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Regis Round-Up Magazine (Literary Journal), Vol 10 No 1 Winter, 1960

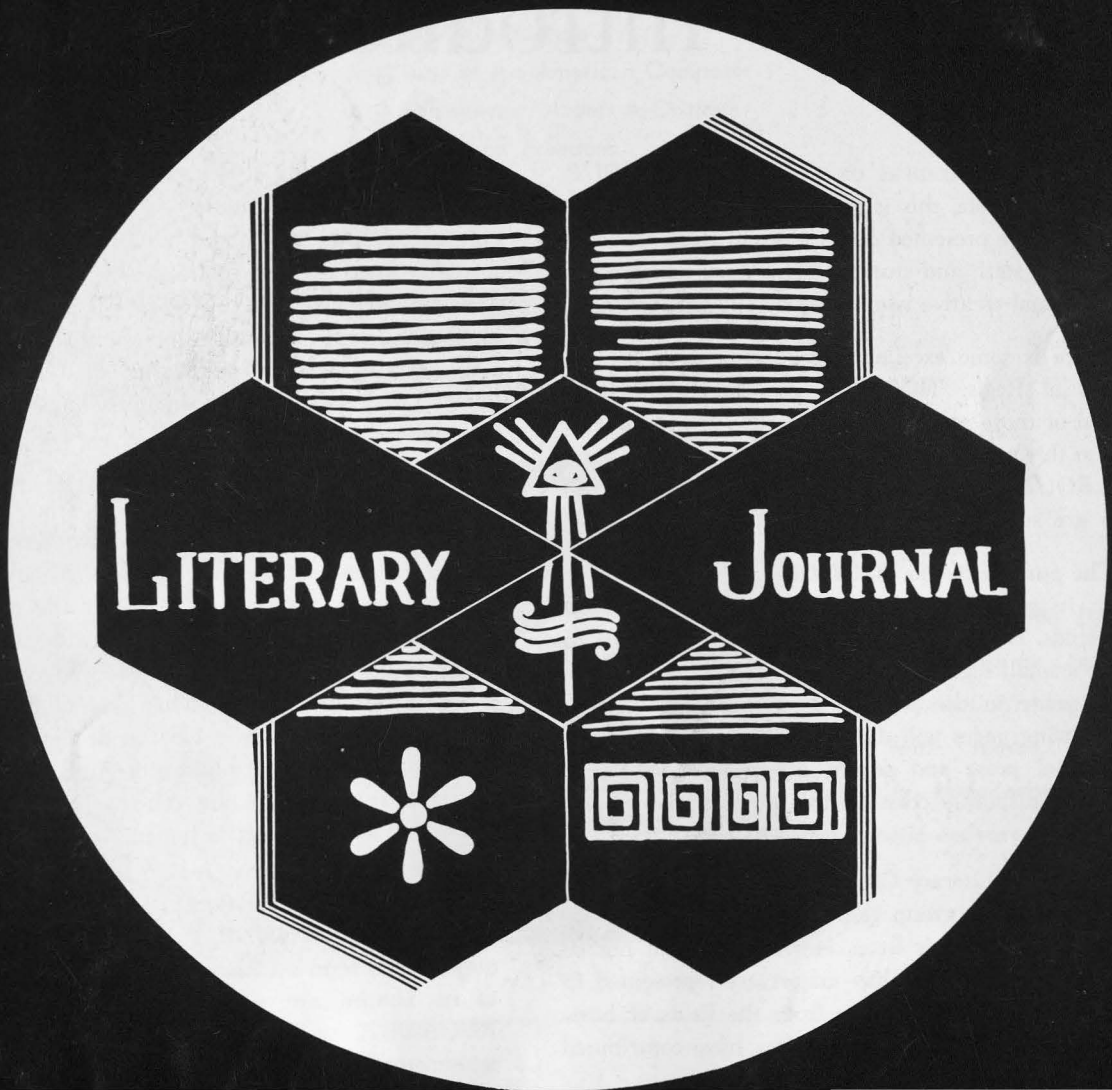
Regis

ROUNDUP

Winter, 1960

MAGAZINE

presents...



By Way of Introduction...

As REGULAR READERS OF the *Regis ROUNDUP Magazine* will note, this is not a regular *ROUNDUP*. Past issues have presented descriptions of Regis College, its structure, staff, and students. This issue will present instead, actual creative work done by students of Regis.

There is some excellent work being done by the students of Regis. This needs no expanation. It is expected of those in the Jesuit educational system. The fact that this work is being presented through this issue of the *ROUNDUP* does, perhaps, need an explanation. There are several.

The purpose of the *ROUNDUP* is to interpret the college, its programs and its plans to alumni, parents, and friends. It is the purpose of this particular issue to present a small segment of what some students are producing today in the way of creative thought. Thus, the following pages will display a wide and varied assortment of prose and poetry, selections which were thought to display a cross-section of material by Regis students.

The Regis Literary Club, through its board of editors, has been the group responsible for the compiling of the material in this issue. However, it must not be concluded that only English majors are represented in the following pages. Students from the fields of business, science, philosophy, and history have contributed immeasurably to this final product.

Thus it can be seen that a great deal of effort was put forward to complete this publication. But why, at this particular time? There are two specific reasons.

Creative writing at Regis has long needed an organ for publication. The Literary Club, with the cooperation of both the faculty and administration of Regis, is currently attempting to establish this organ. It is hoped that this issue of the *ROUNDUP* will serve as a means for gaining some knowledge of alumni and parent reaction to the eventual publication of a Regis Literary Journal as a separate and independent production of the student body.

Regis students are capable of good writing. The fruits of this capability were seen last year when Regis, the smallest school of the Jesuit Midwestern Provinces, won both first and second places in the annual intercollegiate essay contest sponsored by the colleges and universities of these provinces. A creative writing class currently being taught by Fr. Boyle will eventually improve on this background. This issue of the *ROUNDUP* serves as a showcase for the developments which are bringing Regis more and more into the intellectual spotlight. It serves as a test vehicle for the regular Literary Journal which, it is hoped, will follow.

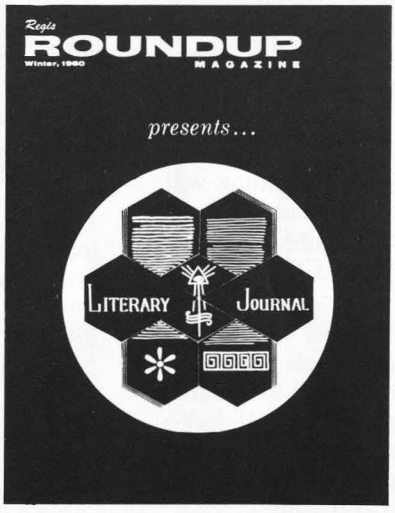
There is a seasonal reason why the time is now propitious for a publication of Regis's creative thought through the *ROUNDUP*. It has been the policy of the magazine to send a Christmas greeting from the college to its alumni and friends. With this issue of the *ROUNDUP*, the students join with the faculty and administration in sending a Christmas gift. Our Christmas gift is this special issue of the *ROUNDUP*, an issue which is a product of certain intellectual currents presently operative in the college, an issue which, in a sense, actually *is* a part of Regis — Tom Remington.

Regis
ROUNDUP MAGAZINE

Winter, 1960 Volume X Number 1

Member American Alumni Council

In this issue . . .



THE COVER

The Crest of the Literary Club, drawn by Leroy Garcia, symbolically represents faith, reason, and creativity: three necessities for artistic endeavor.

Regis Roundup Magazine is published five times a year in August, October, December, February, and May, by the Public Information Office, to interpret the college, its programs, and its plans to alumni and friends. All letters, inquiries and manuscripts should be addressed to this office.

The HERO on the Catholic College Campus

by Tom Remington

(Ed. Note: This article won first place in the Jesuit Inter-collegiate Essay Contest for Midwestern Provinces of the Society of Jesus in 1960.)

"The Grail's secret must be concealed
And never by any man revealed,
For as soon as this tale is told. . . ."

The drying of the leaves and the dying of the trees cast a somber spell across the waste land. Ironically, the site had first been chosen for the campus because of its fertility and lush vegetation. Presently, however, the area was enduring a prolonged period of drouth, and the dry summer had burned the few blades of grass emerging from the parched earth. The glaring afternoon sun glinted on the chipped columns in front of the administration building, but failed to warm the keen autumn winds that howled mournfully across the desolate campus.

Into this depressing September scene, at the wheel of his powerful automobile, journeyed Christopher Gowin. The noble youth was gaily arrayed in garments befitting his status as a student. Saddle oxfords and argyle socks contrasted sharply with his dark flannel slacks. Beneath his conservatively-striped three-button sport coat was a colorful shirt with a buttoned-down collar. A tan trench coat with bright tartan lining rested across the front seat of the late-model convertible.

Christopher was well-prepared for his educational quest. He possessed a keen intellect and a strong will to learn. Having for a year attended an excellent private school where his uncle taught, young Gowin had transferred to the more distant Catholic College. Here he thought that he would be more able to obtain the education that was his goal.

From the first, Christopher displayed the qualities of an excellent student. He worked diligently, with a desire to do more than was required. His peers enjoyed his pleasant and intellectually stimulating company. His superiors, approving his attitude and example, esteemed him.

The young man seemed to have everything necessary for happiness and the fulfillment of his vocation, but he felt neither happy nor fulfilled. Although looked upon with admiration by all, Christopher himself was dissatisfied in a manner he could not understand.

He tried to overcome this feeling by applying himself even more forcefully to his studious efforts, but was uncomforted. Although excelling in sports, he found no relief in physical activities. Search his mind though he would, he could not locate the source of his uneasiness.

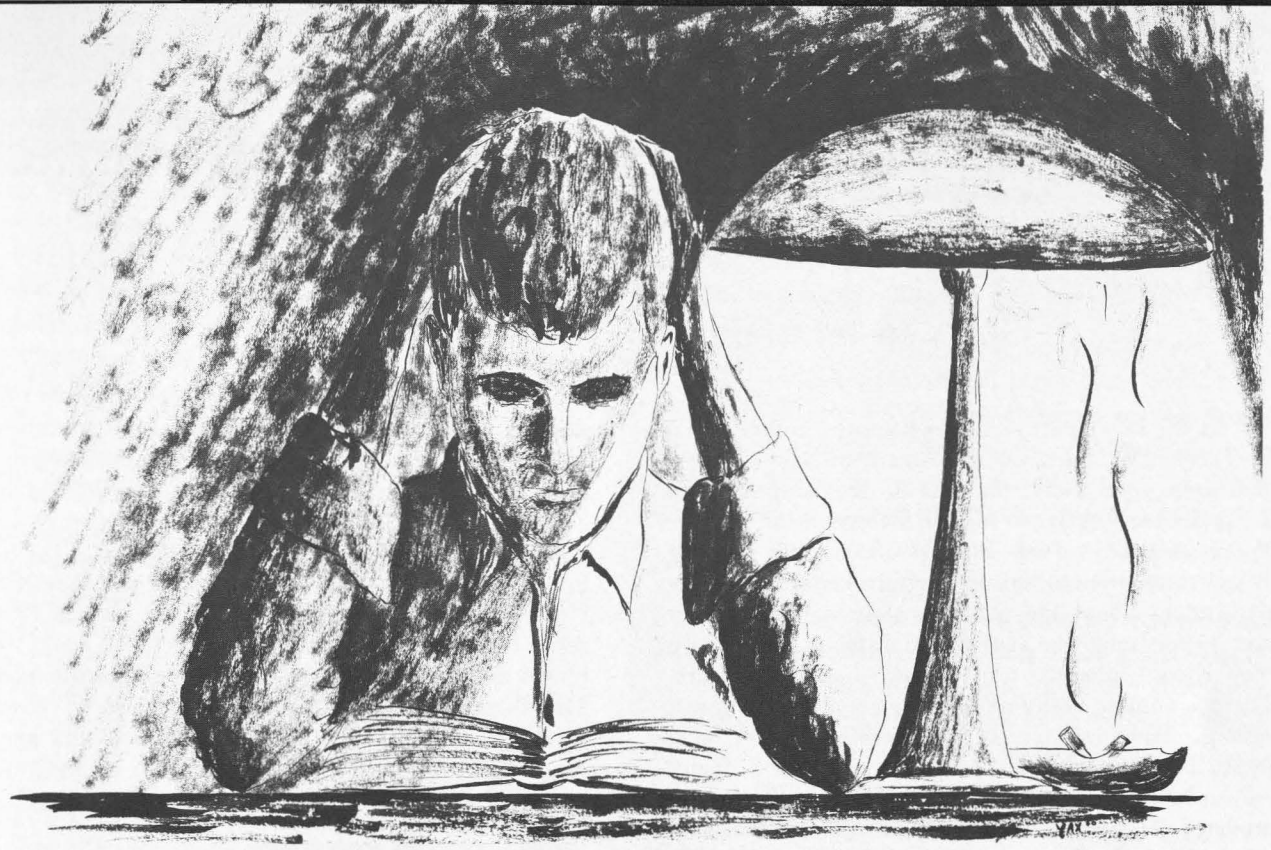
His family had taught him that education was a lofty goal, a chalice which was passed to all men and from which all good men drank deeply. Thus he valued the opportunity to receive a formal education. Naturally, many of his associates at the College didn't hold this attitude, the disparity of opinion resulting in many heated discussions between Christopher and his fellow students. For a while, young Gowin supposed the prevalence of this malignant attitude, coupled with the dreary physical surroundings, to be the source of his discomfort. He soon realized, however, that the origin of his difficulty was not external, but within himself. It was as though the seeds of the disturbance had been with him his whole life, but only recently had the weed taken root in his mind and made him aware of its baneful presence.

FALL PASSED INTO a long cold winter during which no snow fell to relieve the arid condition of the land. The semester ended, and Christopher, while receiving good grades, felt a coldness in his heart that equalled the frigidity of the dry air. He continued to bury himself in his studies.

During this period he was thankful for a growing friendship with one of his teachers, Father Rex Fisher, a brilliant man and an interesting conversationalist. Father Fisher, having been at the College for many years, had now grown to look as withered as the campus on which he resided.

In spite of the priest's cadaverous appearance, Christopher enjoyed his company and visited with him often. One statement Father Fisher had made following a chess game had particularly intrigued the youth.

"At times," he had said, moving the board aside and staring at the dying fire, "I think that there are no students left who clearly understand why they are students. And yet, this is a realization to which they must come before they can possibly achieve any success along educational lines. It's too bad that a teacher can't force a student to a full realization of this point. . . ." He stared at the flames and they flickered to life



— drawing by Yax

for a brief moment. "A good teacher can hint at it, but ultimately, the truth of the matter must come to the student from within himself." The fire faded.

"It is irrelevant how many degrees a person holds; without this understanding, he cannot honestly call himself an educated man." His dry voice dropped to a whisper. "In the same way, a teacher who cannot arouse a student's interest to the degree where the individual will seek for this truth until it is found, is not an educator, but merely a presenter of facts."

It was the only time the priest had ever preached to Christopher, but the sermon made a profound impression.

Time did not pass quickly, but time did pass. The long cold winter, however, did not. March was nearly over, but the weather was that of December, bitter and cruel.

The time of Easter vacation had come, and with many of the students returning home, the dormitory was nearly empty. The brevity of the vacation made it impossible for Christopher to visit his family, and he spent most of the time in his room reading and thinking. Occasionally, in his solitude young Gowin could feel the tide of his anguish well up, nearly washing him away to despair. Valiantly, he sought comfort elsewhere.

On April 1, the Feast of the Resurrection, he attentively assisted at the Holy Sacrifice and remained kneeling when the Mass was over to give thanks.

The lamps were extinguished, and the soft glow of early morning sunlight filtering in through the stained glass window was the only source of illumination in the darkened building. While Christopher prayed, he recalled the words of Father Lange, who had given the sermon to the few students who were present. ". . . It is a time of happiness. It is a time for us to undergo a moral and physical resurrection. Remember that man is a rational animal. It is not enough for a man to unknowingly do the will of God, as does a non-rational being. God has given us intelligence because He wills us to know something of His intentions for us. In this way we may enter into His plans in a co-operative manner, both freely and intelligently. . . ."

CONSIDERING THIS THOUGHT carefully and accepting it fully, Christopher prayed for aid in using his faculties to act for the greater honor and glory of God. He directed his will to the Lord and asked for help in utilizing his talents to fulfill the divine will for him.

As the hero left the chapel, filled with a peace he could not understand, he felt the humid air of the outside warm his body as the fire within warmed his soul. Walking across the campus, he inhaled deeply and caught the sweet scent of lilacs in the breeze. As he directed his steps toward the dormitory, he noticed the youthful figure of a priest approaching him. It was with some amazement that Christopher greeted a tanned and healthy Father Fisher. After the priest had passed, Gowin felt a few drops of moisture kiss his his face. Looking up at the overcast sky, he heard the melodious sound of thunder in the distance. He hastened his steps, but was unable to reach the dormitory before the storm broke. When he entered the building, he was drenched.

The drouth had ended.

WALT WHITMAN: Poet of Democracy

by John L. Gribben

In the latter part of the eighteenth century, Alexis de Tocqueville described the American man of letters and, more specifically, the poet of democratic nations. Richard Chase (*Walt Whitman Reconsidered*, William Sloane Associates, New York, 1955, Chapter II, page 82) cites this description as "certain remarkable prognostications about the qualities of imagination American writers might be expected to display when, finally, they should produce a genuinely native literature." There is nothing really remarkable about the progonstications. They are merely the development of a set thesis, based on Tocqueville's observation of a democracy as he saw it develop in North America. These ideas provided Tocqueville with a yardstick by which he measured the influence of the rising democratic spirit on business, social and domestic relations, politics and war, as well as upon language and literature.

Tocqueville readily admits that the Americans have no poets. In the traditional sense, there was very little possibility for the development of a poet on the American scene. The principle of equality not only diverts men from the description of ideal beauty; it also diminishes the number of objects to be described. Thus, the American poet will have no universe peopled with supernatural creatures with which to indulge his fancy, since the principle of equality tends to simplify religious belief and to divert attention from secondary agents, fixing it principally on the Supreme Power. Democracy also gives man an instinctive distaste for what is ancient, while, at the same time, it robs him, in part, of the present. In democratic communities, where all men are insignificant and very much alike, each man instantly sees all his fellows when he sees himself. Poets, therefore, can never take any man in particular as the subject of a piece; for "an object of slender importance, which is distinctly seen on all sides, will never lend itself to an ideal conception." The American poet has little chance, then, of establishing himself as a poet on traditional grounds. He has no past, no present, no heroes, no gods, no myths.

What, then, will be the basis of the American poet's poetry? "Democratic nations care but little for what has been, but they are haunted by visions of what will be; in this direction their unbounded imagination grows and dilates beyond all measure. The American people views its own march across the wilds — drying swamps, turning the course of rivers, peopling solitudes, and subduing nature. This magnificent image of themselves does not meet the gaze of the Americans at intervals only; it may be said to haunt every one of them in his least as well as in his most important actions, and to be always flitting before his mind. Nothing conceivable is so petty, so insipid, so crowded with paltry interests, in one word, so anti-poetic, as the life of a man in the United States. But among the thoughts which it suggests, there is always one which is full of poetry, and that is the hidden nerve which gives vigor to the flame." The future, then, will be one source for a possible American poetry. The other foundation will be the American concept of self, not merely as an individual, but as a representative of the nation or of mankind.

CHASE CITES THESE IDEAS of Tocqueville at some length, and then proceeds to discuss Walt Whitman's position as a mythic poet. The fact that Chase chooses to develop this theme is sufficient proof of possibilities of its development and of its interest to a professional student of Whitman. However, I find it far more fascinating to see how far Whitman realized Tocqueville's prophecy of what the American poet of the future would be.

We can grant that Whitman did make use of his own created myths and that his poetry did contain a mythical element. Allowing an Odysseus theme in "Song of the Open Road," and a touch of Achilles and Hector in, perhaps, some of the "Drum-Taps," as well as a primeval timelessness about the Whitman myth of Democracy, Brotherhood, Law, and Lawlessness, we might better discuss whether or not Whitman himself, in his "tendency toward the mythic and emblematic which has transformed in American hands so many potential 'novels' into 'romances' and so many poems into 'prophecies' was a myth or merely a formula . . . "hankering, gross, mystical, nude," a "chanter of Adamic songs," the Good Gray Poet and the Sage of Camden, or a Solitary Singer, a brother searching for brotherhood, uncertain, pre-occupied with death and expressing himself with bravado and vigour to meet a spirit which he made himself big enough to understand and surpass. Poseur or sage? The usually voluble Whitman gives us too little to judge from in his reports of himself. We can judge him from his poems to be either a myth or a man, remarkably complex under any aspect.

We can say with certaintly that Whitman far surpassed any concept of the American poet that might

have entered Tocqueville's mind or imagination. Here was a poet who heard America singing as it marched across the wilds, as it walked the city streets, as it stood in the slave marts or spilled fraternal blood on the battle fields. This poet found no petty, insipid interests in the life of a man in the United States, or, if he did, he touched them with glory and removed from them the stigma of "anti-poetic." He found the poetry of the future in the America that he knew. He also found at least one of his contemporaries who was not insignificant. "When Lilacs Last In the Dooryard Bloom'd" idealized a man who was already an ideal, even though there were men who had considered him as less than an equal. If the number of objects to be idealized were diminished by democratic living and thinking, Whitman was not aware of the fact. The Songs of *Sea-Drift,* as well as many other poems, idealize countless specific things of nature in a particular as well as in a general way.

IT IS TRUE THAT Whitman will deal with the Supremen Power rather than with secondary agents, and that this was a result of his democratic spirit. If he expected the Supreme Power to be just as democratic as he was, that was an outgrowth of his concept of self, as well as of the principle of equality. In this, perhaps, Tocqueville was grotesquely correct. And the Whitman who salutes the world exudes the concept of self, not merely as an individual, although he violently protests his individuality, but as a representative of the nation and of mankind.

Tocqueville's conclusions might have been completely valid before Whitman appeared on the American scene, and they might apply with some force to many of the poets who followed Whitman. In Whitman, however, we find the "hidden nerve which gives vigour to the frame." He was the one possibility that Tocqueville discounted or ignored, a man who transcended the provincialism of Tocqueville's America and expanded the notion of democracy from a mere political system to a way of living and a way of thinking and, what was most important, to a way of feeling. With all his faults, personal and poetic, Walt Whitman not only heard America singing, but he wrote the music to its song. Perhaps America today should heed the good in his music, to renew its vigour and rebuild its faith in its own destiny.

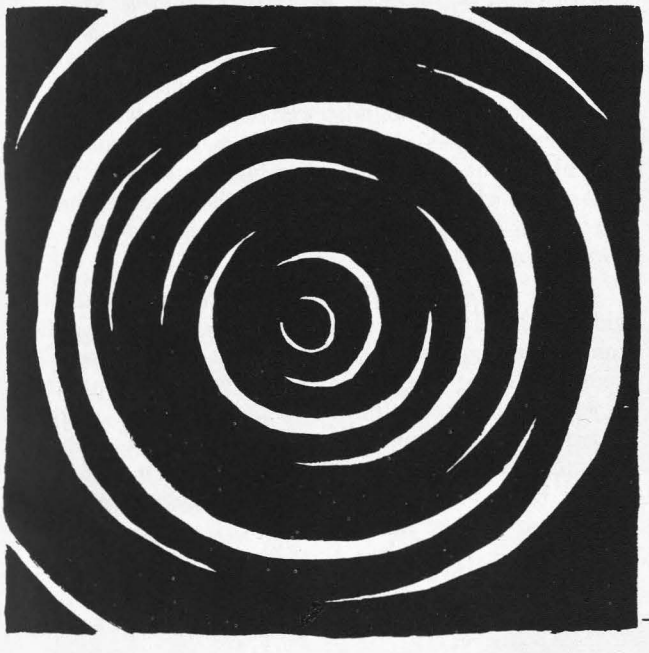
LIFE-WATERS

First caught as a torrent in
Fall, water gush, plunging
Death-like-deep, breaks,
Pants in huddled confusion.
Young riplets scuffle mongst
Harbored juttings while
Brooding adults stretch forth
Their foamy fingers.

Cue caught, the gypsy waters
Roll, rise, then break and
Bounce, till aimed family
Giggles and dances toward
A broader yard.
Scroll-like, it skirts the
Marsh and slaps the frightened
Hillside.

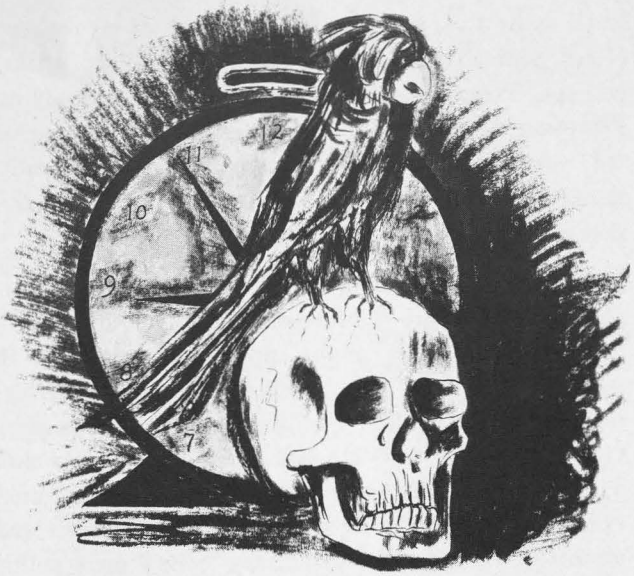
Sea nourished though sea
Yoked, this blend is
Eternity. Yet, by nature's
Charge, the crystal vagabond
Leaps agog into villenage.
Engulfed, the waters drink
In life, drink till life
And they are one.

An echoing spring rose
In an intruder. Father love,
Flood, flush, yet rescue me.
You taunt as distant sea,
But world smell and spirit
Foul bog down man. Scavenge
My being that I may gulp,
And drown in Thee.



— drawing by Clinton

— by Tom Metz



— drawing by Yax

TOOTHGNASH

by Bob Cook

Dean Whitetomb, B.T., M.T., T.D.
Tempters Training College
East Hell

MY DEAR TOOTHGNASH,

Congratulations! You are hereby commissioned to the rank of Tempter and are now ready to serve Our Father. You will proceed to the American sector and then report to St. Michael's College. There you will find your patient, a student, and you will make yourself his constant companion. Now please bear in mind that I am being especially good to you by sending you to the "land of plenty." We get more souls from that sector than any other. Also remember that any acts of incompetence on your part will be received with great disfavor by me, and you will be made to pay a severe penalty. It is your duty to do everything possible to gain his soul for the Father, and I shall now endeavor to give you some helpful hints.

The first thing that you must do is to keep the real purpose of attending college from your patient. It is of prime importance that the patient never comes to the realization that in college, abysmal institution that it is, his purpose will be to Learn how to Learn and then to Learn. This alone will unfortunately perfect a human in the way in which the Enemy wants. Next, this human would gain knowledge of the Enemy's works, and he would then come to a better understanding of Him. A secondary result would be that this knowledge would enable him in the future to conduct himself on a practical level in the manner in which the abominable Enemy would be pleased. If ever your patient discovers these truths, we will have lost a major battle.

However, unless by the slightest chance of good fortune he is a complete fool, your patient has undoubtedly perceived that there is some sort of purpose for attending college. If this purpose is found to be the one just described, then it will be your job to see that no attempt is made to fulfill it. There is only one way to prevent a human from acting. That is for you, my dear Toothgnash, to make the act so undesirable that the human will soon cease his silly efforts. If your patient begins to actually WANT to Learn, our Cause will be in a most desperate situation.

The fact that this mis-led human (there are few who are not) has made the singularly distasteful decision to attend a Catholic college will hamper our style somewhat. If you are careful, however, you will be able to get your victim to take on an attitude which will be most acceptable for our purposes. Encourage him to feel that the Church is forcing him to save his soul, since most young humans hate to be forced into doing anything, your patient will break from the Church. If he should do this, it would be most sensible.

It is possible that your victim has conceived some notion about getting an education in college. Very well, let him "learn" all the facts, names, and dates, so that he can parrot them back to the teacher, but do not, Hell forbid, let him use them to develop an intellectual insight. Also this memorization will help deceive him into believing that he is getting an education.

I wish you great success and I will be anxiously awaiting your report.

Insidiously yours,
WHITETOMB

☆ ☆ ☆

Dean Whitetomb, B.T., M.T., T.D.
Tempters Training College
East Hell

MY DEAR TOOTHGNASH,

I note from your report that you have lost considerable ground. The stupid way in which you handled your patient is the talk of Hell. Had you paid the slightest attention to your professor in our College, you would have known not to argue with a patient. There is no better way to awaken a patient's reason than by arguing, and who can tell what will happen if reason becomes operative in a patient's mind. Do remember that you cannot establish our cause by the same logic given to humans by the Enemy, instead you are to use that peculiar kind of logic which Hell alone affords.

I did not care for the statement in your report that said that I did not tell you how to prevent your patient from discovering the purpose of attending college. Do I have to tell you everything? Learn to accept the burden of your own responsibilities. Fortunately for you, the patient did not discover the complete purpose of college, only the part about learning how to learn. What you should have done instead of arguing with him was to twist what he had learned into working for our Omnipotent (well, not quite) Father.

One way in which you could now deal with the patient would be to let him question his own logic and

thinking ability. Also let him question the truthfulness of others, and eventually he will say, "I cannot really know." If the human does this, we will have happily achieved the destruction of reality in the patient's foolish mind.

This appears to be an opportune time to use one of our best weapons discovered by our Research Society For the Advancement and Enlightment of Demons: Complacency. Persuade your human that he now has a little knowledge, and that a little is all that is necessary. Incidentally, this kind of persuasion has been used by our fellow fiends quite successfully. Also let him think that he is now as good or better than anyone else, and that there is no real need to advance further. I warn you, should you ever let this human discover that there is no such thing as holding the line, only progression or regression, you will pay plenty! However, in your case it makes little difference, because your patient does not yet WANT to Learn. See to it that he never does!

If the Enemy should help your patient overcome these tactics, turn to others such as this one. We normally like to keep things out of the mind, but in this case teach him the remainder of the purpose as we in Hell know it to be, thanks to our Philosophy and Theology Department. He should Learn and gain knowledge in order that he will be so much better than some of the other humans. Teach him further that an education is to be used to get money. With money he can be a socialite, have all sorts of lavish personal possessions, and can indulge in the pleasures of sex and drink. One of your fellow tempters used this tactic, "To do the right deed for the wrong reason." However, that sneaky, conniving Enemy warned the human and we lost that soul.

You are doing rather well in inspiring the patient to adopt such faults as procrastination and impatience towards others. I am also pleased to hear that he has made friends with a few young humans who have all the vices necessary for them to lead a bad life in Hell. However, be sure not to forget to work on the main points that I have told you about.

Insidiously yours,
WHITETOMB

☆ ☆ ☆

Dean Whitetomb, B.T., M.T., T.D.
Tempters Training College
East Hell

MY DEAR TOOTHGNASH,

You, my beloved fiend, are not even worthy of the name Tempter. You have completely bungled the best opportunity that a Demon could ever have. You are given a delightfully stupid young human just out of high school, and you allow him to have an intellectual awakening. If you are not careful, you will end up back in Hell shovelling brimstone.

The things that you have allowed your human to Learn are overwhelming. Were you asleep when your patient grasped the whole purpose of attending college? This would not have been so bad had your patient not gone ahead and started to actually fulfill his vocation as a college student. It is plain to see that that oppressive Enemy has been giving him extra attention. However, this does not excuse your ineptitude. Not only is your patient using his vocation to begin to Know the Enemy, but he is also preparing for the practicalities of the future. Why did you not tell him that in matters of this sort the future is of no consequence, only the present? That way he would not in the least care about preparing for the future.

According to what I can gather from your report, the patient seems to be on his way to becoming Humble. Have you pointed that out to him? There is no better way to combat Humility than by telling the human about it, and he will immediately become proud of being Humble. Another way in which to handle the problem would be not to let him know that Humility is self-forgetfulness, but rather let him think it is a low opinion about his own character and abilities. This would do excellently for our purposes, because it would exchange what might turn into a Virtue for a quite pleasant attitude of dishonesty. It must be admitted, although I detest doing so, that your patient will need help soon, or he will succumb to that horrible Virtue.

Another thing that I note with great displeasure is that you seem to think that you are doing a good job by persuading your patient to retain most of his old faults and adding the new one of occasional Anger. However, may I point out that you have inconveniently left him with one method by which he could purge himself of most of these faults: the use of self-examination. If you let him see reality in these examinations, he will see everything that he is and all will be lost! The thing to do is to let him use self-examination, but do not let him see what is obvious to others, only what is pleasing to him. You must never let him see himself!

Furthermore, do not give me that song and dance about how you are sure this is just a phase, but it will pass. You have allowed your patient to obtain a core of resolution to go on fulfilling his vocation, and it is going to be difficult to find the proper methods of getting by this. Face it, Toothgnash, you have let your patient become a student. I am telling you for the last time, if this persists, you will pay for your blunders.

Insidiously yours,
WHITETOMB

"Yes, our version of *The Ten Commandments* follows the book — but not slavishly. We've added a few highlights which put real sock into what the author was trying to say."

— drawing by Garcia

Good and Evil in *Macbeth* and *Lear*

by Don Hirsch

In *Macbeth,* Shakespeare expresses a contrasting vision to that shown in *King Lear.* Both plays deal with good and evil as it operates in man and as it is reflected in nature. In *Macbeth,* good is largely suppressed by evil. The heroic and honorable *Macbeth* submits to the evil which has tempted him. By the end of the play he has positively turned from good and has brought about his downfall through the perversion of his nature by sin. In *Lear,* the goodness natural to man exerts a stronger influence than evil, and redeems nature from the "general curse" that afflicts it.

The evil of *Macbeth* is conceived as a supernatural force acting upon men, who, by freely choosing evil, enthrall themselves to the "powers of darkness." The poet seems to find the sheer contrariness of human sinfulness inexpressible in ordinary human terms. So he turns to mysterious supernatural forces for a partial answer for the perversity of men.

The evil of *King Lear* seems to be the manifestation of the natures of individual men. Human beings, allowing themselves to be controlled by their passions, descend to a subhuman level of nature. This voluntary lowering of human nature to a level improper to it is the central element of evil in *King Lear.*

The good influences operative in *Macbeth* have more of a supernatural and spiritual than natural and physical quality about them. Lear's daughter, Cordelia, the dominant force for good in *King Lear,* is herself spiritualized and is, in a sense, a universal type of the highest goodness to which man naturally aspires.

The evil characters of *Lear* operate on the level of animals. Goneril and Regan, the elder daughters of Lear, and Edmund, the bastard son of Gloucester, all act from purely selfish motives and are devoid of human love and sympathy. Here is seen the pivotal evil of the play: the abrogation of man's nature, which tends toward acts of love and unselfishness.

Lear himself acts selfishly and irrationally at the outset by giving up his kingdom and resigning his authority to the flattering Goneril and Regan, while banishing his loving and truthful daughter, Cordelia. The central theme of the play concerns his descent into the maelstrom of insanity, and the gradual development of a child-like and humble man who sees things clearly for the first time in his life. In the process, he reverts to a state of nature in which he forsakes his royal trappings, and subjects himself to the cruel, but not unnatural and malicious buffetings of the elements. He gains a realistic insight into the truths of human nature, and, through his almost unendurable sufferings, reaches a point where he is able to feel compassion for the sufferings of others. Gloucester, a self-centered, but not totally evil man, goes through a similar ordeal of terrible suffering in expiation for his sins. The natures of both become elevated through their sufferings and both men experience a birth of human love and sympathy within themselves.

" 'Tis unnatural, Even like the deed that's done," says an Old Man, speaking to Ross of the murder of King Duncan and the subsequent upsets in nature. A soaring falcon is "by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd," and Duncan's great horses turn "wild in nature" and "eat each other." Such bizarre and unprecedented occurrences in nature help to set the mood of mystery and unnaturalness which envelops *Macbeth.* A murky and bloody cloud of murder and fear hangs on all the major characters of the play. The darkness is too dismal and unfathomable to have its source in mere human evil. The "instruments of darkness" are the three Weird Sisters, symbols of external evil which overpowers the good within Macbeth. They appear in the aftermath of his victorious battle, presenting the temptation which is to plunge him into another, more horrible, blood bath. The Witches have a human collaborator in Lady Macbeth, who also pours poisonous spirits into her husband's ears. This dominant female influence might be contrasted to the opposite influence of Cordelia on *Lear.*

The forces of good operative in Macbeth flash like precious sparks in a black and grimy abyss of evil. Malcolm, with his ideals of what a good king should be, shines as a ray of hope for the future of Scotland. The pious Edward the Confessor of England with his supernatural powers of healing contrasts to the bloody tyrant, Macbeth, who cooperates with spiritual powers only for the purposes of evil and destruction.

The tragedy of Lear is resolved in terms of Christian suffering and love. Lear dies with his whole being focused upon the dead Cordelia, as, even in death, she imparts to Lear her message of love, which she has breathed from the very beginning in the form of a "visible spirit." *Macbeth* ends with a glimmer of hope for mankind glowing through the all-pervading murk of evil. With the accession of the virtuous Malcolm there seems a hope for a similar redemption of nature from its "general curse."

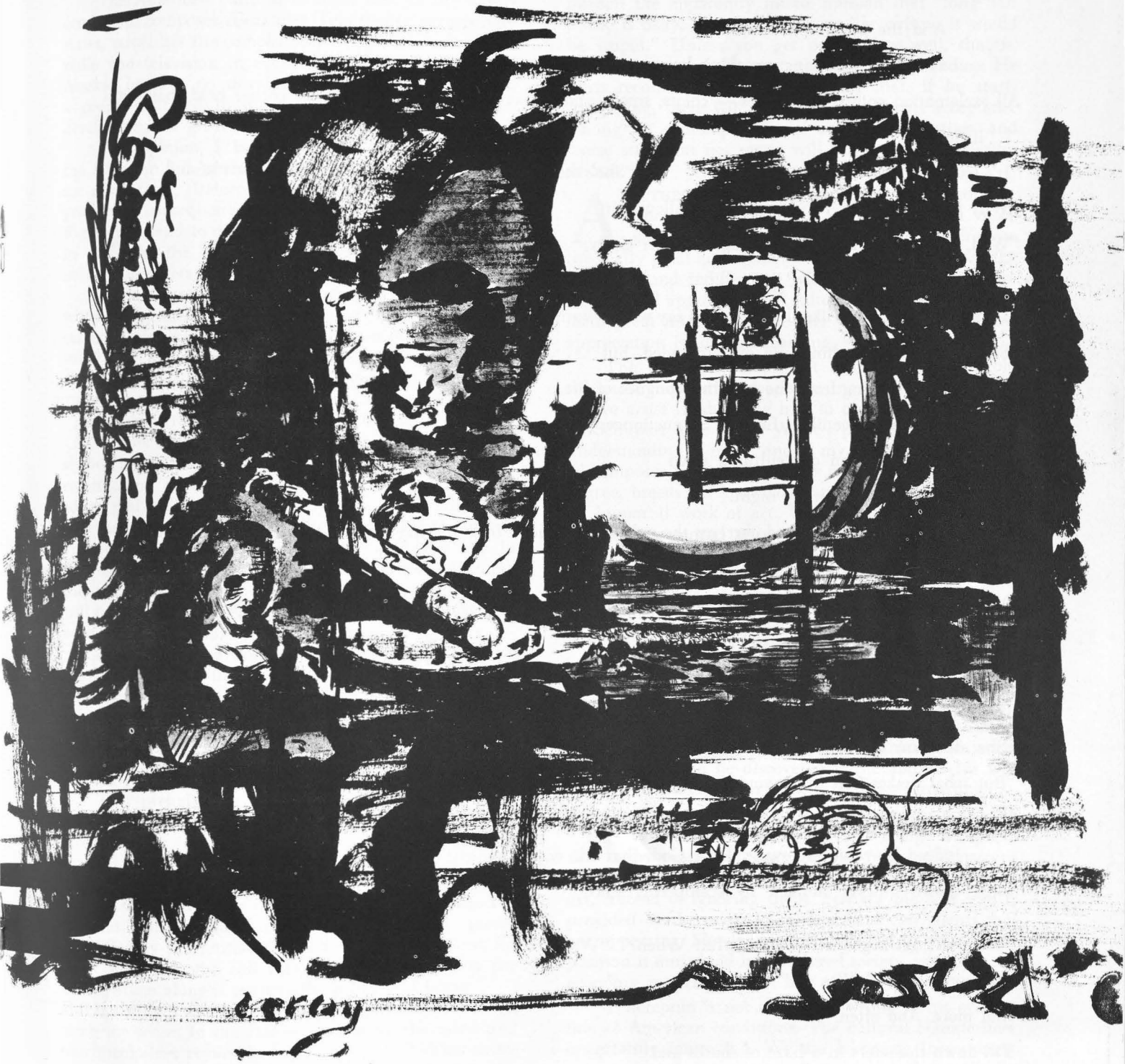
Portraits in Miniature

by Donna McEncroe

(Ed. note: Donna McEncroe is a special student enrolled at Regis in Fr. Robert Boyle's creative writing class.)

From the Town Crier Social Notes . . . Again a gala affair Saturday past hosted by the D. E. Friendly's. Among the many present, Mr. and Mrs. Delight Jones, she stunning in sapphire blue Balenciaga . . .

And in this corner,
(all spaces henceforth will be corners; tight knots, battle
lines, little circles),
observe limp wide wonder of Her, low front, no back, listening
to Him, Stuffy Man No. 14. And He,
bonded liquid running through his fingers, eyes a sponge for it,
mouth too slipped slack to be churlish,
nose too patrician to really smell his blooming breath,
does make conquest quickly.
Small of course and tidy.
    As all around the mulberry bush
    All on a Saturday night.
From this corner elephantine movements,
    the haw of a donkey,
bestirs the blue winged smoke rings trapped in swirls
of heated (rarely communicating) conversation. 1 & 1 are 2.
Dispute that!
Flighty bird in blue crescendoes delight as lifted from her
nesting sings accompaniment to bass belting puffed up old birds.
Snatch of song sung staccato . . . Old warbler heralds the tune.
"You read about the difference Hal didn't you? I mean the real difference, boy! ! ! . . .
One needs a haircut, the other a shave!"
Man in black laughing . . . Concern grips the laugh and swallows his face.
"About that, seriously now, what's the difference between the farmer's market and my selling a crop of cars each fall?"
"Oh, come off it," from the warbler, "what you need is another . . . "
End of the great debate.



— drawing by Garcia

Going through the eye of a needle is painful of course.

And the people press and flo,

Laughing, shrieking, speaking low.

All exclamation points and dashes — colors, smells and glances as the women in their corner hold their tight little edge.

"It's true, I'm sure of it. Jim and Aggie . . . " "She's horrid to him, of course, but then he drinks and . . . "

"Why she wears pink, PINK!, with her sallow skin . . . .

"Well, if you don't read 'Green Gage Summer' Sally, . . . just all by themselves . . . children . . . I mean how they feel and . . . "

"It's silly to have a tan like that. I always say who'd want to look so dark!"

"She's a sweet little thing and well intended, but . . . "

Little flames lurching from the babbling tongues of fire.

(All in clear conscience like a Larimer St. auctioneer).

As all around our cultured town

Love on a Saturday night.

And in far corner midst crossed currents the ugly rearing head over rearing ugly heads and little shoulders sits Woman

On her Soapbox, upholstered warm hues of green.

Welcome.

Legs crossed, crooked toes, (Bare), hooked on ankle, (Bare)

Thinker in Yoga. Maybe. Or Rodin. Worse.

(She all gaunt and no magnificence in that!)

"But what makes you think you're happy my dear?

How can you be? I mean everybody knows this is illusion . . .

. . . Indeed be what you want! Dear God, that the whole point! ! ! "

Little grains quickly nibbled by scampering mice.

"We must get together." "Wonderful! When?" "Well . . . "

"Do come again." "Yes yes!" "So nice to . . . "

And more. And often.

Till dawn flounders in a haze of smoke and

God is love again come morning.

Where are you? Why you and I left long ago.

When the ship started to sink, we scampered away.

Problems of the American Composer

by John Foley

The American cultural climate, best in the Western world, composer Alexander Tcherepnin surprisingly states, nourishes the composition of serious music. With radio and television in even the most remote parts of Alaska, he sees no drawback to the development of a people cultured in music, and presumably, to the development of great artists.

This opinion, I believe, applies only partially to the situation in America today. Our society, with all its advantages, indeed does have the *potential* for producing consequential composers. But certain negative factors tend to discourage creative work. We watch in vain for the expected burgeoning of truly great native composers.

These negative factors spring from the world in which a musically talented young man begins his career. Does the atmosphere there encourage him to study and understand the glories of serious music, or does it make such an understanding difficult?

THE OBVIOUS ANSWER, I think, is the latter. The commercial aspect of our society pushes its citizens with tremendous pressure away from the serious study of musical art. Rock and Roll, popular records, and background music, after all, do not constitute real attempts at artistic creation. With utilitarian — even mercenary — aims, they prostitute the mind, and render it nearly incapable of enjoying music in the real sense. The young composer must burst through this notion of music-for-extrinsic-goals. If he cannot, he will never compose great music; no great music was ever written as background music for grocery shoppers.

Aaron Copland understands this: "The use of music to titillate the aural senses while one's conscious mind is otherwise occupied is the abomination of every composer who takes his work seriously." In my experience, and apparently in Copland's, a majority of Americans seek not an object of contemplation, but instead a warm, audile bath.

This prejudice, a great obstacle to the development of creativity, operates on many levels in our society. A gross ignorance as to exactly what should be listened for, if one were going to sit down and listen, works to destroy all initiative. Without knowledge of music's sound structure there can be no appreciation of the music. Maritain, in his *Art and Scholasticism,* points out, "Beauty is essentially the object of *intelligence,* for what knows in the full meaning of the word is the mind, which alone is open to the infinity of being . . . But it also falls in a way within the grasp of the senses, since the senses in the case of man serve the mind and can themselves rejoice in knowing . . . " The entire man, then, the intellectualized sense, is required in the contemplation of a musical work of art. And this kind of effort is exactly what most people refuse to put forth. They "like" music that is appealing to the senses alone, and about which they don't have to think. It's easier that way.

As a result, the young composer might find within himself the apparently innate opinion that "long-hair music is okay, but to spend your life writing it would be stupid." Unless you get paid pretty well, that is. He must successfully contend with this prejudice. He must reconcile himself to the fact that, if he starts composing, there will probably be no great acceptance among his contemporaries of anything he writes, and worse still, that not many will really care if he writes or not.

ALL THESE OBSTACLES originate in the misconceptions that flow from ignorance. Until more people in our country are *educated* to appreciate the really great achievements of a serious composer, the prejudice and indifference will continue to spring up. Only a real appreciation of culture in general will bring forth great music; and the one way to effect such an appreciation is through learning.

The composer, too, must be educated. Probably the most important process in the creation of an intuitive artist is educating him to understand his music. As Schubert once said, "What I produce is due to my understanding of music and to my sorrow." Any talented composer, understanding his music to a consummate degree, breeds his knowledge and his talent to produce an immortal work of art. Without knowledge, the art fails. Our potential artist must provide himself with a good education and moreover with a financial source to provide it. And he must accomplish all this in an atmosphere that is not stifling to his creative urge.

The American society presents a good many problems to potential composers of serious music, as we have seen. In the past, I think creative musical talent *has* been channelled in the wrong direction by the utilitarian forces of our economy. But the difficulties have been conquered, at least in several notable cases: Aaron Copland, a Brooklyn boy, left his neighborhood world far behind when he discovered music and set his will to becoming a composer. The task is not impossible.

AND, THE DISCOURAGING conditions are gradually diminishing. Serious music is being "accepted" by more and more people; influential patrons currently encourage young composers to practice their art, instead of ignoring them. Perhaps the best sign is provided by the many fresh new American talents that are appearing. Slowly, music is inching its way to the position it must hold in a cultured society, whatever the economy may be.

Tcherepnin is not altogether wrong in his evaluation of American conditions. The cultural climate here *is* certainly improving. We are becoming increasingly aware of such things as culture, art, and specifically musical art. Our industrial society, as it comes of age, gradually perceives that the things of the spirit must be granted their proper, superior place, or else the society has not grown up.

And when at last the place of the spirit is primary, our country will have matured.

LOOK HOMEWARD ANGEL

A Critique
by
Don Hirsch

" . . . wreak something dark and

unspeakable in him into cold stone . . . "

— drawing by O'Meara

The opening words of Thomas Wolfe's *Look Homeward, Angel* expose several symbols: a stone, a leaf, and a door. These symbols, which recur frequently through the book, supply, at the outset, a clue to its dominant functional themes. These interconnected themes, common to much of the literature of the twentieth century, are loneliness, rejection, and search. The rejection theme, in particular, operates as a connective thread woven through Wolfe's novels. *Look Homeward, Angel* might, in fact, be termed a story of rejections.

The existential tendency of the modern novel, implicit in the predominance of such thematic material, is rooted in a Platonic notion of pre-existence and exile. Eugene Gant, through whose eyes we see everything in the book, considers the world a dark prison, enclosing each inhabitant from the earliest time of his imprisonment in the womb. Within this world of darkness and multiplicity, Eugene finds himself trapped in a particular point in space and time. External influences, such as family conflict, act upon him, but at the same time cut him off from any real communication with his fellow human beings. If he would know reality, he must escape from his shadowy prison-house and find a means of return to the purer being of a former existence of his soul in a world of light and reality and unity. An "unfound door," the way back to this world, is the object of Eugene Gant's unending search, of which the action of *Look Homeward, Angel* is the initial and critical phase.

The leaf symbol of life, death, and the process of dying prefers primarily to Eugene's father, W. O. Gant. As the book progresses, we see this fiery stonecutter and frustrated artist wither from his youthful freshness and vigor, until he remains only a sere and shriveled skeleton (both physically and spiritually), of himself. Eugene's spirit, which he identifies with that of his father, is the leaf that must retain its fresh-

ness and youthful vigor if he is to find and pass through the "unfound door."

THE STONE REPRESENTS, literally, the big marble angel, bought in Gant's youth, that stands before his shop. It occupies a position of central importance in his life, for it epitomizes the great desire and frustration of his youth. His one ambition had been to carve the head of an angel, to "wreak something dark and unspeakable in him into cold stone." For the artistically inclined Eugene, the angel signifies something "strange and proud and glorious" wasted with the frustrated vision of his father. This lost thing of beauty he identifies with his own undiscovered artistic vision and the meaning of his existence: the stone that lies beyond the door for which he seeks.

Gant and his wife, Eliza, live out their lives without light, love, or comfort. The two opposite temperaments of the violent, visionary Gant and the acquisitive and penurious Eliza clash at every turn. He despises her obsessive greed for property and loudly curses her as a cruel and inhuman monster. But he proves to be as incapable of impressing himself upon her as he is unable to shape the resistant marble with his hands. She, instead, bends his intractable spirit into conformity with her own stubborn will by her quietly domineering forcefulness. His intemperance and the cancer that infests him drain the life out of his powerful body, while Eliza slowly quenches his Titanic spirit. In spite of the huge flaws in the character of the wild and drunken Gant, Eugene holds Eliza solely responsible for the crushing of Gant's artistic potency. From his earliest existence in it, he becomes aware of Eliza's world as a smothering prison from which he must escape.

Freedom, free, fight, die, free,
A nice gravestone for thee
Will be erected — free,
Freedom free, democracy nice?
That's a hell of a price
To pay for rotten rice.
Freedom, free, rah, rah, rah,
Me go out in the snow to vote? Ha!
Gee, that was good turkey. Ahh.

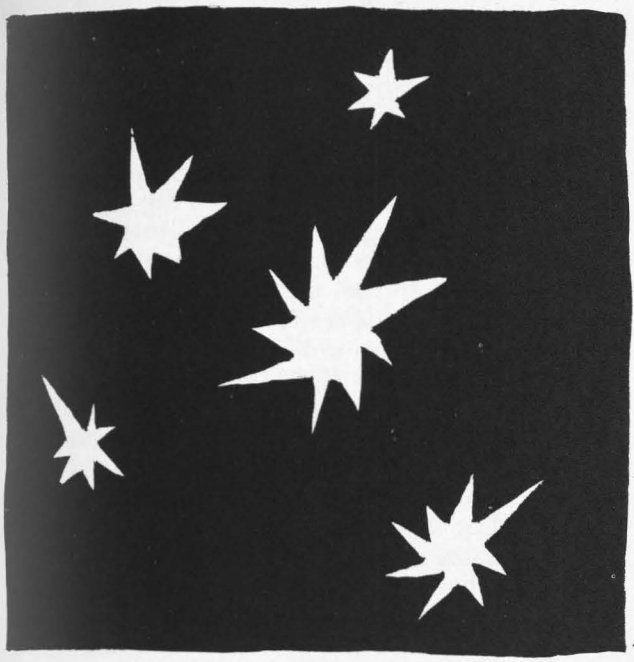
— by Jerry Boyle

The cancer that devastates Gant's body has a counterpart in the spiritual cancer that consumes Eliza. She has never experienced the love of another, nor is she able to really love another, centered as she is in herself. Eugene grows to hate his mother for the avarice that makes her boarding house and her other financial concerns the "heart of her life." Resentful of her alternating fits of over-mothering attention and cold neglect, he gradually isolates himself from her, barring her "from the bitter and lonely secrecy of his life." Eugene's early resistance to her pale attempts to communicate with him, and his implicit reluctance to recognize a reality outside of himself foreshadow the manner of his final rejection of her and of the world that he has known.

Eugene's silent, spectral brother, Ben, the loneliest of them all, is cut off from his mother by "hard and bitter strife" produced by years of mutual selfishness and neglect. He suffers his mortal illness and death against a background of the complete disintegration of the rotten fiber of the Gant family. Strangled by pneumonia, he dies in the midst of a foul atmosphere of petty family financial wrangling and the selfish complaining of the decaying old Gant. Ben's sickness and inattention are, indeed, a "summary of the waste, the tardiness, and the ruin of their lives." Thoughts of the "sad waste of the irrecoverable years" and of all the lost love arise to haunt Eliza as her son, even from his deathbed, hurls words of hatred at her. When Ben dies, not just Ben, but a part of her life, blood, and body dies. Her sudden and shocked awareness of her bequeathal of bitterness and hate melts her hardened shell with remorse. The essential womanly tenderness that had been deeply crushed within her heart for so many years wells temporarily to the surface, almost transforming her back into a natural woman and mother again.

Eliza, in her final words to Eugene — "We must try to love one another" — approaches perhaps as nearly as she can to a really unselfish love. But her numerous actions aimed at keeping Eugene home from college and as closely bound to her as possible indicate that, although she does love Eugene more than anything else, she still does so in terms of possession. Ben's death has made her realize how much she has already lost and she concerns herself mainly with hanging on to Eugene at all cost. Eugene himself knows that Eliza and the atmosphere she creates are smothering him and that he must escape. In doing so, however, he acts in an equally selfish manner. Making no effort to go out to her from his own little shell, he rejects her words as "spoken too late." He quenches the last glowing embers of love as he makes his final choice to go on alone, in "isolation and freedom."

IN THE FINAL, climatic chapter, Ben returns (in Eugene's imagination), now identified with the lost spirit of Eugene's father. His imaginary specter tells Eugene what he has long since determined for himself: "You are your world." Eugene's total withdrawal into self seems a logical conclusion from his denial of objective reality and his insistence upon the impossibility of communication between human beings. He makes himself the hub of a vicious circle of loneliness, search, and rejection. In his final journey into his personal world of reality, he finds his "lost lane-end into heaven," the object of his search since his first awareness of the nakedness and loneliness of his exile.



— drawing by Clinton

SONNET

Thought-flecks flung in the mind shatter
Doubt, yet miss my pen's keeping.
As poet I beg, "Stay awhile your leaving
Creation's bed; your glints seem to flicker
When lines, struck with verve of your quiver
Glow, glimmer, and gleam, then halting,
Bolt away dimsighted and dumb; shimmering,
They shrink into lines of limp-luster."
Our mind's selves snatch at slivered
Light, but in catching lose, and in seeing miss
The rippled beauty, the diamond flecks mirrored.
To all dull-witted men by beauty's kiss
Entranced, impassioned, seeing, is delivered
This charge, "Forge and wring in words, this bliss."

— by Tom Metz

TENNESSE WILLIAMS: a defense

by Ralph St. Louis

Although five years have lapsed since the initial production of *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*, the play continues to draw fire from an assorted lot of enthusiastic and apparently indefatigable sharpshooters. The attackers and their fields of combat range in size from Clifton Fadiman writing in the August, 1959, issue of *Holiday* to Father M. Joseph Costello, S.J., whose article-between-the-footnotes gleefully quotes Fadiman for the October readers of *The Homiletic and Pastoral Review*. Exactly what we are being defended against—be it lechery, obscenity, sex, or Tennessee Williams himself—they never make clear. But we are led to believe that *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* is, above all, *nasty*, to say nothing of being unAmerican, and that anyone who takes pleasure in it suffers from a moral, aesthetic, or political perversion of one sort or another.

AN EVER-GROWING MULTITUDE of Williams' admirers, while admittedly a minority, completely and firmly rejects such attitudes. At the same time, they quickly point out that the play is not the best possible choice of material for an eighth grade literature textbook, and that daydreaming adolescents and the immature of any age would be better off without it. However, they seriously question the idea that Williams writes for this type of audience. On the contrary, they maintain that he aims at informing and entertaining truly adult mentalities, mentalities capable of fighting their way beyond his decidedly disgusting artistry to his profundly honorable art.

No one will dispute the degeneracy of most of Williams' characters in *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof*. With but a single exception, these half-dozen Southern aristocrats endure spiritual agonies which have been brought on by varying degrees of moral decay. They have gathered together to celebrate the birthday of their common patriarch, Big Daddy, whose sixty-fifth year will also be his last because of a swiftly-spreading, inoperable cancer. The old man's estate includes, among other things, twenty-eight thousand acres of rich, Delta plantation. A desire to obtain control of this inheritance precipitates rugged battles between greed and love on the one hand and idealism and truth on the other. In both cases liberal amounts of sex and fear are sharply evident. Shouts of rage and pain fill the air as all but one of the combatants harshly vomit forth their long pent up hate for each other and themselves. Were it not for the single exception, the audience and the winning team could go home feeling thoroughly purged, if not exactly elated. But in this instance, the exception moulds the play, forming it into an incredibly emphatic and tender affirmation of life's first rule: love. Everything else serves as black canvas upon which Williams paints by contrast the white-hot purity of a sainty human soul.

THE PLAY'S MAIN PLOT revolves around Brick, the less repulsive of Big Daddy's two sons, who sulks at Echo Springs, his bedroom bar, because wife Margaret proved to him that he wasn't the clean-cut, red-blooded American boy he once imagined himself. To avenge his shattered ego, this former glory hound of the gridiron passes his nights on the couch while luscious Maggie suffers martyrdom in a sexless marriage bed.

Parental guidance for Brick is definitely not the answer. Both Big Mama (who could well be a mis-

guided, mistreated Margaret in her old age) and Big Daddy are rather pathetic cases themselves. Big Mama, empty-headed and loving, displays most of the typical symptoms of "momism" towards Brick while castigating Margaret. (Big Mama to Margaret: "D'ya make Brick happy in bed?") Big Daddy, who unconsciously knows about his cancer long before Brick tells him, reacts to the brutal truth of death in two ways. At first he determines to end his days in a blaze of sensuality, if only to put his manhood to the test. Somewhat later, this lust changes to a furious, nearly hysterical anger against his family who has tried to deceive him about his condition. He too has little sympathy for Margaret, telling Brick, "If you don't like Maggie, get rid of Maggie."

Gooper, Brick's older brother, and his fertile wife, Mae, further complicate the tangled mass of conflicts by greedily striving to get their hands on Big Daddy's wealth. In their pig-like devotion to Mammon, they stop at nothing to satisfy their blind corruptions. Williams wastes no sympathy on these two, although Gooper, a hard working lawyer, and Mae, a modern mother who knows all the ins and outs of booster shots, ironically demonstrate that ideal of perfection, "togetherness."

THE SAVING GRACE in both the case of Brick and Big Daddy is that they make frenzied spiritual warfare on the false fabric of illusions upon which they have built their lives. They suddenly feel their innermost foundations give way and rapidly crumble beneath them. The patriarch, who has always been able to buy out or conquer with animal strength all his difficulties, faces an invincible foe. Similarly Brick confronts the fact that either his curious idealism, now largely dead, or his marriage must die. Each must deal with a kind of death.

But in contrast to Gooper and Mae, these two are not total concentrations of evil and depravity, although a very superficial glance at their actions and lines might indicate otherwise. Playgoers who make an effort to shed bourgeoisie convention as a basis for character judgement will swiftly realize that Brick and Big Daddy, in their ascent to the truth, have entered that final and deceptive phase, the long night of the cross. With spine-chilling compassion, Williams vividly illuminates the nearly sanctified souls of this pathetic pair until he achieves an almost magical last scene that, beyond being superbly natural, expresses his delicate vision as an artist and slams it out over the footlights with a terrific intensity.

It is Margaret, the alluring cat, who finally manages to toss the only possible lifeline to her husband and father-in-law. She towers like a beacon throughout the play and gives it a vital dimension of purity, even sacredness, that overcomes the net of lies all, save her, are entagled in. As scene follows scene, the deep spell of her presence and her total dedication to love enlarges itself on one's awareness. Soon it becomes almost impossible to make the distinction between Maggie the person and Maggie the force of love.

When she force-feeds Brick the truth, it is not out of a philosopher's high-minded regard for that virtue which compels her to do so. The desperate need springs unconsciously from the passionate nature of a woman enslaved body and soul to her man. She wills Brick's ultimate good, and with heroic unselfishness stakes his affection for her—which someday might turn to love—on the outcome. And when Big Daddy learns the truth and struggles to resign himself to it, she kneels at his feet and comforts him with the lie that she is pregnant. The posture suggests submission; and she offers to this tragic old man her body as a thing which will produce in pain her flesh, her blood, as his heir, his new life! In both instances, such *giving*, such all embracing love, pulls the men to the summit of existence. The veils fall from their eyes, and they find death, exposed in the light of truth, not nearly so hideous an ignominy as they had once supposed. On the contrary they discover through this woman's nature that it is connected with the glory of birth and a newer, more vibrant vitality.

Williams especially brings out the indestructability of Maggie's love. Long after Brick has refused to sleep with her, she is still making a sublime effort to bring him into the peaceful paradise of her arms. She would give him the true meaning of his life no matter how much abuse she had suffered. No pride, no false notion of her womanliness fouls the pure outflowing of her spirit.

And Maggie can offer life because it completely permeates and directs her. However, it is not life corseted in whale bone and enthroned in some royal tower of reason. On the contrary, Maggie glories in an animal as well as a spiritual nature as she lolls on the bed, dressed only in a slip, or drops ice cubes between her breasts, or indulges in earthy conversation. But her body does not superimpose itself on her love! Instead, her magnificent flesh and the deep, dark mysteries of her womb appease chaste ends when she begs her husband to join her on the bed and submits herself, like a Magdalen, to the will and happiness of Big Daddy despite his previous rejection and cruelty. In quite a real sense, Maggie imitates the Christ-like act of offering body and blood to others out of love.

THE MANY FACETS of her breath-taking beauty simply cannot be fully grasped or comprehended no matter how many times one sees or reads over this play. The panorama of her soul looms into the infinite and cannot be assimilated into any man's consciousness. From the unhappy bedroom in the mansion of a small, degenerate Southern family, Williams has exposed the tenderest and gentlest of things, clothed softly in the bruised flesh of a young woman, so that the playgoer's experience of feeling and knowing the super-reality of reality becomes unforgettable!

There are those who will claim that this play is something less than a glance into the purity of a love-filled soul. They are to be pitied, these people who transport their minds to the theater like brutes in small, cramped cages and then fail to open the gate. But should that gate be one day left ajar, the brute will escape, will kneel, will weep with the wonder of it all!

Two Types of Criticism

by Tom Remington

Criticism has long been a sore spot among both writers and critics. From the time of Aristotle, there have been writers of criticism. However, in general, the varied approaches separate into two broad streams of thought. The resultant flood of critical opinion threatens to wash away creative writing and produce a stagnant marsh of nothing but analytic writing.

These two systems are roughly termed the "traditional method" and the "new method." The former relies extensively on information extrinsic to the work itself in question. It seeks out possible influences upon the creative writer and attempts to interpret the author in relation to the space and time in which he operates.

THE LATTER APPROACH, as interpreted by many, shuns all the areas of research which the former holds so dear. The new criticism, as understood by many of its adherents, will accept no opinion as valid unless its source can be found within the specific text. Information based on the writer's surroundings, stated personal opinions, and any other external evidence concerning the author have no value to the rigid new critic. He simply analyses the text and attempts to solve any riddles it may pose through strictly internal evidence. At the present moment, the battle being waged by these two opposing schools is beginning to approach not only the proportions but also the ridiculousness of Swift's *Battle of the Books*.

Moreover, the proponents of the two systems have adopted a "you're either with us or against us" attitude. If any critic posits a single factor based on external evidence, he finds himself shunned by the members of the new approach. Contrarily, the critic who shows the slightest degree of scepticism toward the arguments of the traditionalists is immediately labeled an upstart by that group. There seems to be no middle ground.

This is a sad situation, for both systems have certain points of real merit, and both are burdened with certain shortcomings. The "text alone" critic will study the writings of John Milton, finding certain puritanical implications which he will not be able to broaden to any great extent, because of a scorn to search out the ramifications of Puritan thought which might have brought influence to bear on Milton's work. On the other hand, the traditionalist will have a vast knowledge of seventeenth-century thought at his disposal. As a result, he will, at times, grossly misinterpret Milton's work because of an inability to see that Milton's vision can reach beyond the doctrines held by his own period.

It would seem then, in spite of the violent objections forthcoming from members of both groups, that the best answer to the critical problem would be a synthesis of the two approaches, utilizing the insight into artistic vision savored by the "new critics," as well as the attention for detail and relation found in the traditionalists' method.

The principal difficulty to be encountered in formulating a coalition between the two opposed methods is that quite often the synthesist will end up with the lack of perspective found in the new system and the lack of insight into vision found in the traditional method. This problem has confronted so many attempts at a union of the two approaches because the majority of synthesists use the approaches in exactly the opposite order from the way they should.

They will begin by collecting vast amounts of data concerning the period in which the author lived and the books which the author read. They will then approach the work of the author with the previously formed opinion that he must fit into his period. They artificially force the work to fit into the mold which they have fabricated. After they have finished distorting the work through these methods, they then attempt to analyze the monster which they conceive the work to be. Hence they fail to get at the author's vision because they are actually not studying the vision at all, but merely their own version of what he *should* have written.

Thus, they will analyze a work like Joyce's *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man* with the foreknowledge that Joyce was dissatisfied with his heritage, his education, and his faith. They then will attempt to coordinate everything in the book to their conception that it must be a diatribe against Dublin, Jesuits, and Catholics. They refuse to accept the work on its own grounds.

A MORE LOGICAL APPROACH to the same work might be to begin by an analysis of the novel itself. Then the book can be seen as the story of a frustrated artist. Keeping this in mind as the central vision expressed by Joyce, the critic may attempt to correlate certain factors which affected Joyce to the expression of similar factors in the artist who exists in the work.

Focusing upon the central vision, the critic may then investigate whether a relation does in fact exist between Joyce's own experience and the episodes of the book. However, the vision expressed in the work itself must be the unifying factor, and the extrinsic research must be subordinate to this. If the work indicates that the protagonist was harmed by his association with the Jesuits, then the fact that Joyce himself was suspected of being bitter toward the Society may help to deepen the comprehension of the work. However, if the fact that Joyce was a successful artist leads the critic to assume that therefore the protagonist in *Portrait* was also successful, then the proof is inconclusive. The textual evidence that the novel's central character was incapable of creative work is overwhelming.

Thus, the conclusion to be reached here is that both systems of criticism are valid and useful if used correctly. Surely, the new method is vital for getting at the vision expressed in the work of art, but when the new method falters, much can be gained through a knowledge gained by the methods of traditional criticism. Only by synthesising both approaches is good criticism achieved, and this synthesis will be the method which any true and reasonable new critic must use.

THE EXTREMISTS

Alas. Alone and lost, bound up in self,
In search of truth they think they think they seek,
They blunder blind in blaring blaze of light
And smugly snub success.
Lacking love, and lusting long to learn,
They dumbly plumb the pious depths of pride.
Ambition bolts and overbolts until, unknowing, falls;
The cancerous cure the cause of killing case.
They iconoclasticate and ruin all —
Crushing crass symbols of lifeless life —
And leave nothing.

by Tom Remington

— drawing by Garcia

THE INSPECTOR by Jan de Hartog
...a review

It is not surprising in the haphazard world of book reviewing to stumble now and then across an electrifying work of art that has been given a tender pat on the head and then abruptly ignored by the majority of the nation's critics. Jan de Hartog's "The Inspector" (Atheneum) is an excellent novel, despite a poor title, that has met, but in no way deserves, such a fate. Indeed, with better luck it might have replaced some of the far lesser literary efforts now decorating the best-seller lists and been acclaimed by the reading public as an apt successor to "The Diary of Anne Frank" and "Exodus."

IN BOTH HIS CHOICE of a theme and the skill with which he expresses it, Hartog closely resembles Anne Frank and Leon Uris. He writes of love, and brilliantly brings it to a rich maturity by carefully etching it in terms of hate and, above all, pity. The smoking gas ovens of modern anti-semitism and the depravity of Nazi concentration-camp monsters give his souls an acrid flavor and seared appearance. Yet his characters — both those who suffered Hitler's reign of terror directly and those who knew of such outrages and yet allowed them to continue — attain a Christian perfection precisely because of their horrible experiences.

Beyond having this common denominator of pity, "The Inspector" differs entirely from the vibrant, exquisite life so delicately and tragically expressed in Anne Frank's Diary or the grimly idealistic march of justice that strides across the pages of "Exodus." Rather Hartog presents pity encrusted with the futility a very ordinary man finds in his insipid day to day existence, and the ignominy and shame with which a teen-age survivor of Nazi medical experiments approaches her death.

The inspector of the title is Inspector Jongman, a Dutchman nearing retirement and addicted to a scattering of minor virtues and vices that help to make living fairly palatable. He remembers the days before the war with happiness; since then, things have not gone right for him. An indifferent athiest who secretly admits the existence of a Supreme Being, Jongman does not particularly blame God for a series of small setbacks and failures in the recent history of his professional and family life.

As the story opens, Jongman is busily and somewhat humorously engaged in tracking a white-slaver and a young Jewish girl the man has in tow across the Channel into England. In London, the inspector discovers that a technicality in the law prevents him from arresting the pimp; however, by now he is so outraged by his activities that he decides to kill the man. Then, at the crucial moment of execution in a cheap hotel room, the inspector falters, stricken with sudden moral doubts, and leaves with the girl.

The seeming simplicity of plot and character up to this point is extremely deceiving. Actually, Hartog creates a shock-resistent illusion of reality by unobtrusively plunging to great depths in Jongman with fantastic speed and precision. Just how strongly the author builds becomes apparent when the inspector decides to abandon career, principles, and family in order to get the girl, Susie, into Palestine. Why? Jongman does not know why, but for once in his life he will take a positive step although he admits to himself that such actions conflict with his supposedly conservative tendencies. Under this sudden about-face of his chief character, Hartog's story should shatter. In fact, it tightens and begins a swift dive through several lanes of reality.

Across Holland, across France, and finally to Algiers, Jongman and Susie go, an incongrous and pathetic pair, forever facing obstacles erected first by the authorities and then by Jongman's wife. Their encounters with a variety of odd characters, including a frugal barge captain and a vicious gun-runner who plays tennis with God every night, add considerable comedy to their travels. Yet Jongman continues to ask himself why, and some of the answers he arrives at are not funny in the least. But even further beneath the surface of the narrative, a vast realization of death and its price, suffering, bubbles upward.

Hartog carefully maintains this balance between the comic, the rational, and the harshly cruel, until all three reach a height of development and turn destructively on each other. In the end, only death remains and Jongman, desolate and rejected by all except a dying Susie, stands alone bitterly hating a God of suffering and injustice.

HE HAS NOTHING LEFT but a profound sense of pity; and it is pity, too, that has destroyed all that he had once treasured. But even pity fails him as a weapon against death, or a means of understanding it at least. Still, in the most sublime sense, Hartog terrifyingly reveals, emotionally if not altogether reasonably, the inspector as the final conqueror.

"The Inspector" is a book that reaches for the stars and, despite oddities of style, obtains them. The experience forced upon the reader is by no means pleasant. While it does not answer man's eternal, "How can You do this?", it does confound that question. Also, it breaks your heart!

reviewed by Ralph St. Louis

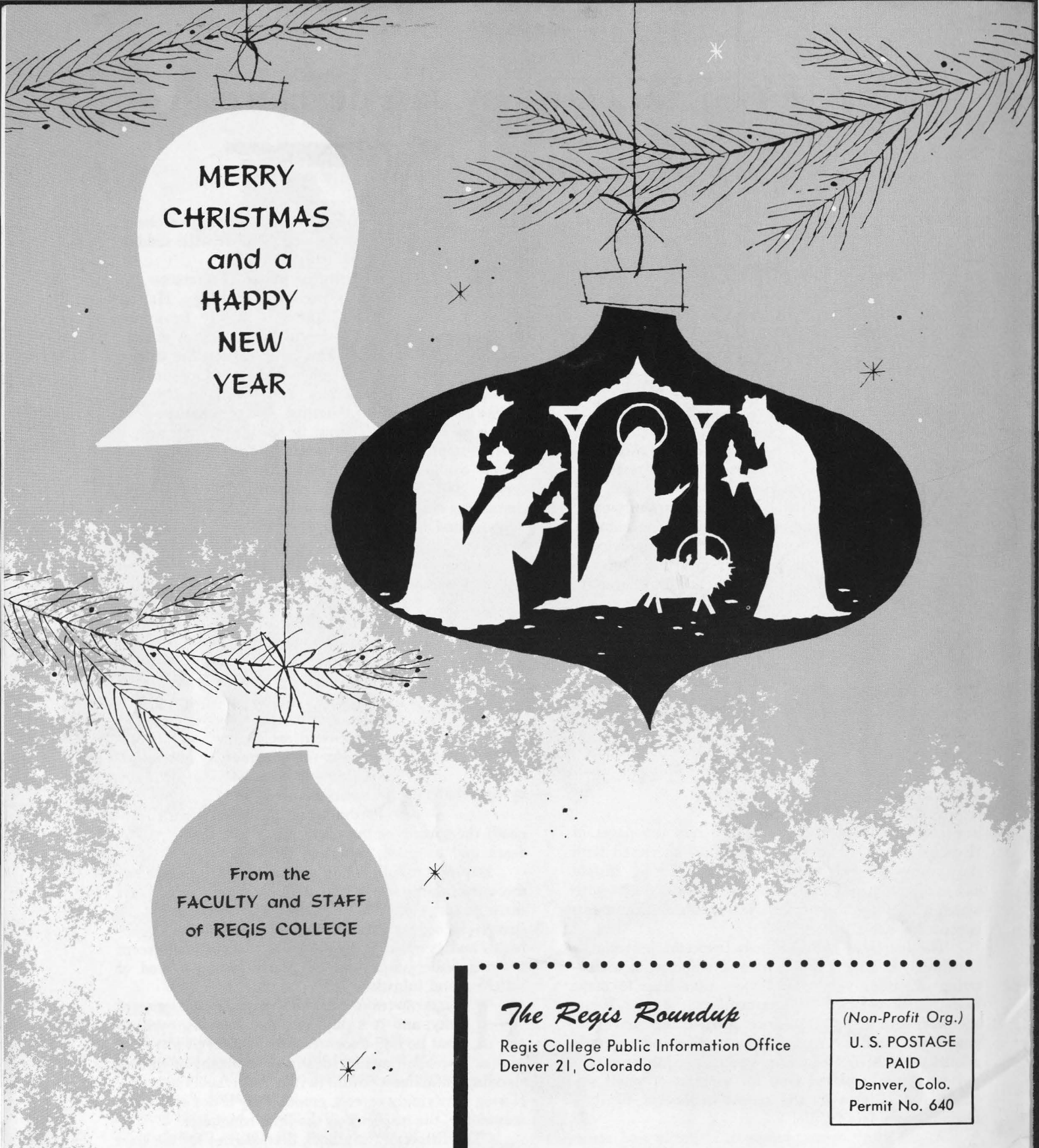
ANGUISH

From atop the bridge
A gnarled, decrepit whore sees
Prams drift by as years.

PASTORALE

Plowboy off to war
Flutes tearful furrows down his
Mother's weathered cheeks.

— by Jim Waters



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