Summer 1963

The Carroll Quarterly, vol. 16, no. 4

John Carroll University

CARROLL QUARTERLY

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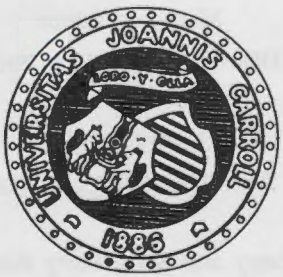
The CARROLL QUARTERLY is published by an undergraduate staff at John Carroll University to encourage literary expression among students, alumni, and faculty. Editorial and publication offices: John Carroll University, University Heights, Cleveland 18, Ohio.


UNIVERSITAS JOANNIS CARROLL
1886

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Editor's Preface

As the present staff prepares to leave, we feel it expedient and beneficial to look back upon our efforts and evaluate our successes and failures. Our first issue carried these words by Paul Claudel: "Art and Poetry are things divine." We stated that books alone do not fill the void which the human intellect seeks to fill in its search for knowledge and truth. Rather, the mingling of knowledge, labored for in books, and knowledge which human experience affords each individual as an individual operating in his own social milieu, produces human beings of varied talents, interests, and abilities. We have tried to demonstrate the truth of Claudel's underlying principle by varying the reading experiences offered in the *Quarterly*. We have mingled many types of experience, and the product was an effort that proved satisfactory to the majority of our devoted readers. Our failures include those people we did not reach either because of our own misgivings and our established operating principle or because of a fact of apathy which no motivating force save the individual can correct. Wherever human effort is expended, there also is to be found the desire for perfection. This is the best wish we can offer our successor: a profitable year of publishing and a stride toward perfection.

The responsibility, interest, and devotion necessary to produce a publication such as the *Carroll Quarterly* is so great that no one person could possibly claim full credit. Therefore, we thank those who worked under us as staff members this academic year 1962-63. If it had not been for their interest and enthusiasm, we most assuredly would not have produced the literary effort which we did.

No magazine exists without contributors: to each and everyone of you, thank you.

Our last issue comes to you somewhat enlarged as we present what we have accumulated from contest entries and other interested students. We hope that as our last effort it will say what our original premise stated: Art and Poetry are things divine.

Last and perhaps most important, we take this opportunity to thank John Carroll University as an institution because had it not been for what we have learned and owe to it, we would be far from ready to assume the duties of intellectually committed and dedicated professional people.

We add, also, special recognition of the John Carroll faculty for its interest and encouragement, most especially to Dr. Louis G. Pecek of the English Department for his many hours of labor as our moderator.

Special thanks, too, for our fellow students. Our pleasure is that we have served.

Michael E. Kilarsky
Editor-in-Chief

Le Piege a Rats

JUDITH RUNDEL

The human condition has been the subject of much discussion in modern times. It has come to provide the necessary framework for any consideration of either the individual or society as a whole, for it postulates the restrictions enjoined on both.

The question of the human condition and the validity of the philosophical interpretation of this term is based on the question, "What is man?" It has always been acceptable to define man in terms of existence beset by limitations. The orthodox Christian believes that these limitations will one day be lifted; but the man without a spiritual vision cannot see beyond the fact of these limitations. To such a thinker the tragedy of man is implicit in his very nature. If man's limitations are self-imposed but inevitable, then he is caught in the self-made trap of his own identity.

Every man is trapped by his own nature. But for those who conceive of man as the measure of all things there can be no escape. Those who accept the vision of God, or at least the vision of a higher reality, consequently renounce this humanist view and free themselves in some measure from the trap. To say that God is the measure of all things and of man himself requires a radical and redemptive shift in emphasis.

I would, then, describe a man suffering from the human condition as a man caught in a trap. "For him the essential fact of existence is that the values and certainties man wants in life are forever beyond the cage of his mind—and can, in principle, never be attained . . . . It [the human condition] is an anguished awareness that we have appetites like gods and stomachs like men, that we hunger for absolutes and digest only finites. It is the very shape of man's mind when he reaches for justice and dignity, and grasps only a description of his reaching." (Savocool and Smith, *Voix du Siecle)*

I believe that this concept of the human condition constitutes the modern dilemma, and it is within this context that I propose to discuss a group of representative literary works of the modern age; the problem of the human condition has been formulated only in recent years; it is a universal problem made more significant and immediate by the specific phraseology of modern philosophers and the everincreasing complexity of contemporary life. Each of the authors views man in his trap and analyzes the nature of it; some few attempts to devise a means of releasing the unfortunate creature.

Our first trapped individual is the Russian student, Raskolnikov. The character of his trap is best explained in the essay the idealistic student wrote for a contemporary literary review. In it he expounded his thesis that to certain men extraordinary liberties, in every order, including the ethical and moral, can and should be allowed. In the

Crime and Punishment
FEODOR DOSTOYEVSKY

enactment of a great theory or idea no sacrifice is considered too great; great minds must be allowed total liberty to fulfill their great potentialities for the ultimate benefit of humanity; they are even conceded "the right" to commit crime. Raskolnikov's problem arises from the fact that he includes himself in the category of the extraordinary and justifies his act of murder as beneficial to society. Thus his own intellectual attitudes are at odds with those accepted by society; Raskolnikov's trap is a socio-enviornmental one. In addition, his own conscience develops in the course of events, and as he comes to realize the true nature of his act, his attitudes become healthier. While he is now further trapped by the guilt feelings of his own conscience, he is thus brought to a higher vision, that of suffering as the necessary element of redemption, which promises to release him eventually from the trap. In the words of Raskolnikov, "Whoever has a conscience will no doubt suffer, if he realizes his mistake. *That* is his punishment."

The Trial FRANZ KAFKA

From the start Joseph K. is a condemned man. He is undeniably trapped; he lives in a state of perpetual fear, anxiety, agitation, for arrest is always pending. Significantly, Joseph K. is not only the criminal—he is judge, jury, and executioner as well. Thus the trap in which he finds himself seems to be of his own making. K is cursed with guilt, yet of what horrendous crime can he be accused? Nothing more, nor less, it would seems, than the crime of being a man with all that it implies.

Kafka stands in unique contrast to the later humanists. For them the trap is hopeless because of their inability to accept anything beyond the limitations. Kafka's very trap is, however, created by the character, the nature, of his Supreme Being. His God is wrathful, unapproachable, without the temperance of mercy. Man in relation to God has no claim to anything but guilt. The implication seems to be, then, that Kafka's concept of the trap is that it is directly self-imposed, indirectly God-imposed. With the existentialists Kafka proclaims, "The will is all;" the "moi" must make the act of the will; Kafka suggests this as the only way in which Joseph K. could have righted himself. He alone could have extricated himself, and only by willing his own death and acting upon it. Joseph K. failed, and remained trapped to the end.

Vipers' Tangle FRANCOIS MAURIAC

The trap which Mauriac depicts in *Vipers' Tangle* is most familiar to us Catholics and thus easier to understand. This trap, also man-made, is sin, and the only possible way out is the grace of God and the correlative love of man for God. Sin is indeed a part of the human condition because of the fallen nature of man. But *faith* in the higher spiritual vision insures the *hope* for the assistance of *love*. All of Mauriac's characters are trapped, but those who respond to the grace of God and learn to love are released, and without the power of love, the human condition will necessarily remain static. Louis writes: "To get beyond the absurdities, the failings, and above all the stupidity of people, one must possess a secret of love which the world has forgotten. So long as this secret is not rediscovered, you will change human conditions in vain."

Theodore Dreiser's trap rests on a thesis to which I alluded earilier, that of a perverted and misdirected humanism. This humanism presents a natural contradiction: man is the end and measure of all things, yet he is at the same time at the mercy of physical and mechanical laws. Man has every right to desire to order and run the universe, but he is trapped and restricted by inexorable laws. At the outset of *Sister Carrie,* Carrie Meeber is constrained by socio-economic and enviornmental forces. Throughout the book her natural desires are opposed by conventional morality, the morality which had formed her own conscience, though evidently not firmly enough. Yet despite material progress, Carrie finds in the end that she has achieved nothing—she is still tormented, for she has never known the joy of "dreams become real." She rocks and waits for the joy of beauty to be hers, but she is fated to long always for that which Dreiser sees as humanly unattainable. Dreiser phrases his concept of the human condition in these words: "Since nature would or could not do anything for man he must, if he could, do something for himself; and of this I saw no prospect, he being a product of these selfsame accidental, indifferent and bitterly cruel forces."

Sister Carrie
THEODORE DREISER

At first consideration George Orwell seems principally concerned with a strictly political set-up and its political implications. But that situation is totalitarian in nature and its implications must be understood as philosophical, ethical, religious and moral as well. Orwell draws an extreme picture of the human condition, projecting it into the future, and though it seems a bit extreme in comparison to present-day actuality, it emphasizes, under the guise of the evils of totalitarianism, the tragedy of the human condition created by man's inhumanity to man. Again man enslaves, entraps, himself. And evidently Orwell has no difficulty accounting for the trap; he is blaming perverted humanism whe he says: "When man stops worshipping God, they start worshipping men, with disastrous results."

1984
GEORGE ORWELL

In Brave New World Aldous Huxley takes the satirical approach. Although the civilization he portrays is again hypothetical and projected, the tragedy of it rests on another trap. The people in this brave new world are quite content and satisfied, even though they were made and conditioned that way. But their complete contentment was bought at the high price of liberty. Man cannot achieve complete happiness on this earth; he is the trapped creature with the stomach of a man and the appetite of a god. As Huxley says in the final sentence of his introduction, "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

Brave New World
ALDOUS HUXLEY

The state of Waugh's characters in *A Handful of Dust* is especially determined by the degree of objectivity with which they are approached. Objectively they are all trapped, but only Tony possesses a sufficient sense of awareness to perceive it, to care about it, and to act on it. From every aspect the trap must be identified as religious; the characters, though for the most part unknowingly, are enmeshed in the conflict between the two different

A Handful of Dust
EVELYN WAUGH

approaches to religion—the idea of religion as a social function, with "moral" as a synonym for "socially acceptable," as opposed to the vital concept of religion, religion with depth, defined by Paul Tillich as "the state of being concerned about one's own being and being universally." Waugh's characters are people without this concern, and the very hollowness of their lives shows the pressing necessity for it.

Darkness at Noon ARTHUR KOESTLER

"I plead guilty to having placed the idea of man above the idea of mankind." But again: "What I thought and what I did, I thought and did according to my own conviction and conscience." Rubashov is a guilty man, a traitor by virtue of his own conscience. But when he asked himself for what he was dying he had no answer. Rubashov is trapped in one sense intellectually—his ideals have been trampled and theory has been dishonored and disgraced by practice. But he is also trapped in the familiar conflict between appetite and capacity; his aspirations for humanity were greater than mankind's capacity for attainment; he looked out from the top of the mountain and saw nothing but desert and the darkness of night.

Finally, Rubashov was trapped by his own inadequacies as a human being, suffering from the deficiencies imposed by the human condition. For if he had been asked, "What about the infinite? he would not have been able to answer—and there lay the real source of his guilt."

Man's Fate ANDRE MALRAUX

With Malraux we return again to the perverted humanist in search of "the honor of being a man." The orthodox Christian has no need to search for this fact, since it is evident to him in his nature, created by Someone and for a purpose. But without Divinity, humanity is obviously alone and inadequate; and where is the meaning of the soul without God? Malraux necessarily reverts to the basic question I introduced in the beginning—"What is man, and what is the meaning of man?" "What valid power is there in his own image?" Indeed, Malraux's investigation of these questions is actually entitled *La Condition Humaine—The Human Condition.* It is he who first gave this name to man's trapped situation. Malraux's characters are indeed trapped, cursed by limitations, hungering for a reality beyond their grasp, burdened simultaneously with appetites of gods and stomachs of men. The human condition is something which at best can be endured, and even this requires a supreme effort. Much as Malraux would wish man to defy this condition and raise himself above it, circumstances prove this to be impossible. Man is in a trap, and it is futile for him to attempt to disengage himself; he can only suffer and endure. As the critic Frohock says, "Out of the gulf which separates what we are from what imagination wants us to be flows the anguish that plagues us."

Under Western Eyes JOSEPH CONRAD

Razumov is the victim of a trap similar to that of our first Russian student, Raskolnikov, at the stage in the latter's development when his conscience is in the process of maturing. Razumov's intense feeling of guilt is produced by the fact that he finds himself caught in the trap of his betrayal of Haldin. But his greater treachery is the treachery to himself implicit in the same action. The conflict of personal forces produces his attempt to justify and then to atone for his own actions. Conrad's basic concern

here is the salutary trap which is every man's conscience. In *Under Western Eyes* the conflict is extended because the concern is with a personal, highly individual conscience which is based on self-law rather than the law of one's own kind. But Conrad also deals with the trap necessitated by man's limitations; man is faced with greater powers before which he is totally inadequate. Indeed, in the words of the narrator, "the terms men and nations obtain from Fate are hallowed by the price."

The Wild Duck
HENRIK IBSEN

In *The Wild Duck* the trap lies, I believe, in the failure of idealism. Noble ideals, faced with the ultimate test of reality, are shown here to be impractical, insufficient for man; in short it can be that they will fail him. If man were the god of the humanists he could successfully mold and form reality to fit his ideals. But the limitations of the human condition make this impossible. Again, man is virtually trapped by his appetite for the ideal, which is not attainable outside of the final consummation which is God, and above his capacity for only the minimum which is imposed by reality.

The Plague
ALBERT CAMUS

The Plague is a square and honest confrontation of the question of the human condition. In fact, the plague *is* the human condition. Again, Camus is the humanist, and his characters try to escape by means which they see within the limited scope of their purely natural vision. To their credit, they choose the highest and noblest means within that vision. Theirs is no quiet acceptance of their state; Camus proposes that the supreme value of human existence lies in revolt against the human condition. Doctor Rieux appears to be the perfect existing man because he does revolt, and in doing so, serves his fellow man. Tarrou seeks to become the humanist saint, a saint without God. His revolt lies in suffering, a suffering which yields sympathy and peace. Thus Camus posits a purely natural means of extrication from the trap. But even while it gives his characters a moderate sense of satisfaction, it is evident that there still remains something to be desired.

The Cocktail Party
T. S. ELIOT

This brings us, then to T. S. Eliot and *The Cocktail Party,* a most fitting conclusion; for within this play we see a definite progression from a realization of the existence and nature of the trap to an enlarged spiritual vision which brings with it the promise of ultimate release. The first step comes in the recognition of the need for personal identity and then its achievement. As Edward says, "I must find out who she is to find out who I am." What that identity will be is revealed by the Guest when he warns, "It will do no harm to find yourself ridiculous. Resign yourself to be the fool that you are." An emergence from darkness parallels the recognition of the existence of the trap, though not of its nature. Edward says to Celia: "If there is a trap, we are all in the trap, we have set it for ourselves. But I do not know what kind of a trap it is." Eventually the trap is identified as the human condition, as the Guest, Reilly, foretold, and the characters come to terms with it according to their own needs and abilities. Some are content to merely be reconciled to the human

condition, as Reilly offers to do for Celia; but Celia resolves to rise above this mediocre level of existence and seek her own release from the trap through the spiritualized vision of suffering and martyrdom. But the very fact that all of the characters, in their own way, do come to terms with the human condtion places infinite hope and assurance in Reilly's bald statement. "The best of a bad job is all any of us can make of it." The best achieved by the characters tells us that, if we account for ourselves properly, the best of a bad job will be in fact be quite good.

This, then, is the view of the human condition which our authors have given us: the picture of man, a pathetic and even tragic creature, writhing in the trap of his own human nature, wracked by an incessant conflict between his desires and his capacities. In some cases he is released by the assurance of supernatural triumph, by the virtue of hope in Christianity, or even by any sort of theism, which at least proves to be better than nothing at all. Others see nothing more to be done than to leave man in his trap, to squirm and at last to die.

The vision of these men is a vision without hope, for they have no proper concept of God, Who is the source of hope; indeed, their vision must even deprive man of his basic dignity, for man establishes his dignity in God, Who is the measure of man. We know human dignity exists, but we are aware of it only if we realize that to exist as a human means nothing less than to assist the divine. Those humanists who have elevated man did so out of a necessity, for man's very nature cries out for a god, even if that god is himself; but the elevation of man is a false one, for only a participation in the divine life can truly enable us to say to one another, "Ye are gods." Man is indeed noble, but not because his own puny efforts make him so; he is noble because he is a creature fashioned in the very image of his Maker.

The vision of these men is myopic; it is a partial view of reality. If we clear their vision we will see the whole picture: anxiety is balanced by redemption; participation in a world of sin is countered by participation in a world of grace; the hell of aloneness is transformed into a heaven by the offer of Divine Assistance. Anxiety is remedied, cured forever, by the Truth which is God.

No Spring, No Summer

THOMAS NASRALLAH

As the sun, with
slashing machete-
blade fingers of
light, pierces
every dusty corner.

So did this rising
orb spread its
light over all.
But instead of
warming—it charred.

And turned the
hillside black
where triangular
pines and delicate
waving violets once
covered a moist
earth.

In the city a baby
cried for a second,
then burst into
flame to join
countless others who
would never again see
a waxing or waning moon.

As if before the
trumpets of Joshua,
buildings disintegrated
and showered flaming
rubble onto strangely
deserted streets.

The cold war was over.

The Old Man and the Sea: A Second Look

THOMAS F. GING

Men go fishing every day, but few people could earn a living writing a novel about it. Ernest Hemingway, however, not only wrote such a novel, but he also won a Pulitzer Prize for his effort. Is it not logical to assume that Hemingway created a work of art, a masterpiece of description on the intricacies of human nature? Does not popular acclaim indicate that the author has successfully conveyed a message of serious import to the majority of the readers? Unfortunately, a reading of this novel shatters the foregoing assumption, for Hemingway neither created a work of art nor did he offer an informative message to the reader. All he manages to do is to concoct a pseudo-symbolic melodrama with the sole message of life's futility.

Hemingway's success can only be explained by its agreement with the Romantic theory of art. This revolution in aesthetic criticism occurred in the latter part of the eighteenth century; it overturned the classical belief in the limitations of human nature for the credo of the natural goodness of man. Fulton J. Sheen, in his book *God and Intelligence in Modern Philosophy,* labels this false artistic criteria as "Philosophical Lyricism." Hemingway's novel must be analyzed in respect to this relatively recent philosophical position in order to understand how it received such great public recognition.

The primary tenet of Philosophical Lyricism is the belief in the natural goodness of man. Man *per se* contains no inherent evils or defects; his nature is wholly in accordance with the transcedental good. Only forces external to human nature, such as society, government, religion, etc., are capable of producing evil acts in man. Man is relieved of the responsibility of making moral decision; he is naturally determined toward the good and hence is not faced with the obligation of what he ought to do. In other words, the final cause of men's actions no longer exists, for man contains formally all the motivations of reality.

The character of Santiago, the old fisherman, is wholly in the Romantic tradition. Unlimited in perfection, the old man shows marked traits of sympathy, understanding, endurance, physical dexterity, and kind-heartedness. His magnanimity includes even his adversary the swordfish, " 'Fish, he said, 'I love you and respect you very much.' "[1] Although blessed with the charity of Christ, the patience of Job, and the strength of Samson, Santiago presents absolutely no tragic element or flaw upon which the reader could make an identification. Creating a character with the same moral stature as the Lone Ranger is no sin in itself, but placing such a hero in a tragic novel reveals Hemingway's ignorance of man's essential composition. Again, such character portrayal is only explainable in the light of the Romantic tradition.

Hemingway is not satisfied with presenting an absolutely good character; he also presents him doing nothing of moral consequence—he makes no moral decisions. His very life has been determined, "Perhaps I should not have been a fisherman, he thought. But that was the thing that I was born for." (p. 56) Fishing constitutes the essence of his life; he can do nothing else. If, therefore, his life has been determined for him and he can do nothing else, then the problem of morality and sin are non-existent, "Do not think about sin. It is much too late for that and there are people who are paid to do it. You were born to be a fisherman as the fish were born to be a fish." (p. 116) With no sin, there can be no tragedy in the classical sense; for the hero is not morally responsible for his own destruction. Santiago's fate lies not in his own hands, but rather in the workings of fortune.

Hemingway is not satisfied with a sub-human presentation of the amoral nature of humanity; he further emphasizes it by attacking man's rationality. Here lies the paradox of the Romantic position. For awhile they uphold the natural goodness of man, they rob him of the decision-making power of his intellect and will. Without the use of reason, man is reduced to an animal. Such a dehumanizing philosophy permits Santiago to say, "Man is not much beside the great birds and beasts. Still I would rather be that beast down there in the darkness of the sea." (p. 75) Without the power of Rationality, man is no better than an animal and only more cunning, in the author's words, "But they were sailing together lashed side by side and the old man thought, let him bring me in if it pleases him. I am only better than him through trickery and he meant me no harm." (p. 111) Hemingway's anti-rationality is only one example of the Romantic attack upon Reason; James Pragmatism and Dewey's Instrumentalism pursue the same goal in the field of philosophy.

To critically evaluate Hemingway's writing, his attitude toward the novel's characters must be studied and understood. In short, the reader must pass judgment on the judgments of the author. If Hemingway bothered to make a judgment, however, he made certain that no one else understood it. Instead of explicitly forming opinions on the actions of the characters, Hemingway takes refuge in confused symbols and allegories. Thus the sea represents life, the fish typifies man's struggle with the unknown, and Santiago himself alternately shifts from a sub-human to a Christ image. The old man's ambivalence is merely a reflection of Hemingway's unconcern for the exposition of definite moral judgments. Hemingway's position can be brought into the open by another method of investigation. Individual suffering and happiness are basic themes which necessarily reflect the author's view of life in general. *The Old Man and the Sea* is a study of suffering only, with no concern or hope for a consequent state of happiness, either on earth or in eternity. Santiago, like Christ, endures physical and mental anguish, carries his mast as a cross up the road, stumbling along the way, and falls exhausted with his arms extended and palms out in the manner of one crucified. But unlike stoicism, a futile fight for existence in the darkness of reality. Santiago is prodded on by this capacity for punishment, "But I will show him what man can do and what a man endures." (p. 73) Heming-

way's portrayal of the meaninglessness of life places him alongside the Existentialist writers of the twentith century. Hemingway, however, emphasizes an irrational stoicism; Sarte and Camus insist on man's assertion of his volition. All three reflect the consequence of Modern Philosophical Romanticism.

The nineteenth-century critic, Mathew Arnold, foreshadowed the intentions of Hemingway in the following passage taken from his *Preface to Poems:*

> What then are the situations, from the representation of which, though accurate, no poetical enjoyment can be derived? They are those in which the suffering finds no vent in action; in which a continuous state of mental distress is prolonged, unrelieved by incident, hope, or resistance; in which there is everything to be endured, nothing to be done.[2]

Having failed to achieve the primary purpose of writing, communication through the identification of emotions, Hemingway excels in the less important categories of thought and diction. His staccato dialogue and simple thought patterns have a wide appeal; yet these lesser attributes can never substitute for the final cause of creative writing any more than can a part equal the whole.

Until today's writers re-learn the traditional concept of evaluating man's conduct in the light of his propensities toward both good and evil, literature will not justly represent human nature. Equally dangerous, the movement of Philosophical Lyricism will continue unchecked.

1. Ernest Hemingway, *The Old Man and the Sea* (New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1952), p. 60.
2. Walter Jackson Bate, ed., *Criticisms the Major Texts* (New York, Harcourt, Brace, and World, Inc. c. 1952), p. 455.

A View of Chesterton

STANLEY OSENAR

To read and understand Chesterton is to disect the very soul of a man at once versatile and narrow-minded. It is quite commendable to be able to contrast Buddhism and Christianity, to look upon rain with spring fever in the eyes, to discuss contemporary matters with an approach which years won't dim. But it is quite illiberal, as Chesterton would say, to accept one's own aesthetic sense as the sole judge of jazz. There is a challenge in Chesterton's writings, because we will always read him to the end—either because we agree and marvel at his cleverness or because we disagree and wish to know his case for refutation.

All of the selections considered here are essays. We can say without prejudice that Chesterton has mastered the form. To see how he mastered it let us consider only the mechanics of his style and his treatment of ideas.

Extensive and clever use of figures of speech is one of his strong points. Paradox, the most pronounced of all, is his favorite. Statements such as "He told the truth about the falsehood he had to tell" *(Bluff of Big Shops),* or "But in truth the chief mark of our epoch is a profound laziness and fatigue: and the fact is that the real laziness is the cause of the apparent bustle" *(Romance of Orthodoxy)* not only catch our eye, but keep us mentally awake to his argument. Simile and metaphor, very often used in contrasts, are likewise striking, e.g., comparison of Buddhism to a giant without a leg and in constant search of it and of Christianity to a giant who cut off his hand so that it might shake hands with him *(Romance of Orthodoxy).* His entire essay "The Romantic in the Rain" is one large metaphor comparing rain first to a public bath and then to nature's bacchanalia.

Paragraphs do not resemble very much the ordered prose of Bacon or DeQuincey, for they do not leave us with one central idea, but rather a central impression and many ideas. At times it becomes quite distracting to read a reproach of English mentality and mannerisms in the middle of a paragraph in "What I Saw in America." But such little diversions from the main topic reveal much of Chesterton's own mentality and mannerisms.

Sentence structure and language Chesterton adapts to his purpose. Very often he will employ a very long sentence merely to give the reader an impression. An example of this is the first sentence in the "The Prison of Jazz":

> I have already remarked, with all the restraint that I could command, that of all modern phenomena, the most monstrous and ominous, the most manifestly rotting with disease, the most grimly prophetic of destruction, the most instantly and awfully overshadowed by the wrath of heaven, the most near to madness and moral chaos, the most vivid with deviltry and despair, is the practice of having to listen to loud music while eating a meal in a restaurant.

It is not necessary to know exactly what the author has said in the particular sentence as long as we remember that he dislikes jazz. But when he wants to impress a very important idea he will do so in as few words as possible, e.g., "There is nothing wrong with Americans except their ideals." *(The American Ideal).* In this particular aspect Chesterton much resembles Hazlitt.

Chesterton's language is very simple; his phrases sometimes border on the colloquial. Even the deepest theological or philosophical concept becomes reduced to simple terms, e.g., the Trinity is explaned by "For it is not well for God to be alone" *(Romance of Orthodoxy).* Play on words is frequently used. One amusing example is found in "The Prison of Jazz" where Chesterton agrees with the notion that jazz at dinners is distracting, but further explains his idea by reverting to the root meaning of the word where distracted means to be quartered by four horses.

In treatment of ideas Chesterton will invariably use a logical approach, even if he has to amass the evidence on one side of the argument to prove a point in his favor. In matters of choice he will make known his personal preference without apology. In an argument he will generally identify the opposition with a person (see "Romance of Orthodoxy"), present the case of the opposition with caustic wit, and proceed to refute the argument. Where he is able he will exaggerate the opposition and draw it into the absurd as in "Marriage and the Modern Mind" where he parallels modern concepts of marriage with that of herring.

In all his essays Chesterton defends man as a human being with a *free will.* Were it not for this outlook, the reasoning behind his essays would be in vain. He always sees man as a basically good being, but confined and motivated by modern materialistic concepts and his own vices. Because of these premises and because of his mastery of the familiar essay form Chesterton will always be counted among the great Catholic authors.

Aeson Rejuvenated by Medea

PATRICIA HOLLY

She only meant it kindly; still she might
Have warned me that when I was young again
It would not be the same. I dreamed, one night:
The voices of a cock, a lark, a hen
I heard together, and circling fire
Flew past. I drank a potion, deathly sweet
And then I woke—and found myself a sire
Years younger than my son; so slim and fleet
It is a joy to live once more. An yet,
On moonless nights, it is my blood runs chill?
I cannot, through the long gold days, forget
How, in the dark, when all the hall is still
And for away some horned owl complains
I feel unearthly stirrings in my veins.

Margo: A One Act Play

JUDITH RUNDEL

Characters: Laura, a striking person in her early thirties, dressed in fashionable mourning.
Frank: her husband about eight years older. He is also well dressed.

Scene: Pleasant though not too brightly furnished living room, neat to the point of being obvious.

(enter L and F stage left; L sits on a sofa downstage center.)

Laura: Frank, be a darling and get me a drink, will you? The usual.

Frank: Sure, honey, if I can find the stuff.

(Looks in the cabinet, downstage, right. Margo has it pretty well hidden.)

Laura: I think the bottle's behind that desk. My God, I'm glad that's over!

Frank: I have to hand it to you, Laura — — you've kept things running beautifully the last few days. I was a f r a i d it would be a bit strained.

Laura: (lighting a cigarette)
I wonder who I'm trying to impress, though, Frank? Everyone around here knows me for what I am — — especially my sweet and loving sister, Margo.

Frank: (crosses stage left, stands behind sofa, stroking L's hair) That's right — I did marry the notorious black sheep of the Hobar family, didn't I?

Laura: That seems to be the general opinion.
(Frank hands her a drink, crosses, sits in chair, st. r.) But at least I have the satisfaction of knowing I've been honest. My life is mine, all mine, and I am my life. The world can take me on those terms or not at all.

Frank: I've never felt that you've had to make any excuses, Laura.

Laura: Neither have I, Frank: at least not until today.

Frank: Why today?

Laura: I'm not sure but the thought came to me this morning as I looked around at all of us standing by dad's grave . . . . . It's hard to believe he's really dead.

Frank: But what of it, Laura? You know how he suffered. And we all agreed that his death was a blessing.

Laura: Yes, I know that, but — — I keep thinking of how much I hurt him and how little I ever did for him.

Frank: Don't give yourself a false conscience, darling. He was happy enough. Margo always took wonderful care of him.

Laura: Yes, but . . . .

Frank: If you're thinking of Margo, I'm sure she's been happy, too. The role of devoted nursemaid always seemed to suit her perfectly.

Laura: That's what I've always told myself.

Frank: Then what's all the fuss about? Want another drink?
(goes to desk, down right)

Laura: No thanks, I'm nursing this one. (pause)
Frank, do you really think she's happy?

Frank: (sits again, up right) Why not she's had everything she's ever wanted: her books, her music, religion, of course, and someone she could lord it over in a nice gentle sort of way. Women like Margo could live forever on that much.

Laura: But I still feel I shirked a responsibility, that I cheated Margo out of something, that I had no right to forge my own happiness the way I have. (short pause) But maybe you're right.

Frank: Of course I'm right. The thing is, Laura, that it just doesn't seem like much of a life to you. You have to admit that you just couldn't take it. Not only would you be miserable yourself — you would have turned into a hateful little bitch who made everybody else's life miserable, too.

Laura: You know me quite well, don't you Frank? There are times when I don't give you nearly enough credit.

Frank: I married you, didn't I? (smiles)

Laura: The miracle of my life! I often wonder if anyone else but you would have given me a chance.

Frank: It was probably the spitfire, the wildcat in you that first attracted me. You did have quite a reputation; the whole town thought our marriage was one big gamble. Your own father laid the odds at a hundred to one — — against me. I think he intended Margo to save us both. She was supposed to rescue you from your wilfulness and me from my stupidity.

Laura: And I told her to take herself and her meddlesome charity right out of our lives. It was really vicious of me — — I know she meant well. (lights a cigarette) I wonder what's keeping her? She should be back by now.

Frank: She said she'd be late. She was going to stop at the lawyer's office about some of your father's papers and then the Marstons had asked her to a late dinner. I told her we were planning to eat out anyway.

Laura: You know, Frank, I can remember when Bob Marston went down on his knees to my sister, he wanted her so badly. But Margo never seemed to care in the least.

Frank: I told you, Laura — — no man could make her happy.

Laura: I'm glad you said we'd eat out — — I hate to be dependent on her for that sort of thing. Margo was always much more at home in a kitchen than I'll ever be. You know, Frank, it always seemed that anything I ever wanted to do she could do much better and with such ease that it made me sick.

Frank: Maybe — but I'm happy with you the way you are, Laura. Then too, Margo never got around the way you did. You had some pretty wild times, honey; sometimes I don't know how you came out of it in one piece.

Laura: It all goes back to Margo, Frank. Everything in my life seems to go back to Margo. I had to live in the shadow of her goodness so long that I had to find some way to put her in the shadow. It wasn't a very good way, I know. It didn't bother me so much that she was everyone's favorite, dad included, but I hated being Margaret Hobar's little sister and having to live up to it. I've tried to love her, Frank, but often I've had to fight to keep it from turning to hate. I've had nothing to do with her, cut myself off from her, because it's been the easiest way. You couldn't love Margo — you could only idolize — — and I couldn't bring myself to do that.
(doorbell)

Frank: I'll get it Laura. Get your coat and I'll tell whoever it is we're on our way out to dinner. (exit F. up left)
(exit Laura down right — — enter Frank.)

Frank: Laura — Western Union. It's a telegram addressed to you. (enter Laura, coat on — — takes telegram and rips it open)

Laura: My God, Frank — It's from Margo — — — Sent from Chicago!

Frank: Chicago! There must be some mistake. Let me read it. (takes tel. from L., reads aloud.)
By the time you read this I will be on my way to Mexico — — Acapulco — Flight 34. Great place for a honeymoon. Bob Marston and I are going to do it up right — — — on dad's $65,000 in bonds. Waited long time but it was worth it. Thanks for making it so easy. Take care. Margo.

Curtain

The Secret of Shakespeare

PAN THEOPHYLACTOS

Nobody has read a play written by Shakespeare without being drawn swiftly in and feeling enclosed. That seems to be the secret of Shakespeare's power to interest his audience. He conditions them to a particular world before they are even aware that it exists. Then he absorbs them in its particulars.

Once within Shakespeare's world, the audience takes in the details one at a time and notes how consistent each is with the others. Yet, even though the attention of his audience is focused on the details, Shakespeare keeps everybody aware of the great world of reality through the universal truths which he weaves throughout his plays.

Like strands of pure gold each truth is woven smoothly in the fabric from which the play is made, and hence it casts its glittering light in every recess of life lived simply and fully by those great characters who love and hate and hope and fear and live and die in the drama. Thus Shakespeare shares with his audience the excitement of feeling that he is where things are simply and wholly alive. To do this one must be a remarkable artist—a man in whom balance between understanding and observation and between vision and sight is almost perfect. Perhaps nowhere does Shakespeare render more perfectly than in *Hamlet* the delicately woven texture of life.

Besides his unusual ability to draw his audience into his dramas, Shakespeare also displays genius in the creation of his characters who inevitably, while remaining distinctly individual, take on that nature which belongs to all men. There is, for instance, the much debated Hamlet—young, courteous, brilliant, melancholy, and moral, and Falstaff—old, untruthful, witty and drunken. Each has traits that are not new or outstanding, yet each is unique and cannot be mistaken for any other man in this world; and each is a member of the human race. Thus Shakespeare spreads before his audience the grandeur of humanity as he pictures the terrible storm in the soul of Lear which blends with the very storm of the heavens themselves, the fearful ambition of a woman that drove her to daub her hand in the blood of a murdered king, the agonizing pain that tore at the soul of Hamlet in indecision, and the delicate trust of the childlike Ophelia who is ever obedient yet very human and tender.

To Shakespeare the world was most precious, and, therefore, he dealt in existence. His dealings were responsible and human. Because he loved the world as it is, Shakespeare understood it and was able to make it over again into something rich and clear and unforgettable. Actually, Shakespeare lived in his world, became familiar with it; and it in turn told him its story. That is why amid the terror and awe of his great dramas, Shakespeare shares with his audience some idea of the vast forces of the age from which his plays spring.

Fidelity

PAN THEOPHYLACTOS

Lone lips of Love are tipped in rarest flame
That sears my soul with frantic joys of peace
As of this earth-found heav'n were hell's release
To bare it vice in virtue's sanguine frame,
Or like the beast free-born that man would tame
To give its vital force a human lease,
Or like a tiger wrapped in softest fleece.
Like these, lone lips find trust in Love a flame.
But scarlet knives are lacquered lips of lust.
That tear the heart and wrack the soul's wild calm,
And, like a fever, end the lover's rest.
With violence lust rips all love of trust.
The mouth then stings forsaken David's psalm,
As hands relieve the soul of heaven's Guest.

The Coming of the People

EDWARD J. KAZLAUSKAS

I

Those wild recurrent feelings of warmth
And rain I feel descend
Throw out the long and lonely nakedness
Which I have so long entertained.
And now to quickly wait that one time
Before the pale-white blooms are summer scorched
That soon passes fast and leaves me now alone
Awaiting the Coming of the People.

II

Nearly at the top of that hill
A willow tree stands watching all who come.
Most simply pass, while others may once-stop
To get some shade but act not in return.
One with a book came up that hill
Perhaps to find a place to bury the bones
Or to again remember rainy nights alone
But really to read and talk of many things
Which to no other one could ever say.

III

Months passed and so did waxen-joy
Yet not be accorded merely waste
For the last day nearly down and sleep came fast
As the body snuggled against the tree
That could not move its grieving limbs
Yet only could drop its shroud-like leaves
To cover and join back to the earth
The body fast and deep in sleep.

Ruth Song

For Sister Claudia

ANTHONY J. PROSEN, S.J.

Of virgin love, my singing has no fear;
Our hearts are hers, they follow her at heel;
A loveless soul she never will draw near,
Nor teach a man whose heart can never feel.

My beloved has planted a vineyard.

Her vine springs from
The vine of Golgatha,
From the plains of Judea;
Her grapes are healthy grapes,
As sweet clusters of bees;
Their wine is mixed with
Heaven's bright bread, and the aweful honey
Of prayer
Is hers.

But if another maiden I would sing,
Or one among immortal angels, then my tongue
Would only babble aimless stammering;
Yet never as before I'd in the moonlight sing.

Mary,
gleaming with a golden light,
Treasure
to the loveliest stars of the east.
Lily,
sacred emblem of white love,
Adorning the dark azure of God's tents,
Purer than the moon, pre-eminent
Over all the universal galaxies,
All hail, virgin-crowned.

To us,
great gladness with our humble bent,
instead of moonbeams,
pray your apparition send.
Mary,
rising earliest in the night,
Arise
not too soon for my beloved's sight.

Fair and well we pray you that you prove
To share the wished fulfillment of her love.

Arise, my friends,
for now the evening-harvest comes,
arise.
The green buds' yield
and bring the season's
prize.
Out of Sinai, lo,
late vesper stars have lit the
skies.
Ribboned pink and blue the night-time
sighs.
The harvest is great:
And Ruth still reaps for her Lord.
Arise, my friends,
Come, come follow me.
Leave the extravagant feast;
it is time to hurry along.
My beloved has planted a vineyard—
The bride is marching now,
so sing the bridal song.

Happy is she whose ways are now-dew-downed;
Her head with a veil as dark as night is crowned.
As the mother-maiden-Mary growing ever young,
Her days with stars of faith and love are strung.
Delicious are her moments pressed from wine
Reaped from the springtime vine and mingled with
Heaven's bright bread;
And the aweful honey
Of prayer
Is hers.

Really, Grandpa?

JOHN McMAHON

Grandpa was whittling. He did little else any more but whittle and watch life go by. He watched things strangely, almost directing them with his eager eyes. Perhaps like old Gipetto he put some of the life he saw in the figures he carved. He always whittled tiny intricate statues for his son Jim. Jim had long since filled his dresser and his desk at the office with miniatures. Even the mantlepiece above the old man's head held rows and rows of his work. Now, Jim generally threw them out as they were given to him.

Grandpa must have known this, but he didn't seem to care. He just shaved away on pieces of wood, as though someone cared. A smile seemed frozen on his weathered lips. In spite of a long life, he was an optimist. Perhaps the reason was his child-like imagination.

Right now, Grandpa was whittling a Spanish dancer in the midst of a while and his eyes danced too as they watched his grandchildren play.

"Fall down," Johnny was ordering as he was making a lightning turn around the coffee table. "You're dead. I killed you six times."

Beth stopped running and turned to face her brother. She tossed her head and said coldly, "Then I quit."

This was too much for fiery Johnny. A moment and a flying tackle later found him on the floor on his sister's stomach, tangling his fists in her hair.

Before Grandpa could intervene, the shrieks brought Mother from the kitchen. He sharp "Children! Stop that!" ended the fight immediately.

Johnny pumped up and started defending himself. "I had to do it, Mom. She wouldn't die. I killed her six times, and she wouldn't even fall down.

"He missed," Beth sobbed. "And anyway I quitted."

"I've told you kids too often that I don't want rough-house in the living room. You're messing the house and disturbing Grandpa."

Grandpa smiled even broader. "They ain't both'rin' me. I like 'em around. I'd get bored if they wasn't—"

It was Mother's flashing eyes as well as her loud interruption that cut Grandpa off. "You children better go outside a while, to let off a little steam."

"Oh, no, Mom," Beth cried, horror at the thought widening her eyes.

"Today's the day that Captain Hawkins comes," Johnny explained.

"Who?"

"That friend of Grandpa's," Johnny reminded her.

Mother pursed her lips and snapped: "I'm sure Grandpa would much rather talk to his friend without you around. Go on outside."

"But—" Johnny pleaded.

"No more arguments. Outside!" After the children finished their unwilling exit, Mother turned on Grandpa. "I've had just about enough of this Captain Whatsit nonsense."

"Nonsense? Whatta ya mean, Betty? Don't you like Captain Hawkins?"

"Don't play games with me, Grandpa. I'm too old," Mother sniffed. Then her eyes strayed to the french doors, through which they could see the children climbing the apple tree. "But I think the children actually believe you. Grandpa, you've got to stop this business. It may amuse the children, but they're reaching the age now where they've got to begin distinguishing between real and imaginary. Creating pirate friends is all very nice, but you've got to let them know he's only a fantasy."

"Captain Hawkins a fantasy? I certainly hope not. But he's not a pirate, Betty, he's an old whaler, like me."

Mother was pleading now. "Grandpa John, you've got to try to understand, please try, that it isn't like you were when you were a boy. We live in a practical world, and we have no time for imaginary friends to poison our children's minds. We both know that you've never set foot on a ship in your life—Oh, Grandpa, the day of fantasy is gone, forever."

"I certainly hope not!" Grandpa almost prayed and bent over his waste-basket to whittle once more. Mother shook her head.

"I hope you understand my position, Grandpa, and that you'll stop this foolishness." Grandpa didn't answer, and he seemed oblivious to her penetrating stare, so Mother went back to her kitchen, wondering what she had accomplished.

She didn't wonder long. A few minutes later, she heard the french doors in the living room open. She was just about to yell at the kids to go back outside, when she heard Grandpa call out loudly and plainly, so she could hear: "Hello, Captain, come right in." What a willful old man!

The afternoon wore on slowly over dishes and dinner preparations, and it was really difficult to tell how long it was before she heard Jim's "Hello" in the front hall. She stopped peeling potatoes and waited for his red head to peep around the kitchen door and for his cheery, "How's the mother of my children?" But tonight, nothing. She called "Jim?" and there was no answer. Puzzled, she looked out into the hall.

Jim was standing next to the living-room door, frowning. The door was a little open, and from the kitchen Mother could hear Grandpa's muffled voice. She almost asked what he was doing, but he shushed her

with a raised hand before her mouth was opened. Curious, she leaned closer to listen with him. Grandpa was speaking—to Captain Hawkins, Mother supposed. She almost spoke again when she heard a second voice, harsh and deep, from the living room.

"This house is really too big for you, John," it was saying. "You can't need this much room."

"Jim and his family fill it up nicely," Grandpa answered.

"Yeah," the other voice said, after a second's pause.

Mother squealed. The first time she heard the voice, she wasn't sure, but the last course "Yeah" assured her there was another voice in the living room. Almost without thought, she pushed the door all the way open.

Its squeak turned Grandpa's head, and he smiled. But Mother only saw the empty chair that Grandpa had pulled up beside him for the captain. Why couldn't there have been someone in it?

"I heard a voice," she blurted.

"Of course," Grandpa agreed, waving his knife at the empty chair. "Me and the captain was talkin' "

"Johnny! Beth!" Mother cried, seeing them nestled on the floor by Grandpa's feet. "You're supposed to be outside."

"They was outside. But they come in with the captain, just to say hello."

Mother didn't hear him. There was a hint of panic in her voice as she called, "Come with me, children, right now." She got them both by the collars and whirled them around.

"Don't be mad, Betty. I know you told 'em not to, but—" Mother slammed the living room door with a crash, and almost ran into the kitchen, pulling the kids after her. Jim followed somewhere behind, a bit bewildered.

Once they were safe by the sink, Mother let them go and turned them both around. "I told you not to go into the living room," she accused.

"Grandpa told us to come say 'hi' to the captain, and we just kinda stayed," Johnny told her. "The captain's real nice."

Mother grabbed his arm, perhaps a little roughly. "I've had enough of this, young man. You know there's no Captain Hawkins, don't you."

"I didn't think there was, 'til today. But then I heard him talking."

Mother found herself shaking Johnny with all the frustration and confusion she felt. "There is no Captain Hawkins. Understand?" She realized too late she'd been shouting.

Fear cowered Johnny, and when Mother's grip began to loosen, he

pulled himself free and backed off. But Beth was not so easily frightened. "There's gotta be a captain," she declared. "I even seed him."

Mother gulped away her fear and even smiled. "Grandpa's just fooling you, dear, just pretending a little. You just thought you saw him, Beth, and I'm sure we didn't really hear him, either." She didn't catch the "we" on time.

Beth seemed insulted at the thought. "The captain ain't pertend. He's just abisable, Grandpa says. That means you can't see him. Only after a while, like me and Grandpa. And he can't see us, too."

Mother's laugh was almost hyserical. "The crowning insult! We are punished for our disbelief by having the imaginary friend not believe in us." She sat down at the table, trying to laugh from the heart.

Dad stepped over to the kids and put his hands on their shoulders. "Run outside, eh, kids? Mom's a little tired." The both of them marched solemnly through the door, obviously worried. Dad took Mother in his arms.

"You're trembling, dear," he whispered, wonder in his tone.

"Oh, Jim," Betty sobbed, "you heard the voice, didn't you? Oh, please say you did. I think I'm losing my mind."

"It was probably just some ventriloquism to amuse the kids," Jim laughed, hugging her.

"Ventriloquism," Mother entoned, as though it were the most beautiful word in the language. "Of course. Oh, Jim, I was so scared."

"Dad shouldn't do that sort of stuff, darling. He had me going for a while there, too. And now he's got Beth *seeing* that damned thing."

"I spoke to him before—it must have been the tenth time this month —and he talked in riddles or ignored me."

"I'll talk to him. He's disrupting the entire household. He's got to stop."

Mother could feel the weight of months lifting slowly off her tired shoulders. The living room door was still shut, and they opened it to find Grandpa moving the chair back to its corner. He smiled at them, and then at the french doors. "Good-bye, captain," he called, waving. The french doors shut loudly. Mother's hand flew to her mouth to smother a tiny, throaty cry.

"Power of suggestion," Jim whispered, but his voice was no longer confident. He sat his wife firmly on the couch, and turned hard eyes toward his father. The old man pretended not to notice, his knife flew, and Mother saw angrily that some of the shavings were missing the wastebasket.

Jim finally spoke. "That was a delightful show, Dad." He waited for a reaction. There was none. He continued, despperately. "Look, Dad,

I know how kids like to pretend. Tell them stories if you have to. But don't feed them nonsense for truth. Do you know Beth actually claimed to have seen this guy?

"He thought he saw her just a bit this afternoon, too," Grandpa mumbled, focusing most of his attention on his Spanish dancer.

Mother gigled nervously in spite of herself. Then she frowned and repeated: "This make-believe has got to go."

"Why," Grandpa asked, suddenly intense. "It ain't doin' harm. Sure kids believe in it—why not? I believe in it, too. Without it, my life'd be dead and quiet."

"That sort of excitement doesn't belong in the modern world," Jim answered as intensely. "It's founded on nothing."

Grandpa's chin set and he bent too eagerly over his statue. Then he began to fidget like a guilty child. "Remember when you was young, boy, the fun we had?"

"Of course. Imagination is fine if you learn how to control it. If you don't, you lose your sanity."

"I thought maybe I could convince you that the imaginary could be real. I was wrong?"

"If I believed that, I'd either slash my wrists or turn myself over to a good psychiatrist."

Grandpa's smile was gone. "I was wrong, son. I thought you, if anyone, would understand. I tried to make you see from the time you was—oh, it don't matter."

"If you keep this up we'll have to put you in one of those homes for the aged to protect the rest of us. It's a choice, Grandpa, between the captain and us."

"I'll do what I have to," Grandpa conceded, trying to hide the quaver in his voice by talking softly.

* * * * *

"Come in, Captain," Grandpa beamed, holding the french door open in the breeze, and gesturing at the chair beside his own.

Hawkins shuffled in and took his seat, his unlit pipe hanging from his lips. He saw his friend's smile disappear, and observed, "You sre ain't lookin' too good, John."

"It must be this house," Grandpa said. "You were right the other day, captain, you were right.

"John, your statues," Captain Hawkins exclaimed, pointing at the empty manlepiece. "They're gone."

Grandpa's glazed eyes turned towards the fireplace. "Yes. Gone. I burned them, I guess. Burned them all. I'm so lonesome, captain."

"But y-y-your son?"

"He ain't here no more. Him and me had a fight. It wasn't serious but he made me stop—well, he don't live here anymore. None of them do. Couldn't make them believe, so they just—left."

"I'm glad," was the captain's cryptic comment. "You may be a little lonesome, but that imagination stuff was going too far."

"Jim said that," Grandpa interrupted, mistily.

"I was gettin' worried about you, John. You had me seein' 'em, last time. I almost didn't come today. I was a little worried that you'd gone crazy or something."

Suddenly the vagueness left Grandpa's eyes, and they narrowed almost evilly. "And Jim said that, too. You don't believe in make-believe either, do you?

But the captain didn't hear. He was watching in horror as his right hand slowly dissolved. He cried aloud.

Grandpa paid no attention. He picked up a tiny model of a clipper ship, a whaler, from the table beside him. He threw this last statue with perfect aim into the fire. He held up the statue of his dancer and it seemed to live and move around in the momentary brightness.

"Imagination is fine. You've just got to learn to control it," he mumbled. Then he declared rather loudly: "I think I need a daughter. With jet black hair and slanty eyes, and two kids named Beth and Johnny—" But no one was listening. The captain's chair, opposite his, was already empty.

Haiku Cameos

JAMES MULKERRIN

Dove's wing white is my
Love's throat, as sweet and silken
As a new bride's gown.

Warm and firm is my
Love's throat, and gently rounded
As an autumn plum.

So white and firm is
My love's throat: a pearl seems gray
Against the column.

A Primer: The Modern Actor and Shakespeare

C. A. COLOMBI, JR.

The Great Lakes Shakespeare Festival at Lakewood Civic auditorium will enter into its second season with "The Comedy of Errors" on June 29, 1963.
Mr. Colombi, a member of the acting company in its first season, writes on a topical subject drawing from what he observed in the first season of the festival, and what he has learned as an actor.
— Editor's note

The performance of a role in a Shakespearean play on the modern stage is a task which most actors face with reticence when they first come up against it. When one attends a modern production of Shakespeare, however, the preparation which has gone into the acting of the production is usually not considered or regarded as highly as it should be. This is, I suppose, because the layman in the audience has never been faced with a surfeit of problems such as the ones I shall attempt to illustrate below.

I say that the actor's problems are numerous; to demonstrate this, I have chosen one of Caesar's speeches from Act II, scene 1 of *Julius Caesar:*

I could be well moved, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnished well with men,
If men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this:
That I was constant, Climber should be banished,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

Using the above speech as a model, I shall approach it for the reader as would the modern actor.

The actor would approach the role of Caesar on two levels; assuming a command of the lines he is to render from memory, he must first characterize the role, and then adopt those techniques which he must employ to bring his characterization across to the audience.

There is a marked absence of stage direction in Shakespeare, while modern script gives all the necessary aid between the lines that any actor wants — one of the hardest things to achieve in the actor's first approach to a Shakespearean role is the orientation into the work of characterization, especially if he has been pampered by the modern playwright who cautiously doles out the motivation for each line.

Turning to history for a study of the character, the actor may do himself more harm than good. Shakespeare being a creative genius, the characters are quite modified at times from their prototypes. The most effective aid, as the actor new to Shakespeare discovers after a time, is the characterization to be gleaned from the lines themselves, and from what is said about the character by the others in the play. For this reason alone, the actor must make a more extended effort to know the play as a whole, and must see the purpose of Shakespeare in writing what he did, if the role is to be played properly in its relation to the spine of the play, and to the other characters and subplots.

At this point, the actor is ready to begin rehearsal of the role. He is no longer completely on his own; the director comes to the fore to unite all the actors, and must first explain the rules of the game to its players.

The director has concentrated on the play as a whole, and has made certain determinations as to what he shall require from each actor to aid the basic concept of the play. Such determinations are, for example, whether the actors shall read their lines for the action contained within, or for the poetry. Mind you, our actor will not read Caesar as if he were reciting poetry, but he will not attempt to reduce every line to motion, either. Rather, the director will seek a hybrid of the two methods from all the actors, asking for the emphasis to be placed in one area or the other.

Thus, as I shall demonstrate by italicizing, there are two ways to render the above lines of Caesar. The first would be an attempt at a realistic interpretation, played for the action;

> The *skies* are painted with *unnumber'd sparks;/*
> They are *all fire* and every one doth *shine;/*
> *But//* there's but *one in all* doth *hold* his place:
> So/ in the *world;*

The second is the more presentational style of the two, and concentrates on the poetry of the lines (the proper caesura, and the emphasis on the imagery), in the following manner;

> The *skies* are *painted* with/ unnumber'd *sparks;*
> *They* are *all fire/* and every one doth *shine;*
> But there's *but one/* in all/ doth *hold his places*
> *So* in the *world;/*

The decision must be made, and the director will see to it that the actor sticks to the interpretation chosen throughout rehearsal, until the rendering of each line in the chosen manner is automatic.

This is the basic technique to be employed. The work has just begun, however, and much polishing will be needed before the actor is ready to perform. By "polishing" the dramatist means that the details must be added, in layers of stage business, cues, timing, and so on, until characterization and technique are blended imperceptibly into the whole character to be presented to the audience on the stage.

Of the details to be considered, changes of archaic language into the modern—much to the horror of the purists, but at the same time to the advantage of the audience in its understanding—may be discussed and employed by player and director. I have already taken the liberty of making such a change in line 10 of my first quote. The change is from the "an" of the Elizabethans to the modern equivalent "if." Refer back, and see if the change does not make quite a difference to the modern ear of the audience.

Another problem to be reckoned with, especially by the male members of the cast, is to learn to move around on stage in floor-length costume—the toga, the robes of the king, and the capes and trappings of the bishop. To move in these is no mean feat, especially if our actor would have his audience believe that he wears a toga every day, and is relaxed in one, even while climbing stairs or fending his opponents' swords.

Even the proper speaking of Shakespeare's colorful words without the loss of their subtle or colorful flavors poses a problem for the actor who has not been trained in such enunciation, and is familiar only with the relatively insipid language of the modern "method" play.

There are many other problems of acting too peculiar to the staging of Shakespeare and too obscure for the immediate understanding of the uninitiated to be presented here, but the above is an attempt to present some of the problems not seen by the audience or realized by the player unfamiliar with modern Shakespearean production.

The Mountain

RICHARD L. PATTERSON

I stir in the sprinkle of morning dew
and blush in the presence of dawn;
While pulling up cloud-sheets over my face
I take a deep breath and yawn,
Then throw off the blankets of morning mist,
And bathe in the warmth of the sun.

At midday I wade through crystal-clear streams
And proudly survey my domain
Of breeze-kissed blossoms, bending in fields,
Submitting themselves to my reign.

Then the chill of the sunset starts to descend
As the evening begins her refrain.
Slowly I'm cloaked in the velvet of night,
Crowned by the light of moonbeams;
A shadow against the sky am I,

A figment of regal dreams.
This is my destiny;
Thus will I stand —
Mighty, unconquered, eternal
— An island on land.

The Harlequin's Manual for Working Mothers

DANIEL CORBETT

The spider crawled
The baby bawled
The mother did not come.

The poison took
The baby shook,
Then she wished she'd come.

She'd sewn slippers
For others' nippers
Until she failed to come,
O,
Until she failed to come.

Themes of Grace in *Morte D'Urban*

THOMAS F. WOODS

James Farl Powers used many techniques to give *Morte D'Urban* meaning. The Arthurian motif underlying and heightening the story has been discussed by at least one critic, and Power's mastery of an ironic style will be evident to any one reading the book. What might be missed by a non-Catholic, however (and even by a Catholic reading the book hastily), is Powers' artful handling of Father Urban's progression into the true life of grace. Failure to recognize this theme would make chapters seem pointless, structure disorderly, and render the whole novel meaningless. Father Urban might even seem to be pretending his new found humility at the close of the novel.

The first step on Father Urban's path to grace comes by way of a shove. A graying, urbane fifty-four, more famous than the Order to which he belongs, Father Urban is sent to the Order of St. Clement's new retreat house, an abandoned insane asylum on the barren plains of Minnesota. He puts his transfer down to typical Clementine bungling and the malice of superiors, and decides to put up with the situation until the provincial realizes that pastors who cannot have Father Urban will go to other orders for their missions.

Meanwhile, Father Wilfrid, rector of the retreat house, wanted Father Urban to pose for pictures to go into a brochure to advertise the new retreat house. There were pictures of Father Urban at Mass, and now he was to pretend to be hoeing the frozen ground of the garden.

> Father Urban took the hoe again. He was cold, miscast, and his tailored cassock was all wrong, too. "Just trying to keep warm," he muttered, hacking at the ground. Wilf was warm in his devil's food coat. Wilf could shoot him now or not at all.
>
> "Better. Head up. Too much. There. Ah. Hold it. One more. That does it."
>
> "Thank God."
>
> "Know why I kept after you? You were posing. You had to find your own way—and you did."

Here, then, is the key to *Morte D'Urban:* if Father Urban is to find his way to grace he must work at his given task and stop posturing for the world to see.

When not posing for pictures, Father Urban's job is to scrape and paint in an effort to make St. Clement's Hill a fit retreat house. The seeming pettiness of this task sits ill on a man who considers himself something of an ecclesiastical sharp operator. He puts up with it, though, until Father Wilfrid allows him to begin taking speaking engagements to bolster the reputation of the new retreat house. It is on one of these

trips that Father Urban meets an attractive, wealthy woman who begins lending him her little sports car. While using her car he sees the situation in which he will find himself if he continues flirting at the edges of imprudence.

Substituting at a parish one Sunday, Father Urban receives an invitation to a picnic from a Mr. Zimmerman. Since Mr. Zimmerman seems fairly wealthy — — Father Urban always tries to make contact with the "better sort of people," for the good of the Order, of course — — Father Urban accepts the offer. Once at the picnic, he is introduced to a Mr. Studley, a non-Catholic who refuses to call priests "Father." Mr. Studley and his dog, Frank, try out the seats in Father Urban's borrowed car, Frank sitting on Father Urban's collar and rabat. Later, Mr. Studley shows Father Urban a World War I four-winged airplane, painted bright red and decorated with insignia suggesting the life of a playboy. Among the designs is a "mustachioed man in a high silk hat on the band of which appeared the words "SIR SATAN." Mr. Studley insists that Father Urban sit in the rear cockpit ("C'mon. I was in yours."), but the puzzled priest climbs out quickly when he finds the whole affair smelling strongly like Frank.

> "Now you have to sign my guest book," said Mr. Studley, when he touched down.
>
> Father Urban, tempted to sign himself "Father," wrote "Rev." and hoped *that* was all right.
>
> "Now I'll show you something," said Mr. Studley. "Here, here, here," he said, pointing to other names in the guest book. "And over here. And here. All priests like yourself."
>
> "You met them over at Zimmerman's?"
>
> "Not all of 'em. Now how about that drink?"
>
> "No, I don't think so. Thanks."

Having compromised his priestly dignity and registered at the devil's (or his agent's), Father Urban walks back to the picnic, where a discussion of that morning's gospel was troubling the group.

The gospel text had been Luke XVI: 1-9, dealing with the unjust steward who, knowing he was going to lose his job, wrote off portions of what his master's debtors owed in the hope of assuring himself of someone to receive him. The steward won the praise of his master, and the picnickers cannot understand how Our Lord could have meant that we should emulate a thief. Father Urban interprets the passage to illustrate "the advisability of using our present situation as a preparation for the next one . . . " He is accurate enough, but there is also another interpretation provided by Christ Himself: "Make friends for yourselves with the mammon of wickedness, so that when you fail they may receive you into everlasting dwellings." Powers never tells us that Father Urban immediately associates Luke XVI: 1-9 with his present situation. The worldly priest has more lessons to learn.

The others at the retreat house might be satisfied with ordinary lower-middle-class retreatants, but to Father Urban it seemed that if the "better sort" could be attracted to St. Clement's, it might put the place on its feet. When Father Urban learned that the property next to

St. Clement's was for sale, he persuaded Father Wilfrid to buy the land and turn it into a golf course. The "better sort" began coming to retreats at St. Clement's, naturally, and so did the diocesan clergy. Finally the Bishop himself came to look the situation over and play a round of golf. Unfortunately the Bishop did not play very well (a girl in shorts laughed when he missed the ball on the tee), especially compared to Father Urban. The Bishop fumed off the course after four holes.

Rumors began to circulate that the Bishop would like a diocesan seminary, that he liked the Clementine property, that he generally got what he liked. Father Urban began reading up on canon law governing the rights of Bishops.

One day the Bishop again decided to play St. Clement's course. He brought with him Father Feld, a man trained to run a seminary, a good golfer who had helped the Bishop improve his game. It was soon apparent to Father Urban that he was being matched against Father Feld in a contest he could not win. If he won the match, the Clementines would lose their property; if he lost the match, the Clementines would *still* lose their property. Remembering that his mentor, Father Placidus, had always said, "Be a winner!," Father Urban decided to win the match. From that point on, Powers says, Father Urban "preached a sermon in golf." Nothing he tried went wrong, no chance he took misfired. Father Feld was two strokes down on the last hole and Father Urban was on the green waiting for the others to complete their approaches when the Bishop's chip shot suddenly struck the "gray champion" of St. Clement's on the head, knocking him unconscious.

This bolt from the blue saved St. Clement's Hill, for the Bishop could not very well attach the property after what had happened. And, though nothing is implicitly stated, Father Urban was a more thoughtful, more reserved man after this accident. He began to learn that if he would only do his job, learn to respect his colleagues, and co-operate with the universal mission of the Church to teach *all* men, God's grace would work itself out in the world. There was still, however, more of God's grace to be worked out in the life of Father Urban.

The Order of St. Clement was, as mentioned, the beneficiary of material aid from Billy Cosgrove. Father Urban, as the agent who first made contact with Billy, was quite friendly with the millionaire and they often had social engagements together. After Father Urban's accident, Billy asked the recuperating priest to go fishing. In the process of stopping for Father Urban, Billy, after bullying an automobile dealer, bought St. Clement's a new station wagon. Noticing the manner in which Cosgrove made sure that his left hand knew what his right hand was doing, Father Urban mused that "that was the way Billy gave."

The fishing party stopped at the chapel before leaving, and there they found Brother Harold painting, in the Byzantine style, a stag drink-

ing from a stream. When Billy asked what this meant, it was explained the stag symbolized the church at the waters of grace.

After the little party had been at the lodge for two days without catching many fish, Billy, who had been acting boorish, sighted a deer swimming in the lake. He asked Father Urban, who had been steering the outboard, to guide over to the deer. Once alongside, he grasped the deer's antlers and began to push it beneath the water. Father Urban thought Billy was only joking. The deer had no defense and could not throw Billy off, for it could get no purchase. The animal began to drown, its large brown eyes staring pleadingly at Father Urban. The shocked priest, who until now would never have directly contradicted Billy Cosgrove for fear of losing a good contact, increased the speed of the motor. The prow of the boat shot into the air, and Billy fell into the water.

Billy climbed angrily into the boat and insisted to taking the motor. As Father Urban and he were changing places, Billy shoved the priest into the water and steered the boat away. Father Urban swam to shore and waited until the lodge owner came to pick him up.

The symbolism of this incident is fairly obvious. Billy has been drowning the Church with his public and strictly material giving. Father Urban, for once willing to oppose Billy because he is able to see the evil in the man, is plunged into grace. Importantly enough, though, Father Urban is plunged into grace unwittingly. He opposed Billy for the sake of opposing evil, not to gain grace. It came as a surprise to him that this was also a way to enter the life of grace. He entered the waters deliberately the next time.

On his way back to St. Clement's, Father Urban was offered a ride from the bus terminal by the married daughter of a rich woman at whose house he had stayed while recovering from the golf ball accident. The girl, Sally Hopwood, practiced no religion, but she was reportedly a fairly decent person. She took Father Urban to her mother's house, and from there for a ride on the small lake property. In the lake was an island on which Sally's father had built her a miniature castle when she was a child. Evening was coming on when Sally took Father Urban to the castle, gave him some Scotch, and tried to seduce him. When he bemusedly ignored her, she took off her clothes, threw her shoes at him, and went swimming. Father Urban, settling back to wait for her and to puzzle out a way to avoid embarassing her any more than necessary, heard the boat begin to pull away. Over fifty, gray, urbane, tired, his head aching from being struck by a shoe, he decided to swim for shore in the hope that he would avoid scandal. This time he entered the waters because there was no other way he could save the situation, or be saved.

Father Urban's election to provincial comes as a surprise both to him and to the reader. He had not campaigned, and he was elected be-

cause the Clementines felt their famous member could do them the most good because he was a fine promoter. But the Celementines have elected a man who, especially after the ceremonial prayers required of a new provincial set a final and public seal on his death to the world, is far different than they suppose. That he is now more interested in saving souls than being flashy puzzles them deeply. It should not, however, puzzle the reader.

Pantheism Revisited

JOHN McMAHON

The farmhouse blistered in the sun,
Its willow wept in vain
For no one saw the hollyhocks
That lined the dusty lane
And no one saw the purple hills,
The rows of dancing grain.

No one saw the snow-pure clouds
That fluffed the summer sky;
Heads were bowed to fallow earth
To spite the sparrow's cry.

No one saw the boisterous brook
That gamboled through the meads;
Eyes were turned to fields of corn
To search out bugs and weeds.
Poets dream the simple life

Their eyes do not behold;
Farmers sweat the simple life —
At night they dream of gold.

"quanto rectius hic . . ."

C. A. COLOMBI, JR.

ah, tell us What the stars and orbs
and What the moon
means—

and, ever,
all
shall grovel at the foot of Order.

lack!
we scream in heat and motion—
honky-tonk kaleidascopic.

we thirst, and foul our breath
against impenetrable dome,
but lock Him out.

". . . and he was shot"

C. A. COLOMBI, JR.

". . . and he was shot."
the radio-television-headline
blared.

and in the South, the "nigras" battle on —
and in the North a cloud hangs —
— low —
over all-white districts.
ghettos, greed, and
Little Brown Brother
still shackled.

postman's holiday
— lovely day, Hollywood day,
Liberty Letter and sandwich sign,
on the Alabama road

". . . . and he was shot."

Jackson, Mississippi.
— a fine and lovely place,
but none, I think, do there embrace.

Revolt and Revolution in Camus

JOHN S. HALLER, JR.

> Our tyranny is precisely
> for the creation of liberty
> for all, and if we must be
> tyrants, to make the people
> freer, we will be.
> (President Farrell)

There have been, according to Camus, two types of revolt. Metaphysical revolt is that revolt whereby the ends and creation of man are contested. It is called metaphysical in that it concerns the ultimate ends and values of man, and compromises modern philosiphical and literary works. On the other hand, there is the historical revolt in which man contests a factual situation—the Spanish Civil War or the Stalinist purges as an example. In either case man has set up a value which has as its basis, "solidarity" of mankind. For the rebel acts not for a purely selfish motive but rather for all men. Kaliayev and the "fastidious assassins" consent to being criminals so that the innocent might inherit a world free of suffering and injustice.

Metaphysical revolt has been characterized by a complete defiance of God. The divinity of Christ is denied. He has become merely another human sharing in this absurd creation. Man finds again that he is a solitary individual pitted against the universe. The metaphysical rebel "attacks a shattered world in order to demand a unity from it."[1] It is due to the injustice that he sees in creation and the suffering of children that forces Karamazov to reject his own salvation and denounce God as the instigator and perpetuator of death. The rebel is not an atheist but rather is a blasphemer. Originally, then, the rebel wishes equality with God so as to prevent further injustice. But finding it necessary to assert an absolute value for man (since it is now in the realm of the infinite) the rebel is forced into revolution. As the slave was forced into a struggle to wear the crown, so the metaphysical rebel is forced to deny God. In destroying the throne of God the rebel must then create the unity, justice and order that he had sought in his previous condition of servitude. Having asserted an absolute, the rebel moves from this absurd "idea" and begins "the desperate effort to create," despite his contingency and inherent weakness.[2] It is at this point that revolution has destroyed the essence of rebellion. The rebel has forgotten his original purpose and is attempting to create what he was previously trying so desperately to destroy.

> Caligula:
> No, it's something higher,
> far above the gods, that I'm
> aiming at, longing for with

all my heart and soul. *I am*
taking over a kingdom where
the impossible is king.[3] (italics mine)

The rebel, seeing the tools of the Creator, projects the consequences of his own illogical assertion to power. If everything was permitted for God, then the rebel must also be free. He justifies his freedom by attempting to unite mankind. If God kills (not tolerates death) according to Sade, then man is permitted to do likewise. For Sade, man was to become nature's executioner. Since there is universal suffering without there being any guilt, then virtue is non-existent.

At this point the rebel departs into nihilism. Nietzche did not deny God; he declared Him to be dead. If such were the case, then whatever man affirms is the true morality. There is no ultimate value on which man's acts are made to conform. By allowing man to obtain his own salvation, any means used are necessary according to his nature. But for Nietzsche, freedom was founded on law. Therefore, man must attain freedom by creating his own set of laws. Hence there is complete subordination at the point where man is about to achieve complete freedom.

This law which Nietzsche alludes to is that of the cosmos. But what does this mean? Every individual, whether conscious of it or not, collaborates with cosmos. What Nietzsche intends is not liberation but rather subordination to the inevitable—to death. In such a state the executioner and condemned are one. Murder becomes acceptable since it is merely a means of arriving more quickly to this end.

Nada:
Forward, let's all join
in a general suppression.
It's not enough suppressing
others, let's suppress
ourselves. Here we are
gathered together, oppressors
and oppressed, a happy band
of victims waiting in the
arena. Go to it, bull: now
for the universal cleanup.[4]

Evil is non-existent. What used to be evil is now an aspect of the good which is, in turn "the human spirit bowed proudly to the inevitable."[5]

Insummary, this rebellion is another manifestation of the slave who rebels with an idea and then destroys his rebellion by attempting to secularize the idea into the experimental order in an "all or nothing" campaign. The negation asserted by the rebel was transposed by Nietzsche to revolution wherein the material world was made to conform to the secularization of the negation. The rebel creates his own prison in which he awaits the "reign of necessity," or rather he cooperates with his executioner in building the guilotine so as not to interfere with the natural order and law of the cosmos which has dictated his death.

For Camus, the historical revolt has suffered the same consequences of the metaphysical. Whereas the Marquis de Sade laid the foundations

for the latter by his assault against heaven, so too, Rosseau, in *Du Contrat Social* attributes to the people what power was previously in the hands of God and His divine right rulers. Where metaphysical revolution destroyed itself in attempting the unity of the world, so also the historical revolution ended by attempting the totality of the world. Both are products of an "all or nothing" decision which is the exact point where rebellion is transposed into revolution, where the rebel injects the "idea" into historical experience.

Du Contrat Social created and amplified a new spirit above and beyond the individual, to which was attributed infallibility and capacity of guidance of the individual as part of an indivisible whole. The Will of the people has no limits. It is its own law. Thus a new god is born, and with it is a religion with its own martyrs and saints. The new morality is man's nature, and the new laws will be products of the general will as codified by its representatives.

> . . . institutions . . . will govern in turn the lives of all men by universal accord and without possibility of contradiction since by obeying the laws all will only be obeying themselves.[8]

Again as one can see, there is still no freedom. For the general will is an absolute. It is a religion and hence must be treated as one would treat theology. If such is the case the individual has then created out of his misery an unchangeable system. To transgress it is to suffer the consequences. Whereas man previously has suffered in the hands of a remote God ruling in the natural order through His representative kings, man now suffers in the hands of his *own* creation—the mystique of the common will.

The new system was only applicable as long as the people abided in the law. The mystique of the common will was compromised by those who assumed the responsibility of promulgating what befitted the common will, (but which was, in essence, another static force comparable to the king who had been killed. What results from this situation is either individual or state terrorism. Unity is the immediate goal of both these alternatives. But for Camus, the logical outcome has been the scaffold; for it alone can assure unity. It alone can purify the Republic and prevent the betrayal of "universal reason." But to accomplish unity, a Reign of Terror must first be applied to purge the guilt. The state in such instances has fallen into the trap of believing their own revolution to be the final achievement of man and the end of history. The City of Man almost exists. The absolute is just a step away from being realized. But its realization hinges on totality. For it is only when the last guilt is finally destroyed that unity can be achieved. It is only then that the systematic execution of the guilty is no longer justified. Camus sees their mistake in substituting totality for unity.

Thus the City of Man for the Communist has had to await the final destruction of capitalism and the exploitation of the proletariat. In the

meantime an interim government of dictators will carry on the functions of state in its battle against those who delay the final goal. Just as Stepan in complete "innocence" asks Dora in the *Just Assassins* how many bombs would be needed to destroy Moscow, so too the vanguard of dictators must recognize culpability in man in order to begin the reign of the innocent by way of the scaffold. It is "all or nothing." The delay in attaining the City of Man is not due to the assassins but rather due to the sins of people.

With respect to individual terrorism, Camus is a bit more explicit. Since the state is the incarnation of crime, then, for the terrorist, revolution will be the incarnation of good. To insure this "good," violence and destruction are used as materials for creation. But again they have fallen into the trap; their action is justified by loving a world which does not yet exist.

> Kaliayev:
> as to build up a world in which
> there will be no more killing.
> We consent to being criminals so
> that at last the innocent, and
> only they, will inherit the
> earth.[7]

Then too, the terrorism of Stepan brings to the forefront the more hardened of the revolutionaries. It is Stepan who criticizes Kaliayev's refusal to throw the bomb because of the presence of children in the carriage. It is only when people stop sentimentalizing about children that the world will be mastered. Stepan's revolt was not bounded by limits. Limits meant merely that the rebel was unsure of his goal.

Kaliayev, on the other hand, accepted the limits of his revolt. His limit rested in the fact that in taking a life he accepted the responsibility of giving his own in just payment. "Death will be my supreme protest against a world of tears and blood."[8] Their limit resides in the value which they place on human life and the love of mankind. But despite this altruistic approach, their success depends on the intentions of their successors who might *not* pay with their own lives, the killing of others. In other words, the limits assumed by these "fastidious assassins" of 1905 might at any later date be betrayed by terrorists like Stepan who do not respect limits.

Camus sees man as one who has suddenly found himself in a thrashing sea and finds that his only support is in the buoyancy of the body itself. His attitude is one of complete seriousness and honesty. In this predicament the drowning individual has two alternatives. He can either depend on his own self-will or he may hope in something beyond himself. The answer for Camus lies in the former. For to fight death is to demand meaning in life. To depend on something beyond is to surrender to man's futility and meaningless creation. He is forced to believe in that which does not exist or cannot be provided to exist. But what does this mean in regards to rebellion and revolution?

In the past one hundred and fifty years man has forgotten his contingency; he has failed to see himself as he really is in the universe. As a resuult the rebel has tried to rival the Creator to the point where he no longer remembers his original purpose in revolting, but spurred on by Jacobin and thoughtless glory, he attempts to create in a vacuum. Unlike the artist who projects his idea without going beyond reality (since he must use the world as a model), the rebel is carried to extremes and negates what should be affirmed. Europe has immersed herself in a struggle for totality. She has glorified only the future rule of Reason which Hegel injected into modern thought. In the struggle, the rebel has lost his origin and footing. Wanting only to find meaning, he has run the gambit of driving God from heaven, and, smothered in nihilism, he begins the effort to create a fruitless world of absolutes—the same world which caused his revolt.

In a desperate appeal, Camus calls for a limit. Mankind must recognize itself for what it is. Man must begin, like the Greeks, with values which preceed any action. Modern philosophy has placed what values it has at the end of action, thereby justifying any and all means towards their achievement. In so doing man has turned his back on beauty and nature. He has attempted to kill God and in the same swift stroke has tried to create a Church. Meaning has been struck from purpose. His contradictory aims lead not to a serene calm but rather to an empty wasteland.

Rebellion is, in itself, a moderation; and as such, is limited. Like Kaliayev, it is willing to sacrifice itself. The triumph for Camus does not lie in revolution. For as soon as the revolution is completed the revolutionaries demand a static society for their abortive creation. It results in the mere supplanting of the master by the slave *ad infinitum*.

The true rebellion is a continuous assertion of freedom mastered by intelligence and moderation. An end is never asserted. There is never a definite goal. There is a constant pressure within the system for justice, freedom, etc. To understand rebellion one must be capable of love. For those who rebel, there must be compassion for those who suffer. There must be a hatred for injustice but an affirmation of a tangible value inherent in man's contingent nature. Rebellion is not a demand for total freedom or justice. It attacks totalities as that which enslaves man. There should be indifference with regards to the future. Man must be conscious wholly of the present. To leap beyond is to end in nothingness. As Rieux in *The Plague* ses life, so also must the rebel. Like the plague, life too, is unpredictable. It is useless to find an end or beginning. To catalogue it, to decipher it, to see its direction is ridiculous—an absurd projection of the human mind. Rieux sees the plague with complete indifference. His sole purpose as a doctor is to work with what is immediately before

him—the suffering and death of his fellow men. To see the present and not to despair, to work with man and not with a dream is the task of man. "Human love centers our pain around a face," not an idea.[9]

1. Albert Camus, *The Rebel,* trans. Anthony Bower (New York: Vintage Books, 1956), pp. 23-24.
2. *Ibid.,* p. 25.
3. Albert Camus, "Caligula," *Caligula and Three other Plays,* p. 16.
4. Albert Camus, "State of Seige," *Caligula and Three other Plays,* p. 215.
5. Albert Camus, *The Rebel,* pp.74-75.
6. *Ibid,* pp. 122-123.
7. Albert Camus, "The Just Assassins," *Caligula and Three other Plays,* p. 215.
8. *Ibid.,* p. 294.
9. Francois Mauriac, *The Stumbling Block,* (New York: Philosophical Library, 1952) p. 51.

Claire de Lune

PAN THEOPHYLACTOS

I cannot see a good Summer go
But wondering I look at the sea's bed
For Autumn of the blonde head,
Whose smile has such a misty glow;
And after her, by fireside red,
I welcome Winter's hush of snow,
As Spring burst in on me instead.

Come they with temper quick or slow,
In nature sullen or sublime,
I overlook their moods; the blow
That fells a tree I count no crime;
Without their tricks I would not know
The children of my old friend, Time.

De Amicitia

THOMAS A. GIANFAGNA

Hell is the web of the empty,
the dampening cask of the lonely.
Hell is a mindless scream without voice,
or the grasp of a fingerless hand in a void.
Hell on this earth is a hell in the heart,
when a man knows not the warmth of the hearth,
when an unfriendly soul is cold,
when a friendless heart is old.

Cleveland

RALPH WHITAKER

Hybrid of European revolts
Open your hearts to all who enter;
Build up your gardens In-Memoriam;
Yours is a place of Americana.
Industry laid-low within your Flats — —
A heart beat of misunderstood beauty.
Your history of Millionaires' Row
Brought Culture to this city of workers.
All your Hannas, Wades, and Paines
Make you a city of culture.
Build up your Circles and Squares;
And with your steeples clang no to
Marx and Lenin — —
For the Workers have found their Eden.