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OLIVER TWIST: The reader of today tends to look upon the novels of Charles Dickens the way he would his family heirlooms: things sentimental and romantic, and significant only as ornaments for his bookshelf or bedside table. These, he says, are the products of another age, unreal and outdated.

AN EARLY

REALISTIC

NOVEL

JOHN M. McCAFFREY

The purpose of this paper will be to refute, mainly through the example of *Oliver Twist*, the contention that Dickens is a sentimental, romantic and unrealistic novelist alone. Naturally, those who level their accusations at Dickens' writings must have legitimate grounds for doing so, and indeed they do. So let us first examine the sentimental and romantic aspects of *Oliver Twist*, and it is these things which seem to have attracted public attention.

A dominant characteristic of *Oliver* is its similarity to an allegory. The entire plot structure is built around the theme of Good-versus-Evil and the eventual triumph of Good. The characters in this novel, as in an allegory, have no more depth than the special characteristic which distinguishes each from the others. For instance, Mr. Losberne is clearly marked from the beginning as an impatient individual, destined to create difficulties for the protagonists as the action progresses. Rose Maylie is a virtual goddess of sweetness and light, a general mixed compound of "Sugar'n spice and everything nice." Bill Sikes is the essence of animal vulgarity. His personality (for lack of a better term) grates the more callous sensibility. And so on.

After we discover the dominant trait of each character, we learn nothing more about him. Each action that he performs thenceforward is in accordance with that one quality. In his *History of the English Novel*, Ernest Baker tries to explain this by saying: "Dickens' affair was with characters, not character. He portrays the infinite diversity of mankind, not to analyze the individual; his goal was for the extension, not the intensive union."

There is perhaps one character who is above the allegorical-type classification and that is Nancy, Bill Sikes' ill-fated mistress. She is the gangster's moll in every respect. Yet she still manages to cling to the last vestiges of her femininity in her pitiful attempt to save Oliver from the misfortunes that awaited him in the hands of his despicable half-brother, Monks. Milton's Lucifer preserved some traces of his lost glory for some time after he had been cast into Hell. Likewise, a faint glimmer of feminine gentility still shone from the heart of Nancy even though she was inextricably entangled with her vile companions.

With regard to the depth of Dickens' characters, G. K. Chesterton laments (in *Charles Dickens*, 1905) the fact that blackguards such as Sikes have no redeeming features about them. We might go Chesterton one step further, saying that it is a pity that Oliver has no weaknesses that could make him more interesting and real. As he stands, Oliver is what one might call an allegorical, moralistic *picaro*. He travels the road of life from situation to situation as a symbol of Goodness who encounters and, after many hardships, repulses the forces of evil, represented by Monks, Fagin and company. He bears a resemblance to Bunyan's Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress*. These are immense difficulties with respect to Oliver as a character in a novel.

That anyone, let alone frail little Oliver, can be born an orphan in a workhouse, spend the first several years of his life enduring every sort of privation at the hands of monsters like Mr. Bumble, pass the period of apprenticeship in a coffin maker mourning at the funerals of children his own age, fall in with a gang of thieves of the basest sort, face a Sir George Jeffreys-like magistrate in a police court while still a boy, experience many other similar misadventures and come out of it all just as simple, good-hearted and naive as when he drew his first breath back at the workhouse is, to say the least, incredible.

"There are books of which the backs and covers are by far the best parts."

—*Oliver Twist*

"It's a mad world, mad as Bedlam."

—*David Copperfield*

To say that Oliver is a psychologically unbelievable character is superfluous in the extreme. In fact, there is only one other character in English fiction who comes anywhere near being so unbelievable as Oliver, and that is Chaucer's patient Griselda.

Certainly neither Dickens nor *Oliver Twist* stands alone in the portraying of characters or in the fashioning of a plot which resolves itself completely in the end to the satisfaction of all the good characters and in the chastisement of all the bad ones. Fielding's *Tom Jones*, which Dickens had read with admiration in his youth, has most of the standard features of the early novels which are incorporated into *Oliver Twist*. Mr. Brownlow, the completely benevolent, right-minded and patriarchal benefactor, has his spiritual ancestry in Fielding's Squire Allworthy. Rose Maylie, the virgin of incomparable beauty and virtue, can claim kinship with Sophia Western. No more likely Dickensian comic characters could be found than Thwackum and Square. Even Tom Jones' hypocritical, conniving and utterly worthless enemy, Master Blifil, could probably find a place somewhere in Dickens.

In *Tom Jones*, every occurrence in the story figures in the final resolution of the plot, just as in *Oliver Twist*. Good triumphs and Evil is confounded after many difficulties.

Another characteristic of the *Oliver Twist* story which is common throughout the entire early period of the novel is the surprise revelation at the end. In *Oliver Twist*, the reader discovers at the end that Monks is actually Oliver's half-brother and Rose Maylie his aunt; furthermore that Oliver will be the recipient of a sizable fortune as the result of Monk's revelation of his real identity. Almost invariably, these surprise revelations involve either a large fortune which the hero (or heroine, as in *Jane Eyre*) unexpectedly inherits, or with the fact that he is a long-lost, close relative of certain protagonists with whom he has been intimately associated throughout the story, as in *Humphrey Clinker* by Tobias Smollett, whom Dickens also admired. With regard to this last type of revelation, one cannot help noting what a vital part coincidence plays in the plots of these early novels. What a coincidence it is, indeed, that a ragamuffin country fellow named Humphrey Clinker whom Squire Bramble happened to come upon out on the highway in his search for a coachman later turns out to be the Squire's natural son. It is just as remarkable a set of coincidences that leads Oliver into the home of Mr. Brownlow, his father's best friend. It is just as striking that the robbery to which Oliver was an unwilling party was at a home which turned out to be that of Rose Maylie.

The novelists of this period were not burdened by the modern necessity to make every event probable and inevitable. Their chief purpose in constructing a story was to see that all events served to resolve the plot. The reality of the situation was a lesser end. Furthermore, readers were prepared to accept the grossest impossibilities, and, thanks to Dickens' narrative skill, we can still accept them today.

Certainly *Oliver Twist* bears most of the characteristics of the novels written at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Yet it is dangerous to push the comparison between Dickens and his predecessors and contemporaries too far. If this is done the resulting impression might be that Dickens is a mere slavish imitator and his originality would become obscured or even neglected.

Dickens stands out among novelists of the period in his attachment for the grotesque in both people and places. He seems to take a greater interest in his

numerous villains and depraved characters than in anyone else. He specialises in them. It is often noted that Dickens is unable to draw an accurate picture of a gentleman. Perhaps this is because he found gentlemen dull.

Young Charles Dickens must have had, at an early age, an amazingly vivid and colorful store of impressions from which he could draw his characters and settings. A youth spent in poverty, in wandering through the macabre slums of London and Chatham Town and in working at the tedious jobs in the blacking factory laid a foundation for his later ability to "portray the infinite diversity of mankind," as Ernest Baker states in the above-quoted passage.

The exaggerated picture of a depraved world which Dickens lays before us is the chief cause for his being called unreal. But, then, one must remember what Dickens' world was like. His was the period of the Industrial Revolution, a time of violent turmoil when humanity had been shaken from its comfortable home in the lovely villages of Auburn and hurled into filthy, rat-infested, hump-backed cities built around factories. The lower classes swam a sea of utter squalor and despair. In these fetid, smoke-black ghettos, they were driven to a state of corruption unlike anything that had been seen before. Dickens reached into this during this time. He saw all the contemporary misery and became absorbed in it. It was part of his artistic experience.

Here, the fallacy of calling Dickens a romanticist can be seen. For a romanticist could bear people like Fagin or places like the slums of London in the nineteenth century? Romantics flee things like this for the hearts and flowers of their artistic environment. Dickens did not flee them. He reveled in them.

In this respect, he shows greater artistic sensibility than is possible in a romanticist. A romanticist is limited in scope to his world of hearts and flowers. Dickens had the whole world to draw on for his matter; the sordid part included. The fact that Dickens was able to look at the world of sordidness through his sensitive eyes and fashion a work of art out of it made him a unique artist in his age and a great artist in any age.

The very wretchedness of life in the Industrial Revolution was what drew the romantics to Primitivism: the movement for a return to nature. It was what drew Marx to Communism. How striking it is that *Das Kapital* and *Oliver Twist* both had their sources of inspiration in the same thing! This is an interesting thing to dwell on momentarily.

We first assume that *Oliver Twist* is a realistic work, since it portrays a real part of the author's experience. Now the danger of realism in literature is that it can carry a work out of the realm of art and into that of, say, sociology or history. Further, it is well known that Dickens, like Marx, was interested in the problems of the poor and oppressed classes. He is indignant about the problems of the poor and oppressed classes. He is indignant about social evil. His picture of degeneracy is accurate and it arouses our sympathy. It can arouse firm support for social reform in the reader, but that is quite incidental. What is important is that it can stand on its own merits as art.

The concentration in Dickens' work upon depraved characters and situations is what critics refer to as unreal. Actually this aspect of his writing is a heightened conception of reality. To call Dickens unreal, therefore, would be to call Hogarth or Daumier unreal as well.

With *Oliver Twist*, we must speculate on just what the author's attitude toward his story is. His cynical comments on the action leap up every where before the reader. At Oliver's birth in such unhealthy surroundings, he cracks: "Now, if, during this brief period, Oliver had been surrounded by careful grandmothers, anxious aunts, experienced nurses, and doctors of profound wisdom, he would most inevitably and indubitably been killed in no time."

Later, the board of the parish house contemplates sending the "incorrigible" Oliver off to "some unhealthy port" where: "the skipper would flog him to death, in a playful mood, some day after dinner, or would knock his brains out with an iron bar; both pastimes being, as is pretty generally known, very common and favorite recreations among gentlemen of that class."

When Oliver encounters one of his old friends from the parish house, Dickens reminisces for us: "They had been beaten, and starved, and shut up together many and many a time."

With the first appearance of the bullying charity-boy, Noah Claypole, Dickens tells us of his cowardly nature and then observes: "It shows us what a beautiful thing human nature may be made to be; and how impartially the same amiable qualities are developed in the finest lord and the dirtiest charity-boy."

Dickensian humor stimulates us frequently with items like the grotesquely funny and brazenly irreverent scene at the grave yard. Local boys "... varied their amusements by jumping backwards and forwards over the coffin." Mr. Bumble "thrashed a boy or two to keep up appearances." The minister, "having said as much of the burial service as could be compressed into four minutes, gave his surplice to the clerk, and walked away again." At the end of the service, the aforementioned boys "... murmured very loud complaints at the fun being over so soon."

Equally amusing is Mr. Bumble's courtship of his "bashful beauty," Mrs. Corney; and this same "bashful beauty's" later turning out to be a fearful shrew.

Regardless of the angle from which *Oliver Twist* is viewed, whether it be allegory, romance, or what, it is impossible to ignore passages like the ones just quoted. They form so integral a part of the flavor of the work as to influence strongly the classification into which it is put.

That they reflect cynicism is certain. But is Dickens laughing as well? We cannot say for sure. His psychological background was filled with bitter disappointments, squalor, and tedium. It could easily be a mocking sneer instead of an outright laugh. To compromise its cynicism with its humor, it could be classified as Juvenalian satire.

In closing, it is well to point out that Dickens, like Shakespeare, enjoyed his greatest popularity among the masses. Like Shakespeare, he wrote for the masses, whose tastes are theoretically inferior to those of the intellectuals. It is significant, then, that Dickens is able to communicate with all classes of people in different ages. It shows that he has succeeded in capturing something of the universality of human nature in his works.

"The dreams of childhood—its airy fables; its graceful, beautiful, humane, impossible adornments of the world beyond; so good to be believed in once, so good to be remembered when outgrown."

—Hard Time

"A person who can't pay gets another person who can't pay to guarantee that he can pay."

—Little Dorrit

*The soul selects her own society,
Then shuts the door;
On her divine majority
Obtrude no more.*

*Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing
At her low gate;
Unmoved, an emperor he kneeling
Upon her mat.*

*I've known her from an ample nation
Choose one;
Then close the valves of her attention
Like stone.*

"LIKE STONE"

JAMES GIERMANSKI

It is commonplace to say that Emily Dickinson's use of imagery belongs to the tradition established by the school of Metaphysical poets, but an appreciation of the full richness of her usage is not equally widespread. One example of her ability to associate seemingly unrelated objects may be seen in her poem "The Soul Selects Her Own Society." In so profound a love poem, one would expect the simile "Like stone" to be particularly apt. But its use has been important to the total impact of the stanzas.

The Oxford English Dictionary defines stone figuratively as "an emblem of stability or constancy . . . an emblem of insensibility, stupidity, deadness or like; esp. in phrases of comparison with various adjectives." The dictionary's closest definition to the use employed here by Miss Dickinson is "To turn to stone, or make hard like stone." Shakespeare had used the word in this sense in *Othello*, V,ii,63, "O perjur'd woman thou dost stone my heart." The name of the heart in this poem is also stoned but it is stoned in three ways. It is focused upon her lover with the rigidity of stone; it is insensible to all others with the insensitivity of stone; it has the permanence of stone in the unchangeable quality of her conscious choice. "Like stone" means all these things and perfectly culminates the powerful feeling of the poem.

Her attention upon her lover hardens and fixes itself as if it were petrified. Stone becomes an emblem of stability. It is rigid and constant. And this unmoving constancy is a result of the closing of "the valves of her attention Like stone." Her desires for other men are resolved into one desire for one man, her love

The totality of her love is centered in one area of amorous experience, and since her heart is concerned with only one, it must isolate itself from all others. It must be insensible to other choices, to other men. It must have an unfeelingness for other loves, a mineral unawareness, really, of the possibility of a higher or different level of rapport. Her will then "shuts the door" to her excellent other choices because her heart, rapturously absorbed in her chosen one, knows an unmitigated fulfillment. "Like stone" represents this unconcerned attitude for other possible lovers. Unmoved, motionless, trained upon her one and only beloved, the heart is not only frozen in its single love, but is also isolated from and hardened toward all others. This state leads to the final aspect of the meaning of "Like stone."

In other poems ("After Great Pain, a Formal Feeling Comes," "Not With a Club The Heart Is Broken," and, especially, "How Happy Is The Little Stone") one sees three prevailing associations attached to the image: independence, happiness, contentment. These are grouped together under the one term 'Fulfilling Absolute Decree.' And all these meanings common to Miss Dickinson exist within the present poem.

The soul is unmoved by grandeur and splendor. Chariots and emperors give an occasion to show indifference and independence, an attitude of permanent choice leading to complete happiness by virtue of its lack of other desires. This happiness is the soul's contentment.

Just as a stone is a result of God's decree, so all these qualities in the soul are a fulfillment of one choice. For as stone finds its ontological perfection as a result of God's free decree, so the heart of the poet achieves its natural completion, its ontological existence as a totally responsive emotional agent, in its one choice. As stone, in a word, is a simple fulfillment of the divine choice, so is the closing of the soul's attention to all others a fulfillment of itself, effected by human choice. Upon the discovery of true love the heart does what it was ordained to do in much the same manner as stone does what it was ordained to do: it freezes, or petrifies—"like stone"—upon one's only lover.

"Like stone" is used to say three things. It indicates a fixing of affection upon one, a hardening of sense toward others, and an indestructible or irreversible condition of being resulting from the soul's choice of creation, the creating of herself as a lover. It is an image of deep-rooted meaning and feeling and represents a profoundly loving woman with a knowledge of the workings of the heart and the workings of God. It shows the power of the poet to connect and unify the inanimate and the animate and through this amalgamation of all reality bring home the comprehensive intensity of love.

THE COMMON MARKET

BRIAN HERBERT

The organization that links together six countries into the strongest economic bloc in Europe is known as the European Economic Community (EEC), Common Market, or Euromarket. This bloc of countries, known as the Inner Six, is composed of West Germany, Italy, France, Belgium, Luxembourg, and the Netherlands.

The Common Market is but one of the three functional international organizations or committees that link the six member nations. The other two are the ECSC (European Coal and Steel Community) and the European Atomic Energy Community or Euratom. Euromarket and Euratom were authorized at Rome on March 25, 1957, and activated on January 1, 1958, while the European Coal and Steel Community had been in operation since February 10, 1953. The outstanding advances made by the first of the three communities was ample proof that the tri-community program would work.

The purpose of the Common Market is to eliminate, by stages, tariff and other trade barriers between the member nations, and to link their economies. Although the end was more economical than political in the beginning, political issues are creeping in more and more as the program advances. Related to the fulfillment of purpose are the laws of the community, which are determined by a legislative committee, whose principal divisions are the European Parliament, the Council of Ministers, the Court of Justice, the European Court of Auditors, the Assembly and the Economic Social Commission.

The nations comprising the Inner Six may seem small and unimportant when taken by themselves, but together they represent 178 million people and economic resources on a par with those of the United States. The main opposition to the Inner Six comes from the Outer Seven, an organization of seven European nations banded together into the Free Trade Association (FTA). The nations comprising the Outer Seven are the United Kingdom, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden, Austria, Switzerland, and Norway. Like the Euromarket countries, the Outer Seven, as individuals, are small, but in a merger they become a powerful bloc with a trade total of \$36 billion. Though this is less than that of the Inner Six, the Outer Seven have a greater per capita wealth.

The Inner Six, already controlling one-fifth of the world's trade (\$50 billion) and having already merged their coal-steel production and atomic power, now plan to form a single overall economic unity within ten years. Their ultimate goal is political unity.

The completion of the first active quinquennium of the ECSC in 1958 was a natural occasion to assess the progress achieved since the organization's inception. On the whole, the record spelled prosperity. In February, the High Authority reported that steel production for 1957 in the community's area was 56.6 million metric tons, or 5.6 per cent over that of 1956 and 42.8 per cent above the figure for the last year prior to the reciprocal agreement's origin. This far surpasses the comparable increases of the United States and the United Kingdom and is second only to the USSR. Coal production was not much above the 1952 production rates for the community, but enough was stockpiled (300,000 tons) to halt all coal imports from the United States.

When the United States asks the question, Where is all the steel going? the answer is frightening. First of all, these nations are exporting the finished product to other nations. The most significant example is the production of cars. The European Community in 1960 was the world's leading exporter and second largest producer of motor vehicles. Net exports of all motor vehicles from the Community reached 1,379,000, compared with 656,000 exported by the United Kingdom. While our car production has remained relatively static since 1950, the Community has more than quadrupled its output in the same period of time. This represents a production increase of approximately 300 per cent, and by 1960 the balance was so out of proportion that we imported 500,000 vehicles.

A second explanation points out that, as these nations prosper industrially, they will be able to substitute their own machines for the American products. Even today, their machines are equal to ours if not better.

In terms of dollars and cents, this is how we will be affected. United States and West German companies are currently selling electric motors to France, with duties on these sales amounting to thirty-one per cent. By 1970 or sooner under the Common Market tariff, the American firm may be down to a sixteen per cent tariff, but by that time its German competitor, as a member of the Common Market, will be selling in France with no duty at all. Similarly, an American concern now selling switch gear in Germany, which is a low-tariff country today, pays a duty of six per cent. By 1970, the American company will be paying seventeen per cent tariff, while its Common Market competitors will be paying no duty at all.

United States companies operating among these Inner Six nations are now finding it more profitable to centralize and expand their operations, since trade barriers are being removed quite rapidly. This increases the flow of gold outside of the United States.

We have had deficit financing now, almost continuously, since the New Deal days. Many people seem to have reached the mistaken conclusion that the only penalty involved is a slow erosion of the dollar. The factor which these optimists have failed to anticipate is the phenomenally rapid emergence of a unified and highly competent European coalition, able not only to sell more inexpensively, but also to produce more efficiently and deliver more reliably than our union-ruled and constantly strike-menaced industries.

Since England and several other nations of the Outer Seven have petitioned the Common Market for entry and will in all probability be accepted in the near future, it appears that the United States may eventually be alone against the United European States.

It appears as though we are faced with two alternatives: we can either join the Common Market, or oppose them. Whatever action we may take will be critical for the future of the American economy.

THE CHILL
OF A
SUMMER'S
BREEZE

FRANCIS X. McNALLY

The sought-for release from summer's heat was not allowed to materialize. A strong, violent ball of orange flame remained overhead to annoy, aggravate, agitate the sweltering humans below. If you did not look up too often the ball actually moved toward its demise; but if you did look up to check its progress every so often, it was always in the same spot—overhead and bearing down. Of sight in the eastern sky a faint dark blotch of evening tide tried to escape the immense omnipresence of the sun. Down below the apricot-smeared, blue and yellow tinged, transparent-thin clouded sky, the tarred city streets steamed, the canyon-like apartment walls simmered, the motionless air thickened while a vapid people in a vacuum life existed.

Relief from the smothering apartments filled the streets: mothers sitting on the stoops, babies in carriages, the inbetween on the sidewalk, streetside animals in the shadows. From open windows up above the cry of other tubs, moan of the "old ones," curse in anger and fleshy slap, running water, popping bottles, and blaring radio came floating out and down. The agglomerated sounds from all around clashed and mingled on the ground with car horn and screeches, push cart peddlers, "sellem peaches," Angelus call from church up the shaking rumbling of a passing ell, bouncing ball, hoarse yell, and all while from the corners with their hooked-up speakers came the Afro-Cuban beat that raped the shrill still unconscious air.

As a deterrent to the oppressive blanket of the lingering summer's day, the oasis of city dwellers—the open fire hydrant—was the center of fun, frolic, and fatuous laughter. Surrounding it, lying in its path, running through it, cars pushed, and jumping into it were the kids living and loving life. Young, young and almost adult skylarked, slipped, and slithered through the stream of water that flowed out of the hydrant with enough pressure to reach the other side of the street as rolling waves on a smooth beach. Yelling and shouting, laughing and pushing, trying to control the flow with an upright bottomless barrel held over the nozzle and aiming the spray at passing cars, open windows up above, daring girls clustered near by and innocently hitting a granny on a lower stoop. It never lasts though, this reprieve from Phoebus, for all too soon the wail of a siren punctures the air and an oft-repeated theme takes place: turning off the pressure, recapping the nozzle, warning the adults, cursing the wallowers, and tenaciously ordering all about to move and get the hell on home.

Officer O'Keefe tightened the nozzle cover, wiped his wet hands on his trousers, tried to dry his face with his damp handkerchief and thought how many times since the change of shift he had done this same thing, how many times on this same damn block. The heat, the dampness of his clothes, the pointed jibes by the crowd, the not knowing what the bastards were saying but understanding the gestures and the voice tones, Officer O'Keefe advanced on the happy, joking group. His demands for the wrench and his provoking manner turned the crowd into a sulking mob. The little Spanish that he knew, mostly curses, aggravated his ears. O'Keefe yelled over his shoulder to the other patrolman, who is now was eyeing a girl from inside the car. The mob became restless at the yell and started to move. O'Keefe reached for his gun, or nightstick, or another handkerchief, but before his hand came up to his hips the hidden wrench came

down on his skull. O'Keefe fell into the gutter, blood oozing from his cracked skull clouding the rills of water running towards the gutter grating. Patrolman Johnson came out of the car firing a shot into the air, the people jolted from their paralyzed stance, scattered, and scooted away from the spot. Johnson's quick call over the two-way had sirens converging on the street. The intern's report for his preliminary tagging was DOA and O'Keefe was carted away.

The setting sun, hidden for the most part by the buildings uptown, colored the streaming clouds as bright orange welts on a darkening day. It was going to be a hot Friday night and a long one.

Summer's day faded, and in the crowded city summer's evening held the tune of the city's created sounds, those lithe strings of summer's symphony. New love found this summer's day walked arm and arm towards the evening intuned to the strings of the mighty city and the symphony of twilight.

On a thread-worn blanket of greenery between the dark-swelling East River and the concrete by-pass and over-pass, the lovers found peace and privacy. Lying close together, clutching, catching, desperately trying to hold the intense quiver they had kindled, the lovers lived. Time passed and summer's evening became summer's night, and noise and time, smell and sound—the vestments of twilight-faded with the russet of evening. Unconscious of the neon-drenched highway nearby, of the steady purring of cars, the lovers knew only themselves and were oblivious of the demonic streaks of metal that forever passed by. Unaware too of the sluggish river and the tide running out, of rusty dark barges that carry coal to feed the never-satisfied appetite of the incinerators that dot the river's edge. Unheard fog horns, barge whistles, buoy bells floated across the water while from above on massive vibrating girders the sounds and pounds of oil car, water car, engine and freight car traveled slowly and seemingly endlessly click-ity click, click-ity click . . . Unseen friendly sounds from a close-by housing project added to the quiet the lovers sighed.

They cling together, a hungry human race, feel each other, fear tomorrow, long for peace, and live in the now. A thought germinates and hope is born that of all the world they shall last, for now the world is not so large; slowly their former hardened feelings falter. They blend as one with tree, bush, and grass. Drunk on the magic of their love, they do not hear the stealthy rustling, a breaking twig, a muffled curse; an inane giggle is not allowed to penetrate. The sounds do not register on his faltering sense of survival for he is now naked cuddled and choked by love, but his world of yesterdays remains real. So it is over before it begins. The blurry rush of a youthful gang cuts short his paradise, and he dies as he has lived in the real world of no-chance. Jack handle, bicycle chain, and twelve-inch screw driver are useful tools in a rumbles game. Slashing stroke and sickening thud stain the ground and glue the grass. A sucking bubble exhaled instead of a warning shout is all he has to leave her. She fares worse because

she is left alive; numb, mute, and terrified. The physical bruises of mouth, knee and thigh will not compare to the horror and fear as marks of the night she had been so dear. She lies bleeding, moaning, and shocked half dead in pain; forever to live in lonely fright at the sounds that are heard in the night. Sounds that will haunt and follow her and be by her to swallow her. He is disoriented, and disfigured, his pockets emptied of a dollar eleven.

The cars stream by. The mighty incinerators hum, fed by Erie coal. A tug boat turns the bend, the full moon reflecting the empty barge riding its wake behind. The railroad overpass stands still and silent. The housing project is dark, save for a few lights. Quietly the water laps against the docks, the scum of rats fan out to root in the squalor, mist from the river settles on the pair of beads of dew form on the trampled blades of grass. Night comes to the peaceful city.

Night and the City, mysterious, brooding, and magnetic. The gentle mist of the light steals up and blankets the City in a shroud of darkness and the City is engulfed, surrounded, and absorbed into the world of artificial illumination. Dark night and brilliant City. A wonderful glittering night reflecting the City's treasure house of buildings, canopies, and mechanical symphonies. A City with its pulse throbbing to a musical background, to the steady hum of elevators, to the flickering buzz of neons, the muffled spasms from beneath the sidewalk, to the changing color cyclops that governs traffic, and all about, people walking hurriedly and talking loudly, expecting something to happen now . . . The City is You, a prism sorting it all, savoring and selecting the invisible waves of night sights and sounds of the City. You and the bejeweled City.

(On an off-Broadway street, where your own heart beat is noticeable and controllable, the hue and dim of the Great White Way, that mighty self-generating heart of the city, can be observed and heard. Gently the wind carries the din of that not-far-off street, and the sounds swept along by the wind of night can be broken down and classified. Looking towards the sources of the taking wind, a far off multi-color glow on a concrete stage, you can see the sounds being played on the taut drum of Broadway.)

He had paused to take it all in and it made him feel good. For so very long now he had lived in this world and had not actually seen it nor been conscious of its existence. How many times had he walked these streets towards the Great White Way; how many endless days and nemesis-filled nights? Now for the first time he looked at the Street as a source of heat and not as the arena of survival. Stepping out in the loner's gait towards this sound of forever nows he was conqueror, for now it was all his. His to see and enjoy again, his to touch and savor again. A loner's gait is a slow one; casually seen it is an aimless one. It is always it must be a planned one, for a loner must never be where he should not be. Now that his endless time of standing still, while always on the go, was over.

Moreover, it was only out of habit that he picked his way along and did not step out into the mainstream of the crowd. Yes, it was over now . . . at least the shadow seeking, head ducking, side shuffling, mumble retorting, handout hustling time of the wino binge and hunger fits . . . all the clocks of former days. It was habit now to walk the gait and not step out of the darkness away from the sheltering buildings.

He thought of the pock-marked, postal-traced letter clutched in his hand, read the letter in his mind, remembering too the money between the creased sheets, and again he felt excitement. "Come home, come home" pounded through his mind; what was more, he was wanted home. A tingling at first then a surge of long dormant feelings passed through his whole body. The elated feeling disrupted his measured gait; too late he realized he was caught up in a crowd. He stopped to let the beered youths pass, but one of them pushed him forward and into an already extended foot; the pain in the groin doubled him. He staggered and stumbled, the letter slipped between the gutter grating, and before he could yell or plead for help a slashing fist ruptured his throat, cut his cry and breath. He fell contorted in pain—vomiting spleen and coughing blood—the youths continued on their way.

Creeping unconsciousness blanketed the pain and he felt himself slip away dimly aware of the women's voice: "Look at that dirty bum sleeping over there." The noise and the lights of Broadway, music for a quiet night, filtered down to where he lay.

THE SELF-MADE MAN Alone and dim.

DENNIS D. CARRIGAN

beneath the bed there grows
a dusty mold,
wallowing in cold air,
covering small tracks.

The broken plaster wall
is mended
with a sticky net;
its dancing weaver works
in silent darkness.

In wrinkled trousers, dirty
undershirt he sits.
The bottle holds
one amber liquid inch—
fuel for one more mile.

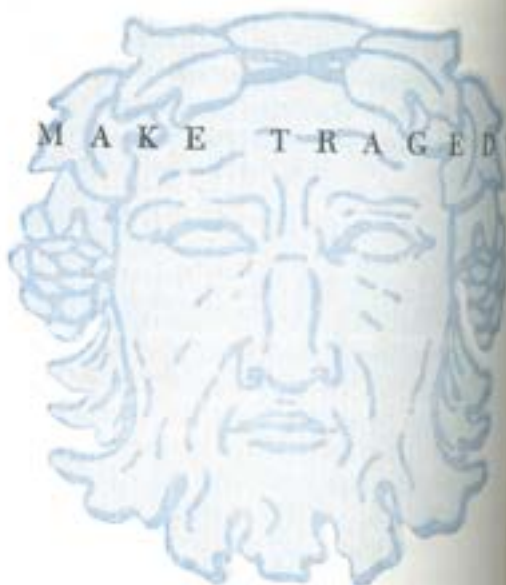
and
this only light is dim.
it droops, unshaded,
—hanged—
by a worn and twisted wire.

GREY-FLANNEL DIRGE

STEVE HODULIK

Man, you Cortez of beauty, open
Your eyes to true suffering.
Lay down your tools of
Slaughter and seek forgiveness
For your sin, technology.

THREE TO MAKE TRAGEDY



LAWRENCE R. WILLIS

The retaliation of a passionate, frustrated, rejected woman is one of the oldest stories in literature. Egyptian papyri have preserved it in *The Tale of Two Brothers*; the Book of Genesis tells it in the episode of Joseph and Potiphar's wife. Greek legend alone includes a number of versions, perhaps the most famous being the account of Phaedra and Hippolytus. In various forms this legend has provided dramatic material from antiquity to the present: Euripides' *Hippolytus*, Seneca's *Phaedra*, Jean Racine's *Phèdre*, and even an operatic treatment, Romano Romani's *Fedra*.

Euripides wrote two *Hippolytus* tragedies, the former sometimes known as *Hippolytus Veiled* and the latter *Hippolytus Crowned*. The first play was laid off the stage by the outraged Athenian audience, but the second was an immediate success and won first prize at the tragic competition in 428 B.C. Although the first play has been lost, an ancient commentary preserves a reliable account of its treatment of the story. In the earlier drama Phaedra appears as a crafty, lecherous woman—a hussy much like the repulsive wife of Potiphar—who will stop at nothing to gratify her lust and in the end commits suicide. Seneca's *Phaedra* includes a number of scenes possibly suggested by the original Euripidean version: a passage where Phaedra, openly avowing her design on Hippolytus, persuades her old nurse to act as go-between; a brilliantly executed dialogue between Phaedra and Hippolytus, in which the queen informs her stepson of her feelings and begs him to make love to her; a passionate outburst from Phaedra, who confronts her husband Theseus and brazenly accuses Hippolytus of having violated her; a pathetic scene in which Phaedra confesses her guilt and then stabs herself. The second Euripidean *Hippolytus* presents not simply a clash between a chaste-minded youth and a lascivious woman, but the downfall of three tragically complex individuals whose destinies and personalities are fatally and inextricably interwoven.

The action of the play is briefly sketched in a prologue spoken by Aphrodite, goddess of love. The setting is laid at Troezena, where King Theseus of Athens has been living as a voluntary exile in expiation for bloodshed. Long before the time of the play's opening, Theseus begot an illegitimate son Hippolytus on the Amazon queen Antiope, who died soon after the boy's birth. Later Theseus married the Cretan princess Phaedra, and forestalled conflict between his legitimate and illegitimate offspring by sending Hippolytus to be reared by King Pittheus of Troezena, who adopted him as heir. Hippolytus grew up a devotee of the virgin huntress Artemis, and through his arrogant, scornful rejection of love incurred the wrath of Aphrodite, who caused his stepmother Phaedra to fall in love with him. As the play itself begins, Aphrodite informs the audience that Phaedra is pining away in lovesickness, has resolved to die rather than admit the cause of her malady, and by her death will also destroy Hippolytus.

A careless listener or reader is all too likely to misunderstand Aphrodite's speech and conclude that Euripides either does not know how to open with an effective dramatic scene explaining the necessary preliminaries, or is trying to discredit Aphrodite as a capricious goddess who is about to ruin two human beings out of petty spite. A careful examination of the prologue reveals that the playwright recognizes Aphrodite as the personification of a vital force in human nature, powerful but amoral and capable of destruction if not reckoned with: "Those indeed who reverence my authority I advance to honor, but overthrow those who hold themselves high towards me. Hippolytus says that I am of deities the vilest, and rejects the bridal bed, and will have nothing to do with marriage. But Artemis he honors, esteeming her the greatest of deities, having formed a friendship greater than mortal ought. This indeed I grudge him not; wherefore should I? But wherein he has erred against me, I will revenge me on Hippolytus this very day. And him that is our enemy shall the father (Theseus) kill with imprecations which Poseidon, king of Ocean, granted as a privilege to Theseus."

Echoes of Aphrodite's words will sound a note of irony throughout the play as events are fulfilled. Coming from the mouth of divinity, the prologue places the action against a background of opposing moral forces—pride versus humility, license versus self-control, emotional excesses of every kind versus moderation through reason—which every human being must resolve within himself. The criticism that Euripides spoils all chance of surprise by making Aphrodite tell precisely what is to happen is hardly tenable when one considers that the story was already familiar to the original audience. Had the dramatist been concerned only with effectively presenting a story, he could have omitted the prologue and made a lively, picturesque beginning with the hunting scene. Without the prologue, however, the story would lose much of its irony and its moral and religious significance.

Aphrodite vanishes, leaving the stage to Hippolytus and his attendants, newly returned from the hunt. The hymn to Artemis reveals the depth and intensity of the youth's devotion to his patron goddess; he is even privileged to speak with her, he declares, although he does not see her face. When the old servant gently reproves him for slighting Aphrodite, Hippolytus answers: "I who

am chaste salute her from a distance. Different gods and men are objects of regard to different persons. No one of the gods, that is worshiped by night, delights in to your Aphrodite I bid a long farewell!"

At once Hippolytus shows himself guilty of *hybris*, overweening pride, which must inevitably draw down punishment. Thus the hunting-scene illustrates even themes already touched upon by Aphrodite: the youth's love of the hunt and his devotion to Artemis, his scorn of love, his self-righteous esteem of his own virtue. As Hippolytus leaves to take care of his horses, the old attendant's prayer asks Aphrodite to overlook the young man's arrogance harks back ironically to the prediction of doom in the prologue and prepares the psychological background of the coming scene.

The huntsmen gone, the chorus of Troezenian women enters, singing of the illness of Queen Phaedra and speculating on its possible causes: a fit sent by some god, culpable neglect of sacrifice to the "Cretan Huntress" (Artemis), infidelity on Theseus' part, or ill news from Phaedra's native Crete. The entry of Artemis provides an effective link with the preceding episode. These lines of the chorus, as do many of the speeches in the sickbed scene, carry unmistakable ironic overtones, for at every point the audience knows more than the characters know.

As attendants lead Phaedra out of the palace and bring her a couch, the queen's nurse immediately reveals herself as an obtuse, fussy, platitudinous old crone, completely unable to see beyond an immediate situation, trying to seem unselfishly devoted to her mistress but inadvertently showing herself to be a garrulous busybody. Her first speech overflows with self-pity:

"Alas! The evils of men, and their odious diseases! What shall I do for thee? And what not do? It is a better thing to be sick, than to tend the sick; the one is but a simple ill, but with the other is joined both pain of mind and toil of hand. But the whole life of man is full of grief, and there is no rest from toil." These are not words one expects from a devoted servant.

Phaedra manifests feminine vanity in her opening lines, "Lay hold of my fair-formed hands, O attendants"—and the audience can perceive the cause of her vanity, though the nurse and the chorus cannot. Phaedra's mental turmoil is clearly shown as the sick woman babbles about drinking a pure draught from a woodland spring, hunting deer in the mountain forests, and taming lions on the sandy plains of Limna by the sea. Even without the help of the prologue, an intelligent listener could, by recalling the hunting-scene, guess at the connection between Hippolytus and the queen's ravings; but the nurse can only wonder. It is important to realize that the delirium of Phaedra is genuine. When coherent again, she gives way to embarrassment and alarm at the possibility of having betrayed herself; but the nurse and the chorus have comprehended nothing. And Phaedra's cry, "Wretch that I am, what have I committed!" would be pointless if the speaker had all the time been fully aware of what others were hearing her say.

The nurse's attempt to coax forth the secret of Phaedra's illness is more indicative of prying curiosity than sincere desire to help. Again and again the old woman bewails *her* sufferings ("But that one soul should feel pangs from

all feel for her, is a heavy burden"), her vain efforts to win her mistress's confidence ("I have tried everything, and have made no further progress"). Only when all personal approaches have failed and the nurse appeals to a more altruistic motive, the protection of the royal children, does Phaedra at last respond:

Nurse. If thou shalt die, thou wilt betray thy children. I swear by the warlike queen the Amazon, who brought forth a lord over thy children, base-born, yet of noble sentiments; thou knowest him well, Hippolytus.

Phaedra. Ah me!

Nurse. This touches thee.

Phaedra. You have destroyed me, nurse, and by the gods I entreat thee henceforth to be silent with respect to this man.

Nurse. Do you see? You judge well indeed, but you are not willing both to assist your children and to save your own life.

Phaedra. I love my children; but I am wintering in the storm of another misfortune.

While the nurse inveigles further, Phaedra throws out hints and evasions in a vain effort to avoid a straightforward admission; it is the nurse, not Phaedra, who pronounces the name Hippolytus. (Only once does Phaedra mention the youth by name—one among several circumstances indicating Phaedra's revulsion at the unlawful passion and her struggle to control her base feelings; she calls him "this man," "Him that is born of the Amazon," "the son of Theseus," but almost never "Hippolytus.") Tension is momentarily punctured by the nurse's rather pompous outburst of grief and collapse to the ground. Phaedra's long speech on her love gives the old woman time to pull herself together and formulate a plan. Her attempt to persuade Phaedra to have Hippolytus make love to her, her references to the amours of the gods, her twisted reasoning indicate a crude, coarse mind, even hint that the nurse derives a certain vicarious satisfaction in manipulating the distraught queen into this sordid affair. Phaedra is repelled by the nurse's suggestion but receives only lukewarm commendation from the chorus. The nurse finally drops her lewd proposition and goes off, she says, to find some drugs which will cure Phaedra's passion. Since many of the ancients were believers in the efficacy of love-charms, one can safely assume that Phaedra is deceived by her old servant, though she still fears treachery.

Phaedra's worst suspicions are confirmed when the palace doors burst open and Hippolytus rushes out, shouting and cursing at the nurse. Stage directions are not clear at this point, but it seems that Phaedra leaves her couch and conceals herself behind a column in order to hear without being observed. Her actions gain in plausibility if one considers her already distraught mental condition and regards her as gradually cracking under the strain of listening to Hippolytus' denunciation. When the nurse begs him to remember his oath of silence, the youth retorts, "My tongue is sworn; my mind is still unsworn!" Hippolytus' railing verges on the ludicrous when he declares that men should buy offspring from the gods by laying down money in the temple, rather than begetting children on women; and while he had reason for denouncing the infidelities of the wanton women of Greek legend (Sthenoboes and Eriphile are two notorious examples), was he unaware of such faithful wives as Evadne and Alcestis? Before he hastens away, he promises not to reveal anything; but perhaps we are to

understand that Phaedra, unnerved by the youth's cry of "My mind is still a sworn!" misses these last words. Angrily dismissing the nurse (who still protests her good intentions), the queen exacts an oath of silence from the chorus—dramatic concection not uncommon in Euripides—and withdraws into the palace.

Now the tragedy is inevitable, and it is no surprise to either the chorus or the audience when Theseus comes home only to find that Phaedra has hanged herself and left a letter accusing Hippolytus of ravishing her. Theseus immediately pronounces a curse on Hippolytus, calling on Poseidon to fulfill the malediction. The scene in which Hippolytus attempts to clear himself brings out sharply the clash between father and son. Hippolytus is plainly too conceited in his much-vaunted purity, Theseus too rash in his judgment and probably goaded by a few unwanted stings from his own memory, for he had forced his love on Hippolytus' mother and at a still earlier date loved and then abandoned Phaedra's sister Ariadne. Theseus' hasty outburst of rage and readiness to believe the lying letter suggest that the father and son have not been particularly close and that in fact, Hippolytus' religious devotion has embarrassed Theseus and been a reproach to his own youthful unchastity. He does, however, attempt to ease his conscience by banishing his son instead of killing him.

The report of Hippolytus' fatal injury in the chariot crash comes with incredible swiftness. Euripides has been criticized for bringing Artemis onstage as a *deus ex machina*; but Artemis' appearance is prepared for by frequent references to her throughout the play, and a world where the intervention of the gods is recognized and even called on, it is no violation of plausibility for Artemis to appear in order to vindicate her devotee's reputation. Resolving the plot on the purely mundane level would have weakened the moral and religious significance of the ending. Furthermore, there is no really convincing human means of informing Theseus of the truth. Hippolytus and the chorus cannot break their oath; there is, of course, the nurse, but a last-minute confession from her would be inconsistent with her character and cumber the dénouement by raising the problem of how to punish her for the part she played in the tragedy. She is one-sided personality, not a tragically complex character, and the audience cannot feel any particular concern for her. It is better to let her drop out of the picture.

The truth of Phaedra's suicide and lying letter gains in forcefulness by coming from the mouth of the chaste Artemis, who can most effectively make Theseus aware of his rashness, his own share of the responsibility in precipitating the tragedy. During the reconciliation between Theseus and the dying Hippolytus, the presence of the goddess throws into the sharpest focus the contrast between the penitent, broken-hearted father and the generously forgiving son. The young man for the first time shows an unselfish concern for another; his sorrow is more for his father's misfortunes than for his own. Hippolytus dies, but Theseus is left with the consolation that his son will hereafter be worshipped as a demigod, more honored in death than in life.

In Hippolytus, Phaedra, and Theseus we have three strongly portrayed, complex characters, caught in a web of circumstances (to a large degree of their own making) which inevitably combine with the fatal weaknesses to bring them to destruction. Phaedra struggles in vain to overcome a desire she cannot approach and will not yield to; Hippolytus is admirable in his zeal for virtue but conceited and self-righteous, lacking (except at the end) the warm self-sacrificing love necessary for truly meritorious purity; Theseus possesses a keen intelligence clouded by rash judgment and impetuosity; Phaedra, already resolved on death as a shield for her own good name, is driven by the hotheaded and uncalled-for denunciation from Hippolytus to the expedient of the lying letter; and Theseus has long before prepared for the disaster through the incontinence and badness of his own youth. It has taken three to make tragedy.

made baseball field while the sun leaning heavily on the ground. Joey's sneaker a small pebble bounced and rebounded and then it slid out of one of the long slits. The pebble settled in the dust. Joey, who was the small one, drew his second finger across the bottom of his nose. He looked up at Eddie.

"He was out, Eddie, wasn't he? George said I didn't tag him and everybody believed him. But I really did tag him."

Eddie waved a bug away, and looked down. "Yeah, . . . okay. He was out." Joey looked up while Eddie was talking. As they walked Joey unslid his belt out two loops and slipped the chewed end through the dusty baseball glove. He tightened the belt. He looked down at the ground. "I did tag him," he said softly.

Eddie's mouth tightened. "Yeah, you tagged him but all you had to do was step on the base. It was a *force play*, a *force play*."

Since except for the plop-plop of their feet in the dust.

"Hey, Eddie . . . Eddie? You want to play marbles when we get home? Huh?"

"Okay."

"But not for keeps."

"Why not for keeps . . . Ah, awright. Okay."

They crossed a blacktop road and Joey stamped his feet, and the dust, as if it had risen out of the ground, rose and hung in the still air. The baseball glove slapped against Joey's dugareed leg and the dust from his stomping feet met the dust from his thigh and it swirled and turned the way he had seen the smoke from his father's cigarette do on a dry winter's day. He twisted around and pulled a broken loop from his pants and dropped it into the browned grass they were walking through.

"Thanks for let me riding your bike yesterday, Eddie. I never rode an English one before. I hope I get one like that for my birthday. Then we can ride up to the stream and go fishing."

Eddie scratched his arm. They were approaching Eddie's house. "Get your marbles," Eddie said over his shoulder as he turned to go up the walk.

"Okay, Eddie." He started to trot. "I'll get my marbles and meet you on the street."

Eddie was on his brick stoop. "Hurry up."

"Did you win, Joey?" his mother called from the kitchen.

"No, Ma . . . They said I didn't tag Peter but I did."

Silence.

"That's too . . ."

"My scab came off, Ma."

"What, Joey? I didn't hear you."

"My scab came off."

"I told you not to pick it. Why did you . . ."

"I didn't, Ma. I think it came off when I slid into third base . . . It itches." He put his leg up on the side of the bathtub and pulled up his pants leg. He spit gently on his middle finger and touched it to the sore. "Ouch," he said softly. He pulled down his pants and went into his room. He dropped his glove on the floor. Light on top of Dumbo.

"Ma, where's my marbles?"

"Oh, I don't know, Joey."

His eyes searched the room.

"Oh, here they are, Mom," he yelled. "Right under my bed."

"What do you want your marbles for, Joey?" she said as she came into the room. "We're going to eat soon." She wiped her hands on the yellow apron with the torn pocket which was tied about her waist.

"I'm gonna' play with Eddie. But not for keeps," he added. He looked at his mother.

"I don't like you playing with Eddie. He's too big for you." She wiped a tear of hair out of her eyes.

"But he's nice, Ma. He lent me his English Racer yesterday." He kicked at the bed.

"I don't know, Joey. He seems too big to play with you."

"I know he's nice, Ma. I gotta go. I'll be home in time for supper. We're gonna play for a little while." He turned to go.

"I don't know . . . Oh, alright. Go ahead but be home for supper, having steak."

"Okay, Ma," said the fleeing voice.

The screen door slammed behind Eddie.

He walked into his room, went over to the pock-marked dresser and did the top drawer. He reached in and took out a leather sack full of marbles, pushed the drawer shut and walked to the screen door.

"Where are you goin' Eddie?" his mother called from the bedroom.

"I'm going to shoot marbles."

The screen door slammed behind him.

"Hi, Eddie," Joey said as he drew the field of honor with his heel. The completed, he took the plastic bag filled with the marbles from his pocket.

"Let's go."

"Not for keeps, right, Eddie?"

"Yeah . . . not for keeps. Sure."

They knelt down just outside the crude circle, Joey on his right knee, Eddie on his left.

"Hey, Joey. Those are nice marbles . . . three clearies and two realies got any boulders?"

"No. Keep my marbles that you win in one pile. Okay?"

"Okay. I will."

"Jo . . . ey. Jo . . . ey," his mother called.

Joey stood up and pulled at the pants which had stuck to his knees kneeling down for so long.

"C'mon, Eddie. I gotta go . . . Hey, you won my clearies and my realies."

Eddie grabbed Joey's pile in his left hand and stood up and held them. Joey reached for them and as he reached Eddie quickly stuffed them in his own pocket.

Joey looked at the tall boy strangely, quizzically.

"C'mon Eddie. Gimme my marbles 'cause I gotta go eat."

Eddie walked slowly away. The sun, partially obscured by a light blue cloud, shone softly into Joey's eyes. The soft fleece on Joey's arm shone.

"Jo . . . ey. Jo . . . ey. Come and eat. Supper's ready."

"C'mon, Eddie. We weren't playing for keeps. You said so . . . Please go to me. Eddie? . . ."

Eddie stopped walking away, turned and smiled. "Why should I go back to you? I won 'em didn't I?"

"Yes, but you said . . ."

"Jo . . . ey. Joe . . . ey. Come home."

Eddie turned again. The cloud drifted away from the descending sun.

"Eddie, c'mon," Joey said in a wet voice. Small clear tears cut a path down his dirty cheeks.

"Eddie, give me those *marbles*." Joey ran toward Eddie. Eddie shot his arm out and with his open palm pushed Joey down onto the grass which annexed the road on which they had played.

Eddie walked away, more rapidly now. He laughed loudly and artificially. Joey was on the grass border, using his elbows for support. One tear followed another down his cheek.

"Jo...ey. Joey come home now."

My clearies and my realies. Nobody ever did that before, he thought as he lay there with the sun in his eyes watching Eddie become smaller in the distance.

"Come home, Joey."

He turned on his right side and cried softly.

THE PASSING OF THE STEAM LOCOMOTIVE

JOHN A. PUSKAR

At one time men and their sons were rounders
Who worshiped the might and drank the black smoke
As priests drink incense while the golden bells
And the rumbling, belching grunts did justice
To a piped church organ, awesome, quaking.
The Mikado and the Atlantic roared
Along side the Mountain and the Mallet,
Moving like sooty whales to their graves.

Now only the pastel-shaded, oil-bound,
Smokeless hunks of steel and chrome rush down
The long tracks without personality.
The big boys are gone, the rounders have left
The game, and the men and their sons talk about
Motor cars and jet planes or stay at home.

THE PAINTING

JEAN I. MOORE

Rough canvas, now your turn comes for receiving
The gentle press and stroke of liquid love
That smothers you; the rainbow rivers cleaving,
Controlled on brushes harmonized, to move
(All covering over your identity)
Like batons hushing strings of melancholy.

And yet, as if discordant sounds unbidden
Swelled, more savage daubs of color there
Reveal a clue the careful spy, unhidden
Anguish, poured out on the canvas square.

INSTRUCTIONS
FOR THE
DO-IT-YOURSELF
AUTHOR

JEAN I. MOORE

Look carefully into the eyes of the population over thirty years of age. You will find an uneasy shifty expression. You can gauge their reading in the extent of their uneasiness, for what kind of novels are they feeding the today? They are cowering on the last beach watching for the final come; or scampering through the streets with one wary eye searching for Brother; or probing for slight signs of inroads to the brave new world of science fiction magazines their eyes have seen the headlines of the coming Lord knows what, from gigantic teen-agers stepping on their parents' heads domed sneeze-proof cities in times to come. Their uneasy ears have caught a faint chant of tiny mole-men who burrow through what was once the Palace squeaking: "Godsavetheking! Godsavetheking!" And I ask: What

Our grandparents and great-grandparents saw a different future, a world with flying machines and submarines and resourceful people who got around the world in just eighty days. But the present-day science fiction takes a long hard look at the youngsters around him and his stories put their optimism. To find the answer to this riddle I put aside an article "Generation of Brats" and thumbed through some non-scientific modern generally considered masterpieces and mostly written by the underground group. I did not discover why their parents (who write the science fiction) certain they will drive the world to its final ruin in the very next generation. I did notice a certain sameness about all of these books.

Ask anybody how to write a best-selling novel and he will immediately give out a sure-fire formula. We all have one, although it is necessary to change the formula to suit the times in which we are living at a particular moment. I put out my own formula scientifically with the use of graphs, profiles, and classifications, divisions, and a great deal of careful research, finally came up with the following method:

The modern non-scientific novel must be 423 pages long, cover several generations and take place any time between 1850 and 1939. The subject must be so earthly realistic that each situation is crumbling with real earth earthiness. The method for doing this will be demonstrated later. The elements, such as air, fire and water, must also be lavishly put to use, along with elemental passions. The scenes must be realistically earthy too, including deaths (a horrible one for the villain); a riot, preferably at a controversial strike; one rape; one volcano (this comes in handy if there is to be a several detailed love scenes (one tender, one passionate and one electric); two accidents, gory; one birth (in a ditch); various scenes in jails, bars, red-light houses, factories, and numerous interchangeable bars. There must be a scene in which two eleven-year-olds of opposite sex go swimming nude; this is a must.

To make the characters seem more human, each should be slightly flawed at times. The hero may cry too often, or the heroine scratch; and there always has to be a pure-hearted prostitute. This can be Mother, but a sister is better. Mother always brings in enough complication as it is. Now that the life is lengthening, possibly Grandmother would fit in here.

A great loss to present-day authors is the pale and interesting character who used to cause the whole action of the plot to be suspended while he quietly put his handkerchief in his pocket at frequent intervals and gazed dolefully at the brown stain. The modern counterpart of this character has to be content to mention his X-rays.

One reason for the subject matter covering several generations is the imperative for the psychological development of the plot that the hero must lose his virginity before he is twelve, in fact nine years old in the sandpile. It must be earthy enough. Unless the setting is Africa, the author needs three or four different races all mixed; mixtures of color, culture and religion all together.

be most useful. The story needs to run the gamut from extreme poverty (starvation takes care of one of the deaths) to fabulous wealth. This last condition almost sends the author back to the turn of the century, and gives an opportunity to bring in a Great but very bad Entrepreneur who transforms into a hermit with a shining halo of saintly silver hair—another reason for needing several generations—and then to balance the forces of good and evil, you will need a nun who goes over the hill and breaks her mother's heart. Once you can get the idea of the Forces of Good and Evil and the Sins of the Fathers into the readers' minds, every incident automatically takes on a special new significance. This is a good place to throw in a symbolic character. He should have a challenging name such as "Whither," and never say very much but irritate all the other characters intensely. If the story sags in the middle, have a tipsy circuit-riding preacher baptize Mr. Whither in an earthy canal and see nail marks in his feet.

The dates previously given are designed to cover several glamorous wars, in order to produce a wounded character with a Past. The Indian wars make exciting reading, but German shells give an irresistibly impersonal touch hinting at the unchained forces of the cosmos; and also shells can create Uncle, the alcoholic who got both legs shot off above the waist. This is more startling than an arrow wound, and gives the author an opportunity to have Auntie break loose in Chapter 27.

Along with the interesting wounds, the writer needs interesting deformities brought about by the slow relentless ravages of time and hard labor, physical, mental, emotional, spiritual. An elderly squinting seamstress will not do for this character; something tougher is needed such as a huge shadow-casting mailman with one shoulder sagging in ape-like fashion. Next the author needs a little sage: a girl who grows up to be a husband, and a middle-aged man who turns into an old woman; also a child genius who scrutinizes life through the bars of his playpen and who refuses to be picked up by anyone except Mr. Whither and the unsmy Great Entrepreneur. The closer the modern author can come to the ancient Greek themes the better his work will sell; but soft-pedal the sadism, dope, and nastiness, for they are slightly out of style at the moment.

Then you will need a title. You will be wise to use one taken from a quotation, so that by itself the title does not make sense, such as: "Hopes Were Dupes," or "Tom Smoke Concealed." This method makes the prospective reader curious as to whether the words are verbs or adjectives. Once he is trapped into reading the full quotation on the flyleaf he will have to read the rest of the book to find out what the verse means. Try to be different—find a title that does not come from Ecclesiastes.

Lastly, every character needs a complex, otherwise the book will not be realistic, not earthy enough, and not be a best-seller; but this is not as complicated as it sounds. All you have to do is give all the women father images, the poor people money complexes, the rich people guilt complexes, the circuit rider a castration complex, the senator an inferiority complex, the hero a death-wish, and the doctor a phobia against germs. The villain can have hydro-phobia to explain at the end why the preacher never could get him into the canal, but this must be discovered after he has died his horrible death so that everyone can bear up bravely under the guilty load; also the nun may turn out to have claustrophobia and so be unable to stand the cloisters after her childhood on the ranch in Texas.

Many people have written articles on how to write novels, everybody except the authors of best-selling novels, that is. There is a good reason for this. The above classifications contain the sure-fire formula for writing a best-selling novel except for one point. You also have to have the talent to tell the story in an interesting way, and when I find out how to do that I will keep it a secret and write one myself.

In the 11th Canto of the *Inferno*, we read:

Philosophy, for one who understands, notes, not in one place only, how nature takes her course from the divine mind and its art; and, if you note well besides your physics, you will find, not many pages further on, that your art, so much as it can follow nature as does the pupil the master, is to God, as it were, a grandchild.

THE LITURGY AS AN ART FORM

JOHN F. MAHONEY

The risk of deliberate originality to which one may subscribe in attempting to extrapolate the opinions of St. Thomas is a risk largely avoided in reading Dante. Because in spite of the great beauty of Dante's artifact, one does have the comfort, if you will—if it is nothing else, of knowing he reads in Dante what is probably closer to a sum of medieval thought than exists anywhere else. What he has to say in the lines quoted above about the nature of art—that it is to God a grandchild of God—can be taken with considerable trust to be the persuasion of the medieval mind. The explorations into the nature of medieval aesthetics which have been made, Baldwins' *Medieval Rhetoric and Poetic*, for example, have been in most cases intrusions into artistic composition and consciousness which begin in contemporary sensibilities, and to the extent that every commentator grows faithful to the medieval material on the subject, (again as Baldwin does in recognizing the importance of formal rhetoric,) he grows critically mechanical and aesthetically irrelevant.

More analytically, art is discussed among the commentators on Aristotle as being that form of secondary causality which, by analogy to the work of the Creator, provides the opportunity to man, through imitation, of matching his generation from God which we call Creation.

This generation, Dante tells us further, found a perfect form only in Adam and in Christ. Art becomes therefore, in the medieval mind, and to the extent we are able to deduce it from Dante, the erection of an enormous bridge through natural means, whereby the perfections which we ascribe to God theologically can be represented *logically* by a fallen and imperfect creature.

Many critics of medieval thought have realized the truth of this principle though with no thoroughly articulate statement, but the problem of this paper is one with which critics, especially liturgical critics have not had much to do. It is the problem of the aesthetics of liturgical revival and liturgical reform.

Within the scope of this problem appears the danger, as some musicians see it, that the combined compositions of seven centuries, prepared for performance at the Western Rite Mass, will pass out of existence with the accomplishment of the ultimate goal of participation and the vernacular. Subsidiary to this fear is that which instead warns of the debasement in performance which untrained voices in great numbers will inflict on the art in the Mass. Extreme to this is the cry of the reformer, whose goals seem antiquarian and obstinate to many modern ears, and with whose success they can only see a primitivism successful enough to place the Mass into what they consider a pre-artistic age and form.

These two extremes have developed, as it were, because, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit and the inspiration of Mother Church, we have come to regard the Roman Liturgy, or Mass, as a necessary and immediate delegation of Scripture from an infallible Church, fashioned into a union with Sacrament of the Eucharist by the ancient Fathers, and interpreted by the medieval ones. We have at such considered the liturgy, as we inevitably ought to have, as an art form. If it is an art form, it must be, like all art forms, subjected to that historical examination which would restore its authenticity, to that interpretation which grows from contextual knowledge, to that adaption, partially humanistic and partially theological, which would give it the appropriateness in our day which the ancient forms happily often developed in their own.

A chapter in Fr. Jean LeClerc's book, *The Love of Learning and The Desire for God*, bears the title: "Liturgy: Synthesis of the Arts." The insight Fr LeClerc implies by his title is that the liturgy of the Church may be seen as a deposit of art, in whose possession the art compounds itself with other arts to form a new art, which takes the shape of the Mass and other liturgical service. I would only take exception to this suggestion—though it is indeed an insight in principle—in that it is precisely *because* the liturgy has been regarded as a synthesizing of much of the artistic abuse has entered into the conduct of it. Rather than a synthesis of the arts, the liturgy is a form for them, whose artistic uniqueness is right; as a form it provides in a perhaps otherwise unknown way that "fren" *del arte* which the same Dante spoke of as the spirit of which he as an artist was most conscious; as a form it collects art forms, never changing or synthesizing them, but directing their several goals toward ends more high than any which, as their solely human creation, could be conceived by the artist.

As Christians, we are fully aware of the theological uniqueness of the Catholic Christian liturgy, but the measure of this special quality in the order of grace cannot be borrowed for the conduct of its human aspect. Indeed, as humans we cannot justifiably mix theological discussion with discussion of the liturgy or the Mass and an art form developed in human history, or Christian history, because those canons by which we order the establishment of the Church, its sacramental and Liturgical orders, tend to offer a conservatism of conduct and of examination into an area where it is improper, that of human form.

To discuss the liturgy as an art form requires a survey, not only of the Byzantine Rite, which has become preoccupying for contemporary liturgists, but requires, for students of the history of culture, a survey of all liturgies which religions have developed within history. This is true because as much as we inherit the concept of worship from the bequest of Christ, we inescapably inherit it also from our cultural forbears in the West. Linguistic study tells us, for example, that the terms we associate most intimately with the Mass derive most often from pagan practice of cult. For these ancient Greeks and Romans, to pass eastern religions by, their liturgies were as soundly sanctioned on theological grounds as are ours. If they lacked, as we see it, the revelation to assure them of the efficiency of their grace, they lacked nothing we have as humans in their attempt to see their worship as artifacts, like the artifacts of the medieval Christian, as bridges between the culture and the Creator.

Nor is it necessary, as all understand, that the concept of God in the mind of the worshipper be either that of a Christian God or of a perfect God. The instinct of worship is by our own apologetics born within a man, and is a demand on him for public expression in a cult. When, in the first days of the Christian dispensation, it grew incumbent on the leaders of the new Church to build for themselves and Christ's other followers as new artifact for the purpose of worship, they took at hand the Hebrew liturgy which they all knew, and made of it the basic form for the new worship.

But they were not ethnically limited for long, as were their Hebrew forbears, to the canons of Scripture in the provision of it. Instead they borrowed into their worship, in a display of early humanism, certain aspects of Roman and Greek

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Critics Service—evidence
of a really formidable
range of competence. In
addition to his scholarly
work, he has published
poems and even a play.
This article was first
given as a lecture on the
Belmont Abbey campus
in October of 1960; the
editors present it here in
the conviction that it is
a significant contribution
to the modern under-
standing of liturgy.

forms of worship which, as students, if not as pagans, they had become acquainted with. The result was that the liturgy of the Christians represented from its beginnings a combination of elements, chosen for artistic reasons, which provided a form of worship sufficiently complex to lend confidence to the mind of the worshipper.

By this statement, thematic to what I would ultimately say, I mean that for the Jew, the aspect of worship to be preserved was the Hebrew service of song; for Hebrews become Christians, then, the pattern of the early Church is psychologically best understood as a replica of their own worship, *Passover*, in which, as a matter of fact, Christians remembered Christ had chosen to institute the Eucharist. Since He had so chosen, and had left what they quickly recognized as his memorial in the midst of a canonical form of the Hebrew liturgy, it would have been as unlikely for them to have removed commemoration from the context of institution as it would be for us to remove the Consecration from the context of the Mass as we know it. It was in short the prevalence of form over them as it is for us.

On the other hand, by the fifth century at least, a second part of the worship had developed, a pattern basically similar and hence familiar to the one known by Christians today. This institution was more or less an afterthought, added because the artistic form, as the Hebrew had known it, did not provide for the enclosure of the institution and memorialization of the Eucharist within it. He who studies the structure of institution from the Scriptural accounts, even the *Passover* version, he recalls that Christ's breaking of the bread took place after the first over meal. It is clear that the Sacrament, as we understand it, even as our sign, stands as a coda to the form. Moreover, whereas the first part of the Mass as the Christians made it from the Hebrew liturgy, maintained, as it does today, literal recollections of the Hebrew rite, the second part of the worship consisted for the earliest Christians of the words of consecration alone. The tale of Emmaus witnesses this. So literal was the recollection and memorial of the Hebrew worship that the Christian associated the institution and memorial of the Sacrament of the Last Supper with the social-religious form of *Pachem Agape*. These latter perspectives of worship, common to almost all benedictine liturgies in the history of culture, became part of the foundation of Christian worship as well.

Our remembrance that Christians met for dinner in the evening to fulfill the normal social pattern of the occasion as we would understand it is important in liturgical reconstruction. What is more important is the realization that the Eucharist followed this dinner, and that this fact emphasizes the absence of any enformation of the Eucharist by the liturgy.

It thus came about that the first emergence of what by historical perspective may be regarded as a sense of liturgical time developed from a cycle of "Last Supper"—which the restrengthening of the Sunday liturgies today is bearing out—the narrower sense of liturgical calendar as we know it, the pattern of time yet unborn. Only the symbolism of the number 7, with its Hebraic tradition, might suggest such in the early cycle.

Only within the era of the most active Fathers did there emerge the language of protection for the words of consecration with which we are familiar in the Canon; then, in an irony of the Classical sense vs. the Christian fear, the protection was constructed out of the rhetorical patterns of liturgies less Divine than cosmological. One bit of strong evidence for this appears in the very significance of the word *Preface*, linguistically. *Praefatum*, which means simply the preface before sacrifice, or that which goes before sacrifice, became the Canon of the Mass, but as a composition largely dependent for its originality and accuracy on the compositional skill of the celebrating priest, who followed as improvisationally and textually the basis which the young tradition gave him. By the power of the consecration which his state gave him and by the virtue of

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...the old *coada* of Consecration gained the en-
formation liturgically it had lacked before.

By the effects of this enformation, the significance of which from an aesthetic perspective is hard to exaggerate, the form of the Western Mass, and its analogue of Byzantine origin, was born. The form which the Hebrew fore-part and the unhelped words of the Sacrament together produced became a rigid liturgical tradition, whose structural limits by both its own nature and the creative tradition of the Hebrew ancestry is carried in part with it offered to the new Christian artists the artistic goal a culture demands. By the 8th century, which one cautiously may cite as a kind of apogee in conscious liturgy, the Western Mass bore the analysis:

1. Liturgy of the Word, which remained a direct descendent of the Hebrew worship, composed of an alternating pattern of *reading, singing; reading, singing; reading, singing, and prayer*. These three stages were followed by the Christian addition of a reading (or two) from the New Testament, the first of which, when there were two, was meshed into the frame of the Liturgy of the Word, replacing one and the final reading from the Old Bible with an Epistle. From this pattern grew two of our most familiar designations: the frequent misnomer we use to identify the first reading in Mass as an "Epistle," even when it is, for example, in Lent, taken from the Old Testament; and the word Testament itself—the bequest.

2. In the contrast between the Old Testament and the New, the old bequest and the new and Christian one, and within the often apparent conflict between the two, was found the classically attractive rhetorical opportunity for the homily. In this stage the pastor as preacher was obliged, as an artist, to delineate those similarities between the two which provided *kerygma*, and those contrasts which emphasized the Redemption. By this is meant that the *kerygma* of the lessons, and its successful exposition depended in a dramatic way on the craft of the preacher, whose permanent artistic goal was to trace those consistencies, both literal and allegorical, from the Old Law to the New whereby was justified the maintenance of the Judaic aspect of the growing Judaeo-Christian culture. As homilist, the preacher had to find those contrasts for the New Testament within the incomplete and unfulfilling character of the Old which proffered for human understanding the arrival of Redemption. The loss which history has insured of the distinction between a sermon and a homily has obscured this art, and contributed to the nearly organic breakdown of the relationship of the first and second parts of the Mass, and to the life of the art form ultimately. The homily was itself, as the peroration to the hearing of the word of God, by nature a medial climax in the whole Mass, the whole form. It offered no beginning, no middle, but was considered as the concluding stage in the presentation of the Divine Word, the human, sacerdotal, sacramental improvisation which drew the human relevance from the inspired word. It is small wonder the art of preaching drew the Scriptural attention it did in St. Paul; it is obvious why the medieval tradition made much of the *ars predicandi*. The homilies of the Fathers testify to the art.

The term which we mistakenly keep, the Mass of the Catechumens, is an inadequate description of this first part of the liturgy; it is a term which derives from a combination of social practice connected with mystery notion of worship among cosmological religions and from religious practice in ages of liturgical decline. The first part of the Mass, the Liturgy of the Word, was itself an art form, an art form constituent and structurally necessary to the heightened prayer of the Church which followed in the larger form.

Moreover, the kerygmatic Liturgy of the Word was at the same time both a most extraordinary memory of the appearance of God on earth in His inspired Word and a provision of contrast within the dramatic nature of the Mass against the literal, and physical, but now real appearance of the Incarnate Word to men.

The testament of both these characters of the Redeemer, whose evidencing way through the rhetorical art of the homilist, sought fulfillment each Mass the sacramental testament of the Redeemer in the bread and wine. By one historical standard, by even the most elementary notions of the mind of man and especially by the standard of the artist as Dante described him, it is unable to recognize the Mass as the bridge between culture and Creator the culture sought. It is ironically true that the process of *kerygma*, or the technique it developed, became as well the basis for the new educational system which grew under the stimulus of the Carolingian school renaissance.

All the efficiency of the medieval artist was directed to the same purpose which the homilist had—to provide those settings of art and context for the liturgy of *kerygma* which would enhance it; and to provide for the liturgy of the Church, for the liturgy of the New Law, for the Preface, as we now call it, for the Canon, those efficiencies of the rhetorical art which would enhance it. It is notable in passing, however, that the Judaeo-Christian mind was sufficiently intact to allow the maintenance within the liturgy of the Old Law the same proportions of art as were maintained during the age of the Old Law. One who reads the Psalms in a modern version soon discovers the curious designation under the numbers which a footnote may tell him are assignments of the psalms to the great cantors of Jewish history. This tradition of psalmody and antiphonal singing was adopted into the Christian dispensation, and taken in the same fashion as the Hebrews still use it, that of singers and composers.

While the results of modern study have shown that the ultimate origin of Gregorian Chant is more probably Syriac than Hebrew, it is still true that the Christian pre-millennial *cantor* took himself as a descendent of King David, and those cantors whose singing of the Psalms had dominated the great era of Kings in Hebrew history, the most artistically advanced stage in Hebrew liturgical growth. The *cantor's* art dominated, within the Christian era, the first part of the Mass, the inheritance of the Hebrew in Christian. For the *cantor*, the center of the bequest was the moment of the *Gradual*, the meditation after the reading whose purpose was, by the responsorial form it took, to move the congregation to reflection on the texts they had heard chanted by means of the cantorial distension of the text through melody. The *Gradual* was a performance piece. It was the opportunity which the Mass, as a form, provided the Christian artist, as improviser, to exhibit the tradition of his craft—recognizable in its nobility best to our day by the somewhat sentimental story of the *Juggler of Notre Dame*. The Liturgy of the Word was, to be sure, characterized by other artistic features, but by none greater, and the minor ones grew obscured over the passing of time while the craft of the cantor blossomed in its fullest well after the collapse of the liturgy as a conscious and living art form.

One of the reasons for this comes directly from the nature of this art as a blend of traditions, none of which, as they grew, affected the role of the center, but all of which, many-nationed in source, created a deepening layer of artistic substrata as the old was replaced by the new. There are, for instance, discernible in the history of liturgy a minimum of six entrance hymns, all of which at one time or another, held considerable sway. The old Hebrew antiphonal hymn was replaced by new entrance rites of non-Judaic source, and this happened again and again, each replaced one descending into a vestigial form piled up in the entrance rite.

In this respect we are fortunate, for historical reasons, in the record which occurs in the Gelasian Sacramentary, which tells how this Pope, in the enthusiasm of his piety, had improvised a series of prayers called *apologiae* which it was his habit to say at the door of the church, thereby making necessary either the old entrance hymn of psalmic origin be sung before anyone actually entered or after everyone had successfully gotten in. This marks the first instance we find of liturgical doubling, later to become a principle of aesthetic growth.

apitation behind the human composition of the form, it stands here in an
one way: that however long the Mass grew, it was never able, without official
order, to cast any item ever in use aside; sometimes it has been impossible to do
even under official decree. Consequently, the old entrance hymn was freed
from its appropriate place in the liturgy, and turned over to composers. This
has been the history of each of these substrata. In its stead was substituted a
growing long list of *apologiae*. Its growth drew sanction, and it settled on the
single *Judica me, Deus* psalm, now vestigially at the foot of the altar,—another
entrance rite. At one time, the Gelasian apologies may have lasted twenty
minutes; since the form of the Liturgy of the Word provided that the celebrant
remain silent except for the Great Congregational prayer, it is obvious that the
more pious would occupy this time with invented or remembered prayers, often,
like the *apologiae*, confessions of unworthiness, the epitome of which, certainly,
was the development of the practice, by a certain bishop, of saying another Mass
in a dry fashion when he had finished his own, repeating the words, but not the
Sacraments, and sitting down at the Offertory for some half-hour, and weeping
profusely.

As the attractiveness of the Gelasian Sacramentary paled, the idea grew
popular that the Bishop's proper Entrance Hymn, the *Gloria*, would be a fitting
replacement. So the apologies dropped to the vestigial place they occupy today.

When the *Gloria* had become standard through the West, the practice
developed, taken from the Byzantine order, of singing a litany, whose final
petitions, the *Kyrie Eleison*, were coordinated with the entry into the Baptistery.
From these, as Rossel Hope Robbins has shown us, developed the carols whose
Christmas versions we are very familiar with, and from which, as verbal inter-
polations into the long melodic extensions of the *Kyrie* text, came vernacular
entrance songs. The spirit of such vernacular interpolations met with a dim eye
from Rome, however, and earned continual censure; the spirit of such, inevitably
unquenchable as it was, succumbed to the official injunctions. Except for the
effect of them in the history of drama, the continuing tradition of these vernacular
hymns does not appear until the translations called the *Book of Common Prayer*,
including the failures of early reformers. On the other hand, another opportunity
developed which drew the fascination of the composer, the arrival of the *Alleluia*
from the East.

This *Alleluia* came to the West by the same intermediary as did the *Kyrie*,
as interested Pope Gregory, and its purpose, foreign to the Hebraic tradition
of the Western Rite at first, developed a formalism only a little less severe than
the *Kyrie* procession did. But it did not have to suffer the press of the whole
series of entrance rites which surrounded the *Kyrie*, and, producing its own
ritual and seasonal patterns, survived according to one measure anyway, the
stabilizing effect on participation and liturgical consciousness with which the
repetitiousness of the entrance rites had plagued the Liturgy of the Word. For
the sake of expediency, the kerygma was largely lost, the total absorption of
the Christian community in the recapitulation of the history of man's fall and the
arrival of his Redeemer was dispelled, and ultimately, the organic art which the
art form had fostered gave way to an individually attractive and often beautiful
art, but one which was rococo and irrelevant to the artistic purpose of the form
in which, or on which it rested.

But the *Gradual* of the Mass, and now the *Alleluia* joined to it, which had
been from earliest days the chief performance piece, and which had been struc-
turally intended as a meditation both musical and textual on the reading, con-
tinued to maintain this structural identity in the New Law. But sooner or later
it happened that because of the disappearance of antiphonal participation by
the people in the Entrance psalm, as we saw above, the antiphonal intention of
Gregory's *Alleluia*s, mixed as it was with the fundamentally repsonsorial charter

of the *Gradual*, also failed. The *Alleluia*, extended as it became beyond the Paschal limits set for it in its Oriental settings, was soon accommodated along with the rest of the meditation into that musical embellishment which represented a change in formal purpose—from functional to decorative.

To this new purpose, and eventually from it, to analogical development throughout the Liturgy of the Word, came the old craft of the *Cantor*, set no longer to organic representation of the liturgy, but to decorative accretion. His old art of improvisation on modalities became, in the development of the Missal, a vestigial art, whose new decorative purpose rescued him from the obscurity of the equally vestigial deacon. He joined with several newer artists in the making of mediæval chant. The descantor found his role in the singing of a counter melody beside, behind, and with the cantor. The *organiste* sang not counter but parallel to the *cantor*; the conductor sang not only counter as parallel but with a different text, itself in *conductus*. These men, eventually the heroes of the *Ars Nova*, developed an artistic potential which no one would care either to deny or eliminate from history, even though in making the form we know as troping popular, they buried the original form and destroyed any hope of maintaining organic relevance for the parts they troped. To the long melismatic extensions of melody which followed the *Alleluias* and their verses the conductor set himself, both as musician and poet, to the making of a musical and textual line which could bear out the theme. The text suffered, even if the chant seldom did. From these we all recognize the birth, not only of the mystery plays, but also their cousins, the *Sequences*, and recall their legendary inventor, Notker, and Wipo's *Victimæ Paschali*, the form itself an artistic by-product.

Similarly, new melodies provided by the new choral groups for the vestigial entrance litany, the *Kyrie Eleison*, offered the same opportunity for melismatic tropings we recognize in the *Alleluia*. And within these melismatic extenuations, and the patterns they develop, we can suspect strongly, although still in an undocumentable manner, the bases for mediæval, as opposed to Patriotic Hymnody. Concretely, we can locate in this compositional direction a whole new context of criticism for such a trope as the *Dies Irae*, and discover for it, in spite of its accretionary character, a relevance to the context of its own composition, the Last Sunday of Pentecost Season in the *Septuagesima* Church Year.

There is much evidence that this process attached itself also to the *Gloria* to the *Symbola*, or Creeds, as well. We see in any case that by the 12th century, which is in many ways the height of mediæval culture, an age of liturgical chaos had triumphed. The liturgy of Kerygma, which had been from the early days of Christianity a natural magnet for the art of Christians, and remained the force for Mediæval Christian artist, exceeded itself, and in the surfeit or excess of that artistic ambition which we can see even in the ecclesiastical leanings of contemporary artist, grew its own structural if not aesthetic corruption.

But precisely because of this essential structural purpose of the Liturgy of the Word, that loss of organic intention which developed with the disappearance of participation caused the artistry to exceed the form also. Thereby the entrance of a new art which had been reasonable at the outset became aesthetically intolerable.

Fortunately, at least on an artistic level, the happy contrast which existed between the Liturgy of the Old Law and the Liturgy of the New prevented any serious extension of this destructuralizing tendency to the Canon. The *Praefatium*, the creche as it were, of the Memorial, attached as it was to the theology of the High Priest, offered real but limited improvisational opportunities to the celebrant. The structural principle involved here, that of relevance and historicity, was not so essential an artistic principle as participation is for the Liturgy of the Word. Consequently, the elaborate and often useless embellishment of music and text which describe the decadence of the Liturgy of the Word do not appear in the *Praefatium*. It must be pointed out, however, that the orational accretions which

as exhibited there are of the same spirit, although far less artistic in significance than the theological or sacramentological. We do however find the re-interpreted form of the Liturgy of the Word appearing in the antiphonal, and sometimes responsorial pattern of the Communion, returning musically to the Old while almost regularly drawing its text from the Gospel.

Present-day students of the liturgy, therefore, who argue for a restored and simplified Canon do so on the principle of elimination of those accretions which have at times, indeed, caused sacramentological confusion, and while they argue by similar lights together with the students of the Liturgy of *Kerygma*, theirs is an easier task. The task for the student of the Liturgy of *Kerygma* is a task aimed not only at liturgical revival and restoration of the kerygmatic effect, but at and through artistic reconstruction. Whereas the corruption of the *Phaenium* may be termed that accidental one of accretion, with no fundamental change but magniloquence to overcome, the corruption of the Liturgy of the Word has been as nearly substantial as it could get. The organic basis for the purposes, artistic and theological is the interaction between *cantor* and congregation, the performance called antiphonal or responsorial. The relief provided by the *cantor's* improvisation, or its descendant, the choral interlude, is lost in the excess of performance demanded even by the texts of the *Kyrie* as we have it. And since the student of the Liturgy of the Word often is and ought to be himself a singer or a musicologist, or both, the frustration of participation by theological irrelevances is almost always more crushing. The enormous concession to the history of taste which the Liturgy of the Word has always been handed to, through the operative period to the age of encouragement for modern music is an obstacle which study alone will not solve, as study may bring on action for the Canon. Only study and experiment can restore the principle of participation as a goal far and beyond the fact of dialogue participation as a rubrical demand.

The failure has been an artistic one, and is due, it seems to me, to the disappearance of the liturgy as an art form. The loss of vernacular provided a perfect companion to the musical development, so that not only did the artistic and theological purpose of this liturgy wane, but the technique itself was lost: namely that it was liturgy of interaction in prayer between leader and people. It became another liturgy, known by a different name, the Liturgy of the Catechumens; which, I ironically suspect, has purposes in fact far less doctrinal than penitential.

While one cannot judge harshly the tradition which carried the misdirection into the artistic fructification of Western Music, one can lament the site of its origin, and the loss of artistic purpose so magnificent by which it prospered. If God writes straight in crooked lines, he must also in crooked notes; for out of the liturgical irrelevances of 16th and 17th liturgical music, came the seed and basic form of the music of Western Culture.

What I would we understand in our aims toward restoration in and of the Mass is that it is participation, not as a rubric, but as a structural artistic principle that we are restoring. Liturgical renovation cannot be only the antiquarian collection of vestments, vessels, and offertory processions, although it prospers by all of these, but it must be the renovation through restoration of an art form of which, although its purpose has lain buried for almost a thousand years, the vivacity endures from the certain fact that, as unique as Redemption is in history, so is the liturgy—in nature as the only completely successful art form in man's making. Liturgies have ever been the chief artifacts of true and enduring cultures; none succeeded in building the bridge of art between man and God except the liturgy of true Redemption. The theological certainty of this remains for Christians, but its external and beautiful evidence, the artifact, is corroded. The goal of liturgical revival, acknowledgeably of the great theological importance which it is, probably is the great Catholic contribution of the century; but that goal of liturgical revival which would revivify the great art form of Christianity is a challenge nearly as great. Art is God's grandchild, after all.

WILLIAM H. KOON

THE STREETS

Long ribbons wind slowly into the city
Roads trickle from dust into flowing asphalt
And leave the unpainted buildings with fertilizer signs
To stretch into highways that pass scrubby trees
And people from Ohio eating watermelon
Past county stores, gas stations, dance halls
To the farm co-operatives and schools and signs—

"Dillon, Inc.

We love our Children"

Developing into sparse patches, then acres of houses
Into the City.

ONE NIGHT

I walked alone and lonely
Down the cold halls
Of the city's streets
Only the martial tatoo
Of the flash ING ne ON
Saluted my loneliness.

REQUIEM

And now the sweet delicious ruin
To soften the eyes
And sag the skin
I watch the lines that creep
To mar the twinkles
That no more are
Disfigurement softly sly
With the twispy ended hair

To think that love perhaps
Would or could bring back the
You that once was you
But no
As we lie here so separately
Together.

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