

1: Heresy hunt has whiff of inquisition | Politics | The Guardian

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Create New The Emperor: It is my dream. An Imperium of Man that exists without recourse to gods and the supernatural. A united galaxy with Terra at its heart. The difference is that I am right. Spoken like a true autocrat. They are good, and their every action is good because they are good. Alternatively, this could be an outright villain who is deluded enough that they can justify completely selfish behavior as being for the greater good, such as claiming that The Hero is the evil one because they keep foiling their plans which are, of course, going to make the world a better place, because they are the ones who will be running it. Tautology is a term meaning that something is true in every possible interpretation; a Tautological Templar, then, is a character who can justify absolutely any sort of behavior to themselves because no matter what it was, they are arrogant, fanatical, or Ax-Crazy enough to interpret it as being the right thing. In general, if you feel inclined to put on a page " Well-Intentioned Extremist: Sometimes related to What Is Evil? In order to relieve this discomfort, people may subconsciously modify their beliefs to justify their actions. Compare Hitler Ate Sugar , an equally flawed argument that any given action is bad because the person doing that action is a bad guy. A subset of Moral Myopia. It was known that he became obsessed with justice when a friend of his was murdered by her Shinigami husband who managed to get away with the crime; it transpires that the reason he turned against Soul Society was for revenge he has previously implied it was because Utopia Justifies the Means , though this was still somewhat true , believing that forgiveness of any sort was a mockery of justice and feeling he was completely entitled to take revenge on Soul Society and all of its inhabitants, even if that means helping the Big Bad become a god and not really worrying about the countless innocent lives he was killing or planning to kill along the way. That he himself could be a bad guy is so beyond his comprehension that he is killed off before coming even close to the realization. Light Yagami of Death Note has the following to say on the subject: He takes the Kira mission even further than Light and Misa, killing reformed criminals and lazy people in the name of justice. Though when Light sees that in the news he mentions that he MIGHT eventually have gone on to kill lazy and unproductive people himself, just not quite that soon. Anyone who goes against him is going against justice and is an evildoer, and he believes that he can do anything for his own sake, because he is justice. Even if this means murdering his fellow gods. When he is called out on this by Gowasu and Vegeta, he states that they could never understand him. Her dream is "world peace". Nominally a laudable goal, Big Mom has twisted it " she believes that it is so infallibly righteous, that any actions she takes are above reproach and suggesting otherwise is "selfish". Said actions include outright genocide. This mindset was the result of falling into the care of enablers like Mother Carmel and Streusen who ignored teaching her a conventional moral code in favor of encouraging her destructive habits. Yeah, none of that really mattered. Depending on the Writer , sometimes, the authors seem to agree with him. Unfortunately, however, his beliefs absolutely do not match up with reality, he is profoundly disturbed , and his moral code is completely incomprehensible to others. In Green Lantern , the Guardians of the Universe fall into this behavior on their worst days. This is in the face of the fact that the problems of the previous two armies were pretty much entirely their own fault. The Manhunters were created by them and replaced by the extremely similar and also eventually evil Alpha Lantern Corps , and the Green Lantern Corps were led by misinformation and factors completely beyond their control, with their last "problem" being that one of them managed to kill a rogue Guardian. Depending on the Writer , Judge Dredd is aware that sometimes strict adherence to the letter of the law results in injustice; whether he accepts it as I Did What I Had to Do or exercises Loophole Abuse varies. Lex Luthor sometimes has this attitude with Superman -and to a lesser extent Supergirl -, especially evident in Lex Luthor: Notably, he is trying to murder billions of people so that his family can inherit the Earth, on his terms as well. Chief Justice Tyrest is clearly this during the events of Transformers: More than Meets the Eye , declaring their actions perfectly valid, legal, and the right thing to

do, guided by their beliefs but self-justified using their role in the justice system. Superboy Prime from Infinite Crisis jumped pretty quickly from "Dark Age heroes are too violent and amoral" to "Time for me to start killing them. Turns out that he has a Reality Stone concealed in his armor, which he uses to immediately Ret Gone any snafus he pulls off, starting with the accidental murder of Bill Foster Poison Ivy is often depicted as this with her "eco-terrorist" depictions, being too obsessed with either making people go Green now, too willing to sacrifice human lives in favor of the environment, or both. Batman , Depending on the Writer. The man has pulled off some truly serious Nineteen Eighty-Four -esque moves i. Brother Eye in his attempts at keeping crime under control, he is a complete Control Freak that needs to have a plan to take care of any obstacles even if the "obstacle" is a trusted friend that would get immensely hurt from finding out that he did this , and when it comes to Thou Shalt Not Kill he is completely unwilling to budge and has come to blows with people that he considers allies and even family because the mere thought of applying it if there is absolutely no other choice is completely inexcusable beating criminals to the point that, realistically, some would be dead and causing massive collateral damage that, again, may have killed people with his antics seems perfectly okay, though. Fan Works Adam Taurus gives off shades of this in Resurgence , calling out Blake for attacking her fellow Faunus and accusing her of turning her back on her own kind completely , when not only has he himself has been trying to kill Blake all along, but he personally killed Sun, both of whom are his fellow Faunus. When Blake rightfully calls him out on this, Adam simply brushes Blake and Sun off as obstacles. Dumbledore is this in Heir. In his world-view, all the "light families" are inherently good and all "dark families" are the cause of all problems , and if a member of a "dark family" happens to be a victim well they must have deserved it. All he really seems to care about is A what he claims to be the "natural order" and B all of ponykind acknowledging that he is their GOD simply because he says he is. In fact, he is defeated by getting called out on this. In 3 Slytherin Marauders , Neville gains this twisted worldview as a result of both nature his mother , Alice was a Knight Templar and nurture he grew up resenting Harry Potter and living in constant fear of his life from his Evil Uncle Algie. No matter what he does, he is justified in his own mind, and no matter what anyone says or does, he believes that Harry is evil. In many The Conversion Bureau stories, especially those written by Chatoyance, Celestia and the ponies completely fail to see anything wrong with forced conversion and why the human race is so pissed off at them and fighting so hard against them. His logic for using the Death Note and becoming as bad as Kira in the story that came with it amounts to this. In his mind, he is Justice, and thus, if he were to die, there would be no more Justice in the world. Hence, every life he takes to subvert fate and save his own, be it that of a criminal or an innocent, is for Justice. The Insurgos, hands down. This likely says more about Anakin than the Jedi, especially given how he winds up. Thank You for Smoking has a scene where Nick extols the virtues of the Chewbacca Defense for his son, explaining that he has to be this trope in his work as a tobacco lobbyist. Literature Catch has Sgt. Milo Minderbinder, who believes capitalism is the ultimate expression of good, and as such will do anything up to and including getting his own squad mates killed to promulgate it. Lewis , though a devout Christian, wrote that theocracy is his least favorite form of government. After all, God would stop him if he were to do anything wrong! Discworld Lady Lilith in Witches Abroad. She runs a police state and feeds people to stories to increase her personal power. This is discussed a number of other times in the Discworld series, mostly by Vimes but also by Granny Weatherwax and the wizards. One of the determining features of whether a wizard is bad or not is Inverted by Lord Vetinari. The Quisition in Small Gods runs on this. If the Quisition suspects you, then you must therefore be totally guilty, because the Great God Om would not have placed suspicion in their minds otherwise. Deacon Vorbis wholeheartedly believes that every atrocity he commits is by the will of Om, and that even when he deceives he never liesâ€”instead he is acting in service to a "greater truth. Black Dow, a Card-Carrying Villain , accuses Barbarian Hero Logen Ninefingers, the "Bloody Nine", of being this, and says it makes him even worse than him because Logen is capable of absolutely anything while Dow can show that Even Evil Has Standards , such as when Logen slaughters a couple of kids and his own allies in the middle of a siege after the enemy breaks through, and thinks nobody noticed. Played utterly straight with Bayaz, however, who justifies centuries of Chronic Backstabbing Disorder and callous manipulation as being for the betterment of mankind, in spite of his paradoxical utter contempt for humanity in the first place. He

seems to see himself as a Dark Messiah , though a lot of his actions seem to be entirely selfish, and though he can accurately claim that he is protecting the world from a Knight Templar Evil Sorceror and his Corrupt Church of cannibalistic ninja wizard clerics , he neglects to mention that it really all started as a private blood feud between two powerful mages, and that he is actually guilty of everything the other guy accuses him of and more, including all of the Black Magic that supposedly makes the latter the bad guy. I am the last authority and I say I am righteous. Power makes all things right. That is my first law, and my last. That is the only law that I acknowledge. He comes up with all kinds of propoganda about his enemies to justify his atrocities, and he actually believes the lies he himself invents , which the other characters including most of his allies find incredibly disturbing. Doctor Impossible, the Villain Protagonist of *Soon I Will Be Invincible* , discusses how petty and mean the "heroes" act and suggests that the only real difference between heroes and villains is that villains are on the losing side. Discussed in the first book of *The Sword of Truth* , in which the villain is described as having this mindset. Unfortunately, in some of the later books, the author eventually starts using the same kinds of logic to justify the actions of the protagonists. He is afflicted with a particularly bad case of Moral Myopia. God intends for him to lead and protect the town *In Villains by Necessity* , the side of Good is actually pretty damned evil. It is possible that Sauron from *The Lord of the Rings* started out as this, wanting to bring order to a chaotic world. He was the only one who knew what was the most appropriate course of action according to him, after all. Then he underwent severe Motive Decay and ends up as one of the most evil villains in Literature. In the *Imperial Radch* series, Lord Anaander Mianaai is the absolute ruler of the Radch and is generally believed to personify the Radch values of Justice, Propriety, and Benefit; so Mianaai quite sincerely believes that all of her actions are, by definition, for the good of the Radch. Those actions include massacring entire planets, summarily executing citizens for minor inconveniences, and using the entire Radch as pawns in a covert civil war between two factions of her thousands of cloned bodies. Notably, this latter situation arose from a disagreement over the above: Anaander Mianaai " or, rather, a part of her " was unable to reconcile the destruction of Garsedai with the values of Justice, Propriety and Benefit. This internal disagreement with the part of her that could eventually matured into a shadow war against herself, and eventually a fully-blown civil war. *The Malleus Maleficarum* uses such " reasoning " as a proof that the witches do actually fly on broomsticks and cast evil spells, rather than it happening in their imagination, as per some more reasonable claims. It goes like this: The city was drowning in decay, chaos, immorality. A message needed to be sent, etched in blood, for all the world to see: In the pursuit of my holy cause, I did things, terrible things, unspeakable things. I believed I was the divine messenger. I believed I was

2: What if, instead of Obi-Wan Kenobi, Mace Windu trained Anakin Skywalker? : StarWars

Home > Ergodebooks > A Whiff of Heresy: Samuel Angus and the Presbyterian Church in N A Whiff of Heresy: Samuel Angus and the Presbyterian Church in New South Wales (The modern history series) by Susan Emilsen.

Untitled[edit] Veronese is one of the great Venetian artists of the period just after Titian. Like Titian Veronese was a wonderful colorist. More is needed, but the article at least looks respectable now, something closer to what Veronese merits. We should keep our stories straight, but let me know if you want to discuss. Any whiff of heresy was remote, even by Inquisitorial standards, and this was after all Venice, not Spain. See the original version of article also Johnbod As it turned out, the picture was not deemed heretical, but only because of the change in title, ergo content. And true enough that it being Venice, the threat to Veronese was probably not real. Even if only as a formality, I think he was facing charges of heresy. I may add a word or two to the article for clarification, but feel free to continue the discussion. Rather less than the "tried for heresy" of myth. Yet, why else would Veronese have been summoned, if not to explore the possibility that the work contained heretical elements? In the article, I did not write that he was tried for heresy, because I agree that would be too heavy-handed an interpretation. I really do appreciate your input, and in the meantime I will need to dig up the Veronese books again. As you say, enforcing the Tridentine resolutions. Like Veronese, I suppose people were reluctant to tell them it was none of their business. I think the "Anthology" might be hived off to a list article, maybe keeping a list of the few that have articles here. It could go in a footnote maybe. Please take a moment to review my edit. If you have any questions, or need the bot to ignore the links, or the page altogether, please visit this simple FaQ for additional information. I made the following changes: As of February , "External links modified" talk page sections are no longer generated or monitored by InternetArchiveBot. No special action is required regarding these talk page notices, other than regular verification using the archive tool instructions below. Editors have permission to delete the "External links modified" sections if they want, but see the RfC before doing mass systematic removals. If you have discovered URLs which were erroneously considered dead by the bot, you can report them with this tool. If you found an error with any archives or the URLs themselves, you can fix them with this tool.

3: How respectable is the tarot? - www.enganchecubano.com

Dave Griffey at Daffey Thoughts reminds us that the Catholic Left is ever watchful for the slightest whiff of heresy against Leftism: In a way reminiscent of those old Hollywood stereotypes about the Catholic Church, it looks like a bunch of priests have been caught.

Matware "In the grim darkness of the future, there is only war and sweet xenolove. Introducing Maximus Decarus, Pimp of the Imperium. Exploits so far have included but are not limited to fighting a fish-god, besting Doomrider in a motorcycle joust, charging Abaddon the Despoiler with a knife. You leave fried Orks and charred Eldar in the wake of your fleet exterminatus as you sail about the stars in the Emperors name. Haha, just kidding, you are Max Decarus, lowly trooper in the Emperors imperial guard. Orks don't seem to notice your lasgun and the last Eldar you saw wiped out half of your squad and insulted your mother. You were just a boot when your landing ship touched down on Yagis V, and you have quickly ascended nothing in rank by your heroic deeds of fleeing and being lucky enough to stay out of the Commissars sights. Today Today isn't much different. You feebly fire your glorified laser pointer in the general direction of a horde of charging Orks, you don't need to aim, you would have to try to miss. It's not like hitting them does much anyways. A Monolith appears suddenly to your left, just warped on in. From where is anyone's guess. Thank the Emperors, spess muhreens! You hear a guardsman cry out, voice mystified with adoration. Sure enough, six of the Emperors finest waltz up behind your position, sizing up the Monolith. They howl simultaneously as they bound over the low barricade protecting you from shootah fire. The space marines charge out, waving chainswords menacingly and looking fierce. The Monolith doesn't even move as gauss fire obliterates every last Astartes. Welp You have to believe the stories of the space marines are if nothing else, highly exaggerated. This is the second time you've seen those blue suited bastards scream litanies and charge to their doom. The first time at a Chaos Titan of all things We are so fucked. You groan as Chaos Daemons start warping in between you and the Orks. At least they have nice tits Purple and attached to warp beasts who would enjoy little more than ripping you apart. But still, you didn't know Daemonettes were stacked. A Fire Prism from out of nowhere busies itself with hammering away at your squad, as quite obviously you are the real threat here. You, huddling low and shaking in your armor. Some Fire Warriors show up and start blasting away as well, sure why the fuck not, one giant kill some guardsmen party Hours later you somehow pull yourself from under a pile of rubble and Orks, seeing no one around. There is a Vox nearby, and you give it a try. Up in the dark sky you see the Imperial Cruiser you arrived in snap in half as an Ork ship just rams on through it. No response, just static. All of this because this planet was home to a power fist that for whatever reason the machine cult had been worshiping for millennia Well at least the Armory is nearby, so you scrounge for some equipment. You find an unused Commissar uniform. Some call me the Commissar of Love. You are too busy flexing and posing in a mirror to notice a servo skull float up behind you. The skull beeps and you whirl around, flailing your new sword and busting a cap as you pop off rounds. Wu Tang Clan ain't nuthin to fuck wit. Oh, it's just you You are glad no one was around to see you. The skull scans you and must think you really are a Commissar because it starts playing a message. You listen intently as it lays out tactical data for all the Xenos here. A nearby Vox rattles out a quick message, identifying itself as a sister of battle. The Mechanicus command is nearby as well. Well there isn't much else to do, may as well check out some of these leads. Who knows, maybe you can find some help or even a way off this rock Or get your knob slobbered, it could happen. Many Guardsmen mistakenly believe that the Sisters of Battle are allies that can be trusted entirely. What they fail to realize is that often times a Sister is just as likely to roast you for even a whiff of heresy as they are to help you. They also have a VERY broad and often convoluted definition of heresy. For this reason, you approach the rhino transport with utmost caution. True, you did track the broadcast to this vehicle, but you don't trust a Sorita unless she is far separated from the nearest incineration device. You clear your throat and knock on the rear hatch of the transport. Sister of Battle, this is Commissar Decarus, are you in there? A jet of fire almost engulfs you, missing by nigh more than a foot. You dive out of the way as another firing port opens right in front of your face. The ramp drops with a thud and a Sorita comes screaming out,

chainsword roaring and fire bursting all around her. Only after several moments does she slow to a stop, gazing around hawkishly, as her flamer dies down. Am I still alive? You ask, having ducked and covered as you had learned to do. Her eyes snap to you and you feel them burning as hot as her flamer, as though boring into your very being. You know she is eying you for any glimpse of heresy, you pray she doesn't pick up on any. If she does, you might be lucky enough to garner a quick death via chainsword rather than a drawn out burning ordeal. No, fuck you, you crazy bolter bitch, I'm not a hereticcccccc! You howl as you dodge yet another slash of her chainsword. She's fast, too fast, and in her armor far stronger than you are. The sword comes back around just after you dodged, you don't have time to avoid it this time. You throw up your hands in some kind of pitiful defense. The roaring implement of demise slashes down toward you, is this it? Is this how you end up? Cut to pieces on some xeno world by a cute but slightly crazy ally? An instant before the chainsword crashes home into your soft, fleshy frame, a blinding golden light flashes. The chainsword flies out of the Sorita's hand and lands in the dirt yards away. She blinks at you, clearly in shock. It must be a sign. She whispers, and she kneels in quick prayer. You get up off the ground and dust off your hat. You aren't sure what happened, but if it hadn't you would be dead. In the flash of light, you swear you glimpsed a golden pauldron of some kind. But that isn't possible, you must have just been seeing things. You squirm a bit under her gaze, which doesn't let up as her face draws ever closer. Hmph, something saved you today, the Emprah must be watching over you. Still, I can't ignore such an obvious sign. She sets down her weapons and takes a seat on a piece of rubble, sighing as she does so. You can't help but notice, even for a Sorita, she is really damn cute. She sports a shorter cut of the Sister's standard white hair, though with the addition of a small purity seal hair pin. Her face is smooth, and she sports a small inquisitorial tattoo under her left eye, which is blue. You notice her right eye, in comparison, is green. Admittedly however, you have a hard time concentrating on any of these details. After all, you've never been this close to a Sorita, especially one with such massive sweater squiggies, who also tried to kill you. Emprah be praised, sometimes this grim and dark universe offers a brief reprieve of bliss. Though the grimdark of the fact you almost got flayed still has you pretty shaken up. S-s-s-so, w-w-w-what are you doing here? Your voice is shaky, must be the adrenaline. You sit down and put your hat on your lap to cover up your massive erection, must be the adrenaline, maybe. She looks you over again before answering, the steel in her eyes still very apparent. She doesn't trust you, and you can't exactly blame her. Golden flashes of light and all. I got separated from my sisters when the Chaos Marines hit our position, the defiler they brought with them overwhelmed our zeal, we clearly were not faithful enough. She looks at her hands dejectedly, as though disgusted with herself. Do you have any idea what in the name of the Emprah is happening here? I mean, how many of our forces are left, how screwed are we? You ask, placing the hat back on your head. She looks back at you and shrugs. You probably know most of it.

4: Heretical love Chapter 1: IT'S HERESY TIME, a warhammer fanfic | FanFiction

A Whiff of Heresy: Samuel Angus and the Presbyterian Church in New South Wales (The modern history series) by Emilsen, Susan. A whiff of heresy Samuel Angus and.

From until over , witches were tortured, burnt or hanged in Western Europe. Many of those accused of being witches were typically old women and usually poor. In fact, many unfortunate women were condemned on this sort of evidence and underwent appalling torture before their deaths. Britain suffered some pretty dark years around the midth century. East Anglia was particularly caught up in witch fever between The inhabitants were solidly Puritan and staunch anti-Catholics and easily influenced by preachers whose mission was to seek out any whiff of heresy. He had 68 people put to death in Bury St. Edmunds alone and 19 hanged in Chelmsford on just one day. After this, he set off on further witch-finding travels. He was paid six pounds in Aldeburgh for ridding the town of witches, fifteen pounds in Kings Lynn and 23 pounds in Stowmarket. The wage at that time was 2. There were other tests as well. In Bedford, Mary Sutton was put to the swimming test. With her thumbs tied to opposite big toes she was thrown into the river. If she floated she was guilty, if she sank, innocent. She was found guilty. Osyth in when two skeletons were found pinned to the ground with iron rivets. He wanted to make sure they could not return from their graves. All in all he was responsible for more than executions. In the Pendle witches were condemned and marched through the town of Lancaster where they were hanged. Although the majority of the laws against witchcraft were repealed in , witch-hunting still went on. Even in , an alleged male witch was drowned in Headingham, Essex and in an elderly farmhand was found near Meon Hill, Warwickshire with his throat cut and his body pinned to the ground. Still unresolved, the man was said to have been a wizard. Only in the last 30 years have some of these practices been accepted by the public as effective remedies. Not so long ago this was considered to be witchcraft. Maybe the pharmaceutical companies should take heed! Matthew Hopkins would have been delighted!!

5: Talk:Paolo Veronese - Wikipedia

*A Whiff of Heresy: Samuel Angus and the Presbyterian Church in New South Wales (The modern history series) [Susan Emilsen] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers.*

Now as a scholar, now as a fool Thus they appear on earth The free men and women “Wandering Baul minstrel verse The Tarot has a history of being a pursuit of fringe-dwellers of various sorts, certainly from the viewpoint of rational or polite society. Even in our own times, where tolerance is extolled as a virtue, I have found that to introduce myself as a Tarot reader in some circles causes only marginally less embarrassment and discomfort than say, announcing that I am a gigolo or that I am homeless and hungry. Was it ever thus and will it ever change? In medieval times, this was where the crazies, the wild dogs and other wild animals roamed. The fool is very different from the other characters and personages portrayed in the trump cards or court cards who, socially, are a lot higher status. The Fool seems to have started simply as a vagabond: He is a street magician, a juggler, a sleight of hand artist. In the French of the Marseille deck era, he is also a Jongleur, a travelling performer-poet. Jongleurs were itinerant performers who, as well as conjuring and juggling, sang or recited comic and satiric verses. These verses were often bawdy and characterised by a set of contrary attitudes, notably, contrary to the church and nobility. These fellows were definitely on the fringes of society despite their popularity and accordingly, they had to be wary of the authorities, both civil and religious. There is an inquisition record of a jongleur being prosecuted for distilling and selling magical cures, and there still exists a copy of a popular religious tract published in the 12th century which explored the question of whether the soul of a jongleur could be saved. The reason given for this was because the jongleur was in the service of the devil! I was a performance artist and street performer for 12 years, so I have some personal experience of this world, albeit also from a previous century “ the 20th. I worked as a mime, clown and as the original comic living statue all over Europe, including in the streets of Florence, Bologna and Milan where the Tarocchi cards originated. As a modern-day jongleur, I also fell foul of the unwanted attentions of the descendants of the Inquisition on more than one occasion! But those are stories for another time and another place. Even at the very beginnings of the Tarocchi when Filippo Maria Visconti, one of the richest men in the western world at that time commissioned the first deck, there was a definite whiff of heresy about the cards. The card La Papessa, or female Pope, the High Priestess of later decks , is said to allude both to the legend of the female Pope Joan, and also to the historical personage and Visconti family member, Maifreda Visconti da Pirovano, who was to be declared Pope in Milan on Easter in a new age of the Holy Spirit by a heretical sect called the Guglielmites. In fact, Maifreda and others in the sect were, that year, burned at the stake. As a game of chance, Tarot was certainly a poor relation to more lofty-minded and skilful games such as chess. In its existence as a popular trick-taking game from the 15th to 18th centuries the tarot enjoyed a double kind of status. Whereas playing with the cards as entertainment in a family setting was acceptable, using the deck for gambling purposes was often considered something of a reprobate activity, usually associated with taverns and other dens of iniquity, and as a result there were no shortage of moralists preaching against its evil and pernicious effects. Jongleurs, however, were definitely beyond the pale, and street performance in the era when the Tarot first appeared was, morally speaking, like all forms of professional acting, an extremely edgy activity. From then on, the noisy games of cards in houses of ill-repute “ which had frequently attracted bans issued by church and state “ were replaced by the even wilder games of occultism, invented histories, story-telling, fortune-telling and spell-casting. As the 20th century and the counter-culture got up a head of steam, sex-magic, sorcery, white and black magic, psychedelia, depth psychology, neo-paganism, mysticism and more got thrown into the heady mix. An interesting new development is that these days, not only old-style priests denounce the tarot, but a new class of priests has arisen “ the rationalists and scientists. Clearly tarotists, like street-performers, need that special combination of extreme sensitivity and a thick skin! Maybe there is a poetic justice in that. The medieval jongleurs with their obscene rhymes, the original creators of the tarocchi deck with their female Pope and the occultists with their magical fantasies, all told stories which were beyond the boundaries of normality and respectability. People wanted to hear these stories, needed to

hear these stories. These tales struck a powerful chord with their audience because the listeners and readers recognised unacknowledged parts of themselves in these tales. In a similar way, playing with the tarot we enter what is, broadly speaking, a socially marginalised world: The world of the psyche or soul and the world of personal myth. Diogenes, like the tarot fool, lived the life of a vagabond and also famously had a dog as his companion. He was a homeless down-and-out who lived in a barrel, which was the ancient equivalent of a wheelie bin. He was a well-known philosopher, but a controversial one, infamous for his obscene stunts, which were a kind of seminal performance art, his acerbic wit and blatant disregard for the cherished values of respectable, polite and proper society. The most famous story about him is of when he was visited by Alexander the Great, conqueror of the known world and high-achiever par-excellence. Alexander offered to help Diogenes in any way he wanted; Diogenes, who was lying on the ground enjoying the morning sun, replied: It was as if he was asking: What can you see in your shadow? A bum, a loser, your worst nightmare, or your greatest dream, a perfectly contented human? Diogenes then asked Alexander what his plans were. Alexander answered that he planned to conquer all of Greece. Diogenes asked what then? Alexander said he wanted to capture all of Asia Minor. Diogenes asked again, what then? Alexander replied, I will conquer the whole world. When Diogenes asked what Alexander would then do, he replied that he would relax and enjoy himself. Diogenes laughed in some accounts the dog laughed too and then said: Look and me and my dog, we are completely contented down here, you could come and join us! He could have had Diogenes killed for his insolence, but he was impressed. He told his entourage: Trying to conquer the whole world, he ended up, at the age of 32, dying from alcohol poisoning in Babylon. Diogenes continued to enjoy the morning sun from outside his barrel until he died at the ripe old age of 89, spending his whole life dispensing his crazy wisdom whilst camping out on the edge of town and the edge of acceptability.

6: Casting the circle. | A composite creation from two images | Flickr

Book - A Whiff of Heresy: Samuel Angus and the Presbyterian Church in New South Wales - The Encyclopedia of Women and Leadership in Twentieth-Century Australia, Australian Women and Leadership is a biographical, bibliographical and archival database of Australian women leaders with links to related digital resources.

Tuesday, May 24, Gerard Henderson, spiced with a dash of the Pellist heresy and a whiff of traditional dumb broke Labor party voters The story so far. Last week we were deep in struggle street, with people in the northern and eastern suburbs barely able to scrounge a meal on k a year, and forced to make an epic choice between a 60 inch plasma or downscaling to a 55 incher, and there was Gerard Henderson standing by to wipe their tortured, fevered brow and assure them that middle class welfare was a jolly good thing. Well it seems those deviant well off fools are ruining everything with their support for either a Malcolm Turnbull or b climate science or c even worse, both: But this stance does not enjoy anything approaching majority support within the Coalition, which is looking to gain votes in the suburbs and regions. Oh you wretches, you vile vermin. But he does foreshadow what should be an epic event down the track: There are no signs that Pell intends to step back from public discussion on the topic. And more on Pell here at his wiki. I know, I know, this started off being about Gerard Henderson, and big Mal, but how much can you brood about a one note column? On Lateline Turnbull effectively supported the climate change approach adopted by David Cameron in Britain and his Conservative-Liberal Democrat coalition. Not when they can toot toot like Toad or Tim Blair in a bright shiny red car. Meanwhile, over at The Australian, the anonymous editorialist has come up with the perfect solution, in Going it alone is pointless. But there is a solution, breathtakingly simple in its elegance: Yes that would show how serious Australia is in doing its bit for the world. Yet another moderate contribution from the anon edit by way of genteel language and inspired thinking. As a gesture of solidarity with the world, and as a way of showing Australian leadership, punching above its weight, at its finest Gradually over the years the Cuban government has come to admit mistakes Fidel Castro regrets discrimination against gays in Cuba and even allowed parades Cubans march against homophobia in Havana but still clings to a one party dictatorship and the trappings of the revolution and a hopelessly retro economic system. Tony Abbott working hard with some traditional Labor party voters to secure government and impose a totally useless direct action scheme on Australia as a way to shovel billions down the throats of brown coal burners. Posted by dorothy parker at.

7: Thomas Cahill - Heretics and Heroes - Trade Paperback

There was only one topic of conversation in the Commons yesterday, but more of Jeffrey Archer later. One Labour MP, Martin Salter, made a cunning attempt to drag the disgraced peer's name into the.

And delete the cedar grove. Winter completes an age. Thus the perspicacious W. Auden in *For the Time Being*. Like seasons, ages are seldom so precise as to end abruptly, while allowing another age to commence. But even at this interstice, old forms and old mental states hang on, while new forms and new mental states peek uncertainly into view. Locality often determines how boldly or timidly the new will come to supplant the old; and localities can find their integrity, even their ancient right to existence, open to question. The ordinary bloke, the commoner attempting to make his way in the world, is all too likely to experience a new if vague sense of unease, of doubt seeping into his pores like unhealthy air. It is not a time of dancing and embracing but of stepping back and taking stock. Yet life goes on: The year was a fateful one, To it, historians, looking backwards, have assigned the final expiration of the Middle Ages and the as yet unheralded birth of a new age. Many Americans will recall having suffered through a school pageant or two meant to dramatize the monumental encounter between the Genoese ship captain and the Spanish royal couple. And since such dramatizations invariably contain almost as much misinformation as they do historical fact, it is worth revisiting the great moment with a colder eye. Though there have been numerous attempts to render Columbus as Jewish, or even Muslim, and to trace his origins to a European country other than Italy, there is no evidence to support such theories, but there is good evidence to support his birth as an Italian Catholic. Genoa and Savona, ports on the Italian Riviera north of Corsica, offered adventurous boys many opportunities for seafaring apprenticeships. He also began to act as agent for a consortium of Genoese merchants, who traded far and wide. One of his voyages took him to Lisbon, where a brother, Bartolomeo, worked as a cartographer. Thanks to the enormous expansion in world trade that had been booming for more than two centuries, Europeans of means had come to take for granted certain substances that did not originate in Europe, especially the spices, opiates, and silks of faraway Asia. No one who was anyone could any longer imagine doing without these things. But the fall of Greek Constantinople to the Ottoman Turks in had created a profound and permanent alteration in international affairs. At times, it seemed as if all the best practical minds of Europe were engaged in figuring out how to solve the problem. But think as much as they might, no one could come up with a solution. What he suggested made little sense. He proposed to sail around the world, heading west into the Ocean Sea as it was then called till he hit the Island of Cipangu Japan, as identified in the writings of Marco Polo or perhaps, if he was especially lucky, the fabulous coast of Cathay China itself. Maps of the period, inaccurate about many things, nonetheless show both the principal island of Japan misshapen and lacking most of its fellow islands and the coast of a strangely squeezed China. There are even attempts to sketch in the archipelagos of Malaysia and Indonesia. The diameter of the spherical Earth had been calculated accurately by the Greek Eratosthenes in the second century BC, and his calculation was still widely known in the time of Columbus. Though no European foresaw what lay in wait for Columbus, since all thought mistakenly that the Ocean Sea, empty of land, was much larger than it was, almost all who could read and had looked into the subject understood that Columbus was seriously underestimating the overall size of the Earth. Columbus, basing his calculations on inaccurate assumptions, theorized that the east coast of Asia could be reached by a European ship within a few weeks of its leaving port. The actual circumference of the Earth is about 40, kilometers, whereas Columbus assumed it to be closer to 25, kilometers. In actuality, Roman miles are about 25 percent shorter than Arabic ones. Had the Ocean not held the Americas and the vast sea been empty of land between Europe and Asia, Columbus and his crew, heading west, would have perished in the deep and never been heard from again. It may have been the result of his own observations on his previous voyages, only some of which we know about. In any case, it was information not widely understood at the time, even if in our own day it is common knowledge to transatlantic airline passengers. In this way, Columbus and his crew were saved from contrary winds, becalmings, and death by dehydration on the high seas. People seem either to have been instantly attracted to him or to have taken an instant dislike. He gestured

grandly and spoke engagingly and loudly with the confidence of the true aristocrat, which he was not but was determined to become. He always presented himself as a nobleman, alluding vaguely to his familial line and crest, the son certainly not of Italy but of Genoa, la Superba the Proud One, city of cities, link between Europe and the great globe. Despite his poor resources, he managed to dress well, cutting a fine figure at the European courts he visited. No doubt his admission to the presence of several monarchs in succession was made possible by the convincing show he made. But after he had made his impressive presentation, his proposal would be turned over to the scholars of the court, the people who had read all the books Columbus cited and many more, which he had failed to mention. Inevitably, the scholars would return to their monarch with the same conclusion: Columbus was a crackpot, not an investment opportunity. But, as we know only too well from recent dramas in our financial sector, sooner or later someone somewhere will make the investment. Before this, Columbus had conducted a long dalliance with King John II of Portugal, whom he nearly succeeded in convincing. He sought out financial power brokers in both Genoa and Venice but came up short. Henry, father to Henry VIII and founder of the Tudor dynasty, whose claim to the throne was quite shaky, said he would think about it. He thought and thought but had nothing more to say at least not till it was too late. Meanwhile, Columbus found himself at the Spanish court, spending nearly six seemingly sterile years in the attempt to lure the monarchs into financing his scheme. Political to their fingertips, the Catholic Monarchs allowed not a whisper of disagreement to squeeze between them. Columbus had already raised about half the needed cash from his Genoese contacts; and Spain, at the end of a long and draining military campaign, was out of cash. The year was a busy one for the Catholic Monarchs. Besides their conquest of the Moorish Kingdom of Granada, they had begun to take considerable interest in the religious observances of their subjects. Like Doctor Johnson in the stagecoach, they felt that false doctrines should be checked and that those who dared espouse such doctrines should be punished by the civil power in union with the church of the realm. As we have already seen in the case of the Black Death, communities of Jews made convenient scapegoats in difficult times. The fast friendship Boccaccio describes between the two Parisian merchants, one Christian, the other Jewish, is a bit harder to imagine occurring between a Christian and a Muslim at least in a Christian country. Selectively admired or merely tolerated, Jews were an expected part of the European social scene. The expulsion from Spain, however, was not their first. On several prior occasions, Jews had been ordered to move en masse from a European country. In the teenage King Philip II Augustus of France, whose treasury was empty, had seized all Jewish property and forgiven all debts owed to Jews, provided only the debtors pay to the king 20 percent of what they owed. Sixteen years later, Philip, feeling the adverse effects on French commerce of the departure of the Jews, would allow them to return. If the Spanish expulsion seems particularly harsh on account of the huge numbers involved and the efficiency with which results were pursued, it only signaled more execrable banishments to come: Spanish Jews were given exactly four months from the date of the Alhambra Decree to clear out of the extensive realms of the Catholic Monarchs, not an easy feat for most to perform. The punishment for failing to depart or convert was death. The punishment for Christians who attempted to hide Jews was confiscation of all property and cancellation of all hereditary privileges. So it is hardly surprising that not a few Jews publicly converted to Christianity and were baptized. These conversos, as they were called, elicited suspicion from their Christian neighbors. Were their conversions sincere or merely convenient? As many were subsequently discovered to have continued their practice of Jewish religious customs, Spaniards found themselves devising bizarre tests of Christian orthodoxy, such as forcing suspects to eat pork. If you refused or gagged, you must be an insincere convert. Converts from Islam would soon be subjected to the same test—which did have a certain twisted logic behind it: The decree did not, however, produce the first conversos. More than this, the pogroms of , centered on Seville, had greatly expanded the class of converted Jews, many of whom had subsequently achieved high status in southern Spanish society. Many unconverted Sephardim as the Jews of the Iberian Peninsula were called, in contrast to the Ashkenazim, the Jews of France, Germany, and eastern Europe found refuge in the Islamic countries of North Africa and the Ottoman Empire and were able to remain there and even to thrive. The establishment of the State of Israel, however, on land that had previously been controlled by Muslims, as well as the grave diminishment of its prior inhabitants, has in our time provoked Muslim rage and a hostility toward Jews that

had never before been characteristic of the relationship between the two communities of faith. Indeed, in the centuries during which Muslim rulers had held sway over the Iberian Peninsula, Jews could breathe much more freely there than they could in most Christian countries. The expulsion of unconverted Jews from Spanish territory was, however, but one prong of a campaign of increasingly cruel exactions on the part of the Catholic Monarchs. Though the terms of the treaty that followed their successful war against the Kingdom of Granada guaranteed religious freedom to their Muslim subjects, the Monarchs soon discarded that provision and began to hound unconverted Muslims, as well as those Moriscos or little Moors who only outwardly accepted Christianity, in a fashion similar to their persecution of Jews, if somewhat less vigorously. The marginally greater toleration of Muslims lay in the fact that they were even more intricately threaded through Spanish, and especially through Aragonian, society though certainly not through other European societies than were Jews, many Muslims even gaining positions of trust at the courts of various Spanish noble families, who valued their contributions and would not cooperate willingly in their persecution or banishment. As early as the Monarchs had set up a new institution to ensure unity of faith throughout their realms. Even today, its name, the Spanish Inquisition, is capable of sending a shiver through many a breast. But it was a grim business for anyone who incurred its interest. Throughout the Middle Ages there had been inquisitions, arranged by the papacy in concert with local bishops. These had had, however, only a very occasional impact on medieval life, functioning locally, operating seldom and with some highly specified object, that is, the rooting out of a particular Christian heresy in a particular place. It is impossible to determine now how many Albigensians there were, centered primarily in the regions of Languedoc in France, the Rhine Valley, and perhaps Verona in Italy, but the extreme unattractiveness of their doctrine would seem necessarily to have limited their numbers. The popes, who directed inquiries into heresy from afar, were normally more interested in convincing the heretics of the error of their ways than in burning them alive. Only unrepentant holdouts were put to the torch. The burning of Jan Hus at the Council of Constance stands as a sinister exception to the normal course of events and was enabled because the Council was in the hands of the voting bishops rather than of a pope, who would almost certainly have proved more irenic. We should also not underestimate the impact that nationalism was already beginning to exert on the bishops as on everyone else. Many of the bishops were either German or at least in sympathy with the jurisdictional claims of the Holy Roman Emperor. The Spanish Inquisition— that is, an inquiry answerable to the Spanish Monarchs, rather than to Rome— was an innovation and a devolution from relatively humane papal standards. The scariest thing about it was its omnicompetence, the broadness of its mandate, its freedom to look into anything and anyone for any reason. Torquemada, hostile to any text from which he thought he could sniff a whiff of heresy, enthusiastically promoted the burning of Hebrew and Arabic books. In the atmosphere of fear and hysteria that Torquemada encouraged, he himself could have been tried as a crypto-Jew. Given how thoroughly Jews were threaded through Spanish society, this accusation could probably have been leveled against a great many Spaniards. There were at least two Jewish conversos in his family line, one of them a grandmother. But Torquemada quickly achieved such control over Spanish society that no one would have dared question his antecedents for fear of attracting his attention. So hated did he become that he had to travel surrounded by fifty mounted guards and an additional armed men.

8: Mark Shea —“ The American Catholic

Mohler also raised the whiff of anti-Semitism in Stanley's use of the term "Jewish Scriptures" for the Old Testament, a point raised first by Farah who points out that all of the Scriptures.

9: sentir le soufre | WordReference Forums

Any whiff of heresy was remote, even by Inquisitorial standards, and this was after all Venice, not Spain. (See the original version of article also) Johnbod , 26 March (UTC) Point taken.

The hotel new hampshire book Hindi Film Songs and the Cinema (Soas Musicology Series) Problem of genre and the quest for justice in Chekhovs The Island of Sakhalin Chiltons Repair and Tune-Up Guide Datsun Part IV. Jesuss resurrection : endings and epilogues (John 20:1-21:25). Structural analysis kassimali 5th edition Several dialogues Writing on religion and death The glassblowers breath Four Anglian kings of Northumbria Saving the Day! (The Incredibles Coloring Book plus Tattoos) Chapter 14. Starting and Reversing 101 What is files Disney fake book 3 Wallach interpretation of diagnostic tests Peter Nortons guide to Visual Basic 4 for Windows 95 4.2 Forestry Sector Challenges 39 Kirloskar pumps price list 2015 Sword and Sorcery Natures Fury (Sword Sorcery) Desert Trek (World Explorer) Americas Best Graduate Schools 2004 Exocyclic DNA Adducts in Mutagenesis and Carcinogenesis (DISCONTINUED (IARC Scient Pub)) New Orleans Knockout Worlds best salesman jokes Successful communication through NLP Sex Is For Marriage Shakespeare for my father The Art Science of Developing Software (Inside the Minds series) Jacques Perrin presents Himalaya About Campus: Enriching the Student Learning Experience Local literacy plan ohio district Public Health Law Manual Musculoskeletal Infections Creator from jpeg V. 10. New technology for geosciences V. 1. Intelligence, propaganda and psychological warfare, resistance movements, and secret operations, 19 Report on the geology and resources of the Black Hills of Dakota Escape from imprisonment Somewhere Along the Beaten Path Dude, got another joke?