowitz, Regnery Publishing Inc, 2004, pp.199.

Prominent Converts to Catholicism

GRAHAM GREENE AND EVELYN WAUGH

By Donat Gallagher



WAUGH AND GREENE were born within a year of each other (1903 and 1904) into highly literate, middle-class Anglican families (Waugh's father was a writer and publisher, Greene's a noted headmaster) Both families were conventionally church going and, as was normal, disapproved of Catholics.

At school, Greene's only memorable religious experience was a Wordsworth-like moment of trance when he stood silent on the frontier between home and school, 'pulled between hate and love.' In *The Lawless Roads*, he writes: 'And so faith came to me – shapelessly, without dogma, a presence ... something associated with violence, cruelty, evil across the way. I began to believe in heaven because I believed in hell, but for a long time it was only hell I could picture with a certain intimacy.'

Extreme sensitivity and physical weakness, aggravated by bullying, led to several suicide attempts and psychiatric care. As Greene wrote to his wife Vivian in 1948: 'My restlessness, moods, melancholia, even my outside relationships, are symptoms of a disease... which has been going on ever since my childhood and was only temporarily alleviated by psycho-analysis.' Later he was formally diagnosed as bi-polar. Waugh was also manic depressive, but he was a more robust pupil. At different public schools, both boys abandoned Christianity and did not recover belief until they entered the Catholic Church.

At Oxford, both men read History, drank far too much and published poetry, fiction, journalism, film criticism. But they saw little of each other, because Waugh moved in an anarchic, Modernist circle, while Greene was frantically busy with cultural pursuits, and published a distinctly un-Modern book of verse, *Babbling April* – a difference reflected

in their fiction. Greene joined the Communist Party – for four weeks – and began his long career of spying by reporting on French atrocities in Alsace for the German government. Waugh found the left side of politics overcrowded with clever people and set up as an extreme conservative. As for religion, Oxford friends remember Greene as a convinced, and very convincing atheist. Waugh, by contrast, yawned at religion.

After graduating with poor degrees, and undecided about careers, both men took a variety of jobs. Greene, with better connections, gained serious employment in business and on *The Times*. Waugh took a series of teaching posts of ever declining prestige. Eventually both men settled down to become professional 'literary' novelists. Waugh published his first novel, *Decline and Fall* in 1928, Greene *The Man Within* in 1930.

Painting with a very broad brush indeed, it's fair to say that during the 1930s Waugh and Greene turned out substantive novels every two years, most of which were modestly successful and all, with the exception of *Brighton Rock*, basically secular. They supplemented their meagre earnings from fiction by reviewing and by any other journalism they could find. Both travelled adventurously and wrote travel books. In this very political decade, Waugh swam against the tide, becoming identified as Right Wing; Greene by contrast, joined the overwhelming move to the radical Left by entering the Independent Labour Party, hence *It's a Battlefield* and *England Made Me*. Well known as Catholic authors, if rather uncomfortable ones Waugh and Greene contributed to periodicals like *The Tablet*, supported Catholic causes, or refrained from supporting anti-Catholic causes – such

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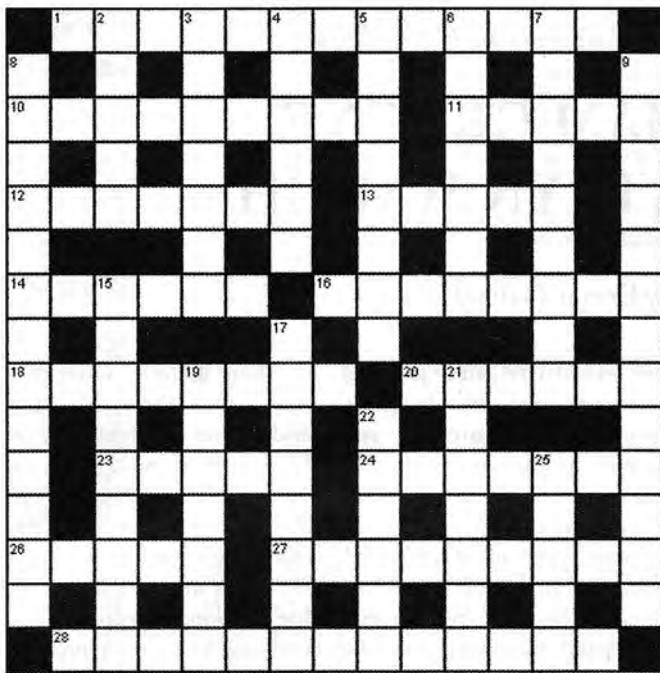
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ANNALS CROSSWORD No. 65



ACROSS CLUES

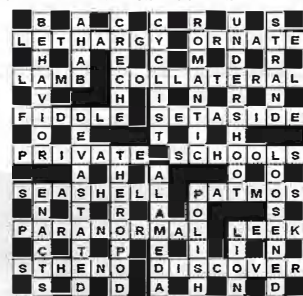
1. A mountain in Co Mayo, Ireland; a place of pilgrimage (6,7)
10. Lack of knowledge, information or education (9)
11. A male singer (5)
12. Public buildings used for gambling (7)
13. Artificial fly used in angling; First English navigator to sail around the world (5)
14. A relative (6)
- 16 & 24 across Italian artist whose works include St John the Baptist and a cartoon of a Madonna and Child with St Anne (8-2-5)
18. Capable of being mistaken (8)
20. To take or carry too far; exaggerate (6)
23. A deceptive ruse (slang) (5)
24. See 16 across
26. Shrub, heather (5)
27. To bring notice or emphasis to (9)
28. Members of a religious congregation founded in 1732 to do missionary work among the poor (13)

DOWN CLUES

2. Spokes on a ships wheel (5)
3. Organise (7)
4. Trustworthy; fair and just (6)
5. A city in northeast Scotland (8)

6. Teach a new skill (2-5)
7. One who grants or bestows an honour or gift upon another (9)
8. Dominican, born at Valencia in 1350; patron of builders (7,6)
9. Scientists who study prehistoric cultures by examining their remains through excavation, etc (13)
15. Area sometimes known as the Holy Land (9)
17. Naval commander's vessel (8)
19. Impersonate (7)
21. Italian composer of "The Four Seasons" (7)
22. A movement or piece to be performed slowly (6)
25. Period of darkness (5)

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD NO. 64



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deeply religious novelist, *Brideshead Revisited* (1945) was his first overtly Catholic novel and his first best-seller.

From 1945 until his death in 1966, Waugh settled in the country, travelled only on the beaten track, remained faithful to his wife, raised six children, and devoted himself to un-contemporary tasks of helping enhance the English language and of writing fiction – such as *Helena* (1950) and the war trilogy collected as *Sword of Honour* (1965) – that reflected his religious vision.

Waugh engaged in rather fierce controversies in the Catholic interest, for example with Professor Hugh Trevor-Roper about sixteenth-century religious history. He also campaigned strongly against Titoist persecution of the Church in Yugoslavia.

While famous for opposing the vernacular Mass, Waugh's real concern was the element within the Progressive movement bent on emasculating doctrine by adapting it to current secular thought.

After 1950 Graham Greene maintained a truly manic production of novels, films stage plays and much else. He travelled constantly and adventurously. From the publication of *A Burnt-Out Case* in 1960, written after a stay in a leper village in the Congo, I think it fair to say that Greene left behind anything approximating conventional Catholicism. He always enjoyed the friendship of priests, especially Leopold Duran, a travelling companion, which led to *Monsignor Quixote* (1982). As might be imagined, Greene eagerly welcomed the changes in the Church. He thanked Hans Kung for 'helping me to keep one foot in the Catholic Church.' Thus Greene's Catholicism became ever more attuned to non-dogmatic, 'religion-less Christianity' then in vogue; and he was rewarded with the Companion of Honour, countless Honorary Doctorates, fame and fortune.

Evelyn Waugh's approach to Catholic belief, rests, I think, on a fundamental assumption that there has been a Divine Revelation, a body of mysteries, made known to humankind through Jesus, through the Scriptures, and through the Church Jesus founded. This assumption remained central to his thinking until death. In his long battle with the Progressives, he repeatedly insisted that

as Republican Spain – although neither liked Franco.

During the war years, Greene worked in Intelligence. He first became an agent in Sierra Leone, where *The Heart of the Matter* is set, then London under Kim Philby, where he was in charge of the Portuguese desk. He famously remained friendly with Philby, even after Philby's exposure as a Soviet spy. Waugh joined the Royal Marines, then the Army Commandos. During service

in Yugoslavia, he tried to safeguard the Catholic population of Croatia from Communist persecution.

Despite the war, both writers produced overtly 'Catholic Novels'. Greene, *The Power and the Glory* in 1940 and *The Heart of the Matter* in 1948, which became Greene's first best-seller. Various personal experiences and the persecution of Christian populations by Stalinist regimes turned Waugh from a rather coldly, dutiful convert to a more

'the function of the Church in every age has been....to transmit undiminished and uncontaminated the creed inherited from its predecessors'

Graham Greene's approach to belief began reasonably conventional, but with a personal flavour. He took the baptismal name of Thomas (of Doubting fame) and he repeatedly insisted that writers belonging to any society, and especially the Church, should keep the idea of disloyalty alive. He had an exceptionally vivid sense of the depravity of human nature, and of the infinity of Divine love that can embrace it, as in *The Power and The Glory*.

While the two convert novelists came to diverge widely in their approaches to belief, disbelief and doubt – Waugh definitely creedal, Greene dogma free – was there some instinct they had in common? I will suggest that as they grew older, both, in different degrees, grew impatient of 'theology' and preferred Gospel simplicity.

In an interview, Greene expressed belief in the Gospel narrative: 'It strikes me as first-hand reportage, and I can't help believing it.' And while unable to comprehend a 'disembodied' God, he did think of 'God as Christ'.

After visiting the Holy Land for his novel *Helena*, Waugh wrote: 'One has been at the core of one's religion. It's all there, with superhuman faults and its superhuman triumphs, and one finally realises, perhaps for the first time, that Christianity did not strike its first roots at Rome, or Canterbury, or Geneva or Maynooth, but here in the Levant.' In the novel, loosely based on the life of St Helena, he writes: 'Above all the babble of her age and ours, she makes one blunt assertion, that Jesus died at a particular time and at a particular place. And there alone lies hope.'

I can imagine Graham Greene *believing* that.

DONAT GALLAGHER has edited essays, articles and reviews of Evelyn Waugh and has published widely on religious, political and military topics involving Waugh; he is a member of the editorial board of Evelyn Waugh Newsletter and Studies. His abiding interest in Graham Greene evolved through a fascination with that once lively and eagerly discussed phenomenon, The Catholic Novel. He taught at James Cook University for many years, where he retains an adjunct appointment. He is Honorary Secretary of the Foundation for Australian Literary Studies. He presented the opening paper at the Australian Chesterton Society conference which focused on Catholic converts, in October last year at Campion College Toongabbie, NSW.

Tales of the Nankikurungurr

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

By John Leary, M.S.C.

MINNIE was one of a small group of Aboriginal children who first ventured from a camp up-river to investigate what was going on at Goodman's peanut farm. Through bush-telegraph they knew a group of four white men had arrived to put up a 'Health clinic' and 'School'. One of them was called 'Father'; the other three were called 'Brother'. The children were very cautious. They had a mistrust of white people. In fact, whenever they wanted to frighten one another they would whisper 'watch out, white feller!' 'White feller' was the equivalent of 'bogeyman'. However, with familiar titles such as 'Father' and 'Brother,' they suspected these newcomer white fellers might be different – possibly! Besides, the old people had told them 'School' was something to help them be clever and a 'Health clinic' something to make them be well.

Minnie was about eight years old; her friends about the same age. They had evidently borrowed clothing for the occasion from older members. Minnie and her girl friends sported neck-to-knee dresses; the boys had trousers so long the cuffs caught under their bare feet. Their first language was Nankikurungurr, their English was very broken and quaint.

The first visit to the mission evidently proved satisfactory because afterwards their visits became ever more frequent; their numbers growing along with their curiosity, their questions and their trust. So, future school attendance was assured; whereas, initially it was feared there might be a school with no pupils.

It became known to the children that Bishop was what the one who had purchased Goodman's peanut farm was called, and it was he who had sent the Father and Brothers. So Minnie was delegated to discover who the 'Bishop' was. With many language hiccoughs it was explained to her that the 'Bishop' was the big boss not only in regard to school and health clinic but in regard to a thing called 'Church'. People gave him the title 'my Lord'. By this time, of course, Minnie was completely lost. At least she had the notion that 'Bishop' was an important man with a high sounding title. Finally, the day arrived for the Bishop's visit. Older relations were again prevailed upon to share their attire. It so happened that the first person the Bishop came upon was little Minnie, sitting on the bare ground in her long dress, wondering, no doubt, what sort of apparition she was about to encounter. The Bishop; as Bishops sometimes do, put his hand on her head and said, 'Hello, my child,' and Minnie looked up bewildered, struggling for the right word: 'Hello ... hello ... hello,' she stammered, 'hello God!'

Nankikurungurr means 'Deep Water'. It is one of the principal language groups, along with the Waugaman, Marathiel, Maringar, Mulluk Mulluk and Nangiumberi, on the Daly River, 250km south of Darwin in Australia's Northern Territory.

Wanted: a set of Parents up to the task

PARENTS AND THE *SEXTING* PROBLEM

SEXTING [using a mobile phone to send sexually suggestive messages] is just the silent canary in the coal mine. It's the sign, not the cause, of the dangerously cavalier attitudes to sex and sexuality that have been building up in teen culture for years now. The only sure-fire cure is a full-blown evacuation – a complete retreat from the mainstream movies, videos, video games and songs of the day that sexualize kids before they've even reached puberty (or, in some cases, potty training).

But since it's hardly realistic to expect a young person to abstain from all forms of popular entertainment (and the verboten becomes that much more appealing, in any case), the real answer is parents. Parents have to resist the temptation to cede the moral education of their kids to outside authorities – even well-intentioned ones like the Canadian Centre for Child Protection – and transmit the old-fashioned basics of what's decent and good and right in as firm a manner as possible, as soon as possible.

For a message to be meaningful, it has to come from an extremely respected and trusted quantity, and in the early years of a child's life, only Mom and Dad fit that bill. Teachers and Elmo and cheerfully illustrated board books can help, but like so many other important things, integrity starts at home.

Notice that I'm not suggesting that parents bar their teens from owning cell phones, or equip their computers with all manner of "child protection" or monitoring or site-blocking features. As with the TextEd.ca site, that's addressing the wrong problem ... and doing so too late to boot. After all, a teen who thinks it's a perfectly good idea to text a stranger to arrange a sexual encounter doesn't need a phone, or any other form of technology, to get into trouble. Once so inclined, he will find a way.

What a sexting teen really needs is a trip back in time to the moment when she could still depend on her parents to set the moral tone of her development. And a set of parents up to the task.

Marni Soupcoff, 'The problem with "Sext" ed,' National Post, January 25, 2010

Shakespeare's Catholicism beyond doubt

AVON'S SWAN FLIES ROMEWARDS

Reviewed by JAMES MURRAY



EASURED against his own peerless standards, William Shakespeare's most commonplace work is neither one of his plays nor one of his

poems; it is his self-penned epitaph:

Dear Friend for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed here,
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
Cursed be he that moves my bones.

Doggerel it may be, but its words have been obeyed. Despite various attempts, his dust and bones have been left undisturbed near those of his wife, Anne Hathaway, in the parish church of Stratford-on-Avon where he was entombed in 1616.

Every other aspect of Shakespeare's life and work has been picked over; he is at the core of a global industry involving tourism, scholarship and art both high and low.

Theatres are dedicated to his memory; statues of him pop up on plinths throughout the world; and his plays are in a state of constant revival as theatre ballet,

Shadowplay: The Hidden Beliefs and Coded Politics of William Shakespeare, By Clare Asquith, Public Affairs, Perseus Group/ Penguin, rrp \$29.95

opera, radio, television, cinema and the Internet.

Directors vie to give those plays, new up-to-the-minute formats, sometimes in their passing genius obscuring or cutting their timeless message.

In *As You like It*, Shakespeare wrote of the 'bubble reputation'. His own bubble appears to be like the universe: ever expanding

Aiming high, Australia at one point considered calling the national capital *Shakespeare* before settling for *Canberra*. Later came the Bell Shakespeare Company in Sydney, founded and run by John Bell, a classic actor-manager from an Elizabethan mould.

The basics of Shakespeare's life are common legend: birth in Stratford to a glover John Shakespeare and his wife Mary in 1564, education at the local

grammar school, journey to London, fame and fortune as an actor-playwright-manager, obtaining a knighthood and setting a pattern, possibly, for other rogues and vagabonds whose fame has been won with rock-'n'-roll guitar riffs, huckster advertising and telly chat.

But Shakespeare was born into times, that as he wrote himself in *Hamlet*, were 'out of joint,' the times of the Protestant Reformation and the Catholic Counter-Reformation when quintessential contention lay in the extent of what should be rendered to Caesar and what to God.

Times when the banner of the Five Wounds of Christ was raised by forces in armed rebellion against religious changes wrought by Henry VIII and Queen Elizabeth I.

Times when Protestant adherents were executed in the reign of Mary, daughter of Henry VIII and his superseded wife Katharine of Aragon, executions recorded in *Foxe's Book of Martyrs* which Clare Asquith tends to dismiss as propagandistic. Certainly Shakespeare did mock one, John Oldcastle, by name on stage and had to change the character's name to Falstaff.

Times when an Armada from Spain presaged both hope and threat before it was dispersed by English seamanship and a great wind.

Times when the Catholic Mary Queen of Scots, claimant to the English crown, was sent to the execution scaffold under the signature of Queen Elizabeth I.

After Shakespeare's death the disjointed times continued: civil war, further regicide, the Cromwell Commonwealth, the Restoration, the great Presbyterian Montrose's royalist campaigns, his shock-troops Catholic Highlanders and Irishmen, two Jacobite risings in Scotland, another rising in Ireland.

During the evolution from those disjointed times, Shakespeare's legend was

Shakespeare and a Catholic King

The subject of the three parts of Henry VI is the factions of the nobles. In the first two parts the great rivals are Duke Humphrey and the Bishop of Winchester, representing the two estates – the Church and the laity ... the Catholic religion is respected in Henry, that saintly innocent, of whom his own wife says

"... All his mind is bent to holiness/ To number Ave Maries on his beads:/ His champions are-the prophets and apostles;/His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;/His study is his tilt-yard,/and his loves are brazen images of canonised saints. /I would the college of cardinals / Would choose him Pope, and carry him to Rome,/ And set the triple crown upon his bead; /That were a fit state for his holiness." – 2Henry VI, i. 3.

Henry, in fact, is the key of the whole trilogy, the design of which is to show that innocence, uprightness, and self-sacrifice are not by themselves sufficient to constitute a powerful ruler. As Richard II exhibited the divergence between the higher gifts of mind and political sagacity, so Henry VI exhibits the still greater divergence between statesmanship and personal piety. Henry has the harmlessness of the dove and the wisdom of the recluse, but not the cunning of the king.

– The Religion of Shakespeare, Henry Bowden, London, Burns & Oates 1899, pp.170-171.

appropriated to the seeming local winner: Anglicanism – the Tory Party at prayer, the British Army on church parade; though in the latter, ‘RCs and Parsees’ were given time for their separate ceremonies.

Always, however, there remained a whispered question: Was Shakespeare himself a hidden Catholic?

Modern scholarship has given weight to the question: Stratford was synonymous with loyalty to Catholicism. Shakespeare’s mother came from a loyal line of Catholics, the Ardens. His father left a Catholic testament; court records show he was fined for failure to attend Protestant ceremonies. So, too, was Shakespeare’s daughter, Susannah, the Catholic Mass being the *sine qua non* of their faith.

Clare Asquith, in an epic of scholarly analysis, has decoded the Catholic meanings that permeate Shakespeare’s works, hidden in puns, rude and subtle, and in allegories throughout his plays, sonnets and narrative poems.

Her bibliography runs to four pages. She argues the pros and cons of its books with the pertinacity of a latterday Portia. Her own book is a capstone to other scholarly works, not least Ian Wilson’s, *Shakespeare the Evidence: Unlocking the Mysteries of the Man and His work* and, *In Search of Shakespeare*, Michael Wood’s book designed to accompany his BBC television series.

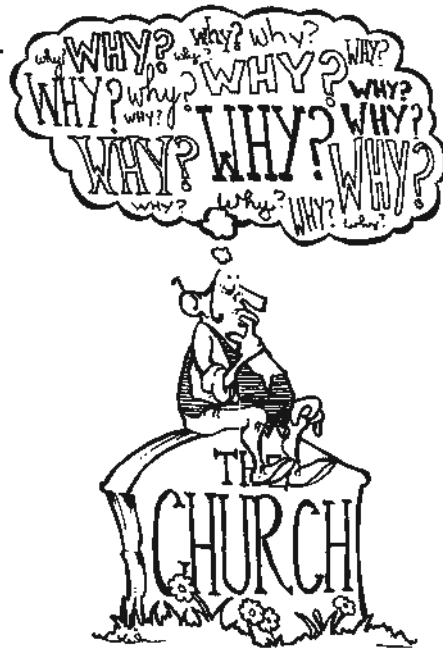
Old, fragmentary written evidence suggests that Shakespeare ‘died a Papist’. Recent examination of the visitor’s book at the English College in Rome show that someone called by a Shakespeare name variant visited the seminary during the relevant period.

The Asquith brief of evidence – scholarly yet succinct, wide-ranging yet cogent, witty yet factual – demonstrates that between the lines of his works William Shakespeare lighted votive candles.

With these he said ‘Amen’ to the injunction that made Christianity Catholic – universal – the injunction of Jesus, ‘going, teach ye all nations baptising them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit.’

Ultimately the Asquith brief proves William Shakespeare’s Catholicism to the standard required in English Common Law: ‘beyond reasonable doubt.’

JAMES MURRAY is a Glasgow-born Catholic. A Sydney-based writer his career includes ten years in Fleet Street, and contributions to Australia’s major publications. He writes *Annals* film reviews, and is the author of our ever-popular Media Matters.



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AND SO, when our Lord Jesus Christ comes and, in the words also of Paul, 'will bring to light the things now hidden in darkness and will disclose the purposes of the heart, then every man will receive his commendation from God'. Then, when that day has come, there will be no need of lamps.

Then we shall have no reading from the prophets. The epistles of Paul will stay unopened. We shall not require the witness of John. We shall not need even the gospel. So all the scriptures will be put aside, the scriptures which in the darkness of this age shine like lamps for us so that we are not left in the shadows.

What shall we see when all those sources of light are taken away, to show that we no longer need their light? What shall we see when the men of God who brought us these gleams now see with us the true bright light? What shall we see when these aids have been removed? On what shall our minds feed? In what will our sight delight? Where shall we find that joy which no eye has seen nor ear heard nor the heart of man conceived? What shall we see?

I beg you, join with me in love. Run with me in faith. Let us yearn for our heavenly home. Let us sigh for it. Let us realize that we are strangers here below. What shall we see then? Listen to the words of the gospel now: 'In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God.' You will come to the fountain from which flows the water with which you have been sprinkled. You will see that light in all its clarity from which fitful and broken gleams shone into your heart whilst it was in darkness here below. You are being made pure, that you may see and be able to look into that light. John himself says: 'Beloved, we are God's children; it does not yet appear what we shall be, but we know that when he appears we shall be like him, for we shall see him as he is.'

– St Aurelius Augustinus [354-430 AD] also known as St Augustine of Hippo, *Homily* 35,8-9 on St John's Gospel. Quoted in *The Roman Breviary*, Second Reading at Matins for Tuesday of the 34th Week of the Year.

Maria Monk has not died, but merely moved to a ritzier address, where she maintains a blatant ménage à trois with Dan Brown and Christopher Hitchens.

THE KNIGHTS' TALE

Reviewed by R. J. STOVE



CLIFF BAXTER has long adorned, by his high-quality journalism, such periodicals as *Annals* and Sydney's *Catholic Weekly*. He is a convert: like so many major lay Anglophone Catholic writers of the last century (two obvious exceptions being Hilaire Belloc and Australia's James Franklin). With *Reach For the Stars*, he has produced a consistently fascinating guide to the Knights of the Southern Cross (KSCs). The Knights comprise a Catholic organisation which, through its faith and good works, deserves to be far more celebrated than it is at present. Commissioned for the

Cliff Baxter, *Reach For The Stars 1919-2009*:
NSW Knights of the Southern Cross
Published by Connor Court, Ballan, Victoria,
300 pages / Paperback / \$29.95

group's 90th birthday, *Reach For the Stars* has been written with fine-fingeredness that never becomes light-headedness; with thorough archival diligence; and with a narrative force that, amid the accumulation of all the details, never lets the reader down.

As much cannot be said for ancillary factors. The book comes devoid of footnotes, endnotes, bibliographical references, or even an index. Apparently the decision to exclude these necessities

came not from the author, nor from the publisher, but from certain of the Knights themselves. A more short-sighted policy cannot be readily conceived. This is the case on two counts. First, the absence of such features makes it more difficult for the reader to find individual instances of the KSCs' community services. Second, numerous legitimate intellectuals (particularly those outside the Church who would most benefit from studying the book) will feel justified in their false but widespread belief that Catholics are fundamentally too backward, crankish, and lazy to attempt proper scholarship.

Although the KSCs officially started in 1919, Mr Baxter scrupulously gives us what movie critics would call 'the backstory' behind their founding. Above all, he indicates the traumatic impact which Irish history, ancient and modern, had on the group's origins. He should feel utterly unapologetic about doing this. Catholics – and indeed non-Catholics – aged 40 or more might be conversant with the outlines of this history, which includes the campaigns of Wolfe Tone and Robert Emmet (both, incidentally, Protestants). But the average Catholic schoolchild in 2010 remains unaware of any church history whatsoever before John Paul II, and will therefore find that Mr Baxter's account possesses a truly shocking sense of innovation.

It is not a pleasant history. It is frequently a horrible one. The bulk of it can be summed up in Elizabeth I's belated regret: 'I find that I sent wolves, not shepherds, to govern Ireland, for they have left me nothing but ashes and carcasses to reign over.' Not much had changed by 1919. The Great Hunger proved that the joys of politically enforced starvation (Ireland kept *exporting* food, as Mr Baxter reminds us, during the Famine) did not require a Stalin or a Mao to be invented. In 1914 Christian Europe embarked



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on its first exercise in auto-genocide, which guaranteed a dysgenic triumph and demographic collapse from which our civilisation has scarcely begun to recover. Benedict XV, Blessed Karl of Austria, and the Anglican ex-Cabinet Minister Lord Lansdowne, not to mention Archbishop Daniel Mannix in Melbourne, predicted this very outcome. If any other leaders did, they maintained a discreet silence.

When to war-fever the British Government added the folly of turning the Easter Rising's largely incompetent rebels into martyrs, it not only ensured that infuriated Americans would be funding Sinn Fein terrorism for the next 80 years; it destroyed in Mannix any hopes of a compromise peace on the local conscription issue. That issue festered long after the Armistice. Mr Baxter's prose suggests (as did Paul Keating's championship of republicanism during and after his Prime Ministry) that among certain Irish-Australians it has not stopped festering even these days.

The central question, as the KSC founders appreciated, was this: would Australian Catholics remain a helot caste? A simple Yes or No might surely have sufficed for an answer. But that answer was precisely what the Ascendancy's chief spokesmen twisted themselves almost into permanent paraplegia rather than give, although the post-1918 efflorescence of 'No Catholics need apply' employment notices allowed Australians, whatever their creed, to make an intelligent guess.

As well as describing in great depth the KSCs' founders, their achievements and their personalities, Mr Baxter supplies hard data about what they were up against. Rightly, he acknowledges the importance of Professor Franklin's recent researches into Australian Freemasonry's heritage. Mutual Catholic-Masonic antagonism sometimes took strange forms. No reader will fail to relish, for example, Mr Baxter's dramatic tale of *The Runaway Nun In The Nightgown*. This 1920 scandal (the usual tabloid stuff, really) inspired NSW parliamentary debates, demands for a Royal Commission into convents, and, of course, front-page newspaper reporting. Prominent among the Ascendancy's legislative mouthpieces was State Justice Minister T.J. ('Lemonade') Ley, who 'stood on a prohibition platform, with a

local brewer of beer backing him,' and who overcame political and amatory rivals by the simple expedient of killing them. Eventually sentenced to the gallows, Ley died of natural causes in a British madhouse. Clearly a great role model.

Mr Baxter's story is not all high, or even low, politics. Light relief comes when the KSCs' charitable impulse, always a redoubtable quantity, took the form of General Secretary Bill Ross arranging for a consignment of egg-laying hens to be sent to Pius XII. Given the mania among chic 'historians' (D. J. Goldhagen, John Cornwell, Andrew Roberts, Gerard Noel) for defaming Pius as 'Hitler's Pope,' it will soon, no doubt, be fashionable to defame Ross as a 'Nazi'. Indeed, who shall definitively say that Nazism will not be imputed to the hens themselves?

By the early 1950s religious ill-feeling had grown rather somnolent. As Mr Baxter says, 'The anti-Mason function which had once been the *raison d'être* of the Order was becoming an anachronism.' Instead of the British Empire on which the sun never set, Australia had (in Malcolm Muggeridge's famous words) the British Commonwealth on which the sun never rose. What inflamed passions all over again – not least among KSCs themselves – was the ALP Split, beginning in 1954. No description of antipodean Catholicism during the Split can ignore (and Mr Baxter does not try to ignore) the role of B. A. Santamaria.

This reviewer knew Santamaria somewhat, liked him, respected his intelligence, and saluted his early valour in crusading against atheistic Communism's trade-union *apparat*.

Nonetheless, more than five decades on from the struggle between the Santamaria Movement on the one hand, versus Cardinal Sir Norman Gilroy and Bishop James Carroll on the other, we are fortunate that the Cardinal's loyalists prevailed. Notably and unhesitatingly, both of Australia's chief active priest-theologians, Dr Leslie Rumble [MSC] and Dr Patrick Ryan [MSC], brought their shared expertise onto the Sydney Archdiocese's side.

Not only that. Any Santamaria victory in Sydney would have effected the *de facto* subordination of Australia's entire – and thoroughly orthodox – episcopate to the policy whims of one layman, who (as editor J.D. Pringle complained at the time) either would not or, more likely, could not keep his own ranks disciplined.

Whither the KSCs now? Mr Baxter has denied writing the Order's obituary, but his result, for all its ebullience, cannot help sometimes reading like one. A nasty financial crisis in 1991 brought disagreeable headlines, as well as more concrete damage, to the organisation. More threatening than any monetary shortfall is post-Christian culture itself. Current theological progressivism – including abortion and contraception – is accepted as willingly by many Australian Catholics, or at least many Australians who call themselves Catholics, as by their openly pagan neighbours. Opinion polls indicate that typical Australian Catholics disbelieve in the Real Presence (as could, in any event, be inferred from their Sunday Mass attire). Clearly the KSCs cannot flourish in such a social climate. Just surviving becomes a full-time task.

Maybe more harmful to the KSCs' status than even Australia's sexual revolution has been its economic revolution: in particular, the contemporary equation of a university degree with a basic human right. While the KSCs always had their share of professionals and formally educated businessmen, much about their ambiance has been solidly working-class and lower-middle-class. Can it continue to be so, when the working and lower middle classes are now as tiny as the modern underclass is huge? And what doth it profit a Knight to vie with Masons for permanent jobs, when the whole concept of a permanent job has almost disappeared, save perhaps among the

Uncomfortable Truths

Truth does not become more true by virtue of the fact that the entire world agrees with it, nor less so even if the whole world disagrees with it.

– Moses Maimonides,
Guide for the Perplexed

Act of Faith

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WE believe in one God,
the Father Almighty,
Maker of heaven and earth, and of all
things visible and invisible.

And in one Lord Jesus Christ,
the Son of God the only begotten, begotten
of the Father, true God, before all the ages,
through whom all things were made;

Incarnate and made man;
Crucified and buried;
And rose again the third day
And ascended into heaven
And sat on the right hand of the Father;
And shall come again in glory to judge the
quick and the dead, of whose kingdom there
shall be no end.

And in one Holy Ghost, the Paraclete,
who spake by the prophets;
And in one baptism of repentance for
remission of sins;
And in one Holy Catholic Church;
And in the resurrection of the flesh;
And in the life eternal.

– Cyril of Jerusalem [315 - 386 A.D] His creed was a statement
he required all his catechumens to subscribe to before baptism.

Overcoming poverty takes much more than foreign aid, or emblematic United Nations programmes to eliminate it

PEACE AND JUSTICE – WHAT DO WE MEAN?

By Michael O'Connor



THE terms 'peace' and 'justice' have become distorted with misuse in ordinary conversation in Australia. All too often, they are used in an accusatory or apologetic sense in a context which contrasts violence with non-violence or wealth with poverty, themselves relative rather than absolute terms. They are used to encourage ordinary people to donate money to various non-government organisations whose ethos is admirable but which have little or no ability to effect real change. They take no account of the difficulty of effecting change in a world of nation states jealous of their sovereignty or of the fundamentals of economics.

My background in law enforcement and development activities in Papua New Guinea as well as long experience in and study of international conflict management coupled with education in Catholic social principles qualifies me to discuss these issues with some authority. If I have not engaged much in local or wider activities in these fields, it is because of a belief that the debate has been and is dominated by a rhetorical superficiality and a preoccupation with the symbolism that guarantees ineffectuality.

Peace

To many people, peace means the absence of conflict, especially armed conflict. As Christians, we know that perfect peace cannot be achieved in this life. In an imperfect world, conflict is a product of original sin and is an everyday issue in any society. The challenge for humanity is less to eliminate than to manage conflict, to achieve the resolution

of the differences that lead to conflict with the minimum of force.

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

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

danger. The individual policeman has a duty to exercise his or her judgement in each case but is liable to have that judgement scrutinised. The task is rarely easy and far too much of the scrutiny, especially at the popular level, is superficial.

The Church in its wisdom understands that force, even lethal force, may need to be used in the interests of peace. The Catechism of the Catholic Church sets out the conditions that must be met if force is to be used legitimately. Even so, these are principles, the implementation of which is the function of governments and their agents.

When we are urged to 'work for peace' as the popular call has it, we need to clearly understand what working means. For most people, the ability to work for peace will be limited to conflict resolution within their families. It may mean intervening in a violent situation in the community to restore peace. Some may work professionally in the wide range of community institutions that have been established to manage conflict.

All too often, the charge to work for peace implies taking some public political position in respect of some overseas conflict. This can be risky in the absence of complete knowledge of the issues involved, knowledge that is often denied to ordinary people not least because of the inadequacy of our sources of information. Moreover the action proposed is all too often symbolic as in the case of public protests or demonstrations, which achieve nothing beyond media headlines.

This is not to say that people should not take and express positions; it does mean that we should make every effort to discover the whole truth before doing so, exercise sound judgement and be sure

Eugenics and Churchill

Churchill, an enthusiastic supporter of eugenics, reassured one group of eugenicists that Britain's 120,000 feeble-minded persons "should, if possible, be segregated under proper conditions so that their curse died with them and was not transmitted to future generations."

The plan called for the creation of vast colonies. Thousands of Britain's unfit would be moved into these colonies to live out their days.

– *The War against the Weak* (New York, 2003), by Edwin Black, p. 215:

that action proposed does not make a bad situation worse. Implicit in this too must be a recognition that sometimes force may have to be used because all other means of ending conflict have failed.

Justice

The term 'justice' is normally used in the context of the challenge of overcoming poverty. All too often, there is an implication that all peoples should be as well off as we are in Australia or, alternatively, that we should reduce our wealth to be more like others. Certainly, the term is used more in respect of economics than of, say, legal or social questions.

Economic poverty is a misunderstood concept. We in Australia can look at the life of a Papua New Guinean villager and consider him to be poor by comparison. But by comparison with his fellow villagers, he may not be considered to be poor. Certainly by some measurable and basic standards, he is poor. He may lack ready access to clean drinking water, a balanced and healthy diet, medical assistance, electricity, easy transport, a cash surplus that permits the acquisition of comforts and so on. The obstacles to achieving these benefits (some miscall them rights) are substantial but many of them are cultural and political rather than economic. In an age where national sovereignty reigns supreme, bypassing developing country governments is virtually impossible and too much developed nation aid is wasted through incompetence or corruption. Even the low-key aid agencies that do valuable work in ameliorating the worst aspects of poverty suffer extortion by government officials.

Overcoming poverty takes much more than foreign aid or emblematic United Nations programs to eliminate poverty - usually to the benefit of UN officials. Any programs must recognise the fundamental importance of economics. The basic elements of production - even production of necessities at subsistence level - are land, capital (including entrepreneurship), labour and management (incorporating organisation).

Few of the poorest countries lack adequate land or the raw materials available in the land. What they frequently lack is the effective use of



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the available land and the obstacles are usually political and cultural. Communal ownership of land ensures that land is used only at the lowest level of acceptability to the community. On the other hand, large individual land holdings worked with a mass of tenants tend to have a restrictive effect on land use.

Investment capital is not in short supply in the world. But private investment not only rightly demands a return on that investment but also a favourable political climate to ensure that the investment is safe as well as productive. To pretend otherwise is futile. Government investment through aid programs or the World Bank (or similar organisations) is less concerned with productivity or security despite the fact - usually forgotten - that the funds provided come fundamentally from the taxes of their citizens. Governments, moreover, are less able to control the use to which the money is put because of the abused doctrine of national sovereignty. This has led to the enormous waste and diversion of aid money over decades. For example, Australia has granted almost \$10 billion without strings to Papua New Guinea since independence in 1975. Yet that country is on the brink of becoming another failed state, worse off economically than it was under colonial rule. Private money has been scared off by the problem of sovereign risk as CRA, among other companies, found in Bougainville and elsewhere.

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.

Thus, if we in Australia and many other countries are wealthy, it is primarily the result of generations of work by people, skilled and unskilled, and effectively managed. It is worth noting, too, that the wealth is not only used for our own benefit but, through taxes, overseas aid programs (including vast amounts of food aid) and the excessive cost of petroleum, is transferred to other peoples. It is not generally understood that most food aid in the world comes not from the United Nations but without charge from the United States, Canada



and Australia. The actual cost is borne by the taxpayers of those countries. As an aside, the largest potential source of foreign aid is the receipts from oil exports garnered by the major oil producers. That they contribute little to aid projects is simply a reflection of their mercantile acumen.

A number of countries, especially in Asia, have demonstrated a remarkable ability to generate a high level of economic development that has overcome serious poverty. Perhaps the classic example is Taiwan. In 1949 when the Nationalist government of China established itself on Taiwan, the country was poverty-stricken. The land was poor in natural resources although the limited amount of arable land was very fertile. The land was held by a small number of wealthy landowners and worked by a mass of tenant farmers. There was no industry to speak of and per capita income was almost negligible.

The government's development program appropriated the land, paying for it with government bonds, then sold the land on easy terms to those farmers who, gaining title, were given an incentive to increase productivity. At the same time, investment was generated mainly from the old landowners with their government bonds in industry. Initially that focused on developing agricultural technology that, in turn, increased productivity enormously. Taiwan soon became a major exporter of food and the industries fuelled by domestic investment and a surplus of labour diversified. Labour productivity was enhanced not only by new technologies but also by heavy investment in education. Within two generations, Taiwan was marked not only by rapidly increasing wealth (and the concomitant savings which has made it one of the biggest investors in

Mainland China) but also in a very even distribution of that wealth in a culture that values not only hard work but also enterprise, self-reliance and education.

There is no secret to economic development. The obstacles are essentially cultural and political. The sort of development aid that is too often channelled through governments or aid agencies cannot take the place of private investment capital. But that capital - whether sourced locally or from overseas - will not be forthcoming if the governments of developing countries are politically unstable, corrupt, self-serving or overly bureaucratic, or if there is no honest legal system that will protect everyone equally. Cultural obstacles, which lock up land or refuse to diversify crops and diets or undervalue skills development will entrench poverty indefinitely.

Aid given through non-government organisations is valuable for emergency relief but otherwise tends to entrench poverty by a failure to expand the horizons of the target community. Too often, it is given out of a misplaced sense of guilt and a lack of understanding of what is possible.

Ultimately, economic development in any community can only be achieved by that community under its own government and customs. Unless the world community reverts to a modified form of colonialism for the poorest countries of the world, that poverty will continue to be entrenched and to stir our compassion. But there is not much we can do about it without some degree of forceful intervention.

The Christian, necessarily concerned with true peace and justice, can achieve little except through prayer. Donations of money or goods have a greater benefit for the donor than the recipient who all too often gains no benefit. Of course, personal involvement, either in a paid capacity or as a volunteer, will achieve more but, for most, this is not an option. Political action, especially of the dramatic and symbolic kind, directed at the Australian or other governments will be virtually useless and may even be counter-productive, especially in the longer term because of its manifest ineffectiveness.

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



MEDIA MATTERS

By JAMES MURRAY

Rudd alert

The Counter Terrorism White Paper, as that great hack Sam Johnson remarked of the prospect of being hanged, has concentrated the mind wonderfully.

Commentators of all degrees, and none, have spoken about their paper's plusses, negatives and omissions. Some have been emphatic in linking the threat of home-grown terrorism to the Iraq and Afghanistan military campaigns in which Australia has participated.

Context: Islamist terrorism pre-dates the Iraq-Afghanistan campaigns just as it predates the jumbo destruction of the Twin Towers in New York on 9/11.

Indeed the Twin Towers had been subjected to an earlier attempt using explosives in the basement area. Other instances of pre-Iraq-Afghanistan terrorism could be multiplied both in the long and short term.

Predictably linkage proponents will fall back on the Crusades for precedent, forgetful that the Crusades were counter-offensives, neither offensives nor pre-emptive attacks.

Ironically, soldiers of crusader blood - British, Australasian, Italian, French - later secured Arab independence from their fellow Muslim Turks.

In so doing, they won for the then ill-regarded Saudi family the guardianship of Mecca, a guardianship which has been coterminous with the renaissance of Wahabiism, inspiration of aggressive fundamentalism.

Wider context is implicit in the twin concepts of Dar-Al-Harb (Domaine of War) and Dar-Al-Islam (Domaine of Islam). These, like jihad, can be read and practised as spiritual concepts; they can also, in conjunction with jihad, be read as precepts for aggression.

The price of security, to adapt an old saying, is eternal vigilance. not the kind of ten-year time-frames favoured by some pundits.

Divine liberty

Worth recalling the provenance of the old saying, It summarises the Irish judge John Curran's dictum: 'The condition on which God has given liberty to man is eternal vigilance; which

condition if he break, servitude is at once the consequence of his crime and the punishment of his guilt.'

Curran also described the smile of British politician Robert Peel succinctly: 'Like the silver plate on a coffin.'

Bright Penny

Early to be proposing a post-politics future for Penny Wong, the minister who has carriage of matters carbonaceous, *et cetera*. But Ms Wong could always make a living demonstrating to others how to stone-wall, dead bat and generally beat interviewers into submission.

Your correspondent has yet to see an interviewer gaining an advantage over her, not even Kerry O'Brien, albeit in his collar and tie rather than open-shirt mode.

Wong should become a synonym for polite but stalwart defence.

Ski bumps

The ABC *Insiders* had the Minister for Communications Stephen Conroy as its main interviewee (February 21).

Jackpot!

Conroy was directly connected with the revelation of a government decision to aid the commercial television networks by lowering their licence fees by \$250 million: a bonus to Roy [1st Baron of Fleet] Thomson's, 'Television is a licence to print money.'

When announced, no strings appeared to be attached to the bonus. Spin later suggested the rationale was to help maintain local content. No guarantees on this appeared to have been required or given, nor on the level of TV advertising which has reached wrecking-ball proportions.

The Australian led the charge against the bonus, a charge unconnected, of course, to its boss Rupert Murdoch's being out of free-to-air, local TV and into pay-TV variants worldwide.

Conroy wonged his interviewer, Barry Cassidy, even when a ski-ing encounter with Seven Network boss Kerry Stokes in Aspen, Colorado was mentioned. Also mentioned: a ski-lift pass and untoward influence.

Oddly Conroy did not respond with a query about the way journalists influence people. Perhaps not so oddly. A now historic example of journalistic influence involved his leader, Kevin Rudd, the celebrated editor and credit-card artist, Col Allen, and a New York nightspot.

More oddly David Marr did not raise the matter. Nor did Piers Akerman. Allen's colleague.

Akerman, D'Artagnan of columnists, did, however, compensate with the phrase, 'serendipitous confluence,' one worthy to replace those ancient cliches, 'tip of the iceberg' and 'through rose-coloured spectacles.'

Witness box

Passivity, or passive aggression, in television interviews on matters political is not confined to Stephen Conroy. It derives from television's having adopted English Common Law courtroom ritual: the interviewee is the witness in the box to give answers not ask questions; these are the duty of the lawyer/interviewer.

The imbalance has been aggravated; many politicians receive training from ex-hacks conditioned by the ritual which manifests itself in the mantra: 'Never query your interviewer.'

Why not? If only to let the viewer/jury member know where the interviewer is coming from.

Okay, there's an alternative origin for TV interviews: the Interlocutors of Black and White Minstrel Shows. Example: Tony Jones on the ABC's *Lateline* interviewing Tim Flannery, old bones man turned climate seer.

Tribute time

If the ABC should ever have to reduce itself to absolute minimum staff, its director Mark Scott could rely on just two reporters: health specialist Sophie Scott and generalist supreme, Geoff Sims.

Between them they cover womb to tomb and all points in between. Irreplaceable? Not quite.

The ABC continues to show its value as a training ground. Proof? *Breakfast* where M. Clarke and N. Woolrich scintillate, contriving to make evergreen co-anchors, Joe O'Brien and Virginia

Trioli, appear slightly sere.

Trioli, when wearing her other hat as an arts interviewer, should ask her director to lay-off shots of her reacting to her subject's response to questions.

In what was otherwise a superlative interview with Debra Lee Furness, (ABC TV, Nov 19), Trioli was on camera as much as her charming and direct subject.

Interviewers are supporting actors, not co-stars.

Attic Garrett

Home insulation, a stimulating, green project with unintended, fatal consequences, has resulted in Environmental Minister Peter Garrett being beaten over the bonce with The Westminster Convention of Ministerial Responsibility.

Even in its place of evolution, the British Parliament, it must be said, the convention has been eroded. Here the Abbott Coalition, which has criticised Garrett ruthlessly, has a rubicund skeleton in its closet: Alexander Downer.

Downer did not accept ministerial responsibility for the Australian Wheat Board scandal involving multi-million backhanders to Saddam Hussein and his regime, backhanders now admitted by the perpetrators.

Would Downer have resigned had any Australian service personnel been killed with ammunition perceived to

have been bought with the backhanders?

Moot.

Remarkably there is one parliament where the Westminster Convention chimes with a continuing sense of honor.

Were Garrett a minister in a Japanese government, he would have gone on television aplogised to the families of the dead, aplogised to the nation and left politics.

At this writing, he was still contriving a funeral jig to a lyric inspired by his reaction:

Ain't gonna die from no convention,
Got to stay on to collect my pension.
Got ma royalties to keep me warm.
But need that pension to live up a storm.

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'Pedants may ask, "is it good Latin?"; the Christian should ask: "is it true?"

- St Augustine (354-430 A.D.)
Sermon 299, speaking of the importance of using the vernacular when preaching at Mass, so as to be understood by all.

Holy Week 2010

The Classical Latin Liturgy in Melbourne

At St Aloysius' Church, 233 Balaclava Rd, Caulfield North 3161



The Latin liturgical tradition of the Catholic Church is one of the principal fonts of our Western culture. Pope Benedict XVI has recognised this spiritual patrimony, and urged its restoration. Now, for the first time in over 40 years in Australia, all the traditional Latin ceremonies of Holy Week will be celebrated by a Bishop - His Lordship, Most Rev Basil Meeking, Bishop Emeritus of Christchurch, New Zealand

Palm Sunday, March 28, 11.00am, Solemn Pontifical Mass, with blessing of palms and procession - *Gregorian Chant Propers and Ordinary (Mass XVII)*, *Motets: Pueri Hebraeorum (Victoria)*, *Salvator Mundi (Tallis)*

Spy Wednesday, March 31, 8.00pm: *Tenebrae - Tenebrae Responsories (Ingegneri)*, *Miserere (Allegri)*.

Maundy Thursday, April 1, 8.00pm, Solemn Pontifical Mass of the Lord's Supper, with adoration at the Altar of Repose until Midnight - *Gregorian Chant Propers and Ordinary (Mass IV)*, *Motet: Ubi Caritas (Durufle)*

Good Friday, April 2

10.30am Stations of the Cross

3.00pm Commemoration of the Passion and Death of Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ - *Gregorian Chant and Sancte Deus (Tallis)*

8.00pm *Tenebrae - Tenebrae Responsories (Victoria)*

Holy Saturday, April 3, 9.00pm Paschal Vigil and Solemn Pontifical Vigil Mass – *Gregorian Chant Propers and Ordinary (Mass I)*, *Motet: Maria Magdalene (Guerrero)*

Easter Sunday, April 4, 11.00am Solemn Pontifical Mass of Easter - *Polyphonic Propers for Easter Sunday (William Byrd)*, *Gregorian Chant Ordinary (Mass I)*

Easter Monday, April 5, 11.00am Solemn Pontifical Mass, 3.00pm Solemn Pontifical Vespers & Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament

Contact Details:

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Some economic applications and implications of Catholic Social Teaching as we approach the coming demographic winter

ECONOMIC DEPRESSIONS AND CATHOLIC CULTURE

By Garrick Small



THE Global Financial Crisis has largely blown past Australia if the attention it gets in the media in any indication. Certainly many other countries have been harder hit by this illusive anomaly of the contemporary business world. We can breathe a sigh of relief and get on with life as usual. Or can we?

A peculiarity of business cycles, of which the Global Financial Crisis (GFC) is a part, is that economics has always found them difficult to explain within its mainstream theories. According to economics, markets should settle to stable equilibrium and not fluctuate endlessly from boom to bust. The evidence has not been very favourable to economic theory. In the age of liberal market commerce, starting as it did more or less coincident with modernity and the Protestant revolution, there have been major economic cycles about every 48 years. Between the major cycles there have been minor ones superimposed with periods of 8-10 years.

The curious thing about the cyclical nature of modern business is that it is not quite cyclical. Not cyclical enough for meaningful prediction, if human preparedness is any indication of predictive success. No one predicted the 1989 crash in 1988, though everyone believed they had seen it coming in 1992. I was warning fellow economists that the GFC was coming from 2002, with especial vigour from 2006, but until recently most of my colleagues dismissed the possibility as hopelessly pessimistic. Now they reckon that they always knew it was imminent.

There is a scientific insight that can be drawn from that, but it has little to

do with economics. Indeed, business cycles, like economists' confidence in their own ability, has as much to do with psychology as economic laws. The key to having a serious depression is to get the community to forget that they can happen. That takes about two generations, or about 48 years, to happen.

The most peculiar thing about the GFC was that it was late. It should have happened in the 1980s to put on schedule following the depressions of the 1930s, 1890s, 1830s, etc. In 1982 I read a long cycle theorist (not your regular economist) predicting a major downturn in that decade. That was instructive because the book had been written in 1970 and the USA did have a major financial crisis in 1986 before the Australians experienced it in 1989.

Junk Culture

MUCH OF junk culture has a core of crisis – shoot-outs, conflagrations, bodies weltering in blood, naked embracers or rapist-stranglers. The sounds of junk culture are heard over a ground bass of extremism. Our entertainments swarm with spectres of world crisis. Nothing moderate can have any claim to our attention.

– Saul Bellow, 'A Second Half Life,' 1991, p. 326

In 1990 another long-wave theorist, the Australian Bryan Kavanagh, wrote that those recessions were only preliminaries to the big one that he anticipated would arrive in 2004. Well done Bryan; pity that the international conference you spoke to thought you were crazy.

It is one thing to predict a cycle, it is another to understand it and yet another to tame it. Conventional economics cannot predict economic cycles so it does not get to first base. Long-wave theorists are fairly good with prediction, though the last one sent them a curved ball. Their explanations for their causes are less than completely satisfying. The really interesting question is: 'How can we get them to go away?'

Henry George believed that economic cycles were a side effect of the way our culture deals with land. His analysis led him to believe that land rentals separated incomes from those who produced them and who needed them for survival, and placed them in the hands of those did neither. Once too much of a community's income was in the hands of a minority who applied it more to further financial investment and not into consumption, then production and consumption would collapse.

George's analysis was sound to that point, though it has been largely ignored by most economists. His remedy for controlling the problem was to turn all taxation to a tax on land. That would discourage private land investment but encourage productive land use. Despite its benefits, land tax has proven singularly unpalatable and politically suicidal. It is perhaps because of land tax that George's other economic insights have been ignored.

Criticise Criticism

I WOULD SAY that if a bishop or the pope is a little more careful in regard to some developments in the Third World than some of their critics, it is by no means a priori certain that their position is unreasonable. We must examine issues individually and be self-critical and critical in regard to others, critical even of the criticism that is often legitimately brought against the institutional Church. But no matter how all this works out, such problems for me do not touch my final relationship to the authentic and substantial nature of the Church.

– Karl Rahner, *Faith in a Wintry Season, Conversations and Interviews with Karl Rahner in the Last Days of his Life*, Crossroad, New York, 1991 p.146.

Another adventurous political economist, Major Clifford Hugh Douglas, took a different, though no less controversial, view of the origin of economic cycles. Douglas saw the problem with the nature and use of money. Like George, his understanding stands on logic that has considerable merit, despite being so far from contemporary practice that it is unintelligible to most people.

Douglas focused on the fact that a country's economic product was worth more than the payments to wages and dividends. He concluded that under these conditions the working and investing community could not collectively buy what it had made. He saw this as a violation of the ancient economic principle of the Just Price. His solution involved the management of money and banking to balance production and community spending power.

Like George, Douglas's theory has considerable merit, but has proved unpalatable to the community. Douglas has the distinction of directing attention to economic principles that predate modern economics. These have a long pedigree back to Aristotle and were best articulated by St. Thomas Aquinas. They are based on the assumption that economic acts are moral acts and are performed as social interactions between persons. They have moral value and moral obligation.

St Thomas identified three basic moral principles in economic relations. They are the correct use of private property, the self-restraint to avoid unjust pricing in trade, and the immorality of pure interest on money loans and related financial transactions. George can be interpreted as focusing on the importance of the correct use of private property, while Douglas straddles just price and the complications of modern banking. Both had accidentally discovered aspects of the moral law applicable to commercial relations that were evident to them through their violation.

It is not surprising that both George and Douglas had a strong following within the Catholic Church even though neither was a Catholic. They each discovered aspects of Catholic thought that applies to all people at all times, though neither of them embodies

its fullness nor its systematic integrity. George in particular advocated a limited approach to private property that was specifically targeted for criticism by Pope Leo XIII. Though the Pope avoided naming George explicitly it was so widely recognised that George wrote a book attempting to outline why the Pope was wrong.

The best recent presentation of these timeless economic principles has been in the social teaching of the Catholic Church, notably a series of papal encyclicals begun by Leo XIII in 1891 with *Rerum Novarum* and continued up to the most recent encyclical by our present Holy Father, *Caritas in Veritate*. Had western economies adopted them we may not have had the GFC. It is instructive to note that at the height of the GFC there was a scurry for Islam finance. Oddly the Moslems are the only contemporary community whose banking practices are in accord with St. Thomas and the Council of Trent.

To tame economic cycles a simple historical observation is sufficient. When the West was Catholic there were no economic cycles. There were occasional economic downturns but they were always related to crop failures or other factors outside the economy. The GFC and other cyclical downturns are artefacts of our modern way of doing business – a way that offends the principles noted and articulated by St Thomas.

As to why the GFC was thirty years late? That can be traced to another papal encyclical, or at least to the economic consequences of its violation. In 1968 Pope Paul VI warned

against the use of contraceptives just as the most effective contraceptive ever invented was being embraced by the western world. In the 1970s and 1980s households were able to ward off the economic challenges that would otherwise have thrown us into recession by sending wives into the workforce in record numbers. That was only possible because they stopped having children.

The strategy worked, at least at the time. It was so attractive its beneficiaries grew to be a rich generation, though with atrophied and alienated generations to follow them. We now know them as the baby boomers – they are quickly becoming the matter of the problem of the ageing population. The wealth they amassed by not having children staved off the GFC but it has given rise to what may be a bigger economic problem.

The GFC may have been postponed by a generation but it is yet to be seen if it is really over. It is also yet to be seen if the community can return to its former buoyancy given the coming demographic winter. In all, there is considerable merit in further exploring the economic applications and implications of Catholic social thought, as there are good reasons to believe that it can explain much that is opaque to current economic thought.

DR CARRICK SMALL is a property economist in private practice. He was previously an Associate Head of the School of Built Environment at the University of Technology, Sydney. His scholarly work has been focused on the economic use of property by different cultures and the practical applications of Catholic Social Thought in general economics.

'The first public protests arose from jealous and apprehensive university professors'

THE GALILEO CODE

By Scott Walter



If we wanted to add a twentieth-century name to the list of prophets, I would nominate Robert Nisbet (1914-1996), who would not be surprised by recent revelations that an elite group of global-warming experts have been reckless with their 'science' and ruthless towards their scientific peers

I refer to the scandal that broke at the disclosure of private e-mails among leading climatologists connected to the Climatic Research Unit at the University of East Anglia, one of the nerve centers for global warming studies. As former Chancellor of the Exchequer Nigel Lawson summarizes the preliminary evidence for *The Times* (London): '(a) the scientists have been manipulating the raw temperature figures to show

a relentlessly rising global warming trend; (b) they have consistently refused outsiders access to the raw data; (c) the scientists have been trying to avoid freedom of information requests; and (d) they have been discussing ways to prevent papers by dissenting scientists being published in learned journals.'

But the problem these e-mails uncovered goes beyond the discussion that was under way in Copenhagen and even the whole global-warming debate.

Nisbet, a sociologist by training and historian by temperament – but no Catholic, or even much of a believer – warned of such abuses in an essay debunking the Enlightenment myth that the Catholic Church brutally oppressed Galileo. Our own time, Nisbet insisted, has seen much worse:

Probably more scientists have been adversely affected – stopped altogether from a given line of research, guided, shaped, propelled, decelerated, forced into nonpublication, secrecy, turned down for funds or promotion, and barred from access to laboratory space or archives – because of defiance of conventional wisdom in America since World War II . . . than existed in the whole of the world in Galileo's day.

Early on, Nisbet adds, Galileo told his friend Kepler that he was censoring himself for 'fear not of ecclesiastical but of scientific-scholarly opinion.' As Galileo's views became known, the first public protests arose from 'jealous and apprehensive university professors,' not from clerical quarters. When Galileo's friend, Pope Urban VIII, reluctantly allowed a trial by the Inquisition (headed by another Galileo supporter), the great man's nemesis was no churchman but a fellow scientist.

Most important for our purposes is Galileo's fate after his enemies forced the Inquisition to find him 'guilty' of Copernican teachings. Though made to take a *pro forma* oath of recantation, he was not imprisoned. Instead, he was given 'house arrest' at his wealthy patron's estate where he had long conducted most of his research. He lived for years, and far from being daunted or suppressed, he produced some of his most important writings, 'was in constant communication with the leading scientific lights of Italy and all Europe,' and had 'as many students as he wished' to assist him and continue his work after his death.

Contrast Galileo's flourishing in the seventeenth century, funded by the private sector, with the situation of scientists in our day. They face governments that grow grander and more controlling by the minute, as well as an academic climate in which the disinterested search for truth withers in

Professional rivalry

JESUIT ASTRONOMERS also confirmed the 'earthly' nature of the moon, the existence of sunspots, and the fact that comets moved in outer space, beyond the moon. This meant the abandonment of the Aristotelian doctrine of the perfect and unchangeable nature of the celestial spheres. Thus the intellectually most influential order within the Catholic Church was at that time in full retreat from Aristotle and Ptolemy, and had taken up an intermediary position regarding Copernicus. They praised and feted Galileo, whom they knew to be a Copernican, and they kept Kepler, the foremost exponent of Copernicanism, under their protection throughout his life. But there existed a powerful body of men whose hostility to Galileo never abated: the Aristotelians at the universities. The inertia of the human mind and its resistance to innovation are most clearly demonstrated not, as one might expect, by the ignorant mass . . . but by professionals with a vested interest in tradition and in the monopoly of learning. . . . It was this threat, not Bishop Dantiscus or Pope Paul III – which had cowed Canon Koppernigk into lifelong silence.

– Arthur Koestler, *The Sleepwalkers*,
Hutchinson, London, 1961, pp.426-427

the cold glare of scepticism, relativism, and materialism.

In controversies over man-made global warming, there's the added factor of something that smacks of religious fanaticism. Fr. James Schall and historian Paul Johnson have observed how some strains of environmentalism have religious features: a fall of man, a catalogue of sins, a call to repentance and asceticism (at least for those of us who aren't ex-Vice Presidents living in Nashville mansions), the promise of salvation, and dire warnings of a secular apocalypse. No wonder the Savonarolas of solar energy are harsh with those who dissent from their calls to repress vices like burning coal or driving an SUV.

Perhaps the scientific critics of man-made global warming can take to heart the examples of Socrates and Christ, who remind us that most significant thinkers in history have suffered strenuous opposition.

Still, Galileo's experience shows that a society needs two things to enjoy the freedom to seek scientific knowledge: an intellectual environment that permits at least some unconventional thinking and a financial environment in which resources aren't monopolized by the same elites who patrol scientific orthodoxy.

'Institutional competition' and the diversity of funding streams that permit it, Nisbet concludes, not 'the fabled distinterestedness of the titans in science,' are what usually rescue maverick thinkers from the 'hostile herd.'

We are now learning just how Inquisitorial the globe's elite climatologists have been. Think what will happen if the U.S. government - which already controls, by some estimates, one in every four medical research dollars on the planet - vastly expands its scientific dominion through 'health care reform.'

SCOTT WALTER is a senior fellow at the Becket Fund for Religious Liberty. He served as Special Assistant to the President of the United States for Domestic Policy where he helped craft policy on Head Start, immigrant assimilation, faith-based initiatives, volunteerism, and education issues facing U.S. students from pre-K to the post-doctoral level. *The Catholic Thing* (December 10, 2009). Reprinted with permission. All rights reserved.

Sleight of Hand

GALILEO DRAWS a distinction between scientific propositions which are 'soundly demonstrated' (i.e. proven) and others which are 'merely stated'. If propositions of the first kind contradict the apparent meaning of passages in the Bible, then, according to theological practice, the meaning of these passages must be reinterpreted - as was done, for instance, with regard to the spherical shape of the earth. So far he has stated the attitude of the Church correctly; but he continues:

'And as to the propositions which are stated but not rigorously demonstrated, anything contrary to the Bible involved by them must be held undoubtedly false and should be proved so by every possible means.'

Now this was demonstrably not the attitude of the Church. 'Propositions which are stated but not rigorously demonstrated,' such as *the Copernican system* itself, were not condemned outright if they seemed to contradict Holy Scripture; they were merely relegated to the rank of 'working hypotheses' (where they rightly belong), with an implied: 'wait and see; if you bring proof, then, but only then, we shall have to reinterpret Scripture in the light of this necessity.' But Galileo did not want to bear the burden of proof; for the crux of the matter is, as will be seen, that he had no proof. Therefore, firstly, he conjured up an artificial black-or-white alternative, by pretending that a proposition must either be accepted or outright condemned. The purpose of this sleight of hand becomes evident from the next sentence:

'Now if truly demonstrated physical conclusions need not be subordinated to biblical passages, but the latter must rather be shown not to interfere with the former, then *before a physical proposition is condemned it must be shown to be not rigorously demonstrated* - and this is to be done not by those who hold the proposition to be true, but by those who judge it to be false. ...'

The burden of proof has been shifted. The crucial words are those in (my) italics. It is no longer Galileo's task to prove the Copernican system, but the theologians' task to disprove it. If they don't, their case will go by default, and Scripture must be reinterpreted.

In fact, however, there had never been any question of condemning the Copernican system as a working hypothesis. The biblical objections were only raised against the claim that it was *more* than a hypothesis, that it was rigorously proven, that it was in fact equivalent to Gospel truth.

The subtlety in Galileo's manoeuvre is that he does not explicitly raise this claim. He cannot do so, for he had not produced a single argument in support of it. Now we understand why he needed his black-or-white alternative as a first move: to distract attention from the true status of the Copernican system as an officially tolerated working hypothesis awaiting proof. Instead, by slipping in the ambiguous words 'physical proposition' at the beginning of the italicized passage, followed by the demand that 'it must be shown to be not rigorously demonstrated', he implied (though he did not dare to state it explicitly) that the truth of the system was rigorously demonstrated. It is all so subtly done that the trick is almost imperceptible to the reader and, as far as I know, has escaped the attention of students to this day.

- Arthur Koestler, *The Sleepwalkers*,
Hutchinson, London, 1961, pp.436-437

MOVIES

The Concert

Andrei Filipov (Alexei Guskov) dreams of reassembling his orchestra for a triumphal concert. More chance of the Vatican celebrating Christmas in the Lubyanka.

Andrei has been demoted to cleaner at the Bolshoi Orchestra Concert Hall in Moscow after falling foul of Leonid Brezhnev, last of the Soviet czars.

One day, dusting the director's office, he comes across a fax inviting the Bolshoi Orchestra to replace the San Francisco Philharmonic at short notice.

On this foundation, writer/director Radu Mihaileanu has constructed a crazy-house farce. It is also a double-edged satire: on the new, free-market Russia and on the old pretensions of French cultural mandarins.

Guskov gives a performance of magisterial understatement in mustering his motley crew of former players at deadline speed, their objective Paris for a concert with prodigy violinist Anne-Marie Jaquet (Melanie Laurent, a melody of subtle acting).

Mihaileanu, working with Alan Michel Blanc and Matthew Robbins from an original story by Hector Cabello Reyes, appends a sub-plot with heartfelt links from Jaquet to anti-Semitism in gulags, pre-glasnost Russia.

All in all, a small miracle of serious hilarity. Movie music by Armand Amar. Concert music by Tchakovsky. Not to be missed.

TBA★★★★SPFV

Remember Me

Uses as its point of departure a single, sudden-death mugging at a New York underground railway station.

From this point, director Allen Coulter builds a high tension story of love involving, Ally (Emilie de Ravin), survivor of the mugging which killed her mother, and Tyler Roth (Robert Pattinson), scion of a rich, splintered family whose brother has died untimely.

Romeo and Juliet revisited? But, of course. Shakespeare himself was revisiting an old romance when he wrote his version. The Montague-Capulet aspect is supplied by Tyler's father, a financier (Perce Brosnan) and Ally's father (Chris Cooper) a dour cop with whom Tyler has had arresting trouble.

Fascinating to see Brosnan taking

By JAMES MURRAY

the post-Bond, Sean Connery way to character-actor stardom which has always been Cooper's way.

Equally fascinating to see two young actors like de Ravin and Pattinson play beyond their looks to the heart of their talent

To hint at the story's ending would be to risk spoiling one of the most powerfully understated scenes ever filmed. Enough, perhaps, to say it involves an infamous multiple, aerial mugging from which the world is still seeking to recover.

MA15+★★★★NFV

The Blind Side

Michael Oher is big. Leigh Anne Tuohy is petite. But when she tackles Oher's locked-in misery, she wins. As Tuohy, Sandra Bullock grabs the movie and runs non-stop for an Oscar-worthy touchdown. As Oher, Quinton Aaron plumbs misery, reaching shyly for things

he doesn't quite understand: kindness and help.

Both Bullock and Aaron are strong enough in their roles to defeat the challenge of the tiny Jae Head as Sean Tuohy who becomes Oher's adviser.

Okay schmaltz is a side dish and non-Americans may find the gridiron football sequences confusing (like rugby played in recycled-Tupperware armour).

But director John Lee Hancock sends a clear message across the colour line – the pinko colour line which rules that one-on-one Christian aid to African-Americans is somehow condescending whereas secular, governmental, queue-for-it aid is the way things are meant to be.

Hancock works from the Michael Lewis book *The Blind Side: Evolution of a Game* which tells how grid-iron footballer Michale Oher was helped into a Christian school as an early step in his rise to legendary, All-American status.

PG★★★★SPFV

Brothers

Director Jim Sheridan hammers out a different kind of triangle to show that in modern warfare not all the trauma occurs on the battlefield

Natalie Portman plays the wife whose husband (Tobey Maguire), duty-bound second lieutenant, is sent to Afghanistan where he is posted Missing in Action. His jaijibird brother (Jake Gyllenhaal) comes reluctantly to her aid.

Sure there's predictability in what happens next but Sheridan and his superlative young players, maintain tension.

And when the lieutenant is rescued from tortured captivity and returns home, the predictability takes on an explosive quality. Maguire has never been more powerful than in this role: a soldier who finds that Spartan stoicism does not always transpose from the battlefield to suburbia.

MA★★★★NFV

Alice in Wonderland

Director Tim Burton has been known for excessive moments. In this version of the Lewis Carroll classic, he is relatively restrained possibly because the original material is so fantastical that it cannot be topped.

And the material is now here in 3D glory: the Cheshire Cat, Tweedledum

Sites in Iraq not looted

RARELY HAVE SO many people been so mistaken about a country as have been wrong on Iraq: Wrong about weapons of mass destruction. Wrong about mobile weapons labs. Wrong about the plundering of the National Museum.

And now, wrong again about the ongoing destruction of the nation's most celebrated archaeological sites. An international team of archaeologists helicoptered into eight of the country's ancient settlements this past June to check out reports of illegal digging. They found exactly zero evidence of looting... they failed to find a single recent dig hole. The archaeologists picked the sites to visit, surveyed the terrain, and were allowed to move freely around the areas under the armed protection of British guards.

– 'Mesopotamian Treasures,' in *The Wilson Quarterly*, Autumn 2008, 'reviewing 'Archaeological Sites in South Iraq have not been looted,' say Experts,' by Martin Bailey, in *The Art Newspaper*, July 1, 2008

and Tweedle Dee, the Dormouse, the Caterpillar *et al* (voiced by Stephen Fry, Alan Rickman, Michael Sheen, Timothy Spall and Christopher Lee).

Helena Bonham Carter plays the Red Queen with brio, creating as a by-product a more authentically fearsome image of Glorianna, Queen Elizabeth I than Cate Blanchette did.

Anne Hathaway is the White Queen, possibly a touch too tremulous.

Mia Wasikowska personifies Alice as to an English country house born rather than to Canberra.

Burton reframes the original by giving it the setting of garden and engagement party for Alice. He, and scriptwriter Linda Woolverton, also appear to snaffle material from C.S. Lewis's Narnia books, a set-piece battle in which Alice appears in a suit of shining armour.

As the Mad Hatter, Johnny Depp sets some kind of military precedent by appearing during the battle scenes in top hat plus the kilt and a sporran.

PG★★★★SFFV

Accidents Happen

Director Andrew Lancaster and scriptwriter Brian Carbee create a series of accident to power their story.

And in Geena Davis they have an actress with the *bravura* to make memorable the situation of of Gloria Conway an American suburban mother trying to control recalcitrant children and a feckless husband, after the sudden death of a son.

Robert Redford dealt with similar material in *Ordinary People* (1980). Redford directed his movie straight and won an Academy Award; Lancaster opts for black comedy.

Logistical and/or financial factors entailed the movie being set in the present-day Sydney suburb of Turramurra standing in for 1980s Connecticut.

A bravo effort. Fear of a trend grows: American black comedies being transported to Turramurra to die.

M★★SFFV

Micmacs

Violence leaves Bazil fatherless as a child and jobless as an adult. He is rescued by a troupe of rubbish sorters who may well be the French offspring of Harold Steptoe, and who live beneath a gigantic heap of their stock in trade outside Paris.

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;
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Bazil is driven by the need to take vengeance on the dealer whose landmine killed his father and the former's rival, one of whose bullets is lodged in Basils' skull.

To play Bazil, director Jean-Pierre Jeunet chose Dany Boon an actor who does amiable dimness with devastating, comic effect; accordingly his vengeance trail is marked less with blood than laughter.

M★★★★SFFV

New York I Love You

Companion piece for producer Emmanuel Benbihy's splendidly crafted *Paris, je t'aime*.

Benbihy and his crew have brought off the difficult trick of bringing together a collective of directors and writers to create an interlocking series of vignettes from different parts of the 24/7 city.

To an extent this is more footage for the film myth of New York, New York, the wonderful town. Only to an extent, however.

The fan factor is low and it has a cast to line up Oscars for including: Julie Christie, John Hurt, Jacinta Barrett, Natalie Portman, Orlando Bloom, Blake Lively, Christina Ricci, Andy Garcia, Irrfan Khan, Cloris Leachman and Eli Wallach.

Rio, Shanghai, Jerusalem and Mumbai are on Benbihy's schedule. What price Melbourne or Sydney, Adelaide, Perth, Brisbane or Hobart? Or, best chance, Darwin?

MA15+★★★★NFFV

From Paris with Love

Charlie Wax (John Travolta) and James Reese (Jonathan Rhys Meyers) appear like CIA versions of Batman and Robin. No tights. But guns and mayhem galore as director Pierre Morel demonstrates that anything Hollywood can do, he can do with more bang-bang elan.

The story tangles were supplied by Luc Besson and include terrorism, counter-terrorism and cocaine.

Not April in Paris, mad March Paris

MA15+★★NFFV

Mesrine

The surname of French criminal type Jacques Mesrine whose exploits in the 1960s and 1970s make Charlie Wax seem like Mickey Mouse. Mesrine's own memoir provided the basis for Abdel Raouf Dafri's script and the material stretches to a brace of movies.

Vincent Cassell gives Mesrine the scornful edge and surly charm of a soldier of misfortune whose taste for violence was nurtured during France's 1950s war in Algeria.

He links with crime boss Guido (Gerard Depardieu), a career move exacerbated by a romantic partnership with a tough gal (Cecile de France) whose wig is as black as her deeds. Ludivine Sagnier plays the other woman in Mesrine's hectic life.

The classic heist movie *Rififi* outdid its Hollywood counterparts in ingenuity. Similarly Mesrine (Killer Instinct and Public Enemy No 1) outshoots the whole Hollywood gangster genre.

MA15+ ★★★NFFV

Crazy Heart

To maintain greatness, actors need challenging parts. For Jeff Bridges, an actor with greatness in him, the role of broken down, country and western singer Bad Blake is not challenge enough.

Bridges takes a co-producer credit with Robert Duvall who also appears, strengthening perceptions that the movie is revenge for *Tender Mercies* in which Duvall played the lead, directed by Bruce Beresford, reportedly an unhappy experience.

If revenge is a dish best served cold, then director Scott Cooper has provided deep-frozen southern fried chicken, unheated by the Bridges charisma.

Maggie Gyllenhaal, cast as a single-mom journo, has the chore of falling in love with big Bad Blake.

Give her an Oscar for best supporting actress in an insupportable role.

M★★NFFV

A Single Man

With a triple somersault former fashion designer Tom Ford has turned himself into a scriptwriter/producer/director. Not surprisingly his debut movie has the glossy look of a magazine spread, Vogue, say, or Vanity Fair.

More the latter, for it is a bold yet tasteful take on homosexuality; the couple involved are George (Colin Firth, upper lip stiff but occasionally quivering), a professor of English, and Jim, an American naval officer, (Matthew Goode, reprising his fey mannerisms from the movie version of *Brideshead Revisited*).

Death supervenes. Amid his griefstricken flashbacks, George encounters a student, Kenny (Nicholas Hoult) and consolation.

What struck this reviewer – say it ain't so – was the underlying misogyny surely deriving from Christopher Isherwood's book on which Ford based his script.

The female characters tend to an ineffectual dreariness. Kenny's girlfriend comes on as a chain-smoking, faded Brigitte Bardot type. George's next door neighbour is a standard suburban housewife with a distant husband. George's ex-girlfriend Charlie (Julianne Moore) has the look of Anne-Margaret on an offday.

In a sustained sequence, George toys with a suicidal revolver and toys and toys as if Ford is trying to bore the audience to death. Didn't Oscar Wilde, commenting on the deathbed of Little Nell, say something apt about overdoing pathos to the extent that only a cynic could forbear to laugh out loud?

M★★NFFV

Shutter Island

Butting through mist in a choppy sea, a ferryboat heads for one of Boston harbour's islands.

The magnificent shot signs the movie as Martin Scorsese's; it also signals that with a cameraman like Robert Richardson directed by a Scorsese what you see is not necessarily what you get: eye deception is not confined to painting.

On board the ferryboat are Teddy Daniels (Leonard DiCaprio) and Chuck Aule (Mark Ruffalo); they disembark as US Federal marshals come to investigate the disappearance of a patient from the island's asylum which makes images of Devil's Island look like Club Med.

To their roles, DiCaprio and Ruffalo bring an impeccable, ironclad conviction as Scorsese and writer Laeta Kalogridis increase the mists of swirling ambiguity.

Also caught in these mists are medical staff played by Ben Kinglsey, all sinister benevolence, and Max Von Sydow, a psychiatric *grey eminence*. Michelle Williams plays Teddy's wife; Emily Mortimer, an asylum victim and

more; the invincible Patricia Clarkson comes on as mad. The missing patient?

Like the rest of the cast she is marooned in the mists which thicken with Teddy's wartime memories of liberating a death camp, gore and paranoia.

The result: compulsion rather than entertainment; Scorsese seems to be using his legend as a great movie maker to infuse his work with an appearance of grandeur.

MA15+★★★NFFV

Valentine's Day

Director Gary Marshall is a master of comedy, more or less romantic. In this case it is more, so much more that romance threatens to overwhelm the dryness of his wit. This is also a screwball comedy and only Marshall's skill enables him to juggle so many screwballs – all coloured with the commercialised romance of Valentine's Day in Los Angeles.

Whether the saint is not being given his traditional title simply to avoid confusion with the gangster movie, *The St Valentine's Day Massacre*, or under protocols of political-correctitude is moot.

Undeniable is Marshall's ability to set up marvellously loony sequences. His open-air movie show at a Forest Lawn-style Cemetery gives Shirley MacLaine and Hector Elizondo their chance to shine amid a galaxy of younger stars.

Despite slack moments, to change the metaphor, Marshall does plait his multiple story lines into an ending that has shining strands.

M★★★SFFV

Rebound

Catherine Zeta-Jones plays the rebounder, driven from her marriage by an unfaithful husband in California to a fresh start in New York. Justin Bartha is the younger, brilliant, offbeat guy who catches her by becoming nanny to her children.

As she rises to celebrity as a sportscaster, his kooky, knockabout charm increases her sense of their age difference.

Funny scenes patchwork the romance but not enough to cover lack of interest in the terminus of this streetcar named cliché.

M★★NFFV

Two young Christians sentenced to Life Imprisonment

Qamar David, a Christian from Lahore, in prison since 2006, was sentenced to life imprisonment on February 26, for blasphemy. "The conviction was based only on statements and testimonies that were made up as a result of hatred and prejudice," notes Parvez Choudry, Qamar David's lawyer. A second incident was to Fides: that of Imran Masih, 26, of Faisalabad, sentenced to life in prison for blasphemy on January 11. A neighbor accused him of burning a copy of the Koran. It seems the young man was framed. Cleaning his shop, he wanted to get rid of some books written in Arabic (a language he does not understand) and asked a neighbor to make sure that the books were not on religion or Islamic prayer. The neighbor has assured him that they were not, so Imran Masih went and burned them. But then he was accused of blasphemy by the same neighbor, on charges of desecrating and burning a Koran. "The accusations are unjust, manipulated and unproven," Fides has been told by a source from the Catholic Church in Pakistan.

– Source, Agenzia Fides, Palazzo of Propaganda de Fide, Rome. February 27, 2010.

How is it that the Muslim world – and also part of the West – is so sensitive that it must gag every critic and even raise so much [physical] violence against [verbal] violence?

‘FITNA’

By Samir Khalil Samir



ONE THING IS clear: the decision of the British foreign office to block the visit of Dutch parliamentarian Geert Wilders is a political reaction, dictated by political motives. The question that can be asked is whether this is a good policy. It could be that this expedient on the part of Great Britain is the only way to avoid religious conflict, but it seems worthwhile to me to make an observation.

I saw the film ‘Fitna’ a year ago, and recently I have viewed a few clips from it again. The film is rather violent and crude, on purpose: its intention is to demonstrate that Islam is a violent religion in itself.

I don’t like the film. For one thing, it depicts a reality with many citations from the Qur’an, to demonstrate the violence of this religion. Without a doubt, the reality presented in ‘Fitna’ is partial, and in no way an accurate depiction of Islam as a whole.

The film is certainly provocative, because it intends to assert that Islam is a religion of violence. Indeed there is violence both in the Qur’an, and in the life of Mohammed. Still today, there are Muslims who carry out violence in the name of the Qur’an and of the prophet of Islam.

But it must be said that the response to a violent, partial film cannot be violence; nor the decision to prevent someone from speaking. The minister’s decision to block Wilders, and the threats against him, fall into this category.

I have seen that the European Arab League has responded to this film with another film, a sort of ‘anti-Fitna’; other Muslim filmmakers have done the same thing. Such a reaction is more admirable

Last year the British government denied the Dutch member of parliament Geert Wilders permission to enter the country. Wilders had been invited to present his film ‘Fitna’ to the House of Lords. The film, produced about two years ago, was intended to demonstrate the strong connection between the Qur’an and international terrorism, with images of the destruction of the Twin Towers in New York (2001) and the attacks in London (2004) and Madrid (2005). Wilders, who was stopped at the Heathrow airport, said that for him the ban on entering the country marked ‘a very sad day’ for democracy.

than the one displayed by the Foreign Office. Although I do not like ‘Fitna,’ I am against the decision of the British government. All the more so in that Wilders was supposed to present the film to the House of Lords, and not to a political group.

Wilders’ speech is, without a doubt, violent and fanatical. This is clear from reading just a few of his statements. But in the West, freedom of speech is a right that cannot be denied without creating other problems.

I have read at least 60 reactions from Muslims to the film ‘Fitna,’ although few of them had seen it. Their reactions are mainly of rejection, a violent response. Only one commentary states: ‘It is true, this film is violent, it is not helpful, and it increases our perception of being besieged on every side; we see Islamophobia everywhere. But it is also true that our reactions make a great deal of room for this Islamophobia.’

I wonder: how is it that the Muslim world – and also part of the West – is so sensitive that it must gag every critic and even raise so much (physical) violence against (verbal) violence?

The Muslim world has not yet assimilated certain values, like the right to speech and to criticism, even though this can sometimes be unjust, or partially unjust.

Violence and Muhammad’s Preaching of Islam

Some have ascribed the violent wave of conquest, so suddenly spouting forth from Arabia during the 7th century, to economic factors: the Arabs were forced to periodic emigration, with or without violence, because the means of subsistence in their own territory were ultimately inadequate. Be that as it may, the important fact cannot be overlooked that this explosion was occasioned by Mohammed’s preaching of Islam. Moreover, the significance of these conquests for the civilization of Islam lay in the fact that the amazing military victories awakened in the ‘warriors in the Way of Allah’ [*mujahidun bi sabil Allah*] a feeling of superiority over the adherents of other religions. In subsequent centuries this remained a characteristic of the followers of Islam.

– J. H. Kramers, ‘In the Shadow of Allah,’ in *Analecta Orientalia* of J. H. Kramers, Brill, Leiden, 1956, p.234

There is a beautiful verse in the Qur'an that says: 'In debate, dispute with them in a superior manner, and not on their level.' This verse should exclude this kind of violent reaction. And yet it must be said: there is violence in the name of Islam.

In some of the 'anti-Fitna' films, there are images of Israelis fighting against the Palestinians; then there are images of crusaders, with cross and swords; then images of Americans in Vietnam. One film has been produced by the Islamic society *al Furkan*. In these 'anti-Fitna' films as well, violence connected to religion is denounced. But the difference is that the Muslims who carry out violence do so in the name of their faith, constantly citing passages from the sacred book and the hadiths. The Israelis and Americans wage war not in the name of the Bible or the Gospel, but in the name of their politics. This is not a question of crusades, because it is foolish to compare contemporary events to those of a long gone past.

If the West goes to war, it does so for political purposes, economic, etc. Unfortunately, in Islam there are many imams who preach a religious war against nonbelievers, not a moral war, but a physical war, always quoting the Qur'an. Violence in the name of God is to be rejected in every religion.

Pope John Paul II spoke out against it many times, and Benedict XVI is doing so today. It is therefore worthwhile not to block discussions, but to become engaged and demonstrate falsehood, the connections between religion and politics, correcting one another.

In conclusion, I do not believe that the film 'Fitna' is helpful. The British reaction is not valid either, it does not help Muslims to criticize themselves, nor to stop violence in the name of Islam.

It is increasingly urgent that there be a group of Muslims and non-Muslims fighting together for freedom of speech and conscience, and capable of dialogue; to advance self-criticism of persons and civilization; distinguishing precisely between religion and politics.

Source: Asianews.

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– Editor, *Annals*

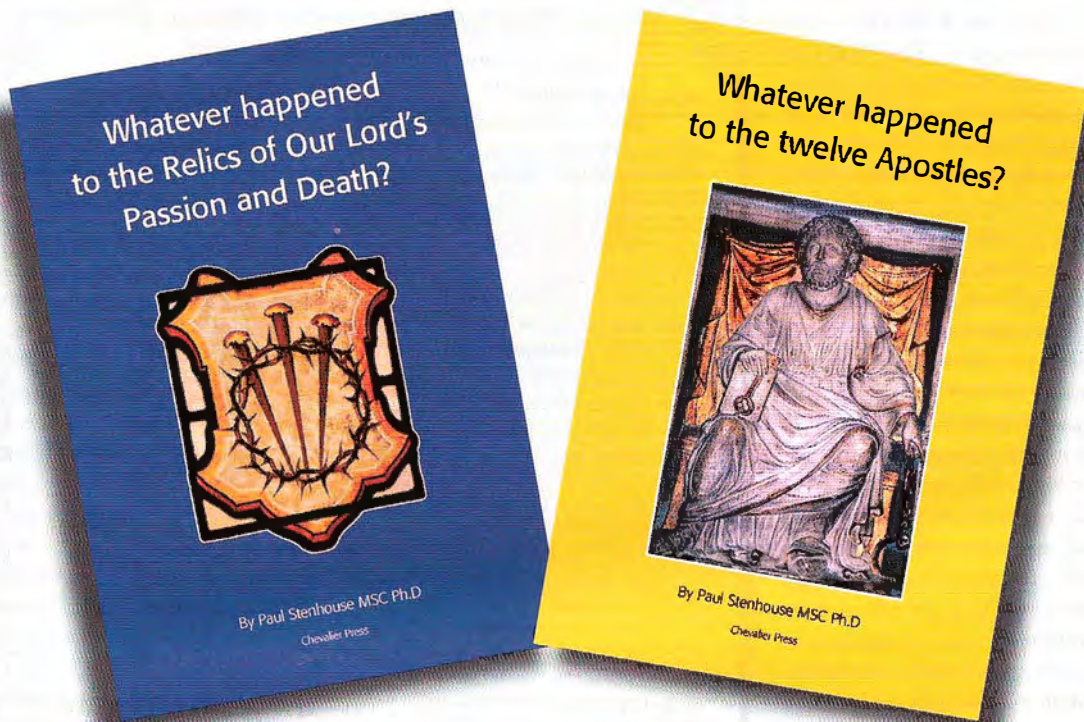
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