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Editor's Preface

"Art and Poetry are things divine"
Claudel

It is evident that Paul Claudel, well-known French diplomat and one of the eminent contemporary writers—poet, dramatist, and critic of the nineteenth century, recognized the tremendous value which art and literature and human experience, in general, afford the individual who is truly interested in them. We believe that books alone cannot fill the void which human intellection seeks in its search for knowledge and truth. But rather, the mingling of knowledge, labored for in books, and that knowledge which human experience brings us individually, produces human beings of varied talents. This mingling of ends produces that pinnacle of success known as the well-rounded individual.

As you look through the issue you have in hand, you will realize that the above approach, mingling vicarious experience with campus activities and contemporary themes, has already begun in this issue. We hope to continue this approach throughout the entire year.

A closer inspection of the autumn issue will reveal a predominence of religious poetry. It is not our desire to negate this motif from our poetry selections. It is our desire to widen our horizons to include a fair representation of both religious and secular themes. In this manner, we will possess the abilities of wider and more certain appeal in this field of literature.

Among the prose selections, you will notice that there is a variety of material. Mentioning a few, there are selections on poetic views offered by our poetry editor, Mr. Theophylactos; there is a selection which presents the view of a Shakesperian Drama from the standpoint of production. This method of elucidation is rather unique and is presented by our essayist, Mr. Colombi. In contrast to the two serious presentations, we have included a satire which is humorous and entertaining. From this brief synopsis, it is readily stated that the foundation stones of Claudel's theory, pointed out above, have been put into use.

To stimulate a stronger foundation and a more perfect edifice, the CARROLL QUARTERLY announces that it will sponsor a contest, with cash prizes, in the literary areas of short stories, essays, and poetry selections. We invite you to single out the preference for which you feel qualified and to submit your material to us as soon as possible. Please

mark your selections, "Contest." Place your material in the receptacle marked for that purpose in the English Office. Further information will be extended by means of the bulletin boards.

Finally, we are aware of the fact that it is easy to criticize. This is one trait of human nature that no one needs to practice before it becomes a habit. While we encourage criticism because it aids us in our desire to improve this literary publication, we feel that the best criticism is substantiated with matter which will correct the deficiency. We value this type of interest because it not only requires initiative, but it also requires a sincere effort to improve the existing publication. This is important because this is your university publication and it represents you to many colleges all over the country.

We hope that this outlook set up by the editorial staff for the current school year will be beneficial and representative of the maximum of cooperation given by the student body. In this manner, we will be capable of realizing the aim of Paul Claudel: The finer things of education, the satisfaction which is integral, are beneficial to man, if he can put them into practice.

Michael E. Kilarsky

Editor-in-Chief

The Rainmaker: A Review

JUDY RUNDEL

When the rains don't come and the crops fail, there is a drought. When a woman is without love and without the power to believe in herself, there is a drought in her life, and the one is no less real than the other. The crops and the woman need the help of a power out of the ordinary. The parched land needs rain.

This is the setting for Richard Nash's romantic comedy, THE RAINMAKER. The woman without faith is Lizzie, an intelligent, capable, and practical young woman of twenty-seven who has lived her life in the shadow of her plainness and has never known what it is to be loved. The power out of the ordinary is Bill Starbuck, a restless, wandering man after "a clap of lightnin'," with a name and a dream world he made for himself, a con man who calls himself a rainmaker and promises to bring rain, in exchange for a hundred dollars.

In the conflict between these two characters Nash presents the basic conflict between the realist and the romantic. And although he makes the wild extremes of the romantic quite obvious, Nash points out that we can all learn at least one important thing from the romantic; he shows us that the source of Starbuck's power is the power of belief, the virtue of faith of which we, like Lizzie, are in need. It is this with which Starbuck confronts Lizzie in the second act:

> STARBUCK. You're scared to believe in anything! You put the fancy dress on——and the beau don't come! So you're scared that *nothin'll ever come! You got no faith!*
> LIZZIE. I've got as much as anyone!
>
> STARBUCK. You don't even know what faith is! And I'm gonna tell you! It's believin' you see white when your eyes tell you black! It's knowin'—with your heart!
> LIZZIE. And I know you're a fake.
>
> STARBUCK. Lizzie, I'm sad about you. You don't believe in nothin'—not even in yourself! You don't even believe you're a woman. And if you don't—*you're not!*

Starbuck's wild wandering ways are not for Lizzie, any more than Lizzie's quiet, home-making ways are for Starbuck. But they are two strong people, and they leave their mark on each other. Starbuck's life touches that of another and changes it; his function, perhaps the function of every romantic, is that of a catalyst. But the analogy is not completely accurate in this instance because, for once in his life, Starbuck is himself affected. He will never be quite the same for having known Lizzie. Starbuck gives Lizzie something to believe in and the right to believe in it; he convinces her she is beautiful and that she must first believe it before anyone else will; he teaches her to "think pretty." Lizzie,

Judy Rundel, a graduate student in English makes her initial appearance in the QUARTERLY with this review.

in turn, helps Starbuck to see himself, if only for a brief moment, as he really is. Her gentle understanding forces him to let down the defenses he is really a bit tired of keeping up and allows him the temporary relief of honesty.

From a moment of understanding Lizzie and Starbuck progress to the moment of compromise described in the lines in Act Three.

> LIZZIE. You're all dreams. And it's no good to live in your dreams!
>
> STARBUCK. It's no good to live outside them either!
>
> LIZZIE. Somewhere between the two—
>
> STARBUCK. Yes!

This is the compromise that lies at the very heart of the play. It says that the wise man sees the need of dreams but knows the proper balance. He learns, as Lizzie does, to enjoy dreams and to use them, but at the same time he knows that he must not be ruled by them. Before, Lizzie had thought of dreams as lies; for Starbuck they had been the only reality. Now, for Starbuck and Lizzie both, a dream is a dream. Probably Starbuck will always have a dream; but the important thing is that he helped Lizzie to find hers at the time when she needed it the most. And because Starbuck helped to make Lizzie's dream come true, because he taught her to see and believe in her own very real beauty, he deserved to have his own dream come true. When thunder rumbles low in the distance and flashes of lightning streak across the sky, the air tingles with a promise of rain—a promise that *must* be fulfilled to match the fulfillment of the promise in Lizzie.

When Starbuck runs back out into the night he leaves behind him five people whose lives he has touched and changed in a significant way: an H. C. whose quiet optimism has been newly justified; a Noah whose righteousness has been tempered with understanding; a Jim whose impetuousness has been calmed with a touch of restraint and self-confidence that is the beginning of maturity; a File who has acquired a new humility, and with it the capacity to love; and a Lizzie who has found within herself a reason for faith, hope, and love.

THE RAINMAKER is a quiet but forceful protest against the despairing tone of much of modern theatre which insists on dealing with the poorest that man has to offer instead of the best and which refuses to admit the possibility of a degree of happiness for him. It is perhaps with this touch of protest that Nash frames this definition in his forward to the play: "Because the hopes of Lizzie and H. C., of Jim and Starbuck and File are finally brought to blessing, because the people of the play are deserving and filled with love of one another—and most important, because it is not always that the hopes of deserving, loving human beings are blessed—this play is a comedy and it is a romance." In a day when disbelief and scepticism are highly fashionable Richard Nash affirms confidence in the power of faith and hope, even when hope and belief seem to stand in direct opposition to the logic of cold, hard fact. But there are indeed times when reality needs and profits from the slight haze of romance. In the playwright's own words, "Life can be seen through small lenses. And truthfully even through gauze."

Fides

THOMAS GIANFAGNA

Am I born to bear the cares of a thousand years?
And torn as I carry the fears of a thousand tears?
O Man, where is man?
From what do I originate that makes me thus?
From the cast of a fate, to burrow in custom's dust?
Or can I seek a sky, to gyre to winds above?

Drawn through a life like a tartar limbo of nauseous waiting,
Am I torn limb from limb by a sick god's gleesome hating?
O Belial, where is thy solace?
Am I Original Corruption, by false motives assailed?
Or am I in a puritan robe saintly veiled?
O heart, must you beat like a thousand beasts?

Shall I rejoice with Death's stinking mask of fear?
And sink below my grave as mud's damp peer?
O my soul, fear not the sceptic's scorn.
And yet, I fear a creator's cold care, a monstrous gift!
Before his horrified glee, my own eyes lift.
O Shelly, are you light; is death my release?

A rose, dew-dappled, opens soft lips,
Proudly borne within my lady's hair.

Thamas Gianfagna, senior English Major, is a frequent contributor to the QUARTERLY.

A Discussion of Rationalization: A Synthesis of the Psychological and Philosophical Viewpoints

FRANK J. LEAVITT
AND
THOMAS R. EVANS

It has been the opinion of many John Carroll students that the psychological and philosophical positions concerning man's personality are at opposite ends of the spectrum. In an effort to discourage this misconception, we have attempted in this discussion to bring together the philosophical and psychological considerations of one aspect of man's personality into a united viewpoint.

In attempting to explain the causes, effects, and consequences of RATIONALIZATION we must consider the psychological components of the particular personality structure contained within the tri-partite system. When a particular object-cathexes, presented within the primary structure of the tri-partite system and initated and driven by the *libido* forces within this primary structure, is thwarted by the anti-cathexes of the third structure of the tri-partite system, the energy which initially initiated and drove the original cathexes of the primary structure is transferred to a substitute object-cathexes. In the case of rationalization, the original object-cathexes was a normal and accepted cathexes such as is found in normal hetero-sexual interdigitation and thus the anti-cathexes was of an abnormal nature and was not found as a primary and normal constituent of the third system, or super-ego. Hence, the anti-cathexes which blocked the object-cathexes is proper to the personality only in that it was acquired by the medium of the personality. Personality, however, has been conditioned by various outside or environmental influences which have deformed the individual's *denk* personality which is responsible for his evaluation of both the moral goodness or badness as well as the physical and psychological attractiveness of the act. Hence, in rationalization the new object-cathexes takes upon itself the form of an organism possessing a somewhat irrational personality structure.

At this point the reader might wonder as to the epistemological foundations of this proposition. Before continuing, one must state that any attempt at drawing a synthesis from the findings of a science which is itself empirical must itself be empirical in nature. Hence, in the case of the aforesaid psychological empiricism, one may present no

Frank J. Leavitt, junior Philosophy major, and Thomas R. Evans, senior Psychology major, offer this satirical work as their first contribution to the QUARTERLY.

philosophical objections to a work which is itself empirical and founded upon the principle of induction.

However, upon considering the constancy principal, we cannot relegate the personality to mere philosophical cognitions but must consider the psychological components and constituents of these inferences. Under the aspect, however, of the so-called ultimate principles, causes, and notions of psycho-philosophical inference, regardless of the direction toward which one's pursuits might lead, one can under no circumstances neglect the first principle of such empirical reasoning, *Nihil est in intellectu nisi quod prius fuerit in sensu.*

Concerning this criteriological question as applied to depth psychology, one must further object to a seemingly illicit transition between principles derived from introspection and somewhat phenomenological conclusions. Deviating for the moment from the consideration given this question by recent exponents of the Vienna school, one might quite categorically indeed deny the validity of such an abrupt noetic transcognition. After all, when one founds his noetics upon such principles as are found in a treatment of the tri-partite system which is of itself founded in second intentions, that is, reflex-concepts, if for clarity's sake we might borrow a term from the Schoolmen, it is obviously unjust to capriciously reject introspecive method; who can, in fact, strive for apodictic certainty without at least tacitly referring to a transcendental self founded upon these at least self-evident notions; not to mention the strides taken by our French-speaking brethren—the Teutonic mind has no exclusive claim to idealism. And this is why we again affirm—and we think now, much more clearly—that one need not affirm the antecedent in order to affirm the consequent.

If anyone cares to question further, we might add that it is perfectly clear that a simple syllogism in DARII is enough to refute their argument; that is, if one considers the transcendental implications.

But, we ask emphatically, have transcendental implications any intrinsic bearing on the issue? Have they any bearing at all? One is not, of course, prepared to set forth a satisfactory answer to this question without recourse to our primary argument. And what was our primary argument? We categorically state without trepidation—in fact, with no fear whatsoever of academic reprisal—that if it cannot be stated in the principal *Ex nihilo nihil fit,* it can by no means be stated at all; and this is self-evident.

In all due respect to the opponents of our school of thought, we close our teatment of rationalization with the statement that no one who is cognizant of the principles set forth can by any conceivable means attempt to refute rationalism on a purely empirical basis. He who attempts possible deductions from modal inferences—And who has not attempted this at least once in his academic career?—is no longer remaining empirical. Neither, to carry it to just extremes, can he be Platonic. For even Plato—the man at whose feet the father of us all,

Aristotle, sat—hadn't the slightest conception of the relationship between the object-cathexes and the tri-partite system.

It is thus quite obvious why the good Bishop of Cloyne overstepped his empirical boundaries: an undergraduate's acquaintanceship with Hume will tell you that.

Now that our explanation of the principles of the function of the tri-partite system has been quite clearly set forth—and clarity is what we have, above all, been seeking—we can be certain that the reader is quite cognizant of the truth of our initial statements, which remain our principles concerning rationalization.

The Meaning of Life

J. DAVID KORN

I live.
But I am clothed
In the veil of Death.
I fear not the veil,
But its departure.
After that, what?
God?—Satan?—Emptiness?
If God, then I have not fulfilled my destiny.
If Satan, then I have not lived.
If Emptiness, then why not now.

J. David Korn, an alumnus of John Carroll, is currently engaged in graduate studies in Philosophy at Tulane University.

Trio: In Praise of Priests

ANTHONY J. PROSEN, S.J.

I: Theodorus

It was between the birthday rocket
And the morning's torch rising on
The nocturne of the moon that the sunlight
Hid among the aspen boughs
Where the locusts' songs were ringing
Where the swamp-bugs answered singing
(Only the panthers among the songfolk sing):
Those whom happiness does win
Must share it,
For happiness was born a twin.

Here are the dancing martyrs
The sun, the kimona'd star,
The lily of the valley of the just,
Amid scents of chrism and chrysanthemums
And the rose that never withers,
Where there is no pleasure but in God.

Where the sumac-candelabrae echo,
There's a pattern on the beech tree
There's a pattern on the beech tree,
Beating fee, fie, foe, fum
Like the lovely Luba drum;
And the blossoms of the trees
Soar above the lea
Where the waving winter weeds
Soak up the bumble bee
As upon the barren heath
Where once they carried ashes to the wind,
Where the lowly roots
Nurtured princely pines and oaks
Beneath elegant poplars
Vaunting in the purple of the clouds—
So the budding of the apple trees
Strove to kiss the sun, but wilted.
(They say not many cedars are left
In Lebanon.) But this is matter for
The briar rose and matter for the yew.

Anthony J. Prosen, S.J., an alumnus of John Carroll, is currently studying at West Baden College, West Baden, Indiana.

But out upon the fertile plain
Some tender coals against the clouds
Where pomegranates
Bend paradisal laughing boughs
As low as winnowed wheat and venerable priests—
Like the dorotheus tree, these are the blossomless,
But, then, the fruitful ones.
(Of course the just shall flourish
Like the Lebanese cedars then.)
Upon their autumnal branches
The bumblebee spins his hive
With spiders' spines stolen
From the sweet phantoms of the swamps.
Of these who wear the cedar wings
The bluest wine of summer sings.

II: Eugenos

Where the neon moon keeps vigil
And winks at aluminum waterlilies
I will add my song to the locusts' shout
Down on the swamps,
And cast four-leafed clovers into the winds
Down on the swamps,
Where millions and millions of swampfolk are chanting
To the squadrons of geese in V-formation
Swooping and tossing among strawberry stars.
And I will pluck the golden daffodil
From the feathers of the lea
And bear it to the swan of the equinox of spring
To play upon his dove-white strings
The scarlet song of violins
Strung from infant's hair, humming
The tune of margarite,
As cool as creme de la creme *is sweet:*

In December's new-fallen, winter-wooded thaw,
I started on the thousand sparkling pearls
Of mid-winter snow and saw
The beauty, beauty, beauty
Of its swirls.

In the hills of oakland, blanketed sea-dew-white,
I looked upon the rose of lovely dawning cheeks
And the flash of morning's pippin-pie-eyed sight
With beauty, beauty, beauty
As a girl's.
In the fields of hyacinth, pearly, lacking thorns,

I saw the wind-swept swishes of her ringling locks
Piercing as angelic Christmas horns
With beauty, beauty, beauty
In her curls.

O Mary: a spark-white bonfire scintillated
Into a triumphant death of crystals;
And the waters have magnified their voices
And a rose like incensed paschal wax.

III: Faithful Thomas

Struck: the golden sap astronauted
And brought forth strength (of Jesse's seed), and
Wreathed with the silver of olives,
Green screeched her song to her harp
Strung with the blood of the willow trees
And the sibilant hymn of the bushes and grass:
Blessed ever more that swirling soul
Which ever imitates the grown Jesus.
And ripe, the plum fell from the bough
And floated upon the boat of cypress wood;
As the sleepless beating of the heart
It rung round the tendrils of the font,
Of the glitter of the waters strewn with pearls,
And ushered down the throning whists of thunder
Where the startled pheasant flies
While crying orchid, gauzy cries
To douse the summer heat. Then orange
Leapt forward in her garment of fire
Raising a nuptial shout:
Pipe a song about a lamb,
Piper, pipe that song again.
And I will carol in the valley
With my reed and singing pen, saying:
Most blessed is that soul
In roses and reds death-dancing together vivaciously;
Dithyrambically,
They moved like torrents of luminous smoke from
Easter flames,
And flashed like large winged butterflies
With patterns of sound waves on their wind-fanned
backs,
As when first they kissed the eagle's air
Deserting crepe cocoons on poplar trees.
And a fanfare flourished now, and
Tawn, as the black-eyed susan, the daughter of life,
Herself joie de vivre,
Brings garlands of sunflowers

And whispers of love as does the zither.
For all the sheaves of wheat in the field,
And all the burnt-out stars bow down
As the sun fades and flickers and fades
Into the aspen boughs
With a great smile:

For here is the lily of the valley of the just,
Where ointment smiles and linen burns delight;
Here the paradisal pomegranate
Bends with laughing boughs;
Here upon the fertile plain
Where willows and the cypress grow
From which the sons of Isaac flow who
Will last forever.

The Waltz of the Toreadors: A Review

THOMAS F. WOODS

Jean Anouilh's WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS has been made into a movie which, upon first impression, might have been written by Plautus. It is a satire on the pompous, shallow mores of late nineteenth century Britain. A paunchy, aging British general (Peter Sellers) paws serving girls in dark corners of his huge mansion, while his wife (Margaret Leighton) angrily whistles for him on an old fashioned ship's intercom pipe. The General's mistress, a sweet thing but no longer young, comes to his home in an attempt to make him run off with her. They have met once each year for seventeen years but have never made love: the poor girl is a bit impatient. The General's aide, handsome in a pretty sort of way, pursues the mistress and in turn is pursued by the General's teen-aged daughters. ("God, they're ugly!" says their father contemptuously.)

All of this is on the surface, but there comes a point for every viewer when he realizes that WALTZ OF THE TOREADORS is a comedy which somehow ceases to be funny, a farce that is deeply tragic. Anouilh achieves this effect by showing his audience that despite its apparent superficiality life becomes intensely grave when men are learning to face themselves and reality. The General only appears hale and bombastic; inside he is empty and fearful. Even his ribbons and rank are show, for he is more afraid of life than he ever was of battle. He does not chase serving girls out of lust, but because he fools himself again and again into thinking of sex as the panacea which can make him forget what he has become.

But no matter how adept they are at the waltz, even old toreadors must face their moment of truth. The General faces his during the movie's climax, in which scenes of the young aide chasing and seducing the young mistress are rapidly alternated with scenes of the old wife arguing and pleading with the old General in a stark and terrible effort to bind him to her.

The overall moral tone of this film is open to question. The revelation of a dichotomy between the false comedy of sin on life's surface and the starkness of its underlying tragedy may inspire some viewers to examine their own way of life and try to improve it. This revelation might, however, result in others' despairing of ever achieving any degree of moral firmness. For when the General realizes Anouilh's point, that once a man truly possesses a woman he belongs to her forever, he despairs and decides on suicide. The pistol to his head, he is interrupted by the new maid. She is very young and plump. His mouth weakens, his eyes glass. The pistol is put down, his arm goes around her waist, he leads her into the shadows. He is like a little boy with a weakness for lollipops or potato chips. Having faced life he cannot now face death.

Thomas F. Woods is a senior English major and the fine arts editor of the QUARTERLY.

Chiaroscuro

JAMES HEFFERNAN

Soul unsullied in dawn's innocence.
By time and nature weaned
Into the cold harsh light of morn.
Growing-brown-form stunted, confined
In brick and mortar jungle-slum.
Pliant mind is frustrated, stung, swollen,
Shoved rebellious inso scorching noon of youth
By wasped cries: "separate not equal!"
Beings embroiled in conflict rooted in passion
Poisoned reason fail to cool
Though time and change temper.
In day-long ghetto-night, jailed
By accidents not by acts.
Brown human is scarred into sunset!

James Heffernan, a student from Cleveland, is a junior English Major.

European Folk Dancing

EDWARD J. KAZLAUSKAS

The recent visit of the PanHellenion Dancers to John Carroll has exerted interest in folk dancing as a medium of expression. This essay is an attempt to define what folk dancing is and discuss its development.

Folk dancing refers to a dance which originated among, and has been transmitted through, a common folk. This type of dancing, anonymous in origin, developed automatically in conjunction with the activities, experiences, and emotions of a people. In this earliest stage, dancing was imitative. People wanted to express themselves and the only manner in which this pre-language emotional expression could be achieved was through mimetic performances.

These mimetic performances were related to practically every phase of man's material and spiritual development. One of the most important of these is the theme of war. Early in man's development the war theme was associated with religion; there was the dance for a desired victory, for the safe return of the warriors, for a funeral, and for a victorious encounter. Alongside these war dances the weapon dances developed. This can be observed in the Scottish Sword Dance and the Pyrrhic dances of the Greeks which, though weapon dances, are essentially based on the old idea of conflict.

The animal dances of the early Europeans were the antecedents of a wealth of folk dances which are still quite popular among many national groups today. Primitive man, observing the animals and the birds around him, imitated them. The present day Schuhplatter of Bavaria is a development of an animal dance; the dancer's actions are similar to those of a mountain bird during the mating season.

Folk dancing has played an important role in the ceremonies of courtship and marriage, as well as in the domestic activities of everyday life. Some of the most important dances which exemplify this are the Work Dances performed at weddings in Slav and Finno-Ugrian countries, where the bride is shown what her future work will be. These marriage dances not only bring out the domestic side of marriage, but also include a casual suggestion of sex with a slight glimmering of sophistication.

With the development of language, the mimetic performances, primarily leaps and jumps, developed into the distinctive and traditional customs of a tribe. This dancing became more ritualistic under the problems and anxieties of a more complex society. This development and ritualization can easily be observed in the folk dances of the Greeks.

Edward J. Kazlauskas, senior English major, is the managing editor of the QUARTERLY.

The Greeks were among the first people who danced. It was through the dance that these early people worshipped their gods. During an annual religious festival the people would form themselves into choruses, sing dithyrambs and accompany these hymns with ritualized dancing. Later on the deeds of legendary heroes also were included in the subject matter of the folk dance. These dances of the complex society of the Greeks became part of their traditional customs and were the beginning of the European folk dance.

The development of specific types of folk dancing is usually classified along linguistic lines. The primary reason for this classification is that folk dancing begins with movements coordinated by sounds and rhythms. The distinctive national language and music developed from these sounds and rhythms. A representative national style is achieved when the relationship among sounds, rhythms, and movement exists. Even though there are these individual styles, there are basic relationships which exist among all European folk dances. These are the folk dance pattern and the step.

One of the earliest and definitely one of the simplest forms or patterns of folk dancing, the closed circle, is found in every European country. A form derived from this closed circle, the chain dance, is also found in almost every European country. In this chain pattern a selected person leads the rest of the group in the dance. The other distinct pattern of the folk dance is the processional. All other folk dance patterns are formed by combinations of the three types. The steps of European folk dances vary from the simple side step of some of the English dances to the intricate twists and leaps of the Hungarian and Russian folk dances. However, it must be remembered that each nationality group usually incorporates most of the varied steps to a greater or less degree into their dancing.

With the advent of the Christian religion, the folk dance lost its previous religious and definitely mimetic significance. However, folk dancing is still quite important. This can be evidenced by the fact that nearly every nationality group in Cleveland has its own folk dancing group. Today folk dancing is performed primarily for social and recreational purposes. They still do serve another purpose, that is, to provide a link to the past.

Death: A Meditation

REGINALD R. LEFEBVRE, S.J.

It is late at night.
I am sitting in my room, reading.
There is a knock upon my door,
Barely audible.

I respond, tentatively,
"Come in."
Jesus Christ comes in.
I know at once who He is
But stupidly I ask,
"Are you Our Lord?"
And He tells me, affectionately,
"I am your Lord."
I fall to the ground and try to kiss his feet.
With an embrace, He raises me up.
He sits in my rocking-chair and motions
That I, too, should sit.
He looks at me, smiling gently.
The aura of His love and kindness flows over me
And seems to engulf me
as a mist from the sea
but so differently
so divinely!

"Why have you come, dear Lord?"
And He answers calmly, reasssuringly,
"I have come to take you home."
I am thrilled!
To go away with Jesus Christ
To be with Him
To be near Him
To go "home" with Him!

How glad I am that I was born!

Reginald R. Lefebvre, S.J., a distingusihed member of the Philosophy Department for a number of years, offers this religious poem.

The Shower

DOUGALD B. MacEACHEN

When I went out to see the town
And stare into the shops,
The rain came down, at first with slow
And warning drops.

I found a haven in the deep
Bay of a store,
And others joined me, when the rain
Began to pour.

We talked and joked: the sudden rain
Had made us friends—
As if for its untimeliness
To make amends.

Dougald B. MacEachen, Professor of English, received his Doctorate from the University of Cincinnati.

#53

RODRIGO DIAZ DE BIVAR

I think of psuedo-friendship's transciency
And conventional endearments shown to man
By those with hearts filled not with charity,
And superficial flattery that can
Win the favor of those less wise
Or those unsuspecting deceivers
Whose friendship wears a similar disguise—
Those who give so they be receivers.
I think man is brazen hypocrite
I do not that what others have writ
And religiously his deceptions pursue.

But our friendship is much more,
For our minds open true friendship's door.

Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar is the assumed name of a senior English Major.

The Lord of the Flies:

A Review

PAN THEOPHYLACTOS

William Golding was born in Cornwall, Oxford, England, in 1911; he served for 19 years as a schoolmaster, served in Royal Navy during World War II, and claims that he has been writing for 44 years.

When LORD OF THE FLIES was first published in the U.S. in 1955 it received unprecedented reviews for a first novel; the paperback edition published in 1959 has overwhelmed the first publication by 2040%! LORD OF THE FLIES is required reading at one hundred U.S. colleges, is recommended for a social-relation course on "interpersonal behavior" at Harvard, and an M.I.T. minister uses it for a discussion group on original sin.

☆ ☆ ☆

In LORD OF THE FLIES Golding has presented a graphic picture of the fallen nature of man. His method is much like that of Conrad's LORD JIM, an allegory or parable that contains a depth of meaning.

Vividly Golding portrays the degradation and deterioration to which uncontrolled nature brings man. Lust for power, fame, self-indulgence and comfort are clearly depicted in Jack, Roger, and the hunters—symbols of the forces of anarchy. More than merely picturing the evil of nature, Golding presents the gradual degradation that takes place when the *id* (as Freud called the natural drives of sex) is given full reign, free of moral and social standards or mores. Man become a virtual animal, as in the case with Jack and Roger; depraved, inhumanly cruel, they find delight in torturing and killing not only pigs but human beings. All power of reasoning and reflection gone, Jack and his gang act on impulse.

Subtly Golding pictures gang psychology and its hypnotic effects in the dance of the hunters who killed a companion while they were under the spell of its deadening rhythm: "Kill the beast! Cut his throat! Spill his blood!" they chanted and danced. "The movement became regular while the chant lost its first superficial excitement and began to beat like a steady pulse. . . . There was a throb and stamp of a single organism. . . . The chant rose a tone of agony. . . . The sticks fell and the mouth of the new circle crunched and screamed. . . . The crowd surged after it, poured down the rock, leapt onto the beast, screamed, struck, bit, tore. . . . Presently the heap broke up and figures staggered away. Only the beast (Simon, one of their companions) lay still. . . . " The reader may

Pan Theophylactos, a student from Greece, is a senior majoring in English.

see an analogy between this scene and that enacted recently near the East Berlin wall where a teenager was shot down and left to bleed to death. The fact is sobering; all that Jack symbolized is with us.

Golding is not only a master of realism but also a master of concise and apt expression. His descriptions are breath-taking, like glorious little gems of beauty etched against the blackness of evil; "The coral was scribbled in the sea as though a giant had bent down to reproduce the shape of the island in a flowing, chalk line but tired before he had finished. Inside was peacock water, rocks and weed showing as in an aquarium; outside was the dark blue of the sea."

The mood of LORD OF THE FLIES is sinister, and evil seems to stalk throughout the book. The reader is impelled at times to reflect: "There but for the grace of God go I." Decay, demoralization, hysteria, and panic shadow the LORD OF THE FLIES—the beast, the anarchic, driving *Id.* Even Ralph, symbolic of civilization and its government, is helpless to stop the tide of evil reflected in Jack and his group. Golding's theme is, therefore, brilliantly highlighted: the defects of society stem from the defects of human nature, and neither the standards of civilization nor moral and social codes, not even intelligence itself can do anything but serve as a veneer that covers the evil in the fallen nature of man. The scars of the history of civilization bear testimony of the depravity, pictured by Golding, that comes when men reject reason and common sense of civilization and give vent to natural impulse and uncontrolled passion.

This Realm, This England

NANCY JAMES CRAWFORD

The sunburnt leaves drift down on English hills
Last Stuart gold, last Tudor rudy spills,
Plantagenet's last Norman emerald falls
And snow is in the wind.
The ice, caked black on bombed out London walls,
Cracks in the wind, spreads out in sullen sheets
To cling to London Bridge, pack Cheapside streets,
And drape Victorian doors with angel palls.
When comes the snow to hide the tenement,
To hide the mine, the mill, cloak Parliament
In ermine, kill the wild, perennial seed
That westward blows from flowers in Runnymede,
Choke Bosworth field, Salisbury Plain, and Kent,
When comes the snow?
Let snowdrifts meet the sea at Hastings strand,
On sombre clouds fly north across the land,
Fill Sherwood so no outlaw horn may cry,
Freeze Stratford's graves where dead men do not die,
Silence bright England's nest of singing birds,
Silence the monks, silence the scholar's words,
Silence the carols.
Let Canterbury sleep, and Camelot;
Bury all roads so the returning king may not
Return again, though England need him new.
Let all fields fill to hush the mortal vow
Let ancient winter case the druid king
And drift on bloody stones in Stonehenge ring,
And may the dawn in Albion be gray
And wolves return.

Although the pages of the Quarterly are usually open only to students, alumni, and faculty of John Carroll, the staff is pleased to make an exception and offer its readers the promising effort of Miss Crawford who is a resident of Hollywood, California.

The Disposition of Providence: A Memoir

ARTHUR DORLAND

An exceptionally long spell of fine weather that year made our crops grow well indeed. No one cared a whit that England had a large surplus of cloth; her ever-expanding factories would use up that surplus in no time and she would soon be paying a much better price for our cotton. With renowned strategists like Lee, Beauregard, and Longstreet, what had we to fear of the militarily inferior North? President Davis was predicting victory within a year, and most of us considered even that estimate somewhat conservative. The war had not yet much affected life in Augusta, Georgia. True, Union and Confederate troops alike were tramping through northeastern Virginia and ruining much of the land there, but, after all, Richmond was over four hundred miles away. Optimism was rampant in Augusta as everywhere else in the state. Those young men stirred by fervent patriotism for the dear Confederacy, left their homes and volunteered for army duty. But most of the wealthy Georgia gentlemen preferred to sit in a rocking chair on the veranda, and discuss, rather than participate in the war.

Walking through the streets of Augusta was pleasant in the fall of 1862. Summer's plentiful rains had afforded the majestic mimosas and magnolias a luxurient hue of green. Here and there, where the trees were seldom groomed, streaming lengths of brown Spanish moss hung like expensive arras from the upper branches of dying cypress. Along the main streets, where resided Augusta's aristocracy, stood the many splendid homes of our wealthy citizens. Most of these homes were colonial mansions of white or gray painted brick, magnificent edifices, their expansive pediments supported by tapering Ionic columns. Any warm day that fall could be seen gathered on porches gentlemen and ladies, chatting with one another as they sipped China tea and fanned themselves lazily. The ladies invariably discussed the latest fashions, or Mrs. Gardener's azaleas, or Mrs. Ward's affair with Mr. Beaufort. Their husbands, each recounting how he had been instrumental in defeating the Mexicans at Buena Vista or had been the first American up the hill at Chapultapec, proudly praised our generals and offered toasts to Lee for his magnificent victory at the second Bull Run.

To this typically Georgian class of *galants hommes* belonged my young cousin, Charles Henry Ames, the last of the Ames clan, one of the oldest and wealthiest families in Richmond county. Though the family fortune had dwindled in the last few generations, it had experienced a quick recovery under the prudent economy of Charles' father. The entire Ames estate comprised just one property: the vast family cotton plantation, called Providence, about ten miles southwest of Augusta. The boundaries of Providence had never been clearly defined, but it measured roughly thirty square miles, and part of it even spilled over the Burke County.

Arthur Dorland, a sophomore from Cleveland, makes his first contribution with this short story.

Charles came into this inheritance upon the death of his father in May of 1860. From his parent Charles had inherited not only the great plantation, but a voracious appetite for money, a typical Ames trait. But another family characteristic did not appear in my cousin. It had been an ancient tradition, that, no matter what the state of the family finances, the Ames would not relinquish Providence. The estate had been in the family nearly a century and a half, so that for years every building thereon had been Ames—every boll of cotton, every weed trampled into Ames earth by Ames slaves, every mosquito reared in the marshy southeast area had been Ames. The Ames family was supposedly on the land to stay. Yet, to the surprise of Richmond County, Charles Ames completely ignored the proud family tradition. Charles had many times scandalized Augusta by referring to it as a "barbaric settlement." He had expressed a longing desire to "see what civilazation is like" and move to a city like New Orleans or Mobile. No sooner had he inherited Providence, than he began traveling great distances to interview prospective buyers. But each time he returned, claiming the other man's price had been unreasonable, and as soon as the news had gotten around town, the more impecunious citizens of Augusta heaved a common sigh of relief, for it was an established fact among the poor folk that as long as there was an Ames Providence, the axe of catastrophe could not fall.

But, along with Charles, Augusta society soon forgot that the plantation was sacred Ames land. Very quickly after the death of Charles' father, certain people began to openly covet that vast expanse of fertile soil. Within an incredibly short time after his coming into the inheritance, Charles found himself the most lionized young man in the city. The gentlemen, trying to exploit my cousin's youth and experience, hoped to obtain, for slightly less than a fair price, certain parcels of land then comprising the plantation. They were sadly disillusioned; Charles was as sagacious as they. The ladies saw in Charles a well-to-do and not unhandsome prospective husband for their blushing daughters.

I well remember one day in that autumn of 1862, when I was invited to a luncheon in honor of my cousin at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Perceval Parker. The Parker home, a massive red brick mansion overlooking the Savannah River, was a favorite place for Augusta patricians to assemble. When I arrived, as I recall, the guests were gathered on the rococo loggia facing the river. My cousin, never noted for punctuality, had not yet come. As usual, the ladies, congregated on the south end of the porch, were spreading the latest word on who was wearing the most atrocious ("lovely") bonnet, or who was about to have a baby. Passing by these prosaic females, I proceeded to the outer end of the porch where I mingled with the menfolk, many of whom were talking business and finance. I was able to hear them telling one another of real estate transactions they were interested in. The name "Ames" came up frequently. Occasionally I overheard someone boast that he would soon (perhaps tonight) outwit Charles Ames, and secure a portion of his plantation. Few of these excellent gentlemen realized that I was Charles' cousin, so they spoke freely in my presence.

"Yes suh," Mr. Jeb Jeffreys commented. "Thet Ames fella's a-plenty pig-haided. He ain't 'bout ta give up nothin' lessn ya give 'im twicet what it's wuth." Mr. Jeffreys, President of the Southern Trust Bank in Mill-

edgeville, had travelled seventy miles to see Charles. Of all the people gathered at the Parker home that day, Jeffreys represented the most money. However, his previous attempts to negotiate a deal with my cousin had proven fruitless.

Other notable persons attending the luncheon were Mr. Isaac Reynolds, a wealthy businessman of Broad Street; Mr. Joshua Babbit, mayor of Augusta, and one of its wealthiest citizens; Mr. Etienne Rochelle, owner of the Carolina Textile Company; and Captain Eustace Julian, a Cavalry officer who owned a plantation abutting Providence on the south.

The gentlemen continued discussing how to secure a part of the Ames property until the arrival of the guest of honor. As Charles got out of his carriage and was greeted by his hosts, the tone of conversation suddenly changed. No longer could I hear real estate being discussed; instead, only disinterested war talk; praise and criticism of Jackson, or Bragg, or Kirby Smith. Obviously these gentlemen did not wish my cousin to find out that they had been collaborating on how to get his land away from him.

The mothers of eligible daughters were the first to assail Charles with a raft of questions.

"Why, Mistah Ames," one of them would say, "you mean to tell us that y'all still livin' single? That's a reg'la sin, Mistah Ames, I declare. Now, y'all know my Jenny . . . " and she would go on to enumerate the virtues of her rosy daughter.

But before the ladies were able to much impress Charles, their husbands drew him away into their midst.

"Terrible weather," observed Mr. Rochelle. "It's this dreadful heat, you know. Abominable." Rochelle, educated in England, spoke very distinctly. His enunciation was almost too precise. "Ought to be much cooler this time of year, don't you agree, Mr. Ames?"

"Of course." Charles, about twenty-five years old at the time, seemed ridiculously out of place among these senescent gentlemen.

"Y'all think we gonna win the wo?" queried Mr. Jeffreys.

Of course," said Charles confidently. "Ah've nevah had a doubt that we could lick the Fed'ls in a showdown."

"They've got the fact'ries, but we got the soljas," Captain Julian proudly announced. " 'Sides, where they gonna git the stuff ta clothe the armies with, nowt they cain't get holt of our cotton?"

"Speakin' o' plantations," said Mr. Babbit—no one had mentioned anything about a plantation, but the mayor was anxious to get down to business—"speakin' o' plantations, you habn sold none o' yourn *yet*, have ye, Mr. Ames?" Now was exposed the real reason these good folks were feting Charles.

"No suh," replied Charles, "nobody's offut me a decent price."

The gentlemen blinked stupidly at one another.

"But Mistah Ames," said the mayor, "mah bid fo' the northeast acreage was mo' than faih. Ah'm sure ya'd git no bettuh price fum any o' these othuh fellas heah."

"Puhaps these fellas are tryin' ta swindle me too," answered Charles haughtily. The mayor fell silent.

"I should think the situation is quite the other way around," re-

marked Rochelle. "Here we are offering you a price much higher than should be expected, yet you accuse us of trying to cheat you."

"Say what ya like, gentlemen," said Charles, "but Ah must have mo' money."

Thus passed the rest of that day, Charles insisting on more money, the other men unwilling to meet his exorbitant demands.

A year or so passed slowly by; our awaited victory over the North had not come. In fact, the Georgia war morale was beginning to decay. The South had won only a single significant victory recently: Chancellorsville, and that was really a Pyrrhic victory, for Jackson had died in the fighting. The triumph of Chancellorsville, furthermore, was dampened by two big defeats at Gettysburg and Vicksburg; plantation owners suffered from selling their staple to England. Money, now inflated, was nevertheless hard to come by. Many of Augusta's good citizens such as the Julians and the Babbits, were faced with bankruptcy. The only man who truly prospered was Mr. Rochelle, for he was able to buy cotton for his mill at a ridiculously low price. Only two gentlemen, Rochelle and Jeffreys, the banker, were still interested in purchasing Providence.

Yet, instead of being more reasonable, Charles made demands all the more absurd. He knew that a dollar was less valuable than it had been a year ago, but he failed to realize that nearly everyone—not only himself—was a great deal poorer than he had been a year ago. Since Charles had taken it over in 1860, the estate had been steadily degenerating. My cousin knew nothing about growing cotton, so the yield per acre had noticeably decreased. Now that Rochelle's company was the only major market left, much of the land had been left to go to seed the previous two seasons. Yet, Rochelle and Jeffreys, aware of the potentials of Providence, still eyed the property with interest.

Meanwhile, Charles had come to recognize me as his sole financial confidant. I had time and again tried to persuade him to come to terms with either the Frenchman or the banker.

"If you're goin' ta sell this proputy, Charles," I had warned, "ya'd bettuh do it now. Jeffreys' bank's goin' downhill, an' pretty soon you ain't goin' ta be able ta sell ta him."

"Ah'm not goin ta sell ta nobody, lessn they gimme what Ah'm askin'," Charles insisted. "Rochelle c'n afford it. 'Sides, soon as we git winnin' a few battles again, mo' fuhnnuhs'll be buyin' our bonds. We'll have mo' money."

I admired my cousin's optimism, but could not help feeling we were losing the war. As 1863 marched into 1864, and the South's chances became even slimmer, I urgently entreated Charles to unload the property. Conditions grew steadily worse; Jeffreys' bank collapsed, and all Augusta felt the pinch of poverty. Yet Charles would not relax his demands. The situation became for him a struggle of principle, indeed, an obsession; he would get an impossible price from Rochelle (now the only prospect left) or would not sell at all. I warned my cousin that he must get rid of the property somehow, for he would surely lose it when the Yankees came to take everything over. "Nonsense," he insisted, "the North is not goin' ta win. Ah *will* get my price sooner or later."

But then came Sherman. In early September he had seized Atlanta; the march to the sea began about the middle of November. From the

outset of Sherman's campaign we in Augusta were terrified by reports of savage destruction created by the Yankee general's forces. Yet, we felt fairly secure, believing Augusta was too far north for the Union troops to conveniently attack. But Sherman did not concern himself with conveniences or inconveniences. About November 25 ragged refugees began pouring into the city, bringing with them the news that Northern troops were close behind. Charles was at least aroused from his optimistic apathy. He decided to sell out to Rochelle for whatever price he could get. I accompanied him to Augusta where he expected to confer with Rochelle. When we left Providence, already in the distance to the south we could see smoke arising from burning plantations.

Augusta was in a state of frenzied confusion. The roads were cluttered with open carriages and wagons loaded with the belongings of those who were fleeing. Actually, several hours were to elapse before the arrival of the Union troops, but everyone wanted to get out in plenty of time. When Charles and I arrived at Rochelle's office, we found the man quietly emptying the contents of his safe into a brown satchel.

"Ah, good morning, my good fellows," he said. "You too are leaving, I presume?"

"Leavin'?—why—no." Charles was confused; he had not considered where to go after selling his home.

"Oh, haven't you heard? There seem to be a few unfriendly soldiers around . . . "

"Look, Rochelle," Charles interrupted. "Ah've decided to accep' yo' bid on that lan' o' mine . . . all of it."

"Oh, really?" said Rochelle with feigned interest. Then with a mock frown clouding his face, "Well, I've reconsidered. I don't think there's going to be a very big market for charcoal—and that's about all your plantation will yield when the Yankees burn your house and fields down. I've decided not to buy after all." With those words, Rochelle walked out the door, threw the satchel in a carriage, and made a speedy exit from Augusta.

Charles and I left the office and made our way to an alley off the crowded street, where we were spotted by Bertha, one of Charles' few slaves who had not long since run off. She had come to town to deliver some distressing news to her master.

"Oh Massah Chahl," she sobbed, "oh, Massah Chahl, dee Yankees is come an' bunned up dee house. Oh, Massah, you ain't got nothin' lef' no mo'." Bertha was near hysteria. Charles told her to take the carriage she had ridden in on, and leave Augusta.

"Wait!" I pleaded. "Where you goin' ta go, Charles?"

"Ah don't know, but Ah don't aim ta leave here."

"But you were so anxious to see 'civilization' awhile back," I protested.

"Reckon the Yankees got hold of all civilization," he answered. Having made that observation, Charles glanced sadly down at his dusty boots. He rubbed them on the backs of his trouser legs, and began wandering off into the mobbed street. Bertha having become very agitated, I guessed that if I did not soon get into the carriage, she would take off without

me. So, shouting to my cousin a good-bye which he did not hear, I took the reins and headed for Columbia, South Carolina.

Several years passed before I returned to Augusta. The town was physically much the same as it had been when I left, but there were new faces; the people I knew had moved out that day in '64 and had not come back. I inquired of several passers-by the whereabouts of a Charles Ames, but each time I mentioned my cousin's name the person would say he never heard of such a man, and move on. An hour or so of inquiry led me to believe that it was useless to try to learn anything, so I went into a tavern for a drink. Joshua Babbit—! It was none other than the old mayor mopping the bar before me. Our first citizen—a bartender? Impossible! But there he was; it was no mistake.

"Whaddaya have, suh?"

"Mr. Babbit, don't ya remember me?"

Babbit looked blandly in my face as he countinued wiping the bar. It was a stupid question on my part, for Babbit never had met me—I being below his class.

"I'm Philip Henry," I volunteered, "Charles Ames' cousin."

"Whaddaya have ta drink?" Babbit inquired disinterestedly.

"Please," I pleaded, "I'm lookin' for my cousin. Cain't ya tell me where he is?"

"Wall," began the ex-mayor, "raht aftuh things cool off in '64 he gone back ta the old plantation. Coursn that was burnt down, ya know. Wall, he live down theah a while, but I don't know ifn he still theah. I ain't seen none of 'im in fo', five years."

Resolving to take a ride out to Providence, I left the tavern at once.

"Come in, don't even buy a drink," Babbit muttered as I went out the door.

As I drove out to the old estate nostalgic bitterness clutched at my throat. What had once been one of the most productive plantations in the South was now a vast stretch of weed-choked field. Here and there patches of wild-growing cotton vestiged former days. Soon, before me stood the great mansion, now a blackened ruin. The sturdy walls had not crumbled, but everything within had been gutted. The fine white columns of the facade were only charred stumps now, and the pediment they once supported had since collapsed. Propped against the north wall was a small shack, crudely constructed of rough-hewn timbers. To this hovel I betook myself to learn the identity of its inhabitant. Upon my approach a bearded, uncouth looking fellow in tattered clothes came out of the door.

"How do, cousin Philip?" he said passively.

I could not answer; instead, like a fool, I just stared disbelievingly at him and his squalid domicile. What irony in this, I thought. There is yet an Ames on Providence. The tradition, the insuperable tradition! *That,* at least, is not dead.

Haiku Variation

EDWARD J. KAZLAUSKAS

A gentle stream:
a golden autumn tree
shimmers—yet soon
leaves depart.

Quickly they descend:
a butterfly to a sweet
bloom—to meet
their end.

Leaves go:
but when do they end?
It is the same—the
tree will bloom again.

Crush Me, Christ

THOMAS GIANFAGNA

Crush me, Christ, and to Thy bosom hold.
Folly, Christ, burns love to leave its rest.
Sin, and sorrow, Lord, have burned me cold;
Like rotted mold, they my soul infest.

Chain me, Christ, and clasp me all about.
Faithless, Christ, a serpent seeks to leave.
Aimless anger all my senses turns to rout,
Left a mindless shell in vain to grieve.

Take me, Christ, in freedom do I plead.
Satan, in his might, I fear; in deed I dread.
O Christ, into Thy holy love Thy child lead.
Strap me, Christ, and hold my love in stead.

Festival on the Great Lakes:
Contemporary Shakespearean Production

C. A. COLOMBI, JR.

This past summer saw another high-water mark in the availability of cultural entertainment in the Northern Ohio area, with the advent of the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival repertory company to Lakewood Civic Auditorium. The repertoire performed by the company consisted of six works from the hand of the Bard: *As You Like It, Othello,* the three related chronicles of *Richard II, 1 Henry IV,* and *2 Henry IV,* and the controversial *The Merchant of Venice.*

One readily realizes the importance of the spoken word in Elizabethan drama, and the fact that the Elizabethan dramatists, bound by a lack of technology to apply to stagecraft of that day, were forced to depend ultimately on the power of the spoken word in the theatre performance of their dramas. A paucity of stage direction which is noticeable in Shakespearean scripts underscores this dependence on the spoken word to create scenery, offstage events, and the actions and forces of nature in the minds of an audience.

This non-illusionistic, presentational style of theatre demands that director and actor work together to present a stage picture to the viewer. In other words, admitting to the audience from the beginning of a performance that they are in a *theatre,* and are watching a *play,* allows the company to dismiss any attempts at realistic production, and to concentrate on the job of conveying meaning to the audience, carried primarily by the spoken word and the mime. For the actors in the Lakewood company, there was no problem in performing in this Elizabethan style—all of the company had been previously exposed to this style of theatre.

Before any season of production can begin, however, the basics of physical location must be considered; i. e., the physical advantages and disadvantages of the stage, the "house" or audience area, the backstage facilities—in short, the auditorium as a whole.

That the festival company was a non-profit organization was fortunate, for this enabled the Lakewood Board of Education to offer the auditorium to the company free of rent. Use of the theatre's equipment, air conditioning, lights, and other properties was also gratuitous, reducing an inestimable cost in the operation of the Festival.

The stage itself presented a problem, having little apron area as is the case with most modern auditoriums which are built with a fixed

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"fourth wall" proscenium. In order to have more downstage area and to banish the proscenium (facilitating Elizabethan production design), an apron, half the proscenium width and one-third its stage depth, was centered in front of the stage. This changed the complexion of the stage, and of the auditorium, radically, and, as the season wore on, proved to afford the actors a chance for more intimate, arena-like association with the audience.

Acoustics is always a problem, especially with older auditoriums and open-air theatres. In this particular closed auditorium, however, the floor, seats, walls, and doors were all designed perfectly for maximum audibility to the last row. The ceiling caused the only acoustics problem; due to the imperfection of the ceiling arch over the center of the house, there was an acoustically poor area, or "dead spot," in the center section of the house. The defect was traced to the necessary inclusion of an extra length of ceiling beam (added to the blueprints at the last moment) for the purpose of holding up statuary proposed for the top of the outdoor marquee. The resultant fault in the ceiling arch meant, very simply, that fifteen center rows of people would lose the majority of lines given from the proscenium stage. The actors themselves solved the problem, when informed of it, by consciously "lobbing" their voices from the area upstage of proscenium directly to the "dead spot" for the entire Festival season.

The backstage area was small, and many activities were forced to compress or share the working space available. Though there were adequate areas offstage for the stage manager, the sound, and the lights, entrances were crowded, and properties took up almost all the room available. Four rooms were available on the level underneath the stage. Two communal dressing areas, a room each, left the two remaining larger rooms for shop work, and make-up and costuming, respectively. Costumes overflowed into the dressing rooms, and both make-up and costuming, as well as quick-change dressing and a trapdoor entrance, used shop room space by necessity. Even with this crowded and confusing distribution of working areas backstage, mixups were few during the season—commendable when one realizes the repertory situation and the problems inherent in it; i. e., six different performances, each with its own particular properties, costumes, light and sound cues, and entrance areas.

The basic setting of the stage consisted of platforms and levels on the proscenium stage, varying in height from one to four feet, and reached by ramps and series of "platform steps." The placement of these platforms was asymmetrical, but purposeful, considering the linkage which was created with the apron stage by drawing the eye to the downstage center area. Lighting the proscenium stage was no problem, but the extended apron stage required light from temporary scaffolding set up to the extreme right and left of the audience and near the stage.

Solution of the problems discussed above was a matter of overcoming purely physical phenomena, and production problems imply more than this. For example, Lord Mortimer's wife *(1 Henry IV)* was a

Welsh woman, but Shakespeare left not one line of Welsh in the script, let alone the song she sings in Welsh. In the same play, stage directions call for a tumultuous battle between the forces of Hotspur and King Henry. How is this to be represented? What about the joust between Hereford and Mowbray in *Richard II?* What happens when the company's properties include only two daggers, and three are needed in one scene? And when Orlando throws Charles the Wrestler for a loop *(As You Like It),* how does one clear from the stage both Charles and the mat on which he is defeated, since both would interfere with the action if they lay there for the rest of the scene? The modern production must surmount obstacles like these continually, and before the actors are able to attempt to weave artistry with their words. Let it suffice to say here that each of these problems was solved.

The success of the season cannot be dissected, though that is what this writer has atempted above, but the smoothness and remarkable quality of the performances, as attested to by the reviewers and newspaper critics, and the box office receipts, could not have been achieved, had not the production staff tangled with mundane, but knotty, production problems listed here. The final proof of success and tribute to the company and its production staff is the recent news that the Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival will definitely return to the Lakewood Civic Auditorium for the 1963 summer season.

Reflections on Poetry:
An Essay

PAN THEOPHYLACTOS

Recently while fingering through my English notes, I came across Raissa Maritain's idea that poetry seemed "to be the fruit of a contact of the spirit with the reality which in itself is beyond words, and with its source which is God Himself in that movement of love which impels Him to create images of His beauty." Mrs. Maritain's thought sent me head-on into a reflective mood.

I searched my memory-chest of poetry to find whose works reflected Mrs. Maritain's ideas. For a while I toyed with T. S. Eliot, who is considered one of our greatest Christian poets; yet in all of Eliot's poems I failed to find depth of spirit that is implied in Mrs. Maritain's words. Hopefully I turned to Dylan Thomas and found what I thought was the answer to my problem, for Thomas has given us some of our greatest poetry—sacramental poetry. For some reason, however, my curiosity was not yet satisfied; and I felt impelled to glance through the works of Gerard Manley Hopkins.

It was here that I reached the end of my quest; for in the poetry of this humble Jesuit I found the words of Raissa Maritain perfectly exemplified. To Hopkins;

> The world is charged with the grandeur of God
> It will flame out, like shining from shook foil; . . .
>
> Because the Holy Ghost over the bent
> World broods with warm breast and with ah! bright wings.

In the hills of Wales, Hopkins saw the "world-wielding shoulder" of his Savior, "Majestic—as a stallion stalwart, very-violet-sweet." This was the creation in which Hopkins discovered, as did St. Paul, a revelation of God's beauty. To the glorification of this natural revelation Hopkins raised his hymn, PIED BEAUTY:

> Glory be to God for dappled things—
> For skies of couple-coulour as a brinded cow;
> For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim . . . .
>
> He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
> Praise him.

Not only did Hopkins have an insight into the mystery of God's power and wisdom manifested in the beauty and order of creation, but he was also able to penetrate deep into the heart of the whole supernatural

order, laying bare in his poetry the revelation of the Triune God—

> The best ideal is the true
> And the other true is none.
> All glory be ascribed to
> The Holy Three in One.

Again in the WRECK OF THE DEUTSCHLAND, he went to the source of nature, The Three in One, and cried out:

> Be adored among men
> God, three-numbered form.

Everywhere throughout his poem, Hopkins' spirit bursts forth with the grateful love of child, paying homage to God his Father, Christ his brother, and the Holy Spirit his source of love. Truly the poetry of Hopkins, as Raissa Maritain put it, is "fruit of a contact of the spirit with the reality" of love and life.

I awakened from my reflective mood with one regret, namely that I had not become better acquainted with Hopkins earlier in my college career. I had avoided reading his poetry because I felt that it was too deep for me; but now, with the help of Raissa Maritain, I have found that Hopkins' bursts of love and praise are not as difficult to understand as I had led myself to believe. I have found in Hopkins a bedside companion whose hymns of love open wide the door to the Christ-centered world where the spirit of man finds its peace and courage and its will to seek first the kingdom of God.

Change

EDWARD J. KAZLAUSKAS

Slowly the mists of callowness subside;
A bright white house appears amid morning's freshness,
Towering church bells chime,
The warmth of love engulfs all.

Romantic views are soon dispelled,
For that house is not as bright as it used to be,
The smells of a congested city fill the air,
And now those church bells ring a monotonous clang.

ONLY the warmth of love
Has not altered like these;
And if some day that does occur,
Then change will bury the last vestige beneath her.