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CARROLL QUARTERLY

FALL-WINTER ★ 1952



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Numbers 1 and 2

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The Trade-In

By Robert J. Ciechanski, '48

LIZ PETERSON brushed her hand lightly over the rolling pin to take off the excess flour and then pushed it vigorously over the lump of dough in the middle of the bread board. Now and then she laid the rolling pin aside to prod and nudge the uneven edges of the spreading pie crust into a lopsided circle. Her twenty-two years of baking had failed to dull the enjoyment she got from whipping up Jim's favorite dessert, black raspberry pie, and as her hands moved quickly over the yellow softness she hummed an Irish folk song.

From time to time she paused from her work to look through the open kitchen window and watch Jim as he washed their old car in the backyard. As long as she kept herself busy she liked to watch Jim at work. His gay whistle came faintly through the window keeping time to the sponge as it moved in sweeping arcs over the car, cutting great swaths in the dusty surface and leaving the snowy bubbles behind.

Liz pressed her lips' together in a tight little line and sighed as she thought about the new car. Tomorrow Jim was going down to the agency to sign the papers. She just couldn't put it off any longer. He must be told today! She honestly hadn't meant to wait this long but the new car had been such a big thing with Jim that she just couldn't bring herself to tell him it was all off. A tired smile moved over her face as she remembered her first date with Jim; the bright sparkle in his eyes when he told her about the new car he was going to buy.

"You really have to see it to know what I'm talking about, Liz," he had said eagerly, "its got the smoothest lines of any car on the road today and talk about power! Boy! When that baby takes off it swooshes like those sky rockets on the Fourth of July. Friend of mine in Newberry has one and he says he gets fifteen miles to a gallon. How's that for mileage?"

"Oh, it sounds wonderful," Liz had said, frantically trying to remember some of the car talk her father used at the kitchen table,

but all she could remember were words like clutch and rings and timing. Things that she knew nothing about.

"Yessir, even with a heavy duty transmission and double gauge body the salesman says it'll still do sixty miles an hour without any trouble. Did you ever go sixty miles an hour, Liz?"

"No. I never did," answered Liz. "I think I'd be afraid to go that fast, Jimmy."

"Oh, it's not scary," he had scoffed, "It's just exciting. Your heart beats so fast you can hardly breathe and everything along the road shoots by so quick that it's just a blur."

"I think I know how that feels," Liz had answered shyly. Everytime Jim's hand brushed hers she felt that way. It was a wonderful, wonderful feeling.

"I'll take good care of it too," he continued, his mind thoroughly absorbed in the new car. "You won't catch me railroading a car that I've been working and saving for ever since I was fifteen." His eyes glowed with anticipation as he said, "I'll wash it twice a week and polish it up so bright that you won't be able to stand looking at it."

She could almost hear the eagerness in his voice now, as if their twenty-two married years had never been. That car had never materialized and neither of them had the chance to go sixty miles an hour for quite a while. From that first date they seemed to hit it off just right and instead of buying a car Jim bought a house because he said it was more important for married people to own a home, especially when you wanted to have children.

In two years they had children, a boy first and then a year later, two beautiful twin girls. It wasn't until the girls were three years old that the Petersons managed to scrape enough together to buy a car. Not a new one—they couldn't afford that; they had to settle for a four-year old used model. The engine was in pretty fair shape and Jim worked on it evenings when he came home from the mill until it ran as quietly and shone as brightly as some of the new cars their friends had. Still, it fell far short of the car that Jim had his heart set on, so they started saving for a new one. Every extra nickel and dime that they could glean from the already skimpy family budget went into the new car fund. Then the accident happened.

Liz had the soft dough rolled to just about the right size and thickness and lifting the yellow sheet carefully she gently eased and

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fitted the pastry into the waiting pie pan. Next she mixed sugar, flour, and cinnamon lightly through a large bowl of gleaming black raspberries and poured them into the pie shell until the fat berries ran over the sides and spilled out on the bread board. After dotting the berries with small bits of butter, Liz criss-crossed strips of dough over the black mound and firmly pressed the overlapping ends to the edge of the pie shell with the tines of a fork. Through the window she could see Jim rinsing the soapy water off the car with the hose and as she watched him limp around to the other side of the car she felt the familiar knot tighten in her throat, just as it always did when she thought of Jim's legs.

Fifteen years was too long to be bitter about the accident but no matter how often Liz told herself that, the knot still returned. In nightmares she still lived the terror that gripped her the day Jim's foreman had called and told her that Jim had been hurt. A stack of metal boxes piled carelessly next to Jim's machine had been knocked over by a swinging crane and had come crashing down on top of him as he bent over his work. There had been a series of major and minor operations that she helped pray to success and the doctors managed to save both of Jim's legs. But the two years that he lost from work and the staggering medical bills had wiped out the new car fund and had ruttled them firmly in debt. As soon as Jim was able to get back on his feet he took part time work as well as his regular mill job and by scrimping tightly they somehow managed to clear away the bills.

Then, five years ago they bought the used car that Jim was washing now. It was sort of a compromise because they couldn't really afford it, but Jim Jr. and the girls wanted a car so badly that they decided to pool the family's savings and take the step.

Now that the twins were married and Jim Jr. was in the army, Liz and Jim were all alone. They had some money saved and the house was paid off so they made plans for buying a new car. In fact, the new car had been in all their conversations for the past month. Twice a week they visited the various new car agencies and listened while the salesmen talked in their assured way about the superior features of the new car they sold. Liz felt her heart warm when she remembered Jim's excitement as he inspected the shiny cars thoroughly, looking at the complicated engines, rapping the

fenders with his knuckles and running his work-hardened hands over the crisp, whispering upholstery. They made their decision last week. It was Jim's decision really; Liz just waited for the right moment and then nodded her head.

It was the very next day that Liz went to see her doctor. She hadn't been feeling well lately and not wanting to worry Jim she didn't tell him about her appointment. Liz couldn't believe it when the doctor gave her his diagnosis, so she consulted a specialist who confirmed what her doctor had said.

"These things happen Mrs. Peterson," Dr. Benning, the specialist, said, "even after forty it is not as unusual as most people think. While it is true that some such cases are dangerous, I see no reason for you to be alarmed," the doctor continued reassuringly. "You are in good physical condition and with proper medical care you should be able to have your baby in complete safety."

A baby! Liz was delirious with joy, just wait until she told Jim! Oh . . . the car! The plans for the car would have to be postponed, they couldn't afford the car with a baby coming. How would Jim feel about that? If only this had happened a few months earlier, thought Liz, before Jim had come so close to the new car. Just last week they were sitting in the front room looking over the new car folders when Jim sighed and said, "Liz, it just doesn't seem possible that we're actually going to buy a new car. After all our disappointments and the wasted planning that we've done; to be finally this close! It's hard to believe!" He smiled his crooked one-sided smile and said boyishly, "I haven't felt this way since the first Christmas that I can remember, when everything I ever wanted came in an old shoe box wrapped with last year's ribbon."

"I've been that happy Jim," said Liz coming over to sit on the arm of his chair. "Since we've been married I've felt that way many, many times."

"Thanks Liz," said Jim fondling her hand against his cheek. "I think that's what's made our marriage such a good thing for both of us. We've been so busy trying to make each other happy that some of the tough going we've had has really been the happiest times of our lives. After all the times we've been hit we've always managed to stand up a little stronger than before we went down. Still," said Jim, slowly shaking his head, "I never really believed

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that some day we'd have a new car. We even had to cut it kind of close on those secondhand jobs, but still we always managed somehow. This time it looks like nothing is 'going to stop us, Liz. We're going to own a spanking, brand new car."

But that was last week, thought Liz as she shoved the pie into the oven side of the stove, and this is this week. Closing the oven door she pulled a kitchen chair next to the open window and watched Jim as he finished wiping off the car.

Most of all Liz dreaded looking at his face when she told him. He would be shocked of course, she expected that, but would he be disappointed, feel cheated? She didn't know. If he did, Liz would see it. It would be in his face. No matter how hard he might try to hide it, she would know from his face. If Jim resented the child now, if he thought it was a poor trade, the car for the baby, she would never feel the same again, and Liz was afraid of the test. He was so set on a new car this time. It had been so close.

Jim was through with the car now and parked in the backyard shade it looked fresh and cool and sort of relaxed. She watched him as he hung the wet rags and put away the pail. The ladder was carefully folded and tucked underneath the back porch without a sound. She was proud of the quiet way Jim handled tools; even with his bad legs he was never noisy or careless like most men.

Liz watched him as he came up the porch steps and through the kitchen door with that slight hesitation in his walk that made him look as if he had some gum stuck to the bottom of his shoe.

"Boy it's hot out there and am I thirsty!" he said heavily as he picked up a glass and started the water running from the kitchen tap.

"Something wrong, Liz?" Jim asked with concern when he saw her troubled face.

"Jim I've got something to tell you," she said slowly, fumbling with her apron pocket. "Only it's hard for me to begin."

Jim turned the water off and putting the dry glass on the sink pulled a chair from a corner of the kitchen and sat down at the table, across from his wife.

"Well, I've got something to tell you too, Liz, and maybe it would make it easier for you if I got it off my chest first."

Jim pulled a cigarette from his shirt pocket, lit it and blew the smoke from his first puff straight down at the table top before

looking across at his wife and saying, "Liz, I've been doing a lot of serious thinking about the new car for the last couple of days and I wonder if I really want one as much as I thought."

"But . . .," began Liz, wide-eyed.

"Yes I know, honey, I've been wanting a new car all my life but this is the first time I can remember that we've really been out of debt and frankly it feels pretty good."

Liz saw that Jim was picking his words carefully, trying to make sure that she understood how he felt.

"Another thing, suppose some kind of sickness or other emergency came up, like they have a habit of doing? Why we'd be right back where we started. On the other hand, if we hang onto our savings and maybe later buy a newer secondhand car we'd have a bumper against something like that. I've thought about it and thought about it and I've decided to cancel our order, that is if you agree with me. What do you think, Liz?"

"Oh, Jim" Liz said breathlessly, coming over to his side of the table, "I have the most wonderful news for you!"

"Well, what is it? Hey! Don't hug me so tight! Your're choking me," laughed Jim as he slipped one hand around his wife's back. The other hand moved quickly to his back pocket and shoved deeper the letter he took from the morning mail. The bill from the specialist Doctor Benning that read —

Mrs. J. Peterson

Prenatal Exam Amt. Due \$10.00

LINES

Composed On Our Front Porch
While Reading the Sunday Funnies
August, 1951

*People must feel like slicing their gizzards,
When Orphan Annie cries, "Leaping Lizzards!"
And will he return as the months tread by—
That pupil absent from her eye?
Sandy—that cur—with his hackneyed "Arf!"
I'd like to strangle him with my scarf.
And Daddy Warbucks, with your big bald head,
I hope that this time you stay dead.*

—Pat Trese

Undergraduate Ruminations On an Editorial in Time

By Robert Lyons

Days, days are the journey
From wall to wall. And miles
Miles of houses shelter terror.
And we lie chained to their dry roots, O Israel!

—Thomas Merton

HAVING been born into a civilization which I abhor and detest and having been discontent to ignore or rationalize the chaos confronting me, I have found it expedient to cull out of my normal experiences as a student an evaluation of that civilization such as might make intelligible and endurable to me its conflicts. This has resulted in what I might grandly call a thesis. My thesis is that civilization is like the trunk of a young tree into which a wedge, the wedge of unrealistic visions of reality, has gradually been driven; if the wedge is continued, the tree will split asunder and wither and die; or the wedge may be removed, the wound heal, and the tree grow on healthfully. Civilization stands at a fork in the road; the force of its own vitality will impel it to choose one or the other fork, the one leading to a spiritual rejuvenation which will usher in an age more glorious than any in history, the other to a spiritual stultification, an age of animal oblivion. There can be no middle ground: our sick civilization is like a festered boil—it's going to bust.

An editorial, "The Younger Generation," in the November 5 issue of *Time*, reveals not only the sickness, the perversity of values, of contemporary society, but also the fatalistic despair and hunger for hope which characterize it and which indicate the alternative courses that it might take in the future.

... Sociology Professor Carr B. Lavell of George Washington University took one of his students on a fishing trip. He is a brilliant student, president of his class, a big man on campus,

evidently with a bright future in his chosen field, medicine. . . . Why had he gone into medicine? asked the professor. . . . Did he think that a doctor owed some special service to the community? . . . "I'm just like anyone else," said the student. "I just want to prepare myself so that I can get the most out of it for me. I hope to make a lot of money in a hurry. I'd like to retire in about ten years and do the things I really want to do . . . fishing, traveling, taking it easy."

I think we may dare to say that this "brilliant student" is rather warped, judging, that is, from such an absolute standard as the Natural Law. Yet I daresay also that he is perfectly logical, for, unless George Washington University is radically different from those secular universities with which I have had experience, he has been taught that there is no such standard as a Natural Law by which to judge one's actions; that, to the contrary, such "value judgments" are relative to the needs, learning, inculturation, etc. of a given individual at a given time—which is to say that good and evil don't exist at all. And if good and evil don't exist (objectively), then why should a "brilliant student" observe any law other than that of his own making? Why should he not indulge and satisfy himself to the utmost?

" . . . A 28-year-old aerodynamics specialist at Boeing says: 'I hope to work toward an income of \$500 or \$600 a month, after taxes. You know, only on a sliding scale for inflation. I'd just like to net \$600, and then my family would always be O.K.' "

Here is another sensible person, assuming his philosophy of life to be strictly this-worldly. Of course, as he, and so many like him, clamber helter-skelter up the economic ladder, there is the possibility that the ladder will get top-heavy and collapse: nature just isn't built to support everybody in luxury. And just how "O.K." is a family with a ranch-style home in the country, two cars in the garage and a chock-full deep-freeze—not to mention the "essential" bank account? If only such simple comforts as these are necessary for one's 'always being O.K.', then I, for one, am certainly on the wrong track.

. . . The party, celebrating the departure of a University of

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Texas coed who had flunked out, had begun in midafternoon some three hours earlier. In one corner, four tipsily serious coeds tried to revive a passed-out couple with more salty dog (a mixture of gin, grapefruit juice and salt). About 10 p. m., a brunette bounded onto the coffee table, in a limited strip-tease . . .

The members of the younger generation pictured here, as compared with the two presented above, are equally logical and eminently more thorough-going in their life-philosophy. After all, if Darwin, Freud, Watson, et al have shown that man is only an animal organism, then why shouldn't one resign himself to living strictly within the vegetative and sensory precincts of the animal? Anybody who would spend ten years *working* in order to enjoy himself the better has been deceived into the muddle-muddle land of some strange humanitarianism or quasi-naturalism that tries to retain the prudence of a rational animal in the nature of a brute animal. If one is only an animal, he'd better make the most of it while he can.

. . . (young novelists) are precocious technicians, but their books have the air of suspecting that life is long on treachery, short on rewards.

. . . (most writers) suffer from what has become their occupational disease: belief that disappointment is life's only certainty . . .

As products of their society, they are perfectly, justified in such attitudes. They've been taught to place their faith in "science," "progress," "democracy," and to await the golden millenium of their materialistic age; they've found that these deities have brought their creators to the distressing problems of what one is to do while he's waiting to go to war, how one is to live confidently in a society from which has been extracted the very idea of stability and continuity—in short, to the question of why one is to serve these man-made deities which reward their faithful with nothing more than the insubstantial dreams of their creators.

And this despair is precisely the significant fact. Long as one may entertain an unrealistic concept of reality and try to mold his conduct according to it, the fact remains that reality is what it is, that he is distorting and rending the integrity of that reality—of which

he is an integral part!—that his actions are going against the grain of his own nature.

The younger generation is looking for a faith. The fact that it has not found one—that it isn't even sure where to look—is less significant than the fact that it feels the need to believe.

. . . God (whoever or whatever they understand by that word) has once more become a factor in the younger generation's thoughts. . . . It is no longer shockingly unfashionable to discuss God . . .

Here then is the one fork in the road. The worship of the material gods having run its blind-alley course, and human nature yet demanding a worship, what choice has one who will consent his will to these facts than to seek out the spiritual God, and, since Protestantism has been around long enough to have shown its inadequacy, through what more likely medium than the Catholic Church?

. . . Said a professor of sociology: "We spend all our time debunking. We have no heroes, so how can you expect the young people to have any? We destroy them all. . . . Today the only heroes are the ones they can't destroy. And who are those? The heroes of the comic strips?"

I pity the knotted mind of that poor man. He reminds me of the head of the psychology department at a university I attended who professed that the ideal goal of his classroom lecturing was to confuse the students. Yet this is the only intelligent thing to do, debunk, if one's heroes are all in the natural order. But debunking notwithstanding, feeble human nature requires a hero; and if all worldly heroes have been rejected as just more feeble humans, what hero is left to satisfy that human craving?

. . . (the young soldier) is short on ideals, lacks self-reliance, is for personal security at any price. He singularly lacks flame. In spite of this, he makes a good, efficient soldier—relying on superior firepower.

Here is indicated the other fork in the road, submission to Communism and the institution of a truly dark age in the world. Of course, we have superior firepower—as long as that ladder doesn't fall over. Disregarding such natural factors as superior firepower

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and the intentions of Communism, however, civilization might be relieved of such impending calamity simply by choosing the other fork in the road.—Our Lady of Fatima has told us how to convert Russia.

Says one youthful observer who still likes his dreams bigger:

"This generation suffers from lack of worlds to conquer . . ."

This is an outrageous short-sightedness, a vision which apparently cannot discern as legitimate objects of human endeavor anything more than social reform, scientific research, the dissemination of culture to the masses (the pocket-size novel) and other such ultimately inconsequential trivia. To the contrary, history has brought us to the point of realizing anew the greatest adventure of all, the adventure of grace. Surrounding us is a vertible virgin forest of falsity. We are challenged to blaze in that forest a trail of truth, to plot a course for tomorrow's civilization, a Christian civilization, living in a *real* world. Abhor and detest our present civilization though I do, I am nevertheless grateful for having been born into it: it promises one a most interesting life.

*There was a young fellow named Drexel
Who said, "Some day one of these wrecks'll
Start TV a-rotting
With quadrupal spotting
On WEWS or on WNBK or WXEL.*

—Fred McGunagle

¿QUIEN SABE?

*Ephemeral eternities,
Minuscular infinities,
And unforeseen contingencies,
But the month after May is June.*

*5 Summer rain and winter snow,
And swing 'em high and swing 'em low,
Chicken in the bread pan, chicken in the dough,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.
An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,*

*10 Two blocks west to the voting booth,
—And the horrible—awful, bare-faced truth—
But tomorrow's another day.
Music soothes the savage breast;
How far do we go for the history test?*

*15 You'll know when it's over it's all for the best,
For I'm to be Queen of the May
Today,
For I'm to be Queen of the May.*

—Fred McGunagle

NOTES ON ¿QUIEN SABE?

1. As is apparent from the opening stanza, I am endeavoring to portray the plight of the modern soul in a world of mediocrity. Stanza III, or the epode, is in direct refutation to Stanza I.

4. See also Henry, O., *He Also Serves*:

Imperious What's-his-name,
Dead and turned to stone—
No use to write him
Or call him on the phone.

8. "Hi diddle diddle," I:6 This verse has always particularly appealed to me.

10. In 1709, during the War of the Spanish Succession, the village of San Angelo was almost completely destroyed by French artillery. This caused considerable hard feeling for San Angelo was in Italy, more than 500 miles from the scene of the fighting. The question of Papal supremacy was raised, but was dropped for lack of evidence.

11. The common moth, or *Scipio Africanus*.

12. This line is obviously the interpolation of some later author and not myself.

13. In regard to this line, see Ps. LXIII 3:27-34. It has no particular connection with the poem, but it is an excellent passage and one well worth the reading.

Final Examination

English

January, 1952

Mr. Trese

Name _____

(5 points)

1. Contrast the creeping up the stairs in "Christabel" with the creeping down the stairs in the "Eve of St. Agnes." Name the authors and number the stairs in each poem. Where else have we seen stairs in English literature? Quote verbatim my personal opinions concerning carpeting on stairways. (20 points)
2. Enumerate the buttons on Lord Byron's blouse. Trace the development of the button, discussing the "blouse theory" as detailed in J.S.T.P. Babcock's *Byron, Holier Than Thou*. Be sure to include sleeve measurements. (25 points)
3. Briefly state any plausible reason as to why your last book report was not handed in on time. (No credit)
4. Matching: (25 points)

Sonnet	A. Spenser
"I wandered lonely as a cloud"	B. Ted Williams
"I'm tired and I want to go to bed"	C. Arthur Milbanke-Smythe
Stratford-on-Avon	D. Black Bart's girl
Hilda Milbanke-Smythe	E. Byron
"Thirty days hath September"	F. The New York Giants
5. Just who *did* kill Cock Robin? Contrast the character of Cock Robin with Chaucer's famous rooster, Chanticleer. Is the judicial procedure described in this poem consonant with English jurisprudence? List all the kings of England with their dates. What bird do we wish to see knocked from his lofty perch? (25 points)
6. Do you like Taft or Eisenhower? Answer this question carefully as your entire semester grade may depend on it.

Beau's Jest

By Ray Wiemer

THE sun was beating down and it was unbearably hot. It was so hot that even my sweat was sweating. We had nothing to drink but an occasional highball consisting of two parts bourbon and four parts warm camel's milk.

I was leading a small caravan across the Sahara desert, hot on the trail of a priceless relic that had been stolen from the Royal Egyptian Museum in Cairo. It was a marinated camel's hump that had been found in the tomb of King Tut. Why King Tut wanted a marinated camel's hump buried with him is easily explained. He was as nutty as a fruit cake.

The curator of the museum called on me because I was in Cairo doing some work for Mad Man Mohamed, a used camel dealer. He told me the hump was worth at least 100,000 pounds. (In American money, this is approximately fifty tons.)

I picked up the trail in a suburb of Cairo called Shaykir Heights and followed it into the desert. I was positive that the theft was the work of an international ring of camel hump thieves. We were only a few days behind them but we were running out of provisions.

At this point, Abdul, my camel master, came up and said, "Sahib, we are nearing an oasis."

It was a fairly nice oasis which contained a joint called Ahmed's Bar and Grill. The owner was a greasy looking Arab who watered his whiskey. I asked him if any men carrying a marinated camel's hump had passed through his oasis. He answered in Arabic which I, knowing only Greek and Sanskrit, didn't understand; but whatever he said, I could tell he was lying.

When I went into my motel room, I called room service and ordered a double Scotch with an appropriate chaser. (The chaser turned out to be carbonated camel's milk.)

I soon fell asleep and upon awakening, was shocked to find the whole thing a mirage brought on by the bourbon I had been

drinking earlier in the story. Just then Abdul rushed up and cried, "Sahib, the enemy is attacking."

"Humph!" I said calmly. "Tell the bugler to blow the call to battle and have the men form a square."

My small group of red-coated men formed the square and prepared to fend off the attack of some 200,000 battle crazed Fuzzy-Wuzzies.

When the wild eyed leaders of the charge were only fourteen feet away, I gave the command to fire.

We broke the mad charge with a hail of well placed bullets. The natives, their spirit broken, fled in a quandry. (Some rode horses but for the most part they were in a quandry.)

For my extreme bravery in action, I was awarded the Order of the Garter by Gypsy Rose Lee.

In case you were wondering what happened to the marinated camel's hump, I always feel it best to leave the reader guessing, so I will leave you with the words of the immortal Greek teacher, Plato: "Nabisco E Pluribus Flunkem." (Translated: "You buttered your bread, now sleep in it.")

*The poet pointed. "See that star—the one
Within Orion, brightest of them all?
They call it Betelgeuse. To it our sun
Is as a marble to a basketball.
One hundred fifty years ago that light
That flashing through the vacuum meets our view,
Left that star—the light we see tonight.
Before Napoleon went to Waterloo,
That light had on its destined mission been.
One hundred fifty years! Why, it would take—"
I helped him up. He rubbed his aching shin.
"Now that's a stupid place to leave a rake!"*

—Fred McGunagle

The Poetry of Gerald Manley Hopkins

By Robert Toomey

MOST probably content with the thought that the poetry of this half century has shaped itself into a compact enough mold, the critic-historians are localizing it with Thomas Hardy, perhaps terminating it with Karl Shapiro. Gerald Manley Hopkins, the Jesuit poet of the last century, occupies a rather anomalous, if not uncomfortable, position in relation to the rest of the picture. Although solidly entrenched in some of the bigger Victorian anthologies, he seems to be out of focus in the more recent scene. Although his nominal association with the Auden-Spender-Lewis coterie of the 1930's can be overlooked without too much eye-straining, his face from the rear continues to distort the view. The bitter struggle between the followers of socialism and anarchism in much of the poetry of the past twenty years is being brushed off as so much cultish faddism—but, again, Hopkins persists.

The poet can hardly avoid being close to his poetry. This inevitable affinity has precipitated a revolt among the partisan elite. After an enthusiastic briefing on the old mistaken identity theme, they have introduced it into the realm of poetry. Because of its "fascist" label, probably the outstanding example of misrepresentation, the poetry of Ezra Pound, has been outlawed. Centering their sights on the asylum inmate, the powers-that-be are shouting at the top of their offended lungs against even publication of the man's works. But it seems that the revolt is passing and is killing itself off. The more sensitive poets (what poet is not sensitive?) are drifting to a neutral corner, nursing their wounded pride, and beginning to wonder what all the shouting is about. While the dissociated literati play each other's roles, the disappointed fraternity holds T. S. Eliot's last rites, mourning him as the former spokesman of frustration (for the present, revealer of Truth). While some are calling Father Hopkins a Marxist, the fellow travellers are deciding Eliot's political status. (Obviously unaware of his own importance, Eliot reads St.

Thomas.) And the critics, convinced that Hopkins' exegesis of the *Spiritual Exercises* is too self evident for argument, translate his poetry into the *haecceitas* of Duns Scotus.

Father Hopkins has often been called a "modern" poet. He was unknown until his poems were published in 1919, thirty years after his death. According to C. Day Lewis, the event was the most important literary event in England since the advent of the *Lyrical Ballads*. Robert Bridges, his editor, tried to explain some of his poetic technique to the few readers. In the '20's he began to be imitated. Today he has reached his highest point in popularity. *Immortal Diamond*, an important anthology of criticism and explanation by fellow-Jesuits, is the latest addition to the growing list of books about his life and poetry. It is an attempt to clarify Hopkins in the light of both reason and theology.

Hopkins was consciously revolting against the so-called Tennysonian tradition, according to one critic. The tradition was only nominally Tennyson's; its roots were in Italy. After the Elizabethan poets had discovered Petrarch, the tradition flowered in England. The Italian diction was used in the poetry of the sixteenth century, even before the time that the Earl of Oxford was writing Shakespeare's sonnets. The anti-Petrarchian movement, with John Donne in the role of highpriest, was short-lived and soon lost in the welter of the imitative poetry of the next two centuries. Keats and the nineteenth century romantics were imitators of an alien and artificial "lyricism." Today Donne is once again popular.

Hopkins' purpose was to alter this synthetic tradition by reverting to an Anglo-Saxon mode of expression. He studied the origin of words and assimilated the Old and Middle English into his poetry. His purpose was similar to that of Wordsworth—to "adopt the language of the common man." He also re-established a type of poetry whose lines could be spoken as easily and as smoothly as prose. The prose was like prose written as an accompaniment to music. According to Edmund Wilson, Hopkins failed to recognize the essential variance between spoken prose and written poetry. The marriage of prose to poetry would be an incompatible union.

As a scholar and antiquarian, Hopkins seemed to think verse a more primitive technique than prose. As a skilled musician, he recognized the Greek mode as the fusion of verse with music, and

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he attempted to unite verse with the ordinary spoken form. Wilson, who divides the "plasticity" of prose from the "lyricism" of verse, says that Hopkins tried to render the English language more "middle class." Much of middle-class modern poetry is nothing more than "polite prose," says Wilson.

Hopkins fused "color" words and alliterative expressions from the Anglo-Saxon tongue and the Welsh language. All the following words are archaic, but they appear consistently in the poems: *languent, sillion, wychelm, cleped, purflex, plashes, vermeil*, etc. Liquid assonance and alliteration are important additions to some of the phrases, as in "a May Mess," "wild Winch whirl," "morning morning's minion," "daylight's dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn," "pied and peeled May," "Bluebeating and hoary-glow height," "plow down sillion shrine." Rhythm is the salient feature of all his poems. Sprung rhythm is the most-used device; with counterpoint rhythm, logaoedic rhythm, and *outrides*, it functions as the heart of his metric scheme. The verse itself is made "elliptic" by the author's reversal of the traditional word order and his frequent omission of the relative pronoun. In the sonnet "Spelt from Sibyl's Leaves," he lengthens the line in addition to the poetic feet, making the whole a series of stresses:

*Earnest, earthless, equal, attuneable, vaulty, voluminous, . . .
stupendous*

*Evening strains to be time's vast, womb-of-all, home-of-all,
hearse-of-all night.*

*Her fond yellow hornlight wound to the west, her wild hollow
hoarlight hung to the height*

*Waste; her earliest stars, earl-stars, stars principal overbent us,
Fire-featuring heaven. For earth her being has unground, her
dapple is at an end, . . .*

"Design, pattern, or what I am in the habit of calling *inscape*" is the definition he gives to his most difficult concept of the world of individual beings. Austin Warren explains the peculiar evolution of *inscape* as a concept: "Any kind of formal or focussed view, any pattern discerned in the natural world moves from sense-perceived pattern to inner form." It is at the very center of living things:

Nature is never spent;

There lives the dearest freshness deep down things; . . .

In "The Wreck of the Deutschland," the poet expresses his religious ideal. The first stanza is addressed to God:

*Thou mastering me
God! giver of breath and bread;
World's strand, sway of the sea;
Lord of living and dead
Thou hast bound bones and veins in me, fastened me flesh,
And after it almost unmade, what with dread,
Thy doing: and dost thou touch me afresh?
Over again I feel thy finger and find thee.*

Before he had written this, Hopkins had been in voluntary silence for seven years. His problem was similar to that of Thomas Merton, who saw the writing of poetry as a hindrance to the interior life. It was with complete understanding of the plight of the religious that Hopkins could write of his own spiritual aridity.

*No worst, there is none. Pitched past pitch of grief
More pangs will, schooled at forepangs, wilder wring.
Comforter, where, where is your comforting?
Mary, mother of us, where is your relief?
My cries heave, herds-long; huddle in a main, a chief
Woe, world-sorrow; on an age-old anvil wince and sing—
Then lull, then leave off.*

Not necessarily a "nature" poet, Hopkins nevertheless was fond of images that were somehow alive. He could write with feeling about

*limber liquid youth, that to all I teach
Yields tender as a pushed peach,*

or of the

*sweet especial rural scene,
Rural scene, a rural scene,
Sweet especial rural scene.*

It was in and through a changeable universe that he saw God as immutable. And it was in animate nature that he saw the substantial mystery of all visible reality.

BOOK REVIEWS

Wordsworth Centenary Studies Presented at Cornell and Princeton Universities, by Douglas Bush, Frederick A. Pottle, Earl Leslie Griggs, John Crowe Ransom, B. Ifor Evans, Lionel Trilling, Willard L. Sperry. Edited by Gilbert T. Dunklin.

Centering about the theme of Wordsworth's importance to the modern reader, this short volume consists of six lectures and a sermon delivered at the Wordsworth Centenary Celebrations held at Princeton and Cornell Universities, April 21 through 23, 1950. It is a sampling of the informal exchange of opinion among the scholars and critics invited to attend the meetings and represents different points of view often resulting in sharp disagreement. The lectures provide an excellent means for the revaluation of the importance of Wordsworth as a poet and critic, besides supplying several snippets of previously unpublished documentary literature.

The discussions are started by Professor Bush who, in his "Minority Report," points out several alleged deficiencies in Wordsworth: first, a failure to suspect human nature of evil; secondly, a disregard of the misery in life; thirdly, a fear of increasing mechanization; and finally, a distrust of the exclusively scientific point of view. Above all, Professor Bush voices the theme of the discussions: "Is Wordsworth still—for us—a great poet?" His lecture becomes the pivot around which the other critical evaluations revolve.

Professor Pottle's "The Eye and the Object in the Poetry of Wordsworth" is, as he tells us, "descriptive rather than judicial." His observations are built upon two statements from the 1800 Preface, the one dealing with "emotion recollected in tranquillity" and the other regarding the poet "looking steadily at the object." In discussing the relationship between the two statements and their apparent contradiction, Professor Pottle traces again the line drawn by Wordsworth between imagination and fancy. In one of the most interesting segments of the entire volume, Professor Pottle,

using the journals of Dorothy Wordsworth, analyzes the lines "I wandered lonely as a cloud" by citing the transition from the initial experience to the completed poetic form. His interpretation of Wordsworth's use of the imagination is demonstrated again in his perceptive study of "The Solitary Reaper." Both poems are reprinted at the end of his lecture for convenient reference.

Another interesting lecture is "The European Problem" which was delivered by Professor Evans, who also served as Wordsworthian ambassador from the Grasmere celebration under the direction of Professor Helen Darbishire and the Trustees of Dove Cottage. While investigating the European problem, Professor Evans seems to discount the poet both as a political theorist and as a constructive thinker. He compares the poetry of Wordsworth and Coleridge—unlike Professor Griggs who discusses the two poets' conflicting opinions on criticism in his lecture, "Wordsworth through Coleridge's Eyes." In "The European Problem" Professor Evans alludes to Wordsworth's stubborn reaction to the French Revolution and the Reform Bill, explaining the poet's changing point of view by the influence of Sir George Beaumont. Professor Evans believes that the supreme achievement of Wordsworth's art, which he terms "empirical mysticism," is still accessible and necessary to the modern reader.

Violently disagreeing with those who stress the non-Christian aspects of Wordsworth's thought, Professor Trilling in his "Wordsworth and the Iron Time" singles out for inspection several elements in the poet's work which not only can be identified as Christian but also lie at the core of his belief. Wordsworth, he says, is for us too Christian a poet, and he ascribes the incompatibility between Wordsworth and the modern temperament to our modern unsympathetic feeling. Drawing the illustrations for his arguments from the poetry and fiction of Europe and America during the last century, he contrasts the calm and quiet life of Wordsworth, his reverence for the things of common life, with "the modern passion for the heroic ultimate."

As it did the Princeton Centennial, Dean Sperry's sermon on Wordsworth's religion concludes the volume. In a brief, but telling, argument against certain widely held opinions concerning the

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poet's beliefs, he warns against identifying Wordsworth's religion with either pantheism or quietism. Dean Sperry ends the discussions on an assuring note, showing the poet's trust in things to come, his faith in "that secret spirit of humanity," and his faith in

the one
Surpassing Life, which out of space and time,
Nor touched by welterings of passion, is
And hath the name of God.

Typographically the book is well done with an attractive binding and clear, legible type—often a rarity among works of critical study. The lectures are not over-long. A comprehensive introduction by Professor Dunklin and a complete index round off a tidy, 170-paged volume.

The lectures by Professors Ransom and Trilling were published in the 1950 summer issue of the *Kenyon Review*. Professor Pottle's lecture appeared in the 1950 autumn issue of the *Yale Review*. Dean Sperry's sermon on Wordsworth's religion was preached at the Princeton University Chapel on Sunday, April 23, 1950.

—Pat Trese

Immortal Diamond, Studies in Gerald Manley Hopkins, edited by Norman Weyand, S.J.

Many books have been written on the life and works of Gerald Manley Hopkins, but perhaps the most comprehensive and accurate criticism may be found in one volume, *Immortal Diamond*, edited by Norman Weyand, S.J. It is a compilation of eleven essays by competent poetry critics who were also Hopkins' brothers in religion, and who, therefore, could cast more light on his priestly character and ideals than secular critics. The latter with their psychiatrically-tinged magnifying glasses tend to regard him as a frustrated neurotic, gifted but extremely repressed, and hampered by Jesuit restrictions from reaching Parnassian heights. Father Weyand and his colleagues paint a truer, more realistic picture.

Besides these eleven essays, the book carries about forty pages of newspaper articles which formed the historical basis of Hopkins'

longest works, "Wreck of the Deutschland" and "Loss of the Eurydice." These notes add much to the understanding of the poems.

A complete Hopkins bibliography is another worthwhile feature: there are four pages on writings *by* G. M. Hopkins, and approximately 40 pages (579 references) *about* the poet. This is a valuable store of information for students. Judging by the writings published since 1930, his popularity has surely sky-rocketed during the past twenty years; which is as it should be.

The life of Gerald Manley Hopkins is one of the most outstanding success stories in English literature and an inspiration to us in these troubled times. What a relief to contrast his efforts and achievements against the misdirected energies of other literary geniuses. To those who deplore his unconventional presentations it might well be remembered that Hopkins died comparatively young; that he placed more value on his priestly duties than those of a poet; but that what he accomplished in both roles is monumental!

He was a perfectionist of the highest magnitude, compelled always to strive for goals which seemed unattainable. This consciousness of limitations, this "frustration" so evident in some of his sonnets is not an uncommon human experience, although perhaps it is less poignantly felt or expressed by more phlegmatic temperaments. In Chapter V, Father Chester Burns, S.J., enlarges upon the theme of ascetic and aesthetic conflict, and shows how important it is to evaluate this poet correctly.

The major portion of the book is dedicated to studies of Hopkins' versifications. His works are "different" and to the uninitiated may prove obscure. Hopkins was well-versed in classical forms and wrote prize poetry from an early age, but his restless nature led him further to unusual verse experimentation. His achievements in "inscape" and new rhythms, his attention to meaningful vocabulary and alliterative devices have had their influence on modern British and American poetry. True, Hopkins was a poet's poet, and lengthy discussions on his elaborate verse technique, such as described in Father Walter Ong's scholarly essay, may not prove popular. But there is so much of Hopkins' poetry, especially in his

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nature sonnets, that can be appreciated by the average reader. The poet's sensitivity to beauty and intense emotion are very evident throughout his predominately religious verse. He skilfully blended concrete, sensuous imagery with the metaphysical. He seemed to revel in the beauty of created things and expressed his love and praise of them with an almost vociferous exuberance, but ultimately he always aspired to correlate the natural with the supernatural—the immortal.

"Give beauty back . . . back to God." ("The Golden Echo")

Those who take the time to understand Gerald Manley Hopkins will find it a rewarding experience. An elucidating and helpful guide will be found in the interpretive glossary of this useful book.

On the whole, *Immortal Diamond* is enjoyable, profitable reading and, no doubt, will make new friends for the very interesting and very likeable Father Hopkins.

—Ethel Pikna

Et Sequitur

*Ignatius, to save the Church in its
Most dark hour, founded the Jesuits;
And that's why I've got, sad to say,
That lousy Logic test today.*

—Fred McGunagle