

THE
VENERABLE

CONDUCTED BY THE PAST
AND PRESENT STUDENTS
OF THE VENERABLE
ENGLISH COLLEGE
ROME

Vol. XXV No. 3

*Printed by the
Leinster Leader Limited, Naas, Co. Kildare, Ireland*

CONTENTS

Editorial		166
Cardinal Heenan's Speech at the Gregorian		167
Canonisation Diary	<i>Philip O'Dowd</i>	170
The Forty Martyrs and their Critics	<i>David Forrester</i>	174
Reflections on a Visit to Lucania	<i>Graham M. S. Dann</i>	181
Romanesque	<i>John Hadley</i>	189
College Diary	<i>Peter Carr</i>	195
Nova et Vetera		
Jubilee of the Exodus	<i>Canon A. Hulme</i>	201
From <i>Experience, Historie and Divinity</i> by Richard Carpenter. (London, 1640), part II, p. 133		204
From the <i>Congregatio pro Clericis</i>		204
The Demise of Palazzola?	<i>David Forrester</i>	204
From THE VENERABILE Forty Years Ago: 'The Schola Cantorum'		206
Plug	<i>Rick Lohan and John Marsland</i>	207
Personal		209
Corrigenda and Addenda		210

EDITORIAL

In recent years, the Editor's task seems to have consisted largely in digging out obscure commemorations and anniversaries to enlarge upon. This year, excessive spade-work was unnecessary. The Canonisation of the Forty Martyrs was spread so wide throughout the national (to say nothing of the Catholic) press that not even the most purblind of Englishmen could have failed to notice it. It is to the events of that week that the bulk of this issue is dedicated. We hope that the speech of Cardinal Heenan at the Gregorian will be of particular interest to our readers, since it was not published, or reported, at the time, and the student's-eye view of the week will give an idea of the flurry of activity which went on, undisclosed, behind the scenes. So busy was the start of the semester that February exams were upon us before we had time to turn with the year.

The departure of the Vice-Rector deserves mention in the editorial, since he has always been a supporter of, and contributor to, the magazine. We hope his interest will continue. The support of past students is the life-blood of THE VENERABILE, so we were delighted to receive Canon Hulme's contribution, which will be found under 'Nova et Vetera'. Any others who feel inclined to follow his example and put pen to paper can be sure of a warm welcome from the editors.

And now to troubles. Rising costs and the falling number of subscribers have forced us to reconsider our financial position. We did not want to increase the subscription, and so, after consulting the annual general meeting of the Roman Association, we decided to reduce, instead, the number of times the magazine appears and leave the subscription as it stands. We hope our subscribers will continue to support us despite this rather drastic measure.

But enough of worries, and on with the fun.

CARDINAL HEENAN'S SPEECH AT THE GREGORIAN

27th OCTOBER 1970

Very Reverend Father Rector, Your Eminence, Your Excellencies, Fellow Bishops of England and Wales, Reverend Fathers, Sisters, Ladies and Gentlemen, Students of the University.

Some months ago it was my privilege to be invited to preach the homily in the Chapel of St. Peter's Chains in the Tower of London. The occasion was the unveiling of a memorial plaque in honour of St. Thomas More, at which Dr. Ramsey, the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, conducted the service, in the presence, also, of the Chief Rabbi of the Jewish Community in England. On that historic occasion, I had the vivid experience of the actual presence of the Saint amongst us. I have had the same experience in the last few days at the Venerable English College where I have been staying for this unique event in the history of the Church in England—the Canonisation of the Forty Martyrs of England and Wales. The martyr-students of the English College and of the Roman College have been, and are, truly with us in these days, in the places where they lived and studied.

Those who know something of the history of the English and Roman Colleges are aware that these martyrs were by no means 'saintly' students in the pious sense of the term. They were typical young Englishmen, stubborn and rebellious, fractious under the normal ecclesiastical regime of 'too many lectures and too much study'. And yet—and this is one of the strange paradoxes of God's providence—they were intensely aware of their divine vocation. They were men being prepared for the priesthood, subjecting themselves to a purifying process of study, to a discipline of prayer that inevitably brought them to a spiritual maturity which would be equal to the demands which God was to make of them: to give supreme witness to Christ, to rise to those heights of faith and love which is martyrdom. Living as they did, here in Rome, and fully conscious of the religious situation they had left behind in England, they knew that, as future priests, they were being prepared for death: a death for their belief in the supremacy of Peter in matters spiritual. They can be described as martyrs for the *magisterium* of the Church.

There is a close parallel between the England of today under Elizabeth II and that of the English College men martyred under Elizabeth I. Many Catholics are in a state of confusion and perplexity owing to the ferment and dissemination of new theological ideas and speculation. Old beliefs are being questioned, old pieties have suddenly become outmoded, old loyalties are challenged. What so many are looking for is a clear and unambiguous lead: one which is fearless and authoritative (without being arrogant or authoritarian), candid, informed, sincere; one which will distinguish the substance from the accidentals. It is the bishops and the priests who are the key figures here.

Not many had understood the significance of the Act of Supremacy under Henry VIII. Only one bishop had stood out—Cardinal St. John Fisher: only one layman of note had resisted the attack on the Holy See—St. Thomas More, Chancellor of England. However, by the reign of Elizabeth, the situation had become clearer—through the witness of the priests from these seminaries abroad. It was the preaching of these men, and their dying, which gave to the people the guidance of the Church in those turbulent times.

How well these martyr-priests succeeded in their mission is typified in the diverse circumstances, conditions and state of life of the Forty Martyrs: schoolteachers, workmen, noblemen and housewives. They refused to accept that the spiritual authority of God in the Church could be usurped by Caesar's. They died to defend the inalienable spiritual prerogatives of Christ's Vicar.

Much has been said in these last months of the opportuneness of their canonisation, of the blow that it might be to relationships with our non-Catholic brethren. Such fears were based largely on misapprehensions and ignorance of the close and sincere friendship that exists between us. There has never been the slightest indication of recrimination or bitterness from any responsible men on either side. In fact, it is my firm belief that this canonisation is highly opportune in this respect: more than anything else, it will sift the false from the true. It will lay the spectre of compromise in matters substantial, it will kill the dangerous half-truth. It will certainly give a clearer vision of what we Catholics believe in, and a stronger conviction of what the Church of England stands for. It therefore marks a significant step in ecumenical progress. If true ecumenism means a firmer and deeper understanding of the truths we each hold: if it means an increasing respect and reverence for each other's deepest religious convictions, then the clear devotion and fervour which this canonisation has evoked amongst the Catholics of England and Wales, and the close attention paid to the strong faith and exquisite charity of our martyrs must, under God's providence, inevitably help to heal the divisions between us.

This faith, as is obvious to all, was centred in the Eucharist. The attachment of the martyrs to the holy sacrifice of the Mass, their own reverence for the reality and

worth of the ministerial priesthood, was understood by their persecutors as that which made their faith authentic and was taken as its supreme test. This is why the martyrs of the English College are such clear and shining examples for future priests, and particularly the students of the university. As seminarists here, as missionary priests in England and Wales, they showed themselves to be balanced, responsible and dedicated men, their lives founded and rooted in their love for their country and its people, totally given over to the faith, convinced that the strength which came to them from God came to them through their firm belief in the holy sacrifice and in the Eucharist.

The central truths for which they died—adherence to the See of Peter and to their priesthood as the supreme gift of God to them and to their people—are still the test of our own faith today. It is for this reason that I am so profoundly grateful for all the thousands of English and Welsh Catholics who have come as pilgrims to Rome for the canonisation: they are all witnesses of the same faith and the same love.

Finally, I would like to thank Father Rector for inviting me to speak on this occasion; and all those who are taking part in this ceremony, and who have joined us in the canonisation celebrations.

CANONISATION DIARY

'The grandest Catholic event of our time' announced the travel brochures, and among the small print the careful reader might notice the added attraction of 'A visit to the Venerable English College'. What this visit was to entail was decided by the forces of destiny, restrained by the Vice-Rector's *ad hoc* committee, which had its first meeting at *Palazzola*. But naturally this was not our only involvement in the canonisation; there was guiding to be organised, singing to be rehearsed, and the house to be prepared for all comers—from English pilgrims to Curial Cardinals.

Until a week before the *dies magna*, much of the weight seemed to fall on the Vice-Rector's shoulders; but then things began to happen. Father Budd was appointed guestmaster, and genially shepherded the denizens of the *Salone* and of the new *Montserrat* into fresh fields to make room for honoured guests. The college burst into a rash of informative notices and the voice of the archivist was heard in the library, where an exhibition was taking shape. Three hundred gilt chairs arrived for the chapel, five thousand elegant plastic beakers were delivered to the *Portineria*. *Schola* practices became twice-daily affairs, and the nuns of *Regina Mundi* appeared to add *soprano* and *alto* to an already rich range of tones. Mgr. Wilfred Purney, the kindly *generalissimo* of the musical forces, rehearsed us in the Responsorial Psalm which we sang with the Westminster Choir. A vast maroon and gold drape surrounded the Martyrs' Picture, the Tribune was rewired and its *frescoes* illuminated; and the library on Thursday night saw the arrival of Cardinal Howard's picture of the Holy Family, fresh from its restoration at the Vatican.

On Friday, the bishops began to arrive, and Mgr. Larry Smith installed himself on the *Montserrat* where he soon proved to be a kindred spirit. Then in the middle of *siesta*, the first pilgrims began to arrive—in small groups, as the coach-strike planned by the unions had just taken effect—and we watched with bated breath as one hundred and fifty Mancunians moved into the church for the first Mass. Would our carefully laid plans stand up to the acid test of reality? Apparently so; hymns were sung lustily and the liturgy unfolded itself smoothly and with dignity: the sacristans had done their work well. After the Mass, groups of pilgrims were

escorted away in different directions under the wing of the archivist and his band of expert guides; meanwhile, in the garden, the *ad hoc* tea-man and his merry men presided at the urns of English College hospitality. This pattern was to repeat itself no less than thirty times during the week that followed.

Saturday saw the final preparations for the canonisation ceremony. The college had been asked to provide ten *assistenti* and these went through rehearsal in St. Peter's. The *schola* rehearsed with the Cathedral Choir and realised the inadequacies of the human voice in the cavernous spaces of the darkened basilica.

The weather on Sunday was perfectly Roman; which perhaps emphasised the oddness of a huge English crowd hurrying up the *Via Conciliazione* at 8.30 in the morning. English voices called out excitedly, and by nine o'clock the pleasant hum of quiet talk floated through a packed St. Peter's. Cardinals and members of the *Corps Diplomatique* had already taken their seats, and Dr. Harry Smythe, representing Archbishop Ramsey, made his appearance in the sober magnificence of Anglican choir dress.

The ubiquitous archivist was installed in the Vatican Radio commentary box high above the crossing, and our friend Peter Coughlan explained the ceremony to the congregation. Soon Mgr. Purney's comforting tones announced the entrance hymn 'All people that on earth do dwell', and, in spite of the restrained pace, we had sung the psalm three times before Pope Paul, preceded by the entire hierarchy of England and Wales, had reached the altar.

Despite the overwhelmingly English congregation, the ceremony was infused by a wholly catholic quality. The keynote of the Pope's address was reconciliation after suffering and conflict. This positive and forward-looking expression of catholic faith was not to be surpassed in simplicity and dignity in the days that followed. Perhaps the most moving moment of the whole ceremony came when the Pope read out the names of our new Saints, headed by the names of Cuthbert Mayne and Ralph Sherwin; one could almost feel the reaction and emotion of the huge congregation.

Lunch in the college was a splendid affair. However, we were given little time to recover from it, as the continuous stream of visitors had begun to flow in earnest. At six o'clock, the *Salotto* was converted into a cloakroom, as the guests began to arrive for the reception given by the hierarchy in honour of the new saints. Among the guests we recognised such figures as Cardinals Willebrands and Conway, several rectors of colleges in Rome, and distinguished representatives of religious orders. The Anglican Church was represented by the Assistant Bishop of Exeter.

Although many of the great events were centred on the college itself, there was much to be done out of doors too. Many students undertook the guiding of groups of pilgrims around the city in an attempt to make even a week as short as a canonisation week a really full and memorable experience in terms of sight-seeing both

in Rome and outside. Those manning the college expected to see fresh faces on these *impromptu* guides, but they had as arduous a task as anyone, chasing the lost, travelling well-worn routes and trying to see the wonder of familiar sights as with new eyes. Often they found the odd traveller who knew embarrassingly more than they did themselves—which is, of course, disconcerting.

It was very late when most of us retired on the Sunday night, exhausted, but sustained by the thought that nothing had been seen to go wrong. On Monday there was the rather trying combination of more visitors, the audience planned with the Pope in the *Cortile di San Damaso*, and the *Triduum* Mass in St. Paul's-outside-the-walls. It was a very full day, but even this cannot really excuse the Vatican's very poor preparation for the audience. Many waited for hours, standing on steps and in corridors; the doors were kept closed until the last moment; substantial numbers of people, including the Westminster Cathedral choirboys, never got into the *cortile* at all. Those who did reach the courtyard say that the occasion was one of tremendous informality and kindness, and that the Pope expressed his gratitude for the pilgrims' visit as heartily as they expressed their loyalty to him. The preliminary disorganisation was still the sole blot on an otherwise perfectly arranged pilgrimage.

The Mass at St. Paul's that evening proved a giant affair, attended by almost the whole pilgrimage, seventy-five priests and all the bishops. There were about a hundred and twenty concelebrants. The note of universality which was so noticeable in the Papal Mass of yesterday gave way to a nationalistic spirit which seemed to take possession of the relatively modern stones of the great church. Cardinal Heenan spoke of the triumphalism we might permit ourselves on such an occasion as this canonisation. But he cannot have foreseen the 'triumph' he himself was given as he left the basilica. The crowds of people burst into thunderous applause and sustained it as the large procession moved through the church. After the ceremony, many people approached the altar to place their relics and rosaries on it, and some kissed the seat of the chair on which the Cardinal had sat. The respect and affection in which he is held is plainly great.

It was at this Mass that we said goodbye to the choir from Westminster. From now on we had to sing for the *Triduum* Masses alone. We found singing in the vast spaces of the basilicas particularly difficult in terms of co-ordination with the organs, which were almost always a good distance away from us. There is always a tendency to shout, which, if yielded to, produces hoarseness and exhaustion which effectively cripple future attempts. Despite these difficulties, the *schola* seems to have acquitted itself well and was accorded a due share of the bouquets; and the formation of a permanent mixed choir with our friends from *Regina Mundi* seems imminent at the time of going to press.

The Mass at St. Mary Major's was a tremendous success. In the warmer interior,

people became spontaneous and ready to participate. Many noticed a more prayerful atmosphere, and one lady told me she had never seen such a 'calm' gathering of nearly three thousand people. The flavour of the occasion was Welsh; it was Bishop Fox who carried in a casket of St. Thomas of Canterbury's relics, the celebrant was Archbishop Murphy, and the preacher was Bishop Mullins, who spoke in Welsh as he had done at the canonisation ceremony itself. He stressed the ancient attachment of Wales to the Holy See, a fact not difficult to forget in view of the intervening history of Welsh non-conformity. Once more, the weather was delightful, for which the pilgrims from a distinctly chilly England were grateful.

The afternoon was set aside for the solemn inauguration of the Gregorian, with speeches by the Rector, Father Carrier, by the Prefect of the Congregation, Cardinal Garrone, by Cardinal Heenan, and by Mgr. Alston. The theme of Father Carrier's address was 'Your saints are our saints' stressing that if the ten martyrs of the English College were celebrated by the English, they would also be celebrated by their old university; and where the Gregorian had counted eight saints among its *alumni* before, it now counted eighteen. Cardinal Heenan recalled the closeness he felt to the martyrs in the chapel of the Tower of London where St. Thomas More had prayed; and noticed how much more this was true of Rome itself and of the university and college where our martyrs had lived and worked. Mgr. Alston thanked Father Carrier on behalf of the college and introduced, after a short speech, the reading of Ralph Sherwin's last letter to his uncle, which was reverently received by the large congregation.

The canonisation seems rather distant now. Other things have passed between us and those vast assemblies of English people in Rome. But one thing will remain as a memory amid a great deal of public speaking and preaching and hard work; that is the sermon the Pope gave at the canonisation ceremony. With dignity and consideration, he gave the lie to the notion that 'Popes have never understood England'. At the risk of being accused of this lack of understanding myself, I would suggest that the Pope may understand England a good deal better than England understands herself.

PHILIP O'DOWD

THE FORTY MARTYRS AND THEIR CRITICS

October 1970 saw the canonisation of the Forty Martyrs of England and Wales in the Basilica of St. Peter. Past members of the college and readers of *THE VENERABLE* are no strangers to the martyrs' cause, to the details of their lives and the circumstances of their martyrdom. All these facts are readily available in well-known histories of the period, and this essay will not therefore re-tread old and familiar ground. (For convenience sake, however, a list of the Forty will be found at the end, with indication of those connected with the college.) The purpose of this article is rather different.

When it became public knowledge that the canonisation ceremony would take place, two types of fear were expressed in the press. On the one hand, there were Catholics who questioned the point of the canonisation; their most vocal representative was perhaps Joseph A. Munitiz, a member of the English Province of the Society of Jesus studying in Paris for a doctorate in the history of theology. On the other hand, there were Anglicans, led by His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, who expressed reservations concerning the canonisation, for fear that it might have unfortunate repercussions in the ecumenical field. This article will attempt first to indicate the shortcomings of the outlook represented by Father Munitiz, and then endeavour to suggest how the misgivings of Anglicans might be allayed.

In an article in the now defunct *New Christian* in the February preceding the canonisation (the substance of which also appeared in *The Times* at about the same time), Joseph Munitiz, S.J., attempted to outline what he considered were the 'real issues involved' and the motives behind the forthcoming canonisation of the Forty Martyrs. As an exercise in sensational journalism Father Munitiz did a good job; as an attempt to treat the subject with even a modicum of balanced and well-reasoned consideration, his effort was less than adequate. Why then, at this belated stage, should one consider these views? The answer is threefold: in the first place, plain justice suggests that the Forty Martyrs (ten of whom were associated with the English College) deserve better treatment; in the second place, opponents of the

canonisation claimed the right to plain speaking, so they should not be alarmed if someone else suggests that the seriousness of a subject sometimes demands that superficial treatment of it in print be exposed for what it is; and thirdly, it seems to me that otherwise a splendid opportunity of considering the subject in a positive light might be lost, to the detriment not only of Catholics but of all Christians.

Like many opponents of their canonisation, Munitiz was convinced that the martyrs' significance today lay solely in their symbolic value. However, a greater acquaintance with the personal histories of simply a handful of them, such as Margaret Clitherow, Henry Morse, Ralph Sherwin or Edmund Campion, would have revealed that this idea of symbolism alone could not long be sustained. St. Thomas More recognised more than mere symbolism in the manner in which four of the Forty Martyrs, the Carthusians John Houghton, Robert Lawrence and Augustine Webster, and the Bridgettine monk Richard Reynolds, proceeded to the scaffold. 'Lo, doest thou not see, Meg,' More said to his daughter, 'that these blessed Fathers be now as cheerfully going to their deaths as bridegrooms to their marriage.'

Admitting himself that he lacked any concrete evidence, and basing his views entirely on what *he* termed 'reasonable surmise and on a frank appraisal of motives and intent', Munitiz at least expressed a fear found in some sections of the Catholic press. This was that the canonisation of the Forty Martyrs was pressed, most notably by members of the English hierarchy, in order to combat the growing tendency among English Catholics of thinking and speaking for themselves, and of making friends outside the official structures of the Church. 'To deal with both dangers,' said Munitiz, 'the English Martyrs are to be brought into the limelight. Their devotion to Rome and their aversion for the Anglican Church of their times deserve a special consideration and praise today as a reminder, even if veiled, for wayward Roman Catholics in England.'

The grounds he gave for asserting this were contained in a central description of 'the situation at present in the English Roman Catholic Church', and based on impressions he gained while on a visit to England. Whatever shortcomings Munitiz's views may have shown up to this point, they were here compounded by his allowing what he himself described as a note of caricature to creep in. And as a *pot-pourri* of querulousness, Munitiz's description took some beating.

As evidence that 'the official Church has sent out the call to panic stations', Munitiz cited concern over the existence of a 'vociferous minority' who oppose the smallest innovations in the liturgy, 'even when grudgingly permitted by excessively nervous bishops'; the imposition on priests of 'clerical uniform' and 'the prison type collar'; the infliction of suspensions on priests 'who step out of the party line'; and displeasure felt by supporters of the canonisation over criticism of papal encyclicals, Vatican politics, ecclesiastical economy and church administrative

structures. The blatantly subjective nature of his description, however, reduced the worth of Munitiz's thesis to the level of fiction, or at the most to that of unsubstantial hypothesis. And his list of complaints was very small beer compared with the sufferings endured by the seminary priests in the period of the martyrs. One only has to read the letter that William Allen sent to a Carthusian in 1577, describing the dangers that his priests had to confront, to see that Munitiz and many like-minded critics had things somewhat out of proportion.

'I could reckon unto you,' wrote Allen, 'the miseries they suffer in night journeys, in the worst weather that can be picked; peril of thieves, of waters, of watches, of false brethren; their close abode in chambers as in prison or dungeon without fire and candle lest they give token to the enemy where they be; their often and sudden rising from their beds at midnight to avoid the diligent searches of heretics; all which and divers other discontentments, disgraces and reproaches they willingly suffer . . . and all to win the souls of their dearest countrymen; which pains few men pity as they should do, and not many reward them as they ought to do.'

Munitiz's omission of any reference to the spiritual, sacramental and pastoral activities presently existing in the Church in England also made his description very odd reading indeed. Was it not precisely for the maintenance of these things, in addition to their loyalty to the Holy See, that the martyrs died? And regarding the martyrs' firm adherence to the successors of Peter, was the behaviour of the Forty, when confronted with opposite views, so different from that of John XXIII when as Bishop Roncalli he was on his mission in Bulgaria?

'The difference of religious beliefs regarding one of the fundamental points in Christ's doctrine that we meet in the Gospel,' writes Bishop Roncalli, 'namely, the union of all the faithful of Christ's Church with the successor of the Prince of Apostles, has brought me to exercise some reserve in my relations and my personal behaviour with these separated brethren. It was only natural. And I think I have been well understood, even by them. The fact that I have always tried to show respect to each and every one by my inoffensive silence, both in public and private, and the fact that I have never bent down to pick up the stone that somebody threw at me on the street, gives me the calm certitude that I have proved to all of them that I also love them in Christ with the brotherly, profound and sincere love that the Gospel teaches us. The day must finally come when there will be but one flock and one shepherd, because Jesus Christ so wills it. Let us hasten the coming of the blessed day by our prayers.'

Munitiz's concluding words, containing a churlish criticism of the canonisation ceremony itself, were memorable only for the unsavoury language of his final sentences.

'The martyrs have been kept waiting too long for an earthly reward for their

pains. They have suffered their fill of Rome. The least that can be done is to ensure that they are not stuffed after death and turned into ventriloquists' dolls.'

The pity was that Munitiz himself did not approach the Forty Martyrs as thorough-going human beings, from whom all people could learn so much. Instead, he employed the then approaching canonisation as an opportunity to vent a specious theory. Had he not done so, he might well have reached a more accurate answer to the question so greatly bothering him and others as to why 'this particular moment should be chosen to bring into prominence a group of men and women who seem to have only a minimal relevance to the particular problems of the present time'. As it is, one wonders what world the critics were living in.

In an age which has had its fill of wars, unjust imprisonment, persecution and violence, would it not have been better to have invited Christians of all denominations in England and Wales to try to see the canonisation as an opportunity to unite in vowing that persecution of *any* human being, such as we had in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, will not return? The slaughter of Edith Stein, Bonhoeffer and Franz Jagerstatter by the Nazis, the all too recent confinement of Church leaders such as Cardinal Slipyi and his brother bishops behind the iron curtain, the torture of priests and lay folk in present-day Brazil and the imprisonment of clerics in Spain, to say nothing of the problems confronting Christians in South Africa, Rhodesia and Northern Ireland, and the assassination in America of leaders of the calibre of Martin Luther King, forcibly indicate that we in England cannot afford to be complacent. Would it not have been preferable, therefore, to have broached the subject of the canonisation of the Forty Martyrs in the spirit of the Second Vatican Council's *Declaration on Religious Freedom* or of *Pacem in Terris* with their emphasis on the dignity of the human person, as a means of fostering brotherhood? What an opportunity was missed. A more rigorous treatment of the subject might also have allayed the fears expressed by Anglicans.

At first sight, it might seem entirely possible that the proclaiming of a public cult of the Forty Martyrs, and the granting of permission for them to be venerated as saints throughout the Catholic Church, could have reopened old wounds and stirred up ill feeling. Whilst this was unlikely, it was not inconceivable that by a process of association, Catholics would indeed at least be reminded of the real differences which formerly existed, and in certain areas still continue between themselves and Anglicans. The important question, however, was whether this necessarily had to happen *to the detriment of ecumenism*.

For Catholics acquainted with the words of the Second Vatican Council's *Decree on Ecumenism*, the answer was clear; this document is emphatic in its teaching that genuine ecumenism does not exclude candour and facing up to differences. Whilst going out of their way to stress the need for dialogue and brotherhood, the Council Fathers warned us too against 'a false conciliatory approach', and

described this as 'foreign to the spirit of ecumenism'. Was not the canonisation of the Forty Martyrs, then, an important test case as to whether English Catholics were mature enough to implement the Council's instructions at a level considerably more significant than the purely social?

Even so, it might have been the case that an Anglican would still consider the canonisation as a rather drastic method of speaking candidly and simultaneously looking for his continued friendship and understanding. And this was a real problem if only because the Forty Martyrs, fierce and loyal defenders of the primacy of Peter and his successors, did not at first glance offer themselves as obvious agents of the ecumenical cause.

It was and is at this juncture, however, that, contrary to all superficial appearances, the Forty Martyrs could be of the greatest assistance to ecumenism. And true to form, it will probably be at a deep level where the going will not be easy, instead even painful and hazardous, but where the rewards could be greatest for the eventual unity of Rome and Canterbury.

In chapter three of the *Decree on Ecumenism* entitled 'Churches and Ecclesial Communities Separated from the Roman Apostolic See', especial reference is made to Anglicanism:

'... other divisions arose in the West. ... These stemmed from a series of happenings commonly referred to as the Reformation. As a result many Communion, national or denominational, were separated from the Roman See. *Among these in which some Catholic traditions and institutions continue to exist, the Anglican Communion occupies a special place.*'

Immediately it may be pointed out that this statement reveals a marked development in the attitude of the Catholic Church since the time of the martyrs, so does this not make their canonisation even doubly unfortunate? Will Catholics, by reflection on the lives and persecution endured by the Forty Martyrs, regress in their outlook to pre-Vatican II times? The answer to both of these questions is not necessarily in the positive.

In this context, the words of the historian Von Döllinger which refer to Germany could well be adapted to the situation in England.

'A hope that forces itself more and more on every (Englishman) acquainted with the history of his country is that reconciliation will be brought about where the schism was born, and that a higher and better unity will be born from the very same womb that gave birth to the division.'

In other words, if the ecumenical movement between Catholics and Anglicans is ever to bear lasting fruit, particularly in the field of doctrine, it will always be necessary to study in depth the initial and subsequently hardened causes of division. Development in attitude has undeniably taken place, but further progress and understanding will depend on our grasp of the very process of advance and of

what has hampered it in the past. To achieve this, the study of history is essential; a detached and mature awareness and knowledge of issues which provoked division in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries should therefore be welcome. It is here that the Forty Martyrs, alongside all sincere Anglicans who similarly suffered at that period, could be of supreme assistance both in furthering our understanding of the problems and eliciting from us what other essential quality mentioned by the Council without which there can be no worthwhile ecumenism; namely, a change of heart.

Shortly before his execution at Worcester in 1679 on account of his priesthood, the Franciscan martyr John Wall prophesied that, 'This is the last persecution that will be in England, therefore I hope God will give all his holy grace to make the best use of it.' Let us then heed the prayer of John Wall and regard the canonisation not in a spirit of partisanship, but in one of joy and hope that ultimately it will in fact prove a means of genuine reconciliation with our separated brothers. After all, Newman may be next.

DAVID FORRESTER

The Forty Martyrs of England and Wales

ALBAN ROE, O.S.B.	1642	Priesthood
ANNE LINE	1601	Harbouring priests
HENRY MORSE, S.J.	1645	(V.E.C.) ...	Priesthood
ROBERT SOUTHWELL, S.J.	1595	(V.E.C.) ...	Priesthood
NICHOLAS OWEN, S.J.	1601	Died under torture
HENRY WALPOLE, S.J.	1595	(V.E.C.) ...	Priesthood
JOHN PAINE	1582	Priesthood
JOHN HOUGHTON, O.C.	1535	Act of Supremacy
ROBERT LAWRENCE, O.C.	1535	Act of Supremacy
AUGUSTINE WEBSTER, O.C.	1535	Act of Supremacy
RICHARD REYNOLDS	1535	Act of Supremacy
JOHN STONE, O.S.A.	1539	Act of Supremacy
LUKE KIRBY	1582	(V.E.C.) ...	Priesthood
JOHN RIGBY, layman	1600	Reconciled to the faith
THOMAS GARNET, S.J.	1608	Priesthood
JOHN SOUTHWORTH	1654	Priesthood
JOHN JONES, O.F.M.	1598	(Rome) ...	Priesthood
JOHN PLESSINGTON	1679	Priesthood
PHILIP EVANS, S.J.	1679	Priesthood
JOHN LLOYD	1679	Priesthood
JOHN BOSTE	1594	Priesthood

JOHN WALL, O.F.M.	1679	Priesthood
JOHN KEMBLE	1679	Priesthood
DAVID LEWIS, S.J.	1679 (V.E.C.) ...	Priesthood
MARGARET WARD	1588	Liberating a priest
EDMUND ARROWSMITH, S.J.	1628	Priesthood
AMBROSE BARLOW, O.S.B.	1641	Priesthood
RICHARD GWYNN, layman	1584	
PHILIP HOWARD, layman	1595	Reconciled to the faith
MARGARET CLITHEROW	1586	Harbouring priests
CUTHBERT MAYNE	1577	Priesthood
EDMUND CAMPION, S.J.	1581	Priesthood
RALPH SHERWIN	1591 (V.E.C.) ...	Priesthood
ALEXANDER BRIANT	1581	Priesthood
JOHN ALMOND	1612 (V.E.C.) ...	Priesthood
JOHN ROBERTS, O.S.B.	1610	Priesthood
POLYDORE PLASDEN	1610 (V.E.C.) ...	Priesthood
EUSTACE WHITE	1610 (V.E.C.) ...	Priesthood
EDMUND GENNINGS	1591	Priesthood
SWITHUN WELLS	1591	Harbouring priests

REFLECTIONS ON A VISIT TO LUCANIA¹

They say that Christ stopped at *Eboli*, to mean that beyond that point lies misery and abandonment. The government funds supplied to the *Cassa del Mezzogiorno* barely filter through the pockets of the '*pezzi grossi*' to the wasteland of the South. The roads that exist are poor, the land is poor, the people are poor. With an average *per capita* income of just over £130 sterling, the people are faced with two grim alternatives: either an eked out existence at the subsistence level, or emigration. In practice this is the choice between living from hand to mouth with one's family or of living in a ghetto in a foreign land. Who is to blame for this situation? On the one hand the economists say that there is no *entrepreneur* class among the people, that they will not invest, and that they are uneducated—in other words they have only themselves to blame. On the other hand the people maintain that they have been kept in ignorance and that the profit motive has been allowed to dominate more humane considerations. Whoever is to blame the problems remain, and they are similar to those of any developing country of the third world.

Evidence of poverty is not a pretty picture, especially when it is contrasted with the natural beauty of the snow-capped mountains, the woods and the valleys. If one enters a typical peasant crofter-type cottage it takes some time for one's eyes to become accustomed to the light. Through the smoke-filled gloom it is possible to discern the family, from great-grandfather down to the smallest infant, clustered round a wood and charcoal fire. Above hang pieces of lard, home-made cheese and *salami*. Chickens, cats and dogs scramble about, their noise and smell adding to that of the household. Through a gap in the stone wall one can make out a large bed clearly intended for the use of all. Grandmother dozes by the fire, bent

¹ A region of Italy about 200 kms. south-east of Naples, bordered by the *Campania* in the North, and *Calabria* in the South. These reflections were put together after a month's work with C.I.R.I.S., described at the end of the essay.

up with age, her features gnarled and weathered by the extremes of heat and cold. One of her married daughters, dressed in a coloured costume with a white band round her middle, and wearing a flat headdress for carrying everything from vegetables to a water-pitcher, suckles her child of at least eighteen months. She is thirty-five, but looks much older, and has been married for scarcely three years. When she fell in love with her man, of the same village, she became subject to the ancient laws of family tradition. Her intended had to be presented to her parents for approval. If this were granted then custom declared that she was to remain at home and not be seen with her *fiancé*, let alone even pass the time of day with him. Finally on the wedding day they appear together; she in her wedding dress, carefully embroidered over the years—he in the best clothes he can muster. From then onwards they live together, generally in the girl's household. One more is added to the family circle, and with him all the various in-laws. The child that she now fondles in her arms is not her first. He died before he could appreciate the light of day. Perhaps it was the will of God, perhaps it had been the influence of the evil eye or of a nearby '*fattuchiera*'.² Infant mortality is not a new or even disappearing phenomenon, with the high rate of 50 per 1,000 live births. It is none the less a '*disgrazia*' and often borne with resentment. Both other daughters are dressed in black. They are going through a period of mourning, for one has just lost her husband. For the sister it will last one year; for the widow, four. There is no book laying down these norms because none of them can read or write. They cannot 'even trace the letter "O" by means of a pencil and a drinking tumbler'.³ And yet these people are good, they are generous and hospitable. Any traveller will be accepted on good faith and offered even the last drop of home-made wine. If suspicion exists it is only because they have been tricked in the past by the entry of the tax collector, the lawyer, or the social anthropologist intent on proving a thesis on magic and superstition.

In the towns one would expect to find a higher standard of living, but in fact the squalor remains; it is simply on a larger scale. Sheep, goats and donkeys meander through the crowded alleys leaving their droppings as a sign that they have used their right of way. From the windows above passes a washing line on which hang the tattered garments that have been beaten and scrubbed at the '*fontana*'. The ancient and less ancient are contrasted by the sound of the latest hit record from the *San Remo* festival or by the sight of a television aerial, while outside flies buzz around the refuse that has been tipped on the cobblestone steps. The *piazza* with its church, police station and '*Municipio*' marks the centre of the town. Here groups of unemployed men stand chatting, or else sit inside a '*locanda*'

² A woman thought to possess magical powers.

³ Expression used by an illiterate shepherd to describe himself. He came from the country around *Muro Lucano*, about thirty miles west of *Potenza*.

playing 'la passatella'⁴ or 'morra'.⁵ Women are forbidden here. If they wish to gossip it must be in the church. Inside the 'commune' the 'sindaco', a simple 'contadino', discusses with his friends ways to run the town, but the problems and solutions have not differed much from fascist times. Nearby hangs the emblem of the Christian Democrat Party, the red cross identifying itself with the Church, and the word 'libertá' fooling nobody. The forbidden fruit of the P.C.I.⁶ once tasted is more alluring. The political game is reserved for those who are fortunate enough to reside in Rome (pronounced, they say, with four initial R's). 'Either Rome wishes us well or else it wishes us evil,' is probably the simplest statement of the true situation.

At first sight it would seem that the province of *Potenza* is more or less homogeneous in its characteristics. One can theoretically divide the 'Vulture' region of the North, with its wine and olive production, from the rest of the zone. However, on closer inspection one encounters other differences. There are towns of particular racial extraction: *Avigliano* with its blue-eyed Teutonic blondes, *Barile*, *Maschito* and *Ginestra* of Albanese origin, and *Tricarico* with its *Rabat* section of the population. Another criterion for examining the differences of the various areas is that of the emigration rate. Out of the ninety-nine 'communi' only two show an increase in population, while the others vary from a rate of 3 to 62 per cent. Ghost towns such as *Ripacandida* or *Ruvo il Monte*, demonstrate which alternative the people have chosen. *Potenza* itself, the 'capaluogo', with a population of over 52,000, stands apart from the other towns. Its workers are largely civil servants filling in forms and using the 'bollo' for the government. Even its vegetables are imported from Naples or Rome. Its biscuit tin flats point to the speculation in building upwards, where the 'Belle Arti' does not exist to prohibit the marring of the sky-line. There is just one main street, the *Via Pretoria*, along which the entire population seems to walk from the hours of seven to eight in the evening. In reality there is not much else for them to do apart from going to see a second-rate film in one of the four cinemas. Men walk with men, girls with girls. The latter have to back home by 9.30 p.m. unless they have a very good excuse for not doing so.

And what of the religious life of the people of Lucania? Here it seems there are two levels. On the one hand there is the traditional aspect and attitude towards religion; on the other there is the reflective and more modern approach.

⁴ This is a debating game that takes place in an 'osteria' in which the winner is declared 'Re della Passatella'. He can appoint a vice-regent if he wishes, but from then onwards the decision as to how much wine each player is allowed rests with him. Much amusement and frustration is caused by giving all the wine to a teetotaler and watching the face of the deprived, hardened addict.

⁵ A game in which each player tries to guess the sum of the fingers by him and his opponent.

⁶ The Italian Communist Party.

The first of these two aspects centres in and around the family. It is in the home that moral values are learnt and through which religion is transmitted. This is not to be thought of as the complete antithesis to organised religion, but rather as its complement. Through the family the natural values are learnt, and the Church, as it were, builds on and sanctifies these values through her channels of grace. So far this is perfectly consistent with Catholic theology. However, the conception of the mode of transmission of this supernatural grace as far as the people of Lucania is concerned does, for want of a better word, tend towards the magical. The priest is seen to be a man apart, not simply because he is celibate (as for the people that is not considered humanly possible), but rather because he possesses a particular power. The cassock tends to enhance the mystery of this power, just as the Latin Mass was looked on in this way. It is almost as if the power came through the incantation of certain formulas through the medium of the '*stregone-prete*'. Thus the Mass was seen as untouchable. Consequently with the advent of conciliar reforms the people felt a spontaneous uneasiness with regard to the vernacular liturgy and the change in dress on the part of certain, mostly younger priests. The priests were looked upon as on the road to perdition, having taken off their badge of office. If they remained within the ranks of the clergy it could only be for the job and the money that it brought with it.

According to this traditional outlook towards religion God certainly exists and at times is very close at hand. To speak of the 'death of God' or secularisation would have no meaning for these folk. To a certain extent there is rather an Old Testament fear of the divinity in which God is seen as judge. Once God has decided on a certain course of action there is no direct method of stopping it. So it is not difficult to see why recourse is had towards the various *madonnas* and saints. It is a sort of '*raccomandazione*'. In any church one enters it is possible to count several statues of the Virgin, connected with different shrines or appearances. But one *madonna* that is practically always to be found is that of the '*Addolorata*'. It is this that is carried in procession during Holy Week when, in certain places,⁷ the Passion is re-enacted in the streets. This Lady of Sorrows, dressed in black and wearing the jewelry of the female inhabitants, well sums up the abject misery of her supplicants. One often sees American dollars attached to her person, the symbol of hope for those families with relatives abroad who have succeeded in loosing themselves from a fatalistic existence. Not all the figures in this procession are of Christian origin. There is the gypsy girl who was reputed to have sold the nails of the cross. There is Malcus, condemned to eternal punishment for having given Christ a blow across the face. And there is a negro called Moro of unknown origin or significance.

⁷ Especially *Barile* and *Atella*.

The three main patron saints are *Rocco*, *Vito* and *Gerardo*. The first of these is the patron of dogs and in particular the disease rabies. According to strange peasant terminology⁸ St. Peter gave the bread (Holy Communion) to '*San Rocco*' who fed it to the dogs; they in turn bestowed it upon human beings. This is presumably their interpretation of Our Lord's words to the Syrophonecian woman. Naturally each year these saints have their particular festivals. No expense is spared and a huge procession is organised to the local shrine. Really these saints are used to obtain favours and only have this functional purpose. Hence, according to this aspect of religion, God, the *madonnas* and saints serve as psychological relief to those in need.

It is normal for traditional religion to be involved at the natural turning points in man's life, the main occasions from womb to tomb. In Lucania money is no object as far as a marriage or funeral is concerned. In the case of the latter not only must the relatives pay for the Church's services on the day of burial, but also on the third, seventh and thirtieth days after death has occurred. In addition they generally spend a large sum on a de-luxe coffin, so that in some cases the total cost can exceed a year's income. It is true that certain confraternities still exist for the burial of the dead, and one can still see on occasions hooded figures accompanying the horse-drawn funeral carriage towards the cemetery outside the town. Another organisation of women provide flowers that do not perish (i.e. of plastic), and the offerings it receives are distributed among the local poor. The cult of the dead features prominently in the lives of the people and it is not unusual for relatives to visit the graves of the deceased every day. This practice is clearly derived from family religion, as any reading of tomb inscriptions will bear out. A burial is not just something that affects the family involved. The closed community characteristic of the towns and villages turns the occasion into something of a social event. At the entrance to the cemetery all the relatives stand with their backs to the wall to be greeted and consoled by the other inhabitants of the area, many of whom have walked miles for the occasion. News of death spreads quickly. The house of the deceased is draped in black, '*Quarant 'Ore*' style, and many keep vigil beside the late lamented.

It has been stated that within the family circle traditional religious values are learnt, and stress is laid on example rather than on text-book definition. What then of the catechism and the preaching of the Church? Here it must be admitted that they are not seen as of great importance. They will tend to be accepted and assimilated only if they reinforce existing views. One reason for this has already been mentioned: the priest is seen as the local cult man. Thus if his homiletic discourse touches on the profane, for example on politics, then he is considered to be

⁸ This particular observation was noted in the area round *Ruoti*.

wasting his breath. Moreover the onus is on the priest to demonstrate his integrity. If there is any hint of hypocrisy in the way he conducts his life then his words will only be taken with a pinch of salt. His sermons will be characterised by the expression 'Do what I say and not what I do.'⁹

Apart from the traditional attitude towards religion there is, especially among the younger members of society, a certain amount of deeper reflection. Often this energy is channelled off into Catholic organisations such as the A.C.L.I.,¹⁰ but even here one finds among the young men and girls a rather individualistic approach towards religion. They wrestle with the latest ecclesiastical hot subjects, such as birth control, celibacy, premarital relations and divorce (incidentally most of them connected with sexual behaviour), but the solutions they offer are not considered in terms of general moral principles, but always case by case. Similarly when one chats to them about their faith the conversation is nearly always on the individual-pragmatic level. A word that is used in nine cases out of ten is 'crisis'. Moreover it is not so much the famous crisis of identity as a crisis of sincerity and of living out the norms of the Gospel. Here one can detect the influence, and indeed contact of the left-wing clergy, who mix freely with the young, are on Christian name terms with them, and offer their presbyteries to them as open houses. This crisis is heightened though precisely because it is confronting the '*aggiornamento*' of the Church with the backdrop of traditional family religion.

The religion of Lucania has popularly been considered to be one rampant with magic and superstition.¹¹ In the first place it should be pointed out that these two concepts are quite distinct. Magic is concerned with power over people, whereas superstition is not. Secondly one must be careful of generalising from particular cases and thus declaring a phenomenon universal.

Very few of these people speak spontaneously about magic. Nearly always the question must be asked directly. Even then not many have direct experience of the occult. They may have heard of a certain witch who lives in *Foggia*, or *Tricarico* or *Avigliano*, but when one goes to any of the places mentioned one is often told that they live somewhere else. Stories are told of the power these '*fattuchiere*' possess; they can even cause adults, but more often children, to die. One was reputed to have got revenge on a cobbler in this way for not having repaired her shoes properly. They also serve in a medical capacity to remove certain ailments. Generally the cure is sought by means of a certain formula and use of pieces of

⁹ 'Fate come io vi dico e non come io faccio', an expression used by more than one person interviewed.

¹⁰ The Catholic Action group for Italian workers.

¹¹ Because of books such as De Martino's *Sud e Magia*. In fact the village of *San Cataldo* which he investigated was visited by us and we were informed by the inhabitants that much of his information was inaccurate.

metal and silver, signs of the cross, etc. Some ordinary housewives say that they are capable of easier tasks, such as the removal of headaches; here normally a simple formula is sufficient. Where belief in this type of cure is prevalent recourse will only be had to the doctor when the other method has failed. In addition these '*fattuchiere*' act as spiritual directors, their most frequent clients being young engaged couples, some of whom are reputed to have university qualifications. The sense of mystery and of confusion with religion may on occasion be enhanced by the use of sacred objects or oil that has been taken from a local shrine or holy mountain.¹² Where a particular family is thought to have magical power they are generally ostracised by the rest of the community, and men will softly swear as they pass their house. In this way they are as far removed from the people as the priest. Contact will only be made on a professional visit.

Did Christ stop at *Éboli* as Carlo Levi maintained thirty years ago? Certainly the railway line continues, but the so called '*rapido*' makes its way along the single line track at a rate not unsimilar to that of a local goods train. The actual railway line does not physically run out until one reaches a small town called *Laurenzana*, about 42 kms. south of *Potenza*. The pieces of *autostrada* promised for years only exist in small sections, and begin and end nowhere. There is definitely a need for the media of communications on the one hand, and yet if the young are going to emigrate and the old are going to die, what is the point of it all? The vicious circle continues, the polemic continues, and 'the haves' become accustomed to seeing the distress of Southern Italy as they sit in their armchairs watching pictures of it on their television screens.

There have been several studies on this region, probably one of the most depressed in Europe, and certainly the most abandoned in Italy. This year, in addition to fifty German university students investigating socio-economic conditions in a town in the north of the region, the Gregorian University's social research centre, C.I.R.I.S., under the direction of Father Emile Pin, S.J., is conducting a pastoral survey over six dioceses, commissioned by the bishops of the province of *Potenza*.

While this research centre generally deals with socio-religious inquiries, such as already conducted in the areas of Venice, Turin, Bolzano, Naples and Rome itself, it has also been at the service of industry in *Matera*, *Rieti*, *Vasto*, and certain parts of Sicily. It operates from the ground floor of the *Palazzo Frascara*, where, in addition to the director, two doctors in statistics and a '*ragioniere*', they are helped by other statisticians and a body of professional and student interviewers (the latter from the faculty of social sciences). Modern I.B.M. equipment for

¹² Such as '*La Madonna del Carmine*' near *Avigliano*.

processing the data has been installed, and the computer used for final elaboration is that belonging to the Vatican Observatory at *Castel Gondolfo*.

The pastoral research in the province of *Potenza* is being conducted in several stages. In the months of March and April of this year a group of seven sociology students from the Gregorian [one of whom was the writer—Editor] began their studies of the area, using *Potenza* as their base. Apart from establishing contact with other experts, and with the priests and people, they carried out a series of informal interviews, and the content analysis performed on them helped to reveal the main themes and language of the future questionnaire. In addition it was necessary to stratify the province according to homogeneous areas in order that the techniques of probability sampling might be employed. Twenty-three '*communi*' were then selected according to certain criteria as being representative of the province, and from these '*communi*' a total of two thousand men and women were selected, being divided into three age groups: fourteen to thirty, thirty-one to fifty and fifty-one to seventy. For the extraction of names, addresses and professions it was necessary to travel to the '*anagrafe*' of each '*comune*' and ask for access to these normally private files. Usually recourse would be had to electoral registers, but this would have had the distinct disadvantage of excluding the under twenty-ones, obviously an important age group when the phenomenon of emigration is predominant.

The next stage, to take place in September, will be the conducting of the interviews by a body of university students and helpers of the area. This is not as simple as it sounds, since in certain cases it will be difficult to find certain categories of person, such as shepherds, for example, and then there will be the problem of dialect to overcome. Moreover, the distances over the poor, winding roads will run into several hundred *kilometres*. In December it is hoped to return to interview those who have temporarily come back from countries such as Germany and Switzerland to gain a fuller picture of the situation. At the same time the earlier data will be processed through a selecting machine and questions and answers combined in a variety of ways. The qualitative study will be performed again by means of content analysis. Finally a report will appear in book form with each major theme occupying a separate chapter, and giving the full results of the research. All this will cost a lot of money, but it will be a study that will save in the long run, since pastoral action where the real situation is not very well known is always very expensive.

GRAHAM M. S. DANN

ROMANESQUE

Banking

The past few years have witnessed a multitude of conferences between international bankers, politicians, financial experts, tycoons, more politicians, and the 'New Left'. They have discussed, among other things, banks as they are, banks as they should be (or should not be), the size of banks and banking in general. Yet all their discussions and findings are incomplete, for none of them have taken into account the workings of the English College Students Bank. To the uninitiated, such a bank is a simple matter to operate. Its purpose, they say, is to provide a strong box in which to put students' money and from which to let it out on demand to those who (legitimately) ask for it. How far such ideals are from the sordid truth! The cares and worries imported by the duties of the English College student banker are such as to daunt even a David Rockefeller. For this is no ordinary bank.

Let us take for a start just one facet of the bank's activities. It has to act as a clearing house for cheques, so that instead of a number of letters, each bearing one cheque, being sent to the bank in England, one letter containing a number of cheques is sent off every few weeks. Difficulties follow immediately. For one thing, the exchange rate which matters is not the one obtaining when the banker first gets his hands on the cheques concerned, but the one obtaining when the cheque is finally cleared, up to six weeks later. This means that rates have to be estimated up to six weeks in advance. A large element of hit and miss enters here, because you do not have much to go on—unless you happen to control the world's money market.

And that is by no means the whole story. English cheques are the bank's main concern, but foreign cheques have their own idiosyncracies. French cheques, due to an internal law, can only be cashed in France, and are therefore unacceptable, unless we open a branch in Paris. The Springbok cheque seems to take two months longer than anyone else's to be cleared. Perhaps they send them to South Africa by homing pigeon. The explanation of the 4s 2d charged for postage would be that this is what it costs to feed the pigeon for two months, plus, perhaps, depreciation. The American cheque, unlike its modest English counterpart, is a status symbol.

The larger its surface area, the higher the social standing of the bank concerned; and its brother, the Canadian money order, presents problems because it is usually made out in *American* dollars (1 American dollar equals 92 Canadian cents). Recently, the clearing bank in England was so confused by this dastardly trap that the rate it calculated bore no relationship to either the American exchange rate or the Canadian. Some sort of compromise? The only thing certain was that it benefited them, not us. The economic boom of Japan has so far failed to deposit a Japanese cheque on my desk. Perhaps someone, just for interest sake, could be made to part with a cheque for the odd yen or so (1 yen equals 1.12 farthings). The trouble is that the National Bank of Nippon sounds rather like a nationwide attempt at ant-extermination, and perhaps should be avoided in consequence.

The operation of exchanging cheques is unnecessarily complicated by the Italian custom of postal and bank strikes. The anatomy of an Italian postal strike is well worth the study of a modern-day Vesalius. The approximate method is as follows: On Monday the collectors of letters go on strike. On Tuesday it is the turn of the sorters. On Wednesday it is the drivers of the vans who take the sorted mail from one office to another. On Thursday the delivery men take their strike day. Finally on Friday the whole lot walk out unofficially. The result is that nothing is delivered for the whole week, and since the process can be repeated indefinitely, the same can be said for all succeeding weeks. A variation on this theme arises when a public holiday occurs: this can have two effects, either the whole lot is pushed back one day, making Friday's programme unnecessary, or they simply take a long weekend.

Bank strikes are even more amusing, except for those who wish to use the banks. In the bad old days of 1968, if the bank clerks went on strike they went on strike, and you knew where you were. The main branches of the banks might stay open, manned by the office staff, but the rest would close. Nowadays, however, banks are deemed to be on strike if the necessary workers happen not to turn up for work. On three days one week in November a man with a loud-hailer was seen at 8.20 a.m. proceeding dismally from bank to bank telling them they were on strike. A branch was then deemed to be on strike if and only if a sufficient proportion of the workers believed him. Of course the fact that on occasion the banks *are* working does not mean that our troubles are over. They have an unusual method of operation with regard to cheques. By Italian law, a cheque must be encashed within seven days of its being written, so if it is held up by a postal strike—too bad! Not surprisingly, payment by cheque in Italy is very uncommon.

Another problem arises when money is sent out from England by banker's order addressed to the *Venerabile Collegio Inglese*. The Italian Bank which receives the order sends a non-transferable cheque to the Venerable English College as *payee*. Fine. Except that the Venerable English College is expected to turn up in person

(within seven days, of course) to collect the money. To attempt to circumvent this difficulty I set out one fine morning armed with a cheque, an authorisation, signed by the Rector, for me to collect the money on behalf of the college, and my passport. On arriving at the branch, I drew out all the documents and laid them on the counter. First question: 'Who is the Venerable English College?' Having sorted that one out, we proceeded to the authorisation. Everything was checked and found to be in order. But trouble lay ahead. My passport had been issued nine and a half years earlier. At twenty-two I look rather different from my photograph at the age of thirteen, and my signature had changed. True, when my passport was renewed at eighteen a new photograph was included, but this served to confuse, rather than clarify matters. Eventually the clerk, and a comrade who had joined him out of curiosity, went to one of the higher-ups at the back of the bank. Having explained the problem of the two photos they gave him the passport and pointed me out. There followed an embarrassing half minute scrutiny from a distance of twenty yards, before they finally returned. At this point I was ready with a fillibuster of my own. 'Why not ring up the Rector?' I asked. This was too simple. But without too much more ado I was confronted with a formidable array of dotted lines. This time I was ready for them, and carefully forged my signature of nine and a half years ago on the various forms. Soon afterwards I found myself, to my surprise, walking away from the bank with the money.

When confronted with hard currency instead of cheques things are simple, deceptively so. Our bank collects in money, mainly in sterling, and gives it out in *lire* according to the prevailing exchange rate. A fair amount of the sterling is kept back for the use of people returning to England, and the rest is taken along to the bank (on a day when it is *de facto*, if not *de iure* not on strike), to be changed into *lire*. But it is surprising what difficulties the good old English quid can cause. The procedure is simple. You take the money to one of the clerks; he looks at it and asks you how much there is; you tell him, and he immediately counts it—twice. Thus satisfied, he pulls out a big book of detachable forms, filling in the amount of sterling you have, the amount of *lire* you will get, etc. The amount of *lire* is always worked out on an adding machine, since no human being can be expected to multiply 1490 by 10. All these particulars, plus the cash, then move along to the cashier who looks carefully at the form, then at you, then counts the money—twice. The second time through he counts every note carefully. Eventually, satisfied he moves over to *his* adding machine and does the calculation again, comparing the result with the amount given on the form. This time I am ready for him. 'Got any small change?' he asks. 'No,' I reply, and as he sighs the despairing sigh of an Italian in grievous pain and reaches for the ten thousand *lire* notes I add, 'And I'll take it in ones, please.' After all it is the final victory which matters.

Banks in Rome, however, are walkovers compared to some of their country counterparts—especially if you were to walk in with the late-lamented ten bob note. On arrival at a bank thus equipped, there are three broad possibilities. (1) The clerk looks at it carefully and proceeds as for a £10 note. (2) The clerk looks at it carefully and proceeds as for 10 Austrian schillings. (3) He looks at it carefully and proceeds towards the nearest policeman. Extrication from any one of these situations can be difficult, from any combination of two or more of them it can be impossible.

But even such banks as these will eventually bow before the once great English pound. But in the face of currency from communist countries, they will not budge. Communist currency is non-negotiable in Italy, except for the Yugoslav *dinar*, and there are strong deterrents against trying to negotiate even this. On the question of whether these deterrents were dreamt up by some dyspeptic Italian bank manager in an anti-Serbo-Croat fit, or invented by the Serbs (or Croats) themselves, I must confess my ignorance. The practical result is the same whichever is the case. Some years ago there were approximately two Yugoslavian *dinars* to the *lira* (and 1750 *lire* to the pound) and to get rid of the large numbers involved, the powers that be in Belgrade replaced 100 old *dinars* by one new *dinar*. But ten years later, not only were the citizens of the country advertising prices in terms of old, small *dinars*, but the old notes and coins were still (unofficially) in use as well. This caused havoc with Serbo-Croat monetary policy, since both old and new money circulated together, and the money supply in effect was far greater than it ought to have been. Perhaps the perpetrators of this act of numismatic irresponsibility were Bosnian or Macedonian separatists, trying to bring down the government by fiscal force. Back in Italy, not only were old notes looked upon with distrust, but there was also extreme discrimination against the poor Englishman who returned from Serbo-Croatian exile with old *dinars*.

But back to the communist bloc. There need for hard currency (sterling, dollars, francs, marks) is both acute and well known. This has a disproportionate effect on their exchange policy. Though the driving requirement is basically the same in all these countries, the method of putting their ideas into practice varies from place to place. In Rumania for instance, when you change your sterling at the border, you are given a ticket saving how much you have changed, then when you leave the country you are allowed to change back that amount and no more. Not a strenuous restriction, you think, until you realise that all furniture, carpets, and other such 'luxury' goods can only be bought with the sterling/dollar type of currency. This gives a large incentive to the Rumanian who wants to furnish his house to beguile tourists into parting with spare hard cash at a lucrative rate of exchange. The result for the poor tourist can be large quantities of Rumanian money which is useless outside Rumania, and not too useful inside. Other coun-

tries, notably Hungary, operate a different system. On entrance you must change a certain amount of your own money into Hungarian *florints*, and this process is repeated for every day which you say in the country. The exchange rate is very favourable to the tourist: in Hungary you are given about two and a half times the official rate; in Checkoslovakia just over double the rate; and in Poland just under six times the rate. But if you do not spend all your money you will find it very difficult to change it back, and quite difficult to get rid of in its own country.

The *lira* of course, is free from such problems, since Italy is a proud, cultured (and western) nation. It is also a republic, and therefore disdains such figures as monarchs and presidents on its bank-notes. Instead, the value and esteem of some of the country's great artists and explorers is publically catalogued according to the following table:

1000	Verdi
5000	Michelangelo
10000	Cristoforo Colombo
50000	Leonardo da Vinci
100000	Alessandro Manzoni

Never having been introduced to a note of higher value than 100,000 *lire*, a fine looking specimen, I am unable to say which artists are deemed worthy of these higher values. These men, clearly, are meant for the upper classes.

I have already mentioned that the Italians use cheques less than Englishmen. The corollary of this is that they use notes, both large and small, much more. To take one instance, a working man is quite likely to find a large share of his monthly pay packet taken up with a 100,000 *lire* note (100,000 *lire* equals £66.66) which is not much use when you want to catch a bus! Perhaps a compensatory factor for this proliferation of large notes is an extreme shortage of small change. In large department stores, on buses, and in other places where a lot of change is needed, they invariably start the day with no change at all. So if you catch a bus very early in the morning, when the fare is half price (25 *lire*), with nothing smaller than a 100 *lire* piece, you find yourself paying for the next three people as well. They say 'Thank you' very politely, but you still find yourself resolving to come well equipped with five and ten *lire* pieces next time.

I do not know the official explanation for this shortage of small change. It would probably need a fair dose of salination before it could be swallowed anyway. The problem was mooted when I had been in Italy only a few months, and raised its ugly head in the run up to the election not long ago. The explanation given generally is that 500 *lire* pieces (fine specimens, these) were being hoarded, the culprits being variously described as American tourists (because the pieces looked nice) and Southern Italian peasants (who believed they were made out of pure silver).

Whichever is the case, the Italian treasury should have had no reason to grumble. For every coin hoarded 34p had gone out of circulation, but the actual metal loss was less than 2p. Unfortunately, finance does not work that way, and the government stubbornly refused to mint more coins, on the pretext that the more they minted the more would be hoarded. Eventually certain large businesses started to produce their own promissory notes for 500 *lire*. This action prompted the central government to produce their own 'temporary' 500 *lire* notes. These objects are signed by the Director General of the Treasury, not the governor of the *Banca d'Italia*, and are not deemed worthy to bear the portrait of an Italian composer or artist. Definitely the poor relation. The more respectable notes also bear a warning that the law punishes the makers and distributors of false notes. The poor 500 note bears no such caution. Perhaps the treasury considers it such an insignificant thing that no one would be bothered to copy one, or perhaps they have woken up to the fact that it gives forgers an extra thrill to etch these words onto their dies.

JOHN HADLEY

COLLEGE DIARY

By now you should have finished saying 'Thank God they haven't changed the cover this time', and you may have even forgiven us for spelling your name like something out of Chaucer; but what *have* they done to the diary? Gone are the days when your diarist would meander with you down memory lane with the daily details of life in the college. You know the sort of thing: '*Tues. 25th: Back from gita. Slab egg again . . .*' In the last few issues, instead of the daily entries and scattered threads of information, we have tried to present college life in a more co-ordinated, thematic, sort of way, and to give some answer to the ever-recurring question, 'What goes on in the English College these days?' Under the old dispensation, even the most ardent meteorologist or historian would hardly take his hat off to an entry for the end of June forty years ago: 'A little thunder and rain, and the pleasant smell of damp dust', and what brash epistemologist would induce any connection with the fact that, merely a week later, 'Mr. Wake, the last of the old brigade, made his unemotional departure'?

Rather than be accused of giving the whole truth, a difficult and unfashionable thing to do these days, your diarist hopes to select a pulse or two in the college to keep a finger on, and leave the rest to poetic licence. Differences of attitude can already be seen in the journals of 1967 and 1968 towards, for instance, the delicate topic of the villa. Who knows what 1972 and 1973 may say? But more of that later.

Liturgy covers a broad spectrum of oddities, from counter-tenors in Byrd's three-part Mass to iconoclasm in the college chapel, from the merry whirligig of a *San Lorenzo* function to the most evangelically boring bible service at home. After the canonisation week with its Triduum Masses and a wealth of benedictions, the seminarian sank to his *prie-dieu* with a barely suppressed sigh of relief. Here, as elsewhere, the old prolongs its death-throes, while the new impatiently urges on. This time it was organ and guitars which struck up a discord. Liturgical action is given a more noble form when sacred rites are solemnised in song. But discussion on peripheral matters of accompaniment, whether it be organ or guitars, bongo-drums or what have you, is only relevant insofar as these are intimately linked with liturgical action, express prayerfulness, promote solidarity and enrich the

sacred rites with heightened solemnity. After the plainchant at Christmas and Easter, most of the Mark Antonys were inclined to bury it, despite the recommendations of the Council Fathers. In the Latin Church, the pipe organ is held in great esteem. Unfortunately, in the college chapel it is not. Some call it a tractor; others, more aesthetically minded, refer to the time-lag caused by the pneumatic action and the distance from the congregation. So that leaves guitars—and you know what some people think of guitars. However, the Council Fathers came to the rescue again, and composers within the college, filled with the Christian spirit, felt that it was their vocation to cultivate sacred music and increase its store of treasures. A combined effort of all camps has succeeded in producing a music booklet with a selection of guitar and organ accompanied hymns, etc., which have been composed in the college in the last five or six years. We wish their venture every success.

So, after organ and guitar had resolved their chord, all was quiet at the ranch until one Thursday morning early in March, before the last weary stragglers had made their way back from the *gita* to the *sordideria*, the aforesaid iconoclasts set to work. All the benches inside the pillars except the outside rows, were taken out, leaving a clear space around the altar. This space, to be known thereafter as the eucharistic platform, was just the thing to brighten up the otherwise dull afternoon. Discussion again raged between the 'meaningful is beautiful' camp, and the more traditional one. The benches were replaced, and a committee set up to discuss the problem in earnest and to decide what best can be done to adapt the chapel to present liturgical requirements. We hope to publish the findings of the committee in the next issue, . . . or perhaps the one after that.

The college journal of the last issue spoke of the 'new programme' introduced last year. This year, at the March public meeting, the Rector announced a further adaptation of the programme. We now have a choice of three Masses each day, morning, midday and evening, except for Wednesday when the midday Mass is the community Mass, and Sunday when we have community Mass at 10 a.m. Having Sunday Mass an hour later was warmly welcomed, as it makes it easier for our English friends and visitors to attend. Morning and evening prayer remain a stable factor, though some, *cum permissu*, prefer to say them in smaller groups dictated by chance or proximity of rooms, or by the structures of the prayer groups.

This year, as in the few previous, those so inclined formed prayer groups to meet regularly (weekly was too idealistic) to pray and talk about prayer on a personal level. There are normally five or six with a priest in each group. What happens in each individual group is quite diverse, and unpredictable apart from the general theme of prayer. During Lent there was a very worthwhile experiment of each group preparing community Mass for one of the Station Churches.

We still attend the 'outside functions' providing *assistenza*, organists, singers,

processions, crowd scenes or whatever is required. Our activities are normally dictated and determined by the particular *parocco* or equivalent, though it was rather refreshing to hear one eighty-year-old mother superior say, 'Yes, bring your banjos and things. My Sisters need to be brought up to date.'

After the misfortune of losing Father Curtis-Hayward we were pleased to welcome into the college, in February, Father Bill Ellos, S.J., from Sin City, Wisconsin. I wonder if he finds it home from home? Father Ellos had been living in the *Bellarmino*, preparing a thesis on Wittgenstein, and coming to the college weekly as external confessor, until, bombarded by requests from the students for a resident spiritual director, a harrassed Rector invited him to fill the place left vacant by Father Curtis-Hayward. General opinion has it that he more than fits the Bill!
Ad multos annos.

Suor Massimina also left us earlier in the year to help in a nursery school in the north of Rome. In fact, there has been an almost total change-over of staff in the kitchen and *guardaroba*. The *Madre* is still with us, but even she, we hear, will be leaving us soon for pastures greener. But every cloud has a silver lining, and the two new Sisters in the kitchen, Gemma and Cypriana, brought with them a terrific improvement in food output—and input for that matter. Our congratulations to Suor Cypriana on her recent 100 per cent for her cookery diploma.

Another newcomer from the United States is Mr. Lewis Patsavos. He is a Greek Orthodox Canon Lawyer who came to us by courtesy of the Secretariate for Christian Unity, to continue his studies in Rome. We only regret that as the year draws to a close, he will be leaving us soon.

A course in pastoral psychology, just too late to be included in the last issue, deserves a mention here. The first talk was given by Father Curtis-Hayward on the problems of counselling the mentally ill, dealing with their families, and other specifically priestly problems concerning mental illness. Dr. Alice Ricciardi, a German-born psychiatrist practising in Rome, later talked of the most common types of mental illness met with in people not committed to institutions, and in a later talk, given in conjunction with Father Curtis-Hayward, dealt with approaches to the diagnosis and treatment of mental illness. The course was absorbing, and never too technical—no mean feat for such a topic.

Another who drew the crowds, round Easter of this year, was Dr. Oropollo, who gave a course of four talks on the problem of drug addiction. Dr. Oropollo was in charge of a centre for drug addicts in Washington D.C., and gave us the benefit of his wide experience in the causes, effects and the treatment of drug addiction, and general facts about the drugs themselves.

Still on matters intellectual, a word of praise is due to the Rector for the work he did last year at the Gregorian on the Rectors' Committee, which meets to discuss mutual problems arising from the Roman situation. Mgr. Alston is very

well respected on this committee, which he headed last year, and is looked upon as an enlightened progressive, although he hates to be labelled as such. An article in *THE VENERABILE* 1970 by Father F. Sullivan, S.J., spoke of the reform of the theology faculty, but those who shudder at the thought of relaxing change can be consoled: this time it meant more work for the students. The old four-year licentiate course has been telescoped into a three-year baccalaureate, with an option of a further two years to the *licenza specializzata e magistrale*. We still have great hopes that the ideals of reform will percolate through to certain of the individual *aulae*. One significant improvement of the last few years is the common practice of weekly seminars in the colleges, directed by the tutors. We are offered a wide choice, limited only by language preferences, though our own tutors, Fathers Purdue and Budd, have proved most popular, even with students from other colleges. One feels that seminars have a great advantage over the lecture-system as a way of exposing, discussing and assimilating a subject; and apart from exam times, many students spend more of their time on reading and preparation for seminars rather than on specific lecture material—not, of course, that the two are unconnected.

Still not exhausted by the rigours of academic life, many of us attended a liturgy day with the nuns from *Regina Mundi*, directed by Father Peter Coughlan. S.I.D.I.C. claims a few, and others go to Palazzola for days of discussion throughout the year with Beda students and the occasional Sion nun. All in keeping with the modern principle—if in doubt, talk.

For lighter entertainment, at Christmas we had the traditional pantomime. Traditional?—well, two years old. For the last two years, the pantomime has not been just for college consumption, with college humour and college innuendo for the one night stand on Christmas Day. College humour as a *genre* died the death with *Chi Lo Sa?* and now the panto is written for a wider audience of our guests and the Rector's little friends. This year 'Robin Hood' (or was it 'Treasure Island') ran for three nights, to a total audience of over five hundred, and contained quite virtuoso musical performances from Messrs Lohan, Marsland and Sands on instruments as diverse as the saxophone and eight beer bottles. A certain amount of egg throwing delighted the less sophisticated, though not entirely the younger, members of the audience, but disappointed the Rector, who, try as he did, was never sufficiently in the firing line to be victimised. Christmas entertainment also included the radio play 'Unman, Wittering and Zigo'. So skilfully was it produced by Chris McCurry that very few guessed that it was never intended for the stage, even though there were over thirty scene changes in two hours.

For the culture vultures it has been an exciting year. A piano recital by Arthur Rubenstein was quickly followed by Britten's 'War Requiem' at the Accademia di Sante Cecilia, and one lost track of the numbers of excellent productions of

opera, which proved very popular. Of particular interest to many was a series of all the organ works of J. S. Bach played by Fernando Germani to mark the anniversary of Rome. The fourteen performances were spread over seven weeks in the church of *Ara Coeli*, which unfortunately was chosen for its historical associations rather than the quality of its organ. On a more social level, we once again enjoyed the *Beda's* hospitality for the *Beda Review*. The *Capranica* too, invited all of us to a Mass and social evening, then just before the exams the French College climbed on the bandwagon and aired their ref for us. We hope, some day, to return their invitations.

Because of the shortened *villegiatura* we no longer have the opportunity during the Summer to tour Europe on *gita*. But many made up for it at Easter and Christmas. One 'cam' went to Malta for a change of beer, another patronised the *gasthäüsär* of Innsbruck. Germany, France, Greece and Sicily had their devotees, as well as the time-honoured spots of Italy itself. For Easter week many parents, relatives and friends came to Rome, so some trod again the well-worn paths to the basilicas and antiquities. Easter Sunday lunch, normally a *feſta in famiglia*, was made a truly family celebration when the Rector made history by kindly inviting our visiting parents and close relatives to Easter lunch in the ref, a practice well worth repeating.

And so we flit lightly over those steaming, uncomfortable months to the end of June, pausing only to lament the passing of Pam, which was compulsorily purchased by the *Commune* in April. The Rome Sports Association now has use of the Palazzola ground for its cricket, and though the game goes on, we shall miss the many beautiful afternoons spent in those idyllic surroundings.

The arrival at Palazzola was typical. The advance party were boasting of the Herculean efforts of their three days labour, while the rest of us looked in vain for evidence to substantiate their claims. Is it mere coincidence that the advance party always seem to have the best rooms, furniture, mosquito nets and sun tans at the beginning of the villa? Father Budd, as leader of the merry band was, of course, above suspicion, and his departure after only a few days should not be misconstrued by idle minds. In fact he received a right royal send-off, and although the farewell barbeque was shortened by rain, the farewell speeches unfortunately did not meet the same fate. After his many years in the college, six of them as tutor, he will be greatly missed by all. Our best wishes go with him to his new post at Newman College, Birmingham.

At the beginning of July, Father Kenny (Salford) came to give us a memorable retreat before ordinations. On Wednesday, July 7th, Bishop Restieux ordained Subdeacons, Exorcists and Acolytes, and conferred Tonsure in a marathon ceremony reminiscent of the earlier days of endless hours spent in Roman basilicas. On the following Sunday, our three-day Subdeacons received the Diaconate in a

much shorter, but very impressive ceremony. It was delightful to see so many friends and relatives come from Rome for the occasion.

Shortly before the villa began we had heard of another ordination which would take place in July, and in due time the Vice-Rector left us to take up his episcopal cross in Shrewsbury. His praises have been recently sung in many places in both speeches and print, so I shall not add to the eulogy except by saying that perhaps we will not realise how great his work for the college was until the place has to run without him. Our prayers and good wishes go with him always.

Meanwhile, back at *Mondo Migliore*, a biblical conference was in progress, and after the retreat and ordinations many of us attended the lectures. We were glad to have Mr. Joseph Rhymer at the villa on two evenings to give us talks on St. Paul's letters.

Cricket, swimming and walking typified the rest of the villa—and prayer. Prayer groups had not quite survived the exam period, but once we had settled at the villa there was time for a more concerted effort. Sister Josephe, an American nun who was at the *Mondo Migliore* conference, joined us for several meetings. She does a lot of this sort of work with young people in the United States, so we were fortunate to have the benefit of her fresh experience of group prayer in a very different background from our own. Granted the importance which prayer has in our lives, many will look back on this as the most important activity of the villa.

And so to *Sermoneta*, where your diarist is hastily scribbling the stop press. The eleven of *us* and the twenty-four of *them* are split into five groups, each group choosing its own theme of discussion, from space travel to the person of Jesus. Working groups are trying their hand at art, music and learning English (with the inevitable groups of *scopa* players to one side). The *inglesi* are tops at volleyball, but we dare not face their soccer side. All in all a tiring, but we hope a worthwhile venture.

So with only a few days of *villegiatura* left, and everyone looking forward to August 9th, your weary diarist leaves the conclusion to someone else. A venerable Canon is quoted as saying on his departure, 'After fifty weeks in England, this fortnight has been really wonderful, though I feel ready to go back tomorrow.' His feelings are shared by us all. It has been an interesting, and at times exciting villa, but . . . England, my England!

PETER CARR

NOVA ET VETERA

JUBILEE OF THE EXODUS

My estimation of diplomats went up greatly. Year after year the mass-media, as they call it now, kept up the sense of crisis. Bill Ford never completely unpacked, as, whenever he was about to do so, some new event made him pause. So we came to 1939 and World War II. We were to carry on with our studies, a technical term, unless Italy came into the war. We were assured by our diplomats in Rome that there would be warning if Italy were indeed to contemplate joining in. The general talk round Rome was that Mussolini was against intervention but that he was away from the job, treading the more attractive paths of dalliance, and that when he did return his subordinates, Farinachi and Staliarchi chiefly, might have landed him in so deep that it would be impossible to hold back. The warning, the diplomats said, would be the suggestion that the food supply of the Italian working men was in danger.

On Whit Sunday, 1940, then, we saw the Vice's face go green at breakfast. He had opened the normal Italian paper and there was the banner headline: 'British Navy Sinking Ships Bearing Food Destined for the Tables of the Italian Poor'.

'Tension' is a mild word to describe the mood of the college: 'pandemonium' would be better. We all had our Whit *gite* planned. That was one thing: we were all told to '*al fresco*', if that can be permitted indoors, in the ref. Those who were without were to get something from the Madre. Meanwhile, Wiggle, now the Rt. Rev. V.G., had come into my room on a quest. He said, 'What on earth are you doing?' 'Swotting,' I said. 'You must have the circulation of a fish,' he said, 'the coll is in a furore. We may be going home.' I replied that that was why; that I intended to ask if I could take the exams, the Licentiate in this case, and I thought it only right to do all that I could for it if so.

It was at the afternoon Rosary that the Vice (the boss was in England on his annual visit) broke the news to us that we were going home. The Vatican had recommended hanging on as long as possible. We were to spread round Rome, to get photos for visas, so as not to bunch at one photographer's and draw attention to what we were doing. Next, we were urged to provide a *quorum* of each year at the Greg, so as not to make it too obvious again. In point of fact, the lads imme-

diately told their *Specs* (in strict confidence) all about it.

You remember we had tea straight after Rosary. For the University Delegate, 'Crasher', now Bishop of Shrewsbury, came over to our table and asked was it true that I was going to ask for an exam, and when I said 'Yes', he said would I wait and he'd ask for all who wanted. In the upshot, only a couple of us went. We were home for supper with our degrees. That did it; the whole college thought of asking to take their exams. The Greg rose magnificently to the occasion. They said they would examine anyone who cared to turn up next day. They got professors out of retirement to manage all the boards necessary. They managed to put everyone through, and gave them the mark which they got last year, which was fair enough, though not lucky for the man who had staked all on a super final exam. Only one of First Year, Tony Chadwick, the sole Northamptonian in the year, let himself be persuaded to take his exam. He got through, as has been said. It was too late next day for the rest of the house to try their luck: we were off.

Visas had to be obtained. I was one of the students who were royally treated by the staff at the French Embassy. Unable to cope, they flung the forms and stamps at us and let us get on with it, and we had everything signed by the end of the day. The few Irish lads were not swept into the maelstrom. Paddy McNamara was able to see us off. Ireland would not be in the war.

Obviously most of the younger lads were too excited for anything, especially to be getting an unexpected holiday. The older ones realised the racking time it must have been for the superiors, the Vice in particular. Even on the train, we wondered if the declaration of war might come at any minute, and if the frontier would be closed by the time we got there. But we crossed into France with only discomfort. There we were asked all sorts of questions, including, I recall, any evidence of troop movements, which regiments had been in Rome, and so on. I don't know that we could give much information, but looking back I realise that it would make the French see that the war was not for a day or two. It was a fortnight, as it happened.

We arrived at Paris before noon, but only dismounted at 2 p.m., having been held up on sidings most of the time. This was tough, as one or two of us were fasting, hoping for Mass or at least Holy Communion. I ran into a spot of bother. McCann by bad luck was mildly unwell, and I was with him, separated from the rest of the gang. This was at the *Gare du Nord*. A plain-clothes policeman was very irate with us, especially as I had on a Roman collar but not so in my passport photo. I tried to explain that I had been ordained since the passport was issued, but he was not too happy about it. We learned later that an unexploded bomb had been discovered in the station earlier that day.

Paris was in a ferment. Our younger lads thought the war was already over in the Allies favour. But as we were finishing a splendid meal, Gussy Reynolds

remarked what a pity it was that Paris was doomed. Asked why he said that, he replied that the French *restaurateur* was not letting us have such wonderful liqueur so cheap if he did not think the Germans would have it the next week for nothing.

At last, the train out of Paris, into northern skies: the heavy atmosphere such a contrast to what was behind. But it spoke of England, home and, to the priests among us, the beginning of the mission. The boat, the last out of Le Havre, was another great step in the journey. We had been warned that we might be disappointed and have to move further west, even to Cherbourg. By this it was evident how bad things were. The sound of gunfire had been reported in Paris. Rumour was rife. On the boat, a young lieutenant was somewhat officious and Johnny Walker was shocked at the cavalier way he was ordering the students about—the sailor in Johnny coming out with a vengeance. What he'd have said nowadays is anyone's guess. Berths were easily available on the boat as most were too excited to go below, and a very cold night they had. In the early dawn, a shock shook the boat. The berths emptied like melting snow. But it was little: a ritual shot from the ship's main gun, a test practised every voyage.

I tipped a steward to tell me where we got off, and headed the queue. But an unusual tide caused the landing stage to be from the deck below; so round turned the queue and there we were at the back of it. It took literally hours to disembark, as naturally the officials had to screen everyone landing. So the hope for Mass, or at least Holy Communion, dimmed and disappeared. Instead, we flung piece after piece of baggage onto the quay, far and away the easiest way of dealing with it. There was one piece in particular. I had become familiar with it. We thought it belonged to dear Father Rope, and it was a crucifix of more than some sentimental value. I had helped to handle this piece with care several times before. It turned out to belong to Chapman, bought in London at that.

But we did get off eventually and made London. Here I was deferred to by the staff of the hotel we stayed in for the night. To the lads' queries as to why, I urged personality. But what had happened, I am sure, is that cloaks had peered into the hat I had. In the hat was the name: Mgr. Redmond. The Green Room had furnished many of us with this and that, not to mention that hat. It was unbelievable to be home and dry. Our gratitude found its expression in Masses at Tyburn before we parted. One strong silent man was quite unmoved. But we noticed he said Mass of the Martyrs in green vestments. We did not undeceive him. So I got home to Northampton and asked could I be a chaplain, being exercised by the grim spirit abroad and the phoney war mentality at home. The Vicar Capitular, himself an ex-chaplain, laughed (and he could laugh) and said: 'We have a rule; you have to do some work first.'

CANON A. HULME

FROM *Experience, Historie and Divinity* BY RICHARD CARPENTER (LONDON 1640); pt. II, p. 133

Our ghostly father in the college was an old Jesuit (John Gerard) who had said freely amongst his companions that he had laboured in digging under the Parliament house till every thread of his shirt was wet. This man was not a fit ghostly father for young scholars looking towards England. The words were proved against him by the titular bishop of Chalcedon from whose mouth I received them; who shewed me likewise a silver medal in which Father Garnet was decked with the ornaments of a saint and joined with St. Ignatius Loyola. I am bound also to his Lordship for the sight of two pictures of Garnet's straw, each representing it in a several form and one being the second edition, when the former had been formerly reprehended, even by me, said the bishop. I hope the Jesuits will not deny that I lived warily and piously amongst them and glewed myself fast to my meditations when others neglected them and slept their time away; who, when the seven sleepers were read in the Martyrologe at supper would merrily put off their caps in honour of them.

FROM THE *Congregatio pro Clericis*

'After general part dealing with the principles about this matter, it makes Commentary with Formulary of 40 Faculties and 8 Privileges texts which *Motu Proprio 'Pastorale Munus'* gave to the Bishops. On the same time, that additions, variations as well as changes are annotated which new Canon legislation had.

'Moreover it is adding *Appendix* containing Faculties which were given to Bishops during last time for five years (1968), then Faculties of the major Superors both Religious Clerical and Laical, as well as the Instruction of S.C. of right about votiv Mass celebrations for blind priests.

'At last by analytical and alphabetical Index it will be easy to find every things are in the volume.

'Therefore the workd is especially necessary for both Episcopal and Religious Curias.' [*sic*]

—Isn't it, but the fight for vernacular goes on.

THE DEMISE OF PALAZZOLA?

Beginning with such a title, it might be wise to preface one's remarks with a few indubitable statements. No one, for example, doubts for one moment that in the past the experience of Palazzola was for many English College students memor-

able, valuable and enjoyable; these adjectives, indeed, may well be gross understatements. Similarly, even today no one is likely to quarrel with the idea that, during the intensely hot Summer period, life at the villa is infinitely preferable to an alternative of remaining in Rome. Who in his right mind, after all, would of his own volition choose to reside daily in the city from June to October or the present six weeks of the Summer that we are here, when the heat, noise, traffic, pollution and tourists multiply to monstrous proportions? If the villa constitutes a 'problem' in anyone's mind then, it needs to be clearly understood that it is not because all that recommended it in the past, nor all that it is able to provide in the way of beauty, peace and quiet—especially in the hectic modern world—is in dispute. As a place in which to unwind, relax, recover from pressures, get things in proportion, meditate, possibly contemplate, and prudently arrive at important decisions alone or as a community, it is ideal. No, the 'problem' of the villa is of a different order. And it is basically reducible to three questions.

In the first place, many people today are genuinely asking themselves whether the possession of such a potentially lucrative piece of property is consonant with the notion of the Church of the poor. This incidentally has nothing to do with the frequently myopic questioning of the usefulness and need of cathedrals or works of art *in the service of* the Church. It is bound up much more with the fact that at present the villa is largely employed for only six weeks of the year and lies idle, though requiring maintenance, for the remaining forty-six.

This brings up the second question and one concerned with everyday economies. At a time when the cost of living, taxation, rates and wages for college employees are steadily rising and the college income from a student body greatly reduced in size is dropping sharply, will it be possible, simply practically speaking, to continue maintaining two establishments?

The third question in some people's minds is whether the villa, even during the six weeks in which it is presently employed, provides sufficient in the way of training for future priests to justify its continued possession?

At this stage it is perhaps relevant to note that the English College is not alone in asking itself these questions; other Roman colleges such as Propaganda Fide and the North American College are experiencing similar problems in regard to their villas; the practicality and relevance of a villa period are not solely English College issues. This fact indeed could provide a possible way out of the dilemma hitting us all, for the solution to all three questions need not necessarily be the simplest one of selling Palazzola.

If it is accepted on the one hand that the villa is still valuable in the modern world as a necessary, albeit temporary, haven to which one can withdraw periodically in order to pray, reflect and with others consider objectively what the Christian community is or should be doing, and if on the other hand one takes seriously

the questions of relevance, economy and training, one possible answer is not to sell Palazzola but to reform it. Would it be impossible, for example, to share its amenities and costs with other colleges? Or could not Palazzola become in a sense a residential extension of the Gregorian; a place where professors, staff and students could repair *throughout the year* for conferences, seminars, retreats and weekends of recollection? Could not *Mundo Migliore* down the road serve here as a flourishing example of what could be done? Undoubtedly the *ethos* of Palazzola would thereby be altered, but would not the gains immeasurably outweigh the losses?

As things stand at the moment we are living at Palazzola on borrowed time. If the decline in the number of students coming to Rome and the reduction in the number of the staff continues, sheer practicalities concerned with running the villa, let alone the feasibility of maintaining any positive and fruitful routine when we are in residence, will eventually force us out. And in the meantime, the gap between the example of the early Church as a sharing community and the villa's actual (as opposed to potential) existence as a similar institution will steadily widen.

This incidentally is an issue on which advocates of the retention of a villa period and its critics could act together. It is too easy on the one hand to hark back to the good old days, dismissing the arguments for students going home each Summer, and recalling the time of full-time residence at the villa, and it is too facile on the other to write off the villa period as a sheer waste of time with satirical references to Palazzola as the '*anticamera di paradiso*'. In place of both nostalgia and cynicism, why can we not have imaginative fore-thought before it is too late? Both as a metaphor and as a fact, the villa building is as yet structurally sound, but already dangerous cracks are appearing in the garden wall.

DAVID FORRESTER

FROM 'THE VENERABLE' FORTY YEARS AGO: 'The Schola Cantorum'

After some eighteen months' bitter experience of us, the choirmaster determined that some drastic measures should be taken to provide plainsong worthy of the Venerabile. During the Autumn term of last year and particularly through the Christmas period when there was so much to do, the singing had been rather disappointing. There had been difficulty in keeping the notes at the right pitch; then later our old habit of shouting triumphed afresh in spite of twelve months' systematic repression. Early, therefore, in January was formed the *schola*—a special choir of men who would be willing to devote time and effort to restoring the chant. Sixteen good men and true were without difficulty collected to leaven the whole lump. At High Mass and vespers they sing the gospel side's half of the

chant and the rest of the church replies. Their first aim was to pick up and keep a true note from the organ and to restore it whenever necessary. Moreover they contemplated a correct rendering of plainsong according to Solesmes methods, particularly in the psalmody at vespers. They achieved a signal success themselves: and what is more to the point, their enthusiasm and prowess infected the rest of us. The quiet, dignified movement of the psalms on both sides of the choir was in eloquent contrast with what we had been doing before. Then the *schola* relieved the church of more difficult passages and transformed into things of beauty what had been merely inglorious scrambles. Offertories began to be appreciated fully and even graduals were sung later on without blunders and even without tediousness. *Divide et impera*: it is easier for a smaller number to prepare difficult pieces correctly and to sing them with cohesion. Besides, the *schola* is no mere body of the 'select'. It has to teach and in the most difficult way—by practical demonstration; and this means some sacrifice of the scant leisure that Roman life admits of. Needless to say an innovation—and the *schola* is one at which not long ago Venerabilini would have held up horrified hands—must expect criticism and sometimes opposition. But to have satisfied keen critics of plainsong and its use in colleges; to have been compared favourably on important points with some of the best exponents of church music in Rome; most of all, to have raised the standard of chant in the college to a reasonable, even a good, level and to have created and maintained interest in a difficult subject is more than justification for the *schola's* existence. May its success continue.

PLUG

A collection of liturgical music, written entirely by students of the college, containing both organ and guitar pieces, is to be published in England towards the end of this year. The primary intention of this brief article is to show how the collection has developed, and what purposes we hope it will serve.

The need for good music in English, which became very apparent in the college about six years ago, provided the initial impetus for a number of people to begin composing music for the Mass, and over the six years a substantial collection has been built up. The possibilities of this music have been delineated by variation of usage—sometimes with cantors singing verses, or with antiphonal singing from the two sides of the church; sometimes the singing is led by a small choir of six to eight people; and, of course, there has been unison singing. Much of this sort of music, then, is on the lines of a text set to music and used as a refrain, and then a psalm-tone for the verses—the simplicity of the refrain makes this format of a piece ideal for parishes, where little time is available for practice. The published booklet will contain a fair number of such pieces.

The experimentation with small-group singing has encouraged the development of some rather more ambitious pieces—particularly for Easter and Christmas—which should nevertheless be within the scope of a choir prepared to practise. Again these pieces have been included, with organ accompaniment, in the booklet.

The organ-music section of the booklet represents, then, a selection of the pieces written in the college over the past six years.

The use of guitars in the college liturgy dates back only two or three years, and the main development in the folk-music line has taken place only in the last eighteen months. Three factors have contributed to the development in this area. First is the increased opportunity to integrate this type of music within the structure of college liturgy; second is the ever-increasing demand from both visitors to Rome (and in particular school-groups), and from Italian youth groups, for us to provide contemporary music for their liturgy. The third element has been an increase in the all-round proficiency of the guitarists and singers, and the introduction of the harmonica, clarinet and saxophone into the accompaniment. The collection of such songs numbers thirty to forty, and most will be found in the booklet.

Originally the idea of making the collection on booklet-form arose from many requests we received from priests and teachers for the material we played in folk-Masses. But because we felt that some integration of the various styles of music was necessary, and to provide a fairly wide spectrum of the different types of music we have used, we decided to extend the scope of the collection to include the other forms we make use of in our worship.

There are two principle motives behind the publication of these sixty or so hymns, psalms, responsories, and so on. The first concerns mainly the organ-accompanied music: we felt here that, since most of this music has been used now for a few years, and has undergone an amount of reshaping and adapting, then it would be good to make it generally available in England. Much of the music was written for particular occasions—e.g. Pentecost Sunday or the Ascension—and most of the liturgical year is covered. Modern harmonies and adaptation of the text have combined to make the music interesting, while still being sufficiently simple to make it easy for a parish congregation to participate.

The second motive for publication involves mainly the folk-music side: we have felt the need to by-pass as soon as possible the use of well-known folk tunes with suitably religious words. If our liturgical music is to be good in its own right, then the tunes must be original; but—and this is of primary importance—the content of these songs and responses must express our faith. We have tried to use as much Scripture as possible in writing the texts for the songs, many of which are transcribed settings of the psalms. It was felt that a depth of content might give to the music not just the air of celebration, but also a catechetical function. In this

manner one would hope to emphasise the role of singing as both expression of faith *and* as catalyst in understanding it. For this reason we hope that the booklet will prove useful in schools as well as in the parish.

We have been fortunate in finding a printer who can produce the music in an attractive form and at little cost—the price of the booklet should be about 20p per copy when it is published towards the end of the year.

RICK LOHAN
JOHN MARSLAND

PERSONAL

Editor—P. CARROLL

Secretary—P. CARR

Sub-Editor—M. GRIFFIN

4th Member—K. CONRY

We extend our heartiest congratulations and best wishes to the Vice-Rector on his appointment as Auxiliary Bishop of Shrewsbury.

We were sorry to lose Father T. Curtis-Hayward from the staff at the beginning of the academic year, and Father C. Budd at the end. We hope they are flourishing in their new appointments.

In February we welcomed Father W. Ellos, S.J., to take up Father Curtis-Hayward's job as spiritual director.

Those ordained priest this year were: T. Cooper (Northampton); P. Kitchen (Salford); J. Koenig (Northampton); C. McCurry (Shrewsbury); P. Morgan (Shrewsbury); W. Rooke (Hexham and Newcastle). To them all go our best wishes for their future ministry.

The list of visitors to the college this year is so long that it includes well over a quarter of the five hundred priests in Rome for the canonisation, and we have therefore decided to omit it. Nevertheless we assure them of a warm welcome on their next visit.

We beg anyone who wishes to terminate his subscription because of the decreased frequency of appearance of the magazine to inform the secretary at once.

CORRIGENDA AND ADDENDA

'The Contribution of the More Family to the Counter-Reformation'

by Francis G. Murray

Part I—THE VENERABILE, XXIV (1967-68), pp. 281-290

- Page 281, Title: After "to" add "the".
- Page 284, line 15: Change "1850" to "1580".
- Page 284, line 18: Change "Ovaries" to "Overies".
- Page 286, note 15: Change "Person's" to "Persons's".
- Page 290, line 16: Change "*coniuctor*" to "*conuictor*".

Part II—THE VENERABILE, XXV (1969-71), pp. 113-123

- Page 114, line 12: Change "ffoid" to "ffloid".
- Page 116, line 13: After "*quia*" add "*ecce*".
- Page 117, line 16: After "others" add "!"
- Page 118, line 27: Change "Christiant" to "Christians".
- Page 118, line 28: Change "Sacrement" to "Sacrament".
- Page 119, line 40: Change "to bill" to "by bill".
- Page 121, line 25: Change "spirritts" to "spiritts".
- Page 121, note 1, line 4: Change "sevarall" to "seuerall".
- Page 121, note 1, line 5: Change "More" to "Moore".
- Page 122, note 5, line 1: Change "*Marus*" to "*Maius*".
- Page 122, note 5, line 1: Change "*Pentecoste*" to "*Pentecostes*".
- Page 122, note 10, line 1: Change "Person's" to "Persons's".
- Page 123, note 38, line 1: Change "Allegiance" to "Allegeance".
- Page 123, note 46, line 1: After "Death of" delete "St."
- Page 123, note 48, line 4: Change "Leipzig" to "Jena".
- Page 123, note 48, line 6: Change "Rodgers" to "Rogers".