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

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Editor's Note

With its last issue the *Quarterly* celebrated its tenth anniversary. To observe this anniversary the staff published an anthology of articles which represented the better contributions published during the ten years.

With this present issue the *Quarterly* ventures forth into a new decade, and into what the staff hopes will be a new period of literary history for the *Quarterly*. To initiate this movement we designed a new *Quarterly* marked by the excellence of the material it presents to the reader. We knew of no better method of doing this than by publishing the contributions of the alumni. In this issue the staff is pleased to present an issue of good poetry, fine fiction, and outstanding scholarly papers. It has taken the contributions of the alumni to present a fine issue. They have offered a challenge to the undergraduates and faculty to supply the *Quarterly* with contributions of equal quality to insure a succession of fine issues.

The man chiefly responsible for this issue is Dr. George E. Grauel, Director of the English Department. Dr. Grauel personally contacted many of the alumni in order to gather the material for this issue. The future will attest to the herculean task Dr. Grauel has performed. So many articles were contributed by the alumni that we not only have enough material for this issue but an ample amount to use in future issues. The staff wants to thank Dr. Grauel for the interest he has shown in the *Quarterly*. He has solved our editing problems by offering to us this wealth of excellent contributions. Dr. Grauel has made this issue an editors' delight.

J K H

Scene From a Hospital

We sit inside in silence
Talking to each other
Aware of every thought said or unsaid,
While others,
Careful in their prophecies,
Prepare their speech in silence.

It is hardly ever noisy here,
Less noisy than the world around us.
In the city are many lights,
Disturbing, seen,
Luminous at night.

It is here we are all actors,
Are born again,
And I, a thin member,
A third time born,
Trembling, in pain,
No thoughts disturb.

Outsiders think of us
At odd moments,
We of them, hardly ever.
It is only when we see them,
Or when we pray
Or in a moment of thoughtfulness,
When the light profusion
Gains on our proficiency
And stops us momentarily.

— *Robert Toomey*

Hythloday's Role in More's Utopia

by Rev. Edward Surtz, S. J.

WHY does St. Thomas More's *Utopia,* in spite of its heterogeneous and protean form, give the reader the impression of unity?

One of the principal reasons is the focus of attention and interest upon Raphael Hythloday. Whether the form of discourse is narrative, travel, drama, debate, or oration, the spotlight is fixed upon Raphael. The circle may be broadened to include other characters, as occurs throughout Book I, or may be narrowed to illuminate Hythloday only, as happens in Book II; but he is always at the center — from the moment his sailor's figure appears before Antwerp's Notre Dame after morning Mass to the moment he is led by the hand to the evening meal in More's lodgings. It is his wrinkled, sunburned, and long-bearded face that one sees. It is his eloquent voice which one hears while reading and which one remembers "long after it was heard no more."

The reader experiences Hythloday's emotions, remarkable less for change and variety than for intensity and vehemence, especially for indignation at all injustice and for admiration of Utopianism. He ponders Hythloday's uncompromising views on all important affairs: philosophy, literature, education, science, international relations, domestic policies, and especially communism and private property. Little wonder that in the *Utopia* Raphael is a character more real than even Thomas More or Peter Giles, for he is revealed inside and out — from the "cloak cast homely about his shoulders" to the flame in his heart and the pattern in his brain. As much an individual as either of his two interlocutors in the garden, Raphael is also a type, being representative of revolutionaries who denounce abuse and corruption and who preach amendment and change, sometimes impractical and extreme.

To what extent does the humanist reader, whether in 1516 or today, sympathize or identify himself with Hythloday as the most prominent character in the *Utopia*? He hardly could see eye to eye with Hythloday on all counts. The author in Thomas More has made provision for that! The humanist reader would scarcely disagree with Raphael on his attitude toward thievery and capital punishment, toward foreign and domestic policies of kings. Like Thomas More, however, he might not approve Raphael's peremptory and maladroit methods, and, like Peter

Giles, he might not confirm his wholesale condemnation of European institutions. On the crucial point of communism itself, Thomas More has been careful to condition the reader's reaction, first, by offering the traditional, commonsense arguments against communism and, secondly, by saying the last word, and therefore the most memorable word, on the subject in his criticism of communism at the conclusion of *Utopia.*

In a more subtle manner St. Thomas More renders the reader less favorable by having the uncompromising Hythloday overstate his case: his Utopians simply are too good and their institutions simply run too smoothly. The reader is reluctant to countenance a system of communism which demands perfect and universal intelligence and virtue and which regulates work, shelter, clothing, and every detail of life to the destruction of freedom and individuality.

Even more important, Hythloday at once strengthens and weakens his position by portraying the class struggle not as human tragedy or human comedy but as melodrama. His stress on the positive, idealistic, and best side of communism is a source of strength; his emphasis on the sordid, realistic and worst side of private property is a root of weakness. At least in retrospect, when the spell of Hythloday's eloquence is over, the intelligent and fair-minded reader will try dispassionately to weigh both sides. This is exactly what Thomas More wants him to do! The reader will see that the arrant villain in Hythloday's piece is Private Property or Mr. Mammon. Only the latter's vices and sins are portrayed. All virtues and good deeds are reserved to the out-and-out hero: Blessed Communism, now forever happy in the heaven of Utopia.

The disciples or associates of Blessed Communism are likable and agreeable people with justice and equity on their side: farmers, carters, smiths, and carpenters. These exploited poor are sentimentally portrayed as "lowly, simple, and by their daily labor more profitable to the commonwealth than to themselves." On the other hand, the satellites or henchmen of Mr. Mammon are the unpleasant and nasty persons denounced in Book I: noblemen and retainers, enclosers and monopolizers, kings and councilors. These "gentlemen" are "either idle persons or else only flatterers and devisers of vain pleasures." They unite to form "a certain conspiracy of rich men, procuring their own commodities under the name and title of the commonwealth." There is little need to wonder at the partisan assertion that "rich men be covetous, crafty, and unprofitable." As will be observed from the places of occurrence, the virtue of the poor and the wickedness of the wealthy constitute a leitmotiv in the development of the *Utopia*: "Blessed are you who are poor. . . . But woe upon you who are rich" (Luke vi. 20, 24).

Thus, Hythloday covertly tries to force his hearers and readers into the necessity of choice between snow-white communism and black-sheep private ownership. His thinking audience knows that a third alternative exists. The possessor should view his private goods, including gold, not as his own but as common to all, at least to the extent of sharing superfluous possessions with the indigent. Man's nature and history reveal that private property is necessary for orderly, permanent provision for the individual and his family.

Abuses and evils must be blamed, not upon a system which is appoved by nature and experience, but upon the knaves and fools whose morals and practices have impaired the system. The positive approach is to inculcate the true doctrine on private property, its rights and obligations. The open secret of Utopian success is education. Educators in Utopia "use with very great endeavor and diligence to put into the heads of their children, while they be yet tender and pliant, good opinions and profitable for the conservation of their weal public." In the West, too, parents and teachers, churchmen and statesmen, should foster in children and citizens the Christian attitude: a distrust of riches, a predilection for poverty, the gospel of brotherly love, and the generous sharing of material goods.

In spite of Hythloday's plea, therefore, the Christian humanist, accustomed to adapt pagan ideals and examples to Christian circumstances, concludes that a thorough-going reformation can be achieved without the adoption of Utopia's and Hythloday's communism. The reformation will take into account both man's weakness and man's strength. Provision will be made for human laziness and carelessness by the retention of private property, which will serve as an incentive to work and as a guarantee of liberty and initiative. Means to inspire the human spirit will be at hand in the ideals of Christian love and communion. The practical will find expression in private ownership; the idealistic, in the charity of Christ. The result will be "a chosen race, . . . a consecrated nation, a people whom God means to have for Himself" (I Pet. ii. 9).

A Child Shall Lead Them

by Virginia R. Anson

THE first time I ever wrote about the Blessed Sacrament was in the eighth grade. As an English project, we were compiling our autobiographies, and though Sister allowed us a certain poetic license in its creation, the specific chapter titles were hers. I understand now why she insisted on at least this much uniformity, but at the time I felt she thwarted my originality. Some of the titles were "My Family," "My First Day of School," "My Favorite Pet," "My Favorite Toy," and all of these were somewhat of a cinch because at twelve years we were all unblushing egotists and "me" was our favorite subject. (I don't know if Sister had taken a course in psychology, but she knew it well.)

Then came the day when we were told to write a story telling of the happiest day in our lives. That was a tough one — what to choose? Was it the school picnic at Euclid Beach? The birthday when I received a doll *and* a wrist watch? Or was it the year I received almost as many Valentines as I had sent? I pondered this question and, while pondering, noticed that Sister's pride and joy, sitting next to me, was tearing off her second page — already! I was not averse to a discreet glance over her shoulder and was amazed and somewhat disappointed to read that her happiest day was her First Communion Day. How did she ever think of that? Had I been older and the year 1955, I would certainly have called her a square. And so, without so much as a by-your-leave and ignorant of the crime of plagiarism, I recognized a good thing when I saw it and began to write in glowing terms that my happiest day was when I received Jesus for the first time. I was a little annoyed with myself for needing the example of teacher's pet — why, this was a natural! It couldn't miss and Sister would have a new respect for me. And so, with tongue in cheek, I wrote. I blush now at my insincerity as well as my corny phrasing —". . . spring flowers popping up after a long sleep, added greatly to the atmosphere of loveliness." Sister was delighted, but it was many years before I realized the truth of what I had written.

My own daughter is about to receive her First Holy Communion — she never refers to It in an abbreviated form — and I am filled with a nostalgia for the complete faith and trust peculiar to First Communicants. How can I complement the work of the Sisters? How can I insure that

she will never cease to realize that It is God's greatest gift—It is Himself.

She can mouth all the truths of the Holy Eucharist; she knows from all the preparation, the endless practicings, the solemnity of the occasion. Naturally, the dress ("I want lots of lace; my partner's dress has lots of lace."), the veil, the Mother-of-Pearl prayerbook, the crystal rosary (chosen against my better judgment), the white shoes, and even the white silk knee socks which she abhors — all these appeal to her feminine nature.

Can I help her to understand that it is His day, too, not just hers? She tells me to think up something special for her to pray for that day, because God is so close, epecially to First Communicants. She is chock-full of zeal, and I am sure she thinks she could convert all nations. ("How *dumb* of those Russians!") I had to nip her proselytizing in the bud. One of her best friends is of a fine, church-going Protestant family, and she resented my daughter's scorn over her lack of knowledge of the precepts of the Church.

She intends to receive Communion at every opportunity after the Big Day. Did I say that, too? How long was it before I really understood the gift that is ours? Must I admit that it probably wasn't until a Protestant friend asked me why, if Catholics believe — *really* believe — in the Real Presence, why don't we receive daily communion? Or at least, if that is impossible (and now since the old bromide about inconvenient fasting has been relaxed, it leaves us with no valid excuse!) why do we leave Christ alone in the tabernacle day after day, never stopping just to say hello, as we might to even the least of our friends? Why did the Church find it necessary to demand at least yearly Communion under pain of sin, if we *really* believe? And if we don't *really* believe, what have we that our Protestant brethren do not have?

Or do we say with humility born of pride that we are not worthy of daily Communion or even weekly? And by *not* receiving Communion are we making ourselves more worthy? Or as in all else requiring some effort, do we kid ourselves along? How many of us could offer a gift, time after time, have it refused, and continue to keep an outstretched hand? And yet, Christ does that for us, always giving, and receiving very little in return. We give Him not even the mere acknowledgment of His Presence, by visiting a Church, where sometimes the Eucharistic vigil is only the flickering of the lamp.

I've thought up that something special for her to pray for when she receives her First Holy Communion. Ask Him, dear, beg Him — from the bottom of your heart — to help you remember that this day *is* the happiest in your life. Ask Him to keep you close to Him always, that you may never take for granted the Greatest of all Gifts.

Falstaff, Erasmus, and Ficino

by William C. McAvoy

IN the course of his plot against the virtue of Mistress Ford and Mistress Page in *The Merry Wives of Windsor,* Sir John Falstaff writes to each of the ladies love letters that are alike "letter for letter, but that the name of Page and Ford differs . . . the very same; the very hand, the very words."[1]

> Ask me no reason why I love you; for though Love use Reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor. You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy. You are merry, so am I; ha, ha! then there's more sympathy. You love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, — at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice,—that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase; but I say, love me. By me
>
> Thine own true knight,
>
> By day or night,
> Or any other kind of light,
> With all his might
> For thee to fight,
>
> John Falstaff. (II. i. 4-19)

The primary function of the letter is, of course, to bring about the later meetings between Sir John and Mistress Ford and the fun following upon the jealous Ford's return home hoping to "detect [his] wife, be ring'd on Falstaff, and laugh at Page." (II. ii. 324-325) For an Elizabethan audience, however, there were at least two additional purposes served by the letter: (1) it characterized Falstaff as one who deliberately violated the rules of the best authorities on how to write a love letter; and (2) it convicted him of lust, intemperance, and disharmony according to the physiological-psychological teachings on love in his day.

Part of the rhetorical training which an English grammar school student of the later sixteenth-century received in upper grammar school dealt with prose composition, the writing of epistles and themes. In point of time the drills in writing epistles came first with Erasmus' *De Conscribendis Epistolis* the favorite text.[2] One type of epistle discussed by

[1] *Merry Wives,* II. i. 71-85. Citations from Shakespeare in my text are to *The Complete Plays and Poems of William Shakespeare,* ed. William Allan Neilson and Charles J. Hill (Cambridge, Mass., 1942).

[2] See T. W. Baldwin, *William Shakspere's Small Latine & Lesse Greeke* (Urbana, 1944), II, 69-72, 239-287, for a discussion of the known pattern and texts.

FALSTAFF, ERASMUS, AND FICINO

Erasmus in the *De Conscribendis* is the "Amatoria Epistola," which gives the proper method of writing a love letter in praise of a woman. Erasmus' lesson on the amatory epistle, which Shakespeare makes use of in Sir John Falstaff's letters to the two merry wives is as follows:

> Amatoriae Epistolae non omnes eodem in genere versantur. Aliae enim petunt, aliae expostulant, aliae queruntur, aliae blandiuntur, aliae purgant. Quare commode de his arte praecipi non poterat. Hujus generis duas species nonnullos fecisse video honestam & turpem. Nos honestam, conciliatoriam appellamus, alteram amatorium. Conciliatoria est, qua nos in benevolentiam antea ignoti insinuamus. Eam sic instituemus: Principio causas, quibus ad amb endam illius amicitiam sumus accensi, probabiliter exponemus. Id quanquam vix citra assentationem fieri potest, tamen assentationis suspicionem accurate amovebimus. Deinde si quid in nobis erit, quod illum ad nos mutuo amandum provocabit, id sine arrogantia significabimus, . . . [Erasmus here prints an example of the epistola conciliatoria.]
>
> Quod si puellae animum ad mutuum amorem sollicitabimus, duobus potissimum aretibus utemur, laude, & misericordia. Laude *eximia eaem omnes bona res*, tum puellae imprimis gaudent, potissimum autem a forma, in qua summum bonum constituunt, tum ab aetate, moribus, genere, cultu, & rebus consimilibus. Deinde quod molli sit animo id genus, & facile ad misericordiam commovetur, quam maxime supplices videri studebimus. Quae illius sunt vehementer amplificabimus, nostra extenuabimus, aut certe summa cum modestia proferemus. Summum amorem, cum summa desperat'one conjectum ostendemus. Nunc lamentabimur, nunc blandiemur, nunc desperabimus: nunc rursum nos ipsos callide laudabimus, pollicebimur: exemplis utemur illustrium, & honestarum mulierum, quae ingenuo amori indulserunt, & juvenum ipsarum fortunis longe inferiorum. Amorem nostrum, quam honestissimum conabimur ostendere. Denique quam poterimus verecundissime orabimus, ut si amantem redamare neutiquam dignetur, saltem amari se citra incommodum, aequo animo ferat: quod nisi impetremus, decretum esse apud nos quovis modo crudelem abrumpere vitam. . . . Hic ingenii fuerit excogitare rationes, quibus seipsum praedicet aliquis, citra speciem arrogantiae, aut stoliditatis. Nisi personae tales fingentur, ut hoc ipsum sit affectandum. Qualis est apud Virgilium Corydon, apud Terentium Thraso.[3]

Shakespeare knew and utilized this lesson correctly in *The Comedy of Errors* where Antipholus of Syracuse delivered a speech in praise of Luciana:

> Sweet mistress — what your name is else I know not,
> Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,—
> Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not
> Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
> Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak;
> Lay open to my earthy, gross conceit,
> Smoth'red in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
> The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
> Against my soul's pure truth why labour you

[3] Desiderius Erasmus, *Opera Omnia* (Lugdunum Batavorum, 1703), I, 453-454.

To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? Would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe.
Far more, far more to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me is thy sister's flood of tears.
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote;
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,
And as a bed I'll take them and there lie,
And in that glorious supposition think
He gains by death that hath such means to die. (III. ii. 28-51)

Erasmus had advised that if "puellae animum ad mutuum amoren sollicitabimus, duobus potissimum arietibus utemur, laude, & misericordia." The first four lines of Antipholus' speech praise Luciana' beauty, that quality of young ladies "in qua summum bonum constituunt." The next four lines follow the admonition "Deinde quod molli sit animo id genus, & facile ad misericordiam commovetur, quam maxime supplices videri studebimus." In four more lines he swears he owes loyalty to no one but to her. And finally "in eight lines he weaves these ideas into a conclusion by devoting two lines to begging that she cease trying to turn him to her sister, the other six begging that she herself be his siren, even though he die."[4] Here Shakespeare has very deliberately and correctly followed the plan set forth by Erasmus, and in the next act the conversation between Luciana and Adriana shows this to be true:

Luc. Then I pleaded for you.
Adr. And what said he?
Luc. That love I begg'd for you he begg'd of me.
Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love?
Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move.
First he did praise my beauty then my speech. (IV. ii. 11-15)

Luciana speaking of the *honest* suit is aware of Erasmus' distinction: "Hujus generis duas species nonnullos fecisse video, honestam & turpem." and she also knows that Erasmus said "Laude enim cum omnes homines, tum puellae imprimis gaude, potissimum autem a forma . . ." Had she thought Antipholus' suit an *honest* (chaste) one, she would have been moved.

In the letter to the two merry wives, according to Erasmus' instructions, Falstaff should have first set forth the reasons that moved him to solicit their friendship (Principio causas, quibus ad ambiendam illius amicitiam sumus accensi, probabiliter exponemus). Instead he says, "Ask no

[4] Baldwin, *Small Latine*, II, 282.

reason why I love you." Next Erasmus says that it is scarcely possible for one to state the reasons for soliciting friendship and still avoid the suspicion of flattery (Id quanquam vix citra assentationem fieri potest). When Falstaff says, "You are not young," he can hardly be accused of having found it difficult to avoid suspicion of flattery; instead he is going contrary to the advice that one soliciting a girl to mutual love must use the two battering rams of praise and pity (Quod si puellae animum ad mutuum amorem sollicitabimus, duobus potissimum arietibus utemur, laude, & misericordia). His references to sympathy and his final statement that he "will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase" shows that Shakespeare has consciously made him violate the proper etiquette for this kind of letter as he refuses to use the second of Erasmus' battering rams. The greatest love was to be united with the greatest despair (Summum amorem, cum summa desperatione conjunctum ostendemus). All Falstaff can say is, "Let is suffice thee, Mistress Page . . . that I love thee. I will not say, pity me." Thus Falstaff has not only violated one after another the rules for writing a love letter, but he has explicitly called his audience's attention to his violations.

In a later conversation with Mistress Ford, Falstaff again refers to the method of the *De Amatoria*:

> What made me love thee? Let that persuade thee there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog and say thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds . . . (III. iii. 74-77)

Falstaff knew well how he should proceed "like a many of these lisping hawthorn-buds" according to the rule. By knowing when to violate the rule, Shakespeare showed his artistry in creating such an unruly fellow as the fat knight.

Furthermore, while claiming that he loves her even though he cannot bring himself to follow the accepted rhetorical pattern for expressing his love, Falstaff ironically proves that he does not love her. He tells her not to ask why he loves her "for though Love use Reason for his precisian, he admits him not for his counsellor." By not making reason the master of his love, Falstaff violated the physiological-psychological teachings of his day. Marsilio Ficino could have told him that there is a triple beauty: of the soul, of the body, and of sound:

> That of the soul is perceived by the mind; that of the body, by the eyes; and that of sound, by ear alone. . . . Love regards as its end the enjoyment of beauty; beauty pertains only to the mind, sight, and hearing. Love, therefore, is limited to these three, but desire which rises from the other senses is called, not love, but lust or madness. . . . Pleasures and sensations which are so impetuous and irrational that they jar the mind from its stability and un-

> balance a man, love does not only not desire, but hates and shuns, because these sensations, being so intemperate, are the opposites of beauty. A mad lasciviousness drags a man down to intemperance and disharmony and hence seems to attract him to ugliness, whereas love attracts to beauty.[5]

Falstaff stands convicted of lust, intemperance, and dishonesty because he refused to admit reason for his counsellor. "Shakspere himself has stated . . . compactly this function of reason in guiding the eyes by the will . . ."[6]

> The will of man is by his reason sway'd;
> And reason says you are the worthier maid.
> Things growing are not ripe until their season,
> So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
> And touching now the point of human skill,
> Reason becomes the marshal to my will
> And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
> Love's stories written in Love's richest book.[7]

Thus when Shakespeare made Falstaff say that "though Love use Reason for his precisian," that is, for the proper observance of forms, "he [Love] admits him not for his counsellor," — when Shakespeare has Falstaff say this, he is pointing out that the fat knight is so impetuous and irrational that his mind has been jarred from its stability and balance. Falstaff certainly has convicted himself of lust and intemperance.

Of course, Shakespeare's audience did not think of Falstaff as anything but lustful, but those who knew the rhetorical and psychological background appreciated the letter's real meaning even more as it called forth their "soft smiling, not loud laughing."[8]

[5] S. R. Jayne, ed. and trans., *Marsilio Ficino's Commentary on Plato's 'Symposuim'* (Columbia, Mo., 1944), p. 130.

[6] T. W. Baldwin, *On the Literary Genetics of Shakspere's Poems & Sonnets* (Urbana, 1950), p. 80.

[7] *A Midsummer Night's Dream,* II. ii. 115-121.

[8] The use or misuse of Erasmus' directions for writing an *Epistola Amatoria* was not original with Shakespeare. Just as the character of Falstaff, though indeed something much more, was an outgrowth and development of the old braggart soldier or *miles gloriosus* of Roman comedy and was used very early in English comedy in Udall's *Ralph Roister Doister,* so also was the wooing letter a traditional device; and it was used by Udall in *Roister Doister* (III. iv. 30-70). A comparison of Roister Doister's ambiguous letter to Dame Christian Custance with Erasmus' directions will show that the schoolmaster Nicholas Udall knew the 'correct' form and used it on the stage long before William Shakespeare had his braggart soldier use it.

Instruction

by Richard Loomis

AT fifteen minutes to four, Father Odo ascended the stairway to the chapel of the choir novices. He found it necessary to pause at the landing, to relieve the pressure on his chest and to blink away the dimness in his eyes. It was a comfort to him that no one saw him rest, for he did not like to be regarded as infirm. He mounted then steadily to the door of the chapel.

Directing his eyes to the tabernacle of the novices' altar, where the Body of Jesus lay quietly lodged, he made an affectionate greeting, "Dear Lord!" — forming the words with his lips, but articulating them with only a slim passage of breath. The three novices who were to hear his instructions were inside the chapel, kneeling straight-backed on the pale varnished wooden kneelers. Father Odo touched his finger to the holy water font and blessed himself with a wide, slow cross.

The chapel was a square room, about twenty-five feet across. Six side windows admitted the light of the April afternoon; one window was open, for the air outside was warm, and through it a breeze carried the scent of the fields and the near pine woods. Father Odo looked over the three novices. One of the lay brother novices glanced at him; for a second the two gazed at each other, directly and without embarrassment. Then the brother returned to his prayers, and Father Odo moved on to the sanctuary step. There he knelt and prayed.

The three novices were preparing for simple profession; two of them were brother novices, and the third was a choir novice. Brother Henry was a blond, adolescent giant, raised in a midwestern city as loosely grown as himself. At the monastery, he had been taught to handle a mule-team and could drive a pair at a noisy trot while standing aloof and sure on the boards of a loaded wagon. His companion, Brother August, was a thin, taut boy, who was being trained for work in the dairy barn. Father Odo had seen him often in the afternoon conducting the cows from pasture into the barn, keeping them in direct march by nervous waving of his arms and, now and then, by pressing his slight weight against the rump of a cow that had rolled out of its path. The third novice was Frater Jerome.

Frater Jerome held Father Odo's attention most particularly. He was a studious, rather solemn novice, with lively eyes, a broad, thin face, and a medium-sized body. What had struck Father Odo about Frater Jerome

was the intensity with which he applied himself to his tasks in the monastery. When he sang the Divine Office in choir, he drew his eyebrows together and tightened the muscles about his mouth, in order to read and utter each word exactly. When he greeted another novice outside the church, he bent his head with deep deliberativeness and endeavored to communicate by an earnest glance strong charitable thoughts. Father Odo was conscious of having more difficulty in his instructions in reaching Frater Jerome than either of the two brothers. Part of the reason lay in the very attentiveness and controlled assent with which the choir novice listened to Father Odo's words. The novices had attended three other instructions in the course of their eight-day retreat; today's exercise was to be their last before their profession the next day. Father Odo prayed that he would speak effectively to the hearts of his novices. He prayed also for the recovery of Brother Alexander. Brother Alexander was a seventy-year-old lay brother who had lain sick for five weeks in the infirmary; who for eight days had been unable to hold food in his stomach; and who that morning had slipped into a slow-pulsed unconsciousness. Very earnestly, Father Odo said a "Hail Mary" for Brother Alexander; and, aloud, he led the novices in saying the "Come, Holy Ghost," and three "Hail Marys."

To the left of the altar was a small table and a wooden chair; here Father Odo seated himself and began his instruction.

"Brother August, Brother Henry, Frater Jerome—" Father Odo turned his face to each of the novices in turn; his voice was flat and uneven in quality, like stretched, rough cloth, but like common cloth, serviceable and resistant. "Novices have no sense about profession," he said. "A novice hands his life to Jesus on profession day and wants to die directly. That is why you won't take anything I say today into your heads. But I will tell you a story." Father Odo's face wore an expression of mere matter-of-fact sensibleness, a mild composition of broad cheeks, long, careful lips, and clear eyes. He began his story: "I went to Brother Alexander's room this morning. He saw me when I got to his bed and asked me for a drink of water. He didn't recognize me, I think. He asked me again for water, and then he closed his eyes. I touched his hands and shook him, but I couldn't get him to wake. An hour ago I went to the infirmary to visit him; the infirmarian made a sign to me that he had been sleeping all day."

"Do you see what the point of my story is?" Father Odo was looking directly at Frater Jerome; his tone and expression were partly those of a schoolmaster quizzing a student and partly those of a story-teller waiting to spring the hidden, obvious twist of his story. Frater Jerome sat alto-

gether still in his seat and did not turn away from Father Odo's blue, round, flat eyes.

Then Father Odo said with a tough level tone: "Why the point of it is that Brother Alexander is dying today."

Frater Jerome lowered his head; Brother August and Brother Henry shifted their bodies slightly.

"And perhaps what he said to me this morning is the last thing he will say alive." Father Odo leaned forward, so that his waist pressed against the edge of the little table and his arms were stretched forward across its top. "He didn't say, 'My Jesus, mercy!' He didn't say, 'All for Jesus!' He didn't say, 'Jesu, now you have come!' He said, 'Give me some water.' " Father Odo had lowered his voice. His hands rested on the table top as if he could not raise them. "Last night they gave Brother Alexander three spoonfuls of luke-warm soup, and he coughed and spat and shook for fifteen minutes until every drop of the soup was outside him. Do you know what I have been wishing all day until my head shook from wishing it? I have been wanting to set a glass of water at Brother Alexander's lips and hold his head for him to drink it."

"Novices," Father Odo continued, "are tougher. A novice's mercy to a sick religious is to pray that he die and be rested in heaven."

For a moment, Father Odo gazed out one of the side-windows of the chapel. The pressure went out of his voice. "When Brother Alexander was about thirty-five years old — what has happened to him? — once when he was thirty-five years old and stronger than all three of you, he was sent to clean out the chicken house. I saw him when he was nearly done, standing among some of the chickens in the dry yard, covered with small stinking grey dust. I made a sign to him, 'Dirty work,' and he stood straight; he was the tallest brother in those days, and heavy, with long, heavy arms. He came to the fence of the yard and picked up a dead chicken that lay near the gate. The hen had been pecked to death by the other chickens; half her feathers were out, her patches of bare skin were pocked red, her cold glass eyes stuck out of her head full of surprise. Brother held her for me to see, lifting a wing to show me her sore-festered side. He glanced at the other chickens, who were scratching away at the dirt, and set the dead chicken down as if it still had some life, and then savagely made signs to me, pointing to the nervous hens with a sweep of his arm: 'Devils! All devils!' "

Father Odo looked again hard and close at the novices, and spoke with a tighter voice: "I saw this morning, his lips were so very dry, swollen, and dry, split, white — !" He caught his sentence short. His rapid breaths were loud in the still, attentive chapel. "My dear — fraters

— " He opened his eyes wide then and composed his face, leaning back from his table.

"When a novice puts his life into God's hands and says he would not mind God's taking it directly, it is not because he loves God; it is his life he doesn't love."

Then anger and sorrow broke the balance of Father Odo's speaking, and he cried sharply: "You pray for him to live! Don't turn his life over to heaven as if it were nothing!"

Very quickly, he resumed a steadier tone: "I will pray you make a good sacrifice tomorrow. Your life is a dear thing to give to God."

Father Odo stayed kneeling at the sanctuary step until all the three novices had left the chapel. Then he rose, genuflected, and walked to the door of the chapel. He was tired and was carrying no connected piece of thought in his mind. He turned his face towards the tabernacle, murmured "Jesus," and stepped carefully down the stairway to the main floor of the novitiate.

At the door which led from the novitiate to the quarters of the professed monks, a handful of novices stood before a wall bulletin board, reading a pencilled notice. Two of the novices were the brother novices who had been at Father Odo's instruction, Brother Henry and Brother August. Seeing him approach, they moved quickly aside to permit him to see the notice, their faces unexpressive, or rather, patiently open, as if waiting for the right expression. Father Odo accepted the opening they had made for him and stopped close before the bulletin board.

The small new notice, signed by the choir novices' Father Master, read: "Brother Alexander died at four this afternoon. The body will be brought from the infirmary to the chapter room before Compline."

Father Odo felt the shock through his whole body, stiffening his worn loose muscles for a hard moment; then weakness and sickness slackened the tight strings of his body. He moved against a window sill to rest himself. Even in his grief, he felt the embarrassment of having his infirmity shown to the novices who stood round him. With the firmness that had almost always been at his command, he pulled away from the window and began to walk out of the novitiate.

If he could have moved as fast as he wished, he might not have noticed the novice standing against the corner by the novitiate door. It was Frater Jerome. When he recognized him, Father Odo stopped. Almost at once, he put out his hand and took tight hold of the novice's arm.

"My dear!" he exclaimed, softly, but aloud. The novice made no other sign of response than to gaze fully at the old priest and permit his tears to continue their course down his stricken face.

The Moral World of Ernest Hemingway's Early Fiction

by Louis G. Pecek

THIS study of morality in Hemingway's fictional world deals with the early works mainly for two reasons. First of all, standard criticism of Hemingway agrees that the first two novels are seminal works and that ideas presented in *The Sun Also Rises* and in *A Farewell to Arms* are reiterated and developed in later works. But because the Hemingway world is exposed very clearly, also, in his short stories, a consideration of that world must include the short stories or be limited in its comprehension. Lest this brief study become discursive, it treats of only one short story collection. Of course, it is understood that any points made about the moral world could be made equally well by using the earlier stories as examples. *Men Without Women* was chosen because as a published work it falls between the two novels in time and because it, rather than *In Our Time*, represents a more mature, a more sure Hemingway. The second reason for working with the early works is closely related to the first. Because the early works are seminal they present the fundamental problems raised in the later works. But because in the early works the problems are seen at their core, so to speak, they can be studied without the refinements made later.

I. LIFE

What constitutes "the good life" has been the subject of several Hemingway studies. Before one can determine the moral norms of Hemingway's fictional world, he must employ some inductive process to establish who does and does not live the good life. The good life, according to standard interpretation, consists of the love of the land, courage, bravery, determination, stoicism, sympathy, honesty, craftsmanship. Manuel of "The Undefeated" is good, therefore, because he is brave, because he is a master bullfighter, because he refuses to accept defeat. And Jake Barnes also lives the good life because he loves the land and because he is basically honest with himself and with those around him, especially with Brett. And Jack Brennan in "Fifty Grand" lives the good life; for like Manuel, he is a good craftsman and stoic, who can box skillfully and can endure suffering enough to bring about by sheer physical stamina his own ring

defeat and, thereby, his financial victory.

And the bad life? The bad life, the immoral, consists in the opposites: in weakness, in cowardice, in lack of pity, in dishonesty, in complaining, in a lack of craftsmanship. In these early Hemingway works one character stands out as a misfit, as fully immoral: Robert Cohn. Cohn is unable to accept the truth that Brett will not remain his mistress; he tries to affiliate himself with heavy drinkers, though he himself cannot hold his liquor; he cannot be self-reliant; nor can he sympathize either with Brett or with his foil Romero. But though Cohn is the complete figure of immorality, the figures of the good life, as human beings, have their own immoral moments. Manuel, stoic and brave as he is, cannot recognize that he is an aged bullfighter. Catherine Barkley, brave as she is, weakens and cries. Jake, for all his understanding of Brett, refuses to understand Cohn. Yurito, the picador in "The Undefeated," and Turner, the manager of the burlesque troupe in "A Pursuit Race," in spite of all the sympathy they display for Manuel and for William Campbell, are dishonest because they gloss the facts of the situation. And though Cohn complains, so do Jake Barnes and Lieutenant Henry. It is important, however, to distinguish that Jake and Henry, on one hand, complain because their way of life does not work out successfully even though they keep the rules of the "good life." Cohn, on the other hand, complains because he knows no better, because he is weak, because he cannot suffer silently. Significantly, Cohn was not in the war, nor was he a boxer because boxing is a manly craft. He boxed — and hated it — only in an attempt to neutralize the fact that he was a Jew in a basically anti-Semitic society.

One can conclude, therefore, that the norms of the "good life" include some contradictory requirements. But there must be some over-all rule of conduct that a Hemingway character uses to guide his action. Various ways of life have provided some standard principles. The true Christian, for example, works for the glory and service of God. The pragmatist does what is most useful and practical at the moment. The existentialist does what he feels he wants to do at a particular moment. The hedonist does what is most pleasurable. The Hemingway characters act under a peculiar first principle — if, indeed, it can be called a principle — of pragmatic fatalism. In other words, one does what one must do and/or what, in a given set of circumstances, he thinks is most in keeping with the rules of the "good life." Often a character is limited by his physical ability. Manuel has only his craft; he must persevere and accomplish what he can with it. Jack Brennan, likewise, must use his only talent to insure his security. Jake Barnes cannot find security; his only ability is that of the sportsman. He could, a reader is sure, be satisfied with life if only he

could fish and swim for the rest of his life. Henry falls in love (and his love will be discussed at greater length below) for no real reason except that he must fall in love with Catherine.

The guiding principle of action, moreover, indicates what the characters consider ultimate in life. God is not ultimate, for no one believes in Him. Jake, born a Catholic, prays without faith of knowledge; Brett tries to pray but lacks even a slight understanding of prayer; and Henry, much like Jake or even Nick in "Now I Lay Me," equates God with what he fears in the dark at night. The ultimate goal of action lies only on the natural level. Perhaps it can be summed up as the need to "get along" or to "keep going." There is, indeed, no wish to hurry death; suicide, in fact, would be called, by a modification of the classic principle, the coward's way out, the non-stoic solution. To get along, Manuel and Jack Brennan need money. Barnes needs the earth because, for all practical purposes, he has no body. Brett drinks to make life bearable. Catherine and Henry cut themselves off from the world so that they may "keep going." For these the most important aim of life is the maintenance of some kind of tolerable existence.

In this struggle to "get along," however, society plays the role of destroyer. The individual, blameless for his own failure and for his ultimate destruction, is ruined by society or by circumstances. The stupid audience *and* a bad bull, not the bull alone, killed Manuel. Social condemnation shames the peasant in "An Alpine Idyll," although he was but performing unconsciously what to him was a most natural and practical act. The war, certainly the most infectious social disease in these early works, is responsible for Jake's frustration, for Henry's and Catherine's love affair, for the course it runs, for the need to escape, even for Henry's desertion. The social values had been barely tolerable before the retreat; for though the lovers could neither marry nor love openly and Henry could not quit the war to achieve something more satisfying in life, yet they could cling to some segment of goodness in the world. But during the retreat society becomes unbearable; and if Henry is not to lose all that he prizes and loves, he must reject destructive society. One even feels that society evntually will remake Romero, so perfect when the reader sees him, into a Manuel. The terrible view of society in these early works does not change radically later. One may be tempted to say that Jordan in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* ends with affirmation, with love of the earth, and with the knowledge that his life has been valuable because he had loved. But the value of love and, therefore, of life Catherine Barkley had already recognized, though Henry did not. Society and war destroy Jordan just as they destroyed the earlier characters. One needs only

to look at *The Old Man and the Sea* to see a forcefully bitter view of society. The only society possible is that of the individual. The paradox between the individual and necessary but destructive society is solved in the last work, for though alone, Santiago is in a society. He talks to his hands, the saints, and the fish. He has a satisfactory world. He is happy, protected by the sea from the society that exists on the land.

One should, therefore, avoid alliances. Alliances of one kind or another will eventually destroy Anderson in "The Killers" and the pregnant girl in "Hills Like White Elephants." Brett and Jake are aware enough to see the danger of companionship. Because Jake knows a liaison with Brett is impossible, he isolates himself. Because Brett realizes destruction would follow upon a liaison with Romero, she returns to Mike who will not be affected by her instability. Though one sees a group of friends in *The Sun Also Rises,* he never sees them form a real alliance. They drink together, they go places together; but they act alone, or they act together with no idea that the companionship amounts to a permanent arrangement. Jake and Bill Gorton take a fishing trip, but each fishes alone. Brett changes her companions to fit her moods. In short, what we might term "flexibility in human relationships" keeps them going. On the other hand, commitment ultimately leads to destruction.

The word "code" has been avoided thus far because any code is made up of rules, principles, or, if you will, "commandments." The code of these early Hemingway characters, therefore, one cannot fully determine until he has considered all aspects of human life and human conflict. Those tenets of the code which have become apparent so far are direct results it seems, of a basic destructiveness of society. To avoid the destruction man must avoid society. By necessity, then, one cannot safely depend on another for help. The logical natural answer is that he must help himself, that he must do the best he can by himself, and that if he "gets along" he succeeds in doing all he can do.[1] Achievement becomes a personal and individual thing; therefore, what man can do by himself is what

[1] In *The Art of Ernest Hemingway* (London, 1952), pp. 191ff., John Atkins derives the "code" from "admiration for and observance of the physical virtues, courage and endurance." Such derivation seems very limited; for the very admiration of the virtues Atkins mentions seems to have deep roots in the impotence of society. Malcolm Cowley's "Hemingway and the Hero," *New Republic,* CXI (December 4, 1944), 754, offers a sounder view. The novels says Cowley, are legends of man fighting society: Jake ends in frustration; Henry in isolation; Harry Morgan is converted; Jordan loves happily and dies content. Actually, the notion of Hemingway's work as a critcism of society belongs to Hemingway criticism even before *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* Cf. Edmund Wilson, "Ernest Hemingway, Bourbon Gauge of Morale," *Atlantic,* CLXIII (July 1939), 36-46; reprinted in John McCaffery, *Ernest Hemingway: The Man and His Work* (1950), p. 255.

is valuable. It becomes much easier now to see why the sportsman and the craftsman are the prime examples of manhood.

II. LOVE

A most entangling alliance is the alliance of love. For if even impersonal society is destructive, how much more dangerous to man is the intensely personal love society? For man will be harmed much more when his most personal value is destroyed. The major of "In Another Country" becomes quite cynical when he maintains that a man should not marry. So too does Jake become cynical when, commenting on the happy life he and Brett could have had, says, "Isn't it pretty to think so?" But the cynicism of the major is a mask to cover his grief. One cannot think he actually means man should never marry, lest he lose "everything"; for such a solution is most negative and passive: indeed, it is much like saying that man should never live, because he will eventually die. The major believes love is one of the most treasurable experiences a man can have. The tragedy is that the fulfillment is transient. Jake's cynicism has different roots. He too realizes the value of love; but his cynicism results directly from the frustration arising from his incapability of making and fulfilling a love commitment. Love, furthermore, is an entangling alliance because it forces a man to assume certain obligations. Jack Brennan, knowing he will soon be through as a boxer, commits himself to attaining his family's security. Moreover, since love brings attachment, the loss of love leaves the loser disillusioned and isolated. The most prominent examples of such loss are the major and Henry.

The major's loss, however, seems much more comprehensive than Henry's. "In Another Country" is too short a story and the major too reticent a person to allow a reader a fully comprehensive view of what the loss consists in. But the word "everything" implies that he and his wife enjoyed a much more complete relationship than did Catherine and Henry. To Henry love means, more than anything else, sexual satisfaction. After his early meetings with Catherine, Henry thinks of the sexual conquest as the culmination of their relationship. Later, however, he recognizes his growing attachment for Catherine as something more than casual. But what he calls love is actually a yearning for some permanent sexual companionship. This yearning can explain Brett Ashley's alcoholism, and it distinguishes Henry from Rinaldi, for to Rinaldi sex retains its value only when it is casual. But when one considers a fuller definition of love, one can see that Henry's attachment is almost totally physical. The definition comes from the priest: "When you love," he says, "you wish to do things for. You wish to sacrifice for. You wish to serve." But such is not Henry's

love. On the contrary, when Catherine asks if he loves her, he thinks casually, "What the hell." Catherine's companionship is merely better than the companionship he finds at the "house for officers." The affair would be a game. But later the affair loses its gamelike quality; it becomes attachment. Henry speaks of feeling "lonely and hollow." And when he is recovering from his wound, the most valuable moments in his life come when, after completing her duties for the night, Catherine comes to his bed. But never does he exert himself on her behalf. He does her no favors: he does not really care that Catherine is exhausting herself by continually assuming the night duty in order to satisfy him; he does not try to correct the situation which leads to the loss of his leave, though Catherine had looked forward to this quasi honeymoon. Henry's affection for Catherine, indeed, becomes more than casual, but not more than physical.

As the relationship grows, however, Catherine begins to identify herself intensely with Henry. To her the sacrifice and service principles of love, as enunciated by the priest, becomes paramount. Henry becomes the totality of meaning in her life. "I want what you want," she says. "There isn't any me anymore. Just what you want." Or later, ". . . there's only us two and in the world there's all the rest of them." Her concept of love includes self-sacrifice, utter subjection to her beloved, and loss of identity. To be sure, her love is centered on sex, but she is willing to give — and she does give — her very life for love.[2] Henry, on the other hand, though more interested in taking than in giving, pities Catherine in her suffering. But only when he becomes aware that Catherine might die does he begin to realize that love is a much more comprehensive attachment than he considered it to be.

Catherine and Henry illustrate man's love and woman's love in these early works. The man is the possessor, and the woman is little more than his means of gratification. The major of "In Another Country," therefore, pities not his dead wife, but himself in his desolation. And the peasant in "An Alpine Idyll" is so accustomed to using his wife as a self-sacrificing tool that he does so, in an extremely grotesque and perverse manner, even after she is dead.[3] Just as devastating a picture is given in "Hills Like White Elephants"; for the man desires only a return to the former sexual relationship, whereas the abortion, by destroying the girl's

[2] "Catherine . . . is essentially the male egoist's dream of a lover, a divine lollypop." Francis Hackett, "Hemingway: *A Farewell to Arms*," *Saturday Review of Literature*, XXXII (August 6, 1949), 33. A whimsical, but concise summary of her role.

[3] Atkins, pp. 207-208, suggests that the outrage in "An Alpine Idyll" is a continuance of a basically happy husband-wife relationship. The view seems quite limited because it seems to go beyond the story into surmise and because it does not consider the utter submission of the wife.

fulfillment as a woman, can only destroy her as a person.

The picture of love morality in these early Hemingway works, then, is a very limited one. It has one dimension: sex and sexual satisfaction, in which the woman serves as the means to the end.[4] This one dimension forms a basis of attachment and of the building of society. The implication of the love relationships in these early works is that man's love is primarily a matter of egoism. The satisfaction and contentment that Jake Barnes finds in the land, that Manuel finds in his craftsmanship, Henry finds in a woman. The difference, as the bereaved major points out, is that satisfaction such as Henry finds can be lost, and that because it can be lost it can, just as the larger society can, lead to the destruction of the individual.

III. DEATH

Old Count Greffi once tells Henry that he values life "because it is all I have." Life is, indeed, all any of Hemingway's characters have. The totality of human experience lies in the living moment; a way of life, therefore, includes no idea of or belief in a spiritual soul of man or in the immortality of such a soul. What spiritual life the characters do have is stunted. Jake, born a Catholic, does not know what it means to be a Catholic. If he did, his life would amount to something more than continual frustration. Brett's knowledge or understanding of prayer is so naive that she is completely unaware even of its traditional meaning. And, as for faith in God or in spiritual values, Henry and Count Greffi do the only thing they know to do: they wait to be inspired by belief. They hope to become "devout," but they do nothing to help themselves along. This basic philosophical and theological limitation — the lack of belief in something beyond life and death — is what determines how the characters act.

Because life is basically meaningless and leads to nothing but death, there can be no concept of sin or of moral wrong outside what is wrong in the natural code of action. In traditional terms, the Hemingway world is governed by two, and possibly by four, traditional "commandments": the two certain ones are "Thou shall not steal" and "Thou shalt not bear false witness"; the two qualified ones are "Thou shalt not kill" and "Honor thy father and thy mother." The commands involved all fit in with the natural code of the "good life," for they all pertain to honor among men. But commands pertaining to worship of God have no place in the code, because the characters do not believe in Him; nor do injunc-

[4] On the single dimension of love in *A Farewell to Arms*, see Michael F. Moloney, "Ernest Hemingway: The Missing Third Dimension," *Fifty Years of the American Novel*, ed. Harold C. Gardiner, S.J. (New York, 1951), p. 187.

tions against adultery or covetousness have a place in the code, because they are expressions of natural desires.

Because of the lack of spiritual fiber in Hemingway's fictional world, values are founded on the present and on the natural. Solace, therefore, depends on escape of some kind. Through drinking Brett becomes as numb as possible to the torture of the world; others escape by gratifying their present desires; and still others make the best escape of all by isolating themselves with what is permanent or with what they believe is permanent. The land, natural beauty, sex, strength, courage, stoicism — all of which will outlast man — comprise the absolutes with which man must live.

Death, therefore, plays a two-fold role in life. First, it ends a basically frustrating and tortured life. But, on the other hand, life, valuable because it brings man into contact with the absolutes, is all man has. So death, secondly, is the ultimate frustration because it removes man from this world of value. Very few characters adopt Jake's seemingly specious "What the hell" attitude. If they did adopt that view, adopting thereby only the first view of death, it seems that suicide would play an important part in the Hemingway world.

The Hemingway characters, however, seem to think that life, though ultimately futile, is something that must be borne in the best way possible. Life ends in delusion, but it must be lived. Into this picture comes death as the final "dirty trick" life plays. In this world life, circumstances, accident, and bad luck — not man, will, consciousness, and sin — are to blame for tragedy. Man the puppet is driven to whatever fate occurs, and no matter what man does, as Henry says, "You never get away with anything." Ultimately unsuccessful man is always on the defensive. The code of action, a prop upon which man can lean to justify himself and his existence, is, therefore, the one compensating element of a delusive life in a destructive world.

When one considers that this is what life and death mean to the Hemingway character, he can see why there is in Hemingway's work such respect for the person who is tough, silent, and stoic. A man must have these hardening virtues in order to survive in the Hemingway world. It is a world gone to seed, a world which has lost its sense of values, a world which forces its inhabitants to seek compensation for the lost values. Such a world appears consistently in the body of Hemingway's work. What has been said here about the early works can apply as well to the works that follow. The world does not change. Perhaps the people in it become more tolerant, but this tolerance results not in a turning to the lost values but rather in a strengthening of the virtues of endurance.

Just the Slightest Poltergeist

by Patrick Trese

"To those who are under the impression that the Church forbids traffic in ghosts, (Sir Shane Leslie) explains that the prohibition is against calling them up by necromancy or seance . . . not against seeing them."[1]

"IT was in this very room that Old Pierson died," whispered Mrs. Haggerty, her hands clasped beneath her apron. "And it's not the loss of the eight dollars that bothers me, mind you, but that I was so mean and thoughtless."

"It was a mortal, all right," said P.J. "It'll be on your soul till the day you die. Old Pierson had a right to that rosary, sure as I'm standing here."

"It's not the eight dollars," she continued, ignoring her husband. "It's the mystery of it all."

The room they were showing me was on the third floor of their house, a brownstone-front, in Manhattan's upper Sixties between Broadway and Columbus Avenue. P.J., an elderly gentleman, had done over the room a few days after Old Pierson had passed on. The room still smelled of fresh paint, but it was comfortable and clean as the tidy ad in the *Tribune* had said.

They had met me at the front door. P.J., the husband, was a small, thin Irishman who had been carrying the burdens of the world about on his spare shoulders for the past seventy-odd years, but it had been a pleasant task judging from the twinkle in his eye. His wife was a pixie, and a poorly executed home permanent had frizzed out her hair into a parasol effect so that she resembled a happy, grey-headed toadstool, if such a thing can be imagined.

The two of them gave me the "once-over," before they decided to show me the room. Mrs. Haggerty had peered at me with her sharp little eyes as I protested that, certainly, I wouldn't think of entertaining young ladies in the room and assured her that, of course, I would be delighted to have her waken me each Sunday for Mass. You couldn't be too careful nowadays, Mrs. Haggerty reminded me, with all the strange ones moving into the neighborhood. It was terrible, terrible, P.J. said: "all them Puerto

[1] *Time Magazine*, Feb. 18, 1957, p. 69, "Ghost Stories" a review of *Shane Leslie's Ghost Book* (Sheed & Ward).

Ricans on every side now."

So we had climbed the three flights to the room.

"It does have a nice view," said Mrs. Haggerty, nodding to the window. Directly across the street, between two large apartment buildings, there was a miniature church with a steeple and a lawn and trees and shrubs and even flowers.

"I'd hate to see them tear it down," said Mrs. Haggerty, "even if it is a Protestant church."

"Sort of makes the street," said P.J.

His wife nodded. "Old Pierson used to say it was the prettiest view in the whole city. God rest his soul."

And then they told me the story.

Old Pierson had lived in the room for some sixteen years before he died. He was a quiet old man, living on a pension and the few dollars he picked up doing odd jobs around the neighborhood. The last few years, however, he had stayed pretty much in his room, leaving it only to cross Central Park to Fifth Avenue to watch an occasional parade. Old Pierson loved parades, and it was while watching the bands march up Fifth Avenue on the Fourth of July that he suffered a stroke and collapsed on the pavement. He died in Roosevelt Hospital two days later, leaving behind eight worn dollar bills and a few paper-backed books.

"And if it hadn't been for Mr. Drew," said Mrs. Haggerty, "we would have had to stand the whole expense of burying him ourselves."

"Ah, yes, Mr. Drew," said P.J. irreverently.

"You see," explained Mrs. Haggerty, "we found Mr. Drew's name and address on some papers in Old Pierson's dresser there. Old Pierson had been in the Spanish-American War and Mr. Drew had something to do with the veterans. He came as soon as we called him. All the way from Westwood, New Jersey!"

"He was an old duck himself," said P.J. "Looked like he was the next one for the trough. At the wake I wasn't sure if we were burying Drew or Old Pierson."

"There wouldn't have been a wake if it hadn't been for Mr. Drew," said Mrs. Haggerty indignantly. "All the arrangements were taken care of by Mr. Drew," she explained to me. "He got the money from the veterans."

"It wasn't much of a wake," said P.J. "There was Mother and myself and our daughter, Helen, and some of the people from the house here."

"And Mr. Drew," said Mrs. Haggerty. "He came to the wake and the funeral all the way from Westwood, New Jersey. Oh, he was a spry

one, that Mr. Drew!"

"That English boy who was living here then," said P.J. "He was the only one besides Drew and ourselves who went to the cemetery. Said he always wanted to ride through Westchester in a Cadillac."

"God forgive you, he said no such thing!"

"Oh, didn't he? Well, get on with the story."

The night of the wake, Mrs. Haggerty told me, she was kneeling at the side of the casket, saying a few Hail Marys for the repose of Old Pierson's soul, when she noticed his hands were empty. "It seems a shame Old Pierson doesn't have a rosary to be buried with," she thought, but she didn't do anything until her daughter, Helen, spoke about it.

Mrs. Haggerty and her daughter were sitting together on the wooden folding chairs, and Helen said: "Mother, it doesn't seem right that Old Pierson should be buried without a rosary in his hand."

"Indeed it does not," Mrs. Haggerty had said, reaching into her handbag. "Take my rosary and tell the undertaker to put it in the coffin with Old Pierson."

"Your rosary, Mother?"

"Are you losing your hearing?"

"But that's the rosary I gave you for Christmas! It's good sterling silver, and I paid eight dollars for it."

"Eight dollars!" Mrs. Haggerty had exclaimed. "I never knew till this minute the rosary cost eight dollars. Well, that's a different picture. You shouldn't have spent that much money, Helen."

"I just don't think you should put it into the coffin, Mother."

"Well, indeed not," said Mrs. Haggerty placing the rosary back into her handbag. She did not touch the rosary again until the next morning at the funeral Mass at Blessed Sacrament on 72nd Street, and that was hours after the undertaker had slammed the lid down over poor Old Pierson. They were kneeling in the first pew, since Old Pierson had no family of his own: Mr. and Mrs. Haggerty, Helen, and, of course, Mr. Drew who had travelled all the way from Westwood, New Jersey.

"Well," Mrs. Haggerty told me, "just before the Mass started, I reached into my handbag and there in the bottom of the purse was my good eight-dollar rosary. It was broken into four pieces, like someone had ripped it apart with his hands!"

She looked at both P.J. and myself. P.J. shrugged.

"Well, you saw it with your own eyes, didn't you?" she asked him.

"Oh, yes," he said. "I saw it all right."

"Well, then," said Mrs. Haggerty.

A little while later in the parlor downstairs, we concluded the busi-

ness of the furnished room over three glasses of beer.

"What with the rent control, and Old Pierson living here for so long, and all," said Mrs. Haggerty, "the rent is very low."

"Eight dollars a week," said P.J.

"That's hard to beat nowadays," I said. "I'll move my things over this afternoon, if that's convenient."

Later in the evening, after returning from dinner, I met P.J. in the first floor corridor on my way to the stairs. He asked if the room was comfortable, and I told him it was.

"Well, if there's anything you need, let me know," he said. And added, with the faintest smile: "I hope Old Pierson don't keep you awake."

He never did.

To Echo the Music

In utter stillness I hang suspended,
Susceptible to every whirl and eddy of the transient wind
You breathe upon me,
And I am vortexed into the abyss
And cast upon the shore with only the cacaphony of gulls

To echo the music that is you.
And tides and time must
Wash over me before
I am tempered to your stillness.

— *Mary Ann Lucas*

Contributors

ROBERT TOOMEY received both his A.B., '54, and M.A., '55, from J.C.U., then did additional graduate study on a fellowship at the University of Wisconsin. Mr. Toomey is now teaching English at St. Ambrose College, Davenport, Iowa. His Cleveland address is 1085 Lakeland Ave., Lakewood 7.

REV. EDWARD SURTZ, S.J., graduated from J.C.U. in 1932. He received a Ph.D. from Harvard in the field of English. He has written extensively on St. Thomas More, including two books soon to appear. Recently he completed a year of research in Europe on a Guggenheim Fellowship, and has now returned to his professorship at Loyola University of Chicago.

MRS. VIRGINIA R. ANSON, after having completed her undergraduate work at J.C.U., took her M.A. from Western Reserve University. She is now assistant principal at Roxboro Elementary School, Cleveland Heights. She now resides at 12737 Cedar Road in Cleveland Heights.

PROFESSOR WILLIAM McAVOY, class of '46, took his A.B. from J.C.U., and later completed his Ph.D. while serving as a graduate assistant at the University of Illinois. He is now Associate Professor of English at St. Louis University.

RICHARD LOOMIS, having done his undergraduate work at J.C.U., has completed his resident work at Cornell and is now working on his dissertation. He is also teaching at King's College in Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

LOUIS PECEK received his M.A. from J.C.U. in 1955, after undergraduate studies at Holy Cross. He is presently serving as a graduate assistant at Ohio State University, while finishing work for a Ph.D. in English, with a specialization in American literature. His Cleveland address is 19000 Kewanee Avenue.

PATRICK TRESE, a 1952 graduate of J.C.U. and a former editor of the *Quarterly*, is now a staff writer with the News and Public Affairs Department of the National Broadcasting Company. He and his wife reside at 165 Clinton Avenue, Brooklyn 5, N. Y.

MARY ANNE LUCAS, an A.B. graduate of St. Mary of the Woods College, subsequently earned an M.A. in English at J.C.U. this year. She is currently teaching at John Marshall High School in Cleveland. Her local address is 1225 Belle Avenue.