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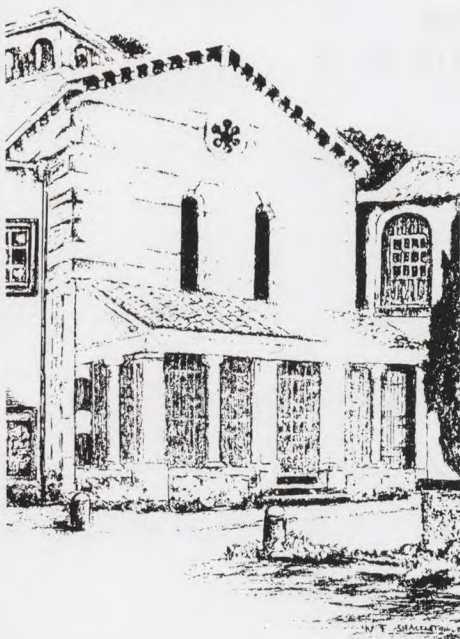
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THE VENERABLE 1990

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Editorial

An experience of one's total dependence is recommended by many spiritual writers. As the year progresses and the publication deadline draws closer, the Venerable editor becomes acutely aware of his total dependence upon advertisers and contributors. It is only through the generosity of our advertisers that we can afford to produce the magazine: please continue to give them your support. Similarly, without the contribution of our writers' time and effort the magazine would cease to exist.

Browsing through my predecessors' editorials I noticed that few could resist trying to find a theme running through their particular issue. Looking at this year's contributions I am particularly struck by the theme of unity, lost and recovered. Fifty years ago warfare in a fractured Europe forced the College to leave Rome for only the second time in its history. And of course the College owes its very foundation to the religious divisions of 16th century Europe.

The events which led to the College's exile at St. Mary's, Stoneyhurst, are described in our first feature. Although that exile was to last only six years, students beginning the first term back in the Rome of 1946 found themselves living in a Continent, not at peace but in a state of cold war. Thankfully the rapid political change which has swept through Eastern Europe this year at last promises the end of ideological division. Britain and Italy, together with other combatants of 1940, are now members of a European Community which is striving towards full economic and political union. Future editors may be able to look back upon 1990 as the year when another European war became virtually unthinkable.

Divisions between Christians, which are more of a scandal than those between states, are also being healed. Some of us were privileged to have returned to College in time for Archbishop Robert Runcie's visit to Pope John Paul II and this issue includes some reflections by the Senior Student on those memorable few days. For myself the most moving moment was when the Archbishop celebrated the Eucharist in the College Church on the altar under which are kept the relics of St. Ralph Sherwin and our other martyrs. Of course, we felt the pain of division when we were not able to join our Anglican brothers and sisters in receiving Holy Communion. However, the warmth between our churches was evident when, led by the Rector and Bishop Murphy-O'Connor, we were invited up to the altar to receive the Archbishop's blessing. A visible sign of the distance we have travelled on our journey towards unity and also of how far we still have to go.

Unity should not lead to uniformity: a frequently enunciated principle of ecumenism, but also applicable to more mundane aspects of life. Studying at the Venerable gives one the opportunity to experience all that makes Italy so different from England. Some find this a great trial, but others (and I include myself in this category) positively relish these details of *italianità*. After a summer of the ordered but monochrome lifestyle of England I am always delighted to return to Italy where *bella figura* ranks far higher than efficiency. However, I have not allowed my prejudices to influence editorial judgement and, following long-established tradition, you will find contributions from both Italophile and Italophobe schools. Hopefully our magazine will give you a taste of what life in Rome of the 1990s is really like.

Michael Robertson

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1940: Exiles on Their Own Shores

When Germany invaded Poland on 1st September 1939, the College was at Palazzola for the villeggiatura. The fascist-controlled Italian press supported Hitler but was not bitterly anti-British¹. Accordingly, the Rector, Mgr. John MacMillan, allowed the students to go on their September gitas a few days afterwards. His policy during the next seven months was that the College would evacuate only if war with Italy, Germany's ally, looked inevitable. In the event the decision to leave, as he later remarked, was taken "only just in time"²: the College, led by the Vice-Rector, Mgr. Richard Smith, caught the last boat to leave the Channel port of Le Havre on 19th May 1940 as the Germans advanced into France. Three weeks later Mussolini entered the war. The question might therefore be asked, would it not have been wiser to evacuate earlier? In answer to this, there is no evidence that either Mgr. MacMillan or Mgr. Smith regretted having delayed the departure for as long as possible. Before May 1940 they were satisfied that war with Italy was not imminent and that if such a war did break out the safety of the College would be guaranteed. In these circumstances they considered that it was their duty to remain in Rome. Underlying this conviction was a fear that an evacuation might result in the closing down of the College, if only until the end of the war. That is what had happened when the staff and students had fled from Napoleon's troops in 1798.

Elementary precautions had already been taken when, on 3rd September 1939, the House heard the British Prime Minister, Mr. Neville Chamberlain, declare on the radio that Britain was at war with Germany. In March of that year Mgr. MacMillan, who at the age of 40 had just been appointed as Rector, asked the Vatican Secretary of State, Cardinal Maglione, if he could provide assurances that British ecclesiastics and their property would be safe if Italy went to war. The Cardinal offered only one specific guarantee: the Holy See would be willing to appoint administrators to safeguard property³. In July, as the international tension increased, Cardinal Hinsley sent a note to Mgr. MacMillan advising him to register the students with the British Consul⁴. In August, the Rector transferred the College archives and relics and the Martyrs' Picture to the Vatican for safe-keeping. After Mr. Chamberlain's broadcast, Mgr. MacMillan announced to the House that the College was to stay in Rome. "We are to remain as long as possible to keep alive the Venerabile tradition", the Senior Student Mr. Henry Martindale, reported in his diary⁵.

Mgr. MacMillan was encouraged by two developments during the following weeks. Firstly, the Italian newspapers continued to be relatively moderate in their criticisms of Britain. They had been fairly consistently anti-British since Westminster had imposed sanctions following Italy's invasion of Ethiopia in 1935. There was little sign that the animosity was increasing, however. On the contrary, Italian public opinion was decidedly anti-war⁶. It was therefore reasonable to assume that Mussolini would have to intensify the domestic propaganda attacks against Britain if he meant to open hostilities. Secondly, the Italian Government assured the Vatican later that September that foreign ecclesiastics would be allowed to leave the country in an orderly way, or perhaps even to remain, if Italy entered the war.

Buoyed up by these hopeful signs, Mgr. MacMillan turned his attention to Britain. He feared that the war might dissuade the bishops from sending any new students out to Rome. Moreover, he was worried that the British Government might conscript students who were then on holiday in England. Fortunately Mgr. Smith was himself in England that autumn: he secured a guarantee that the students concerned

would be exempted from National Service and returned to Rome with 12 new men that November. The College's future looked quite bright: Cardinal Pizzardo of the Congregation of Studies, which was responsible for seminaries, told the Rector that he hoped that the Venerabile would be able to "continue its noble work undisturbed during these days"⁷.

In fact, College life proceeded relatively normally until a few days before the departure. The students made light of the threat posed by the war; this was of course the period of the so-called "phoney war". In November the students' Grant Debating Society passed by 12 votes to 10 a motion that "A United States of Europe is a workable solution to modern European problems". In March 1940 they debated with considerable hilarity the motion, "Fanatics rather than men of calculated reason have done better and greater things"⁸. Such frivolity perhaps indicates that the students did not appreciate the gravity of their situation. More probably, however, they were trying to diffuse the tension which was building up in the House. Mgr. Smith afterwards recalled that during these months the common anxiety about Mussolini's plans became like a "perpetual scirocco, stifling our breathing"⁹. Nevertheless, Mgr. MacMillan considered that the situation was sufficiently stable in March for him to be able to return to England to ensure that the following year's new students would also be excused from National Service. He authorised Mgr. Smith to act as he thought best in the event of a sudden crisis.

The anti-British propaganda intensified dramatically after Germany invaded Norway and Denmark on 8th April. Posters appeared in the streets of Rome declaring "Inghilterra ha perduto l'autobus". In the first week of May gangs beat up people carrying "L'Osservatore Romano": the Vatican paper was giving a more balanced account of events than was being provided in the Italian press. Students

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from the College were jeered in the street. On one occasion four students tore down some of the posters and were followed back to the College by a security man. Mgr. Smith pacified the detective and no action was taken; that evening the Vice-Rector spoke to the House about self-control. He considered that the developments were ominous but that they did not yet amount to a crisis¹⁰. Mgr. MacMillan, in England, was similarly sceptical: although disturbed by the new propaganda offensive, he thought “nothing might come of it”¹¹.

The crisis, when it occurred, was very sudden. On Friday 10th May Germany invaded Holland, Belgium and Luxembourg. Two days later, the Italian newspapers announced that Mussolini had received a memorandum protesting at the British Navy’s practice of stopping and searching Italian ships in the Mediterranean. Mgr. Smith had been warned by a “very knowledgeable man” that such a development would be a prelude to war. That afternoon, accompanied by the Scots College Rector, Mgr. William Clapperton, he went to see the British Minister to the Holy See, Mr. D’Arcy Osborne, and the British Ambassador to Italy. These men were non-committal: they would not take the responsibility of advising the College to leave but suggested that such a move would be very prudent. Mgr. Smith judged that this advice did not merit an evacuation. Nevertheless, that evening in the common room he cancelled the following day’s gita and told the students to prepare for possible flight.

The next morning, Monday, he joined Mgr. Clapperton again, this time on a visit to the Vatican Secretariat of State. An official there told them that the Vatican did not regard an Italian entry into the war as imminent. He added that the Colleges were perfectly free to leave if they wished although an immediate departure might be construed as “undue alarmism”. During the conversation, he revealed that the September guarantee for the orderly evacuation of ecclesiastical students had been only a verbal one; the Nuncio to Italy was trying to discover whether it still held good, he said. Mgr. Smith and Mgr. Clapperton were alarmed at the uncertainty surrounding the issue. An additional complication was that Germany appeared to be strengthening its influence in Italy.

Mgr. Smith decided to go ahead with preparations for the departure just in case. That afternoon he went to the French Consulate where he was given a large bundle of forms to fill in and a promise that each man from the College would receive a visa. On returning to the College, he found a telegram from the Rector announcing that he hoped to arrive back in Rome on the Wednesday night. The following morning, Tuesday 14th, which was a holiday at the Gregorian University, students helped fill in the forms, posed for passport photographs and began storing things in the organ loft of the church. Even at this stage, however, no decision had been taken.

The uncertainty ended that afternoon when the Vice-Rector of the Scots College, Fr. Philip Flanagan, telephoned with a message from Mr. Osborne to say that the situation had deteriorated and that the Colleges should “do well” to get out as soon as possible. Mgr. Smith told the House that evening before Rosary that the College was to go into exile. During Wednesday he made arrangements at the bank and saw Cardinal Pizzardo about the safe-keeping of the College and of Palazzola. Some students took hurriedly arranged exams at the Gregorian. That evening during dinner, the College’s Protector, Cardinal Caccia Dominioni, arrived to say that the Secretariat of State might be able to give the College a directive if it delayed leaving for another day. However, he assured Mgr. Smith that they were free to leave and added that it would be wise to do so if the Embassy had advised it so strongly. Mgr. Smith told him that in that case they would leave the following day as planned. The Cardinal then entered the refectory to say goodbye to the students and to give

them his blessing. Later that evening, Mgr. Smith met the Rector's train at Termini Station. Mgr. MacMillan immediately approved the plan to evacuate and was greeted with a loud cheer when he entered the common room.

At 8.25am the following morning, Thursday 16th, the train taking the College into exile pulled out of Termini. On board were 80 English and 30 Scots students and a number of members of staff, including the two Vice-Rectors. Mgr. MacMillan and Mgr. Clapperton had stayed in Rome to settle outstanding affairs. At Turin, five students who had gone in search of food missed the connection but they managed to catch up with the others at Mondane on the French border. Otherwise the journey to Paris was relatively uneventful. In Paris they learnt that the German advance had made the intended crossing from Dieppe impossible so on the Saturday evening they caught a train to Le Havre, further down the coast. They sailed in the early hours of Sunday morning, arriving in Southampton at 11am. They spent that night in London, some in an hotel, others in the homes of Londoners among them. On Monday morning they attended Community Mass in Westminster Cathedral, were blessed by Cardinal Hinsley and then dispersed¹².

In Rome, Mgr. MacMillan authorised the transfer of the College property to the Congregation of Studies and paid off all the bills and the wages of the employees. The College was subsequently taken over by the Knights of Malta and used as a hospital. Mgr. MacMillan also gained the approval of Cardinal Pizzardo for his plan to try to continue the College in exile. Mgr. Clapperton and he then travelled by train to Paris and flew from there to London on Sunday 2nd June¹³.

Bishops had already begun to enquire whether there was a realistic chance that the College would be able to remain open during the war when Mgr. MacMillan arrived back. Mgr. Smith had managed to rent a large country house for the College,

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Croft Lodge in Ambleside in the Lake District, for six weeks in June and July to allow time for a more suitable long-term location to be found. It was at this time that the Jesuits stepped in and offered St. Mary's Hall, the former philosophy study house at Stonyhurst, for a nominal rent. The College assembled there in September 1940. Money was a major concern. The College had exhausted its current account in the exodus from Rome and had had to draw heavily on its reserve funds. It was saved from going seriously into debt by donations of furniture and other materials from Upholland College and Leeds Seminary. Another difficulty lay in providing a sufficiently high standard of education. Fortunately, Mgr. MacMillan was able to gather a number of well-qualified priests despite the demands of war-time and gained permission from the Gregorian to award theology degrees during the exile¹⁴.

Mgr. MacMillan was still the Rector when the College returned to Rome in October 1946. The then Apostolic Delegate to Great Britain, Archbishop William Godfrey, attended the official reopening. "I realise what it must mean to you to have the consolation of bringing the College safely back after having kept the Community together during the sad years of war", he later wrote to Mgr. MacMillan¹⁵. The Rector expressed his joy in a talk given on Vatican Radio soon afterwards. He explained that since the College had continued in England the exile had not made the "slightest break in real continuity". Having returned to Rome, the College was ready to prepare for the "new, strange and difficult world" which was dawning, he added.

Paul Grogan

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Last Boat from Le Havre:

Mgr. Wilfred Buxton, now Parish Priest of Our Lady and St. Charles, Keswick, took part in the evacuation.

L'Inghilterra ha perduta l'autobus — so claimed the posters all over Rome in the spring of 1940. England had been at war with Germany for seven months, and Mussolini was expected to come in on Hitler's side at any moment. We at the Venerabile were in bellicose mood, having roared out in a common-room concert on St. George's night a martial chorus of the Vice-Rector's musical play, *Princess Pauper*:

Unleash the dogs of war,
and set the pack upon its prey,
The fox that dares to challenge us
shall surely rue the day!

We smarted at the allegation that England had missed the bus, and Tony Storey registered our protest by tearing one of the offending posters off the College wall at the risk of incurring the displeasure of the local *carabinieri*. About the same time, I myself, on my innocent way to the Villa Pamphili, had had a bayonet thrust at me by an Italian soldier on guard at the French Embassy. Everyone had the jitters: the Roman populace at the prospect of being dragged into an unwanted war against England, and ourselves at the thought of internment in the event of an Italian declaration of war. The Rector, Mgr. John MacMillan, was in England, and Mgr. Dick Smith, the Vice, was pestering the Vatican for information about Italian intentions, and for help in deciding whether we should make a dash for home. But the Vatican was reluctant to appear aiding and abetting, so the Vice took his courage in both hands: "Right! We're off!"

That was Whit Tuesday. And we did it in two days! Third Theology was summoned back from the Jesuit *Casa* in the Borgo Santo Spirito where they were on retreat in preparation for the Subdiaconate; and Peter Storey, as Greg. *bidello*, spent a whole day at the University arranging exams for those who were prepared to take the plunge at short notice. Fr. Bekker, the German Prefect of Studies, and the Greg. profs were most accommodating. Examination boards were hastily convened, and at the end of the hour oral marks were immediately assigned. Jack Gannon was despatched to the Termini railway station with our GUFs (Gioventu Universitaria Fascista), which vouched for our student status and enabled us to claim half-price travel in Italy, and he returned with a clutch of some eighty single tickets to London. Passports were collected and taken to the Palazzo Farnese where our messengers were invited to help the French Embassy staff in stamping our visas. Luggage was to be limited to what we could manage to carry ourselves, and the rest of our goods and chattels were packed in trunks and tea-chests and locked away in an attic on the Common Room corridor — (my trunk was returned empty six years later!). On the journey through Italy, as protection against would-be molesters, we would wear cassock and clerical collar (which in those days was the normal everyday dress of the Church student).

And so, on the morning of Thursday, May 16th, together with the Scots and Beda Colleges, who were joining us in the exodus, we assembled at the Stazione Termini. On the platform we found our Greg. friends from the German College, their red cassocks changed for black to avoid attracting notice. In a warm gesture of real friendship they had come to say good-bye, and to express the hope that their invading

army, already in France, would not hinder our safe arrival home. It was an affecting moment as it dawned on us that within a few months the exigencies of war might demand our bearing arms against each other. But we were the lucky ones: we were not “called up”, as they were. And we were to learn, much later, that to our sorrow not all of them had returned from the battle-front.

The Vice’s instructions were to keep a low profile on the train, but a company of over one hundred young men, all becassocked and English-speaking, could hardly remain inconspicuous, so perhaps it was not surprising that at one point — was it as we pulled out from Rome? — emotion proved too much for some, and the excitement of the last couple of days came to a head with a spirited rendering of the National Anthem, to the ill-concealed annoyance of the Vice-Rector (though no one else seemed to mind!). Apart from that, we conducted ourselves with commendable circumspection, and our journey as far as the border passed without incident. But there, at Bardonecchia, we lost Brian Hannon. After passport and customs formalities on the train many of us had seized the opportunity to stretch a leg or two on the platform. Somehow or other Brian failed to rejoin the train and we went off without him. This put the Vice in a real tizzy, but the rest of us were not unduly bothered. We knew our man and guessed that any anxiety would be short-lived. And sure enough, the resourceful Hannon managed to catch us up during the lengthy halt at the French frontier-post of Modane. But he had missed our emotional night entry into France, cheering as we passed through the Fréjus Tunnel, and then, as we pulled into Modane, crowding at windows and doors, stripping off cassocks and bursting into a lung-bursting chorus of the *Marseillaise*.

Next stop, Paris. And it could well have been a *full* stop and the end of our journey. We had to detrain, and we were told there would be no further transport

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“Where shall be had in memorial
The great joy of my Salutation,
First of my joys, ground and original
Root of mankind’s redemption,
When Gabriel gave me relation
To be Mother through humility
And God’s Son conceive in virginity.”

(15th century ballad of Walsingham)



The spiritual purpose of the Shrine at Walsingham is summed up in these words of the medieval ballad. It is to be a memorial of joy, that joy which Mary had when the angel Gabriel greeted her and announced that she was to conceive in her womb and bear a Son (Lk. 1:31).

towards the coast until a cross-Channel ferry was assured. The German army was on the move from east to west, and the Channel ports were closing one by one. There was a real possibility of our being trapped in a France occupied by the *Wehrmacht*. Fortunately, we weren't kept long in suspense. There would be a train next day for Le Havre. Meanwhile we could beguile the hours of waiting with a sight-seeing tour, shepherded by Joe Buckley who knew the city well, having done his Theology at St. Sulpice before coming to the Venerable to take his STL. Some went to the cinema where, during the performance, they had their first experience of an air-raid warning and an air-raid shelter. They were relieved when it turned out to be a false alarm.

And so to Le Havre and the last ferry from there to Southampton before the curtains came down on Europe. The boat was at the quayside, and as we queued at the gangway the crew-men announced that no luggage could be taken on board as the vessel was likely to be overloaded with passengers. We withdrew and held a council of war. A little stratagem was devised. A small party moved off to a point on the jetty some distance abaft the gangway. There they were able to toss their luggage on to the ship. They then presented themselves at the gangway and, baggage-less, were allowed on board. They hastened to re-possess themselves of their luggage and remained there assembling the pieces of baggage thrown from the quay by the rest of us. When the gangway officers saw what was afoot they deserted their post and rushed along the deck to stop this unauthorised loading. But suitcases, bags and parcels were hurtling through the air so thick and fast that they were obliged to abandon the attempt. By the time they got back to their ticket-checking we were all safely aboard complete with luggage. It might have been an episode in a Jacques Tati film. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*.

The ferry was certainly heavily loaded. It seemed that holders of English passports were making for Le Havre from all parts of France and from Switzerland. Every nook and cranny on the vessel, every available bit of deck-space was occupied. I don't know that we were loaded to the gunwales, but we can't have been far off it. And then, when it was clear that no one was being left behind, there began a long wait of several hours before we eventually got under way and stole quietly out of Le Havre, France and Europe at 2.00 a.m. on the nineteenth of May, nineteen hundred and forty, the day being Trinity Sunday.

Fortunately the sea was calm, but it wasn't a comfortable crossing. We were not a little travel-weary, and for those of us on the upper deck it was cold, and there wasn't much hope of sleep. Packed like sardines as we were, it was not easy to move about. But despite the discomfort a spirit of exhilaration prevailed, a sense of being caught up in the cloak-and-dagger business, and the thrill of pulling off a successful last-minute escape — such as the Israelites might have experienced as they made their getaway from Egypt under cover of darkness. Suddenly we were startled out of our reveries by the crackle of light gun-fire. Not an attack, surely? We scanned sea and sky, but neither ship nor aircraft was to be seen. Then some sharp eye espied a shapeless object bobbing about on the surface of the water some distance away. A mine, perhaps, which the ship's crew were trying to explode? No such luck. Merely a little flotsam which they had decided to use for target practice. Still, it all added to the general feeling of excitement.

We reached Southampton without further ado, and there we had another long and unexplained delay before being allowed to disembark. It was midday or after by the time we got ashore, so there was no Mass for any of us that Sunday. It was straight into the train and up to London and, for those travelling north, an overnight stay at the Russell Hotel, Russell Square. Next morning we dispersed in the expectation of

being re-assembled "somewhere in England" within the next few weeks, and it wasn't long before we received notice to foregather at Croft Lodge, Ambleside, in the Lake District, on June 30th.

There we spent some six weeks with a skeleton teaching staff, pursuing our studies as best the restricted circumstances would allow, exploring the Lake District on our weekly day off, and (oh, horror!), performing the domestic chores under the supervision of a housekeeper, one Miss Elizabeth Davison, who quickly established herself in our affections under the soubriquet of The Dragon! Her popularity and that of the work she superintended may be judged from the Public Meeting motion proposed by Peter Firth (later killed as an Army Chaplain on the Normandy beaches) and passed *nem con*; That this house repudiates potato-peeling with scorn; and in a parody of the trio in *Ruddigore* sung in a Common Room Concert and containing this verse:

If I were not a little mad and generally silly
 I would give you my advice upon this subject willy-nilly,
 I would show you in a moment how to grapple with the Status
 Quaestionis of Transcendancy while dishing up the taters,
 How to mix your speculations on the Grace Tractatus which in
 ThirdTheology is reckoned hard with duties in the kitchen,
 But at present I'm afraid I am as mad as any hatter
 So I'll mind my ps and qs for my opinion doesn't matter

Thirty years later I was knocking at doors in Keswick, introducing myself as the new Parish Priest. "Good morning, Mrs. Tucker", I said at one house. "Good morning, Father", said the lady. "You're very welcome. You and I have met before. I'm The Dragon!"

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John Henry Newman — Lover of Truth

Why is it that the full achievement of so many men and women in history has come to be appreciated only in the years after their death? With some perhaps it is because the passage of time kills off the less favourable recollections of their life, allowing an oversentimental and prejudiced cult to be constructed around their personality. With others it is because a true appreciation of their life and thought has needed time for critical study and reflection. It is surely fair to say that those who emerge from such scrutiny with their reputation still intact are likely to remain the object of more enduring interest than the “plaster saint”. To turn then to the case of Cardinal John Henry Newman, one can only be impressed that 100 years after his death he is already regarded by most as a truly great man, while the full evaluation of his achievements in theology has yet to be made. The Academic Symposium on Newman held at the Chiesa Nuova here in Rome over a period of three days in April was to me, a “non-Newman scholar,” an informative insight into the growing esteem for the work of the 19th century Catholic convert.

The specific theme of the Symposium was “John Henry Newman — Lover of Truth,” and the Holy Father, in the audience he granted to those attending the conferences, emphasized that it was his “lifelong pursuit of the Truth which alone can make men free (Cf. Jn. 8:32)” which is a major reason for the continuing attraction of Newman’s thought. In an excellent opening conference, Prof. John Crosby of the International Academy of Philosophy in Liechtenstein analysed how Newman saw man as able to come to a knowledge of the truth of God.

Prof. Crosby began by remarking that in much of Newman’s thought there is a union of apparent opposites. This he said was particularly true for his ideas about man’s knowledge of God. On the one hand Newman insists on holding firm to the principle of dogma, the certain, revealed doctrinal truth, while on the other he admits of a profound mystery that obscures our knowledge of all being, whether natural or supernatural. There is so much we do not know or understand about the world in which we live, and even about ourselves, how much more is hidden from us in the things to do with God: the meaning of Christ’s Sacrifice, His Ascension, *why* he had to ascend, *where* he went to? In the realm of sense perception, things need not be as we perceive them to be through our five senses, for our knowledge of reality is limited by our senses just as a blind man is limited in his appreciation of the room in which he sits, by his blindness. On first encounter such opinions would seem to rate as just that sort of scepticism that Newman himself condemned in his famous “Biglietto Speech” of 1879, that Liberalism in religion that says “that truth and falsehood in religion are but matter of opinion; that one doctrine is as good as another.”

But Newman was not contradicting himself by seeking to hold on to objective dogma while falling into a liberal subjectivism. Rather, he explains, in experiencing the mysteries of Being, we have a strong experience of the objectivity of Being, of realities that are independent of us. His conclusion is effectively the same as Socrates: “I know that I do not know.” God is such a reality and we can know him through an “economy of representation” — a Patristic concept straight from the writings of Clement of Alexandria and Origen. God exists in darkness but he reveals himself through incomplete images. Thus all our knowledge about the world, from music to mathematics, leads us to the eternal Laws of God, while one sort of knowledge draws us more directly to God than any other, and that is Revelation.

Even Revelation however, is not “a revealed *system*, but consists of a number of detached and incomplete truths belonging to a vast system unrevealed, of doctrines and injunctions mysteriously connected together.” (“On the Introduction of Rationalist Principles into Revealed Religion,” in *Essays Critical & Historical*. London 1919, I, 42.) In short, dogma is some of the ‘*what*’ about God. It is because so much darkness and shadow remain in Revelation that Newman saw the need to adhere strictly to the form of words in which doctrines have been handed on to us. For if we understood revealed truth through and through, we might take liberty in changing older formulations, in attempting to find better ones, but as so much is in fact hidden from us, we have to reckon with the danger that in changing a formulation, we will inadvertently let go of part of the truth. Better rather to hold on to it “as Mystery, or (what was anciently called) a Truth Sacramental.” (*Parochial & Plain Sermons*, II, 211.)

So Prof. Crosby’s conclusion was then that Newman did present a coherent vision of the possibility of objective religious truths, in a world of otherwise impenetrable mystery. It was a French Archbishop, Mgr. Jean Honoré of Tours, who developed the vision further in a study of how Newman believed man could come to receive that Truth. This time the two “opposites” to be reconciled were conscience and Magisterium.

It is very common to hear people claiming that Newman argued for the primacy of conscience over all other authorities, and while this might have been Newman’s ultimate conclusion, to present it as a statement in itself without any of Newman’s subtle explanation does not do him justice. Newman saw conscience as something profoundly personal to the will of the individual, the capacity of judgement and moral choice between good and evil, and as such “the voice of God in the nature and heart of man.” It is then “distinct from the voice of Revelation” but should never conflict with it, for it actually leads one along the path that has its end in God, being the preparation for receiving the Gospel of Christ but no substitute for it. (*Grammar*



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of Assent, London 1880, pp. 247-248.) But what of the relationship between conscience and Church authority in particular? Mgr. Honoré looked in detail at an issue much discussed in the Church today: the freedom of conscience of the theologian.

Newman accorded theology great status. Among the other sciences he granted it pre-eminence, answering as it does the simple but vital question: “what is revealed?” More fundamentally theology shares, with the Magisterium, in the “prophetic ministry of the Church,” that is the office of teaching the doctrine of the Faith through the ages. However, the work of the theologian is not without its proper limits. Theology is more than a quest for knowledge; it is a quest for truth about God, and so it cannot take a path that diverges from doctrine and dogma. In the words of the Archbishop: “Theology cannot without risk, free itself from the rule of wisdom which is, in short, simple fidelity to divine teaching.” Theology then has its legitimate limits and these it finds within an “economy,” a concept which we have already seen Newman is fond of employing in illustrating the mystery of the Church. The economy is of a trilogy of powers within the Church, which perform the functions of Teaching, Priesthood and Government. They form a “synergy” since they are all strictly interdependent on each other, and all three are ordered to the same end, which is the Church’s mission of salvation in the world. That the three exist in a tension and not a harmony is in consequence of human frailty, a manifestation of the effects of Original Sin, but the Magisterial should be informed by the Prophetic, just as the Prophetic should respect the guidance of the Magisterial. That Newman as a theologian, himself recognised these limits in practice is unquestionable. In one of his letters that formed part of an exhibition held at the English College during the Symposium, we see him expressing his desire to the Irish prelate Mgr. George Talbot, that Rome appoint some theologian to come to England to be available for consultation on important matters of faith: “I suppose our most crying want is the want of theology. The Pope of the day sent out St. Theodore, St. Aidan, etc., into England, . . . For myself, nothing would be a greater comfort to me than to know there was in England some theologian who had the express sanction of the Holy See, and whom I might consult on various difficult questions in *controversy*, not simply in theology.” (Dated Aug. 11, 1850. See Venerabile, Oct. 1938, Vol. IX, No. 1)

In these two conferences of the Symposium, Newman is shown to affirm certain truth in matters of faith, and to find its fullest expression in the institution of the Catholic Church. Thus if he is to be admired for his great love for and pursuit of truth, then it should also be remembered that this same love he extended to the Church. In his closing comments to the Symposium, the Holy Father reminded us that Newman’s love for the mystery of the Church was a profound lesson for the present: “[For] His was a truly spiritual vision, capable of perceiving all the weaknesses present in the human fabric of the Church, but equally sure in its perception of the mystery hidden beyond our material gaze.” It is for this vision of the mystery of the Church within the economy of salvation that Newman, already regarded as a thinker of integrity on account of his pursuit of truth, is being recognised as a surprisingly modern mind, and of great relevance to post-conciliar theology.

William Massie

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The Land of the Morning Calm

I never got beyond 'hello', 'goodbye' and 'thank you', despite any good intentions, several books, a tape, and the encouragement of Sr. Judith Kim at the Gregorian University. (Just for the record, 'hello' in Korean is '*anyonghaseyo*' said quite quickly with a slight emphasis on the last syllable and an oriental accent.) My good intentions dated back to about November 1988, eleven months prior to my journey to South Korea for the 44th Eucharistic Congress in Seoul last October.

I do my pastoral work in Rome at the International Youth Centre. Our work basically involves being available at the centre one day a month, giving a welcome and offering whatever help we can to anyone who walks through the door, and also organising the liturgy at the end of the day. But the centre also gets involved in large youth events, and is also the 'home' of a large wooden cross. The cross is at the centre of this story. It is known as the Holy Year Cross since it stood in St. Peter's Basilica for the 1983-84 Holy Year. It was subsequently given by the Pope to the youth of the world with the words "Take this to the whole world as a sign of the Love of God". And indeed it has travelled quite widely, to many countries in Europe and America.

At the first committee meeting of the youth centre in the autumn of 1988 it was announced that the International Eucharistic Congress Committee had invited the cross and a small group of representatives to come to the congress, and they offered to pay half the air fare of those who went. So the search was on for a group of people who could find their 'other halves' — not an insignificant quantity of money! Don Enrico, a German priest who was chaplain to the centre, suggested I ask my bishop (Cormac Murphy O'Connor of Arundel and Brighton Diocese), and as he was in town at the time, I decided 'nothing ventured nothing gained' and put my request to him. To my surprise and delight he agreed immediately. So having found two halves of an air fare I was on my way!

And so it was that on Sunday 1st October we boarded a Cathay Pacific Jumbo at Fiumicino bound for Hong Kong, having arrived in Rome from England the previous afternoon. Our group consisted of: Philippe and Chantal, both French; Don Enrico, a German; John, an American; Peter, Korean born but now an American citizen; and myself. (We were later to be joined by Fr. Raymond, an Irish priest who was working in Chile.) After a very brief stay in Hong Kong we joined another flight for Kimpo International Airport, Seoul, South Korea.

Seoul, being a large industrial city, looks at first glance like any other large industrial city, only bigger. It has a population of about 10 million — about a quarter of the population of South Korea — and has grown up in a matter of decades under the influence, one might add, of some rather ruthless and inhuman development policies. The River Han — about half a mile wide — meanders through the south of the city, and Namsam Hill rises up in its centre, crowned by Seoul Tower, giving spectacular panoramic views of the city. Although no bigger than London, it is not broken down into regions as London is, and so seems a lot bigger. There are, however, considerable differences between the Korean and Western lifestyles, as we were to discover.

I had hoped we would be staying with families, but that was not to be. Instead we were housed at a Franciscan retreat house with a fairly 'western' set up — the food was basically Italian in style. It was comfortable, however, and perhaps such a 'gentle' introduction to Korea was preferable to the culture shock we might otherwise have had!

Our first full day in Seoul — October 3rd — was fairly free, and we had our first proper taste of Korea both metaphorically and literally. We started at the cathedral: a red-brick neo-Gothic building, so not very oriental! There seemed to be a continual flow of weddings going on there, which was highly colourful. Everywhere you go in the city there is a light background smell of garlic, which is as universal a seasoning in Korea as salt in England. In fact we had our first taste of Korean food that day when we lunched in a traditional Korean restaurant.

Korean food is eaten with chopsticks and served with rice, but the similarity to Chinese food stops about there — and even the rice is different from Chinese rice, being a great deal more glutinous. The emphasis is on vegetables — like Japanese food — many of which are pickled. The most characteristic food is Kimchi, a generic name for any vegetable — most commonly cabbage — pickled in brine and peppers. It can vary greatly in temperature from mildly spicy to highly explosive. The latter are often on a long fuse. I recall being offered a particular variety which consisted of cubes of turnip covered in a red sauce. I took a piece deftly in my chopsticks, popped it in my mouth, and just as I was thinking 'this is rather tasty' my head exploded. I was very good though — I only raised my eyebrows and said 'It's a bit hot'. I even had a second piece!

At a Korean meal you get everything at once: soup, rice, vegetables, meat, and even the 'sweet' if there is any (usually small 'cakes' made from rice flour). In a restaurant you frequently cook the meat yourselves. The tables have a hole in the centre into which can be inserted a pot of red hot charcoal, over which the customer can barbecue the pre-prepared meat. On one occasion we had marinated beef which, after it had been cooked on the barbecue, was dipped in a hot barbecue sauce, wrapped in a lettuce leaf and eaten. The combination of flavours, textures and



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temperatures was exquisite. The usual drink is a cold maize tea. Wine is uncommon, even rice wine, though the Koreans do make a rice spirit.

October 3rd is National Foundation Day, a public holiday celebrating the legendary foundation of Pyongyang in 2333 BC, which is seen as the birth of the nation. (Pyongyang is now capital of North Korea.) As a consequence there were lots of Koreans out walking when we climbed up Namsam Hill to take in the view of the city. There were many young families with young children, including babies carried in slings on their parents backs. People were just wandering around and chatting to anyone that passed, a very friendly place. Indeed the thing that struck me most was the friendliness and politeness of the Koreans: they really went out of their way to be hospitable and helpful to us. Our most concrete example of this was the care and attention afforded us by our guides, Lucia Chong and Teresa Park, and our driver Gregory Kim.

The following day — the eve of the Congress — was the feast of St. Francis, and also the World Day of Peace. This included an event entitled “*Peace on Earth*” — *Prayer of All Faiths*, in which representatives of the major religious traditions joined in a unique moment of prayer for peace modelled on the gathering at Assisi in 1986, each expressing a prayer for peace in the tradition of their religion. There are three major religions in Korea besides Christianity. Shamanism is an indigenous primitive animistic religion. Buddhism first arrived from China around 300 AD. Neo-Confucianism — more a social philosophy than a religion — gained a hold in the 12th century and quickly dominated, especially among the ruling classes, and consequently governed the social structures in Korea. Catholic Christianity arrived in the late 18th century, but suffered persecution for a century because it threatened the Confucian class structures. Protestantism followed with the opening up of the country in the late 19th century. There are currently over two million Catholics in Korea, and that is increasing at a rate of nearly ten percent per year.

The various groups sang traditional hymns and wore traditional dress. It was very colourful, although some of the clothes looked highly impractical. I must admit, however, that Korean music is not to my taste. Tuning, either of voices or instruments, does not seem to be a priority.

The day of peace also included a dramatic re-enactment of Korea’s war-torn history. Although I did not understand a word of the Korean commentary, I had a rudimentary knowledge of Korean history, and so I could just about follow it. The events were presented through mime, music and costume, and the overall effect was scintillating.

At the opening Mass on the 5th we did what we had come to do — we handed over the Holy Year Cross to the young people of Korea. This took less than five minutes, and I must confess I felt a bit of a fraud coming all that way at other people’s expense to perform such a simple task. Still, it is the symbolism that counts.

The cross itself came into its own the following night at the all night vigil of conversion and reconciliation. I do not know what your idea of an all night prayer vigil is, but mine is of a quiet night of prayer with occasional events to keep one awake. The Koreans have a different idea, however. We had singing, witnessing, drama, and a 2½ hour long penance service, and the whole thing ended with a surprisingly lively Mass at 6 o’clock the following morning. As part of all this, at around midnight the lights went low, there was an incredible din, and lights started flashing. There then followed a spectacular dramatic re-enactment of the persecutions and martyrdoms of the Church in Korea in the last century, the climax of which was

the bringing in of the cross and placing it in the centre of the large circular altar that was in the centre of the gymnasium in which we were gathered. At the end, the cross stood in the centre of the altar, with the congress symbol — the Sacrament broken for sharing — mounted on it, and a piece of cloth draped over it symbolising the resurrection, with the ‘martyrs’ gathered around in prayer and the rest of the Church — that is us — gathered around them. The vigil was for me the most moving event of the whole congress. I was amazed to see around 15,000 Koreans of all ages staying up all night for such an event.

The climax of the congress was the Papal Mass in Youido Piazza on the Sunday morning. There were around 750,000 Korean Catholics there from all over the country, which was an incredible sight, and there was simultaneous translation provided for us poor foreigners. The sermon was in English, but the Pope did manage to do the rest of the Mass in Korean. I find such huge events moving in a way, but perhaps a little too big. One thing did amaze me — when the Mass had ended and all the Koreans had left the piazza, there was not a scrap of litter to be seen anywhere!

After that we were free to go as we pleased. Chantal and Philippe joined a French group heading for Kyong Ju, while the rest of us went to see a friend of Don Enrico’s in Kwang Ju, a provincial city to the south, and we were inserted a little more fully into the Korean lifestyle. As you enter a Korean house, you remove your shoes and are given a pair of slippers (mine were usually a size or two too small — the Koreans have small feet!), and walk straight into the hall which is also the reception room and dining room when there are guests. The master bedroom, with its heated floor, doubles as the dining room for family and close friends and relatives, the mattresses being rolled up and put in cupboards during the day. Koreans eat sitting on cushions on the floor around a low table.

During our time in Kwang Ju we also visited a Buddhist monastery and temple, a big change from the noisy, high speed life of the city. But the event I will remember most is getting stuck for an hour or two in a Korean village when our minibus broke down, and watching the villagers bringing in the harvest of rice and beans, and preparing the food in the little restaurant. It was a side of Korea I had seen little of, and I would have liked to have seen more.

The time to return to Rome quickly came, and we were all too soon back on a Jumbo headed for Fiumicino. Lectures at the Greg were a bit of an anticlimax after that, and it took a while to get back into the swing of things. Maybe one day I will be able to return.

Anthony Milner

The Archbishop and the British Press:

Dr. Runcie's Visit to Rome

The morning after the Archbishop of Canterbury left Rome on 2nd October 1989, the independent Italian paper *La Stampa* carried the headline: "Vatican and Canterbury now closer together" with the subtitle: "But there's an obstacle on the road to unity: women priests". What followed was a summary of the Common Declaration made at the end of the Archbishop's stay. It reported key sentences 'verbatim' and generally assumed that readers were intelligent enough to make up their own minds.

In contrast, it is a sad fact that, even at almost a year's distance from Robert Runcie's visit to Rome and his stay at the English College, the abiding memory must be of the clamour of the British press. The day after he arrived on Friday 29th September, *The Independent* had accurately reported: "There may be little concrete emerging from the Archbishop's four-day visit". Nevertheless, by Monday it saw fit to pronounce magisterially (in a way the Pope never did): "Pope rejects Runcie's vision of church leadership". It was joined by *The Times* "Primate leaves for home empty-handed".

At the time the College's new first year were out in Rome, together with the Senior Student, the Police-Registration Delegate and a handful of students keen to get back to study (sic!). It is certainly true that there was debate amongst us about the significance of Dr. Runcie's visit, not to mention all the excitement of controversy when Ian Paisley handed in a petition of protest at the College front door. But I think it is fair to say that our impression of the visit as a whole, from what we saw and from conversations with Catholics and Anglicans in the entourage, was more positive than the picture painted by the British press.

Now, of course, it is the job of the press to make something newsworthy out of the slow process of ecumenism and, for the British press at least, this means controversy. It is clear that, at first, it was thought this would derive from the issue of women priests and this, notwithstanding that the acceptance of women priests in the Anglican communion had done nothing to hinder ecumenical talks hitherto, but simply because the issue is topical in England. Dr. Paisley, however, provided the press with something new and they obediently responded (*The Sunday Telegraph* proclaiming "Runcie drags Queen into row"). But let me, at a more reflective distance, try and strike a more balanced 'Italian' note.


In my opinion, the Archbishop did two things. The first thing he certainly did was to make overtures to the Vatican. One impression that I received was that, despite the careful planning of the visit, the Vatican were a little surprised at the warmth with which the Archbishop spoke of Primacy. He quite literally wooed them. When the Pope and Dr. Runcie exchanged gifts on Saturday the Archbishop spoke of the ring which Paul VI gave to Archbishop Michael Ramsay in 1966, and which he was wearing. He recalled that Yves Congar "once compared the ecumenical movement with an engaged couple that is never daring enough to get married". The comment raised a laugh, and he continued: "This ring given by a much loved Pope to a beloved Archbishop is a sign not unlike an engagement ring. It is a token of commitment." In his addresses the Archbishop spoke with all the ardour of a young man who wants to get the wedding day fixed. In the most charming way, he said to the Vatican: I am serious in my intentions, let's get a move on.

The second thing he did was to speak ‘over his shoulder’, as it were, to his own communion, saying no more and no less than what he said in his address during Vespers at San Gregorio: “Could not all Christians come to re-consider the kind of Primacy the Bishop of Rome exercised within the Early Church, a ‘presiding in love’ for the sake of the unity of the Churches in the diversity of their mission?” He did not say “let us dethrone the Queen”, nor “let us accept Papal jurisdiction as it is currently understood in the Latin Rite of the Roman Catholic Church”. But he did seriously set for consideration before the Anglican communion one role of the Bishop of Rome in a visibly united Church, and in doing so fulfilled his own earlier words that “the idea of Primacy for the sake of unity was beginning to find a place in Anglican thinking”.

But, of course, the notion of Primacy is not new in Anglican-Roman Catholic discussions. What Dr. Runcie in effect tried to do was to lead his whole communion, rather than simply the committed and informed minority, to a consideration of Section V of ARCIC’s first statement on authority: that dealing with ‘conciliar and primatial authority’. In his address at San Gregorio the Archbishop spoke of conciliar authority before proceeding to his question about Primacy. The debate amongst Anglicans that followed on Runcie’s visit, for example with Dr. John Stott’s letter in *The Times* speaking for the Evangelical party, centred on Section VI of the same ARCIC document, in particular the problem of the Petrine texts, and of universal jurisdiction.

In other words, true to his Anglican tradition and the same skills that he had demonstrated in his keynote address to the Lambeth Conference, Dr. Runcie tried to steer a diplomatic ‘via media’. How cleverly he did this is revealed, I believe, in his choice of Petrine text with which to close his San Gregorio address. Lk 22:31-32 was calculated to cause less offence to the likes of Dr. Stott than the more jurisdictional Mt 16:19. But it is also the text more likely to appeal to John Paul II’s own understanding of his office as “strengthening his brothers”.


So much for what the Archbishop tried to do: how can the Vatican respond? The one concrete thing one would hope for is for them to cease dallying with their official response to ARCIC I. The hurt that this delay has caused Anglicans is certainly something that was conveyed to the Holy Father by Dr. Runcie in their talks together. The Pope may have been unwilling to depart from his prepared texts during the visit (his address at the Vespers, in point of fact, preceded Runcie’s own words on Primacy), but he can surely pull strings to speed up the bureaucracy that is meant to serve him.



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'Only Rabbi Blue is missing at this Ecumenical cookery conference'.

Of course the response, when it comes out, will deal with points like universal jurisdiction, which will have to be faced up to at some stage. But, I would suggest, Vatican II's document on the Eastern Catholic Churches ('*Orientalium Ecclesiarum*') proves that there is room for flexibility in this area, if only the necessary theological ground can be covered. I do hope (though on past records this might seem like hoping against hope) that the official response makes an effort to present the Church's teaching on Primacy in language that is encouraging to Anglicans.

During the days of his stay in Rome the most shining example of personal primacy for me was the Archbishop himself. One member of the Archbishop's entourage admitted that the personal role of Canterbury within the Anglican communion has developed as ecumenical talks have proceeded. I admit that Dr. Runcie went up in my own estimation. To say that he is an easy conversationalist, a convincing speaker or the kind of person who, to their great surprise, went out of his way to thank his motorbike outriders may seem to trivialise the discussion, but I am very suspicious of any leader who cannot function at this basic human level. But, most of all, he came across to me as someone of vision and courage, prepared to risk flak from both sides in an initiative that aimed to help move on the present log-jam of ecumenism. This merits some sort of response from the Vatican. It certainly merits him a better tribute than the British press gave him.

Nicholas Kern

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The English College and Tusculum: The Unfolding of Tradition

“On the hills of Albano, Castello and Frascati, . . . the air is always limpid and pure. *There* is a nature for you which is worth studying!”¹

Goethe’s words would have been no less true more than two hundred years before they were written, when the Venerable English College was founded. They are just as true today, two hundred years after they were written. For four hundred years the students of the College have sought periodic respite from the noise, heat and pollution of Rome in the hills to the South-East which are visible from the College on a clear day. In the very early days of the College the students used to go to Tivoli for a break during the summer, but in 1614 the Jesuits bought a residence at Monte Porzio. This property was one which was rented or leased by the College for use as the Villeggiatura location: the recreational summer residence. It was bought outright on behalf of the College in 1708.²

Reminiscing in 1858, Cardinal Wiseman described the setting thus: “The English College possesses a country-house, deliciously situated in the village of Monte Porzio. Like most villages in the Tusculan territory, this crowns a knoll, which in this instance looks as if it had been kneaded up from the valleys beneath it. . . . While the entrance and front of this villa are upon the regular streets of the little town, the garden side stands upon the very verge of the hill-top; and the view, after plunging at once to the depths of the valley, along which runs a shady road, rises up a gentle acclivity, vine and olive clad, above which is clasped a belt of stately chestnuts, the bread-tree of the Italian peasant, and thence springs a round craggy mound, looking stern and defiant like what it was — the citadel of Tusculum. Upon its rocky front the English students have planted a huge cross.”³

The veracity of Cardinal Wiseman’s statement about the planters of the cross is very difficult to doubt, given his credentials. Nicholas Wiseman was among the first students to arrive at the College on 18th December, 1818, after the interval of the French occupation of the premises in 1798.⁴ His extraordinary talents and abilities resulted in him being made Vice-Rector and then Rector at the age of twenty-seven.⁵ He remained Rector of the College from 1828 to 1840, when he became Coadjutor for the Midland District and eventually Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.⁶ Even after 1840 he made many journeys to Rome, when he rarely missed paying a visit to Monte Porzio, which he loved. In fact, much of his novel, “Fabiola”, was composed in the Villa.⁷ He, more than anyone, knew the activities of the English students over the years and knew the countryside around Monte Porzio intimately. Yet three key questions still remain unanswered in his account. Firstly, when was the cross planted on Tusculum by the English College students? Secondly, was it the first cross on the site? Thirdly, is there a history of subsequent crosses on the site?

From the time of their first residence at Monte Porzio it is inconceivable that the students did not know and visit Tusculum, the highest point of which, clearly visible from the Villa, is 760m. above sea level. On the site of the Roman town and stronghold, rich in association with Cato and with Cicero’s “Tusculum Disputations”, it had been the early medieval town of the Dukes of Tusculum. Here, in 1171, Pope Alexander III had received ambassadors sent by Henry II of England to assert his

innocence of the death of Thomas of Canterbury, and here Henry was put under a personal interdict, although his realm was not. From the ancient ruins is one of the finest panoramic views in the whole region. In addition, nestling against the side of the hill of Tusculum, between the hill and Monte Porzio, is the attractive hermitage settlement of the Camaldolese monks, one of the frequent visitors there having been James III of England.

Between 1695 and 1701 there was considerable activity on the summit of Tusculum whilst stone was removed by open quarrying methods to provide part of the facing of the Duomo and the Chiesa del Gesù in Frascati.⁸ In 1745 Tusculum was visited by the Rev. Alban Butler. He considered the Camaldolese hermitage to be beautiful, but, unusually for most writers, he was unimpressed with Tusculum itself, perhaps because there was still evidence of the quarrying: "The ruins of ancient 'Tusculum' are two miles from the present Frascati [sic]. What is here pointed out as the ruins of Cicero's house and villa may pass for anything, being little else than vaults, and immense heaps of rubbish."⁹

A student diary account of the Villeggiatura in September and October, 1771, seems to be the first written record of student rambles around Tusculum: rambles which are evidently routine and not a new tradition. The general area around the Camaldolese hermitage is mentioned more than once, but, as with Butler's brief account, there is no mention of a cross.¹⁰ Similarly, Vasi's instructive itinerary, dated 1819, makes no mention of a cross on Tusculum.¹¹ In the same year, Nibby's illustration of "Teatro Tusculano", with the summit clearly shown in the background, does not depict a cross.¹²

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Wiseman's account for 1819, although it does not mention a cross, indicates the continuing popularity of Tusculum with the English College, despite its dangers. In Wiseman's words: "On the 16th of October, 1819, being, for the first time, in the enjoyment of the delights of Villeggiatura in our country-house we made, in a considerable body, our first visit to the ruins of Tusculum. . . . We were immersed in the pit of the little Roman theatre, and entangled in the brambles and underwood that now cushion its seats, when suddenly there came upon the stage a party of the most unexpected actors. About eighteen or twenty men made their appearance. . . . The men had most of the external attributes by which banditti are to be recognised on and off the stage; conical hats with hawk's feathers . . . and carbines carried, not on the back but in the hand, with a jaunty ease that showed an amiable readiness to let them off. . . . 'Are you the English College?' asked the chief, with a stern countenance. 'No', cried out one of the strangers in our party. . . . 'Yes', was the reply, from a quarter still nearer. . . . 'How many are you?' 'Ten'. This seemed still more ominous. But the next question left scarcely room for hope. 'Have you seen the armed patrol of Frascati anywhere about?' A gasping 'No', was the necessary answer. . . . 'Speak civilly to them', some one said. . . . But it was unnecessary. The pause was broken by the captain, saying civilly enough 'Buon giorno', and leading off his troop. The step from the sublime of terror to the ridiculous of courage was instantaneous. Of course no one had been frightened and no one had taken them for robbers."¹³

A further student diary account, dated 7th September, 1829, again not mentioning a cross, shows that students still visited Tusculum habitually: "Monday. Very hot fine day. I ramble in the shades of Tusculum."¹⁴ Yet, according to an article in "The Venerable" in 1927, it is certain that the first cross was there when Wiseman was the Rector of the College: "The cross is not there on Nibby's picture . . . (1819), nor even in those of Canina (1841) who excavated up there, he says, in 1835 and 1836. All the evidence seems to converge to the years 1840-1842."¹⁵

Another article, in 1926, states that "We are unable to discover when the first cross was erected on Tusculum by our students. But there was probably one there before 1820, and we may take it that this was the first to be raised. This cross was solemnly blessed by Pope Gregory XVI while on a visit to the Camaldoli. . . . An Italian poem written by a certain D. Basilio Alessi describes in a vague poetic way the whole scene."¹⁶ The poem is so vague that Tusculum and the cross are not mentioned, so the precise occasion of the Papal Blessing which is described is unclear. Yet, if Pope Gregory XVI did bless the cross, it must obviously have existed at some time during the period of his Pontificate (1831-1846), although it would not necessarily have been a newly-erected cross. The Pope was a monk of the less rigorous branch of the Camaldolese order and from 1831 he visited the Camaldoli at Tusculum every year, reaching it by way of Villa Montalto (the Villa of the Propaganda College) and visiting on his return the Convent of P. Flavia Domitilla.¹⁷ Each year, therefore, the opportunity existed for him to have blessed any cross which was visible on the summit above the hermitage.

A further piece of evidence is provided in an Italian work which was published in 1901. The writer recounts: As to the question when did the cross first rise in sad grandeur on the acropolis of Tusculum, is not easy to solve. It is certain that it was about the year 1840, when the famous Cardinal Wiseman was Rector of the College [for so the present Rector of the College (Mgr. Giles) assured me].¹⁸

It is probable that all three of the dates given above for the erection of the cross, namely, pre-1820, 1840-1842 and 1840, are hinged upon the rock of Wiseman's residence in the College and personal interpretation of the meaning of his passage

mentioning the cross in his "Recollections of The Last Four Popes". The absence of explicit confirmatory evidence of the cross during Wiseman's time as student and Rector has led most readers to place the date of the erection at the end of his time as Rector. Two contradictory points, however, need to be borne in mind. Firstly, lack of mention is not necessarily proof of lack of a cross. In 1893, for example, when it is incontrovertible that there was a large and prominent cross buttressed with a cairn of rocks, there is a traveller's account of the cairn without any reference to the cross: "Above the theatre rises the hill of the Arx; a castle stood here, on a height of 2,220 feet above the sea. A cairn marks the site; I climbed the rocks and sat and mused by its stones, while my eye wandered over a wide and lovely view, teeming with historical associations."¹⁹ Secondly, as has been explained above, Wiseman returned frequently to Rome and to Monte Porzio after the end of his time as Rector in 1840. There is no reason, in his account alone, to be certain that the students did not erect the cross after 1840, but before 1858. In fact, given the anecdotal style of his writing, it is improbable that he would have omitted such a juicy scene as the erection of a cross if he had been able to witness it. For the same reason, it is even more improbable that he would have omitted the opportunity to describe Pope Gregory XVI solemnly blessing a cross erected by the English College students near their Villa during his Rectorship.

In a student diary, on the other hand, we have direct evidence that a new cross was erected in 1853 to replace an existing cross: "17th Sat. [September] Went out early in the morning with O'Brien and McCarten to pull down the old cross . . . [and replace it with] the new cross we had bought."²⁰ Prince Aldobrandini kindly offered to get the students, who numbered up to six on any one day, anything they wanted. The cross was raised on 22nd September, 1853, and the bells of Rocca di Papa were rung. That night a huge bonfire was lit on Tusculum and mortars and fireworks were

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discharged from Porzio, Rocca di Papa and Tusculum.²¹ According to A. Guidi, this cross lasted until 1864. Writing in 1880, he explains: The cross “was placed here by the students of the English College, who have a place of villeggiatura in the neighbouring paese of Monte Porzio. And I myself (it was the year 1864 in the month of October) saw how these gallant young men with great labour and with no small inconvenience to themselves, yet joyfully and contentedly, carried the heavy beam over these rough mountain ridges, fixed it in its socket, and carried off the old cross which was rotted and half worn away.”²²

The 1853 cross, therefore, had the short life of only eleven years. The length of the life of the cross before 1853 is unknown, but it would not be unreasonable to speculate that it could have survived from around 1840. If this is so, given the admittedly inconclusive nature of the evidence above, it seems reasonable to speculate that the first cross could have been erected during the 1840 Villeggiatura, Wiseman having finished as Rector before the Villeggiatura began.

It remains, though, to establish the subsequent history of the site. In fact, a fourth cross was erected in 1891 in unusual circumstances. A member of the College looked out of his window at Monte Porzio on the morning of the Feast of the Assumption and saw that the cross had disappeared from view. It was discovered that the cross had been sawn off at the base and a piece of paper had been attached with the message: “Outsider rubbish, your Christ is not fit to be compared with the Christ of the Freemasons.”²³ There was probably a connection between the incident and the imminent seventh centenary celebrations of the founding of Frascati after Tusculum had been razed by Pope Celestine III in 1191. Not surprisingly, as Arthur Hinsley recalled: “The blood of the Venerable men was up. A new cross should be erected on the spot where had stood so long the old standard, and that by the day appointed for the celebrations on Tusculum.”²⁴ Once again, Prince Aldobrandini assisted; on this occasion by providing the chestnut tree for the wood of the cross. The whole student body assembled on Tusculum on the morning of 18th August, 1891, and the cross was constructed, raised and blessed the same day.

The account continues: “We were resolute to stand always for that which Rome stood and stands for ever. We sang the Passiontide ‘Pange Lingua’, then ‘O Roma Felix’, ‘Faith of Our Fathers’, and other soul stirring hymns. . . . The next day the Tusculum heights were thronged by pilgrims from all the villages round, for the news of the outrage and of our reparation had spread like wildfire through the Castelli. The simple peasants climbed the steep rock and all who could scaled the pedestal of stones to kiss the cross. Ever since then, the ‘New Man’ [i.e., the newly-arrived student from England] considers himself an unchristened son of Alma Mater till he has performed the Tusculan pilgrimage and kissed the Tusculum cross.”²⁵ Various students mounted guard for a short period in order to prevent any repetition of the attack on the cross, but the only incident did not involve them, being an altercation between some local protesters and the Carabinieri who had been sent to keep order.²⁶

The attraction of Tusculum as an interesting place to visit for a wide variety of reasons has remained over the years; everything from finding a shady nook for a siesta to the more macabre: 28th September, 1852 — “Went out after siesta with long Tom and MacCarten to the top of Tusculum to look for a skull. I got a very good one near Cicero’s Villa in some later excavation.”²⁷ As, however, the nineteenth century progressed to its close, it is evident that Tusculum had become the goal of more organised and larger gitas (outings) from Monte Porzio, in addition to the smaller and more private expeditions which continued to occur. True to the perennial interests of English College students, meals on or near the summit were now



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The third Tusculum Cross, erected by the students in 1864, but destroyed by anti-clerical malcontents in 1891.

commonplace. John Prior, a student of the College who was to become Vice-Rector to William Giles in 1888, reminisced: "We used to meet for our Tusculum dinners on the top of Tusculum under the shade of the trees, hard by the well-preserved . . . theatre. . . . The goal of our first walk at Monte Porzio was always Tusculum. We used to clamber up the pile of stones at the base of the gigantic wooden Cross, erected by the English College on the very summit of the old citadel, facing towards the house at Monte Porzio. . . . It was not uncommon on our way through the woods to see a picture of Our Lady nailed to the trunk of a tree, with a bunch of wild flowers beneath it."²⁸ One student's devotion to Tusculum made him wax lyrical, if whimsical; George Ambrose Burton, later to become Bishop of Clifton, wrote in his diary for 30th September, 1886:

"Hac sub ingenti cruce dum recumbo;
Ore fragantem revomente fumum,
Carmen effinxi rude, Tusculana
Solus in arce"²⁹

Diary entries for 1899 by Richard Burke illustrate a typical set of Tusculum itineraries during the Villeggiatura:

July 19th: "Started for Monte Porzio at 5.30 . . ."

July 21st: "Walk to Tusculum Cross."

August 3rd: "Dinner at Tusculum."

August 17th: "Tusculum — explored theatre — went through rooms and tunnel but did not find any relics."

August 24th: "Through Frascati to Tusculum with Cavanagh. Wandered around until at last we reached Acqua d'Olio and took the path from there past Rafinella and got to the Pines. Quite a crowd of visitors had taken possession of Tusculum (Change in Tusculum dinner. Sardines instead of chicken)."

August 31st: "Tusculum dinner as usual. Went up and explored rocks near Cross — saw viper."

September 5th: "Climbed Tusculum and sat beneath the Cross."

September 16th: "Again to the Camaldoli and by the shortest route to the Cross."

There follows an entry which records the advent of a fifth cross in 1899:

October 11th: "Erected new Cross on Tusculum. Mgr. Prior and the village cobbler [the Master of Ceremonies at the village church] both present."

October 15th: "Rained heavily, yet we walked to Tusculum."

A further development which became regular in the latter part of the nineteenth century was the use of Monte Porzio for the week after Easter. Tusculum remained a favourite destination during this week also. Thus:

April 1902: "Easter Monday arrived at Porzio and visited the Tusculum Cross."

Tuesday of Easter Week 1903: "Stroll up Tusculum. Frascati people held 'Festa' in amphitheatre. Stabbing affray in the evening after some of the men had imbibed."³⁰

From the same period is the diary of John King, later to become Bishop of Portsmouth. There are many entries concerning Tusculum, but the following are typical:

1900 – August 22nd: "Voted this morning for Tusculum and won it by 9 to 7, Walsh returning to our side and Tynan seceding to the opposition to which he really belongs."

1902 – July 31st: "Today we had our first picnic on Tusculum. Starting out at half past eight I made for the Pines where I had to dry my shirt on a rock, I had perspired so

much. Then I went with Meagher and Towers to the Theatre and explored the Aqueduct. It was dreadfully cold down there but certainly very interesting. . . . The dinner was a good [sic] though the veal and ham pie weighed about a pound per cubic inch.”

1902 – August 7th: “Tusculum Day. Seven of us paid a visit to the Camaldoli as we were going up to Tusculum. . . . After making an offering we said goodbye and retook the road to Tusculum. Burke and Ward took photos of us during dinner.”

1903 – July 23rd: “We did not have a ‘Tusculum Day’ today because of the Pope’s death [Leo XIII], but we had both morning and afternoon off.”

1903 – October 21st: “Roasted chestnuts on Tusculum. Weather still cold and bright.”

1904 – August 4th: “. . . The Rector came up to dinner on Tusculum but it was evidently too much for him. He was quite done up by the evening. After dinner we had tea again.”

1904 – August 9th: “The Rector has decided that it is too hot for a Tusculum Day on Thursday. We protested this evening, but without effect.”³¹

In the twentieth century the long-established link with Monte Porzio was to be severed. An Apostolic visitation, appointed by Pope Pius X on 3rd July, 1914, was completed on 15th July, 1916, when the visitor was appointed Apostolic Administrator, putting the College under the direct control of the Holy See. Arthur Hinsley was appointed as Rector on 28th October, 1917, but he did not take up his post fully until the work of the Apostolic Administrator was completed in February, 1918. The visitor, amongst other things, suggested that nuns be introduced to look after the domestic arrangements and that, since Monte Porzio was unsuitable and unhealthy, it should be sold and a new Villa be purchased.³² In 1918 there was no Villeggiatura at Monte Porzio. Instead, the summer was spent at Montopoli, a rented

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property North-East of Rome in the Farfa valley. Meanwhile, the Villa at Monte Porzio was used to house a community of Elizabethine Sisters who were refugees from the fighting in the North of Italy. Hinsley managed to persuade them to remain and look after the College in Rome. The Sisters were already installed in the College when the students returned from Montopoli in November, 1918, and they were able to cater for the festal celebration on 18th December for the centenary of the restoration of the College after the French occupation.³³

The location of the Villeggiatura in 1919, if any, is unclear. The matter is bypassed in Michael Williams' history and is uncertain in the College records. Was it Montopoli once more? The College accounts show a payment entry for 21st August, 1919, for the movement of furniture from Montopoli. For 30th August is an entry for reimbursement of expenses for two visits made to Montopoli by a College servant concerning the furniture.³⁴ This could, of course, have been the completion of unfinished business from 1918. The Villa at Montopoli was better than Monte Porzio in terms of the actual building. Yet, in his reminiscences concerning Montopoli, J. Scarr comments: "For morning or afternoon walks we were far from being as well off as at Porzio. The sides of the hills above us were bare, lacking the trees of Tusculum with their suggestion and provision of colour and coolness; the roads, poorly shaded, tempted few to walk; the few neighbouring villages had little to attract us."³⁵

By early April, 1920, Hinsley had taken possession of a new Villa. "The new seat of the English College Villeggiatura is in the very centre of the Alban Hills", wrote Mgr. Prior, "it is in the old monastery of Palazzola on Lake Albano. Nothing of the old traditional memories will be lost by the change, except the old house at Monte Porzio, which the altered condition of the times had rendered quite unsuitable. The familiar old spots . . . are within easy reach: Tusculum is an afternoon's walk."³⁶ Palazzola is mentioned frequently in student diaries written at Monte Porzio and had been the usual marker for descents for bathing in Lake Albano. The distance from Palazzola to Tusculum, however, is roughly four times as far as it is from Monte Porzio. Inevitably, visits by students to Tusculum became less frequent. That is not to say that trips there were unpopular with everyone; "Tusculum", as the College diarist wrote in 1925, "as always was the goal or halting place of some parties."³⁷

Many students, more than ever, were determined to keep the strong connection of the College with the Tusculum cross. The quasi-mystical kissing of the cross by the "New Men", which began after the 1891 incident, had become well-established tradition. On 15th April, 1922, for example, "Several of the new men visited Tusculum and kissed the Cross."³⁸ In 1926 we have the assertion that "The pilgrimage to Tusculum and the kissing of the Tusculum Cross is a tradition we have determined to keep up for ever."³⁹

In between being replaced, the various crosses had always required periodic repair and maintenance. In 1912, by way of illustration, the cross was uprooted by a strong wind, but was re-erected rapidly by the students.⁴⁰ On 26th May, 1926, "Fourteen men of brawn went to Tusculum to execute repairs on the Cross."⁴¹ Yet the days of the traditional wooden cross of the English College were numbered. A giant tubular steel cross was to dominate the sky-line on Tusculum from 1934 to the present day. As a student account described it, not without bitterness: "It has concrete foundations and a Cardinal's blessing. . . . It was less than a century ago that the English from Monte Porzio set up the cross of rough wood. . . . Few from Rome had heard about the English cross. . . . Nor did authority trouble to notice the struggles between the English and the malice of man and the elements for the preservation of the cross.

“The new cross is the work of a committee of important men from Frascati, and has the approval of authorities both civil and ecclesiastical. A great crowd of people, including units of Fascisti, gathered for the inauguration ceremony. The Vicar-General of Frascati said Mass in the presence of Cardinal Lega, who afterwards made a speech to which the ‘podestà’ replied. Frascati seminarists were there to sing, and soldiers to illuminate the cross by searchlight at night. Among those invited to be present at the inauguration and lunch that was to follow was the Rector of the English College, and as he was unable to be present, six students were sent to take his place, but got no further than one of the minor members of the committee. . . . Thus rebuffed, they gathered round a tin of sardines thoughtfully provided by the College Sisters, and al frescoed away their disappointment, ending the day by photographing themselves in dignified attitudes, perched on the sawn-off stump that is all that remains of the English cross . . .”⁴² There is a briefer, but still barbed, account in the College Diary for 21st April: “We sent a delegation of students to be present at the erecting of a new cross on Tusculum, and they rather amazed us on their return with the announcement that our cross has been cut down to ensure the absolute predominance of this new metal one.”⁴³

The inscription on the newly-erected stone altar is still visible to this day. It reads:

“HIC VBI DIIS GENTIVM EXTITERE DELVBRA
 CRVX CHRISTI REFVLGET
 QVAM PERENNANDAE MEMORIAE SAECVL XIX
 A REPARATA SALVTE ET ANNI LAB INITO
 SACERDOTIO MICHAELIS LEGA CARD EPISC
 OPTIMATES CLERVS POPVLVSQ TVSCVLI ET
 DIOCESEOS ERIGENDAM CVRARVNT
 AD MCMXXXIVA FR XII PIO XI PONT MAX
 VICTORIO EMM III REGE BEN MVSSOLINI DVCE
 ALDO BRANDINIO PRINCIPE PATRONO”⁴⁴

There is no clear evidence as to when the tradition of kissing the Tusculum cross ceased, but there is no mention of the tradition from the 1930s. Part of the reason was probably that Hinsley was no longer around to give encouragement to the tradition. In addition, is it too much to conclude that the removal of the old English wooden cross, and its replacement by the Italian Establishment with a giant tubular steel one, made kissing it just too much to stomach? Certainly, the feelings of bitterness lasted some years. Martindale’s diary for 9th July, 1938, written at Palazzola, reads: “I think we all enjoyed the storm, which kept us indoors for an hour after tea today. . . . We heard later [falsely it seems] that the metal cross erected on Tusculum had been blown



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down. Some, who still remember our old wooden relic, opine that it is just another instance of poetic justice.”⁴⁵

What does seem to have become popular by the 1930s is the cooking of a hot meal on the summit of Tusculum in the shadow of the cross. Hence, 28th September, 1938, the day after Chamberlain’s speech was broadcast concerning the Munich Conference: “We lunched on top of M. Tusculum, frying eggs and bacon in the very teeth of the storm.”⁴⁶ Perhaps the fried meal was just a sign of changing taste, or perhaps it was seen as a more hearty recompense for the effort of actually getting to Tusculum from Palazzola. The journey from Palazzola to Tusculum and back was no more straightforward in the 1930s than it is today: 4th October, 1939 — “Another disastrous gita to Tusculum. Weary and broken after three hours in the woods the last remnant struggled in . . . , their leader imperturbably maintaining that, although they had not come by the orthodox path, they had never been lost!”⁴⁷

There is no record in the 1930s for the celebration of Mass by English College priests at the new altar near the cross. Admittedly, the absence of record is not necessarily conclusive, but even after the Second World War, when the College returned from Stonyhurst, the first Villeggiatura, commencing on 12th July, 1947, has no record of Mass on Tusculum. In fact, Mass was normally celebrated at Palazzola before departing on a gita. Hence, on 25th August, 1948, is the diary entry: “First Mass at 3.30 a.m. and shortly afterwards the gravel crunches under the steps of the early ‘gitanti’ to the Volscians . . . Tusculum, the Lake and S. Pastore . . .”⁴⁸ The first clear reference to Mass on Tusculum is dated 24th August, 1949: “The first free gita of the Villeggiatura excellently begun with an extra hour in bed to help make up for the very late night we had just had [HMS Pinafore]. Most people were more than content to spend this day round the shores of the Lake, though some left the House during the night-watches so as to arrive on top of Tusculum in time for Mass there at dawn.”⁴⁹ From then on, Mass on Tusculum rapidly became an annual tradition — the Tusculum Mass. Extracts from the Senior Student’s Diary serve to show the initial development:

1952 — “Wed. 16 July . . . Mass on Tusculum. R[ector] allowed us (27) to leave after Medi[tation]. This is too late — hence a dozen late for lunch . . .”

1954 — “Sat. 31 July. ‘Mass on Tusculum’. About 35 went. We couldn’t go on Wednesday, as the Opera people objected, and so got permission from the R[ector] for today. Left during Medi[tation] at 6.45 a.m.”

1955 — “Wed. 27th July. *Tusculum Mass*. Self and Deputy both said Mass . . . Breakfast for 34 very well organised. Takes a comfortable 1 hr. 40 back . . .”⁵⁰

The norms were now well-established for the tradition. The College Diarist described the traditional Tusculum Mass of 1959: 29th July — “Tusculum saw Mr. Hay and Mr. Wigmore each saying Mass beneath the umbrella. Afterwards some thirty hot and hungry climbers cooked their bacon, eggs, tomatoes and fried bread in idyllic splendour before scorching back to spaghetti ‘al giardino’.”⁵¹

Of course, there were also the traditional pitfalls: 27th July, 1960: “The Tusculum Mass. A couple of parties took the infamous left fork on the path between Rocca and Tusculum, and so had the disconcerting experience of being faced with a cliff climb before breakfast. All arrived in time for the second Mass . . .”⁵² 26th July, 1961: “Tusculum Mass — I believe that everyone got up there, even the Senior Student who managed it by bus.”⁵³ There were, however, always those who preferred to avoid any possibility of having to be hearty: 1st August, 1962: “The Tusculum Mass, to which (I think) almost the whole College has gone. We remaining sluggards and chronics enjoy the peace, and muse silently on the possibility of a weekly Tusculum Mass!”⁵⁴



The 100th anniversary of Bishop Giles' Mass and Breakfast at Tusculum. Only the trees and the Cross have changed.





'After a hard morning recreating the halcyon era, a light al-fresco lunch.

From the very earliest records of Tusculum it is evident that no connection with the Feast of the Transfiguration (6th August) was made in trips to the summit. The first record of the Mass of the Transfiguration being celebrated on Tusculum is in 1964: "6th August 'Feast of the Transfiguration', and, appropriately enough, we set off in the early hours for Mass on Tusculum. A 'short-cut' through the Latin Vale allowed your chronicler to inspect each and every vineyard in the vicinity without bringing him much nearer his destination . . ." ⁵⁵ The next Tusculum Mass to be organised for 6th August was not until 1969. For the first time there was a concelebration: 6th August – "There was only one Mass, at 8.30 a.m. It was sung and the music with guitar accompaniment was chosen from pieces used during the year. That day the weather was very fine." ⁵⁶

In 1970 there was not a full-length Villeggiatura and students were allowed home between 10th August and 12th October. A similar break was allowed in 1971 and 1972. By 1973, students could leave from 21st July and the pattern was established which still remains, of return to England after the mid-July Diaconate Ordinations in Palazzola. Clearly, it would never again be possible to celebrate the Feast of the Transfiguration on the summit of Tusculum on 6th August. It seems to have been in the 1970s that the custom arose of henceforth celebrating the Feast of the Transfiguration at the Tusculum Mass, whatever day it took place on. The fact that the Tusculum Mass had now to take place a month earlier than the norm meant that there was a higher chance of interference by the weather. On 27th June, 1978, for example, an unsympathetic chronicler records: "Tusculum is rained off for the first time in living memory (so they say) . . . Those who actually dragged themselves out of bed at 5.30 either return there or console themselves with a cup of tea. Poverini." Yet the next day: "Tusculum takes place, or rather our annual expedition there. Mass is celebrated at more or less the planned time." ⁵⁷



The first major repair of the altar by English College students took place on May 1st, 1990. (From left to right: K. Haggerty, R. Wilkin, S. Thomson, P. Connelly, C. Sloan, J. Coughlan).

Now that the Tusculum cross is made of tubular steel piping it is not as vulnerable to attack as was the wooden cross of 1891; which is just as well, given the fact that the eighth centenary of the founding of Frascati is due next year! The old on-going tasks of repair and maintenance of the cross by the students are things of the past. The 1934 altar, however, is not frost, rain or vandal proof and has suffered gradually over the years without any repair or maintenance. By the beginning of this year, over a third of it had been torn away, necessitating emergency repairs by a group of six volunteers in order to have still an altar to celebrate Mass on. The work, on 1st May (Joseph the Worker!), required a large quantity of wet cement to be back-packed up the mountain and the collection and re-positioning of the large carved stones of the altar. It demonstrates that there continues to be a need for “men of brawn” on Tusculum. Needless to say, there was a large fried breakfast on the summit afterwards! If the suggestion made earlier in this article is correct, it will have been part of the preparations for the Tusculum Mass of the 1990 Villeggiatura — the 150th Anniversary of the time when, upon the rocky front of Tusculum, “the English students . . . planted a huge cross.”

Kevin Haggerty

NOTES:

- ¹ W. H. Auden & E. Mayer (transl.), J. W. Goethe, *Italian Journey (1786-1788)*, (London, 1970), p.349.
- ² M. E. Williams, *The Venerable English College Rome — A History 1579-1979*, (London, 1979), pp.38,42.
- ³ H.E. Cardinal Wiseman, *Recollections of The Last Four Popes*, (London, 1858), pp.185-186.
- ⁴ Williams, *op.cit.*, pp.78,83.
- ⁵ *ibid.*, p.93.
- ⁶ *ibid.*, p.237.
- ⁷ *ibid.*, pp.99-100.
- ⁸ D. Seghetti, *Memorie Storiche di Tuscolo Antico e Nuovo*, (Rome, 1891), p.322.
- ⁹ Rev. Alban Butler, *Travels Through France and Italy . . . during the Years 1745 and 1746*, (Edinburgh, 1803), p.318.
- ¹⁰ *Casemore's Diary*, VEC Archives.
- ¹¹ Cavalier M. Vasi, *Itinerario Istruttivo di Roma Antica e Moderna*, (Rome, 1819), p.590.
- ¹² Antonio Nibby, *Viaggio Antiquario ne' contorni di Roma (Torno II)*, (Rome, 1819), p.44. The copy in the VEC Library has an inked-in cross and cairn!
- ¹³ Wiseman, *op.cit.*, pp.192-194.
- ¹⁴ *Richard Brown's Diary*, VEC Archives.
- ¹⁵ Unsigned article, 'Nova et Vetera', *The Venerabile*, vol. III,3, Oct. 1927, pp.267-268.
- ¹⁶ Unsigned article, 'The Tusculum Cross', *The Venerabile*, vol. II,4, Apr. 1926, p.299.
- ¹⁷ *ibid.*, p.299, footnote 1 & 2.
- ¹⁸ Grossi-Gondi, 'Il Tempio di Castore e Polluce nell'acropoli di Tuscolo', (Rome, 1901), p.3; q. in Unsigned article, 'Nova et Vetera', *op.cit.*, p.266.
- ¹⁹ G. E. Thompson, *Around the Roman Campagna*, (London, 1893), p.105.
- ²⁰ *G. Johnson's Diary*, VEC Archives.
- ²¹ *ibid.*
- ²² A. Guidi, 'I Paesi dei Colli Albani', (Rome, 1880), p.147; q. in Unsigned article, 'Nova et Vetera', *op.cit.*, p.267.
- ²³ Unsigned article, 'The Tusculum Cross', *op.cit.*, pp.300-301.
- ²⁴ q. in *ibid.*, p.301.
- ²⁵ q. in *ibid.*, p.301.
- ²⁶ *ibid.*, p.302.
- ²⁷ *G. Johnson's Diary*, VEC Archives.
- ²⁸ Mgr. Prior, 'The Tablet', May 8, 1920; q. in Unsigned article, 'Nova et Vetera', *op.cit.*, pp.263-264.
- ²⁹ 'Carmen Tusculanem' from the Roman Diary of the Bishop of Clifton, 1886, *The Venerabile*, vol. I,1, Oct. 1922, p.13. Roughly translated, it reads:
 'While reclining under this huge cross,
 As the mouth draws in the shimmering (cigarette) smoke,
 I fashioned an unpolished verse
 Alone on the citadel of Tusculum.'
- ³⁰ *Canon Burke's Diary*, VEC Archives.
- ³¹ *John King's Diary*, VEC Archives.
- ³² Williams, *op.cit.*, pp.150-153.
- ³³ *ibid.*, p.155.
- ³⁴ *Giornale delle Entrate e delle Spese — dal Guigno 1919 al Aprile 1920*, VEC Archives.
- ³⁵ J. Scarr 'Montopoli', *The Venerabile*, vol. VI,3, Oct. 1933, p.279.
- ³⁶ J. Prior, 'From Monte Porzio to Palazzola', *The Venerabile*, vol. XX,4, Summer 1962.
- ³⁷ College Diary, *The Venerabile*, vol. II,3, Oct. 1925, p.253.
- ³⁸ College Diary, *The Venerabile*, vol. I, Oct. 1922, p.85.
- ³⁹ Unsigned article, 'The Tusculum Cross', *op.cit.*, p.298.
- ⁴⁰ *ibid.*, p.302.
- ⁴¹ College Diary, *The Venerabile*, vol. III,1, Oct. 1926.
- ⁴² Unsigned article, 'Nova et Vetera', *The Venerabile*, vol. VIII,1, Oct. 1934.
- ⁴³ College Diary, *ibid.*, p.46.
- ⁴⁴ 'Here, from the ancient sanctuary to the gods of the pagans there shines forth the cross of Christ, the erection of which was cared for by the most noble clergy and people of Tusculum as an everlasting memorial of nineteen centuries since the gaining of Salvation, and the 50th anniversary of the entry to the priesthood of Cardinal Bishop Michael Lega. In the year of the Lord 1934, and the twelfth of the New Empire, Pius XI being Supreme Pontiff, Victor Emmanuel III being King, Benito Mussolini 'Duce' and Prince Aldobrandini 'Patronus'. (Transl. kindly provided by James Manock.)
- ⁴⁵ *Martindale's Diary*, VEC Archives.
- ⁴⁶ College Diary, *The Venerabile*, vol. IX,2, Apr. 1939, p.173.
- ⁴⁷ College Diary, *The Venerabile*, vol. IX,4, Apr. 1940, p.356.

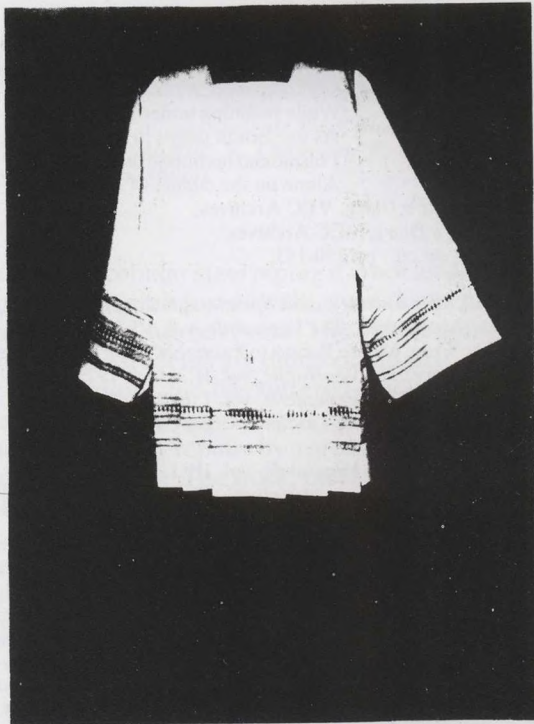
- ⁴⁸ College Diary, *The Venerabile*, vol. XIV,2, Jun. 1949, p.135.
⁴⁹ College Diary, *The Venerabile*, vol. XIV,4, May 1950, p.330.
⁵⁰ *Senior Student's Diary 1952-55*, VEC Archives.
⁵¹ College Diary, *The Venerabile*, vol. XIX,4, May 1960, p.528.
⁵² College Diary, *The Venerabile*, vol. XX,2, May 1961, p.142.
⁵³ College Diary, *The Venerabile*, vol. XX,4, Summer 1962, p.309.
⁵⁴ College Diary, *The Venerabile*, vol. XXII,2, Summer 1963, p.112.
⁵⁵ College Diary, *The Venerabile*, vol. XXIII,2, Summer 1965, p.115.
⁵⁶ College Journal, *The Venerabile*, vol. XXV,2, p.149.
⁵⁷ College Diary, *The Venerabile*, vol. XXVII,1, 1979, p.66.



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Sonnet

When God's created beauty bids me live
In praise of him who gave me all I see,
I wrest from God that love which he did give,
The love by which alone I came to be,
I love the creature, not Creator, first,
And make of man my sole beloved god;
There to seek the sating of my thirst,
There to find the touch of healing word,
There to expect forgiveness, blessing, love.
But there in distant worship I am blind,
There I forget the sweetness from above —
Creator's love — which came to earth to find
My soul; to grant to me the loving key:
To love thy creatures, Lord, in loving thee.

Laws of Motion

The sweeping stream of life's compelling chase
disturbs the hidden surface:
fixed emphasis to be
untouched by time and age. The pressing flow's embrace
drags still reluctant peace
in ever enduring inconstancy
on the restless currents of time and space.

As tides of distance tear from our proximity
heart's calm, mind's rest, fear's worry,
in separation such
that the turbulent motion destroys deceiving clarity,
familiar feelings are touched and torn away
beyond familiar touch;
calm and rest broken, fulfilling fear's prophecy.

The ebbing of insatiable time can try to teach,
in following the rush of movement to
and painfully away
from the anxious soul, which will ever reach
for ill-imagined security, burning through
the content of joy's day;
in fear of movement, discarded on sorrow's beach.

Cunctis sua displicet aetas

A mellowing light — from within or without —
Veiling bare brick with Victorian romance,
Makes golden-hued ruins bear roseate dreams —
The idyllic escape of some mock Roman trance.

Transferred from so-called reality's passing,
Drawn to identify beauty as past,
Given a refuge from transient emptiness,
Slowly let rage in age be relaxed.

So I call them heirlooms, transcendent inheritance,
Relics of values, lives, passions and powers,
Touching our world of instant emotions,
Revealing reality more lasting than ours.

But is this their value? Do I so concentrate
On concrete memorials to life without life
That I ignore beating beauty beside me,
Dismiss present joys and distain present strife?

I note our decay with superior detachment,
Dismissing as pointless man's preoccupation.
Are mine any richer? Will I give reality
A gift any higher than exists in creation?

In romance of the past I escape from the present,
Intellectual enchantment that can look past reality
Where love should reside — one living beside me
In whom past and future sink into mind's vanity.

Why bother to reconstruct friendship from rubble,
Fleeing from love I'm too careful to build?
Keep the past as behind me, the future unknown to me,
Let my heart look around me, and by the present be filled.

James Manock

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Romanesque: Ambages in Pulmino

Italian driving, like Italian politics or Italian football, bears only a passing resemblance to its English counterpart. This is not to deny that there are some common factors; you have a car, for instance, albeit built the wrong-side-round, and a driving licence. But I would say the similarities end about there. Having survived three years as a College driver contemplating this truth, I now feel in a position to offer you some thoughts upon the matter.

At basis is a difference in philosophy. An Englishman drives a car to get somewhere, or to convey someone or something to a destination. An Italian, on the other hand, is not in the least bit concerned *where* he is driving; for him the main point is that everyone should be aware that he is driving, and this he accomplishes by driving very fast, resting his elbow on his car horn, and applying the brakes just a fraction later than is ideally necessary. Inevitably, this craving for attention is what makes your Italian in his car so utterly individualistic; he cannot conceive of being just another motorist any more than he could conceive of being just another member of a team or an orchestra. This is why Italians make good lovers and artists, but rotten armies and choirs. Rule number one, then: ITALY HAS NO TRAFFIC — ONLY DRIVERS.

It follows from this, I suppose, that an Italian is unfailingly hostile towards other drivers. The English motorist, if he gives it any consideration at all, will reckon that his fellow travellers have as much right to the M4 as he has. The Italian driver, however, is in a constant state of anguish that other road users will frustrate his main purpose in being in his car (*cioè* to be noticed). Because; if you think about it, *they* themselves have an equal craving to leave their mark on the autostrada, and hence are liable to commit the capital crime of *distracting attention*. There is but one solution to this dilemma for an Italian motorist; he must turn these obstacles to achieving fame into a means of attaining his desired goal (being noticed), by *making them crash*. Rule number two reads: COMPASSION CANNOT SIT BEHIND THE DRIVING WHEEL.

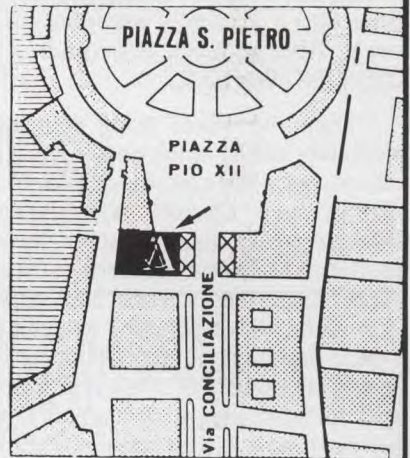
Then the whole thing gets intensely complicated by the girl-friend, who is invariably sitting in the passenger seat. Since the Italian is driving what is basically an extension of his ego, he considers any assault upon his driving as an insult to his virility; such assaults take various forms. Being overtaken is one, a quite unforgivable challenge that is a declaration of impotence. Traffic signs and signals are another. The Italian motorist's attitude towards signs and signals makes a fascinating study, deserving of great sociological dissertations. He feels there is something effeminate about stopping at a red light, so he usually doesn't, or if he does, makes it clear that it is the fault of the car in front of him for having stopped, by moving up to within two inches of his rear bumper. He will then blow his horn the moment the light turns to green, to express frustration at the loss of attention occasioned by having to wait in four lines of traffic for three minutes. As far as road signs — speed limits, no-entry signs, and so forth — are concerned, these are a marvellous opportunity for the interested observer (like myself) to witness the Italians employing that attitude which they have turned into an art form; *selective inattention*. There is no '*senso unico*' or '*stop*' sign so large that an Italian driver will not ignore it if he wants to; it simply comes so low down upon his list of priorities that it does not invade his consciousness. Anyone who has tried to order a coffee in a crowded Roman bar will know exactly what I mean. The point in all this is that the Italian

cannot help himself; his reputation with his girl-friend is at stake. Even if she is not sitting beside him, he feels a need to conduct himself as though she were. Rule number three: AN ITALIAN NEVER DRIVES FOR HIMSELF, BUT FOR HIS GIRL-FRIEND.

Of course, particularly in Rome, you are not just coping with Italian drivers (and their girl-friends), but the roads as well. We in England take the roads rather for granted; we might comment that a certain road seems rather bumpy, but this is largely incidental to our journey. In Italy, however, the road system assumes an active role, as a positive factor to be taken into account. Here arises a rather interesting chicken and egg situation; do Italian drivers create Italian roads, or do Italian roads create Italian drivers? Certainly, if you have to swerve suddenly to avoid a chasm in the cobbles, or if the road surface resembles an unmade bed, you are likely to end up driving like an Italian. Here, I must permit a note of admiration in my musings, for the drivers in Rome, especially, take the geography and terrain admirably in their stride. Conditions that would frustrate even the mildest English driver do not in the least perturb the Italian; he is much more interested in being noticed, and he does not care that his axle is being smashed to pieces. In fact, he probably appreciates the appalling road surface because it enables him to drive all the more recklessly, and thereby *be noticed more*. I must add here a strictly personal notice, as one whose room overlooks the narrow *Via di Monserrato*. At least four times each day there is a traffic jam as some Jaguar or lorry gets itself wedged between the double lines of parking down the street. I have the joy of watching these situations unfold from my third-floor window. The point is, however, that the Italian motorist cannot foresee such situations. He lives for the present moment, because that is what attracting attention is all about, and so will not think ahead to consider that his huge car might get stuck in the narrows of the *Via di Monserrato*. Every Tuesday, without fail, the dustbin-van

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traps itself directly under my window; within moments a tail-back has occurred, and Italians are sitting on their hooters. Presumably, unless there is an astonishing rate of turnover in the Rome Sanitary Disposal department, the dustbin-men are perfectly aware of the dangers of the street (the *Scylla* and *Charybdis* of the Monserrato, if you are of a classical turn of mind) — and to put it bluntly, the dustbin-van simply will not fit down the street. The truth is as before; the Italians are not interested in their route, but the style in which they drive along it. Obstacles are to be faced, and sworn at, as and when they occur. Let us have rule four: **THERE IS ONLY ONE STREET, AND THAT IS THE ONE YOU ARE IN.**



Italians are creatures of impulse, which is fine when they happen to be Renaissance princes and decide to build cathedrals, but not so good when they have a steering wheel between their hands. I remember that when I was learning to drive in England, my instructor advised me to be alert for any eventuality by imagining that the car in front of me might suddenly act foolishly. In Italy, this is a guaranteed certainty. I do not think I have ever seen a driver here indicate before he turned; I once thought I saw a car signalling down by the Circus Maximus, but I realised that it was in fact only his one remaining brake-light. All this certainly adds a certain spice and excitement to one's driving, but the question is, whether you *want* spice and excitement, and quite so often. Arriving back from a journey during which cars have spontaneously braked, pulled out, reversed, and turned into on-coming traffic immediately in front of you cannot but affect a sensitive mind. So it is that, sooner or later, a dreadful reality dawns; *you yourself are driving like an Italian*. I was made horribly aware of this when driving my Bishop back from the airport, and suddenly realised that I was vocalizing some unsavoury home-truths at other drivers. Mercifully, my Bishop is not strong on colloquial idioms, but I noticed that he fell rather silent as we *waved* through the streets, and read the same page of his breviary several times. Once that happens to you, you know you are a real Italian driver, and you don't need me to give you any more rules.

Mark Langham

ambages. 1: a going round, roundabout way, a winding. 2: a rambling story, circumlocution, evasion, quibbles. (Editor)

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An Ever Changing Church:

A sermon preached by the Mgr. Jim Sullivan at Community Mass in 30th May 1989 to celebrate the Diamond Jubilee of his Priestly Ordination on 25th May 1929.

The Church is changing. I was about four or five years of age when I heard my mother make that remark. Pius X had lowered the age for First Communion and was exhorting the faithful to receive communion frequently. The remark dropped deep within me to surface again only in the late 1960s. For Catholics the world over were then experiencing and commenting on the changes Vatican II was bringing into their lives.

I was a few months old when Pius X was elected Pope. He chose as his motto and guiding principle: "instaurare omnia in Christo", to bring all things together under Christ. The voice of Paul the Apostle rings through the words; Paul's belief that he and everyone, Jew and gentile alike, must break away from their religious past: but there is also Pius' creative vision of the tasks the Church had to undertake if the Gospel was to be preached to the twentieth century.

I have passed my life, both before and since my priestly ordination, amid the changes the tenth Pius initiated and his successors furthered. I take occasion from this my diamond jubilee solemn celebration to recall various changes and to thank God for the blessings that came with them.

Pius had the laws of the Church codified and a modern pattern imposed on its central administration. As a young priest I was caught up in the surge of legal studies that resulted. It is difficult for us nowadays to appreciate the revolutionary character of his code of canon law.

Law disciplines. Pius was determined to have a disciplined Church. Discipline would ensure purity of doctrine and uprightness of conduct. He was stern and inflexible towards any threat to Christian truth. Yet humbly he served the God of mercy. All notions of a stern and inflexible God left over from Jansenist-tinged generations were to be abandoned. Jesus the Saviour longed for friendship, intimate friendship between Himself and His people. "Instaurare omnia in Christo": and first, Christ would have to become the life of each soul. Pius quickly legislated for early and frequent communion: for each communion sealed that bond of friendship. Later Popes relaxed the laws of eucharistic fast, and of times for Mass and thereby eased the faithful's approach to Christ, our food and friend.

Pius infused fresh life into the Church's liturgy. He rid the breviary of wearying accretions, rearranged the order of the psalms so as to make it a book of more personal prayer, and focused the user's attention on the mysteries of the faith. He intended to introduce further improvements into the breviary and took advice about revising the missal.

It was being stated when I was a young priest that a new missal was in preparation, but that we might all be dead before it received Papal approval. Well, I made it. For that, I am grateful to the Lord. What a wealth of scriptural reading, psalms, prayers it contains. It has four canons instead of one. The infirmities of age make me often choose the shortest of them. But I also prize it. It is a link with the Church of Rome of the third century. Recovery of ancient and valuable traditions runs deep in all the changes that have come upon the Church during this century.

This was very noticeable in Pius' reform of Church music. He enlisted specialists in medieval manuscripts to establish the text of his Graduale or book for sung Mass. I became acquainted with it on going to Lisbon in 1919. We agonised over the correct rendering of it. We were well into the 1920s before it became generally permissible to sing from the Solesmes Liber Usualis. It bound together in one volume the music for office as well as for Mass. Its rhythmic signs gave us the beginning of style. The nuances of plainsong were lost on us. On feast days other music stirred our emotions or cheered our hearts. The austere beauties of plainsong were revealed to me first at the meeting of the newly-founded Society of St. Gregory in 1929. The purpose of the Society was to bring Pius X's reforms to colleges, schools, parishes.

From 1931 on, other commitments prevented my attending its meeting. Then in 1968, amid the muddles and uncertainties about the future of Church music I made a special effort to be there. Fr. McElligot, the presiding genius during the previous forty save one years, stayed in the background. I expected surprises. I got them. But what Pius banished from the liturgy, music for its own sake or for the singer's renown, seems banished forever.

Music enhances the splendours of the liturgy. Doctrine underlies and sustains them. Prayer and belief intermingle, together shape the Christian soul, lift up to God the worshipful life of the community. Catechetical instruction opens the door, leads on, to liturgy. Pius valued and promoted it. He sensed that the new era in human history required a new universal catechism. He experimented with one, and then put the idea aside. He would seem to have decided the time was not yet ripe for one. Leo XIII had turned the attention of the theologians back to St. Thomas and the Fathers: he wanted archives opened up to the historians of the Church: he urged scholars to delve deeper into the scripture; he felt the need to rethink the relations between



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Church and State and the cause of the working classes. A new catechism would have to await a survey and evaluation of forgotten treasures. Risks might have to be taken, sweat poured out, even a pastoral council held to match the pastoral zeal of Pius before his wishes for a new and universal catechism could be met. We are promised one in the near future. Meanwhile, the catechism of Christian doctrine of my school days, of my college years at Lisbon, of my years of pastoral labours will continue to be one of my possessions.

Not so the Challoner bible or the Ronnie Knox bible that I daily read in years gone by. Passages from them still haunt me. This is not the time or the place for explaining why I discontinued reading them. Let it be enough to state that Pius commissioned Abbot Gasquet and a team of co-workers to recover the text of St. Jerome's Vulgate. He had set biblical studies on a new course. Within a few decades, translations from Hebrew, Greek, Latin were being multiplied. I now restrict my reading of the bible to what the day's liturgy offers me. The bible as such I do no more than consult, and that generally by comparing various post 1960 English translations. I lack the learning to decide which of them is the most accurate or revealing: but the comparison helps me to realise how incapable human words are of fully fleshing out God's word. His Word had to become true human flesh and true flowing blood, and then be slain before it could blaze out into the glory of His undying love for us.

The story of Jesus, the Christ to whom the world must be brought back, draws to itself all parts of the bible, is its heart and soul. Four authors, each in his own distinctive way, relate his story.

I was brought up in a tradition dating back, through Augustine, to second century Rome. The tradition laboriously and ingeniously toiled away at making the four Gospels consistent with one another, even in factual detail. We ironed out the differences between them, or explained them away. Skilled writers and scriptural experts produced historic lives of Jesus, Son of God. They were vivid and convincing. They had their nobility, their beauties. They deepened our faith and trust in Jesus. But they did not do justice to the distinctive message of each evangelist. Pius XII carried a stage further the reverence of the Xth Pius for ancient and original texts of the scriptures. He encouraged men of learning to fathom and grasp the genius of each writer of a Gospel, for each of them unfolded a different and important aspect of the mystery of God our Saviour.

I am rather lost in all this. I grope about beneath the shadows of men of learning. I envy you young students to whom forgotten treasures are being opened up. For in all the changes, the Church can never depart from the good news delivered of old. Listen to the angel of Bethlehem: Behold I bring you tidings of great joy. . . . Today is born for you a Saviour. You will find him wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid in a manger; the manger of the scriptures; the swaddling clothes of transient human concepts and language; of yesterday's or today's or tomorrow's translation of the bible. And yet listen to the angel of the empty tomb: "He is not here, behold the place where they laid Him". The linen strips that bound Him are left behind. "He goes before you into Galilee". The Church never ceases to follow Him as she moves through the hazards and ages of human history. He is the mystery of God's love for us.

The Church is changing, my mother remarked 80 years ago. It goes on changing, sometimes to a disturbing, unsettling degree. Newman expressed it for all of us: Old principles appear under new forms. Here below to live is to change and to be perfect is to have changed often. Behold, says the Lord, behold I make all things new.

Friends of The Venerable

(English College Rome)

AIMS

- To promote the work of the Venerable for the Catholic Community of England and Wales.
- To foster knowledge of the history of the College and its martyrs.
- To support the students of the College with our prayers and encouragement.
- To provide financial help for the material needs of the Venerable.

MEMBERSHIP

is invited from:

- Past and present members of the College and their families.
- Participants in pilgrimages and visits to the College and Palazzola.
- All those who wish to be associated spiritually and culturally with the College.

ACTIVITIES

- A newsletter about life at the College and Association events is circulated regularly to members.
- Pilgrimage, holiday and study groups visit the College and Palazzola.
- Local groups of Friends organise events in their own area.

SUBSCRIPTION

- The minimum annual subscription is £10. Family Membership £15.
- Friends are asked to contribute an annual sum, to include their subscription, by a Deed of Covenant so that tax can be recovered.
- Friends are invited to consider legacies and other donations as ways to benefit the College.

For information please contact:

Mr. Bernard Sullivan, Secretary, Friends of the Venerable, 1 Montem Road, New Malden, Surrey, KT3 3QW

The Friends of the Venerable

The second meeting of the Friends took place in September 1989 at the Crypt of St. James, Spanish Place, London. About 70 members and guests were present. The day opened with Mass in the beautiful Church which had been extensively refurbished. Bishop Cormac Murphy O'Connor, our President, was the principal celebrant. Owing to other commitments some of the speakers who had originally been invited were unable to come. Fr. Terry Phipps and Mark Langham both former students of the College gave an amusing and very personal talk on life at the College seen through the eyes of a newly joined student. This was a light hearted start to the proceedings. Bishop Cormac also gave us some anecdotal impressions of his time as Rector of the College.

Mgr. Jack Kennedy, the Rector, spoke on the importance of the College in the training of seminarians and the need for further vocations. He detailed the problems of the maintenance of the old buildings and the shortage of funds to carry out all the necessary works. This made the grants given by the Friends of particular importance. He expressed once again his optimism for the College and his admiration for the calibre of the students.

After lunch and a general informal discussion the participants reassembled. Ray Beirne, a Friend, and father of Chris Beirne a former student and priest of the Northampton Diocese spoke to us in a very sincere way of the importance of being a Friend. This developed into a general discussion with members putting forward various ideas. It was hoped further groups would be formed. Kevin Grant had held an informal meeting in his garden at Chichester on a hot Saturday in August.

The next meeting is at Nottingham by permission of Fr. Peter Tierney on Saturday 29 September at the Church of the Good Shepherd, Thackeray's Way, Woodthorpe. The theme will be "The experience of new priests returning to England". It is hoped Fr. Michael O'Connor from Liverpool Diocese and Fr. Liam Kelly from Mansfield will initiate the discussion. There will also be proposals for putting the Friends on a more formal basis with a simple constitution and election for Officers and Committee members.

My direct involvement with the College started at the end of 1982 when I left Cafod helping Louis King with the appeal. It was decided to found the Friends as a continuing interest and this was launched at St. George's Cathedral in Southwark in July. After two years as Hon. Secretary I was appointed Chairman in 1987. I feel that it is now time for a younger person to take over. The disappointment has been that the membership has remained static at around 500.

I would like all existing members to make a determined effort to recruit a new member. If this were done we would have a thousand members. Our message would be more widely known and greater support both spiritual and financial would be given to the College. If this comes about I would feel that my five years involved in the early days of the Friends will have been worthwhile. Please do make this effort.

Robin Hood
July 1990

A NEW

VENERABLE GUIDEBOOK



A new colour guidebook with a short history and *vignette* of present day College life included has been produced by students.

Copies are available from the Editor, at the cost of £2 plus 30p p.p.

The guidebook is 28 pages with 8 pages in colour.

College Diary 1989-90

April

Monday, 3rd: A new term and a new diarist. The Rector celebrates one or other of these novelties by returning to England. The rest of us celebrate the Feast of the Annunciation, held back because of Easter. I hope that doesn't mean that Christmas will be late this year.

Friday, 7th: The candelabra on the main stairs are removed and replaced with some very temporary-looking bulb-holders. Strange designs appear on the walls, indicating the location of wiring conduits. Mene, mene, tekel and parsim: the College electricians have been found wanting and are to be replaced.

Saturday, 8th: At choir practice the new choir-master shares his rags-to-riches story (from bell-ringer during the Gloria at Midnight Mass to College maestro) and threatens a similar fate for the non-singing population.

Sunday, 9th: The rovers return. The Rector arrives back from his travels and Fr. Michael Selway, on holiday from "the mission" in Clifton, presides at Sunday Mass: "There are a lot of plates to keep spinning out there."

Saturday, 15th: Another return of a familiar face, as Fr. Robert LeTellier makes the transition from Kensington High St. to the old Gestetner room to continue his biblical studies. In the evening the schola parties.

Saturday, 22nd: The College fire-drill (only Robert LeTellier could remember the last one) in which 65 V.E.C. residents tear themselves away from their books, everyone reaching the outside world in under seven minutes. The Monserrà corridor seek to prove the adage that "It takes two gins for an Englishman to reach normality," by holding a DBFP (Drink Before Fire Practice). The evaluation forms provided also allow people to exercise their imaginations: "No difficulties encountered, apart from the kitchen being a raging inferno . . ."

Sunday, 23rd: A house-meeting at which the appointment of a new member of staff is announced. Joe Coughlan (brother of a certain Monsignor) is to take over the Clerk-of-Works aspects of the Vice's job from September, allowing Jeremy to concentrate on pastoral work. To the Senior Student's question about the relation of the new employee to the "formation staff" the Rector gives the illuminating response, "He's more like Mary-Jo than Jeremy, really."

Monday, 24th: The Simon Thomson memorial door-spring is fitted at the entrance to the Common Room Corridor after he does his leg in, trying to prevent said door from slamming. This is the week in which *Venerabile* editors bombard us with "This-really-is-probably-likely-to-be-nearly-your-last-chance-to-contribute-to-this-year's-magazine"-type notices.

Thursday, 25th: Liberation Day in Italy. The Jesuits express their very own theology of liberation at the Gregorian, by having lectures as usual. The Dominicans at the Angelicum meanwhile illustrate their theology of work and take the day off.

Sunday, 30th: While everyone else is out and about celebrating the May Day holiday a hardy band of catechists are busy with the First Communion Mass for children from St. George's School. *Il Vice* presides, and a scrummy time is had by all.

May

Wednesday, 3rd: A conspiracy of Greg. Profs. (Frs. Chappin, Rosato, and Healy) is entertained by students seeking recognition in exams. I always felt that going to the lectures was an easier method myself.

Friday, 5th: A Rector's Talk, on patience. He begins by expressing the fear that the College diarist might record his words. Is this paranoia or optimism on the part of our leader?

Monday, 8th: Consternation in the refectory, as the weekly "Tavola Italiana" sign (indicating *l'opportunità di perfezionare la sua conoscenza della lingua*) finds itself surrounded by tables bearing such legends as "Welsh", "Water", "Antipodean", "Gibberish", "Don't-talk-to-me-I've-had-a-lousy-morning-at-the-Greg.", and "Norsk Skanderbrodbord". I opt for a place on the "British Virgin Islands" table.

Sunday, 14th: Pentecost Sunday: The Holy Spirit in the form of an Archbishop (Cassidy) is seen descending on our four candidates for Confirmation (parishioners, not students, I hasten to add).

Thursday, 18th: As the noted moralist, Vincent McNamara heads for the airport after an eight-week stay (whilst lecturing at the greatest Catholic University in the world) the College heads for the beach (via Valvisciolo and Ninfa) on the nuns' gita. Messrs. Byrne, Robertson *et al.* cater admirably (though all the bananas seem to have ended up in the fruit salad this year) and a great time is had by all.

Friday, 19th: Hoards (well, fifteen, actually) of students turn up to a debate on the motion, "This house believes that censorship of the Snug is never justified," and decides that it isn't. So it looks as though *Osservatore Romano* is safe in the newspaper room for the foreseeable future.

Saturday, 20th: Choir Practice, and we are all urged to get composing. Even if we can't read music we could still hum our efforts to a choir-master. The Deputy Senior Student immediately produces a Kyrie to the tune, "'Ere we go, 'ere we go, 'ere we go." Who said he isn't musical.

Sunday, 21st: Trinity Sunday: The *Vice* shows magnanimity by letting the Rector preach on "his" feast, then reminds us at lunch that the College has on occasion run quite smoothly with neither Rector nor Vice-Rector. Lunch is also a chance to welcome Fra Bertie, making arguably the first visit by a Sovereign to the College this decade, and to thank Sr. Mary Linscott SND for her faithful service of the Church in the Congregation for Religious.

Thursday, 25th: A quiet but joyful Mass of Thanksgiving marks the sixtieth anniversary of the ordination to the priesthood of Mgr. Jim Sullivan, anticipating next Tuesday's official celebration. But, as Jim put it, he'll be well into his next decade by then.

Friday, 26th: The Chiesa Nuova house function gives us a 26-minute sermon by a Vatican red hat on the connection between Philip Neri and the things he wanted to talk about, and approximately 26 adjectives describing the prelate from the Oratory's superior in his thank-you speech: "Eccellentissimo, reverendissimo, cardinalissimo, carissimo . . ."

Sunday, 28th: Our annual visit to the Little Sisters of the Poor for Corpus Christi. As well as the usual ecumenical detour to the Sisters' Maronite neighbours in order to give them Benediction before Mass (!) the reordering of the Little Sisters' garden allows a new liturgical highlight, the visit with the Blessed Sacrament to the Lourdes grotto: "Son behold thy mother . . .?"

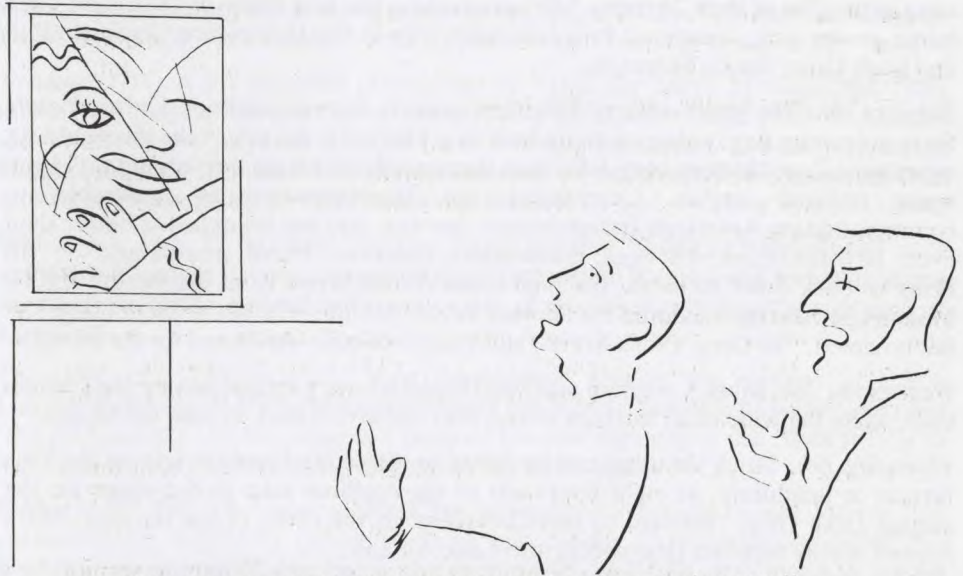
Tuesday, 30th: Jim Sullivan's "official" Diamond Jubilee. He proves himself a true presbyter of the community in his homily, reflecting on his mother saying eighty years ago, "The Church is changing," and on what has happened since. The festal supper gives us a chance to thank him for his knowledge, wisdom and prayer, and his witness that "God is fun." *Ad multos annos*, Jim.

Wednesday, 31st: The Monserrà corridor, never known to hide their community spirit under a bushel, hold a barbecue by the "tank" and fraternally smoke themselves to death.

June

Friday, 2nd: The last lectures in "first cycle" theology at the Greg. are celebrated by "third theology" with much popping of Spumanti corks and a pilgrimage to the tomb of Clement XIV of blessed memory, in the church of Dodice Apostoli, where wreaths are laid and his bull of suppression of the Jesuits is read. Later in the day, a copy of John Cornwell's book, *A Thief in the Night*, is placed in the Snug for students' delectation and amusement. All suggestions that the Rector is bluff and balding and looks like he's just come off a golf-course will naturally be strenuously denied.

Monday-Saturday, 5th-10th: The ever-sensitive powers that be at the Greg. respond to requests that the exam session be shortened so that foreign students can return home by placing all the written exams in one week, yet miraculously leave some V.E.C. students still facing exams at the end of the month.



"You have to admit, it's a great improvement on the last one."

Monday, 12th: Painters have finished repainting the main staircase and the Cardinals' Corridor at the expense of a donor who must remain anonymous (since I don't know his name), attention is turned to their eminences' portraits. After cleaning small test patches on the canvasses (a process which lends a slightly surreal air to these princes of the church) the whole set of pictures is prised off the wall, damaging the new paintwork. Another Italian job-creation scheme? Speculation begins about whether Cardinal Hume's rather "loud" portrait will be submitted some "restoration" along with the older works.

Monday, 19th: In Rome, as at Westminster, the first results are anxiously awaited, although students' attention is focused more on the arrival of the interim exam results from the Greg. than on the likely make-up of the next European Parliament, also announced today.

Wednesday, 21st: The variations on "Arrivederci, Roma" after Sunday's vespers having been too subtle, the organist at the last community Mass in Rome spells it out for us, with "Do you know where you're going to" as a post-eucharist meditation.

Friday, 23rd: Buckets and spades all packed, the majority of students head for the Alban hills at the start of the *Villeggiatura*, leaving behind only those with exams, room-changes or good excuses.

Sunday, 25th: A blast from the past, as we welcome Tim Galligan for a stay with us, hot-foot from Womersley.

Tuesday, 27th: His Lordship by the grace of God the Bishop Emeritus of Plymouth joins us, prompting some wit to name the students' bar, "The Traveller's Restieaux".

Thursday, 29th: The end of an era, as Robert LeTellier leaves us for further studies in Jerusalem.

July

Sunday, 2nd: Cricket brings a British Embassy team to Palazzola. Despite our tactic of plying them with drink in the College bar during a heavy shower, they pass our total in the 21st of their 25 overs. The evening sees the first round of "Vec-cess", our home-grown quiz, compèred by a real runner-up in the Hampshire Chronicle Pub and Club Quiz, Simon Thomson.

Tuesday, 4th: The great walk to Tusculum attracts record numbers. Unfortunately there are competing traditions about how to get there (Is the rule "take the right fork every time," or "Always keep left"?) so that people arrive on the "mountain" from some unusual angles. Celebrating the Transfiguration is preferable to commemorating American Independence anyway, and the breakfast is better than ever: 10 litres of tea, 150 eggs, mushrooms, tomatoes, bread, marmalade. . . . To bring us back down to earth, the final exam results arrive from the Greg., and Fr. Manca's popularity is assured for another twelve months with the student body. The bar is named, "Ye Greg. Prof's Arms", and given a suitable sign-board for the occasion.

Wednesday, 5th: Mark Langham and Tim Hopkins have a record run on the Castelli Walk, taste the wine of all thirteen towns, and still arrive back in time for supper.

Thursday, 6th: Much shouting can be heard by those land-lubbers left on the Villa terrace at lunchtime, as eight boatloads of the brethren take to the water for the annual Lake Gita. "Prepare to repel boarders" is the order of the day, and Mark Anwyll is duly repelled (less specs) into Lake Albano.

Friday, 7th: An official farewell to our Pastoral Director since 1986, Harry Parker, gives us a chance to thank him for his kindness, wisdom and humour. With the help of a washing-line across the sanctuary, the Canon offers us a vision of priesthood: we must be people who are ardent, available, approachable, adaptable, appreciative and 'appy. At supper the Rector quotes Milton on "Harry", and Harry recites the faults of seventeenth century alumni to show that some things don't change, ending up with a chorus of "Goodbye scholars I must leave you." The Senior Student responds in an appropriate vein, answering the "6 As" of priesthood with "6 Es" to describe the Pastoral Director: His sermons may have enraged a few, exasperated or

embarrassed one or two, but most have been entertained, endeared and edified by “the silver-haired Canon with cinematic good looks” (John Cornwell’s description). Finally, the author of so many explanatory captions for College paintings is presented with his own placard, though no amount of prose could sum up Harry.

Saturday, 8th: The seventh international Palazzola Folk Festival is forced to retreat from the wide-open spaces of the terrace to the morgue by a surfeit of wind.

Sunday, 9th: The name of the College bar, “The Candied Dates”, tells it all, as Bishop Cyril accepts the nominations for the 1991 Diaconate ordinations. The hottest day of the *Villeggiatura* is obviously too much for the new candidates, and all bar one jettison their new clerical garb during the course of the afternoon.

Monday, 10th: The North narrowly fail to get beaten by the South at cricket (119-8 vs. 118-6). In the evening, “Top-year tea” allows the Rector to offer insights into the characters of the departing brethren, whom he insists on referring to by their initials, MB, SPOC, MOC, PB, RW, and MA. The Reverend MA then proceeds to wax lyrical (for 22 minutes) about the common denominator of all great speeches — their length. Undismayed by the arrival in the Refectory of a wheelbarrow bearing a toilet-seat (whereby hangs a tale), his broad sweep takes in the Top-year tea of 1749 (4 homicides, 2 decapitations and a noise such as to make the inhabitants of Rocca di Papa fear an earthquake) and a song about the departing clerics: “Now they’re all back off to England; Ain’t it all a crying shame?” Thus the first member of the English race ever to receive a Pontifical Diploma in Social Communication demonstrates the skills accrued during his years of study in the Eternal City. It looks like religious broadcasting is in for a shock.

Tuesday, 11th: A pre-prandial production of “Trial By Jury” in which the chief infirmarian plays a “broken flower” wronged by the schola master (who thus incurs the wrath of the jurymen four and the bridesmaids three). Fortunately Judge Langham is able to put all to rights just in time for lunch, as Gilbert and Sullivan returns to Palazzola for the first time since the 60s.

Wednesday, 12th: Fr. Michael Sharkey points out that, though extraordinary tasks await us if Britain is to be re-evangelised, yet our path to holiness will consist in doing the ordinary things well, as he leads our day of recollection before the conferral of ministries.

Thursday, 13th: The erstwhile “first theologians” receive the ministry of lector. Ludwig Wittgenstein is also promoted during the homily, in which he is referred to as “the philosopher”: if language is a form of life and meaning is use, then it falls to lectors to transmit the meaning and create the form of life.

Friday, 14th: The nine new acolytes are powerfully exhorted by the *Vice* to live eucharistically, especially caring for those who cannot share in the sacrament. No Bastilles are stormed today, but in the evening Shylock fails once again to get his pound of flesh as “The Merchant of Venice” is read in the cloisters of D.O.P.

Sunday, 16th: The rain-storms of the previous day are forgotten as our ten new Deacons are ordained on one of the finest days of the *Villeggiatura*. Cuthbert Main and a sideboard in a Cornish house help Bishop Cyril to make his point in his homily. All goes smoothly, though the Rector causes some bemusement when he tells the “old boys” that they are as welcome as if they hadn’t come. In his speech in reply Deacon Booth manages to sound both very English and very Italian. Thus another year comes to its close as it should, at its climax.



The new Acolytes.

October

Thursday, 5th: I am gratified to find the new red carpet in position (more-or-less) in the entrance corridor for my return. I don't suppose that its arrival has anything to do with the recent visit of + Robert Cantuar and the members of ARCIC II. It evidently wasn't laid for the Reverend Ian Paisley, who got no further than the front doorstep.

Later in the afternoon we receive copies of that splendid organ, *The Venerable*. After supper there's a drink in the garden to welcome the new men — or is it for them to welcome us? Anyway, a free drink is a free drink — and a chance to catch up on each other's news.

Friday, 6th: Having made our beds of nails for the coming semester, by filling in our university inscription forms, we set off down the Via Appia for Palazzola and four days of "meandering through the scriptures" with Fr. Hugh White, and a very fruitful meander it is. After-lunch volley-ball is threatened by the advent of a more sedentary pastime, trying to see how many words can be formed from the letters of another. Worryingly heresies seem to have more potential than orthodoxy, since "Mystagogical" can produce only 95 other words, whereas "Albigensians" yields 166 and that most British of heterodoxies, "Pelagianism" contains a staggering 207 *mots*.

Wednesday, 11th: The retreat ends with the now-traditional (it's happened three times in a row) *Te Deum*. The New Men arrive from Rome for lunch and initiation into the sacred rites of "Villa-ball". On our return to the Infernal City the death of the College phone system is announced. Strangely, the staff phones prove to be more easily repairable than are those used by students. No student is more than three minutes' from our remaining contact with the outside world, however.

Thursday, 12th: Fr. Pelland has the great pleasure of declaring the new academic year to be open at the Jesuits' academic Mass at S. Ignazio. The students have the great pleasure of listening to him. On the off-chance that anyone might be bored by the proceedings, the commemorative booklet handed to all-comers contains an analysis

of library-use between 1949 (17,525 visitors) and 1988 (58,078 visitors). M. Mouse should get an award for the most assiduous student in town.

Friday, 13th: “How many words did you understand?” (1st Philosopher). “How many concepts did you understand?” (First Theologian). “How long before our lectures begin?” (Licence student). Lunchtime conversation indicates the commencement of hostilities at the Gregorian.

Saturday, 14th: Tony Milner arrives back, suitably jet-lagged, from Seoul, where he’s been attending the Eucharistic Congress. Some people will do anything to get out of the annual retreat.

Sunday, 15th: Fathers Ryan and Harvey arrive back in College, but not in the Pulmino, which ends up on its side half-way down the Via Appia. No serious injuries, thank God, except to College finances. Let’s hope that we get a real minibus next time.

Wednesday, 18th: The day on which we narrowly avoid a 7am community Mass in order to allow Fr. Henrici to give a nocturnal lecture. Fortunately, he proves to be a typographical error in the Greg. *Ordo*. A shame that the same can’t be said about certain other profs I could mention.

The day also on which the “NewMen” undergo an ontological change by means of the arcane rites of the first-year party. Michael Robertson *et al.* produce a banquet; Simon Thomson unveils his trombone; juggling Dave McCormack illustrates ordination day with two beanbags and a knife; Deacons LeBas and Langham burst into song to prove that “a stacked plate is a happy plate”; Tim Swinglehurst *is* the London Fire Brigade; and a good time is had by all.

Saturday, 21st: The student body decides that the library copy of the *Osservatore Romano* is sufficient for its needs and cancels the Snug subscription. Looks like I’ll have to buy my own bedtime reading.

Sunday, 22nd: It must be Christmas: 200 extra turn up for Mass. *Tantum in parvo*.

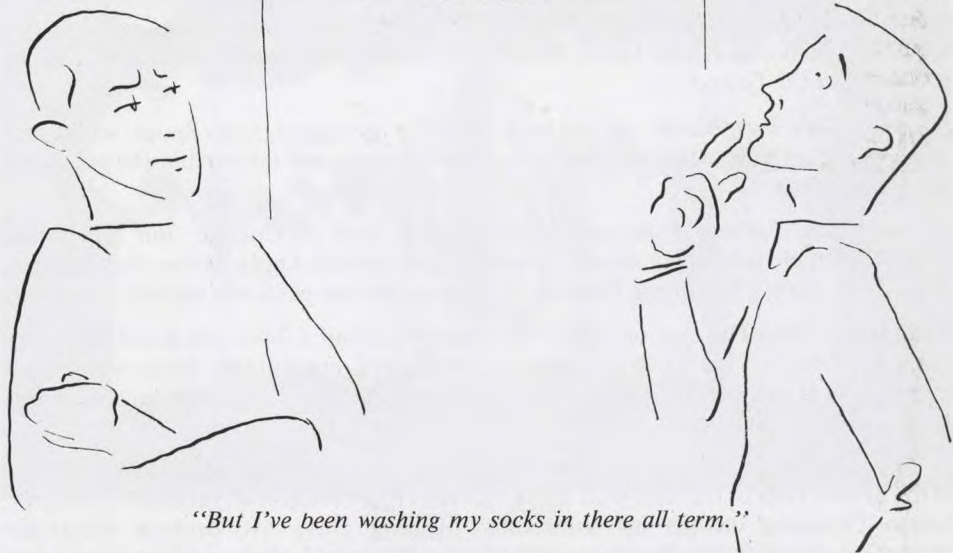
November

Monday, 6th: The residents of Via di Monserrato, 45, take to the streets for a fire-drill under conditions of darkness. When the back-up battery on the fire-alarm doesn’t, Sr. Angelia offers a passible imitation of a siren’s wail. Monserratians risk life and limb to rescue their precious portrait of Pasquina from the imaginary flames.

Wednesday, 8th: The College welcomes our new Parish Priest, Don Nicola, to preside at Mass. After supper students head upstairs to celebrate a 120th birthday party. No, not Jim Sullivan, but a joint celebration by Peter Harvey, Stephen Shield, Tim Swinglehurst and Philip Whitmore, who chip in thirty years apiece.

Sunday, 12th: “Change and decay in all around I see.” The Beda lead us in our Remembrance Sunday celebrations at S. Silvestro. In the evening Tony Milner justifies his absence from the October retreat with a very interesting talk about his Korean experiences. I am left wondering how the Reverend Moon ever made money selling anything so vile as Gin Seng Tea.

Tuesday, 14th: Paul Grogan improves his chances of becoming an Italian bishop markedly by going to stay at the Capranica College for a fortnight *per perfezionare il suo italiano*. In exchange the College welcomes Don Luca, a priest from Faenza.



"But I've been washing my socks in there all term."

Thursday, 16th: Joe Coughlan announces that the Monserrà toilet cisterns are to be replumbed, connecting them to the cold-water supply rather than the hot this time. I do sometimes have my doubts about Italian workmen.

Friday, 17th: The Feast of St. Elizabeth of Hungary takes on a particular significance this year, as we celebrate the Golden Jubilee of Suor Gemma. A chance for us to show our appreciation of her *allegria* and a chance for her to sing, "Oh, when the saints . . ." in her inimitable way.

Sunday, 19th: A cast of thousands (8 students, actually) assembles in the Common Room to present the genius of England to the College, in a show entitled "Kings and Things", devised by our public speaking coach, Pat Yates. Princess Elizabeth rubs shoulders with the British Tommy, Jean-Laurent Marie conjures up the wilds of Dartmoor, and Robert George salutes the honourable incompetence of "The House of Peers".

Wednesday, 22nd: Fawltly (Simon Thomson) and the Major (Eddy Jarosz) kick off our charity auction, "CuCu '89", during which the redoubtable Miss Tibbs (Mark O'Donnell) loses his beard. All in a good cause, though, and by the end of the evening several million lire have been raised for charity.

Sunday, 26th: Robert George makes twenty-eight bars of music last two minutes, Philip Denton smuggles a Toccata out of Uzbekistan, Bruce Burbidge visits Rouen (twice), Philip Whitmore introduces us to a little Bach (C.P.E. in fact), James Manock "bounces along merrily in an ebullient style", and Philip LeBas furnishes the "Postlude", as our organists provide a recital.

Wednesday, 29th: Michael Robertson leads the first ever College "Gorby Gita" to the Wedding Cake to watch the USSR's Lord High Everything Else lay a wreath. As the frontiers of Europe are discussed at the Quirinale Fr. Fisichella lays bare the frontiers of theology to the first theologians. Diplomatic relations are not improved by the exchange: "Where do you live, Father?" "I told you in my lecture this morning." Aah.

Thursday, 30th: “Messrs. Manock and Stempczyk request the pleasure of your company in the Common Room at 9pm.” Sounds of laughter from the assembled brethren suggest that the read-through of the Pantomime is going well. How do you spell Aladdin? And so to the sublime from the ridiculous.



“Of course, last year was far more impressive — the President of Italy didn’t come.”

December

Friday, 1st: Martyrs’ Day has joy as its *leitmotiv*, as we remember those who have gone before us. Cardinal Gantin, Archbishops Foley and Sodano, Mgr. Dziwisz, the British Ambassador and the Rector of the Beda College join the honourable company of those who have had to decline invitations to our Martyrs’ Day festivities. In the absence of celebrities to toast, madrigals supplant the customary Rectorial rhetoric.

“Purely optional” vespers, set to plainsong melodies by John Cahill, attracts nearly as many students as its rather less than optional Sunday evening equivalent. After we’ve all duly nibbled at a supper that none of us really needs, the singing of the *Te Deum* in front of the Martyrs’ Picture brings the day to a fitting close.

Sunday, 3rd: Could we have a new College tradition in the making here? A rousing rendition of the *Gloria* marks the beginning of Advent.

Wednesday, 6th: St. Nicholas materialises in the refectory to distribute scrummy chocolates to all and sundry — and a piece of coal to the Rector.

Friday, 8th: A torrential downpour means that Deacon LeBas’ homily on the Immaculate Conception is punctuated by the metronomic beat of water dripping from the Church roof into strategically placed buckets in the tribune. Who said that the Catholic Church doesn’t run on Hail Marys?

Thursday, 14th: Some forty students force themselves down to the Lungotevere at an ungodly hour (10am), and endure the rigours of luxury coach-travel in order to inspect the fruits of “Second Philosophy’s” holly-gathering labours, to partake of a little luncheon, and to sing a few carols at Dear Old Palazzola. The deacons having

celebrated their ministry at a Papal Mass earlier in the day, none is available for our community worship.

Saturday, 16th: A copy of the new glossy College guide arrives under every inmate's door. It's certainly a fine production. Maybe guided tours of the College will be rather more prosaic and accurate in the future. In the evening a free weekend gives the perfect excuse for missing that most baroque of extravaganzas, the blessing of the Monserrà Christmas tree.



Some Pantomime Stars

Wednesday, 21st–Saturday, 23rd: Panto time, and a chance to learn not only about the Aladdins and Widow Twankeys of this world but also about the central characters in the plot, such as Queen Benadryl and the third guardian of the riddle. With the largest cast on record treading the boards there is still room for youngsters such as a Dutch lad called Marcel (with “a facial hair problem”) and little Geraldo from the Gregorian Prep. School to help Twankey on stage with “the bit in the middle”.

Sunday, 24th–Monday, 25th: A quirk of the calendar means that the fourth week of Advent lasts approximately 24 hours. After Midnight Mass Eddy Jarosz does his bit to fuel the festivities by preparing 50 litres of mulled wine. Surely everyone can manage half a litre at two in the morning . . . At lunch the Panto camel's head joins the front end of a dead pig on a dish for an annual rendition of the “Boar's Head Carol”. At the Rector's party after supper the *Vice* tells a touching tale of how a man and his daughter found insufficient funds to cover their bottle and glass, and the Ladykiller String Quartet re-form in order to wield their bows anew in a bumper offering of song and comedy.

Tuesday, 26th: The College is honoured to welcome Dr. John Vincent, President of the Methodist Conference, and his wife, in Rome for a meeting with His Nibs.



Widow Twankey and Akhbar.



Baksheesh and Humphrey Camel.



Abdul ben Khazi, the Palace Chancellor.

Meanwhile the Stephens and Deacons invite us to “come and get stoned” (boom! boom!) at their party. Nothing like a good party before a long plane, train or bus journey. Unfortunately the light-footed revellers detach a not inconsiderable quantity of plaster from the ceiling of Mary-Jo’s office below. Yet St. John’s morning finds the previous evening’s partygoers heading for various parts of Italy, mainly the airports, as the Gita period gets under way.

Friday, 29th: Those left behind, together with students’ guests, celebrate St. Thomas’ Day in the now-established manner, the nuns providing festal food for the assembled company after a Mass for which an *ad hoc* schola provide the music and at which a deacon provokes the comment, “I didn’t know that Britten had set any gospels to music.”

1990: January

Monday, 8th: Bleary-eyed brethren reassemble in the Martyrs’ Chapel for the first morning-prayer of term, with much shuffling of bookmarks after the vacation. Then it’s time to recount holiday adventures over breakfast: how Dave nearly missed his plane, how Philip didn’t stay at Montefalco . . .

Wednesday, 10th: Philip Gillespie breaks his silence. 17 months after being ordained deacon and 5 months into his priesthood he delivers his first homily at community Mass, and a most fitting and acceptable one at that.

Thursday, 11th: A little spot of lumbago isn't going to get between Simon Thomson and singing "Happy Birthday" in the refectory (in the usual manner), especially if the Rector's out.

Friday, 12th: We are privileged to be addressed by Group Captain Leonard Cheshire, who speaks movingly about his faith and his insights on prayer.

Saturday, 13th: Paul Daly's birthday is celebrated at his breakfast table with a fried breakfast. The event is obviously not a success, since the breakfasters spend the entire meal reading newspapers. However, Philip Denton's, "I was cooking breakfast," must be the most original excuse for missing morning prayer for a long time.

Monday, 15th: An embarrassed silence at the beginning of Lauds is ended by the appearance in the Chapel doorway of a rather breathless cantor. "Oh God, come to our aid," was a perfectly understandable ejaculation in the circumstances, but not quite what we were looking for. The first psalm? Appropriately enough, "When can I enter and see the face of God?"

Wednesday, 17th: The Feast of the Dedication of the College Church is celebrated with a Vigil Mass at which presides Mgr. Peter Coughlan. He speaks to us of memory and the communion of saints, but is nowhere to be found at the festal supper afterwards.

18th–25th: The week of frenetic activity for Christian unity, during which an Anglican becomes a vital accessory at every cocktail party in Rome and the College operates a rent-a-choir service. The week passes swiftly from ecumenical vespers (with an excellent Eliot-esque sermon by Anglican exchange student, Jonathan Boardman) through bi-location (with the Schola singing simultaneously at Santa Maria in Campitelli (where their exceedingly *unecumenical* prayer for the conversion of England has its annual outing) and at the Sicilian Church, to sung Vespers at All Saints (C. of E.), taking in a talk on "Newman and the Universal Catechism" (of all things) *en route*. And so the Octave arrives at its apogee, with Archbishop Cassidy (described by the Rector as "the big cheese") presiding in College at a Vigil Mass of the Conversion of St. Paul.

Veterans of the "Rigali incident" (18/1/86) in which the entire College simultaneously forgot the Latin plainsong "Gloria" in front of a high Vatican official will not be surprised at our collective failure to recognise the tune of "Fight the good fight . . ." in front of another Vatican high-ranker. The choice of hymn itself conjures up some interesting images of the Inter-Church Process ("Four people hospitalised after being attacked with the new ecumenical instruments . . ."). In the midst of all this *koinonia* Peter Clarke becomes the youngest twenty-one-year-old in the house, earning a hearty "*Ad multos . . .*".

Saturday, 27th: John McLoughlin helps our visitors to relax before their forthcoming flight: "We pray for those killed in the plane-crash yesterday, and that Fr. Chris and Fr. David have an enjoyable flight this morning."

Monday, 29th: First round of that favourite V.E.C. game, "Call my bluff", in which competitors try to convince the judges that they have been to all the lectures, read all the books, and seen the movie. Exams begin at the greatest Catholic University in the world.

Tuesday, 30th: The Rector is espied by the diarist doing a little dance of joy in the middle of the corridor and shouting, "I've done it, I've finished!" The Sherlock

Holmes in me deduces that our leader has just completed the onerous task of asking people to accept the house-jobs assigned to them.

Wednesday, 31st: The students vote to end their subscription to "Punch", due to "the fall in standard". It seems that the winds of change can blow even in the Snug.



"...so, in view of the recent killing, I've organised myself a little protection..."

February

Friday, 2nd: A Mafia boss is shot dead at 1.15pm two blocks away from the College. If it's going to be gang-warfare in the Campo let's hope that they'll restrict their activities to lunchtimes and siesta periods, when the brethren are safely off the streets.

In the evening Paul Grogan introduces us to the delights of the Capranican Usage for the celebration of Vespers (or, as one wit termed it, "Groganian chant"), by reading all the best bits himself. All good training for his forthcoming production of *Henry V*.

Saturday, 3rd: The Philosophy Tutor concedes over breakfast that the English aren't very happy with speculative thought at a distance from experience.

Sunday, 4th: Half-a-dozen students are deputed to assist our erstwhile Parish Priest, Don Augusto, at his Golden Jubilee Mass (for a mere one hour and fifty minutes). Those left behind are assured that we will have a similar celebration here after Easter.

Monday, 5th: There will be wars and rumours of wars. First reports filter back to the College of Fr. Fisichella's exam technique.

Tuesday, 6th: Am worried to hear that the *Vice* spent the morning in the Rector's office talking to himself. Reassured at lunchtime that it was in fact a staff meeting.

Meanwhile the following exchange is added to College folklore: Fr. Delia: Tell me about Socrates. Student: He was one of the pre-socratics, Father. And just to confirm us in our prejudices about the phone company, "Sip", they ring us up at midday to tell us that our number changed half-an-hour ago. A sepulchral hush falls in the evening as people all over England don't phone us up.

Saturday, 10th: Not even Mark O'Donnell's birthday is sufficient to make the Vatican announce the name of the new Bishop of Northampton.

Monday, 12th: Tim Hopkins becomes a guinea-pig, as his room is experimentally rewired with that nice plastic conduit laid along the walls. They'll be running water-mains along the ceiling of the Martyrs' Chapel next.

Friday, 16th: We welcome Paschal Guezodje, a priest from Benin, as a new member of the community. He's studying canon law at the Greg., poor chap.

Monday, 19th: It's that Monday morning feeling as the brethren shout morning prayer at each other for the first time since the post-exam break.

Tuesday, 20th: By popular (?) request the College introduces a 7am community Mass on Tuesdays for a month-long experimental period. Hymn sandwiches will have to be made of thinner slices in future.

Wednesday, 21st: The first public (i.e. private) meeting of the student body this decade. On the agenda censorship (which I'm not at liberty to discuss) and the pecking order for choosing rooms. It is pointed out that if length of time spent in seminary is to be the deciding factor, newcomer John McLoughlin has a good claim to the Rector's room.

Saturday, 24th: The imminent departure of Anglican exchange students Jonathan Boardman and Andrew Cain is celebrated with a party in the Snug (with due attention to Mary-Jo's plasterwork).

Sunday, 25th: Ecumenical comings and goings as Andrew Cain is clapped out of the Cortile en route for the airport before lunch and Professor James Dunn (who is to lecture at the Gregorian until Easter) arrives with his wife in time for supper. By the way, when is a hymn for Christmas morning not a hymn for Christmas morning? When it's sung at Vespers in ordinary time. James Manock's very nice, "In timeless night he came to birth", makes a somewhat unseasonal debut.

Tuesday, 27th: The "handover" public meeting, replete with the *traditio instrumentorum* (the passing on of a shoebox as symbol of office) as Rob Esdaile succeeds Nick Kern as Senior Student and Kevin Haggerty takes over from Luiz Ruscillo as Deputy Senior Student. As well as thanking all who have contributed to the smooth running of the house in the previous twelve-month, and Nick and Luiz in particular for their sterling efforts, the Rector reminds us that we are but unworthy servants and should undertake our tasks willingly.

Wednesday, 28th: *Penne al salmone* for lunch? Must be Ash Wednesday. Jonathan Boardman, the second Anglican exchange student, gives up the College for Lent, heading back to Westcott House with our prayers and best wishes to complete his pre-ordination studies. Long may such exchanges continue.

March

Friday, 2nd: The remover from the College Library of the Gregorian's volume assessing Vatican II, is declared excommunicate in accordance with Innocent XI's rules clearly displayed at the library entrance. That'll teach him to read theology books. The unwitting culprit later turns out to be Jim Sullivan. At evening prayer we have the first "Alleluia" of Lent, then a Rector's talk on lifestyle to give us something to think about during *Magnum Silentium*.

Saturday, 3rd: The first choir-practice since the passing of the *Ancien Regime* is led by John Cahill. Am worried about his orthodoxy when he intones that little-known antiphon, “By his sins you have been healed”.

Sunday, 4th: The College is honoured to welcome Cardinal Gantin, who turns out to be from the same diocese as our new member, Paschal Guezodje. Paschal is elevated to the top table for the occasion. During the evening the fate of another tropical rainforest is sealed as the new library book issue system is unveiled.

Monday, 5th: Andy Doherty refuses to be bound by conventional wisdom that the “lift-room” is the worst room in the house by actually asking to be moved there.

Friday, 9th: The College bank (motto “Totus Meus”) under the able management of Chris (“Ebenezer”) Sloan entices fresh customers with an exhibition of paintings of New Testament scenes by the children of St. George’s School. The call of Levi does not feature in the catalogue. In the afternoon a great void is left in our lives (and in the corner of the tea-room) as the biggest bottle-opener in the world, reputedly a drinks-machine, begins its journey towards the white elephants’ graveyard.

Sunday, 11th: A Portsmouth day. “Bishop Hollis and his train of priests” are welcomed at Mass. Then Richard Wilkin (due to join the train in ’96) shows us his tonsils in a pre-lunch concert of songs ranging from Purcell to Vaughan-Williams via Vienna.

Monday, 12th: For some reason we all head off to S. Gregorio Magno on the Coelian Hill to celebrate the saint’s feast according to the old calendar. Fortunately the trip down memory lane, reviving the feast after a quarter century as a “house function” doesn’t extend to cleaning the College “tank” and inaugurating the swimming season.

Wednesday, 14th: The students prove that, contrary to appearances, they do like getting up early, by voting their approval of the 7am Tuesday morning Mass experiment. At the end of the evening’s meeting the privacy of the Senior Student’s diary is debated. They’ll be wanting to know the identity of the College diarist next!

Thursday, 15th: The College becomes a less colourful place as Marcus Stewart returns to England with our prayers and best wishes. The Rector also flies back to Blighty for Peter Newby’s ordination.

Friday, 16th: Mark O’Donnell joins the little exodus, heading back to Northampton for his Bishop’s installation. I suppose it’s understandable that the diocese’s clergy should wish to see with their own eyes that they have indeed got an ordinary at last.

Monday, 19th: St. Joseph turns up for breakfast on the staff-table, having been hauled off his pedestal on the ominous corridor. In the evening some of the residents head off to a trat. to celebrate their patron. In the midst of all this Josephinism Pat Kilgarriff celebrates his 24th anniversary of ordination.

Wednesday, 21st: At lunch the Rector announces his return from England — and the name of the new theology tutor, Ant. Towey. As yet another joint birthday party is held in the “Snug”, the more serious-minded members of the College gather in the Salotto to discuss “Priesthood in the New Testament” with Professor Dunn for an hour — and then go to the party.

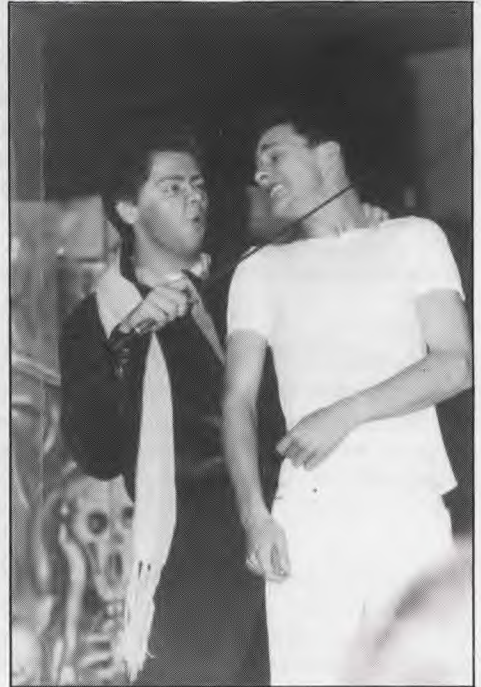
Thursday, 22nd: The dress-rehearsal for the Lent Play, “Henry V”. Walking down corridors past medieval old maids and 1980s-style leather jackets I begin to suspect that Grogan’s after-Branagh-in-the-style-of-Olivier production may have a touch of the Jonathan Millers about it. Be that as it may the punters love it when the Common Room temporarily becomes the field of Agincourt during the weekend.



Henry and the English Nobles.



Princess Katherine and her maid.



Pistol and a French captive.

Tuesday, 27th: Professor Dunn's visit reaches its climax as he gives the 1990 "Joseph McCarthy Lecture" (no, not that Joe McCarthy) at the Greg., reminding us that not only unity and diversity but tensions as well were constitutive of the New Testament church.

Wednesday, 28th: The human face of canon law. Morning lectures in all faculties are cancelled at the Greg. in order to allow us to go to a celebration of the interpretation of the Code (Isn't that what they call cryptology?). However, for most of the brethren the solemn academic act remains in not so solemn academic potency. Before lunch the College salutes the last Upholland student ever to celebrate his twenty-first birthday at the V.E.C., Chris Sloan: *ad multos*, Chris.

Friday, 30th: Professor Dunn gives us much food for thought in a spiritual conference on Christian liberty: what are we freed from, what are we freed for, and how do we cope with tender consciences, whether conservative or liberal? Paul Daly quips afterwards that Nick Kern, as a canon law student, has achieved the perfect synthesis, combining licence and legalism.

Saturday, 31st: Dominic Sinnett returns to England with our prayers and best wishes.

April

Sunday, 1st: Visiting Bishop Cormac Murphy-O'Connor emerges as a "lord of misrule". Before Mass a not very good portrait of himself is retrieved from its store and hung in the *Salone* in place of one of the old masters. Then he tops the bill in an advertised concert of "Songs from the 1950s V.E.C. shows" before lunch. Sadly his two "co-stars", Peter Coughlan and Tony Grimshaw, are also indisposed. Lastly, yet another portrait of the Bishop is unveiled at a house-meeting. This one, we are assured is not an April Fool's joke and is destined for the library. At the same meeting the *Vice's* explanation of possible new DIY laundry arrangements produces considerably fewer laughs than does Tony Milner's demonstration of how to use a fire-blanket.

Friday, 6th: Breakfast calm is rudely interrupted by the Senior Student's presentation of a picture of Dear Old Palazzola to the Rector on behalf of Tony Grimshaw and the Sisters on the 70th anniversary of the purchase of the Villa. In the evening, after a penance service dominated by baptismal imagery we toast friends of more recent acquaintance, Professor and Mrs. Dunn, on the eve of their return to the northern wastes. After wine from the Dunns and *Spumante* from the Villa the emphasis is rather more on the *magnum* than on the *silentium* this evening.

Monday, 9th: Fr. Brendan Ryan, Spiritual Director of the Irish College, leads our day of recollection, giving us a welcome opportunity to take stock before the Great Feast.

The Triduum: If your diarist makes no comment on our Paschal celebrations this is less due to the rush of the College programme or the familiarity of it all than to the richness, which seems ill-suited to the (I hope) light-hearted style of this record. And what better point could there be at which to lay down my pen?

Leavers' Notes

David Blower

David took to Italy enthusiastically. This is perhaps surprising in that there is nothing in his background which obviously prepared him for living in a foreign country. Coventry-bred, he read mathematics at Oxford University and was a teacher for four years before coming to the College. Now he speaks Italian fluently, knows all the right gestures, even tells Roman jokes, and explains them afterwards.

Inculturation has not been his only achievement, however. He has just completed a licence in dogmatic theology for which he wrote a *tesina* on the doctrine of grace in the works of fellow-convert John Henry Newman. He will be remembered as a keen mountaineer: the Gran Sasso, the Dolomites, the Snug mantlepiece, no challenge proved too daunting. He used to lead the less-experienced on what he assured them were gentle climbs. Sport provided another outlet for his energies. He is an ex-captain of the football team and in one match he broke his collar-bone: it is difficult to gauge of which achievement he is the more proud. He was a peculiarly unflappable master of ceremonies. In addition, he has appeared in many dramatic productions playing key roles, such as Quince in "A Midsummer Night's Dream", and the not-so-key ones: he was a tennis ball carrier in Henry V. He has never played a woman.

He returns now to Birmingham Archdiocese and we wish him well for the future.

Paul Daly

Paul himself considers his finest moment in his seven years at the College to have been the award of the honorary house-job of 'College Soothsayer' after the proved inerrancy of his house-job predictions in 1988. Despite being characterised as a pithy Pythian or a somewhat savant Sybil, Paul's contribution to the College since his arrival in 1983 has in fact stretched beyond the field of Information Technology. With an ever open ear he enthusiastically prepared children from St. George's English School for First Confession and Communion for four years. He has successfully negotiated the intricacies of the Rome Vicariate and unerringly guided the Sacristy through liturgies Roman and English. His behind-the-scenes role in the liturgy was transferred to the stage; while not actually appearing on it, he has spent seven years as one of the most dedicated of the crew of sandwich butterers for College productions, and even served as a 'manly stage-hand' in the most recent. Having completed his Licence in Dogmatic Theology, he returns to the Diocese of Salford having grown much in seven years (about fifteen *kilogrammes*), to be ordained priest in July, and no doubt to render obsolete Diocesan Almanacs and Newsletters.

Philip Gillespie

Philip arrived at the V.E.C. on September 16th, 1982, at the tender age of eighteen, as a student for the Archdiocese of Liverpool, having completed his 'O' and 'A' level studies at De La Salle Grammar School, Liverpool.

Quickly acquiring a strong devotion to the patroness of the Albano Diocese, he was soon serving the community in a number of non-romantic roles, including photocopier, junior and senior banker, and Vicariate Delegate, before assuming the mantle of 'servant of the servants' as Deputy Senior Student, a post to which he was elected in November 1987. It was from this date that the phrase 'Saturday night is . . .' entered the annals of community folklore. Philip has always enjoyed a very fine

relationship with the College catering corps, producing not insubstantial cold collations of most kinds.

During his time in the Eternal City, Philip has successfully gained Baccalaureats in Philosophy and Theology, and has recently completed a Licence in Sacred Liturgy with a *tesina* entitled 'The Celtic Ordo Missae'. Having been ordained priest on July 22nd, 1989, he now returns to England, where we are sure he will do all he can to 'knit' into unity that city of two cathedrals. Floreat!

Kevan Grady

Kevan came to the English College from Upholland — a fact suggesting that he was two things: young and Northern. And so he was, and so he proved to be: for, wherever the action was, there our Kev was. When Lake Albano demanded to be swum, there our Kev swam (repeatedly). When the intimate moments of College life cried out to be seized, there our Kev seized (photographically, that is). And on high Alpine passes, when life (and my property) were at risk, there our Kev risked . . . Well indeed was he called The Golden Boy of Our Times.

But meanwhile the Rector was becoming aware that one day our Kev would grow old. And so Kevan became Infirmarian. Armed with new insights into staff and students, Kevan embarked on a Licence in Moral Theology. Fearless to the last, he was last seen writing a *tesina* entitled "The Ethical Status of the Human Embryo".

I shall miss his earthy humour.

Peter Harvey

Peter arrived in the College in September '83 after a degree in Zoology and two years with the Salesians at Ushaw and Dublin. Although quite satisfied after the two weeks crash course in Italian that the Philosophy profs would be impressed by his pointing out that "Il gatto e' sotto la machina" he chose to perfect his grasp of the language by dedicating hours to reading the paper and watching the television. He has been known to rouse himself occasionally and play cricket, football and rugby for the College. Apart from a single aberration in the pantomime of his second year he is one of the few members of the College to admit he has no acting talent whatsoever, contenting himself with building the scenery and once managing the stage for the pantomime.

For two years he encouraged the house to keep in good health in his role as Infirmarian before encouraging good order as Master of Ceremonies. Even before his year of ceremonial, he had developed an interest in matters liturgical and resolved to escape the Greg and fly to the patronage of the Benedictines of Sant' Anselmo. He has just completed his *tesina* on "The Rites of the Visitation of the Sick in the Celtic Church" and he returns to Nottingham Diocese awaiting his Bishop's nod and wondering what he has let himself in for with a Licence in Liturgy.

Mark Jarmuz

The Jarmuz (*glirulus iamiaricus*) is a generally squirrel-like rodent with large eyes, soft fur, a big nose, and tufty hair which changes pattern, sometimes within the space of a day. It is found in Leeds Diocese, but the 'gens' originates from Poland.

Diet: The Jarmuz is a great digester of spiritual books.

Habitat: Well yes, mostly, but with touches of British Home Stores.

Yearly behavioural pattern: Contrary to the popular misconception of the Jarmuz as a perpetually hibernating animal, it is capable of bursts of hurried organising activity, as has been observed in its work as Villa-man and as head-Sacristan.

In the summer the Jarmuz likes to stretch in the sun, although in July it can become restless: on one notable occasion the Jarmuz was spotted migrating towards England even before the start of the diaconate ceremony.

During College dramatic productions the Jarmuz has been known to demonstrate an array of colourful displays. On these occasions the Jarmuz bears an affinity to other species such as the 'glis inspectorcanisverus', the 'shakespeariglis titaniensis' and the 'shakespeariglis ancillareginae'. There is a consensus, however, that it is probably the Arabian 'glis emiralladino' that the 'glirulus iamiaricus' most resembles.

Mark Langham

The phrase "Priesthood's about risk" appeared in the College with Mark's arrival in 1986; he bounced on to the College scene, fresh from Allen Hall, with a firm belief in a three-fold ministry of beauty, entertainment and, of course, risk. As beautifier he has contributed much in music (despite the varied fates of his cellos) and as an excellent artist (from stage-sets to Schola Notices — nothing being too great or small to avoid being festooned with baroque cherubs). Falling between beauty and entertainment is his year as Schola Master, featuring some daring escapes from sixteenth century polyphony. His gifts of entertainment have been manifest on both sides of the footlights; co-writing and directing 'Dick Wittington' in 1988, masterminding the unique (and some say unforgettable) Christmas Variety performance of 1987, and appearing on stage in parts as diverse as Widow Twankey, the Bishop of Ely, Theseus Duke of Athens and a beanstalk. Do we discern the element of risk in this dramatic adaptability? Somewhere in the midst of this cultural adventure he has completed a Licence in Dogmatic Theology, and now returns to Westminster to be ordained priest in September.

Stephen Langridge

Stephen arrived in the English College in 1983 from Oxford where he had read Philosophy and Theology. Soon after his arrival, he volunteered to help the *vice parroco* of the local Parish, Don Giuseppe, with his youth group. This proved to be very useful, not only as a pastoral experience, but also as a quick way to learn street level, hard core *Romanaccio*. While he impressed the youth group by teaching catechism in the very language they used and understood, he sometimes scandalized our nuns by talking to them in the same language: one they understood but would never use.

After fulfilling his duties in Latin and Theology at the Gregorian University, he then moved to the Augustinianum to study Patrology. It was there that he organised a pastoral seminar to commemorate the 20 years since Paul VI's encyclical, 'Humanae Vitae'. The seminar, chaired by Cardinal Gagnon, president of the Pontifical Council for the Family, lasted two days and was attended by over 300 people.

In his last two years he served the Bridgettine nuns and the Missionaries of Charity, preaching and giving Benediction as a deacon, and later giving retreats, saying Mass and hearing confessions as a priest.

Stephen is now a curate at St. Bede, Clapham Park, in the Archdiocese of Southwark.

Philip Le Bas

Before coming to the V.E.C. Philip Le Bas was big in particle physics, having studied in both nuclei of that unsteady molecule which is Oxbridge. But on completion of his D.Phil. on neutrinos he left his particle accelerator on the banks of the Isis and arrived on the Lungotevere, tuning-fork in hand, in September, 1984. Anyone who can play piano, organ, flute and bassoon (that other great particle-accelerator) is unlikely to be unemployed for long at Via di Monserrato, 45. And so it was that Philip came to wield his baton over the *schola* from 1985 to 1987 and over *hoi polloi* during 1987-8. His year as choir-master saw the purchase of copies of *Music For The Mass*, which College prejudice instantly condemned out of hand. Nonetheless, Philip was vindicated in the sequel and the choice has proved to be eminently sensible. Panto-producers cast Philip variously as a princess, a pianist, "P2" (arch-enemy of silly people everywhere) and Sigmund the snake-charming bassoonist, so type-casting has evidently not been a problem.

Hailing originally from Leicester (that little-known corner of Birmingham Archdiocese), Philip returns to his adoptive home for ordination to the priesthood, with a Licence in Fundamental Theology, a *tesina* on "Theological Method and Scientific Discovery", and a whole host of talents for use on the mission.

Michael McCoy

In 1982, Michael McCoy arrived in Rome from Upholland, determined to make it big; seven years and several kilos later, he has certainly succeeded. In those days, Mgr. Hay was into giving students house-jobs for which they were totally unqualified, in order to challenge them. Hence, Michael, although unable to drive, was put in charge of all the College cars. Later Mgr. Kennedy realised far better where Michael's talents lay, and appointed him Chief Sacristan, as well as his own unofficial court-jester ("*Amuse me, Bodkin . . .*").

Michael has, in fact, a great talent to amuse where the rest of us would only outrage ("*Hallo Sister; hasn't your order been closed down yet?*"), and his winning ways have won him friends in high places) confidant to Archbishop Marcinkus (that explains a lot . . .), advisor to Mr. Gamarelli, oft-photographed companion of Pope John Paul, he has certainly fitted well into Roman society — in so far as he can fit anywhere these days.

Now, armed with his Licence in Canon Law, and his *tesina* on Catholic education, he returns to his own Diocese of Hexham and Newcastle to prove that Tribunals can be fun. ("*Take t'door of t'hinges, mother, I'm coming 'ome . . .*").

Mark O'Donnell

The attention to detail learnt in the course of a microbiology degree at UCW Aberystwyth must surely have been of use during Mark's studies at S. Anselmo. For, after his initial theologising at "the greatest Catholic university in the world" from 1983 to 1987, it was to the Benedictines on the Aventine that he went in search of new life-forms for investigation. And his *tesina* for the Licence in Sacred Liturgy put "The Relationship with God and with the Church of Candidates for Christian Initiation" under the microscope.

In his first four years at the V.E.C. he was never seen but frequently heard on the College stage, as he "prompted" every dramatic production, only latterly entering the limelight himself, as Grimes the child-catcher (Panto. '88) and Queen Benadryl (Panto. '89). But musical skills complemented acting ability, ensuring that he was a

stalwart of the “schola” throughout his College career, as well as an organist and assistant choir-master.

Ordained priest in July, 1989, Mark returns to his Diocese of Northampton having both lost a beard (College diary, 22/11/89) and gained a Bishop in the last twelve-month.



“Well of course there’s no ice. You wouldn’t have time for ice in a real fire”.

Paschal Ryan

Six years after leaving the Venerabile, firstly for the Accademia and then for St. John's Wood, Paschal returned in 1987 as Theology Tutor. Those of us with the good fortune to have studied with him have been fired by his delight in the highways and byways of theology and his vision of priesthood. Although it was always a struggle, Paschal sought to widen our conception of theology beyond regurgitating the lectures of Frs. Fisichella, Prato, Wicks et al. One might be given a seminar assignment such as "How would you explain the Trinity to a Hindu?", or arriving back from the Greg, pushed under one's door would be a photocopy of an article about the Vatican's silencing of Matthew Fox. By stretching, provoking and encouraging his students, Paschal showed us the real aim of our work in theology: to help us communicate the Christian faith in a way which has meaning and relevance for a religiously apathetic England.

The theology tutor's work encompasses far more than a weekly seminar: together with the other members of staff he contributes to the College's programme of pastoral formation. Not only in such formal forums as pastoral classes or recollection weekends, but also informally at a refectory table or grouped round the notice-board, Paschal shared with us his vision of priesthood as loving service. First and foremost we must be priests who love our people and in return we shall find ourselves overwhelmed by their love for us.

Over the last three years the College has been warmed by Paschal's loving ministry. As he leaves us to return to the Diocese of Westminster we know he will be missed and we wish him: *Ad multos annos!*

Old Roman Notes

Before I relate to you all the Old Romans' news for this year, may I firstly thank all the Old Roman Diocesan Representatives who answered my request for relevant news and information.

Let us start off then with *Clifton*, where Michael Healy has become the Chairman of the Diocesan Liturgical Commission. Thomas Athill, on the other hand, has become Dean of Salisbury; whilst his curate, Michael Selway, has become this Deanery's Youth Chaplain.

As concerns *Hallam* Diocese, Anthony Towe is to start duties here at the Venerable, in October, as the new Theology Tutor. He is to replace Paschal Ryan, who returns to the Diocese of Westminster this summer, after a three year stint at the College.

Lancaster next, in which *Father* Michael Taylor has now become *Canon* Michael Taylor, after having been made a Canon of the Chapter. Michael Kirkham in the meantime has been made a Parish Priest at Great Eccleston, near Preston.

In *Leeds*, Harry Parker, we have heard, preached the sermon of the year in Ripon Cathedral. Michael Smith (from Lancaster Diocese), after having taken up residence in Canon Parker's Parish, no doubt, therefore, has been picking up a few homiletical tips from him. Meanwhile Basil Loftus has been refurbishing his Parish Church — that of St. Edmund's, Clifford; whilst Peter Walmsley has been trying to obtain a new roof over his head in his Parish at Tadcaster. Pressing on, Billy Steele is the Diocesan Representative for Ecumenism, and while he is hard at work with this, Michael Buckley is running a Pastoral Centre near Scarborough. William Burtoft after about 30 years at St. Bede's School, Bradford, has started Parish life again; and Kevin Firth has become a Parish Priest in Huddersfield. The lawn mower, however, has been chewing Philip Holroyd's foot in Wakefield. Andrew Summersgill is in Leeds, whilst also working on the Marriage Tribunal. Then lastly, Gerry Creasey himself is: 'in Morley'!

In *Menevia*, everything seems to be fine!

From *Nottingham*, we hear that Leo McReavy, who was Parish Priest of Our Lady of Good Counsel, in Leicester, retired at the beginning of the year, and is now living in Maidstone, Kent. Peter Tierney, in the meantime, has been appointed as the Chairman of a Diocesan Commission for Evangelisation.

Salford — Nicholas Paxton, is keeping himself very busy. Based in Manchester's Inner-City Mission, Our Lady's, Moss Side, he works two days a week in the Library at Oscott College; lectures two days a week in Liturgy, and Church History, at Salford University, and then does weekends at St. Bernadette's, Withington! Ian Farrell is now at St. John's Chorlton, Manchester. Meanwhile, Christopher Lough, back from a year of catechetics in Dundalk, Eire, is now on the Salford Diocesan Catechetical team. Peter Kitchen is helping at Salford's Curial Offices, as well as being P.P. at SS. Peter and Paul, Eccles. Anthony Grimshaw, on the other hand, is still at Palazzola, busily increasing numbers who use the Villa, these including: Focolarini, Neo-Catechumenate Groups, as well as English, Irish, and American pilgrim groups, who stay at the Villa all year round. Robert Lasia, is hard at work at Salford Cathedral and its Curial Office and Tribunal. Whilst John Carroll-Abbing is still running Boys' Town by Civitavecchia; always remembered by Old Romans as having a great part to play

during the 39/45 period in the preservation of the V.E.C. and D.O.P. Then finally, Bernard Jackson, who is now retired, is still at St. Bede's College, Manchester.

In *Shrewsbury* Peter Burke has moved from Madeley to Our Lady Star of the Sea in Wallasey. Whilst Stephen Coonan is with Ernie Sands at the Alcuin (as in 'of York'), Liturgy and Pastoral Centre. Michael Morton also returns to the Diocese, after post-graduate studies at Cambridge University.

Then finally in *Southwark* Diocese Nick Hudson is going to work with the Diocesan Christian Education Centre. Anthony Barratt is Assistant Priest at the Cathedral, whereas Paul Hendricks has gone to St. John's Seminary, Womersley, as Bursar and Philosophy Tutor. Leo Mooney has moved from Greenwich to become Parish Priest at Catford; and David Gummatt has become Assistant Priest at Dartford.

We must also extend congratulations to our Jubilarians: The Rt. Rev. Crispian Hollis (Bishop of Portsmouth), Francis Wahle (Westminster Diocese), and John Kelly (Leeds Diocese), who celebrate their Silver Jubilee of Ordination; and Very Rev. William Clark, who this year celebrates his Golden Anniversary of Ordination to the Priesthood. To all of you we wish '*Ad Multos Annos.*'

Sadly though, we have also heard of the deaths of Thomas Fee (Shrewsbury Diocese), and Canon Alfred Baldwin (Nottingham Diocese). *Requiescant in pace.*

Christopher Sloan

Obituary:

James Walsh, K.C.S.G., PhD., B.C.L.

James Walsh deserves to be remembered with respect and gratitude by the Venerable. Born in 1900, and after education at Douai School, he arrived at the English College in 1919 where he remained as a student until the Holy Year of 1925. In that year he left the College to take up a secular career, first as an accountant and then as Managing Director of Catholic Publishing Co. Ltd., where he edited the 'CatholicTimes'.

I first came into contact with 'Jim' when I was appointed Rector of the College in 1971. Financial problems have often afflicted successive Rectors and the early seventies were no exception. Jim Walsh was a frequent guest at the College and his advice and practical help were of enormous value. His large monetary gifts to the College at that time enabled it to survive perhaps its most difficult period in recent history and I was deeply grateful to him.

But there was more than benefaction. Jim Walsh loved the College, its alumni, past and present, and its history. Indeed, there may have been a bit of him that always wondered whether he should have proceeded to ordination to priesthood those many years ago. He was a man who loved to be with priests, who served the Church generously and with great distinction in many different spheres during his long life. He was always a true Venerabilino. May he rest in peace.

+ **Cormac Murphy-O'Connor**
Bishop of Arundel and Brighton

House List 1989-90

Third Cycle

Fr Franco Gismano	Gorizia
Fr Adrian Towers	Lancaster

Second Cycle

Charis Pattichi	Westminster
Fr Philip Gillespie	Liverpool
Fr Peter Harvey	Nottingham
Fr Stephen Langridge	Southwark
Fr Michael McCoy	Hexham & Newcastle
Fr Mark O'Donnell	Northampton
David Blower	Birmingham
Paul Daly	Salford
Kevan Grady	Hallam
Mark Jarmuz	Leeds
Nicholas Kern	Shrewsbury
Mark Langham	Westminster
Philip Le Bas	Birmingham
Michael O'Dea	Southwark
Luiz Ruscillo	Lancaster
Dominic Byrne	Westminster
Fr Kevin Dunn	Birmingham
Martin Edwards	Southwark
Robert Esdaile	Arundel & Brighton
Kevin Haggerty	Southwark
James Manock	Salford
John McLoughlin	Liverpool
Alan Sheridan	Middlesbrough
Stephen Shield	Lancaster
Timothy Swinglehurst	Leeds

First Cycle Theology

Third Year

Stephen Boyle	Southwark
John Cahill	Nottingham
James Creegan	Leeds
Paul Cuff	Lancaster
Anthony Milner	Arundel & Brighton
John O'Leary	Westminster
Paul Shaw	Shrewsbury
Martin Stempczyk	Hexham & Newcastle

Second Year

David Barrett	Northampton
Stephen Brown	Leeds
Kevin Dring	Arundel & Brighton
Edward Jarosz	Nottingham
Michael Koppel	Plymouth
Michael Robertson	Clifton
Dominic Rolls	Arundel & Brighton
John Sargent	Liverpool
Philip Whitmore	Westminster

First Year

Andrew Brookes	Birmingham
Peter Clarke	Lancaster
Philip Denton	Brentwood
Paul Grogan	Leeds
Martin Hardy	East Anglia
Timothy Hopkins	Salford
Jean-Laurent Marie	Brentwood
William Massie	Middlesbrough
David McCormack	Portsmouth
Christopher Sloan	Lancaster
Simon Thomson	Portsmouth

First Cycle Philosophy

Second Year

Bruce Burbidge	East Anglia
Robert George	Southwark

Integrated or First Year

Paul Connelly	Southwark
Andrew Doherty	Leeds
George Gorecki	Lancaster
Mark Harold	Salford
John Pardo	Gibraltar
Paul Rowan	Liverpool
Dominic Sinnett	Hexham & Newcastle
Marcus Stewart	Shrewsbury
Michael Wheaton	Plymouth
Richard Wilkin	Portsmouth
John Wilson	Leeds

Staff

Mgr John Kennedy	Rector
Mgr Jeremy Garratt	Vice-Rector
Fr Patrick Kilgarriff	Spiritual Director
Fr Michael Gilmore	Philosophy Tutor
Fr Paschal Ryan	Theology Tutor

Other Residents

Mgr Bryan Chestle
Mgr Peter Coughlan
Mgr James Sullivan

Football Report

I accepted the captaincy of the football team without claim to competency or promise of great achievement. It was, then, encouraging that so many of the new men this year were footballers. Thus, at the start of the season there were many students willing to give playing for the team a try. On paper the squad looked very good and potential for success high; but in a season of mixed fortune this potential was not wholly realised.

The season opened with victory versus the North American College: a match memorable both for the speed of play and the two questionable penalties awarded to the V.E.C. This said, our standard of play still merited a win; it was only slackness in the last fifteen minutes which let the N.A.C. narrow the final score to 4-3. Luck was against us when we played the Irish College. By an inexplicable referee's decision — judging that our 'keeper had stepped back over the line with the ball' — we suffered a 0-1 defeat. This was obviously a great disappointment, especially since we were in command for most of the game.

In this past season the V.E.C. also participated in a tournament between twelve of the national Colleges and religious congregations in Rome. The first match in our group seemed doomed to disaster. For various reasons, we had only ten players to do battle with La Capranica. Yet with admirable courage fired by the martyrs' spirit, the Venerabile achieved a heroic 3-1 victory. This match was a fine example of what team effort can achieve. Unfortunately, the same was not repeated versus Scalabriniani Trinitari. After a promising first half we were holding the score level at 0-0. Collapse came in the second half when the defence crumbled. Although an equalising goal was scored, defensive errors literally gave away two further goals to the opposition. By losing 1-3 chances of qualifying for a semi-final place were severely reduced. All depended on our encounter with the French College; a convincing victory was required in order to qualify as the best second place team amongst the groups. We did play an impressive game, and did earn a most pleasing 5-1 defeat over the French — but was this enough! No! Against all odds, the only thing to prevent our passage to that fourth semi-final place happened. Our rivals in another group achieved an unexpected score-draw so to finish top of those placed second in the groups.

The best we could now hope for was to reach the play off for 5th or 6th position. It was some time later, however, that we played for this honour as the competition was suspended until after the February exams. In the meantime another match against the N.A.C. was had. Our 3-1 victory confirmed the justice of the victory earlier in the season. After this, there came a period of inactivity as players turned to study for exams. In fact, this proved to be a turn for the worse. Fitness decreased and waists increased during the break. Following the exams some decided they no longer wanted to play; others found that competing commitments prevented them from doing so. Our next tournament match reflected the changed situation. In what may be described as a "sluggish" effort, we were beaten 1-4 by S. Tomaso — a team which we should have defeated. A final match for 7th place was then meant to follow. However, it proved impossible to organise, hence the V.E.C. finished joint 7th position.

Losing to S. Tomaso was bad enough, still worse was yet to follow. Against the Urbanianum we were truly out-run, out-played, and well-beaten by a fitter and far superior team. The 0-7 defeat manifests this. On the positive side, the V.E.C. fought bravely in the face of the inevitable right until the final whistle forced surrender. Every team must have its "Charge of the Light Brigade" experience!



The last chance for glory was in the annual seven-a-side championship organised by the Scots College. By now the team was reduced to a faithful hard core, but fidelity was not sufficient. In a hard match with the Brazilians we managed a 1-1 draw; then we lost 0-1 to the local police team. Going into our last group match we had no hope of reaching the final. However, this last match was a long desired encounter with the Scots. They had continually declined playing us in an eleven-a-side; we were now ready for the clash. Indeed, the match was our best of the competition — even if losing 0-3 tends to suggest otherwise. My congratulations to the Scots who went on to become champions.

So ended the season: four wins and four defeats with a lack of success in the “sevens” to conclude. As one player said, “It wasn’t that we were very bad, just we weren’t very good.” Nevertheless, I sincerely thank everyone who played — however seemingly small the contribution. I have chosen not to single out individuals in this report (I apologise to those who feel they deserve special mention), for I believe that it is the team as a whole that wins or loses. As a team our full potential was never fully activated. Whilst there were skilful players, I failed to bring them together as a unity. I wish the new captain every fortune in forming the good players he inherits into a good team.

Stephen Boyle
David Blower
John Cahill
James Creegan
Paul Cuff
Philip Denton
Andrew Doherty
Michael Gilmore
George Gorecki
Paul Grogan
Kevan Grady
Mark Harold

Peter Harvey
Andrew Headon
Edward Jarosz
Michael McCoy
David McCormack
John O’Leary (Captain)
Dominic Rolls (Vice-Captain)
Paul Rowan
Luiz Ruiscillo
Alan Sheridan
Stephen Shield

Dominic Sinnett

John O’Leary