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John Carroll University

CARROLL QUARTERLY

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David Jeffery

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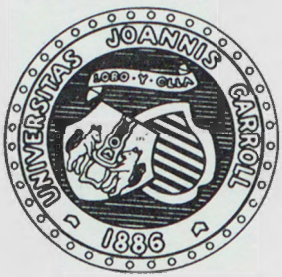
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1886

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Interim

LENA COIRO

The wind cut sharp and clean across her face. There was no cruelty, no pricking sting; it was a cold caress that soothed and exhilarated simultaneously.

She rarely went to Sunday Mass alone at this late hour. She felt uneasy and self-conscious walking alone in the bright mid-morning light. Her mother had not insisted she rise at the customary 6:30 a.m. For some unknown reason, there had been no noisy shuffling in the hall, no opening of the blinds in pseudo-innocence, no impatient lying about the time. So, here she was at 11:00 a.m., detaching herself from the crowd pouring from the Church doors and turning towards home with an almost grim determination.

The path homeward was a well-established one. No deviation had been made in it for years. Childhood, adolescence, and her first quarter of a century had all been survived on a series of patterned Sundays. For the past five years her three-weeks' vacation from the office had made an annual break in the series, but after each brief pause the old routine had come back naturally as though it had never been interrupted. Turn right from the Church door; walk three blocks; turn left at Moore Street; walk two blocks; turn left at Arch Street.

Why hadn't she turned down Arch Street? It had taken a great effort of the will not to make the turn that habit had worn into her system. Funny, she felt guilty, almost frightened. She laughed out loud and shrugged her shoulders, pulling the coat collar up to her chin. What an idiot. Ruled by senseless habit. Well, *this* morning she was going to walk down an entirely new street, see new houses, breathe new air, and feel no childish qualms whatsoever. For goodness sake, a mature adult.

The wind came from the left now that she had turned down the unknown street. She had not bothered to read the streetsign crossed against what little horizon the houses allowed to show. But the distinct, clean wind-kiss on the left cheek gave the necessary soothing effect. And there, two blocks distant and directly ahead, lay her own home block. Only a busy street separated what seemed like the unreal from the real.

There was no activity at all in the short stretch that lay before her. Plot after plot of little sloping lawns provided the green-brown relief for the brick houses that all stared vacantly at nothing. She tried to subdue

Miss Lena Coiro, presently an instructor in Italian, received her master's degree at John Carroll in 1961.

her high-heeled clack. It seemed a desecration, this saucy clack reverberating through a quiet Sunday street.

And then it came. She had noticed it out of the corner of her eye, a furry tan blob on one of the green-brown plots. It had yelped sharply once. She had jumped nervously at the unexpected sound and then ignored it. It would go away. If you didn't show fear or interest, it wouldn't bother you. Keep the natural gait. Keep the eyes straight ahead. But her often-performed ruse failed her now. It came. Unsuspected and uninvited, tumbling over the slope and becoming entangled in her nyloned legs. She almost tripped. She didn't want to step on it. Oh, bother. Why wouldn't it leave her alone. She took a few more steps and just narrowly missed the tail. There were goose bumps under the coat sleeves and tension in the calves of both legs. "Leave me alone. Leave me alone." She was muttering over her left shoulder, down the side of the coat, aiming her anger at the bundle wrapped around her ankles. "Go away. Go away."

A house door opened, and a pair of blue pajamas stepped out in bare feet.

"Is this your puppy?"

"No, ma'm. I heard the barking and thought my dog might have gotten loose."

"It's only a puppy. It has no collar. It seems to have attached itself to me."

"Don't recall ever seeing it around here, ma'm."

"I don't want it to follow me."

"Don't know where it came from, ma'm."

The blue pajamas shrugged, turned in the bare feet, and went indoors. She sighed and looked down at the romping fur. Oh, well, it couldn't follow her much longer. She took a few cautious steps. Ah, good. It was sitting on the sidewalk, staring at the retreating blue pajamas. Distracted. Good. It still hadn't moved. She walked a little easier and straightened her shoulders.

Whoops . . . oh . . . eh . . . darn it! What kind of a flying leap would you call that? Sneaky rear attack, that's what it was. Little devil. Who ever taught it to weave in and out like that, in a trip-technique, rubbing that soft body close to the ankles? Some little boy must have come stumbling to the ground in a giggling heap many, many times. Tricky little. . . . She straightened stiffly. "Go away, Go away. Leave me alone."

A few steps. Nothing. Three more steps. Nothing. Four more, five more. Easy gait. Straight shoulders . . . whoops! She laughed. It was so soft, so furry, so playful.

Oh, dear goodness. Here was the street, cars lumbering past. It wouldn't

go frolicking heedlessly into that, would it? It mustn't. It would be lost forever once it put that strip between the real and the unreal. It would be out of its territory. It would never find its way back again. It was so young, so playful, so careless. No. It must not cross the street with her. "Go back. Go back." The furry head tilted; the tail thumped. "Go on back." She stamped and fluttered a hand. Is this the way it was done? She stamped and fluttered. It padded back, tilted, thumped, padded, and suddenly began wrestling a blade of grass. No cars were coming. She trotted across the street and reached the curb as a car slid by behind her. A quick glance over the left shoulder just for a last minute check.

Where was he? Not on the opposite pave—Oh, my goodness! The silly fool. Idiot. Padding determinedly across the street, overweight causing a zig-zag path, cars coming. "Run, run. Don't just stand there! Wait! Now! No! Here! Here!" And there it was. Fat fur body wrapped around the ankles, tail thumping uncontrollably. "I'll pretend I don't know you. Well, anyway, I don't know you. You just followed me home."

The flying leaps were renewed. She laughed and side-stepped, inviting more inter-weavings. The legs relaxed. The shoulders bent forward. She smiled; she laughed; she felt the warmth of the fur climb upward until it displaced the cool wind-caress on the cheeks. It yelped; it leaped; it curled. She laughed.

"Ooooh. Where did you find it? Isn't it cute?" The little girl bent immediately towards the busy bundle. "How affectionate it is. It really likes you."

"I don't konw where it belongs. It just followed me. I can't seem to make it stop following me."

"Will you keep it? Will you keep it?"

"I don't know. Oh, no, I must find its owner. I can't keep it. No. I don't think so. I don't know."

Her mother was standing by the box hedges before the house, watching for her. It made her tense and angry.

"Afraid I might get lost?"

"I just thought I'd wait for you, watch for you. What's that?"

"It followed me. I tried to get rid of it. I don't know where it belongs."

"Well, come in. It will go away."

It kept close to her heels up the front walk. She looked at it wistfully. Innocent thing. Didn't it realize what was about to happen? Her mother walked ahead and slipped quickly into the house. They spoke quietly through the screen, her mother within, she without.

"Couldn't we give it some water?"

"What's the matter with you? What water? What do you think it is? Come in. Leave it. It will go away."

The door was opened just enough to let her slip through. One paw was almost caught, but a quick maneuver — a fake opening followed by a rapid closing — left the bundle outside.

"There's orange juice waiting for you in the kitchen."

She removed her gloves, her hat, her coat. Her father was sitting in his armchair reading the Sunday paper. He looked over the rim of his glasses and beyond the edge of the paper; he said nothing.

It started scratching at the door, whining, scratching, whining. She walked to the screen and looked down. The furry head tilted; the tail thumped. "Go away. Go away." She was mouthing the words, silently, earnestly. "Go away." It tilted; it thumped. Suddenly, it leaped with its two front paws on the door and yelped sharply, piercingly. She reached for her coat and threw it across her shoulders. She couldn't get her arms into the sleeves fast enough. The left side of the coat slid onto the floor.

"What are you doing?" Her mother came from the kitchen, orange juice in hand. Her father crumpled the paper into his lap.

"I can't just leave it like that. It's so young. It's lost. It doesn't know where it is. It will get run over."

"It will go away. Just leave it alone. Let it bother somebody else on the block." Her mother smiled.

"But it followed me." She turned with a frantic impulse towards her father; a curious hope was rising in her.

"It's young and playful. It followed you. It'll follow anybody else. The next person it sees it'll follow and leave you alone. It'll follow anybody, everybody."

The constriction in the throat lasted an hour-long minute. Disbelief drowned her. "Where are you going?" her mother sounded horrified. "I have to take it back to where I found it. Maybe I can find its owner. I have to take it back."

The cool, clean air across the forehead made her realize how stale the air in the house had been. She lifted her chin to let the wind cut sharply. She was almost running. She was frolicking, yes, that was what she was doing, frolicking with that little brown ball rolling wildly at her feet. She laughed at herself deep down inside, and the laugh felt rich and warm. It nipped at her leg and caught at the nylon. The threads unraveled swiftly; she could feel the runner in all its progress. "You've ruined my stockings. Darn you! You little. . . . " She stamped and scolded. It frisked away before her. She smiled. "You little. . . . " She held on to the anger for a few more minutes; it tasted sweet.

This time they would cross the street together. "Stay close to me. Don't move until I move. Now. Run. Run. Don't play, run. Idiot." They made it.

She had become used to the nippings and the leaps now. She enticed the furry body to rub against her and then simulated chagrin and retirement at its precocity. She no longer jumped at the sharp yelps. She waited for the trip-technique. She had never had a pet.

The street was just as quiet as it had been before. This time there were not even blue pajamas. She hesitated. It would not remain in one spot where she could leave it. Her father's words had never ceased echoing through her whole body. "It followed you. It'll follow anybody . . . anybody . . . anybody." She looked up and down the red houses, but they only continued to stare vacantly. There was no one else for it to follow. It would only follow her home again. She had to take positive action. She took a deep breath. It would be humiliating, but it had to be done. She knocked at the nearest door.

"Yes?"

"I'm sorry to disturb you, but this puppy has been following me. I saw him first in this neighborhood and thought he might belong to someone here. He doesn't have a collar."

"Hmmm. Sorry. Don't recall ever seein' him around here."

"Never?"

"Nope. Hmmm. The people two doors down just got a puppy, I think. It might be theirs. I can't be sure. It might be."

"I'll try there, then. Thank you very much."

"You're welcome."

"Thank you."

It tilted; it thumped; it leaped. She took another deep breath and knocked. No one answered. She knocked again. It yelped sharply. A head and a hand appeared at the door.

"I'm sorry to disturb you, but this puppy has been following me. I saw him first in this neighborhood and thought he might belong to someone here. He doesn't have a collar."

"No. Never saw him around here."

"He won't stop following me."

"Did you try around the corner?"

"Around the corner?"

"Yah, at the cleaner's shop. They have all kinds of dogs runnin' around. It might belong there."

"At the cleaner's?"

"Just around the corner."

"Thank you very much."

"You're welcome."

"Thank you."

"Just around the corner."

It ran gaily along the sidewalk, overweight causing a zig-zag path. She smiled. As they turned the corner, she noticed a woman getting into a station wagon. She walked up to her quickly, her little fur bundle following faithfully.

"Pardon me, but do you know to whom this puppy belongs? It has been following me."

"No, I'm sorry, I don't."

A ten year-old boy came out of one of the houses, slammed the door, and walked toward the car.

"Tim, do you recognize this puppy? He's been following this woman. Have you ever seen him around here before?"

"No. Gee, look at him; isn't he cute?"

The brown fur bundle was in ecstacy. It was wagging furiously and almost dancing on its hind legs. Its sharp yelps might have been deafening if they had been full-blown. She watched and thought, "It'll follow anybody . . . anybody . . . anybody." It tried to jump into the car with the boy.

"Tim! Stop that. We can't have him coming along." The car door slammed. "Watch him. I don't want to run over him." The car pulled away She stood there quietly. Then, slowly, but with calm detachment, she started to walk towards home. She buried her hands deeply in her pockets; she kept her head low. The wind cut sharp and clean across her face. But it was uncontrollable, that quick glance over the left shoulder; and it was enough. A waddle, a thump, a yelp, and a leap, and the warm fur was again wrapped around the ankles. The quiet Sunday street echoed with yelps, clacks, and laughter.

There was no need to pause at the street; no cars were anywhere in sight.

"Is he still following you?" The little girl smiled broadly and snapped her fingers at the bouncing bundle.

"I couldn't find his owners. No one seems to know him. He won't stop following me."

"Will you keep it? Will you keep it?"

"I don't know. I don't know."

"It's so cute."

Her mother was waiting just inside the front door. Her father was still sitting in his armchair reading the Sunday paper.

"No one knows where it comes from. It doesn't belong in this neighborhood."

"So, what can you do about it?"

"Can't we at least give it some water? I can call the police and ask them to pick it up."

"What do you want to do with it?"

"We could keep it in the backyard. Maybe the kids would like to have it, to take Tippie's place. Maybe Uncle Bert would want it."

"What do you want? You want it? All right then, let it in. Is that what you want?" Her mother moved quickly and spitefully. She pushed the door open with a nervous jerk and guided the brown fur into the living room. Her father was alert in an instant. The glasses and paper were put aside with one gesture. The man's face was distorted in anger.

"What the hell do you think this is? Get that thing out of here. What are you, crazy or somethin'?"

She didn't stay to see the actual removal. She remembered the happy trotting in through the door and the scratching of the nails in the carpet in bewildered resistance, but that was all. The bedroom door closed out all whines and yelps and imprecations.

Lunch was served on schedule at twelve.

Fish

PAN THEOPHYLACTOS

This fish needs salt.
Strange, that.
Strange, when you consider the saltness of the sea,
The illimitable vastness of the storm-tossed ocean
Wind-fretted to a white lace of spray;
Or calm, with cool caress lapping golden sands;
But always salt.
Why, then, should the finned denizens of the wine-dark deep
Won by brave men's toil for our delight
Be savourless to such a marked extent
That we must add more salt before we eat?
Even as I now salt this fish before me
With salt probably won by evaporation from me . .
Confound it!
Here I am day-dreaming and putting pepper on again!

Pan Theophylactos is a Junior English major, making his third contribution to the QUARTERLY.

The Apple

ANTHONY PROSEN, S.J.

When weeds brown ripe,
Youth heralds harvests
Of orchards
Lush with love.

We rigged wood rungs
To pliant boughs
Of August leaves,
Reached, embraced,
We cupided
Enchanted of our arrow-eyes
Sprung from Adam's seed
Apples crimson, lush;
We plucked.

One bloom drew up men's eyes.

No, we did not forget
That sun-kissed, highest,
Blushest, blessed one
In the bosom of the wind
Beyond our reach . . .
Yet Sun's prize
To glorify rose skies . .
It was
Beyond our reach.

Anthony J. Prosen, S.J., an alumnus of John Carroll, is currently studying at Columbiere College, Clarkston, Michigan.

Mob

C. A. COLOMBI

It opens its oiled, odiferous orifice—
This **demos** *—and in foul, fetid breath*
Demands pleasure-pain; from
Moses, Demosthenes, Jesus, Savanarola,
Hitler, Death.

Insatiable, mindless maw tears, gulps and
ruminates
Chosenism, Logicism, Pietism (saliva has
corrupted Godism),
Fearism, Fascism:
Note here mob, the enzyme in this chasm.

And cruel, it chews corners from the Spirit's
copious cape
Sharpening its teeth on His hour-glass,
Picking them with His scythe;
Ready to ruin one, a group, a race, a world—
en masse.

C. A. Colombi is a sophomore Speech major.

A Primer of Japanese Music

FREDERICK A. KALISTER

Oriental music in any form is usually alien to Western ears for several distinct reasons. At the same time, however, it has a fundamental technical and aesthetic unity with Western music. The purpose of this discourse will be to describe the main similarities and dissimilarities of Japanese music with that of the Western tradition and, perhaps, provoke the reader's interest in the appreciation of Eastern tonality.

Let us begin with the instruments of the Japanese and their development. Their instruments are similar in genre to those of the West: percussion, strings, and woodwinds. In the percussion department the drums are of various sizes and shapes, with subsequent tonal differences which have been highly refined in some cases. The *ko-tzuzumi,* for instance, is a small, hour-glass shaped drum, the tone of which may be changed by the performer. This variance in pitch is accomplished by the squeezing of the rope which binds the heads to the body of the drum, thereby tightening the heads and raising the pitch. This may be compared to the Western tympani, whose tone is controlled by the mechanical foot pedal.

In the woodwinds the Japanese have constructed transverse flutes, straight-blown flutes, a double reed woodwind, along with a wind-blown "pipe organ." The *kagura-bue,* or *Yamato-bue,* is a six-holed transverse flute which is played much the same as any Western flute and has a similar tone. The *hichiriki* is the double reed, oboe-like instrument which sounds quite similar to the Western oboe, only more nasal in tone and much more difficult to control effectively. The unique "pipe organ" has seventeen pipes through which it is possible to play eleven different chords. Chord progressions, as such, as in the Western tension and relief patterns, do not exist in Japanese music, but rather, these chords tend to "freeze" the melody. They do not directly support or pass under the melody, but tend to appear and disappear in a very mysterious fashion.

The strings of Japan are very interesting because of their varying structure and tonal effects. The *shamisen* is somewhat of a square, three stringed banjo, the head being made from catskin or the inferior dogskin (for those who can't afford cats). The three strings are plucked with a wooden plec-

Fredrick A. Kalister, a senior English major from Euclid, Ohio, is President of Lambda Iota Tau. This article has current interest because of the appearance of Toshiya Eto, a Japanese violinist, at the University Series.

trum in practice sessions and an ivory plectrum in performances. The *shamisen* is quite pleasant sounding and the different pitches are obtained by fingering the neck, much the same as a lute insofar as the fingerboard is plain, not fretted, as are the guitar, banjo, and mandolin. The *kokyo* is a bowed instrument also possessing three strings. The violin has usurped the *kokyo* in present-day Japan.

Two other beautiful string instruments are the *wagon* and the *koto*. Both the *wagon* and the *koto* are plucked with finger picks similar to those used on the Hawaiian guitar in the American tradition. The strings are made of silk and respond with a very soft and subtle tone, their pitch being regulated by movable bridges. The *koto* has thirteen strings and looks something like a zither, except it is five feet long and approximately one foot wide, the top sounding board slightly convex in shape. The six string *wagon* is the early predecessor of the *koto* and its tuning is of very great interest to musicologists and anthropologists alike. The strings are tuned D-E-G-A-B-D (ascending). These five different tones (plus the octave "D") comprise the pentatonic folk scale which has been found in all folk cultures, including those of the West! The fact that the pentatonic folk scale has appeared in all lands does not necessarily confirm the Tower of Babel, but it does show a certain aesthetic uniformity in all humans of this earth. The *kagura-bue,* the aforementioned six-hole flute, has this same basic scale carved into its structure.

The difference, then, between Western and Eastern music is *not* fundamental, but in their respective developments. The Western scales have added notes of larger interval relations while the Eastern contracted to half-tones and quarter-tones (by Western standards). Western music became involved in harmony — two, three, and four-part support of the melody, whereas the Eastern maintained the thin-line approach and did not develop a harmony as such. Their rhythm, rather than expanding into more obvious meters and more regular rhythmic patterns, contracted instead to more complex permutations which give the effect of timelessness or "off-balance," as may be seen in the accompaniment to the Noh Drama. Extreme restraint rather than romantic largeness characterizes the Eastern sound — but it is still fundamentally related to the West. The flutes are capable of playing quarter-tones that are impossible on Western instruments, unless the player is only in his third week of instruction. The pitch relationships are very much refined in Eastern music and consequently the listener must refine his ears accordingly in order to appreciate this subtle distinction in tone.

Anything may be strange or "far-out" if one does little to acquaint himself with the similarities with and differences from that which he knows.

The most easily digested at first of all of these instruments is probably the *koto* and then the *shamisen* and the various flutes. If this short discourse has stimulated an interest in Japanese music, please remember to keep an open mind and a sharp ear. There are several albums available that give good anthologies of Japanese music — folk, religious, Imperial, and popular.

Agony in a Garden

DAVID JEFFERY

Sing to me softly my Muse
While on our hearts a lantern hang.

I

And it came to pass
That in those days
A Saviour walked by night
Tending his flocks of sheep
That grazed along the banks of distant snows.

O look he comes and now he is and off he goes!

Who?
By which road or rule?
Where?

By his grace or by that stair?
By the way of one upon the crucifix at dawn
Or through the Hell of night that shields the Bear,
But makes it known in other light
To be the helpless timid fawn?

David Jeffery is a senior English major.

They say . . . It has been written . . . We find
That only one and only one
Can lie upon a cross or sit upon a chair
And that the food we eat and the clothes we wear
Are but the price of battles won and battles won
And battles fought with sword and teeth and tongue.

Silent reigns in Sanskrit the hand unmouthed,
The arm whose banner is a cross
And glory in defeat is our salvation;
Beneath warm ashes under stone,
Between loose cinders under stone
The dead seas roll the tale
Of one who wars with open wounds
The wars of reverence and love
Sipping from a dusty chalice the passion of his blood.

All — all this for one
Who sulks within his lair or one
Who puts the miter on a hair
Then sits alone but always stands
Beside the Seat
Of churches here, cathedrals there.

II

The snow that fell the night before
Lay sprawled and easy on the floor
The window, roof, and even door.

I buffed the powder with my feet
As though to pave a milky street
To where I thought my friends would meet.

We met and no one spoke a word
But that he stopped and stared, all heard
The message of the Holy Bird.

I wondered if the tongue of flame
Above my head would ever tame
The soul that made of life a game.

The others stayed and preached of life
Eternal, never mentioned strife
Who later cut me with her knife.

I walked the milky street back home
But soon forgot the rooster's comb
And with my staff set out for Rome.

And so I say and say it only once
(The Seat alone will stand)
That thou art Peter upon whose Rock
I shall build and reap an angry ounce
And pile rock on top of rock pile,
Placing each cornerstone with a smile
For there will be many such and more to come
To watch the rising and the setting of the sun
Until there be but one for all and all for one.

III

Enough!
That is the way
It all began
That is the way
It all will end,
Spinning the bottle
From man to man,
Point it to Peter
God damn . . . Slam
Snuff!

The earth will mend
Itself of broken bones
And broken men
Whose wills no longer
Will to bend
But break
And breaking break again.

For time and space is ours
And ours alone to tend.

IV

With hours alone to tend
I tend these hours alone
Shuffling through the scraps of bone

The hour is come I cry the hour is come!

But I'd rather be alone in truth
As any other way,
Counting the raindrops as they say
Drip drip pling puddle

You may go wading in the universe
And walk the waters of current thought.

For I am waging a war with the world
On the ends and the odds of a beaten shore
Where sweat beads deep upon the brow
And the blind are being led by the blind
Beneath an olive tree beneath the sea
Over the palms in a market place,
The thriving dignity of my race
Writhing in agony on a tree;
And though I be the voice of one
The eyes of he weeping in a desert,
Though I am the one or am the other
Though I am a friend a father or a brother
Though I be a blending of all three
I will not will thy will
My clay compounded on a hill
Compounded back in clay
My soul deprived of intellect and will,
Am slowly being lifted out of day
The sweat beads deepening on my brow . . .

Yet thou art host and I thy only guest
Invited by thy grace to kneel and sup
And spend what's left of night my soul
To rest within the bosom and breathing of time,
(The all mighty and all precious minute)
I must hide and seek the minute
And forever be lost in it.

But go and do gentle with this one and that
And have patience and cheer when removing your hat.

For me there is another path
That leads a way,
I do not think
I cannot see
I shall not stay

The hour is come I cry the hour!

For me the rain is dry
But why the shining of a sun
Before my week-end hour is come,
Why the pain the sponge and still more rain
Before my victory is won?

The hour is come I cry!

While here I stand
A shepherd's watch of lonely hours
Tending alone
The stand of hours on their end.

V

As a wave a wind has worn
Against the shoal and over the coral reefs,
As a wave a wind has thrown
Before the world, lies in desperation
Naked upon some beach for observation,
Writhing and spuming (seduced in foam)
The dry sands drinking its circulation
Till a calm broods where no breathing is,
Brooding I what my station is
Give in and within the green ways of His
Draining my tides in the dry dust remaining
Washing the old in the wash of the new.

As an old goat lapping the water's edge,
And the song of a wind echoing . . .

Now as you stand between
The ill-set ways to pray and grope,
The Seat alone will stand on end
For ends to come. Among the coals
A candled flame will singe the bitter hopes
Of broken men and busted souls.
Alone and lonely will rise the Seat of Seats
Above the skies of space and time.

O then O God O love
And only then
Pass me thy cup and chalice of sin:

Let us pray
There walks a Hope in sandaled feet
Above the rising snow

Let us pray
He tends his sheep within a glen
Where living waters flow

And the Word be known.

The Masculine Muse in *Tom Jones*

THOMAS J. BRAZAITIS

I. An introduction to the work, in which the topic of discussion is revealed.

Your humble scribe has just completed the arduous project of reading Henry Fielding's *Tom Jones,* a novel which W. Somerset Maugham lists as one of the ten greatest novels of the English speaking world, a book so extraordinarily long that many editors have elected to publish it in two and sometimes three volumes. Yet, notwithstanding its 886 pages, the reader wishes it were twice the length, for such a captivating power.

However, now it is time for the reader himself to become writer and to analyze Fielding's volume with whatever meager skill a mere collegian can conjure. This treatise requires a short prologue, first to explain its goal and secondly to outline briefly the format and the reason for its selection.

The reader of this paper, then, should be acquainted with the topic under discussion, which here is the "Masculine Muse." Lest this appellation raise some unanswerable questions for the reader, it should be remembered that this paper should show why *Tom Jones* is a novel written to suit a man's tastes; that it is, in fact, a man's novel.

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The reader would do well to remember that the paper is practically undocumented, that its contents emit almost solely from the writer's reading of the novel itself and in no way reflect the opinion of learned scholars, although the final chapter includes a word from the critics.

The form of the treatise is familiar enough to any who have taken a cursory view of the book itself. Fielding's division of his novel into Books and Chapters so attracted the writer that he has copied the original, however unsuccessfully, in this review.

Having thus set down the aims and method of the paper, we can conveniently close this introductory chapter. The writer, and it is hoped the reader, is now anxious to embark on a journey through the pages of *Tom Jones,* by which he hopes to show clearly that Fielding was influenced to no small degree by the "Masculine Muse."

II. A discussion of the bastard of the piece, Tom Jones.

Perhaps it is too obvious to need expression, but it would seem that the leading figure, the hero, of a novel which appeals to the masculine reader must *per force* be himself a male. Furthermore, he should be what Hollywood has been wont to call a "man's man," a kind of intellectual John Wayne. Unlike his early Victorian antecedents, Fielding has chosen such a man for the top spot in his novel. Had he wished, again like Thackeray and company, to moralize through story telling, he might have made Tom Jones a kind of moral prude, an unreproachable paragon of virtue. Happily, Fielding's over-riding concern is not moralizing, but showing the progression of a man from the wildness of youthful passion to the emergence of prudence, all the while telling a delightful story which would stand quite comfortably next to a modern-day novel in point of freedom with moral issues.

Tom Jones, then, is a character in whom the forces of good and evil are most engagingly blended. His appearance is the comeliest, his parts most admirable. If he slides into moral laxity upon occasion, it is only his youthful vigor and unchecked passion that are to blame. He lacks but religion and prudence to polish the natural goodness within him.

Because like the little girl with the curl, Tom is often very, very good, but sometimes horrid, he is an ideal hero for a masculine novel. If at least part of the pleasure in reading a novel is identification with the leading figure, then the male reader will have little difficulty attaching himself to Tom Jones.

Despite the sentimentality that Jones continually displays (let us here cite two instances for the doubting reader: 1) When he tells Dowling

" . . . 'I feel — I feel my innocence, my friend; and would not part with that feeling for the world' "; and 2) upon hearing the story of Mrs. Miller's cousin, " 'Your cousin's account, madam,' said he, 'hath given me a sensation more pleasing than I have ever known.' ") Jones is a man of near epic proportions when he is called upon to defend his honor or the virtue (however questionable) of a lady. Jones is never hesitant about *tete-a-tete* combat. Fielding in each instance is especially careful to mention how Jones rushes into the fray without ever stopping to consider that he himself might be in danger. For instance, when Molly Seagrim engages in an heroic struggle (Book IV, Chapter VIII) with Goody Brown and some angry parishioners, Jones fortunately comes to her aid. Witness Tom's reaction to a belle in distress:

> 'Who, who?' cries Tom; but without waiting for an answer, having discovered the features of his Molly through all the discomposure in which they now were, he hastily alighted, turned his horse loose, and, leaping over the wall, ran to her. . . . Tom raved like a madman, beat his breast, tore his hair, stamped on the ground, and vowed the utmost vengeance on all who had been concerned.

Again when Mrs. Waters is under attack by the Ensign Northerton, Jones leaps into action like a man possessed.

> Jones listened a moment, and then, without saying a word to his companion, ran or rather slid, down the hill, and, without the least apprehension or concern for his own safety, made directly to the thicket whence the sound had issued.

And indeed he was possessed — of the stuff that makes a Henry V or an Audie Murphy. Jones is an act first-ask questions later man. Fielding is careful to contrast him, first with Blifil, who scorns the thought of engaging in a struggle to preserve the vulgar Moll Seagrim; later with Partridge in the encounters with the Man of the Hill and the highwayman. Jones in all instances displays brilliant mettle fit to be included among the Arthurian Knights or even the Untouchables.

A moral paragon he is not. But then who is? Perhaps these moral shortcomings are what most endear the central character to the male reader. When Jones becomes involved with a veritable harem of assorted women, the reader recognizes the human frailty of the man. Jones is a victim of a driving passion that often obliterates his reason. In this way he is perhaps too near our own selves. Who is it who would have erred the night before had he been possessed of the realization of the morning after? This classic balancing of good intentions and the overpowering force of temptation makes Jones more than a hero of a novel; he becomes, in fact, a human being, one of the boys.

Surely a discussion of Tom Jones with relation to his appeal for the masculine reader could be continued for several pages more had not the writer already been convinced that the point has been clearly shown —

Jones is a "man's man" and an altogether proper hero for a man's book. With this assurance, we leave Jones for the moment, knowing that he must appear again, turning our attention to Squire Western. For this, we will require another chapter.

III. Squire Western is discussed in contrast with his antithesis Squire Allworthy.

If this reader has ever before encountered a character as boisterously humorous as Squire Western, he can remember no such instance. Western is a superbly comic figure, a drunken fox-hunting bully whose one redeeming virtue is his love for his daughter.

Western is a country squire, who will have none of the foppery of big-city nobles and their city virtues. There is nothing more inviting for the Squire than the call of the hunt; nothing more precious than his dogs and horse (though he loves his daughter dearly); and nothing more certain to him but that education is the ruination of women, that a daughter is subject in every particular to her father, and that there is nothing more despicable than a woman trying to control a man. Had not his sister been the possessor of a fine estate which he knew would come to his inheritance he would never have opened an ear to her instructions. But wealth was in close contention with hunting for first place in his heart; and to further the attainment of wealth, all persecution, even at the hands of a woman, was too little a sacrifice.

In the strictest sense, Western would have to be labeled a "low" character. He is one of the few protagonists in literature who can induce the reader to laugh aloud. It is primarily the simplemindedness of the country Squire and the complete lack of reserve in his expression that warms the reader to him. Though a squire, he speaks in the vulgar tongue and punctuates his sentences with four-lettered exclamations. In short, he says what he thinks, whenever he thinks it. When Western's opposite, Squire Allworthy, innocently suggests to him that Jones will be "'sensible of your great merit,'" and will "'use his best endeavours to deserve it,'" Western answers unabashedly in front of Sophia, as follows:

> — 'His best endeavours!' cries Western; 'that he will, I warrant un. — Harkee, Allworthy, I'll bet thee five pounds to a crown we have a boy to-morrow nine months.

Allworthy is goodness personified. He is so good he is irksome. Had Allworthy been the hero of the piece, any man worthy of the name would soon cast the book aside as "gospel talk." Thankfully Allworthy is not the main character, for his moral perfection is sleep provoking. In contrast, Squire Western adds spice to the volume. He and Partridge are comic

figures *par excellance.* As we have not yet mentioned this man Partridge, let us conclude the present chapter and devote the next to the jocular personage who is nearly as comical as he is cowardly, the unforgettable Partridge.

IV. An Eighteenth Century Falstaff revealed.

If ever a character smacked of the Shakesperian influence, it is Fielding's Mr. Benjamin, more often referred to as Partridge. It is generally conceded that of all Shakespeare's comic characters none came off so delightfully well as Falstaff, the much beloved cowardly soldier man of the King Henry IV and V plays. The parallels between Falstaff and Partridge are too numerous and exact to have been coincidental. There is not an Army man alive who can fail to sympathize with the Falstaffian character, whether it be Shakespeare's or Fielding's.

When Partridge is exhorting Jones to forget his noble but foolhardy notions about going to the wars, he most nearly approaches Falstaff's sentiment that "discretion is the better part of valor." To best convey the likable coward, we here quote two passages in which Partridge argues against going to battle.

> 'Nothing can be more likely to happen than death to men who go into battle. Perhaps we shall both fall in it — and what then?' — 'What then?' replied Partridge; 'why, then there is an end of us, is there not? when I am gone, all is over with me. What matters the cause to me, or who gets the victory, if I am killed? I shall never enjoy any advantage from it. What are all the ringing of bells and bonfires to one that is six foot under ground? there will be an end of poor Partridge.'
>
> . . . 'but there is a great difference between dying in one's bed a great many years hence, like a good Christian, with all our friends crying about us, and being shot to-day or to-morrow like a mad dog; or, perhaps, hacked in twenty pieces with the sword, and that too before we have repented of all our sins. O Lord, have mercy upon us! to be sure the soldiers are a wicked kind of people. I never loved to have anything to do with them. I could hardly bring myself ever to look upon them as Christians. There is nothing but cursing and swearing among them. I wish your honor would repent; I heartily wish you would repent before it is too late; and not think of going among them. Evil communication corrupts good manners.

The same Partridge sashays into a corner with a gypsy girl with no compunction whatsoever, where they are discovered "in a very improper manner" by the husband of the gypsy. This kind of incident is man's fare. It is unlikely that a female reader would think the incident completely amusing; but to a man, why it makes rollicking reading.

Just as the scenes in which Falstaff appears in *Henry IV* make the most enjoyable reading, so the appearances of Mr. Benjamin are the highlight of Fielding's novel. To illustrate, let us consider the scene (Book XIII,

Chapter IX) in which Jones and Partridge are braving a cold and eerie night in their journey away from Gloucester. En route they fall into a discussion about love.

Jones, as has been mentioned above, is a sentimentalist, but in no single instance more so than about love. He is an impassioned Romeo who cares nothing for the earth save that it houses his precious Juliet, or, as it were, Sophia. But Partridge is a seasoned warrior, bearing many a battle scar got on the fields of matrimony. Fielding, who is fond of contrasts, must have delighted in the extremes represented by the two men as they trudged through the night-shrouded forests. Jones, with a sigh, expresses his deep emotions:

> 'Who knows, Partridge, but the loveliest creature in the universe may have her eyes fixed on that very moon which I behold at this instant?'

To which Partridge answers:

> 'Very likely, sir,' answered Partridge; 'and if my eyes were fixed on a good sirloin of roast beef, the devil might take the moon and her horns into the bargain.'

Jones, certain that Partridge is an unfeeling old man, questions him further, " 'Was your mistress unkind then?' " says he. To which Benjamin retorts:

> — 'Very unkind, indeed, sir; for she married me, and made one of the most confounded wives in the world. However, Heaven be praised, she's gone; and if I believed she was in the moon, according to a book I once read, which teaches that to be the receptacle of departed spirits, I would never look at it for fear of seeing her.'

These passages illustrate the author's mild mockery of sentimentality which pervaded the Eighteenth Century, especially among women. Psychologists agree that romantic notions of love are more important to a woman than a man. The instances of a wife insisting that her husband say aloud "I love you," or continue the playful pre-marital name calling, like "Dumpling" or "Sweetie-pie" are the modern-day woman's way of continuing Eighteenth-Century sentimentalism. Only a man for whom the hot coals of romance have turned to ordinary charcoal when cooled could appreciate Partridge's rejection of these romantic niceties.

However, there are women who rise above the commonplace. Such a woman is the heroine of *Tom Jones*. A fuller discussion of her virtues ensues in the following chapter.

V. In which Sophia is seen as the girl next door, but oh what a girl.

No novel whether it be male-oriented or not would be at all complete without the fairer sex. *Tom Jones* is replete with dames — bawdy ones

like Jenny Jones; pristine ones like Mrs. Western; simple ones like Nancy Miller; and one adorable one in Sophia Western.

Sophia is enough to drive any man to hopeless distraction. This fact may be deduced with assurance by measuring the reaction of those males within the novel itself to her countless outward and inward perfections. There is not a man who comes into proximity with Sophia who does not laud her matchless beauty and angel-like disposition. Jones, of course, is hard smitten by her charms; so is Blifl; and so is Lord Fellamar. She could have had any man she chose. Then, can any reader fail to fall in love with Sophia, who along with her superior beauty has a disposition which scorns the usual womanly tricks of language and manners. She is a worthy object of Jones' adoration, combining the best parts of Elizabeth Taylor, Doris Day and the Mona Lisa.

Though we could continue to enumerate the many charms of the beautiful Sophia *ad infinitum,* we must push our review to its fast-approaching conclusion.

VI. The treatment of women and some conclusions drawn by the reader.

Anyone familiar with *Tom Jones* will agree that the women in the novel, save Sophia, are presented in a light not at all flattering. The bone of contention seems to be the topical passages alluding to the education of women. Wherever a woman goes astray in this book it is because of too much education, or too little, or the wrong kind, or blockheadedness with regard to the proper disposition of educational wares.

Jenny Jones (Mrs. Waters) was the victim of too much education. According to the parishioners, this near contact with books assuredly brought about her moral looseness.

Mrs. Western was not only too much educated, but used her education in all the wrong ways. She, of all the women, is Fielding's buffoon. It is her complete misrepresentation of facts that sparks the supposed match between Blifl and Sophia, which becomes one of the central issues in the book. Her arguments with her domineering brother Squire Western nearly always were resolved in her favor (for he always yielded to the power of her fortune); but her use of power is a mockery on women's education. Over and again she critcizes the Squire for mishandling Sophia's education. If she had been in command, says she, things had been different. Yet the reader cannot but laugh when he realizes that the Squire's bungling in his daughter's upbringing has produced in Sophia the most perfect angel imaginable among the earthly variety of angels.

Sophia herself is admirable to all because she knows that her place as a woman is subservient to that of a man. She synthesizes the teachings of the philosopher Square with the theologian Thwackum, pleasing both. Her attitude toward Jones' unfaithfulness will perhaps shock today's readers, especially should they be women. Her only concerns are her good name and pleasing her father. In more ways than one she reminds the reader of that fair lady of poem and song, Barbara Allen, who died for her good name and her lover.

In short, then, the women of this history are treated like parcel post, bearing the stamp of many a man. Now, doesn't that flatter the male ego?

VII. In which the review is concluded, with recourse to the critics as promised.

It is hoped that in some small way the reader has been influenced by all that has gone before this chapter, to wit, that *Tom Jones* is man's fare, intended primarily for a male audience. But lest the reader think this opinion is that of this writer alone, a confirmation from William Thackeray, writing a century after Fielding, is in order. Says Thackeray:

> Since the author of *Tom Jones* was buried, no writer of fiction among us has been permitted to depict to his utmost power a Man.

Fielding has adhered as closely as possible to a true-to-life depiction of man midst his foibles and failings. This honest appraisal of man and his folly has endeared the author to the hearts of countless readers and will no doubt continue to do so. Critic George Saintsbury cryptically captured the essence of the novel's claim to everlasting greatness when he said:

> Tom Jones is an epic of life — not indeed of the highest, the rarest, the most impassioned of life's scenes and phases, but of the healthy average life of the average natural man; not faultless nor perfect by any means, but human and actual as no one else but Shakespeare has shown him in the mimic world.

On this ecomium, we happily close.

Desert Canto

PHILLIP IANNARELLI

And in our dreams we walked
To the desert of Judea
To find the secret of the cliffs
Rising from pillowed sands,
Sleeping in the earth's breasts.
The caves revealed the cries of Kochba's scrolls
And we sang his songs of war,
We who fought, but can fight no more
Fearing holocaust at our shore.
In frigid evening we left the cliffs
With our burning feet
Trodding, stumbling, writing
Our own scrolls upon the indifferent sands.
The wind followed us, questioned our souls
Whose hollow chambers echo the wind's cry:
What say your scrolls?
Nothing Nothing Nothing
The wind swept past our hearts,
Turned upon the trodded sands,
Shifted
And then in whispers
Erased our scrolls of nothing.

In cruel hunger we found our camp
Couched within the treed oasis
And with craving mouths
We ran from the blessed pool
To the dry bread half hidden in the ancient tent
There on the bread stood
The desert mouse fat and filled
From our food, his ruby eyes
Reflecting the still, untouched pool—
The watery need unknown
In his desert dream.

Phillip Iannarelli is a frequent contributor to the QUARTERLY.

By the shaded pool
Our darkening dreams spoke:
He like us knew not the
Water
Drank not the
Water
Died by the
Water
The water
Feeding the tree of the messianic vision
Reaching upward past
The cliffs and sands to the sun
Knew not
Drank not
Died by
Fastened to time's turning wheel
Repeating Repeating Repeating

The Brown Thistle

J. DAVID KORN

The brown thistle is there.
O, yes, it comes to the young
As does measles and poison ivy

It's there — when mother calls,
When small fingers are forced
Upon the keys and time ticks by
Ever so slowly.

It's there — when father calls,
When small might pushes blades
Over the green and war time must
Be left to friends.

It's there — when school bell calls,
When small brains concentrate
On three's and Spain and week-ends come
But one time only.

It's there — when bed time calls,
When small heads must be still
Upon the down and growing up
Is only tale.

But I will grow up and
O, for sure, the brown thistle
Will wither and die, won't it?

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