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## EDITORIAL

A well-known ex-alumnus of this College once described the most important function of THE VENERABLE as the recording of 'the history, mores and atmosphere of the College for the sake of ex-students and posterity'. It is a good enough working definition and provides a useful yardstick for examining the present state of the magazine.

Without becoming involved in a detailed analysis, the stream of historical articles which flow unabated from the Archives should be proof enough that the history of the College receives all the attention it deserves, while the College Diary, Romanesques and various occasional articles effectively record the mores. All this presents no great problem. But how do you recapture the atmosphere of the College? If the trivia of today are the very life-blood of tomorrow's historian, they must be presented in a true light. It becomes vital to catch that slight change in attitude from year to year which, over a period of time, can grow quite considerably. Certainly this is true: every time someone lays down his new copy of THE VENERABLE and thinks, 'Just as it was in my day', he implies that issue's failure to fulfil one important part of its task. Some things do not change but no one generation of students is ever quite like another.

The section of the magazine best equipped to recapture the atmosphere in the College is, of course, the Diary; yet that has long been the subject of complaint. In striving for a fresh way of telling an old tale it has too often emerged as a collection of oblique references to various College occasions, incomprehensible to those who live here no longer and mighty puzzling to those who do. So in an attempt to improve the Diary and—what is more important—to catch more exactly the atmosphere in the College, its format will be altered. Instead of the day-by-day account of College life, there will be a more continuous article, designed to cover all the major (and many of the minor) events of our daily life. Whether this will be successful remains to be seen. The hope is that it will give a truer reflexion of College life, make better reading for those who have not visited the College for some years, and, at the same time, provide all the necessary trivia for that historian.

So this issue contains the Diary's final fling. The new journal will make its first appearance in the May issue. Its instalments, too, have been slightly adjusted to cover in the first place the period from the start of the Roman year to Easter or thereabouts, and in the second from Easter to the conclusion of the *villeggiatura*: this out of deference to those who suggest that the space allowed for historical articles is already over-generous. Lost in the transition from Diary to Journal is the villa period that has just ended. The loss has been remedied by some Second Year Theologians who kindly produced an account of much of this year's activity at the Villa, sprucing it with some personal reflexions.

The only other novelty to be introduced is the cover, of which we hope you will approve: with the change of printer it was thought advisable not to put new wine into old wineskins.





## INNOVATION—RENOVATION

The winds of change have been blowing strongly in recent years through most institutions. So far as seminaries are concerned, the theories of reform have been discussed in many books and articles, and find official expression in the Council documents. There is no need to repeat these pronouncements here. We trust that any changes we have made are in line with what is desired and recommended. Most of them originate from internal discussion of our own particular needs: this discussion, or 'dialogue', itself is an important new element in our community life.

It may be considered rash for a Rector to write about these things: he must avoid any suspicion of criticising the past, and will not want to prophesy about the future, in case his words are held against him. But a simple account may prove both interesting and useful. A certain amount of comment is inevitable, to assist understanding, and to promote reflection in the minds of student readers.

An exhaustive list would prove tedious. One cannot answer everyone who asks, 'Do you still do this?', or 'Have you got rid of that?'. By means of classification one can at least give a general picture. So, to begin with changes that are more or less forced on us from outside: in modern Rome, with its appalling traffic, walking the streets is a weary, not to say hazardous exercise. One felt every sympathy with the request for the abolition of the daily, obligatory walk; its absence from the programme positively means more time for study. To ensure sufficient exercise, and fresh air, those who wish may go out for the day on Thursdays. As before, soccer, rugby and cricket players usually manage to arrange a game every week.

Long reading in the refectory was allowed to die out in the early part of 1966, without any official announcement. It was always the tradition that the presence of guests at meals meant dispensation from the reading, and nowadays their number has increased very considerably. We begin dinner and supper with a passage from Scripture, read before any movement begins; and that is enough. Modern students welcome this change, since they are amazingly fond of conversation.

The Gregorian's reforms, obviously, come under this heading, notably the Wednesday free of lectures. In agreement with most Colleges, we insist that this is a day of study, not an extra free day or an alternative to Thursday. The reforms have brought, usually, an earlier return from the University after fewer morning lectures—and in general more group work and more written exercises.

In May 1966 the Italian Hierarchy announced that their clergy might wear what is here called 'clergyman' out of doors, when it was more convenient. Students were quick to request the same permission: no objection was raised either by the University or the Congregation of Seminaries and Studies: this was a matter for College Rectors to decide. This attitude in the Congregation was something quite new and encouraging, the first sign of what could be hoped from Cardinal Garrone. So at long last our three-cornered hats, and wings, disappeared from the streets—unlamented, it must be admitted. Specimens are preserved in the Archives, while our students attend lectures and walk in Rome dressed in suits, black or dark grey. The Roman collar is worn by those in Major Orders; the rest wear ties, which should be dark. Inside the College the cassock is still regulation dress. At the Villa, casual dress has been the rule since the summer of 1964, and has proved a great boon. At times one's eyebrows rise at the sight of an extra-gay shirt, and blue jeans are frowned upon; but in general the effect is wholly to the good. Casual dress is worn for gitas, too.

It was partly due to the condition of the streets that we cut down the 'camerata' from four to two. It is difficult enough for even two people to keep together. Just recently we have taken the final step: if students want to go out alone, they may do so; though this is not encouraged much beyond the limits of convenience.

The 'rules' of the College are more our own concern. It soon became clear to me that the present generation simply cannot understand the purpose of minor restrictions. Their demand is sincere for a discipline self-imposed, with personal responsibility. Changes have been made after a good deal of discussion, which was most enlightening. There is, as a result, no 'rule' about smoking, except for obvious restrictions of place; no permission is necessary for shopping; visiting others' rooms is no longer forbidden (though respect is urged for others' privacy and precious time); it has become common to invite students from other Colleges to dine here, and to accept invitations to their Colleges. Those are given as examples. One is more cautious about invitations to private homes, for what I think obvious reasons. Each case is taken on its merits, and in fact a fair amount of generous hospitality is enjoyed.



Liturgical reform has necessarily involved a large number of changes in our practice. Let me say at once that we still have Benediction at the traditional times. Community Mass is in English on five days of the week, and is usually concelebrated. There is only one Community Mass on Sundays and feasts. For some time we have experimented with the singing of English at High Mass—with some success. There is need for more attractive and tuneful music than has yet appeared. Up to the present we have kept our Latin Vespers on Sundays; but we have Lauds in English in the morning. During the recent Villa period we recited Lauds and Vespers in English every day, using the form with three psalms and an extended Scripture reading: the Grail psalms prove very satisfactory; but the prose versions of the hymns were never meant to be recited. One may lament what seems to be a fever to throw out all Latin; on the other hand, there is an obvious enthusiasm for the Liturgy, resulting in manifest devotion. Since the Instruction on the Eucharist came into force, we have had Communion under both kinds for the whole student body at celebration on certain days. This is very much appreciated.

Various prayers have been altered to suit the times. Grace at meals is the short English form. The Wiseman prayers before dinner became a bone of contention: in March 1966 we changed to a shorter form of prayer in English, not yet wholly satisfactory, which we hope to improve. Avancinus and the old form of night prayers gave way to Compline more than three years ago—by now the majority of the House have never even heard of Avancinus! However, we still sing the final *Salve Regina* of Compline on the stairs—or whatever is the appropriate hymn of the season. This is a custom which no one wants to lose.

Although so much Latin has gone, there has been a welcome increase in the number of English hymns used at Benediction and at other times. This is largely thanks to the work of a recent choirmaster, who introduced the Geoffrey Chapman hymnbook, *Praise the Lord*, and went to great pains to compile our own private supplement from all available sources. It includes, I am glad to say, the familiar Italian hymns: their musical quality hardly bears discussion, but we like to sing them, and so do our Sisters.

By now, very little remains in force that arouses controversy. Some students would like to see the time of mental prayer left to free choice. We have tried this at Palazzola, where there is more time; but in Rome the half-hour before Mass is still the rule. However, this is not always at 6.00, since we rise a little later when the day is free from lectures. At the other end of the day we have night prayers a little later, to allow more time for discussions, and 'Lights out' no longer features on the programme. It is to be hoped that those who study into the late hours will learn how to be quiet as mice.

I have limited this account, as I promised, to matters of fact, and of daily routine. A fuller picture of modern student life would include much more, of course. Some of the details may be filled in from other articles in the magazine. Let me end by saying that there is one obvious danger in the freer régime: the loss of many opportunities of self-denial. This, I believe, has been strongly put forward in the synodal discussion on seminaries. Life is undoubtedly much easier. We must see to it, then, that it does not become too easy-going. The modern system is a challenge to everyone to think out principles for himself, and then live up to them not by external constraint but from deep personal conviction. In all our lives self-denial and obedience must be realities, otherwise we cannot claim to be followers of Christ. There is need for spiritual direction and good counsel: fortunately students see this, and the College is able to provide for their needs. Future years alone can show us the results of present efforts; but if there is the sincerity and goodwill that these efforts demand, our future priests will be worthy of their heritage.

J. L. ALSTON

## HIGH BAROQUE IN ROME

The Baroque movement, which in Rome first appeared at the very beginning of the seventeenth century and lasted almost until the eighteenth, tends to be one of the least understood periods in the history of architecture. All too often it is merely tossed aside as over-sumptuous or 'worldly', and this is especially so today when our liturgical bent is towards utter simplicity. But in its context Baroque was a powerful and expressive movement, and the effort taken to recapture its significance can be highly rewarding.

The period following the sack of Rome in 1527 was in many ways a tragic one, marked by frustration and despair. For the next two generations the climate in Rome was austere, anti-humanist, anti-worldly, and even anti-artistic. This severity is clearly reflected in the Council of Trent, which finally began in 1545, and which undoubtedly determined to a great extent the course of the Counter-Reformation. It is, in fact, undeniable that a few Tridentine decrees affected the arts indirectly and certainly not too happily. We may take as an example the famous decree of 1563 which in effect proscribed all images which could lead to erroneous doctrines or suggest impurity. Thus the nude was to be totally forbidden in the representation of any religious subject. This was scrupulously carried out by a number of popes. Paul IV (1555-59), for instance, called the 'Last Judgment' in the Sistine Chapel a 'stew of nudes', and gave orders for loin cloths to be painted over some of the figures; whereas Clement VIII (1592-1605) wanted to have the whole fresco whitewashed! The real aim of the Council, however, was merely to put back a sense of decency into religious art. Nevertheless, after the victory of Lepanto (1571) over the infidel Turk, a new self-confidence began to find its way into the Vatican. Little by little the Church could afford to modify its uncompromising code.

Meanwhile the effect all this was to have on architecture was quite profound. By the first half of the sixteenth century the architecture of the Renaissance, especially in Italy, had reached a point of such perfection

and refinement, such delicate treatment of detail and harmony, that without new and indeed revolutionary ideas the only advance could be along the perilous road of yet further refinement, thus involving the acute and ever-present danger of constantly passing old and well-worn landmarks. The only results of such a process could be a definite sterilization and boredom in repetition. The answer to this danger was supplied in the experiments of the Mannerist architects, and Michelangelo above all was always searching for new, vivid, and revolutionary ways of achieving the effects he required.

If balance and harmony, therefore, are the chief characteristics of the High Renaissance, Mannerism is its very reverse. Churches, for instance, were no longer conceived as a whole, a complete entity (one cannot judge the dome of Bramante's 'Tempietto' (1502) without taking the whole building into consideration), but now the individual parts were considered self-sufficient. A notable advance is to be found in the field of decoration, but Mannerist decoration tends always to intrude on the very architecture, whereas in Renaissance and even Baroque it remains subordinate to it. It is on the whole a somewhat unbalanced and discordant art, slim, elegant and rather self-conscious. But this forced austerity of the late sixteenth century was destined not to last. With the Church's increase in confidence at the beginning of the next century a new generation sprang up with an assured, new-found energy that was to transform not only Rome but eventually most of Europe. Michelangelo was rediscovered as the father of this new and promising Baroque style. His magnificent dome on St. Peter's contains both the elements of what was to come, fused with the style from which he could never wholly disentangle himself. Thus it crowns the eternal city, not as a symbol of Renaissance worldliness, as Julius II had visualised it, but as an overwhelming synthesis of Baroque and Mannerism.

To attempt a concrete definition of Baroque is to invite immediate failure. This point is proved most emphatically by the conflicting opinions of so many eminent scholars. Basically the reason why they differ is that Baroque will look different under the rays of different moods, and in this elusiveness lies its greatness. Unlike Mannerism it is a very purposeful movement. It seeks to reach out to infinity, to exploit the endlessness of space and time instead of confining itself to this earth and concentrating upon the moment. This can best be seen in the way its creators appear somehow to defy the limitations of their materials, which in the hands of men like Bernini became utterly subservient to style. He sought to make them play parts which by their very nature they could not play but which his genius could succeed in making them appear to play. Thus in its most prominent characteristics lies the key to the whole movement. By the use

of optical illusions, which is most evident in Bernini's Scala Regia at the Vatican, where the fine perspective gives a false impression of real length, and by calling on the aid of sculpture and painting, the Baroque architects sought to defy the laws of gravity, to make buildings seem alive. Nevertheless in all their experiments and new methods the primary consideration was always the form, together with the strictest laws of composition, based on intense studies of the classical tradition of design.

Before proceeding further to look more closely at some concrete examples, it is necessary to attempt a short explanation of the nature of the change in style; to distinguish a little more accurately between the main characteristics of Baroque. One of the most fundamental is the use of light and shade. This gives interest to a building, which becomes more 'painterly', because painterliness is based on an illusion of movement, and light and shade contain by their very nature a strong element of movement. 'The freedom of line and interplay of light and shade are satisfying to the painterly taste in direct proportion to the degree in which they transgress the rules of architecture' (Wölfflin). Unlike the well-defined contour, a mass of light tends to a movement of dispersal leading the eye to and fro in unending restlessness, and this basically is how the quality of painterliness in an object of art evokes an illusion of constant change. Whatever is regular is dead, without movement, unpainterly. The Baroque wishes to convey a feeling of anticipation, of something more to come, of dissatisfaction and restlessness rather than fulfilment. It aims at a sudden impact on first sight, often to the neglect of later impressions. All this is experienced in a Baroque façade, for instance, and even when this is viewed from the side, although it looks different, it is not out of perspective, for its set purpose is that of a constant striving to become something new and different.

In all this the Baroque implied a return to a more amorphous state in a single whole. All hard and pointed shapes were blunted and right angles avoided altogether. One symptom of this general fusion was the replacement of the column by the pier, whose solemnity lies in its being materially confined. Unlike the Renaissance where every architectural member was simply and purely stated, the Baroque multiplied members, often several times over. The emphasis was placed more on the material and the frame was either omitted or made to seem inadequate to contain the bulging mass which it enclosed. The outer parts of the façades were designed to be inconspicuous, while the vigour and magnificence were thrown to the centre.

The result of this central tendency was naturally expressed in an urge for upward movement. Thus the vertical force which is found in S. Carlo alle Quattro Fontane far outweighs the horizontal force of the Mannerism

which is so evident in the Gesù. The simplest expression of this principle takes the form of a rhythmic sequence, as opposed to a regular and merely metric one. Consequently the whole wall mass surged; concave end bays were contrasted with a spirited convex movement towards the spectator in the centre, and nowhere is this more clearly seen than in da Cortona's façade for S. Maria della Pace. Never are we offered perfection, fulfilment or calmness, only the unrest of constant change and the tension of transience. Typical of this is the use of the oval rather than the circle, for the oval is always on the point of change, whereas the circle is fixed and static. In the church interior the effect of the new conception of light and space is directed towards infinity. The overall aim is to suggest an incomplete process and a movement towards its completion. Perhaps the word which best fits this style, linking all other characteristics which are invariably influenced by it, is the expressive word 'movement'.

Nothing could be more misleading, however, than to label the art of the entire Baroque period as the art of the Counter-Reformation. The austere popes of the late sixteenth century would have been horrified by the sensuous and exuberant art of Bernini's age. Our period receives its imprint from the overpowering figure of this great man. Thus the year 1624 is of particular importance in the history of the Baroque because it was in that year that Bernini's career as an architect began with the commissions for the façade of S. Bibiana and for the Baldacchino in St. Peter's. It is evident that his pictorial approach to sculpture, and indeed to architecture, cannot be dissociated from two other aspects, colour and light. In his hands polychromy became a device of subtlety hitherto unknown. One of the most perfect manifestations of this is the Cornaro Chapel (1645-52) in S. Maria della Vittoria, but it is equally evident in the Baldacchino and Cathedra in St. Peter's. The former is typical of his ability to replace conventional architectural members with decoration in the form of figures, draperies, flowers and so on, which might be composed of marble, stone, stucco or metal, whichever by its texture he found most sympathetic and readily to hand. His great gift was this ability to create an astounding beauty of movement, not out of what was, but out of what seemed to be.

Although it is not his greatest achievement in the field of architecture, an excellent example of this creative quality is the Church of S. Andrea al Quirinale (1658-70), which Henry Millon describes as 'the high point of the Italian Baroque vision, fusing as it does painting, sculpture, architecture and stage design into a totally integrated system'. For this Bernini chose an oval ground-plan with the transverse axis longer than the main axis between entrance and altar. This in itself is not new, but what is without precedent is that pilasters instead of open chapels stand at both

ends of the transverse axis. As a result the oval is closed at the most critical points where otherwise, from a viewpoint near the entrance, the eye would wander off from the main room into undefined subsidiary spaces. All the lines of architecture culminate in, and converge upon, St. Andrew, whose miraculous ascension is assisted by colour and light. We have the impression that there are two distinct spheres; below, the human sphere, where the church is enriched with precious, multicoloured marbles; and above, the heavenly sphere, where everything is gold and white. Here Bernini succeeded in preserving and even emphasising the homogeneity of the oval, while at the same time giving predominance to the altar. There are essentially two spiritual centres. Firstly, the oval space for the congregation, who participate in the miracle of the saint's salvation; and secondly, the carefully separated altar-recess, inaccessible to the laity, where the mystery is consummated. In the façade of this church Bernini managed to express perfectly the specific character of what lies behind it. Exterior and interior form an entirely homogeneous entity.

Undoubtedly Bernini's best architectural work is the piazza in front of St. Peter's. Only he could have had the genius and resourcefulness to find a way through the tangle of topographical and liturgical problems. To list these obstacles would take far too long, they are so many, but the result is so breathtaking and obvious that it hardly seems necessary. Bernini, however, was more the sculptor at heart, as is shown so clearly in his many busts and in his works in the Borghese Gallery, for instance, and this is the principal point of difference between him and his great contemporary and rival, Borromini. For Borromini was solely an architect, and his architecture inaugurates a new departure; it expresses a new and dramatic approach to the old problems.

Francesco Borromini's influence upon architecture was to be more profound and ultimately more enduring than Bernini's. He wrested from the Baroque style technical achievements of hitherto unimagined daring. Perhaps the best comparison of the differing temperaments of the two men can be seen in the conflicting façades of the Collegio di Propaganda Fide (where in the words of De Brosses, 'missionaries are fattened for the cannibals'). Whereas Bernini's planes are fairly straightforward, those of his successor are anything but orthodox. Although Borromini's façades can hardly be termed aesthetically beautiful, it was above all by their rhythm that he contributed to the development of seventeenth century architecture, and rhythm is essentially Baroque. He was the first and indeed the greatest master of geometrical composition. For what is literally a brilliant example of this we have only to turn to the façade of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, attached to the Chiesa Nuova. But although the work for the Oratorians was of major importance as regards compactness and

vitality, it cannot compete with one of his first and most exhilarating works, S. Carlo alle Quattro Fontane (1638-41).

It is of the greatest importance to realize that in S. Carlo and in later buildings Borromini founded all his designs on geometric units. In his plan of this church extraordinary importance is given to the sculptural element of the columns. They are grouped in fours with larger intervals on both the longitudinal and transverse axes. Rather than forming a state of conflict as might be expected, Borromini overcame this firstly by the powerful entablature which the eye can follow uninterrupted all round the church, and secondly, the columns themselves, which by their very nature have no direction, may be seen as a continuous accentuation of the undulating walls. It is precisely the predominant bulk of the columns inside the small area of this church that helps to unify its complex shape. The problem now arose concerning the shape of the dome to be erected over the undulating body of the church. Rather than place the vault directly on it in accordance with the method known for circular and oval plans, Borromini inserted a transitional area with pendentives which enabled him to design an oval dome of unbroken curvilinear shape. Thus the bays fulfil the function of the piers in the crossings of Greek cross plans. Also, in these pendentives, he incorporated an interesting reference to the cross arms by decorating the altar recesses with coffers which diminish rapidly in size, suggesting great depth, and also an illusionist hint at the arms of the Greek cross, intended to be more conceptually than visibly effective. The dome itself, lit by an even light and thus free of deep shadows, seems to hover immaterially above the body of the church. This bold construction opened up entirely new vistas, explored later in the century in northern Europe, if not in Rome.

In the façade, which is in fact his last work, but it cannot be taken as separate from the rest, he succeeded in unifying a front throughout its whole height, contrary to the spirit in which the system had been invented. The upper tier embodies an almost complete reversal of the lower. Its compactness, with its minimum of wall-space, closely set with columns, sculpture and decoration where the eye is nowhere allowed to rest for long, is typical of the High Baroque. 'This strange fusion of architecture and sculpture . . . is utterly opposed to the manner of Bernini, who could never divorce sculpture from narrative connotations and therefore never surrendered it to architecture'. Another fine façade, not entirely executed by Borromini unfortunately, is that of S. Agnese in the Piazza Navona. This is designed in a concave plan, and it is in this that movement is found. It is extended into the area of the adjoining palaces thus creating space for freely rising towers of impressive height. This church in fact enjoys a unique position in the history of Baroque architecture. It is a High Baroque



revision of the centralised plan for St. Peter's. The dome of S. Agnese has a distinct place in a long line of domes dependent on Michelangelo's creation. Never before had it been possible for a beholder to view at a glance such a varied group of towers and dome while at the same time being drawn into the curving façade by the intense spatial suggestions.

Together with Bernini and Borromini there is undoubtedly a third great master of the Baroque, Pietro da Cortona (1596-1669), since he also created an idiom in his own right. Cortona thought in terms of the pliability of the plastic mass of walls, and through this he achieved a dynamic co-ordination of exterior and interior. This is clearly shown in his church of SS. Martina e Luca (1635-50), one of the most entirely homogeneous churches of the High Baroque. His further development as an architect showed a leaning towards Roman simplicity, grandeur and massiveness, although his basic tendencies remained unchanged. In his new façade for S. Maria della Pace (1656-7) we find a fine example of this, together with the unusual re-arrangement of the small piazza in front. An excellent description of this piazza is given by Wittkower, who likens the whole effect to a theatre where 'the church appears like the stage, the piazza like the auditorium, and the flanking houses like the boxes'. The façade also is of special interest. It consists of an interplay of convex and concave forms, with the portico boldly projecting into the piazza, and enclosed by the large concave wings, almost like arms gripping round the front. Here the powerful plastic effect is made most evident.

By now we have covered the most important aspects of the Baroque. It is a movement of such endless variety and originality that it would be quite impossible to include every variation on the central theme. Nevertheless it is worth mentioning briefly a small yet comprehensive cross-section of Baroque constructions. We might begin with what is undoubtedly the first building to be completed expressing as it does the true Baroque spirit. This is Maderno's façade for S. Susanna (1603), whose many novel characteristics were destined to have such great importance. The clustered pilasters, the strenuous form of the volutes, the cramped niches and so on, all contribute to the central upward thrust so basic in Baroque. A later work in the same vein can be found in the façade of S. Andrea della Valle which is a High Baroque alteration by Carlo Rainaldi (1661-65) of a design by Maderno (1624-29), which in its turn was 'purified' and stripped of its ambiguities a little later by Carlo Fontana.

In the field of secular architecture the spirit of the age is well portrayed in the magnificent scale of the Palazzo Barberini (1628-33), even if not in the actual design. This was the work of Maderno, Bernini, Borromini, and da Cortona among others. In the nearby piazza is found one of Bernini's first fountains, the Tritone (1642-3), which displays an entirely

new treatment in this field, for the sea-god, shell and fish are welded into an organic whole. In this and all his fountains Bernini attempted to fulfil one of his most cherished dreams, which perhaps is shared by the age in general, to create real movement and pulsating life. To complete this cursory survey it is almost demanded that Pozzo's magnificent work on the ceiling of the nave of S. Ignazio (executed in 1691-94) should be mentioned. What better summary of the Baroque age and spirit can there be?

Primarily the Baroque was a religious manifestation, Catholic and essentially Roman. In ever new and original manifestations the perpetuity and triumph of the Church, the tremendous glory of faith and sacrifice are given expression, and these intense symbols are impressed onto the beholder's eye and mind through their powerful and eloquent visual language. The Baroque, whose cradle was Ancient Rome and whose inspiration was the ever-growing confidence of the revived Faith, endured as long as artists kept these two guiding factors in mind. When they began to disregard them the style ceased to satisfy the historic and religious needs of the people, and floundered. In Rome its reign fell more or less within the seventeenth century, and it was superseded by the Rococo, a secular style which satisfied men's sensuous appetites only. Papal influence, however, was on the wane, and it is not surprising that after Bernini, Borromini and da Cortona Rome could no longer maintain her unchallenged artistic supremacy.

ROBERT CARTER

# ROMANESQUE: OPERATION BOOKWORM

Moving house can be an adventure. Moving to a new room a delight. Such activities, however, are commonplace, everyday events. You can meet a house-mover or a room-shifter anywhere. There is one, coming up the stairs, sweating under his desk, bound for suburban St. Joseph's. A social climber, no doubt. Here is another, wedged in the corridor with his favourite wardrobe. He is content, arriving at long last in the residential Common-Room Area. Let them pass. Poor souls; caught in the humdrum annual migration. They are quite happy to shift and move in the confined world of rooms. Few, after all, could be trusted to move a library.

"Operation Bookworm" began towards the end of June. The general plan was quite simple. All books in the Second Library were to be removed to facilitate extensive building operations. The details need not delay us. The first thing that immediately concerned the Operation was to locate the Second Library. This was easy, since the College has always numbered its libraries very carefully. They are Libraries One, Two and Three; or, if you wish, First, Second and Third. Such an unassuming system of library naming is very valuable to library movers. After all, if the Second Library had been known, say, as the Wiseman Library, a keen library shifter may have been at a loss to know whether this was, in fact, the library he was expected to shift. Confusion was thus avoided. Further, the fact that there were only three known libraries, all virtually in a line geographically (the left-hand turn into the Third Library is immaterial here), made it comparatively easy to locate the Second Library. For, no matter which library you entered first, the second library you entered would always be the Second Library itself. Whereas, you could not always be sure you were in the First Library. It is possible to enter the libraries *in toto* from the Nun's Staircase. In such case, the unwary shifter would think he was in the First Library, but would be, in fact, in the Third Library. Therefore,

the Second Library was far and away the easiest to find. There was one unforeseen complication. A door had been put in the wall of the Second Library, making it possible to enter the Second Library first. This difficulty was ingeniously solved. All the shifters gathered in the Library with the door in the wall. Scouting parties were sent out in two directions. The plan was to consider this library as a possible First Library. If no one could locate a third library, in either direction, regarding the Door-in-the-Wall Library as the First Library, then such a First Library could only be the Second Library in reality. Using this method, devised by Dr. Budd who controlled the whole Operation, no third libraries were located in any direction. Thus this Library was the Second Library as well. The offending door was removed, and the hole in the wall served as a further sign that this was the Second Library itself.

Once the Library was located, the real work began. This was difficult. The library had stood virtually untouched for years. It was a challenge. (Who last handled that copy of *Roma Sotterreana*?) The simple-minded would think it foolish to ask what a library is. A place for books they would say, with all that bravado of the uninitiated. But what, even, is a book? I for one would not like to say . . . now. And what about that atmosphere, that *je ne sais quoi*, which pervades old libraries? The silence, the heavy, thick, dusty smell of old leather, fading pages, quiet light, and learned corner. The waxed floor, groaning slightly under the weight, the warm-backed, hand-tooled editions; the brown, the gold, the pigskin white, ostentatious, shy-retiring, the inviting, the exclusive, the old and not so old, the brash, brand-new, small and tall, plump-smiling, slim and haughty. Some cracked-back, broken-spined, worm-blown; some head-high, gilt-edged, calf-leather-soft. A library is more than just a collection of books. It has character, personality; it almost breathes. To shift a library takes courage. You cannot come crashing in like a brute iconoclast. Library shifting is a labour of love. Tread softly, you are treading on a great number of dreams.

The obvious thing to do from the start was to examine the catalogue. That impersonal and ordered set of cards is your only guide to the personality of the library. But catalogues tend to behave strangely. It is almost as if they resented the shifter's intrusion. A catalogue seems to be able to warn a library of imminent invasion. Thus, by working together, the library and the catalogue attempt to repel the movers and shifters. The catalogue says that such and such a book is on such and such a shelf, in this or that position. This book then moves to another shelf, carefully choosing an unlikely position. Such books can be tracked down quickly, if the shifter has a keen eye. Other books, however, are more cunning. They move to a different section of the library. Acting in this way, the book will escape notice, until an alert and scholarly shifter rightly questions

the position of *The Flora and Fauna of Britain* among the collected works of Newman. Still greater skill is needed to track down the book which decides to leave the Second Library and lurk unobserved in the First or Third Libraries. Some books just disappear altogether. These are professionally known as 'Missing Books'. One method of finding a missing book is to put it in the catalogue as 'Missing'. The catalogue usually resents this, and the missing book quietly returns to lie sheepishly and obviously on some library table.

Catalogues are generally to be approached with great caution. Not only do they work closely with books, they also have habits of their own. Every catalogue will include decoy cards. These refer you to books which do not exist, providing a very effective system of delaying tactics. Then there are cards with deliberate mistakes—Book Withdrawn, for example. At once you must assume that the book is somewhere in the library. Or it could be a case of one book with several cards, each card placing the book in a different section of the library. The rule here is that the book may be in the library, but certainly not where the cards say it is. All such cards must be ruthlessly destroyed and be replaced by 'fifth column' cards. The worst trick of the catalogue is the 'missing card' procedure. A coy book turns up, and the card index refuses to supply any information to account for its place in the library. The only course open to you here is to put the book into the catalogue, making sure that any further evasion is impossible. If you feel that the book has no claim to be in any library at all, destroy it. Otherwise it will slip quietly into the First or Third Libraries creating the same situation there for the next generation of shifters.

System is, of course, all. The library was tackled with a set plan of campaign. Since the catalogue and the books employ every possible means to thwart the movers, a blow for control must be struck from the very outset. This is done by cutting the library down to size. Most libraries can be broken up into sections. But there is a more fundamental shifter's word. A section could be very extensive and prove a tough consignment. But *divide et impera* and all that. A section of a section is called a 'Bin'. Crack a section into 'Bins' and victory is in sight. There is something homely about the very word; a certain matter-of-factness, a studied nonchalance. The library feels this. Just stand in front of a section and say coldly, 'Sort this Bin out', and you can feel the silence thicken. You are now in control. Imagine how you would feel if you were the accumulated written sources of an age, and someone referred to you as a Bin. Try it on the *Acta Apostolicae Sedis*. The sense of power is exhilarating. A 'Bin', incidentally, is any single set of vertical shelves, in any section. Using the 'Bin' approach means that several sections can be attacked at once. This

helps to confuse the line of communications between the catalogue and the books, reducing their opposition considerably. Be sure to check which section this particular Bin represents.

If you do not keep that simple check, the Bin Movement will be counter-attacked by the Library's Subject Matter Arrangement. Old libraries are often very subtle here. Who would expect the Carolingian Divines to be rubbing covers with *The Dog, a Comprehensive Study*? Such spontaneity can completely unsettle the would-be shifter. Always keep in constant touch with the Commanding Officer during this part of the Operation. Above all, you must be ready for surprise attacks, especially when you are approaching a top shelf, after a long climb. A *Syriac Grammar* may suddenly snarl at you after a quiet ascent through the French Classics. Even worse, you may be viciously subjected to a book-fall, carefully planned years ago. Tall, battered, duplicate copies are usually responsible for the latter eventuality. They look innocent enough, but they are there for no other purpose than to support the shelf above. Remove them and you risk being hurled to the floor. Check them in the catalogue; they are either 'Withdrawn' or of the 'Missing Card' variety. Destroy them.

The Subject Matter of the Second Library presented a most varied browsing zone. This was a danger. It slows the shifters. This was a clever ruse, drawing the worker away from the task. You could sit calmly with the *Works of Fr. Faber* or the *Opera of Newman*, or the *Works of Wiseman*, slip unsuspectingly into the *History of the Popes*. Pass on to the *History of Painting*, graduate with the *Florentine Masters*, descend into *The Catacombs*. Stroll over to the *Life of the Archpriest Therry*. Brush up your liturgy with a spot of Jungmann, then move quickly into the collected works of Tillotson. Dip down into a bit of Botany, take a quick look at Geology, Zoology, Anthropology, Physiology, Psychology. Glide into English Literature here, revisit French Literature there, dodge the Portuguese, Spanish and Slavonic sections with a knowing comment to a fellow-worker. Turn immediately to the Languages Section and gasp over a Chaldaic Lexicon, refuse to believe in a Polish Dictionary, and smile fondly at Liddell and Scott. Admire the glass-protected Coptic Breviaries. Make a final dash past the nineteenth century Controversial Writings and you are back to Fr. Faber. This all helped to delay the great shift. It seemed barbaric to disturb this unique arrangement. But it had to be done.

The Secret Service Department was continually engaged in tracking down Precious Books. Precious Books tend to act like other books. They, too, attempt, and often succeed, in being missing. They play at being 'withdrawn'. They invariably have no catalogue reference, or a reference which deliberately refuses to indicate that they are precious. It is their very 'preciousness' which makes it imperative they be tracked down,

accounted for, catalogued, filed, described and priced. It is hard to say what a precious book is. Usually it will qualify if it is old, battered, worm-eaten, faded, unreadable without a diploma in Diplomatic, dusty and generally rundown. In other words, anything but precious in the common use of the word. Watch out for the sly exceptions, with nothing to tell you that their sleek, well-preserved backs cover a rare first edition. It was essential to isolate these precious books. Too many of them had been leading a dissolute life, floating about the Second Library for mighty odd years. They seem to sense their value. That wicked *faire rien* of theirs is a deliberate and cultivated eccentricity. A precious book enjoys eluding the hungry scholar. They can afford that hang-dog attitude, that decrepit air. They demand a separate catalogue, well-behaved, accurate, while they continue with their faded self-importance.

We ultimately have the laugh. These battered old pages of the past have value only in so far as we need them for research or are willing to stick a price on them. Again you can make an unlikely book a future precious book. Simply scribble in it. You might become a famous person. And a famous person who has scribbled in his books renders the books 'precious'. There are dozens of *Opera Omnia Sancti Augustini*, but Cardinal Allen only scribbled in a few of them. Such an edition is precious. Many a schoolboy suffers a blow about the ear for making a few pertinent remarks in the margin of his *Virgilio Opera*. But if he arrives in life, someone will pay you a fortune for the book. If you ever write a book, sign a couple of them here and there. A future owner will bless you for that humble condescension.

Before describing the final assault which effected the shift, one might just mention the outlandish decoys often found in libraries. What would you say when faced with a bird-cage in your library? There was a bird-cage in the Second Library. It almost brought work to a standstill. No ordinary bird-cage this. It was like a pagoda. It was white and gold. But most worrying of all, it carried the Papal Arms. Everyone knows where it came from, but what was it doing in the Second Library? You could hear the Catalogue chuckling softly, daring you to find an index card for it. Then there were those busts. Most libraries have a bust or two here and there. The Second Library had two. Usually you stick them on top of the book-cases. Not these. They stood resolutely in window alcoves. Sometimes it took you several minutes to realise that you were asking Cardinal Wiseman for information.

With all the cataloguing, sorting and piling over, we were ready to deal the library the death-blow. The battle was over. The library was ours. Every book was now known. The Catalogue was under control. Bring on the Packing Cases. Total subjection was demanded. The books were

assembled in Bin Formation and packed into wooden crates for storage. The crates were nailed down, marked and wheeled away. But those books are still fighting. There is nowhere to store them. At the moment they are silently causing an eye-sore all along the Cardinals' Corridor. Rank upon rank of mute packing cases demanding redress.

But the old Second Library has gone. The ceiling has come down, the floor has come up. The books will return eventually. But it will not be the same. There is talk of Expert Rearrangement. Professionals will plan the new Second Library. No more freedom-loving rambling along the shelves. No more cunning catalogues. The Precious Books are to be put behind bars for safe keeping. The old unoffending shelves are to be preserved. They're nice. The bird cage and the busts may disappear, who knows? Standing in the empty room, I felt a pang of sorrow. Perhaps I was the last person to stand there before the builders came. So I went out softly, closing the door; tiptoed through the First Library, quietly accusing me, past the packing cases, up to my room. It was a great adventure. But there is no Old Second Library any more.

WILFRID MCCONNELL



## SOME NEWMAN LETTERS—IV<sup>1</sup>

Letters written by Cardinal Newman and now in the possession of the College archives have already been published in previous issues of *THE VENERABILE*.<sup>2</sup> The second of these three articles dealt with those letters relating to the Achilli trial. Two, however, were omitted and so are printed here for the sake of completion.

The passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill in 1829 was a clear sign of the growing strength of the English mission, and from about this date on the man chiefly responsible for this improvement was Nicholas Wiseman, who gained the respect of many by his distinguished scholarship and, later, by his great pastoral energy. First in Rome and then in England, Wiseman was foremost among those who urged the Pope that the time was ripe for the re-establishment of the hierarchy of England and Wales. In preparation for this step the number of Vicars Apostolic was doubled in 1840, and eventually, in 1850, on his return from his brief exile in Gaeta, Pius IX re-established the hierarchy with Wiseman at its head.

The newly-created Cardinal returned to England with joy; his dream had come true. But he found the country in an uproar, the result of the florid and injudicious pastoral letter that he had sent before him from Rome.<sup>3</sup> In his dreams he had seriously underestimated the depth of the anti-Catholic feeling among the English people as a whole. With a sure touch of the skill that divides the great from the rest of men, Wiseman soothed the multitude in his "Appeal to the English People".<sup>4</sup> But, for obvious reasons, he made little impression on the Anglican clergy and the fanatics amongst the people. In general, the unrest caused by the fear of Papal Aggression remained.

Into this delicately-balanced situation came Giacinto Achilli. An Italian, and an ex-Dominican friar, Achilli had been found guilty of infidelity to the Church, seduction, adultery and revolutionary agitation. For this last he had been arrested and imprisoned by the Holy Office. When his release was secured by Englishmen he came to England where he was received most courteously on his arrival by Lord Palmerston, the

Foreign Secretary. At once he became one of the main prongs of the Evangelical Alliance's attack on popery. The crowds flocked to his lectures to hear him reveal the scandalous activities of the Inquisition.<sup>5</sup>

It became vital for the Catholic cause that Achilli should be shown up for what he was. Accordingly Wiseman published the various charges against him in detail in the *Dublin Review*,<sup>6</sup> and he republished them later in a pamphlet. But this procedure drew no protest or reply from Achilli, for the *Review* had too limited and Catholic a circulation to be really effective against him.

At just this time Newman was delivering his Corn Exchange lectures on the *Present Position of Catholics in England* and he decided to use Achilli's name by way of illustrating the unfounded attacks which Catholics were having to suffer.<sup>7</sup> It was not his intention, however, to become embroiled in a legal dispute. In delivering his attack he was relying on two things: firstly, the unlikelihood, as James Hope-Scott assured him, of an action for libel;<sup>8</sup> and secondly, in the event of such an action, the certainty that Wiseman could produce the necessary proofs, for he had been the first to make the charges. But Achilli's prestige could not stand any more attacks like this. If the *Dublin Review* had too slight a circulation to provoke a reaction, Newman's lecture was too brilliant and successful, and his attack too severe in its adherence to the truth to be allowed to pass unchallenged. He had to be silenced and these attacks stopped. The Evangelical Alliance—against Achilli's wishes, as it seems—forced an action.<sup>9</sup> Everything was on their side. Public opinion favoured them, and that meant the jury too. The judge, Lord Campbell, was hostile to Newman throughout the trial. The government was behind them. The Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General were Achilli's lawyers. Finally the trial was set for an early date, before written affidavits could be obtained from Achilli's victims. This made them legally insufficient, and so only one possibility remained: the witnesses would have to be brought from Italy to give evidence.

The task of finding the women and keeping them and their husbands happy, and of persuading them to come to England and give their evidence devolved mainly upon Newman's great friend, Maria Giberne, as is mentioned in the first letter. That this was no light task can readily be imagined: what woman wants to come over a thousand miles to a foreign country to give evidence that she had been seduced twenty years before? Most of them were respectably married by this time. It was probably for this reason that Badeley, who was one of Newman's counsel, made his dismal forecast about the outcome of the trial. At the same time, Wiseman's solicitor, Harting, was in Italy looking for witnesses for Miss Giberne to

bring back to England. Father Vincent, the Passionist, seems to have been one of the main sources of information.

In connexion with this whole complex business of collecting witnesses Newman wrote to Monsignor George Talbot in the December of 1851.

Oratory Bm Dec 9/51

My dear Talbot,

(Canon Grotti of Viterbo)

F Vincent the Passionist has at last turned up—after being pursued by one of our Fathers for 3 days, including yesterday's feast our great day. His information is most important, & it is a cruel thing that his superiors have kept him out of the way so long. I write it to you at once, that you may *give it to our lawyer* Mr Harting before he starts for Viterbo.

The victim whom Achilli ruined at Viterbo in the sacristy is called Gippina—she used to live in the parish of S. Sisto, vicolo detto il Bottalone. Information may be got out of Dr Mencarini, of Canons Ceccotti Nevi, Frontini, Bergasi, Mgr Fratellini, Marge (?).

The judge was Anselmi-Cancelliere Canonico Piedmontini-Secondo Cancelliere Rosati.

Miss Giberne started yesterday, & was to cross to France today—on the mission of persuading the women, either at Viterbo or Naples, or elsewhere—a most difficult job, but necessary, if we are to ensure success. Nothing will resist such a witness, but nothing short will be sufficient—though many things will *mitigate* the sentence, when pronounced ag(ain)st me. If I am to be acquitted, we must have the women or some of them in court. Miss G. is very eager the Borgheses should know the fact of her coming. She hopes to convey her charge, if she succeeds, to Belgium, & lodge them in some convent there. I assure you that, when the judge confirmed the Rule for a trial (from the want of Affidavits producible on our side), Badeley told me he thought I should not get off with less than a year's imprisonment.

*Perhaps* F Vincent will go out to Italy in order to accompany Mr Hartin about; but this depends on the lawyers and Mr Hardman's committee. I will send him to you, if he goes out—if you will kindly introduce him to Mr Harting.

The less our Fathers talk of the plans, witnesses etc. the better; else it will all be picked up by the correspondents of London papers and so be published in England.

Yours sincerely in Xt

John H Newman

Then, a fortnight later, Newman wrote to Talbot again.

Oratory Bm. Dec 26/51

My dear Talbot,

Your letter of the 19th has just come, and I write instanter (wishing you a buona festa), to assure you how very sensible I am of your extreme kindness, and the zeal with which you have taken up my matter. I am only truly sorry to have given you and other friends so much trouble—& should have felt I had no right at all to do so, were not Cardinal Wiseman, and the cause of English Catholicism, involved in a blow aimed against me.

Your letter suggests two things. 1st. Is Sacchaes *really* in Rome? *would he come to England*, and bear witness against Achilli—his evidence would be *decisive* if either he could *witness* to Achilli's irregularities or could depose to *avowals* which Achilli had made him. If he felt reluctant, why, it would be the best of penances—it would be a reparation.

2nd. F. Vincent started the 16th. Harting and F. Gordon *were* to start for Naples, at latest today, the 26th. Therefore the chance is he will never see them. Will you then see that he proceeds to Viterbo, and tell him what they have done there, and what they have left to be done—and what use he can turn Miss Giberne too [*sic*]?

I have just got Miss Giberne's letter of the 20th and would write to her, except that I have nothing to say, except to thank her which I do heartily.

F. Faber has given me an account of the feeling manner in which his Holiness has condescended to speak of me. It is a great support to me under my trial—nothing can be wrong, if St Peter is for me. I also feel deeply the kindness of the F General of the Dominicans and others who have exerted themselves for me.

Yours most sincerely in Xt

John H Newman

P.S.—I am anxious about another thing. A *most* important letter from our lawyer to Hartin went from London the 16th—about a person at Malta of the name of Larkin Reynolds—it ought to be got to Hartin at once.

Newman's troubles did not end with the successful gathering of the witnesses, for the opposition kept suspending the trial so that his expenses would mount and his witnesses, growing tired of waiting, would return to Italy. That they did not was chiefly due to the perseverance of Miss

Giberne who was rewarded to find her witnesses were the best of the trial.<sup>10</sup> This second letter also shows quite clearly Newman's view of the whole affair: not so much an attack on himself personally, as on the Church in England and the newly-constituted hierarchy. He was aware that in his action and in the outcome of the ordeal the battle with the Evangelical Alliance would be lost or won. He was afraid that all the progress of recent years would disintegrate. Yet throughout all these troubles—and remember he was in the throes of opening the University in Dublin at the same time—he held firm to his trust in God.

His trust was not misplaced. Although he was found guilty of twenty-two of the twenty-three charges brought against him, when the trial eventually took place in the June of 1852, because he could not substantiate every charge, the victory in many ways was his. During the trial it was disclosed that Achilli had acted disgracefully while in England. The servant-girls of the houses in which he had lodged gave evidence against him. His public image collapsed and his effectiveness as a speaker against Catholicism collapsed with it.<sup>11</sup>

Judgment should have been given on the 22nd November. Instead, Lord Campbell found himself listening to a three-hour attack by Sir Alexander Cockburn, Newman's counsel, on his method of conducting the trial. Cockburn appealed for a re-trial.

On 31st January, the following year, this was refused, but Newman was only fined a hundred pounds, instead of the much heavier fine that was expected, or the sentence to imprisonment. Even so the *Times* condemned the verdict as 'a great blow . . . to the administration of justice in this country', and the general feeling was that the anti-Catholic bigotry of the time had been shaken to its foundations.

JOHN HADLEY

<sup>1</sup> These letters are printed with the permission of the Very Rev. C. Stephen Dessain, Cong. Orat., Cardinal Newman's literary executor. They have already been published in Vol. XIV of *The Letters and Diaries of John Henry Newman*.

<sup>2</sup> Vol. IX, no. 1, Oct. 1938, pp. 36-49; Vol. X, no. 1, May 1941, pp. 43-54; Vol. XX, no. 4, Summer 1962, pp. 287-94.

<sup>3</sup> This Pastoral, written 'from the Flaminian gate', was dated October 7th, 1850.

<sup>4</sup> November 20th, 1850. It was published in five daily papers, including the *Times*.

<sup>5</sup> Ward, *The Life of John Henry Cardinal Newman*, Vol. 1, pp. 276-7.

<sup>6</sup> *Dublin Review*, July 1850.

<sup>7</sup> This he did in the fifth lecture, delivered on July 28th, 1851.

<sup>8</sup> Newman wrote to Hope-Scott on July 16th, asking whether an action for libel was possible. Hope-Scott replied that it was possible, but not probable.

<sup>9</sup> See Newman's letter to Talbot, written on September 1st, 1851, and published in *THE VENERABLE*, Vol. X, pp. 43-4.

<sup>10</sup> Ward, *op. cit.*, pp. 281-3.

<sup>11</sup> Ward, *op. cit.*, p. 293.

# THE BOOK OF LIFE

Often quoted in these pages, the *Liber Ruber* has never made an appearance in its own right. It is not difficult to see why; as a book it makes heavy reading, and as an historical document it is often embarrassingly sketchy. However, having survived two major upheavals, it is justly prized as a living link with the first days of the College, and the first bulky, red-bound volume has been heaved out to show countless students and visitors the first page, headed by Ralph Sherwin, student no. 1. Today volume six is in use, and the total of students has risen to 2,763. One would like to quote this as the authoritative figure, but one cannot keep a book of this kind for four hundred years without picking up or losing the odd student or so en route. We run into trouble in the first volume. Out of four students who left the College and returned several years later, three are numbered twice. Richard Button and Henry Bird, partakers in the riots of 1593-7, appear merely as names, and their numbers duplicate those of their more well-documented neighbours. A further complication is provided by William Davis, who came to the College in 1601 to take charge of the choir and teach the scholars the chant.<sup>2</sup> The Jesuits evidently looked upon a choirmaster as a necessary feature of College life, but although William was a priest, he was not considered worthy to be enrolled in the ranks of the superiors. He is therefore recorded in the midst of his pupils, a precedent which was not followed. If one counts his presence in the book as a justification for counting him as a student, the correct total would therefore be 2,762. But I do not claim this as infallible.

Having dealt with this very basic problem, one is next faced with that of what the students did, and in particular how many priests the College has produced. If the *Liber Ruber* has any mystique attached to it, as the faithful record of all the students and their careers, it must sadly crack on closer inspection. In recent years, the efficiency of succeeding compilers has managed to eliminate the human element but presents the facts admirably, and numbers are easily verifiable. In the early years one often has to record a blank, particularly in the case of a student becoming a Jesuit or going to another seminary as yet unordained. But here we have some help from previous issues of *THE VENERABLE*. Thus in 'Decline and Fall', vol. XV, p. 256, one finds the following quotation from Kirk's *Biographies of the English Catholics in the eighteenth century*: 'From 1578 to 1773 the number admitted was 1,465. Of these, 242 became Jesuits (of whom 14 made their vows in *articulo mortis*) and not more than 691 became members of the Secular Clergy in the space of 195 years. The rest either returned *re infecta*, died in the College or became Benedictines, Franciscans, etc.'. From 1773 to 1798 only 10 ordinations are mentioned.

As to the remaining period, from 1818 to the present day, the statistic is also conveniently provided, in a short article in *THE VENERABILE* of May 1960; the figure of 687 is quoted then, to which 77 should be added now; this gives us a total of 1,465. But even this figure does not contain Kirk's Jesuits and other religious, who would swell the ranks even further. It would take much research to establish a final figure.

Included in this total are 44 bishops. The golden age of Venerabile bishops is still with us; all but one of the forty-four have been consecrated since eighteen-forty. The sole predecessor of this noble band is George Chamberlain, who came to the College in 1599, was ordained in 1600, and later became bishop of Ypres.<sup>3</sup> Although his stay in Rome was short, he was still a Venerabilino, and one hopes the people of Ypres have a place in their hearts for him. The reason for his stay in Belgium is not given, but it was not unusual for students to be side-tracked on the long journey home at that time; they often went via the Low Countries or Spain. One student who didn't finish the journey was the unfortunate Thomas More, the third of that name in the College. Leaving in the 1670s (the exact date is not given) he was killed on the way by his companion.<sup>4</sup>

So England was not the only destination for students leaving Rome. If their health could not stand up to the rigour of the Eternal City, as in many cases it could not, they might be sent to Rheims or Douai to continue their studies. The causes of the malady are mentioned in only a few cases, such as that of Thomas Slack, who left in 1733: he had laboured under ill-health for a year before the doctors decided that 'the Roman air was noxious to him'.<sup>5</sup> One of the most varied journeys was made by John Manson (1633-38). Having obtained permission he set off for Spain to continue his studies. For some reason he thought better of it and went straight back to England, and thence to Ireland where he apostatized. Temporarily repenting of this, he became a Benedictine before apostatizing a second time.<sup>6</sup> His career is paralleled by that of Robert Gage (1644, September to November), who left to become a Jesuit and then a Carthusian before apostatizing.<sup>7</sup> The most interesting case of all was that of William Rowe, who came in 1710.<sup>8</sup> Nothing is said directly about his previous history, but he was evidently a sailor and something of a bad lot. He behaved well for a time, but soon, worn down by his studies and by college discipline, he 'returned to his maritime education' and contracted a *morbus caducus*. The authorities may or may not have been on his trail, but at any rate he decided to avoid any unpleasant confrontation. On the evening of the 22nd of June, 1711, having pocketed 24 scudi belonging to the College, he ran away. It is difficult, a marginal note comments, for one corrupted by the institutions of maritime life to be converted to true Christian piety. He had first come to the College as a

guest, and only later joined as a student. No doubt the famous Venerabile hospitality deceived him.

These are only a few of the varied ways in which people have ended their College careers. The first fifty years, until about 1625, saw a steady flow of Jesuit recruits; after this the practice fell into decline. There has never been a religious order to which the College has supplied a similar number of students, but over the years most of them have had at least one. Among the more successful of these was Francis Hunter, who became general of the Camaldolese in 1689.<sup>9</sup> Nearly 70 students have died in the College, the last I can trace being in 1857. Of course, the bulk of these were in the early years. 1582 was a bad year, with three deaths; this was repeated in 1599 and 1647. No new students arrived in 1630 because of a plague in Italy, but no deaths are recorded in the College. Another student with a forcible end to his career was John Sutton, who came in 1633, went mad after only a few months and was sent back to England by ship from Naples.<sup>10</sup> The College has always had its delinquents, and some of them come in for hard words. Such a one was Francis Barnby (1593-99), who earned censure for taking part in the riots of that time. After a period of repentance, he 'returned to his vomit' and gave bad example in England.<sup>11</sup> Edward Newman (1729-31) frittered away his two years in Rome, and when he finally departed he did not leave a good odour behind him: *si non expulsus, meruit tamen expellendus*.<sup>12</sup>

The first regulation of the Constitutions that are to be found at the beginning of the Liber Ruber is that the students should come from England or its provinces, and in very few cases has this not been adhered to. A student distribution map of England would not show much variation over the years; the two great suppliers, London and the North of England, still continue to turn them out. In general, the total of Northerners exceeds that of Southerners, but it has not always been so; in the nineteenth century numbers are pretty well matched. By contrast, between the wars Northerners dominated heavily. Welshmen make up less than one per cent of all students, and Irishmen (born in Ireland, that is) if anything are fewer. Malta, which first sent a student in 1844, has sent thirteen; Australia, two; and there were two students from America in the eighteenth century, although they were intended for work in England. The students are at first recorded by dioceses; by 1600 only towns are mentioned; later still, districts, and finally dioceses again, in ever-growing numbers. Portsmouth sent its first student in 1882; Middlesbrough had sent its first the previous year. Next to appear is Brentwood and finally Arundel and Brighton, a lusty youngster with five students, past and present, to its credit already.

True foreigners are hard to come by. In the early years there is only Giovanni Battista Pallotta; he being of high (but clandestine) birth, is



something of a special case.<sup>13</sup> He is recorded as having arrived in 1643 at the instance of his father, Cardinal Pallotta. One wonders whether little Giovanni found much in the running of the College to complain about to his illustrious father. The superiors no doubt found relations with him somewhat ambiguous. Unfortunately the *Liber Ruber* neglects to give any details of his career. One finds several other people with Italian names, including the Vezzosi family, of whom more below, but it is not until the period of the Italian secular rule that one finds genuine Italians again; the Vezzosis and others were only half Italian. Between 1783 and 1798 twelve young Romans came to the College as Convictors, only staying a few years.

On the whole, the typical student is most likely to be of Northern English origin; and since the last war he has been  $19\frac{1}{2}$  years old at the time of entry to the College. (In the first fifty years of the College the average age was 21; for the next 150,  $17\frac{3}{4}$ ; records are less complete during the nineteenth century.) Here again, the end of the first volume of the *Liber Ruber*, covering the latter part of the eighteenth century, makes interesting reading. The period of Italian secular rule in the college was the nadir of its fortunes. In place of the first healthy flow of students (500 between 1577 and 1611) there was a mere trickle; in the whole of the eighteenth century only 300 arrived. Not surprisingly, therefore, the kind of material that was being sent out was sub-standard, not least in the matter of age. Thomas Dean, arriving in 1706, was exceptionally young for the time; he was thirteen.<sup>14</sup> But he was only the beginning. William Holland, who came in 1733, was a year younger and a good deal less intelligent.<sup>15</sup> He wasn't even suitable for the lowest class at the *Collegio Romano* and was sent to a private school for one and a half years. He had another attempt at the *Collegio Romano* and again was found wanting; so he departed. In 1720 had come two ten-year-olds, Lewis and James Wood, brothers, and sons of Laurence Wood who was the doctor of 'James III, the most serene King of England'.<sup>16</sup> Six years later came a boy of nine, the Florentine James Vezzosi.<sup>17</sup> The Vezzosi family (the children were known in the College by their mother's name of Robinson) became something of an institution in the following years, as after the youthful James arrived Joseph in 1731, aged 12, Charles (no age given) in 1734, and Stephen, aged 21, in 1737.

The young students of this time were not always a success and many of them stayed only a short time. An exception was Henry Kerby, who was born in France in 1712 and came to the college in 1720 aged eight.<sup>18</sup> He emerged again nearly fifteen years later, having served under four rectors. It is noticeable that as the College's fortunes declined students were sought nearer at hand, whether Italians or Englishmen born abroad.

One gets the impression that the College could easily have turned into a convenient boarding school for the English set in Italy. The youngest student of all seems to have been William Marshall, accepted in 1780, a mere seven-year-old.<sup>19</sup> He left the next year. Is there anyone else who can claim to have left the Venerabile at the age of eight? Turning to the other end of the scale, quadragenarians have been few and far between. There was Richard Chaderton, who was 46 or 47 on his arrival in 1599; but the old man of the College, as far as I can ascertain, is Richard Compton, who was no less than 48 when he came in 1699.<sup>20</sup> He had neglected to bring any testimonials with him and he was not known to anyone in the College; so he had to wait two months for admission while enquiries were made about him. In reality, he was not entirely unknown to the College; he had already spent three years there as a student, from 1671 to 1674. Such a break in one's course, of twenty-five years, may have been valuable but it was certainly unusual. It is a considerable proportion of the 69.4 years which has been the life expectation of a Venerabile priest in the last forty years or so.

What is the most popular Christian name in the College? Christian names for the period 1818-1959 have been covered in an article, already mentioned, in *THE VENERABILE* for May 1960. John was the most popular name, with William overall second, and Michael coming up by leaps and bounds to be second for the period 1898-1959. The Top Ten for 1819 to 1897 (John, William, Thomas, James, Joseph, Henry, George, Francis, Richard and Edward) is almost identical with that for 1577 to 1798; the names are in different positions, but they are all the same except that Charles was then number ten, and Joseph does not appear. Michael, now the second most popular name, has less than two dozen examples for the whole 221 years. Corresponding changes of fashion can be found in surnames. While Smith (about 30) and Brown (16) go on for ever, the seven or so Talbots and the six Robinsons of the first volume have given way to eleven Joneses, eleven Murphys and a positive flood of Kellys, holding third place with thirteen examples, easily the commonest name this century.

It will have been noticed that most of my quotations are taken from the first volume of the *Liber Ruber*. In those days the College Diary really was a diary; it provided not only dates, but also something of the student's character. It is thus a mine of information. The subsequent history of the *Liber Ruber* is strewn with attempts to brighten up what became, after the College's return to Rome in 1818, a very scanty record of the students' careers. There are several half-started volumes, afterwards copied into the main ones; these volumes often open with high ideals but one invariably finds the records becoming smaller and smaller, ending up as

mere lists of dates. The most ambitious of these half-started volumes is the one immediately following the first one, the *Alumnorum et Convictorum Anglicani Collegii Album*. The title-page is in the usual ambitious vein, promising a full record of each student, and in fact this book contains the most detailed accounts of all. Unfortunately it only covers 14 years, up to 1798, and was interrupted by the Napoleonic Wars. When the College returned and the third book was started, a strictly utilitarian spirit prevailed, and this volume is the least informative of all. The 'Album' has a long passage on each student's character. It only recognises two types of student, the good and the bad. Those who departed honourably from the College, either by becoming a priest or by dying (there were five of the first and three of the second) are good; those who merely left were bad. Since most of those who left were in fact expelled, this is probably a pretty just classification. However, the superiors of the time were only too ready to get rid of some of the students. John Delaney and Thomas Berry left in 1790 after they had 'questioned the ability of the Roman theologians and written in contempt of them' in an exam.

After the blood and thunder of the 'Album', the third book, as I have already said, is completely devoid of interest. Only at very rare intervals were attempts made to keep a fuller record, but always in the constricting medium of Latin (all the quotations so far have been translated from Latin); thus one finds the villages of East and West Grinstead in Sussex described as Grinstead (Orient.) and Grinstead (Occident.). Very occasionally there is a lapse into the vernacular; 'took up tea planting in Ceylon? or rubber planting in the Malay States'; 'resurrected the orchestra'. The vernacular eventually ousted Latin altogether, but ambiguities and 'things one would rather have said otherwise' remain. References to ordinations taking place at the Capuchins' Head House fall into this category.

No such amusement can be gleaned from the pages of the *Liber Ruber* today. This sedate document contains not a scrap of superfluous information. The sacristans and university delegates are recorded; no more the Boot Men and Secretaries to Handball at the Villa. If College life is more hectic now than before, it would not appear so from the *Liber Ruber*.

STEPHEN DEAN

<sup>1</sup> *Liber Ruber*, p. 42 (all references are to the first volume).

<sup>2</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 67.

<sup>3</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 63. The total of 44 bishops does not include Dr. Herbert Croft, Anglican bishop of Hereford (see *THE VENERABLE*, Summer 1967).

<sup>4</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 109.

<sup>5</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 167.

<sup>6</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 100.

<sup>7</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 108.

<sup>8</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 151.

<sup>9</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 125.

<sup>10</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 100

<sup>11</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 46.

<sup>12</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 165

<sup>13</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 107.

<sup>14</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 149.

<sup>15</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 169.

<sup>16</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 159.

<sup>17</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 164.

<sup>18</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 159.

<sup>19</sup> To be found in the unnumbered pages at the back of the book.

<sup>20</sup> *Lib. Rub.*, p. 148.

## NOVA ET VETERA

50 YEARS AGO

This winter sees the fiftieth anniversary of Monsignor Hinsley's appointment as Rector of the Venerable. On that occasion his year sent him the following letter:

To The Right Rev. Monsignor A. Hinsley, D.D.

Dear Arthur,

We, the companions of the 'Good Old School' unite in offering you our warmest congratulations and affectionate felicitations on the honour that has been conferred on you by our Holy Father in the promotion to the Rectorship of the English College, Rome. We have always been proud of you because of the lustre you have cast on the 'School' by your scholarly attainments and priestly zeal, as well as by the great educational work you have accomplished during your missionary career. We are doubly proud now that your worth and abilities have been so signally recognised by the Head of the Church and by the Episcopacy of this country. In your new sphere you will find ample scope for your energy and abilities.

We rejoice in your promotion, and feel sure that your return to the old associations and the congenial atmosphere of Rome will stimulate you to still more fruitful service of the Church. We shall follow your career as Rector of the English College with deep interest, and will pray God to bless and strengthen you in the discharge of the duties of your responsible position.

We beg you to accept the enclosed cheque as a brotherly 'consideration' towards the expense you will be put to in changing your quarters.

Signed: T. Crookall	J. J. O'Dowd	James Rowan
John Rogers	John Unsworth	Edwin J. Carr
Thomas Reilly	Alex. Smith	Fredk. Mitchell
Robt. Taylerson	Francis Clarke	

## TWO NOTES ON PALAZZOLA

1. *The Site of Alba Longa*

The results of my studies about the site of Alba Longa were published systematically first of all in this magazine, *THE VENERABILE*.<sup>1</sup> Then in 1961 my little book, *La Scoperta Topografica di Alba Longa*, was given to the press and was published by the learned cultural association, Alma Roma. This publication obtained very favourable reviews from the foremost archaeological journals, such as *Les Etudes Classiques* of Namur, *L'Antiquité Classiques* of Bruxelles, *Archaeologia Austriaca* of Vienna, *Emerita Rivista de Linguistica y filiologia Classica* of Madrid, *Erszito* of Budapest and *Eos* of Warsaw. Some of those erudite reviewers, among them in particular Jean Ch. Balty, expressed the opinion that the results of my studies concerning the position of Alba Longa—on the natural acropolis of Prato Fabio and on its ridge which branches out towards the area of Palazzola—should be considered as providing the definitive solution to the problem.

Recent excavations carried out at this site by the Soprintendenza alle Antichità di Roma have started to produce positive results, as fragments of jars have been unearthed there. We hope also to bring to light the foundations of the stone huts of the ancient Alban people, and it is not impossible that the true Alban Necropolis can be discovered on the slopes of Monte Cavo which was first identified with the ancient Monte Albano by Philip Clüwer. Before Clüwer's time people believed that Monte Albano could be identified with the crateric heights above Lake Albano between Castel Gandolfo and Albano Laziale. Until the beginning of the seventeenth century it was supposed that Alba Longa originated at Albano Laziale or on the heights of Castel Savelli. Even before Lucas Holstein, Philip Winghe maintained that the first settlement of the Romans was most likely to be on the high ground where Castel Gandolfo now stands. No one had ever thought of Palazzola as the original site of Alba Longa because people were unaware that Monte Cavo was the ancient Monte Albano. After this identification—made by Clüwer around the beginning of the seventeenth century—the hypothesis that Alba Longa arose where Palazzola is now situated prevailed over all others. This hypothesis seemed to be confirmed by a passage from Dionysius of Halicarnassus who pointed out the position of the ancient city 'near the hill and near the lake . . . on the space of ground situated between the two'; in fact, the area occupied by Palazzola lies between Lake Albano and the ancient Monte Albano. But I have shown that the passage from Dionysius has been misunderstood and that the historian marked the position of Alba Longa 'on the hill and above the lake'. This exact interpretation avoids

any contradiction with the witness of other ancient authors, effectively ruling out the present site of Palazzola: thus the hypothesis that the original position of Alba Longa was at Palazzola turns out to be completely untenable, as it no longer has in its favour either philological or archaeological arguments.

However, in a short (*acritica*) publication there has been another attempt to revive this hypothesis which has lain dead and buried for a considerable time. Some dreamers during recent years would like to see the wall of *peperino*—cut out vertically by the ancients using pointed instruments—as a defensive work and part of the Alban acropolis whose site came to be located on the plateau where the Villa del Cardinale was eventually built. But already Ashby, Tomassetti and Lugli had realized that such a ‘cut’, executed with such perfection, could not go back to the time of the early Alban people. Instead the cutting was carried out by one of the proprietors of the Roman Villa erected at Palazzola in the first half of the first century B.C., and restored at the beginning of the second century A.D. The rock face was cut in this way mainly for aesthetical reasons, because of the area’s spaciousness, and also to avoid possible landslides from the rocks jutting out from above.

The line of the rocky wall can in no way be considered as an artificial defence structure of Alba Longa, for as such it would be a defensive work placed in the only part where it was unnecessary since the precipitous ridge of the crater constituted in itself an impregnable defence against eventual aggressors. On the other three sides of the ledge overlooking Palazzola not a single trace of defensive structure has been found, while in those parts (which are all three open to enemy invasion) strong artificial defences would have been necessary. In this case the ancient Albanese would have shown a complete lack of strategic sense—something inadmissible—considering that around the ninth and tenth centuries B.C. all the Italian tribes knew how to choose positions for their settlements which were by their nature strongly fortified.

While observing the line of the crater round Palazzola I have noticed that its horizontal profile is rather concave. This particular fact has led me to suppose that in ancient times a large landslide may have occurred there. Once the rocky ground which had fallen from above had been cleared away, a space was made, sufficient for the construction of a Roman villa. We cannot affirm that the line of the rock was cut in the first half of the first century B.C., together with the construction of the villa. Yet it could have been carried out on the wishes of the proprietor who in the second century A.D. had his sepulchral monument cut into the rock wall and so constructed an aesthetically harmonious whole in imitation of the rock works of the Hittites, Persians and other eastern peoples.

## 2. *The Caves of Palazzola*

Within and without the grounds at Palazzola there are some very extensive caves. The ceilings of some of them are covered delightfully with fern and these provide a welcome freshness during the heat of the summer months. One large cave, used from time to time by shepherds, opens under the Pentima di Battiferro and is overlooked by the Belvedere of the same name; it is situated about 2.6 km. 'along' the Via dei Laghi. Another imposing cave which provides a safe refuge for dozens of crows can be seen in the ridge of the crater almost midway between the Pentima di Battiferro and Palazzola. To the south of Palazzola's grounds there are a number of caves. The largest of these are La Grotta del Tesoro and La Grotta di Gasperone. They were cut into the side of the crater from within the grounds of the convent itself.

The Grotta di Gasperone is an artificial cave about seventy metres in depth, whose entrance still remains blocked by a landslide which occurred in 1929. Inside it was cut out in such a way as to form rooms supported at places by pillars. During the fifteenth century it was used by Cardinal Isidor of Thessalonica to escape the summer heat. In 1463 when the humanist pope, Pius II, visited Palazzola, fresh water and thermal springs flowed in the caves, but all trace of these has now disappeared.

Some scholars, noticing the hole made in the roof of the Grotta di Gasperone, were led to believe that the caves may have been used in ancient times as prisons. This opinion seems to have been confirmed by several passages from the ancient writers where mention was made of underground Alban prisons. However, these writers referred to the underground prisons of Alba del Fucino, not to those of Alba Longa which, again, were not built at Palazzola but on the cliff and ridge of Prato Fabio on the western slope of Monte Albano. Other scholars believed that the rock overlooking Palazzola was long ago bored with holes through which water ran to be collected in the subterranean rooms. But this opinion also has been proved false. Professor Giuseppe Lugli has wisely noted that those responsible for cutting the entrance of the Grotta di Gasperone were those who cut the underground passage of the Roman aqueduct which passed through that place. It cannot be admitted then that this section of the tunnel was cut by the ancient Romans. Instead we should say that it was cut during the post-classical period—some time in the Middle Ages. It is to this time that one can trace the quarrying of the so-called Grotta di Gasperone, named after the notorious bandit who operated in this area. The hole in the roof evidently gave rise to the local legend that the bandit Gasperone often used it as a means of getting down to the cave from the open ground above. In fact there are other caves bearing the same name: one of them was pointed out to me in

the thickly-grown wood north-east of Ariccia. The hole in the roof of the Grotta di Gasperone is nothing more than an air-shaft for the tunnel of the ancient aqueduct which still exists in the actual walls of the cave.

In 1958 I came to Palazzola with Professor Ventriglia from the Institute of Mineralogy attached to the University of Rome. He pointed out to me that the Pentima di Battiferro cave and many others open out between two strong seams of *lapis albanus*, commonly called *peperino*. The layer between the two seams of *lapis albanus* is a friable material which easily disintegrates under the action of the elements, such as wind and the alternation of frost and heat, in addition to the action of the water filtering down from the higher strata. The volcanic activity in the crater of Lake Albano came to an end towards the beginning of the early Pleistocene period, i.e. an epoch considerably earlier than 25,000 years ago. The action of the elements on the soft layer between the two seams of *lapis albanus* could already have commenced more than 20,000 years ago. This would explain the origin of the natural caves round the side of the crater, and note: these are first and foremost 'natural' caves. Some of them were dug deeper by builders in the Middle Ages, as they drew out material for the construction of the convent and the nearby Castello di Malafitto. The crumbly material would have been used to mix cement.

Through man's quarrying and the ever deeper erosion of the elements, the upper seam of *peperino* lost the necessary support of the layer of crumbly rock. Eventually it began to give way causing the many landslides which have afflicted Palazzola throughout her history. From what we have said one can conclude that the artificial caves at Palazzola did not exist at the time of the ancient Albans, nor even at the time of the Romans. So it is obviously impossible to maintain that they would have been used as ancient prisons or *nymphaea*. Nor is there any need to consider seriously the opinion that suggests that the caves of Palazzola were the first homes of the primitive Albans. Their homes were huts of hewn rock similar in form to the shed-like urns found in the tombs of the Alban tribes.

FRANCESCO DIONISI

### 30 YEARS AGO

Father Joseph Welsby, S.J., for many years the College's Spiritual Director, died thirty years ago last December. It is only right that his memory should be recalled here, however briefly, for he gave so much of himself for the benefit of the College, the good of its students and the sanctification of England.



## ROMAN ASSOCIATION MEETING 1967

The ninety-eighth annual meeting of the Roman Association was held at the Exchange Hotel, Liverpool, on 1st and 2nd May, 1967. The President, the Bishop of Lancaster, was in the chair.

During the course of the meeting, Monsignor Brewer gave an account of the new arrangements that would be coming into effect at the Gregorian in the forthcoming scholastic year. He pointed out that more emphasis was being put on written work and in theology students were already presenting essays to a tutor. He informed members of the difficulty experienced by the University in obtaining professors who would be willing to lecture in Latin, and this language might well be dropped, but no other language has as yet been chosen to take its place. The Monsignor then went on to speak about grants that were made by a number of local authorities and wondered if the system of the Association's burses might be adjusted to benefit perhaps for a certain number of years in the College. The meeting then went on to vote in a small sub-committee to go into the question thoroughly. Later it was suggested at the General Meeting that this committee might discuss the Delaney money. Originally this had been left by Father Delaney to provide a useful gift for those in Top Year. Unfortunately the income from this was quite inadequate and for some years it has had to be supplemented from the funds of the Association. The grant of the Delaney money is quite at the discretion of the Association and this year £100 was voted from general funds to permit, together with the interest from the Delaney money, each member of Top Year to receive £10.

Rule 2 of the Association until this year read as follows: 'All priests who have studied within the walls of the College of St Thomas in Rome shall be eligible as Ordinary Members'. At the General Meeting this was altered. With the omission of the word 'priests', it now enables laymen, who were at the College, to apply for membership.

Monsignor Alan Clark was elected as the new President.

As the scheme of voluntary donations for seven years was now terminated, and the need for financial support for the College was still very urgent, it was agreed that the Treasurer circularize the members to continue their donations.

Seventy-six members were present at the luncheon. At this the Bishop of Lancaster proposed the health of the College and the Association, to which Monsignor Brewer replied. Monsignor Joseph Mullin proposed the health of the Hierarchy, to which the Bishop of Shrewsbury replied.

The meeting next year has been arranged for 3rd and 4th June in London.

E. M. ABBOTT, *Secretary*.

## COLLEGE DIARY

*December 27th, 1966, Tuesday. Les hommes meurent, et ils ne sont pas heureux.* Ineluctably. A yellow-curtained, smoke-filled Common Room engenders the absurd. Tautophonically. We see *Caligula*, a drama by Albert Camus. Curiously. There are no casualties. Gratefully.

### CALIGULA by Albert Camus

<i>Caligula</i> - - - - -	Paul McAndrews
<i>Caesonia, his mistress</i> - - - - -	Adrian Toffolo
<i>Helicon, his intimate friend</i> - - - - -	John Koenig
<i>Scipio</i> - - - - -	Spencer Pearce
<i>Cherea</i> - - - - -	David Standley
<i>Old Patrician</i> - - - - -	Michael Mills
<i>First Patrician</i> - - - - -	Clyde Johnson
<i>Second Patrician</i> - - - - -	Christopher McCurry
<i>Third Patrician</i> - - - - -	Thomas Finnigan
<i>Mereia</i> - - - - -	Brian McEvoy
<i>Lepidus</i> - - - - -	Philip Carroll
<i>A Knight</i> - - - - -	Peter Kitchen
<i>Mucius</i> - - - - -	William Pitt
<i>His Wife</i> - - - - -	Thomas Clarke
<i>The Intendant</i> - - - - -	Peter Wilkinson
<i>Guards</i> - - - - -	John Marsland, Anthony Convery
<i>Slaves</i> - - - - -	Anthony Murphy, Robert Carter

Produced by John Guest

*28th, Wednesday.* Butt-ends, ashes, dust. Memento, homo. Redispose the Common Room for Kirk Douglas, *The Heroes of Telemark* and the unsubstantial movements of celluloid man—masquerading this time in the icy wastes of wartime Norway.

*29th, Thursday. Feast of St. Thomas of Canterbury.* Concelebrated Mass, condevoured *pranzone* . . . parquet swept . . . stage set? . . . Here a touch. . . More or less. . . Good. . . There a touch. . . And now for your further Yuletide entertainment . . . *The Lady's Not For Burning*—by Christopher Fry, Metaphysical Wit.

## THE LADY'S NOT FOR BURNING by Christopher Fry

<i>Richard, an orphaned clerk</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Timothy Williamson
<i>Thomas Mendip, a discharged soldier</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Wilfrid McConnell
<i>Alizon Eliot</i>	-	-	-	-	-	John Hadley
<i>Nicholas Devize</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Vincent Brennan
<i>Margaret Devize, mother of Nicholas</i>	-	-	-	-	-	David McGough
<i>Humphrey Devize, brother of Nicholas</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Timothy Firth
<i>Hebble Tyson, the Mayor</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Frederick Martin
<i>Jennet Jourdemayne</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Paul Furlong
<i>The Chaplain</i>	-	-	-	-	-	Francis Pullen
<i>Edward Tappercoom</i>	-	-	-	-	-	} 29th Dec. Philip Holroyd 1st Jan. Stephen Dean
<i>Matthew Skippis</i>	-	-	-	-	-	

Produced by Roderick Strange

30th, Friday. The right day, possibly, for *The Wrong Box*, a modern comedy in Edwardian dress. Michael Caine, entertain!

31st, Saturday. After the customary Benediction at San Silvestro, given by Cardinal Heard, a little impromptu entertainment shakes the Common Room. Fair Night is under way.

January 1st, 1967. Sunday. Fair Night is a great success. Even the neighbours join in.

Struggle blearily downstairs, collect your brush and dustpan and discuss the genesis of a large pile of debris resplendent outside the venerable front door. (Next year's lucky prizewinners offered extended tour of north-west Europe.)

*Iterum wiederum: The Lady's Not For Burning.*

2nd, Monday. Melpomene and Thalia, placing a ban on Christmas overtime, are joined by the students in a first-ever Christmas gita. One party, huddled together for warmth, ascends the Olympian heights to Palazzola. Another generously sets out to clear mud in flood-stricken Florence. Some few remain at home.

3rd, Tuesday. Somewhat piqued, and in familiar holiday mood, Anster of the hoary locks rains down heavily on Olympian and Stygian alike.

4th, Wednesday. And continues to do so.

6th, Friday. *Feast of the Epiphany.* Back at the College the incumbent Lares and Penates quietly celebrate the feast of the Epiphany; while up on Olympus Boreas wings in with an unexpected snowstorm.

7th, Saturday. Out of retreating cloud blithe scatterlings emerge. Down from auroral heights Olympus' sons descend. All return, restored. Turn, all stored. Ah! the ambrosial diet. Have I been rolling the stone of Sisyphus all week?

8th, Sunday. The Florentines return with a catalogue *raisonné* of the city's flooded cellars, where, they discovered, one came across the most stimulating people.

9th, Monday. Brrr. Frigidly Gregwards we.

All round to Sant' Andrea to light the way for Cardinal Ottaviani, officiating at the Pontifical Vespertine Benediction.

11th, *Wednesday*. In flies Father Worlock, aptly crowned in astrakhan, accompanied by Father Cormac Murphy-O'Connor.

12th, *Thursday*. 'Diocesan Structures': Father Worlock explains to the Literary Society his work in Portsmouth. Clouded prospects brighten.

13th, *Friday*. The House falls into convenient groups to discuss the much-discussed Villa system.

14th, *Saturday*. Father Worlock presides at this morning's concelebration, and Excellentissimus ac Reverendissimus Dominus Dominus Theodoricus Worlock, Episcopus Portus Magni, hears his name read in the refectory.

15th, *Sunday*. Harold and George, Wilson and Brown,  
 Today all four of them came to town.  
 While back beneath these ponderous tiles,  
 Laurel and Hardy still raise a few smiles.

The film, ousted from its place in the cycle of Christmas entertainment, was called *Laurel and Hardy's Laughing Twenties*. Indeed they were.

16th, *Monday*. While a triumvirate is set up to co-ordinate work at present being done on texts and music for sung Masses in English, others arrive with cubits of damask trapping which add that little *personne ne sait quoi* to any *quarant 'ore* devotion.

Sober variety is the veritable spice of life. *Richard III*. Many see that remarkable film of, to, for, by, with, and from Sir Laurence Olivier. At the British Council.

The rosary. The English College's annual contribution to world broadcasting. On Vatican Radio.

17th, *Tuesday*. 'Pon an instant in traversal of the princely *Sala Clementina* by bold, goodly cheers that nigh did rend the welkin, the right honourable Harold and the noble gallant George did make some pause to discourse in manner most harmonious with the therein foregathered and black circumvested attendant worthy British subjects, citizens of the United Kingdom and erstwhile glorious Colonies, and full seemly burghers of the peerless township of fair Liverpool withal.

18th, *Wednesday*. Church Unity Octave begins.

The Wiseman group meets to discuss Charles Davis's comments on institutionalism in the Church.

19th, *Thursday*. Third lunch annually ecumenical: trinitarian doctrine of well-known heresiarch denounced.

20th, *Friday*. *Quarant 'ore* begin with the High Mass of Exposition at 15.30, followed by a brisk walk to the Gesù for Cardinal Tisserant's Church Unity Octave Mass at 18.15.

22nd, *Sunday*. *Quarant 'ore* end with an evening Mass of Deposition at 18.15, followed by a quick transit to the Common Room for the customary fraternal colluctation, diagnosed by some as the inevitable consequence of religious supersaturation.

23rd, *Monday*. The Vice-Rector returns from England. Nine students retire to bed. Hysteron proteron, sorry.

24th, Tuesday. Athol Taylor, of the Australian Embassy in Rome, talks to the Literary Society about past and present Australian attitudes and policy with regard to the problems of immigration.

25th, Wednesday. The infirmarians have a busy day as the numbers of the 'flu victims abed reaches its peak. No longer one's personal starstream of ethereal fluid, you see, but a contagious febrile disorder.

27th, Friday. The MSI (one must presume), as an expression of the poignant sentiments aroused by the imminence of the arrival on Italian soil of Comrade Podgorny, take to planting bombs in various communist headquarters up and down the country. A bomb explodes by the church in the Piazza Balduina; fortunately at a time when most good, catholic communists are in bed.

Bishop Holland arrives for meetings of his post-conciliar commission.

30th, Monday. Four candles? Ewer and basin?—This is *selbstentfremdung* run riot, Comrade!

Nicolai Podgorny visits the Pope. *Carabinieri* patrol the Greg. steps. Secure at some safe distance, students sit patiently, *arrectis auribus*. Nothing happens.

31st, Tuesday. End of first semester.

February 2nd, Thursday. The Anglo-Hibernian soccer match: 4-0 to the Anglo-Hibernians.

3rd, Friday. The Literary Society is addressed by Dottor Bonacci on the subject of anxiety state.

5th, Sunday. A day of worthy celebration. The Rector, offering Mass in thanksgiving for his twenty-five years as a priest, presides at this morning's concelebration. *Te Deum laudamus*.

In the evening we are treated to a very amusing Italian film, shot against a background familiar to us all: *Fumo di Londra*, with Alberto Sordi.

6th, Monday. After three weeks' unrelenting search, the Vice's shoes are reunited with their owner.

7th, Tuesday. *Shrove Tuesday*. The Rector ends the final day of his silver jubilee triduum with a reception in the *salone* for all deserving friends.

8th, Ash Wednesday. Sssh! Don't tell anyone, but I do believe today is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Boss's ordination. You mean to say he's been going as long as Stan?

In the evening Father Adrian Hastings talks to the Literary Society about the Church in Africa.

A *jour maigre* as we get into the quadragesimal swing of things.

9th, Thursday. A sports double against H.M.S. *Rhyl* results in a — victory for the soccer team and a — defeat for the rugby fifteen.

10th, Friday. The Rector leaves for two weeks' quiet repose in gelid England.

11th, Saturday. Those *ad subdiaconatum promovendi* leave for one week's quiet repose at the much-eulogized Villa Cavaletti.

16th, Thursday. Snow, snow, quick, quick, snow—2°, 138 cm. Where do we eat? how about that, then? On the top of old smokee. Very nice. There we sat and cried. Laughing. No, just a bit sore, that's all. Whosoever shall scale the soaring summit of towering Terminillo . . . Whoosh. Biscuitfully onward. Toll-de-roll-a-day. And we all fall down.

*17th, Friday.* A Day of Recollection for those receiving tonsure and second minors tomorrow. Father Smith comes over from San Silvestro to give the conference at 11, and then to celebrate Mass afterwards. A very agreeable arrangement! The subdeacons-to-be return from the salutiferous comforts of retreat.

*18th, Saturday.* A quick coffee, then round to the Dodici Apostoli for an early start to the morning's ceremony. By 7 all are ready, becassocked, becotta-ed and beseated, staring at each other across the freshly-swept sanctuary. We sit in silent anticipation, awaiting only the arrival of the ordaining prelates. By 9 he too is ready, and so at length the lengthy rites begin. The next five hours go very smoothly, the man quite obviously used to ordaining in bulk. Only—we find out later—he just had not been informed of this morning's little lot!

*19th, Sunday.* Cardinal Heard ordains our eleven subdeacons in the College church, a far more intimate ceremony than that of yesterday. Congratulations to Messrs. Cornish, Firth, Fox, Johnson, McConnell, McHugh, McSweeney, Martin, O'Connell, Pullen and Standley.

*20th, Monday.* Your diarist takes to his bed: the lenten days are leaden lusk, his English lean unlovely.

*23rd, Thursday.* Bishop Harris, on his way home after an eventful African expedition, pays us a brief visit.

*24th, Friday.* Father Ladislav Örsy, S.J., our man in Washington (D.C.), returns to Rome for supper at the English College. Our man in Chorley (Lancs.), Monsignor J. Leo Alston, M.A., does the same.

*26th, Sunday.* *Rien, et rien que rien.* Superfetation of the insignificant.

*28th, Tuesday.* We march into lunch under the academically depicted gaze of William Cardinal Allen and Greg. XIII. Pont. Max., with whom we must now share the refectory.

In the evening Paul Weaver of the British Council speaks to the Literary Society about several matters historical in a talk entitled *1066 and All That*. Over the road at the Foyer Unitas, Edward Schillebeeckx provides an attractive alternative in the form of his views on *L'importance théologique du Synode des Evêques*.

*March 1st, Wednesday.* St. David's Day. This morning's festal concelebration provides us with a novel piece of Welsh chant. We are later entertained to a Welsh speech, and end the day's festivities with Welsh Benediction. *Cymru am byth!*

*2nd, Thursday.* *Und wiederum der goldne Morgenschein!* As the warm spell continues, the met. men promise us a very hot summer.

*4th, Saturday.* Common Room scenes of carousal and revelry as the more important half of the day's play gets under way. I believe our visitors, B.E.A.'s Rugby XV, lost both halves of the tournament this year.

*5th, Laetare Sunday.* A truly human story. A tale of tender warfare on the tiny tropical island of Niemandniemalsgewinut, somewhere south of Sumatra. *None But The Brave.* None, indeed, but Frank Sinatra.

*6th, Monday.* *Catholic Higher Education.* Mr. Harries, a Don of St. Edmund's House, Cambridge, tells the Literary Society of impressions gathered in the

United States and on the continent during the sabbatical year he spent touring catholic colleges and universities.

8th, *Wednesday*. *C'est la dure loi des hommes  
Se garder intact malgré  
Les guerres et la misère  
Malgré les dangers de mort.*

The Wiseman group meets to discuss, very interestingly, the question of pacifism.

9th, *Thursday*. Rumours that a white Consul, ROMA 489196, is now on permanent loan to the House are not substantiated.

12th, *Sunday*. We celebrate the feast of St. Gregory today and after coffee and liquori the swimming season opens in the traditional manner on the traditional date.

14th, *Tuesday*. The inevitable Scots' Game was inevitably lost, three goals to one.

After supper, a showing of the film, *The Two Faces of Rome*, on loan from the B.B.C., revealed many more than two faces familiar to us all.

15th, *Wednesday*. The madrigals in the British Council's 'Readings and Madrigals for Easter' are provided by students of the English College, by kind permission of the Headmaster.

'Education' is the Wiseman Group's topic for tonight.

17th, *Friday*. St. Patrick's Day and a great day for the Irish, who simply disappear for the day.

19th, *Second Sunday of the Passion*. Breathless seven church walkers, harassed by heavy Roman traffic, shake the dust off their sandals just in time to hear Father Fleming, spiritual director at the American house of postgraduate studies, intone the *Veni, Creator Spiritus*, and thereby inaugurate our Holy Week retreat.

20th, *Monday*. The silence is deafening and eating your supper to the triumphant strains of a *scherzo* rather over-involved.

22nd, *Wednesday*. Retreat ends.

23rd, *Maundy Thursday*. Tenebrae in English now rivals the efforts of the canons at San Lorenzo.

For the second year running we have been invited to San Silvestro for the triduum. The Rector presided at this evening's concelebrated Mass.

24th, *Good Friday*. An impressive afternoon ceremony at San Silvestro, at which Father Budd was celebrant. The congregation had been swollen by the arrival of the *Universe* pilgrimage, who, moreover, provided us, very graciously, with hot-cross buns for supper.

25th, *Holy Saturday*. Tonight it was the Vice-Rector's turn to preside at San Silvestro.

*Dum vivimus, vivamus.  
Alleluia.*

SPENCER PEARCE

*March 26th, Easter Sunday*. After completing all the pastoral work at San Silvestro, San Teodoro and the Bridgettines with the grand finale of the Resur-

rection, most people found themselves in a crowded St. Peter's Square for the blessing and the announcement by the Pope of his new encyclical, *Populorum Progressio*.

Packing for gitas is always a difficult business, but it was not helped by the celebration of four or five birthday parties.

*27th, Monday.* Early departure for many as 'cams' leave for Sicily, Venice, etc. The faithful remnant depart a little later for the Villa, for what proved to be a rather damp week.

*31st, Friday.* The usual Enzo bar.b.q. at the Villa with the usual finale by Enzo: *Cantiamo insieme, e meglio canto io*.

*April 1st, Saturday.* Some wanderers return and with them the villa 'cam'. The big question seems to be: will First Year take to a whole summer at the Villa?

*2nd, Sunday.* Late return for some because of . . .

*3rd, Monday.* . . . the transferred feast of the Annunciation—so we took the day off, as is customary on these occasions. But an eminent canon lawyer who visited the Greg. accidentally, as they say in the schools, found the schools in full swing. But, Sir, we thought . . .

*4th, Tuesday.* The Rector's year arrive at *Alma Mater* to continue their silver jubilee celebrations, and Madre is convinced that the Rector looks the youngest of the lot, but she was just being polite.

*5th, Wednesday.* The jubilarians provide the entertainment tonight in the shape of the film, *The Great Race*. Despite the electrician's attempt to make the film last all night—every time he understood a joke he broke the film so that he had time to laugh—it finished by eleven or so, and was enjoyed by most.

*April 6th, Thursday.* An impressive concelebration by the jubilarians was followed by the 'lunch of extraordinary proportions', which we had been looking forward to ever since the Rector's notice a couple of months ago.

*7th, Friday.* Father McDonagh rejoins the fleet.

*8th, Saturday.* A concert is provided for and by the jubilarians. Although they did not manage to write a song, they did produce a Russian tragedy, thanks to Fathers Auchinleck and Whitehouse, who, realising that students aren't what they were, consented to perform the less arduous, shorter version, which has been translated into English.

*10th, Monday.* The jubilarians have to continue their celebrations elsewhere, while Archbishop Dwyer arrives, with the *scirocco*, for a commission meeting. Did somebody mention drain-pipes?

*12th, Wednesday.* Bishop Worlock arrives, carrying his wooden cross to another commission meeting.

*14th, Friday.* Today saw the first cricket match of the season—against Bertie Joel's XI. This is a team, you may remember, which now comes out each year. It is led by Mr. Bertie Joel and composed of club cricketers mainly from the London area; they play different teams on three consecutive days. This afternoon the B.B.C. was there to see them beat the Clergy XI in an exciting finish.

*17th, Monday.* We were pleased to have Father Carrier, the Rector of the Greg., in the Common Room after supper to outline the plans for the reform of the university. His talk provided us with information on university reform



in general and our situation in particular. It was interesting and was still stimulating discussion long after the speaker had left.

19th, *Wednesday*. Bishop Holland and Monsignor Davis arrive.

20th, *Thursday*. There was a mass exodus from the College to Frascati for what now seems to be an annual rugby lunch. Da Gino provided an ample meal and his *pollo alla diavola* was certainly well up to standard. Paternal instincts drew a brave few to the Rocca orphanage for the morning. Having toasted the end of the season in best Frascati wine, they returned to discover that Old Rugby Roma want an exhibition match in the Stadio Flaminio in two weeks' time. Fifteen brave men resign themselves to getting fit again.

April 23rd, *Sunday*. *St. George*. The 91 bus was packed full of libers and cassocks, and just managed to reach the catacombs in time for the annual Mass. The film in the evening, *King and Country*, provided food for thought and discussion—for those who were lucky enough to hear it!

24th, *Monday*. Barbara Ward, in Rome for the meeting of the Justice and Peace Commission, proved to be a very popular attraction for an afternoon lecture at the Greg. on the History of Economics.

25th, *Tuesday*. Rome has been liberated once again. By whom and from whom no one seems to know, but they have a festa just the same.

27th, *Thursday*. A visit from H.M.S. *Londonderry*; although the cricketers won, the footballers were not so fortunate.

28th, *Friday*. Gasps and groans from the dive—our underground gym—as the rugby team's 5BX continues.

30th, *Sunday*. The appointment of Father Curtis-Hayward as spiritual director was announced at supper. After happy memories of the October retreat, we look forward to seeing him again.

At last the nuns are seen at Pam. It must be a pleasant change from the kitchen.

May 1st, *Monday*. No one attended the communist rally in the Piazza del Popolo, and the Vice prevented the Arabs from celebrating either Labour Day or San Giuseppe by flying to England.

Summer has come and we issue forth on to the balcony for music after supper.

2nd, *Tuesday*. Sausage tonight was accompanied by mustard and Father McCormack, M.H.M., from the Justice and Peace Commission, who gave a lively and interesting talk to the Literary Society. We resolved to combat disease in wheat whenever we found it.

May 3rd, *Wednesday*. First Year Theology dine out at Delfino's with *cannelloni*, roast beef and three professors, Fathers Fuchs, Anton and Latourelle. The conversation proved to be very interesting and fruitful and we hope it was a small step in the improvement of professor-student relations.

4th, *Thursday*. *Ascension Day*, and the sung English Mass was not entirely satisfactory.

5th, *Friday*. The Rector takes the last opportunity to talk to us before beginning his holiday: 'You will enjoy the Villa'.

6th, *Saturday*. After the very apt Lesson at the Bible Vigil of Ezechiel infusing

the old bones with new life, the rugby team and most of the College fill two buses and start for the Stadio Flaminio. Along Lungotevere a glow appeared on the horizon, and there was the Studio Flaminio, shimmering under the blazing lights, waiting for us. A quick change and out on to the plush, carpet-like turf to the roar of the crowd—not quite a capacity crowd of 40,000, but a well-chosen 1,000 to make the same noise. Unfortunately we lost 13-17 after a most impressive and enjoyable game—quite the best and most enjoyable of the season.

7th, Sunday. We crawled downstairs at about a quarter past seven to find from the *Corriere dello Sport* that we had had 'una notturna sfavillante' and a 'partita durissima, ma sostanzialmente corretta'.

Restful evening with the film *The Longest Day*.

10th, Wednesday. The Rector left for England to continue his jubilee celebrations.

14th, Whit Sunday. Dr. Tomkins, the Bishop of Bristol, was welcomed to the Common Room tonight after supper to give a talk on Ecumenism. He answered all our questions openly and frankly, and we certainly hope and pray that his efforts for unity will be fruitful.

May 15th, Monday. They go out, they go out full of song to a nice sunny day by lake or sea; they come back, they come back . . . wet through.

21st, Trinity Sunday. The all-English concelebration was very successful and a fitting way to celebrate the great feast. The film in the evening was *The Fall of the Roman Empire*. There was great speculation as to which historian it followed. . . .

22nd, Monday. . . . An eminent historian on the Greg. steps informs us that it certainly was not Gibbon. I am not sure where Gibbon fitted into a Dogmatic Theology lecture, but he did!

26th, Friday. The feast of St. Philip Neri saw the College at the Chiesa Nuova as usual. Cardinal Giobbe never seems to age, neither do the servers.

28th, Sunday. The legal hour deprived us of our Sunday lie-in.

One of Third Year Philosophy, celebrating his twenty-first, provided strawberries for lunch. Will Madre take the hint?

29th, Monday. Madre did take the hint, and so did Top Year, who brightened a heavy and uncomfortable day with their annual strawberries and cream.

30th, Tuesday. Although the English College is but a stone's throw from the Palazzo Farnese, President de Gaulle arrived there this evening. The English were well represented in the reception committee, but the Bridgettines had warned us not to throw bombs as the *carabinieri* were in their cellars and on their roof.

31st, Wednesday. The feast of the Queenship of Our Lady, and the lector announced at Vespers that he was 'dark, but beautiful'. Dark maybe, but beautiful . . . ?

June 1st, Thursday. May is the month of the Madonna and June the month of the Signore, or so Don Emilio, the *parroco* of Santa Caterina, informs six of us as we stagger under the respective statues of colossal, plaster proportions with which he adorns his church in due season.

4th, Sunday. The Beda defeats us in the Rome Ashes by one run, taking our

last wicket with the final ball of the game. So the Vice-Rector finds himself having to present Canon Purdy with the trophy, Canon Purdy who denies even the least twinge of conscience at so depriving his *Alma Mater*.

Monsignor McReavy arrives for the reform of the Code of Canon Law, and leaves us in no doubt as to who will be doing the reforming.

*5th, Monday.* Monsignor McReavy was under the table by the end of supper tonight; he was looking for a screw from his spectacles.

*10th, Saturday.* Lectures finish today, and Father Carrier presides at a celebration in Sant'Ignazio.

*12th, Monday.* A bewildering, because unwonted, silence has settled even on the Monserrà.

*15th, Thursday.* Licence exams begin today and two of the luckier ones leave for England this evening.

*16th, Friday.* The Villa seems nearer now the rooms' list is on the board.

*19th, Monday.* 'Sera, Padre. In English? Yes, Father, it is immoral for a nun to cut her nose and ears off to prevent rape. Evening, Father'. That's one finished.

*23rd, Friday.* The Rector returns from his travels in Canada and the States looking more like a tourist than ever.

*24th, Saturday.* A venerable and distinguished member of Top Year finishes his two years in Rome in the tank, very much against his will.

*26th, Monday.* The first advance party leaves for the Villa to splash a little paint here and there.

*June 29th, Thursday. SS. Peter and Paul.* A sweltering day weatherwise, but our luck held this evening. As part of the mass choir for the papal concelebration with the new cardinals in St. Peter's Square, we were stationed on the top of the steps, and so, what is more important in the circumstances, in the shadow of the basilica.

At the end of the function the second advance party left for the Villa. As it was late, supper was taken in Rocca: a pizza at the 'Bersag', a good way to begin.

*July 1st, Saturday.* With the College looking as though a bomb has hit it, and the workmen already knocking the walls down along the Common Room corridor, fifty weary students and one weary diarist leave Rome to the tourists and head for Palazzola.

JOHN RAFFERTY

## VILLA 1967

PALAZZOLA. Palazzola is the Garden of Eden before the Fall and the Elysian fields, if possible. Palazzola is clean, blue sky away from the fug and the smog and the miserable grisling drizzle. Mortadella instead of mince. It is opportunity, carefreeness, and romance before the parochiality of the parish, the tyranny of the door-bell, the mediocrity of self and other. It is *camaraderie*, closeness and sharing before the solitude and the impolite refusal. It is peace on earth and goodwill. . . .

At Palazzola the afternoon stretches ahead like the flat lake and white sky and all those single trees: still, implacable, self-contained—unhelpful. Stirring the mixture of last month's *Tablets* and glossies on topless hotentots or The School chess society, what to do that hasn't been done so many times before? Funny how they all say how lucky we are to be here; but then they ask us what we do. We are running low, being down to blackberrying with the egg and spoon next week; (wonder how many of my mates at home have an egg and spoon next week?). What was that we read in Virginia Woolf: 'The lake of my mind, unbroken by oars, heaves placidly and soon sinks into an oily somnolence'. The visiting OR's manage to stick in an oar or two—they transfer their enjoyment. But now back to somnolence. Could go on a Castelli walk; but it's a long way round to square one. What you want is for something to happen, someone to arrive, anything to do. . . .

While these are caricatures, they both convey a modicum of truth. The reality of Palazzola lies at the heart of the different meanings and values given to it, and the fretful student and the nostalgic Old Roman both define essential aspects of this reality. A fuller account of it, situating both aspects in the larger context of all Villa activity this year, will, it is to be hoped, emerge from the following paragraphs.

It begins with the quiet, emptying your whirling ears of the rowdiness of Rome; then with breathing air and moist grass and leaves again after the overwhelming stone, heated cobbles and acrid fuel of the city; the

atmosphere of *relaxez-vous* soothes into strident nerves and there is the blessedness of elastic time for all the chats, reading, music, eating, letters or 'kip' that seemed such an outlandish luxury in exam-bound June. Afterwards the tank: the pellucid, turquoise blue of the fanciful brochure made real and waiting down there for you, exciting as glass, comfier than bed and so envelopingly cool under that burning sun; a good place to languish. September comes with lightning and hail, and now it is only those petrified by the showers—being drilled by icicles, breathless, while the flies and the fungi stare frozenly on—who slide into the verdigris; all good things . . . and by now you languish elsewhere.

The major event of the villa period is undoubtedly the ordination at the beginning of July. There is an intensity, intimacy, and preciousness about it which are the inevitable products of the villa situation. Being so far from England, the ordination tends to become an exclusive student and family affair as opposed to a local church event, whilst the thorough isolation of the Villa ensures that ultimately it is only the weather that cannot be planned in scrupulous detail. In fact, the sun rather coyly disappeared on the eve of the big day, but in the event did not disappoint and added considerable lustre to the resplently herbaceous millinery with which the Englishwoman seems determined to crown every such occasion; making the lank, black cassock look more lank, more black. The preciousness is double-edged: in the pejorative sense, the absence of the local church community and the possibly harsh realities bound up therewith; and positively, the immediacy of contact—occasioned by the lack of distraction and the nearness of the families' own contagious excitement, apprehension and happiness—with the reality of what is going on: our Father's definitive calling through his Son-in-the-Church—here represented by Cardinal Heard, the families and the College, whose encouragement and approbation are in varying ways constitutive of vocation—of men with whom we are deeply involved, to a particular share in the ministry of his Son to the world he made out of love. The blessing and the kissing of hands give clumsy expression to the emotions you experience. And yet I fear bad news to come: Woman, not content with the apple, has eaten a meal in the College ref: segregation has been axed and another bastion is breached by man's most ancient foe.

A more radical departure from College practice has been introduced by the ordination of five students in England this summer. There are obvious financial reasons for the change, but these must weigh small against what may loosely be termed the 'pastoral value' of the custom. Nor does the parish's gain necessarily mean a loss for the students here: a renewed sense of mission (the OR smiles thinking of his own period's renewed sense of mission . . .) and a consciousness that ordination is not

an arcane initiation rite, but an efficacious sign of a grace (Christ's priesthood) which is inward or central to the community's whole life of ministry and sacrifice—are both kept alive and further stimulated by the home ordinations, which thereby enrich both the home and the College community in a way that the Rome ordination can not.

The question of whether the community (not collectivity) will best flourish if most people are there most of the time, or whether in fact its interests are best served by some form of diaspora, was one that was to recur frequently during the period from the ordination to long gitas: in particular, whether the immediate loss to the College occasioned by lengthy absence with parents and relatives would in fact be balanced by the advantages of deepened family ties and the new experience which the individual brings back to the community. It was a problem that proved impossible of succinct solution, which is a pity since all are agreed that the main point of the villa is the deepening of community relations. Suffice to note here that the villa period has again witnessed a steady increase in extra-mural activities, and a corresponding diminution in strictly internal goings-on: few walks were taken and only two day gitas; the wiggery (and Torv.) were neglected; none ventured on a Castelli walk and there was no swimming gala; the tennis season went something like S. Grundy: sighted on Monday, deforested on Tuesday, flattened on Wednesday, opened on Thursday, and washed away on Friday; *pizza* consumption dropped—and the litany could continue.

The energy normally occupied by internal matters was free for use elsewhere, and once again it was Sermoneta which absorbed most of our effort and imagination during this period, with the exception of the play, which demanded prodigies of energy from more than a few. Both activities will be described elsewhere. The contact with the lads at Sermoneta threw into sharp relief the absolute anonymity of our residence in Rome, and increased the general desire to make our Christian presence in the parish more real. In fact a tentative start along these lines was made during the villa, when a small group began visiting the destitute aged in the Monserrato area, under the supervision of a Sister of Charity; as yet there are no significant developments to report. In addition, the villa proved to be a happy playground for the Rocca orphans, who came down for the afternoon and some tea on several occasions during the summer. They were also taken to Torv. for their annual romp with the Rector, the Vice and several of their favourite students, *Il Lupo*, *Il Mago* and others. (A group of students maintains contact with the children throughout the year.)

Perhaps the most popular, and certainly the most strenuous, of extra mural activities was that of helping to build the Rome Mother House of the Sisters of Charles de Foucauld. A goodly number of hearties would roll up at the convent at each time of asking, there to be confronted by the shimmering heat among the eucalyptus trees, a building site, bereft of mechanical aids (a crouching Chinese Sister with a grave, waxen face taps at concrete with a chisel and fragile hammer) and a set of primitive picks which are your weapons for the day. The pick makes inroads into your hands as quickly as into the trench you are digging, but you work on, spurred by the thought of the exquisitely prepared French cuisine that awaits you at the end of the morning. Your lasting impression, however, is of the nuns themselves: from the bare-footed Amazons on the cement-mixer to the foreman in her cock-eyed straw-hat, there is displayed a warmth of welcome and a depth of what looked suspiciously like Joy which leaves you wondering where you have missed out; when they smile it engulfs you.

As well as these routine matters, several of the brethren ranged further afield in search of interest and variety. Two taught English for a month in an Italian seminary: 'Mister teacher, dear Charly, dear Sir Charles; I thank you because you are our darling teacher of English; I give my better augurys for your studys or for the neighbor priesthood; thanks you of all, you fond forein Students english'. Others went to Christian Work Camps in Crete, France and Switzerland, as a result of which Europe is now the better off for a partially completed hostel for poor schoolchildren, a wall and a twenty-foot cesspit.

Meanwhile, back at Palazzola, the days passed by as the villa advanced according to time-honoured routine. The cricket season was in full swing, being keenly supported, and the matches with other Rome Sports Association teams passed off with their customary pleasantness. Cricket matches are, of course, the official arena in which Church meets World at Palazzola, and although contact over cups of tasteful tea, maw crammed with strangled egg, is shallow and fleeting at best, a series of short-lived matches made for longer evenings on the *terrazza* made mellow by the evening sun, when the beer and the quietness following exertion could lead to contact of an easier and more personal kind. As for the results—three wins and one (not far from ignominious) defeat by F.A.O. However, with triumphalism on the way out, it appears that even cricketers should make an effort to *sentire cum ecclesia* and ensure that they don't win all the time. . . .

After the initial excitement of the ordination and the move from Rome has died away, the tranquillity and peace of Palazzola, which earlier had

meant the sweetest of reliefs from the manifold discomforts of Rome in June, gradually become the arch-lieutenants of the lassitude which seems inexorably to invade the daily routine of many of the present-day students during their stay in the hills—and the situation was further aggravated this year by a summer of extraordinary heat. Perhaps the most direct alleviation of this ill is the presence of visitors in the community throughout the summer. Though restricted in number by the lack of available rooms, those who managed to squeeze themselves in brought a freshness and diversity of views and interests to the community which it could ill afford to be without. We are told often enough that the liturgy should be the centre of our life, but it was still something of an experience to find that in fact the presence of the visitors amongst us somehow achieved its real fullness during the homilies they preached at the Sunday Mass. It seems churlish to choose a single example, but one that will help to make a point was that given by Father Sid Lescher from his wheelchair. Speaking in the general context of the special need on the mission for time for thought and reassessment, he urged on us the unique value of Palazzola as providing perhaps the last suitable occasion for the type of radical self-inspection which alone will lead to any deeply-purposed, life-long orientation. (He said it in a simpler and more telling way.) Even if you continue to hold a somewhat different point of view, it is impossible to listen to an appeal of this nature, spoken with literally heartfelt concern for the education of priests-to-be today without feeling how invaluable it would be if all discussion by the College of the Venerable's problems could take place at this level of wisdom and—it's a hackneyed expression—love. A bit of a pipe-dream, no doubt, but as we make contact with older members of the College from year to year there seems to be no great harm in wishing that it might happen more often.

However, immediately following the play the College shut down for a fortnight—chiefly to allow the nuns a well-earned rest—and the first compulsory gitas were thus inaugurated. Lack of money remained a major bugbear, and the first prize for thrift went to the two who got round southern Italy, sleeping on beaches and park benches etc. on L. 10,000 each (about six pounds). Others found available funds could carry them further: to Greece, Malta, Sicily, Austria and France, while one erstwhile eventually made Andorra. After two nights on a train he was rewarded with a room whose only window (about eight feet off the ground) opened out onto the magnificent panorama of the room next door. Those of us looking for Utopia quickly crossed Andorra off the list.

There comes a time in any account when all the fragments that couldn't



be fitted in are (ideally) jettisoned or (doggedly) thrown in at the end. At the risk of ruining the architectonics of this article, here are some tit-bits which may at least serve to evoke a gratifying nostalgia.

The College sang the Mass at Rocca on 15th August as usual, although *aggiornamento* in the Castelli has meant an end to the procession. This vanished without trace or murmur and has been replaced by an outdoor concelebration in the Piazza. The tradition of Mass on Tusculum was continued also (though not by those who got lost in the woods), and hot wine was drunk on the wiggery, tea taken at the Hermitage. Three stalwarts swam the lake and a cam walked to Monte P for the English Madonna wine festival, although being back for supper meant they had to leave hours before it was due to start. A Rochdale journalist discovered a Roman villa down by the lake, and frequent expeditions, having examined it from all angles (some ten feet down in the lake) now claim to have unearthed some more of the past. (If the OR can smell more of those articles with a minimum of fifty footnotes, he's probably warm on the scent.) The Alban vale once again resounded to the thunder of hooves as a magnificent eight from the College galloped across, mounted on the entire equine population of Rocca di Papa; or that's what they said. The first links between the College and Mondo Migliore were forged when a crowd of Italian students under Jesuit escort came down to the College for a bible service, and afterwards a sing-song round an Alfredo fire. The College reciprocated on the following two evenings, and the gita book is now crammed with Christian league names and addresses. Sad to relate, the pilgrim invaders were less in evidence this year, and the lack of booty—in the form of teas and tabs—which they normally bring was keenly felt in all quarters. However, the number of private callers and occasional visitors (some of whom were quite contented with their accommodation on the Sforza) soared sufficiently to keep the College turnstiles and guide service busy throughout the summer. Another tradition has survived in a slightly different form. The demise of the Subiaco walk had deprived us of our annual visit to the Irish Augustinians at Genazzano. But the situation has been remedied by a group of us spending a couple of carefree days with them one week, and inviting some of them back to do likewise with us the next: more Alfredo fires; more hot wine; more guitars; more song. Finally, a stoutly-denied, but hotly-curried, top year barbecue, and the appearance of *Chi Lo Sa?* brought down the curtain on another season at Palazzola.

Ultimately, the most important question is whether our way of spending this quarter of our time in the College is bringing us closer to our triune God: in himself, as he lived historically and continues to be present sacramentally; in our neighbour (and it is in this respect that we will be

judged)—who might be destitute, atheist, female, etc.; and in ourselves whom the Father and Son love and come to make their abode in. The present system obviously enables us better to know God in our neighbour, which is something the older system, while providing ample opportunity for the first kind of knowledge, tended to exclude. But a profound and wise knowledge of self, which *will* be knowledge of Christ-in-us, will only really emerge when the self (as conscience) can be examined from as many angles, or in as many *milieux* (home, work-place, peer-groups, parish, etc.) as the academic year will allow. Could it be that a fairly lengthy stay in England each year would in fact give an opportunity for this third type? We would very much like to be enlightened on this point, so if you feel in the writing mood . . .

## SERMONETA 1967

A promising omen for our third expeditionary force to Sermoneta was the arrival on the first day of the villa of a group of swarthy young Italians, keen to renew friendships with the *Inglesi*. During the course of the year a few of us had driven down in the College car (*cum permissu superiorum!*) to maintain contact with the lads. It would appear that they find Palazzola scenery, food and swimming pool an equally welcome break from their routine, so that by the time we set off to the Castle we felt we had already met most of our future charges from their visits.

An account has already been given in *THE VENERABILE* (Vol. XXIII, No. 3, p. 162) of our first attempt at running a course at Sermoneta, and the diarists, too, in their own inimitable style, have reflected on our two previous experiments. Although it was obvious these courses had been of great value to us, the question was raised of their effect on the lads. Were they worthwhile? Did they bear any permanent fruit? They had certainly built a solid friendship between the lads and ourselves, along with the consequent broadening of vision that the sharing of new interests inevitably brings. But we wanted from the start to make our fortnight more than a mere annual excursion beyond the mental bounds of the local *campanile*, to be enjoyed and forgotten like any other holiday.

The idea of Mr Howard, to whose generosity we owed our very presence at the Castle, was to provide some form of cultural and religious formation in an educative course. In the previous years we had already tried group discussions. We had tried suggesting themes for the lads to write on, to be used as the basis of discussion, but their replies were inclined to be a repetition of the ideas you suggested might be relevant. Hardly surprisingly, not much original thought came out. Handwriting alone was difficult enough for some of them, though most of them were happy and proud to put your thoughts on paper for you. Afterwards came the discussion of their efforts in small groups, with one or two students to three or four lads. These could be a real strain on both imagination and Italian if horrible silences were to be avoided. What was to be the central point of our course was in constant danger of collapsing.

Football, volleyball and entertainment were no great problem, though as the fortnight passed they did become a little aimless and listless. Last year, too, an experiment was made with some of the lads going for a night's camping. This was received with considerable enthusiasm by the fortunate few, and green jealousy by the rest.

In the light of our previous experience and using the basis of friendship and confidence which had already been won, a new approach was tried this year. We organised and prepared a systematic catechetics course. We felt that if we were really going to give them something of ourselves and our way of life, then we should not be ashamed to tackle religion, where our maximum contribution should lie. Once decided, it was no easy task to organise a method. There seemed few suggestions in our library, and in case others are presented with a similar problem I propose to give a fairly detailed account of our programme, in the hope that it might be some help.

To enable the lads to have something tangible to remind them of the course, we based it on the sacraments as representing the progression in the Christian life. The psychological and religious experiences to which they correspond were portrayed by pairing and contrasting stories from the Old and New Testament.

In all there were twenty-four of us giving the course, with fourteen in the first week, of whom four stayed on with another ten to preserve continuity in the second. We divided into four teams, each to prepare two talks. Eight themes were thus drawn up and duplicated so that everyone had a copy each, plus an appendix of Italian vocabulary which was likely to be relevant.

Late on Sunday, July 24th, the first week's party of four teams of three, plus *capo* and *economo*, set off in the *Rocca circolare*, and landed at Sermoneta via a couple of garages and almost a cyclist. Once there we made for bed, ready for the night's little winged perils and the following day's large two-legged ones. The programme of the day began with early breakfast and then we went down to the parish church for Mass. It was only on the rarest occasions that any of the lads turned up, but we thought it better not to begin the day with Mass in the Castle, as they already dissociated too much our religion and the *parroco*'s.

The first day was spent settling in, tidying up the ground for football and volleyball, cleaning out the showers, and bringing up provisions—this last ably organised throughout the fortnight by our *economo* and roving forager, who was also largely responsible for the excellent relations we had with our two stalwart kitchen queens, Vittoria and Rosa. Meanwhile, four of the lads were chosen as team leaders and along with our

own leaders they drew the rest up into four teams. The *parroco* had wanted a small group of the best lads to be set aside for special attention and removed from the influence of the rougher elements. Instead we put most of the rough lads into the same group with two of our more competent students, and divided the rest out into balanced groups of seven. All the course activities were then organised on the basis of these groups in a points competition which included all the chores, inter-team football and volleyball matches. It was an easy way to keep everyone involved and allowed for a certain amount of manipulation to keep all teams reasonably equal.

Once organised we began in earnest on Tuesday, keeping to a fairly strict timetable. The course began at nine-thirty. In each group one lad read the day's text from the Old Testament, another read from the New. One of the students gave a prepared talk on the corresponding sacrament and its liturgy; then a discussion was held on its relevance to modern life. It is obviously impossible to give an accurate account of the response given. Anecdotes conflict! But believing anything to be better than a complete blank, one of the students offered these impressions of his own group discussions:

Some of us had feared that the theological and biblical notions might seem rather strange and rarified to the boys, and therefore difficult to explain. However, impressions gained from contact with one group at least suggested that this particular fear was unfounded. The boys seemed surprisingly familiar with the Bible, and the basic theological implications. In many cases they were able to anticipate the line of exposition we had prepared. This did enable the sessions to be dialogue rather than simply monologue, and suggested that many of them had received a sound catechesis when they were younger. (Whether this would hold true of a similar group of English boys is, of course, another matter.)

But this very fact threw into relief another more difficult and fundamental problem. A notional grasp of theological ideas, and an ability to articulate them, seemed to coexist quite peacefully with a marked lack of interest, a lack of any real grasp of their relevance to daily living. For instance, the discussion on the Eucharist went particularly well, and many of the boys seemed interested and came up with the 'right answers'. But this did not mean that they felt impelled to receive the Eucharist themselves—this seemed to be quite a different question.

Thus we were brought face to face with the problem of evangelization. Obviously there is no simple answer. Perhaps this is where one

might hope (without priggishness) that contact with seminarians in day-to-day life might have produced some fruit. But an isolated fortnight in the year could hardly be expected to produce great results; more frequent contact might increase our effectiveness.

These discussions continued till eleven o'clock when there was a break of half an hour before organised team games, to work up an appetite for lunch at half-past twelve. After a short recreation together while the lunch plates were being washed up, we sent the lads out of the Castle. We had tea at four and 'welcomed' them back at four-thirty, when we gave them a topic to write on for half an hour before discussing it. There was then more sport—on the first day we had an England v. Italy soccer match, and a solid victory did much to establish our moral authority at the start. They think English football is too rough! A day by the sea and a film one evening helped lighten the first week. Sunday was a free day, and the lads invited us to their homes to meet the families. In the evening ten of the first week's students were relieved, but there was someone left in each group to preserve continuity with the teams.

The highlight of the second week was undoubtedly the development of last year's camping experiment. Two nights were spent under canvas with fairly long mountain hikes to the first site, from there to the second, and then back down. Two teams went for the first half of the week, two for the second, each continuing the catechetics course while it was their turn at the Castle.

On the final Sunday we had evening Mass concelebrated by the Senior Student and his Deputy, who had taken a week each as chaplain, along with our Rector and the *parroco*. There was a reception afterwards for the families of the lads. Prizes were given to the winning teams; bibles were presented to each of the Italian team leaders, signed by all the students, and an old cricket bat and ball given to keep alive at least something we had taught them!

It is too early yet to make any judgment of the course's effect on the lads, but it gave us great satisfaction to feel we were giving something of ourselves and to be sure that the Word of God in the Bible readings has its own force, irrespective of our failings. The list of themes is given below with their references, application and order of presentation. Perhaps they might provoke some comments that would be of help for similar future projects.

TERENCE McSWEENEY

#### 1. Baptism:

Ex. 14:5-31—Israelite crossing of the Red Sea.

Acts 22:6-16—Paul's account at Jerusalem of his conversion.  
Sacramental Liturgy—Water, light.

Relevance—deliverance and rebirth. The call and response in the  
Christian community of faith, hope and charity.

2. Confirmation:

Is. 11:1-5—Gifts of the Spirit.

Acts 2:1-24—Pentecost and witness.

Liturgy—gifts of the Spirit, sign of the Cross, anointing (cf. 1 Sam. 16).

Relevance—witness in action of the life of faith.

3. Christian vocation to service:

Gen. 12:1-8—call of Abraham.

Gen. 29:15-20—Jacob works for love of Rachel.

Matt. 25:14-28—parable of Talents.

Relevance—general call of Christian to service of love.

4. Eucharist:

Ex. 16:1-18—manna in the desert.

Jo. 6:1-15; 22-32; 48-51; 59-71—manna as type of Eucharist.

Liturgy—bread and wine.

Relevance—Daily food necessary for Christian.

Its community aspect.

The presence of Christ.

5. Priesthood:

Jer. 1:4-10—vocation of unworthy.

Lk. 5:1-11—the call of the first four disciples, fishermen.

Jonah 1-4—his violent reluctance to his call.

Liturgy—the various calls and duties of Orders.

Relevance—our response to either natural or supernatural vocation.

The function of priests and our ideals as church students.

6. Sacrifice:

Is. 52:13-53:12—the fourth canticle of the suffering Servant.

Jo. 13:2-12—the washing of feet.

Lk. 22:19-20—Consecration, the new covenant in blood.

Liturgy—the three consecration prayers on our offerings.

Relevance—the cost of our service, sharing Christ's sacrifice.

7. Sacrament of Suffering:

Job. 1:13-22—Job's reaction to his loss of everything.

Jo. 9:1-5—man born blind through no fault of his own or his parents.

Liturgy—anoointing and the strength of oil.

Relevance—the fact of evil, faith, and redemption through suffering with the Cross.

8. Penance and forgiveness:

Jonah 3:1-10—conversion of Nineveh.

Lk. 15:11-25—the Prodigal Son.

Jo. 10:1-21—the Good Shepherd.

Liturgy—Absolution.

Relevance—the human and divine effects of sin. Confusion over necessity of Confession before every Communion.



# RICHARD III AT PALAZZOLA

RICHARD III  
by William Shakespeare

<i>King Edward IV</i> . . . . .	Robert Carter
<i>Edward, Prince of Wales,</i> <i>later King Edward V</i> } <i>sons of the king</i>	Terence Rodgers
<i>Richard, Duke of York</i> }	William Mellor
<i>George, Duke of Clarence</i> } <i>brothers of the king</i>	Roderick Strange
<i>Richard, Duke of Gloucester,</i> <i>later King Richard III</i> }	Wilfrid McConnell
<i>Earl of Richmond, later King Henry VII</i> . . . . .	David Standley
<i>Archbishop of Canterbury</i> . . . . .	Thomas Atthill
<i>Archbishop of York</i> . . . . .	Francis Pullen
<i>Duke of Buckingham</i> . . . . .	Timothy Firth
<i>Duke of Norfolk</i> . . . . .	Alexander Hay
<i>Earl Rivers, brother of Elizabeth</i> . . . . .	Philip Carroll
<i>Marquis of Dorset</i> } <i>sons of Elizabeth</i> . . . . .	David Payne
<i>Lord Grey</i> }	Spencer Pearce
<i>Lord Hastings</i> . . . . .	Thomas Finnigan
<i>Lord Stanley</i> . . . . .	Michael Healy
<i>Sir Richard Ratcliffe</i> . . . . .	Anthony Sanderson
<i>Sir William Catesby</i> . . . . .	Stephen Dean
<i>Sir James Tyrrell</i> . . . . .	John Hadley
<i>Sir James Blunt</i> . . . . .	Philip Holroyd
<i>Sir Robert Brackenbury</i> . . . . .	Finbarr Murray
<i>1st Murderer</i> . . . . .	Philip Holroyd
<i>2nd Murderer</i> . . . . .	Robert Reardon
<i>Scrivener</i> . . . . .	Patrick Berndsen
<i>Elizabeth, queen to Edward IV</i> . . . . .	Timothy Williamson
<i>Margaret, widow to Henry VI</i> . . . . .	Michael Mills
<i>Duchess of York, mother to Edward IV</i> . . . . .	Adrian Toffolo

*Lady Anne, widow to Edward, son of Henry VI,  
later queen to Richard III* . . . . .  
*Friars, Soldiers, Messengers* . . . . .

Paul Furlong  
Michael Peyton  
Robert Reardon  
Patrick Berndsen  
Stephen Blinkhorn  
Philip Holroyd

Produced by David McGough

*Stage Presentation* . . . . .  
*Costumes* . . . . .  
*Staging and Properties* . . . . .

Spencer Pearce  
William Pitt  
John Murphy  
Thomas Finnigan  
Paul Furlong  
Michael Murray  
Joseph Moore  
Martin Devoy

*Lighting and Music* . . . . .

It is notorious that in Italy 'the Church' owns and usually occupies all the best sites. This, rather than any specific infidelity, is probably the cause of the general anti-clerical temper of the people. The English College's tradition of throwing open its doors on many occasions to many people (and, moreover, of actually providing some bread and a circus for them) is, therefore, a wise and commendable act of apostolate . . . or at least an eirenic gesture in the best new papal manner. As a humble picker-up of the crumbs and as a frenetic frequenter of circuses, I am glad to have this opportunity of saying 'Thank you' to the College for this and so many other benefactions.

But while the Villa at Palazzola enjoys one of the loveliest positions in Lazio, its cortile presents peculiar problems for a public spectacle other than the usual acrobatics in the ring. It is not easy to suppose any crowd in ancient Rome (still less any imperial spectator) tolerating a solid obstacle to action and obstruction to view right in the middle of the arena. Even the most passionate advocates of the 'open' or peninsular stage would scarcely accept a cenotaph or pyramid in the middle, round which the actors must prowl and prowl like panthers (or Midianites) and which will largely hide them from the view of a good thirty per cent of the audience at any given moment. David McGough therefore deserves loud applause for his skill in turning this impediment into almost an asset; for by making his Richard continually move around it as if searching all the time for a better vantage-point, he greatly enhanced the sense of restless ambition and conspiratorial cupidity which is (according to the Bard) the hunchback's chief hallmark. He turned it to good account also

for Buckingham's protracted meditation in Act IV when, instead of going offstage (as the stage directions in most editions indicate) to reflect on Richard's question whether he would endorse the murder of the young princes and then re-entering with his own demands for recompense, the duke slowly perambulated the stage, returning to the steps of the throne only after much intervening action by other characters. This was an imaginative stroke . . . and a fine consummation to Tim Firth's well-considered, consistent and carefully integrated performance.

With Hastings, too, the well was put to some good effect—notably in the scene with Catesby when he laughs off the warnings of divided councils and counsels (*che paragone qui del Vaticano*) only to find himself a few minutes later condemned for treachery. Here again both producer and actor (Tom Finnigan) deserve acclaim.

And in the final scene, when the opposing camps were pitched in diametrically opposite corners of the cortile, the sense of even moral antithesis was made more acute by the intervening mound which prevented either camp from actually seeing the other (always a technical difficulty on an ordinary stage). Only at the last moment did the well defeat the dramatic climax by preventing any direct confrontation of the contending armies and compelling Richard to fall in relative obscurity, not in full battle, but apparently stabbed by a single assassin, remote from the field of battle and unseen by half the audience.

On the whole, then, the production must be hailed as a triumph over odds of considerable adversity. But it was a *tour de force* . . . and the force was at times somewhat overdone. The programme (which generously provided us with a genealogical tree of the Houses of York and Lancaster and thus helped the audience to identify most of the characters and to grasp why X was for or against Y as the case might be) claimed that "Richard III" . . . deserves its reputation as (Shakespeare's) first truly great play'. This it is *not*. It is doubtful if the reputation is very widely accepted; it is certainly not deserved. The play is rather a thing of rags and patches . . . written to satisfy political demand rather than aesthetic impulse. The plot is monotonous to the point of tedium. There is no sub-plot to sustain interest. The action is ill-co-ordinated, the characterization thin. Except for Richard himself and Queen Margaret, the other parts are but paste-board; there is little an actor can do with any of them . . . though some of this cast managed to do quite a lot. But why choose a play which is second-class drama and yet already well known through its many star performances (both in theatre and on the screen)? Surely a college production is a providential occasion for putting on one of the plays which have more dramatic value, and yet which are rarely performed in the commercial theatre. One might almost say that this is a moral obligation,

especially for an English College on foreign soil where it has a cultural apostolate as well as a religious witness to perform.

Obviously in any institution the choice of play must to some extent be determined by the players available. But the present cast showed itself fully competent to undertake one of the less popular plays, such as *Measure for Measure*, or *Winter's Tale*, or even *Cymbeline*—all of which have far better structure, finer characterization, and (according to some critics) deeply Christian symbolism.

The one virtue of *Richard III* is that it is a good vehicle for a star performance. Hence, no doubt, its popularity with actors! Richard was one of Irving's great roles; indeed the part figures large in the annals of the theatre from Kean (if not Garrick himself) to Olivier. It would be premature as yet to hail Wilfrid McConnell as a star of this rank; yet the makings of a great actor could be discerned in his performance, not least in that it took away the taste of tainted ham left so long on our palates by Sir Laurence. But more than that: it took us behind the actual text to what must surely have been Shakespeare's own feelings for Richard, not as the Tudors' State villain, but as a human being, and showed us a man, driven by circumstance and the hazards of history to pursue a path of at least seeming villainy, yet endowed with deeper insight, better statecraft, and perhaps more true humanity than many of the characters put up against him. Mr. McConnell made us aware that this Richard at least was 'playing the villain' without being essentially villainous. This was a fresh interpretation bearing streaks of genius. Let the laurels be laid at the actor's feet, since the head is alas! now precluded by the tonsure from wearing them.

It is difficult—indeed, invidious—to single out any of the supporting parts for special mention without doing injustice to the rest. Yet a word must be said in commendation of Tim Williamson's portrait of Elizabeth Woodville, which was nicely developed from a queen self-consciously uncomfortable in her unwonted eminence into a woman roused to fury by her children's death and then again reduced to pitiful uncertainty how best to secure the welfare of her daughter. Stephen Dean gave us a Catesby of refreshing candour; whilst Philip Holroyd displayed great versatility as both a pious pall-bearer and a gruff, professional murderer, understandably impatient with his colleague's scruples and hesitations. David Standley almost persuaded us that the future Henry VII was in fact a fine upstanding product of a good public school, playing a straight bat at every ball and scorning ever to slice one . . . although his lines are some of the most pompous moralistic poppycock that Shakespeare ever put into the mouth of any character (perhaps with his tongue well in his own cheek). And Roderick Strange, as Clarence, was not only a perfect foil

to Richard, both in appearance and vocal timbre, but gave a moving demonstration of both the strength and the weakness of innocence in a well-studied and nicely-timed performance.

But, after Richard himself, the main glory must go to Michael Mills as Queen Margaret. True, this is the one other part which the author himself did much to fill out. But it is not difficult to turn it merely into a screeching match with the rest of the cast. This Mr. Mills skilfully avoided with some beautifully studied underplaying. Here indeed was a Queen . . . the only truly royal figure in a posse of parvenus; here was a woman conscious in every fibre of her being of having the blood of Anjou and the culture of *le Royaume* in her veins, which already put her on a level which none of the others could reach and from which no mishaps of history could essentially demote her. Only in one point could this performance perhaps be faulted: whereas Richard prowled restlessly round and round the stage, Margaret ought surely to have stood stock still, stiff as a ramrod, commanding attention and awe by her sheer poise and gesture, pointing the finger of scorn or reproof at this person or that, but never shifting her foot one inch. Did Deborah plod round and round her oak? Yet Margaret too is here a prophetess . . . as she reminds us with that superb exit line.

But this is a small point in a grand performance . . . and not perhaps the actor's own. So we come back to the producer . . . and to his stream of assistants off-stage, to whom a bouquet of golden roses should be offered. For this production could never have made the impression it did, if it had been less skilfully lit or dressed. The costumes alone were a delight and excitement in themselves; with the simplest of materials, but with a brilliant choice of colours, Bill Pitt made each character stand out vividly. By putting Margaret in deep crimson (instead of the usual black or drab grey), he not only added to her stature, but also evoked all the Plantagenet blood which had been spilt on both sides during the previous century. Again, the scarlet worn by the young Prince of Wales gave the right touch of royal rank to the young boy whom Terence Rodgers played with engaging simplicity; and the combination of brown and orange worn by Stanley gave added vigour to Michael Healy's already vigorous acting. There were, it must be admitted, one or two anomalies: Elizabeth still wore her delicate cyclamen-coloured dress without any hint of mourning even while she was lamenting her widowhood; and it was somewhat disconcerting to find the Reformation in England anticipated by a century when the Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury appeared vested as modern Roman prelate (perhaps because he was hoping to be taken for the Bishop of Ely whose lines he poached), while the Archbishop of York had evidently come post haste from some Anglican ceremony to talk with the Queen on matters of sanctuary, still in alb and cope. But these were minor

blemishes. All in all, it was a grand production. *Not* a great play: but surely a great evening in the annals of Palazzola.

PATRICK McLAUGHLIN

# PERSONAL

## THE VENERABLE

*Editor:* C. R. Strange  
*Sub-Editor:* T. Cooper  
*Fifth Member:* P. Carroll

*Secretary:* Spencer Pearce  
*Under-Secretary:* P. Morgan  
*Sixth Member:* A. Sanderson

We are pleased to welcome the return of Father Peter Purdue (1958-67) as Philosophy Tutor.

In October 1967 we welcomed the following new men into the College:

Into First Year Theology: Francis Murray (Westminster), William Rooke (Hexham & Newcastle).

Into Third Year Philosophy: David Forrester (Portsmouth).

Into First Year Philosophy: Peter Carr (Hexham), David Cawkwell (Middlesbrough), Peter Conlon (Leeds), Francis Cumberland (Brentwood), Anthony Greenbank (Salford), Michael Griffin (Northampton), Peter Humfrey (Arundel & Brighton), John Metcalfe (Leeds), Simon Payne (Portsmouth), Barry Rawlinson (Westminster), Francis Ring-Davies (Arundel), Francis Scollen (Hexham), Michael Taylor (Birmingham).

The following post-graduate and Top Year students have been appointed:

Rev. Michael Corley to St. Mary's, Hornchurch.

Rev. Michael Tully to Oxford for further studies.

Rev. John Ainslie to the Pro-Cathedral, Clifton.

Rev. Richard Ashton to St. Augustine's, Barkingside.

Rev. Vincent Brennan to the Sacred Heart, Moreton, Wirral.

Rev. Patrick Egan to St. Mary Magdalene, Willesden Green.

Rev. Anthony Jones to St. Winefride, Holywell.

Rev. Brian McEvoy to St. Theresa of the Child Jesus, Filton, Bristol.

Rev. Dominic Round to St. Edmund's Hall, Cambridge, for further studies.

Mr. Michael Brown and Mr. Adrian Toffolo have been appointed Senior Student and Deputy for the coming year.

Among guests to the Villa we were pleased to welcome: Bishop Restieaux (1926-33), Revv. R. Incedon (1950-57), M. Butler (1957-64), A. Wilcox (1957-64), J. Kelly (1959-66), B. Nash (1954-61), G. Richardson (1955-62), J. Formby (1949-56), B. Brady (1949-56), A. Pateman (1958-65), P. Latham (1949-56), S. Lescher (1932-38), R. Abbott (1947-54), A. Barrett, M. Keegan (1946-53), Canon E. Hemphill (1919-26).

We were also pleased to welcome to the Villa Father F. Selvaggi, s.J., the Dean of Philosophy at the Gregorian. He came five mornings a week for a three-week period to learn English from one of our (Irish) students. He left Mondo Migliore early on one occasion to come and celebrate at the community Mass, and on another was introduced to the mysteries of cricket.



# OBITUARY

MONSIGNOR VALENTINE ELWES

Val Elwes was the most unconventional new man of our times. He had walked and hitch-hiked from the north of Italy, acquiring some Italian on the way, but his three years in philosophy hardly added to his store of the language. We all appeared in sober, not to say sombre, apparel. Those from seminaries wore regulation black suits, the rest of us did our best. I remember that mine was of dark blue, with what the tailor described as a chaste stripe—an incongruous adjective. But Val was in shapeless grey slacks topped by a shocking pullover. The House called him Ecco. The Rector couldn't stand it and dressed him in his own clothes.

He and I had known each other at Oxford and we got leave to work together when we found that we understood virtually nothing of our first lecture from Father Boyer, whose first year it was too at the Gregorian. We spent two hours trying to translate the opening paragraph of Remer's *Logic* from a vast and singularly unhelpful Latin dictionary, which I still have in my possession. At the end the English of our joint effort was as meaningless as the original. These early struggles with language and unfamiliar thought-processes depressed us both and in a black mood Val tied a piece of catacomb chocolate to a length of thin cotton and lowered it onto the pavement of the Monserrato. Then we waited until someone made to pick it up, whereupon we jerked it to high heaven out of his hands and began to feel much better; until, that is, one angry old man started to upbraid us loudly and a bald head came out of the window below us and we realised that our cotton stretched the length of the Rector's window. (The topography of the Salone area was very different in those days.)

His studies were a sore trial to Val all his time in Rome. He worked hard and, realising that our joint harness would get us nowhere, he patiently transferred himself to John Macmillan, who was actually interested in philosophy. John took him through the last day's lectures or prepared him for the next's. They sat together in the library faithfully, evening after evening. At least it was good for both their souls.

Val's initiative and ingenuity produced the golf course on the Sforza, began the wardrobe and greenroom—an act of creation for there was literally nothing there—inaugurated unorthodox gitas; but of this side of him much as been

written already in *THE VENERABLE*, in the Diaries and Romanesques. What has, perhaps, not been mentioned is that these activities led him to search in shops for strange things, objects that had never before been sought by church students and for which his vocabulary was quite inadequate. Among the less unusual, he wanted a spray to fight green fly on his flowers. With much waving of hands he explained to an astonished shopkeeper: '*Voglio qualchecosa per ammazzare i bagarozzi*'.

He was tall and good-looking, like all his brothers, and wore (when he got the chance) the most outrageous clothes with distinction. And though he might make little or nothing of scholastic philosophy, he certainly advanced in the spiritual life. He took the formidable Father McMahon as his confessor, a Jesuit who allowed no backsliding, who demanded not merely mortification, but austerity. Some of his penitents failed to last the course. Not so Val. Which explains why we were not surprised to learn that he had entered the Carthusian monastery at Parkminster on completing his three years' philosophy in Rome.

After a short time at Downside, he had determined to make the Royal Navy his career and transferred to Dartmouth, ending up as a sublieutenant when peace came in 1918. (Once on a German visit to Palazzola he met an ex-U-boat-commander, whom he had chased at sea. The two were inseparable all that afternoon until the Germans had to depart.) What made him change his mind he never told me. Anyway, he left the navy and turned up at Oxford among the exquisites of the House, as with mock modesty Christ Church was known. The next stage was Rome. After that he stayed at Parkminster for several years, longer, I think, than his time in the Venerable, until his uncle, the Bishop of Northampton, hauled him out. I surmise that he had a genuine gift for prayer and that a true contemplative vocation was lost through mismanagement. The family took charge and he went to his eldest brother at Warwick Hall, near Carlisle. Here he was a fish out of water, knocking or kicking over the tables and ornaments to which he was now unused. Eventually he set off to walk through the night southwards towards Parkminster. When his flight was discovered, his brother gave chase. After some miles he saw the tall figure ahead, drew up beside him and said: 'Don't be a fool, get in'. Val got in without a word.

There was some suspicion of tuberculosis and he spent a year in the uplands of Kenya. Then he went to Fribourg, did his theology and was ordained. Immediately he set off for the Villa in a car, so ramshackle that he called it Faith, Hope and Charity. He gave his first Benediction in the Villa church and blessed us with the monstrosity in a triple, episcopal blessing.

Back in his diocese of Northampton, it was not long before Cardinal Hinsley dug him out to serve as his private secretary. Those were probably the happiest years of his life, at least the most fulfilling. He adored the old man, as did we all; and it was sheer joy to look after him and be with him. Gradually the Cardinal's health broke. He suffered exhausting heart attacks, grew progressively blind and deaf. But one could presume overmuch. During breakfast at Hare Street, where Cardinal and secretary sat at the ends of a fairly long refectory table, the old man suddenly accused Val of not having shaved. 'What do you think of that?' expostulated the secretary, 'from a man who says he's blind!'

After the Cardinal's death he returned to the navy as a chaplain until the end of the war. Then he took another kind of chaplaincy at Oxford, where he played a magnificent part for many years, especially in encouraging vocations to the priesthood among the undergraduates. The rest of his life was dogged by ill-health, and like his old Boss he had several heart attacks before he died. But even in that twilight period he remained the same man, motionless in prayer, gay and talkative in company, revelling in his exertions to put out a fire in the house he had come to from Parkminster. He was humble and gallant and a great lover of Almighty God. *Alter Christus et amicus Christi.*

R. L. SMITH

THE REVEREND ROBERT RICHARD, S.J.

It was with great sorrow that we heard in early September of the death of Father Robert Richard, S.J. He died during August in the United States from the same illness which had continually interrupted his teaching during the last academic year. Although he had only been teaching at the Gregorian for two semesters, Father Richard was known personally to many students of this College, not only as a lecturer at the University, but also as a regular speaker in the College. Members of Third and Fourth Year Theology during the past two years will remember with gratitude the humorous and informal way in which he delivered many a talk on various contemporary aspects of theology. During the Spring of 1966 he gave a series of talks in the Common Room on a number of items which are often the subjects of heated controversy and debate. With wit and serenity he discussed at depth such issues as the development of dogma, the apparent clash between biblical and doctrinal exegesis, the modern phenomenon of the secularization of Christianity, and the ultimate question which this raises: 'does the Judaeo-Christian revelation enjoy a privileged role in the world's destiny or not?' Father Richard's method was an example to all students. He would calmly and fairly discuss all sides of each issue, and then clearly indicate the important questions which the theologian has to answer.

Father Richard's death has been a heavy blow to the Society of Jesus and the Gregorian. Both the staff and students of the College feel that they have not only lost an inspiring teacher, but also a real friend.

May he rest in peace.

H. C. BUDD

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