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Marist College 1963

The image features a white background with a complex abstract pattern. A grid of thin, dotted lines is oriented diagonally, creating a series of overlapping rectangular shapes. A thick, solid black vertical bar is positioned on the right side of the page, extending from the top to the bottom. A horizontal black bar intersects the top of the vertical bar. The word "MOSAIC" is printed in a bold, black, sans-serif font, centered horizontally and partially overlaid by the dotted lines.

MOSAIC

Introduction

The ancient Chinese philosopher, Confucius, once was asked what he would do if were left to him to administer a country. His reply was, that it would probably be to insure a correct language. His listeners were suprised.

“Surely”, they said, “this has nothing to do with the matter, why should language be correct?”

Confucius answered, “If language is not correct then what is said is not meant, if what is said is not meant, then what ought to be done remains undone...”

Now let's apply this vignette to our present situation. We, the staff of the MOSAIC, feel that the various selections in this edition *are* the assurance that at Marist College language, in truth, is not only correct but being intensely exploited. And we are confident, moreover, that this linguistic expresion will both further each author's own quest toward self-fulfillment and render pleasure to you, our readers, as well.

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FORGET ABOUT THE LIVERWURST

That Friday I had said goodbye to Doug and we had arranged to meet the following Monday morning and hitch back upstate after a weekend at home. We set a place for meeting and I told him I'd be there at seven in the morning. Now seven in the morning is pretty early for me but hitching 100 miles is risky business and we had to be ready to go to work that evening. Meeting Doug was a pretty important thing to do—I sure as hell didn't want to hitch up by myself; Monday morning would be too late to arrange for a bus ticket and besides, that would be expensive. So what happens, I wake up Monday morning and it's 6:30; that's not too bad except that I have to meet Doug about twenty miles away in a half hour. I get dressed but that's about all, forget about eating, washing will have to wait.

At ten minutes to seven, I'm down at the parkway trying to get a ride. It's pretty crowded with traffic heading out to work in the defense plants on the Island but one nice slob manages to pull over and pick me up. I hopped in his '53 Plymouth and thanked him at the same time. Without much hesitation, the usual exchange takes place; I tell him where I'm headed and he says he's not going that far but can give me a lift part of the way. We talk some, but not too much—it's early in the morning, this stuff is new to me so I'm pretty much excited, but this guy is just following his regular routine, so he's not much interested in shooting the breeze. All of a sudden he says that he's turning off and he'll let me out after the exit. It was a good lift but I'm still about 5 miles from where I should be and it's 7:30. Doug'll probably be gone by now—what a lousy break—but, what the heck, even if I don't meet him I'm gonna have to hitch up anyway.

I'm all set to begin hitchin' again, but I see this cop car just waiting around up on the main road. He probably had seen me and was wondering what I'd do next; well, I didn't take any chances and at the same time tried to fake him out. Since this place was kinda close to the city, there were plenty of buses runnin' on the main road bringing the escaped suburbanites back to their midtown haunts. So, I figured to myself that 15¢ won't hurt me too bad and I catch a bus that's goin' over the Whitestone. Now I remember that I'm supposed to meet this Doug by some outdoor movie which is near a road that leads into the Thruway. All of a sudden, I see this outdoor movie in the distance so I figure I better get off that bus before I lose sight of the landmark, I'm late enough already. So what hap-

pens, the bus turns and takes a road which runs right past the movie. You know how it is, when you're late everything works against you. Anyway, about fifteen minutes later, that is, 8:30, I'm almost at the movie and then I see Doug about eighty yards down the road. When I caught up to him—boy, was I glad to see him—I told him I was sorry for being late and thanks a lot for waiting.

He says, "Waiting? Nuts! I got here at seven-thirty, thought you had left and I've been hitching ever since."

"You mean ya been here an hour and ya haven't gotten a ride?"

"Well, there was this dame that tells me she'll take me as far as Queens. I was tempted to hop in and not say a word but I couldn't be that lousy. Instead, I tell her, 'Thanks a lot lady, but Queens is back that way where you came from.'"

By now Doug is disgusted so he says to me, "This hitchin' is screwy business, what say we go downtown to the Port Authority and get some tickets?"

So I tell him, "We can't there's only two buses a day; the first one's gone by now and the other isn't till sometime tonight. And that's no help 'cause we gotta get back before supper or else old man Kilstrom will give us the boot!"

As you might guess, we decided to stick to hitching. After a futile fifteen minutes, I suggested to Doug that we keep moving while we hitch, that way we wouldn't be in the same place for long even if we didn't get a ride. It might have helped morale but it didn't do our feet any good. After about forty minutes of thumbing and walking, we lost the citted look around us and were on a country highway. Only about five minutes after we passed the city line, some guy stopped and gave us a lift; no kiddin', that city stinks; there's some-thin' about the country that's free and friendly.

Anyway, we were glad to have this lift, the guy was surprised when we told him we had been hitchin' for over an hour without any luck. Well, that's the way it is; this guy was obviously a human being and had picked hitchers up before—for him, passing a hitcher on the road is strange, for other guys, they've forgotten what a thumb means. Anyhow, this Joe starts tellin' us that he's goin' up to Mt. Kisco to pick up his wife; he had left her up there for the weekend and was on his way to collect her. He didn't seem to relish the task but that's the way it goes. Yeah, he was a real nice guy, told us we could read the paper if we wanted. I wanted, so I reached over to the backseat and grabbed the Daily News, folded over. It's

funny how guys fold the News when they're finished with it; you never get it spread out like when it's sold. It must be the natural form of that kinda paper; you'd think the guys at the News would wake up and print it that way, so it'd be natural. Gee, that was a quick ride; I just got time to look at the pictures and it was Mt. Kisco already. Doug was a little disappointed, he was waiting for the paper. The guy let us out—and like I said, he was a real nice—said he was sorry he wasn't going further. We thanked him and began to figure out how we'd get our next hitch; after all Mt. Kisco isn't that far and we had about seventy more miles to go. But luck must have been with us, 'cause we got a lift about three minutes after the Kisco guy dropped us off. This guy in a two-tone '56 Pontiac rolled onto the grass and yelled hop in. Just as we're settling into place he tells us that he's going to Exit 11; now since we're not too familiar with the road (we usually go by 9W) Exit 11 doesn't phase us too much, and for some reason we don't bother asking him what town Exit 11 is in—(after all, you don't wanna look like a couple of jerks that never did this kind of stuff before), so we sit back contented. What happens, of course, this clown turns off about a mile from where he picked us up and we're no better than the way we started. Now it's about quarter to eleven and we still have 69 miles to go. One lucky break however, that nut let us off at an exit and the state has a funny habit of putting an entrance close to every exit.

We couldn't see an entrance, hadn't remembered one but walked on trusting that we'd come to one soon. And we did, it was just on the other side of an underpass. Now of all methods of hitching, I think standing where the entrance meets the Thruway is the best even though it's the most dangerous cop-wise. Anyway, we were late and had to take some chances; all of a sudden we see this big trailer-truck begin turning and descending towards us—this might be it I thought and so it was. The truck hushed to a stop, the door swung open and we heard a funny-sounding "Gets in fellas". It was more like climb in; I don't ride in trucks often and the seat must have been about five feet off the ground. Anyway, we got in and the driver headed out onto the Thruway. This guy—he had a kinda southern drawl—was the most talkative of all, but in a friendly sort of way; he wanted to know where we were going, so we told him, but it didn't seem to mean much to him. He said he always took this route on his way to Boston but that he didn't know much of the surrounding territory except by name from the signs at the entrances

and exits. We shot the breeze for a while; he was kind of sorry when we told him we were only sixteen. Sorry 'cause he had just been advising us of the merits of the various towns that he normally had to pass through. His appreciation seemed limited to one natural resource of these towns, women. I don't remember much, but I know that he was awfully enthused about some place called Hagerstown in Maryland. As I say, he shut up about that stuff when we were sixteen. Since conversation had stopped, I asked him some silly questions like "What are you carrying." I think he said it was food, but like I said, it was a silly question. I asked it but didn't worry about an answer, and so I don't remember. But then I got to wondering, no kiddin', if he didn't get bored with all that driving and where he stayed overnight. He said there wasn't any overnight and pointed in back of us. I turned around and practically jumped; there in the back of the cab, about a foot away from us and above us was a guy sleeping. That gives you an idea of how big the cab was. So these guys travel in teams, and are on the go for almost twenty-four hours a day. I said, "I bet you can cover about a thousand miles a day at that rate"; he corrected me and said the outfit expected them to cover twelve hundred miles a day on these special runs and that any delay had to be explained pretty neatly. Yeah, this guy was real talkative, probably got used to talking to his partner when he drove with him and picked us up to take up the slack. Time was really travelling fast now and he told us that our exit was coming up next. There wasn't much traffic on the Turyway so he just slowed up, stopped and let us out.

We were in fine shape now; it was about ten to one and the camp is only about twenty miles off the Thruway. Twenty more miles and we'd be back in the juvenile jungle. Oh yeah, I forgot to tell you we work in this summer camp run by a cheap Swede named Kilstrom. Altogether, he's got five high school kids taking care of seventy-five brats ranging from seven to thirteen. That's the funny part of it, us two are sixteen and we're counselors for these kids. Most of 'em are young but there's three that are thirteen. I feel sorry for those kids, two of them hate the camp and don't want to go to it but their parents don't want them home in the summer and they're too young to get working papers. Then, the third guy, I guess I feel even sorer for him because he likes it at the camp, or, at least he says so. It's not really that he likes the place, or goes crazy about it, it's just that he comes back every year without his parents forcing him. He's not such a big kid, but outside of the

other two thirteen year olds (who ignore him) and one ten year old kid, he's the biggest kid in camp. So outside those three I mentioned, Sammy is a good inch over every other kid. Maybe this is why Sammy keeps coming back to camp, after all those years of being given a hard time by the other kids, now that he's finally bigger than most kids, he wants a chance to lord it over them. I wish he's stay away though; he's a real trouble maker. It wouldn't be a bad job if I wasn't always having to break up fights. This Sammy has a hand in most of them; either he's pushing around some smaller kid or else, if the kid is really small, he's arranging fights between one of his small cronies and the small kid that was bothering him. Anyway, that's what the camp is like; now let me get back to the travelling.

We're in this hunky town called Newville which is a joke, 'cause I suspect that the newest building in that town is an abandoned rathole somewhere. The main street of the town (you can tell because all seven of its stores are located there) is ingeniously dubbed Center Street. These seven stores occupy most of the buildings on Center Street, there's a few houses, a onetime hotel and nothing much else. All the buildings are wooden and dingy with age; it seems that they all have a sway to them. I'm not sure what's keeping them up, maybe it's pride. After all, none of them wants to be first to fall, especially since any one of their neighbors is about ready to give up and collapse. If they were all leaning the same way, then a good wind would settle these matters of pride and protocol by knocking them all down in one shot; but, as it is, they're leaning every which way so that one stops the other from falling by leaning back upon one another.

We hadn't been in this town much before; we usually head up to Franklyn for a night out. They've got a movie house up there and I don't think the people in Newville even heard of movies yet. So anyway, we don't know this Newville too well, but after all that's no problem, 'cause if you don't see what ya lookin' for in that town, you can be sure it's not there.

Walking down Center Street, we see something that looked like a candy store; it had one of those Coke signs in the window showing a faded beauty of the 1940's smiling and drinking from a Coke bottle that made a 90 degree angle with her lower lip. We walked in so the screen door slammed and the cheap bell gave out a couple of rings as it got smacked. A pudgy little guy pulled aside a dirty green curtain and made ready to serve us. He was cheaply dressed;

didn't bother to wear the customary apron so we could see his baggy brown pants and pea green sport shirt that had nothing sporty-looking about it. This was the first time I can remember being in a store where the customer has the first word. He stood there for a while challenging us to ask for something. Finally, I said, "What d'ya have to eat here". Listlessly, he points behind him to the shelves, all I see is cans of food and signs like "Canned Peaches 35¢," "Potatoes, 10 lbs. for 49¢," and so on. I said, "You don't understand, we're not shopping for groceries, we just wanta have a quick lunch of something". Finally, he gets what we mean and says that he's got some liverwurst and can make us some sandwiches. Now liverwurst I don't eat at home so I'm certainly not going to eat it when I don't have to especially in a store that stinks even worse than liverwurst. Since that was all the choice of cold cuts he had, we nixed the sandwich idea and decided to have some cake instead. However, he showed us the cake and we changed our minds. First of all, it wasn't packaged but under one of those plastic display covers and secondly it looked kinda old; in fact, I was wondering if that Coke sign out front was new when the last piece was sold. Funny how you can think that you're hungry and then, all of a sudden, you lose your appetite. Anyway, I told Doug that I'd get my lunch across the street at the vegetable stand and eat it on the way. He was thinking along the same lines so we bought a bag of peaches and set out for Camp Forrest, 21 miles to go in about three hours; it seemed like we would make it after all.

So, we were back to our old game of hitchin'; we didn't have far to go, but you don't see many cars on those lonely country roads. As I finished the last peach, Doug said we were smart not to get anything in that smelly grocery store. I agreed with him of course, that we were smart, and that we shouldn't have bought anything in that store. Why, I would't even trust the canned goods in that store. I told Doug that I was surprised that the health department hadn't closed up the joint, maybe they had to wait until he made a sale and at the rate that he was going, it would be a long time before he had any customers. Then again, maybe the health department was just waiting until the whole town fell down. The food back at camp isn't anything to brag about, but at least we—the counselors at any rate—could go into Franklyn for a pizza or something.

Well, it was about 2:10 and still no life, in fact, we hadn't even seen a car in the half hour that we were walking on that lousy road.

I mentioned to Doug that it was possible that we wouldn't make it on time; he said he was in no hurry to get there. I reminded him of Kilstrom's threat to fire us if we didn't get back by supper. Doug grudgingly agreed. I was even looking forward to getting back, after all, practically a whole new batch of kids were coming in tomorrow for the second half of the season and after the July crowd, these kids would have to be an improvement. So we kept walking, and me and Doug went through that bunch we had the first half, recalling some of the wild times we had keeping after them. Talking was good, it helped pass the time and made walking easier; but there's a limit to the amount of walking and talking you can do, especially when you're supposed to keep an appointment that might louse up a whole summer if it's missed.

It was now past three, we had seen but two cars, one big Buick had passed us right by without stopping and the other, a Nash station wagon, filled beyond capacity with vacationers passed us. It seemed that all in the station wagon turned apologetic and quizzical faces towards us except for a little blond brat in the back; he leered back at us with a big smile that got bigger and more contagious as the train of dust raised by the car climbed over us. I said to Doug, that kid looks like a prime candidate for Camp Forrest. He said no thank you, and then remarked that we had about an hour and a half to make it back to camp. We weren't exactly sure where we were, but it was probably still a good thirteen or fourteen miles to go. I figured that we'd never make it walking, and judging from our recent luck, it didn't look like we'd make it by hitchin' either. So Doug says to me "Well, what d'ya want me to do, get a rickshaw". Doug, he thinks he's a wise guy, so when he can't think of anything else to say—which is quite often—he'll try to make some wise guy comment. After he's had his big joke I said we might as well call a cab from Franklyn; we're only twenty miles away from there now and if it means our jobs, it'd be worth it. Doug says that's just fine, "We hitch all the way upstate to save carfare and you want to take a cab which'll probably cost us about as much as the whole busfare anyway." I said I know but what can we do, if we lose the job, we're shot for the summer. After all, summer jobs are scarce enough when you hunt them up in April and May so no joker is going to be able to land a job in the middle of the summer. So it's either get the cab or hang around the city for a month existing. Even Doug couldn't think up any smart argument to answer me with, after all he was in

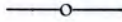
the same boat and realized it. He said okay, let's call. I said wait a minute, first we have to find a house and then we have to persuade the people to let us use their phone. Doug held out a dime and said he had the persuasion and that all I had to do was find the house. So we kept walking and looking for a place to phone from. Of course, we kept trying to hitch all the while, traffic seemed to get heavier, two cars in a half hour. Then, lo and behold, a third car comes, and by this time we're kinda disgusted, no houses in sight and of course, no hitch. Like I was saying', we were disgusted by this time so we hardly even hold out our thumbs but the guys stops. We're ready to hop in when the guy says "Where you boys goin'". We told him Camp Forrest. He says you mean that place before Franklyn; we said yeah. He tells us he's not going that far but can take us for the two miles that he's going in our direction. So we hop in, a quick consultation between me and Doug and we get an idea. So I say to the driver that we really need to get to camp by five and otherwise we lose our jobs. He says he's sorry; then we say we'll give him two bucks if he takes us and he says he's glad. Funny how people respond so ably to the color green. The commercial nature of our settlement went a long way towards choking any conversation that we might otherwise have felt obligated to instigate. However, the driver seemed to have absorbed that obligation which normally belongs to the rider and he kept babbling away about camp life and good country air. All I know is that there wasn't much good country air in that car; he must have been a city guy with one of those summer cabins in the mountains.

At any rate, we arrived at camp at twenty to five. We paid off our friend and headed in to see old man Kilstrom and we were feeling pretty chipper. Even if we had shelled out two bucks, we still had saved a lot of carfare and had some interesting experiences in the bargain. The camp certainly looked different from that madhouse that we had spent our July in controlling. What d'ya know, we're on the camp grounds and we can actually hear ourselves talk for a change without having to strain out kids' shouts and screams. Yes, it was really calm today, but only a day more of that blessedness; tomorrow, the August troops would come storming in, and after a summer month in the city, they would probably be able to challenge the July crew to a contest of noise. According to Kilstrom, we were supposed to be in his office at five to get instructions for the second half, and to receive our new assignments

of kids. So, me and Doug headed over to Kilstrom's office to see the old man. I said to Doug, "Gee, I don't see any of the other counselors, do you think the old man will really fire them if they don't show up exactly at five." Doug says, "Nah, I think he'll just take it out of their salaries, that way he can pay them even less than the minimum." About ten feet away from the bungalow that Kilstrom used as an office, I noticed a white piece of paper on Kilstrom's door. I read the printed notice:

*"This Camp closed by order of the Department
of Health, of the State of New York. This order
effective July 31st."*

BROTHER JAMES GARGAN



POEM

The turn of time,
Sun standing still,
Longer days to come
But colder yet

In seasons queer delay.
Autumn winds,
Lonely fallen leaves
Spidering across the road

On stiffened legs
And curled backs.
Clearness of air,
Clarity of the sky,

Coldness of Fall
Quicken the mind,
Lead the spirit inward.
Warmth of home,

Of friends,
Of books,
Of fireside beckons
And Winter comes.

EDWARD G. MATTHEWS

FREEDOM'S LAST STAND

"The only thing needed for the triumph of evil is that good men do nothing." - Edmund Burke

There exists in the world today a system based on dialectical materialism and the suppression of human liberties. This system's sickle is red with the blood of nations once proudly free—now smashed by the hammer of militaristic imperialism. This system, the Communist Party, has the blueprint for world domination. Under the recognized leadership of the Soviet Union, the dynamic mission is directed against all that are non-Communist. Each day, with subtly ruthless efficiency, their plans move closer to completion as the Free World becomes the Communist World. Already half the world population and one-third of the land area are under the suppression of Communist despotism.

The West stands as the defender of freedom, but fights Red Machiavellianism with the folly called the "policy of containment". The West's last bastion is the United States,—the only nation powerful enough to resist Soviet might. This is not to say that our allies are not needed to defeat Communism; rather, the U.S. is the only one capable of assuming the initiative in the urgent action required to destroy world Communism.

To be determined that positive action is urgently necessary, one must be convinced of the dangerous Communist strategy. After the danger is seen the necessary counterplans follow.

In a recent study for the Internal Security Subcommittee on *The Technique of Soviet Propaganda*, it was reported that: "...there is not a single country in the world without its legal or underground Communist Party."¹ These well-organized, well equipped, fanatical branches are directly controlled by the Kremlin with clearly expressed aims. Lenin, addressing the Second Congress of the Communist International (1920), stated:

The absolute necessity...of combining illegal work with legal work is determined...by the necessity of proving to the bourgeoisie that there is not, nor can there be, a sphere or field of work that cannot be won by the Communists....²

Lenin likewise stated:

...we are able to master all means of warfare, we shall certainly be victorious, because we represent the interests of the really advanced, really revolutionary class.³

World domination is the end. Whatever means further this end are considered just and "holy" in Communist terminology.

What are the Communists doing to achieve their nefarious end of putting mankind in chains? They are doing exactly what Lenin advocated.⁴ There is not a sphere of international influence, nor a field of work, which has not in some way been infiltrated. The program is indeed massive, and affects the political, social, economic, and even religious spheres. There are lavish efforts made in propaganda alone. Senator Eastland (Chairman of the Internal Security Subcommittee) said:

Abraham Lincoln is credited with the observation that 'you can't fool all the people all the time.' The Soviet Union is paying around \$2 billion to prove him wrong.⁵

That's an annual expenditure of about two dollars per free man. The U.S. expenditure in this field is just "1¼ cents per person a year," and "if the budgets of all other free nations are added the total hardly comes to 2 cents."⁶

Communist infiltration is no haphazard affair. It is a carefully planned program intended to form a web of control by permeation, or sway, or discreditation of influential organizations. The late Senator Joseph McCarthy showed how far the Reds had gone when he alerted his nation. The Federal Bureau of investigation and the Committee on Un-American Activities continue the discovery and exposition. It is for this reason that they have received, and are still receiving, Red attempts at discreditation. Americans have the right to ask why men listed by the F.B.I. as having Communist ties have been hired and given access to clasified information, only to later defect. This is but one indication that Communists have imbedded themselves in Government posts.

Education receives special attention. Mme. Labin⁷ reports:

In France, 20,000 school teachers hold a Communist Party Card, more than 25 percent teach their classes following Communist directives they receive through innumerable sources... In Italy the proportion is 40 percent.⁸

Of course the percentage is not as high in the United States, but nonetheless all levels of American education should be on guard and have no misconceptions about yielding.⁹

Labor unions are often victimized, by "pink" policies and strikes which disrupt the economy or our missile program. Again, Lenin's dictate is faithfully followed:

We must learn how to make use of all stratagems, of ruse, adopt illegal methods, keep silent at times, conceal the truth, with the sole aim of getting into the unions, staying there, and accomplishing the task of communism there in spite of everything.¹⁰

The same framework is used effectively in other fields—particularly the mass media. (e.g. The F.B.I. has disclosed heavy Communist infiltration of the Hollywood industry.

Religion is ruthlessly suppressed as the "opium of the people" (—Marx & Lenin) and principal enemy of the system of atheistic materialism.

Reds are not bound by principles as we know them. Engels declared: "...In reality every class, even every profession, has its own morality..."¹¹ Whatever furthers the cause is right, and policy must be changed to align with it. Promises no longer bind if they do not suit the new policy.

Peaceful co-existence is a propaganda hoax, for the Party follows Lenin who held it impossible.

The dictatorship of the proletariat is necessary, and victory over the bourgeoisie is impossible without a... desperate war of life and death.

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As long as capitalism and socialism exist, we cannot live in peace: in the end, one or the other will triumph—a

funeral dirge will be sung over the Soviet Republic or over world capitalism.

*

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Contempt for death must spread among the masses and thus secure victory...the ruthless extermination of the enemy will be their task....¹²

Nikita Krushchev stated (20th Congress of the Communist International) on February, 1956: "We must be guided by the wise injunctions of Lenin in all our activity."¹³ But peaceful Nikita, former henchman of Joseph Stalin, has made himself even clearer. (1956) We will bury you!

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(1961) the world of Communism is not far off...The fight for disarmament is an active fight against imperialism, a fight for narrowing its war potential. The policy of peaceful coexistence is a form of ideological struggle.... The Soviets will continue to do everything to increase the military of our country...the victory of Communism is inevitable.

With these expressed aims, any attempt at negotiation with the Reds is a dangerous waste of time.

Of the 52 agreements made with the United States and Red China after World War II, the result of 2,400 meetings, the Reds have kept just two. Agreements are made by the Reds with the mental reservation that they may be broken when they no longer serve the cause. Negotiations provide the Communists with time for build up, surprise action and propaganda. The result of the arduous work is usually a worthless piece of paper.

We are in a state of war - a war for free existence under God. It is called a "cold war", but the qualifier "cold" gives the idea that we are at peace. The Soviet Union realizes the actuality of this war, for they are waging it most effectively while preparing for the final thrust. The world is harassed with limited wars, revolutions, riots, and further heavy infiltration as the cause of world domination moves forward.

The U.S. presently holds the position of the strongest single world power. This goes without saying, however, that today Russia is not far behind. For the past 17 years the American advantage has been whittled down by Soviet advances insufficiently met. These past years are years of infamy in which the United States has failed to accept its responsibility, and shown comparatively little initiative.

In 1945, General Patton stated in no uncertain terms that American troops should not stop at Germany but head straight into Russia which had made secret partitioning agreements with the Nazis. He was instead ordered to draw his command back to allow Soviet occupation up to Berlin. Shortly after, a truck crashed into the General's jeep killing him.

That same year Winston Churchill warned President Truman of the effect of American troop withdrawal on the balance of power in Europe. The blame for the Potsdam Conference concessions cannot be charged to the dead President Roosevelt, nor to Churchill. It was President Truman who withdrew the American forces. Churchill predicted the Communist acquisition plan. Truman lost Eastern Europe.

A man cannot be classed a great President who bungles his way through office: losing China, parts of Asia, half of Europe, and part of the Balkans to Communism.

In 1948 General Lucius Clay was silenced when holding that our rights to Berlin be upheld by sending an armored task force along the Autobahn to call Russia's bluff. This blunder was perpetrated at a time when American superiority was overwhelming. The airlift gave our rights to access to Berlin a fogged appearance.

General MacArthur, America's great military genius, saw the necessity of striking from Korea into Red China; but he was retired from command. Half of Korea thus fell behind the Bamboo Curtain in another Communist victory. Similar incidents have since divided other Asian countries.

Unfortunately, the tide did not turn in 1952, nor the following eight years. The slogan "not one inch will be allowed to fall under Communism" sounds good. But in view of the above, we see that

the policy of containment is impossible and foolhardy when dealing with the Red cancer.

President Eisenhower did nothing in response to the urgent pleas of the legal Hungarian revolutionary government of 1956. Instead, he allowed Russian tanks to recapture and reinslave. Thus, while busy aligning ourselves with Russia in censuring justifiable Anglo-French moves in Suez, we lost on two points.

Towards the end of his second term Ike allowed Cuba to slip into Communist hands. There was no effective move in response to the seizure of American property, illegal arrests, and suppression of human liberties. Castro's Communist brother, as well as his own past connection with the Party, was considered incidental until the policy of the new government became blaringly obvious. Protest which fell on deaf ears was the only "action" taken by the "not one inch" President who had decreased our Armed Forces' standing strength.

Is the pattern of disastrous American backdowns continuing with the present administration of President John F. Kennedy? We see evidence of indecision and finally concession in Laos. Marines are now in Thailand to prevent Red Laotian infringement. This is retreat. The blockade action around Cuba is commendable as far as it went; but it did not go far enough. Anything short of invasion is another Communist victory and an American backdown. We must not recognize, nor allow to exist, a Sugar Cane Curtain.

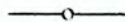
People the world over, including most of those behind the Iron and Bamboo Curtains, admire strength. We cannot buy friends; we must win their respect by showing our strength as protector of liberty. The United States must, at long last, properly assume its responsibility and face Communism with a sense of war.

President Kennedy stated (April 20, 1961): "As your President . . . I am determined upon our system's survival and success, regardless of the cost and regardless of the peril." Again, these are but words. Today we need the carry-through action that has thus far been missing from the vital conflict.

BROTHER JOHN J. SAINSBURY

FOOTNOTES

1. Labin, Suzanne. *The Technique of Soviet Propaganda*
(a study for the Internal Security Subcommittee)
(Wash., D.C.: US. Govt. Printing Office: 1960) p. 2
2. Niemeyer, Gehart, Ph.D. *Facts on Communism* Vol. I
(A study for the Committee on Un-American Activities)
3. Ibid. p. 53
4. This is what Dr. Fred Schwarz proves in his revealing book
You can Trust The Communists. See George Orwell's 1984
for a picture of man in chains.
5. Labin, Suzanne. *The Technique of Soviet Propaganda* p. iii
6. *ibid.* p. 17
7. Winner of the "Prix de Liberté"
8. Labin. *The Techn. of Sov. Prop.* p.7
9. cf. an excellent study by Hamilton A. Long: *Permit Communist - Conspirators to be Teachers?* (Wash., D.C.: U.S. Govt. Print. Off.)
10. Labin. *The Techn. of Sov. Prop.* p.8
11. Niemeyer, Gehart. *Facts on Communism.* p. 8
12. Hoover, J. Edgar. *Masters of Deceit*
(N.Y.: Henry Holt & Co.: c. 1958) p. 35-6



THE PAINTING

The key turned in the door and Ken Luteen stepped into the office. He pushed the light switch, walked over to Mr. Gorman's desk, and deposited the mail by the vacant "IN" tray. He started to turn around, hesitated, and flicked the wet envelope into the empty tray. Thus appeased, he retraced his footsteps across the waxed floor-boards, took a wire hanger off the peg, and hung up his coat on the back of the door. He removed his hat, shook it, placed it on the peg, and closed the door. It squeaked. For the three years he had been working for Gorman that noise had irritated him. He noticed that it squeaked only when someone closed the door. He promised that he would definitely get around to fixing it this week.

The lonely clock, in its isolated position on the cream plaster over Gorman's swivel chair, indicated eight-forty. He had fifteen minutes to spend before the "boss" would arrive and send him out for coffee and a hard roll.

He reached in the bottom drawer of his desk, withdrew a soiled cotton rag, and leaning on one hand slowly wiped the surface. He then proceeded to dust each of the three pictures in the room. He polished the frigid glare of Oliver Wendell Holmes, stroked Lincoln's beard, and stopped when he reached the monstrosity by the window.

In the middle of the picture there was a kind of buckled wheel, colored black, and darkest in the center. The space between the outside of the circumference and the extremities of the picture was painted a bright azure. It looked like a stretching ink-drop on a sky-blue blotter. Nailed to the bottom of the frame was a piece of casket gold in which the word 'THOUGHT' was hammered out.

Mrs. Gorman had insisted that it be given "sufficient prominence."
Poor Mr. Gorman!

Mary Gorman, you see, was a self-appointed "modern" of weak intellect and dominating will, who kept her husband "au courant" in everything from the graduating class at Vassar to the latest novel by Kerouac. She was conversant in the trivial, devoid of dignity and discretion, and liked to think of herself as "progressive". She bought that picture in Greenwich Village, strutted into the office with it, and reminded her husband that "we must show good taste in the office as well as in the home."

The collar around Ken's neck seemed to contract and he felt uncomfortable. He moved over to the window, brushed the pane with his sleeve, leaned forward until the cold glass touched his forehead, and looked at the rain-swept street below.

It had been raining spasmodically all morning and people were confused as to what clothes they should wear. It wasn't raining now, but the wind had risen, and nervous rain-drops skittered uncertainly on the window-pane. The little streams continued miraculously to come into being, fuse together, and multiply haphazardly, and run their random courses down the dirt-sprinkled window until they reached the green ledge below—where they spread slowly, joined with the other drops, and blew off the ledge to an uncertain location on the street below. Meanwhile other streams were born.

Ken watched the children in their black and yellow raincoats as they came giggling down the sidewalk on their way to school. The little boy in the yellow raincoat stopped, looked up, stuck out his tongue, and caught the drop that fell off the tip of his plastic hat. He smacked his lips and ran on to overtake the others.

Ken recalled the puddle-splashing days of his childhood and the mustard baths his mother made him take. He smiled,—and tried to remember if it was Wordsworth who wrote about the child being father to the man.

Ryan, erect in his dark blue uniform, crossed the street at the intersection, opened the police call-box, put the receiver to his ear, and slowly eased the hat back on his head. The morning rain had soaked through his hat and left a blue rim on his forehead.

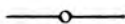
Ken remembered their schooldays together, and considered it a shame that "ol Buzz" should end up with such a routine job.

An old Negro man ambled out of a doorway near the corner. He slouched over to the edge of the curb, turned his back to the wind, and buttoned his flapping tweed overcoat. He pushed on the brown hat, jamming it down over his tight gray curls. He just stood there by the street-sign and nodded his head each time the traffic light turned green, at which time a tobacco spit would spin through the air and disappear in the gutter. When the light was red he concentrated on front wind-shields and seemed to occupy himself with the pendulous strokes of the wiper-blades.

Ken wondered what would interest him when his hair turned gray.

He moved away from the window and that painting caught his eyes again. It was the caption rather than the painting itself that annoyed him. Suddenly he hated that picture and this office and the Gormans—especially Mary. Why should "THOUGHT" be painted black?

The door opened and Mr. Gorman looked at the clock. He wrenched off his overshoes and muttered, 'Morning, Kenneth.' He tossed a quarter onto the wet envelope. Ken picked it up and went to get the coffee.



THE TEMPORAL MARINER

The clock is but a skiff,
Upon which man takes ship hopefully,
Till Time present croosed
He lands on Time-Eternal's shore.

Sight on the waters in motion
These litle waves,
Rise, reflect a sun ray, and then,
Darken and disappear.

Time past,
Time present,
Time future,
High tide in Time-Eternal.

Billions of sails glide on these waters fast;
a scant few minutes are given to man to
discover Thee under nature's frothy veil.
And the voyage is an open spray...

Time! Thou pass away,
And I with Thee...

BROTHER JOHN GILBERT

ESSAY ON ART

I am a product of my age. I shall live most of my life—probably all of it—in the twentieth century; certainly the main part of my productivity shall have passed before the year two thousand. Here I undertake to express myself on the question of art. Perhaps if I were older and wiser in the ways of the world I would not say the things that I wish to say. My reason for writing is a simple one; art is a topic that many people talk about without really understanding. Now don't think that I am trying to educate people, trying to bring them up to my level of understanding. Rather, look at this paper as a conversation, an expression of art as I see it, and as I think others should see it. Anyone is perfectly free to disagree. Needless to say there is much room for disagreement—especially in the area of modern art, the abstract.

Some people, indeed, many people, refuse to accept the abstract as any form of anything. Yet I feel that the twentieth century has come to express itself - to prove its difference from the other centuries. I cannot help but refer to this fact continually. Why do people reject the abstract in art? It is because of ignorance more than anything else. I do not mean that they lack intelligence but they lack information as to the nature of art. In all probability they have never given any serious consideration to this concept. Thus the purpose of this paper. I do not intend to teach, I intend to start a few cogs moving. I cannot cover everything, I can only send out a few threads to start with.

Art cannot be defined as "timeless", "beautiful", "expressive". These are descriptions, not definitions. Art is not a photographic representation of something concrete and recognizable. If art were thus restricted we could replace the brush and the chisel with the camera, the pen and the orchestra with the tape recorder, for with these instruments nature can be truly captured as it exists in the concrete. No, there must be something more to art.

One who has read Aristotle's *Poetics*, knows that Aristotle reduces all art to "mimesis" and "harmonia" (imitation and harmony). Now if one accepts this definition, I think he would have to be content with the camera and the tape recorder, for what is more perfect in imitation than a photograph? What is more unified and harmonious than the photographic reproduction of nature's own work?

I reiterate then, that there must be something more to art. What is this mysterious "something more", this artistic experience or moment? None has yet found the answer; no one has as yet hit the nail on the head. It would be too time consuming to try to run through all the proposed answers. Most of the theories have their good points, no one is completely wrong; but all the theories, the one that I feel points in the truest direction is Aristotle's. For myself, I believe that art is an imitation, but it is in "what and "how" this imitation is accomplished that I disagree with Aristotle. The standard interpretation of Aristotle's term mimesis is an imitation which brings concrete reality to the level of the Universal and vice-versa — brings a Universal to the level of concrete reality. This I agree with, but the whole turn of thought lies in the concept "Universal".

It is generally agreed, to express a universal, let us say "man", by means of Aristotelian mimesis, the artist must portray *one man*. To this man the artist gives perfect physical beauty. The end result is a "universal man", a man who is like no other man because he is perfect in every possible way. The only difficulty is that the universal man will differ from artist to artist. Just grant me this fact that is perfectly allowable and understandable. If you do, you cannot confront the modern artist who shows you his statue or painting of man. If the artist must imitate this type of universal then every artist should produce the same universal man. Actually, all that is produced is *a man*, not a truly universal man.

But I think we can look at this idea of "universal" from another angle, although the distinction is a hair-line one. In philosophy courses on the college level we sometimes use the term "universal" and "essence" interchangeably. We think of a universal idea and an essence as being the same. I have in my mind an idea which sums up all trees, so I call it the universal idea of tree, or treeness. When I see a tree I recognize it as such because of this idea which I have developed from past experience with trees. The difficulty comes in the expression of this idea to others. Aristotle says that the expression must be in the form of a universal. I must express a tree that is the most perfect tree possible, a universal tree. Aesthetic thought tells me that I am bound to express a universal tree. I may, if I wish, express not one tree in particular, but rather something which will evoke in *others* the essence of trees. If I express something in oils that may not look like a tree, but makes you think of trees, then possibly this also may be called imitation. Johnson says in

Rasselas that the poet – transposed for us into the artist – must delineate in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features as may recall the original to every mind, and must neglect the more minute details, which one person may have remarked and another neglected, for those characteristics which are obvious to both the vigilant and the careless. (see *Rasselas*, Chapter X. Imlac's dissertation on poetry). I do not claim that Johnson is here defending modern art – I am rather adapting his words, although I do not believe I am using his meaning. Nonetheless, this is my meaning, and grant it we can justify the abstract in art.

Let us spend the next few paragraphs discussing some technicalities of art. In speaking of philosophy one must use its terminology to speak the language of philosophy. In discussing theology, one must be aware of the nuances in meaning. The mechanic must know his tools and his parts, the plumber his wrenches and his pipes; the gardener his spade and his seeds. So too in art, there is a proper terminology; a proper set of tools. The author, composer, sculptor, and painter have their own way of saying and analyzing things. Though this paper concerns itself primarily with the abstract in painting, what is said here holds true for the abstract in all art. This remark is necessary lest we lose sight of the fact that progressive jazz, free verse, contemporary music, and contemporary theatre are all forms, or manifestations, of modern art. They all are products of our time, and all are permeated with the same spirit – the abstract. Whether we speak of symbolism, chromatic tones, dissonance, or pointillism, we are speaking of art - modern.

But to return to painting, I wish to accent this area because it is where I feel the most "at home". The terms and concepts which I wish to discuss are few and simple. All painting can be analysed with them. These basic two terms are: space and form. Most simply stated, "space" is the area in which the painting is to be executed, the canvas or surface to be painted. In sculpture, space is the area inside of which the block of marble occupies. The sculptor must create the space by removing the marble which happens to be occupying space. In architecture, the artist faces a situation similar to that of the painter, the control of a space by the introduction of his architectural forms. Therefore, we can define Form as the controlling factor in the artistic experience. The artist introduces forms to his blank canvas to control it. This form may be a *LaGioconda*, or it may be a dripping of black paint. Furthermore, it means com-

position. Introducing a form into a space creates a tension, i.e., a relationship heretofore not established, which relation implies composition. This does not occur by chance; there must be some intention in the relation. This is true for all art. Just as we must consider meter, rhyme, vocabulary in poetry, so we must analyze a painting in terms of its parts. This implies a certain destruction of the artistic experience. It is by use of the terms "space" and "form" that we can dissect our paintings, statues, buildings into their constitute parts. As this analysis gets more and more involved, we extend the application of our terms to each part. We study the painting to determine the space and form, then we analyze each space and each form in the same manner, in much the same manner as we cut an apple in half, and then cut each half in half, and each quarter in half, until we arrive at a point where we can no longer insert the knife. Once we have considered the whole, we then go on to consider the parts. We see the landscape, the earth against the sky then the trees in relation to the earth and sky, then the shadows, the shading, the texture, and so on until we have considered each part and its relation to the whole.

Along with space and form we must include the tool of color; for if space and form express the motion of the painting, it is the job of color to emphasize this motion and bring it to the point of evoking an emotion in the beholder. The obvious thing is that color is essential to painting.

We are all aware of the symbolism of colors - green for fertility or hope, red for passion, such as anger or lust, white for purity, etc. But there is also an aspect of color which conveys sensations. We speak of cool blues and greens because they feel cool. We speak of warm blues or greens because they feel warm. Add green to a blue and it feels cool; add red and it feels warm. This may seem like nonsense, but if you want proof just notice how you feel in a room with one predominant color scheme. Take the Chapel here at the college for instance. The predominance of green produces the sensation of coolness, even when you know it is really warm inside. The same can be said for other colors; reds and yellows are usually hot. Colors can evoke an emotional response - an over abundance of dark tones conveys sobriety or even sorrow; light and bright colors can be happy and gay. The primaries of red, blue, and yellow are carnival colors; pastel shades of pink, powder blue, pale yellow are party colors.

Thus we see that the artist must know how to apply his tools of color to his space and form so as to control it in the best possible way. He must link emotion with motion to produce an experience worth witnessing.

Thus prepared, we are now able to apply our terminology. It is sufficient to say that we can apply these terms to all art - classical etc. From here on we shall try to concentrate on the area of the abstract. Let us begin by analogy. Ask the average man to define a spiral staircase for you ... notice the reaction... A fumbling for words followed by a motion of the hand in a spiral manner. You see, rather than defining the spiral staircase he has a visual explanation. The second analogy is an imaginary one. I am a photographer (let us suppose); I want to capture on cellulose a mass movement of people; to be specific, I should like to photograph people moving in the hustle and bustle of their daily routine. I want to capture this routine from one aspect - the morning rush hour. My scene is Grand Central Station. I choose the balcony as the best position from which to take my shots. From this point I can catch the hordes as they pour in and out of the station, up from and down to the platforms. I set up my camera, and at the right moment, snap-flash, I have my picture.

Now let me explain the analogy. First, if we are permitted to abandon the formal mode of definition to convey a concrete situation in reality (the spiral staircase), why then can we not do the same in painting? The spiral motion of my hand conveys the idea - why cannot I paint this motion to convey the idea? The essential factor of a spiral staircase, that which makes it different from the conventional staircase is its motion. As for the second analogy, we must look at the situation from the point of view of the abstract artist. The artist does not want to paint a crowd of people, he wants to paint the motion of a crowd of people moving in the hustle and bustle of their daily routine. What could be more typical than a change of periods here at the College - or at any college? The artist wants to do this in the simplest, purest terms possible. He doesn't want to photograph faces, or portray conversing students; he wants to show motion. And he does it in terms of the spiral staircase definition. He introduces forms that will express movement - some slow, some rapid, some smooth, some turbid. He will add meaning to these forms through the use of color. The color suggests not the variety of character, but more the complexity of the routine. The forms express the main

movements of activity. But what about the space in which this activity occurs. There can be no movement without a relation to some other object, and so the artist must control his space itself in similar terms; the space must be active too, but not in the same predominance as the forms are. To suggest a relation a similar palette of color is used, but the tones and shades are lighter. Sure there is activity besides the main forms, but this other activity must not detract from the main idea - the crowds of students flowing from the lecture hall to lab or cafeteria and so forth. Short and simple, this is the meaning of the tile mosaics which adorn the entrances of Donnelly Hall, but I have tried to make the reference vague enough for the person who might not have the occasion to study them. Needless to say, there is much more meaning in the mosaics than this, but I feel that such an interpretation is a starting point in a clearer understanding for those who have no idea of what the mosaics really mean and of the terms in which the meaning has been expressed. It is their simplicity which makes them so difficult to comprehend. One tends to look for more than there really is, and therefore he cannot understand them. In a sense this is unfortunate.

But enough of particular references. There are other aspects of the problem of art that you would probably expect me to cover in our discussion. As I have stated earlier, it will be impossible to cover everything. You will notice that I have not tried to give any definition of art: I have only talked about it and some of its mechanics. Another basic problem is that of the critic. Who is capable of labelling art as art anyway? Surely it is not I! I can tell you why I like a certain piece of art, and why someone else may like it, but I certainly cannot tell you just what this mysterious thing that we have called the "artistic experience" is. As with other mysteries of the universe - electricity, fire, etc., I can tell you its effects, but I cannot tell you what it is; nor can I tell you what makes it what it is. What makes Poetry, what makes Literature? What makes a Messe Solonelle, or a Fifth Symphony? What makes a LaGiaconda, or a David? Surely it is not the poet, nor the author, nor the composer, nor the painter, nor the sculptor. He is present as creator - maker in that sense - only. He creates his work of art from mere nothings, but how conscious is many an artist of the greatness of his work? For himself, his only satisfaction is that of expressing himself well. But even at this, he may not receive the greatest satisfaction from his greatest work. In fact, it is often pointed out that many an artist has received more pleasure from some of his inferior works than his "chef d'oeuvre".

Just what is the artistic experience that is so uncomprehensible that the artist himself is often unable to understand? As I have mentioned above, art must give pleasure, but this is such a relative thing: what pleases me, may not please you. As a matter of fact, even that which pleases me at one time may not please me at another time. I may enjoy cake and ice cream, until I get sick on them - then they no longer please; I may dislike olives, but it is possible to cultivate a taste for them, eventually coming to appreciate them. Therefore, pleasure cannot be a standard for the artistic experience. And I think that we will never be able to get ourselves a good one. There are many factors involved, and probably no set one of them is responsible for the final product. We cannot say that the universal recognition is a safe standard either, it is a good one in the sense that some works of art are recognized, but it cannot account for some of the "good stuff" that is forced to sit in warehouses because it hasn't been "found" yet.

In concluding I think it a good thing to point out a few facts. The Mona Lisa captivates the hearts of millions for more reasons than her smile; Venus deMilo isn't popular because of her embarrassed modesty. The plays of Shakespeare have endured for more reasons than their words; T.S. Eliot has not reached such stature because of his incomprehensibility. Progressive jazz is lasting because it means something. The works of Cezanne, Kandinsky, Dali, Picasso, Miro, Braques, Modrian, Pollack, Davis, etc. are being accepted for what they say of the times in which they were created and the spirit in which they say it. They reflect the culture from which they spring, and because they reflect this culture so well they are proclaimed art. They are not mere photographs of externals, they are impressions and expressions of essential realities. They are the twentieth century as it is now and as it shall appear to the following centuries.

BROTHER JOHN KINCH



FOR WANT OF OKTAVIUS

*"erreicht den Hof mit Mueh und Not;
in seinem Armen das Kind war tod."*

Goethe, Erkonig.

*"reached the castle in frantic sweat
in his arms the child was dead."*

He left; he did not turn, but staggered forward. It was snowing and the wind was against him. He felt faint. His hands grasped a lamppost which was covered with frozen snow. He placed his head upon them and rested for a moment. Suddenly the clanging of a streetcar was heard. The man straightened himself and walked towards the station; the streetcar came. He dragged himself aboard and collapsed into the first vacant seat.

"Where to?" asked the conductor.

"Doebling," he muttered. His lips were so swollen that he could hardly speak.

"Thirty-five Groschen."

He extended his hand. It was blue with cold and red with scars. In its palm lay some change. The conductor took the amount, punched a ticket and gave it to him. He made an effort to pocket it, but it was too much for him. He let the change fall to the floor.

"Jew, no doubt," said the man next to him, explaining to his wife, but no one paid much attention to the broken man.

Since the "Anschluss", the people of Vienna were immune to such sights. Some felt malice, others contempt, most indifference, but none felt pity.

The passenger closed his eyes and let his mind wander through the familiar road, through which his mind had wandered over and over for two years. He remembered the night that they were seated in the living room, listening to the broadcast of Schuschnigg's resignation. He saw the living room, the kind face of his wife, her brown eyes, her blue-black hair, her chiseled features. There was also his daughter, Sylvia, who was so much like her mother, perhaps not quite so handsome, but just as intelligent and sincere.

He thought of Oktavius, who was then just a little boy of five.

Upon hearing the speech, Oktavius cried. He remembered, and not without pain, how he stroked his son's head and comforted him, saying: "Times and leaders may change, but as long as we are together, it really does not matter."

"But you may go to war and die," cried Oktavius.

"Yes, I may go to war, but I will return."

Oktavius stopped crying and listened attentively to his father.

"You see, my son, God made it so that only people who have nothing to live for die; but, I have you and mother and Sylvia to live for, so I will always come back to you."

"I understand papa, and I am not afraid anymore."

He kissed Oktavius.

"You are a brave boy, Oktavius, and I am proud of you."

Yes, there was Oktavius, the source of his strength, his darling, his heir and his pride...Oktavius, his purpose in life.

He wondered how they were and prayed that nothing had happened to them. He had friends, colleagues, neighbors, they certainly must have looked after his family.

There were also other memories...the ninth of November...the great massacre of Jews. There was the memory of that day in the early spring on which he lost his position at the University of Vienna because of his religion, and that day, two years ago, when they took him away. His wife and Sylvia went to visit the Feuersteins, and he was alone with Oktavius, reading poetry to him.

The two men entered abruptly.

"Name?"

"Professor Silberstein."

"Jew?"

"Yes."

After they tore the boy from his embrace, they dragged him down the stairs. He saw Oktavius' yearning eyes and heard his voice call for him. He would have given his whole life to embrace him once again.

He remembered how his name changed from Professor Silberstein to Jew Silberstein. He recalled the rifle-butt, that kissed his mouth and the lashes that spelled "Dachau" on his back. He recalled the cruelty of the concentration camp and saw mental pictures of the horror he found there. He felt the hate for his oppressors.

"Doebling."

The passenger opened his eyes and looked out of the window. Doebling, his house, his family, his life, all condensed into one word - Doebling.

Every step that robbed his breath brought more happiness into his eyes, for every step was nearer home. In the corridor he passed a mirror. He hesitated. How he had changed - Two years! He studied his wrinkled face, his white hair, his multilated mouth, his shaking hands. A man of fifty years, he muttered ironically.

"Herr Professor Silberstein?" exclaimed the landlady in surprise. "You are back?"

"Good," he murmured with closed lips. "You recognize me. I was afraid my family would not...."

"Your family? Good God! Professor Silberstein," the landlady said nervously. "I am sorry, Herr Professor, but well...your family was killed, over a year ago."

He clenched and unclenched his hands spasmodically, it was an horrible sight to watch. His mouth tore open, issuing forth gushes of blood from his lips.

"And Oktavius?"

"He, too."

The landlady gave some details in regard to the death of his family, offered her condolences, and explained that the apartment was still vacant. She pressed the keys into his hand but shuddered because she had touched a Jew.

When she found him next day, kneeling lifelessly over Oktavius' little bed, the landlady thought it strange that a cultured man, who had lived two years of pain and hate, should now die for want of a little boy.

GUNTHER L. NEUMANN

I.

Dawn

THE

JOURNEYMAN

Daylight and night mingle dimly
 in the massing melange of
 grey at the bottom of the sky
 and the maples along the road
 lift shaggy heads from the

to Christ Our Lord

shaggy darkness beneath
 into a lightening day
 in which,
 when come,
 the night will be forgotten
 as a dream that's passed away,
 but never done.

II.

The Way

The road walked onward through the woods,
 crossed miles by muffled steps and
 shuffled years of long passed lives
 which, giving life, lay dead
 beneath its feet, where boulders
 thrust great grey shoulders
 damply into the wandering shade of the noon.

And heat beat in the air,
 running circles rythmically round
 in the dust of the leaves near the road
 where it bent at the edge of a hill...all
 in the forest where heat ran rings
 about the great dry trunks of trees.

And the road ran on without stopping
 through the heat
 that lay in its way in the dust,
 into the night, and the clouds,
 and the stars, until it too found
 that heat passes, and dust can give life.

III.

The Truth

The slow small waves let slip
 their dying strength in
 soft flutters on the sand beneath my feet
 as numberless others have done
 since suns first began to total up
 their slow small' deaths
 in marching towards the land
 where some day I would stand and
 watch their dyings count,
 and count,
 and count my passing life away.
 of what value, then,
 to stand and count,
 of what use these illimitable dyings,
 whether short,
 like theirs,
 without the sting of passing thought,
 or long, like mine, and now aware of
 what the living and the dying mean....
 how life lived is lost,
 already gone somehow before begun?

And yet, not valueless it is
 to take and fill
 this passing cup,
 and fill it to the brim with life,
 till, chuckling, bubbling,
 running riot on the sand,
 in soft small death it too
 overflows beyond the veil
 of faith, and time, and death.

IV.

Transition

Light on the distant hills in the
 long warm blue of the afternoon
 while the wind speeds on,
 ruffling the tops of the trees as it goes,
 as it goes its way in the sun and
 into the night with the coming of

evening's cool grey dove over
the swaying treetops.

V.

Sunset

And stillness hovers all
in the setting of the day
while one sable cloak succeeds
a hundred others flung
about the shoulders as
though from

hour to hour
to stem the chill
of longer nights to come.

And darkness soon will fling itself again
around an endless cartwheel of
successive days and
silent nights,
till day ends, and night does not begin

And life shall grow
a new eternal love,
while
the passing earth goes round.

VI.

*A symbolic
experience*

The Life

A dark evening
while white moths littered
window panes,
I sat, and heard the world go by,
yet never stopped to wait and
see which way it went,
but kept my thoughts and
listened at the noise
through the warm twilight
that lovely lay about me...
in gentle folds upon the sleeping grass.
And I slept too in the grass,
and dreamed, and awoke,

having forgotten all the dream
 and all the love and all the pain,
 having found peace beyond the love and pain,
 and slept again, and dreamed again
 and lived again,
 to once more awaken,
 but this time
 remembering my dream.

And when the dream was remembered,
 the evening grew longer, longer,
 until at last it seemed that
 twilight would never end,
 and clarity would ever live,
 for light within
 cannot
 be kept in darkness.

And through the night the dream
 runs on, and lives and loves,
 not one of these, but both,
 not only both, but something more,
 (and yet, the same)
 to live, and never dim,
 when comes the dawn.

VII. The Metamorphosis of a Person

My soul slept noiselessly within me
 when the days of my life had not yet
 awakened and star-scarred darkness
 purred softly in every
 corner to the tune of the humming spheres.
 The bright flashes of beloved objects
 rose and fell and rose and fell
 beating an irregular time to their mood
 as they worked on in silence
 over the patient on the anesthetized table.
 And meanwhile, within, seas stirred,
 caldrons of white heat, and caldrons
 of red heat, but I could not see them flare up

APPROACHING LITERATURE. . . Then and Now

Criticism, as applied to literature, focuses attention on the multiple aspects of a literary production, to the end of pinpointing their value and efficacy in relation to an "opus" as a spatial and temporal entity. A literary work of art is an organic unity – a union of parts. Its structure represents a composite whose perfection depends upon the quality of each component. As such, each constituent part has a vital relevance and meaning in connection with the work as a totality – a work which itself has a consequent relevance to the spatio-temporal situation in which it is produced.

From its beginnings, literature as an art form has undergone manifold changes in the process of development – changes in content, subject matter, language, style, and the use of techniques. The dialectic of Plato's *Republic* has emerged in the sophisticated dialectic of Marx's *Capital*. From the fictional beginnings of Richardson and Fielding have emanated the complexity and richness of Dickens and Dostoevsky. The mythological poetry of a Milton or Byron is compared with the simplicity and accuracy of style of a Peguy or Frost. In our own era a prolix Faulkner is reflected against the terseness of Hemingway.

Regardless of this organic development of the art form, the task of criticism has remained basically the same – to help bring into focus the function of the arts and of the humanities themselves, to evaluate things in the light of certain principles which characterize the objectives of literature, and above all, to discern the truth or conformity to reality.

However, because of the human element involved, there is bound to be a certain freedom of choice concerning the approaches to the question of criticism ('freedom' being one of the notable attributes of our human make-up).

Thus Aristotle would assume an ontological method in his demonstration of literature as something true, serious, and useful. He attempts to discover what literature is via observation of phenomena with a view to noting its qualities and characteristics. His analysis of the poetry of his time has survived as the great monument of righteous criticism because of the depth and extension of the principles used – definitions, objectives, means, rules, and aesthetic values.

Longinus, some years later, would approach the critical "bench" in the interests principally of one element – sublimity. His point of departure, too, was one-sided as he considered paramount the au-

dience's response to the literary stimulus the basic criterion in judging the value of a work. His ideas gave impetus to a current theory of criticism which places emphasis on this very point – and as such it is called the “affective theory”. The Renaissance and Sidney would attempt a return in the other direction, while at the same time groping for a weight to balance the scale of literary values. Thus Sidney shifts Aristotle's notion of imitation in the author to imitation on the part of the reader. The poet now creates, he becomes the “maker”; it is the reader who imitates what the poet creates. The notion would later gain ascendancy in 19th century criticism where the Romantic poets particularly, reverted attention to the author of the work as the principle point of consideration – rather than regard the product of art for its own sake. Likewise, Aristotle's “oughtness” of probability becomes for Sidney an “oughtness” of a moral order. Similarly, this concept lingers in some of today's criticism, both in exaggerated form and in balanced analysis. So that you have Marcel More's holocaustal concept of Scobie's “sacrifice” in *The Heart Of The Matter*, on the one hand; and, on the other, Robert Penn Warren's rather concise judgment of post-war “code” as portrayed in *Farewell To Arms*. In brief, Sidney's *Defense of Poetry* was an attempt to combine the humanistic, neo-Platonic and Puritanic tenets of his time.

Earlier, Horace's “urbane” treatment of the “Art of Poetry” served to point the way to this Renaissance restatement of classical aims and values. His point of view seemed to revolve around the concept of literature as a structured thing – a product of many parts.

Among the critical values of Aristotle, Horace, Longinus and Sidney (Plato must be considered in a different sense) perhaps those of the *Poetics* remain as the inviolable counterpart of today's criticism. Therein is elaborated seminally, if not explicitly, fundamental data of criticism applicable via extension to modern literary production, whether fictional, poetic or other. Sophisticated concepts of style rules, point of view, literary content and form modes of expression, diction, character portrayal, sequential action, etc. stem from Aristotle's view of tragedy as a literary form and his noble attempt to fathom the essential nature of what literature is in terms of meaning and value apropos to a situation in time and space. And by the law of proportionality that governs all levels of being, modern critics might find a wealth of critical aids in the deep-rooted analysis of the *Poetics* as well as in the ideas of some of the other Ancients.

BROTHER PAUL FURLONG

CLASSICAL CONCEPTS IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Classical or Graeco-Romanism is far from dead; and this is so not because it is classical, therefore having an emotional demand for continuation, but because it partakes of the essential. In applying this statement to literature, it can be maintained that the basic issues of classical criticism are relevant when brought to bear upon contemporary fiction. Of course, at the outset of such a discussion it must be stated that there are certain temporal factors present in classical criticism, and these must be bypassed in its modernization in order to appreciate the enduring.

As a point of reference for this consideration of classical tenets in a modern-day context I will employ Graham Greene's *The Heart of the Matter*, and this for two reasons. The work in itself is a distinguished, if not among the most distinguished, compassionate probing into the sublimely wretched human condition. Also, the work is indicative of the current tide of European (as opposed to American) literature which is an endeavor to re-assert the humanity of man and his full worth in the scheme of creation; in this wise, Greene is one with Péguy and Mauriac, Eliot and Unset as a figure in the contemporary *Catholic* Renaissance. On the other hand, while Greene stands for what is finest in our cultural milieu, he does not necessarily represent what is typical. Let it then be understood that those traces of classical doctrine which are to be remarked in our fiction propose the expectation that the typical will evolve into the superior.

Of all the classical texts on criticism, it is Aristotle's *Poetics* which is today most meaningful. While perduring truth is to be found in some aspects of imitative theory explained by Plato and utilitarian theory urged by Horace, one can say that within the broad outlines of the Aristotelian frame these very concepts could be brought to bear significantly upon modern fiction. It will be necessary to deal explicitly with the sublime which is developed by Longinus and then see its seminal implications in the *Poetics*, and its supplementary ramifications in the *Ars Poetica*. In other words, the approach is to be synthetic rather than analytic.

The matrix of classical criticism is mimesis, and for Aristotle this involves the imitation of the form of things. Here is the finest expression of what is misnomered, "modered realism". Realism as

a doctrine must be comprehended in its truest extension, i.e., the representation of the essence of things informed with an *esse*, or the imitation of cognized reality. With this in mind attention can be diverted to that most necessary application of critical theory, the contemporary literary scene. To discuss current fictional trends outside of those already broad areas marked off by an understanding of realism is meaningless, for the point has been reached wherein the mind of man is so troubled by the complexity of established reality that the illusory has no place. This is a moment to search for truth, not its definition.

To turn to the structure of a fictional work as found in Aristotle's consideration of tragedy as the imitation of an action is to find the most rounded delineation of the realistic theory in its pragmatic context. At the outset, it must be granted that things rarely happen as they appear to happen, and it is only through the mind's eye that the truth of an issue, or the real, can be grasped.

Both in Aristotle and in the superior fiction, plot is the main issue. Generically speaking, the novel has accepted the necessity of plot; and in fact, the seminal idea of the novel form is that of plot. However, when considering unity in action, there is much discrepancy. Certainly no author would maintain that his work was untidy or disunited unless he himself thought it poor; yet many novelists maintain that unity in their work is to be grasped through subtle understanding on the part of the reader despite a superficial dishevelment. Now in turning to our exemplar, it can be seen that the concern of the great novel is, as it were, one. Greene relentlessly pursues one thing, and this alone: Scobie's situation. Therefore, in its more noble aspirations the current novel does embody the principle of unity.

In studying character one must accept the fact that those areas in which suitable literary characters were to be found for the ancients have been all but shattered by two historical events: Christianity and evolution. The first of these has had the effect of widening the scope of literary interest beginning with a compassionate view of human weakness and ending with a complete toleration of moral evil, indeed a strange irony. While this approval of ethical deviation does exist in many instances, there are moments of moral uplift in current literature. Thus, the spiritual ordeal of Scobie can be seen as an edifying example of the quest for the good. As the modern

novel strives after the breath of noble utterance, it does so through characters who are constructed often with as much meanness as greatness. Here the application of classical norms must be accommodated to the effects of the historical phenomenon. Revolution has had its repercussions in literature particularly through the establishment of the bourgeoisie as the focal point of society. The Aristotelian "Magnanimous Man" has become the thrifty shopkeeper and the morally feeble manufacturer. The goodness of contemporary characters as revealed in the purpose of their action must be seen not in light of classical objectivism, but rather with an awareness of modern subjectivity.

At this point it might be well to distinguish the areas of realism as ancient realism, nineteenth century realism, and the direction taken by interpretative realism of the twentieth century or Christian realism, which I believe is in many aspects a return to classical realism. This is what Auerbach implies when he reveals:

I came to understand that modern realism in the form it reached in France in the early nineteenth century is, as an aesthetic phenomenon, characterized by complete emancipation from (the doctrine of levels of representation). This emancipation is more complete, and more significant for later literary forms of the imitation of life, than the mixture of *le sublime* with *le grotesque* proclaimed by the contemporary romanticists. When Stendhal and Balzac took random characters from daily life in their dependence upon current historical circumstances and made them the subjects of serious problematic, and even tragic representation, they broke with the classical rule of distinct levels of style, for according to this rule, everyday practical reality could find a place in literature only within the frame of a low or intermediate kind of style, that is to say, as either grotesquely comic or pleasant, light, colorful, and elegant entertainment. They thus completed a development which had long been in preparation (since the time of the novel of manners, and more pronouncedly since the Sturm und Drang and early romanticism). And they opened the way for MODERN REALISM, which has ever since developed in increasingly rich form in keeping with the constantly changing and expanding REALITY of modern life.¹

¹Eric Auerbach, *Mimesis The Representation of Reality in Western Literature*, tr. Willard Trask (Princeton: Princeton University Press, 1953), p. 554.

Let us not confuse classical rules, which more often than not bear the imprimatur not of the ancients but of the neo-classic pedants, with classical realism, which Auerbach has almost lost track of in the above remark. And this I cited to mark the historical-literary continuum of realism—the basis of both modern and ancient criticism. It is in those areas that we can perceive that discontinuity wherein classicism as a pat theory becomes inoperative today.

In actuality, there are two significant dimensions to literary theory of antiquity as put forth in the treatise *On the Sublime*. The first of these is that of stylistic composition. With its foundations in a stratified society, ancient emphasis on decorum in composition must be completely remolded in order to be applied to *prose* fiction written in our era. True, in keeping with consistency of character the minimal laws of decorum must find their place in our literature, but the role of the figure is in need of re-evaluation since language can be elevated only in relation to the position of those who speak or established editorial personality. The other dimension which has more bearing upon the present literary scene is that of transport. With Coleridge's *Biographia Litteraria* the reader was reborn in critical theory, and has remained a principal figure ever since. Now this aspect of ancient criticism, which is by no means thoroughly typical of Graeco-Roman culture, is present in the modern novel within the province of illusion, or, from the reader's point of view, "the willing suspension of disbelief". While grounded in reality, the novel provides for its reader a transition into another order of experience.

Today readers have in the novel a life-extention agency: a means not to the prolongation of physical existence, but to an expanded mental participation in the whole range of human experience. As Bernard de Voto has said: 'The mass and tension of modern fiction have opened up areas of experience, states of consciousness, and a variety of themes if not of emotions that the novel did not deal with before.' Modern fiction has overpassed former boundaries — strengthened, varied, developed its processes and scope. It reflects the activities, the complexities, the human, social, and moral problems, the satisfactions and inquietudes of the modern world with a more pervasive radiation than any other form of writing.²

²Helen E. Haines, *What's in a Novel* (New York: Columbia University Press, c. 1942), p. 3.

And this is accomplished through the conventions of our age where the reader accepts the transport proposed by the author, and often merely for its own sake, and not, as Longinus decries, for the sake of persuasion in a moral proposition.

Values of emotional release, of emotional appeasement, of imaginative stimulus, of imaginative surrender, simple values of entertainment — these are all implied in the art of the novel. Accepted by the ordinary reader instinctively, without conscious recognition, these values hold the secret of the novel's universal appeal; and as the province of the novel is enlarged and enriched by new channels of communication, by an increasingly insistent factual reality, they make it more and more the great medium of human understanding, the most satisfying means to vicarious participation in the common emotions, the moving aspirations, the tragic experiences, the obscure vicissitudes, and the simple pleasures of human life and human nature.³

Within this realm of transport, then, can be seen what was at the base of Aristotle's moral demands upon literature, and even the operative force of his theory of *katharis*. Association with the incident in the piece of fiction brings about a salutary response in the reader.

The sacrificial drama of Scobie becomes the comedy of human nobility, while at the same time it is the tragedy of human folly. It is for the reader to compassionate, to judge, to ponder, to fear.

The end of such a discussion is to realize not that the ancients possessed the genius to prophecy and promulgate immutable literary laws, as if by divine decree, but to realize that human nature is itself immutable and immortal, and that the literature of man will constantly reflect the reality of which he is aware.

BROTHER EDMUND SHEEHAN

ibid., p. 16.

TO NEVER FORGET

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! A harsh, domineering bell clamored a command for all to stop work. The machines stopped. They had whined all day as if in a giant nursery full of metal babies having an eight hour tantrum, demanding the undivided attention of a herd of blue collared governors. The bell stopped after its prescribed twenty-one clangs and there was a brief moment of silence. The silence was the signal for the men to raise their heads.

From a myriad of partitioned stalls and fenced in departments came a surging swaying herd. It stopped in front of a punch clock. The clock was small, wider than tall in dimension. The overall design was in keeping with the contemporary trend; sleek and trim. But as the herd forced itself into a procession and moved forward, I could see nothing but a squat, gluttinous time god. As each body moved forward, it would pause, bow its head slightly, and offer a card. The insatiable, metal deity would devour the offering, secrete an inky spittle from some hidden salivary gland, and spew it back at the bearer. The procession moved on, sometimes forward sometimes sideways. It moved like a giant caterpillar, gathering thickly in some areas and stretching thin in others - always moving, gathering, stretching. I tried to free myself from the continual shoving and persistent prodding that is the life of all processions. With some effort I escaped to the front of the slithering thing and presented my offering. Again the clock swallowed voraciously. This time as the card received its black anointing it was accompanied by a dark mechanical litany, before being vomited back up to me through its cold metal throat. When I touched the card again, I felt the sick, muddy sensation of profanity ooze through my body. I swallowed nervously to stifle the feeling. The swallow offered no relief so I moved on to place my card in a rack. After giving up my card to a slot prescribed by some greater deity, whom I had never been privileged to behold, I paused to examine my conscience. Satisfied that my obligations had been fulfilled, I turned and walked down a long dark green corridor toward the light.

The light seemed particularly bright today and I quickened my pace. Others too, who had gathered in the corridor noticed the exceptional brilliance in the doorway. As we moved forward, I could hear the murmuring and muted sound of excitement gallop through the herd. We moved faster, past some painters who were

repainting the corridor a light brown hue. The light came nearer so we quickened our step again. By the time we reached the door we were nearly in stampede.

I leaped through the door into a bright pool of light. The sun splashed me with its warmth and melted the icy fingers of the cold possessive time god that clutched at our souls from the dark lofts of the organized barn. I took a free breath and trotted toward my car. I had traveled several yards before I realized that my wife had taken the car to complete her weekly chores. Every Tuesday my wife drove this alleged boon of organization. If they only knew how it had me saddled! I shrugged my shoulders to an imaginary audience and turned towards home. My home was on the west end of town so I walked into the sun.

It smacked me in the face with a gentle firmness that first startled and then soothed me. The feeling was like that of a father who disciplines out of love. First we are shaken by a hand of his tremendous force, then we are soothed by the warmth of his love. I glanced up into the sun. My God! How liquid, how warm, how molten it was. I started directly into the golden sphere. I became so blinded that it was hard to see that I was still in a corral. The fence stretched far and wide with gates bearing shiney tables of "Home" and "Government" and "Community" to be sure. But, they were too heavy for one man to open, and the extremes of the fence itself were joined together by the bands of holy organization and I was trapped inside.

I continued to stare and the feeling of capacity left me. Stare at the sun? Why I hadn't done that since I was a small boy. How long ago it was. Now I know the meaning of "Once upon a time..."

There was a magic time, once, when I galloped freely through the country grass. I pranced over stone walls and trotted through fields. I cantered over sloping knolls and walked down country lanes. Then came the time for relaxing. I would plop in a heap under the warm sun, refusing any attention to my limbs whose varied directions suggested the unsteadiness of a new born colt.

On just such a day late in September, I was plopped in my usual fashion staring at the grass. I was watching the blades carry on a great war. The green blades were fighting a battle with the

brown. September threw all of her powers to the brown and the end of the battle was near at hand. It was so one-sided that even a sympathetic vision distorted by tears could not but admit that nature's final hew would be a dark, desolate brown.

My sadness was interrupted by some sounds in the distance. I looked up to see several of my brothers in a rather loose, impatient procession. They were moving toward the cellar entrance but their progress was impaired by their cumbersome possessions. They clung to a large piece of soil pipe, some scrap boards, and a round metal container. I rose from my grassy bed and ran over to them. I met them at the small entrance and we moved about in confusion for a few moments. Then, quite unconsciously, we split into two groups. The older three brothers collected their tender talents and loose lumber and built a tripod of dubious dependability. The rest of us made motions to help, prancing about the workers, moving here and there, but all too briefly to be of any use. We were still colts and not used to harnessing ourselves to one task for more than a few moments. The older trio ignored us for a time. They were too busy with important matters to be distracted by our youthful antics. They proceeded with the enthusiasm of spirited yearlings to move the soil pipe into place. It was a clumsy cumbersome thing to handle. The two would not give up, however, and after working with the strength and patience of draft horses, they succeeded in hauling the pipe onto the tripod. We all paused to see the crude facsimile of a cannon.

For a few moments there was no movement; no sound. Then someone cleared his throat. It was Dan. He stepped forward as we all had expected. He was the natural choice for several reasons. Among them, his past record of successful enterprises and his position of first-born. Somehow, in spite of his tender years, he commanded that dignity which made him keeper of those abstract family rights that refused to die with primogeniture. He stood directly in front of the new born weapon that lay in its wooden cradle. He opened the container that he bore and christened the cannon with black powder. Next came paper wadding, then small stones, bolts, ball bearings, and a few marbles. The rest of us watched with awe as the curly-maned twelve-year old thrust the made-shift ram rod home for the last time. Dan struck a match. it went out. We shuffled about. He struck another; this time with an adroitness that dé us forget the awkwardness of the first attempt. The new

born spark met the fuse with a burst of enthusiasm. It danced wildly along to the accompaniment of the spitting sputtering partner. After exhausting the talents of the tired fuse, the restless spark leaped into an ominous black powdery world and destroyed itself in a loud BOOM!

Destruction flashed, the cannon split, and we bolted. We recovered our composure, though, in plenty of time to see what resembled the inventory of a hardware fire sale climb toward the sun. We lost the pattern for a few moments in the bright, golden sphere, but found it again as it broke on the roof of our neighbor's house. A new pattern immediately filled the air composed of shingles dancing crazily toward the blue.

Mr. Olkey, the owner of the besieged dwelling came running outside. He was screaming wildly and looking toward the sky. He was too excited to be aware of his screams being part of a strange duet with the dying echo of the cannon. He could not comprehend what had happened. Only when the last few shingles cascaded from the roof and fell upon him, did he realize what had happened. He stood frozen for a moment. One of the broken shingles that had fallen chose to rest on his shoulder, stayed for the duration of his dumbfounded pose. From a distance he resembled some small town hero with his glorious legend blasted away; a bewildered, slack-jawed commander with his single wooden epaulet. He moved and his rank fell to the ground. He turned and faced our home, and rank or not, his look told us that he planned to invade our property. He came toward us, not with the speed of a calvary charge, but the sure deliberate step of a milkman's mare. On and on he came, oblivious of the bushes that were in his path or the long grasping arms of the raspberry hedge that reached out and clutched at his clothes. He saw no obstacle through his angry eyes. Like the old mare, there was nothing between him and his goal but a prescribed number of steps.

We had again lost the composure that we had so recently gained after the blast. Feeling naked to ourselves and exposed to this angry wrath we crept to the cover of some large, old lilac bushes. By doing so we lost an excellent vantage point but we all considered the sacrifice worthwhile.

Knock! Knock! The sharp sound told us that Olkey had reached

his goal. We listened to the remarks but were too far away to understand all that was said. There was something about, "Who would pay..." and, "Never in my life has anything like this..." also "...should be punished..." and "...my poor wife in the bathroom..." and several unintelligible phrases. Our neighbor dominated the conversation, his anger insisted on that much. Though much of the conversation was unintelligible, we could tell from the silent signs that his greatest pleasure would be to put us to the wall and annihilate the entire group of us with our own cannon. He had come with the sure steady step of an old milkman's mare but his eyes were shiny and his nostrils flared like a head stallion whose domain has been challenged.

Yet, with all of his stomping and braying to our mother he became frustrated. She had received the news calmly. "Certainly we would pay..." and disciplinary action would be meted out to the young before the day was over. Olkey left briskly. His demands had been satisfied and yet he looked perplexed as if something was missing. Olkey slowed his pace and looked back toward our house. He then continued on home without ever regaining his early speed. Perhaps he never realized that what was missing was a state of hysteria from mother to complement his own.

In the days that would follow, Olkey's roof would be repaired. But this day was not yet over. Mom came down the steps and scanned the area for her wild charges. She saw no one, we were saved, temporarily, from reprisal by the thick lilac bushes. Mom went back to the house and we heard no more of the incident until father came home.

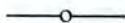
Dad sat in his usual chair anticipating the coming meal. He enjoyed the evening repast more than any other. It was more than necessary sustenance. It was the final nourishment of the day. The one meal and one time whose combination provided food and contemplation to nourish both body and soul. This day the evening meal lost some of its satisfaction. After being served a generous portion of our adventures, the metaphysical qualities took a temporary second place. A darting sternness came to his eyes. He looked at each of us separately. Each of our return stares collapsed before his concentrated effort. We tried to continue eating as inconspicuously as possible. The silence continued throughout the meal. It was one of the loudest condemnations

I can remember. The meal was finally over. It had dragged on but not long enough, as the demands of discipline had sculptured a new expression on dad's face. We all wanted to leave the table. But, during such moments of paternal scrutiny, to fade into the activity of the evening was impossible. Dan slid from his chair as unobtrusively as possible. He had sat only one seat away from dad so the silent, smooth, continuous escape attempted was doomed to failure. It was like assuming an air of nonchalance while naked in church. Dad rounded up all of his straying charges. We were corralled in the kitchen and broken of a habit that produced repercussions beyond our control. It took force, understanding, and love applied with a sensitivity of a parent to produce a lesson bold enough to penetrate the dense minds of us yearlings. We were blessed with just such parents. When the sun first kissed the western mountains we were aware of what untamed energy was capable of. When the west's purple arms embraced the hot red sphere our corral was opened. And when the sun gave itself completely to the earth we ran free under a new birth of stars... once upon a long time ago.

I was almost home now. I could see that my wife was home. Supper was undoubtedly prepared, and on the table. Theresa was quite dependable that way. Poor thing, she was caught up in the race too. I entered the house and after the evening greetings, sat down to the expected meal. I completed supper with several oatmeal cookies. I hadn't noticed it before, but I was gradually acquiring a taste for oatmeal. We would have oatmeal for breakfast. I heard somewhere that it was the proper way to start the day.

The children arose from the table and began to play near the window. "Oh, look at the pretty sunset", the little one cried. I came to the window and looked out. The wide, white window sash obstructed my view. I had to bend down to the children's height to see the beauty of the sun's daily farewell to man.

JOHN RICHARD



DRAMA AS A TEMPORAL EXPERIENCE

This essay is more or less an attempt to analyze drama from what one would call an aesthetic approach, an approach which could be applied to not only this particularly human form of art, but to any other: music, painting, sculpture, or poetry. Indeed, it is in more ways than one an approach which evolved from considerations of these other art forms, and may be thought of as an effort to synthesize these considerations into a coherent whole. These notions are not entirely original, but are rather developments of thoughts culled from other sources, of which I feel conscience bound to cite at least a few. Among them are: *The Nature of Dramatic Illusion*, by Charles Morgan; *Music and silence*, by Gisèle Brelet; *Notes on the Superposition of Temporal Modes in Works of Art*, by Micheline Sauvage (all three of which appear in Susan Langer's anthology, *Reflections on Art*) and Hegel's *Philosophy of Art*. Others will be mentioned as they come up. Besides this there are certain other basic orientations of thought, less apparent however, which I will try to point out briefly as I come to them; though they are by no means essential to the scheme of the whole essay, and perhaps could even be done without. I include them to open up more areas of interest for the reader of enquiring mind, as well as for the reader who may know a great deal more about the topic than I do.

I go to the theater as a person. Perhaps I have never seen this particular play acted out before; perhaps I have never even heard of it before tonight. Or, I may have read it, or seen it before innumerable times. Whether I have or not is not really important, because tonight I am going to see something that I have never actually seen before: this particular concrete representation of a life situation, a representation which will be played before me for a certain length of time, which will end, and which will be ended as a particular work of art with the close of the last curtain. Once that curtain has closed, the work of art may be repeated, at another time, it may be imitated, by the other players; but it is **always in these cases** another work of art, even though all stem from the same common source. I, who go to see this particular dramatization, am going to a unique event, and I go moreover, as a unique person, one with a battery of life experiences especially my own, life experiences which have formed me as the individual that I am and no other. I possess them both consciously and subconsciously, as they have affected me. I react in accordance with them sometimes, and sometimes I choose

not to react in the manner they dictate. In the first case I may experience pleasure, in the second, pain, tension, an unrest which I may not even be able to explain.

This person who I am lives in an instant he would, if asked, call the *present*, but this present is not just a temporal point in the great flux of constant duration. (The moment I call "now" is really made what it is, is made meaningful both consciously and unconsciously by these past events we have spoken of.) These past events in my own personal inner life are also accompanied by other events which were intrinsic to me at their time of occurrence, events which perhaps shaped the lives of many another person besides myself. Moreover, this immediate second of my existence before the curtain goes up on the play that I am about to see has also a potential aspect; it is not only a sum of the past, it is orientated to the future and has the potency to participate in and create in this future. In short, there is a separation between the play as it will be and myself, and this separation may be said to constitute a sort of nothingness.

When we call this a nothingness, what do we mean? We know that in philosophy, particularly current philosophy, there is a great stress on the *person* in the world. We know that there is also a great interest in the relationship of this person as he is in himself to what he is not. Thus did Sartre write *Being and Nothingness*, the great existentialist manifesto, stressing especially in human relations the "encounter" with the "other". In art, one must realize that the moments of nothingness in the piece of art (the rests in music, the areas of space in modern painting, the caesural pause in verse, the shell of stone which has been removed in the creation of a statue) have an important place in the real being of the thing as it is in its moments of even the most flamboyant existence. A thing is only because of the things it is not: I am in that position I call "here" because you are in the position I call "there"; I am this particular size, shape, and so on, because of the space which surrounds me, space in which I do not exist. In the case of a piece of music, a play, or the moment before I turn a corner to find myself face to face with Dali's *Christ of St. John of the Cross*, there is a nothingness in regard to the work of art, a moment made up of all my past, an instant which will never come again. This is the moment which defines what is to be when the curtain rises, the first instrument speaks, or I turn that corner and see for the first time the beautiful, tortured body of Dali's Christ. Not for nothing, then, did Paul Claudel write in *Les Muses*, the first of his *Five Great Odes*:

O mon ame! le poeme n'est point fait de
ces lettres que je plante comme des clous,
mais du blanc qui reste sur le papier.

*My soul! the poem was never made of
these letters that I plant like nails, but of
the white that remains on the paper.*

A more humorous example of this definition of the existent by the non-existent may be seen in the modern statue that many are familiar with, Hunger: a seemingly humanoid form in marble with a large hole in the central portion of its anatomy.

When the play begins this crucial moment of nothingness is interrupted, and in the vague miasma of our swirling thoughts occurs a very important event: our first look at the stage. Speaking on a purely perceptual level, we see space, we see forms in the space. These forms, who are people, move, and we know then that they are real, existing, living objects. When they speak we become aware of them on a new level: they, as we, are persons. Above all, we, through their movement and speech, are conscious of time and its passing.

But, these are notions of more interest to the impressionist or cubist than to the critic. One seeing the above just as it was stated would undoubtedly think it a rather incomplete and mechanical explanation of an artistic perception, and he would certainly be right. True, I see forms, I see movement, I hear speech, all occurring in a certain space before me. But, why do I recognize these forms, why do I immediately know that if an object looks like a man, and speaks, it is a man, a character in the play? Why is this space before me more than just a void occupied by forms? The answer to this provides the key to a great many more questions we will have to ask as we continue to consider drama. This answer, of course, is *memory*. It is because of my past associations, those associations, which were only potential before the play began. These are the means by which I almost immediately identify all that which passes before me, and not only identify it, but also view it in a certain light, as it has been related to me in the past, if it has so been. But, this imposition of my past experiences on the present moment does not relate to the *objects* on the stage on a purely conscious level: it also brings certain associations to bear on these objects which are of a more subconscious nature. My past tends to create and give meaning to my present, meaning which is particular to me alone, and which to a certain extent no one

else can share, precisely because a great deal of this is unconscious, inexpressable. This, I believe, is the first step to what we call empathy: the memorative creation of the present by the past, the externalization of what we are (what we have been) in a real concrete person, or object. This is plausible for the following reasons: first, our perception of objects and subsequent awareness of them seems to proceed by means of association: second, the object thus perceived takes on the nature of an image which is specifically related to each of us; and third, this relation tends to be different for each one in detail, though it may, and usually does, make a general impression common to all.

Further, the spacial events we see on the stage are also of necessity temporal, and each is linked to those which preceded it by memory. Hence, each event in the play also has meaning as related to all the other events before it. Through memory we find the same phenomenon we find in painting, in drama: movements and words become meaningful *actions*, which all combined, become what we call *plot*. If we follow the Scholastic principle, *operatio sequitur esse*, from plot we obtain our fullest understanding of character.

However, our encounter with drama is more than this, although it is memory which provides the basis for our first level, aspect, of empathy. We know that in watching drama, our emotions are aroused, though in a lesser degree perhaps than were the emotions of the theatergoers who were treated so harshly by Plato in the *Republic*. This emotion is also somewhat extrinsic to the memorative empathy we have discussed, although it is a direct result of it as we shall see, and is perhaps much more of a conscious phenomenon than the mere associations we tend to exude around the situations presented to us on the stage. Such emotion could come about for only one reason: namely, that these characters who act out human life on the stage have become *real* to us, and we are concerned with their welfare, their fate. Aristotle would call this the *pity* element of our emotional *katharsis*. But, this does not tell me whence the reality of these characters has come. Aristotle would say that there is also an element of *fear* involved. Here perhaps, is the key to the reality of the characters I behold, for one only fears for oneself truly, and for others only insofar as they have become a part of oneself. When we remember that my image of a character is very much made of what my past would have me think of him, and combine this with the notion of self-identification indicated by fear, we see a ready basis for the

emotional side of empathy: I fear for him, I pity him, because he is me, he lives by means of me. Even the very sequence in which he lives is a creation allowed by the grace of my good will. The characters are real because my creative imagination has made me one with them, and they with me so that I react to the events of the play with them, as I would react if such things really happened to me. Drama is not only a creative experience for the author and actor, but also for the spectator.

The conscious state of the spectator, then, is one of emotion connected with past experiences, the whole being evoked by the identification of the viewer with the actor. Dramatic illusion, that by means of which this conscious state comes about, may be called a sort of *elan vital*, *elan createur*: but, insofar as I must receive impressions from that which is outside of me, it is also receptive. In it, "the other" which is the drama, and myself, are united into one which is *our rapport*. That this conscious state is intimately united with each consecutive progressing instant of my attention is the basis of our next large consideration. But before we begin it, it is necessary to say that this present instant I speak of is the same sort of instant I designate by the word NOW. It is my immediate awareness of the play as it moves each second away, each event away, from the instant when it began. This instant is differentiated from all that has gone before by change, by disparity with the past which memory tells us has gone before. This is the difference that makes the present essentially what it is qua present. Thus the essence of the dramatic present for the spectator is its difference, and the sign of its passing is change, while both together make up time.

I mention time because the drama essentially is a temporal form of art: there is division and progression in it just as there are movements in the sonata, dual themes in the nocturne, subplots in the novel, and stanzas in poetry. Our perception of painting and sculpture are also temporal matters, although the works of art themselves do not actually change while we examine them: we only discover new details as we continue to look at them, and consequently our relationship to them grows more precise and subtle as we get to know them more perfectly. All these forms of art, then, would seem to begin and end and be divisible. All are bounded by and defined by nothingness: though the "melody lingers on," the song must nevertheless end, just as once we have seen El Greco's landscape of Toledo we must sooner or later turn to see his Vision of St. John, and no

longer see the eerie valley shudder under thunderclouds. What I would like to bring out is that each of these things has a *form*, in the philosophical sense of the word, a completeness which makes the individual notes, or brush strokes, or words, unite into the one coherent whole which we would call the piece itself. This is what makes the work of art what it is, not only generically, but specifically. This is what makes Lizt's "Liebestraum" different than Chopin's "Polonaise in A Flat;" though, there are certainly many other noticeable differences of the first order. In the temporal arts wherein the form begins from nothingness before us, and works its way to a complete whole, the progression may take many devices and turns along the way. Moreover, this form is divisible, and may not follow one single thread in its development: rather it may use at times the play of simultaneous forms over and against one another. Thus, forms develop within forms, just as phrases in music cover and merge with one another while all the while united by rhythm. In modern progressive jazz, the very rhythmic patterns may be used to offset one another. The Renaissance contrapuntal forms of music did this with melodies. In drama this may take such forms as the actions of the different characters on the stage at the same time: or, as in *Blood Wedding*, a play in verse by Federico Garcia Lorca, the characters and their essential make ups may be contrasted with one another as they come to the fore (the conscious) in the play. The sub-plot is another variety of this, and in such a case different situations may contrast or harmonize with one another.

These, then, are general notions of form. But, this form is itself composed of other elements, elements which make it one with the duration in which it moves. These are the elements which give the form its meaning: by meaning I intend that which makes the play exist for me in a special way, that dynamic relationship which unites me with it so that there are no longer two things, but one. The three elements are Tension, Motion, and Resolution.

When I go to a play, the past associations I bear with me have fallen into certain patterns: I naturally perceive certain keys in the plot that tell me pretty much what will happen next. Likewise, the character whom I have created by my empathy also evokes certain "stock" responses in me, which responses are founded on the usual things I would do in a similar situation to that in which the actor finds himself. In the characters with whom I do not so strongly empathize, there are still to be found expected patterns. Likewise, the

words of a character as set down by the author as susceptible to many different interpretations, and these words naturally indicate the real character of the person by whom they are spoken. These are the things that are expected. But, do they always occur in the way we expect? Not in a great drama, as most of us can testify. This is not to say that things must develop in a way totally different from that which we expect, but that often in drama, there is a surprising interplay of what we expected to see and what actually does happen. Sometimes our expectations are fulfilled, sometimes not in the individual actions of the progressing play. The same is true of the characters: sometimes they react to their situations as we would expect them to, and sometimes not. The important thing is that a certain disparity has been created between what I expected to see, and what I actually did see. There has been a *tension* created by the interplay of sub-forms in the total form.

There are also other types of tension created in the very nature of the play. Examples are that of real time as we live it, and the imaginary time of the stage into which we, by our imagination, are drawn. There is also the fact that the play is an incomplete whole, a thing which has burst the veil of nothingness into being, and now is slowly working itself out towards its conclusion: it is incomplete, and is striving for completion; we might call this the relation of process. In addition to these there is also the emotional conflict of the characters within the play, a conflict which is also our own. The point of all these is that each is a *relation*, a dynamic one, in which I and the play change meaning to one another constantly as it develops.

The second notion, that of motion, is really summed up by saying that it is the constant progression of the present moment into the future. Motion itself is incomplete, or as a Thomist would put it, the act of a being in potency insofar as it is in potency. This, disentangled somewhat, means that motion is a developing potency, one which is gradually being fulfilled: the play is moving ever more from the pure potential of the moment before the curtain went up towards the moment of final completion. This becoming is a tension, as is all the flux of time, for what is past is always different from what is present, and disparity is at the very heart of tension. And, as we have said before, this motion is not merely simple, but complex and organic, made up of many interrelated parts which bear relationships to one another, and hence have certain meanings to one another.

Phrasing in music and the design of painting by the cubists to draw our eye into the work through a particular ordered series of glances are two fine examples. The play progresses before our eyes, but our inner associations also progress as well, and the development of the form becomes part of the mutual rapport we spoke of before.

The final element of form that makes it meaningful is the resolution of the tension we have just spoken of, the halting of the motion that the tension moves through. At the end of the play, after the curtain has fallen, we say that the plot has ended, been unraveled; unity of action as Aristotle would have it, is completed. The last stray threads of plot have been unified into the climax and the denouement. That instant we have called the present now is no longer the moving, tense, incomplete thing, ordered to an integrating conclusion, that it was formerly. The present has returned to me from the play, and I am now myself again, and not the character my empathy has created; the present of the play is now the past. But, it is in this moment that the total play is achieved, again by the aegis of the memory, for only in it are the forms present in the transcendent form of the whole drama unified. Then only is the complete meaning come to, when the tension is resolved and each part has its final meaning to the other. Yet, this memory perception is not perfect, but has somewhat the nature of an eidetic image: the more we return to the play in memory, the more we see in it that we did not see before. Through the image, the play, this time in its total meaning, is once more present to me, with all the associations, emotions, and unconscious elements that comprise it. I have absorbed a new experience.

It is useful to note that in this memory image, the play which is past, may have quite an effect on the other associations of my past life: after one sees *The Diary of Ann Frank*, genocide ceases to be a meaningless word. We might call this, if we had a mind for it, the interaction of the perfect and the pluperfect. Through such an interaction, all that we have been may acquire a new meaning, meaning which may profoundly affect us as our lives continue. Such past associations may also profoundly affect the future which is yet to be born. Thus, a good play, from this aspect, would be one which not only contains the most material for us to use in identifying ourselves with the central characters, but also provides a means of taking the most essentially real occurrences in our lives and crystallizing the memories we have of them in the present, in the complete totality of

the finished drama. Yet, such a play, through the tensions engendered by novelty, the unexpected, the opposed, also provides us with new relationships, new experiences to add to the substance of our lives.

I would like to point out in passing the great likeness of these ideas to the Hegelian dialectic of thought. For Hegel, thinking proceeded not by association as with Hume, for instance, but rather in the ordered sequence of

Thesis.....Antithesis..... Synthesis,

wherein one idea combines with its opposite, and from this combination issues a new third thing, tertium quid. The same notion was borrowed by Marx who made it part of the foundation of his dialectic materialism, only for the author of the *Communist Manifesto* it served as an economic principle. Besides, as Arland Ussher would have it in *The Journey Through Dread*, Hegel's idea was rather strictly interpreted by his disciples, so much so that for them the world took on the appearance of a triadically structured machine, all problems immediately solved by means of the dialect device. No such strict interpretation is possible with us, but rather we must be content to note the resemblance between the ideas. In dramatic evolution a number of such sequences can be noticed, among them:

Tension.....Motion.....resolution

Incomplete.....Action.....completion

Sensation.....perception.....memory

Incompletion.....Action.....completion

However, that things should move in three's was certainly no new idea for the philosopher: St. Augustine had come to this conclusion many centuries before in studying our perception of reality.

This mention of St. Augustine brings us to the last point of our enquiry, namely, what is the nature of *imitation*, since Aristotle says that Tragedy is first of all the imitation of an action, serious and complete and of a certain magnitude, etc. We can hardly state baldly that the "Stagyrite" was wrong, since this would be both incorrect and presumptuous. Thus, combining his view with what we have said so far, we will attempt to find out the real nature of this thing that so many critics seem to use as a sort of mental disposal of perplexing problems: David Hume for example, who rests content with

saying that since imitation is always of itself pleasureable, it supplies the pleasure we derive from drama.

According to the view of drama we have proposed, the spectator at the theater engages himself in a sort of creation in another time and space of his own being: he creates an image of himself in external reality. This image, since it resembles him, is made of his very essence as a person, may be said to be an imitation, as Butcher seems to tell us is the original meaning intended by Aristotle when he first used the word. A true art, is one which enables me to acquire a new existence. But, in this new reality into which I project myself, which I become, my actions and reactions serve the same end as the actions of the characters: *operatio sequitur esse*, and thus, seeing myself I know myself more perfectly, my self knowledge, and self-identity, become more complete. The drama has also synthesized my past, so that through the vicarious action I participate in, I create myself anew, within the framework of a new experience.

All this, of course, presumes a condition of potential on the part of man, an emptiness, which, however, he must share with all spiritual and material beings in the temporal universe. It is my semi-automatic response of empathy which tends to fill in this void, and perhaps we may liken this response to the unrest and madness Plato attributes to the poet in *ION*, for both the madness of the poet and the void which the reader is composed of are tensions of a sort: If the poet did not feel a sense of incompleteness in the external world, he would not create; if the viewer were surfeited with a knowledge of life which surpassed that of the dramatist, he might not be too interested in drama. In the drama, I who am an incomplete and temporal being always in a state of flux which leads to death, participate in a being which, like me, is incomplete, with the exception that this action of which it is comprised comes to completion and is fulfilled; having identified myself with it, I too am completed and fulfilled. A play constitutes an imitation of the totality of my own life, both in its particular aspects, and also in its characteristics of division and limitation. All art shows me what I may be, what I am in potential.

I say that St. Augustine brought us to the last point of our enquiry because he is a Platonist, and in discussing the end of imitation I would like to bring up a notion which seems to be more or less in harmony with his thought. Plotinus, a non-Christian Platonist, drew the conclusion that many critics have censured Plato for not having

drawn: since the only truly beautiful things in the universe are the primal Ideas in the likeness of which all reality was formed, then the beautiful is the imitation of and participation in these Ideas. The artist is one who sees the essential in reality which resembles them, and portrays what he sees in his work. All art, then, is spiritual, and all artists are visionaries. We have said that the play is an art form which strives to make man more conscious of himself. But, man as man, more conscious of himself, becomes more spiritual, and for Augustine, man is first and foremost formed in the image and likeness of God. Thus, art must, in imitating that which is most essential to man, imitate God. Further, since art is created by a spiritual being in the likeness of God, who is the most sublime being in creation, art is superior to nature, nature as it exists in the world. Art is even superior to that nature (in a different sense) which we would call the nature of man, for it is capable of surpassing the intentions of its maker. Thus, art is the seeking for God, and it is not art which imitate nature, so much as nature is fulfilled in art.

These, then, are the conclusions that our essay brings us to. Whether the attempt has been fruitful or not is for the reader to judge, and he alone can tell if the words written here conform to actual experience. If they have, their elucidation may lead to a far greater clarity of our notion of artistic perception.

BROTHER JAMES HEANEY

