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CARROLL QUARTERLY

The Starlings of Winter

J. J. Cavolo



Franny and Zooey:

REVIEW

Phillip Iannarelli



Duke Ellington, Jazz Progressive

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The Pony's Back

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The Starlings of Winter

J. J. CAVOLO

The back door would not give way to Gordie's thrust. Outside the wind pressed hard against it and along the framework there were strips and wedges of ice that held it fast. From inside Gordie kicked hard with his foot and after making a brittle cracking noise the door flung itself open. The wind then lashed the door to the side of the house, pinned it there like an umbrella turned inside out, and Gordie had more trouble getting it closed again.

Finally he was out in the cold and he sensed the house and the door shut tight and sealed in warmth behind him. The wind cut through his coat and swirling about his muffler tunnelled down his neck and chest. The boy shivered. His legs felt stiff and magnetized against the cold and he wondered that he could move them at all.

He turned from the ell of the house and ascended the broken cement steps that led to the orchard. The orchard was steep, really only a hill that ran upward from the back of the house to the edge of the woods. Through his shoes the boy could feel the hardness of the ground. The ground was covered by tiny webs of ice, and when he stepped a splintery crackling sound could be heard.

He walked slowly; the wind checked his progress. His eyes were wide and watery and he gazed all around him. The apple trees, he saw, were ghastly in the cold; they were black and hardened and ice-coated, and their leaves could no longer be seen even on the ground. Where had their leaves gone? Gordie wondered. Had they been blown away? The skies through the tree branches were gray and sunless, the color of the air.

Gordie walked straight upward, along a red brick path, shattered and decaying, to the chicken coop. He did not actually know why he wished to go to the chicken coop; it was an idea that had entered his head and he could not shake it. The chicken coop stood at the edge of the woods, and as he turned with the path Gordie had a glimpse of its faded red-shingled façade. With an effort he sprinted to the building, hoping it would be warmer inside.

The chicken coop door too was stuck, he found. He pulled at it and suddenly it gave way. He heard the roar of the wind rushing through the coop as the door opened, and then the stench from inside reached him standing at the threshold. The odors of years-old chicken dung and of damp molted feathers fouled the air. In the corner, he knew, under a pile

J. J. Cavolo makes his initial appearance with this startling story. He is a freshman from Cleveland.

of hay and shredded newspapers were two dead chicken carcasses; they had been there a long time, ever since his father had stopped keeping the hens.

He went in. At first he could see but little, so unaccustomed were his eyes to the half-light. His gaze wandered to the flimsy roof and beams above and the large chinks where the sky came in. He saw the serried hen roosts, forlorn and deserted except for a few random straws. When he took a few steps forward, the creaking of the floorboards resounded through the small enclosure.

Presently he noticed something unfamiliar at the other end of the coop. They lay on the floor, silent and motionless. Gordie's brow knitted in question: what were they? He drew nearer. They were starlings, but somehow they seemed — frozen. A few yet stood upright but the majority lay on their sides like toys that had been toppled over. All of them were glassy-eyed and wore feathers that seemed to be stiff and puffed out.

The boy stood staring at the frozen birds. He had never seen anything like them. During the summer he had often seen starlings in the chicken coop, fluttering about the rafters and making that awful squawking noise of theirs; they would build their slovenly, springtime nests in the hen roosts and drop their dung everywhere. But in this changed set of circumstances they were hardly recognizable to him.

Suddenly he had an irresistible desire to touch them. Yet he feared to. He forced himself forward and bending down reached out his hand. After ungloving it, he looked down at it white and trembling. He let it fall upon the birds. He felt their wings, bony and cold. But the breast-feathers felt like fur and gave an illusion of warmth. He touched all the birds, one by one, preening their blue-black feathers. There were about twenty of them, all told; he numbered each, then dragged each into position by its feet. Soon all of them were aligned in a row, peeling hulks drawn up along the curving shore.

After counting them again, Gordie brought a low three-legged stool from the corner and placing it in front of the starlings sat down to watch them, to keep vigil over them. The more he thought about them the sadder he became, but he could not tear himself away. He stayed there a long while until finally he noticed by the waning of what little light there was in the coop that dusk was fast coming on. And the boy grew fearful. He must go back to the house. He did not want to leave the starlings but he must.

Night fell. Suddenly he shot up from the stool, knocking it over, and bolted out of the hen-house. He was sad for the starlings and wanted to mourn for them, but, afraid of being out in the dark, he ran.

He remembered then that he had not barred the hen-house door. He knew he should have for his father told him he always must. The door, if

left unbarred, would bang the whole night through and raise a terrible clangor when the family was trying to sleep.

Gordie told himself that he must go back, but he could not. Everything was in darkness now and, besides, he needed the bathroom. That would always happen to you when you ran downhill and Gordie hoped he could restrain himself at least until he reached the old outhouse they didn't use any more—for otherwise there would be that warmth, then that cold, and that shame. He raced down through the orchard, the gaunt apple trees whirling past him, black against the night. And already he could hear the chicken coop door banging against the wind and he felt sorry for the starlings, for now they would be cold all through the night.

Grecian Wine

PAN THEOPHYLACTOS

*Share still, O share, though other treasure perish
Our evening hour of life and love. Still cherish
The shadowy pearl that steals the westering gold
Of parting day: yon river pearl we hold.
Share still, the cellar bare, the guests all gone,
This cup with me, of fabled Grecian wine;
Here in the final dusk drink the last drop,
Smile, kiss, and kiss again across the cup.
Share still the one heart where we keep our tryst,
It chimes its way through time from dust to dust.
From dawn to dark it chimes its way through time,
Still chiming, since we love, ever at Prime.*

Pan Theophylactos makes his second contribution with this poem.

Technology

LOUIS G. PECEK

*To fear the new
Is quite like shunning noise,
Calling rockets vices
For looking unlike baubles*

*To make the past a warren
And act the part of gopher
Is to pass the years of rabbits
And serve the heart in sauce.*

*But truth is served in little pills.
Life is barely past first-death,
The finest hour yet to be,
The purest blood is of the grape,*

*That to hate only a little
Is to die ever so much.*

Dr. Louis G. Pecek is an Assistant Professor in the Department of English who received his doctorate at Ohio State University.

Franny and Zooey:

A REVIEW

PHILLIP IANNARELLI

With the hard cover publication of *Franny and Zooey*, J. D. Salinger is again available to the non-readers of *The New Yorker* in which his stories have previously appeared. In this literary duo, Salinger proves to be a master of the short story form as he assumes the role of chronicler of the now famous Glass family, whose sibling members are endowed with super-intelligence.

Franny, stage center of the first story, undergoes a traumatic football weekend experience under the strain of depression. Her depression arises from her inability to accept the superficial characters at school. ("I am just so sick of pedants and conceited little tearer-downers I could scream.") To fill the void she seeks someone, or something, to respect and presumably finds it in a Jesus prayer which produces a spiritual revolution in the person who repeats it long enough. But her date for the weekend, Lane Coutell, is just one of these superficial, egotistical people. He pushes her so far with his own emptiness that Franny eventually collapses at the end of the story.

The second story, *Zooey*, is the sequel and conclusion to *Franny*. For Zooey, Franny's older brother, also fed up with superficiality in people, rebukes Franny's attempt to gain spiritual sense and value through the mystical Jesus prayer. Franny is offended and rejects his condemnation as a lack of sympathy to her depressed state. Zooey, however, is the tower of strength in the family and ultimately interjects the last word to Franny and the reader. This occurs in the last pages of the story in which Zooey recalls to Franny their past days in a quiz show *It's a Wise Child*. Zooey tells Franny about their brother Seymour's advice: "He told me to be funny for the Fat Lady, once." And then Zooey adds the critical statement that gives Franny the long awaited peace of mind.

But I'll tell you a terrible secret — are you listening to me? *There isn't anyone out there who isn't Seymour's Fat Lady.* That includes your Professor Tupper, buddy. And all his goddamn cousins by the dozens. There isn't anyone *anywhere* that isn't Seymour's Fat Lady. Don't you know that goddamn secret yet? And don't you know — *listen* to me now — *don't you know who that Fat Lady really is?* . . . Ah, buddy. Ah, buddy. It's Christ Himself. Christ Himself, buddy."

Phillip Iannarelli is a sophomore English major making his second appearance in the QUARTERLY.

To this reviewer the ultimate question is the intention of Mr. Salinger in these two short stories. The author himself tells us in his preface to *Zooey*: "*Mine*, I think, is that I know the difference between a mystical story and a love story. I say that my current offering isn't a mystical story, or a religiously mystifying story, at all. I say it's a compound a multiple, love story, pure and complete." The idea of love is in *Zooey*'s statement that Christ is in everyone and we are to love everyone: Love pure and simple. But the complexity that Mr. Salinger himself states is actually within Franny: She is unable to accept all those whom she dislikes, and seeks automatic spiritual value in the Jesus prayer. Although to her it seems the best way out, *Zooey* reminds her to be realistic and face honestly all the Fat Ladies in the world with understanding. This Franny does and she is at once quieted.

Mr. Salinger is working on a spiritual plane no matter how incongruous his beliefs are with the readers! *Franny and Zooey* portrays that search for spiritual value which is absent in many lives. Absent in a most absurd way since love of all men is the single answer.

If the story is a search for value, mainly love, Mr. Salinger's method is oddly convincing. He gives his characters super-minds which are acquainted with all branches of knowledge from both East and West. And this produces an ambivalent reaction in the reader. We are mildly repelled by the characters as some sort of freaks, and yet are attracted to them because we sympathize with their search for human and spiritual values. By making his characters seemingly above all others, incomparable to others, a tone of character superiority results. But in this fiction of superiority is the ironic fact that no matter how much one knows, everyone is troubled with the search for true values. Salinger's characters are larger than life, but he leaves sufficient margin for identification through their shortcomings and discoveries. This is universality and good literature.

The members of the Glass family are not yet exhausted; there are many more. With this in mind we look forward to Mr. Salinger's future work.

The City

CHRISTOPHER GENTILE

*Foggy night, damp and chilly,
standing in an eerie void
illuminated by the street light's glow
My body immersed in a misty sea
of hurried urban pandemonium.
These vibrations rippling
in my nebular vat of air
agitating inaudible murmurs to deafening screeches.
Listening to this maelstrom
I feel the city
This somber awareness of the savage, naked city
surges, swirls, funnels,
into a vivacious whirlpool
Encompassed with this scintillating eddy of darkness,
I see the city!*

Christopher Gentile is a junior speech major making his initial appearance in the
QUARTERLY.

Duke Ellington, Jazz Progressive

WILLIAM McLARNEY

It came as a distinct shock to me one day to hear a really poor Duke Ellington record. Yet in a way it was relieving to know that the master of the American art form had, like any other artist, gone through a formative period, had fumbled, struggled and failed. The opus in question was a 1926 composition entitled *Rainy Nights*, played by a small group billed as "Duke Ellington's Washingtonians." Since the Washingtonians later expanded into a big band, it is doubtful that anyone could produce an Ellington disk which was anything less than good. Duke Ellington undoubtedly ranks as the most consistent of all Jazz artists.

To form some notion of how highly Ellington and his music are esteemed by today's musicians, consider these statements by some of today's leading jazzmen:

Miles Davis: "I think all the musicians should get together on one certain day and get down on their knees and thank Duke."

Ben Webster: "I got my college degree in music from working with Fletcher Henderson and my Ph.D. from Duke. Just being around Duke meant I learned a lot of things, and not only music."

Cecil Taylor, one of the most radical of the "way out" modernists, in a recent interview: "Since 1957, a change has begun — Ornette Coleman, Jackie Byard and Eric Dolphy. Of course there's one constant. Duke Ellington. Since for always. He's written through all the categories, including the ones you're making up now."

And even those most notoriously finicky listeners, the critics, are solidly behind Duke. In a 1955 critics' poll conducted by *Downbeat* to name the five greatest jazz musicians of all time, the only name to appear on every ballot was that of Duke Ellington.

Why this great respect for Duke? Perhaps it can best be explained by outlining a few of Duke's contributions to jazz, or to American music as Duke would prefer to call it. In reviews of Duke's musical accomplishments, one word which keeps recurring in my mind is the word "progressive." With all the attention focused on this word in recent years the one perennial progressive in the field has been Duke Ellington. Of course all of the really significant jazz men have been progressive in the sense that

William McLarney, a senior Biology major, makes his debut with an article on jazz.

they have contributed something new to the music in their own personal styles. But even the greatest of these contributors have eventually carved a niche for themselves, settled in their style, and been content to work within the limits they had prescribed for themselves. Take, for example, Louis Armstrong, who defined the role of the soloist in the jazz group. In the 20's he was a revolutionary, a pacesetter. But the music he plays today is not a bit different than that he played thirty years ago, except for the addition of numerous commercial numbers. But Duke, at the age of sixty-two, continues to progress, to search for, and succeed in, greater and more ambitious projects.

Work was scarce for the group the young pianist Edward Kenny "Duke" Ellington organized in Washington and brought to New York in 1923. The only place where the Ellingtonites could find steady employment at first was the Cotton Club, a Harlem nitery featuring floor shows and a pseudo-African atmosphere to attract whites who came to Harlem for kicks and to see how the "primitive Negro" lived. The function of the band was to accompany the strippers and provide a "jungle" atmosphere for the white trade. This certainly was not an atmosphere conducive to creativity; nevertheless, Duke managed to rise above the circumstances, and "The Cotton Club Orchestra," as it was billed, produced some of the greatest jazz of that or of any age. To accompany the strippers, Duke wrote such great tunes as the sinuous *Creole Love Call*, a masterpiece of tasteful eroticism. And then there were the atmosphere tunes, such as *Black and Tan Fantasy* with jungle sounds provided by trumpeter "Bubber" Miley and trombonist "Tricky Sam" Nanton. The effects they achieved opened the way to more imaginative use of mutes.

With the release of Duke's first commercial hit, *Mood Indigo*, in 1930, a whole new career was launched for the Ellington band. His success led him out of the burlesque houses into the better night clubs, the dance halls, and the concert halls, playing first for a colored audience, then for an increasing cosmopolitan audience. It was in this era that Duke emerged as a songwriter, producing many hit tunes, most of which would not even be associated with Ellington by today's pop listener. Among them were *Solitude*, *Satin Doll*, *Sophisticated Lady*, *Black Bottom*, *Don't Get Around Much Anymore*, *I'm Beginning to See the Light*, *Caravan*, and many others. The last named tune, the brainchild of Duke's Puerto Rican valve trombonist, Juan Tizol, was the beginning of Ellington's experimentation with Latin and other exotic rhythms, a facet of jazz in which he stands almost alone as a success.

Toward the end of this era, Ellington introduced the pizzicato bass as an improvising, melodic instrument in the capable hands of Jimmy Blanton. His concept of the bass was one of the seeds which gave birth to the bop revolution out of which grew "modern" jazz.

Meanwhile, Duke had introduced such other great soloists as Cootie Williams, Rex Stewart, Ray Nance, Larry Brown, Johnny Hodges, Ben Webster, Barney Bigard, and Harry Carney. With the aid of the last four he had developed the inimitable Ellington reed section sound, the "big" sound which has since become one of his trademarks.

It is something of an axiom in arty circles that an artist must be hungry to produce anything of significance. Duke Ellington certainly wasn't starving in those early days. His band was a success, he had a home and family, and was probably making enough on royalties from his songs alone to support them. But, contrary to what one might expect, he did not rest on his laurels. Rather, he embarked on a new venture, something no one in jazz had attempted before, and in which no one else has been successful since — extended composition. Had he never written anything that didn't exceed the time limit imposed by the 78 rpm record, Duke Ellington would probably be remembered as the greatest of all jazz composers. But Duke wanted to be more than a songwriter. And he succeeded, as evidenced by such suites as *Black, Brown, and Beige*, *The Tattooed Bride*, *A Drum Is a Woman*, *Suite Thursday*, and his most unusual thematic work, *Such Sweet Thunder*, a collection of impressions based on characters and situations from Shakespeare. His interest in extended composition has also led him to do the film scores for *Anatomy of a Murder*, and *Paris Blues*. And in the midst of all the current controversy over the possible union of jazz and classical music Duke has, without fanfare and ballyhoo, recorded his own highly personalized versions of the *Nutcracker Suite*, and *Peer Gynt Suite*.

In these extended works lie the key to Duke's greatest contribution to jazz, his sense of form. Jazz is a young art, a spontaneous and partly improvised art, and an art which is easily capable of degenerating into a meaningless series of "spontaneous" outbursts. Among the many capable musicians of early jazz, Duke and Jelly Roll Morton were the only ones fully to come to grips with this fact. Of course those who insist that the essence of jazz is improvisation, and make it their sacred cow, have objected that Ellington and other orchestrators of jazz have killed spontaneity. Perhaps Duke's attitude toward this position can best be illustrated by an anecdote of his:

There was a little raggedy boy out in the middle of a field. He was wandering through the grass and stumbled over what appeared to be a black stick. He picked it up and sat down under a weeping willow tree. We of course know that it was a clarinet he was holding, but he didn't know what it was. But somehow or other, intuition told him to just blow on it — and when he blew, out came jazz. And that's the way jazz is supposed to be, according to these diehards. It's not supposed to be prepared or planned in any way.

Duke goes on to say, "Jazz today, as always in the past, is a matter of thoughtful creation, not mere unaided instinct." And Duke's "thoughtful

creation," has not killed spontaneity or diluted improvisation. As a matter of fact, Duke has always maintained the greatest array of talented improvising soloists in jazz. Indeed, his compositions are built around these soloists. This is one of the reasons for the success of the Ellington band; that within the framework of a great orchestra, the individual personalities of the musicians can make themselves heard. For this reason, Duke steadfastly refuses suggestions that he give up bandleading and devote full time to composing, which would mean writing for faceless musicians, something that he cannot do. Certainly this is another reason for the great spirit of the Ellington band, a band where soloists remain (like Harry Carney, who joined the band in 1928) rather than leave when they could make a name for themselves. Duke has trod the delicate line between sloppiness and stiffness, producing music which is at once spontaneous and disciplined.

But Ellington's real importance lies in his success in communicating to his audience. Unlike certain stars of modern jazz who feel the need to scorn their audience, Duke does not feel it beneath him to exude a suave but pleasant onstage personality, not as the arrogant artist addressing the peons, but as the appreciative artist addressing the people of and for whom he creates. But his real message is in the music. Buy an Ellington record or go to an Ellington concert. Listen to the vast array of tonal colors, the interplay of sections, the variety of rhythms, and the great solo styles, including the smoothly sensuous alto of Johnny Hodges, the twisting, searching, passionate tenor of Paul Gonsalves, the virile masculine baritones of Harry Carney, the smooth mellow sound of trombonist Larry Brown, the brash, brassy exuberance of trumpeter "Cat" Anderson, the low-down galumphing humor of trombonist "Bootsy" Wood, and all the rest, all unified and guided by the firm touch of the Ellington writing hand, and you'll get the message. This is music which is both intellectual and emotional, passionate music, but orderly, restrained music, music from the mind and personality of a great man — Duke Ellington.

I Felt That I Could

DAVID JEFFERY

*I felt that I could touch the sky
And lick my finger twice
With dew and dreams and far off streams
Where horses run and fly
Before the clouds begin their passing by.*

*I jollied with the stars of dawn
Who knew me for myself
And me alone and not the bone
That sins to sleep and yawn
The waking roll of dice upon a lawn.*

*I breathed a prayer (for what it's worth)
And sent it on its way
For I was green and quite obscene
In pubs and joints of mirth
Where people howled and hungered for new birth.*

*I saw a wavelet kiss my toe
And run away to hide
And wait for me to rise and flee
With her that we may go
As one to swim and make the oceans flow.*

*I laughed my love away and sat
Upon a pot of gold
Which lies beneath the rainbow's wreath
And here I loathed and spat
And grew so very old so very fat.*

*I saw and touched and measured all
And lived too long too soon
The pleasant dreams of pleasant schemes
And backed against a wall*

I saw the jet transcend the prairie call

*I feel that I can scrape the sky
And peel away the moon
And plant instead a great elk's head
And climb his antlers high
Until I trip or fall and hanging die.*

David Jeffery is the assumed name of a senior English major.

Two Faces in French Literature: Camus and Mauriac

THOMAS L. VINCE

Probably the best illustration of the two major trends in literature today — the despondency of existentialism, and the hope of traditional Christianity is found in the works of France's two most prominent writers of our generation, Albert Camus and François Mauriac. Nowhere have these trends been so sharply realized as in the works of these two artists.

Albert Camus, innovator of the "literature of revolt," first startled European literary circles with the appearance of *The Stranger*, a short novel about a purposeless man living in Algiers, who acts without comprehension, sins without pleasure, kills without motive, and dies without care. The prevalent theme is man's loneliness. Meursault, in his trial for murder, finds some consolation in becoming the center of attraction for a short period of time. The world of Camus' characters is very much like the desert which provides a symbolic backdrop for the frustrated actions in *The Stranger* and *The Exile and the Kingdom*.

The theme of man's loneliness recurs in *The Plague*, an allegorical type of novel representing the aridity of modern civilization. This novel was cited by the Swedish Academy in 1957 when Camus was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature.

In *The Fall* Camus presents a rambling commentary on the shortcomings of modern man, demonstrated by the listless life of Jean Baptiste Clamence, a once successful Paris lawyer, who tells a customer at a bar in Amsterdam of his fall from social prominence. Clamence identifies himself as a "judge-penitent," a judge of everything, and a penitent for nothing, who repudiated his success, not because of the superficial aspects of society, but because he could no longer receive any satisfaction in dominating others. Like Camus, he has seen much of life, and it has left a stale taste in his mouth. "A single sentence will suffice for modern man," says Clamence, "he fornicated and read the papers. After that rigorous definition, the subject will be exhausted."

Camus' solution to the problem of modern man is that the best way to be happy is to separate oneself from normal social contact and to seek happiness by placing self-satisfaction above any concern for the rest of humanity. Clamence echoes this concept when he states, "My great idea

Thomas L. Vince is a senior English major.

is that one must forgive the Pope. To begin with, he needs it more than anyone else. Secondly, that's the only way to set oneself above him." Furthermore, placing oneself above the rest of humanity has certain advantages, for "living aloft is still the only way of being seen and hailed by the largest number."

The theme of the individual's separation from other men is well expressed in the six short stories published as *The Exile and the Kingdom*. In "The Renegade" an ex-seminarian loses faith in the goodness of mankind and escapes to the site of an old pagan city in the desert where he carves an idol to "Fetish," the god of hatred and lust. When a missionary approaches, the seminarian journeys out to kill him in order that he might destroy goodness. Not only is there an explicit despair about modern man in this tale, but there is also an indication of Camus' idea that man is totally depraved and incapable of realizing any human values. The only alternative is madness.

In another story, "The Adulterous Woman," man's perpetual exile is again portrayed. A woman who has had a completely unsuccessful marriage, journeys into the desert and despairs when she realizes the emptiness and loneliness of life.

In "The Artist at Work," a struggling artist experiencing his first taste of success decides to withdraw temporarily from the world. For several weeks he sits motionless and in mental anguish in a loft, without any apparent reason for such a retreat.

These are the purposeless "hollow men" of Camus who are satisfied with nothing, and who can find no strength, hope, or happiness, save in voluntary expatriation from the human race. These are the conclusions of modern existentialism which sees endless dilemmas facing modern man, and no chance of reconciliation.

Clarence, one of the men without purpose concludes: "Your successes and happiness are forgiven you only if you generously consent to share them. But to be happy it is essential not to be too concerned with others. Consequently, there is no escape. Happy and judged or absolved and wretched." This is the closest man can come to personal fulfillment in the "literature of revolt" which has become for our generation the literature of despair.

But Camus' influence is not to be underestimated. His sullen despair about the state of mankind has found expression in the plays of Samuel Beckett and Eugene Ionesco, both men of letters living in France. In America, he has found adherents among the "beat generation" and to a lesser degree in England among the "angry young men."

Another Frenchman who likewise recognizes the failings of modern man and the hypocrisy and contradictions of civilization is François Mauriac, who approaches the subject in an entirely different manner.

Awarded the Nobel Prize in 1952, Mauriac presents the question of man's loneliness and confusion, but always finds resolution in a return to Christian values. Xavier in *The Lamb*, unlike Camus' characters, prefers a spiritual exile from the world rather than a motionless, anguished, physical separation. "Each time that he knew for certain that somebody had landed on his island, penetrated his desert, then he must flee from him, for that desert was his portion in the world, his cross." Xavier's spiritualism makes him suspect to his employer, and especially to Brigette Pian, a religious fanatic, who believes she has a direct mandate from God to order the lives of those about her. Eventually, the prying of Brigette and her family cause the death of the innocent Xavier.

Brigette Pian also appears in *Woman of the Pharisees*, and is brilliantly portrayed as a domineering, hypocritical matriarch, determined to command the lives of her family, and as a zealous missionary whose efforts ironically make her appear as the ideal Christian woman in the parish. For Mauriac, "it is part of the duty of every creature to preach the gospel: but that does not mean that we should try to turn our neighbor into a replica of ourselves, or force him to see with our eyes. Of ourselves we can do nothing. Our concern should be limited to walking before the Divine Grace as the dog goes in front of the invisible hunter."

Mauriac would maintain that many people, like Brigette Pian, go about preaching the gospel in the wrong way, which can lead only to destruction, but he in no way implies that man should have no concern for his fellow man, as would Camus.

Mauriac's novels demonstrate the uselessness of those who are among "the race of man that flee from the beloved." Exile from God is the greatest loss man can experience, and this is analogously extended by the exile of man from man. In *Viper's Tangle*, a man and his wife live out their last twenty-five years without speaking to one another. Mauriac shows the futility and despair that such human abandonment entails and declares that exile is not the answer to man's problems, for "one cannot preserve one's faith in himself all alone."

Man needs companionship and communication. He cannot live alone and without values. Once this is realized, then God becomes "the good temptation to which many beings in the long run yield." Life will never be simple or easy, it will always be difficult and complex; but unless there is hope in human nature, then life can be nothing but drudgery and despair.

i breathe a death more profound

ANTHONY B. PETER

*she comes at dead run
through the dark avenues of trees
and falls
in a soft heap broken
in a pile of twigs
and delicate bone structures
(through the swell of her hair*

*i breathe a death more profound
than any syllogism devised
ever in my mind)
and come to
with the sea, the salty sea
surge gently on my conscious
surf
deadly and soft and loving and
primeval enfolding sea.*

*(Dances more graceful,
songs more beautiful than this
of our bodies
i have not danced,
i have not sung.)
And false the love-trap night
in her embrace.*

Anthony B. Peter, a junior English major, is a frequent QUARTERLY contributor.

La Luna

C. A. COLOMBI

She comes:

*With glassy, grim gaze,
To make death with Night
On tall, five-o'clock-killed
Shadows
Standing ramrod rigid
To nescient night-
Sky.*

*To the Land of Opportunity
Where lifeless rosettas of laissez-faire,
Now slaked,
Await, in solitude, the awakening of
Bedfellow Dawn-
To stretch, to leap,
To resurrect.*

*To a sleepy lagoon
And keeps her morning watch,
Two hearts, entwined upon a bench
Admire her reflection,
Making love to the caresses of
The riotously rippling waves*

*No more vociferous
To Speak
Her last words
Before a sojourn of twelve hands
Upon time's servant; She
Sheds her silver sight once more,
And Sleeps.*

C. A. Colombi, a sophomore from Cleveland majoring in Speech, makes his second appearance with this poem.

The Pony's Back

DAVID JEFFERY

*A grain of sand, a rolling tide —
The pony's back where children ride
And fall and up and ride again.*

Drifting . . . Drifting . . . on a clear and open waterway and riding free. Nothing but the sounding waves sloppin' up against the — Ah my neck! Must of wrenched the blasted thing when the skiff — the skiff took a dive for the worse and held me up in the air and diving pitched me out to the black sea . . . scratching for it . . . I can almost touch it. . . . Got it! Snapped clear back by the knife of pain that cut — and tore — and slashed at my arm from the wrist where rawhide held me fast and tight . . . and awful pain that sent me down and bouncing on the floor and bruised my head all groggy now. God if I had known and not a land in sight!

Easy now . . . can only shift a little at a time. Ahh that's better. What a storm O God and yet so foggy. My — my head feels warm and cool and must be caked with blood . . . unless that's water flowing from my forehead down. God that's sour! Must be blood or other black juice of its kind with such a taste. What a mess!

What a creep! What a blasted bloody good for nothing idiot! I hate your guts and very soul! Poohh! Aw nuts — just cracked my bottom lip and started it to bleed and hurt, all dry and blistered by that damned sun. Ain't no use swearing about it. Who the hell's going to hear me anyway!

Yeh — that — that wrist sure looks like it's in good shape. Can't even see the rawhide but a heavy line of dry blood where it's puffed a little and the sun keeps hammering it with heat and pain and now I think I'll sleep . . . can't sleep either. It's getting cold all of a sudden. . . .

Like the good times we had on the beach in the winter when it was snowing. The big bonfires we built for our girls warmed us though. I never hung around to join in the singing but always stole away to watch the shivering waves and drink in the mysteries of the deep. Juanita drank with me and I hustled her close and together we shouldered against the sky and once we paused and looked across the sea and coming back continued. I loved her in a boyish way and nothing more like when we lay upon the grass at home in some forgotten meadow where we talked and dreamed, our bellies to the sky. They were still singing and I picked her up and carried her to my sled and pulled her through the snow and softly

sang or whispered poetry. There were not many when we came upon the hot house where in front the chilly wind had frozen into ice our favorite pond and skating place. She smiled and giggled as I fumbled my hands over her feet, trying to lace the skates up with a curse my hands were so cold. Together we glazed the ice once over and made the rink a holy place, an altar where we climbed the stars to heaven.

Drifting for days and years now . . . eternities it seems. All adrift on the lonely sea and shadow of death. Waking to find it only better to sleep, sleeping afraid to be wakened. Why did you ever take the boat alone? You know how big the Sound can get when it kicks up a storm. I know . . . I know . . . I must not think of that right now and yet I cannot sleep.

It's funny, being out here alone. I feel kind of stupid. I think maybe Hixson would enjoy something like this. He was quite the hero type and I admired him for that.

Hey how 'bout coming with me and trying one on the road he said and I answered No! You want to know the one thing I'd love to do again above all else? What is that, Hixson? To climb a mountain to the top and look the world over in a glance. You can't imagine it's the greatest thrill in the world, it really is. You're so high up in the clouds and you feel like Somebody and you're happy. And looking down you see the world beneath your feet and it's the greatest feeling there is. You're freezing and the ice makes you bitter but you're warm inside with the thought of being Master.

There is a pause which carried us both to the mountain. . . .

And what would you like to do he threw at me? To have a courage about me when the time comes was all I said. We talked at length of mountains and of courage and then we parted and left a lonely lamppost burning in the quiet of the night. . . .

The throb-bob-burning of the pain! And if I didn't tie the wrist to the oarlock I'd have been a goner for sure. The squall rose of a sudden and nothing I could do. (It's rough on the Sound at best off the shore they call Long Island.) Even without the breeze now the water rocks the boat and leaves my stomach empty and growling and hurts my arm the more and swells my head and I feel sick. God I'm sick! And empty inside!

All is clear and still but the sucking of the wavelets underneath me. It's like riding a pony 'round a ring with a bounce and a hit and a roll and a jerk! And a bounce and the post after post upon cloud upon cloud with an up and down up and down slosh it up rein it back — lemme off — face after face upon post and the cloud — lemme off — bouncing around and around with each hoof on the ground and a boat on a wave in the Sound — I want to get off — face after post after cloud — lemme off and the bounce I feel sick — Mister please stop it — please lemme off lemme off — Mister . . . please! O God my God my stomach!

Looks like gangrene now all at once numb and very alive. . . . Umph! I—I can't even lift my other hand to free the wrist of rawhide and pain. What's the use of will any more. I can't use it . . . I can't! There's no such word as can't you fool! I know . . . I know. My life before me now is mere existing, my only task to keep the pain alive and burning and grit my teeth whenever my stomach turns over. There comes a time I guess when one is helpless in himself and only guts and teeth and pain can keep the body with the soul. And I guess that time is now for me and my guts are on their own if I have any. Get a courage about you idiot, bum . . . a courage . . . I'm not an idiot! I can think and even feel above the torture. And I can lift the fingers in my free hand just a bit . . . up . . . up . . . Ouch! But I can . . . and I will . . . and I can even wish . . . I wish to get off this pony's back for now I'm quite faint and very dizzy and I'm willing still and I am willing.

I wonder if Hixson ever climbed his mountain again and if he's looking down through the clouds to the world below and now scanning the seas and the ocean and the Sound amid the tumult and windy breeze. I wonder if he's looking down. I wonder if he can see me now and how I I will not will to die.

Isabel Archer's Argument with Destiny

JOHN KELLEY

As one listens to Mozart's overture to *The Marriage of Figaro* he is reminded once again of the interrelation between forms of artistic expression. In his title Henry James employs the metaphor, "portrait." That appropriately expresses his central purpose in the novel. That is, to paint for the reader in a manner similar to the way a Van Gogh might paint on canvas or a Mozart might "paint" on a sheet of music, a realistic picture of a most unusual young woman, Miss Isabel Archer.

With the touch of an artistic genius, James unfolds the beginnings of his portrait by transporting us to Albany, New York, where we are introduced to the provocative Miss Archer and to her prosaic background. We are adroitly informed of her high degree of intelligence, a trait which has manifested itself almost exclusively in her love of reading and of contemplation. Complementing this young lady's vivid imagination, which in turn has ignited within her innumerable romantic propensities, is an intellect which has been painstakingly nurtured almost exclusively by means of Isabel's own labor; for she has had little formal education.

The indomitable Casper Goodwood is occupying Miss Archer's romantic reveries when she is characteristically discovered studying in the library by her charmingly eccentric aunt, Mrs. Touchett. Determined to avoid such apparently inevitable occurrences as marriage to Mr. Goodwood and as a result being compelled, as it were, to remain in provincial Albany, Isabel agrees to accompany her aunt to Europe.

Here we begin to see the author's theme unfold before us the identical one utilized in most of his novels—the "international theme." Uniquely Jamesian and thus genuinely Yankee is the theme of the American innocent's European "Baptism by Fire" in which he confronts the culture, gentility, conservatism, and ingrained decadence with no more lethal a weapon than that Puritan-based moral fibre which has been so thoroughly absorbed within him that the innocent frequently emerges from the encounter immeasurably wiser in the way of the world but, somewhat surprisingly perhaps, as morally astute as ever.

This developmental process commences with Isabel's arrival on the Continent. Several urbane, cultured, and affluent European gentlemen

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become romantically involved with her—a few of them to the extent of eventually proposing marriage.

Innumerable background figures are incorporated into James' portrait; but their actions are exclusively (with the important exception of young Pansy's involvements later on) focused in relation to the central figure, Isabel Archer. Apart from their bearing on Isabel's activities and adventures they have little significance. Thrusting her into a variegated multiplicity of situations, James constructs scene upon scene around his heroine, positioning her, as he himself phrases it in his preface, "... (to) see what she will do (in a given situation)."

Beginning with her invalid cousin, Ralph Touchett, and continuing through Lord Warburton, a man who James must have intended as a singular exemplar of British aristocracy; and concluding with the enigmatic Gilbert Osmond, Isabel steadfastly adheres to her original plan of refusing to succumb to the temptation of marrying one of them—that is until Osmond succeeds in winning her hand.

By means of the author's excursions into the innermost recesses of his characters' minds we are able with some difficulty to garner many of the psychological motivations behind their activities. After some reflection, for example, the reader is thus able to perceive why Isabel's inclinations might be summarized in her avowal under the probings of the dynamic American journalist, Miss Henrietta Stackpole. The latter asks Isabel whether or not she knows where she is "drifting":

No, I haven't the least idea, and I find it very pleasant not to know. A swift carriage, of a dark night, rattling with four horses over roads that one can't see—that's my idea of happiness.

What spirited romanticism! The reader can but observe that driving up blind alleys seems to be Isabel's forte.

So that Isabel might seek her true destiny by "drinking the cup of experience" Ralph Touchett persuades his father to will Isabel a sufficiently substantial amount to enable her to live as she desires—wholly unfettered by monetary necessities.

Having therefore rejected both the flower of Yankee ingenuity, the enterprising Goodwood; and the model of Tory nobility, "poor" Lord Warburton, Isabel now proceeds to reject her cousin, Ralph Touchett, who blunderingly expresses his love for her as a last desperate measure to prevent Isabel from taking what he sincerely believes to be a headlong plunge into the depths of tragedy. But Isabel is insulted by Ralph's dubbing Gilbert Osmond a "sterile dilettante," her romantic image of Osmond being that of a genius in need of her financial help and thus a possible means—albeit an expensive one from the point of view of her happiness—of assuaging her guilt-ridden conscience regarding her fortune. The

guilt feelings she entertains arise from her Puritan-based conviction that one should work for one's money — not have it liberally bequeathed with no attached stipulation for meriting or repaying it.

Firmly convinced that Mr. Osmond is a man of the most profound sensibilities, a man oblivious to convention and yet fully cultivated, or to state it another way, that he is one of the superlative citizens of Europe, Isabel Archer consents to his proposal of marriage. Certain that this man is cultivation personified — a man of genius whose exquisite tastes are immensely worthy of that nurturing which only her wealth can provide — Isabel consents — despite Ralph's Cassandra-like forebodings of disaster.

Too late, indeed much too late for a high principled young lady, does the naive young Isabel perceive that her well-meaning but helpless cousin possesses insight foreign to her own perception. Nevertheless, even after being informed by Osmond's strange sister, Countess Gemini, that her charming step-daughter, Pansy, was born as a result of the illicit love affair between Osmond and his sinister female counterpart, Madame Merle, Isabel still feels obligated to her marriage vow, and as a result (in her mind) to herself. A methodical study of the effaced narrator's revelations concerning Isabel's "sense of destiny" would seem to indicate that this decision is not attributable either to her belief in the sanctity of marriage as such or to the promise she made Pansy to return to Osmond. On the contrary, it seems to owe its existence to her unshakable belief that one must not attempt to flaunt one's fate inasmuch as even more dire calamities might ensue as a result. Thus ends the novel on this note of fealty to the necessity of remaining true to one's commitments and thus to oneself, as expressed by Isabel Archer, or more correctly, Mrs. Gilbert Osmond nee Archer. The portrait is complete, but one is aware of innumerable nuances within its fine texture: brush strokes which only the artist himself could satisfactorily explain.

But to touch upon a few of them will perchance enable one to perceive these subtle strokes more clearly.

One of them is the provocative problem of why Isabel refuses to separate from her scoundrel husband and return to America with faithful Casper Goodwood. Because of Osmond's innumerable deceptions and his having "uncovered" her in much the same way as he might "uncover" a rare piece of Phoenician pottery, Isabel would undoubtedly have been perfectly justified in leaving. After all, to him she has been little more than an objet d'art and a source of income.

Singularly ironic is the immutable fact that those very qualities which Isabel admired in him are mere façades: what in him had appealed to the receptive Isabel as lack of convention turns out to be the very embodiment of convention. As he himself puts it, "I am convention itself." Translated

this connotes that his belief in the magnitude of himself—a magnitude equal in his own eyes to but three or four of Europe's major figures—necessitates his possessing works of art and letters equal in quality and quantity to those possessed by his supposed equals. This neurotically egotistical self-deception (for, after all, he has achieved nothing more than the painting of a few fairly viewable pictures) permits, of course, absolutely no sense of humor—a quality which in Ralph Touchett is a redeeming factor and might have functioned similarly for Osmond. Osmond's perpetual insistence upon taking himself seriously serves immeasurably to increase his repulsiveness. Although sincere when marrying Isabel he becomes thoroughly disillusioned upon realizing the impossibility of remaking her in his own image; hereafter she is but a means of enabling him to spend money and to appear very much the success. La Rouche-foucauld's *Maxims* state Osmond's reasoning very concisely: "In order to establish oneself in the world, one must do all one can to seem established." Isabel, then, serves as Osmond's instrument for conspicuous consumption. Furthermore, since she is free from religious scruples in that regard, Isabel would be quite justified in divorcing and remarrying, if only on the grounds of misrepresentation—a grave enough reason even for those stern times. She feels, however, because of her Puritan-based moral sense of "oughtness," that she must accept fate's dictates as a consequence for having previously flaunted them, *i.e.*, by leaving her Albany life in order to avoid its stodginess.

Seemingly quite inadequate is the commentary on her reasons for adamantly refusing to leave Osmond. As Goodwood sympathetically points out to her, she has been thoroughly misled by Osmond and by her own romantic delusions. Is she insensible to this harsh fact? The narrator implies that indeed she is by observing her pre-occupation with what she falsely considers to be an irremediable situation. Can she not see that drastic situations demand drastic actions? The passage would serve to indicate otherwise:

. . . almost anything seemed preferable to repudiating the most serious act—the single sacred act—of her life . . . make the whole future hideous. To break . . . would be to break for ever; any open acknowledgment of irreconcilable needs would be an admission that . . . failure . . . no condonement, no compromise, no easy forgetfulness, no formal readjustment . . . attempted only one thing, but . . . was to have been exquisite. Once they missed it nothing else would do . . . no conceivable substitute for that success.

The above passage is also signally illustrative of a technique of exposition frequently employed by James in his works—a subtle incision into the minds of his characters by which the author elucidates on the printed

page their very thoughts. The above passage, for example, expresses Isabel's unretractability as few other expository techniques can.

A further manifestation of this device is the passage which describes the subtle method by which Mrs. Osmond and Madame Merle tacitly inform one another (without actually uttering a word on the subject) that each knows what the other knows, *i.e.*, Madame Merle is aware of Isabel's knowledge of Merle's sordidly illicit relationship with Osmond. Thus each knows that "the jig is up" and the resultant implications of this awareness are tremendously important to all four people involved, but especially to Isabel, for she has been the unknowing object of scandalous and unforgivable duplicity.

All that is needed for both ladies to realize that each sees that the deception has ended, that the game is over, are a few mutually significant glances at one another:

Madame Merle had not proceeded far before Isabel noted a sudden break in her voice, a lapse in her continuity . . . in itself a complete drama . . . subtle modulation marked a momentous discovery — the perception . . . (of) entirely new attitude . . . Madame Merle had guessed on the space of an instant that everything was at an end between them . . . space of another . . . guessed the reason why . . . was not the same (person) she had seen hitherto . . . knew her secret. This discovery was tremendous, and from (that) moment . . . most accomplished of women faltered and lost her courage. But only . . . moment . . . perfect manner . . . again . . . smoothly . . . to the end. But . . . only because . . . end in view . . . point that made her quiver . . . alternance of her will to repress her agitation . . . safety . . . not betraying herself . . . confidence ebbed . . . able only to glide into port . . . grazing the bottom.

The passage is supremely illustrative of James' technique of psychological probing. It is even more indicative of this newly developed device of subtlety revealing nebulous truths by permitting the reader to "sit in" on the various characters' hypersensitive perception of otherwise ephemeral and virtually unobserved activities, *i.e.*, Madame Merle's instantaneous realization of the significance of nothing more than a glance at her by Mrs. Osmond. Seldom is James more clever in revealing an essential fact without actually having his characters state it definitely or allude to it in some fashion less subtle than a glance. To attempt, therefore, to penetrate the author's revelatory method is a true intellectual effort. One must, as can be observed in the above passage, be nearly as sensitive as some of the author's characters.

Strategically considered the novel is almost universally acknowledged by critics to be a masterpiece. To the author himself the book has (alluding to the words of the Russian master of fiction and author of *Fathers and Sons*, Ivan Turgenev, a personal friend from whom James derived much of his craftsmanship including his basic tenet that the story should emerge from the character himself), "... a structure reared with an architectural competence . . . that makes it . . . the most proportioned of my works after *The Ambassadors* — which was to follow it many years later and . . . has a superior roundness."

If, as heretofore suggested in this analysis, the author implies in his preface that his central purpose in writing the book was to paint for the reader a verbal portrait of Isabel Archer and her quest for the attainment of her destiny — in a sufficiently unconventional manner to convey her from one end of the earth to the other — if that was his central purpose, he has achieved it admirably. That Isabel Archer's arduous quest for an unconventional destiny terminates in her attainment of a singularly conventional one serves merely further to convince the already proseleyted believer in the greatness of Henry James that his literary talents included the unique and superlative ability to create a novel which is not merely realistic but frequently satirically or ironically so. Moreover, this unhappy but not completely hopeless termination (since Isabel sees a way to secure a stoic contentment) is a tribute to Henry James' love of truth. Fairy tales were not his to write.

The Unknown Civilian

ANTHONY B. PETER

*As the memberless wonder
rolled into the padded cell
 (the room with fear glazed eyes
 and parched contracting throat,
 trying, trying so hard to swallow)*

*And as he mouthed soundless words
ripping his lips farther and farther
 'til his face
 grossly lost control
 so he smashed his head into
 the cushiony floor.*

*(I saw the interns cross themselves,
 and slowly lose their minds
to the stronger grip of a hand
 emerging from a mushroom cloud)*

Way High Up and Rising Still

DAVID JEFFERY

*Way high up and in a maple tree
I saw the art of artistry
— A color-clashing symphony.
While higher up and over all
A cloud hung silently.*

*Listen the wind how it breathes
As it soothes or ruffles the leaves.*

*Espy there those sunbeams that hold her
— That leaf shaking the hand from her shoulder*

*What noise the squirmy squirrels of chatter make!
They splash and swim in the leaves like one in a lake*

*Thwert — ring a deeveedee's a bird
— A song I'm sure you've often heard.*

*What once was old and good to me
What once was art and life to me
Is now a haunting memory . . .*

*A questing of the sacred deep.
For way high up and in an evening tree
These sounds and colors fell asleep —
Over and above the maple tree
Over and above the maple tree*

These sounds . . . these colors . . . fell to sleep.

