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THE UNIVERSITY OF DALLAS

KERYGMA

A Journal of Comment

A Note on the Title:

KERYGMA is a Greek word meaning "proclamation" or "heralding." It originally designated the action of a herald; in the Gospels it takes on the particular connotation of a declaration of the "glad tidings" of Christ's resurrection.

In our context, however, it is a proclamation on a different level—a cultural one. It is an announcement that is meant to be heard. It is one that has direct consequences for modern culture—implications that demand to be either accepted or rejected, but never ignored.

Our major "proclamation" is the fact of an impending choice between a culture that is totally secular and one that is Christian. But this principal kerygma is surrounded by many minor ones, such as the place of the university in society, the grounds and bases of the arts, the place of the sciences in the humanities, and other specific problems.

We do not pretend that what appears in our magazine will always be complete and finished. Sometimes it will be only in the nature of a "kerygma," an idea which is to be developed and expanded later. Ours will be an exploration, an investigation of the implications of Christianity and the University in society.

KERYGMA

A Journal of Comment at
THE UNIVERSITY OF DALLAS

Initial Issue, Spring 1961

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Faculty Advisor, Louise Cowan.

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Correspondence should be addressed to *Kerygma*, English Department, University of Dallas, P. O. Box 1330, Dallas 21, Texas. Subscription price is \$1.50 for three issues.



Etching, *Hail, Rabbi*, Cecilia May

JOHN FINNEGAN

The Liberalism of Ivan Karamazov

Classical liberalism, the major political philosophy of the Nineteenth century, manifested itself essentially as a social corrective. It militated against the many abuses promulgated in the name of tradition and authority. In many ways democracy is heavily indebted to liberalism for extending its frontiers. But as Hobhouse has said, "The purpose of liberalism seems to be not so much to build up as to pull down, to remove obstacles which block human progress, rather than to point to a positive goal of endeavor or to fashion the fabric of civilization." Once they have lost their balance, most correctives give rise to worse abuses than those which they set out to eliminate. Such has been the history of liberalism. It purged the state of particular evils just as the Protestant Reformation purged the Church, but the remedy was too powerful and as a result left society weakened.

It is not surprising that the effects of an increasingly secularized liberalism should eventually be damaging to society, for as a philosophy, it is one of the grossest forms of idealism ever advanced. With shocking naivete it tried to reconcile the individual with absolute freedom. Consequently, to say that liberalism eventually equated institutionalism with evil is not an oversimplification. What Nietzsche wrote in regard to the natural perfectibility of mankind, that the ultimate state of social harmony would consist of a collection of enlightened, autonomous individuals, was actually an expression of the basic doctrine of liberalism. This ideal was partially realized in most European nations before the century drew to a close. Society was effectively reduced to a conglomeration of autonomous individuals; but the element of harmony was conspicuously absent.

In Russia, embarrassed by their old-world backwardness, people began to idolize Western progress and, like the Japanese, to imitate the latest European developments. But liberalism was tragically unsuited for Russian consumption. It had been created by Europeans, for Europeans; it presupposed the medieval synthesis of law and order. In the Russian mind its doctrines took on implications unforeseen by its European originators. A people who, as Berdyaev

has pointed out, have at the foundation of their souls two contradictory principles could hardly be expected to adopt a revolutionary movement such as liberalism without going to extremes.

Fyodor Dostoevsky wrote at the most crucial time in Russian history—a time when intellectuals were drawn almost irresistibly into the dominant current. With accurate eye, he saw liberalism for what it was: a new definition of man, a definition which excluded any relationship with God. Like Dante, that other great Christian who recognized the signs of eternal damnation in their hidden forms on earth, he saw society in the light of eternity, at a time when others were temporizing. He was able to project the development of the new liberalistic idealism and to see it find its logical conclusion in atheistic totalitarianism. According to Rene Fuenoep-Miller, Dostoevsky “prophesied that the socialist movement would lead to an intensification of the crisis of humanity; to the complete loss of freedom that we are witnessing today in the totalitarian version of communism.” Before all other questions, Dostoevsky wrote, socialism is the question of atheism. He knew it to be atheistic because it would reject the natural order and attempt to remake it.

One of Dostoevsky's clearest portraits of the liberal is to be found in Ivan, of *The Brothers Karamazov*. In this novel, Ivan, a westernized intellectual, finds himself indirectly guilty of the murder of his father, the depraved old Fyodor Karamazov. Following Ivan's enlightened theories, his illegitimate half-brother Smerdyakov has murdered the old man, and Dmitri, the elder brother, is adjudged guilty of the crime. This is the crisis that virtually destroys Ivan and leaves him, at the end of the novel, dangerously ill with brain fever. The most important issue in the lives of the brothers and, indeed, of all educated Russians of the time is defined in a protracted conversation between Ivan and his saintly brother Alyosha, a discourse which finally reveals itself for what it is: a profound clash between two diametrically opposed world views. Despite his gentle inarticulateness, Alyosha is forced into the position of defending a God whom, out of a high-minded sense of justice, Ivan refuses to serve.

Like the alienated man depicted by Camus, Sartre, and other moderns, Ivan suffers from a split personality; on one hand he is a true Karamazov, the sybarite who loves with his stomach; but, on the other hand he is a socialistic idealist, the nihilist enslaved by demonic pride. As a result of this contradiction, Ivan has developed an idealistic yet sensualistic philosophy. His exquisite sensibility is revolted yet captivated by the concept of suffering. He might be said even to develop an obsession about violence and pain and picks up the rather sadistic hobby of collecting horror stories in what Eliseo Vivas has called his “dossier” against God. Such a limited literary diet warps his sense of proportions. Not only does he overestimate the frequency of such atrocities but he is subtly deceived into overemphasizing the power of evil vis-a-vis the force of good. Ivan considers human nature so thoroughly corrupt that he

equates its turpitude with demonic depravity: "I think that if the devil doesn't exist, man has created him . . . in his own image and likeness."

Ivan recognizes that in all justice sin must be expiated, but expiation necessarily involves suffering—the very thing which Ivan is seeking to destroy. "What good can hell do," Ivan asks in frustrated anguish, "I want to forgive . . . I don't want more suffering." Therefore it is only with the greatest reluctance that Ivan will admit man's responsibility to make retribution for his sins: "Men are themselves to blame, I suppose . . ." But this explanation for suffering disintegrates when Ivan attempts to apply it to the case of the suffering innocents. Unfortunately, he rejects the only possible explanation, that offered by original sin. "If the innocent suffer horribly on earth, they must suffer for their fathers who have eaten of the apple, but that reasoning is of the other world and is incomprehensible for the heart of man . . ." Horrible indeed is the conclusion that Ivan finally draws. He decides that God demands suffering from the innocent as a final installment from humanity in general for the "higher harmony." This is the height of injustice. Ivan asks Alyosha ". . . can you admit the idea that men . . . would agree to accept their happiness on the grounds of the unexpiated blood of a little victim? And accepting it would remain happy forever?" Alyosha is obliged to support his brother's implied conclusion; he has no alternative. But this is not the only reason for Ivan's opposition to the final harmony. Seeking a terrible revenge on those guilty of innocent blood, Ivan would have all of the victimized innocents refuse their persecutors forgiveness. However, the Christian scheme opposes Ivan's vengeful intentions. Whoever is repentant will receive forgiveness and will be admitted, together with his victim, into the higher harmony. This "weakness" toward evildoers is more than Ivan can bear. He rebelliously refuses to recognize any order of reality wherein injustice of this sort exists. "I renounce the higher harmony altogether," he says; "I don't accept this world of God's . . . although I know it exists."

Perfect happiness, according to Ivan, consists of a world without suffering. This is the natural desire of all men; but like the modern liberal, Ivan demands that this be effected immediately and in the physical world. Ivan, like Dr. Rieux in Camus' novel, *La Peste*, "would form a new priesthood dedicated to an assault on pain." At this point Ivan comes face to face with a dilemma. If human suffering is to be abolished, how is sin to be atoned for? To escape from this predicament Ivan must transcend liberalism and negate human freedom. If he can freeze humanity in a benevolent attitude, sin together with suffering will be eradicated. As a side issue, he boldly destroys morality: "Yes . . . everything is lawful," Ivan says once. No longer will man be expected to expiate his sins; but then, neither can he hope to merit a supernatural reward.

Because of its sacrificial nature, Ivan fears and consequently attempts to reject love. Thus, he succeeds only in placing himself outside the solidarity of man. When Alyosha declares that there is much Christ-like love in human

nature, Ivan affirms his spiritual aridity by saying "I know nothing of it and can't understand it" Despite his humanitarianism, Ivan is victimized by loneliness; and in a moment of weakness, he breaks down and approaches his brother with the pitiful words: "I want to be friends with you, Alyosha, for I have no friends and want to try it."

In searching for a safe object to love, Ivan falls into a kind of narcissism, which contributes to his lack of belief in the reality of others. He particularly fears and avoids divine love. To begin with, the intrinsic merit of the Beatific Vision fails to impress Ivan. For Ivan's impulsive sensualistic nature, the promise is too ambiguous, the reward too abstract, and the realization too far removed. Projecting his own attitudes upon mankind in general, Ivan concludes that divine love fails to satisfy man's universal craving for happiness. Therefore, if God, out of a loving desire to include man in His final harmony, curses man with freedom, then Ivan wants no part of God's love. He composes a "poem" for Alyosha, the "Legend of the Grand Inquisitor," a parable demonstrating his bitter hatred of God's injustice. "I don't want Thy love for I love Thee not," Ivan has a persecuting Grand Inquisitor (with whom he has identified himself) say to an intruding Christ who would offer men freedom.

Ivan describes freedom as "that terrible gift" on at least three separate occasions. In so designating it, he implies that God, as the giver, has no right to direct mankind in the disposal of His gift. Ivan realizes that the "terrible" aspect of the gift lies in the fact that freedom conveys responsibility by its very nature. Whoever possesses freedom is automatically liable to judgment. But man, a weak rebellious creature, cannot hope to control such a terrible gift. Ivan believes that evil retains a stronger claim over humanity than good does. Add freedom to the situation, and goodness doesn't stand a chance. Where thousands succeed in giving God love and obedience, millions fail. What is to be the fate of the millions? This is now the large question which occupies Ivan's attention. Speaking through the bloodless lips of the Grand Inquisitor, Ivan tells Christ: "Thou mayest indeed point with pride at those children of freedom, of free love, (of) . . . splendid sacrifice for Thy name. But remember that they were only thousands, and what of the rest?"

Ivan is convinced that by means of His terrible gift God has frustrated the universal desire of mankind for security, a desire which He Himself has implanted in human nature. There may be a few patient individuals who are capable of making all the necessary sacrifices, who are willing to wait until the next life before tasting of security, but what of the others who are too weak to wait? These, Ivan feels, have " . . . been created as a mockery." And nothing is more unbearable for Ivan's demonic pride than mockery. The bitter hatred which it occasions is dramatically pointed out by the Grand Inquisitor when he, as Ivan's mouthpiece, hurls into the face of Christ the blasphemous imprecation " . . . if anyone has ever deserved our fires, it is Thou."

Ivan is still plagued with the problem of retribution. His scheme will adequately take care of retribution in the future, but it will not eliminate the guilt incurred by mankind's past sins. To extract himself from this difficulty, the best that Ivan can do is to project the responsibility upon God (thereby revoking his previously drawn conclusion that man was accountable for sin). God gave man freedom, Ivan reasons, and freedom promulgates sin and suffering. Therefore, God is the Being ultimately responsible for the presence of evil in the world. Taunting Christ on the basis of His own axiom—only the innocent are qualified to judge—the Grand Inquisitor, again speaking for Ivan, says; "Judge us if Thou canst and darest. Know that I fear Thee not."

This, Ivan's latest development in the realm of causality, has several interesting implications. If Ivan maintains that God is to blame for the evil enacted by man, he has insinuated that God and man are not independent entities in the order of existence. The same relationship exists between man and God as existed between the classical deities and Jupiter. A hierarchy prevails, but all are deities nevertheless. The pagans, deprived of divine guidance, created their gods in the form of supermen. Ivan, left completely to his own resources, finds himself in a similar position. However, he is not trying to create a god; on the contrary, he is attempting to extract God from the realm of human activity. Therefore, Ivan reverses the process: instead of indulging in anthropomorphism, he deifies humanity.

Kierkegaard has said that the desire to become omnipotent is a temptation to which the intelligentsia are particularly susceptible. According to this early nineteenth-century Danish thinker there are only two roads open to the intellectual. He may either reject all limitation and become autonomous, or he may accept limitation as a personal cross, and enter into the spirit of Christianity. Ivan, laboring under the influence of an "angelic imagination," chooses the former. But if Ivan expends all his mental energy in an effort to establish a state of natural perfection, how can he be considered to be angelic? The sybarite seeks to escape from the painful light of reason by burying himself in the senses; but the angelic, playing on his intellectual pride, parades himself out of the realistic world to the tune of personal omnipotence. The nineteenth-century Romantic paradox is interestingly demonstrated in Ivan: a person of keen sensibility, he cannot endure the imperfections in the physical world; consequently he takes refuge in a plan to remake it. "Corporeal Ivan" desires immediate and total satisfaction but he lacks the means to fulfill his demands. Consequently he passes the task on to another person, "Intellectual Ivan," upon whom all of his faith and hope are centered. "Corporeal Ivan" and "Intellectual Ivan" both worship the same god — "Angelic Ivan," who faces the Luciferian task of subverting mankind.

Man will not relinquish his freedom of his own accord, Ivan realizes; he knows he must resort to some form of mass delusion. In other words, Ivan

must capture the conscience of man, a task as delicate as it is gigantic. For this reason he must have at his disposal the most influential and persuasive of means; or, as the Grand Inquisitor specifies: "There are three powers alone able to conquer and to hold captive the conscience of (man) . . . miracle, mystery, and authority." And on these grounds nothing will suit Ivan's demonical purposes better than the church itself. By hiding behind, and thus capitalizing upon, the church's firmly established and universally respected reputation for holiness and infallibility, Ivan feels certain that he will be able to establish a world-wide state of atheistic humanitarianism. From this position Ivan erroneously predicts that "ecclesiastical totalitarianism will (in the future) come to terms with socialism and (finally) absorb it."

Philip Rahv has written that Ivan's "ideology, which repudiates freedom for the sake of happiness is the means that Ivan devises for forcing a solution. The very manner in which Ivan develops his ideology expresses his loathing of it even as he disparagingly accepts it." In the course of his conversation with Alyosha he professes his disillusionment and indicates that he might even take his own life. "At thirty I shall leave the cup (of life) even though I have not emptied it." The dream of immortality is a prerequisite for successful human existence. If man ever realized that he was other than immortal he would lie down in despair, never to rise again. No one knows this better than Ivan. But he is disillusioned on more than a mere personal basis. By negating the intellectual freedom of the species Ivan succeeds in destroying suffering on a supernatural level; in turn he fails to progress on a natural level. Sadism is not abolished; the innocent are still vulnerable. Therefore, in the final analysis, Ivan's scheme is reduced to just another form of what Eliseo Vivas calls "secular meliorism." But despite his disillusionment, Ivan stoically proceeds to a utopianism which becomes his climactic performance as an idealistic sensualist.

Mankind will be secure, in Ivan's opinion, only when freedom has been destroyed. But humanity has set the highest possible premium on its freedom. Ivan's plot, once discovered by those controlled by it, would be impossible. When Ivan succeeds in deceiving humanity, only half his job is done. He must be certain that the truth is never discovered. Ignorance will be the foundation upon which the security of the state will be built. Ivan is willing to sacrifice everything, even his own happiness, for the security of mankind. But even though he is prepared to lie to humanity, Ivan cannot delude himself. Ironical as it may seem, he has an intense passion for intellectual honesty. He may be able to plan a benevolent totalitarianism based on his own ideas of justice, but he knows that he would never be able to negate his own freedom. Like other secular liberals, Ivan would not be able to inhabit the society he seeks so earnestly to establish. The collapse of his sensitive mind under the strain offers the possibility of spiritual redemption and, like many of Dostoevsky's other insights, may prove prophetic.

ANN GRAVEL

The Judgment of Alma Solomon

Moo, a mammoth woman, shoved open the sliding screen door at the back of the Cawl house. The screen made a grating sound as she stepped onto the patio. Her great nostrils quivered at the fragrant scent of magnolia blossoms, and she stood still a moment, her head raised to take in the heavy sweetness. A cat meowed at her heels; and the wet cat tongue licked the back of her sandaled foot. She turned and motioned to the animal. "Come on out heah in this sunshine, Herschel. Yoah not gonna be the baby of this house no mo after today."

The cat looked up at her, its gray tail twitching.

"Come on out and stret yo last," Moo told him. She watched the cat jerk his head as if insulted. He brushed past her leg and bounded across a wall of jonquils that surrounded the patio. "That is the craziest, gyratinest cat," she said. And she leaned and scratched the tingling spot the fur had left on her leg.

She lifted a garbage pail sitting on the side of the patio and started for the burner. A smaller person lugging an overflowing garbage can to a distant incinerator would have found the trip most tedious and uncomfortable. But not Moo. She glided across the pocked lawn with her burden as though she were carrying a bowl to the dinner table. Dried out grass cracked beneath her step; she winced a bit. She had planted the grass with such care, squatting and kneeling, placing hairpins over the spines to secure the branches against the wind. But the wind had not proved the enemy; a horde of hungry insects undid that labor. She had realized their intrusion from the beginning. And she instructed Mr. Cawl about the right kind of spray to buy. But Susan had been so anxious for her to finish sewing her formal, with its yards of net, that the insects had taken their toll before she had time to stop them.

"That's the way things is," she muttered, kicking her foot at the yellow, withering spots. She reached and obscured the incinerator simultaneously, unleashed the residue of a hearty meal, and turned back toward the house.

"Mool!" a voice called.

She turned her head in its direction and the dark softness of her neck flowed into three large folds. "Yes suh, I'm comin." She flashed a smile to Mr. Cawl, who was standing by the bayou, his arms folded.

He seemed to be supervising the crew of laborers who had been sweating all morning to fill in the hazardous gully. David had nearly drowned in the bayou a week before and would have if it hadn't been for Moo's watchful eye.

Moo strolled toward Mr. Cawl thinking what a fine gentleman he was. He was the one who had dubbed her "Moo." Her real name was Alma Solomon Brogan. She had acquired her nickname one morning while she was hanging out the wash. She had been struggling with heavy, wet sheets when she heard his voice bellowing from inside the house.

"Almoo," he had called, "where in the world are my shirt staves? I can't find them anywhere."

She had chuckled at the "Almoo" and gone inside to find his staves lying on the bureau, right before his eyes. Susan had heard the name, and they all soon shortened it to "Moo."

She walked up beside him; and he was twice dwarfed—by the magnolia tree and the size of Moo.

"I'm bringing Miss Julia home from the hospital at three o'clock this afternoon," he said. "Make sure everything's in good shape."



Etching, *Potato Plant*, Cecilia May

"Don't you worry bout nothin, Mr. Cawl. That whole house is gonna be spic and span. Just leave it to Moo. I told Herschel this was the last day for him to be the youngest member of this heah household." The cat bounded out at her and began doing a rhythmical dance around her right leg. "Yes indeedy, its gonna be a sad day fo this ugly ole cat," she said.

Mr. Cawl patted Moo fondly on the shoulder. "I'm going down to my office for a little while, and then I'll pick up Julia and the baby and be home." Moo watched him as he disappeared around the side of the house. She waved at one of the laborers she knew and walked back inside.

In the kitchen, she put away the dishes and utensils with a soft clatter. Then she peered into the oven, delighting at the mouth-watering aroma of a gently browning custard pie. She had made it especially for Miss Julia. She reached for the pot holder and lifted the pie from the hot rack. The meringue peaked gracefully and was thatched a fine, light amber. She let out a deep breath.

"Moophie," a small voice said.

"Whatcha want there, li'l David?" Moo answered.

"Fix my bottle for me. You're the only one knows how," he said sweetly.

Moo set the pie on the counter to cool, opened the icebox and took out a carton of milk and a can of chocolate syrup. She poured one half milk and one half syrup into a bottle, capped it with a nipple. After giving the concoction a mighty shake, she gave the foaming bottle to David. "Heah yo are, Davey. You have got the strangest drinkin habits of any little boy I ever knowed. Whatcha gonna say to Moo?"

"Ta ta," he said.

She gazed after him as, with the bottle in his mouth, he tottered barefoot, bowlegged, to the leather sofa to take his afternoon nap.

Moo picked up a worn dust cloth, glanced over her shoulder at the pie and walked softly up the stairs, humming idly, passing the cloth along the bannister. Her humming filled the stillness of the house as she busied herself putting clean linens on the king-sized bed, tucking in the corners of the sheets hospital fashion, and turning back the coverlet straight and smooth. She walked over to the empty baby bed and passed her hand over the smooth linen, feeling the hard rubber sheet beneath it. She tidied and dusted the room until it was immaculate, shining. The sweet smell of magnolias hung in the room. Martha and Susan had picked the blossoms early in the morning before they left for school. And Moo had placed them floating in a shallow china dish on the nightstand.

The rumble of a car sounded in the still air. Moo looked out the window to see Mr. Cawl pulling in the driveway. She barely caught sight of Miss Julia as the car moved under the carport. "I sho hope everything looks good nuf," Moo muttered, glancing about the room from under dark brows.

The voices of Mr. Cawl and Miss Julia wafted up the staircase as Moo stood waiting for them. Mr. Cawl was saying, "Moo has really been a wonder

since you've been gone, Julia."

"Yes, I'm sure she has," his wife answered in a strangely tired voice.

They came into the room and Moo saw the little bundle that Mr. Cawl was carrying. She could hardly see the baby, covered by the blue cone of the blanket. "Hello there, Miss Julia. We sho are glad fo you to be home."

"Hello Alma, the room looks very nice."

"Yassum, I hope so."

Mr. Cawl was smiling down at the baby. Then he walked over to Moo and deposited the baby, like a package, in Moo's flabby black arms. "He's all yours for a while now, Moo. Take good care of him. Why don't you take him down to David so he can see this new little brother."

"Just a minute, Jake," Miss Julia said. "I'll show the baby to David."

"What?" said Mr. Cawl, not understanding the glazed look in Miss Julia's eyes and the tautness of her throat.

Moo watched as Mr. Cawl stared at his wife then jammed his hands into his pockets and walked over to the window. She stood perfectly still as Miss Julia came over to her and lifted the baby from her arms.

"You can go now, Alma; tell David his little brother's home if he would like to see him." Mr. Cawl didn't say a word. "Martha," Miss Julia said to her daughter, "your hem is showing."

As she was leaving, Moo passed by Martha and Susan, home from school, who had been standing quietly in the doorway.

"What's wrong with mother?" Susan asked.

"Havin babies aint easy, Miss Susan," Moo said and walked clumsily down the stairs into the kitchen. She sank into a chair by the breakfast table and buried her face, brow wrinkled, in her leathery hands. The sun beaming in through the picture window soon grew hot on the side of her face. She lifted her great frame from the chair and went over to the potato bin, and picked out several potatoes and began peeling them for supper.

Moo came to work early the next morning. She heard David's bare feet squeaking on the tile behind her. He tugged at her apron.

"Moophie, come dress me," he said. He held up his clothes to her.

"David, you gettin to be a big boy now. Its time you learned to dress yourself."

Astonished, his eyes blinked back and forth.

"Now, go ahead and do it. Then come show me. I knows you can do it by yourself."

Moo didn't turn her head when he stood looking at her. After a moment he tottered away. She took out the iron skillet and began fixing breakfast—country ham, grits, and red eye gravy. While the ham was simmering in the frying pan, she cleaned off the drainboard. She carefully wiped around the gleaming, sterile equipment for the baby's formula. She had just finished setting the table when they all came down to eat. Moo heard Martha asking

Mr. Cawl the capitals of some of the states. After they had all sat down, Moo missed their usual breakfast chatter. Mr. Cawl sat silently reading his paper. The baby cried from upstairs and Moo unconsciously moved towards the steps; but she heard the screech of a chair and Miss Julia hurried past her and swept up the stairs. Mr. Cawl pushed away from the table and motioned to Martha and Suan that he was ready to leave.

"Let's go, girls," he said. "You're going to be late for school."

Moo saw him look over at her as though he wanted to say something. But he walked on out the side door, letting it clatter as he left. Susan and Martha waved goodbye to her as they followed behind him.

Moo cleaned the kitchen and moved silently up the stairs with her dust cloth and broom. When she went into the master bedroom, Miss Julia picked the sleeping baby from his bed and went downstairs. Moo left the house at six o'clock that evening. As she was leaving, Martha came up to her and handed her some comic books. "I've read all these, Moo. You want to take them home?"

"No thanks, Miss Martha, don't believe I'll be readin yo books no mo."

"You're not leaving us, Moo?" Martha asked with a frown on her face.

"Oh no, Miss Martha, I jes don't think we better trade funny books no mo."

"Now Moo, that's silly."

"No, it ain't, Miss Martha." They stood for a moment in silence. "Well I got to be goin; heah comes my bus." And she walked out into the dusk.

Two weeks later Moo was sitting on a stool in the laundry room sorting out clothes. Miss Julia had passed by several times, poking her head in once asking the whereabouts of her white silk blouse. "I don't want it washed in the machine if you find it in the dirty clothes," she said flatly. But Moo noticed a funny look in her eyes. Then Miss Julia had gone outside.

The baby started crying upstairs and Moo ached to go up and comfort him. But she knew she had better not. She heard the screen door slide back and Miss Julia hollered in.

"Moo!" she said with something besides worry in her voice. "Please go do something with that loudmouthed baby."

Moo jumped off the tin stool and it banged to the floor behind her. She ran like a large gazelle up the stairs and into the bedroom. Leaning over the crib with its grilled sides, she said, "You po jailed up little baby. Moo's fixin to free you right this minute." And she lifted him with great care from the damp sheet. At first he resisted her with every bit of might he could muster. He wriggled and squirmed and tickled her arms. But he had stopped crying. Moo just clucked at him through thick lips and gilded teeth. And he soon seemed to realize, with an extremely mature insight for a three-week old child, that here was an immovable object; and he settled against her mountainous bosom contesting her possession no more.

On Salvador Dali's 'Persistence of Memory'

We've bathed encrusted chronos in the sea,
Strewn it on the beachhead to be dried,
And stretched the locus of that flooded dial
Toward limber lengths of sodden fluency.

While time that dribbles down the sides of walls,
Draped in dish-rag fashion on a shell,
Or, pendant from a tree branch by its neck,
Points fingers at the melting numerals,

A clock makes court to insects on its case;
They scramble on its gold back and preside
Or swarm the clacking wet works to debase
Each metric tick into obliquity.
Time's flow through memory thus realigned,
The hands sweep round in former full degree.

ROBERT DUPREE

Ballade des poetes exiles

Tell me not where nor in which land
Was Homer, whose own odyssey
Carried him through seven cities and
An epical road-show's legacy;
Nor Ovid, inversed of lewdery,
Who left Rome; nor Dante, who—worse
Pariah—raised hell poetically;
But where is the home of great verse?

Not to which country fled banned
Francois Villon de Paris,
Esteemed among critics as grand
Baladin; similarly:
Lord Byron, who limped on one knee
To war and a homeric hearse;
Rimbaud; and Schiller by decree;
But where is the home of great verse?

No *ubi sunt*: Joyce, who must stand
Less as a poet than as he
Who wrote Ulysses and fanned
The ire of his native country;
Ezra Pound, saved by insanity;
And diplomatic St.-John Perse,
His career cut short by Vichy;
But where is the home of great verse?

Poets please tell me—our sympathy
Will, with your art, reimburse
Your honor—not the borders you flee,
But where is the home of great verse?

ROBERT DUPREE

Created Evolution

to Teilhard de Chardin

Sibyl, symbol of centuries' desire,
With wrinkled flesh of finitude expired,
Remains at length, for all her lengthy age,
A whirl of sibillance within a cage.

An angel voiced vacuum, time-immersed,
She sports no spinster bones beyond the hearse,
While sand grains once caught up with greedy clasp
Spin cones of painful patience in a glass.

No phoenix fire consumed this fallen clay;
Those lips that loosed Aeneas from his doom,
Parted in a passion to resay
The human riddle of life's turnstile tomb.

Does man rely, in spirit and in sooth,
Upon a lie that Sibyl knew as youth?



Drawing, *Old Lady*, Lyle Novinski

ROBERT DUPREE

Agamennon and Abraham

The father's frozen hand with glint of blade
Renounces stifled daughter's mirrored eyes
For human wrath, the stalemate Grecian ships,
Dust-smeared Hector, and ten faithless years.
A swift downstroke to mark old Calchas' word,
Mad-struck son in flight, deep crimson way,
Converging on Cassandra's omen cuts
The path to smoking sands at barren dusk
Where puzzled Isaac eyed ingredients
Of rite and laid his golden flooded breast
Beneath a father's causeless instrument.

SUE EASTMAN

De Regno Apollinis

From Apollo's throne, radiance
Envelops citadel, steel and stone.
A golden blaze enshrines
Stalagmite capitals upstretching,
Affords bitter rebuke
For buried, beauteous era.

Apollo scans with scorn
Weak Aeneas abandoning
Cumbersome Anchises.
Eagle-eyed Polyphemus, unscotched
Daily devours six at dinner,
From a platter of Grecian ship.

Apollo demands Chryseis;
Agamemnon meekly bows.
So Helen sports with Paris
For worlds must fight
Swastika and parallels
Leaving honor for better times.

Contemptuous Apollo, leering
Swats the soaring atomic gnats.
Great armies ride the swivel chair;
Throw levers; wear buttons
In lieu of greaves. And drugged,
Rosy-fingered dawn slumbers.

MARCIA DICKSON

The Hoax

Arachnoidia spinning gossamer
To peddle for lace,
And consumers continually err;
Arachnoidia spinning gossamer.
Arachne knows—hear her—
How well the webs efface:
Arachnoidia spinning gossamer
To peddle for lace.

MARCIA DICKSON

Duality

At times, a sprung-wing sparrow
Stirring against infirmity,
But submissive and resigned.

Today, a flight-fettered falcon
Flailing against his bars,
Ferine and rebellious.

The Master loves less neither,
Merely mends with defitting balm:
Father-fondles my sparrow self
With peace and patch of blue;
But trainer-tames my falcon-feel
By his strength and wilting wise will.

The Master loves less neither,
Yet each hurl against the cage
Hurts the Falconer with his bird.
Surrendered sparrow loves best.

SANDRA L. BRANNEN

Immolation

Falling bird, suspended in mid air
And caught still so suddenly.
Bird of strength with wrought-iron wings
Gripping, clawing, clinging to clouds,
Its feathers ignited in black.
Stopped in its downward flight,
Transformed into a preying bird
With a murderous intent to die.
Shrieking it finds its victim.
Its beak rips open fresh wounds
That pour out bitter suicidal blood;
Preying bird has killed its victim:
Paradox that became the victim itself.

What strange death thus to deny
Hateful despair! to fall at last
No longer held aloft, alive, alert,
Straightward makes the descent.

Claws clenched, it strikes the earth
As autumn leaves on the ground around
Are indifferent, faded dry and dull;
Where wind has formed a barren womb,
Fallen bird implants itself in the soil.
Submissive only to self it had struggled
To surrender its one sacrifice
And prayed a blessing before it expired.
But never dead nor ever touching
The dead bed of leaves.
The storms of winter hide the grave
As snowfilled evergreens keep guard
Over tracks of wildlife feeding beneath.
No noise disturbs the sleeping corpse
Whose tomb is sealed in grand silence.



Block print, *Falling Bird*, Nedra Peterson

CAROL BEESLEY

Walk on a Winter's Day

Snow falls and is fallen and
our man makes his hindered,
withheld way with cold reaching up
his ankles and flaking over the
top;

And snow on branches leadens down an
almost unbearable weight and he
wonders how blood can course
through the long, gaunt, and starving
fingers of the tree;

And Seneca, his spaniel, lopes in and out
of trees and flies the feathery snow
and sniffs briefly at the trees
where other, mere mortal dogs
have gone before;

And our man blows hot breath blue-green
on the winter's groping hands and
flicks his tongue over purple-numb
lips in a primitive love rite to the
cold;

He sees the freshets inert in their
spider rivets and sees the face of frost
sketch its crystalline stigma
on the manmade gravel and spittar and
figworts on the bark of oaks and elms;

And he crumbles a bank of frozen mud and
watches the winter's clouds scud across
the green sky in soft erratic patterns;
the sun breaks out in not-visible harmony
and daggers his heart.

CAROL BEESLEY

The Sound of Darkness

What is the study of your face?
Do you come from closets closed
from sins or cellars filled with
bones of spiders, rats, and wasted men?

Is yours the black sound velvet soft on
the body of the funeral coach or the
flashing hoofs of horses beating cadences
on night-wet cobblestones? Deceiving
and dishonest cutting pipes and
disarming foundation.

Are you the core of a monkey's eye?

Are you the black abyss between
known and new place when you
cut the cord of habitation?

Yours are the black ears that hear love
and the killing anguish of the
desert jerboa and sins clacking against
one another for dominance, in crypts,
captured there.

MARC ABELANET

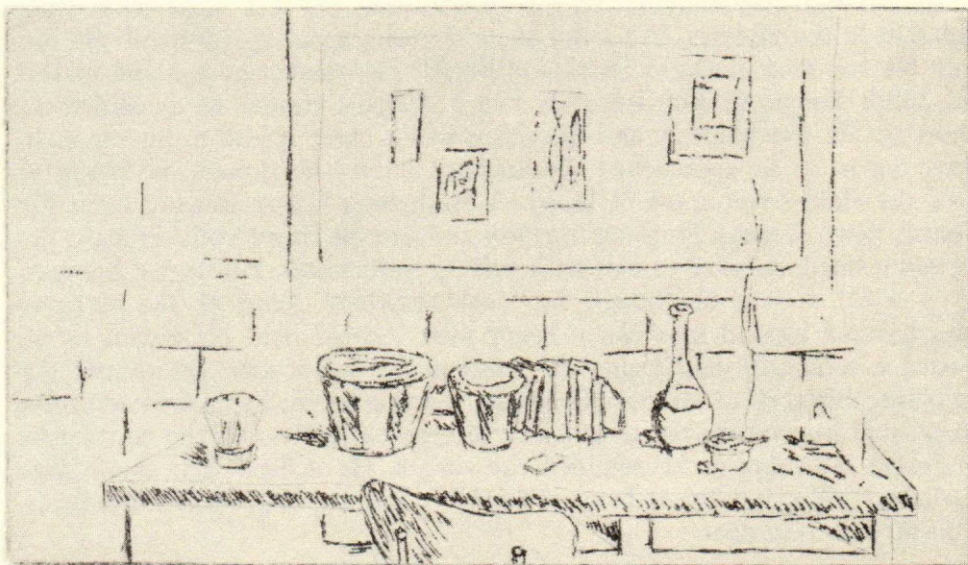
Last Sacraments

Drowned in the waters of misery
Which leak horribly
Through the walls of his sordid room
A man dying
Pale abandoned and condemned
Sees
In the shadows of the lamp
Caressed and rocked by the wind
A glow alive and marvelous
The happy flames of loved eyes
And he hears
While dying
In the silence of the deadly room
The woman's words of love found again
And the room for a moment
Lightens
As never was the brightest castle
There's a fire
Say the neighbors
They rush in
And don't see anything
Nothing but a man alone
Lying in dirty sheets
And smiling
Although the wind is cold
Whistling in the room
Through the broken windows
Broken by misery
And by time.

MARC ABELANET

Liberty

Between the teeth of a trap
The leg of a white fox
And blood on the snow
The blood of the white fox
And tracks in the snow
The tracks of the white fox
Who runs on three legs
In the setting sun
With a rabbit still alive
Between his teeth.



Etching, *February, 1960*, Antonio de Ros

JOHN HARGRAVE

Glasses Are Expensive

The rain stopped, leaving behind only the gently slipping drops from the leaves of trees. Arnold Katzman started walking toward Elliot Avenue, kicking through the dead leaves of winter that covered an occasional patch of rich green early rye.

At the corner he hesitated, wondering whether to go down Elliot to Queens Boulevard or to walk across on Strickland to 139th Street and then over to Queens. The Elliot Avenue route was shorter, but that way he would miss going by Workmann's Bakery. He decided to take the longer route and inhale the heady richness of fresh baking bread, even though he would have to run to avoid being late to work.

Arnold ran diagonally across the intersection; his feet made short little splashes in the puddles, like a flat stone skipping across a still pond. He ran past the two long blocks of Strickland Drive's big, somber houses and turned on 139th Street, striding smoothly like a distance runner or an athlete in training. He was panting, and the strain in his chest spread to his stomach, warming it. As he approached Workmann's Bakery he slowed and began to seek the fluid sweet scent of bread. A freshening breeze flowing from the Sound, down through Flushing Meadow and on past Forest Hills, brought the ripening smell of bread to him with velvety suddenness. He slowed his pace to a walk; it was as though he were absorbing some of the richness that hovered around him like a heavy mist. Arnold held his breath as he passed a ventilator discharging the smell of hot lubrication grease and the rumbling sound of machinery. He began running again; he crossed Atkinson Street and hurried up the short block to Queens Boulevard, the panting in his chest returning as he rounded the corner. He dodged four small dogs tied to a No Parking sign in front of the A&P, and, slowing, turned into Eric's Delicatessen, next door.

The hollow clink of the bell sounded as he closed the door behind him and headed down through the long narrow room toward Eric, who was standing

behind the steam table, glasses fogged, convincing a stout middleaged lady that the potato salad was so fresh the potatoes had not had time to cool. Arnold's sneakers plopped softly on the slick linoleum as he walked past the ceiling-to-floor wall of canned goods on his right with their great mosaic of colors. He hesitated as he approached the woman, fearing she would turn suddenly and collide with him. He turned sideways and eased by in the narrow passage and entered the storage room at the back of the delicatessen. He slipped the long white apron over his head and, taking up the feather duster, made his way again to the front of the store and began dusting the clock that advertised the Stuyvesant Bank and that was, for some mysterious reason, always five minutes slow, although Eric set it every morning when the announcer on WNYC said, "When the tone sounds it will be precisely eight o'clock."

Arnold hesitated again to let the waddling, package-laden woman pass as he turned to start on the long wall of canned goods. He began with the canned fish in their oddly shaped tins: long oval, flat rectangular, short round and fat, and, some of them, perfectly square. He moved steadily on down the wall, dusting with practiced precision, sliding the bushy duster deftly on, above, and to the sides of the neat stacks, careful not to flick the duster out in the direction of the hot steam table.

Eric was carving a large oozing roast, cutting a thick, rich slice with each long, deliberate stroke. The slices fell and lay one on top of the other like a row of dominoes that had been pushed over. "Arnold, why are you late? This is the second time this week." Eric didn't glance up from his work.

"I'm sorry, Eric. I stayed to talk to Mr. Gregory again." Arnold dusted carefully around a jar of chutney that had been in the store for as long as he had worked there.

"Ha! What does he want with a skinny fellow like you? For a fullback, I suppose."

"No," Arnold replied, flushing. "Mr. Gregory thinks I might make a welterweight for the Queensborough AC gloves team."

"Oh? Rocky Katzman, eh?"

Arnold didn't answer, partly because he was afraid to go on and partly because he wasn't sure he wanted to. He was about to speak when the telephone rang and Eric answered it. Arnold turned back to his dusting wondering why he always seemed to get a constriction in his throat everytime he wanted to say something important, like asking a girl to the junior prom, or telling his father where he wanted to go to college, or even when he said something simple, like answering a question in class.

Eric was still talking on the telephone when Arnold finished dusting. The boy stood looking at the man who was his employer and perhaps his friend. Yes, he decided, Eric was his friend; outside of his family, he was the friend Arnold had known the longest. He remembered coming to Eric's as a small

boy with his mother; Eric would always tell his mother that he had the look of a scholar, or maybe even a lawyer, and with no condescension, Eric would give him a sweet, warm pickle saying that scholars needed to be nourished, too. As Arnold looked at the tall, lean man he realized with a mild shock how much alike they looked, and he wondered if his own thick, black hair would thin and disappear as Eric's had, if his own long flat cheeks would become tired and pinched, and his own disposition curdle and become bitter. He knew in the same moment that Eric truly was his friend and that he would ask him what he had wanted to before the telephone rang. Arnold put the duster back in the storage room and came back to lean against the faded zinc wrapping counter, waiting for Eric to finish his conversation.

"Sure, Mrs. Edmondson, I'll send it right over," Eric said as he tore a sheet off the wall pad and hung the phone up. "That Mrs. Edmondson; all the time something. Now it's her aunt Julia who has the cancer."

"Eric."

"What is it, Arnold?"

"I want to get off early tonight." Arnold spoke with just a hint of determination.

Eric looked up from his list. "What for? Oh! Maybe you have a girl friend?"

"No. Mr. Gregory asked me to come over to the AC tonight. They're having a class on boxing at seven-thirty."

"Boxing?" His shortsighted eyes scanned Arnold briefly. "You're not serious about this fighting business, are you? Fighting is for noodniks, not someone like you."

"I don't know. I think I might like it."

"Nobody wins fights. The winner is the biggest loser." Eric turned back to his list. "No, Arnold. If you were going to study-class, or had a girl even, I would let you off; but for fighting, no. I like you too much."

"But, Eric, please . . ."

"No! We talk no more about it, Arnold."

Eric began to make up the order he had received over the telephone, while Arnold plopped sadly back to the storage room and returned with a bottle of glass cleaner and a hand full of cheese cloth. He started with the glass doors of the beverage cooler, squirting and wiping. Eric was putting the food into two large white sacks as Arnold finished cleaning the beverage cooler, the large, slope-faced meat and cheese box, and the steam-grubby glass that formed a shield on the front and part of the top of the stainless steel steam table.

"Arnold, hurry this over to Mrs. Edmondson in the Dorchester House. You know the address?"

"Yeah, 9-A," he said darkly. "The elevator will probably be out of order and she never tips."



Etching, *Primeval Forest*, Cecilia May

"All right, Arnold, and hurry before everything cold gets hot and everything hot gets cold."

"Ok, ok, I'm hurrying." Arnold headed for the door, a sack in each arm.

"Wait a minute. I'll open the door for you." Eric hurried around the counter and strode toward the door. He called after Arnold as he jogged south on Queens Boulevard towards 137th Street, "Hey, I'll have a corned beef on rye waiting for you. With onions and pickle." Arnold turned his head and grinned; then he pushed his way through the flux of late afternoon shoppers.

The early May sun was dipping behind the Con-Ed steam plant on Lafayette Boulevard and Arnold could smell a dampness in the air that would give rise to a thin mist from Flushing Meadow after the sun had retired for the night. Overhead a turbo prop aircraft was screaming anxiously on its way into Idlewild with its landing gear extended like a three-legged duck afraid to land. Arnold had run the seven blocks to the Dorchester House, and now, tipless, he was returning, panting, and knowing in the same way that he knew boxing would be good for him that the panting and strain were good for him, too. He slowed as he turned onto Queens Boulevard and entered the growing stream of people emerging from the supercharged foulness of the subway, people overdressed on their way to overpriced clubs, people pushing expensive baby carriages, and people just standing and talking or reading news headlines in the fading light.

Arnold was a block away when he saw the beer truck pull up with a shriek

of brakes in front of Eric's. He put on more speed in the growing stream of people, knowing that he would be needed to help stack the cases of beer and pull the cold quarts from the back of the beverage coolers to the front and place the hot quarts in the rear. He dodged around two women who were trying, in Yiddish, to say the same thing at the same time about their respective grandchildren and, by sprinting, he just made it across 138th Street on the green light. A checkered cab, turning from Queens Boulevard onto 138th street, jumped the light by a second and had to slam on its brakes to avoid hitting Arnold; its engine stalled and the driver let out a heated obscenity. Arnold heard it but didn't look back.

As he turned into the door of the Delicatessen he scraped his shin roughly on the lip of a hand truck moving toward him. The beerman stepped back quickly as Arnold sprawled out over the hard steel frame.

"What the hell, kid. Watch where you're going."

Arnold lay on the floor, clutching his throbbing shin, and looking up at the globular beerman who wore tight, gray twill pants and shirt and a discolored yellow and black checked golf cap. The beerman's gray jowls surrounded a mouth that appeared to have no upper lip, and his eyebrows bridged a wide, flat nose and shaded the olive eyes that seemed much too small for his enormous head. Arnold raised himself on one knee and muttered an apology as Eric came up and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"Arnold? You all right?"

"Sure, Eric. It just shook me up a little," Arnold replied as he rose, steadying himself on Eric's arm. The beerman, shaking his head in disgust, picked up his hand truck and went outside.

"Who is that new delivery man?" Arnold asked as he limped towards the back of the store.

"Who knows? I ask him what happened to Kirk and he just laughs and says, 'The simple ass broke his leg yesterday.' This noodnik I do not like; he saw you coming; he could have stopped."

"It was my own fault; I should have looked where I was going," Arnold said as he sat down on a case of lox in the corner, and pulled his pants leg up to examine the rough, already darkening bruise.

"Wait," Eric called, entering the storeroom, "I'll get some salve for that."

"Don't, Eric," Arnold answered as he pulled the pants leg down and stood up. "It looks worse than it feels. It will be all right."

The delivery man returned wheeling six cases of quarts; one eccentric wheel was thumping in time with the huge man's thudding steps. As he headed towards the storage room with his load he called to Eric and Arnold, spewing the words out of the side of his misshapen mouth like a corn husker shooting ears into a pile.

"Hey, get the hell out of the way. I'm coming through."

Eric and Arnold stepped aside quickly, moving before they quite realized what they were doing. Eric swallowed hard as the man passed and spoke in a quiet voice, "Don't talk that way in my store."

The beerman stopped and looked at Eric. Then with the patience of one dealing with the same problem all his life, he set the load down and turned to Eric.

"Look, Mac. Nobody tells me what to do and I'll say what I damn well please. You understand that?"

Eric looked at the man and then at Arnold who was watching both of them with the attentiveness of a child watching a spider and a fly. Eric repeated what he had said before, wiping his hands on his apron.

Arnold wondered if either of the men could hear his heart beating. The beerman's jowl began to twitch and one of his trembling hands grabbed the corner of a beercase. Arnold saw the beerman's mouth open and felt his own breathing stop in the same instant.

"Look, you dumb kike, you want to stop me?"

Seed pearls of sweat shimmered on Eric's brow as he stood there, wiping his hands and licking his lips.

"Get out of my store," Eric said in a voice that Arnold could barely recognize. The beerman's grip on the beercase loosened and the twitching jowl rose and fixed a smirk on his face.

"Oh, want to fight? Put 'em up, Ikey," the beerman assumed the pose of a fighter, learing at Eric between his lumpish paws. Arnold thought he saw Eric straighten slightly as he heard him answer with new strength.

"I do not fight."

"Sure you do, Ikey. Everybody fights." The beerman extended an open hand and slapped Eric lightly on the side of the head, knocking his glasses to the floor. "Come on, Moses, let's fight!" The beerman slapped him on the other side of his head.

"I will not fight," Eric repeated with stoic calm.

Arnold's breathing returned with a short burst of stale air. He started to step between the two men, his fear for Eric overcoming the convulsive jerking of his stomach and the wooden pressure against his bladder. Before he could move the beerman had cocked his right paw and struck Eric on the left cheek; his neck made a sound like dry twigs popping underfoot. Eric staggered back until he hit the wrapping counter. His eyelids fluttered and his eyes glazed as he slid to the floor, back straight and legs spread, like a self-possessed drunk who knows when it is time to quit.

The beerman took a hesitant step towards Eric. He looked at him a moment and then jerked his hand truck out from under the stack of beercases with one frantic motion. He ran to the door, the eccentric wheel thumping wildly after him, and, leaving the door open behind him, plunged into his truck and

angled rapidly into the traffic, his horn blowing nervously.

Arnold went to Eric and knelt beside him.

"Eric, are you all right?"

Eric didn't answer immediately; he sat there blinking his eyes and rubbing the side of his face. The sound of the stack of beercases, creaking back and forth like a top running out of spin, and the refrigeration system purring gently and blending with the swishing rumble of the traffic seemed to crawl inside Arnold and for one wild, fearful moment he thought Eric was mute, that the world was mute, and that he would hear only these sounds the rest of his life.

"Eric?" he said, shaking his shoulder gently, "Can you hear me?"

"Yes, Arnold, I hear you. I'll be all right in a minute." Eric gathered his legs beneath him, and steadying himself on the counter, pulled himself slowly erect.

"Does it hurt very badly? I can get something for it." Arnold stood there, his hands held out enquiringly, looking at Eric as he shook his head a few times and answered him.

"No, it does not hurt," Eric said, looking at Arnold with a perplexed expression, as though he was just then realizing that Arnold was there. Eric stooped and picked up his glasses and began to polish them slowly with his apron.

"What are you going to do, Eric?"

"Do? What should I do?"

"I don't know, Eric, something. You can't just let him get away with it. Call the police, or the beer company."

"Yes, Arnold. You're right. It is time to call the police." Eric turned and walked slowly to the wall phone behind the wrapping counter. He dialed the number carefully.

"Hello, I want to report a beating. All right, I can wait," Eric said as he turned and looked at Arnold. "Arnold, it is all right for you to leave early tonight. You might make a good walter-weight, or whatever it is, after all. Hello? Yes, sergeant. My name is Eric Riesmann. 93-26 Queens Boulevard. Yes, just now, in my store . . ."

Arnold went to the storage room and returned with a damp mop and began to rub the slick linoleum with long vigorous strokes. He paused for a moment, looked out the window, and noticed that the sun had gone down, leaving only a weak dusk washed across the street and the buildings, cars and people. Arnold went to the switch box beside the window and turned on the orange neon light that said, "Eric's Delicatessen—Kosher & Non-Kosher Food." The sign began to flicker weakly; then as the gas began to ignite more fully, it flashed and flickered across his face until it settled down and bathed Arnold and the surrounding area in a soft orange glow.



Etching, *Dream Children*, Nedra Peterson

ROBERT DUPREE

The Possibility of a University Theatre

The creation of poetic drama has emerged clearly as the most important problem for the theater in our own time. What we have in the way of verse drama from our contemporaries has been long overdue. For three centuries after the Elizabethans no noteworthy contributions to great dramatic literature were produced. Yet one could not say that the drama was being neglected. Dryden wrote dramas in the seventeenth century, and almost all of the major Romantic poets tried their hands at verse plays. It was at the turn of this century that Synge and Yeats began their experiments at the Abbey Theater in Ireland. Some decades later the poetic drama had fresh formulations at the hands of T. S. Eliot, whose influence and prestige served to bring the question of verse drama to the fore. From his fragment *Sweeney Agonistes* Eliot went on to write more drama and to continue his critical thought on the basis of definite experience with dramatic composition. Other poets went on to explore the possibility of recreating a body of real poetic drama. In the last forty years we can count Auden, Cummings, Fry, Stevens, Eberhart, and Thomas, among others who have tried this form.

But it is beginning to be obvious that something is missing in all of these plays. Although our contemporary poetic dramatists are to be applauded for their courage, they do not seem to have succeeded in producing a drama that will endure. Even Eliot fails to advance beyond the writing of "closet drama." The audience that attends these plays is not an audience in the real sense. It is a special group; apparently the spontaneous creation of an audience for "poetic drama" has taken place. Nevertheless, it is not an audience that can be involved or that can participate in the play. It is a gathering of specialist spectators.

The production department has been even more disappointing. In this country there are four kinds of companies offering the opportunity for viewing a good performance: Broadway, professional theaters, "Little Theaters," and university theaters. At the present time none of these is what I would call a real *Theatre*.

The most striking difference between the theaters of the Attic tragedians, Shakespeare, and Moliere and our own is in their respective locations in society. The drama was a central part of an elaborate ritual for the Greeks, and the whole populace participated in the performances. According to the records which remain, the people must have been a highly critical audience. Shakespeare's theater was attended by the "groundlings" as well as the royalty, and Moliere played in the provinces and in the courts. In all of the foregoing examples the theater cut across the lines of social strata. It had an audience which participated in its performances in a very real way. It has been nearly three centuries since we have had a real theater audience. This communal aspect of the theater, the close relation of all of society with the theater, and the triangular unity of author, actors, and audience I call a *Theatre*.

Broadway and the professionals have failed to provide us with a *Theatre*. They cater to an elite who dote on ephemera and not ritual; they are concerned with making money, for the modern backer is not the equivalent of the Renaissance patron. The "Little Theaters" have not succeeded either, although all logic would point to them as the most likely prospects for our *Theatre*. They have not brought a community into their productions any more than has Broadway; instead they too are supported by an elite whose basis is social standing and not an intellectual enthusiasm for drama. The university theater has not, in the past, had the kind of support that would allow it to become a *Theatre*.

A recent book of Mr. Francis Fergusson, *The Human Image in Dramatic Literature*, devotes a whole section to these problems. According to this perceptive critic, the only possibility for producing real drama in our present cultural situation lies with the university. In a "Note on the Academic Theater" he calls for a closer relationship between the theater and the university. He believes that we must explore this realm for "some common conception of the role of the university and of the role of the theater . . ."

Following Mr. Fergusson we can immediately see a number of advantages in having this closer relationship. For one, the audience is on a much higher intellectual level in the university theater than in any other. In a liberal arts university with a strong literature program students are given the opportunity to read quite a bit of drama, including, at least, the Greeks and Shakespeare. To take an example, a production of the *Agamemnon* in a university *Theatre* would be much more successful if it were presented after the students had studied and criticized the tragedy. From the student's standpoint it would be the climax of his experience of Aeschylus; he would be able to hear and see the play and not simply read it. It would allow him to participate in drama and to rethink the problems of tragedy with some specificity. From the director's standpoint it would mean that his group could play to an audience that was not only more sympathetic than usual, but also more perceptive, more

attentive, and more critical. The actors would benefit because they would be facing an audience sharing the very rhythms of their speech and the form of their gestures. It would, in short, allow the producer of the play to draw closer to his audience and thus attain part of that ideal situation which exists in a real *Theatre*.

Another advantage which the producer in a university *Theatre* has over his fellows in the professional theater is the body of learning and scholarship which is available to him. No producer can be expected to know everything about the literary and intellectual aspects of the plays he presents. In the university there are departments of scholars ready to assist with interpretative work, to help choose plays, and to aid the director in shaping his performances according to the artist's intentions. With this kind of resource available there is no need for the director in a university to resort to spectacular tricks. A good, accurate version of *Hamlet* is many times more valuable than a fanciful, distorted production which is intended only to be unusual or attract attention. The university *Theatre* does not have to concern itself with attracting that kind of attention. If it wants to make a name for itself it ought to venture outside mere theater circles. It can bring out a version of some nearly forgotten Medieval play, like the *York Crucifixion*; make excursions into modern European drama, an often untapped area for the American theater; or go into more obscure periods and produce plays with as much scholarly and literary as theatrical interest. A good production of Thomas Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy* would go a long way toward focussing attention on any university. The same holds true for some of our modern poetic dramatists and certainly for little-known foreign contemporaries like, for example, the Belgian playwright, Michel de Ghelderode, who is just being "discovered" in this country. Here, of course, a thorough collaboration and understanding between the various literature departments and the drama department would be invaluable. The effectiveness of this combination might be compared to the use of art departments for designing sets. This kind of inter-faculty cooperation would again pull the university *Theatre* into more unity; it could not fail to benefit everyone involved. Certainly the cause of academic prestige would be served well by such a move.

The university should be a haven for those who believe in the integrity of the artist and in the necessity of presenting his work for what it is. Therefore the last step in creating a university *Theatre* would be to invite and encourage the artist to enter into the workings of the theater. Shakespeare trained his own actors and occasionally played his own parts. The example of this close unity can be found among the Greeks, but it begins to suffer a decline in the seventeenth century, the last real artist-theater collaboration being in Moliere's work.

The reason for the many problems modern dramatists face in writing for the theater is that they do not belong to it and do not know it thoroughly. This

is probably the main reason that contemporary efforts at creating a poetic drama have failed. The fact of the matter is that within the university *Theatre* is the only realm where the artist would be allowed to work with the producer. There is certainly no room for the artist in professional theaters. In academic life, serious student artists could be given a chance to work intimately with the problems of staging and voice, the practical aspects which must be considered if any play is to rise above "closet drama." The writer could hear short choruses performed, see actions traced out on the stage, and judge the balance of scenes by means of a direct experience of their work. Finally, the university *Theatre* ought to have a real artist-in-residence, a recognized writer who would create especially for the *Theatre*. It is in this way that theater experiments should be conducted, and not by mutilating the classics of the past in over-fanciful productions. Nothing could bring the importance of a university *Theatre* to the fore better than this venture into creativity. Here for the first time in possibly three centuries there could be an effective recreation of the ideal situation of the Greek and Elizabethan *Theatres*. In a word, the university should be the place for a renaissance in great drama, and the possibility of its coming about really depends on very little.

What university drama departments need now is support from the liberal arts university itself. The literature departments, the students, and finally those who are in charge of the large cultural aspects of the institution need to recognize the production of drama as an integral part of university studies. The problem is not one of finances. The university drama department does not have to worry about "take" as the professional theaters do. It is free of serious financial problems and has the opportunity to create. A university *Theatre* must be the home of creativity and imagination as well as the repository for our heritage in dramatic literature. When a number of American universities recognize their real responsibilities to the drama, we shall be on our way to the kind of *Theatre* that can give our society a profound—not merely a clever and superficial—vision of itself.

It may seem that the result of such a move would be the formation of an elite as exclusive as the one created by the "Little Theaters." But the university is not rightfully the center of an elite; it is rather the focal point of a real culture. The university preserves and forwards the best traditions of a people; and, as it brings more of the people to itself and takes on more of the duties which rightfully belong to a university, it will come closer to reuniting the deep wisdom of the people with the shaping genius of the intellectual and the artist.

DONA SPAWN

The Need for Christian Culture

In Christopher Dawson's latest book, *The Historic Reality of a Christian Culture*, the criterion for a culture is faith, or in our time the Christian faith, as the "living force which has entered into the lives of men and societies and changed them in proportion to their will and their capacity." The uniqueness and individuality of a society is, therefore, in no way hampered by a religious way of life, since faith, or any other driving force, can motivate men and societies only insofar as they are potentially able to be moved. Consequently the presence of faith in a culture is not necessarily indicative of a true cultural unity. I am here primarily concerned with those elements which prohibit faith from being the unifying force in a society. As great and historic literature has proved, the religious code, embodied in an actual way of life, is the basis upon which a culture is founded.

In order to determine more firmly the relation of faith to a culture, we may turn, first of all, to an examination of the epics. More than any other form of expression in letters, the epic communicates the picture of a culture in its entirety; for in it the quest, the character, and the code of a people are expressed on both a personal and sociological level. The epic hero personifies the code of a culture lived in its most perfect conception, whereas the epic people reflect the code as the accepted and actual life of the society as a whole, opposed to a purely hypothetical possibility which never comes into act.

The Homeric epics illustrate well the relation of faith to a culture. In the *Iliad*, the great Achilles is given the choice between a brief life, blazing with glory, or a long insignificant life even to comfortable old age. The choice is given to him by his mother Thetis, one of the lesser Greek deities. Achilles, being the personification of the heroic code, does not hesitate in his choice of the quick, noble, almost godlike existence. That which is material does not sway Achilles from his decision, which springs from a deep religious conviction in the power of the gods. Consequently, the spark of divinity in Achilles is kindled into a roaring fire when he does return to battle to win lasting fame for himself and immortality for his code. The concept of honor as seen in

the epics motivates the entire society to engage in an almost continuous contest for nobility to the highest degree possible. The most common soldier goes into battle with the same courage and scorn of death as the greatest warrior. In the entire epic not one example of cowardice is to be found. Certainly, it would not be an understatement to assert that the code has permeated the society to such an extent that no question arises in the mind of even the lowest Greek concerning the necessity of honor, no thought of deviation from the superlatively hard way of life which faith in the power of the gods imposed.

Christianity had much of the same codifying effect on the people of the middle ages. From its birth, the Christian religion had slowly worked its ideals into the minds, as well as the souls, of the various people who made up medieval Christendom. Until the faith had become a driving force culturally, there was little solidarity in the medieval society. As Dawson has written in *The Making of Europe*, "In England, the Church embodied the whole inheritance of Roman culture as compared with the weak and barbarous tribal states. It was the Church rather than the state that led the way to national unity through its common organization." The same was true in Italy, though that country was not to become a nation in the political sense until much later. What Christianity did provide in medieval Italy was a cultural unity; and Dante's *The Divine Comedy* is both an expression of that unity and an attack on the seeds of the secularization which had begun to undermine it.

Historians and men of letters have been able to trace the slow decline of a Christian culture from the high point in the middle ages to the present date. The most prevalent belief among critics is that we are now in the last phase of the decline of a culture which had its origin in the Middle Ages. Certainly secularization has taken a great hold on our society. As Dawson's *Making of Europe* makes clear, at the height of medieval unity the state was not regarded as something distinct from the spiritual code with separate doctrines or conflicting authorities. Consequently, Christian principles had permeated the society to such an extent that the state became a spiritual organ. Only in the United States has the separation of religious and civic life been so sharply—and sometimes artificially—observed. This concept, a somewhat misinterpreted part of our Constitution, has perhaps contributed, with greater significance than is apparent, to the degeneration of the Christian culture in America. This loss is especially telling if seen in the light of education, for the modern democratic government in America has assumed the burden of universal education, whereas in other cultures no separate agency has had to provide for the spiritual and intellectual life of the society. It is the obligation of the entire Christian culture to provide the moral standards and code by which people are to live. It would seem that secularization has been, as Dawson refers to it, a counter religion, for the public schools function as the indoctrinators of right behavior and citizenship in the American way of life. These duties in a Christian culture lie specifically in the realm of the

Church; or, if not, the state must be sufficiently in harmony with the moral code and ideals which the religion of the society imposes. But considering the fact that religion is virtually outlawed in the American school system, the conclusion must be drawn that the state has become a purely secular force which, in actuality, but quite accidentally, has been the deciding factor in the decay of a Christian culture in America.

Wherein does the remedy lie? Certainly, it would be fallacious to believe that we can begin with any situation other than the already existing one. But our nation has reached a point where, if it is not to undergo the metamorphosis of complete secularization—in which the people will perish for lack of a unifying spiritual vision—the men of vision in education must rehabilitate the tradition and build anew a genuinely Christian culture—unique in its achievements, goals, and methods, but related to the past in its fundamental view of man.

The complexities of the public school system would not effectively permit the seeds of a Christian culture to grow. The secularization is complete, ideologically and legally; and in such an atmosphere it is futile to try to instill a moral unity. Consequently, an examination of higher education is in order. The government has been placing increased emphasis on utilitarianism and specialization on the university level. As a result, the nation's schools have been turning loose on the world, *en masse*, a group of individuals who are qualified only technically and only in certain fields. These men and women find themselves unequipped, except subjectively, to deal with any problem unless it deals with their "specialty." But, on the level of higher education, some hope remains. The universities are left with much more freedom in choice of curricula than are the secondary schools. To an even greater degree, the Christian and other privately maintained universities enjoy the right to set objectives morally, sociologically, and intellectually.

A return to a liberal arts education with philosophy and theology as the unifying elements seems imperative. Only in advanced study should specialization be necessary, for only after a background in the traditions of a culture can a person be ready to go into the intensive discipline of rather limited channels of thought. In other words he must have already explored and understood the spiritual and cultural aspects of his society—its arts and sciences—which in turn give him an insight into the code of his society, and finally, it is to be hoped, some realization of a Christian culture.

JUDY WYLIE

A Note on Aristotle's Catharsis

"Tragedy hath ever been held the gravest, moralest and most profitable of all other poems," John Milton declares. "Tragedy warms the soul, elevates the heart, and can and ought to create heroes," states Napoleon. Ever since its beginnings in the sixth century before Christ, tragedy has attracted common men and brilliant men alike—the educated and the uneducated, the rich and the poor, both men and women. What is the great appeal of tragedy? What, exactly, does it do for man that makes it the most profitable of all other poems, "that gives it power to create heroes?"

Like all proper scholars of the Western world, we look to that very primary source, Aristotle, for an answer to our question. Aristotle's definition of tragedy gives us some insight into its greatness:

Tragedy . . . is the imitation of an action that is serious and also, as having magnitude, complete in itself; in language with pleasurable accessories, each kind brought in separately in the parts of the work; in a dramatic, not narrative form; with incidents arousing pity and fear, wherewith to accomplish its catharsis of such emotions.

On scrutinizing his definition, we see that Aristotle believes the prime effect of tragedy to be a catharsis of emotion in the minds of the viewers. He seems to believe that the universal appeal of tragedy to men lies in its reference to their emotions of pity and terror, by which reference it accomplishes a catharsis, or purgation, of these emotions.

In order to answer our question concerning the appeal of tragedy to man, what it does for him, we must well understand this concept of catharsis in Aristotle's definition; for it is this notion of catharsis which Aristotle names as the function tragedy performs for man.

It is generally agreed that Aristotle used the term "catharsis" as a medical metaphor meaning purgation. That is to say, tragedy, by provoking the emotions of pity and terror, effects a purgation of these emotions in him. It pro-

duces the same kind of effect on the soul as does the blood-letter's leeches on the body.

Plato, Aristotle's teacher, had observed that "the natural hunger after sorrow and weeping "which is kept under control in our own calamities, is satisfied and delighted by the poets." And Aristotle himself held that it is not good to repress and deny the emotions, but rather that a regulated indulgence of our feelings contributes to the proper balance of our nature. Thus, it seems justifiable to assume that Aristotle did, in fact, mean to say that the real greatness, or power, of tragedy lies in its function of catharsis, in its—to use Milton's words—"power . . . to temper or reduce (the emotions of pity and terror) to just measure with a kind of delight stirred up by reading or seeing those passions well imitated . . . In other words, tragedy is a form of homeopathic treatment, curing emotion by means of an emotion like in kind, but not identical." Milton confirms our interpretation of Aristotle's definition by declaring finally that tragedy is "said by Aristotle to be of power (precisely) by raising pity and fear, or terror, to purge the mind of these and suchlike emotions."

We might question the validity, however, of Aristotle's conception of catharsis as the power and greatness of tragedy. For one thing, why must we seek to "cure" the emotions of pity and terror; why must we seek to "purge them from our minds"? Are these emotions a poison in man that must be eliminated? Pity and reasoning fear have traditionally been regarded as belonging to the nobler side of man. It would seem that any need for a cure or elimination of these emotions could only result from some abnormal condition in a man, and certainly we cannot say that tragedy is specifically for abnormal persons.

We must admit, however, that it is generally agreed that Aristotle considered the true appeal of tragedy to be a certain pleasurable relief and delight in the *experiencing* of the emotions of pity and fear. Certainly it is obvious that if tragedy had only a "medicinal" effect on the mind of man and afforded no pleasure, it would never—human nature being what it is—attract the number of admirers it has. That is, pity and fear are themselves delighting and relieving emotions.

If we accept Aristotle's view, however, we implicitly acknowledge again that tragedy appeals to man's baser instincts, indeed, that it evokes either sadism or masochism in his nature. For if we experience delight or relief by watching the suffering of another, it is either because we find the delight and relief in contemplating another's misery, and that is sadism, or because we find delight and relief in seeing ourselves suffering in that other's place, which would be masochism.

One may protest that we do not derive our delight and relief directly from the suffering depicted by tragedy, but from the experiencing of the emotions



Etching, *Retrospect*, Carol Beesley

of pity and terror excited by the drama, an experience which affords delight and relief. That is, pity and fear are themselves delighting and relieving emotions. And, since pity and fear are part of man's nobler nature, this delight and relief are actually "noble feelings." It cannot be denied, nevertheless, that someone must suffer in order that we experience pity or fear. Hence, taking pleasure in emotions effected by another's misery still appears to be sadism, and taking pleasure in pity and fear at our own sufferings (by mentally putting ourselves in the tragic hero's place) is masochism.

Does the value of tragedy, then, lie in its power to assuage base or abnormal elements in man? Does the "gravest, moralest, and most profitable" form of literature derive its greatness from an appeal to unhealthiness in human nature? We would think not. But this is the implication in Aristotle's conception of the greatness of tragedy.

We do not pretend to discredit Aristotle by rejecting his conception of the power of tragedy; for, as has been said many times, if he may not always have all the right answers, Aristotle does indeed pose the right questions.

Superman Reconsidered

A Review of Walter Kaufmann, *From Shakespeare to Existentialism* New York: Anchor Books, 1960.

O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous

To use it like a giant.

(Shakespeare—*Measure for Measure*, II, ii.)

A dominant theme in Kaufmann's *From Shakespeare to Existentialism* concentrates on that type of human nobility which Shakespeare described as "being hard with oneself." Kaufman's attempt to trace the manifestations of this idea in the great men of the modern age establishes a thread of continuity from the sixteenth century to the present. Although the author states that special emphasis has been placed on the interrelations of philosophy, religion, and poetry, the reader will discover that only one aspect of this program, the interrelation between philosophy and poetry, is really explored.

Kaufman finds, for example, that Goethe, Shakespeare, Freud, Nietzsche, and Rilke share a common attitude in reacting against convention and morality. These men are the precursors of the modern "overman" whose image was so irrevocably etched in the German "geist" by the philosophy of Nietzsche. They are the geniuses "imbued with the restless determination to educate themselves—to give form to themselves." The great-souled man must be cognizant of his limitation—he must, as Shakespeare's XCIV sonnet illustrates, be like those

Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,

Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow . . .

Unfortunately, when the reader reaches the chapter on Heidegger, this theme of the great-souled man is exhausted, and the interrelation of poetry and philosophy is interjected in its place. The purpose is implicit in that chapter, but it is overwhelmed by Kaufmann's caustic criticism. He questions the real significance of Heidegger's philosophy. According to Kaufmann the profundity of the German existentialist is merely an illusion created by his obscure language and insensate quest for Being. But to regard Heidegger's quest as meaningless is to ignore the point of his work. The quest is not vacant but full of meaning for a contemporary society which is noticeably devoid of Being. Mr. Kaufmann's superficial analysis of Heidegger's philosophy speaks badly for his acumen and reputation as an historian of ideas.

Kaufmann's critique of Toynbee is much more vitriolic than his criticism of Heidegger's philosophy, and it relegates Toynbee to a rather degraded position. Toynbee, according to Kaufmann, is neither poet, theologian, historian, nor scientist, but a false prophet. Kaufmann's criticism revolves around Toynbee's evidently disparaging evaluation of Judaism. The reader receives the impression that this may be the reason for Kaufmann's statement of intent

at the outset of his book: "that a warped and tendentious view of the present age and its relation to the past is current in our midst and more indebted to Christianity than to any political ideology requires showing." The statement is far from substantiated, and it seems, at best, irrelevant to the content of the book. If it is expressed of Toynbee's oblivious deviation from obvious facts, Kaufmann's statement is not tenable; it is, in any case, an unwarranted devaluation of the real contributions of Christianity to culture.

Kaufman has the quality, unusual among philosophers, of being able to present his ideas with great clarity. Mr. Kaufmann's knowledge of Nietzsche's philosophy is evident, and when he confines himself to Goethean humanism in German thought he does so with conviction and considerable enlightenment. On several occasions, though, his judgments are irrelevant to the supporting facts, and, as in the case where truth is *not* beauty, he has failed to support his conclusions with adequate evidence.

The controversial nature of Mr. Kaufmann's book has the merit of keeping it fresh. As J. S. Mill says, "the man who knows only his side of the case knows little of that."

LARRIE GOULDMAN and DIANA ROBERTS

Path Through The Finite

A Review of William F. Lynch, S.J., *Christ and Apollo*, New York: Sheed and Ward, 1960.

In his most recent book, *Christ and Apollo*, Father William F. Lynch undertakes a consideration of the dimensions of the literary imagination. The most forceful and profound literary image, according to Father Lynch, is that which follows the "narrow, direct path through the finite," and does not concern itself with "unfounded infinities." Neither beauty nor insight, the primary objectives of the creative imagination, is to be attained by avoiding a genuine confrontation with the concrete. In expressing his position, Father Lynch writes: "with every plunge through, or down into, the real contours of being, the imagination also shoots up into insight, but in such a way that the plunge down *causally generates* the plunge up."

Father Lynch discusses some of the prevalent contemporary attitudes towards the finite which are in opposition to his belief. In some literary imaginations, he states, the attempt is to show that the finite serves only a utilitarian purpose. The real world is necessary only "in order to send the soul shooting up . . . into some kind of infinite or absolute." The proponents of this view never consider the finite and definite as integral to the literary accomplishment, but merely as a point of reference. Another attitude which, according to Father Lynch, bears a close resemblance to this image is one in which the world is to be touched "lightly," providing the impetus for a spring, not to the absolute, but "back into the self." A third position is that which con-

siders heaven and earth to be totally unrelated, two "vacuums." This type of imagination manages to delve into the concrete world, but is emotionally repulsed by it. Then by some "magical" feat, this imagination, in a spirited amoebic separation, goes "... back up into heaven and ecstasy ..." The final pursuit which Father Lynch mentions is of contemporary origin: earth is Hell; very little can come from physical reality; but, by all means, the world must be tolerated. These positions are all antithetical to the Christian view of finitude.

In a chapter devoted to a consideration of time—the limiting principle of human existence—Father Lynch points out that "human time . . . when lived according to its basic flow is a highly subtle, complicated, and sophisticated intellectual process." But, he feels, too many intellectuals, lost in an ideological milieu, regard time as a disease, a plague which must be evaded. Those who ward off time as a barrier to intellectual health, according to Father Lynch, have, in reality, found a clever defense against the acquisition of knowledge; for "the withdrawal from the flow of time is . . . an escape from experience."

Father Lynch feels that "tragic beauty is the most beautiful of all our literary images." In the tragic image, the finite character of man is exhausted to its fullest extent. Tragic beauty, he maintains, emerges in those rare moments when man, in his most desperate situations, realizes the helplessness of his nature, and "at the same moment" receives the strength of God. Man's cognizance of his weakness is a "gate to the infinite," and cannot be discarded by a "fraudulent" leap into infinity. He believes that Greek and Elizabethan drama testify to the fact that "the finite even at its weakest and most limited, is creative and generative of beauty." The tragic image, as in the case of *Oedipus Rex* and *King Lear*, shows "the meeting, the wedding of the finite and the infinite." In both instances, there is to be seen the "final opening of the self to man and God, opening in weakness and strength." This ultimate in catharsis accounts for the nobility of such protagonists as Oedipus and Lear.

Throughout *Christ and Apollo*, Father Lynch contends that there are no "shortcuts to beauty or insight." Reality is not to be outwitted, encircled, or escaped; it is to be "plunged into." And only by such descent can the literary imagination achieve its proper elevation.

It is possible that the appearance of *Christ and Apollo* will point the way to a new realm of literary criticism in the Sixties. *Christ and Apollo*, it is well worth noting, is a real *kerygma*—a proclamation of the worth of the literary imagination, which "nowhere speaks its final mind at any one point." Like a *kerygma*, it is the proposition of an idea which does not necessarily come to explicit conclusions. However, it is a book with implications that cannot be ignored. Father Lynch advances the theory that the proper approach to literature is through the Christian view of reality, one which regards human life as simple and limited.