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John Carroll University

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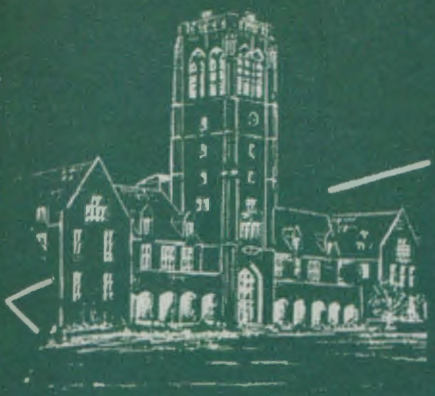

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The Carroll Quarterly *is published by an undergraduate staff at John Carroll University to encourage literary expression among students of the University. Consideration will be given articles submitted by students, alumni, and faculty.*

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Editor's Preface

A DECADE AGO, in the Winter of 1947, Carroll's late president, the Very Rev. Frederick E. Welfle, S.J., wrote in the first edition of the *Carroll Quarterly:*

> Few periods in recorded history have so gravely needed the wisdom and spiritual guidance that the heritage of Catholicism affords as does the atomic age. This age needs leaders. Leaders must be vocal . . . We at John Carroll recognize the seriousness of our mission in educating young men for this difficult environment. Accordingly we are earnestly ambitious to provide facilities of . . . extracurricular enlargement that will . . . contribute to Christian harmony in the world at large. The founding of the *Carroll Quarterly* should be appreciated as a solicitude of this sort. Without pretense that the successive issues will solve the cosmic cryptogram for a bewildered humanity, it nonetheless supplies a significant opportunity for the student to develop himself in that indispensable adjunct of the successful leader — facility in language. . . .

This Anniversary Anthology is intended to show in retrospect how successfully the *Quarterly* has accomplished its goal. The editors have selected writings representative of the content of each of the magazine's ten volumes, though in order to eliminate an inevitable disproportion the longest of the *Quarterly* writings have been excluded. Similarly, though the poems printed were chosen from a pool of the best, in some instances the final selection was based on the compatibility of a poem with the space available for it.

Volume 1, Number 3 — Summer, 1948

Religion at John Carroll

by James J. McQuade, S.J.

I SHOULD like to begin this exposition of the place of the department of religion at John Carroll University somewhat after the manner of G. K. Chesterton, that is, by pointing out that John Carroll is a Catholic university. It has to be pointed out periodically for the simple reason, to continue the great Chestertonian theme, that it belongs to the category of the obvious — and the obvious is the most difficult of things to see.

Were I to launch out into a discussion of what a Catholic university is, I should be led too far afield. John Henry Cardinal Newman has performed that feat, and it took him a whole book in which to do it. We shall simply accept what he has written and go on from there.

Some things, however, must be said about a Catholic university, and one of them is that it is Catholic. Catholicism is a name given to integral Christianity, to complete Christianity, to the whole of Christianity, nothing at all excepted and no reservations made. A Catholic university is one that is under the complete domination of the absolute truth of Catholicism.

Another obvious thing about a Catholic university is that the adjective, Catholic, modifies the noun, university, the whole university, no part of it excepted, no part of it independent of or outside of the permeating effects of Catholicism.

Finally there is the fact that a Catholic university is truly a university. It is universal in the scope of learning it wishes to impart. It enters by profession all the branches of study, and it seeks to bring them all together in the unity of objective truth. All the various colleges and schools of a university are one, simply because truth is one; and what is true in one department is true in another. What is true in the department of physics is true in the department of chemistry. The principles taught in philosophy are equally applicable to the field of biology or religion. A university must necessarily be a unity; it must act as *one*.

It is always amusing to one who is associated with a Catholic university to see that lack of any such unity in the non-sectarian institutions of education. When a department of biology is teaching science directly contrary to what is taught in the department of religion, we must be pardoned for concluding that they have either a stupid department of religion or a stupid department of biology. We might, indeed, say that they

have two stupid departments and let it go at that. The "academic freedom" that tolerates such stupidity can only be freedom; it cannot be academic.

A university embraces all the fields of learning, and all the fields of learning make up the university— another obvious matter made difficult by its own transparency. Each department must take its place in the hierarchy of learning that makes up the university as a whole. The departments are for the university. Their existence is due to an administrative arrangement made to increase the efficiency whereby the university carries on its work: the discovery and the imparting of truth.

And there is a hierarchy of studies. Some branches have material of greater dignity; others, objects of lesser dignity. Life as studied in biology, for instance, is a subject more noble than the mere inanimate elements which make up the matter of the study of chemistry. Also, some branches attain to certitude in their pursuit of truth, an accomplishment which gives them a certain higher standing than others which often deal almost entirely in matters of opinion and probability. The metaphysical certitude attained in philosophy, for instance, is of a higher order than the physical certitudes attained in physics. This latter, in turn, is of a higher order than the certitudes which are attained in much of history and sociology, whereas others still are concerned largely with matters of opinion, such as literary criticism or political science.

Theology, however, attains a certitude that is above that of any other science, the certitude of faith, and deals with an object that is above every other object: God Himself.

We do not have a department of theology at John Carroll. We have a department of religion. The distinction, obvious though it be, must not be missed. It is somewhat like the distinction between a medical school and a department of physical hygiene. The medical school provides the tools for medical research and leads its students to a professional and scientific attitude toward human health. A department of hygiene, on the other hand, leads its students to a practical knowledge of the personal applications of the larger study of medicine in the formation of good health habits. In the same way a school of theology provides its students with the tools of theological research and leads them to a professional and scientific attitude toward the investigation and explanation of the deposit of faith, whereas a department of religion brings its students to a knowledge of the practical application of the science of theology in the whole of the student's relationship to God, which is the field of religion. Its function is to point out the way to good health habits in the spiritual sense, with a solid intellectual motivation for the formation of a truly Catholic character.

A corollary to the above distinction is most significant. It regards the place occupied by religion in the hierarchy of studies. There is no doubt that a School of Theology should take its place at the head of all the academic groups. It is superior not only in the object of its intent but also in the degree of its certitude. This, however, is far from putting the department of religion at the head of all the groups that make up John Carroll University. Our university is composed of all the departments in the College of Arts and Sciences and the School of Business, Economics, and Government. This college and this school have primary aims of their own, and both fuse into the over-all purpose of the university. Each and every department in college and school is to make its contribution relative to the whole, and the hierarchy of departments is determined by the dignity and importance of the contribution it makes to the common good of the college, school, and university.

What, it may be asked, are the dignity and importance of the contribution which the department of religion makes to the common good here at Carroll? Certainly we may not claim for the department of religion the function of infusing the university with the spirit of Catholicism. Such a claim would be utter nonsense. It would be equivalent to saying that a Catholic university is equal to a non-sectarian university plus a religion department. No, the Catholicism of John Carroll does not come from a department dealing with Catholicism, but from the whole Mystical Body of Christ of which the faculty and student body are members. It comes from that divine life of grace flowing out of God through Christ into us all. It is the common assent to the whole creed, code, and cult of Catholicism that makes Carroll a Catholic university.

Certainly, again, we may not claim for the department of religion the supreme dignity that comes from the fact that it deals with man's supreme destiny. Any such claim would be the greatest possible insult to the other departments of the institution. It would be the equivalent to saying that they do not make a positive contribution toward leading the students to their supreme destiny. It would be, indeed, a vain and stupid claim, for it is precisely the nature of a Catholic university that as a whole and in every part it be so designed and so conducted as to aid men positively to the attainment of the Beatific Vision.

Actually, however, the dignity and importance of the department of religion are very modest. It is, as it were, a special auxiliary of the university, aiding the whole, wherever and whenever it can, in the grand general purpose of the institution: the imparting of wisdom and the discovery of truth, the achievement of a higher education in harmony with the ideals of Christian humanism.

The position of the department of religion is somewhat like that of

a group of state department executives sent to the department of defense in the interests of improving the efficiency of operation. In the Cabinet, it is true, the state department takes precedence over the department of national defense, but the group of executives and their special program may well not have the highest priority among all the projects of the Army. It is not theirs to infuse the Army with the spirit of America. If that is not there already, the whole cause would be lost from the start. It is somewhat in this manner that the professors of religion, each one of them a product of a School of Theology, function in the academic life of John Carroll University. Theology would, indeed, take precedence over a College of Arts and Sciences or a School of Business, Economics, and Government, but the special program of this specialized group of theologians in the department of religion would not necessarily have absolute priority in such a college or school. It is not theirs to infuse the whole with Catholicism. If Catholicism does not already pervade the whole, the cause of Catholic higher education is indeed lost.

What, then, is the specialized program of the department of religion? What is its positive contribution toward the imparting of wisdom and the discovery of truth, toward the achievement of a higher education in harmony with the ideals of Christian humanism.

By way of answer to the above questions, a beginning may be made by pointing out another obvious fact: a student makes great progress in learning in his four years at John Carroll. He acquires in the course of his studies not only a great amount of information, but also some facility in the use of the tools of learning. His advance in all this is tremendous. History, languages, philosophy, economics, and all other branches are unfolded before his maturing mind. He is coming to full maturing in all these fields. Therein, however, lies a hidden danger. It is the danger of unbalance. Unbalance of any sort is repugnant to the ideals of Christian humanism. Such phenomena as graduate engineers who cannot write a correct letter, as medical men to whom the name of Shakespeare means only the 1936 football season at Notre Dame are foreign to the concept of Catholic education. How much more repugnant it is to that same ideal were a student to graduate in biology, chemistry, or business administration without a corresponding maturity in the grasp of his religion, it is not difficult to see. Whereas all the departments of the university do their best to impart the proper Catholic values and appreciations in their respective fields, there is need of more. It is the function of the department of religion to offer such courses and to conduct such projects as will guarantee an advance in religious knowledge corresponding to the advance made in specialized fields.

This auxiliary function of the department of religion leads it into

every other department of the university. Throughout the whole field of education it is to present, in its courses conducted for the various units of the institution, Catholic doctrine, morality, and worship in so intelligent and appreciative a fashion as will result in a marked influence upon the practical lives of our graduates. In trying to maintain a religious training proportionate to the training in all other branches, it aims at clarifying the moral concepts of the student, at imparting correct moral principles, and at training the student in the formation of correct moral judgments. The whole program of the university calls upon it to provide the student with a ready knowledge of the reasonable arguments upon which his faith is founded and to impart a fuller understanding of the dogmas of that same faith. As the student advances into upper division work in other fields, the religion courses are conducted to provide him with opportunities for arriving at some knowledge of scientific theology, to present the social aspects of Catholicism on the more mature level, and to impart as far as possible an appreciation of Catholicism as a culture.

The department of religion at John Carroll University is most fortunate in the light of another very obvious fact: that the university itself is in a vital and growing stage of development. It can look forward to participation in the great period of development with and in the university. This expansion and further growth will take place primarily in the field of upper division work. Already it is possible to major in religion or to have a minor in it where the major is a related field of study. Its most immediate development will probably be in the direction of courses in the religious aspects of sociology and philosophy, of courses in the cultural aspects of religion, as, for example, in the literature of Sacred Scripture, in the influence of Catholicism in Western Civilization, in Catholic poetry, drama, and art. In all the fields of intellectual endeavor wherein the growing university will enter, there, too, the department of religion will follow with correlative courses.

Among the many present-day manifestations of future possibilities is one that augurs well for the growth of the department of religion and for the whole university in general. It is the evident stirring of the beginnings of the movement of Catholic Action in the United States. The Catholic layman under the inspiration of the repeated exhortations of the Holy Father is beginning to respond to the invitation to participate in the apostolate of the hierarchy. If such participation is to be intelligent, it will create a demand for laymen more highly trained in Catholicism and its application to life than were formerly needed. We shall have more and more such laymen consecrating their lives to the advance of Catholic Action. For the department of religion this demand is forming the challenge of the future.

Volume 6, Numbers 1 and 2 — Fall-Winter, 1952-53

The Bicycle

by Kevin Tobin

THE final evening, so long imagined and dreaded, had come at last and now wasted into its dying minutes. The moment had come to say goodbye.

They had spent most of the evening on the front porch, rocking gently on the glider, laughing and acting as though there were really nothing at all different about this evening. Truly, it seemed no different from the many such evenings they had spent on the front porch that summer, only that now and then a leaf broke loose and floated down into the light of the lamppost and settled skittishly to rest along the curb. The night seemed longer and stranger than before.

He had felt warm and strong, as he always felt when he sat beside her there on the glider. Now and then he paused in his expansive conversation to look at her. There was nothing more delightful to him in the world than to gaze on her when she looked up into his face and laughed over something he had said. And how beautifully and often she would laugh. He amazed himself with the ease with which he could amuse her. She inspired him; he could go on for hours being funnier than he had ever known he could be.

Of course they didn't always joke. Many nights they spent in serious discussion of grave matters. They spoke more often of life. Life was something they seemed to have discovered together, a wonderful, frightening something which they suddenly found all around them. It was a mystery into which they had curiously searched in small stages. He was often pleasantly surprised to find that she, too, felt just as he did about some aspect of life. These were the conversations which had led them to talk about their futures, and here he had found that he wanted to go into the future with her. With her beside him he felt that what was to come could hold no fear.

They were standing now. He leaned back gently on the porch rail and held her close, as he had done every evening when it was almost time to say goodnight. But now he had begun to feel the difference. He realized for the first time that there would really be no tomorrow night — never. It was not goodnight; it was goodbye.

She was quiet, and scarcely seemed to breathe in his arms. He wondered what she was thinking of. He wondered if she felt as he did.

"You will write to me always, won't you?" he asked.

Her reply was soft. "Yes," she said. She buried her head in his

shoulder. Still he could tell that she had not yet begun to cry.

"You know," he said, "this might not be for good. Your dad's firm could call him back here on a minute's notice. Or even if they don't it won't be long now until I finish school, and then I could get a job and save some money and come after you."

She shook her head into his shoulder, a despairing, delicate, movement. "No," she said, "your father and mother want you to go to college next year. They won't let you work, or come after me."

"You don't think I'd let them stop me, do you? I'll come. I'll get the money, and I'll come." He said the words, but he knew that she was right. He would never be able to come after her, not for years. The amount of money he would have to save to get to California was too big an obstacle. The whole future seemed crushing and empty. He stopped thinking about it. They stood for a long time, not moving.

A car went past behind him. He could hear the leaves blow about and settle down in its wake. It was getting late, he knew.

"We've got to say goodbye." He spoke softly, almost inaudibly.

"Yes . . . let's walk around back to your bike."

"All right." He seemed not to hear what she had said, yet they started down the front steps and walked across the lawn to the driveway. The moon was full in a clear sky, and the roofs of all the houses glowed brightly against their starry background. She looked beautiful to him with the moon softly illuminating her features. Her eyes sparkled as she smiled gently up to him. They walked slowly arm in arm up the driveway, not speaking a word.

In the grass of the back yard lay his bicycle, the polished chrome handlebars shining in the moonlight. Suddenly he realized an awful thing. He had to say goodbye forever, and then get on his bicycle and ride on down the driveway. The last thing she would remember of him would be his riding down the driveway on his bicycle. He flushed. What in the world had ever caused him to ride it over to her house on his last date!

"What's the matter?" she asked. He had been staring at the bicycle.

"Nothing, nothing at all." He turned to her. She was looking sweetly up at him, the moonlight accenting the concern in her face.

"You know," he said, 'I'd like it much better if you went up into the house before I leave."

"Now, silly, you know I always watch you leave before I go in, and I want to do it the same as always tonight, for the last time."

"But . . ." She stopped him by putting her finger across his lips, a trick of hers which he had always liked. "Now," she said, "promise me again that you'll write me always, every week."

"Every day," he said. He was trying to gather himself back into the

mood.

"Now, silly, you know you'd soon get tired of that."

"No I won't. I'm going to write every day. I promise."

"All right, all right, every day then. But I warn you, I'm only going to write once a week."

He felt a vague disappointment at this. Didn't she feel the same way about him as he felt about her? But that was silly. He knew better.

"All right," he said, "you write once a week, but make it a long letter, and tell me about your new home and friends, and don't leave a thing out. Promise?"

"I promise."

"And . . . Joan?"

"Yes?"

"Joan, don't get a new boy friend right away, will you? Not for a while."

"Oh, silly, I won't."

He kissed her, and held her close for a long, tender moment. He thought of the bicycle.

"Joan . . . couldn't you go in before I leave?"

"But why?"

"Well, it's just that . . . well, I . . ."

She put her finger on his lips again. "Now I'll not hear another word. I want our last goodbye to be the same as always. I've always thought of it that way."

He was silent. Then, after a long moment, he resigned himself. Giving her a last, tender kiss he parted from her and turned toward his bicycle. He was strangely aware of every part of his body. He seemed to be apart from himself, passively observing his own movements. He saw his hands grasp the shining handlebars and lift the bicycle, but he felt nothing, and seemed not to will what he was doing.

He put the bicycle upright, and turning it down the driveway, he lifted one leg over the seat and stood there, looking at her. She was small and boyish in the moonlight. She moved over to him, and he held her with one arm and kissed her again. He felt his chest knotting with emotion. He wanted so to stride manfully down the driveway, without turning back to answer her tears. But he felt himself on his bicycle, trapped in shame, and she had not yet begun to cry.

He kissed her once more, and then moved away, not saying a word.

He put his bicycle into motion, and started down the driveway. His whole back burned under her eyes. To say goodbye forever, and then have to ride off on his bicycle. He longed to get to the street and turn, to be free in his agony of her gaze.

Volume 3, Numbers 1 and 2 — Fall-Winter, 1949-50

Newman's Style

by Germain Grisez

SOME critics of Cardinal Newman's writings make no mention of his style, others merely repeat those kindly sayings which have become meaningless from overwork, others hold that his style owes much to Cicero, and still others roundly condemn the style of the English convert, contending that it is "a slavish imitation of the Roman classics."

Concerning the origin of his style Newman himself said:

> The only master of style I have ever had (which is strange considering the differences of the languages) is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him, but as far as I know, to no one else.

Now while it is enlightening to discover that Newman considered himself indebted to Cicero as a master of style, still it is absolutely necessary to note that Newman could not possibly have adopted completely the style of one who did not write in the English language, for there are two elements or features of style, one of which results from the use of vocabulary and grammar and the other of which results from the method of exposition.

As a result of the very differences which Newman recognized between Latin and English, it is almost always impossible to duplicate in the latter language peculiarities of style found in the former, if those peculiarities are conditioned by Latin grammar and vocabulary. In Cicero's writings, for example, we see advantageous use of verbs and verbals, but English has not the wealth of verbs which Latin has, and has not grammatical provision for as wide and varied a use of verbals. In Newman's works, rather, we find the noun and relative clause brought to their perfection, which is not unexpected, since English is rich in nouns and allows many uses of the relative construction.

Again, in Latin writings numerous variations in word order are made possible by the inflection of nouns, verbs, adjectives, and pronouns, while in English few variations in word order are possible. Consider a simple statement: "The man sees the horse." If the meaning is to be clear there is no other way of making this statement in English as far as the order of the words is concerned, but in Latin no less than five alternatives offer themselves for our choice. On the other hand, a longer English sentence allows greater variety than a shorter one, while a longer Latin sentence demands greater precision in arrangement than a shorter one in the same language.

Again, conjunctions are frequently used in Latin, and there is a great variety from which to choose. This factor greatly aids the Latin author in his attempt to write truly unified prose. Cicero, having this means at his disposal, produces some very tightly unified pieces of great length and intricacy. Newman, on the other hand, using English which is weak in conjunctions, was forced to employ relative pronouns and adverbs with the significant force of conjunctions in order to achieve the same facility of transition, a facility which is admirable in Cicero's works.

In their methods of exposition Newman and Cicero are often alike. Both authors make constant use of parallelism and paradox; the writings of both lack sensual appeal but have great intellectual appeal. Both frequently coin new words when no existing word satisfies the idea to be expressed.

Newman never uses an essentially rhetorical argument, nor does Cicero in his essays, although the contrary is true in the orations; for both wish to convince the reader and gain intellectual assent, rather than merely to lead to action with intellectual conviction.

The "pyramidal structure" is the one device most worth noting in Newman's expository writing. This method of exposition, very common in classical prose, consists in the building of an argument to a single conclusion (the apex of the pyramid) from an analysis of many universally conceded facts (the base of the pyramid) by means of reasoning alone. In this process, of course, opinions are quoted to show that the original facts are universally conceded, to show that the reasoning is valid, and to show that others have reached the same conclusion; but seldom, in this type of exposition, are the author's opinions stated directly, and never is the chief point of the argument produced without proof and used as material for discussion. This "pyramidal structure" may be contrasted with the "plane structure" which is a loosely joined discussion based largely on opinion and reaching any number of so-called conclusions. Of course, it is the latter type which is most in favor at present in English composition, it being considered less offensive to the reader, and allowing him to form his own final judgment on any question; but it is the former type which is the best tool for real expository writing, for exposition aims not at a mere elaboration of opinion but rather at a development and proof of judgments.

Does Newman's assumption of Cicero's method of exposition cause him to be a "slavish imitator of the classics"? I should say that the correct reply is that it does not, no more than does St. Thomas' use of many of Aristotle's principles cause him to be a slavish imitator of Greek philosophy. For just as St. Thomas differs from Aristotle on many important points of philosophy, so does Newman differ from Cicero on many im-

portant points of literary style. Whereas Cicero in his orations abandons the "pyramidal structure" for a rhetorical appeal, Newman uses the logical exposition most fully in his *Idea of a University* which was intended to be a convincing oration. And whereas Cicero always adjusted his argument to his audience, but never adjusted his vocabulary, Newman never sacrificed his cool reasoning but always readily sacrificed his vocabulary; for to Newman words were no end in themselves but only a means toward the end of exposition which is the transference of certitude, and knowledge for Newman is its own sufficient end.

Had Newman been a slavish imitator we should expect his writings to be similar to a literal translation of Latin prose, but this is hardly the case. His imitation is not slavish but artistic; as a sculptor in his statue imitates the model, so does Newman in his style imitate Latin prose: that beauty in the model which was transferable into the statue becomes more apparent in the work of art than in the model, but that beauty of the model which is not transformable is left behind by the true sculptor, who does not damage his work by a vain effort to do the impossible.

The beauty of Newman's style is, then, the beauty of originality. When we read his precise sentences flowing rhythmically and lucidly, we read sentences for which there is no Latin prototype. When we are amazed by the perfection of his reasoning and by the clarity with which he exposes his argument, we are amazed by a perfection and clarity of instructed but independent genius.

Newman's sentences perfectly express their thoughts: if his sentences are long and unwieldy, it is so because his thoughts were great and the ideas with which he struggled were unwieldy.

Volume 7, Numbers 1 and 2 — Fall-Winter, 1953-54

Waking Time

The Morning from her chambers of the East
Arose in softly-tinted veils of dew,
And shook her long and flowing golden hair
That in the cooling breezes waved and blew;
And in the basin of the dampened fields
She bathed her flushing face and smiling eyes;
Then donned her romping-frock of brilliant gold,
And skipped into the playground of the skies.

— *Ruthanne McCarthy Gilchrist*

Volume 4, Numbers 3 and 4 — Spring-Summer, 1951

Heinrich Pesch

by Arthur J. Noetzel, Ph. D.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, in the soft gray twilight of Valkenburg, Holland, the Jesuit community chanted the Office of the Dead for a venerable member, seventy-two years old. Father Pesch, the Order's eminent economist, had died after devoting a lifetime to the study of social problems.

In his *Liberalismus, Socialismus und christliche Gesellschafts-ordnung* (1896), he first sketched his ideas of social order. He called his position Solidarism, a social philosophy which compromises neither with nineteenth-century liberalism nor with Marxism. He refined his thoughts in more than eighty journal articles and in thirteen books before giving them definite form in his monumental *Lehrbuch der Nationalokonomie* (1903-1923), a text of five volumes and more than 4,000 pages.

Heinrich Pesch was born in Cologne on September 17, 1854. At the age of eighteen, he matriculated at the University of Bonn to study law and the social sciences. Four years later, he entered the Society of Jesus and spent the next fourteen years in classical, philosophical, and theological studies, and in privately reading economics. During this period, because of the *Kulturkampf,* he spent four years in England where he observed the distressed condition of the Lancashire workingman. Was it this experience that caused him to devote his life to socio-economic problems, rather than to pursue theological and philosophical studies as did his brothers, Christian and Tilmann? The great English economist, Alfred Marshall, had a similar experience early in his career, and he describes it in these words: "Then, in my vacations, I visited the poorest quarters of several cities, and walked through one street after another, looking at the faces of the poorest people. Next, I resolved to make as thorough a study as I could of Political Economy."

In 1901, at the age of forty-seven, he resumed for two years his formal study of economics at the University of Berlin under Gustav Schmoller, the historical economist, and Adolph Wagner, a leader in the German Christian Socialist Movement. Thereafter his life was given to writing on economic topics, for which efforts he was given honorary doctorates by the University of Cologne and the University of Munster.

Heinrich Pesch was the first theorist who attempted to construct an economic theory founded on Thomistic philosophy. His synthesis was

Solidarism. Solidarity is not merely a social fact, but a moral duty arising from the interdependence of men as social beings. This bond is not solely the result of instinctive tendencies, but is also rooted in man's rational and moral nature. It is the principle of solidarity "which measures, determines, and limits freedom, private ownership, the self-interest of both independent economic 'subjects' and associations, and the influence of the politically united national community, which is the common responsibility of citizens and officials alike and which brings about, where common interests are evident, communal feelings and common responsibility among the associations within the State."

He believed that the State could best perform its functions in social and economic life through vocational groups, whose primary task is to direct the economic activities of its members toward the common good of each member and of the national economy. The vocational groups would provide for the welfare of its members, individually and collectively, by supervising production and in establishing an equitable distribution of income. These groups would constitute a "social system of industry." Such a system would protect the members of the groups in the various professions and industries against the arbitrary actions and abuses of fellow-members. This self-regulation should not be confused with a planned economy. The principle of solidarity requires that a higher social organization should not undertake what a lower social grouping can do at least equally well; thus it rejects economic statism. Solidarism would preserve and strengthen the proper functions of the entrepreneur and prevent the "absorption and dilution of the independence of the entrepreneur caused by the 'planned economy' [which] is entirely unsuited to lead to an increase of the productive power of the economy."

According to Solidarism, economics is to be understood in terms of a social and political unity. With a viewpoint similar to that of Alfred Marshall, who wrote that economists are concerned "with man as he is; not with an abstract or 'economic man' but a man of flesh and blood," Pesch saw the object of economics to be man — a person and a social being — at work. He believed that all cultural processes and factors are inseparably linked with national welfare and, therefore, should come under the scrutiny of the economist. He thus defines economics: "The science of the economic life (the process of providing material goods) of a people considered as a social unit, bound together by the politico-social community life."

Although economics is not an isolated science, it is an independent science. One of his contributions to economic theory was the delineation of the ethical and economic aspects of the process of providing material goods. While he firmly upheld the ethical basis of economic life, he main-

tained that it is not only possible but also very feasible, to delimit the scope of economics to the study of actual economic phenomena. He wrote: "Medieval scholasticism, as well as present-day moral philosophy, deals with the facts of economic life from a moral point of view. That is not the job of the economist. He will not, of course, oppose the demands of ethics, but neither will he lose sight of the fact that economics has become an autonomous science, which treats of the economic life of a nation from a viewpoint different from that of ethics. The decisive viewpoint of the latter is that of moral goodness, while for economics it is that of national prosperity. The material object may be partially the same for both, but their respective formal object definitely differs, and that is why they are to be regarded as independent sciences." Prior to his writings, many Catholics assumed economics to be a branch of ethics; his approach shifted their attention from what may be called an apologetic emphasis toward positive and constructive analysis.

A pervasive characteristic of his economic theory is a balanced conception of freedom, "a major stimulating motive animating the development of abilities." But freedom is not an end in itself. The goal of the national economy determines the measure of individual freedom. If freedom is not to become arbitrariness, it must submit to the higher criterion of justice. Social and economic harmony requires freedom with responsibility. True social order must reject the atomistic individualism which demands completely unrestrained freedom for the instinct of self-interest; so also must collectivism be rejected which ignores the natural differences of individuals and requires the sacrifice of individual economic freedom. Freedom with responsibility is a perennial challenge to economic life, and it is not easily attained. "Economic and social harmony is not a mere gift of nature, but is a difficult, practical goal, an art-product which is not spontaneously attained. It must be striven for and preserved by prudence, perseverance, and conscientiousness." It is a major task of economics to search for a principle which provides "a balance of the individual interests, harmony between the individual well-being and the common well-being, freedom in and with order."

As an economist, Pesch was eclectic; he sought to achieve a unity of Thomistic philosophy and the best of economic theory. In his autobiography, he wrote: "I told myself if you have acquired the fruit of the m st able scholars, then you have already gained much, and you can go on building in your own manner." His writings were a channel for organizing and coordinating Catholic social philosophy; his ideas influenced *Quadragesimo Anno,* and through this papal encyclical he indirectly contributed much to present-day socio-economic thought.

Volume 3, Numbers 1 and 2 — Fall-Winter, 1949-50

Tug-of-War

by Patrick Trese

HEADLINES throbbing, the journal of the East Liverpool Laymen's Retreat League shouted with all the mimeographed vehemence it was able to summon. The East Liverpool Laymen's Retreat League, it claimed, was waging a heavily contested tug-of-war with the Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones, and Dominations.

The novice who was reading this vociferous article kept his vigil at the bedside of Father Joe McGlynn, the cause of all the lyrical clamor. Father Joe, Moses-like, reclined high above the tumult, enthroned in the third-floor infirmary of the grave Novitiate under the soothing care of soothing Brother Schmidt, affectionately — but furtively — referred to as Brother Death.

Father Joe was drawing close to his fiftieth year as a Jesuit priest. The last twenty-five had been spent as director of the East Liverpool Retreat House. He was something of a legend now.

The novice wondered how a man could endure twenty-five years of trying to drive a spiritual wedge into the thick, materialistic skulls of the wealthy burghers of East Liverpool. He himself had waited table at the Retreat House several times: the men had always impressed him as stolid, pompous, weak-willed fidgity boors. Not that a novice was anyone to judge them, of course. They were mostly successful (there's a misused word) business men, but he just doubted whether they could appreciate a spiritual truth or anything, for that matter, that wasn't measured in dollars and cents. Still, they came back year after year, the whole self-satisfied lot of them, for the three days of attempted silence with God. . . . It was well, he thought, that God was not as fussy as novices were.

The tug-of-war intrigued him. He pictured a long rope suspended in air at one end. Those were the Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones, and Dominations. They were pure spirits; so you couldn't see them. At the other end were the huffing, puffing Men of East Liverpool. It was about time they got some exercise. The anchor-man was J. Frank Edmonson ("Saint James the Greater"), straining for all he was worth. J. Frank Edmonson was president of Edmonson Iron and Steel. The rest of the line was generously sprinkled with chief executives and chairmen-of-the-board whose names he had forgotten but whom he had rechristened with an accuracy nourished by a year of silence.

Trotting up and down the middle of the rope was Father Joe McGlynn.

"Mmh?" said Father Joe.

"I was laughing at this article about you, Father. They say the Men of East Liverpool and the Angels are having a tug-of-war over you."

"Mmh. Looks like the Retreat House gang has the weight advantage, mmh?"

"I'll say."

"Mmh."

The novice glanced at the tired, aged face of his charge. Fifty years of sacrifice had exacted their price. The ready, Irish retort was still on his lips, but the mischievous sparkle was gone from his eyes. Father Joe, the novice knew, was drawing closer, hour by hour, to his rendezvous with the Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones, and Dominations. He returned to the article.

The Men of East Liverpool, said the editor, were planning a massive banquet (it would be massive, all right) to celebrate Father McGlynn's golden jubilee. They were going to present him with the plans and pledges for the new, ultra-modern Retreat House. Father McGlynn was to be there in person, for the Men of East Liverpool brooked no interference from seraphic quarters.

Father McGlynn had his own ideas on the subject. He was going to celebrate his jubilee in Heaven if he had anything to say about it. After the last attack he had stayed awake all night watching his hands to see if they would turn blue. They wouldn't, and he was a little disappointed. Worst of all, he had been regaining his strength for the past week. Only two days were left before the banquet, and it looked as if the Angels were going to lose out.

The novice, disappointed in his author's allegorical powers, gazed around the room. A quick glance at the old priest catapulted him out the door and down the hall to the infirmarian's office. Brother Schmidt halted the preparation of one of his explosive physics (thank God for small blessings) and dispatched the novice to the Rector for administration of the last sacraments. Father Rector delegated Father James Hanna, one of Father Joe's few remaining contemporaries. Father Hanna was a learned, high-strung old man whose nervousness was no little increased by this sudden call to duty.

Trembling by the bedside of the dying priest, Father Hanna paged confidently through the *Rituale Romanum*. Baptism. Confirmation — several priests entered the room — Holy Orders, Matrimony, Exorcism, Holy Water, Palms, Confirmation, Baptism, . . . where was *Extreme Unction?* He'd used it often enough before. The pages flew like Sibyl's

leaves past Father Hanna's worried eyes. Father Minister, a notoriously cool gentleman, began to fidget.

Father McGlynn stirred. Tired eyes peered from crumpled pillows and a tired voice murmured:

"Try the index, Jim."

"Oh yes. The index."

"Mmh."

* * *

The novice was cleaning up the empty room. The bed had been stripped; the crucifix and the candles had been carried back to the sacristy . . . He bent down and picked up the paper under the bed.

"Men of East Liverpool . . . tug-of-war . . . Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones, and . . ."

Twenty-six laymen attended the funeral. "Nuts," said the novice.

Volume 2, Numbers 1 and 2 — Fall-Winter, 1948-49

How May I Describe My Love?

Oh, how may I describe the molten tide
That is my love by anything men know;
What ocean flows so deep or rolls so wide?
What soaring song is born, what flowers grow?
What sharp pains throb, where lies a lustrous pearl
That can compare? Perhaps this dream be it
Thyself a glowing star, my love the whorl
That trains in ceaseless rapture 'round its source —
And yet such words as these are poor, dumb things,
And false as heaven's drifting, phantom dome;
For even stars grow dark and lose their wings.
The light that clung to them dissolves in foam,
Then dies in mist. My love for thee shall gleam
With silvery fire through an immortal dream.

— *Louis Sacriste*

Volume 1, Number 1 — Winter, 1947

Education Delendam Est

by Terence Martin

"A LITTLE knowledge is a dangerous thing." Almost everyone has heard this proverb at one time or another. And many perhaps have used it themselves, for it contains more than a grain of truth. Is there anyone who has not seen examples of partially educated persons, bloated with their limited knowledge, committing flagrant errors of judgment? And is there one of us who has seen these examples who does not yearn to put a stop to them? No, I think not. All of us would like to discover a method of correcting this perennial evil, and yet, did we ever stop to realize that if partially educated persons were not partially educated, they would be unable to commit these flagrant errors of judgment? The clear, cold logic of this statement refreshes the mind.

Looking at the problem as a whole, one sees two possible solutions. Either we must educate everyone thoroughly, or, if that is impossible, we must undertake a program of de-education, which would attempt to educate no one, and to help those already educated to forget what they have learned.

The first plan, to educate everyone thoroughly, is highly ambitious but hardly attainable. There are far too many factors involved to allow complete success. We have only to look at the figures to be properly disillusioned. Of the 1,734,202 students who graduated from college in the last year, estimates of the number only partially educated run as high as 1,734,202. The figures speak for themselves. It is patently beyond the range of our educational institutions to achieve thorough education.

The major obstacle in the path of attaining complete education, and the one most probably accountable for the above figures, is the overwhelming amount of knowledge to be assimilated. Since the creation of the earth many things have occurred in the experience of man. Let us arbitrarily cast aside the first few million years, for their salient contribution to learning has been merely to increase the confusion surrounding the question of the actual age of the earth, and look briefly at the last twenty-five centuries. This would carry us in philosophy from Socrates to Sartre, in literature from Horace to Eugene O'Neil, and in administration from Alexander to Stalin. By the time a man mastered the learning of these twenty-five centuries, and turned his mind to the future, he would be dead, leaving the world nothing of his labors except a wealth of

pencil-marked margins, dog-eared pages, and maybe a few telephone numbers, jotted, in the days of his youth, inside the covers of books. His knowledge would die with him and would not benefit mankind in the least.

Another discouraging factor is that even among men who are universally respected for the scope of their knowledge, we sometimes find unreasonable attitudes strikingly similar to those of partially educated persons. Not even a prominent scholar of the twentieth century whose name for obvious reasons must here be withheld, was above such imprudence. He relates in a letter to a friend how one morning when he came down to breakfast he was told that he would have to do without his morning eggs, for it had been discovered that they were rotten. Without thinking of the unreasonableness of his attitude, he snorted, "Nuts to chickens." Of course he was only eight years old when he made this statement, but he was a bright lad for his age.

Numerous other difficulties lessening the possibility of attaining complete education could be cited, but rather let us consider the alternative plan: to educate no one, and to help those already educated forget what they know. The many potentialities inherent in the mere suggestion of this plan lend themselves readily to the imagination.

Obviously one of the first steps in the carrying out of this plan would be the total elimination of teachers. If we had no teachers, we would have no formal education; and since this constitutes one of the goals of de-education, teachers must go. Immediately we are faced with another problem: a method of ridding ourselves of the teaching classes. There are ample means of achieving this end, sudden violent extermination being the quickest and surest method. But any spectacular or sensational action rising to violence would provoke opposition of a most general nature. People would suffer from an outraged sense of rights and would rebel at the whole movement. To be certain of success the plan must be so diabolically clever that the majority of the people never would be able to figure out quite what was happening.

Fortunately a plan of this nature has been set forth by a farsighted silver miner in Colorado, who advocates a small reduction in the salaries of teachers. This, he says, would be equivalent to slow starvation. Within a month the effects would become noticeable, as thin, hollow-cheeked professors stumble into classrooms, their weakened condition allowing them to cover less and less material every day. Soon they would just come in and sit. Later they would not even reach the classrooms, and their end would be in sight. The only possible method of saving them would be for the voters of the community to take immediate, concerted action to raise their salaries. In other words, as stated above, their end would be in sight.

Once teachers were but a thing of the past, we would be a large stride nearer our goal. Two other problems to be dealt with concern disposing of the students and of the schools.

The first of these, disposing of the students, is not such a difficult problem as one might suppose. Many students, instead of receiving subsistence checks from the government, would receive unemployment checks from the government. Others could obtain jobs in circus sideshows, where living specimens of strange and nearly extinct forms of life are generally in great demand. And of course, any who so desired could accept lucrative positions in the business world. In short the future of the ex-students would be an extremely rosy one.

The school buildings themselves pose an interesting problem. They could be left intact, uninhibited, and forlorn. Thus ours would be the first civilization in history to view examples of its own remains. More practically, the schools could be transformed into hotels, warehouses, headquarters for the Forty-ninth Cavalry, or any one of a number of things. But perhaps the most utilitarian measure of all would be to convert them into gigantic taverns to accommodate the mass of former students receiving unemployment checks from the government. In this way a cycle could be set up, for much of the money would go back to the government in taxes; the government in turn would pay it out in unemployment checks; it would go back to the government, etc.

The untutored reader might mistakenly surmise that the views stated here are unique. This is not the case. Many eminent thinkers have indirectly advanced the same idea. For example, the great psychologist and educator H. Dewman Jones has stated in his writings: ". . . down . . ." "With . . ." ". . . education." And Thomas F. Lockwood, one of the clearest thinkers of recent times, reasserts this idea unequivocally in his book, *Come to Think of It*. On page twenty-nine we find the words, "education"; on page one hundred and seven, "is"; and on the very next page we discover the descriptive phrase, "totally insane." Though further authority is hardly necessary, let us cast a last backward glance at the words of the distinguished logician, Theodore Titus of Phaaph City, Montana, who has for over twenty years consistently maintained the view: "Down with everything."

The successful elimination of educational institutions as outlined above, would be of little avail, however, without undertaking the second half of the process of de-education, namely, assisting people to forget what they have already learned. This aspect of the problem of de-education which heretofore has always constituted the major stumbling block in the path of the successful abolition of education gains new significance in the light of recent advances in the field of nuclear fission. Scientific

investigations have proved conclusively that individuals converted into atomic energy no longer are capable of committing errors of judgment deriving from an incomplete education. They are, in fact, transferred into an entirely different sphere of activity.

It is encouraging to note that several concrete steps already have been taken in this direction. Only the mass will of the people, motivated by the warnings of moralists and Christian humanists, can possibly deter humanity from successfully achieving total de-education through the elixir of atomic energy. In view of past history there is no reason to believe that the people will *now* heed their warnings. Certainly we have only to stick to our guns, keep straight the course we have set, and the goal shall be ours.

Of course, it may be that a thoughtful person could find some other solution to the problem of "A little learning . . ." One must be broad-minded about that sort of thing.

Volume 4, Numbers 3 and 4 — Spring-Summer, 1951

Laughter

It bubbles like a tiny brook
Hid in a shady glen,
Or ripples like a rivulet
That leads to a secret den.

It floods the place like a river
Which crashes past its banks;
Envelops all by its waters deep
With no regard for ranks.

It ebbs and flows like ocean waves
And comes with surf-like roar;
And when it dies, what silence falls —
When Laughter is no more.

— *Ann Dillhoefer Lyons*

Volume 5, Numbers 3 and 4 — Spring-Summer, 1952

The Champ

by Thomas McGuire

I STEPPED down from the train and squinted at the overhanging sign: GREENSVILLE, POP. 2700. The hills of Vermont completely surrounded the miniature city and seemed to hold in the rustic atmosphere.

I happily settled in the back seat of a battered taxi and relaxed. The cabbie was a friendly, loquacious fellow, the kind who knows everyone and everything that happens in a town.

"Planning to stay in town long, Mister?"

"No, I just stopped by to see a couple of old friends — Doc Boone and Swede Larsen. You know them?"

"Oh sure, everybody knows the Doc and Swede. Real fine guys." He nodded emphatically. "Yessir, real fine." We rode on for a while, chatting pleasantly. Finally the old car can-canned up the winding, dusty hill to Doc Boone's place.

"Well, give my regards to Doc and Swede," the driver said as he laboriously shifted gears. "I'll be back for you at seven o'clock."

"That will be swell. I'll be seeing you." I thanked him.

"Howie, you old son-of-a-gun! What brings you way up to this neck of the woods?" yelled Doc. He rushed down from the porch and vigorously pumped my hand.

"Doc! How are you?" Doc certainly had aged since I had last seen him. "I came up to see you and the Swede. Where is he? How is he?"

"Hey, wait a minute, will you, Howie? He's fine. Doing a little roadwork right now, but he ought to — here he comes now."

Around the turn in the road a familiar red sweatshirt bobbed against the green background. A deep-chested figure methodically jogged our way.

"It must be costing you quite a bit to keep this place up, Doc."

"Nothing is too good for the champ, Howie. Swede deserves the best."

"Howie!" boomed the Swede. "You're a sight for sore eyes." When he wasn't wearing his bridge, Swede grinned like a little kid, and his tousled hair added to the picture now.

"Here, Swede, put this on before you catch cold," clucked the motherly Doc as he threw a robe over Swede's shoulders.

"That's Doc for you, Howie." Swede rammed me in the ribs and winked his eye. "Always worried about his mealticket."

"You know you're only kidding, Swede," put in Doc.

We slowly walked to the huge, airy gymnasium. Swede warmed up lightly on the big bag — dancing around it, peppering it with lightning jabs.

"Hey, Howie, get this. Remember how the Bomber bothered me last time with his uppercut?" Sure I remembered. The Bomber had cut Swede up like chicken fricassee for fourteen rounds until the champ finally caught and flattened him. "Well, watch this!" The Swede shifted to the left and moved in. He was a study in grace. The resounding right hook made me wince just to watch it.

"That's really something, champ," I said in open admiration. "That one whistled." Swede beamed happily.

"What do you say we go up to the house and eat?" suggested Doc.

"That's fine with me, Doc," said Swede.

"I could use a little chow myself, Doc. Do you still cook those delicious steaks?"

"Haven't lost my touch at all, Howie," grinned Doc.

Seated at the dinner table we laughed a little, talked a little, reminisced a little. Swede looked older with his bridge in, and the silver tips around his temples told a familiar story. It was getting late — almost time for the cabbie to return. I stood up and looked around the room at the familiar pictures and trophies.

"Say, How," said Swede, greatly concerned, "you're getting a little flabby, aren't you?" He pushed his finger deep into my stomach. "Haven't you been working out lately?"

"Uh . . . no," I said, somewhat embarrassed, "I haven't been over to the gym in quite some time."

"That can cut years off your life, Howie. Look at me. I don't fight the Bomber again for two months, until July 4, but I'm in condition."

"I know, champ, you're in the pink."

"And Howie, if you want to make a few easy bucks — well, I'm sure I'll take him."

"Sure, Swede, sure. You know I'm not a betting man, but if I do, those greenies will be riding on you.

"You don't have your tickets for the fight yet, do you? Hey Doc, fix Howie up with a pair of seats down front so he won't have to turn his neck."

The impatient honk of the taxi called to me. "I guess I'll have to be going now," I said. "Thanks for everything, Doc, and you too, Swede."

"Thank *you,* Howie," said Doc meaningfully, "it's sure done Swede

and me good to see you again."

I regretfully walked down the neat cinder path and got into the cab. We drove for about ten minutes in absolute silence. Then the cabbie asked, "How long has he been like that? Swede, I mean."

"Ten years. It will be ten years this fourth of July that Swede fought the Bomber."

Volume 7, Numbers 1 and 2 — Fall-Winter, 1953-54

Shark

A flickering blade
Fresh from the hone,
A diamond point
That shimmered and shone;

Aurora's silver
Imbedded in black,
Free to dash
On its watery track;

A translucent hue
Of cold blue ice;
Twisting, darting,
Silent, precise;

Trailing a swath,
A miniature
Milky Way,
An ermine's fur;

Treacherous devil,
Noble and free;
Beauty and killer,
Scourge of the sea.

— *Terry Brock*

The Passing of a Scientist

by Henry F. Birkenhauer, S.J.

ON September 10, 1937, *The Catholic Universe Bulletin* carried an article beginning:

NOTED SAVANT DECLARES HIS FAITH IN GOD

NON-CATHOLIC RESIGNS NAZI POST

TO ACCEPT PAPAL HONOR

VIENNA — (NC) — A scientist so distinguished that he had been awarded the Nobel prize and is one of the savants named by His Holiness Pope Pius XI to the new Pontifical Academy of Science, although a non-Catholic, has just made a public profession of faith in religious belief.

He is Professor Max Planck, one of the greatest savants in the domain of natural science . . .[1]

On October 13 of last year, *Time Magazine* wrote the epilogue to the long series of Max Planck's discoveries:

> The author of the quantum theory lived long enough to see his discovery affect all branches of science and all human life. Last week Max Karl Ernest Ludwig Planck, 89, one of history's greatest discoverers, died.[2]

To call Planck one of the greatest savants in the domain of natural science and one of history's greatest discoverers is not to praise him beyond his due, for his Quantum Theory is the basis of a large part of twentieth century physics. An international authority on atomic structure, Neils Bohr, writes, for example:

> Scarcely any other discovery in the history of science has produced such extraordinary results within the short span of our generation as those which have directly arisen from Max Planck's discovery of the elementary quantum of action.[3]

It was in 1900 that Professor Planck proposed his quantum theory as an explanation of a problem of heat radiation. He originated the idea that energy is radiated in small packets or photons and not continuously; but in his treatment on the second law of thermodynamics was involved a more revolutionary concept, the notion that these packets of energy are emitted according to the law of statistical probability.

[1] *Catholic Universe Bulletin*, Vol. LVIV, No. 11, p. 11.

[2] *Time Magazine*, Vol. L, No. 15, p. 66.

[3] Max Planck, *Where Is Science Going?* translated by James Murphy, W. W. Norton & Company, New York, 1932, p. 18.

The classical physics of the nineteenth century had assumed that there was no such thing as chance in physical events, that if one knew the position and velocity of all the particles in the universe at a given moment, it would be possible to predict all future movements of these particles. Planck's work destroyed the rigor of this concept. His ideas as developed by Bohr, Einstein, and Schroedinger may be used to predict the movement of aggregates but only on the underlying assumption that the movement of the individual is due entirely to chance.

Meanwhile, confusion had arisen in the philosophy of science itself. Because of the supposed rigor of nineteenth century physics, claiming that it could predict if it knew sufficient facts, and because of the Kantian misconception of cause, scientific philosophy had identified causality with predictability. In other words, if a scientist could predict what a machine could do, causality was operating.

Many were not slow to draw the corollary from Planck's work that if predictability failed on the miscroscopic level, causality correspondingly failed too. Others there were who applied Planck's notion in a weird concept of free will. For them, freedom meant unpredictability. Therefore, the individual motions of molecules might be free while the movement of the whole would be determined. Planck himself saw his concept gain momentum among scientific thinkers and rushed to defend the true notion of human freedom and of physical causality. He himself wrote three books, *The Universe in the Light of Modern Physics, Where Is Science Going?* and *The Philosophy of Physics*, to explain a saner notion of causality. Unfortunately in these books, Dr. Planck has tended towards identifying prediction with causality and therefore has often wielded ineffective weapons against his adversaries.

It is regrettable that Dr. Planck neglected the Scholastic approach to the problem of causality — the seeking of sufficient reason for change. Every new being requires a sufficient reason, and therefore the principle of causality is universal. Certain changes result from natural bodies; these act necessarily, in accord with their nature. Here predictability, at best an external sign of internal necessity, may be had. Other changes are due to human beings; these act freely, in accord with their nature. Predictability of their activities is moral certitude. The necessity of physical causality and the freedom of human causality can be established from facts available to all.

The world has indeed lost one of its finest scientists in the passing of Dr. Planck, a fair-minded, gifted man (unfortunately in the Kantian tradition) who would have been far better guided in his attempt to interpret natural causality correctly if he had followed the common-sense approach of a traditional philosophy.

Volume 9, Number 4 — Summer, 1956

Promise

by Michael Black

THE DOOR to the stuffy little room banged open, and in stalked George Fitzwater. George was somewhere between thirty-five and forty, of ordinary height, a little broad about the middle, but not alarmingly so. He was a redhead, and consequently, an extrovert; and, as all redheaded extroverts should, he sported a bushy red mustache of the style popular with the British air force in the Second World War. In his hand he carried a briefcase.

"Hello, Doc," he said, "I've got a surprise for you."

Doctor Hans Bachman, was a tall, heavy man with a thick shock of blond hair who was skirmishing with his late fifties, and beginning to feel old. Before Columbia was blasted to a pile of radioactive rubble he had taught there. Despite his name, he was an expert on all things Celtic. He could read and speak Manx, Erse, Gaelic, Welsh, and Bretonic fluently, and was looked upon as the foremost living scholar and authority on Celtic literature and customs. As the door banged open he had been sitting, surrounded by malodorous clouds of pipe smoke, contemplating the glowing coals in his full bent briar, the battered veteran of many a late hour of study.

"Hello, George, won't you ever learn to knock?"

"This is no time for formalities, you old stuffed shirt; don't you know we're in the midst of an all-out war? Anyway, I've got a surprise for you."

"No excuse for barging in that way. Got something big, I suppose, to bring you out this time of day. How'd you get here anyway? Radio said tube 5 was caved in."

"It is; direct hit up above. I came by the military tube. Have you been to the surface lately?"

"No, no reason to."

"There's nothing up there but radiation glow from horizon to horizon. It's a ghastly sight, Doc, a ghastly sight. Well, I've got something for you."

"Tobacco, I hope. I've been mixing mine with tea leaves to make it last longer."

"Nope. No such luck."

Digging into his briefcase, he produced a ragged piece of vellum and a sheaf of notes. Giving these to Doctor Bachman, he sat back in a

battered old easy chair, and proceeded to look like the cat that swallowed the canary.

"What's this, eh! Manuscript . . . in Latin . . . Celtic characters!"

"What century do you place it?"

"Hum, fifth or sixth; no later than the seventh. I'd have to study it quite a bit before I'd say for sure."

"Ableman places it at fourth or fifth. He put it through the tests."

"Well, I'll take his word for it; he knows his business. What'd you bring it here for?"

"Read it and find out — no, on a second thought, I'll tell you. It should throw some light on early Irish Christianity. I found it in a box of manuscripts when they were evacuating the University library. Ableman isn't sure, but he thinks it's originally either from St. Gall or Lindisfarne. But read it."

"I don't feel like struggling with Latin just yet," said Bachman laying aside the vellum and picking up the sheaf of notes. "This translation — yours?"

"No, Ableman's. Mine agrees substantially with his."

"Hum! This Fingal GillPadriag, is he the author or just the scribe?"

"As far as we can tell, he's the author. There's not enough of the manuscript to make identification positive; but comparing the name and the contents, we think he's the author."

"Um-hmmm!" Doctor Bachman read:

> And Padriag, Father to the churches of Eire, ascended a very high mountain which lies in the kingdom of Connacht, in the place called Mayo, that is, 'the plain of yew trees'; the land of Maeve of the Golden Throat, of Snow-white breast; Maeve the crimson-lipped, the Leader of Armies, the Warrior Queen, the Destroyer of Battle-breaking Heroes, the Ravisher of Ulster, and the Doom of Cucullen.

"Hum," said Bachman, "this Fingal lists more titles than *Burke's Peerage*. Quite the old flatterer. I take it he's a Connacht man."

"Probably. Too bad Maeve couldn't have heard him. She'd have made him court bard. But read on."

> And after fasting forty days and forty nights, Padriag beseeched the Lord that the tender shoots of Christianity which he had planted might wax strong and tall, and ever-faithful.
>
> Thereupon, in answer to his prayer, the whole world was spread before him. Many strange and unknown lands, and some to the west of Eire were seen; and all were aglow with the light of God's word.
>
> While gazing upon this scene of profound beauty, Holy Padriag perceived that far to the east the light flickered, grew dim, and was at last completely extinguished. Swifter, now, than the darkest night came an ebon blackness, hell's light, and covered the face of the earth, all complete, save only for Eire.

In Eire of the saints, in Eire of the schools and churches, God's light remained, yet did not remain. To the north it dimmed, and grew dimmer. Padriag wept, and cried out in his grief and anguish that it might not be.

The Lord sent an angel to comfort him in his sorrow. Father Padriag sent the angel winging heavenward with prayers and petitions. He seemed to hear again, as if afar off, the Children of Focluit Wood crying, "Padriag, bring us light that we might see."

The angel returned with supplications unheard. Holy Padriag vowed never to leave his bleak mountain nest 'til prayers were answered or 'til God called him home.

Seven times in all was sent the angel, and seven times returned he. On the seventh, he said, "Padriag, the Lord is weary of your pleas. So be it as you wish; but your beloved Eire must suffer much to keep the Holy light.

"For a week of centuries she shall suffer a tyrant's heel, her churches razed will be, her priests and holy men hunted even as the wolf, with the wolf's price, and her schools will be destroyed; all learning forbidden. But she shall persevere and triumph; she shall spread the light far and near.

"And yet again the darkness shall cover the world, but fear not, Padriag, for the great sea shall press Eire to her bosom, and the wild waves shall rock where saints prayed and scholars taught.

"God is not mocked. Seven years after the great sea covers the Holy Isle, the world shall glow again, though not in the fire of love, but in the fire of wrath. God shall destroy the world as He foretold, in flames and desolation, for it would not burn with His love.

Having so said, the an . . .

"Well, that's the end of it."

"What do you think?"

Putting down the sheaf of notes, Doctor Bachman picked up the manuscript, and studied it for a few moments.

"Hum, vellum's nearly perfect, the ink is barely faded, the Latin is legible, the coloring's still vivid, and the fragment's nearly complete; yet, I think it's genuine. Of course, I'd want to put it through a few tests myself before saying for . . ."

"No, no! I mean the text itself. What do you think of it?"

"Oh, the text. Well, I've been looking for some substantiation for that legend. This looks good, but I don't know. Off hand, I'd say it's a combination of Malachi's prophecies and the imagination of some pious monk; but the age of the manuscript — if Ableman is right, and I think he is — would rule that out. I don't know. Can you leave it here for a while? I'd like to look it over more carefully later."

"Sure, keep it as long as you like. Only Ableman knows I have it, and he wants your opinion on it too. Well, it's time I was going . . ."

"Stay a while . . . here, have some whiskey. Riding those tubes takes a lot out of a man; you could use some new blood."

"Thanks; don't mind if I do. Where'd you get this stuff anyway? I didn't know they had any down here."

Bachman laughed. "They didn't. I found an old Scottish manuscript describing the making of uiscebaugh, so I rigged up a still of my own."

"Damn it, Doc, you're wonderful, and worth your weight in gold to boot. But where'd you get the makings?"

"Shhh, military secret. What you don't know won't hurt you, m'boy. Let's just say that General Stuart likes a drop himself every now and again. Hum! Time for the news broadcast. Care to hear it?"

"Yeah, guess so. You know, I miss television more than anything else down here. Conelrad does all right, though; you've got to give 'em credit for keeping the radio going."

"Quiet, he's coming in."

> . . . has been verified. The Russians have dropped a bomb of unprecedented power a few miles off the west coast of Ireland. Authorities believe it to have been a guided missile with a cobalt warhead, the first of its kind to be used in the war to date. Great damage was done; the west coasts of Scotland and England have been lashed by tidal waves thirteen or fourteen feet high, some even as high as twenty-five feet. The Hebrides, the Mull of Kintyre, the westernmost parts of Scotland and Wales, and the Isle of Man have been inundated. There is nothing left of Ireland but a few rocks still showing above the sea. An RAF pilot in the area at the time is quoted as saying, "The Atlantic just seemed to leap up and swallow Ireland; bloody show. The Russian is a poor shot; missed London by miles." It is estimated that over three million people have vanished with Ireland. Since no enemy aircraft were detected in the area, authorities believe it to have been a guided missile that caused the blast. We repeat, the Russians have dropped . . . hold on a minute, a message is coming in from London . . . we'll have the message in a moment . . .

George looked at Doctor Bachman. He slugged down a quarter glass of whiskey and said in a still, quiet voice, "You wanted substantiation."

Volume 3, Numbers 3 and 4 — Spring-Summer, 1950

Music

Whence did music usher forth its first melody?
What captivating power surges through a musician's soul?
Music, how mysterious, stirring, spirited,
Heart warming to the forlorn —
Magnifying one's visions, emotions, faith,
And beauty in God's nature — prostrated before the musician.
To be so fortunate to hear music
Casting shadows of dreams that once enchanted
The composer's soul to quicken the time!
To compose Music!

— *Mario D'Alanno*

Volume 2, Numbers 3 and 4 — Spring-Summer, 1949

Hart Crane's Voyage

by Richard Loomis

ONE OF Hart Crane's minor lyrics has to do with the immense danger that attends being a child. It is "Voyages I," the literal content of which is this: Some boys, poorly dressed but colorful, play on the seashore, hunting for shells; their high, thin cries are answered by the roar of the sea and the almost audible violence of the sun's heat; the poet, watching them, imagines himself addressing them, warning them not to go too near the water lest they be drowned in the ugly parts of the sea which he personifies as a woman whose caresses are deadly.

The poem has a force and a livelihood that make it attractive, but here I should like to consider especially the urgency of the last line, "The bottom of the sea is cruel," and the source of that urgency in Crane's life and historical location.

Hart Crane was writing poetry from the time of the first World War to the depths of the Depression, when he committed suicide. He was reared in Cleveland, the only child of divorced parents. He did not attend college, but after high school he went to New York to live with a painter who was a friend of his parents. In the years that followed, Crane moved restlessly about, ordinarily supporting himself by working in advertising agencies. For a time he was employed in his father's candy business, but mutual distrust and antagonism kept the father and son apart during most of Crane's adult life. Crane's father was genuinely distressed that his son should be a poet and not a plain, comprehensible business man. Crane, in turn, regarded his father with the scorn of the romanticist for the philistine and with the fear of a guilty child for its parent — the fear of a sexual invert for his hard-shelled, bullying father. His relationship with his mother was ambiguous; when he was young, he took her side against his father, but towards the end of his life he turned against her rather violently, blaming her for his own emotional collapse.

In an upper story of the Crane home in Cleveland, young Hart had to himself a tower room which was his Bohemian retreat; here he would invite his friends to spend long, nervous hours listening to records, speaking rebellious words against the middle-class restraints, occasionally drinking beer or wine. Crane liked to imagine that the enthusiasm that seized him at these times was Platonic — a reliable, if extraordinary, creative energy. As he grew older, he came more and more to depend on liquor and

sensual indulgence to excite him to the fever and pitch of writing.

Crane was a Whitmanesque romantic. It is common to regard romanticism as simply a reaction against the stifling wilt of rationalism; it is that, of course, but in another sense it is a fulfillment of rationalism. The principal effect of rationalism was to strip the universe of personality, to make of it a huge but tidy machine. In such a universe man's task was to win for himself self-respecting security. The attitude of the enlightened rationalist was opposed to the barbarous and medieval belief that man's chief concern should be to sacrifice his worldly security for the love of a personal God, to suffer present ills patiently in the anticipation of future glory, and to kill by humility the self-respect of a son of Adam. The rationalist cynically denied that self-sacrifice and glory, heroism and sanctity had a part in the daily life of men; earnestly and in the common sense manner of Benjamin Franklin he believed that in his worldly affairs man was and ought to be motivated by nothing more noble and precious than enlightened self-interest. He was not, however, only a cynic; his very belief that man could safely and honorably pursue his self-interest to the practical exclusion of other motives made him a sentimentalist. Sentimentalism and cynicism are only two sides of the same coin: the jaded heart and mind of a proud man. The sentimentalist is one who seriously and cynically doubts the reality of any being outside of himself to whom he might owe affection and obedience. Since he cannot direct his love towards a person other than himself (for no other exists with an important claim on him), he enjoys his emotions for their own sake, turning them back on himself like Narcissus and hating the world in order to pity himself.

In a word, the rationalist takes his love away from every exterior object; after he has held his love, like his breath, long enough, he recklessly bestows his love on himself, and then we call him a romanticist.

It is necessary to understand the parent-child relationship of rationalism and romanticism in order to appreciate Hart Crane's response to the world of the twentieth century and its machines. Crane felt a certain repugnance for the machine, but on reflection, he was honestly convinced that the machine was a good servant of man which deserved respectful treatment by poets. As a matter of fact, the failure of Crane's most important poem, "The Bridge," can be partly attributed to his attempt to give to the Brooklyn Bridge a meaning and value that it never possessed. The function of the poet is to discover and reproduce meaning, not to attach meaning to an empty reality, like icing to an indigestible cake. Crane was pitifully constrained because he could not believe in his own symbols.

Somewhere in his notes, Franz Kafka wrote:

> To believe means to liberate the indestructible in oneself, or rather, to be indestructible, or rather, to be. My failure . . . is attributable . . . to the lack of footing, of air, of authority. A delicate task, a walking on tip-toe over a brittle plank that serves as a bridge; having nothing under one's feet, with one's feet raking together a plank to walk on; walking on nothing but one's own reflection seen in the water below, while holding the world with one's feet so that it doesn't fall apart; clenching one's hands in midair merely to help one bear the strain . . . My life has been spent in restraining myself lest I smash it to bits.

Kafka speaks here of that which was devised by Cartesian rationalism and only ratified by the romantic solipsists: the flat, wicked separation of reality and the mind of man — of reality and the heart of man. When a man has come to think that the world has no loveliness, that there is no one there whom he can love, he must fight, patient and solemn in his anguish, to keep his love from swinging terribly back on himself. He dare not become a fair, nodding sentimentalist, lest self-pity impel him to frenzy and suicide. Therefore Kafka kept fast hold of the very irony and detachment and doubt that were picking apart his soul.

Crane was shaken by a similar dilemma. In an impersonal universe the poet is anonymous and irresponsible, inclined to believe that he is self-existent and possibly a legitimate re-creator of the world. Because the universe is impersonal, he cannot speak to it or fondly get in touch with it. To put his loneliness at rest, he endeavors to "personalize" the universe, to make it be more and more what he would like it to be — his delightful home, a place of solace and peace. He is not only trying to recover Paradise; he is trying to make the universe a part of himself. Like Narcissus he imprints his own image on the world and falls in love with it.

But at the last he must admit that his re-creation of the world is a fake, an imposition. He is left with a frowzy, tedious world that does not know him, and he discovers that it is painful and terrifying to be without a name.

The poet's sentimental desire to personalize the universe is essentially a desire to become a child again. Here we can speak more directly of our subject, Crane's attitude toward childhood and the sea.

The rationalist erected for himself an economy propelled by cupidity and pride (those two inexhaustible, rich springs of human activity) which would supply the demands of men with as much efficiency as selfish men cooperating for a selfish interest could achieve. Such an economy imposed on men the strictest of deadening inhibitions, requiring that they eliminate their personality from their business activity in order that the demands of the consumer might be satisfied as swiftly and mechanically as possible. This mechanical system, reducing man to a silly toy device that supplies demands in order to demand supplies, is certainly man's most

elaborate attempt to escape the dreadful burden of responsibility, to live automatically like a bland, untroubled animal unconscious of the vast supernatural repercussions of every human act.

Unfortunately, but not inexplicably, the children of the rationalists were spoiled: their demands had been supplied too regularly and too solicitously. The sentimentalist is such a spoiled child. He desires the freedom and innocence of childhood (that is, the hectic irresponsibility of an unwatched Narcissus) and peace (that is, the smothering, savage sleep of animal satiety).

It is this sentimentalism, with its treacherous freedom and peace, which Hart Crane rejects with such urgency in "Voyages I." He pities the helpless condition of the boys playing on the beach (who are lucky rather than free, since they have so little control over themselves or their fortunes); and with exhaustion and bitterness in his voice he damns the sea — for the sea is a mother who pitilessly spoils her children.

Hart Crane was not one like Kafka to stop still at a tricky point of detachment from the world. Crane snatched at the world to make it his own; but the world gave him only bits of itself, unkind pleasures and weary excitations, and took back even these dead fragments after they had lacerated him. Thereupon, self-pity came by to swallow him up.

Ten years after he wrote "Voyages I," Hart Crane forgot his admonition regarding the sea. At the middle of an April day in 1932 he walked to the stern of a ship carrying him across the Caribbean from Mexico to New York City. Without any trouble he jumped to the bottom of the sea.

Volume 5, Numbers 1 and 2 — Fall-Winter, 1951-52

"See *that star* . . ."

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*

Volume 3, Numbers 3 and 4 — Spring-Summer, 1950

The Stern One

by Jim Bader

ILLUSTRATED BY ED KELLY

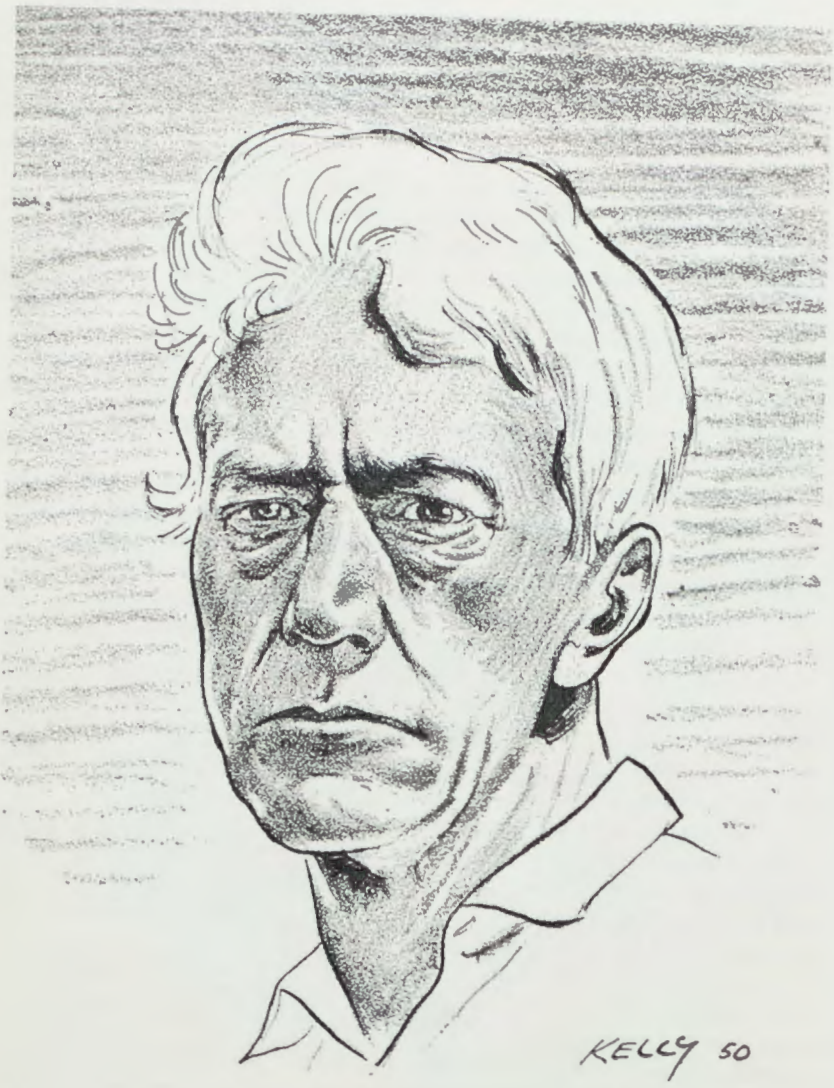
THEY christened him Kenesaw Mountain Landis — and the name was an apt one. Indeed, the stern-visaged, shaggy-haired czar who piloted organized baseball for twenty-four years was a mountain of strength and power, as hard and unyielding as granite. He had to be. Entering the sport when it was staggering under the scandal of the 1919 World Series, his job was to return Abner Doubleday's sport to its lofty eminence as the "National Pastime" and to keep it there.

Backed with the integrity and experience of seventeen years on the Federal Court bench, the high-commissioner ruled with a never-faltering, two-fisted program which earned him the admiration of players and fans, and the respect, although often grudingly given, of the club owners.

He was always front page news. Widely heralded in his days on the bench, Landis was an equally discussed personage because of his diamond rulings which often rocked the sports world. His tongue was sharp; his wit, nimble; and his spirit, fearless. Soon after he accepted the baseball position, his authority was tested by the slugging idol of the country, the mighty Babe Ruth. Some members of the American League Champion New York Yankees, including Ruth, had been "barn-storming" in direct violation of the rules of organized baseball. Settling the threatening insurrection by fining the players their share of the World Series winnings and suspending them for more than a month at the start of the spring season, the stern Commissioner left no doubt as to who was "boss."

Always insisting on the highest standards of sportsmanship, Landis made it an inflexible rule that rowdyism and hoodlumism would not be tolerated in baseball. When an umpire was injured by a thrown bottle at a White Sox-Yankee game in Chicago in 1936, he offered a $5000 reward to anyone who could help identify the offending spectator.

An avid sportsman himself, Judge Landis, with his abundant white hair, stand-up collar with its string tie, clean-cut profile and piercing eyes, was a familiar figure at Comiskey Park when the Chicago teams played at home. He had always been amazed at "old man" Connie Mack's activity; that he himself was just as active and only four years younger never occurred to him. He was also an ardent golf player, fisherman, and, of late years, aviation enthusiast.

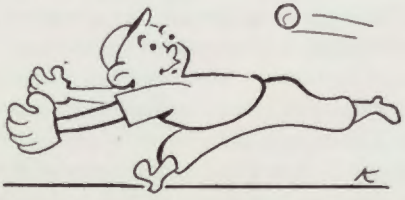

KELLY 50

In 1936 he upheld the Cleveland Indians' claim to Bob Feller, then a sensational young Iowa fire-baller. It was up to Landis to confirm the Tribe's claim to the youngster or declare him a free agent on the grounds that the Cleveland club had violated a league rule by signing him off the sandlots before he had signed a minor league contract. Landis' ruling drew a storm of criticism about his head, and sent one of the greatest hurlers in baseball history to Cleveland.

Yes, baseball, from millionaire presidents down to chubby bat-boys, called Judge Landis a tough man. Yet on one touching occasion the adamant quality was noticeably softened. Mickey Cochrane, catcher-manager of the Detroit Tigers, had been seriously injured by a pitched ball in a game with the New York Yankees. From his lodgings in Washington, Landis kept in constant touch with the New York hospital where Cochrane lay. His features contracted into a deep and settled expression of concern. Finally word came through that Cochrane was improved. Sunlight betrayed to others in the room the tears in the old man's eyes.

Commissioner Landis' stern dictums had always been followed by anguished cries from some quarters, and in 1940 the groans grew louder when a particularly severe decision granted free agency to ninety-one Detroit players valued at close to $500,000. Yet, late in the same year the dynamic executive, then seventy-four, was re-elected unanimously by the two major leagues for a new four-year term, a full year before his existing contract expired. But the "Squire," as baseball magnates analogously termed him, was never to complete this term. Unwavering, fearless, and always the champion of the "little guy," the commissioner died of heart disease November 25, 1944. All baseball mourned his passing.

William Harridge, president of the American League, voiced the sentiments of the whole baseball world in these few words: "Baseball has lost not only a great executive, but a real friend who had the best interests of the game always at heart."



Volume 2, Numbers 1 and 2 — Fall-Winter, 1948-49

Hamlet and Art— An Appreciation

by William J. Roscelli

MANY modern critics have a tendency to ferret out whatever flaws and lapses may be found in a work of art, emphasizing these at the expense of the obvious merits which the work may possess. The critical philosophy of this school of perfectionists seems to be that any artistic effort is only as good as its weakest link and that the integral parts considered individually are of greater significance than the whole.

Such censure which sometimes borders on personal abuse is inconsistent with the purpose of criticism because it tends to reduce the stature of the artist to a common level until he appears as an inflated jape with no extraordinary skill in his field.

Great art demands critical analyses which by their penetrating studies and constructive aids pave the way for greater achievements. Negative criticism and unbridled satire not only fail to fulfill the purpose of criticism, but also obstruct the advance of art by their bitter invective.

No work of art, however great, will be perfect. Every artist strives to proximate perfection, however, according to the amount of his talent. His effort, therefore, must not be judged by his departure from his goal but by his advance toward it. This latter, positive attitude commends accomplishments and indicates what can be attempted in the future. The negative approach deplores failure and indicates nothing to the artist which he can attain. To the benefit of both art and criticism, therefore, does the critic evaluate artistic achievements in terms of positive values without, however, completely ignoring defects or, worse, condoning them.

Such a frame of mind is necessary if the critic is to arrive at any valid conclusions concerning such an effort as Sir Laurence Olivier's recent production of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*. As a motion picture it has both advantages and limitations. For example, the cinema has the advantages of elaborate spectacle, authentic locations, and photographic effects, but it cannot fully produce that stimulus arising from an artist's contact with his audience. The screen reproduces a picture of life; as a result *Hamlet* on the screen will not produce the same effect as *Hamlet* on the stage. Furthermore, the compensations, such as spectacle and photography,

which the movies offer for their theatrical inadequacies are unnecessary in *Hamlet*. These factors, therefore, should be considered. *Hamlet* cannot be compared with the stage production but must be judged as an individual, unique effort and appraised as such according to its achievements.

As a screen production *Hamlet* is most admirable. The action, photography, and music blend with the lines of Shakespeare to produce a hypnotic effect on the audience. The morbid, polluted atmosphere of Elsinore spirits the audience into the Danish castle itself. There is a morose, uncomfortable suspense throughout the whole drama, a suspense that is inescapable although the plot is known before one enters the theater. Here is a magic touch found in few stage productions, almost never on the screen.

Yet *Hamlet* is not a picture without a flaw but rather a picture in which the defects are miscroscopic when compared to the achievements. An analysis of the integral parts will confirm this statement.

First, examine the scenario. To obtain continuity and present to the audience a smooth, well-wrought, easily comprehensible product, some license with the Shakespearean text was necessary. The transpositions and alterations were undertaken, however, with such delicacy and tact, that for the most part, they can give no offense even to the most rabid Shakespearean devotee. Some few indeed may lament the absence of Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern, but their inane obsequies add little or nothing to the tragedy, neither affording comic relief nor increasing dramatic suspense. No one will miss Fortinbras or the fopish courtiers Voltimand and Cornelius. Extreme conformists may object to the editing of speeches, but only in the cases of the great soliloquy and the final speeches might their objections be valid. Even in these cases the beauty of the film is in no way impaired.

As for the acting itself, Olivier's interpretation of *Hamlet* is competent if not distinguished, especially considering that he also directed and produced the film. Olivier underplays for the most part and renders the lyric and witty passages with incomparable deftness. In such scenes his facial expressions are illustrious examples of histrionic art. In speeches of intense passion, deep internal conflict, however, his interpretation wavers. He pitches his voice too high, shouts and rants, and perceptibly overplays. His graceful movements at times seem more appropriate to the ballet than the screen. But such interpretations, so damning on the stage, are not so offensive on the screen.

Deserving of great praise for her performance as the sensuous queen is Eileen Herlie. She plays her part with authority and ease, creating impressions which at times are almost too vivid. Only in the boudoir scene does she overplay, and in this case it is necessary to keep the balance

between herself and Olivier.

The weak link in *Hamlet* is Basil Sydney's portrayal of the king. Mr. Sydney displays about as much talent for acting as an elephant boasts in dancing. He pronounces his lines with the conviction of a disinterested athlete advertising razor blades. He is saved, however, by the redoubtable Shakespeare whose mighty lines cannot lose their effect entirely even through the gross incompetence of Basil Sydney.

In compensation for this, however, is the poignant performance of Jean Simmons as the unfortunate Ophelia. Miss Simmons combines beauty and talent to create an outstanding portrayal of a difficult role.

Finally there is that venerable wit of the British theatre, Felix Aylmer, who gives a superb portrayal of the foolish Polonius. He comes closest to giving a near-perfect performance, a feat incidentally which he invariably achieves.

The remaining players are competent and the photography effective, although at times the repeated views of the courtiers and the close-ups of Olivier grow tedious. William Walton's score measures well up to his past performances.

Such is the new film *Hamlet*. By no means perfect, it is nonetheless, a notable achievement, a landmark in the movie industry, and a dramatic effort worthy to be termed a work of art.

Volume 1, Number 2 — Spring, 1948

Ode to a Shadow

Lean, withered, and soulless, yet you haunt
Every corner, man, or beast;
Death lurks in thy footsteps,
Your fleshless hand beckons ever on to the forlorn
And forgotten.
Though voiceless and bedridden you can swiftly
Grasp your victim with your pall;
Your voice may be the rumbling of a mountain
Monarch, or the wind menacing the tall pine tree.
You have a million eyes spying every creature
And aspects of dust that stirs upon this earth,
So lean, withered, soulless, feared as a
Plague but loved by the poets.

— *Mario D'Alanno*

Volume 7, Numbers 1 and 2 — Fall-Winter, 1953-54

Fish Story

by Fred McGunagle

SASKATOON, Sask., Can., Oct. 11 — (UP) — The Saskatoon Fair, one of Canada's oldest and most picturesque, opened here today with the blare of three brass bands and the shrieks of the province's best hog callers.

More than 50,000 persons from all parts of Canada and the United States poured through a miniature zoo, scores of games of chance, and shops and stands selling everything from Indian blankets to electric razors.

Promoters call this, the 81st renewal of the traditional bazaar, the "biggest and best ever."

Among the hundreds of exhibits awaiting visitors are displays ranging from jellies and jams to a sideshow view of the "World's Only Magic Fish — only known instance of two and two equaling five" — a phenomenon which could well set the progress of human learning back about three thousand years.

This year's festivities last until Saturday, when a giant raffle closes the show.

SASKATOON, Sask., Can., Oct. 13 — (UP) — Saskatchewan wheat farmer Harvey Seltman finds himself in the middle of a raging controversy today — but one which is pouring a steady stream of money into his cash register.

Seltman's troubles — and bonanza — began Monday when a UP dispatch cited his exhibit as typical of the 81st annual Saskatoon Fair. Seltman is the proprietor of the "Magic Fish — only known instance of two and two equaling five."

For the edification of those who pay their dime, Seltman drops two speckled trout into a basin containing two other trout, and five fish appear before the eyes of the astonished gallery.

The controversy began when Dr. Glenn D. MacDonald, professor of chemistry at nearby Regina University, read of the fish and obtained Seltman's permission to examine them. The results startled him.

"It's amazing!" he reported. "I could find no trace of trickery. Every time I added two fish to the two fish already in the basin I had five fish. I just can't explain it. It's just as natural as — well, as two and two making four. But they don't. They make five."

Seltman himself has no explanation of the phenomenon.

"I've often wondered about it," he admitted, "but I never could figure it out. As long as I could pick up a little extra money with the fish, I didn't worry about the explanations."

The 53-year-old farmer uses the trout to supplement his main income. The fish, which he has been exhibiting at carnivals and fairs for about three years, are from a pond on his property.

Meanwhile a hot debate is raging in Saskatoon, and publicity-wise fair promoters are just sitting back and smiling.

SASKATOON, Sask., Can., Oct. 14 — (UP) — Farmer Harvey Seltman's fish have plunged their owner, along with the whole city of Saskatoon, into a turmoil. Seltman is the exhibitor of the mysterious speckled trout which apparently prove that two and two are five.

Until yesterday Seltman's fish, first reported by a UP dispatch, were considered a sideshow phony or at best a publicity stunt of Saskatoon Fair promoters. But yesterday the exhibit was examined thoroughly by Dr. Glenn D. MacDonald, professor of chemistry at Regina College, who after repeated experiments announced his failure to account for the phenomenon.

Several other experts who this morning conducted further tests concurred with Dr. MacDonald's findings that the result could not be explained by any known law of science.

A group of well known scientists and university officials from several midwestern United States colleges has wired Dr. MacDonald of plans to journey to Saskatoon and make an exhaustive study of the mysterious fish.

Meanwhile the exhibit has been moved to a larger tent here at the fair to accommodate the increased crowds.

NEW YORK, Oct. 14 — (UP) — Farmer Harvey Seltman's speckled trout might turn out to be more than just a sideshow exhibit, one authority here believes.

James L. LiSieux, assistant professor of philosophy at New York University, today told reporters that the discrepancy might be in our standards.

"After all," he said, "our system of arithmetic is merely arbitrary. We have no definite proof that two and two always equal four. That is just the result we have always gotten in the past. It is within the realm of possibility that there is an instance in which two and two don't make four."

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 15 — (UP) — Five noted American scientists set out

from here this morning for Saskatoon in the Canadian province of Saskatchewan. There they will join two other experts to make a study of Saskatoon's famous speckled trout, which apparently defy a basic law of arithmetic.

The trout, property of Harvey Seltman of Yorkton in Eastern Saskatchewan, were discovered Monday in the sideshow of the Saskatoon Fair by a UP reporter.

Whenever two of the fish are dropped into a tank containing two others, the result is always five fish. Experts who have examined the trout can so far offer no explanation.

Members of the group which left St. Louis by plane at 11 a.m. St. Louis time are: Dr. N. L. Wiley, chairman of the biology department of Alabama Polytechnic Institute; Maxwell H. Reinken, professor of chemistry at the University of Missouri; Dr. C. W. G. Adams, professor of animal husbandry at Iowa State College; M. J. O'Connell, professor of philosophy at Hastings College; and Dr. Lewis L. Girondeau, president of Albion Medical College.

In Saskatoon the group will be met by George R. Rutgart, chairman of the philosophy department at Ottawa University, and Hugo Amerman, president of the American Ichthyology Association.

By Howard Mason, UP Saskatchewan correspondent

SASKATOON, Sask., Can., Oct. 15 — (UP) — I saw two and two make five.

I was one of thousands who during the day packed into a tent on the Saskatoon Fairgrounds to see the celebrated speckled trout of wheat farmer Harvey Seltman.

Seltman stood by a glass tank set on a table in the middle of the tent. In the tank were two lazily swimming speckled trout.

As soon as the tent was full, Seltman took a net and scooped up two other fish from a separate tank. He emptied the fish from the net into the tank.

Instantly there were five fish splashing around the tank.

Seltman scooped out two of the fish, and, again instantaneously, there were but two fish left.

He repeated the demonstration, then asked the viewers to leave to make room for those lined up outside. The crowd filed out, most expressing disappointment.

They had seen a phenomenon which has the continent's scientists in great excitement, but for the most part they were unimpressed.

SASKATOON, Sask., Can., Oct. 16 — (UP) — After eight hours of intensive tests, Saskatoon's world-shaking speckled trout are still a mystery.

At four p.m. Saskatoon time (seven p.m. EST) no word has yet passed to the waiting world from behind the heavy wooden door at the Saskatoon Museum of Natural History where seven of the continent's top scientists are closeted with the trout and with their discoverer, Saskatchewan wheat farmer Harvey Seltman.

The experts, professors of biology, chemistry, animal husbandry, and philosophy, have been examining the fish since eight a.m. Since then they have opened the laboratory door only once, to send out for lunch at 11:45. The group arrived here by plane from the United States last night and went immediately to the Prince Albert Hotel.

Only comment by any of the seven was that of Maxwell R. Reinken, professor of chemistry at the University of Missouri.

"We are going into the examination with no preconceived ideas," Prof. Reinken said this morning. "Our minds are open to any possibility."

Other members of the expedition are: Dr. C. W. G. Adams, author and professor of animal husbandry at Iowa State College; Dr. Lewis L. Girondeau, president of Albion Medical College; George R. Rutgart, chairman of the philosophy department at Ottawa University; N. L. Wiley, holder of the Carnegie chair of biology at Alabama Polytechnic Institute (Auburn); M. J. O'Connell, assistant professor of philosophy at Hastings (Iowa) College; and Hugo Amerman, president of the American Ichthyology Association.

Dr. Glenn D. MacDonald of Regina College, who first called the trout to the attention of the world, is also with the expedition.

A flood of telegrams from all over the world has poured into Saskatoon in the last two days. Most express belief that the phenomenon is capable of explanation by known laws.

Meanwhile, tension is near the breaking point in this city of 52,732. Thousands are waiting outside the museum for results of the investigation.

NEW YORK, Oct. 16 — (UP) — While seven of the nation's leading scientists were unable today to solve the mystery of Harvey Seltman's trout, there was no lack of suggestions and opinions offered by everybody from ichthyologists to plumbers.

One of the more scientific explanations came from Dr. Charles E. Lippincott of Columbia University, an authority on ichthyology (the study of fish).

"The Saskatoon phenomenon is possibly an occurrence not uncommon among fresh water fish in cold climates," Dr. Lippincott ventured.

"Sometimes a fish develops an extraordinary natural ability for camouflage. Of course, such a fish wouldn't fool a trained scientist."

In England, Jules Resell, ichthyologist of the British Museum, reported a similar case observed about 15 years ago in northern Wales. The discoverer of the Welsh fish — in this case pike — refused to allow his find to be examined.

Optometrist Louis Unterback excluded possibilities of the phenomenon being an optical illusion, and hypnosis authority Dr. Arthur M. Kunes likewise ruled out mass hypnosis.

Many authorities were more concerned with philosophical implications. Leo T. Royal, professor of philosophy at Georgetown University, said today:

"If it could be proved that in one case two and two do not equal four, all the conclusions ever based on the postulate that two and two always equal four would have to be considered unproved. If one of the assumptions we accept as self-evident were disproved, it would cast doubt on all the others. We could not be sure of anything.

"Our whole science of mathematics would have to be re-examined — in fact, all our sciences, especially philosophy, would be subject to grave doubt. We could no longer be sure of any of our judgments if our basic premises were in doubt. The basis of all our reasoning would be knocked out from under us. We would have to start all over from scratch. Everything we have ever reasoned would be in question."

Speaking before the Milwaukee Council of Churches, Dr. Preston McKee, pastor of the Free Methodist Church, told fellow churchmen: "Even if it be found that our reasoning has been based on incorrect premises, we should not abandon all we believe and cherish. I say it would be better to ignore the discovery and cling to our faith."

But in Cleveland the Rev. Harry J. Gauzman, S.J., professor of religion at John Carroll University, said: "If two and two be not four, then our faith is in vain."

Public reaction to the story of Seltman and his fish is reaching a peak not seen since the Kefauver Crime Committee telecasts of 1950. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer announced today that it has bought movie rights to Seltman's story for $50,000. Several book publishers are pressing Seltman with offers for book rights.

Among other varied reactions:

In Paris, the French Academy addressed a telegram to the expedition requesting a full detailed report of the investigation.

In Carmen, Okla., a 68-year-old man took his life and left a note saying worry over Seltman's fish had driven him to suicide.

In New York City, Plumber Irving Klepman told an inquiring re-

porter he believed all the scientists were drunk.

In Salt Lake City, a motorist in Judge Allen DeNova's traffic court tried to pay a $5 fine with two $2 bills.

In Washington, D. C., the Rev. Emmanuel Lawson of the Evangelical Reformed United Church of the Savior told his flock: "The worldly wise are confounded by the wonders of the Lord. The Lord is showing us that science cannot replace religion. Let us abandon our false idols of science before it is too late."

Rev. Lawson plans to lead a delegation to picket the White House and demand that the President restore God to government.

SASKATOON, Sask., Can., Oct. 17 — (UP) — The speckled trout of Harvey Seltman are a fake.

Putting an end to three days of wild speculation, the majority report of seven famous scientists declared today that the apparent ability of the fish to prove that two and two are five is "an illusion."

The scientists declined to make any statements concerning the nature of the illusion.

In a terse bulletin released at 8:46 a.m. (11:46 a.m. EST) six of the seven authorities who had examined the fish for 14 hours yesterday announced:

"After careful examination we are convinced that the apparent phenomenon of the trout is an illusion. Their behavior is completely in accord with known scientific laws. Neither the discoverer of the fish, Mr. Seltman, nor promoters of the Saskatoon Fair are in any way to blame for the deception.

"To avoid any further alarm we have destroyed the fish."

The scientists refused to answer any questions. They left immediately for their hotel.

Only member of the expedition not to agree with the report was Michael J. O'Connell, assistant professor of philosophy at Hastings College.

"Although I am not an authority on biology or chemistry, I do not feel the explanation is entirely satisfactory," declared Professor O'Connell, youngest of the group at 27. "I do not challenge it, but I cannot honestly say I am convinced of its accuracy. I will announce my decision when I have given the matter more thought."

Those who did approve the report were: Dr. C. W. G. Adams, Dr. Lewis Girondeau, Professor George R. Rutgart, Professor N. L. Wiley, Dr. M. H. Reinken, and Hugo Amerman, president of the American Ichthyology Association.

The experts, who yesterday had studied the fish from eight a.m. until

ten p.m., needed only 16 minutes this morning to announce their decision. They arrived at the Saskatoon Museum of Natural History at 8:30.

Today's decision ended a wild goose chase which had fired the imagination of the world. Authorities had declared that if reports were true that two of the fish plus two others equaled five, all man's judgments since the beginning of civilization were open to doubt.

Harvey Seltman, the Saskatchewan wheat farmer whose exhibit of the fish in the sideshow of the Saskatoon Fair had set off the false alarm, was willing to talk to reporters but had no explanation of the decision. The scientists had convinced him of the necessity of destroying his fish, he said.

Seltman was absolved of all blame, as were promoters of the fair, which closed yesterday.

The scientists, who have refused to answer any questions for the battery of newsmen and photographers here, will spend tomorrow in Saskatoon and return to the United States by plane Tuesday.

S109
PIC UPCOMING
SASKATOON, SASK., CAN., OCT. 19 — (UP) — AN AUTO ACCIDENT TOOK THE LIFE OF AN AMERICAN COLLEGE PROFESSOR HERE TODAY.

MICHAEL J. O'CONNELL, 27, ASSISTANT PROFESSOR OF PHILOSOPHY AT HASTINGS (IOWA) COLLEGE, WAS KILLED THIS MORNING WHEN HE FELL FROM THE DOOR OF A SPEEDING STATION WAGON EN ROUTE TO THE UNITXXX
TO THE SASKATOON AIRPORT. HE HAD PLANNED TO FLY BACK TO THE UNITED STATES TODAY.

PROFESSOR O'CONNELL WAS ONE OF SEVEN COLLEGE PROFESSORS AND SCIENTISTS WHO HAD BEEN HERE STUDYING A SUPPOSED PHENOMENON. HE APPARENTLY LEANED AGAINST THE UNLOCKED REAR DOOR OF THE STATION WAGON, ACCORDING TO THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION WHO WERE THE ONLY OTHER PASSENGERS. THE ACCIDENT OCCURRED ON A COUNTRY ROAD JUST OUTSIDE SASKATOON.

ALTHOUGH PROFESSOR O'CONNELL HAD AT FIRST DISAGREED WITH THE FINDINGS OF HIS COLLEAGUES, HE WAS GOING TO ANNOUNCE THAT HE HAD CHANGED HIS MIND, DR. M. H. REINKEN, LEADER OF THE EXPEDITION, TOLD POLICE. THE GROUP HAD BEEN EXAMINING FISH REPORTED TO BE PHENOMENAL.

THE PROFESSOR

THE PROFESSOR WAS AN AIR FORCE VETERAN OF WORLD WAR II. HIS BODY WILL BE SHIPPED TO HIS FAMILY IN CHICAGO FOR BURIAL.

EP1239PES UP-OCT.19

Volume 10, Number 1 — Fall, 1956

Catholic Canons for Television Drama

by Robert Hall

FOR those of us who *had* sets nine years ago, television was a mechanical challenge, a nightly battle with "snow," "flop-over," and a general technological unrest. Our screen, in short, was a most recalcitrant glow. And when we did manage a moment's coherence, we would pace triumphantly up and down the living room, pointing like a pioneer to that admirable strafe of light with "Mom, is that a picture, or isn't it?" Mom, no doubt recalling Pittsburgh, the crystal set, and KDKA, had barely time to answer before the oscillations set in again. In those early days of the new medium, we resembled a schoolboy translating Greek: happy enough to get everything in order, unconcerned with the meaning.

With the picture more or less technically stable, we are, or should be, concerned with whether or not the material being presented on the new medium is morally in focus. That television is the greatest of mass media is a commonplace, but a commonplace with important consequences. It is the basic assumption of this essay that no medium of social communication can compete with television as a purveyor of ideas, information, and the dramatized emotional response. Nowhere is a more random and myriad assortment of sensible and intelligible material unloaded for important analysis upon so many people. Nowhere is this done in a more appealing way. If such, then, is the case, where are we to find so many conflicting and divergent moral standards exposed to imitation?

The problem is clear. As Catholics, and, therefore, as firm believers in the constancy of truth and the objectivity of the moral law, we must call attention to those moral canons which apply to all media of communication — in that these media influence man in regard to his moral destiny.

Almost every type of television production is, of course, within the scope of moral criticism, since each exercises some degree of influence upon the viewer. Yet, when we find ourselves drawn, almost ineluctably, into an evening's circle of light, it is the television drama which tends to attract our serious consideration. We have heard somewhere that this thing called a "play" has reputable connections with the intellectual upper-crust. It is even, on occasion, a fine art. The words and actions of the players hang unassailable in the memory under the guise of frozen fact.

Ours is to understand, not to evaluate. We regard drama as a real and direct representation of life. A method, perhaps, of bringing the underlying motives of human actions into sharper focus; but real, nevertheless, and true. Therefore, it is most necessary that critical canons be brought to bear on television drama, a field wherein many dangerous assumptions are made and wherein the viewer is presented with moral principles in the form of entertainment.

To begin, too much of today's television fare is concerned with the adrenal glands of its viewers. This is not drama at all; it is melodrama. Where genuine drama seeks to penetrate, to understand, and to instruct, melodrama seeks to exploit. Thus, we have the "series" programs dealing with espionage, suspense, and the fantastic, featuring "excitement" at any cost. Such entertainment, valid in itself, can be seriously questioned when a given protagonist resolves his weekly difficulties by a violation of the moral law. A recent edition of the *Four Star Playhouse,* for example, presented a businessman cheating at cards in order to maintain the solvency of a financial enterprise. Caught by a friend, but not exposed, the man was urged to abstain from his literally dishonest dealings, *now that his business was on solid ground.* The viewer is left with the impression that, to be a good boy, he must always return to the moral law once the need for its violation has passed. The moral distortion is obvious.

Melodrama is also characterized, in many instances, by an excess of violence. What of violence? All good drama has it. How else is the emotional or intellectual conflict which forms the very essence of drama to be signified? Yet, violence is a means only. Violence for its own sake is unnatural, sadistic, and certainly pleasing neither to the taste nor to the welfare of the television audience.

Since additional comment on melodrama would be in the realm of literary, and not moral, criticism, let us turn to the attempts being made in some quarters to produce *genuine* dramas for television.

Now, obviously, what applied to drama *qua* drama applies also to the television play. No play which approves of or neglects the presence of moral wrong has any place on the boards or before the cameras. Tragedy, it is true, has its beginnings in a transgression of the moral law. But the tragic note is drawn either from the consequences of that wrong, as in *Medea,* or in the realization of what such a transgression implies, as in *Macbeth.*

In a literally immoral play, the moral law is rendered subjective, glossed over, or lampooned. This represents a perversion of human nature, a repression or denial of conscience.

A glaring example of this oblivious disregard of the moral law appeared only a few months ago on *Climax!* in a production entitled, *A*

Man of Taste. Urbane and adult, the story pondered the death-cell ruminations of a kid-glove killer who was determined to die as graciously as he had lived. In a monologue dealing with his parents and early childhood, the hero gave us a portrait of the killer as a young pawn, committed irrevocably to the unhindered pursuit of the refined. His useless and hedonistic existence, we were informed, was more or less the result of an automatic response. Surely, this "ping-pong ball in a wind tunnel" brand of moral determinism cannot plead conduct to the well-being of a television audience. There are murderers, certainly; there are also saints. The dramatic presentation of either extreme, however, must include at the very least, an after-the-fact reference to the *free* moral choice which resulted in the character's moral condition as presented. Failure to do this leads to a totally false picture of humanity.

While *A Man of Taste* represents an extreme in television drama, it is, nevertheless, on the basis that a single wild cell can destroy the whole organism, an extreme to be avoided.

On the credit side are several ventures into the field of Greek drama, both in period and in modern dress, by one of television's bolder showcases, *Omnibus*. While not strictly programming "for everyone," *Omnibus* has managed to get the lens on some pretty respectable material.

Shakespeare himself has seen a good deal of action on the television front with *Hamlet, Macbeth, Othello,* and *Lear* among those of his plays to cross the screen. Whatever their merit from a dramatic standpoint, these productions have exhibited a conscientious effort on the part of sponsors and directors to transfer to the new medium a sizable portion of mankind's greatest literary heritage.

A degree of caution, however, should be exercised in this well-meaning but random assault on world literature. Dramatic potential is not, of itself, sufficient reason for presenting a time-honored work of letters. Due partly to the complex moral problems of which they treat and partly to the inability of television to plumb these moral, contextual, and psychological premises upon which such works are based, many literary masterpieces are scarcely suitable material for television. Many viewers, when confronted with an abridged classic, might conceivably return to their dinners with an impression exactly antithetical to the one the original was trying to convey. This would be especially true of a work whose plot centers on a violation of the moral law. In dealing with this problem, the following suggestion might be of use: where there is neither the time nor the possibility of presenting a moral problem *in all of its ramifications*, that problem should not be presented. Thus the dramatization on *Suspense* of William Faulkner's interior monologue, *Barn Burning*, is open to question. As a short story, the piece is morally valid; as a television play it

became a meaningless study in brutality, with the moral implications of the original completely excised.

While discussing the various criteria of the matter contained in television drama, mention should be made of the type of play which defends the innate dignity of the individual man. A man, it matters not how mean his station, is something more than a mediocre creature. At times laughable, he is not always the fool. But by valid emotions, confronted with problems of universal importance, each man is mankind. Television drama has missed this point. The ordinary man, when presented at all, is shown to be likeable, but of no consequence, petty. He is confronted by nothing at all, concerned with matters of small moment. He is, in short, a statistician's dream — dull, predictable, without any hierarchy of values. This is a familiar, but completely unreal picture.

In *Marty,* and other works written originally for television, playwright Paddy Chayefsky has done much to counteract what is not only a trend but even a staple in television dramas. Here we have not merely a butcher in love, but a man in love and his universally human reaction to that fact. *Marty,* along with Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors,* is an example of what original television drama can be at its best.

It takes no particular talent to discern the fact that television today is less than perfect. One sees in its fine, old tradition of studied mediocrity the need for objective critical canons. Yet it is necessary to see to it that the Catholic viewer is made aware of the particular application of moral principles to television drama. In this way, he will obtain a standard by which to judge this great mass of dramatic material and render it morally coherent.

"In Marty, *and other works written originally for television . . ."*

Volume 6, Numbers 1 and 2 — Fall-Winter, 1952-53

"Big Ditch"—African Style

by Frank R. Tesch

HAVE you ever looked down terrain so long and straight that it was actually possible to see the curvature of the earth?

People who make a habit of ferreting out odd and interesting bits of information tell us that the only place in the world where this can be done is on the Suez Canal. From Port Said, the northern terminus of the Canal, due south for almost thirty miles to a grimy little native village called Qantara, the canal cuts a path as straight as a die. When one first enters this part of the waterway, it actually appears to bend over the surface of the earth and disappear some twenty miles away.

While this is probably its most remarkable physical feature, the Suez Canal has never ceased to astound the many thousands of people who annually pass through it. How and when it came to be built is a thrice-told tale, but for the record we might harken to it again. The desirability of a canal to connect the Mediterranean and Red Seas has long been realized, and indeed, as far back as the nineteenth and twentieth centuries B.C., some sort of a canal is noted in historical records. The canal was restored and rebuilt often, notably under Ptolemy II and Emperor Trajan. However, after the eighth century A.D., it was closed and fell into a sad state of neglect that was not corrected until the middle 1800's. At that time a Frenchman, Ferdinand de Lesseps, conceived the idea of a modern canal, and undertook its construction. The work was under way for ten years, and finally in 1869 the canal was opened for traffic.

Almost exactly 100 miles in length, the canal has a minimum width of 196 feet on the bottom, and is never less than forty-two feet deep. Since, through some quirk of nature, there is not enough tide-range in either the Red or Mediterranean Seas to be worthy of the name, it was possible to build the canal without locks. This feature, plus its width and depth, make it possible for the canal to accommodate the largest ships afloat.

But let us take a trip through the canal and see at first hand this modern wonder. As we enter the protecting breakwaters at Port Said, we pass a huge statue erected to the memory of the man who built the canal, de Lesseps. It faces seaward, greeting all incoming ships and bidding farewell to all those which have passed through this greater memorial to his genius. Next we are boarded by the usual customs and quarantine offi-

cials, since we wish to go ashore; and of course there are the canal officials, ever-willing to exact their canal-toll tribute from the ship's purser.

Port Said is built on a peninsula between the canal and Lake Manzalah, which is formed by the Nile on the eastern reaches of its delta. The city was founded by the canal's builders, and today is a bustling metropolis of over 60,000 people. It is a hodge-podge city, though, and a strange mixture of splendid hotels and filthy native hovels, fine shops and smelly fishing boats. Arabians and Egyptians are the world's most zealous traders; they cling to you with the tenacity of glue. They vastly over-price their wares and if you decide to buy from them, it is best you have a good voice, because haggling is the accepted way of reaching an agreement. On the other hand, if you want to get rid of some particularly noisy merchant, simply divide his asking price by ten, offer that as your highest bid, and he will depart shortly, muttering about the peculiar ways of wealthy Americans.

Our trip through the canal can begin at any time. Traffic moves through the canal twenty-four hours a day, though not continuously in both directions. Our ship will proceed for about four hours, then will tie up to the side of the canal for another four hours to enable northbound shipping to move, after which we will go our way again for another four hours. It takes approximately twenty hours to make a complete transit of the canal, only twelve hours of which is actual steaming time.

As previously noted, the canal is perfectly straight for the first thirty-odd miles after leaving Port Said, and here the phenomenon of seeing the curvature of the earth is visible. Along the canal for these thirty miles are several, small, dirty, sun-baked native villages, occasionally a small grove of date palms, and infrequently an oasis, where dromedaries may be seen standing about. Men, women and children find the banks to be a most convenient thoroughfare, and as they walk along they shout to passengers on the ships, begging for food or asking for money or old clothing. The canal is also a natural means of local water transport. The oddly-rigged dhows which ply it are the same now as they were seven thousand years ago, and some of them look almost that old.

Our first stop is just south of Qantara, to let northbound ships go by. Ismailia, the scene of pitched battles in recent years between Egyptian and British forces, is only a short distance over the dunes, and many of its wealthy inhabitants have built magnificent residences along the canal. Well-landscaped and palatial in proportion, these splendid homes present a striking contrast to the miserable little clay hovels only a stone's throw away, in which some lowly fellah and his family live a pitiful day-to-day existence.

After we get under way once again, we come shortly to Lake Tim-

sah, on whose shores stand several anti-aircraft batteries and a British army cantonment. On the drill field a platoon is practising some maneuver with bayonet-tipped rifles, indicative of the constant tension which exists in this unhappy land. Here also is a huge stone marker, set up on a hill back some distance from the lake, marking the halfway point in the canal.

Some ten or twelve miles farther south are the Great and Little Bitter Lakes, although which we pass quickly, re-enter the canal, and then tie up once again. By this time it is getting dark, and the crew prepares to rig up another feature of the canal: a headlight for our ship. Since ships move through the canal all hours of the day and night, headlights are an absolute necessity, and they shine with sufficient brilliance to enable the canal pilot aboard to see both banks of the canal for nearly a half-mile ahead.

Other ships are passing us constantly. Here is a Norwegian tanker out of Abadan, bright and clean even for that dirty kind of ship; then a huge P & O liner, her lights ablaze and the laughter of her passengers filling the night. Next, one of our sister ships passes by. We give her the traditional three-blast salute from our whistle, and call to friends we have on board. Then she is gone into the darkness, and we think what a small world it is indeed that we should meet old friends out here in the middle of a desert.

By now our voyage is nearly done. After we get under way again the canal begins to twist and turn more as the land around us gets quite hilly. Then, almost before we know it, we are anchored outside the breakwater at Suez. There is the formality of dropping the pilot, and then we are off into the dark of night, little realizing that our twenty-hour passage has saved us twenty days around the Cape of Good Hope.

Paradise Lost and Found

Leprechauns, 'tis said, do not exist,
But don't I know better?
Sure aren't they the angels
Whom God would not fetter?
When Michael the Irish Archangel,
Was chasin' the devils from Heaven
And castin' them into hot Hell,
(Which is somewhere beneath ould Glasnevin),
Some angelic "conshenshuss objectors"
Refused to take part in the fight.
But when Mike was for chasin' them, too,
God said that it wasn't right.
Though they didn't jump to protect him,
They weren't evil enough to rebel,
And though they couldn't be stayin' in Heaven,
They weren't desarvin' o' Hell.
"Where, then," said Mike, "will we put 'em?
(I'll give 'em the back o' me hand!")
"In a nice, quiet spot," said the Lord,
"A wee bit o' heavenly land."
"I know just the place," said old Mike.
"Sure, I'm quite eager and rarin'
To chase 'em out through the gate
To the green island o' Erin.
'Tis right where Ye dropped it, O Lord,
When Ye were makin' this heavenly place,
And there they'll abide, now, forever,
And start the great Leprechaun race."

And there they are to this day,
As neutral now as then,
Not sarvin' their God as they should,
Nor havin' to do with men.

— *John P. Browne*

Volume 2, Numbers 1 and 2 — Fall-Winter, 1948-49

Revenge

by Raymond F. Flinn

THE MIST of a cool spring morning was just clearing as Arthur Willet, valise in hand, strode briskly from Mrs. Jones' boarding house to his coupe. With each step he seemed to be planting a crushing blow on the head of some invisible opposition, firmly and victoriously. To watch him as he inserted the ignition key and stepped on the starter, no one would have thought that Arthur Willet had just murdered a man a few hours before. There was no excitement, no fear. He was completely self-possessed, even happy.

"A perfect crime," he mused, "no mistake. Revenge is so sweet!"

With a soft, self-assured laugh, he shifted gears and drove away from the scene of his crime as one would from a good movie. He stopped for a red light. At the corner stood a policeman, beaming a "good morning" to the early passers-by. Arthur Willet smiled back, waved, and drove on.

Fifteen minutes later he was on the open road, bound for Jersey City, where he would board a steamer and sail for some distant land — to Brazil perhaps. Then, even if they should discover that Gilmore had been murdered — but how could they? What indication could there possibly be of a murder? People commit suicide every day. Besides, Gilmore had plenty of reasons for wishing he were dead, too, the old leech! And who would suspect the "traveling salesman," Henry Spenser, alias Arthur Willet? No one knew him in Clarksburg. He had tracked down his unsuspecting victim, waited just long enough to catch him in one of his drunken sprees, took revenge, and then calmly paid his bill and traveled on. Old Mark Gilmore always slept late. Ha, Ha! Later than usual today!

Ten o'clock found the murderer speeding along a road that wound like a giant snake around the Allegheny foothills. On either side patchwork farms and green rolling hills, cut by the white thread of twisting highway, met his eye; and mountains, the last refuge of fleeing mist, slowly grew out of the horizon in front of him. It was a beautiful scene and the murderer surveyed it with a complacent appreciation of newly awakened nature. But it was lonely. There hadn't been a car in sight for over an hour. For Arthur Willet, however, loneliness added to the beauty surrounding him. Unfrequented roads apparently proved best for a getaway.

But why run away? For a moment — a brief moment — his con-

science gave a quick twinge. If all was so perfect, why be afraid? Afraid? He was just playing it safe!

Suddenly he brought his car to a stop and shaded his eyes from the glare of the sun. What was that? Several hundred yards behind him on the winding highway, a long black sedan raced at break-neck speed. The curvature of the road made it seem much closer, and Willet thought he could discern the glitter of some gilt emblem on the sedan door. He started involuntarily! Police? Impossible, he thought! Yet his right foot pressed the gas pedal a little harder than before as the coupe darted forward again. His spine tingled! "Huh! I'm acting as though I'm afraid. Why should I be afraid?"

He peered behind him, and his right foot pressed a little harder on the accelerator.

"Tum-de-da-dum-da-da-dum. Let's see, what are the words to that song? Used to remember them." His fingers drummed the steering wheel, as his eyes shifted from the road to his rear-view mirror. "Nervous? That's foolish! I've nothing to fear. It was a perfect crime. No flaw!"

Faster and faster, around the twisting highway, down little declines and around sweeping curves sped the light car. Behind him came the heavy black car, steadily gaining — like a hawk intent on its prey. With each succeeding turn the murderer's apprehension grew. His eyes flitted from the road behind him. Could they be after him? Could he have perhaps made one mistake to set them on his trail?

"Let's see — midnight — not a soul awake! Was there? No! I'm sure! Sneaked into the room — none of the floorboards made a sound — Gilmore in a stupor, slumped over the table —" He darted a worried glance at his mirror. "Not far behind! Where was I? Yes, Gilmore, drunk — easy to pour the poison down his throat — He thought it was booze, the fool. Put the bottle into his hand — no fingerprints — gloves — arranged the body and sneaked back — No one saw me! Fool, it was perfect! Sure! Where's your self-control?"

Yes, where? Little by little his practiced self-control trickled away, as though he were using it for gas. A cold sweat started to roll down his face. For brief moments when his car screeched around corners, he lost sight of the oncoming sedan; but on the longer stretches of highway it appeared in his mirror like a trembling and enraged fury haunting him with two accusing eyes. Now it was close enough for him to see a spotlight on the right side. It *was* the police!

"Where's my handkerchief?" He pulled frantically at his pockets with his free hand. "Not here! Where? — An icy hand gripped his heart and the vision of the telltale clue snapped the last weak thread of self-composure. His breath came in fitful gasps. "On — on the — the floor!

My God! They — they found it!"

With a shriek of terror he pounded madly on the gas pedal. Visions of himself hanged, electrocuted, gassed, taunted his fevered brain. Terror blinded him. Zigzag, up and down, his car careened dizzily, now on this side of the road, now on that. Suddenly he felt the car leave the road! He screamed! The flimsy guardrails splintered like so many toothpicks. The car shot out into space — down — down — down! A mass of twisted wreckage and mangled lifeless flesh lay in the rocky bottom of a mountain gorge.

Inside the police car three men talked excitedly. "Hey Spike! Ya see that?"

"The guy must 'a' been nuts!"

"Keep goin', mugs! We ain't got time. The police'll be after us as soon as they kin git another car. What dopes! Bank-robbin's a cinch wit' dicks like that!"

Volume 1, Number 1 — Winter, 1947

Mare Nostrum

Rumbling, rocking, wanton sea,
Reaping the power of raging winds,
Caught in a cove
And whirling about,
Thrashing the sea,
Part
Of the sea,
The ageless sea,
Sounding and murm'ring by ancient walls,
Wave
Upon wave
A watery might
Rolls and rolls, churning with froth, to the rocky shores,
Serious shores,
Resisting the rout,
The dashing might
Which rushes, hangs, climbs, blooms, fans, drops,
Looses itself in the fabulous water
Which rushes, crashes, bursts, spreads, sprays,
Looses itself in the water.

— *B. M.*

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My Apology for Idlers

by William Rock

Reading note on Stevenson's "Apology for Idlers," taken from my commonplace book:

In his apparently mirthful but remarkably penetrating study, "An Apology for Idlers," Robert Louis Stevenson relates happiness to labor in a fashion refreshingly novel and sound. A man should do no more work than is consistent with his remaining in good spirits. "If a person cannot be happy without remaining idle, idle he should remain." But Stevenson's idler is not a loafer. He contributes his temperament to society — and does a moderate amount of work. R.L.S. himself, although he died at forty-four, contributed to good literature some twenty-five volumes. And the world seems unwilling to let them die. The busy person whom Stevenson rightly disparages is the "long-faced Barabbas," and the business man who "sows hurry and reaps indigestion," who comes among his fellow men "swiftly and bitterly," and whom everybody dislikes. Be not laborious overmuch. It is the Latin philosophy of the golden mean, *Via Media*, but piquantly and subtly stated, with a delightful dash of humor that is distinctly Stevenson.

I HAVE no business, perhaps, to offer my own apology for idlers when Stevenson has already so masterfully attended to that task. And yet, in the seventy-five years since he wrote his delightful essay, strenuous living has made such evil headway among us that the idler has lost face, and must needs again be encouraged in his genial shortcoming.

The art of idling is not quite so simple as it seems; enforced idleness, having no spontaneity about it, should never be confused with the real thing. True idling must be said to come from within; and to have the proper flavor, should always be indulged in at the expense of a duty. There should be in the subconscious a persistent but unheeded tug towards something left undone, just as there should be shadows under trees to enhance the brilliant splendor of the sun. True idling, it must be remembered, is "a breaking away from active aggressiveness to indulge in a passive receptivity" as when one lays aside the noisome pestilence known as a lawn mower to throw oneself at length upon the fragrant sward and "lean and loaf at one's ease observing a spear of summer grass." There is still tomorrow in which to finish cutting the grass — there has always been a tomorrow since the world began — but how can one be sure that the ephemeral mood of quiet ecstasy or, if you will, ecstatic quiet which is the divine right of idlers will ever come again?

But, you may conscientiously object, even if tomorrow is sure to

come and the grass to wait, how can you stand wasting so much time doing nothing? Upon which the true idler (who is never lazy, be it understood, but always ready to pay back Peter what he has borrowed from Paul) springs up indignantly to explain that not even for a minute was he doing nothing! At least not your kind of nothing! And by way of proving his point, he will quote Pliny's letter to his friend Minucius. Minucius, it seems, is doing the thousand and one things that crop up daily in a busy lawyer's life at Rome, trying cases, seeing clients, signing wills, attending weddings or funerals or coming-out-parties — so much "noise, inane discourse, and inept labor" — while Pliny has fled to the country to save his life from encroaching trifles by an honest spell of idling in the wide open spaces and the serene sunshine. "And how much better," he exclaims, winking slyly as he wields his stylus, *"otiosum esse quam nihil agere!"* — to do nothing than to do nothings!

"To idle is to inhibit the body and let the spirit keep on," it has been said. But, alas! in how many factories, stores, offices, kitchens, it is the spirit that is inhibited while the body keeps on. And in cars, and in churches, yes, even at lectures, one sees only too frequently cases of all-round inhibition; but we cannot dignify this behavior with the name of idling. Idling, in the strict sense, is a splendid, not an inane, thing. It is what Pliny did at his villa; it is what Wordsworth did when he came upon "a crowd of golden daffodils"; it is what you do when, with your pipe, you sit out a serene hour of leisure snatched from a dull day of labor; it is what I do when I pause between homework assignments to ponder imponderable things. Let us, then, unburden our minds of the odious notion that a man who leans over a fence for a few fleeting moments to watch the dawn spread her rosy fingers across the sky is, by that very fact, more of a time-waster than he who frets away the day from dawn to dusk with nagging busyness. And let us try to remember also that

> God loves an idle rainbow,
> No less than labouring seas.

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Dylan Thomas: Poetry and Romanticism

by Robert G. Toomey

THE poetry of Dylan Thomas is notable for its romantic qualities of both tone and theme, romantic being a convenient, but not always exact, term. In the history of literature, romanticism had its beginnings in the France of the later Middle Ages, where it thrived through the efforts of the singing troubadours, who also inaugurated the notion of romantic love. The tradition has grown until now, when it is on display in a host of American movies and television programs, whose survival is dependent on the themes connected with romance.

The period of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth century has been referred to generally as the romantic period in English literature. The next period, although called the Victorian age, was a continuation and enlargement of the idea of romanticism. Imagism at the beginning of the present century was a conscious revolt against the excessive emotionalism and the standards of romantic poetry. The modern poets of the last decade or two have continued the tradition by rejecting the themes of the traditional poetry and have evolved a new mode of expression. The typical modernist, in order to exclude any thought of a possible reading or listening audience, has turned his mind inward — an expression of his refusal to write about the world of ordinary experience. The final act today is the rejection of reason and the sacrifice of order to chaos. Some poets, in an attempt to justify their thin position against communication — one of the ends of poetry — have invented theories that call to mind houses built on sand.

This loss of communication, although not always intentional on the poet's part, has prevented poetry in general from going one step further. In spite of this predicament, some poets persist in their cultivation of chaos. Their bible is the word of some infallible authority; they tend to identify themselves with an obscure coterie of friends; they repeat the ritual of the older poets. Through imitation and repetition of other, more mature poets, they have lost all individuality; some who might have become great and genuine poets have sacrificed permanent glory for a temporal crown.

In the 1930's, before W. H. Auden had exhausted himself, the social

poets were considering the advantages of poetry as a political device, and delighted in their function as propagandists. At the same time, however, part of the younger generation of poets was questioning the validity of such a scheme — they no longer looked on poetry as the correct medium for someone's private political and economic theories. Not long ago, somebody suggested that the themes of the romantic poets were most proper, and therefore, most enduring. After a brief interim, the movement from the city back to the land began to enlist among its followers even some of those who had fallen along the wayside before the Restoration.

The movement seems to have begun in Ireland, where a new race of poets has cropped up in the last few years. In England, Dylan Thomas, prior to his untimely death a short time ago at the age of 39, was the leader of the new movement. His definition of poetry is linked clearly with Wordsworth's declaration of independence. He says: "Poetry is the rhythmic, inevitably narrative, movement from an overclothed blindness to a naked vision." His reasons for writing are less abstract:

> Not for the proud man apart
> From the raging moon I write
> On these spendthrift pages.
> Not for the towering dead
> With their nightingales and psalms
> But for the lovers, their arms
> Round the griefs of the ages,
> Who pay no praise nor wages
> Nor heed my craft or art.

His audience is composed of romantic lovers who live above and apart from political convention and social stricture. But his themes are democratic in a romantic frame: he writes of love, youth, birth, death.

His subjects, being lovers, are necessarily isolated from society, an alien structure. Thus any reference to society is indirect, and only in his poems about the war does Thomas make any judgments about society as a composite. Himself as subject is partially inclusive:

> Oh as I was young and easy in the mercy of his means,
> Time lulled me green and dying
> Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

Youth is the most romantic term of all:

> Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
> About the lilting house and happy as the grass was green,
> The night above the dingle starry,
> Time let me hail and climb
> Bolden in the heydays of his eyes.

The movement in which the critics have placed Thomas as head is

indicative of the general trend away from not only the city but also the skepticism and negativism connected with it and its poets. Unlike the social poets of the '30's, he is optimistic about the curative effects of a closer union with nature; his admiration of nature is such that his most musical lines are about milkmaids and farmers, who romp unadorned through his lines. He is explicit about his own relation to nature and its effect on him:

> The force that through the green fuse drives the flower
> Drives my green age; that blasts the roots of trees
> Is my destroyer.
> And I am dumb to tell the crooked rose
> My youth is bent by the same wintry fever.

The theme of this surrealistic poetry (as some have called it) is the identification of nature with human consciousness, and as such, is an approach to Monism:

> The secret of the soil grows through the eye,
> And blood jumps in the sun.

In spite of his obvious influence on other new poets — and on his audience through frequent readings and recordings — the poet remains as obscure as his home in Wales. It is surprising to hear, therefore, another poet like Edith Sitwell recite lines from his poetry in so clear a voice that only the rhythm of the words is felt, even after the words themselves are forgotten.

Thomas' poetry shows a superior sense for the uninterrupted stanza. The lack of punctuation, together with the intentional reversal of the normal word order and the omission of words for the purpose of contraction makes difficult any impression other than a blur of images. "Poem in October" is an example:

> It was my thirtieth year to heaven
> Woke to my hearing from harbor and neighbor wood
> And the mussel pooled and the heron —
> Priested shore
> The morning beckon
> With water spraying and call of seagull and rook
> And the knock of smiling boats on the net webbed wall
> Myself to set foot
> That second
> In the still sleeping town and set forth.
>
> A springful of larks in a rolling
> Cloud and the roadside bushes brimming with whistling
> Blackbirds and the sun of October
> Summery

On the hill's shoulder,
Here were fond climates and sweet singers suddenly
Come in the morning where I wandered and listened
To the rain wringing
Wind blow cold
In the wood faraway under me.

Thomas, through his poetry, made himself a leader in an important new trend in poetry. His most difficult lines are obscured by sexual symbols, but his clearest and most simple explanation is addressed to the lovers:

I labor by singing light
Not for ambition or bread
Or the strut and trade of charms
On the ivory stages
But for the common wages
Of their most secret heart.

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The Quest

Go out, men of earth,
Foolhardy heroes!
Go out to the far-flung stars,
Nesting in the black abyss of space.
Out to Centauri or Sirius
Out!
And then build an empire
On some soft, green child
Of a glowing sun.
Build there a testament to man's power,
A testament to the conqueror and subduer of the heavens.

— *John P. Browne*

Quarterly Contributors

REV. JAMES J. McQUADE, S.J., formerly director of the department of religion at John Carroll is now national director of the Sodality of Our Lady and head of the Queen's Work Sodality Service Center.

KEVIN TOBIN, *Quarterly* editor in 1952-53 is now a lecturer in English at John Carroll and has been awarded a fellowship in English for 1957-58.

GERMAIN GRISEZ will receive his Ph.D. in philosophy from Chicago University this summer. He has accepted an appointment at Georgetown University as an instructor in philosophy for 1957-58.

ARTHUR J. NOETZEL, Ph.D., is dean of the School of Business, Economics, and Government at John Carroll.

PATRICK TRESE, *Quarterly* editor in 1951-52, is a staff writer with the News and Public Affairs Department of the National Broadcasting System in New York City.

TERENCE MARTIN received his Ph.D. in English at Ohio State University. He is at present an instructor in English at Indiana University.

THOMAS McGUIRE was graduated from Carroll in 1953, *magna cum laude* and began the study of law.

REV. HENRY F. BIRKENHAUER, S.J. is dean of the Graduate School of John Carroll, and director of the seismology department.

MICHAEL BLACK is the pen name of JOHN P. BROWNE, a senior at John Carroll, majoring in history.

RICHARD LOOMIS is concluding studies for a Ph.D. from Cornell University. His present position is that of instructor in English at King's College in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania.

JAMES BADER was graduated from John Carroll in 1951.

WILLIAM J. ROSCELLI is completing doctoral studies in English at Ohio State University.

FRED McGUNAGLE, *Quarterly* editor in 1953-54 is a Journalist aboard the USS Johnston (DD 821).

ROBERT HALL is a graduate fellow in English at John Carroll.

FRANK TESCH is a senior at John Carroll majoring in history.

RAYMOND FLINN was graduated from John Carroll in 1952.

WILLIAM ROCK received his bachelor's degree from John Carroll in 1953.

ROBERT G. TOOMEY received the A.M. degree from John Carroll in 1955. He has begun doctoral studies at the University of Wisconsin.

JOHN ZAMAN was graduated from John Carroll in 1952.

Quarterly Editors-in-Chief

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