

HIGH-VOLTAGE Catholicism

You've heard the saying, "If you can't say something nice, don't say anything at all." In other words, if you can't say something nice, refrain from speaking the truth. Apparently, the Blessed Virgin Mary didn't give Jesus such advice. He said some pretty nasty things to the Pharisees — and they were all true.

A "nice" person never feels outraged at shameless behavior. A nice person would never get angry and throw the money-changers out of the temple. In the sex scandals in the Church, most bishops chose to be nice. A nice person takes the path of least resistance and commits the Deadly Sin of Sloth.

You've heard the sanctimonious catch phrase, "Let's not demonize, let's dialogue." But Jesus did not dialogue with His opponents. Indeed, He called the Pharisees "sons of Hell" (Mt. 23:15). That's demonizing to the max.

You've heard the pious bromide, "Let's heal the divisions in the Church." But you can't reconcile the irreconcilable. Indeed, Jesus said, "Do you suppose that I came to give peace on earth? I tell you, not at all, but rather division" (Lk. 12:51). Recalling the Benedictine motto, Pope Benedict XVI said, "Pruned, it grows again." The heretics, dissenters, and perverts need to be "pruned" from the Church, so she can grow again, so she can be united *in truth*.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, an orthodox Catholic monthly magazine, speak the truth, even if it isn't "nice," even if it's perceived as "uncharitable" by

the hypersensitive.

Newsweek has called us "cheeky," and we are. Among those who've written for us are Walker Percy, Alice von Hildebrand, Tom Bethell, and Michael S. Rose (whose book *Goodbye, Good Men* exposed the homosexual rot in many of our seminaries).

If you're easily offended or depressed, if you're a Pollyanna, if you're not strong in your Catholic Faith, you should *not* subscribe

to the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, because we do *not* turn a blind eye to sloppy thinking, screwy theologizing, financial shenanigans, and sexual debauchery in the Church — even among orthodox Catholics. We realize that certain delicate souls, as T.S. Eliot said, can't handle too much reality, that certain Catholics can only exist on cloud nine. If you really need opium, as Marx said, the NEW OXFORD REVIEW is *not* for you.

On the other hand, if you're tired of superficial nonsense and sweet nothings, and want real hope, consider the words of St. Augustine: "Hope has two beautiful daughters. Their names are anger and courage; anger at the way things are, and courage to see that they do not remain the way they are."

If you're ready for a Catholic magazine with "attitude" (which is how Karl Keating describes us), if you want a high-voltage Catholicism, you've got to subscribe.

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